

THE BRAZEN AGE,

*The first Act containing,
The death of the Centaure Neffus,*

THE SECOND,
The Tragedy of Meleager:

THE THIRD
The Tragedy of Iafon and Medea

THE FOVRTH.
UVLCANS NET

THE FIFTH.
*The Labours and death of
HERCVLES:*

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON,
Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Samuel Rand dwelling
neere Holborne-Bridge. 1613.

To the Reader.

T Hough a third brother should not inherite, whilst the two elder liue, by the laws of the Land, & therefore it might breed in mee a discouragement, to commit him without any hereditary means, to shift for it selfe in a world so detractive & calumnious, yet rather presuming vpon the ingenious, then affraid of the enuious, I haue expos'd him to the fortunes of a yonger brother, which is, most commonly, brauely to liue, or desperately to hazard: yet this is my comfort, that what imperfection soeuer it haue, hauing a brazen face it cannot blush; much like a Pedant about this Towne, who, when all trades fail'd, turn'd *Pedagogue*, & once insinuating with me, borrowed from me certaine Translations of *Ouid*, as his three books *De Arte Amandi*, & two *De Remedio Amoris*, which since, his most brazen face hath most impudently challenged as his own, wherefore, I must needs proclaime it as far as *Ham*, where he now keeps schoole, *Hos ego versiculos feci tulit alter honores*, they were things which out of my iuniority and want of indgement, I committed to the view of some priuate friends, but with no purpose of publishing, or further communicating the. Therefore I wold entreate that *Austin*, for so his name is, to acknowledge his wrong to me in shewing them, & his owne impudence, & ignorance in challenging the. But courteous Reader, I can onely excuse him in this, that this is the *Brazen Age*.

{ornament}

Drammatis Perfonae.

H O M E R.

Oeneus K of Calidon.
Althea,&
Her two brothers.
Deyaneira.
Meleager.
Hercules.
Achelous.
Neffus.
Iafon.
Atreus.
Tellamon.
Nestor.
Medes.
Oetes.
Abfyrtus,
Adonis.
Atlanta.
Apollo.
Aurora.
Iupiter..

Mercury.
Iuno.
Mars.
Venus.
Gallus.
Vulcan.
Lychas.
Omphale.
Her maids.
Æneas.
Anchifes.
Laomedon.
Hefione.
Priam.
Philoctetes.
Water Nymphes.
Caftor.
Pollux.
Pyragmon.

{ornament}

The Brazen Age,

CONTAINING

The labours and death of Hercules.

Enter HOMER.

A *S the world growes in yeares ('tis the Heauens
 curfe)*
 *Mens finnes increafe; the priftine times were
 befte:*
5 *The Ages in their growth wax worfe & worfe
 The firft was pretious, full of golden reft.
 Silver fucceeded; good, but not fo pure:*
Then loue and harmeleffe lufts might currant paffe:
The third that followes we finde more obdure,
10 *And that we title by the Age of Braffe.*
In this more groffe and courfer mettall'd Age,
Tyrants and fierce oppreffors we prefent.
Nephewes that 'gainft their Vnckles wreake their rage,
Mothers againft their children discontent,
A fifter with her brother at fierce warre,
15 *(Things in our former times not feene or knowne)*
But vice with vertue now begins to iarre,
And finnes (though not at height) yet great are growne.
Still with our hiftory we fhall proceed,
And Hercules viftorious acts relate:
20 *His marriage firft, next many a noble deed*
Perform'd by him: laft how he yeelds to Fate.

B<1r>

And

The Brazen Age.

*And theſe, I hope, may (with ſome mixtures) paſſe,
So you fit pleas'd in this our Age of Braſſe.*

Actus I. Scoena I.

*Enter Oeneus, King of Calidon, Queene Althea, Meleager,
Deianeira, Plexippus, and Toxeus, brothers to the Queene.*

25

K. Oen. Thus midſt our brothers, daughter, Queene and
Sits *Oeneus* crown'd in fertill *Calidon* (ſonne,
Whoſe age and weakenefſe is ſupported only,
In thoſe ripe ioyes that I receiue from you.

30

Plex. May we long ſtand ſupporters of your royalties,
And glad ſpectators of your age and peace.

Tox. The like I wiſh.

K. Oen. We haue found you brothers royall,
And ſubiects loyall.

35

Althea. They are of our line,
Of which no branch did euer perifh yet,
By Cankers, blaſtings, or dry barrenneſſe.
But *Meleager* let me turne to thee,

40

Whoſe birth the Fates themſelues did calculate,
Mel. Pray mother how was that? I haue heard you fay
Somewhat about my birth miraculous,
But neuer yet knew the true circumſtance.

45

Althea. 'Twas thus: the very infant thou waſt borne,
The fiſters, that draw, ſpinne, and clip our liues,
Entred my chamber with a fatall brand,
Which hurling in the fire, thus ſaid: *One day, one date,*
Betide this brand and childe, euen be their fate.

50

So parted they, the brand begins to burne:
And as it waſted, ſo didſt thou confume;
Which I perceiuing, leap't vnto the flame,
And quenching that, ſtayd thy conſumption.
The brand I (as a iewell) haue referu'd,
And keepe it in a caſket, lock't as faſe
As in thy boſome thou maintainſt thy heart.

The Brazen Age.

55 *Melea*. Pray keepe it well: for if not with my mother,
With whom dare *Meleager* trust his life?
But sifter *Deianeira*, now to you.

Two worthy Champions muſt this day contend,
And try their eminence in Armes for you,
Great *Achelous*, and ſtrong *Hercules*.

60 *Deia.* We know it: my loue muft be bought with blowes,
Not Oratory wins me, but the fword:
He that can brauelieft in the lifts contend,
Muft *Deianeira's* nuptiall bed afcend.

65 *Oen.* Brothers, conduct these Champions to the lifts,
 Meane time *Althea* fteate thee on that hand,
 On this fide *Deianeira* the rich prize
 Of their contention.

Melea. Clamors from a farre,
Tell vs these Champions are a dreft for warre.

70 *Enter at one doore the riuer Achelous, his weapons borne in
by Water-Nymphes. At the other Hercules.*

75 *K. Oen.* Stand forth you warlike Champions, and expresse
Your loues to *Deianeira*, in your valours.
As we are *Oeneus* the *Aetolians* King,
And vnder vs command whole *Calidon*.
So we conteft we make her here the prize
Of the proud victor:

80 *Ache.* Dares the *Theban* baftard
 Contend with vs, as we are eldeft sonne
 Vnto the graue and old *Oceanus*,
 And the Nymph *Nais*, borne on *Pindus* mount,
 From whence our broad and fpacious currents rife?
 So are we proud to coape with *Hercules*.

85 Nere let my freames wash *Acarnania's* bankes,
Or we confin'de in *Thous*, our grand feat,
Till (by the ruine of *Alcmena's* sonne)
We lodge bright *Deianeira* in our armes.

Herc. Haue we the *Cleonean* Lyons torne?

The Brazen Age.

90 And deck't our shoulders in their honored spoiles?
The *Calidonian* Boare cruſht with our Club?
The rude *Theſſalian* Centaurs funke beneath
Our *Iuiall* hand? pierc'd hell? bound *Cerberus*?
And buffeted ſo long, till from the fume
The dogge belch't forth ſtrong *Aconitum* ſpring?
95 And ſhall a petty riuer make our way
To *Deianeira's* bed impaſſable?
Know then the pettiſt ſtreame that flowes through *Greece*,
I'll make thee run thy head below thy bankes,
Make red thy waters with thy vitall bloud,
100 And ſpill thy waues in dropes as ſmall as teares,
If thou preſum'ſt to coape with *Hercules*.
 Ache. What's *Hercules* that I ſhould dread his name?
Or what's he greater then *Amphitrio's* ſonne?
When we aſſume the name of Demi-god
105 Not *Proteus* can tranſ-ſhape himſelfe like vs,
For we command our figure when we pleaſe.
Sometimes we like a ſerpent run along
Our medowy bankes: and ſometimes like a Bull
Graze on theſe ſtrands we water with our ſtreames.
110 We can tranſlate our fury to a fire,
And when we ſwell, in our fierce torrents ſwallow
The Champian plaines, and flow aboue the hils,
Drowne all the continents by which we run;
Yea *Hercules* himſelfe.
115 *Herc.* Me *Achelous*!
I can do more then this: loue *Deianeira*,
Swin with her on my ſhoulders through thy ſtreames,
And with my huge Club beat thy torrents backe,
With thine owne waters quench th'infernall fires
120 Thy figure ſerpentine, flat on the earth:
And when th'art Bull, catch faſt hold by thy hornes,
And whirle thee 'bout my head thus into ayre.
Thou faire *Aetolian* dame, I cannot wooe,
Nor paint my paſſions in ſmooth Oratory,
125 But fight for thee I can, 'gainſt *Achelous*,

The Brazen Age.

Or all the horrid monfters of the earth.

Melea. When 'gins your proud and hostile enmity?

Behold the prize propof'd, the victors meed,

Champions your fpirits inkindle at her eyes.

130 *Ache.* It is for her this baftard I defpife.

Prepare thee *Theban*.

Herc. See, I am adreft

With this to thunder on thy captiue creft.

I cannot bellow in thy bombaft phrafe;

135 Nor deafe thefe free fpectators with my braues.

I cut off words with deeds, and now behold

For me, the eccho of my blowes thus fcold.

Alarme. *Achelous is beaten in, and immediatly enters in
the fhape of a Dragon.*

140 *Herc.* Bee'ft thou a God or hell-hound thus tranfhap't,

Thy terrour frights not me, ferpent or diuell Il'e pafh thee.

Alarme. *He beats away the dragon. Enter a Fury all fire-workes.*

Herc. Fright vs with fire? our Club fhall quench thy flame,

And beat it downe to hell, from whence it came.

145 *When the Fury finkes, a Bulls head appeares.*

Herc. What, yet more monfters? Serpent, Bull, and Fire,

Shall all alike tafte great *Alcides* ire.

*He tugs with the Bull, and pluckes off one of his horns. Enter from
the fame place Achelous with his fore-head all bloody.*

150 *Ache.* No more, I am thy Captiue, thou my Conquerer:

I fee, no Magicke, or enchanting fpell

Haue power on vertue and true fortitude.

No flight Illufion can deceiue the eyes

Of him that is diuinely refolute.

155 I lay me at thy feet, a lowly vaffaile,

Since thou haft reft me of that prccious horne,

Which tearing from my head in fhape of Bull,

Thus wounded me. Take *Deianeira* freely,

Onely reftore me that rich fpoyle thou haft wonne,

160 Which all the Nymphes and graces dwelling neere,

Shall fill with redolent flowers, and delicate fruits,

And call it *Cornucopiae*, plenties horne,

The Brazen Age.

In memory of *Achelous* loffe,
And this high conquest won by *Hercules*.

165 *Hercu.* Hadst thou not stoopt thy horrid Taurine shape
I would haue peece-meale rent, and thy tough hide
Torne into rags as thicke as Autumne leaues:
Take thee thy life, and with thy life that spoile
Pluckt from thy mangled front, giue me my loue,
170 I'le ftoare no hornes at winning of a wife.
Giue me bright *Deyanira*, take that horne,
So late from thy diffigured Temples torne.

Deyan. I haue my prayers, *Alcides* his defires,
Both meete in loue.

175 *Oen.* Receiue her *Hercules*,
The conquest of thy warlike fortitude.

Herc. Wee take but what our valour purchaft vs,
And beauteous Queene thou shalt assure his loue,
Whose puiffant arme shall awe the triple world,
180 And make the greateft Monarches of the earth
To thy diuineft beauty tributary.

Meleag. Will *Hercules* ftay heere in *Calidon*,
To folemnize the nuptials of our fifter?
I *Meleager*, rich *Aetolians* heire,
185 Whose large Dominions ftretch to *Oeta* Mount,
And to the bounds of fertile *Theffaly*
Will grace thy Bridals with the greateft pompe
Greece can affoord, nor is't my meanest honour
To be the brother to great *Hercules*.

190 *Herc.* Thanks *Meleager*, foiourne heere we cannot,
My ftep-dame *luno* talks me to more dangers:
Wee take thy beauteous fifter in our guard,
Whom by *Ioues* aide wee ftraight will beare to *Thebes*.

Oen. A fathers wilhes crowne the happineffe
195 Of his faire daughter.

Mel. And a brothers loue
Comfort thee where thou goeft: If not with *Hercules*
Whom dare we trust thy fafety.

Herc. Not *Ioues* guard
200 Can circle her with more fecurity.

The Brazen Age.

Time cal's vs hence, *Aetolian* Lords farewell.

Oen. Adiew braue sonne, and daughter, onely happy

In being thus beftowed, come *Achelous*,

With you we'll feaft, nor let your foyle deiect you,

205 Or *Deyaniraes* loffe; he's more then man,

And needes muft he do this, that all things can. *Exeunt.*

Herc. Dares *Deyaneira* trust her perfons safety

With vs a ftranger, onely knowne by Fame.

Deyn. Wer't gainft the Lyons in *Chimera* bred,

210 Or thofe rude Beares that breed in *Caucafus*:

The *Hyrchan* Tigers or the *Syrian* Wolues,

Nay gainft the Giants that affaulted heauen

And with their fhoulders made thofe bafes fhake

That prop *Olimpus*: liu'd *Enceladus*

215 With whom *Ioue* wreflted: euen againft thofe monfters,

I'de thinke me fafe incircled in thefe armes.

Herc. Thou art as fafe as if immur'd in heauen,

Pal'd with that Chriftall wall that girts *Ioues* houle,

Where all the Gods inhabite, built by fate,

220 Stay, I fhould know that Centaure. *Enter Neffus.*

Neff. That's *Hercules* I know him by his Club,

Whofe ponderous weight I felt vpon my Skull

At the great Bridall of the *Lapithes*.

What louely Ladie's fhee that in her beauty

225 So much exceeds faire *Hypodamia*?

Herc. Oh *Neffus*, thou of all thy cloud-bred race,

Alone didft fcape by trufting to thy heeles

At *Hypodamia's* Bridals, but we now

Are friends, are wee not *Neffus*?

230 *Neff.* Yes great *Hercules*,

(Till I can find fit time for iuft reuendge)

Methinkes my braines ftill rattle in my fkull)

What Ladie's that in great *Alcides* Guard?

Herc. *Deyaneira*, daughter to the *Aetolian* King,

235 Sifter to *Meleager*, now our Bride;

Wonne by the force of armes from *Achelous*,

The boyfterous floud that flowes through *Calidon*.

The Brazen Age.

240 *Neff.* A double enuy burnes in all my veines,
Firft for reuenge; next, that he fhould enioy
That beauteous maide whom *Neffus* dearely loues.
Will *Hercules* commande me? or his Bride?
I'll lackey by thee wherefoer'e thou goeft,
And be the vaffall to great *Hercules*.

245 *Herc.* We are bound for *Thebes*, but foft, what torrent's this
That intercepts our way? How fhall we paffe
Thefe raging ftreames?

Neff. This is *Euenus* floud,
A dangerous current, full of whirle-pooles deepe,
And yet vnfounded: dar'ft thou truft thy Bride
250 On *Neffus* backe? I'll vndertake to fwimme her
Vnto the furtheft ftromd, vpon my fhoulders,
And yet not laue her fhooe.

Herc. I'll pay thee for thy waftage Centaure, well,
And make thee Prince of all thy by-form'd race,
255 If thou wilt do this grace to *Hercules*:
But ferry her with fafety, for by *Ioue*,
If thou but make her tremble in thefe ftreames,
Or let the leaft waue dafh againft her fkirt;
If the leaft feare of drowning pale her cheeke,
260 I'll pound thee fmaller then the Autumne duft
Toft by the warring winds?

Neff. Haue I not fwomme
The *Hellefepont*, when waues high as yon hils
Toft by the winds, haue crown'd me, yet in fpight
265 Of all their briny weight I haue wrought my felfe
Aboue the topmoft billow to ore-looke
The troubled maine: come beauteous *Deyaneira*,
Not *Charon* with more fafety ferries foules,
Then I will thee through this impetuous foord,

270 *Herc.* Receiue her Centaure, and in her the wealth
And potency of mighty *Hercules*.

Neff. Now my reuenge for that inhumaine banquet,
In which fo many of the Centaures fell,
I'll rape this Princeffe, hauing paff the floud

The Brazen Age.

275 Come beauteous *Deyaneira*, mount my fhoulders,
And feare not your fafe waftage. *Exeunt.*
Herc. That done returne for vs: faire *Deianeira*,
White as the garden lilly, pyren fnow,
Or rocks of Chrifftall hardned by the Sunne:
280 Thou fhalt be made the potent Queene of *Thebes*,
And all my *Iouiall* labours fhall to thee
Be confecrate, as to *Alcides* loue.
Well plundge bold Centaure, how thy boyfterous breft
Plowes vp the ftreames: thou through the fwelling tides,
285 Sail'ft with a freight more rich and beautifull,
Then the beft fhipe cram'd with *Pangeous* gold:
With what a fwift dexterity he parts
The mutinous waues, whose waters clafpe him round,
Hee plaies and wantons on the curled ftreames,
290 And *Deyanira* on his fhoulders fits
As fafe, as if fhe ftear'd a pine-tree barke.
They grow now towards the fhore: my club and armes
I'le firft caft or'e the deepe *Euenus* foord,
But from my fide my quiuer fhall not part,
295 Nor this my trufty bow.
Deyan. Helpe *Hercules*. *Within.*
Herc. 'Twas *Deyaneiraes* voyce.
Deyan. The Traytor *Neffus*
Seekes to defpoile mine honour, *Ioue*, you Gods:
300 Out trayterous Centaure: Helpe great *Hercules*.
Herc. Hold, luft-burnt Centaure, 'tis *Alcides* cals
Or fwifter then *Ioues* lightning, my fierce vengeance
Shall croffe *Euenus*.
Deyan. Oh, oh.
305 *Herc.* Darft thou deuill?
Couldft thou clime Heauen or finke below the Center
So high, fo low, my vengeance fhould perfue thee,
Hold; if I could but fixe thee in my gripes,
I de teare thy limbes into more Atomies
310 Then in the Summer play before the Sunne.
Deyan. Helpe *Hercules* (out dog) *Alcides* helpe.
Herc. I'le fend till I can come, this poifonous fhafte

The Brazen Age.

Shall ſpeake my fury and extract thy blood,
Till I my ſelfe can croſſe this raging floud.

315 *Hercules shoots, and goes in: Enter Neffus with an arrow*
through him, and Deianeira.

Neff. Thy beauty *Deyaneira* is my death,
And yet that *Neffus* dies embracing thee
Takes from my fences all those torturing pangs
That should afflicte death: to shew I lou'd thee,
I'll leaue thee, in my will, a legacy;
Shall stead thee more, then should thy father giue thee
Vnto thy Dower the Crowne of *Calidon*.

325 Of fuch great vertue is my liuing bloud,
 And of fuch prize, that couldſt thou vauſe it,
 Thou wouldſt not let one drop fall to the ground:
 But oh I die.

Deyan. Teach me to rate it truely.

330 *Neff.* Now *Neffus*, in thy death be aueng'd on him
On whom in life thou couldst not wreake thy rage:
(My bloud is poifon) all these pure drops faue,
Which I bequeath thee ere I take my graue:

335 I know thy Lord lasciuious, bent to luft,
Witneffe the fifty daughters of King *Thespeius*,
Whom in one night he did adulterate:
And of those fifty begot fifty sonnes:

340 Now if in all his quefts, he be with-held
By any Ladies loue, and ftay from thee,
Such is the vertue of my bloud now fhed,
That if thou dipft a fhirt, fteept in the leaft
Of all thefe drops, and fendft it to thy Lord,
No fooner fhall it touch him, but his loue
Shall die to ftrangers, and reuiue to thee,
Make vfe of this my loue.

345 *Deyan.* Centaure, I will.

Neff. And fo, whom *Neffus* cannot, do thou kill;
Still dying men ſpeake true: 'tis my laſt cry,
Saue of my bloud, 't may ſteede thee ere thou die.

Deyan. hough I my loue mistrust not, yet this counsell

The Brazen Age.

350 I'll not despise: this if my Lord should stray,
Shall to my desolate bed teach him the way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. After long struggling with *Euenus* streams,
I forc't the river bear me on her breast,
355 And land me safely on this further strand,
To make an end of what my shaft begunne,
The life of *Nessus*, lives the Centaure yet?

Deyan. Behold him grovelling on the fenceless earth,
His wounded breast transfixt by *Hercules*.

360 *Herc.* That the luxurious slave were sensible
Of torture; not th' infernals with more pangs
Could plague the villain then *Alcides* should.
Ixion's bones rackt on the torturing wheel
Should be a pastime: the three snake-hair'd sisters,
365 That lash offenders with their whips of steel,
Should seeme to dally, when with every string
They cut the flesh like razors: but the dead
Wee hate to touch, as cowardly and base,
And vengeance not becoming *Hercules*.
370 Come *Deyaneira*, first to consummate
Our high spowls in triumphant *Thebes*,
That done, our future labours wee'll pursue,
And by the assistance of the powers Divine,
Strive to act more then *Juno* can assigne.

Exit.

375 *Enter HOMER.*

*Faire Deyaneira vnto, Thebes being guided,
And Hercules espousals solemnized.
Hee for his further labours soone provided,
As Juno by Euritius had deuifed.
380 The Apples of Hesperia first he wan,
Mauger huge Atlas that supports the spheres:
And whilst the Gyant on his business ran;
Alcides takes his place, and proudly beares
The heauens huge frame: thence into Scythia hies,*

The Brazen Age.

385 *And their the Amazonian Baldricke gaines,
By conquering Menalip (a braue prife)
The warlike Quene that ere the Scithians raignes.
That hee supported heauen, doth well expresse
His Astronomicke skill, knowledge in starres:*
390 *They that fuch practife know, what do they leffe
Then beare heauens weight fo of the Lernean warres.
Where he the many-headed Hydra flew,
A Serpent of that nature, when his fword
Par'd off one head, from that another grew.*
395 *This fhewed his Logicke skill: from euery word
And argument confuted, there arife
From one a multiplicity, therefore we
Poets and fuch as are esteemed wife,
Instruct the world by fuch morality.*
400 *To conquer Hydra fhowed his powerfull skill
In difputation, how to argue well.
(By all that vnderftand in custome ftill)
And in this Art did Hercules excell.
Now we the Aegyptian tyrant muft present,*
405 *Bloudy Bufiris, a king fell and rude,
One that in murder plac't his fole content,
With whofe fad death our firft Act we conclude.*

Enter Bufyris with his Guard and Priests to facrifice; to them two
ftangers, Bufyris takes them and kils them vpon the Altar: en-
410 *ter Hercules disguis'd, Bufyris fends his Guard to apprehend
him, Hercules difcouering himfelfe beates the Guard, kils Bu-
fyris and facrificeth him vpon the Altar, at which there fals a
fhower of raine, the Priests offer Hercules the Crowne of Æ-
gypt which he refuseth.*

415 *H O M E R. In Aegypt there of long time fell noraine,
For which vnto the Oracle they fent:
Answeres return'd, that till one ftanger flaine,
Immou'd fhall be the Marble firmament.
Therefore the Tyrant all thefe ftangers kils*
420 *That enter Aegypt, till Alcides came*

The Brazen Age.

*And with the tyrants bulke the Altar fils:
At whose red slaughter fell a plenteous raine.
For he that stranger and vsurper was,
Whose bloody fate the Oracle forespake.
But for a while we let Alcides passe,
Whom these of Ægypt would their sower aigne make,
For freeing them from such a tyrants rage;
Now Meleager next must fill our stage.*

Actus 2. Scoena 2.

Enter Venus like a Huntresse, with Adonis.

Venus. Why doth *Adonis* flye the Queene of loue?
And shun this Iuory girdle of my armes?
To be thus scarft the dreadfull God of warre
Would giue me conquered kingdomes: For a kisse
(But halfe like this) I could command the Sunne
Rise 'fore his houre, to bed before his time:
And (being loue-ficke) change his golden beames,
And make his face pale, as his fifter Moone.
Come, let vs tumble on this violet banke:
Pre'thee be wanton; let vs toy and play,
Thy Icy fingers warme betweene my breasts;
Looke on me *Adon* with a stedfast eye,
That in these Christall glasses I may see
My beauty, that charmes Gods, makes men amaz'd,
And stownd with wonder: doth this rofeat pillow
Offend my loue? come, wallow in my lap,
With my white fingers I will clap thy cheek,
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thine eare.

Adonis. Madame, you are not modest: I affect
The vnseene beauty that adorne the minde.
This looseneffe makes you fowle in *Adons* eye:
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Reade blushfulneffe, and feare; a modest blush
Would make your cheek seeme much more beautifull.

The Brazen Age.

If you will whifper pleafure in mine eare,
Praife chaftity, or with your lowd voyce fhrill
The tunes of hornes, and hunting; they pleafe beft:
Il'e to the chafe, and leaue you to the reft.

30 *Venus.* Thou art not man; yet wer't thou made of ftone,
I haue heate to melt thee. I am Queene of loue,
There is no practiue art of dalliance
Of which I am not Miftrefse, and can vse.
I haue kiffes that can murder vnkinde words,
35 And ftrangle hatred, that the gall fend forth:
Touches to raife thee, were thy fpirits halfe dead:
Words that can powre affection downe thine eares.
Loue me! thou canft not chufe, thou fhalt not chufe.
Am I not *Venus*? Hadft thou *Cupids* arrowes,
40 I fhould haue tooke thee to haue beene my fonne:
Art thou fo like him, and yet canft not loue?
I thinke you are brothers.

Adonis. Madame, you wooe not well, men couet not
Thefe proffered pleafures; but loue-fweets deny'd:
45 What I command, that cloyes my appetite;
But what I cannot come by I adore.
Thefe prostituted pleafures furfet ftill,
Wheres feare, or doubt, men fue with beft good will.

Venus. Thou canft instruct the Queene of loue in loue.
50 Thou fhalt not (*Adon*) take me by the hand;
Yet if thou needs wilt force me, theres my palme.
Il'e frowne on him (alas! my brow's fo fsmooth
It will not beare a wrinkle:) hye thee hence
Vnto the chace, and leaue me: but not yet,
55 Il'e fleepe this night vpon *Endimions* banke,
On which the Swaine was courted by the Moone.
Dare not to come, thou art in our difgrace;
(Yet if thou come I can affoord thee place.)

Adonis. I muft begone.

60 *Venus.* Sweet whither?

Adonis. To the Chace.

Venus. What doeft thou hunt?

The Brazen Age.

Adonis. The Calidonian Boare,
To which the Princes and best spirits of *Greece*
Are now assembled.

Venus. I beshrew thee boy,
That very word strooke from my heart all ioy:
It startled mee, me thinkes I see thee dye
By that rude Boare. Hunt thou the beasts that flye,
The wanton Squirrell, or the trembling Hare,
The crafty Fox: these pastimes fearlesse are.
The greedy Wolues, and fierce Beares arm'd with clawes,
Rough shouldred Lyons, such as glut their iawes
With heards at once, Fell Boares, let them passe by,
Adon, these looke not with thy *Venus* eye.
They iudge not beauty, nor distinguish youth,
These are their prey; My pittie, loue and ruth
Liues not in them. Oh to thy selfe be kinde,
Thou from their mouthes, my kisses shalt not find.

Winde hornes within.

Adonis. The summons to the chace, *Venus* adue.

Ven. Leaue those, turne head, chuse those thou maist pur-

Adonis. I am resolu'd, Il'e helpe to rouze yon beast. (sue

Venus. Thou art to dee// his sauadge throat to feast.

Forbeare. *Adonis.* In vaine.

Venus. Appoynt when we shall meet.

Adonis. After the chace. Farewell then.

Venus. Farewell sweet.

Adonis. This kissing.

Venus. *Adon*, guard thee well, expresse
Thy loue to me, in being of thy selfe
Carefull and chary: they that raze thy skin
Wound me. Be wise my *Adon*.

Adon. Neuer doubt. So then *He kisseth her.*

Venus. But lip-labour, yet ill left out. *Exeunt.*

*Winde hornes. Enter with Iauelings, and in greene, Melea-
ger, Theseus, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Iason, Peleus,
Nestor, Atreus, Toxeus, Plexippus.*

The Brazen Age.

100 *Melea.* The cause of this convention (Lords of Greece)
Needs no expression; and yet briefly thus:
 Oeneus our father, the *Aetolians* King,
Of all his fruits and plenty, gave due rights
To all the Gods and Goddesses, *Ioue*, *Ceres*,
 Bacchus, and *Pallas*; but among the rest,
105 *Diana* he neglects: for which inrag'd,
She hath sent (to plague vs) a huge savage Boar,
Of an un-measured height and magnitude.
What better can describe his shape and terror
Then all the piteous clamours shrill through Greece?
110 Of his depopulations, spoiles, and preys?
His flaming eyes they sparkle blood and fire,
His bristles pointed like a range of pikes
Ranck't on his back: his foam snows where he feeds
His tusks are like the Indian Elephants.
115 Out of his jaws (as if *Ioues* lightning flew)
He scortches all the branches in his way,
Plows up the fields, treads flat the fields of grain.
In vain the Shepherd or his dog secures
Their harmless fowls. In vain the furious Bull
120 Strives to defend the herd over which he lords.
The Colonies into the Cities fly,
And till immur'd, they think themselves not safe.
To chase this beast we have met on *Oeta* mount,
Attended by the noblest spirits of Greece.
125 *Tela.* From populous *Salamine* I *Telamon*
Am at thy faire request, King *Meleager*,
Come to behold this beast of *Calidon*,
And prove my virtue in his stern pursuit.
 Iason. Not *Meleagers* love, more than the zeal
130 I bear my honour, hath drawn *Iason* hither,
To this adventure, yet both forcible
To make me try strange masteries 'gainst that monster,
Whose fury hath so much amaz'd all Greece.
 Castor. That was the cause I *Castor*, with my brother
135 *Pollux*, arriv'd, and left our sister *Hellen*

The Brazen Age.

Imbrac't by our old father *Tyndarus*,
To rouze this beaft.

140 *Pollux*. Let vs no more be held
The fannes of *Leda*, and be got by *Ioue*,
Brothers, and cal'd the two *Tyndarian* twins
If we returne not crimfon'd in the fpoiles
Of this fierce Boare.

Nestor. To that end *Nestor* came.
145 *Nestor*, that hath already liu'd one age,
And entred on the fecond, to the third
May I nere reach, if part of that wilde fwine
I bring not home to *Pylos* where I reigne.

Atr. My yong fon *Agamemnon*, and his brother
Prince *Menclaus* in his fwathes at home,
150 Without fome honour purchaft on this Boare,
May I no more fee, or *Myeenes* vifit.

Thef. Well fpeakes *Atreus*, and his noble acts
Stil equalize his language. Shall not *Thefeus*
Veoter as farre as any? heauens you know
155 I dare as much 'gainft any mortall foe.

Tox. Wher's *Hercules*, that at this noble bufines
He is not prefent, being neere ally'd
To *Meleager*, hauing late espowfed
His fifter *Deianeira*?

160 *Plex*. He's for *Bufiris*, that *Aegyptian* tyrant,
Mel. Elfe noble valour, he would haue bin firft
To haue purchaft honour in this hauty queft.

Enter Atlanta with a Iauelin, Hornes winded.

165 *Atl*. Haile princes, let it not offend this troop,
That I a Princeffe and *Atlanta* cald,
A virgin Huntrefse, preffe into the field,
In hope to double guild my Iauelins poynt
In bloud of yon wilde fwine.

170 *Melea*. *Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine vultum*
Afpicio. Oh you Gods! or make her mine,
Stated with vs the *Calidonian* Queene,
Or let this monftrous beaft confound me quite,

The Brazen Age.

And in his vaft wombe bury all my face.
Beauteous *Atlanta* welcome, grace her princes
For *Meleagers* honour.

175

Iafon. Come, fhall's vncupple Lords,
Some plant the toiles, others brauely mount,
To vn-den this fauadge.

Melea. Time and my bathfull loue
Admits no courtfhip, Lady ranke with vs.
Il'e be this day your guardian, and a fhield
Betweene you and all danger.

180

Atlant. We are free,
And in the chace will our owne guardian be.
Shals to the field, my Iauelin and thefe fhafte,
Pointed with death, fhall with the formoft flye,
And by a womans hand the beaft fhall dye.

185

Enter Adonis winding his horne.

Melea. As bold as faire; but foft, whose bugle's that
Which cal's vs to the chace? *Adonis* yours?

190

Adonis. Mine oh you noble *Greekes*, we haue difcouered
The dreadful monfter wallowing in his den:
The toyles are fixt, the huntfmen plac't on hils
Preft for the charge, the fierce *Theffalian* hounds
With their flagge eares, ready to fwEEP the dew
From the moift earth: their breafte are arm'd with fteele,
Againft the incounter of fo grim a beaft:
The hunters long to vncupple, and attend
Your prefence in the field.

195

Atlanta. Follow *Atlanta*.
Il'e try what prince will fecond me in field,
And make his Iauelins point fhake euen with mine.

200

Melea. That *Meleagers* fhall.

Tela. Nor *Telamon*

205

Will come behinde *Atlanta*, or the Prince.

Iafon. Charge brauely then your Iauelins, fend them fing
Through the cleare aire, and aime them at yon fiend,
Den'd in the quechy bogge, the fignall Lords.

All. charge, charge. *a great winding of hornes, & fhouts.*

The Brazen Age.

210 *Meleag.* Princes, thrill your Bugles free.
And all *Atlanta's* danger fall on me.

Enter Iafon and Telamon.

Iafon. This way, this way, renowned *Telamon*,
The Boare makes through yon glade, and from the hils
215 He hurries like a tempest: In his way
He prostrates trees, and like the bolt of *Ioue*,
Shatters where ere he comes.

Tela. *Diana's* wrath
Sparkles grim terrour from his fiery eyes:
220 One *Iauelin* pointed with the purest brasse,
I haue blunted 'gainst his ribs, yet he vnscar'd,
The head, as darted 'gainst a rocke of marble,
Rebounded backe.

Iafon. He fhakes off from his head
225 Our best *Theffalian* dogges, like Sommer flyes:
Nor can their sharpe phangs fasten on his hide.
Follow the cry. *A shout. Enter Castor and Pollux.*

Castor. Wher's noble *Telamon*?

Pollux. Or warlike *Iafon*?

230 *Iafon.* Here you *Tyndarides*,
Speake, which way bends this plague of *Calidon*?

Castor. Here may you stand him, for behold he comes
Like a rough torrent, swallowing where he spreads,
Ouer his head a cloud of terrour hangs
235 In which leane death (as in a Chariot) rides,
Darting his shafts on all sides: 'mongst the Princes
Of fertill *Greece*, *Anceus* bowels lye
Strewd on the earth, torne by his rauinous tufkes:
And had not *Nestor* (by his *Iauelins* helpe)
240 Leap't vp into an Oke to haue scap't his rage,
He had now perisht in his second Age.

Pollux. *Peleus* is wounded, *Pelegon* lies flaine,
Eupalemon hath all his body rent
With an oblique wound: yet *Meleager* still,
245 And *Thefeus*, and *Atreus*, with the rest,

The Brazen Age.

Purfue the chace, with Boare-fpeares caft fo thicke,
That where they flye, they feeme to darke the ayre,
And where they fall, they threaten imminent ruine.

250 *Iafon.* To thefe wee'/ adde our fury, and our fire,
And front him, though his brow bare figured hell,
And euery wrinkle were the gulfe of Styx
By which the Gods conteft: Come noble *Telamon*,
Diana's monfter by our hands fhall fall,
Or (with the Princes flaine) let's perifh all. *Exeunt.*

255 *Hornes and fhouts. Enter Meleager, Atlanta.*

Meleag. Thou beauteous *Nonacris*, *Arcadia's* pride,
How hath thy valour with thy fortune ioyn'd,
To make thee ftaine the generall fortitude
Of all the Princes we deriue from *Greece*,
260 Thy launces poynt hath on yon armed monfter,
Made the firft wound, and the firft crimfon droppe
Fell from his fide, thy ayme and arme extracted,
Thy fame fhall neuer dye in *Calidon*.

Atl. We trifle heere, what fhall *Atlanta* gaine
265 The firft wounds honour, and be abfent from
The monfters death, we muft haue hand in both.

Melea. Thou haft purchaft honour and renowne enough,
Oh ftaine not all the generall youth of *Greece*,
By thy too forward fpirit. Come not neere
270 Yon rude blood-thirfty fauadge, left he prey
On thee, as on *Anceus*, and the reft,
Let me betweene thee and all dangers ftand. *Hornes.*
Fight, but fight fafe beneath our puiffant hand.

Atl. The cry comes this way, all my fhafte Il'e fpend.
275 To giue the fury that affrights vs, end.

Melea. And ere that monfter on *Atlanta* pray,
This point of fteele fhall through his hart make way. *exeūt.*

After great fhouts, enter Venus.

280 *Venus.* *Adonis*, thou that makeft *Venus* a Huntrefle,
Leaue *Paphos*, *Gnidon*, *Eryx*, *Erecine*,
And *Amathon*, with precious mettals bigge,
Mayft thou this day liue bucklerd in our wing,

The Brazen Age.

And shadowed in the amorous power of loue:
My swannes I haue vnyoakt, and from their necks
285 Tane of their bridles made of twifted filke.
And from my chariot ftucke with Doues white plumes
Lighted vpon this verdure, where the Boare
Hath in his fury fnow'd his scattered foame. *A cry*
What cry was that? It was *Adonis* fure. *within.*
290 That piercefant fhrike fhrield through the muficall pipes
Of his fweete voyces organs, thou *Diana*
If thou haft fent this fiende to ruin loue,
Or print the leaft fkarre in my *Adons* flefh
Thy chaftity I will abandon quite,
295 And with my loofeneffe, blaft thy *Cinthian* light.

Enter Thefeus and Neftor, bringing in Adonis wounded to death.

Thef. There lie moft beauteous of the youths of *Greece*,
Whofe death I will not mourne, ere I reuenge.
Neft. I'le fecond thee, thou pride of *Greece* adiew,
300 Whom too much valor in thy prime ore-threw. *Exit.*
Ven. Y'are not mine eyes, for they to fee him dead
Would from their foft beds drop vpon the earth:
Or in their owne warme liquid moifture drowne
Their natiue brightneffe: th'art not *Venus* heart,
305 For wer't thou mine, at this fad fpectacle
Th'dft breake thefe ribs though they were made of braffe,
And leap out of my bofome instantly.
My forrowes like a populous throng, all ftriving
At once to paffe through fome inforced breach,
310 In ftead of winning paffage ftop the way,
And fo the greateft haft, breeds the moft ftay.
Oh mee! my multiplicity of forrowes,
Makes me almoft forget to grieue at all.
Speake, fpeake, my *Adon*, thou whom death hath fed on
315 Ere thou waft yet full ripe; and this thy beautie's
Deuour'd ere tafted. Eye, where's now thy brightneffe?
Or hand thy warmth? Oh that fuch louely parts

The Brazen Age.

Should be by death thus made vnferuiceable.
That (liueft then) had the power to intrance *Ioue*:
320 Rauifh, amaze, and furfet, all thefe pleafures
Venus hath loft by thy vntimely fall.
And therefore for thy death eternally
Venus fhall mourne; Earth fhall thy trunke deuoure,
But thy liues bloud I'll turne into a flower,
325 And euery Month in follemne rights deplore,
This beauteous *Greeke* flaine by *Dianaes* Boare. *Exit.*

*The fall of the Boare being winded, Meleager with the head of
the Boare, Atlanta, Neftor, Toxeus, Plexippus, Iafon,
Thefus, &c. with their iauellins bloudied.*

330 *Mel.* Thus lies the terror that but once to day
Aw'd all the boldeft hearts of *Calidon*
Wallowing and weltering in his natiue bloud,
Tranffixt by vs, but brauely feconded,
By noble *Iafon*, *Thefeus*, *Peleus*,
335 *Telamon*, *Neftor*, the *Tyndarides*,
And our bold vnkle, al our bore-fpeares ftain'd
And gory hands lau'd in his reeking bloud,
To whom belongs this braue victorious fpoile?

All. To *Meleager* Prince of *Calidon*.
340 *Mel.* Is that your generall fuffrage?
Iafon. Let not *Greece*
Suffer fuch merite vnregarded paffe,
Or valour liue vnguerdon'd, that fel Swine
Whom yet, euen dead, th'amazed people feare,
345 And dare not touch but with aftonishment
Fell by thy hand.

Tel. Thou ftodft his violence,
Til thy fharp *Iauelin* grated gainft his broines,
Beneath his fhield thou entred'ft to his heart.
350 At that we guirt him till a thoufand wounds,
Hee from a thoufand hands receiu'd at once:
And in his fall it feem'd the earth did groane,

The Brazen Age.

And the fixt Center tremble vnder him.

355 *Castor.* The spoile is thine, the yong *Adonis* death,
 Anceus flaughter, and the maffacre
 Of *Archas*, *Pelagon*, *Eupateinon*

 And all the *Grecian* Printes loft this day,
 Thou haft reueng'd, therefore be thine the fame,
 Which with a generall voyce *Greece* fhall proclaime.

360 *Mel.* Princes wee thanke you, 'tis mine giuen me free.
 Which faire *Atlanta* we beftow on thee.

Tox. Ha, to a woman.

Plex. And fo many men,
 Ingag'd in't, call backe thy gift againe.

365 *Cast.* *Greece* is by this difparaged, and our fame
 Fowly eclipt.

Pollux Snatch't from that emulous Dame.

Mel. Murmur you Lords at *Meleagers* bounty,
 We firft beftow'd it as our owne by guift,
370 Yea, and by right, but now we render it
 To bright *Atlanta*, as her owne by due
 As fhee that from the Boare the firft bloud drew.

Neft. We muft not fuffer this difgrace to *Greece*.

Atre. Let women claime 'mongft women eminence,
375 Our Lofty fpirits, that honour haue in chace,
 Cannot difgeft wrongs womanifh and bafe.

Cast. Reftore this woman and thy fex enuy
 For fortitude, aime not at quefts fo hye.

Iafon. *Castor* forbear.

380 *Tella.* Hee giues but what's his owne.

Thef. Tis the Kings bounty,

Mel. By the immortall Gods,
 That gaue vs this daies honour, the fame hand
 By which the *Calidonian* terror fell,
385 Shall him that frownes or murmurs lanch to hell.

All. That will we try.

Mel. Then refkue for *Atlanta*,
 This day fhall fall for thee, that art diuine,
 Monfters more fauadge then *Dianaes* fwine.

The Brazen Age.

390 *A strange confused fray, Toxeus and Plexippus are flaine by
 Meleager, Iafon and Tellamon stand betweene the
 two factions.*

Iaf. No more, no more, behold your vnkles flaine,
Saue in this act two Noble Gentlemen,
395 Purfue not fury to the spoile of *Greece*,
 And death of more braue Princes: let your rage
 Be here confin'de, cut off this purple ftream
 In his mid courfe, and turne this torrent backe
 Which in his fury elfe may drown'd vs all.

400 *Tel.* I fecond *Iafon* and expofe my felfe,
 Betweene thefe factions to compofe a peace.

Mel. Wee haue done too much already, impious fury,
 How boundleffe is thy power: vncircumfcribed
 By thought or reafon, th'art all violence,
405 Thy end repentance, forrow and diftaft:
 How will *Althea* take her brothers death
 From her fons hand, but rafh deeds executed
 May be lamented, neuer be recal'd
 Shall the furuiuers bee atton'd?

410 *Atreus.* So it be done with honour on both parts
 Wee haue fwords to guard our fortunes and our liues,
 And but an equall language will keepe both
 Thus at the point.

Thef. Ioyne hands renowned Princes,
415 The fury of the Prince of *Calidon*
 Hath prey'd but on his owne, there let it end,
 No further by your vrgent fpleenes extend.

Caftor. We are appeaf'd.

Iafon. Lords freely then embrace.

420 *Mel.* Firft then, wee'le royally interre our vnkles,
 And fpend fome teares vpon their funerall rites,
 That done we'le in our Palace feaft thefe Princes,
 With bright *Atlanta*, whom wee'le make our Queene.
 Our Vnkles once beftow'de into the earth,
425 Our mournings fhall expire in Bridall mirth. *Exeunt.*

The Brazen Age.

*Enter K. Oeneus and Althea, meeting the bodies of their
two brothers borne.*

430 *Oen.* Come to the Temple there to sacrifice
For these glad tidings, since the Boare lies dead,
That fill'd our kingdom with such awe and dread.

Alth. What joy names *Oeneus* in this spectacle?
This of a thousand the most sad and tragick,
Whose murdered trunks be these?

435 *Seru.* Your royal brothers, Prince *Toxeus* and *Plexippus*,
Althea. Speake, how flaine?

Seru. Not by the Boare, but by your sons own hand.

Althea. By *Meleagers*, how? upon what quarrell?
Could the proud boy ground such a damned act.

440 *Seru.* Your sonne to faire *Atlanta* gave the prize
Of this daies travail, which for, they withstood
In mutinous armes they lost their vitall bloods.

Alth. Shall I revenge or mourne them.

Oen. O strange fate.

445 An object that must shorten *Oeneus* daies,
And bring these winter haire to a sad Tombe
Long ere there dare; I finde beneath these forrowes
Into my blacke and timelesse monument.

Althea. My forrowes turne to rage, my teares to fire,
My prayers to curses, vows into revenge. (diction

450 *Oen.* Peace, peace my Queene, let's beare the Gods vindict
With patience, as wee did *Dianaes* wrath:
Where Gods are bent to punish, we may grieve
But can our felues nor succour, nor relieve.

455 Come, let vs do to them their latest rites,
Wait on their Hearses in our mourning blacke;
Their happy foules are mounted 'bout the spheres,
We'll wash their bodies in our funerall teares. *Exit.*

Manet Althea.

460 *Althea.* *Althea* what distraction's this within thee?
A sister or a mother wilt thou be?
Since both I cannot, (for these Princes flaine)

The Brazen Age.

Sifter I chufe, a mothers name difdaine:
The fatall brand in which the murderers life
Securely lies, I'll hurle into the fire
465 And as it flames, fo fhall the flauie expire.
Mifcheife I'll heape on mifcheife, bad on ill,
Wrong pay with wrongs, and flaughter thefe that kill.
And fince the Gods would all our glories thrall,
I will with them haue chiefe hand in our fall.
470 But hee's my fonne: oh pardon me deere brothers,
Being a mother if I fpare his life,
Though it bee fit his finne be plag'd with death,
And that his life lie in yon fatall brand,
'T will not come fitly from a mothers hand.
475 Is this the hope of all my ten months paine,
Muft he by th'hand of him that nurft him now be flaine?
Would he had perifht in his cradle, when
I gaue him twice life: in his birth, and then
When I the brand fnatcht from the rauinous flame,
480 And for this double good, haft thou with fhame
And iniury repaide me? I will now
A fifter be, no mother, for I vow
Reuenge and death; Furies, affift my hand
Whilst in red flames I caft his vitall brand. *Exit.*

485 *A banquet, enter Meleager, Iafon, Thefeus, Caftor, Pollux,
Neftor, Peleus. Atreus, Atlanta.*

Meleag. For faire *Atlanta*, and your Honours, Lords
We banquet you this day: and to beginne
Our feftiuals we'll crowne this *Iouiall* health
490 Vnto our brother, *Theban Hercules*
And *Deyaneira*, will you pledge it Lords?
Iafon. None but admire and loue their matchleffe worths,
Not faire *Atlanta* will refufe this health.
Atlan. You beg of mee a pledge, I'll take it *Iafon*,
495 As well for his fake that beginnes the round,
As thofe to whom 'tis vow'd.

The Brazen Age.

Tell. Well fpoke *Atlanta*, but I wonder Lords
What Prouince now holds *Theban Hercules*?

500 *Thef.* He is the mirrour and the pride of *Greece*,
And fhall in after ages be renoun'd,
But we forget his health, come *Tellamon*
Aime it at mee. *A fire: Enter Althea with the brand.*

505 *Althea.* Affift my rage you fterne *Eumenides*,
To you this blacke deed will I confecrate.
Pitty away, hence thou confanguine loue,
Maternall zeale, peccentall piety.
All cares, loues, duties, offices, affections,
That grow 'twene fonnes and mothers, leaue this place;
Let none but furies, murders, paracides,
510 Be my affiftants in this dam'd attempt:
All that's good and honeft, I confine,
Blacke is my purpofe; Hell my thoughts are thine.

515 *Mel.* To bright *Atlanta* this loud muficke fown'd,
Her health fhall with our loftieft ftraines be crown'd.

515 *Althea.* Drinke, quaffe, be blith; oh how this feftiue ioy
Stirs vp my fury to reuenge and death,
Thus, thus, (you Gods aboue, abiect your eies
From this vnnaturall act) the murderer dies.

Shee fires the brand.

520 *Mel.* Oh, oh.

Atlan. My Lord.

Mel. I burne, I burne.

Iafon. What fuddaine paffion's this?

525 *Mele.* The flames of hell, and *Pluto's* fightleffe fires,
Are through my entrals and my veines difpierft, oh!

Tell. My Lord take courage.

Mel. Courage *Tellamon*?

530 I haue a heart dares threate or challenge hell,
A brow front heauen; a hand to challenge both:
But this my paine's beyond all humane fufferance,
Or mortall patience.

Althea. What haft thou done *Althea*? ftay thy fury,
And bring not thefe ftrange torments on thine owne

The Brazen Age.

Thou haft too much already, backe my hand, [*She takes out*
535 And faue his life as thou conferuſt this brand. *the brand.*
Atlan How cheeres the warlike Prince of *Calidon*?
Mel. Well now, I am at eaſe and peace within,
Whither's my torture fled? that with ſuch ſuddenneſſe
Hath freed me from diſturbance, were we ill?
540 Come fit againe to banquet, muſicke ſound,
Till this to *Deyaneiraes* health go round.
Althea. Shall mirth and ioy crowne his degenerate head?
Whilſt his cold Vnkles on the earth lie ſpread?
No, wretched youth whilſt this hand can deſtroy,
545 I'll cut thee off in midſt of all thy ioy. *She fires the brand.*
Mel. Again, Again.
Althea. Burne, periſh, waſt, fire, ſparkle, and confume
And all thy vitall ſpirits flie with this fume.
Mel. ſtill, ſtill, there is an *Aetna* in my boſome
550 The flames of *Stix*, and fires of *Acheron*
Are from the blacke *Chimerian* ſhades remou'd,
And fixt heere, heere; oh for *Euenus* flood,
Or ſome coole ſtreame, to ſhoote his currents through
My flaming body, make thy channell heere
555 Thou mighty flood that ſtreameſt through *Calidon*
And quench me, all you ſprings of *Theſſaly*
Remoue your heads, and fixe them in my veines
To coole me, oh!
Iaſon. Defend vs heauen, what fuddaine extaſy
560 Or vnexpected torture hath diſturb'd
His health and mirth?
Mel. Worſe then my torment,
That I muſt die thus, thus, that the Boare had flaine me,
Happy *Anceus* and *Adonis* bleſt,
565 You died with fame, and honour crownes your reſt;
My flame increaſeth ſtill, oh father *Oeneus*
And you *Althea*, whom I would call mother
But that my genius prompts me th'art vnkind,
And yet farewell, *Atlanta* beauteous maide,
570 I cannot ſpeake my thoughts for torture, death,

The Brazen Age.

Anguifh and paines, all that *Promethean* fire
Was ftolne from heauen, the Thiefe left in my bofome.
The Sunne hath caft his element on me,
And in my entralls hath he fixt his Spheare,
575 His pointed beames he hath darted through my heart,
And I am ftill on flame.

Althea. So, now'tis done,
The brand confum'd, his vitall threed quite fpun. *Exit.*

Meleag. Now'gins my fire wafte, and my naturall heat
580 To change to Ice, and my fcortch't blood to freeze.
Farewell, fince his blacke enfigne death difplayes,
I dye, cut off thus in my beft of dayes. *He dyes.*

Iafon. Dead is the flower and pride of *Calidon*.
Who would difpleafe the Gods? *Diana's* wrath
585 Hath ftretch't euen to the death, and tragicke ruine
Of this faire hopefull Prince, here ftay thy vengeance
Goddeffe of chaftity, and let it hang
No longer ore the houfe of *Calidon*:
Since thou haft cropt the yong, fpare thefe old branches
590 That yet furuiue. *Enter Althea.*

Althea. She fhall not, *Iafon* no,
She fhall not. Do you wonder Lords of *Greece*,
To fee this Prince lye dead? why that's no nouell,
All men muft dye, thou, he, and euery one,
595 Yea I my felfe muft: but Il'e tell you that
Shall ftiffe your haire, your eyes ftart from heads,
Print fixt amazement in your wondring fronts,
Yea and aftonifh all: This was my fonne,
Borne with fick throws, nurft from my tender breft
600 Brought vp with femine care, cherifht with loue:
His youth, my pride; his honour all my wifhes,
So deere, that little leffe he was then life.
But will you know the wonder ('laffe) too true,
Him (all my fonnes) this my inrag'd hand flue,
605 This hand, that *Dians* quenchleffe rage to fill,
Shall with the flaine fonnes fword the mother kill.

Althea kils herfelfe with Meleagers fword.

The Brazen Age.

Tela. The Queene hath flaine herselfe: who'l beare these
newes to the sad King? *Enter a seruant.*

610 *Seru.* That labour may be spar'd:
The King no sooner heard of his sonnes death,
(wrought by his mother in the fatal brand)
But he himselfe dead: sorrow so chang'd his weakenesse,
And without word or motion he expir'd.
615 *Iafon.* Wee'l see them (ere we part from *Calidon*)
Inter'd with honour: But we foioorne long
In this curst Clime; oh let vs not incur
Diana's fury, our next expedition
Shall be for *Colchos*, and the golden Fleece,
620 Vnto which (Princes) we inuite you all.
Our stately *Argoe* we haue rig'd and trim'd,
And in it we will beare the best of *Greece*,
Stil'd from our ship by name of *Argonauts*.
Great *Hercules* will with his company,
625 Grace our aduenture, and renowne all *Greece*,
By the rich purchase of the *Colchian* Fleece. *Exit.*

HOMER.

*Let not euen Kings against the Gods contest,
Left in this fall their ruines be exprest.*
630 *Thinke Hercules, from clensing the fowle stall
And stable of Augeus, in which fed
Three hundred Oxen, (neuer freed at all,
Till his arriue) return'd where he was bred,
To Thebes; there Deianeira him receiues*
635 *With glad imbraces, but he staies not long,
Iafon the Lady of her Lord bereaues:
For in the new-rig'd Argoe, with the yong
And sprightly Heroes, he at Colchos aimes,
Where the rich Fleece must publish their high fames.*

640 *Enter Deianeira and Lychas: to her Hercules, receiued with
ioy, after the presentment of some of his labours. To them march
in all the Argonauts, Iafon, Telamon, Atreus, Castor, Pollux,*

The Brazen Age.

*Thefeus, &c. Iafon perfwades Hercules to the aduenture: hee
leaues Deianeira, and marcheth off with the Argonauts.*

645 *Imagine now thefe Princes vnder faile,
Steering their courfe as farre as high-rear'd Troy,
Where King Laomedon doth much bewaile
His daughter, whom a Sea-whale muft deftroÿ.
Obferue this well: for here begins the iarre
650 Made Troy rack't after in a ten yeares warre.*

*Sownd. Enter King Laomedon, Anchifes, yong Priam, Aene-
as, Hefione bound, with other Lords and Ladyes.*

*Laomed. Hefione, this is thy laft on earth,
Whofe fortunes we may mourne, though not preuent:
655 Would Troy, whofe walles I did attempt to reare,
Had nere growne higher then their ground-fils, or
In their foundation buried beene, and loft,
Since their high ftructure muft be thus maintain'd,
With bloud of our bright Ladyes: Oh Hefione!
660 Th'onely remainder of thefe female dames
Begot by vs, I muft be queath thy body
To be the food of Neptunes monftrous Whale.*

*Priam. Had you kept troth and promife with the Gods,
This had not chanc't: You borrowed of the Priefts
665 Of Neptune and Apollo, Sea, and Sunne,
That quantity of gold, which to this height
And fpacious compaffe, hath immur'd great Troy;
But the worke finifh't, you deny'd to pay
The Priefts their due, for which inrag'd N...ptune
670 Affembled his high tides, thinking to drowne
Our lofty buildings, and to ruine Troy:
But when the Moone, by which the Seas are gouern'd,
Retir'd his waters by her powerfull wane,
He left behind him fuch infectious flime,
675 Which the Sunne poyfoning by his perfant beames.
They by their mutuall power, raif'd a hot plague,*

The Brazen Age.

680 To flacke this hot pest, *Neptune* made demand,
Monthly a Lady to be chuf'd by lot,
To glut his huge Sea-monsters raueno us iawes:
The lot this day fell on *Hefione*
Our beauteous sifter.

Laom. Priam 'tis too true,
685 Till now *Laomedon* nere knew his guilt,
Or thought the Gods could punifh.

Hefio. Royall father,
Mourne not for me, the Gods must be appeaf'd,
And I in this am happy, that my death
Is made th'attonement 'twene those angry powers
690 And your afflicted people, though my Innocence
Neuer deferu'd fuch rigor from the Gods.
Come good *Anchifes*, binde me to this rocke,
And let my body glut th'infatiate fury
Of angry *Neptune*, and th'offended Sunne.

695 *Anchis. A more vnwilling monster neuer paf't*
Anchifes hand.

Laom. Now, now the time drawes nye,
That my fweet childe by *Neptunes* whale must dye,
Priam. The very thought of it fwallowes my heart
700 As deepe in sorrow, as the monster can
Bury my sifter. *A great showt within.*

Laom. Soft, what clamor's that?
Aeneas. A stately fhip, well rig'd with fwelling failes,
Enters the harbour, bound (by their report)
705 For *Colchos*; but when they beheld the fhores
Couered with multitudes, and fpy'd from farre,
Your beauteous daughter fastned to the rocke,
They made to know the caufe; which certified,
One noble *Greeke* amongst these Heroes ftands,
710 And offers to incounter *Neptunes* whale,
And free from death the bright *Hefione*.

Laom. Thou haft (Aeneas) quickned me from death,
And added to my date a fecond Age.
Admit them.

The Brazen Age.

715 *Enter Hercules, Iafon, Caftor, Pollux, Thefeus, and all
 the Argonauts.*

Herc. 'Tis told vs that thy name's *Laomedon*,
And that thy beauteous daughter muft this day
Feed a fea-monfter: how wilt thou reward
720 The man that fhall incounter *Neptunes* whale?
Tugge with that fiend vpon thy populous ftrond,
And with my club fowfe on his armed fcales?
Haft thou not heard of *Theban Hercules*?
I that haue aw'd the earth, and ranfack't hell,
725 Will through the Ocean hunt the God of ftreames,
And chace him from the deepe Abifmes below.
Il'e dare the Sea-god from his watery deepes
If he take part with this *Leuiathan*.

Laom. Thy name and courage warlike *Hercules*
730 Affures her life, if thou wilt vndertake
This hauty queft: two milke white fteeds, the beft
Afia ere bred, fhall be thy valours prize,

Herc. We accept them; keepe thy faith *Laomedon*,
If thou but break'ft with Ioue-borne *Hercules*,
735 Thefe marble ftructures, built with virgins bloud,
Il'e raze euen with the earth. When comes the monfter?

Hefione. Now, now, helpe *Ioue*. *A cry within.*

Herc. I fee him fweepe the fea's along.
Blow riuers through his noftrils as he glides,
740 As if he meant to quench the Sunnes brightfire,
And bring a palped darkneffe ore the earth:
He opes his iawes as if to fwallow *Troy*,
And at one yawne whole thoufands to deftroy.

Lao. Fly, flye into the Citty. *Exeunt the Troians.*

745 *Herc.* Take along
This beauteous Lady, if he muft haue pray,
In ftead of her *Alcides* here will ftay.

Iafon. The heartlefse Troians fly into the towne
At fight of yon fea-diuell: here wee'l ftand
750 To wait the conqueft of thy *Iouiall* hand.

The Brazen Age.

Herc. Gramercy *Iafon*, fee he comes in tempeft,
 Il'e meet him in a ftorme as violent,
 And with one ftroke which this right hand fhall aime,
 Ding him into th'abiffe from whence he came.

755 *Hercules kils the Sea-Monfter, the Troians on the walles,*
 the Greekes below.

Priam. The monfter's flaine, my beaultuous fifter freed.

Iafon. Be euer for this noble deed renown'd,
Let *Afia* fpeake thy praife.

760 *Telam.* The Argonauts
Are glorifi'd by this victorious act.

Priam. All Troy fhall confecrate to *Hercules*
Temples and Altars: lets defcend and meet him.

765 *Laom.* Stay, none presume to stirre, wee'l parly them
Firft from the walles.

Herc. Why doth not *Troy's* King from those wals descend?
And since I haue redeem'd *Hefione*,
Present my trauels with two milke-white steeds,
The prize of my indeuours?

770 *Lao. Hercules* we owe thee none, none will we tender thee,
 Thou haft won thee honour, a reward fufficient
 For thy attempt: our gates are fhut againft thee,
 Nor fhall you enter, you are *Greekifh* fpies,
 And come to pry but where our land is weake.

775 *Priam.* Oh royall father!

Laom. Peace boy: *Greekes* away:
For imminent death attends on your delay.

780 *Herc.* The Sea nere bred a monſter halfe ſo vile
As this Land-fiend. Darſt threaten *Hercules*?
Would vniuerſall *Troy* were in one frame,
That I might whelme it on thy curſed head,
And crowne thee in thy ruine. Menace vs?

785 *Laom.* Depart our walles, or we will fire your *Argoe*,
Lying in our harbour, and preuent your purpose
In the atchieuement of the golden fleece,

The Brazen Age.

Herc. Laomedon, Il'e toffe thee from thy walles,
Batter thy gates to shuiers with my Club,
Nor will I leaue these broad Scamander plaines,
Til thy aspiring Towers of *Illium*
790 Lye leuell with the place on which we stand.

Iafon. Great *Hercules*, th'aduenture fals to me,
Our voyage bent for *Colchos*, not for *Troy*,
The golden fleece, and not *Laomedon*:
Why should we hazard here our *Argonauts*?
805 Or spend our felues on accidentall wrongs?

Telam. Iafon aduifeth well, great *Hercules*,
We should dishonour him, and th'expectation
Greece hath of vs, delude by this delay.

Thef. Then let vs from this harbour launch our *Argoe*,
800 To *Colchos* first, and in our voyage home
Reuenge vs on this false *Laomedon*.

Herc. You fway me princes: farewell trecherous King,
Nought, faue thy bloud, shall satisfie this wrong
And base dishonour done to *Hercules*.

805 Expect me; for by *Olimpicke Ioue* I sweare.

Nere to set foot within my natiue *Thebes*,
See *Deianeira*, or to touch in *Greecs*,
Till I haue scal'd these mures, inuaded *Troy*,
Ranack't thy Citty, flaine *Laomedon*,

810 And venge the Gods that gouerne Sea and Sunne.

Come valiant *Heroes*, first the fleece to enioy,

And in our backe returne to ranfacke *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Lao. We dread you not, wee'l anfwere what is done.
As well as stand 'gainst *Neptune* and the *Sunne*.

815 *Enter Oetes, King of Colchos, Medea, yong Abfyrtus,*
with Lords.

Oetes. How may we glory aboue other kings
Being (by our birth) descended from the Gods?
Our wealth renowned through the world tripartite,
820 Most in the riches of the golden fleece,

The Brazen Age.

And not the least of all our happiness,
Medea for her powerful magicke skill,
And Negromanticke exorcismes admir'd,
And dreaded through the *Colchian* territories.

825 *Medea.* I can by Art make rivers retrograde,
Alter their channels, run backe to their heads,
And hide them in the springs from whence they grew.
The curled Ocean with a word I'll smooth,
(Or being calme) raise waues as high as hills,
830 Threatning to swallow the vast continent.
With powerful charmes I'll make the Sunne stand still,
Or call the Moone downe from her arched sphere.
What cannot I by power of *Hecate*?

835 *Abfyr.* Discourse (faire sister) how the golden fleece
Came first to *Colchos*.

Medea. Let *Abfyr* know,
Phrixus the sonne of *Theban Athamas*,
And his faire sister *Helles*, being betraid
By their curst step-dame *Ino*, fled from *Greece*,
840 Their Innocence pittied by *Mercury*,
He gave to them a golden-fleeced Ramme,
Which bore them safe to the Sygean sea,
Which swimming, beauteous *Helles* there was drown'd,
And gave that sea the name of *Hellefpont*,
845 That which parts *Seftus* and *Abidos* still:
Phrixus arrives at *Colchos*, and to *Mars*
There sacrific'd his Ramme in memory
Of his safe waftage, favoured by the Gods.

 The golden Fleece was by the Oracle
850 Commanded to be fixt there, kept and guarded
By two fierce Bulls, that breath infernall fires,
And by a wakefull Dragon, in whose eyes
Neuer came sleepe: for in the safe conferring
Of this diuine and worthy monument,
855 Our kingdomes weale and safety most confits.

Oetes. And he that strives by purchase of this fleece,
To weaken vs, or shake our Royalty,

The Brazen Age.

Must taft the fury of thefe fiery fiends, *A fhooote*
The nouell: fpeake. *Enter a Lord.*

860 *Lord.* Vpon the *Cholchian* fhores
A ftately veffell, man'd it feemes from *Greece*
Is newly lancht, full fraught with Gentlemen
Of braue aspects and prefence.

Oetes. Whofe their Generall?

865 *Lord.* *Iafon*, he ftiles himfelfe a Prince of *Greece*
And Captaine o're the noble *Argonautes*.

Oetes. Vñher them in, that we may know their queft
And what aduenture drew them to thefe fhoares.

Sound, Enter Iafon, Hercules, Thefeus, Caftor, Pollux, &c.

870 *Iafon.* Haile king of *Colchos*, thou beholdft in vs
The nobleft Heroes that inhabite *Greece*
Of whom I, though vnworthieft, ftile my felfe
The Generall; the intent of this our voyage
Is to reduce the rich and golden prize

875 To *Greece*, from whence it came, know I am come
To tug and wrastle with the infernall Buls,
And in their hot fiers double guild my armes
To place vpon their necks the feruile yoake,
And bondage, force them plow the field of *Mars*,
880 Till in the furrowes I haue fowed the teeth
Of vipers, from which men in armour grow
To enter combat with the fleepeleffe Dragon,
And mauger him fetch thence the golden Fleece.

All this *Oetes*, I am preft to atchieue
885 Againft thefe horrid talks my life to ingage
Buls fury, Vipers poyfon, Dragons rage.

Medea. Such a bold fpirit, and noble prefence linkt,
Neuer before were feene in *Phafis* Ifle,
Colchos be proud, a Prince demands thy Fleece,
890 Richer then that he comes for; let the *Greekes*
Our *Phafian* wealth and *Oetes* treafure beare,
So they in liew will leaue me *Iafon* here.

The Brazen Age.

895 *Oetes.* Princes, you aime at dangers more in proffe
Then in report, which if you should behold
In their true figure, would amaze your spirits:
Yea, terifye the Gods; let me aduise you,
As one that knowes their terrour, to defist
Ere you enwrap your selfe into these perils,
Whence there is no euasion.

900 *Herc.* *Oetes*, know
Peril's a babe, the greater dangers threaten
The greater is his honour that breaks through.
Haue we in th' *Agoe* rowed with fixty oares
And at each Oare a Prince; pierc't *Samo-thrace*,
905 The *Cherfonefon* sea, the *Hellefpont*;
Euen to the waues that breake on *Colchos* shoares?
And Shall we with dishonour turne to *Greece*?
Know *Oetes*, not the least of fixty *Heroes*
That now are in thy Confines, but thy monfters
910 Dare quell and baffle.
 Tellamon. Much more *Hercules*.
 Oetes. *Hercules*.
 Iafon. Starts *Oetes* at the name of *Hercules*,
What would he do to see him in his eminence;
915 But leauing that, this must be *Iafons* quest,
A worke not worthy him; where be these monfters?
 Medea. May all inchantments be confinde to hell,
Rather then he encounter fiends so fell.
 Oetes. Princes, since you will needs attempt these dangers
920 You shall; and if atchieue the Golden Fleece
Transport it where you please, meane time, this day
Repose your selues, we'll feast you in our Pallace.
To morrow morning with the rising Sunne,
Our golden prize shall be conferu'd or wonne. *Exit.*
925 *Medea.* If he attempts he dies, what's that to mee?
Why should *Medea* feare a strangers life?
Or what's that *Iafon* I should dread his fall?
If //////////////, my fathers glory waines,
And all our fortunes must reward his paines.

The Siluer Age.

930 Let *Iafon* perifh then, and *Colchos* flourifh.
Our priftine glories let vs ftill enioy,
And thefe our braffe-head buls the Prince defstroy.
Oh! what diftraction's this within me bred,
Although he die, I would not fee him dead?
935 The beft I fee, the worft I follow ftill,
Hee nere wrong'd mee, why fhould I with him ill?
Shall the Buls toffe him whom *Medea* loues,
A Tygreffe, not a Princeffe, fhould I proue?
To fee him tortured whom I deerely loue?
940 Bee then a tortereffe to thy fathers life,
A robber of the clime where thou waft bred,
And for fome ftraggler that hath loft his way,
Thy fathers Kingdome and his State betray.
Tufh, thefe are nothing, firft his faith I'le craue,
945 That couenant made, him by enchantments faue

Enter Iafon.

Iafon. My tafk is aboue ftrength, Duke *Peleus* fent me
Not to atchieue, but die in this purfuite,
And to preuent the Oracle that told him
950 I muft fucceed; *Iafon* bethinke thee then
Thou com'ft to execution, not to act
Things aboue man; I haue obferu'd *Medea*
Retort vpon me many an amorous looke,
Of which I'le ftuddy to make prosperous vfe.
955 If by her art the Inchantments I can bind
Immur'd with death, I certaine fafety find.

Medea. Shall I o're-whelme vpon my captiue head,
The curfe of all our Nation, the Crownes ruin?
Clamours of men, and woemens loud exclames.
960 Burnings of children; the vniuerfall curfe
Of a great people, all to faue one man,
A ftraggler (God knowes whence deriu'd, where borne,
Or hether where Noble? let the proud *Greeke* die,
Wee ftill in *Colchos* fit infated hye
965 Oh me! that looke vpon *Medea* caft
Drownes all thefe feares, and hath the reft furpaft.

The Brazen Age.

970 *Iason.* Madam, because I loue I pittie you,
That you a beauteous Lady, art-full wife,
Should haue your beauty and your wifedome both
Inuelopt in a cloud of Barbarifme:
That on these barren Confines you should liue,
Confin'd into an Angle of the world.
And ne're see that which is the world indeed,
Fertile and populous *Greece*, *Greece* that beares men,
975 Such as refemble Gods, of which in vs
You see the most dejected, and the meanest.
How harshly doth your wifedome found in th'eares
Of these Barbarians, dull, vnapprehensible,
And such, in not conceiuing your hid Arts,
980 Deprive them of their honour; In *Greece* springs
The fountaines of Diuine Phylosophy,
They are all vnderstanders; I would haue you
Bright Lady with vs, enter to that world
Of which this *Colchos* is no part at all.
985 Shew then your beauty to these iudging eies,
Your wifedome to these vnderstanding eares.
In which they shall receiue their merited grace,
And leaue this barraine, cold, and stirrill place.
Medea. His prefence without all this Oratory
990 Did much with vs, but where they both conioyne
To entrap *Medea*, shee must needs bee caught.
Iason. I long to see this *Colchian* Lady clad
In *Hymens* stateliest robes, whom the glad Matrones,
Bright Ladies, and Imperiall Queenes of *Greece*
995 Shall welcome and applaud, and with rich gifts
Present, for sauing of their sonnes and kinsmen
From these infernall monsters: As for *Iason*
If you *Medea* shall despise his loue,
He craues no other life then to die fo,
1000 Since life without you is but torturing paine,
And death to men distressed is double gaine.
Medea. That tongue more then *Medeas* spells enchants,
And not a word, but like our exorcismes

The Brazen Age.

1005 And power of charmes preuailes, Oh lone! thy Maiefty
Is greater then the triple *Hecates*,
Bewitching *Circes*, or these hidden skils,
Ascrib'd vnto th'infernall *Proserpine*.
I that by incantations can remoue
Hills from their fyts, and make huge mountaines shake,
1010 Darken the Sunne at noone, call from their graues
Ghosts long since dead, that can command the earth,
And affright heauen, no spell at all can find
To bondage loue, or free a captiue minde.
Iafon. Loue *Iafon* then, and by thy Diuine aide,
1015 Giue me such power, that I may tug vnscorcht
Amidst the flames with these thy fiery fiends,
That I vnvenom'd may these Vipers teeth
Cast from my hand, through *Morpheus* leaden charmes,
Ouer that wakefull snake that guards the Fleece,
1020 For which liue *Iafons* happy Bride in *Greece*.
Medea. A match, what hearbs or spells, what Magicke can
Command in heauen, earth, or in hell below,
What either aire, or sea can minister,
To guard thy person, all these helps I'll gather
1025 To girdle thee with safety.
Iafon. Be thou then
For euer *Iafons*, and through *Greece* renown'd
In whom our *Heroes* haue such safety found,
Our bargain thus I seale. *He kisseth her*.
1030 *Medea*. Which I'll make good
With *Colchos* fall, and with my fathers blood. *Enter Abfyrus*
Abfyr. Prince *Iafon*, all the *Heroes* at the banquet
Inquire for you, twice hath my father *Oetes*
Made search for you; Oh sister!
1035 *Medea*. No word you saw vs two in conference.
Abfyr. Do you take me to be a woman, to tell all I see,
And blab all I know, I that am in hope one day to
Lie with a woman, will once lie for a woman,
Sister, I saw you not.
1040 *Iafon*. Remember; come Prince, will you leade the way?

The Brazen Age.

Absyr. I haue parted you that neuer parted fray
Come fir will you follow. *Exit.* *Manet Medea.*

Medea. The night growes on, and now to my black Arts,
Goddeffe of witchcraft and darke ceremony,
1045 To whom the elues of Hils, of Brookes, of Groues,
Of ftanding lakes, and cauernes vaulted deepe
Are minifters; three-headed *Hecate*
Lend me thy Chariot drawne with winged fnakes,
For I this night muft progresse through the Aire.
1050 What fimples grow in Tempe of *Theffaly*,
Mount *Pindus*, *Otheris*, *Offa*, *Appidane*,
Olimpus, *Caucaf.* or high *Teneriff*.
I muft felect to finifh this great worke,
Thence muft I flye vnto *Amphrifus* Foords,
1055 Aud gather plants by the fwift *Sperchius* ftreames,
Where rufhy *Bebes*, and *Anthedon* flow,
Where hearbes of bitter iuice and ftrong fent grow;
Thefe muft I with the haires of *Mandrakes* vfe,
Temper with *Poppy-feeds* and *Hemlocke* iuice:
1060 With *Aconitum* that in *Tartar* fprings,
With *Cyprefse*, *E//*, and *Veruin*, and thefe mix
With Incantations, Spels, and Exorcifmes
Of wonderous power and vertue; oh thou night,
Mother of darke Arts hide mee in thy vaile,
1065 Whilft I thofe banks fearch, and thefe mountaines fkale.

Sownd. Enter King Oetes, Abfyrus, and Lords.

Oetes. Vpon the fafeguard of this golden Fleece
Colchos depends, and he that beares it hence
Beares with it all our fortunes; the *Argonautes*
1070 Haue it in queft, if *Iafon* fcape our monfters
I'll rather at fome banquet poyfon him,
And quaffe to him his death, or in the night
Set fire vpon his *Argoe*, and in flames
Confume the happy hope of his returne,
1075 This purpofe we, as we are *Colchos* King,

The Brazen Age.

Abfyrtus where's your filter?

Abfyrtus. In her chamber.

Oetes. When you next see her giue to her this noate,
The manner of our practife, her fell hand
1080 Cannot be mift in this, but it fhall fall
Heauy on thefe that *Colchos* feeke to thrall.
The howre drawes nigh, the people throng on heapes,
To this aduenture in the field of *Mars*,
And noble *Iafon* arm'd with his good fhield,
1085 Is vp already and demands the field.

Enter Iafon, Hercules, and the Argonauts.

Iafon. *Oetes*, I come thus arm'd, demanding combat
Of all thofe monfters that defend thy Fleece:
And to thefe dangers fingly, I oppofe
1090 My perfon as thou feeft, when fetft thou ope
The gates of hell to let thy deuils out?
Glad would I wraffle with thy fiery Bulls,
And from their throats the flaming dewlops teare.
Vnchaine them, and to *Iafon* turne them loofe,
1095 That as *Alcides* did to *Achelous*;
So from their hard fronts I may teare there hornes,
And lay the yoake vpon their vntam'd necks.

Oetes. Yet valiant *Greeke* defift, I, though a ftranger
Pitty thy youth, or if thou wilt perfift
1100 So dreadfull is the aduenture thou perfueft,
That thou wilt thinke I fhall vnbowell hell,
Vnmacle the fiends, and make a paffage
Free for the Infernals.

Iafon. I fhall welcome all.
1105 *Medea* now if there be power in loue;
Or force in Magicke; if thou haft or will
Or Art, try all the power of Characters,
Vertue of Symples, Stones, or hidden fpels,
If earth Elues, or nimble airy Spirits,
1110 Charmes, Incantations, or darke Exorcifmes.

The Brazen Age.

If any strength remaine in Pyromancy,
Or the hid secrets of the aire or fire.
If the Moones spheare can any helpe infuse,
Or any influent Starre, collect them all
1115 That I by thy aide may these monfters thrall.
Oetes. Difcouer them.

*Two fiery Bulls are difcouered, the Fleece hanging ouer them,
and the Dragon fleeping beneath them: Medea with ftrange
fiery-workes, hangs aboue in the Aire in the ftrange habite of
1120 a Coniureffe.*

Medea. The hidden power of Earth, Aire, Water, Fire,
Shall from this place to *Iafons* helpe confpire.
Fire withftand fire, and magicke temper flame,
By my ftrong fpels the fauadge monfter's tame:
1125 So, that's perform'd, now take the Vipers teeth
And fow them in the furrowed field of *Mars*.
Of which ftrange feed, men ready arm'd muft grow
To affault *Iafon*. Already from beneath
Their deadly pointed weapons gin to appeare,
1130 And now their heads, thus moulded in the earth,
Streight way fhall teeme; and hauing freed their fate
(The ftalkes by which they grow) all violently
Purfue the valiant *Greeke*, but by my forcery
I'll turne their armed points againft themfelues
1135 And all these flaues that would on *Iafon* flie *fhoutes*
Shall wound themfelues and by fedition die.
Yet thriues the *Greeke*, now kill the fleeping fnake
Which I haue charm'd, and thence the Trophy take,
These fhouts witneffe his conqueft, Ile difcend,
1140 Heare *Iafons* feares and all my charmes take end.

Hercules. Oetes, now is this rich and pretious Fleece,
By *Iafons* fword repurchaft, and muft turne
Vnto the place whence *Phrixus* brought his Ramme.

Oetes. That practife by your ruins; Ile preuent,
1145 And fooner then with that returne to *Greece*,

The Brazen Age.

Your flaughtered bodies leaue with this rich fleece.

Iafon. Since our aduenture is atchieu'd and done,
The prize is ours, we ceize what we haue wone.

1150 *Oetes.* Enioy it *Iafon*, I admire thy worth,
Which as it hath exceeded admiration,
So muft we needs applaud it. Noble gentlemen.
Depart not *Colchos*, ere your worths and valour
We with fome rich and worthy gifts prefent.
The conquest of our Bulls, and Dragons death,
1155 (Though we efteem'd them) yet they fad vs not,
Since we behold the fafety of this prince.
Enter our palace, and your praife fownd hye,
Where you fhall feaft, (or all by treafon dye.) *Exeunt*

1160 *Abfyr.* I haue not feeene my filter to day, I mufe ſhe hath
not beene at this folemnnity, me thinkes ſhe ſhould not haue
loft this triumph; I haue a note to deliuer her from my fa-
ther. Here ſhe comes. *Enter Medea.*

Sifter, perufe this briefe, you know the character,
It is my fathers. This is all. *Exit.* *She reads.*

1165 *Medea.* *Iafon* with his *Argonauts* this night muft perifh, the
fleece not be traſported to *Greece*—*Medea*, your affiftance.

This is my fathers plot to ouerthrow
Prince *Iafon*, and the noble *Argonauts*,
Which Il'e preuent: I know the King is fudden,
1170 And if preuention be delay'd, they dye:
I that haue ventured thus farre for a loue,
Euen to theſe arts that Nature would haue hid
As dangerous and forbidden, fhall I now
Vndoe what I haue done, through womanifh feare,
1175 Paternall duty, or for filiall loue?
No *Iafon*, thou art mine, and my defire,
Shall wade with thee through bloud, through feas, through
Enter Iafon. (fire.)

Iafon. Madam.
1180 *Medea.* My Lord, I know what you would fay,
Thinke now vpon your life, the King my father
Intends your ruine, to redeeme the fleece,

The Brazen Age.

And it repurchase with your tragicke deaths:
Therefore assemble all your *Argonauts*,
1185 And let them (in the silence of the night)
Lanch from the *Colchian* harbour; Il'e affociate you
As *Iafons* bride.
Iafon. You are my patroneffe,
And vnder you I triumph: when the leaft
1190 Of all these graces I forget, the Gods
Reuenge on me my hated periury.
Must we then lanch this night? you are my directresse,
And by your art Il'e manage all my actions.
Medea. Then flye, Il'e fend to see your *Argoe* trim'd,
1195 Rig'd and made tight: night comes, the time growes on:
Hye then aboard. *Iafon*. I fhall. *Exit*.
Medea. Now populous *Greece*,
Thanke vs (not *Iafon*) for this conquer'd fleece. *Enter Oetes*.
Oetes. *Medea*, we are rob'd, despoil'd, dishonored,
1200 Our Fleece rap't hence, we must not suffer it,
Since all our ominous fortunes it includes,
I am resolu'd *Iafon* this night fhall dye.
Medea. Should he furuiue, you might be held vnworthy
The name of King; my hand fhall be as deepe
1205 As yours in his destruction.
Oetes. A strong guard
I will select, and in the dead of night,
When they are funke in *Lethe*, fet vpon them,
And kill them in their beds.
1210 *Medea*. Il'e second you,
And laue my stain'd hands in their reeking blouds
That practise your dishonour.
Oetes. *Iafon* then dyes,
When he most hopes for this rich *Colchian* prize. *Exit*.
1215 *Medea*. But ere the leaft of all these ils betide,
This *Colchian* strond fhall with thy bloud be dy'd.
For *Iafon* and his *Argonauts* I stand,
And will protect them with my art and hand.
Enter Iafon with the Fleece, and all the Greekes muffled.

The Brazen Age.

1220

Iafon. Madam *Medea*.

Medea. Leaue circumstance, away,
Hoyfe vp your failes, death and deftruction
Attends you on the fhoare.

1225

Iafon. You'l follow Madam. *Exit.* (tide,

Medea. Instantly: Blow gentle gales, affift them winds and
That I may *Greece* fee, & liue *Iafons* bride. *Enter Abfyrtus.*
Abfyr. How now fifter, fo folitary?

1230

Medea. Oh happy met, though it be late *Abfyrtus*,
You muft along with me. *Abfyr.* Whither pray?
Medea. Il'e tell you as we walke.

This lad betweene me and all harme fhall ftand;
And if the King purfue vs with his Fleet,
His mangled limbes fhall (fcattered in the way)
Worke our efcape, and the Kings fpeed delay.
Come brother. *Abfyr.* Any where with you fifter. *Exeunt.*

1235

Enter HOMER.

Hom. Let none to whom true Art is not deny'd,
Our monftrous Buls, and magicke Snakes deride.
Some thinke this rich Fleece was a golden Booke,
The leaues of parchment, or the fkins of Rammes,
Which did include the Art of making gold
By Chymicke skill, and therfore rightly ftild,
The Golden Fleece, which to attaine and compaffe,
Includes as many trauels, myfteries,
Changes and Chymicke bodies, fires and monfters,
As euer *Iafon* could in *Colchos* meet.

1240

1245

The fages, and the wife, to keepe their Art
From being vulgar: yet to haue them tafted
With appetite and longing, giue thofe gloffes,
And flourifhes to fhadow what they write,
Which might (at once) breed wonder and delight.
So did th' *Ægyptians* in the Arts beft try'd,
In Hierogliphickes all their Science hide.
But to proceed, the Argonauts are fled,
Whom the inrag'd *Oetes* doth purfue,
And being in fight, *Medea* takes the head

1250

1255

The Brazen Age.

*Of yong Abfyrus, whom (vnkinde) ſhe flue,
And all his other limbes ſtrawes in the way
Of the old father, his purſute to ſtay.*

1260

The Shew.

*In memory of this inhumane deed,
Theſe Iſlands where his flaughtered limbes lye ſpred,
Were cal'd Abfyrus: But we proceed
With King Laomedon, 'gainſt whom are led
The Argonauts, Troy by Alcides rac'd,
Aſkes the next place, and muſt in ranke be plac'd.*

1265

Enter Laomedon, Priam, Anchifes, Æneas, Heſione, &c.

Lao. The Argonauts return'd?

Anchi. They are my Lord:

1270

Lao. And landed?

Anchi. Landed.

Lao. Where?

Anchi. At Tenedos.

1275

*Lao. Could not thoſe Colchian monſters in their bowels
Bury the Greekes, but muſt they all furuiue
To threat vs with inuaſion. Speake Anchifes,
March they towards Troy?*

*Anchis. In conduct of the mighty Hercules,
Waſting with ſword and fire where ere they march:
Scamander fields they haue ſtrew'd with carkaffes,
And Simois ſtreames already purpled are
With bloud of Troians.*

1280

Priam. Let vs giue them battell.

1285

*Lao. In vaine, our forces are diſperſt abroad,
Nor haue we order to withſtand their fury:
Beſt were we to immure our ſelues in Troy,
And truſt vnto the vertue of our walles.*

Shouts.

1290

*Æneas. Do not delay your ſafety, you may heare
Their cryes, and lofty clamors, threatning Troy:
They dogge vs to our gates, and without ſpeed
And expedition, they will enter with vs.
Come then, our threatned liues we will immure,
And thinke vs in our ſtrong built walles ſecure.*

Exent.

1295

*After an alarme enter Hercules, Iaſon, Theſeus, Telamon,
and all the other Argonauts.*

The Brazen Age.

Herc. Purfue the chace euen to the gates of *Troy*,
Then call th'ingrate *Loamedon* to parlee.

Iafon. The periur'd King fhall pay vs for the wrong
Done to *Alcides* in his promif'd fteeds.

1300 *Telam.* Better he had the monfter had deuour'd
His beauteous daughter, then t'abide our furies.

Neftor. He did exclude our vertue from the Citty,
And now therefore he fhall admit our fury.

1305 *Caftor.* Thefe wals firft rear'd at the great Gods expence,
Wee'l ruine to the earth: let's fummon him.

Herc. We will call him to parlee. *A parlee.*

*Enter vpon the wals, Laomedon, Anchifes, Æneas,
Priam, &c.*

1310 *Herc. Laomedon,* we do not fummon thee
To parlee, but to warne thee guard thy walles,
Which (without pause) we now intend to fcale.

Laom. Wilt heare me *Hercules*?

1315 *Herc.* I liften'd thy periurious tongue too late.
Scale, batter, mount, affault, facke, and deface,
And leaue (of *Troy*) nought faue the name and place.

*Alarme. Telamon firft mounts the walles, the reft after, Priam
flies, Laomedon is flaine by Hercules, Hefione taken,*

Enter with victory.

1320 *Herc.* Thus is the tyrant, that but late aw'd *Troy*,
Buried amidft his ruines; he chaftif'd,
And we reueng'd: the fpoyle of this rich Towne
Rated as high as *Iafons Colchian* prize,
You fhall diuide: but firft thefe lofty walles,
Built by periury, and maintain'd by pride,
1325 Wee'l ruine to the earth: Who faw yong *Priam*?

Iafon. Hee's fled, and tooke the way to *Samo-thrace*,
With him *Anchifes*, that on *Venus* got
The yong *Æneas*, they are fled together,
And left the fpoyle of all the towne to vs.

1330 *Herc.* Which fhall enrich *Thebes*, and the townes of *Greece*,

The Brazen Age.

And *Telamon*, to do thy valour right,
For mounting first ouer the walles of *Troy*,
The first and choyce of all the spoyle be thine.

Telam.

1335 Then let *Alcides* honour *Telamon*
With this bright Lady, faire *Hefione*,
Sister to *Priam*, daughter to *Laomedon*,
Whose beauty I preferre before the state
And wealth of *Troy*.

1340 *Herc.* Receiue her *Telamon*,
Shee is thine owne by gift of *Hercules*.

Telam. A present more delighting *Telamon*,
Then were I made Lord of high *Illioms* Towers,
And heire vnto the dead *Laomedon*.

1345 *Hefio.* I am a Princeesse, shall my fathers ils
Fall on my head? If he offended *Hercules*,
He hath made satisfaction with his life.
Oh be not so seuer, to stretch his punishment
Euen after life; hast thou from death redeem'd me,
1350 To giue me captiue, and to flauie my youth?
Things worfe then death: rather let *Hercules*
Expose me to the rocke, where first he found me,
To abide the wrath both of the Sea and Sunne.
Oh! rather make my body food for monsters,
1355 Then brand my birth with bondage.

Telam. Faire *Hefione*,

I will not loofe thy beauty, nor thy youth,
Nor part with this my honour, couldst thou giue me
For ranfome of them, both our *Argoes* cram'd
1360 With gold and gemmes; you are my valours prize,
And shall with me to populous *Salamine*.

Hefione. Can you so wrong the daughter of a king,
To giue her as a Dukes base Concubine?
Touch me not *Telamon*, for I deuine,
1365 Ifere my brother *Priam* re-build *Troy*,
And be the king of *Asia*, hee'l reuenge
This base dishonour done *Hefione*;
And for his sister, rauish't hence perforce,

The Brazen Age.

1370 Do the like out-rage on some *Grecian* Queene,
In iust reuenge of my iniurious wrong.
Herc. Should all the kings in *Afia*, or the world,
Take part with *Priam* in that proud defigne,
Like fate, like fortune with *Laomedon*
They shall abide: renowned *Telamon*,
1375 She is the warlike purchase of thy fword,
Enioy her as the gift of *Hercules*.
And now braue *Grecian Hero's*, lets towards *Greece*
With al these honored spoils from *Colchos* brought
And from the treafures of defaced *Troy*.
1380 Faire *Deianeira* longs for vs in *Thebes*,
Whom we will visit next, and thence proceed
Vnto our future labours. *Cacus* liues
A bloody tyrant, whom we must remoue:
And the three-headed *Gerion* fwayes in *Spaine*,
1385 Notorious for his rapes and out-rages;
Both these must perish by *Alcides* hand,
And when we can the earth from tyrants cleare,
In the worlds vtmost bounds our pillars reare. *exit*

H O M E R.

1390 Loath are we (*curteous auditors*) to cloy
Your appetites with viands of one tast,
The beauteous *Venus* we must next imploy,
Whom we saw mourning for *Adonis* laft.
Suppose her still for the yong *Adon* fad,
1395 But cheer'd by *Mars*, their old loues they renue,
And she, that (whil'ft he liu'd) preferd the Lad,
Hath quite forgot him, since the Boare him flue.
Mars is in grace, a meeting they deuife,
Iealous of all, but fearing most the Sunne,
1400 Hee that sees all things from his first vp-rise,
And like a blab, tels all that hee knowes done.
Our mortals must a while their spleenes affwage,
And to the Gods, for this Act, leaue the Stage.

The Brazen Age.

Enter Mars and Venus.

1405 *Mars.* I knew loues Queene could not be long vnkind,
Though (whil't I abfent, to teach Armes in *Thrace*)
You tooke th'aduantage to forget your *Mars*,
To doate on *Adon*, and *Anchifes* too;
Yet (thofe worne out) let vs renue our loues,
And practife our firft amorous dalliance.

1410 *Venus.* How can I hate; that am the Queene of loue?
Or practife ought againft my natiue power?
As I one day, playd with my *Cupids* shafts,
The wanton with his arrow raz'd my fkin.
Truft me, at firft I did neglect the fmart:
1415 At length it rankled, and it grew vnfound,
Till he that now lies wounded, cut'd my wound.

Mars. Come fhall we now, whilft *Vulcan* plyes his forge,
Sweats at his Anuill, choakes himfelfe with duft,
And labours at his bellowes, kiffe and toy?

1420 *Venus.* Why met we elfe? Here is a place remote,
An obfcure caue, fit for our amorous fport:
In this darke cauerne wee'l fecurely reft,
And *Mars* fhall adde vnto my *Vulcans* creft.
But how if we be fpy'd?

1425 *Mars.* Whom need we feare?
Vnleffe the Sunne, who now the lower world
Lights with his beames; I meane the *Antipodes*,
The tell-tale blab is bufie now elfe-where:
And I will fet to watch at the caues doore,
1430 My trufty groome, who (ere the Sunne fhall rife
With his bright beames to light our Hemifpheare)
Shall waken vs.

Venus. For all the world I would not haue the Sunne
Difcouer our fweet fport, or fee whats done.

1435 *Mars.* Be that my charge. Wher's *Gallus*? *Enter Gallus.*
 Gal. At hand fir: I am not that *Gallows* that is made of three
trees, or one that is neuer without hangers on: nor that *Gal-*
lus that is latine for a *French-man*; but your owne *Gallus gal-*
linacius, feruant and true fquire to God *Mars*.

The Brazen Age.

1440

Mars. Syrrah, you know this Lady.

1445

Gallus. Yes, Miftresse *Vulcan*, fhee is as well knowne in *Paphos* here for her Meretrix, as any Lady in the land, fhee was the firft that deuif'd ftew'd meate, and proclaim'd pickle-oyfters to bee good for the backe; fhee is the firft that taught wenches the trade of Venery, and fuch as were borne to nothing but beauty, fhe taught them how to vfe their Talent: Yes, I know her I warrant you.

1450

Mars. Syrrah attend, this night yon Queene and I Muft haue fome priuate conference, in yon caue, Where whilft we ftay, 'tmuft be thy care to watch That no fufpicious eye pry through thefe chinks, Efpecially I warne thee of the *Sunnes*.

1455

Gallus. I fmell knauery, if my Lady *Venus* play the whoore What am I that keepe the dore?

1450

Mars. See thou do call vs, e're the *Sunne* vprife, But fleepe not for by all my Armes I fweare, If by thy carelefse floth, or negligence We be defcribe, thy body I'll tranflate, To fome ftrange Monfter.

1455

Gallus. I'me hard fauor'd enough already, you need not Make my face worfe then it is.

Mars. Com enter then faire Queene, we are fecure, Now fafely maift thou claspe the God of warre, Spight of *Sunne*, *Moone*, or a iealous ftarre.

1460

Venus. Loue anfwers loue, defire with ardor meetes, Both which this night fhall taft a thoufand fweetes. *Exeunt.*

1465

Gallus. I fee you can make fhift to go too't without fheetes: How fhall I paffe this night away till morning, I am as drowfy as a dormoufe, the very thought that I muft wake, charmes mee a fleepe already, I would I durft venture on a nap; Hey ho, fure I may wake againe afore they rife, and neuer the wifer, I will ftand to't, there is not a more fleepy trade in the world then a watchman, nor one that is more acquainted with deeds of darkenefse, tell mee of the *Sunne*! the *Sunne* will not rife this two houres; well, let them watch that will, or can, I muft haue a nod or two, God night to you

The Brazen Age.

all, for here am I fast till morning.

Enter Aurora, attended with Seasons, Daies, and Howers.

Aurora. The day-starre shines and calms me blushing vp.

1470 From *Tithons* bed to harness *Phoebus* Steeds.

My rosyate fingers have already stroakt

The element where light begins to appeare,

And straight *Apollo* with his glistering beames,

Will guild the East, the Seasons, Months, and Daies

1475 Attend him in the palace of the Sunne.

The Howers have brought his Chariot to the gate

Of Christall, where the Sunne-God mounts his throne,

His fiery Steeds have all their traces fet,

Th'vnruly stallions fed with Ambrosy

1480 (With their round hooves shod with the purest gold)

Thunder against the Marble floors of Heauen,

And waite till *Phoebus* hath but don'd his beames,

Which I the blushing Morning still put on.

And now's the howre (for thus time fleeteth still)

1485 That the Sunnes vp to clime the Easterne hill.

Enter Phoebus to them, kisses Aurora, and they all exeunt.

Phoebus. Beauteous *Aurora*, for full twice twelve howers

Till in my sphere I have compass round the world

Farewell, I with my beames will dry these teares

1490 Thou shedst at parting; we have chace't hence night,

And frighted all the twinkling starrs from heauen,

And now the steepe *Olimpus* we must clime,

Till from the high Meridian we peruse

The spacious bounds of this large vniuerse,

1495 And thence decline our Chariot towards the West,

Till we have waded our Coach-fords and our selfe

In *Isters* icy streames: Wee with this eye

Can all things see that mortals do on earth,

And what wee find inhumane, or to offend,

1500 Wee tell to *Ioue*, that he may punish finnes.

For this I am term'd a tale and a blab,

And that I nothing can conceale abroad.

But let fight spit the worst and wrong me still,

The Brazen Age.

Day hateth finnes, and light despiseth ill. *Hee spies*
1505 And now behold a most abhorred deed, *Mars & Venus.*
Mars beds with *Venus*, shall not *Vulcan* know it?
By my light hee shall; I haue seene, and I will tell,
The Sunne hates finne but crownes them that do well. *Exit.*
Enter Mars.
1510 *Mars.* *Venus* awake, wee haue ore-slept our felues,
The Sunne's aboue in his diurnall taske,
I saw his piercing beames pry through a cranny,
And cast his right eye full vpon our bed. *Enter Venus.*
 Venus. We are betraide, the blab will tell the Smith,
1515 Our loue will come to th'eare of *Iupiter*
And all the other Gods, what will *Diana*
Say when shee heares of our inchaftity?
Or how will *Iuno* take this spouse-breach from vs?
 Mars. Nay rather, how will *Vulcan* taste our sport?
1520 He might suspect, but neuer proue till now,
Where is the villaine *Gallus* set to watch?
 Venus. See where he snorts, the flauie is dead asleep.
 Mars. Awake thou drowfy Groome, thy chafliment
Shall exceed torture.
1525 *Gallus.* Hey ho, what's the matter there, ha?
 Mars. Looke, hast thou eies? is not the Sun two howres
Mounted aloft? hath he not seene theefleeping
At the Caues dore, Yea beheld vs too? (window.
 Gallus. More shame for him to looke in at any bodies
1530 *Mars.* Speake, how canst thou excuse this?
 Gallus. Oh great God *Mars.*
 Mars. Behold, this is thy doome, thy negligence
Thus I'll chaftice, thou shalt thy humane shape
Henceforth forgo, I will translate thy body
1535 Into a bird shall euer beare thy name,
Bee *Gallus* still, a Cocke, and be thy nature
Euer hereafter this; to watch the Sunne,
And by thy crows and clamours warne the world
Two howres before he rise, that the Sunne comes
1540 Clap with thy wings, and with thy shrieking loud,

The Brazen Age.

Proclaime his comming when thou thrice haft crowed.

Gallus finkes, and in his place rifeth a Cocke and crowes.

Venus. The flaues right feru'd, let this his punifhment
Liue to all ages, and let *Gallus* name

1545 Thy iuft reuenge to all the world proclaime.
But whither fhall we now?

Mars. I will to *Thrace*, go you to *Lemnos*.

Venus. Will you leaue me then

To *Vulcans* rage, no let vs once more meete
1550 In *Paphos*, and if *Vulcan* needs will chide
Giue him fome caufe.

Mars. Content faire Queene of loue.

For more, he cannot be much more difpleaf'd,
Let's fcore on ftill, and make our reckoning full,
1555 As yet, alas faire Queene, the debts but fmall,
Make vp the fumme, and anfwere once for all.

Venus. Content fweete *Mars*, and fince that he was borne
To be a Cuckold, let's augmennt his horne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vulcan with two Ciclops, Pyragman, and Berontes.

1560 *Vulcan.* Make haft with that fhield, fee't hammer'd well,
For when 'tis done I'll giue't my father *Ioue*,
'Tis of the pureft mettall *Lemnos* yeelds.

Pyrag. I fhall fir, muft the plate of two cubes high,
Be put into the Forge?

1565 *Vulcan.* *Pyragmon* yes, that maffe muft be wrought well
And foundly temper'd, bid your fellow *Cyclops*
Worke luftily, it muft be foone difpatcht.

Pyrag. When faw you my Lady *Venus*?

1570 *Vulcan.* No matter when, the Hufwiffe's too fine finger'd,
And faith, the very fmoake my Forge doth caft
Choakes her, the very aire of *Lemnos* (man)
Blafts her white cheekes, fhe fcarce will let me kiffe her,
But fhee makes vergiffe faces, faith my vifadge
Smug'd thus with cole-duft, doth infect her beauty,
1575 And makes her weare a beard, fhee's, fure, in *Paphos*,
Cyprefse, or *Candy*, fhee's all for play
Whilft we *Ioues* thunders hammer hard all day.

The Brazen Age.

Pyrag. I heard her once mocke that polt-foote of yours
How came it pray?

- 1580 *Vulcan,* I'll tell thee man, I was when I was borne
A pretty smug knave, and my father *Ioue*
Delighted much to dance me in his lap.
Vpon a time as hee was toying with mee
In his high house aboue, that *Phaeton*
1585 Had at that instant set the world a fire,
My father when he saw heauens bates smoke,
Th'earth burne, and *Neptunes* broth to seeth with heate;
But startles vp to thunder-strike the lad,
And lets me fall: downe tumbled I towards the earth:
1590 I fell through all the Planets by degrees,
From *Saturne* first, so by the *Moone* at last:
And from the *Moone* downe into *Lemnos* Ile
Where I still liue, and halt vpon my fall,
No maruell if't I am'd mee, for, *Pyragmon.*
1595 How high I tumbled, who can geffe aright,
Falling a Summers day from morne to night?
 Pyrag. 'Twas maruell you did not breake your necke.
 Vulcan. Had I not bene deriu'd from God-like feed,
Tru't me *Pyragmon* I had don't indeed. *The Cocke crows*
1600 But to the Forge, for I *Appollo* spie, *and enter Phoebus.*
Hee that sees all things with the daies bright eye.
Good morrow *Phoebus*, what's the newes abroad?
For thou seest all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the light of Sunne.
1605 *Phoebus.* Sometime I cast mine eye vpon the sea,
To see the tumbling *Seale*, or *Porpoise* play,
There see I Marchants trading, and their fayles
Big bellied with the wind; sea fights some times
Rife with their smoke, thicke clouds to darke my beames.
1610 Sometimes, I fixe my face vpon the earth
With my warme feruour, to giue mettals, trees,
Herbes, plants, and flowers life; here in gardens walke
Loose Ladies with their louers arme in arme,
Yonder the labouring Plow-man driues his Teeme.

The Brazen Age.

- 1615 Further, I may behold maine battels pitcht,
And whom I fauour moft (by the winds helpe)
I can affift with my tranſparant raies.
Heere, ſpye I Cattell feeding, Forrefts there
Stor'd with wilde beaſts; here Shepeheardſ with their laſſes
1620 Piping beneath the trees, whilſt their flockes graze.
In Citties, I ſee trading, walking, bargening,
Buying, and felling, goodneſſe, badneſſe, all things.
And ſhine alike on all.
Vulcan. Thrice happy *Phæbus*,
1625 That whilſt poore *Vulcan* is confin'd to *Lemnos*
Haſt euery day theſe pleaſures. What newes elſe.
Phæbus: No Emperour walks forth, but I ſee his State,
Nor ſports, but I his paſtimes can behold,
I ſee all Coronations, Funerals,
1630 Marts, Faires, Affemblies, Pageants, Sightſ; and Showes.
No hunting, but I better ſee the chaſe
Then they that rowſe the game, what ſee not I?
There's not a window but my beames breakes in,
No thinke or cranny but my raies pierce through,
1635 And there I ſee (oh *Vulcan*) wondrous things.
Things that thy ſelfe nor any God beſides
Would giue beliefe to.
Vul. What, good *Phæbus* ſpeake.
Phæ. Here, wantons on their day-beds, I ſee ſpread
1640 Claſping their amorous louers in their armes,
Who euen before my face, are not ſometimes
Aſham'd to ſhew all. (ftime.
Vulcan. Could not god *Phæbus* bring mee to ſee this pa-
Phæbus. Sometimes euen meane fellowes
1645 A bed with noble Ladies whom they ſerue,
Seruant with ſeruant, married men with maides,
And wiues with Batchelours.
Vulcan. There's ſimple doing.
Phæbus. And ſhall I tell thee *Vulcan*, tother day
1650 What I beheld, I ſaw the great God *Mars*.
Vulcan. God *Mars*.

The Brazen Age.

Phœbus. As I was peeping through a cranny; a bed.

Vulcan. A bed; with whom? some pretty wench I warrant.

Phœbus. Shee was a pretty wench.

1655 *Vulcan.* Tell me good *Phoebus*,
That when I meete him I may floute God *Mars*,
Tell mee, but tell me truely on thy life.

Phœbus. Not to diffemble *Vulcan*, 'twas thy wife!

1660 *Vulcan.* Out on her whore, out on him Cuckold-maker,
Phoebus I'll be reuendge on great God *Mars*,
Who, whilst I hammer here his fwords and fhields,
Hammers vpon my head, I will complaine
To *Ioue*, and all the Gods, and tell them flat
I am a Cuckold.

1665 *Phœ.* *Vulcan* be aduif'd,
I haue had notice where they vse to meete,
Couldst not deuife to catch them by some wile?
And lay their guilt, wide open to the Gods,
Then mightst thou haue fit colour of complaint.

1670 *Vulcan.* Enough, I haue deuif'd a secreet snare,
A draw-net, which I'll place vpon the Couch
Where they still vse to bed, a wire so temper'd,
And of such fineneffe to deceiue the eie.
So catch them when they are at it, and by this
1675 I may prefume, and be fure I am Cuckold.

Phœbus. That's the way to be satiffied.

Vulcan. If I can catch them, all the Gods I'll call
To see my wrongs, there sports I'll neere to marre,
And venge me on that lecherous God of warre.

1680 *Enter the Nymph, Cloris, with two more, with floures*
in their laps.

1. *Nym.* *Cloris*, you are the *Nymph* whose office is
To strow faire *Venus* bed with hearbes and flowers,
Here is the place shee meanes to sport her selfe.

1685 *Clo.* I am the hand-maide to the Queene of loue,
And vnto all her pleasures minifter,
When she drinkes *Nectar*, 'tis from *Cloris* hand,
If feede on sweete *Ambrotia*, or those fruits
That *Cornu-copia* yeelds, I serue them vp,

The Brazen Age.

- 1690 Come let vs with fresh Roses throw her Couch
With pances and the buds of Eglantine,
Her pillow is the purple Violet banke,
About whose verges the blancht Lillies grow,
Whose bodies twin'd about with wood-byne leaues
- 1695 Make a confused sweetneffe, so 'tis well,
Come *Venus* when shee please to take her rest,
Her Arbour's dight, and all things well addrest.
Enter Vulcan and Pyragmon with his net of wire.
Vulcan. By her baud *Charis*, this I know the place,
- 1700 Which with adulterate pastimes they pollute.
Here will I set my pit-fall for these birds,
And catch them in the closure of this wire,
So, so, al's fit, my snare in order plac't, *Enter Mars*
Happy the time, that I this *Charis* trac't. *and Venus.*
- 1705 *Mars.* Once more in spight of *Phoebus* and these eies,
That dog our pastimes, we are closely met,
And whilst the Cuckold *Vulcan* blowes the fire,
Our amorous foules their sportiue blisse conspire.
Venus. Hee's limping thus, and like a cripple halts
- 1710 From Forge to Fornace; where were *Venus* eies,
When she made choise of that foule polt-foote Smith,
He smells all smoake, and with his nasty sweate
Tawnies my skinne, out on him vgly knaue,
Mars is my loue, and he my sweets shall haue.
- 1715 *Vulcan.* Gramercy my kind wife.
Venus. Come God of warre,
I'll teach thee a new skirmish, better farre
Then thy sterne battails, meete me with a kiffe
Which I retort thus, there's spirit in this,
- 1720 What's he would play the coward and turne face,
When such sweete amorous combats are in place?
My hot incounters, leaue me wound nor skarre
Yet naked I dare meete the God of Warre.
Vulcan. Out of her Whoore.
- 1725 *Mars.* I am arm'd for thee, prepare thee, for this night

The Brazen Age.

Il'e breaft to breaft dare thee to fingle fight.

Venus. Come tumble in my lap, great *Mars* I dare
To do his worft. *Vulcan catcheth them faft in his net.*

Vul. 'Tis well, your fports are faire.

1730 *Mars.* Betraid? bound? catcht? releafe me, or by *Ioue*,
Thou dy'ft what ere thou art.

Vul. God *Mars*, good words;
This is a fight in which you vfe no fwords.
You haue left your fteele behinde.

1735 *Ven.* Sweet vulcan. *Vulc.* No more.

Venus. Canft thou vfe *Venus* thus? *Vul.* Away you whore,
Il'e keepe you faft, and call the Gods to fee
Your practife, *Neptune*, *Ioue*, and *Mercury*,
Phoebus and *Iuno*, from your fpheares looke downe,
1740 And fee the caufe I weare a forked crowne.

All the Gods appeare aboue, and laugh,
Iupiter, Iuno, Phoebus, Mercury, Neptune.

Mars. The Gods are all fpectators of our fhame,
And laugh at vs.

1745 *Venus.* Oh! I could cry for anger.

Sweet *Vulcan* let me loofe. *Vulc.* When Gods and men
Haue feene thy fhame, but (ftrumpet) not till then.

Iup. See how *Mars* chafes. *Iun.* But *Venus* weeps for rage
Nept. Why fhould *Mars* fret? if it fo tedious be,
1750 Good God of warre beftow thy place on me.

Merc. By all the Gods, would fhe do me that grace,
I would fall too't euen before *Vulcans* face.

Vul. To Gods and men let it be fully knowne
I am a Cuckold. *All.* *Vulcan* is no leffe.

1755 *Vul.* Now fince red fhame your cheeks with bloud hath
I am reueng'd, and fee my net's vnti'd. (dy'd,

Phoeb. The Gods haue laught their fill, *Vulcan's* reueng'd,
And now all friends: fpeake, are we?

Iup. *Mars* ftill frownes,

1760 *Iuno.* And *Venus* fcarce well pleaf'd.

Vul. For my part (oh you Gods!) what's paf't is paf't,
And what is once done, cannot be recald:

The Brazen Age.

- 1765 If *Vulcan* in this ieaft hath pleaf'd the Gods,
All his owne wrongs he freely can forgiue.
Venus we are friends, to *Lemnos* we will haft,
And neuer more record what's done and paft.
Ven. No foole, before I did offend with feare,
My guilt was but fufpected, but not prou'd:
And therefore I felected priuacy,
- 1770 Clofeneffe of place, and bashfully tranfgreft;
But fince both Gods and men now know my finne,
Why fhould I dread to fay I loue God *Mars*?
What helpe haft thou in prouing thy wife falfe?
Onely to make me doe with impudence,
- 1775 What I before with feare did, on thy felfe
Brought a moft certaine flame, where it before
Was but fufpected.
Vul. *Venus* fpeakes good fence,
That's certaine now, which was before fufpence.
- 1780 *Ven.* Now fare well iealous foole, for my difgrace,
Him whom I loue, I blufhleffe thus imbrace,
And may all fuch as would their wiues fo take,
(Although they might) be feru'd thus for thy fake.
Vul. I am vndone, be warn'd by me oh men,
- 1785 Although you know your wiues falfe, where and when,
Take them not in the manner, though you may:
They that with feare before, now blufhleffe ftray,
Their guilt 'tis better to fufpect then know,
So you may take fome part of that you owe.
- 1790 Where I by seeking her good name to thrall,
Haue made my felfe a fcorne, and quite left all.
Iup. To *Lemnos* then, to make our Thunders fit,
Which againft mortals we haue caufe to vfe,
Mars, you to *Thrace*, *Venus* in *Paphos* ftay,
- 1795 Or where you please, we to our feuerall fpheares.
Vulcan, thy morrall this good vfe contriues,
None fearch too farre th'offences of their wiues. *Exeunt*
H O M E R.
Our laft Act comes, which left it tedious grow,
- 1800 *What is too long in word, accept in fhew.*

The Brazen Age.

- 1805 *Thinke Hercules his labours hauing ended,
The Spanifh Gerion kild, and Cacus flaine,
As farre as Lydea he his palme extended,
Where beauteous Omphale this time doth raigne.
He that before to Deianeira fent,
As presents, all the fpoyles that he could win,
Now fills her heart with iealous discontent,
She heares how Hercules doth card and spin
With Omphale, and ferues her as a flaue.*
- 1810 *(She quite forgot in Thebes) her grieve to cheare,
Th'affembled Princes with their Counfels graue,
Are come to comfort and remoue her feare.
By thefe all his ftor'd labours he hath fent
To call him home, to free her discontent.*
- 1815 *Afhew. Enter Deianeira fad, with Lychas: to her Iafon, Te-
lamon, Caftor, Pollux, Neftor, &c. They feeme to comfort
her, ſhe fends Lychas, who brings the Trophies of his twelue la-
bours, ſhe deliuers them to the Princes, to beare to her husband.
They part feuerall waies.*
- 1820 *Hom. Iafon, and the other Hero's for her fake,
Trauell to Lydia, to perfwade him thence
And by his twelue knowne labours, vndertake
To moue him, quite t'abandon his faire wench.
Further then this her iealoufie extends,*
- 1825 *Afarre worfe present ſhe by Lychas fends.*
- Enter Deianeira, and her feruant Lychas.*
- 1830 *Lych. Madam, thefe forrowes are too violent
For your weake fex, I do not thinke tis true,
Your husband can preferre that Omphale
Before your beauty.
Deian. Hee's forgot in Greece.
Greece that was wont to clangor with his fame,
Is now all filent, who but Iafon now,
And Telamon, that ſcal'd the walles of Troy,
Alcides is a name for got amongft vs,*
- 1835

The Brazen Age.

And *Deianeira* too forgot with him.
Oh! that I had the tempting strumpet here
That keeps my Lord away, confining me
Vnto the coldneffe of a widowed bed.

1840 *Lyc.* Madam, thefe presents fent, & fo wel knowne
Coming from you, muft needs preuaile with him.
Thefe Princes haue great intereft in his loue,
And can perfwade much.

Deia. But that strumpet more.
1845 *Lychas*, he doates vpon her tempting lookes,
And is fo much with her inchantments blear'd,
That hee's turn'd woman: woman *Lychas*, fpinnes,
Cards, and doth chare-worke, whilst his miftres fits
And makes a cufhion of his Lyons fkin,
1850 Makes of his club a rocke. I loofe my felfe
In thifmy forrow, and forget the meanes;
I ftill keepe by my me, to reftore my loue,
Lychas, fetch me the fhirt within my chamber,
I haue bethought me now.

1855 *Lych.* Madam I fhall.
 Dei. This fhirt (in bloud of Centaur *Neffus* dipt,
And fince wafht out) Il'e fend my *Hercules*,
Which hath the power to make his hot loue dye
To any ftranger, and reuiue to me.

1860 This (as his laft) the dying Centaur fpake, { *Enter*
To this Il'e truft, all other hopes forfake. { *Lychas*
 Lych. Madam the fhirt.

Dei. This as my beft and deereft,
Prefent me (trufty *Lychas*) to my Lord,
1865 Intreat withall, that if he haue not quite
Put off my loue, hee'l daine to put on this.
If he defpife my gift, returne it backe,
And in it my death.

Lych. Feare not faire Princeffe,
1870 I hope to proue as fortunate as faithfull.

Dei. Farewell, proue as thou fpeakeft. If my gift faile,
I haue fentenced all my forrowes to one death,

The Brazen Age.

Whilst *Deianeira* hath a hand to vse,
Shee'l not liue hated where she once did chuse. *Exit.*

1875 *Enter Omphale, Queene of Lydia, with 4 or 5 maids, Hercules
 attired like a woman, with a distaffe and a spindle.*

Omph. Why fo, this is a power infu'd in loue,
Beyond all magicke; Is't not ftrange to see
A womans beauty tame the Tyrant-tamer?
1880 And the great Monster-maister ouer-match?
 Haue you done your taske?

Herc. Beauteous Queene, not yet.

Omph. Then I shall frowne.

Herc. Before that (louely faire)
 Augment my taske, vnto a treble chare.
1885 For one sweet smile from beauteous *Omphale*,
 Il'e lay before thee all the monstrous heads
 Of the grim tyrants that oppresse the earth.
 I that before, at *Iuno's* strict behest,
 The hundred gyants of *Cremona* flue,
1890 Will twice fife hundred kill for *Omphale*.

 Finde me a *Cacus* in a caue of fire,
 Il'e dragge him from the mountaine *Auentine*,
 And lay his bulke at thy victorious feet.
 Finde me me another *Gerion* to captiue,
1895 All his three heads Il'e tumble in thy skirt.
 Bid me once more facke hell, to binde the furies,
 Or to present thee with the Gods in chaines,
 It shall be done for beauteous *Omphale*.

Omph. Leaue prating, ply your worke.

1900 *Herc.* Oh what a sweetnesse
 Liues in her looks! no bondage, or base flauery
 Seemes feruitude, whilst I may freely gaze
 (And vncontrold) on her: but for one smile,
 Il'e make her Empreffe ore the triple world,
1905 And all the beauteous Queenes from East to West,
 The *Lydians* vaffails, and my fellow-flaues.
 There is no Lord but *Loue*, no vaffailage

The Brazen Age.

But in affection, and th'Emperious Queene
Doth tyrannize ore captiue *Hercules*. *Enter a maid.*

1910

Maid. Madam, some Dukes of *Greece* attend without,
And craue to see your captiue *Theban* here.

Omph. Admit them, they fhall see what pompe we haue,
And that our beauty can the loftiest flaue.

Enter Iafon, Telamon, Caftor, Pollux, Neftor, Atreus, &c.

1915

Iafon. Our bufineffe was to *Thehan Hercules*,
'Twas told vs he remain'd with *Omphale*,
The *Lydian* Queene.

Tel. Speake, which is *Omphale*? or which *Alcides*?

1920

Omph. We are queene of *Lydia*,
And this our vaffaile. Do you know him Lords?
Stoope flaue, and kiffe the foot of *Omphale*.

Herc. I fhall.

Neft. Oh wonderous alteration!

1925

Caft. Till now I trusted this report was falfe,
And fcarcely can I yet beleeeue mine eyes.

Pol. Lady, our purpofe was to *Hercules*,
Shew vs the man.

Omph. Behold him *Greekes* there.

Atreus. Where? *Omph*. There at his tafke.

1930

Iafon. Alas! This *Hercules*?
This is fome bafe effeminate groome, not hee
That with his puiffance frightened all the earth:
This is fome woman, fome *Hermophrodite*.

1935

Herc. Hath *Iafon*, *Neftor*, *Caftor*, *Telamon*,
Atreus, *Pollux*, all forgot their friend?
We are the man.

Iafon. Woman we know thee not.
We came to feeke the Ioue-borne *Hercules*,
That in his cradle ftrangled *Iuno*'s fnakes,
And triumpht in the braue *Olimpicke* games.
He that the *Cleonean* Lyon flue,
The *Eremanthian* Boare, the Bull of *Marathon*,
The *Lernean Hydra*, and the winged Hart.
He that drag'd *Cerberus* from hell in chaines,

1940

The Brazen Age.

1945 And ftownded *Pluto* in his *Ebon* Chaire.
That *Hercules*, by whom the Centaurs fell.
Great *Achelous*, the *Stymphalides*,
And the *Cremona* giants? Where is he?
Tel. That traiterous *Neffus* with a shaft tranf-fixt,
1950 Strangled *Antheus*, purg'd *Augeus* ftalles,
Wan the bright Apples of the *Hesperides*,
And whilst the Giant *Atlas* eaf'd his limbes,
Bore on his fhoulders the huge frame of heauen.
Herc. And are not we the man? fee *Telamon*,
1955 A woman do this? we would fee the *Theban*,
That *Cacus* flue, *Bufiris* facrific'd,
And to his horfes hurl'd fterne *Diomed*
To be deuour'd.
Pol. That freed *Hefione*
2000 From the Sea-whale, and after ranfackt *Troy*,
And with his owne hand flue *Laomedon*.
Nef. He by whom *Dercilus* and *Albion* fell,
He that *Oecalia* and *Betricia* wan.
Atr. That monftrous *Gerion* with his three heads vanquifht
2005 With *Linus*, *Lichas* that vfurp't in *Thebes*,
And captiu'd there his beauteous *Megara*.
Iafon. He that the *Amazonian* *Baldricke* wan,
That *Achelous* with his club fubdu'd,
And wan from him the pride of *Calidon*
2010 Bright *Deianeira*, that now mournes in *Thebes*
For abfenc of that noble *Hercules*.
To him we came, but fince he liues not here,
Come Lords, we wil returne thefe prefents backe
Vnto the conftant Lady, whence they came.
2015 Herc. Stay Lords. Iafon. 'Mongft women?
Herc. For that *Thebans* fake
Whom you profefse to loue, and came to feeke,
Abide awhile, and by my loue to *Greece*,
Il'e bring before you that loft *Hercules*,
2020 For whom you came to enquire.
Iafon. On that condition (Princes) lets ftay a little.

The Brazen Age.

Tela. It workes, it workes.

Herc. How haue I loft my felfe?

2025 Did we all this? where is that fpirit become
That was in vs? no maruell *Hercules*,
If thou beeft ftrange to them, that thus difguif'd,
Art to thy felfe vnknowne. Hence with this diftaffe
And bafe effeminate chares.

2030 *Omp.* How flaue? fubmit and to thy tafke againe.
Dar'ft thou rebell?

Herc. Pardon great *Omphale*.

Iaf. Will *Telamon* perfwade me this is *Hercules*
The *Libian* Conquerer, now a flaues flaue.
He liu'd in midft of battailes, this 'mongft truls:
2035 This welds a diftaffe, he a conquering Club.
Shall we beftow faire *Deianeiraes* prefents
On this (heauen knowes) whether man or woman?

Herc. Who nam'd my *Deianeira*? *Iafon* you?
How fares my loue? how fares my beauteous wife?
2040 I know thefe prefents, did they come from her?
What ftrumpet's this that hath detain'd my foule?
Captiu'd my fame, tranf-fhap't me to a foole?
Made me (of late) but little leffe then God,
Now fcarce a man? Hence with thefe womanifh tyres,
2045 And let me once more be my felfe againe.

Tel. Keep from him *Omphale*, be that your charge,
Wee'l fecond thefe good thoughts.

Omph. *Alcid* s heare me.

Caft. By your fauour madam.

2050 *Herc.* Who fpake?

Iafon. Thinke that was *Deianeira's* voyce,
That cals thee home to dry her widowed teares,
And to bring comfort to her defolate bed.

Herc. Oh *Deianeira*.

2055 *Om.* Heare me *Hercules*. *Herc.* Ha *Omphale*?

Pollux. You fhall not trouble him.

Iaf. 'Twas fhe that made *Alcides* womanifh,
But *Deianeira* to be more then man.

The Brazen Age.

2060 For thy wiues fake thou art renown'd in *Greece*,
This Strumpet hath made *Greece* forget thee quite,
And scarce remember there was such a man.
Thebes that was wont to triumph in thy glories,
Is now all silent. Tyrants euery where
Beginne to oppresse, thinking *Alcides* dead
2065 For so the fame's already. Shall a Strumpet
Do this vpon the *Theban Hercules*?
And *Deyaneira*, faire, chaste absolute
In all perfections, liue despis'd in *Thebes*?
Herc. By *Ioue* she shall not, first I'll rend these eyes out,
2070 That fotted with the loue of *Omphale*
Hath transhapt me, and deeply iniur'd her.
Come we will shake off this effeminacy
And by our deeds repurchase our renowne.
Iason and you braue *Greekes*, I know you now,
2075 And in your honours I behold my selfe
What I haue bene, hence Strumpet *Omphale*,
I cast thee off, and once more will resume
My native vertues, and to proue this good
This day vnto the Gods I'll sacrifice
2080 To grace which pompe, and that we may appeare
The fame we were, before vs shall be borne
These of our labours twelue, the memory,
Vnto *Ioues* Temple, grace vs worthy *Heroes*
To assist vs in this high solemnity.
2085 Whilst we vpon our manly shoulders beare
These massy pillars we in *Gades* must reare. *Exeunt.*
Manet Omphale.
Ompale. We haue lost our seruant, neuer yet had Lady
One of the like ranke. All King *Thespius* daughters,
2090 Fifty in number, childed all one night,
Could not preuaile so much with *Hercules*
As we haue done; no not faire *Yole*
Daughter to *Cacus*, beauteous *Megara*,
Nor all the faire and amorous queenes of *Greece*,
2095 Could flauie him like the *Lydian Omphale*.

The Brazen Age.

Therefore where e're his labours be renown'd,
Let not our beauty passe vnregistred.
Bondaging him that captiu'd all the earth,
Nor will we leaue him, or yet loofe him thus
2100 What either beauty, cunning, flattery, teares
Or womans Art can, we will practife on him.
But now the Priests and Princes are prepar'd
For the great facrifice, which we will grace
With our high prefence, and behold aloofe
2105 These rights vnto the gods perform'd and done
We'le gaine by Art, what we with beauty won.

*Enter to the sacrifice two Priests to the Altar, fixe Princes with
fixe of his labours, in the midft Hercules bearing his two bra-
zen pillars, fix other Princes, with the other fix labours, Her-
cules ftaies them.*

Herc. Now *Ioue* behold vs from thy fpheare of Starres,
And flame not to acknowledge vs thy fonnes.
Thus fhould *Alcides* march amidft his spoiles,
Inguilt with flaughtered Lyons, Hydraes, Whales,
2115 Boares, Bulls, grim Tyrants, Hel-hounds, Monfters, Furies,
And Princes his fpectators: oh you Gods,
To whom this day we confecrate your praiers,
And dedicate our facred orifons,
Daine vs your cies, behold these fhoulders beare
2220 Two brazen pillars, trophies of our fame,
That haue eaf'd *Atlas*, and fupported heauen,
And had we fhrunke beneath that heauenly ftructure
The Spheares, Orbs, Planets, Zeniths, Signes, and Stars,
With *loues* high Pallace, all confufedly
2225 Had fhattered, falne, and o're-whelm'd earth and fea,
Wee haue done that, and all these labours elfe,
Which we this day make facred, *lune* fee
These we furrender to thy *loue* and thee. *fet on.*

As they march ouer the Stage, enter Lychas with the fhirt.
2230 *Lych.* From *Deianera* I prefent this guift,

The Brazen Age.

Wrought with her owne hand, with more kind commends
Then I haue meafured fteps to *Lydia*
From *Thebes*, which fhe intreats you weare for her.

2235 *Herc.* More welcome is this guift to *Hercules*
Then *Iafon's* Fleece, *Laomedon's* white Steeds,
Or fhould *Ioue* grace me with eternity,
Here ftand our pillars, with *non vltra* infulpt,
Which we muft reare beyond the Pyrene Hils
At *Gades* in *Spaine* (*Alcides* vtmoft bounds)
2240 Whilft we put on this fhirt, the welcome prefent
Of *Deyianeira*, whom we deerely loue,
Lychas thy hand, In this wee'le facrifice
And make our peace with her and *Iupiter*.

2245 *Iafon.* Neuer was *Hercules* fo much himfelfe,
How will this newes glad *Deyaneiraes* heart,
Or how this fight inrage faire *Omphale*?

Tell. All his dead honours he reuiues in this,
And *Greece* fhall once more echoe with his fame.

Hercules puts on the fhirt.

2250 *Herc.* With this her prefent, I put on her loue,
Witneffe heauen, earth, and all you Peeres of *Greece*,
I wed her once more in this ornament,
Her loue and her remembrance fit to me
More neere by thoufands then this roabe can cleaue.
2255 So now before *Ioues* Altar let vs kneele,
And make our peace with heauen, attone our felfe
With beauteous *Dyaneira* our chaft wife { *All the Princes*
And caft away the loue of *Omphale*. { *knele to the Altar.*

2260 *Prieft.* Princes of *Greece* affift vs with your thoughts,
And let your prayers with ours afcend the Speares,
For mortals orifons are fonnes to *Ioue*,
And when none elfe can, they haue free acceffe
Vnto there fathers eare, haile fonne of *Saturne*,
To whom when the three lots of heauen, of fea,
2265 And hell were caft, the high *Olimpus* fell.

Herc. Oh, oh.

Prieft. That with a nod canft make heauens collomes bend,

The Brazen Age.

And th'earths Center tremble, whose right hand
Is arm'd with lightning, and the left with feare.

2270 *Herc.* No more, are all the furies with their tortures,
Their whips and lathes crept into my skin?
Hath any fightlesse and infernall fire
Laid hold vpon my flesh? when did *Alcides*
Thus shake with anguish? thus change face, thus shrink?
2275 Shall torture pale our cheek? no, Priest proceed,
We will not feele the paine, thou shalt not breed,

Iafon. What alteration's this? a thousand pangues
I see euen in his visage, in his silence
He doth expresse euen hell.

2280 *Priest.* Thou sacred *Ioue*
Behold vs at thy Altar prostrate here
To beg attonement 'twene our sins and thee,
Lend vs a gracious eare and eye.

Herc. Priest no more,
2285 I'll rend thy Typet, hurle *Ioues* Altars downe,
Hauock his Offerings, all his Lamps extinguish,
Raze his high Temples, and skale heauen it selfe
Vnlesse he stay my tortures.

Iafon. VVarlike *Theban*,
2290 VWhence comes this fury? is this madnes forc't,
That makes *Alcides* thus blaspheme the Gods.

Tell. Patient your selfe.

Herc. I will not *Iafon*, cannot *Tellamon*,
A ftipticke poyson boyles within my veines,
2295 Hell is within me, for my marrow fries,
A vulture worse then that *Prometheus* feels,
Fiers on my entrails, and my bulke in flames.

Iafon. Yet be your selfe, renowned *Hercules*,
Striue with your torture, with yourrage contend
2300 Seek to ore-come this anguish.

Herc. VVell, I will,
See *Iafon*, see renowned *Tellamon*
I will be well, I'll feele no poison boyle,
Though my bloud skal'd me, though my hot fuspieres,

The Brazen Age.

- 2305 Blaft where I breath like lightning, though my lungs
 Seeth in my bloud, I will not pale a cheeke,
 Nor change a brow, I will not, fpage of torture
 Anguifh, and paine, I will not.
 Omp. What ftrange fury
2310 Hath late poffeft him to be thus difturb'd?
 Iafon. Why this is well, once more repaire *Ioues* Altar.
 Kindle thefe holy Tapers and proceed.
 Herc. To plucke the Thunderer from his Chriftall throne
 And throw the Gallaxia, by the locks,
2315 And amber treffes, drag the Queene of heauen.
 Neftor. Alcides.
 Herc. Princes, *Iafon*, *Tellamon*,
 Helpe me to teare of this infernall fhirt,
 Which rawes me where it cleaues, vnkin my brawnes,
2320 And like one nak't rowl'd in a Tun of fpikes
 Of thoufands, make one vniuerfall wound,
 And fuch is mine: oh *Deyaneira* falfe,
 Treacherous, vnkind, difloyall; plucke, teare, rend
 Though you my bones leaue naked, and my flefh
2325 Frying with poyfon you caft hence to dogs.
 Dread *Neptune*, let me plunge me in thy feas,
 To coole my body, that is all on flame.
 Or with thy tri-fulke thunder ftrike me *Ioue*,
 And fo let fire quench fire, vnhand me Lords,
2330 Let me fperne mountaines downe, and teare vp rockes
 Rend by the roots huge Okes, till I haue dig'd
 Away to hell, or found a fkale to heauen.
 Something I muft, my torments are fo great,
 To quench this flame and qualify this heate. *Exit.*
2335 *Iafon.* Let vs not leaue him Princes leaft this out-rage
 Make him lay violent hands vpon him felfe.
 If *Deyaneiraes* heart, were with her hand,
 She is her fexes fcandall, and her fhame
 Euen whilft Time liues, fhall euery tongue proclaime.
2340 *Exit*
 Omph. I'll follow to, and with what Art I can,
 Striue this his rage and torture to allay. *Exit.*

The Brazen Age.

Lych. What's in this fhirt vnknowne to me that brought it?
Or what hath iealous *Deyaneira* done?
To employ me, an vnwilling meffenger,
2345 In her Lords death: well, whofoe're it proue
My innocence I know, I'le, if I may
Looke to my life, and keepe out of his way. *Enter Hercules.*

Herc. Lychas, Lychas, where's he that brought this poyfon'd
That I may teare the villaine lim from lim. (fhirt,
2350 And flake his body fmall as Winters fnow,
His fhattered flefh fhall play like parched leaues,
And dance in th'aire, toft by the fommer winds.

Lychas. Defend me heauen.

Herc. Oh that with ftamping thus,
2355 I could my felfe beneath the Center finke,
And tombe my tortured body beneath hell.
Had I heauens maffy columnes in my gripes,
Then with one fway I would or'e-turne yon frame,
And make the marble Elementall fky
2360 My Tombe-ftone to enterre dead *Hercules.*

Oh father *Ioue* thou laift vpon thy fonne
Torments aboue fupporture, *Lichas,* oh!
I'le chafe the villaine o're *Oetaes* rockes,
Till I haue nak't thofe hils, and left no fhade
2365 To hide the Traytor.

Lichas. Which way fhall I flye
To fcape his fury? if I ftay I dye. *Hercules fees him.*

Herc. Stay, ftay, what's he that creeps into yon caue?
Is not that *Lycas Dyaneiraes* fquire,
2370 That brought this poyfoned fhirt to *Hercules*?
I thanke thee *Ioue*, yet this is fome allayment
And moderation to the pangues I feele,
Nay, you fhall out fir *Lychas* by the heeles.

Hercules fwings Lychas about his head, and kils him.
2375 Thus, thus, thy limbs about my head I twine,
Eubaeon fea receiue him, for he's thine.

Enter Iafon, Tellamon, and all the Princes, after them Omphale.

Iaf. Princes, his torments are 'boue Phyficke helpe,

The Brazen Age.

2380 And they that with him well, must with his death,
For that alone gives period to his anguish.
Tell. In vaine we follow and pursue his rage,
There's danger in his madnesse.
Neft. Yet aloofe,
Let's obferue him, and great *Ioue* implore
2385 To qualifie his paines.
Phy. As I am *Philoctetes* I'll not leaue him,
Vntill he be immortall, Princes harke, *Hercules within.*
Cannot these grones pierce heauen and moue to pittie
The obdure *Iuno*.
2390 *Omph.* Beneath this rocke where we haue often kift,
I will lament the noble *Thebans* fall,
The *Lydian Omphale* will be to him
A truer Myftresse, then his wife, whose hate
Hath brought on him this fad and ominous fate.
2395 Nor hence, for any force or prayer remoue,
But die with him whom I fo deerely loue. *cry within.*
Caft. His torments still increafe, heare oh you Gods,
And hearing pittie.
Enter Hercules from a rocke aboue, tearing downe trees.
2400 *Herc.* Downe, downe, you fhadowes that crowne *Oeta*
And as you tumble beare the Rockes along. (Mount,
I will not leaue an Oake or ftanding Pine
But all these mountaines with the dales make euen,
That *Oetaes* felfe may mourne with *Hercules*.
2405 Hah! what art thou?
Omph. I am thy *Omphale*.
Herc. Art thou not *Deyaneira* come to mocke
Alcides madnesse, and his pangues deride?
Yes, thou art she, thou, thou haft fier'd my bones,
2410 And mak't me boyle in poyfon, for which (minion)
And for (by fate) thou haft fhortned my renowne,
Behold, this monftrous rocke thy death fhall crowne,
Hercules kils Omphale, with a peece of a rocke.
So *Deyaneira* and her fquire are now
2415 Both in their fins extinct.

The Brazen Age.

Thes. What hath *Alcides* done? flaine *Omphale*,
A guiltlesse queene that came to mourne his death.

Herc. Torment on torment. But fhall *Hercules*
Dye by a womans hand? No, ayd me Princes,
2420 (If you haue in you any generous thoughts)
In my laft fabricke: Come, toffe trees on trees,
Till you haue rear'd me vp a funerall pile,
Which all that's mortall in me fhall confume.

Caft. Princes, let none deny their free affittance,
2425 In his releafe of torture. Ther's for me.

Pol. My hand fhall likewise helpe to bury him,
And of his torments giue him eafe by death.

*All the Princes breake downe the trees, and make a
fire, in which Hercules placeth himfelfe.*

Her Thanks, thus I throne me in the midft of fire,
2430 And with a dreadlesse brow confront my death.
Olimpicke thunderer now behold thy fonne,
Of whose diuine parts make a ftarre, that *Atlas*
May fhrinke beneath the weight of *Hercules*.

2435 And ftep-dame *Iuno*, glut thy hatred now,
That haft beene weary to command, when we
Haue not beene weary to performe and act.

I that *Bufiris* flue, *Antheus* ftrangled,
And conquer'd ftill at thy vnkinde beheft,
2440 The three-fhap't *Gerion*, and the dogge of hell,
The Bull of *Candy*, and the golden *Hart*,
Augeus and the fowles of *Stymphaly*,

The *Hesperian* fruit, and bolt of *Thermidon*,
The *Lernean Hydra*, and *Arcadian* Boare,
2445 The Lyon of *Naemea*, Steeds of *Thrace*,
The monfter *Cacus*; thoufands more then thefe,

That *Hercules* in death dares thee to chide,
And fhewes his fpirit, which torments cannot hide.

Lye there thou dread of Tyrants, and thou fkin,
2450 Invulner'd ftill, burne with thy maifters bones:
For thefe be armes which none but we can weild.
My bow and arrowes *Philoctetes* take,

*He burns
his Club,
& Lyons
Skin.*

The Brazen Age.

Referue them as a token of our loue,
For thefe include the vtmoft fate of *Troy*,
2455 Which without thefe; the *Greekes* can nere deftroy.
You Hero's all fare-well, heape fire on fire,
And pile on pile, till you haue made a ftructure
To flame as high as heauen, and record this
Though by the *Gods* and *Fates* we are ore-throwne,
2460 *Alcides* dies by no hand but his owne.

Iupiter aboute ftrikes him with a thunder-bolt, his body finkes, and
from the heauens difcends a hand in a cloud, that from the place
where *Hercules* was burnt, brings vp a ftarre, and fixeth it in
the firmament.

2465 *Iafon*. *Iuno* thou haft done thy worft; he now defies
What thou canft more, his fame fhall mount the fkies.
What heauenly muficke's this?

Tel. His foule is made a ftar, and mounted heauen,
I fee great *Ioue* hath not forgot his fonne:
2470 All that his mothers was is chang'd by fire,
But what he tooke of *Ioue*, and was deuine,
Now a bright ftar in the high heauens muft fhine.

Enter Atreus.

Nef. We all haue feene *Alcides* deifi'd.
2475 But what newes brings *Atreus*?

Air. A true report of *Deianeira*'s death,
Who when fhe heard the tortures of her Lord,
And what effect her fatall prefent tooke,
Exclaim'd on *Neffus*, and to proue herfelfe
2480 Guiltleffe of treafon in her hufbands death,
Witth her owne hand fhe boldly flue herfelfe.

Pel. That noble act proclaim'd her innocent,
And cleares all blacke fufpition: but faire princes,
Let vniuerfall *Greece* in funerall blacke,
2485 Mourne for the death of *Theban Hercules*.

Iaf. Who now fhall monfters quel, or tyrants tame?
Th'oppreffed free, or fill *Greece* with their fame.
Princes your hands, take vp these monuments

The Brazen Age.

2490 Of his twelue labours in a marble Temple
(We will erect and dedicate to him)
Referue them to his lafting memory:
His brazen pillers fhall be fixt in *Gades*,
On which his monumentall deeds wee'l graue.
Arm'd with thefe worthy Trophies lets march on
2495 Towards *Thebes*, that claimes the honour of his birth.
His body's dead, his fame fhall nere expire,
Earth claimes his earth, heauen fhewes his heavenly fire.
Exeunt omnes.

H O M E R.

2500 *He that expects fiue fhort Acts can containe*
Each circumftance of thefe things we prefent,
Me thinkes fhould fhew more barrenneffe then braine:
All we haue done we aime at your content,
Striuing to illuftrate things not knowne to all,
2505 *In which the learnd can onely cenfure right:*
The reft we craue, whom we vnlettered call,
Rather to attend then iudge: for more then fight
We feeke to please. The understanding eare
Which we haue hitherto moft gracious found,
2510 *Your generall loue, we rather hope then feare:*
For that of all our labours is the ground.
If from your loue in any point we ftray,
Thinke H O M E R blind, and blind men miffe their way.

FINIS.