

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 FOURTH.  
*UVLCANS NET*

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

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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{ornament}

*To the Reader.*

T Hough a third brother should not inherit, whilst the two elder live, 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 upon the ingenious, then affraid of the envious, I have expos'd him to the fortunes of a younger brother, which is, most commonly, bravely to live, or desperately to hazard: yet this is my comfort, that what imperfection soever it have, having 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 verficulos feci tulit alter honores*, they were things which out of my iuniority and want of indgement, I committed to the view of some private friends, but with no purpose of publishing, or further communicating the. Therefore I would 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.

HOMER.

*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  
                  bef:*  
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 mettal'd Age,*  
*Tyrants and fierce oppreffors we present.*  
*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 history 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 Braffe.*

Actus I. Scoena I.

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

*K. Oen.* Thus midſt our brothers, daughter, Queene and  
Sits *Oeneus* crown'd in fertill *Calidon* (fonne,  
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 royaltyes,  
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,  
Whoſe birth the Fates themſelues did calculate,

40 *Mel.* Pray mother how was that? I haue heard you fay  
Somewhat about my birth miraculous,  
But neuer yet knew the true circumſtance.

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

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 confumption.  
50 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 fift *Deianeira*, now to you.

Two worthy Champions muft this day contend,  
And try their eminence in Armes for you,  
Great *Achelous*, and ftrong *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 thefe Champions to the lifts,  
Meane time *Althea* ftate thee on that hand,  
On this fide *Deianeira* the rich prize  
Of their contention.

*Melea.* Clamors from a farre,  
Tell vs thefe Champions are a drefte for warre.

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

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

*Ache.* Dares the *Theban* baftard  
Contend with vs, as we are eldeft fonne  
80 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*.  
Nere let my ftreames wafh *Acarmania's* bankes,  
85 Or we confin'de in *Thous*, our grand feat,  
Till (by the ruine of *Alcmena's* fonne)  
We lodge bright *Deianeira* in our armes.

*Herc.* Haue we the *Cleonean* Lyons torne?

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90 And deck't our shoulders in their honored spoiles?  
The *Calidonian* Boare cruft with our Club?  
The rude *Theffalian* Centaurs funke beneath  
Our *Iuiall* hand? pierc'd hell? bound *Cerberus*?  
And buffeted fo long, till from the fume  
The dogge belch't forth ftrong *Aconitum* fpring?  
95 And fhall a petty riuer make our way  
To *Deianeira's* bed impaffable?  
Know then the pettiest ftreame that flowes through *Greece*,  
Il'e make thee run thy head below thy bankes,  
Make red thy waters with thy vitall bloud,  
100 And fpill thy waues in droppes as fmall as teares,  
If thou prefum'st to coape with *Hercules*.  
    *Ache.* What's *Hercules* that I fhould dread his name?  
Or what's he greater then *Amphitrio's* fonne?  
When we affume the name of Demi-god  
105 Not *Proteus* can tranf-fhape himfelfe like vs,  
For we command our figure when we pleafe.  
Sometimes we like a ferpent run along  
Our medowy bankes: and fometimes like a Bull  
Graze on thefe ftrands we water with our ftreames.  
110 We can tranflate our fury to a fire,  
And when we fwell, in our fierce torrents fwallow  
The Champian plaines, and flow aboue the hils,  
Drowne all the continents by which we run;  
Yea *Hercules* himfelfe.  
115     *Herc.* Me Achelous!  
I can do more then this: loue *Deianeira*,  
Swin with her on my shoulders through thy ftreames,  
And with my huge Club beat thy torrents backe,  
With thine owne waters quench th'infernall fires  
120 Thy figure ferpentine, flat on the earth:  
And when th'art Bull, catch faft hold by thy hornes,  
And whirle thee 'bout my head thus into ayre.  
Thou faire *Aetolian* dame, I cannot wooe,  
Nor paint my paffions in fsmooth Oratory,  
125 But fight for thee I can, 'gainft *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 fcolde.

*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 path 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 finke, a Bulls head appears.*

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

190       *Herc.* Thanks *Meleager*, fojourne heere we cannot,  
My step-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 wifhes crowne the happineffe  
195       Of his faire daughter.

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

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

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Time calcs vs hence, *Aetolian* Lords farewell.

*Oen.* Adiew braue sonne, and daughter, onely happy

In being thus beftowed, come *Achelous*,

With you we'le 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 *loue* wrettl'd: 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 girls *loues* houfe,

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 exceedes faire *Hypodamia*?

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

Alone didft fcape by trusting 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?

235

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

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?

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

255 *Herc.* I'll pay thee for thy waftage Centaure, well,  
And make thee Prince of all thy by-form'd race,  
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 skirt;  
If the leaft feare of drowning pale her cheeke,  
260 I'll pound thee smaller 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 pafft the floud

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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 Chrif tall 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 trusty 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* calls  
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



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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 groelling 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 spowals in triumphant *Thebes*,  
That done, our future labours we'll pursue,  
And by the assistance of the powers Divine,  
Strive to act more then *Iuno* can assigne.

*Exit.*

375 *Enter HOMER.*

*Faire Deyaneira vnto, Thebes being guided,  
And Hercules espousals solemnized.*

*Hee for his further labours soone provided,  
As Iuno 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 bears  
The heauens huge frame: thence into Scithia hies,*

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385 *And their the Amazonian Baldricke gaines,*  
*By conquering Menalip (a braue prise)*  
*The warlike Quene that ere the Scithians raignes.*  
*That hee supported heauen, doth well expresse*  
*His Astronomicke skill, knowledge in starres:*  
390 *They that such practise 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 sword*  
*Par'd off one head, from that another grew.*  
395 *This shewed his Logicke skill: from euery word*  
*And argument confuted, there arise*  
*From one a multiplicity, therefore we*  
*Poets and such as are esteemed wise,*  
*Instruct the world by such morality.*  
400 *To conquer Hydra showed his powerfull skill*  
*In disputation, how to argue well.*  
*(By all that vnderstand in custome still)*  
*And in this Art did Hercules excell.*  
*Now we the Aegyptian tyrant must present,*  
405 *Bloudy Bufiris, a king fell and rude,*  
*One that in murder plac't his sole content,*  
*With whose sad death our first Act we conclude.*

*Enter Bufyris with his Guard and Priests to sacrifice; to them two*  
*strangers, Bufyris takes them and kils them vpon the Altar: en-*  
410 *ter Hercules disguis'd, Bufyris sends his Guard to apprehend*  
*him, Hercules discovering himselfe beates the Guard, kils Bu-*  
*fyris and sacrificeth him vpon the Altar, at which there falls a*  
*shower of raine, the Priests offer Hercules the Crowne of Æ-*  
*gypt which he refuseth.*

415 *HOMER. In Aegypt there of long time fellnoraine,*  
*For which vnto the Oracle they sent:*  
*Answeres return'd, that till one stranger flaine,*  
*Immou'd shall be the Marble firmament.*  
*Therefore the Tyrant all these strangers kils*  
420 *That enter Aegypt, till Alcides came*

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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 forefpake.  
425 But for a while we let Alcides paffe,  
Whom thefe of Ægypt would their fouer aigne make,  
For freeing them from fuch a tyrants rage;  
Now Meleager next muft fill our ftage.

Actus 2. Scoena 2.

*Enter Venus like a Huntrefse, with Adonis.*

Venus. Why doth *Adonis* flye the Queene of loue?  
And fhun this Iuory girdle of my armes?  
To be thus fcarft the dreadfull God of warre  
5 Would giue me conquered kingdomes: For a kiffe  
(But halfe like this) I could command the Sunne  
Rife '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.  
10 Come, let vs tumble on this violet banke:  
Pre'thee be wanton; let vs toy and play,  
Thy Icy fingers warme betweene my breafst;  
Looke on me *Adon* with a ftedfaft eye,  
That in thefe Chrifall glaffes I may fee  
15 My beauty, that charmes Gods, makes men amaz'd,  
And ftownd with wonder: doth this rofeat pillow  
Offend my loue? come, wallow in my lap,  
With my white fingers I will clap thy cheeke,  
Whifper a thoufand pleafures in thine eare.

20 *Adonis.* Madame, you are not modeft: I affect  
The vnfeene beauty that adornes the minde.  
This loofeneffe makes you fowle in *Adons* eye:  
If you will tempt me, let me in your face  
Reade blufhfulneffe, and feare; a modeft blufh  
25 Would make your cheeke feeme much more beautifull.

*The Brazen Age.*

If you will whifper pleafure in mine eare,  
Praise 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 fends 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.

65

*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 beafts 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 distinguishing 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.

70

75

80

*Winde hornes within.*

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

*Ven.* Leauē those, turne head, chuse those thou maist pur-

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

*Venus.* Thou art to dee// his sauadge throat to feaft.

85

Forbare. *Adonis.* In vaine.

*Venus.* Appoynt when we shall meet.

*Adonis.* After the chace. Farewell then.

*Venus.* Farewell fweet.

*Adonis.* This kissing.

90

*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 kiffeth her.*

95

*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 Boare,  
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 preyes?  
His flaming eyes they sparkle blood and fire,  
His bristles pointed like a range of pikes  
Ranck't on his backe: his foam snowes where he feeds  
His tusks are like the Indian Oliphants.  
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 Sheepheard or his dogge secures  
Their harmless fowls. In vain the furious Bull  
120            Strives to defend the herd or which he Lords.  
The Colonies into the Cities flye,  
And till immur'd, they thinke 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 vertue in his fterne pursuit.  
          *Iason.* Not *Meleagers* love, more then the zeale  
130            I beare my honour, hath drawne *Iason* hither,  
To this adventure, yet both forcible  
To make me try strange maisteries '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 spoiles  
Of this fierce Boare.

145 *Nestor*. To that end *Nestor* came.  
*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.

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

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

160 *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*?

165 *Plex*. He's for *Bufiris*, that *Aegytian* 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 Huntreffe, 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  
175 For *Meleagers* honour.

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

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

*Atlant.* We are free,  
And in the chace will our owne guardian be.  
185 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.

*Enter Adonis winding his horne.*

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

*Adonis.* Mine oh you noble *Greekes*, we haue discovered  
The dreadfull monfter wallowing in his den:  
The toyles are fixt, the huntfmen plac't on hils  
Prest for the charge, the fierce *Tbeffalian* hounds  
195 With their flagge eares, ready to fwep 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.

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

*Melea.* That *Meleagers* fhall.

*Tela.* Nor *Telamon*  
205 Will come behinde *Atlanta*, or the Prince.

*Iafon.* Charge brauely then your Iauelins, fend them finging  
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 hills  
215            He hurries like a tempest: In his way  
          He profrates 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 braffe,  
          I haue blunted 'gainst his ribs, yet he vnscar'd,  
          The head, as darted 'gainst a rocke of marble,  
          Rebounded backe.

*Iafon.* He flakes off from his head  
225            Our best *Theffalian* dogges, like Sommer flies:  
          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 contelt: 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 ioynd,  
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*.

265 *Atl.* We trifle heere, what fhall *Atlanta* gaine  
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.

275 *Atl.* The cry comes this way, all my shafts Il'e fpend.  
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 Huntrefse,  
*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 fwannes 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 fcattered foame. *A cry*  
What cry was that? It was *Adonis* fure. *within.*  
290 That piercefant fhrike fhriild 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.  
*Nef.* 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 ftriuing  
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 trunk 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 fecoded,  
By noble *Iafon*, *Thefus*, *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 aftonifhment  
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* slaughter, 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.

*Nest.* 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.*

*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 slain?

*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 with-stood  
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 vind-  
With patience, as we did *Dianaes* wrath:  
Where Gods are bent to punish, we may grieve  
But can our selves nor succour, nor relieve.

455 Come, let vs do to them their latest rites,  
Wait on their Hearses in our mourning blacke;  
Their happy souls are mounted 'bove 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 slain)

*The Brazen Age.*

Sifter I chufe, a mothers name difdaine:  
The fatall brand in which the murderers life  
Securely lies, I'le hurle into the fire  
465 And as it flames, fo fhall the flauue expire.  
Mifcheife I'le 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 spare 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  
Whilft 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'le 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'le take it *Iafon*,  
495 As well for his fake that beginnes the round,  
As thofe to whom 'tis vow'd.

<E1v>

*Tell.*

*The Brazen Age.*

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

500     *Thef.* He is the mirroure 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.

520     *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.*

525     *Mel.* Oh, oh.

*Atlan.* My Lord.

*Mel.* I burne, I burne.

*Iafon.* What fuddaine paffion's this?

530     *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*?

535     I haue a heart dares threate or challenge hell,  
A brow front heauen; a hand to challenge both:  
540     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.*

535 Thou haft too much already, backe my hand, [*She takes out*  
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?

545 No, wretched youth whilſt this hand can deſtroy,  
I'll cut thee off in midſt of all thy ioy. *She fires the brand.*

*Mel.* Againe, Againe.

*Althea.* Burne, periſh, waſt, fire, ſparkle, and confume  
And all thy vitall ſpirits flie with this fume.

550 *Mel.* ftill, ftill, there is an *Aetna* in my boſome  
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 ſtream, to ſhoote his currents through  
My flaming body, make thy channell heere  
555 Thou mighty flood that ſtreameth through *Calidon*  
And quench me, all you ſprings of *Theſſaly*  
Remoue your heads, and fixe them in my veines  
To coole me, oh!

560 *Iafon.* Defend vs heauen, what ſuddaine extaſy  
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 ftill, 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 stolne 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 fad King? *Enter a seruant.*

610 *Seru.* That labour may be spar'd:  
The King no fooner heard of his fonn's death,  
(wrought by his mother in the fatall brand)  
But he funke dead: sorrow fo chang'd his weakeneffe,  
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 foiourne long  
In this curft Clime; oh let vs not incurro  
*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 aduventure, and renowne all *Greece*,  
By the rich purchase of the *Colchian* Fleece. *Exit.*

H O M E R.

*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 deftroie.  
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 blood 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 Ne...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-monfters raueno us iawes:  
The lot this day fell on *Hefione*  
Our beauteous fifter.  
*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 muft be appeaf'd,  
And I in this am happy, that my death  
690 Is made th'attonement 'twene thofe angry powers  
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 monfter neuer paft  
*Anchifes* hand.  
*Laom.* Now, now the time drawes nye,  
That my fweet childe by *Neptunes* whale muft dye,  
*Priam.* The very thought of it fwallowes my heart  
700 As deepe in forrow, as the monfter can  
Bury my fifter. *A great showt within.*  
*Laom.* Soft, what clamor's that?  
*Aeneas.* A ftately fhip, well rig'd with fwelling failles,  
705 Enters the harbour, bound (by their report)  
For *Colchos*; but when they beheld the fhores  
Couered with multitudes, and fpy'd from farre,  
Your beauteous daughter faftned to the rocke,  
They made to know the caufe; which certified,  
One noble *Greeke* amongft thefe 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 scales?  
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 heartleffe Troians fly into the towne  
At fight of yon fea-diuell: here wee'l ftand  
750 To wait the conquest of thy *Iouiall* hand.



*The Brazen Age.*

*Herc. Laomedon*, Il'e toffe thee from thy walles,  
Batter thy gates to shiuers 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*?  
795 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 bafe 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*,  
Ranfack'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 fitter) how the golden fleece  
Came first to *Colchos*.

840        *Medea*. Let *Abfyr* know,  
*Phrixus* the sonne of *Theban Athamas*,  
And his faire fitter *Helles*, being betraid  
By their curst step-dame *Ino*, fled from *Greece*,  
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 *Hellepont*,

845        That which parts *Septus* 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.

850        The golden Fleece was by the Oracle  
Commanded to be fixt there, kept and guarded  
By two fierce Bulls, that breath infernal 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.*

Muft taft the fury of thefe fiery fiends, *A fhoot*  
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 preface.

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

*Oetes.* Vther them in, that we may know their queft  
And what aduerture 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 Againt thefe horrid talks my life to ingage  
Buls fury, Vipers poyfon, Dragons rage.

*Medea.* Such a bold fpirit, and noble preface 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 aduife you,  
As one that knowes their terrour, to defift  
Ere you enwrap your feffe into thefe perils,  
Whence there is no euafion.

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* fea, the *Hellefpont;*  
Euen to the waues that breake on *Colchos* fhoares?  
And Shall we with difhonour turne to *Greece?*  
Know *Oetes,* not the leaft 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 fee him in his eminence;  
915 But leauing that, this muft be *Iafons* queft,  
A worke not worthy him; where be thefe monfters?

*Medea.* May all inchantments be confinde to hell,  
Rather then he encounter fiends fo fell.

920 *Oetes.* Princes, fince you will needs attempt thefe dangers  
You fhall; and if atchieue the Golden Fleece  
Transport it where you pleafe, meane time, this day  
Repose your felues, wel'e feaft you in our Pallace.

To morrow morning with the rifting Sunne,  
Our golden prife fhall be conferu'd or wonne. *Exit.*

925 *Medea.* If he attempts he dies, what's that to mee?  
Why fhould *Medea* feare a ftrangers life?  
Or what's that *Iafon* I fhould dread his fall?  
If //////////////, my fathers glory waines,  
And all our fortunes muft 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 wifh 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 ftragglers 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 obseru'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 ftragglers (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 sturrill place.  
*Medea.* His presence 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 kinmen  
From these infernall monsters: As for *Iason*  
If you *Medea* shall despise his loue,  
He craues no other life then to die so,  
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 thefe hidden fkills,  
Afcrib'd vnto th'infernall *Proferpine*.  
I that by incantations can remoue  
Hils from their fyts, and make huge mountaines fhake,  
1010 Darken the Sunne at noone, call from their graues  
Ghofts long fince dead, that can command the earth,  
And affright heauen, no fpell at all can find  
To bondage loue, or free a captiue minde.  
*Iafon*. Loue *Iafon* then, and by thy Diuine aide,  
1015 Giue me fuch power, that I may tug vnfcorcht  
Amidft the flames with thefe thy fiery fiends,  
That I vnuenom'd may thefe Vipers teeth  
Caft from my hand, through *Morpheus* leaden charmes,  
Ouer that wakefull fnake that guards the Fleece,  
1020 For which liue *Iafons* happy Bride in *Greece*.  
*Medea*. A match, what hearbs or fpels, what Magicke can  
Command in heauen, earth, or in hell below,  
What either aire, or fea can minifter,  
To guard thy perfon, all thefe helps I'le gather  
1025 To girdle thee with fafety.  
*Iafon*. Be thou then  
For euer *Iafons*, and through *Greece* renown'd  
In whom our *Heroes* haue fuch fafety found,  
Our bargaine thus I feale. *He kiffeth her*.  
1030 *Medea*. Which I'le make good  
With *Colchos* fall, and with my fathers bloud. *Enter Abfyrtus*  
*Abfyr*. Prince *Iafon*, all the *Heroes* at the banquet  
Inquire for you, twice hath my father *Oetes*  
Made fearch for you; Oh fifter!  
1035 *Medea*. No word you faw vs two in conference.  
*Abfyr*. Do you take me to be a woman, to tell all I fee,  
And blab all I know, I that am in hope one day to  
Lie with a woman, will once lie for a woman,  
Sifter, I faw 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 simples 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 haire 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*, *Abfyrtus*, 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 wrattle 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 stranger  
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 sphere can any helpe infuse,  
Or any influent Starre, collect them all  
1115 That I by thy aide may these monsters thrall.  
*Oetes.* Discover them.

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

1120

*Medea.* The hidden power of Earth, Aire, Water, Fire,  
Shall from this place to *Iafons* helpe conspire.  
Fire withtand fire, and magicke temper flame,  
By my strong spels the sauadge monster's tame:  
1125 So, that's perform'd, now take the Vipers teeth  
And sow them in the furrowed field of *Mars*.  
Of which strange feed, men ready arm'd must 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 shall teeme; and hauing freed their fate  
(The stalkes by which they grow) all violently  
Pursue the valiant *Greeke*, but by my forcery  
I'lle turne their armed points against themselues  
1135 And all these flaues that would on *Iafon* flie *shoutes*  
Shall wound themselues and by fedition die.  
Yet thriues the *Greeke*, now kill the sleeping snake  
Which I haue charm'd, and thence the Trophy take,  
These shouts witnesse his conquest, Ile descend,  
1140 Heare *Iafons* feares and all my charmes take end.

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

*Oetes.* That practise by your ruins; Ile prevent,  
1145 And sooner 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 present.  
1155 The conquest of our Buls, and Dragons death,  
(Though we esteem'd them) yet they fad vs not,  
Since we behold the safety 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 ſolemnyty, 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 associate you  
As *Iafons* bride.  
*Iafon*. You are my patronesse,  
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 ftain'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* stromd 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.*  
*Abfyrt.* How now fifter, fo folitary?

1230

*Medea.* Oh happy met, though it be late *Abfyrtus,*  
You muft along with me. *Abfyrt.* 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.

1235

Come brother. *Abfyrt.* Any where with you fifter. *Exeunt.*

*Enter HOMER.*

1240

*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 therefore 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.

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 Hieroglyphickes 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

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 purfute to ſtay.*

1260

*The Shew.*

*In memory of this inhumane deed,  
Theſe Iſlands where his flaughtered limbes lye ſpred,  
Were cal'd Abfyrtydes: 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 cries, 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.* Pursue the chace euen to the gates of *Troy*,  
Then call th'ingrate *Laomedon* to parlee.

*Iafon.* The periur'd King shall pay vs for the wrong  
Done to *Alcides* in his promis'd steeds.

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

*Nestor.* He did exclude our vertue from the Citty,  
And now therefore he shall admit our fury.

1305 *Castor.* These wals first 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 scale.

*Laom.* Wilt heare me *Hercules*?

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

*Alarme. Telamon first mounts the walles, the rest after, Priam  
flies, Laomedon is slaine by Hercules, Hefione taken,*

*Enter with victory.*

1320 *Herc.* Thus is the tyrant, that but late aw'd *Troy*,  
Buried amidst his ruines; he chaftif'd,  
And we reueng'd: the spoyle of this rich Towne  
Rated as high as *Iafons Colchian* prize,  
You shall diuide: but first these lofty walles,  
Buildd by periury, and maintain'd by pride,  
1325 Wee'l ruine to the earth: Who saw 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 spoyle of all the towne to vs.

1330 *Herc.* Which shall 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 feure, 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 monftrs,  
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 the honored spoils from *Colchos* brought  
And from the treafures of defaced *Troy*.  
1380 Faire *Deianeira* longs for vs in *Thebes*,  
Whom we will vifit next, and thence proceed  
Vnto our future labours. *Cacus* liues  
A bloody tyrant, whom we muft remoue:  
And the three-headed *Gerion* fwayes in *Spaine*,  
1385 Notorious for his rapes and out-rages;  
Both thefe muft perifh by *Alcides* hand,  
And when we can the earth from tyrants cleare,  
In the worlds vtmost bounds our pillers reare. *exit*

H O M E R.

1390 *Loath are we (curteous auditors) to cloy*  
*Your appetites with viands of one taft,*  
*The beauteous Venus we muft next imploy,*  
*Whom we faw mourning for Adonis laft.*  
*Suppose her ftill for the yong Adon fad,*  
1395 *But cheer'd by Mars, their old loues they renue,*  
*And fhe, that (whil'ft he liu'd) preferd the Lad,*  
*Hath quite forgot him, fince the Boare him flue.*  
*Mars is in grace, a meeting they deuife,*  
*Iealous of all, but fearing moft the Sunne,*  
1400 *Hee that fees all things from his firft vp-rife,*  
*And like a blab, tels all that hee knowes done.*  
*Our mortals muft 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'aduangtage to forget your *Mars*,  
To doate on *Adon*, and *Anchifes* too;  
Yet (thofe worne out) let vs renew 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 fe curely 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.

*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 pic-  
kle-oyfters to bee good for the backe; fhee is the firft that  
1445           taught wenches the trade of Venery, and fuch as were borne  
to nothing but beauty, fhe taught them how to vfe their Ta-  
lent: Yes, I know her I warrant you.

*Mars.* Syrrah attend, this night yon Queene and I  
Muft haue fome priuate conference, in yon caue,  
1450           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*.

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

1455           *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'le tranflate,  
To fome ftrange Monfter.

1450           *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.

1455           *Venus.* Loue anfwers loue, defire with ardor meetes,  
Both which this night fhall taft a thoufand fweetes. *Exeunt.*

*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,  
1460           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 ac-  
quainted with deeds of darkenefse, tell mee of the *Sunne*!  
1465           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-farre shines and calms me blushing vp.

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

My rofate fingers haue already stroakt

The element where light beginsnes to appeare,

And straight *Apollo* with his glistering beames,

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

1475 Attend him in the pallace of the Sunne.

The Howers haue brought his Chariot to the gate

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

His fiery Steeds haue all their traces fet,

Th'vnruely stallions fed with Ambrosy

1480 (With their round hoofes shod with the pureft gold)

Thunder against the Marble floores 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 twelue howers

Till in my spheare I haue compast round the world

Farewell, I with my beames will dry these teares

1490 Thou shedst at parting; we haue chac'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 haue wafht our Coach-fteeds and our felfe

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 tel-tale and a blab,

And that I nothing can conceale abroad.

But let spight spit the worst and wrong me still,

*The Brazen Age.*

1505 Day hateth finnes, and light despiseth ill. *Hee spies*  
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.*

1515 *Venus.* We are betraide, the blab will tell the Smith,  
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?

1520 *Mars.* Nay rather, how will *Vulcan* tast our sport?  
He might suspect, but neuer proue till now,  
Where is the villaine *Gallus* fet to watch?

*Venus.* See where he snorts, the slaue is dead asleepe.

*Mars.* Awake thou drowfy Groome, thy chaflifement  
Shall exceed torture.

1525 *Gallus.* Hey ho, what's the matter there, ha?

*Mars.* Looke, haft thou eies? is not the Sun two howres  
Mounted aloft? hath he not seene theefleepe  
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,  
Be *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 rife, 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 punishment

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 displeaf'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*?

*Vulcan*. No matter when, the Hufwiffe's too fine finger'd,  
1570 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 fmug knaue, and my father *Ioue*  
Delighted much to dance me in his lap.  
Vpon a time as hee was toying with mee  
In his high houfe aboue, that *Phaeton*  
1585       Had at that infant fet the world a fire,  
My father when he faw heauens bafes fmoake,  
Th'earth burne, and *Neptunes* broth to feeth with heate;  
But ftartles vp to thunder-ftrike the lad,  
And lets me fall: downe tumbled I towards the earth:  
1590       I fell through all the Planets by degrees,  
From *Saturne* firft, fo by the *Moone* at laft:  
And from the *Moone* downe into *Lemnos* Ifle  
Where I ftill liue, and halt vpon my fall,  
No maruell if't lam'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,  
Truft me *Pyragmon* I had don't indeed.     *The Cocke crows*  
1600       But to the Forge, for I *Appollo* fpie,     *and enter Phoebus.*  
Hee that fees all things with the daies bright eye.  
Good morrow *Phoebus*, what's the newes abroad?  
For thou feeft all things in the world are done,  
Men act by day-light, or the fight of Sunne.  
1605       *Phoebus.* Sometime I caft mine eie vpon the fea,  
To fee the tumbling *Seale*, or *Porpoife* play,  
There fee I Marchants trading, and their fayles  
Big bellied with the wind; fea fights fome times  
Rife with their fmoake, thicke clouds to darke my beames.  
1610       Sometimes, I fixe my face vpon the earth  
With my warme feruour, to giue mettals, trees,  
Hearbes, plants, and flowers life; here in gardens walke  
Loofe 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 beafts; here Shepeheardes with their laſſes  
1620 Piping beneath the trees, whilft 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 *Phœbus*,  
1625 That whilft poore *Vulcan* is confin'd to *Lemnos*  
Haſt euery day theſe pleaſures. What newes elſe.  
*Phœbus:* 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 *Phœbus* ſpeake.  
*Phœ.* 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 *Phœbus* bring mee to ſee this pa-  
*Phœbus.* 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.  
*Phœbus.* 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 difsemble *Vulcan*, 'twas thy wife!

*Vulcan.* Out on her whore, out on him Cuckold-maker,

1660

*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 perfume, and be sure 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 minister,

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 Rofes ftrow 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 confufed fweetneffe, fo 'tis well,  
Come *Venus* when fhee pleafe to take her reft,  
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 paftimes they pollute.  
Here will I fet my pit-fall for thefe birds,  
And catch them in the clofure of this wire,  
So, fo, al's fit, my fnare in order plac't, *Enter Mars*  
Happy the time, that I this *Charis* trac't. *and Venus.*  
1705 *Mars.* Once more in fpight of *Phoebus* and thefe eies,  
That dog our paftimes, we are clofely met,  
And whilst the Cuckold *Vulcan* blowes the fire,  
Our amorous foules their fportiuie bliffe confpire.  
*Venus.* Hee's limping thus, and like a cripple halts  
1710 From Forge to Fornace; where were *Venus* eies,  
When fhe made choife of that foule polt-foote Smith,  
He fmels all fmoake, and with his nafty sweate  
Tawnies my fkinne, out on him vgly knaue,  
*Mars* is my loue, and he my fweets fhall haue.  
1715 *Vulcan.* Gramercy my kind wife.  
*Venus.* Come God of warre,  
I'll teach thee a new fkirmifh, better farre  
Then thy fterne battails, meete me with a kiffe  
Which I retort thus, there's fpirit in this,  
1720 What's he would play the coward and turne face,  
When fuch fweete amorous combats are in place?  
My hot incounters, leaue me wound nor fkarre  
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.*

If *Vulcan* in this ieaft hath pleaf'd the Gods,  
All his owne wrongs he freely can forgiue.

1765 *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:

1770 And therefore I felected priuacy,  
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*?

1775 What helpe haft thou in prouing thy wife falfe?  
Onely to make me doe with impudence,  
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.

1785 *Vul.* I am vndone, be warn'd by me oh men,  
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 feeking 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,

1795 *Mars*, you to *Thrace*, *Venus* in *Paphos* ftay,  
Or where you pleafe, 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.

1800 *Our laft Act comes, which left it tedious grow,*  
*What is too long in word, accept in fhew.*

*The Brazen Age.*

*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.*

1805 *He that before to Deianeira fent,  
As presents, all the spoyles that he could win,  
Now fills her heart with ieaious discontent,  
She heares how Hercules doth card and spin  
With Omphale, and ferues her as a flauē.*

1810 *(She quite forgot in Thebes) her grieffe to cheare,  
Th'affembled Princes with their Counfels graue,  
Are come to comfort and remoue her feare.  
By these all his stor'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 fendes 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 ieaouſie extends,*

1825 *Afarre worſe preſent ſhe by Lychas fendes.*

*Enter Deianeira, and her ſeruant Lychas.*

*Lych. Madam, theſe forrowes are too violent  
For your weake ſex, I do not thinke tis true,  
Your husband can preferre that Omphale  
Before your beauty.*

1830 *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 amongſt 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, these presents sent, & so well knowne  
Coming from you, must needs preuaile with him.  
These Princes haue great interest in his loue,  
And can perswade much.

*Deia.* But that strumpet more.  
1845        *Lychas*, he doates vpon her tempting lookes,  
And is so much with her enchantments blear'd,  
That hee's turn'd woman: woman *Lychas*, spinnes,  
Cards, and doth chare-worke, whilst his mistres fits  
And makes a cushion of his Lyons skin,  
1850        Makes of his club a rocke. I loose my selfe  
In thimfy sorrow, and forget the meanes;  
I still keepe by my me, to restore my loue,  
*Lychas*, fetch me the shirt within my chamber,  
I haue bethought me now.

1855        *Lych.* Madam I shall.  
              *Dei.* This shirt (in blood of Centaur *Nessus* dypt,  
And since wash't out) I'll send my *Hercules*,  
Which hath the power to make his hot loue dye  
To any stranger, and reuiue to me.

1860        This (as his last) the dying Centaur spake,    { *Enter*  
To this I'll trust, all other hopes forsake.    { *Lychas*  
              *Lych.* Madam the shirt.

*Dei.* This as my best and deereft,  
Present me (trusty *Lychas*) to my Lord,  
1865        Intreat withall, that if he haue not quite  
Put off my loue, hee'll daigne to put on this.  
If he despise 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 speakest. If my gift faile,  
I haue sentenc'd all my sorrowes to one death,



*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, Nefstor, 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*?

*Omph.* We are queene of *Lydia*,

1920

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

*Herc.* I fhall.

*Neft.* Oh wonderous alteration!

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

1925

*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*.

*Herc.* Hath *Iafon*, *Nefstor*, *Caftor*, *Telamon*,  
*Atreus*, *Pollux*, all forgot their friend?

1935

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.

1940

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,

*The Brazen Age.*

1945

And ftoyned *Pluto* in his *Ebon* Chaire.  
That *Hercules*, by whom the Centaurs fell.  
Great *Achelous*, the *Stymphalides*,  
And the *Cremona* giants? Where is he?

1950

*Tel.* That traiterous *Neffus* with a shaft tranf-fixt,  
Strangled *Antheus*, purg'd *Augeus* ftalles,  
Wan the bright Apples of the *Hesperides*,  
And whilft the Giant *Atlas* eaf'd his limbes,  
Bore on his fhoulders the huge frame of heauen.

1955

*Herc.* And are not we the man? fee *Telamon*,  
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.

2000

*Pol.* That freed *Hefione*  
From the Sea-whale, and after ranfackt *Troy*,  
And with his owne hand flue *Laomedon*.  
*Neft.* He by whom *Dercilus* and *Albion* fell,  
He that *Oecalia* and *Betricia* wan.

2005

*Atr.* That monftrous *Gerion* with his three heads vanquifht  
With *Linus*, *Lichas* that vfurp't in *Thebes*,  
And captiu'd there his beauteous *Megara*.

2010

*Iafon.* He that the *Amazonian Baldricke* wan,  
That *Achelous* with his club fubdu'd,  
And wan from him the pride of *Calidon*  
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 presents backe  
Vnto the conftant Lady, whence they came.

2015

*Herc.* Stay Lords. *Iafon.* 'Mongft women?  
*Herc.* For that *Thebans* fake  
Whom you profeffe to loue, and came to feeke,  
Abide awhile, and by my loue to *Greece*,  
Il'e bring before you that loft *Hercules*,  
For whom you came to enquire.

2020

*Iafon.* On that condition (Princes) lets ftay a little.

*The Brazen Age.*

*Tela.* It workes, it workes.

*Herc.* How haue I loft my felfe?

Did we all this? where is that fpirit become

2025

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.

*Omp.* How flauie? fubmit and to thy tafke againe.

2030

Dar'ft thou rebell?

*Herc.* Pardon great *Omphale*.

*Iaf.* Will *Telamon* perfwade me this is *Hercules*

The *Libian* Conquerer, now a flauies flauie.

He liu'd in midft of battailes, this 'mongft truls:

2035

This welds a diftaffe, he a conquering Club.

Shall we beftow faire *Deianeiraes* presents

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 presents, 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'lle rend these eies 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 natie vertues, and to proue this good  
This day vnto the Gods I'lle 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.*  
*Omphale.* 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 sacrifice, which we will grace  
With our high pference, 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 midst Hercules bearing his two bra-  
zen pillars, fix other Princes, with the other fix labours, Her-  
cules staies them.*

*Herc.* Now *Ioue* behold vs from thy spheare of Starres,  
And flame not to acknowledge vs thy lonnes.  
Thus should *Alcides* march amidft his spoiles,  
Inguilt with flaughtered Lyons, Hydraes, Whales,  
2115 Boares, Buls, grim Tyrants, Hel-hounds, Monfters, Furies,  
And Princes his spectators: oh you Gods,  
To whom this day we consecrate your praies,  
And dedicate our sacred orifons,  
Daine vs your cies, behold these sholders beare  
2220 Two brazen pillars, trophies of our fame,  
That haue eaf'd *Atlas*, and supported heauen,  
And had we shrunke beneath that heauenly fstructure  
The Spheares, Orbs, Planets, Zeniths, Signes, and Stars,  
With *Ioues* high Pallace, all confufedly  
2225 Had shattered, falne, and o're-whelm'd earth and fea,  
Wee haue done that, and all these labours elfe,  
Which we this day make sacred, *Ioue* see  
These we furrender to thy *Ioue* and thee. *fet on.*

*As they march ouer the Stage, enter Lychas with the shirt.*  
2230 *Lych.* From *Deianera* I present 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 fould *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 fightleffe and infernall fire  
Laid hold vpon my flesh? when did *Alcides*  
Thus shake with anguifh? thus change face, thus fhrinke?

2275

Shall torture pale our cheeke? no, Prieft proceed,  
We will not feele the paine, thou fhalt not breed,  
*Iafon.* What alteration's this? a thousand pangues  
I fee euen in his vifage, in his filence  
He doth expresse euen hell.

2280

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

2285

*Herc.* Priest no more,  
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  
Vnleffe he ſtay my tortures.

2290

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

*Tell.* Patient your ſelfe.

2295

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

2300

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

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

*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, spight 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 Chrifftall 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 plundge 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  
2350 That I may teare the villaine lim from lim. (fhirt,  
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-terne 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,  
2365 Till I haue nak't thofe hils, and left no fhade  
To hide the Traytor.

*Lichas.* Which way fhall I flye  
To scape 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,  
*Eubaeen* 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.  
*Nest.* 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 peirce 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 deere ly loue. *cry within.*  
*Cast.* 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 shadowes 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* selfe 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'ft me boyle in poyfon, for which (minion)  
And for (by fate) thou haft fhorted my renowne,  
Behold, this monftrous rocke thy death fhall crowne,  
*Hercules kils Omphale, with a peece of a rocke.*  
So *Deyaneira* and her squire are now  
2415 Both in their fins extinct.

*The Brazen Age.*

*Thes.* What hath *Alcides* done? flaine *Omphale*,  
A guiltleffe 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 dreadleffe brow confront my death.  
Olimpicke thunderer now behold thy fonne,  
Of whofe 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*,  
2445 The *Lernean Hydra*, and *Arcadian* Boare,  
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 defstroy.  
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.*

*Neft*. 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.  
2495 Arm'd with thefe worthy Trophies lets march on  
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.