

A KING, AND NO KING.

By Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

Cast:

ARBACES (ahr-BAY-seez), King of Iberia.

TIGRANES (tih-GRAH-nays), King of Armenia.

GOBRIAS (GOH-bree-uhs), Lord Protector, and Father of Arbaces.

BACURIUS (ba-CUR-ree-uhs), another Lord.

MARDONIA (mahr-DOH-nee-uh), Captain

BESSUS (BEH-suhs), Captain

LIGONIA (lie-GOH-nee-uh), Mother of Spaconia.

ARANE (ah-RAY-nay), Queen Mother

PANTHEA (pan-THAY-ah), her daughter

SPACONIA (spa-KOH-nee-uh), a lady

First Swordsman

Second Swordsman

Messenger

SCENE 1

[Enter Mardonias and Bessus, Two Captains.]

Mardonias:

Bessus, the King has made a fair hand on't, he has ended the Wars at a blow, would my sword had a close basket hilt to hold Wine, and the blade would make knives, for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bessus:

We that are Commanders shall do well enough.

Mardonias:

Faith Bessus, such Commanders as thou may.

Bessus:

I love these jests exceedingly.

Mardonias:

I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling Bessus, I'll say so much i'thy behalf, and yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat, I think thou wouldst kill any man that stopt thee if thou couldst.

Bessus:

But was not this a brave Combate Mardonia?

Mardonia:

Why, didst thou see't?

Bessus:

You stood wi'me.

Mardonia:

I did so, but me thought thou wink'dst every blow they strook.

Bessus:

Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two Princes fight in lists.

Mardonia:

I'me glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bessus:

To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's own Country in single combat.

Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'me so fam'd for.

Mardonia:

Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

Bessus:

Fam'd! I, I warrant you.

Mardonia:

I'me e'en heartily glad on't, I have been with thee e're since thou cam'st to th'wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't, prithee who fames thee.

Bessus:

The Christian world.

Mardonia:

'Tis heathenishly done of'em in my conscience, thou deserv'st it not.

Bessus:

You saw me do the service yourself.

Mardonia:

Not so hasty sweet Bessus, where was it, is the place vanish'd?

Bessus:

At Bessus desp'rate redemption.

Mardonias:

At Bessus desp'rate redemption, where's that?

Bessus:

There where I redeem'd the day, the place bears my name.

Mardonias:

If I were not a very merrily dispos'd captain, what would become of thee? one that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there i'th' head o'th' Troops with a Trunchion, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bessus:

True, but I did not run.

Mardonias:

Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meanedst to flie, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ranst upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'st, as I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I think, we owe thy fear for our victory; If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake alwaies and run away upon th' enemy, thou shouldst be General by this light.

Bessus:

Come, our King's a brave fellow.

Mardonias:

He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou cam'st to know it.

But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with his prey in his foot.

SCENE 2

[Enter Arbaces and Tigranes, Messenger and Bacurius (Flourish).]

Arbaces:

Thy sadness brave Tigranes takes away
From my full victory, am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'recome him? What should afflict you, you are as free as I,

To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly, Thy ransom is
To take my only Sister to thy Wife.
I have been too unkind
To her Tigranes, she but nine years old
I left her, and ne're saw her since, your wars
Have held me long. She was a pretty child,
Then I was little better, but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle;
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroak
But of her eye Tigranes.

Tigranes:

Is't the course of Iberia to use their prisoners thus?
You should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion
Perhaps to brag.

Arbaces:

Be you my witness earth, need I to brag?
Where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole Realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering; Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world
How I have laid his Kingdom desolate
By this sole Arm prop't by divinity.
If I would brag, should I that have the power
To teach the Neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

Mardonias:

Indeed this is none.

Arbaces:

Tigranes, Nay did I but take delight To stretch my deeds as others do, on words, I could
amaze my hearers.

Mardonias:

So you do.

Arbaces:

But he shall wrong his and my modesty,

That thinks me apt to boast after any act
Fit for a good man to do upon his foe.
A little glory in a soldiers mouth
Is well-becoming, be it far from vain.

Mardonia:

'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk.

Tigranes:

Though this be worse
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not;
But that you think to overgrace me with
The marriage of your Sister, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms were they mine,
Rather than have her.

Arbaces:

See if I insult
That am the Conquerour, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn:
They say her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name: yet were she odious,
Her birth deserves the Empire of the world,
Sister to such a brother, that hath ta'ne
Victory prisoner, but you will think I brag.

Tigranes:

Do I refuse her that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought,
So perfect that no one of her own sex
Could find a want, had she so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off for damning souls,
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fixt
Mine eyes not to be mov'd, and she on me,
I am not fickle.

Arbaces:

Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit your self in love
To any other, that her searching sight

Cannot dissolve it? So before you tri'd,
You thought your self a match for me in fight,
Trust me Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace, as I in war, she'l conquer too,
You shall see if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks, if you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way, but if she be your choice,
She frees you: To Iberia you must.

Tigranes:

Sir, I have learn'd a prisoners sufferance,
And will obey, but give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.

Arbaces:

Some to await him forth, and see him safe,
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference,
I will not have him know what bondage is,

[Exit Tigranes and Bacurius]

Till he be free from me. This Prince, Mardonia,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

Mardonia:

And yet you conquer'd him.

Arbaces:

And yet I conquer'd him, must all men that are virtuous
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquered him and bravely, did I not?

Bessus:

And please your Majesty, I was afraid at first.

Mardonia:

When wert thou other?

Arbaces:

Of what?

Bessus:

That you would not have spy'd your best advantages, for your Majesty in my opinion lay too high, methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

Mardonia:

Like a Taylor at a wake.

Bessus:

And then, if please your Majesty to remember, at one time, by my troth I wisht my self wi'you.

Mardonia:

By my troth thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o'th' Lists.

Arbaces:

What to do?

Bessus:

To put your Majesty in mind of an occasion; you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your Leg, which you by doing thus avoided; but if you had whip'd up your Leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the Blood-Royal run down his head.

Mardonia:

What Country Fence-school learn'st thou at?

Arbaces:

Pish, did not I take him nobly?

Mardonia:

Why you did, and you have talked enough on't.

Arbaces:

Talkt enough?
Will you confine my word? by heaven and earth,
I were much better be a King of beasts
Than such a people: if I had not patience
Above a God, I should be call'd a Tyrant
Throughout the world. Why this is like
Tigranes speech that needs would say I brag'd.
Bessus, he said I brag'd.

Bessus:

Ha, ha, ha.

Arbaces:

Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own Subjects: Tie me in a Chair
And jest at me.
He said I boasted, speak Mardonia,
Did I? She will not answer, what will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? am I grown
To such a poor respect? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else by heaven.

Messenger:

So please your....

Arbaces:

Monstrous,
I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy, I will live
In woods, and talk to trees, they will allow me
To end what I begin. Now it is a time to speak,
I hearken.

Messenger:

May it please...

Arbaces:

I mean not you,
Did not I stop you once? Let another speak.

Bessus:

And please your Majesty.

Arbaces:

Wilt thou devour me? this is such a rudeness
As you never shew'd me, and I want
Power to command too, else Mardonia
Would speak at my request; were you my King,
I would have answered at your word Mardonia,
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?

Mardonia:

Truth will offend you.

Arbaces:

You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter such things as these.

Mardonias:

You told Tigranes, you had won his Land,
With that sole arm propt by Divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,
That daily ventured lives?

Arbaces:

O that thy name
Were as great, as mine, would I had paid my wealth,
It were as great, as I might combat thee,
I would through all the Regions habitable
Search thee, and having found thee, wi' my Sword
there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, such Funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

Bessus:

(to Messenger) The King rages extreamly, shall we slink away? He'll strike us.

Messenger:

Content.

Arbaces:

There I would make you know 'twas this sole arm.
I grant you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you, but 'twas this arm
Mov'd you like wheels, it mov'd you as it pleas'd.
Whither slip you now? what are you too good
To wait on me (puffe,) I had need have temper
That rule such people; Why here they stand like death,
My words move nothing.

Messenger:

Must we go?

Bessus:

I know not.

Arbaces:

I pray you leave me, I'm proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my sight:
Why now they leave me all: Mardonia.

[Exeunt all but Arbaces and Mardonia:]

Mardonia:

Sir shall I speak?

Arbaces:

With me you Article to talk thus: well,
I will hear you out.

Mardonia:

Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one to my witness; and were you not my King, from amongst men, I should have chose you out to love above the rest.

Arbaces:

Alas Mardonia, rise you shall not kneel,
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives:
where there is no difference in men's worths,
Thy love is not rewarded, but believe
It shall be better, more than friend in arms.

Mardonia:

Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.
Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do
Eclipse your virtues.

Arbaces:

Eclipse my virtues?

Mardonia:

Yes, your passions, which are so manifold, that they appear even in this: when I commend you, you hug me for that truth: but when I speak your faults, you...

Arbaces (interrupting):

When you commend me? O that I should live To need such commendations: If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth, I were most wretched: spare your idle praise:
when you praise I hug you? I see thy envy.

Mardonias:

However you will use me after, yet for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

Arbaces:

I will, and after call unto the winds, for they shall lend as large an ear as I to what you utter: speak.

Mardonias:

Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worth, but darken 'em, then you will shine indeed.

Arbaces:

Well.

Mardonias:

Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a God, your virtues are such.

Arbaces:

Why now you flatter.

Mardonias:

I never understood the word, were you no King, and free from these moods, should I choose a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to enterchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I should find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question: Now I have spoke, consider to your self, then what shall fall to me is not material.

Arbaces:

Is not material? Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth as might offend another. I have been too passionate and idle, thou shalt see a swift amendment, but I want those parts you praise me for: I fight for all the world? Give me a sword, and thou wilt go as far beyond me; it troubles me that I should use so rough a phrase to thee, impute it to my folly.

Mardonias:

Why 'tis no matter Sir.

Arbaces:

Faith but it is, but thou dost ever take all things I do, thus patiently, for which I never can requite thee, but with love, and that thou shalt be sure of.

Enter Messenger and Bessus.

Messenger:

Is he not merry now?

Bessus:

He is, he is: we'll shew ourselves.

Arbaces:

Bessus, I thought you had been in Iberia by this; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Bessus:

And please your Majesty I have a suit.

Arbaces:

What is't?

Bessus:

I am to carry a Lady with me.

And if I can prefer her to the Lady Panthea your Majesties Sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arbaces:

Why thou shalt bid her entertain her from me.

Messenger:

Health to your Majesty. *(hands him a letter)*

Arbaces:

From Gobrias?

Messenger:

Yes Sir.

Arbaces:

How does he, is he well?

Messenger:

In perfect health.

Mardonias:

Take that for thy good news. A trustier servant to his Prince there lives not, than is good Gobrias.

Arbaces:

The hand of Heaven is on me, be it far from me to struggle, if my secret sins have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears now to wash me white.

Mardonia:

Sir, how do you?

Arbaces:

Mardonia, my mother.

Mardonia:

Is she dead?

Arbaces:

Alas she's not so happy, thou dost know how she hath laboured since my Father died to take by treason hence this loathed life, I have pardoned, and pardoned, and by that have made her fit to practice new sins, not repent the old: she now had stirr'd a slave to come from thence, and strike me here, whom Gobrias sifting out, took and condemn'd and executed there, the carefulst servant: Heaven let me but live to pay that man.

Mardonia:

Sir let her bear her sins on her own head,
Vex not your self.

Arbaces:

What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me loaden, when my life
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here, my Sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace.
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender spotless maid: she stains her cheeks
With morning tears to purge her mother's ill,
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles Prayers
Her pure Oblations for my safe return:

Mardonia:

I n'ere saw such sudden extremities.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE 3

[Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.]

Tigranes:

Why? wilt thou have me die Spaconia.
What should I do?

Spaconia:

Nay let me stay alone,
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a Tomb more worth than I;
Some friend that ever lov'd me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women, many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids,
That plac'd their loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach;
But why should you go to Iberia?

Tigranes:

Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?

Spaconia:

That conquer'd thee Tigranes! he has won
But half of thee, thy body, but thy mind
May be as free as his, his will did never
Combat thine, and take it prisoner.

Tigranes:

But if he by force convey my body hence,
What helps it me or thee to be unwilling?

Spaconia:

O Tigranes, I know you are to see a Lady there,
To see, and like I fear: perhaps the hope
Of her make[s] you forget me, ere we part,
Be happier than you know to wish; farewell.

Tigranes:

Spaconia, stay and hear me what I say:
In short, destruction meet me that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave

To be thy faithful lover: part with me
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our love,
And I have given gold unto a Captain
That goes unto Iberia from the King,
That she will place a Lady of our Land
With the Kings Sister that is offered me;
Thither shall you, and being once got in
Persuade her by what subtle means you can
To be as backward in her love as I.

Spaconia:

Can you imagine that a longing maid
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?

Tigranes:

Dispraise my health, my honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

Spaconia:

Why, I had rather lose you: can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words,
And I that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie?

Tigranes:

Yet do thy best.

[Enter Bessus.]

Bessus:

What, is your Majesty ready?

Tigranes:

There is the Lady, Captain.

Bessus:

Sweet Lady, by your leave, I could wish my self more full of
Courtship for your fair sake.

Spaconia:

Captain, I shall feel no want of that.

Bessus:

Lady, you must haste, I have received new letters from the King that require more haste than I expected, he will follow me suddenly himself, and begins to call for your Majesty already.

Tigranes:

He shall not do so long.

Bessus:

Sweet Lady, shall I call you my Charge hereafter?

Spaconia:

I will not take upon me to govern your tongue Madam, you shall call me what you please.

SCENE 4

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea

Gobrias:

My Lord Bacurius, you must have regard unto the Queen, she is your prisoner, 'tis at your peril if she make escape.

Bacurius:

My Lord, I know it, she is my prisoner from you committed; yet she is a woman, and so I keep her safe, you will not urge me to keep her close, I shall not shame to say I sorrow for her.

Gobrias:

So do I my Lord; I sorrow for her, that so little grace doth govern her: that she should stretch her arm against her King, so little womanhood and natural goodness, as to think the death of her own Son.

Arane:

Thou knowst the reason why, dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

Gobrias:

There is a Lady takes not after you,
Her Father is within her, that good man
Whose tears weigh'd down his sins, mark how she weeps,
How well it does become her, and if you
Can find no disposition in your self
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her
Find out the way, and by your reason weep:
Think how this want of grief discredits you,
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

Arane:

You talk to me as having got a time fit for your purpose; but you know I know you speak not what you think.

Panthea:

I would my heart were Stone, before my softness
Against my mother, should I excuse
My Mothers fault, a brother and a King
Were taken from me, if I seek to save
That life so lov'd, I lose another life
That gave me being, I shall lose a Mother,
May the will Of heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor Virgins life to answer all.

Arane:

But Gobrias let us talk, you know this fault
Is not in me as in another Mother.

Gobrias:

I know it is not.

Arane:

Yet you make it so.

Gobrias:

Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?

Arane:

I know it is.

Gobrias:

Nay should you publish it before the world,
Think you 'twould be believ'd?

Arane:

I know it would not.

Gobrias:

Why then take you such violent courses? As for me I do but right
in saving of the King from all your plots.

Arane:

The King?

Gobrias:

I bade you rest with patience, and a time
Would come for me to reconcile all to
Your own content, but by this way you take
Away my power, and what was done unknown,
Was not by me but you: your urging being done
I must preserve my own, but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Arane:

Accursed be this over curious brain
That gave that plot a birth, accurst this womb
That after did conceive to my disgrace.

Bacurius:

My Lord Protector, they say there are divers Letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day, by her particular valour, receiv'd you any to that effect?

Gobrias:

Yes, 'tis most certain.

Bacurius:

I'm sorry for't, not that the day was won,
But that 'twas won by her: we held her here
A Coward, she did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd,
And so did all the world, for nor I,
Nor any other held her worth my sword.

[Enter Bessus and Spaconia.]

Bessus:

Health to my Protector; from the King
These Letters; and to your grace Madam, these.

Gobrias:

How does his Majesty?

Bessus:

As well as conquest by his own means and his valiant
Commanders can make him; your letters will tell you all.

Panthea:

I will not open mine till I do know
My Brothers health: good Captain is he well?

Bessus:

As the rest of us that fought are.

Panthea:

But how's that? is he hurt?

Bessus:

He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.

Panthea:

I do not ask how strange that soldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Bessus:

He had divers.

Panthea:

And is he well again?

Bessus:

Well again, an't please your Grace: why I was run twice through the body, and shot i'th' head
with a cross-arrow, and yet am well again.

Panthea:

I'm glad that thou art well, I prithee is he so?

Gobrias:

The King is well and will be here tomorrow.

Panthea:

My prayer is heard, now will I open mine.

Gobrias:

Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge:
Madam, the wonted mercy of the King,
That overtakes your faults, he has forgiven you freely,
Your own will is your law, be where you please.

Arane:

I thank him.

Gobrias:

You will be ready to wait upon his Majesty tomorrow?

Arane:

I will.

[Exit Arane.]

Bacurius:

Madam be wise hereafter; I am glad I have lost this Office.

Gobrias:

Good Captain Bessus, tell us the discourse betwixt Tigranes and our King, and how we got the victory.

Panthea:

I prithee do, and if my Brother were
In any danger, let not thy tale make
Him abide there long before thou bring him off,
For all that while my heart will beat.

Bessus:

Madam let what will beat, I must tell the truth, and thus it was; they fought single in lists, but one to one; as for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before, else, perhaps, we had been two to two, I cannot tell, some thought we had, and the occasion of my hurt was this, the enemy had made Trenches.

Gobrias:

Captain, without the manner of your hurt be much material to this business, we'll hear it some other time.

Panthea:

I prithee leave it, and go on with my Brother.

Bessus:

I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the Lists they came, and single-sword and gantlet was their fight.

Panthea:

Alas!

Bessus:

Without the Lists there stood some dozen Captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: and 'twas my chance to stand next a Captain on the enemies side, called Tiribasus; Valiant they said he was; whilst these two Kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask't me who I thought would overcome: I smil'd and told him if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose King would win: something he answered, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him, I—

Panthea:

All this is of thy self, I pray thee Bessus tell something of my Brother, did he nothing?

Bessus:

Why yes, I'll tell your Grace, they were not to fight till the word given, which for my own part, by my troth I confess I was not to give.

Bacurius:

I fear yet this captain's abus'd with a good report.

Bessus:

But I—

Panthea:

Still of herself.

Bessus:

Cri'd give the word, when as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping, but the word was not given then, yet one Cosroes of the enemies part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us Martialists, as I will fight with you: I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat, but that once done...

Panthea:

She slips o're all the fight.

Bessus:

I call'd him to me, Cosroes said I.

Panthea:

I will hear no more.

Bessus:

No? Your Grace will wish you had.

Panthea:

I will not wish it, what is this the Lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Bessus:

And please your Grace this is she: Charge, will you come near the Princess?

Panthea:

You're welcome from your Country, and this land shall shew unto you all the kindness that I
can make it; what's your name?

Spaconia:

Spaconia.

Panthea:

You are very welcome, you have got a letter to put you to me?

Bessus:

Madam, I dare give my word for her, and for honesty, she came along with me, and many
favours she did me by the way, but by this light none but what she might do with modesty, to
a Captain of my rank.

Panthea:

Why Captain, here's no body thinks otherwise.

Bessus:

Nay, if you should, your Grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from
Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I
may sink where I stand.

Spaconia:

Above my knee?

Bessus:

No, you know I did not, and if any man will say, I did, this sword shall answer; Nay, I'll
defend the reputation of my charge whilst I live, your Grace shall understand I am secret in
these businesses, and know how to defend a Ladies honour.

Spaconia:

I hope your Grace knows her so well already, I shall not need to tell you she's vain and
foolish.

Bessus:

I you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world; and so I take my leave of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am likewise glad to see your Lordship well.

Bacurius:

O Captain Bessus, I thank you, I would speak with you anon.

Bessus:

When you please, I will attend your Lordship.

Bacurius:

Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Panthea:

Good Bacurius.

[Exeunt Bessus and Bacurius]

Gobrias:

Madam what writes his Majesty to you?

Panthea:

O my Lord, the kindest words, I'll keep 'em whilst I live, here in my bosom, there's no art in 'em, they lie disordered in this paper, just as hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gobrias:

And to me he writes what tears of joy he shed to hear how you were grown in every virtuous way, and yields all thanks to me, for that dear care which I was bound to have in training you, there is no Princess living that enjoys a brother of that worth.

Panthea:

My Lord, no maid longs more for any thing,
And feels more heat and cold within her breast,
Than I do now, in hopes to see him.

Gobrias:

Yet I wonder much
At this he writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same Captive Prince,
And if he loves you as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

Panthea:

And so he will my Lord, I warrant you, he will but offer and give me the power to take or leave.

Gobrias:

Trust me, were I a Lady, I could not like that man were bargain'd with before I choose him.

Panthea:

But I am not built on such wild humours, if I find him worthy, he is not less because he's offer'd.

Spaconia:

'Tis true, he is not, would he would seem less.

Gobrias:

I think there's no Lady can affect
Another Prince, your brother standing by;
He doth Eclipse men's virtues so with his.

Spaconia:

I know a Lady may, and more I fear Another Lady will.

Panthea:

Would I might see him.

Gobrias:

Why so you shall, my businesses are great,
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

Panthea:

I thank you good my Lord.

Gobrias:

You will be ready Madam.

Panthea:

Yes.

[Exit Gobrias]

Spaconia:

I do beseech you Madam, receive from me
A few sad words, which set against your joys

May make 'em shine the more.
I kneel a stranger here to beg a thing
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant,
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a begger should entreat a King
To leave his Scepter, and his Throne to him
And take his rags to wander o're the world
Hungry and cold.

Panthea:
That were a strange request.

Spaconia:
As ill is mine.

Panthea:
Then do not utter it.

Spaconia:
Alas 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, and granted, or I die:
I would you were not fair, nor wise, for in your ill consists my good: if you were foolish, you
would hear my prayer, if foul, you had not power to hinder me: he would not love you.

Panthea:
What's the meaning of it?

Spaconia:
Your brother brings a Prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him, gives away her self
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: and so mad is my demand
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.

Panthea:
Trust me I could weep rather, for I have found
In all thy words a strange disjointed sorrow.

Spaconia:

I charge you as you have pity, stop these tender ears from his enchanting voice, close up those eyes, that you may neither catch a dart from him, nor he from you; I charge you as you hope to live in quiet; for when I am dead, for certain I will walk to visit him if he break promise with me: for as fast as Oaths without a formal Ceremony can make me, I am to him.

Panthea:

Then be fearless;
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him; Dry your eyes,
I swear you shall enjoy him still for me,
I will not hinder you.

Spaconia:

Good my lady!

Panthea:

I will never do you wrong, what good I can, I will, think not my birth or education such, that I should injure a stranger virgin; you are welcome hither, in company you wish to be commanded, but when we are alone, I shall be ready to be your servant.

[Exit Panthea and Spaconia.]

SCENE 5

Flourish, Enter Arbaces, Mardonias, Bacurius with Tigranes, Gobrias, Bessus, Messenger

Arbaces:

I thank you all, now are my joys at full, when I behold you safe, my loving Subjects; by you I grow, 'tis your united love that lifts me to this height: all the account that I can render you for all the love you have bestowed on me, all your expenses to maintain my war, is but a little word, you will imagine 'tis slender payment, yet 'tis such a word, as is not to be bought but with your bloods, 'tis Peace.

[Applause]

Arbaces:

See all good people, I have brought the man whose very name you fear'd, a captive home; behold him, 'tis Tigranes. Let me beg of you, not to revile this Prince, in whom there dwells all worth of which the name of a man is capable, valour beyond compare, the terror of his name has stretcht itself where ever there is sun; and yet for you I fought with him single, and won him too; I made his valor stoop, and brought that name soar'd to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall beneath mine: this inspir'd with all your loves, I did perform, and will for your content, be ever ready for a greater work. God keep you all.

Tigranes:

So he has made me amends now with a speech in commendation of himself: I would not be so vain-glorious.

[Exit all but Arbaces and Gobias]

Arbaces:

My Sister take it ill?

Gobrias:

Not very ill.

Something unkindly she does take it Sir to have
Her Husband chosen to her hands.

Arbaces:

Why Gobrias let her, I must have her know, my will and not her own must govern her: what will she marry with some slave at home?

Gobrias:

O she is far from any stubbornness, you much mistake her, and no doubt will like where you would have her, but when you behold her, you will be loath to part with such a jewel.

Arbaces:

To part with her? why Gobrias, art thou mad? she is my Sister.

Gobrias:

Sir, I know she is: but it were pity to make poor our Land, with such a beauty to enrich another.

Arbaces:

Were she my Father and my Mother too, and all the names for which we think folks friends, she should be forc't to have him when I know 'tis fit: I will not hear her say she's loath.

Gobrias:

She will not need constraint, she loves you so.

Arbaces:

How does she love me, speak?

Gobrias:

She loves you more than people love their health, that live by labour; more than I could love a man that died for me, if he could live again.

Arbaces:

She is not like her mother then.

Gobrias:

O no, when you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first on every little scratch,
She kept her Chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well, and many times the news
Was so long coming, that before we heard
She was as near her death, as you your health.

Arbaces:

Alas poor soul, but yet she must be rul'd;
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her, have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?

Gobrias:

Sir I have.

[Enter Messenger and Tigranes.]

Messenger:

Sir, here is the Armenian King.

Arbaces:

He's welcome.

Messenger:

And the Queen-mother, and the Princess wait without.

Arbaces:

Good Gobrias bring 'em in.

[Exit Gobrias]

Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd
In a strange Land, where Mothers cast to poyson
Their only Sons; think you you shall be safe?

Tigranes:

Too safe I am Sir.

[Enter Arane, Bacurius, Mardonia and Bessus]

Arane:

As low as this I bow to you, and would
As low as is my grave, to shew a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.

Arbaces:

O stand up,
And let me kneel, the light will be ashamed
To see observance done to me by you.

Arane:

You are my King.

Arbaces:

You are my Mother;
As far be all your faults from your own soul,
As from my memory; then you shall be
As white as innocence her self.

Arane:

I came
Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge
My sorrows for my sins; longer to stay
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame, that power that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still.

Arbaces:

Your own desires shall be your guide.

[Exit Arane, Enter Panthea, Spaconia, and Gobrias]

Gobrias:

Your majesty, the princess Panthea.

Panthea:

Now let me die, since I have seen my Lord the King
Return in safety, I have seen all good that life
Can shew me; I have ne're another wish
For Heaven to grant, nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

Gobrias:

Why does not your Majesty speak?

Arbaces:

To whom?

Gobrias:

To the Princess.

Panthea:

Alas Sir, I am fearful, you do look
On me, as if I were some loathed thing
That you were finding out a way to shun.

Gobrias:

Sir, you should speak to her.

Arbaces:

Ha?

Panthea:

I know I am unworthy, yet with which innocence here I will kneel, till I am one with earth,
but I will gain some words and kindness from you.

Tigranes:

Will you speak Sir?

Arbaces:

Speak, am I what I was?
What art thou that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? shew forth thy self:
if thou beest Love be gone:
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast.
Away!

Tigranes:

O misery! why should he be so slow?
There can no falsehood come of loving her;
I would he would present me to her quickly.

Panthea:

Will you not speak at all? are you so far
From kind words? yet to save my modesty,

That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb, say something, though it be
Poyson'd with anger, that it may strike me dead.

Mardonia:

Have you no life at all? for man-hood sake
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus;
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

Arbaces:

You mean this Lady: lift her from the earth; why do you let her kneel so long? Alas, Madam,
your beauty uses to command, and not to beg. What is your sute to me? it shall be granted, yet
the time is short, and my affairs are great: but where's my Sister? I bade she should be
brought.

Mardonia:

What, is he mad?

Arbaces:

Gobrias, where is she?

Gobrias:

Sir.

Arbaces:

Where is she man?

Gobrias:

Do you not see her there?

Arbaces:

Where?

Gobrias:

There.

Arbaces:

There, where?

Mardonia:

S'light, there, are you blind?

Arbaces:

Which do you mean, that little one?

Gobrias:

No Sir.

Arbaces:

No Sir? why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning Lady.

Gobrias:

That's she.

Arbaces:

Away.

Gobrias:

Sir, it is she.

Arbaces:

'Tis false.

Gobrias:

Is it?

Arbaces:

As hell, by Heaven, as false as hell,
My Sister: is she dead? if it be so,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this:
I see you all are mute and stand amaz'd,
Fearful to answer me; you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man; we all must die,
And she hath taught us how.

Gobrias:

Do not mistake,
And vex your self for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off, I hope: 'Tis she!

Arbaces:

It cannot be.

Tigranes:

Pish, this is tedious,
I cannot hold, I must present my self,
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to sin.

Arbaces:

Away,
No more of this; here I pronounce him Traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my Sister, 'tis a lie,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your King; he that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword and sheath it here,
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be;
If she were ever, I create her none:
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with: come and answer me,
Thee that is boldest now; is that my Sister?

Mardonia:

O this is fine.

Bessus:

No marry, she is not, an't please your Majesty,
I never thought she was, she's nothing like you.

Arbaces:

No 'tis true, she is not.

Mardonia:

Thou shou'dst be hang'd.

Panthea:

Sir, I will speak but once; by the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead, and so much love
A stranger may importune, pray you do;
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other Family,
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live

Like sinful issues that are left in streets
By their regardless Mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.

Arbaces:

I will hear no more,
Why should there be such music in a voice,
And sin for me to hear it?
You are fair and wise
And virtuous I think, and he is blest
That is so near you as a brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease;
Continual torment without hope of ease.

Panthea:

I would I were past speaking.

Gobrias:

Fear not Madam,
The King will alter, 'tis some sudden rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.

Panthea:

Pray heaven it do.

Tigranes:

Madam, a stranger, and a pris'ner begs
To be bid welcome.

Panthea:

You are welcome, Sir,
I think, but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so: for I am here a stranger,
Greater than you; we know from whence you come,
But I appear a lost thing.

Spaconia:

O, I fear
Tigranes will be caught, he looks, me-thinks,
As he would change his eyes with her; some help
There is above for me, I hope.

Tigranes:

Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter things that mis-become your looks,
Acknowledge yourself mine.

Arbaces:

How now?

Tigranes:

And then see if you want an owner.

Arbaces:

They are talking.

Tigranes:

Nations shall own you for their Queen.

Arbaces:

Tigranes, art not thou my prisoner?

Tigranes:

I am.

Arbaces:

And who is this?

Tigranes:

She is your Sister.

Arbaces:

She is so.

Mardonia:

Is she so again? that's well.

Arbaces:

And then how dare you offer to change words with her?

Tigranes:

Dare do it! Why? you brought me hither Sir,
To that intent.

Arbaces:

Perhaps I told you so,
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life; rule your disordered tongue,
Or I will temper it.

Spaconia:

Blest be the breath.

Tigranes:

Temper my tongue! such incivilities
As these, no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the laws of Nature, and of Nations,
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft: my tongue be temper'd? I must speak
If thunder check me, and I will.

Arbaces:

You will?

Tigranes:

Do not fear his frown, dear Madam, hear me.

Arbaces:

Fear not my frown?
Away with him to prison: Why delay you?
Seize him Bacurius, you shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind, and all it grapples with,
Are as the chaffe before it.

Tigranes:

Touch me not.

Arbaces:

Help there.

Tigranes:

Away.

Messenger:

It is in vain to struggle.

Bacurius:

Sir, you must pardon us, we must obey.

Arbaces:

Why do you dally there? drag him away
By any thing.

Bacurius:

Come Sir.

Tigranes:

Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off; This is tyranny,
Arbaces, Thou mightst as well
Search i'th' deep of Winter through the snow
For half starv'd people, to bring home with thee,
To shew 'em fire, and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.

Arbaces:

Let him be close, Bacurius.

[Exeunt Tigranes, Messenger, And Bacurius]

Spaconia:

I ne're rejoyc'd at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment: what shall become
Of me forsaken?

Gobrias:

You will not let your Sister
Depart thus discontented from you, Sir?

Arbaces:

By no means Gobrias, I have done her wrong,
You did kneel to me,
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,
And like a god incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers: behold, I kneel to you,
Shew a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will suffer it, yet at the last forgive me.

Panthea:

If you be in earnest,
Stand up and give me but a gentle look,
And two kind words, and I shall be in heaven.

Arbaces:

Rise you then to hear; I acknowledge thee
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The best of Sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me.

Panthea:

This is better
Than if you had not frown'd, it comes to me,
Like mercy at the block.

Arbaces:

Then thus I do salute thee (*kisses hand*), and again, (*kisses other hand*)
To make this knot the stronger, Paradise
Is there: It may be you are yet in doubt,
This third kiss blots it out, (*kisses forehead*) I wade in sin,
And foolishly intice my self along;
Take her away, see her a prisoner
In her own chamber closely, Gobrias.

Panthea:

Alas Sir, why?

Arbaces:

I must not stay the answer, do it.

Gobrias:

Good Sir.

Arbaces:

No more, do it I say.

Panthea:

Yet hear me speak.

Arbaces:

I will not hear you speak,
Away with her, let no man think to speak
For such a creature; for she is a witch,
A prisoner, and a Traitor.

Gobrias:

Madam, this office grieves me.

Panthea:

Nay, 'tis well the king is pleased with it.

Arbaces:

Bessus, go you along too with her; I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long; but I am desperately sick,
For she has given me poison in a kiss;
And with her eyes
She witches people: go without a word.

[Exeunt Gobrias, Panthea, Bessus, and Spaconia.]

Why should you that have made me stand in war
Like fate it self, cutting what threds I pleas'd,
Decree such an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? Incest is in me
Dwelling already, and it must be holy
That pulls it thence, where art Mardonia?

Mardonia:

Here Sir.

Arbaces:

I pray thee bear me, if thou canst,
Am I not grown a strange weight?

Mardonia:

As you were.

Arbaces:

No heavier?

Mardonias:

No Sir.

Arbaces:

Why, my legs

Refuse to bear my body.

Mardonias:

Pray you go rest your self.

Arbaces:

Wilt thou hereafter when they talk of me,

As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,

Remember some good things?

Mardonias:

Yes I will.

Arbaces:

I pray thee do: for thou shalt never see me so again.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE 6

[Enter Bessus alone.]

Bessus:

They talk of fame, I have gotten it in the wars. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in Cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which no body knows but Mardonias, and I think she conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the Town a young person, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts perswaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meat, which I did, and they beat me: then would I fast two days, till my hunger cri'd out on me, rail still, then me-thought I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. I, this state I continu'd till they hung me up by th' heels, and beat me wi' hazel sticks. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: for the whole Kingdom took notice of me for a baffl'd whipt soldier, and what I said was remembred in mirth but never in anger, of which I was glad; I would it were at that pass again. After this, heaven calls an Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a cousins hand for me, who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money and sent me into Armenia with 'em: Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonias cudgel'd me; yet I got loose at last, but was so fraid, that I saw no more than my

shoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongst my Enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young captain, but now I am improv'd, a Plague on their eloquence, 't will cost me many a beating; And Mardonias might help this too, if she would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly worthily, as they call it by the way of challenge.

Messenger:

Good morrow, Captain Bessus.

Bessus:

Good morrow Madam.

Messenger:

I come to speak with you.

Bessus:

You're very welcome.

Messenger:

From one that holds herself wrong'd by you some three years since: your worth she says is fam'd, and she doth nothing doubt but you will do her right, as beseems a soldier.

Bessus:

A pox on 'em, so they cry all.

Messenger:

And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me.

Bessus:

'Tis a challenge Madam, is it not?

Messenger:

'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bessus:

An inviting? O Madam your Mercy, what a Complement she delivers it with? She might as agreeable to my nature present me poison with such a speech: um um um reputation, um um um call you to account, um um um with my Sword, um um um like a Soldier, um um um my honor, um um um satisfaction: 'Tis very well Madam, I do accept it, but she must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

Messenger:

Why Captain, she would be glad to wipe off this stain as soon as she could.

Bessus:

Madam upon my credit I am already engag'd to two hundred, and twelve, all which must have their stains wip'd off, if that be the word, before her.

Messenger:

Captain, if you be truly engag'd but to one, she shall stay a competent time.

Bessus:

Upon my faith Madam, to two hundred and twelve, and I have a spent body, too much bruise'd in battle, so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a day: All the kindness I can shew her, is to set her resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth person, which is something, for I tell you, I think there will be more after her, than before her, I think so; pray you commend me to her, and tell her this.

Messenger:

I will Captain, good morrow to you.

[Exit Messenger]

Bessus:

Good morrow good Madam. Certainly my safest way were to print my self a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post; I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours, marry all but the first I put off with engagement, and by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I. I do find evidently, that there is some one Scrivener in this Town, that has a great hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a cut, they all end, my reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction: Who's there? more paper I hope, no, 'tis my Lord Bacurius, I fear all is not well betwixt us.

[Enter Bacurius.]

Bacurius:

Now Captain Bessus, I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: you know you were a coward.

Bessus:

Very right.

Bacurius:

And wronged me.

Bessus:

True my Lord.

Bacurius:

But now people will call you valiant, desertlesly I think, yet for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

Bessus:

O my good Lord, my deep Engagements.

Bacurius:

Tell not me of your Engagements, Captain Bessus, it is not to be put off with an excuse: for my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from Coward.

Bessus:

My Lord, I seek not Quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintain it.

Bacurius:

Who then pray?

Bessus:

Bessus the Coward wrong'd you.

Bacurius:

Right.

Bessus:

And shall Bessus the Valiant, maintain what Bessus the Coward did?

Bacurius:

I pray thee leave these cheating tricks, I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shall be beaten extreamly, and kick'd.

Bessus:

My Lord, this is not Noble in you.

Bacurius:

What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

Bessus:

My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a Coward.

Bacurius:

When thou wert? Confess thy self a Coward still, or by this light, I'll beat thee into Spunge.

Bessus:
Why I am one.

Bacurius:
Are you so Captain? And why do you wear a Sword then?
Come unbuckle.

Bessus:
My Lord.

Bacurius:
Unbuckle I say, and give it me, or as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Bessus:
It is a pretty Hilt, and if your Lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you for a New-years-gift.

Bacurius:
I thank you very heartily, sweet Captain, farewell.

[Exit Bacurius and Bessus, separately]

SCENE 7

[Enter Mardonias.]

Mardonias:
I'll move the King, he is most strangely alter'd: he has followed me through twenty Rooms; and ever when I stay to wait his command, he blushes like a Girl, and looks upon me, as if modesty kept in his business: so turns away from me, but if I go on, he follows me again.

[Enter Arbaces.]

See, here he is. How do you Sir?

Arbaces:
Why very well Mardonias, how dost thou do?

Mardonias:
Better than you I fear.

Arbaces:
I hope thou art; for to be plain with thee,
Thou art in Hell else, secret scorching flames

That far transcend earthly material fires
Are crept into me, and there is no cure.
Is it not strange Mardonias, there's no cure?

Mardonias:

Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid
That you would utter to me.

Arbaces:

So there is, but yet I cannot do it.

Mardonias:

Out with it Sir, if it be dangerous, I will not shrink to do you service, let me but know what I
shall do for you.

Arbaces:

It will not out: were you with Gobrias,
And bade him give my Sister all content
The place affords, and give her leave to send
And speak to whom she please?

Mardonias:

Yes Sir, I was.

Arbaces:

And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?

Mardonias:

Yes.

Arbaces:

That's all my business.

Mardonias:

O say not so,
You had an answer of this before.

Arbaces:

Come thou shalt have it out, I do beseech thee
By all the love thou hast profest to me,
To see my Sister from me.

Mardonias:

Well, and what?

Arbaces:

That's all.

Mardonias:

That's strange, I shall say nothing to her?

Arbaces:

Not a word;

But if thou lovest me, find some subtil way
To make her understand by signs.

Mardonias:

But what shall I make her understand?

Arbaces:

Bear her this Ring then, and
One more advice, thou shall speak to her:
Tell her I do love My kindred all: wilt thou?

Mardonias:

Is there no more?

Arbaces:

O yes and her the best;
Better than any Brother loves his Sister: That's all.

Mardonias:

Methinks this need not have been delivered with such a caution;
I'll do it.

Arbaces:

There is more yet,
Wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mardonias:

Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

Arbaces:

I love her better than a Brother ought;
Dost thou conceive me?

Mardonia:

I hope I do not Sir.

Arbaces:

No, thou art dull, kneel down before her,
And ne'r rise again, till she will love me.

Mardonia:

Why, I think she does.

Arbaces:

But better than she does, another way;
As wives love Husbands.

Mardonia:

Why, I think there are few Wives that love their
Husbands better than she does you.

Arbaces:

Thou wilt not understand me: is it fit
This should be uttered plainly? take it then
Naked as it is: I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To do a sin that needs must damn us both,
And thee too: dost thou understand me now?

Mardonia:

Yes, there's your Ring again; what have I done
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a business to me?

Arbaces:

Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst do it?

Mardonia:

Yes; if I undertook it, but if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd
In such a case to save my last life.

Arbaces:

O guilt! ha how poor and weak a thing art thou!
This captain that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow upon the world, might beat me here

Having this cause, hear Mardonia,
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.

Mardonia:

Heaven grant you may be so: you must understand, nothing that you can utter, can remove my love and service from my Prince. But otherwise, I think I shall not love you more. For you are sinful, and if you do this crime, you ought to have no Laws. For after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender for any crime. The Gods preserve you, and mend.

Arbaces:

Mardonia, stay Mardonia, for though
My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepar'd
For every wicked act, yet who does know
But that my loathed Fate may turn about,
And I have use for honest men again?
I hope I may, I prithee leave me not.

[Enter Bessus.]

Bessus:

Where is the King?

Mardonia:

Away you fool, the King is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Arbaces:

No, let her stay Mardonia, let her stay,
I have occasion with her very weighty,
And I can spare you now.

Mardonia:

Sir?

Arbaces:

Why I can spare you now.

Bessus:

Mardonia give way to these State affairs.

Mardonias:

Indeed you are fitter for this present purpose.

[Exit Mardonias]

Arbaces:

Bessus, I should employ thee, wilt thou do't?

Bessus:

Do't for you? by this Air I will do any thing without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arbaces:

Do not swear.

Bessus:

By this light but I will, any thing whatsoever.

Arbaces:

But I shall name the thing,
Thy Conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bessus:

I would fain hear that thing.

Arbaces:

Why I would have thee get my Sister for me?
Thou understandst me, in a wicked manner.

Bessus:

O you would have a bout with her?
I'll do't, I'll do't, I'faith.

Arbaces:

Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, thou may'st yet
Corrupt me further: pray thee answer me,
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

Bessus:

Why your Majesty looks as well in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

Arbaces:

But thou appear'st to me after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed detestable thing
That I ever met with. Thou hast eyes
Like the flames of Sulphur, and thou hast a mouth
where there do stand Four rows of Iron Teeth.

Bessus:

I feel no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I look, I'll do my business as well as they that look better, and when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your Mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

Arbaces:

My Mother! Heaven forgive me to hear this,
I am inspir'd with horror: now I hate thee
Worse than my sin, which if I could come by
Should suffer death Eternal ne're to rise
In any breast again. Know I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve, I shall,
E're I will deal by such an instrument:
Thou art too sinful to employ in this;
Out of the World, away.

(Beats him)

Bessus:

What do you mean, Sir?

Arbaces:

If there were no such instruments as thou,
We Kings could never act such wicked deeds:
Away I say, I will not do this sin.

[Exit Bessus.

I'll press it here, till it do break my breast,
It heaves to get out, but thou art a sin,
And spight of torture I will keep thee in.

[Exeunt

INTERMISSION.

ACT TWO.

SCENE 8

[Enter Gobrias, Panthea, and Spaconia.]

Gobrias:

Have you written Madam?

Panthea:

Yes, good Gobrias.

Gobrias:

And with a kindness, and such winning words
As may provoke him, at one instant feel
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?

Panthea:

I have sent words enough, if words may win him
From his displeasure; and such words I hope,
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em—

Gobrias:

Good Lady be not fearful; your Royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How far he has been asunder from himself;
Must from those roots of vertue, shoot again
Into a thousand glories. He loves you dearly.

Panthea:

I believe it.
But howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly:
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witness with me and my faith,
I had rather live intomb'd here.

Gobrias:

You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief,
I am sorry 'tis so sharp, I kiss your hand,
And this night will deliver this true story,
With this hand to your Brother.

Panthea:

Peace go with you, you are a good man.

[Exit Gobrias]

My Spaconia, why are you ever sad thus?

Spaconia:

O dear Lady.

Panthea:

Prithee discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me, our two sorrows
Work like two eager Hawks, who shall get highest;
How shall I lessen thine?

Spaconia:

Heaven comfort both,
And give you happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

Panthea:

This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters: good Spaconia
How shall I do you service?

Spaconia:

Noblest Lady,
You make me more a slave still to your goodness,
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.

Panthea:

Speak it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a virtue,
No ill demand has issue.

Spaconia:

Then ever virtuous, let me beg your word
In helping me to see the Prince Tigranes,
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.

Panthea:

More than my word Spaconia, you shall carry,
For fear it fail you.

Spaconia:

Dare you trust a Token?
Madam I fear I am grown too bold a begger.

Panthea:

You are a pretty one, and trust me Lady
It joyes me, I shall do a good to you,
Though to my self I never shall be happy:
Here, take this Ring, and from me as a Token
Deliver it; I think they will not stay you:
So all your own desires go with you Lady.

Spaconia:

And sweet peace to your Grace.

Panthea:

Pray Heaven I find it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE 9

[Enter Tigranes, in prison.]

Tigranes:

Fool that I am, I have undone my self,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one: I have childishly
Plaid with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't; O Spaconia!
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now,
Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? O thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, Couldst thou find no Lady
to abuse,
But she that lov'd thee ever? poor Spaconia,
And so much lov'd thee, that in honesty
And honour thou art bound to meet her virtues:
She that left her liberty, her name,
And Country, you have paid me equal, Heavens,

And sent my own rod to correct me with;
Lay it on justice, till my soul melt in me
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting
Upon a new face: after all my oaths
I feel my old fire flame again and burn
So strong and violent, that should I see her
Again, the grief and that would kill me.

[Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.]

Bacurius:

Lady, your token I acknowledge, you may pass;
There is the King.

Spaconia:

I thank your Lordship for it.

[Exit Bacurius]

Tigranes:

She comes, she comes, shame hide me ever from her,
Would I were buried, or so far remov'd
Light might not find me out, I dare not see her.

Spaconia:

Nay never hide your self; or were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her Center;
My wrongs without more day would light me to you:
I must speak e're I die; were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, y'are a perjur'd man,
And only mighty in your wickedness
Of wronging women. Thou art false, false Prince;
I live to see it, poor Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more;
Thy faith is firm as raging over-flowes,
That no bank can command; as lasting
As boys gay bubbles, blown i'th' Air and broken:
The wind is fixt to thee: Thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
O let it spare me in it, lest true lovers
In pity of my wrong, burn thy black Legend,
And with their curses, shake thy sleeping ashes.

Tigranes:

No! oh!

Spaconia:

The destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends, that thou maist die for love,
Though not for me; for this assure thy self,
The Princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a Bull, a satyr
Than such a beast as thou art: I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrow me for't; Sir,
This sorrow works me like a cunning friendship,
Alas, I have been too rugged: Dear my Lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, good Sir, be pleas'd
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And do as I will do, forgive it Prince.
I do, and can forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of; pray believe.

Tigranes:

O my Spaconia! O thou virtuous woman!

Spaconia:

Nay, more, the King Sir.

[Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, Mardonia.]

Arbaces:

Have you been careful of our noble Prisoner,
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?

Bacurius:

I hope his grace will quit me for my care Sir.

Arbaces:

'Tis well, royal Tigranes, health.

Tigranes:

More than the strictness of this place can give Sir,
I offer back again to great Arbaces.

Arbaces:

We thank you worthy Prince, and pray excuse us,
We have not seen you since your being here,
I hope your noble usage has been equal
With your own person: your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say is easy,
And shall not last two dayes.

Tigranes:

I thank you;
My usage here has been the same it was,
Worthy a royal Conqueror. For my restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd for;
But I must bear it.

Arbaces:

What Lady's that? Bacurius?

Bacurius:

One of the Princess' women, Sir.

Arbaces:

I fear'd it, why comes she hither?

Bacurius:

To speak with the Prince Tigranes.

Arbaces:

From whom, Bacurius?

Bacurius:

From the Princess, Sir.

Arbaces:

I knew I had seen her.

Mardonia:

His fit begins to take him now again,
Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly!

Arbaces:

I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his own ends, why did you let her in?

Bacurius:

It was your own command to barr none from him,
Besides, the Princess sent her ring Sir, for my warrant.

Arbaces:

A token to Tigranes, did she not?
Sir tell truth.

Bacurius:

I do not use to lie Sir, and I think, This is no token Sir.

Arbaces:

I am trifled with.

Bacurius:

Sir?

Arbaces:

I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mardonia:

Now the clap comes.

Bacurius:

You never knew me so, Sir I dare speak it,
And durst a worse man tell me, though my better—

Mardonia:

'Tis well said, by my soul.

Arbaces:

Sirra, you answer as you had no life.

Bacurius:

That I fear Sir to lose nobly.

Arbaces:

I say Sir, once again.

Bacurius:

You may say what you please, Sir,
Would I might do so.

Arbaces:

I will, Sir, and say openly, this woman carries letters,
By my life I know she carries letters, this woman does it.

Mardonias:

Would Bessus were here to take her aside and search her, She would quickly tell you what she carried Sir.

Arbaces:

Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

Tigranes:

Do, What Sir? I reach you not.

Arbaces:

It shall not serve your turn, Prince.

Tigranes:

Be plainer, good Sir.

Arbaces:

This woman shall carry no more letters back to your
Love Panthea, by Heaven she shall not, I say she shall not.

Mardonias:

This would make a Saint swear like a soldier.

Tigranes:

This beats me more, King, than the blowes you gave me.

Arbaces:

Take'em away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept, or Sirra, your life shall answer it, and let no body speak with'em hereafter.

Tigranes:

Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions:
This is the imprisonment I have look'd for always.
And the dearer place I would choose.

[Exeunt Tigranes, Spaconia, and Bacurius]

Mardonias:

Sir, you have done well now.

Arbaces:

Dare you reprove it?

Mardonias:

No.

Arbaces:

You must be crossing me.

Mardonias:

I have no letters Sir to anger you,
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the Ignorant.

Arbaces:

How darst thou so often forfeit thy life?
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

Mardonias:

Yes, and I know you would not, or if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

Arbaces:

Why?

Mardonias:

Who shall tell you of these childish follies
When I am dead? who shall put to her power
To draw those virtues out of a flood of ill humors,
When they are drown'd, and make'em shine again?
No, cut my head off:
Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse,
And have your too self-glorious temper rot
Into a deep sleep, and the Kingdom with you,
Till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter
Be every where about you like your flatterers.
Do, kill me.

Arbaces:

Prithee be tamer, good Mardonias,
Thou know'st I love thee, nay I honour thee,
But I am rack'd clean from my self, bear with me,

Woot thou bear with me my Mardonia?

[Enter Gobrias.]

Mardonia:

There comes a good man, love him too, he's temperate,
You may live to have need of such a virtue,
Rage is not still in fashion.

Arbaces:

Welcome good Gobrias.

Gobrias:

My service and this letter to your Grace.

Arbaces:

From whom?

Gobrias:

From the rich Mine of virtue and beauty,
Your mournful Sister.

Arbaces:

She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?

Gobrias:

She is Sir, till your pleasure to enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh 'tis not fit,
That all the sweetness of the world
Should live thus cloistred up; for your loves sake,
If there be any in that noble heart,
To her a wretched Lady, and forlorn,
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As nature and obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties.

Arbaces:

Pray thee stand up; 'Tis true, she is too fair,
And all these commendations but her own,
Would thou had'st never so commended her.

Gobrias:

Good Captain, read her Letter.

Mardonias:

This Love, or what a devil it is I know not, begets more mischief than a Wake. He that had seen this brave fellow Charge through a grove of Pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'r believe his eyes again: if he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

Arbaces:

Alas, she would be at liberty.
And there be a thousand reasons Gobrias,
Thousands that will deny't:
Which if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is: and bless her virtues for it.

Gobrias:

Then good Sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her and with reason make her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arbaces:

I will; go bring her to me.

[Exeunt

SCENE 10

[Enter Bessus, And two Swordsmen

Bessus:

Gentlemen o'th' Sword,
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

First Swordsman:

We understand our selves Captain.

Bessus:

Nay Gentlemen, and dear friends o'th' Sword,
No complement I pray, but to the cause
I hang upon, which in few, is my honour.

Second Swordsman:

You cannot hang too much Captain, for your honour,
But to your cause.

Bessus:

Be wise, and speak truth, my first doubt is,
My beating by my Prince.

First Swordsman:

Stay there a little Captain, do you doubt a beating?
Or have you had a beating by your Prince?

Bessus:

Gentlemen o'th' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

Second Swordsman:

Brother, what think you of this case?

First Swordsman:

If he has beaten her, the case is clear.

Second Swordsman:

If he have beaten her, I grant the case;
But how? we cannot be too subtil in this business,
I say, but how?

Bessus:

Even with his Royal hand.

First Swordsman:

Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

Bessus:

'Twas twenty blows of indignation, Gentlemen,
Besides two blows o'th' face.

Second Swordsman:

Those blows o'th' face have made a new cause on't,
The rest were but an horrible rudeness.

First Swordsman:

Two blows o'th' face, and given by a worse man, I must confess, as the Sword-men say, had turn'd the business: Mark me brother, by a worse man; but being by her Prince, had they been ten, and those ten drawn teeth, besides the hazard of her nose for ever; all this had been but favours: this is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

Second Swordsman:

The King may do much Captain, believe it; for had he crackt your Scull through, like a bottle, or broke a Rib or two with tossing of you, yet you had lost no honour: This is strange you may imagine, but this is truth now Captain.

Bessus:

I will be glad to embrace it Gentlemen;
But how far may he strike me?

First Swordsman:

There is another: a new cause rising from the time and distance, in which I will deliver my opinion: he may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten: for these are natural to man: your Prince, I say, may beat you, so far forth as his dominion reacheth, that's for the distance; the time, ten miles a day, I take it.

Second Swordsman:

Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a day,
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bessus:

'Tis the longest, but we subjects must—

First Swordsman:

Be subject to it; you are wise and virtuous.

Bessus:

Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body;
I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen o'th' Sword.

Second Swordsman:

No trouble at all to us Captain, if we may
Profit your understanding, we are bound
By virtue of our calling to utter our opinions,
Shortly, and discreetly.

Bessus:

My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

Second Swordsman:

How far Captain?

Bessus:

Not to flatter my self in it, all over, my sword forc'd but not lost; for discreetly I rendered it to save that imputation.

First Swordsman:

It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

Second Swordsman:

Brother, this is a pretty cause, pray ponder on't;
Our friend here has been kick'd.

First Swordsman:

She has so, brother.

Second Swordsman:

But our friend has redeem'd it in delivering
Her sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of her, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.
She should have kick'd him after the delivering
Which is the confirmation of a Coward.

First Swordsman:

Brother, I take it, you mistake the question;
For, say that I were kick'd.

Second Swordsman:

I must not say so;
Nor I must not hear it spoke by the tongue of man.
You kick'd, dear brother! you're merry.

First Swordsman:

But put the case I were kick'd?

Second Swordsman:

Let them put it that are things weary of their lives, and know not honour; put the case you were kick'd?

Bessus:

Nay Gentlemen, let us do what we shall do, to the question.

First Swordsman:

I say this must be granted, say I was kickt!

Second Swordsman:

This must be granted brother?

First Swordsman:

I, this must be granted.

Second Swordsman:

I, give me the must again, brother, you palter.

First Swordsman:

I will not hear you, wasp.

Second Swordsman:

Brother, I say you palter, the must three times together; I wear as sharp Steel as another man, and my Fox bites as deep, musted, my dear brother.

(they fight)

Bessus:

Nay look you Gentlemen.

Second Swordsman:

In a word, I ha' done.

First Swordsman:

A tall man but intemperate, 'tis great pity;
Once more suppose I am kick'd.

Second Swordsman:

Forward.

First Swordsman:

And I being thorowly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

Second Swordsman

So much for us; proceed.

First Swordsman:

And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Deliver up my weapon; where lies the error?

Bessus:

It lies i'th' beating Sir, I found it four dayes since.

Second Swordsman:

The error, and a sore one as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bessus:

I understand that well, 'tis so indeed Sir.

First Swordsman:

That is according to the man that did it.

Second Swordsman:

There springs a new branch, whose was the foot?

Bessus:

A Lords.

First Swordsman:

The cause is mighty, but had it been two Lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh, 'tis clear.

Bessus:

I did laugh,
But how will that help me, Gentlemen?

Second Swordsman:

Yes, it shall help you if you laught aloud.

Bessus:

As loud as a kick'd person could laugh, I laught Sir.

First Swordsman:

My reason now, the valiant man is known
By suffering and scorning; you have
Enough of both, therefore you are valiant.

Second Swordsman:

If she be sure she has been kick'd enough:
For that brave sufferance you speak of brother,
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, in a head rebuk'd
With pots of all size, This showes a valiant lady.

Bessus:

Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,
For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money,
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating,
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,
And almost all Religions.

Second Swordsman:

Embrace her brother, this captain is valiant,
I know it by my self, she's valiant.

First Swordsman:

Captain, thou art a valiant Gentlewoman,
To bide upon, a very valiant lady.

Bessus:

My equal friends o'th'Sword, I must request your hands to this.

Second Swordsman:

'Tis fit it should be.

Bessus:

I must request you go along and testify to the Lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me, how
you find my cause.

Second Swordsman:

We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,
Or there are those abroad, will rule his Lordship.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE 11

[Enter Arbaces at one door, and Gobrias and Panthea at another.]

Gobrias:

Sir, here's the Princess.

Arbaces:

Leave us then alone,
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but her self.

[Exit Gobrias

You're welcome Sister, and would to heaven
I could so bid you by another name:
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

Panthea

Sir, does it please you I should speak?

Arbaces:

Please me?
Aye, more than all the art of musick can,
Thy speech doth please me, for it ever sounds,
As thou brought'st joyfull unexpected news;
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard.
I pray thee think so.

Panthea:

Be it so, I will.
Am I the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.

Arbaces:

No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a serious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd
To hear thee largely, but I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me, for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.

Panthea:

Alas Sir, am I venom?

Arbaces:

Yes, to me; I pray thee draw no nearer to me.

Panthea:

Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus,
Is all I wish to know.

Arbaces:

Why credit me Panthea,
Credit me that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear, wilt thou but credit this?
By Heaven 'tis true, believe it if thou canst.

Panthea:

Children and fools are ever credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe;
If you dissemble, be it on your head;
I'll back unto my prison: yet me-thinks
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in my self, I find I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.

Arbaces:

Fie, you come in a step, what do you mean?
Dear sister, do not so: Alas Panthea,
Where I am would you be? Why that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.

Panthea:

Then I must endure it Sir, Heaven keep you.

Arbaces:

Nay, you shall hear the case in short Panthea,
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down like a Violet
Full of the mornings dew: There is a way
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,
Thou wouldst encounter fire,
Rather than follow it: Know that I have lost,

The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.

Panthea:
Heaven forbid!

Arbaces:
Nay 'tis gone;
And I am left as far without a bound,
As the wild Ocean, that obeys the winds;
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of, if thou dar'st consent to this,
Which I beseech thee do not, thou maist gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee; For heaven knows
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurle'em against me: for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

Panthea:
Far be it from me to revile the King:
But it is true, that I shall rather choose
To search out death Than welcome such a sin: It is my fate,
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; Peace enter you again.

Arbaces:
Farwell, and good Panthea pray for me.

Panthea:
Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us,
For I could wish as heartily as you
I were no sister to you, I should then
Imbrace your lawful love, sooner than health.

Arbaces:
Couldst thou love me then?

Panthea:

So perfectly,
That as it is, I ne're shall sway my heart,
To like another.

Arbaces:

Then I curse my birth,
Must this be added to my miseries
That thou art willing too? is there no stop
To our full happiness, but these meer sounds
Brother and Sister?

Panthea:

There is nothing else,
But these alas will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.

Arbaces:

I have liv'd
To conquer men and now am overthrown
Only by words Brother and Sister: where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em.

Panthea:

But 'tis not in the power of any force,
Or policy to conquer them.

Arbaces:

Panthea, What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here, and gaze our eyes out?

Panthea:

Would I could do so,
But I shall weep out mine.

Arbaces:

Accursed man,
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate,
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when every beast is free:
Who ever saw the Bull
Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd
Because they had one Dam?

Panthea:

Sir, I disturb you and my self too;
'Twere better I were gone.

Arbaces:

I will not be so foolish as I was,
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: Brothers and Sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so will we,
Come nearer: is there any hurt in this?

Panthea:

I hope not.

Arbaces:

Faith there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?

Panthea:

No by Heaven.

Arbaces:

Why yet you sent unto Tigranes, Sister.

Panthea:

True, but for another: for the truth—

Arbaces:

No more,
I'll credit thee, thou canst not lie,
Thou art all truth.

Panthea:

But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? methinks
Brothers and Sisters lawfully may kiss.

Arbaces:

And so they may Panthea, so will we, (*kiss*)
And kiss again too. (*kiss*)

Panthea:

We were too scrupulous,
And foolish, but we will be so no more. (*big kiss*)
If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter than yours.

Arbaces:

That is impossible, what shou'd we do?

Panthea:

Fly Sir, for Heavens sake!

Arbaces:

So we must away,
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[Exeunt several wayes.]

SCENE 12

[Enter Mardonia And Ligonias.]

Mardonia:

Madam, the King has seen your Commission, and believes it, and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit Prince Tigranes, your Noble Master.

Ligonias:

I thank his Grace and kiss his hand.

Mardonia:

But is the main of all your business ended in this?

Ligonias:

I have another, but a worse, I am asham'd, it is a business.
Captain you shall know I have lost a foolish Daughter,
And with her all my patience, pilfer'd away
By a mean Captain of your Kings.
This wretched being
Reaches no further than the empty name
That serves to feed her; were she valiant,
Or had but in her any noble nature
That might hereafter promise her a good soldier,

My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.

Mardonias:

I confess such Captains
Be in all Royal Camps. By description
I should now guess her to you, it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

Ligonias:

'Tis such a scurvie name as Bessus, and now I think 'tis she.

Mardonias:

A pox upon her,
Your Daughter was not mad Madam?

Ligonias:

No, would she had been,
The fault had had more credit.

Mardonias:

I would fain counsel you, but to what I know not, that Bessus is so below a beating, that to hang her were to cast away a Rope; she's such an airy, thin unbodyed Coward, that no revenge can catch her: she has been so beaten: there's not a Rib in 'er body o' my Conscience that has not been thrice broken with dry beating: and now her sides look like two Wicker Targets, every way bended; I cannot in a week imagine what shall be done to her.

Ligonias:

Sure I have committed some great sin
That this captain should be made my Rod,
I would see her, but I shall have no patience.

Mardonias:

'Tis no great matter if you have not: and I'll help you to her. (*voices offstage*) Here comes the very person of her, do as you shall find your temper, I must leave you: but if you do not break her like a Bisket, you are much to blame Madam.

[Exit Mardonias]

[Enter Bessus And the Swordsmen.]

Ligonias:

Is your name Bessus?

Bessus:

They call me Captain Bessus.

Ligonia:

Then Captain Bessus, you are a rank rascal, without more exordiums, and with the favor of your friends here I will beat you.

Second Swordsman

Pray use your pleasure, Madam.

You seem to be a Gentlewoman.

Ligonia:

Thus Captain Bessus, thus; thus twing your nose, thus kick, thus tread you.

Bessus:

I do beseech you yield your cause Madam quickly.

Ligonia:

Indeed I should have told that first.

Bessus:

I take it so.

First Swordsman

Captain, she should indeed, she is mistaken.

Ligonia:

Captain, you shall have it quickly, and more beating, you have stolen away a Lady, Captain Coward, and you shall pay for it...

[beats her.

Bessus:

Hold, I beseech you, hold Madam, I never yet stole any living thing that had a tooth about it.

Ligonia:

I know you dare lie. Where is this Lady? do that you do not use to do; tell truth, or by my hand, I'll beat your Captains brains out, wash'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

Bessus:

There was a Lady Madam, I must confess, once in my charge: the Prince Tigranes gave her to my guard for her safety, how I us'd her, she may her self report, she's with the Prince now: I

did but wait upon her like a maid, which she will testife I am sure: if not, my brains are at your service when you please Madam, and glad I have 'em for you.

Ligonia:

This is most likely, Captain, I ask you pardon, and am sorry I was so intemperate.

Bessus:

Yes there's my hand, go where you will, I shall think you a valiant lady for all this.

Ligonia:

My daughter is a Whore, I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her, discharge my self from being mother to her, and then back to my Country, and there die, farewell Captain.

[Exit Ligonia]

Bessus:

Farewell Madam, farewell, commend me to the gentlewoman I pray.

First Swordsman

How now Captain? bear up thee.

Bessus:

Gentlemen o'th'sword, your hands once more; I have been kickt again, but the foolish lady is penitent, has askt me Mercy, and my honour's safe.

Second Swordsman

We knew that, or the foolish lady had better have kickt her grandsir.

Bessus:

Confirm, confirm I pray.

First Swordsman

There be our hands again, now let her come and say she was not sorry, and she sleeps for it.

Bessus:

Alas good ignorant old woman, let her go, let her go, these courses will undo her.

[Exeunt clear.]

SCENE 13

[Enter Ligonias And Bacurius.]

Bacurius:

My Lady, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so, for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own King, I'll leave you.

[Exit Bacurius]

[Enter Tigranes And Spaconia under Messenger's guard.]

Ligonias:

There he is indeed, and with him my disloyal child.
Health to your Majesty.

Tigranes:

What? good Ligonias welcome, what business brought thee hither?

Ligonias:

Several businesses. My publick businesses will appear by this, I have a message to deliver, which if it please you so to authorize, is an embassage from the Armenian State, unto Arbaces for your liberty: the offer's there set down, please you to read it.

Tigranes:

There is no alteration happened since I came thence?

Ligonias:

None Sir, all is as it was.

Tigranes:

And all our friends are well?

Ligonias:

All very well.

Spaconia:

Though I have done nothing but what was good, I dare not see my Mother, it was fault enough not to acquaint her with that good.

Ligonias:

Madam I should have seen you.

Spaconia:

O good Madam forgive me.

Ligonia:

Forgive you, why? I am no kin to you, am I?

Spaconia:

Should it be measur'd by my mean deserts, indeed you are not.

Ligonia:

And how does your custom hold out here?

Spaconia:

Madam?

Ligonia:

Are you in private practice still, or how?

Spaconia:

What do you mean?

Ligonia:

Do you take money? are you come to sell sin yet? perhaps I can help you to liberal Clients: or has not the King cast you off yet? O thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore, I would thy Father had liv'd to see this, or rather that I had died ere I had seen it; why didst not make me acquainted when thou wert first resolv'd to be a whore, I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied more privately: I would have kept a dancer and a whole consort of musicians in my own house only to fiddle thee.

Spaconia:

Madam, I was never whore.

Ligonia:

If thou couldst not say so much for thy self, thou shouldst be carted.

Tigranes:

Ligonia, I have read it, and I like it, you shall deliver it.

Ligonia:

Well Sir, I will: but I have private business with you.

Tigranes:

Speak, what is't?

Ligonia:

How has my age deserv'd so ill of you, that you can pick no strumpets i'th' land, but out of my breed?

Tigranes:

Strumpets, good Ligonia?

Ligonia:

Yes, and I wish to have you know, I scorn to get a whore for any prince alive, and yet scorn will not help methinks: my Daughter might have been spar'd, there were enough besides.

Tigranes:

May I not prosper but she's innocent as morning light for me, and I dare swear for all the world.

Ligonia:

Why is she with you then? can she wait on you better than your man, has she a gift in plucking off your stockings? Why do you keep her with you? For a Queen I know you do disdain her, so should I, and every subject else think much at it.

Tigranes:

Let 'em think much, but 'tis more firm than earth: thou see'st thy Queen there.

Ligonia:

Then have I made a fair hand, I call'd her Whore. If I shall speak now as her Mother, I cannot chuse but greatly rejoyce that she shall be a Queen: but if I shall speak to you as a States-woman, she were more fit to be your whore.

Tigranes:

Get you about your business to Arbaces, now you talk idly.

Ligonia:

Yes Sir, I will go, and shall she be a Queen? she had more wit than her old Mother, when she ran away: shall she be Queen? now by my troth 'tis fine, I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding: shall I not Sir?

Tigranes:

Yes marry shalt thou.

Ligonia:

Good Heaven preserve you, you are an excellent King.

Spaconia:
Farwell good Mother.

Ligonias:
Farwell sweet virtuous Daughter, I never was so joyfull in all my life, that I remember: shall she be a Queen? Now I perceive a woman may weep for joy, I had thought they had lied that said so.

[Exit Ligonias.]

Tigranes:
Come my dear love.

Spaconia:
But you may see another may alter that again.

Tigranes:
Urge it no more, I have made up a new strong constancy, not to be shook with eyes: I know I have the passions of a man, but if I meet with any subject that should hold my eyes more firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee, and run away from it: let that suffice.

[Exeunt]

SCENE 14

[Enter Bacurius]
[Enter Bessus with the two Sword-men.]

Bacurius:
These Gentlemen would speak with me?
Now fellows your business?

Bessus:
My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen, my friends o'th' Sword along with me.

Bacurius:
I am afraid you'll fight then.

Bessus:
My good Lord, I will not, your Lordship is much mistaken.

Bacurius:
Madam, I am sorry for't.

Bessus:

I ask no more in honour, Gentlemen you hear my Lord is sorry.

Bacurius:

Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten: one whose dull body will require a laming, now to your Sword-men; what come they for, good Captain Stock-fish?

Bessus:

It seems your Lordship has forgot my name.

Bacurius:

No, nor your nature neither, though they are things fitter I must confess for any thing, than my remembrance, or any honest mans: what shall these Billets do; be pil'd up in my wood-yard?

Bessus:

Your Lordship holds your mirth still, Heaven continue it: but for these Gentlemen, they come—

Bacurius:

To swear you are a Coward, spare your book, I do believe it.

Bessus:

Your Lordship still draws wide, they come to vouch under their valiant hands I am no Coward.

Bacurius:

That would be a show indeed worth seeing: sirra be wise, and take money for this motion. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your Captainship, and more natural: men of most valiant hands is this true?

Second Swordsman:

It is so, most renowned.

Bacurius:

'Tis somewhat strange.

First Swordsman:

Lord, it is strange, yet true; we have examined from your Lordships foot there, to this captain's head, the nature of the beatings; and we do find her honour is come off clean and sufficient: this as our swords shall help us.

Bacurius:

You are much bound to your Bil-bow-men, they have undergone a labour for you, Bessus, would have puzl'd Hercules with all his valour.

Second Swordsman:

Your Lordship must understand we are no men o'th' Law, that take pay for our opinions: it is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

Bacurius:

Yet there is something due, which I touched in Conscience will discharge Captain; I'll pay this Rent for you.

Bessus:

Spare your self my good Lord; my brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

Bacurius:

That's but a cold discharge Madam for the pains.

Second Swordsman:

O Lord, my good Lord.

Bacurius:

Be not so modest, I will give you something.

Bessus:

They shall dine with your Lordship, that's sufficient.

Bacurius:

Something in hand the while, you Rogues, you Apple-squires: do you come hither with your bottled valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

First Swordsman:

I do beseech your Lordship.

Second Swordsman:

O good Lord.

Bacurius:

Off with your swords, for if you hurt my foot, you Rascals.

First Swordsman

Mine's off my Lord.

Second Swordsman

I beseech your Lordship stay a little, my strap's tied to my Cod piece-point: now when you please.

Bacurius:

Captain these are your valiant friends, you long for a little too?

Bessus:

I am very well, I humbly thank your Lordship.

Bacurius:

I was never wearier of doing any thing, than kicking these two Foot-balls.
What's that in your pocket, hurts my Toe you Mungril? Thy
Buttocks cannot be so hard, out with it quickly.

(Swordsmen hand over their purses)

Bacurius:

That jest shall save your bones; Captain, Rally up your rotten Regiment and be gone:
Farewell, as you like this, pray visit me again, 'twill keep me in good health.

[Exit Bacurius

Second Swordsman:

H'as a devilish hard foot, I never felt the like.

First Swordsman:

Nor I, and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred.

Second Swordsman:

What cure now Captain besides oil of Baies?

Bessus:

A little butter, friend a little butter, butter and parsley.

Second Swordsman:

Yes, heaven be thanked; but I feel a shrewd ache, sure h'as sprang my huckle-bone.

First Swordsman:

I ha' lost a hanch.

Second Swordsman:

Captain we must request your hand now to our honours.

Bessus:

Yes marry shall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our selves, and there's an end.

First Swordsman:

Nay then we must be valiant; O my ribs.

Second Swordsman:

O my small guts, a plague upon these sharp-toed shoes, they are murtherers.

[Exeunt clear.

SCENE 15

[Enter Arbaces with his sword drawn.

Arbaces:

It is resolv'd, I bare it whilst I could, I can no more, I must begin with murther of my friends, and so go on to that incestuous ravishing, and end my life and sins with a forbidden blow, upon my self.

[Enter Mardonia.

Mardonia:

What Tragedy is near? That hand was never wont to draw a sword, but it cry'd dead to something.

Arbaces:

Mardonia, have you bid Gobrias come?

Mardonia:

Why Sir, are you thus? why do your hands proclaim a lawless War against your self?

Arbaces:

Thou answerest me one question with an other, is Gobrias coming?

Mardonia:

Sir he is.

Arbaces:

'Tis well, I can forbear your questions then, be gone.

Mardonia:

Sir, I have mark't.

Arbaces:

Mark less, it troubles you and me.

Mardonias:

You are more variable than you were.

Arbaces:

It may be so.

Mardonias:

And now you take new rage into your eyes, as you would look us all out of the Land.

Arbaces:

I do confess it, will that satisfie? I prithee get thee gone.

Mardonias:

Sir, I will speak.

Arbaces:

Will ye?

Mardonias:

It is my duty. I fear you will kill your self.

Arbaces:

Thou art not train'd in sin, it seems Mardonias: kill my self! by Heaven I will not do it yet; there are a hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it, which I must do, and I shall come to't at last; but take my oath not now, be satisfied, and get thee hence.

Mardonias:

I am sorry 'tis so ill.

Arbaces:

Be sorry then, true sorrow is alone, grieve by thy self.

Mardonias:

I pray you let me see your Sword put up before I go: I'll leave you then.

Arbaces:

Can I not reach it thinkst thou? Now I am safe you think: wilt thou now leave me?

Mardonias:

Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts, I'll leave you though I fear.

Arbaces:

Go, thou art honest, why should the hasty error of my youth be so unpardonable to draw a sin helpless upon me?

[Enter Gobrias.]

Gobrias:

There is the King, now it is ripe.

Arbaces:

Draw near thou guilty man, that art the authour of the loathedst crime five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak; curses more incurable, and all the evils mans body or his Spirit can receive be with thee.

Gobrias:

Why Sir do you curse me thus?

Arbaces:

Why do I curse thee? Thou hast broke my heart.

Gobrias:

How Sir, have I preserv'd you from a child, from all the arrows, malice, or ambition could shoot at you, and have I this for my pay?

Arbaces:

'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that wert crueller than hardned murtherers of infants and their Mothers! thou didst save me only till thou hadst studied out a way how to destroy me cunningly thy self: this was a curious way of torturing.

Gobrias:

What do you mean?

Arbaces:

Thou knowst the evils thou hast done to me; dost thou remember all those witching letters thou sent'st unto me to Armenia, fill'd with the praise of my beloved Sister, where thou extol'st her beauty, what had I to do with that? what could her beauty be to me? and thou didst write how well she lov'd me, dost thou remember this? so that I doted something before I saw her.

Gobrias:

This is true.

Arbaces:

Is it? and when I was return'd thou knowst thou didst pursue it, till thou woundst me into such a strange and unbeliev'd affection, as good men cannot think on.

Gobrias:

This I grant, I think I was the cause.

Arbaces:

Wert thou? Nay more, I think thou meant'st it.

Gobrias:

Sir, I hate to lie, as I love Heaven and honesty, I did, it was my meaning.

Arbaces:

Be thine own sad judge, a further condemnation will not need, prepare thy self to die.

Gobrias:

Why Sir to die?

Arbaces:

Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender so impudent, that had a thought of Mercy after confession of a crime like this? get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in, but I can take revenge, that's all the sweetness left for me.

Gobrias:

Sir, you shall know your sins before you do'em, if you kill me.

Arbaces:

I will not stay then.

Gobrias:

Know you kill your Father.

Arbaces:

How?

Gobrias:

You kill your Father.

Arbaces:

My Father? though I know't for a lie, made out of fear to save thy stained life; the very reverence of the word comes cross me, and ties mine arm down.

Gobrias:

I will tell you that shall heighten you again, I am thy Father, I charge thee hear me.

Arbaces:

If it should be so, as 'tis most false, and that I should be found a Bastard issue, the despised fruit of lawless lust, I should no more admire all my wild passions: but another truth shall be wrung from thee.

[Enter Arane.]

Arane:

Turn thee about, I come to speak to thee thou wicked man, hear me thou tyrant.

Arbaces:

I will turn to thee, hear me thou Strumpet; I have blotted out the name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame.

Arane:

My shame! thou hast less shame than any thing; why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison? why dost thou call her Sister, and do this?

Arbaces:

Cease thy strange impudence, and answer quickly.

Arane:

Help me Gentle Gobrias.

Arbaces:

Guilt dare not help guilt though they grow together in doing ill, think not of help, answer.

Arane:

I will, to what?

Arbaces:

Tell me who I am, whose son I am without all circumstance, be thou as hasty as my Sword will be if thou refusest.

Arane:

Why, you are his son.

Arbaces:

His Son? swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd.

Arane:

By all that's good you are.

Arbaces:

Adulterous witch, I know now why thou wouldst have poyson'd me, I was thy lust which thou wouldst have forgot: then wicked Mother of my sins, and me, show me the way to the inheritance I have by thee: which is a spacious world of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.

Gobrias:

You do not know why you curse thus.

Arbaces:

Too well; you are a pair of Vipers; and behold the Serpent you have got.

Arane:

You spend your rage and words in vain, and rail upon a guess; hear us a little.

Arbaces:

No, I will never hear, but talk away my breath, and die.

Gobrias:

Why, but you are no Bastard.

Arbaces:

How's that?

Arane:

Nor child of mine.

Arbaces:

Still you go on in wonders to me.

Gobrias:

Pray you be more patient, I may bring comfort to you.

Arbaces:

I will kneel, and hear with the obedience of a child; good Father speak, I do acknowledge you, so you bring comfort.

Gobrias:

First know, our last King, your supposed Father was old and feeble when he married her, and almost all the Land thought she was past hope of issue from him.

Arbaces:

Therefore she took leave to play the whore, because the King was old: is this the comfort?

Arane:

What will you find out to give me satisfaction, when you find how you have injur'd me? let fire consume me, if ever I were a whore.

Gobrias:

Our King I say, was old, and this our Queen desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband she thought was past it, and to be dishonest I think she would not: but yet her cunning found out this way.

Arane:

I feign'd myself with child, and posts were sent in haste throughout the Land, and humble thanks were given in every Church. I feign'd now to grow bigger, and found this hope of issue made me fear'd, and brought respect from every man.

Arbaces:

Do I not hear it well? nay I will make no noise at all; but pray you to the point, quickly as you can.

Gobrias:

Now when the time was full, she should be brought to bed, I had a Son born, which was you, this the Queen hearing of mov'd me to let her have you; and such reasons she shewed me, as she knew would tie my secrecy, she swore you should be King, and to be short, I did deliver you unto her, and pretended you were dead, and in mine own house kept a funeral, and had an empty coffin put in Earth.

Arane:

That night I feign'd hastily to labour, and by a pair of women of my own, I made the world believe I was delivered of you.

Gobrias:

You grew up as the Kings Son, till you were six years old; then did the King die, and did leave to me Protection of the Realm; and contrary to his own expectation, left this Queen truely with child indeed, of the fair Princess Panthea:

Arane

Then I could have torn my hair, yet I durst not speak in publick, for I knew I should be found a traitor: and my tale would have been thought madness. This was the cause why I did seek to poison you.

Gobrias:

And I to keep you safe; and this the reason, why I sought to kindle some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea, that she might get part of her right again.

Arbaces:

And have you made an end now? is this all? if not,
I will be still till I be aged, till all my hairs be Silver.

Gobrias:

This is all.

Arbaces:

And is it true say you too Madam?

Arane:

Yes heaven knows it is most true.

Arbaces:

Panthea then is not my Sister?

Gobrias:

No.

Arbaces:

But can you prove this?

Gobrias:

If you will give consent, else who dares go about it?

Arbaces:

Give consent? why I will have 'em all that know it rackt, to get this from 'em, all that wait without, come in, what ere you be, come in and be partakers of my joy, O you are welcome.

[Enter Bessus, Mardonia, Messenger.]

Arbaces:

The best news, nay draw no nearer, they all shall hear it, I am found no King.

Mardonia:

Is that so good news?

Arbaces:

Yes the happiest news that ere was heard.

Mardonia:

Indeed 'twere well for you if you might be a little less obey'd.

Arbaces:

Someone call the Queen.

Mardonia:

Why she is there.

Arbaces:

The Queen Mardonia, Panthea is the Queen and I am plain Arbaces, since I saw you there are a thousand things delivered to me, you little dream of.

Mardonia:

So it should seem my Lord, what fury's this?

Gobrias:

Believe me 'tis no fury, all that he says is truth.

Mardonia:

'Tis very strange.

Arbaces:

O the whole story would be a wilderness to lose thy self for ever: O pardon me dear Father for all the idle and unreverent words that I have spoke in idle moods to you: I am Arbaces, we all fellow-subjects, nor is the Queen Panthea now my Sister.

Bessus:

Why if you remember fellow-subject Arbaces; I told you once she was not your sister: I said she lookt nothing like you.

Arbaces:

I think you did, good Captain Bessus.

Bessus:

Here will arise another question now amongst the Sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no King.

[Enter Ligonias.]

Messenger:

Captain, here's Ligonias, the agent for the Armenian State.

Arbaces:

Where is she? I know your business good Ligonias.

Ligonias:

We must have our King again, and will.

Arbaces:

I knew that was your business: you shall have your King again, and have him so again as never King was had, go one of you and bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither; and bring the Lady with him, that Panthea, the Queen Panthea sent me word this morning, was brave Tigranes mistress.

[Exit Messenger]

Ligonias:

'Tis Spaconia.

Arbaces:

Aye, Aye, Spaconia.

Ligonias:

She is my Daughter.

Arbaces:

She is so: I could now tell any thing I never heard: your King shall go so home, as never man went.

Mardonias:

Shall he go on's head?

Arbaces:

He shall have chariots easier than air that I will have invented; and ne're think one shall pay any ransom, and thy self that art the messenger, shalt ride before her on a horse cut out of an entire Diamond, that shall be made to go with golden wheels, I know not how yet.

Ligonias:

Why I shall be made for ever? they beli'd this King with us, and said he was unkind.

Arbaces:

And then thy Daughter, she shall have some strange thing, we'll have the Kingdom sold utterly, and put into a toy which she shall wear about her carelessly some where or other.

[Enter Panthea and Messenger]

Arbaces:

See the virtuous Queen; behold the humblest subject that you have kneel here before you.

Panthea:

Why kneel you to me that am your Vassal?

Arbaces:

Grant me one request.

Panthea:

Alas what can I grant you? what I can, I will.

Arbaces:

That you will please to marry me if I can prove it lawfull.

Panthea:

Is that all? more willingly than I would draw this air.

Arbaces:

I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

[Enter Tigranes, Spaconia, and Bacurius]

Arbaces:

O my Tigranes. Pardon me, tread on my neck, I freely offer it, and if thou beest so given take revenge, for I have injur'd thee.

Tigranes:

No, I forgive, and rejoyce more that you have found repentance, than I my liberty.

Arbaces:

Mayest thou be happy in thy fair choice, for thou art temperate. You owe no ransom to the state, know that I have a thousand joyes to tell you of, which yet I dare not utter till I pay my thanks to Heaven for 'em: Will you go with me and help me? pray you do.

Tigranes:

I will.

Arbaces:

Take then your fair one with you; and you Queen of goodness and of us, O give me leave to take your arm in mine: come every one that takes delight in goodness, help to sing loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd no King.

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