

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

### A true\* Roman Tragedy

To the Reader

It hath been no custom in me of all other men (courteous Reader) to commit my plays to the press: the reason, though some may attribute to my own insufficiency, I had rather subscribe, in that, to their severe censure, than by seeking to avoid the imputation of weakness, to incur greater suspicion of honesty: for, though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first, and never guilty of the last. Yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (copied only by the ear) that I have been as unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his native habit: first, being by consent; next, because the rest have been so wronged, in being published in such savage and ragged ornaments. Accept it, courteous gentlemen, and prove as favourable readers as we have found you gracious auditors.

Yours, T. H.

***Dramatis Personæ\****

*Servius King of Rome and Tullia's father*

*Tarquin ('Superbus', 'The Proud')*

*Tullia Wife of Tarquin, daughter of Servius*

*Aruns the Son of Tarquin*

*Sextus the Son of Tarquin*

*Brutus Junior*

*Collatinus otherwise Collatine, Lucrece's husband*

*Horatius Cocles*

*Mutius Scevola*

*Lucretius father of Lucrece*

*Porsenna King of the Tuscans*

*Porsenna's Secretary*

*Publius Valerius otherwise Valerius Poplicola ( or Publicola)*

*The Priest of Apollo*

*Two Sentinels*

*Lucretia otherwise Lucrece, wife of Collatine, ravished by Sextus*

*Mirabile Lucrece's maid*

*The Clown, servant to Collatine*

## SCENE 1

*Senate*

*Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus Tarquinius, Tullia, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius Poplicola, and Senators before them.*

*Tullia*

Withdraw! We must have private conference  
With our dear husband.

*[Exeunt all except Tarquin and Tullia]*

*Tarquin*

What would'st thou, wife?

*Tullia*

Be what I am not, make thee greater far  
Than thou canst aim to be.

*Tarquin*

Why, I am Tarquin.

5

*Tullia*

And I Tullia, what of that?  
What diapason's more in Tarquin's name  
Than in a subject's? or what's Tullia  
More in the sound than to become the name  
Of a poor maid or waiting gentlewoman?  
I am a princess both by birth and thoughts,  
Yet all's but Tullia. There's no resonance  
In a bare style; my title bears no breadth,  
Nor hath it any state. Oh me, I'm sick!

10

*Tarquin*

Sick, lady?

*Tullia*

Sick at heart.

*Tarquin*

Why, my sweet Tullia ?

15

*Tullia*

To be a queen I long, long, and am sick;  
With ardency\* my hot appetite's afire,  
Till my swollen fervour be delivered  
Of that great title queen. My heart's all royal,  
Not to be circumscribed in servile bounds.  
While there's a king that rules the peers of Rome,  
Tarquin makes legs, and Tullia curtsies low,  
Bows at each nod, and must not near the state  
Without obeisance. Oh! I hate this awe;  
My proud heart cannot brook it.

20

*Tarquin*

Hear me, wife -

25

*Tullia*

I am no wife of Tarquin's if not king:  
Oh, had Jove\* made me man, I would have mounted  
Above the base tribunals of the earth,  
Up to the clouds, for pompous sovereignty.  
Thou art a man\* – oh, bear my royal mind,  
Mount heaven, and see if Tullia lag behind.  
There is no earth in me, I am all fire;  
Were Tarquin so, then should we both aspire.

30

*Tarquin*

Oh Tullia, though my body taste of dullness,  
My soul is winged to soar as high as thine;  
But note what flags\* our wings; forty-five years\*  
The King thy father hath protected Rome.

35

*Tullia*

That makes for us: the people covet change;  
Even the best things in time grow tedious.

*Tarquin*

'Twould seem unnatural in thee, my Tullia,  
The reverend king thy father to depose.

40

*Tullia*

A kingdom's quest makes sons and fathers foes.

*Tarquin*

And but by Servius' fall we cannot climb;  
The balm that must anoint us is his blood.

*Tullia*

Let's lave our brows then in that crimson flood; 45  
We must be bold and dreadless: who aspires,  
Mounts by the lives of fathers, sons, and sires.

*Tarquin*

And so must I, since, for a kingdom's love,  
Thou canst despise a father for a crown:  
Tarquin shall mount, Servius be tumbled down, 50  
For he usurps my state, and first deposed  
My father in my swathed infancy, \*  
For which he shall be countant:\* to this\* end  
I have sounded all the peers and senators\*,  
And, though unknown to thee, my Tullia, 55  
They all embrace my faction; and so they  
Love change of state, a\* new king to obey.

*Tullia*

Now is my Tarquin worthy Tullia's grace.  
Since in my arms I thus a king embrace.

*Tarquin*

The king should meet this day in parliament\* 60  
With all the senate\* and estates of Rome.  
His place will I assume, and there proclaim  
All our decrees in royal Tarquin's name. *Flourish*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Collatine and Senators*

*Lucretius*

May it please thee, noble Tarquin, to attend  
The king this day in\* the high Capitol? 65

*Tullia*

Attend?

*Tarquin*

We intend this day to see the Capitol.  
You knew our father, good Lucretius -

*Lucretius*  
I did, my lord.

*Tarquin*  
Was not I his son?  
The queen my mother was of royal thoughts  
And pure heart as unblemished Innocence\*. 70

*Luretius*  
What\* asks my lord?

*Tarquin*  
Sons should succeed their fathers; but anon  
You shall hear more; high time that we were gone. *Flourish*

*Exeunt all but Collatine and Valerius*

*Collatine*  
There's moral sure in this, Valerius.  
Here's model, yea, and matter too to breed 75  
Strange meditations in the provident brains  
Of our grave fathers: some strange project lives  
This day in cradle that's but newly born.

*Valerius*  
No doubt, Collatine, no doubt, here's a giddy and drunken\* world; it  
reels, it hath got the staggers; the commonwealth is sick of an 80  
ague, of which nothing can cure her but some violent and sudden  
affrightment.

*Collatine*  
The wife of Tarquin would be a queen - nay, on my life she is with  
child till she be so.

*Valerius*  
And longs to be brought to bed of a kingdom. I divine we shall see 85  
some scuffling today in the Capitol.

*Collatine*  
If there be any difference among the princes and Senate, whose  
faction will Valerius follow?

*Valerius*

Oh, Collatine, I am a true citizen, and in this I will best show myself to be one, to take part with the strongest\*. If Servius o'ercome, I am liegeman to Servius and if Tarquin subdue, I am for *vive\** Tarquinius.

90

*Collatine*

Valerius, no more, this talk does but keep us from the sight of this solemnity; by this\* the princes are entering the Capitol; come, we must attend.

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE 2**

SENATE

*Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius one way: Brutus meeting them the other way, very humorously\**

*Tarquin*

This place is not for fools, this parliament Assembles not the strains of idiotism, Only the grave and wisest of the land: Important are th'affairs we have in hand. Hence with that mome\*.

*Lucretius*

Brutus, forbear the presence.

5

*Brutus*

Forbear the presence! Why, pray?

*Sextus*

None are admitted to this grave concourse But wise men: nay, good Brutus.

*Brutus*

You'll have an empty parliament then.

*Aruns*

Here is no room for fools.

10

*Brutus*

Then what makest thou here, or he, or he? O Jupiter! if this command be kept strictly, we shall have empty benches: get you home, you that are here, for here will be nothing to do this day: a general concourse of wise men! 'twas never seen since the first chaos. Tarquin, if the general rule have no exceptions, thou wilt have an empty consistory\*.

15

*Tullia*

Brutus, you trouble us.

*Brutus*

How powerful am I, you Roman deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole empire\*? Fools exempted\*, and women admitted! Laugh, Democritus\*! But have you nothing to say to madmen?

20

*Tarquin*

Madmen have here no place!

*Brutus*

Then out of doors with Tarquin! What's he that may sit in a calm valley, and will choose to repose in a tempestuous mountain, but a madman? that may live in tranquillous pleasures, and will seek out a kingdom's cares, but a madman? who would seek innovation in a commonwealth in public, or be overruled by a curst wife in private, but a fool or a madman? Give me thy hand, Tarquin; shall we two be dismissed together from the Capitol?

25

*Tarquin*

Restrain his folly.

*Tullia*

Drive the frantic hence.

*Aruns*

Nay, Brutus.

30

*Sextus*

Good Brutus.

*Brutus*

Nay, soft, soft, good blood of the Tarquins, let's have a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant. I claim the privilege of the nobility

of Rome, and by that privilege my seat in the Capitol. I am a lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as Horatius, thine; or thine, Lucretius; thine, Sextus; Aruns, thine, or any here: I am a lord, and You\* banish all the lord fools\* from the presence, you'll have few to wait upon the King, but gentlemen. Nay, I am easily persuaded then - hands off! Since you will not have my company, you shall have my room\*.

40

[*Aside*] My room indeed; for what I seem to be, Brutus is not, but born great Rome to free. The state is full of dropsy, and swollen big With windy vapours, which my sword must pierce, To purge th'infected blood bred by the pride Of these infested bloods. Nay, now I go - Behold, I vanish, since 'tis Tarquin's mind: One small fool goes, but great fools leaves behind.

*Exit*

*Lucretius*

'Tis pity one so generously derived Should be deprived his best induements\* thus, And want the true directions of the soul.

*Tarquin*

To leave these dilatory trifles, lords:  
Now to the public business of the land.  
Lords, take your several places.

*Lucretius*

Not, great Tarquin,  
Before the King assume his regal throne,  
Whose coming we attend.

*Tullia*

He's come already.

*Lucretius*

The king?

*Tarquin*

The king.

*Collatine*

Servius ?

*Tarquin*

Tarquinius.

*Lucretius*

Servius is King.

*Tarquin*

He was:\* by power divine,  
The throne that long since he usurped is mine.  
Here we enthrone ourselves, cathedral\* state.  
Long since detained\* us, justly we resume;  
Then let our friends and such as love us cry,  
Live Tarquin and enjoy this sovereignty!

60

*All*

Live Tarquin and enjoy this sovereignty!

[*Flourish*]

*Enter Valerius*

*Valerius*

The King himself, with such confederate\* peers  
65

As stoutly embrace his faction, being informed  
Of Tarquin's usurpation, armèd comes,  
Near to the entrance of the Capitol.

*Tarquin*

No man give place; he that dares to arise  
And do him reverence, we his love despise.

70

*Enter Servius, Horatius, Scevola, Soldiers*

*Servius*

Traitor!

*Tarquin*

Usurper!

*Servius*

Descend!

*Tullia.*

Sit still.

*Servius*

In Servius'\* name, Rome's great imperial monarch,  
I charge thee, Tarquin, disenthroned thyself,  
And throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy.

75

*Horatius*

Spoke like a King.

*Tarquin*

In Tarquin's name, now Rome's imperial monarch,  
We charge thee, Servius, make free resignation  
Of that arched wreath\* thou hast usurped so long.

80

*Tullia*

Words worth an empire\*.

*Horatius*

Shall this be brooked\*, my sovereign?  
Dismount the traitor!

*Sextus*

Touch him he that dares.

*Horatius*

Dares!

*Tullia*

Dares.

*Servius*

Strumpet, no child of mine!

*Tullia*

Dotard!

85

And not my father!

*Servius*

Kneel to thy King.

*Tullia*

Submit thou to thy queen.

*Servius*

Insufferable treason! With bright steel  
Lop down these interponents\* that withstand  
The passage to our throne.

*Horatius*

That Cocles dares.

90

*Sextus*

We with our steel guard Tarquin and his chair.

*Scevola*

A\* Servius!

*Aruns*

A Tarquin!

*Servius is slain*

*Tarquin*

Now are we king indeed; our awe is builded  
Upon this royal base, the slaughtered body  
Of a dead King: we by his ruin rise  
To a monarchal throne.

95

*Tullia*

We have our longing.

My father's death gives me a second life  
Much better than the first; my birth was servile\*,  
But this new breath of reign is large and free:  
Welcome, my second life of sovereignty.

100

*Lucretius [Aside]*

I have a daughter, but, I hope, of mettle  
Subject to better temperature; should my Lucrece  
Be of this pride, these hands should sacrifice  
Her blood unto the gods that dwell below;  
The abortive brat should not out-live my spleen.  
But Lucrece is my daughter, this my queen.

105

*Tullia*

Tear off the crown, that yet empales\* the temples  
Of our usurping father – quickly, lords -  
And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,

110

Let us receive our honours.

*Tarquin*

The same breath  
Gives our state life, that was the usurper's death.

*Tullia*

Here then by heaven's hand we invest ourselves:  
Music, whose loftiest tones grace princes crowned,  
Unto our novel\* coronation sound.

*Flourish.*

115

*Enter Valerius with Horatius and Scevola*

*Tarquin*

Whom doth Valerius to our state present?

*Valerius*

Two valiant Romans: this Horatius Cocles,  
This gentleman called Mutius Scevola,  
Who, whilst King Servius wore the diadem,  
Upheld his sway and princedom by their loves;  
But he being fallen, since all the peers of Rome  
Applaud King Tarquin in his sovereignty,  
They with like suffrage greet your coronation.

120

*Horatius*

This hand, allied unto the Roman crown,  
Whom never fear dejected, or cast low,  
Lays his victorious sword at Tarquin's feet,  
And prostrates, with that\* sword, allegiance.  
King Servius' life we loved, but, he expired,  
Great Tarquin's life is in our hearts desired.

125

*Scevola*

Who\*, whilst he rules with justice and integrity,  
Shall with our dreadless hands our hearts command,  
Even with the best employments of our lives.  
Since Fortune lifts thee, we submit to Fate:  
Ourselves are vassals to the Roman state.

130

*Tarquin*

Your rooms were empty in our train of friends,  
Which we rejoice to see so well supplied:  
Receive our grace, live in our clement\* favours,

135

In whose submission our young glory grows  
To his ripe height: fall in our friendly train,  
And strengthen with your loves our infant reign. 140

*Horatius*  
We live for Tarquin.

*Scevola*  
And to thee alone,  
Whilst Justice keeps thy sword and thou thy throne.

*Tarquin*  
Then are you ours. And now conduct us straight  
In triumph through the populous streets of Rome  
To the king's palace, our majestic seat. 145  
Your hearts, though freely proffered, we entreat. *Sennet\**

*As they march, Tullia treads on her father and stays\**

*Tullia*  
What block is that we tread on?

*Lucretius*  
'Tis the body  
Of your deceased father, madam queen;  
Your shoe is crimsoned with his vital blood.

*Tullia*  
No matter; let his mangled body lie, 150  
And with his base confederates strew the streets,  
That, in disgrace of his usurpèd pride,  
We o'er his trunk may in our chariot ride:  
For, mounted like a queen, 'twould do me good  
To wash my coach-naves\* in my father's blood. 155

*Lucretius*  
[*Aside*] Here's a good child.

*Tarquin*  
Remove it, we command,  
And bear his carcass to the funeral pile,  
Where, after this dejection\*, let it have  
His solemn and due obsequies. Fair Tullia,  
Thy hate to him grows from thy love to us; 160

Thou show'st thy self in this unnatural strife  
An unkind daughter, but a loving wife.  
But on unto our palace: this blest day,  
A king's increase grows by a king's decay.

[*Exeunt*]

### SCENE 3

*Enter Brutus alone*

*Brutus*

Murder the King! a high and capital treason.  
Those giants that waged war against the gods,  
For which the o'er-whelmed mountains hurled by Jove  
To scatter them, and give them\* timeless\* graves  
Was not more cruel than this butchery, 5  
This slaughter made by Tarquin; but the queen!  
A woman, fie, fie: did not this she-parricide  
Add to her father's wounds? and when his body  
Lay all besmeared and stained in the blood royal,  
Did not this monster, this infernal hag, 10  
Make her unwilling charioteer drive on,\*  
And with his shod wheels crush her father's bones?  
Break his crazed skull, and dash his sparkled\* brains  
Upon the pavements, whilst she held the reins?  
The affrighted Sun at this abhorred object 15  
Put on a mask of blood, and yet she blushed not.  
Jove, art thou just? hast thou reward for piety,  
And for offence no vengeance? or canst punish  
Felons, and pardon traitors? chastise murderers,  
And wink at parricides? If thou be worthy, 20  
As well we know thou art, to fill the throne  
Of all eternity, then with that hand  
That flings the trisulk\* thunder, let the pride  
Of these our irreligious monarchisers\*  
Be crowned in blood. This makes poor Brutus mad: 25  
To see sin frolic, and the virtuous sad.

*Enter Sextus and Aruns*

*Aruns*

Soft, here's Brutus; let us acquaint him with the news.

*Sextus*

Content: now, cousin\* Brutus .

*Brutus*

Who, I your kinsman? Though I be of the blood of the Tarquins yet  
no cousin, gentle prince.

30

*Aruns*

And why so, Brutus? Scorn you our alliance?

*Brutus*

No: I was cousin to the Tarquins when they were subjects, but dare  
claim no kindred as they are sovereigns; Brutus is not so mad, though  
he be merry, but he hath wit enough to keep his head on his shoulders.

*Aruns*

Why do you, Lord, thus lose\* your hours, and neither profess war nor  
domestic profit? The first might beget you love, the other riches.

35

*Brutus*

Because I would live; have I not answered you? because I would live.  
Fools and mad men are no rubs\* in the way of usurpers; the firmament  
can brook\* but one sun, and for my part I must not shine; I had rather  
live an obscure black, then appear a fair white to be shot at.\* The  
end of all is, I would live: had Servius been a shrub, the wind had  
not shook him; or a mad-man, he had\* not perished. I covet no more  
wit nor employment than as much as will keep life and soul together;  
I would but live.

40

*Aruns*

You are satirical, cousin Brutus. But to the purpose: the king dreamt  
a strange and\* ominous dream last night, and to be resolved of the  
event, my brother Sextus and I must to the oracle.

45

*Sextus*

And because we would be well accompanied, we have got leave of  
the king that you, Brutus, shall associate us, for our purpose is to  
make a merry journey on't.

50

*Brutus*

So you'll carry me along with you to be your fool and make you merry.

*Sextus*

Not our fool, but -

*Brutus*

To make you merry: I shall, nay, I would\* make you merry, or tickle you till you laugh. The Oracle! I'll go to be resolved of\* some doubts private to my self: nay, princes, I am so much endeared both to your loves and companies, that you shall not have the power to be rid of me. What limits have we for our journey? 55

*Sextus*

Five days, no more.

*Brutus*

I shall fit me to your preparations, but one thing more: goes Collatine along? 60

*Sextus*

Collatine is troubled with the common disease of all new-married men - he's sick of the wife;\* his excuse is, forsooth, that Lucrece will not let him go; but you, having neither wife nor wit to hold you, I hope will not disappoint us.

*Brutus*

Had I both, yet\* should you prevail with me above either. 65

*Aruns*

We shall expect you.

*Brutus*

Horatius Cocles and Mutius Scevola are not engaged in this expedition?

*Aruns*

No, they attend the king. Farewell.

*Brutus*

Lucretius stays at home too, and Valerius?

*Sextus*

The palace cannot spare them. 70

*Brutus*

None but we three?

*Sextus*

We three.

*Brutus*

We three; well, five days hence.

*Sextus*

You have the time, farewell.

*Exeunt Sextus and Aruns*

*Brutus*

The time I hope cannot be circumscribed\* 75

Within so short a limit; Rome and I

Are not so happy. What's the reason then,

Heaven spares his rod so long? Mercury, tell me!

I have't - the fruit of pride is yet but green,

Not mellow; though it grows apace, it comes not 80

To his full height: Jove oft delays his vengeance,

That when it haps 't may prove more terrible.

Despair not, Brutus then, but let thy country

And thee take this last comfort after all:

Pride, when thy fruit is ripe 't must rot and fall. 85

But to the oracle.

[*Exit*]

#### **SCENE 4**

*Enter Horatius Cocles, Mutius Scevola*

*Horatius*

I would I were no Roman.

*Scevola*

Cocles, why?

*Horatius*

I am discontented\*, and dare not speak my thoughts.

*Scevola*

What, shall I speak them for you?

*Horatius*

Mutius, do.

*Scevola*

Tarquin is proud.

*Horatius*

Thou hast them.

*Scevola*

Tyrannous.

*Horatius*

True.

*Scevola*

Insufferably lofty.

*Horatius*

Thou hast hit me.

5

*Scevola*

And shall I tell thee what I prophesy  
Of his succeeding rule?

*Horatius*

No, I'll do't for thee:

Tarquin's ability will in the weal\*,  
Beget a weak, unable impotence;  
His strength make Rome and our dominions weak;  
His soaring high make us to flag\* our wings,  
And fly close by the earth; his golden feathers  
Are of such vastness, that they spread like sails,  
And so becalm us that we have not air  
Able to raise our plumes, to taste the pleasures  
Of our own elements.

10

15

*Scevola*

We are one heart,  
Our thoughts and our desires are suitable\*.

*Horatius*

Since he was king he bears him like a god,  
His wife like Pallas\*, or the wife of Jove;  
Will not be spoke to\* without sacrifice,  
And homage sole due to the deities.

20

*Enter Lucretius*

*Scevola*

What haste with good Lucretius?

*Lucretius*

Haste, but small speed.

I had an earnest suit unto the king,  
About some business that concerns the weal\*  
Of Rome and us; 'twill not be listened to. 25  
He has took upon him such ambitious state  
That he abandons conference with his peers,  
Or, if he chance to endure\* our tongues so much  
As but to hear their sonance\*, he despises  
The intent of all our speeches, our advices 30  
And counsel, thinking his own judgement only  
To be approved in matters military,  
And in affairs domestic; we are but mutes\*,  
And fellows of no parts, viols unstrung,  
Our notes too harsh to strike in princes' ears. 35  
Great Jove amend it!

*Horatius*

Whither will you, my lord?

*Lucretius*

No matter where  
If from the court. I'll home to Collatine\*  
And to my daughter Lucrece: home breeds safety,  
Danger's begot in Court; a life retired 40  
Must please me now perforce: then, noble Scevola,  
And you my dear Horatius, farewell both.  
Where industry is scorned, let's welcome sloth.

*Enter Collatine*

*Horatius*

Nay, good Lucretius, do not leave us thus;  
See, here comes Collatine; but where's Valerius? 45  
How does he taste these times?

*Collatine*

Not giddily like Brutus, passionately  
Like old Lucretius with his tear-swollen eyes;  
Not laughingly like Mutius Scevola.  
Nor bluntly like Horatius Cocles here. 50

He has usurped a stranger garb of humour,  
Distinct from these in nature every way.

*Lucretius*

How is he relished? can his eyes forbear  
In this strange state to shed a passionate tear?

*Scevola\**

Can he forbear to laugh with Scevola, 55  
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend?

*Horatius*

Nay, can his thought shape aught but melancholy  
To see these dangerous passages of state?  
How is he tempered, noble Collatine ?

*Collatine*

Strangely: he is all song, he's ditty all, 60

Note that: Valerius hath given up the Court  
And weaned himself from the king's consistory\*  
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,  
Whether it be that he is discontent,  
Yet would not so appear before the king, 65  
Or whether in applause of these new edicts,  
Which so distaste the people, or what cause  
I know not, but now he's all musical.

Unto the council chamber he goes singing, 70  
And whilst the king his willful edicts makes,

In which none's tongue is powerful save the king's,  
He's in a corner, relishing strange airs.

Conclusively, he's from a toward hopeful gentleman  
Transshaped to a mere ballater\*, none knowing 75  
Whence should proceed this transmutation.

*Enter Valerius*

*Horatius*

See where he comes. Morrow, Valerius .

*Lucretius*

Morrow, my Lord.

*Valerius [sings]*

When Tarquin first in Court began,  
And was approvèd king:  
Some men for sudden joy 'gan weep, 80  
But I for sorrow sing.

*Scevola*

Ha, ha! How long has my Valerius  
Put on this strain of mirth, or what's the cause?

*Valerius [sings]*

Let humour change and spare not,  
Since Tarquin's proud, I care not, 85  
His fair words so bewitch my delight,  
That I doted on his sight.  
Now he is changed, cruel thoughts embracing  
And my deserts disgracing.

*Horatius*

Upon my life, he's either mad or love-sick. 90  
Oh, can Valerius, but so late a statesman,  
Of whom the public weal deserved so well,  
Tune out his age\* in songs and canzonets\*,  
Whose voice should thunder counsel in the ears  
Of Tarquin and proud Tullia? Think, Valerius, 95  
What that proud woman Tullia is; 'twill put thee  
Quite out of tune.

*Valerius [sings]*

Now what is love I will\* thee tell:  
It is the fountain and the well,  
Where pleasure and repentance dwell, 100  
It is perhaps the sansing\* bell,  
That rings all in to heaven or hell;  
And this is love, and this is love, as I hear tell.

Now what is love I will you show,  
A thing that creeps and cannot go: 105  
A prize that passeth too and fro,  
A thing for me, a thing for moe\*,  
And he that proves shall find it so,  
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend, I trow.

*Lucretius*

Valerius, I shall quickly change thy cheer, 110

And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine.  
Think how that worthy prince our kinsman\* king  
Was butchered in the marble Capitol:  
Shall Servius Tullius unregarded die  
Alone of thee\*, whom all the Roman ladies, 115  
Even yet with tear-swollen eyes, and sorrowful souls,  
Compassionate\*, as well he merited;  
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing,  
Whose grief through all the Roman temples ring?

*Valerius [sings]\**  
Lament, ladies, lament, 120  
Lament the Roman land,  
The king is fra thee hent\*.  
Was doughty on his hand.

We'll gang into the kirk,  
His dead corpse we'll embrace, 125  
And when we see him dead,  
We aye will cry alas! - Fa la!

*Horatius*  
This music mads me; I all mirth despise.

*Lucretius*  
To hear him sing draws rivers from mine eyes.

*Scevola*  
It pleaseth me; for since the court is harsh, 130  
And looks askance on soldiers, let's be merry,  
Court ladies, sing, drink, dance, and every man  
Get him a mistress, coach\* it in the country,  
And taste the sweets of it. What thinks Valerius  
Of Scevola's last counsel? 135

*Valerius [sings]*  
Why since we soldiers cannot prove,  
And grief it is to us therefore,  
Let every man get him a love,  
To trim her well, and fight no more;  
That we may taste of lovers' bliss, 140  
Be merry and blithe, embrace and kiss,  
That ladies may say, some more of this,  
That ladies may say, some more of this.

Since court and city both grow proud,  
And safety you delight to hear, 145  
We in the country will us shroud,  
Where lives to please both eye and ear:  
The nightingale sings jug, jug, jug,  
The little lamb leaps after his dug,  
And the pretty milk-maids they look so smug. 150  
And the pretty milk-maids, &c.

Come, Scevola, shall we go and be idle?

*Lucretius*  
I'll in to weep.

*Horatius*  
But I my gall to grate.

*Scevola*  
I'll laugh at time, till it will change our fate.

*Exeunt all but Collatine*

*Collatine*  
Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord Scevola: 155  
Thy heart mourns in thee, though thy visage smile;  
And so does thy soul weep, Valerius,  
Although thy habit sing; for these new humours  
Are but put on for safety, and to arm them  
Against the pride of Tarquin, from whose danger, 160  
None great in love, in counsel, or opinion,  
Can be kept safe: this makes me lose\* my hours  
At home with Lucrece, and abandon court.

*Enter Clown*

*Clown*  
Fortune, I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted me in finding my  
master; the gods of good Rome keep my lord and master out of all 165  
bad company!

*Collatine*  
Sirrah, the news with you?

*Clown*

Would you ha' court news, camp news, city news, or country news, or would you know what's the news at home?

*Collatine*

Let me know all the news. 170

*Clown*

The news at court is, that a small leg and a silk stocking is in the fashion for your lord, and the water that god Mercury makes\* is in request with your lady. The heaviness of the king's wine makes many a light head, and the emptiness of his dishes many full bellies; eating and drinking was never more in use; you shall find the baddest legs in boots, and the worst faces in masks. They keep their old stomachs still: the king's good cook had the most wrong; for that which was wont to be private only to him is now usurped among all the other officers; for now every man in his place, to the prejudice of the master cook, makes bold to lick his own fingers. 175  
180

*Collatine*

The news in the camp?

*Clown*

The greatest news in the camp is that there is no news at all; for, being no camp\* at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

*Collatine*

Then for the city\*.

*Clown*

The Senators are rich, their wives fair, credit grows cheap, and traffic dear, for you have many that are broke; the poorest man that is may take up what he will, so he will be but bound - to a post till he pay the debt. There was one courtier lay with twelve men's wives in the suburbs\*, and pressing farther to make one more cuckold within the walls, and being taken with the manner\*, had nothing to say for himself, but this - he that made twelve made thirteen. 185  
190

*Collatine*

Now, sir, for the country.

*Clown*

There is no news there but at the ale-house; there's the most receipt\*. And is it not strange, my lord, that so many men love ale that know

not what ale is?

195

*Collatine*

Why, what is ale?

*Clown*

Why, ale is a kind of juice made of the precious grain called malt; and what is malt? Malt's M, A, L, T; and what is M, A, L, T? M much, A ale, L little, T thirst; that is, much ale\*, little thirst.

*Collatine*

Only the news at home and I have done.

200

*Clown*

My lady must needs speak with you about earnest business, that concerns her nearly, and I was sent in all haste to entreat your Lordship to come away.

*Collatine*

And could'st thou not have told me? Lucrece stay\*,  
And I stand trifling here? Follow\*, away.

205

*[Exit Collatine]*

*Clown*

Ay, marry sir, the way into her were a way worth following, and that's the reason that so many serving-man that are familiar with their mistresses have lost the name of servitors, and are now called their masters' followers. Rest you merry!

*[Exit]*

## **SCENE 5**

*Sound music*

*Apollo's Priests with tapers, after them, Aruns, Sextus and Brutus with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle*

*Priest*

O thou Delphian\* god inspire  
Thy priests, and with celestial fire  
Shot from thy beams crown our desire,  
That we may follow,

In these thy true and hallowed measures, 5  
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures,  
According to the thoughts and pleasures  
Of great Apollo.  
Our hearts with inflammations burn,  
Great Tarquin and his people mourn, 10  
Till from thy Temple we return,  
With some glad tiding.  
Then tell us, shall great Rome be blest,  
And royal Tarquin live in rest,  
That gives his ennobled\* breast 15  
To thy safe guiding?

*Oracle*

Then Rome her ancient honours wins,  
When she is purged from Tullia's sins.

*Brutus*

Gramercies, Phoebus, for these spells,  
Phoebus alone, alone excels. 20

*Sextus*

Tullia perhaps sinned in our grandsire's death,  
And hath not yet by reconcilment made  
Atone with Phoebus, at whose shrine we kneel;  
Yet, gentle Priest, let us thus far prevail,  
To know if Tarquin's seed shall govern Rome, 25  
And by succession claim the royal wreath?  
Behold me, younger of the Tarquins' race,  
This elder Aruns, both the sons of Tullia;  
This Junius Brutus, though a madman, yet  
Of the high blood of the\* Tarquins. 30

*Priest*

Sextus, peace.  
Tell us, O thou that shin'st so bright,  
From whom the world receives his light,  
Whose absence is perpetual night,  
Whose praises ring: 35  
Is it with heaven's applause decreed,  
When Tarquin's soul from earth is freed,  
That noble Sextus shall succeed  
In Rome as king?

*Brutus*  
Ay, oracle, hast thou lost thy tongue? 40

*Aruns*  
Tempt him again. fair priest.

*Sextus*  
If not as king, let Delphian Phoebus yet  
Thus much resolve us: who shall govern Rome,  
Or of us three bear great'st pre-eminence?

*Priest*  
Sextus, I will: 45  
Yet sacred Phoebus we entreat,  
Which of these three shall be great  
With largest power and state replete  
By the heaven's doom?  
Phoebus, thy thoughts no longer smother. 50

*Oracle*  
He that first shall kiss his mother  
Shall be powerful, and no other  
Of you three in Rome.

*Sextus*  
Shall kiss his mother!

*Brutus falls.*

*Brutus*  
Mother Earth, to thee  
An humble kiss I tender!

*Aruns*  
What means Brutus? 55

*Brutus*  
The blood of the slaughtered sacrifice made this floor as slippery as  
the place where Tarquin treads; 'tis glassy and as smooth as ice: I  
was proud to hear the oracle so gracious to the blood of the Tarquins,  
and so I fell.

*Sextus*  
Nothing but so? then to the oracle. 60

I charge thee Aruns, Junius Brutus thee,  
To keep the sacred doom of the oracle  
From all our train, lest when the younger lad  
Our brother now at home,\* sits dandled  
Upon fair Tullia's lap, this understanding, 65  
May kiss our beauteous mother, and succeed.

*Aruns*

Let the charge\* go round.  
It shall go hard but I'll prevent you, Sextus.

*Sextus*

I fear not the madman Brutus, and for Aruns let me alone to buckle  
with him: I'll be the first at my mother's lips for a kingdom. 70

*Brutus*

If the madman have not been before you, Sextus. If oracles be oracles,  
their phrases are mystical; they speak still in clouds. Had he meant  
a natural mother he would not ha' spoke it by circumstance\*.

*Sextus*

Tullia, if ever thy lips were pleasing to me, let it be at my return from  
the oracle. 75

*Aruns*

If a kiss will make me a king, Tullia, I will spring to thee, though through  
the blood of Sextus .

*Brutus*

Earth, I acknowledge no mother but thee; accept me as thy son, and  
I shall shine as bright in Rome as Apollo himself in his temple at  
Delphos . 80

*Sextus*

Our superstitions ended, sacred priest,  
Since we have had free answer from the gods,  
To whose fair altars we have done due right,  
And hallowed them with presents acceptable,  
Let's now return, treading these holy measures 85  
With which we entered great Apollo's temple.  
Now, Phoebus, let thy sweet-tuned organs sound,  
Whose sphere-like music must direct our feet  
Upon the marble pavement. After this

We'll gain a kingdom by a mother's kiss.

90

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE 6**

*SENATE*

*A table and chairs prepared: enter Tarquin, Tullia, and Collatine, Scevola, Horatius, Lucretius, Valerius, Lords.*

*Tarquin*

Attend us with your persons, but your ears  
Be deaf unto our counsels.

*The Lords fall off on either side and attend*

*Tullia*

Farther yet.

*Tarquin*

Now, Tullia, what must be concluded next?

*Tullia*

The kingdom you have got by policy  
You must maintain by pride.

5

*Tarquin*

Good\*.

*Tullia*

Those that were late of the king's faction  
Cut off, for fear they prove rebellious.

*Tarquin*

Better.

*Tullia*

Since you gain nothing by the popular love,  
Maintain by fear your princedom.

10

*Tarquin*

Excellent;

Thou art our oracle and, save from thee,  
We will admit no counsel; we obtained  
Our state by cunning; it must be kept by strength;  
And such as cannot love we'll teach to fear: 15  
To encourage which, upon our better judgement,  
And to strike greater terror to the world,  
I have forbid thy father's funeral.

*Tullia*  
No matter.

*Tarquin*  
All capital causes are by us discussed, 20  
Traversed,\* and executed without counsel:  
We challenge too, by our prerogative,  
The goods of such as strive against our state;  
The freest citizens, without attain,\*  
Arraign\*, or judgement, we to exile doom; 25  
The poorer are our drudges, rich our prey,  
And such as dare not strive our rule obey.

*Tullia*  
Kings are as gods, and divine sceptres bear;  
The Gods command, for mortal tribute, fear;  
But, royal lord, we that despise their love 30  
Must seek some means how to maintain this awe.

*Tarquin*  
By foreign leagues, and by our strength abroad.  
Shall we, that are degreed above our people,  
Whom heaven hath made our vassals, reign with them?  
No: kings, above the rest tribunaled high, 35  
Should with no meaner than with kings ally:  
For this we to Mamilius Tusculan,  
The Latin King, ha' given in marriage  
Our royal daughter\*; now his people's ours;  
The neighbour princes are subdued by arms, 40  
And whom we could not conquer by constraint,  
Them we have\* sought to win by courtesy.  
Kings that are proud, yet would secure their own,  
By love abroad shall purchase fear at home.

*Tullia*  
We are secure, and yet our greatest strength 45

Is in our children: how dare treason look  
Us in the face, having issue? Barren Princes  
Breed danger in their singularity;  
Having none to succeed, their claim dies in\* them\*.

*Tarquin*

Tullia's wise, and apprehensive: were our princely sons\* 50  
Sextus and Aruns back returned safe,  
With an applausive answer of the gods  
From th'oracle, our state were able then,  
Being gods ourselves, to scorn the hate of men.

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, and Brutus.*

*Sextus*

Where's Tullia?

*Aruns*

Where's our mother?

*Horatius*

Yonder, princes, 55

At council with the king.

*Tullia*

Our sons returned!

*Sextus*

Royal mother!

*Aruns*

Renowned Queen!

*Sextus*

I love her best: therefore will Sextus do his duty first.

*Aruns*

Being eldest in my birth, I'll not be youngest 60  
In zeal to Tullia.

*Brutus*

To't, lads!

*Aruns*

Mother, a kiss.

*Sextus*

Though last in birth, let me be first in love.  
A kiss, fair mother!

*Aruns*

Shall I lose my right?

65

*Sextus*

Aruns shall down, were Aruns twice my brother,  
If he presume 'fore me to kiss my mother.

*Aruns*

Ay, Sextus, think this kiss to be a crown,  
Thus would we tug for't.

*Sextus*

Aruns, thou must down.

*Tarquin*

Restrain them, Lords.

*Brutus*

Nay, to't boys! O 'tis brave:  
They tug for shadows, I the substance have.

70

*Aruns*

Through armèd gates, and thousand swords I'll break  
To show my duty: let my valour speak!

*Breaks from the lords and kisses her*

*Sextus*

O heavens! you have dissolved me.

*Aruns*

Here I stand,  
What I ha' done to answer with this hand.

75

*Sextus*

O all ye Delphian gods, look down and see  
How for these wrongs I will revengèd be!

*Tarquin*

Curb in the proud boys' fury; let us know  
From whence this discord riseth.

*Tullia*

From our love.

How happy are we in our issue now, 80

When as our sons, e'en with their bloods contend

To exceed in duty. We accept your zeal:

This your superlative degree of kindness

So much prevails with us, that to the king

We engage our own dear love 'twixt his incensement 85

And your presumption; you are pardoned both.

And, Sextus, though you failed in your first proffer,

We do not yet esteem you least in love;

Ascend\* and touch our lips.

*Sextus*

Thank you, no. 90

*Tullia*

Then to thy knee we will descend thus low.

*Sextus*

Nay, now it shall not need: how great's my heart!

*Aruns*

In Tarquin's crown thou now hast lost thy part.

*Sextus*

No kissing now: Tarquin, great Queen, adieu!

Aruns, on earth we ha' no foe but you. 95

[*Exit Sextus*]\*

*Tarquin*

What means this their unnatural enmity?

*Tullia*

Hate, born from love.

*Tarquin*

Resolve us then, how did the gods accept

Our sacrifice? how are they pleased with us?

How long will they applaud our sovereignty? 100

*Brutus*

Shall I tell the king?

*Tarquin*

Do, cousin, with the process of your journey.

*Brutus*

I will. We went from hither, when we went from hence, arrived thither when we landed there, made an end of our prayers when we had done our orisons, when thus quoth Phoebus: 'Tarquin shall be happy whilst he is blest, govern while he reigns, wake when he sleeps not, sleep when he wakes not, quaff when he drinks, feed when he eats, gape when his mouth opens, live till he die, and die when he can live no longer.' So Phoebus commends him to you. 105

*Tarquin*

Mad Brutus, still. Son Aruns, what say you? 110

*Aruns*

That the great gods to whom the potent king  
Of this large empire sacrificed by us,  
Applaud your reign, commend your sovereignty:  
And by a general synod\* grant to Tarquin  
Long days, fair hopes, majestic government. 115

*Brutus\**

Adding withal, that to depose the late king, which in others had been arch-treason, in Tarquin was honour; what in Brutus had been usurpation, in Tarquin was lawful succession; and for Tullia, though it be parricide for a child to kill her father, in Tullia it was charity by death, to rid him of all his calamities. Phoebus himself said she was a good child - and shall not I say as he says? - to tread upon her father's skull; 120

Sparkle his brains upon her chariot wheel,  
And wear the sacred tincture of his blood  
Upon her servile shoe. But more than this, 125  
After his death deny him the due claim  
Of all mortality, a funeral,  
An earthen sepulchre; this, this, quoth  
Th'oracle, save Tullia none would do.

*Tullia*

Brutus, no more: 130  
Lest with the eyes of wrath and fury incensed\*  
We look into thy honour\*: were not madness  
And folly to thy words a privilege,  
Even in thy last reproof of our proceedings  
Thou hast pronounced thy death.

*Brutus*  
If Tullia will send Brutus abroad for news, and after at his return not 135  
endure the telling of it, let Tullia either get closer\* ears, or get for Brutus  
a stricter\* tongue.

*Tullia*  
How, sir?\*

*Brutus*  
God be wi' ye.

[Exit Brutus]\*

*Tarquin*  
Alas 'tis madness – pardon\* - not spleen, \*pardon him? 140  
Nor is it hate, but frenzy. We are pleased  
To hear the gods propitious to our prayers.  
But whither's Sextus gone? Resolve us, Cocles.  
We saw thee in his parting follow him.

*Horatius*  
I heard him say, he would straight take his horse 145  
And to the warlike Sabines, enemies  
To Rome, and you.

*Tarquin*  
Save them we have no opposites.  
Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?  
Attend us Lords; we must new battle wage,  
And with bright arms confront the proud boy's rage. 150

*Exeunt all but Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scevola.*

*Horatius*  
Had I as many souls as drops of blood  
In these branched veins, as many lives as stars  
Stuck in yond azure rose\*, and were to die

More deaths than I have wasted weary minutes  
To grow to this, I'd hazard all and more 155  
To purchase freedom to thus\* bondaged Rome.  
I'm vexed to see this virgin conqueress  
Wear shackles in my sight\*.

*Lucretius*

Oh, would my tears  
Would rid great Rome of these prodigious fears.

*Enter Brutus*

*Brutus*

What, weeping-ripe, Lucretius? possible? Now lords, lads, friends, 160  
fellows, young madcaps, gallants, and old courtly ruffians, all subjects  
under one tyranny, and therefore should be partners of one and the  
same unanimity, shall we go single ourselves by two and two, and go  
talk treason? Then 'tis but his yea, and my nay, if we be called to  
question. Or shall's go use some violent bustling to break through 165  
this thorny servitude? or shall we every man go sit like a man in  
desperation, and with Lucretius weep at Rome's misery? Now am I  
for all things, any thing or nothing; I can laugh with Scevola, weep  
with this good old man, sing 'Oh hone hone' with Valerius, fret with  
Horatius Cocles, be mad like myself, or neutrize\* with Collatine. Say 170  
what shall's do?

*Horatius*

Fret.

*Valerius*

Sing.

*Lucretius*

Weep.

*Scevola*

Laugh.

*Brutus*

Rather let's all be mad  
That Tarquin he\* still reigneth, Rome's still sad.

*Collatine*

You are madmen all that yield so much to passion.  
You lay your selves too open to your enemies  
That would be glad to pry into your deeds, 175  
And catch advantage to ensnare our lives;  
The king's fear\*, like a shadow, dogs you still,  
Nor can you walk without it. I commend  
Valerius most, and noble Scevola ,  
That what they cannot mend, seem not to mind. 180  
By my consent, let's all wear out our hours  
In harmless sports: hawk, hunt, game, sing, drink, dance\*,  
So shall we seem offenceless and live safe  
In danger's bloody jaws: where\* being humorous\*,  
Cloudy\*, and curiously inquisitive 185  
Into the king's proceedings, there armed fear  
May search into us, call our deeds to question,  
And so prevent all future expectation  
Of wished amendment. Let us stay the time,  
Till heaven have made them ripe for just revenge, 190  
When opportunity is offered us,  
And then strike home; till then do what you please:  
No discontented thought my mind shall seize.

*Brutus*

I am of Collatine's mind now. Valerius, sing us a bawdy song, and  
make's merry: nay, it shall be so. 195

*Valerius*

Brutus shall pardon me\*.

*Scevola*

The time that should have been seriously spent in the state-house,  
I ha' learned securely to spend in a wenching-house, and now I  
profess myself anything but a statesman.

*Horatius*

The more thy vanity.

*Lucretius*

The less thy honour. 200

*Valerius*

The more his safety, and the less his fear.

[Sings]

She that denies me, I would have;  
Who craves me, I despise.  
Venus hath power to rule mine heart,  
But not to please mine eyes. 205  
Temptations offered, I still scorn;  
Denied, I cling them still.  
I'll neither glut mine appetite,  
Nor seek to starve my will.

Diana, double-clothed, offends; 210  
So Venus , naked quite;  
The last begets a surfeit, and  
The other no delight.  
That crafty girl shall please me best  
That no, for yea, can say; 215  
And every wanton willing kiss  
Can season with a nay.

*Brutus*

We ha' been mad, lords, long, now let us be merry lords; Horatius,  
maugre thy melancholy, and Lucretius in spite of thy sorrow, I'll have  
a song - a subject for the ditty? 220

*Horatius*

Great Tarquin's pride, and Tullia's cruelty.

*Brutus*

Dangerous; no.

*Lucretius*

The tyrannies of the court, and vassalage of the city.

*Scevola*

Neither. Shall I give the subject?

*Brutus*

Do, and let it be of all the pretty wenches in\* Rome . 225

*Scevola*

It shall - shall it\*, shall it, Valerius?

*Valerius*

Anything according to my poor acquaintance and little conversance.

*Brutus*

Nay, you shall stay, Horatius; Lucretius, so shall you; he removes  
himself from the love of Brutus, that shrinks\* my side till we have had  
a song of all the pretty suburbians:\* sit round - when, Valerius ? 230  
\*houses of resort etc

*Valerius [Sings]*

Shall I woo the lovely Molly,  
She's so fair, so fat, so jolly?  
But she has a trick of folly,  
Therefore I'll ha' none of Molly. 235  
    No, no, no, no, no, no.  
I'll ha' none of Molly, no, no, no.

Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,  
They are red and soft as jelly,  
But too well she loves her belly,  
Therefore I'll have none of Nelly. 240  
    No, no, no, &c.

What say you to bonny Betty?  
Ha' you seen a lass so pretty?  
But her body is so sweaty,  
Therefore I'll ha' none of Betty. 245  
    No, no, no, &c.

When I dally with my Dolly,  
She is full of melancholy;  
Oh, that wench is pestilent holly,  
Therefore I'll have none of Dolly. 250  
    No, no, no, &c.

I could fancy lovely Nanny,  
But she has the loves of many,  
Yet her self she loves not any.  
Therefore I'll have none of Nanny. 255  
    No, no, no, &c.

In a flax shop I spied Rachel\*,  
Where she her flax and tow did hatchel;\*  
But her cheeks hang like a satchel,  
Therefore I'll have none of Rachel. 260  
    No, no, no, &c.

In a corner I met Biddy,  
Her heels were light, her head was giddy;  
She fell down, and somewhat did I,  
Therefore I'll have none of Biddy.

265

No, no, no, &c.

*Brutus*

The rest we'll hear within. What offence is there in this, Lucretius?  
What hurt's in this, Horatius? Is it not better to sing with our heads  
on, than to bleed\* with our heads off? I ne'er took Collatine for a  
politician\* till now. Come, Valerius; we'll run over all the wenches  
of Rome, from the community of lascivious Flora\* to the chastity of  
divine Lucrece. Come, good Horatius.

270

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE 7

*Enter Lucrece, Mirable and Clown*

*Lucrece*

A chair.

*Clown*

A chair for my lady, Mistress Mirable - do you not hear my lady call?

*Lucrece*

Come near, sir; be less officious  
In duty, and use more attention -  
Nay, gentlewoman, we exempt not you  
From our discourse, you must afford an ear  
As well as he, to what we ha' to say.

5

*Mirable*

I still remain your handmaid.

*Lucrece*

Sirrah, I ha' seen you oft familiar  
With this my maid and waiting gentlewoman,  
As casting amorous glances, wanton looks,  
And privy becks\* savouring incontinence;  
I let you know you are not for my service  
Unless you grow more civil.

10

*Clown*

Indeed, madam, for my own part I wish mistress Mirable well, as one  
fellow servant ought to wish to another, but to say as that ever I flung  
any sheep's eyes in her face - how say you, mistress Mirable, did I  
ever offer it? 15

*Lucrece*

Nay, Mistress, I ha' seen you answer him  
With gracious looks, and some uncivil smiles, 20  
Retorting eyes, and giving his demeanour  
Such welcome as becomes not modesty.  
Know henceforth there shall no lascivious phrase,  
Suspicious look, or shadow of incontinence,  
Be entertained by any that attend 25  
On Roman Lucrece.

*Mirable*

Madam, I!

*Lucrece*

Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought  
Speaks nothing out of rashness nor vain hearsay,  
But what my own experience testifies 30  
Against you both; let then this mild reproof  
Forewarn you of the like: my reputation,  
Which is held precious in the eyes of Rome,  
Shall be no shelter to the least intent  
Of looseness; leave all familiarity, 35  
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I here  
Discharge you both my service.

*Clown*

For my own part, madam, as I am a true Roman by nature, though  
no Roman by my nose, I never spent the least lip-labour on mistress  
Mirable, never so much as glanced, never used any winking or  
pinking\*, never nodded at her, no not so much as when I was asleep, 40  
never asked her the question so much as what's her name: if you  
bring any man, woman, or child, that can say so much behind my  
back, as 'For he did but kiss her, for I did but kiss her, and so let her  
go', let my lord Collatine, instead of plucking my coat, pluck my skin 45  
over my ears and turn me away naked, that wheresoever I shall come  
I may be held a raw serving-man hereafter.

*Lucrece*

Sirrah, you know our mind.

*Clown*

If ever I knew what belongs to these cases, or yet know what they mean; if ever I used any plain dealing, or were ever worth such a jewel, would I might die like a beggar! If ever I were so far read in my grammar, as to know what an interjection is, or a conjunction copulative, would I might never have good of my *qui quae quod*\*!  
Why, do you think, madam, I have no more care of myself, being but a stripling, than to go to it at these years? Flesh and blood cannot endure it; I shall even spoil one of the best faces in Rome with crying at your unkindness. 50 55

*Lucrece*

I ha' done. See if you can spy your lord returning from the court, and give me notice what strangers he brings home with him.

*Clown*

Yes I'll go: but see, kind man, he saves me a labour\*. 60

*Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius, Scevola.*

*Horatius*

Come, Valerius, let's hear in our way to the house of Collatine, that you went late hammering of\* concerning the taverns in Rome .

*Valerius*

Only this, Horatius:

The gentry to the King's Head,  
The nobles to the Crown. 65  
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,  
And to the Plough the clown;

The churchman to the Mitre,  
The shepherd to the Star,  
The gardener hies him to the Rose, 70  
To the Drum the man of war;

To the Feathers ladies you; the Globe  
The seaman doth not scorn;  
The usurer to the Devil, and  
The townsman to the Horn\*; 75

The huntsman to the White Hart,  
To the Ship the merchant goes;  
But you that do the Muses love  
The Swan, called River Po\*.

The banquerout\* to the World's End, 80  
The fool to the Fortune hie;  
Unto the Mouth, the oyster-wife,  
The Fiddler to the Pie.

The punk\* unto the Cockatrice\*,  
The drunkard to the Vine; 85  
The beggar to the Bush\*, then meet\*  
And with Duke Humphrey\* dine.

*Collatine*

Fair Lucrece, I ha' brought these lords from court to feast with thee;  
sirrah, prepare us dinner.

*Lucrece*

My lord is welcome, so are all his friends; 90  
The news at court, lords?

*Horatius*

Madam, strange news:

Prince Sextus by the enemies of Rome  
Was nobly used, and made their general;  
Twice hath he met his father in the field,  
And foiled him by the warlike Sabines' aid: 95

But how hath he rewarded that brave nation,  
That in his great disgrace supported him?  
I'll tell you, madam: he since the last battle  
Sent to his father a close\* messenger  
To be received to grace, withal demanding 100

What he should do with those his enemies?  
Great Tarquin from his son receives this news,  
Being walking in his garden; when the messenger  
Importuned him for answer, the proud king  
Lops with his wand the heads of poppies off, 105  
And says no more; with this uncertain answer

The messenger to Sextus back returns,  
Who questions of his father's words, looks, gesture:  
He tells him that the haughty speechless king  
Straight apprehends, cuts off the great men's heads, 110

And, having left the Sabines without govern\*,  
Flies to his father, and this day is welcomed  
For this his traitorous service by the king,  
With all due solemn honours to the Court.

*Scevola*

Courtesy strangely requited; this none but the son of Tarquin would\*  
have enterprised. 115

*Valerius*

I like it, I applaud it; this will come to somewhat in the end; when  
heaven has cast up his account, some of them will be called to a  
hard reckoning. For my part, I dreamt last night I went a-fishing\*.

[*Sings*]

Though the weather jangles 120  
With our hooks and our angles,  
Our nets be shaken, and no fish taken;  
Though fresh cod and whiting,  
Are not this day biting,  
Gurnet\* nor conger, to satisfy hunger, 125  
Yet look to our draught.

Hale the main bowling,  
The seas have left their roiling\*,  
The waves their huffing, the winds their puffing;  
Up to the top-mast, boy, 130  
And bring us news of joy;  
Here's no demurring, no fish is stirring.  
Yet some thing we have caught.

*Collatine*

Leave all to heaven.

*Enter Clown*

*Clown*

My lords, the best plum porridge in all Rome cools for your honours; 135  
dinner is piping hot upon the table, and if you make not the more haste,  
you are like to have but cold cheer: the cook hath done his part, and  
there's not a dish on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you;  
if you have good stomachs, and come not in while the meat is hot,  
you'll make hunger and cold meet\* together. 140

*Collatine*

My man's a rhetorician, I can tell you,  
And his conceit is fluent; enter, lords,  
You must be Lucrece' guests, and she is scant  
In nothing, for such princes must not want.

*Exeunt all but Valerius and Clown*

*Clown*

My Lord Valerius, I have even a suit to your honour: I ha' not the power 145  
to part from you without a relish\*, a note, a tone; we must get an air  
betwixt us.

*Valerius*

Thy meaning?

*Clown*

Nothing but this:

John for the King has been in many ballads, 150  
John for the King down dino ,  
John for King, has eaten many salads,  
John for the King sings hey ho.

*Valerius*

Thou wouldst have a song, wouldst thou not?

*Clown*

And be everlastingly bound to your honour; I am now forsaking the 155  
world and the devil, and somewhat leaning towards the flesh; if you  
could but teach me how to choose a wench fit for my stature and  
complexion, I should rest yours in all good offices.

*Valerius*

I'll do that for thee; what's thy name?

*Clown*

My name, sir, is Pompey\*. 160

*Valerius*

Well then, attend.

[Sings]

Pompey, I will show thee the way to know  
 A dainty dapper wench.  
 First see her all bare, let her skin be rare,  
 And be touched with no part of the French\*: 165  
 Let her looks be clear, and her brows severe,  
 Her eye-brows thin and fine;  
 But if she be a punk\*, and love to be drunk,  
 Then keep her still from the wine.  
 Let her stature be mean, and her body clean, 170  
 Thou canst not choose but like her;  
 But see she ha' good clothes, with a fair Roman nose,  
 For that's the sign of a striker\*.  
 Let her legs be small, but not used to sprawl,  
 Her tongue not too loud nor cocket\*. 175  
 Let her arms be strong, and her fingers long,  
 But not used to dive in pocket.  
 Let her body be long, and her back be strong,  
 With a soft lip that entangles;  
 With an ivory breast, and her hair well dressed, 180  
 Without gold lace or spangles.  
 Let her foot be small, clean-legged withal,  
 Her apparel not too gaudy;  
 And one that hath not been, in any house of sin,  
 Nor place that hath been bawdy. 185

*Clown*

But, God's me, am I trifling here with you, and dinner cools at the  
 tables and I am called to my attendance – oh, my sweet lord Valerius !

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE 8**

*Senate*

*Enter Tarquin, Porsenna, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns [Lucretius\*]*

*Tarquin*

Next King Porsenna, whom we tender dearly,  
 Welcome, young Sextus; thou hast to our yoke  
 Suppressed the neck of a proud nation,  
 The warlike Sabines, enemies to Rome.

*Sextus*



For\* such a gallant siege.

*Tarquin*

This day you shall set forward: Sextus, go,  
And let us see your army march along  
Before this king and us, that we may view  
The puissance of our host prepared already,  
To lay high-reared Ardea waste and low.

35

*Sextus*

I shall, my liege.

*Tullia\**

Aruns, associate him.

\*Sextus in orig

*Aruns*

A rival with my brother in his honours.

*Exeunt Aruns and Sextus*

*Tarquin*

Porsenna shall behold the strength of Rome,  
And body of the camp, under the charge  
Of two brave princes, to lay hostile siege  
Against the strongest city that withstands  
The all-commanding Tarquin.

40

*Porsenna*

'Tis an object  
To please Porsenna's eye.

[*Soft march*]

*Lucretius*

The host is now  
Upon their\* march. You from this place may see  
The pride of all the Roman chivalry.

45

*Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scevola, Cocles, with  
soldiers, drum and colours, march over the stage, and congee to  
the king and queen*

*Porsenna*

This sight's more pleasing to Porsenna's eye,



*Exeunt*

## **SCENE 9**

[*The Roman camp before Ardea*]

*Two soldiers meet as in the watch*

*1 Soldier*

Stand, who goes there?

*2 Soldier*

A friend.

*1 Soldier*

Stir not, for if thou dost I'll broach thee straight upon this pike. The word?

*2 Soldier*

Porsenna.

5

*1 Soldier*

Pass - stay, who walks the round to night?  
The general, or any of his captains?

*2 Soldier*

Horatius hath the charge; the other chieftains,  
Rest in the general's tent; there's no commander  
Of any note, but revels with the prince:  
And I amongst the rest am charged to attend  
Upon their rouse.

10

*1 Soldier*

Pass freely; I this night must stand  
'Twixt them and danger. The time of night?

*2 Soldier*

The clock last told eleven.

*1 Soldier*

The powers celestial  
That have took Rome in charge, protect it still.

15

Again, good night. Thus must poor soldiers do,  
Whilst their commanders are with dainties fed,  
And sleep on down, the earth must be our bed.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE 10

*A banquet prepared*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Scevola, Collatine*

*Sextus*

Sit round: the enemy is pounded\* fast  
In their own folds, the walls made to oppugn  
Hostile incursions become a prison,  
To keep them fast for execution;  
There's no eruption to be feared.

5

*Brutus*

What shall's do? Come, a health to the general's health; and Valerius,  
that sits the most civilly, shall begin it; I cannot talk till my blood be  
mingled with this blood of grapes. Fill for Valerius! Thou should'st  
drink well, for thou hast been in the German wars; if thou lovest me,  
drink up *se freeza\**.

10

*Sextus*

Nay, since Brutus has spoke the word, the first health shall be  
imposed on you, Valerius; and if ever you have been Germanized,  
let it be after the Dutch fashion.

*Valerius*

The general may command.

*Brutus*

He may; why else is he called the commander?

15

*Sextus*

We will entreat Valerius.

*Valerius*

Since you will needs enforce a high German health, look well to  
your heads, for I come upon you with this Dutch tassaker\*: if you

were of a more noble science than you are, it will go near to break  
your heads round. 20

*A Dutch Song*

O mork giff men ein man,  
Skerry merry vip,  
O mork giff men ein man  
Skerry merry vap. 25

O mork giff men ein man, 25  
That tik die ten long o drievan can,  
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap,

And skerry merry runke ede sunk,  
Ede hoore was a hai dedle downe  
Dedle drunke a: 30

Skerry merry runke ede bunk,  
Ede hoore was drunk a.

O daughter yeis in alto kleene,  
Skerry merry vip, 35  
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,  
Skerry merry vap.

O daughter yeis in alto kleene,  
Ye molten slop, ein yert a leene  
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap  
And skerry merry runk ede bunk. 40

Ede hoore was a hey dedle downe  
Dedle drunke a:

Skerry merry, runke ede bunk, ede hoore was drunk a.

*Sextus*

Gramercies, Valerius; came this high-German health as double as  
his double\* ruff, I'd pledge it. 45

*Brutus*

Were it Lubeck's or double-double beer, their own natural liquor,  
I'd pledge it were it as deep as his ruff; let the health go round about  
the board, as his band goes round about his neck. I am no more  
afraid of this Dutch fauchion\* than I should be of the heathenish  
invention. 50

*Collatine*

I must entreat you spare me, for my brain brooks not the fumes of  
wine; their vaporous strength offends me much.

*Horatius*

I would have none spare me for I'll spare none; Collatine will pledge  
no health unless it be to his Lucrece.

*Sextus*

What's Lucrece but a woman? and what are women 55  
But tortures and disturbance unto men?

If they be foul they're odious, and if fair,

They're like rich vessels full of poisonous drugs,

Or like black serpents armed with golden scales:

For my own part, they shall not trouble me. 60

*Brutus*

Sextus, sit fast, for I proclaim myself a woman's champion and shall  
unhorse thee else.

*Valerius*

For my own part, I'm a married man, and I'll speak to my wife to  
thank thee, Brutus.

*Aruns*

I have a wife too, and I think the most virtuous lady in the world. 65

*Scevola*

I cannot say but that I have a good wife too, and I love her: but if she  
were in heaven, beshrew me if I would wish her so much hurt as to  
desire her company upon earth again; yet, upon my honour, though  
she be not very fair, she is exceeding honest.

*Brutus*

Nay, the less beauty, the less temptation to despoil her honesty. 70

*Scevola*

I should be angry with him that should make question of her honour.

*Brutus*

And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintain her honour.

*Aruns*

If you compare the virtues of your wives, let me step in for mine.

*Collatine*

I should wrong my Lucrece not to stand for her.

*Sextus*

Ha, ha! all captains, and stand upon the honesty of your wives 75  
Is't possible, think you\*,  
That women of young spirit and full age,  
Of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance,  
Read, write, such as feed well and taste choice cates\*,  
That straight dissolve to purity of blood, 80  
That keep the veins full, and enflame the appetite,  
Making the spirit able, strong, and prone;  
Can such as these their husbands being away,  
Employed in foreign sieges or elsewhere, 85  
Deny such as importune them at home?  
Tell me that flax will not be touched with fire,  
Nor they be won to what they most desire!

*Brutus*

Shall I end this controversy in a word?

*Sextus*

Do, good Brutus. 90

*Brutus*

I hold some holy, but some apt to sin;  
Some tractable, but some that none can win;  
Such as are virtuous, gold nor wealth can move;  
Some vicious of themselves are prone to love;  
Some grapes are sweet and in the garden grow, 95  
Others unpruned turn wild neglected so;  
The purest ore contains both gold and dross,  
The one all gain, the other naught but loss;  
The one disgrace, reproach, and scandal taints,  
The other angels and sweet-featured saints. 100

*Collatine*

Such is my virtuous Lucrece.

*Aruns*

Yet she for virtue\* not comparable to the wife of Aruns \*added

*Scevola*

And why may not mine be ranked with the most virtuous?

*Horatius*

I would put in for a lot, but a thousand to one I shall draw but a blank.

*Valerius*

I should not show I loved my wife, not to take her part in her absence; 105  
I hold her inferior to none.

*Aruns*

Save mine.

*Valerius*

No, not to her.

*Brutus*

Oh, this were a brave controversy for a jury of women to arbitrate!

*Collatine*

I'll hazard all my fortunes on the virtues 110  
Of divine Lucrece. Shall we try them thus?

It is now dead of night; let's mount our steeds;  
Within this two hours we may reach to Rome,

And to our houses all come unprepared, 115  
And unexpected by our high-praised wives.

She of them all that we find best employed,  
Devoted, and most huswife-exercised,  
Let her be held most virtuous, and her husband  
Win by the wager a rich horse and armour.

*Aruns*

A hand on that. 120

*Valerius*

Here's a helping hand to that bargain.

*Horatius*

But shall we to horse without circumstance?

*Scevola*

Scevola will be\* mounted with the first.

*Sextus*

Then mount cheval\*! Brutus, this night take you the charge of the 125  
army. I'll see the trial of this wager; 'twould do me good to see some  
of them find their wives in the arms of their lovers, they are so  
confident in their virtues. Brutus, we'll interchange goodnight; be\* thou

but as provident o'er the army as we (if our horses fail not) expeditious  
in our journey. To horse, to horse\*!

*All*

Farewell, good Brutus.

130

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE 11

*Enter Lucrece and her two maids\**

*Lucrece*

But one hour more and you shall all to rest:  
Now that your lord is absent from this house,  
And that the master's eye is from his charge,  
We must be careful, and with providence  
Guide his domestic business; we ha' now  
Given o'er all feasting and left reveling,  
Which ill becomes the house whose lord is absent;  
We banish all excess till his return,  
In fear of whom my soul doth daily mourn.

5

*Mirable*

Madam, so please you, to repose your self  
Within your chamber; leave us to our tasks;  
We will not loiter, though you take your rest.

10

*Lucrece*

Not so: you shall not overwatch yourselves  
Longer than I wake with you; for it fits  
Good huswives\*, when their husbands are from home,  
To eye their servants' labours, and in care  
And the true manage of his household state,  
Earliest to rise, and to be up most late.  
Since all his business he commits to me,  
I'll be his faithful steward till the camp  
Dissolve, and he return; thus wives should do,  
In absence of their lords be husbands too.

15

20

*Maid*

Madam, the Lord Turnus\* his man was thrice for you here, to have  
entreated you home to supper; he says his lord takes it unkindly he

could not have your company. 25

*Lucrece*

To please a loving husband, I'll offend  
The love and patience of my dearest friend.  
Methinks his purpose was unreasonable,  
To draw me in my husband's absence forth  
To feast and banquet; 'twould have ill become me 30  
To have left the charge of such a spacious house  
Without both lord and mistress.

I am opinioned thus: wives should not stray  
Out of their doors their husbands being away.  
Lord Turnus, excuse me. 35

*Mirable*

Pray Madam, set me right into my work.

*Lucrece*

Being abroad, I may forget the charge  
Imposed me by my lord, or be compelled  
To stay out late, which were my husband here,  
Might be without distaste, but he from hence, 40  
With late abroad, there can no excuse dispense.  
Here, take your work again, a while proceed,  
And then to bed, for whilst you sew I'll read.

[*Lucrece, Mirable and Maid retire*]\*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Valerius, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola*

*Aruns*

I would have hazarded all my hopes, my wife had not been so late  
a-revelling. 45

*Valerius*

Nor mine at this time of night a-gambolling.

*Horatius*

They wear so much cork under their heels they cannot choose but  
love to caper.

*Sextus*

Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching, all theirs  
were wantoning, and if I ha' lost, none can brag of their winnings. 50

*Sextus*

Now, Collatine, to yours; either Lucrece must be better employed than the rest, or you content to have her virtues ranked with the rest.

*Collatine*

I am pleased.

*Horatius*

Soft, soft, let's steal upon her as upon the rest, lest having some watch-word at our arrival, we may give her notice to be better prepared: nay, by your leave, Collatine, we'll limit you no advantage. 55

*Collatine*

See, lords, thus Lucrece revels with her maids\*;  
Instead of riot, quaffing, and the practice  
Of high lavaltoes to the ravishing sound  
Of chambering music, she, like a good huswife, 60  
Is teaching of her servants sundry chares\* -  
Lucrece?

*Lucrece*

My lord and husband, welcome, ten times welcome!  
Is it to see your Lucrece you thus late  
Ha' with your person's hazard\* left the camp, 65  
And trusted to the danger of a night  
So dark, and full of horror?

*Aruns*

Lords, all's lost.

*Horatius*

By Jove, I'll buy my wife a wheel, and make her spin for this trick.

*Scevola*

If I make not mine learn to live by the prick of her needle for this, I'm no Roman. 70

*Collatine*

Sweet wife, salute these Lords; thy continence  
Hath won thy husband a Barbary\* horse  
And a rich coat of arms\*.

*Lucrece*

O pardon me - the joy to see my lord  
Took from me all respect of their degrees. 75  
The richest entertainment lives with us,  
According to the hour, and the provision  
Of a poor wife in the absence of her husband,  
We prostrate to you; howsoever mean,  
We thus excuse't; Lord Collatine's away. 80  
We neither feast, dance, quaff, riot, nor play,

*Sextus*

If one woman among so many bad may be found good, if a white  
wench may prove a black swan, it is Lucrece; her beauty hath relation  
to her virtue, and her virtue correspondent to her beauty, and in both  
she is matchless\*. 85

*Collatine*

Lords, will you yield the wager?

*Aruns*

Stay, the wager was as well which of our wives was fairest\* too;  
it stretched as well to their beauty as to their continence. Who shall  
judge that?

*Horatius*

That can none of us, because we are all parties. Let Prince Sextus 90  
determine it, who hath been with us, and been an eye-witness of  
their beauties.

*Valerius*

Agreed.

*Scevola*

I am pleased with the censure\* of Prince Sextus.

*Aruns*

So are we all.

*Collatine*

I commit my Lucrece wholly to the dispose\* of Sextus.

95

*Sextus*

And Sextus commits him wholly to the dispose of Lucrece\*.  
I love the lady and her grace desire,

Nor can my love wrong what my thoughts admire.  
Aruns, no question but your wife is chaste  
And thrifty, but this lady knows no waste. 100  
Valerius, yours is modest, something fair;  
Her grace and beauty are without compare,  
Thine, Mutius, well disposed, and of good feature,  
But the world yields not so divine a creature.  
Horatius, thine a smug\* lass and graced well, 105  
But amongst all, fair Lucrece doth excel.  
Then our impartial heart and\* judging eyes  
This verdict gives: fair Lucrece wins the prize.

*Collatine*

Then, lords, you are indebted to me a horse and armour.

*All*

We yield it. 110

*Lucrece*

Will you taste such welcome, lords, as a poor unprovided house can  
yield?

*Sextus*

Gramercy, Lucrece, no, we must this night sleep by Ardea walls.

*Lucrece*

But my lords, I hope my Collatine will not so leave his Lucrece.

*Sextus*

He must: we have but idled from the camp, to try a merry wager 115  
about their wives, and this\* the hazard of the king's displeasure,  
should any man be missing from his charge. The powers that govern  
Rome make divine Lucrece for ever happy! Good night.

*Scevola\**

But, Valerius, what thinkest thou of the country girls from whence 120  
we came, compared with our city wives whom we this night have  
tried?

*Valerius*

Scevola, thou shall hear.

[*The third new Song*]

O yes, room for the crier,  
Who never yet was found a liar.  
O ye fine smug country lasses, 125  
That would for brooks change crystal glasses,  
And be transhaped from foot to crown,  
And straw-beds change for beds of down;  
Your partlets\* turn into rebatoes, \*  
And 'stead of carrots eat potatoes; 130  
Your frontlets\* lay by, and your rails\*,  
And fringe with gold your daggled\* tails\*:  
Now your hawk-noses shall have hoods,  
And billements\* with golden studs;  
Straw-hats shall be no more bongraces\* 135  
From the bright sun to hide your faces;  
For hempen smocks to help the itch,  
Have linen, sewed with silver stitch;  
And wheresoe'er they chance to stride,  
One bare before to be their guide. 140  
O yes, room for the crier,  
Who never yet was found a liar.

*Lucrece*

Will not my husband repose this night with me?

*Horatius*

Lucrece shall pardon him; we ha' took our leaves of our wives, nor  
shall Collatine be before us, though our ladies in other things come 145  
behind you.

*Collatine*

I must be swayed: the joys and the delights  
Of many thousand nights meet all in one,  
To make my Lucrece happy!

*Lucrece*

I am bound to your strict will; to each, good-night. 150

*Sextus*

To horse, to horse! [*Aside*] Lucrece, we cannot rest,  
Till our hot lust embosom in thy breast.

*Exeunt all but Lucrece*

*Lucrece*

With no unkindness we should our lords upbraid\*;  
Husbands and kings must always be obeyed.

Nothing save the high business of the state, 155

And the charge given him at Ardea's siege,  
Could ha' made Collatine so much digress  
From the affection that he bears his wife;  
But subjects must excuse when kings claim power.

But, leaving this, before the charm of sleep 160

Seize with his downy wings upon my eyes,  
I must go take account among my servants  
Of their day's task; we must not cherish sloth.  
No covetous thought makes me thus provident,  
But to shun idleness, which, wise men say, 165  
Begets rank lust, and virtue beats away.

*Exit*

## **SCENE 12**

[*The road back to Ardea*]

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Horatius, Brutus, Scevola, Valerius [Collatine]*

*Horatius*

Return to Rome now we are in the midway to the camp?

*Sextus*

My Lords, 'tis business that concerns my life.  
Tomorrow, if we live, we'll visit thee.

*Valerius*

Will Sextus enjoin me to accompany him?

*Scevola*

Or me?

5

*Sextus*

Nor you, nor any: 'tis important business  
And serious occurrences that call me.  
Perhaps, lords, I'll commend you to your wives.  
Collatine, shall I do you any service

To your Lucrece ? 10

*Collatine*

Only commend me.

*Sextus*

What, no private token to purchase our kind welcome?

*Collatine*

Would royal Sextus would but honour me

To bear her a slight token.

*Sextus*

What?

*Collatine*

This ring,

*Sextus*

As I am royal I will see't deliverèd.

[*Aside*] This ring to Lucrece shall my love convey,

And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray.

Tomorrow we shall meet; this night, sweet fate,

May I prove welcome, though a guest ingrate.

15

*Exit*

*Aruns*

He's for the city, we for the camp. The night makes the way tedious  
and melancholy; prithee, a merry song to beguile it.

20

*Valerius*

There was a young man and a maid fell in love,  
Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, terry derry dino.

To get her good will he often did -\*

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, langtido dille.

There's many will say, and most will allow,

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, terry derry dino.

There's nothing so good as a -

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, langtido dille.

I would wish all maids before they be sick,

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, terry derry dino.

25

30

To inquire for a young man that has a good -

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, langtido dille.

*Scevola\**

Nay, my lord, I heard them all have a conceit of an Englishman - a  
strange people, in the western islands - one that for his variety in  
habit, humour and gesture, put down all other nations whatsoever;  
a little of that, if you love me. 35

*Valerius*

Well, Scevola , you shall.

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop\*,  
The Lombard his Venetian\*, 40  
And some, like breechless women. go:  
The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian;  
The threysly\* Frenchman wears small waist,  
The Dutch his belly boasteth;  
The Englishman is for them all, 45  
And for each fashion coasteth.

The Turk in linen wraps his head,  
The Persian his in lawn\*, too;  
The Russ with sables furs his cap,  
And change will not be drawn to; 50  
The Spaniard's constant to his block\*;  
The French, inconstant ever;  
But of all felts\* that can be felt,  
Give me your English beaver\*.

The German loves his coney-wool\*, 55  
The Irishman his shag\* too;  
The Welsh his monmouth\* loves to wear,  
And of the same will brag too;  
Some love the rough, and some the smooth,  
Some great, and others small things; 60  
But oh, your lecherous Englishman,  
He loves to deal in all things.

The Russ drinks quass\*, Dutch Lubeck beer,  
And that is strong, and mighty;  
The Briton, he metheglin\* quaffs, 65  
The Irish, aquavitæ\*;  
The French affects the Orleans grape,  
The Spaniard tastes his sherry;

The English none of these can 'scape,  
But he with all makes merry. 70

The Italian in her high chapin\*,  
Scotch lass, and lovely frau too;  
The Spanish donna, French madame,  
He will not fear to go to;  
Nothing so full of hazard dread. 75  
Naught lives above the centre;  
No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,  
On which he dare not venture\*.

*Horatius*  
Good Valerius, this has brought us even to the skirts of the camp.  
Enter, lords. 80

*Exeunt*

### SCENE 13

*Enter Sextus and Lucrece*

*Lucrece*  
This ring, my Lord, hath oped the gates to you;  
For though I know you for a royal prince,  
My sovereign's son, and friend to Collatine,  
Without that key you had not entered here.  
- More lights and see a banquet straight provided! - 5  
My love to my dear husband shall appear  
In the kind welcome that I give his friend.

*Sextus [Aside]*  
Not love-sick, but love-lunatic, love-mad:  
I am all fire, impatience, and my blood  
Boils in my heart, with loose and sensual thoughts. 10

*Lucrece*  
- A chair for the Prince! - May't please your highness sit?

*Sextus*  
Madam, with you.

*Lucrece*

It will become the wife of Collatine  
To wait upon your trencher\*.

*Sextus*

You shall sit:

Behind us at the camp we left our state, 15  
We're but your guest; indeed you shall not wait.  
[*Aside*] Her modesty hath such strong power o'er me,  
And such a reverence hath fate given her brow,  
That it appears a kind of blasphemy  
T'have any wanton word harsh in her ears. 20  
I cannot woo, and yet I love 'bove measure;  
'Tis force, not suit, must purchase this rich treasure.

*Lucrece*

Your highness cannot taste such homely eats\*?

*Sextus*

Indeed I cannot feed. [*Aside*] But on thy face:  
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace. 25

*Lucrece*

Knew you, my lord, what free and zealous welcome  
We tender you, your highness would presume  
Upon your entertainment. Oft, and\* many times,  
I have heard my husband speak of Sextus' valour,  
Extol your worth, praise your perfection, 30  
To\* dote upon your valor, and your friendship  
Prize next his Lucrece.

*Sextus* [*Aside*]

O impious lust,

In all things base, respectless and unjust!  
Thy virtue, grace, and fame, I must enjoy,  
Though in the purchase I all Rome destroy. - 35  
Madam, if I be welcome as your virtue  
Bids me presume I am, carouse to me  
A health unto your husband.

*Lucrece*

A woman's draught, my lord, to Collatine .

*Sextus*

Nay, you must drink off all.



*Lucrece*

To rest, then. –

A rank of torches there, attend the prince!

*Sextus*

Madam, I doubt I am a guest this night

Too troublesome,\* and I offend your rest.

75

*Lucrece\**

This ring speaks for me, that next Collatine

You are to me most welcome; yet, my lord,

Thus much presume: without this from his hand,

Sextus this night could not have entered here:

No, not the king himself.

80

My doors the daytime to my friends are free,

But in the night the obdure gates are less kind;

Without this ring they can no entrance find. -

Lights for the Prince!

*Sextus*

A kiss, and so goodnight – nay, for your ring's sake, deny not that.

85

*Lucrece*

Jove give your highness soft and sweet repose.

*Sextus*

And thee the like, with soft and sweet content\*. -

[*Aside*] My vows are fixed, my thoughts on mischief bent.

*Exit with torches*

*Lucrece*

'Tis late; so many stars\* shine in this room,

By reason of this great and princely guest,

90

The world might call our modesty in question

To revel thus, our husband at the camp.

Haste, and to rest; save in the prince's chamber,

Let not a light appear; my heart's all sadness.

Jove, unto thy protection I commit

95

My chastity and honour; to thy keep,

My waking soul I give, whilst my thoughts sleep.

*Exit*

## SCENE 14

*Enter Clown and a Serving-man\**

*Clown*

Soft, soft not too loud; imagine we were now going on the ropes with eggs on our heels; he that hath but a creaking shoe I would he had a creak in his neck; tread not too hard for disturbing prince Sextus.

*Serving-man*

I wonder the Prince would ha' none of us stay in his chamber and help him to bed.

5

*Clown*

What an ass art thou to wonder; there may be many causes; thou know'st the prince is a soldier, and soldiers many time want shift; who can say whether he have a clean shirt on or no? for any thing that we know he hath used staves- acre\*, or hath ta'en a medicine to kill the itch; what's that to us? we did our duty to proffer our selves.

10

*Serving-man*

And what should we enter farther into his thoughts? Come, shall's to bed? I am as drowsy as a dormouse, and my head is as heavy as though I had a night-cap of lead on.

*Clown*

And my eyes begin to glue themselves together. I was till supper was done altogether for your repast, and now after supper I am only for your repose; I think for the two virtues of eating and sleeping, there's never a Roman spirit under the cope\* of heaven\* can put me down.

15

*Enter Mirable*

*Mirable*

For shame! what a conjuring and caterwauling keep you here, that my lady cannot sleep; you shall have her call by and by, and send you all to bed with a witness.

20

*Clown*

Sweet mistress Mirable, we are going.

*Mirable*

You are too loud! Come, every man dispose him to his rest, and I'll

to mine.

*Serving-man*

Out with your torches.

*Clown*

Come then, and every man sneak into his kennel.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE 15

*Enter Sextus with his sword drawn and a taper light*

*Sextus*

Night, be as secret as thou art close, as close  
As thou art black and dark; thou ominous queen  
Of tenebrous silence, make this fatal hour  
As true to rape as thou hast made it kind  
To murder, and harsh mischief: Cynthia\*, mask thy cheek\*, 5  
And all you sparkling elemental fires  
Choke up your beauties in prodigious fogs,  
Or be extinct in some thick vaporous clouds,  
Lest you behold my practice: I am bound  
Upon a black adventure, on a deed 10  
That must wound virtue, and make beauty bleed.  
Pause, Sextus: and before thou runnst thyself  
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sin.  
Thou art yet free, beloved, graced in the camp,  
Of great opinion\* and undoubted hope\*, 15  
Rome's darling, in the universal grace,  
Both of the field, and senate, where these fortunes  
Do\* make thee great in both: back! Yet\* thy fame  
Is free from hazard, and thy style\* from shame.  
O fate! thou hast usurped such power o'er man, 20  
That where thou plead'st thy will no mortal can\*.  
On then, black mischief: hurry me the way -  
My self I must destroy, her life betray;  
The state\* of King and Subject, the displeasure  
Of prince and people, the revenge of noble, 25  
And the contempt of base, the incurred vengeance  
Of my wronged kinsman Collatine, the treason  
Against divin'st Lucrece: all these total curses\*,

Foreseen not feared, upon one\* Sextus meet,  
To make my days harsh: so this night be sweet. 30  
No jar of clock, no ominous hateful howl  
Of any starting hound, no horse-cough breathed from the entrails\*  
Of any drowsy groom, wakes this charmed silence  
And starts this general slumber. Forward still:

*Lucrece discovered in her bed*

To make thy lust live, all thy virtues kill. 35  
Here, here, behold! beneath these curtains lies  
That bright enchantress that hath dazed my eyes.  
Oh, who but Sextus could commit such waste  
On one so fair, so kind, so truly chaste?  
Or like a ravisher thus rudely stand, 40  
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?  
Or at such fatal hours these revels keep,  
With thought once to defile thy innocent sleep?  
Save in this breast, such thoughts could find no place,  
Or pay with treason her kind hospitable\* grace; 45  
But I am lust-burnt all, bent on what's bad,  
That which should calm good thought makes Tarquin mad.  
Madam! Lucrece?

*Lucrece*

Who's that? Oh me! beshrew you!

*Sextus*

Sweet, 'tis I.

*Lucrece*

What I? 50

*Sextus*

Make room.

*Lucrece*

My husband Collatine ?

*Sextus*

Thy husband's at the camp.

*Lucrece*

Here is no place\* for any man save him.

*Sextus*  
Grant me that grace. 55

*Lucrece*  
What are you?

*Sextus*  
Tarquin and thy friend, and must enjoy thee.

*Lucrece*  
Heaven such sins defend!

*Sextus*  
Why do you tremble, lady? cease this fear:  
I am alone, there's no suspicious ear 60  
That can betray this deed: nay, start not, sweet.

*Lucrece*  
Dream I, or am I full awake? oh no!  
I know I dream to see Prince Sextus\* so.  
Sweet Lord awake me, rid me from this terror.  
I know you for a prince, a gentleman, 65  
Royal and honest, one that loves my lord,

And would not wreck a woman's chastity  
For Rome's imperial diadem. Oh then  
Pardon this dream; for, being awake, I know  
Prince Sextus, Rome's great hope, would not for shame 70  
Havoc\* his own worth, or despoil my fame.

*Sextus*  
I'm bent on both: my thoughts are all on fire;  
Choose thee, thou must embrace death, or\* desire.  
Yet do I love thee; wilt thou accept it?

*Lucrece*  
No. 75

*Sextus*  
If not thy love, thou must enjoy thy foe.  
Where fair means cannot, force shall make my way;  
By Jove I must enjoy thee.

*Lucrece*

Sweet Lord, stay.

*Sextus*

I'm all impatience, violence and rage  
And, save thy bed, naught can this fire assuage;  
Wilt love me?

80

*Lucrece*

No, I cannot.

*Sextus*

Tell me why?

*Lucrece*

Hate me, and in that hate first let me die.

*Sextus*

By Jove, I'll force thee.

*Lucrece*

By a God you swear  
To do a devil's deed - sweet lord, forbear!  
By the same Jove I swear, that made this soul,  
Never to yield unto an act so foul.  
Help! Help!

85

*Sextus*

These pillows\* first shall stop thy breath,  
If thou but shriek'st, hark how I'll frame thy death.

*Lucrece*

For\* death I care not, so I keep unstained  
The uncrazed\* honour I have yet maintained.

90

*Sextus*

Thou canst keep neither, for if thou but squeakest  
Or let'st the least harsh noise jar in my ear,  
I'll broach thee on my steel; that done, straight murder  
One of thy basest grooms, and lay you both,  
Grasped arm in arm, on thy adulterate bed,  
Then call in witness of that mechall\* sin.  
So shalt thou die, thy death be scandalous,  
Thy name be odious, thy suspected body  
Denied all funeral rites, and loving Collatine

95

Shall hate thee even in death: then save all this, 100  
And to thy fortunes add another friend;  
Give thy fears comfort, and these torments end.

*Lucrece*

I'll die first - and yet hear me; as\* you're noble,  
If all your goodness and best generous thoughts  
Be not exiled your heart, pity, oh pity 105  
The virtues of a woman; mar not that  
Cannot be made again; this once defiled,  
Not all the ocean waves can purify  
Or wash my stain away; you seek to soil\*  
That which the radiant splendour of the sun 110  
Cannot make bright again; behold my tears,  
Oh think them pearled drops, distilled from the heart  
Of soul-chaste Lucrece; think them orators,  
To plead the cause of absent Collatine,  
Your friend and kinsman.

*Sextus*

Tush, I am obdure. 115

*Lucrece*

Then make my name foul\*; keep my body pure!  
Oh, prince of princes, do but weigh your sin;  
Think how much I shall lose, how small you win.  
I lose the honour of my name and blood,  
Loss\* Rome's imperial crown cannot make good; 120  
You win the world's shame and all good men's hate;  
Oh, who would pleasure buy at such dear rate?  
Nor can you term it pleasure, for what is sweet,  
Where force and hate jar, and contention meet?  
Weigh but for what 'tis that you urge me still, 125  
To gain a woman's love against her will.  
You'll but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,  
And think that labour's not worth all your strife,  
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wronged your friends;  
But all the world cannot make me amends, 130  
I took you for a friend - wrong not my trust,  
But let these chaste tears\* quench your fiery lust,       \*tears?

*Sextus*

No, those moist tears contending with my fire,  
Quench not my heat, but make it climb much\* higher -

I'll drag thee hence,

*Lucrece*

Oh!

*Sextus*

If thou raise these cries, 135  
Lodged in thy slaughtered arms some base groom dies;  
And Rome that hath admired thy name so long  
Shall blot thy death with scandal from my tongue.

*Lucrece*

Jove, guard my innocence!

*Sextus*

Lucrece, thou'rt mine:  
In spite of Jove and all the powers divine. 140

*He bears her out*

## **SCENE 16**

*Enter a Serving-man\**

*Serving-man*

What's o'clock, trow? My Lord bade me be early, ready with my gelding, for he would ride betimes in the morning; now had I rather be up an hour before my time than a minute after, for my lord will be so infinite\* angry if I but oversleep myself a moment that I had better be out of my life than in his displeasure; but soft, some of my lord Collatine's men lie in the next chamber - I care not if I call them up, for it grows towards day. What, Pompey, Pompey? 5

*Clown*

Who is that calls?

*Serving-man*

'Tis I.

*Clown*

Who's that, my Lord Sextus his man? What a pox make you up before day? 10

*Serving-man*

I would have the key of the gate to come at my lord's horse in the stable.

*Clown*

I would my lord Sextus and you were both in the hay-loft, for Pompey can take none of his natural rest among you; here's e'en 'Ostler, rise, and give my horse another peck of hay!' 15

*Serving-man*

Nay, good Pompey, help me to the key of the stable.

*Clown*

Well, Pompey was born to do Rome good\* in being so kind to the young prince's gelding, but if for my kindness in giving him pease and oats he should kick me, I should scarce say 'God-a-mercy, horse' - but come, I'll go with thee to the stable. 20

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE 17**

*Enter Sextus and Lucrece unready*

*Sextus*

Nay, weep not sweet, what's done is past recall.  
Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow,  
Which is yet without blemish; what hath passed  
Is hid from the world's eye, and only private  
'Twixt us. Fair Lucrece, pull not on my head 5  
The wrath of Rome; if I have done thee wrong,  
Love was the cause; thy fame is without blot,  
And thou in Sextus hast a true friend got.  
Nay, sweet, look up; thou only hast my heart;  
I must be gone; Lucrece, a kiss and part. 10

*Lucrece*

Oh!

*She flings from him and exits*

*Sextus*

No? peevish dame, farewell - then be the bruite\*  
Of thy own shame, which Tarquin would conceal;  
I am armed 'gainst all can come; let mischief frown,  
With all his terror armed with ominous fate\*;  
To all their spleens\* a welcome I'll afford,  
With this bold heart, strong hand and my good sword.

15

*Exit*

## **SCENE 18**

*Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Aruns, Scevola, Collatine*

*Brutus*

What, so early, Valerius, and your voice not up yet? Thou wast wont  
to be my lark, and raise me with thy early notes.

*Valerius*

I was never so hard set yet, my lord, but I had ever a fit of mirth for  
my friend.

*Brutus*

Prithee, let's hear it then while we may, for I divine thy music and my  
madness are both short lived; we shall have somewhat else to do ere  
long, we hope, Valerius .

5

*Horatius*

Jove send it.

*Valerius [Sings]*

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day!  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,  
To give my love good morrow.  
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,  
To give my love good morrow.  
To give my love good morrow,  
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

10

15

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast;

Sing, birds, in every furrow; 20  
And from each bill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good morrow;  
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,  
Stare,\* linnet, and cock-sparrow;  
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves, 25  
Sing my fair love good morrow.  
To give my love good morrow,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

*Brutus*

Methinks our wars go not well forwards\*, Horatius; we have greater 30  
enemies to bustle with than the Ardeans, if we durst but front\* them.

*Horatius*

Would it were come to fronting.

*Brutus*

Then we married men should have the advantage of the bachelors,  
Horatius, especially such as have revelling wives, those that can  
caper in the city while their husbands are in the camp. Collatine, why  
are you so sad? The thought of this should not trouble you, having 35  
a Lucrece to your bedfellow.

*Collatine*

My Lord, I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry.

*Scevola\**

Come, come, make him merry; let's have a song in praise of his  
Lucrece.

*Valerius*

Content: 40

[*Sings*]

On two white columns arched she stands,  
Some snow would think them sure;  
Some crystal, others lilies stripped\*,  
But none of those so pure.

This beauty when I contemplate, 45  
What riches I behold;  
'Tis roofed within with virtuous thoughts,  
Without, 'tis thatched with gold.

Two doors there are to enter at,  
The one I'll not enquire, 50  
Because concealed; the other seen,  
Whose sight enflames desire.

Whether the porch be coral clear,  
Or with rich crimson lined,  
Or rose-leaves, lasting all the year, 55  
It is not yet divined.

Her eyes not made of purest glass  
Or crystal, but transpareth;\*  
The life of diamonds they surpass,  
Their very sight ensnareth. 60

That which without we rough-cast\* call,  
To stand 'gainst wind and weather,  
For its rare beauty equals all  
That I have named together.

For were it not by modest Art 65  
Kept from the sight of skies,  
It would strike dim the sun itself,  
And daze the gazer's eyes.

The case so rich, how may we praise  
The jewel lodged within? 70  
To draw their praise I were unwise,  
To wrong them it were sin.

*Aruns*

I should be frolic if my brother were but returned to the camp.

*Horatius\**

And in good time behold Prince Sextus .

[*Enter Sextus*]

*All*

Health to our general. 75

*Sextus*

Thank you.

*Brutus*

Will you survey your forces, and give order for a present assault?  
Your soldiers long to be tugging with the Ardeans .

*Sextus*

No.

*Collatine*

Have you seen Lucretia, my lord? how fares she?

80

*Sextus*

Well, I'll to my tent.

*Aruns*

Why, how now, what's the matter, brother?

*Exeunt the brothers*

*Brutus*

'Thank you', 'No', 'Well, I'll to my tent': get thee to thy tent and  
'Coward' go with thee, if thou hast no more spirit to a speedy  
encounter.

85

*Valerius*

Shall I go after him and know the cause of his discontent?

*Scevola*

Or I, my lord?

*Brutus*

Neither. To pursue a fool in his humour is the next way to make him  
more humorous\*. I'll not be guilty of his folly, thank you, no. Before  
I wish him health again when he is sick of the sullens, may I die, not  
like a Roman, but like a runagate\*.

90

*Scevola*

Perhaps he's not well.

*Brutus*

Well: then let him be.

*Valerius\**

Nay, if he be dying, I could wish he were; I'll ring out his funeral peal,

and this it is. 95

Come list and hark:  
The bell doth toll,  
For some but new  
Departing soul.

And was not that 100  
Some ominous fowl,  
The bat, the night-  
Crow or screech-owl?

To these I hear 105  
The wild wolf howl  
In this black night  
That seems to scowl.

All these my black-  
Book, shall enrol,  
For hark: still, still 110  
The Bell doth toll  
For some but now  
Departing soul.

*Scevola*  
Excellent, Valerius, but is not that Collatine's man?

*Enter Clown*

*Valerius*  
The news with this hasty post? 115

*Clown*  
Did nobody see my Lord Collatine ? Oh! my lady commends her to  
you - here's a letter.

*Collatine*  
Give it me.

*Clown*  
Fie upon't, never was poor Pompey so over-laboured as I have been.  
I think I have spurred my horse such a question, that he is scarce 120  
able to wig or wag his tail\* for an answer; but my lady bade me

spare for no horse-flesh, and I think I have made him run his race.

*Brutus*

Cousin Collatine, the news at Rome?

*Collatine*

Nothing but what you all may well partake: read here, my lord,

*Brutus reads the letter*

*Brutus*

Dear Lord, if ever thou will see thy Lucrece. 125

Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,

And, all important business set apart,

Repair to Rome; commend me to Lord Brutus,

Valerius, Mutius, Horatius.

Say I entreat their presence, where my father 130

Lucretius shall attend them. Farewell, sweet -

Th'affairs are great, then do not fail to meet.

*Brutus*

I'll thither as I live.

*Exit*

*Collatine*

I, though I die.

*Exit*

*Scevola*

To Rome with expeditious wings we'll fly! 135

*Exit*

*Horatius*

The news, the news? If it have any shape

Of sadness, if some prodigy have chanced

That may beget revenge, I'll cease to chafe,

Vex, martyr, grieve, torture, torment myself,

And tune my humour to strange strains of mirth. 140

My soul divines some happiness - speak, speak -

I know thou hast some news that will create me

Merry and musical, for I would laugh,

Be new transhaped. I prithee sing, Valerius,  
That I may air with thee. 145

*The last new song*

*Valerius*

I'd think myself as proud in shackles  
As doth the ship in all her tackles;  
The wise man boasts no more his brains  
Than I'd insult in gyves and chains;  
As creditors would use their debtors, 150  
So could I toss and shake my fetters,  
But not confess; my thoughts should be  
In durance fast as those kept me\*;  
And could, when spite their hearts environs,  
Then dance to the music of my irons. 155

Now\* tell us, what's the project\* of thy message?

*Clown*

My lords, the princely Sextus has been at home, but what he hath  
done there I may partly mistrust\*, but cannot altogether resolve you:  
besides, my Lady swore me, that whatsoever I suspected I should  
say nothing. 160

*Valerius*

If thou wilt not say thy mind, I prithee sing thy mind, and then thou  
mayst save thine oath.

*Clown*

Indeed, I was not sworn to that; I may either laugh out my news or  
sing 'em, and so I may save mine oath to my lady.

*Horatius*

How's all at Rome, that with such sad presage\* 165  
Disturbèd Collatine and noble Brutus  
Are hurried from the camp with Scevola?  
And we with expedition 'mongst the rest,  
Are charged to Rome? Speak, what did Sextus there  
With thy fair mistress? 170

*Valerius*

Second me, my lord, and we'll urge him to disclose it.

*Valerius, Horatius, and the Clown: their catch\**

*Valerius*

Did he take fair Lucrece by the toe, man?

*Horatius*

Toe, man?

*Valerius*

Ay, man.

*Clown*

Ha ha ha ha ha, man!

175

*Horatius*

And further did he strive to go, man?

*Clown*

Go, man?

*Horatius*

Ay, man.

*Clown*

Ha ha ha ha, man, fa derry derry down, ha fa derry dino!

*Valerius*

Did he take fair Lucrece by the heel, man?

180

*Clown*

Heel, man?

*Valerius*

Ay, man.

*Clown*

Ha ha ha ha, man!

*Horatius*

And did he further strive to feel, man?

*Clown*

Feel, man?

185

*Horatius*  
Ay, man.

*Clown*  
Ha ha ha ha, man, ha fa derry, &c.

*Valerius*  
Did he take the lady by the shin, man?

*Clown*  
Shin, man?

*Valerius*  
Ay, man.

190

*Clown*  
Ha ha ha ha, man.

*Horatius*  
Further too would he have been, man?

*Clown*  
Been, man?

*Horatius*  
Ay, man.

*Clown*  
Ha ha ha ha man, ha fa dery, &c.

195

*Valerius*  
Did he take the lady by the knee, man?

*Clown*  
Knee, man?

*Valerius*  
Ay, man.

*Clown*  
Ha ha ha ha, man.

*Horatius*  
Farther then that would he be, man?

200

*Clown*  
Be, man?

*Horatius*  
Ay, man.

*Clown*  
Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa derry, &c.

*Valerius*  
Did he take the lady by the thigh, man?

*Clown*  
Thigh, man?

205

*Valerius*  
Ay, man.

*Clown*  
Ha ha ha ha, man.

*Horatius*  
And now he came it somewhat nigh, man?

*Clown*  
Nigh, man?

*Horatius*  
Ay, man.

210

*Clown*  
Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.

*Valerius*  
But did he do the t'other thing, man?

*Clown*  
Thing, man?

*Valerius*  
Ay, man.

*Clown*

Ha ha ha ha, man.

215

*Horatius*

And at the same had he a fling, man?

*Clown*

Fling, man?

*Horatius*

Ay, man.

*Clown*

Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa dery, &c.

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE 19**

*A table and a chair covered with black. Lucrece and her maid*

*Lucrece*

Mirable.

*Mirable*

Madam.

*Lucrece*

Is not my father, old Lucretius, come yet?

*Mirable*

Not yet.

*Lucrece*

Nor any from the camp?

5

*Mirable*

Neither, Madam.

*Lucrece*

Go, begone:

And leave me to the truest grief of heart

That ever entered any matron's breast:

Oh!

10

*Mirable*

Why weep you, lady? Alas, why do you stain  
Your modest cheeks with these offensive tears?

*Lucrece*

Nothing, nay, nothing: O you powerful gods,  
That should have angels guardant on your throne,  
To protect innocence and chastity! Oh, why\* 15  
Suffer you such inhuman massacre  
On harmless virtue? Wherefore take you charge  
On sinless souls, to see them wounded thus  
With rape or violence? or give\* white innocence  
Armour of proof 'gainst sin, or by oppression 20  
Kill virtue quite, and guerdon base transgression?  
Is it my fate above all other women?  
Or is my sin more heinous than the rest,  
That amongst thousands, millions, infinites,  
I, only I, should to this shame be born, 25  
To be a stain to women, nature's scorn?  
Oh!

*Mirable*

What ails you, madam? Truth, you make me weep  
To see you shed salt tears: what hath oppressed you?  
Why is your chamber hung with mourning black, 30  
Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swollen  
With ominous tears? Alas, what troubles you?

*Lucrece*

I am not sad; thou didst deceive thyself;  
I did not weep; there's nothing troubles me;  
But wherefore dost thou blush?

*Mirable*

Madam, not I. 35

*Lucrece*

Indeed thou didst:  
And in that blush my guilt thou didst betray.  
How cam'st thou by the notice of my sin?

*Mirable*

What sin?

*Lucrece*

My blot, my scandal, and my shame:

Oh Tarquin, thou my honour didst betray; 40  
Disgrace no time, no age can wipe away.  
Oh!

*Mirable*

Sweet lady, cheer yourself: I'll fetch my viol,  
And see if I can sing you fast asleep;  
A little rest would wear away this passion. 45

*Lucrece*

Do what thou wilt, I can command no more;  
Being no more a woman, I am now  
Devote to death and an inhabitant  
Of th'other world: these eyes must ever weep  
Till fate hath closed them with eternal sleep. 50

*Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola, Valerius one way;  
Lucretius another way*

*Lucretius*

Brutus!

*Brutus*

Lucretius!

*Lucrece*

Father!

*Collatine*

Lucrece!

*Lucrece*

Collatine! 55

*Brutus*

How cheer you, madam? how is't with you, cousin\*?  
Why is your eye deject and drowned in sorrow?  
Why is this funeral black, and ornaments  
Of widowhood? Resolve me, cousin Lucrece .

*Horatio*

How fare you, lady? 60

*Lucretius*

What's the matter, girl?

*Collatine*

Why how is't with you, Lucrece? Tell me, sweet,  
Why dost thou hide thy face? and with thy hand  
Darken those eyes that were my suns of joy,  
To make my pleasures flourish in the spring?

65

*Lucrece*

Oh me!

*Valerius*

Whence are these sighs and tears?

*Scevola*

How grows this passion?

*Brutus*

Speak, lady, you are hemmed in\* with your friends.  
Girt in a pale\* of safety, and environed  
And circled in a fortress of your kindred.  
Let not those drops fall fruitless to the ground,  
Nor let your sighs add to the senseless wind.  
Speak: who hath wronged you?

70

*Lucrece*

Ere I speak my woe,  
Swear you'll revenge poor Lucrece on her foe.

*Brutus*

Be his head arched with gold -

*Horatius*

Be his hand armed  
With an imperial sceptre -

75

*Lucretius*

Be he great  
As Tarquin, throned in an imperial seat -

*Brutus*

Be he no more than mortal, he shall feel

The vengeful edge of this victorious steel.

*Lucrece*

Then seat you, lords, whilst I express\* my wrong. 80  
Father, dear husband, and my kinsmen lords,  
Hear me: I am dishonoured and disgraced,  
My reputation mangled, my renown  
Disparaged - but my body, oh, my body!

*Collatine*

What, Lucrece ?

*Lucrece*

Stained, polluted, and defiled. 85  
Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,  
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,  
Yet is my body soiled with lust-burned sin,  
And by a stranger I am strumpeted\*,  
Ravished, enforced, and am no more to rank 90  
Among the Roman matrons.

*Brutus*

Yet cheer you, lady, and restrain these tears;  
If you were forced, the sin concerns not you;  
A woman's born but with a\* woman's strength.  
Who was the ravisher?

*Horatio*

Ay, name him, lady:  
Our love to you shall only thus appear 95  
In the revenge that we will take on him.

*Lucrece*

I hope so, lords: 'twas Sextus, the king's son.

*All*

How? Sextus Tarquin!

*Lucrece*

That unprincely prince,  
Who guest-wise entered with my husband's ring,  
This ring, O Collatine! this ring you sent 100  
Is cause of all my woe, your discontent.  
I feasted him, then lodged him, and bestowed

My choicest welcome; but in dead of night  
My traitorous guest came armed unto my bed,  
Frighted my silent sleep, threatened, and prayed  
For entertainment. I despisèd both,  
Which hearing, his sharp-pointed scimitar  
The tyrant bent against my naked breast.  
Alas! I begged my death, but note his tyranny:  
He brought with him a torment worse than death, 110  
For, having murdered me, he swore to kill  
One of my basest grooms, and lodge him dead  
In my dead arms, then call in testimony  
Of my adultery, to make me hated,  
Even\* in my death, of husband, father, friends, 115  
Of Rome and all the world; this, this, oh princes,  
Ravished and killed me at once.

*Collatine*

Yet comfort, lady;

I quit thy guilt, for what could Lucrece do  
More than a woman? Hadst thou died polluted 120  
By this base scandal, thou hadst wronged thy fame;  
And hindered us of a most just revenge.

*All*

What shall we do, lords?

*Brutus*

Lay your resolute hands

Upon the sword of Brutus; vow and swear,  
As you hope meed for merit from the gods, 125  
Or fear reward for sin from devils below;  
As you are Romans, and esteem your fame  
More than your lives, all humorous toys\* set off,  
Of madding, singing, smiling, and what else,  
Receive your native valours, be yourselves, 130  
And join with Brutus in the just revenge  
Of this chaste ravished lady – swear!

*All*

We do.

*Lucrece*

Then with your humours\* here my grief ends too:  
My stain I thus wipe off, call in my sighs,

And in the hope of this revenge, forbear 135  
Even to my death to fall\* one passionate tear;  
Yet, lords, that you may crown my innocence  
With your\* best thoughts, that you may henceforth know  
We are the same in heart we seem in show,  
And though I quit my soul of all such sin, *The lords whisper\** 140  
I'll not debar my body punishment:  
Let all the world learn of a Roman dame,  
To prize her life less than her honoured fame.

*Kills herself*

*Lucretius*  
Lucrece!

Collatine  
Wife!

*Brutus*  
Lady!

*Scevola*  
She hath slain herself!

*Valerius*  
Oh, see yet, lords, if there be hope of life. 145

*Brutus*  
She's dead: then turn your funeral tears to fire  
And indignation; let us now redeem  
Our misspent time, and overtake our sloth  
With hostile expedition. This, great lords,  
This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flowed, 150  
Shall not from Brutus till some strange revenge  
Fall on the heads of Tarquins.

*Horatius*  
Now's the time  
To call their pride to comp\*. Brutus, lead on -  
We'll follow thee to their confusion.

*Valerius*  
By Jove, we will: the sprightful\* youth of Rome, \*spirited 155  
Tricked up in plumèd harness, shall attend

The march of Brutus, whom we here create  
Our general against the Tarquins.

*Scevola*

Be it so.

*Brutus*

We embrace it. Now to stir the wrath of Rome:  
You, Collatine and good Lucretius, 160  
With eyes yet drowned in tears, bear that chaste body  
Into the market-place; that horrid object  
Shall kindle them with a most just revenge.

*Horatius*

To see the father and the husband mourn  
O'er this chaste dame, that have so well deserved 165  
Of Rome and them; then to infer the pride,  
The wrongs and the perpetual tyranny  
Of all the Tarquins, Servius Tullius' death,  
And his unnatural usage by that monster,  
Tullia the Queen; all these shall well concur 170  
In a combined revenge.

*Brutus*

Lucrece, thy death we'll mourn in glittering arms  
And plumèd casks: some\* bear that reverend load,  
Unto the Forum, where our force shall meet  
To set upon the palace, and expel 175  
This viperous brood from Rome: I know the people  
Will gladly embrace our fortunes. Scevola,  
Go you and muster powers in Brutus' name.  
Valerius, you assist him instantly,  
And to the mazed\* people freely speak 180  
The cause of this concourse.

*Valerius*

We go.

*Exeunt Valerius & Scevola*

*Brutus*

And you dear lords, whose speechless grief is boundless,  
Turn all your tears, with ours, to wrath and rage.  
The hearts of all the Tarquins shall weep blood 185

Upon the funeral hearse, with whose chaste body,  
Honour your arms, and to th'assembled people  
Disclose her innocent wounds. Gramercies, lords.

*A great shout and a flourish with drums and trumpets*

That universal shout tells me their words  
Are gracious with the people, and their troops  
Are ready embattled, and expect but us  
To lead them on\*. Jove give our fortunes speed!  
We'll murder murder, and base rape shall bleed.

190

[*Exeunt*]\*

## SCENE 20

*Alarum: enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying, pursued by Brutus, and the Romans march with drum and colours. Porsenna, Aruns, Sextus, Tarquin; and Tullia meets and joins with them: to them Brutus and the Romans with drum and soldiers; they make a stand*

*Brutus*

Even thus far, tyrant, have we dogged thy steps,  
Frighting thy queen and thee\* with horrid steel.

*Tarquin*

Lodged in the safety of Porsenna's arms,  
Now, traitor Brutus, we dare front thy pride.

*Horatius*

Porsenna, thou'rt unworthy of a sceptre,  
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyranny,  
In that proud prince and his confederate peers.

5

*Sextus*

Traitors to heaven, to Tarquin, Rome and us!  
Treason to kings doth stretch even to the gods,  
And those high gods that take great Rome in charge  
Shall punish your rebellion.

10

*Collatine*

O devil Sextus, speak not thou of gods,

Nor cast those false and feignèd eyes to heaven,  
Whose rape the furies must torment in hell\*,  
Of Lucrece, Lucrece!

*Scevola*

Her chaste blood still cries  
For vengeance to the ethereal deities. 15

*Lucretius*

Oh 'twas a foul deed, Sextus.

*Valerius*

And thy shame  
Shall be eternal and outlive her fame.

*Aruns*

Say Sextus loved her - was she not a woman?  
Ay, and perhaps was willing to be forced. 20  
Must you, being private subjects, dare to ring  
War's loud alarum 'gainst your potent king?

*Porsenna*

Brutus, therein thou dost forget thyself,  
And wrong'st the glory of thine ancestors,  
Staining thy blood with treason.

*Brutus*

Tuscan, know 25  
The consul Brutus is their powerful foe.

*All Tarquins*

Consul!

*Horatius*

Ay, consul: and the powerful hand of Rome  
Grasps his imperial\* sword; the name of king  
The tyrant Tarquins have made odious 30  
Unto this nation and the general knee  
Of this our warlike people now low bends  
To royal Brutus, where the king's name ends.

*Brutus*

Now, Sextus, where's the oracle? When I kissed  
My mother earth it plainly did foretell 35

My noble virtues did\* thy sin exceed:  
Brutus should sway, and lust-burned Tarquin bleed.

*Valerius*

Now shall the blood of Servius fall as heavy  
As a huge mountain on your tyrant heads,  
O'erwhelming all your glory.

*Horatius*

Tullia's guilt

Shall be by us revenged, that in her pride  
In blood paternal her rough coach-wheels dyed.

40

*Lucretius*

Your tyrannies -

*Scevola*

Pride -

*Collatine*

And my Lucrece' fate,

Shall all be swallowed in this hostile hate.

*Sextus*

O Romulus! thou that first reared yon walls  
In sight of which we stand, in thy soft bosom  
Is hanged\* the nest in which the Tarquins build;  
Within\* the branches of thy lofty spires  
Tarquin shall perch, or where he once hath stood  
His high built eyrie shall be drowned in blood!  
Alarum then! Brutus, by heaven I vow  
My sword shall prove thou ne'er wast mad till now.

45

50

*Brutus*

Sextus, my madness with your lives expires;  
Thy sensual eyes are fixed upon that wall  
Thou ne'er shall enter; Rome confines you all.

55

*Porsenna*

A charge then!

*Tarquin*

Jove and Tarquin!

*Horatius*

But we cry

A\* Brutus!

*Brutus*

Lucrece, fame\* and victory!

*Alarum: the Romans are beaten off.\**

## **SCENE 21**

*Alarum: enter Brutus, Horatius Valerius, Scevola, Lucretius and Collatine*

*Brutus*

Thou Jovial hand, hold up thy sceptre high,  
And let not justice be oppressed with pride!  
O you Penates,\* leave not Rome and us  
Grasped in the purple hands of death and ruin!  
The Tarquins have the best.

5

*Horatius*

Yet stand: my foot is fixed upon this bridge;  
Tiber, thy archèd streams shall be changed crimson,  
With Roman blood before I budge from hence.

*Scevola*

Brutus, retire: for if thou enter Rome  
We are all lost\*. Stand not on valour now,  
But save thy people; let's survive this day,  
To try the fortunes of another field.

10

*Valerius*

Break down the bridge, lest the pursuing enemy  
Enter with us and take the spoil of Rome.

*Horatius*

Then break\* behind me: for, by heaven, I'll grow  
And root my foot as deep as to the centre,  
Before I leave this passage.

15

*Lucretius*

Come, you're mad!

*Collatine*

The foe comes on, and we in trifling here  
Hazard our self and people.

*Horatius*

Save them all -  
To make Rome stand, Horatius here will fall. 20

*Brutus*

We would not lose thee, do not breast\* thyself  
'Gainst\* thousands; if thou front'st\* them, thou art ringed\*  
With million swords and darts, and we behind  
Must break the bridge of Tiber to save Rome.  
Before thee, infinite gaze on thy face 25  
And menace death; the raging streams of Tiber  
Are at thy back to swallow thee.

*Horatius*

Retire -  
To make Rome live, 'tis death that I desire.

*Brutus*

Then farewell, dead Horatius! Think in us  
The universal arm of potent Rome 30  
Takes his last leave of thee in this embrace.

*All embrace him*

*Horatius*

Farewell.

*All*

Farewell.

*Brutus*

These arches all must down  
To interdict\* their passage through\* the town.

*Exeunt [all but Horatius]*

*Alarum. Enter Tarquin, Porsenna, and Aruns with their pikes and targeters\**

*All*

Enter, enter, enter.

*A noise of knocking down the bridge, within.*

*Horatius*

Soft, Tarquin! See a bulwark\* to the bridge 35  
You first must pass; the man that enters here  
Must make his passage through Horatius' breast.  
See, with this target\* do I buckler\* Rome, \*see notes to lines 33 SD  
And with this sword defy the puissant army  
Of two great kings.

*Porsenna*

One man to face an host! 40  
Charge, soldiers! of full forty thousand Romans  
There's but one daring hand against your host,  
To keep you from the sack or spoil of Rome.  
Charge, charge!

*Aruns*

Upon them, soldiers! 45

*Alarum. Enter in several places, Sextus and Valerius above\**

*Sextus*

O cowards, slaves, and vassals! what, not enter?  
Was it for this you placed my regiment  
Upon a hill, to be the sad spectator  
Of such a general cowardice? Tarquin, Aruns,  
Porsenna, soldiers, pass Horatius quickly, 50  
For they behind him will devolve\* the bridge,  
And raging Tiber that's impassable  
Your host must swim before you conquer Rome.

*Valerius*

Yet stand, Horatius: bear but one brunt\* more;  
The arched bridge\* shall sink upon his\* piles, 55  
And in his fall lift thy renown to heaven.

*Sextus*

Yet enter!

*Valerius*

Dear Horatius, yet stand

And save a million by one powerful hand!

*Alarum, and the falling of the bridge*

*Aruns and all*

Charge, charge, charge!

*Sextus*

Degenerate slaves, the bridge is fallen! Rome's lost! 60

*Valerius*

Horatius, thou art stronger than their host\*;  
Thy strength is valour\*, theirs are idle braves\*,  
Now save thyself, and leap into the waves.

*Horatius*

Porsenna, Tarquin, now wade past your depths  
And enter Rome. I feel my body sink 65

Beneath my ponderous weight. Rome is preserved -  
And now farewell; for he that follows me  
Must search the bottom of this raging stream.

Fame, with thy golden wings renown my crest!  
And Tiber, take me on thy silver breast. 70

*Exit [also Valerius]*

*Porsenna*

He's leaped off from the bridge and drowned himself!

*Sextus*

You are deceived; his spirit soars too high  
To be choked in with the base element  
Of water – lo! he swims armed as he was,  
Whilst all the army have discharged their arrows, 75  
Of which the shield upon his back sticks full.

*Shout and flourish*

And hark, the shout of all the multitude  
Now welcomes him a-land; Horatius' fame  
Hath checked our armies with a general shame.  
But come, tomorrow's fortune must restore 80  
This scandal\*, which I of the gods implore.

*Porsenna*

Then we must find another time, fair prince  
To scourge these people, and revenge your wrongs.  
For this night I'll betake me to my tent.

[*Exit*]

*Tarquin*

And we to ours: tomorrow we'll renown\*  
Our army with the spoil of this rich town.

85

*Exit Tarquin cum suis*

## **SCENE 22**

*A table and lights in [Porsenna's] tent*

*Enter [Porsenna and Porsenna's] Secretary*

*Porsenna*

Our secretary!

*Secretary*

My lord.

*Porsenna*

Command lights and torches in our tents.

*Enter soldiers with torches*

And let a guard engirt our safety round,  
Whilst we debate of military business:  
Come, sit and let's consult.

5

*Enter Scevola disguised*

*Scevola*

[*Aside*] Horatius, famous for defending Rome -  
But we ha' done naught worthy Scevola,  
Nor a Roman; I in this disguise  
Have passed the army and the puissant guard

10

Of King Porsenna; this should be his tent;  
And in good time, now fate direct my strength  
Against a king, to free great Rome at length.

[*Stabs the Secretary in mistake for Porsenna*]

*Secretary*

Oh, I am slain! treason, treason!

*Porsenna*

Villain! what hast thou done?

15

*Scevola*

Why, slain the king.

*Porsenna*

What king?

*Scevola*

Porsenna.

*Porsenna*

Porsenna lives to see thee tortured,  
With plagues more devilish than the pains\* of hell.

20

*Scevola*

O too rash Mutius, hast thou missed thy aim?  
And thou base hand that didst direct my poniard\*  
Against a peasant's breast - behold, thy error  
Thus I will punish: I will give thee freely  
Unto the fire, nor will I wear a limb,  
That with such rashness shall offend his lord.

25

[*Thrusts his hand into the fire*]

*Porsenna*

What will the madman do?

*Scevola*

Porsenna, so -  
Punish my hand thus, for not killing thee.  
Three hundred noble lads beside myself  
Have vowed to all the gods that patron Rome  
Thy ruin for supporting tyranny:

30

And though I fail, expect yet every hour  
When some strange fate thy fortunes will devour.

*Porsenna*

Stay, Roman, we admire thy constancy  
And scorn of fortune: go, return to Rome - 35  
We give thee life - and say, the king Porsenna,  
Whose life thou seek'st, is in\* this honorable.  
Pass freely - guard him to the walls of Rome -  
And were we not so much engaged to Tarquin,  
We would not lift a hand against that nation 40  
That breeds such noble spirits.

*Scevola*

Well, I go,  
And for revenge take life e'en of\* my foe.

[*Exit Scevola*]

*Porsenna*

Conduct him safely. What, three hundred gallants  
Sworn to our death, and all resolved like him!  
We'll prove for\* Tarquin; if they\* fail our hopes\*, 45  
Peace shall be made with Rome. But first our secretary  
Shall have his rights of funeral; then our shield  
We must address next for tomorrow's field.

*Exit*

## **SCENE 23**

*Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius marching*

*Brutus*

By thee we are consul, and still govern Rome,  
Which but for thee, had been despoiled and ta'en,  
Made a confusèd heap of men and stones,  
Swimming in blood and slaughter; dear Horatius,  
Thy noble picture shall be carved in brass, 5  
And fixed for thy perpetual memory  
In our high Capitol.

*Horatius*

Great consul, thanks;  
But leaving this, let's march out of the city,  
And once more bid them battle on the plains.

*Valerius*

This day my soul divines we shall live free 10  
From all the furious Tarquins: but where's Scevola?  
We see not him today.

*Enter Scevola*

*Scevola*

Here Lords, behold me handless as you see.  
The cause: I missed Porsenna in his tent,  
And in his stead killed but his secretary. 15  
The movèd King, when he beheld me punish  
My rash mistake with loss of my right hand,  
Unbeggèd, and almost scorned\*, he gave me life;  
Which I had then refused, but in desire\*  
To 'venge fair Lucrece' rape.

*Soft alarum*

*Horatius*

Dear Scevola, 20  
Thou hast exceeded us in our resolve;  
But will the Tarquins give us present battle?

*Scevola*

That may ye hear: the skirmish is begun  
Already 'twixt the horse.

*Lucretius*

Then, noble consul,  
Lead our main battle\* on.

*Brutus*

O Jove, this day 25  
Balance our cause, and let her innocent blood,  
Destroy the heads of all the Tarquins; see this day\*  
In her cause do we consecrate our lives,  
And in defence of justice now march on.  
I hear their martial music: be our shock 30  
As terrible as are the meeting clouds

That break in thunder; yet our hopes are fair,  
And this rough charge shall all our hopes repair.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE 24

*Alarum, battle within*

*Enter Porsenna and Aruns*

*Porsenna*

Yet grow our lofty plumes unflagged\* with blood,  
And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the air\*:  
How goes the battle, Aruns?

*Aruns*

'Tis even balanced.

I interchanged with Brutus, hand to hand;  
A dangerous encounter; both are wounded,  
And had not the rude press divided us,  
One had dropped down to earth.

5

*Porsenna*

'Twas bravely fought.

I saw the King your father free his person  
From thousand Romans that begirt his state,  
Where flying arrows thick as atoms sung  
About his ears.

10

*Aruns*

I hope a glorious day.

Come, Tuscan king, let's on them!

*Alarum*

*Enter Horatius and Valerius*

*Horatius*

Aruns, stay!

That sword that late did drink the consul's blood\*,  
Must with keen fang tire\* upon my flesh,

15

Or this on thine.

*Aruns*

It spared the consul's life  
To end thy days in a more glorious strife.

*Valerius*

I stand against thee, Tuscan\*.

*Porsenna*

I for thee.

*Horatius*

Where'er I find a Tarquin, he's for me.

*Alarum, fight. Aruns slain\*, Porsenna expelled\**

*Alarum: enter Tarquin with an arrow in his breast; Tullia with him,  
pursued by Collatine, Lucretius, Scevola*

*Tarquin*

Fair Tullia, leave me; save thyself by flight, 20  
Since mine\* is desperate; behold, I am wounded  
Even to the death. There stays within my tent  
A wingèd jennet - mount his back and fly -  
Live to revenge my death, since I must die.

*Tullia*

Had I the heart to tread upon the bulk 25  
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughtered,  
Only for the\* love of Tarquin and a crown,  
And shall I fear death more than loss of both?  
No, this is Tullia's fame; rather than fly  
From Tarquin, 'mongst a thousand swords she'll die. 30

*All*

Hew them to pieces both.

*Tarquin*

My Tullia save,  
And o'er my caitiff head those meteors\* wave.

*Collatine*

Let Tullia yield then.

*Tullia*

Yield me\*, cuckold, no!  
Mercy I scorn; let me the danger know\*.

*Scevola*

Upon them, then!

*Valerius*

Let's bring them to their fate, 35  
And let them perish in the people's hate.

*Tullia*

Fear not - I'll back thee, husband!

*Tarquin*

But for thee,  
Sweet were the hand that this charged\* soul could free.  
Life I despise; let noble Sextus stand  
To avenge our death. Even till these vitals\* end, 40  
Scorning my own, thy life will I defend.

*Tullia*

And I'll, sweet Tarquin, to my power guard thine -  
Come on, ye slaves, and make this earth divine\*!

*Alarum; Tarquin and Tullia slain\**

*Alarum; [enter] Brutus all bloody*

*Brutus*

Aruns, this crimson favour\*, for thy sake,  
I'll wear upon my forehead masked with blood, 45  
Till all the moisture in the Tarquins' veins  
Be spilt upon the earth, and leave thy body  
As dry as the parched summer, burnt and scorched  
With the canicular\* stars.

*Horatius*

Aruns lies dead,  
By this bright sword that towered about his head. 50

*Collatine*

And see, great Consul, where the pride of Rome

Lies sunk and fallen.

*Valerius*

Besides him lies the queen,  
Mangled and hewn amongst the Roman soldiers.

*Horatius*

Lift up their slaughtered bodies; help to rear them  
Against this hill in view of all the camp.  
This fight will be a terror to the foe,  
And make them yield or fly.

55

*Brutus*

But where's the ravisher,  
Injurious Sextus, that we see not him?

*Short Alarum*

*Enter Sextus*

*Sextus*

Through broken spears, cracked swords, unbowelled steeds,  
Flawed armours, mangled limbs, and battered casques,  
Knee-deep in blood, I ha' pierced the Roman host  
To be my father's rescue.

60

*Horatius*

'Tis too late;  
His mounting pride's sunk in the people's hate.

*Sextus*

My father, mother, brother! Fortune, now  
I do defy thee; I expose myself  
To horrid danger; safety I despise;  
I dare the worst of peril; I am bound  
On till this pile of flesh\* be all one wound.

65

*Valerius*

Begirt him, lords, this is the ravisher;  
There's no revenge for Lucrece till he fall.

70

*Lucretius*

Cease Sextus then!

*Sextus*

Sextus defies you all;  
Yet will you give me language ere I die.

*Brutus*

Say on.

*Sextus*

'Tis not for mercy, for I scorn that life  
That's given by any; and, the more to add 75  
To your immense unmeasurable hate,  
I was the spur unto my father's pride;  
'Twas I that awed the princes of the land;  
That made thee, Brutus, mad, these discontent;  
I ravished the chaste Lucrece; Sextus, I; 80  
Thy daughter, and thy wife\*; Brutus, thy cousin;  
Allied indeed to all; 'twas for\* my rape  
Her constant hand ripped up her innocent breast:  
'Twas Sextus did all this.

*Collatine*

Which I'll revenge.

*Horatius*

Leave that to me.

*Lucretius*

Old as I am, I'll do't. 85

*Scevola*

I have one hand left yet, of strength enough  
To kill a ravisher.

*Sextus*

Come all at once, ay, all -  
Yet hear me, Brutus, thou art honourable,\*  
And my words tend to thee: my father died  
By many hands; what's he 'mongst you can challenge 90  
The least, ay, smallest honour in his death?  
If I be killed among this hostile throng,  
The poorest snaky\* soldier well may claim  
As much renown in noble Sextus' death  
As Brutus, thou, or thou, Horatius: 95  
I am to die, and more than die I cannot;

Rob not your selves of honour in my death.  
When the two mightiest spirits of Greece and Troy,  
Tugged for the mast'ry, Hector and Achilles,  
Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand 100  
Died in single monomachy\*, Achilles  
Had been the worthy; but, being slain by odds,  
The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour  
As faint\* Achilles in the Trojan's death\*.

*Brutus*

Hadst thou not done a deed so execrable 105  
That gods and men abhor, I'd love thee, Sextus,  
And hug thee for this challenge breathed so freely.  
Behold, I stand for Rome as general\*;  
Thou of the Tarquins dost alone survive,  
The head of all these garboils\*, the chief actor 110  
Of that black sin, which we chastise by arms.  
Brave Romans, with your bright swords be our lists,\*  
And ring us in\*; none dare to offend the prince  
By the least touch, lest he incur our wrath;  
This honour do your Consul, that his hand 115  
May punish this arch-mischief, that the times  
Succeeding may of Brutus thus much tell:  
By him, pride, lust, and all the Tarquins fell.

*Sextus*

To ravish Lucrece, cuckold Collatine,  
And spill the chastest blood that ever ran 120  
In any matron's veins, repents me\* not  
So much as to ha' wronged a gentleman  
So noble as the consul in this strife.  
Brutus, be bold! Thou fights with one scorns life.

*Brutus*

And thou with one that less than his renown 125  
Prizeth his blood, or Rome's imperial crown\*.

*Alarum; a fierce fight with sword and target; then, after, pause and breath*

*Brutus*

Sextus, stand fair: much honour shall I win  
To revenge Lucrece, and chastise thy sin.

*Sextus*

I repent nothing, may I live or die;  
Though my blood fall, my spirit shall mount on high. 130

*Alarum; fight with single swords, and being deadly wounded and panting for breath, making a stroke at each, together with their gauntlets they fall \**

*Horatius*

Both slain! O noble Brutus, this thy fame  
To after ages shall survive; thy body  
Shall have a fair and gorgeous sepulchre;  
For whom the matrons shall in funeral black  
Mourn twelve sad moons; thou that first governed Rome, 135  
And swayed the people by a Consul's name.  
These bodies of the Tarquins we'll commit  
Unto the funeral pile. You, Collatine,  
Shall succeed Brutus in the Consul's place,  
Whom with this laurel-wreath\* we here create\*.  
140

*Crown him with a laurel*

Such is the people's voice; accept it, then.

*Collatine*

We do, and may our power so just appear,  
Rome may have peace, both with our love and fear.  
But soft, what march is this?

*Flourish; [Enter] Porsenna. Drum; Collatine\* and Soldiers*

*Porsenna*

The Tuscan king, seeing the Tarquins slain, 145  
Thus armed and battled offers peace to Rome:  
To confirm which, we'll give you present hostage;  
If you deny, we'll stand upon our guard,  
And by the force of arms maintain our own.

*Valerius*

After so much effusion and large waste 150  
Of Roman blood, the name of peace is welcome:  
Since of the Tarquins none remain in Rome,  
And Lucrece' rape is now revenged at full,  
'Twere good to entertain Porsenna's league.

*Collatine*

Porsenna we embrace, whose royal presence  
Shall grace the Consul to the funeral pile.  
March on to Rome, love be our guard and guide,  
That hath in us, 'venged rape, and punished pride.

155

*Exeunt*

**Back matter**

To the Reader.

Because we would not that any man's expectation should be deceived  
in the ample printing of this book: lo, gentle reader, we have inserted  
these few songs, which were added by the stranger that lately\* acted  
Valerius his part, in form following:

5

*The Cries of Rome*

Thus go the cries in Rome fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Round and sound, all of a colour;  
Buy a very fine marking stone\*, marking stone;  
Round and sound, all of a colour,  
Buy a very fine marking stone, a very very fine!

10

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Bread and---meat---bread---and meat  
For the---ten---der---mercy of God  
To the poor pris---ners of Newgate,  
Four-score and ten---poor---prisoners.

15

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Salt---salt---white Wor---stershire salt!

20

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Buy a very fine mouse trap,  
Or a tormentor for your fleas!

Thus go the cries in Rome fair town, 25  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Kitchen-stuff maids!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Ha' you any wood to cleave? 30

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

I ha' white radish,  
White hard lettuce,  
White young onions! 35

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

I ha' rock-sampier\*, rock-sampier!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town, 40  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Buy a mat, a mil-mat, \*  
Mat, a hassock for your pew;  
A stopple for a close stool\*,  
Or a pesock\* to thrust your feet in!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town, 45  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Whiting, maids, whiting!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Hot fine oat-cakes, hot! 50

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Small-coals here!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down. 55

Will you buy any milk today?

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Lantern and candle-light here,  
Maid, a light here! 60

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,  
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Here lies a company  
Of very poor women,  
In the dark dungeon, 65  
Hungry, cold and comfortless,  
Night and day,  
Pity the poor women,  
In the dark dungeon!

Thus go the cries where they do house them, 70  
First they come to the grate, and then they go louse them.

### *The second Song*

Arise, arise, my Juggie\*, my Puggie\*,  
Arise, get up, my dear;  
The weather is cold, it blows, it snows;  
Oh, let me be lodged here. 75  
My Juggie, my Puggie, my honey, my coney\*,  
My love, my dove, my dear;  
Oh, oh, the weather is cold, it blows, it snows,

Oh, oh, let me lodged here.

Begone, begone, my Willie, my Billie, 80

Begone, begone, my dear;

The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm,

Thou can'st not be lodged here.

My Willy, my Billie, my honey, my coney,

My love, my dove, my dear; 85

Oh, oh, the weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm,

Oh, oh, thou canst not be lodged here.

Farewell, farewell, my Juggie, my Puggie,

Farewell, farewell, my dear;

Then will I begone from whence that I came, 90

If I cannot be lodged here.

My Juggie my Puggie, my honey, my coney,

My love, my dove, my dear;

Oh, oh, then will I be gone, from whence that I came,

Oh, oh, if I cannot be lodged here. 95

Return, return, my Willie, my Billie,

Return, my dove and my dear;

The weather doth change, then seem not strange,

Thou shalt be lodged here.

My Willie, my Billie, my honey, my coney. 100

My love, my dove, my dear;

Oh, oh, the weather doth change, then seem not strange,

Oh, oh, and thou shalt be lodged here.