Frontispiece: Dolle’s engraving of a scene setting for Elkanah Settle’s *The Empress of Morocco*, used in the 1673 production of the play
(The Bodleian Library, University of Oxford, Douce. SS. 385)
THE WORKS OF
APHRA BEHN
EDITED BY
JANET TODD
VOLUME 5
THE PLAYS
1671–1677
Routledge
Taylor & Francis Group
LONDON AND NEW YORK
VOLUME 5

CONTENTS

Copy Texts ix
Textual Introduction xi
Acknowledgements xv

PLAYS, 1671–1677

The Forc’d Marriage 1
The Amorous Prince 83
The Dutch Lover 157
Abdelazer 239
The Town-Fopp 317
The Debauchee 387
The Rover 445

Notes 522
Variants 571
VOLUME 6

CONTENTS

Copy Texts vii

PLAYS, 1678–1682

Sir Patient Fancy 1
The Feign’d Curtizans 83
The Revenge 161
The Second Part of The Rover 223
The False Count 299
The Roundheads 357

Notes 425
# VOLUME 7

## CONTENTS

Copy Texts vii

### PLAYS, 1682–1696

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The City-Heiress</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Young King</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Emperor of the Moon</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Luckey Chance</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Widdow Ranter</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Younger Brother</td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Notes 418

Variants 466
COPY TEXTS

The Forc'd Marriage. Cambridge University Library, Brett-Smith 64.
The Amorous Prince. Cambridge University Library, Brett-Smith 54.
The Dutch Lover. Cambridge University Library, Brett-Smith 58.
Abdelazer. Cambridge University Library, Brett-Smith 52.
The Town-Fopp. University Microfilm no. 446:5 (Huntington Library).
The Debauchee. Cambridge University Library, Brett-Smith b.1.
The Rover. Cambridge University Library, Brett Smith 68.
TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION

The edition of the nineteen plays of Aphra Behn includes the seventeen acknowledged plays: The Forc’d Marriage, The Amorous Prince, The Dutch Lover, Abdelazer, The Town-Fopp, The Rover, Sir Patient Fancy, The Feign’d Curtizans, The Second Part of the Rover, The False Count, The Roundheads, The City-Heiress, The Young King, The Emperor of the Moon, The Luckey Chance, The Widdow Ranter, and The Younger Brother. These were printed within her lifetime with her name on the title page and all except her last published play The Younger Brother were reprinted in a 1702 volume entitled Plays Written by the late Ingenious Mrs. Behn. All seventeen were reprinted by Montague Summers in his complete works of Aphra Behn in 1915.

Three other plays, all adaptations – The Debauchee, The Counterfeit Bridegroom and The Revenge – have sometimes been attributed to Behn with considerable justification, and with less The Woman Turn’d Bully. Should they be included in her œuvre? On the one hand Behn herself warned against ascribing works to her: in the preface to The Luckey Chance she claims that she has been charged ‘with all the Plays that have ever been offensive; though I wish with all their Faults I had been the Author of some of those they have honour’d me with’. On the other hand several of the anonymously published plays were written at a time when Behn probably felt concerned with the accusations of plagiarism that had arisen from The Rover, Abdelazer and Sir Patient Fancy, and she might, while wanting the profits, not have wished her name on further adaptations. If the disputed plays were not written wholly by her, they may have been collaborations, her most likely collaborator being Thomas Betterton, actor and theatre manager of the Duke’s Theatre.

My policy in this edition has been to include an anonymously published work only when an authority of the period claimed that it was Behn’s. This is certainly the case with The Revenge. The Brett-Smith Collection of Plays and Dramatic Literature purchased in 1988 by the Cambridge University Library contains a large number of works by Aphra Behn including a volume of six plays owned by Narcissus Luttrell and inscribed ‘Nar. Luttrell: His Book 1682’. The plays in the volume are The Rover, Sir Patient Fancy, The Feign’d Curtizans, The Revenge, The Second Part of The Rover, and The False Count. Five of these plays are firmly attributed to Behn and Luttrell’s inclusion of The Revenge among them
indicates that he believed it surely hers; in addition a hand that may well be his has written under the title The Revenge: ‘Mrs Ann Behn’, and has added the date 6 July to the printed date of 1680. Luttrell has been a reliable authority in other areas and, although the ascription of all the anonymously printed plays remains insecure, it is more probable than not that Behn was the author of The Revenge, which has therefore been included in this edition.

The Debauchee is advertised in Luttrell’s copy of The Rover but is not identified by him as Behn’s. However, John Philip Kemble’s copy of the play, now in the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, Los Angeles, has the seventeenth-century annotation: ‘Altered by Mrs. Behn from R. Brome’s Mad Couple Well-Match’. Although Montague Summers did not include the play in his edition, he wrote that ‘it is no doubt from her pen’ and noted that ‘all the best critics with one accord ascribe it to her’. I have therefore included it in this edition while remaining aware that the ascription is less secure than that of The Revenge. No such evidence is known to exist for The Counterfeit Bridegroom and The Woman Turn’d Bully.

At first it seemed that ascription might be aided by the computer, by an analysis of samples of the text once they had been scanned and entered into a computer. But there are severe problems in analysing texts that are adaptations of other texts and in comparing the two most likely authors, Behn and Betterton, when the latter could be represented only by other adaptations. After consultation, therefore, both with the Electronic Text Center at the University of Virginia and with Desmond O’Brien of the English Department of Glasgow University, I felt that the results of any such analysis would be of questionable value.

The copy texts have been of the first editions. These have been collated with those editions that appeared in Behn’s lifetime. Where problems have occurred I have consulted the later editions and made occasional corrections as in the case of The For’cd Marriage and The Emperor of the Moon, both of which have second editions in 1688 which Behn herself probably oversaw although she was in bad health by this time.

In this edition, characters’ names have been expanded before speeches and standardised in both text and dramatis personae according to the commonest usage. I have, in the main, retained the original ascription of speeches although I have had to make some changes when words have seemed wrongly assigned, thereby making the dialogue nonsensical. These changes have been noted in the text by square brackets.

When complicated or lengthy, stage directions have been centred on the page so as not to run into the text. They have been kept as near as possible to their original placing, which usually means that they come after the speech they accompany. I have changed the position only when it seemed necessary to do so for the sense. Extra directions such as
asides, exits and entrances have been added in square brackets where appropriate. Sometimes whole alternative conversations are taking place on the stage and I have suggested this by adding enough stage directions for the reader to grasp what is happening. I have also tried to note all the characters in each play in the *dramatis personae* and indicate their exits and entrances, but have run in to some difficulties with a few generic ones like 'boy' and 'page'. I have indicated within the text any changes which have been made, including the conflation of minor characters.

The old platform stage conventions made it unnecessary to be very specific as to location for a scene when it was not essential for the plot. To some extent Behn’s early plays for the scenic stage follow these conventions. I have therefore not added locations when they were not provided by Behn. As with locations, so with the numbering of scenes. Some scenes were numbered in the original, some were not. Modernised editions necessarily number all scenes, but I have kept here to the original practice and numbered only those which were so designated in the original edition or implicitly labelled by the numbering of a later scene. The added line numbers start from each numbered scene of the original edition.

The spelling of Behn’s plays is erratic, certainly across plays and often within them. Except in the case of names of characters and words that could not easily be guessed, I have retained this spelling. Changes have been recorded in the endnotes. There are three exceptions: I have routinely changed ‘then’ to ‘than’, ‘I’ to ‘Ay’, and ‘ought’ to ‘aught’ where appropriate. I have added final ‘e’s in square brackets to some words where there seemed a possible misunderstanding, for example ‘hast’ has frequently become ‘hast[e]’. The prolonged italicisation of ‘I’ in some plays has not been retained.

On first acquaintance the punctuation of Behn’s plays may appear intrusive, but sometimes it may indicate pauses and emphases for the speaking voice. I have therefore largely retained it. In the more careless printings, question marks and exclamation marks have been randomly placed. I have tried to make sense of these while keeping as many as possible. Any added marks have been placed in square brackets. Occasionally I have also added a comma to make sense of what might be incomprehensible on quick reading. The habit of using colons and semicolons at the ends of speeches in some of the plays I have retained since it does not seem to impede the sense.

Behn was fascinated with foreign languages and she tends to mix romance languages with Latin and to indicate pretentiousness and pedantry with amalgamations of several tongues. At other times approximations of foreign languages are suggested by a mixture of romance languages, as in the muddled Italian, Spanish and French of *The Feign’d*
Curtizans. The spelling of foreign languages, like that of English, has been left as in the original unless noted in the end notes. I have given the presumed translation in the notes.

The habit in Behn’s plays of combining prose with blank verse has posed a problem since the blank verse could often be mistaken for prose and the prose sometimes falls into the cadences of blank verse. Frequently lines have been truncated to make space for stage directions, so giving an appearance of blank verse which has been followed by later editions. It is possible that the first compositors may not have represented Behn’s intentions (see the difference in punctuation between a printed text of a poem and a manuscript version in volume 1 of The Works of Aphra Behn). At the same time it is equally possible that Behn wanted to give dignity to her plays by having a substantial part of them set as blank verse. I have retained the division between prose and verse of the first editions except in the case of obvious errors; any changes have been listed in the end notes. Passages where the prose of the first edition has subsequently been changed to blank verse are printed in their original form; some examples of this later practice are given in the endnotes.

Each of Behn’s plays is provided with a headnote describing the most obvious source or sources. In the case of adaptations and revisions specific comparisons with the originals are made in the endnotes. The early textual and theatrical history of the plays is also recorded in the headnotes.

In this edition I have reprinted the advertisements of other works by the publishers of Behn’s plays. These were part of the first editions and now form a context for Behn’s texts.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS


I am deeply indebted to all previous editors of Aphra Behn, especially to Montague Summers whose theatrical work on Behn and other Restoration dramatists has, for all its shortcomings, proved indispensable, and to Jane Spencer who generously shared her work on an edition of several of the plays for Oxford’s World’s Classics series. For individual plays I have consulted the following: ‘A Critical and Old-Spelling Edition of Aphra Behn’s The Revenge’ Diss. Pennsylvania State University, 1982 by Douglas Robert Butler, the edition of The Rover edited by

Many thanks are due to Elizabeth Spear ing for her help with French and classical references, to Dafydd Roberts for help with alchemy, to Mary Ann O'Donnell, Dawn Lewcock, Roger Sales, Colin Davis, Sarah Barber, Richard Wilson and Germaine Greer, and to Emma Rees for her care in the final stages of manuscript preparation. I am grateful to Brian Jenkins in the Rare Book Room in Cambridge and to Laetitia Yaendel, curator of manuscripts and Georgianna Ziegler, reference librarian at the Folger Shakespeare Library which supported the work with a short-term fellowship. Finally I must thank the Leverhulme Foundation which provided a grant for the initial preparation of the volumes of the Aphra Behn edition.
THE
FORC'D MARRIAGE,
OR THE
Jealous Bridegroom.
A TRAGI-COMEDY.
As it is Acted at His HIGHNESSE
THE
DUKE OF YORK'S
Theatre.

Written by A. BEHN.

Va mon enfant! prends ta fortune—

LONDON,
Printed by H. L. and R. P. for James Magnus in Ruffel-street,
near the Piazza, 1671.
THE FORC’D MARRIAGE

The Forc’d Marriage, Or the Jealous Bridegroom. A Tragi-Comedy opened the season of the Duke’s Company at Lincoln’s Inn Fields on Tuesday, 20 September 1670; this may have been the première of the play.

In his Roscius Anglicanus (1708), John Downes, the prompter of the Duke’s Company, remarked on Behn’s first performed dramatic work:

‘The Jealous Bridegroom, Wrote by Mrs Bhen, a good Play and lasted six Days: but this made its Exit too, to give Room for a greater. The Tempest.’

Downes also recalled a striking incident. The role of the old king, which opened the play, was taken by Thomas Otway. At the crucial initial moment Otway had stage fright of a very drastic kind:

In this Play Mr. Otway the Poet having an Inclination to turn Actor; Mrs. Bhen gave him the King in the Play, for a probation Part, but he being not us’d to the Stage; the full House put him to such a Sweat and Tremendous, Agony, being dash’t, spoil him for an Actor.

If this refers to the first performance – as seems likely – then thereafter the role of the king was played by Mr Westwood. The small part of Olinda provided the début for Mrs Lee (formerly Mary Aldridge and later Lady Slingsby) who would become one of the major tragic actresses of the Duke’s Company.

The Forc’d Marriage shows some slight awareness of the new platform Restoration stage with its proscenium arch, jutting platform, back stage, and sets of shutters shutting off various spaces. Behn used the shutters to open on tableaux which, freezing gazes and postures in great set pieces of wedding and funeral, provoke audience emotion and help to clarify an over-complicated plot. The settings are not very specific when the plot does not hang on them.

The Forc’d Marriage has no obvious source. Gerard Langbaine who, in An Account of the English Dramatick Poets (1691), was eager to charge playwrights with plagiarism provided no original for it, although it does bear some resemblance to other romantic tragicomedies of the time and may have called a little on Beaumont and Fletcher’s The Maid’s Tragedy.
This play had been assigned to the King's Company and proved very popular throughout the 1660s despite Pepys's judgment of its ending as 'too sad and melancholy'. In the jealousy of Alcippus and his intended murder of his wife - the earliest printed version of the play allows this to be through smothering - The Forc'd Marriage also inevitably echoes Shakespeare's drama of jealousy, Othello. The device of the supposedly murdered wife appearing as a ghost to her husband had occurred in Sir William Berkeley's The Lost Lady A Tragy Comedy (Act IV, Scene I) printed in 1638 and acted during 1661.

Like many plays published quickly to take advantage of the publicity from theatrical staging, The Forc'd Marriage had a shoddy printing, with the epilogue placed next to the prologue in the beginning of the volume (in this edition moved to the end) and the prologue squashed into two pages by the device of changing the type size half way through the second page. Given the number of errors, it is probable that the play had more than one compositor. It was entered in the Term Catalogues for 13 February 1671.

The Forc'd Marriage was published again in 1688 'As it is Acted by His Majesties Servants at the Queens Theatre' and printed for James Knapton at the Queen's Head in St Paul's Churchyard; it was entered in the Term Catalogues for May 1688. Since the 'Queens Theatre' is a reference to Dorset Garden, where there is no record of the play's being performed before this date, the title page may suggest a revival of the play in the 1680s; however, since both names refer to a location of the Duke's Company which gave the play its first production, this is not necessarily the case.

The 1688 edition corrected many mistakes of the 1671 one and made many new ones. It tended to add capitals, modernise spelling, and sometimes but not invariably regularise names, choosing the most common of the versions presented by the 1671 edition: so Orgulious became Orgulius most of the time and, happily, Falatio became Falatius throughout. It kept the spelling of the prince Phillander which later editions changed to Philander. In the present edition the names have been standardised to the most common 1671 version, but differences between the 1671 and 1688 editions have been noted in the variants. The 1688 edition corrected the pagination errors of the first edition but managed to make new errors in the numbering of acts and scenes.

On the whole, the 1671 and 1688 editions agree as to what should be written as poetry and what as prose, although the 1688 edition occasionally runs two short lines together from the 1671 edition to make one long one. In later editions after Behn's death, some of the verse becomes prose, which she may well have intended it to be since it makes very ragged blank verse. The 1688 text also restored the occasional line
THE FORC’D MARRIAGE

evidently missing from the 1671 text; on one occasion it gave a few lines to their more appropriate owner. These changes, as well as other changes of expression and speaker, are recorded in the endnotes in the present edition.
The Forc’d Marriage, Or The Jealous Bridegroom.
A Tragi-Comedy

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING
PHILLANDER his Son betrothed to Erminia. Mr. Westwood.
ALCIPPUSS Favorite, in love with Erminia. Mr. Smith.
ORGULIUS Late General father to Erminia. Mr. Betterton.
ALCANDER Friend to the Prince, in love with Aminta. Mr. Norris.
PISARO Friend to the young General Alcippus. Mr. Cademan.
FALATIUS A Phantastick Courtier. Mr. Angel.
LA BREE His man. Mr. Young.
CLEONTIUS Servant to the Prince, and Brother to Isillia. Mr. Crosby.

[PAGE to Pisaro]
[PAGE to Phillander]

GALATEA Daughter to the King. Mrs. Jennings.
ERMINIA Daughter to Orgulius espous’d to the Prince. Mrs. Betterton.
AMINTA Sister to Pisaro in love with Alcander. Mrs. Wright.
OLINDA Sister to Alcander, Maid of Honour to the Princess. Mrs. Lee.
ISILLIA Sister to Cleontius, Woman to Erminia. Mrs. Clough.
LYSETTE Woman to Aminta.

Pages and Attendants. [Women, Clergy, Officers]

SCENE

Within the Court of FRANCE.
PROLOGUE

Gallants, our Poets have of late so us'd yee,
In Play and Prologue too, so much abus'd yee.
That should we beg your aids, I justly fear,
Y'ave so incens'd you'd hardly lend it here.
But when against a common Foe we arm,
Each will assist to guard his own concern.
Women, those charming victors, in whose eyes,
Lay all their Arts, and their Artilleries;
Not being contented with the wounds they made,
Would by new Stratagems our Light invade.
Beauty alone goes now at too cheap rates,
And therefore they like Wise and Politick states,
Court a new power that may the old supply,
And keep as well as gain the victory.
They'le joyn the Force of Wit to Beauty now,
And so maintain the right they have in you;
If the vain Sex this priviledge should boast,
Past cure of a declining face we're lost.
You'le never know the bliss of change, this Art
Retrieves (when Beauty fades), the wandring heart,
And though the Airy Spirits move no more,
Wit still invites as beauty did before.
To day one of their party ventures out,
Not with design to Conquer, but to Scout:
Discourage but this first attempt, and then,
They'le hardly dare to sally out again.
The Poetess too, they say, has spies abroad,
Which have dispos'd themselves in every road,
I' th' upper Box, Pit, Galleries, every face
You find disguis'd, in a black Velvet-Case.
My life on't, is her Spy on purpose sent,
To hold you in a wanton Complement;
That so you may not censure what she's writ,
Which done, they'le face you down 'twas full of wit.
Thus, while some common prize you hope to win
You let the Tyrant Victor enter in.
I beg to day you'd lay that humour by,
Till you renconter at the Nursery,
Where they like Centinels, from Duty free,
May meet and wanton with the Enemy.
How hast thou labour'd to subvert in vain,
What one poor smile of ours calls home again;
Can any see that glorious sight, and say,
A Woman shall not Victor prove to day:

Who is't that to their Beauty wou'd submit,
And yet refuse the Fetters of their Wit.
He tells you tales of Stratagems and Spies;
Can they need Art that have such pow'rful eyes?
Believe me, Gallants, he 'as abus'd you all;

There's not a Vizard in our whole Cabal:
Those are but Pickeroons that scour for prey,
And catch up all they meet with in their way;
Who can no Captives take, for all they do,
Is pillage ye, then gladly let you go;

Ours scorn the petty spoils, and do prefer,
The Glory, not the Interest of the War:
But yet our Forces shall obliging prove,
Imposing nought but constancie in love,
That's all our Aim, and when we have it too,

We'll sacrifice it all to pleasure you.
ACT I. scene I.

Enter King, Phillander, Orgulius, Alcippus, Alcander, Pisaro, Cleontius, Falatius; And Officers

KING How shall I now divide my Gratitude; Between a Son, and one that has obliged me, Beyond the common duty of a subject?

PHILLANDER Believe me, Sir, he merits all your Bounty; I only took Example by his Actions; And all the part o’th’ victory which I gain’d, Was but deriv’d from him.

KING Brave youth, whose Infant-years did bring us Conquests. And as thou grew’st to man, thou grew’st in glory, And had arriv’d to such a pitch of it; As all the slothful youth that shall succeed thee, Shall mete reproaches of thy early Actions; When men shall say, thus did the brave Alcippus; And that great Name shall every soul inspire, With Emulation, to arrive at something, That’s worthy thy Example.

ALCIPPUS I must confess I had the Honour, Sir, To lead on twenty thousand fighting men, Whom Fortune gave the glory of the day to. I only bade them fight, and they obey’d me; But ’twas my Prince that taught them how to do so;

KING I do believe Phillander wants no courage; But what he did was to preserve his own. But thine the pure effects of highest valour; For which, if ought below my Crown can recompence; Name it, and take it, as the price of it.

ALCIPPUS The Duty which we pay your Majesty Ought to be such, as what we pay the Gods; Which always bears its recompence about it.

KING Yet suffer me to make thee some return, Though not for thee, yet to encourage Bravery. I know thy soul is generous enough, To think a glorious act rewards it self. But those who understand not so much vertue, Will call it my neglect and want of gratitude; In this thy modesty will wrong thy King. Alcippus By this pause you seem to doubt My Power or Will, in both you are to blame.
ALCIPPUS Your pardon Sir, I never had a thought
   That could be guilty of so great a sin,
   That I was capable to do you service,
   Was the most grateful bounty Heaven allowed me,
   And I no juster way could own that blessing,
   Than to imploy the gift for your repose.

KING I shall grow angry, and believe your pride
   Would put the guilt off on your modesty,
   Which would refuse what that believes below it.

PHILLANDER Your Majesty thinks too severely of him,
   Permit me, Sir, to recompence his valour,
   I saw the wonders on’t, and thence may guess
   In some degree, what may be worthy of it.

KING I like it well, and till thou hast perform’d it,
   I will divest my self of all my power,
   And give it thee, till thou hast made him great.

PHILLANDER I humbly thank you Sir —
   Bows to the King, takes the Staffe from Orgulius
   and gives to Alcippus who looks amazedly

   And here I do create him General.
   You seem to wonder, as if I dispossess’t
   The brave Orgulius, but be pleas’d to know,
   Such Reverence and respect I owe that Lord,
   As had himself not made it his Petition,
   I sooner should have parted with my Right,
   Than have discharg’d my debt, by injuring him.

KING Orgulius, are you willing to resign it[?]

ORGULIUS With your permission, Sir, most willingly;
   His vigorous youth is fitter for’t than age,
   Which now has rendred me uncapable
   Of what that can with more success perform;
   My heart and wishes are the same they were,
   But time has quite depriv’d me of that power
   That should assist a happy Conqueror.

KING Yet time has added little to your years
   Since I restor’d you to this great Command,
   And then you thought it not unfit for you.

ORGULIUS Sir, was it fit I should refuse your Grace?
   That was your act of mercy: and I took it
   To clear my innocency, and reform the errors
   Which those receiv’d who did believe me guilty,
   Or that my Crimes were greater than that mercy;
   I took it, Sir, in scorn of those that hated me;
   And now resign it to the Man you love.

KING We need not this proof to confirm thy Loyalty;
   Nor am I yet so barren of rewards,
   But I can finde a way, without depriving
   Thy Noble Head of its victorious wreathes,
To crown anothers Temples.

ORGULIUS I humbly beg your Majesty's consent to't;
If you believe Alcippus worthy of it;
The generous youth I have bred up to Battels;
Taught him to overcome, and use that Conquest;
As modestly as his submissive Captive,
His Melancholy, (but his easie fetters);
To meet Deaths horrors with undaunted looks.
How to despise the hardships of a Siege;
To suffer, cold and hunger, want of sleep;
Nor knew he other rest than on his Horse-back;
Where he would sit and take a hearty Nap;
And then too dream't of fighting;
I could continue on a day in telling
The wonders of this Warrior.

KING I credit all, and do submit to you.
But yet Alcippus seems displeas'd with it.

ALCIPPUSS Ah Sir! too late I find my confidence
Has overcome m' unhappy bashfulness;
I had an humbler suit t' approach you with;
But this unlook't for Honour,
Has so confounded all my lesser Aims;
As were they not essential to my Being,
I durst not name them after what y' have done.

KING It is not well to think my kindness limited;
This, from the Prince you hold, the next from me;
Be what it will, I here declare it thine.
—Upon my life, designes upon a Lady;
I guess it from thy blushing.
—Name her, and here thy King engages for her.

PHILLANDER Oh Gods! — What have I done? —

ALCIPPUSS Erminia, Sir. —

PHILLANDER I'm ruin'd. —

KING Alcippus, with her fathers leave, she's thine.

ORGULIUS Sir, 'Tis my Aim and Honour.

PHILLANDER Alcippus, is't a time to think of Weddings;
When the disorder'd Troops require your presence:
You must to th' Camp tomorrow.

ALCIPPUSS You need not urge that Duty to me, Sir.

KING A day or two will finish that Affair,
And then we'll consummate the happy day,
When all the Court shall celebrate your joy.

They all go out but Alcander, Pisaro and Falatius

PISARO Falatius, you are a swift Horseman.
I beleve you have a Mystress at Court,
You made such haste this Morning.

FALATIUS By Jove, Pisaro, I was enough weary of the
Campaigne; and till I had lost sight of it,
I clapt on all my spurs —
But what ails Alcander?
Pisaro  What, displeas'd?

135 Alcander  It may be so, what then?
Pisaro  Then thou mayst be pleas'd again.

Alcander  Why the devil should I rejoice?
Because I see another rais'd above me;
Let him be great, and damn'd with all his greatness.
Pisaro  Thou mean'st Alcippus, whom I think merits it.

140 Alcander  What is't that thou call'st merit[?]
He fought, 'tis true, and so did you, and I,
And gain'd as much as he o'th' victory.
But he in the Triumphant Chariot rod[e],
Whilst we ador'd him like a Demi-god.
He with the Prince an equal welcom found,
Was with like Garlands, tho' less merit, crown'd.

Falatius  He's in the right for that, by Jove.
Pisaro  Nay, now you wrong him.

150 Alcander  What's he, I should not speak my sense of him?
Pisaro  He is our General.

Alcander  What then?
What is't that he can do, which I'le decline;
Has he more youth, more strength, or arms than I?

155 Can he preserve himself i'th' heat of battail?
Or can he singly fight a whole Brigade?
Can he receive a thousand wounds and live?

Falatius  Can you or he do so?

Alcander  I do not say I can, but tell me then,

Where be the vertues of this mighty man,
That he should brave it over all the rest?
Pisaro  Faith he has many vertues, and much courage;
And merits it as well as you or I,
Orgulius was grown old.

160 Alcander  What then?
Pisaro  What then, he was unfit for't,
But that he had a Daughter who was young.
Alcander  Yes, he might have lain by like
Rusty Armour else,

170 Had she not brought him into play again;
The Devil take her for't.

Falatius  By Jove, he's dissatisfied with every thing.

Alcander  She has undone my Prince,
And he has most unluckily disarm'd himself,
And put the Sword into his Rivalls hand,
Who will return it to his gratefull bosom.
Pisaro  Why you believe Alcippus honest —

Alcander  Yes, in your sence Pisaro,
But [I] do not like the last demand he made,
"Twas but an ill return upon his Prince
To beg his Mistress, rather challeng'd her.

**PISARO**  His Ignorance that she was so, may excuse him.

**ALCANDER**  The Devil 'twill, dost think he knew it not?]

**PISARO**  *Ogulius* still design'd him for *Erminia*,
And if the Prince be disoblig'd from this,
He only ought to take it ill from him.

**ALCANDER**  Too much *Pisaro* you excuse his pride,
But 'tis the office of a friend to do so.

**PISARO**  'Tis true I am not ignorant of this,
That he despises other recompence
For all his services, but fair *Erminia*,
I know 'tis long since he resign'd his heart,
Without so much as telling her she conquer'd;
And yet she knew he lov'd; whilst she, ingrate,
Repay'd his passion only with her scorn.

**ALCANDER**  In loving him she'd more ingrateful prove
To her first vows, to reason and to love.

**PISARO**  For that *Alcander* you know more than I.

**FALATIUS**  Why sure *Aminta* will instruct her better,
Shee's as inconstant as the Seas and Winds,
Which ne're are calm but to betray Adventurers.

**ALCANDER**  How came you by that knowledge Sir?

**FALATIUS**  What a pox makes him ask me that question now[?]

*Aside*

**PISARO**  Prythee *Alcander* now we talk of her,
How go the Amours 'twixt you and my wilde sisters;
Can you speak yet, or do you tell your tale,
With eyes and sighs, as you were wont to do[?]

**ALCANDER**  Faith much at that old rate, *Pisaro*,
I yet have no encouragement from her
To make my Court in any other language.

**PISARO**  You'l bring her to't, she must be over come,
And you'rt the fittest for her fickle humour.

**ALCANDER**  Pox on't, this change will spoil our making Love,
We must be sad and follow the Court Mode;
My life on't you'll see desperate doings here;
The Eagle will not part so with his prey;
*Erminia* was not gain'd so easily
To be resign'd so tamely: but come my Lord,
This will not satisfy our appetites,
Let's in to dinner, and when warm with wine
We shall be fitter for a new design.

*They go out. Falatius stays*

**FALATIUS**  Now am I in a very fine condition,
A comfortable one as I take it;
I have ventur'd my life to some purpose now;
What confounded luck was this, that he of all men
Living, should happen to be my Rivall.
Well, I'le go visit *Aminta*, and see how
She receives me. —

Enter LA BREE

Why where a duce hast thou dispos'd of
Thy self all this day, I will be bound to be
Hang'd, if thou hast not a hankering after
Some young wench; thou couldst never loyter
Thus else; but I'le forgive thee now, and prithee go to
My Lady Aminta's Lodgings: Kiss her hand
From me: and tell her I am just returned from
The Campaigne: mark that word, Sirrah.

LA BREE I shall Sir; 'tis truth.
FALATIUS Well, thats all one; but if she should
Demand any thing concerning me; (for
Love's inquisitive) dost hear: as to my valour, or so,
Thou understand'st me; tell her
I acted as became a man that pretend[s] to the glory of
Serving her.

LA BREE I warrant you, Sir, for a speech.
FALATIUS Nay, thou mayst speak as well too much
As too little, have a care of that, dost hear?
And if she ask what wounds I have: dost mind me?
Tell her I have many, very many.

LA BREE But whereabouts, Sir?
FALATIUS Let me see—let me see: I know not where
To place them—I think in my face.
LA BREE By no means, Sir, you had much better
Have them in your Posteriors: for then the Ladies
Can never disprove you: they'll not look there.

FALATIUS The sooner, you fool, for the rarity on't.
LA BREE Sir, the Novelty is not so great, I assure you.
FALATIUS Go to, y' are wicked: but I will have them in my face.
LA BREE With all my heart, Sir, but how?
FALATIUS I'le wear a patch or two there, and I'le
Warrant you for pretences as much as any man,
And who, you fool, shall know the fallacie[?]
LA BREE That, Sir, will all that know you, both in the Court and Camp.
FALATIUS Mark me, La Bree, once for all, if thou takest
Delight continually thus to put me in mind of
My want of Courage, I shall undoubtedly
Fall foul on thee, and give thee most fatal proofs
Of more than thou expectest.
LA BREE Nay Sir, I have done, and do believe 'tis only
I dare say you are a man of prowess.

FALATIUS Leave thy simple fancies, and go about
Thy business.
LA BREE I am gone, but heark my Lord,
If I should say your face were wounded,
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

The Ladies would fear you had lost your Beauty.

FALATIUS O never trouble your head for that, Aminta
Is a wit, and your Wits care not how ill-favour'd
Their men be, the more ugly the better.

LAMBREE An't be so, you'll fit them to a hair.

FALATIUS Thou art a Coxcomb, to think a man of my
Quality needs the advantage of handsomness:
A trifle, as insignificant as wit or valour: poor
Nothings, which Men of fortune ought to despise[?]

LAMBREE Why do you then keep such a stir to gain
The reputation of this thing you so despise.

FALATIUS To please the peevish humour of a woman,
Who in that point only is a fool.

LAMBREE You had a Mystress once, if you have not
Forgotten her, who would have taken you with
All these faults.

FALATIUS There was so: but she was poor, that's the
Divel, I could have lov'd her else:
—But go thy ways; — what dost thou muse on?

LAMBREE Faith Sir, I am only fearful you will never
Pass with those patches you speak of.

LAMBREE Thou never-to-be-reclaim'd Ass; shall I never
Bring thee to apprehend as thou ought'st; I tell thee
I will pass and repass, where and how I please;
Know'st thou not the difference yet, between a
Man of money and Titles, and a man of only Parts,
As they call them; poor Divels, of no mien nor
Garb: Well, 'tis a fine and frugal thing,
This honour, it covers a multitude of faults;
Even ridicule in one of us is A-la-mode,
But I detain thee; go hast to Aminta.

Exeunt severally

ACT I. scen[e] II.

Enter GALATEA, AMINTA, and OLINDA

GALATEA Will Erminia come?
OLINDA Madam, I thought she'd been already here.
GALATEA But prethee how does she support this news?
OLINDA Madam, as those unreconciled to Heaven
Would beare the pangs of death.
AMINTA Time will convince her of that foolish error,
Of thinking a brisk young Husband a torment.
GALATEA What young Husband? —
AMINTA The Generall, Madam.
GALATEA Why, dost thou think she will consent to it?
AMINTA Madam, I cannot tell, the World's inconstant.

GALATEA Ay Aminta, in every thing but Love.
   And sure they cannot be in that:
   What sayest thou, Olinda?

15 OLINDA Madam, my judgment's naught.
   Love I have treated as a stranger guest,
   Receiv'd him well, not lodg'd him in my brest.
   I ne're durst give the unknown Tyrant room,
   Lest he should make his resting place his home.

20 GALATEA Then thou art happy; but if Erminia fail
   I shall not live to reproach her.
AMINTA Nay, Madam, do not think of dying yet:
   There is a way, if we could think of it.

GALATEA Aminta, when wilt thou this humour lose?

25 AMINTA Faith never, if I might my humour chuse.

GALATEA Methinks thou now shouldst blush to bid me Live.

AMINTA Madam, 'tis the best counsel I can give.

GALATEA Thy counsel! Prethee what dost counsel now?

AMINTA What I would take my self I counsel you.

30 GALATEA You must my wounds and my misfortunes bear
   Before you can become my Counsellor.
   You cannot guess the torments I endure:
   Not knowing the Disease you'll miss the Cure.

AMINTA Physicians, Madam, can the Patient heal

35 Although the Malady they ne're did feel:
   But your Disease is Epidemical,
   Nor can I that evade that conquers all.
   I lov'd, and never did like pleasure know,
   Which passion did with time less vigorous grow.

GALATEA Why hast thou lost it?

AMINTA It, and half a score.

GALATEA Losing the first sure thou couldst love no more.

AMINTA With more facility, than when the Dart
   Arm'd with resistless fire seiz'd my heart;

45 'Twas long then, e're the Boy could entrance get,
   And make his little Victory compleat;
   But now he'as got the knack on't, 'tis with ease,
   He domineers and enters when he please.

GALATEA My heart, Aminta, is not like to thine.

AMINTA Faith Madam try; you'll find it just like mine.
   The first I lov'd was Philocles, and then
   Made Protestations ne're to love agen,
   Yet after left him for a faithless crime;
   But then I languish'd even to death for him;

—But Love who suffer'd me to take no rest,
   New fire-balls threw, the old scarce dispossest;
   And by the greater flame the lesser light,
   Like Candles in the Sun, extinguish quite,
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

And left no power Alcander to resist,
Who took, and keeps possession of my brest.

Galatea  Art thou a Lover then, and lookest so gay,
        But thou hast ne're a father t' obey.

Aminta  Why, if I had I would obey him too.

Galatea  And live.

Aminta  And live.

Galatea  'Tis more than I can do.

Enter Erminia weeping,
Galatea meets her, embraces her, and weeps

— Thy Eyes, Erminia, do declare thy heart,
Has nothing but despairs and death t'impart,
And I, alas, no comfort can apply,
But I, as well as you, can weep and die.

Erminia  I'le not reproach my fortune, since in you
        Grief does the noblest of your Sex subdue;
        When your great soul a sorrow can admit:
        I ought to suffer from the sence of it;
        Your cause of grief too much like mine appears,
        Not to oblige my eyes to double tears;
        And had my heart no sentiments at home,
        My part in yours had doubtless fill'd the room.
        But mine will no addition more receive,
        Fate has bestow'd the worst she had to give;
        Your mighty soul can all its rage oppose,
        Whilst mine must perish by more feeble blows.

Galatea  Indeed, I dare not say my cause of grief,
        Does yours exceed, since both are past relief;
        But if our Fates unequal do appear,
        Erminia, 'tis my heart that odds must bear.

Erminia  Madam, 'tis just I should to you resign,
        But here you challenge what is only mine:
        My fate so cruel is, it will not give
        Leave to Phillander (if I die) to live:
        Might I but suffer all, 'twere some content,
        But who can live and see his languishment,
        You Madam do alone your sorrows bear,
        Which would be less did but Alcippus share.

Galatea  As Lovers we agree, I'le not deny
        But thou art lov'd again, so am not I.

Erminia  Madam, that grief the better is sustain'd,
        That's for a loss that never yet was gain'd:
        You only lose a man that does not know
        How great the Honour is which you bestow:
        Who dares not hope you love, or if he did,
        Your greatness would his just return forbid;
        His humbler thoughts durst ne're to you aspire,
At most he would presume but to admire;
Or if it chanc’d he burst more daring prove,
You still must languish in concealed love.

**GALATEA** This which you argue lessens not my pain,
My grief’s the same, were I belov’d again.
The King my Father would his Promise keep,
And thou must him enjoy for whom I weep.

**ERMINIA** Ah would I could that fatal gift deny,
Without him you; and with him, I must die;
My soul your Royal Brother does adore,
And I, all kindness but from him, abhor;
But if I must th’unsuit *Alcippus* wed,
I vow he ne’re shall come into my Bed.

**GALATEA** That’s bravely vow’d, and now I love thee more,
Than e’re I was oblig’d to do before;
—But yet *Erminia* guard thee from his eyes;
Where so much love, and so much Beauty lies:
Those charmes may conquer thee, which made me bow,
And make thee love as well as break this Vow.

**ERMINIA** Madam, ‘tis unkind, though but to fear,
Aught but *Phillander* can inhabit here.
*Lays her hand on her heart*

**GALATEA** Ah that *Alcippus* did not you approve;
We then might hope these mischiefs to remove;
The King my father might be mov’d by prayer,
And my too powerful Brothers sad despair,
To break his word, which kept will us undo:
And he will lose his dear *Phillander* too,
Who dies and can no remedies receive:
But vows it is for you alone he’ll live.

**ERMINIA** Ah Madam, do not tell me how he dies,
I’ve seen too much already in his eyes;
They did the sorrows of his soul betray,
Which need not be exprest another way:
’Twas there I found what my misfortune was,
Too sadly written in his lovely face.
But see, my father comes: Madam, withdraw a while,
And once again I’le try my interest with him.
*Exeunt*

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**ACT I. scen[e] iii.**

*Enter Orgulius, Erminia weeping, and Isillia*

**ERMINIA** Sir, does your fatal resolution hold?

**ORGULIUS** Away, away, you are a foolish Girl,
And look with too much pride upon your Beauty;
Which like a gawdy flower that springs too soon,
Withers e're fully blown.
Your very tears already have betray'd
Its weak inconstant nature;
_Alcippus_, should he look upon thee now,
Would swear thou wert not that fine thing he lov'd.

**ERMINIA** Why should that blessing turn to my despair,
Curse on his faith that told him I was faire.

**ORGULIUS** 'Tis strange to me you should despise this fortune,
I always thought you well-inclin'd to love him,
I would not else have thus dispos'd of you.

**ERMINIA** I humbly thank you, Sir, though't be too late,
And wish you yet would try to change my fate;
What to _Alcippus_ you did love beleeve,
Was such a friendship as might well deceive;
'Twas what kind Sisters do to Brothers pay;
_Alcippus_ I can love no other way.
—Sir, lay the interest of a Father by,
And give me leave this _Lover_ to deny.

**ORGULIUS** _Erminia_, thou art young and canst not see
Th' advantage of the fortune offer'd thee;

**ERMINIA** Alas, Sir, there is somthing yet behind.

**ORGULIUS** What is't _Erminia_, freely speak thy mind.

**ERMINIA** Ah Sir, I dare not, you inrag'd will grow.

**ORGULIUS** _Erminia_, you have seldom found me so;
If no mean passion have thy soul possesst,
Be what it will I can forgive the rest.

**ERMINIA** No Sir, it is no crime, or if it be,
Let Prince _Phillander_ make the peace for me;
He 'twas that taught the sin, (if love be such.)

**ORGULIUS** _Erminia_, peace, he taught you then too much.

**ERMINIA** Nay Sir, you promis'd me you would not blame
My early Love, if 'twere a noble flame.

**ORGULIUS** Than this a more unhappy could not be;
Destroy it, or expect to hear of me. _Offers to go out, she stays him_

**ERMINIA** Alas, I know 'twould anger you when known.

**ORGULIUS** _Erminia_, you are wondrous daring grown;
Where got you courage to admit his love,
Before the King or I did it approve?

**ERMINIA** I borrow'd Courage from my Innocence,
And my own vertue, Sir, was my defence.
_Phillander_ never spoke but from a soul,
That all dishonest passions can controul;
With flames as chaste as Vestals that did burn,
Fr'm whence I borrow'd mine, to make return.

**ORGULIUS** Your love from folly, not from vertue, grew;
You never could beleeve, he'd marry you.

**ERMINIA** Upon my life no other thing he spoke,
But those from dictates of his Honour took.
ORGULIUS Though by his fondness led he were content
To marry thee, the King would ne’re consent.

55 Cease then this fruitless passion and incline
Your will and reason to agree with mine.
Alcippus I dispos’d you to before,
And now I am inclin’d to it much more.
Some days I had design’d t’ve given thee

60 To have prepar’d for this solemnity;
But now my second thoughts beleeve it fit,
You should this night to my desires submit.

ERMINIA This night; Ah Sir, what is’t you mean to do?
ORGULIUS Preserve my credit, and thy Honour too.

65 ERMINIA By such resolves you me to ruine bring.
ORGULIUS That’s better than to disoblige my King.
ERMINIA But if the King his liking do afford,
Would you not with Alcippus break your word;
Or would you not to serve your Princes life,

70 Permit your daughter to become his wife?
ORGULIUS His Wife Erminia; if I did beleeve
Thou couldst to such a thought a credit give;
I would the interest of a father quit,
And you, Erminia, have no need of it:

Without his Aid you can a Husband chuse,
Gaining the Prince you may a Father lose.

ERMINIA Ah Sir, these words are Poniards to my heart:
And half my love to duty does convert;
Alas Sir, I can be content to die,

80 But cannot suffer this severity:
That care you had, dear Sir, continue still,
I cannot live and disobey your will.

ORGULIUS This duty has regain’d me, and you’ll find
A just return: I shall be always kind;

——Go—— reassume your Beauty: dry your eyes;
Remember ’tis a father does advise.

Goes out

ERMINIA Ungrateful duty: whose uncivil pride,
By Reason is not to be satisfye;
Who even Loves Almighty Power or’ethrows,

90 Or dost on it too rigorous Laws impose;
Who bindest up our vertue too too streight,
And on our Honour lays too great a weight.
Coward, whom nothing but thy power makes strong:
Whom Age and Malice bred ’taffright the young;

95 Here thou dost tyrannize to that degree,
That nothing but my death will set me free.

[Exeunt]
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

[ACT I.] SCENE IV.

Enter Phillander and Alcannder

Phillander: Urge it no more, your Reasons do displease me:
I offer'd her a Crown, with her Phillander:
And she was once pleas'd to accept of it.
She lov'd me too, yes, and repaid my flame,
As kindly as I sacrificed to her:
The first Salute we gave were harmless love,
Our souls then met, and so grew up together,
Like sympathizing Twins.
And must she now be ravish't from my Arms;
Will you Erminia suffer such a Rape[?]
What tho' the King have said it shall be so,
'Tis not his pleasure can become thy Law,
No, nor it shall not.
And though we were my God as well as King,
I would instruct thee how to disobey him;
Thou shalt, Erminia, bravely say, I will not;
He cannot force thee to't against thy will:
—Oh Gods, shall duty to a King and Father,
Make thee commit a Murther on thy self?
Thy sacred self, and me that do adore thee;
No, my Erminia, quit this vain devoyre;
And follow Love that may preserve us all:
—Presumptuous Villain, bold ingratitude —
Hadst thou no other way to pay my favours;
By Heaven 'twas bravely bold, was't not Alcander[?]

Alcander: It was somewhat strange, Sir;
But yet perhaps he knew not that you lov'd her.

Phillander: Not know it: yes as well as thou and I:
The World was full on't, and could he be ignorant[?]
Why was her father call'd from banishment,
And plac'd about the King, but for her sake:
What made him General, but my passion for her.
What gave him twenty thousand Crowns a year,
But that which made me Captive to Erminia[?]
Almighty Love, of which thou sayst he is ignorant:
How has he order'd his audacious flame,
That I could ne're perceive it all this while[?]

Alcander: Then 'twas a flame conceal'd from you alone,
To the whole Court besides 'twas visible.
He knew you would not suffer it to burn out:
And therefore waited till his services

21
Might give encouragement to’s close design;  
If that could do’t he nobly has endeavor’d it,  
But yet I think you need not yield her, Sir.

**PHILLANDER**  
_Alcippus, I confess, is brave enough,  
And by such ways I’le make him quit his claim;  
—He shall to morrow to the Camp again,  
—And then I’le own my passion to the King;  
——He loves me well, and I may hope his pity,  
Till then be calm my heart, for if that fail,  
This is the argument that will prevail._

**Points to his sword**

**Exeunt**

**ACT II.**

The REPRESENTATION of the WEDDING.

_The Curtain must be let down; and soft Musick must play: the Curtain being drawn up, discovers a Scene of a Temple: The King sitting on a Throne, bowing down to joy the Hands of Alcippus and Erminia who kneel on the steps of the Throne; the Officers of the Court and the Clergy standing in order by, with Orgulius. This within the Scene._

_Without on the Stage, Phillander with his sword half-drawn, held by Galatea, who looks ever on Alcippus: Erminia still fixing her eyes on Phillander; Pisaro passionately gazing on Galatea: Aminta on Falatius, and he on her; Alcander, Isilla, Cleontius, in other several postures, with the rest; all remaining without motion, whilst the Musick softly plays; this continues a while till the Curtain falls; and then the Musick plays aloud till the Act begins._

**ACT I[1]. SCENE I.**

_Enter PHILLANDER and GALATEA inrag’d_  

[PHILLANDER]  
‘Tis done, ‘tis done, the fatal Knot is ty’d  
_Erminia_ to _Alcippus_ is a Bride;  
Methinks I see the motions of her eyes,  
And how her Virgin-brests do fall and rise:  
Her bashful blush, her timorous desire,  
Adding new flame to his too vigorous fire;  
Whilst he the charming Beauty must embrace,  
And shall I live to suffer this disgrace,  
Shall I stand tamely by, and he receive  
That Heaven of bliss, defenceless she can give[?]  
No Sister, no, renounce that Brothers name,  
Suffers his patience to surmount his flame;  
I’le reach the _Victor’s_ heart, and make him see,  
That Prize he has obtain’d belongs to me.

**GALATEA**  
_Ah dear Phillander, do not threaten so,_
WHILST HIM YOU WOUND, YOU KILL A SISTER TOO.

PHILLANDER Though all the Gods were rallied on his side,
They should too feeble prove to guard his pride.
Justice and Honour on my Sword shall sit,
And my revenge shall guide the lucky hit.

GALATEA Consider but the danger, and the crime,
And Sir remember that his life is mine.

PHILLANDER Peace Sister, do not urge it as a sin,
Of which the Gods themselves have guilty been:
The Gods my Sister do approve revenge
By Thunder, which i' th' almighty Ports unhinge,
Such is their lightning when poor mortals fear,
And Princes are the Gods inhabit here;
Revenge has charms that do as powerful prove
As those of Beauty, and as sweet as love,
The force of vengeance will not be withstood
Till it has bath'd and cool'd it self in blood.
Erminia, sweet Erminia; thou art lost
And he yet lives that does the conquest boast.

GALATEA Brother that Captive you can ne're retrive
More by the Victors death than if he live,
For she in Honour cannot him preferr,
Who shall become her Husbands Murtherer;
By safer ways you may that blessing gain
When venturing thus through blood, and death prove vain.

PHILLANDER With hopes already that are vain as air,
You've kept me from revenge, but not despair.
I had my self acquitted as became
Erminia's wrong'd adorer, and my flame,
My Rival I had kill'd, and set her free,
Had not my Justice been disarm'd by thee.
—But for thy faithless hopes I'de murther'd him,
Even when the holy Priest was marrying them,
And offer'd up the reeking sacrifice
To th'Gods he kneel'd to, when he took my prize,
By all their Purity I would have don't,
But now I think I merit the affront:
He that his vengeance idly does defer,
His Safety more than his Success must fear:
I like that Coward did prolong my fate,
But brave revenge can never come too late.

GALATEA Brother, if you can so inhumane prove
To me your Sister, reason, and to love:
I'le let you see that I have sentiments too,
Can love and be reveng'd as well as you,
That houre that shall a death to him impart,
Shall send this dagger to Erminia's heart.

PHILLANDER — Ah Coward, how these words have made thee pale,
And fear above thy courage does prevail:
Ye Gods, why did you such a way invent?[

GALATEA None else was left thy madness to prevent.

PHILLANDER Ah cruel Sister, I am tame becom,
And will reverse my happy Rivals doom:
Yes, he shall live, to triumph o’er my Tomb:
—But yet what thou hast said I need must blame,
For if, should my resolutions prove the same,
I now should kill thee, and my life renew,
But were it brave or just to murther you:
At worst I should an unkind Sister kill,
Thou wouldst the sacred blood of friendship spill.
I kill a man that has undone my Fame,
Ravisht my Mystress, and contemn’d my Name
And Sister, one who does not thee prefer:
But thou no reason hast to injure her.
Such charms of Innocence her eyes do dress,
As would confound the cruell’st Murtheress:
And thou art soft, and canst no horror see,
Such Actions, Sister, you must leave to me.

GALATEA The highest love no reason will admit,
And passion is above my friendship yet.

PHILLANDER Then since I cannot hope to alter thee,
Let me but beg that thou wouldst set me free;
Free this poor soul that such a coile does keep;
’Twill neither let me wake in peace, nor sleep.

Comfort I find, a stranger to my heart,
Nor canst thou aught of that but thus impart;
Thou shouldst with joy a death to him procure,
Who by it leaves Alcippus life secure.

GALATEA Dear brother, you out-run your patience still,

We’ll neither die our selves, nor others kill;
Something I’le do that shall thy joys restore,
And bring thee back that health thou hadst before;
— We’re now expected at the Banquet, where
I’d have thy eyes more Love than anger wear:

This night be cheerful, and on me depend,
On me, that am thy Sister and thy friend:
A little raise Alcippus jealousie,
And let the rest be carried on by me;
Nor would it be amiss, should you provide

A Serenade to entertain the Bride:
’Twill give him fears that may perhaps disprove
The fond opinion of his happy love.

PHILLANDER Though Hope be faithless, yet I cannot chuse,
Coming from thee, but credit the abuse.

GALATEA Phillionder, do not you Hopes power distrust,
’Tis time enough to die, when that’s, unjust.

Exeunt
ACT II. scene II.

Enter Aminta as passing over the Stage, is stayed by Olinda

Olinda Why so hasty, Aminta? [?
Aminta The time requires it, Olinda.
Olinda But I've an humble suit to you.
Aminta You shall command me any thing.
Olinda Pray Heaven you keep your word:
Aminta That sad tone of thine Olinda has almost
Made me repent of my promise, but come; what is't?
Olinda My Brother, Madam.
Aminta Now fye upon thee, is that all thy business? Offers to go
Olinda Stay Madam, he dies for you.
Aminta He cannot do't for any woman living:
But well — it seems he speaks of love to you;
To me he does appear a very Statue.
Olinda He naught but sighs and calls upon your Name,
And vows you are the cruell'zt Maid that breaths.
Aminta Thou canst not be in earnest sure.
Olinda I'le swear I am, and so is he.
Aminta Nay then thou hast a hard task on't; to make
Vows to all the Women he makes love to;
Indeed I pity thee; ha, ha, ha.
Olinda You should not laugh at those you have undon.
Aminta sings.

Hang love, for I will never pine,
For any Man alive;
Nor shall this jolly heart of mine,
The thoughts of it receive;
I will not purchase slavery
At such a dangerous rate.
But glory at my liberty,
And laugh at love and fate.

Olinda You'll kill him by this cruelty.
Aminta What is't thou call'zt so,
For I have hitherto given no denials.
Nor has he given me cause;
I've seen him wildly gaze upon me often,
And somtimes blush and smile, but seldom that;
And now and then found fault with my replies,
And wonder'd where the devil lay that wit;
Which he beleived no Judg of it could find.
Olinda Faith Madam, that's his way of making love.
Aminta It will not take with me, I love a man,
Can kneel, and swear, and cry, and look submiss,
As if he meant indeed to die my slave:
Thy Brother looks – but too much like a Conqueror.

45 OLINDA  How Aminta, can you sigh in earnest[?]  
AMINTA  Yes Olinda, and you shall know its meaning,  
I love Alcander – and am not asham’d o’th’ secret,  
But prithee do not tell him what I say.  
——Oh he’s a man made up of those perfections,  
Which I have often lik’t in several men;  
And wish’t united to compleat some one,  
Whom I might have the glory to o’recome  
——His Mien and Person, but ‘bove all his Humour,  
That surly Pride, though even to me addrest,  
Do strangely well becom him.

OLINDA  May I believe this?  
AMINTA  Not if you mean to speak on’t,  
But I shall soon enough betray my self.

Enter Falatius  
with a patch or two on his face

Falatius, Welcom from the Wars
60 I’me glad to see y’ve scap’d the dangers of them.

FALATIUS  Not so well scap’d neither, Madam, but I  
Have left still a few testimonies of their  
Severity to me.

OLINDA  That’s not so well, beleve me.  

Points to his face

FALATIUS  Nor so ill, since they be such as render us no  
Less acceptable to your fair eyes, Madam;  
But had you seen me when I gain’d them, Ladies,  
In that Heroick posture.

AMINTA  What posture?

FALATIUS  In that of fighting, Madam.  
You would have call’d to mind that ancient story  
Of the stout Giants that wag’d War with Heaven;  
Just so I fought, and for as glorious prize,  
Your excellent Ladiship.

AMINTA  For me, was it for me you ran this hazard then?

FALATIUS  Madam, I hope you do not question that,  
Was it not all the faults you found with me,  
The reputation of my want of Courage,  
A thousand Furies are not like a Battel,  
And but for you,  
By love I would not fight it o’re again  
For all the glory on’t, and now do you doubt me:  
Madam your heart is strangely fortified  
That can resist th’ efforts I’ve made against it,

And bring to boot such marks of valour too.
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Enter to them Alcander,
who seeing them would turn back, but Olinda stays him

Olinda Brother, come back.

Falatius Advance, advance, what Man, afraid of me?

Alcander How, can she hold discourse with that Fantastick [?]    Aside

Falatius Come forward and be complaisant.    Pulls him again

Alcander That's most proper for your wit Falatius.  

Falatius Why so angry?

Alcander Away, thou art deceav’d.

Aminta You’ve lost your sleep, which puts you out of humour.

Alcander He’s damn’d will lose a moment on’t for you.

Aminta Who is’t that has displeas’d you?  

Alcander You have, and took my whole repose away,
And more than that, which you can ne’re restore;
I can do nothing as I did before.
When I would sleep, I cannot do’t for you,
My Eyes and Fancy do that form pursue,
And when I sleep, you Revel in my dreams,
And all my life is nothing but extreams.
When I would tell my love, I seem most rude,
For that informs me how I am subdu’d.
Gods you’r unjust to tyrannize o’re me,
When thousands fitter for’t than I go free.    Goes out

Falatius Why what the Devil has possest Alcander[?]

Olinda How like you this Aminta?

Aminta Better and better, he’s a wondrous man.

Aminta and Olinda go out

Falatius ’Tis the most unjanty humour that ever I saw;
Ay, Ay, he is my Rivall,
No marvell an’ he look’t so big upon me,
He is damnable valiant, and as Jealous as
He is Valiant, how I shall behave my
Self to him, and these too idle humours of his
I cannot yet determine; the comfort is, he
Knows I am a Coward what ever face I set upon it.
Well, I must either resolve never to provoke
His jealousie, or be able to re’ncounter his
Other fury, his valour; that were a good
Resolve if I be not past all hope.    Exit
ACT II. SCENE III.

Enter Alcippus and Erminia, as in a Bed-Chamber

Alcippus  But still methinks Erminia you are sad
        A heavyness appears in those faire eyes,
        As if your soul were agitating something
        Contrary to the pleasure of this night.

    Erminia  You ought in Justice Sir 't'excuse me here,
            Prisoners when first committed are less gay,
            Than when they're us'd to Fetters every day,
            But yet in time they will more easie grow.

    Alcippus  You strangely bless me in but saying so,

    Erminia  Alcippus I've an humble suit to you.

    Alcippus  All that I have is so entirely thine,
            And such a Captive thou hast made my will
            Thou need'st not be at the expence of wishing
            For what thou canst desire that I may grant,
            Why are thy eyes declin'd?

    Erminia  To satisfy a little modest scruple
            I beg you would permit me, Sir —

    Alcippus  To lye alone to night, is it not so?

    Erminia  It is —

    Alcippus  That's too severe, yet I will grant it thee,
            But why Erminia must I grant it thee?

    Erminia  The Princess Sir questions my power and says,
            I cannot gain so much upon your goodness.

    Alcippus  I could have wisht some other had oblig'd thee to't.

    Erminia  You would not blame her if you knew her reason.

    Alcippus  Indeed I do not much, for I can guess
            She takes the party of her Prince and Brother;
            And this is only to delay those joys,
            Which she perhaps beleeves belong to him.

    —But that Erminia, you can best resolve;
    And 'tis not kindly done to hide a truth,
    The Prince so clearly own'd.

    Erminia  What did he own?

    Alcippus  He said, Erminia, that you were his wife;

    —If so, no wonder you refuse my bed:
    The Presence of the King hindred my knowledge,
    Of what I willingly would learn from you;
    —Come ne're deny a truth that plain appears,
    I see hypocrisie through all your tears.

    Erminia  You need not ask me to repeat again,
            A knowledge which, you say, appears so plain:
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

The Prince his word methinks should credit get,
Which I'le confirm whene're you call for it:
My heart before you ask't it, was his prize,
And cannot twice become a sacrifice.

AICIPPUS  Erminia, is this brave or just in you,
To pay his score of love with what's my due:
What's your design to treat me in this sort,
Are sacred Vows of Marriage made your sport?
Regard me well, Erminia, what am I?

ERMINIA  One Sir, with whom I am bound to live and die,
And one to whom by rigorous command,
I gave (without my heart) my unwilling hand.

AICIPPUS  But why, Erminia, did you give it so?

ERMINIA  'T obey a King and cruel father too.
A friendship, Sir, I can on you bestow,
But that will hardly into passion grow;
And 'twill an Act below your vertue prove,
To force an heart you know can never love.

AICIPPUS  Am I the mark to hide your blushes in,
I the contented fool to veil your sin;
Have you already learnt that trick at Court,
Both how to practice and secure your sport;
Brave Mystress of your Art, is this the way
My service and my passion to repay?
Will nothing but a Prince your pleasure fit,
And could you think that I would wink at it?
Recal that folly, or by all that's good,
I'le free the soul that wantons in thy blood.

He in rage takes her by the arm, shews a Dagger

ERMINIA  I see your love, your Reason has betray'd,
But I'le forgive the faults which love has made;
'Tis true, I love, and do confess it too:
Which if a crime, I might have hid from you;
But such a passion 'tis, as does despise,
Whatever rage you threaten from your eyes.
—Yes—you may disapprove this flame in me,
But cannot hinder what the Gods decree;
—Search here this truth; Alas, I cannot fear,
Your steel shall find a welcom entrance here.

He holds her still, and gazes on her

AICIPPUS  Where dost thou think thy ingrateful soul will go,
Loaded with wrongs to me, should I strike now[?]

ERMINIA  To some blest place, where Lovers do reside,
Free from the noise of jealousie and pride;
Where we shall know no other power but love,
And where even thou wilt soft and gentle prove;
So gentle, that if I should meet thee there,
I should allow what I deny thee here.
ALCIPPUSS  Thou — hast disarm’d my rage, and in its room,
         A world of shame and softer passions come,
                   90
         Such as the first efforts of love inspir’d.
         When by thy charming eyes my soul was fir’d.
ERMINIA  I must confess your fears are seeming just,
     But here to free you from the least mistrust,
           95
         I swear; whilst I’m your wife I’ll not allow
     Birth to a thought that tends to injuring you.
ALCIPPUSS  Not to believ thee, were a sin above
     Th’ injuries I have done thee by my love.
         ——Ah, my Erminia, might I hope at least
           100
         To share the pity of that lovely breast,
     By slow degrees, I might approach that Throne,
     Where now the best Phillander reigns alone:
         Perhaps in time my passion might redeem,
           105
     That now too faithful heart y’have given to him;
     Do but forbear to hear his Amorous tales,
     Nor from his moving eyes learn what he ails:
         A fire that’s kindled cannot long survive,
           If one add naught to keep the flame alive.
ERMINIA  I will not promise; what I mean to do,
     My Vertue only shall oblige me to.
110  ALCIPPUSS  But Madam, what d’ you mean by this reserve,
     To what intent does all this coldness serve;
         Is there no pity to my sufferings due,
           115
     And will you still my languishments renew?
     Come, come, recal what you have rashly said,
     And own tomorrow that thou art no maid:
         Thy blushes do betray thy willingness,
           And in thy lovely eyes I read success.
ERMINIA  A double tie obliges me to be
     Strict to my Vows, my Love and Amity:
120  For my own sake the first I’le ne’re decline,
     And I would gladly keep the last for thine.
ALCIPPUSS  Madam, you strangely do improve my pain,
     To give me Hopes you must recal again.
ERMINIA  Alcippus, you this language will forbear,
125  When you shall know how powerful you are;
     For whilst you here endeavor to subdue,
         The best of women languishes for you.
ALCIPPUSS  Erminia, do not mock my miserie,
     For, though you cannot love, yet pity me;
130  That you allow my passion no return,
         Is weight enough, you need not add your scorn,
     In this your cruelty is too severe.
ERMINIA  Alcippus, you mistake me every where.
ALCIPPUSS  To whom, Erminia, do I owe this fate[?]
135  ERMINIA  Tomorrow all her story I’le relate,
Till then the promise I the Princess made,
I beg you would permit might be obey'd.

**Alcippus** You Madame: with so many charmes assail,
You need not question but you shall prevail;
Thy power's not lessen'd in thy being mine,
But much augmented in my being thine,
The glory of my chains may raise me more,
But I am still that slave I was before.

*Exit severally*

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**ACT II. SCENE IV.**

*Enter Phillander and Alcander. The Prince half undrest*

**Phillander** What's a Clock, *Alcander*?

**Alcander** 'Tis midnight, Sir, will you not go to bed.

**Phillander** To bed, friend; what to do?

**Alcander** To sleep, Sir, as you were wont to do.

**Phillander** Sleep, and *Erminia* have abandon'd me,
'I'll never sleep again. —

**Alcander** This is an humour, Sir, you must forsake.

**Phillander** Never, never, oh *Alcander*.

Dost know where my *Erminia* lies to night[?]

**Alcander** I guess, Sir.

**Phillander** Where[?] nay prithee speak,

Indeed I shall not be offended at it.

**Alcander** I know not why you should, Sir.

She's where she ought, bed with young *Alcippus*.

**Phillander** Thou speakest thy real thoughts[?]

**Alcander** Why should your Highness doubt it?

**Phillander** By Heaven there is no faith in Woman-kind,

*Alcander*, dost thou know an honest woman?

**Alcander** Many Sir.

**Phillander** I do not think it; 'tis impossible;

*Erminia*, if it could have been, were she,
But she has broke her Vows which I held sacred,
And plays the Wanton in another's Armes.

**Alcander** Sir, Do you think it just to wrong her so[?]

**Phillander** Oh would thou could'st perswade me that I did so;

Thou know'st the Oaths and Vows she made to me,
Never to marry other than my self,
And you *Alcander* wrought me to believe them.
But now her Vows to marry none but me,
Are given to *Alcippus*, and in his bosom breath'd,
With balmy whispers whilst the ravisht youth,
For every syllable returns a kiss,
And in the height of all his extasie,
Philander's dispossess'd and quite forgotten.

Ah charming maid is this your love to me[?]
Yet now thou art no maid, nor lov'st not me,
And I the fool to let thee know my weakness.

Alcander Why do you thus proceed to vex your self,
To question what you list, and answer what you please[?]
Sir, this is not the way to be at ease.

Philander Ah dear Alcander what wouldst have me do?
Alcander Do that which may preserve you;
Do that which every man in love would do,
Make it your business to possess the object.

Philander What meanest thou, is she not married[?]
Alcander What then, she'as all about her, that she had,
Of youth and Beauty she is mistress still,
And may dispose it how, and where she will.

Philander Pray Heaven I do not think too well of thee,
What means all this discourse, art thou honest?

Alcander As most men of my age.
Philander And wouldst thou counsell me to such a sin?
For — I do understand — thee.

Alcander I know not what you term so.

Philander I never thought thou'dst been so great a villain
To urge me to a crime would damn us all,
Why dost thou smile, hast thou done well in this?

Alcander I thought so, or I'd kept it to my self.
Sir e're you grow in rage at what I've said,
Do you think I love you, or believe my life
Were to be valued more than your repose?
You seem to think it is not.

Philander Possibly I may.

Alcander The sin of what I have propos'd to you
You only seem to hate; Sir is it so?
—If such religious thoughts about you dwell,
Why is it that you thus perplex your self?
Self-murther sure, is much the greater sin.
Erminia too, you say has broke her vows,
She that will swear and lye, will do the rest.
And of these evils, this I think the least;
And as for me I never thought it sin.

Philander And canst thou have so poor a thought of her[?]
Alcander I hope you'll find her Sir as willing to't
As I am to suppose it, nay believe't,
Shee'l look upon't as want of love and courage
Should you not now attempt it;
You know Sir there's no other remedy,
Take no denyal but the Game pursue,
For what she will refuse, she wishes you.

Philander With such pretentions—she may angry grow.
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

ALCANDER I never heard of any that were so,
   For though the will to do't, and power they want,
   They love to hear, of what they cannot grant.

PHILLANDER No more.
   Is this your duty to your Prince[,] Alcander?
   You were not wont to councell thus amiss,
   Tis either disrespect or some design,
   I could be wondrous angry with thee now,
   But that my grief has such possession here,
   'Twill make no room for rage.

ALCANDER I cannot Sir repent of what I've said,
   Since all the errors which I have committed,
   Are what my passion to your interest led me to,
   But yet I beg your Highness would recall
   That sense which would perswade you 'tis unjust.

PHILLANDER Name it no more, and I'le forgive it thee.

ALCANDER I can obey you Sir.

PHILLANDER What shall we do to night? I cannot sleep.

ALCANDER I'm good at watching, and doing any thing.

PHILLANDER We're Serenade the Ladies and the Bride.
   —The first we may disturb, but she I fear
   Keeps watch with me to night, though not like me.

Enter a PAGE of the Princes

PHILLANDER How now Boy,
   Is the Musick ready which I spoke for?

PAGE They wait your Highnesses command.

PHILLANDER Bid them prepare, I'm coming.
   Soft touches may allay the discords here
   And sweeten, though not lessen my despair.

[Exeunt]

[ACT II.] SCENE v.

The Court Gallery

Enter PISARO alone

PISARO Ha! who's that[?] a Lover on my Life,
   This amorous malady reigns every where;
   Nor can my Sister be an ignorant
   Of what I saw this night in Gallatea:
   I'le question her—Sister, Aminta, Sister,

   Calls as at her Lodgings

Enter LYSETTE

LYSETTE Who calls my Lady?

PISARO Where's my Sister?
LYSETTE I cry your Lordships mercy,
My Lady lyes not in her Lodgings to night,
The Princess sent for her,
Her Highness is not well.  

PISARO I do believe it, good night, Lysette.

---Who's there[?]  

PAGE Your Lordships Page.  

PISARO Where hast thou been? I wanted thee but now.

PAGE I fell asleep i'th Lobby Sir, and had not wakened
Yet, but for the Musick which plays at the Lodgings
Of my Lady Erminia.

PISARO Curse on them; will they not allow him nights
To himself; 'tis hard.
This night I'me wiser grown by observation,
My love and friendship taught me jealousy,
Which like a cunning Spy brought in intelligence,
From every eye less wary than its own;
That told me that the charming Gallatea,
In whom all power remains,
Is yet too feeble t' encounter love;
I find she receiv'd the wanton God,
Maugre my fond opinion of her soul,
And 'tis my friend too that's become my Rivall.
I saw her lovely eyes still turn on him,
As Flowers to th'Sun: and when he turn'd away
Like those, she bow'd her charming head again.
—On th'other side the Prince with dying looks
Each motion watch'd of fair Erminias eyes,
Which she return'd as greedily again,
And if one glance t' Alcippus she directed,
He'd stare as if he meant to cut his throat for't.
Well friend thou hast a sure defence of me

My Love is yet below my amity.

---Exit Page

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Draws off, discovers Phillander and Alcander [and Page] with Musick at the Chamber door of Erminia, to them Pisaro who listens whilst the Song is sung

The Song for the Page to sing at Erminias chamber door.

Amintas that true hearted Swain
Upon a Rivers bank was laid,
Where to the pittyng streams he did complain

34
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

On Silvia that false charming maid,
But she was still regardless of his pain:
Oh! faithless Silvia! would he cry
And what he said the Echo's would reply.
Be kind, or else I dye, E[cho]. I dye.
Be kind or else I dye, E[cho]. I dye.

A shower of tears his eyes let fall,
Which in the River made impress,
Then sigh, and Silvia false again would call,
A cruel faithless Shepherdess,
Is love with you become a criminal?
Ah lay aside this needless scorn,
Allow your poor adorer some return,
Consider how I burn, E[cho]. I burn.
Consider, &c.

Those smiles and kisses which you give,
Remember Silvia, are my due;
And all the joys my Rival does receive
He ravishes from me not you.
Ah Silvia, can I live and this believe?
Insensibles are touch'd to see
Which I demand of thee, E[cho].
Which I demand, &c.

PISARO  What's all this?
PHILLANDER  Who's there?
PISARO  A man, a friend to the General.
PHILLANDER  Then thou'rt an enemy to all good men.
    Does the ungrateful Wretch hide his own head,
    And send his Spies abroad?
PISARO  He is too great to fear, and needs them not;
    And him thou termest so scorns the office too.
PHILLANDER  What makest thou here then when the whole World's asleep?
    Be gone, there lies thy way
    Where e're thy business be.
PISARO  It lies as free for thee, and here's my business.
PHILLANDER  Thou liest, Rude man.
PISARO  Why, what art thou darest tell me so i'th' dark?
    Day had betrayed thy blushes for this boldness.
PHILLANDER  Tell me who 'tis that dares capitulate?
PISARO  One that dares make it good.
PHILLANDER  Draw then, and keep thy word.
ALCANDER  Stand by, and let me do that duty, Sir.

He steps between them, they fight, Pisaro falls
—Here’s thy reward who e’re thou art.

**PHILLANDER** Hast thou no hurt?

**ALCANDER** I think not much, yet somewhere 'tis I bleed.

**PISARO** What a dull beast am I! Enter Prince and Alcander [and Page]

**PAGE** My Lord, is’t you are fallen?

Help, Murther, Murther.

**PISARO** Hold, Balling Dog.

*Enter Alcippus in his Night-gown with a Sword in his hand, a Page with Lights*

**ALCIPPU** 'Twas here abouts—who’s this, Pisaro wounded! He looks up

How camest thou thus? Come up into my arms.

**PISARO** 'Twas Jealousie, Alcippus, that wilde Monstre,

Who never leaves us till it has thus betrayed us.

—Pox on't, I am sham’d to look upon thee.

I have disturb’d you to no purpose, Sir.

I am not wounded, go to bed agen.

**ALCIPPU** I’le see thee to thy Lodgings first, Pisaro.

**PISARO** 'Twill be unkind both to your self and me. Exeunt

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**ACT II. SCENE VII.**

*Enter Phillander and Alcander with Light*

**ALCANDER** He’s gone whoe’re he be.

**PHILLANDER** It could not be Alcippus.

**ALCANDER** I rather fear Pisaro,

—but we soon enough shall know: Who’s this?

*Enter Erminia in her Night-gown, and Isillia with Lights*

**ERMINIA** Methought I heard Alcippus and the Prince

Before the cry of Murther.

I die if those two Rivals have encounter’d.

**PHILLANDER** Ah Madam, cease that fear; they both are safe

From all but from the wounds which you have given them.

**ERMINIA** Oh Gods, what make you here, and where’s Alcippus?

**PHILLANDER** Where I had been had Heaven been bountiful.

**ERMINIA** Alas Sir, what d’you mean? what have you done?

And where have you bestowed him?

**PHILLANDER** Why all this high concern, Erminia?

**ERMINIA** Has he so reconcil’d you to him since I saw you last?

This is not kind to me.

**ERMINIA** Oh tell not me of kindness, where’s Alcippus?

**ALCANDER** Madam, of whom do you demand Alcippus?
THE FORC’D MARRIAGE

Neither of us have seen him.

PHILLANDER Go, Y’are a woman, a vain peevish creature.
ERMINIA Sir, ’tis but just you should excuse my fear,
    Alcippus is my husband, and his safetie
    Ought to become my care.

PHILLANDER How Erminia.
    Can you so soon yield up my right to him,
    And not blush, whilst you own your Perjurie?
ERMINIA Now Sir, y’ are much to blame,
    I could have borne the rest, but this concerns me,
    I fear I have but too well kept my Vows with you,
    Since you are grown but to suspect I have not.

PHILLANDER Pardon me, Dear, the errors of my passion;
    It was a sin so natural,
    That even thy unkindly taking it,
    Approch’d too near it, not to gain my Pardon;
    But tell me why you ask’t me for Alcippus?

ERMINIA Sir, e’re I could dispose my eyes to sleep,
    I heard the Musick at my Chamber-door,
    And such a Song as could be none but yours;
    But that was finisht in a noise less pleasant,
    In that of Swords and quarrel;
    And amongst which,
    I thought I heard yours and Alcippus voice.
    (For I have kept my word, and lay not with him,) This brought me hither, but if I mistook,
    Once more I beg your Pardon.

PHILLANDER Thou hast restor’d me to a world of joys,
    By what thou now hast said.

    Enter Alcippus, his Sword in his hand, a
    Page with light, he stands awhile

ALCIPPUS Erminia! and the Prince! embracing too!
    I dream, and know she could not be thus base,
    Thus false and loose—
    But hear, I am inform’d it is no Vision;
    ——This was design’d before, I find it now;        Lays his hand on his heart
ERMINIA Alcippus, oh my fears. Goes to them, takes her by the hand
ALCIPPUS Yes, Madam:
    Too soon arriv’d for his and your repose. 55
PHILLANDER Alcippus, touch her not.
ALCIPPUS Not touch her, by Heaven I will,
    And who shall hinder me?
    Who is’t dares say I shall not touch my wife?
PHILLANDER Villain thou li’st.
ALCIPPUS That y’are my Prince shall not defend you here,
    Draw Sir, for I have laid respect aside.
    Strikes, they fight a little, Alcippus is wounded, Alcander supports him
ERMINIA Oh Gods what mean you, hold Phillander, hold.

PHILLANDER Life of my soul, retire,

I cannot hear that voice and disobey,
And you must needs esteem him at low rates,
Who sells thee and his Honour for a tear.

ERMINIA Upon my knees I beg to be obey'd,
—But if I must not, here discharge your anger.

PHILLANDER You are too great a Tyrant where you may.

Exeunt Erminia & Alcippus

PHILLANDER Stay! shall I let her go? shall her Commands,

Though they have power to take my life away,
Have force to suffer me to injure her?
Shall she be made a prey, and I permit it?
Who only have the interest to forbid it?
—No, let me be accurst then.

Offers to follow

ALCANDER What mean you, Sir?

PHILLANDER Force the bold Ravisher to resign my right.

ALCANDER Is not she my wife, and I his Prince?

ALCANDER 'Tis true, Sir,
And you have both power and justice on your side;
And there be times to exercise 'em both.

PHILLANDER Fitter than this, Alcander?

ALCANDER This night Erminia's promise may repose you.

Till tomorrow is your own ——.

Till then I beg y'de think your interest safe.

PHILLANDER Alcander, thou hast peace about thee, and canst judge

Better than I, 'twixt what is just and fit,
I hitherto believ'd my flame was guided

By perfect Reason, so, we often find
Vessels conducted by a peaceful wind,
And meet no opposition in their way,
Cut a safe passage through the flattering Sea;
But when a storm the bounding vessel throws.

It does each wave with equal rage oppose;
For when the Seas are mad, could that be calm
Like me, it wou'd be ruin'd in the storm.

Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro

PISARO 'Tis much, my Lord, you'll not be satisfied.

ALCIPPU S Friendship's too near a kin to love Pisaro,
To leave me any peace, whilst in your eyes
I read Reserves, which 'tis not kind to hide;
—Come prithee tell me what the quarrel was,
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

And who 'twas with, thou shalt my dear Pisaro.
Pisaro Nay, now you urge me to impossibilities,
    Good faith, I cannot tell, but guess the Prince.
Alcippus 'Tis true, Pisaro, 'twas indeed the Prince,
    But what was th' occasion?
Pisaro He call'd me Spy, and I return'd th' affront,
    But took no notice that he was my Prince;
    It was a folly I repented of;
    But 'twas in a damn'd melancholy Mood.
Alcippus Was it a going in or coming out[?]
Pisaro From whence?
Alcippus Erminia's Chamber, prithee let me know,
    For I have fears that take away my sleep,
    Fears that will make me mad, stark mad, Pisaro.
Pisaro You do not well to fear without a cause.
Alcippus Oh friend, I saw what thou canst ne're conceive;
    Last night I saw it when I came from thee:
    And if thou go'st about t'impose upon me,
    I'le cast thee from my soul; Come out with it,
    I see thy brest heave with a generous ardour,
    As if it scorn'd to harbor a reserve,
    Which stood not with its Amity to me.
    Could I but know my fate, I could despise it:
    But when 'tis clad in Robes of innocence,
    The devil cannot 'scape it:
    Something was done last night that gnaws my heart-strings;
    And many things the Princess too let fall,
    Which, Gods! I know not how to put together,
    And prithee be not thou a Ridler too:
    But if thou know'st of aught that may concern me,
    Make me as wise as thou art.
Pisaro Sir, you are of so strange a jealous Humour,
    And so strangely jealous of your Honour,
    That 'twixt us both we may make work enough,
    But on my soul I know no wrong you have.
Alcippus I must beleeve thee, yet methinks thy face
    Has put on an unwonted gravity.
Pisaro That, Alcippus, you'll not wonder at,
    When you shall know you are my Rival.
Alcippus Nay, why shouldst thou delay me thus with stories?
    This shall not put me off.
Pisaro Sir, I'm in earnest, you have gain'd that heart,
    For which I've receiv'd so many wounds,
    Venturing for Trophies where none durst appear,
    To gain at my Return one single smile:
    Or that she would submit to hear my story:
    And when sh' has said, 'twas bravely done, Pisaro,
    I thought the glory recompen'd the toile,
And sacrific'd my Lawrels at her feet:
Like those who pay their first-fruits to the Gods,
To beg a blessing on the following crop,
And never made her other signs of love,
Nor knew I that I had that easie flame,
Till by her eyes I found that she was mortal,
And could love too, and that my friend is you.

**ALCISSIPUS** Thou hast amaz'd me, prethee speak more clearly.

**PISARO** My Lord, the Princess has a passion for you,  
Have I not reason now to be your enemy?

**ALCISSIPUS** Not till I make returns:

But now I'm past redemption miserable.  
'Twas she *Erminia* told me dy'd for me;  
And I believ'd it but a flight of hers,  
To put me from my Courtship.

**PISARO** No 'twas a fatall truth,

*Alcippus* hadst thou seen her, whilst the Priest  
Was giving thee to fair *Erminia*  
What languishment appear'd up on her eyes  
(Which never were remov'd from thy lov'd face,)  
Through which her melting soul in drops distill'd,  
As if she meant to wash away thy sin,  
In giving up that right belong'd to her,  
Thou hadst without my aid found out this truth,  
A sweet composure dwelt upon her looks  
Like Infants who are smiling whilst they dye,

Nor knew she that she wept, so unconcern'd  
And freely did her soul a passage find,  
Whilst I transported had almost forgot  
The Reverence due t'her sacred self and place,  
And every moment ready was to kneel  
And with my lips gather the preitious drops  
And rob the Holy Temple of a Relique,  
Fit only there t'inhabit.

**ALCISSIPUS** I never thought thou'dst had this softness in thee,  
How cam'st thou friend to hide all this from me?

**PISARO** My Lord, I knew not that I was a lover;  
I felt no flame, but a Religious ardour,  
That did inspire my soul with adoration,  
And so remote I was from aught but such  
I knew not hope, nor what it was to wish  
For other blessings than to gaze upon her,  
Like Heaven I thought she was to be possess't  
Where carnall thoughts can no admittance find,  
And had I not perceav'd her love to you,  
I had not known the nature of my flame,

But then I found it out by jealousie,  
And what I took for a Seraphick motion
I now decline as criminal and earthly.

**ALCIPPUS** When she can love to a discovery,
Declares her passion eminent and high
—But I am married—to a maid that hates me;
What help for that *Pisaro*?
And thou hast something too to say to her,
What was't[?] for now thou hast undone me quite.

**PISARO** I have nought to say to her dishonour, Sir,
But something may be done may give you cause
To stand upon your Guard;
And if your Rage do not the Mastery get,
I cannot doubt but you'll be happy yet.

**ALCIPPUS** Without *Erminia* that can hardly be,
And yet I find a certain shame within
That will not suffer me to see the Princess,
I have a kind of war within my soul,
My Love against my Glory and my Honour,
And I could wish, —— Alass I know not what,
Prethee instruct me.

**PISARO** Sir take a resolution to be calm
And not like men in love abandon reason:
——You may observe the actions of these lovers,
But be not passionate what ere you find.
That head-strong Divel will undo us all.
If you'll be happy quit its company.

**ALCIPPUS** I fain would take thy counsel ——

**PISARO** ——Come clear up my Lord, and do not hang the head
Like Flowers in storms; the Sun will shine again.
*Set Galatea's* charms before your eyes,
Think of the glory to divide a Kingdom.
And do not waste your Noble youth and time,
Upon a peevish heart you cannot gain.
This day you must to th' Camp, and in your absence
I take upon me what I scorn'd last night,
The office of a Spy ——
Believe me, Sir; for by the Gods I swear,
I never wish the glory of a Conquest
With half that zeale as to compose these differences.

**ALCIPPUS** I do believe thee, and will tell thee something
That past between the Prince and I last night,
And then thou wilt conclude me truly miserable.

*Exeunt*
ACT III. SCENE II.

Enter Falatius, La Bree, as passing by meet Cleontius

Cleontius Your Servant, my Lord.

Falatius puts off his hat a little, and passes on

—so coldly, stay — your reason, Sir.

Falatius How mean you, Sir?

Cleontius Do you not know me?

Falatius Yes I have seen you, and think you are Cleontius,

A Servant of the Princes; wert i’th’ Campania too,

If I mistake not.

Cleontius Can you recall me by no better instances?

Falatius What need of any, pray?

Cleontius I am a Gentleman.

Falatius Ha La Bree, what means he now?

By Jove I do not question it, Cleontius:

What need this odd Punctilio?

I call thee to no account.

Cleontius That’s more than I can say to you, Sir.

Falatius I’ll excuse you for that.

Cleontius You shall not need, Sir: stay, I have a Sister.

Falatius Oh the Devil, now he begins.

Cleontius A handsome Sister too, or you deceiv’d her.

La Bree Bear up, Sir, be not huft. \[Aside\]

Falatius It may be so, but is she kind, Cleontius? \[Falatius bears up\]

Cleontius What mean you by that word?

La Bree Again Sir, here’s two to one. \[Aside\]

Falatius Will she do reason, or so, you understand me[?] \[Aside\]

Cleontius I understand that thou’rt an impudent fellow,

Whom I must cudgel into better manners.

Falatius Pox on’t who bears up now La Bree?

Cleontius Beat till thou dost confess thou art an ass.

And on thy knees confess it to Isillia,

Who after that shall scorn thee.

La Bree Rally with him Sir, ‘tis your only way, and put it

Off with a jest, for he’s in fury, but dares not

Strike i’th’ Court. \[Aside\]

Falatius But must you needs do this, needs fight Cleontius?

Cleontius Yes, by all means, I find my self inclin’d to’t.

Falatius You shall have your desire, Sir, farewell.

Cleontius When, and where?

Falatius Faith very suddenly, for I think it will not be

Hard to find men of your trade

Men that will fight as long as you can do,
And men that love it much better than I,
Men that are poor, and damn'd, fine desperate Rogues,
Rascalls that for a Pattacoone a man
Will fight their Fathers,
And kiss their Mothers into peace again.
Such Sir, I think will fit you? 45

CLEONTIUS  Abusive Coward hast thou no sence of honour[?]
FALATIUS  Sence of honour, ha, ha, ha, poor Cleontius.

Enters AMINTA and O Linda

AMINTA  How now servant, why so joviall?
FALATIUS  I was laughin Madam — at —
CLEONTIUS  At what, thou thing of nothing —
AMINTA  Cozen Cleontius you are angry.
CLEONTIUS  Madam, it is unjustly then, for fools
Should rather move the spleen to mirth than anger.
AMINTA  You've too much wit to take aught ill from him,
Let's know your quarrel.
FALATIUS  By Jove La Bree I am undone again. [Aside]
CLEONTIUS  Madam, it was about—
FALATIUS  Hold dear Cleontius, hold, and I'lle do any thing. [Aside]
CLEONTIUS  Just nothing —
FALATIUS  He was a little too familiar with me —
CLEONTIUS  Madam, my Sister Isilla —
FALATIUS  A curse he will out with it— [Aside, pulls him by the arm] A side
CLEONTIUS  Confess she is your Mistress. [Aside]
FALATIUS  I call my mistress, Madam.
AMINTA  My Cozen Isilla your Mistress,
Upon my word you are a happy man.
FALATIUS  By Jove if she be your Cozen, Madam,
I love her much the better for't.
AMINTA  I am beholding to you,
But then it seems I've lost a lover of you.
CLEONTIUS  Confess she has or I'lle so handle you. Exit La Bree
FALATIUS  That's too much Cleontius — but I will,
By love; Madam, I must not have a Mistress that
Has more wit than my self, they ever require
More then a mans able to give them.
OLINDA  Is this your way of Courtship to Isilla? Exit Cleontius
FALATIUS  By love, Ladies, you get no more of that from me,
'Tis that has spoyled you all; I find Alcander can
Do more with a dumb show, than I with all my
Applications and address.
OLINDA  Why, my Brother can speak.
FALATIUS  Yes, if any body durst hear him, by love if you
Be not kind to him, he'lle Hector you all; I'lle get
The way on't too, 'tis the most prosperous one; I see no
Other reason you have to love Alcander 85
Better than I.

**AMINTA** Why should you think I do?

**FALATIUS** Divil I see’t well enough by your continual quarrells with him.

**AMINTA** Is that so certain a proof?

**FALATIUS** Ever whilst you live, you treat me too well ever to hope.

_Enter Alcander kneels, offers his sword to Aminta_

—What new Masquerade's this? by love, Alcander

**AMINTA** What mean you by this present?

**ALCANDER** Kill me.

**AMINTA** What have you done to merit it?

**ALCANDER** Do not ask, but do't.

**AMINTA** I'le have a reason first.

**ALCANDER** I think I've kill'd Pisaro. 

**AMINTA** My Brother dead! 

**FALATIUS** Madam look up, 'tis I that call.

**AMINTA** I care not who thou beest, but if a man revenge me on Alcander. 

**FALATIUS** By love she has mistook her man.

This 'tis to be a lover now,

A man's never out of one broyle or other.

But I have more wit than Aminta this bout. 

**ALCANDER** Come back and do your duty ere you go. 

**FALATIUS** I owe you much Alcander.

**ALCANDER** Aminta said you should revenge her on me—

**FALATIUS** Her word's not law I hope.

**ALCANDER** And I'le obey—

**FALATIUS** That may do much indeed. 

Falatius answers with great signs of fear

**ALCANDER** This if thou wert a man she bad thee do

Why dost thou shake?

**FALATIUS** No, no, Sir, I am not the man she meant.

**ALCANDER** No matter thou wilt serve as well,

A Lover! and canst disobey this Mistress?

**FALATIUS** I do disown her since she is so wicked

To bid me kill my friend,

Why thou'rt my friend Alcander.

**ALCANDER** I'le forgive thee that.

**FALATIUS** So will not His Majesty: I may be hang'd for't.

**ALCANDER** Thou shouldst be damn'd ere disobey thy Mistress.

**FALATIUS** These be degrees of Love I am not yet arriv'd

At, when I am, I shall be as ready to be damn'd

In honour as any lover of you all.

**ALCANDER** Owns Sir, d' ye rally with me?

**FALATIUS** Your pardon, sweet Alcander, I protest I am
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Not in so gay an humour.

ALCANDER Fare well I had forgot my self. Exit

FALATIUS Stark mad, by Jove—yet it may be not, for
Alcander has many unaccountable Humors;
Well, if this be agreeable to Aminta, she's e'ne as
Mad as he, and 'twere great pity to part them.

Enter PISARO, AMINTA and OLINDA

AMINTA Well, have you kill'd him?

FALATIUS Some wiser than some, Madam.
—My Lord—what alive?— See[s] Pisaro, runs to him and embraces him

PISARO Worth two dead men, you see.

FALATIUS That's more than I could have said
Within this half hour.
Alcander's a very Orlando, by Jove, and gone to
Seek out one that's madder yet than himself, that will
Kill him.

AMINTA Oh, dear Falatius, run and fetch him back.

FALATIUS Madam, I have so lately 'scap'd a scouring,
That I wish you would take it for a mark
Of my passion to disobey you, for he is in a damn'd
Humour.

AMINTA He's out of it by this, I warrant you;
But do not tell him that Pisaro lives.

FALATIUS That's as I shall find occasion. Exit Falatius

PISARO Alcander is a worthy youth and brave,
I wish you would esteem him so;
'Tis true, there's now some difference between us,
Our interest[s] are dispos'd to several ways,
But time and management will join us all:
I'll leave you, but prithee make it thy business,
To get my Pardon for my last nights rudeness.

AMINTA I shall not fail. Exit [Pisaro]

Enter ALCANDER melancholy [and FALATIUS]

FALATIUS Here, Madam, here he is.

AMINTA Tell me, Alcander, why you treat me thus?
You say you love me if I could believe you.

ALCANDER Believe a man; away, you have no wit,
I'll say as much to every pretty woman.

AMINTA But I have given you no cause to wrong me.

ALCANDER That was my fate, not fault, I knew him not:
But yet to make up my offence to you,
I offer you my life: for I'm undone,
If any faults of mine should make you sad.

AMINTA Here, take your sword again, my Brother's well.

She gives him his Sword again

FALATIUS Yes, by Jove, as I am: you had been finely
Serv'd if I had kill'd you now.

**AMINTA** What, sorry for the news, ha, ha, ha.

**ALCANDER** No, sorry: y'are a woman, a meer woman.

**AMINTA** Why did you ever take me for a man? ha, ha.

**ALCANDER** Thy soul, I thought was all so; but I see
You have your weakness, can dissemble too;
— I would have sworn that sorrow in your face,
Had been a real one:
Nay, you can die in jest: you can, false woman:
I hate thy Sex for this.

**FALATIUS** By **Jove**, there is no truth in them, that's flat.

**ALCANDER** Why that repentant look, what new design?
—Come, now a tear or two to second that,
And I am soft again, a very Ass.
—But yet that look would call a Saint from th' Altar,
And make him quite forget his Ceremony,

Or take thee for his Deity:
—But yet thou hast a very Hell within,
Which those bewitching eyes draw souls into.

**FALATIUS** Here's he that fits you, Ladies.

**AMINTA** Nay, now y'are too unjust, and I will leave you.

**ALCANDER** Ah, do not go, I know not by what Magick,
But as you move, my soul yields that way too.

**FALATIUS** The truth on't is, she has a strong Magnetick
Power, that I find.

**ALCANDER** But I will have none find it but my self,

No soul but mine shall sympathize with hers.

**FALATIUS** Nay, that you cannot help.

**ALCANDER** Yes but I can, and take it from thee if I thought it did so.

**OLINDA** No quarrels here I pray.

**FALATIUS** Madam, I owe a Reverence to the place.

**ALCANDER** I'le scarce allow thee that;
Madam, I'le leave you to your Lover.

**AMINTA** I hate thee but for saying so.

**ALCANDER** Quit him then.

**AMINTA** So I can and thee too.

**ALCANDER** The devil take me if you 'scape me so.

**FALATIUS** And I'le not be out-done in importunity.

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**ACT III. SCENE III.**

*Enter Galatea and Erminia*

**ERMINIA** And 'tis an Act below my Quality,
Which, Madam, will not suffer me to flie.

**GALATEA** *Erminia*, ere you boast of what you are:

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46
Since you’re so high I’ll tell you what you were;  
Your Father was our General ’tis true,  
That Title justly to his sword was due:  
’Twas nobly gain’d, and worth his blood and toils,  
Had he been satisfi’d with noble spoils;  
But with that single Honour not content,  
He needs must undermine the Government;  
And ’cause h’ad gain’d the Army to his side,  
Beleeve’d his Treason must be justifi’d.  
For this (and justly) he was banished,  
Where whilst a low and unknown life he led,  
Far from the hope and glory of a Throne,  
In a poor humble Cottage you were born,  
Your early Beauty did it self display,  
Nor could no more conceal it self than day:  
Your eyes did first Phillander’s soul inspire,  
And Fortune too conform’d her to his fire.  
That made your Father greater than before,  
And what he justly lost that did restore.  
’Twas that which first thy beauty did disclose,  
Which else had wither’d like an unseen Rose;  
’Twas that which brought thee to the Court, and there  
Dispos’d thee next my self, i’th’ highest sphere:  
Alass obscurely else thould’st liv’d and di’d,  
Not knowing thy own charms, nor yet this Pride.

**ERMINIA**  
Madam in this your bounty is severe,  
Be pleas’d to spare that repetition here.  
I hope no Action of my life should be  
So rude to charge your generosity:  
But Madam do you think it just to pay  
Your great obligements by so false a way?  
Alcippus passion merits some return,  
And should that prove but an ingratitude scorn;  
Alass I am his wife, to disobey,  
My fame, as well as duty, I betray.

**GALATEA**  
Perfidious Maid, I might have thought thou’dst prove  
False to thy Prince, and Rivall in my Love.  
I thought too justly he that conquer’d me  
Had a sufficient power to captivate thee;  
Thou’st now reveng’d thy Fathers shame and thine  
In taking thus Phillanders life and mine.  

**ERMINIA**  
Ah madam that you would believe my tears  
Or from my vows but satisfie your fears.  
By all the Gods Alcippus I do hate,  
And would do any thing to change my fate;  
Aught that were just and Noble I dare do.

**GALATEA**  
Enough Erminia, faith I credit you,  
And will no other proof of it require,
But that you‘l now submit to my desire;
Indeed Erminia, you must grant my suit,
Where Love and Honour calls make no dispute.

Pity a youth that never lov‘d before,
Remember ‘tis a Prince that does adore,
Who offers up a heart that never found,
It could receive, till from your eyes a wound.

ERMINIA To your command should I submit to yield
Where could I from Alcippus be conceal‘d?
What could defend me from his jealous rage[?]

GALATEA Trust me, Erminia, I‘le for that engage.

ERMINIA And then my Honour by that flight‘s o‘rethrown.

GALATEA That being Phillanders he‘ll preserve his own,
And that Erminia, sure you‘ll ne‘re distrust.

ERMINIA Ah Madam, give me leave to fear the worst.

Enter AMINTA

AMINTA Madam, Alcippus waits for your Commands,
He‘s going to the Camp.

GALATEA Admit him.

Enter ALCIPPUS and PISARO

GALATEA Alcippus, ‘tis too soon to leave Erminia.

ALCIPPUS I wish she thought so, Madam,
Or could beleeve with what regret I do so;
Shee then would think the fault were much too small,
For such a Penance as my soul must suffer.

AMINTA No matter, Sir, you have the year before you.

ALCIPPUS Yes Madam, so has every Galley-slave,
That knows his toil, but not his recompence;
Tomorrow I expect no more content,
Than this uneasie day afforded me;

And all before me is but one grand Peeee
Of endless grief and madness:
—You, Madam, taught Erminia to be cruel:
A Vice without your Aid she couldn‘t have learn‘t,
And now to exercise that new-taught Art,

She tries the whole experience on my heart.

GALATEA If she do so, she learnt it not of me,
I love, and therefore know no crueltie:
Such out-rage cannot well with love reside,
Which only is the mean effect of Pride:
—I merit better thoughts from you, Alcippus.

ALCIPPUS Pardon me, Madam, if my passion stray,

He kneels

Beyond the limits of my high respect;
—’Tis a rude gust, and merits your reproaches:
But yet the sawcly flame can ne‘re controul

That Adoration which I owe my Princess:
TH E FOR C’ D MARRIAGE

That, with Religion took possession here.
And in my prayers I mix you with the Deities.

G A LA T E A  I'de rather you should treat me as a Mortal,
Rise and begin to do so.

A L C I P P U S  Now, Madam, what must I expect from you[?]

E R M I N I A  Alcippus, all that's to your Vertue due.

A L C I P P U S  In that but common justice you allow.
E R M I N I A  That justice, Sir, is all I can bestow.

A L C I P P U S  In justice then you ought to me resign,
That which the Holy Priest entitl'd mine;
Yet that, without your heart, I do despise,
For uncompell'd I'de have that sacrifice:
—Come ease me of that pain that presses here,
Give me but hope, that may secure my fear;
I'me not asham'd to own my soul possest,
With jealousie, that takes away my rest.
—Tell me you'll love, or that my suit is vain,
Do any thing to ease me of my pain.
Gods Madam, why d' ye keep me in suspense,
This cannot be th' effects of innocence;
By Heaven I'le know the cause where're it lies,
Nor shall you fool me with your feign'd disguise.

P I S A R O  You do forget your promise, and this Presence.

A L C I P P U S  'Twas kindly urg'd, prithee be near me still,
And tell me of the faults that look unmanly.

G A LA T E A  Dear, if thou lovest me, flatter him a little.

E R M I N I A  'Tis hard to do, yet I will try it, Madam.

G A LA T E A  I'le leave you that you may the better do so.

— I hope, Alcippus, you'll revisit us,
With Lovers speed:
And whatsoever treatment now you find,
At your return you'll find us much more kind.

A L C I P P U S  Can you forgive the rashness of a man,
That knows no other Laws but those of passion[?]

E R M I N I A  You are unkind to think I do not Sir,
—Yes, and am grown so softened by my pity,
That I'm afraid I shall neglect my Vows.
And to return your passion, grow ingrate.

A L C I P P U S  A few more syllables exprest like these,
Will raise my soul up to the worst extrem,
They give me with your scorn an equal torment.

E R M I N I A  See what a power your language has upon me.

A L C I P P U S  Ah, do not weep, a tear or two's enough,
For the Completion of your Cruelty,
That, when it fail'd to exercise your will,
Sent those more powerful weapons from your eyes,
And what by your severity you misst of,
These (but a more obliging way) perform.
Gently, Erminia, pour the balsom in,
That I may live, and taste the sweets of love.
—Ah should you still continue as you are,
Thus wondrous good, thus excellently fair.
I should retain my growing name in War,
And all the Glories I have ventur'd for,
And fight for Crowns to recompence thy bounty.
—This can your smiles, but when those beams are clouded,
Alas, I freeze to very Cowardise,
And have not courage left to kill my self.
ERMINIA A fate more glorious do's that life attend,
And do's preserve you for a Nobler end.
ALCIPPUS Erminia, do not sooth my easie heart,
For thou my fate, and thou my Fortune art;
Whatever other blessings Heaven design,
Without my dear Erminia, I'le decline.
Yet, Madam, let me hope before I go,
In pity that you ought to let me do.
'Tis all you shall allow m' impatient heart.
ERMINIA That's what against my will I must impart:
But with it please the Gods, when next we meet,
We might as friends, and not as Lovers greet.  

Exeunt

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Galatea and Aminta met by Phillander and Alcander

PHILLANDER So hasty Sister!
GALATEA Brother, I am glad to meet you.
       Aminta has some welcom news for you.
AMINTA My Lord!
       Erminia yet is hardly brought to yield,
       She wants but some encouragement from you,
       That may assist her weakness to subdue,
       And 'twas but faintly she deny'd to see you.
PHILLANDER However, I will venture,
       She can but chide, and that will soon be past:
       A Lover's Anger is not long to last.
AMINTA Isillia I have won to give you entrance.
PHILLANDER Love furnish me with powerful Arguments:
       Direct my tongue that my disorder'd sense,
       May speak my passion more than Eloquence.  
       Aside
       But is Alcippus gone?
ALCANDER Madam, an houre since.
PHILLANDER 'Tis well; and Sister,
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Whilst I perswade Erminia to this flight;
Make it your business to persuade the King,
Hang on his neck, and kiss his willing cheek:
Tell him how much you love him, and then smile,
And mingle words with kisses; 'twill or'come him:
Thou hast a thousand pretty flatteries.
Which have appeas'd his highest fits of passion:
A Song from thee has won him to that rest,
Which neither toil nor silence could dispose him to.
Thou know'st thy power, and now or never use it.

GALATEA  'Twas thither I was going.
PHILLANDER  Mayst thou be prosperous.

Exeunt Phillander & Galatea, Aminta and Alcander stay

AMINTA  What now Alcander?

ALCANDER  As 'twas Aminta.

AMINTA  How's that?

ALCANDER  Such a distracted lover as you left me.

AMINTA  Such as I found you too, I fear, Alcander.

ALCANDER  Ah Madam do not wrong me so,
Till now I never knew the joys and sorrows
That do attend a soul in love like mine,
My passion only fits the object now,
I hate to tell you so, 'tis a poor low means
To gain a Mistress by, of so much wit,
Aminta you're above that common rate
Of being won.
Mean beauties should be flatter'd into praise,
Whilst you need only sighs from every lover
To tell you who you conquer, and not how,
Nor to instruct you what attracts you have.

AMINTA  This will not serve to convince me,
But you have lov'd before,

ALCANDER  And will you never quit that error, madam?

AMINTA  'Tis what I've reason to believe, Alcander
And you can give me none for loving me, for
I'm much unlike Lucinda whom you ey'd,
I'm not so coy, nor so reserv'd as she;
Nor so designing as Florana your next Saint,
Who starv'd you up with hope, till you grew weary,
And then Ardelia did restore that loss,
The little soft Ardelia, kind and fair too.

ALCANDER  You think you're wondrous witty now, Aminta.
But hang me if you be.

AMINTA  Indeed, Alcander, no 'tis simple truth,
Then for your bouncing Mistress, long Brunetta,
O that Majestick garb, 'tis strangely taking
That scornful look, and eyes that strike all dead that stand
Beneath them,
Alcander, I have none of all these charmes,
But well, you say you love me; could you be
Content to dismiss these petty sharers in your heart,
And give it all to me: on these conditions
I may do much.

Alcander Aminta, more perhaps than I may like.
Aminta Do not fear that Alcander.
Alcippus Your jealouzie incourages that fear.
Aminta If I be so, I’me the fitter for your humour.

Alcander That’s another reason for my fears; that ill
Luck ows us a spight, and will be sure to pay us with
Loving one another, a thought I dread,
Farewell Aminta; when I can get loose from
Ardelia, I may chance wait on you, till then

Your own Pride be your companion.

Aminta Nay, you shall not go Alcander.
Alcander Fy on’t, those looks have lost their wonted force.
I knew you’d call’d me back to smile upon me,
And then you have me sure; no, no, Aminta,

I’me no more of that,

Aminta I have too much betray’d my passion for him,
— I must recall it, if I can I must,
— I will — for should I yield, my power’s orethown,
And what’s a woman when that glory’s gone[?]

Holds him

Goes out

Exit

ACT IV. scen[e] II.

Enters Alcippus and Pisaro

Pisaro You seem’d then to be pleas’d with what she said.
Alcippus And then methought I was so,
But yet even then I heard she did dissemble
— Gods, what’s a man possesst with jealouzie[?]

Pisaro A strange wild thing, a lover without reason,
I once have prov’d the torture on’t,
But as unlike to thine as good from evil;
Like fire in Limbecks, mine was soft and gentle,
Infusing kindly heat till it distill’d

The spirits of the soul out at my eyes,
And so ended.
But thine’s a raging fire which never ceases
Till it has quite destroy’d the goodly Edifice
Where it first took beginning;

Faith strive Sir to suppress it.

Alcippus No I’le let it run to its extent
And see what then ’twill do.
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Perhaps 'twill make me mad, or end my life,
Either of which will ease me.
PISARO Neither of these Alcippus,
       It will unman you, make you too dispis'd;
       And those that now admire will pity you.
ALCIPPUS What wouldst thou have me do?
       Am I not ty'd a slave to follow love,
       Whilst at my back freedom and honour waits,
       And I have lost the power to wellcome them?
       Like those who meet a Devil in the night,
       And all affrighted gaze upon the fury,
       But dare not turn their backs to what they fear,
       Though safety lye behind them.
       Alas I would as willingly as those
       Fly from this Divel Love.
PISARO You may like those affrighted, by degrees
       Allay your sence of terror in the object,
       And then its power will lessen with your fear,
       And 'twill be easy to forego the fantasme.
ALCIPPUS No, then like the damn'd Ghost it follows me.
PISARO Let reason then approach it, and examine it.
ALCIPPUS Love is a surly and a lawless Divel
       And will not answer reason.
       I must encounter it some other way,
       For I will lay the Fiend.
PISARO What would you have Alcippus?
ALCIPPUS I'd have fair play Pisaro.
       — I find the cheat, and will not to the Camp;
       —Thou shalt supply my place, and I'le return:
           The night grows on, and something will be done
           That I must be acquainted with.
PISARO Pardon me Sir, if I refuse you here:
       I find you're growing up to jealousies,
       Which I'le not trust alone with you.
ALCIPPUS Thou know'st perhaps of something worthy it.
PISARO I must confess your passions give me cause,
       If I had any secrets to conceal them,
       But 'tis no time nor place to make disputes in:
           Will you to horse?
ALCIPPUS Will you not think it fit I should return then?
       I can be calm.
PISARO What is't you mean by this return Alcippus?
ALCIPPUS To see Erminia, is not that enough
       To one in love, as I am?
PISARO But Sir, suppose you find Phillander there?
ALCIPPUS Then I suppose I shall not much approve on't.
PISARO You would be at your last nights rage again.
       Alcippus this will ruine you for ever,
Nor is it all the power you think you have
Can save you, if he once be disoblig’d,
Believe me ‘twas the Princess’s passion for you
Made up that breach last night.

70 **Alcippus** All this I know as well as you Pisaro,
But will not be abus’d; Alass I’me lost,
Could I recall these two last days are past,
Ah I should be myself again, Pisaro,
I would refuse these fetters which I wear,

75 **Pisaro** That were a resolution worthy of you.
—But come ‘tis late, what you resolve conclude.
**Alcippus** I am resolv’d I will not to the Camp,
A secret inclination does perswade me

80 **Pisaro** To visit my Erminia to night.
**Alcippus** Comes it from Love, or Jealousie?
**Pisaro** The first, good faith Pisaro; thou’rt so fearful —
You shall to’th Camp before
And I’ll be with you early in the morning.

85 **Pisaro** Give me your hand, and promise to be calm.
Gives his hand
**Alcippus** By all our friendships, as the Western winds,
Nothing that’s done shall e’re inrage me more,
Honour’s the Mistress I’le henceforth adore.
Exit
**Pisaro** I will not trust you though.
Goes out another way

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**ACT IV. SCENE III.**

*The Court Gallery*

*Enter Phillander and Alcander in their Cloaks muff[il’d as in the Dark*

**Alcander** Isillia? 
*Calls at the lodgings of Erminia*

**Isillia** Who’s there?

**Alcander** A friend.

**Isillia** My Lord Alcander?

5 **Alcander** The same.

**Isillia** Where’s the Prince?

**Phillander** Here Isillia,

**Isillia** Give me your hand my Lord, and follow me.

**Phillander** To such a Heaven as thou conduct’st me to,

10 Though thou shouldst traverse Hell I’de follow thee.

**Alcander** You’ll come back in charity Isillia?

**Isillia** Yes if I dare trust you alone with me.

They go all in
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Draws off, discovers ERMINIA sitting in a dishabit, to her PHILLANDER, who falls at her feet on his knees

ERMINIA My Lord the Prince, what makes your Highness here?
PHILLANDER Erminia, why do you ask that needless question?

‗Twas Love, Love that’s unsatisfied, which brought me hither. Kneels

ERMINIA Rise Sir, this posture would become me better.
PHILLANDER Permit me dear Erminia — to remain thus.

‗Tis only by these signs I can express
What my confusion will not let me utter.
I know — not what strange power thou bear’st about thee,
But at thy sight or touch my sense forsakes me,
And that withall, I had design’d to say,

Turns to a strange disorder’d rapture in me.

——Oh Erminia——

ERMINIA How do you Sir?
PHILLANDER I am not well;

Too suddenly I pass from one extrem
To this of joy, more insupportable,
But I shall resume my health anon
And tell thee all my story,

ERMINIA Dear Sir, retire into this inner room,

And there repose a while.

Alas, I see disorder in your face.

PHILLANDER This confidence of me, is generous in thee.

They go into the Scene which draws over

ACT IV. SCENE V.

The Court Gallery

Enter ALCIPPUS

ALCIPPUS The night is calm and silent as my thoughts
Where nothing now but loves soft whispers dwell;
Who in as gentle terms upbraids my rage,
Which strove to disposess the Monarch thence;
It tells me how dishonest all my fears are,
And how un grateful all my jealousies,
And prettily persuades those Infidels
To be less rude and mutinous hereafter.

55
Ah that I could remain in this same state
And be contented with this Monarchy;
I would, if my wild multitude of passions
Could be appeas'd with it, but they're for liberty,
And nothing but a common-wealth within
Will satisfie their appetites of freedom.

—Pride, Honour, Glory, and Ambition strive
How to expell this Tyrant from my soul,
But all too weak though reason should assist them.  

He knocks

ALCANDER looks out at the door

ALCANDER  Who's there?

ALCIPPUS  A friend——

ISILLIA Oh Heavens it is my Lord Alcippus voice.  

[Within]

ALCANDER  Peace Isillia.

ALCIPPUS  I hear a man within — open the door.
Now Love defend thy interest, or my jealousie
Will grow the mightier Devil of the two else.

— Who's this? one muffled in a Cloak:
What art thou, who at this dead time of night
Hast took possession here?
—Speak or I'lle kill thee.

ALCANDER  This were an opportunity indeed
To do my Prince a service, but I dare not.

ALCIPPUS  What darest not do?

ALCANDER  Not kill thee.

ALCIPPUS  Is that thy business then? have at the slave;
I'lle spoyle your keeping doors.

They fight, and grap[pling] Alcander gets the Sword of Alcippus

ALCIPPUS  He'as got my Sword, however I lose no time:
It may be 'tis his office to detain me.

ALCANDER  I'me wounded, yet I will not leave him so;
There may be mischief in him, though unarm'd.

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

A Bed Chamber

Discovers Erminia, Phillander sitting on the Bed, to them Isillia, 
a Sword and Hat on the Table

ISILLIA Ah Madam, Alcippus.

ERMINIA Alcippus where?

ISILLIA I left him in a quarrell with Alcander, 
And hear him coming up.

5 ERMINIA For Heavens sake, Sir, submit to be conceal'd.

PHILLANDER Not for the world, Erminia.
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

My innocence shall be my guard and thine.

ERMINIA Upon my knees I beg you'll be conceal'd.
   A noyse
He comes, Phillander, for my safety go.

PHILLANDER I never did obey with more regret.
   He hides himself behind the bed, and in
   hast leaves his Sword and hat on the Table, ALCIPPUS comes in

ALCIPPUS How now Erminia?
   How comes it you are up so late?

ERMINIA I found my self not much inclin'd to sleep;
   I hope 'tis no offence.
   Why do you look so wildly round about you?

ALCIPPUS Methinks Erminia you are much confus'd.

ERMINIA Alas, you cannot blame me;
   Isillia tells me you were much inrag'd
   Against a Lover she was entertaining.

ALCANDER A Lover — was that a time for Courtship?
   Such actions Madam will reflect on you.
   Isillia goes to take the hat and Sword and slide [them] into
   her lap, which he sees, calls to her
   —What have you there Isillia?
   Come back and let me see what 'tis
   —ha—a Sword and Hat — Erminia, whose be these?

ERMINIA Why do you ask —

ALCIPPUS To be inform'd, is that so great a wonder?

ERMINIA They be my Fathers Sir —

ALCIPPUS Was that well said Erminia — speak again.

ERMINIA What is't you would know?

ALCIPPUS The truth Erminia, 'twould become you best.
   Do you think I take these things to be your father'?s?
   No treacherous woman, I have seen this sword
   Worn by a man more vigorous than thy Father,
   It had not else been here.
   —Where have you hid this mighty man of vallor?
   Have you exhausted so his stock of courage
   He has not any left t'appear with all.

PHILLANDER Yes, base Alcippus, I have still that courage,
   Th'effects of which thou hast beheld with wonder,
   And now being fortified by innocence,
   Thou't find sufficient to chastise thy boldness,
   Restore my Sword and prove the truth of this.

ALCIPPUS I've hardly so much calmness left to answer thee,
   And tell thee Prince thou art deceav'd in me.
   —I know 'tis just I should restore thy Sword,
   But thou hast show'd the basest of thy play,
   And I'll return th'uncivil treachery,
   You merit death for this base injury.
   But you're my Prince, and that I own you so,
   Is all remains in me of sence or justice;
The rest is rage, which if thou get'st not hence
Will eat up that small morsell too of reason,
And leave me nothing to preserve thy life with.

**PHILLANDER** Gods, am I tame, and hear the Traytor brave me,

*Offers to run into him*

I have resentment left though nothing else.

**ALCIPPUS** Stand off, by all thats good I'le kill thee else.

*Erminia puts her self between*

**ERMINIA** Ah, hold Sir, hold the Prince has no defence,
And you are more than arm'd

*To Alcippus*

**PHILLANDER** Alass I dare not leave thee here with him.

**ERMINIA** Trust me Sir, I can make him calm again.

**ALCIPPUS** She counsels well, and I advise you take it.

**PHILLANDER** I will, but not for fear of thee or death,

—Nor would your fame be lessen'd by retreat.

**ERMINIA** Ah, hold Sir, hold the Prince has no defence,
And you are more than arm'd

*To Alcippus*

**PHILLANDER** Alass I dare not leave thee here with him.

**ERMINIA** Trust me Sir, I can make him calm again.

**ALCIPPUS** She counsels well, and I advise you take it.

**PHILLANDER** I will, but not for fear of thee or death,

But from th' assurance that her power's sufficient
To allay this unbecoming fury in thee,
And bring thee to repentance.

*Alcippus* gives him his Sword; *Phillander* goes out, *Alcippus*
locks the door after him

**ERMINIA** Alcippus, what do you mean?

**ALCIPPUS** To know where 'twas you learn'd this impudence?

Which you'rt too cunning in,
Not to have been a stale practitioner.

**ERMINIA** Alass, what will you do?

**ALCIPPUS** Preserve thy soul if thou hast any sense
Of future joys, after this damned action.

**ERMINIA** Ah, what have I done?

**ALCIPPUS** That which if I should let thee live, *Erminia*,
Would never suffer thee to look abroad again.
—Thou'rt made thy self and me —
—Oh, I dare not name the Monsters —

But I'le destroy them whilst the Gods look down,
And smile upon my justice.

*He strangles her with a Garter, which he snatches from his
Leg, or smothers her with a Pillow*

**ERMINIA** Hold, hold, and hear my vows of innocence.

**ALCIPPUS** Let me be damn'd as thou art if I do;

*Throws her on a bed, he sits down in a Chair*

—So now my heart, I have redeem'd thee nobly,

Sit down and pause a while—
—But why so still and tame, is one poor Murther
Enough to satisfie thy storm of passion[?]
If it were just, it ought not here to end
—If not—I've done too much—

*One knocks, he rises after a little pause, and opens the door, enter Page*
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

PAGE My Lord Pisaro—

ALCIPPUS Pisaro—Oh that name has wakened me
     A name till now had never terror in't,
     —I will not speak with him.

PAGE My Lord he's here—

Enter Pisaro

PISARO Not speak with me, nay, then I fear the worst.

ALCIPPUS Not for the world Pisaro —
     Hides his face with his hand, [Pisaro] see[s] Erminia

PISARO Thy guilt is here too plain,
     I need not read it in thy blushing face,
     She's dead, and pale, Ah, sweet Erminia.

ALCIPPUS If she be dead the fitter she's for me,
     She's now be coy no more,
     Nor cry I cannot love,
     And frown and blush, when I but kiss her hand;
     Now I shall read no terror in her eyes,
     And what is better yet, shall ne're be jealous.

PISARO Why didst thou make such haste to be undone?
     Had I detain'd thee but an hour longer,
     Thou'dst been the only happy of thy sex.
     —I know thou did'st dissemble when we parted,
     And therefore durst not trust thee with thy passions,
     I only stay'd to gather from my Sister,
     What news I might concerning your affairs,
     Which I with joy came to impart to you,
     But most unfortunately came too late;
     Why didst thou yield obedience to that sin
     Which urged thee to destroy this innocent?

ALCIPPUS Pisaro, do not err.
     I found the Prince and she alone together,
     He all disorder'd like a ravisher,
     Loose and unbutton'd for the amorous play;
     O that she had another life to lose.

PISARO You wrong her most inhumanely, you do;
     Her blood yet sensible of the injury
     Flows to her face to upbraid thy cruelty.
     —Where dost thou mean bad man to hide thy head?
     Vengeance and Justice will pursue thee close,
     And hardly leave thee time for penitence.
     —What will the Princess say to this return
     You've made to all the offers she had sent
     This night by Prince Phillander?

ALCIPPUS Oh when you name the Princess and Phillander,
     Such different passions do at once possess me,
     As sinks my over-laden soul to hell.
     —Alass why do I live? 'tis losing time,
For what is death, a pain that's sooner ended
Than what I felt from every frown of hers.
—It was but now, that lovely thing had life,
Could speak and weep, and had a thousand charms
That had oblig'd Murther, and madness 'tself
To've been her tame adorers.
Yet now should even her best belov'd the Prince,
With all his youth, his beauties and desires,
Fall at her feet, and tell his tale of love,
She hardly would return his amorous smiles,
Or pay his meeting kisses back again;
Is not that fine Pisaro?
Pisaro Sir, 'tis no time to talk in, come with me,
For here's no safety for a Murtherer.
Pisaro I will not go, alass I seek no safety.
Pisaro I will not now dispute that vain reply,
But force you to security.

Pisaro draws him out, the Scene closes

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

Enter Phillander, Alcander, Galatea, Aminta, and Falatius

Falatius Ah fly, Sir, fly, from what I have to tell you.
Alcander What's the news?
Falatius Ah Sir, the dismall' st heavy news that ere
      Was told or heard.
Galatea No matter, out with it.
Falatius Erminia, Madam.
Philander Erminia, What of her?
Falatius Is dead, Sir.
Alcander What hast thou lost thy wits?
Falatius I had them not about me, at the sight
      I else had been undone: Alass Erminias dead,
      Murther'd and dead.
Alcander It cannot be, thou ly' st.
Falatius By Jove, I do not Sir, I saw her dead,
      Alas, I ran as I was wont to do,
Without demanding licence to her chamber,
      But found her not as I was wont to do,
      In a gay humour; but stone dead, and cold.
Philander Alcander, am I awake?] — or being so,
      Dost not perceive this senseless flesh of mine
      Harden into a cold benummed statue[?]
      —Methinks— it does— support me — or I fall
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

And so—shall break to pieces —

Falls into his arms. [Alcander] leads him out. [Exit Falatius]

GALATEA Ah lovely maid, was this thy destiny? Did Heaven create thy beauties to this end? —I must distrust their bounties, who neglected The best and fairest of their handy-work; This will encourage sin, when innocence Must perish thus, and meet with no defence. Enter the KING and ORGULIUS

ORGULIUS If murther'd innocence do cry for justice, Can you, great Sir, make a defence against it? KING I think I cannot.

ORGULIUS Sir, as you are pious, as you are my King, The Lover and Protector of your people, Revenge Erminia's Murther on Alcippus.

GALATEA If e're my Mother, Sir, were dear to you, As from your tears I guest whene'er you nam'd her: If the remembrance of those charmes remain, Whose weak resemblance you have found in me, For which you oft have said you lov'd me dearly; Dispence your mercies, and preserve this Copy, Which else must perish with th' Original. KING Why all this Conjuration, Galatea[?

GALATEA To move you, Sir, to spare Alcippus life. KING You are unjust, if you demand a life, Must fall, a sacrifice to Erminia's Ghost, That is a debt I have ingag'd to pay. GALATEA Sir, if that promise be already past, And that your word be irrevoicable, I vow I will not live a moment after him. KING How Galatea! I'de rather hop'd you'd joyn'd Your prayers with his.

GALATEA Ah Sir, the late Petition which I made you Might have inform'd you these knees are bow'd, 'Twas but this night I did confess I lov'd him, And you would have allow'd that passion in me, Had he not been Erminias, And can you question now what this address meant[?] ORGULIUS Remember Sir, Erminia was my Daughter.

GALATEA And Sir, remember that I am your Daughter. ORGULIUS And shall the Traytor live that murther'd her? GALATEA And will you by his death Sir, murther me? In dear Erminias death too much is done, If you revenge that death, 'tis two for one. ORGULIUS Ah Sir, to let him live's unjust in you.

GALATEA And killing me, you more injustice do. ORGULIUS Alcippus, Madam, merits not your love,
That could so cruel to Erminia prove.

GALATEA  If lovers could be rul'd by reasons laws,
          For this complaint on him, we'd had no cause.
          'Twas Love that made him this rash act commit,
          Had she been kind 't'had taught him to submit.
          ——But might it not your present griefs augment,
          I'd say that you deserve this punishment,
          By forcing her to marry with the Generall,
          By which you have destroy'd Phillander too,
          And now you would Alcippus life undoe.

ORGULIUS  That was a fault of duty to your Majesty.

KING    Though that were honest, 'twas not wisely done,
          For had I known the passion of my son,
          And how essentiaill 'twas to his content,
          I willingly had granted my consent,
          Her worth and beauty had sufficient been,
          To've rais'd her to the title of a Queen.

ORGULIUS  You once believ'd that I had guilty been,
          And had the punishment, but not the sin,
          I suffer'd when 'twas thought I did aspire
          [And should by this have rais'd my crimes yet higher.]

KING    How did Phillander take Erminias death?

GALATEA  My own surprise and grief was so extream,
          I know not what effects it had in him,
          But this account of him I meforc'd to give,
          Since she is dead, I know he cannot live.

KING    I'le know Phillanders fate ere I proceed,
          And if he dye, Alcippus too shall bleed.  

Exeunt

ACT IV. sc[e] VIII.

The Gallery

Enter Falatius and La Bree

FALATIUS  Wert thou never valiant La Bree?

LA BREE  Yes Sir, before I serv'd you, and since too, I
          Am provok'd to give you proofs on't sometimes,
          For when I am angry I am a very Hector.

FALATIUS  Ay the Devil when a body's angry, but that's
          Not the valour in mode; men fight now adays
          Without that, and even embrace whilst they draw
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Their swords on one another.

LA BREE  Ay Sir, those are men that despise their lives.

FALATIUS  Why that's it La Bree, that I would learn to do,
And, which I fear, nothing but poverty will make me do;
Love defend me from that experiment.

Enter ERMINIA veild with a thin Tiffany

LA BREE  What's the matter, Sir,
Does the Fit take you now?

FALATIUS  Save us, save us from the Fiend.

LA BREE  A ghost, a ghost, O, O, O!  They fall, shaking on the ground
ERMINIA  This was a happy mistake,
Now I may pass with safety.  She goes out

FALATIUS  Look up, La Bree, if thou hast any of that
Courage thou speakest of but now:

LA BREE  I dare not, Sir, experience yours I pray.

FALATIUS  Alass, alass, I fear we are both rank Cowards.

LA BREE  Rise Sir, 'tis gone.

FALATIUS  This was worse than the fright Alcander put
Me into by much.  They rise and go out

ACT IV. SCENE IX.

Enter PHILLANDER and CLEONTIUS

PHILLANDER  I know he's fled to th' Camp,
For there he only can secure himself.

CLEONTIUS  I do not think it, Sir,
He's too brave to justifie an action
Which was the out-rage only of his passion,
That soon will toyle it self into a Calm,
And then will grow considerate again,
And hate the rashness which it prompt him to.

PHILLANDER  That shall not serve his turn -- go
Tell him I'le get his pardon of the King,
And set him free from other fears of justice,
But those which I intend to execute.
[I]f he be brave he'le not refuse this offer:
If not, I'le do as he has done by me,
And meet his hated soul by treachery.  Cleontius goes out
—And then I've nothing more to do but dye.
—Ah how agreeable are the thoughts of death,
How kindly do they entertain my soul,
And tells it pretty tales
Of satisfaction in the other world,
That I shall dwell for ever with Erminia.
—But stay.
That sacred spirit yet is unreveg'd,
—I'll send that Trayt's soul to eternall night,
Then mine shall take its so desired flight.  

**Going out**

**Enter ERMINIA, calls him**

**ERMINIA** Return *Philander*, whither wouldst thou fly?
**PHILLANDER** What voice — is that —  
**ERMINIA** 'Tis I my Prince, 'tis I.
**PHILLANDER** Thou — Gods — what art thou — in that lovely shape?

*As she comes towards him he goes back in great amaze*

**ERMINIA** A soul that from *Elizium* made escape  
To visit thee, why dost thou steal away[?]  
I'le not approach thee nearer than I may.
**PHILLANDER** Why do I shake — it is *Erminias* form—  
And can that beauty aught that's — ill adorn?

—In every part *Ermina* does appear,  
And — sure no Devil — can inhabit here.

*He comes on and kneels, one knocks, she steels back in at a door*

**ALCANDER** My Lord the Prince.
**PHILLANDER** Ha—
—Oh Gods, I charge thee not to vanish yet,
I charge thee by those powers thou dost obey,  
Not to deprive me of thy blessed sight.
**ERMINIA** I will re-visit thee.

**Enter ALCANDER**

**PHILLANDER** I'me not content with that.  
—Stay, stay, my dear *Erminia*.  

*Alcander comes in*  
**He rises, and looks still affrighted**

**ALCANDER** What mean you Sir?
**PHILLANDER** *Alcander*, look, look, how she glides away,  
Do'st thou not see't?
**ALCANDER** Nothing Sir, not I.  
**PHILLANDER** No, now she's gon again.
**ALCANDER** You are disorder'd, pray sit down a while.
**PHILLANDER** No, not at all *Alcander*, I'me my self,  
I was not in a dream, nor in a passion  
When she appear'd, her face a little pale,  
But else my own *Erminia*, she her self,  
I mean a thing as like, nay, it spoke too,  
And I undaunted answer'd it again,  
But when you knock't it vanisht.
**ALCANDER** 'Twas this *Aminta* would perswade me to,  
And faith I laught at her,  
And wish I might have leave to do so now.
**PHILLANDER** You do displease me with your unbelief.
**ALCANDER** Why Sir, do you think there can indeed be Ghosts?
**PHILLANDER** Pray do not urge my sense to lose its nature,
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

ERMINIA It is Alcander, I may trust him too.

She peeps in on them and comes out, both seem frightened

PHILLANDER Look where she comes again, credit thy eyes,
Which did perswade thee that they saw her dead.

ALCANDER By Heaven and so they did—
—Gods — this —is wondrous — strange; yet I can bear it,
If't were the Devil himself in that fair shape.

PHILLANDER And yet thou shakest—

ALCANDER I do, but know not why.
—Inform us lovely spirit what thou art,
A God— or Devil, if either thou art welcom.

ERMINIA You cannot think Alcander, there be Ghosts,

She gives her hands to him and Phillander which they refuse to touch

No, give me your hand & prove mine flesh and blood,
—Sir, you were wont to credit what I said,
And I would still merit that kind opinion.

PHILLANDER Erminia, soul of sweetness, is it you?
—How do you ravish with excess of joys?

ERMINIA Softly dear Sir, do not express that joy,
Lest you destroy it by your doing so.
I fly for sanctuary to your arms.
As yet none knows I live but poor Isillia,
Who bathing of my cold face with her tears,
Perceav’d some signs of life, and us’d what means
Her love and duty did instruct her in,
And [I] in half an hour was so reviv’d,
As I had sense of all was past and done,
And to prevent a death I yet might fear,
If mad Alcippus had return’d again.
—Alone I came to you, where I could find
Alone my safety too.

PHILLANDER From Gods, and men Erminia thou art safe,
My best and blest Erminia,

ERMINIA Sir, in my coming hither I met Aminta,
Whom I may fear has alarm’d all the Court;
She took me for a Ghost, and ran away,
Ere I could undeceive her.
—Falatius too, affrighted even to death.

ALCANDER Faith, that was lucky Madam.
—Hark some body knocks, you’d best retire a little.

Leads her into the door

Enter Galatea and Aminta lighted

GALATEA Ah Brother, there’s such news abroad.

PHILLANDER What dear Sister, for I am here confin’d,
And cannot go to meet it?

GALATEA Erminias Ghost is seen, and I’me so frightened.

PHILLANDER You would not fear it though it should appear.
GALATEA  Oh do not say so;
   For though the world had nought I held more dear,
   I would not see her Ghost for all the world.

110  ALCANDER  But Madam, 'tis so like Erminia.
   AMINTA  Why have you seen it too?
   ALCANDER  Yes Aminta.
   AMINTA  Then there be Ghosts Alcander?
   PHILLANDER  Aminta we'll convince him.
       *Phillander leads out Erminia who comes smiling to the Princess

115  GALATEA  But how dear creature wert thou thus preserv'd[?]
       *Aminta embraces her

PHILLANDER  Another time for that, but now lets think
   How to preserve her still,
   Since all believe her dead, but who are present,
   And that they may remain in that blest error

120  I will consult with you; but you my dearest
   Shall as the spirit of Erminia act,
   And reap the glory of so good a part:
   It will advance the new design I have.
   And Sister to your care

125  I must commit the treasure of my life.

GALATEA  It was not kind, she came not first to me.

ERMINIA  Madam, I fear'd the safety of my Prince,
   And every moment that I found I liv'd,
   Were more tormenting, than were those of death,

130  Till I had undeceiv'd his apprehensions.

PHILLANDER  'Twas like thy self, generous and kind, my dear.
   Thou mightst have come too late else.

ERMINIA  But Sir, pray where's my Murtherer? for yet
   A better name I cannot well afford him.

135  GALATEA  All that we know of him,
   Pisaro now inform'd him,
   Who came just as he thought he'd murther'd thee,
   And beg'd he would provide for his own safety.
   But he who gave him sober promises,

140  No sooner found himself out of his arms,
   But frantic and i'th' dark he got away.
   But out o'th' Court he knows he cannot pass,
   At this dead time of night;
   But he believes he is i'th' Groves or Gardens,

145  And thither he is gone to find him out.

ALCANDER  This is no place to make a longer stay in,
   The King has many spies about the Prince,
   'Twere good you would retire to your apartment.

GALATEA  We'll take your Counsel, Sir.

150  —Good night, Brother.

PHILLANDER  Erminia, may thy dreams be calm and sweet
   As thou hast made my soul,
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

May nothing of the cruelty that's past
Approach thee in a rude unease thought;
Remember it not so much as in thy prayers,
Let me alone to thank the Gods for thee,
To whom that blessing only was ordain'd;
And when I lose my gratitude to Heaven,
May they deprive me of the joys they've given.

Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Galatea, Erminia, Pisaro, Aminta

Galatea  And hast thou found him? ease my misery.
Pisaro  I have, and done as you commanded me.
      I found him sitting by a fountain side,
      Whose tears had power to swell the little tide,
      Which from the Marble Statues breasts still flows:
      As silent and as numberless were those.
      I laid me down behind a Thicket near,
      Where undiscover'd I could see and hear:
      The Moon the day suppli'd, and all below
      Instructed, even as much as day could do.
      I saw his postures, heard him rave and cry,
      'Twas I that kill'd Erminia, yes 'twas I;
      Then from his almost frantick head he'd tear
      Whole handfuls of his well-becoming hair:
      Thus would he till his rage was almost spent,
      And then in softer termes he would lament;
      Then speak as if Erminia still did live,
      And that belief made him forget to grieve.
      —The Marble Statue Venus, he mistook
      For fair Erminia, and such things he spoke;
      Such unheard passionate things as e'ne would move,
      The Marble Statue's self to fall in love;
      He'd kiss its breast, and say she kind was grown,
      And never mind, alass, 'twas senseless stone;
      He took its hand, and to his mouth had laid it,
      But that it came not, and its stay betray'd it;
      Then would he blush, and all ashamed become,
      His head declining, for a while be dumb:
      His Arms upon his breast across would lay,
      Then sensibly and calmly walk away,
      And in his walk a thousand things he said,
      Which I forgot, yet something with me stay'd,
      He did consult the nature of the crime,
      And still concluded that 'twas just in him;

67
He ran o're all his life, and found no act
That was un-generous in him, but this fact.
From which the Justice took off the disgrace,
And might even for an act of vertue pass;
He did consult his glory and his pride,
And whilst he did so, lay'd his grief aside.

—Then was as calm as e're he seemed to be.

**Galatea** And all this while did he ne're mention me?

**Pisaro** Yes, Madam, and a thousand things he said,
By which much shame and passion he betray'd,

And then 'twas, Madam, I stepd in and gave
Counsells, I thought him fittest to receive;
I sooth'd him up, and told him that the crime,
I had committed, had the case been mine.
I all things said that might his griefs beguile.
And brought him to the sweetness of a smile.
—To all I said he lent a willing eare,
And my reproaches too at last did hear.
With this insensibly I drew him on,
And with my flatteries, so upon him won
Such gentleness infus'd into his breast,
As has dispos'd his wearied soul to rest,
Sleeping upon a Couch I've left him now,
And came to render this account to you.

**Galatea** *Pisaro, 'twas the office of a friend,

And thou'st perform'd it to a generous end:
Go on and prosper in this new design,
And when thou'st done, the glory shall be thine.

**ACT V. SCENE II.**

*Draws off, discovers Alcippus rising from the Couch*

**Alcippus** I cannot sleep, my soul is now unfurnish'd
Of all that sweetness which allow'd it rest.
—'Tis flown, 'tis flown, for ever from my breast.
And in its room eternal discords dwell,

Such as out-do the black intrigues of Hell—
—Oh my fortune—

*Weeps, [pulling out his handkerchief, drops a Picture with the Glass on the Reverse]*

—What's here[?] — Alass, that which I dare not look on,
And yet, why should I shun that image here,
Which I continually about me beare[?]

**Alcippus** But why, dear Picture, art thou still so gay,
Since she is gone, from whom these charms were borrow'd[?]
Those eyes that gave this speaking life to thine,
Those lovely eyes are clos’d in endless darkness,
There’s not a star in all the face of Heaven,
But now out-shines those Suns.
Suns at noon day dispens’d not kindlier influences:
And thou blest mirrour, that hast of’t beheld
That face, which nature never made a fairer,
Thou that so oft her beauties back reflected,
And made her know what wondrous power there lay
In every feature of that lovely face.
But she will smile no more! no more! no more!
—Why, who shall hinder her? Death, cruel death.
—’Twas I that murther’d her—
Thou ly’st — thou durst as well be damn’d as touch her,
She was all sacred, and that impious hand
That had prophanely touch’d her,
Had wither’d from the body.
—I lov’d her— I ador’d her, and could I,
Could I approach her with unhallowed thoughts[?]
—No, no, I durst not.—
But as devoutest Pilgrims do the shrine,
—If I had don[e]’t,
The Gods, who take the part of Innocence,
 Had been reveng’d—
—Why did not Thunder strike me in the Action?
Why, if the Gods be just, and I had don[e]’t,
Did they not suffer earth to swallow me,
Quick — quick into her bosom —
—But yet I say again it was not I,
—Let me behold this face,
That durst appear in such a Villany.  

Enter PISARO and ERMINIA drest like an Angel with wings

PISARO  Look, where he is.  
ERMINIA  Alas, I tremble at the sight of him.  
PISARO  Fear nothing, Madam, I’le be near you still.  
ERMINIA  Pray stay a little longer.  

ALCIPPIUS —My face has horror in’t, pale and disfigur’d,
And lean as Envie’s self —
My eyes all bloody, — and my hanging lids,
Like Midnight’s mischief, hide the guilty Balls,
—And all about me calls me Murtherer:
—Oh horrid Murtherer!
That very sound tears out my hated soul,
—And to compleat my ruine,
I’le still behold this face where Murther dwells.

He looks in the Glass, Erminia steals behind him, and looks
into it over his shoulder; he is frightened
Ha— What do's this Glass present me?
What art thou?—speak,—What art thou? "Turns by degrees toward it"
—Sure I am fixt, what shall the Devil fright me?
—Me shall he fright —
60 Who stood the execution of a Murther—
——But 'tis that shape, and not thy Nature frights me;
——That calls — the blood out of my panting heart,
——That Traitor heart that did conspire thy death.

ERMINIA Sit down and hear me——
In a tone like a spirit, and points to a chair, soft
Musick begins to play, which continues all this Scene
65 To disobey, thy punishment shall be:
To live in endless torments, but ne're die.

ALCIPPUSS Thou threatenst high, bold Rebel. "He sits within the Scene"
ERMINIA Alcippus, tell me what you see,
What is't that I appear to be?

ALCIPPUSS My blest Erminia, Deifi'd—— "Bows"
ERMINIA Alcippus, you inform me true,
I am thus Deifi'd by you;
To you I owe this blest abode,
For I am happy as a God;
70 I only come to tell thee so,
And by that tale to end thy wo;
Know, Mighty Sir, your Joy's begun,
From what last night to me was don;
In vain you rave, in vain you weep,
75 For what the Gods must ever keep.
In vain you mourn, in vain deplore,
A los's which tears can ne're restore:
The Gods their Mercies will dispence,
In a more glorious Recompence;

80 A World of Blessings they've in store,
A World of Honors, Vict'ries more;
Thou shalt the Kingdoms Darling be,
And Kings shall Homage pay to thee:
Thy Sword no bounds to Conquest set,
85 And thy success that Sword shall whet;
Princes thy Chariot-wheels shall grace,
Whilst thou in triumph bring'st home Peace.
This will the Gods, thy King yet more
Will give thee what those Gods adore;
90 And what they did create for thee;
Alcippus look, for that is she.

Enter the PRINCESS, and goes over the Stage as a spirit,
bows a little to ALCIPPUSS, and goes off

ALCIPPUSS The Princess! "He offers to rise"
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

ERMINIA Be still; 'tis she you must possess,
'Tis she must make your happiness;
'Tis she must lead you on to find
Those blessings Heaven has design'd,
'Tis she'le conduct you where you'll prove
The perfect joys of grateful love.

Enter AMINTA like Glory, ALCANDER representing
Honour. They pass over, and bow, and go out

Glory and Honour, wait on her.

Enter two more representing Mars and Pallas, bow and go out

With Pallas and the God of war,

Enter OLINDA like Fortune, a PAGE like Cupid, bow, and goes out

Fortune and Love which ne're agree
So now united bow to thee.
—Be wise, and of their bounties share,
For if Erminia still were here,
Still subject to the toyles of life,
She never could have been thy wife.
Who by the laws of men and Heaven
Was to another's bosom given,
—And what injustice thou hast done,
Was only to thy Prince alone,
But he has mercy, can redeem,
Those ills which thou hast done to him.
—But see, they all return again.

All the disguis'd enter again and dance, with Love in the midst, to whom
as they dance, they in order make an offer of what they carry, which must
be something to represent them by; which Love refuses with Nods,
still pointing to Alcippus; the Dance done, they lay them at his feet,
or seem to do so, and go out

What think'st thou of thy destiny,
Is't not agreeable to thee[?]
Tell me Alcippus is't not brave,
Is it not better than a grave?
Cast off your tears, abandon grief,
And give what you have seen, belief.
Dress all your looks and be as gay,
As Virgins in the month of May,
Deck up that face where sorrow grows,
And let your smiles adorn your brows;
Recall your wonted sweetness home,
And let your eyes all Love become,
For which the Gods have will'd and said.
Thou hast no power to evade
What they decree, none can withstand,
You must obey what they command.

She goes out, he remains immovable for a while

Enter PISARO

135 PISARO How is’t man — what speechless?
ALCIPPUS No —
PISARO I left thee on the bed, how cam’st thou here?
ALCIPPUS I know not.
PISARO Have you slept?
140 ALCIPPUS Yes, ever since you left me.
   And ‘twas a kindness in thee now to wake me,
   For sleep had almost flatter’d me to peace,
   Which is a vile injustice.
   —Ah Pisaro, I had such a dream,
   Such a fine flattering dream.
PISARO How was it pray?
ALCIPPUS Nay, I will forget it,
   I do not merit so much peace of mind,
   As the relation of that dream will give me,
150 Oh ‘twas so perfect too,
   I hardly can perswade my self I slept,
   Dost thou believe there may be apparitions?
PISARO Doubtless, my Lord, there be.
ALCIPPUS I never could believe it till this hour,
155 By Heavens I think I saw them too, Pisaro.
PISARO ‘Tis very possible you’re not deceiv’d.
ALCIPPUS Erminia’s spirit, in a glorious form.
PISARO I do believe you.
ALCIPPUS Why, is’t not strange?
160 PISARO It would have been, had I not heard already,
   She has this night appear’d to several persons,
   In several shapes; the first was to the Prince,
   And said so many pretty things for you,
   As has perswaded him to pardon you.
165 ALCIPPUS Oh Gods, what Fortune’s mine?
   I do beleeve the Prince is innocent
   From all that thou hast said.
   —But yet I wish he would dispose his bounties
   On those that would return Acknowledgments:
170 I hate he should oblige me.
PISARO You are too obstinate, and must submit.
ALCIPPUS It cannot be, and yet methinks I give
   A strange and sudden credit to this spirit,
   It beckned me into another room;
   I’le follow it, and know its business there.

PHILLANDER Come Sir, I am a kind of Prophet.

Aside
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

And can interpret dreams too.
We'll walk a while, and you should tell me all,
And then I will advise you what to do.        Exeunt

ACT V. scen[e] III.

Enter PHILLANDER with the King

KING   Thou'zt entertain'd me with a pretty story,
       And call'd up so much Nature to thy Cause,
       That I am half subjected to its Laws:
       I find thy lovely Mother plead within too,
       And bids me put no force upon thy will;
       Tells me thy flame should be as unconfin'd,
       As that we felt when our two souls combin'd:
       Alass, PHILLANDER, I am old and feeble,
       And cannot long survive;
       But thou hast many Ages yet to number,
       Of youth and vigour; and should all be wasted
       In the Embraces of an unlov'd Maid:
       No, my PHILLANDER, if that after death,
       Aught could remain to me of this worlds joys,
       I should remember none with more delight,
       Than those of having left thee truly happy.

PHILLANDER   This goodness, Sir, resembles that of Heaven,
             Preserving what it made, and can be paid
             Only with grateful praise as we do that.

KING   Go, carry on your innocent design,
       And when you've done, the last act shall be mine.          Exeunt

ACT V. scene IV.

Enter AMINTA, ERMINIA and GALEATEA [they go] out,
      Enter ALCANDER and stays Aminta

ALCANDER Stay, dear Aminta, do not fly so fast.

AMINTA Methinks ALCANDER you should shun that maid,
       Of whose too much of kindness you're afraid.
       'Twas not long since you parted in such fewd,
       And swore my treatment of you was too rude.
       You vow'd you found no beauty in my eyes,
       And can you now persue what you despise?        Offers to go

ALCANDER Nay do not leave me yet, for still your scorn
       Much better than your absence may be born.
AMINTA Well Sir, your business, for mine requires hast.

ALCANDER Say, fair Aminta, shall I never find
   You'le cease this rigour and be kind?
Will that dear breast no tenderness admit,
And shall the pain you give no pity get?

Will you be never touch'd with what I say,
And shall my youth and vows be thrown away?
You know my passion and my humour too,
And how I dye, though do not tell you so.

AMINTA What arguments will you produce to prove

You love, for yet I'le not believe you love?

ALCANDER Since, fair Aminta, I did thee adore,
   Alass I am not what I was before.
My thoughts disorder'd from my heart do break,
   And sighs destroy my language when I speak.

My liberty and my repose I gave,
ToF be admitted but your slave,
And can you question such a victory?
Or must I suffer more to make it sure?

It needs not, since these languishments can be
Nought but the wounds which you alone can cure.

AMINTA Alcander, you so many vows have paid,
   So many sighs and tears, to many a Maid,
That should I credit give to what you say,
   I merit being undone as well as they.

—No, no, Alcander, I'le no more of that.

ALCANDER Farewell Aminta, mayst thou want a lover,
   When I shall hate both thee and thy whole Sex;
I can indure your sober cruelty,
But do despise it clad in jollity. Exeunt severally

ACT V. sc[e]n[e] V.

Discovers a room hung with Black, a Herse standing in it with Tapers round
about it, ALCIPPS weeping at it, with ISILLIA, and other WOMEN
with long black veiles round about the Herse

ISILLIA I humbly beg, my Lord, you would forbear.

ALCIPPS Oh Isillia,
   Thou knowst not what vast treasure this incloses,
This sacred Pile, is there no sorrow due to't?
Alass, I bad her not farewell at parting,
Nor did receive so much as one poor kiss,
—Ah wretched, wretched man.

Enter the Prince

How, the Prince!

74
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

How suddenly my grief submits to rage.

PHILLANDER  _Alcippus_, why dost thou gaze thus on me,
What horror have I in my looks that frights thee?

ALCIPPUS  Why Sir, what makes you here?
   I've no more wives, no more _Erminia's_,
   Alas she's dead—
Will you not give her leave to rest in peace?

[PHILLANDER]  Is this the gratitude you pay my favours,
That gave thee life, after thy wrongs to me?
But 'twas my Sisters kindness that preserv'd thee,
And I preferr'd my vengeance to the Gods.

ALCIPPUS  Your Sister is a Saint I adore,
   But I refuse a life that comes from you.

ISILLIA  What mean you, Sir?

ALCIPPUS  To speak a truth as dying men should do.

PHILLANDER  _Alcippus_ for my Sisters sake who loves you,
   I can bear more than this — you know my power,
   And I can make you fear.  

Offers to go out

ALCIPPUS  No, Prince, not whilst I am in love with dying.

PHILLANDER  Your love to that I see has made you impudent.

ISILLIA  The storm comes on, your highness should avoid it.

PHILLANDER  Let him give place, I'l keep possession here.

ISILLIA  It is the Princess pleasure Sir, you quit the presence.

ALCIPPUS  No, this I call my home,
   And since _Erminia's_ here that does entitle it so,
   I will not quit the presence.

PHILLANDER  [Who] Gave thee a title to't, _Alcippus_?

ALCIPPER  Me _Phillander_.  
_They come to each others breast, and so draw_

PHILLANDER  Thee?

ALCIPPUS  Me, What dare you now?

PHILLANDER  I dare declare that I can hear no more,
   Be witness Heaven how justly I'm compell'd.

ALCIPPUS  Now Sir, you are brave, and love _Erminia_ too.
   _The women run all away crying, they draw out some one way and some_
   _another, leaving some their veiles behind them, some half off, half on_

PHILLANDER  We are here not safe, these women will betray us.

ALCIPPUS  Sir, 'tis a work that will be soon dispatcht,
   And this a place and time most proper for't.

   _Falatius peeps in and runs away. A pass or two_

Enter _Pisaro_, runs between

PISARO  Hold Sir, are you grown desperate?
What means your Highness?
_Alcippus_, what is't you design in this?

ALCIPPUS  To fight, _Pisaro_, and be kill'd.

PISARO  By Heaven you shall not fight, unless with me,
   And you've so anger'd me with this rash action,
   I could almost provoke you to it.

75
Enter Alcander

Alcander  Gods, Sir, That you should
          Thus expose your self,
          The Worlds great Heir, against a desperate mad man.

Pisaro  Have you forgot your apparition Sir?

Alcippus  Oh ’twas an idle lying one Pisaro,
          And came but to intrap me.

To them Galatea, Aminta, and Olinda

Galatea  Ah Brother, why so cruel to your Sister?

Philander  Here Galatea, punish my misfortune,
           For yet I want the will to injure thee.
           Heaven knows what provocations I receiv’d
           Ere I would draw a Sword on him you lov’d.

Galatea  Unjust Alcippus how dost thou reward me?

Alcippus  Ah Madam, I have too much shame to live.
           Had Heaven preserv’d my innocence intire,
           That I with confidence might have ador’d you,
           Though I had been successless,
           Yet I had liv’d and hop’d, and aim’d to merit you;
           But since all hopes of that are taken from me,

My life is but too poor a sacrifice
           To make attonement for my sins to you.

Galatea  I will not answer thee to what thou’st said,
           But only beg thou wilt preserve thy life,
           Without which mine will be of little use to me.

Alcippus  Might I without a sin believe this blessing,
           Sure I should be immortal.

Falatius peeps in again

Falatius  I think I may venture, the fury is past, and the great shot
           Spent, the mad Captain General’s wounded so, I hope ’twill
           Let out some of his hot bloud—

Enter the King, Cleontius, and Attendants

King  Thy love Alcippus is dispis’d I see,
          And you in lieu of that return you owe me
          Indeavour to destroy me.
          ——Is this an object for your rage to work on[?]
          Behold him well, Alcippus, ’tis your Prince.
          ——Who dares gaze on him with irreverend eye?

Alcippus  Sir, I confess I me culpable,
          And were it not a sin equall to that
          To doubt you could forgive me,
I durst not hope your mercy after it.

**King** I think with all the tenderness I'm guilty of
I hardly shall be brought to pardon thee.

**Phillander** I humbly beg you will forgive him Sir,
I drew him to't against his will, I forc'd him,
And gave him language not to be indur'd
By any gallant man.

**King** Whilst you intreat for him, who pleads for you
For you are much the guiltier of the two,
And need'st a greater interest to perswade me.

**Alcippus** It were not just to contradict my Prince,
A Prince to whom I've been so late a Traytor.
But Sir, 'tis I alone am criminal,
And 'twas I,
Justly I thought provok'd him to this hazard.
'Tis I was rude, impatient, insolent,
Did like a mad man animate his anger,
Not like a generous enemy.

Sir, when you weigh my sorrows with this action,
You've find no base design, no villany there,
But being weary of a life I hated,
I strove to put it off, and missing that way
I come to make an offer of it here.

**King** If I should take it 'twere no more than just,
Yet once again I will allow it thee,
That thou maiest owe me for't a second time,
Manage it better than the last I gave —

**Phillander** —Alcippus, may I credit what thou'st said,
Or do you fein repentance to deceive me?

**Alcippus** I never could dissemble at my best,
And now methinks your highness should believe me,
When my dispaire, and little love to life
Makes me dispise all ways that may preserve it.

**Phillander** If thou would'st have me credit thee, Alcippus,
Thou should'st not disesteem a life, which ought
To be preserv'd to give a proof that what thou say'st is true,
And dispossess me of those fears I have,
That 'tis my life makes thine displeasing to thee.

**Alcippus** 'Tis a high proof to give you of my duty,
Yet that's more easy to me, than your unbelief.

**Phillander** Let me imbrace and thank thee for this goodness.

*He offers to imbrace him, but [Alcippus] is shy, and keeps a little off
*Why dost receive me coldly[?] I'm in earnest,
And I love Honour, and esteem thee Generous,
I mean thee nothing but a perfect amity,
By all my hopes I've no more quarrels to thee,
All ends in this imbrace, and to confirm it
I give thee here my Sister to thy wife.*
ALCI PPPUS  Your Pardon Sir,

140 I must refuse your bounty till I know,
    By what strange turn of fate I came thus blest,
To you my Prince, I've done unheard of injuries,
    And though your mercy do afford me life,
With this rich present too;

145 Till I could know I might deserve them both,
    That life will prove a Plague, and this great gift
Turn to the torment of it.

PHILLANDER  Alcippus, 'tis not kind to doubt me still,
    Is this a present for a man I hate?

150 ALCI PPPUS  'Tis true Sir, and your bounty does amaze me,
    Can I receive a blessing of this magnitude
With hands, yet have not wash'd away the sin
    Of your Erminia's murther, think of it, Sir,
For though to me it did appear most just,

155 Yet you must hate the man that has undone you.

GALATEA  I see Erminia still usurps your thoughts.

ALCI PPPUS  I must confess my soul is scarce diverted
Of that fond passion which I had for her;
    But I protest before the Gods and you;
160 Did she still live, and I might still possess her,
    I would refuse it, tho’ I were ignorant
Of what the Gods, and your fair self design me.

PHILLANDER  To doubt thee were a sin below my nature,
    And to declare my faith above my fear,

165 Behold what I present thee with.

    Goes out, and enters again with ERMINIA

ALCI PPPUS  Ha—Erminia.  

He looks affrighted

—It is the same—appear’d to me last night,
—And my deluded fancy,
    Would have perswaded me 'twas but a dream.

PHILLANDER  Approach her, Sir, 'tis no fantasm.

170 ALCI PPPUS  'Tis she her self, Oh Gods, Erminia!

She goes a little back as afraid; he kneels

—Ah Madam, do not fear me in this posture,
Which I will never quit till you have pardon’d me;
    It was a fault the most excusable,
175 That ever wretched Lover did commit;
And that which hindred me from following thee,
    Was that I could not well repent the Crime;
But like a surly sinner fac’d it out,
And said, I thought 'twas just; yes, fair Erminia:

180 Hadst thou been mine, I would i’th’ face of Heaven,
    Proclaim it just and brave revenge:
But, Madam, you were wife unto my Prince,
    And that was all my sin:
THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Alas, in vain I hop'd for some return,
And grew impatient of th' unkind delay,
And frantically I then out-run my happiness.

ERMINIA  Rise, I forgive thee, from my soul I do,
        Mayst thou be happier,
        In thy more glorious passion for the Princess,
        And all the Joys thou e're could'st hope from me,
        Mayst thou find there repeated.

Enter KING, ORGULIUS, and the rest

PHILLANDER  First, I'le keep my word with thee.
        Receive the welcom Present which I promis'd.

Gives him Erminia, she kneels

ERMINIA  Can you forgive the griefs I've made you suffer?

ORGULIUS  I can forgive thee, tho' 'twas not kind
        To let me languish in a desperate error;
        Why was this Blessing hid from me alone?

ERMINIA  Ah Sir, so well I know you lov'd Alcippus,
        That had you known it e're the Prince had own'd me,
        I fear you had restor'd me back again,
        A sin too great to load your soul withall.

ORGULIUS  My King already has forgiven that error,
        And now I come to make my peace with thee,
        And that I may with greatest speed obtain it.
        —To you, Sir, I resign her, with as much joy
        As when they undeceiv'd me
        Of my opinion of her being dead ——

PHILLANDER  And I with greater joy receive your gift.

Bows and takes her

KING  My Lord Alcippus, are you pleas'd with this?

ALCIPPUS  Sir, I'me so pleas'd, so truly pleas'd with it,
        That Heaven without this blessing on my Prince
        Had found but little trouble from my thanks,
        For all they have showr'd on me;
        'Twas all I wisht next my Pretensions here.

KING  Then to compleat thy happiness,
        Take Galatea, since her passion merits thee,
        As do thy Vertues her.

Gives him Galatea, they both bow

ERMINIA  Sir, I've an humble suit t'your Majesty.

KING  Conclude it granted then.

ERMINIA  Falatius, Sir, has long made love t'Isillia,
        And now he 'as gain'd her heart, he slight's the Conquest,
        Yet all the fault he finds is that she's poor.

KING  Isillia's Beauty can supply that want,
        Falatius what d' you say to't?

FALATIUS  By Jove, Sir, I'le agree to any thing; for I beleve
        A handsome young wife at Court may bring a man a
        Greater Fortune than he can in conscience desire.

Takes Isillia

79
ERMINIA Aminta, be perswaded. Aside to Aminta
AMINTA He'd use me scurvily then.

235 ALCANDER That's according as you behav'd your self, Aminta.
AMINTA I should dominier.
ALCANDER I then should make love elsewhere.
AMINTA Well, I find we shall not agree then.
ALCANDER Faith—now we have disputed a point I never

240 Thought on before, I would willingly
Pursue it for the Humour on't; not that I think
I shall much approve on't.

PISARO Give him your hand, Aminta, and conclude,
'Tis time this haughty Humour were subdu'd

245 By your submission, whatsoe're he seem,
In time you'll make the greater slave of him.

AMINTA Well, not from the hope of that, but from my love,
This change of Humour I' me content to prove,
—Here, Take me, Alcander,

250 Whilst to Inconstancy I bid adieu,
I find variety enough in you. He takes her and bows

KING Come, my brave youths, we'll toil our selves with joys,
And when w' are weary of the lazy play,
We'll search abroad to find new Conquests out,

255 And get fresh Appetites to new delights:
It will redouble your vast stocks of courage,
And make th' uneasie humour light and gentle;
When you remember even in heat of Battel,
That after all your victories and spoil,

260 You'll meet calm peace at home in soft Embraces,
Thus may you number out your happy years:
Till love and glory no more proofs can give
Of what they can bestow, or you receive. [Exeunt]
EPILOGUE

by a Woman

We charg'd you boldly in our first Advance,
And gave the Onset A la mode de France,
As each had been a Joan of Orleance.

Like them our Heat as soon abated too;
Alas, we could not vanquish with a show,
Much more than that goes to the conquering you.

The trial though, will recompence the pain,
It having wisely taught us how to reign:
'Tis Beauty only can our Power maintain.

But yet as tributary King we own,
It is by you that we possess that Throne,
Where had we Victors been, w[e]'ad reign'd alone.

And we have promis'd what we could not do,
A fault, methinks, might be forgiven too,
Since 'tis but what we learnt of some of you.

But we are upon equal treatment yet,
For neither Conquer, since we both submit;
You, to our Beauty, bow; We, to your Wit.