

H O N O R A
of Tragedy,

Altered from
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER,

The Music Composed A. D. 1695,

By
Henry Purcell,

Edited & Preceded by an Historical Sketch of
Early English Dramatic Music,

By
Edward F. Rimbault, F. S. A.

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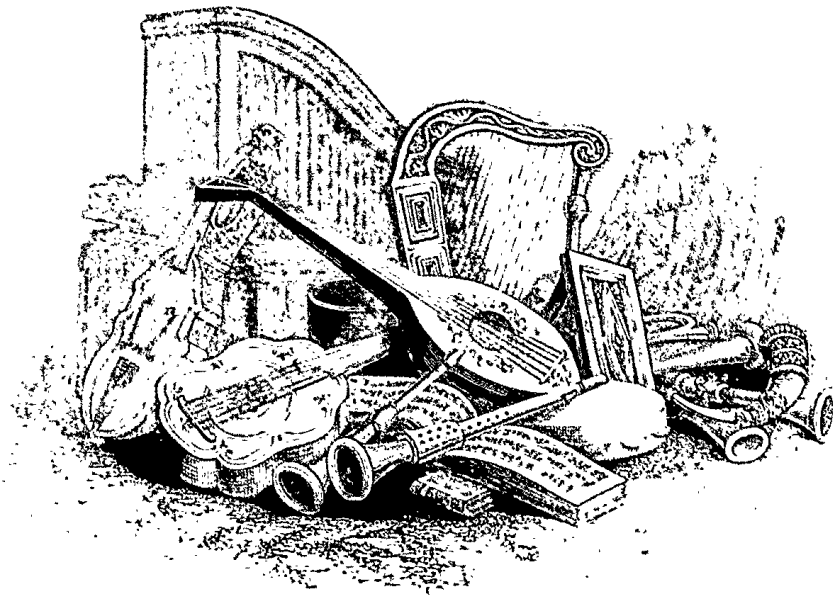
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INTRODUCTION.

THE Music in *Bonduca* was composed in the last year of Purcell's life (A.D. 1695), and the piece was brought out in the following season. Mr. Hogarth (*Memoirs of the Musical Drama*, i. 183) says, "among the last of Purcell's works was the music in *Bonduca*, another tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher's, made into an opera by Betterton in the same manner as *Dioclesian*." Betterton adapted *Dioclesian*, which was produced in 1690 with Purcell's Music; but it nowhere appears that he had anything to do with the alteration of *Bonduca*. The play was printed, in the year of its production at the theatre, with a dedication to the "Right Honorable Lord Jeffereys," signed by George Powell, the author and comedian, and an address "to the Reader," as follows: "I must make room for one page more, to tell you how our *Bonduca* set foot upon the stage. The value of the original is not unknown to those who have read it in Fletcher: a value that has oftentimes been prized so high, that the whole brotherhood of the quill have so many years been blamed for letting so ingenious a relick of the last age, as *Bonduca*, lie dormant, when so inconsiderable an additional touch of the pen was wanting, to make it fit for an honourable reception in this. This consideration prompted a friend of mine, a much abler hand than my own, to attempt it; not that his leisure, attendance, or inclinations, would permit him to make any long toil of it. For, to tell the truth, the whole play was revised quite through, and likewise studied up in one fortnight. This undertaker, who bestowed but four days labour upon it, being above the interest part of an author; and likewise a person of that modesty, as to affect no plumes from poetry, he was generously pleased to put it into my hands to usher it into the world."

The story of *Bonduca* appears to have been a favourite subject with dramatic authors. It is founded on history, and may be found in the 12th and 14th Books of the *Annals of Tacitus*. Caratach or Caractacus was carried as a prisoner to Rome in the time of Claudius; Bonduca or Boadicea put an end to her life by poison in the time of Nero. The slight anachronism in bringing these two distinct characters into the same play is perhaps allowable in adaptations for the stage. Besides the original tragedy by Beaumont and Fletcher produced in, or before, the year 1619, and that now reprinted with Purcell's Music, it was dramatized in rhyme by

Charles Hopkins, and produced in 1697. Another version of Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy was brought out in 1778 by George Colman.

The original cast of the characters in the play of *Bonduca*, as altered for the stage, and played in 1696, was as follows:—

Suetonius, General of the Romans	Mr. Verbruggen*.
Petilius } Roman Officers	{ Mr. Harland. Mr. Hill. Mr. Eldred.
Junius }	
Decius }	
Macer, a Roman Soldier	Mr. Michael Lee.
Caratach, General of the Britons	Mr. Powell, jun. †
Venutius	Mr. Horden.
Hengo, Nephew to Bonduca	Miss Allison.
Nennius, a British Officer	Mr. Mills.
Macquaire	Mr. Simpson.
Bonduca, Queen of Britain	Mrs. Knight ‡.
Claudia } Daughters of Bonduca	{ Mrs. Rogers. Miss Cross §.
Bonvica }	

The Music of *Bonduca* has never before been printed entire. Some of the favourite pieces were published in the year of its production. "Jack thou'rt a toper," and the song, "O lead me to some peaceful gloom," are to be found in the "Deliciæ Musicæ, being a collection of the newest and best songs sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres." The Third Book, *Printed by J. Heptinstall for Henry Playford*, 1696, "To Arms," and "Britons strike home," are also contained in the "Thesaurus Musicus, being a collection of the newest songs performed at his Majesties Theatres, and at the Consort in Villiers-street, in York-buildings." The Fifth Book, *Printed by Heptinstall for John Hudgebutt*, 1696. This book also contains "The last song that Mr. Henry Purcell sett before he dy'd." The Overture has been put into score from the *Ayres for the Theatre*, published in separate parts after the death of Purcell by his widow, and is not contained in any copy of the opera to which I have had access. The incidental tunes (printed as an Appendix) are also scored from the same work. It was thought more advisable to insert them in this manner than to affix situations for them, which could not be determined with any degree of certainty.

The Duet and Chorus, "Sing, sing, ye Druids all," and the following recitative, "Divine An-date," are printed as part of a speech of Caratach in the original copy of the play. Probably the alteration was made at the suggestion of Purcell, who thought the situation one in which music might be introduced with effect. I must also mention that the Duet of, "To Arms, your ensigns straight display," is not, in any of the old copies, repeated in Chorus, nor do I find the slightest ground for supposing it was *originally* sung so. I am aware that it is so printed in

* Or Vanbruggen, as his name is frequently spelt. No stage-historian has taken notice of the particular merits of this actor; and Cibber, who is sufficiently diffuse in his accounts of others, has only mentioned him as having some merit, though inferior to others: but that he was an actor of great merit we learn from Southern, in his dedication of *Oroonoko* to the Duke of Devonshire.

† Probably the son of George Powell the Author.

‡ If any credit be given to a MS. lampoon dated 1688, Mrs. Knight the Actress was employed by Charles II. as a procuress; particularly she was sent with overtures to Nell Gwynn; whom, as the same authority says, Lord Buckhurst would not part with till he was reimbursed the expenses he had lavished upon her.

§ Miss Cross was an eminent actress, especially in musical parts. She performed the character of Altisdora in the third part of *Don Quixote*, in which she sang the song "From rosy bowers."

Dr. Clarke's and Corfe's *Selections from Purcell*, but no dependence can be placed upon either of those works. The introductory solo of "Britons strike home," has been frequently printed as a duet for tenor and bass, and is thus found in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, but the alteration was probably made to render it more useful in private circles; it certainly never was sung as a duet in the play.

About the close of the last century were published, "The favourite Songs, Duetts and Chorusses (Britons Strike Home, &c.) in *Bonduca*. Composed by Henry Purcell, and sung at the Concert of Antient Music." The publication of this shameful concoction must ever destroy all faith in copies purporting to be sung at the Concerts of Ancient Music. The editor, whose name does not appear to the work, has taken upon himself to re-harmonize the chorus of "Britons strike Home," as well as other liberties of such importance as completely to destroy the effects intended by Purcell. Dr. Clarke and Mr. Corfe have placed too much faith in this copy, probably misled by the title-page informing them that it was so sung at the "Concert of Antient Music," which we have hitherto been led to believe was the faithful repository of the genuine text of the old masters.

The oldest extant copy of the Music in *Bonduca* is preserved among the additional MSS. in the British Museum, and although not in the handwriting of the composer, (as some have asserted), is certainly a contemporary copy*. This MS. has been my standard in all doubtful points of inquiry. Another MS. of authority is one formerly in the possession of Bartleman, and now in my own library. It appears to have originally belonged to "Sir John Dolben, Bart., of Finedon in Northamptonshire," when a student of Christ Church, Oxford, at the commencement of the last century†. The other MSS. which have been consulted in preparing the present edition, although not of equal antiquity, have rendered essential service in settling many points of minor importance. I may especially notice one in the handwriting of Dr. Alcock of Reading‡, and another written by Thomas Jones, Esq.§ of Nottingham Place, a diligent musical antiquary, and a devoted lover of Purcell.

Having every reason to suppose the music to *Bonduca* to have been Purcell's last entire production for the stage||, it appeared not out of place to prefix the following slight sketch of the progress of dramatic music in this country, from the earliest period to the death of one whose brilliant but short career must ever be the subject of deep regret to all real lovers of the art of Music.

* The original scores of many of Purcell's finest anthems, formerly in the possession of the Rev. Joshua Dix, are now in my Library; I may, therefore, without presumption, claim to be some authority on this point. I likewise possess many single songs in the handwriting of Purcell, which are not to be found in either of the editions of the "Orpheus Britannicus."

† This gentleman was the son of Dr. Dolben, Archbishop of York, and a great patron of Music and Musicians. Dr. Croft, who appears to have been on intimate terms with the family, composed the Anthem for Sir John's wedding. There is extant an engraving of Sir John Dolben, with Purcell's Te Deum in his hand.

‡ Kindly lent me by Mr. Hawes, whose liberality in lending the valuable MSS. in his possession must be gratefully acknowledged by the Council of the Musical Antiquarian Society.

§ For the loan of this MS. I am indebted to Mr. Horsley.

|| The third part of *Don Quivote*, composed in conjunction with John Eccles, was in all probability Purcell's last work.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

THE HISTORY OF DRAMATIC MUSIC IN ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIME TO THE DEATH OF PURCELL, ANNO DOM. 1695.

THE earliest dramatic productions of this country are the Miracle-Plays, improperly termed Mysteries, founded upon the Old and New Testaments, the Apocryphal Gospels, and the Lives of Saints and Martyrs.

One of the first notices of the introduction of Vocal Part Music into these performances occurs in a Miracle-play on the *Adoration of the Shepherds*. It forms one of the Towneley collection, supposed to have belonged to Widkirk Abbey before the suppression of the Monasteries, the MS. of which appears to have been written about the reign of Henry VI. Although written on a religious subject, it is literally a farce, and was probably intended to diversify the performances,—the others of the series being of a very dull and monotonous character. In the course of the play three shepherds are interrupted when about to sing a song, one having agreed to take “the *tenory*,” the second “the *tryble* so hye,” and the third “the *meyne*.”

Another curious instance of the introduction of Vocal Music into performances of this nature occurs in a Moral-play entitled, *Mind, Will and Understanding*. It was written in the reign of Henry VI., and must have been represented at considerable cost; for besides the rich dresses of the speaking characters, eighteen mutes are introduced, all differently disguised, for the purpose of producing bustle and variety. A song in parts, by the three principal characters, is thus introduced:—

“*Mynde*.—I rejoyes of thes : now let us synge.
Undyrstondyng.—Ande yff I spare, evell joy me wrynge.
Wyll.—Have at you I : lo, I have a sprynge ;
Lust makyth me wondyr wyld.
Mynde.—A *tenour* to you both I brynge.
Undyrstondyng.—And I a *mene* for any kyng.
Wyll.—And but a *trebul* I out wrynge,
The devell hym spede that myrthe exyled.”

The stage direction is “Et Cantent” (“and let them sing”), but the words of their song are not given. In another part of the same play, upon the exit of the three characters, the stage direction is, “Here they go out, and in the goyng the soule syngyth in the most lamentabull wyse with drawte notes, as yt ys songyn in the passyon wyke ;” in allusion probably to the prolonged manner of the notes of psalms at that season.

Numerous other instances of the introduction of Vocal Music in parts in the MS. Miracle and Moral-plays might be adduced, but the compositions have long since perished.

One of the most singular as well as the earliest *printed* Moral-plays, upon subjects of a more general nature, is, “A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiij. elements,” the whole

scheme of which is an endeavour by Nature-naturate and Experience, assisted by Studious Desire, to bring Humanity to a conviction of the necessity of studying philosophy and the sciences. The only known copy of this Interlude is in the Garrick Collection, and that is unfortunately imperfect. Dr. Dibdin inserts it among the works from John Rastell's press, and in a MS. note at the beginning of the copy, it is further asserted to have been printed by him in 1519*. This piece is particularly deserving of notice, as containing the earliest specimen of English Dramatic Music in existence—a Song in three parts to words beginning—

“ Tyme to pas with goodly sport
Our spryte to revyve and comfort.”

The Music† to this song, as might be expected at this early period, is not now calculated to express the feelings it was then intended to convey. The Musical compositions of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth century, whether sacred or secular, always partook of the same dull monotony of character. Music had not yet freed herself from the cloistered cell of the Monastery where she had hitherto been, almost exclusively, fostered and encouraged. The art of expressing the sense of words by musical sounds was yet unknown. It was reserved for after times to bring Music, especially *Dramatic Music*, to that accordance and unity of expression with the words, without which music and poetry should never be joined together.

The Pageants performed at Coventry in the early part of the sixteenth century had their songs in parts, and three of them, sung in the *Shearmen and Taylors Pageant*, on the subject of the Birth of Christ, and Offering of the Magi, with the Flight into Egypt, and the Murder of the Innocents, are still preserved, and printed in Mr. Sharpe's learned *Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries*.

At a shortly subsequent period we find John Redford, Organist and Almoner of St. Paul's, contributing both the Dramatic and Musical parts of a Moral-play, entitled, *The Play of Wyt and Science*. Four of the characters, Fame, Riches, Worship, and Favour are introduced to sing a song, and are dismissed to the world from whence they came by Science who disregards them. The Music to this Song is not preserved, and the Play is only known to exist in MS.

Contemporary with John Redford, both as a Musician and Dramatist, was old John Heywood.

Heywood's Dramatic productions almost form a class of themselves: they are neither Miracle-plays or Moral-plays, but what may be properly and strictly termed Interludes. He was originally a singer and a “player on the Virginals,” in the Court of Henry VIII., and, we may naturally conclude, contributed to the Musical as well as the Dramatic entertainments of the Theatre. One composition only of Heywood's has descended to us,—a Song beginning,—“What hart can thinke or tongue expresse,” preserved in MS. Sloane 4900.

Heywood's ready wit and skill in vocal and instrumental Music rendered him a great favorite with Henry VIII. and Sir Thomas More, and by the latter he was introduced to the notice of the Princess Mary, by whom he was especially patronized, rather, says Puttenham, “for the mirth and quickness of conceit, than good learning that was in him.” In the Book of Payments of Henry VIII., 1538—1544, is a quarterly allowance of 50s. to “John Heywood, player on the Virginals;” and in the Household Book of the Princess Elizabeth, in 1553, a gratuity of 30s. to him. A full-length portrait is prefixed to his work called, “The Parable of the Spider and the Fly,”

* In the course of the interlude there is a curious allusion to the discovery of America “within this xx. yere.” Dr. Dibdin and others have supposed from hence that this was written about 1510, as Columbus discovered the West Indies in 1492; but the author says nothing of Columbus, and does not seem to have known of his existence, attributing the finding of America to Americus Vesputius, who did not sail from Cadiz until 1497. This would fix the date of writing the piece about the year 1517, two years before it is supposed to have been printed, which seems more probable. See Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry*, ii. 319.

† This is the earliest specimen of music printed in score, and with bars, that has hitherto been discovered. It has been reprinted, without any notice of its curiosity, in *Musica Antiqua*. Edited by J. Stafford Smith.

by which the curious may be gratified. On the accession of Elizabeth he left England, and retired to Mechlin in Brabant, where he died in 1565, leaving several children, of whom Jasper Heywood subsequently distinguished himself as an author.

John Bale, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, the author of many remarkable dramatic productions in connexion with the progress of the Reformation, informs us, in a little volume entitled *The Vocaycon of Johan Bale*, that, at Kilkenny, on the 20th day of August 1553,—“the yonge men in the forenone played a tragedy of *God's Promises in the Old Lawe*, at the Market Crosse, with Organs plaine and songes very aptely.” This is the first instance I have met with of the vocal music being accompanied, though in all probability the use of instruments as an accompaniment to the voice was common in *dramatic* entertainments long before.

In another of Bale's works, *A Comedy concernynge the Lawes of Nature, Moyses, and Christ*, 1562, we find mention of “a Song upon Benedictus”; and each act is stated to conclude with music.

Theatrical performances, without doubt, from the most remote date, were varied and enlivened by the introduction of instrumental music. In the old Miracle-plays the playing of minstrels is frequently mentioned, and the horn, pipe, tabret and flute are spoken of as the instruments they used. At the end of the prologue to the Miracle-play called *Childermas Day*, 1512, the minstrels are requested to “do their diligence;” and the same expression is again employed at the end of the performance, with the addition of being required either to dance or to *play* a dance for the company.

“Also, ye minstrelles, doth your diligens,
Afore our depertyng geve us a daunce.”

The mention of music, or minstrelsy, as an accompaniment of the Moral Plays, is not very frequent, although songs are often introduced in them*.

In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1566, the second regular comedy in our language, we have the following instructions to the musicians, at the end of the second act:—

“Into the town will I, my friendes to visit there,
And hither straight again to see the end of this gere;
In the mean time, fellowes, pype up your fiddles: I say take them,
And let your friends hear such mirth as ye can make them.”

In Gascoyne's *Jocasta*, 1566, each act is preceded by a dumb show, accompanied by appropriate music of “viols, cythren, bandores, flutes, cornets, trumpets, drums, fifes and stillpipes.” In the comedy of *The Two Italian Gentlemen*, by Anthony Munday of ballad-writing notoriety (printed about 1584), the different kinds of music to be played after each act are mentioned, whether “a pleasant galliard,” “a solemn dump,” or “a pleasant Allemayne.” Marston is very particular in his *Sophonisba*, 1606, in pointing out the instruments to be played during the four intervals of the acts:—“the cornets and organs playing loud full music,” for Act i.; “organs mixed with recorders,” for Act ii.; “organs, viols and voices,” for Act iii.; and “a base lute and a treble viol,” for Act iv. In the course of Act v. he introduces a novel species of harmony, for we are told that “infernall music plays softly.” Fiddles, flutes, and hautboys are mentioned by other dramatists as instruments then in use at the theatres. Nabbes, in the prologue to his *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, alludes at the same time to the change of the place of action, and to the performance of instruments between the acts:—

“The place is sometimes changed too with the scene,
Which is translated as the music plays
Betwixt the acts.”

* For further information, See Collier's “Annals of the Stage, and History of English Dramatic Poetry,” 3 vols. 8vo. 1831, a work to which I have been much indebted in the early part of this essay.

Prior to the introduction of what may be termed *operatic* masques in this country, the plays or masques exhibited before the court and nobility were acted by the children of St. Paul's, Windsor, and the Royal Chapel. The situation of master of the children was always held by a competent musician, and it is but fair to conjecture that the holders of that office were the chief contributors to the musical portion of the entertainments.

The "Master of the song assigned to teach" the children of the Chapel in 1467 was Henry Abyngdon*; and in 1482 Gilbert Banastre, or Banister†. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the office was held by William Cornyshe‡, a distinguished composer; and in 1526 by William Crane§. In the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign Richard Bowyer|| was master; and in 1570 we find the name of William Hunnis¶. Sebastian Westcott** was at this period master of the children of St. Paul's, and Richard Farrant††, master of the children of Windsor.

The account of the Revels in 1576 and 1577 furnishes us with the names of the following plays acted before Elizabeth by the children of the Royal Chapels:—

"*The Historie of Error*, shoven at Hampton Court on Newyeres-daie at night; enacted by the children of Powles."

* I have discovered, in an extremely rare book entitled, "The first foure Bookes of Virgil's *Æneis* translated into English heroically verse," &c., Imprinted by Henry Byneman, 8vo. 1583, the following singular epitaph upon Abyngdon:—"An Epitaph written by Sir Thomas More upon the death of Henric Abyngdon, one of the gentlemen of the chappell. Wich devise the author was fayne to put in meeter, by reason the partie that requested his travel did not like of a verye proper epitaph that was first framed, because it ran not in rythme, as may appeare at ful in his Latin Epigramms. Whereupon Syr Thomas More shapt these verses ensuing, with which the suppliant was exceedingly satisfied, as if the author had hit the nayle on head:—

' Here lyeth old Henry, no freend to mischievus envy,
Surnam'd Abyngdon, to all men most hartily welcom:
Clerck he was in Wellis, where tingle a great many bellis;
Also in the chappel hee was not counted a moungrrel;
And such a lowd singer, in a thousand not such a ringer:
And with a concordance, a most skilful in organce.
Now God I crave duly, sence this man serv'd the so truly
Henry place in kingdome, that is also named Abyngdon.'

† Banister was a poet of some note in his day, and, among other things, wrote "The Miracle of St. Thomas." His annual salary as "Master of the Song" was 40 marks. Some of his musical compositions are preserved in the library of Christ Church, Oxford.

‡ This musician was also a poet, and several of his rhymes are still extant. In 1504, in consequence, as he asserts, of false information given by an enemy, Cornishe was confined in the Fleet Prison; and he wrote a poem called, "A Treatise between Trowth and Enformation," in order to restore himself to favour with "King Harry," as he familiarly calls the sovereign. It was, no doubt, attended by the desired result, for, not very long afterwards, his name occurs among the gentlemen of the chapel who played before the king. Many of Cornishe's compositions are preserved in the Fairfax MS., and in a Collection of Songs printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1530. The latter collection has escaped the notice of our musical historians.

§ The persons employed about the court in the reign of Henry VIII. frequently obtained patents for the sole import, export, &c., of various commodities; and among the privy seals, in the Rolls Chapel, is one dated 1st March, 33 Henry VIII. to William Crane, "Master of the Children of our Chapell," to buy and export for his advantage 400 tons of double beer.

|| Rymer's *Fœdera*, xv. 517, shows that his salary was 40*l.* a year.

¶ Hunnis was concerned in the entertainment of the queen at Kenilworth, and was the author of many interludes acted by the boys under his government. One of his publications contains some specimens of his music. The work is entitled, "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowfull Soule for Sinne, comprehending those seven Psalms of David, in verse, whereunto are also annexed his Handfull of Honisuckles; the Poore Widowe's Mite; a Dialogue between Christ and a Sinner; divers Godlie and Pithie Ditties, with a Christian Confession of and to the Trinitie." 12mo. 1597.

** In the office books of the Treasurers of the Chamber, quoted in Mr. Cunningham's "Account of the Revels," we find frequent entries of payments to this person: "Payde to Sebastyan Westcott, M^r of the Children of Powles, by waye of, &c. for presentinge a playe before her highness on New Yeres day at night, 1568—6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*"

†† Richard Farrant, a fine old composer for the church, was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1564. In addition to his office of master of the children, he was also one of the clerks, and one of the organists of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. He is supposed to have died about the year 1585. Many entries of payments to Farrant for "presentinge a playe before her highness" may be found in Mr. Cunningham's "Account of the Revels" printed by the Shakespeare Society.

“ *The Historie of Mutius Scevola*, shoven at Hampton Court on Twelf-daie at night ; enacted by the children of Wind-ore, and the Chappell.*”

“ *The Historie of Titus and Gisippus*, shoven at Whitehall on Shrove Tuysdaie at night ; enacted by the children of Powles.*”

The first instance of what may be termed a musical drama is Richard Edwards's† *Damon and Pythias*, acted in 1565. The author was not only a poet, but a musician, and in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign was appointed one of the gentlemen, and afterwards master of the children, of the Chapel Royal.

In this piece, unlike any other plays of the same time, the actors are also singers. When Damon is carried to prison, his friend laments his fate in a soliloquy, after which the stage direction is, “Here Pythias sings and the regalles play.” When Pythias, as Damon's hostage, is carried to prison, “the regalls play a mourning song.” When, on Damon's failure to return at the appointed hour, his friend is about to suffer death, Eubulus, the benevolent councillor, enters and sings a song of lamentation for his fate, each stanza of which has a burden sung by “the Muses” in chorus. There is also a comic trio, sung by three of the characters ; and the whole concludes with a regular *finale*, or song in honour of Queen Elizabeth, before whom the play was performed by the children of her chapel. The author of this play was also the composer of the music.

Another musical drama, worthy of notice, is Thomas Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, first printed in 1608‡. Although the principal characters are not the singers, it contains a highly dramatic concerted piece, a catch for three voices, and no less than *seventeen* songs for the Lord Valerius, one of the characters. If we may judge from the number of editions this play passed through, it

* It was customary during the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth to *press* boys for the service of the Royal Chapel. Among those who suffered by this arbitrary mode of supplying the sovereign with treble voices, was Thomas Tusser, author of the *Five Hundredth Pointes of Good Husbandrie* ; who, having had a fine voice, was placed as a chorister, Warton tells us, in the Collegiate Chapel of Wallingford in Berkshire, whence he was impressed into the choir of St. Paul's, where he had John Redford for his master. He was next sent to Eton School ; and altogether seems to have had a sad time of it, as appears from his own account, in his poem entitled *The Author's Life*.

What robes how bare, what colledge fare !
What bread how stale, what pennie ale !
Then Wallingford, how wert thou abhord
Of sillie boies !

Thence for my voice, I must, no choice,
Away of forse, like posting horse ;
For sundrie men had placardes then
Such childe to take.

The better brest, the lesser rest,
To serve the queere, now there now heer :
For time so spent, I may repent,
And sorrow make.

But mark the chance myself to 'vance,
By friendship's lot to Paules I got ;
So found I grace, a certaine space
Still to remain.

With Redford there, the like no where,
For cunning such, and vertue much,
By whom some part of musicke art,
So did I gaine.

From Paules I went, to Eaton sent,
To learne straighte waies the Latin phraices,
Where fiftie three stripes given to me
At once I had :

For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass, thus beat I was ;
See, Udall, see, the mercie of thee
To me poore lad !

From London hence, to Cambridge thence,
With thanks to thee, O Trinitie,
That to thy Hall, so passing all,
I got at last.

† There is “An Epitaph upon the death of the worshipfull Maister Richard Edwardes, late Maister of the Children of the Queenes Majesties Chappell” in Turberville's “Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets” printed in 1567, 8vo.

‡ This edition is twenty-two years earlier than any copy known to the editors of the “*Biographia Dramatica*,” who state that they do not know in what year the first edition appeared. There is a curious passage in the preface, by the author, respecting the spurious publication of some of his other plays, which induced him to furnish this in its native habit. The copy of this edition, to which I have had access, sold in Nassau's sale for 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

enjoyed considerable popularity. The fourth edition contains two additional songs "added by the stranger that lately acted Valerius his part."

The two principal tenor singers of this period, for one of whom the part of Lord Valerius was probably written, were John Wilson and John Allen. "Jacke Wilson," as he is called in the first folio of Shakespeare, was the original Balthazar in Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*. Allen is celebrated by Ben Jonson as "that most excellent tenor voice and exact singer, her Majesty's servant Master Jo. Allen."

The precursors of Operas in England were the Court Masques of King James's reign, and belong to the chain of dramas which completed the union of poetry and music on our stage. They were spoken in dialogue, performed on a stage, ornamented by machinery, dresses and decorations, and have always music, both vocal and instrumental. They were chiefly written by Ben Jonson, John Daniel, and Dr. Campion. The composers were Alfonso Ferrabosco*, Nicholas Lanier†, Thomas Lupo‡, Nathaniel Giles§, and Dr. Campion the poet||.

Shakespeare, who was evidently a passionate lover of music, has introduced it in a number of his plays. *The Tempest*, even in its original form, may almost be considered a musical drama. Besides "Come unto these yellow sands,"—"Full fathom five thy father lies,"—"Where the bee

* Born at Greenwich, of Italian parents, about the year 1580. He was an intimate friend of Ben Jonson's, and composed the music to many of his masques. He published, in 1609, a collection of his songs, and also of pieces for viols, with the following title:—"Lessons for 1, 2, and 3 Viols. By Alfonso Ferrabosco. London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, for John Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet street." folio. 1609. It is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, and has the following verses, by Ben Jonson, prefixed to it:—

"To My Excellent Friend Alfonso Ferrabosco.
When we doe give, Alfonso, to the light
A worke of ours, we part with our owne right.
For then, all mouthes will judge, and their owne way:
The learned have no more priviledge then the lay.
And though we could all men, all censures heare,
We ought not give them taste, we had an care:
For if the humerous World will talke at large,
They should be fooles, for me, at their owne charge.
Say, this or that man they to thee preferre;
Even those, for whom they doe this, know they erre:
And would (being ask'd the truth) ashamed say,
They were not to be nam'd on the same day.
Then stand unto thy selfe, nor seeke without
For fame, with breath soone kindled, soone blowne out."

These verses escaped the researches of Gifford, which is not to be wondered at, as the book is so rare that I never heard of any copy but that in my possession.

† Lanier was born in Italy in the year 1568, and came to England in the early part of his life, where he continued to reside until the time of his death. He was an excellent painter and engraver, and a portrait of him, painted by himself, still hangs in the Music School, Oxford. Our musical historians have not noticed any other members of his family; but I find, by a Privy Seal dated 20th December 1625, exempting the musicians of Charles I. from the payment of subsidies, no less than five of the same name. Jerome is described among the "musitians for the Hautboys & Sackbuts." Innocent and Andrea among those "for the flute." Clement among those who played "the Recorders;" and John among the "musitians for the Lute and Voices."

‡ Thomas Lupo was a voluminous composer of "fancies for viols" at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was living in 1625, when his name occurs in a Privy Seal exempting the musicians of the court from the payment of subsidies.

§ Brother of Thomas Giles, master of the children of St. Paul's. He was born either in or near the city of Worcester, and was admitted in 1585 to the degree of bachelor of music, and about forty years afterwards to that of doctor, in the University of Oxford. He was one of the organists of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and master of the boys there. In 1597 he was appointed master of the children, and afterwards, in the reign of Charles I., organist of the Chapel Royal. He died in 1633, at the age of seventy-five.

|| A physician by profession, and the composer of "What if a day, or a month, or a year," one of the most celebrated songs of the first half of the seventeenth century. All that is known of his life was collected and published by the late Mr. Haslewood, in his "Ancient Critical Essayes on Poetry."

sucks," and other songs, it contains a masque with music, presented by the spirits of the enchanted island.

The original music of *The Tempest* was composed by Robert Johnson, a celebrated performer on the lute; and if not so well known as his more fortunate contemporary John Dowland, he at least deserves especial notice as the chief composer of the musical dramas of this period. The first trace of Johnson's name occurs in the year 1573, when he was in the household of Sir Thomas Kytson, of Hengrave Hall, in the county of Suffolk. In the book containing the expenses of the household, kept by one Thomas Fryer, we find under the date January, 1573:—

“Paid to Robert the musician, as so much by him paid for a coople staffe torches to alight my m^{tes} home on Candlemas Night, supping at Mr. Townsends, ii s. vi d.”

Again, under the date April, 1575:—

“In reward to Johnson, the musician, for his charges in awayting on my L. of Leycester at Kennelworth, x s.”

The last item is extremely interesting, and relates to an event which probably brought into request all the musical talent of the period—the grand entertainment given by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, and celebrated by Master Robert Laneham in his *Letter from Killingworth*, and by Sir Walter Scott in his admirable novel of *Kenilworth*.

How long Johnson remained in the service of Sir Thomas Kytson, we have no means of ascertaining. He probably came to London soon after the Earl of Leicester's entertainment, and commenced his career as a composer for the theatres. In June, 1611, we find him in the service of Prince Henry, receiving a stipend of 40*l.* annually; and on the 20th of December, 1625, his name occurs in a privy seal, exempting the musicians of the king (Charles I.) from the payment of subsidies.

Johnson's music to the *Tempest* has shared the fatality which seems to attend almost everything in connexion with our great bard; nevertheless I have been fortunate enough to recover some portions of the incidental, or music for the action of the piece, which I propose printing in my *Musical Illustrations of Shakespeare's Plays*.

The following is a list of those Masques and Plays, produced before the closing of the theatres in 1642, of which the composers' names have descended to us:—

<i>Composers.</i>	<i>Plays.</i>	<i>Authors.</i>
1. William Byrd	Jane Shore	Henry Lacy 1586
2. Henry Youle	Cynthia's Revels	Ben Jonson 1600
3. Alphonso Ferrabosco	Volpone	Ben Jonson 1605
4. Alphonso Ferrabosco	Masque of Blackness	Ben Jonson 1605
5. Dr. Campion, Thomas Lupo, and Thomas Giles	Masque in honour of Lord Hayes and his bride	Dr. Campion 1607
6. Alphonso Ferrabosco	Masque performed at Lord Haddington's marriage	Ben Jonson 1608

1. Preserved in MS. Harleian, No. 6926.

2. One of the songs printed in the author's "Canzonets," 1608.

3. and 4. Some of the songs printed in "Ayres by Alfonso Ferrabosco." London: *T. Snodham*, 1609.

5. The music is printed at the end of "The Description of a Maske presented before the Kinges Majestie at White Hall on Twelfth Night last, in honour of the Lord Hayes and his Bride, daughter and heire to the Honourable the Lord Dennyce, their marriage having been the same day at Court solemnized. To this occasion other small poems are adjoyned. Invented and set forth by Thomas Campion, Docter of Physicke. London: *Imprinted by John Windet for John Brown, and are to be solde at his shop in St. Dunstones Churchyeard in Fleet Street.*" 4to. 1607. The music consists of five songs, concerning which there is the following note:—"These Songes were used in the Maske, whereof the first two Ayres were made by M. Campion, the third and last by M. Lupo, the fourth by M. Tho. Giles, and though the last three Ayres were devised onely for dauncing, yet they are here set forth with words, that they may be sung to the Lute or Violl."

6. 7. & 8. See the "Ayres" by Ferrabosco before quoted.

<i>Composers.</i>	<i>Plays.</i>	<i>Authors.</i>	
7. Alphonso Ferrabosco . . .	Masque of Beauty	Ben Jonson	1608
8. Alphonso Ferrabosco . . .	Masque of Queens	Ben Jonson	1609
9. Giovanni Coperario . . .	Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn	Beaumont	1612
10. Robert Johnson	Tempest	Shakespeare	[1612]
11. Giovanni Coperario and Nicholas Laniere	Masque presented at the marriage of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard		1614 1614
12. Giovanni Coperario	Masque of Flowers		1614
13. Robert Johnson	Valentinian	Beaumont and Fletcher	1617
14. Robert Johnson	Masque of the Gypsies	Ben Jonson	1621
15. Thomas Brewer	Love Tricks	Shirley	1631
16. Henry Lawes	Rival Friends	Peter Hausted	1632
17. Dr. Wilson	Northern Lass	Richard Brome	1632
18. William Lawes and Simon Ives	Triumphs of Peace	Shirley	1633
19. Henry Lawes	Cœlum Britannicum	Carew	1634
20. Henry Lawes	Masque of Comus	Milton	1634
21. Charles Coleman	The King and Queen's Entertainment at Richmond		1634
22. William and Henry Lawes	Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour	Sir W. Davenant	1635
23. Henry Lawes	Masque of Vices		[1635]
24. Henry Lawes	Royal Slave	Cartwright	1636
25. Nicholas Laniere	Luminalia, or the Festival of Light		1637
26. Lewis Richard	Salmacida Spolia	Sir W. Davenant	1639

9. The music exists in MS. in the British Museum. The celebrated air of Mad Tom, concerning which there has been so much controversy, was composed by Coperario for this masque.

10. Portions of the music still exist in MS.

11. The music is printed with the following title:—"Ayres made by Severall Authors and sung in the Maske at the Marriage of the Right Honourable Robert Earle of Somerset, and the Right Noble Lady Frances Howard. Set forth for the Lute and Base Violl, and may be exprest by a single voyce to cyther of those Instruments. London, *Printed for Laurence Lisle, dwelling at the signe of the Tigers head in Pauls Church-yard.*" 4to. 1614. This is generally found annexed to the "Description" of the masque printed in the same year.

12. The music is printed at the end of "The Maske of Flowers presented by the Gentlemen of Graies-Inne at the Court of Whitehall in the Banqueting House upon Twelwe Night, 1613. Being the last of the Solemnities and Magnificences which were performed at the Marriage of the right Honourable the Earle of Somerset and the Lady Frances daughter of the Earle of Suffolke Lord Chamberlaine. London, *Printed by N. O. for Robert Wilson, and are to be sold at his shop at Graies-Inne New gate.*" 4to. 1614.

13. One song, preserved in the British Museum, is all that remains of the music to this play.

14. Some of the songs are in a MS. volume of dramatic songs in the Music School, Oxford.

15. Some of the music is preserved in Playford's various collections.

16. Preserved in MS. Addit. Brit. Mus. 10, 338.

17. One or two pieces exist in MS. in the Music School, Oxford.

18. Preserved entire in the Music School, Oxford.

19. Detached pieces may be found in Playford's various publications.

20. The whole of the music composed by Lawes, consisting of five songs, I have discovered in the British Museum.

21. Some portions of the music are in the Music School, Oxford.

22. The original MS. is in the Music School, Oxford. Dr. Burney was not aware of the existence of the curious volume containing it. He says (*Hist. of Music*, iii. 385),—"In 1653 was performed at the Duke of York's Palace in the Middle Temple, *The Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour*, a Masque written by Sir William Davenant, of which the vocal and instrumental music, with the symphonies, are said to have been composed by William and Henry Lawes."

23. Preserved entire in MS. Addit. Brit. Mus. 10, 338. I cannot discover any record of the performance of this masque.

24. One song may be found in "Select Ayres and Dialogues." London, J. Playford, 1659.

25. The songs, with music, are printed at the end of the masque, published in 4to. in the year of its production.

26. The music of this masque is not known to exist. Chetwood, who reprinted it at Dublin in 1750, says, "The musick was composed by Mr. Lewis Richards, master of his Majesty's band, who may be supposed to be eminent in his profession, since many songs and sonnets of those times, with an anthem on the birth of Prince Charles (King Charles the Second), were composed by him."

In the days of Shakespeare no overture or regular piece of music was played before the representation began. The speaker of the prologue, when a play was not preceded by an "Induction," entered after the trumpet had thrice sounded. The use of trumpets in our early theatres was probably derived from tilts and tournaments.

Thomas Dekker, the dramatist, thus humourously introduces a list of the mistakes in the printing of his *Satiromastix*, 1602:—"Instead of the trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amiss for him that will read first to behold this short Comedy of Errors." Again, the same author, in his *Gull's Hornebook*, 1609:—"Present not yourself on the stage, especially at a new play, until the quaking prologue hath by rubbing got colour into its cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue, that he is upon point to enter."

Some doubts exist as to the situation occupied by the instrumental performers. Malone (on the authority of Bowman, the contemporary of Betterton) says that "the band, which did not consist of more than eight or ten performers, sat in an upper balcony over what is now called the stage-box." In support of this position he cites a stage direction from Massinger's *City Madam*, where it is said that the "Musicians come down to make ready for a song at the arras;" but this certainly does not *prove* Malone's assertion. In fact, the authorities upon this point are rather contradictory. Marston, in his *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, gives the following stage direction, Act v.:—"While the measure is dancing, Andrugio's ghost is placed *betwixt the music houses*," thus indicating that the instrumental performers sat in two different places. In Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 1630, we have the following stage direction:—"While the company seem to weep and mourn, there is a sad song in *the music room*." Boxes were indifferently called *rooms*, and one of them was probably appropriated to the musicians. Among the Lansdowne MSS. (No. 1171) are preserved some ground-plots, or profiles of scenes, by Inigo Jones, for the production of masques at the Masquing House at Whitehall. The boxes for the nobility are clearly marked out; and in one of the plans the situation of the music room, at the side of the stage, is distinctly shown.

The stage, in Shakespeare's time, was separated from the pit only by pales. Soon after the Restoration the band took the station which they have kept ever since, in an orchestra placed between the stage and pit. In all probability Shakespeare's *Tempest*, as altered by Dryden and Davenant, and first played at the Duke's Theatre, Lincoln's Inn-fields, in 1667, was the first performance in which the band was so placed. The introductory description to the printed copy of the play tells us that "the front of the stage is opened, and the band of twenty-four violins, with the harpsicals and theorbos, which accompany the voices, are placed *between the pit and the stage*." Malone has remarked, if this had not been a novel regulation, the explanation would have been unnecessary.

It appears, from an entry in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, that the musicians belonging to Shakespeare's company were obliged to pay the Master of the Revels an annual fee for a license to play in the theatre:—"For a warrant to the Musitions of the King's Company, this 9th of April, 1627, 1*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*"

In a warrant of protection, signed by Sir Henry Herbert, and dated from the office of the Revels, Dec. 27, 1624, Nicholas Underhill, Robert Pallant, John Rhodes, and seventeen others, are mentioned as being "all employed by the King's Majesties servants in their quality of playinge as musitions and other necessary attendants." Robert Pallant was an actor, and performed in the *Seven Deadly Sins* before the year 1588; and it is not improbable, after he had ceased to act, that he became an instrumental performer in the band. We know that Phillips, and other actors of eminence, played upon different instruments. Malone gives an extract from Phillips's will, dated 4th May, 1605, where among other bequests he left his "basse violl" to Samuel Gilburne, his "late apprentice;" and his citterin, bandore, and lute to James Sands, who was his apprentice at the time of his death.

In a MS., formerly belonging to Dr. Morton of the British Museum, entitled "Whitelock's labours remembered in the annales of his life, written for the use of his children," we are informed, that in the year 1633 the "blackfryars musicke" was esteemed the best in London.

After the closing of the theatres in 1642, the musicians as well as the actors were very much put to the shifts.

The author of a pamphlet entitled *The Actor's Remonstrance*, printed in 1643, thus notices them:—"Our music, that was held so delectable and precious, that they scorned to come to a tavern under twenty shillings salary for two hours, now wander with their instruments under their cloaks—I mean such as have any—into all houses of good fellowship, saluting every room where there is company with, 'Will you have any music, gentlemen?'"

In the year 1647 rigorous ordinances were issued by the parliament against stage-plays and all entertainments consisting of music and dancing, by which not only the actors in such entertainments, but all such as should be present at them, were subjected to severe punishment by fine and imprisonment.

The first step towards their revival during the Usurpation was the performance of Shirley's masque entitled *Cupid and Death*. It was presented (according to the title-page of the printed copy) "before his Excellence the Ambassadors of Portugal, upon the 26th of March, 1653," three years before Sir William Davenant's performances at Rutland House. This very beautiful piece is founded on the fable of Cupid and Death exchanging weapons. The whole of the music was composed by Matthew Lock, and a complete copy, in the hand-writing of the composer, is still extant*.

In 1656 Sir William Davenant obtained permission to open a kind of theatre at Rutland-house, in Charterhouse-square, for the exhibition of what he called "an Entertainment in Declamation and Music, after the manner of the ancients." This "*Entertainment*" is worthy of notice, as giving us some curious views of the opinions and manners of that age.

"After a flourish of music," say the stage directions, "the Prologue enters," and addresses the audience in verse, designating the forthcoming entertainment as an *opera*. We are then told that "a consort of instrumental musick, adapted to the sullen disposition of Diogenes, being heard awhile, the curtains are suddenly opened, and in two gilded rostras appear Diogenes, the cynick, and Aristophanes, the poet, who declaim against and for publique entertainments by moral representations." After this dialogue we have a song and chorus. "The song being ended," continue the stage directions, "a consort of instrumental musick, after the French compositions, being heard awhile, the curtains are suddenly opened, and in the *rostras* appear sitting a Parisian and a Londoner, in the livery robes of both cities, who declaim concerning the pre-eminence of London and Paris."

These declamations being ended, the curtains were suddenly closed, and the company entertained by vocal and instrumental music, with a satirical song against the French, giving (of

* See the Sale Catalogue of Edward Jones, the Welch bard; sold by Sotheby on February 7th, 1825, and two following days. Lot 476 is thus described,—"Consort of four Parts by Matthew Locke (*scored in his own hand*).—Instrumentall and Vocall Music in *Cupid and Death*, a Masque, (*ditto*).—Musica di Sinna Nonna, composizione di Eman. Barbella (*Manuscripto originale*); also an Italian Letter from Barbella to Dr. Burney, containing a Piece of Music in Score by Leonardo Leo, 1773: and another Letter, in Italian, from F. Giambattista Martini, containing Ambrosian's Rules of Canto Fermo, 1778.—Turkish and Greek Music, from the Library of Sir John Hawkins, 1796-7, *with his autograph*.—Byrd's Canon Rectè et Retro, in 8 parts, 1570, *reprint* 1770.—Ramizez's Canon Rectè et Retro, in 48 parts, 1765, &c., &c." The lot was sold for 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, to a person unknown. A transcript of the music to "Cupid and Death" also occurred in the same sale. Lot 452. "Lock's (Matthew) *Cupid and Death*, a Masque with music, in MS.—Music in *Macbeth*, by M. Lock, MS. *in Score*.—The Rare Theatrical and other Compositions of Mr. Matthew Lock, MS. *in Score*." This lot appears to have been sold to a dealer for four shillings.

course) the palm to our own metropolis. Then there is an epilogue, and "after a flourish of loud music" the curtain is closed and the entertainments ended.

At the end of the piece there is a note, stating that "the vocal and instrumental music was composed by Dr. Charles Coleman*, Captain Henry Cook†, Mr. Henry Lawes‡, and Mr. George Hudson§."

Davenant's "Entertainment after the Manner of the Ancients" was immediately succeeded by *The Siege of Rhodes*, which was performed at Rutland House in 1656. Pope says, that "this was the first opera sung in England;" and Langbaine, in his "Account of the English Dramatic Poets," says, that *The Siege of Rhodes*, and some other plays of Sir William Davenant, in the times of the Civil War, were acted *in stilo recitativo*. Burney disputes this: "I can find no proof," he says, "that it was sung in recitative, either in the dedication to Lord Clarendon, in the folio edition of 1673, or the body of the drama." But we find conclusive evidence on this point. Cibber says, that "Sir W. Davenant opened a theatre in Lincoln's Inn-fields, where he produced *The Siege of Rhodes* with unprecedented splendour." A second part was then added to it, which we find in Davenant's works. Evelyn, in his *Diary*, says, "1662. Jan. 9. I saw acted 'the Second Part of the Siege of Rhodes.'" "In this," he continues,—"acted the fair and famous comedian, called Roxelana from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *Misse* (as at this time they began to call lewd women). *It was in recitative music.*"

Davenant's next piece was "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," which was produced in 1658. The scenes and decorations of this drama (according to Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*) were the first that were introduced on a public stage in England. Evelyn thus speaks of this piece:—"5 May, 1659. I went to visit my brother in London, and next day to see a new *Opera after the Italian way, in recitative music. and scenes*, much inferior to the Italian composure and magnificence; but it was prodigious that, in a time of such publique consternation, such a vanity should be kept up or permitted. I being engaged with company, could not decently resist the going to see it, though my heart smote me for it."

Davenant's pieces, though they contributed greatly to the progress of the musical drama in England, have little poetical merit. Of their music I can say but little, as a few detached pieces are all that remain. It was in these pieces that female performers first appeared on the stage. It has been said that there were no actresses on the English stage before the Restoration, and that the celebrated Mrs. Betterton was the first. It is true that the first formal license for their appearance was contained in the patent granted to Sir William Davenant immediately after the Restoration; but it appears to have been previously tolerated, for Mrs. Coleman (wife of Dr. Charles Coleman) represented Ianthé in the first part of "The Siege of Rhodes," in 1656. During the last year of the Protectorate, Shirley's play, "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," was performed, with music by Edward Coleman||; and a musical drama by Richard Flecknoe, entitled "The Marriage of Ocean and Britannia, an allegorical fiction, really declaring England's riches, glory and puissance by Sea." The title-page of the printed copy published in 1659, states

* Gentleman of the private music of King Charles I.

† Cook was educated at the Chapel Royal during the reign of King Charles I., but at the commencement of the rebellion he quitted it and entered the army. About the year 1612 he had interest enough to obtain a captain's commission; and from that time he was always distinguished by the name of Captain Cook. A volume of the Captain's Anthems is preserved in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford.

‡ A memoir of Henry Lawes will be prefixed to my edition of his music to *Comus*.

§ Gentleman of the private music of King Charles I.

|| Brother of Dr. Charles Coleman. One of the songs in Shirley's play, "The glories of our birth and state," for three voices, may be found in Playford, "Musical Companion," *the second book*, 1671.

that it was "represented in music, dances, and proper scenes. Invented, written and *composed* by Richard Flecknoe."

The first musical piece after the Restoration was an anonymous production entitled "The Step Mother," the music to which was composed by Matthew Lock*. It was performed with great success at the theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn-fields at the close of the year 1663. In 1670 Dryden produced his alteration of Shakespeare's "Tempest," with instrumental (and probably vocal) music composed by Matthew Lock; and in 1673 Shadwell's tragedy of "Psyche" was produced at the Duke's theatre. The music was the joint productions of Matthew Lock and Baptist Draghi†. Downes, the historian of the stage at this period, says, "this opera was splendidly set out, especially in scenes; the charge of which amounted to above 800*l*. It had a continuance of performance about eight days together; it prov'd very beneficial to the company, yet *The Tempest* got them more money."

The commencement of the following year, 1674, introduces us to a new candidate for fame as a dramatic composer, in the person of Monsieur Lewis Grabu. Grabu was an obscure musician of very mean abilities, who came to this country with Charles the Second at the Restoration. He appears to have been much patronized by his royal master, and, probably from his situation about the Court, had interest enough to persuade the manager of the theatre in Covent Garden to produce an opera entitled "Ariadne, or the Marriage of Bacchus." This piece was translated from the French, and was performed by "the Gentlemen of the Academy of Music" with but little success.

In the same year was produced a masque entitled "Calista, or the Chaste Nymph," by J. Crowne. This was written by command of King James the Second's queen, when Duchess of York, and was performed at court by persons of great quality. The music was composed by Dr. Nicholas Staggins, the composer to the king; and the following compliment was paid him by the author, in the preface to the printed copy of the masque:—"Mr. Staggins has not only delighted us with his excellent composition, but with the hopes of seeing, in a very short time, a Master of Musick in *England* equal to any France or Italy have produced."

In 1676, Dr. Charles Davenant (eldest son of Sir William Davenant) produced his tragedy of "Circe," the music to which was composed by John Banister‡, the leader of Charles the Second's celebrated band of twenty-four violins. It was acted at the Duke of York's theatre; and Downes tells us, that "being well performed, it answered the expectation of the company."

This completes the list of operatic productions, from their revival during the Usurpation, to the commencement of the dramatic career of the great Henry Purcell.

* The music to this play is not known, but it may possibly turn up in my researches at Oxford. I may take this opportunity to mention a circumstance in Lock's life not hitherto noticed; that is his residence in the Low Countries. This fact appears from a MS. collection of vocal compositions, chiefly by Flemish writers, copied by Matthew Lock, and entitled, "A Collection of Songs made when I was in the Lowe Countries, 1648." This valuable MS., and another, consisting of Lock's original compositions for the Chapel of Queen Catherine, are now in my library.

† Draghi was an Italian by birth, and came to England with Mary d'Este, the princess of Modena, and consort of King James II. He succeeded Lock as organist to the Queen. I have two anthems of his composition, displaying very superior talent.

‡ A portion of the music, consisting of the first act, is preserved in a MS. volume now in the Library of the Sacred Harmonic Society. One of the songs may be found in *The Second Book* of "Choice Ayres and Songs," printed by John Playford in 1679. From a perusal of these portions I am inclined to give Banister a much higher station among the dramatic composers of this country than has hitherto been assigned him. Banister was the first musician who established regular concerts in London. These concerts were advertised in the London Gazette of the times: and in No. 742, December 30th, 1672, there is the following advertisement:—"These are to give notice, that at Mr. John Banister's house, now called the Music-school, over against the George Tavern in White Friars, this present Monday, will be Musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at four of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour."

Henry Purcell's first attempt at dramatic writing was his opera of "Dido and Æneas," privately performed at the house of Josiah Priest, a celebrated teacher of dancing. The composer was then only in his *seventeenth* year. The success of this little piece is stated to have first drawn the attention of the managers of the theatres towards him. They made him proposals, to which, by the advice of his friend Priest, he listened; and very shortly after we find him at the head of the musical establishments of our theatres.

Downes, the author of the "Roscius Anglicanus, or an Historical View of the English Stage," printed in 1708, informs us that Lee's tragedy of "Theodosius, or the Force of Love," was "*the first he ever composed for the stage.*" This statement cannot, however, be correct; as we find by Downes's own list, that "Epsom Wells," "Timon of Athens," and "The Libertine," all of which we know had music composed by Purcell, were produced long before.

Purcell's dramatic career will probably be best shown by the following chronological list of his productions for the theatre. A complete list has never before been given, and has not been prepared without some difficulty, and a very careful and minute examination of the different sources of information :—

1. Dido and Æneas	Drama by N. Tate	1675
2. Epsom Wells	Shadwell	1676
3. Aurenge-Zebe	Dryden	1676
4. The Libertine	Shadwell	1676
5. Abdelazor	Mrs. Behn	1677
6. Timon of Athens	Altered from Shakespeare by Shadwell	1678
7. Theodosius, or the Force of Love	Lee	1680
8. The Virtuous Wife	T. D'Urfey	1680
9. Tyrannick Love	Dryden	1686
10. A Fool's Proferment	T. D'Urfey	1688
11. The Tempest	Altered from Shakespeare by Dryden	1690
12. Dioclesian, or the Prophetess	Altered from Beaumont and Fletcher by Betterton	1690
13. The Massacre of Paris	Lee	1690
14. Amphitryon	Dryden	1690
15. King Arthur	Dryden	1691
16. The Gordion Knot untied	1691
17. Sir Antony Love	Southern	1691
18. Distressed Innocence	Settle	1691
19. The Indian Queen	Howard and Dryden	1692
20. The Indian Emperor	Dryden	1692
21. Œdipus	Dryden and Lee	1692
22. The Fairy Queen	Altered from Shakespeare	1692
23. The Wife's Excuse	Southern	1692
24. The Old Bachelor	Congreve	1693
25. The Richmond Heiress	T. D'Urfey	1693
26. The Maid's Last Prayer	Southern	1693
27. Henry the Second	J. Bancroft	1693
28. The First Part of Don Quixote	D'Urfey	1694
29. The Second Part of Don Quixote	D'Urfey	1694
30. The Married Beau	J. Crowne	1694
31. The Double Dealer	Congreve	1694
32. The Fatal Marriage	Southern	1694
33. The Canterbury Guests	Ravenscroft	1695

34. The Mock Marriage	Drama by T. Scott	1695
35. The Rival Sisters	R. Gould	1695
36. Oroonoko	Southern	1695
37. The Knight of Malta	1695
38. Bonduca	Altered from Beaumont and Fletcher	1695
39. The Third Part of Don Quixote	D'Urfey	1695

This enables us to see the progress of Purcell's dramatic career, both as regards his employment as a writer, and the poets with whom he was connected. In the year 1680 he appears, from some cause not explained, to have dropped his connexion with the theatres, and a lapse of *five* years occurs before we again find him in their service. It was probably at this period that he composed much of his music for the church. We know that he was not idle; for besides several anthems composed for particular occasions, he composed "A Musical Entertainment for the Festival of St. Cecilia," and a set of "Twelve Sonatas," both of which were published during this interval. He also wrote the music to "The Lord Mayor's Show," at the installation of Sir William Pritchard in 1682. The words were written by the celebrated city poet, Thomas Jordan.

The task of composing for the stage during Purcell's retirement was divided between Captain Pack*, Thomas Farmer†, Giovanni Battista Draghi, Robert King‡, Samuel Akeroyde§, and Monsieur Grabu. The plays for which they wrote were as follows:—

<i>Plays.</i>	<i>Composers.</i>	<i>Authors.</i>	
The Duke of Guise	Captain Pack	Dryden and Lee	1683
The Disappointment	Captain Pack	Southern	1684
Constantine the Great	Thomas Farmer	N. Lee	1684
Duke and No Duke	Gio. Bat. Draghi	N. Lee	1685
Sir Courtly Nice	Robert King	J. Crowne	1685
The Commonwealth of Women	Samuel Akeroyde	1685
Albion and Albanus	Lewis Grabu	Dryden	1685

It is not my intention to enter into a more minute examination of Purcell's dramatic career, which it would be necessary to do in carrying out this sketch. The history of dramatic music of this period is so closely interwoven with the great name of Purcell, that it may be more properly considered in an account of his life, which, it is hoped, will accompany Professor Taylor's edition of "King Arthur," shortly to be printed by the "Musical Antiquarian Society."

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

9 Denmark Street, Soho Square,
September 17, 1842.

* Many of his songs may be found in Playford's various publications. He is sometimes styled *Colonel Pack*.

† Originally one of the waits of London. He took the degree of Bachelor of Music at Cambridge in 1684. Many of his compositions are to be found in "The Theatre of Music," "The Banquet of Music," and "The Treasury of Music." He was likewise the author of two works, the one entitled "A Consort of Music in four Parts, containing thirty-three Lessons, beginning with an Overture;" and another, "A Second Consort of Music in four Parts, containing eleven Lessons, beginning with a Ground," both printed in oblong quarto, the one in 1685, the other in 1690. In the "Orpheus Britannicus" is an elegy upon his death, written by Tate, by which it appears that he died young.

‡ Bachelor of Music of Cambridge in 1696, and also one of the band of William and Mary. Many of his single songs and airs for instruments may be found in the various publications of Playford and Carr.

§ A song writer of very mean abilities. He contributed largely to the various publications of the end of the seventeenth century

TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA.

Personae Dramatis.

SUETONIUS, General of the Romans.

PETILIUS,
JUNIUS,
DECIUS, } Roman Officers.

MACER, a hungry Roman Soldier.

CARATACH, General of the Britons.

VENUTIUS, in Love with CLAUDIA.

HENGO, Nephew to BONDUCA.

NENNIUS, a British Officer.

COMES*, a Pict, in Love with CLAUDIA.

BONDUCA, Queen of Britain.

CLAUDIA,
BONVICA, } Daughters to BONDUCA.

Roman and British Guards, Attendants, Druids,
Priestesses, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Nennius and another Captain.

Nenn. Suetonius will repent his landing here :
Conquest hath already enrich'd our soil.
Our British fields fatten with Roman slaughter :
So much stale carrion lies in every ditch,
That the rank steams rise from the rotting heaps,
And choke up all the air.

Capt. They have scarce men enough
To try the fortune of another battle.

Nenn. And those not worth our conquest :
A famine rages in their pining troops ;
The mighty Roman spirit sickens in 'em,
And the poor starv'd remains of all their forces
Can scarce advance to make a feeble war.

Capt. What may not our victorious Queen expect,
That thus has shook the daring power of Rome ?
Our mighty Queen ! the warlike Bonduca,
That greatly towers above the humble sex,
Aspires to more than man, and soars to hero.

Nenn. Our hardy Britons ne'er will stoop to Rome :
What courage can oppose our numerous forces
Whilst that great female spirit bears against it,
And the rough Caratach appears himself,
The foremost mark of fate, to lead us on
To wonder at his daring ?

Capt. He is indeed

Our guard in peace, and father of the war.
The true, blunt, honest Briton's stamp upon him :
His hard, old weather'd trunk ; his scars and wounds,
And all the noble ruins of his body,
Show him a soldier, nurs'd and bred in danger ;
His strength, his vigour, and majestic look
Seem to deny his age, and bear him up
To perfect youth.

Nenn. The hero's finish'd in him.

Oh Caratach !
The everlasting scourge to wondering Rome,
Whilst thou art here, to lead us on to conquest,
Britain will never droop ; never submit,
Though Cæsar raging for his present loss
Should start with fury from the lazy throne ;
Draw all his distant troops to one vast body,
And come himself to head the crowded war.
But see ! the mighty Caratach appears,
And Bonduca with her royal offspring,
The partners of her blood and spirit.

Capt. I must retire.

Nenn. I'll stay.

Enter Caratach, Bonduca, Claudia, Bonvico, Hengo, the Women in Amazon dresses.

Bond. Are these the heroes that inherit conquest,
These hardy Romans ? O ye gods of Britain !
Are these the fortune-makers ? these the Julians,

* This name is incorrectly printed "Macquaire" in the original.

'That with the sun measure the end of nature ?
Shame, how they fly ! Caesar's soft soul inspires
Their fainting limbs ; their fathers got 'em sleeping,
In lazy lukewarm fills, and pleasure nurst 'em :
Dare they send these, these smooth-fac'd Roman boys,
To conquer our well-temper'd manly Britons ?
Twice have they felt the fury of our arms ;
A woman beat 'em, Caratach, a weak woman,
A woman beat these Romans !

Car. So it seems :

A man would blush to talk so !

Bond. What, Caratach, d' ye grieve at my success ?

Car. No, Bonduca.

'T is at your bearing it I grieve : discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And must together make a conqueror ;
Divided, but a talker : 't is a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed ;
A noble truth we ought to crown the gods for.
But when we meanly would insult, our tongues
Forfeit the honours which our swords have won.

Nenn. Is this insulting, is it mean to say

What fortune and the gods allow us ?

Car. No ; so what we say exceeds not what we do.

What, call the Romans fearful, smooth-fac'd boys !
Does this commend our conquest ? Are they boys ?

Bond. Forgive me, soldier, 't is a woman's frailty ;

I must and will reproach 'em : Caesar sent 'em
To conquer us, and make us slaves to Rome :
Now he may send his vultures too, to feed
And riot on 'em, here they lie on heaps ;
And once more, Briton, I pronounce 'em boys.

Car. Are boys the heroes that must grace your triumphs ?
Where 's then the glory of your victory ?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers ?
Why are your oxen lowing by the priest,
Adorn'd and gilded for the pomp of death ?
Is this for frightening a poor herd of children ?
Is it no more ? Shut up your temples, Britons !
Put out your holy fires ; forbear to tune
Your hymns of joy ; let all go home and sleep :
For such a conquest, such a shameful conquest,
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice.

Bond. Sure, Caratach, thou doat'st upon these Romans.

Car. Witness these wounds I do : a Roman gave 'em.
I love an enemy. I was born a soldier ;
And he that at the head of 's men defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress.

Bond. Were I of that mind too,

My heart would be wonderfully engag'd
The next battle.

[*Aside.*]

Car. Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
Have I wrought through to try these noble Romans ;
On the hard ground I've weather'd out ten winters,
All chopt with cold and stiff'ning in my arms,
When frozen storms sung through my batter'd helmet ;
And all to try the Romans. Ten times a-night
I've swam the rivers, when pursuing Rome
Shot at me as I floated ; when these arms
Stemm'd the rough tide and broke the rolling billows ;

And still to try these Romans : 'T is dishonour,
And follow'd will be worse, to taint 'em thus.
Have not I seen the Britons——

Bond. What ?

Car. Run, Bonduca, basely screaming out
Mercy and quarter from their trembling lips :
I've seen these Britons that you magnify
Fly like a shadow scouring o'er the plains :
I've seen thee run, courageous Nennius,
And you too, Bonduca, run like winds,
When that great chief, the Roman boy, pursued ye,
Cut through your armed carts, and drove 'em headlong.
Why, I ran too ;
But not so fast. Your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there ; for when your fears outran him,
I in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and girding him in my tough belt
Buckl'd this bud of Britain to my back,
And plac'd my shield as a defence behind him :
Five times in vain I fought to bear him off ;
We had perish'd, had not their gallant general
Cried like a Roman, like a noble Roman,—
Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely ;
Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee ; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms.
Then if thou stand'st thou 'rt mine ; I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Well then,

Let 'em be boys or heroes, still we have conquered ;
And I am proud to think the richest blood
Of all the martial world now only serves
To dung my fields.

Car. And I am proud on 't too ;

But where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it :
There 's not a blow we gave, since Julius landed,
That was of strength or worth ; but like records,
They file to after ages. The Romans are
Our registers for noble deeds of honour ;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings ?

Bond. My fortune wound my female soul too high,
And lifted me above myself ; but thou
Hast kindly work'd down all my tow'ring thoughts :
Shall we have peace ? For now I love these Romans.

Car. Peace ! rather rail on than think of peace.

Nenn. Why did we fight ? Is n't peace the end of war ?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with some peevish neighbour for our land-marks,
We'd think of peace :
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life ;
And with these swords, that know no end of battle,
That where they march, but measure out more
ground

To add to Rome, and here in the bowels of us :
It must not be ; whilst there 's an eagle wav'd
In British air, we'll never think of peace.

Bond. O Caratach !

As thou hast nobly spoken shall be done.
The Romans shall have worthy wars to thee :

I give in charge this little royal graft,
The tender care and future Prince of Britain :
With thee he 's safe, as in his mother's arms.

Car. And little Sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I 'll tie ye to a sword.

Heng. And what then, Uncle ?

Car. Then you must kill, Sir, the next valiant Roman
That calls you knave.

Heng. And must I kill but one ?

Car. A hundred, boy, I hope.

Heng. I hope five hundred.

Car. That 's a noble boy. Come, Madam,
Let 's to our several charges. Is Venutius
Return'd from viewing the Roman camp ?

Bond. Where 's your Venutius, girl ? You best can tell.
Is he come back, my Claudia ?

Car. Nay, blush not, lady ; for with pride I speak it,
A braver Briton never shone in armour :
Nature has polish'd every part so smoothly,
As if she only meant him for a lover ;
But when (as I have oft with pleasure seen him)
He calls up all the man to rush to war,
Then fury sparkles from majestic beauty ;
The soldier kindles and I lose the lover,
Only to wonder at the godlike hero.

Claui. You 've nobly recompens'd his service,
Greatly return'd that praise, that loud as fame
Has often sounded of the mighty Caratach.

Bond. Venutius has deserv'd your love, my daughter,
And here he comes to claim it.

Enter Venutius.

Venutius, welcome ! Have ye view'd the Romans ?

Ven. Yes ; they are few, and meanly skulk'd behind
Their labour'd trenches.

Bond. Where thy courage drove 'em.
Go, my Venutius, to thy mistress' arms :
Thus I reward thy toil and crown thy wishes.

Ven. Thus then I 'll thank ye :
By the mighty joys that fill my soul,
Thou 'rt dearer, dearer to me,
Than all the triumphs that the war could promise.

Bond. Tomorrow let us push the conquest home
And drive th' unwilling Romans from our isle,
And then we 'll solemnize your loves in peace ;
The holy priest shall join your souls for ever.

Ven. Speak that again ! I 'm lost in ecstacy !
The trumpet that alarm'd my soul to war
Ne'er rais'd me half so high.

Car. Spoke like a soldier.
I 've always been thy leader, but tomorrow
I 'll follow thee ; love leads us on to conquest.
Methinks I see the toils of battle cease,
And weary Britain hush'd once more in peace,
And thee presented to thy Claudia's arms,
Free from the midnight terror of alarms :
For who, what Roman can our rage oppose,
When love and courage shoot us on our foes ?

[*Exeunt Car., Bond., Bonvica, Hengo : manet Ven. and Claudia.*]

Ven. Now I am truly happy. Oh my Claudia !
With this reward, the great reward of beauty,
The batter'd soldier crowns his glorious labours,
And softens all the rugged toils of danger.
Tomorrow ! Oh ! Wilt thou not joy, my Claudia,
When from a bloody field of slaughter'd Romans
Thy weary soldier comes with full desire,
And brings thee love and conquest ?

Claui. Yes, and with these soft arms I 'll hold you fast,
Till honour calls you from me :
And when fresh dangers court you to new wars,
When your soul springs to follow dreadful glory,
Like a true Briton, like Bouduca's daughter,
I 'll dress my hero, bring his shining armour ;
Admire my soldier, while with pride I view
The graceful horrors graven on his shield,
And terror sitting on his haughty crest ;
Then praise, embrace, and urge him to the war,
And then——

Ven. And then,
When the rough business of the day is o'er,
When all my glittering arms are red with slaughter,
And shouting Britons bring me home in triumph,
Let these dear arms be open to receive me,
To lull my cares, and soften 'em to rest ;
To make me lose the hero in the lover,
And all the soldier melt to love and peace.

Claui. Yes, and I 'll torture you a thousand ways,
With thousand thousand questions of the war ;
With trembling pleasure I will hear it all,
Heal every wound you name with balmy love,
Clasp my victorious hero in my arms,
Praise him in every little tender way,
And bless kind heaven for all the danger past.

Ven. Ye gods ! Is there such excellence in woman ?
By all the promises of glorious love,
I 'm so impatient till thou art all my own
I dare not lose a moment, though with thee ;
New dawning glory breaks upon my soul,
And all my spirit 's up to rush to battle,
To launch with fury on the wond'ring Romans,
Drive 'em to fate, then big with love and conquest
Fly to the altar with a bridegroom's joy,
Perform the hasty rites of holy marriage,
And seize the noble prize of all my labours.

Claui. Then sure I shall be free from odious love.

Ven. What means my blessing ?

Claui. Oh my Venutius, that grim royal Pict,
That joins his troops with us against the Romans,
That we 've so often doubted for a traitor ;
That fiend still troubles all my softer hours,
And haunts me with his saucy brutal passion.

Ven. Gods ! what, that finish'd piece of perfect monster ?
Durst he blaspheme the sacred name of love ?
I pity him ; use him, my Claudia, use him
For thy diversion ; he 's beneath thy scorn :
'Tis but a day, and then with envious eyes
He 'll see me triumph in my Claudia's beauty,
And never dare to own his passion more.
Farewell, my love, and though 't is death to part,
Yet for awhile my glory calls me from thee.

Clau. And will you go so soon? One moment longer.
Ven. Oh, I could stay an age, and still complain
 Of leaving thee too soon. But my charge waits me,
 And I must see my troops prepar'd for battle.
 Farewell! we part to meet in peace, to join
 For ever; join, and give an age to love. [*Exit Venutius.*]

Enter Comes and meets Claudia as she's going out.

Com. What! my brightest Amazon in arms again?
 The toil and danger of the war is o'er.
Clau. Have I not cause to wear a stronger guard,
 When a worse foe comes on?
Com. The Romans sure will tempt your rage no more.
Clau. But I fear thou wilt.
Com. Ha! then am I
 The foe you meant? I come, my beauteous Claudia,
 To talk of friendly things, of peace and love.
Clau. O think again, sir, for they both disown thee;
 There is no peace and love where thou art present,
 To mix thyself and spoil the godlike compound.
Com. Why dost thou dart at me those scornful beams
 Of angry beauty? Oh! look milder on me.
 'Twas love that made me first a foe to Rome,
 To fight and conquer with my beauteous Claudia.
 'Tis o'er, and that great love that first began 'em
 Should crown our labours, sweeten all our toils;
 Spring like our souls in the first heat of battle,
 And shoot with fury to each other's arms,
 To clasp and grapple 'midst triumphant joys.
Clau. Ha! this to me, the virgin pride of all Britain?
 Shall I be treated like a common prostitute?
 Am I thought mean enough for beastly passion,
 The recreation of his ranker hours?
Com. Forgive my hasty zeal; I love with honour.
 The sacred innocence that aton'd the gods,
 Before we drew our swords against the Romans,
 Burnt not a purer flame.
Clau. Urge me no more: thou talk of sacred love!
 Hast thou a nook in all that huddled frame
 Fit for so soft a guest? it cannot be.
 Fly from my sight, thou bungled botch of nature;
 Thou snuff of life, and ruins of a man!
Com. Once I was worthy your imperious beauty:
 Curse o' that British boy that charm'd you from me.
 Am I despis'd for him?
Clau. Rather curse nature, thou blaspheming fiend,
 That ne'er reform'd thy dross: curse thy own fate,
 That warm'd that unconcocted lump to life,
 Half finish'd into man. Art thou still here?
 Begone! I would not tell thee——
Com. More you cannot;
 The proudest of your sex, though scorn'd and loath'd,
 Could not have vented more true woman's spite
 Than you, for being lov'd—lov'd by a prince;
 And since you urge me thus, a prince above you.
Clau. Above me!
 This insolence has given me leave to tell thee,
 And I will speak:
 Have ye forgot the time, when like a slave
 Thou went'st prepar'd to gorge thy rank desire,
 Where a lewd strumpet kept her midnight court?

Dost thou remember how she loath'd thy person?
 E'en she, a prostitute to all beside,
 Started at thy appearance: I must laugh,
 And tell thee what the public voice confirms,
 That thou didst force, force even that common jilt,
 And in the very stews commit a rape;
 And dar'st thou own thy monstrous love to me,
 Scorn'd by a whore that every swain has sullied?
Com. Gods! can I bear all this, and still desire?
 All the rank malice of your haughty sex
 Is surely lodg'd in thee, to make me hate thee
 More than I ever lov'd; to make thy soul
 Ugly and loathsome as that ghastly terror
 Your impious fancy drew for me. Go then,
 Go to your lover's arms, and wanton there:
 I'll court disdain no more, no longer feast
 My hungry eyes on that proud beauty.
Clau. Then I'm your friend again; and now let's part,
 Part in this very pleasing careless mood,
 And ne'er from this kind resolution move:
 I will forget my scorn, and you your love.
 [*Exit Claudia, manet Comes, solus.*]

Com. And I my love? Gods! can she think I lov'd her?
 I'm unacquainted with that boyish passion;
 My soul's inspir'd with a nobler flame,
 A mighty governing lust shoots through my veins:
 I'll fawn no more, but force her to the bliss,
 And glut at once my vengeance and desire:
 I'll ravish her—my old experienc'd way;
 And generally, too, 'tis the consequence
 Of all my awkward wooing; the thought warms me.
 Ye gods! ye gods! how it would fire my soul
 To clasp this lovely fury in my arms!
 Whilst scorning to be pleas'd, she'd curse the pleasure;
 Till with a sudden rapture seiz'd she'd melt away,
 And springing give a loose to lusty joy.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Petilius and Decius, two Roman Captains.

Pet. Well, Captain, what commands from our general Suetonius?
 Are we all drawn yet? All prepar'd and order'd,
 Fit to be slaughter'd?
Dec. Brave news, Captain; our general has sent
 To have a treaty today with Caratach.
Pet. And fight with him tomorrow: for, my life on 't,
 They'll never conclude a peace. They may make treaties,
 But all they agree on will be, to knock one another on
 the head.
 Where do they meet?
Dec. Here on this eminence, between the two camps:
 And for my part I think it no scandal
 For the bravest Roman amongst us to wish

They may come to articles : for what can our
Shatter'd troops do against a hundred thousand Britons ?

Pet. Between no bread and pitch'd battles we have not
Men left enough to storm a village.
Suetonius is a noble general ; but I see no reason
Why we should be all slic'd and slaughter'd,
And dung and here, because he loves fighting.

Enter Junius.

Stay, stay, here comes the languishing Captain Junius :
Poor gentleman, he 's drawing on——

Dec. Not to his end, I hope.

Pet. The end of all flesh, woman : his thoughts ramble
After the Grecian captive he left behind at Rome.

Jun. Why, what a wretch am I ? This Grecian beauty
Has softened all that 's great and Roman in me :
I shall be hooted at by all the camp.

There 's not a slave that calls himself a soldier,
But 's brave enough to storm a whining lover.
Leave me, Petilius, my thoughts are busy.

Pet. Thou want'st drink : for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier, and dry him up
As thou art, but no drink ? Thou shalt have drink.

Jun. Prithee Petilius——

Pet. By my honour, much drink, valiant drink :
I see like a true friend into thy wants, 't is drink.
And when I leave thee to a dissolution,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.

Jun. Your fooling 's nauseous : why this drink ?
Drink to me——

Pet. Did I not find thee gaping like an oyster
For a new tide ? Why, thy very thoughts lie bare
Like a low ebb. Thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moor'd for want of liquor : I say still,
Thou want'st drink.

Jun. You have too much on 't ; therefore leave me, sir :
Belch not your drunken jests on me ;
I 'm not disposed for mirth.

Pet. May be thou want'st a whore too ? thou shalt have both :
A pretty valiant fellow, die for a little lap and leachery !
Hear, thou son of her

That loves a soldier ; hear what I promis'd for thee :
Thus I said, madam, I take your son for my com-
panion :

Madam, I love your son ; your son loves war ;
War loves danger ; danger, drink ; drink, discipline,
Which is society and leachery ; these two beget com-
manders.

Fear not, madam, your son shall lead with honour.

Jun. Does so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Become a man of arms ?

Pet. Any mirth, or any subject is better
Than unmanly mustiness : what harm 's in drink ?
In a good wholesome wench ? it cannot out
Of my head yet, handsomely : but thou wouldst
Feign be drunk ; come, no more fooling :
The general has new wine come over.

Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will ha' none, I thank ye.

Pet. None, I thank ye ; a short and pithy answer.
No company, no drink, no wench, I thank ye ;
A decent and modest resolution.

Enter Corporal Macer, and Soldiers.

Pet. What do these hungry rascals here ?

Mac. A bean, a bean ; a princely diet ;
A full banquet, to what we compass.

1st Sold. Fight like hogs for acorns.

2nd Sold. If this hold, Corporal Macer, we are starv'd.

Mac. For my part I 'm starv'd already ;
Not worth another bean :
A hard saying for an officer, and a man of action :
Look ye, gentlemen, my belly 's run away
From my coat ; and my doublet hangs so loose
That I can pull him over my head, like
A shirt : who 'd guess by the sharpness of my phiz
That I had any jaws ? and truly they are so
Very weak for want of chewing, that they
Can scarce keep open my face, so that the
Two flaps of my countenance are in danger
Of meeting ; and so for my part I 'll fight no more.
How stand the rest of your stomachs affected ?

All. No bits, no blows.

Pet. Do ye mutiny, you eating rascals ?
You fight no more ? no bits, no blows ?
Does Rome depend on your resolution
For eating beef and brewis ?

Mac. Would we had it !

Pet. Avaunt, ye slaves, or I 'll have ye all hang'd !
A sovereign help for hunger.

Mac. I may do service, Captain.

Pet. Yes, in a butcher-row. Come hither, Corporal :
Thou art the ringleader of 'em, and I 'll take
Care to get a particular reward for thee.

Mac. How much beef ?

Pet. Beef ! the Forks, sirrah,
Where thou shalt be taught the true virtue
Of temperance by a lictor and cat-o'-nine-tails :
This you 've deserv'd ; but beef, sirrah,
How dar'st thou expect beef ?

Hast thou done anything to deserve eating ?

Mac. Done miracles, Captain, miracles !
Enough to deserve feasting a twelvemonth.

Pet. What miracles, sirrah ?

Mac. What miracles have I done ? let me see :
Done ? why I have fasted a fortnight, which
Is a greater miracle than any hero of ye all
Can boast of, and enough to merit a banquet for life.

Pet. A fortnight ! what dost thou call fasting ?

How long is 't since thou eat'st last ?
Tell the truth.

Mac. I have not eat to the purpose——

Pet. To the purpose ? ye rogues, my company eat turf,
And ne'er grumble : they can digest timber,
And fight upon 't : Dare ye cry out for hunger,
And wear shoes ? suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves,
If ye be valiant to the purpose. A grievous penance !
Dost thou see that melancholy gentleman ?

Jun. For shame, what mean ye, Petilius ?

Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.

Mac. He has drank the more then, and that 's all one.

Pet. Nor drank, nor eat, nor slept these two months.

Jun. No more of this on your life, Petilius.

Pet. Go to him, Corporal ; 't is common profit :

Urge him to the point; he'll find you out
A strange food that needs neither teeth nor stomach;
That will feed ye as fat as a cramm'd capon,
And make ye fight like devils: to him, Corporal;
I'll warrant thee he'll teach thee a new way
Of getting dinners.

Mac. Captain, we do beseech you as poor soldiers,
Men that have seen good days,
Whose mortal stomachs may sometimes
Feel afflictions——

Jun. D'ye long to have your throats cut?

Pet. See what mettle it makes in him:
Two more meals of this, and there lies Caratach.

Mac. We do beseech you but to render in way
Of general good, in preservation——

Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye scoundrels!

Mac. Out of your pity, to give us your warlike remedy
Against the maw-worms; or notable receipt,
To live by nothing.

Pet. Out with your table-books!

Jun. Am I become your sport, Petilius?
Stand from my sword's point, slaves!
Your poor starv'd spirits can make me no oblation
For my love, else I would sacrifice ye all.

[*Exit Junius.*]

Mac. Alas! he lives by love, sir.

Pet. So he does, sir, and can't you do so too?
All my company are now in love; ne'er think of meat.
Ah-me's, and good hearty heigh-ho's, are salads
Fit for soldiers: live by meat, by larding up
Your bodies? 'tis lewd and lazy, and shows ye
Merely mortal, dull; and drives ye to fight
Like camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love, ye can whore well enough;
Though ye fast till ye are famish'd, yet still
Ye can crawl like crabs to wenches.
Away, the general's coming; get ye in love all,
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear no more
Of these rude murmurings, and discreetly carry
Your stomachs.

Mac. Food must be had: jog, boys, keep your files.

[*Exeunt Macer and Companions.*]

Enter Suetonius attended.

Suet. This is the fatal field, the very place
Where Caratach has led his troops to face us;
And with rude fury and unskillful conduct
Broke through the force of all our noble order:
Where'er we set a foot in all this place,
We trample on a Roman's tomb; but now, old Caratach,
Now we shall meet thee here
On milder terms, to treat of peace.

Pet. Well then, I shall meet him once at least
Without the hazard of my person:
Now I may possibly retreat without that
Honourable comfort to a soldier, of good substantial
Hits and wounds; the gracefulness of half a face;
An arm dangling by my side, and three parts of me
Groaning for a surgeon.

Suet. Their valour and success are perfect miracles.
How strange 't was to behold their first encounter!

Ten thousand carts, and all with sythes and hooks,
In full career, they drove amidst our army,
And mow'd whole troops: here, half a Roman
Lay ghastly sprawling on the bearded hooks,
His other half left starving on the bloody plain.
There, ranks of veterans, the pride of Rome,
We snatch'd up whole, and mixt their hideous cries.

Pet. Two or three of their carts were very decently
Hung round with my company.

Enter Caratach and four Gentlemen.

Suet. But see, Petilius, Caratach appears,
The only man that dares be foe to Rome.

Car. The only man that dares be friend to Rome:
Never a foe but when my sword is drawn
For honourable slaughter: now 'tis sheath'd,
And here I'm come to make a league with Cæsar.
What are the terms that great Suetonius offers?

Suet. I offer peace, the greatest, noblest gift,
And such an one as Romans rarely offer,
Or stoop to grant.

Car. And such an one as Britons too
Will always scorn to take, without such terms
We can accept with honour.

Suet. What the success
Of the last battle gave ye, keep secure.
We give you back too all the towns, the wealth,
And captives taken in the last campaign.

Car. I will not bargain like a sly shroud trader:
But hear a soldier speak. There's not one inch
Of ground you've got since the first Cæsar landed
But must be ours, or let the war decide it;
For by your heaven, and great Andates' power,
Whilst there's one eagle wav'd in British air,
I'll never hear of peace, but war, eternal war.

Suet. Then war, eternal war, I echo back.
Shall I now sacrifice my whole life's honour,
I that ne'er march'd but to increase our empire?
And shall I now for a week's ill-success
Resign at once the conquest of an age?
I that so oft have entered Rome, when placed
On high amidst a crowd of captive princes;
I sat like one enthron'd, and careless viewed
A nation shouting by my loaded chariot,
That slowly wheel'd along the royal pomp,
And crackt beneath the burden of the triumph:
And shall I now at last return, the scorn
And everlasting scandal of a Roman?
Could I do this, not only pointing Rome,
But thou too, Caratach, thou'dst call me coward.

Car. By heaven, I should. Now by the blood that warms thee,
By that true rigid temper that has forg'd
Our tempers so alike, I swear, O Roman,
Thou'st fir'd my soul to arms; I long to meet thee
Drest in my dinted armour, hew my passage,
To reach Suetonius in the midst of havoc,
And grapple with thee for this spot of earth,
Till one of us fall dead.

Suet. O more than Briton!

Car. O truly equal
To the great spirits that inform'd old Rome!

Wert thou a god, I could not call thee more.
Why are we foes? sure nature means us friends,
And hand in hand, when the loud signal sounds,
To start out jointly in the race of fame,
To pant along the rough unbeaten way
At our full stretch, and touch the goal together.

Suet. Whatever nature meant, in spite of war,
And all the Roman blood thou 'st bravely spilt,
We will be friends today.

Car. Thus I advance
To meet thee then, and once without a wound.

Suet. Come on, my friend, I will not be outdone
In kindness. What, so near, and not embrace?

Car. Yes, firmly close, as if we never meant
To hew each other down, and end the scene
In blood. Should Cæsar see us link'd together,
Riveted thus like the first furious clasps
Of lovers in the heat of stolen delight,
Think'st thou his boding soul could yet look forward,
And see us in the field, where clashing swords,
Chopt arms, cleft helmets, and the dying groans
Of slaughter'd troops shall drown our warlike trumpets,
And show a thousand ways our rage in battle?

Suet. No; he, e'en he, might study here the hero,
And learn with us to change revenge for honour.

Car. Honour does nothing; all the world's at peace
Till some stale malice hurries them to war;
And then the fretful heroes rail abroad
Worse than their wives at home insult when victors;
As if their only business was revenge.
But let them that are truly valiant know
From us, what 't is to be a friendly foe.
We'll part in all the laws of love and peace,
The crush of death must be our next embrace.

[*Exit Caratach.*]

Suet. Now by the gods of Rome, one single valour,
The courage of the mighty Caratach,
More doubts me than all the Britons. He's a soldier,
So forg'd out and so temper'd for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men. Be sure you hearten
Your shatter'd troops to give the onset briskly.
Since we must fight, fury must be our fortune.
Look to those eating rogues that bawl for victuals;
Tell 'em, if now they push the conquest home,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em.

Pet. That's the best argument. The generous soldiers
Spare begging conquer'd foes, but when they dine
They give no quarter to a lusty chine.
Thus the well-booted Greeks before Troy town
Still pray'd for beef enough to swallow down,
And eat as well as fought to get renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Corporal Macer, and other Soldiers, as a-foraging.

CATCH, sung by the Soldiers.

Jack, thou 'rt a toper, let's have t' other quart:
Ring, we're so sober, 't were a shame to part.
None but a drunkard, bully'd by his wife
For coming late, fears a domestic strife.
I'm free, and so are you, to call and knock boldly,
Though watchmen cry, Past two o'clock.

Mac. Keep your files, keep your files,
I begin to have a strange aversion for
This side of the camp.

1st Sold. If we venture any further, our throats are in danger.

Mac. Not of swallowing anything, I fear. We're just upon
the out-guards of the Britons; but one comfort is, they'll have
but a poor booty of us if we are taken: for my part, I have not
flesh enough left to dine a louse. If we could but meet some
good fat straggling Britons now.

2nd Sold. What then, Corporal?

Mac. What then, you rogue? a good fat corpulent well-
cramm'd Briton is provision for a prince. I am a soldier of
prey, and will kill all I meet and devour all I kill.

1st Sold. You'd let 's have some share in the eating as well
as the killing, Corporal; wouldn't ye?

Mac. We'd make a dividend on 'em; I wouldn't cheat ye of
one single chitterling; all the garbage should be your own;
good substantial tripe; where, for aught I know, you might
find beef ready chewed, and capers haply not digested.

3rd Sold. Shall we venture on? there's no great difference
between hanging and starving.

Mac. On, on! there's a comfortable thing call'd a head of
cattle hard by: march, keep your files. If I could but meet
some good fat Britons, as I said before, I'd so maul 'em.

[*Exeunt, and after a little while re-enter, running over the
stage, the Britons after them.*]

Mac. Fly, fly, fly! the enemy, the enemy!
A whole troop of 'em!

Britons. Are you so bold, sirs? have at ye.

[*Exeunt Britons pursuing Macer and the rest, after a little time
re-enter Britons dragging in Macer and his companions.*]

Britons. Learn to keep your quarters, scoundrel.
What make ye here? D' ye long to be truss'd up?

Mac. You are such lean rogues, I've no stomach t' ye;
You are not worth a-fighting for.

Britons. You're scarce worth a-hanging. But because you
are Romans, you shall have the honour conferred on you in
due time. Come on, cowards.

Mac. O all ye mortals that are wise,
Abstain from fasting, I advise.
'T was fasting brought these honest fellows
And Corporal Macer to the gallows.

[*Exeunt Britons, dragging Macer out, and his confederates.*]

BND OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Enter Nennius, Soldiers with Macer, and other Soldiers with halters
about their necks.*

Nenn. Come, hang 'em presently. What made your rogue-
ships
Harrying for victuals here? Are we your friends?
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now?
Do ye not long for it?

Mac. No, not much : I'll ask my fellow-skeletons
How they approve of it. What say you?
Shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must ;
And 't is as good to dispatch it merrily,
As hang an arse to it.

1st Sold. Any way, so it be handsome.

Mac. I'd as leave 't were toothsome too.

2nd Sold. Nay faith, since we must hang,
Let 's hang pleasantly.

Mac. Then pleasantly be it, Captain. The truth on't is,
We had as leave hang with meat in our mouths,
As ask your pardon empty.

Nenn. What say you to a chine of beef now, sirrah ?

Mac. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell you.

Nenn. Or what think you of a wench, sirrah ?

Mac. 'T would be excellent if she were well boil'd,
Or roasted ; but I am somewhat too low kept
To make use of her any way but with my teeth.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now what's the matter ?
What are these fellows ? What's the crime com-
mitted,
That they wear necklaces ?

Nenn. They are Roman rogues, taken a-foraging.

Car. Is that all, Nennius ?

Mac. Would I were fairly hang'd ! This is that devil,
That kill-crow Caratach.

Car. And would you hang them ?

Nenn. Are they not our enemies ?

Car. Enemies ! Flea-traps.
Pluck off your halters, fellows.

Nenn. Take heed, Caratach : taint not your wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, Nennius !
Why, who shall fight against us ? make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we dispatch our foes thus ? What's their offence ?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger ?
Does this deserve the gallows ? poor hungry knaves,
That have no meat at home, are you not hungry ?

Mac. Monstrous hungry.

Car. That fellow wears the very face of hunger :
Get them some meat and wine to cheer their hearts.
Make haste, I say.

1st Sold. What does he mean by this, Captain ?

Mac. To let us alone, because we are not worth hanging.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves : why where's this wine
And meat ? Who waits there ?

Enter Servants with wine and meat, and Hengo with them.

Serv. 'T is here, Sir.

Heng. Who are these, Uncle ?

Car. They are Romans, boy.

Heng. Are these they
That vex my aunt so ? Can these fight ?
They look like men of clouts, set to keep crows
From orchards : why I dare fight with these.

Car. That's my good chicken.

Well, gentlemen, how d' ye feel your stomachs ?

Mac. Mightily coming, sir.

Car. I find a little grace will serve your turns.
Give them some wine.

Mac. Not yet, we're very busy.

Heng. Hark'e, fellow, can ye do anything but eat ?

Mac. Yes, I can drink too ; prithee hold thy peace,
Little boy, I'm busy.

Car. Here, famine, here's to thy general.

Mac. Thank you ; now I believe I have time
To pledge you.

Car. Fill them more wine, give them full bowls.
Now which of you all, in recompense
Of this favour, dare give me a home-thrust
In the next battle ?

Mac. Why faith, Sir, to do you a sufficient recompense,
I don't much care if I knock your brains out.

Car. Do, faith I'll forgive thee.

Hen. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd :
Thou knock his brains out ? Thou skin of man !
Uncle, I will not hear this.

Mac. Pray, little gentleman, don't spoil my stomach ;
You eat when you will : I am glad to eat
When I can get it.

Hengo. You kill my uncle ?

Car. He shan't, child.

Hen. He cannot, he's a rogue,
An eating rogue : oh that I were a man !

Mac. By this wine, the youth's brimful of provocation ;
But 't is no matter : here, noble Caratach,
Thy health.

1st Sold. Hark ye, Macer, if he should hang us now
After all ?

Mac. Let him, I'll hang like a gentleman and a Roman.
Captain, your humble servant : we thank you heartily
For your good cheer ; and shall be glad to meet you
As well provided as we meet you now.

Car. Go, see them to their tents, their wine
Has overmaster'd them.

[*Exeunt Caratach, Hengo, and Nennius.*]

Mac. Well, bless the founder, I say : a pox of
These Britons, I say, how many pounds of beef
Do they devour to our one pound of horse-flesh ?
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Temple.

*Enter Druids and Priestesses singing ; Bonduca, Claudia, Bonvica,
Venutius, Nennius, Comes, Hengo, &c.*

1st Dr. Hear us, Great Rugwith, hear our prayers.

2nd Dr. Defend, defend thy British isle.

1st Dr. Revive our hopes,
Disperse our fears.

1st Pr. Nor let thine altars be the Roman spoil.

Chorus. Descend, ye powers divine, descend

3rd Dr. In chariots of ethereal flame,
And touch the altars you defend.

Chorus. O save our nation and our name !

Solo—Third Druid.

Hear, ye gods of Britain, hear us this day ;
Let us not fall the Roman eagle's prey ;
Clip, clip their wings, or chase them home,
And check the tow'ring pride of Rome.

Oracle. ————— First learn their doom.

Bond. You powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers.
Hear us, you great revengers : and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours ;
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast : the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless.
Rise from the dust, the relics of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing!
O rise, ye valiant bones ! let not base earth
Oppress your honour, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks and wipes out all your stories.

Fen. Thou great Tyranes, whom your sacred priests,
Arm'd with their dreadful thunder, play'd on high,
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts
And shoot 'em home : stick in each Roman heart
A fear for fit confusion. Blast their spirits :
Dwell in 'em to destruction : through their phalanx
Strike as thou strik'st a proud tree ;
Shake their bodies ; make their strengths totter,
And their hopeless fortunes unroot,
And reel to Rome.

Clau. O thou God ! if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs and ravishments of women,
With virgin innocence, have access, now hear me ;
Now snatch that thunder up : now on these Romans,
Despisers of thy power and of thy altars,
Revenge thyself : take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken ;
And utter rooting from this blessed isle
Of what Rome is or has been.

Bond. Give more incense ;
The gods are deaf or drowsy. No happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts : pour on.

Bonv. See, heaven, and all you powers that guide us :
See, and shame we kneel so long for pity
At your altars, since 't is no light oblation
That you look for, no incense offering :
We will hang our eyes ; and as we wear
These stones with hourly weeping,
So will we melt your powers into compassion.

Hengo. This tear for Prostatagus, my brave father,
Ye gods ! Now think on Rome : this for my mother,
And all her miseries : O see and save us !

Bond. The first takes !

Car. It does so ; but no flame rises.
Cease your fearful prayers,
Your whimmerings, and your lame petitions :
The gods love courage arm'd with innocence,
And prayers fit to pull 'em down : weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute them :
Divine Andate ! thou who hold'st the reins
Of furious battles and disorder'd war,
And proudly roll'st thy swarthy chariot wheels
Over the heaps and wounds of carcasses,
Sailing through seas of blood ; thou sure-steel'd,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows on both sides ; wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in : steel us both with angers,

And warlike executions fit thy viewing.
Let Rome put on her best strength : and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud as daring :
And then look on, thou red-ey'd god, who does
Reward with honour, who despair makes fly ;
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy.
Grant this, divine Andate ! 't is but justice,
And my first blow, thus on this holy altar,
I sacrifice unto thee.

Bond. It flames out.
Car. Now sing, ye Druids !

Duet—1st and 2nd Priestess.

Sing, sing, ye Druids ! All your voices raise,
To celebrate divine Andate's praise.

Chorus.

Sing, sing divine Andate's praise.

Recitative—Chief Druid.

Divine Andate ! president of war,
The fortune of the day declare.
Shall we to the Romans yield ?
Or shall each arm that wields a spear
Strike it through a massy shield,
And dye with Roman blood the field ?

Oracle. ————— Much will be spill'd.

Duet—1st and 3rd Druid.

To arms, to arms ! your ensigns straight display :
Now, now, now, set the battle in array.
The oracle of war declares
Success depends upon our hearts and spears.

Solo and Chorus.

Britons, strike home : revenge your country's wrongs ;
Fight and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

Bond. 'T is out again.
Car. They've given us leave to fight yet :
We ask no more ; the rest hangs on our resolutions.
Tempt her no more.
Bond. I would know further, cousin.
Car. Her hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours ;
Our valours are our best gods. Come, let's march.
This day the Romans gain no more ground here
Than what his body lies in.
Bond. On then, my soldiers !
Thy words have made me certain of success.
For when brave Caratach does lead the way,
The Britons cannot fail to win the day.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Comes and Venutius.*

Com. They must not then have boys to fight their battles.
Fen. What says Comes ?
Com. I said,
Whilst women rule, and boys command in war,
We've ask'd the gods what they will never grant us.
Nor need Rome triumph for a victory
(O my prophetic fears !) so cheaply purchas'd.
Fen. A victory, and by the Romans gotten !
Where's then the courage of our generous Britons,
So lately tried in the successful battles ?
O all ye gods ! Can there be more in men,
More daring spirits ? Still they make good their
fortunes,
And let the Romans know, this little isle
Itself a world is, more than that they've conquer'd.

Com. And let the bold Venutius know, and tell it
His proud vain-glorious heart, ere the sun sets
Poor Britain veils her glories in everlasting darkness.

Ven. O no, she'll yet raise her victorious head,
Look o'er the rugged Alps, and make Rome tremble.
Methinks I see the big war moving forwards :
Hark how they shout to th' battle ! how the air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces
With the huge vollied clamours ! Hear the Romans
Tearing the earth in the bitter pangs of death.
The Britons there (Comes, methinks I see it)
In the face of danger pressing on to conquest.

Com. Here the unhappy queen,
(Hard chance of war!) by common hands
Stript of her majesty, and to the Roman general
Led a captive ; there her two beauteous
Daughters made the slaves of lust and scorn.
Methinks I do behold that heavenly form,
An abstract of all goodness,
The poor much-pitied Claudia.

Ven. Ha ! what say'st thou ?
By heaven, I fear thou art about to utter
Something the basest Roman slave would start at !
Shall she, my Claudia, say'st thou ? But we trifle ;
And sure thou didst it only to whet my courage,
Of itself apt and prone to execute.

Com. Be it so then. See who dares most today
For love and for thy Claudia, thou or I.

Ven. Now thou'rt brave, and I shall truly love thee :
Sound all your dreadful instruments of war,
Till Rome's best sons start at the warlike noise.
Come on, and whilst we thus together move,
I'll show Rome how to fight, thee how to love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Suetonius, Petilius, and Roman Officers.

Suet. Now, my brave countrymen, the time is come
To gain a conquest or a grave in Britain.
The enemy, my fellow-soldiers, wait us.
Are ye all ready ?

Pet. All our troops attend, sir.

Suet. To bid you fight is needless, you are Romans ;
The name will fight itself. To tell you
Who you go to fight against, his power and nature,
But loss of time : go on in full assurance ;
Draw your swords as daring
And as confident as justice.
Go on, I say, valiant and wise : rule, heaven,
And all ye great aspects attend 'em.
Do but blow upon this enemy, who but that
We want foes cannot deserve that name ;
And like a mist, a lazy fog before your burning
Valours, you'll find him fly to nothing. This is all ;
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours ; fight and conquer.

Pet. That man who loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot !

Suet. Sufficient.

Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder ;
March close, and sudden as a tempest ; keep your phalanx

Sure-lin'd and piec'd together ; your spears forward,
And so march like a moving fort ; ere night shall come
Britain shall give us graves, or yield to Rome.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Caratach, Nennius and Soldiers.

Nen. The Romans are advanc'd ; from yonder hills
We may behold them, Caratach.

Car. Let's thither.
I see the dust fly ; now I see the body :
Observe 'em, Nennius ; by heav'n a handsome body !
And of a few, strongly and wisely jointed.
Suetonius is a soldier.

Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by their regiments,
Viewing their preparation.

Car. Very likely.
He shows no less than general : see how bravely
The body moves ; and in the head, how proudly
The captains stick like plumes ! He comes on apace :
Good Nennius, go hasten my brave lieutenant ;
Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em ;
The Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
So gain their backs, in which I'll lead
The vanguard. We shall have bloody crowns
This day, I see by it ; haste thee, good Nennius,
I'll follow instantly. How close they march,
As if they grew together ! no place but lin'd alike,
Sure from oppression.

They will not change this figure.
We must charge 'em, and charge 'em home,
They'll never totter else.

Hark ! I hear our music, and must attend it.
Hold, good sword, but this day, and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests.
Oh, great Andate, on thy soldier smile,
And drive these Romans from thy British isle.

Enter Suetonius, Petilius, &c.

Suet. O bravely fought ! Honour till now ne'er show'd
Her glorious face in the field. Like lion-soldiers,
You've held your heads up this day.
Where's young Junius ?

Pet. Gone to heaven, I think, sir ; I saw him fall.

Suet. His worth go with him, for he was a soldier.
See he has all the noble rites of funeral.
Bravely he fought, my friends, bravely he fell.
And since in the bloody field he sought a grave,
Let warlike instruments attend him thither.
Hark ! they come on again ! Charge, charge, my soldiers !

Enter Caratach, Bonduca, Claudia, Venutius, Bonvica, and Hengo.

Car. Charge 'em in the flank : oh, you have play'd the fool,
The fool extremely !

Bond. Why, cousin ?

Car. The woman-fool ! why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people
In gross before the enemy ? We pay for it : our own
Swords cut our throats.

Why do you offer to command ?

Why do you meddle in men's affairs ?

Bond. I'll help all yet, my soldier.

Car. Go home and spin.

Now comes the tempest on :

Oh woman ! woman ! At the first design'd

A plague, and sure destruction to mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Suctonius, Petilius, &c.

Suet. Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans !

The world cannot redeem 'em ; they are ours.

Charge close, Petilius haste, one sudden blow

Must be the Britons' certain overthrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bonduca, Venutius, Claudia, Bonvica, &c.

Bond. Whither fly you ? Stay, you shames of Britain !

Back, back, ye cowards ! Oh ye fearful hares !

Doves in your anger ! will you leave your Queen ?

Leave her thus desolate with her hapless children

To Roman rape and fury ?

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards, ye have wings enough I find.

Oh, woman, woman, thou hast lost all !

Bond. Forgive me, noble Caratach.

Car. May heaven forgive you ! hasten to your castle,

There 's your last refuge ; farewell, wretched queen.

Hark, how the Romans ring

Our knells ! Away !

[*Exeunt Bonduca, &c.*]

Hengo. Good uncle, let me go too ;

I'm frighted at this noise ; it sounds, methinks,

Like thunder.

Car. No, my boy :

Thy fortune 's mine, and I will never leave thee :

Thou might'st have been a heir to Britain's

Crown, but that the ill conduct of thy mother lost that.

But hark ! the enemy approaches near ;

We must be gone, my boy ; but heaven knows where :

For Britain now submits to Roman powers,

And nothing but our lengths of earth are ours.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Venutius and Claudia.

Ven. All 's lost ! all 's lost ! and our British soil,
So often fed with dying Roman's blood,
Is now all covered o'er with slaughtered Britons ;
Whose yet warm gore lies reeking on the plains,
As if our mother earth refused a draught
So horrid and unnatural.

Clau. Where'er

Our fears conduct us, still we may behold
The dead, or dying, whose louder cries o'ercome
The exclamations of the conquering Romans.

Ven. Let 'em cry on, till their wild voices reach
You azure mansion of the partial gods ;
But they are deaf, or sure we might have hop'd for
A happier harvest of our well-tun'd prayers.

Clau. Injurious heaven, where 's now our promised bliss ?
The good old priest that should have join'd our loves ?
The virgin hands to lead us to the temple,
And Hymen's lamp to smile upon our joys ?
No priests ! no virgins' hands, or lamp of Hymen !
Or if there is, 't is blown into a flame ;
The flame of war, that with devouring haste
Bounds o'er the land.

Ven. O Claudia ! thou beauty's excellence !
Thou glorious prize of my yet fruitless labours !
The cause and the reward of all my toils !
Did I for thee and honour draw my sword,
And must I, must I sheath it in dishonour ?

Clau. No more, my hero ; for in spite of fortune,
(Fortune, a coward-slave to a soul like thine)
Thou still art great, far greater in thyself
Than all the conquests of insulting Rome.

Let me gaze on thee, fly into thy arms,
Drown all my cares in ecstasies of joy ;
For though the world is lost, I'll triumph here.

Ven. Hear this, ye gods ! hear this, and from the crowd
Of all the darling Romans, bring a faith
That dares to match with hers.

Clau. No : though conquer'd, I'm still a princess ; daughter
To a queen, the great Bonduca ; her
Whose powerful arms have lash'd the fury
Of those stubborn tyrants ; these sons of the empire,
Thunderbolts of war, whose wild ambition
Seems t' outbrave the stars.

Ven. O thou great soul ! thou generous heir to all
Thy mother's beauty and thy father's virtue !
How oft in times to come, when fame shall ripen
The stories of thy fortune, will the virgins
Bow to thy name, and in the height of wonder
Change all their woman's fears for manly courage ;
And the young hero sleg'd with dear-bought conquest
Melt into love ; wish to have liv'd like me,
Thus to admire, thus close to press thee ever !

Enter Comes.

Clau. No more, my love ; see where the Pict appears !
Good heaven ! Does he still live ? And could not fate,
Arm'd with so many weapons, find his head,
And ease the earth that groans beneath the monster ?

Com. I could not fight, my itching flesh oppos'd
The dictates of my soul : truth is, I never knew
A whining lover but he was a coward ;
And yet they say, that woman's toy, Venutius,
That youth, who has the hero and the lover
Blended together, did work miracles,
And in the foremost ranks sustain the battle.
Why be it so, had she encourag'd me
Like him, perhaps I might have dar'd beyond him.

Ven. How gloomy and distracted he appears !

Clau. His looks wear horror, and his thoughts destruction.

Com. She's but a woman, proud and obstinate :
 And when I know a thousand may be had,
 Why should I vilely lose one thought on her,
 And to her folly sacrifice my quiet ?
 Ha ! she's here, and her proud minion with her :
 'Tis fixt within, and fate waits ready for him.
 Hail, wondrous youth ! 'Thou glory of this isle !
 Blest Britain's hopes, and terror of the Romans,
 Whose eagles, that once led 'em on to conquest,
 Now hide their heads and flag their trembling wings.

Clau. What means this sycophant ?

Com. Whose very name
 Can do the work of twenty thousand soldiers ;
 The noblest tempers e'er drew sword for slaughter
 Are proud to be compared to thee, thou hero,
 Whose yet green youth has done the work of ages.

Ven. Come, no more ; I know thy pride, and scorn it :
 But if thou art wise don't urge me beyond bearing.
 'This sword, still warm with the bold Romans' blood,
 Ne'er yet unsheath'd but in bright honour's field,
 Shall do a murder on thee, if thou dost.

Com. Yes, now thou talk'st ; stay, let me view him nearer :
 Is this Venutius ? This the youth that basely
 Whistled his honour off to the wind, and coldly
 Shrunk his inglorious head, whilst the rough soldier
 Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest ?
 Thou popinjay ! Thou ten degrees beyond
 A coward ! What, fly to a woman's arms !
 Forsake the field so basely ! Out upon 't !
 Thou fit to fight with Romans ! Thou a soldier !
 Go home and hang thy arms up ; let rust rot 'em :
 Go take a distaff, fool ; for what brave soldier,
 What man that loves to fight for Britain,
 Will ever follow thee ?

Ven. Did I do this ? Did I forsake the field ?
 Did I, when courted by loud fame and fortune,
 Shrink back my head, or in a woman's arms
 Melt down my manly courage ? O all ye gods !
 Must I bear this ? Must I with patience bear it ?
 Nay, then I am that fool, that thing he call'd me :
 Follow thou, friend, follow me if thou dar'st.
 Come to the field, there thou shalt see this coward,
 This woman's toy, this popinjay, do wonders ;
 And what before the admiring army saw,
 Thou shalt behold again.
 Ha ! laugh'st thou, hell-hound !

Com. Yes, to see thee rave.
 Where's now thy wisdom, and that manly temper
 Thou hast so often bragged of ? Behold now
 That abject Pict, as thou hast proudly call'd me,
 Can move thy soul, and work it beyond madness.

Clau. Out, thou infernal monster,
 Half man, half devil ; but ten times worse than both.

Com. Good lady variety, are all my actions
 So poor and lost, my services so barren,
 That I'm remembered in no nobler language ?

Clau. Remember ! I'd blot thee from my thoughts ;
 Thy person is so foul, thy name so loathsome,
 It blisters every tongue dares mention it.
 Come, my Venutius, let us to the fort
 Whither the lost Bonduca is retired

With my unhappy sister, and leave him
 To the worst of torments, his own conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

Com. Farewell, proud fool ; next time we meet
 Your tongue shall move in softer terms,
 And your stiff heart bow down in prayers
 To this loathsome monster,
 This hated Pict ; for ere tomorrow's light
 Your sun shall set in everlasting night.

[*Fvit.*

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Car. How does my boy ?

Hengo. I would do well, my heart's well ;
 I been't afraid, uncle.

Car. My good boy.

Hengo. I know, uncle, we must all die :
 My little brother died ; I saw him die ;
 And he died smilingly ; sure there is no
 Great pain in't, uncle : but pray tell me
 Whither must we go when we are dead, uncle ?

Car. Strange questions !
 Why, to the blessed'st place, boy : eternal sweetness
 And happiness dwell there.

Hengo. Will you come to me ?

Car. Yes, my sweet boy.

Hengo. My aunt too, and my cousins ?

Car. All, my good child.

Hengo. No Romans, uncle ?

Car. No, boy.

Hengo. I should be loath to meet them there.

Car. No ill men,
 That live by violence and strong oppression
 Come thither ; 't is for those the gods love, good men.

Hengo. Why then, I care not when I go ; for surely
 I am persuaded they love me : I never did anything
 To vex my mother in my life ; and indeed, uncle,
 Every night, before I went to bed, I said my prayers.

Car. Thou shalt go there then,
 Indeed thou shalt.

Hengo. When they please, uncle.

Car. That's my good boy :
 Art thou not weary, Hengo ?

Hengo. Weary, uncle !
 I've heard you say you've march'd all day in armour.

Car. I have, boy.

Hengo. Am I not of your blood ?

Car. Yes, my child.

Hengo. Then, pray, why can't I do so too ?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Hengo. What, to go upon my legs ! why they were
 Made to bear me : I can play twenty mile a-day.
 I see no reason but to preserve my country
 And myself I should walk forty.

Car. What would'st thou be ? Living to wear a man's
 strength ?

Hengo. Why, a Caratach ;
 A Roman hater ; a scourge sent from heaven,
 To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.
 Hark, hark ! uncle, I hear a drum !

Enter Macer and Soldiers.

- Mac.* Beat softly ; softly, I say. They are here.
Who dares charge ?
- 1st Sold.* He that dares be knock'd on the head.
I'll not come near him.
- Mac.* Retire again, and watch then : how he stares !
He has eyes would kill a dragon.
Mark the boy well ; if we could take, or kill him :
A pox upon you, how fierce you look !
Back, back on 's back, I say ; he has found us.
[Retires.]
- Car.* Do you hunt us ?
- Hengo.* Uncle, good uncle, see the thin starv'd rascal,
The eating Roman ! Kill him, dear uncle, kill him.
- Car.* Do you make us foxes ?
Here, hold my spear, and keep the place, boy :
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear him.
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels !
[Exeunt.]
- Hengo.* Look, how he pays 'em ! Oh that I had a man's
strength !

Enter Macer.

- Mac.* A plague of your heavy hands ; I'm glad
I've escaped you : ha ! here's the boy ! My own,
I thank my fortune.
- Hengo.* O Lord ! Uncle, uncle ! Famine is fall'n upon me,
uncle.
- Mac.* Come, sir, yield willingly ; your uncle's out of hearing.
Hark ye, sirrah, give me the spear ; I shall
Tickle your young tail else.
- Hengo.* I defy thee, thou mock-made-man of might.
Hark ye, sirrah ; charge home, or I shall tickle
Your lean carcase for you.
- Mac.* As I live, the boy will beat me.
How it looks ! Look 'e, look 'e, how the little toad
swells !
Ye little rogue, you ; yield, or I'll cut your head off.
- Hengo.* You cut my head off, sirrah ! If I thought you
Had any brains, I'd dash 'em out with the wrong end
Of my uncle's staff. Come on, I have twenty ways
To charge thee ; twenty deaths attend my bloody hand.
- Mac.* Sure 't is the devil, a dwarf-devil in a doublet.

Enter Soldiers running.

- Sold.* Fly, fly, corporal ! He comes, he comes.
- Mac.* The devil take the hindmost.
[Exeunt running.]
- Hengo.* Ah you rogues, you runaway rogues !
He comes, he comes, he comes : that's he, boys.
What a brave cry they make !

Enter Caratach with a head.

- Car.* How does my chicken ?
- Hengo.* Faith uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier ;
For by the virtue of your spear, and a strange
Fighting face I put upon 't, I have outbrav'd
Hunger.
- Car.* That's my boy, my sweet boy : here, here's
A Roman's head for thee.
- Hengo.* And very good provision, uncle. Before I starve,

My pretty gentleman, I shall make bold to taste
The sweetness of your calf's head.

- Car.* A right complete soldier : come, chicken,
Let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest awhile in ;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country : fruits and water
Must be your food awhile, boy.
- Hengo.* Anything.
I can eat moss, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.
- Car.* I'll warrant you,
Since you the fall of Britain have decreed,
And that your votaries must by Romans bleed,
O Rugwith ! O Andate ! oh ye powers !
Since you the fall of Britain have decreed,
Let then your votaries by these Romans bleed.
Rather than make us to the conqueror slaves,
Give them our kingdom, and give us our graves.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Comes dragging in Claudia.

- Clau.* O whither, whither wouldst thou drag me, villain ?
- Com.* To do a deed thou'lt thank me for when done :
Why all this vain resistance ? Can you move
The rocks or trees to pity your complaints ?
I am as firm and resolute in my purpose :
Nor would I quit my purchase for a kingdom.
Where now is all the pride, that woman's pride,
With which you melt the endearments of my love ?
- Clau.* 'T is here ; 't is fixt for ever in my soul :
I always scorn'd, but now I hate thee too.
And sure ——
If there are gods, and virtue be their care,
I'm still secure from thy abhor'd attempts.
Some unseen power will strike thee in the act,
And impotence blast all thy expectations.
- Comes.* Why, be it so ? I'll put it to the trial.
But, madam, you shall find, and find with pleasure,
Not all the powers of heaven can disarm me.
Come on ; your tears are now as vain and fruitless
As were my prayers, when I ask'd your love.
- Clau.* Love ! and to thee ! Thou art a thing so loathsome,
Nature has shut thee quite from that thou art ;
Made like the bird of night, to be pursu'd,
Abhor'd, and loath'd by all thy fellow-creatures.
- Com.* Woman, woman, oh how I love this pride !
Thou now art fit to be belov'd by me ;
Not made to fill our arms the vulgar way.
- Clau.* Oh, I have been to blame ; my foolish tongue
Betray'd the weakness of my unwary heart :
Th' art fair as light and innocent as truth ;
Royal by birth, by nature excellent.
- Com.* This is far more than my revenge e'er hop'd for ;
Not only to enjoy thy body, but

Bend down thy soul in fear and flattery,
Which feeds both my anger and my love.
Nay, come, your minion's safely laid :
His sword, proud beauty, will never more
Be drawn in your defence.

Enter Venutius.

Ven. Oh where, where is this proud imperious villain ?
Clau. He 's here, he 's here. Ye gods, poor Claudia thanks
you.

Ven. Have at thee, prince ; thus I salute. [*Draws.*]
Com. Are you so hot, sir ? I have that
Shall cool you.

[*Fight here, and Comes falls.*]

Curse of your sword ! You are too sure a marksman.
Ven. Farewell ! and tell thy fellow-devils below
'Tis to Venutius' sword thou ow'st thy death ;
A fate too noble for a wretch like thee.

Com. I 'm going, but leave my curse behind me.
May'st thou still love, and be like me rewarded.
Death, horror, and despair ! Where am I now ?

[*Dies.*]

Clau. Come to my arms, my hero, born for conquest ;
Dearer and greater in the single combat
Than all the labours of the busy day !
Ha ! but he bleeds ! O all ye gods, he bleeds !
Those precious drops that might redeem a kingdom,
In silent pace, bear his dear life away.
O fatal conquest ! dear-bought victory !
O wondrous proof of unexampled love !

Ven. Love ! Yes, I call the unknowing gods to witness
How much I love thee ; through what seas of danger
I have ventur'd for thee. Thou art that precious
Diamond, that glorious prize, which, seated on a rock,
From far hast drawn the eyes of the beholders !
I the bold lover, who in spite of fortune,
By heav'n encourag'd, and guided by my love,
Rode o'er the raging waves and bore thee off.
Ha ! have I not ? What Piet shall now oppose us ?
What Roman sword shall interrupt our peace ?
The winds are still ; heaven gently smiles upon us :
'Tis all serene, and I am thine for ever.

Clau. Alas, thou rav'st ! 't is madness all thou utterest !
Help, help ! where now are all those gods
The poets in their wild fancies dreamt
Were in the woods ? No kinder power to hear
A virgin's prayer ? No Æsculapius near, or
Great Apollo ?

Ven. No, 't is too late : I find death's hand upon me,
And feel my soul just ready for the sully.
Weep not, my Claudia : there are joys in store
For thee and me, though I am now no more.

[*Dies.*]

Clau. He 's dead, he 's dead ; and in my cause ! Oh thou dear
Youth, winged like a Perseus for his rescu'd Andro-
meda,
Thou flew'st all soul, all love, to my deliverance,
And this is thy reward ! Oh, where 's your justice,
Heav'n ; when virtue, that should be the charge of
Gods, must thus neglected, thus untimely bleed ;
And all that most deserv'd to live must die ?

But why do I live, ye powers ?
Why gave ye us poor lovers one soul,
And not one twisted thread of life, to break and
Die together ? No Venutius ! The gods are partial :
I'll mend the work of heav'n ; but can tears mend it ?
Tears, the April shower of girls ! No, I 'll weep blood !

Enter Nennius with Soldiers.

Nen. Cease, madam, cease : by your untimely fall
You'll add to royal sorrow.
The unhappy queen, with your much mourning sister,
Are in the fort, by Roman pow'rs immur'd ; nothing
Remains but death, or an ignoble flight, or bondage.
Clau. Death, Nennius, death ! Look here, then talk of life :
Lead on, I 'll show the way ; and in my fall
Be great as any Roman of 'em all.

Enter Bonvica and Julia.

Bonv. Where shall the wretched offspring of Bonduca fly,
'To escape those dismal screams of horror
That fill the Britons' ears ? Oh wretched mother !
Unhappy sister ! More unhappy I !
Their courage makes th' approach of death
Seem pleasing ; but I have the true fearful
Soul of woman, and would not quit the world.
Julia, call Lucius, and bid him bring his lute ;
Fain would I leave this dire consuming melancholy.

Enter Lucius with a Lute.

I'd have the song you taught me last.
I fear I do resemble now the swan
That sings before its death.

Song.

O lead me to some peaceful gloom,
Where none but sighing lovers come ;
Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
But one eternal hush goes round.
There let me soothe my pleasing pain,
And never think of war again.
What glory can a lover have,
To conquer, yet be still a slave ?

After the Song enter Messenger.

Mes. Madam, the queen expects you on the walls ;
Your sister with you : the Roman pow'rs
Are all come down with fury 'gainst the castle.

Bonv. Then, then farewell to this world.
I see, I see my fate direct before me ;
My mother's fury, greater than the Romans,
Presents me death in a thousand various forms.
Oh all ye Britain powers ! Oh great Andate,
Pity my youth ! Oh mercy, mercy, mercy !

[*Exit.*]

Appear Bonduca, Claudia, Nennius and Bonvica above.

Bond. Now Claudia, now Bonvica, O my children,
Is the time come to show your constant valours !
Think not, my girls, we will be slaves to Rome ;
No, we will show these lords of the world, these
Romans,
How they should die with honour : hark !
They come ; since we must fall, fall bravely.

Enter Suetonius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius and Soldiers.

Suet. Bring up the catapults and shake the walls ;
We will not be outbrav'd thus.

Bond. Shake the earth,
You cannot shake our souls ; bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
You do but rock us into death.

Dec. Yield, noble queen !

Bond. I 'm unacquainted with that language, Romans.

Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy ;
We love thy nobleness.

[*Exit Decius.*]

Bond. I thank ye, you say well ;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.

Suet. You cannot 'scape our strength ; you must
Yield, lady ; you must adore, and fear the power of
Rome.

Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her ?
She 's vicious, and your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety ;
Therefore 't is fitter I should reverence
The thatch'd houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth ; where the best household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity :
'T is not high pow'r that makes a place divine ;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stor'd,
Make people noble and the place ador'd.

Suet. Beat the wall deeper.

Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.

Bow. O mother ! these are fearful hours. Speak gently
To these fierce men ; they will afford us pity.

Bond. Pity, thou fearful girl ! 't is for those wretches
That misery makes tame. Would'st thou live less ?
Wast thou not born a princess ? Can my blood
And thy brave father's spirit suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself,
As mercy from these tyrants ?
Say they had mercy.

The devil ! A relenting conscience !

The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And ceasing to be kings they cease to live.

[*Enter Decius.*]

Decius. There 's a breach made ; is it your will
We charge, sir ?

Suet. Once more, mercy, mercy to all that yield.

Bond. Hear me, mark me well, and look upon me
Directly in my face, my woman's face,
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears you.
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits ;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear, but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools !
Poor fortune's fools ! we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.

Pet. Brave behaviour !

Clau. The children of us great as Rome ; as noble
Our names before her, and her deeds our envy ;
Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state
That is not fairly strong but fortunate ?
No, no, ye Romans ; we have ways to 'scape you,
To make you poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full.

Bond. D' ye wonder we 'll make our monuments

In spite of fortune, in spite of all
Your eagles' wings ? We 'll work a pitch above ye.

Suet. Decius, go charge the breach.

Bond. Stick in thy body, and make it good but half an hour.

Nenn. I 'll do 't.

Clau. And then be sure to die.

Nenn. It shall go hard else.

Bond. Farewell, brave Nennius, we shall meet yonder,
Where few of those must come.

[*Exit.*]

Bring up the poison.

Bonv. O my fortune !

Bond. Ha ! what said you ?

Bonv. Good mother, nothing to offend you.

Bond. Here, girl : behold us, Romans.

Suet. Mercy yet.

Bond. No talking ; come, short prayers, and let 's despatch
The business. You begin, shrink not.
I 'll see you do 't.

Bonv. O gentle mother !

O Romans ! O my heart ! I dare not.

Suet. Woman, woman, unnatural woman !

Bonv. O persuade her, Romans : alas ! I am young,
And would live, noble mother. Can you kill
That you gave life to ? Are my years
Fit for destruction ?

Suet. Yield, and be a queen still, a mother and a friend.

Bond. Ye talk in vain, come drink it.

Clau. Fie, sister, fie ! what would you live to be ?

Bonv. Mercy, oh mercy !

Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman !

Bonv. Mercy, mother ! O whither will ye send me ?
I was once your darling, your delight.

Bond. O gods ! fear in my family ? Do it, and nobly.

Bonv. O do not frown then.

Clau. Do it, worthy sister.

'T is nothing ; 't is but a pleasure ; we 'll go with you.

Bonv. Oh, if I knew but whither !

Clau. To the bless'd above, where we shall meet our father,
Where nothing but true joy is.

Bonv. O comfort me still, for heaven's sake !

Clau. No wars ; no lustful slaves to ravish us.

Bonv. That steals me along ; farewell to this world !

[*Drinks.*]

Bond. That 's my good girl.

Clau. The next is mine.

Show me a Roman lady in all your stories
Dare do this for her honour !

Bond. Make haste.

Clau. I will : would you learn how to die bravely, Romans,
'To fling off this case of flesh, lose all your cares
For ever, hunt honour and not nations with your
sword ;

Keep your minds humble, your devotions high,
So shall you learn the noblest part,—to die.

[Dies.

Bond. I come, my noble children; here,
Here's the draught would ask no less than Cæsar's
self

To pledge it for the glory's sake.

Suet. Madam, make up your own conditions.

Bond. So we will.

Suet. Stay; be anything.

Bond. A saint, Suetonius, when thou shalt fear and die
Like a slave. Ye fools, you should have tied
Up Death first when ye conquered.
You sweat for us in vain else: see him here.
He's ours still, and our friend laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies. I feel the poison.
Poor vanquished Romans, with what matchless
Tortures could I now rack you; but I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet; nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give you counsel ere I die:
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman's flesh a British soul.

[Dies.

Suet. Desperate and strange!
Give her fair funeral, she was noble, and a queen.
Petilius, haste; draw out three companies,
And make up instantly to Caratach.
What means this ceremony?

Pet. The body of young Junius, that was
Slain in the last battle.

Suet. Go then, Petilius, do as I commanded.
After due ceremony done to the dead,
The noble dead, we'll follow you.

[Exeunt.

Enter Caratach upon a rock, and Hengo by him sleeping.

Car. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,
And to avoid our dangers seek destructions.
Thus we awake to sorrows: O thou woman!
Thou agent for adversities! what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence!
To Britons, by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes! The strong man's valour
Thou hast betrayed to fury: the child's fortune
To fear and want of friends, whose pities
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blest ancestors.
The virgins thou hast robb'd of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turned their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals;
The land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.
The boy begins to stir; thy safety made,
Would my soul were in heaven.

Hengo. O noble uncle, look out; I dreamt we were betray'd.

Car. No harm, boy; 't is but thy emptiness that breeds
These fancies; thou shalt have meat anon.

Hengo. A little, uncle, and I shall hold out bravely.

Enter Macer and Soldiers with meat and a bottle.

Macer. Hang it on the side of the rock, as though the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him: who first ventures
To fetch it off is ours; I cannot see him;
He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger: ha! no, 't is not he.

1st Sold. 'T is but the shaking of the boughs.

Macer. Plague shake 'em, I'm sure they shake me soundly.
There.

1st Sold. 'T is nothing.

Macer. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones fall upon us: 't is done; close, close!

Car. Sleep still; sleep sweetly, child, 't is all thou feed'st on:
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity
To bring thee food: poor knave, thou art sick,
Extreme sick, almost grown wild for meat,
And yet thy goodness will not confess, nor show it.
All the woods are double lined with soldiers;
No way left us to make a noble escape.
I'll sit down by thee, and when thou wakest
Either get meat to save thee, or lose my life
In the purchase. Good gods comfort thee, ah!
Courage, my boy, I have found meat: look, Hengo,
Where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink. Cheer up, boy,
Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. O uncle, uncle, I feel I cannot stay long,
Yet I'll fetch it to keep your noble life.
Uncle, I am heart whole, and would live.

Car. Thou shalt long, I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

Don't you hear the noise of bells?

Car. Of bells, boy! 't is thy fancy:
Alas! thy body's full of wind.

Hengo. Methinks, sir, they ring a strange sad knell,
A preparation to some near funeral of state.
Nay, weep not, my own sweet uncle,
You will kill me sooner.

Car. O my poor chicken!

Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted uncle!
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No; as you love me, uncle,
I will not eat if I do not fetch it.
The danger only I desire: pray tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang over thee.
Come, child, my valiant child.

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 't is most certain
A Roman train, and you must hold me sure too;
You'll spoil all else: when I have got it, uncle,
We'll be as merry —

Car. Go in the name of heaven, boy.

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle; I have it. Oh!

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hengo. O my best uncle, I am slain!

Car. I see thee, and heaven direct my hand.
Destruction go with thy coward soul.
How doest thou, boy? O villain! villain! villain!

Hengo. O uncle, uncle, how it pricks me!
Am I preserved for this? Extremely pricks me.

Car. Coward, rascal, coward! dogs, eat thy flesh.

Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard; I faint too upon it.
How sick I am; the lean rogue, uncle ——

Car. Look, boy, I have laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have ye knockt his brains out?

Car. I warrant thee, from stirring more:
Cheer up, child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard: stop, stop, O wretched fortune!
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heaven, look upon this noble child!

Hengo. I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans
At my sword's point; to have reveng'd my fathers,
To have beaten 'em. O hold me hard, uncle ——

Car. Thou shalt live still I hope, boy.

Hengo. I would live a little longer;
Spare me, heavens, but only to thank you
For your tender love. Good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not!

Car. O my chicken, my dear boy, what shall I lose?

Hengo. Why a child that must have died however,
Had this escaped me, fever or famine:
I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy.

Hengo. I shall go the straighter my journey to the gods:
Sure I shall know when you come, uncle?

Car. Yes, boy.

Hengo. And I hope we shall enjoy together
That great blessedness you told me of?

Car. Most certain, child.

Hengo. I grow cold, my eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up.

Hengo. Pray for me; and, noble uncle, when my
Bones are ashes, think of your little nephew. Mercy!

Car. Mercy! you blessed angels take him.

Hengo. Kiss me; so farewell, farewell!

[Dies.]

Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain,
Thou royal graft, farewell, farewell!
Time and death, you have done your worst.
Fortune, now see, now proudly pluck off this veil
And view thy triumph: look, look
What thou hast brought this land to.
O fair flower! how lovely yet thy ruins show!
How sweetly even death embraces thee!
The peace of heaven, the fellowship of all
Great souls be with thee!

Enter Suetonius and Petilius with Roman Soldiers.

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach! by all the gods, I swear,
As I'm a soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

Pet. Brave soldier, yield!
Thou stock of arms and honour!
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!

Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquest, that true happiness,
To be my friend.

Car. O Romans, see what here is! had this boy lived——

Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desirest to build thy virtues great!——

Car. No, Roman, no! I wear a British soul,
A soul too great for slavery. O my boy!
My dear loved Hengo! From thy heaven look down!
Behold, the last of thy great race is coming!
Suetonius, view this little casket here,
By Roman rapine robbed of all his wealth.
A fair rich soil, that precious royal gem,
By fate's too barbarous hand untimely snatch'd!
These tears I sacrifice to thee, my boy!
But to my queen, and my unhappy country,
This richer purple stream, my blood, I give.

Suet. O thou too-envied miracles of worth!
What hast thou done? Was Rome too poor a mistress
To wed thee to her arms? Not one charm
In all her courting smiles and proffered laurels?

Car. Rome, sir? Ah no! she bids a price too small
To bribe me into life: my bleeding country
Calls me to nobler wreaths; and in her fall,
To mount a star in Albion's long long night:
And when her Caratach dies in such a cause,
A British tomb outshines a Roman triumph.

Suet. Prodigious virtue!

Car. Outlive my country's liberty!
Shall Caratach dare but to think that thought!
Now Britain is all yours; but as my blood
From this small fountain flows, grant me one favour:
Lay this young British rose, cropt in the bud,
Close by my side; and, since the world's your own,
Spare us but earth enough to cover o'er
These small remains, and I shall ask no more.

[Dies.]

Suet. Thou hollow relic! thou rich diamond!
Cut with thy own dust! thou, for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, all man's thought,
Had they all tongues too silent! thus I bow
To thy most honoured ashes, though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths: sleep peaceably.
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat; there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell, all glorious wars! now thou art gone,
All noble battles!
Maintained in thirst of honour, and not of blood.
Farewell for ever! Now, if you please,
Bear off the noble burden; build a pile
High as Olympus, that may make heaven wonder
To see a star on earth outshine theirs.
O ever lov'd and ever living be
Thy honoured and most sacred memory!

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