

The Works of Aphra Behn

The Plays 1671-1677

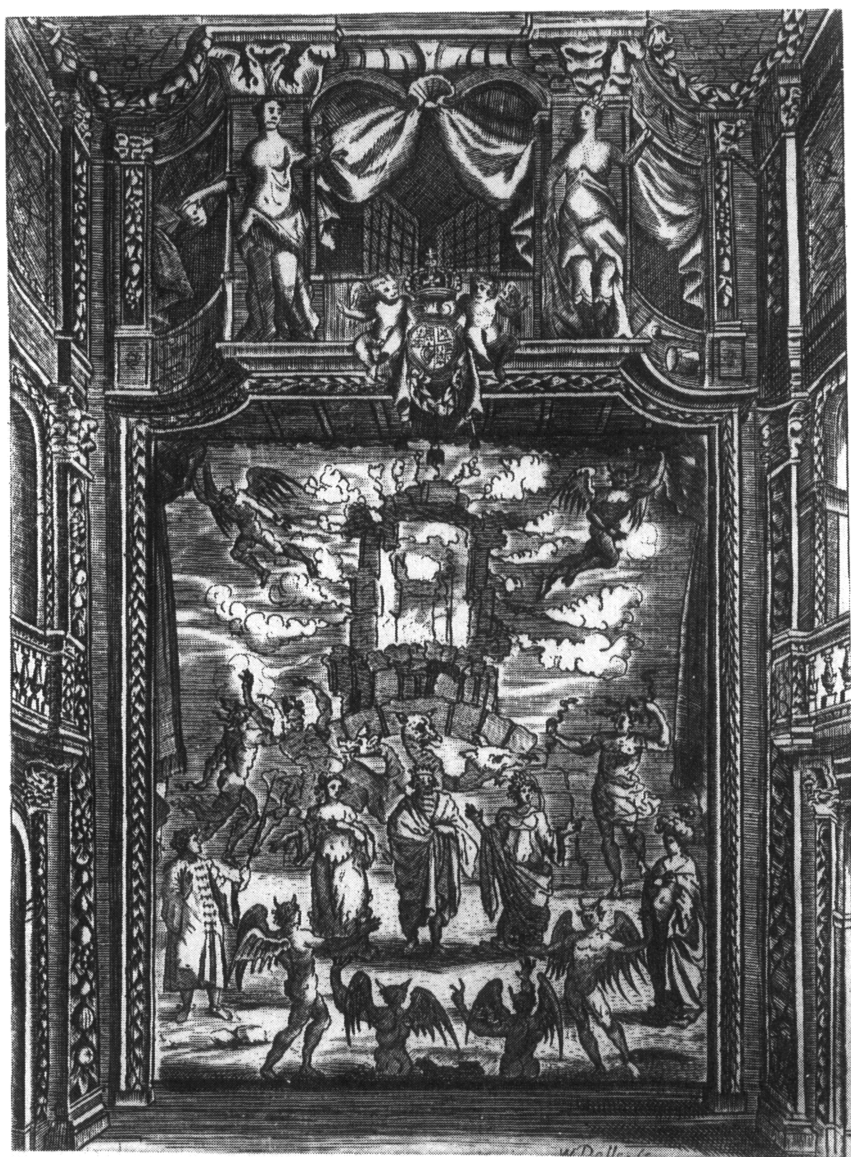
Edited by
Janet Todd



THE PICKERING MASTERS

THE WORKS OF
APHRA BEHN

Volume 5. The Plays, 1671–1677



Frontispiece: Dolle's engraving of a scene setting for Elkanah Settle's *The Empress of Morocco*, used in the 1673 production of the play
 (The Bodleian Library, University of Oxford, Douce. SS. 385)

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APHRA BEHN

EDITED BY
JANET TODD

VOLUME
5

THE PLAYS
1671–1677



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COPY TEXTS

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



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TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION

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

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

My policy in this edition has been to include an anonymously published work only when an authority of the period claimed that it was Behn's. This is certainly the case with *The Revenge*. The Brett-Smith Collection of Plays and Dramatic Literature purchased in 1988 by the Cambridge University Library contains a large number of works by Aphra Behn including a volume of six plays owned by Narcissus Luttrell and inscribed 'Nar. Luttrell: His Book 1682'. The plays in the volume are *The Rover*, *Sir Patient Fancy*, *The Feign'd Curtizans*, *The Revenge*, *The Second Part of The Rover*, and *The False Count*. Five of these plays are firmly attributed to Behn and Luttrell's inclusion of *The Revenge* among them

indicates that he believed it surely hers; in addition a hand that may well be his has written under the title *The Revenge*: 'Mrs Ann Behn', and has added the date 6 July to the printed date of 1680. Luttrell has been a reliable authority in other areas and, although the ascription of all the anonymously printed plays remains insecure, it is more probable than not that Behn was the author of *The Revenge*, which has therefore been included in this edition.

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

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

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

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

When complicated or lengthy, stage directions have been centred on the page so as not to run into the text. They have been kept as near as possible to their original placing, which usually means that they come after the speech they accompany. I have changed the position only when it seemed necessary to do so for the sense. Extra directions such as

asides, exits and entrances have been added in square brackets where appropriate. Sometimes whole alternative conversations are taking place on the stage and I have suggested this by adding enough stage directions for the reader to grasp what is happening. I have also tried to note all the characters in each play in the *dramatis personae* and indicate their exits and entrances, but have run in to some difficulties with a few generic ones like 'boy' and 'page'. I have indicated within the text any changes which have been made, including the conflation of minor characters.

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

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

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

Behn was fascinated with foreign languages and she tends to mix romance languages with Latin and to indicate pretentiousness and pedantry with amalgamations of several tongues. At other times approximations of foreign languages are suggested by a mixture of romance languages, as in the muddled Italian, Spanish and French of *The Feign'd*

Curtizans. The spelling of foreign languages, like that of English, has been left as in the original unless noted in the end notes. I have given the presumed translation in the notes.

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

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

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

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The volumes of plays are deeply indebted to the work of others. For the problem of attribution I have relied on Mary Ann O'Donnell, *Aphra Behn: An Annotated Bibliography of Primary and Secondary Sources* (1986), Judith Milhous and Robert Hume, 'Attribution Problems in English Drama, 1660–1700,' *Harvard Library Bulletin*, 31, 1983, 5–39 and 'Dating Play Premieres from Publication Data, 1660–1700', *Harvard Library Bulletin*, 22 (1974), 374–405. For the notes I have extensively used *The London Stage 1660–1800* ed. William Van Lennep (Carbondale, 1965), Allardyce Nicoll, *A History of English Drama, 1660–1900*, 6 vols (Cambridge, 1952–9), as well as the work of Edward Langhans and Robert D. Hume in *Theatre Notebook* 33 (1979), 34 (1980) and 36 (1982). For details of actors I have consulted Philip H. Highfill, Jr., Kalman A. Burnim and Edward A. Langhans, *A Biographical Dictionary of Actors, Actresses, Musicians, Dancers, Managers & Other Stage Personnel in London, 1600–1800* (Carbondale, 1973), and for prompt books Edward Langhans, *Eighteenth Century British and Irish Promptbooks: A Descriptive Bibliography* (New York, 1987) and *Restoration Promptbooks* (Carbondale, 1981). For contemporary accounts of the theatre I have relied primarily on John Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, ed. Judith Milhous and Robert D. Hume (London, 1987), *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, 11 vols, ed. Robert Latham and William Matthews (London, 1983), Colley Cibber, *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian*, ed. Robert W. Lowe, 2 vols (1889; New York, 1966), *A Comparison Between the Two Stages* (London, 1702), Charles Gildon, *The Life of Mr. Thomas Betterton* (London, 1710), Gerard Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets* (Oxford, 1691), Narcissus Luttrell, *A Brief Relation of State Affairs from September 1678 to April 1714*, 6 vols (Farnborough, Hants., 1969) and Roger Morrice, 'Entring Book' in Dr. Williams's Library.

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

Frederic R. Link (Lincoln, 1967) and the edition of *The Widdow Ranter* edited by Aaron R. Walden (New York, 1993).

Many thanks are due to Elizabeth Spearing for her help with French and classical references, to Dafydd Roberts for help with alchemy, to Mary Ann O'Donnell, Dawn Lewcock, Roger Sales, Colin Davis, Sarah Barber, Richard Wilson and Germaine Greer, and to Emma Rees for her care in the final stages of manuscript preparation. I am grateful to Brian Jenkins in the Rare Book Room in Cambridge and to Laetitia Yaendel, curator of manuscripts and Georgianna Ziegler, reference librarian at the Folger Shakespeare Library which supported the work with a short-term fellowship. Finally I must thank the Leverhulme Foundation which provided a grant for the initial preparation of the volumes of the Aphra Behn edition.

THE
FORC'D MARRIAGE,
OR THE
Jealous Bridegroom.
A TRAGI-COMEDY.
As it is Acted at His HIGHNESSE
THE
DUKE OF YORK'S
Theatre.

Written by A. BEHN.

Va mon enfant ! prend ta fortune—



L O N D O N,
Printed by H. L. and R. P. for *James Magnus* in *Ruffel-street*,
near the *Piazza*. 1671.



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THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Forc'd Marriage has no obvious source. Gerard Langbaine who, in *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets* (1691), was eager to charge playwrights with plagiarism provided no original for it, although it does bear some resemblance to other romantic tragicomedies of the time and may have called a little on Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy*

(1619). This play had been assigned to the King's Company and proved very popular throughout the 1660s despite Pepys's judgment of its ending as 'too sad and melancholy'. In the jealousy of Alcippus and his intended murder of his wife – the earliest printed version of the play allows this to be through smothering – *The Forc'd Marriage* also inevitably echoes Shakespeare's drama of jealousy, *Othello*. The device of the supposedly murdered wife appearing as a ghost to her husband had occurred in Sir William Berkeley's *The Lost Lady A Tragy Comedy* (Act IV, Scene I) printed in 1638 and acted during 1661.

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

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

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

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

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

evidently missing from the 1671 text; on one occasion it gave a few lines to their more appropriate owner. These changes, as well as other changes of expression and speaker, are recorded in the endnotes in the present edition.

The Forc'd Marriage, Or The Jealous Bridegroom. A Tragi-Comedy

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING		Mr. Westwood.
PHILLANDER	his Son betrothed to <i>Erminia</i> .	Mr. Smith.
ALCIPPUS	Favorite, in love with <i>Erminia</i> .	Mr. Betterton.
ORGULIUS	Late General father to <i>Erminia</i> .	Mr. Norris.
ALCANDER	Friend to the Prince, in love with <i>Aminta</i> .	Mr. Young.
PISARO	Friend to the young General <i>Alcippus</i> .	Mr. Cademan.
FALATIUS	A Phantastick Courtier.	Mr. Angel.
LA BREE	His man.	
CLEONTIUS	Servant to the Prince, and Brother to <i>Isillia</i> .	Mr. Crosby.
[PAGE to <i>Pisaro</i>]		
[PAGE to <i>Phillander</i>]		
GALATEA	Daughter to the <i>King</i> .	Mrs. Jennings.
ERMINIA	Daughter to <i>Orgulius</i> espous'd to the Prince.	Mrs. Betterton.
AMINTA	Sister to <i>Pisaro</i> in love with <i>Alcander</i> .	Mrs. Wright.
OLINDA	Sister to <i>Alcander</i> , Maid of Honour to the Princess.	Mrs. Lee.
ISILLIA	Sister to <i>Cleontius</i> , Woman to <i>Erminia</i> .	Mrs. Clough.
LYSETTE	Woman to <i>Aminta</i> .	
Pages and Attendants. [Women, Clergy, Officers]		

SCENE

Within the Court of FRANCE.

PROLOGUE

*Gallants, our Poets have of late so us'd yee,
 In Play and Prologue too, so much abus'd yee.
 That should we beg your aids, I justly fear,
 Y'ave so incens'd you'd hardly lend it here.*
But when against a common Foe we arm, 5
Each will assist to guard his own concern.
*Women, those charming victors, in whose eyes,
 Lay all their Arts, and their Artilleries;
 Not being contented with the wounds they made,
 Would by new Stratagems our Light invade.* 10
*Beauty alone goes now at too cheap rates,
 And therefore they like Wise and Politick states,
 Court a new power that may the old supply,
 And keep as well as gain the victory.*
They'le joyn the Force of Wit to Beauty now, 15
*And so maintain the right they have in you;
 If the vain Sex this priviledge should boast,
 Past cure of a declining face we're lost.*
*You'le never know the bliss of change, this Art
 Retrieves (when Beauty fades), the wandring heart,* 20
*And though the Airy Spirits move no more,
 Wit still invites as beauty did before.*
*To day one of their party ventures out,
 Not with design to Conquer, but to Scout:
 Discourage but this first attempt, and then,* 25
They'le hardly dare to sally out again.
*The Poetess too, they say, has spyes abroad,
 Which have dispos'd themselves in every road,
 I'th' upper Box, Pit, Galleries, every face
 You find disguis'd, in a black Velvet-Case.* 30
*My life on't, is her Spy on purpose sent,
 To hold you in a wanton Complement;
 That so you may not censure what she's writ,
 Which done, they'le face you down 'twas full of wit.*
Thus, while some common prize you hope to win 35
You let the Tyrant Victor enter in.
*I beg to day you'd lay that humour by,
 Till you rencounter at the Nursery,
 Where they like Centinels, from Duty free,
 May meet and wanton with the Enemy.* 40

[Enter an ACTRESS who speaks]

*How hast thou labour'd to subvert in vain,
What one poor smile of ours calls home again;
Can any see that glorious sight, and say,
A Woman shall not Victor prove to day:*

Woman pointing to the Ladies

- 45 *Who is't that to their Beauty wou'd submit,
And yet refuse the Fetters of their Wit.
He tells you tales of Stratagems and Spyes;
Can they need Art that have such pow'rful eyes?
Believe me, Gallants, he 'as abus'd you all;*
- 50 *There's not a Vizard in our whole Cabal:
Those are but Pickeroons that scour for prey,
And catch up all they meet with in their way;
Who can no Captives take, for all they do,
Is pillage ye, then gladly let you go;*
- 55 *Ours scorn the petty spoils, and do prefer,
The Glory, not the Interest of the War:
But yet our Forces shall obliging prove,
Imposing nought but constancie in love,
That's all our Aim, and when we have it too,*
- 60 *We'll sacrifice it all to pleasure you.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter KING, PHILLANDER, ORGULIUS, ALCIPPUS, ALCANDER, PISARO, CLEONTIUS, FALATIUS; And Officers

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

PHILLANDER Believe me, Sir, he merits all your Bounty;
I only took Example by his Actions; 5
And all the part o'th' victory which I gain'd,
Was but deriv'd from him.

KING Brave youth, whose Infant-years did bring us Conquests.
And as thou grew'st to man, thou grew'st in glory,
And had arriv'd to such a pitch of it; 10
As all the slothful youth that shall succeed thee,
Shall mete reproaches of thy early Actions;
When men shall say, thus did the brave *Alcippus*;
And that great Name shall every soul inspire,
With Emulation, to arrive at something, 15
That's worthy thy Example.

ALCIPPUS I must confess I had the Honour, Sir,
To lead on twenty thousand fighting men,
Whom Fortune gave the glory of the day to.
I only bade them fight, and they obey'd me; 20
But 'twas my Prince that taught them how to do so;

KING I do believe *Phillander* wants no courage;
But what he did was to preserve his own.
But thine the pure effects of highest valour;
For which, if ought below my Crown can recompence; 25
Name it, and take it, as the price of it.

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

KING Yet suffer me to make thee some return, 30
Though not for thee, yet to encourage Bravery.
I know thy soul is generous enough,
To think a glorious act rewards it self.
But those who understand not so much vertue,
Will call it my neglect and want of gratitude; 35
In this thy modesty will wrong thy King.
Alcippus By this pause you seem to doubt
My Power or Will, in both you are to blame.

- ALCIPPUS Your pardon Sir, I never had a thought
 40 That could be guilty of so great a sin,
 That I was capable to do you service,
 Was the most gratefull bounty Heaven allowed me,
 And I no juster way could own that blessing,
 Than to imploy the gift for your repose.
- 45 KING I shall grow angry, and believe your pride
 Would put the guilt off on your modesty,
 Which would refuse what that believes below it.
- PHILLANDER Your Majesty thinks too severely of him,
 Permit me, Sir, to recompence his valour,
 50 I saw the wonders on't, and thence may guess
 In some degree, what may be worthy of it.
- KING I like it well, and till thou hast perform'd it,
 I will divest my self of all my power,
 And give it thee, till thou hast made him great.
- 55 PHILLANDER I humbly thank you Sir —
*Bows to the King, takes the Staffe from Orgulius
 and gives to Alcippus who looks amazedly*
 And here I do create him General.
 You seem to wonder, as if I dispossess't
 The brave *Orgulius*, but be pleas'd to know,
 Such Reverence and respect I owe that Lord,
 60 As had himself not made it his Petition,
 I sooner should have parted with my Right,
 Than have discharg'd my debt, by injuring him.
- KING *Orgulius*, are you willing to resign it[?]
- ORGULIUS With your permission, Sir, most willingly;
 65 His vigorous youth is fitter for't than age,
 Which now has rendred me uncapable
 Of what that can with more success perform;
 My heart and wishes are the same they were,
 But time has quite depriv'd me of that power
 70 That should assist a happy Conqueror.
- KING Yet time has added little to your years
 Since I restor'd you to this great Command,
 And then you thought it not unfit for you.
- ORGULIUS Sir, was it fit I should refuse your Grace?
 75 That was your act of mercy: and I took it
 To clear my innocency, and reform the errors
 Which those receiv'd who did believe me guilty,
 Or that my Crimes were greater than that mercy;
 I took it, Sir, in scorn of those that hated me;
 80 And now resign it to the Man you love.
- KING We need not this proof to confirm thy Loyalty;
 Nor am I yet so barren of rewards,
 But I can finde a way, without depriving
 Thy Noble Head of its victorious wreathes,

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

To crown anothers Temples. 85
 ORGULIUS I humbly beg your Majesty's consent to't;
 If you believe *Alcippus* worthy of it;
 The generous youth I have bred up to Battels;
 Taught him to overcome, and use that Conquest;
 As modestly as his submissive Captive, 90
 His Melancholy, (but his easie fetters);
 To meet Deaths horrors with undaunted looks.
 How to despise the hardships of a Siege;
 To suffer, cold and hunger, want of sleep;
 Nor knew he other rest than on his Horse-back; 95
 Where he would sit and take a hearty Nap;
 And then too dream't of fighting:
 I could continue on a day in telling
 The wonders of this Warrior.
 KING I credit all, and do submit to you. 100
 But yet *Alcippus* seems displeas'd with it.
 ALCIPPUS Ah Sir! too late I find my confidence
 Has overcome m' unhappy bashfulness;
 I had an humbler suit t' approach you with;
 But this unlook't for Honour, 105
 Has so confounded all my lesser Aims;
 As were they not essential to my Being,
 I durst not name them after what y' have done.
 KING It is not well to think my kindness limited;
 This, from the Prince you hold, the next from me; 110
 Be what it will, I here declare it thine.
 —Upon my life, designs upon a Lady;
 I guess it from thy blushing.
 —Name her, and here thy King engages for her.
 PHILLANDER Oh Gods! — What have I done? — *Aside* 115
 ALCIPPUS *Erminia*, Sir. — *Bows*
 PHILLANDER I'm ruin'd. — *Aside*
 KING *Alcippus*, with her fathers leave, she's thine.
 ORGULIUS Sir, 'Tis my Aim and Honour.
 PHILLANDER *Alcippus*, is't a time to think of Weddings; 120
 When the disorder'd Troops require your presence:
 You must to th' Camp tomorrow.
 ALCIPPUS You need not urge that Duty to me, Sir.
 KING A day or two will finish that Affair,
 And then we'll consummate the happy day, 125
 When all the Court shall celebrate your joy.
They all go out but Alcander, Pisaro and Falatius
 PISARO *Falatius*, you are a swift Horseman.
 I beleeve you have a Mystress at Court,
 You made such haste this Morning.
 FALATIUS By *Jove*, *Pisaro*, I was enough weary of the 130
Campaigne; and till I had lost sight of it,

I clapt on all my spurs —
But what ails *Alcander*?

PISARO What, displeas'd?

135 ALCANDER It may be so, what then?

PISARO Then thou mayst be pleas'd again.

ALCANDER Why the devil should I rejoyce?

Because I see another rais'd above me;

Let him be great, and damn'd with all his greatness.

140 PISARO Thou mean'st *Alcippus*, whom I think merits it.

ALCANDER What is't that thou call'st merit[?]

He fought, 'tis true, and so did you, and I,

And gain'd as much as he o'th' victory.

But he in the Triumphal Chariot rod[e],

145 Whilst we ador'd him like a Demi-god.

He with the Prince an equal welcom found,

Was with like Garlands, tho' less merit, crown'd.

FALATIUS He's in the right for that, by *Jove*.

PISARO Nay, now you wrong him.

150 ALCANDER What's he, I should not speak my sense of him?

PISARO He is our General.

ALCANDER What then?

What is't that he can do, which I'll decline;

Has he more youth, more strength, or arms than I?

155 Can he preserve himself i'th' heat of battail?

Or can he singly fight a whole Brigade?

Can he receive a thousand wounds and live?

FALATIUS Can you or he do so?

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

160 Where be the vertues of this mighty man,

That he should brave it over all the rest?

PISARO Faith he has many vertues, and much courage;

And merits it as well as you or I,

Orgulius was grown old.

165 ALCANDER What then?

PISARO What then, he was unfit for't,

But that he had a Daughter who was young.

ALCANDER Yes, he might have lain by like

Rusty Armour else,

170 Had she not brought him into play again;

The Devil take her for't.

FALATIUS By *Jove*, he's dissatisfied with every thing.

ALCANDER She has undone my Prince,

And he has most unluckily disarm'd himself,

175 And put the Sword into his Rivalls hand,

Who will return it to his gratefull bosom.

PISARO Why you believe *Alcippus* honest —

ALCANDER Yes, in your sence *Pisaro*,

But [I] do not like the last demand he made,

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

'Twas but an ill return upon his Prince 180
 To beg his Mistress, rather challeng'd her.
 PISARO His Ignorance that she was so, may excuse him.
 ALCANDER The Devil 'twill, dost think he knew it not[?]
 PISARO *Orgulius* still design'd him for *Erminia*,
 And if the Prince be disoblig'd from this, 185
 He only ought to take it ill from him.
 ALCANDER Too much *Pisaro* you excuse his pride,
 But 'tis the office of a friend to do so.
 PISARO 'Tis true I am not ignorant of this,
 That he despises other recompence 190
 For all his services, but fair *Erminia*,
 I know 'tis long since he resign'd his heart,
 Without so much as telling her she conquer'd;
 And yet she knew he lov'd; whilst she, ingrate,
 Repay'd his passion only with her scorn. 195
 ALCANDER In loving him she'd more ingrateful prove
 To her first vows, to reason and to love.
 PISARO For that *Alcander* you know more than I.
 FALATIUS Why sure *Aminta* will instruct her better,
 Shee's as inconstant as the Seas and Winds, 200
 Which ne're are calm but to betray Adventurers.
 ALCANDER How came you by that knowledge Sir?
 FALATIUS What a pox makes him ask me that question now[?] *Aside*
 PISARO Prythee *Alcander* now we talk of her,
 How go the Amours 'twixt you and my wilde sisters; 205
 Can you speak yet, or do you tell your tale,
 With eyes and sighs, as you were wont to do[?]
 ALCANDER Faith much at that old rate, *Pisaro*,
 I yet have no encouragement from her
 To make my Court in any other language. 210
 PISARO You'l bring her to't, she must be over come,
 And you'r the fittest for her fickle humour.
 ALCANDER Pox on't, this change will spoil our making Love,
 We must be sad and follow the Court Mode;
 My life on't you'l see desperate doings here; 215
 The Eagle will not part so with his prey;
Erminia was not gain'd so easily
 To be resign'd so tamely: but come my Lord,
 This will not satisfie our appetites,
 Let's in to dinner, and when warm with wine
 We shall be fitter for a new design. 220
They go out. Falatius stays
 FALATIUS Now am I in a very fine condition,
 A comfortable one as I take it;
 I have ventur'd my life to some purpose now;
 What confounded luck was this, that he of all men 225
 Living, should happen to be my Rivall.
 Well, I'le go visit *Aminta*, and see how

She receives me. —

Enter LA BREE

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

LA BREE I shall Sir; 'tis truth.

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

LA BREE I warrant you, Sir, for a speech.

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

LA BREE But whereabouts, Sir?

250 FALATIUS Let me see—let me see: I know not where
 To place them—I think in my face.

LA BREE By no means, Sir, you had much better
 Have them in your *Posteriors*: for then the Ladies
 Can never disprove you: they'll not look there.

255 FALATIUS The sooner, you fool, for the rarity on't.

LA BREE Sir, the Novelty is not so great, I assure you.

FALATIUS Go to, y' are wicked: but I will have them in my face.

LA BREE With all my heart, Sir, but how?

FALATIUS I'll wear a patch or two there, and I'll
 260 Warrant you for pretences as much as any man,
 And who, you fool, shall know the fallacie[?]

LA BREE That, Sir, will all that know you, both in the Court and Camp.

FALATIUS Mark me, *La Bree*, once for all, if thou takest
 Delight continually thus to put me in mind of
 265 My want of Courage, I shall undoubtedly
 Fall foul on thee, and give thee most fatal proofs
 Of more than thou expectest.

LA BREE Nay Sir, I have done, and do believe 'tis only
 I dare say you are a man of prowess.

270 FALATIUS Leave thy simple fancies, and go about
 Thy business.

LA BREE I am gone, but heark my Lord,
 If I should say your face were wounded,

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

The Ladies would fear you had lost your Beauty.
 FALATIUS O never trouble your head for that, *Aminta* 275
 Is a wit, and your Wits care not how ill-favour'd
 Their men be, the more ugly the better.
 LA BREE An't be so, you'll fit them to a hair.
 FALATIUS Thou art a Coxcomb, to think a man of my
 Quality needs the advantage of handsomness: 280
 A trifle, as insignificant as wit or valour: poor
 Nothings, which Men of fortune ought to despise[?]
 LA BREE Why do you then keep such a stir to gain
 The reputation of this thing you so despise.
 FALATIUS To please the peevish humour of a woman, 285
 Who in that point only is a fool.
 LA BREE You had a Mystress once, if you have not
 Forgotten her, who would have taken you with
 All these faults.
 FALATIUS There was so: but she was poor, that's the 290
 Divel, I could have lov'd her else:
 —But go thy ways; — what dost thou muse on?
 LA BREE Faith Sir, I am only fearful you will never
 Pass with those patches you speak of.
 LA BREE Thou never-to-be-reclaim'd Ass; shall I never 295
 Bring thee to apprehend as thou ought'st; I tell thee
 I will pass and repass, where and how I please;
 Know'st thou not the difference yet, between a
 Man of money and Titles, and a man of only Parts,
 As they call them; poor Divels, of no mien nor 300
 Garb: Well, 'tis a fine and frugal thing,
 This honour, it covers a multitude of faults;
 Even ridicule in one of us is A-la-mode,
 But I detain thee; go hast to *Aminta*. *Exeunt severally*

ACT I. SCEN[E] II.

Enter GALATEA, AMINTA, and OLINDA

GALATEA Will *Erminia* come?
 OLINDA Madam, I thought she'd been already here.
 GALATEA But prethee how does she support this news?
 OLINDA Madam, as those unreconciled to Heaven
 Would beare the pangs of death. 5
 AMINTA Time will convince her of that foolish error,
 Of thinking a brisk young Husband a torment.
 GALATEA What young Husband? —
 AMINTA The Generall, Madam.
 GALATEA Why, dost thou think she will consent to it? 10

AMINTA Madam, I cannot tell, the World's inconstant.

GALATEA Ay *Aminta*, in every thing but Love.

And sure they cannot be in that:

What sayest thou, *Olinda*?

15 OLINDA Madam, my judgment's naught.

Love I have treated as a stranger guest,

Receiv'd him well, not lodg'd him in my brest.

I ne're durst give the unknown Tyrant room,

Lest he should make his resting place his home.

20 GALATEA Then thou art happy; but if *Erminia* fail

I shall not live to reproach her.

AMINTA Nay, Madam, do not think of dying yet:

There is a way, if we could think of it.

GALATEA *Aminta*, when wilt thou this humour lose?

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

GALATEA Methinks thou now shouldst blush to bid me Live.

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

GALATEA Thy counsel! Prethee what dost counsel now?

AMINTA What I would take my self I counsel you.

30 GALATEA You must my wounds and my misfortunes bear

Before you can become my Counsellor.

You cannot guess the torments I endure:

Not knowing the Disease you'l miss the Cure.

AMINTA Physicians, Madam, can the Patient heal

35 Although the Malady they ne're did feel:

But your Disease is Epidemical,

Nor can I that evade that conquers all.

I lov'd, and never did like pleasure know,

Which passion did with time less vigorous grow.

40 GALATEA Why hast thou lost it?

AMINTA It, and half a score.

GALATEA Losing the first sure thou couldst love no more.

AMINTA With more facility, than when the Dart

Arm'd with resistless fire seiz'd my heart;

45 'Twas long then, e're the Boy could entrance get,

And make his little Victory compleat;

But now he's got the knack on't, 'tis with ease,

He domineers and enters when he please.

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

50 AMINTA Faith Madam try; you'll find it just like mine.

The first I lov'd was *Philocles*, and then

Made Protestations ne're to love agen,

Yet after left him for a faithless crime;

But then I languisht even to death for him;

55 —But Love who suffer'd me to take no rest,

New fire-balls threw, the old scarce dispossess;

And by the greater flame the lesser light,

Like Candles in the Sun, extinguisht quite,

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

And left no power *Alcander* to resist,
 Who took, and keeps possession of my breast. 60
 GALATEA Art thou a Lover then, and lookest so gay,
 But thou hast ne're a father t' obey.
 AMINTA Why, if I had I would obey him too.
 GALATEA And live.
 AMINTA And live. 65
 GALATEA 'Tis more than I can do.

*Enter ERMINIA weeping,
 Galatea meets her, embraces her, and weeps*

— Thy Eyes, *Erminia*, do declare thy heart,
 Has nothing but despairs and death t'impart,
 And I, alas, no comfort can apply,
 But I, as well as you, can weep and die. 70
 ERMINIA I'll not reproach my fortune, since in you
 Grief does the noblest of your Sex subdue;
 When your great soul a sorrow can admit:
 I ought to suffer from the sence of it;
 Your cause of grief too much like mine appears, 75
 Not to oblige my eyes to double tears;
 And had my heart no sentiments at home,
 My part in yours had doubtless fill'd the room.
 But mine will no addition more receive,
 Fate has bestow'd the worst she had to give; 80
 Your mighty soul can all its rage oppose,
 Whilst mine must perish by more feeble blows.
 GALATEA Indeed, I dare not say my cause of grief,
 Does yours exceed, since both are past relief;
 But if our Fates unequal do appear, 85
Erminia, 'tis my heart that odds must bear.
 ERMINIA Madam, 'tis just I should to you resign,
 But here you challenge what is only mine:
 My fate so cruel is, it will not give
 Leave to *Phillander* (if I die) to live: 90
 Might I but suffer all, 'twere some content,
 But who can live and see his languishment,
 You Madam do alone your sorrows bear,
 Which would be less did but *Alcippus* share.
 GALATEA As Lovers we agree, I'll not deny 95
 But thou art lov'd again, so am not I.
 ERMINIA Madam, that grief the better is sustain'd,
 That's for a loss that never yet was gain'd:
 You only lose a man that does not know
 How great the Honour is which you bestow: 100
 Who dares not hope you love, or if he did,
 Your greatness would his just return forbid;
 His humbler thoughts durst ne're to you aspire,

- At most he would presume but to admire;
 105 Or if it chanc'd he durst more daring prove,
 You still must languish in concealed love.
- GALATEA This which you argue lessens not my pain,
 My grief's the same, were I belov'd again.
 The King my Father would his Promise keep,
 110 And thou must him enjoy for whom I weep.
- ERMINIA Ah would I could that fatal gift deny,
 Without him you; and with him, I must die;
 My soul your Royal Brother does adore,
 And I, all kindness but from him, abhor;
 115 But if I must th'unsuit *Alcippus* wed,
 I vow he ne're shall come into my Bed.
- GALATEA That's bravely vow'd, and now I love thee more,
 Than e're I was oblig'd to do before;
 —But yet *Erminia* guard thee from his eyes;
 120 Where so much love, and so much Beauty lies:
 Those charmes may conquer thee, which made me bow,
 And make thee love as well as break this Vow.
- ERMINIA Madam, 'tis unkind, though but to fear,
 Aught but *Phillander* can inhabit here. *Lays her hand on her heart*
- 125 GALATEA Ah that *Alcippus* did not you approve;
 We then might hope these mischiefs to remove;
 The King my father might be mov'd by prayer,
 And my too powerful Brothers sad despair,
 To break his word, which kept will us undo:
 130 And he will lose his dear *Phillander* too,
 Who dies and can no remedies receive:
 But vows it is for you alone he'll live.
- ERMINIA Ah Madam, do not tell me how he dies,
 I've seen too much already in his eyes;
 135 They did the sorrows of his soul betray,
 Which need not be exprest another way:
 'Twas there I found what my misfortune was,
 Too sadly written in his lovely face.
 But see, my father comes: Madam, withdraw a while,
 140 And once again I'll try my interest with him. *Exeunt*

ACT I. SCEN[E] III.

Enter ORGULIUS, ERMINIA weeping, and ISILLIA

- ERMINIA Sir, does your fatal resolution hold?
 ORGULIUS Away, away, you are a foolish Girl,
 And look with too much pride upon your Beauty;
 Which like a gawdy flower that springs too soon,

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

- Withers e're fully blown. 5
 Your very tears already have betray'd
 Its weak inconstant nature;
Alcippus, should he look upon thee now,
 Would swear thou wert not that fine thing he lov'd.
- ERMINIA Why should that blessing turn to my despair, 10
 Curse on his faith that told him I was faire.
- ORGULIUS 'Tis strange to me you should despise this fortune,
 I always thought you well-inclin'd to love him,
 I would not else have thus dispos'd of you.
- ERMINIA I humbly thank you, Sir, though't be too late, 15
 And wish you yet would try to change my fate;
 What to *Alcippus* you did love beleeve,
 Was such a friendship as might well deceive;
 'Twas what kind Sisters do to Brothers pay;
Alcippus I can love no other way. 20
 —Sir, lay the interest of a Father by,
 And give me leave this *Lover* to deny.
- ORGULIUS *Erminia*, thou art young and canst not see
 Th' advantage of the fortune offer'd thee;
- ERMINIA Alas, Sir, there is something yet behind. *Sighs* 25
- ORGULIUS What is't *Erminia*, freely speak thy mind.
- ERMINIA Ah Sir, I dare not, you inrag'd will grow.
- ORGULIUS *Erminia*, you have seldom found me so;
 If no mean passion have thy soul possest,
 Be what it will I can forgive the rest. 30
- ERMINIA No Sir, it is no crime, or if it be,
 Let Prince *Phillander* make the peace for me;
 He 'twas that taught the sin, (if love be such.)
- ORGULIUS *Erminia*, peace, he taught you then too much.
- ERMINIA Nay Sir, you promis'd me you would not blame 35
 My early Love, if 'twere a noble flame.
- ORGULIUS Than this a more unhappy could not be;
 Destroy it, or expect to hear of me. *Offers to go out, she stays him*
- ERMINIA Alas, I know 'twould anger you when known.
- ORGULIUS *Erminia*, you are wondrous daring grown; 40
 Where got you courage to admit his love,
 Before the King or I did it approve?
- ERMINIA I borrow'd Courage from my Innocence,
 And my own virtue, Sir, was my defence. 45
Phillander never spoke but from a soul,
 That all dishonest passions can controul;
 With flames as chaste as Vestals that did burn,
 Fr m whence I borrow'd mine, to make return.
- ORGULIUS Your love from folly, not from virtue, grew;
 You never could beleeve, he'd marry you. 50
- ERMINIA Upon my life no other thing he spoke,
 But those from dictates of his Honour took.

- ORGULIUS Though by his fondness led he were content
To marry thee, the King would ne're consent.
- 55 Cease then this fruitless passion and incline
Your will and reason to agree with mine.
Alcippus I dispos'd you to before,
And now I am inclin'd to it much more.
Some days I had design'd t've given thee
- 60 To have prepar'd for this solemnity;
But now my second thoughts beleave it fit,
You should this night to my desires submit.
- ERMINIA This night; Ah Sir, what is't you mean to do?
- ORGULIUS Preserve my credit, and thy Honour too.
- 65 ERMINIA By such resolves you me to ruine bring.
- ORGULIUS That's better than to disoblige my King.
- ERMINIA But if the King his liking do afford,
Would you not with *Alcippus* break your word;
Or would you not to serve your Princes life,
- 70 Permit your daughter to become his wife?
- ORGULIUS His Wife *Erminia*; if I did beleave
Thou couldst to such a thought a credit give;
I would the interest of a father quit,
And you, *Erminia*, have no need of it:
- 75 Without his Aid you can a Husband chuse,
Gaining the Prince you may a Father lose.
- ERMINIA Ah Sir, these words are Poniards to my heart:
And half my love to duty does convert;
Alas Sir, I can be content to die,
- 80 But cannot suffer this severity: *Kneels*
That care you had, dear Sir, continue still,
I cannot live and disobey your will. *Rises*
- ORGULIUS This duty has regain'd me, and you'll find
A just return: I shall be always kind;
- 85 —Go— reassume your Beauty: dry your eyes;
Remember 'tis a father does advise. *Goes out*
- ERMINIA Ungrateful duty: whose uncivil pride,
By Reason is not to be satisfyde;
Who even Loves Almighty Power or'ethrows,
- 90 Or dost on it too rigorous Laws impose;
Who bindest up our vertue too too streight,
And on our Honour lays too great a weight.
Coward, whom nothing but thy power makes strong:
Whom Age and Malice bred t'affright the young;
- 95 Here thou dost tyrannize to that degree,
That nothing but my death will set me free. *[Exeunt]*

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

[ACT I.] SCEN[E] IV.

Enter PHILLANDER and ALCANDER

PHILLANDER Urge it no more, your Reasons do displease me:

I offer'd her a Crown, with her *Phillander*:

And she was once pleas'd to accept of it.

She lov'd me too, yes, and repaid my flame,

As kindly as I sacrificed to her:

5

The first Salute we gave were harmless love,

Our souls then met, and so grew up together,

Like sympathizing Twins.

And must she now be ravish't from my Arms;

Will you *Erminia* suffer such a Rape[?]

10

What tho' the King have said it shall be so,

'Tis not his pleasure can become thy Law,

No, nor it shall not.

And though he were my God as well as King,

I would instruct thee how to disobey him;

15

Thou shalt, *Erminia*, bravely say, I will not;

He cannot force thee to't against thy will:

—Oh Gods, shall duty to a King and Father,

Make thee commit a Murther on thy self?

Thy sacred self, and me that do adore thee;

20

No, my *Erminia*, quit this vain devoyre;

And follow Love that may preserve us all:

—Presumptuous Villain, bold ingratitude —

Hadst thou no other way to pay my favours;

By Heaven 'twas bravely bold, was't not *Alcander*[?]

25

ALCANDER It was somewhat strange, Sir;

But yet perhaps he knew not that you lov'd her.

PHILLANDER Not know it: yes as well as thou and I:

The World was full on't, and could he be ignorant[?]

Why was her father call'd from banishment,

30

And plac'd about the King, but for her sake:

What made him General, but my passion for her.

What gave him twenty thousand Crowns a year,

But that which made me Captive to *Erminia*[?]

Almighty Love, of which thou sayst he is ignorant:

35

How has he order'd his audacious flame,

That I could ne're perceive it all this while[?]

ALCANDER Then 'twas a flame conceal'd from you alone,

To the whole Court besides 'twas visible.

He knew you would not suffer it to burn out:

40

And therefore waited till his services

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

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

Points to his sword
Exeunt

ACT II.

The REPRESENTATION of the WEDDING.

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

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

ACT I[I]. SCENE I.

Enter PHILLANDER and GALATEA inrag'd

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

15 GALATEA Ah dear *Phillander*, do not threaten so,

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Whilst him you wound, you kill a Sister too.

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

20

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

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

25

30

Erminia, sweet *Erminia*; thou art lost
And he yet lives that does the conquest boast.

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

35

40

PHILLANDER With hopes already that are vain as air,
You've kept me from revenge, but not despair.

I had my self acquitted as became
Erminia's wrong'd adorer, and my flame,
My Rival I had kill'd, and set her free,
Had not my Justice been disarm'd by thee.

45

—But for thy faithless hopes I'de murther'd him,
Even when the holy Priest was marrying them,
And offer'd up the reeking sacrifice
To th'Gods he kneel'd to, when he took my prize,
By all their Purity I would have don't,
But now I think I merit the affront:

50

He that his vengeance idly does defer,
His Safety more than his Success must fear:
I like that Coward did prolong my fate,
But brave revenge can never come too late.

55

GALATEA Brother, if you can so inhumane prove
To me your Sister, reason, and to love:

I'll let you see that I have sentiments too,
Can love and be reveng'd as well as you,
That houre that shall a death to him impart,
Shall send this dagger to *Erminia*'s heart.

60

Shews a Dagger

PHILLANDER — Ah Coward, how these words have made thee pale,

- And fear above thy courage does prevail:
65 Ye Gods, why did you such a way invent[?]
GALATEA None else was left thy madness to prevent.
PHILLANDER Ah cruel Sister, I am tame becom,
And will reverse my happy Rivals doom:
Yes, he shall live, to triumph o're my Tomb:
70 —But yet what thou hast said I need must blame,
For if, should my resolutions prove the same,
I now should kill thee, and my life renew,
But were it brave or just to murther you:
At worst I should an unkind Sister kill,
75 Thou wouldst the sacred blood of friendship spill.
I kill a man that has undone my Fame,
Ravisht my Mystress, and contemn'd my Name
And Sister, one who does not thee prefer:
But thou no reason hast to injure her.
80 Such charmes of Innocence her eyes do dress,
As would confound the cruell'st Murtheress:
And thou art soft, and canst no horror see,
Such Actions, Sister, you must leave to me.
GALATEA The highest love no reason will admit,
85 And passion is above my friendship yet.
PHILLANDER Then since I cannot hope to alter thee,
Let me but beg that thou wouldst set me free;
Free this poor soul that such a coile does keep;
'Twill neither let me wake in peace, nor sleep.
90 Comfort I find, a stranger to my heart,
Nor canst thou aught of that but thus impart;
Thou shouldst with joy a death to him procure,
Who by it leaves *Alcippus* life secure.
GALATEA Dear brother, you out-run your patience still,
95 We'll neither die our selves, nor others kill;
Something I'll do that shall thy joys restore,
And bring thee back that health thou hadst before;
— We're now expected at the Banquet, where
I'de have thy eyes more Love than anger wear:
100 This night be cheerful, and on me depend,
On me, that am thy Sister and thy friend:
A little raise *Alcippus* jealousy,
And let the rest be carried on by me;
Nor would it be amiss, should you provide
105 A Serenade to entertain the Bride:
'Twill give him fears that may perhaps disprove
The fond opinion of his happy love.
PHILLANDER Though Hope be faithless, yet I cannot chuse,
Coming from thee, but credit the abuse.
110 GALATEA *Phillander*, do not you Hopes power distrust,
'Tis time enough to die, when that's, unjust.

Exeunt

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

ACT II. SCEN[E] II.

Enter AMINTA as passing over the Stage, is stayed by OLINDA

OLINDA	Why so hasty, <i>Aminta</i> [?]	
AMINTA	The time requires it, <i>Olinda</i> .	
OLINDA	But I've an humble suit to you.	
AMINTA	You shall command me any thing.	
OLINDA	Pray Heaven you keep your word:	5
AMINTA	That sad tone of thine <i>Olinda</i> has almost	
	Made me repent of my promise, but come; what is't?	
OLINDA	My Brother, Madam.	
AMINTA	Now fye upon thee, is that all thy business?	<i>Offers to go</i>
OLINDA	Stay Madam, he dies for you.	10
AMINTA	He cannot do't for any woman living;	
	But well — it seems he speaks of love to you;	
	To me he does appear a very Statue.	
OLINDA	He naught but sighs and calls upon your Name,	
	And vows you are the cruell'st Maid that breaths.	15
AMINTA	Thou canst not be in earnest sure.	
OLINDA	I'le swear I am, and so is he.	
AMINTA	Nay then thou hast a hard task on't; to make	
	Vows to all the Women he makes love to;	
	Indeed I pity thee; ha, ha, ha.	20
OLINDA	You should not laugh at those you have undon.	
AMINTA	<i>sings.</i>	
	<i>Hang love, for I will never pine,</i>	
	<i>For any Man alive;</i>	
	<i>Nor shall this jolly heart of mine,</i>	25
	<i>The thoughts of it receive;</i>	
	<i>I will not purchase slavery</i>	
	<i>At such a dangerous rate.</i>	
	<i>But glory at my liberty,</i>	
	<i>And laugh at love and fate.</i>	30
OLINDA	You'll kill him by this cruelty.	
AMINTA	What is't thou call'st so,	
	For I have hitherto given no denials.	
	Nor has he given me cause;	
	I've seen him wildely gaze upon me often,	35
	And sometimes blush and smile, but seldom that;	
	And now and then found fault with my replies,	
	And wonder'd where the devil lay that wit;	
	Which he beleaved no Judg of it could find.	
OLINDA	Faith Madam, that's his way of making love.	40
AMINTA	It will not take with me, I love a man,	

Can kneel, and swear, and cry, and look submiss,
As if he meant indeed to die my slave:
Thy Brother looks – but too much like a Conqueror.

Sighs

- 45 OLINDA How *Aminta*, can you sigh in earnest[?]
AMINTA Yes *Olinda*, and you shall know its meaning,
I love *Alcander* – and am not ashamed o’th’ secret,
But prithee do not tell him what I say.
——Oh he’s a man made up of those perfections,
50 Which I have often lik’t in several men;
And wish’t united to compleat some one,
Whom I might have the glory to o’recome
——His Mien and Person, but ’bove all his Humour,
That surly Pride, though even to me address,
55 Do strangely well becom him.
OLINDA May I believe this?
AMINTA Not if you mean to speak on’t,
But I shall soon enough betray my self.

*Enter FALATIUS
with a patch or two on his face*

- Falatus*, Welcom from the Wars
60 I’m glad to see y’ve scap’d the dangers of them.
FALATIUS Not so well scap’d neither, Madam, but I
Have left still a few testimonies of their
Severity to me. *Points to his face*
OLINDA That’s not so well, beleieve me.
65 FALATIUS Nor so ill, since they be such as render us no
Less acceptable to your fair eyes, Madam;
But had you seen me when I gain’d them, Ladies,
In that Heroick posture.
AMINTA What posture?
70 FALATIUS In that of fighting, Madam.
You would have call’d to mind that ancient story
Of the stout Giants that wag’d War with Heaven;
Just so I fought, and for as glorious prize,
Your excellent Ladiship.
75 AMINTA For me, was it for me you ran this hazard then?
FALATIUS Madam, I hope you do not question that,
Was it not all the faults you found with me,
The reputation of my want of Courage,
A thousand Furies are not like a Battel,
80 And but for you,
By *Jove* I would not fight it o’re again
For all the glory on’t, and now do you doubt me:
Madam your heart is strangely fortified
That can resist th’ efforts I’ve made against it,
85 And bring to boot such marks of valour too.

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

*Enter to them ALCANDER,
who seeing them would turn back, but OLINDA stays him*

OLINDA Brother, come back.

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

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

FALATIUS Come forward and be complaisant. *Pulls him again*

ALCANDER That's most proper for your wit *Falatus*.

90

FALATIUS Why so angry?

ALCANDER Away, thou art deceav'd.

AMINTA You've lost your sleep, which puts you out of humour.

ALCANDER He's damn'd will lose a moment on't for you.

AMINTA Who is't that has displeas'd you?

95

ALCANDER You have, and took my whole repose away,

And more than that, which you can ne're restore;

I can do nothing as I did before.

When I would sleep, I cannot do't for you,

My Eyes and Fancy do that form pursue,

100

And when I sleep, you Revel in my dreams,

And all my life is nothing but extreams.

When I would tell my love, I seem most rude,

For that informs me how I am subdu'd.

Gods you'r unjust to tyrannize o're me,

105

When thousands fitter for't than I go free.

Goes out

FALATIUS Why what the Devil has possest *Alcander*[?]

OLINDA How like you this *Aminta*?

AMINTA Better and better, he's a wondrous man.

Aminta and Olinda go out

FALATIUS 'Tis the most unjanty humour that ever I saw;

110

Ay, Ay, he is my Rivall,

No marvell an' he look't so big upon me,

He is damnable valiant, and as Jealous as

He is Valiant, how I shall behave my

Self to him, and these too idle humours of his

115

I cannot yet determine; the comfort is, he

Knows I am a Coward what ever face I set upon it.

Well, I must either resolve never to provoke

His jealousy, or be able to re'ncounter his

Other fury, his valour; that were a good

120

Resolve if I be not past all hope.

Exit

ACT II. SCENE III.

Enter ALCIPPUS and ERMINIA, as in a Bed-Chamber

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

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

ALCIPPUS You strangely bless me in but saying so,

10 ERMINIA *Alcippus* I've an humble suit to you.

ALCIPPUS All that I have is so entirely thine,
And such a Captive thou hast made my will
Thou need'st not be at the expence of wishing
For what thou canst desire that I may grant,

15 Why are thy eyes declin'd?

ERMINIA To satisfie a little modest scruple
I beg you would permit me, Sir —

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

ERMINIA It is —

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

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

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

25 ERMINIA You would not blame her if you knew her reason.

ALCIPPUS Indeed I do not much, for I can guess

She takes the party of her Prince and Brother;

And this is only to delay those joys,

Which she perhaps beleeves belong to him.

30 —But that *Erminia*, you can best resolve;

And 'tis not kindly done to hide a truth,

The Prince so clearly own'd.

ERMINIA What did he own?

ALCIPPUS He said, *Erminia*, that you were his wife;

35 If so, no wonder you refuse my bed:

The Presence of the King hindred my knowledge,

Of what I willingly would learn from you;

—Come ne're deny a truth that plain appears,

I see hypocrisie through all your tears.

40 ERMINIA You need not ask me to repeat again,
A knowledge which, you say, appears so plain:

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

- The Prince his word methinks should credit get,
Which I'll confirm whene'er you call for it:
My heart before you ask't it, was his prize,
And cannot twice become a sacrifice. 45
- ALCIPPUS *Erminia*, is this brave or just in you,
To pay his score of love with what's my due:
What's your design to treat me in this sort,
Are sacred Vows of Marriage made your sport?
Regard me well, *Erminia*, what am I? 50
- ERMINIA One Sir, with whom I am bound to live and die,
And one to whom by rigorous command,
I gave (without my heart) my unwilling hand.
- ALCIPPUS But why, *Erminia*, did you give it so?
- ERMINIA T' obey a King and cruel father too. 55
A friendship, Sir, I can on you bestow,
But that will hardly into passion grow;
And 'twill an Act below your vertue prove,
To force an heart you know can never love.
- ALCIPPUS Am I the mark to hide your blushes in, 60
I the contented fool to veil your sin;
Have you already learnt that trick at Court,
Both how to practice and secure your sport;
Brave Mystress of your Art, is this the way
My service and my passion to repay? 65
Will nothing but a Prince your pleasure fit,
And could you think that I would wink at it?
Recal that folly, or by all that's good,
I'll free the soul that wantons in thy blood.
- He in rage takes her by the arm, shews a Dagger*
- ERMINIA I see your love, your Reason has betray'd, 70
But I'll forgive the faults which love has made;
'Tis true, I love, and do confess it too:
Which if a crime, I might have hid from you;
But such a passion 'tis, as does despise,
Whatever rage you threaten from your eyes. 75
—Yes—you may disapprove this flame in me,
But cannot hinder what the Gods decree;
—Search here this truth; Alas, I cannot fear,
Your steel shall find a welcom entrance here.
- He holds her still, and gazes on her*
- ALCIPPUS Where dost thou think thy ingrateful soul will go, 80
Loaded with wrongs to me, should I strike now[?]
- ERMINIA To some blest place, where Lovers do reside,
Free from the noise of jealousie and pride;
Where we shall know no other power but love,
And where even thou wilt soft and gentle prove; 85
So gentle, that if I should meet thee there,
I should allow what I deny thee here.

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

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Till then the promise I the Princess made,
 I beg you would permit might be obey'd.
 ALCIPPUS You Madame: with so many charmes assail,
 You need not question but you shall prevail;
 Thy power's not lessen'd in thy being mine, 140
 But much augmented in my being thine,
 The glory of my chains may raise me more,
 But I am still that slave I was before.
Exeunt severally

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter PHILLANDER and ALCANDER. The Prince half undrest

PHILLANDER What's a Clock, *Alcander*[?]
 ALCANDER 'Tis midnight, Sir, will you not go to bed.
 PHILLANDER To bed, friend; what to do?
 ALCANDER To sleep, Sir, as you were wont to do.
 PHILLANDER Sleep, and *Erminia* have abandon'd me, 5
 I'll never sleep again. —
 ALCANDER This is an humour, Sir, you must forsake.
 PHILLANDER Never, never, oh *Alcander*.
 Dost know where my *Erminia* lies to night[?]
 ALCANDER I guess, Sir. 10
 PHILLANDER Where[?] nay prithee speak,
 Indeed I shall not be offended at it.
 ALCANDER I know not why you should, Sir.
 She's where she ought, abed with young *Alcippus*.
 PHILLANDER Thou speak'st thy real thoughts[?] 15
 ALCANDER Why should your Highness doubt it?
 PHILLANDER By Heaven there is no faith in Woman-kind,
Alcander, dost thou know an honest woman?
 ALCANDER Many Sir.
 PHILLANDER I do not think it; 'tis impossible; 20
Erminia, if it could have been, were she,
 But she has broke her Vows which I held sacred,
 And plays the Wanton in anothers Armes.
 ALCANDER Sir, Do you think it just to wrong her so[?]
 PHILLANDER Oh would thou couldst perswade me that I did so; 25
 Thou know'st the Oaths and Vows she made to me,
 Never to marry other than my self,
 And you *Alcander* wrought me to believe them.
 But now her Vows to marry none but me,
 Are given to *Alcippus*, and in his bosom breath'd, 30
 With balmey whispers whilst the ravisht youth,
 For every syllable returns a kiss,
 And in the height of all his extasie,

- Phillander's* dispossess'd and quite forgotten.
 35 Ah charming maid is this your love to me[?]
 Yet now thou art no maid, nor lov'st not me,
 And I the fool to let thee know my weakness.
 ALCANDER Why do you thus proceed to vex your self,
 To question what you list, and answer what you please[?]
 40 Sir, this is not the way to be at ease.
 PHILLANDER Ah dear *Alcander* what wouldst have me do?
 ALCANDER Do that which may preserve you;
 Do that which every man in love would do,
 Make it your business to possess the object.
 45 PHILLANDER What meanest thou, is she not married[?]
 ALCANDER What then, she's all about her, that she had,
 Of youth and Beauty she is mistress still,
 And may dispose it how, and where she will.
 PHILLANDER Pray Heaven I do not think too well of thee,
 50 What means all this discourse, art thou honest?
 ALCANDER As most men of my age.
 PHILLANDER And wouldst thou counsell me to such a sin?
 For — I do understand — thee.
 ALCANDER I know not what you term so.
 55 PHILLANDER I never thought thou'dst been so great a villaine
 To urge me to a crime would damn us all,
 Why dost thou smile, hast thou done well in this?
 ALCANDER I thought so, or I'd kept it to my self.
 Sir e're you grow in rage at what I've said,
 60 Do you think I love you, or believe my life
 Were to be valued more than your repose?
 You seem to think it is not.
 PHILLANDER Possibly I may.
 ALCANDER The sin of what I have propos'd to you
 65 You only seem to hate; Sir is it so?
 —If such religious thoughts about you dwell,
 Why is it that you thus perplex your self?
 Self-murder sure, is much the greater sin.
Erminia too, you say has broke her vows,
 70 She that will swear and lye, will do the rest.
 And of these evils, this I think the least;
 And as for me I never thought it sin.
 PHILLANDER And canst thou have so poor a thought of her[?]
 ALCANDER I hope you'll find her Sir as willing to't
 75 As I am to suppose it, nay believe't,
 Shee'll look upon't as want of love and courage
 Should you not now attempt it;
 You know Sir there's no other remedy,
 Take no denial but the Game pursue,
 80 For what she will refuse, she wishes you.
 PHILLANDER With such pretentions—she may angry grow.

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

- ALCANDER I never heard of any that were so,
For though the will to do't, and power they want,
They love to hear, of what they cannot grant.
- PHILLANDER No more. 85
Is this your duty to your Prince[,] Alcander?
You were not wont to counsell thus amiss,
Tis either disrespect or some design,
I could be wondrous angry with thee now,
But that my grief has such possession here, 90
'Twill make no room for rage.
- ALCANDER I cannot Sir repent of what I've said,
Since all the errors which I have committed,
Are what my passion to your interest led me to,
But yet I beg your Highness would recall 95
That sence which would perswade you 'tis unjust.
- PHILLANDER Name it no more, and I'll forgive it thee.
- ALCANDER I can obey you Sir.
- PHILLANDER What shall we do to night? I cannot sleep.
- ALCANDER I'm good at watching, and doing any thing. 100
- PHILLANDER We'll Serenade the Ladies and the Bride.
—The first we may disturb, but she I fear
Keeps watch with me to night, though not like me.

Enter a PAGE of the Princes

- PHILLANDER How now Boy,
Is the Musick ready which I spoke for? 105
- PAGE They wait your Highnesses command.
- PHILLANDER Bid them prepare, I'm coming. *Exit Page*
Soft touches may allay the discords here
And sweeten, though not lessen my despair. *[Exeunt]*

[ACT II.] SCEN[E] V.

The Court Gallery

Enter PISARO alone

- PISARO Ha! who's that[?] a Lover on my Life,
This amorous malady reigns every where;
Nor can my Sister be an ignorant
Of what I saw this night in *Gallatea*:
I'll question her—Sister, *Aminta*, Sister, *Calls as at her Lodgings* 5

Enter LYSETTE

- LYSETTE Who calls my Lady?
PISARO Where's my Sister?

LYSETTE I cry your Lordships mercy,
My Lady lyes not in her Lodgings to night,
10 The Princess sent for her,
Her Highness is not well.

She goes in

PISARO I do believe it, good night, *Lysette*.

Enter a PAGE

—Who's there[?]

PAGE Your Lordships Page.

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

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

PISARO Curse on them; will they not allow him nights

20 To himself; 'tis hard.

[Exit Page]

This night I'me wiser grown by observation,
My love and friendship taught me jealousy,
Which like a cunning Spy brought in intelligence,
From every eye less wary than its own;

25 That told me that the charming *Gallatea*,

In whom all power remains,

Is yet too feeble t' encounter love;

I find she receiv'd the wanton God,

Maugre my fond opinion of her soul,

30 And 'tis my friend too that's become my Rivall.

I saw her lovely eyes still turn on him,

As Flowers to th'Sun: and when he turn'd away

Like those, she bow'd her charming head again.

—On th'other side the Prince with dying looks

35 Each motion watch'd of fair *Erminias* eyes,

Which she return'd as greedily again,

And if one glance t' *Alcippus* she directed,

He'd stare as if he meant to cut his throat for't.

Well friend thou hast a sure defence of me

40 My Love is yet below my amity.

Exit

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Draws off, discovers PHILLANDER and ALCANDER [and PAGE] with Musick at the Chamber door of Erminia, to them PISARO who listens whilst the Song is sung

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

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

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

On Silvia that false charming maid,
But she was still regardless of his pain: 5
Oh! faithless Silvia! would he cry
And what he said the Eccho's would reply.
Be kind, or else I dye, E[ccho]. I dye.
Be kind or else I dye, E[ccho]. I dye.

A shower of tears his eyes let fall, 10
Which in the River made impress,
Then sigh, and Silvia false again would call,
A cruell faithless Shepherdess,
Is love with you become a criminal[?] 15
Ah lay aside this needless scorn,
Allow your poor adorer some return,
Consider how I burn, E[ccho]. I burn.
Consider, &c.

Those smiles and kisses which you give,
Remember Silvia, are my due; 20
And all the joys my Rival does receive
He ravishes from me not you.
Ah Silvia, can I live and this believe?
Insensibles are touch'd to see
My languishments, and seem to pity me. 25
Which I demand of thee, E[ccho]. of thee,
Which I demand, &c.

PISARO What's all this?

PHILLANDER Who's there?

PISARO A man, a friend to the General. 30

PHILLANDER Then thou'rt an enemy to all good men.

Does the ungrateful Wretch hide his own head,
And send his Spies abroad?

PISARO He is too great to fear, and needs them not; 35
And him thou termost so scorns the office too.

PHILLANDER What makest thou here then when the whole World's
asleep?

Be gone, there lies thy way
Where e're thy business be.

PISARO It lies as free for thee, and here's my business. 40

PHILLANDER Thou liest, Rude man.

PISARO Why, what art thou darest tell me so i'th' dark?

Day had betrayed thy blushes for this boldness.

PHILLANDER Tell me who 'tis that dares capitulate?

PISARO One that dares make it good. 45

PHILLANDER Draw then, and keep thy word.

ALCANDER Stand by, and let me do that duty, Sir.

He steps between them, they fight, Pisaro falls

—Here's thy reward who e're thou art.

PHILLANDER Hast thou no hurt?

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

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

Enter [Pisaro's] PAGE

PAGE My Lord, is't you are fallen?

Help, Murther, Murther.

PISARO Hold, Balling Dog.

*Enters ALCIPPUS in his Night-gown with a Sword in his hand,
a Page with Lights*

55 ALCIPPUS 'Twas hereabouts—who's this, *Pisaro* wounded! *He looks up*
How camest thou thus? Come up into my arms.

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

Who never leaves us till it has thus betrayed us.

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

60 I have disturb'd you to no purpose, Sir.

I am not wounded, go to bed agen.

ALCIPPUS I'll see thee to thy Lodgings first, *Pisaro*.

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

Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Enter PHILLANDER and ALCANDER with Light

ALCANDER He's gone whoe're he be.

PHILLANDER It could not be *Alcippus*.

ALCANDER I rather fear *Pisaro*,

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

Enter ERMINIA in her Night-gown, and ISILLIA with Lights

5 ERMINIA Methought I heard *Alcippus* and the Prince

Before the cry of Murther.

I die if those two Rivals have encounter'd.

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

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

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

PHILLANDER Where I had been had Heaven been bountiful.

ERMINIA Alas Sir, what d'you mean? what have you done?

And where have you bestow'd him?

PHILLANDER Why all this high concern, *Erminia*?

15 Has he so reconcil'd you to him since I saw you last?

This is not kind to me.

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

ALCANDER Madam, of whom do you demand *Alcippus*?

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

Neither of us have seen him.

PHILLANDER Go, Y'are a woman, a vain peevish creature. 20

ERMINIA Sir, 'tis but just you should excuse my fear,
Alcippus is my husband, and his safetie
 Ought to become my care.

PHILLANDER How *Erminia*.
 Can you so soon yield up my right to him, 25
 And not blush, whilst you own your Perjurie?

ERMINIA Now Sir, y' are much to blame,
 I could have borne the rest, but this concerns me,
 I fear I have but too well kept my Vows with you,
 Since you are grown but to suspect I have not. 30

PHILLANDER Pardon me, Dear, the errors of my passion;
 It was a sin so natural,
 That even thy unkindly taking it,
 Approach'd too near it, not to gain my Pardon;
 But tell me why you ask't me for *Alcippus*? 35

ERMINIA Sir, e're I could dispose my eyes to sleep,
 I heard the Musick at my Chamber-door,
 And such a Song as could be none but yours;
 But that was finisht in a noise less pleasant,
 In that of Swords and quarrel; 40
 And amongst which,
 I thought I heard yours and *Alcippus* voice.
 (For I have kept my word, and lay not with him,)
 This brought me hither, but if I mistook,
 Once more I beg your Pardon. 45

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

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

ALCIPPUS *Erminia!* and the *Prince!* embracing too!
 I dream, and know she could not be thus base,
 Thus false and loose— 50
 But hear, I am inform'd it is no Vision;
 —This was design'd before, I find it now; *Lays his hand on his heart*

ERMINIA *Alcippus*, oh my fears. *Goes to them, takes her by the hand*

ALCIPPUS Yes, Madam:
 Too soon arriv'd for his and your repose. 55

PHILLANDER *Alcippus*, touch her not.

ALCIPPUS Not touch her, by Heaven I will,
 And who shall hinder me?
 Who is't dares say I shall not touch my wife?

PHILLANDER Villain thou li'st. 60

ALCIPPUS That y'are my Prince shall not defend you here,
 Draw Sir, for I have laid respect aside.
Strikes, they fight a little, Alcippus is wounded, Alcander supports him

ERMINIA Oh Gods what mean you, hold *Phillander*, hold.

PHILLANDER Life of my soul, retire,

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

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

She kneels

70 PHILLANDER You are too great a Tyrant where you may.

Exeunt Eminia & Alcippus

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

Though they have power to take my life away,
Have force to suffer me to injure her?

75 Shall she be made a prey, and I permit it?
Who only have the interest to forbid it?
—No, let me be accurst then.

Offers to follow

ALCANDER What mean you, Sir?

PHILLANDER Force the bold Ravisher to resign my right.

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

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

PHILLANDER Fitter than this, *Alcander*?

ALCANDER This night *Erminia*'s promise may repose you.

85 Tomorrow is your own —.
Till then I beg y'de think your interest safe.

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

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

Puts up his sword

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

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

Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ALCIPPUS and PISARO

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

ALCIPPUS Friendship's too near a kin to love *Pisaro*,

To leave me any peace, whilst in your eyes
I read Reserves, which 'tis not kind to hide;

5 —Come prithee tell me what the quarrel was,

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

And who 'twas with, thou shalt my dear *Pisaro*.
 PISARO Nay, now you urge me to impossibilities,
 Good faith, I cannot tell, but guess the Prince.
 ALCIPPUS 'Tis true, *Pisaro*, 'twas indeed the Prince,
 But what was th' occasion? 10
 PISARO He call'd me Spy, and I return'd th' affront,
 But took no notice that he was my Prince;
 It was a folly I repented of;
 But 'twas in a damn'd melancholy Mood.
 ALCIPPUS Was it a going in or coming out[?]
 PISARO From whence? 15
 ALCIPPUS *Erminia's* Chamber, prithee let me know,
 For I have fears that take away my sleep,
 Fears that will make me mad, stark mad, *Pisaro*.
 PISARO You do not well to fear without a cause. 20
 ALCIPPUS Oh friend, I saw what thou canst ne're conceive;
 Last night I saw it when I came from thee:
 And if thou go'st about t'impose upon me,
 I'll cast thee from my soul; Come out with it,
 I see thy brest heave with a generous ardour, 25
 As if it scorn'd to harbor a reserve,
 Which stood not with its Amity to me.
 Could I but know my fate, I could despise it:
 But when 'tis clad in Robes of innocence,
 The devil cannot 'scape it: 30
 Something was done last night that gnaws my heart-strings;
 And many things the Princess too let fall,
 Which, Gods! I know not how to put together,
 And prithee be not thou a Ridler too:
 But if thou know'st of aught that may concern me, 35
 Make me as wise as thou art.
 PISARO Sir, you are of so strange a jealous Humour,
 And so strangely jealous of your Honour,
 That 'twixt us both we may make work enough,
 But on my soul I know no wrong you have. 40
 ALCIPPUS I must beleeve thee, yet methinks thy face
 Has put on an unwonted gravity.
 PISARO That, *Alcippus*, you'll not wonder at,
 When you shall know you are my Rival.
 ALCIPPUS Nay, why shouldst thou delay me thus with stories? 45
 This shall not put me off.
 PISARO Sir, I'm in earnest, you have gain'd that heart,
 For which I've receiv'd so many wounds,
 Venturing for Trophies where none durst appear,
 To gain at my Return one single smile: 50
 Or that she would submit to hear my story:
 And when sh' has said, 'twas bravely done, *Pisaro*,
 I thought the glory recompenc'd the toile,

- And sacrific'd my Lawrels at her feet:
 55 Like those who pay their first-fruits to the Gods,
 To beg a blessing on the following crop,
 And never made her other signs of love,
 Nor knew I that I had that easie flame,
 Till by her eyes I found that she was mortal,
 60 And could love too, and that my friend is you.
- ALCIPPUS Thou hast amaz'd me, prethee speak more clearly.
- PISARO My Lord, the Princess has a passion for you,
 Have I not reason now to be your enemy?
- ALCIPPUS Not till I make returns:
 65 But now I'm past redemption miserable.
 'Twas she *Erminia* told me dy'd for me;
 And I believ'd it but a flight of hers,
 To put me from my Courtship.
- PISARO No 'twas a fatall truth,
 70 *Alcippus* hadst thou seen her, whilst the Priest
 Was giving thee to fair *Erminia*
 What languishment appear'd up on her eyes
 (Which never were remov'd from thy lov'd face,)
 Through which her melting soul in drops distill'd,
 75 As if she meant to wash away thy sin,
 In giving up that right belong'd to her,
 Thou hadst without my aid found out this truth,
 A sweet composure dwelt upon her looks
 Like Infants who are smiling whilst they dye,
 80 Nor knew she that she wept, so unconcern'd
 And freely did her soul a passage find,
 Whilst I transported had almost forgot
 The Reverence due t'her sacred self and place,
 And every moment ready was to kneel
 85 And with my lips gather the pretious drops
 And rob the Holy Temple of a Relique,
 Fit only there t'inhabit.
- ALCIPPUS I never thought thou'dst had this softness in thee,
 How cam'st thou friend to hide all this from me?
- 90 PISARO My Lord, I knew not that I was a lover;
 I felt no flame, but a Religious ardour,
 That did inspire my soul with adoration,
 And so remote I was from aught but such
 I knew not hope, nor what it was to wish
 95 For other blessings than to gaze upon her,
 Like Heaven I thought she was to be possess't
 Where carnall thoughts can no admittance find,
 And had I not perceav'd her love to you,
 I had not known the nature of my flame,
 100 But then I found it out by jealousie,
 And what I took for a Seraphick motion

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

I now decline as criminal and earthly.

ALCIPPUS When she can love to a discovery,
 Declares her passion eminent and high
 —But I am married—to a maid that hates me; 105
 What help for that *Pisaro*?
 And thou hast something too to say to her,
 What was't[?] for now thou hast undone me quite.

PISARO I have nought to say to her dishonour, Sir,
 But something may be done may give you cause 110
 To stand upon your Guard;
 And if your Rage do not the Mastery get,
 I cannot doubt but you'll be happy yet.

ALCIPPUS Without *Erminia* that can hardly be,
 And yet I find a certain shame within 115
 That will not suffer me to see the Princess,
 I have a kind of war within my soul,
 My Love against my Glory and my Honour,
 And I could wish, — Alass I know not what,
 Prethee instruct me. 120

PISARO Sir take a resolution to be calm
 And not like men in love abandon reason:
 —You may observe the actions of these lovers,
 But be not passionate what ere you find.
 That head-strong Divel will undo us all. 125
 If you'le be happy quit its company.

ALCIPPUS I fain would take thy counsell — *Pawses*

PISARO —Come clear up my Lord, and do not hang the head
 Like Flowers in storms; the Sun will shine again.
 Set *Galatea's* charms before your eyes, 130
 Think of the glory to divide a Kingdom.
 And do not waste your Noble youth and time,
 Upon a peevish heart you cannot gain.
 This day you must to th' Camp, and in your absence
 I take upon me what I scorn'd last night, 135
 The office of a Spy —
 Believe me, Sir; for by the Gods I swear,
 I never wisht the glory of a Conquest
 With half that zeale as to compose these differences.

ALCIPPUS I do believe thee, and will tell thee something 140
 That past between the Prince and I last night,
 And then thou wilt conclude me truly miserable. *Exeunt*

ACT III. SCEN[E] II.

Enter FALATIUS, LA BREE, as passing by meet CLEONTIUS

CLEONTIUS Your Servant, my Lord.

Falatus puts off his hat a little, and passes on

—so coldly, stay — your reason, Sir.

FALATIUS How mean you, Sir?

CLEONTIUS Do you not know me?

5 FALATIUS Yes I have seen you, and think you are *Cleontius*,
A Servant of the Princes; wert i'th' Campania too,
If I mistake not.

CLEONTIUS Can you recall me by no better instances?

FALATIUS What need of any, pray?

10 CLEONTIUS I am a Gentleman.

FALATIUS Ha *La Bree*, what means he now?

By *Jove* I do not question it, *Cleontius*:

What need this odd Punctilio?

I call thee to no account.

15 CLEONTIUS That's more than I can say to you, Sir.

FALATIUS I'll excuse you for that.

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

FALATIUS Oh the Devil, now he begins.

CLEONTIUS A handsom Sister too, or you deceiv'd her.

20 LA BREE Bear up, Sir, be not huft.

Aside

FALATIUS It may be so, but is she kind, *Cleontius*?

Falatus bears up

CLEONTIUS What mean you by that word?

LA BREE Again Sir, here's two to one.

Aside

FALATIUS Will she do reason, or so, you understand me[?]

25 CLEONTIUS I understand that thou'rt an impudent fellow,
Whom I must cudgell into better manners.

FALATIUS Pox on't who bears up now *La Bree*?

[Aside]

CLEONTIUS Beat till thou dost confess thou art an ass.

And on thy knees confess it to *Isillia*,

30 Who after that shall scorn thee.

LA BREE Rally with him Sir, 'tis your only way, and put it
Off with a jest, for he's in fury, but dares not
Strike i'th' Court.

[Aside]

FALATIUS But must you needs do this, needs fight *Cleontius*?

35 CLEONTIUS Yes, by all means, I find my self inclin'd to't.

FALATIUS You shall have your desire, Sir, farewell.

CLEONTIUS When, and where?

FALATIUS Faith very suddenly, for I think it will not be
Hard to find men of your trade

40 Men that will fight as long as you can do,

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE

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

45

CLEONTIUS Abusive Coward hast thou no sence of honour[?]

FALATIUS Sence of honour, ha, ha, ha, poor *Cleontius*.

Enters AMINTA and OLINDA

AMINTA How now servant, why so joviall?

FALATIUS I was laughing Madam — at —

50

CLEONTIUS At what, thou thing of nothing —

AMINTA Cozen *Cleontius* you are angry.

CLEONTIUS Madam, it is unjustly then, for fools
Should rather move the spleen to mirth than anger.

AMINTA You've too much wit to take aught ill from him,
Lets know your quarrel.

55

FALATIUS By *Jove La Bree* I am undone again.

[*Aside*]

CLEONTIUS Madam, it was about —

FALATIUS Hold dear *Cleontius*, hold, and I'll do any thing.

Aside

CLEONTIUS Just nothing —

60

FALATIUS He was a little too familiar with me —

CLEONTIUS Madam, my Sister *Isillia* —

FALATIUS A curse he will out with it—

Aside, pulls him by the arm

CLEONTIUS Confess she is your Mistress.

Aside

FALATIUS I call my mistress, Madam.

65

AMINTA My Cozen *Isillia* your Mistress,

Upon my word you are a happy man.

FALATIUS By *Jove* if she be your Cozen, Madam,
I love her much the better for't.

AMINTA I am beholding to you,

70

But then it seems I've lost a lover of you.

CLEONTIUS Confess she has or I'll so handle you.

Exit La Bree

FALATIUS That's too much *Cleontius* — but I will,

By *love*; Madam, I must not have a Mistress that

Has more wit than my self, they ever require

75

More then a mans able to give them.

OLINDA Is this your way of Courtship to *Isillia*?

Exit Cleontius

FALATIUS By *love*, Ladies, you get no more of that from me,

'Tis that has spoyled you all; I find *Alcander* can

Do more with a dumb show, than I with all my

80

Applications and address.

OLINDA Why, my Brother can speak.

FALATIUS Yes, if any body durst hear him, by *love* if you

Be not kind to him, he'll Hector you all; I'll get

The way on't too, 'tis the most prosperous one; I see no

85

Other reason you have to love *Alcander*