

TITLE
TRAGEDIE
OF MARIAM,
THE FAIRE
Queene of Iewry.

Written by that learned,
virtuous, and truly noble Ladie,
E. C.



LONDON.

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Hawkins, and are to be sold at his shoppe
in Chancery Lane, neare vnto
Sargeants Inne.

1613.

ЧЕРНЯГ
ПОСЛАЛ

МАИАМО

V. Лицем к лицу
С. Лицом к лицу
E. Лицом к лицу

Людмил

Б. Лицом к лицу
С. Лицом к лицу
Д. Лицом к лицу
Е. Лицом к лицу



TO DIANAES
EARTH LIE DEPVTESSE,
and my worthy Sister, Mistris
Elizabeth Carye.

VVhen cheerfull *Phæbus* his full course hath run,
His sisters fainter beams our harts doth cheere:
So your faire Brother is to mee the Sunne,
And you his Sister as my Moone appeere.

You are my next belou'd, my second Friend,
For when my *Phæbus* absence makes it Night,
Whilst to th' *Antipodes* his beames do bend,
From you my *Phæbe*, shines my second Light.

Hee like to *SOL*, cleare-sighted, constant, free,
You *LVNA*-like, vnspotted, chast, diuine:
Hee shone on *Sicily*, you destin'd bee,
Tillumine the now obscure *Palestine*.
My first was consecrated to *Apollo*,
My second to *DIANA* now shall follow.

E. C.

A

The

The names of the Speakers.

Herod, King of Judea.
Doris, his first Wife.
Mariam, his second Wife.
Salome, Herods Sister.
Antipater his sonne by Salome.
Alexandria, Mariams mother.
Silius, Prince of Arabia.
Constabarus, husband to Salome.
Phororas, Herods Brother.
Graphina, his Loue.
Babus first Sonne.
Babus second Sonne.
Amanell, the high Priest.
Sohermus, a Counsellor to Herod.
Nuntius.
Bu. another Messenger.
Chorus, a Companie of Iewes.

The



The Argument.

Herod the sonne of Antipater (an Idumean,) hauing crept by the fauor of the Romanes, into the Iewish Monarchie, married *Mariam* the daughter of *Hircanus*, the rightfull King and Priest, and for her (besides her high blood, being of singular beautie) hee reputated *Doris*, his former Wife, by whome hee had Children.

This *Mariam* had a Brother called *Aristobulus*, and next him and *Hircanus* his Graund-father, *Herod* in his Wiues right had the best title. Therefore to remoue them, he charged the first with treason : and put him to death ; and drowned the second vnder colour of sport. *Alexandra*, Daughter to the one, and Mother to the other, accused him for their deaths before *Anthony*.

So when hee was forc'te to goe answere this Accusation at *Rome*, he left the custodie of his wife to *Iosephus* his Uncle, that had married his Sister *Salome*, and out of a violent affection (vnwilling any should enjoy her after him) hee gaue strict and private commandement, that if hee were slaine, shee should be put to death. But he returned with much honour, yet found his Wife extremely discontented, to whom *Iosephus* had (meaning it for the best, to proue *Herod* loued her) revealed his charge.

So by *Salomes* accusation hee put *Iosephus* to death, but was reconciled to *Mariam*, who still bare the death of her Friends exceeding hardly.

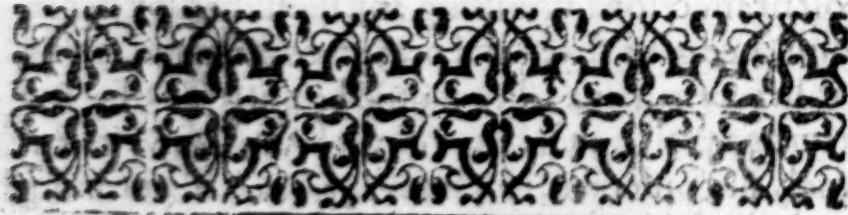
In this meane time *Herod* was againe necessarily to reuise *Rome*, for *Cesar* hauing ouerthrowne *Anthony* his

THE EPISTLE

great friend, was likely to make an alteration of his Fortune.

In his absence, newes came to Ierusalem that Cesar had put him to death, their willingnes it should be so, together with the likelyhood, gaue this Rumor so good credite, as *Sobemus* that had succeeded *Josephus* charge, succeeded him likewise in revealing it. So at Herods returne which was speedy and vnspected, he found *Mariam* so farre frome ioye, that she shewd apparant signes of sorrow. Hee still desiring to winne her to a better humour, she being very vnable to conceale her passion, fell to upbraiding him with her Brothers death. As they were thus debating, came in a fellow with a Cuppe of Wine, who hired by *Salome*, saide first, it was a Loue potion, which *Mariam* desired to deliuer to the King: but afterwards he affirmed that it was a poysone, and that *Sobemus* had tolde her somewhat, which procured the vehement hate in her.

The King hearing this, more moued with Icalousie of *Sobemus*, then with this intent of poysone, sent her away, and presently after by the instigation of *Salome*, she was beheaded. Which rashnes was afterward punished in him, with an intollerable and almost Frantike passion for her death.





Actus primus. Scœna prima.

Mariam sola.

How oft haue I with publike voyce runne on ?
To censure *Romes* last *Herod* for deceit :
Because he wept when *Pompeus* life was gone,
Yet when he liu'd, hee thought his Name too great.
But now I doe recant, and *Roman* Lord
Excuse too rash a judgement in a woman :
My Sexe pleads pardon , pardon then afford,
Mistaking is with vs, but too too common.
Now doe I finde by selfe Experience taught,
One Object yeelds both grieve and ioy : *only*
You wept indeed , when on his worthy you thought,
But ioyd that slaughter did your Foe deſtroy.
So at his death your Eyes true droppes did raine,
Whom dead, you did not wiſh aliue againe.
When *Herod* liu'd, that now is done to death,
Oft haue I wiſht that I from him were free :
Oft haue I wiſht that he might lose his breath,
Oft haue I wiſht his Carkas dead to ſee.
Then Rage and Scorne had put my loue to flight,
That Loue which once on him was firmly ſet :
Hate hid his true affection from my ſight,
And kept my heart from paying him his debt.
And blame me not, for *Herods* Icalousie
Had power euen conſtancie it ſelfe to change :
For hee by barring me from libertie,
To ſhunne my ranging , taught me firſt to range.
But yet too chalſt a Scholler was my hart,
To leарne to loue another then my Lord :
To leaue his Loue, my leſſons former part,

THE TRAGEDIE

I quickly learn'd, the other I abhord,
But now his death to memorie doth call,
The tender loue, that he to *Mariam* bare:
And mine to him, this makes those riuers fall,
Which by an other thought vnmoued aye.
For *Aristobulus* the lowlyest youth
That euer did in Angels shape appeare:
The cruell *Herod* was not mou'd to ruth,
Then why grieues *Mariam* Herods death to heate?
Why ioy I not the tonge no more shall speake,
That yeelded forth my brothers lateſt dome:
Both youth and beautie might thy furie breake,
And both in him did ill beſit a Tombe.
And worthy Grandſire ill did he requite,
His high Aſſent alone by thee procur'd,
Except he murdred thee to ſee the ſpright
Whereto he thought on earth too long immur'd.
How happy was it that *Sobemus* made
Was mou'd to pittie my diſtreſt estate,
Might Herods life a truſtie ſervant finde,
My death to his had bene vndeſparate. (heare,
These thoughts haue power, his death to make me
Nay more, to wiſh the newes may firmly hold:
Yet cannot this repulſe ſome falling teare,
That will againſt my will ſome griefe vnfold.
And more I owe him for his loue to me,
The deepest loue that euer yet was ſeene:
Yet had I rather much a milke-maide bee,
Then be the Monarke of *Iudeas* Queene:
It was for nought but loue, he wiſht his end
Might to my death, but the vaunt-curtier proue:
But I had rather ſtill be foe then friend,
To him that ſaues for hate, and kills for loue.
Hard-hearted *Mariam*, at thy diſcontent,
What floods of teares haue drencht his manly face?
How canſt thou then ſo faintly now lament,
Thy trueſt louers death, a deaths disgrace:
I now mine eyes you do begin to right

OF MARIAM.

The wrongs of your admirer! And my Lord,
Long since you should haue put your smiles to flight,
I'll doth a widowed eye with ioy accord.
Why now me thinkes the loue I bare him then,
When virgin freedome left me vnrestrainted:
Doth to my heart begin to creepe agen,
My passion now is far from being faind.
But teares flie backe, and hide you in your bankes,
You must not be to *Alexandra* seene:
For if my mone be spide, but little thankes
Shall *Mariam* haue, from that incensed Queene.

Actus primus ; Scœna Secunda.

Mariam. Alexandra.

Alex: (mistake,

WHat meanes these teares? my *Mariam* doth
The newes we heard did tell the *Tyrants* end:
What weepst thou for thy brothers murtherslakc,
Will ever wight a teare for *Herod* spend?
My curse pursue his breathles trunke and spirit,
Basse *Edomite* the damned *Esau* heire:
Must he ere *Jacobs* child the crowne inherit?
Must he vile wretch be set in *Danids* chaire?
No *Danids* soule within the bosome plac'te,
Of our forefather *Abram* was ashame'd:
To see his seat with such a toade disgrac'te,
That seat that hath by *Indas* race bene fain'd.
Thou fatall enemy to royll blood,
Did not the murther of my boy suffice,
To stop thy cruell mouth that gaping stood?
But must thou dim the milde *Herasanus* eyes?
My gratiouse father, whose too readie hand
Did lift this *Idumean* from the dust:
And he vngratefull catiffe did withstand,
The man that did in him most friendly trust.
What kingdomes right could cruell *Herod* claime,
Was he not *Esau* Issue, heyre of hell?
Then what succession can he haue but shame?
Did not his Ancestor his birth-right sell?

THE TRAGEDIE

O yes, he doth from *Edoms* name deriuē,
His cruell nature which with blood is fed :
That made him me of Sire and sonne depriue,
He euer thirsts for blood, and blood is red.
Weepst thou because his loue to thee was bent ?
And readst thou loue in crimson characters ?
Slew he thy friends to worke thy hearts content ?
No : hate may iustly call that action hers.
He gaue the sacred Priesthood for thy sake,
To *Aristobolus*. Yet doomde him dead :
Before his backe the *Ephod* warme could make,
And ere the *Myer* settled on his head.
O h had he giuen my boy no leſſe then right,
The double cyle ſhould to his forehead bring :
A double honour, ſhining doubly bright,
His birth annoynted him both Priest and King.
And ſay my father, and my ſonne he flewe,
To royalize by right your Prince borne breath :
Was loue the caufe, can *Mariam* deeme it true,
That *Mariam* gaue commandment for her death ?
I know by fits, he ſhewd ſome ſignes of loue,
And yet not loue, but raging lunacie :
And this his hate to thee may iustly proue,
That ſure he hates *Hercanus* familie.
Who knowes if he vnconstant wauering Lord,
His loue to *Doris* had renew'd againe ?
And that he might his bed to her afford,
Perchance he wiſht that *Mariam* might be ſlaine.
Nun: *Doris*, Alas her time of loue was paſt,
Those coales were rakte in embers long agoe :
If *Mariams* loue and ſhe was now disgraſt,
Nor did I glorie in her ouerthrowe.
He not a whit his firſt borne ſonne eſteem'd,
Because as well as hiſ he was not mine :
My children onely for hiſ owne he deem'd,
These boyes that did descend from royll line.
These did he ſtyle his heires to *Davids* throne,
My *Alexander* if he liue, ſhall ſit

OF MARIAM.

In the Malesticke seat of Salomon,
To will it so, did Herod thinke it fit.

Alex. Why? who can claime from Alexanders brood
That Gold adorned Lyon-guarded Chairc?

Was Alexander not of Davids blood?

And was not Mariam Alexanders heire?

What more then right could Herod then beslow,

And who will thinke except for more then right,

He did not raise them, for they were not low,

But borne to weare the Crowne in his despight:

Then send those teates away that are not sene

To thee by reason, but by passions power:

Thine eycs to cheere, thy cheekes to smilles be bent,

And entertaine with ioy this happy houre.

Felicite, if when shee comes, she findes

A mourning habite, and a cheerlesse looke,

Will thinke she is not welcome to thy minde,

And so perchance her lodging will not brooke.

Oh keepe her whilst thou hast her, if she goe

She will not easily returne againe:

Full many a yecre haue I indur'd in woe,

Yet still haue sude her presence to obtaine:

And did not I to her as presents send

A Table, that best Art did beautifie

Of two, to whom Heauen did best feature lend,

To woe her loue by winning Anthony:

For when a Princes fauour we doe craue,

We first their Mynions loues do seeke to wiace:

So I, that sought Felicitie to haue,

Did with her Mynion Anthony beginne,

With double slight I sought to captiuate

The warlike louer, but I did not right:

For if my gift had borne but halfe the rate,

The Roman had beeene ouer-taken quite.

But now he fared like a hungry guest,

That to some plenteous festiuall is gone,

Now this, now that, hee deems to eate were best,

Such choice doth make him let them all alone.

THE TRAGEDIE

The boyes large forehead first did fayrest seeme
Then glaunst his eye vpon my *Mariams* cheeke :
And that without comparison did deeme,
VVhat was in cyther but he most did lecke.
And thus distracted, eythers beauties might
VWithin the others excellencie was drown'd:
Too much delight did bare him from delight,
For eithers loue, the others did confound.
VVhere if thy porraiture had onely gone,
His life from *Herod*, *Anthony* had taken:
He would haue loued thee, and thee alone,
And left the browne *Egyptian* cleane forsaken.
And *Cleopatra* then to lecke had benc,
So firme a louer of her wayned face :
Then great *Antonius* fall we had not seene,
By her that fled to haue him holde the chace.
Then *Mariam* in a *Romans* Chariot set,
In place of *Cleopatra* might haue showne :
A mart of Beauties in her visage met,
And part in this, that they were all her owne.

Ma. Not to be Emprie of aspiring *Rome*,
Would *Mariam* like to *Cleopatra* liue:
With purest body will I presse my Toome,
And wish no fauours *Anthony* could giue.

Alex. Let vs retire vs, that we may resolute
How now to deale in this reversed state :
Great are th'affaires that we must now revolute,
And great affaires must not be taken late.

Actus primus. Scœna tertia.

Mariam. Alexandra. Salome.

Salome.

More plotting yet? Why? now you haue the thing
For which so oft you spent your suppliant breath:
And *Mariam* hopes to haue another King,
Her eyes doe sparkle ioy for *Herods* death.

Alex.

OF MARIAM.

Alex. If she desir'd another King to haue,
She might before she came in Herods bed
Haue had her wish. More Kings then one did craue,
For leauue to set a Crowne vpon her head.
I thinke with more then reason she lamentes,
That she is freed from such a sad annoy :
Who ist will weepe to part from discontent,
And if she ioy, she did not causelesse ioy.

Sal. You durst not thus haue giuen your tongue the
If noble Herod still remaind in life : (raine,
Your daughters betters farre I dare maintaine,
Might haue reioyc'd to be my brothers wife.

Mar. My betters farre, base woman t'is vntue,
You scarce haue euer my superiors seene :
For Mariams seruants were as good as you,
Before she came to be Iudeas Queene.

Sal. Now stirs the tongue that is so quickly mou'd,
But more then once your collor haue I borne :
Your fumish words are sooner sayd then prou'd,
And Salomes reply is onely scorne.

Mar. Scorne those that are for thy companions
Though I thy brothers face had never seene, (held,
My birth thy baser birth so farre exceld,
I had to both of you the Princesse bene.)
Thou party Iew, and party Edomite,
Thou Mongrell : itsu'd from rejected race,
Thy Ancestors against the Heauens did fight,
And thou like them wilt heauenly birth disgrace.

Sal. Still twit you me with nothing but my birth,
What ods betwixt your ancestors and mine ?
Both borne of Adam, both were made of Earth,
And both did come from holy Abrahams line.

Mar. I fauour thee when nothing else I say,
VVith thy blacke acts ile not pollute my breath :
Else to thy charge I mightfull iustly lay
A shamefull life, besides a husbands death.

Sal. Tis true indeed, I did the plots reveale,
That past betwixt your favorites and you :
I ment not I, a traytor to conceale.

THE TRAGEDIE

Thus *Salome* your Mynion *Joseph* flue.

Mar. Heaven, doſt thou meanethis Infamy to smo-
Let ſlandred *Mariam* ope thy cloed eare : (ther
ſelfe guilt hath ever bene ſuspitious mother,
And therefore I this ſpeech with patience heare.
No, had not *Salomes* vniuerſal heart,
In *Josephus* ſtead her *Conſtabarus* plauſt,
To free her ſelfe, ſhe had not uſde the art,
To ſlander hapleſſe *Mariam* for vnchauſt.

Alex. Come *Mariam*, let vs goe: it is no boote
To let the head contend againſt the foote.

Actus primus. Scœna quarta.

Saloms, Sola.

LIues *Salome*, to get ſo base a ſtile
As foote, to the proud *Mariam Herods* ſpirit:
In happy time for her endured exile,
For did he liue ſhe ſhould not miſſe her merit:
But he is dead: and though he were my Brother,
His death ſuch ſtore of Cinders cannot caſt
My Coales of loue to quench: for though they ſmo-
The flames a while, yet will they out at laſt. (ther
Oh bleſſt *Arabia*, in beſt climate plauſt,
I by the Fruit will censure of the Tree:
Tis not in vaine, thy happy name thou haſt,
If all *Arabians* like *Sillens* bee:
Had not my Fate bene too too contrary,
When I on *Conſtabarus* firſt did gaze,
Sillens had beene obiect to mine eye:
Whose lookeſ and personage muſt allyes amaze.
But now ill Fated *Salome*, thy tongue
To *Conſtabarus* by it ſelfe is tide:
And now except I doe the Ebrew wrong
I cannot be the faire *Arabian* Bride:
What childiſh lets are theſe? Why ſtand I now
On honourable points? Tis long agoe

Since

OF MARIAM.

Since shame was written on my tainted browe:
And certaine tis, that shame is honours foe.
Had I vpon my reputation stood,
Had I affected an vnsotted life,
Josephus vaines had still bene stift with blood,
And I to him had liu'd a sober wife.
Then had I never cast an eye of loue,
On *Constabarus* now detested faee,
Then had I kept my thoughts without remoue:
And blusht at motion of the least disgrace:
But shame is gone, and honour wipt away,
And Impudencie on my forehead sits:
She bids me worke my will without delay,
And for my will I will imploy my wits.
He loues, I loue; what then can be the cause,
Keepes me for being the *Arabians* wife?
It is the principles of *Moses* lawes,
For *Contabarus* still remaines in life,
If he to me did beare as Earnest hate,
As I to him, for him there were an ease,
A separating bill might free his fate:
From such a yoke that did so much displease.
Why should such priuiledge to man be giuen?
Or giuen to them, why bard from women then?
Are men then we in greater grace with Heauen?
Or cannot women hate as well as men?
Ile be the custome-breaker: and beginne
To shew my Sexe the way to freedomes doore,
And with an offring will I purge my sinne,
The lawe was made for none but who are poore.
If *Herod* had liu'd, I might to him accuse
My present Lord. But for the futures sake
Then would I tell the King he did refuse
The sonnes of *Baba* in his power to take.
But now I must diuorse him from my bed,
That my *Sillens* may possesse his roome:
Had I not begd his life he had bene dead,
I curse my tongue the hinder of his doome,

THE TRAGEDIE

But then my wandring heart to him was falle,
Nor did I dreame of chaunge : Sillens said,
He would be here, and see he comes at last,
Had I not nam'd him longer had he staid.

Actus primus. Scena quinta.

Salome, Sillens.

Sillens. **V**ell found faire Salome Indias pride,
Hath thy innated wisedome found
To makte Sillens deeme him deified , (the way
By gaining thee a more then precious pray ?
Salo. I haue devised the best I can devise,
A more imperfect meanes was never found :
But what cares Salome, it doth suffice
If our indeuours with their end be crown'd.
In this our land we haue an ancient vse,
Permitted first by our law-giuers head:
Who hates his wife, though for no iust abuse,
May with a bill diuorce her from his bed.
But in this custome women are not free,
Yet I for once will wrest it, blame not thou
The ill I doe, since what I do's for thee,
Though others blame, Sillens should allow.

Sillens. Thinkes Salome, Sillens hath a tongue
To censure her faire actions : let my blood
Bedash my proper brow, for such a wrong,
The being yours, can make eu'n vices good :
Arabia ioy, prepare thy earth with greene,
Thou never happie wert indeed till now :
Now shall thy ground be trod by beauties Queen,
Her foote is destin'd to depresse thy brow.
Thou shalt faire Salome command as much
As if the roiall ornamant were thine :
The weaknes of Arabias King is such,
The kingdome is not his so much as mine.
My mouth is our Obodas oracle,
Who thinkes not ought but what Sillens will ?

And

OF MARIAM.

And thou rare creature, Asias miracle,
Shalt be to me as I: Obodas still.

Salome. Tis not for glory I thy loue accept,
Indea yeelds me honours worthy store:
Had not affection in my bosome crept,
My natvie country should my life deplore.
Were not *Silleus* ne with home I goc,
I would not change my *Palastine* for *Rome*:
Much lelle would I a glorious state to shew,
Goe far to purchase an *Arabian roome*.

Silleus. Far be it from *Silleus* so to thinke,
I know it is thy gratitudo requites:
The loue that is in me, and shall not shrinke
Till death doe leuer me from earths delights. (talke,

Salom. But whist; me thinkes the wolfe is in our
Be gone *Silleus*, who doth here arriu?
Tis *Constabarus* that doth hither walke,
Ile find a quarrell, him from me to drue.

Sille. Farewell, but were it not for thy commaund,
In his despight *Silleus* here would stand.

Actus primus: Scena Sexta.

Salome: Constabarus.

Const: O *Salome*, how much you wrög your name,
Your race, your country, and your husband
A straungers priuate conference is shame, (most?)
I blush for you, that haue your blushing lost.
Oft haue I found, and found you to my griefe,
Consorted with this base *Arabian heere*:
Heauen knowes that you haue bin my comfort chiefe,
Then doe not now my greater plague appear.
Now by the stately Carued edifice
That on Mount *Sion* makes so faire a shew,
And by the Altar fit for sacrifice,
I loue thee more then thou thy selfe doest know.
Oft with a silent sorrow haue I heard
How ill *Indea* mouth doth censure thee:

And

THE TRAGEDIE

And did I not thine honour much regard,
Thou shouldest not be exhorter thus for mee.
Didst thou but know the worth of honest fame,
How much a vertuous woman is esteem'd,
Thou wouldest like hell eschew deserued shame,
And seeke to be both chaste and chastly deem'd.
Our wised Prince did say, and true he said,
A vertuous woman crownes her husbands head.

Salome. Did I for this, vpreare thy lowe estate?
Did I for this requitall begge thy life,
That thou hadst forfeited haples fate?
To be to such a thankles wretch the wife.
This hand of mine hath lifted vp thy head,
Which many a day agoe had faine full lowe,
Because the sonnes of Baba are not dead,
To me thou doest both life and fortune owe.

Conf. You haue my patience often exercisde,
Vse make my choller keepe within the bankes:
Yet boast no more, but be by me aduisde.
A benefit vpbraided, forfeits thankes:
I prethy *Salome* dismiss this mood,
Thou doest not know how ill it fits thy place:
My words were all intended for thy good,
To raise thine honour and to stop disgrace.

Sa. To stop disgrace? take thou no care for mee,
Nay do thy worst, thy worst I set not by:
No shame of mine is like to light on thee,
Thy loue and adm'onitions I desie.
Thou shalt no hower longer call me wife,
Thy Icalousie procures my hate so deepe:
That I from thee doe meane to free my life,
By a diuorcing bill before I sleepe.

Conf. Are Hebrew women now trasform'd to men?
Why do you not as well our battels fight,
And weare our armour? suffer this, and then
Let all the world be topsie turued quite.
Let fishes graze, beastes, swine, and birds descend,
Let fire burne downewards whilst the earth aspires:

OF MARIAM.

Let Winters heat and Summers cold offend,
Let Thistels growe on Vines, and Grapes on Briars,
Set vs to Spinne or Sowc, or at the best
Make vs Wood-hewers, Waters-bearing wights:
For sacred seruice let vs take no rest,
Vse ys as Joshua did the Gibonites.

Salom. Hold on your talke, till it be time to end,
For me I am resolu'd it shall be so:
Though I be first that to this course do bend,
I shall not be the last full well I know.

Conf. Why then be witnesse Heau'n, the Judge of
Be witnesse Spirits that eschew the darke: (sinnes,
Be witnesse Angels, witnesse Cherubins,
Whose semblance sits vpon the holy Arke:
Be witnesse earth, be witnesse Palestine,
Be witnesse Davids Citie, if my heart
Did euer merit such an act of thine:
Or if the fault be mine that makes vs part,
Since mildest Moses friend vnto the Lord,
Did worke his wonders in the land of Ham,
And slew the first-borne Babes without a sword,
In signe whereof we eat the holy Lambe:
Till now that fourteene hundred yeeres are past,
Since first the Law with vs hath beene in force:
You are the first, and will I hope, be last,
That eversought her husband to diuorce.

Salom. I meane not to be led by president,
My will shall be to me in stead of Law.

Conf. I feare me much you will too late repent,
That you haue euer liu'd so void of awc:
This is *Sillens* loue that makes you thus
Reuerse all order: you must next be his.
But if my thoughts aright the cause discusse,
In winning you, he gaines no lasting blisse,
I was *Sillens*, and not long agoe
Josephus then was *Confatabarns* now:
When you became my friend you prou'd his foe,
As now for him you breake to me your vowd.

THE TRAGEDIE

Sal. If once I lou'd you, greater is your debt:
For certaine tis that you deserued it not.
And vndeserued loue we soone forget,
And therefore that to me can be no blot.
But now fare ill my once beloued Lord,
Yet neuer more belou'd then now abhord.

Conf. Yet *Cestabarus* bidde ih thee farewell.
Farewell light creature. Heauen forgiue thy sinne:
My prophecyng spirit doth foretell
Thy wauering thoughts doe yet but new beginne,
Yet I haue better scap'd then *Joseph* did,
But if our *Herod's* death had bene delayd,
The valiant youths that I so long haue hid,
Had bene by her, and I for them betrayd.
Therefore in happy houre did *Cesar* giue
The fatall blow to wanton *Anthony*:
For had he liued, our *Herod* then shoulde liue,
But great *Anthonius* death made *Herod* dye.
Had he enjoyed his breath, not I alone
Had beeene in danger of a deadly fall:
But *Mariam* had the way of perill gone,
Though by the Tyrant most belou'd of all.
The sweet fac'd *Mariam* as free from guilt
As Heaven from spots, yet had her Lord come backe
Her purest blood had bene vniustly spilt.
And *Salome* it was would worke her wracke.
Though all *Iudea* yeeld her innocent,
She often hath bene neare to punishment.

Chorus.

THose mindes that wholly dote vpon delight,
Except they onely ioy in inward good:
Still hope at last to hop vpon the right,
And so from Sand they leape in loathsome mud.
Fond wretches, seeking what they cannot finde,
For no content attends a wauering minde.
If wealth they doe desire, and wealth attaine,

Then

OF MARIAM.

Then wondrous faine would they to honor lep;
Of meane degree they doe in honor gaine,
They would but wish a little higher step.

Thus step to step, and wealth to wealth they ad,
Yet cannot all their plenty make them glad.

Yet oft we see that some in humble state,
Are chreefull, pleasant, happy, and content:
When those indeed that are of higher state,
With vaine additions do their thoughts torment.

Th'one would to his minde his fortune binde,
T'other to his fortune frames his minde.

To with varietie is signe of griefe,
For if you like your state as now it is,
Why should an alteration bring reliefe?
Nay change would then be fear'd as losse of blis.

That man is onely happy in his Fate,
That is delighted in a settled state.

Still *Mariam* wisht she from her Lord were free,
For expectation of varietie:
Yet now she sees her wishes prosperous bee,
She grieues, because her Lord so soone did die.

Who can those vast imaginations feede,
Where in a propertie, contempt doth breed?

Were *Herod* now perchance to liue againe,
She would againe as much be grieved at that:
All that she may, she euer doth disdaine,
Her wishes guide her to she knowes not what.

And sad must be their lookes, their honor sower,
That care for nothing being in their power.

Actus secundus. Scœna prima.

Pheroras and Graphina.

Pher. **T**is true *Graphina*, now the time drawes nyc
Wherin the holy Priest with hallowed right,

THE TRAGEDIE

The happy long desired knot shall tie,
Pheroras and *Graphina* to vnite:
How est haue I with lifted hands implor'd
This blessed houre, till now implor'd in vaine,
Which hath my wished libertie restor'd,
And made my subiect selfe my owne againe.
Thy loue faire Mayd vpon mine eye doth sit,
Whose nature hot doth dry the moysture all,
Which were in nature, and in reason fit
For my monachall Brothers death to fall:
Had *Herod* liu'd, he would haue pluckt my hand
From faire *Graphinas* Palme perforce: and tide
The same in hatefull and despised hand,
For I had had a Baby to my Bride:
Scarce can her Infant tongue with easie voice
Her name distinguish to anothers eare:
Yet had he liu'd, his power, and not my choise
Had made me solemnly the contract sware.
Haue I not cause in such a change to ioy?
What though she be my Neece, a Princesse borne,
Neere bloods without respect: high birth a toy.
Since Loue can teach blood and kindreds scorne.
What booted it that he did raise my head,
To be his Realmes Copartner, Kingdomes mate,
Withall, he kept *Graphina* from my bed,
More wisht by me then thrice *Indeas* state.
Oh, could not he be skilfull Judge in loue,
That doted so vpon his *Mariams* face?
He, for his passion, *Doris* did remoue.
I needed not a lawfull Wife displace,
It could not be but he had power to iudge,
But he that never grudg'd a Kingdomes share,
This well knowne happinesse to me did grudge:
And meant to be therin without compare.
Else had I bene his equall in loues hoast,
For though the Diadem on *Mariams* head
Corrupt the vulgar iudgements, I will boast
Graphina: brow's as white, her cheeke's as red.

Why

OF MARIAM.

Why speaks thou not faire creature? moue thy tongue,
For Silence is a signe of discontent:
It were to both our loues too great a wrong
If now this hower do find thee sadly bent.

Graph. Mistake me not my Lord, too oft haue I
Desir'd this time to come with winged feete,
To be inwrapt with griefe when tis too late,
You know my wishes euer yours did meete:
If I be silent, tis no more but feare
That I should say too little when I speake:
But since you will my imperfections beare,
In spight of doubt I will my silence breake:
Yet might amazement tie my mouing tongue,
But that I know before *Pheroras* minde,
I haue admired your affection long:
And cannot yet therein a reason finde,
Your hand hath lifted me from lowest state,
To highest eminencie wondrous grace,
And me your hand-maid haue you made your mate,
Though all but you alone doe count me base.
You haue preserued me pure at my request,
Though you so weake a vassal might constraine
To yeeld to your high will, then last not best
In my respect a Princesse you disdaine,
Then need not all these faours studie craue,
To be requited by a simple maide:
And studie still you know must silence haue,
Then be my cause for silence iustly waide,
But studie cannot boote nor I requite,
Except your lowly hand-maides steadfast loose
And fast obedience may your mind delight,
I will not promise more then I can proue.

Phero. That studie needs not let *Graphina* smile,
And I desire no greater recompence:
I cannot vrant me in a glorious stile,
Nor shew my loue in far-fetcht eloquence:
But this beleue me, neuer *Herods* heart
Hath held his Prince-borne beautie famed wife

THE TRAGEDIE

In neerer place then thou faire virgin art,
To him that holds the glory of his life.
Should Herods body leauue the Sepulcher,
And entertaine the seuer'd ghost againe:
He should not be my nuptiall hinderer,
Except he hindred it with dying paine.
Come faire Graphina, let vs goe in state,
This wish-indecered time to celebrate.

Actus 2. Scena. 2.

Constabarus and Babus Sonnes.

Babus. 1. Sonne.

Now valiant friend you haue our liues redeem'd,
Which liues as sau'd by you, to you are due:
Command and you shall see your selfe esteem'd,
Our liues and liberties belong to you.
This twice sixe yeares with hazard of your life,
You haue conceal'd vs from the tyrants sword:
Though cruell Herods sister were your wife,
You durst in scorne of feare this grace afford.
In recompence we know not what to say,
A poore reward were thankes for such a merit,
Our truest friendship at your feete we lay,
The best requitall to a noble spirit. (youth,

Conf. Oh how you wrong our friendship valiant
With friends there is not such a word as det:
Where amitie is tide with bond of truth,
All benefits are there in common set.
Then is the golden age with them renew'd,
All names of properties are banisht quite:
Division, and distinction, are eschew'd:
Each hath to what belongs to others right.
And tis not sure so full a benefit,
Freely to give, as freely to require:
A bountious act hath glory following it,
They cause the glory that the act desire.

OF MARIAM.

All friendship should the patterne imitate,
Of Iesse Sonne and valiant Jonathane
For neither Soueraignes nor fathers hate,
A friendship fixt on vertue sever can.
Too much of this,tis written in the heart,
And need no amplifying with the tongue:
Now may you from your living tombe depart,
Wherc Herods life hath kept you ouer long.
Too great an iniury to a noble minde,
To be quicke buried,you had purchast fame,
Some yeares a goe, but that you were confinde.
While thousand meaner did aduance their name.
Your best of life the prime of all your yeares,
Your time of action is from you bereft.
Twelue winters haue you operpast in feates:
Yet if you vse it well,enough is left.
And who can doubt but you will vse it well?
The sonnes of Babus haue it by descent:
In all their thoughts each action to excell,
Boldly to act, and wisely to inuent.

Babus 2. Sonne.

Had it not like the hatefull cuckoe beeene,
Whose riper age his infant nurse doth kill:
So long we had not kept our selues vnscene,
But Constabarus safely crost our will:
For had the Tyrant fixt his cruell eye,
On our concealed faces wrath had swaide
His iustice so, that he had forst vs die.
And dearer price then life we should haue paid,
For you our truest friend had falne with vs:
And we much like a house on pillars set,
Had cleane deprest our prop, and therefore thus
Our readie will with our concealement met.
But now that you faire Lord are daungerleſſe,
The Sonnes of Baba ſhall their rigor ſhow:
And proue it was not basenes did opprefſe
Our hearts ſo long, but honour kept them low.

Ba. 1. Sonne. Yet do I feare this tale of Herods death,
At laſt will proue a very tale indeede

THE TRAGEDIE

It gives me strongly in my minde, his breath
Will be preseru'd to make a number bleed :
I wish not therefore to be set at large ,
Yet perill to my selfe I do not leare :
Let vs for some daies longer be your charge,
Till we of Herods state the truth do heare.

Const. What art thou turn'd a coward noble youth,
That thou beginst to doubt, vndoubtedtis truth?

Babus. 1. Son. Were it my brothers tongue that cast
I frō his hart would haue the question out:(this doubt,
With this keene fauchion, but tis you my Lord
Against whose head I must not lift a sword :
I am so tide in gratitude *Const.* believe
You haue no cause to take it ill,
If any word of mine your heart did grieve
The word discented from the speakers will ,
I know it was not feare the doubt begun,
But rather valour and your care of me,
A coward could not be your fathers sonne ,
Yet knew I doubts vnnecessarie be:
For who can thinke that in *Antonius* fall,
Herod his bosome friend should scape vnbruise :
Then *Cæsar* we might thee an idiot call,
If thou by him should'st be so farre abusde.

Babus. 2. Sonne. Lord *Constab.*: let me tell you this,
Vpon submision *Cæsar* will forgiue :
And therefore though the tyrant did amisse,
It may fall out that he will let him live.
Not many yeares agone it is since I
Directed thither by my fathers care,
In famous *Rome* for twice twelve monthes did liue,
My life from *Hebreues* cructie to spare,
There though I were but yet of boyish age,
I bent mine eye to marke, mine eares to heare.
Where I did see *Ostanions* then a page,
When first he did to *Iulions* sight appeare:
Me thought I saw such mildnes in his face,
And such a sweetnes in his lookes did grow,

Withall

OF MARIAM. HT

Withall, commixt with so maisticke grace,
His Philmony his Fortune did foreshow:
For this I am indebted to mine eye,
But then mine eare receiu'd more evidence,
By that I knew his loue to clemency,
How he with hottest choller could dispence.

Const. But we haue moie then barely heard the news,
It hath bin twice confirm'd. And though some tongue
Might be to falle, with falle report t'abuse,
A falle report hath never lattid long.
But be it so that *Herod* haue his life,
Concealment would not then a whit availe:
For certame t'is, that she that was my wife,
Would not to set her accualation falle.
And therefore now as good the venture giue,
And free our selues from blot of cowardise:
As shew a pittifull desire to liue,
For, who can pittie but they must despise?

Babus first sonne.

I yeeld, but to necessarie I yeeld,
I dare vpon this doubt ingage mine arme:
That *Herod* shall againe this kingdome weeld,
And proue his death to be a falle alarme.

Babus second sonne.

I doubt it too: God grant it be an error,
Tis best without a cause to be in terror:
And rather had I, though my soule be mine,
My soule should lie, then proue a true diuine.

Const. Come, come, let feare goe seekē a dastards
Vndanted courage lies in a noble brest. (nest,

Actus 2. Scœna 3.

Doris and Antipater.

Dor. **Y**Our royll buildings bow your loftie side,
And scope to her that is by right your Queen

D

Lct

THE TRAGEDIE

Let your humilitie vphraid the pride
Of those in whom no due respect is scene?
Nine times haue we with Trumpets haughtie sound,
And banishing sow'r Leaven from our taste:
Obseru'd the feast that takes the fruit from ground.
Since I faire Cittie did behold thee last,
So long it is since *Mariams* purer cheeke
Did rob from mine the glory. And so long
Since I returnd my natiue Towne to seeke:
And with me nothing but the sence of wrong.
And thee my Boy, whose birth though great it were,
Yet haue thy after fortunes prou'd but poore
When thou wert borne how little did I feare
Thou shouldest be thrust from forth thy Fathers doore.
Art thou not Herods right begotten Sonne?
VVas not the haples *Doris*, Herods wife?
Yes: ere he had the Hebrew kingdome wonne,
I was companion to his priuate life.
VVas I not faire enough to be a Queene?
Why ere thou wert to me false Monarch tide,
My lake of beauty might as well be seene,
As after I had liu'd five yeeres thy Bride.
Yet then thine oath came powring like theraine,
Which all affirm'd my face without compare:
And that if thou mightst *Doris* loue obtainc,
For all the world besides thou didst not care.
Then was I yong, and rich, and nobly borne,
And therefore worthy to be Herods mate:
Yet thou vngratefull cast me off with scorne,
When Heauens purpose raisd your meaner fate.
Oft haue I begd for vengeance for this fact,
And with dejected knees, aspiring hands
Haue prayd the highest power to inact
The fall of her that on my Trophee stands.
Reuenge I haue according to my will,
Yet where I wylt this vengeance did not light:
I wylt it should high-hearted *Mariam* kill,
But it against my whilome Lord did fight

With

OF MARIAM.

With thee sweet Boy I came, and came to try
If thou before his bastards might be plac'd
In Herods roiall seat and dignitie.
But Mariams infants here are onely grac'd,
And now for vs there doth no hope remaine:
Yet we will not returne till Herods end
Be more confirm'd, perchance he is not slaine.
So glorious Fortunes may my Boy attend,
For if he liue, hee'll thinke it doth suffice,
That he to Doris shows such crueltie:
For as he did my wretched life despise,
So doe I know I shall despised die.
Let him but prove as naturall to thee,
As cruell to thy miserable mother:
His crueltie shall not vbraided bee
But in thy fortunes. / his faults will smother.

Antipat. Each mouth within the Citie loudly cries
That Herods death is certaine: therefore wee
Had best some subtill hidden plot devise,
That *Mariams* children might subuerted bee,
By poisons drinke, or else by murtherous Knife,
So we may be aduanc'd, it skils not how:
They are but Bastards, you were Herods wife,
And foule adultery blotteth *Mariams* brow.

Doris. They are too strong to be by vs remou'd,
Or else revenges foulest spotted face :
By our detested wrongs might be approu'd,
But weakenesse must to greater power giue place.
But let vs now retire to grieue alone,
For solitarines best fitteh mone.

Actus secundus. Scœna 4.

Sifters and Constabaries.

Sillens. Well met Indian Lord, the onely wights
Sillens wiste to see. I am to call
D 2. Thy

THE TRAGEDIE

Thy tongue to strict account. *Const.* For what despight
I ready am to heare, and answeare all,

But if directly at the cause I gesse

That breeds this challenge, you must pardon me:
And now some other ground of fight professe,
For I haue vow'd, vowes must vnbrokeen bee.

Sill. What may be your expectation? let me know.

Const. Why? ought concerning Salome, my sword
Shall not be welded for a cause so low,
A blow for her my arme will scorne t'afford.

Sill. It is for flandering her vnspotted name,
And I will make thee in thy vowes despight,
Sucke vp the breath that did my Mistris blame,
And swallow it againto doe her right.

Const. I prethee giue some other quarrell ground
To finde beginning, taile against my name:
Or strike me first, or let some scarlet wound
Inflame my courage, giue me words of shame,
Doe thou our Moses sacred Lawes disgrace,
Deprauke our nation, doe me some despight:
I'm apt enough to fight in any case,
But yet for Salome I will not fight.

Sill. Nor I for ought but Salome: My sword
That owes his seruice to her sacred name:
Will not an edge for other cause afford,
In other fight I am not sure of fame.

Const. For her, I pitty thee enough already,
For her, I therefore will not mangle thee:
A woman with a heart so most vnsteady,
Will of her selfe sufficient torture bee.
I cannot enuy for so light a gaine,
Her minde with such vncostancie doth runne:
As with a word thou didst her loue obtaine,
So with a word she will from thee be wonne.
So light as her possessions for most day
Is her affections lost, to me tis knowne:
As good goe hold the winde as make her stay,
Shee never loues, burt till she call her owne.

She

OF MARIAM.

She meerly is a paainted sepulchre,
That is both faire, and viley soule at once:
Though on her out-side graces garnish her,
Her mind is fild with worse then rotten bones.
And euer readie lifted is her hand,
To aime destruction at a husbands throat:
For proofes, *Iosephus* and my selfe do stand,
Though once on both of vs, she seem'd to doate.
Her mouth though serpent-like it never hisses,
Yet like a Serpent, poysons where it kisses. (bite.)

Silleus. Well Hebrew well, thou bark'st, but wilt not

Conſt. I tell thee still for her I will not fight. (heart)

Sille: Why then I call thee coward. *Conſt:* From my
I giue thee thankes. A cowards hatefull name,
Cannot to valiant mindes a blot impart,
And therefore I with ioy receiuie the same.
Thou know'st I am no coward: thou wert by
At the Arabian battaile th'other day:
And saw'st my sword with daring valiancy,
Amongst the faint *Arabians* cut my way.
The blood of foes no more could let it shine,
And twas inameled with some of thine.

But now haue at thee, not for *Salome*

I fight: but to discharge a cowards stile:

Here gins the fight that shall not parted be,

Before a soule or two indure exile. (my blood,

Silleus. Thy sword hath made some windowes for

To shew a horred crimson phisnomie:

To breath for both of vs me thinkes were good,

The day will give vs time enough to die. (time,

Conſt: With all my hart take breath, thou shal haue

And if thou likst a twelue month, let vs end:

Into thy cheekeſ there doth a palenes clime,

Thou canſt not from my ſword thy ſelfe defend.

What needeſt thou for *Salome* to fight, (her:

Thou haſt her, and mayſt keepe her, none ſtrives for

I willingly to thee reſigne my right,

For in my very ſoule I do abhorre her.

THE TRAGEDIE

Thou seest that I am fresh, vnwounded yet,
Then not for feare I do this offer make:
Thou art with losse of blood, to fight vnsit,
For here is one, and there another take.

Silens. I will not leue, as long as breath remaines
Within my wounded body: spare your words,
My heart in bloods stead, courage entertaines,
Salomes loue no place for feare affords.

Conf.: Oh could thy soule but prophesie like mine,
I would not wonder thou shouldest long to die:
For Salome if I aright divine
Will be then death a greater miserie. (will,

Silens. Then list, he breath no longer. *Conf.*: Do thy
I hateles fight, and charitably kill. I, I, they fight,
Pittie thy selfe. *Silens.* let not death
Intru'd before his time into thy hart:
Alas it is too late to feare, his breath
Is from his body now about to part.
How far shouldest thou brave *Arabian*? *Silens* very well,
My legge is hurt, I can no longer fight:
It onely grieues me, that so soone I fell,
Before faire *Salomes* wrongs I came to right. (scare,

Conf.: Thy wounds are lesse then mortall. Neuer
Thou shalt a safe and quicke recouerie finde:
Come, I will thee unto my lodging beare,
I hate thy body, but I loue thy minde.

Silens. Thankes noble few, I see a courtious foe,
Sterne enmitie to friendship can no art:
Had not my heart and tongue engagde me so,
I would from thee no foe, but friend depart.
My heart to *Salome* is tide so fast,
To leau her loue for friendship, yet my skill
Shall be imploy'd to make your fauour last,
And I will honour *Confabarus* still.

Conf.: I ope my bosome to thee, and will take
Thee in, as friend, and grieue for thy complaint:
But if we doe not expedition make,
Thy losse of blood I feare will make thee faint.

Chorus.

OF MARIAM.

Chorus,

T' O heare a tale with eares preiudicte,
It spoiles the iudgement, and corrupts the sences:
That humane error giuen to euery state,
Is greater enemy to innocence.

It makes vs foolish, heddy, rash, vniust,
It makes vs neuer try before we trust.

It will confound the meaning, change the words,
For it our sence of hearing much deceiuers:
Besides no time to iudgement it affords,
To way the circumstance our eare receiuers.

The ground of accidents it neuer tries,
But makes vs take for truth ten thousand lies.

Our eares and hearts are apt to hold for good,
That we our selues doe most desire to bee:
And then we drowne obiections in the flood
Of partialitie, tis that we see

That makes false rumours long with credit past,
Though they like rumours must conclude at last.

The greatest part of vs preiudicte,
With wishing Herods death do hold it true:
The being once deluded doth not bate,
The credit to a better likelihood due.
Those few that wish it not the multitude,
Doe carrie headlong, so they doubts conclude.

They not obiect the weake vncertaine ground,
Whereon they built this tale of Herods end:
Whereof the Author scarcely can be found,
And all because their wishes that way bend.

They thinke not of the perill that ensueth,
If this should prove the contrary to trueh.

THE TRAGEDIE

On this same doubt, on this so light a breath,
They pawne their liues, and fortunes. For they all
Behauie them as the newes of Herods death,
They did of most vndoubted credit call:

But if their actions now doe rightly hit,
Let them commend their fortune, not their wit.

Actus tertius : Scœna prima.

Pheroras : Salome.

Phero. **V**rgē me no more Graphina to forsake,
Not twelue houers since I married her
And doe you thinke a sisters power canc mak (for loue:
A resolute decree, so soone remoued (affects.

Salome. Poore minds they are that honour not

Phero: Who hunts for honour, happines neglects.

Salom. You might haue bene both of felicitie,
And honour too in equall measure seadce.

Phero: It is not you can tell so well as I,
What us can make me happie, or displeasde.

Salome. To match for neither beautie nor respects
One meane of birth, but yet of meaner minde,
A woman full of naturall defects,
I wonder what yout eye in her could finde. (wit,

Phero: Mine eye found louelines, mine eare found
To please the one, and to enchant the other:
Grace on her eye, mirth on her tongue doth sit,
In lookes a child, in wisedomes house a mother. (else,

Salom: But say you thought her faire, as none thinks
Knowes not Pheroras, beautie is a blast:
Much like this flower which to day excels,
But longer then a day it will not last. (show

Phero: Her wit exceeds her beautie, Salo: Wit may
The way to ill, as well as good you know.

Phero: But wisedome is the porter of her head,
And bares all wicked words from issuing thence.

Salome

OF MARIAM.

Sat. But of a porter, better were you sped,
If she against their entrance made defence.

Phero. But wherefore comes the sacred *Ananell*,
That hitherward his hastie steppes doth band?
Great sacrificer y'are arrived well,
Ill newes from holy mouth I not attend.

Actus tertius.

Scena 2.

Pheroras. Salome. Ananell.

Ananell.

MY lippes, my sonne, with peacefull tidings blest,
Shall viter Honey to your listning eare:
A word of death comes not from Priestly brest,
I speake of life: in life there is no feare.
And for the newes I did the Heauens salute,
And fill'd the Temple with my thankfull voice:
For though that mourning may not me pollute,
At pleasing accidents I may reioyce.

Pheror. Is Herod then reuiu'd from certaine death?

Sall. What? can your news restore my brothers breath?

Ana. Both so, and so, the King is safc and sound,
And did such grace in royll *Cesar* meet:
That he with larger stile then euer crownd,
Within this houre Ierusalem will greet.
I did but come to tell you, and must backe
To make preparatiues for sacrifice:
I knew his death, your hearts like mine did racke,
Though to conceale it, prou'd you wise.

Salom. How can my ioy sufficiently appeare?

Phero. A heassier tale did neuer pierce mine eare.

Salo. Now *Salome* of happinesse may boast.

Pheror. But now *Pheroras* is in danger most.

Salom. I shall enjoy the comfort of my life.

Pheror. And I shall loose it, loosing of my wife.

THE TRAGEDIE

Salom. Joy heart, for Constan: shall be slaine.

Phero. Grieue soule, Graphina shall from me be tane.

Salom. Smile cheeke, the faire Sillens shall be mine.

Phero. Woepe eyes, for I must with a child combine.

Salom. Well brother, cease your mones, on one con-
He undertake to waine the Kings consent : (dition
Graphina still shall be in your tuition,
And her with you be nere the leße content.

Phero. What's the condition ? let me quickly know,
That I as quickly your command may act :
Were it to see what Herbs in Ophir grow,
Or that the lofty Tyrrus might be sackt.

Salom. Tis no so hard a taske : It is no more,
But tell the King that Consta: bid
The sonnes of Baba, done to death before ; M
And tis no more then Consta: did.
And tell him more that he for Herods sake,
Not able to endure his brothers foy :
Did with a bill our separation make,
Though both from Consta: else to goe.

Phero. Believe this tale for told, Ile goe from hence,
In Herods care the Hebrew to deface :
And I that never studied eloquence,
Doe meane with eloquence this tale to grace. Exit.

Salom. This will be Constabarus quicke dispatch,
Which from my mouth would lesser credit finde :
Yet shall he not decease without a match,
For Mariam shall not linger long behinde.
First Jealousie, if that availe not, feare
Shalbe my minister to worke her end ;
A common error moues not Herods care,
Which doth so fierly to his Mariambend.
She shall be charged with so horrid crime,
As Herods feare shall turne his loue to hate :
Ile make some swaere that she desires to clime,
And seekes to poysen him for his estate,
I scorne that she should liue my birth cypbrald,
To call me base and hungry Edomite :

With

OF MARIAM.

With patient shew her choller I betrayd,
And watcht the time to be reueng'd by sile.
Now tongue of mine with scandall load her name,
Turne hers to fountaines, Herods eyse to flame:
Yet first I will begin Pheroras suite,
That he my earnest busynesse may effect:
And I of Mariam will keepe me mute,
Till first some other doth her name deface.
Who's there, Sillens man? How fares your Lord?
That your aspects doe beare the badge of sorrow?

Sillens man.

He hath the marks of Constabarys sword,
And for awhile desires your light to borrow.

Salom. My heauy curse the hatefull sword pursue,
My heauier curse on the more hatefull arme
That wounded my Sillens. But renew
Your tale againe. Hath he no mortall harme?

Sillens man.

No signe of danger doth in him appeare,
Nor are his wounds in place of perill seene:
Hee bides you be assured you need not feare,
He hopes to make you yet *Arabias Queene.*

Salom. Command my heart to be Sillens charge,
Tell him, my brothers suddaine comming now:
Will giue my foote no roome to walke at large,
But I will see him yet ere night I vow.

Actus 3. Scena 3.

Mariam and Sohemus.

Mariam.

Sohemus, tell me what the newes may be
That makes your eyes so full, your cheeks so blew?

Sohem. I know not how to call them. Ill for me
Tis sure they are: not so I hope for you.

Herod. Mari. Oh, what of Herod? *Sohem.* Herod liues
How! liues? What in some Caue or forrest hid?

E 3

Sohem. Nay,

THE TRAGEDIE

Sohem. Nay, backe return'd with honor. *Cesar giues*
*Him greater grace then ere *Antonius* did.*

Mari. Foretell the ruine of my family,
Tell me that I shall see our Citie burnd:
Tell me I shall a death disgracfull die,
But tell me not that *Herod* is returnd.

Sohem. Be not impatient Madam, be but milde,
His loue to you againe will soone be bred:

Mar. I will not to his loue be reconcilde,
With solemac vowes I haue forsworne his bed.

Sohem. But you must breake those vowes.

Mar. Ile rather breake
The heart of *Mariam*. Cursed is my Fate:
But speake no more to me, in vaine ye speake
To live with him I so profoundly hate.

Sohem. Great Queene, you must to me your pardon
Sohemus cannot now your will obey: (giue,

If your command shold me to silence driue,
It were not to obey, but to betray.

Reiect, and slight my speeches, mocke my faith,
Scorne my obseruance, call my counsell nought:
Though you regard not what *Sohemus* saith,
Yet will I euer freely speake my thought.

I feare ere long I shall faire *Mariam* see
In wofull state, and by her selfe vndone:
Yet for your issues sake more temp'rare bee,
The heart by affabilitie is wonne.

Mari. And must I to my Prilon turne againe?
Oh, now I see I was an hypocrite:
I did this morning for his death complaine,
And yet doe mourne, because he liues ere night.
When I his death beleiu'd, compassion wrought,
And was the stickler twixt my heart and him:
But now that Curtaine's drawne from off my thought,
Hate doth appeare againe with visage grim:
And paints the face of *Herod* in my heart,
In horred colours with detested looke:
Then feare would come, but scorne doth play her part,
And

OF MARIAM.

Id saith that scorne with feare can never brooke,
now I could inchaime him with a smile:
Id lead him captiue with a gentle word,
.corne my looke should euer man beguile,
or other speech then meaning to afford.
Ise Salome in vaine might spend her winde,
in vaine might Herods mother whet her tongue:
In vaine had they complotted and combinde,
For I could ouerthrow them all ere long.
Oh what a shelter is mine innocence,
To shield me from the pangs of inward griefe:
Gainst all mishaps it is my faire defence,
And to my sorrowes yeelds a large reliefe.
To be commandresse of the triple earth,
And sit in safetie from a fall secure:
To haue all nations celebrate my birth,
I would not that my spirit were impure.
Let my distreid state vnpittied bee,
Mine innocence is hope enough for mee. *Exit.*

Sobem: Poore guilties Queene. Oh that my wish
A little temper now about thy heart: (might place
Vnbridled speech is Mariams worst disgrace,
And will indanger her without desart.
I am in greater hazard. O're my head,
The fattall axe doth hang vnstedily:
My disobedience once discoured,
Will shake it downe: *Sobemus* so shall die.
For when the King shall find, we thought his death
Had bene as certaine as we see his lise:
And markes withall I slighted so his breath,
As to preserue aliuie his matchles wife.
Nay more, to give to *Alexanders* hand
The regall dignitie. The soueraigne power,
How I had yeelded vp at her command,
The strength of all the citie, *Davids* Tower.
What more then common death may I expect,
Since I too well do know his crueltie:
Twere death, a word of Herods to neglect,

THE TRAGEDIE

What then to doe directly contrarie?
Yet life I quite thee with a willing spirit,
And thinke thou could'st not better be imploy'd:
I forfeit thee for her that more doth merit,
Ten such were better dead then she destroï'd.
But fare thee well chast Queen, well may I see
The darknes palpable, and riuers part:
The sunne stand still. Nay more retorted bee,
But never woman with so pure a heart.
Thine eyes graue maistic keepes all in awe,
And cutsthe winges of cuery loose desire:
Thy brow is table to the modest lawe,
Yet though we dare not loue, we may admire.
And if I die, it shall my soule content,
My breath in Mariams seruice shall be spent.

Chorus.

Tis not enough for one that is a wife
To keepe her spotles from an act of ill:
But from suspition she should free her life,
And bare her selfe of power as well as will.
Tis not so glorious for her to be free,
As by her proper selfe restrain'd to bee.

When she hath spatiouse ground to walke vpon,
Why on the ridge should she desire to goe?
It is no glory to forbearc alone,
Those things that may her honour ouerthrowe.
But tis thanke-worthy, if she will not take
All lawfull liberties for honours sake.

That wife her hand against her fame doth reare,
That more then to her Lord alone will giue
A priuate word to any second care,
And though she may with reputation live.
Yet though most chast, she doth her glory blot,
And wounds her honeur, though she kill'st it not.

When

OF MARIAM.

When to their Husbands they themselues doe bind,
Doe they not wholy giue themselues away?
Or giue they but their body not their mind,
Reseruing that though best, for others pray?

No sure, their thoughts no more can be their owne,
And therefore should to none but one be knowne.

Then she vsurpes vpon anothers right,
That seekes to be by publike language grac't:
And though her thoughts reflect with purest light,
Her mind if not peculiar is not chaste.

For in a wife it is no worse to finde,
A common body, then a common minde.

And every mind though free from thought of ill,
That out of glory seekes a worth to show:
When any's cares but one therewith they fill,
Doth in a sort her purenes overthrow.

Now *Mariam* had, (but that to this she bent)
Beene free from feare, as well as innocent.

Actus quartus: Scœna prima.

Enter Herod and his attendants.

Herod.

HAILE happy citie, happy in thy store,
And happy that thy buildings such we see:
More happy in the Temple where w'adore,
But most of all that *Mariam* liues in thee.
Art thou return'd? how fares my *Mariam*? *Enter Nutio.*

Nutio. She's well my Lord, and will ahon be here
As you commanded. *Her.* Muffle vp thy browe
Thou daies darke taper. *Mariam* will appeare.
And where she shines, we need not thy dimme light,
Oh hast thy steps rare creature, speed thy pace:
And let thy presence make the day more bright,
And cheere the heart of *Herod* with thy face.

It.

THE TRAGEDIE

It is an age since I from *Mariam* went,
Me thinkes our parting was in *Danids* daies :
The houres are so increast by discontent,
Deepe sorrow, *Iosua*like the season staies:
But when I am with *Mariam*, time runnes on,
Her sight, can make months, minutes, daies of weckes
An hower is then no sooner come then gon.
When in her face mine eye for wonders seekes.
You world commanding citie, *Europes* grace,
Twice hath my curiose eye your streets surui'd,
And I haue seene the statue filled place,
That once if not for griefe had bene betrai'd.
I all your *Roman* beauties haue beheld,
And seene the shewes your *Ediles* did prepare,
I saw the sum of what in you exceeld,
Yet saw no miracle like *Mariam* rare.
The faire and famous *Livia*, *Cesars* loue,
The worlds commaunding Mistresse did I see :
Whose beauties both the world and *Rome* approue,
Yet *Mariam*: *Livia* is not like to thee.
Be patient but a little, while mine eyes
Within your compast limits be contain'd:
That obiect straight shall your desires suffice,
From which you were so long a while restrain'd.
How wisely *Mariam* doth the time delay,
Least suddaine ioy my sence should suffocate:
I am prepar'd, thou needst no longer stay:
Whose there, my *Mariam*, more then happie fate?
Oh no, it is *Pheroras*, welcome Brother,
Now for a while, I must my passion smother.

Actus quartus. Scœna secunda.

Herod. Pheroras.

Pheroras.

All health and safetie waite vpon my Lord,
And may you long in prosperous fortunes liue

With

OF MARIAM.

With Rome commanding Cesar; at accord,
And haue all honors that the world can giue.

Herod. Oh brother, now thou speakeſt not from thy
No, thou haſt strooke a blow at Herods loue: (hart,
That cannot quickly from my memory part,
Though Salome did me to pardon moue.

Valiant Phasaelus, now to thee farewelis,
Thou wert my kinde and honorable brother :
Oh haples houre, when you ſelue ſtriken fell,
Thou fathers Image, glory of thy mother.
Had I desir'd a greater ſute of thee,
Then to withhold thee from a harlots bed,
Thou wouldſt haue granted it : but now I ſee
All are not like that in a wombe are bred.

Thou wouldſt not, hadſt thou heard of Herods death,
Haue made his buriall time, thy bridall houre:
Thou wouldſt with clamours, not with ioyfull breath,
Haue ſhow'd the newes to be not ſweet but ſoure.

Phero. Phasaelus great worth I know did ſtaine
Pheroras petty valour : but they lie
(Excepting you yourſelue) that dare maintaine,
That he did honor Herod more then I.
For what I ſhowd, loues power constraind me ſhow,
And pardon louing faults for Mariams ſake.

Herod. Mariam, where is ſhe ? *Phero.* Nay, I do not
But abſent vſe of her faire name I make : (know,
You haue forgiuen greater faults then this,
For Conſtabarus that againſt you will
Preſeru'd the ſonnes of Baba, liues in bliſſe,
Though you commanded him the youths to kill.

Herod. Goe, take a preſent order for his death,
And let thofe traytors feele the worſt offeaſes :
Now Salome will whine to begge his breath,
But He be deafe to prayers: and blind to teares.

Phero. He is my Lord from Salom diuorſt,
Though her affection did to leau him grieue :
Yet was ſhe by her loue to you inforſt,
To leau the man that would your foes relieue.

THE TRAGEDIE

Herod. Then haste them to their death. I will requite
Thee gentle *Mariam*. *Salom.* I meane
The thought of *Mariam* doth so steale my spirit,
My mouth from speech of her I cannot weane. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scœna 3.

Herod. Mariam.

Herod.

And heere she comes indeed: happily met
My best, and dearest halfe: what ailes my deare?
Thou doest the difference certainly forget
Twixt Duskey habits, and a time so cleare.

Mar. My Lord, I suit my garment to my minde,
And there no chearfull colours can I finde.

Herod. Is this my welcome? haue I long so much
To see my dearest *Mariam* discontent?
What ist that is the cause thy heart to touch?
Ohspeake, that I thy sorrow may preuent.
Art thou not *Iurie's Queen*, and *Herod's too*?
Be my Commandres, be my Soueraigne guide:
To be by thee directed I will woo,
For in thy pleasure lies my highest pride.
Or if thou thinke *Indeas* narrow bound,
Too strict a limit for thy great command:
Thou shalt be Empresse of *Arabia* crownd,
For thou shalt rule, and I will winne the Land.
Ile robbe the holy *Danids* Sepulcher
To giue thee wealth, if thou for wealth do care:
Thou shalt haue all, they did with him inter,
And I for thee will make the Temple bare.

Mar. I neither haue of power nor riches want,
I haue enough, nor doe I wish for more:
Your offers to my heart no ease can grant,
Except they could my brothers life restore.
No, had you wist the wretched *Mariam* glad,

Or

OF MARIAM.

Or had your loue to her bene truly tide :
Nay, had you not desir'd to make her sad,
My brother nor my Grandsyre had not done.

Her. Wilt thou beleue no oathes to cieare thy Lord?
How oft haue I with execration sworne :
Thou art by me belou'd, by me ador'd,
Yet are my protestations heard with scorne.
Hercanus plotted to deprive my head
Of this long settled honor that I weare :
And therefore I did iustly doome him dead,
To rid the Realme from perill, me from feare.
Yet I for *Mariams* sake doe so repent
The death of one : whose blood she did inherit:
I wish I had a Kingdomes treasure spent,
So I had ne're expeld *Hercanus* spirit.
As I affected that same noble youth,
In lasting infamie my name inrole :
If I not mournd his death with heartie truth.
Did I not shew to him my earnest loue,
When I to him the Priesthood did restore ?
And did for him a living Priest remoue,
Which neuer had bene done but once before.

Mariam. I know that mou'd by importunitie,
You made him Priest, and shortly after die.

Herod. I will not speake, vnles to be beleu'd,
This foward humor will not doe you good :
It hath too much already *Herod* grieu'd,
To thinke that you on termes of hate haue stood.
Yet smile my dearest *Mariam*, doe but smile,
And I will all vnkind conceit exile.

Mari. I cannot frame disguise, nor neuer taught
My face a looke dissenting from my thought.

Herod. By heau'n you vexe me, build not on my loue.

Mari. I wil not build on so vnstable ground.

Herod. Nought is so fixt, but peeuiishnes may moue.

Mar. Tis better sleightest cause then none were foud.

Herod. Be iudge your selfe, if euer *Herod* sought
Or would be mou'd a cause of change to finde:

THE TRAGEDIE

Yet let your looke declare a milder thought;
My heart againe you shall to *Mariam* binde.
How oft did I for you my Mother chide,
Reuile my Sister, and my brother rate:
And tell them all my *Mariam* they belide,
Distrust me still, if these be signes of hate.

Actus 4. Scena 4.

Herod.

VV Hat hast thou here? *Bu.* A drinke procuring
The Queene desir'd me to deliuier it. (loue,
Mar. Did I: some hatefull practise this will proue,
Yet can it be no worse then Heauens permit.

Herod. Confesse the truth thou wicked instrument,
To her outragious will,tis passion sure:
Tell true, and thou shalt scape the punishment,
Which if thou doe conceale thou shalt endure.

Bu. I know not, but I doubt it be no leſſe,
Long ſince the hate of you her heart did ceafe.

Herod. Know'lt thou the cause thereof? *Bu.* My Lord
Sohemus told the tale that did displease. (I gesse,

Herod. Oh Heauen! *Sohemus* false! Goe let him die,
Stay not to ſuffer him to ſpeak a word:
Oh damned villaine, did he falſifie
The oath he ſwore eu'n of his owne accord?
Now doe I know thy falſhood, painted Diuill
Thou white Inchantres. Oh thou art ſo foule,
That Yſop cannot cleane thee worſt of euill.
A beautiuous body hides a loathſome ſoule,
Your loue *Sohemus* mou'd by his affection,
Though he haue euer heretofore bene true:
Did blaſpheme, that I did giue direction,
If we were put to death to ſlaughter you.
Ard you in blacke reuenge attended now
To adde a murther to your breach of vow.

Mar. Is this a dream? *Her.* Oh Heauen, that t'were no
He giue my Realme to who can proue it ſo: (more,

OF MARIAM.

would I were like any begger poore,
So I for false my *Mariam* did not know.
Foule pith contain'd in the fairest rinde,
That euer grac'd a Cædar. Oh thine eye
Is pure as heauen, but impure thy minde,
And for impuritie shall *Mariam* die.

Why didst thou loue *Sohemus?* Mar: they can tell
That say I lou'd him, *Mariam* saies not so.

Herod. Oh cannot impudence the coales expell,
That for thy loue in *Herods* bosome glowe:
It is as plaine as water, and deniall
Makes of thy falsehood but a greater triall.
Hast thou beheld thy selfe, and couldst thou staine
So rare perfection: euen for loue of thee
I doe profoundly hate thee. Wert thou plaine,
Thou shoul'dst the wonder of *Iudea* bee.
But oh thou art not. Hell it selfe lies hid
Beneath thy heauenly show. Yet never wert thou chasst:
Thou might'st exalt, pull downe, command, forbid,
And be aboue the wheelc offortune plast.
Hadst thou complotted *Herods* massacre,
That so thy sonne a Monarch might be stilde,
Not halfe so grievous such an action were,
As once to thinke, that *Mariam* is defilde.
Bright workmanship of nature sulli'd ore,
With pitched darknes now thine end shall bee:
Thou shalt not liue faire fiend to cozen more,
With heauy semblance, as thou couensedst mee.
Yet must I loue thee in despight of death,
And thou shalt die in the despight of loue:
For neither shall my loue prolong thy breath,
Nor shall thy losse of breath my loue remoue.
I might have seene thy falsehood in thy face,
Where coul'dst thou get thy stares that seru'd for eyes?
Except by theft, and theft is foule disgrace:
This had appear'd before were *Herod* wise,
But I'me a sor, a very sor, no better:
My wisdome long agoe a wandring fell,

THE TRAGEDIE

Thy face incouning it, my wit did fetter,
And made me for delight my freedome tell.
Giue me my heart false creature, tis a wrong,
My guilties heart should now with thine be staine:
Thou hadst no right to looke it vp so long,
And with vsurpers name I *Mariam* staine.

Ester Bu:

He: Haue you design'd *Sobemus* to his end? (guard)

Bu: I haue my Lord *Herod*: Then call our royll
To doe as much for *Mariam*, they offend
Leaye ill vnblam'd, or good without reward.
Here take her to her death Come backe, come backe,
What ment I to deprive the world of light:
To muffle *Inry* in the soulest blacke,
That euer was an opposite to white.
Why whither would you carrie her: *Sould*: you bad
We shoud conduct her to her death my Lord.

Hero: Wic sure I did not, *Herod* was not mad,
Why should she feele the surie of the sword?
Oh now the griefe returnes into my heart,
And pulles me peccemeale: loue and hate doe fight:
And now hath loue acquir'd the greater part,
Yet now hath hate, affection conquer'd quite.
And therefore beare her hence: and *Hebreu* why
Seaze you with Lyons pawes the fairest lam
Of all the flocke? She must not, shall not die,
Without her I most miserable am.
And with her more then most, away, away,
But beare her but to prison not to death:
And is she gon indeed, stay villaines stay,
Her lookes alone preseru'd your Soueraignes breath.
Well let her goe, but yet she shall not die,
I cannot thinke she ment to poison me:
But certaine tis she liu'd too wantonly,
And therefore shall she never more be free.

Athus

OF MARIAM.

Actus 4. Scœna 5.

Bu. **F**Oule villaine, can thy pitchie coloured soule
Permit thine eare to heare her caules doome?
And not inforce thy tongue that tale controule,
That must vniustly bring her to her toome.
Oh *Salome* thou hast thy selfe repaid,
For all the benefits that thou hast done:
Thou art the cause I haue the queene betraide,
Thou hast my hart to darkeſt false-hood wonne.
I am condemn'd, heau'n gaue me not my tongue
To slander innocents, to lie, deceiue:
To be the hatefull instrument to wrong,
The earth of greatest glory to bereaue.
My sinne ascends and doth to heau'n cric,
It is the blackest deed that euer was:
And there doth sit an Angell notarie,
That doth record it downe in leaues of brasse.
Oh how my heart doth quake: *Achitophel*,
Theu founds a meanes thy selfe from shame to free:
And sure my soule approues thou didst not well,
All follow some, and I will follow thee.

Actus 4. Scœna 6.

Constabarus, Babus Sonnes, and their guard.

Const: **N**ow here we step our last, the way to death,
We must not tread this way a ſecond time:
Yet let vs resolutely yeeld our breath,
Death is the onely ladder, Heau'n to clime. (resigne,
Babus 1. Sonne. With willing mind I could my ſelfe
But yet it grieues me with a grieſe vntold:
Our death ſhould be accompani'd with thine,
Our friendship we to thee haue dearely ſold.

Const:

THE TRAGEDIE

Conſt. Still wilt thou wrong the ſacred name of friend?
Then ſhould'ſt thou never ſtyle it friendſhip more:
But baſe mechanick traffique that doth lend,
Yet will be ſure they ſhall the debt reſtore.
I could with needeſle complement returne,
Tis for thy ceremonie I could ſay :
Tis I that made the fire your houſe to burne,
For but for me ſhe would not you betray.
Had not the damned woman ſought mine end,
You had not bene the ſubiect of her hate:
You neuer did her hatefull minde offend,
Nor could your deaths haue freed your nuptiall fate.
Therefore faire friends, though you were ſtill vnborne,
Some other ſubtiltie deuifide ſhould bee:
Were by my life, though guilties ſhould be torne,
Thus haue I prou'd, tis you that die for mee.
And therefore ſhould I weakely now lament,
You haue but done your duties, friends ſhould die:
Alone their friends diſaſter to prevent,
Though not compeld by ſtrong neceſſitie.
But now farewell faire citie, neuer more
Shall I behold your beautie ſhining bright:
Farewell of *Jewiſh* men the worthy ſtore,
But no farewell to any female wight.
You waueing cruce: my curse to you I leauē,
You had but one to give you any grace:
And you your ſelues will *Mariams* life bereave,
Your common-wealthe doth innocence chafe.
You creatures made to be the humane curse,
You Tygers, Lyonettes, hungry Beares,
Teare maſlaſcring *Hienas*: nay far worse,
For they for pray doe ſhed their fained teares.
But you will weepe, (you creatures croſſe to good)
For your vnuquenched thirſt of humane blood:
You were the Angels caſt from heauen for pride,
And ſtill doe keepe your Angels outward ſhow,
But none of you are inly beautiſide,
For ſtill your heau'n depriuing pride doth grow.

Did

OF MARIAM.

Did not the sinnes of many require a scourge,
Your place on earth had bene by this withitood :
But since a flood no more the world must purge,
You staid in office of a second flood.
You giddy creatures, sowers of debate,
You'll loue to day, and for no other cause,
But for you yesterday did deply hate,
You are the wreake of order, breach of lawes.
You best, are foolish, foward, wanton, vaine,
Your worst adulterous, murderous, cunning, proud
And *Salome* attends the latter traine,
Or rather he their leader is allowd.
I do the sottishnesse of men bewaile,
That doe with following you inhance your pride:
T'were better that the humane race should fail,
Then be by such a mischiefe multiplide.
Chams seruile curse to all your sexe was giuen,
Because in Paradise you did offend:
Then doe we not resist the will of Heauen,
When on your willes like seruants we attend?
You are to nothing constant but to ill,
You are with noughe but wickednesse indude:
Your loues are set on nothing but your will,
And thus my censure I of you conclude.
You are the least of goods, the worst of cuils,
Your best are worse then men : your worst then diuels.

Babus second sonne.

Come let vs to our death: are we not blest ?
Our death will freedome from these creatures giue:
These trouble quiet sowers of vnrest,
And this I vow that had I issue to liue,
I would for euer leade a single life,
And neuer venter on a diuellish wife.

THE TRAGEDIE

Actus 4. Scœna 7.

Herod and Salome.

Herod.

NAy, she shall die. Die quoth you, that she shall:
But for the meanes. The meanes! Me thinks tis
To finde a meanes to murther her withall; (hard
Therefore I am resolu'd she shall be spay'd.

Salom. Why? Let her be beheaded. *Her.* That were
Thinke you that swords are miracles like you: (well,
Her skinne will eu'ry Curtlax edge resell,
And then your enterprise you well may rie.
What if the fierce Arabian notice take,
Of this your wretched weaponlesse estate?
They answere when we bid resistance make,
That *Mariams* skinne their fanchions did rebate;
Beware of this, you make a goodly hand,
If you of weapons doe deprive our Land.

Sal. Why drowne her then. *Herod.* Indeed a sweet de-
Why? would not eu'ry River turne her course (uice,
Rather then doe her beautie prejudice?
And be reverted to the proper source.
So not a drop of water should be found
In all Iudeas quondam firtill ground.

Sal. Then let the fire deuoure her. *Her.* T'will not
Flame is from her deriu'd into my heart: (bee:
Thou nurcest flame, flame will not murther thee,
My fairest *Mariam*, sullest of desert. (die:

Salom. Then let her liue for me. *Herod.* Nay, she sha' l
But can you liue without her? *Sal.* doubt you that?

Herod. I'me sure I cannot, I beseech you trie:
I haue experience but I know not what.

Salom. How shold I try? *Her.* Why let my loue be
But if we cannot liue without her sight (flame,
You're

OF MARIAM.

Youle finde the meanes to make her breathe againe,
Or else you will bereave my comfort quite.

Sal. Oh I: I warrant you. *Herod.* What is she gone?
And gone to bid the world be ouerthrowne:
What? is her hearts composure hardest stonc?
To what a passe are cruell women growne?
She is return'd already : haue you done?
Ist possible you can command so soone?
A creatures heart to quench the flaming Sunne,
Or from the skie to wipe away the Moone.

Sal. If *Mariam* be the Sunne and Moone, it is:
For I already haue commanded this. (times.

Her. But haue you seene her cheek? *Sal.* A thousand

Herod. But did you marke it too? *Sal.* I very well.

Herod. What ist? *Sal.* A Crimson bush, that euer limes
The soule whose foresight doth not much excell.

Herod. Send word she shall not dye. Her cheek a bush,
Nay, then I see indeed you markt it not.

Sal. Tis very faire, but yet will never blush,
Though foule dishonors do her forehead blot.

Herod. Then let her die, tis very true indeed,
And for this fault alone shall *Mariam* bleed.

Sal. What fault my Lord? *Herod.* What fault ist? you
If you be ignorant I know of none, (that askes
To call her backe from death shall be your taske,
I'm glad that she for innocent is knowne.
For on the brow of *Mariam* hangs a Fleece,
Whose slenderest twine is strong enoughto binde
The hearts of Kings, the pride and shame of *Greece*,
Troy flaming *Helens* not so fairely shinde.

Salom. Tis true indeed, she layes them out for nets,
To catch the hearts that doe not shune a baite:
Tis time to speake: for *Herod* sure forgets,
That *Mariams* very tresses hide deceit.

Her. Oh doe they so? nay, then you doe but well,
Insooth I thought it had beene haire:
Nets call you them? Lord, how they doe excell,
I neuer saw a net that show'd so faire.

THE TRAGEDIE

But haue you heard her speake? *Sal.* You know I haue.

Her. And were you not amaz'd? *Sal.* No, not a whit.

Her. Then t'was not her you heard, her life Ile saue,
For *Mariam* hath a world amazing wit.

Sal. She speaks a beantious language, but within
Her heart is false as powder: and her tongue
Doth but allure the auditors to sinne,
And is the instrument to doe you wrong.

Herod. It may be so: nay, tis so: shee's vnchaste,
Her mouth will ope to eu'ry strangers care:
Then let the executioner make haste,
Lest she enchant him, if her words he heare.
Let him be deaf, lest she do him surprise
That shall to free her spirit be assignd:
Yet what boots deafenes if he haue his eyes,
Her murtherer must be both deaf and blinde.
For if he see, he needs must see the starres
That shine on eyther side of *Mariams* face:
Whose sweet aspect will terminate the warres,
Wherewith he should a soule so precious chace.
Her eyse can speake, and in their speaking moue,
Oft did my heart with reverence receiuē
The worlds mandates. Pretty tales of loue
They vtter, which can humane bondage weauē.
But shall I let this heauens modell dye?
Which for a small selfe-portraiture she drew:
Her eyes like starres, her forehead like the skie,
She is like Heauen, and must be heavenly truē.

Salem. Your thoughts do rauē with doating on the
Her eyes are chon hewde, and you'll confesse: (*Queen,*
A sable starre hath beene but seldom scene,
Then speake of reason more, of *Mariam* lesse.)

Herod. Your selfe are held a goodly creature heere,
Yet so vnlike my *Mariam* in your shape:
That whento her you haue approached neare,
My selfe hath often tane you for an Ape.
And yet you prate of beautie: goe your waies,
You are to her a Sun burnt Blackamore:

Your

OF MARIAM.

Your paintings cannot equall *Mariams* praise,
Her nature is so rich, you are so poore.
Let her be staide from death, for if she die,
We do we know not what to stop her breath :
A world cannot another *Mariam* buy,
Why stay you lingring? countermaund her death.
Salo. Then youle no more remember what hath past,
Sohemus loue, and hers shall be forgot:
Tis well in truth : that fault may be her last,
And she may mend, though yet she loue you not.

Her: Oh God : tis true. *Sohemus* : earth and heau'n,
Why did you both conspire to make me curst:
In counsing me with shewes, and proffes vncu'na?
She shew'd the best, and yet did prove the worst.
Her shew was such, as had our singing king
The holy *David*, *Mariams* beautie scene:
The *Hittites* had then felt no deadly sting,
Nor *Bethsabe* had never bene a Queene.
Or had his sonne the wifest man of men,
Whose fond delight did most consist in change:
Beheld her face, he had bene staid agen,
No creature hauing her, can wish to range.
Had *Afuerus* seen my *Mariams* brow,
The humble *Iewe*, she might haue walke alone:
Her beautious vertue should haue staid below,
Whiles *Mariam* mounted to the Persian throne.
But what availes it all : for in the waight
She is deceitfull, light as vanity :
Oh she was made for nothing but a bair,
To traile some haples man to miserie.
I am the haples man that have bene trainde,
To endles bondage, I will see her yet:
Me thinkes I should discerne her if she fainde,
Can humane eyes be dazde by womans wit?
Once more these eyes of mine with hers shall meet,
Before the headsman doe her life bereave :
Shall I for ever part from thee my sweet?
Without the taking of my latest leaue.

THE TRAGEDIE

Salo: You had as good resolute to saue her now,
Ile stay her death,tis well determined:
For sure she neuer more will breake her vow,
Sobemus and *Josephus* both are dead.

Herod. She shall not liue, nor will I see her face,
A long heald wound,a second time doth bleed:
With *Joseph* I remember her disgrace,
A shamefull end ensues a shamefull deed.
Oh that I had not cald to minde anew,
The discontent of *Mariams* waunting hart:
Twas you : you foule mouth'd *Ate*,none but you,
That did the thought hereof to me imparte.
Hence from my sight,my blacke tormenter hence,
For hadst not thou made *Herod* vnsecure:
I had not doubted *Mariams* innocence,
But still had held her in my heart for pure.

Salo: Ile leaue you to your passion : tis no time
To purge me now,though of a guiltles crime. (*Exit.*)

Herod. Destruction take thee: thou hast made
As heauie as reuenge,I am so dull, (my hart
Methinkes I am not sensible of smart,
Though hidious horrors at my bosome pull.
My head waies downwards : therefore will I goe
To try if I can sleepe away my woe.

Actus 4. Scena. 8.

Mariam.

AM I the *Mariam* that presum'd so much, (breath?
And deem'd my face must needs preserue my
I,I it was that thought my beautie such,
At it alone could counteraund my death.
Now death will teach me: he can pale aswell
A cheeke of roses,as a cheeke lesse bright:
And dim an eye whose shine doth most excell,
Alsoone as one that casts a meaner light.

Had

OF MARIAM.

Had not my selfe against my selfe conspirde,
No plot: no aduersarie from without
Could Herods loue from Mariam haue retirde,
Or from his heart haue thrust my semblance out.
The wanton Queene that never lou'd for loue,
False Cleopatra, wholly set on gaine:
With all her slights did proue: yet vainly proue,
For her the loue of Herod to obtaine.
Yet her allurements, all her courtly guile,
Her smiles, her fauours, and her smooth deceite
Could not my face from Herods minde exile,
But were with him of lese then little weight.
That face and person that in Asia late
For beauties Goddesse Paphos Queene was tane:
That face that did captiue great Julius fate,
That very face that was Anthonius bane.
That face that to be Egypcs pride was borne,
That face that all the world esteem'd so rare:
Did Herod hate, despise, neglect, and scorne,
When with the same, he Mariams did compare.
This made that I improudently wrought,
And on the wager euen my life did pawn:
Because I thought, and yet but truly thought,
That Herods loue could not from me be drawne.
But now though out of time, I plainly see
It could be drawne, though never drawne from me:
Had I but with humilitie bene gracie,
As well as faire I might haue prou'd me wise:
But I did thinke because I knew me chaste,
One vertue for a woman, might suffice.
That mind for glory of our sexe might stand,
Wherein humilitie and chasteitie
Doth march with equall paces hand in hand,
But one it singe scene, who setteth by?
And I had singly ore, but tis my joy,
That I was euer innocent, though lower:
And therefore can they but my life destroy,
My Soule is free from aduersaries power.) Enter Dorus.

You

THE TRAGEDIE

You Princes great in power, and high in birth,
Be great and high, I enuy not your hap:
Your birth must be from dust: your power on earth,
In heau'n shall *Mariam* sit in *Saraes* lap. (thither,
Doris. I heau'n, your beautie cannot bring you
Your soule is blacke and spotted, full of sinne:
You in adultery liu'd nine yeare together,
And heau'n will never let adultery in.

Mar. What art thou that dost poore *Mariam* pursue?
Some spirit sent to drieue me to dispaire:
Who sees for truth that *Mariam* is vntrue,
If faire she be, she is as chaste as faire.

Doris. I am that *Doris* that was once belou'd,
Belou'd by *Herod*: *Herods* lawfull wife:
Twas you that *Doris* from his side remou'd,
And rob'd from me the glory of my life.

Mar. Was that adultery: did not Moses say,
That he that being matcht did deadly hate:
Might by permission put his wife away,
And take a more belou'd to be his mate?

Doris. What did he hate me for: for simple truth?
For bringing beautious babes for loue to him:
For riches: noble birth, or tender youth,
Or for no staine did *Doris* honour dim?
Oh tell me *Mariam*, tell me if you knowe,
Which fault of these made *Herod* *Doris* foe.
These thrice three yeares haue I with hands held vp,
And bowed knees fast nailed to the ground:
Besought for thee the dreggs of that same cup,
That cup of wrath that is for sinners found.
And now thou art to drinke it: *Doris* curse,
Upon thy selfe did all this while attend,
But now it shall pursue thy children worse.

Mar. Oh *Doris* now to thee my knees I bend,
That hart that never bow'd to thee doth bow:
Curse not mine infants, let it thee suffice,
That Heau'n doth punishment to me allow.
Thy curse is cause that guiltles *Mariam* dies.

Doris.

OF MARIAM.

Doris. Had I ten thousand tongues, and eu'ry tongue
Inflam'd with poisons power, and steep't in gall:
My curses would not answere for my wrong,
Though I in cursing thee employd them all.
Hear thou that didst mount *Gerarim* command,
To be a place whereon with cause to curse:
Stretch thy reuenging arme: thrust forth thy hand,
And plague the mother much: the children worse.
Throw flaming fire vpon the baseborne heads
That were begotten in vnlawfull beds.
But let them liue till they have sence to know
What tis to be in miserable state:
Then be their neerest friends their ouerthrow,
Attended be they by suspitious hate.
And *Mariam*, I doe hope this boy of mine
Shall one day come to be the death of thine. *Exit.*

Mariam. Oh! Heauen forbid. I hope the world shall
This curse of thine shall be return'd on thee: (see,
Now earth farewell, though I be yet but yong,
Yet I, me thinks, haue knowne thee too too long. *Exit.*

Chorus.

THe fairest action of our humane life,
Is scorniug to reuenge an iniurie:
For who forgives without a further strife,
His aduersaries heart to him doth tie.
And tis a firmer conquest truely sed,
To winne the heart, then ouerthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy doe finde,
To yeeld to worth, it must be nobly done:
But if of baser mettall be his minde,
In base reuenge there is no honor wonne.
Who would a worthy courage ouerthrow,
And who would wrastle with a worthies foe?

H

We

THE TRAGEDIE

We say our hearts are great and cannot yeeld,
Because they cannot yeeld it proues them poore :
Great hearts are task't beyond their power, but seld
The weakest Lyon will the lowdest roare.

Truths Schoole for certaine doth this same allow,
High hartednes doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a vertuous scorne,
To scorne to owe a dutie ouer-long:
To scorne to be for benefits forborne,
To scorne to lie, to scorne to doe a wrong.

To scorne to beare an iniurie in minde,
To scorne a free-borne heart slauke-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must haue,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kinde :
Doe we his body from our furie saue,
And let our hate preuaile against our minde?

What can gainst him a greater vengeance bee,
Then make his foe more worthy farre then hee?

Had *Mariam* scorn'd to leaue a due vnpaide,
Shee would to *Herod* then haue paid her loue :
And not haue bene by sullen passion swaide
To fixe her thoughts all iniurie aboue
Is vertuous pride. Had *Mariam* thus bene prou'd,
Long famous life to her had bene allowd.

Actus quintus. Scœna prima.

Nuntio.

When, sweetest friend, did I so farre offend
Your heauenly selfe: that you my fault to quit
Haue

OF MARIAM.

Hau made me now relator of her end,
The end of beautie? Chastitie and wit,
Was none so haples in the farrall place,
But I, most wretched, for the Queene t'chuse,
Tis certajne I haue some ill boding face
That made me culd to tell this luckles newes.
And yet no news to Herod: were it new,
To him vnhappy t'had not bene at all:
Yet doe I long to come within his vew,
That he may know his wife did guilties fall:
And heere he comes. Your *Mariam* greets you well.

Enter Herod.

Herod. What? liues my *Mariam*? joy, exceeding joy.
Nun. Heau'n doth your will repell.

Herod. Oh doe not with thy words my life destroy,
I prethy tell no dying-tale: thjne eye
Without thy tongue doth tell but too too much:
Yet let thy tongues addition make me die,
Death welcome, comes to him whose griefe is such.

Nun. I went amongst the curious gazing troope,
To see the last of her that was the best:
To see if death had hart to make her stoope,
To see the Sunne admiring Phœnix nest.
VVhen there I came, vpon the way I saw
The stately *Mariam* not debas'd by feare:
Her looke did seeme to keepe the world in awc,
Yet mildly did her face this fortune beare.

Herod. Thou dost usurpe my right, my tongue was
To be the instrument of *Mariams* praise: (fram'd
Yet speake: she cannot be too often fam'd:
All tongues suffice not her sweet name to raise.

Nun. But as she came she *Alexandra* met,

THE TRAGEDIE

Who did her death (sweet Queene) no whit bewaile,
But as if nature she did quite forget,
She did vpon her daughter loudly rail.

Herod. Why stopt you not her mouth? where had she
To darke that, that Heaven made so bright? (words
Outsacred tongue no Epithite affords,
To call her other then the worlds delight.

Nun. She told her that her death was too too good,
And that already slie had liu'd too long:
She said, she sham'd to haue a part in blood
Of her that did the princely *Herod* wrong. (glory,

Herod. Base picke-thanke Diuell. Shame, twas all her
That she to noble *Mariam* was the mother:
But never shall it liue in any storie
Her name, except to infamy ile smother.
What answere did her princely daughter make?

Nun. She made no answere, but she lookt the while,
As if thereof she scarce did notice take,
Yet smilde, a dutifull, though scornefull smile.

Her. Sweet creature, I that louke to mind doe call,
Full oft hath *Herod* bene amaz'd withall.

Nun. Go on, she came vnmou'd with pleasant grace,
As if to triumph her arriali were:
In stately habite, and with cheefull face:
Yet eu'ry eye was moyst, but *Mariams* there.
When iustly opposite to me she came,
She pickt me out from all the crue:
She beckned to me, cald me by my name,
For she my name, my birth, and fortune knew.

Herod. What did she name thee? happy, happy man,
Wilt thou not euer loue that name the better?
But what sweet tune did this faire dying Swan
Afford thine eare: tell all, omit no letter.

Nun. Tell thou my Lord, said she. *Her.* Mee, ment slie
Ist true, the more my shame: I was her Lord, (mee?
Were I not made her Lord, I still should bee:

But

OF MARIAM.

But now her name must be by me adord,
Oh say, what said she more? each word she sed
Shall be the food whereon my heart is fed. (breath.

Nun: Tell thou my Lord thou saw'st me loose my
Herod. Oh that I could that sentence now controule.

Nun. If guiltily eternall be my death,

Her: I hold her chalfe eu'n in my inmost soule.

Nun: By three daies hence if wishes could reviue,
I know himselfe would make me oft alive.

Herod. Three daies: three hours, three minutes, not
A minute in a thousand parts diuided, (so much,
My penitencie for her death is such,
As in the first I wisht she had not died.

But forward in thy tale. *Nun:* Why on she went,
And after she some silent praier had sed:
She did as if to die she were content,
And thus to heau'n her heau'ly soule is fled.

Herod. But art thou sure there doth no life remaine?
Is't possible my *Mariam* should be dead,
Is there no tricke to make her breathe againe?

Nun: Her body is diuided from her head. (art,

Her: Why yet me thinkes there might be found by
Strange waies of cure, tis sure rare things are don:
By an inuentive head, and willing heart.

Nun: Let not my Lord your fancies idly run.
It is as possible it should beseeue,
That we should make the holy Abraham liue,
Though he intomb'd two thousand yeares had bene,
As breath againe to slaughtered *Mariam* giue.
But now for more assaults prepare your cares,

Herod. There cannot be a further cause of monie,
This accident shall shelter me from feares:
What can I feare? already *Mariams* gone.
Yet tell eu'n what you will: *Nun:* As I came by,
From *Mariams* death I saw vpon a tree,
A man that to his necke a cord did tie:

THE TRAGEDIE

Which cord he had desynd his end to bee,
When me he once discern'd, he downwards bow'd,
And thus with fesrefull voyce she cride alowd,
Goe tell the King he trusted ere he tride,
I am the cause that *Mariam* causeles dide.

Herod. Damnation take him, for it was the flau
That said she ment with poisons deadly force
To end my life that she the Crowne might haue :
Which tale did *Mariam* from her selfe diuorce.
Oh pardon me thou pure vnspotted Ghost,
My punishment must needs sufficient bee,
In missing that content I valued most :
Which was thy admirable face to see.
I had but one inestimable Jewell,
Yet one I had no monarch had the like,
And therefore may I curse my selfe as cruell :
Twas broken by a blowe my selfe did strike.
I gaz'd thereon and never thought me blest,
But when on it my dazled eye might rest :
A pretious Mirror made by wonderous art,
I priz'd it ten times dearer then my Crowne,
And laide it vp fast foulded in my heart :
Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,
And pasht it all to peeces : twas no foe,
That rob'd me of it ; no Arabian host,
Nor no Armenian guide hath vsde me so :
But Herods wretched selfe hath Herod crost.
She was my gracefull moytie, me accurst,
To slay my better halfe and saue my worst,
But sure she is not dead you did but iest,
To put me in perplexite a while,
T'were well indeed if I could so be drest :
I see she is aliue, methinkes you smile.

Nun. If sainted *Abel* yet deceased bee,
Tis certaine *Mariam* is as dead as hee.

Her. Why then goe call her to me, bid her now

Put

OF MARIAM.

Put on faire habite, stately ornamēt:
And let no frowne oreshade her smoothest brow,
In her dōth Herod place his whole content. (sense,

Nun: Sheel come in stately weedes to please your
If now she come attirde in robe of heauen:
Remember you your selfe did send her hence,
And now to you she can no more be giuen. faire,

Herod. Shee's dead, hell take her murderers, she was
Oh what a hand she had, it was so white,
It did the whitenes of the snowe impaire:
I neuer more shall see so sweet a sight. (hands;

Nun: Tis true, her hand was rare. Her: her hand? her
She had not singly one of beautie rare,
But such a paire as heere where Herod stands,
He dares the world to make to both compare.
Accursed Salome, hadst thou bene still,
My Mariam had bene breathing by my side:
Oh neuer had I: had I had my will,
Sent forth command, that Mariam should haue dide.
But Salome thou didst with enuy vexe,
To see thy selfe out-matched in thy sexe:
Vpon your sexes forehead Mariamsat,
To grace you all like an imperiall crowne,
But you fond foole haue rudely pusht theret,
And proudly puld your proper glory downe.
One smile of hers: Nay, not so much a: looke
Was worth a hundred thousand such as you,
Indea how canst thou the wretches brooke,
That robd from thee the fairest of the crew?
You dwellers in the now depriued land,
Wherin the matches Mariam was bred:
Why grapse not each of you a sword in hand,
To ay me at me your cruell Soueraignes head.
Oh when you thinke of Herod as your King,
And owner of the pride of Palestine:
This act to your remembrance likewise bring,

Tis.

THE TRAGEDIE

Tis I haue overthrowne your roiall line,
Within her purer vaines the blood did run,
That from her Grandam *Sara* she deriu'd,
Whose beldame age the loue of Kings hath wonne,
Oh that her issue had as long bene li'ud.
But can her eye be made by death obseure ?
I cannot thinke but it must sparkle still:
Foule sacriledge to rob those lights so pure,
From out a Temple made by heau'nly skill.
I am the Villaine that haue done the deed,
The ciuell deed, theugh by anotheis hand,
My word though not my sword made *Mariam* bleed,
Hircanus Grandchild did at my command.
That *Mariam* that I once did loue so deare,
The partner of my now detested bed,
Why shine you sun with an aspect so cleare ?
I tell you once againc my *Mariams* dead.
You could but shine, if some *Egyptian* blows,
Or *Aethiopian* doudy lose her life :
This was, then wherefore bend you not your brows,
The King of *Iurie*s faire and spctle wife.
Denie thy beames, and *Moone* refuse thy light,
Let all the starres be darke, let *Iurie*s eye
No more distinguish which is day and night :
Since her best birth did in her bosome die.
Those fond Idolaters the men of *Greece*,
Maintaine these orbes are safely governed :
That each within themselves haue Gods a peece,
By whom their stedfast course is iustly led.
But were it so, as so it cannot bee,
They all would put their mourning garments on :
Not one of them would yeeld a light to mee,
To me that is the cause that *Mariams* gon.
For though they fame their *Saturne* melancholy,
Offlowre behauours, and of angry moode :
They fame him likewise to be iust and holy,

And

310 OF MARIAM.

And justice needes must seeke reuenge for blood.

Their loue, if loue he were, would sure desire,

To punish him that slew so faire a lassē:

For Ladas beautie set his heart on fire,

Yet she not halfe so faire as Mariam was.

And Mars would deeme his Venus had bene slaine,

Sol to recover her would never sticke:

For if he want the power her life to gaine :

Then Physicks God is but an Empericke.

The Queene of loue would stome for beauties sake,

And Hermes too, since he bestow'd her wit,

The nights pale light for angrie griefe would shake,

To see chaste Mariam die in age vnfite.

But oh I am deceiu'd, she past them all

In euery gift, in euery propertie:

Her Excellencies wrought her timeles fall,

And they rejoyc'd, not grieu'd to see her die.

The Paphian Goddesse did repent her wast,

When she to one such beautie did allow:

Mercurius thought her wit his wit surpaſt;

And Cinthia enui'd Mariams brighter brow.

But these are fictions, they are voyd of ſence,

The Greekes but dreame, and dreaming falſehoods tell:

They neither can offend nor giue defence,

And not by them it was my Mariam fell.

If ſhe had bene like an Egiptian blacke,

And not ſo faire, ſhe had bene longer liude:

Her overflow of beautie turned backe,

And drownde the ſpring from whence it was deriude.

Her heau'ly beautie twas that made me thinkē

That it with chauſtitie could neuer dwell:

But now I ſee that heau'n in her did linke,

A ſpirit and a person to excell.

Ile muffle vp my ſelfe in endles night,

And neuer let mine eyes behold the light.

Retire thy ſelfe vile monſter, worse then hec

I

That

THE TRAGEDIE

That slayn the virgin earth with brothers blood,
Still in some vault or denne inclosed bee,
Where with thy teares thou maist beget a flood,
Which flood in time may drowne thee : happie day
When thou at once shalt die and finde a graue,
A stome vpon the vault, some one shall lay,
Which monument shall an inscription haue.
And these shall be the words it shall containe,
Here Herod lies, that hath his Mariam slaine.

Chorus.

VHo euer hath beheld with steadfast eye,
The strange euents of this one onely day:
How many were deceiu'd? How many die,
That once to day did grounds of safetie lay?
It will from them all certaintie bereue,
Since twiee sixe houres so many can deceiue.

This morning Herod held for surely dead,
And all the Jewes on Mariam did attend :
And *Constabarus* rise from *Satoms* bed,
And neither dreamd of a diuorce or end.

Pheroras ioyd that he might haue his wife,
And Babus sonnes for safetie of their life.

To night our Herod doth aliue remaine,
The guiltles Mariam is depriu'd of breath :
Stout *Constabarus* both diuorst and slaine,
The valiant sonnes of *Baba* have their death.

Pheroras sure his loue to be bereft,
If *Salome* her sute vnlade had left.

Herod this morning did expect with ioy,
To see his *Mariams* much beloued face :
And yet ere night he did her life destroy,

And

OF MARIAM.

And surely thought she did her name disgrace.
Yet now againe so short do humors last,
He both repents her death and knowes her chaste.

Had he with wisedome now her death delaide,
He at his pleasure might command her death:
But now he hath his power so much betraide,
As all his woes cannot restore her breath.

Now doth he strangely lunatickly rauie,
Because his *Mariams* life he cannot saue.

This daies events were certainly ordainde,
To be the warning to posteritic:
So many changes are therein containde,
So admirablie strange varietie.

This day alone, our sagest *Hebrewes* shall
In after times the schoole of wisedome call.

F I N I S.

