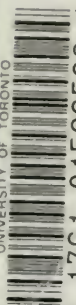


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Tragedy of
Dido Queen of Carthage

Written by

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE and THOMAS NASH

1594

Date of this the earliest known edition 1594

{*Bodleian*}

Reproduced in Facsimile 1914

127

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 74]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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Dido Queen of Carthage

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135-23/a
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The Tragedy of Dido Queen of Carthage

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1594

This play is facsimiled from the Bodley copy. Other examples (says Sir Sidney Lee, but unrecorded by Greg) are at Bridgewater House and at Chatsworth; the Devonshire Collection of Plays has recently been disposed of to an American collector.

For other and bibliographical details see D.N.B. I have included in this facsimile the page of manuscript in the Bodley example inasmuch as it contains matter of interest to the student.

The reproduction from the original was made by The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

JOHN S. FARMER.

The tragedy of Dido is one of the scarcest plays in the English language. There are but two copies known to be extant, in the possession of Dr Wright and Mr Reed.

Mr Warton speaks in his Hist. of Eng. Poet. (III. p. 433) of an elegy being prefixed to it on the death of Marlowe; but no such is found in either of those copies. In answer to my inquiries on this subject, he informed me by letter, ~~that a copy of this play was in Roborne's catalogue in the year 1734, that he then saw it in his shop (together with several of Mr Oldys's books that Roborne had purchased), & that the elegy in question "on Marlowe's untimely death" was inserted immediately after the title page, that it mentioned a play of Marlowe's entitled The Duke of Guise and four others, but whether particularly by name, he could not recollect. Unluckily he did not purchase this rare piece, & it is now God knows where.~~

Bishop Tanner likewise mentions this elegy in so particular a manner that he must have seen it. Marlovius (Christopherus), quondam in academia Cantabrigiensi Musarum alumnus; postea actor scenicus; deinde poeta dramaticus tragicus, paucis inferior. Scripsit plurimas tragedias, sc. Tamerlane. — Fa: gide of Dido Queen of Carthage. Po. Come gently Gang-med. Hanc perfecit & edidit Tho. Nash Lord. 1594. 4^{to} — Petovius in praefatione ad secundam partem Aeneis et Scandri multa in Marlovii commendationem adfert, hoc etiam facit Tho. Nash in Carmine Elegiaco tragediae Didois praefixo in obitum Christop. Marlovii, ubi quatuor ejus tragediarum mentionem facit, nec non et alterius de duce Guisio." Bib. Britan. 1740.

I suspect Mr Warton had no other authority than this for saying that this play was left imperfect by Marlowe, and completed & published by Nash, for it does not appear from the title page that it was not written in conjunction by him & Marlowe in the lifetime of the former. Perhaps Nash's elegy might ascertain this point. Tanner had I believe no authority but Philipides, for calling Marlowe an actor.

There was an old Latin play on the subject of Dido written by John Bughtwice and played before Cardinal Wolsey, & again before Queen Elizabeth in 1564. There is also another Latin play on this subject, Dido, tragedia nova in quatuor primis, prob. prima & quarta & quinta actibus Virgilio desumpta de Antropia, 1559.

THE
Tragedie of Dido

Queene of Carthage:

Played by the Children of her
Maiesties Chappell.

Written by Christopher Marlowe, and
Thomas Nash. Gent.

Actors

Iuniter.

Sanimed.

Venus.

Cupid.

Iano.

Mercurie, or

Hermes.

Aeneas.

Afcamius.

Dido.

Anna.

Achates.

Ilionens.

Iarbas.

Claumbes.

Sergestius.



AT LONDON,

Printed, by the Widdowe Orwin, for Thomas Woodcocke, and
are to be solde at his shop, in Pauls Church-yard, at
the signe of the blacke Beare. 1594.



The Tragedie of *Dido* Queene of *Carthage*.

*Here the Curtaines draw, there is discovered Iupiter dandling
Ganimed vpon his knee, and Mercury
lying asleepe.*

Iup. **C**ome gentle *Ganimed* and play with me,
I loue thee well, say *Iuno* what she will.

Gan. I am much better for your worthles loue,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blowes :
To day when as I filld into your cups,
And held the cloath of pleasance whiles you dranke,
She reacht me such a rap for that I spilde,
As made the blood run downe about mine eares.

Iup. What? dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
By *Saturnes* soule, and this earth threatning aire,
That shaken thrise, makes Natures buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frowne on thee more,
To hang her meteor like twixt heauen and earth,
And bind her hand and foote with goiden cordes,
As once I did for harming *Hercules*.

Gan. Might I but see that pretie sport a foote,
O how would I with *Helens* brother laugh,
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game:
Sweet *Iupiter*, if ere I pleasde thine eye,
Or seemed faire walde in with Egles wings,
Grace my immortall beautie with this boone,
And I will spend my time in thy bright armes.

Iup. What ist sweet wagge I should deny thy youth?

Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
 As I exhald with thy fire darting beames,
 Haue oft driuen backe the horses of the night,
 When as they would haue hal'd thee from my sight:
 Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
 Controule proud Fate, and cut the thred of time,
 Why are not all the Gods at thy commaund,
 And heauen and earth the bounds of thy delight? *Vulcan*
 shall daunce to make thee laughing sport,
 And my nine Daughters sing when thou art sad,
 From *Iunos* bird Ile pluck her spotted pride,
 To make thee fannes wherewith to coole thy face,
 And *Venus* Swannes shall shed their siluer downe,
 To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,
 If that thy fancie in his feathers dwell,
 But as this one Ile teare them all from him,
 Doe thou but say their colour pleaseth me:
 Hold here my little loue these linked gems,
 My *Iuno* ware vpon her marriage day,
 Put thou about thy necke my owne sweet heare,
 And tricke thy armes and shoulders with my cheefe.
Gan. I would haue a iewell for mine eare,
 And a fine brouch to put in my hat,
 And then Ile hugge with you an hundred times.
Iup. And shall haue *Ganined*, if thou wilt be my loue.

Enter Venus.

Venus. I this is ie, you can sit toying there,
 And playing with that female wanton boy,
 Whiles my *Aeneas* wanders on the Seas,
 And rests a pray to euery billowes pride.
Iuno, false *Iuno* in her Chariots pompe,
 Drawne through the heauens by Steedes of *Bereas* brood,
 Made *Hebe* to direct her ayrie wheeles
 Into the windie countrie of the clowdes,
 Where finding *Aeolus* intrencht with stormes,

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

And guarded with a thousand grislie ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charg'd him drowne my sonne with all his traine.
Then gan the windes breake ope their brazen doores,
And all *Aolia* to be vp in armes:
Poore *Troy* must now be sackt vpon the Sea,
And *Neptunes* waues be enuious men of warre,
Epeus horse to *Ainas* hill transformd,
Prepared stands to wracke their wooden walles,
And *Aolus* like *Agamemnon* sounds.
The surges, his fierce souldiers to the spoyle:
See how the night *Uyffer*-like comes forth,
And intercepts the day as *Dolon* erst:
Ay me! the Starres surprisde like *Rhesus* Steedes,
Are drawne by darknes forth *Astrans* tents.
What shall I doe to saue thee my sweet boy?
When as the waues doe threat our Chrystall world,
And *Proteus* raising hills of fouds on high,
Entends ere long to sport him in the skie.
False *Iupiter*, rewardst thou vertue so?
What? is not pietie exempt from wee?
Then dye *Aeneas* in thine innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompence.
Iup. Content thee *Cytherea* in thy care,
Since thy *Aeneas* wandring fate is firme,
Whose wearie lims shall shortly make repose,
In these faire walles I promist him of yore:
But first in bloud must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the Lord of *Turnus* towne,
Or force her smile that hetherto hath frownd:
Three winters shall he with the *Rutiles* warre,
And in the end subdue them with his sword,
And full three Sommers like wise shall he waste,
In manning those fierce barbarian mindes:
Which once performd, poore *Troy* so long suppress,
From forth her ashes shall aduance her head,
And flourish once againe that erst was dead:

The I rageate of *Uiuo*.

But bright *Afcanius* beauties better worke,
Who with the Sunne deuides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidft thofe ftarric towers,
That earth-borne *Atlas* groning vnderprops :
No bounds but heauen fhall bound his Emperie,
Whofe azured gates enchaſed with his name,
Shall make the morning halt her gray vprife,
To feede her eyes with his engrauen fame.
Thus in ftoute *Hectors* race three hundred yeares,
The Romane Scepter royall fhall remaine,
Till that a Princeſſe priest conceau'd by *Mars*,
Shall yeeld to dignitie a dubble birth,
Who will eterniſh *Troy* in their attempts.

Venus. How may I credite theſe thy flattering termes,
When yet both ſea and ſands beſet their ſhips,
And *Phæbus* as in ſtygian pooles, refraines
To taint his trefles in the *Tyrren* maine?

Iup. I will take order for that preſently :
Hermes awake, and haſte to *Neptunes* realme,
Whereas the Wind-god warring now with Fate,
Beſiege the offspring of our kingly loynes,
Charge him from me to turne his ſtormic powers,
And fetter them in *Vulcans* ſturdie braſſe,
That durſt thus proudly wrong our kinſmans peace.
Venus farewell, thy ſonne ſhall be our care:
Come *Ganimed*, we muſt about this geare.

Exeunt Iupiter cum Ganimed.

Venus. Diſquiet Seas lay downe your ſwelling lookes,
And court *Aneas* with your calmie cheere,
Whofe beaucious burden well might make you proude,
Had not the heauens conceau'd with hel-borne clowdes,
Vaild his reſplendant glorie from your view,
For my ſake pitie him *Oceanus*,
That erſt-while iſſued from thy watrie loynes,
And had my being from thy bubling froth :
Triton I know hath ſild his trumpe with *Troy*,
And therefore will take pitie on his toyle,

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

And call both *Thetis* and *Cimodoe*,
To succour him in this extremitie.

*Enter Aeneas with Ascanius, with
one or two more.*

What? doe I see my sonne now come on shoare:
Venus, how art thou compass't with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought for ioyes:
Great *Iupiter*, still honour'd maist thou be,
For this so friendly ayde in time of neede.
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,
Whiles my *Aeneas* spends himselfe in plaints,
And heauen and earth with his vnrest acquaints.

En. You sonnes of care, companions of my course,
Priams misfortune followes vs by sea,
And *Helens* rape doth haunt thee at the heeles.
How many dangers haue we ouer past?
Both barking *Scilla*, and the sounding Rocks,
The *Cyclops* shelues, and grim *Ceranius* seate
Haue you oregone, and yet remaine aliue?
Pluck vp your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
And chaunging heauens may those good daies returne,
Which *Pergama* did vaunt in all her pride.

Acha. Braue Prince of *Troy*, thou onely art our God:
That by thy vertues freest vs from annoy,
And makes our hopes suruiue to cunning ioyes:
Doe thou but smile, and clowdie heauen will cleare,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy browes:
Though we be now in extreame miserie,
And rest the map of weatherbeaten woe:
Yet shall the aged Sunne shed forth his aire,
To make vs liue vnto our former heate,
And euery beast the forrest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scant'd foode.

Asca. Father I faint, good father giue me meate.

En.

THE TRAGEDIE OF DIANA.

En. Alas sweet boy, thou must be still a while,
Till we haue fire to dresse the meate we kild:
Gentle *Achates*, reach the Tinder boxe,
That we may make a fire to warme vs with,
And rost our new found victuals on this shoare.

Venus. See what strange arts necessitie findes out,
How neere my sweet *Aeneas* art thou driuen?

En. Hold, take this candle and goe light a fire,
You shall haue leaues and windfall bowes enow
Neere to these woods, to rost your meate withall:

Ascanius, goe and drie thy drenched lims,
Whiles I with my *Achates* roaue abroad,
To know what coast the winde hath driuen vs on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabite it.

Acha. The ayre is pleasant, and the soyle most fit
For Cities, and societies supports:

Yet much I maruell that I cannot finde,
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

Venus. Now is the time for me to play my part:
Hoe yong men, saw you as you came
Any of all my Sisters wandring here?
Hauing a quiuer girded to her side,
And cloathed in a spotted Leopards skin.

En. I neither saw nor heard of any such:
But what may I faire Virgin call your name?
Whose lookes set forth no mortall forme to view,
Nor speech bewraies ought humane in thy birth,
Thou art a Goddesse that delud'st our eyes,
And shrowdes thy beautie in this borrowd shape:
But whether thou the Sunnes bright Sister be,
Or one of chaste *Dianas* fellow Nymphs,
Liue happie in the height of all content,
And lighten our extreames with this one boone,
As to instruct vs vnder what good heauen
We breathe as now, and what this world is calde,
On which by tempests furie we are cast,

Tell vs, O tell vs that are ignorant,
And this right hand shall make thy Altars crack
With mountaine heapes of milke white Sacrifize.

Venus. Such honour, stranger, doe I not affect:
It is the vse for Turen maides to weare
Their bowe and quier in this modest sort,
And suite themselues in purple for the nonce,
That they may trip more lightly ore the lawndes,
And ouertake the tusked Bore in chafe.
But for the land whereof thou doest enquire,
It is the punick kingdome rich and strong,
Adioyning on *Aganors* stately towne,
The kingly seate of Southerne *Libia*,
Whereas *Sidonian Dido* rules as Queene.
But what are you that aske of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you goe?

An. Of Troy am I, *Aeneas* is my name,
Who driuen by warre from forth my natiue world,
Put sailes to sea to seeke out *Italy*:
And my diuine descent from sceptred *Ioue*,
With twise twelue Phrigian ships I plowed the deepe,
And made that way my mother *Venus* led:
But of them all scarce seuen doe anchor safe,
And they so wrackt and weltred by the waues,
As euery tide tilts twixt their oken sides:
And all of them vnburdened of their loade,
Are ballassed with billowes watric weight.
But haples I, God wot, poore and vnknowne,
Doe trace these Libian deserts all despisde,
Exild forth *Europe* and wide *Asia* both,
And haue not any couerture but heauen.

Venus. Fortune hath fauord thee what ere thou be,
In sending thee vnto this curteous Coast:
A Gods name on and hast thee to the Court,
Where *Dido* will receiue ye with her smiles:
And for thy ships which thou supposedst lost,
Not one of them hath perisht in the storme,

But are arriued safe not farre from hence:
And so I leaue thee to thy fortunes lot,
Wishing good lucke vnto thy wandring steps. *Exit.*
Æn. *Achates,* tis my mother that is fled,
I know her by the mouings of her feete:
Stay gentle *Venus,* flye not from thy sonne,
Too cruell, why wilt thou forsake me thus?
Or in these shades deceiu'ft mine eye so oft?
Why talke we not together hand in hand?
And tell our griefes in more familiar termes:
But thou art gone and leau'ft me here alone,
To dull the ayre with my discoursue moane. *Exit.*

Enter Illioneus, and Cloanthus.

Illio. Follow ye Troians, follow this braue Lord,
And plaine to him the summe of your distresse.
Iar. Why, what are you, or wherefore doe you seue?
Illio. Wretches of *Troy,* enuied of the windes,
That craue such fauour at your honors feete,
As poore distressed miserie may pleade:
Saue, saue, O saue our ships from cruell fire,
That doe complaine the wounds of thousand waues,
And spare our liues whom euery spite pursues.
We come not we to wrong your Libian Gods,
Or steale your household lares from their shrines:
Our hands are not prepar'd to lawles spoyle,
Nor armed to offend in any kind:
Such force is farre from our vnweaponed thoughts,
Whose fading weale of victorie forsooke,
Forbids all hope to harbour neere our hearts.
Iar. But tell me Troians, Troians if you be,
Vnto what fruitfull quarters were ye bound,
Before that *Boreas* buckled with your sailes?
Cloan. There is a place *Hesperia* term'd by vs,
An ancient Empire, famoufed for armes,
And fertile in faire *Ceres* furrowed wealth,

Which

The Tragedie of *Dido*.

Which now we call *Italia* of his name,
That in such peace long time did rule the same:
Thither made we,
When suddenly gloomie *Orion* rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands,
Whereas the Southerne winde with brackish breath,
Disperst them all amongst the wrackfull Rockes:
From thence a fewe of vs escapt to land,
The rest we feare are fouled in the foulds.

Iar. Braue men at armes, abandon fruitles feares,
Since Carthage knowes to entertaine distresse.

Serg. I but the barbarous sort doe threat our ships,
And will not let vs lodge vpon the sands:
In multitudes they swarme vnto the shoare,
And from the first earth interdict our feete.

Iar. My selfe will see they shall not trouble ye,
Your men and you shall banquet in our Court,
And euery Troian be as welcome here,
As *Iupiter* to fillie *Vausis* house:
Come in with me, Ile bring you to my Queene,
Who shall confirme my words with further deedes.

Serg. Thanks gentle Lord for such vnlookt for grace,
Might we but once more see *Aeneas* face,
Then would we hope to quite such friendly turnes,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech.

ACTUS 2.

Enter *Aeneas*, *Achates*, and *Ascanius*.

En. Where am I now? these should be Carthage walles.

Acha. Why stands my sweete *Aeneas* thus amaze?

En. O my *Achates*, Theban *Niobe*,
Who for her sonnes death wept out life and breath,
And drie with griefe was turnd into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I.
Me thinks that towne there should be *Troy*, yon *Idas* hill,
There *Zanhus* streame, becaulc here's *Priamus*,

The Tragedie of Dido.

And when I know it is not, then I dye.

Ach. And in this humor is *Achates* to,
I cannot choosc but fall vpon my knees,
And kisse his hand: O where is *Hecuba*,
Here she was wont to sit, but sauing ayre
Is nothing here, and what is this but stone?

En. O yet this stone doth make *Aeneas* weepe,
And would my prayers (as *Tigmaliens* did)
Could giue it life, that vnder his conduct
We might saile backe to *Troy*, and be reuengde
On these hard harted Grecians, which reioyce
That nothing now is left of *Priamus*:

O *Priamus* is left and this is he,
Come, come abourd, pursue the hatefull Greekes.

Acha. What meanes *Aeneas*?

En. *Achates* though mine eyes say this is stone,
Yet thinks my minde that this is *Priamus*:
And when my grieued heart sighes and sayes no,
Then would it leape out to giue *Priam* life:
O were I not at all so thou mightst be.

Achates, see King *Priam* wags his hand,
He is aliue, *Troy* is not ouercome.

Ach. Thy mind *Aeneas* that would haue it so
Deludes thy eye sight, *Priamus* is dead.

En. Ah *Troy* is sackt, and *Priamus* is dead,
And why should poore *Aeneas* be aliue?

Asca. Sweete father leaue to weepe, this is not he:
For were it *Priam* he would smile on me.

Acha. *Aeneas* see here come the Citizens,
Leaue to lament lest they laugh at our feares.

Enter *Cloanthus*, *Sergestus*, *Ilioneus*.

En. Lords of this towne, or whatsoeuer stile
Belongs vnto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell vs who inhabits this faire towne,
What kind of people, and who gouernes them:

The Tragedie of Dido.

For we are strangers driuen on this shore,
And scarcely know within what Clime we are.

Illio. I heare *Aeneas* voyce, but see him nor,
For none of these can be our Generall.

Acha. Like *Illioneus* speakes this Noble man;
But *Illioneus* goes not in such robes.

Serg. You are *Achates*, or I deciu'd.

Acha. *Aeneas* see *Sergestus* or his ghost.

Illio. He meanes *Aeneas*, let vs kisse his feete.

Cloan. It is our Captaine, see *Ascanius*.

Serg. Liue long *Aeneas* and *Ascanius*.

An. *Achates*, speake, for I am ouerjoyed.

Acha. O *Illioneus*, art thou yet aliuie?

Illio. Blest be the time I see *Achates* face.

Cloan. Why turnes *Aeneas* from his trustie friends?

En. *Sergestus*, *Illioneus* and the rest,
Your sight amazde me, O what destinies
Haue brought my sweete companions in such plight?
O tell me, for I long to be resolu'd.

Illio. Louely *Aeneas*, these are Carthage walles,
And here Queene *Dido* weares th' imperiall Crowne,
Who for *Troyes* sake hath entertaind vs all,
And clad vs in these wealthie robes we weare.
Oft hath she askt vs vnder whom we seru'd,
And when we told her she would weepe for grieffe,
Thinking the sea had swallowed vp thy ships,
And now she sees thee how will she reioyce?

Serg. See where her seruitors passe through the hall
Bearing a banquet, *Dido* is not farre.

Illio. Looke where she comes: *Aeneas* viewd her well.

An. Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

Enter Dido and her traine.

Dido. What stranger art thou that doest eye me thus?

An. Sometime I was a Troian mightie Queene:
But *Troy* is not, what shall I say I am?

The Tragedie of Dido.

Illo. Renowned *Dido*, tis our Generall: warlike *Aeneas*.

Dido. Warlike *Aeneas*, and in these base robes?

Goe fetch the garment which *Sichens* ware:

Braue Prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,

Both happie that *Aeneas* is our guest:

Sit in this chaire and banquet with a Queene,

Aeneas is *Aeneas*, were he clad

In weedes as bad as euer *Irus* ware.

An. This is no seate for one thats comfortles,

May it please your grace to let *Aeneas* waite:

For though my birth be great, my fortunes meane,

Too meane to be companion to a Queene.

Dido. Thy fortune may be greater then thy birth,

Sit downe *Aeneas*, sit in *Didos* place,

And if this be thy sonne as I suppose,

Here let him sit, as merrie louely child.

An. This place becomes me not, O pardon me.

Dido. Ile haue it so, *Aeneas* be content.

Asca. Madame, you shall be my mother.

Dido. And so I will sweete child: be merrie man,

Heres to thy better fortune and good starres.

An. In all humilitie I thanke your grace.

Dido. Remember who thou art, speake like thy selfe,

Humilitie belongs to common groomes.

An. And who so miserable as *Aeneas* is?

Dido. Lyes it in *Didos* hands to make thee blest,

Then be assured thou art not miserable.

An. O *Priamus*, O *Troy*, oh *Hecuba*!

Dido. May I entreate thee to discourse at large,

And truely to how *Troy* was ouercome:

For many taies goe of that Cities fall,

And scarcely doe agree vpon one poynt:

Some say *Antenor* did betray the towne,

Others report twas *Sinons* periurie:

But all in this that *Troy* is ouercome,

And *Triam* dead, yet how we heare no newes.

An. A wofull tale bids *Dido* to vnfold,

Whose memorie like pale deaths stony mace,
Beates forth my senses from this troubled soule,
And makes *Aeneas* sinke at *Diaos* feete.

Dido. What faints *Aeneas* to remember *Troy*?
In whose defence he fought so valiantly:
Looke vp and speake.

En. Then speake *Aeneas* with *Achilles* tongue,
And *Dido* and you *Carthaginian* Peeres
Heare me, but yet with *Mirmidons* harsh eares,
Daily inur'd to broyles and Massacres,
Lest you be mou'd too much with my sad tale.
The *Grecian* souldiers tired with ten yeares warre,
Began to crye, let vs vnto our ships,
Troy is inuincible, why stay we here?
With whose outcries *Atrides* being apal'd,
Summoned the Captaines to his princely tent,
Who looking on the scarres we *Troians* gaue,
Seeing the number of their men decreast,
And the remainder weake and out of heart,
Gauē vp their voyces to dislodge the Campe,
And so in troopes all marcht to *Tenedos*:
Where when they came, *Vlysses* on the sand
Assayd with honey words to turne them backe:
And as he spoke to further his entent,
The windes did driue huge billowes to the shoare,
And heauen was darkned with tempestuous clowdes:
Then he alleag'd the Gods would haue them stay,
And prophecied *Troy* should be overcome:
And therewithall he calde false *Sinan* forth,
A man compact of craft and periurie,
Whose ticing tongue was made of *Hermes* pipe,
To force an hundred watchfull eyes to sleepe:
And him *Epeus* hauing made the horse,
With sacrificing wreathees vpon his head,
Vlysses sent to our ynhappy towne:
Who groueling in the mire of *Zaribus* bankes,
His hands bound at his backe, and both his eyes

Turnd vp to heauen as one resolu'd to dye,
Our Phrigian shepherd haled within the gates,
And brought vnto the Court of *Priamus*:
To whom he vsed action so pitifull,
Lookes so remorsefull, voves so forcible,
As therewithall the old man ouercome,
Kist him, imbrast him, and vnloosde his bands,
And then, O *Dido*, pardon me.

Dido. Nay leaue not here, resolue me of the rest.

En. O th' inchaunting words of that base slaue,
Made him to thinke *Epeus* pine-tree Horse
A sacrifice t' appease *Mineruas* wrath:
The rather for that one *Laocoon*
Breaking a speare vpon hts hollow breast,
Was with two winged Serpents stung to death.
Whereat agast, we were commanded straight
With reuerence to draw it into *Troy*.
In which vnhappie worke was I employd,
These hands did helpe to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter twas so huge.
O had it neuer entred, *Troy* had stood.
But *Priamus* impatient of delay,
Inforst a wide breach in that rampierd wall,
Which thousand battering Rams could neuer pierce,
And so came in this farall instrument:
At whose accursed feete as ouerioyed,
We banquetted till ouercome with wine,
Some surfetted, and others soundly slept.
Which *Simon* viewing, caulde the Greekish spyes
To hast to *Tenedos* and tell the Campe:
Then he vnlockt the Horse, and suddenly
From out his entrailles, *Neoptolemus*
Setting his speare vpon the ground, leapt forth,
And after him a thousand Grecians more,
In whose sterne faces shin'd the quenches fire,
That after burnt the pride of *Asia*.
By this the Campe was come vnto the walles,

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

And through the breach did march into the streetes,
Where meeting with the rest, kill kill they cryed.
Frighted with this confused noyse, I rose,
And looking from a turret, might behold
Yong infants swimming in their parents blood,
Headles carkasses piled vp in heapes,
Virgins halfe dead dragged by their golden haire,
And with maine force slung on a ring of pikes,
Old men with swords thrust through their aged sides,
Kneeling for mercie to a Greekish lad,
Who with steele Pol-axes dast out their braines.
Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to goe downe, came *Hectors* ghost
With ashie visage, blewish, sulphure eyes,
His armes torne from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrowd with wounds, and that which made me weepe,
Thongs at his heeles, by which *Achilles* horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish Campe,
Burst from the earth, crying, *Aneas* flye,
Troy is a fire, the Grecians haue the towne,

Dido. O *Hector* who weepes not to heare thy name?

En. Yet slung I forth, and desperate of my life,
Ran in the thickest throngs, and with this sword
Sent many of their sauadge ghosts to hell.
At last came *Pirrhus* fell and full of fire,
His harnesse dropping blood, and on his speare
The mangled head of *Priams* yongest sonne,
And after him his band of Mirmidons,
With balles of wilde fire in their murdering pawes,
Which made the funerall flame that burnt faire *Troy*:
All which hemd me about, crying, this is he.

Dido. Ah, how could poore *Aneas* scape their hands?

En. My mother *Venus* ieaious of my health,
Conuaid me from their crooked nets and bands:
So I escapt the furious *Pirrhus* wrath:
Who then ran to the pallace of the King,
And at *Ioues* Altar finding *Priamus*,

The Tragedie of *Uliasse*.

About whose withered necke hung *Hecuba*,
Foulding his hand in hers, and ioyntly both
Beating their breasts and falling on the ground,
He with his faulchions poynt raisde vp at once,
And with *Megeras* eyes stared in their face,
Threatning a thousand deaths at euery glaunce.
To whom the aged King thus trembling spoke:

Achilles sonne, remember what I was,
Father of fiftie sonnes, but they are slaine,
Lord of my fortune, but my fortunes turnd,
King of this Citie, but my *Troy* is fired,
And now am neither father, Lord, nor King:
Yet who so wretched but desires to liue?

O let me liue, great *Neoptolemus*,
Not mou'd at all, but smiling at his teares,
This butcher whilst his hands were yet held vp,
Treading vpon his breast, strooke off his hands.

Dido. O end *Aeneas*, I can heare no more.

En. At which the franticke Queene leapt on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nayles,
A little while prolong'd her husbands life:
At last the souldiers puld her by the heeles,
And swong her howling in the emptie ayre,
Which sent an eccho to the wounded King:
Whereat he listd vp his bedred lims,
And would haue grappeld with *Achilles* sonne,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands,
Which he disdainig whiskt his sword about,
And with the wound thereof the King fell downe:
Then from the nauell to the throat at once,
He ript old *Priam*: at whose latter gaspe
Iones marble statue gan to bend the brow,
As lothing *Pirrhus* for this wicked act:
Yet he vndaunted tooke his fathers flagge,
And dipt it in the old Kings chill cold bloud,
And then in triumph ran into the streetes,
Through which he could not passe for slaughtred men:

So leaning on his sword he stood stone still,
 Viewing the fire wherewith rich *Iliou* burnt.
 By this I got my father on my backe,
 This yong boy in mine armes, and by the hand
 Led faire *Crensa* my beloued wife,
 When thou *Achates* with thy sword mad'st way,
 And we were round inuiron'd with the Greekes:
 O there I lost my wife: and had not we
 Fought manfully, I had not told this tale:
 Yet manhood would not serue, of force we fled,
 And as we went vnto our ships, thou knowest
 We sawe *Cassandra* sprauling in the streetes,
 Whom *Ajax* rauisht in *Dianas* Fawne,
 Her cheekes swolne with fighes, her haire all rent,
 Whom I tooke vp to beare vnto our ships;
 But suddenly the Grecians followed vs,
 And I alas, was forst to let her lye.
 Then got we to our ships, and being abourd,
Polixena cryed out, *Aneas* stay,
 The Greekes pursue me, stay and take me in.
 Moued with her voyce, I leapt into the sea,
 Thinking to beare her on my backe abourd:
 For all our ships were launcht into the deepe,
 And as I swomme, she standing on the shoare,
 Was by the cruell *Mirmidons* surprizd,
 And after by that *Pirrhus* sacrificide.

Dido. I dye with melting ruth, *Aneas* leaue.

Anna. O what became of aged *Hecuba*?

Iar. How got *Aneas* to the fleete againe?

Dido. But how scapt *Helen*, she that causde this warre?

En. *Achates* speake, sorrow hath tired me quite.

Acha. What happened to the Queene we cannot shewe,

We heare they led her captiue into Greece,

As for *Aneas* he swomme quickly backe,

And *Helena* betrayd *Diphobus*

Her Louer, after *Alexander* dyed,

And so was reconcil'd to *Meneclans*.

THE TRAGEDIE OF DIDO.

Dido. O had that ticing strumpet nere been borne:
Troian, thy ruthfull tale hath made me sad:
Come let vs thinke vpon some pleasing sport,
To rid me from these melancholly thoughts:

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Venus at another doore, and takes
Ascanius by the sleene.*

Venus. Faire child stay thou with *Didos* waiting maide,
Ile giue thee Sugar-almonds, sweete Conserues,
A siluer girdle, and a golden purse,
And this yong Prince shall be thy playfellow.

Asca. Are you Queene *Didos* sonne?

Cupid. I, and my mother gaue me this fine bow.

Asca. Shall I haue such a quiuer and a bow?

Venus. Such bow, such quiuer, and such golden shafts,
Will *Dido* giue to sweete *Ascanius*:

For *Didos* sake I take thee in my armes,
And sticke these spangled feathers in thy hat,
Eate Comfites in mine armes, and I will sing.

Now is he fast asleepe, and in this groue
Amongst greene brakes Ile lay *Ascanius*,
And strewe him with sweete smelling Violets,
Blushing Roses, purple *Hyacinthe*:

These milke white Doues shall be his Centronels:
Who if that any seeke to doe him hurt,
Will quickly flye to *Cisheidas* fist.

Now *Cupid* turne thee to *Ascanius* shape,
And goe to *Dido*, who in stead of him
Will set thee on her lap and play with thee:

Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,
That she may dote vpon *Aneas* loue:

And by that meanes repaire his broken ships,
Victuall his Souldiers, giue him wealthie gifts,
And he at last depart to *Italy*,

Or els in *Carthage* make his kingly throne.

Cupid.

The Tragedie of Dido.

Cupid. I will faire mother, and so play my part,
As euery touch shall wound Queene *Didos* heart.

Venus. Sleepe my sweete nephew in these cooling shades,
Free from the murmure of these running streames,
The crye of beasts, the rattling of the windes,
Or whisking of these leaues, all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleepe,
Till I returne and take thee hence againe. *Exit.*

ACTUS 3. SCENA I.

Enter Cupid solus.

Cupid. Now *Cupid* cause the Carthaginian Queene,
To be inamour'd of thy brothers lookes,
Conuey this golden arrowe in thy sleeue,
Lest she imagine thou art *Venus* sonne:
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

Enter Iarbus, Anna, and Dido.

Iar. How long faire *Dido* shall I pine for thee?
Tis not enough that thou doest graunt me loue,
But that I may enioy what I desire:
That loue is childish which consists in words.

Dido. *Iarbus*, know that thou of all my wooers
(And yet haue I had many mightier Kings)
Hast had the greatest fauours I could giue:
I feare me *Dido* hath been counted light,
In being too familiar with *Iarbus*:
Albeit the Gods doe know no wanton thought
Had euer residence in *Didos* breast.

Iar. But *Dido* is the fauour I request.

Dido. Feare not *Iarbus*, *Dido* may be thine.

Anna. Looke sister how *Aeneas* little sonne
Plays with your garments and imbraceth you.

Cupid. No *Dido* will not take me in her armes,

I shall not be her sonne, she loues me not.

Dido. Weepe not sweet boy, thou shalt be *Didos* sonne,
Sit in my lap and let me heare thee sing.

No more my child, now talke another while,
And tell me where learnst thou this pretie song?

Cupid. My cosin *Helen* taught, it me in *Troy*.

Dido. How louely is *Ascanius* when he smiles?

Cupid. Will *Dido* let me hang about her necke?

Dido. I wagge, and giue thee leaue to kisse her to.

Cupid. What will you giue me? now Ile haue this Fanne.

Dido. Take it *Ascanius*, for thy fathers sake.

Iar. Come *Dido*, leaue *Ascanius*, let vs walke.

Dido. Goe thou away, *Ascanius* shall stay.

Iar. Vngentle Queene, is this thy loue to me?

Dido. O stay *Iarbus*, and Ile goe with thee.

Cupid. And if my mother goe, Ile follow her.

Dido. Why staieest thou here? thou art no loue of mine?

Iar. *Iarbus* dyc, seeing she abandons thee.

Dido. No, liue *Iarbus*, what hast thou deseru'd,
That I should say thou art no loue of mine?

Something thou hast deseru'd, away I say,
Depart from *Carthage*, come not in my sight.

Iar. Am I not King of rich *Getulia*?

Dido. *Iarbus* pardon me, and stay a while.

Cupid. Mother, looke here.

Dido. What telst thou me of rich *Getulia*?

Am not I Queene of *Libia*? then depart.

Iar. I goe to feed the humour of my Loue,
Yet not from *Carthage* for a thousand worlds.

Dido. *Iarbus*.

Iar. Doth *Dido* call me backe?

Dido. No, but I charge thee neuer looke on me.

Iar. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me dyc. *Exit Iarb.*

Anna. Wherefore doth *Dido* bid *Iarbus* goe?

Dido. Because his lothsome sight offends mine eye,
And in my thoughts is shrin'd another Loue:

O *Anna*, didst thou know how sweet loue were,

The Tragedie of Dido.

Full soone wouldst thou abiure this single life.

Anna. Poore soule I know too well the sower of loue,
O that *Iarbus* could but fancie me.

Dido. Is not *Aeneas* faire and beautifull?

Anna. Yes, and *Iarbus* foule and fauourles.

Dido. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

Anna. Yes, and *Iarbus* rude and rusticall.

Dido. Name not *Iarbus*, but sweete *Anna* say,
Is not *Aeneas* worchie *Didos* loue?

Anna. O sister, were you Empresse of the world,
Aeneas well deserues to be your loue,
So louely is he that where ere he goes,
The people swarme to gaze him in the face.

Dido. But tell them none shall gaze on him but I,
Lest their grosse eye-beames taint my louers cheekes:

Anna. good sister *Anna* goe for him,
Lest with these sweete thoughts I melt cleane away.

Anna. Then sister youle abiure *Iarbus* loue?

Dido. Yet must I heare that lothsome name againe?
Runne for *Aeneas*, or Ile flye to him. *Exit Anna.*

Cupid. You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

Dido. No, for thy sake Ile loue thy father well.

O dull conceipted *Dido*, that till now
Didst neuer thinke *Aeneas* beautifull:
But now for quittance of this ouersight,
Ile make me bracelets of his golden haire,
His glistering eyes shall be my looking glasse,
His lips an altar, where Ile offer vp
As many kisses as the Sea hath sands,
In stead of musicke I will heare him speake,
His lookes shall be my only Librarie,
And thou *Aeneas*, *Didos* treasure,
In whose faire bosome I will locke more wealth,
Then twentie thousand Indiaes can affoord:
O here he comes, loue, loue, giue *Dido* leaue
To be more modest then her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

Achates.

The Tragedie of Dido.

Achates, how doth *Carthage* please your Lord?

Acha. That will *Aeneas* shewe your maicstie.

Dido. *Aeneas*, art thou there?

En. I vnderstand your highnesse sent for me.

Dido. No, but now thou art here, tell me in sooth
In what might *Dido* highly pleasure thee.

En. So much haue I receiu'd at *Didos* hands,
As without blushing I can aske no more:
Yet Queene of *Affricke*, are my ships vnrigd,
My Sailes all rent in sunder with the winde,
My Oares broken, and my Tackling lost;
Yea all my Nauie split with Rockes and Shelves:
Nor Sterne nor Anchor haue our maimed Fleete,
Our Masts the furious windes strooke ouer board:
Which piteous wants if *Dido* will supplie,
We will account her author of our liues.

Dido. *Aeneas*, Ile repaire thy Troian ships,
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
And let *Achates* saile to *Italy*:
Ile giue thee tackling made of riueld gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,
Oares of massie Iuorie full of holes,
Through which the water shall delight to play:
Thy Anchors shall be hewed from Christall Rockes,
Which if thou lose shall shine about the waues:
The Masts whereon thy swelling sailes shall hang,
Hollow Pyramides of siluer plate:
The sailes of foulded Lawne, where shall be wrought
The warres of *Troy*, but not *Troyes* ouerthrow:
For ballace, emptie *Didos* treasure,
Take what ye will, but leaue *Aeneas* here.

Achates, thou shalt be so meanly clad,
As Seaborne Nymphes shall swarme about thy ships,
And wanton Mermaides court thee with sweete songs,
Flinging in fauours of more soueraigne worth,
Then *Thetis* hangs about *Apolloes* necke,
So that *Aeneas* may but stay with me.

En.



The Tragedie of Dido.

En. Wherefore would *Dido* haue *Aeneas* stay?
Dido. To warre against my bordering enemies:
Aeneas, thinke not *Dido* is in loue:
For if that any man could conquer me,
I had been wedded ere *Aeneas* came:
See where the pictures of my suiters hang,
And are not these as faire as faire may be?
Acha. I saw this man at *Troy* ere *Troy* was sackt.
En. I this in *Greece* when *Paris* stole faire *Helen*.
Illic. This man and I were at *Olympus* games.
Serg. I know this face, he is a *Perſian* borne,
I traueled with him to *Ætolia*.
Cloan. And I in *Athens* with this gentleman,
Vnleſſe I be deceiu'd diſputed once.
Dido. But ſpeake *Aeneas*, know you none of theſe?
En. No Madam, but it ſeemes that theſe are Kings.
Dido. All theſe and others which I neuer ſaw,
Haue been moſt vrgent ſuiters for my loue,
Some came in perſon, others ſent their Legats:
Yet none obtaind me, I am free from all,
And yet God knowes intangled vnto one.
This was an Orator, and thought by words
To compaſſe me, but yet he was deceiu'd:
And this a Spartan Courtier vaine and wilde,
But his fantaſtick humours pleaſde not me:
This was *Alcton*, a Muſition,
But playd he nere ſo ſweet, I let him goe:
This was the wealthie King of *Theſſaly*,
But I had gold enough and caſt him off:
This *Meleagers* ſonne, a warlike Prince,
But weapons gree not with my tender yeares:
The reſt are ſuch as all the world well knowes,
Yet how I ſwear by heauen and him I loue,
I was as farre from loue, as they from hate.
En. O happie ſhall he be whom *Dido* loues.
Dido. Then neuer ſay that thou art miſerable,
Be cauſe it may be thou ſhalt be my loue:

The Tragedie of Dido.

Yet boast not of it, for I loue thee not,
And yet I hate thee not: O if I speake
I shall betray my selfe: *Aeneas* speake,
We two will goe a hunting in the woods,
But not so much for thee, thou art but one,
As for *Achates*, and his followers. *Exeunt.*

Enter Juno to Ascanius asleepe.

Juno. Here lyes my hate, *Aeneas* cursed brat,
The boy wherein false destinie delights,
The heire of furie, the fauorite of the face,
That vgly impe that shall outweare my wrath,
And wrong my deitie with high disgrace:
But I will take another order now,
And race this eternall Register of time:
Troy shall no more call him her second hope,
Nor *Venus*' triumph in his tender youth:
For here in spight of heauen Ile murder him,
And seede infection with his left out life:
Say *Paris*, now shall *Venus* haue the ball?
Say vengeance, now shall her *Ascanius* dye.
O no God wot, I cannot watch my time,
Nor quit good turnes with double fee downe told:
Tut, I am simple without made to hurt,
And haue no gall at all to grieue my foes:
But lustfull *Jone* and his adulterous child,
Shall finde it written on confusions front,
That onely *Juno* rules in *Rhamusse* towne.

Enter Venus.

Venus. What should this meane? my Doues are back returnd,
Who warne me of such daunger prest at hand,
To harne my sweete *Ascanius* louely life.
Juno, my mortall foe, what make you here?
Auaunt old witch and trouble not my wits.
Juno. Fie *Venus*, that such causeles words of wrath,
Should ere defile so faire a mouth as thine:

The Tragedie of Dido.

Are not we both sprong of celestiaall rase,
And banquet as two Sisters with the Gods?
Why is it then displeasure should disioyne,
Whom kindred and acquaintance counites.

Venus. Out hatefull hag, thou wouldst haue slaine my sonne,
Had not my Doues discour'd thy entent:
But I will teare thy eyes fro forth thy head,
And feast the birds with their bloud-shotten bailes,
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy.

Iuno. Is this then all the thanks that I shall haue,
For sauing him from Snakes and Serpents stings,
That would haue kild him sleeping as he lay?
What though I was offended with thy sonne,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,
When for the hate of Troian *Ganimed*,
That was aduanced by my *Hebes* shame,
And *Paris* iudgement of the heauenly ball,
Inustred all the windes vnto his wracke,
And vrg'd each Element to his annoy:
Yet now I doe repent me of his ruth,
And wish that I had neuer wrongd him so:
Bootles I sawe it was to warre with fate,
That hath so many vnresisted friends:
Wherefore I change my counsell with the time,
And planted loue where eniue erst had sprong.

Venus. Sister of *Ioue*, if that thy loue be such,
As these thy protestations doe paint forth,
We two as friends one fortune will deuide:
Cupid shall lay his arrowes in thy lap,
And to a Scepter change his golden shafts,
Fancie and modestie shall liue as mates,
And thy faire peacockes by my pigeons perch:
Loue my *Aeneas*, and desire is thine,

The day, the night, my Swannes, my sweetes are thine.
Iuno. More then melodious are these words to me,
That ouercloy my soule with their content:

Venus, sweete *Venus*, how may I deserue

The Tragedie of Dido.

Such amorous fauours at thy beautilous hand?
But that thou maist more easilie perceiue,
How highly I doe prize this amitie,
Harke to a motion of eternall league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy loue:
Thy sonne thou knowest with *Dido* now remaines,
And feedes his eyes with fauours of her Court,
She likewise in admyring spends her time,
And cannot talke nor thinke of ought but him:
Why should not they then ioyne in marriage,
And bring forth mightie Kings to Carthage towne,
Whom casualtie of sea hath made such friends?
And *Venus*, let there be a match confirmd
Betwixt these two, whose loues are so alike,
And both our Deities conioynd in one,
Shall chaine felicitie vnto their throne.

Venus. Well could I like this reconcilements meanes,
But much I feare my sonne will nere consent,
Whose armed soule alreadye on the sea,
Darts forth her light to *Lavinias* shoare.

Iuno. Faire Queene of loue, I will deuorce these doubts,
And finde the way to wearie such fond thoughts:
This day they both a hunting forth will ride
Into these woods, adioyning to these walles,
When in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
Ile make the Clowdes dissolue their watrie workes,
And drénch *Siluanus* dwellings with their shewers,
Then in one Caue the Queene and he shall meete,
And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,
Whose short conclusion will scale vp their hearts,
Vnto the purpose which we now propound.

Venus. Sister, I see you fauour of my wiles;
Be it as you will haue for this once,
Meane time, *Ascanius* shall be my charge,
Whom I will beare to *Ida* in mine armes,
And couch him in *Adonis* purple downe. *Exeunt.*

Enter

The Tragedie of Dido.

Enter Dido, Aeneas, Anna, Iarbus, Achates,
and followers.

Dido. Aeneas, thinke not but I honor thee,
That thus in person goe with thee to hunt:
My princely robes thou seest are layd aside,
Whose glittering pompe *Dianas* shrowdes supplies,
All fellowes now disposde alike to sporte,
The woods are wide, and we haue store of game:
Faire Troian, hold my golden bowe awhile,
Vntill I gird my quiuer to my side:
Lords goe before, we two must talke alone.

Iar. Vngentle, can she wrong *Iarbus* so?
He dye before a stranger haue that grace:
We two will talke alone, what words be these?

Dido. What makes *Iarbus* here of all the rest?
We could haue gone without your companie.

An. But loue and duetie led him on perhaps,
To presse beyond acceptance to your sight.

Iar. Why man of *Troy*, doe I offend thine eyes?
Or art thou grieued thy betters presse so nye?

Dido. How now *Getulian*, are ye growne so braue,
To challenge vs with your comparisons?
Pefant, goe seeke companions like thy selfe,
And meddle not with any that I loue:

Aeneas, be not moude at what he sayes,
For otherwhile he will be out of ioynt.

Iar. Women may wrongly priuledge of loue:
But should that man of men (*Dido* except)
Haue taunted me in these opprobrious termes,
I would haue either drunke his dying bloud,
Or els I would haue giuen my life in gage?

Dido. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toyles apace,
And rowse the light foote Deere from forth their laire.

Anna. Sister, see see *Ascanius* in his pompe,
Bearing his huntspeare brauely in his hand.

The Tragedie of Dido.

Dido. Yea little sonne, are you so forward now?

Asca. I mother, I shall one day be a man,
And better able vnto other armes,
Meane time these wanton weapons serue my warre;
Which I will breake betwixt a Lyons iawes.

Dido. What, darest thou looke a Lyon in the face?

Asca. I, and outface him to, doe what he can.

Anna. How like his father speaketh he in all?

En. And mought I liue to see him sacke rich *Thebes*,
And loade his speare with Grecian Princes heads,
Then would I wish me with *Anchises* Tombe,
And dead to honour that hath brought me vp.

Iar. And might I liue to see thee shipt away,
And hoyst aloft on *Neptunes* hideous hilles,
Then would I wish me in faire *Didos* armes,
And dead to scorne that hath pursued me so.

En. Stout friend *Achates*, doest thou know this wood?

Acha. As I remember, here you shot the Deere,
That sau'd your famisht souldiers liues from death,
When first you set your foote vpon the shoare,
And here we met faire *Venus* virgine like,
Bearing her bowe and quiuer at her backe.

En. O how these irksome labours now delight,
And ouerjoy my thoughts with their escape:
Who would not vndergoe all kind of toyle,
To be well stor'd with such a winters tale?

Dido. *Aeneas*, leaue these dumps and lets away,
Some to the mountaines, some vnto the soyle,
You to the vallies, thou vnto the house.

Exeunt omnes: manent.

Iar. I, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrigian far set to the sea,
Preferd before a man of maiestie:
O loue, O hate, O cruell womens hearts,
That imitate the Moone in euery change,
And like the Planets euer loue to raunge:
What shall I doe this wronged with disdain?

Reuenge

The Tragedie of Dido.

Reuenge me on *Aneas*, or on her:
On her? fond man, that were to warre gainst heauen,
And with one shaft prouoke ten thousand darts:
This Troians end will be thy enuies aime,
Whose blood will reconcile thee to content,
And make loue drunken with thy sweete desire:
But *Dido* that now holdeth him so deare,
Will dye with very tidings of his death:
But time will discontinue her content,
And mould her minde vnto newe fancies shapes:
O God of heauen, turne the hand of fate
Vnto that happie day of my delight,
And then, what then? *Iarbus* shall but loue:
So doth he now, though not with equall gaine,
That resteth in the riuall of thy paine,
Who nere will cease to soare till he be slaine. *Exit.*

*The storme. Enter Aeneas and Dido in the
Cauce at severall times.*

Dido. Aeneas.

An. Dido.

Dido. Tell me deare loue, how found you out this Cauce?

An. By chance sweete Queene, as *Mars* and *Venus* met;

Dido. Why, that was in a net, where we are loose,
And yet I am not free, oh would I were.

An. Why, what is it that *Dido* may desire
And not obtaine, be it in humaine power?

Dido. The thing that I will dye before I aske,
And yet desire to haue before I dye.

An. It is not ought *Aeneas* may atchieue?

Dido. Aeneas no, although his eyes doe pearce.

An. What, hath *Iarbus*, angred her in ought?
And will she be auenged on his life?

Dido. Not angred me, except in angring thee.

An. Who then of all so cruell may he be,
That should detainethy eye in his defects?

Dido,

The Tragedie of Dido.

Dido. The man that I doe eye where ere I am,
Whose amorous face like *Pean* sparkles fire,
When as he butts his beames on *Floras* bed,
Promethus hath put on *Cupids* shape,
And I must perish in his burning armes:
Aeneas. O *Aeneas*, quench these flames.

En. What ailes my Queene, is she false sicke of late?

Dido. Not sicke my loue, but sicke, I must conceale
The torment, that it bootes me not reueale,
And yet Ile speake, and yet Ile hold my peace,
Doe shame her worst, I will disclose my grieve:

Aeneas. thou art he, what did I say?

Something it was that now I haue forgot.

En. What meanes faire *Dido* by this doubtfull speech?

Dido. Nay, nothing, but *Aeneas* loues me not.

En. *Aeneas* thoughts dare not ascend so high
As *Didos* heart, which Monarkes might not scale.

Dido. It was because I sawe no King like thee,
Whose golden Crowne might ballance my content:
But now that I haue found what to effect,
I followe one that loueth fame for me,
And rather had seeme faire *Sirens* eyes,
Then to the Carthage Queene that dyes for him.

En. If that your maiestie can looke so lowe,
As my despised worths, that shun all praise,
With this my hand I giue to you my heart,
And vow by all the Gods of Hospitalitie,
By heauen and earth, and my faire brothers bowe,
By *Paphos*, *Capys*, and the purple Sea,
From whence my radiant mother did descend,
And by this Sword that saued me from the Greekes,
Neuer to leaue these newe vpreared walles,
Whiles *Dido* liues and rules in *Innos* towne,
Neuer to like or loue any but her.

Dido. What more then delian musicke doe I heare,
That calles my soule from forth his liuing seate,
To moue vnto the measures of delight:

The Tragedie of *Dido*.

Kind cloudes that sent forth such a curteous storme,
As made disdain to flye to fancies lap:
Stoute loue in mine armes make thy *Italy*,
Whose Crowne and kingdome rests at thy commande:
Sicheus, not *Aeneas* be thou calde:
The King of *Carthage*, not *Anchises* sonne:
Hold, take these Jewels at thy Louers hand,
These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maide,
And be thou king of *Libia*, by my giuft.

Exeunt to the Caue.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Achates, Ascanius, Iarbus, and Anna.

Acha. Did euer men see such a sudden storme?
Or day so cleere so suddenly orecast?

Iar. I thinke some fell Inchantresse dwelleth here,
That can call them forth when as she please,
And diue into blacke tempests treasure,
When as she meanes to maske the world with cloudes.

Anna. In all my life I neuer knew the like,
It hailed, it snowde, it lightned all at once.

Acha. I thinke it was the diuels reuelling night,
There was such hurly burly in the heaucns:
Doubtles *Apollo*s Axeltree is crackt,
Or aged *Atlas* shoulder out of ioynt,
The motion was so ouer violent.

Iar. In all this coyle, where haue ye left the Queene?

Asca. Nay, where is my warlike father, can you tell?

Anna. Behold where both of them come forth the Caue.

Iar. Come forth the Caue: can heauen endure this sight?

Iarbus, curse that vnreuenging *Ioue*,
Whose flintie darts slept in *Tiphons* den,
Whiles these adulterors surfetted with sinne:
Nature, why mad'st me not some poysonous beast,
That with the sharpnes of my edged sting,

The Tragedie of Dido.

I might haue stakte them both vnto the earth,
Whil' st they were sporting in this darksome Caue?

En. The ayre is cleere, and Southerne windes are whist,
Come *Dido*, let vs hasten to the towne,
Since gloomie *Aolus* doth cease to frowne.

Dido. *Achates* and *Ascanius*, well met.

En. Faire *Anna*, how escapt you from the Shower?

Anna. As others did, by running to the wood.

Dido. But where were you *Iarbus* all this while?

Iar. Not with *Aeneas* in the vgly Caue.

Dido. I see *Aeneas* sticketh in your minde,
But I will soone put by that stumbling blocke,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your eares. *Exeunt.*

Enters Iarbus to Sacrifize.

Iar. Come seruants, come bring forth the Sacrifize,
That I may pacifie that gloomie *Ioue*,
Whose emptie Altars haue enlarg'd our illes.
Eternall *Ioue*, great master of the Clowdes,
Father of gladnesse, and all frolicke thoughts,
That with thy gloomie hand corrects the heauen,
When ayrie creatures warre amongst themselues:
Hearc, heare, O heare *Iarbus* plaining prayers,
Whose hideous ecchoes make the welkin howle,
And all the woods *Eliza* to resound:
The woman that thou wild vs entertaine,
Where straying in our borders vp and downe,
She crau'd a hide of ground to build a towne,
With whom we did deuide both lawes and land,
And all the fruites that plentie els sends forth,
Scorning our loues and royall marriage rites,
Yeelds vp her beautie to a strangers bed,
Who hauing wrought her shame, is straight way fled:
Now if thou beest a pitying God of power,
On whom ruth and compassion euer waites,
Redresse these wrongs, and warne him to his ships,
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

Enter

The Tragedie of Dido.

Enter Anna.

Anna. How now *Iarbus*, at your prayers so hard?

Iar. *I Anna*, is there ought you would with me?

Anna. Nay, no such waightie busines of import,
But may be slackt vntill another time:

Yet if you would partake with me the cause
Of this deuotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankfull for such curtesie.

Iar. *Anna*, against this Troian doe I pray,
Who seekes to rob me of thy Sisters loue,
And diue into her heart by coloured lookes.

Anna. Alas poore King that labours so in vaine,
For her that so delighteth in thy paine:
Be rul'd by me, and seeke some other loue,
Whose yeelding heart may yeeld thee more reliefe.

Iar. Mine eye is fixt where fancie cannot start,
Oleau me, leau me to my silent thoughts,
That register the numbers of my ruth,
And I will either moue the thoughtles flint,
Or drop out both mine eyes in drissing teares,
Before my sorroyes tide haue any flint.

Anna. I will not leau *Iarbus* whom I loue,
In this delight of dying pensuenes:

Away with *Dido*, *Anna*, be thy song,
Anna that doth admire thee more then heauen.

Iar. I may nor will list to such loathsome change,
That intercepts the course of my desire:

Seruant, come fetch these emptie vessels here,
For I will flye from these alluring eyes,
That doe pursue my peace where ere it goes. *Exit.*

Anna. *Iarbus* stay, louing *Iarbus* stay,
For I haue honey to present thee with:
Hard hearted, wilt not deigne to heare me speake,
Ile follow thee with outcryes nere the lesse,
And strewe thy walkes with my discheueld haire. *Exit.*

The Tragedie of Dido.

Enter Aeneas alone.

Aen. Carthage, my friendly host adue,
Since destinie doth call me from the shoare:
Hermes this night descending in a dreame,
Hath summond me to fruitfull *Italy*:
Ioue wils it so, my mother wils it so:
Let my *Phenissa* graunt, and then I goe:
Graunt she or no, *Aeneas* must away,
Whose golden fortunes clogd with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to *Fames* immortal house,
Or banquet in bright honors burnisht hall,
Till he hath furrowed *Neptunes* glassie fieldes,
And cut a passage through his toples hilles:
Achates come forth, *Sergestus*, *Illioneus*,
Cloanthus, haste away, *Aeneas* calles.

Enter *Achates*, *Cloanthus*, *Sergestus*,
and *Illioneus*.

Acha. What willes our Lord; or wherefore did he call?
Aen. The dreames (braue mates) that did beset my bed,
When sleepe but newly had imbraist the night,
Commaunds me leaue these vnrenowmed beames,
Whereas Nobilitie abhors to stay,
And none but base *Aeneas* will abide:
Abourd, abourd; since Fate's doe bid abourd;
And slice the Sea with sable coloured ships,
On whom the nimble windes may all day waight,
And follow them as footemen through the deepe:
Yet *Dido* casts her eyes like anchors out,
To stay my Fleete from loosing forth the Bay:
Come backe, come backe, I heare her crye a farre,
And let me linke my bodie to my lips,
That tyed together by the striuing tongues,
We may as one saile into *Italy*.
Acha. Banish that ticing dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your foresceing starres in all;

This

The Tragedie of Dido.

This is no life for men at armes to liue,
Where daliance doth consume a Souldiers strength,
And wanton motions of alluring eyes,
Effeminate our mindes inur'd to warre.

Ilia. Why, let vs build a Citie of our owne,
And not stand lingering here for amorous lookes:
Will *Dido* raise old *Priam* forth his graue,
And build the towne againe the Greekes did burne?
No no, she cares not how we sinke or swimme,
So she may haue *Aeneas* in her armes.

Cloan. To *Italy*, sweete friends to *Italy*,
We will not stay a minute longer here.

En. Troians abourd, and I will follow you,
I faine would goe, yet beautie calles me backe:
To leaue her so and not once say farewell,
Were to transgresse against all lawes of loue:
But if I vse such ceremonious thanks,
As parting friends accustome on the shoare,
Her smiles and armes will coll me round about,
And teares of pearle, crye stay, *Aeneas*, stay:
Each word she sayes will then containe a Crowne,
And euery speech be ended with a kisse:
I may not dure this female drudgerie,
To sea *Aeneas*, finde out *Italy*. *Exit.*

Enter Dido and Anna.

Dido. O *Anna*, runne vnto the water side,
They say *Aeneas* men are going abourd,
It may be he will steale away with them:
Stay not to answere me, runne *Anna* runne.
O foolish Troians that would steale from hence,
And not let *Dido* vnderstand their drift:
I would haue giuen *Achates* store of gold,
And *Illioneus* gum and Libian spice,
The common souldiers rich imbrodered coates,
And siluer whistles to controule the windes,
Which *Circes* sent *Sichens* when he liued:

The Tragedie of Dido.

Vnworthie are they of a Queenes reward:
See where they come, how might I doe to chide?

Enter *Anna*, with *Aeneas*, *Achates*, *Illionens*,
and *Sergestus*.

Anna. Twas time to runne, *Aeneas* had been gone,
The failles were hoy sing vp, and he abourd.

Dido. Is this thy loue to me?

An. O princely *Dido*, giue me leaue to speake,
I went to take my farewell of *Achates*.

Dido. How haps *Achates* bid me not farewell?

Acha. Because I feard your grace would keepe me here.

Dido. To rid thee of that doubt, abourd againe,
I charge thee put to sea and stay not here.

Acha. Then let *Aeneas* goe abourd with vs.

Dido. Get you abourd, *Aeneas* meanes to stay.

An. The sea is rough, the windes blow to the shoare.

Dido. O false *Aeneas*; now the sea is rough,
But when you were abourd twas calme enough,
Thou and *Achates* went to saile away.

An. Hath not the Carthage Queene mine onely sonne?
Thinke *Dido* I will goe and leaue him here?

Dido. *Aeneas* pardon me, for I forgot
That yong *Ascanius* lay with me this night:
Loue made me iealous, but to make amends,
Weare the emperiall Crowne of *Libia*,
Sway thou the Punique Scepter in my steede,
And punish me *Aeneas* for this crime.

An. This kisse shall be faire *Didos* punishment.

Dido. O how a Crowne becomes *Aeneas* head!
Stay here *Aeneas*, and commaund as King.

An. How vaine am I to weare this Diadem,
And beare this golden Scepter in my hand?
A Burgonet of Steele, and not a Crowne,
A Sword, and not a Scepter fits *Aeneas*.

Dido. O keepe them still, and let me gaze my fill:
Now looks *Aeneas* like immortall Ioue.

The Tragedie of Dido.

O where is *Ganimed* to hold his cup,
And *Mercury* to flye for what he calles,
Ten thousand *Cupids* houer in the ayre,
And fanne it in *Aeneas* louely face,
O that the Clowdes were here wherein thou fleest,
That thou and I vnseene might sport our selues:
Heauens enuious of our ioyes is waxen pale,
And when we whisper, then the starres fall downe,
To be partakers of our honey talke.

An. O *Dido*, patronesse of all our liues,
When I leaue thee, death be my punishment,
Swell raging seas, frowne wayward destinies,
Blow windes, threaten ye Rockes and sandie shelves,
This is the harbour that *Aeneas* seekes,
Lets see what tempests can anoy me now.

Dido. Not all the world can take thee from mine armes,
Aeneas may commaund as many Moores,
As in the Sea are little water drops:
And now to make experience of my loue,
Faire sister *Anna* leade my louer forth,
And seated on my Gennet, let him ride
As *Didos* husband through the punicke streetes,
And will my guard with Mauritanian darts,
To waite vpon him as their soueraigne Lord.

Anna. What if the Citizens repine thereat?

Dido. Those that dislike what *Dido* giues in charge,
Commaund my guard to slay for their offence:
Shall vulgar pesants storne at what I doe?
The ground is mine that giues them sustenance,
The ayre wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
All that they haue, their lands, their goods, their liues,
And I the Goddesse of all these, commaund
Aeneas ride as Carthaginian King.

Acha. *Aeneas* for his parentage deserues
As large a kingdome as is *Libia*.

An. I, and vnlesse the destinies be false,
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

Dido.

The Tragedie of Dido.

Dido. Speake of no other land, this land is thine,
Dido is thine, henceforth Ile call thee Lord:
Doe as I bid thee, sister leade the way,
And from a turret Ile behold my loue.

En. Then here in me shall flourish *Priams* race,
And thou and I *Achates*, for reuenge,
For *Troy*, for *Priam*, for his fiftie Sonnes,
Our kinsmens loues, and thousand guiltles soules,
Will leade an hoste against the hatefull Greekes,
And fire proude *Lacedemon* ore their heads. *Exit.*

Dido. Speakes not *Aeneas* like a Conqueror?
O blessed tempests that did driue him in,
O happie sand that made him runne aground:
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage Gods:
I, but it may be he will leaue my loue,
And seeke a forraine land calde *Italy*:
O that I had a charme to keepe the windes
Within the closure of a golden ball,
Or that the Tyrrhen sea were in mine armes,
That he might suffer shipwracke on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoyst vp saile:
I must preuent him, wishing will not serue:
Goe, bid my Nurse take yong *Ascanius*,
And beare him in the countrey to her house,
Aeneas will not goe without his sonne:
Yet lest he should, for I am full of feare,
Bring me his oares, his tackling, and his sailes:
What if I sinke his ships? O heele frowne:
Better he frowne, then I should dye for griefe:
I cannot see him frowne, it may not be:
Armies of foes resolu'd to winne this towne,
Or impious traitors vowde to haue my life,
Affright me not, onely *Aeneas* frowne
Is that which terrifies poore *Didos* heart:
Not bloudie speares appearing in the ayre,
Presage the downfall of my Emperie,
Nor blazing Commets threatens *Didos* death,

The Tragedie of Dido.

It is *Aeneas* frowne that ends my daies:
If he forsake me not, I neuer dye,
For in his lookes I see eternitie,
And heele make me immortall with a kisse.

Enter a Lord.

Your Nurse is gone with yong *Ascanius*,
And heres *Aeneas* tackling, oares and sailes.
Dido. Are these the sailes that in despight of me,
Packt with the windes to beare *Aeneas* hence?
Ile hang ye in the chamber where I lye,
Driue if you can my house to *Italy*:
Ile set the casement open that the windes
May enter in, and once againe conspire
Against the life of me poore Carthage Queene:
But though he goe, he staves in Carthage still,
And let rich Carthage fleete vpon the seas,
So I may haue *Aeneas* in mine armes.
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plaines,
And would be toyling in the watrie billowes,
To rob their mistresse of her Troian guest?
O cursed tree, hadst thou but wit or sense,
To measure how I prize *Aeneas* loue,
Thou wouldst haue leapt from out the Sailers hands,
And told me that *Aeneas* ment to goe:
And yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.
The water which our Poets terme a Nymph,
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
And shrunke not backe, knowing my loue was there?
The water is an Element, no Nymph,
Why should I blame *Aeneas* for his flight?
O *Dido*, blame nor him, but breake his oares,
These were the instruments that launcht him forth,
Theres not so much as this base tackling too,
But dares to heape vp sorrowe to my heart:
Was it not you that hoysed vp these sailes?
Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas?

F

For

The Tragedie of Dido.

For this will *Dido* tye ye full of knots,
And sheere ye all asunder with her hands:
Now serue to chastize shipboyes for their faults,
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage Queene.
Now let him hang my fauours on his masts,
And see if those will serue in steed of sailes:
For tackling, let him take the chaines of gold,
Which I bestowd vpon his followers:
In steed of oares, let him vse his hands,
And swim to *Italy*, Ile keepe these sure:
Come beare them in. *Exit.*

Enter the Nurse with Cupid for Ascanius.

Nurse. My Lord *Ascanius*, ye must goe with me.

Cupid. Whither must I goe? Ile stay with my mother.

Nurse. No, thou shalt goe with me vnto my house,
I haue an Orchard that hath store of plums,
Browne Almonds, Seruises, ripe Figs and Dates,
Dewberries, Apples, yellow Orenge,
A garden where are Bee hiues full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers,
And in the midst doth run a siluer streame,
Where thou shalt see the red gild fishes leape,
White Swannes, and many louely water fowles:
Now speake *Ascanius*, will ye goe or no?

Cupid. Come come Ile goe, how farre hence is your house?

Nurse. But hereby child, we shall get thither straight.

Cupid. Nurse I am wearie, will you carrie me?

Nurse. I, so youle dwell with me and call me mother.

Cupid. So youle loue me, I care not if I doe.

Nurse. That I might liue to see this boy a man,

How pretilie he laughs, goe ye wagge,
Youle be a twigger when you come to age.

Say *Dido* what she will I am not old,

Ile be no more a widowe, I am young,

Ile haue a husband, or els a louer.

Cupid

The Tragedie of Dido.

Cupid. A husband and no teeth!

Nurse. O what meane I to haue such foolish thoughts!
Foolish is loue, a toy, O sacred loue,
If there be any heauen in earth, tis loue :
Especially in women of your yeares.
Blush blush for shame, why shouldst thou thinke of loue ?
A graue, and not a louer fits thy age :
A graue, why ? I may liue a hundred yeares,
Fourescore is but a girles age, loue is sweete :
My vaines are withered, and my sinewes drie,
Why doe I thinke of loue now I should dye ?

Cupid. Come Nurse.

Nurse. Well, if he come a wooing he shall speede,
O how vnwise was I to say him nay! *Exeunt.*

Actus 5.

*Enter Aeneas with a paper in his hand, drawing the
platforme of the citie, with him Achates,
Cloanthus, and Ilioneus.*

Æn. Triumph my mates, our trauels are at end,
Here will *Aeneas* build a staterie Troy,
Then that which grim *Strides* ouerthrew :
Carthage shall vaunt her pettie walles no more,
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
And clad her in a Chrystall liuerie,
Wherein the day may euermore delight:
From golden *India Ganges* will I fetch,
Whose wealthie streames may waite vpon her towers,
And triple wise intrench her round about :
The Sunne from Egypt shall rich odors bring,
Wherewith his burning beames like labouring Bees,
That loade their thighes with *Hyblas* honeys spoyles,
Shall here vnburden their exhaled sweetes,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with her fumes.

Acha. What length or bredth shal this braue towne cõtaine ?

Æn. Not past foure thousand paces at the most.

The Tragedie of Dido.

Ilio. But what shall it be calde, *Troy* as before?

En. That haue I not determinde with my selfe.

Cloan. Let it be term'd *Aenea* by your name.

Serg. Rather *Ascania* by your little sonne.

En. Nay, I will haue it calde *Anchisaon*,
Of my old fathers name.

Enter Hermes with Ascanius.

Hermes. *Aneas* stay, *Ioues* Herald bids thee stay.

En. Whom doe I see, *Ioues* winged messenger?
Welcome to *Carthage* new erected towne.

Hermes. Why colin, stand you building Cities here,
And beautifying the Empire of this Queene,
While *Italy* is cleane out of thy minde?
To too forgetfull of thine owne affayres,
Why wilt thou so betray thy sonnes good hap?
The king of Gods sent me from highest heauen,
To sound this angrie message in thine eares.
Vaine man, what Monarky expectst thou here?
Or with what thought sleepest thou in *Libia* shoare?
If that all glorie hath forsaken thee,
And thou despise the praise of such attempts:
Yet thinke vpon *Ascanius* prophesie,
And yong *Iulus* more then thousand yeares,
Whom I haue brought from *Ida* where he slept,
And bore yong *Cupid* vnto *Cypresse* Ile.

En. This was my mother that beguild the Queene,
And made me take my brother for my sonne:
No maruell *Dido* though thou be in loue,
That daylie danlest *Cupid* in thy armes:
Welcome sweet child, where hast thou been this long?

Asca. Eating sweet Comfites with Queene *Didos* maide,
Who euer since hath luld me in her armes.

En. *Sergestus*, beare him hence vnto our ships,
Lest *Dido* spying him keepe him for a pledge.

Hermes. Spendst thou thy time about this little boy,
And giuest not care vnto the charge I bring?

The Tragedie of Dido.

It tell thee thou must straight to *Italy*,
Or els abide the wrath of frowning *Ioue*.

En. How should I put into the raging deepe,
Who haue no sailes nor tackling for my ships?
What would the Gods haue me *Dencalion* like,
Flote vp and downe where ere the billowes driue?
Though she repairede my fleete and gaue me ships,
Yet hath she tane away my oares and masts,
And left me neither saile nor sterne abourd.

Enter to them Iarbus.

Iar. How now *Aeneas*, sad, what meanes these dumpes?

En. *Iarbus*, I am cleane besides my selfe,
Ioue hath heapt on me such a desperate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may atchieue,
Nor I deuise by what meanes to contriue.

Iar. As how I pray, may I entreate you tell.

En. With speede he bids me saile to *Italy*,
When as I want both rigging for my fleete,
And also furniture for these my men.

Iar. If that be all, then cheare thy drooping lookes,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies:
Let some of those thy followers goe with me,
And they shall haue what thing so ere thou needst.

En. Thankes good *Iarbus* for thy friendly ayde,
Achates and the rest shall waite on thee,
Whil'st I rest thankfull for this curtesie.

Exit Iarbus and Aeneas traine.

Now will I haste vnto *Lauinian* shoare,
And raise a new foundation to old *Troy*,
Witnes the Gods, and witnes heauen and earth,
How loth I am to leaue these *Libian* bounds,
But that eternall *Iupiter* commands.

Enter Dido and Aeneas.

Dido. I feare I sawe *Aeneas* little sonne,
Led by *Achates* to the *Troian* fleete:

The Tragedie of Dido.

If it be so, his father meanes to flye :

But here he is, now *Dido* trie thy wit.

Aeneas, wherefore goe thy men aboard?

Why are thy ships new rigd? or to what end
Launcht from the hauen, lye they in the Rhode?

Pardon me though I aske, loue makes me aske.

An. O pardon me, if I resolute thee why :

Aeneas will not faine with his deare loue,
I must from hence : this day swift *Mercury*
When I was laying a platforme for these walles,
Sent from his father *Ioue*, appeared to me,
And in his name rebukt me bitterly,
For lingering here, neglecting *Italy*.

Dido. But yet *Aeneas* will not leaue his loue.

An. I am commaunded by immortall *Ioue*,
To leaue this towne and passe to *Italy*,
And therefore must of force.

Dido. These words proceed not from *Aeneas* heart.

An. Not from my heart, for I can hardly goe,
And yet I may not stay, *Dido* farewell.

Dido. Farewell : is this the mends for *Didos* loue?
Doe Troians vse to quit their Louers thus?
Fare well may *Dido*, so *Aeneas* stay,
I dye, if my *Aeneas* say farewell.

An. Then let me goe and neuer say farewell,
Let me goe, farewell, I must from hence.

Dido. These words are poyson to poore *Didos* soule,
O speake like my *Aeneas*, like my loue :

Why look'st thou toward the sea? the time hath been

When *Didos* beautie chaungd thine eyes to her :

Am I lesse faire then when thou sawest me first?

O then *Aeneas*, tis for griefe of thee :

Say thou wilt stay in *Carthage* with my Queene,

And *Didos* beautie will returne againe :

Aeneas, say, how canst thou take thy leaue?

Wilt thou kisse *Dido*? O thy lips haue sworne

To stay with *Dido* : canst thou take her hand?

The Tragedie of Dido.

Thy hand and mine haue plighted mutuall faith,
Therefore vnkind *Aeneas*, must thou say,
Then let me goe, and neuer say farewell.

En. O Queene of *Carthage*, wert thou vgly blacke,
Aeneas could not choose but hold thee deare,
Yet must he not gain say the Gods behest.

Dido. The Gods, what Gods be those that seeke my death?
Wherein haue I offended *Iupiter*,
That he should take *Aeneas* from mine armes?
O no, the Gods wey not what Louers doe,
It is *Aeneas* calles *Aeneas* hence,
And wofull *Dido* by these blubbred cheekes,
By this right hand, and by our spousall rites,
Desires *Aeneas* to remaine with her:

*Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis: & istam
Oro, si quis ad hac precibus locus, exue mentem.*

En. Desine meque tuis incendere seque querelis,
Italiam non sponte sequor.

Dido. Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings
Were vp in armes, for making thee my loue?
How *Carthage* did rebell, *Iarbus* storme,
And all the world calles me a second *Helen*,
For being intangled by a strangers lookes:
So thou wouldst proue as true as *Paris* did,
Would, as faire *Troy* was, *Carthage* might be sackt,
And I be calde a second *Helena*.

Had I a sonne by thee, the grieffe were lesse,
That I might see *Aeneas* in his face:
Now if thou goest, what canst thou leaue behind,
But rather will augment then ease my woe?

En. In vaine my loue thou spendst thy fainting breath,
If words might moue me I were ouercome.

Dido. And wilt thou not be mou'd with *Didos* words?
Thy mother was no Goddesse periurd man,
Nor *Dardanus*: the author of thy stocke:
But thou art sprung from *Scythian Caucasus*,

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

And Tygers of *Hircania* gaue thee sucke:
Ah foolish *Dido* to forbear this long!
Wast thou not wrackt vpon this *Libian* shoare,
And cam'st to *Dido* like a Fisher swaine?
Repaire not I thy ships, made thee a King,
And all thy needie followers Noblemen?
O Serpent that came creeping from the shoare,
And I for pitie harbord in my bosome,
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venomd sting,
And hisse at *Dido* for preseruing thee?
Goe goe and spare not, seeke out *Italy*,
I hope that that which loue forbids me doe,
The Rockes and Sea-gulfes will performe at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billowes waies,
To whom poore *Dido* doth bequeath reuenge,
I traytor, and the waues shall cast thee vp,
Where thou and false *Achates* first set foote:
Which if it chaunce, Ile giue ye buriall;
And weepe vpon your lueles carcases,
Though thou nor he will pitie me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? if thou wilt stay,
Leape in mine armes, mine armes are open wide:
If not, turne from me, and Ile turne from thee:
For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,
I haue not power to stay thee: is he gone?
I but heele come againe, he cannot goe,
He loues me to too well to serue me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent,
Will, being absent, be abdurate still.
By this is he gor to the water side,
And, see the Sailers take him by the hand,
But he shrinks backe, and now remembering me,
Returns amaine: welcome, welcontie my loue:
But wheres *Eneas*? ah hees gone hees gone!
Anna. What meanes my sifter thus to raue and crye?
Dido. O *Anna*, my *Eneas* is aboard,
And leauing me will saile to *Italy*.

Once didst thou goe, and he came backe a gaine,
Now bring him backe, and thou shalt be a Queene,
And I will liue a priuate life with him.

Anna. Wicked *Aeneas.*

Dido. Call him not wicked, sister speake him faire,
And looke vpon him with a Mermaides eye,
Tell him, I neuer yow'd at *Aulis* gulfe
The desolation of his natiue *Troy*,
Nor sent a thousand ships vnto the walles,
Nor euer violated faith to him:
Request him gently (*Anna*) to returne,
I craue but this, he stay a tide or two,
That I may learne to beare it patiently,
If he depart thus suddenly, I dye:
Run *Anna*, run, stay not to answer me.

Anna. I goe faire sister, heauens graunt good successe.

Exit Anna.

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. O *Dido*, your little sonne *Ascanius*
Is gone! he lay with me last night,
And in the morning he was stolne from me,
I thinke some Fairies haue beguiled me.

Dido. O cursed hagge and false dissembling wretch!
That slayest me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
Thou for some pettie guift hast let him goe,
And I am thus deluded of my boy;
Away with her to prison presentiy,
Traytoresse too keend and cursed Sorceresse.

Nurse. I know not what you meane by treason, I,
I am as true as any one of yours. *Exeunt the Nurse.*

Dido. Away with her, suffer her not to speake.
My sister comes, I like not her sad lookes.

Enter Anna.

Anna. Before I came, *Aeneas* was aboard,
And spying me, hoyst vpthe sailes a maine:

G

But

But I cride out, *Aeneas*, stalle *Aeneas* stay.
Then gan he wagge his hand, which yet held vp,
Made me suppose he would haue heard me speake:
Then gan they driue into the Ocean,
Which when I viewd, I cride, *Aeneas* stay,
Dido, faire *Dido* wils *Aeneas* stay:
Yet he whose heart of adamant or flint,
My teares nor plaints could mollifie a whit:
Then carelesly I rent my haire for grieffe,
Which seene to all, though he beheld me not,
They gan to moue him to redresse my ruth,
And stay a while to heare what I could say,
But he clapt vnder hatches saild away.

Dido. O *Anna*, *Anna*, I will follow him.

Anna. How can ye goe when he hath all your fleete?

Dido. Ile frame me wings of waxe like *Icarus*,
And ore his ships will soare vnto the Sunne,
That they may melt and I fall in his armes:
Or els Ile make a prayer vnto the waues,
That I may swim to him like *Tritons* neede:
O *Anna*, fetch *Orions* Harpe,
That I may tice a Dolphin to the shoare,
And ride vpon his backe vnto my loue:
Looke sister, looke louely *Aeneas* ships,
See see, the billowes heaue him vp to heauen,
And now downe falles the keeles into the deepe:
O sister, sister, take away the Rockes,
Theile breake his ships, O *Proteus*, *Neptune*, lone,
Sae, saue *Aeneas*, *Didos* leefeft loue!
Now is he come on shoare safe without hurt:
But see, *Achates* wils him put to sea,
And all the Sailers merrie make for ioy,
But he remembering me shrinks backe againe:
See where he comes, welcome, welcome my loue.

Anna. Ah sister, leaue these idle fantasies,
Sweet sister cease, remember who you are.

Dido. *Dido* I am, vnlesse I be deceiu'd,

And

And must I raue thus for a runnagate?
Must I make ships for him to faile away?
Nothing can beare me to him but a ship,
And he hath all thy fleete, what shall I doe
But dye in furie of this ouersight?
I, I must be the murderer of my selfe:
No but I am not, yet I will be straight.
Anna be glad, now haue I found a meane
To rid me from these thoughts of Lunacie:
Not farre from hence there is a woman famous for arts,
Daughter vnto the Nymphs *Hesperides*,
Who wilde me sacrificize his ticing reliques:
Goe *Anna*, bid my seruants bring me fire. *Exit Anna.*

Enter Iarbus.

Iar. How long will *Dido* mourne a strangers flight,
That hath dishonord her and *Carthage* both?
How long shall I with griefe consume my daies,
And reape no guerdon for my truest loue?

Dido. *Iarbus*, talke not of *Aeneas*, let him goe,
Lay to thy hands and helpe me make a fire,
That shall consume all that this stranger iest,
For I intend a priuate Sacrifize,
To cure my minde that melts for vnkind loue.

Iar. But afterwards will *Dido* graunt me loue?

Dido. I, I, *Iarbus*, after this is done,
None in the world shall haue my loue but thou:
So, leaue me now, let none approach this place. *Exit Iarbus.*
Now *Dido*, with these reliques burne thy selfe,
And make *Aeneas* famous through the world,
For periurie and slaughter of a Queene:
Here lye the Sword that in the darksome Caue
He drew, and swore by to be true to me,
Thou shalt burne first, thy crime is worse then his:
Here lye the garment which I cloath'd him in,
When first he came on shoare, perish thou to:
These letters, lines, and periurd papers all,

Shall burne to cinders in this pretious flame.
And now ye Gods that guide the starrie frame,
And order all things at your high dispose,
Graunt, though the traytors land in *Italy*,
They may be still tormented with virett,
And from mine ashes let a Conquerour rise,
That may reuenge this treason to a Queene,
By plowing vp his Countries with the Sword:
Betwixt this land and that be neuer league,
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor: arma armis: pugnent ipsiq, nepotes:
Liue false *Aneas*, truest *Dido* dyes,
Sic sic inuat ire sub umbras.

Enter Anna.

Anna. O helpe *Iarbus*, *Dido* in these flames
Hath burnt her selfe, aye me, vnhappy me!

Enter Iarbus running.

Iar. Cursed *Iarbus*, dye to expiate
The griete that tires vpon thine inward soule,
Dido I come to thee, aye me. *Aneas.*

Anna. What can my teares or cryes preuaile me now?
Dido is dead; *Iarbus* slaine, *Iarbus* my deare loue,
O sweet *Iarbus*, *Annas* sole delight,
What fatall destinie eniues me thus,
To see my sweet *Iarbus* slay himselfe?
But *Anna* now shall honor thee in death,
And mixe her bloud with thine, this shall I doe,
That Gods and men may pitie this my death,
And rue our ends senceles of life or breath:
Now sweet *Iarbus* stay, I come to thee.

FINIS.

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D6 of Carthage
1594a

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