

THE DUTCH CRYTEZAN

Fre. I will.

Fran. Prede do, and saie anie ting dat vil vex her.

Fre. Let me alone to vex her.

Fran. Vil you, vil you mak a her run mad? here take Dis ring, se a me scorne to wear anie ting dat washers, Or his: I prede torment her, Ick cannot loue her, She honest and vertuous forsooth.

Fre. Is she so? O vile creature? then let me alone with her.

Fran. Vat. Vil you mak a her mad? feet by min trar, Be pretta seruan, Bush, Ick fall go to bet now.

Fre. Mischiefe whether wilt thou? O thou tear-lesse woman? How monstrous is thy Deuill, The end of Hell as thee.

How miserable were it to be vertuous, if thou couldst prosper?

Ile to my Loue, the faithfull *Beatrice*,

She has wept enough, and faith deere soule too much.

But yet how sweet it is to thinke

How deere ones life was to his Loue: how moorned his death.

Tis Ioy not to be exprest with breath:

But O let him that would such passion drinke;

Be quiet of his speech, and onlie thinke.

Exit.

Enter *Beatrice* and *Crispinella*.

Beat. Sister, cannot a woman kill her selfe? Is it not lawfull to die when we should not liue?

Crisp. O sister tis a question not for vs, we must do what God will.

Beat. What God will? *Alass*, can torment be his glorie, or our greefe his pleasure? Does not the Nurces nipple iur'd ouer with Wormwood, bid the childe it shoulde not sucke? And does not Heauen when it hath made our breath bitter vnto vs, say we shud not liue? O my best sister: to suffer wounds when one may scape this rod, is against nature, that is against God.

Crisp. Good sister do not make me weep: sure *Frevile* was not false: Ile gage my life that strumpet out of craft And some clofe second end hath malist him.

Beat. O sister if he were not false, whom haue I lost? If he were: what griefe to such vnkindnesse, From head to foote I am all mylerie:

Only

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Onely in this, some iustice I haue found  
My griefe is like my loue, beyond all bound.

Nurse. My seruant, maister Cacature desires to visite you.

Crisp. For griefes sake keepe him out, his discourte is like the long word, *Honorificabilitudinis*: tis a great deale

Of sound and no sense: his companie is like a parenthesis, To a discourse you may aduise in, or leaue it out, it makes no matter.

Enter *Frevile* in his disuise.

Fre. By your leave, *gentle creature*, I haue a word to say to you.

Crisp. Sir, all I can yet say of you, is, you are vnkill.

Fre. You must denie it: By your selfe you leaue, I bring some musicke, to make sweet your griefe.

Beat. What em you pleaser? O *Beatrice*, what hast thou done? Thou dost not loue him, if thou now canst liue?

He sings, *The Strumpet*.

O Loue, how strango thy

are thy words, *Beatrice*,

That loue and ioy should

in selfe same find their

O who can toll

the cause why this should be?

But why this,

no vs also, aske vs all.

Crisp. Hold, peace, tis not for us to be troubled, O my best sister, Fre. Ha, gett you gone, close the doores: My *Beatrice*,

Must be my indiscreet trials: O my immeasurable louing.

Crisp. She stirs, giue aire, she breathes.

Beat. Where am I, ha? how haue I slipt off? Am I in heauen? O my Lord, though not louing

But eternall being, yet giue me leaue To rest by this dear side: am I not in heauen?

Fre. O eternallie much laued, recollect your spirits.

Beat. Ha, you do speake, I do see you, I do liue, I would not die now: Let me not burst with wonder.

Fre. Call vp your bloode, I liue to honor you, As the admired glorie of your sex.

H

Nor