

The Princess:

1 *Sould.* Sir, we hope you do not mean to abuse us, and shew us this heaven only in words.

Lieu. By this good day I am real, and you shall all be loofe and arm'd; and when he comes aboard, put off speedily, and then discover your selves; if he resists, kill him, if not, only bind him; by these hilts, I have order to hang you every man, and mine own safety tells me I were best to do it.

All. Oh! Lieutenant, noble Lieutenant, you know we have been honest Rogues to you always.

Lieu. All but my friend that would cut my throat the other day, because I would not give him my Wench.

2 *Sould.* 'Tis true, Lieutenant, I was faulty, and you may leave being a Lyon, and take revenge upon a Dog; but you know you spoil a good fellows drinking when ever you hang me; and it may be, you'll not find one to bear my part in your Catches when I am gone; and then you'll wish you had not been so revengeful.

Lieu. No, you Rogues, you know I am of a most merciful nature, and that makes you so presumptuous; and to confirm you, I'll have all joyn hands, and you shall see what a miracle I'll work; so now, circle me about while I conjure up a spirit that shall tell me all your thoughts, and you mine.

Here they
make a ring
about him
and sing a
Catch.

The Catch in three Parts.

I. All 3 **T**O Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
with wine and mirth let's conjure him.

- 1 By his Mothers eye
- 2 And his Fathers thigh,
- 3 By her God brought delight.
- 1 And his too glorious sight,
- 2 By Juno's deceit,
- 3 And thy sad retreat.
- 1 Appear, appear, appear
- 2 Kind God in Bottles, here.

Bacchus. Lo I appear, lo I appear.

II. All 3 **T**O Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
with wine and mirth let's conjure him.

- 1 By Ariadne's wrongs,
- 2 And the false youth's harms,
- 3 By the rock in his breast.
- 1 That fled from the distress
- 2 By the tempest in her mind
- 3 Which ceas't when thou wert kind.
- 1 By those beauties that he fled,
- 2 And the pleasures of her bed.

All 3 Appear, appear, appear
Kind God in Bottles here.

Bacchus. Drink and I will appear.
Drink deep and I am here.

III. All

or, Love at first Sight.

III. All 3 **T**O Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
Thy wine and mirth that conjures him.

- 1 By this blood of the Vine,
- 2 Thus pour'd on thy shrine;
- 3 By this full glass
- 1 To the last kind lass,
- 2 'Twas a girl twice nine
- 3 That clasp'd like thy Vine.
- 1 By this and that appear, appear, appear
- 2 Kind and kinder God in Bottles here.

Bacchus, All 3 Lo I appear, one kind bottle more and I will dwell here.

IV. All 3 **T**hen thus again we will conjure him
Because he has propitious been.

- 1 Hence this glass, a poor and single sacrifice,
- 2 A Hecatomb in this bottle dies,
- 3 By the men that thou hast won,
- 1 And the women thou hast undone.
- 2 By the friendships thou hast made,
- 3 And the secrets thou hast betray'd.
- 1 By this cure of our sorrow,
- 2 Thus charm'd till to morrow.
- 3 Appear, appear, appear

All 3 Kind God in bottles here.
Bacchus, All 3 Lo I appear, lo I am here,
And there and there;
Lo, I am every where.

1 *Sould.* Is Bacchus a Devil, Lieutenant, that he obeys your charm? I thought he had been a God.

Lieu. Faith, that is as he is used, and may be both; But I mean he shall play the Devil now; and therefore each man take into his hand one of these Familiars; and when he has suck'd the secret from him, let him release the spirit into the Cellar again.

3 *Sould.* But what secret, Lieutenant?

Lieu. Converse with that spirit, and he will instruct thee: whisper to him thus.---Hup, and thou shalt find liberty slip down thy throat. He drinks,
they all
drink.

1 *Sould.* Hast thou met him yet?

3 *Sould.* Not yet, but I believe he's hard by, for I met his baggage; I could be angry to think he should have so many fine Wenches and we none.

Lieu. He's in the right, anger and lust, liberty is hard by, I warrant it; but she is in the last drop, and have at her; will you take my word hereafter? They all
drink again.
They throw
all the bottles
in at a hole
upon the

1 *Sould.* Yes, but good Lieutenant, call to the devil for one Bottle more, and let it be burnt sack.

Lieu. It is too late, yonder comes our chief, The brave *Cilius*. Stage, and
cry liberty,
Enter liberty.