

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Aphra Behn

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THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

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ACT. I.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

SCENE. I.

The Chamber of Cloris.

Enter Cloris drest in her night Attire, with Frederick Dressing himself.

Clo.

And will you leave me now to fears,
Which love it self can hardly satisfie?
But those, and that together sure will kill me,
If you stay long away.

Fred.

My Dear, 'tis almost day, and we must part;
Should those rude eyes, 'mongst whom thou
Dwell'st, perceive us;
'Twould prove unhappy both to thee and me.

Clor.

And will you, Sir, be constant to your Vows?

Fred.

Ah *Cloris!* do not question what I've sworn;
If thou would'st have it once again repeated,
I'll do't. By all that's good, I'll marry thee;
By that most Holy Altar, before which we kneel'd,
When first I saw the brightest Saint that e're ador'd it;
I'll marry none but thee, my dearest *Cloris.*

Clor.

Sir, you hav said enough to gain a credit
With any Maid; though she had been deceiv'd
By some such flatteries, as these before.
I never knew the pains of fear till now;
[Sighs.

And you must needs forgive the faults you make;
For had I still remain'd in Innocence,
I should have still believ'd you.

Fred.

Why dost thou not my Love?

Clor.

Some doubts I have, but when I look on you,
Though I must blush to do so, they all vanish;
But I provide against your absence, Sir.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Fred.

Make no provision *Cloris*, but of hope,
Prepare thy self against a Wedding day,
When thou shalt be a little Deity on Earth.

Clor.

I know not what it is to dwell in Courts,
But sure it must be fine, since you are there;
Yet I could wish you were an humble Shepherd,
And knew no other Pallace then this Cottage;
Where I would weave you Crowns, of Pinks and Dazies,
And you should be a Monarch every *May*.

Fred.

And *Cloris*, I could be content to sit
With thee, upon some shady Rivers bank,
To hear thee Sing, and tell a Tale of Love.
For thee, Alas! I could do any thing;
A Sheep-hook I could prize above a Sword;
An Army I would quit to lead a Flock,
And more esteem that Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Then the Victorious Bays:
All this I could, but Dear, I have a Father,
Whom for thy sake, to make thee great and glorious,
I would not lose my int'rest with.
But *Cloris* see, the unkind day approaches,
And we must kiss and part.

Clor.

Unkind it is indeed, may it prove so,
To all that wish its presence,
And pass as soon away,
That welcome night may re-assume its place,
And bring you quickly back.

Fred.

With great impatience I'll expect that hour,
That shall conduct me in its shades to thee;
Farewel.

Clor.

Farewel Sir, if you must be gone.

[Sighs.

Fred.

One Kiss, and then indeed I will be gone.

[Kisses her.

Anew blown Rose kist by the morning dew,
Has not more Natural sweetness.

SCENE. I.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ah *Cloris*! can you doubt that heart,
To whom such blessings you impart?
Unjustly you suspect that prize,
Won by such touches, and such eyes.
My Fairest, turn that Face away,
Unless I could for ever stay;
Turn but but a little while I go.

Clor.

Sir, I must see the the last of you.

Fred.

I dare not disobey; adieu till evening.

[Exit. Fred.]

Enter Lucia.

Clor.

How now *Lucia*; is my Father up?

Luc.

No, not a Mouse stirs yet; I have kept a true
Watch all this night, for I was cruelly afraid
Lest we should have been surpriz'd
Is the Prince gone? but why do I ask,
That may read it in your sad looks.

Clor.

Yes, he is gone, and with him too has taken.

[Sighs.]

Luc.

What has he taken? I'll swear you frighten me.

Clor.

My heart *Lucia*.

Luc.

Your Heart, I am glad 'tis no worse.

Clor.

Why, what dost think he should have taken?

Luc.

A thing more hard to have been
Recovered again.

Clor.

SCENE. I.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

What thing prethee?

Luc.

Your Maiden-head.

Clor.

What's that?

Luc.

A thing young Gallants long extremely for,
And when they have it too, they say
They care not a Dazy for the giver.

Clor.

How comest thou so wise *Lucia*?

Luc.

Oh the fine Gentleman that comes a nights
With the Prince, told me so much, and bid me
Be sure never to part with it for fine words,
For men would lie as often as they swore;
And so he bad me tell you too.

Clor.

Oh *Lucia*!

Luc.

Why do you sigh?

Clo.

To think if Princes were like common Men,
How I should be undone.
Since I have given him all I had to give;
And who that looks on him can blame my faith.

Luc.

Indeed he surpasses *Damon* far;
But I'de forgot my self, you are the Princes Wife;
He said you should be kneel'd too, and ador'd,
And never look'd on but on Holy days:
That many Maids should wait upon your call,
And strow fine flowers for you to tread upon;
Musick and Love should daily fill your ears,
And all your other senses should be ravisht
With wonders of each kind, great as your beauty.

Clor.

Lucia, methinks you have learnt to speak fine things.

Luc.

I have a thousand more I've heard him say;

SCENE. I.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Oh, I could listen a whole night to hear him talk:
But hark, I hear a noise, the house is up,
And must not find us here.

Clor.
Lock up this Box of Jewels for me.

Luc.
Oh rare! what did these come to night?

Clor.
Yes, yes, away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Grove.

Enter Curtius and Pietro.

Cur.
I wonder the Prince stays so long;
I do not like these night-works;
Were I not confident of *Cloris* vertue,
Which shall no more be tempted.
I hear some coming, and hope 'tis he
Pietro, are the Horses ready?

Piet.
Yes my Lord.

[Exit. Pietro.]

Enter Frederick.

Cur.
Sir, you are welcome from *Cloris* Arms.

Fred.
With much ado, I am got loose from those fair
Fetters; but not from those of her beauty;
By these she still inflames me,
In spite of all my humours of inconstancy;
So soft and young, so fair and innocent,
So full of Air, and yet of languishment;

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

So much of Nature in her heart and eyes,
So timerous and so kind without disguise:
Such untaught sweets in every part do move,
As 'gainst my reason does compel my love;
Such artless smiles look so unorder'd too,
Gains more then all the charms of Courts can do;
From head to foot a spotless Statue seems,
As Art, not Nature, had compos'd her limbs;
So white, and so unblemisht, oh *Curtius*!
I'me ravisht beyond sense when I but think on't;
How much more must my surprise be,
When I behold these wonders.

Cur.

And have you seen her, Sir, in all this beauty?
Oh Hell!

[Aside.

Fred.

Curtius, I will not hide my Soul from thee;
I have seen all the marvels of that Maid.

Car.

My Soul learn now the Art of being disguis'd:

[Aside.

'Tis much my, Lord, that one
Bred in such simple innocence,
Should learn so soon so much of confidence:
Pray, Sir, what Arts and cunning do you use?

Fred.

Faith time and importunity refuse no body.

Curt.

Is that the way? had you no other aids?
Made you no promise to her, Sir, of Marriage?

Fred.

Oh, yes in abundance, that's your only bait,
And though they cannot hope we will perform it,
Yet it secures their Honour and my Pleasure.

Cur.

Then, Sir, you have enjoy'd her?

Fred.

Oh yes, and gather'd sweets
Would make an Anchoret neglect his vow,
And think he had mistook his way to future bliss,

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Which only can be found in such embraces;
'Twas hard to gain, but, *Curtius*, when once Victor,
Oh how the joys of conquest did enslave me!

Cur.

But, Sir, methinks 'tis much that she should yield,
With only a bare promise that you'd marry her.

Fred.

Yes, there was something more but

Cur.

But, what Sir, you are not Married.

Fred.

Faith yes, I've made a Vow,
And that you know would go as far with any other man.

Cur.

But she it seems forgot you were the Prince?

Fred.

No, she urged that too,
And left no arguments unus'd
Might make me sensible of what I did;
But I was fixt, and overcame them all,
Repeating still my vows and passions for her,
Till in the presence of her Maid and Heaven
We solemnly contracted.

Cur.

But, Sir, by your permission was it well?

Fred.

What wouldst thou have him do
That's all on fire, and dies for an enjoyment?

Cur.

But having gain'd it, do you love her still?

Fred.

Yes, yet extremely,
And would be constant to the vows I've made,
Were I a man, as thou art of thy self;
But with the aids of Counsels I must chuse,
And what my Soul adores I must refuse.

Cur.

This passion, Sir, possession will destroy,
And you'll love less, the more you do enjoy.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Fred.

That's all my hope of cure; I'll ply that game,
And slacken by degrees th'unworthy flame.

Cur.

Methinks, my Lord, it had more generous been
To've check'd that flame when first it did begin.
E're you the slighted victory had won,
And a poor harmless Virgin quite undone;
And what is worse, you've made her love you too.

Fred.

Faith that's the greater mischief of the two;
I know to such nice Vertuous Souls as thine,
My juster inclination is a crime;
But I love pleasures which thou can'st not prize,
Beyond dull gazing on thy Mistress eyes,
The lovely object which enslaves my heart,
Must yet more certain Cures then smiles impart,
And you on *Laura* have the same design.

Cur.

Yes, Sir, when justify'd by Laws Divine.

Fred.

Divine, a pleasant warrant for your sin,
Which being not made, we ne're had guilty been;
But now we speak of *Laura*,
Prethee when is't that I shall see that Beauty?

Cur.

Never I hope [*Aside*] I know not, Sir,
Her Father still is Cruel, and denys me,
What she and I have long made sute in vain for;
But, Sir, your Interest might prevail with him,
When he shall know I'me one whom you esteem,
He will allow my flame, and my address,
He whom you favour cannot doubt success.

Fred.

This day I will begin to serve thee in it.

Cur.

Sir, 'twill be difficult to get access to her,
Her Father is an humerous old man,
And has his fits of Pride and kindness too.

Fred.

Well after dinner I will try my power,
And will not quit his Lodgings till I've won him.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Cur.

I humbly thank you Sir.

Fred.

Come let us hast, the day comes on apace.

Cur.

I'll wait upon you Sir;

Oh, *Cloris*, thou'rt undone, false Amorous Girle;

[Ex. Fred.]

Was it for this I bred thee in obscurity,
Without permitting thee to know what Courts meant,
Lest their too powerful temptation
Might have betray'd thy Soul;
Not suffering thee to know thy Name or Parents,
Thinking an humble life
Might have secur'd thy Vertue:
And yet I should not hate thee for this sin,
Since thou art bred in so much innocence,
Thou couldst not dream of falsity in men:
Oh that it were permitted me to kill this Prince,
This false perfidious Prince;
And yet he knows not that he has abus'd me.
When did I know a man of so much Vertue,
That would refuse so sweet and soft a Maid;
No he is just and good, only too much misled
By youth and flattery;
And one to whom my Soul is ty'd by friendship;
Yet what's a Friend, a name above a Sister?
Is not her Honour mine?
And shall not I revenge the loss of it?
It is but common Justice.
But first I'll try all gentle means I may,
And let him know that *Cloris* is my Sister;
And if he then persevere in his crime,
I'll lay my interest and my duty by,
And punish him, or with my Honour dye.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Apartment of Antonio.

Enter Lorenzo pulling in of Isabella.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Lor.

Nay, nay, *Isabella*, there's no avoiding me now,
You and I must come to a parley.
Pray what's the reason
You took no notice of me,
When I came with so civil an address too.

Isab.

Can you ever think to thrive in an Amour,
When you take notice of your Mistress,
Or any that belongs to her, in publique,
And when she's a Married woman too.

Lor.

Good *Isabella*, the loser may have leave to speak,
I am sure it has been a plaguy dear Amour to me.

Isab.

Let me hear you name that again,
And you shall miss of my assistance.

Lor.

Nay, do but hear me a little;
I vow 'tis the strangest thing in the world,
A man must part from so much money as I have done;
And be confin'd to Signs and Grimmasses only,
To declare his mind in;
If a man has a Tongue, let him exercise it, I say,
As long as he pays for speaking.

Isab.

Again with your paying fort; I see you are not
To be reclaim'd; farewell

Lor.

Stay good *Isabella*, stay,
And thou shalt here not one word of that more,
Though I am soundly urg'd to't.

Isab.

Yes, yes, pray count them, do;
I know you long to be at it,
And I am sure you will find you are in Arrears to us.

Lor.

Say you so, I am not of that opinion, but well,
Let me see here 'tis, here 'tis
My Bill of charge for Courting *Clarina*.

[Draws out his Table Book and reads.]

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Isab.

And here's mine for the returns that have been
Made you; begin, begin.

[Pulls out her Book.

Lor.

Item, 200 Crowns to *Isabella* for undertaking.

Isab.

Item, I have promis'd *Lorenzo* to serve him
In his Amour with all fidelity.

Lor.

Well, I own that debt paid, if you keep
Your word out with it then

[He crosses that out.

Item, 2000 Crowns in a Bracelet for *Clarina*;
What say you to that now *Isabella*?

Isab.

Item, The day after they were presented,
She saluted you with a smile at the Chappel.

Lor.

And dost thou think it was not dearly bought?

Isab.

No man in *Florence* should have had it
A Souce cheaper.

Lor.

Say you so *Isabella*; out with it then.

[Crosses it out.

Item, 100 more to thee for presenting them.

Isab.

Which I did with six lyes in your commendation,
Worth ten Pistols a piece for the exactness of a Lie;
Write there indebted to me

Tor.

Nay then thou dost deserve it:
Rest due to *Isabella*.

[Writes.

Item, Innumerable Serenades, night-walks, affronts
And fears; and lastly, to the Poets for Songs, and the like.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Isab.

All which was recompenced in the excessive
Laughing on you that day you praunc'd under our
Window on Horse-back, when you made such a
Deal of Capriol and Curvet.

Lor.

Yes, where I ventur'd my neck to shew my
Activity, and therefore may be well accompted
Amongst my losses.

Isab.

Then she receiv'd your Presents,
Suffer'd your Serenades, without sending her footmen
To break your Pate with the Fiddles.

Lor.

Indeed that was one of the best signs,
For I have been a great sufferer in that kind
Upon the like occasions; but dost thou think
In conscience that this should satisfie?

Isab.

Yes, any reasonable man in the world for the
First month at least; and yet you are still up
With your expences, as if a Lady of her quality
Were to be gain'd without them
Let me hear of your expences more, and I'll

Lor.

Oh sweet *Isabella!* upon my knees,
I beg thou wilt take no fatal resolution;
For I protest, as I am a man of Honour,
And adore thy Sex, thou shalt only see,
Not hear of my expences more;
And for a small testimony of it, here, take this;
There's twenty Pistols upon reputation.

[Gives her Money.]

Isab.

Fie, Fie, 'tis not brave, nor generous to name
The sum; you should have slid it into my coat,
Without saying what you had done.

Lor.

What signifies that mun, as long as 'tis currant,
And you have it sure.

Isab.

Well, leave the management of your Affairs to me,

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

What shall we do? here's *Alberto*.

Enter Alberto.

Lor.

Well, who can help it; I cannot walk invisible.

Alb.

Lorenzo, what making Love to *Isabella*?

Lor.

She'l serve, my Lord, for want of a better.

Isab.

That's but a course Complement.

Lor.

'Twill serve to disguise a truth however.

[Aside to her.

Faith I'll tell you, Sir, 'twas such another Damsel

[Ex. Isab.

As this, that sav'd me 500 pound once upon a time;
And I have lov'd the whole Tribe of Waiting-women
The better ever since.

Alb.

You have reason, how was it?

Lor.

Why look you Sir?
I had made love a long time to a Lady,
But she shall be nameless,
Since she was of a quality not to be gain'd under
The aforesaid sum; well, I brought it,
Came powder'd and perfum'd, and high in expectation.

Alb.

Well Sir.

Lor.

And she had a very pretty wench, who was to
Conduct me, and in the dark too;
And on my conscience, I e'ne fell aboard of her,
And was as well accommodated for my five,
As five hundred pounds, and so return'd.

Alb.

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

A great defeat to the Lady the while a my word.

Lor.

I, she smelt the Plot, and made a vow to follow
The *Italian* mode for the future;
And be serv'd in affairs of that kind, by none,
But an old Woman.

Alb.

'Twas wittily resolv'd.

Lor.

Are you for the presence this morning?

Alb.

No, I have business here with *Antonio*.

Lor.

Your Servant my Lord

Exit. Lorenzo.

Alb.

I do not like this fellows being here,
The most notorious Pimp, and Rascal in *Italy*;
'Tis a vile shame that such as he should live,
Who have the form and sense of man about them,
And in their action Beast,
And that he thrives by too:

Enter Isabella.

Isabella, is *Antonio* stiring?

Isab.

He is, please your Lordship to walk in.

Alb.

You may tell him I wait here
For I would avoid all opportunity of seeing *Clarina*.
[Aside.

Isab.

My Lord, you need not stand upon Ceremonies.

[Ex. Alberto.

Enter Clarina and Ismena, drest like one another in every thing, Laughing and beholding one another.

Drest already! now on my conscience
I know not which is which;

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Pray God *Antonio* be not mistaken at night,
For I'll be sworn I am by day-light.

Ism.

Dost think I may pass thus for *Clarina*?

Isab.

Madam, you are the same to a hair,
Wood I might never stir,
If I can do any thing but wonder.

Clar.

But hark *Isabella*, if thou should'st have
Heard amiss, and that thy information should not be good,
Thou hast defeated us of a design,
Wherein we promise our selves no little pleasure.

Ism.

Yes I vow, all the Jest is lost if it be so.

Isab.

I doubt 'twill be a true Jest on your side.

[*Aside.*

I warrant you, Madam, my Intelligence is good;
And to assure you of what I have said,
I dare undertake you shall hear the same over again;
For just now *Alberto* is come to visit my Lord,
Who I am sure will entertain him with no other stories,
But those of his jealousy,
And to perswade him to Court you.

Clar.

'Tis strange, since he set him that task so long ago,
He would not begin before.

Ism.

Nay, pray God he begin now;
Sister, he has hitherto took me for thee,
And sometimes his eyes give me hope of a secret
Fire within, but 'twill not out;
And I am so impatient till he declares himself,
That if he do not do it soon,
I shall e'ne tell him who I am;
For perhaps, the Wife takes off the appetite
Which would sharpen upon knowledge of the Virgin.

Clar.

What then, you'll have all the sport to your self;
But, *Ismena*, remember my little revenge on *Antonio*
Must accompany your love to *Alberto*.

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

[*Aside.*]

Isab.

But why this resemblance?
For, Madam, since he never saw you,
And takes *Ismena* to be you;
Might you not still pass so, without this likeness?

Clar.

Didst thou not say, *Antonio* left the Court
And City, on purpose to give *Alberto* the more freedom
To Court me:
Whilst he was away, I needed but retire,
And *Ismena* appear, and 'twould sufficee;
But now he is return'd,
He may chance to see them together, *en passant*, or so,
And this dress will abuse him as well as *Alberto*,
For without that, this Plot of ours signifies little.

Ism.

Aye truly for my part, I have no other design
Then doing my Sister a service.

Isab.

The Plot is very likely to thrive I see,
Since you are so good at dissembling.

Ism.

Fie *Isabella*, what an ill opinion you have of me?
But Sister, 'tis much *Alberto* being so intimate
With *Antonio*, should never see you all this whole
Six months of your being Married.

Clar.

Had you been bred any where,
But in a Monastery, you would have known,
'Tis not the custom here for men to expose their
Wives to the view of any.

Isab.

I hear them coming, let's away,
And pray listen to the truths I have already told you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. IV.

Enter Antonio and Alberto.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

[*Clarina* and *Ismena* listen.

Alb.

Once more *Antonio*, welcom back to Court.

Ant.

Oh my dear friend, I long'd for thy embraces;
How goes the Game I left with thee to play?
What says my Wife, my beautiful *Clarina*?

Alb.

Clarina

Ant.

Yes *Clarina*, have you not seen her yet?
I left the Court on purpose, for 'twas not handsome
For me to introduce you;
Lest she had lookt upon't as some design.

Alb.

Seen her yes

Ant.

And I conjur'd her too, to give you freedoms
Even equal to *Antonio*;
As far as I durst press with modesty,
And with pretence of Friendship;
And have you not attempted her?

Alb.

Yes but 'tis in vain.

Ant.

Oh Villanious dissembler.

[*Aside.*

Alb.

She's cruel, strangely cruel,
And I'me resolv'd to give the Courtship o're.

Ant.

Sure friend, thou hast not us'd thy wonted power.

Alb.

Yes, all that I know I'me master of, I us'd.

Ant.

But didst thou urge it home? did she not see,

SCENE. IV.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Thy words and actions did not well agree?
Canst thou dissemble well? didst cry and melt,
As if the pain you but exprest, you felt?
Didst kneel, and swear, and urge thy quality,
Heightning it too with some disgrace on me?
And didst thou too assail her feeble side?
For the best bait to woman is her Pride;
Which some mis-call her Guard:
Didst thou present her with the set of Jewels?
For Women naturally are more inclin'd
To Avarice, then Men:
Pray tell me Friend,
Vile woman did she take them

Alb.

I never ask'd her that.

Clar.

Poor *Antonio* how I pity him.

[Aside.

Ant.

No!

Alb.

No, I've done enough to satisfie thy jealousy;
Here take your set of Jewels back again;

[Gives a Box.

Upon my life *Clarina* is all chastity.

Ant.

I were the happiest man on Earth, were this but true;
But what are single Courtships give her these
Which will assist thy tongue to win her heart;
And that once got, the other soon will follow;
There's far more women won by Gold then industry:
Try that my dear *Alberto*,
And save thy eyes the trouble of desembling.

Alb.

Content thee here, and do not tempt thy fate,
I have regard unto thy Honour Friend,
And should she yield, as women are no gods,
Where were thy future Joys;
What is't could make thee happy, or restore
That true contentment which thou had'st before?
Alas thou tempt'st me too, for I am frail,
And love above my friendship may prevail.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ant.

This will not do;
No, as thou art my Friend, and lov'st my Honour,
Pursue *Clarina* further;
Rally a fresh, and charge her with this Present,
Disturb her every night with Serenades;
Make Love-Songs to her, and then Sing them too;
Thou hast a voice enough alone to conquer.

Alb.

Fool *Antonio*.

[*Aside.*

Ant.

Come wilt thou undertake it once again?

Alb.

I would not.

Ant.

I am resolv'd to get this tryal made,
And if thou dost refuse thy Amity,
I'll try a Friend more willing, though less faithful,
With thee my Wife and Honour too are safe;
For should she yield, and I by that were lost,
'Twere yet some ease,
That none but thou wer't witness to't.

Alb.

Well, if it must be done, I'de rather do't,
Then you should be expos'd to th'scorn of others.

Ant.

Spoke like my noble Friend;
Come dine with her to day, for I must leave you,
And give you all the opportunity
A real Lover wishes with a Mistress:

Isam.

[So we have heard enough.]

Ex. Clar. and Ism.

Ant.

Oh were *Clarina* chaste, as on my Soul
I cannot doubt, more then that I believe
All woman kind may be seduc'd from Vertue;
I were the man of all the world most blest,
In such a Wife, and such a Friend as thou.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Alb.

But what if I prevail *Antonio*?

Ant.

Then I'll renounce my faith in woman kind,
And place my satisfaction in thy Amity.
But see she comes, I'll leave you to your task.

Enter Ismena and Isabella.

Ism.

Antonio not yet gone
This must secure me.

Pulls down her Veil.

Ant.

Clarina, why thus clouded?

Isab.

I see he has most happily mistaken.

Ism.

I was going, Sir, to visit *Laura*

Ant.

You must not go, I've business to the Duke,
And you must entertain my Friend till my return;
It is a freedom not usual here amongst Ladies,
But I will have it so;
Whom I esteem I'll have you do so to.

Ism.

Sir, I am all obedience.

[Exit Antonio, She pulls off her Veil; Albert. salutes her with seeming-lowness.]

Alb.

Oh how my Soul's divided,
Between my Adoration and my Amity!

[Aside

Friendship, thou sacred band, hold fast thy interest,
For yonder Beauty has a subtle power,
And can undo that knot, which other Arts
Could ne'er invent a way for.

Enter Antonio and listens at the door.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ant.

I'll see a little how he behaves himself.

[Aside.

Alb.

But she's *Antonio's* wife; my friend *Antonio*,

[Aside.

A youth that made an interest in my Soul,
When I had language scarce to express my sense of it.

Ant.

Death, he speaks not to her.

[Aside.

Alb.

So grew we up to man, and still more fixt;

[Aside.

And shall a gawdy beauty,
A thing, which t'other day, I never saw,
Deprive my heart of that kind heat,
And place a new and unknown fire within;
Clarina, 'tis unjust.

Ism.

Sir, did you speak to me.

Alb.

I have betray'd my self
Madam, I was saying how unjust it was
Antonio should leave me alone with a Lady,
Being certainly the worst to entertain them in the world.

Ant.

His face assures me he speaks of no love to her now.

Ism.

Alas, he speaks not to me,

[Aside.

Sure *Isabella* was mistaken,
Who told me that he lov'd me;
Alberto, if thou art oblig'd to me,

[Aside.

For what I have not yet observ'd in thee:

SCENE. IV.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Oh do not say my heart was easily won,
But blame your eyes, whose forces none can shun.

Ant.

Not a word, what can he mean by this?

Ism.

Sir, will you please to sit a while?

Isab.

Madam, the inner chamber is much better,
For there he may repose upon the Cushions till my
Lords return; I see he is not well
And you are both sick of one disease.

[Aside.

Alb.

I thank you, here's more air,
And that I need, for I am all on fire,

[Aside.

And every look adds fuel to my flame.
I must avoid those eyes, whose light misguides me:
Madam, I have some business calls me hence,
And cannot wait my friends return.

Ism.

Antonio, Sir, will think 'tis my neglect
That drove you hence; pray stay a little longer.

Alb.

You shall command me, if you can dispence
With so dull company.

Isab.

I can with any thing *Antonio* loves.

Alb.

Madam, it is a Vertue that becomes you;
For though your Husband should not merit this,
Your goodness is not less to be admir'd;
But he's a man so truely worth your kindness,
That 'twere a sin to doubt,
Your passion for him were not justly paid.

Ism.

Sir, I believe you, and I hope he thinks
That my opinion of him equals yours;
'Tis plain he loves me not,

[Aside.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Perhaps, his Vertue, thinking me *Clarina*,
May hide the real passion of his Soul.
Oh Love, what dangerous paths thou mak'st us tread!

Ant.

Cold, cold as Devotion, oh inhumane friendship!

Alb.

What shall I do next? I must either be rude,
And say nothing, or speak of Love to her;
And then my Friend thou'rt lost should I prevail,
And I'me undone should she not hear my tale,
Which for the world I would not have hear hear;
And yet I fear my eyes too much declare.

Ism.

Since he's in so ill an humour, let's leave him,
I'me satisfy'd now that thou wer't mistaken.

[Ex. Ismena and Isabella unseen.]

Alb.

But they shall gaze no more on hers,
Nor stray beyond the limits of a just salute.
I will my Honour to my Love prefer,
And my *Antonio* shall out-Rival her.

[Looks about and misses them.]

Ah, am I left alone! how frail is man;
That which last moment I resolv'd upon,
I find my heart already disapprove,
And grieve her loss; can this be ought but love?
My Soul's dissatisfy'd now she is gone,
And yet but now I wish't to be alone;
Inform me Love who shares the better part,
Friendship, or thee, in my divided heart.

[Offers to go.]

Enter Antonio and stays him.

Ant.

Whether in such haste?
Thou look'st e'ne as sad as a Lover repulst,
I fear that fate's, not thine.

Alb.

Now for a lye to satisfie him.

[Aside.]

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Prethee discharge me of this toyl of dissembling,
Of which I grow as weary, as she's of hearing it.

Ant.
Indeed.

Alb.
Sure thou haste a design to make her hate me.

Ant.
Do you think so in earnest, why was she angry?

Alb.
Oh! hadst thou seen her pretty blushing scorn
Which she would fain have hid,
Thou wouldst have pitied what I made her suffer.

Ant.
Is't possible!
And didst present her with the Box of Jewels?

Alb.
Yes.

Ant.
And kneel, and cry, and swear, and

Alb.
All, all.

Ant.
I hardly gave thee time for so much Courtship,
But you are sure she was displeas'd with it?

Alb.
Extremely.

Ant.
Enough *Alberto*; adieu to thee and friendship.

Alb.
What mean you?

Ant.
Ask your own guilt, it will inform thee best.

Alb.
Thou canst not think *Clarina* has abus'd thee.

Ant.

SCENE. IV.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

I do not think she has, nor have you try'd her;
In that you have not only disoblig'd me,
But now you would impose upon my weakness;
Did I not see how unconcern'd you were,
And hardly paying her a due respect;
And when she even invited thee to speak,
Most rudely thou wer't silent.

Alb.

Be calm *Antonio*, I confess my error.
And hate that vertue taught me to deceave thee;
Here take my hand,
I'll serve thee in good earnest.

Ant.

And now I do believe thee,
Go thou shalt lose no time, I must away,
My Soul's in torment, tell I am confirm'd
Of my *Clarina's* Vertue;
I do believe thou hast a generous shame,
For what thou'st said and done to me thy friend;
For could I doubt thy love: oh how ridiculous
This act of mine would seem!
But 'tis to thee, as to my Soul I come,
Disputing every petty crime and doubt.

Alb.

Antonio, if there need an Oath between us.

Ant.

No, I credit thee; go in,
And prethee dress thy eyes in all their Charms,
For this uncertainty disturbs me more,
Then if I knew *Clarina* were a Whore
[Exeunt severally.]

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

The Apartment of Frederick.

Enter Frederick with a Letter, and Galliard.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Fred.

Not allow me to speak to her, say ye, 'tis strange;
Did'st say it was the Prince that sent thee?

Ser.

My Lord, I did, but he says, he cares not for
A thousand Princes.

Fred.

I am resolv'd I will see this woman;
Harkey, go back again and say
[Whispers.]

Enter Lorenzo Drunk.

Lor.

Hah the Prince he must not see me
In this pickle; for I would not lose my reputation
Of Wenching, for this of Drinking;
And I am sure I cannot be excellent at both,
They are inconsistent.

Ser.

I shall my Lord.

[Ex. Galliard.]

Lor.

Your Highness humble servant.

Fred.

Ha, ha, what *Lorenzo* in deboach.

Lor.

Now my tongue will betray me;
Faith, my Lord, I have took six, but am come briskly off;
By this hand, my Lord, I am cock over five,
Stout Rogues too, I can tell you, at this sport.

Fred.

I did not think thou hadst had that Vertue.

Lor.

I'll tell you, Sir, 'tis necessary those of my
Office and quality, should have more Vertues
Then one to recommend them;
But to tell you truth, for now I am most apt for that,

ACT. II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

I was drunk in meer malice to day.

Fred.

Malice, against whom prethee.

Lor.

Why, why, Sir, the humorous old fellow
My Father, he will not hear reason from me when I am sober.

Fred.

Why, what's the matter between you?

Lor.

My Lord, you know *Curtius* is an honest fellow,
And one of us too;
My sister *Laura* is a good pretty Wench,
He loves her, and she likes him;
And because this testy old Blade has done himself,
Do you think I can bring him to consider?
No not for my life he wont consider Sir;
And now am I got drunk to see how that will edifie him.

Fred.

How! is *Laura* the Mistriss of *Curtius* your sister?

Lor.

Yes marry is she Sir, at least by the Mothers side;
And to tell you truth,
We are too good natur'd to believe
Salvator our Father.

Fred.

Thy Sister and Daughter to *Salvator*?

Fred.

So said my Mother, but she was handsom,
And on my conscience liv'd, e'en in such another
Debaucht world as 'tis now; let them say
What they will of their Primitive vertue.

Fred.

May not I see this Sister of thine *Lorenzo*?

Lor.

Yes by *Venus* shall your Sir,
And she were my Mother.

Fred.

But art sure thy Father will permit us?

Lor.

ACT. II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

My Father permit us!
He may do what he will when I am sober,
But being thus fortify'd with potent Wine,
He must yield obedience to my will;
Why my Lord, I'll tell you;
I'll make him ask me blessing when I am in this
Almighty power.

Fred.
And is thy Sister so very fine?

Lor.
The Girl is well, and if she were not my Sister,
I would give you a more certain proof of my
Opinion of her;
She has excellent good Hair, fine Teeth,
And good hands, and the best natur'd Fool
Come, come, Sir, I'll bring you to her,
And then I'll leave you;
For I have a small affair of Love to dispatch.

Fred.
This is a freedom that sutes not with the
Humour of an *Italian*.

Lor.
No faith, my Lord, I believe my Mother play'd
Foul play with some *English* man;
I am so willing to do you a good office to my Sister,
And if by her humour you become of that opinion too,
I shall hope to render my self more acceptable
To you by that Franchise.

Enter Galliard, whispers.

Fred.
Thou knowest my grateful temper,
No matter; here carry this Letter to *Cloris*,
And make some excuse for my not coming this evening.
[Gives him a Letter, and goes out with Lorenz]

Ser.
So, poor Lass, 'tis a hundred to one if she be not
Lay'd by now, and *Laura* must succeed her:
Well, even *Frederick*, I see, is but a man,
But his youth and quality will excuse him;
And 'twill be called gallantry in him,
When in one of us, 'tis ill nature and inconstancy.

ACT. II.

SCENE II.

Enter Ismena and Isabella.

Isab.

Nay, Madam, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Do you think I have liv'd to these years,
And cannot interpret Cross Arms, imperfect replies,
Your sudden weepings, your often sighing,
Your melancholy walks, and making Verses too?
And yet I must not say that this is Love.

Ism.

Art thou so notable a Judge of it?

Isab.

I should be, or I am a very dull Schollar,
For I have lost the foolish boy as many Darts,
As any Woman of my age in *Florence*.

Ism.

Thou hast pay'd dear for thy knowledge then.

Isab.

No, the hurts one did,
The other still made good with very little
Pain on either side.

Ism.

I must confess, I think it is not so hard to get
Wounds, as 'tis to get them cur'd again.

Isab.

I am not of your opinion, nor ever saw that
Man that had not faults to Cure,
As well as charms to kill.

Ism.

Since thou'rt so good a Judge of men,
Prethee tell me how thou lik'st *Alberto*.

Isab.

I knew 'twould come to this
[Aside

Why well Madam.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ism.

No more then so.

Isab.

Yes wondrous well, since I am sure he loves you,
And that indeed raises a mans value.

Ism.

Thou art deceiv'd, I do not think he Loves me.

Isab.

Madam, you cannot but see a thousand marks on't.

Ism.

Thou hast more skill then I;
But prethee why does he not tell me so himself.

Isab.

Oh Madam! whilst he takes you for *Clarina*,
'Twould show his dis-respect to tell his Love;
But when he knows *Ismena* is the object,
He'le tire you with the wisht for story.

Ism.

Ah, thou art a pleasing flatterer.

Enter Page.

Page.

Madam, *Alberto* is without.

Ism.

Tell him I'me indispos'd, and cannot see him now.

Isab.

Nay, good Madam, see him now by all means,
For I am sure my Lord *Antonio* is absent on purpose;
Bid him come in Boy.

Ex. Page.

Enter Alberto.

Ism.

Antonio, Sir, is not return'd.

Alb.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Madam, this visit was not meant to him,
But by a cause more pressing I am brought,
Such as my passion, not my friendship taught;
A passion which my sighs have only shewn,
And now beg leave my bashful tongue may own
The knowledge, Madam, will not much surprise,
Which you have gain'd already from mine eyes;
My timorous heart that way my tongue would spare,
And tells you of the flames you've kindled there:
'Tis long I've suffer'd under this constraint,
Have always suffer'd, but ne're made complaint;
And now against my will I must reveal,
What Love, and my respect, would fain conceal.

Ism.

What mean you Sir? what have you seen in me,
That should encourage this temerity?

Alb.

A world of Beauties, and a world of Charms,
And every smile and frown begets new harms;
In vain I strove my passion to subdue,
Which still increas'd the more I look't on you;
Nor will my heart permit me to retire,
But makes my eyes the convoys to my fire,
And not one glance you send is cast away.

Ism.

Enough my Lord, have you nought else to say?

[Smiles.]

The Plots betray'd, and can no further go;
The Stratagem's discover'd to the Foe;
I find *Antonio* has more love then wit,
And I'll endeavour too to merit it.

Alb.

What you have said, I do confess is true,
Antonio beg'd I would make love to you;
But, Madam, whilst my heart was unconfi'd,
A thousand ways the treachery I declin'd;
But now *Clarina*, by my life I swear,
It is my own concern that brings me here:
Had he been just to you, I had suppress
The flame your eyes have kindled in my breast;
But his suspicion rais'd my passion more,
And his injustice taught me adore;
But 'tis a passion which you may allow,
Since its effects shall never injure you.

Ism.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

You have oblig'd me, Sir, by your confession,
And I shall own it too at such a rate,
As both becomes my duty to *Antonio*,
And my respect to you; but I must beg
You'l never name your passion to me more;
That guilty language, Sir, I must not hear,
And yet your silence kills me.

[Aside.]

Isab.

[Very well dissembled.]

[Aside.]

Alb.

I can obey you, Madam, though I cannot live,
Whilst you command me silence;
For 'tis a flame that dares not look abroad
To seek for pity from anothers eyes.

Ism.

How he moves me; if this were real now,

[Aside.]

Or that he knew to whom he made this Courtship

Alb.

Oh do not turn away as if displeas'd.

Ism.

No more, you've discompos'd my thoughts;
Begon and never let me see thy face again.

Alb.

Madam, I go, and will no more offend you,
But I will look my last farewell.

[Offers to go.]

Isab.

Pray, Madam, call him back, he may be desperate.

My Lord return

Ism.

Alberto, tell me what you'd have me do.

Alb.

Ah Madam, do not put me to my choice,
For Lovers are unreasonable,
If I might name it, I would have you love me.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ism.

Love you, and what would be the end of that?

Alb.

I cannot tell, but wish you were inclin'd
To make a tryal, Madam;
I have no thought or wish beyond that blessing,
And that once gain'd sure, I should ask no more.

Ism.

Were I inclin'd to this, have you consider'd
The fatal consequences which attend
The breach of Vows and Friendship.

Alb.

Madam, *Antonio* first was false to you,
And not to punish that, were such a Vertue
As he would never thank you for;
By all that's good, till he prov'd so to you,
He had my Soul in keeping;
But this act, makes me resolve
To recompence his folly.

Ism.

You've found the easiest passage to my heart,
You've took it on the weakest side;
But I must beg you will pretend no further.

Alb.

Divine *Clarina*, let me pay my thanks
In this submissive posture, and never rise,
[Kneels.

Till I can gain so much upon your credit,
As to believe my passion tends no farther
Then to adore you thus and thus possess you,
[Kisses her hand and Bows.

Ism.

Have not I dissembled finely *Isabella*.
[Aside.

Isab.

Yes, if you could make me believe 'tis so.
[Aside.

Ism.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Rise, Sir, and leave me, that I may blush alone
For what I've parted with so easily;
Pray do not visit me again too soon,
But use your own discretion, and be secret.

Alb.

Madam, The blessed secret here is lodg'd,
Which time shall ne're reveal to humane knowledge.

[Ex. Alb.]

Ism.

I'me glad he's gone before *Antonio* return'd;

Enter Laura Weeping.

What *Laura* all in Tears, the reason pray!

Lau.

Madam, the Prince conducted by my brother,
About an hour since made me a visit;
The Man of all the world I would have shun'd,
Knowing his Amorous and inconstant temper;
At his approach he blusht and started back,
And I with great amazement did the like.
With fear I lost all power of going from him,
As he had done of making his address;
He gaz'd, and wonder'd, and I gaz'd on him,
And from his silence I became amaz'd.
My brother stood confounded at our postures,
And only by the motion of his head,
(Which now he turn'd to me, then on the Prince)
We knew that he had life.

Ism.

Well, how recover'd ye?

Lau.

The Prince then kneel'd, but could approach no nearer,
And then as if he'd taken me for some Deity;
He made a long disorder'd Amorous speech,
Which brought me back to sense again;
But *Lorenzo* told him that I was a mortal,
And brought him nearer to me,
Where he began to make such vows of Love

Ism.

What then?

Lau.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Then I am ruin'd
To all I said he found a contradiction,
And my denials did but more inflame him;
I told him of the vows I'de made to *Curtius*,
But he reply'd that *Curtius* was a Subject;
But sure at last I'de won upon his goodness,
Had not my Father enter'd,
To whom the Prince address himself;
And with his moving tale so won upon him,
Or rather by his quality,
That he has gain'd his leave to visit me,
And quite forbids me e're to speak to *Curtius*.

Ism.

Alas the day, is this all?

Lau.

All? can there be more to make me miserable?

Ism.

I see no reason thou hast to complain;
Come, wipe your eyes, and take a good heart,
For I'll tell thee a story of my own,
That will let thee see I have much more cause to weep;
And yet I have a thousand little stratagems
In my head, which give me as many hopes:
This unlucky restraint upon our Sex,
Makes us all cunning, and that shall assist thee now
With my help, I warrant thee;
Come in with me and know the rest.

[Exeunt.]

Isab.

So, so, disguise it how you will,
I know you are a real Lover;
And that secret shall advance my Love—design;
Yes Madam, now I will be serv'd by you,
Or you shall fail to find a friend of me.

[Ex. Isab.]

SCENE III.

Enter Lorenzo Drunk, with a Page, and Musick as in the dark.

Lor.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Here's the door, begin and play your best,
But let them be soft low Notes, do you hear?
[They Play.]

Enter Antonio.

Ant.
Musick at my Lodgings, it is *Alberto*;
Oh how I love him for't if *Clarina* stand his
Courtship, I am made;
I languish between hope and fear.

Lor.
Stay Friend, I hear some body.
[Musick ceases.]

Page.
'Tis no body Sir.

Enter Isabella.

Isab.
'Tis *Lorenzo*, and my Plots ripe;
[Aside.]

'Twill not sure be hard to get him, under pretence
Lorenzo being retir'd the while a little further:

Of seeing *Clarina*, into my Chamber,
And then I'll order him at my pleasure:
Ismena is on my side, for I know all her secrets,
And she must wink at mine therefore.
[She retires.]

Lor.
Thou art in the right Boy,
I think indeed 'twas nothing.
[Plays again.]

Enter Alberto.

Alb.
She yields, bad woman!

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Why so easily won?
By me too, who am thy Husbands friend:
Oh dangerous boldness! unconsidering woman,
I lov'd thee, whilst I thought thou could'st not yield;
But now that easiness has undone thy interest in my heart:
I'lle back and tell thee that it was to try thee.

Lor.

No, no, 'twas my fears, away with the Song,
I'lle take it on your word that 'tis fit for my purpose.

Fid.

I'lle warrant you my Lord.

SONG.

*In vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove,
Of a heart that can ne're give attendance to Love;
So hard to be done,
That nothing so young
Could e're have resisted a passion so long.*

*Yet nothing I left unattempted or said,
That might soften the heart of this pitiless Maid;
But still she was shy,
And would blushing deny,
Whilst her willinger eyes gave her Language the lye.*

*Since Phillis, my passion you vow to despise,
Withdraw the false hopes from your flattering eyes,
For whilst they inspire
A resistless vain fire.
We shall grow to abhor, what we now do admire.
[Ex. Musick.*

Alb.

What's this, and at *Clarina's* lodgings too?
Sure 'tis *Antonio* impatient of delay,
Gives her a Serenade for me.

Enter Isabella.

Isab.

'Tis the fool himself
My Lord, where are you?

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Alb.

How, a womans voice! 'tis dark, I'll advance.

Lor.

Thou Simpleton, I told thee there was some-body.

Pag.

Lord, Sir, 'tis only *Isabella* that calls you.

Lor.

Away Sirrah, I find by my fears 'tis no woman,
[Goes out with the Page.]

Isab.

Why don't you come, here's no body.

Alb.

Here I am.

Isab.

Where?

Alb.

Here.

[Gives her his Hand.]

Isab.

My Lord, you may venture, *Clarina* will be
Alone within this hour, where you shall entertain
Her at your freedom; but you must stay a while in my
Chamber till my Lords a bed,
For none but I must know of the favour she designs you.

Alb.

Oh gods! what language do I here
False and perfidious woman, I might have thought,
Since thou wer't gain'd so easily by me,
Thou wouldst with equal haste yield to another.

Isab.

It is not *Lorenzo*, what shall I do?

[She steals in.]

Enter Lorenzo and Page.

Lor.

A Pox of all Damn'd Cowardly fear,

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Now did I think I had drunk Nature up to resolution;
I have heard of those that could have dar'd in their drink,
But I find, drunk or sober, 'tis all one in me.

Alb.

The Traytor's here,
Whom I will kill who e're he be.

Lor.

Boy, go see for *Isabella*.

Boy.

I see a man should not be a Coward and a Lover
At once *Isabella*, *Isabella*, she's gone Sir.

[Calls.

Alb.

Yes villain, she's gone, and in her room
Is one that will chastise thy boldness.

Lor.

That's a proud word though, who e're thou be,
But how I shall avoid it, is past my understanding.

Alb.

Where art thou slave?

[Alberto gropes for him, he avoids him.

Pag.

Take heart Sir, here's company which I will
Get to assist you

[Enter Antonio.

Sir, as you are a Gentleman, assist a stranger set upon by Thieves.

[They fight, Antonio with Alberto, Alberto falls, is wounded.

[Lor. runs away the while.

Alb.

Who e're thou be'st that takes the Traytors part,
Commend me to the wrong'd *Antonio*.

Ant.

Alberto! dear *Alberto*, is it thee?

Alb.

Antonio!

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ant.

I am asham'd to say I am *Antonio*;
Oh gods, why would you suffer this mistake?

Alb.

I am not wounded much,
My greatest pain is my concern for thee;
Friend thou art wrong'd, falsly and basely wrong'd;
Clarina whom you lov'd and fear'd,
Has now betray'd thy Honour with her own.

Ant.

Without that sad addition to my grief,
I should not long have born the weight of life,
Having destroy'd thine by a dire mistake.

Alb.

Thou art deceiv'd.

Ant.

Alas, why was it not permitted me
To lose my Friend, or Wife, had one surviv'd,
I might have dy'd in silence for the other;
Oh my *Alberto*! oh *Clarina* too
[Weeps.]

Alb.

Come, do not grieve for me, I shall be well,
I yet find strength enough to get a way;
And then I'll let thee know my fate and thine.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE. IV.

Enter Clarina, Ismena, and Isabella weeping.

Isab.

For Heavens sake, Madam, pardon me.

Clar.

Be dumb for ever false and treacherous woman,
Was there no way but this to mask your Cheat?
A Lye which has undone us all.

Isab.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Alas, 'twas in the dark, how could I know him?
Pray forgive it me, and try my future service.

Clar.

I never will forgive thee naughty Girl;
Alberto now incens'd, will tell *Antonio* all.

Isab.

What need you care Madam?
You are secure enough.

Clar.

Thou salv'st an error with a greater still;
Dost thou not know *Antonio's* Jealousie,
Which yet is moderate, rais'd to a higher pitch,
May ruine me, *Ismena*, and thy self?

Ism.

Sister, there cannot be much harm in this,
'Tis an ill chance, 'tis true, for by it we have lost
The pleasure of an innocent revenge
Upon *Antonio*; but if understood,
We have but miss'd that end.

Clar.

Oh *Ismena*!
This Jealousie is an unapprehensive madness,
A non-sence which does still abandon reason.

Isab.

Madam, early in the morning
I'll to *Alberto's* Lodgings, and tell him the mistake.

Clar.

'Twil be too late.

Ism.

Sister, what think you if I go my self?

Clar.

You should not be so daring;
Besides, I blush to think what strange opinion
He'll entertain of me the while.

Ism.

Do not let that afflict you,
Fetch my veil, and if *Antonio* chance to ask for me,
Tell him I'me gone to *Laura*.

[*Ex. Isab.*]

Believe me, I will set all strait again.

SCENE. IV.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Enter Isabella with the Veil.

Clar.

Thou hast more courage, Girl, than I.

Ism.

What need is there of much of that,
To encounter a gay young Lover,
Where I am sure there cannot be much danger?

Clar.

We'll take your chance, I wish you luck Sir,
For I am e'ne as much bent upon revenge,
As thou art upon Marriage.

Ism.

Come, my Veil, this and the night
Will enough secure me

[Puts on the Veil and goes out. Ex. Clar. and Isab.]

SCENE V.

Discovers Alberto and Antonio.

Alb.

Nay, thou shalt see't before thou dost revenge it,
In such a case, thy self should be the witness,
She knows not what has past to night between us,
Nor should she, if thou could'st contain thy rage;
And that *Antonio* you shall promise me;
To morrow place thy self behind the Arras,
And from thy eyes thy own misfortunes know.
What will not disobliged passion do?

[Aside.]

Ant.

I'll hide my anger in a seeming calm,
And what I have to do, consult the while,
And mask my vengeance underneath a smile.

[Ex. Antonio.]

Page.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

My Lord, there is without a Lady
Desires to speak with you.

Alb.
Who is't?

Page.
I know not, Sir, she's veild.

Enter Ismena weeping.

Alb.
Conduct her in.

Ism.
Oh *Alberto*, *Isabella* has undone us all!

Alb.
She weeps, and looks as innocent!
What mean you false dissembling *Clarina*?
What, have you borrow'd from deceit new Charms?
And think'st to fool me to a new belief.

Ism.
How Sir, can you too be unkind?
Nay then 'tis time to dye;
Alas, there wanted but your credit
To this mistake, to make me truly miserable.

Alb.
What credit? what mistake? oh undeceive me,
For I have done thee injuries past forgiveness,
If thou be'st truly innocent.

Ism.
Isabella, under pretence of courting me
For *Lorenzo*, on whom she has designs to
Make a Husband;
Has given him freedoms will undo my honour,
If not prevented soon.

Alb.
May I credit this? and that it was not by thy
Command she did it.

Ism.
Be witness Heaven, my innocence in this,
Which if you will believe, I'me safe again.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Alb.

I do believe thee, but thou art not safe.
Here, take this Poyniard, and revenge thy wrongs,
Wrongs which I dare not beg a pardon for.

[He gives her a Dagger.]

Ism.

Why, Sir, what have you done? have you
Deceiv'd me, and do you not indeed Love me?

Alb.

Oh *Clarina!* do not ask that question,
Too much of that has made me ruine thee;
It made me jealous, drunk with jealousy,
And then I did unravel all my secrets.

Ism.

What secrets, Sir? you have then seen *Antonio*.

Alb.

Yes.

Ism.

Hah Now Wit if ere thou didst possess
[Aside.]

A Woman; assist her at her need.
Well Sir, rise and tell me, all;

Alb.

I will not rise till you have pardon'd me,
Or punisht my misfortune.

Ism.

Be what it will I do forgive it thee.

Alb.

Antonio Madam knows my happiness,
For in my rage I told him that you lov'd me;
What shall I do?

Ism.

I cannot blame you though it were unkind.

Alb.

This I could help, but I have promis'd him,
That he shall be a witness of this truth;
What say you Madam do I not merit death?
Oh speak and let me know my doom what ere it be?

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ism.

Make good your word.

Alb.

What mean you?

Ism.

What you have promis'd him, perform as you intended.

Alb.

What then?

Ism.

Then come as you design'd to visit me.

Alb.

But let me know what 'tis you mean to do,
That I may Act accordingly.

Ism.

No. Answer me to every question ask'd,
And I perhaps may set all straight again;
'Tis now late, and I must not be missing,
But if you love me, be no more Jealous of me.
Farewel.

Alb.

Must I be Ignorant then of your design?

Ism.

Yes, *Alberto*.
And you shall see what Love will make a Woman do.
[He leads her out.]

Alb.

Now am I caught again, inconstant Nature.
Would she had less of Beauty or of Wit,
Or that *Antonio* did but less deserve her;
Or that she were not married,
Or I'de less Virtue, for 'tis that which awes me,
That tender sense of nothing:
And makes the other Reasons seem as Bugbears,
I Love *Clarina* more than he can do;
And yet this Virtue doth oppose that Love,
Tells me there lurks a treason there
Against *Antonio's* and *Clarina's* Virtue;
'Tis but too true indeed, and I'm not safe,
Whilst I conceal the Criminal within
I must reveal it, for whilst I hide the Traytor
I seem to Love the Treason to,

SCENE V.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

I will resign it then, since 'tis less blame,
To perish by my pain, then live with shame.

[Exit.]

ACT. III.

SCENE. I.

Enter Frederick and Laura.

Fred.

Laura, Consider well my quality,
And be not angry with your Fathers Confidence,
Who left us here alone.

Lau.

He will repent that Freedom when he knows,
What use you've made on't Sir.

Fred.

Fy, fy, **Laura**, a Lady bred at Court, and
Yet want Complaisance enough to entertain
A Gallant in private: this coy Humour
Is not *Ala mode*.
Be not so peevish with a heart that dyes for you.

Lau.

Pray tell me Sir, what is't in me that can
Encourage this?

Fred.

That which is in all Lovely Women, **Laura**;
A thousand blushes play about your Cheeks,
Which shows the briskness of the blood that warms them.
If I but tell you how I do adore you,
You straight decline your Eyes,
Which does declare you understand my meaning,
And every smile or frown betrays your thoughts,
And yet you cry, you do not give me cause.

[Enter Maid.]

Maid.

ACT. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Curtius Madam waits without.

Fred.

I do not like his haste.

Tell him he cannot be admitted now.

Lau.

Sir, he is one that merits better treatment from you;
How can you injure thus the Man you Love?

Fred.

Oh Madam ask your Eyes,
Those powerful Attracts,
And do not call their Forces so in question,
As to believe they kindle feeble fires;
Such as a Friendship can surmount. No *Laura*,
They've done far greater miracles.

Lau.

Sir 'tis in vain you tell me of their power,
Unless they could have made a nobler Conquest
Then hearts that yield to every petty Victor.
Look on me well,
Can nothing here inform you of my Soul,
And how it scorns to treat on these conditions.

[Looks on him, he gazes with a half smile.]

Fred.

Faith, no *Laura*.

I see nothing there but wondrous Beauty,
And a deal of needless Pride, and scorn;
And such as may be humbl'd.

Lau.

Sir you mistake, that never can abate,
But yet I know your power may do me injuries;
But I believe your guilty of no sin,
Save your inconstancy which is sufficient;
And Sir I beg I may not be the first

[Kneels and weeps.]

May find new Crimes about you.

Fred.

Rise *Laura* thou hast but too many Beautyes,
Which pray be careful that you keep conceal'd.

[offers to go.]

Lau.

ACT. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

I humbly thank you Sir.

Fred.

But why should this interposing Virtue check me.
Stay *Laura* tell me; must you marry *Curtius*?

Lau.

Yes Sir, I must.

Fred.

Laura you must not.

Lau.

How Sir!

Fred.

I say you shall not marry him,
Unless you offer up a victim,
That may appease the anger you have rais'd in me.

Lau.

Ile offer up a 1000. prayers and tears.

Fred.

That will not do.
Since thou'st deny'd my just pretentions to thee,
No less then what I tould you off shall satisfy me.

Lau.

Oh where is all your Honour, and your Virtue?

Fred.

Just where it was, there's no such real thing.
I know that thou wert made to be possest,
And he that does refuse it, loves thee least.
There's danger in my Love, and your delay,
And you are most secure whilst you obey.
[He pulls her gently.]

Lau.

Then this shall be my safety, hold off,
[She draws a Dagger.]

Or I'll forget you are my Prince.

[He laughs.]

Fred.

Pretty *Virago*, how you raise my Love?
I have a Dagger too; What will you do?

ACT. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

[Shows her a Dagger.

Enter Curtius.

Cur.

How! the Prince! arm'd against *Laura* too!

[Draws.

Fred.

Traytor, dost draw upon thy Prince?

Cur.

Your Pardon Sir, I meant it on a Ravisher.

[Bows.

A foul misguided Villain.

One that scarce merits the brave name of Man.

One that betrays his friend, forsakes his Wife;

And would commit a Rape upon my Mistress.

Fred.

Her presence is thy safety, be gone and leave me.

Cur.

By no means Sir; the Villain may return;

To which fair *Laura* should not be expos'd.

Fred.

Slave darst thou disobey?

[Offers to fight.

Cur.

Hold Sir, and do not make me guilty of a sin,

Greater then that of yours.

[Enter Salvator.

Salv.

Gods pittie me; here's fine doings. Why how

Came this ristring Youngster into my House? Sir,

Who sent for you, Hah?

Cur.

Love.

Salv.

Love, with a witness to whom? my Daughter?

ACT. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

No Sir, she's otherwise dispos'd of I can assure
You. Begone and leave my House and that quickly
Too. And thank me that I do not secure
Thee for a Traytor.

Cur.
Will you not here me speak?

Salv.
Not a word Sir, go begone; unless your
Highness will have him apprehended.
[To Fred.

Fred.
No Sir, it shall not need.
Curtius look

To hear from me.
[Comes up to him and tells him so in a menacing tone, and go out severally.

Salv.
Go Mrs. *Minks*, get you in.
[Ex. Salv. and Laur.

SCENE II.

Enter Frederick passing in anger over the Stage, meets Lorenzo.

Lor.
O Sir, I'm glad I've found you; for
I have the rarest news for you.

Fred.
What news?

Lor.
Oh the Devil, he's angry; Why Sir the
Prettiest young

Fred.
There's for your intelligence.
[Strikes him and goes out.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Lor.

So very well; How Mortal is the favour of
Princes: these be turns of State now; what the
Devil ails he trow; sure he could not be
Offended with the news I have brought him; if he be he's
Strangely out of Tune;
And sure he has too much Wit to grow Virtuous at these
Years: No, no, he has had some repulse from a
Lady; and that's a wonder; for he has a Tongue and a
Purse that seldom fails; if youth and vigour would
Stretch as far, he were the wonder of the Age.

[Enter Curt.

Curt.

Lorenzo, didst thou see the Prince?

Lor.

Marry did I, and feel him too.

Curt.

Why, did he strike you?

Lor.

I'm no true subject if he did not; and that
Only for doing that service which once was most acceptable
To him. Prethee whats the matter with him, hah?

Cur.

I know not, leave me.

Lor.

Leave thee, what art thou out of humour too?
Let me but know who 'tis has disoblig'd thee, and Ile

Cur.

What wilt thou?

Lor.

Never see his face more if a Man.

Cur.

And what if a Woman?

Lor.

Then she's an Idle peevish Slut I'll warrant her.

Cur.

Conclude it so and leave me.

Lor.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Nay now thou hast said the only thing that could,
Keep me with thee, thou maist be desperate; I'll
Tell you *Curtius* these Female mischiefs make men
Take dangerous resolutions sometimes.

[Enter Alber.]

Alb.

Curtius, I've something to deliver to your Ear.

[Whispers.]

Curt.

Any thing from *Alberto* is welcom.

Lor.

Well I will be hang'd if there be not some
Mischief in Agitation; it cannot be wenching;
They look all too dull and sober for that; and besides
Then I should have been a party concern'd.

Cur.

The place and time.

Alb.

An hour hence i'th' Grove by the River side.

Cur.

Alone thou say'st?

Alb.

Alone, the Prince will have it so.

Cur.

I will not fail a moment.

[Ex. Alb.]

So this ha's eas'd my heart of half its load.

Lor.

I'll sneak away, for this is some fighting
Business, and I may perhaps be invited a second,
A Complement I care not for.

[Offers to go.]

Cur.

Lorenzo, a word with you.

Lor.

'Tis so, what shall I do now?

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

[Aside.

Cur.
Stay.

Lor.
I am a little in haste my Lord.

Cur.
I shall soon dispatch you.

Lor.
I beleive so, for I am half dead already
[Aside.

With fear; Sir, I have promis'd to make a visit
To a Lady, and

Cur.
What I've to say shall not detain you long.

Lor.
What a Dog was I, I went not,
When he first desir'd me to go?
Oh impertinency, thou art justly rewarded!

Cur.
Lorenzo, may I believe you love me?

Lor.
Now what shall I say, I or no?
[Aside.

The Devil take me if I know.

Cur.
Will you do me a favour?

Lor.
There 'tis again.
[Aside.

Cur.
I know I may trust thee with a secret.

Lor.
Truly, *Curtius*, I cannot tell,
In some cases I am not very retentive.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Cur.

I am going about a business, that perhaps
May take up all the time I have to live,
And I may never see thy Sister more;
Will you oblige me in a message to her?

Lor.

You know you may command me;
I'me glad 'tis no worse.

[Aside.

Cur.

Come go with me into my Cabinet,
And there I'll write to *Laura*;
And prethee if thou hear'st that I am dead,
Tell her I fell a Sacrifice to her,
And that's enough, she understands the rest:

Lor.

But harky *Curtius*, by your favour, this is but a
Scurvy tale to carry to your Mistress;
I hope you are not in earnest?

Cur.

Yes.

Lor.

Yes? why, what a foolish idle humour's this in you?
I vow 'twill go near to break the poor Girls heart;
Come be advis'd man.

Cur.

Perhaps I may consider on't for that reason.

Lor.

There are few that go about such businesses,
But have one thing or other to consider in favour of life,
I find that even in the most magnanimous:
Prethee who is't with?

Cur.

That's counsel; and pray let this too which I have
Told you be a secret, for 'twill concern your life.

Lor.

Good *Curtius* take it back again then,
For a hundred to one but my over care of keeping it,
Will betray it.

Cur.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Thou lovest thy self better.

Lor.

Well that's a comfort yet.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Wood.

Enter Cloris drest like a Country Boy, follow'd by Guiliam a Clown; Cloris comes reading a Letter.

Clo. reads.

*Cloris beware of men; for though I my self be one,
Yet I have the frailties of my Sex, and can dissemble too;
Trust none of us, for if thou dost, thou art undone;
We make vows to all alike we see.*

*And even the best of men, the Prince,
Is not to be credited in an affair of Love.*

Oh *Curtius*, thy advice was very kind,
Had it arriv'd before I'de been undone!

Can *Frederick* too be false?
A Prince, and be unjust to her that loves him too?
Surely it is impossible
Perhaps thou lov'st me too, and this may be
[Pointing to the Letter.]

Some Plot of thine to try my constancy:
How e're it be, since he could fail last night
Of seeing me, I have at least a cause to justifie
This shameful change; and sure in this disguise,
[Looks on her self.]

I shall not soon be known, dost think I shall?

Guil.

Why forsooth, what do you intend to pass for,
A Maid or a Boy?

Clor.

Why, what I seem to be, will it not do?

Guil.

Yes, yes, it may do, but I know not what;
I wo'd Love would Transmogrify me to a Maid now,
We should be the prettiest couple;

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Don't you remember when you drest me up the last
Carnival, was not I the woundiest handsom lass
A body could see in a Summers day?
There was *Claud* the Shepherd as frekish after me
I'll warrant you, and simper'd and tript it like any thing.

Clor.

I, but they say 'tis dangerous for young
Maids to live at Court.

Guil.

Nay, then I should be loth to give temptation.
Pray forsooth, what's that you read so often there?

Clor.

An advice to young Maids that are in Love.

Guil.

I, I, that same Love is a very vengeance thing,
Wo'd I were in Love too; I see it makes a body Valiant;
One neither feels hunger nor cold that is possest with it.

Clor.

Thou art i'th' right, it can do miracles.

Guil.

So it seems, for without a miracle you and I could never
Have rambled about these Woods all night without either
Bottle or Wallet: I could e'ne cry for hunger now.

Clor.

What a dull Soul this fellow hath?
Sure it can never feel the generous pains
Of Love, as mine does now; Oh how I glory
To find my heart above the common rate;
Were not my Prince inconstant!
I would not envy what the blessed do above:
But he is false good Heaven!

weeps.

[Guil. howls.

What dost thou feel that thou shouldst weep with me?

Guil.

Nothing but hunger, sharp hunger forsooth.

Clor.

Leave calling me forsooth it will betray us.

Guil.

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

What shall I call you then?

Clor.

Call me *Philibert*, or any thing,
And be familiar with me: put on thy Hat least any come and see us.

Guil.

'Tis a hard name but I'll learn it by heart.
Well *Philibert* what shall we do when we come to Court
[Puts on his Hat.

Besides eating and drinking, which I shall do in abundance.

Clor.

We must get each of us a service.
But thou art such a Clown.

Guil.

Nay say not so honest *Phillibert*: for look yee,
I am much the properer fellow of the two.
[Walks.

Clor.

Well try thy fortune; but be sure you never discover
Me, what ever questions may chance to be asked thee.

Guil.

I warrant the honest Lad, I am true and trusty;
But I must be very familiar with you you say.

Clor.

Yes before Company.

Guil.

Pray let me begin and Practice a little now
A'nt please you, for fear I should not be sawcy enough,
When we arrive at Court.

Clor.

I'll warrant you you'll soon learn there.

Guil.

Oh Lord *Phillibert!* *Phillibert!* I see a Man a coming
Most deadly fine, lets run away.

Clor.

Thus thou hast serv'd me all this night,
There's not a bush we come at but thou startst thus.

Guil.

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

'Tis true you are a lover and may stay the danger on't,
But I'll make sure for one.

Clor.

It is the Prince, Oh Gods what makes he here!
With looks disorder'd too; this place is fit for Death and sad
Despair; the melancholy Spring a sleepy murmure makes,
A proper Consort for departing Souls,
When mixt with dying Groans, and the thick boughs
Compose a dismal roof;
Dark as the gloomy shades of Death or Graves:
He comes this way I'll hide my self a while.

[Goes behind a Bush.

Enter Frederick.

Fred.

But yet not this nor my dispiht to *Laura*,
Shall make me out of Love with life,
Whilst I have youthful fires about my heart:
Yet I must fight with *Curtius*,
And so chastise the Pride of that fond Maid,
Whose saucy Virtue durst controul my flame;
And yet I love her not as I do *Cloris*;
But fain I would have overcome that Chastity
Of which the foolish Beauty boasts so.

Clor.

Curtius I thank thee, now I do believe thee.
[The Prince walks.

Guilliam. if thou seest any fighting anon,
Be sure you run out and call some body.

Guil.

You need not bid me run away when I once
See them go to that.

Enter Curtius.

Curt.

Sir I am come as you commanded me.

Fred.

When you consider what you've lately done,
You will not wonder why I sent for you;
And when I mean to fight, I do not use to parly;

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Come draw.

Curt.

Show me my Enemy, and then if I am slow

Fred.

I am he, needst thou one more powerful?

Curt.

You Sir, what have I done to make you so?

Fred.

If yet thou wantest a further proof of it,
Know Ile dispute my Claim to *Laura*.

Curt.

That must not be with me Sir,
God forbid that I should raise my Arm against my Prince:
If *Laura* have so little Faith and Virtue,
To render up that right belongs to me,
With all my heart I yield her
To any but to you;
And Sir for your own sake you must not have her.

Fred.

Your Reason?

Curt.

Sir you're already married.

Fred.

Thou lyest, and seek'st excuses for thy Cowardice.

Curt.

I wish you would recall that hasty injury,
Yet this Ile bear from you, who know 'tis false.

Fred.

Will nothing move thee?

Curt.

You would believe so Sir if I should tell you
That besides all this, I have a juster cause.

Fred.

Juster then that of *Laura*? call it up then,
And let it save thee from a further shame.

Curt.

Yes so I will 'tis that of *Cloris*,
Who needs my aids much more;

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Do you remember such a Virgin Sir?
For so she was till she knew *Frederick*;
The sweetest innocent that ever Nature made.

Fred.

Not thy own Honour, nor thy Love to *Laura*
Would make the draw, and now at *Cloris* name,
Thou art incens'd, thy eyes all red with rage:
Oh thou hast rows'd my Soul;
Nor would I justify my wrongs to her,
Unless it were to satisfy my jealousy,
Which thou hast rais'd in me by this concern.
Draw or I'll kill thee.

Curt.

Stay Sir, and hear me out.

Fred.

I will not stay, now I reflect on all thy
Former kindness to her

Curt.

I will not fight, but I'll defend my self.
[They fight.]

Fred.

We are betray'd.

Curt.

Yes Sir, and you are wounded.
[Guil. runs bawling out, they are both wounded.]

Clor.

Oh Heaven defend the Prince.
[She peeps.]

Fred.

I hear some coming, go be gone,
And save thy self by flight.
[Fred. stands leaning on his Sword.]

Curt.

Sir give me leave to stay, my flight will look like guilt.

Fred.

By no means *Curtius*, thou wilt be taken here,
And thou shalt never charge me with that Crime of betraying

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Thee: when we meet next wee'l end it.

Curt.

I must obey you then.

[Exit Curt.]

Enter Cloris.

Clor.

Sir, has the Villain hurt you?

[She supports him.]

Pray Heaven my sorrows do not betray me now,
For since he's false, I fain would dy conceal'd.

[Aside.]

Show me your wound and I will ty it up.
Alas you bleed extreamly

Fred.

Kind youth thy succours are in vain though welcom,
For though I bleed I am not wounded much.

Clor.

No? Why did you let him pass unpunisht then,
Who would have hurt you more?

Enter Guillam with a Galliard.

Serv.

Where was't?

Guil.

Look ye Sir there, don't you see them.

Serv.

How does your Highness? this fellow told me
Of a quarrel here, which made me hast.

Fred.

Be silent, and carry me to my own apartment.

Serv.

Alas Sir, is it you that fought?

Fred.

No more questions.

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Kind Boy pray leave me not till I have found
A way to recompence thy pretty care of me.

Clor.

I will wait on you Sir.

[Exeunt all but Guillam.]

Enter Lorenzo.

[Peeps first.]

Lor.

What's the matter here? the Prince is wounded too.
Oh what a Dog was I to know of some such thing,
And not secure them all?

Lorenzo stands gazing at Gill.

Guil. stands tabering his Hat and scruing his face.

What's here? Hah, hah, hah, this is the pleasantest
Fellow that ere I saw in my life.
Prethee Friend what's thy Name?

Guil.

My Name, an't shall like yee,
My Name is, is *Guillam*.

Lor.

From whence comest thou?

Guil.

From a Village a great huge way off.

Lor.

And what's thy business here, hah?

Guil.

Truly Sir, not to tell a ly,
I come to get a service here at Court.

Lor.

A service at Court; hah, hah, that's a pleasant
Humour y'faith. Why fellow what canst thou do?

Guil.

Do Sir, I can do any thing.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Lor.

Why what canst thou do? canst thou dress well?
Set a Perruke to advantage, ty a Crevatt,
And Cuffs, put on a Belt with dexterity, hah?
These be the parts that must recommend you.

Guil.

I know not what you mean,
But I am sure I can do them all.

Lor.

Thou art confident it seems, and I can tell
You Sirrah, that's a great step to preferment;
But well go on then, canst ride the great Horse?

Guil.

The biggest in all our Town
I have rid a thousand times.

Lor.

That's well; canst Fence?

Guil.

Fence Sir, what's that?

Lor.

A term we use for the Art and skill of handling a Weapon.

Guil.

I can thrash Sir.

Lor.

What's that Man?

Guil.

Why Sir it is it is thrashing.

Lor.

An Artist I vow; canst play on any Musick?

Guil.

Oh most roggically Sir, I have a Bagpipe that
Every breath sets the whole Village a Dancing.

Lor.

Better still; and thou canst Dance Ile warrant?

Guil.

Dance, he, he, he, I vow you've light on
My Master piece y'fegs.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Lor.

And Ile try thee; Boy go fetch some of the
[To the Page.]

Musick hither which I keep in pay?
[Exit Boy.]

But hark you Friend, thoug I love Dancing very well,
And that may recommend thee in a great degree;
Yet 'tis wholly necessary that you should be valiant too;
We graet ones ought to be serv'd by men of valour,
For we are very liable to be affronted by many here
To our faces, which we would gladly have beaten behind
Our backs; But Pox on't thou hast not the Huff,
And Grimass of a Man of Prowess.

Guil.

As for fighting though I do not care for it,
Yet I can do't if any body angers me or so.

Lor.

But I must have you learn to do't when
Any body angers me too.

Guil.

Sir, they told me I should have no need on't
Here; but I shall learn.

Lor.

Why you Fool that's not a thing to be learn'd,
That's a brave inclination born with Man,
A brave undaunted something, a thing that,
That, comes from, from; I know not what,
For I was born without it.

Enter Page and Musick.

Oh are you come? lets see Sirrah your Activity,
For I must tell you that's another step to preferment.
[He dances a Jigg en Paisant.]

'Tis well perform'd; well hadst thou but wit,
Valour, *Bon Meen*, good garb, a perruke,
Conduct and secresie in Love Affairs, and half
A dozen more good qualities, thou wert
Fit for something; but I will try thee.
Boy, let him have better Cloaths, as for his Documents
Ile give him those my self.

Guil.

SCENE III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Hah, I don't like that word, it sounds terribly.

[Aside.

[Exit. Page and Guil.

Lor.

This fellow may be of use to me; being
Doubtless very honest because he is so very simple;
For to say truth we men of parts are sometimes
Over-wise, witness my last nights retreat
From but a supposed danger, and returning to fall
Into a real one. Well Ile now to *Isabella*,
And know her final resolution; if *Clarina* will
Be kind, so; if not, there be those that will.
And though I cannot any Conquest boast,
For all the time and money I have lost,
At least on *Isabel* Ile be revenged,
And have the flattering baggage soundly swinged;
And rather then she shall escape my Anger,
My self will be the *Hero* that shall bang her.

[Exit.

ACT. IV.

SCENE. I.

Enter Ismena and Isabel.

Isa.

Madam turn your back to that side,
For there *Antonio* is hid; he must not see your
Face: now raise your voice that he may hear what 'tis you say.

Ism.

I'll warrant you. *Isabella*,
was ever wretched Womans fate like mine,
Forc'd to obey the rigid Laws of Parents,
And marry with a Man I did not Love?

Ant.

Oh theres my cause of fear.

[Ant. peeps.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ism.

Though since I had him thou knowst I have endeavour'd
To make his will my Law;
Till by degrees and Custom, which makes things natural,
I found this heart, which ne're had been engag'd
To any other, grow more soft to him;
And still the more he lov'd, the more I was oblig'd,
And made returns still kinder; till I became
Not only to allow, but to repay his tenderness.

Isa.

She Counterfeits rarely.

[Aside.

Madam indeed I have observ'd this truth.

Ism.

See who 'tis knocks.

[One knocks.

Ant.

What will this come to?

[Aside.

Isa.

Madam 'tis *Alberto*.

Enter Alberto.

[Bows.

Ism.

My Lord, you've often told me that you Lov'd me,
Which I with Womens usual Pride believ'd;
And now encourag'd by my hopeful promises,
You look for some returns; Sir, is it so?

Alb.

What means she?
Pray Heaven I answer right;

Aside.

Madam, if I have err'd in that belief,
To know I do so, is sufficient punishment.
Lovers, Madam, though they have no returns.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Like sinking men, still catch at all they meet with;
And whilst they live, though in the mid'st of storms,
Because they wish, they also hope for calms.

Ism.

And did you Sir, consider who I was?

Alb.

Yes, Madam, Wife unto my Friend *Antonio*,
The only man that has an interest here:
But, Madam, that must still submit to Love.

Ism.

Canst thou at once be true to him and me?

Alb.

Madam, I know not that,
But since I must loose one,
My Friendship I can better lay aside.

Ism.

Hast thou forgot how dear thou art to him?

Alb.

No, I do believe I am, and that his life
Were but a worthless trifle, if I needed it;
Yet, Madam, you are dearer to him still,
Then his *Alberto*; and 'tis so with me:
Him I esteem, but you I do adore;
And he whose Soul's incensible of love,
Can never grateful to his Friendship prove.

Ism.

By your example, Sir, I'll still retain
My love for him; and what I had for you,
Which was but Friendship, I'll abandon too.

Ant.

Happy *Antonio*.

[*Aside.*

Ism.

Pray what have you *Antonio* cannot own?
Has he not equal beauty, if not, exceeding thine?
Has he not equal vigour, wit, and valour?
And all that even raises Men to Gods,
Wer't not for poor Mortality?
Vain man, could'st thou believe
That I would quit my duty to this Husband,
And sacrifice his right to thee?

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Could'st thou believe me yesterday?
When from thy importunity and impudence,
To send thee from me;
I promis'd thee to love thee;
Nay rather, Treacherous man,
Could'st thou believe I did not hate thee then,
Who basely would betray thy friend and me?

Alb.

Sure this is earnest.

[Aside.

Ant.

Oh brave *Clarina!*

[Aside.

Ism.

Speak Traytor to my Fame and Honour;
Was there no woman, but *Antonio's* Wife,
With whom thou could'st commit so foul a crime?
And none but he, too bring to publick shame?
A man who trusted thee, and lov'd thee too?
Speak and if yet thou hast a sense of Vertue,
Call to the Saints for pardon, or thou dy'st.

[She draws a Poniard, and runs at him, he steps back to avoid it.

Alb.

Hold *Clarina!* I am amaz'd.

Ism.

But stay,
Thou say'st my Beauty forc'd thee to this wickedness,
And that's the cause you have abus'd *Antonio*;
Nor is it all the power I have with him,
Can make him credit what I tell him of thee;
And should I live, I still must be pursu'd by thee,
And unbeliev'd by him:
Alberto, thou shalt ne're be guilty more,
Whilst this and this may meet.

[Offering to wound her self, is stay'd by Alb. and Isab. they set Ism. in a Chair, Alb.

kneels weeping.

Alb.

Hold my Divine *Clarina*.

Ant.

Shall I discover my self, or steal away?

ACT. IV.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

[Aside.

And all asham'd of life after this Action;
Go where the Sun or day may ever find me:
Oh what Vertue I've abus'd
Curse on my little Faith;
And all the Curses madness can invent,
Light on my groundless jealousy.

Ex. Antonio.

Alb.

Clarina, why so cruel to my heart?
'Tis true, I love you, but with as chaste an ardour,
As Souls departing pay the Deities;
When with incessant sighs they haste a way,
And leave humanity behind; oh! so did I
Abandon all the lesser joy of life,
For that of being permitted but t'adore ye;
Alas, if 'twere displeasing to you,
Why did your self encourage it?
I might have languish'd as I did before,
And hid those crimes which make you hate me now:
Oh I am lost! *Antonio*, thou'st undone me;

[He rises in rage.

Here me ungrate; I swear by all that's good,
I'll wash away my mischief with thy blood.

Isab.

Antonio hears you not Sir, for he's departed.

Ism.

Is *Antonio* gone?

[She looks pearly up, who before lay half dead.

Alb.

How's this, has she but feign'd?

Ism.

No, it was but feign'd; I hope this proof
Of what I've promis'd you, does not displease you.

Alb.

Am I thus fortunate, thus strangely happy?

Ism.

Time will confirm it to you go, do not
Now thank me for't, but seek *Antonio* out;
Perhaps, he may have too great a sence of the

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Mischiefs his jealousies had like to have caus'd;
But conjure him to take no notice of what's past to me;
This easie slight of mine secures our fears,
And serves to make *Antonio* confident:
Who now will unbelieve his eyes and ears?
And since before, when I was innocent,
He could suspect my love and duty too;
I'll try what my dissembling it will do:
Go haste.

Alb.

Madam, I go surpriz'd with love and wonder.

[Ex. Alb.]

Ism.

You'll be more surpriz'd, when you know

[Aside.]

That you are cheated too as well as *Antonio*.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Curtius disguis'd in a Black Perruque and Beard, with Pietro disguised also.

Curt.

Well, what hast thou learn'd?

Piet.

News enough Sir, but none good;
That the Princes wounds are small,
So that he intends to take the Air this evening;
That he sollicites *Laura* hard;
And, Sir, that you are proclaim'd Traytor.

Curt.

So, what says the Messenger you sent to *Cloris*?

Piet.

Sir, he brings sad tydings back.

Curt.

What tydings? is she dead
That would revive my Soul,
And fortifie my easie nature with some wicked notions,

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

As deep as those this flattering Prince made use of,
When he betray'd my Sister; Prety *Cloris*:
Come, speak it boldly, for nothing else
Will make me do her justice.

Piet.

No Sir, she is not dead,
But fled, and none knows whether;
Only *Guilliam* attends her.

Curt.

Worse and worse; but what of *Laura*?

Piet.

She, Sir, is kept a Prisoner by her Father.
And speaks with none but those that come from *Frederick*.

Curt.

Laura confin'd too; 'tis time to hasten then,
With my, till now, almost disarm'd revenge:
Thus I may pass unknown the streets of *Florence*,
And find an opportunity to reach this Princes heart.
Oh vengeance! luxurious vengeance,
Thy Pleasures turn a Rival to my love,
And make the mightier Conquest o're my heart.
Cloris I will revenge thy tears and sufferings;
And to secure the doom of him that wrong'd thee,
I'll call on injur'd *Laura* too.
Here take these Pictures and where thou see'st

[Gives him Boxes.

A knot of Gallants, open one or two, as if by stealth,
To gaze upon the Beauties, and then straight close them
But stay, here comes the only man
I could have wish'd for, he'll proclaim my business
Better then a Picture or a Trumpet.

They stand by.

[Curtius takes back the Pictures.

Enter Lorenzo and Guilliam drest in fineish Cloaths, but the same high-crown'd Hat.

Lor.

Did, ha, ha, ha, did ha, ha,; did ever any
Mortal man behold such a Figure as thou art now?
Well, I see 'tis a damnable thing not to
Be born a Gentleman; the Devil himself

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Can never make thee truly jantee now:

Come, come, come forward; these Cloaths become
Thee, as a Saddle does a Sow; why com'st thou not?

Why ha, ha, I hope thou hast not

[He advances sowerly looking.]

Hansell'd thy new Breeches,
Thou look'st so filthily on't.

Gill.

No, Sir, I hope, I have more manners then so;
But if I should, 'tis not my fault;
For the necessary houses are hard
To be met withal here at Court.

Lor.

Very well Sirrah; you begin already to be
Witty with the Court; but I can tell you, it has as
Many necessary places in't, as any Court in Christendom
But what a Hat thou hast?

Gill.

Why Sir, though I say't, this is accounted of
In our Village; but I had another but now,
Which blew off in a high wind; and I never mist it,
Till I had an occasion to pluck it off to a young
Squire, they call a Lacque; and Fegs
I had none at all; and because I would not lose
My Leg for want of a Hat, I fetch'd this;
And I can tell you, Sir, it has a fashionable brim.

Lor.

A fools head of your own, has it not;
The boys will hoot at us as we pass hah,
Who be these, who be these

[Goes towards Curt. and Piet.]

Curt.

Here this to *Don Alonso* this to the
English Count; and this you may show to the
Young *German* Prince and this

[Gives Piet. Pictures.]

I will reserve for higher Prices.

Piet.

Will you show none to the Courtiers, Sir?

Curt.

Away you fool, I deal in no such trash.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Lor.

How Sir, how was that? pray how came we to
Gain your dis-favour?

Curt.

I cry you mercy Sir, pray what are you?

Lor.

A Courtier, Sir, I can assure you,
And one of the best rank too;
I have the Princes ear, Sir
What have you there hah Pictures, let me see
What, are they to be bought?

Curt.

Sir, they are Copies of most fair Originals,
Not to be bought, but hired.

Lor.

Say you so Friend; the price, the price.

Curt.

Five thousand Crowns a month, Sir.

Lor.

The price is somewhat saucy.

Curt.

Sir, they be curious Pieces, were never blown upon,
Have never been in Courts, nor hardly Cities.

Lor.

Upon my word that's considerable;
Friend, pray where do you live?

Curt.

In the *Piazza*, near the Palace.

Lor.

Well, put up your ware, show not a face of them
Till I return; for I will bring you
The best Chapman in all *Florence*,
Except the Duke himself.

Curt.

You must be speedy then,
For I to morrow shall be going towards *Rome*.

Lor.

A subtle Rascal this, thou think'st, I warrant,

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

To make a better Market amongst the Cardinals;
But take my word, ne're a Cardinal of them all
Comes near this man, I mean, to bring you in
Matters of Beauty so, this will infalliably make
[Aside.

My peace again; look ye friend
Be ready, for 'tis the Prince, the noble generous *Frederick* ,
That I design your Merchant.
[Goes out.

Curt.
Your Servant Sir that is *Guilliam*,
I cannot be mistaken in him, go call him back,
[Pietro fetches him back, who puts on a surly Face.

Friend what art thou?

Guil.
What am I, why what am I; do'st thou not see
What I am; a Courtier Friend.

Curt.
But what's thy name?

Guil.
My name, I have not yet consider'd.

Curt.
What was thy name?

Guil.
What was my name?

Curt.
Yes friend, thou had'st one.

Guil.
Yes friend thou had'st one.

Curt.
Dog, do'st eccho me? do'st thou repeat;
[Shakes him.

I say again, what is thy name?

Guil.
Oh horrible why, Sir, it was *Guilliam*
When I was a silly Swain.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Curt.

Guilliam the same;

Didst thou not know a Maid whose name was *Cloris*?

Guil.

Yes, there was such a Maid,

But now she's none.

Curt.

Was such a Maid; but now she's none:

The slave upbraids my griefs.

[Aside.

Guil.

Yes, Sir, so I said.

Cur.

So you said.

Guil.

Why, yes Sir, what do you repeat?

Curt.

What mean you Sirrah? have you a mind to

Have your Throat cut? tell me where she is.

Guil.

I dare as well be hang'd;

Now must I devise a lie, or never look *Cloris*

[Aside.

In the face more.

Curt.

Here's Gold for thee; I will be secret too.

Guil.

Oh, Sir, the poor Maid you speak of is dead!

Curt.

Dead! where dy'd she? and how?

Guil.

Now am I put to my wits; this 'tis to begin

[Aside.

In sin, as our Curate said; I must go on:

Why Sir, she came into the Wood, and hard by a

River side she sigh'd, and she wept full fore;

And cry'd two or three times out upon *Curtius*,

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

And then

[Howls.]

Curt.

Poor *Cloris*, thy fate was too severe.

Guil.

And then as I was saying, Sir,
She leapt into the River, and swam up the Stream.

[Curt. weeps.]

Piet.

And why up the Stream friend?

Guil.

Because she was a Woman and that's all.

Curt.

Farewel, and thank thee.

[Ex. Guil.]

Poor *Cloris* dead, and banish'd too from *Laura*;
Was ever wretched Lovers fate like mine!
And he who injures me, has power to do so;
But why, where lies this power about this man?
Is it his charms of Beauty, or of Wit?
Or that great name he has acquir'd in War?
Is it the Majesty, that Holy something,
That guards the person of this Demi-god?
This awes not me, there must be something more,
For ever when I call upon my wrongs;
Something within me pleads so kindly for him,
As would persuade me that he could not erre.
Ah, what is this? where lies this power divine,
That can so easily make a slave of mine?

[Exeunt.]

SCENE. III.

Enter Frederick and Cloris finely drest.

Fred.

'Tis much methinks, a Boy of so dejected,
Humble birth, should have so much of sense,

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

And soul about him.

Clor.

I know not that; but if I have a thought
Above that humble Birth or Education,
It was inspir'd by Love.

Fred.

Still you raise my wonder greater;
Thou a Lover?

Clor.

Yes, my Lord, though I am young,
I've felt the power of Beauty;
And should you look upon the object, Sir,
Your wonders soon would cease,
Each look does even Animate Insensibles,
And strikes a reverend awe upon the Soul;
Nothing is found so lovely.

Fred.

Thou speak'st prettily, I think love
Indeed has inspir'd thee.

Clor.

These were the flatteries, Sir, she us'd to me,
Of her it was I learn'd to speak, and sigh,
And look, as oft you say, I do on you.

Fred.

Why then, it seems she made returns?

Clor.

Ah! Sir, 'twas I that first was blest,
I first the happy object was belov'd,
For 'twas a person, Sir, so much above me;
It had been sin to've rais'd my eyes to her;
Or by a glance, or sigh, betray my pain:
But oh! when with a thousand soft expressions,
She did incourage me to speak of Love!
My god, how soon extravagant I grew,
And told so oft the story of my passion;
That she grew weary of the repeated tale,
And punish'd my presumption with a strange neglect.

[Weeps.]

Fred.

How my good Phillibert?

Clor.

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Would suffer me to see her face no more.

Fred.

That was pity; without a fault?

Clor.

Alas, Sir, I was guilty of no crime,
But that of having told her how I lov'd her;
For all I had sacrific'd to her;
Poor worthless treasures, to any but a Lover;
And such you know accept the meanest things:
Love and a true Devotion, do present;
When she was present, I found a thousand ways
To let her know how much I was her slave;
And absent still invented new ones,
And quite neglected all my little business;
Counting the tedious moments of the day
By sighs and tears; thought it an age to night,
Whose darkness might secure our happy meeting:
But we shall meet no more on these kind terms.

[Sighs.

Fred.

Come, do not weep, sweet youth, thou art too young
To have thy blooming cheeks blasted with sorrow;
Thou wilt out-grow this childish inclination,
And shalt see beauties here, whose every glance
Kindles new fires, and quite expel the old.

Clor.

Oh never Sir.

Fred.

When I was first in Love, I thought so too,
But now with equal ardour,
I doat upon each new and beauteous object.

Clor.

And quite forget the old?

Fred.

Not so, but when I see them o're again,
I find I love them as I did before.

Clor.

Oh God forbid, I should be so inconsistent;
No, Sir, though she be false she has my heart,
And I can dye, but not redeem the victim.

Fred.

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Away you little Fool, you make me sad
By this resolve, but I'll instruct you better.

Clor.

I would not make you sad for all the world:
Sir, I will Sing, or Dance, do any thing
That may divert you.

Fred.

I thank thee Phillibert, and will accept
Thy bounty; perhaps it may allay thy griefs a while too.

Clor.

I'll call the Musick, Sir.

[She goes out.]

Fred.

This Boy has strange agreements in him.

Enter Cloris with Musick, She bids them Play, and Dances a Jig.

This was wondrous kind my pretty Phillibert.

Enter Page.

Page.

Lorenzo, my Lord, begs admittance.

Fred.

He may come in:

Enter Lorenzo.

Well *Lorenzo*, whats the news with thee?
How goes the price of Beauty, hah?

Lor.

My Lord, that question is a propo to
What I have to say; this paper will answer your
Question Sir

[Gives him a Paper, he reads.]

Hah, I vow to gad a lovely youth;

Lor. gazes on Phill.

But what makes he here with *Frederick*?

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

This stripling may chance to mar my market of women now
'Tis a fine lad, how plump and white he is;

[Aside.

Would I could meet him some where i'th dark,
I'de have a fling at him, and try whether I
Were right *Florentine*.

Fred.

Well, Sir, where be these beauties.

Lor.

I'll conduct you to them.

Fred.

What's the fellow that brings them?

Lor.

A *Grecian*, I think, or something.

Fred.

Beauties from *Greece*, man!

Lor.

Why, let them be from the Devil,
So they be new, and fine, what need we care;
But you must go to night.

Fred.

I am not in a very good condition
To make visits of that kind.

Lor.

However see them, and if you like them,
You may oblige the fellow to a longer stay,
For I know they are handsome.

Fred.

That's the only thing thou art judge of;
Well go you and prepare them,
And *Phillibert* thou shalt along with me;
I'll have thy judgment too.

Clor.

Good Heaven, how false he is!

[Aside.

Lor.

What time will your Highness come?

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Fred.

Two hours hence.

[Ex. Fred.]

Lor.

So then I shall have time to have a bout
With this gilting huswife *Isabella*,

[Aside.]

For my fingers itch to be at her.

[Ex. Lorenzo.]

Clor.

Not know me yet; cannot this face inform him,
My sighs, nor eyes, my accent, nor my tale;
Had he one thought of me, he must have found me out;
Yes, yes, 'tis certain I am miserable;
He's going now to see some fresher beauties,
And I, he says, must be a witness of it;
This gives me wounds, painful as those of Love:
Some women now would find a thousand Plots
From so much grief as I have, but I'm dull;
Yet I'll to *Laura*, and advise with her,
Where I will tell her such a heavy a tale,
As shall oblige her to a kind concern:
This may do; I'll tell her of this thought,
This is the first of Art I ever thought on;
And if this prove a fruitless remedy,
The next, I need not study, how to dye.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Lorenzo, meets Guillian, who passes by him, and takes no notice of him.

Lor.

How now Manners a few?

Guil.

I cry you heartily, Sir, I did not see you.

Lor.

Well, Sirrah, the news.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Guil.

Sir, the Gentlewoman whom you sent me to says,
That's he'll meet you here.

Lor.

That's well, thou may'st come to be a States-man
In time, thou art a fellow of so quick dispatch:
But harky, Sirrah, there are a few lessons I must learn you,
Concerning offices of this nature;
But another time for that: but

[Whispers.]

Enter Isabella and Vallet.

Isab.

Here he is, and prethee when thou seest him in
My chamber, go and tell my Lord,
Under pretence of the care you have of the honour of his House.

Val.

I warrant you, let me alone for a tale,
And a lye at the end on't; which shall not over much
Incense him, nor yet make him neglect coming.

[Ex. Val.]

Lor.

Oh are you there Mistress; what have you now
To say for your last nights roguery?
Are not you a baggage? confess.

Isab.

You have a mind to loose your opportunity again,
As you did last night, have ye not?
Pray God your own shadow scare you not,
As it did then; and you will possibly believe
No body meant you harm then, nor now.

Lor.

Art thou in earnest?

Isab.

Are you in earnest?

Lor.

Yes that I am, and that *Clarina* shall find
If I once come to her.

Isab.

SCENE IV.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Come, leave your frippery jests and come in.

Lor.

Guilliam, be sure you attend me here,
And who ever you see, say nothing; the best on't is,
Thou art not much known.

[Isab. and Lor. go in.]

Guil.

Well, I see there is nothing but soutering
I'th this Town; wo'd our *Lucia* were here too for me,
For all the Maids I meet with are so giglish
And scornful, that a man, as I am,
Gets nothing but flouts and flings from them:
Oh for the little kind Lass that lives
Under the Hill, of whom the Song was made;
Which because I have nothing else to do,
I will sing over now; hum, hum,

[To some Tune like him.]

The Song for Guilliam.

*In a Cottage by the Mountain,
Lives a very pretty Maid,
Who lay sleeping by a Fountain,
Underneath a Mirtle shade;
Her Petticoat of wanton Sarcenet,
The Amorous wind about did move,
And quite unveil'd,
And quite unveil'd the Throne of Love,
And quite unveil'd the Throne of Love.
'Tis something cold, I'll go take a Niperkin of Wine.*

[Goes out.]

Enter Isab. and Lor. above, as frightened into the Balcone.

Lor.

This was some trick of thine, I will be hang'd else.

Isab.

Oh, I'll be sworn you wrong me;
Alas, I'm undone by't.

[Ant. at the door knocks.]

Ant.

SCENE IV.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Open the door thou naughty woman.

Lor.

Oh oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?

Ant.

Open the door I say.

Lor.

Oh 'tis a damnable leap out at this Balcone.

Isab.

And yet you are a dead man if you see him.

Ant.

Impudence, will you open the door?

Isab.

I will, Sir, immediately.

Lor.

Devise some way to let me down,
Or I will throw thee out; no lader of Ropes, no device?
If a man would not forswear whoring for the future,
That is in my condition, I am not true Gentleman.

Ant.

Open, or I will break the door.

Isab.

Hold the door, and swear lustily that you
Are my Husband, and I will in the mean time
Provide for your safety,

[He holds the door.]

Though I can think of none but the sheets from the bed.

Lor.

Any thing to save my life;
Sir you may believe me upon my honour,
I am lawful husband to *Isabella*;
And have no designs upon your house or honour.

Isab. this while fastens the sheets, which are to be supposed from the bed, to the Balcone.

Ant.

Thou art some Villain.

Lor.

No, Sir, I am an honest man, and married lawfully.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ant.

Who art thou?

Lor.

Hast thou done?

Isab.

Yes, but you must venture hard.

Isab.

'Tis *Lorenzo*, Sir.

Lor.

A Pox on her, now am I asham'd to all eternity.

Isab.

Sir, let me beg you'll take his word and oath to night,
And to morrow I will satisfie you.

[Lor. gets down by the sheets.]

Ant.

Look you make this good,
Or you shall both dearly pay for't.

Lor.

I am alive, yes, yes, all's whole and sound,
Which is a mercy, I can tell you;
This is whoring now: may I turn *Franciscan*,
If I could not find in my heart to do penance
In Camphire Posset, this month for this:
Well, I must to this Merchant of Love,
And I would gladly be there before the Prince:
For since I have mist here,
I shall be Amorous enough,
And then I'll provide for *Frederick*;
For 'tis but just, although he be my Master,
That I in these Ragousts should be his taster.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Ismena with a veil.

Ism.

Alberto is not come yet; sure he loves me;

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

But 'tis not tears, and knees, that can confirm me;
No, I must be convinc'd by better argument,
Deceit, if ever thou a guide wer't made
To Amorous hearts, assist a Love-sick Maid.

Enter Alberto.

Alb.
Your pleasure, Madam?
Oh that she would be brief,
And send me quickly from her,
[Aside.

For her eyes will overthrow my purpose.

Ism.
Alberto, do you love me?

Alb.
No.

Ism.
No, have you deceiv'd me then?

Alb.
Neither *Clarina*; when I told you so,
By Heaven 'twas perfect truth.

Ism.
And what have I done since should
Merit your dis-esteem?

Alb.
Nothing but what has rais'd it.

Ism.
To raise your esteem, then it seems, is
To lessen your love; or as most gallants are;
You're but pleas'd with what you have not;
And love a Mistriss with great passion, till you find
Your self belov'd again, and then you hate her.

Alb.
You wrong my Soul extremely,
'Tis not of that ungrateful nature;
To love me, is to me a greater charm
Then that of Wit or Beauty.

Ism.

SCENE V.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

I'me glad on't Sir, then I have pleasant news for you,
I know a Lady, and a Virgin too,
That loves you with such passion,
As has oblig'd me to become her Advocate.

Alb.

I am very much oblig'd to her,
If there be any such.

Ism.

Upon my life there is; I am in earnest,
The Lady is my Sister too.

Alb.

How, *Clarina*, this from you?

Ism.

Nay, I have promis'd her, that you shall love her too,
Since both her birth and beauty merits you.

Alb.

Away false woman: I love your Sister!
No, I will hate ye both.

Ism.

Why so angry?
Alas, it is against my will I do it.

Alb.

Did you betray my faith, when 'twas so easie
To give a credit to your tale of Love?
Oh woman, faithless woman!

Ism.

Alberto, with a world of shame I own
That I then lov'd you, and must do so still;
But since that Love must be accounted criminal,
And that a world of danger do's attend it;
I am resolv'd, though I can never quit it,
To change it into kind esteem for you;
And would Ally you, Sir, as near to me,
As our unkind Stars will permit me.

Alb.

I thank you, Madam, oh what a shame it is
To be out-done in Vertue, as in Love!

Ism.

Another favour I must beg of you,
That you will tell *Antonio* what is past.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Alb.

How mean you Madam?

Ism.

Why, that I Love you Sir,
And how I have deceiv'd him into confidence.

Alb.

This is strange; you cannot mean it sure.

Ism.

When I intend to be extremely good,
I would not have a secret sin within,
Though old, and yet repented too; no Sir,
Confession always goes with Penitence.

Alb.

Do you repent you that you lov'd me then?

Ism.

Not so; but that I did abuse *Antonio*.

Alb.

And can you think that this will cure his jealousy?

Ism.

Doubtless it will, when he knows how needless 'tis,
For when they're most secure, they're most betray'd;
Besides, I did but act the part he made,
And ills he forces sure, he'll not upbraid. Go seek out *Antonio* .

Alb.

You have o'recome me, Madam, every way.
And this your last command I can obey;
Your Sister too I'll see, and will esteem,
But you've my heart, which I can ne'er redeem.

[Ex. severally.]

ACT. V.

SCENE I.

Enter Laura and Cloris like a Boy as before.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Laur.

Forward dear *Cloris*.

Clor.

And, Madam, 'twas upon a Holy-day,
It chanc'd Prince *Frederick* came unto our Village,
On some reports were made him of my beauty,
Attended only by the noble *Curtius*:
They found me in the Church at my Devotion,
Whom *Frederick* soon distinguish'd from the rest;
He kneel'd down by me, and instead of Prayer,
He fell to Praise; but 'twas my beauty only;
That I could tell you, of my strange surprise!
My zeal was all disorder'd, and my eyes,
Fed on the false, not real sacrifice;
I wanted Art my sentiments to hide,
Which from my eyes and blushes soon he spy'd.

Lau.

And did you know him then?

Clor.

Not till he left me;
But to be short, Madam, we parted there,
But e're he went, he whisper'd in my ear,
And sigh'd, ah *Cloris*! e're you do depart,
Tell me, where 'tis you will dispose my heart?
Pray give me leave to visit it again,
Your eyes that gave, can only ease my pain:
I, only blushing gave him my consent;
He paid his thanks in sighs, and from me went.
That night, alas, I took but little rest;
The new and strange disorder in my breast,
Can, Madam, only by your self be guest.

Lau.

I'll not deny that, I'me a Lover too,
And can imagine what was felt by you.

Clor.

No sooner did the welcom day appear,
But *Lucia* brought me word the Prince was there;
His very name disorder'd me much more,
Then did his sight or touch the day before;
So soon my rising Love grew up to power;
So soon he did become my Conquerour:
How pale and trembling, when he did appear
I grew, he too had marks of love and fear;
But I'll omit the many visits paid,

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

The unvalued Presents, and the Oaths he made,
My kind disputes on all his letters writ,
How all my doubts were answer'd by his wit;
How oft he vow'd to marry me, whilst I,
Durst not believe the pleasing perjury;
And only tell you, that one night he came,
Led by designs of an impatient flame;
When all the house was silently asleep,
Except my self, who loves sad watch did keep;
Arm'd with his Ponyard, and his breast all bare;
His face all pale with restless love and fear;
So many wild and frantick things he said,
And so much grief and passion too betray'd,
So often vow'd hee'd finish there his life,
If I refus'd him to become his Wife;
That I half dying, said it should be so;
Which though I fear'd, oh how I wisht it too!
Both prostrate on the ground i'th' face of Heaven,
His vows to me, and mine to him were given;
And then, oh then, what did I not resign!
With the assurance that the Prince was mine.

[Weeps.]

Lau.

Poor *Cloris*, how I pity thee!
Since fate has treated me with equal rigour;
Curtius is banish'd, *Frederick* still pursues me,
And by a cruel Father I'm confin'd,
And cannot go to serve my self or thee.

[One knocks.]

Lor. Without.]

Sister *Laura*, Sister.

Lau.

It is my brother, would he would be kind
And set us free; he shall not see thee,
And I'll persuade him.

[As she puts Cloris into her Closet, Enter Lor. with a Letter.]

Clor.

Hah, locking her Closet! now were I a right
Italian, should I grow jealous, and enrag'd at
I know not what: hath Sister!
What are you doing here?
Open your Cabinet and let me see't.

Lau.

ACT. V.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Sir, 'tis in disorder, and not worth your seeing now.

Lor.

'Tis so, I care not for that, I'll see't.

Lau.

Pray do not brother.

Lor.

Your denial makes me the more inquisitive.

Lau.

'Tis but my saying, he came from the Prince,

[Aside.

And he dares not take it ill here Sir.

[Gives him the Key.

Lor.

And here's for you too: a Letter from *Curtius*,
And therefore I would not open it; I took it up
At the Post-house.

[She reads, and seems pleased.

Now if this should prove some surly Gallant of her's,
And give me a slash o're the face for peeping,
I were but rightly serv'd;
And why the Devil should I expect my Sister should
Have more vertue then my self;
She's the same flesh and blood; or why, because
She's the weaker Vessel;
Should all the unreasonable burthen of the honour
Of our house, as they call it,
Be laid on her shoulders, whilst we may commit
A thousand villanies; but 'tis so
Here open the door,
I'll put her before me however.

[She opens the door and brings out Cloris.

Lau.

Sir, 'tis Phillibert from the Prince.

Lor.

Why how now youngster, I see you intend
To thrive by your many trades;
So soon, so soon, ifaith; but sirrah,
This is my Sister and your Princes Mistress,
Take notice of that.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Clor.

I know not what you mean.

Lor.

Sir, you cannot deceive me so;
And you were right serv'd, you would be made fit
For nothing but the great *Turks Seraglio*.

Clor.

You mistake my business Sir.

Lor.

Your blushes give you the lye Sirrah;
But for the Princes sake, and another reason I have,
I will pardon you for once.

Lau.

He has not done a fault, and needs it not.

Lor.

Was he not alone with thee?
And is not that enough: well I see I am no *Italian*
In Punctilioes of honourable revenge;
There is but one experiment left to prove my self so;
And if that fail, I'll ev'n renounce my Country.
Boy, harkey there is a certain kindness
You may do me, and get your pardon for being found here.

Clor.

You shall command me any thing.

Lor.

Prethee how long hast thou been set up for thy self,
Hah?

Clor.

As how Sir?

Lor.

Poh, thou understand'st me.

Clor.

Indeed I do not Sir, what is't you mean?

Lor.

A smooth fac'd Boy, and ask such a question,
Fie, fie, this ignorance was ill counterfeited
To me that understand the world.

Clor.

Explain your self Sir.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Lor.

Look, ten or twenty Pistols will do you
No hurt, will it?

Clor.

Not any Sir.

Lor.

Why so; 'tis well any thing will make thee
Apprehend.

Clor.

I shall be glad to serve you, Sir, without that fee.

Lor.

That's kindly said
I see a man must not be too easie of belief: had I been so,
This Boy would have been at what do ye mean Sir;
And Lord I understand you not:
Well Phillebert, here's earnest to bind the bargain;
I am now in hast, when I see thee next,
[Loren. Whispers to Laura.

I'll tell thee more.

Clo.

This 'tis to be a Favourite now;
I warrant you I must do him some good office to the Prince,
Which I'll be sure to do.

Lor.

Nay it must be done, for she has us'd me basely,
Oh 'tis a baggage.

Lau.

Let me alone to revenge you on *Isabella*,
Get me but from this Imprisonment.

Lor.

I will; whilst I hold the old man in a dispute,
Do you two get away; but be sure thou pay'st her home.

Lau.

I warrant you, Sir, this was happy;
Now shall I see *Curtius*.

Lor.

Phillibert, I advise you to have a care of
Wenching: 'twill spoil a good face,
And mar your better market of the two.

ACT. V.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

[Ex. Lor.

Lau.

Come let us hast, and by the way, I'll tell thee
Of a means that may make us all happy.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Alberto Melancholy.

Alb.

Antonio said he would be here,
I'm impatient till he come.

Enter Antonio.

Ant.

Alberto, I have such a project for thee!

Alb.

Hah

[Gazes.

Ant.

What ails thee, art thou well?

Alb.

No.

Ant.

Where art thou Sick?

Alb.

At heart *Antonio*; poyson'd by thy jealousy;
Oh thou hast ruin'd me, undone my quiet,
And from a man of reasonable vertue,
Has brought me to a wild distracted Lover.

Ant.

Explain your self.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Alb.

Thou'st taught me, friend, to love *Clarina*;
Not as I promis'd thee to feign, but so,
That I, unless I do possess that object,
I think must dye; at best be miserable.

Ant.

How Sir, have I done this?

Alb.

Yes *Antonio*, thou hast done this.

Ant.

My dear *Alberto*; said you that you lov'd her?

Alb.

Yes, *Antonio*, against my will I do;
As much against my will, as when I told her so;
Urg'd by thy needless stratagem.

Ant.

Name it no more, it was an idle fault,
Which I do so repent me,
That if you find I should relapse again,
Kill me, and let me perish with my weakness:
And were that true you tell me of your passion,
Sure I should wish to dye, to make you happy.

Alb.

That's kindly said, and I submit to you,
And am content to be out-done in Amity.

Ant.

Yes, I'll resign my claims, and leave the world;
Alberto, 'tis unkind to think I would be happy
By ways must ruine you;
But sure you tell me this but only to afflict me.

Alb.

'Tis truth *Antonio*, I do love *Clarina*;
And what is yet far worse for thy repose,
Believe my self so blest to be belov'd.

Ant.

How, to be belov'd by her!
Oh dire effects of jealousy!

Alb.

All that you saw to day was only feign'd,
To let you see, that even your eyes and ears
Might be impos'd upon.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ant.

Can it be possible!

Alb.

And now she thinks she is enough reveng'd;
And lets you know in her feign'd scorn to me,
That all your sleights and cunnings are but vain;
She has deceiv'd them all, and by that Art,
Gives you a confidence, and me a heart.

Ant.

I must confess it is but just in her
To punish thus the errors of my fear;
I do forgive her, from my Soul I do.
But, Sir, what satisfaction's this to you?

Alb.

Clarina happy, I'll from Court retire,
And by that absence quench my hopeless fire;
War, I will make my Mistress; who may be,
Perhaps more kind then she has been to me;
Where though I cannot conquer, 'twil allow
That I may dye; that's more then this will do.

Ant.

Why did you, Sir, betray my weakness to her?
Though 'twas but what I did deserve from you.

Alb.

By all that's good she knew the plot before,
From *Isabella*, who it seems o're heard us,
When you once prest me to't:
And had we wanted vertue, thou'dst been lost.

Ant.

I own the Crime;
And first I beg thy Pardon,
And after that, will get it from *Clarina*;
Which done, I'll wait upon thee to the Camp,
And suffer one years Penance for this sin,
Unless I could divert this resolution,
By a proposal *Clarina* bid me make you.

Alb.

What was it Sir?

Ant.

I have a Sister, Friend, a handsom Virgin,
Rich, witty, and I think she's vertuous too;
Return'd last week from St. *Teretias* Monastery.

SCENE II.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Alb.

Sure any thing that is to thee Alli'd,
Must find a more then bare respect from me;
But it is certain I ne're shall Love again,
And have resolv'd never to Marry any,
Where Interest, and not Love must joyn our hands.

Ant.

You cannot tell what power there lies in beauty;
Come you shall see her, and if after that,
You find you cannot love her,
We'le both to *Candia*, where we both will prove
Rivals in Honour, as we're now in Love:
But I'de forgot to tell thee what I came for;
I must this evening beg your company,
Nay, and perhaps your Sword; come along with me,
And by the way I'le tell you the adventure.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE. III.

The Lodgings of Curtius.

Enter Curtius and Pietro disguised as before.

Curt.

I wonder we hear no news yet of the Prince,
I hope he'le come; *Pietro* be the Bravo's ready,
And the Curtizans?

Piet.

My Lord, they'l be here immediately, all well drest too

Curt.

They be those Bravo's that did belong to me?

Piet.

Yes, Sir, the same;
But *Antonio* is their Patron.

Curt.

They be stout and secret; 'tis well,
Is the Musick and all things ready?
For I'le not be seen till my part is to be play'd;

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Piet.

What Arms have they?
Pistols Sir, would you have other?

Curt.

No, I have not yet consider'd how to kill him.
Nor scarce resolv'd to do so any way;
What makes this strange irresolution in me?
Sure 'tis the force of sacred Amity,
Which but too strictly was observ'd by me:
My Prince, and Friend, my Wife and Sister too;
Shall not those last, the powerful first out-do:
My Honour and my Love are there engag'd,
And here, by tyes of duty, I'm oblig'd:
I satisfie but these, if he must bleed;
But ruine the whole Dukedom in the deed,
The hopeful Heir of all their noble spoils,
And joy and recompence of all their toyls.
Why so was *Cloris*, *Laura* too, to me,
Which both were ravisht from me, Prince, by thee.

[Knock within.

Piet.

Sir, they be the Bravo's and Curtezans.
[Piet. Goes out.

Curt.

'Tis well, I need not talk with them,
They understand their work.

Piet.

They do my Lord, and shall be ready at your stamp;
They are all Neopolitans you know Sir,

Curt.

Are they the better for that?

Piet.

Much Sir, a *Venetian* will turn to your enemy,
If he will give him but a Souse more then you have done;
And your *Millanoise* are fit for nothing but to
Rob the Post or Carrier; a *Genouese* too,
Will sooner kill by Usury, then Sword or Pistol;
A *Roman* fit for nothing but a spy.

Curt.

Well, Sir, you are pleasant with my Countrymen.

Piet.

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

I'll be so with my own too Sir; and tell you,
That a *Maltan*, who pretends to so much honour
And gravity, are fit only to rob their neighbours
With pretence of Piety.

And a *Cicilian* so taken up with Plots,
How to kill his Vice-Roy, that it keeps them
From being Rogues to a less degree;
But I have done, Sir, and beg your pardon.

Curt.

Did'st leave the Letter, I commanded thee,
For *Laura*?

Piet.

I did my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor.

Well, here's the Prince just coming.

Curt.

Pray Sir conduct him in,
I'me ready for him.

Ex. Curt. and Piet.

Enter the Prince, conducted by two Women in Masquerade, with Lights, he endeavouring to take off their Masks.

Ex. two Women.

He walks about while this Song is Singing.

*What is the recompence of War,
But soft as wanton Peace?
What the best Balsom to our scars?
But that which Venus gave to Mars,
When he was circled in a kind embrace.*

*Behold a Prince who never yet,
Was vanquisht in the Field;
A while his Glories must forget,
And lay his Laurels at the feet
Of some fair Femal power, to whom he'll yield.*

Fred.

What's this the preparation?

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Lor.

Yes, so it should seem; but had you met
With so many defeats as I have done to night,
You would willingly excuse this Ceremony.

Musick for the Dance.

Enter Antonio with Ismena, Alberto with Clarina, Laura and Cloris with two men more, and all drest in Masquerade with vizards; they Dance. The Prince sets down, the Dance being done, they retire to one side; and Alberto comes and presents him Clarina; and bows and retires; who puts off her Mask; and puts it on again and retires.

Fred.

She's wondrous fair;
Sure in his whole Cabal he cannot show a fairer

Lor.

She resembles *Clarina*; I wish your Highness
Would see further; and then perhaps, this would
Fall to my lot, for I love her for likeness sake.

[Antonio presents Ismena, and retires as the other.]

Fred.

This I confess out—does the others,
An Innocency dwells upon her face,
That's strangely taking, is it not *Lorenzo*?

Lor.

To say truth, she is very fine indeed.

[They present Laura.]

Fred.

Hah! I am amaz'd; see *Lorenzo*,
Dost thou not know that face?

Lor.

A my conscience and soul 'tis my own Sister *Laura*;
Why how now Mistress,
Do things go thus with you ifaith?

[She shakes her hand as not understanding him.]

Ant.

Sir, she understands you not.

Lor.

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Is it not *Laura* then?

Ant.

No Sir, it is a stranger.

Fred.

Let her be what she will, I'll have her.

[Fred. seems to talk when she answers in Grimasses.]

Lor.

There have been examples in the world
Of the good offices done by a Brother to a Sister;
But they are very rare here,
And therefore will surely be the more acceptable;
Well Sir, have you fix'd, that I may chuse?

Fred.

I have, and had he thousands more,

[Lor. goes to Clar.]

I would refuse them all for this fair Creature.

Enter Pietro.

Piet.

Sir, all things are ready as you desire,
But my Master must first speak with you alone.

Fred.

About the price I'll warrant you;
Let him come in;

[All go out but Fred. to him Curt.]

Are you the Master of the Ceremony?

Curt.

I am.

Fred.

Be speedy then, and by my impatiency
To be with that agreeable stranger, guess at my
Approbation of the Ladies, and which I chuse.

Curt.

Your mighty heat, Sir, will be soon allay'd.

Fred.

Shall it?

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Curt.

Yes Sir, it shall, for you must dye.

Fred.

Sure thou art mad to tell me so, who e're thou be'st,
Whilst I have this about me.

[Draws.]

Curt.

That, Sir, you draw in vain; stand off

[Offers a Pistol.]

Fred.

What new conceited preparation's this?

Curt.

Sir, when you know this face, it will inform you.

[Pulls off his false Beard.]

Fred.

Curtius! I am betray'd, oh villain!

[Offers to fight.]

Curt.

Ho within there

[He calls, and all the Masked men come out, and offer the Pistols at Frederick.]

Fred.

Hold, I am the Prince of *Florence*.

Curt.

These, Sir, are Rogues, and have no sence of ought,

But mischief in their Souls;

Gold is their Prince and God, go, begon

[They withdraw.]

See, Sir, I can command them.

Fred.

Curtius, why dost thou deal thus treacherously with me?

Did I not offer thee to fight thee fairly?

Curt.

'Tis like the injuries, Sir, that you have done me;

Pardon me if my griefs make me too rude,

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

And in course terms lay all your sins before you.
First, Sir, you have debauch'd my Lovely Sister,
The only one I had;
The hope and care of all our Noble Family;
Thou Prince didst ravish all her vertue from her,
And left her nothing but a desperate sense of shame,
Which only serv'd to do her self that justice,
Which I had executed, had she not prevented me.

Fred.

In this, upon my Soul, you do me wrong.

Curt.

Next, (oh how unlike a brave and generous Man,)
Without a cause, you cast me from your bosom;
Withdrew the Honour of your promis'd friendship,
And made me partner in my Sisters fate;
Only with this difference, that she
You left to act a Murther on her self;
And mine you would have been so kind to've done
With your own hand, but my respect prevented it.
Next, Sir, you ravisht *Laura* from me,
And under a pretence of sacred friendship,
You prov'd your self the worst of Enemies;
And that's a crime you dare not say was Ignorance,
As you perhaps will plead, your sin to *Cloris* was.

Fred.

Cloris, why what hast thou to do with *Cloris*?

Curt.

She was my Sister, *Frederick*.

Fred.

Thy Sister.

Curt.

Yes, think of it well,
A Lady of as pure and noble blood,
As that of the great Duke thy Father,
Till you, bad man, infected it;
Say should I Murther you for this base action;
Would you not call it a true Sacrifice?
And would not Heaven and Earth forgive it too?

Fred.

No, had I known that she had been thy Sister,
I had receiv'd her as a gift from Heaven,
And so I would do still.

Curt.

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

She must be sent indeed from Heaven,
If you receive her now.

Fred.

Is *Cloris* dead? oh how I was to blame!
[Weeps.]

Here thou may'st finish now the life thou threatn'st.

Curt.

Now Sir, you know my justice and my power;
Yet since my Prince can shed a tear for *Cloris*,
I can forgive him, here Sir, send me to *Cloris*;
[Kneels and offers his Sword.]

That mercy possibly will redeem the rest,
Of all the wrongs you've done me;
And you shall find nothing but sorrow here,
And a poor broken heart that did adore you.

Fred.

Rise *Curtius*, and divide my Dukedom with me;
Do any thing that may preserve thy life,
And gain my Pardon; alas thy Honour's safe.
Since yet none knows that *Cloris* was thy Sister,
Or if they do, I must proclaim this truth;
She dy'd thy Princes Wife.

Curt.

This tydings would be welcom to my Sister,
And I the fitting'st man to bear that news.

[Offers to stab himself; is held by Fred. Laur. and Clor. who come in with Isab. dressed like Phillibert, and the rest.]

Lau.

Stay *Curtius*, and take me with thee in the way.

Curt.

Laura, my dearest *Laura*! how came you hither?

Lau.

Commanded by your Letter; have you forgot it?

Fred.

Curtius, look here, is not this *Cloris* face?

Curt.

The same; oh my sweet Sister, is it thee?

[Curt. goes to imbrace her, she goes back.]

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Fred.

Do not be shy my soul, it is thy Brother.

Curt.

Yes, a brother who despis'd his life,
When he believ'd your's lost or sham'd;
But now the Prince will take a care of it.

Clor.

May I believe my soul so truly blest?

Fred.

Yes *Cloris*, and thus low I beg thy pardon,
[*Kneels.*]

For all the fears that I have made thee suffer.

Enter all the rest, first Ant. and Alb. without their Visors.

Clor.

Rise, Sir, it is my duty and my glory.

Alb.

Sir we have pardons too to beg of you.

Fred.

Antonio and *Alberto*, what turn'd Bravo's?

Curt.

I am amaz'd.

Ant.

You'll cease your wonder Sir, when you shall know,
Those Braves which formerly belong'd to you,
Are now maintain'd by me; which *Pietro* hir'd
For this nights service; and from them we learnt
What was to be done, (though not on whom)
But that we guest, and thought it but our duty
To put this cheat on *Curtius*;
Which had we seen had been resolv'd to kill you;
Had been by us prevented;
The Ladies too would needs be Curtezans
To serve your Highness.

Fred.

I'm much oblig'd to them, as you;
Cloris, a while I'll leave thee with thy Brother,
Till I have reconcil'd thee to my Father;

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

To Marry me, is what he long has wish't for,
And will, I know, receive this news with joy.

[Ex. Prince.]

Lor.

Here's fine doings; what am I like to come to if he
Turn honest now? this is the worst piece of inconstancy
He ever was guilty of; to change ones humour, or so,
Sometimes is nothing; but to change nature,
To turn good on a sudden, and never give a man
Civil warning, is a defeat not to be endur'd;
I'll see the end on't though.

[Goes out.]

Alb.

Here *Antonio* imagine how I love thee,
Who make thee such a Present.

[Gives him Clarina, who is drest just as Ismena was, and Ismena in Masquing habit.]

Ant.

Clarina, can you pardon my offence,
And bless me with that Love,
You have but justly taken from me.

Clar.

You wrong me, Sir, I ne're withdrew my heart;
Though you, but too unkindly, did your confidence.

Ant.

Do not upbraid me, that I was so to blame,
Is shame enough; pray pardon, and forget it.

Clar.

I do.

Ant.

Alberto, to shew my gratitude in what I may,
I beg you would receive *Ismena* from me.

Alb.

Whose this?

Ant.

Ismena, whom I promis'd thee.

Alb.

It is *Clarina*; do you mock my pain?

[Shows Ism.]

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ant.

By Heaven not I; this is *Clarina*, Sir.

Alb.

That thy wife *Clarina*!
A beauty which till now I never saw.

Ant.

Sure thou art mad, didst thou not give her me but now?
And hast not entertain'd her all this night.

Alb.

Her habit and her vizard did deceive me;
I took her for this Lady, oh blest mistake!

Ism.

I see you're in the dark, but I'll unfold the riddle;
Sir, in the passage from the Monastery,
Attended only by my Confessor,
A Gentleman, a Passenger, in the same Boat,
Address himself to me;
And made a many little Courtships to me:
I being veil'd, he knew not who receiv'd them,
Nor what confusion they begot in me;
At the first sight, I grew to great esteems of him,
But when I heard him speak
I'me not asham'd to say he was my Conquerour;

Alb.

Oh Madam was it you?
Who by your conversation in that Voyage,
Gave me disquiets,
Which nothing but your eyes could reconcile again.

Ism.

'Twas I whom you deceiv'd with some such language;
After my coming home, I grew more melancholy,
And by my silence did increase my pain;
And soon *Clarina* found I was a Lover,
Which I confest at last, and nam'd the object;
She told me of your friendship with *Antonio*,
And gave me hopes that I again should see you:
But *Isabella* over-heard the Plot,
Which, Sir, *Antonio* did contrive with you,
To make a feigned Courtship to *Clarina*,
And told us all the story.

Alb.

Oh how I'me ravisht with my happiness!

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Ism.

Clarina, Sir, at first was much inrag'd,
And vow'd she would revenge her on *Antonio*;
But I besought her to be pleas'd again,
And said I would contrive a Counter-Plot,
Should satisfie her honour and revenge;
Thus, Sir I got a garment like to hers,
And to be Courted, though but in jest, by you,
I run all hazards of my Brothers anger,
And your opinion of my lightness too.

Clar.

'Twas a temptation, Sir, I would not venture on,
Least from the reasons of a just revenge,
And so much beauty as *Alberto* own'd
My vertue should not well secure your interest.

Ant.

But why *Ismena* was that killing Plot,
When I was hid behind the Arras, for now I confess all.

Ism.

To make *Alberto* confident of my Love,
And try his Friendship to the utmost point;
Antonio too I found had some reserves,
Which I believ'd his Amity to you.

Alb.

Yes, Madam, whilst I took you for his Wife,
I thought it crime enough but to adore you;
But now I may with honour own my passion;
I will, *Ismena*, confidently assure you,
That I will dye, unless you pity me.

Ism.

She that durst tell you, Sir, how much she lov'd,
When you believ'd it was a sin to do so;
Will now make good that promise with *Antonio*'s, leave.

Ant.

With perfect joy, *Ismena*, I resign thee.
[Antonio gives him Ismena.]

Alb.

By double tyes you now unite our Souls:
[To Ant.]

Though I can hardly credit what I see,
The happiness so newly is arriv'd.

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Enter Prince, Lor. and Guil. who comes up scraping to Cloris.

Fred.

My Father is the kindest man on earth,
And *Cloris* shall be welcom to his bosom;
Who'le make him happy in my reformation:
Here *Curtius*, take *Laura*, who I find,
Had rather be my Sister then my Mistress;
The Duke commands it so.

Curt.

Till you have pardon'd me my late offences,
I must deny my self so great a happiness.

[Curt. Kneels.

Fred.

Rise, you have it.

Enter Salvator.

Salv.

Is here not a Runagado belongs to me?

Lau.

No, Sir, my faith's entire,
And *Curtius* has the keeping of it.

Salv.

Who made him Master of it, hau?

Lau.

Heaven, my Inclinations, and the Prince.

Lalv.

Three powerful opposers;
Take her, since it must be so;
And may'st thou be happy with her.

Fred.

Alberto, would this Court afforded
A Lady worthy thee.

Alb.

Sir, I'me already sped, I humbly thank you.

Lor.

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Sped, quoth ye, Heaven defend
Me from such fortune.

Fred.

Lorenzo, I had forgot thee; thou shalt e'ne marry too.

Lor.

You may command me any thing but Marrying.

Isab.

What think you then of a smooth-fac'd Boy?

Lor.

A Pox on him, sure he will not tell now, will he?

Isab.

My Lord, I beg your leave to challenge *Lorenzo*.

Fred.

What to a Duel *Phillibert*?

Lor.

Phill. Phill. hold, do not ruine the reputation
Of a man that has acquir'd fame amongst the Femal sex;
I protest I did but jest.

Isab.

But, Sir, I'me in earnest with you.

Fred.

This is not *Phillibert*.

Isab.

No, Sir, but *Isabella* that was *Phillibert*.
[*Pointing to Clor.*]

Clor.

Yes, Sir, I was the happy boy to be belov'd,
When *Cloris* was forgotten.

Fred.

Oh how you raise my love and shame;
But why did *Isabella* change her habit?

Clo.

Only to take my place, least you should miss me,
Who being with *Laura*, at the lodgings of *Clarina*;
And comparing the words of her Letter,
With what the Bravo's had confest to *Antonio*,
We found the Plot which was laid for you,

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

And joyn'd all to prevent it.

Fred.

'Twas sure the work of Heaven.

Isab.

And now, Sir, I come to claim a husband here.

Fred.

Name him, and take him.

Isab.

Lorenzo, Sir.

Lor.

Of all cheats, commend me to a waiting Gentlewoman;
I her Husband!

Ant.

I am a witness to that truth.

Fred.

'Tis plain against you, come you must be honest.

Lor.

Will you compel me to't against my will?
Oh tyranny, consider I am a man of quality and fortune.

Isab.

As for my qualities, you know I have sufficient,
And fortune, thanks to your bounty, considerable too.

Fred.

No matter, he has enough for both.

Lor.

Nay, Sir, an you be against me,
'Tis time to reform in my own defence;
But 'tis a thing I never consider'd, or thought on.

Fred.

Marry first, and consider afterwards.

Lor.

That's the usual way I confess;
Come *Isabella*, since the Prince commands it;
I do not love thee, but yet I'll not forswear it;
Since a greater miracle than that is wrought;
And that's my Marrying thee:
Well, 'tis well thou art none of the most beautiful,
I should swear the Prince had some designs on thee else.

SCENE. III.

THE Amorous Prince, OR, THE Curious Husband

Clor.

Yes *Guilliam*, since thou hast been so faithful,

[Clor. speaks

I dare assure thee *Lucia* shall be thine.

[Guil. Bows.]

[aside to Guil.

Fred.

Come my fair *Cloris*, and invest thy self
In all the Glories, which I lately promis'd:
And Ladies, you'll attend her to the Court,
And share the welcoms which the Duke provides her;
Where all the sallies of my flattering youth,
Shall be no more remembr'd, but as past;
Since 'tis a race that must by Man be run,
I'me happy in my youth it was begun;
It serves my future Manhood to improve,
Which shall be sacrific'd to War and Love.

Curtain Falls.