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The King and Queenes Entertainement at Richmond.

September 12, 1636.

(Charles II.)

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THE
K I N G
AND
QUEENES
Entertainement at
R I C H M O N D.

A F T E R
THEIR DEPARTVRE
from OXFORD: In a Masque,
presented by the most Illustrious
P R I N C E,

PRINCE
CHARLES

Sept. 12. 1636.

*Naturam imitari licet facile nonnullis
videatur haud est.*

OXFORD

Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD,
M. DC.XXXVI

THE
DEDICATION TO
THE MAIESTIE OF THE
QUEENE OF GREAT
BRITAINE.



*EE, Madam, here, what for your sole delight
Is rais'd of nothing to wast out this night.
Scarse is the Author: what he meanes lesse knowne
None will the words, none will the Musique owne.
Yet here it is; and as o'th'world some thought
That it by Atomes of it selfe was wrought:*

*So this concurring with your high commands
Came to be thus compacted, as it stands;
For Princes like to Gods with vs on earth
Project on nothing, yet produce a birth.*



HER Maiestie signifying her pleasure that she would see her Sonne the most illustrious Prince in a dance, His seruants and others in the family thought it not amisse to entertaine her a while with a Country dance, and some other rude ones, that might better set off the Princes, which were made by *Simon Hopper*, and perform'd by those that undertooke them, but all this while, the disposition of them was the thing last in their thoughts; so that now of necessity a body was to be fitted to their garment, which made one in the company to shew them, that the country dance might be introduc'd by some Clownes speaking; And because most of the Interlocutors were *Wilshire* men, that country Dialect was chosen, and thus every man fitted his part to his owne fancy, and the constitution of the whole tending to a greater bulke, it came to be what it is, without any designe, but rather out of a kinde of necessity vrging it.

The speakers were

John Quinne.
John Foxe.

Tho. Chefinch

Tho. Sterling

The Introduction to the Country dance.

As soone as the Queene had taken her place, a Gentleman-vsher standing at the entrance of the Scene with a

black Calot on his head, and a beard of the same colour on his chin, bestirring his staffe much, and his tongue more saies thus.

Vsh. Stand by there! Make place, beare back, beare back.

The next thing that offer'd it selfe to the sight was a pleasant Country for the most part champain, from whence issued the Country fellowes, and first Tom, speaking to the Gentleman-vsher. Tom. By your leaue M. Iantleman.

Vsh. Now sir whare would you gang?

Tom. Where is the Queene, chud spoke with the Queene?

Vsh. Gang away, and be honged you Carle, you speake with the Queene.

Tom Hauing discover'd M. Edward Sackvile standing neere the Queene, as looking on, calls to him.

Tom. O M^r Yedward: M. Yedward.

M. Sa. How now *Tom*, what's the matter?

Tom. Good M. Yedward. Helpe me to spoke with the Queene?

M. Sa. With the Queene *Tom*. Why with the Queene.

Tom. Chaue a Presence for her.

M. Sa. Thou dost not meane thine owne *Tom*, she can hardly see a worse.

Tom. Chaue a Million for her.

M. Sa. A million *Tom*. that were a present for a Queene indeed. Let him come in, but who hast thou there to helpe thee to bring it?

Tom. Chad not thought you had bin zicke a voole *M. Yedward*, as if I were not soffocient to bring a Million my zell. Yes, though it were as big as a Pompeon.

M. Sa. O, your simile has made me vnderstand you, but what great hopes are we falne from by this time, from ten hundred thousand pounds, to ten groats at the most. Well thou woot deliuer it I see; looke about the now, throw thy eyes euery way, & thinke which is the Queene.

Tom. Why thonke you *M. Yedward*, this gay woman shud be she by her reparrell.

M. Sa. Away you Asse.

Dost thou not see a light outshine the rest,
Two stars that sparkle in a milky way,
Dimming the shine of *Ariadnes* crowne,
Or *Berenices* haire, and so serene,
Their influence speak peace vnto a kingdome,
But thy eyes dazle at such a lustre;

Giue me thy Present.

Tom. Zoft and vaire *M. Yedward*, two words to a bargain. Chil not take all the paine, and loose the thonke to. Chaue no skill of your vine words, or your Poultry, as they call it. Chaue washt myne eyne though: and che thinke this be the vairest woman in the company. Chill giue it her at a venture: Mastris Queene my Master, for valt of a better presence has sent you here a Million -- O tis here now, chud not be such an arrant Asse che warrant you, as when che was here last, che buss't *Madge* with with my basket on my shoulder for once. Chil not trust these Court-nolls, no further then che can zee'um. -- How like you it vorzooth, me think it is but voolish meate. O a Pumpion bak'd in the Oven, as *Madge* will handle it, were meat for a Queene indeed, nay as good as any Counteze in Cursendome cud wush.

M. Sa. Well sir, since you haue redeem'd your credit, trouble her Majestie no more. Be gone.

A violin plaies at which Tom lookes about as one amaz'd.

Tom. What, a Munstrell! this is aumost as good as a Paipe Ifaith. Good *M. Yedward* if you haue any busines goe about it, for mine owne part che meane to make holyday to day, don't che chaue my holyday reparrell on, and *Madge* has hers on too. O for *Doll*, and *Ruchard* now; had they but thought of a Munstrell, the Headborough shud not ha kept them a whome, nor their Lasses neither.

Ma. O see where our *Thomas* is, *Thomas, Thomas*, shall we come in.

Tom. Who cals *Thomas*. Whoop: *Madge*, and *Ruchard*, and *Garuase*. -- Pray good Mastris Queene, spoke to the man with the broad speech to let *Madge* and her vellowes in, shall zee how fine weele voote it, and when che come next, chill bring you zick a Cabbege shall be worth ten Millions. You man with the black dish on your head! *Madge* and her vellowes must come in, zo they must. Come in *Madge*, come in *Ruchard*; Now goodman Munstrel as thou louest Ale strike vp, dost hyreman, play me *Wilshire* Toms *delight*, and chill zo wet those whiskers of thine in nappy Ale, and besides chill gather groats a peece of all the company, if thou wert a Paiper shud be worth six pence a peece to thee: hold *Ruchard*, let *Doll* serue you, take you *Iugg*, *Geruase*, and chill ha *Madge* for my zell, and hay for our Towne.

The Country Dance.

Richard offers to kisse Madge in the dance.

Tom. Hands off *Ruchard*, chill talke with you by and by.

The dance ended.

Tom. Vellow, che tell thee, chill not put this vp. Zdaggers death, busse *Madge* vore my vace?

Ruc. Why shud not busse *Madge*, chaue as much right to her as you zell, you can spoke with a better grace che confesse then my zell, youd be loth though to play at wasters with me for her, chud veize your gambrels.

Doll. Nay good *Richard* let *Thomas* alone, *Thomas* is not so tall a man of his hands as your selfe *Richard*.

Ma. I but *Thomas* is a man of good parts though *Dorothy*: he can zing and paipe, and dance with the best in our hundred, and for a voote, and a legg at end ont, is *Richard* comparable thinke you?

Tom. Well said for thyne owne *Madge*.

Ma. I tell you *Dorothy* with reverence to the company, *Thomas* can read and write his owne name, and for a need can help the high Constable to write his. He is a learn'd man. And what can *Richard* doe, play a little at wasters, and make the blood (God blesse vs) run about his vellowes eares at a Wake, but turne him to speake to one of vs, he cant say *bogh* to a Goose.

Ric. Cont I zo? che can doe though, an't were not for making the company agast, chud so job you and your Sweet-hearts nolls together, zo che wud.

Doll. How Richard, strike a Maid *Richard*, I hope when we are married you wont strike me *Richard*.

Ric. Che cont tell whare youle gi'me cause, cham as likely as no.

Doll. If you doe I'le finde some body to strike in your place *Richard*.

Ma. And truly *Dorothy* so my Dame does, if her good-man fall out with her, shee has a friend in a corner, to fall in with her presently.

Tom. I, and reason good, *Madge*, one house would neuer hold them else. Come *Madge* before this company shall's make a match.

Ma. Fie *Thomas*, you neuer askt me the question.

Tom. Why? Don't I now?

Ma. I but you shud ha done that before now in private, *Thomas*.

Tom. No matter *Madge*, we haue burst gold together, which is all one.

Ma. Indeed and zo it is, but you that are so good a spokes-man, *Thomas*, shud haue vttered your mind before now, must I guesse by your lookes thinke you?

Tom. Why, what shud zay? if thoul't ha'me, chill haue thee *Madge*, what shuds make many words of nothing, busse and the match is made. *Ruchard*, gi'me thy vist. Take *Doll Madge*; and all friends. Here's my hand *Ruchard*, chill take thy part gainst this towne and the next.

Ric. And thou zaist zo, chill take thine, and chill zo veeze the Taylor of *Amsburies* coate at the next Wake.

Here enters a shepheard clad in a coate of freeze, and a shepheadesse in the like manner, habited with broad hats on their heads, and hookes in their hands: To these Tom. Speakes

Tom. O *Wilkin*, you come a day after the vaire, shud ha come zooner man. Welcome *Maull*, Mastris Queene, you don't know who this *Wilkin*, or who this *Maull* is, chill tell you. These twaine were vengeance in loue one with other, as might be my zell and *Madge* for all the world. *Maull* here had a very pestilence woman to her mother, as might be *Madges* Dame, you know, *Madge*, your Dame is a very veirce woman.

Ma. Yes truly *Thomas*, that see is, as any in *Wilshire* though I say it.

Tom. Now that Mother being a pestlence woman as I sed before, wood by no meanes possible that these twaine loving wretches shud be man and wife together, cause *Wilkin* had not zheepe enough vorzooth, vor that mother was damnation couetous: Yet for all that *Maull* being a parlous wench as you zee, stole from her mother, and

clapt vp the match betweene um, her mother being as ingrant of it as you are. Now all the parish wondred why she shud be led into a vooles paradise by him, you zee there are them in place be as proper as him zell every inch, but when all came to all, she was led away with his singing vorzooth. Now to zay troth he zings well, though hee bee nothing comparable to the Munstrell, that zung the zong of Short-coate, when you were here last, vor all that you shall heare him zing a bomination vyne zong of his loue to *Mauull*. Zing *Wilkin*, weele get leaue to stay zo long: What che thinke thou wants a Viddle, chill vetch thee a Viddle man, if there be a Viddle in the house.

He goes in, and brings out a Theorbo.

Che can borrow no Viddle but this, and heres one aumost as long as a May-pole; pritheee make zhift for once.

The Shepheard takes the Theorbo and sings.

The Song.

Shepheard. Lvcinda.

Sh. *Did not you once, Lucinda, vow
You would loue none but me?*

Lu. *I, but my mother tells me now*

I must loue wealth, not thee.

Sh. *'Tis not my fault my sheep are leane,
Or that they are so few.*

Lu. *Nor mine, I cannot loue so meane,
So poore a thing as you.*

Sh. *Cruell; thy loue is in thy power,
Fortune is not in mine.*

Lu. *But Sheph: thinke how great my dowre
Is in respect of thine.*

Sh. *Ah me: Lu: Ah me!*

Sh: *mock you my greife?*

Lu: *I pittie thy hard fate.*

Sh. *Pittie for loue is poore releife,
I'de rather choose thy hate.*

Lu: *But I loue thee; Sh: no, Lu: beleiuue,
I'le seale it with a kisse,*

*And giue thee no more cause to greiue,
Then what thou find'st in this.*

Sh: Lu: *Be witnesse then you Powers aboue,
And by these holy bands,
Let it appeare that truest loue
Growes not from wealth, or lands.*

After the song.

Tho. Well, wee take our leaues for this time, when you haue a minde to more of this, tell but M. Yedward & wee come at a whistle.

In a Compartiment was written,

Expeditio Britomartis.

Here the scene changing into a well ordered Campe, in which were seene seuerall tents, carriages, all kind of warlike ammunitiō, and a trench cast round about it, from thence comes forth a Captaine attired in a Souldiers habit, after the old British fashion taken from the Romans, which was a short Coat reaching almost to his knees made in scales, and on his head a Petasus, buskins or short Bootes on his legs; after him entered a Druyd, which was the Preist of the ancient Brittaines, attired in a Robe of crimson Taffita, and a Garland on his head. The Captaine first entering speakes thus.

Cap. Rally my troups, & see that every Cap.
Maintaine his charg. We will remoue to night
With our whole force! Doe you think Sr *Priest*
A Prince of so great hopes, & power as ours
Shall tamely like a Iustice in the Country
With a few meager *Druyds*, & poore Squires
Enter on his designe.

Dru. Why, what designe.
That needs your ragged Army to aduance it?
Consisting of so many hungry soules
That gape for prey, iust as death gapes for thee.

Cap. They are braue fellowes *Priest*, take heed they heare you,
Tis not your coat or office can protect you,
Profane & holy, nothing comes amisse
To them, that can inrich um; take you heed,
They hear that you are rich.

Dru. And these are fit
To guard a Prince?

Cap. Why? who can doe it better

Dru. On this occasion too?

Cap. Yes! for you know we are
To enter on the Country of another
From whom though we deriue our selues, we know not
What greeting to expect.

Dru. Indeed you doe
Take the right way to find an entertainment
Worthy your paines, that on a peacefull kingdome
Will bring such Harpies. Sure you must haue heard
That this great king, to whom we now addresse vs
Is such a one, as by his famed deeds
Poizes the world about him, whil'st he stands
Vnmou'd in a firme peace of his owne mind,
As well of his kingdome.

Cap. Well, what of that?

Dru. Should we come as suppliants to learne
The way, to set our Prince on th'head of fortune
Or humane blisse, to make him of himselfe
Depend, & not of others, bring such Theeues
As yours to spoile his Country?

Cap. Is this all?
Ha's he not counsell of his owne at home?
Let him advize with vs, & we will shew him
A neerer way how to be absolute;
'Tis but reseruing a convenient Guard,
Some certaine thousands of vs 'bout his person
The thing is done, giue vs but pay enough
Weele warrant him, he shall doe what he list.

Dru. This counsell fits a Souldiour to giue,
Not him to take, if he heare vs, wee tell him,
A certaine truth, that he which rules ore slaues
Is not so great as he thats king of freemen:
O to commaund the wils of subjects, rather
Then bodies, is an Empire truely sacred,
And the next way to rule in heauen it selfe!

Cap. Well *Priest*, I will not loose the pay and spoyle
That I shall get in this one expedition
For all your tedious learning.

Dru. I, that's your end
For if you look'd at honour, you would know
He that kils men for money, does no better
Then common Hang-men, perhaps he does worse.

Cap. Perswade vs to be Cowards, doe, but they
That did precede you, those braue ancient *Druyds*
Did not alone instruct vs, that to dye
Was but the midle space of future life,
And that whoeuer dy'd for's country fighting
His soule did enter into some great Prince,
As a soule fit to rule, that knew to fight;
But would themselues be present 'mongst the formost.

Dru. So would we still, if the same cause provoke vs.
We haue not now to deal with those grand Theeues
The *Romans*, who to draw in the next country
To their subiection would pretend a shew
Of Iustice, w^{ch} indeed was the highest wrong,
When they invaded vs, we all were ready
Not only to perswade; but act our selues,
But now the time is fit for other Counsell.

Cap. I cannot stay
To heare this pratling, O thou God of warre,
Great father *Mars*, the first Progenitor
Of B R I T O M A R T, inspire him with a courage
That may extend his Armes, as farre as is
Or earth, or sea, that he may think this kingdome
As *Alexander* did the worlds, too streight to breath in.
Strike vp a warlike sound, & you my Souldiers
Come forth, and thinke of nothing but fresh booty.

Dru. But I will stay their fury. Great *Apollo*,
That know'st to heale wth thy sweet harmony
The fierce rude minds of men, as well as bodies
Wth thy try'd medicines shew thy power now,
Inspire thy *Priests* that may restraine this people,
Come forth you sacred Ministers of peace
And with your well tun'd *Lutes* and sweeter voice
Make this disordred route to learne some measure.

At this speech of the Druyd, the Priests of Apollo enter, habited after the ancient manner, in long robes of several color'd Taffita; They sing this following song, wher ein they attribute the taming of the Souldiours fiercenesse to the Queenes presence.

The Priests Song.

*Behold how sweet a Majesty
Temper'd with grace sits in your eye,
O glory of your sex, and state:
'Tis not enough that humane wills
Are led by yours to leaue their ills,
But, iust as if you were their Fate,
You will subdue a race of men,
Salvadge and fierce, come from their den.
No sooner they your face looke on,
But, as from thence you vertue spoke,
Their vntam'd wildnesse will be broke
To measure, and proportion.*

CHORVS.

*What kind of manners should we then partake,
When you fierce natures kind and supple make?*

Then rush in fiue totter'd Souldiours who begin wildly at first to dance; but conclude with a kinde of timorousnesse, and lay downe their weapons at the Queenes feete.

Their Dance ended

A horne blowes, and a Post enters, who deliuers his message after this manner, hauing first demanded in Welch, (which they say is the old British Language) where the King and Queene are; he goes on thus,

Here's no body vnderstands me, neuer a true Britaine amongst you? I'll try you in French, *Messieurs ou est le Roy? Ou est la Royne?* Nor that neither, I must speake your owne language I see? Pray tell me which is the King? which is the Queene? I come in hast, Post-hast. No? I'll take my chance for once; These paire looke like the best in the company, I'll aduenture vpon them. May it please both your Maiesties to vnderstand, that I my selfe, a certaine midling thing betweene a *Spy*, and a *Courtier*, two parts *British* of mine owne country, foure *French*, some little *Dutch*: an admirable composition, part foole, part hardy, to saue the charge of an *Ambassadour*, or rather the time he would take to furnish his lieries; am sent in most voluble *Post language*, to demand safe conduct for my Master, the most potent Prince, of a little Gentleman, that your Maiesties kingdomes haue taken notice of, Prince B R I T O M A R T. For he with some few of his nobility, little Cavalliers, his perpetuall adherents is now vpon his way addressing himselfe towards you; if you aske me how he comes, I answere after the *French* Post-coach, or Post-horse, though he come afoot 'tis all one. Their Squires, or Dwarfes rather, are come some halfe an houres journey behind, for so it was said of old,

The fearefull Dwarfe did euer lag behind.

But by the way, I am to signifie to you, Ladies, that you must not hope to dance with him; Pray do'nt vrge him to't. Hee'll be angry if you doe. Now would I faine ingratiate my selfe a little with you, tell you his businesse aforehand, which is more indeed then an *Ambassadour* dares doe. Will you promise me to say nothing? For all the great stirre, and the debate of the *Captaine*, and the *Druid*, he comes but to aske you blessing: but *Mum*: No words. If you discouer me, I shall loose my place, and my pay & be declared incapable, which is as much as to strip me out of my nature, for it is more impossible for me to stand still, then a perpetuall motion, *Tantost irg*, *Tantost la*, pray dispatch me. No? your silence I'll take for a grant, and *Me voicy de retour*.

As he returnes he meets with one in a formall garbe and habit of a Spaniard, reading some paper of instructions, and speakes to him thus.

O sir, you might haue sau'd your labour, your busines is happily dispatch't to your hand, you stand so long on your Puntilioes, and formalities, that the course of busines may be turn'd three times before you enter on the first. O hee's reading his instructions, and regards me not. He'll make you fine sport anon. I'll steale by him, now I haue forestall'd his busines, and bequeath him to your laughter.

The Spaniard regarding him not pursues his intention of reading, when on the suddaine the Violin plays a Pavin, at which amaz'd he leaues off reading, the Violin stops, and as soone as he falls to reading againe it begins a Saraband, which makes him leasurly to take off his Rapier, and his Cloake, and fold it vp gently, and in this measure to fall into a dance.

Which ended, and he retired, the Chorus of Priests enter and call forth Prince B R I T O M A R T, and his knights with this song.

They sing.

*The springing hopes of Armes and Arts,
Bound on a faire aduenture*

*To take your eyes, and wound your hearts,
Are ready now to enter.*

When on a suddaine the Scene flew open, and fiue Knights Aduenturers were discovered afarre off, sitting on an arch Triumphant, Prince BRITOMART ouertopping them all; They were all attired alike in a Warlike habit, after the Roman fashion, of watchit and crimso Taffita, cut vpon siluer in scollops, the bases & the buskins of the same, and their caps after the manner of the Roman Petasus, with great plumes in them.

They are called forth by this song.

*Why stay you there braue knights? descend!
And let these ladies see
The action that your lookes portend,
Which is loues Chiualry.
Why should you feare their eyes to meet?
You haue a sure defence,
That might a greater danger greet;
Your age, and Innocence.*

The Chorus of Priests retire, and the Knights moue in their figure.

And their first dance being ended, six Squires or Dwarfes come leaping in, attir's in short coates of Taffita, bonnets of the same, with feathers round about them, bearing in their hands euery one their Knights or Masters sheild, whith their Impresa, or deuice, which in the conclusion of this dance, they lay at the Queenes feete. Their devices were thus.

THE PRINCES.

The Sunne scarce risen. Only peeping behind a mountaine, and shedding light vpon the world.

THE WORD.

Nondum conspectus illuminat orbem.

My L. DVKE of Buckingham's.

A faire welspread tree, and tall, blowne downe to the ground by a tempest, out of it a streight young tree springing, ouer which a black cloud dropping, and through that cloud the sunne breaking with his beames, and shining vpon that young tree.

The word.

Sub his radiis sic iterum resurgam.

My L. FRANCIS VILLARS.

A square Altar of greene turfe, vpon which is placed an heart crowned, ouer against this *Cupid* with a bow in his hand broken with a shot. At the bottom of the Altar a shaft fastned as shot from the bow, and a second shaft in

the middle way betweene *Cupid* and the Altar, yet flying towards it.

The word.

Etiam fracto arcu huc destinatur.

My LORD of Buckhurst's.

An Altar of stone, vpon it a burning heart, *Cupid* looking sadly towards it, and putting vp his arrow in his quiuer, from the Altar to *Cupid* written

The word.

Non tibi, sed patriae.

My L. CARR'S.

Vnder the Princes Armes a Youth lying on the ground. the Sunne shining on him through the feathers.

The word.

Sub istis lucem non impedit vmbra.

M. SACKVILE'S.

A Cupid picking feathers for his arrowes yet vnfeathered, out of the Pinces Armes, a Youth opening his breast.

The word.

Hinc tibi pro calamis si data pluma, feri.

These being retires, the Aduenturers dance their second dance, which ended they returne to their seats, and the Scene chang'd into a beautifull Temple, from whence issued the Chorus of Priests, and sung this song of valediction.

The last Song.

*What the sad heauens, the Sunne once gone,
What plants, or the earth being widdow'd shoves,
When warmth's shut vp, and nothing growes,
 What euer covets vnion,
And is deny'd, the Elme, and Vine
When forc'd vnkindly to disioyne;
 What without soule the body is,
Or Louers at a parting kisse:*

*Such, best of Queenes, shall we to night
Be to our selues, and all the world,
When darknesse on this face is hurl'd,
 And you from vs withdraw your light,*

*VWhen no soule's left to animate
This earth, or growth to actuate,
Or heat to liue, but what must burne
Desiring hearts, till you returne.*

CHORVS.

*O then for pittie hast you to come hither
To keepe these parts aliue, which else must wither.*

Then was the Curtain let fall, and this folly (as all others doe) had consum'd it selfe, and left no impression in the spectators, or hearers, had it not bin that much admiration was conceau'd at the great quicknesse, and aptnesse of the PRINCE, who varying figures so often, was so farre from being out, that he was able to lead the rest.

The speaking and action (which grac'd the words) perform'd by my Lord of Buckhurst, and M. Edward Sacvile, shew'd that genuine action, was not so much confin'd to the stage, but a Gentleman might reach it, if not transcend it. The rest had it's support from the Musique, which prepar'd, and commended the numbers, to the eares of the Auditors, and was excellently compos'd by Master Charles Coleman.

FINIS.



Renaissance Editions