

216	<i>The Unnatural Combat</i>	II. i. 103-34
	<i>Beaufort junior.</i> I would gladly Be a spectator (since I am deni'd To be an Actor) of each blow, and thrust, And punctually observe 'em.	105
	<i>Malefort junior.</i> You shall have All you desire; for in a word or two I must make bold to entertaine the time, If he give suffrage to it.	
	<i>Malefort senior.</i> Yes, I will, D2 <sup>r</sup> I'll heare thee, and then kill thee: nay farewell.	110
	<i>Malefort junior.</i> Embrace with love on both sides, and with us Leave deadly hate, and furie.	
	<i>Malefort senior.</i> From this place You nere shall see both living.	
	<i>Belgarde.</i> What's past help, is Beyond prevention.	
	<i>They embrace on both sides, and take leave severally of the father and sonne.</i>	
	<i>Malefort senior.</i> Now we are alone, Sir, And thou hast libertie to unlode the burthen Which thou groan'st under. Speake thy griefes.	115
	<i>Malefort junior.</i> I shall, Sir; But in a perplext forme and method, which You onely can interpret; would you had not A guiltie knowledge in your bosome of The language which you force me to deliver, So I were nothing. As you are my father I bend my knee, and uncompell'd professe My life, and all thats mine, to be your gift; And that in a sonnes dutie I stand bound To lay this head beneath your feet, and run All desperate hazards for your ease and safetic. But this confest on my part, I rise up, And not as with a father, (all respect, Love, feare, and reverence cast off,) but as A wicked man I thus expostulate with you. Why have you done that which I dare not speake? And in the action chang'd the humble shape Of my obedience, to rebellious rage And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrain'd me	120 125 130

II. i. 135-72	<i>The Unnatural Combat</i>	217
	To run my Barke of honour on a shelve, I must not see, nor if I saw it, shun it? In my wrongs nature suffers, and lookes backward, And mankinde trembles to see me pursue What beasts would flie from. For when I advance This sword, as I must doe against your head, Pietie will weepe, and filiall dutie mourne, To see their altars which you built up in me, D2 <sup>v</sup> In a moment raz'd and ruin'd. That you could (From my griev'd soule I wish it) but produce To qualifie, not excuse your deed of horror, One seeming reason that I might fix here, And move no farther.	135 140
	<i>Malefort senior.</i> Have I so far lost A fathers power, that I must give account Of my actions to my sonne? or must I plead As a fearefull prisoner at the bar, while he That owes his being to me sits a Judge To censure that, which onely by my selfe Ought to be question'd? mountaines sooner fall Beneath their vallies, and the loftie Pine Pay homage to the Bramble, or what else is Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue In one short sillable yeelds satisfaction To any doubt of thine, nay though it were A certaintie disdainning argument. Since though my deeds wore Hels blacke liverie, To thee they should appeare triumphall robes, Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason, That takes or birth or fashion from my will.	150 155 160
	<i>Malefort junior.</i> This sword divides that slavish knot.	
	<i>Malefort senior.</i> It cannot, It cannot wretch, and if thou but remember From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it. Who train'd thee up in armes but I? Who taught thee Men were men onely when they durst looke downe With scorne on death and danger, and contemn'd All opposition, till plum'd victorie Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?	166 170

Under my shield thou hast fought as securely  
 As the young Eglet, covered with the wings  
 Of her fierce Dam, learns how and where to prey. 175  
 All that is manly in thee, I call mine;  
 But what is weake and womanish, thine owne.  
 D3<sup>r</sup> And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungratefull,  
 Presuming to contend with him, to whom  
 Submission is due, I will take from thee. 180  
 Looke therefore for extremities, and expect not  
 I will correct thee as a sonne, but kill thee  
 As a Serpent swolne with poyson, who surviving  
 A little longer, with infectious breath,  
 Would render all things neere him, like it selfe 185  
 Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,  
 Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,  
 And with one generall crie howling for mercie,  
 Shall not redeeme thee.

*Malefort junior.* Thou incensed Power,  
 A while forbear thy thunder, let me have 190  
 No aid in my revenge, if from the grave  
 My mother—

*Malefort senior.* Thou shalt never name her more.

*Above* BEAUFORT JUNIOR, MONTREVILE, BELGARDE,  
*the three* SEA CAPTAINS.

*Beaufort junior.* They are at it.

2. *Captain.* That thrust was put strongly home.

*Montrevile.* But with more strength avoyded.

*Belgarde.* Well come in,

He has drawne blood of him yet, well done old Cocke. 195

1. *Captain.* That was a strange misse.

*Beaufort junior.* That a certaine hit.

*Belgarde.* Hee's falne, the day is ours. *Young* MALEFORT *slaine.*

2. *Captain.* The Admiral's slaine.

*Montrevile.* The father is victorious!

*Belgarde.* Let us haste

To gratulate his conquest.

1. *Captain.* Wee to mourne

The fortune of the sonne.

*Beaufort junior.* With utmost speed 200  
 Acquaint the Governour with the good successe,  
 That he may entertaine to his full merit,  
 The father of his Countries peace and safetie. *They descend.*  
*Malefort senior.* Were a new life hid in each mangled limbe,  
 I would search, and finde it. And howere to some 205  
 D3<sup>v</sup> I may seeme cruell, thus to tyrannize  
 Upon this senselesse flesh, I glorie in it.  
 That I have power to be unnaturall,  
 Is my securitie. Die all my feares,  
 And waking jealousies, which have so long 210  
 Beene my tormentors, theres now no suspicion;  
 A fact, which I alone am conscious of,  
 Can never be discover'd, or the cause  
 That call'd this Duell on, I being above  
 All perturbations, nor is it in 215  
 The power of Fate, againe to make me wretched.

*Enter* BEAUFORT JUNIOR, MONTREVILE, BELGARDE,  
*the three* SEA CAPTAINS.

*Beaufort junior.* All honour to the Conquerour. Who dares tax  
 My friend of treacherie now?

*Belgarde.* I am verie glad, Sir,  
 You have sped so well. But I must tell you thus much,  
 To put you in minde that a low ebbe must follow 220  
 Your high swolne tide of happinesse, you have purchast  
 This honour at a high price.

*Malefort senior.* 'Tis *Belgarde,*  
 Above all estimation, and a little  
 To be exalted with it cannot savour  
 Of arrogance: that to this arme and sword, 225  
 Marsellis owes the freedome of her feares,  
 Or that my loyaltie not long since eclips'd,  
 Shines now more bright than ever, are not things  
 To be lamented. Though indeed they may  
 Appaere too dearely bought, my falling glories 230  
 Being made up againe, and cemented  
 With a sonnes blood. 'Tis true, he was my sonne