

Alphonsus, King of Aragon
Robert Greene

- Iphigena How now, Alphonsus! You which never yet
 Could meet your equal in the feats of arms,
 How haps it now that in such sudden sort
 You fly the presence of a silly maid?
 What, have you found mine arm of such a force
 As that you think your body over-weak
 For to withstand the fury of my blows?
 Or do you else disdain to fight with me,
 For staining of your high nobility?
- Alphonsus No, dainty dame, I would not have thee think
 That ever though or any other wight
 Shall live to see Alphonsus fly thy field
 From any king or keisar whosome'er:
 First I will die in the thickest of my foe.
 Before I will debase mine honour so.
 Nor do I scorn, thou goddess for to stain
 My prowess with thee, although it be a shame
 For knights to combat with the female sect:
 But love, sweet mouse, hath so benumb'd my wit,
 That, though I would, I must refrain form it.
- Iphigena I thought as much when first I came to wars;
 Your noble acts were fitter to be writ
 Within the tables of Dame Venus' son
 Than in God Mars his warlike registers:
 Whenas your lords are hacking helms abroad,
 And make their spears to shiver in the air,
 Your mind is busied in fond Cupid's toys.
 Come on I'faith, I'll teach you for to know,
 We came to fight, and not to love, I trow.
- Alphonsus Nay, virgin, stay. An if thou wilt vouchsafe
 To entertain Alphonsus' simple suit,
 Thou shalt ere long be monarch of the world:
 All christened kings, with all your pagan dogs,
 Shall bend their knees unto Iphigena;
 The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
 Where every step thou settest on the ground
 Shall be received on the golden mines;
 Rich Pactolus, that river of account,
 Which doth descend from top of Tmolus Mount,

Shall be thine own, and all the world beside,
If you will grant to be Alphonsus' bride.

Iphigena Alphonsus' bride! Nay villain, do not think
That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts
As for to make me love and fancy him
Whom I do hate, and in such sort despise,
As if my death could bring to pass his bane,
I would not long from Pluto's port remain.

Alphonsus Nay, then, proud peacock, since thou art so stout
As that entreaty will not move thy mind
For to consent to be my wedded spouse,
Thou shalt, in spite of gods and fortune too,
Serve high Alphonsus as a concubine.

Iphigena I'd rather die than ever that shall hap.

Alphonsus And thou shalt die unless it come to pass.