

I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors;
How often hast thou traversed my powerful court,
Filled it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproached even me thy prince?

Dor. And well I might, when you forget reward,
The part of heaven in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with thy service,
Tyrant! It stinks me so to call my prince;
But just resentment and hard usage cooped
The unwilling word, and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant?

Dor. Tyrant!

Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not echo back;
That robe of infamy, that circumcison,
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
And if a name

More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betrayed me into treason,
Effaced my loyalty, unhung my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell;
All these and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the sun's,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike and then my bathing;
Once more be warned, and know 'ere for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more.
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where like a state thou hast stood besieged
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy galled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross battery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff or royl nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carped and censured
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Though modestly reported, passed for boasts;
Secure of merit, if I asked reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatched from pumps and parasites.
Henriquez answered, with a ready lie
To save his king's, the boon was begged before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by Heaven,

Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul, unmannered, scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gail thee that I named him:
That thing, that nothing but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daubed; or if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man mistress.

Seb. All false as hell or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false

As that I served thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitched thy standard in these foreign fields;
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I care not what thou think'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produced not some, and pride the rest?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below;

But all the advantage of that love was thine;
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepared to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before);
Thy malice had prevention ere I spoke;
And asked me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripped him first?

Seb. He had my promise ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My services deserved thou shouldst revoke it.

Seb. Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service;

To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, to come in my dispute,
Under the wing of justice

To strike the

Dor. I would not have been more sacred,
Would I had

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