

THE KING AND QUEEN'S ENTERTAINMENT AT BOLSOVER

July 1634.

*The song at the banquet, sung by TWO TENORS and a BASS.*

CHORUS	If Love be called a lifting of the sense To knowledge of that pure intelligence, Wherein the soul hath rest and residence,
FIRST TENOR	When were the senses in such order placed?
SECOND TENOR	The sight, the hearing, smelling, touching, taste, All at one banquet?
BASS	Would it ever last!
FIRST TENOR	We wish the same. Who set it forth thus?
BASS	Love!
SECOND TENOR	But to what end, or to what object?
BASS	Love!
FIRST TENOR	Doth Love then feast itself?
BASS	Love will feast Love!
SECOND TENOR	You make of love a riddle or a chain, A circle, a mere knot; untie't again.

BASS Love is a circle, both the first and last  
Of all our actions, and his knot's too fast.

FIRST TENOR A true-love knot, will hardly be untied,  
And if it could, who would this pair divide?

BASS God made them such, and Love —

SECOND TENOR Who is a ring,  
The likest to the year of anything,

FIRST TENOR And runs into itself.

BASS Then let us sing,  
And run into one sound.

CHORUS Let 'Welcome' fill  
Our thoughts, hearts, voices, and that one word trill,  
Through all our language, 'Welcome, welcome' still.

*Complement*

FIRST TENOR Could we put on the beauty of all creatures,

SECOND TENOR Sing in the air and notes of nightingales,

FIRST TENOR Exhale the sweets of earth, and all her features,

SECOND TENOR And tell you, softer than in silk, these tales,

BASS 'Welcome' should season all for taste,

CHORUS And hence,  
At every real banquet to the sense,

‘Welcome’, true ‘Welcome’ fill the complements.

*After the banquet, the King and Queen, retired into a garden, are entertained with  
COLONEL VITRUVIUS his oration to the mechanics.*

VITRUVIUS Come forth, boldly put forth i’ your holiday clothes, every mother’s son of you! This is the King and Queen’s majestical holiday. My lord has it granted from them, I had it granted from my lord and do give it unto you *gratis*, that is *bona fide*, with the faith of a surveyor, your Colonel Vitruvius. Do you know what that is now? A supervisor! A hard word, but it may be softened and brought in, to signify something. And overseer! One that oversee-eth you. A busy man! And yet I must seem busier than I am, as the poet sings, but which of them I will not now trouble myself to tell you.

*The first quaternio. [Enter] CAPTAIN SMITH, or VULCAN, with three CYCLOPES.*

Oh, Captain Smith, or neighbour Vulcan, with your three sledges, you are our music! You come a little too tardy, but we remit that to your polt-foot, we know you are lame. Plant yourselves there and beat your time out at the anvil. Time and measure are the father and mother of music you know, and your Colonel Vitruvius knows.

*The second quaternio. [Enter] CHISEL the carver, MAUL the freemason, SQUARE the carpenter, TWIBILL his man.*

Oh, Chisel, our curious carver, and Master Maul, our freemason, Square our carpenter, and Twibill his man, stand you four there i'the second rank. Work upon that ground!

*The third quaternio. [Enter] DRESSER the plumber, QUARREL the glazier, FRET the plasterer, BEATER the mortarman.*

And you, Dresser the plumber, Quarrel the glazier, Fret the plasterer, and Beater the mortarman, put all you on i'the rear as finishers in true footing, with measure.

Measure is the soul of a dance, and tune the tickle-foot thereof. Use holiday legs, and have 'em spring, leap, caper, and jingle. Pumps and ribbons shall be your reward, till the soles of your feet swell, or rather surfeit, with your quick and sprightly motion.

Well done my musical, arithmetical, geometrical gamesters! Or rather — or rather, my mathematical boys! It is carried in number, weight, and measure as if the airs were all harmony and the figures just proportion! I cry still, 'Deserve holidays and have 'em!' I'll have a whole quarter of a year cut out for you into holidays, and laced with statute-tunes and dances, fitted to the activity of your trestles, to which you shall trust, lads, in the name of your Colonel Vitruvius. Hey for the lily, for and the blended rose!

*The dance ended and the King and Queen having reposed themselves, at their departure in a fit place selected for the purpose, two Cupids present themselves, one as the King's, the other as the Queen's, differenced by their garlands only, his of white and red roses, the other of lilies interweaved, gold, silver, purple, etc., with a bough of palm in his hand*

*cleft to the bottom. They are both armed and winged, with bows and quivers, cassocks, breeches, buskins, gloves, and perukes alike. They stand silent awhile, wondering at one another, when the lesser begins to speak.*

EROS                      Another Cupid?

ANTEROS                      Yes, your second self,  
  
A son of Venus, and as mere an elf  
  
And wag as you.

EROS                      Eros?

ANTEROS                      No, Anteros,  
  
Your brother Cupid, yet not sent to cross,  
  
Or spy into your favours here at court.

EROS                      What then?

ANTEROS                      To serve you, brother, and report  
  
Your graces from the Queen's side to the King's,  
  
In whose name I salute you.

EROS                      Break my wings  
  
I fear you will.

ANTEROS                      Oh, be not jealous, brother!  
  
What bough is this?

EROS                      A palm.

ANTEROS                      Give me't.

ANTEROS *snatches at the palm but EROS divides it.*

EROS

Another

You may have.

ANTEROS

I will this.

EROS

Divide it.

ANTEROS

So.

This was right brother-like! The world will know

By this one act both natures. You are Love,

I, Love-Again. In these two spheres we move,

Eros, and Anteros.

EROS

We have cleft the bough,

And struck a tally of our loves, too, now.

ANTEROS

I call to mind the wisdom of our mother

Venus, who would have Cupid have a brother —

EROS

To look upon and thrive. Me seems I grew

Three inches higher sin' I met with you.

ANTEROS

It was the counsel that the oracle gave

Your nurses, the glad Graces, sent to crave

Themis' advice. 'You do not know', quoth she,

'The nature of this infant. Love may be

Brought forth thus little, live awhile alone,







your growth and reputation in court more than anything beside you have either mentioned or feared. If you dabble in poetry once, it is done of your being believed or understood here. No man will trust you in this verge, but conclude you for a mere case of canters or a pair of wandering gypsies.

Return to yourselves, little deities, and admire the miracles you serve, this excellent king and his unparalleled queen, who are the canons, the decretals, and whole school-divinity of love. Contemplate and study them. Here shall you read Hymen, having lighted two torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waste not; one love by the other's aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring; the Fates spinning them round and even threads, and of their whitest wool, without brack or purl; Fortune and Time fettered at their feet with adamantine chains, their wings deplumed for starting from them; all amiableness in the richest dress of delight and colours, courting the season to tarry by them, and make the idea of their felicity perfect, together with love, knowledge, and duty of their subjects perpetual. So wisheth the glad and grateful client seated here, the overjoyed master of this house, and prayeth that the whole region about him could speak but his language. Which is, that first the people's love would let the people know their own happiness and that knowledge could confirm their duties to an admiration of your sacred persons, descended, one from the most peaceful, the other the most warlike, both your pious and just progenitors; from whom, as out of peace came strength, and out of the strong came sweetness, alluding to the holy riddle, so in you joined by holy marriage in the flower and ripeness of years, live the promise of a numerous succession to your sceptres, and a strength to secure your own islands with their own ocean, but more, by

your own palm-branches, the types of perpetual victory. To which, two words be added, a zealous ‘Amen’, and ever rounded with a crown of ‘Welcome!’