

THE  
GOVERNOUR

OF  
CYPRUS:

A  
TRAGEDY,

AS IT IS ACTED,

At the New THEATRE,

IN

Little LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

By Her MAJESTIES Servants.

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By MR. OLDMIXON.

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*Si vis me flere Doloridum est habere*

*Primum Ipse tibi*

*Quicquid Precipies esto brevis*

Hor ad Pison :

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L O N D O N

Printed by R. Tooke, for Rich. Parker, at the Unicorn  
under the Piazza of the Royal-Exchange. 1703.

# The Persons.

<i>Phorsano</i>	Governour of <i>Cyprus</i> ,	Mr. <i>Parcell</i> .
<i>Viroto</i>	For the <i>Venitians</i> Admiral.	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Iopano</i>	A <i>Spanish</i> Lord taken by a Turk, coming from the <i>West-Indies</i> , Retaken by <i>Vi-</i> <i>rotto</i> , and carry'd into <i>Cy-</i> <i>prus</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Issamenea</i>	Wife to <i>Iopano</i> , Marry'd to the Governour.	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Lucinda</i>	<i>Iopano</i> 's Sister.	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Zarma</i>	Woman to the Governours First Lady.	
	Officers, Guards, Atten- dants and Musicians.	

Scene, the Governours Pal-  
lace in *Cyprus*, near the Sea.

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY,  
TO  
Her GRACE  
THE  
DUTCHESS  
OF  
BOLTON.

M A D A M,

**I**F I had only consider'd in Your Grace  
those shining Vertues, those Illu-  
strous Qualities, which Command De-  
votion equally from all Men, I should

A 2

not

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## iv Epistle Dedicatory.

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not have Presum'd to approach you with a Present so Unworthy of Your Graces Acceptance: But M A D A M, 'tis neither These; nor the Delightful Contemplation of the Perfect Beauty, which makes you the Ornament of the Fairest Court in the World, that encourag'd me in this Address. 'Tis the Transcendent Goodness of Your Nature, and Your Judgment, the Humanity with which you receive the meanest of your Servants; and Your Unweari'd Inclination to do Good, that Tempted me to put forth this P O E M, under your Graces Patronage, and Justify my Ambition to please You.

The Approbation of the Great and the Fair, is the most Charming Reward a P O E T can pretend to, and that Geni-

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# Epistle Dedicatory. v

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us must certainly be very Cold, who is not to be fir'd by such Applause. Yet Beauty and Quality, with all the high Advantages which wait on them are not Infallible; and without your Graces Discernment, a Man cannot be sure that the Praise he receives from the Fairest and the Greatest will be Lasting.

I know MADAM, with what Respect and Awe I ought to appear before You, and that tho' You are the best Patroness of Wit, and the Muses, yet none of their Effects can Escape Your Penetration, and the Delicacy of Your Taste; However I can't fear so much from the Severity of Your Judgment, as I Hope from the Excellent Sweetness of Your Temper, which will always incline

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## vi . Epistle Dedicatory.

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cline You to Excuse, or Forgive  
what You cannot Commend, or Ap-  
prove.

Great are the Disadvantages the Stage lies under, from the Character which has been Industriously given it of *Licentious* and *Corrupt*; Fools and Hypocrites have always a Party strong enough to hurt what offends them, and Folly, and False Zeal have suffer'd too much by the Theatres to look on them with Pleasure. To whom should the Muses Fly for Succour in their Distress, but to those whose Unquestion'd Honour will defend 'em from the Assaults of *Mallice* and *Slander*. No Interest can be more Serviceable to them than Your Graces, Your Name will strike their  
Enc.

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## vii Epistle Dedicatory.

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Enemies Dumb, and restore the *Drama* to its first Reputation; which gives the most Celebrated School of Vertue, and as such Maintain'd and Cherish'd by the Wise | state of *Athens*. Who will dare to Affront what You are pleas'd to Protect? Who think that Entertainment dangerous in which the most Vertuous are Delighted, and why should the Stage be Apprehensive of its Fate, when Your Grace so Generously appears to support it.

'Tis the Hope of all who wish well to the Art, that 'twill in time Produce something more Worthy Your Graces Encouragement, that the good Days of Farce and Buffoonry, A diversion fit only for the Rabble, are over, and

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Epistle Dedicatory. VIII

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and that Your Grace will hereafter have more Occasions to Exercise Your Justice than Your Mercy.

Happy shall I be, if I may in the least contribute to such a Change, by considering the Infinite obligations I owe you for looking Favourably on this my First Tragedy; and permitting me to lay it at Your Feet, a Fate so Glorious, that I forget all the ill Turns which Fortune ever Play'd me in Remembrance of this Good One, as far above my Expectation as my Desert; She can add nothing to this, but by Assisting me in some other Attempt to deserve, in some Measure, Your Graces Protection.

M A D A M,

Long may You live in the full Enjoyment of the Happiness with which Just Heaven  
has

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## Epistle Dedicatory. ix

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has Blest You, and Late may you leave behind You a Race of HEROES to Inherit the Worth and Honours of Your Noble LORD, a Prince Entirely Devoted to his Countries Service, who never had any Consideration for his Personal Safety, when that of the Commonwealth was concern'd, nor Vallu'd his own Property to Secure ev'ry private Man in his.

Long may You Both Live, and Happy as the United PRAYERS of *England* and *Ireland* can make You, and as the Latter Flourish'd under His GRACES Auspicious Government; so may You Both, Long Continue to be a General Good to *England* Belov'd and Admir'd by all who are not Her Enemies, and Impatient to see Vertue Prosperous.

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x Epistle Dedicatory.

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This *MADAM*, is the Hearty Wish  
of Thousands, whom Your Goodness  
has Oblig'd and of none with more Zeal  
and Sincerity than of

*MADAM,*

Your Graces,

Most Humble,

Most Devoted, and

most Obedient Servant.

J. Oldmixon.

# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Powel.

Since Farce and Fustian cou'd so often please ye  
The Task, we fancy'd, wou'd for us be eisy.  
We thought we might, as well as others, Hit;  
For ev'ry thing of late succeeds but Wit.  
A few Loose Characters, a Lucky Name  
Brings a full House, and gets the Poet Fame.  
And he that has the art to fill the Pit,  
Nob us shall ever be the topping Wit:  
No, will we think the Criticks Judgement true,  
Or that's irregular which pleases you.  
Pure Envy makes 'em talk of want of Rule,  
As if a man cou'd take and be a fool.  
'Tis true I Faith, and they as well may say  
The Sparks who write and you who see the Play }  
And we that act, and all are Sots but they. }  
Cud ye Gad— but to revenge their Spite,  
We're wise enough to damn 'em when they write.  
Tho' this, among our selves, we may confess  
Some Grievances, 'tis time we shou'd redress.  
Our Houses thin apace, our Wares lie dead  
And Fustian quite, or Farce has spoilt the Trade.  
When Cash comes short and we begin to pinch  
We goe the Boy, the Ladder-dance, and Clinch.

Wide

## PROLOGUE

Wide Folio Bills on ev'ry Post we place  
And huge RED LETTERS stare you in the Face.  
We Cram the Coffee-Houses with our Notes  
As Quacks for Cullies, and as Citts for Votes.  
Gyants, half men, all Monsters we have shown  
And rais'd the Price from Pence to Half a Crown.  
Yet sure some other way we may devise  
To please, and grow as rich, and you as wise.  
Suppose, Our Bards to shew they ever thought  
For Change; were now allow'd to think and plot.  
Nor Sound for Sense nor Whymfy past for Wit  
For Wickerlyner'ethus, nor Otway writ.  
Hold——You're prepar'd to cry out in a rage  
Wee'l have no Reformation of the Stage.  
Your Pardon, Sirs, pray don't be in a Fright,  
Whate're we do, wee'l not begin too night.

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T H E

Governour of Cyprus, &c.

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A C T the I.

Scene a Garden ; *Lucinda* lying on a Bank of Flowers, a Grove near it ; after the Song is over, *Zarma*, and *She* come forward.

S O N G.

1.

*When Sylvia runs to Woods and Groves,  
And Weeps alone, and Sighs,  
What e're She says, I fear She Loves,  
And thus I would Advise.*

2.

*If Sylvia is Belov'd, Enjoy  
Nor let the Youth grow Cold ;  
While Young, 'tis Foolish to be Coy ;  
You'll think so when you're Old.*

3.

*Your Sighs and Tears will never do  
Or Love Him, or Despise :  
He'll soon be weary to Pursue  
The Nymph that always Flies.*

*Lucinda.* **C**Ease *Zarma*, Cease to Charm me with a Song ;  
Tis not in Musick to relieve my Cares.  
Such Griefs as mine are Deaf to ev'ry Voice,  
Which talks of Comfort, or wou'd sooth Despair.

B

Oh!

Oh ! That the Winds had hurl'd me in the Deep,  
 My Honour then had been secure in Death,  
 And I no more dream'd of Love or Shame.

*Zarma.* Your Honour in your Brother is secure,  
 Your Wishes in *Virroto's* Friendship Blest ;  
 The Winds you blame, are waſting 'em to *Cyprus*,  
 And you will ſoon embrace 'em and be ſafe.

*Lucin.* Oh never, never, 'tis but now I heard  
 From *Iſſabene* of her Husbands Fate:  
 She told me ; how, with Tears, or with Concern,  
 With Groans, with Horror, or in bitter Woe ?  
 Did her Eyes Glow with Sorrow, or with Joy ?

*Zarma.* Her Husband too ?

*Lucin.* What means this Sudden Start ?  
 Thou art no ſtranger to *Phorſano's* Crimes ;  
 Few Days are paſt ſince I beheld his Wife,  
 Young, Healthy, Fair and Loving as a Bride ;  
 Who now Lies bury'd in her Silent Tomb,  
 And whom She Cherish'd moſt, uſurps her Bed.

*Zarma.* Too well I Lov'd her, and was Lov'd too well,  
 Or not to know, or to forget her Wrongs ?

*Lucin.* Say then, tho' thou perhaps art of their Plots,  
 A Spy upon my Actions and my Grief,  
 With thy falſe pity to provoke my Rage,  
 And fit me for their future deeds of Murder.  
 Say by whoſe Hands thy Generous Miſtreſs fell.

*Zarma.* Why with thoſe doubts will you encrease my torment ?  
 Why with thoſe hard ſuſpicions rack my Soul ?  
 Could my Hearts Blood have ſerv'd her when alive,  
 Or could I with my Life revenge her Head,  
 How freely would I Bleed ?

*Lucin.* Thy honeſt Tears Convince me of thy Faith.  
 Oh thou who vilely haſt abus'd thy Name,  
 Thou ſtain of Friendship, Gratitude and Honour,  
 How can thy Soul content to taſte of Joy,  
 While thy Friend ſcarce is in her Marble Cold!

*Zarma.*

*Z. m.* When first I saw *Phorsano* Lov'd this Fair,  
 I watch'd his every glance, observ'd 'em both;  
 O'er heard his Promises and Guilty Vows,  
 Inform'd *Emilia*, she in Tears Complain'd  
 Of what my Lord with horrid Oaths Deny'd.  
 We who attended were Commanded forth;  
 And when to help him were recal'd, Oh Cruelty!  
 We found her Dying in his perjur'd Arms.

*L. s.* Accurst Descent on this Unhappy Isle!  
 Better for thee, thou kindest of thy Sex  
 For *Iffamenea*, for my self, for all,  
 That Seas had swallowd us, or Pyrates slain,  
 Before we Landed on this Fatal Shoar:  
 My Brother lost; my Sister, Oh my Soul,  
 To him, to me, to Vertue lost for ever.  
 Who will defend me from the pow'r of Lust?  
 Who guard my Innocence, and watch my Youth?  
 To whom shall I complain in my Distress?  
 Pity is Deaf, and Heaven will only Hear.

*Z. m.* May Heav'n, on whom you call, be your defence:  
 For now, even now, I hear *Phorsano's* Voice;  
 The sound of Musick in a Neighbouring Walk:  
 He ne'er retires but when the fever's high,  
 He comes, and 'twou'd be Death for me to stay. [Exit

*L. s.* Oh whither shall I fly? [ *Phorsano enters, Musick*  
*at some distance, he takes hold of Lucinda, as she offers to rise and go off.*

*Phors.* Whither, my Love, but to my longing Arms?  
 Why art thou fond of Solitude and Shade?  
 Why dost thou shun the Pleasures of the Court?  
 I thy *Apoll*, and my *Daphne* Thou:  
 Why Fly'st while I pursue thee with a Song?  
 Begie, you Men of Art, your Tuneful Strains;  
 Let the soft Zephirs from the Citron Groves  
 Disperse their evening Sweets,  
 And every Sense be Charm'd.

Man. *Since tis to Sin, so very sweet  
So needful to forbear,  
Or else our Nature is too weak,  
Or Duty too Severe  
Thus baited by two Cruel Foes,  
In constant Love we Live:  
As Nature does the Law Oppose,  
The Law does Nature grieve.*

Woman. *Thou Tyrant Honour, hence be gone,  
I will no more be Cheated,  
If tis to Love to be undone,  
I'll try my Fate, and meet it.*

Man. *To trust him longer, you're to blame,  
He'l certainly deceive ye;  
For Loves a very harmless Flame,*

Woman. *I wish I could believe ye.*

*For Love, &c.*

*Phorſ.* Hence! and attend my Will.  
And now, my Lovely Charmer, see how much  
Thy Virgin softness and resistless Beauty  
Have won upon my Heart: But thou art blind  
To what I do, and deaf to what I say;  
Cold as the Regions of the Frozen North:  
Come, let me melt thee on my panting Breast,  
And warm thee with the Heat of Youthful Love.

*Luc.* Is this for me, my Lord, to hear from you?  
This from the Husband of my Brothers Wife  
Oh *I Opano*, had thy Life been spar'd  
Thou wou'dst not sure have suffer'd this to be.

*Phorſ.* Not suffer'd it to be? He might as well

Have calm'd the Seas, and hush'd the raging Winds:  
While I behold thee thus divinely fair,  
I must desire; and what desire, Enjoy.

*Luc.* Oh Insolence! Is't thus you treat your Guests?  
Thus that you shew your hospitable Mind?  
Is't not enough my Sister has been ruin'd,  
Been tempted to dishonour by your Wiles?  
Wou'd you have me as Infamous as her?  
The Scorn of *Cyprus* and her Sexes Shame.

*Phor.* If like another *Venus*, to Command  
This *Paphian Isle*, and be like her ador'd;  
If this is ruin in a Woman's eyes;  
Thy Sister is undone, and so shalt thou be;  
I'll set thee high above the Envious Croud,  
Superiour as in Beauty, so in State,  
Selected thro' the World, a thousand Slaves  
With me the humblest Creature of thy Will,  
Shall wait upon thy Nod, and fill thy Train.

*Luc.* Can Wealth or Grandeur give me back my Friend,  
My Brother, and the honour of our House?  
Urge me no more, The Sound of Love from thee  
Strikes me with horror; and confounds my Soul.

*Phor.* I know *Viroto* is your darling wish:  
The Sound from him were pleasing to your Ear:  
Oh Choice, most Elegant! The man indeed  
Is Jealous, Faithless; Barbarous and Poor,  
Rough as the Waves on which he has been bred;  
Ere he is young and lusty, has been us'd  
To guide the Sturdy Helm and ply the Oar;  
He'll Crush thee with his iron Arms, and bruise  
Thy tender Limbs with every rude embrace.

*Luc.* While thou wert innocent, thy Friend was honest,  
Brave, Noble, Generous, Gallant and Sincere;  
None but *Viroto* then deserv'd my Heart:  
How is it he so soon has lost his worth,  
Is he since alter'd? Has he since abus'd

Another

- Another's Bed, or stain'd his own with Blood ?  
*Phor.* Ha ! Have a care, Ungrateful ! to provoke me :  
 Love, like a Child, grows sullen at a Rod ;  
 Yet may be sooth'd and flatter'd from his Toy,  
 Oh Woman ! Proud, Fantastical and vain ;  
 The brave mans Folly, and the boast of Fools,  
 Too nice this minute, and the next too fond ;  
 If we should judge of you by those you bless,  
 Our worship and our praise wou'd sink to scorn.  
 Go, wander with thy Hero on the main,  
 Feed on course Dishes and the Scraps of war.  
 See thy poor Children begging at thy Feet  
 The Bread thou want'st thy self.  
 Another hanging at thy wither'd Pap,  
 Earnest for Life, and sucking it in vain ;  
 While ev'n before thee this Belov'd enjoys  
 Some Common Wretch, and gives the Beast his pay.  
*Luc.* Better with him to feed on Beggars Fare,  
 To sip the running Stream, and dwell in Wilds :  
 Better, to see my little Infants cry,  
 Afrighted with the Waves and rattling Winds ;  
 Or bear 'em thro' the World to live on alms,  
 Than hearken to thy Lust, thou worst of men !  
 I Sin to hear so much, I will no more. [*wou'd go, he stops*]  
*Phor.* Rail on a while, and let the Tempest roar, [*her.*]  
 The Storm will beat it self into a Calm :  
 Oh if there's something in thy Frowns so sweet,  
 What must it be to see thee smile, to hear  
 Thy Sighs, the murmurs of accomplisht Love ?  
 I'll watch thy looser thoughts, thy morning wishes,  
 And when thy Heart is open to desire, [*Issamucca enters*]  
 I'll seize, embrace, and bear thee thus to Joy. [*he embraces*]  
*Luc.* Save maye Powers. [*Luc. Starts*]  
*Ph.* He ! By the anguish of my Soul, 'tis She ;  
 She that has rob'd me of his Heart ;  
 A Prize unought, unworthy of my Charms.  
 I blush

I blush to own it, and deserve this Scorn,  
 For fearing Death, and yielding to his threats.  
 Oh had he drencht his Dagger in my Blood,  
 My Soul e're this had been with *Iopano*  
 But now I dread to meet him, and prefer  
 A Life of Misery to Death and Rest.

*Phoe.* My Wife!

*Luc.* My Traitor!

*Phoe.* Help, oh help; *Lucinda* faints;

Breathless and pale I met her in the Grove:

Help me she dies;

*Luc.* But soon will live again;

Revive to transport, and repeat her Guilt.

*Phoe.* Hast thou no tenderness? No soft remains

Of melting pity for a dying Maid?

Thy Friend, thy Sister? Is there nought in these

To calm thy rage, and guide thy Soul to Truth?

Sure thou art grown distemper'd with thy Pride,

And giddy with the Fortune of my Love.

*Luc.* Did I for this admit thee to my Bed?

Deaf to the voice of Friendship and of Love?

For this, Ungrateful, did I sell my Peace,

Forget my Grievs, and bless thee to thy With?

But clear me to the World, and own my Fear

Comply'd to give thee what my Heart deny'd:

Witness my Innocence to Earth and Heav'n;

And thou, Perfidious! Dread avenging Justice.

*Phoe.* Unhappy! canst thou talk of Heaven and Justice?

Think of thy Friend, who lov'd thee like a Sister.

Oh think of *Iopano*, and by whom

Thy Husband and thy Friend are now no more. [*weeps*]

*Luc.* See how the Syren with dissembled tears

And Artful Sorrow gilds her loose Desires!

To thee, young Hypocrite, I owe my ruin,

Not to the Force of thy superiour Beauty;

By Spells thou hast seduc'd him.

Cou'd

Cou'd he else, warm with' my embrace, forsake me,  
 And leave the rapture of my Arms for thine?  
 But why am I so much concern'd to Lose  
 A Conquest I abhor?

Go perjur'd! and enjoy your guilty Loves.  
 Guilt, will enough avenge me, and Remorse. [Exit]

*Luc.* What hast thou done *Phorsano*? By thy means  
 My Honour will become as foul as Hers.  
 More Cruel thou! than *Renegades* or *Turks*,  
 Than *Africk* Robbers, or a winter Storm;  
 Compar'd to thee, the Savages were Kind,  
 Humane and Gentle. Oh that I had fallen  
 By Seas or Pyrates! I shou'd then have dy'd  
 Possess't of what is dearer than my Life.  
 A spotless Fame, like all my wishes, pure.

*Phor.* Malice nor Envy cannot hurt thy Vertue  
 O're me victorious, till I see thy Eyes,  
 And then the Fever burns, and I relapse.  
 Peace to my lovely Innocence: For soon  
 Thy Sister of her Error shall repent,  
 Adore thee as a Saint, and on her Knees  
 Implore thy Pardon, and confess her sin. [Exit]

*Luc.* In what a Maze of Misery I walk!  
 An Orphan and a Stranger in the World;  
 No Friend to be the Partner of my Woe.  
 Oh I *Opano* happy in thy Tomb  
 Cou'd'st thou have born to see thy Bed defil'd,  
 Thy House abus'd, and me the Sport of Fame?  
 An out-cast Living on a Tyrants alms [Chains,  
 Sure 'twou'd have rackt thee worse than Want or  
 Than Whips, and Wheels, or all the Plagues of Life;  
 Driv'n thee to Madness as it works on me  
 Pierc't thee with Wounds thy Nature could not bear,  
 And kill'd thee with the worst of Deaths, Despair.

*The End of the First Act.*

ACT 2d