

DON CARLOS,

PRINCE of SPAIN.

A

TRAGEDY.

Ad As it was Acted at the

DUKE'S THEATRE.

Written by THO. OTWAY.

Principibus placuisse Viris non ultima Laus est. Hor.

The Fifth Edition, Corrected.

LONDON,

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Square 1704.

T O
His Royal Highness

T H E

D U K E.

S I R,

TIS an approv'd Opinion, There's not so unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition: For certainly he lives to very little Use that only toils in the same Round, and because he knows where he is, though in a dirty Road, dares not venture on a smoother Path, for fear of being lost. That I am not the Wretch I condemn, Your Royal Highness may be sufficiently convinc'd, in that I durst presume to put this Poem under Your Patronage. My Motives to it were not ordinary: For, besides my own Propensity to take any Opportunity of publishing the extream Devotion I owe Your Royal Highness, the mighty Encouragement I received from Your Approbation of it when presented on the Stage, was hint enough to let me know at whose Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilst I do this, I am sensible the Curious World will expect some Panegyrick on those Heroick Virtues, which are throughout it so much Admir'd. But as they are a Theam too great for my Undertaking, so only to endeavour at the Truth of 'em, must, in the distance between my Obscurity and their Height, savour of a Flattery, which in Your Royal Highness's Esteem I would not be thought guilty of: Tho' in that part of 'em which relates to my self (viz. Your Favours shower'd on a Thing so mean as I am) I know not how to be silent. For You were not only

The Epistle Dedicatory.

so indulgent as to bestow Your Praise on this, but even (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my First Essay of this nature, and add yet the encouragement of Your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiss Your Royal Highness's Hand, in token of your Permission to make a Dedication to You of the Second. I must confess, and boast, I am very proud of it; - and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am undeserving. Yet when I consider You never give your Favours precipitately, but that it is a certain Sign of some Desert when You vouchsafe to promote: I, who have terminated my best Hopes in it, should do Wrong to your Goodness, should I not let the World know my Mind as well as my Condition is rais'd by it. I am certain none that know Your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so Great and so Good a Master; One who (as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near You, and know You by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice. 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all Men created an awful Love and Respect towards You; since in the Firmness of your Resolution the brave and good Man is sure of You, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears You. This I could not pass over, and I hope Your Royal Highness will pardon it, since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to You, who am in nothing so Unfortunate, as that I have not a better Opportunity to let You and the World know how much I am

Your Royal Highness's

most Humble, most Faithful,

and most Obedient Servant,

Tho. Otway.

The PREFACE.

Reader,

TIS not that I have any great affection to Scribbling, that I pester thee with a *Preface*; for amongst Friends, 'tis almost as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with those that write Hackney under *Attorneys*, it will hardly keep us in *Ale and Cheese*. Honest *Ariosto* began to be sensible of it in his time, who makes his Complaint to this Purpose;

*I pity those who in these latter Days
Do Write, when Bounty hath shut up her Gate;
Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their Labours oft have but a Mock.*

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington's* Translation; had I understood *Italian* I would have given it thee in the Original, but that is not my Talent; therefore to proceed: This Play was the Second that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I must confess, I had often a Titillation to Poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, 'till I got her into a Corner in the Country; and then, like a bashful young Lover, when I had her private, I had Courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produc'd any thing; 'till at last, I know not how, e'er I was aware, I found my self Father of a Dramatique Birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades*: But I might, without Offence to any Person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*; for my Hero, to do him right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggl'd at the obliging the Passion of a young and a beautiful Lady, as I should my self, had I the same Opportunities, which I have given him. This I publish to antedate the Objections some People may make against that Play, who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very severe, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am sure I never disoblig'd them; nor have they, (thank my good Fortune) much injur'd me: In the mean while I forgive 'em, and
since

The PREFACE.

since I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom. I am well satisfy'd I had the greatest Party of Men of Wit and Sense on my side; amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I received from the *Earl of R.* who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seem'd almost to make it his Business, to establish it in the good Opinion of the *King* and his *Royal Highness*; from both of which I have since received Confirmations of their good Liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all Gratitude confess, I owe the greatest part of my good Success in this, and on whose Indulgency I extreamly build my Hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to my self what a great many, and those (I am sure) of good Judgment too, have been so kind to afford me, (*viz.*) That it is the best Heroick Play that has been written of late; for, I thank Heaven, I am not yet so vain. But this I may modestly boast of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, those whose Souls were capable of so Noble a Pleasure; for 'twas not my Business, to take such as only come to a Play-House to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Though a certain Writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask'd his Opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock'd, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a Line in it he would be Author of.* But he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my Friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of. And so, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewel.

THE

T H E

P R O L O G U E.

WHEN first our Author took this Play in Hand,
He doubted much, and long was at a stand.

He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred Things.

Not as they're represented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage!

Us'd only just for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worse, made Villains all, or Fools.

Besides, the Characters he shows to Night,
He found were very difficult to Write:

He found the Fame of France and Spain at Stake,
Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which Part to take;

'Till this his Judgment safest understood,
To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.

But now the greatest stop was yet unpast,
He found himself, alas! confin'd too fast.

He is a Man of Pleasure, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to Business bow,

'Till at the last he did this Conquest get,
To make his Pleasure Whetstone to his Wit,

So sometimes for Variety he writ.

But as those Block-heads, who Discourse by Rote,
Sometimes speak Sense although they rarely know't.

So he scarce knew to what his Work would grow;
But 'twas a Play, because it would be so:

Yet well he knows this is a weak Pretence,
For Idleness is the worst want of Sense.

Let him not now of Carelessness be tax'd,

He'll write in earnest, when he writes the next;

Mean while——

Prune his superfluous Branches, never spare;

Yet do it kindly, be not too severe;

He may bear better Fruit another Year.

} }
Persons

Persons Represented.

By

<i>Philip II. King of Spain.</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Don Carlos, his Son.</i>	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
<i>Don John of Austria.</i>	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>
<i>Marquis of Posa, the Prince's Confident.</i>	<i>Mr. Crosby.</i>
<i>Rui-Gomez.</i>	<i>Mr. Medburn.</i>
<i>Queen of Spain.</i>	<i>Mrs. Mary Lee.</i>
<i>Dutchess of Eboli, Wife to R. Gomez.</i>	<i>Mrs. Shadwell.</i>
<i>Henrietta.</i>	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
<i>Garcia.</i>	<i>Mrs. Gilloy.</i>
<i>Officer of the Guards.</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>

Don

DON CARLOS,
PRINCE of SPAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, A Palace Royal.

*The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen attended,
Don Carlos, the Marquiss of Posa, Rui-Gomez, &c.
Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, Attendants, Guards.*

King. **H**Appy the Monarch on whose Brow no Cares
Add weight to the bright Diadem he wears;
Like me, in all that he can wish for, blest.

Renown and Love, the gentlest Calms of Rest
And Peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast.

To me great Nations Tributary are;
Though whilst my vast Dominions spread so far,
Where most I Reign, I must pay Homage, here.

[To the Queen.]

Approach bright Mistress of my purest Vows,
Now shew me him that more Religion owes
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more devoutly bows.

Don Carlos. So Merchants, cast upon some Savage Coast,
Are forc'd to see their dearest Treasures lost.

Curse! What's Obedience? A false Notion made
By Priests, who when they found old Cheats decay'd,
By such new Arts kept up declining Trade.

[Aside.]

A Father? Oh! ———

King. ——— Why does my Carlos shrowd
His Joy, and when all's Sunshine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this Fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride,
Shall such a Noble Race of Heroes spring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know,
Than what already I enjoy in you.
The brightest Ornaments of Crowns and Pow'rs,
I only can admire as they are yours.

King. Heav'n! how he stands unmov'd! not the least shew
Of Transport.

D. Car. ——— Not admire your Happiness? I do
As much admire it as I reverence you.

Let me express the mighty Joy I feel.

Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel. [Kneels to the Queen.]

Queen. How hard it is his Passion to confine!
I'm sure 'tis so, if I may judge by mine.

Alas, my Lord, y'are too obsequious now.

[Aside.
To Carlos.]

D. Car. Oh! might I but enjoy this Pleasure still,
Here would I worship, and for ever kneel.

Queen. For Heav'n, my Lord, you know not what you do.

King. Still there appears Disturbance on his Brow;
And in his Looks an Earnestness I read,
Which from no common Causes can proceed.
I'll probe him deep——

[Aside.]

———When, when, my dearest Joy,
Shall I the mighty Debt of Love defray?

[To the Queen.]

Hence to Love's secret Temples let's retire,
There on his Altars kindle th' Am'rous Fire,
Then Phoenix-like each in the Flame expire.
Still he is fix'd——

[Looking on Don Carlos.]

———Gomez, observe the Prince.

[To R. Gomez.]

Yet smile on me my Charming Excellence.

Virgins should only Fears and Blushes shew;

But you must lay aside that Title now.

The Doctrine which I preach, by Heav'n is good:

Oh the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield?
Now Fate her utmost Malice has fulfill'd.

Carlos, farewell; for since I must submit——

King. Now wing'd with Rapture let us fly, my Sweet.
My Son, all Troubles from thy Breast resign,

And let thy Father's Happiness be thine. [Ex. K. and Q. attended.]

D. Car. What King, what God would not his Pow'r forego,
To enjoy so much Divinity below?
Did'st thou behold her, Posa?

Posa. Sir, I did.

D. Car. And is she not a sweet one? Such a Bride,
O Posa, once she was decreed for mine:

Once I had hopes of Bliss. Had'st thou but seen

How blest, how proud I was, if I could get

But leave to lye a Prostrate at her Feet.

Don Carlos, Prince of Spain.

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Ev'n with a Look I could my Pains beguile;
Nay she in pity too would sometimes Smile;
Till at the last my Vows successful prov'd,
And one Day, fighting, she confess'd she lov'd.
Oh! then I found no Limits to our Joy.
With Eyes thus languishing we look'd all Day;
So vigorous and strong we darted Beams,
Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames;
Nothing we found that promis'd not Delight:
For when rude Shades depriv'd us of the Light,
As we had gaz'd all Day, we dreamt all Night.
But after all these Labours undergone,
A cruel Father thus destroys his Son;
In their full Height my choicest Hopes beguiles,
And robs me of the Fruit of all my Toils.
My dearest *Posa*, thou wert ever kind;
Bring thy best Counsel, and direct my Mind.

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here——My Lord.

D. Car. ——Your Business now?

R. Go. I've with Concern beheld your clouded Brow.
Ah! though y' have lost a Beauty well might make

Your strictest Honour and your Duty shake,
Let not a Father's Ills misguide your Mind,
But be Obedient, tho' he's prov'd Unkind.

D. Car. Hence, Cynick, to dull Slaves thy Morals teach;
I have no leisure now to hear thee Preach:
Still you'll usurp a Power o'er my Will.

R. Go. Sir, you my Services interpret ill:
Nor need it be so soon forgot, that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy,
When to my Charge committed, I alone
Instructed you how to expect a Crown;
Taught you Ambition, and War's noblest Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts;
Whilst, though but young,——
You would with Pleasure read of Sieges got,
And smile to hear of bloody Battles fought:
And still, though not control, I may advise.

D. Car. Alas, thy Pride wears a too thin Disguise:
Too well I know the Falshood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me so foul,
That hardly as his Son a Smile I've known,
But always as a Traitor met his Frown.
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd:
Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,