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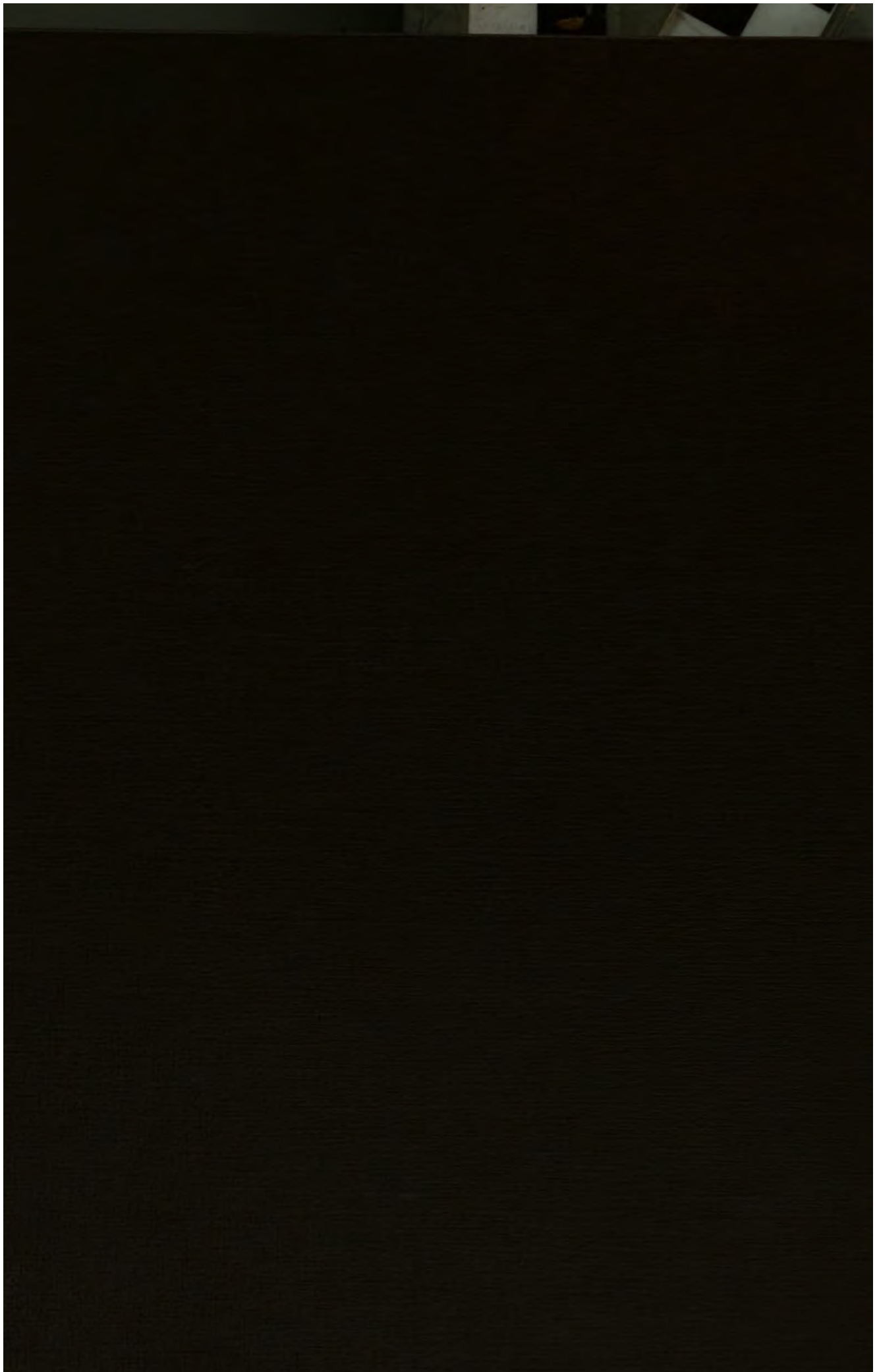
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**THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.**

*The Lovers Progresse.*

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A Tragedy.*"

THE WORKS  
OF  
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE  
EARLY EDITIONS.

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.



IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XI.

THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.  
THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR, THE LITTLE  
THIEF.  
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.  
POEMS BY BEAUMONT.  
POEMS BY FLETCHER.  
INDEX TO THE NOTES.

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**THE WORKS**  
**OF**  
**BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.**

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THE editors agree in stating that this play, having been left imperfect by Fletcher, was finished by some other dramatist. But surely we may gather from the Prologue that the play had been completed by Fletcher (and perhaps that it had been acted during his life); and that *The Lovers' Progress*, as we now possess it, is Fletcher's play, with sundry additions and alterations made by another dramatist for a revival of the piece, a considerable time after Fletcher's death. The Editors of 1778 supposed that the second dramatist was Shirley. Weber thinks that the author in question was Massinger, observing that "the versification bears a much closer resemblance to that of Massinger" than of Shirley, and that "we may discover in the prologue and epilogue the very striking modesty of that amiable poet." Weber is perhaps right.

Langbaine first remarked that "this play is built on a French Romance written by M. Daudiguier, call'd *Lisander and Calista*." *Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 211. The said romance was originally printed at Paris in 1615, without the name of the author (Hery D'audiguier), and entitled *Histoire tragi-comique de notre temps*. In the more recent editions it is called *Histoire des Amours de Lysandre et de Caliste*. It forms a volume of considerable size; and it contains such a crowd of incidents, that the following abridgment has been a difficult task\*.

"*Book I.* In the reign of Henry the Great, there was a young Frenchman named Cleandre, of noble birth, rich, handsome, and distinguished for his valour and virtues. He enjoyed perfect happiness in his marriage with the beautiful and amiable Caliste. A young chevalier called Lysandre, whose courtesy and valour were not to be excelled, became violently enamoured of Caliste, and, for her sake, courted the acquaintance of her husband, who speedily conceived for him an ardent friendship. Lysandre, however, having no opportunity of declaring his passion to Caliste, pined away, and lost his health. Cleandre had a

\* I use an edition printed at Amsterdam in 1663, 12mo.—There is an English translation, entitled *A Tragi-comicall History of Ovr Times, vnder the borrowed names of Lisander and Calista*, 1627, folio. The translator signs the Dedicatory Epistle with the initials W.D.

country-seat called Beauplan ; and, hoping that the fresh air would benefit Lysandre, he removed him thither from Paris, accompanied by Caliste and several friends. But the change of place produced no good effect on the love-sick youth. One day, while Caliste and her brother-in-law Beronte were taking a walk, they overheard Lysandre lamenting, in a thick wood, his passion, and, from his words, discovered its object. Both she and Beronte were equally surprised ; and, after some consultation together, they placed that night in the chamber of Lysandre an anonymous letter (written by Caliste), informing him that the lady was aware of his passion, and urging him to quit the house. He determined to obey the injunction ; and soon after, under pretext of being obliged to attend the court at Fontainebleau, bade adieu to the family, having previously had a tête-à-tête with Caliste, who (though he had made some impression on her heart) assured him that his love was hopeless.—That night, on entering the forest of Fontainebleau, Lysandre rescued an old gentleman from a party of robbers who were about to murder him. They then proceeded together towards the court, the old gentleman informing Lysandre that his name was Dorilas, that he was the father of Caliste, and that he had a son called Lydian : but Dorilas in vain requested to know the name of his deliverer. When they had reached the court, the throng of company forced them to put up in different lodgings. Lysandre went to the dwelling of his friend Clairange, to whom he recounted his late adventure. In the course of the narrative the name of Lydian having been mentioned, Clairange told Lysandre that the said Lydian had been his most intimate friend, his fellow-student, and the companion of his travels, but that now their amity was at an end, in consequence of their both loving a lady whose name was Olinde. Next morning, a gentleman called Alcidon brought to Clairange a challenge from Lydian ; and Lysandre (though greatly unwilling to take part against the brother of Caliste and the son of Dorilas) consented to act as Clairange's second and to encounter Alcidon. They accordingly met Lydian at the place appointed. Alcidon and Lysandre withdrew together to a little distance, and fought while the principals were engaged. Alcidon having fallen to the ground in consequence of his wounds, Lysandre (also wounded) ran to the other party, and finding them both hurt and the sword of Lydian broken, he conjured them to desist from further violence and to renew their ancient friendship : they did so, mutually satisfied with each other's conduct in the duel. Alcidon was carried to Fontainebleau. Lysandre and Clairange proceeded to Paris. Lydian went to Beauplan the country-house of Cleandre (*Book II.*), where, very soon after, Dorilas having

arrived, they both related their adventures, and enlarged on the praises of Lysandre (whom Dorilas discovered to be his preserver from one of his own servants, to whom a valet of Lysandre had told his master's name).—The wounds of Lysandre and Clairange were healed at Paris: but the wound which the former had received from the beauty of Caliste continued still to bleed; and, having written to her a letter entreating her to grant him an interview, he contrived to get it put into her hands by means of her waiting-woman Clarinde. The lady was greatly perplexed; but at last (believing that her husband and his guests were to be absent from the house) she returned an answer consenting to the interview, during which, however, he was to look for no favour beyond that of seeing her and speaking to her. Lysandre hastened to Beauplan. He was admitted (as agreed on) at the garden-gate by Clarinde, who conducted him to the chamber where Caliste was in bed. While he sat on a chair by the side of the bed, Caliste informed him that Cleandre had unexpectedly come home, and that, in order to keep her promise of seeing him, she had feigned herself unwell to her husband, who had consequently retired to sleep in his own apartment. They were suddenly startled by a knocking at the chamber-door. Lysandre, at the bidding of Caliste, concealed himself behind the tapestry, holding a pistol in his hand. Clarinde having opened the door, Cleandre entered: he came to inquire after his wife's health, and told her that he had dreamed that a dragon was in her chamber and on the point of carrying her away. He remained there about an hour. On his departure, Lysandre, not satisfied with a prolonged kiss which he had ravished from Caliste, was proceeding to greater familiarities, when the lady, full of virtuous indignation and deaf to all apologies, insisted that he should immediately leave her. As he was stealing down the stairs, he stumbled, and his pistol going off, the whole family was alarmed. He, however, reached the garden-gate, and escaped, undiscovered, from his pursuers (*Book III.*), while Cleandre returned to the chamber of Caliste to relieve her terrors and inform her that the disturbance had been occasioned by robbers.—Not long after this, Lysandre was again a guest at the country-house of the unsuspecting Cleandre. Baffled in all his attempts to speak with Caliste in private, he made up his mind to go to the wars in Holland; and Cleandre, Alcidon, Lydian, Clairange, and Beronte, determined to accompany him,—to the grief and vexation of Caliste, who now vainly endeavoured to obtain a secret interview with Lysandre, in the hope of inducing him to lay aside his design. To Holland accordingly they went, where they all distinguished themselves, especially Lysandre, whose incredible valour on one occasion preserved the lives of Cleandre

and Lydian; and they returned to France crowned with laurels.—On their departure for Holland, Caliste set out to visit her parents Dorilas and Orante, at Belair their residence in Normandy: as she was on her way thither, she formed an acquaintance with Olinde (the beloved mistress of her brother Lydian); and they parted with mutual assurances of eternal friendship. After passing some time with her parents, Caliste proceeded to Paris, where the court then was, and where certain affairs of her husband required her presence. There a tournament was held, before the king; certain stranger knights having defied to combat with sharp-pointed lances all those of the court. Among the spectators was Caliste, who sat between Olinde and Argire (a lady beloved by Alcidon). At the commencement of the tournament, Cloridan, a great favourite of the king, was severely wounded by one of the strangers, and his majesty consequently put an end to the dangerous sports. The stranger knight who had wounded the favourite proved to be Lysandre, and his companions were Cleandre, Alcidon, Lydian, Clairange, and Beronte.—Soon after, a cousin of Cloridan, assisted by several ruffians, made an attempt to assassinate Lysandre in revenge for the hurts which Cloridan had received at the tilting: they wounded him very severely, but he was rescued by the valour of his friends; and the accident, having excited her pity, increased the tenderness which Caliste felt for him.—(*Book IV.*) Fresh quarrels arising between Lydian and Clairange on account of Olinde (who really loved the former, and had secretly allowed his addresses), it was determined that the matter should be settled by her election of one of them for her husband; and Olinde (offended with both, and thinking that she could at any time easily recal Lydian) declared that ‘they must both absent themselves from her, and that she would marry him who returned the last.’ Next morning, the disappointed rivals mounted their horses, and, without taking leave of their friends, quitted Paris: nor could Cleandre, Alcidon, and Beronte, who, fearing that they intended to fight, rode out in search of them, discover whither they had gone.—Lysandre, having now recovered from his wounds, and finding that Caliste, in spite of all the kind attention which he had received from her while confined to his chamber, was not to be moved by his suit, took leave of Cleandre, saying that he was so troubled on account of Lydian and Clairange, that he had resolved to seek them out, and not to desist till he had found the one or the other. He went straight to the house of his sister Ambrise, a beautiful widow who resided in Burgundy: she endeavoured to divert his melancholy, but in vain; it terminated in a strange and violent illness.—At this time Cleandre was obliged to take a journey into Italy, in order to dispose

of some property which he possessed at Naples, whither he occasionally went. During his absence Beronte was to reside with Caliste. Having reached Aquapendente, Cleandre with some difficulty obtained a chamber at an inn which he had formerly used: he learned that the host, with whom he had been well acquainted, was now dead. The chamber, they informed him, was haunted by spirits; but Cleandre chose rather to sleep in it than to pass the night in the street; and, having been shewn into it, he found that it was the same apartment which he had been accustomed to occupy. He had supper; and his attendants, having undressed him, withdrew. As he was sitting by the fire, he heard a noise, and, turning round, beheld the spectre of his old acquaintance the host enter the chamber. 'I come,' it said, 'to tell you that I have been murdered, and to entreat that you will bury my body, which you will find in a well, covered with stones.' Cleandre promised to do so, and the ghost vanished. Early the following morning Cleandre gave an account of the vision to a magistrate; and, the well having been searched, the body was discovered and buried. Next night, at the same hour as before, the ghost again stood beside Cleandre: 'I come,' it said, 'to thank you, and to ask if there be anything which I can do to serve you.' 'Nothing,' answered Cleandre; and it was about to vanish, when he recalled it, and said, 'I request you, if you are able, to give me warning of my death three days before it happens.' 'I will, if I can,' replied the ghost, and disappeared.—Meanwhile, Lysandre was in Burgundy with his sister Ambrise, struggling against his strange malady: sometimes he lost the powers of motion, speech, and sight; when they returned, he was tormented by frightful visions, talked distractedly, and committed all sorts of extravagancies. Physic could do nothing for him, and Ambrise sent for spiritual assistance to a neighbouring Capuchin convent. Certain friars came; and one of them proved to be Clairange, who, banished by Olinde, had renounced the world, and now talked with great eloquence of the joys of monastic life. Either in consequence of the prayers of the good fathers, or because he had vowed that, on recovering, he would make a pilgrimage to our Lady of Montserrat in Catalonia, Lysandre by degrees regained his health. He took leave of his sister and Clairange, and set out on his journey habited as a pilgrim. The news of his illness and of Clairange's having assumed the sacred habit had reached Paris; and Alcidon consequently proceeded to Burgundy. Finding that Lysandre was no longer there, and that Clairange was not to be persuaded to quit the convent, he returned to Paris, to comfort Caliste with the news of Lysandre's recovery, and to inform Olinde of Clairange's unalterable resolution.—Caliste



was now leading a very retired life in Paris, neither visited by, nor visiting, any, except Olinde and Argire: the most valiant and the greatest of the courtiers sighed for her in vain. But her waiting-woman Clarinde was unable to imitate such an example of chastity; and she yielded to the solicitations of Leon, a young gentleman who came frequently to visit Beronte. Caliste, however, dared not chide her with the full severity of a mistress who had nothing to fear, because Clarinde was privy to all that had passed between her and Lysandre.—(*Book V.*) Lysandre accomplished his pilgrimage to our Lady of Montserrat in Catalonia. On rising from his devotions at the great altar, he perceived several men dressed as slaves, and in one of them recognised Cleandre. Their astonishment and joy were mutual. Cleandre related all that had happened to him in Italy; and moreover, that the ship in which he was returning to France had been captured by an Algerine pirate,—that the pirate's vessel, driven by a storm into the gulf of Barcelona, had been taken by a Maltese galley, the commander of which was a Spanish knight,—and that having been set at liberty, and finding himself so near Montserrat, he had now come thither to give thanks to God for his deliverance. Next day, a celebrated youthful hermit of the Mountain delivered a sermon in the church to a crowd of pilgrims: this hermit turned out to be no other than Lydian, who had been driven to that recluse life by the sentence of Olinde. The consequence of this unexpected and happy discovery was, that they all three (without changing the dresses which they then wore) returned together to France, and, a month after, arrived in Burgundy. Ambrise had quitted it to visit Caliste at Paris; but they found Clairange at the monastery; and he and Lydian embraced each other with the greatest affection, Clairange declaring that, in retiring to a cloister, he had given up all pretensions to the hand of Olinde. Cleandre and Lydian then set out for Dijon, where it was agreed that Clairange should join them, when he had obtained permission from his Superiors to pass some time in the Capuchin convent at Paris: the license was forthwith granted, and they all four proceeded together to the capital.—Caliste continued to reside in Paris: her mother Orante and Ambrise were with her, and she had the occasional society of Olinde and Argire. She was in great anxiety about her absent husband, as also about Lydian and Lysandre; and not a little annoyed by the conduct of Clarinde, who now did not scruple to receive her paramour Leon in her chamber after Caliste had retired to rest. The patience of the mistress was at last exhausted; and she dismissed the licentious waiting-woman from her service. Beronte finding Clarinde in tears, she told

him that the sadness of Caliste was caused solely by the absence of Lysandre, whom she had admitted into her bed-chamber at Beauplan ; and that she herself had been dismissed because she would not approve of her mistress's dishonourable passion. Beronte bade Clarinde keep the matter secret, and, going to Caliste, he prevailed upon her to take the woman again into her service.—One evening, when Caliste, Orante, Ambrise, and other friends had met to witness the betrothal of Argire and Alcidon, there entered successively, to the surprise and delight of the company, Lysandre (dressed as a pilgrim), Cleandre (as a slave), Clairange (as a friar), and Lydian (as a hermit) : the ceremony for which the company had assembled now took place ; and, at the earnest request of Clairange, Olinde consented also to be betrothed to Lydian.—(*Book VI.*) Soon after, Lysandre was forced into a duel with Cloridan, who, desirous to recover the honour which he had lost at the tournament, sent him a challenge by his friend Chrisante. They met, and Cloridan was slain : Chrisante, eager to avenge his fall, also fought with Lysandre, and was so roughly handled by him, that he presently expired. The news of this combat flying abroad, the king, enraged at the death of his favourite Cloridan, gave orders to pursue and seize Lysandre, who was known to have slain him. Lysandre, however, was safely concealed in the apartment of Clairange at the Capuchin convent, where the severe wounds which he had received in the encounter were healed by one of the monks, and from whence Clairange bore tidings of their friend to Cleandre and Caliste. Lysandre being now able to travel, Cleandre sent on to his country-seat Caliste, her mother Orante, Ambrise, Olinde, and Argire, under the care of Beronte ; he himself followed with Lydian, Alcidon, and Lysandre ; the last-mentioned being to remain at Beauplan till they had resolved what course he should adopt. He was advised by Cleandre to withdraw into Flanders till the anger of the king should subside, and (though grieved to part from Caliste, whom he loved as passionately as ever) he followed this advice ; upon which, the other guests quitted Beauplan, Ambrise being conducted into Burgundy by her lover Beronte, Orante returning into Normandy with Lydian, and Olinde, Argire, and Alcidon going back to Paris.—Cleandre and Caliste were now living at their country-seat in a solitude broken only by the visit of Cleandre's kinsman Varasque, who had been his guardian. One night Cleandre was wakened by a knocking at the gate : twice he sent his valet to inquire the cause of it, and twice the valet declared that nobody was to be seen. Towards morning, the noise being repeated, Cleandre went alone to the gate, opened it, and beheld the ghost of the Italian innkeeper, whose body he had caused to be buried at Aquapendente. 'I come,' it said,

‘ to perform my promise, and to tell you that you must die three days hence :’ it then vanished. Cleandre in much alarm returned to bed, and informed Caliste of what he had seen and heard : she, though greatly agitated, endeavoured to comfort him, and bade him not attach any importance to such fantastic illusions. Varasque also was told of the apparition : and a priest was brought from a neighbouring convent to reconcile Cleandre to his Maker, while he waited quietly for what should happen.— Clarinde, unable to endure the absence of her paramour Leon, summoned him from Paris, and introduced him into the house by the garden-gate. She placed him in the bed-chamber of Caliste, supposing that her mistress (as she had been accustomed to do of late) would on that night sleep in the apartment of Cleandre. It happened, however, that Caliste, finding the dreaded three days now expired, and being over-worn with watching, quitted, at midnight, her husband’s chamber for her own. Leon, escaping from it, met her on the stairs with a drawn sword in his hand. She uttered a cry of surprise and terror. Cleandre ran to her in his dressing-gown, seized Leon, and took possession of his sword ; when Leon wounded him mortally with a poniard, and fled unrecognised by any. Cleandre was carried to bed, still holding in his hand the sword which he had wrested from Leon, and which he now knew to be that of Lysandre. (Leon had picked it up from the ground, after Lysandre’s combat with Cloridan and Chrisante, and had worn it ever since.) Cleandre took a most affectionate farewell of Caliste, and bade her not for a moment imagine that Lysandre was privy to his murder ; ‘ I conjure you,’ he said, ‘ to love Lysandre next to me, as I have loved him next to you.’ At dawn (at the very hour of the ghost’s appearance three days before) he expired, leaving Caliste overwhelmed with sorrow. A discovery was made that the murderer had entered by the garden-gate ; and there was every reason to believe that Clarinde had opened it to him. She confessed it, boldly asserting too that she had done so by the order of Caliste, and that the murderer was Lysandre ; and she referred them to Beronte, whom she had formerly told of the secret meetings between Lysandre and her mistress. Caliste, now charged with being an accomplice in her husband’s murder, was conveyed to Paris and there lodged in prison.—(*Book VII.*) Clarinde was confined in another chamber of the same prison. After performing the obsequies of Cleandre, Varasque came to Paris to urge the law against Caliste. Beronte arrived there from Burgundy, and was confronted with Clarinde ; and, as he confirmed what she had said of the information which she had formerly given him, there appeared to be no doubt of the guilt of Caliste, who was kept a close prisoner. Olinde, Alcidon, and Argire, who were then at Paris, Ambrise, who was in Burgundy,

and especially Lydian and the unhappy lady's parents who were in Normandy, were all struck with astonishment and sorrow. Clairange had quitted Paris, and was travelling to Rome.—Lysandre was then at Brussels, whither Alcidon despatched a messenger to inform him of what had occurred. He was nearly distracted by the intelligence, and forthwith repaired to the dwelling of Alcidon in Paris: there he saw Argire and Olinde; but he dared not appear in public, the king's anger for the death of Cloridan being unabated. With great difficulty, and not till he had disguised himself, Lysandre contrived to correspond by letter with Caliste, whose trial, through the exertions of Olinde, was put off till her relations should reach Paris. By bribing the turn-key, Caliste, after some delays and impediments, effected her escape from prison, and was carried by Lysandre and Alcidon to the abode of the latter.—(*Book VIII.*) She then fled from Paris, accompanied by Lysandre, to Brussels. On arriving there, in order to avoid the scandal which might arise from her being in the same lodging with Lysandre, she withdrew to the house of the French ambassador, with whose wife she was acquainted. The French king discovered their retreat, and sent orders to his ambassador to seize Lysandre and Caliste; but, the ambassador's wife having warned them of this new danger, they fled into Friesland. Lysandre had, as may be supposed, renewed his addresses to Caliste: however, all he could obtain was a promise of her hand eventually, if her relations would consent to their union.—Ambrise in consequence of a letter which she had received from Lysandre, and Lydian summoned by one from Olinde, now arrived in Paris. Alcidon gave Beronte a particular account of the treachery of Clarinde and of Lysandre's innocence; and, as the presence of Leon (who had disappeared) was necessary for a full clearing-up of the whole affair, Alcidon, Lydian, and Beronte, having sworn never to rest till they had found him and brought him to Paris, set out in different directions on their search.—While Caliste and Lysandre were in Friesland, it happened that a lord of that country named Beranger fell in love with Caliste, who consequently besought Lysandre to remove her elsewhere. He proposed that they should retire into Gascony; to which she agreed, on condition that he first conducted her into Normandy where she might endeavour to recover the favour of her parents. They were already on the borders of Friesland, when an attempt was made by Beranger and his attendants to carry off Caliste, which terminated in his receiving a death-wound from Lysandre. Proceeding on their journey, they entered Normandy, and were now at no great distance from Belair, the dwelling of the parents of Caliste. Not daring to approach

them under the present circumstances, Caliste wrote letters to them, which were taken to the house by Lysandre dressed as a valet. He was not recognised by Dorilas; but, giving way to his feelings during a conference with Orante, he betrayed himself to her (with whom he had always been a favourite). Three days after, Dorilas (who did not know that his daughter was so near him) set out for Paris to make intercession at court in the affairs of Caliste and Lysandre; for he had learned from the disguised messenger all the particulars of Clarinde's treachery, and of the loss of Lysandre's sword. On the departure of Dorilas, Lysandre, having accompanied Caliste to the neighbourhood of her parents' residence, took a tender farewell, and received the strongest assurances of her unceasing love and gratitude. Orante welcomed her daughter with all affection. Dorilas pleaded so successfully the cause of Lysandre at court, that the king consented to pardon him for the deaths of Cloridan and Chrisante on condition that he should make his appearance within a month, and clear himself from the charge of Cleandre's murder. Dorilas then returned home; and, learning from Caliste whither Lysandre had retreated, he wrote to him a letter informing him of what the king had said, and urging him not to fail in appearing within the appointed time: Caliste also wrote a letter to Lysandre. But these epistles never reached their destination, the bearer of them having been drowned in a river.—(*Book IX.*) On parting from Caliste, Lysandre took the road to Paris, determining to enter it by night, and pay a short visit to his friends there. When near St. Germain, he rescued, with great valour, from the hands of the provost's archers the turn-key who had liberated Caliste from prison, and who immediately after had fled. He now abandoned his design of entering Paris, and taking with him the turn-key (who henceforth became his valet), set out with all speed for Gascony, and in a few days reached Miramont, the house of his parents Adraste and Hiperestre. Not having seen him for ten years, they were delighted at his unexpected arrival. His father, wishing to detain him at home, introduced him to an heiress called Ypolite, hoping that he would be fascinated by her and become her husband. She was beautiful, rich, and virtuous; and besides, like another Amazon, was well skilled in the use of arms. But she made no impression on the heart of Lysandre, which was already devoted to Caliste: the young lady, however, was not insensible to the attractions of Lysandre, for whom she conceived a very ardent passion.—Lydian having sought in vain for Leon, and now anxious to see Olinde, returned to Paris. During the last visit of Dorilas to that city, Lucidan, a nephew of the slain Chrisante, had besought the king to proceed in avenging the murder of his uncle and Cloridan; and, as he had expressed

an eager desire to fight with Lysandre, Dorilas had accepted the challenge in his stead ; but their further proceedings had been stopt by the king. Lydian, having heard of the angry words which had passed between them, challenged Lucidan, and fought with him, both being severely wounded in the duel. The friends of Lydian, fearing lest the law should lay hold on him, conveyed him to Clairval (two leagues distant from Paris) a house belonging to Argire, where she, Olinde, and Ambrise kept him company.—The time when Lysandre should appear before the king having passed away, and no tidings of him being heard, Dorilas came to Paris with the intention of meeting Lucidan in the field ; and was much vexed to find that his design had been anticipated by his son. He went to Clairval ; whither also Orante and Caliste quickly and secretly repaired, having been informed by a letter from Dorilas of the wounds which Lydian had received.—By means of their mutual friends, Lydian and Lucidan were reconciled to each other at Clairval ; where Lucidan, captivated by the beauty of Caliste, offered her all the services in his power, professing to look for no other recompense except the honour of being called her knight ; and he returned to Paris equally anxious to win Caliste as to destroy Lysandre. He now represented to the king that the non-appearance of Lysandre was an unquestionable proof of his guilt ; and the king ordained that, if, within three weeks, Lysandre or some friend in his stead, did not enter the lists against Lucidan, Lysandre should be considered as a criminal, and seized by the hand of justice : the fight was to take place in the presence of the king, the combatants on horseback and completely armed. Dorilas, hearing his majesty's decree, despatched Lydian from Clairval for Lysandre. Going himself soon after to Paris, he learned from some gentlemen of Gascony that Lysandre was living a slave to the charms of Ypolite : he attributed to this new passion the disregard which Lysandre had shewn to his letters, and regretted that he had sent off Lydian. Returning to Clairval, he related what he had heard. Though Caliste had sufficient self-command to restrain her feelings in the presence of the party there assembled, she abandoned herself in private to all the agonies of grief, rage, and jealousy. The family being asleep, she stole from her chamber to that of the absent Lydian, dressed herself in his clothes (not forgetting to put on his sword), and then, having taken from the stable the best horse of Dorilas, she rode along the first path which chance presented to her in the darkness. When next morning her flight was discovered, and persons had been sent after her in vain, the despair of her parents may be conceived.—Meanwhile Adraste's endeavours to bring about a marriage between his son and Ypolite proved unsuccessful. At last, Lysandre,

feigning to accede to his father's wishes, waited on the lady in the assumed character of her lover; and immediately after, on pretence of visiting the court for a time, he set out with all speed for Normandy, to join Caliste whom he supposed to be there. But, when he had reached Bourdeaux, hearing that a magnificent tournament was to take place in England, he determined to be present at it: accordingly, having written a letter to Caliste, and despatched it by his valet (the quondam turn-key), he started for England. Adraste found that Lysandre had deceived him; and his vexation was at its height, when Lydian arrived at Miramont, told him what had happened at Paris, and was informed that Lysandre had never received the letters of Dorilas and Caliste. Next day, Lydian, having learned from Ypolite the route of Lysandre, endeavoured to overtake him; but in vain; and hearing of the tournament which was to be held in England, he resolved to go to it,—a resolution which he would not have adopted, had he not imagined that Lysandre was then travelling to court.—The horse on which Caliste had mounted, having been accustomed to make journeys to Paris, carried her towards that city, where she arrived at day-break, and where she obtained lodgings in the most retired quarter. She then sent for an armourer, and desired him to furnish her with a suit of black armour, with a device and motto. She intended to meet Lucidan as Lysandre's substitute at the appointed combat, expecting to be slain, and that her death would punish both the (supposed) false Lysandre and Lucidan.—On his arrival in London, Lysandre ordered a rich suit of armour, with a device and motto. Lydian arrived there a day after him, and also ordered a splendid suit of armour, with a device and motto. The tournament was to last for three days; and the knight who remained sole victor was to receive a sword formerly worn by King Arthur, and a necklace of precious stones for his mistress. On the first day, four English knights overthrew all opposers. On the second, two stranger knights presented themselves (differing from each other in their armour, devices, and mottoes), and vanquished the four English knights and all others who encountered them. On the third, Lysandre (whose armour was not ready till then) entered the lists, and overcame the two stranger knights. Soon after, Lydian (who could not get his armour till towards the close of the tournament) made his appearance. A long and tremendous combat now took place between Lysandre and Lydian: the latter, nearly overcome, lost his helmet; and Lysandre, astonished at the sight of his friend, said, 'Knight, I ought to have known you by your valour without having seen your face'; and, unwilling to be recognised, he would have yielded up the victory to Lydian and withdrawn himself from the field. But, the

judges interfering, Lysandre was obliged to remove his helmet. He and Lydian were embracing each other tenderly, when the two stranger knights taking off their helmets, shewed themselves to be Alcidon and Beronte. They were all four conducted to the king, who presented the sword and necklace to Lysandre, and rewarded the valour of the others. Early next day, the four friends embarked at Dover for Calais: a storm was evidently approaching; but Lysandre, who had learned from Lydian how necessary his presence was at Paris, would not wait till it had spent its fury.—Caliste, having procured the armour which she had ordered, put it on some days before the expiration of the time ordained for the appearance of Lysandre or his champion, and went from Paris to Surennes; from thence she sent a cartel to Lucidan, challenging him to meet, on the plains of Surennes, a knight who was the friend of Lysandre, and consequently the mortal foe of Lucidan. The answer was—that Lucidan declined a private combat, and would appear in the lists at the time and place appointed by the king. Caliste now determined to retire for the present into the abbey of Longchamp; and she was proceeding thither, when she met her old acquaintance the turn-key (now Lysandre's valet), who had been sent into Normandy with a letter for her, and who, not having found her there, was on his way to Paris to inquire concerning her of Olinde. Caliste discovered herself to him; and he gave her the letter as well as assurances that Lysandre was still her faithful lover. Though well pleased at this intelligence, she nevertheless continued fixed in her desire to die by the hand of Lucidan; for she felt somewhat angry at Lysandre on account of the suspicions which he had occasioned her; and, after the steps which she had taken, how could she again shew herself among her relations and friends? Having left her armour and horse at a neighbouring cottage, she withdrew into the abbey of Longchamp till the day of combat.—Dorilas, hearing no news either of Lysandre or Lydian, resolved to present himself against Lucidan on the appointed day; and, without telling his intention to any one, went from Clairval to Paris, and ordered a suit of black armour, with a device and motto.—Adraste, receiving no intelligence from Lydian concerning his son, proceeded to court, where he expected to find the latter; and, being disappointed, determined to appear as his champion, and ordered a suit of gray armour, with a device and motto.—The long-looked-for day arrived; the spot chosen for the combat was an open space in Paris. Adraste, Dorilas, and Caliste, each in armour, and mounted on a good steed, entered the lists severally, not knowing each other nor each other's intentions. From the opposite side entered Lucidan, in gorgeous armour, with a device and motto. The



king and court having taken their places, the three knights each demanded leave to maintain the honour of Lysandre, not only against Lucidan, but against all others who should impeach it. At last, the king signified his pleasure that only one of them should engage with Lucidan, that lots should be drawn to determine which of them should oppose him, and that Lysandre should be considered innocent or guilty according to the issue of that encounter. Already the lots were about to be drawn, when a fourth knight entered, who put a stop to the proceedings.—The storm which threatened Lysandre, Lydian, Alcidon, and Beronte, on their departure from Dover, soon burst upon the vessel with the utmost fury : while it was raging, Lysandre, who had jumped into a boat, was borne away from the ship ; and the others reached Calais greatly disconcerted at their separation from him. Next day they set out for Paris, each intending to take Lysandre's part against Lucidan.—Lysandre was carried by the billows to Jersey ; and, having landed there with much difficulty and peril, he saw at the mouth of a cave a young hermit who was uttering loud lamentations.—The knight who had interrupted the drawing of the lots was mounted on a snow-white steed, and wore white armour, with a device and motto. He saluted the king, said that he was more interested in this combat than the other three knights, and requested that, if he should not be preferred to them as Lysandre's champion, at least his name should be put with theirs into the helmet which contained the lots. This was granted. He termed himself Lysandre's Knight ; and, to the great regret of the others, his name was drawn the first. He and Lucidan rushed against each other with such violence that their lances were shivered ; they then unsheathed their swords, and fought with admirable valour, neither giving way, during the space of about two hours : at last they broke off the combat for a while, to gain breath for a fresh encounter. Three other knights now entered the field ; and one of them made a long harangue to the king concerning Lysandre, which induced his majesty to put certain questions both to Lysandre's Knight and to Lucidan : their answers confirmed what had just been stated ; and the king, to the joy of all present, pronounced Lysandre guiltless with respect to the deaths of Cloridan and Chrisante. The knight who had addressed the king was found to be Beronte ; and his companions were Lydian and Alcidon. The king then commanded Lucidan to embrace Lysandre's Knight and the other three unknown knights who had first appeared against him. Lysandre's Knight proved to be Ypolite ; and no sooner did Lucidan behold her face than it banished his recollection of Caliste, and fired him with love for the fair Amazon. She was presented by the king to the queen

with many courteous words. Dorilas and Adraste also discovered themselves; and all were happy except Caliste. Conceiving from the recent conduct of Ypolite that Lysandre was untrue, she stole from the crowd; and having taken off her armour, withdrew to a lodging in Longchamp in deep affliction.—(*Book X.*) Alcidon, having learned from Lysandre's valet (the turn-key) that Caliste was the unknown knight who, together with Dorilas and Adraste, had appeared against Lucidan, and that she was now at Longchamp, immediately proceeded thither. After a long conversation with her, he persuaded her of Lysandre's fidelity, and advised her for the present to remove into the abbey of Longchamp. She followed his advice. Alcidon then set out with Lydian for Clairval, where Argire, Olinde, Orante, and Ambrise were residing, and, on the road, he informed Lydian that he had discovered Caliste.—Dorilas and Adraste were lodging at Paris in great friendship. Ypolite also remained in that city, captivating all the courtiers, while her thoughts were only on Lysandre. By the king's command, strict search had been made for the unknown knight (Caliste); but in vain. One day, however, when Ypolite, Adraste, Dorilas, and Lucidan (the last being constant in his attendance on Ypolite) were at the Louvre, the arms and horse of the unknown knight were brought thither; and Dorilas, immediately recognising his own steed, was secretly convinced that the unknown knight must be his daughter. He forthwith went to Clairval, where he learned all the particulars concerning her. Ambrise, hearing now that Adraste was at Paris, left Clairval to visit him, and was accompanied to the capital by all her friends.—At the request of Ypolite, the king granted that, the armour of the unknown knight being publicly set up, she should guard it for eight days against any one who might attempt to take it down (Ypolite thinking that it belonged to Lysandre, who had lost it by some accident). She had also requested that she might maintain by combat the innocence of Lysandre and Caliste in the affair of Cleandre's murder, Adraste entreating that he might second her in the enterprise; but this was rendered unnecessary by Beronte's acknowledgment that he now believed them to be guiltless; upon which the king declared that he would himself hear their cause, and that they might freely come to court to justify themselves.—Adraste (after sending off two of Lysandre's footmen, the one into Normandy, the other into Britain, to seek out their master) rode, with Beronte, towards Clairval to relate the happy tidings concerning Lysandre and Caliste: but, on their way thither, they met Dorilas, Orante, Lydian, Ambrise, Olinde, Alcidon, and Argire, who were returning to Paris. The whole party immediately went to Longchamp, whence, in great joy, they conducted Caliste to

the court, and informed the king that she was the unknown knight. Both his majesty and the queen received her with great kindness. There too she was introduced to Ypolite; and, while high-flown compliments passed between them, each was filled with confusion at the sight of the other. Next morning, Ypolite, distracted by love and jealousy, put on the armour of Caliste (leaving her own in its stead), and, with her maid who was also clothed in armour, departed secretly from Paris.—The hermit, whom Lysandre found uttering lamentations among the rocks of Jersey, proved to be Leon: sorrow for having killed Cleandre and the fear of punishment had driven him to that lonely shore. Lysandre, giving him hopes that the king would be merciful, insisted on his accompanying him to Paris: they accordingly set sail together, and arrived in France. At Rouen Lysandre purchased horses; he also procured a very rich suit of armour with a device and motto. There he met his valet (the turn-key), who had quitted Paris after the combat between Ypolite and Lucidan, and who had been searching for him from city to city. He presented a letter from Caliste, in which she informed Lysandre that she was aware of his love for Ypolite, and wished him all joy with that new object of his affection. Full of grief and astonishment, Lysandre, with the valet and Leon, departed from Rouen, intending to go to Longchamp, where he supposed Caliste still resided. He was about half-way towards Paris, when he met two knights well armed and mounted: they were Ypolite and her maid. Deceived by the armour which Ypolite wore, the valet told Lysandre that it was Caliste. Lysandre, saluting her with great humility, assured her that he had never ceased to love her, and that he had only feigned a passion for Ypolite to please his father. Enraged at these words, and believing that, if she died by his hand, she should amply punish him, Ypolite said, 'Know that I am Lucidan: I have taken this steed and this armour from Caliste, whom I have slain; and I will now either send thee after her, or lose my life in attempting to avenge Chrisante.' They then attacked each other with great fierceness: the supposed Lucidan fell, and Lysandre discovered that it was Ypolite. His surprise and regret were extreme. He caused her to be carried to the nearest village, and had the satisfaction to learn from the surgeon that she was not mortally hurt. Having had his own wounds dressed, he left her there, and, with his valet and Leon, again set out for Paris. Arriving at Pontoise, he happened to sup in company with an attendant of Dorilas, who (not knowing him to be Lysandre) told him, among other news, that Caliste was about to marry Lucidan with the consent of her parents, and that

the king also favoured the match, promising, if it took place, that she should be no more troubled with the charge of Cleandre's murder. This intelligence pierced Lysandre to the heart.—Ypolite, on recovering her senses, was greatly shocked to find that Lysandre had left her so suddenly; and, being herself unable to move, she despatched her maid after him, with a message imploring him to return to her, and assuring him that, having given up all claim to his love, she would accompany him to Paris, and both mediate his peace with the king and his marriage with Caliste.—Meantime, Lucidan, whose passion for Caliste had revived in all its original ardour, was expecting to become her husband, when Varasque suddenly appeared in Paris, and (after obtaining from the Parliament a decree that the king should be humbly entreated to execute justice on those accused of Cleandre's murder), he besought his majesty to grant to him the like combat against the defenders of the innocence of Lysandre and Caliste, as had been granted to Lucidan. This could not be refused: andAdraste insisted on being the person who should meet Varasque, three days hence, in the appointed place of combat (the king reserving to himself the judgment of the cause after they had fought), to the great vexation of Lydian, Alcidon, Lucidan, and Beronte, each of whom was eager for the encounter with a man who had turned so much joy into sorrow.—Lysandre was just about to quit Pontoise for Paris, where he hoped that his presence would put a stop to Lucidan's addresses to Caliste, and intending, if it did not, to fight with him on this fresh quarrel, when Ypolite's maid arrived with the message from her mistress. While he was talking to her, and uncertain how to act, news came in from Paris of the approaching combat betweenAdraste and Varasque. As Lysandre could easily reach the capital before it took place, he resolved in the meantime to see Ypolite. They had a long conversation together; and Ypolite, now content with the friendship of Lysandre instead of his love, accompanied him next morning towards Paris.—Adraste, on one side, entered the lists in the armour which he formerly wore: on the other, entered Varasque in tawny-coloured armour, with a device and motto. Having broken their lances without advantage to either party, they were preparing to attack each other with their swords, when Ypolite, her maid, Lysandre, and Leon appeared in the field. Ypolite, after entreating the king to stop the fight, and to cause the combatants, together with Caliste and Clarinde, to be brought near, told him that it belonged to her, and not toAdraste (who was only her second), to defend Lysandre against Varasque; and she begged that, first of all, his majesty would hear what her companion could say concerning Cleandre's murder. She then presented

Lysandre. He took off his helmet, and justified himself and Caliste by the confession of Leon, who made a full discovery of the circumstances of Cleandre's death. Clarinde too acknowledged her treachery. The king condemned her to spend the rest of her life in a house of Penitents, and banished Leon for ever from the kingdom: he restored Caliste and Lysandre to their former honours; and, for some reparation of their sufferings, adjudged to them the goods of the guilty. Joy and wonder filled all the assembly. Adraste and Varasque embraced each other. Lysandre was welcomed with delight by his friends. But what was his amazement to find that Caliste would not even look at him! when he was about to throw himself at her feet, she turned away, and conversed with Lucidan. This behaviour (which was observed by few) can only be accounted for by supposing that the fair Caliste was not without some of that caprice so common to her sex, and that, besides, she had still suspicions on the score of Ypolite.—Adraste and Dorilas were now agreed that Lysandre and Caliste should be married, not doubting of their instant consent: but when Adraste spoke on that subject to Lysandre, the latter declared, that, in consequence of a vow which he had made, he was under the necessity of performing a pilgrimage to Rome, before he could contract any marriage; and when Dorilas broached the matter to Caliste, she replied, that, having vowed to dedicate herself to a religious life, she intended to retire from the world into the abbey of Longchamp. The two fathers were equally surprised and enraged at these answers, which, however, they kept secret from each other.—Both Lysandre and Caliste reproached themselves for their folly. She would have been glad if Lysandre had made some advances towards a reconciliation, and would willingly have met them half-way. But Lysandre was full of indignation; and, on the evening of the day after that on which she had treated him with such contempt, having supped alone at an inn in the city, he there wrote a letter to Caliste, which he desired his valet (the turn-key) to put into her own hands next morning; and then, at night-fall, going out by the Porte-Neuve, he wandered along the banks of the Seine towards the convent of the Bons-hommes, weeping and cursing his destiny.—Orante was in great distress at her daughter's resolution of retiring into a convent: her anger and lamentations, combined with the entreaties of Olinde and Argire, won from Caliste (who was ready enough to be persuaded) a promise to marry Lysandre as her parents wished; and Orante and Olinde determined that, if possible, the marriage should take place next day. On the morning of that day the valet presented to Caliste the letter from his master: it was of considerable length, and besought her to do him the favour of forgetting a person who had been treated by her so

ungratefully, and who would do all he could to forget her. This epistle quite overcame Caliste : she swooned away, and, on recovering, burst into piteous complaints. Her mother and her friends, not knowing how she had behaved to Lysandre, united in condemning his conduct. An illness was the consequence of her emotion ; but its attack, though very violent, was not fatal.—Lysandre, having run along the banks of the Seine to St. Cloud, passed there a sleepless night. Quitting it early next morning, he proceeded to Mont-Valerien (three leagues from Paris), a spot frequented by hermits. He resolved to become one of them ; and, having previously left his horse in safe keeping at Surennes, established himself in a deserted cell. At first this new mode of life pleased him greatly ; but he could not hinder the image of Caliste from mingling in his holy meditations ; and having struggled against his passion for several months, and his devotion being cooled by the frosts of winter, he was at last heartily sick of the austerities of such an existence.—Caliste was still weak from the effects of her illness, and sad in soul. Lucidan was now devoted to Ypolite, who was not sorry to find herself beloved by him. Beronte continued to pay his addresses to Ambrise. Alcidon and Lydian, who were already betrothed, the former to Argire, the latter to Olinde, and who had only deferred their nuptials in the belief that they would take place together with those of Caliste and Lysandre, resolved to delay their own happiness no longer, and announced to their friends that they were soon to be united. The king and queen signified their intention of honouring the solemnity with their royal presence ; and the queen promised to give a ring to be run at<sup>b</sup> on the occasion.—Two of the hermits of Mont-Valerien having been to Paris, told Lysandre, on their return, of the preparations which were making for the nuptials, and of the regret which was expressed by all for the absence of a knight called Lysandre, particularly by Caliste, who had been dangerously ill. Lysandre now discovered himself to the hermits, and was earnestly advised by them to go back to Paris and endeavour to win the object of his affections. He followed their advice ; and having recovered his steed at Surennes, he went, three days before the ring was to be run at, to Paris, where he obtained an obscure lodging, and ordered a suit of armour. During the day he kept within doors ; but, notwithstanding the severity of the winter, he would pass the whole night in walking up and down before the windows of Caliste's abode, sometimes singing with infinite sweetness. One night Caliste was drawn by his strains from her sleepless bed, and listened at the window ; she knew him ; and, convinced that the Sylvie of whom he sung meant herself, she was greatly

<sup>b</sup> See note, vol. vii. 104.

moved.—Lucidan was, of course, anxious to carry off the ring; and he desired a magician named La-Brosse to tell him who would be the victorious knight. La-Brosse replied that 'the ring would be given to one dead'; an answer which Lucidan thought very absurd.—The day appointed for the sport arrived. Their majesties took their places in the field. Olinde, Argire, Orante, Caliste, Ambrise, and Ypolite were among the numerous spectators. Adraste and Dorilas were chosen judges. Presently entered, in rich armour with devices and mottoes, and mounted on excellent steeds, Alcidon, Lydian, Lucidan, and Beronte; they were followed by many other knights; and the spectacle was magnificent. The sport began. Alcidon, Lydian, Lucidan, and Beronte, having been successful against all the rest, were now contending for the ring among themselves, when another knight made his appearance. He was told that he came too late: but it was agreed that, on certain conditions, he should take his chance for the prize. He wore splendid armour, with a device and motto. Caliste recognised him for Lysandre; as did Ambrise too, but not so certainly. Without describing all the particulars of the contest, it will be sufficient to state that the last-mentioned knight came off victorious; and that after he had run his first course, when the herald demanded his name, he replied, pointing to his device, 'a dead lover' (words which made Lucidan, who recollected what La-Brosse had said, despair of his own success). Adraste and Dorilas conducted the victor to their majesties. The queen presented to him the ring, and expressed a wish to know who he was. He removed his helmet, and discovered himself to be Lysandre. The king then embraced him, while the queen welcomed him very courteously. The wonder was, that, in the general gladness which ensued, Adraste should address the king, and demand justice against his son: he complained bitterly of the strange and refractory conduct of Lysandre, who had twice fled to avoid a union with the very estimable ladies whom his parents wished him to marry. Adraste was here interrupted by Dorilas, who made a complaint to the king about his daughter's disobedience in the matter of marriage, and entreated that his majesty would interfere, and support, by his royal authority, the power of parents over their children. Lysandre, who heard these last words with pleasure, now professed himself sorry for his disobedience, and ready to repair it. The king then asked Caliste what she had to say. Her answer, though she expressed regret for the trouble which she had occasioned her parents, was chiefly a defence of her conduct. She thought it unnecessary to appear more complying, because she fully expected that the king would second her father in forcing her to marry Lysandre: but she soon repented of what she had said. The king decided that, under the present circum-

stances, Adraste and Dorilas had no right to control the wishes of their children. Lysandre now threw himself at the feet of Caliste, and addressed her in a very long and rhetorical speech, touching on his fidelity to her, the services which he had rendered her, the return which they had met, and the solemn assurances of love which she had given him; and declaring that, since she was not moved by his unalterable affection, he would quietly endure the misery to which she condemned him. What followed this oration may easily be imagined: the lady, after a short silence, gave her hand to Lysandre; and on the day of their nuptials (which were celebrated with great pomp), Alcidon was united to Argire, Lydian to Olinde, Lucidan to Ypolite, and Beronte to Ambrise."





## PROLOGUE.

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A STORY, and a known one, long since writ,  
(Truth must take place,) and by an able wit  
(Foul-mouth'd Detraction daring not deny  
To give so much to Fletcher's memory) ;—  
If so, some may object, why then do you  
Present an old piece to us for a new ?  
Or wherefore will your profess'd writer be  
(Not tax'd of theft before) a plagiarist ?  
To this he answers in his just defence,  
And to maintain to all our innocence,  
Thus much ; though he hath travell'd the same way,  
Demanding and receiving too the pay  
For a new poem, you may find it due,  
He having neither cheated us nor you :  
He vows, and deeply, that he did not spare  
The utmost of his strengths and his best care  
In the reviving it ; and though his powers  
Could not, as he desir'd, in three short hours  
Contract the subject, and much less express  
The changes and the various passages  
That will be look'd for, you may hear this day  
Some scenes that will confirm it is a play,  
He being ambitious that it should be known,  
What's good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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King of France.

CLEANDER, husband to CALISTA.

BERONTE, his brother.

DORILAUS, father to CALISTA and LYDIAN.

LYSANDER, friend to CLEANDER.

LYDIAN, } friends, but rivals for OLINDA.  
CLARANGÈ, }

ALCIDON, friend to LYDIAN.

LEMURE, a courtier.

LEON, paramour to CLARINDA.

MALFORT, steward to CLEANDER.

LANCELOT, servant to LYSANDER.

JASPER, servant to DORILAUS.

Friar.

Novice.

Ghost of the Host.

Chamberlain, and Servants.

CALISTA, wife to CLEANDER.

OLINDA, a rich heiress.

CLARINDA, waiting-woman to CALISTA.

SCENE—*The country, except during the fifth act where it is Paris.*

The principal actors were—

Joseph Taylor.	John Lowin.
Robert Benfield.	John Underwood.
Thomas Pollard.	Richard Sharpe.
George Birch.	John Thomson.

THE  
LOVERS' PROGRESS.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in the country-house of CLEANDER.*

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*Enter LEON and MALFORT.*

*Malf.* And, as I told you, sir——

*Leon.* I understand you ;  
Clarinda's still perverse.

*Malf.* She's worse ; obdurate,  
Flinty, relentless ; my love-passions jeer'd at,  
My presents scorn'd.

*Leon.* 'Tis strange, a waiting-woman,  
In her condition, apt to yield, should hold out,  
A man of your place, reverend beard and shape,  
Besieging her.

*Malf.* You might add, too, my wealth,  
Which she contemns ; five hundred crowns *per annum*  
(For which I have ventur'd hard, my conscience knows it)  
Not thought upon, though offer'd for a jointure ;  
This chain<sup>c</sup>, which my lord's peasants worship, flouted ;  
My solemn hums and ha's, the servants quake at,  
No rhetoric with her ; every hour she hangs out  
Some new flag of defiance to torment me :

<sup>c</sup> *chain*] Worn formerly by stewards in great families. Compare vol. ix. 118.

Last Lent my lady call'd me her poor-John<sup>d</sup>,  
 But now I am grown a walking skeleton ;  
 You may see through and through me.

*Leon.* Indeed, you are  
 Much faln away.

*Malf.* I am a kind of nothing,  
 As she hath made me : love's a terrible glyster,  
 And, if some cordial of her favours help not,  
 I shall, like an Italian, die backward,  
 And breathe my last the wrong way.

*Leon.* As I live,  
 You have my pity ; but this is cold comfort,  
 And, in a friend, lip-physic ; and, now I think on't,  
 I should do more, and will, so you deny not  
 Yourself the means of comfort.

*Malf.* I'll be hang'd first :  
 One dram of't, I beseech you.

*Leon.* You are not jealous  
 Of any man's access to her ?

*Malf.* I would not  
 Receive the dor<sup>e</sup> ; but as a bosom friend  
 You shall direct me ; still provided that  
 I understand who is the man, and what  
 His purpose, that pleads for me.

*Leon.* By all means.  
 First, for the undertaker, I am he :  
 The means that I will practise, thus——

*Malf.* Pray you, forward.

*Leon.* You know your lady, chaste Calista, loves her.

*Malf.* Too well ; that makes her proud.

*Leon.* Nay, give me leave.

This beauteous lady (I may style her so,  
 Being the paragon of France for feature)  
 Is not alone contented in herself  
 To seem and be good, but desires to make  
 All such as have dependence on her like her :  
 For this, Clarinda's liberty is restrain'd,

<sup>d</sup> *poor-John*] "i. e. hake dried and salted." WEBER.

<sup>e</sup> *Receive the dor*] See note, vol. vii. 48 ; and compare vol. ix. 367.

And, though her kinsman, the gate's shut against me :  
Now, if you please to make yourself the door  
For my conveyance to her, though you run  
The hazard of a check for 't, 'tis no matter.

*Malf.* It being for mine own ends ?

*Leon.* I'll give it o'er,  
If that you make the least doubt otherwise.  
Studying upon 't ? good morrow.

[*Going.*

*Malf.* Pray you, stay, sir :  
You are my friend ; yet, as the proverb says,  
“ When love puts in, friendship is gone : ” suppose  
You should yourself affect her ?

*Leon.* Do you think  
I'll commit incest ? for it is no less,  
She being my cousin-german. Fare you well, sir.

*Malf.* I had forgot that ; for this once, forgive me.  
Only, to ease the throbbing of my heart  
(For I do feel strange pangs), instruct me what  
You will say for me.

*Leon.* First, I'll tell her that  
She hath so far besotted you, that you have  
Almost forgot to cast account.

*Malf.* Mere truth, sir.

*Leon.* That, of a wise and provident steward, you  
Are turn'd stark ass.

*Malf.* Urge that point home ; I am so.

*Leon.* That you adore the ground she treads upon,  
And kiss her footsteps.

*Malf.* As I do when I find  
Their print in the snow.

*Leon.* A loving fool ; I know it  
By your bloodless frosty lips. Then, having related  
How much you suffer for her, and how well  
You do deserve it——

*Malf.* How ! to suffer !

*Leon.* No, sir ;  
To have your love return'd——

*Malf.* That's good ; I thank you.

*Leon.* I will deliver her an inventory

Of your good parts ; as this, your precious nose,  
 Dropping affection ; your high forehead, reaching  
 Almost to the crown of your head ; your slender waist,  
 And a back not like a thresher's, but a bending  
 And court-like back ; and so forth, for your body :  
 But when I touch your mind (for that must take her,  
 Since your outside promises little), I 'll enlarge it,  
 Though ne'er so narrow ; as, your arts to thrive,  
 Your composition with the cook and butler  
 For cony-skins and chippings ; and half a share,  
 With all the under-officers of the house,  
 In strangers' bounties ; that she shall have all,  
 And you, as 'twere, her bailiff.

*Malf.* As I will be.

*Leon.* As<sup>f</sup> you shall, so I 'll promise :—then your qualities ;  
 As playing on a gittern or a Jew's trump——

*Malf.* A little too on the viol.

*Leon.* Fear you nothing :—

Then singing her asleep with curious catches  
 Of your own making ; for, as I have heard,  
 You are poetical.

*Malf.* Something given that way :  
 Yet my works seldom thrive ; and the main reason  
 The poets urge for 't is, because I am not  
 As poor as they are.

*Leon.* Very likely. Fetch her  
 While I am in the vein.

*Malf.* 'Tis an apt time,  
 My lady being at her prayers.

*Leon.* Let her pray on.  
 Nay, go ; and if, upon my intercession,  
 She do you not some favour, I 'll disclaim her.  
 I 'll ruminat on 't the while.

*Malf.* A hundred crowns  
 Is your reward.

*Leon.* Without 'em :—nay, no trifling. [*Exit MALFORT.*  
 That this dull clod of ignorance should know

<sup>f</sup> *As*] Seward thinks that there is a quibble here—"Ass".

How to get money, yet want eyes to see  
 How grossly he's abus'd and wrought upon !  
 When he should make his will, the rogue's turn'd rampant,  
 As he had renew'd his youth. A handsome wench  
 Love one a spital whore would run away from !  
 Well, Master steward, I will plead for you  
 In such a method, as it shall appear  
 You are fit to be a property<sup>g</sup>.

*Re-enter MALFORT with CLARINDA.*

*Malf.* Yonder he walks,  
 That knows my worth and value, though you scorn it.

*Clarind.* If my lady know not this——

*Malf.* I'll answer it.

If you were a nun, I hope your cousin-german  
 Might talk with you through a grate ; but you are none,  
 And therefore may come closer : ne'er hang off ;  
 As I live, you shall bill ; you may salute as strangers,  
 Custom allows it.—Now, now, come upon her

[*Aside to LEON.*

With all your oratory, tickle her to the quick,  
 As a young advocate should, and leave no virtue  
 Of mine unmention'd. I'll stand sentinel ;  
 Nay, keep the door myself.

[*Exit.*

*Clarind.* How have you work'd  
 This piece of motley<sup>h</sup> to your ends ?

*Leon.* Of that

At leisure, mistress.

[*Kissing her.*

*Clarind.* Lower ; you are too loud ;  
 Though the fool be deaf, some of the house may hear you.

*Leon.* Suppose they should, I am a gentleman,  
 And held your kinsman ; under that, I hope,  
 I may be free.

<sup>g</sup> *a property*] “i. e. a person quite at the disposal of others, to be used at pleasure. So in [Shakespeare's] *Julius Cæsar* [act iv. sc. 1.], [Antony] speaking of Lepidus—

‘Do not talk of him

But as a *property*.’ ” WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> *This piece of motley*] “i. e. this fool ; alluding to the motley or parti-coloured dress of fools.” WEBER.



*Clarín.* I grant it, but with caution ;  
 But be not seen to talk with me familiarly,  
 But at fit distance ; or not seen at all,  
 It were the better : you know my lady's humour ;  
 She is all honour, and compos'd of goodness,  
 As she pretends ; and you having no business,  
 How jealous may she grow !

*Leon.* I will be rul'd :  
 But you have promis'd, and I must enjoy you.

*Clarín.* We shall find time for that ; you are too hasty :  
 Make yourself fit, and I shall make occasion :  
 Deliberation makes best in that business,  
 And contents every way.

*Leon.* But you must feed  
 This foolish steward with some shadow of  
 A future favour, that we may preserve him  
 To be our instrument.

*Clarín.* Hang him !

*Leon.* For my sake, sweet :  
 I undertook to speak for him ; any bauble,  
 Or slight employment in the way of service,  
 Will feed him fat.

*Clarín.* Leave him to me.

*Re-enter MALFORT.*

*Malf.* She comes !  
 My lady !

*Clarín.* I will satisfy her.

*Malf.* How far  
 Have you prevail'd ?

*Leon.* Observe.

*Clarín.* Monsieur Malfort,  
 I must be brief ; my cousin hath spoke much  
 In your behalf, and, to give you some proof  
 I entertain you as my servant, you  
 Shall have the grace——

*Leon.* Upon your knee receive it. [MALFORT kneels.]

*Clarín.* And take it as a special favour from me—  
 To tie my shoe.

*Malf.* I am o'erjoy'd.

[*Ties her shoe.*

*Leon.* Good reason.

*Clarín.* You may come higher in time.

*Enter CALISTA.*

*Leon.* No more ; the lady !

*Malf.* She frowns.

*Clarín.* I thank you for this visit, cousin ;  
But, without leave hereafter from my lady,  
I dare not change discourse with you.

*Malf.* Pray you, take  
Your morning's draught.

*Leon.* I thank you.—Happiness  
Attend your honour !

[*Exeunt LEON and MALFORT.*

*Cal.* Who gave warrant to  
This private parle ?

*Clarín.* My innocence : I hope  
My conference with a kinsman cannot call  
Your anger on me.

*Cal.* Kinsman ! let me have  
No more of this, as you desire you may  
Continue mine.

*Clarín.* Why, madam, under pardon,  
Suppose him otherwise ; yet, coming in  
A lawful way, it is excusable.

*Cal.* How's this ?

*Clarín.* I grant you are made of pureness,  
And that your tenderness of honour holds  
The sovereignty o'er your passions : yet you have  
A noble husband, with allow'd embraces  
To quench lascivious fires, should such flame in you,  
As I must ne'er believe. Were I the wife  
Of one that could but zany<sup>i</sup> brave Cleander,  
Even in his least perfections, (excuse  
My o'er-bold inference) I should desire  
To meet no other object.

*Cal.* You grow saucy.  
Do I look further ?

<sup>i</sup> *zany*] i. e. mimic, imitate.

*Clarín.* No, dear madam; and  
It is my wonder, or astonishment rather,  
You could deny the service of Lysander;  
A man without a rival, one the king  
And kingdom gazes on with admiration,  
For all the excellencies a mother could  
Wish in her only son.

*Cal.* Did not mine honour,  
And obligation to Cleander, force me  
To be deaf to his complaints?

*Clarín.* 'Tis true; but yet  
Your rigour to command him from your presence  
Argu'd but small compassion: the groves  
Witness his grievous sufferings; your fair name  
Upon the rind of every gentle poplar  
And amorous myrtle (trees to Venus sacred)<sup>j</sup>  
With adoration carv'd, and kneel'd unto.  
This you, unseen of him, both saw and heard  
Without compassion; and what receiv'd he  
For his true sorrows, but the heavy knowledge  
That 'twas your peremptory will and pleasure,  
Howe'er my lord liv'd in him, he should quit  
Your sight and house for ever?

*Cal.* I confess  
I gave him a strong potion to work  
Upon his hot blood, and I hope 'twill cure him:  
Yet I could wish the cause had concern'd others,  
I might have met his sorrows with more pity;  
At least, have lent some counsel to his miseries.  
Though now, for honour-sake, I must forget him,  
And never know the name more of Lysander,

<sup>j</sup> *of every gentle poplar*

*And amorous myrtle (trees to Venus sacred)*] So both the folios distinctly.—  
Simpson, because the poplar was not sacred to Venus, altered the passage thus,—

*“of every gentle poplar,*

*And amorous myrtle tree, to Venus sacred”, &c.*

(the printer by a mistake has given “myrtle trees” in the text: but see Simpson's note.)—“The poplar was sacred to Hercules, not to Venus: I therefore agree with Simpson in reading ‘tree’ instead of ‘trees’; but not in connecting the word ‘tree’ with ‘myrtle’.” MASON. The old text, however improper it may be, is doubtless genuine.

Yet in my justice I am bound to grant him,  
Laying his love aside, most truly noble :  
But mention him no more. This instant hour  
My brother Lydian, new return'd from travel,  
And his brave friend Clarangè, long since rivals  
For fair and rich Olinda, are to hear  
Her absolute determination, whom  
She pleases to elect. See all things ready  
To entertain 'em ; and, on my displeasure,  
No more words of Lysander.

*Clarín.* She endures  
To hear him nam'd by no tongue but her own :  
Howe'er she carries it, I know she loves him.

[*Aside, and then exit.*]

*Cal.* Hard nature, hard condition of poor women,  
That, where we are most sued to, we must fly most !  
The trees grow up, and mix together freely,  
The oak not envious of the sailing cedar<sup>k</sup>,  
The lusty vine not jealous of the ivy  
Because she clips<sup>l</sup> the elm ; the flowers shoot up,  
And wantonly kiss one another hourly,  
This blossom glorying in the other's beauty,  
And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely :  
But we are tied to grow alone. Oh, honour,  
Thou hard law to our lives, chain to our freedoms<sup>m</sup> !  
He that invented thee had<sup>n</sup> many curses.  
How is my soul divided ! Oh, Cleander,  
My best-deserving husband ! Oh, Lysander,  
The truest lover that e'er sacrific'd  
To Cupid against Hymen ! Oh, mine honour,  
A tyrant, yet to be obey'd ! and 'tis  
But justice we should thy strict laws endure,  
Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>k</sup> *sailing cedar*] Compare *Valentinian*, act ii. sc. 6, vol. v. 248.

<sup>l</sup> *clips*] i. e. embraces.

<sup>m</sup> *freedoms*] Weber silently printed "freedom".

<sup>n</sup> *had*] "I should read 'has'." MASON.

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same.*

*Enter* CLEANDER, LYDIAN, *and* CLARANGÈ.

*Clean.* How insupportable the difference  
Of dear friends is, the sorrow that I feel  
For my Lysander's absence (one that stamps  
A reverend print on friendship) does assure me.  
You are rivals for a lady, a fair lady ;  
And, in the acquisition of her favours,  
Hazard the cutting of that gordian knot,  
From your first childhood to this present hour,  
By all the ties of love and amity fasten'd.  
I am blest in a wife (Heaven make me thankful !)  
Inferior to none, sans pride I speak it ;  
Yet, if I were a freeman, and could purchase  
At any rate the certainty to enjoy  
Lysander's conversation while I liv'd,  
(Forgive me, my Calista, and the sex !)  
I never would seek change.

*Lyd.* My lord and brother,  
I dare not blame your choice, Lysander's worth  
Being a mistress to be ever courted ;  
Nor shall our equal suit to fair Olinda  
Weaken, but add strength to our true affection,  
With zeal so long continu'd.

*Clarangè.* When we know  
Whom she prefers, as she can choose but one,  
By our so-long-tried friendship we have vow'd  
The other shall desist.

*Clean.* 'Tis yet your purpose ;  
But how this resolution will hold  
In him that is refus'd, is not alone  
Doubtful, but dangerous.

*Enter* MALFORT.

*Malf.* The rich heir is come, sir.

*Clean.* Madam Olinda ?

*Malf.* Yes, sir ; and makes choice,

After some little conference with my lady,  
Of this room to give answer to her suitors.

*Clean.* Already both look pale, between your hopes  
To win the prize, and your despair to lose  
What you contend<sup>o</sup> for.

*Lyd.* No, sir ; I am arm'd.

*Clarangè.* I confident of my interest.

*Clean.* I'll believe ye  
When you have endur'd the test.

*Enter CALISTA, OLINDA, and CLARINDA.*

*Malf.* Is not your garter  
Untied ? you promis'd that I should grow higher  
In doing you service.

*Clarín.* Fall off, or you lose me. [*Exit* MALFORT.]

*Clean.* Nay, take your place ; no Paris now sits judge  
On the contending goddesses : you are  
The deity that must make curs'd, or happy,  
One of your languishing servants.

*Olin.* I thus look  
With equal eyes on both ; either deserves  
A fairer fortune than they can in reason  
Hope for from me. From Lydian I expect,  
When I have made him mine, all pleasures that  
The sweetness of his manners, youth, and virtues,  
Can give assurance of : but turning this way  
To brave Clarangè, in his face appears  
A kind of majesty which should command,  
Not sue for favour. If the fairest lady  
Of France, set forth with nature's best endowments,  
Nay, should I add a princess of the blood,  
Did now lay claim to either for a husband,  
So vehement my affection is to both,  
My envy at her happiness would kill me.

*Clean.* The strangest love I ever heard !

*Cal.* You can  
Enjoy but one.

*Clarín.* The more, I say, the merrier. [*Aside.*]

<sup>o</sup> *contend*] So Simpson silently ; and so his successors.—Both the folios  
“contended.”

*Olin.* Witness these tears I love both, as I know  
 You burn with equal flames, and so affect me :  
 Abundance makes me poor ; such is the hard  
 Condition of my fortune. Be your own judges.  
 If I should favour both, 'twill taint my honour,  
 And that before my life I must prefer :  
 If one I lean to, the other is disvalu'd ;  
 You are fiery both, and love will make you warmer.

*Clarín.* The warmer still the fitter. You are a fool, lady.  
 [Aside.]

*Olin.* To what may love, and the devil jealousy, spur you,  
 Is too apparent ; my name 's call'd in question ;  
 Your swords fly out, your angers range at large :  
 Then what a murder of my modesty follows !

*Clarín.* Take heed of that by any means. Oh, innocent,  
 That will deny<sup>o</sup> a blessing when 'tis offer'd !  
 Would I weremurder'dso! I would thank my modesty. [Aside.]

*Clean.* What pause you on ?

*Olin.* It is at length resolv'd.

*Clarangè.* We are on the rack, uncertain expectation  
 The greatest torture.

*Lyd.* Command what you please,  
 And you shall see how willingly we will execute.

*Olin.* Then hear what, for your satisfaction,  
 And to preserve your friendship, I resolve  
 Against myself ; and 'tis not to be alter'd.  
 You are both brave gentlemen, I 'll still profess it,  
 Both noble servants, for whose gentle offers  
 The undeserving and the poor Olinda  
 Is ever bound ; you love both, fair and virtuously ;  
 Would I could be so happy to content both !  
 Which, since I cannot, take this resolute answer ;—  
 Go from me both contentedly, and he  
 That last makes his return, and comes to visit,  
 Comes to my bed. You know my will ; farewell :  
 My heart 's too big to utter more.—Come, friend.

*Cal.* I 'll wait on you to your coach.

[*Exeunt* OLINDA, CALISTA, and CLARINDA.]

<sup>o</sup> *deny*] i. e. refuse.

*Clean.* You both look blank ;  
I cannot blame you.

*Lyd.* We have our despatches.

*Clarangè.* I 'll home.

*Lyd.* And I 'll abroad again : farewell.

*Clarangè.* Farewell to ye.

[*Exeunt CLARANGÈ and LYDIAN severally.*]

*Clean.* Their blunt<sup>p</sup> departure troubles me : I fear,  
A sudden and a dangerous division  
Of their long love will follow.

*Re-enter CALISTA.*

Have you took

Your leave of fair Olinda ?

*Cal.* She is gone, sir.

*Clean.* Had you brought news Lysander were return'd too,  
I were most happy.

*Cal.* Still upon Lysander ?

*Clean.* I know he loves me as he loves his health ;  
And Heaven knows I love him.

*Cal.* I find it so ;

For me you have forgot, and what I am to you.

*Clean.* Oh, think not so ! If you had lost a sister  
You lock'd all your delights in, it would grieve you ;  
A little you would wander from the fondness  
You ow'd your husband : I have lost a friend,  
A noble friend ; all that was excellent  
In man or mankind was contain'd within him.  
That loss, my wife——

*Re-enter MALFORT.*

*Mal.* Madam, your noble father——

A fee for my good news !

*Cal.* Why, what of him, sir ?

*Mal.* Is lighted at the door, and longs to see you.

*Cal.* Attend him hither.

*Clean.* Oh, my dear Lysander !

But I 'll be merry. Let 's meet him, my Calista.

*Cal.* I hope Lysander's love will now be buried :

<sup>p</sup> *blunt*] So Sympson silently ; and so his successors.—Both the folios  
“ blunted.”



My father will bring joy enough for one month,  
To put him out of his memory.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter DORILAUS, his arm in a scarf.*

*Dor.* How do you, son?—

Bless my fair child!—I am come to visit ye,  
To see what house you keep; they say you are bountiful;  
I like the noise<sup>p</sup> well, and I come to try it.  
Ne'er a great belly yet? How have you trifled!  
If I had done so, son, I should have heard on 't  
On both sides, by Saint Denis!

*Clean.* You are nobly welcome, sir:

We have time enough for that.

*Dor.* See how she blushes!

'Tis a good sign you 'll mend your fault.—How dost thou,  
My good Calista?

*Cal.* Well, now I see you, sir;

I hope you bring a fruitfulness along with you.

*Dor.* Good luck, I never miss; I was ever good at it:  
Your mother groan'd for 't, wench; so did some other,  
But I durst never tell.

*Cal.* How does your arm, sir?

*Clean.* Have you been let blood of late?

*Dor.* Against my will, sir.

*Cal.* A fall, dear father?

*Dor.* No, a gun, dear daughter;

Two or three guns; I have one here in my buttock,  
'Twould trouble a surgeon's teeth to pull it out.

*Cal.* Oh, me! oh, me!

*Dor.* Nay, if you fall to fainting,

'Tis time for me to trudge: art such a coward,  
At the mere name of hurt to change thy colour?  
I have been shot that men might see clean through me,  
And yet I fainted not. Besides myself,  
Here are an hospital of hurt men for ye.

*Enter JASPER and other Servants, wounded in several places.*

*Clean.* What should this wonder be?

*Cal.* I am amaz'd at it.

<sup>p</sup> noise] i. e. report.

*Dor.* What think ye of these? they are every one hurt soundly,  
Hurt to the proof; they are through and through, I assure ye;  
And that's good game; they scorn your puling scratches.

*Cal.* Who did this, sir?

*Dor.* Leave crying, and I'll tell you;  
And get your plasters and your warm stupes<sup>1</sup> ready:  
Have you ne'er a shepherd that can tar us over?  
'Twill prove a business else, we are so many.  
Coming to see you, I was set upon,  
I and my men, as we were singing frolicly,  
Not dreaming of an ambush of base rogues,  
Set on i' the forest, I have forgot the name——

*Clean.* 'Twixt this and Fontainebleau? in the wild forest?

*Dor.* The same, the same, in that accursèd forest,  
Set on by villains, that make boot<sup>r</sup> of all men;  
The peers of France are pillage there. They shot at us,  
Hurt us, unhors'd us, came to the sword, there plied us,  
Oppress'd us with fresh multitudes, fresh shot still;  
Rogues that would hang themselves for a fresh doublet,  
And for a scarlet cassock kill their fathers.

*Clean.* Lighted you among these?

*Dor.* Among these murderers  
Our poor bloods were engag'd; yet we struck bravely,  
And more than once or twice we made them shun us,  
And shrink their rugged heads; but we were hurt all.

*Clean.* How came you off? for I even long to hear that.

*Dor.* After our prayers made to Heaven to help us,  
Or to be merciful unto our souls,  
So near we were—Alas, poor wench, wipe, wipe!  
See, Heaven sends remedy!

*Cal.* I am glad 'tis come, sir;  
My heart was even a-bleeding in my body.

*Dor.* A curl'd-hair gentleman stepp'd in, a stranger;  
As he rode by, belike he heard our bickering;

<sup>1</sup> *stupes*] See note, vol. viii. 327.—The Editors of 1778 printed “stoops”,—“i. e.”, they say, “liquids to bathe their wounds: a *stoop of wine* is mentioned by Shakespeare”, &c.!!

<sup>r</sup> *boot*] “i. e. booty.” WEBER.

Saw our distresses, drew his sword, and prov'd  
 He came to execute, and not to argue.  
 Lord, what a lightning methought flew about him,  
 When he once toss'd his blade ! in face Adonis,  
 While peace inhabited between his eye-brows ;  
 But, when his noble anger stirr'd his mettle,  
 And blew his fiery parts into a flame,  
 Like Pallas, when she sits between two armies,  
 Viewing with horrid brows their sad events,  
 Such then he look'd, and as her shield had arm'd him.

*Cal.* This man, sir, were a friend to give an age for :  
 This gentleman I must love naturally ;  
 Nothing can keep me off. I pray you, go on, sir.

*Dor.* I will, for now you please me. This brave youth,  
 This bud of Mars (for yet he is no riper),  
 When once he had drawn blood, and flesh'd his sword,  
 Fitted his manly metal<sup>s</sup> to his spirit,  
 How he bestirr'd him ! what a lane he made,  
 And through their fiery bullets thrust securely,  
 The harden'd villains wondering at his confidence !  
 Lame as I was, I follow'd, and admir'd too,  
 And stirr'd, and laid about me with new spirit ;  
 My men too with new hearts thrust into action,  
 And down the rogues went.

*Clean.* I am struck with wonder.

*Dor.* Remember but the story of strong Hector,  
 When like to lightning he broke through his van-guard<sup>t</sup>,  
 How the Greeks frighted ran away by troops,  
 And trod down troops to save their lives ; so this man  
 Dispers'd these slaves : had they been more and mightier,  
 He had come off the greater and more wonder.

*Clean.* Where is the man, good sir, that we may honour him ?

*Cal.* That we may fall in superstition to him.

<sup>s</sup> *metal*] So the second folio.—The first folio “mettle” ; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.—“ I have no doubt but we should read “*metal*”, meaning his sword. What is the difference between ‘mettle’ and ‘*spirit*’ ? There is none”. MASON.

<sup>t</sup> *his van-guard*] “i. e. his own van-guard.” Ed. 1778,—Seward having objected to the old text.

*Dor.* I know not that ; from me he late departed,  
But not without that pious care to see safe  
Me and my weak men lodg'd and dress'd. I urg'd him  
First hither, that I might more freely thank him :  
He told me he had business, crav'd my pardon,  
Business of much import.

*Clean.* Know you his name ?

*Dor.* That he denied me too ; a vow had barr'd him.

*Cal.* In that he was not noble to be nameless.

*Dor.* Daughter, you must remember him when I am dead,  
And in a noble sort requite his piety :  
'Twas his desire to dedicate this service  
To your fair thoughts.

*Cal.* He knows me, then ?

*Dor.* I nam'd you,  
And nam'd you mine : I think that's all his knowledge.

*Clean.* No name ? no being ?

*Cal.* Now I am mad to know him :  
Saving mine honour, any thing I had now,  
But to enjoy his sight, but his bare picture !  
Make me his saint ! I must needs honour him.

*Jasp.* I know his name.

*Cal.* There's thy reward for 't ; speak it. [*Gives a purse.*]

*Jasp.* His man told me ; but he desir'd my silence.

*Cal.* Oh, Jasper, speak ! 'tis thy good master's cause too :  
We all are bound in gratitude to compel thee.

*Jasp.* Lysander,—yes, I am sure it was Lysander.

*Cal.* Lysander !

*Jasp.* 'Twas Lysander<sup>u</sup>.

*Clean.* 'Tis Lysander :

Oh, my base thoughts, my wicked, to make question  
This act could be another man's ! 'tis Lysander.—  
A handsome-timber'd man ?

*Jasp.* Yes.

*Clean.* My Lysander !  
Was this friend's absence to be mourn'd ?

*Cal.* I grant it ;

<sup>u</sup> 'Twas Lysander] Both the folios give these words to Calista ; and so the modern editors.

I'll mourn his going now, and mourn it seriously :  
 When you weep for him, sir, I'll bear you company.  
 That so much honour, so much honesty,  
 Should be in one man, to do things thus bravely !  
 Make me his saint ! to me give this brave service !  
 What may I do to recompense his goodness ?  
 I cannot tell.

*Clean.* Come, sir, I know you are sickly ;  
 So are your men.

*Dor.* I must confess I am weak,  
 And fitter for a bed than long discourses :  
 You shall hear to-morrow—to-morrow——Provide surgeons.

*Clean.* Lysander !

*Cal.* What new fire is this ? [*Aside*]—Lysander<sup>v</sup> ! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Before the country-house of Clarangè<sup>w</sup>.*

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* LANCELOT.

*Lys.* Prithee, good Lancelot, remember that  
 Thy master's life is in thy trust ; and therefore  
 Be very careful.

<sup>v</sup> *You shall hear to-morrow—to-morrow—Provide surgeons.*

*Clean.* Lysander !

*Cal.* What new fire is this ? [*Aside*].—Lysander !] Both the folios ;

“ *Cle.* You shall hear to morrow, to morrow provide Surgeons.

*Dor.* Lisander—

*Cal.* What new,” &c.

and so Sympson.—I have adopted (with Weber) the distribution of the text which was made by the Editors of 1778, who remark ; “ The first line, we apprehend, should come from the old man, *Dorilaus* ; and the pointing be as we have placed it in the text, which expresses his faintness : he is proceeding to speak, but is forced to desist, and to call for assistance. The exclamation, ‘ Lysander ! ’ should then come from *Cleander*.”—Heath (*MS. Notes*) would give the conclusion of the passage thus ;

*Cal.* Lysander !—what new fire is this ?—Lysander ! ”

<sup>w</sup> *Before the country-house of Clarangè*] See Lysander's first speech to Clarangè,—

*Lan.* I will lose mine own,  
Rather than hazard yours.

*Lys.* Take what disguise  
You in your own discretion shall think fittest,  
To keep yourself unknown.

*Lan.* I warrant you ;  
'Tis not the first time I have gone invisible :  
I am as fine a fairy in a business  
Concerning night-work——

*Lys.* Leave your vanities.  
With this purse (which deliver'd, you may spare  
Your oratory) convey this letter to  
Calista's woman.

*Lan.* 'Tis a handsome girl ;  
Mistress Clarinda.

*Lys.* I have made her mine :  
You know your work.

*Lan.* And, if I sweat not in it,  
At my return discard me.

[*Exit.*

*Lys.* Oh, Calista !  
The fairest, cruellest !——

*Enter CLARANGÈ.*

*Clarangè.* So early stirring ?  
A good day to you.

*Lys.* I was viewing, sir,  
The site of your house, and the handsomeness about it :  
Believe me it stands healthfully and sweetly.

*Clarangè.* The house and master of it really  
Are ever at your service.

*Lys.* I return it.  
Now, if you please, go forward in your story  
Of your dear friend and mistress.

*Clarangè.* I will tell it,  
And tell it short, because 'tis breakfast-time,

“ I was viewing, sir,

The site of your house, and the handsomeness about it,” &c.

But it appears that afterwards in this scene (p. 47) the audience were to *suppose*  
that the stage represented a room in that house. See note, vol. x. 347.

And (love's a tedious thing to a quick stomach)  
You eat not yester-night.

*Lys.* I shall endure, sir.

*Clarangè.* Myself and (as I then deliver'd to you)  
A gentleman of noble hope, one Lydian,  
Both brought up from our infancy together,  
One company, one friendship,<sup>x</sup> and one exercise  
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,  
One grief and one joy parted still between us,  
More than companions, twins in all our actions,  
We grew up till we were men, held one heart still.  
Time call'd us on to arms; we were one soldier,  
Alike we sought our dangers and our honours,  
Gloried alike one in another's nobleness.  
When arms had made us fit, we were one lover,  
We lov'd one woman, lov'd without division,  
And woo'd a long time with one fair affection;  
And she, as it appears, loves us alike too.  
At length, considering what our love must grow to,  
And covet in the end, this one was parted:  
Rivals and honours make men stand at distance.  
We then woo'd with advantage, but were friends still,  
Saluted fairly, kept the peace of love:  
We could not both enjoy the lady's favour,  
Without some scandal to her reputation;  
We put it to her choice; this was her sentence,  
"To part both from her, and the last returning  
Should be her lord;" we obey'd; and now you know it:  
And, for my part, (so truly I am touch'd with 't)  
I will go far enough, and be the last too,  
Or ne'er return.

*Lys.* A sentence of much cruelty,  
But mild, compar'd with what 's pronounc'd on me:

<sup>x</sup> *One company, one friendship, &c.*] "In this description of the friendship of Clarangè and Lydian, our author seems to have intended an imitation of the excellent account of female friendship in Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream* [act iii. sc. 2.]; to which this, however, cannot be entitled to a comparison. A much better, on the same subject, will be seen in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, act i. scene v."—REED.

Our loving youth is born to many miseries.

What is that Lydian, pray you ?

*Clarangè.* Calista's brother,  
If ever you have heard of that fair lady.

*Lys.* I have seen her, sir.

*Clarangè.* Then you have seen a wonder.

*Lys.* I do confess. Of what years is this Lydian ?

*Clarangè.* About my years ; there is not much between us.

*Lys.* I long to know him.

*Clarangè.* 'Tis a virtuous longing :  
As many hopes hang on his noble head,  
As blossoms on a bough in May, and sweet ones.

*Lys.* You're a fair story of your friend.

*Clarangè.* Of truth, sir.

*Enter a Servant.*

Now what's the matter ?

*Serv.* There is a gentleman  
At door would speak with you on private business.

*Clarangè.* With me ?

*Serv.* He says so, and brings haste about him.

*Clarangè.* Wait on him in. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Lys.* I will retire the while, to the next room.

*Clarangè.* We shall not long disturb you. *[Exit Lys.]*

*Enter ALCIDON.*

*Alc.* Save you, sir !

*Clarangè.* The like to you, fair sir ! Pray you, come near.

*Alc.* Pray you, instruct me, for I know you not :  
With Monsieur Clarangè I would speak.

*Clarangè.* I am he, sir :

You are nobly welcome : I wait your business.

*Alc.* This will inform you. *[Gives him a letter.]*

*Clarangè.* Will you please to sit down ? *[Reads.]*

He shall command me, sir ; I'll wait upon him  
Within this hour.

*Alc.* You are a noble gentleman.  
Will't please you bring a friend ? we are two of us,  
And pity either, sir, should be unfurnish'd.

\* unfurnish'd] "i.e. unfurnished with an antagonist." MASON



*Clarangè.* I have none now ; and the time is set so short,  
'Twill not be possible.

*Alc.* Do me the honour :

I know you are so full of brave acquaintance  
And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner ;  
I would be loath to stand still, sir. Besides,  
You know the custom and the vantage of it,  
If you come in alone.

*Clarangè.* And I must meet it.

*Alc.* Send ; we 'll defer an hour ; let us be equal :  
Games won and lost on equal terms shew fairest.

*Clarangè.* 'Tis to no purpose to send any whither,  
Unless men be at home by revelation.  
So please you breathe a while, when I have done with him,  
You may be exercis'd too : I 'll trouble no man.

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* They are very loud [*Aside*].—Now, what 's the news ?

*Clarangè.* I must leave you,  
Leave you a while ; two hours hence I 'll return, friend.

*Lys.* Why, what 's the matter ?

*Clarangè.* A little business.

*Lys.* An 't be but a little, you may take me with you.

*Clarangè.* 'Twill be a trouble to you.

*Lys.* No, indeed ;  
To do you service I account a pleasure.

*Clarangè.* I must alone.

*Lys.* Why ?

*Clarangè.* 'Tis necessity.  
Before you pass the walks, and back again,  
I will be with you.

*Lys.* If it be not unmannerly  
To press you, I would go.

*Clarangè.* I 'll tell you true, sir ;  
This gentleman and I, upon appointment,  
Are going to visit a lady.

*Lys.* I am no Capuchin ;  
Why should not I go ?

*Alc.* Take the gentleman ;

Come, he may see the gentlewoman too,  
And be most welcome ; I do beseech you take him.

*Lys.* By any means ; I love to see a gentlewoman,  
A pretty wench too.

*Clarangè.* Well, sir, we will meet you,  
And at the place. My service to the lady.

*Alc.* I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*

*Clarangè.* Prithee, read o'er her letter.

*Lys.* [*Reads.*] *Monsieur, I know you have considered the dark sentence Olinda gave us, and that, however she disguised it, it pointed more at our swords' edges than our bodies' banishments,—“the last must enjoy her.” If we retire, our youths are lost in wandering ; in emulation we shall grow old men and feeble, (which is the scorn of love, and rust of honour,) and so return more fit to wed our sepulchres than the saint we aim at : let us therefore make our journey short and our hearts ready, and, with our swords in our hands, put it to fortune which shall be worthy to receive that blessing. I'll stay you on the mountain, our old hunting-place. This gentleman alone runs the hazard with me : and so, I kiss your hand.*

*Your servant, Lydian.*

Is this your wench ? you 'll find her a sharp mistress.—

What have I thrust myself into ! [*Aside.*—Is this that

Lydian

You told me of ?

*Clarangè.* The same.

*Lys.* My lady's brother !

No cause to heave my sword against but his ?

To save the father yesterday, and this morning

To help to kill the son ? this is most courteous,

The only way to make the daughter dote on me ! [*Aside.*

*Clarangè.* Why do you muse ? would you go off ?

*Lys.* No, no ;

I must on now.—This will be kindly taken !

No life to sacrifice, but part of hers ?—

[*Aside.*

Do you fight straight ?

*Clarangè.* Yes, presently.

*Lys.* To-morrow, then,

The baleful tidings of this day will break out,

And this night's sun will set in blood. I am troubled :

If I am kill'd, I am happy. [Aside.

*Clarange*. Will you go, friend ?

*Lys*. I am ready, sir.—Fortune, thou hast made me monstrous!

[Aside.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A room in the country-house of CLEANDER.*

*Enter MALFORT and CLARINDA.*

*Malf*. Your cousin, and my true friend, lusty Leon,  
Shall know how you use me.

*Clarin*. Be more temperate,  
Or I will never use, nor know you more  
I' the way of a servant : all the house takes notice  
Of your ridiculous foppery ; I have no sooner  
Perform'd my duties in my lady's chamber,  
And she scarce down the stairs, but you appear  
Like my evil spirit to me.

*Malf*. Can the fish live  
Out of the water, or the salamander  
Out of the fire ? or I live warm, but in  
The frying-pan of your favour ?

*Clarin*. Pray you, forget  
Your curious comparisons, borrow'd from  
The pond and kitchen, and remember what  
My lady's pleasure is for the entertainment  
Of her noble father.

*Malf*. I would learn the art  
Of memory in your table-book <sup>z</sup>.

*Clarin*. Very good, sir !  
No more but up and ride ? I apprehend  
Your meaning : soft fire makes sweet malt, sir ; I'll  
Answer you in a proverb.

*Malf*. But one kiss from  
Thy honey lip !

*Clarin*. You fight too high ; my hand is

<sup>z</sup> *table-book*] "i. e. memorandum-book." WEBER.

A fair ascent from my foot.— [He kisses her hand.

His slaving kisses

Spoil me more gloves [*Aside*—Enough for once; you'll  
surfeit

With too much grace.

*Malf.* Have you no employment for me?

*Clarín.* Yes, yes; go send for Leon, and convey him  
Into the private arbour; from his mouth  
I hear your praises with more faith.

*Malf.* I am gone:

Yet one thing ere I go; there's at the door  
The rarest fortune-teller—he hath told me  
The strangest things! he knows you are my mistress,  
And under seal deliver'd how many children  
I shall beget on you; pray you, give him hearing,  
He'll make it good to you.

*Clarín.* A cunning man  
Of your own making: howsoe'er, I'll hear him  
At your entreaty.

*Malf.* Now I perceive you love me:  
At my entreaty!—Come in, friend!

*Enter LANCELOT disguised as a fortune-teller.*

Remember

To speak as I directed.— [*Aside to LANCELOT.*

He knows his lesson,

And the right way to please her: this it is

To have a head-piece! [*Aside, and then exit.*

*Clarín.* 'Tis said you can tell  
Fortunes to come.

*Lan.* Yes, mistress, and what's past.  
Un-glove your hand: by this straight line I see  
You have lain crooked.

*Clarín.* How! lain crooked!

*Lan.* Yes;  
And in that posture play'd at the old game,  
(Nobody hears me, and I'll be no blab,)  
And at it lost your maidenhead.

*Clarín.* A shrewd fellow!

'Tis truth, but not to be confess'd [*Aside*].—In this  
Your palmestry deceives you. Something else, sir.

*Lan.* You're a great woman with your lady, and  
Acquainted with her counsels.

*Clarín.* Still more strange! [*Aside*].

*Lan.* There is a noble knight, Lysander, loves her,  
Whom she regards not; and the Destinies,  
With whom I am familiar, have deliver'd  
That by your means alone he must enjoy her.  
Your hand again: yes, yes, you have already  
Promis'd him your assistance, and, what's more,  
Tasted his bounty; for which, from the sky  
There are two hundred crowns dropp'd in a purse;

[*Gives purse*].

Look back, you'll find it true. Nay, open it;  
'Tis good gold, I assure you.

[*CLARINDA opens the purse, and takes out two letters*].

*Clarín.* How! two letters!  
The first indors'd to me! this to my lady!  
Subscrib'd *Lysander*<sup>a</sup>!

*Lan.* And the fortune-teller  
His servant Lancelot.

*Clarín.* How had I lost my eyes,  
That I could not know thee! Not a word of the loss  
Of my virginity.

*Lan.* Nor who I am.

*Clarín.* I'll use all speedy means for your despatch  
With a welcome answer; but, till you receive it,  
Continue thus disguis'd. Monsieur Malfort  
(You know the way to humour him) shall provide  
A lodging for you, and good entertainment:  
Nay, since we trade both one way, thou shalt have  
Some feeling with me; take that. [*Gives money*].

<sup>a</sup> *Clarín.* How! two letters!

*The first indors'd to me! this to my lady!*

*Subscrib'd Lysander!*] "It was the practice of ancient times, before the establishment of posts, for the writer of a letter to set down in the superscription not only his name, but the relation in which he stood with respect to the person to whom it was addressed." MASON,—Simpson and the Editors of 1778 having been puzzled by the passage.

*Lan.* Bountiful wench,  
Mayst thou ne'er want employment!

*Clarín.* Nor such pay, boy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A hilly country.*

*Enter, on one side, LYDIAN and ALCIDON; on the other, LYSANDER  
and CLARANGÈ.*

*Lyd.* You're welcome.

*Alc.* Let us do our office first,  
And then make choice of a new piece of ground  
To try our fortunes.

*Lys.* All's fair here.

*Alc.* And here;  
Their swords are equal.

*Lys.* If there be any odds  
In mine, we will exchange.

*Alc.* We'll talk of that  
When we are farther off. Farewell.

*Lys.* Farewell, friend. [*Exeunt LYSANDER and ALCIDON.*]

*Lyd.* Come, let us not be idle.

*Clarangè.* I will find you  
Employment, fear not.

*Lyd.* You know, sir, the cause  
That brings us hither.

*Clarangè.* There needs no more discoursing;  
No time nor place for repetition now.

*Lyd.* Let our swords argue; and I wish, Clarangè,  
The proud Olinda saw us.

*Clarangè.* Would she did!  
Whatever estimation she holds of me,  
She should behold me like a man fight for her.

*Lyd.* 'Tis nobly said. Set on. Love and my fortune!

*Clarangè.* The same for me! Come home, brave Lydian!

[*They fight.*]

'Twas manly thrust. This token to the lady! [*Wounds him.*]  
You have it, sir; deliver it. Take breath;  
I see you bleed apace; you shall have fair play.

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* You must lie there <sup>b</sup> a while ; I cannot help you.

*Lyd.* Nay, then, my fortune 's gone ; I know I must die :  
Yet dearly will I sell my love. Come on, both,  
And use your fortunes ; I expect no favour :  
Weak as I am, my confidence shall meet ye.

*Clarangè.* Yield up your cause, and live.

*Lyd.* What dost thou hold me ?  
A recreant that prefers life before credit ?  
Though I bleed hard, my honour finds no issue ;  
That 's constant to my heart.

*Clarangè.* Have at your life, then !

*Lys.* Hold, or I 'll turn, and bend my sword against you ;  
My cause, Clarangè, too. View this brave gentleman,  
That yet may live to kill you ; he stands nobly,  
And has as great a promise of the day  
As you can tie unto yourself ; he 's ready <sup>c</sup> ;  
His sword as sharp : view him with that remembrance  
That you deliver'd him to me, Clarangè,  
And with those eyes ; that clearness will become you :  
View him, as you reported him ; survey him ;  
Fix on your friendship, sir,—I know you are noble,—  
And step but inward to your old affection,  
Examine but that soul grew to your bosom,  
And try then if your sword will bite ; it cannot,  
The edge will turn again, asham'd and blunted.—  
Lydian, you are the pattern of fair friendship,  
Exempl'd for your love, and imitated ;  
The temple of true hearts, stor'd with affections,  
For sweetness of your spirit made a saint :  
Can you decline this nobleness to anger,

<sup>b</sup> *You must lie there, &c.*] “ These words are addressed to Alcidon *without*, whom Lysander has overcome.” *Ed.* 1778. “ It must be recollected that the seconds as well as the principals in those times fought, and that it was not held derogatory to honour for the second, who had overcome his antagonist, to assist his principal, and thus to turn the odds against the rival. See *The Little French Lawyer*, vol. iii. p. 484, and *The Island Princess*, vol. vii. p. 488.” WEBER.

<sup>c</sup> *he 's ready*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to “ as ready ”,—rightly, perhaps.

To mortal anger? 'gainst the man you love most?  
Have you the name of virtuous, not the nature?

*Lyd.* I will sit down.

*Clarangè.* And I'll sit by you, Lydian.

*Lys.* And I'll go on. Can Heaven be pleas'd with these things?

To see two hearts that have been twin'd together,  
Married in friendship, to the world a wonder<sup>d</sup>,  
Of one growth, of one nourishment, one health,  
Thus mortally divorc'd for one weak woman?  
Can Love be pleas'd? Love is a gentle spirit;  
The wind that blows the April flowers not softer;  
She is drawn with doves to shew her peacefulness;  
Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.  
Would ye serve Love? do it with humbleness,  
Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft murmurs;  
Upon her altars offer your obedience,  
And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors:  
That fire ye kindle to her deity  
Is only grateful when it's blown<sup>e</sup> with sighs,  
And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence:  
Ye wound her now; ye are too superstitious;  
No sacrifice of blood or death she longs for.

*Lyd.* Came he from Heaven?

*Clarangè.* He tells us truth, good Lydian.

*Lys.* That part of noble love which is most sweet,  
And gives eternal being to fair beauty,  
Honour, ye hack a-pieces with your swords;  
And that ye fight to crown ye kill,—fair credit.

<sup>d</sup> *that have been twin'd together,  
Married in friendship, to the world a wonder]* Both the folios have "——  
to the world, to wonder."—Simpson printed;

*"that have been twinn'd together,  
Married in friendship to the world, a wonder."*

The Editors of 1778;

*"that have been twin'd together,  
Married in friendship, to the world two wonders"*;

and so Weber.

<sup>e</sup> *it's blown]* So the second folio.—The first folio "it blowes"; and so Simpson alone of the modern editors.



*Clarangè.* Thus we embrace ; no more fight, but all friendship !

And where Love pleases to bestow his benefits,  
Let us not argue.

*Lyd.* Nay, brave sir, come in too ;  
You may love also, and may hope ; if you do,  
And not rewarded for 't, there is no justice.—  
Farewell, friend ; here let 's part upon our pilgrimage :  
It must be so ; Cupid draws on our sorrows,  
And where the lot lights——

*Clarangè.* I shall count it happiness.  
Farewell, dear friend.

*Lys.* First let's relieve the gentleman  
That lies hurt in your cause, and bring him off,  
And take some cure<sup>e</sup> for your hurts ; then I will part too,  
A third unfortunate and willing wanderer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Before the country-house of CLEANDER.*

*Enter OLINDA and CALISTA.*

*Olin.* My fears foresaw 'twould come to this.

*Cal.* I would

Your sentence had been milder !

*Olin.* 'Tis past help now.

*Cal.* I share in your despair ; and yet my hopes  
Have not quite left me, since all possible means  
Are practis'd to prevent the mischief following  
Their mortal meeting : my lord is coasted one way ;  
My father, though his hurts forbade his travel,  
Hath took another ; my brother-in-law Beronte,  
A third ; and every minute we must look for  
The certain knowledge, which we must endure  
With that calm patience Heaven shall please to lend us.

*Enter, severally, DORILAUS and CLEANDER.*

*Dor.* Dead both !

*Clean.* Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.

<sup>e</sup> cure] So the first folio ; and so Sympson.—The second folio " care " ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. *Cure* and *care* were often used indiscriminately.

*Olin.* I hear my passing-bell.

*Cal.* I am in a fever.

*Clean.* They say, their seconds too ; but what they are  
Is not known yet ; some worthy fellows certain.

*Dor.* Where had you knowledge ?

*Clean.* Of the country people ;  
'Tis spoken every where.

*Dor.* I heard it too<sup>f</sup> ;  
And 'tis so common, I do half believe it.—  
You have lost a brother, wench ; he lov'd you well,  
And might have liv'd to have done his country service ;  
But he is gone.—Thou fell'st untimely, Lydian,  
But by a valiant hand,—that's some small comfort,—  
And took ['st] him with thee too,—thou lov'dst brave com-  
pany.—

Weeping will do no good : you lost a servant,  
He might have liv'd to have been your master, lady ;  
But you fear'd that.

*Olin.* Good sir, be tender to me ;  
The news is bad enough, you need not press it :  
I lov'd him well ; I lov'd 'em both.

*Dor.* It seems so.  
How many more have you to love so, lady ?  
They were both fools to fight for such a fiddle :  
Certain there was a dearth of noble anger,  
When a slight woman was thought worth a quarrel.

*Olin.* Pray you, think nobler.

*Dor.* I'll tell thee what I think ; the plague, war, famine,  
Nay, put in dice and drunkenness (and those  
You'll grant are pretty helps), kill not so many  
(I mean, so many noble) as your loves do,  
Rather, your lewdness. I crave your mercy, women !  
Be not offended, if I anger ye :  
I am sure ye have touch'd me deep. I came to be merry,  
And with my children ; but to see one ruin'd  
By this fell accident——

<sup>f</sup> *it too*] Both the folios "*it so too*" ; which was given by Sympson and Weber.—" 'So' is clearly an interpolation, and gained place here from its occurring in the next line." *Ed.* 1778.

*Enter BERONTE and ALCIDON, CLARINDA following.*

Are they all dead ?

If they be, speak.

*Clean.* What news ?

*Ber.* What dead ? ye pose me ;

I understand you not.

*Clean.* My brother Lydian,  
Clarangè, and their seconds.

*Ber.* Here is one of 'em ;  
And, sure, this gentleman 's alive.

*Alc.* I hope so ;

So is your son, sir ; so is brave Clarangè :  
They fought indeed, and they were hurt sufficiently ;  
We were all hurt ; that bred the general rumour ;  
But friends again all, and like friends we parted.

*Clean.* Heard you of Lysander ?

*Ber.* Yes, and miss'd him narrowly ;  
He was one of the combatants, fought with this gentleman,  
Second against your brother ; by his wisdom  
(For certainly good fortune follows him)  
All was made peace. I'll tell you the rest at dinner,  
For we are hungry.

*Alc.* I, before I eat,  
Must pay a vow I am sworn to. My life, madam,  
Was at Lysander's mercy, I live by it ;  
And, for the noble favour, he desir'd me  
To kiss your fair hand for him, offering  
This second service as a sacrifice  
At the altar of your virtues.

*Dor.* Come, joy on all sides !  
Heaven will not suffer honest men to perish.

*Clean.* Be proud of such a friend.

*Dor.* Forgive me, madam ;  
It was a grief might have concern'd you near too.

*Clean.* No work of excellence but still Lysander !  
Go thy ways, worthy !

*Olin.* We'll be merry too.  
Were I to speak again, I would be wiser.

*Cal.* Too much of this rare cordial makes me sick ;  
However, I obey you.

*Clarín.* Now or never

[*Exeunt* DORILAUS, CLEANDER, BERONTE, ALCIDON,  
and OLINDA : *as* CALISTA *is going out*, CLARINDA  
*stays her.*

Is an apt time to move her [*Aside*].—Madam !

*Cal.* Who's that ?

*Clarín.* Your servant : I would speak with your ladyship.

*Cal.* Why dost thou look about ?

*Clarín.* I have private business

That none must hear but you. Lysander——

*Cal.* Where ?

*Clarín.* Nay, is not here, but would entreat this favour ;  
Some of your balsam from your own hand given,  
For he is much hurt, and that he thinks would cure him.

*Cal.* He shall have all, my prayers too.

*Clarín.* But conceive me,

It must be from yourself immediately :  
Pity so brave a gentleman should perish :  
He is superstitious, and he holds your hand  
Of infinite power. I would not urge this, madam,  
But only in a man's extremes, to help him.

*Cal.* Let him come, good wench ; 'tis that I wish ; I am  
happy in 't :

My husband his true friend, my noble father,  
The fair Olinda, all desire to see him ;  
He shall have many hands.

*Clarín.* That he desires not,

Nor eyes but yours to look upon his miseries ;  
For then he thinks 'twould be no perfect cure, madam :  
He would come private.

*Cal.* How can that be here ?

I shall do wrong unto all those that honour him,  
Besides my credit.

*Clarín.* Dare you not trust a hurt man ?

Not strain a courtesy to save a gentleman ?  
To save his life, that has sav'd all your family ?  
A man that comes, like a poor mortified pilgrim,

Only to beg a blessing, and depart again?  
 He would but see you; that he thinks would cure him:  
 But, since you find fit reasons to the contrary,  
 And that it cannot stand with your clear honour,  
 (Though you best know how well he has deserv'd of you,)  
 I'll send him word back (though I grieve to do it,  
 Grieve at my soul, for certainly 'twill kill him)  
 What your will is.

*Cal.* Stay: I will think upon 't.

Where is he, wench?

*Clarín.* If you desire to see him,  
 Let not that trouble you; he shall be with you,  
 And in that time that no man shall suspect you:  
 Your honour, madam, is in your own free keeping;  
 Your care in me, in him all honesty:  
 If you desire him not, let him pass by you,  
 And all this business reckon but a dream.

*Cal.* Go in, and counsel me: I would fain see him,  
 And willingly comfort him.

*Clarín.* 'Tis in your power;  
 And, if you dare trust me, you shall do it safely.  
 Read that [*giving a letter*], and let that tell you how he  
 honours you. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the country-house of CLEANDER.*

*Enter CLARINDA and LEON.*

*Leon.* This happy night—— [*Kisses her.*

*Clarín.* Preserve this eagerness  
 Till we meet nearer; there is something done  
 Will give us opportunity.

*Leon.* Witty girl! the plot?

*Clarín.* You shall hear that at leisure.  
 The whole house reels with joy at the report  
 Of Lydian's safety, and that joy increas'd

From their affection to the brave Lysander,  
In being made the happy instrument to compound  
The bloody difference.

*Leon.* They will hear shortly that  
Will turn their mirth to mourning : he was then  
The principal means to save two lives ; but, since,  
There are two faln, and by his single hand,  
For which his life must answer, if the king,  
Whose arm is long, can reach him.

*Clarín.* We have now  
No spare time to hear stories : take this key ; [*Gives a key.*  
'Twill make your passage to the banqueting-house  
I' the garden free.

*Leon.* You will not fail to come ?

*Clarín.* For mine own sake, ne'er doubt it [*Exit LEON.*—  
Now for Lysander.

*Enter DORILAUS, CLEANDER, and Servants with lights.*

*Dor.* To bed, to bed ! 'tis very late.

*Clean.* To bed all !

I have drunk<sup>s</sup> a health too much.

*Dor.* You'll sleep the better ;

My usual physic that way.

*Clean.* Where's your mistress ?

*Clarín.* She is above, but very ill and aguish ;  
The late fright of her brother has much troubled her :  
She would entreat to lie alone.

*Clean.* Her pleasure.

*Dor.* Commend my love to her, and my prayers for her  
health :

I'll see her ere I go.

*Clarín.* All good rest to ye ! [*Exeunt all except CLARINDA.*  
Now to my watch for Lysander ; when he's furnish'd,  
For mine own friend : since I stand sentinel,  
I love to laugh i' the evenings too ; and may,—  
The privilege of my place will warrant it. [*Exit.*

<sup>s</sup> *drunk*] So the second folio.—The first folio "dranke"; and so the modern editors ("drank").

SCENE II.—*Before the garden of the same house.**Enter* LYSANDER *and* LANCELOT.*Lys.* You have done well hitherto. Where are we now?*Lan.* Not far from the house, I hear by th' owls; there are  
Many of your Welch falconers<sup>b</sup> about it.Here were a night to choose to run away with  
Another man's wife, and do the feat.*Lys.* Peace, knave!The house is here before us, and some may hear us.  
The candles are all out.*Lan.* But one i' the parlour;

I see it simpler hither. Pray, come this way.

*Lys.* Step to the garden-door, and feel an't be open.*Lan.* I am going; luck deliver me from the saw-pits,  
Or I am buried quick! I hear a dog;  
No, 'tis a cricket. Ha! here's a cuckold buried;  
Take heed of his horns, sir. Here's the door; 'tis open.*Clarín.* [*At the garden-door*] Who's there?*Lys.* [A] friend.*Clarín.* Sir! Lysander?*Lys.* Ay.*Clarín.* You are welcome: follow me, and make no noise.*Lys.* Go to your horse, and keep your watch with care,  
sirrah,

And be sure you sleep not.

*[Exit with CLARINDA into the garden.]**Lan.* Send me out the dairy-maid,To play at trump<sup>i</sup> with me, and keep me waking.

My fellow horse and I now must discourse,

Like two learn'd almanack-makers, of the stars,

And tell what a plentiful year 'twill prove of drunkards.

<sup>b</sup> *Welch falconers*] i. e. the owls just mentioned.—Middleton calls the cuckoo "the Welch ambassador:" see his *Works*, ii. 88, 316, ed. Dyce.

<sup>i</sup> *trump*] In a note, vol. v. 153, I have stated (after Douce and Nares) that "trump" was only another name for "ruff": but various passages might be adduced to prove that they were distinct games.

If I had but a pottle of sack, like a sharp prickle,  
 To knock my nose against when I am nodding,  
 I should sing like a nightingale ; but I must  
 Keep watch without it. I am apt to dance ;  
 Good fortune guide me from the fairies' circles !      [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A bed-chamber in the same house.*

*Enter CLARINDA with a taper, and LYSANDER.*

*Clarind.* Come near : I'll leave you now ; draw but that  
 curtain,

And have your wish.—Now, Leon, I am for thee :  
 We that are servants must make use of stoln hours,  
 And be glad of snatch'd occasions.      [*Aside, and then exit.*

[*LYSANDER draws a curtain, and discovers CALISTA*  
*sitting as if asleep.*

*Lys.* She is asleep ;

Fierce Love hath clos'd his lights ;—I may look on her ;—  
 Within her eyes h'as lock'd the Graces<sup>k</sup> up ;  
 I may behold and live. How sweet she breathes !  
 The orient morning, breaking out in odours,  
 Is not so full of perfumes as her breath is ;  
 She is the abstract of all excellence,  
 And scorns a parallel.

*Cal.* Who's there ?

*Lys.* Your servant,

[*Kneels.*

Your most obedient slave, adorèd lady,  
 That comes but to behold those eyes again,  
 And pay some vows I have to sacred beauty,  
 And so pass by : I am blind as ignorance,  
 And know not where I wander, how I live,  
 Till I receive from their bright influence  
 Light to direct me. For devotion's sake,

<sup>j</sup> *LYSANDER draws a curtain, and discovers CALISTA sitting as if asleep* According to the novel (see p. 5), Calista is in bed when Lysander comes into her chamber : but in both the folios the stage-direction is "*Calista* [first folio *Caliste*] sitting behind a curtain."

<sup>k</sup> *the Graces*] So the second folio.—The first folio "his *graces*" ; and so Sympson alone of the modern editors.



(You are the saint I tread these holy steps to,  
 And holy saints are all relenting sweetness,  
 Be not enrag'd, nor be not angry with me ;  
 The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy,  
 And 'tis the crown of Justice, and the glory,  
 Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.)

*Cal.* Why do you kneel ? I know you come to mock me,  
 To upbraid me with the benefits you have given me,  
 Which are too many and too mighty, sir,  
 For my return ; and I confess 'tis justice  
 That for my cruelty you should despise me ;  
 And I expect, however you are calm now  
 (A foil you strive to set your cause upon),  
 It will break out : Calista is unworthy,  
 Coy, proud, disdainful, (I acknowledge all,  
 Colder of comfort than the frozen north is,  
 And more a stranger to Lysander's worth,  
 His youth and faith, than it becomes her gratitude ;  
 I blush to grant it : yet take this along  
 (A sovereign medicine to allay displeasure,  
 May be, an argument to bring me off too),  
 She is married, and she is chaste ; how sweet that sounds !  
 How it perfumes all air 'tis spoken in !  
 Oh, dear Lysander, would you break this union ?

*Lys.* No ; I adore it : let me kiss your hand,  
 And seal the fair faith of a gentleman on it.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

*Cal.* You are truly valiant : would it not afflict you  
 To have the horrid name of coward touch you ?  
 Such is the whore to me.

*Lys.* I nobly thank you :  
 And may I be the same when I dishonour you !  
 This I may do again.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

*Cal.* You may, and worthily ;  
 Such comforts maids may grant with modesty,  
 And neither make her poor, nor wrong her bounty<sup>k</sup>.

<sup>k</sup> *make her poor, nor wrong her bounty*] " As 'her' has nothing to refer to but 'maids' in the line above, we must certainly change the number, and write,

Noble Lysander, how fond now am I of you !  
I heard you were hurt.

*Lys.* You dare not heal me, lady ?

I am hurt here.—How sweetly now she blushes !  
Excellent objects kill our sight ; she blinds me :  
The roses in the pride of May shew pale to her.  
Oh, tyrant Custom, and, oh, coward Honour,  
How ye compel me to put on mine own chains !— [*Aside.*  
May I not kiss you now in superstition ?  
For you appear a thing that I would kneel to :  
Let me err that way.

*Cal.* You shall err for once ; [*He kisses her.*  
I have a kind of noble pity on you.  
Among your manly sufferings, make this most,  
To err no farther in desire ; for then, sir,  
You add unto the gratitudes I owe you ;  
And, after death, your dear friend's soul shall bless you.

*Lys.* I am wondrous honest.

*Cal.* I dare try. [*He kisses her.*

*Lys.* I have tasted  
A blessedness too great for dull mortality :  
Once more, and let me die !

*Cal.* I dare not murder :  
How will maids curse me, if I kill with kisses,  
And young men fly the embraces of fair virgins !  
Come, pray, sit down ; but let's talk temperately.

*Lys.* Is my dear friend a-bed ?

*Cal.* Yes, and asleep,  
Secure asleep ; 'tis midnight too, Lysander :  
Speak not so loud.

*Lys.* You see I am a statue ;  
I could not stand else as I had eaten ice,  
Or took into my blood a drowsy poison,  
And nature's noblest, brightest flame burn in me.

'*make them poor, nor wrong their bounty.*' " SYMPSON.

And so the Editors of 1778.—" The mistake is not likely to have been accidental. Fletcher is often guilty of greater grammatical errors than that in the text, and the change of plural to singular, or *vice versa*, is very frequent in old authors."

WEBER.

Midnight, and I stand quietly to behold so !  
 The alarm rung, and I sleep like a coward !  
 I am worn away ; my faith and dull obedience,  
 Like crutches, carry my decayèd body  
 Down to the grave ; I have no youth within me.  
 Yet happily you love too ?

*Cal.* Love with honour.

*Lys.* Honour ! what's that ? 'tis but a specious title  
 We should not prize too high.

*Cal.* Dearer than life.

*Lys.* The value of it is as time has made it,  
 And time and custom have too far insulted :  
 We are no gods, to be always tied to strictness ;  
 'Tis a presumption to shew too like 'em :  
 March but an hour or two under Love's ensigns ;  
 We have examples of great memories——

*Cal.* But foul ones too, that greatness cannot cover :  
 That wife that by example sins, sins double,  
 And pulls the curtain open to her shame too.  
 Methinks, to enjoy you thus——

*Lys.* 'Tis no joy, lady :  
 A longing bride, if she stop here, would cry ;  
 The bridegroom too, and with just cause, curse Hymen.  
 But yield a little, be one hour a woman,  
 (I do not speak this to compel you, lady,)  
 And give your will but motion, let it stir,  
 But in the taste of that weak fears call evil ;  
 Try it to understand it, (we'll do nothing,)  
 You'll never come to know pure good else.

*Cal.* Fie, sir !

*Lys.* I have found a way ; let's slip into this error  
 As innocents that know not what we did ;  
 As we were dreaming both, let us embrace ;  
 The sin is none of ours, then, but our fancies' :——  
 What have I said ? what blasphemy to honour ?  
 Oh, my base thoughts !—Pray you, take this, and shoot  
 me :—

[Offering her a pistol.]

My villain thoughts !

*Cal.* I weep your misery,  
 And would to Heaven [Noise within]——What noise ?

*Lys.* It comes on louder.

Kill me, and save yourself; save your fair honour,  
And lay the fault on me; let my life perish,  
My base lascivious life; shoot quickly, lady.

*Cal.* Not for the world. Retire behind the hangings,  
And there stand close.—My husband!—Close, Lysander!

*[He retires behind the hangings.]*

*Enter CLEANDER with a taper.*

*Clean.* Dearest, are you well?

*Cal.* Oh, my sad heart!

My head, my head!

*Clean.* Alas, poor soul! what do you  
Out of your bed? you take cold, my Calista.  
How do you?

*Cal.* Not so well, sir, to lie by you:  
My brother's fright——

*Clean.* I had a frightful dream too,  
A very frightful dream, my best Calista:  
Methought there came a dragon to your chamber,  
A furious dragon, wife; I yet shake at it.  
Are all things well?

*Lys.* *[from behind the hangings]* Shall I shoot him?

*Cal.* No.—All well, sir.

'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,  
Which always watches.

*Clean.* And methought he came  
As if he had risen thus out of his den,  
As I do from these hangings——

*Lys.* *[from behind the hangings]* Dead?

*Cal.* Hold, good sir!

*Clean.* And forc'd you in his arms thus.

*Cal.* 'Twas but fancy  
That troubled you; here's nothing to disturb me.  
Good sir, to rest again; and I am now drowsy,  
And will to bed. Make no noise, dear husband,  
But let me sleep: before you can call any body  
I am a-bed.

*Clean.* This, and sweet rest dwell with you!

*[Kisses her, and then exit.]*

*Cal.* Come out again ; and, as you love, Lysander,

[*LYSANDER comes from behind the hangings.*

Make haste away ! you see his mind is troubled :

Do you know the door you came at ?

*Lys.* Well, sweet lady.

*Cal.* And can you hit it readily ?

*Lys.* I warrant you.

And must I go ? must here end all my happiness,

Here in a dream, as if it had no substance ?

*Cal.* For this time, friend, or here begin our ruins ;  
We are both miserable.

*Lys.* This is some comfort

In my afflictions, they are so full already,

They can find no increase.

*Cal.* Dear, speak no more.

*Lys.* You must be silent, then.

*Cal.* Farewell, Lysander,  
Thou joy of man, farewell !

*Lys.* Farewell, bright lady,  
Honour of woman-kind, a heavenly blessing !

*Cal.* Be ever honest.

*Lys.* I will be a dog else :

The virtues of your mind I'll make my library,

In which I'll study the celestial beauty ;

Your constancy, my armour that I'll fight in ;

And on my sword your chastity shall sit,

Terror to rebel blood.

*Cal.* Once more, farewell :

Oh, that my modesty could hold you still, sir !

He comes again.

[*Noise within.*

*Lys.* Heaven keep my hand from murder,

Murder of him I love !

*Cal.* Away, dear friend !

Down to the garden-stairs ; that way, Lysander ;

We are betray'd else.

*Lys.* Honour guard the innocent !

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter CLEANDER.*

*Clean.* Still up ! I fear'd your health.

*Cal.* H'as miss'd him happily.— [Aside.  
I am going now ; I have done my meditations,  
My heart 's almost at peace.

*Clean.* To my warm bed, then.

*Cal.* I will ; pray you, lead. [A pistol shot off within.

*Clean.* A pistol shot i' th' house !  
At these hours ! sure, some thief, some murderer.—  
Rise, ho ! rise all ! I am betray'd !

*Cal.* Oh, Fortune !  
Oh, giddy thing ! He has met some opposition,  
And kill'd ! I am confounded, lost for ever ! [Aside.

*Enter DORILAUS.*

*Dor.* Now, what 's the matter ?

*Clean.* Thieves, my noble father,  
Villains and rogues.

*Dor.* Indeed, I heard a pistol :  
Let 's search about.

*Enter MALFORT, CLARINDA, and Servants.*

*Malf.* To bed again ; they are gone, sir,  
(I will not bid you thank my valour for 't,)  
Gone at the garden-door ; there were a dozen,  
And bravely arm'd ; I saw 'em.

*Clarind.* I am glad,  
Glad at the heart. [Aside.

*First Serv.* One shot at me, and miss'd me.

*Malf.* No, 'twas at me ; the bullet flew close by me,  
Close by my ear : another had a huge sword,  
Flourish'd it thus, but at the point I met him ;  
But the rogue, taking me to be your lordship  
(As sure your name is terrible, and we  
Not much unlike in the dark), roar'd out aloud,  
" It is the kill-cow Dorilaus ! " and away  
They ran as they had flown.—Now you must love me,  
Or fear me for my courage, wench. [Aside to CLARINDA.

*Clarind.* Oh, rogue !

<sup>1</sup> the kill-cow Dorilaus] See note, vol. v. 36.

Oh, lying rogue! [*Aside to him*].—Lysander stumbled,  
 madam,

At the stairs' head, and in the fall the shot went off;

Was gone before they rose. [*Aside to CALISTA*.

*Cal.* I thank Heaven for 't!

*Clarín.* I was frightened too; it spoil'd my game with Leon.  
 [*Aside*.

*Clean.* You must sit up! an they had come to your chamber,  
 What pranks would they have play'd!—How came the door  
 open?

*Malf.* I heard 'em when they forc'd it; up I rose,  
 Took Durindana<sup>m</sup> in my hand, and, like  
 Orlando, issu'd forth.

*Clarín.* I know you are valiant.

*Clean.* To bed again;

And be you henceforth provident. At sun-rising  
 We must part for a while.

*Dor.* When you are a-bed,  
 Take leave of her; there 'twill be worth the taking,  
 Here 'tis but a cold ceremony. Ere long  
 We'll find Lysander, or we have ill fortune.

*Clean.* Lock all the doors fast.

*Malf.* Though they all stood open,  
 My name writ on the door, they dare not enter. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.—*The country. Before a monastery.*

*Enter CLARANGÈ, a Friar with a letter, and a Novice.*

*Clarangè.* Turn'd hermit!

*Friar.* Yes, and a devout one too;  
 I heard him preach.

*Clarangè.* That lessens my belief;  
 For though I grant my Lydian a scholar,  
 As far as fits a gentleman, he hath studied  
 Humanity<sup>n</sup>, and in that he is a master,

<sup>m</sup> *Durindana*] "The name of Orlando's sword." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>n</sup> *Humanity*] i. e. polite literature.

Civility of manners, courtship, arms,  
But never aim'd at, as I could perceive,  
The deep points of divinity.

*Friar.* That confirms his  
Devotion to be real, no way tainted  
With ostentation or hypocrisy,  
The cankers of religion ; his sermon  
So full of gravity, and with such sweetness  
Deliver'd, that it drew the admiration  
Of all the hearers on him ; his own letters  
To you, which witness he will leave the world,  
And these to fair Olinda, his late mistress,  
In which he hath, with all the moving language  
That ever express'd rhetoric, solicited  
The lady to forget him, and make you  
Blessèd in her embraces, may remove  
All scrupulous doubts.

*Clarangè.* It strikes a sadness in me :  
I know not what to think of't.

*Friar.* Ere he enter'd  
His solitary cell, he penn'd a ditty,  
His long and last farewell to love and women,  
So feelingly, that I confess, however  
It stands not with my order to be taken  
With such poetical raptures, I was mov'd,  
And strangely, with it.

*Clarangè.* Have you the copy ?

*Friar.* Yes, sir :  
My novice too can sing it, if you please  
To give him hearing.

*Clarangè.* And it will come timely,  
For I am full of melancholy thoughts,  
Against which I have heard, with reason, music  
To be the speediest cure ; pray you, apply it.

SONG *by the Novice.*

Adieu, fond love ! farewell, you wanton powers !  
I am free again :  
Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,  
Bewitching pain,



Fly to the fools that sigh away their time!  
 My nobler love, to Heaven climb,  
 And there behold beauty still young,  
 That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;  
 Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,  
 And honour'd by eternity and joy!  
 There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire;  
 Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

*Friar.* How do you approve it?

*Clarangè.* To its due desert;  
 It is a heavenly hymn, no ditty, father;  
 It passes through my ears unto my soul,  
 And works divinely on it. Give me leave  
 A little to consider.—Shall I be  
 Out-done in all things? nor good of myself,  
 Nor by example? shall my loose hopes still,  
 The viands of a fond affection, feed me  
 As I were a sensual beast? spiritual food  
 Refus'd by my sick palate? 'tis resolv'd.—  
 How far off, father, doth this new-made hermit  
 Make his abode?

[*Aside.*

*Friar.* Some two days' journey, son.

*Clarangè.* Having reveal'd my fair intentions to you,  
 I hope your piety will not deny me  
 Your aids to further 'em.

*Friar.* That were against  
 A good man's charity.

*Clarangè.* My first request is,  
 You would some time, for reasons I will shew you,  
 Defer delivery of Lydian's letters  
 To fair Olinda.

*Friar.* Well, sir.

*Clarangè.* For what follows,  
 You shall direct me.—Something I will do,  
 A new-born zeal and friendship prompts me to.

[*Aside.*  
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in a country-inn.*

DORILAUS and CLEANDER discovered, seated at a supper-table, with lights ; Chamberlain standing by.

*Clean.* We have supp'd well, friend : let our beds be ready ;  
We must be stirring early.

*Cham.* They are made, sir.

*Dor.* I cannot sleep yet. Where's the jovial host  
You told me of? 't has been my custom ever  
To parley with mine host.

*Clean.* He's a good fellow,  
And such a one I know you love to laugh with.—  
Go call your master up.

*Cham.* He cannot come, sir.

*Dor.* Is he a-bed with his wife?

*Cham.* No, certainly.

*Dor.* Or with some other guests?

*Cham.* Neither, an't like you.

*Clean.* Why, then, he shall come ; by your leave, my friend,  
I'll fetch him up myself.

*Cham.* Indeed, you'll fail, sir.

*Dor.* Is he i' th' house?

*Cham.* No, but he is hard by, sir ;  
He is fast in's grave ; he has been dead these three weeks.

*Dor.* Then, o' my conscience, he will come but lamely,  
And discourse worse.

*Clean.* Farewell, mine honest host, then,  
Mine honest merry host !—Will you to bed yet?

*Dor.* No, not this hour ; I prithee, sit and chat by me.

*Clean.* Give us a quart of wine, then ; we'll be merry.

*Dor.* A match, my son.—Pray, let your wine be living,  
Or lay it by your master.

*Cham.* It shall be quick, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Dor.* Has not mine host a wife?

*Clean.* A good old woman.

*Dor.* Another coffin ! that is not so handsome ;  
Your hostesses in inns should be blithe things,

Pretty and young, to draw in passengers ;  
She'll never fill her beds well, if she be not *beauteous*.

*Clean.* And courteous too.

*Dor.* Ay, ay ; and a good fellow,  
That will mistake sometimes a gentleman  
For her good man.

*Re-enter Chamberlain with wine.*

Well done !—Here's to Lysander ! [*Drinks.*

*Clean.* My full love meets it.—Make fire in our lodgings ;  
We'll trouble thee no farther. [*Exit Chamberlain.*

To your son !

*Dor.* Put in Clarangè too ; off with't. I thank you.  
This wine drinks merrier still. Oh, for mine host now !  
Were he alive again, and well dispos'd,  
I would so claw his pate !

*Clean.* You're a hard drinker.

*Dor.* I love to make mine host drunk ; he will lie then,  
The rarest and the roundest, of his friends,  
His quarrels, and his guests ; and they are the best bawds  
too,  
Take 'em in that tune.

*Clean.* You know all.

*Dor.* I did, son ;  
But time and arms have worn me out.

*Clean.* 'Tis late, sir ;  
I hear none stirring. [*A lute is struck within.*

*Dor.* Hark ! what's that ? a lute ?  
'Tis at the door, I think.

*Clean.* The doors are shut fast.

*Dor.* 'Tis morning ; sure, the fiddlers are got up  
To fright men's sleeps. Have we ne'er a piss-pot ready ?

*Clean.* Now I remember, I have heard mine host that's  
dead

Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too,  
A brave still mean<sup>o</sup>.

<sup>o</sup> *mean*] "Is what we now call *tenor*." WEBER. Such seems to be the signification of the word here ; but what the "*mean* of a song" was, depended entirely on the nature of the composition.

*Dor.* I would give a brace of French crowns  
To see him rise and fiddle.

*Clean.* Hark, a song!

*SONG within.*

'Tis late and cold ; stir up the fire ;  
Sit close, and draw the table nigher ;  
Be merry, and drink wine that 's old,—  
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold :  
Your beds of wanton down the best,  
Where you shall tumble to your rest :  
I could wish you wenches too,  
But I am dead, and cannot do.  
Call for the best the house may ring,  
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,  
And drink apace, while breath you have ;  
You 'll find but cold drink in the grave :  
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,  
And a capon for the sinner,  
You shall find ready when you 're up,  
And your horse shall have his sup :  
Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,  
And I shall smile, though under ground.

*Clean.* Now, as I live, it is his voice !

*Dor.* He sings well ;

The devil has a pleasant pipe.

*Clean.* The fellow lied, sure.

*Enter the Host's Ghost.*

He is not dead ; he 's here. How pale he looks !

*Dor.* Is this he ?

*Clean.* Yes.

*Ghost.* You are welcome, noble gentlemen !

My brave old guest, most welcome !

*Clean.* Lying knaves,

To tell us you were dead ! Come, sit down by us.

We thank you for your song.

*Ghost.* Would 't had been better !

*Dor.* Speak, are you dead ?

*Ghost.* Yes, indeed am I, gentlemen ;  
I have been dead these three weeks.

*Dor.* Then here 's to you,  
To comfort your cold body !

*Clean.* What do you mean?  
Stand further off.

*Dor.* I will stand nearer to him :  
Shall he come out on 's coffin to bear us company,  
And we not bid him welcome?—Come, mine host,  
Mine honest host, here 's to you!

*Ghost.* Spirits, sir, drink not.

*Clean.* Why do you appear?

*Ghost.* To wait upon ye, gentlemen  
( 'T has been my duty living, now my farewell ) :  
I fear ye are not us 'd accordingly.

*Dor.* I could wish you warmer company, mine host,  
However we are us 'd.

*Ghost.* Next, to entreat a courtesy ;  
And then I go to peace.

*Clean.* Is 't in our power?

*Ghost.* Yes, and 'tis this ; to see my body buried  
In holy ground, for now I lie unhallow 'd,  
By the clerk 's fault ; let my new grave be made  
Amongst good fellows, that have died before me,  
And merry hosts of my kind.

*Clean.* It shall be done.

*Dor.* And forty stoops<sup>p</sup> of wine drunk<sup>q</sup> at thy funeral.

*Clean.* Do you know our travel?

*Ghost.* Yes, to seek your friends,  
That in afflictions wander now.

*Clean.* Alas!

*Ghost.* Seek 'em no farther, but be confident  
They shall return in peace.

*Dor.* There 's comfort yet.

*Clean.* Pray you, one word more : is 't in your power,  
mine host,  
( Answer me softly, ) some hours before my death,  
To give me warning?

*Ghost.* I cannot tell you, truly ;

<sup>p</sup> *stoops*] See note, vol. ii. 221.

<sup>q</sup> *drunk.*] Here both the folios " dranke " and " drank " ; and so the modern editors : but see note, p. 61.

But, if I can, so much alive I lov'd you,  
I will appear again. Adieu.

*Dor.* Adieu, sir. [*Exit Ghost.*

*Clean.* I am troubled : these strange apparitions are  
For the most part fatal.

*Dor.* This, if told, will not  
Find credit. The light breaks apace ; let 's lie down,  
And take some little rest, an hour or two,  
Then do mine host's desire, and so return.  
I do believe him.

*Clean.* So do I. To rest, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The garden attached to the country-house of*  
CLEANDER.

*Enter CALISTA and CLARINDA.*

*Cal.* Clarinda !

*Clar.* Madam ?

*Cal.* Is the house well order'd ?  
The doors look'd to<sup>r</sup>, now in your master's absence ?  
Your care and diligence amongst the servants ?

*Clar.* I am stirring, madam,

*Cal.* So thou art, Clarinda,  
More than thou ought'st, I am sure. Why dost thou blush ?

*Clar.* I do not blush.

*Cal.* Why dost thou hang thy head, wench ?

*Clar.* Madam, you are deceiv'd, I look upright ;  
I understand you not.—She has spied Leon :  
Shame of his want of caution ! [*Aside.*

*Cal.* Look on me.  
What, blush again ?

*Clar.* 'Tis more than I know, madam ;  
I have no cause that I find yet.

*Cal.* Examine, then.

*Clar.* Your ladyship is set, I think, to shame me.

*Cal.* Do not deserve 't. Who lay with you last night ?  
What bedfellow had you ? none of the maids came near you.

<sup>r</sup> *look'd to*] Weber chose to print "look'd to".



*Clarín.* Does it anger you? does it a little gall you?  
 I know it does. Why would you urge me, lady?  
 Why would you be so curious to compel me?  
 I nam'd Lysander as my precedent,  
 The rule I err'd by : you love him, I know it ;  
 I grudg'd not at it, but am pleas'd it is so ;  
 And, by my care and diligence, you enjoy'd him.  
 Shall I for keeping counsel have no comfort ?  
 Will you have all yourself? engross all pleasure ?  
 Are you so hard-hearted? Why do you blush now, madam?

*Cal.* My anger blushes, not my shame, base woman !

*Clarín.* I'll make your shame blush, since you put me to't :  
 Who lay with you t'other night ?

*Cal.* With me, you monster !

*Clarín.* Whose sweet embraces circled you? not your  
 husband's.

I wonder you dare touch me in this point, madam !  
 Stir her against you in whose hand your life lies !  
 More than your life, your honour ! What smug Amazon  
 Was that I brought you ? that maid had ne'er a petticoat.

*Cal.* She'll half persuade me anon I am a beast too ;  
 And I mistrust myself, though I am honest,  
 For giving her the helm [*Aside*].—Thou know'st, Clarinda,  
 Even in thy conscience, I was ever virtuous ;  
 As far from lust in meeting with Lysander,  
 As the pure wind in welcoming the morning ;  
 In all the conversation I had with him,  
 As free, and innocent, as yond fair Heaven.  
 Didst not thou persuade me too ?

*Clarín.* Yes, I had reason for't ;  
 And, now you are persuaded, I'll make use on 't.

*Cal.* If I had sinn'd thus, and my youth entic'd me,  
 The nobleness and beauty of his person,  
 Beside the mighty benefits I am bound to,  
 Is this sufficient warrant for thy weakness ?  
 If I had been a whore, and crav'd thy counsel  
 In the conveyance of my fault, and faithfulness,  
 Thy secrecy and truth in hiding of it,  
 Is it thy justice to repay me thus ?





If you were innocent, as it may be you are  
 (I do not know ; I leave it to your conscience),  
 It were the weakest and the poorest part of you,  
 Men being so willing to believe the worst,  
 So open-ey'd in this age to all infamy,  
 To put your fame in this weak bark to the venture.

*Cal.* What do I suffer ! Oh, my precious honour,  
 Into what box of evils have I lock'd thee !  
 Yet, rather than be thus outbrav'd, and by  
 My drudge, my footstool, one that sued to be so,  
 Perish both life, and honour !—Devil, thus  
 I dare thy worst, defy thee, spit at thee !  
 And, in my virtuous rage, thus trample on thee !  
 Awe me, thy mistress, whore, to be thy bawd ?  
 Out of my house ! proclaim all that thou know'st,  
 Or malice can invent ; fetch jealousy  
 From hell, and like a Fury breathe it in  
 The bosom of my lord ; and to thy utmost  
 Blast my fair fame ! yet thou shalt feel, with horror  
 To thy sear'd conscience, my truth is built  
 On such a firm base, that, if e'er it can  
 Be forc'd or undermin'd by thy base scandals,  
 Heaven keeps no guard on innocence !

[*Exit.*

*Clarín.* I am lost,  
 In my own hopes forsaken ; and must fall  
 (The greatest torment to a guilty woman)  
 Without revenge. Till I can fashion it,  
 I must submit, at least appear as if  
 I did repent, and would offend no farther.  
 Monsieur Berontè, my lord's brother, is  
 Oblig'd unto me for a private favour ;  
 'Tis he must mediate for me : but, when time  
 And opportunity bids me strike, my wreak<sup>u</sup>  
 Shall pour itself on her nice chastity  
 Like to a torrent : deeds, not words, shall speak me.

[*Exit.*

<sup>u</sup> *wreak*] "i. e. revenge." *Ed.* 1778.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the country-house of CLEANDER.*

*Enter* ALCIDON *and* BERONTÈ, *severally.*

*Alc.* You are opportunely met.

*Ber.* Your countenance

Expresses haste mix'd with some fear.

*Alc.* You'll share

With me in both, as soon as you are made  
Acquainted with the cause, if you love virtue,  
In danger not secure. I have no time<sup>v</sup>  
For circumstance : instruct me if Lysander  
Be in your brother's house<sup>w</sup>.

*Ber.* Upon my knowledge  
He is not there.

*Alc.* I am glad on 't.

*Ber.* Why, good sir ?

Without offence I speak it, there's no place  
In which he is more honour'd or more safe  
Than with his friend Cleander.

*Alc.* In your votes<sup>x</sup>  
I grant it true ; but, as it now stands with him,

<sup>v</sup> *Acquainted with the cause, if you love virtue,*

*In danger not secure. I have no time, &c.]* Of this passage Sympson proposed a very violent alteration.—The Editors of 1778 pointed it thus,

*“Acquainted with the cause: If you love virtue,  
In danger not secure—I have no time,” &c.*

observing “This is plainly a broken sentence, and, we think, signifies, ‘if you are a friend to virtue, don't lull yourself into a false idea of its security, when it is in danger.’” Weber adopted their punctuation.—“The meaning appears to me to be this—If you love virtue in such a dangerous situation, that it is not, as it ought to be, its own security.” MASON.

<sup>w</sup> *brother's house]* So the second folio.—The first folio “father's house”; and so Sympson, who, however, observed in a note “we ought to read ‘brother's house’”, which the succeeding editors gave, supposing it to be a conjectural emendation !!

<sup>x</sup> *votes]* “i. e. wishes.” *Ed.* 1778.

I can give reason to make satisfaction  
For what I speak : you cannot but remember  
The ancient difference between Lysander  
And Cloridon, a man in grace at court ?

*Ber.* I do ; and the foul plot of Cloridon's kinsmen  
Upon Lysander's life, for a fall given  
To Cloridon 'fore the king, as they encounter'd  
At a solemn tilting.

*Alc.* It is now reveng'd.  
In brief, a challenge was brought to Lysander  
By one Chrysanthes ; and, as far as valour  
Would give him leave, declin'd by bold Lysander :  
But, peace refus'd, and braves on braves heap'd on him,  
Alone he met the opposites, ending the quarrel  
With both their lives.

*Ber.* I am truly sorry for 't.

*Alc.* The king, incensèd for his favourite's death,  
Hath set a price upon Lysander's head,  
As a reward to any man that brings it,  
Alive or dead : to gain this, every where  
He is pursu'd and laid for ; and, the friendship  
Between him and your noble brother known,  
His house in reason cannot pass unsearch'd ;  
And that 's the principal cause that drew me hither,  
To hasten his remove, if he had chosen  
This castle for his sanctuary.

*Ber.* 'Twas done nobly,  
And you most welcome. This night, pray you, take  
A lodging with us ; and, at my entreaty,  
Conceal this from my brother : he is grown  
Exceeding sad of late ; and the hard fortune  
Of one he values at so high a rate,  
Will much increase his melancholy.

*Alc.* I am tutor'd.  
Pray you, lead the way.

*Ber.* To serve you, I will shew it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A gallery of the same house.**Enter CLEANDER, with a book.*

*Clean.* Nothing more certain than to die; but when  
 Is most uncertain: if so, every hour  
 We should prepare us for the journey, which  
 Is not to be put off. I must submit  
 To the divine decree, not argue it;  
 And cheerfully I welcome it: I have  
 Dispos'd of my estate, confess'd my sins,  
 And have remission from my ghostly father;  
 Being at peace too here. The apparition  
 Proceeded not from fancy; Dorilaus  
 Saw it, and heard it with me; it made answer  
 To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not  
 Denied to him by fate, he would forewarn me  
 Of my approaching end. I feel no symptom  
 Of sickness; yet, I know not how, a dulness  
 Invades<sup>x</sup> me all over.—Ha!

*Enter the Host's Ghost.*

*Ghost.* I come, sir,  
 To keep my promise; and, as far as spirits  
 Are sensible of sorrow for the living,  
 I grieve to be the messenger to tell you,  
 Ere many hours pass, you must resolve  
 To fill a grave.

*Clean.* And feast the worms?

*Ghost.* Even so, sir.

*Clean.* I hear it like a man.

*Ghost.* It well becomes you;  
 There's no evading it.

*Clean.* Can you discover  
 By whose means I must die?

*Ghost.* That is denied me;  
 But my prediction is too sure: prepare  
 To make your peace with Heaven. So, farewell, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Clean.* I see no enemy near; and yet I tremble

<sup>x</sup> *Invades*] Silently altered by Sympson to "Invadeth"; and so his successors.

Like a pale coward : my sad doom pronounc'd  
 By this aërial voice, as in a glass  
 Shews me my death in its most dreadful shape.  
 What rampire can my human frailty raise  
 Against the assault of fate? I do begin  
 To fear myself ; my inward strengths forsake me ;  
 I must call out for help.—Within there ! haste,  
 And break in to my rescue !

*Enter, severally, DORILAUS, CALISTA, OLINDA, BERONTÈ,  
 ALCIDON, CLARINDA, and Servants.*

*Dor.* Rescue ! where ?

Shew me your danger.

*Cal.* I will interpose

My loyal breast between you and all hazard.

*Ber.* Your brother's sword secures you.

*Alc.* A true friend

Will die in your defence.

*Clean.* I thank ye ;

To all my thanks. Encompass'd thus with friends,  
 How can I fear? and yet I do : I am wounded,  
 Mortally wounded : nay, it is within ;  
 I am hurt in my mind. One word—

*Dor.* A thousand.

*Clean.* I shall not live to speak so many to you.

*Dor.* Why, what forbids you ?

*Clean.* But even now the spirit

Of my dead host appear'd, and told me, that  
 This night I should be with him. Did you not meet it ?  
 It went out at that door.

*Dor.* A vain chimera

Of your imagination ! can you think  
 Mine host would not as well have spoke to me now,  
 As he did in the inn? These waking dreams  
 Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange  
 Distraction in your family : see the tears  
 Of my poor daughter, fair Olinda's sadness,  
 Your brother's and your friend's grief, servants' sorrow.  
 Good son, bear up ; you have many years to live

A comfort to us all. Let's in to supper.  
 Ghosts never walk till after midnight, if  
 I may believe my grannam. We will wash  
 These thoughts away with wine, spite of hobgoblins.

*Clean.* You reprehend me justly.—Gentle madam,  
 And all the rest, forgive me : I'll endeavour  
 To be merry with you.

*Dor.* That's well said.

*Ber.* I have [To CLARINDA.]  
 Procur'd your pardon.

*Cal.* Once more I receive you  
 Into my service ; but take special care  
 You fall no further.

*Clarín.* Never, madam.—Sir, [Aside to BERONTÈ.]  
 When you shall find fit time to call me to it,  
 I will make good what I have said.

*Ber.* Till when, [Aside to her.]  
 Upon your life, be silent !

*Dor.* We will have  
 A health unto Lysander.

*Clean.* His name, sir,  
 Somewhat revives me ; but his sight would cure me.  
 However, let's to supper.

*Olin.* Would Clarangè  
 And Lydian were here too ! as they should be,  
 If wishes could prevail.

*Cal.* They are fruitless, madam. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE III.—*A hall in the same.*

*Enter LEON.*

*Leon.* If that report speak truth, Clarinda is  
 Discharg'd her lady's service, and what burden  
 I then have drawn upon me is apparent.  
 The crop she reap'd from her attendance was  
 Her best revenue, and my principal means  
 Clarinda's bounty, though I labour'd hard for 't,

A younger brother's fortune. Must I now  
 Have sour sauce, after sweet meats? and be driven  
 To levy half-a-crown a-week, besides  
 Clouts, soap, and caudles <sup>y</sup>, for my heir apparent,  
 If she prove, as she swears she is, with child?  
 Such as live this way find, like me, though wenching  
 Hath a fair face, there's a dragon in the tail of't,  
 That stings to the quick. I must skulk here, until  
 I am resolv'd <sup>z</sup>: how my heart pants, between  
 My hopes and fears! She's come.

*Enter CLARINDA.*

Are we in the port?

If not, let's sink together.

*Clarín.* Things go better

Than you deserve: you carry things so openly,  
 I must bear every way. I am once more  
 In my lady's grace.

*Leon.* And I in yours.

*Clarín.* It may be;

But I have sworn unto my lady never  
 To sin again.

*Leon.* To be surpris'd. The sin  
 Is in itself excusable; to be taken  
 Is a crime, as the poet writes.

*Clarín.* You know my weakness,  
 And that makes you so confident.—You have got  
 A fair sword: was it not Lysander's?

*Leon.* Yes, wench;

And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:  
 It hath been the death of two; with this Lysander  
 Slew Cloridon and Chrysanthes: I took it up  
 Broken in the handle, but that is reform'd;  
 And now in my possession, the late master  
 Dares never come to challenge it. This sword,  
 And all the weapons that I have, are ever

<sup>y</sup> *caudles*] Both the folios "candles"; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778. See note, vol. vii. 229.

<sup>z</sup> *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, informed.



Devoted to thy service. Shall we bill?

I am very gamesome.

*Clarín.* I must first dispose of  
The fool Malfort; he hath smok'd you, and is not,  
But by some new device, to be kept from me;  
I have it here shall fit him. You know where  
You must expect me; with all possible silence  
Get thither.

*Leon.* You will follow?

*Clarín.* Will I live?

She that is forfeited to lust must die,  
That humour being un-fed. Be gone; here comes  
My champion, in armour. [*Exit* LEON.]

*Enter* MALFORT *in armour.*

*Malf.* What adventure  
I am bound upon I know not, but it is  
My mistress' pleasure that I should appear thus.  
I may perhaps be terrible to others,  
But, as I am, I am sure my shadow frights me:  
The clashing of my armour, in my ears  
Sounds like a passing-bell; and my buckler puts me  
In mind of a bier; this my broad sword, a pick-axe  
To dig my grave. Oh, love! abominable love!  
What monsters issue from thy dismal den,  
Clarinda's placket<sup>a</sup>, which I must encounter,  
Or never hope to enter!

*Clarín.* Here's a knight-errant!— [*Aside.*  
Monsieur Malfort.

*Malf.* Stand, stand, or I'll fall for you.

*Clarín.* Know you not my voice?

*Malf.* Yes, 'twas at that I trembled.

But, were my false friend Leon here——

*Clarín.* 'Tis he.

*Malf.* Where, where?

*Clarín.* He is not come yet.

*Malf.* 'Tis well for him,  
I am so full of wrath.

<sup>a</sup> *placket*] See note, vol. vi. 508.

*Clarín.* Or fear [*Aside*].—This Leon,  
Howe'er my kinsman, hath abus'd you grossly,  
And this night vows to take me hence perforce,  
And marry me to another: 'twas for this,  
Presuming on your love, I did entreat you  
To put your armour on, that with more safety  
You might defend me.

*Malf.* And I'll do it bravely.

*Clarín.* You must stand here to beat him off, and suffer  
No human thing to pass you, though it appear  
In my lord's shape or lady's: be not cozen'd  
With a disguise.

*Malf.* I have been fool'd already,  
But now I am wise.

*Clarín.* You must swear not to stir hence.

*Malf.* Upon these lips.

*Clarín.* Nor move until I call you.

*Malf.* I'll grow here rather.

*Clarín.* This night's task well ended,  
I am yours to-morrow. Keep sure guard.

*Malf.* Adieu.

[*Exit CLARINDA.*]

My honey-comb, how sweet thou art, did not  
A nest of hornets keep it! what impossibilities  
Love makes me undertake! I know myself  
A natural coward, and, should Leon come,  
Though this were cannon-proof, I should deliver  
The wench before he ask'd her. I hear some footing:  
'Tis he: where shall I hide myself? that is  
My best defence.

*Enter CLEANDER.*

*Clean.* I cannot sleep; strange visions  
Make this poor life I fear'd of late to lose,  
A toy that I grow weary of.

*Malf.* 'Tis Leon.

[*Aside.*]

*Clean.* What's that?

*Malf.* If you are come, sir, for Clarinda,  
I am glad I have her for you; I resign  
My interest: you'll find her in her chamber;  
I did stay up to tell you so.

*Clean.* Clarinda!  
And Leon! there is something more in this  
Than I can stay to ask.

[*Exit.*

*Malf.* What a cold pickle,  
And that none of the sweetest, do I find  
My poor self in!

*Clean.* [*within*] Yield, villain!

*Re-enter CLARINDA and LEON running, CLEANDER following.*

*Clar.* 'Tis my lord!  
Shift for yourself.

*Leon.* His life shall first make answer  
For this intrusion.

[*Stabs CLEANDER.*

*Malf.* I am going away;  
I am gone already!

[*Falls in a swoon.*

*Clean.* Heaven take mercy on  
My soul!—Too true-presaging host!

[*Dies.*

*Clar.* He's dead,  
And this wretch little better. Do you stare  
Upon your handy-work?

*Leon.* I am amaz'd.

*Clar.* Get o'er the garden-wall; fly for your life,  
But leave your sword behind; inquire not why:  
I'll fashion something out of it, though I perish,  
Shall make way for revenge.

*Leon.* These are the fruits  
Of lust, Clarinda!

*Clar.* Hence, repenting milk-sop!  
Now 'tis too late. [*Exit LEON.*]—Lysander's sword? ay,  
that, [*Puts the sword into MALFORT'S hand.*  
That is the base I'll build on. So; I'll raise  
The house.—Help! murder! a most horrid murder!  
Monsieur Berontè! noble Dorilaus!  
All buried in sleep? aye me! a murder!  
A most unheard-of murder!

*Enter DORILAUS.*

*Dor.* More lights, knaves!—  
Berontè! Alcidon!—More lights!

*Enter BERONTÈ, ALCIDON, and Servants with lights.*

*Clarin.* By this  
I see too much.

*Dor.* My son Cleander bathing  
In his own gore ! the devil to tell truth  
I' the shape of an host !

*Ber.* My brother !

*Malf.* I have been  
I' th' other world, in hell I think, these devils  
With fire-brands in their paws sent to torment me  
(Though I never did the deed) for my lewd purpose  
To be a whoremaster.

[*Aside.*

*Dor.* Who's that ?

*Alc.* 'Tis one  
In armour : a bloody sword in his hand.

*Dor.* Sans question,  
The murderer.

*Malf.* Who, I ? you do me wrong :  
I never had the heart to kill a chicken ;  
Nor do I know this sword.

*Alc.* I do, too well.

*Ber.* I have seen Lysander wear it.

*Clarin.* This confirms [*Aside to BERONTÈ.*  
What yester-night I whisper'd : let it work ;  
The circumstance may make it good.

*Malf.* My lord !  
And I his murderer ?

*Ber.* Drag the villain hence :  
The rack shall force a free confession from him.

*Malf.* I am struck dumb ; you need not stop my mouth.

*Ber.* Away with him !

[*MALFORT is carried off by the Servants.*

*Enter CALISTA and OLINDA.*

*Cal.* Where is my lord ?

*Dor.* All that  
Remains of him lies there. Look on this object,  
And then turn marble.

*Cal.* I am so already,  
Made fit to be his monument : but wherefore  
Do you, that have both life and motion left you,  
Stand sad spectators of his death, and not  
Bring forth his murderer ?

*Ber.* That lies in you :  
You must, and shall produce him.

*Dor.* She, Berontè ?

*Ber.* None else.

*Dor.* Thou liest ! I'll prove it on thy head,  
Or write it on thy heart. *[Draws his sword.]*

*Alc.* Forbear ; there is  
Too much blood shed already.

*Ber.* Let not choler  
Stifle your judgment : many an honest father  
Hath got a wicked daughter. If I prove not,  
With evident proofs, her hand was in the blood  
Of my dear brother (too good a husband for her),  
Give your revenge the reins, and spur it forward.

*Dor.* In any circumstance but shew her guilty,  
I'll strike the first stroke at her.

*Ber.* Let me ask  
A question calmly : do you know this sword ?  
Have you not seen Lysander often wear it ?

*Dor.* The same with which he rescu'd me.

*Cal.* I do :  
What inference from this to make me guilty ?

*Ber.* Was he not with you in the house to-night ?

*Cal.* No, on my soul.

*Ber.* Nor ever heretofore  
In private with you, when you feign'd a sickness,  
To keep your husband absent ?

*Cal.* Never, sir,  
To a dishonest end.

*Ber.* Was not this woman  
Your instrument ? Her silence does confess it.  
Here lies Cleander dead, and here the sword  
Of false Lysander, too long cover'd with  
A mask of seeming truth.

*Dor.* And is this all  
The proof you can allege? Lysander guilty,  
Or my poor daughter an adulteress!  
Suppose that she had chang'd discourse with one  
To whom she ow'd much more?

*Cal.* Thou hast thy ends,  
Wicked Clarinda!

[*Faints.*

*Olin.* Help! the lady sinks;  
Malice hath kill'd her.

*Dor.* I would have her live,  
Since I dare swear she's innocent. 'Tis no time  
Or place to argue now; this cause must be  
Decided by the judge; and, though a father,  
I will deliver her into the hands  
Of justice: if she prove true gold when tried,  
She's mine; if not, with curses I'll disclaim her.  
Take up your part of sorrow; mine shall be  
Ready to answer with her life the fact  
That she is charg'd with<sup>b</sup>.

*Ber.* Sir, I look upon you  
As on a father.

*Dor.* With the eyes of sorrow,  
I see you as a brother<sup>c</sup>. Let your witnesses  
Be ready.

*Ber.* 'Tis my care.

*Alc.* I am for Lydian:  
This accident, no doubt, will draw him from  
His hermit's life.

*Clar.* Things yet go right; persist, sir. [*Aside to BERONTÈ.*  
[*Exeunt with CALISTA, and CLEANDER'S body.*

<sup>b</sup> *Take up your part of sorrow; mine shall be  
Ready to answer with her life the fact*

*That she is charg'd with]* "By Berontè's part of sorrow, Dorilaus means the body of Cleander; by his own, Calista." MASON.

<sup>c</sup> *I see you as a brother]* "The Editors [of 1778] justly reprobate Sympson's explanation of this passage, and seem to have understood it themselves, though they have not sufficiently explained it. Berontè means to say that he considers Dorilaus as the father of Calista, bound, as such, to support her innocence: to which Dorilaus replies, that he considers Berontè as the brother of Cleander, whose duty it was to revenge his death." MASON.

SCENE IV.—*A forest.*

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* LANCELOT.

*Lys.* Are the horses dead?

*Lan.* Out-right. If you ride at this rate,  
You must resolve to kill your two a day,  
And that's a large proportion.

*Lys.* Will you please,  
At any price, and speedily, to get fresh ones?  
You know my danger, and the penalty  
That follows it, should I be apprehended:  
Your duty in obeying my commands  
Will in a better language speak your service,  
Than your unnecessary and untimely care  
Of my expence.

*Lan.* I am gone, sir.

*Lys.* In this thicket  
I will expect you.

[*Exit* LANCELOT.]

Here yet I have leisure  
To call myself unto a strict account  
For my past life, how vainly spent! I would  
I stood no farther guilty! but I have  
A heavier reckoning to make: this hand,  
Of late as white as innocence, and unspotted,  
Now wears a purple colour, dy'd in gore;  
My soul of the same tincture. Purblind passion,  
With flattering hopes, would keep me from despair,  
Pleading I was provok'd to it; but my reason,  
Breaking such thin and weak defences, tells me,  
I have done a double murder; and for what?  
Was it in service of the king? his edicts  
Command the contrary: or for my country?  
Her Genius, like a mourning mother, answers,  
In Cloridon and Chrysanthes she hath lost  
Two hopeful sons, that might have done their parts  
To guard her from invasion. For what cause, then?  
To keep the opinion of my valour upright  
I' the popular breath; a sandy ground to build on!

Bought with the king's displeasure, as<sup>d</sup> the breach  
 Of Heaven's decrees, the loss of my true comforts  
 In parents, kinsmen, friends; as the fruition  
 Of all that I was born to; and (that sits  
 Like to a hill of lead here) in my exile  
 (Never to be repeal'd, if I escape so)  
 I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

*Enter LYDIAN dressed as a hermit.*

Divine Calista, from her sight and converse  
 For ever banish'd.

*Lyd.* I should know this voice :  
 His naming too my sister, whom Lysander  
 Honour'd, but in a noble way, assures me  
 That it can be no other. I stand bound  
 To comfort any man I find distress'd ;  
 But to aid him that sav'd my life, religion,  
 And thankfulness, commands ; and it may be,  
 High Providence for this good end hath brought him  
 Into my solitary walk [*Aside*].—Lysander !  
 Noble Lysander !

*Lys.* Whatsoe'er thou art,  
 That honourable attribute thou giv'st me,  
 I can pretend no right to. Come not near me ;  
 I am infectious ; the sanctity  
 Of thy profession (for thou appear'st  
 A reverend hermit), if thou fly not from me,  
 As from the plague or leprosy, cannot keep thee  
 From being polluted.

*Lyd.* With good counsel, sir,  
 And holy prayers to boot, I may cure you,  
 Though both ways so infected. You look wildly,  
 (Peace to your conscience, sir!) and stare upon me,  
 As if you never saw me : hath my habit

<sup>d</sup> *as*] Which here, and in the next line but one, Heath (*MS. Notes*) would alter to "and,"—is equivalent to—as well as, as also. The Editors of 1778 and Weber, not understanding this passage, pointed it thus :

"as the fruition  
 Of all that I was born to, and that sits  
 Like to a hill of lead here. In my exile," &c.



Alter'd my face so much, that yet you know not  
Your servant Lydian ?

*Lys.* I am amaz'd :  
So young and so religious !

*Lyd.* I purpose  
(Heaven make me thankful for 't !) to leave the world :  
I have made some trial of my strengths in this  
My solitary life ; and yet I find not  
A faintness to go on.

*Lys.* Above belief !  
Do you inhabit here ?

*Lyd.* Mine own free choice, sir :  
I live here poorly, but contentedly,  
Because I find enough to feed my fortunes ;  
Indeed, too much : these wild fields are my gardens ;  
The crystal rivers, they afford their waters,  
And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflictions ;  
The hollow rocks their beds, which, though they are hard  
(The emblems of a doting lover's fortune),  
Yet they are quiet ; and the weary slumbers  
The eyes catch there, softer than beds of down, friend ;  
The birds my bell to call me to devotions ;  
My book the story of my wandering life,  
In which I find more hours due to repentance  
Than time hath told me yet.

*Lys.* Answer me truly.

*Lyd.* I will do that without a conjuration.

*Lys.* I' the depth of meditation, do you not  
Sometimes think of Olinda ?

*Lyd.* I endeavour  
To raze her from my memory, as I wish  
You would do the whole sex ; for know, Lysander,  
The greatest curse brave man can labour under  
Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.  
Where I find men, I preach this doctrine to 'em :  
As you are a scholar, knowledge make your mistress,  
The hidden beauties<sup>c</sup> of the heavens your study ;

<sup>c</sup> *The hidden beauties*] "i. e. the beauties that are hidden from common observation, and are only to be discovered by study and contemplation." MASON.

There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,  
 And for your eye inimitable objects ;  
 As you are a profess'd soldier, court your honour ;  
 Though she be stern, she is honest, a brave mistress ;  
 The greater danger you oppose to win her,  
 She shews the sweeter, and rewards the nobler ;  
 Women's best loves to hers mere shadows be,  
 For after death she weds your memory.  
 These are my contemplations.

*Lys.* Heavenly ones ;  
 And in a young man more remarkable.  
 But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in  
 This blessèd track ? Here 's in the heart no falsehood  
 To a vow'd friend, no quarrels seconded  
 With challenges, which, answer'd in defence  
 Of the word *reputation*, murder follows :  
 A man may here repent his sins, and, though  
 His hand, like mine, be stain'd in blood, it may be  
 With penitence and true contrition wash'd off ;  
 You have prov'd it, Lydian.

*Lyd.* And you 'll find it true,  
 If you perséver<sup>s</sup>.

*Lys.* Here, then, ends my flight,  
 And here the fury of the king shall find me  
 Prepar'd for Heaven, if I am mark'd to die  
 For that I truly grieve for.

*Enter Friar, and CLARANGÈ in the habit of a friar.*

*Friar.* Keep yourself  
 Conceal'd ; I am instructed.

*Clarangè.* How the sight  
 Of my dear friend confirms me !

*Lys.* What are these ?

*Lyd.* Two reverend friars ; one I know.

*Friar.* To you  
 This journey is devoted.

<sup>s</sup> *perséver*] Both the folios "persevere" ; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778. Compare vol. iii. 104 ; and see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 204.

*Lyd.* Welcome, father.

*Friar.* I know your resolution so well grounded,  
And your adieu unto the world so constant,  
That, though I am the unwilling messenger  
Of a strange accident to try your temper,  
It cannot shake you. You had once a friend,  
A noble friend, Clarangè.

*Lyd.* And have still,  
I hope, good father.

*Friar.* Your false hopes deceive you ;  
He's dead.

*Lys.* Clarangè dead !

*Friar.* I buried him.  
Some said he died of melancholy, some of love,  
And of that fondness perish'd.

*Lyd.* Oh, Clarangè !

*Clarangè.* Hast thou so much brave nature, noble Lydian,  
So tenderly to love thy rival's memory ?

The bold Lysander weeps too.

[*Aside.*

*Friar.* I expected  
That you would bear this better.

*Lyd.* I am a man, sir,  
And, my great loss weigh'd duly——

*Friar.* His last words were,  
After confession, " Live long, dear Lydian,  
Possess'd of all thy wishes !" And of me  
He did desire, bathing my hand with tears,  
That with my best care I should seek and find you,  
And from his dying mouth prevail so with you,  
That you a while should leave your hermit's strictness,  
And on his monument pay a tear or two,  
To witness how you lov'd him.

*Lyd.* Oh, my heart !  
To witness how I lov'd him ! Would he had not  
Led me unto his grave, but sacrific'd  
His sorrows upon mine ! he was my friend,  
My noble friend ; I will bewail his ashes :  
His fortunes and poor mine were born together,  
And I will weep 'em both : I will kneel by him,

And on his hallow'd earth do my last duties ;  
 I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him ;  
 Woodbines shall grow upon his honour'd grave,  
 And, as they prosper, clasp to shew our friendship,  
 And, when they wither, I'll die too.

*Clarangè.* Who would not  
 Desire to die, to be bewail'd thus nobly ? [*Aside.*

*Friar.* There is a legacy he hath bequeath'd you ;  
 But of what value I must not discover,  
 Until those rites and pious ceremonies  
 Are duly tender'd.

*Lyd.* I am too full of sorrow  
 To be inquisitive.

*Lys.* To think of his,  
 I do forget mine own woes. [*Aside.*

*Enter* ALCIDON.

*Alc.* Graze thy fill, now  
 Thou hast done thy business.—Ha ! who have we here ?  
 Lysander ! Lydian ! and two reverend friars !  
 What a strange scene of sorrow is express'd  
 In different postures, in their looks and station !  
 A common painter eyeing these, to help  
 His dull invention, might draw to the life  
 The living sons of Priam, as they stood  
 On the pale walls of Troy, when Hector fell  
 Under Achilles' spear. I come too late ;  
 My horse, though good and strong, mov'd like a tortoise :  
 Ill news had wings, and hath got here before me.  
 All Pythagoreans ? not a word<sup>h</sup> ?

*Lyd.* Oh, Alcidon !  
 Deep rivers with soft murmurs glide along,  
 The shallow roar. *Clarangè !*

*Lys.* Cloridon !  
 Chrysanthes ! Spare my grief, and apprehend  
 What I should speak.

<sup>h</sup> *All Pythagoreans ? not a word ?*] “ Alluding to the five years' silence enjoined by Pythagoras to his disciples, before they were admitted to his conversation, or, as some say, even to the sight of him.” REED.

*Alc.* Their fates I have long since  
For your sake mourn'd : Clarangè's death (for so  
Your silence doth confirm) till now I heard not :  
Are these the bounds that are prescrib'd unto  
The swelling seas of sorrow ?

*Lys.* The bounds, Alcidon !  
Can all the winds of mischief from all quarters,  
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,  
Paying at once their tribute to this ocean<sup>i</sup>,  
Make it swell higher ? I am a murderer,  
Banish'd, proscrib'd : is there aught else that can  
Be added to it ?

*Lyd.* I have lost a friend,  
Priz'd dearer than my being, and, he dead,  
My miseries at the height condemn the worst  
Of Fortune's malice.

*Alc.* How our human weakness,  
Grown desperate from small disasters, makes us  
Imagine them a period to our sorrows,  
When the first syllable of greater woes  
Is not yet written !

*Lyd.* How ?

*Lys.* Speak it at large :  
Since grief must break my heart, I am ambitious  
It should be exquisite.

*Alc.* It must be told ;  
Yet, ere you hear it, with all care put on  
The surest armour, anvill'd in the shop  
Of passive Fortitude. The good Cleander,  
Your friend, is murder'd.

*Lys.* 'Tis a terrible pang,  
And yet it will not do ; I live yet. Act not  
The torturer's part ; if that there be a blow  
Beyond this, give it, and at once despatch me.

<sup>i</sup> *Can all the winds of mischief from all quarters,  
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,*

*Paying at once their tribute to this ocean, &c.]* " Mr. Seward wishes to read 'floods' for 'winds'; which Mr. Sympson does not agree to, but puts the two last lines in a parenthesis. We think the passage requires no assistance, and that the simple sense is, 'neither winds nor waters can add to this sea of calamity'." *Ed.* 1778.

*Alc.* Your sword, dy'd in his heart-blood, was found near him ;  
Your private conference at midnight urg'd  
With fair Calista ; which by her, whose pure truth  
Would never learn to tell a lie, being granted,  
She by enrag'd Berontè is accus'd  
Of murder and adultery, and you  
(However I dare swear it false) concluded  
Her principal agent.

*Lyd.* Wave upon wave rolls o'er me !  
My sister, my dear sister !

*Clarangè.* Hold, great heart !

*Friar.* Tear open his doublet.

*Lys.* Is this wound too narrow  
For my life to get out at ? Bring me to  
A cannon loaded, and some pitying friend  
Give fire unto it, while I nail my breast  
Unto his thundering mouth, that in the instant  
I may be piece-meal torn, and blown so far  
As not one joint of my dismember'd limbs  
May ever be by search of man found out.  
Cleander ! yet why name I him ? however  
His fall deserv'd an earthquake, if compar'd  
With what true honour in Calista suffers,  
Is of no moment. My good angel, keep me  
From blasphemy, and strike me dumb, before,  
In th' agony of my spirit, I do accuse  
The powers above for their unjust permission  
Of virtue, innocent virtue, to be branded  
With the least vicious mark !

*Clarangè.* I never saw  
A man so far transported.

*Alc.* Give it way ;  
'Tis now no time to stop it.

*Re-enter LANCELOT.*

*Lan.* Sir, I have bought  
Fresh horses ; and, as you respect your life,  
Speedily back 'em ; the archers of the king's guard  
Are every where in quest of you.

*Lys.* My life ! [*Strikes* LANCELOT.]  
 Perish all such with thee that wish it longer !  
 Let it but clear Calista's innocence,  
 And Nestor's age to mine was youth. I'll fly  
 To meet the rage of my incensèd king,  
 And wish his favourite's ghost appear'd in flames,  
 To urge him to revenge. Let all the tortures  
 That tyranny ever found out circle me,  
 Provided justice set Calista free ! [*Exit with* LANCELOT.]  
*Alc.* I'll follow him. [*Exit.*

*Lyd.* I am rooted here.

*Friar.* Remember  
 Your dear friend's last request, your sister's dangers,  
 With the aids that you may lend her.

*Lyd.* Pray you, support me ;  
 My legs deny their office. [*Exit with* Friar.]

*Clarangè.* I grow still  
 Farther engag'd unto his matchless virtues ;  
 And I am dead indeed, until I pay  
 The debt I owe him in a noble way. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Paris.* *A room in the house of* CLEANDER.

*Enter* DORILAUS *and* Servant.

*Dor.* Thou hast him safe ?

*Serv.* As fast as locks can make him ;  
 He must break through three doors, and cut the throats  
 Of ten tall fellows, if that he [e]scape us :  
 Besides, as far as I can apprehend,  
 He hath no such intention<sup>k</sup>, for his looks  
 Are full of penitence.

*Dor.* Trust not a knave's looks ;  
 They are like a whore's oaths. How does my poor daughter  
 Brook her restraint ?

<sup>k</sup> *intention*] Both the folios "invention."

*Serv.* With such a resolution  
As well becomes your lordship's child.     [*Knocking within.*  
*Dor.* Who 's that?

*Exit* Servant, and re-enter with LEMURE.

*Serv.* Monsieur Lemure.     [*Exit.*

*Dor.* This is a special favour,  
And may stand an example in the court  
For courtesy : it is the client's duty  
To wait upon his patron ; you prevent<sup>1</sup> me,  
That am your humble suitor.

*Lem.* My near place  
About the king, though it swell others, cannot  
Make me forget your worth and age, which may  
Challenge much more respect : and I am sorry  
That my endeavours for you have not met with  
The good success I wish'd ; I mov'd the king,  
With my best advantage both of time and place,  
I' the favour of your daughter.

*Dor.* How do you find  
His majesty affected ?

*Lem.* Not to be  
Sway'd from the rigour of the law ; yet so far  
The rarity of the cause hath won upon him,  
That he resolves to have in his own person  
The hearing of it : her trial will be noble,  
And to my utmost strength, where I may serve her,  
My aids shall not be wanting.

*Dor.* I am your servant.

*Lem.* One word more : if you love Lysander's life,  
Advise him, as he tenders it, to keep  
Out of the way ; if he be apprehended,  
This city cannot ransom him. So, good morrow.

*Dor.* All happiness attend you !     [*Exit* LEMURE.

Go thy ways ;  
Thou hast a clear and noble soul. For thy sake,  
I'll hold that man mine enemy, who dares mutter  
The court is not the sphere where Virtue moves,  
Humanity and Nobleness waiting on her.

<sup>1</sup> *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.



*Re-enter* Servant.

*Serv.* Two gentlemen (but what they are I know not,  
Their faces are so muffled) press to see you,  
And will not be denied.

*Dor.* Whate'er they are,  
I am too old to fear.

*Serv.* They need no usher ;  
They make their own way.

*Enter* LYSANDER and ALCIDON.

*Dor.* Take you yours.—Lysander ! [*Exit* Servant.]  
My joy to see you, and my sorrow for  
The danger you are in, contend so here  
(Though different passions, nay, oppos'd in nature),  
I know not which to entertain.

*Lys.* Your hate  
Should win the victory from both : with justice  
You may look on me as a homicide,  
A man whose life is forfeited to the law ;  
But if, howe'er I stand accus'd, in thought  
I sinn'd against Cleander's life, or live  
Guilty of the dishonour of your daughter,  
May all the miseries that can fall on man  
Here, or hereafter, circle me !

*Dor.* To me  
This protestation 's useless : I embrace you,  
As the preserver of my life, the man  
To whom my son owes his,—with life, his honour :  
And howsoever your affection  
To my unhappy daughter, though it were  
(For I have sifted her) in a noble way,  
Hath printed some taint on her fame, and brought  
Her life in question, yet I would not purchase  
The wish'd recovery of her reputation,  
With strong assurance of her innocence  
Before the king her judge, with certain loss  
Of my Lysander, for whose life, if found,  
There 's no redemption : my excess of love  
(Though to enjoy you one short day would lengthen

My life a dozen years) boldly commands me,  
 Upon my knees, which yet were never bent  
 But to the king and Heaven, to entreat you  
 To fly hence with all possible speed, and leave  
 Calista to her fortune.

*Lys.* Oh, blest saints!

Forsake her in affliction! can you  
 Be so unnatural to your own blood,  
 To one so well deserving, as to value  
 My safety before hers? Shall innocence  
 In her be branded, and my guilt escape  
 Unpunish'd? Does she suffer so much for me,  
 For me unworthy, and shall I decline<sup>m</sup>  
 (Eating the bitter bread of banishment)  
 The course of justice, to draw out a life  
 (A life! I style it false, a living death)  
 Which, being uncompell'd laid down, will clear her,  
 And write her name a-new in the fair legend  
 Of the best women? Seek not to dissuade me:  
 I will not, like a careless poet, spoil  
 The last act of my play, till now applauded,  
 By giving the world just cause to say I fear'd  
 Death more than loss of honour.

*Dor.* But suppose

Heaven hath design'd some other saving means  
 For her deliverance?

*Lys.* Other means! that is

A mischief above all I have groan'd under:  
 Shall any other pay my debt, while I  
 Write myself bankrupt? or Calista owe  
 The least beholdingness for that which she,  
 On all the bonds of gratitude I have seal'd to,  
 May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?  
 Avert it, mercy! I will go to my grave

<sup>m</sup> *and shall I decline, &c.]* The Editors of 1778, not understanding the passage, altered the punctuation thus;

“and shall I decline

Eating the bitter bread,” &c.

and so Weber.—Here “*decline the course of justice*” means—turn away from, avoid the course of justice: at p. 111, the words occur in a somewhat different sense.

Without the curses of my creditors ;  
 I'll vindicate her fair name, and so cancel  
 My obligation to her : to the king,  
 To whom I stand accountable for the loss  
 Of two of his lov'd subjects' lives, I'll offer  
 Mine own in satisfaction ; to Heaven  
 I'll pay my true repentance ; to the times  
 Present and future I'll be register'd  
 A memorable precedent to admonish  
 Others, however valiant, not to trust  
 To their abilities to dare and do ;  
 And much less, for the airy words of honour,  
 And false-stamp'd reputation, to shake off  
 The chains of their religion and allegiance,  
 The principal means appointed to prefer<sup>11</sup>  
 Societies and kingdoms.

[*Exit.*]

*Dor.* Let's not leave him ;  
 His mind's much troubled.

*Alc.* Were your daughter free  
 (Since from her dangers his distraction rises),  
 His cause is not so desperate for the slaughter  
 Of Cloridon and Chrysanthes, but it may  
 Find passage to the mercy of the king,  
 The motives urg'd in his defence, that forc'd him  
 To act that bloody scene.

*Dor.* Heaven can send aids,  
 When they are least expected. Let us walk ;  
 The hour of trial draws near.

*Alc.* May it end well !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Paris. A room in the house of OLINDA.*

*Enter OLINDA and LYDIAN.*

*Olin.* That for my love you should turn hermit, Lydian,  
 As much amazes me as your report  
 Clarangè's dead.

*Lyd.* He is so, and all comforts

<sup>11</sup> *prefer*] "The editors of 1750 think it probable we should read 'preserve' instead of 'prefer'. We do not conceive any variation necessary, *prefer* meaning PROMOTE the interest and welfare of societies and kingdoms." *Ed.* 1778.

My youth can hope for, madam, with him buried ;  
 Nor had I ever left my cell, but that  
 He did enjoin me at his death to shed  
 Some tears of friendship on his monument ;  
 And, those last rites perform'd, he did bequeathe you,  
 As the best legacy a friend could give,  
 Or I indeed could wish, to my embraces.

*Olin.* 'Tis still more strange : is there no foul play in it ?  
 I must confess I am not sorry, sir,  
 For your fair fortune ; yet 'tis fit I grieve  
 The most untimely death of such a gentleman ;  
 He was my worthy servant.

*Lyd.* And for this  
 Acknowledgment, if I could prize you at  
 A higher rate, I should ; he was my friend,  
 My dearest friend.

*Olin.* But how should I be assur'd, sir,  
 (For slow belief is the best friend of truth,)  
 Of this gentleman's death ? if I should credit it,  
 And afterward it fall out contrary,  
 How am I sham'd ! how is your virtue tainted !

*Lyd.* There is a friar that came along with me,  
 His business to deliver you a letter  
 From dead Clarangè : you shall hear his testimony.—  
 Father ! my reverend father !

*Enter CLARANGÈ in the habit of a friar, and Friar.*

Look upon him ;  
 Such holy men are authors of no fables.

*Olin.* They should not be ; their lives and their opinions,  
 Like brightest purest flames, should still burn upwards.—  
 To me, sir ? [CLARANGÈ delivers a letter.

*Clarangè.* If you are the fair Olinda.

*Friar.* I do not like these cross points.

*Clarangè.* Give me leave ;  
 I am nearest to myself : what I have plotted  
 Shall be pursu'd ; you must not over-rule me.

*Olin.* Do you put the first hand to your own undoing ?  
 Play to betray your game ? Mark but this letter.

*Lady, I am come to claim your noble promise :  
If you be mistress of your word, you are mine ;  
I am last return'd. Your riddle is dissolv'd,<sup>o</sup>  
And I attend your faith. Your humble servant,*

[*Reads.*

*Clarangè.*

Is this the friar that saw him dead ?

*Lyd.* 'Tis he.—

*Clarangè,* on my life ! I am defeated !  
Such reverend habits juggle ? my true sorrow  
For a false friend, not worth a tear, derided ?

*Friar.* You have abus'd my trust.

*Olin.* It is not well,

Nor like a gentleman.

*Clarangè.* All stratagems

In love, and that the sharpest war, are lawful.  
By your example I did change my habit,  
Caught you in your own toil, and triumph in it ;  
And what by policy's got, I will maintain  
With valour ; no Lysander shall come in  
Again to fetch you off.

*Lyd.* His honour'd name,

Pronounc'd by such a treacherous tongue, is tainted.  
Maintain thy treason with thy sword ? with what  
Contempt I hear it ! in a wilderness  
I durst encounter it, and would, but that  
In my retirèd hours (not counterfeited  
As thy religious shape was) I have learn'd,  
When justice may determine, such a cause,  
And of such weight, as this fair lady is,  
Must not be put to fortune. I appeal  
Unto the king ; and he, whose wisdom knows  
To do his subjects right in their estates,  
As graciously with judgment will determine  
In points of honour.

*Olin.* I'll steer the same course with you.

*Clarangè.* I'll stand the trial.

*Friar.* What have you done ? or what  
Intend you ?

*Clarangè.* Ask not ; I'll come off with honour. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>o</sup> *dissolv'd*] i.e. solved.

SCENE III.—*Paris. An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter BERONTÈ, CLARINDA, MALFORT, and Officers.*

*Ber.* Be constant in your proofs : should you shrink back  
now,

Your life must answer it ; nor am I safe,  
My honour being engag'd to make that good  
Which you affirm.

*Clarín.* I am confident, so dearly  
I honour'd my dead lord, that no respect,  
Or of my lady's bounties (which were great ones,  
I must confess), nor of her former life  
(For while that she was chaste, indeed I lov'd her),  
Shall hinder me from lending my assistance  
Unto your just revenge——mine own I mean.  
If Leon keep far off enough, all's secure :  
Lysander dares not come in ; modest blushes  
Parted with me long since, and impudence,  
Arm'd with my hate unto her innocence, shall be  
The weapon I will fight with now.

[*Aside.*

*Ber.* The rack  
Being presented to you, you'll roar out  
What you conceal yet.

*Malf.* Conceal ! I know nothing  
But that I shall be hang'd, and that I look for :  
It is my destiny ; I ever had  
A hanging look ; and a wise woman told me,  
Though I had not the heart to do a deed  
Worthy the halter, in my youth or age,  
I should take a turn with a wry mouth ; and now  
'Tis come about. I have penn'd mine own ballad  
Before my condemnation, in fear  
Some rhymer should prevent<sup>p</sup> me.

<sup>p</sup> *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

*Enter* DORILAUS, CALISTA, *and* OLINDA.

Here 's my lady :  
 Would I were in Heaven, or a thousand miles hence,  
 That I might not blush to look on her ! [*Aside.*

*Dor.* You  
 Behold this preparation, and the enemies  
 Who are to fight against your life ; yet, if  
 You bring no witness here that may convince<sup>q</sup> you  
 Of breach of faith to your lord's bed, and hold up  
 Unspotted hands before the king, this trial  
 You are to undergo will but refine,  
 And not consume, your honour.

*Cal.* How confirm'd  
 I am here, whatsoever fate falls on me,  
 You shall have ample testimony. Till the death  
 Of my dear lord (to whose sad memory  
 I pay a mourning widow's tears), I liv'd  
 Too happy in my holiday trim of glory,  
 And courted with felicity<sup>r</sup>, that drew on me,  
 With other helps of nature, as of fortune,  
 The envy, not the love, of most that knew me ;  
 This made me to presume too much, perhaps  
 Too proud ; but I am humbled : and, if now  
 I do make it apparent, I can bear  
 Adversity with such a constant patience  
 As will set off my innocence, I hope, sir,  
 In your declining age, when I should live  
 A comfort to you, you shall have no cause,  
 Howe'er I stand accus'd, to hold your honour  
 Shipwreck'd in such a daughter.

*Olin.* Oh, best friend !  
 My honour's at the stake too ; for——

*Dor.* Be silent :  
 The king !

<sup>q</sup> *convince*] i. e. convict.

<sup>r</sup> *courted with felicity*] "This means, as the Editors [of 1778] justly observe, —courted *by* felicity. The use of the word *with* in this sense frequently occurs both in these plays and those of Shakespeare." MASON.

*Enter the KING, LEMURE, and Attendants.*

*Lem.* Sir, if you please to look upon  
The prisoner, and the many services  
Her father hath done for you——

*King.* We must look on  
The cause, and not the persons. Yet beholding  
With an impartial eye the excelling beauties  
Of this fair lady (which we did believe  
Upon report, but till now never saw 'em),  
It moves a strange kind of compassion in me.  
Let us survey you nearer. She's a book  
To be with care perus'd; and 'tis my wonder,  
If such mishapen guests as Lust and Murder,  
At any price, should ever find a lodging  
In such a beauteous inn. Mistake us not;  
Though we admire the outward structure, if  
The rooms be foul within, expect no favour.  
I were no man, if I could look on beauty  
Distress'd, without some pity; but no king,  
If any superficial gloss of feature  
Could work me to decline<sup>s</sup> the course of justice.  
But to the cause, Cleander's death: what proofs  
Can you produce against her?

*Ber.* Royal sir,  
Touching that point, my brother's death, we build  
On suppositions.

*King.* Suppositions! how!  
Is such a lady, sir, to be condemn'd  
On suppositions?

*Ber.* They are well-grounded, sir;  
And if we make it evident she is guilty  
Of the first crime we charge her with, adultery,  
That being the parent, it may find belief  
That murder was the issue.

*King.* We allow  
It may be so; but that it may be, must not

<sup>s</sup> *decline*] i. e. divert: see notes, vol. v. 256, vol. vi. 246.



Infer a necessary consequence  
To cast away a lady's life. What witnesses  
To make this good?

*Ber.* The principal, this woman,  
For many years her servant; she hath taken  
Her oath in court.—Come forward!

*King.* By my crown,  
A lying face!

*Clarín.* I swore, sir, for the king;  
And, if you are the party, as I do  
Believe you are (for you have a good face,  
However mine appears), swearing for you, sir,  
I ought to have my oath pass.

*King.* Impudent too?  
Well, what have you sworn?

*Clarín.* That this lady was  
A goodly tempting lady, as she is:  
How thinks your majesty? and I her servant,  
Her officer, as one would say, and trusted  
With her closest chamber-service; that Lysander  
Was a fine-timber'd gentleman, and active;  
That he could do fine gambols  
To make a lady merry; that this pair,  
A very loving couple, mutually  
Affected one another;—so much for them, sir;—  
That I, a simple waiting-woman, having taken  
My bodily oath, the first night of admittance  
Into her ladyship's service, on her slippers  
(That was the book), to serve her will in all things,  
And to know no religion but her pleasure  
('Tis not yet out of fashion with some ladies),  
That I, as the premises shew, being commanded  
To do my function in conveyance of  
Lysander to her chamber (my lord absent,  
On a pretended sickness), did the feat  
(It cannot be denied), and at dead midnight  
Left 'em together: what they did, some here  
Can easily imagine. I have said, sir.

*Dor.* The devil's oratrix!

*King.* Then you confess  
You were her bawd ?

*Clarín.* That 's coarse ; her agent, sir.

*King.* So, goody Agent ! and you think there is  
No punishment due for your agentship ?

*Clarín.* Let her suffer first,  
Being my better, for adultery,  
And I 'll endure the mulct impos'd on bawds,  
Call it by the worst name.

*Cal.* Live I to hear this ?

*King.* Take her aside.—Your answer to this, lady.

*Cal.* Heaven grant me patience ! to be thus confronted  
(Oh, pardon, royal sir, a woman's passion !)  
By one (and this the worst of my misfortunes)  
That was my slave, but never to such ends, sir,  
Would give a statue motion into fury.  
Let my past life, my actions, nay, intentions,  
Be by my grand accuser justly censur'd<sup>o</sup>  
(For her I scorn to answer), and, if they  
Yield any probability of truth  
In that she urges, then I will confess  
A guilty cause. The people's voice, which is  
The voice of truth, my husband's tenderness  
In his affection to me (that, no dotage,  
But a reward of humbleness), the friendship  
Echo'd through France between him and Lysander,  
All make against her. For him, in his absence,  
(Whatever imputation it draw on me,)  
I must take leave to speak : 'tis true he lov'd me,  
But not in such a wanton way ; his reason  
Master'd his passions : I grant I had  
At midnight conference with him ; but, if he  
Ever receiv'd a farther favour from me  
Than what a sister might give to a brother,  
May I sink quick ! and thus much, did he know  
The shame I suffer for him, with the loss

<sup>o</sup> *censur'd*] i. e. judged of.

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* ALCIDON.

Of his life for appearing, on my soul,  
He would maintain.

*Lys.* And will, thou clear example  
Of women's pureness!

*King.* Though we hold her such,  
Thou hast express'd thyself a desperate fool,  
To thrust thy head into the lion's jaws,  
The justice of thy king.

*Lys.* I came prepar'd for 't,  
And offer up a guilty life to clear  
Her innocence: the oath she took, I swear to;  
And for Cleander's death, to purge myself  
From any colour malice can paint on me,  
Or that she had a hand in 't, I can prove,  
That fatal night when he in his own house fell,  
And many days before, I was distant from it  
A long day's journey.

*Clarín.* I am caught.

[*Aside.*

*Ber.* If so,

How came your sword into this steward's hands?—  
Stand forth!

*Malf.* I have heard nothing that you spake:  
I know I must die; and what kind of death  
Pray you, resolve<sup>p</sup> me; I shall go away else  
In a qualm; I am very faint.

*King.* Carry him off;

His fear will kill him.

[*MALFORT is carried out.*

*Dor.* Sir, 'twas my ambition,  
My daughter's reputation being wounded  
I' the general opinion, to have it  
Cur'd by a public trial; I had else  
Forborne your majesty's trouble. I'll bring forth  
Cleander's murderer.

[*On a sign<sup>q</sup> from DORILAUS, LEON is brought in by Officers.*

In a wood I heard him,

<sup>p</sup> *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

<sup>q</sup> *On a sign, &c.*] Both the folios, "*Enter LEON, Servants, and Guard.*"

As I rode sadly by, unto himself,  
 With some compunction, though this devil had none,  
 Lament what he had done, cursing her lust  
 That drew him to that bloody fact.

*Leon.* To lessen  
 The foulness of it (for which I know justly  
 I am to suffer), and with my last breath  
 To free these innocents, I do confess all,  
 This wicked woman only guilty with me.

*Clarinda.* Is't come to this? Thou puling rogue! die thou  
 With prayers in thy mouth; I'll curse the laws  
 By which I suffer: all I grieve for is,  
 That I die unreveng'd.

*Leon.* But one word more, sir,  
 And I have done: I was by accident where  
 Lysander met with Cloridon and Chrysanthes,  
 Was an ear-witness when he sought for peace,  
 Nay, begg'd it upon colder terms than can  
 Almost find credit, his past deeds consider'd;  
 But they, deaf to his reasons, severally  
 Assaulted him; but such was his good fortune,  
 That both fell under it. Upon my death  
 I take it uncompell'd, that they were guilty  
 Of their own violent ends; and he, against  
 His will, the instrument.

*Alc.* This I will swear too;  
 For I was not far off.

*Dor.* They have alleg'd  
 As much to wake your sleeping mercy, sir,  
 As all the advocates of France can plead  
 In his defence.

*King.* The criminal judge shall sentence  
 These to their merits.

[*LEON and CLARINDA are taken away guarded.*

With mine own hand, lady,  
 I take you from the bar, and do myself  
 Pronounce you innocent.

*All.* Long live the king!

*King.* And, to confirm you stand high in our favour,

And as some recompense for what you have  
With too much rigour in your trial suffer'd,  
Ask what you please, becoming me to grant,  
And be possess'd of 't.

*Cal.* Sir, I dare not doubt  
Your royal promise ; in a king it is  
A strong assurance, that emboldens me  
Upon my humble knees to make my boon  
Lysander's pardon !

*Dor.* My good genius  
Did prompt her to it.

*Lem.* At your feet thus prostrate,  
I second her petition.

*Alc.* Never king  
Pour'd forth his mercy on a worthier subject.

*Ber.* To witness my repentance for the wrong  
In my unjust suspicion I did both,  
I join in the same suit.

*Lys.* The life you give,  
Still ready to be laid down<sup>r</sup> for your service,  
Shall be against your enemies employ'd,  
Not hazarded in brawls.

*All.* Mercy, dread sir !

*King.* So many pressing me, and with such reasons  
Moving compassion, I hope it will not  
Be censur'd levity in me, though I borrow  
In this from justice, to relieve my mercy :  
I grant his pardon at your intercession,  
But still on this condition ; you, Lysander,  
In expiation of your guilt, shall build  
A monument for my Cloridon and Chrysanthes ;  
And never henceforth draw a sword, but when  
By us you are commanded, in defence of  
The Flower-de-Luce ; and, after one year's sorrow  
For your dear friend Cleander's wretched fate,  
Marry Calista.

<sup>r</sup> *Still ready to be laid down*] Both the folios "*Still ready to lay down*"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Sympson silently, "*Still ready, sir, to lay down,*" &c.

*Lys.* On your sacred hand,  
I vow to do it seriously.

*Enter LYDIAN.*

*Lyd.* Great sir, stay :  
Leave not your seat of justice, till you have  
Given sentence in a cause as much important  
As this you have determin'd.

*King.* Lydian !

*Lyd.* He, sir,  
Your humblest subject. I accuse Clarangè  
Of falsehood in true friendship at the height :  
We both were suitors to this lady, both  
Enjoin'd one penance——

*Enter CLARANGÈ in the habit of a friar, and Friar.*

*Clarangè.* Trouble not the king  
With an unnecessary repetition  
Of what the court's familiar with already.

*King.* Clarangè !

*Dor.* With a shaven crown !

*Olin.* Most strange !

*Clarangè.* Look on thy rival—your late servant, madam,  
But now devoted to a better mistress,  
The Church, whose orders I have took upon me :  
I here deliver up my interest to her<sup>s</sup>,  
And what was got with cunning (as you thought)  
I simply thus surrender. Heretofore  
You did outstrip me in the race of friendship ;  
I am your equal now.

*Dor.* A suit soon ended !

*Clarangè.* And joining thus your hands (I know both  
willing),  
I may do in the church my friar's office  
In marrying you.

*Lyd.* The victory is yours, sir.

<sup>s</sup> *I here deliver up my interest to her*] “i. e. I deliver up all interest I have in her, to herself. The last editors needlessly read—‘interest in her.’” WEBER,—who gave the right reading, but explained it wrongly : “interest to her” is equivalent to—interest in her.

*King.* It is a glorious one, and well sets off  
Our scene of mercy. To the dead we tender  
Our sorrow; to the living, ample wishes  
Of future happiness. 'Tis a king's duty  
To prove himself a father to his subjects:  
And I shall hold it, if this well succeed,  
A meritorious and praise-worthy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### EPILOGUE.

---

STILL doubtful, and perplex'd too, whether he  
Hath done Fletcher right in this history,  
The poet sits within; since he must know it,  
He, with respect, desires that you would shew it  
By some accustom'd sign; if from our action,  
Or his endeavours, you meet satisfaction,  
With ours he hath his ends: we hope the best;  
To make that certainty in you doth rest.

**THE NIGHT-WALKER;**

**OR,**

**THE LITTLE THIEF.**



*The Night-Walker, or The Little Theife. A Comedy, As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the Private House in Drury Lane. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and William Cooke. 1640, 4to.*

An edition (with exactly the same title as the preceding), *London, Printed for Andrew Crook. 1661, 4to.*

In the folio of 1679.

FROM the following memoranda by Sir Henry Herbert, it is generally supposed that this comedy, having been left imperfect by Fletcher, was corrected and finished by Shirley ;

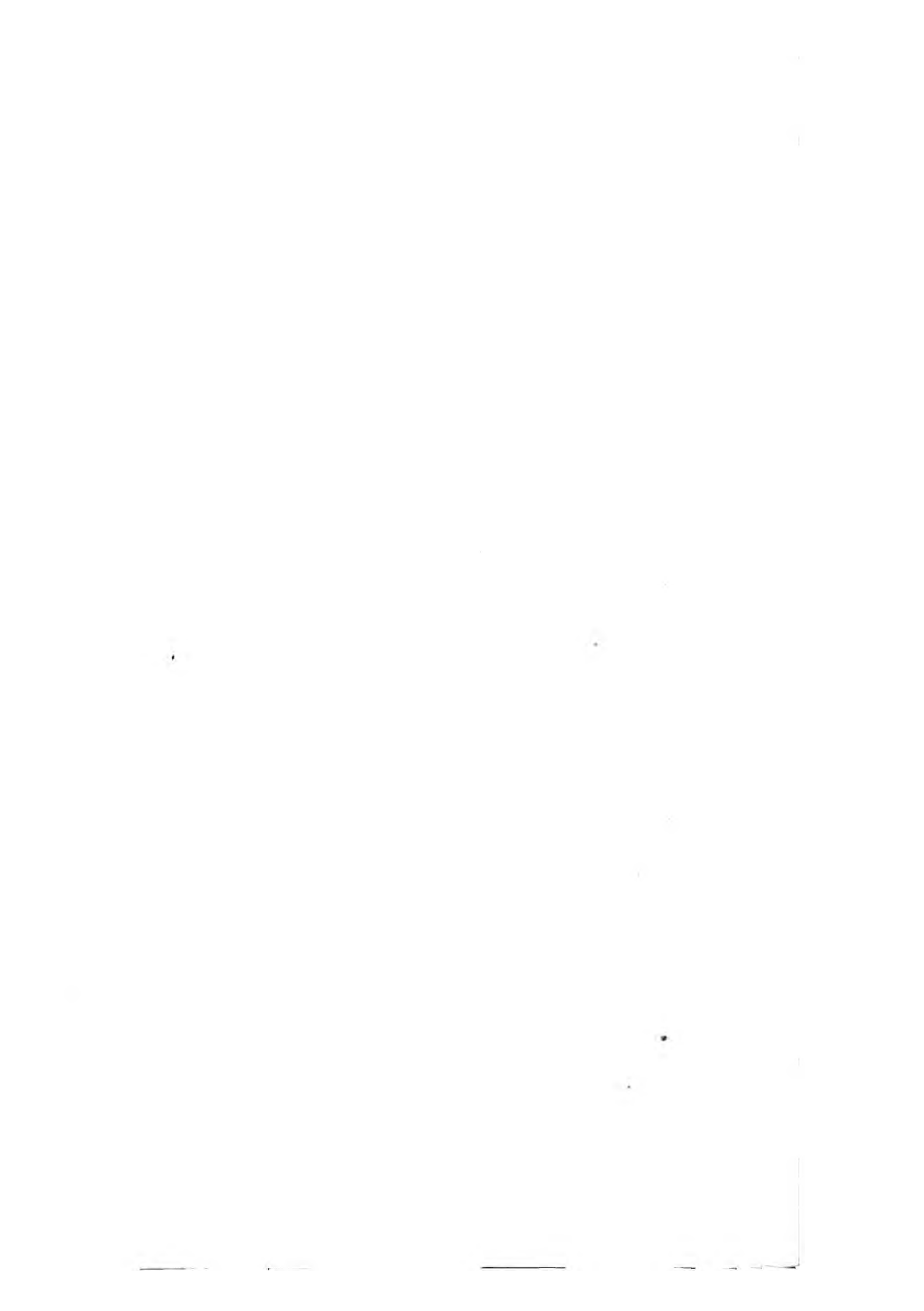
“For a play of Fletchers corrected by Sherley, called *The Night Walkers*, the 11 May, 1633, £2.0.0. For the queen’s players.”

“*The Night-Walkers* was acted on thursday night the 30 Janu. 1633[-4], at Court, before the King and Queen. Likt as a merry play. Made by Fletcher.” Malone’s *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 236.

Weber, however, conjectures that *The Night-Walker* is an alteration, by Shirley, of Fletcher’s *Devil of Dowgate, or Usury put to use*,—a lost drama, concerning which see more in the *Account of B. and F. and their Writings*.

The greater portion of the present play is undoubtedly from Fletcher’s pen: of the additions made to it by Shirley, one at least is evident,—the speech (act iii. sc. 4) in which Prynne’s *Histriomastix* is mentioned.

*The Night-Walker* continued to be a popular piece for a considerable time after the Restoration. Langbaine says that he had seen it “acted by the King’s Servants with great Applause, both in the City and Country.” *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 213.



TO THE WORTHILY-DESERVING<sup>a</sup> ALL HIS INGENUOUS  
ATTRIBUTES, WILLIAM HUDSON, ESQ.

---

WORTHY SIR,

I should derogate from your worth to doubt of your pardon, and I should wrong too much your goodness to present the endeavours of some frothy brain to the trial of your judgment, when the more ignorant world had already condemned it: but, sir, this is one of the coheirs of much admired, much lamented Fletcher, whose matchless fancies are fit only for the perusal of such as you, who have candour and knowledge so united that there cannot be a reprieve for those poems you condemn. Accept this weak testimony of my service, and, as yours by familiar acquaintance with them, favourably entertain these witty conceits particularly presented unto you by him who shall glory in nothing more than to be styled

The honourer of your virtues,

A. C<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> *To the worthily-deserving, &c.*] From 4to 1640.

<sup>b</sup> *A. C.*] i. e. Andrew Crooke, the publisher.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ALGRIPE, a Justice.

HEARTLOVE.

LURCHER, brother to ALATHE.

WILDBRAIN, nephew to the Lady.

TOBY<sup>b</sup>, coachman to the Lady.

Gentlemen.

Sexton.

Bell-ringers, Servants.

Lady<sup>c</sup>, mother to MARIA.

MARIA.

ALATHE, contracted to ALGRIPE, disguised as a boy.

MISTRESS NEWLOVE.

Nurse.

Mistress to LURCHER, a courtesan.

Gentlewomen, and other Women.

SCENE.—*London.*

<sup>b</sup> *Wildbrain.*

*Toby*] *Wildbrain* is several times called *Wildgoose*; and *Toby* is frequently addressed as *Nicholas* and *Nick*. We might suppose that *Wildgoose* is only a sportive variation of *Wildbrain*; and that the full appellation of the coachman is *Toby Nicholas*: but the probability seems to be, that the names of these two characters were altered by Shirley from *Wildgoose* and *Nicholas* to *Wildbrain* and *Toby*, and that in some passages the original names have been allowed to remain by an oversight.

<sup>c</sup> *Lady*] "In the third act she is called *Mistress Win.*" WEBER. As "*Win.*" is evidently an abbreviation, we cannot determine what name the Lady was intended to bear.

THE  
NIGHT-WALKER.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before the house of the Lady*<sup>d</sup>.

---

*Enter, severally, LURCHER and WILDBRAIN.*

*Lurc.* Jack!

*Wildb.* What wind brought thee hither?

In what old hollow tree<sup>e</sup>, or rotten wall,  
Hast thou been, like a swallow, all this winter?  
Where hast thou been, man?

*Lurc.* Following the plough.

*Wildb.* What plough? thou hast no land;  
Stealing's thy only purchase<sup>f</sup>.

*Lurc.* The best inheritance.

*Wildb.* Not in my opinion.  
Thou hadst five hundred pound a-year.

<sup>d</sup> *Before the house of the Lady*] Weber gave "*Before the House of Algripe*"; wrongly, as will be evident to any one who reads the play with the least attention.

<sup>e</sup> *In what old hollow tree, &c.*] So 4to 1640.—The other old eds. omit "old".—This I mention because Sympson gave,—

"*In what hollow tree, or old rotten wall,*"

erroneously stating that such is the reading of 4to 1640.

<sup>f</sup> *thy only purchase*] i. e. thy only means of gain, of acquiring property. (Presently we have the verb *purchase* in the same sense.) So Mason; and his correction undoubtedly restores the genuine text.—Old eds. "*thy owne* (and "own") *purchase*."

*Lurc.* 'Tis gone :

Prithee, no more on 't. Have I not told thee,  
And oftentimes, Nature made all men equal,  
Her distribution to each child alike,  
Till Labour came and thrust a new will in,  
Which I allow not ; till men won a privilege  
By that they call *endeavour*, which indeed  
Is nothing but a lawful cozenage,  
An allow'd way to cheat? Why should my neighbour,  
That hath no more soul than his horse-keeper,  
Nor bounteous faculties above a broom-man,  
Have forty thousand pound, and I four groats?  
Why should he keep it?

*Wildb.* Thy old opinion still.

*Lurc.* Why should that scrivener,  
That ne'er writ reason in his life, nor any thing  
That time e'er gloried in ; that never knew  
How to keep any courtesy conceal'd,  
But *Noverint universi* must proclaim it,  
Purchase<sup>f</sup> perpetually, and I a rascal?  
Consider this : why should that mouldy cobbler  
Marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant,  
And give five thousand pound? is this good justice?  
Because he has a tougher constitution,  
Can feed upon old songs, and save his money,  
Therefore must I go beg?

*Wildb.* What's this to thee?

Thou canst not mend it. If thou be'st determin'd  
To rob all, like a tyrant, yet take heed  
A keener justice do not overtake thee,  
And catch you in a noose.

*Lurc.* I am no woodcock :

He that shall sit down frightened with that foolery  
Is not worth pity : let me alone to shuffle.  
Thou art for wenching.

*Wildb.* For beauty I, a safe course :  
No halter hangs in my way ; I defy it.

<sup>f</sup> *Purchase*] See note, preceding page.

*Lurc.* But a worse fate, a wilful poverty ;  
 For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves thee,  
 A thousand will draw from thee ; 'tis thy destiny :  
 One is a kind of weeping-cross<sup>g</sup>, Jack,  
 A gentle purgatory : do not fling at all ;  
 You 'll pay the box so often, till you perish.

*Wildb.* Take you no care for that, sir, 'tis my pleasure :  
 I will employ my wits a great deal faster  
 Than you shall do your fingers ; and my loves,  
 If I mistake not, shall prove riper harvest  
 And handsomer, and come within less danger.  
 Where 's thy young sister ?

*Lurc.* I know not where she is ; she 's not worth caring for<sup>h</sup>,  
 She has no wit. Oh, you 'd be nibbling with her !  
 She 's far enough, I hope : I know not where :  
 She 's not worth caring for, a sullen thing ;  
 She would not take my counsel, Jack ; and so  
 I parted from her.

*Wildb.* Leave her to her wants ?

*Lurc.* I gave her a little money, what I could spare :  
 She had a mind to the country ; she is turn'd,  
 By this, some farmer's<sup>i</sup> dairy-maid ; I may meet her  
 Riding from market one day 'twixt her dorsers<sup>j</sup> ;  
 If I do, by this hand, I wo' not spare  
 Her butter-pence.

*Wildb.* Thou wilt not rob thy sister ?

*Lurc.* She shall account me for her eggs and cheeses.

*Wildb.* A pretty girl ;—did not old Algripe love her ?—  
 A very pretty girl she was.

*Lurc.* Some such thing ;  
 But he was too wise to fasten. Let her pass.

<sup>g</sup> *weeping-cross*] "To come home by weeping cross", meaning—to repent of what one has been doing,—was a very common proverbial expression. Ray (*Proverbs*, p. 215, ed. 1768) says ; "This [The] *weeping-cross*, which gave occasion to this phrase, is about two miles distant from the town of Stafford." But some other places in England are still known by the name of *weeping-cross*,—from the crosses formerly erected there, to which penitents used to resort.

<sup>h</sup> *she 's not worth caring for*] *Qy.* ought these words to be omitted here, as they occur again in the third line after ?

<sup>i</sup> *farmer's*] Symson's correction.—Old eds. "farriers".

<sup>j</sup> *dorsers*] "i. e. panniers." *Ed.* 1778.



*Wildb.* Then where 's thy mistress ?

*Lurc.* Where you sha' not find her,  
Nor know what stuff she is made on ; no, indeed, sir,  
I chose her not for your use.

*Wildb.* Sure, she is handsome.

*Lurc.* Yes, indeed is she ; she is very handsome :  
But that 's all one.

*Wildb.* You 'll come to the marriage ?

*Lurc.* Is it to-day ?

*Wildb.* Now, now,  
They are come from church now.

*Lurc.* Any great preparation ?  
Does Justice Algripe shew his power ?

*Wildb.* Very glorious,  
And glorious people there.

*Lurc.* I may meet with him  
Yet ere I die, as cunning as he is.

*Wildb.* You may do good, Tom, at the marriage ;  
We have plate and dainty things.

*Lurc.* Do you no harm, sir ;  
For yet methinks the marriage should be marr'd,  
If thou mayst have thy will. Farewell : say nothing.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Gentlemen.

*Wildb.* You are welcome, noble friends.

*First Gent.* I thank you, sir.—  
Nephew to the old lady ; his name is Wildbrain,  
And wild his best condition.<sup>k</sup>

*Sec. Gent.* I have heard of him.—  
I pray you, tell me, sir, is young Maria merry  
After her marriage-rites ? does she look lively ?  
How does she like her man ?

*Wildb.* Very scurvily ;  
And as untowardly she prepares herself :  
But 'tis mine aunt's will that this dull metal must  
Be mix'd with her, to allay her handsomeness.

*First Gent.* Had Heartlove no fast friends ?

*Wildb.* His means are little ;

<sup>k</sup> *condition*] i. e. quality, disposition.

And where those littles are, as little comforts  
 Ever keep company : I know she loves him,  
 His memory beyond the hopes of [Heaven<sup>1</sup>],  
 Beyond the Indies in his mouldy cabinets :  
 But 'tis her unhandsome fate.

*First Gent.* I am sorry for 't.  
 Here comes poor Frank.

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

Nay, we are friends ; start not, sir :  
 We see your willow, and are sorry for 't ;  
 And, though it be a wedding, we are half mourners.

*Heartl.* Good gentlemen, remember not my fortunes ;  
 They are not to be help'd with words.

*Wildb.* Look up, man :  
 A proper sensible fellow, and shrink for a wench !  
 Are there no more ? or is she all the handsomeness ?

*Heartl.* Prithee, leave fooling.

*Wildb.* Prithee, leave thou whining :  
 Have maids forgot to love ?

*Heartl.* You are injurious.

*Wildb.* Let 'em alone a while, they 'll follow thee.

*First Gent.* Come, good Frank,  
 Forget now, since there is no remedy,  
 And shew a merry face, as wise men would do.

*Sec. Gent.* Be a free guest, and think not of those passages.

*Wildb.* Think how to nick him home ; thou know'st she  
 dotes on thee ;

Graff me a dainty medlar on his crabstock ;  
 Pay me the dreaming puppy.

*Heartl.* Well, make your mirth, the whilst I bear my  
 misery :

Honest minds would ha' better thoughts.

*Wildb.* I am her kinsman,  
 And love her well, am tender of her youth ;  
 Yet, honest Frank, before I would have that stinkard,  
 That walking rotten tomb, enjoy her maidenhead—

<sup>1</sup> [Heaven] A break here in the old eds.

*Heartl.* Prithee, leave mocking.

*Wildb.* Prithee, Frank, believe me ;  
Go to, consider. Hark, they knock to dinner<sup>m</sup> !

[*Knocking within.*]

Come, wo't thou go ?

*Sec. Gent.* I prithee, Frank, go with us,  
And laugh and dance as we do.

*Heartl.* You are light, gentlemen,  
Nothing to weigh your hearts : pray, give me leave ;  
I'll come and see, and take my leave.

*Wildb.* We'll look for you :  
Do not despair ; I have a trick yet.

[*Exit into the house with Gentlemen.*]

*Heartl.* Yes,  
When I am mischievous, I will believe your projects.  
She is gone, for ever gone (I cannot help it),  
My hopes and all my happiness gone with her,  
Gone like a pleasing dream ! What mirth and jollity  
Reigns round about this house ! how every office  
Sweats with new joys ! Can she be merry too ?  
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment ?  
Sure, she has a false heart, then. Still they grow louder.  
The old man's god, his gold, has won upon her,  
(Light-hearted, cordial gold,) and all my services,  
That offer'd naked truth, are clean forgotten :  
Yet, if she were compell'd—but it cannot be—  
If I could but imagine her will mine,  
Although he had her body—

*Enter, from the house, Lady with WILDBRAIN.*

*Lady.* He shall come in :  
Walk without doors o' this day ! though an enemy,  
It must not be.

*Wildb.* You must compel him, madam.

*Lady.* No, she shall fetch him in, nephew ; it shall be so.

*Wildb.* It will be fittest. [*Exit into the house with Lady.*]

<sup>m</sup> *they knock to dinner*] When dinner was ready, the cook used to knock on the dresser with his knife, as a signal for the servants to carry it into the hall. See note on Middleton's *Works*, i. 247 ed. Dyce.

*Heartl.* Can fair Maria look again upon me?  
Can there be so much impudence in sweetness?  
Or has she got a strong heart to defy me?  
She comes herself.

*Enter MARIA.*

How rich she is in jewels!

Methinks they shew like frozen icicles,  
Cold Winter had hung on her. How the roses,  
That kept continual spring within her cheeks,  
Are wither'd with the old man's dull embraces!  
She would speak to me [*Aside*].—I can sigh too, lady;  
But from a sounder heart: yes, and can weep too;  
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,  
Tears of more pious value than your marriage.  
You would excuse<sup>n</sup> yourself, and I must credit you,  
So much my old obedience compels from me.  
Go, and forget me and my poverty——  
I need not bid you, you're too perfect that way:  
But still remember that I lov'd, Maria,  
Lov'd with a loyal love. Nay, turn not from me:  
I will not ask a tear more; you are bountiful;  
Go and rejoice, and I will wait upon you  
That little of my life left.

*Maria.* Good sir, hear me.

What has been done was the act of my obedience  
And not my will, forc'd from me by my parents:  
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomely;  
And, if there can be more society,  
Without dishonour to my tie of marriage,  
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still:

<sup>n</sup> *excuse*] Old eds. "encase."—"Simpson supposes 'encase' a corruption, and would substitute 'excuse'. We think 'encase' may be genuine, and used in the sense of DEFEND, ARM *yourself with an excuse*.' Ed. 1778. "'Encase', as explained in this note, bears such a forced and unauthorised meaning, that I have no hesitation in preferring Simpson's variation. The corruption might easily happen." WEBER. That "encase" is a mistake, either of some transcriber, or of the original compositor, for "excuse," I have not the smallest doubt. Yet Todd, in his ed. of *Johnson's Dict.*, cites the present passage for an example of the former word; and so does Richardson in his *Dict.*: surely, they never considered the context.

You had the first ; the last, had my will prosper'd.  
 You talk of little time of life, dear Frank :  
 Certain, I am not married for eternity ;  
 The joy my marriage brings tells me I am mortal,  
 And shorter-liv'd than you, else I were miserable ;  
 Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me  
 Add what I coveted, content. Go with me :  
 They seek a day of joy ; prithee, let 's shew it,  
 Though it be forc'd ; and, by this kiss believe me,  
 However I must live at his command now,  
 I'll die at yours.

*Heartl.* I have enough ; I'll honour you.

[*Exeunt into the house.*]

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SCENE II.—*A street.*

*Enter LURCHER.*

*Lurc.* Here are my trinkets, and this lusty marriage  
 I mean to visit ; I have shifts of all sorts,  
 And here are thousand wheels to set 'em working.  
 I am very merry, for I know this wedding  
 Will yield me lusty pillage : if mad Wildgoose,  
 That debosh'd rogue, keep but his ancient revels,  
 And breed a hubbub in the house, I am happy.

*Enter ALATHE disguised as a boy.*

Now, what are you ?

*Alathe.* A poor distress'd boy, sir,  
 Friendless and comfortless, that would entreat  
 Some charity and kindness from your worship.  
 I would fain serve, sir, and as fain endeavour  
 With duteous labour to deserve the love  
 Of that good gentleman should entertain me.

*Lurc.* A pretty boy, but of too mild a breeding,  
 Too tender, and too bashful a behaviour.—  
 What canst thou do ?

[*Aside.*]

*Alathe.* I can learn any thing  
 That 's good and honest, and shall please a master.

*Lurc.* He blushes as he speaks, and that I like not ;  
I love a bold and secure confidence,  
An impudence that one may trust : this boy now,  
Had I instructed him, had been a jewel,  
A treasure for my use. [*Aside*].—Thou canst not lie?

*Alathe.* I would not willingly.

*Lurc.* Nor thou hast no wit  
To dissemble neatly?

*Alathe.* Do you love such boys, sir?

*Lurc.* Oh, mainly, mainly ! I would have my boy impudent,  
Out-face all truth, yet do it piously ;  
Like Proteus, cast himself into all forms,  
As sudden and as nimble as his thoughts ;  
Blench<sup>o</sup> at no danger, though it be the gallows,  
Nor make no conscience of a cozenage,  
Though it be i' the church. Your soft, demure, still children  
Are good for nothing, but to get long graces,  
And sing songs to dull tunes. I would keep thee,  
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active quality,  
And be a tender master to thy knavery ;  
But thou art not for my use.

*Alathe.* Do you speak this seriously ?

*Lurc.* Yes, indeed do I.

*Alathe.* Would you have your boy, sir,  
Read in these moral mischiefs ?

*Lurc.* Now thou mov'st me.

*Alathe.* And be a well-train'd youth in all activities ?

*Lurc.* By any means.

*Alathe.* Or do you this to try me,  
Fearing a proneness ?

*Lurc.* I speak this to make thee.

*Alathe.* Then take me, sir, and cherish me, and love me ;  
You have me what you would : believe me, sir,  
I can do any thing for your advantage.  
I guess at what you mean : I can lie naturally,  
As easily as I can sleep, sir, and securely ;  
As naturally I can steal too ——

<sup>o</sup> *Blench*] i. e. start, fly off, shrink.

*Lurc.* That I am glad on,  
Right heartily glad on : hold thee there, thou art excellent.

*Alathe.* Steal any thing from any body living.

*Lurc.* Not from thy master ?

*Alathe.* That is mine own body,  
And must not be.

*Lurc.* The boy mends mightily. [*Aside.*

*Alathe.* A rich man, that like snow heaps up his moneys,  
I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still ;  
A fool, that not deserves 'em, I take pity on,  
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.

*Lurc.* Excellent boy, and able to instruct me !  
Of mine own nature just !

*Alathe.* I scorn all hazard,  
And on the edge of danger I do best, sir :  
I have a thousand faces to deceive,  
And, to those, twice so many tongues to flatter ;  
An impudence, no brass was ever tougher ;  
And, for my conscience——

*Lurc.* Peace ! I ha' found a jewel,  
A jewel all the Indies cannot match :  
And thou sha 't feel——

*Alathe.* This tittle, and I ha' done, sir :  
I never can confess, I ha' that spell on me ;  
And such rare modesties before a magistrate,  
Such innocence to catch a judge, such ignorance——

*Lurc.* I 'll learn of thee : thou art mine own. Come, boy ;  
I 'll give thee action presently.

*Alathe.* Have at you !

*Lurc.* What must I call thee ?

*Alathe.* Snap, sir.

*Lurc.* 'Tis most natural ;  
A name born to thee : sure, thou art a fairy.  
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of the LADY.*

*Enter LADY, Nurse, MISTRESS NEWLOVE, and TOBY.*

*Lady.* Where be these knaves? who serves<sup>p</sup> up all the liveries?

Is the bride's bed made?

*Toby.* Yes, madam, and a bell  
Hung under it artificially.

*Lady.* Out, knave, out!  
Must we have 'larums now?

*Toby.* A little warning,  
That we may know when to begin our healths, madam:  
The justice is a kind of old jade, madam,  
That will go merriest with a bell.

*Lady.* All the house drunk?

*Toby.* This is a day of jubilee.

*Lady.* Are the best hangings up? and the plate set out?  
Who makes the posset, nurse?

*Nurse.* The dairy-maid,  
And she will put that in will make him caper.  
Well, madam, well, you might ha' chose another,  
A handsomer, for her<sup>q</sup> years.

*Lady.* Peace! he is rich, nurse;  
He is rich, and that's beauty.

*Nurse.* I am sure he is rotten:  
Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her, Termagant<sup>r</sup>!

<sup>p</sup> serves] Old eds. "strues".—Simpson gave "strews"; and so the Editors of 1778.—Mason proposed "sewer"!—Weber, who saw the right reading, cites from Spenser's *State of Ireland*, "In great houses the livery is said to be served up for all night, that is, their evenings allowance for drinke." [Todd's *Spenser*, viii. 339.] But "livery" meant allowance of meat as well as of drink. See note, vol. vii. 122.

<sup>q</sup> her] A correction proposed by Simpson, and adopted by his successors.—Old eds. "your."

<sup>r</sup> Termagant] In the old eds. this word, with a full point before it, is printed in Italics. It puzzled all the modern editors. Those of 1778 (partly following an alteration recommended by Simpson) gave the passage thus;

"Lady. Termagant!

*What an angry quean is this!—Where, who looks to him?"*

Mason made no remarks on "Termagant", but observed, "I suspect we ought to read



*Lady.* What an angry quean is this !—Where [*'s* Master Heartlove] ?

Who looks to him ?

*Toby.* He is very merry, madam ; Master Wildbrain Has him in hand, i' the bottom o' the cellar ; He sighs and tipples.

*Nurse.* Alas, good gentleman ! My heart 's sore for thee.

*Lady.* Sorrow must have his course.—Sirrah, Give him some sack to dry up his remembrance.— How does the bridegroom ? I am afraid of him.

*Nurse.* He is a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him ! Must my sweet new-blown rose find such a winter Before her spring be near ?

*Lady.* Peace, peace ! thou art foolish.

*Nurse.* And dances like a town-top\*, and reels and hobbles.

*Lady.* Alas, good gentleman ! give him not much wine.

*Toby.* He shall ha' none by my consent.

*Lady.* Are the women Comforting my daughter ?

*Mist. Newl.* Yes, yes, madam, And reading to her a Pattern of true patience† : They read, and pray for her too.

\* *Where's Heartlove ? who looks to him ?*

Heartlove is certainly the object of the Lady's question, as appears from the answer of Toby and the Nurse's speech.—Weber chose to believe that "a whole line was lost" here ; and he accordingly printed,—

"*Lady.* Termagant !

*What an angry quean is this !—Where \* \* \**

*\* \* \* \* \* Who looks to him ?*"

That "*Termagant*" (concerning which word see note, vol. ii. 306) belongs to the Nurse's speech is plain : so afterwards, at p. 142, speaking of Algripe, she says,

"Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old *bully*," &c.

\* *And dances like a town-top, &c.*] Sympson proposed giving this line to Toby, believing it to be a continuation of his speech above, "He sighs and tipples" ; an alteration which was adopted by the Editors of 1778. "But that cannot possibly be the case ; for the subject of Toby's former speech was Heartlove, and that of this speech is evidently Algripe," &c. MASON.—Heath (*M.S. Notes*) would read "A [i. e. He] *dances*," &c.—Concerning "*town-top*" (or parish-top), see note, vol. i. 138.

† *a Pattern of true patience*] "No doubt some manual of morality, well known at the time." WEBER. Perhaps the story of Patient Grissel.

*Nurse.* They had need :  
 You had better marry her to her grave a great deal ;  
 There will be peace and rest. Alas, poor gentlewoman !  
 Must she become a nurse now in her tenderness ?  
 Well, madam, well ! my heart bleeds.

*Lady.* Thou art a fool still——

*Nurse.* Pray Heaven I be !

*Lady.* And an old fool, to be vex'd thus.

'Tis late ; she must to bed. Go, knave ; be merry ;  
 Drink for a boy : away to all your charges ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another room in the same.*

*Enter WILDBRAIN and HEARTLOVE.*

*Wildb.* Do as thou wo't ; but, if thou dost refuse it,  
 Thou art the stupid'st ass ! there's no long arguing ;  
 Time is too precious, Frank.

*Heartl.* I am hot with wine,  
 And apt now to believe ; but, if thou dost this  
 Out of a villany, to make me wrong her,  
 As thou art prone enough——

*Wildb.* Does she not love thee ?  
 Did she not cry down-right, e'en now, to part with thee ?  
 Had she not swounded<sup>a</sup>, if I had not caught her ?  
 Canst thou have more ?

*Heartl.* I must confess all this.

*Wildb.* Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting :  
 If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever ;  
 Now, now she's going, she that loves thee, going,  
 She whom thou lov'st !

*Heartl.* Pray, let me think a little.

*Wildb.* There is no leisure ; think when thou hast embrac'd  
 her.  
 Can she imagine thou didst ever honour her ?  
 Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely suffer'st

<sup>a</sup> *swounded*] Altered by Sympson and the Editors of 1778 to "swooned".  
 See note, vol. i. 422.

An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her,  
 Enjoy her maidenhead ? Take but that from her,  
 That we may tell posterity a man had it,  
 A handsome man, a gentleman, a young man,  
 To save the honour of our house, the credit :  
 'Tis no great matter I desire.

*Heartl.* I hear you.

*Wildb.* Free us both from the fear of breeding fools  
 And oafs, got by this shadow. We talk too long.

*Heartl.* She is going now to bed : among the women  
 What opportunity can I have to meet her ?

*Wildb.* Let me alone : hast thou a will ? speak soundly,  
 Speak discreetly, speak home and handsomely ;  
 Is 't not pity, nay, misery, nay, infamy, to leave  
 So rare a pie to be cut up by a rascal ?—

*Heartl.* I will go presently. Now, now, I stay thee <sup>v</sup>.

*Wildb.* Such a dainty doe to be taken  
 By one that knows not neck-beef from a pheasant,  
 Nor cannot relish braggat <sup>w</sup> from ambrosia ?  
 Is it not conscience ?

*Heartl.* Yes, yes ; now I feel it.

*Wildb.* A meritorious thing ?

*Heartl.* Good father Wildgoose,  
 I do confess it.

*Wildb.* Come, then, follow me,  
 And pluck a man's heart up. I'll lock thee privately,  
 Where she alone shall presently pass by,  
 None near to interrupt thee : but be sure——

*Heartl.* I shall be sure enough : lead on, and crown me.

*Wildb.* No wringings in your mind now, as you love me !

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>v</sup> *Now, now, I stay thee*] "Simpson reads [proposes to read] 'Now, now, I say,' and gives [would give] these words to Wildbrain. Mason properly observes, that no alteration of the words, which mean 'I wait for thee,' is requisite ; but he approves of transferring them to Wildbrain, because they suit the impetuosity of his character, and not the irresolution of Heartlove, who had just said that he would go *presently*, that is, *bye and bye*. But the very irresolution of Heartlove is best expressed by his first delaying to go, and then suddenly, after a pause, uttering his consent to go." WEBER.

<sup>w</sup> *braggat*] See note, vol. vii. 155.

SCENE V.—*A gallery in the same.*

*Enter* LADY, MARIA, ALGRIFE, Nurse, MISTRESS NEWLOVE,  
and Gentlewomen.

*Lady.* 'Tis time you were a-bed.

*Alg.* I prithee, sweetheart,

Consider my necessity. Why art sad?

I must tell you a tale in your ear anon.

*Nurse.* Of Tom Thumb;

I believe that will prove your stiffest story.

[*Aside.*

*Mist. Newl.* I pity the young wench.<sup>y</sup>

*First Gentlew.* And so do I too.

*Sec. Gentlew.* Come, old sticks take fire.

*First Gentlew.* But the plague is, he'll burn out instantly.  
Give him another cup.

*Sec. Gentlew.* Those are but flashes;

A tun of sack wo' not set him high enough.—

Will you to bed?

*Maria.* I must.

*First Gentlew.* Come, have a good heart,  
And win him like a bowl<sup>z</sup> to lie close to you;  
Make your best use.

*Alg.* Nay, prithee, duck, go instantly:  
I'll dance a jig or two to warm my body.

*Enter* WILDBRAIN.

*Wildb.* 'Tis almost midnight.

*Lady.* Prithee, to bed, Maria.

*Wildb.* Go you afore, and let the ladies follow,  
And leave her to her thoughts a while: there must be  
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries,  
Bewailing o' their<sup>a</sup> maidenheads.

<sup>y</sup> *the young wench*] Weber chose to print "thee, young wench"!

<sup>z</sup> *And win him like a bowl*] Sympson, not perceiving the allusion here to the game of bowls, proposed to read "*And wind him,*" &c.

<sup>a</sup> *o' their*] So Theobald and Sympson; and so their successors.—Old eds. "others."

*Lady.* Come, then,  
We'll wait in the next room.

*Alg.* Do not tarry ;  
For, if thou dost, by my troth, I shall fall asleep, Mall.

[*Exeunt all except WILDBRAIN and MARIA.*]

*Wildb.* Do, do, and dream of dotterels !—Get you to bed  
quickly,  
And let us ha' no more stir ; come, no crying ;  
'Tis too late now ; carry yourself discreetly :  
The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit ;  
For the rest, you must make your own play. Nay, not that  
way ;

They'll pull you all to pieces for your whim-whams,  
Your garters and your gloves : go modestly,  
And privately steal to bed ; 'tis very late, Mall ;  
For, if you go by them, such a new 'larum——

*Maria.* I know not which way to avoid 'em.

*Wildb.* This way,  
This through the cloisters, and so steal to bed :  
When you are there once, all will separate,  
And give you rest. I came out of my pity  
To shew you this.

*Maria.* I thank you.

*Wildb.* Here's the keys ; [Giving keys.]  
Go presently, and lock the doors fast after you,  
That none shall follow.

*Maria.* Good night.

*Wildb.* Good night, sweet cousin ;  
A good and sweet night—or I'll curse thee, Frank. [*Aside.*]  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—*A cloister in the same.*

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*Heartl.* She stays long : sure, young Wildgoose has abus'd  
me,  
He has made sport wi' me : I may yet get out again,  
And I may see his face once more. I ha' foul intentions ;  
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

*Enter MARIA.*

Hark, hark! it was the door!  
Something comes this way, wondrous still and stealing!  
May be, some walking spirit to affright me.

*Maria.* Oh, Heaven, my fortune!

*Heartl.* 'Tis her voice.—Stay.

[*Seizes her.*

*Maria.* Save me,  
Bless me, you better powers!

*Heartl.* I am no devil.

*Maria.* You're little better, to disturb me now.

*Heartl.* My name is Heartlove.

*Maria.* Fie, fie, worthy friend!

Fie, noble sir!

*Heartl.* I must talk farther with you:  
You know my fair affection.

*Maria.* So preserve it;  
You know I am married now. For shame, be civiller!  
Not all the earth shall make me——

*Heartl.* Pray, walk this way;  
And, if you ever lov'd me——

*Maria.* Take heed, Frank,  
How you divert that love to hate: go home, prithee.

*Heartl.* Shall he enjoy that sweet——

*Maria.* Nay, pray, unhand me.

*Heartl.* He that ne'er felt what love was?

*Maria.* Then I charge you,  
Stand further off!

*Heartl.* I am tame: but let me walk wi' you,  
Talk but a minute.

*Maria.* So your talk be honest,  
And my untainted honour suffer not,  
I'll walk a turn or two.

*Heartl.* Give me your hand, then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A bed-room in the same.*

*Enter* WILDBRAIN, ALGRIPE, LADY, Nurse, MISTRESS NEWLOVE,  
Gentlewomen, and Gentlemen.

*Alg.* She's not in her chamber.

*Lady.* She is not here.

*Wildb.* And I'll tell you what I dream'd——

*Alg.* Give me a torch.

*First Gent.* Be not too hasty, sir.

*Wildb.* Nay, let him go ;

For, if my dream be true, he must be speedy ;

He will be trick'd and blaz'd<sup>b</sup> else.

*Nurse.* As I am a woman,  
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty :  
Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old bully,  
A notorious cuckold, for tormenting her !

*Lady.* I'll hang her, then.

*Nurse.* I'll bless her, then : she does justice :  
Is this old stinking dog's-flesh for her diet ?

*Wildb.* Prithee, honest nurse, do not fret too much ;  
For fear I dream you'll hang yourself too.

*Alg.* The cloister ? [WILDBRAIN *whispers* ALGRIPE.]

*Wildb.* Such was my fancy ; I do not say 'tis true,  
Nor do I bid you be too confident.

*Alg.* Where are the keys ? the keys, I say !

*Wildb.* I dream'd  
She had 'em to lock herself in.

*Nurse.* What a devil do you mean ?

*Enter* Servant.

*Wildb.* No harm ; good nurse, be patient.

*Serv.* They are not in the window, where they use to be.

*Wildb.* What foolish dreams are these !

*Alg.* I am mad.

*Wildb.* I hope so :  
If you be not mad, I'll do my best to make you. [Aside.]

<sup>b</sup> *trick'd and blaz'd*] A quibble. "*Tricking* is drawing any person's arms with pen and ink ; *blazoning* them is to set them forth in their proper colours." SYMPSON.

*First Gent.* This is some trick.

*Sec. Gent.* I smell the Wildgoose.

*Alg.* Come, gentlemen ; come quickly, I beseech you,  
Quick as you can ! this may be your case, gentlemen :  
And bring some lights, some lights !

[*Exeunt all except WILDBRAIN.*

*Wildb.* Move faster, faster ! you will come too late else.  
I'll stay behind and pray for you. I had rather  
She were dishonest than thou shouldst have her. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—*The cloister in the same.*

*Enter MARIA and HEARTLOVE.*

*Maria.* You're most unmanly ! Yet I have some breath  
left,

And this steel to defend me : come not near me ;  
For, if you offer but another violence,  
As I have life, I'll kill you ! if I miss that,  
Upon my own heart will I execute,  
And let that fair belief out I had of you.

*Heartl.* Most virtuous maid, I have done : forgive my  
follies ;  
Pardon, oh, pardon ! I now see my wickedness,  
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me.  
On your fair hand I seal—

*Alg.* [*within*] Down with the door !

*Maria.* We are betray'd ! Oh, Frank, Frank !

*Heartl.* I'll die for you ;  
Rather than you shall suffer, I'll——

*Enter ALGRIPE, LADY, Nurse, MISTRESS NEWLOVE, Gentlewomen,  
Gentlemen, and Servants.*

*Alg.* Now enter,  
Enter, sweet gentlemen.—Mine eyes, mine eyes !  
Oh, how my head aches !

*First Gent.* Is it possible ?

*Sec. Gent.* Hold her ; she sinks.

*Maria.* A plot upon my honour !



To poison my fair name, a studied villany!

Farewell : as I have hope of peace, I am honest. [*Faints.*

*Alg.* My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains! they  
bud, sure.

*Nurse.* She is gone, she is gone!

*Alg.* A handsome riddance of her :

Would I could as easily lose her memory!

*Nurse.* Is this the sweet of marriage? have I bred thee  
For this reward?

*First Gent.* Hold, hold!—He's desperate too.

*Alg.* Be sure ye hold him fast : we'll bind him over  
To the next sessions, and, if I can, I'll hang him.

*Heartl.* Nay, then, I'll live to be a terror to thee.—  
Sweet virgin rose, farewell! Heaven has thy beauty,  
That's only fit for Heaven. I'll live a little,  
To find the villain out that wrought this injury,  
And then, most blessèd soul, I'll climb up to thee.  
Farewell : I feel myself another creature. [*Exit.*

*Lady.* Oh, misery of miseries!

*Nurse.* I told you, madam.

*Lady.* Carry her in.—You will pay back her portion?

*Alg.* No, not a penny. Pay me back my credit,  
And I'll condition wi' you.

*Lady.* A sad wedding!

Her grave must be her bridal bed.—Oh, Mall,  
Would I had wed thee to thy own content!  
Then I had had thee still.

*Alg.* I am mad.—Farewell :  
Another wanton wife will prove a hell. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Behind the house of the Lady* <sup>b</sup>.

*Enter LURCHER, and ALATHE disguised as before, with a bag.*

*Lurc.* What hast thou done?

*Alathe.* I have walk'd through all the lodgings :  
A silence, as if Death dwelt there, inhabits.

*Lurc.* What hast thou seen?

*Alathe.* Nought but a sad confusion ;  
Every thing left in such a loose disorder,  
That, were there twenty thieves, they would be laden.

*Lurc.* 'Tis very well ; I like thy care : but 'tis strange  
A wedding-night should be so solitary.

*Alathe.* Certainly there is some cause : some death or sickness  
Is fallen suddenly upon some friend,  
Or some strange news is come.

*Lurc.* Are they all a-bed?

*Alathe.* I think so, and sound asleep, unless it be  
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,  
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.

*Lurc.* Where 's all the plate?

*Alathe.* Why, lock'd up in that room :  
I saw the old lady, ere she went to bed,  
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings,  
In a small long chest ; her chains <sup>c</sup> and rings are there too :  
It stands close by the table, on a form.

*Lurc.* 'Twas a good notice. Didst thou see the men?

*Alathe.* I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves ;  
But what they said I was too far to hear, sir.

<sup>b</sup> *Behind the house of the Lady*] So Weber, and rightly, it would seem. But, on the entrance of the Nurse and Toby, a change of scene is *supposed*,—to the interior of the house. This is evident from the dialogue. At p. 146, Alathe tells Lurcher that they are to *get in by a back door* ; and at p. 149 she says that they must "*out at the back door*." Of these *supposed* changes of scene we have had several instances. See note, p. 45.

<sup>c</sup> *chest ; her chains*] So 4to 1661.—Qto 1640 "*chest, her chaine*."—The folio of 1679 "*chest, and chains*."—Simpson printed "*chest ; chains*."

*Lurc.* 'Tis daintily discover'd : we shall certainly  
Have a most prosperous night. Which way?

*Alathe.* A close<sup>d</sup> one,  
A back-door that the women have left open,  
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,  
Close on the garden-side.

*Lurc.* I love thy diligence.  
Wert thou not fearful?

*Alathe.* Fearful! I'll be hang'd first.

*Lurc.* Say they had spied thee?

*Alathe.* I was then determin'd  
To have cried downright too, and have kept 'em company,  
As one that had an interest in their sadness ;  
Or made an errand to I know not whom, sir.

*Lurc.* My dainty boy ! Let us discharge ; that plate  
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers  
Till I have fast hold of it.

*Alathe.* Pray, be wise, sir ; do 't handsomely, be not greedy ;  
Let's handle it with such an excellence  
As if we would bring thieving into honour :  
We must disguise, to fright these reverend watches—

*Lurc.* Still my blest boy !

*Alathe.* And clear the room of drunken jealousies.  
The chest is of some weight, and we may make  
Such noise i' the carriage we may be snapp'd.

*Lurc.* Come, open.

[*ALATHE opens the bag.*

Here 's a devil's face.

*Alathe.* No, no, sir, we'll have no shape so terrible ;  
We will not do the devil so much pleasure  
To have him face our plot.

*Lurc.* A winding-sheet, then.

*Alathe.* That 's too cold a shift ;  
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness :  
I wonder you are an old thief, and no cunninger.  
Where 's the long cloak ?

*Lurc.* Here, here.

*Alathe.* Give me the turbant  
And the false beard.

[*She puts them on.*

I hear some coming this way.

<sup>d</sup> *close*] i. e. private, secret.

Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders :

[*She gets upon his back.*]

And now, as I direct—Stay, let 'em enter,

And, when I touch, move forward ; make no noise.

*Enter Nurse, and TOBY with a candle.*

*Nurse.* Oh, 'tis a sad time ! all the burnt wine is drunk,  
Nick.

*Toby.* We may thank your dry chaps for 't : the canary 's  
gone too ;

No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon ;

I cannot mourn in beer. If she should walk now,

As discontented spirits are wont to do——

*Nurse.* And meet us in the cellar ?

*Toby.* What fence have we with single beer against her ?  
What heart can we defy the devil with ?

*Nurse.* The March-beer 's open.

*Toby.* A fortification of March-beer will do well ;  
I must confess 'tis a most mighty armour,  
For I presume I cannot pray.

*Nurse.* Why, Nicholas ?

*Toby.* We coachmen have such tumbling faiths, no prayers  
Can go an even pace.

*Nurse.* Hold up your candle.

*Toby.* Verily, nurse, I have cried so much  
For my young mistress that is mortified,  
That, if I have not more sack to support me,  
I shall even sleep : heigho, for another flagon !  
These burials and christenings are the mournful'st matters,  
And they ask more drink——

*Nurse.* Drink to a sad heart's needful.

*Toby.* Mine 's ever sad, for I am ever dry, nurse.

*Nurse.* Methinks the light burns blue ; I prithee, snuff it ;  
There 's a thief in 't, I think.

*Toby.* There may be one near it.

*Nurse.* What's that that moves there, i' the name of—  
Nicholas ?

That thing that walks ?

*Toby.* Would I had a ladder to behold it !

Mercy upon me, the ghost of one o' the guard, sure !  
'Tis the devil by his claws, he smells of brimstone ;  
Sure, he farts fire ; what an earthquake I have in me !  
Out with thy prayer-book, nurse !

*Nurse.* It fell i' the frying-pan, and the cats eat it.

*Toby.* I have no power to pray. It grows still longer,  
'Tis steeple-high now ; and it sails away, nurse.  
Let 's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin<sup>e</sup>,  
And that will daunt the devil. I am blasted ;  
My belly 's grown to nothing.

*Nurse.* Fly, fly, Toby ! [*Exit with TOBY.*

*Alathe.* So, let them go : and, whilst they are astonish'd,  
Let us presently upon the rest now suddenly.

*Lurc.* Off, off, and up again when we are near the parlour !  
[*She descends.*

Art sure thou know'st the chest ?

*Alathe.* Though it were i' the dark, sir,  
I can go to it.

*Lurc.* On, then, and be happy ! [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter TOBY.*

*Toby.* How my haunches quake ! Is the thing here still ?  
Now can I out-do any button-maker<sup>f</sup> at his own trade ;  
I have fifteen fits of an ague.—Nurse !—'Tis gone, I hope :  
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone,—Nurse !—  
And she knows too I ha' but a lean conscience to keep me  
company. [*Noise within.*

The devil 's among 'em in the parlour, sure,  
The ghost three stories high, he has the nurse, sure,  
He is boiling of her bones now ; hark, how she whistles !  
There 's gentlewomen within too ; how will they do ?  
I 'll to the cook, for he was drunk last night,  
And now he is valiant ; he 's akin to the devil too,  
And fears no fire. [*Exit.*

<sup>e</sup> *he speaks Latin*] "The wonderful effect of speaking *Latin* to ghosts and other supernatural beings, hath at all times uniformly been the prevailing notion of the common people," &c. REED.

<sup>f</sup> *Now can I out-do any button-maker, &c.*] An allusion to a dirty proverbial expression : see note, vol. v. 37.

*Re-enter LURCHER and ALATHE, with a coffin.*

*Lurc.* No light?

*Alathe.* None left, sir;

They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em :  
Their fright is infinite ; let 's make good use on 't :  
We must be quick, sir, quick, or the house will rise else.

*Lurc.* Was this the chest?

*Alathe.* Yes, yes.

*Lurc.* There was two of 'em,  
Or I mistake.

*Alathe.* I know the right. No stay, sir,  
Nor no discourse, but to our labour lustily :  
Put to your strength, and make as little noise—  
Then presently out at the back-door.

*Lurc.* Come, boy ;  
Come, happy child, and let me hug thy excellence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the same.*

*Enter WILDBRAIN with a candle.*

*Wildb.* What thousand noises pass through all the rooms!  
What cries and hurries ! sure, the devil 's drunk,  
And tumbles through the house. My villanies,  
That never made me apprehend before  
Danger or fear, a little now molest me :  
My cousin's death sits heavy o' my conscience ;  
Would I had been half-hang'd when I hammer'd it !  
I aim'd at a living divorce, not a burial<sup>g</sup>,  
That Frank might have had some hope. Hark ! still  
In every room confusion ; they are all mad,  
Most certain all stark-mad within the house ;  
A punishment inflicted for my lewdness<sup>h</sup>,  
That I might have the more sense of my mischief,  
And run the more mad too. My aunt is hang'd, sure,  
Sure, hang'd herself, or else the fiend has fetch'd her :  
I heard a hundred cries, "The devil, the devil !"

<sup>g</sup> *not a burial*] Weber chose to print "not at burial."

<sup>h</sup> *lewdness*] Is very erroneously explained by Weber "idle tricks": it means  
—wickedness.

Then roaring, and then tumbling ; all the chambers  
 Are a mere Babel, or another Bedlam.  
 What should I think ? I shake myself too : can  
 The devil find no time, but when we are merry ?  
 Here's something comes.

*Enter MISTRESS NEWLOVE.*

*Mist. Newl.* Oh, that I had some company  
 (I care not what they were) to ease my misery,  
 To comfort me !

*Wildb.* Who's that ?

*Mist. Newl.* Again ! Nay, then, receive——

*Wildb.* Hold, hold ! I am no Fury.—

The merchant's wife.

[*Aside.*

*Mist. Newl.* Are you a man ? pray Heaven you be !

*Wildb.* I am.

*Mist. Newl.* Alas, I have met, sir,  
 The strangest things to-night !

*Wildb.* Why do you stare ?

*Mist. Newl.* Pray, comfort me, and put your candle out,  
 For, if I see the spirit again, I die for't ;  
 And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.

*Wildb.* I'll warrant you, I'll hold you,  
 Hold you as tenderly [*Puts out the candle*]  
 —I have put the light out :

Retire into my chamber ; there I'll watch wi' you ;  
 I'll keep you from all frights.

*Mist. Newl.* And will you keep me ?

*Wildb.* Keep you as secure, lady——

*Mist. Newl.* You must not wrong me, then ; the devil will  
 have us.

*Wildb.* No, no, I'll love you ; then the devil will fear us,  
 For he fears all that love. Pray, come in quickly ;  
 For this is the malicious hour<sup>i</sup> he walks in,  
 The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,  
 Depraves the senses ; now, within this half-hour,  
 He will have power to turn all citizens' wives

<sup>i</sup> *hour*] Sympson's correction ; and so Weber.—Old eds. "house" ; and so the Editors of 1778, who thought that "'house' is here used in its astrological sense" : but, as Mason observes, Wildbrain is "not talking of the planets".

Into strange creatures, owls, and long-tail'd monkeys,  
Jays, pies, and parrots: quickly! I smell his brimstone.

*Mist. Newl.* It comes again! I am gone; shift for your-  
self, sir. [Exit.

*Wildb.* Sure, this whole night is nothing but illusion;  
Here's nothing comes: all they are mad. Damn'd devil,  
To drive her back again! 't had been thy policy  
To have let us alone; we might have done some fine thing  
To have made thy hell-hood<sup>k</sup> laugh: 'tis a dainty wench:  
If I had her again, not all your fellow goblins,  
Nor all their claws, should scratch her hence. I'll stay still;  
May be her fright will bring her back again;  
Yet I will hope.

*Enter TOBY.*

*Toby.* I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber;  
Sure, they are all i' the cellar; and I cannot find that neither.  
I am led up and down like a tame ass; my light's out,  
And I grope up and down like blind-man-buff,  
And break my face, and break my pate.

*Wildb.* It comes again, sure;  
I see the shadow; I'll have faster hold now.  
Sure, she is mad: I long to lie with a mad woman,  
She must needs have rare new tricks. [Aside.

*Toby.* I hear one whisper:  
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,  
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets—— [Aside.

*Wildb.*<sup>1</sup> I have a glimpse of her guise: 'tis she; would  
steal<sup>m</sup> by me, [Aside.

*Toby.* I have but a dram of wit left,  
And that's even ready to run. Oh, for my bed now! [Aside.

*Wildb.* She nam'd a bed; I like that, she repents, sure:  
Where is she now? [Aside.

*Toby.* Who's that?

<sup>k</sup> *hell-hood*] Weber printed "hell-hound"!!

<sup>1</sup> *Wildb.*] This prefix has dropt out from the old eds.

<sup>m</sup> 'tis she; would steal] Altered by Sympson to "'tis she; she would steal," &c.; and so the Editors of 1778. But the old text has the same meaning as the alteration.



*Wildb.* Are you there? In, in,  
In presently!

*Toby.* I feel his talents<sup>m</sup> through me ;  
'Tis an old haggard devil<sup>n</sup> : what will he do with me ? [*Aside.*

*Wildb.* Let me kiss thee first ; quick, quick !

*Toby.* A lecherous devil ! [*Aside.*

*Wildb.* What a hairy whore 'tis ! sure, she has a muffler.<sup>o</sup>  
[*Aside.*

*Toby.* If I should have a young Satan by him (for I dare  
not deny him),  
In what case were I ! who durst deliver me ? [*Aside.*

*Wildb.* 'Tis but my fancy ; she is the same [*Aside*].—In  
quickly,

Gently, my sweet girl !

*Toby.* Sweet devil, be good to me ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of LURCHER'S Mistress.*

*Enter LURCHER, and ALATHE disguised as before.*

*Lurc.* Where 's my love, boy ?

*Alathe.* She 's coming with a candle,  
To see our happy prize.

*Lurc.* I am cruel weary.

*Alathe.* I cannot blame you ; plate is very heavy  
To carry without light or help.

*Lurc.* The fear, too,  
At every stumble to be discover'd, boy,  
At every cough to raise a constable !  
Well, we 'll be merry now.

*Alathe.* We have some reason :  
Things compass'd without fear or imminent danger,  
Are too luxurious<sup>p</sup>, sir, to live upon :  
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,

<sup>m</sup> *talents*] Silently altered by the modern editors to "talons". But the passages of our early writers are innumerable in which "talent" is used for *talon* ; see note, vol. i. 25.

<sup>n</sup> *haggard devil*] See note, vol. iii. 108.      <sup>o</sup> *muffler*] See note, vol. vii. 387.

<sup>p</sup> *too luxurious*] "i. e. too luscious." WEBER. (Simpson proposed to read "too too luscious.")

And carry in their natures as much merit,  
 As his that digs 'em out o' the mine ; they taste<sup>4</sup> too,  
 Season'd with doubts and dangers, most deliciously :  
 Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,  
 And dull our appetites.

*Lurc.* Most learnèd child !

*Enter LURCHER'S Mistress with a candle.*

*Mistress.* You 're welcome : where have you left it ?

*Lurc.* In the next room, hard by.

*Mistress.* Is it plate all ?

*Lurc.* All, all, and jewels. I am monstrous weary ;  
 Prithee, let 's go to bed.

*Mistress.* Prithee, let 's see it first.

*Lurc.* To-morrow 's a new day, sweet.

*Mistress.* Yes, to melt it :

But let 's agree to-night how it shall be handled.

I 'll have a new gown——

*Lurc.* 'Sha't have any thing.

*Mistress.* And such a riding-suit as Mistress Newlove's :  
 What though I be no gentlewoman born,  
 I hope I may achieve it by my carriage.

*Lurc.* Thou say'st right.

*Mistress.* You promis'd me a horse too, and a lacquey.

*Lurc.* Thou sha't have horses six, and a postilion.

*Mistress.* That will be stately, sweetheart,—a postilion.

*Lurc.* Nay, we 'll be in fashion ; he shall ride before us  
 In winter, with as much dirt would damp a musket ;  
 The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.

*Mistress.* That will be dear.

*Lurc.* There is a dye projecting  
 Will make it cheap, wench. Come, thou shalt have any thing.

*Mistress.* Where is this chest ? I long, sweet, to behold  
 Our Indies.

*Alathe.* Mistress, let 's melt it first, and then 'tis fit  
 You should dispose it ; then 'tis safe from danger.

*Mistress.* I 'll be a loving mistress to my boy too.  
 Now fetch it in, and let 's rejoice upon 't.

<sup>4</sup> *taste*] Sympson's correction.—Old eds. "last."

*Alathe.* Hold your light, mistress, we may see to enter.

[*LURCHER and ALATHE bring in the coffin.*

*Mistress.* Ha! what's here? call you this a chest?

*Alathe.* We ha' miss'd, sir;

Our haste and want of light made us mistake.

*Mistress.* A very coffin!

*Lurc.* How! a coffin! Boy, 'tis very like one.

*Alathe.* The devil ow'd us a shame, and now he has paid us.

*Mistress.* Is this your treasure?

*Alathe.* Bury me alive in 't.

*Lurc.* It may be there is no room.

*Mistress.* Nay, I will search it:

I'll see what wealth's within.

[*She opens the coffin, in which MARIA appears.*

A woman's face,

And a fair woman's!

*Alathe.* I cannot tell, sir;

Belike this was the sadness that possess'd 'em.

The plate stood next, I'm sure.

*Lurc.* I shake, I shake, boy;

What a cold sweat!

*Alathe.* This may work [*Aside*].—What will become on's, sir?

*Mistress.* She is cold, dead-cold.—D'ye find your conscience? D'ye bring your Gillians hither? Nay, she's punish'd, Your conceal'd love's cas'd up.

*Lurc.* It is Maria;

The very same, the bride: new horror!

*Mistress.* These are fine tricks! you hope she's in a swoond<sup>r</sup>, But I'll take order she shall ne'er recover To bore my nose. Come, take her up and bury her Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up instantly.

*Lurc.* Be not so hasty, fool; that may undo us; We may be in for murder so: be patient; Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.

*Mistress.* I am sure she shall not.

*Alathe.* Be not, sir, dejected

<sup>r</sup> *swoond*] Altered by the modern editors to "swoon". See note, vol. i. 422.

Too much : a strange mistake !—this had not been else,—  
It makes me almost weep to think upon 't.

*Lurc.* What an unlucky thief am I !

*Mistress.* I 'll no considering ; either bestir yourself, or——

*Lurc.* Hold !

*Mistress.* Let it not stay to smell, then ; I will not  
Endure the stink of a rival.

*Lurc.* Would 'twere there again !

*Alathe.* We must bury her.

*Lurc.* But where o' the sudden, or with what providence,  
That no eyes watch us ? \*

*Mistress.* Take a spade, and follow me ;  
The next fair ground we meet make the church-yard :  
As I live, I 'll see her lodg'd. [*Exit.*

*Lurc.* It must be so.

How heavy my heart is ! I ha' no life left.

*Alathe.* I am past thinking too, no understanding :  
That I should miss the right chest !

*Lurc.* The happy chest !

*Alathe.* That which I saw and mark'd too !

*Lurc.* Well, passion <sup>s</sup> wo' not help us.

Had I twenty falls for this——

*Alathe.* 'Twas my fault, sir.

*Lurc.*<sup>t</sup> And twenty thousand fears for this ! Oh, the devil !  
Now could I curse. Well, we have her now,  
And must dispose her.

*Re-enter Mistress with a spade.*

*Mistress.* Hang both, for two blind buzzards ! Here 's a  
spade :  
Quickly, or I 'll call the neighbours.

*Lurc.*<sup>u</sup> There 's no remedy.

Would the poor hungry prisoners had this pasty !

[*Exeunt, carrying out the coffin.*

\* *passion*] i. e. lamentation.

<sup>t</sup> *Lurc*] This prefix is omitted in the old eds.

<sup>u</sup> *Lurc.*] Omitted in the old eds.

SCENE IV.—*Near a church-yard.*

*Enter ALGRIFE, and a Servant with a torch.*

*Serv.* 'Twas a strange mischance, sir.

*Alg.* Mischance, say'st? no, 'twas happiness to me ;  
There's so much charge sav'd ; I have her portion ;  
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.

*Serv.* Did it not trouble you, sir,  
To see her dead ?

*Alg.* Not much, I thank my conscience :  
I was tormented till that happen'd ; Furies  
Were in my brain, to think myself a cuckold  
At that time of the night.  
When I come home, I charge you shut my doors :  
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to secure me.

*Serv.* Why, an't please you ?

*Alg.* Fool, to ask that question !  
To keep out women : I expect her mother  
Will visit me with her clamours : oh, I hate  
Their noise, and do abhor the whole sex heartily !  
They are all walking devils, harpies. I will study  
A week together how to rail sufficiently  
Upon 'em all : and, that I may be furnish'd,  
Thou shalt buy all the railing books and ballads  
That malice hath invented against women :  
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,  
Till I grow fat with curses.

*Serv.* If you'll go  
To the charge, let me alone to find you books.—  
What's that? they come near us.

*Alg.* Where? hold up<sup>u</sup> the torch, knave.

<sup>u</sup> *to find you books.—*

*What's that? they come near us.*

*Alg.* *Where? hold up, &c.*] So the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber.—  
Old eds. ;

“ to finde you bookes.

*Ju[stice].* They come neere us.

*Ser.* Whats that ?

*Ju[stice].* Where ? hold up”, &c.

and so Sympson.

*Serv.* Did you hear nothing? 'tis a——

*Alg.* Why dost make a stand?

*Serv.* What's that?

*Alg.* Where, where? dost see any thing?

We are hard by the church-yard, and I was never  
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places;  
They say ghosts walk sometimes.—Hark! d'ye hear nothing?

*Enter LURCHER, and ALATHE disguised as before, with the coffin  
and a spade, and Mistress.*

*Mistress.* No further; dig here, and lay her in quickly.

*Lurc.* What light is that, boy? we shall be discover'd.  
Set the coffin up an end, and get behind me;  
There's no avoiding.

*Alathe.* [*setting up the coffin*] Oh!

*Alg.* Where is that groan?

I begin to be afraid.

*Serv.* What shall we do, sir?

*Alg.* We are almost at home now; thou must go forward;  
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.

*Lurc.* 'Tis he.

*Alathe.* I know him too: let me alone.

*Serv.* Oh, sir,

A ghost, the very ghost of mistress bride!

I have no power to run away. [*Exit Mistress.*]

*Alg.* Cursed ghost!—bless me! preserve me!—

I do command thee, whatso'er thou art,

I do conjure thee, leave me; do not fright me!

If thou be'st a devil, vex me not so soon!

If thou be'st the spirit of my wife——

*Alathe.* Thy wife——

*Alg.* I shall be tormented!

*Alathe.* Thy abusèd wife,

That cannot peaceably enjoy her death.

Thou hast an evil conscience.

*Alg.* I know it.

*Alathe.* Among thy other sins which black thy soul,

Call to thy mind thy vow made to another,

Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satisfaction,

Now I am dead, thou perjur'd man! or else  
 A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,  
 Until thou leap into eternal flames;  
 Where gold, which thou adorest here on earth,  
 Melted, the fiends shall pour into thy throat:  
 For this time, pass; go home, and think upon me.

*Lurc.* Away!

*Serv.* There are more spirits.

*Alg.* Thank you, dear wife!

I'll bestow twenty nobles of<sup>v</sup> a tomb for thee;  
 Thou shalt not walk and catch cold after death.

[*Exeunt ALGRIFE and Servant, walking backwards.*]

*Lurc.* So, so; they're gone: 'twas my ingenious rascal!  
 But how dost know he made vows to another?

*Alathe.* I overheard the women talk to-night on 't.  
 But now let's lose no time, sir; pray, let's bury  
 This gentlewoman. Where's my mistress?

*Re-enter Mistress.*

*Mistress.* Here; I durst not tarry.

*Lurc.* We ha' so cozen'd the old forty i' the hundred,  
 An the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pilgrimage.  
 But come, about our business: set her down again.

[*ALATHE sets down the coffin.*]

*Maria.* [*in the coffin*] Oh!

*Lurc.* She groans! ha!

*Maria.* [*in the coffin*] Oh!

*Lurc.* Again! she stirs!

*Mistress.* Let's fly, or else we shall be torn in pieces. [*Exit.*]

*Lurc.* An you be good at that, bury yourself,  
 Or let the sexton take you for his fee.—

Away, boy! [*Exeunt LURCHER and ALATHE.*]

*Maria.* [*rising from the coffin*] I am very cold, dead-cold.  
 Where am I? what's this? a coffin! where have I been?  
 Mercy defend me! Ha! I do remember  
 I was betray'd, and swounded<sup>w</sup>. My heart aches;

<sup>v</sup> of] i. e. on.—Simpson and the Editors of 1778 silently printed "on"; Weber "o".

<sup>w</sup> swounded] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "swooned." See note, vol. i. 422.

I am wondrous hungry too ; dead bodies eat not :  
 Sure, I was meant for burial : I am frozen ;  
 Death, like a cake of ice, dwells round about me ;  
 Darkness spreads o'er the world too. Where ? what path ?  
 Best<sup>x</sup> Providence, direct me ! [*Exit.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of the Lady.*

*Enter Lady, WILDBRAIN, Gentlewomen, and TOBY.*

*Lady.* Thou art the most unfortunate fellow—

*Wildb.* Why, aunt,

What have I done ?

*Lady.* The most malicious varlet—

Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammering  
 And hatching hellish things, and to no purpose,  
 So thou mayst have thy base will.

*Wildb.* Why do you rail thus ?

Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,  
 But I must be at one end on't ?

*Lady.* Thou art at both ends.

*Wildb.* Cannot young sullen wenches play the fools,  
 And marry, and die, but I must be the agent ?  
 All that I did (and if that be an injury,  
 Let the world judge it) was but to persuade her  
 (And, as I take it, I was bound to it too)  
 To make the reverend coxcomb her husband, cuckold :  
 What else could I advise her ? was there harm i' this ?  
 You are of years, and have run through experience ;  
 Would you be content, if you were young again,  
 To have a continual cough grow to your pillow ?

<sup>x</sup> *Best*] “ Perhaps the original exhibited ‘Blest.’” *Ed.* 1778. “ The text is perfectly right. See vol. vi. p. 5, and vol. x. p. 60.” WEBER.



A rottenness, that vaults are perfumes to,  
 Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you?  
 Anointed hams, to keep his hinges turning,  
 Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night-caps  
 With twenty several sweats?

*Toby.* Some Jew, some justice,  
 A thousand heathen smells, to say truth, madam;  
 And would you mellow my young pretty mistress  
 In such a misken<sup>y</sup>?

*Lady.* Sirrah,  
 Where is the body of my girl?

*Wildb.* I know not;  
 I am no conjuror: you may look<sup>z</sup> the body:  
 I was like to be stoln away myself; the spirit  
 Had like to ha' surpris'd me in the shape of a woman,  
 Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.

*Toby.* So had I, madam, simply though I stand here,  
 I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty spirits;  
 In every corner of the house a fiend met me.

*Lady.* You lie, like rascals! Was Mistress Newlove such  
 A spirit, sir, to fright your worship? Well,  
 I discharge you, sir; you're now at liberty;  
 Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy;  
 You know your substance: though you are my nephew,  
 I am no way bound, sir, to protect your mischief:  
 So, fare you well.

*Wildb.* Farewell, good aunt: I thank you.—  
 Adieu, honest Nick.—The devil, if he have power,  
 Will persecute your old bones for this marriage:  
 Farewell, Mistress Win. [*Exit Lady with Gentlewomen.*]

*Toby.* And shall we part with dry lips?  
 Shall we, that have been fellow-devils together,  
 Flinch for an old woman's fart?

*Wildb.* 'Tis a fine time o' night too; but we must part, Nick.

<sup>y</sup> *mischen*]—*miskin*, or *mizen*,—i. e. dunghill—a common word, though Weber calls it an "obscure phrase"! "The allusion," as Gifford observes, "is to the practice of accelerating the ripening or maturing of any thing by burying it in warm dung." Note on Jonson's *Works*, vi. 176.

<sup>z</sup> *look*] i. e. look for.

*Toby.* Shall we never ring again? ne'er toss the tenor,  
 And roll the changes in a cup of claret?  
 You shall not want; whate'er I lay my hands on  
 (As I am, sure, Automedon the coachman)  
 Shall be distributed: bear up, I say, hang sorrow!  
 Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure.  
 Sam the butler's true, the cook a reverend Trojan;  
 The falconer shall sell his hawks, and swear they were rotten;  
 There be some wandering spoons, that may be met with;  
 I'll pawn a coach-horse. Peace, utter no sentences!  
 The harness shall be us'd in our wars also;  
 Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now,  
 Say but the word) over some rotten bridge,  
 Or by a marl-pit side? she may slip in daintily;  
 Let me alone for myself.

*Wildb.* No, no: farewell, Toby;  
 Farewell, spiny<sup>a</sup> Nicholas: no such thing;  
 There be ways i' the world—If you see me  
 A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a quart yet,  
 And pull a bell. Commend [me] to the household:  
 Nay, cry not, Toby; 'twill make thy head giddy.

*Toby.* Sweet Master Wildbrain!

*Wildb.* No more, Toby; go: the times may alter.  
 But where's the corse of my dead cousin,  
 If she be dead? I hop'd sh 'ad<sup>b</sup> but dissembled:  
 That sits heavy here. Toby, honest Toby,  
 Lend me thy lanthorn; I forgot 'twas dark;  
 I had need look to my ways now.

*Toby.* Take a lodging with me to-night in the stable,  
 And ride away to-morrow with one of the horses  
 Next your heart; pray, do.

*Wildb.* No:

<sup>a</sup> *spiny*]—Or *spinny*,—i. e. thin, slender.

<sup>b</sup> *sh 'ad*] Old eds. " 'thad "; and so the modern editors. " Mason says this is a misprint for ' s had,' i. e. *she had*, I suppose; but such an abbreviation is not to be found, I believe, in any of the old books, though in Seward's edition it may. The text is perfectly right; ' *it*' refers to ' *corse*' in the preceding line." WEBER,—who must have read " old books " very carelessly indeed, not to have observed the abbreviation in question.

Good night, good neighbour Toby : I will wander ;  
 I scorn to submit myself, ere I have rambled :  
 But whither, or with what, that 's more material ;  
 No matter ; an the worst come, it is but stealing,  
 And my aunt wo' not see me hang'd, for her own credit ;  
 And farewell in a halter costs me nothing.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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SCENE II.—*The street before the house of LURCHER'S  
 Mistress.*

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*Heartl.* The night, and all the evils the night covers,  
 The goblins, hags, and the black spawn of darkness,  
 Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty !  
 For I am weary both of life and light too.  
 Keep my wits, Heaven ! They say spirits appear  
 To melancholy minds, and the graves open :  
 I would fain see the fair Maria's shadow,  
 But speak unto her spirit, ere I died,  
 But ask upon my knees a mercy from her.  
 I was a villain ; but her wretched kinsman,  
 That set this<sup>c</sup> plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy  
 Her injur'd life and honour.—What light 's this ?

*Enter WILDBRAIN with a lanthorn.*

*Wildb.* It is but melancholy walking thus ;  
 The tavern-doors are barricadoed too,  
 Where I might drink till morn, in expectation ;  
 I cannot meet the watch neither ; nothing in  
 The likeness of a constable, whom I might,  
 In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,  
 For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

*Heartl.* 'Tis his voice ; Fate, I thank thee ! [Aside.]

*Wildb.* Ha ! who 's that ? an thou be 'st a man, speak :  
 Frank Heartlove ! then I bear my destinies ;  
 Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for :

<sup>c</sup> *this*] So Sympson silently ; and so the Editors of 1778.—Old eds. "his" ;  
 and so Weber.

My aunt has turn'd me out a-doors ; she has,  
 At this unchristian hour ; and I do walk  
 Methinks like Guido Faux, with my dark lanthorn,  
 Stealing to set the town a-fire ; i' the country  
 I should be ta'en for William o' the Wisp  
 Or Robin Good-fellow. And how dost, Frank ?

*Heartl.* The worse for you.

*Wildb.* Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy lodging ?  
 I'll lie with thee to-night ; and tell thee stories,  
 How many devils we ha' met withal :  
 Our house is haunted, Frank, whole legions——  
 I saw fifty for my share.

*Heartl.* Didst not fright 'em ?

*Wildb.* How ! fright 'em ! no, they frightened me sufficiently.

*Heartl.* Thou hadst wickedness enough to make them  
 stare,

And be afraid o' thee, malicious devil ! [*Draws his sword.*  
 And draw thy sword ; for, by Maria's soul,  
 I will not let thee scape, to do more mischief.

*Wildb.* Thou art mad : what dost mean ?

*Heartl.* To kill thee ; nothing else will ease my anger :  
 The injury is fresh I bleed withal ;  
 Nor can that word express it, there's no peace in 't ;  
 Nor must it be forgiven, but in death :  
 Therefore call up thy valour, if thou 'st any,  
 And summon up thy spirits to defend thee :  
 Thy heart must suffer for thy damnèd practices  
 Against thy noble cousin and my innocence.

*Wildb.* Hold ! hear a word : did I do any thing  
 But for your good ? that you might have her ?  
 That in that desperate time I might redeem her,  
 Although with show of loss ?

*Heartl.* Out, ugly villain !  
 Fling on her the most hated name of whore  
 To the world's eye, and face it out in courtesy ?  
 Bring him to see't, and make me drunk to attempt it ?

*Enter MARIA in her shroud.*

*Maria.* I hear some voices this way.

[*Aside.*

*Heartl.* No more ! if you can pray,  
Do it as you fight.

*Maria.* What new frights oppose me ?  
I have heard that tongue.

[*Aside.*

*Wildb.* 'Tis my fortune :  
You could not take me in a better time, sir ;  
I ha' nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee.  
My life my sword protect !

[*They fight.*

*Maria.* I know 'em both ; but, to prevent their ruins,  
Must not discover [*Aside*].—Stay, men most desperate !  
The mischief you are forward to commit  
Will keep me from my grave, and tie my spirit  
To endless troubles else.

*Wildb.* Ha ! 'tis her ghost !

*Heartl.* Maria !

*Maria.* Hear me, both : each wound you make  
Runs through my soul, and is a new death to me ;  
Each threatening danger will affright my rest.  
Look on me, Heartlove, and, my kinsman, view me :  
Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage,  
Sufficient miserable, full of all misfortunes,  
But you must add, with your most impious angers,  
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence ?  
Would you teach Time to speak eternally  
Of my disgraces ? make records to keep 'em,  
Keep them in brass ? fight, then, and kill my honour !  
Fight deadly, both ; and let your bloody swords,  
Through my reviv'd and reeking infamy,  
(That never shall be purg'd) find your own ruins !  
Heartlove, I lov'd thee once ; and hop'd again  
In a more blessèd love to meet thy spirit :  
If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer ;  
And murder never shall<sup>d</sup> inherit Heaven.  
My time is come, my conceal'd grave expects me :  
Farewell, and follow not ; your feet are bloody,  
And will pollute my peace.—I hope they are melted :  
This is my way, sure.

[*Aside and then exit.*

<sup>d</sup> never shall] So the Editors of 1778.—Old eds. "shall never"; and so Sympson and Weber.

*Heartl.* Stay, blessèd soul!

*Wildb.* Would she had  
Come sooner, and ha' sav'd some blood!

*Heartl.* Dost bleed?

*Wildb.* Yes, certainly; I can both see and feel it.

*Heartl.* Now I well hope it is not dangerous.  
Give me thy hand: as far as honour guides me,  
I'll know thee again.

*Wildb.* I thank thee heartily. [Exit HEARTLOVE.]

I know not where to get a surgeon.  
This vision troubles me: sure, she is living,  
And I was foolish-blind, I could not find it.  
I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy:  
If I go far, I faint; I'll knock at this house;  
They may be charitable [*Knocks at the door*]. Would 'twere  
perfect day!

*Enter Mistress from the house.*

*Mistress.* 'Tis not he [*Aside*].—What would you, sir?

*Wildb.* I would crave a little rest, lady,  
And for my hurts some surgery: I am a gentleman  
That fortune of a fight—

*Mistress.* A handsome gentleman!  
Alas, he bleeds! a very handsome gentleman! [*Aside.*]

*Wildb.* A sweet young wench! beshrew my heart, a fair  
one!  
Fortune has made me some<sup>e</sup> recompense. [*Aside.*]

*Mistress.* Pray, come in; the air is hurtful for you;  
Pray, let me lead you; I'll have a bed for you presently;  
I'll be your surgeon too.—Alas, sweet gentleman! [*Aside.*]

*Wildb.* I feel no hurts: the morning comes too fast now.  
[*Aside.*]

*Mistress.* Softly, I beseech you! [*Exeunt into the house.*]

\* *me some*] Sympson silently printed "*me now some.*"

SCENE III.—*The street before the house of ALGRIFE.*

*Enter Lady and TOBY.*

*Toby.* He is not up yet, madam : what meant you  
To come forth so early ?

*Lady.* You blockhead !  
Your eyes are sew'd up still ; they cannot see  
When it is day.—Oh, my poor Maria !—  
Where be the women ?

*Toby.* They said they would follow us.

*Lady.* He shall not laugh thus at my misery ;  
And kill my child, and steal away her body,  
And keep her portion too.

*Toby.* Let him be hang'd for't ;  
You have my voice.

*Lady.* These women not come yet ?  
A son-in-law ! I'll keep a conjuror,  
But I'll find out his knavery.

*Toby.* Do, and I'll help him.  
And, if he were here, this whip should conjure him :  
Here's a *capias*, an it catch hold on 's breech,  
I'd make him soon believe the devil were there.

*Lady.* An old usurer !

*Toby.* He married the money ; that is all he look'd for ;  
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.

*Lady.* I'll swim him !  
This is his house : I wonder they stay thus,  
That we might rail him out on 's wits.

*Toby.* They'll come,  
Fear not, madam, and bring clappers with 'em,  
Or some have lost their old wont : I have heard  
(No disparagement to your ladyship) some o' their tongues,  
Like Tom-a-Lincoln, three miles off.

*Lady.* Oh, fie,  
How tedious are they !

*Toby.* What an we lost no time ?  
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,

And tune our instruments till the consort come  
To make up the full noise<sup>f</sup>: I'll knock. [Knocks.

*Alg.* [*appearing at a window*] Who is that raps so saucily?

*Toby.* 'Tis I;

*Toby:* come down, or else we'll fetch you down.

Alas, this is but the saunce-bell!<sup>g</sup> here's a gentlewoman  
Will ring you another peal: come down, I say!

*Alg.* Some new fortifications! look to my doors;  
Put double bars! I will not have her enter,  
Nor any of her tribe; they come to terrify me:  
Keep out her tongue too, if you can!

*Lady.* I hear you,  
And I will send my tongue up to your worship;  
The echo of it shall fly o'er the street.  
My daughter, that thou kill'dst with kindness, Jew,  
That thou betray'dst to death, thou double Jew,  
And after stol'st her body!

*Toby.* Jew's too good for him.

*Alg.* I defy you both:  
Thy daughter play'd the villain, and betray'd me,  
Betray'd my honour.

*Lady.* Honour, rascal!—  
And let that bear an action, I'll try it with thee—  
Honour!

*Toby.* Oh, reprobate!

*Lady.* Thou musty justice,  
Buy an honourable halter, and hang thyself!

*Toby.* A worshipful rope's end is too good for him.

*Lady.* Get honour that way; thou wo't die a dog else.

*Toby.* Come and be whipt first!

*Enter Nurse and Women.*

*Lady.* Where is her portion?

*Alg.* Where I'll keep it safely.

<sup>f</sup> *And tune our instruments till the consort come*

*To make up the full noise*] "*Consort* anciently meant a band of musicians, and *noise* the concert which they played." WEBER. In most passages of our early writers (perhaps in all) *noise* has the same meaning as *consort*, viz. a band or company of musicians.

<sup>g</sup> *saunce-bell*] See note, vol. vi. 131.



*Nurse.* Traitor, thou shalt not keep it!

*Alg.* More of the kennel?—Put more bolts to the doors there,  
And arm yourselves! Hell is broke loose upon us.

*Toby.* I am glad ye are come; we'll blow the house down.

*Lady.* Oh, Nurse, I have such cause——

*Women.* Villain, viper!—

Although you had no cause, we are bound to help.

*Nurse.* Yes, and believe; we come not here to examine;  
And, if you please, we'll fire the house.

*Alg.* Call the constable!

*Toby.* A charitable motion! fire is comfortable.

*Lady.* No, no; we'll only let him know our minds;  
We will commit no outrage; he's a lawyer.

*Alg.* Give me my musket!

*Lady.* Where's my daughter's body,  
That I may bury it?

*Women.* Speak, or we'll bury thee!

*Nurse.* Alive we'll bury thee; speak, old Iniquity!

*Toby.* Bury him alive, by all means, for a testimony.

*Alg.* Their voices make my house reel: oh, for officers!  
I am in a dream!—Thy daughter's spirit walks  
A-nights, and troubles all the neighbours: go  
Hire a conjuror; I will say no more.

*Lady.* The law shall say more!

*Women and Nurse.* We are witnesses;  
And, if thou be'st not hang'd——

*Enter LURCHER and ALATHE, dressed as pedlars.*

*Lurc.* Buy a book of good manners<sup>h</sup>,  
A short book of good manners!

*Alathe.* Buy a ballad,  
A ballad of the maid was got with child!

*Toby.* That might ha' been my case last night: I'll ha't,  
Whate'er it cost me.

<sup>h</sup> a book of good manners] "May refer to *The Myrrour of Good Manners*, translated by Barclay. Mr. Steevens, in a note on *As you like it*, act v. sc. 4, mentions another work entitled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of Good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children* [by Hugh Rhodes], printed in the reign of Edward VI.," &c. WEBER. See too note <sup>r</sup>, vol. x. 269. But perhaps, after all, our author alludes to no particular book.

*Alathe.* A ballad of the witches hang'd at Ludlow !

*Toby.* I will have that too ;

There was an aunt of mine, I think, amongst 'em ;  
I would be glad to hear her testament.

*Lurc.* A new book of women !

*Alg.* The thunder's laid : how they stare at him !

*Lurc.* A new book of fools<sup>i</sup>, a strange book,  
Very strange fools !

*Alg.* I 'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er thou art.

*Lurc.* A book of walking spirits !

*Alg.* That I like not.

*Toby.* Nor I ; they walk'd me the fools' morris.

*Lurc.* A book of wicked women !<sup>j</sup>

*Alg.* That's well thought on.

*Lurc.* Of rude, malicious women, of proud women,  
Of scolding women !—We shall ne'er get in. [*Aside to ALATHE.*

*Alathe.* A ballad of wrong'd maids !

*Lady.* I 'll buy that.

*Lurc.* A little, very little book,  
Of good and godly women,<sup>k</sup> a very little one,  
So little you may put it in a nutshell !

*Toby.* With a small print that nobody can read it.

*Nurse.* Peace, sirrah ! or I 'll tear your books.

*Alg.* Open the door and let him in ; I love him.

*Lurc.* A book of evil magistrates<sup>l</sup> !

*Lady.* Ay, marry !

D'ye hear that, justice ?

*Lurc.* And their eviller wives,  
That wear their places in their petticoats !

*Alg.* D'ye hear that, lady ?

<sup>i</sup> *A new book of fools*] "May possibly refer to Barclay's *Ship of Fools*," &c. WEBER. I think not.

<sup>j</sup> *A book of wicked women*] "May be *The Arraignment of Lewde, Idle, Froward, and Unconstant Women*, 1615." WEBER. Very doubtful.

<sup>k</sup> *A little, very little book, Of good and godly women*] "Alludes to Heywood's *History of Women*, published in 1624." WEBER. Surely not ; for that work is "very large", and a portion of it is concerning "women incestuous, adultresses," &c.

<sup>l</sup> *A book of evil magistrates*] "Probably alludes to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, or some of its numerous imitations." WEBER. Doubtful, I think.

*Alathe.* A book new printed against playing, dancing<sup>m</sup>,  
Masquing, May-poles ; a zealous brother's book,  
And full of fables !

*Lurc.* Another book of women, of mad women,  
Women that were born in March !

[*The door of ALGRIFE'S house is opened ; and exeunt  
into it LURCHER and ALATHE.*]

*Lady.* Are you got in ?  
We would ha' pull'd your knave's hide else.—This fellow  
Was sent to abuse us ; but we shall have time  
To talk more with this justice.

*Alg.* Farewell, madam :  
As you like this, come visit me again,  
You and your treble-strings. Now scold your hearts out !  
[*Withdraws from the window.*]

*Women.* Shall he carry it thus away ?

*Nurse.* Go to the judge,  
And what you 'll have us swear——

*Lady.* I thank ye heartily :  
I 'll keep that for the last. I will go home,  
And leave him to his conscience for a while :  
If it sleep long, I 'll wake it with a vengeance. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An out-house belonging to the same.*

*Enter Servants.*

*First Serv.* What book has he given thee ?

*Sec. Serv.* A dainty book ; a book of the great navy,  
Of fifteen hundred ships of cannon-proof,  
Built upon whales to keep their keels from sinking,  
And dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile,  
And elephants that carry goodly castles.

*First Serv.* Dost thou believe it ?

*Sec. Serv.* Shall we not believe books in print ?

*First Serv.* I have John Taylor's book of *Hempseed* too,  
Which, for two lines I happen'd on by chance,  
I reverence.

*Sec. Serv.* I prithee, what are they ?

*First Serv.* They are so pat upon the time, as if

<sup>m</sup> A book new printed against playing, dancing, &c.] Weber supposes, and perhaps rightly, that the *Histriomastix* is alluded to here : see next note.

He studied to answer the late *Histriomastix* ;<sup>m</sup>  
 Talking of change and transformations,  
 Thus<sup>n</sup> wittily and learnedly he bangs him ;  
 “ So may a Puritan’s ruff, ° though starch’d in print,  
 Be turn’d to paper, and a play writ in ’t.”  
 A play in the Puritan’s ruff! I’ll buy his works for ’t,

<sup>m</sup> *Histriomastix*] “ This mention of Prynne’s *Histrio-mastix, The Players Scourge, or, Actors Tragædie*, printed in 1633, proves that this portion of the present comedy was written at least eight years after the death of Fletcher, by Shirley, and no doubt in the very year when the play, with the additions of the latter poet, was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert. Shirley seems to have been fully determined to expose Prynne to ridicule immediately on the appearance of that work, for in the same year he published his comedy, entitled *The Bird in a Cage*, with a most cuttingly ironical dedication to that zealous fanatic. His masque, called *The Triumph of Peace*, brought out Feb. 2, the same year [Feb. 3, 1633-4], by the four Inns of Court, was also intended, as Whitelocke informs us, ‘ to manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr. Prynne’s new learning, and serve to confute his *Histriomastix* against interludes.’ The

—‘book new printed against playing, dancing,  
 Masquing, May-poles ; a zealous brother’s book,  
 And full of fables,’

mentioned in the preceding page of the present comedy, alludes to the same work, which consists chiefly of quotations from the ancient fathers, and in which many ridiculous stories of judgments inflicted upon the performers and auditors of plays are related. Prynne takes frequent occasion to introduce by-blows at the diabolical amusements of dancing, May-poles, health-drinking, &c.”  
 WEBER.

<sup>n</sup> *Thus*] Mason’s correction (anticipated by Heath, *MS. Notes*).—Old eds. “ That ” ; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

<sup>o</sup> *So may a Puritan’s ruff, &c.*] “ Our poets here wrote by memory, without having recourse to Taylor’s book, where the lines run thus :—

‘ Thus may a *Brownists zealous ruffe* in print,  
 Be turn’d to paper, and a play writ in ’t.’ [p. 70, *Workes*, ed. 1630].”

SYMPSON.—In the folio of 1679, two lines of this passage are transposed thus ;

“ And confute Horace with a Water-Poet :  
 A play in the Puritans ruff ? I’ll buy his Works for ’t,  
 What hast there, a *Ballad too* ? ”

and so Sympson (who, however, saw how the lines ought to stand), and the Editors of 1778 (who thought “ no change necessary ” !), none of them having taken the trouble to examine the 4tos.—“ ‘ *Starch’d in print* ’—means, starched with the utmost preciseness and formality.” MASON. Compare a passage of *The Good and the Badde, &c.* 1616, by N. Breton (cited in Bliss’s ed. of Earle’s *Microcosmography*, p. 269) ; “ To haue his *ruffles set in print*, to picke his teeth,” &c.—“ *And confute Horace, &c.*, is an allusion, I presume, to those parts of the *Histriomastix* in which Horace is cited : “ the Poet Horace,” says Prynne, “ doth couple Whores and Stage-haunters together, as being equally adulterous and unchaste : Moreover hee stiles Stage-playes, base playes, which men ought not to esteeme,” &c. p. 370.

And confute Horace with a water-poet.

What hast there? a ballad too?

*Sec. Serv.* This? this is a piece of poetry, indeed.—

[*He sings.* ALGRIPE *cries within.*

What noise is that?

*First Serv.* Some cry i' the streets: prithee, sing on.

[*Sec. Servant sings.* ALGRIPE *cries within.*

*Sec. Serv.* Again! dost not hear? 'tis i' th' house certainly.

*First Serv.* 'Tis a strange noise, and has a tang o' the justice.

*Sec. Serv.* Let's see.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A hall in the same house.*

*Enter Servants, bringing in ALGRIPE bound and gagged.*

*First Serv.* Untie his feet; pull out his gag; he will choke else.

[*They release him.*

What desperate rogues were these!

*Sec. Serv.* Give him fresh air.

*Alg.* I will never study books more:

I am undone; these villains have undone me;

Rifled my desk; they have undone me learnedly:

A fire take all their books! I'll burn my study.—

Where were you, rascals, when the villains bound me,

You could not hear?

*First Serv.* He gave us books, sir, dainty books to busy us;  
And we were reading, in that which was the brew-house,  
A great way off; we were singing ballads too,  
And could not hear.

*Alg.* This was a precious thief;  
A subtle trick to keep my servants safe!

*Sec. Serv.* What ha' you lost, sir?

*Alg.* They ransack'd all before my face, and threaten'd  
To kill me, if I cough'd: they have a chain,  
My rings, my casting-box of gold,<sup>p</sup> my purse too:  
They robb'd me miserably; but that which most grieves me,

<sup>p</sup> *my casting-box of gold*] Old eds. "my box of casting gold"; and so the modern editors. A *casting bottle* is a very common term for a bottle used to sprinkle perfumed waters: has *casting-box* the same meaning?

They took away some writings : 'twas a rogue  
That knew me, and set on by the old lady ;  
I will indite her for't.

*First Serv.* Shall we pursue 'em ?

*Alg.* Run, run, cursèd rascals !

I am out of my wits. Let not a creature in,  
No, not with necessaries.

*Sec. Serv.* We shall be starv'd.

*Alg.* I'll buy my meat at window, as they pass by,  
(I wo' not trust my scrivener, he has books too,)  
And bread I'll ha' flung up. I charge ye all,  
Burn all the books i' th' house.

*First Serv.* Your little prayer-book ?

*Alg.* I'll never pray again. I'll have my doors  
Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too :  
No sound shall tempt me again. Remember, I  
Have forswore books.

*Sec. Serv.* If you should be call'd to take your oath ?

*Alg.* I will forswear all oaths, rather than see  
A thing but in the likeness of a book ;  
An I were condemn'd, I'll rather choose to hang  
Than read again. Come in, and search all places ;  
They may be about the house. Were the doors lock'd ?

*First Serv.* But the keys in 'em ; and, if they be gone,  
They could not want wit<sup>a</sup> to lock us in, sir.

*Alg.* Never was man so miserably undone ;  
I would lose a limb, to see their rogueships totter. <sup>r</sup> [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A room in the house of the Lady.*

*Enter Lady and Nurse.*

*Lady.* Thy brother's daughter, say'st, and born in Wales ?

*Nurse.* I have long time desir'd to see her, and I hope  
Your ladyship will not be offended.

*Lady.* No, no.

<sup>a</sup> *want wit*] Sympson silently printed "*want the wit.*"

<sup>r</sup> *totter*] i. e. swing in a gallows.

*Nurse.* I should be happy, if she might be serviceable  
To you, madam.

*Lady.* Beshrew me, but at first she took me much.  
Is she not like Maria? setting aside  
Her language, very like her; and I love her  
The better for 't. I prithee, call her hither:  
She speaks feat<sup>s</sup> English.

*Nurse.* Why, Guennith, Guennith! *du hummah*,<sup>t</sup> Guen-  
nith!—  
She is coarse, madam, after her country guise;  
And, were she in fine clothes——

*Lady.* I'll have her handsome.

*Enter MARIA dressed as a country-girl.*

What part of Wales were you born in?

*Maria.* In Abehundis, madams.

*Nurse.* She speaks that name in Welch, which we call  
Brecknock.

*Lady.* What can you do?

*Maria.* Her was toe many tings in Walls; know not the  
fashion in Londons. Her was milk the cows, make seeze and  
butters, and spin very well the Welch freeze; her was cook  
to te mountain cots, and sing very fine Prittish tunes; was  
mage good ales and breds; and her know to dance on Sun-  
days; marg you now, madams.

*Lady.* A pretty innocence! I do like her infinitely, nurse;  
And, if I live——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is Master Heartlove, madam, come to see you.

*Lady.* Alas, poor gentleman! Prithee, admit him.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Enter HEARTLOVE and Gentlemen.*

*Heartl.* Madam, I am come to take my last leave——

*Lady.* How, sir!

*Heartl.* Of all my home-affections and my friends:

<sup>s</sup> feat] i. e. neat.

<sup>t</sup> du hummah] i. e., perhaps, *Duw hu ma*, God pervading all space.

For the interest you had once in Maria,  
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.

*Lady.* Would there were any thing in my poor power  
That might divert your will, and make you happy !  
I am sure I have wrong'd her too ; but let your pardon  
Assure me you are charitable : she 's dead,  
Which makes us both sad. What do you look on ?

*Heartl.* The likest face <sup>u</sup> !—

*Maria.* Pless us awle ! why does that sentilman make such  
unders and mazements at her ? I know her not.

*Heartl.* Be not offended, maid.

*Lady.* How the wench blushes !  
She represents Maria's loss to him.

*Maria.* Will the sentilman hurt her ? pray you, be her  
defences : was have mad phisnomies : is her troubled with  
lunatics in her prain-pans ? Pless <sup>v</sup> us awle !

*Heartl.* Where had you this face ?

*Maria.* Her faces be our nown, I warrant her.

*Heartl.* I wo' not hurt you.—All the lineaments  
That built Maria up, all those springing beauties,  
Dwell on this thing ; change but her tongue, I know her.—  
Let me see your hand.

*Maria.* *Du guin !* was never <sup>w</sup> thieves and robberies ; here  
is no sindge in her hands, warrant her.

*Heartl.* Trust me, the self-same white  
And softness.—Prithee, speak our English dialect.

*Maria.* Ha legs <sup>x</sup> ! what, does her speag hard urds to her,  
to make poor Guennith ridicles ? was no mannerly sentilman  
to abuse her.

<sup>u</sup> *The likest face*] In the 4tos these words are given to "1." (i. e. *First Gent.*) ; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778. At Mason's suggestion, Weber assigned them to Heartlove ; and rightly, I think.

<sup>v</sup> *Pless*] Old eds. "blesse" and "bless" : but compare the preceding speech of Maria.—Still there are other inconsistencies in the gibberish spoken by Maria, which I have not attempted to rectify.

<sup>w</sup> *Du guin ! was never, &c.*] See note, vol. vii. 378.—Sympson silently printed 'Guennith was never,' &c. !

<sup>x</sup> *Ha legs*] So the folio of 1679 ("*Ha leggs*").—The 4tos "*Haleggs*".—See the conclusion of Maria's next speech.



*Heartl.* By the love,  
That everlasting love I bear Maria—

*Maria.* Maria! her name was Guennith; and good names; was poor else, oman maid; her have no fine kanags,<sup>x</sup> to mage her tricky; yet, in her own cuntries, was held a fine ense, her can tell her, and honest ense too, marg you dat now: her can keep her little legs close enough, warrant her.

*Lady.* How prettily this anger shews!

*First Gent.* She gabbles innocently.

*Heartl.* Madam, farewell; and all good fortune dwell wi' you!  
With me my own affections! Farewell, maid,  
Fair gentle maid!

*Sec. Gent.* She sighs.

*Maria.* *Du cat a whee!*<sup>y</sup>

*Heartl.* I cannot go; there's somewhat calls me back.

*Maria.* Poor Frank,  
How gladly would I entertain thy love,  
And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids me!—

[*Aside.*

If please her ladyships, dwell here with Guennith, and learn to spin and card ull, to mage flannels and linseys-ulseis, sall tawg cood urds to her ladyships urships for her.—

The tears flow from him,<sup>z</sup>

The tears of true affection! woe is me!

Oh, cursèd love, that glories in maids' miseries,

And true men's broken hearts!

[*Aside.*

*Lady.* Alas, I pity him!—

The wench is rude, and knows you not; forgive her.

*Maria.* [*taking his hand*] Wipe your nyes, pray you: though was porn in Walls, 'mong craggy rocks and mountains, yet heart is soft: look you, her can weep too, when her see men mage priny tears and lamentations.

<sup>x</sup> *kanags*] Qy. "knags"!—*Maria* means, of course, knacks.

<sup>y</sup> *Du cat a whee*] See note, vol. iv. 411.

<sup>z</sup> *The tears flow from him*] "These words have been hitherto given as a stage-direction, but they sound more like part of the text," &c. WEBER. They are undoubtedly a portion of the text.

*Heartl.* How hard she holds me !  
 Just as Maria did ; weeps the same drops :  
 Now, as I have a living soul, her sigh too !  
 What shall I think ?—Is not your name Maria ?  
 If it be not, delude me with so much charity  
 To say it is.

*Maria.* Upon her life, you was mighty deal in love with  
 some podies ; your pale seeks and hollow nyes, and pantings  
 upon her posom, know very well. Because, look you, her  
 think her honest sentilman, you sall call her Maria.

*Heartl.* Good madam, think not ill I am thus saucy.

*Lady.* Oh, no, sir ! be you not angry with the wench.

*Heartl.* I am most pleas'd.

*First Gent.* Let's interrupt him ; he'll be mad outright  
 else.

*Sec. Gent.* Observe a little more.

*Heartl.* Would I could in your language beg a kiss !

*Maria.* If her have necessities of a kiss, look you, dere is  
 one in sarities.<sup>a</sup> [HEARTLOVE kisses her.

*Heartl.* Let me suffer death,  
 If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries  
 Be more akin, than her lips to Maria's :  
 And, if this harsh illusion would but leave her,  
 She were the same.—Good madam, shall I have  
 Your consent now——

*Lady.* To what ?

*Heartl.* To give this virgin to me.

*Lady.* She is not mine ; this is her kinswoman,  
 And has more power to dispose.—Alas, I pity him !  
 Pray, gentlemen, prevail with him to go ;  
 More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

*Heartl.* You have been always kind to me ; will you  
 Deny me your fair cousin ?

*Nurse.* 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent.

*Heartl.* He is no friend that wishes my departure ;  
 I do not trouble you.

*First Gent.* 'Tis not Maria.

<sup>a</sup> *in sarities*] “ *i. e.* in charity.” SYMPSON.

*Heartl.* Her shadow is enough ; I 'll dwell with that.  
Pursue your own ways.—Shall we live together ?

*Maria.* If her will come to-morrow and taug to her, her will tell her more of her meanings ; and then, if her be melancholy, her will sing her a Welch song too, to make her merries : but Guennith was very honest ; her was never love but one sentilman, and he was bear her great teal of good-ills too. Was marry one day : Saint Davy ! her give her fine <sup>b</sup> pair of white gloves, if her will dance at her weddings.

*Heartl.* All I am worth,  
And all my hopes, this strange voice would forsake her,  
For then she should be——Prithee, stay a little :  
Hark in thine ear ; dissemble not, but tell me,  
And save my life : I know you are Maria ;  
Speak but, as I do, ten words to confirm me :  
You have an English soul ; do not disguise it  
From me with these strange accents. [*Exit* MARIA.  
She pinch'd hard

Again, and sigh'd.

*Lady.* What ails the wench ? [*Exit.*

*Nurse.* Why, Guennith !

*Heartl.* She 's gone too.

*Sec. Gent.* Come, leave this dream.

*Heartl.* A dream ! I think so ;  
But 'twas a pleasing one. Now I 'll obey,  
And forget all these wonders : lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>b</sup> *fine*] Heath's correction (*MS. Notes*).—Old eds. "five" ; and so the modern editors.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The street before the house of ALGRIFE.**Enter, severally, WILDBRAIN and TOBY.**Wildb.* Honest Toby!*Toby.* Sweet Master Wildbrain! I am glad I ha' met wi' you.*Wildb.* Why, did my aunt send for me?*Toby.* Your aunt's a mortal; and thinks not on you, For aught I can perceive.*Wildb.* Is my cousin Alive again?*Toby.* Neither; and yet we do not Hear that she's buried.*Wildb.* What should make thee glad, then?*Toby.* What should make me glad! have I not cause? To see your princely body well, and walk thus, Look blithe and bonny, and your wardrobe whole still.*Wildb.* The case is clear; and I ha' found a mine, A perfect Indy, since my aunt cashier'd me: What think'st of this? [*Chinking money.*]*Toby.* Oh, delicate bells!*Wildb.* Thou puttest me in mind, We are to ring anon; I meant to send for thee: Meet me at the old parish-church.*Toby.* Say no more.*Wildb.* When thy lady is a-bed, we ha' conspir'd A midnight peal, for joy.*Toby.* If I fail, Hang me i' the bell-ropes!*Wildb.* And how, and how does my aunt?*Toby.* She's up to th' ears in law: I do so whirl her to the counsellors' chambers, And back again, and bounce her for more money, And to again—I know not what they do with her, But she's the merriest thing among these law-drivers,

And in their studies half a day together :  
 If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, she swears,  
 By all the ability of her old body,  
 She will so claw the justice ! she will sell  
 The tiles of the house, she vows, and sack out o' the cellar  
 (That she worships to idolatry), but she 'll hang him.

*Wildb.* I would she could ! But, hark thee, honest Toby :  
 If a man have a mistress, may we not,  
 Without my aunt's leave, borrow now and then  
 A coach to tumble in, toward the Exchange,  
 And so forth ?

*Toby.* A mistress !

*Wildb.* She may be thine when we are married.

*Toby.* Command, I 'll carry you both in pomp ;  
 And let my lady go a-foot a law-catching,  
 And exercise her corns. Where is she, Master John ?

*Wildb.* 'Sha 't see her.

*Toby.* Shall we ring for her ?

*Wildb.* And drink her health.

*Toby.* Drink stiffly for five hours ?

*Wildb.* We 'll drink fifteen.

*Toby.* To-night ? we will ha' twenty<sup>c</sup> torches, then,  
 And through the streets drive on triumphantly,  
 Triumphantly we 'll drive : by my lady's door,  
 As I am a Christian coachman, I will rattle you,  
 And urine in her porch, and she shall fear me.  
 If you say more, I shall run mad outright :  
 I will drink sack, and surfeit instantly ;  
 I know not where I am now.

[*Exit.*

*Wildb.* Hold, for thy buttons' sake !—  
 The knave 's transported.

*Enter LURCHER.*

*Lurc.* Jack Wildbrain !

*Wildb.* Honest Tom !

How thrives the felonious world with thee now ?

*Lurc.* You look and talk as you were much exalted.

*Wildb.* Thou 'rt i' the right, Tom ; I will tell thee : first,  
 I ha' shook off my aunt, and yet I live still,

<sup>c</sup> twenty] Weber silently printed "fifty" !

And drink, and sing; her house had like to ha' spoil'd me :  
 I keep no hours now, nor need any false key  
 To the old woman's cabinets; I ha' money  
 Upon my word, and pawn no oaths to the butler ;  
 No matrimonial protestations  
 For sack-possets to the chambermaid : I praise  
 My fate, there be more ways to the wood, Tom.

*Lurc.* Prithee,  
 Release my wonder.

*Wildb.* I'll increase it : wipe thine eyes ;  
 Here is a chain worth money, an some man had it,  
 A foolish diamond, and other trifles—— [*Shewing chain, &c.*]

*Lurc.* The very same ! oh, gipsey ! infidel !  
 All that I sweat and ventur'd my neck for,  
 He has got already : who would trust a strumpet? [*Aside.*]

*Wildb.* This ? this is nothing to what I possess  
 At home.

*Lurc.* What home ?

*Wildb.* A house that shall be nameless :  
 The mistress of it mine too ; such a piece  
 For flesh and blood ! added to that, so loving !

*Lurc.* Is she married ?

*Wildb.* I know not, nor I care not :  
 But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious !  
 Thou wilt run mad : I'll tell thee more hereafter.

*Lurc.* Nay, prithee, a word more.

*Wildb.* I took no pains to find out all this Paradise ;  
 My destiny threw me upon 't i' the dark ; I found it,  
 Wanting a lodging too.

*Lurc.* No old acquaintance ?

*Wildb.* Never, never saw her :  
 But these things happen not in every age.  
 I cannot stay : if thou wilt meet anon  
 At my own rendezvous (thou know'st the tavern),  
 We'll sup together ; after that, a company  
 Of merry lads have made a match to ring.

*Lurc.* You keep your exercise i' th' old church ?

*Wildb.* No other ;  
 There is no music to the bells : we would

Have bonfires, if we durst. An thou would come,  
It shall cost thee nothing, Tom : hang pilfering,  
And keep me company ! In time I may  
Shew thee my wench too.

*Lurc.* I cannot promise : but you will be there ?

*Wildb.* We'll toss the bells, and make the steeple roar, boy :  
But come to supper, then.

*Lurc.* My hand ; and expect me. [Exit WILDBRAIN.  
Yes, I will come or send, and to some purpose.—  
Art come, boy ?

*Enter ALATHE, carrying gown, beard, and constable's staff.*

Excellent knave ! how didst thou purchase<sup>d</sup> these ?

*lathe.* The staff I stole last night from a sleeping constable ;  
The rest I borrow'd by my acquaintance with  
The players' boys. You were best to lose no time, sir.

*Lurc.* [putting on the gown and beard, and taking the staff.]  
So, so ; help, boy. 'Tis very well ; do I not look  
Like one that breaks the king's peace with authority ?  
You know your charge : prepare things handsomely,  
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office.

*Alathe.* There wants nothing ; all ready<sup>e</sup> : but I fly, sir.

[Exit.

*Lurc.* Now, Fortune, prove no slut, and I'll adore thee !

[Knocks at ALGRIFE'S door.

*Serv.* [at the door] Who's there ?

*Lurc.* A friend would speak with Master Justice.

*Serv.* Who are you ?

*Lurc.* I am the constable.

*Serv.* My master is not at leisure to hear business.

*Lurc.* How ! not at leisure to do the king service !  
Take heed what you say, sir : I know his worship,  
If he knew my business, would [make] no excuse.

*Serv.* You must go to another justice ; I'll assure,  
My master is not well in health.

*Lurc.* I know not ;

<sup>d</sup> purchase] i. e. acquire.

<sup>e</sup> all ready] So the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber.—Old eds. "already" ;  
and so Sympton, who proposed in a note "all's ready".

But, if your worshipful be not at leisure  
 To do himself a benefit—I am gone, sir—  
 An infinite benefit, and the state shall thank him for 't,  
 Thank him, and think on him too—I am an officer,  
 And know my place : but I do love the justice ;  
 I honour any authority above me :  
 Beside, he is my neighbour, and I worship him.

*Serv.* You have no books nor ballads, Master Constable,  
 About you ?

*Lurc.* What should I do with books ? does it become  
 A man of my place to understand such matters ?  
 Pray, call your master : if he please to follow me,  
 I shall discover to him such a plot  
 Shall get him everlasting fame : I 'll be hang'd for 't,  
 An he be not knighted instantly, and for reward  
 Have some of the malefactors' lands I 'll bring him to ;  
 But I cannot dally time.

*Alg.* [*appearing at a window*] Who 's that ?

*Serv.* A constable, sir, would speak about some business,  
 He says will bring you fame and mighty profit.

*Lurc.* Please your worship come down, I 'll make you happy :  
 The notablest piece of villany I have in hand, sir,  
 And you shall find it out : I ha' made choice  
 To bring your worship to the first knowledge, and  
 Thank me, as you find the good on 't afterwards.

*Alg.* What is it ? treason ?

*Lurc.* 'Tis little better, I can tell you : I have lodg'd  
 A crew of the most rank and desperate villains ;  
 They talk of robberies, and ways they did 'em,  
 And how they left men bound in their studies.

*Alg.* With books and ballads ?

*Lurc.* That, sir, that, and murders,  
 And thousand knaveries more : they 're very rich, sir,  
 In money, jewels, chains, and a hundred more  
 Devices.

*Alg.* Happy, happy constable ! I [ 'll ] meet you  
 At the back-door.—Get ready, knaves !

*Lurc.* Not a man, I beseech you !  
 I have privately appointed strength about me :



They cannot start ; your men would breed suspicion :  
 All my desire is, you would come alone,  
 That you might have the hope of the enterprise,  
 That you might hear 'em first, and then proceed, sir.

*Alg.* I come, I come.

*Lurc.* 'Tis very well.

*Alg.* Keep all my doors fast : it is something late.

*Lurc.* So, so. An't please your worship, I'll direct you.

[ALGRIFE *withdraws from the window.* *Exit* LURCHER.]

SCENE II.—*A room in a hovel.*

*Enter* ALATHE, *disguised as before.*

*Alathe.* My master stays : I doubt his lime-twigs catch not :  
 If they do, all 's provided. But I all  
 This while forget my own state : fair Maria  
 Is certainly alive ; I met her in  
 Another habit, with her nurse ; 'twas she :  
 There is some trick in 't ; but, when this is over,  
 I'll find it out. This project for the usurer  
 May have good effect ; however, 'twill be sport  
 To mortify him a little.

*Enter* LURCHER, *dressed as the constable.*

He's come without him.—

Have you fail'd, sir ?

*Lurc.* Prosper'd, my little engineer : away !  
 He is i' the next room : be not you seen, sirrah. [Exit.]

*Alathe.* The pit-fall 's ready ; never justice  
 Was caught in such a noose : ere he get out,  
 He shall run through a scouring purgatory,  
 Shall purge him to the quick. 'Tis night already. [Retires.]

*Re-enter* LURCHER *with* ALGRIFE.

*Lurc.* Come softly ; yet, sir, softly. Are you not weary ?

*Alg.* Thou 'st brought me into a melancholy place ;  
 I see no creature.

*Lurc.* This is, sir, their den,  
Where they suppose themselves secure. I am faint  
With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,  
And therefore never go without a cordial;  
Without this I should die. [*Pretends to drink from a bottle.*

How it refreshes me

Already! Will 't please your worship? I might have had  
The manners to ha' let you drink before me.

Now am I lusty. [*ALGRIFE drinks.*

*Alg.* 'T has a good taste.

*Lurc.* Taste!

How do you find the virtue? nay, sir, spare it not;  
My wife has the receipt: does it not stir  
Your worship's body? When you come to examine,  
'Twill make you speak like thunder.

*Alg.* Hoy he! [*Yawns.*

*Lurc.* It works already. [*Aside.*

*Alg.* Is there never a chair? I was wearier than I thought.  
But who shall we have to take 'em, Master Constable?

*Lurc.* Let me alone: when I but give the watch-word,  
We will have men enough to surprise an army.

*Alg.* I begin to be sleepy: what, hast a chair?

*Enter another carrying a chair.*

*Lurc.* They do not dream of us: 'tis early rising,  
Care, care, and early rising. Commonwealth's men  
Are ever subject to the nods. Sit down, sir;  
A short nap is not much amiss.

[*ALGRIFE falls asleep in the chair. ALATHE comes forward.*

So, so; he's fast,

Fast as a fish i' the net; he has winking-powder  
Shall work upon him to our wish. Remove him:  
Nay, we may cut him into collops now,  
And he ne'er feel. Have you prepar'd the vault, sirrah?

*Alathe.* Yes, yes, sir; every thing in 's place.

*Lurc.* When we ha' plac'd him, you and I, boy, must  
About another project hard by: his potion  
Will bind him sure enough till we return.  
This villany weighs mainly; but we'll purge you.

[*Exeunt, carrying out ALGRIFE.*

SCENE III.—*Before a church. Bells ringing.**Enter* SEXTON.

*Sexton.* Now for mine ears! mine ears, be constant to me!

They ring a wager, and I must deal justly.

Ha, boys!

*Enter* LURCHER, and ALATHE *disguised as before.*

*Lurc.* Dost hear 'em? hark! these be the ringers.

*Alathe.* Are you sure the same?

*Lurc.* Or my directions fail. The coast is clear:  
How the bells go! how daintily they tumble!  
And methinks they seem to say, "Fine fools, I'll fit you!"

*Sexton.* Excellent again, good boys!—Oh, that was naught!

*Lurc.* Who's that?

*Alathe.* Be you conceal'd by any means yet. Hark!  
They stop: I hope they'll to't again. Close, sir!

[LURCHER *retires.*]*Enter* WILDBRAIN, TOBY, and Ringers.

*Wildb.* A palpable knock!

*First Ringer.* 'Twas none.

*Toby.* Be judg'd by the sexton, then:  
If I have ears<sup>f</sup>—

*Sexton.* A knock, a knock, a gross one!

*Toby.* Carman, your gallon of wine! you ring most  
impiously!

Art thou of the worshipful company of the knights o' the  
West,

And handle a bell with no more dexterity?

You think you are in Thames-street, justling the carts:

Oh, a clean hand's a jewel!

*Alathe.* Good speed to your good exercise!

*Toby.* You're welcome.

*Alathe.* I come, sir, from a gentleman and neighbour  
hard by,

One that loves your music well—

<sup>f</sup> *ears*] Weber chose to print "years"!

*Toby.* He may have more on 't.—  
Handle a bell as you were haling timber !  
Gross, gross, and base, absurd !

*First Ringer.* I 'll mend it next peal.

*Alathe.* To entreat a knowledge of you, whether it be  
By th' ear you ring thus cunningly, or by th' eye ;  
For, to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon 't.

*Wildb.* But which way has he laid ?

*Alathe.* That your ear guides you,  
And not your eye.

*Toby.* H'as won, h'as won ; the ear's  
Our only instrument.

*Alathe.* But how shall we  
Be sure on 't ?

*Toby.* Put all the lights out : to what end  
Serve our eyes, then ?

*Wildb.* A plain case !

*Alathe.* You say true :  
'Tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' ear, sure.  
And can you ring i' the dark so ?

*Wildb.* All night long, boy.

*Alathe.* 'Tis wonderful. Let this be certain, gentlemen,  
And half his wager he allows among ye :  
Is 't possible you should ring so ?

*Toby.* Possible !  
Thou art a child : I 'll ring when I am dead-drunk.  
Out with the lights ! no twinkling of a candle !  
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,  
And can bang it soundly i' the dark, I warrant you.

*Wildb.* Come, let 's confirm him straight, and win the wager.

*Alathe.* Let me hear, to strengthen me : and, when ye 've  
rung,  
I 'll bring the money to you.

[*Exeunt WILDBRAIN, TOBY, Sexton, and Ringers.*

*Lurc.* [*coming forward*] So, so ; follow 'em.

[*Exit ALATHE.*

They shall have a cool reward : one hath gold of mine,  
Good store in 's pocket ;  
But this will be reveng'd in a short warning.      [*Bells ring.*

They are at it lustily : hey, how wantonly  
They ring away their clothes ! how it delights me !

*Re-enter ALATHE, carrying clothes.*

*Alathe.* Here, here, sir.

*Lurc.* Hast Wildbrain's ?

*Alathe.* His whole case, sir ; I felt it out ; and, by the  
gards,<sup>g</sup>

This should be the coachman's ; another suit too.

*Lurc.* Away, boy, quickly now to th' usurer !

His hour to wake approaches.

*Alathe.* That once finish'd,

You 'll give me leave to play, sir. Here they come.<sup>h</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—*Within the church.*

WILDBRAIN, TOBY, Sexton, and Ringers, discovered.

*Wildb.* I am monstrous weary.

*Toby.* Fie, how I sweat ! Reach me my cloak to cover me.  
I run to oil, like a porpoise. 'Twas a brave peal.

*Sexton.* Let me light my candle first, then I 'll wait on  
you. [Exit SEXTON.]

*Wildb.* A very brave peal !

*Toby.* Carman, you came in close now.

*Wildb.* Sure, 'tis past midnight.

*First Ringer.* No stirring in the streets I hear.

*Toby.* Walk further.

Was that a pillar ? 'tis harder than my nose.

Where's the boy promis'd us five pounds ?

*Wildb.* Room ! I sweat still :

*Re-enter SEXTON with a candle.*

Come, come, my cloak ! I shall take cold.

*Sexton.* Where lies it ?

*Wildb.* Here, here, and all our clothes.

<sup>g</sup> *gards*] i. e. trimmings, facings, laces.

<sup>h</sup> *Here they come*] But the dialogue which follows undoubtedly takes place  
*within the church.*

*Sexton.* Where, where?

*First Ringer.* I' the corner.

*Toby.* Is thy candle blind too? Give me the bottle:  
I can drink like a fish now, like an elephant.

*Sexton.* Here are the corners, but here are no clothes;  
Yes, here is a cuff.

*Wildb.* A cuff! give me the candle:  
Cuffs wo'not cover me.—I smell a knavery.

*Toby.* Is't come to a cuff? my whole suit turn'd to a  
button?

*Wildb.* Now am I as cold again as though 'twere  
Christmas,  
Cold with my fear; I'll never ring by th' ear more.

*Toby.* My new clothes vanish'd!

*Wildb.* My all<sup>i</sup> clothes, Toby!

*First Ringer.* Here's none.

*Toby.* Not one of my dragon's wings left to adorn me!  
Have I muted<sup>j</sup> all my feathers?

*Wildb.* Cheated by th' ear; a plot to put out the candle!  
I could be mad: my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold!

*Toby.* The cold, the cold, I cry, and I cry truly;  
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak, to warm me!

*Wildb.* What miserable fools were we!

<sup>i</sup> *My all*] So 4to 1640.—Other old eds. "*All my*"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>j</sup> *muted*] Theobald having written on the margin' o his copy, qy. "mew'd", Sympson adopted the alteration; and so the later editors. But, though we have repeatedly in these plays the verb *mew* in the sense of moult, no alteration is necessary here. "*Muting* [which, when applied to birds, generally signifies—dunting] is the usual term in the west-country for birds changing their feathers." HEATH (*MS. Notes.*) Compare a passage in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*;

"If women thus had walked in my time,  
I had not stoopt vnto that painted lure,  
Which did intice me to commit the crime  
Which to the pearch of leaudnesse ti'd me sure:  
For her disport my Ladie could procure  
*The wretched wings of this my muting mind*  
Restlesse to seeke her emptie fist to find."

*Uter Pendragon*, p. 215, ed. 1610.

I may add that Richardson in his *Dict.* cites the present passage of our text under *Mute*.

*Toby.* We had e'en best, gentlemen,  
Every man choose his rope again, and fasten it,  
And take a short turn to a better fortune.—  
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our own lights out !

*Wildb.* Prithee, sexton, let 's have a fire at thy house,  
A good fire ; we 'll pay thee some way for 't : I am stone-cold.

*Sexton.* Alas, I pity you ! Come quickly, gentlemen.

*Wildb.* Sure, I ha' been in a dream : I had no mistress,  
Nor gold, nor clothes, but am a ringing rascal.

*Toby.* Fellows in affliction, let us take hands all :  
Now are we fit for tumblers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. V.—*A vault, with a lamp burning.*

*Enter LURCHER and others, bringing in ALGRIPE asleep.*

*Lurc.* So, so. Presently  
His sleep will leave him, and wonder seize upon him :  
Bid 'em within be ready.

[*LURCHER retires. Exeunt the others. Loud discordant noise within.*]

*Alg.* [*waking*] What sound 's this ?  
What horrid din ? what dismal place is this  
I never saw before ? and now behold it  
But by the half-light of a lamp that burns here ?  
My spirits shake [*and*] tremble through my body.

*Enter two dressed as Furies, with black tapers, one bearing  
a dagger, and the other a cup.*

Help, help ! Mercy protect me ! my soul quakes :  
What dreadful apparitions ! how I shudder !

*First and Sec. Fury.* Algripe !

*Alg.* What are you ?

*First Fury.* We are hell-hounds, hell-hounds,  
That have commission from the prince of darkness,  
To fetch thy black soul to him.

*Alg.* Am I not alive still ?

*First Fury.* Thou art ; but we have brought thee instruments  
Will quickly rid thy miserable life.

Stab !

*Sec. Fury.* Poison !

*First Fury.* Hang thyself ! this choice is offer'd.

*Sec. Fury.* Thou canst not hope for Heaven ; thy base soul is

Lost to all hope of mercy.

*First Fury.* Quickly, quickly !

The torments cool.

*Sec. Fury.* And all the fiends expect thee.

Come with us to that pit of endless horror,

Or we will force thee.

*Alg.* Oh, oh, oh !

*First Fury.* Groans are too late: sooner the ravisher,  
Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,

Stung with the force of twenty thousand winters,

To punish the distempers of his blood,

Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid

The certainty of meeting hell where he is.

Shall murderers be there for ever dying,

Their souls shot through with adders, torn on engines,

Dying as many deaths for killing one

(Could any imagination number them)

As there be moments in eternity ;

And shall that justice spare thee, that hast slain,

Murder'd by thy extortion, so many ?

*Alg.* Oh, oh !

*Sec. Fury.* Do execution quickly, or we'll carry thee  
Alive to hell.

*Alg.* Gently, gentle devils ! do not force me

To kill myself, nor do not you do 't for me :

Oh, let me live ! I'll make amends for all.

*First Fury.* Tell us of thy repentance ? perjurd villain !—

Pinch off his flesh : he must be whipt, salted and whipt.

*Alg.* Oh, misery of miseries !

*First and Sec. Fury.* Tear his accursèd limbs, to hell with  
him ! [*Recorders*<sup>k</sup> *within.*] Ha !

*Enter ALATHE dressed as an Angel.*

A mischief on that innocent face !—Away !

<sup>k</sup> *Recorders*] “i. e. flageolets.” WEBER.



*Alathe.* Malicious Furies, hence ! choke not the seeds  
Of holy penitence. *[The Furies creep out.]*

*Alg.* This must be an angel :  
How at his presence the fiends crawl away !  
Here is some light of mercy.

*Alathe.* Be thou wise,  
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man !  
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee !  
What says thy conscience now ?

*Alg.* Be<sup>1</sup> my good angel : here I promise thee  
To become honest, and renounce all villany :  
Enjoin me any penance ; I 'll build churches,  
A whole city of hospitals.

*Alathe.* Take heed :  
There is no dallying ; nor are these impos'd.

*Alg.* Name any thing within my power, sweet angel ;  
And, if I do not faithfully perform it,  
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,  
Whole years together let me freeze to icicles.

*Alathe.* I' the number of thy foul oppressions,  
Thou hast undone a faithful gentleman,  
By taking forfeit of his land.

*Alg.* Young Lurcher ;  
I do confess.

*Alathe.* He lives most miserable,  
And in despair may hang or drown himself :  
Prevent his ruin ; or his blood will be  
More sin in thy account. Hast thou forgotten  
He had a sister ?

*Alg.* I do well remember it.

*Alathe.* Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn vow  
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps  
A thousand tears a-day for thy unkindness ?  
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart ?  
And couldst thou marry another ?

*Alg.* But she 's dead ;  
And I will make true satisfaction.

<sup>1</sup> *Be*] Weber printed "By" !!

*Alathe.* What do I instance<sup>m</sup> these, that hast been false  
To all the world?

*Alg.* I know it, and will henceforth  
Practise repentance. Do not frown, sweet angel!  
I will restore all mortgages, forswear  
Abominable usury, live chaste,  
For I have been wanton in my shroud, my age;  
And, if that poor innocent maid, I so abus'd,  
Be living, I will marry her, and spend  
My days to come religiously.

*Alathe.* I was commanded but a messenger  
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those  
Whose malice would have dragg'd thee quick to hell:  
If thou abuse this mercy, and repent not,  
Double damnation will expect thee for it;  
But, if thy life be virtuous hereafter,  
A blessedness shall reward thy good example.  
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak senses;  
Drink of this phial, and renew thy spirits:  
I ha' done my office; think on 't, and be happy!

[*He drinks, and falls asleep.*]

*Lurc.* [*coming forward*] So, so; he gapes already; now  
he's fast.

Thou hast acted rarely; but this is not all:  
First, help to convey him out o' the vault.

*Alathe.* You will  
Dispense with me now, as you promis'd, sir?

*Lurc.* We will make shift without thee; thou'st done well.  
By our device this bandog may scape hell.

[*Exeunt, carrying out ALGRIFE.*]

<sup>m</sup> *What do I instance, &c.*] i. e. For what, why do I, &c. See note, vol. ix. 163.

SCENE VI.—*A room in the house of the Lady.*

*Enter LADY, Nurse, and MARIA dressed as before.*

*Lady.* Didst think, Maria, this poor outside, and  
Dissembling of thy voice, could hide thee from  
A mother's searching eye, though too much fear,  
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a lover,  
That thought thee dead too? Oh, my dear Maria,  
I hardly kept my joys in from betraying thee!  
Welcome again to life! we shall find out<sup>n</sup>  
The mystery of thy absence. Conceal  
Thy person still (for Algripe must not know thee),  
And exercise this pretty dialect:  
If there be any course in law to free thee,  
Thou shalt not be so miserable.—Be silent,  
Good nurse.

*Nurse.* You shall not need to fear me, madam;  
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;  
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

*Lady.* Be not dejected, Mall.

*Maria.* Your care may comfort me;  
But I despair of happiness.—  
Heartlove! I dare not see him.

*Nurse.* We'll withdraw.

*Lady.* I shall but grieve to see his passions too,  
Since there's no possibility to relieve him. [Exeunt.]

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*Heartl.* The world's a labyrinth, where unguided men  
Walk up and down to find their weariness:  
No sooner have we measur'd with much toil  
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,  
But it betrays us to a new affliction.  
What a strange mockery will man become  
Shortly to all the creatures! Oh, Maria!

<sup>n</sup> *we shall find out, &c.]* i. e. we shall devise some story to account for the mystery of thy absence.

If thou be'st dead, why does thy shadow fright me?  
 Sure, 'tis because I live : were I but certain  
 To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust  
 Might have the privilege to mix in silence,  
 How quickly should my soul shake off this burden !

*Enter ALATHE, disguised as before.*

*Alathe.* Thus far my wishes have success : I'll lose  
 No time [*Aside*].—Sir, are not you call'd Master Heartlove?  
 Pardon my rudeness.

*Heartl.* What does that concern thee, boy?  
 It is a name cannot advantage thee ;  
 And I am weary on 't.

*Alathe.* Had you conceal'd,  
 Or I forgot it, sir, so large were my  
 Directions, that you could not speak this language,  
 But I should know you by your sorrow.

*Heartl.* Thou  
 Wert well inform'd, it seems. Well, what's your business ?

*Alathe.* I come to bring you comfort.

*Heartl.* Is Maria  
 Alive again? that 's somewhat ; and yet not  
 Enough to make my expectation rise to  
 Past half a blessing ; since we cannot meet  
 To make it up a full one : thou 'rt mistaken.<sup>o</sup>

*Alathe.* When you have heard me, you 'll think otherwise :  
 In vain I should report Maria living ;  
 The comfort that I bring you must depend  
 Upon her death.

*Heartl.* Thou 'rt a dissembling boy ;  
 Some one has sent thee to mock me : though my anger  
 Stoop not to punish thy green years, unripe  
 For malice, did I know what person sent thee  
 To tempt my sorrow thus, I should revenge it.

*Alathe.* Indeed, I have no thought so uncharitable,  
 Nor am I sent to grieve you : let me suffer  
 More punishment than ever boy deserv'd,

<sup>o</sup> *thou 'rt mistaken*] "i. e. thou 'rt mistaken, if thou think'st to bring me  
 comfort. Mason would give these words to Alathe." WEBER.

If you do find me false. I serve a mistress  
 Would rather die than play with your misfortunes :  
 Then, good sir, hear me out.

*Heartl.* Who is your mistress ?

*Alathe.* Before I name her, give me some encouragement  
 That you receive her message : she is one  
 That is full acquainted with your misery,  
 And can bring such a portion of her sorrow,  
 In every circumstance so like your own,  
 You 'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs  
 Might marry one another's.

*Heartl.* Thou art wild :

Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature ?  
 Her miserable story can, at best,  
 But swell my volume, large enough already.

*Alathe.* She was late belov'd, as you were ; promis'd faith  
 And marriage ; and was worthy of a better  
 Than he that stole Maria's heart.

*Heartl.* How 's that ?

*Alathe.* Just as Maria dealt with your affection,  
 Did he that married her deal with my mistress ;  
 When, careless both of honour and religion,  
 They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.

*Heartl.* Part of this truth I know ; but, prithee, boy,  
 Proceed to that thou can'st for : thou didst promise  
 Something thy language cannot hitherto  
 Encourage me to hope for.

*Alathe.* That I come to :

My mistress thus unkindly dealt withal,  
 You may imagine, wanted no affliction ;  
 And had, ere this, wept herself dry as marble,  
 Had not your fortune come to her relief,  
 And, twin to her own sorrow, brought her comfort.

*Heartl.* Could the condition of my fate so equal,  
 Lessen her sufferings ?

*Alathe.* I know not how,  
 Companions in grief sometimes diminish  
 And make the pressure easy : by degrees  
 She threw her troubles off, remembering yours ;

And, from her pity of your wrongs, there grew  
Affection to your person : this<sup>p</sup> increas'd,  
And, with it, confidence that those whom Nature  
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,  
Could not but love as equally one another,  
Were things but well prepar'd : this gave her boldness  
To employ me thus far.

*Heartl.* A strange message, boy !

*Alathe.* If you incline to meet my mistress' love,  
It may beget your comforts : besides that,  
'Tis some revenge that you, above their scorn  
And pride, can laugh at them, whose perjury  
Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.

*Heartl.* Have you done, boy ?

*Alathe.* Only this little more ;  
When you but see, and know my mistress well,  
You will forgive my tediousness : she's fair,  
Fair as Maria was.

*Heartl.* I'll hear no more :  
Go, foolish boy, and tell thy fonder<sup>q</sup> mistress  
She has no second faith to give away ;  
And mine was given to Maria. Though her death  
Allow me freedom—

*Re-enter MARIA and Nurse.*

See the picture of her !

I would give ten thousand empires for the substance :  
Yet, for Maria's sake, whose divine figure  
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit  
Above all the world ; and, had thy mistress all  
The grace and blossom of her sex, now she  
Is gone, that was a walking spring of beauty,  
I would not look upon her.

*Alathe.* Sir, your pardon :

I have but done a message, as becomes  
A servant ; nor did she, on whose commands  
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love

<sup>p</sup> *this*] So Sympson silently ; and so his successors.—Old eds. “thus.”

<sup>q</sup> *fonder*] i. e. more foolish (than you are).

To your disquiet ; she would chide my diligence,  
If I should make you angry.

*Heartl.* Pretty boy !

*Alathe.* Indeed, I fear I have offended you ;  
Pray, if I have, enjoin me any penance for it :  
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly,  
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,  
Plead your cause to another.

*Heartl.* And I 'll take thee  
At thy word, boy ; thou hast a moving language :  
That pretty innocent copy of Maria  
Is all I love ; I know not how to speak ;  
Win her to think well of me, and I will  
Reward thee to thy wishes.

*Alathe.* I undertake  
Nothing for gain : but, since you have resolv'd  
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you ;  
And my prophetic thoughts bid me already  
Say I shall prosper.

*Heartl.* Thou wert sent to bless me !

*Alathe.* Pray, give us opportunity.

*Heartl.* Be happy !

[*Exit.*

*Nurse.* He's gone.

*Alathe.* With your fair leave, mistress.

*Maria.* Have you business with her, pray you ?

*Alathe.* I have a message from a gentleman ;  
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private.

*Nurse.* You  
Shall have my absence, niece.

[*Exit.*

*Maria.* Was the gentleman afraid to declare his matters  
openly ? Here was no bodies was not very honest. If her like  
not her errands the better, was wist to keep her breaths to  
cool her porridges, can tell her that now, for aule her private  
hearings and tawgings.

*Alathe.* You may, if please you, find another language ;  
And with less pains be understood.

*Maria.* What is her meaning ?

*Alathe.* Come, pray, speak your own English.

*Maria.* Have boys lost her its and memories ? Pless us aule !

*Alathe.* I must be plain, then : come, I know you are Maria ; this thin veil cannot obscure you : I'll tell the world you live. I have not lost you, Since first, with grief and shame to be surpris'd, A violent trance took away show of life : I could discover by what accident You were convey'd away at midnight in Your coffin, could declare the place and minute When you reviv'd, and what you have done since, As perfectly——

*Maria.* Alas, I am betray'd to new misfortunes !

*Alathe.* You are not, for my knowledge ; I'll be dumb For ever, rather than be such a traitor : Indeed, I pity you ; and bring no thoughts, But full of peace. Call home your modest blood ; Pale hath too long usurp'd upon your face : Think upon love again, and the possession Of full-blown joys, now ready to salute you.

*Maria.* These words undo me more than my own griefs.

*Alathe.* I see how fear would play the tyrant with you ; But I'll remove suspicion : have you in Your heart an entertainment for his love, To whom your virgin faith made the first promise ?

*Maria.* If thou mean'st Heartlove, thou dost wound me still : I have no life without his memory, Nor with it any hope to keep it long. Thou seest I walk in darkness, like a thief That fears to see the world in his own shape ; My very shadow frights me : 'tis a death To live thus, and not look day in the face. Away, I know thee not !

*Alathe.* You shall hereafter know, and thank me, lady : I'll bring you a discharge, at my next visit, Of all your fears. Be content, fair Maria : 'Tis worth your wonder.

*Maria.* Impossible !

*Alathe.* Be wise, and silent. Dress yourself<sup>r</sup> : You shall be what you wish.

<sup>r</sup> *Dress yourself*] "Means, dress like yourself." WEBER (from Mason),—Sympton having proposed a very unnecessary alteration.



*Maria.* Do this, and be  
My better angel !

*Alathe.* All your cares on me !

[*Exeunt, on one side, MARIA and Nurse ; on the other, ALATHE.*]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A street before the house of LURCHER's Mistress.*

*Enter LURCHER, and ALATHE disguised as before.*

*Lurc.* I must applaud thy diligence.

*Alathe.* It had been nothing  
To ha' left him in the porch. I call'd his servants ;  
With wonders<sup>s</sup> they acknowledg'd him ; I pretended  
It was some spice, sure, of the falling-sickness,  
And that 'twas charity to bring him home ;  
They rubb'd and chaf'd him, plied him with strong-water ;  
Still he was senseless, clamours could not wake him ;  
I wish'd 'em then get him to bed ; they did so,  
And almost smother'd him with rugs and pillows,  
And, 'cause they should have no cause to suspect me,  
I watch'd him 'till he wak'd.

*Lurc.* 'Twas excellent.

*Alathe.* When his time came to yawn, and stretch himself,  
I bid 'em not be hasty to discover  
How he was brought home : his eyes fully open,  
With trembling he began to call his servants,  
And told 'em he had seen strange visions,  
That should convert him from his heathen courses ;  
They wonder'd, and were silent ; there he preach'd  
How sweet the air of a contented conscience  
Smelt in his nose now ; ask'd 'em all, forgiveness  
For their hard pasture since they liv'd with him ;  
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold surloin,  
Pierce the strong beer, and let the neighbours joy in't ;

<sup>s</sup> *wonders*] "Read 'wonder.'" MASON.

<sup>him</sup>] A correction proposed by Sympson, and adopted by his successors.—Old eds. "them."

The conceal'd muscadine should now lie open  
To every mouth; that he would give to the poor,  
And mend their wages; that his doors should be  
Open to every miserable suitor.

*Lurc.* What said his servants, then?

*Alathe.* They durst not speak,  
But bless'd themselves, and the strange means that had  
Made him a Christian. In this over-joy  
I took my leave, and bade 'em say their prayers,  
And humour him, lest he turn'd Jew again.

*Lurc.* Enough, enough.—Who's this?  
'Tis one of my ringers,—stand close,—my lady's coachman.  
[*They retire.*]

*Enter TOBY with a mat wrapt round him, and carrying a hassock.*

*Toby.* Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!—Would I were  
at rack and manger among my horses! We have divided the  
sexton's household-stuff amongst us; one has the rug, and  
he's turned Irish<sup>u</sup>; another has a blanket, and he must beg  
in 't; the sheets serve another for a frock, and with the bed-  
cord he may pass for a porter; nothing but the mat would  
fall to my share, which, with the help of a tune, and a hassock  
out o' the church, may disguise me till I get home. A pox  
o' bell-ringing by the ear! if any man take me at it again,  
let him pull mine to the pillory. I could wish I had lost  
mine ears, so I had my clothes again: the weather wo' not  
allow this fashion; I do look for an ague besides.

*Lurc.* How the rascal shakes!

*Toby.* Here are company.— [Aside.  
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!  
A hassock for your feet<sup>v</sup>, or a piss clean and sweet!

<sup>u</sup> *one has the rug, and he's turned Irish*] “Rug gowns were the general dress of the wild Irish. They were also worn by watchmen, and accordingly Wildbrain, who has borrowed the Sexton's rug, exclaims on the next page,—

‘They'll take me for some watchman o' the parish.’” WEBER. Compare Jonson's *Works*, v. 131. ed. Gifford.

<sup>v</sup> *buy a mat!*

*A hassock for your feet, &c.*] So in “The cries of Rome [London]”, appended to Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, we find; “Buy a mat, a mil mat, mat, a hasocke for your pew”, &c.

Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!—

Ringing, I renounce thee! I'll never come to church more,  
[*Aside.*]

*Lurc.* You with a mat!

*Toby.* I am call'd. If any one  
Should offer to buy my mat, what a case were I in!  
Oh, that I were in my oat-tub with a horse-loaf,  
Something to hearten me! I dare not hear 'em.—[*Aside.*]  
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

*Lurc.* He's deaf.

*Toby.* I am glad I am [*Aside*].—Buy a mat for a bed!

*Lurc.* How the rascal sweats! what a pickle he is in!  
Every street he goes through will be a new torment.

*Toby.* If ever I meet at midnight more a-jangling—  
I am cold, and yet I drop [*Aside*].—Buy a mat for a bed,  
buy a mat! [Exit.]

*Lurc.* He has punishment enough.

*Enter WILDBRAIN with a rug wrapt round him, and carrying a bill.*

Who's this? my t' other youth? he is turn'd bear.

*Wildb.* I am half afraid of myself: this poor shift  
I got o' the sexton to convey me handsomely  
To some harbour; the wench<sup>w</sup> will hardly know me;  
They'll take me for some watchman o' the parish.  
I ha' ne'er a penny left me, that's one comfort;  
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomach,  
And that's another mischief. I were best go home,  
For every thing will scorn me in this habit:  
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers—  
If I get in a-doors, not the power o' the country,  
Nor all my aunt's curses, shall disembogue me.

*Lurc.* Bid her come hither presently.—Hum: 'tis he.

[Exit ALATHE into the house.]

*Wildb.* I am betray'd to one that will eternally laugh at me:  
Three of these rogues will jeer a horse to death. [Aside.]

<sup>w</sup> *the wench*] Means Lurcher's mistress: compare p. 182. l. 4, and p. 204. l. 9.  
(I notice this, lest "They'll" in the next line should induce the reader to suppose that the author wrote "the wenches").

*Lurc.* 'Tis Master Wildbrain, sure ; and yet, methinks,  
His fashion's strangely alter'd.—Sirrah watchman !  
You ragamuffin ! turn, you lousy bear's skin,  
You with the bed-rid bill ! <sup>x</sup>

*Wildb.* H' as found me out ;  
There 's no avoiding him : I had rather now  
Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robbery,  
Than answer to his articles [*Aside.*].—Your will, sir ?  
I am in haste.

*Lurc.* Nay, then, I will make bold wi' you.

[*Seizes his bill.* <sup>y</sup>

A watchman, and asham'd to shew his countenance,  
His face of authority ? I have seen that physiognomy :  
Were you never in prison for pilfering ?

*Wildb.* How the rogue worries me ! [*Aside.*

*Lurc.* Why may not this  
Be the villain robb'd my house last night,  
And walks disguis'd in this malignant rug,  
Arm'd with a ton of iron ? I will have you  
Before a magistrate.

*Wildb.* What will become of me ! [*Aside.*

*Lurc.* What art thou ? speak.

*Wildb.* I am the Wandering Jew, <sup>z</sup> an't please your  
worship.

*Lurc.* By your leave, rabbi, I will shew you, then,  
A synagogue, y-clept Bridewell, where you,  
Under correction, may rest yourself.  
You have brought a bill to guard you : there be dog-whips  
To firke <sup>a</sup> such rugged curs, whips without bells indeed.

*Wildb.* Bells !

*Lurc.* How he sweats ! [*Aside.*

<sup>x</sup> *bill*] See note, vol. iii. 141.

<sup>y</sup> *Seizes his bill*] Added by Weber. Wildbrain says presently "Give me my bill".

<sup>z</sup> *the Wandering Jew*] I have not retained any portion of Weber's long note concerning this personage, because his story is now well known from various modern poems and romances.

<sup>a</sup> *firke*] See note, vol. iv. 216.



*Lurc.* Come, I ha' done ; and now  
Will speak some comfort to thee. I will lead thee  
Now to my mistress, hitherto conceal'd :  
She shall take pity on thee too ; she loves  
A handsome man ; thy misery invites me  
To do thee good ; I'll not be jealous, Jack ;  
Her beauty shall commend itself : but do not,  
When I have brought you into grace, supplant me.

*Wildb.* Art thou in earnest ? by this cold iron—

*Lurc.* No oaths ; I am not costive. Here she comes.

*Enter Mistress from the house.*

Sweetheart, I have brought a gentleman,  
A friend of mine, to be acquainted with you ;  
He's other than he seems. Why do you stare thus ?

*Mistress.* Oh, sir, forgive me ! I have done you wrong.

[*Kneels to LURCHER.*]

*Lurc.* What's the matter ? didst ever see her afore, Jack ?

*Wildb.* Prithee, do what thou wo't wi' me ; if thou hast  
A mind, hang me up quickly.

*Lurc.* Never despair ; I'll give thee my share rather :  
Take her ; I hope she loves thee at first sight ;  
She has petticoats will patch thee up a suit :  
I resign all, only I'll keep these trifles ; [*Shewing chain, &c.*<sup>d</sup>]  
I took some pains for 'em, I take it, Jack.  
What think you, pink of beauty ? Come, let me  
Counsel you both to marry ; she has a trade,  
If you have audacity to hook in gamesters<sup>e</sup> :  
Let's ha' a wedding ; you will be wondrous rich ;  
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable :  
'Twill be a rare match.

*Mistress.* As you are a man, forgive me ! I'll redeem all.

*Lurc.* You wo' not to this gear of marriage, then ?

*Wildb.* No, no, I thank you, Tom : I can watch for  
A groat a-night, and be every gentleman's fellow.

*Lurc.* Rise, and be good ; keep home, and tend your  
business. [*Exit Mistress into the house.*]

<sup>c</sup> *I have*] Sympson silently printed "*I here have.*"

<sup>d</sup> *Shewing chain, &c.*] See p. 181.

<sup>e</sup> *gamesters*] i. e. dissolute fellows, wenchers : see note, vol. vi. 222.

*Wildb.* Thou hast done 't to purpose. Give me thy hand,

Tom :

Shall we be friends? thou see'st what state I am in :  
I 'll undertake this penance to my aunt,  
Just as I am, and openly I 'll go ;  
Where, if I be receiv'd again for current,  
And Fortune smile once more——

*Lurc.* Nay, nay, I 'm satisfied :  
So, farewell, honest, lousy Jack.

*Wildb.* I cannot  
Help it ; some men meet with strange destinies.  
If things go right, thou mayst be hang'd, and I  
May live to see 't, and purchase thy apparel :  
So, farewell, Tom : commend me to thy polecat.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of the Lady.*

*Enter Lady and Nurse.*

*Lady.* Now that I have my counsel ready, and my cause  
ripe,

The judges all inform'd of the abuses,  
Now that he should be gone !

*Nurse.* No man knows whither ;  
And yet they talk he went forth with a constable  
That told him of strange business, that would bring him  
Money and lands, and Heaven knows what ; but they  
Have search'd, and cannot find out such an officer :  
And as a secret, madam, they told your man  
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spy,  
They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the devil  
I' the likeness of a constable, that has tempted him  
By this time to strange things : there have been men,  
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,  
And so forth ; many trees have borne strange fruits ;  
D' ye think he has not hang'd himself ?

*Lady.* If he  
Be hang'd, who has his goods ?

*Nurse.* They are forfeited,  
They say.

*Lady.* He has hang'd himself for certain, then,  
Only to cozen me of my girl's portion.

*Nurse.* Very likely.

*Lady.* Or did not the constable carry him to some prison?

*Nurse.* They thought on that too, and search'd every  
where.

*Lady.* He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.

*Nurse.* Nay, they did look among the quarters too,  
And muster'd all the bridge-house for his night-cap.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, here is the gentleman again.

*Lady.* What gentleman?

*Serv.* He that lov'd my young mistress.

*Lady.* Alas, 'tis Heartlove! 'twill but feed his melancholy  
To let him see Maria, since we dare not  
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,  
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,  
He would see past her borrow'd tongue and habit.

*Nurse.* Please you entertain him a while, madam,  
I'll cast about for something with your daughter.

*Lady.* Do what thou wo't.—Pray Master Heartlove enter.

*[Exeunt Servant and Nurse severally.]*

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*Heartl.* Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon.

*Lady.* Pardon! for what? you ne'er offended me.

*Heartl.* Yes, if you be the mother of Maria.

*Lady.* I was her mother, but that word is cancell'd,  
And buried with her: in that very minute  
Her soul fled from her, we lost both our names  
Of mother and of daughter.

*Heartl.* Alas, madam,  
If your relation did consist but in  
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,  
Since love unites more than the tie of blood:  
No matter for the empty voice of mother;



Your nature still is left, which in her absence  
Must love Maria, and not see her ashes  
And memory polluted.

*Lady.* You amaze me :

By whom?

*Heartl.* By me ; I am the vile profaner.

*Lady.* Why do you speak thus indiscreetly, sir?  
You ever honour'd her.

*Heartl.* I did, alive ;

But, since she died, I ha' been a villain to her.

*Lady.* I do beseech you say not so : all this  
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd  
In forcing her to marry.

*Heartl.* Do not mock me,  
I charge you by the virgin you have wept for ;  
For I have done an impious act against her,  
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,  
And through her marble ought to be reveng'd ;  
A wickedness, that, if I should be silent,  
You as a witness must accuse me for 't.

*Lady.* Was I a witness ?

*Heartl.* Yes ; you knew I lov'd  
Maria once ; or grant you did but think so  
By what I ha' profess'd or she has told you,  
Was 't not a fault unpardonable in me,  
When I should drop my tears upon her grave,  
Yes, and proof sufficient——

*Lady.* To what ?

*Heartl.* That I, forgetful of my fame and vows  
To fair Maria, ere the worm could pierce  
Her tender shroud, had chang'd her for another ?  
Did you not blush to see me turn a rebel ?  
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,  
Without a name ? did you not curse my levity,  
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow,  
That she had scap'd a punishment more killing ?  
Oh, how I shame to think on 't !

*Lady.* Sir, in my  
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love

To your Maria, for whose sake you could  
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.

*Heartl.* No more! you are too charitable: but  
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never  
Change words with that strange maid, whose innocent face,  
Like your Maria's, won so late upon me:  
My passions are corrected, and I can  
Look on her now, and woman-kind, without  
Love in a thought. 'Tis this<sup>e</sup> I came to tell you:  
If, after this acknowledgment, you'll be  
So kind to shew me in what silent grave  
You have dispos'd your daughter, I will ask  
Forgiveness of her dust,<sup>f</sup> and never leave,  
Till, with the loud confession of my shame,  
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon.  
Will you deny this favour? then, farewell;  
I'll never see you more.—Ha!

*Re-enter Nurse, with MARIA in her own apparel: after some shew of  
wonder, HEARTLOVE goes towards MARIA.*

*Lady.* Be not deluded, sir: upon my life,  
This is the soul whom you but thought Maria,  
In my daughter's habit.—What did you mean, nurse?—  
I knew she would but cozen you: is she not like now?

*Heartl.*<sup>g</sup> One dew unto another is not nearer.

*Nurse.* She thinks she is a gentlewoman; and that  
Imagination has so taken her,  
She scorns to speak. How handsomely she carries it,  
As if she were a well-bred thing, her body!  
And, I warrant you, what looks!

*Lady.* Pray, be not foolish.

*Heartl.* I disturb nobody.—Speak but half a word,  
And I am satisfied.—But what needs that?  
I'll swear 'tis she.

*Lady.* But do not, I beseech you;  
For, trust me, sir, you know not what I know.

<sup>e</sup> *this*] Sympson's correction.—Old eds. "thus."

<sup>f</sup> *of her dust*] Sympson's correction —Old eds. "of all her dust."

<sup>g</sup> *Heartl.*] This prefix has dropt out from the old eds.

*Heartl.* Peace, then,  
And let me pray ! She holds up her hands with me.

*Lady.* This will betray all.

*Heartl.* Love, ever honour'd,  
And ever young, thou sovereign of all hearts,  
Of all our sorrows the sweet ease—She weeps now :<sup>h</sup>  
Does she still cozen me ?

*Nurse.* You will see anon.—

'Twas her desire ; expect the issue, madam.

*Heartl.* My soul's so big, I cannot pray. 'Tis she !  
I will go nearer.

*Enter ALGRIPE, LURCHER, and ALATHE disguised  
as before.*

*Nurse.* Here is Master Algripe,  
And other strangers, madam.

*Alg.* Here, good lady ;  
Upon my knees, I ask thy worship's pardon !  
Here 's the whole sum I had with thy fair daughter :  
Would she were living, I might have her peace too,  
And yield her up again to her old liberty !  
I had a wife before, and could not marry :  
My penance shall be, on that man that honour'd her  
To confer some land.

*Lady.* This is incredible !

*Alg.* 'Tis truth.

*Lurc.* Do you know me, sir ?

*Alg.* Ha ! the gentleman I deceiv'd !

*Lurc.* My name is Lurcher.

*Alg.* Sha't have thy mortgage.

*Lurc.* I ha' that already ; no matter for the deed,  
If you release it.

*Alg.* I'll do't before thy witness.  
But where 's thy sister ? if she live, I am happy,

<sup>h</sup> *She weeps now*] These words stand in the old eds. as a stage-direction ; and as such Sympson gave them, though he had before him Theobald's corrected copy, in which they were restored to the text.

Though I conceal<sup>i</sup> our contract, which was stoln from me  
With the evidence of this land.

[ALATHE goes to MARIA, and gives her a paper; she  
wonders, and smiles upon HEARTLOVE; he, amazed,  
approaches her; afterwards she shews the paper to  
her mother, and then gives it to HEARTLOVE.

*Nurse.* Your daughter smiles.

*Lurc.* I hope she lives; but where I cannot tell, sir.

*Alathe.* Even here, an't please you, sir.

*Alg.* How!

*Alathe.* Nay, 'tis she.

To work thy fair way, I preserv'd you, brother,  
That would have lost me willingly, and serv'd you  
Thus, like a boy: I serv'd you faithfully,  
And cast your plots but to preserve your credit;  
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses,  
So far as you would hearken to my counsel,  
That all the world may know how much you owe me.

*Alg.* Welcome, entirely! welcome, my dear Alathe!  
And, when I lose thee again, blessing forsake me!  
Nay, let me kiss thee in these clothes.

*Lurc.* And I too,  
And bless the time I had so wise a sister!  
Wert thou the little thief?

*Alathe.* I stole the contract,  
I must confess, and kept it to myself;  
It most concern'd me.

*Heartl.* Contracted! this destroys  
His after-marriage.

*Maria.* Dare you give this hand  
To this young gentleman? my heart goes with it.

*Alg.* Maria alive! how my heart's exalted!—'Tis my duty:  
Take her, Frank Heartlove, take her; and all joys  
With her; besides some land to advance her jointure!

*Lady.* What I have is your own; and blessings crown ye!

*Heartl.* Give me room,

<sup>i</sup> conceal] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "conceal'd"; and so Weber.  
The old reading is manifestly the right one.

And fresh air to consider, gentlemen :  
My hopes are too high.

*Maria.* Be more temperate,  
Or I 'll be Welch again.

*Alg.* A day of wonder !

*Alathe.*<sup>h</sup> Lady, your love ! I ha' kept my word. There was  
A time when my much suffering made me hate you,  
And to that end I did my best to cross you ;  
And, hearing<sup>i</sup> you were dead, I stole your coffin,  
That you might never more usurp my office :  
Many more knacks I did, which at the weddings  
Shall be told of as harmless tales. [*Shout within.*

*Enter WILDBRAIN, with the rug wrapt round him as before.*

*Wildb.* Hollow your throats a-pieces ! I am at home ;  
If you can, roar me out again.

*Lady.* What thing is this ?

*Lurc.* A continent of fleas ;—room for the pageant !  
Make room afore there !—your kinsman, madam.

*Lady.* My kinsman ! let me wonder !

*Wildb.* Do, and I 'll wonder too, to see this company  
At peace one with another.

*Maria.* 'Tis not worth  
Your admiration ; I was never dead yet.<sup>j</sup>

*Wildb.* You 're merry, aunt, I see, and all your company :  
If you be not, I 'll fool up, and provoke you ;  
I will do any thing to get your love again :  
I 'll forswear midnight-taverns and temptations ;  
Give good example to your grooms ; the maids  
Shall go to bed, and take their rest this year ;  
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.

*Lurc.* And, when you will fool again, you may go ring.

*Wildb.* Madam, have mercy !

<sup>h</sup> *Alathe*] So the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber.—Old eds. “ *Lur.*” ; and so Sympson.

<sup>i</sup> *hearing*] So the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber.—Old eds. “ *fearing* ” ; and so Sympson.

<sup>j</sup> *'Tis not worth*

*Your admiration ; I was never dead yet*] “ These words (though so obviously belonging to *Maria*) have hitherto stood as part of *Wildbrain's* speech.” *Ed.* 1778.

*Lady.* Your submission, sir,  
I gladly take; we will  
Inquire<sup>k</sup> the reason of this habit afterwards;  
Now you are soundly sham'd; well, we restore you.—  
Where's Toby? where's the coachman?

*Nurse.* He's a-bed, madam,  
And has an ague, he says.

*Lurc.* I'll be his physician.

*Lady.* We must a-foot, then.

*Lurc.* Ere the priest ha' done,  
Toby shall wait upon you with his coach,  
And make your Flanders mares dance back again wi' you,  
I warrant you, madam.—You are mortified;  
Your suit shall be granted too.<sup>l</sup>

*Wildb.* Make, make room afore there!

*Lady.* Home forward with glad hearts! home, child!<sup>m</sup>

*Maria.* I wait you.

*Heartl.* On joyfully!—The cure of all our grief  
Is owing to this pretty little thief. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>k</sup> *Your submission, sir,*  
*I gladly take; we will*  
*Inquire, &c.]* So arranged in all the old eds.

<sup>l</sup> *You are mortified;*

*Your suit shall be granted too]* “The words may refer to Wildbrain, though the reason is not very evident.” WEBER. Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures that they are addressed by Lurcher to his Mistress, “who probably came upon the stage soon after Wildbrain.”

<sup>m</sup> *Home forward with glad hearts! home, child!]* “This must be an inadvertency of the poet; for the present scene evidently passes in the Lady's house, as is proved by several circumstances; and particularly by Wildbrain's entering, who had, in the previous scene, declared his resolution to return to her house at all events.” WEBER (the note very slightly altered).



**LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.**





**LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.**

*Loves Pilgrimage.*

In the folios 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds "*a Comedy.*"

WEBER is inclined to believe that Fletcher and Massinger were the joint-authors of "*Love's Pilgrimage*, which, in the prologue, is directly attributed to more than one author, and there is no circumstance from which we might infer that the assistant of Fletcher was Beaumont, whose style of versification is not to be traced in this drama. . . . It has been generally supposed that this play was left imperfect by Fletcher at his death, and finished by Shirley, on the evidence of the following entry in Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript; 'Received of Blagrove, from the King's company, for the renewing of *Love's Pilgrimage*, the 16th of September, 1635, £1. 0. 0.' Shirley's name is not mentioned in this memorandum, and the only alteration of the play consisted, to all appearance, in the insertion of a scene from Ben Jonson's unsuccessful comedy of *The New Inn*, which was licensed for the stage on the 19th of January, 1628-9 [1629-30], several years after the death of Fletcher. Such an insertion, which undoubtedly was executed, as indeed is intimated by Sir Henry, for a renewal, or revival, of a comedy which had been represented on the stage many years before, could easily have been performed by the players, without the expence of having recourse to the assistance of a professional dramatic author like Shirley." Introd. to the *Works* of B. and F. p. xli. Though I cannot discover where Weber found the above-cited entry, "Received from Blagrove," &c., I have no reason to suppose that he has quoted it incorrectly.

If we may trust Malone (*Shakespeare* by Boswell, iii. 226), "it appears from the manuscript [of Sir H. Herbert] so often quoted, that the *Night-Walker* and *Love's Pilgrimage*, having been left imperfect by Fletcher, were corrected and finished by Shirley." From Mr. P. Cunningham's Introd. (p. xxv.) to *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, &c.*, we learn that *Love's Pilgrimage* was acted at Hampton Court, before the King and Queen, on the 16th of December, 1636.

Langbaine was the first to notice that "the scene in the first act, between Diego the Host of Ossuna and Lazaro his Ostler, is stoln from Ben Johnson's *New Inn*," &c. *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 211. Gifford observes, that Shirley "is accountable for the introduction of

this scene into Fletcher's fragment; and he might insert it with the less scruple, as the practice was not much of a novelty, and the plundered play was, perhaps, as little known as esteemed." Note on Jonson's *Works*, v. 379. Weber's remark that "such an insertion could easily have been performed by the players," without the aid of a dramatist, is perhaps rather hasty, for the dialogue of the scene in question is a good deal, and not unskilfully, altered: nor was he aware that, in an earlier part of the play, there are several minor "insertions" from the same source.

This comedy (as Langbaine first pointed out, *ubi supra*) is founded on one of the *Novelas Exemplares* of Cervantes, entitled *Las dos Doncellas*. Weber's abridgement of that novel I have altered into the following shape: "At one of the inns of Castelblanco, five leagues from Seville, a handsome stranger arrived towards night without any attendant. On dismounting, he fell into a swoon; and, when recovered by the attentions of the hostess, he demanded a bed-room. Hearing that there was only one in the house,—a double-bedded room,—he immediately engaged it, paying for both the beds; and, refusing any refreshment, he retired to the room, and locked the door. The hostess and her neighbours were talking about his beauty, when another traveller equally handsome arrived, and was informed that he could not be accommodated with lodging. He, nevertheless, dismounted, and ordered supper; when an alguazil of the village entered, and sitting down beside him, partook of the good cheer provided, and asked innumerable questions. Presently the host joined the conversation, and launched out in praise of the traveller who had previously arrived. The cavalier was desirous of seeing him, and offered the host a crown of gold for the use of the other bed; but the host pleaded the pre-engagement and the door being locked on the inside. The alguazil, however, undertook to get it opened; and, pretending the authority of the alcaide, he at last succeeded. The second traveller apologized for his intrusion; while the first, as soon as he had opened the door, hastened back to bed without speaking a word. The other lay down, and presently fell asleep; but towards midnight he was wakened by the sighs and groans of his companion, who proceeded to bewail his condition, and the faithlessness of one Marc-Antonio. When these lamentations, which plainly discovered the stranger to be a lady in disguise, had ceased, the cavalier heard her get up, open the door, and order her palfrey to be saddled. The host replied, that it was only midnight; and the lady returned to bed, renewing her sighs. The cavalier now addressed her; and on his promise not to approach her bed (she having declared that, if he attempted to do

so, she would stab herself) he learned from her the following particulars. She was Theodosia, daughter of a gentleman of Andalusia; and she had a brother at the university of Salamanca. In an evil hour she had become enamoured of a neighbour's son, Marc-Antonio Adorno, who had promised her marriage, and, after obtaining his desires, had suddenly disappeared. Having disguised herself in a riding-suit belonging to her brother, and having mounted one of her father's horses, she had left home, with the intention of going to Salamanca, where she understood Marc-Antonio was a student: she was, however, in constant fear of being pursued by her parents, or discovered by her brother. In token of the promise of marriage, she had obtained from her lover a diamond ring, with the inscription, 'Marc-Antonio is the husband of Theodosia'; and, if he refused to do her right, she was fully resolved to take vengeance on him with her sword. She concluded by requesting the cavalier to counsel her respecting the course she should adopt to find out Marc-Antonio, and induce him to acknowledge her as his wife. Her companion, after remaining silent for a considerable time, promised not only advice but assistance, and begged her to repose the rest of the night, which he, however, himself prevented by the sighs which he uttered. When the morning sun broke into the apartment, the astonished Theodosia discovered that the stranger was her brother, Don Rafael de Villavicencio. She threw herself on her knees, and, presenting to him her dagger, bade him plunge it into her heart. His anger was quickly softened into compassion: he determined to accompany her in the search for Marc-Antonio, and desired her to assume the name of Teodoro. Soon after, a friend of Don Rafael arrived at the inn, who said that he came from the port of Saint Mary, where he had seen four galleys which were bound for Naples, and that in one of them Marc-Antonio was embarked. Don Rafael, having induced his friend to exchange his mule for the palfrey of Theodosia, and having seen him depart, communicated the news to his sister; and they resolved to proceed immediately to Barcelona, where usually those galleys stop, which either go from Spain to Italy, or come from Italy to Spain. When they were within two leagues of Ygualada, which is nine leagues distant from Barcelona, they learned that the galleys had not yet come round from St. Mary's. Pursuing their journey, they reached the entrance of a wood, from which issued a man, running with great speed and in terror: he informed them that a company of more than thirty travellers had just been robbed by a band of thieves, who had stripped them to their shirts and bound them to trees, leaving only one man at liberty, who was to unbind the rest, on a signal given by the robbers

from a neighbouring hill. Don Rafael's muleteer, hearing this, assured them that they might now enter the forest without danger, as the robbers would not return to it for some days. They did so, and soon found the unfortunate travellers. The object which chiefly moved the pity of Theodosia and Don Rafael, was a beautiful youth of about sixteen years of age; and they borrowed the mantle of their muleteer to cover him till they could procure more fitting clothes. He came, he said, from a place in Andalusia not far from their own dwelling, and was proceeding to the wars in Italy. Having distributed money among the other sufferers, several of whom were churchmen, they took the youth with them, and went on to Ygualada, where they heard that the galleys had arrived at Barcelona, whence they were to sail in two days. The travellers accordingly resolved to depart for that city the following morning. Theodosia, casting her eyes on the young stranger, observed that his ears were bored, from which she suspected that it was a disguised female like herself. During supper Don Rafael having asked the name of his father, he answered, it was Don Enrique de Cardenas; and when Don Rafael observed that that nobleman had no son, the stranger replied that he was the son of Don Sancho his brother. Don Rafael rejoined, that the latter had no son, but a daughter of extraordinary beauty. The stranger returned, that he was the son of Don Sancho's steward. All this tended to strengthen the suspicions of Theodosia, and, having communicated them to her brother, she, with his consent, privately spoke to the youth, who called himself Don Francisco, and at last gaining his confidence, found that she had not suspected without cause. The stranger was Leocadia, the daughter of Don Sancho: she too had been in love with, and loved by, Marc-Antonio, and, on obtaining a written promise of marriage, she had consented to receive him one night in her chamber; but he had not kept the assignation. Having heard that he had carried off the beautiful Theodosia, she had furnished herself with money from her father's purse, and, disguised as a page, had proceeded to Ossuna, and from thence to Seville, where she purchased other male attire; and, having joined a party of gentlemen who were travelling to Barcelona to embark in the galleys for Italy (whither she supposed Marc-Antonio had gone), she had fallen into the hands of the robbers. She concluded her story by declaring that she was resolved to find out her rival, and punish her with the loss of life,—a resolution against which the arguments of Theodosia were urged in vain. Before going to bed, Theodosia, with the permission of Leocadia, told these particulars to her brother, who now conceived a violent passion for the daughter of Don Sancho. In the morning he

purchased a suit of male apparel from the host, which he presented to Leocadia. They set out for Barcelona, where they soon arrived. On entering the city they heard a great uproar, and learned that it was occasioned by a quarrel between the citizens and the crew of the galleys. Don Rafael determined to proceed to the scene of conflict; and, having reached the sea-shore, they beheld, on board the chief galley, the captain-general, Don Pedro Vique, who, after endeavouring to appease the tumult, ordered a cannon without ball to be fired into the city, as a signal that, if the disturbance still continued, the next shot should be more deadly. Among the combatants, a youth of about twenty years of age was fighting with peculiar courage, and Theodosia and Leocadia at once exclaimed, 'Either my eye-sight fails me, or the cavalier in green is Marc-Antonio.' Both ladies immediately leaped from their mules, and, drawing their swords, rushed into the fight, and placed themselves by the side of their lover. Don Rafael followed them, and assisted Marc-Antonio, who, however, took no notice of his defenders, but performed prodigies of valour. The number of the townsmen increasing, the other party was forced to withdraw to the galleys. A Catalan knight of the family of the Cardonas now arrived, and made the townsmen retire; but he could not prevent them from throwing stones at their opponents, one of which violently hit Marc-Antonio, and felled him into the sea. Both Theodosia and Leocadia raised him in their arms. The former, overcome either by grief, jealousy, or fatigue, would have fainted, had not her brother come to her aid: but the latter accompanied Marc-Antonio in a boat to the galley. The Catalan knight, Don Sancho de Cardona, now invited Don Rafael and Theodosia to his house, whither he conducted them safely through the tumult. At the request of Don Rafael, the knight went on board the chief galley, and, with the permission of the captain-general, brought on shore the wounded Marc-Antonio, who, of course, was followed by Leocadia. Presently, the surgeon of the galley coming to the house, exaggerated the danger of the wound; and the two enamoured damsels were in utter despair. Leocadia going to the bed-side of the patient, conjured him before his death to perform his promise of marriage; but Marc-Antonio, who believed that his last hour was at hand, urged the impossibility of complying with her wish, as he had previously engaged himself to Theodosia, and had actually consummated his marriage with her. Don Rafael now came forward, and, embracing him as his old friend and his brother-in-law, presented to him the disguised Theodosia. When the unfortunate Leocadia beheld her rival in the arms of Marc-Antonio, she stole out of the room in desperation, determined to leave the sight of men for ever.



Don Rafael forthwith went in search of her, and at last overtook her on the shore, where she was calling out to the crew of the principal galley to take her on board. After declaring to her his passion at great length and with great earnestness, she consented to become his wife. They then returned to the house of Don Sancho de Cardona, where the friar (who had already joined the hands of Marc-Antonio and Theodosia), after having directed Leocadia to put on female garments, which were furnished by the wife of Don Sancho, united her to Don Rafael. Marc-Antonio had vowed a pilgrimage on foot to St. James of Galicia, and Don Rafael, Leocadia, and Theodosia, resolved to accompany him. He was quite recovered at the end of a fortnight; and, having taken leave of Don Sancho, they set out, and completed their pilgrimage. They, however, determined not to quit their pilgrim habits till they had arrived at their own homes. When they came within sight of the house of Leocadia's father, they beheld two knights in full armour, who furiously attacked each other, while a third looked on. Don Rafael hastened to them, followed by his companions; and the helmet of one of the knights falling off, he discovered him to be his father, while Marc-Antonio found the other to be his. They immediately parted the combatants, to whom they made themselves known. The third knight proved to be the father of Leocadia. Upon this, a troop of armed men arrived to the succour of their respective lords; but their assistance was unnecessary. The occasion of the combat had been a challenge from the fathers of Theodosia and Leocadia to the father of Marc-Antonio, whom they charged with being privy to the conduct of his son; and, as the father of Theodosia had come alone into the field, the two others had determined to encounter him one by one. Every difference being now adjusted, they all proceeded to the house of Marc-Antonio's father, where the nuptials of his son and Theodosia, and of Don Rafael and Leocadia, were celebrated with great splendour."

## PROLOGUE.

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To this place, gentlemen, full many a day  
We have bid ye welcome, and to many a play:  
And those whose angry souls were not diseas'd  
With law or lending money, we have pleas'd;  
And make no doubt to do again. This night,  
No mighty matter, nor no light<sup>a</sup>,  
We must entreat you look for: a good tale,  
Told in two hours, we will not fail,  
If we be perfect, to rehearse ye: new  
I am sure it is, and handsome; but how true  
Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one  
We please the women, and I'd know that man  
Follows not their example! If ye mean  
To know the play well, travel with the scene,  
For it lies upon the road: if we chance tire,  
As ye are good men, leave us not i' the mire;  
Another bait may mend us: if you grow  
A little gall'd or weary, cry but "ho,"  
And we'll stay for ye. When our journey ends,  
Every man's pot I hope, and all part friends.

<sup>a</sup> *nor no light*] "The context, as well as the measure, seems to require us to read,

*'No mighty matter, nor no very light,  
We must entreat you look for;'*

or something to that purpose." *Ed.* 1778. "As there is another defect in the next line but one, the irregularity of the metre is probably the effect of hasty composition." WEBER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ALONZO, governor of Barcelona.

RODERIGO, general of the Spanish galleys.

LEONARDO.

MARC-ANTONIO, his son.

SANCHIO.

ALPHONSO.

PHILIPPO, his son.

PEDRO, friend to LEONARDO.

INCUBO, bailiff of Castel-Blanco.

DIEGO, host of Ossuna.

LAZARO, his hostler.

Host of Ygualada.

Gentleman, Surgeon, Boy, Friar, Passengers, Soldiers,  
Townsmen, and Attendants.

EUGENIA, wife to ALONZO.

THEODOSIA, daughter to ALPHONSO.

LEOCADIA, daughter to SANCHIO.

Hostess, wife to DIEGO.

Wife to the Host of Ygualada.

SCENE.—*Spain, except in act ii. sc. 3, where it is on board a galley at sea.*

# LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Ossuna. A room in an inn.*

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*Enter, severally, INCUBO and DIEGO.*

*Incubo.* Signior Don Diego, and mine host, save thee!

*Diego.* I thank you, Master Baily.

*Inc.* Oh, the block!

*Diego.* Why, how should I have answer'd?

*Inc.* Not with that

Negligent rudeness; but "I kiss your hands,  
Signior Don Incubo de Hambre"; and then  
My titles, "Master Baily of Castel-Blanco."  
Thou ne'er wilt have the elegancy of an host;  
I sorrow for thee, as my friend and gossip.—  
No smoke nor steam out-breathing from the kitchen?  
There's little life i' th' hearth, then.

*Diego.* Ay, there, there!

That is his friendship, hearkening for the spit,  
And sorry<sup>a</sup> that he cannot smell the pot boil.

[*Aside.*

*Inc.* Strange

An inn should be so curs'd, and not the sign  
Blasted nor wither'd; very strange! three days now,  
And not an egg eat in it, or an onion.

<sup>a</sup> *sorry*] Both the folios "sorrow".

*Diego.* I think they ha' strew'd the highways with caltraps<sup>b</sup>, I;

No horse dares pass 'em : I did never know  
A week of so sad doings, since I first  
Stood to my sign-post.

*Inc.* Gossip, I have found  
The root of all : kneel, pray ; it is thyself  
Art cause thereof ; each person is the founder  
Of his own fortune, good or bad : but mend it ;  
Call for thy cloak and rapier.

*Diego.* How !

*Inc.* Do, call,  
And put 'em on in haste : alter thy fortune,  
By appearing worthy of her. Dost thou think  
Her good face e'er will know a man in cuerpo<sup>c</sup> ?  
In single body, thus ? in hose and doublet,  
The horse-boy's garb ? base blank and half-blank cuerpo ?  
Did I, or Master Dean of Seville, our neighbour,  
E'er reach our dignities in cuerpo, think'st thou ?  
In squirting hose and doublet ? Signior, no ;  
There went more to 't ; there were cloaks, gowns, cassocks,  
And other paramentos<sup>d</sup> : call, I say.—  
His cloak and rapier here !

*Enter Hostess.*

*Hostess.* What means your worship ?

*Inc.* Bring forth thy husband's sword.—So : hang it on.

[*Hostess brings in sword and then cloak.*

And now his cloak. Here, cast it up. I mean,  
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.

*Hostess.* Why, is there charm in this ?

*Inc.* Expect.—Now walk ;

But not the pace of one that runs on errands ;  
For want of gravity in an host is odious.

<sup>b</sup> *caltraps*] "Are instruments composed of three spikes of iron, and so disposed as to wound the feet of horses in what[ever] way they lie." MASON.

<sup>c</sup> *in cuerpo*] See note, vol. ix. 125. This speech, and nearly all that Incubo says in the next page, are borrowed, with slight alterations, from Jonson's *New Inn*, act ii. sc. 2 : see prefatory remarks, p. 218.

<sup>d</sup> *paramentos*] "i. e. articles of dress, caparisons [*Spanish*]." WEBER.

You may remember, gossip, if you please,  
 (Your wife being then the infanta of the gipsies,  
 And yourself governing a great man's mules then,)  
 Me a poor squire at Madrid, attending  
 A master of ceremonies ; but a man, believe it,  
 That knew his place to the gold-weight<sup>e</sup> ; and such,  
 Have I heard him oft say, ought every host  
 Within the Catholic King's dominions  
 Be in his own house.

*Diego.* How ?

*Inc.* A master of ceremonies ;  
 At least vice-master, and to do nought in cuerpo ;  
 That was his maxim. I will tell thee of him :  
 He would not speak with an ambassador's cook,  
 See a cold bake-meat from a foreign part,  
 In cuerpo : had a dog but stay'd without,  
 Or beast of quality, as an English cow,  
 But to present itself, he would put on<sup>f</sup>  
 His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff  
 And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat,  
 With the Rome hat-band, and the Florentine agate,  
 The Milan sword, the cloak of Genoa, set  
 With Flemish buttons ; all his given pieces,  
 To entertain 'em in ; and compliment  
 With a tame cony, as with the prince that sent it.

[*Knocking within.*

*Diego.* List ! who is there ?

*Inc.* A guest, an't be thy will !

*Diego.* Look, spouse ; cry "luck," an we be encounter'd,  
 ha !

*Hostess.* Luck, then, and good ; for 'tis a fine brave guest,  
 With a brave horse.

*Inc.* Why, now, believe of cuerpo  
 As you shall see occasion. Go, and meet him.

<sup>e</sup> to the gold-weight] See note, vol. viii. 132.

<sup>f</sup> he would put on, &c.] "It has been before observed, that the gallants of the earlier parts of the seventeenth century were peculiarly fond of importing foreign fashions, and the speech of Incubo was no doubt intended to ridicule this propensity." WEBER,—who was not aware that this speech is borrowed from Jonson : see note in the preceding page.

*Enter THEODOSIA in male attire.*

*Theod.* Look to my horse, I pray you, well.

*Diego.* He shall, sir.

*Inc.* Oh, how beneath his rank and call was that now !

“Your horse shall be entreated as becomes  
A horse of fashion and his inches.”

*Theod.* Oh !

[*Faints.*

*Inc.* Look to the cavalier ! what ails he ? Stay ;  
If it concern his horse, let it not trouble him ;  
He shall have all respect the place can yield him,  
Either of barley or fresh straw.

*Diego.* Good sir,  
Look up !

*Inc.* He sinks ! Somewhat to cast upon him ;  
He'll go away in cuerpo else.

*Diego.* What, wife !  
Oh, your hot waters quickly, and some cold  
To cast in his sweet face !

*Hostess.* Alas, fair flower !

[*Exit.*

*Inc.* Does any body entertain his horse ?

*Diego.* Yes ; Lazaro has him<sup>f</sup>.

*Re-enter Hostess with a glass of water.*

*Inc.* Go you see him in person. [Exit DIEGO.]

*Hostess.* Sir, taste a little of this ; of mine own water,  
I did distill 't myself. Sweet lily, look upon me ;  
You are but newly blown, my pretty tulip ;  
Faint not upon your stalk, 'tis firm and fresh ;  
Stand up ; so ; bolt upright ; you are yet in growing.

*Theod.* Pray you, let me have a chamber.

*Hostess.* That you shall, sir.

*Theod.* And where I may be private, I entreat you.

*Hostess.* For that, in troth, sir, we ha' no choice : our house  
Is but a vent of need<sup>s</sup>, that now and then  
Receives a guest between the greater towns,  
As they come late ; only one room——

<sup>f</sup> *Inc.* Does any body entertain his horse ?

*Diego.* Yes ; Lazaro has him] In the folios the first of these speeches is given to “*Die.*”, the second to “*Host.*”

<sup>s</sup> a vent of need] “*Venta*, an Inne by the high way side, a baiting place.”  
Minsheu's *Spanish Dict.*

*Inc.* She means, sir, it is none  
Of those wild scatter'd heaps call'd inns, where scarce  
The host is heard, though he wind his horn to his people ;  
Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,  
Wife, servants, all do live within the whistle.

*Hostess.* Only one room——

*Inc.* A pretty modest quadrangle ;  
She will describe to you.

*Hostess.* Wherein stand<sup>h</sup> two beds, sir,—  
We have ; and where, if any guest do come,  
He must of force be lodg'd ; that is the truth, sir.

*Re-enter DIEGO.*

*Theod.* But, if I pay you for both your beds, methinks,  
That should alike content you.

*Hostess.* That it shall, sir :  
If I be paid, I am paid.

*Theod.* Why, there 's a ducat ; [ *Giving money.*  
Will that make your content ?

*Hostess.* Oh, the sweet face on you !  
A ducat ! yes ; an there were three beds, sir,  
And twice so many rooms, which is one more,  
You should be private in 'em all, in all, sir ;  
No one should have a piece of a bed with you ;  
Not Master Dean of Seville himself, I swear,  
Though he came naked hither, as once he did,  
When h'ad like to have been ta'en a-bed with the Moor,  
And gelt by her master : you shall be as private  
As if you lay in 's own great house that 's haunted,  
Where nobody comes, they say.

*Theod.* I thank you, hostess.  
Pray you, will you shew me in ?

*Hostess.* Yes, marry, will I, sir ;  
And pray that not a flea or a chink<sup>i</sup> vex you.

[*Exeunt Hostess and THEODOSIA into the next room.*

*Inc.* You forget supper : gossip, move for supper.

*Diego.* 'Tis strange what love to a beast may do : his horse  
Threw him into this fit.

<sup>h</sup> *stand*] Both the folios "stands".

<sup>i</sup> *chink*] i. e. bug. Spanish, *chinche*." REED.



*Inc.* You shall excuse me ;  
It was his being in cuerpo merely caus'd it.

*Diego.* Do you think so, sir ?

*Inc.* Most unlucky cuerpo ;  
Nought else. He looks as he would eat partridge,  
This guest ; ha' you 'em ready in the house ?  
And a fine piece of kid now ? and fresh garlic,  
With a sardina<sup>i</sup> and Zant oil ?

*Re-enter Hostess.*

How now ?

Has he bespoke ? what, will he have a brace,  
Or but one partridge ? or a short-legg'd hen,  
Daintily carbonadoed ?

*Hostess.* 'Las, the dead  
May be as ready for a supper as he !

*Inc.* Ha !

*Hostess.* He has no mind to eat, more than his shadow.

*Inc.* Say you ?

*Diego.* How does your worship ?

*Inc.* I put on  
My left shoe first to day (now I perceive it),  
And skipt a bead in saying 'em over, else  
I could not be thus cross'd. He cannot be  
Above seventeen : one of his years, and have  
No better a stomach !

*Hostess.* And in such good clothes too !

*Diego.* Nay, those do often make the stomach worse, wife ;  
That is no reason.

*Inc.* I could, at his years, gossips,  
(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten  
My brace of ducks, with my half-goose, my cony,  
And drunk<sup>j</sup> my whole twelve marvedis in wine,  
As easy as I now get down three olives.

*Diego.* And, with your temperance' favour, yet I think

<sup>i</sup> *a sardina*] "A *sardina*, or *sardiny*, is an anchovy." SYMPSON. "A *sardina* is not an anchovy, but a fish that resembles it, and is often sold for the real anchovy." MASON. In vol. ix. 127, the word is written *surdiny*.

<sup>j</sup> *drunk*] Both the folios "drink".

Your worship would put to't at six-and-thirty,  
For a good wager, and the meal in too.

*Inc.* I do not know what mine old mouth can do ;  
I ha' not prov'd it lately.

*Diego.* That's the grief, sir.

*Inc.* But is he, without hope, then, gone to bed ?

*Hostess.* I fear so, sir ; h'as lock'd the door close to him :  
Sure, he is very ill.

*Inc.* That is with fasting.

You should ha' told him, gossip, what you had had,  
Given him the inventory of your kitchen ;  
It is the picklock in an inn, and often  
Opens a close-barr'd stomach. What may he be, trow ?  
Has he so good a horse ?

*Diego.* Oh, a brave jennet,  
As e'er your worship saw !

*Inc.* And he eats ?

*Diego.* Strongly.

*Inc.* A mighty solecism ! Heaven give <sup>k</sup> me patience !  
What creatures has he ?

*Hostess.* None.

*Inc.* And so well cloth'd,  
And so well mounted ?

*Diego.* That's all my wonder, sir,  
Who he should be : he is attir'd and hors'd  
For the Constable's son of Spain.

*Inc.* My wonder's more  
He should want appetite. Well, a good night  
To both my gossips. I will for this time  
Put off the thought of supping. In the morning  
Remember him of breakfast, pray you.

*Hostess.* I shall, sir.

*Diego.* A hungry time, sir.

*Inc.* We that live, like mice,  
On others' meat, must watch when we can get it. [*Exit.*]

*Hostess.* Yes, but I would not tell him, our fair guest  
Says, though he eat no supper, he will pay  
For one.

<sup>k</sup> give] Weber chose to print "grant".

*Diego.* Good news! we'll eat it, spouse, to his health :  
'Twas politicly done to admit no sharers.

*Enter PHILIPPO.*

*Phil.* Look to the mules there!—Where's mine host?

*Diego.* Here, sir.—

Another fairy!

*Hostess.* Bless me!

*Phil.* From what, sweet hostess?

Are you afraid o' your guests?

*Hostess.* From angels, sir;

I think there's none but such come here to-night.

My house had never so good luck afore<sup>1</sup>,

For brave fine guests: and yet the ill luck on't is,

I cannot bid you welcome.

*Phil.* No!

*Hostess.* Not lodge you, sir.

*Phil.* Not, hostess!

*Hostess.* No, in troth, sir; I do tell you,

Because you may provide in time; my beds

Are both ta'en up by a young cavalier,

That will and must be private.

*Diego.* He has paid, sir,

For all our chambers.

*Hostess.* Which is one; and beds,

Which I already ha' told you are two. But, sir,

So sweet a creature—I am very sorry

I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like him;

You're both the loveliest pieces!

*Phil.* What train has he?

*Diego.* None but himself.

*Phil.* And will no less than both beds

Serve him?

*Hostess.* H'as given me a ducat for 'em.

*Phil.* Oh,

You give me reason, hostess. Is he handsome

And young, do you say?

*Hostess.* Oh, sir, the delicat'st flesh,

<sup>1</sup> *afore*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "before"; and so Weber.

And finest clothes withal, and such a horse,  
With such a saddle!

*Phil.* She's in love with all,  
The horse, and him, and saddle, and clothes.— [Aside.  
Good woman,  
Thou justifiest thy sex, lov'st all that's brave<sup>m</sup>.

*Re-enter INCUBO.*

Sure, though I lie o' the ground, I'll stay here now,  
And have a sight of him: you'll give me house-room,  
Fire, and fresh meat, for money, gentle hostess,  
And make me a pallet?

*Inc.* Sir, she shall do reason.—  
I understood you had another guest, gossips:  
Pray you, let his mule be look'd to, have good straw  
And store of bran: and, gossip, do you hear,  
Let him not stay for supper: what good fowl ha' you?  
This gentleman would eat a pheasant.

*Hostess.* 'Las, sir,  
We ha' no such!

*Inc.* I kiss your hands, fair sir.—  
What ha' you, then? speak what you have.—I'm one, sir,  
Here for the Catholic King, an officer  
To inquire what guests come to these places: you, sir,  
Appear a person of quality, and 'tis fit  
You be accommodated.—Why speak you not?  
What ha' you, woman? are you afraid to vent  
That which you have?

*Phil.* This is a most strange man,  
To appoint my meat. [Aside.

*Hostess.* The half of a cold hen, sir,  
And a boil'd quarter of kid, is all i' th' house.

*Inc.* Why, all's but cold. Let him see it forth; cover,  
And give the eye some satisfaction:  
A traveller's stomach must see bread and salt;  
His belly is nearer to him than his kindred.—  
Cold hen's a pretty meat, sir.

*Phil.* What you please.—  
I am resolv'd to obey. [Aside.

<sup>m</sup> brave] i. e. fine, showy.

*Inc.* So is your kid,  
 With pepper, garlic, and the juice of an orange :  
 She shall with sallads help it, and clean linen.—  
 Despatch ! [*Exeunt* Hostess and DIEGO.]

What news at court, sir ?

*Phil.* Faith, new tires  
 Most of the ladies have, the men old suits ;  
 Only the king's fool has a new coat <sup>1</sup>  
 To serve you.

*Inc.* I did guess you came from thence, sir.

*Phil.* But I do know I did not.

*Inc.* I mistook, sir.

What hear you of the archdukes ?

*Phil.* Troth, your question.

*Inc.* Of the French business what ?

*Phil.* As much.

*Inc.* No more ?

*Re-enter* Hostess, with Servants bringing in a table.

They say the French—Oh, that's well; come, I'll help you.—  
 Have you no giblets now ? or a broil'd rasher ?  
 Or some such present dish to assist ?

*Hostess.* Not any, sir.

*Inc.* The more your fault ; you ne'er should be without  
 Such aids : what cottage would ha' lack'd a pheasant  
 At such a time as this ? Well, bring your hen  
 And kid forth quickly. [*Exeunt* Hostess and Servants.]

*Phil.* That should be my prayer,  
 To scape his inquisition. [*Aside.*]

*Inc.* Sir, the French,  
 They say, are divided 'bout their match with us :  
 What think you of it ?

*Phil.* As of nought to me, sir.

*Inc.* Nay, it's as little to me too ; but I love  
 To ask after these things, to know the affections  
 Of states and princes, now and then, for bettering—

*Phil.* Of your own ignorance.

*Inc.* Yes, sir.

*Phil.* Many do so.

<sup>1</sup> *a new coat*] Qy. "a new coat, sir," ?

*Inc.* I cannot live without it. What do you hear  
Of our Indian fleet? they say, they are well return'd.

*Phil.* I had no venture with 'em, sir; had you?

*Inc.* Why do you ask, sir?

*Phil.* 'Cause it might concern you;  
It does not me.

*Re-enter Hostess and Servants with meat.*

*Inc.* Oh, here 's your meat come.

*Phil.* Thanks:

I welcome it at any price.

*Inc.* Some stools here!

And bid mine host bring wine.—I'll try your kid,  
If he be sweet: he looks well. [*Tastes it.*] Yes; he is good.  
I'll carve you, sir.

*Phil.* You use me too, too princely;  
Taste, and carve too!

*Inc.* I love to do these offices.

*Phil.* I think you do; for whose sake?

*Inc.* For themselves, sir;

The very doing of them is reward.

*Phil.* H'ad little faith would not believe you, sir.

*Inc.* Gossip, some wine!

*Re-enter DIEGO with wine.*

*Diego.* Here 'tis, and right Saint Martin.

*Inc.* Measure me out a glass.

*Phil.* I love the humanity<sup>m</sup>  
Us'd in this place.

*Inc.* Sir, I salute you here.

[*Aside.*

[*Drinks.*

*Phil.* I kiss your hands, sir.

*Inc.* Good wine! it will beget an appetite:  
Fill him, and sit down, gossip; entertain  
Your noble guest here, as becomes your title.

*Diego.* Please you to like this wine, sir?

*Phil.* I dislike  
Nothing, mine host, but that I may not see  
Your conceal'd guest. Here 's to you!

[*Drinks.*

<sup>m</sup> *humanity*] i. e. politeness, courtesy.

*Diego.* In good faith, sir,  
I wish you as well as him : would you might see him !

*Inc.* And wherefore may he not ?

*Diego.* H'as lock'd himself, sir,  
Up ; and has hir'd both the beds o' my wife  
At extraordinary rate.

*Phil.* I 'll give as much  
(If that will do 't) for one, as he for both :  
What say you, mine host ? The door once open,  
I 'll fling myself upon the next bed to him,  
And there's an end of me till morning ; noise  
I will make none.

*Diego.* I wish your worship well ; but——

*Inc.* His honour is engag'd ; and my she-gossip  
Hath pass'd her promise, hath she not ?

*Diego.* Yes, truly.

*Inc.* That toucheth to the credit of the house :  
Well, I will eat a little, and think. How say you, sir,  
Unto this brawn o' th' hen ?

*Phil.* I ha' more mind  
To get this bed, sir.

*Inc.* Say you so ? why, then,  
Give 't me again, and drink to me.—Mine host,  
Fill him his wine : thou 'rt dull, and dost not praise it.—  
I eat but to teach you the way, sir.

*Phil.* Sir,  
Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber,  
I 'll give mine host two ducats for his bed,  
And you, sir, two reals. Here 's to you ! [Drinks.]

*Inc.* Excuse me ;  
I am not mercenary.—Gossip, pledge him for me.  
I 'll think. A little more ; but even one bit ;  
And then—Talk on ; you cannot interrupt me.

*Diego.* This piece of wine, sir, cost me——

*Inc.* Stay ; I have found——  
This little morsel, and then—Here's excellent garlic :  
Have you not a bunch of grapes now, or some bacon,  
To give the mouth a relish ?

*Diego.* Wife, do you hear ?

*Inc.* It is no matter.—Sir, give mine host your ducats.

*Diego.* How, sir!

*Inc.* Do you receive 'em: I will save  
The honesty of your house; and yours too, gossip;  
And I will lodge the gentleman. Shew the chamber.

*Diego.* Good sir, do you hear?

*Inc.* Shew me the chamber.

*Diego.* Pray you, sir,  
Do not disturb my guest.<sup>n</sup>

*Inc.* Disturb! I hope  
The Catholic King, sir, may command a lodging,  
Without *disturbing*, in his vassal's house,  
For any minister of his employ'd  
In business of the state.—Where is the door?—  
Open the door! Who are you there? within! [*Knocks.*  
In the king's name!

*Theod.* [*within*] What would you have?

*Inc.* Your key, sir,  
And your door open: I have here command  
To lodge a gentleman, from the justice, sent  
Upon the king's affairs.

*Theod.* [*within*] Kings and necessities  
Must be obey'd: the key is under the door.

*Inc.* How now, sir? are you fitted? you secur'd?

*Phil.* Your two reals are grown a piece of eight.

*Inc.* Excuse me, sir.

*Phil.* 'Twill buy a hen and wine, [*Giving money.*  
Sir, for to-morrow.

*Inc.* I do kiss your hands, sir.—  
[*Exit PHILIPPO into the next room.*

Well, this will bear my charge yet to the galleys  
(Where I am owing a ducat), whither this night,  
By the moon's leave, I'll march; for in the morning  
Early they put from Port Saint Mary's.

[*Exeunt all except DIEGO.*

*Diego.* Lazaro!

*Enter LAZARO.*

How do the horses?

*Laz.* Would you would go and see, sir!

<sup>n</sup> *guest*] Both the folios "guests;" and so Sympson.



A [plague] of all jades °! what a clap h'as given me!  
 As sure as you live, master, he knew perfectly  
 I cozen'd him on 's oats; he look'd upon me,  
 And then he sneer'd<sup>p</sup>, as who should say "Take heed, sirrah!"  
 And when he saw our half-peck, which you know  
 Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stamp'd!  
 I thought 't had been for joy; when suddenly  
 He cuts me a back-caper with his heels,  
 And takes me just o' the crupper; down came I,  
 And all my ounce of oats: then he neigh'd out,  
 As though he had had a mare by the tail.

*Diego.* Faith, Lazaro,

We are to blame, to use the poor dumb servitors  
 So cruelly.

*Laz.* Yonder's this other gentleman's horse,  
 Keeping Our Lady-eve; the devil a bit  
 H'as got since he came in yet; there he stands,  
 And looks, and looks! but 'tis your pleasure, sir,  
 He shall look lean enough: h'as hay before him;  
 But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choke him,  
 Unless he eat it butter'd. He had four shoes,  
 And good ones, when he came; 'tis a strange wonder,  
 With standing still he should cast three.

*Diego.* Oh, Lazaro,

The devil's in this trade! truth never knew it;  
 And to the devil we shall travel, Lazaro,  
 Unless we mend our manners. Once every week  
 I meet with such a knock to mollify me,  
 Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience;  
 Yet still I sleep securely.

*Laz.* Certain, master,

We must use better dealing.

° A [plague] of all jades, &c.] This scene between Lazaro and Diego is borrowed from Jonson's *New Inn*, act iii. sc. i, "with", as the Editors of 1778 observe, "scarce any variation in the sentiment, though a good deal in the dialogue". See prefatory remarks, p.p. 217-18.—Here both the folios have a break: "plague" is Jonson's word.

<sup>p</sup> sneer'd] "Mason would read 'sneezed', but the futility of this and similar conjectures is proved by the old text being the same as that of Jonson's *New Inn*."

*Diego.* Faith, for mine own part,  
 (Not to give ill example to our issues,)  
 I could be well content to steal but two girths,  
 And now and then a saddle-cloth ; change a bridle,  
 Only for exercise.

*Laz.* If we could stay there,  
 There were some hope on 's, master ; but the devil is,  
 We are drunk so early, we mistake whole saddles,  
 Sometimes a horse ; and then it seems to us too  
 Every poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles  
 Up to his ears in clean straw ; and every bottle  
 Shews at the least a dozen ; when the truth is, sir,  
 There 's no such matter, not a smell of provender,  
 Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail,  
 Nor any thing i' the rack, but two old cobwebs,  
 And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest.

*Diego.* Well, these mistakings must be mended, Lazaro,  
 These apparitions, that abuse our senses,  
 And make us ever apt to sweep the manger,  
 But put in nothing ; these fancies must be forgot,  
 And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us  
 Whose horse we ought in conscience to cozen,  
 And how, and when : a parson's horse may suffer  
 A little greasing in his teeth,<sup>a</sup> 'tis wholesome,  
 And keeps him in a sober shuffle ; and his saddle  
 May want a stirrup, and it may be sworn  
 His learning lay on one side, and so broke it :  
 H'as ever oats in 's cloak-bag to prevent us,<sup>r</sup>  
 And therefore 'tis a meritorious office  
 To tithe him soundly.

*Laz.* And a grazier may  
 (For those are pinching puckerfoists,<sup>s</sup> and suspicious)  
 Suffer a mist before his eyes sometimes too,  
 And think he sees his horse eat half-a-bushel ;

<sup>a</sup> *greasing in his teeth*] See note, vol. ii. 168.

<sup>r</sup> *to prevent us*] "Jonson, in his *New Inn*, reads what may be the right here, 'to affront us.' The corruption was easy." SYMPSON. "The variation was no doubt intentional ; both readings are good sense." WEBER.

<sup>s</sup> *puckerfoists*] Or *puckerfists*,—see note, vol. iv. 409.

When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt  
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble  
Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,  
And drop 'em out again.

*Diego.* That may do well too,  
And no doubt 'tis but venial. But, good Lazaro,  
Have you a care of understanding horses,  
Horses with angry heels, gentlemen's horses,  
Horses that know the world: let them have meat  
Till their teeth ache, and rubbing till their ribs  
Shine like a wench's forehead; they are devils——

*Laz.* And look into our dealings. As sure as we live,  
These courtiers' horses are a kind of Welch prophets;  
Nothing can be hid from 'em: for mine own part,  
The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd,  
And of all four too; I'll no more such compliments  
Upon my crupper.

*Diego.* Steal but a little longer,  
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll repent together;  
It will not be above two days.

*Laz.* By that time  
I shall be well again, and all forgot, sir.

*Diego.* Why, then, I'll stay for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—*A bed-room in the same.*

*THEODOSIA and PHILIPPO discovered on several beds.*

*Theod.* Oh—ho! oh—ho!

*Phil.* Ha!

[*Aside.*]

*Theod.* Oh—oh!—Heart, heart, heart, heart!—

*Phil.* What 's that?

[*Aside.*]

*Theod.* When wilt thou break, break, break, break?

*Phil.* Ha!

I would the voice were strong[er], or I nearer!

[*Aside.*]

*Theod.* Shame, shame, eternal shame! what have I done—

*Phil.* Done!

[*Aside.*]

*Theod.* And to no end! what a wild journey  
Have I more wildly undertaken!

*Phil.* Journey ! [*Aside.*

*Theod.* How, without counsel, care, reason, or fear !

*Phil.* Whither will this fit carry ? [*Aside.*

*Theod.* Oh, my folly !

*Phil.* This is no common sickness. [*Aside.*

*Theod.* How have I left

All I should love or keep ! Oh, Heaven !

*Phil.* Sir !

*Theod.* Ha !

*Phil.* How do you, gentle sir ?

*Theod.* Alas, my fortune !

*Phil.* It seems your sorrow oppresses : please your  
goodness,

Let me bear half, sir ; a divided burden  
Is so made lighter.

*Theod.* Oh !

*Phil.* That sigh betrays  
The fullness of your grief.

*Theod.* Ay, if that grief  
Had not bereft me of my understanding,  
I should have well remember'd where I was,  
And in what company, and clapt a lock  
Upon this tongue for talking.<sup>1</sup>

*Phil.* Worthy sir,  
Let it not add to your grief, that I have heard  
A sigh or groan come from you ; that is all, sir.

*Theod.* Good sir, no more ! you have heard too much, I  
fear :

Would I had taken poppy when I spake it !

*Phil.* It seems you have an ill belief of me,  
And would have fear'd much more, had you spoke aught  
I could interpret. But, believe it, sir,  
Had I had means to look into your breast,  
And ta'en you sleeping here, that so securely  
I might have read all that your woe would hide,  
I would not have betray'd you.

*Theod.* Sir, that speech

<sup>1</sup>for talking] "i. e. to prevent its talking." MASON. See Richardson's *Dict.*  
in v. *For.*

Is very noble, and almost would tempt  
My need to trust you.

*Phil.* At your own election :

I dare not make my faith so much suspected  
As to protest again ; nor am I curious  
To know more than is fit.

*Theod.* Sir, I will trust you :

But you shall promise, sir, to keep your bed,  
And, whatso'er you hear, not to importune  
More, I beseech you, from me——

*Phil.* Sir, I will not.

*Theod.* Than I am prone to utter.

*Phil.* My faith for it !

*Theod.* If I were wise, I yet should hold my peace.  
You will be noble ?

*Phil.* You shall make me so,  
If you'll but think me such.

*Theod.* I do. Then know

You are deceiv'd with whom you have talk'd so long :  
I am a most unfortunate lost woman.

*Phil.* Ha !

*Theod.* Do not stir, sir : I have here a sword.

*Phil.* Not I, sweet lady. Of what blood or name ?

*Theod.* You'll keep your faith ?

*Phil.* I'll perish else.

*Theod.* Believe, then,

Of birth too noble for me, so descended——  
I am asham'd, no less than I am affrighted.

*Phil.* Fear not : by all good things, I will not wrong you !

*Theod.* I am the daughter of a noble gentleman,  
Born in this part of Spain ; my father's name, sir—  
But why should I abuse that reverence,  
When a child's duty has forsaken me ?

*Phil.* All may be mended, in fit time too : speak it.

*Theod.* Alphonso, sir.

*Phil.* Alphonso ! What's your own name ?

*Theod.* Any base thing you can invent.

*Phil.* Deal truly.

*Theod.* They call me Theodosia.

*Phil.* Ha! and love  
Is that that hath chang'd you thus?

*Theod.* You have observ'd me  
Too nearly, sir; 'tis that indeed; 'tis love, sir:  
And love of him—oh, Heavens, why should men deal thus?  
Why should they use their arts to cozen us  
That have no cunning, but our fears, about us;  
And ever that too late too; no dissembling  
Or double way, but doting, too much loving?  
Why should they find new oaths, to make more wretches?

*Phil.* What may his name be?

*Theod.* Sir, a name that promises,  
Methinks, no such ill usage; Marc-Antonio,  
A noble neighbour's son. Now I must desire you  
To stay a while; else my weak eyes must answer.

*Phil.* I will.—Are you yet ready? what is his quality?

*Theod.* His best, a thief, sir; that he would be known by  
Is, heir to Leonardo, a rich gentleman;  
Next, of a handsome body, had Heaven made him  
A mind fit to it. To this man, my fortune  
(My more than purblind fortune) gave my faith,  
Drawn to it by as many shows of service  
And signs of truth, as ever false tongue utter'd:  
Heaven pardon all!

*Phil.* 'Tis well said. Forward, lady.

*Theod.* Contracted, sir, and by exchange of rings  
Our souls deliver'd; nothing left unfinish'd  
But the last work, enjoying me, and ceremony;  
For that, I must confess, was the first wise doubt  
I ever made. Yet, after all this love, sir,  
All this profession of his faith, when daily  
And hourly I expected the blest priest,  
He left me like a dream, as all this story  
Had never been nor thought of; why, I know not;  
Yet I have call'd my conscience to confession,  
And every syllable that might offend  
I have had in shrift; yet neither love's law, signior,  
Nor tie of maiden's duty, but desiring,  
Have I transgress'd in: left his father too;

Nor whither he is gone, or why departed,  
 Can any tongue resolve<sup>u</sup> me. All my hope  
 (Which keeps me yet alive, and would persuade me  
 I may be once more happy, and thus shapes me  
 A shame to all my modest sex) is this, sir;  
 I have a brother, and his old companion,  
 Student in Salamanca; there my last hope,  
 If he be yet alive, and can be loving,  
 Is left me to recover him: for which travel,  
 In this suit left at home of that dear brother's,  
 Thus as you find me, without fear or wisdom,  
 I have wander'd from my father, fled my friends,  
 And now am only child of hope and danger.  
 You are now silent, sir; this tedious story  
 (That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy:  
 'Tis fit it should do so; for that and I  
 Can be but troubles.

*Phil.* No; I sleep not, lady:

I would I could!—Oh, Heaven, is this my comfort?

*Theod.* What ail you, gentle sir?

*Phil.* Oh!

*Theod.* Why do you groan so?

*Phil.* I must, I must! oh, misery!

*Theod.* But now, sir,

You were my comfort: if any thing afflict you,  
 Am not I fit to bear a part on't? and by your own rule?

*Phil.* No: if you could heal, as you have wounded me——  
 But 'tis not in your power. [Rises.]

*Theod.* I fear intemperance.

*Phil.* Nay, do not seek to shun me: I must see you,  
 By Heaven, I must.—Ho, there, mine host! a candle!—  
 Strive not; I will not stir you.

*Theod.* Noble sir,  
 This is a breach of promise.

*Phil.* Tender lady,  
 It shall be none but necessary.—Ho, there!  
 Some light, some light, for Heaven's sake<sup>v</sup>!

<sup>u</sup> resolve] i. e. satisfy, inform.

<sup>v</sup> for Heaven's sake] The Editors of 1778 gave these words to Theodosia.

*Theod.* Will you betray me ?

Are you a gentleman ?

*Phil.* Good woman<sup>w</sup> !

*Theod.* Sir !

*Phil.* If I be prejudicial to you, curse me !

*Enter DIEGO with a light.*

*Diego.* You are early stirring, sir.

*Phil.* Give me your candle ;

And so, good morrow for a while.

*Diego.* Good morrow, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Theod.* My brother Don Philippo !—Nay, sir, kill me !

[*Kneels.*

I ask no mercy, sir, for none dare know me ;  
I can deserve none. As you look upon me,  
Behold in infinite these foul dishonours  
My noble father, then yourself, last all  
That bear the name of kindred, suffer in me !  
I have forgot whose child I am, whose sister ;  
Do you forget the pity tied to that,  
Let not compassion sway you ! you will be, then,  
As foul as I, and bear the same brand with me,  
A favourer of my fault. You have a sword, sir,  
And such a cause to kill me in——

*Phil.* Rise, sister :

[*She rises.*

I wear no sword for women, nor no anger,  
While your fair chastity is yet untouch'd.

*Theod.* By those bright stars, it is, sir !

*Phil.* For my sister

I do believe you ; and so near blood has made us,  
With the dear love I ever bore your virtues,  
That I will be a brother to your griefs too.  
Be comforted : 'tis no dishonour, sister,  
To love, nor to love him you do ; he is a gentleman  
Of as sweet hopes as years, as many promises  
As there be growing truths, and great ones.

*Theod.* Oh, sir !

*Phil.* Do not despair.

<sup>w</sup> *Good woman*] "These words are addressed to the Hostess, whom he means to call to him." MASON. Compare Philippo's first speech in p. 233.



*Theod.* Can you forgive ?

*Phil.* Yes, sister,

Though this be no small error, a far greater.

*Theod.* And think me still your sister ?

*Phil.* My dear sister.

*Theod.* And will you counsel me ?

*Phil.* To your own peace too :  
You shall love still.

*Theod.* How good you are !

*Phil.* My business

And duty to my father, which now drew me  
From Salamanca, I will lay aside,  
And only be your agent. To persuade you  
To leave both love and him, and well retire you—

*Theod.* Oh, gentle brother !

*Phil.* I perceive 'tis folly :

Delays in love, more dangerous<sup>x</sup>——

*Theod.* Noble brother !

*Phil.* Fear not, I'll run your own way ; and to help you,  
(Love having rack'd your passions beyond counsel,)  
I'll hazard mine own fame. Whither shall we venture ?

*Theod.* Alas, I know not, sir !

*Phil.* Come, 'tis bright morning :

Let's walk out, and consider. You'll keep this habit ?

*Theod.* I would, sir.

*Phil.* Then it shall be. What must I call you ?

Come, do not blush ; pray, speak ; I may spoil all else.

*Theod.* Pray, call me Theodoro.

*Re-enter* DIEGO.

*Diego.* Are ye ready ?

The day draws on apace. Once more, good morrow.

*Theod.* Good morrow, gentle host. Now I must thank you.

*Phil.* Who dost thou think this is ?

*Diego.* Were you a wench, sir,  
I think you would know before me.

<sup>x</sup> *Delays in love, more dangerous*——] Sympson printed "*Delays in love are dangerous*;" which Mason thinks right.—"Philippo means MORE *dangerous* than persuading her to quit her lover. It is plain by the answer and [his] reply, she interrupts him." Ed. 1778.—Weber printed "*Delay's in love more dangerous*—."

*Phil.* Mine own brother.

*Diego.* By the mass, your noses are akin : should I, then,  
Have been so barbarous to have parted brothers ?

*Phil.* You knew it, then ?

*Diego.* I knew 'twas necessary  
You should be both together : instinct, signior,  
Is a great matter in an host.<sup>y</sup>

*Theod.* I am satisfied.

*Enter PEDRO.*

*Pedro.* Is not mine host up yet ?

*Phil.* Who's that ?

*Diego.* I'll see.

*Phil.* Sister, withdraw yourself. [*She retires.*]

*Pedro.* Signior Philippo !

*Phil.* Noble Don Pedro ! where have you been this way ?

*Pedro.* I came from Port Saint Mary's, whence the  
galleys

Put this last tide, and bound for Barcelona :

I brought Marc-Antony upon his way——

*Phil.* Marc-Antony !

*Pedro.* Who is turn'd soldier,  
And entertain'd in the new regiment  
For Naples.

*Phil.* Is it possible ?

*Pedro.* I assure you.

*Phil.* And put they in at Barcelona ?

*Pedro.* So

One of the masters told me.

*Phil.* Which way go you, sir ?

*Pedro.* Home.

*Phil.* And I for Seville. Pray you, sir, say not

<sup>y</sup> *instinct, signior,*

*Is a great matter in an host*] "Steevens has observed, that this is the same phrase used by Falstaff in the following passage :—'By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir apparent ? should I turn upon the true prince ? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware *instinct* ; the lion will not touch the true prince. *Instinct is a great matter.*' [*Henry the Fourth, Part First, act ii. sc. 4.*] The passage in the text seems to have been suggested by the one quoted from Shakespeare." WEBER.

That you saw me, if you shall meet the question :  
I have some little business.

*Pedro.* Were it less, sir,  
It shall not become me to lose the caution.  
Shall we breakfast together ?

*Phil.* I'll come to you, sir. [*Exit PEDRO.*  
Sister, you hear this ; I believe your fortune  
Begins to be propitious to you. We will hire  
Mules of mine host here ; if we can, himself  
To be our guide ; and straight to Barcelona.  
This was as happy news as unexpected.  
Stay you till I rid him away.

*Theod.* I will. [*Exit PHILIPPO. Scene closes.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Andalusia. Before the house of LEONARDO.*

*Enter ALPHONSO and a Servant.*

*Alph.* Knock at the door.

*Serv.* 'Tis open, sir.

*Alph.* That's all one ;  
Knock when I bid you.

*Serv.* Will not your worship enter ?

*Alph.* Will not you learn more manners, sir, and do that  
Your master bids you ? Knock, you knave, or I'll knock  
Such a round peal about your pate—[*Servant knocks.*]

I enter

Under his roof, or come to say " God save you " to him,  
The son of whose base dealings has undone me?—

to him,

*The son of whose base dealings has undone me*] Sympson proposed to read,

" *To him, whose son's base dealings has undone me.*"

" *Whose* ' evidently stands for *whom's*, and the meaning is, ' the base dealings  
of the son of whom have undone me. ' " WEBER (partly from Mason).

Knock louder ; louder yet ! [Servant *knocks*.] I 'll starve and  
rot first ;  
This open air is every man's.

*Enter Second Servant from the house.*

*Sec. Serv.* Come in, sir.<sup>a</sup>

*Alph.* No, no, sir ; I am none of these "Come-in-sirs,"  
None of those visitants. Bid your wise master  
Come out ; I have to talk unto him ; go, sir !

*Sec. Serv.* Your worship may be welcome.

*Alph.* Sir, I will not ;  
I come not to be welcome. Good my three ducats,  
My pickled sprat a-day, and no oil to 't,  
And once a-year a cotton coat, leave prating,  
And tell your master I am here.

*Sec. Serv.* I will, sir.—

This is a strange old man. [*Aside, and then exit into the house.*]

*Alph.* I welcome to him !  
I 'll be first welcome to a pest-house.—Sirrah,  
Let 's have your valour now cas'd up and quiet,  
When an occasion calls ; 'tis wisdom in you,  
A serving-man's discretion : if you do draw,  
Draw but according to your entertainment ;  
Five nobles' worth of fury.

*Enter, from the house, LEONARDO ; and SANCHIO carried in a chair  
by Third and Fourth Servants.*

*Leo.* Signior Alphonso,  
I hope no discontent from my will given  
Has made you shun my house : I ever lov'd you ;  
And credit me, amongst my fears 'tis greatest  
To minister offences.

<sup>a</sup> Enter Second Servant from the house.

*Sec. Serv.* *Come in, sir.*] The first folio has,—

"*Enter two Servants, 1 Rowl : 2 Ashton.*

Come in Sir."

The second folio,—

"*2 Serv. within.* Come in Sir.

*Enter two Servants.*"

From the stage-direction in the first folio it is plain that, when this comedy was originally represented, Rowley entered here as Leonardo's Servant, and presently re-appeared as one of Sanchio's two Servants, the other being played by Ashton.

*Alph.* Oh, good signior,  
I know you for Italian breed, fair-tongu'd!  
Spare your apologies; I care not for 'em;  
As little for your love, sir: I can live  
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and sleep  
Without dependences or hopes upon you.  
I come to ask my daughter.

*Leo.* Gentle sir——

*Alph.* I am not gentle, sir; nor gentle will be,  
Till I have justice, my poor child restor'd  
Your caper-cutting boy has run away with,  
Young Signior Smooth-face; he that takes up wenches  
With smiles and sweet behaviours, songs and sonnets;  
Your high-fed jennet, that no hedge can hold:  
They say you bred him for a stallion.

*Sanc.* Fie, signior! there be times, and terms of honour  
To argue these things in, decidements able  
To speak ye noble gentlemen, ways punctual,  
And to the life of credit; you're too rugged.

*Alph.* I am too tame, sir.

*Leo.* Will you hear but reason?

*Alph.* No, I will hear no reason: I come not hither  
To be popt off with reason;—reason, then.

*Sanc.* Why, signior, in all things there must be method;  
You choke the child of Honour else, Discretion.  
Do you conceive an injury?

*Alph.* What then, sir?

*Sanc.* Then follow it in fair terms; let your sword bite,  
When time calls, not your tongue.

*Alph.* I know, sir,  
Both when and what to do, without directions,  
And where, and how; I come not to be tutor'd;  
My cause is no man's but mine own.—You, signior!  
Will you restore my daughter?

*Leo.* Who detains her?

*Alph.* No more of these slight shifts!

*Leo.* You urge me, signior,  
With strange injustice: because my son has err'd—

*Sanc.* Mark him.

*Leo.* Out of the heat of youth, does't follow  
I must be father of his crimes?

*Alph.* I say still,  
Leave off your rhetoric, and restore my daughter,  
And suddenly; bring in your rebel too,  
Mountdragon, he that mounts without commission,  
That I may see him punish'd, and severely;  
Or, by that holy Heaven, I'll fire your house!  
And there's my way of honour.

*Sanc.* Pray, give me leave.  
Was not man made the noblest creature?

*Alph.* Well, sir?

*Sanc.* Should not his mind, then, answer to his making,  
And to his mind his actions? If this ought to be,  
Why do we run a blind way from our worths,  
And cancel our discretions, doing those things,  
To cure offences, are the most<sup>b</sup> offences?  
We have rules of justice in us; to those rules  
Let us apply our angers: you can consider  
The want in others of these terminations,  
And how unfurnish'd they appear.

*Alph.* Hang others!  
And, where the wrongs are open, hang respects!  
I come not to consider.

*Leo.* Noble sir,  
Let us argue coolly, and consider like men.

*Alph.* Like men!

*Leo.* You are too sudden still.

*Alph.* Like men, sir!

*Sanc.* It is fair language, and allied to honour.

*Alph.* Why, what strange beast would your grave reverence  
Make me appear? Like men!

*Sanc.* Taste but that point, sir,  
And you recover all.

*Alph.* I tell thy wisdom  
I am as much a man, and as good a man——

*Leo.* All this is granted, sir.

*Alph.* As wise a man——

<sup>b</sup> *the most*] "i. e. the greatest." WEBER.

*Sanc.* You are not tainted that way.

*Alph.* And a man

Dares make thee no man ; or, at best, a base man.

*Sanc.* Fie, fie ! here wants much carriage.

*Alph.* Hang much carriage !

*Leo.* Give me good language.

*Alph.* Sirrah signior, give me my daughter.

*Leo.* I am as gentle<sup>c</sup> as yourself, as free-born——

*Sanc.* Observe his way.

*Leo.* As much respect ow'd to me——

*Sanc.* This hangs together nobly.

*Leo.* And for civil,

A great deal more, it seems. Go look<sup>d</sup> your daughter !

*Sanc.* There you went well off, signior.

*Leo.* That rough tongue

You understand at first. You never think, sir,

Out of your mightiness, of my loss ; here I stand,

A patient anvil to your burning angers,

Made subject to your dangers ; yet my loss equal :

Who shall bring home my son ?

*Alph.* A whipping beadle.

*Leo.* Why, is your daughter whorish ?

*Alph.* Ha, thou dar'st not——

By Heaven, I know thou dar'st not——

*Leo.* I dare more, sir,

If you dare be uncivil.

*Alph.* Laugh too, pigeon ?

*Sanc.* A fitter time, for fame's sake ! two weak nurses

Would laugh at this. Are there no more days coming,

No ground but this to argue on ? no swords left,

Nor friends to carry this, but your own furies ?

Alas, it shews too weakly !

*Alph.* Let it shew :

I come not here for shows. Laugh at me, sirrah ?

I'll give you cause to laugh.

*Leo.* You are as like, sir,

As any man in Spain.

<sup>c</sup> *as gentle*] i. e. as well descended.

<sup>d</sup> *look*] i. e. look for.

*Alph.* By Heaven, I will ;  
I will, brave Leonardo !

*Leo.* Brave Alphonso,  
I will expect it, then.

*Sanc.* Hold ye there, both :  
These terms are noble.

*Alph.* You shall hear shortly from me.

*Sanc.* Now discreetly.

*Alph.* Assure yourself you shall. Do you see this sword, sir ?  
He has not cast his teeth yet.

*Sanc.* Rarely carried !

*Alph.* He bites deep, most times mortal : signior,  
I 'll hound him at thee, fair and home—

*Sanc.* Still nobly !

*Alph.* And at all those that dare maintain you.

*Sanc.* Excellent !

*Leo.* How you shall please, sir, so it be fair ; though certain  
I had rather give you reason.

*Sanc.* Fairly urg'd too !

*Alph.* This is no age for reason ; prick your reason  
Upon your sword's point—

*Sanc.* Admirably follow'd !

*Alph.* And there I 'll hear it. So, till I please, live, sir.

*Leo.* And so, farewell : you 're welcome.

[*Exit ALPHONSO with First Servant.*]

*Sanc.* The end crowns all things. Signior,  
Some little business past, this cause I 'll argue,  
And be a peace between ye, if 't so please you,  
And by the square of honour to the utmost.  
I feel the old man 's master'd by much passion,  
And too high-rack'd, which makes him overshoot all  
His valour should direct at<sup>e</sup>, and hurt those  
That stand but by as blenchers<sup>f</sup>. This he must know, too,

<sup>e</sup> *I feel the old man 's master'd by much passion,*

*And too high-rack'd, which makes him overshoot all*

*His valour should direct at*] “ ‘*Too high-racked*’ means, screwed up too high. They formerly used screws to bend their cross-bows, which they could not manage by their own strength: to that practice this passage alludes.” MASON.

<sup>f</sup> *blenchers*] “*To blench* was used in the sense of starting-off.---The word *blenchers* is evidently used in the text for the by-standers at an exhibition of archery; and



As necessary to his judgment ; doting women  
 Are neither safe nor wise adventures<sup>f</sup>, conceive me,  
 If once their wills have wander'd : nor is 't then  
 A time to use our rages ; for why should I  
 Bite at the stone, when he that throws it wrongs me ?  
 Do not we know that women are most wooers,  
 Though closest in their carriage ? do not all men know,  
 Scarce all the compass of the globe can hold 'em,  
 If their affections be afoot ? shall I, then, covet  
 The follies of a she-fool, that by nature  
 Must seek her like, by reason be a woman ?  
 Sink a tall<sup>g</sup> ship, because the sails defy me ?  
 No, I disdain that folly ; he that ventures<sup>h</sup>  
 Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out  
 The everlasting motion in his scabbard.  
 I doubt not to make peace : and so, for this time,  
 My best love and remembrance !

*Leo.* Your poor servant !

[*Exit* LEONARDO *into the house.* *Exit* SANCHIO,  
*carried as before by Third and Fourth Servants.*

SCENE II.—*A forest near Ossuna.*

*Enter* DIEGO, PHILIPPO, and THEODOSIA *disguised as before.*

*Phil.* Where will our horses meet us ?

*Diego.* Fear not you, sir ;

Some half-mile hence my worship's man will stay us.  
 How is it with my young bloods ? Come, be jovial ;  
 Let 's travel like a merry flock of wild geese,  
 Every tongue talking.

perhaps they were so termed on account of their starting off suddenly to avoid the arrow, not being acquainted with its direction." WEBER, wrongly. *Blanchers*, or *blanchers*, is a hunting-term, meaning—persons who were stationed to prevent the escape of the deer. It seems to have been originally applied to the sticks, boughs, clouts, or papers, (called also *Sewels*), which were used for the same purpose.

<sup>f</sup> *adventures*] So the first folio.—The second folio "adventurers" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>g</sup> *tall*] i. e. stout.

<sup>h</sup> *he that ventures*, &c.] "This is rather obscure ; but signifies, 'He that will draw his sword as often as women's conduct gives him cause, will never let it rest in the scabbard.'" *Ed.* 1778.

*Phil.* We are very merry.  
But do you know this way, sir ?

*Theod.* Is 't not dangerous ?  
Methinks these woody thickets should harbour knaves.

*Diego.* I fear none but fair wenches ; those are thieves  
May quickly rob me of my good conditions,  
If they cry *stand* once. But the best is, signiors,  
They cannot bind my hands ; for any else,  
They meet an equal knave, and there's my passport.  
I have seen fine sport in this place ; had these trees tongues,  
They would tell ye pretty matters : do not you fear though ;  
They are not every day's delights.

*Phil.* What sport, sir ?

*Diego.* Why, to say true, the sport of all sports.

*Phil.* What was 't ?

*Diego.* Such turning-up of taffatas ! and you know  
To what rare whistling tunes they go, far beyond  
A soft wind in the shrouds ; such *stand* there, and  
*Down* i'th' other place ! such supplications  
And sub-divisions for those toys their honours !  
One, " As you are a gentleman," in this bush ;  
And " Oh, sweet sir, what mean you ? There's a bracelet,  
And use me, I beseech you, like a woman ! "  
And her petition's heard ; another scratches,  
And cries she will die first, and then swoons ; but certain  
She is brought to life again, and does well after.  
Another " Save mine honour ! oh, mine honour !  
My husband serves the duke, sir, in his kitchen ;  
I have a cold pie for you ; fie, fie, fie, gentlemen !  
Will nothing satisfy ye ? where's my husband ? "  
Another cries " Do you see, sir, how they use me ?  
Is there no law for these things ? "

*Theod.* And, good mine host,  
Do you call these fine sports ?

*Diego.* What should I call 'em ?  
They have been so call'd these thousand years and upwards.

*Phil.* But what becomes o' the men ?

*Diego.* They are stript and bound,  
Like so many Adams, with fig-leaves afore 'em,  
And there's their innocence.

*Theod.* Would we had known this,  
Before we reach'd this place !

*Phil.* Come, there 's no danger ;  
These are but sometimes-chances.

*Diego.* Now we must through.

*Enter INCUBO.*

*Theod.* Who 's that ?

*Diego.* Stand to it, signiors !

*Phil.* No, it needs not ;  
I know the face, 'tis honest.

*Inc.* What, mine host,  
Mine everlasting honest host !

*Diego.* 'Mass, baily !  
Now, in the name of an ill reckoning,  
What make you walking this round ?

*Inc.* A [pox]<sup>j</sup> of this round,  
And of all business too, through woods and rascals !  
They have rounded me away a dozen ducats,  
Besides a fair round cloak : some of 'em knew me,  
Else they had cas'd<sup>k</sup> me like a cony too,  
As they have done the rest, and, I think, roasted me,  
For they began to baste me soundly. My young signiors,  
You may thank Heaven, and heartily and hourly,  
You set not out so early ; ye had been smok'd else,  
By this true hand, ye had, sirs, finely smok'd ;  
Had ye been women, smock'd too.

*Theod.* Heaven defend us !

*Inc.* Nay, that had been no prayer ; there were those  
That run that prayer out of breath, yet fail'd too.  
There was a friar, now you talk of prayer,  
With a huge bunch of beads, like a rope of onions  
(I am sure as big), that, out of fear and prayer,  
In half-an-hour wore 'em as small as bugles ;  
Yet he was flay'd too.

*Phil.* At what hour was this ?

*Inc.* Some two hours since.

<sup>j</sup> [pox] A break here in both the folios.

<sup>k</sup> cas'd i. e. skinned, flayed.

*Theod.* Do you think the passage sure now ?

*Inc.* Yes, a rope take 'em (as it will) and bless 'em !  
They have done for this day, sure.

*Phil.* Are many rifled ?

*Inc.* At the least a dozen,  
And there left bound.

*Theod.* How came you free ?

*Inc.* A courtesy  
They use, out of their rogueships, to bequeathe  
To one, that, when they give a sign from far  
(Which is from out of danger), he may presently  
Release the rest : as I met you, I was going,  
Having the sign from yonder hill to do it.

*Theod.* Alas, poor men !

*Phil.* Mine host, pray go untie 'em.

*Diego.* Let me alone for cancelling.—Where are they ?

*Inc.* In every bush, like black-birds ; you cannot miss 'em.

*Diego.* I need not stalk<sup>1</sup> unto 'em.

*Inc.* No, they'll stand you,  
My busy life for yours, sir [*Exit* DIEGO].—You would wonder  
To see the several tricks and strange behaviours  
Of the poor rascals in their miseries :  
One weeps ; another laughs at him for weeping ;  
A third is monstrous angry he can laugh,  
And cries " Go to ! this is no time ;" he laughs still ;  
A fourth exhorts to patience ; him a fifth man  
Curses for tameness ; him a friar schools ;  
All hoot the friar ; here one sings a ballad ;  
And there a little curate confutes him : and in  
This linsey-woolsey way, that would make a dog  
Forget his dinner, or an old man fire,  
They rub out for their ransoms. Amongst the rest,  
There is a little boy robb'd, a fine child,  
It seems a page : I must confess my pity  
(As<sup>m</sup> 'tis a hard thing in a man of my place

<sup>1</sup> *stalk*] i.e. use a *stalking-horse* : see note, vol. iv. 35.

<sup>m</sup> *As*] " Mason very plausibly wishes to read ' And ' for ' As ' ; but Incubo may mean to say—' I must confess my pity stirred at him, which is the more singular, as it is a hard thing in a man of my place to shew compassion.' " WEBER.

To shew compassion) stirr'd at him ; so finely,  
 And without noise, he carries his afflictions,  
 And looks as if he had but dreamt of losing :  
 This boy 's the glory of this robbery ;  
 The rest but shame the action. Now ye may hear 'em.

*Re-enter* DIEGO ; *with* LEOCADIA *disguised as a boy, a Friar, and  
 other Passengers, as robbed.*

*Diego.* Come, lads, 'tis holiday ; hang clothes ! 'tis hot,  
 And sweating agues are abroad.

*First Pass.* It seems so ;  
 For we have met with rare physicians  
 To cure us of that malady.

*Diego.* Fine footing,  
 Light and deliver<sup>n</sup>, now, my boys ! Master Friar,  
 How does your holiness ? bear up, man ! what,  
 A cup of neat sack now, and a toast ? ha, Friar ?  
 A warm plaster to your belly, father ?  
 There were a blessing now !

*Friar.* You say your mind, sir.

*Diego.* Where['s] my fine boy, my pointer ?

*Inc.* There 's the wonder.

*Diego.* A rank whore scratch their sides till the pox follow  
 For robbing thee ! thou hast a thousand ways  
 To rob thyself, boy ; dice, and a chamber-devil—

*Leoc.* You are deceiv'd, sir.

*Diego.* And thy master too, boy<sup>o</sup>.

*Phil.* A sweet-fac'd boy, indeed ! what rogues were these,  
 What barbarous, brutish slaves, to strip this beauty !

*Theod.* Come hither, my boy. Alas, he 's cold ! Mine host,  
 We must entreat your cloak.

*Diego.* Can you entreat it ?

*Phil.* We do presume so much ; you have other garments.

*Diego.* Will you entreat those too ?

*Theod.* Your mule must too  
 To the next town ; you say 'tis near : in pity,

<sup>n</sup> *deliver*] i. e. nimble, active (because not cumbered with clothes).

<sup>o</sup> *And thy master too, boy*] "i. e. and of robbing [and to rob] thy master also. This is a continuation of Diego's speech, which Leocadia interrupted. There should, therefore, be no full point after 'chamber-devil,' but a break." MASON.

You cannot see this poor boy perish ; I know  
You have a better soul. We 'll satisfy you.

*Diego.* 'Tis a strange foolish trick I have, but I cannot  
help it ;

I am ever cozen'd with mine own commendations ;  
It is determin'd, then, I shall be robb'd too,  
To make up vantage to this dozen. Here, sir ;

[*Giving his cloak to* LEOCADIA.

Heaven has provided you a simple garment  
To set you off: pray, keep it handsomer  
Than you kept your own, and let me have it render'd,  
Brush'd and discreetly folded.

*Leoc.* I thank you, sir.

*Diego.* Who wants a doublet ?

*Sec. Pass.* I.

*Diego.* Where will you have it ?

*Sec. Pass.* From you, sir, if you please.

*Diego.* Oh, there 's the point, sir.

*Phil.* My honest friends, I am sorry for your fortunes ;  
But that 's but poor relief: here are ten ducats ;  
And to your distribution, holy sir,

[*Giving money to* Friar.

I render 'em ; and let it be your care  
To see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.

*Diego.* Plain dealing now, my friends ; and, father Friar,  
Set me the saddle right ; no wringing, Friar,  
Nor tithing to the church ! these are no duties ;  
Scour me your conscience : if the devil tempt you,  
Off with your cord, and swinge him !

*Friar.* You say well, sir.

*Passengers.* Heaven keep your goodness !

*Theod.* Peace keep you ! farewell, friends.

*Diego.* Farewell, light-horse-men.

[*Exeunt* Friar and Passengers.

*Phil.* Which way travel you, sir ?

*Inc.* To the next town.

*Theod.* Do you want any thing ?

*Inc.* Only discretion to travel at good hours,

And some warm meat to moderate this matter,  
For I am most outrageous cruel hungry.

*Diego.* I have a stomach too, such as it is,  
Would pose a right good pasty; I thank Heaven for 't.

*Inc.* Cheese, that would break the teeth of a new hand-saw,  
I could endue<sup>p</sup> now like an estrich; or salt beef  
That Cæsar left in pickle.

*Phil.* Take no care;  
We'll have meat for you, and enough. I' the mean time,  
Keep you the horse-way, lest the fellow miss us;  
We'll meet you at the end o' the wood.

*Diego.* Make haste, then. [*Exeunt* DIEGO and INCUBO.]

*Theod.* My pretty sir, till your necessities  
Be full supplied, so please you trust our friendships,  
We must not part.

*Leoc.* You have pull'd a charge upon you;  
Yet such a one as ever shall be thankful.

*Phil.* You have said enough. May I be bold to ask you,  
What province you were bred in? and of what parents?

*Leoc.* You may, sir: I was born in Andalusia,  
My name Francisco, son to Don Henriques  
De Cardinas.

*Theod.* Our noble neighbour.

*Phil.* Son to Don Henriques!  
I know the gentleman; and, by your leave, sir,  
I know he has no son.

*Leoc.* None of his own, sir,  
Which makes him put that right upon his brother  
Don Sanchio's children: one of which I am,  
And therefore do not much err.

*Phil.* Still you do, sir,  
For neither has Don Sanchio any son:  
A daughter, and a rare one, is his heir,  
Which, though I never was so blest to see,  
Yet I have heard great good of.

<sup>p</sup> *endue*] i. e. digest: see note, vol. viii. 484.—Both the folios “endure”; and so the Editors of 1778, though Sympson had made the necessary correction!—“It was, and is still, a vulgar notion, that the ostrich can digest iron.” MASON.

*Theod.* Urge no further :  
He is asham'd, and blushes.

*Phil.* Sir,  
If it might<sup>a</sup> import you to conceal yourself,  
I ask your mercy I have been so curious.

*Leoc.* Alas, I must ask yours, sir, for these lies !  
Yet they were useful ones; for by the claiming  
Such noble parents, I believ'd your bounties  
Would shew more gracious. The plain truth is, gentlemen,  
I am Don Sanchio's steward's son, a wild boy,  
That for the fruits of his unhappiness<sup>r</sup>  
Is fain to seek the wars.

*Theod.* This is a lie too,  
If I have any ears. [*Aside to PHILIPPO.*

*Phil.* Why ?

*Theod.* Mark his language,  
And you shall find it of too sweet a relish  
For one of such a breed. I'll pawn my hand,  
This is no boy.

*Phil.* No boy! what would you have him ?

*Theod.* I know, no boy : I watch'd how fearfully,  
And yet how suddenly, he cur'd his lies,  
The right wit of a woman ; now I am sure——

*Phil.* What are you sure ?

*Theod.* That 'tis no boy; I'll burn in 't.

*Phil.* Now I consider better, and take counsel,  
Methinks he shews more sweetness in that face,  
Than his fears dare deliver.

*Theod.* No more talk on 't ;  
There hangs some great weight by it ; soon at night  
I'll tell you more.

*Phil.* Come, sir, whate'er you are,  
With us embrace your liberty, and our helps  
In any need you have.

*Leoc.* All my poor service  
Shall be at your command, sir, and my prayers.

*Phil.* Let's walk apace; hunger will cut their throats else.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> *might*] Mason would read "ought",—unnecessarily.

<sup>r</sup> *unhappiness*] i. e. mischievousness, wildness.



SCENE III.—*On board a galley at sea.*

*Enter RODERIGO and MARC-ANTONIO.*

*Rod.* Call up the Master.

*Master* [*within*]. Here, sir.

*Rod.* Honest Master,

Give order all the galleys with this tide  
Fall round, and near upon us<sup>r</sup>; that the next wind  
We may weigh off together, and recover  
The port of Barcelona, without parting.

*Master* [*within*]. Your pleasure's done, sir.

*Rod.* Signior Marc-Antonio,  
Till meat be ready, let's sit here, and prepare  
Our stomachs with discourses.

*Marc.* What you please, sir.

[*They sit.*<sup>s</sup>]

*Rod.* Pray you, answer me to this doubt.

*Marc.* If I can, sir.

*Rod.* Why should such plants as you are, Pleasure's children,  
That owe their blushing years to gentle objects,  
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulness,  
Desire the stubborn wars?

*Marc.* In those 'tis wonder,  
That make their ease their god, and not their honour:  
But, noble general, my end is other;  
Desire of knowledge, sir, and hope of tying  
Discretion to my time, which only shews me,  
And not my years, a man, and makes that more  
Which we call handsome; the rest is but boy's beauty,  
And with the boy consum'd.

*Rod.* You argue well, sir.

*Marc.* Nor do I wear my youth, as they wear breeches,  
For object, but for use; my strength for danger  
(Which is the liberal part of man), not dalliance:  
The wars must be my mistress, sir.

<sup>r</sup> *near upon us*] “ ‘Near’ is here used as a verb. *To near upon us* is a sea-phrase, and means to draw nearer to us.” MASON.

<sup>s</sup> *They sit*] At the commencement of the scene the folios have a stage-direction, “two chairs set out.”

*Rod.* Oh, signior,  
You'll find her a rough wench.

*Marc.* When she is won once,  
She'll shew the sweeter, sir.

*Rod.* You can be pleas'd, though,  
Sometimes to take a tamer?

*Marc.* 'Tis a truth, sir;  
So she be handsome, and not ill-condition'd.

*Rod.* A soldier should not be so curious<sup>t</sup>.

*Marc.* I can make shift with any for a heat, sir.

*Rod.* Nay, there you wrong your youth too; and however  
You are pleas'd to appear to me, which shews well, signior,  
A tougher soul than your few years can testify,  
Yet, my young sir, out of mine own experience,  
When my spring was, I am able to confute you,  
And say, you had rather come to the shock of eyes,  
And boldly march up to your mistress' mouth,  
Than to the cannon's.

*Marc.* That's as their lading is, sir.

*Rod.* There be trenches  
Fitter and warmer for your years, and safer,  
Than where the bullet plays.

*Marc.* There's it I doubt, sir.

*Rod.* You'll easily find that faith. But come, be liberal;  
What kind of woman could you make best wars with?

*Marc.* They are all but heavy marches<sup>u</sup>.

*Rod.* Fie, Marc-Antonio!  
Beauty in no more reverence?

*Marc.* In the sex, sir,  
I honour it, and, next to honour, love it,  
For there is only beauty; and that sweetness,  
That was first meant for modesty, sever it,  
And put it in one woman, it appears not;  
'Tis of too rare a nature, she too gross  
To mingle with it——

*Rod.* This is a mere<sup>v</sup> heresy.

<sup>t</sup> *curious*] i. e. fastidious.

<sup>u</sup> *marches*] Weber, at Mason's suggestion, gave "marchers"; but I believe the old reading to be right.

<sup>v</sup> *mere*] "i. e. absolute." WEBER.

*Marc.* Which makes 'em ever mending ; for that gloss  
That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery<sup>v</sup>,  
And outward shew of things well set, no more ;  
For heavenly beauty is as Heaven itself, sir,  
Too excellent for object, and what is seen  
Is but the veil, thin <sup>w</sup> airy clouds : grant this,  
It may be seen, 'tis but like stars in twinklings.

*Rod.* 'Twas no small study in their libraries  
Brought you to this experience. But what think you  
Of that fair red and white which we call beauty ?

*Marc.* Why, 'tis our creature, sir ; we give it 'em  
Because we like those colours ; else 'tis certain  
A blue face with a motley nose would do it,  
And be as great a beauty, so we lov'd it :  
That we cannot give, which is only beauty,  
Is a fair mind.

*Rod.* By this rule, all our choices  
Are to no ends.

*Marc.* Except the dull end, doing.

*Rod.* Then all to you seem equal ?

*Marc.* Very true, sir ;  
And that makes equal dealing : I love any  
That 's worth love.

*Rod.* How long love you, signior ?

*Marc.* Till I have other business.

*Rod.* Do you never  
Love steadfastly one woman ?

*Marc.* 'Tis a toil, sir,  
Like riding in one road perpetually ;  
It offers no variety.

*Rod.* Right youth !  
He must needs make a soldier [*Aside*].—Nor do you think  
One woman can love one man ?

*Marc.* Yes, that may be,  
Though it appear not often ; they are things ignorant,  
And therefore apted to that superstition  
Of doting fondness. Yet of late years, signior,

<sup>v</sup> *bravery*] i. e. finery, showiness.

<sup>w</sup> *thin*] So Sympson.—Both the folios “ then ” ; and so the Editors of 1778  
(who defend it in a note) and Weber.

The <sup>w</sup> world's well mended with 'em ; fewer are found now  
 That love at length, and to the right mark ; all  
 Stir now as the time stirs ; fame and fashion  
 Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love  
 That wiser ages held ambition :  
 They that cannot reach this may love by index ;  
 By every day's surveying who best promises,  
 Who has done best, who may do, and who mended  
 May come to do again ; who appears neatest  
 Either in new-stampt clothes, or courtesies,  
 Done but from hand to mouth neither ; nor love they these  
 things

Longer than new are making, nor that succession  
 Beyond the next fair feather : take the city,  
 There they go to 't by gold-weight <sup>x</sup>, no gain from 'em,  
 All they can work by fire and water to 'em,  
 Profit is all they point at ; if there be love,  
 'Tis shew'd ye by so dark a light, to bear out  
 The bracks <sup>y</sup> and old stains in it, that ye may purchase  
 French velvet better cheap <sup>z</sup> : all loves are endless <sup>a</sup>.

*Rod.* Faith, if you have a mistress, would she heard you !

*Marc.* 'Twere but the venturing of my place, or swearing  
 I meant it but for argument, as schoolmen  
 Dispute high questions.

*Rod.* What a world is this,  
 When young men dare determine what those are,  
 Age and the best experience ne'er could aim at !

*Marc.* They were thick-ey'd then, sir ; now the print is  
 bigger,  
 And they may read their fortunes without spectacles.

*Rod.* Did you ne'er love ?

*Marc.* Faith, yes, once after supper,  
 And the fit held till midnight.

<sup>w</sup> *The*] So Weber silently.—Both the folios "That"; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

<sup>x</sup> *by gold-weight*] See note, vol. viii. 132, and compare p. 227 of the present play.

<sup>y</sup> *bracks*] i. e. breaches, breaks.

<sup>z</sup> *better cheap*] "i. e. cheaper." WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *are endless*] "i. e. are fruitless. Marc-Antonio does not mean to say that all loves are perpetual." MASON.

*Rod.* Hot, or shaking?

*Marc.* To say true, both.

*Rod.* How did you rid it?

*Marc.* Thus, sir;

I laid my hand upon my heart, and bless'd me,  
And then said over certain charms I had learn'd  
Against mad dogs (for love and they are all one);  
Last, thought upon a windmill, and so slept,  
And was well ever after.

*Rod.* A rare physician!

What would your practice gain you!

*Marc.* The wars ended,

I mean to use my art, and have these fools  
Cut in the head like cats, to save the kingdom  
Another inquisition.

*Rod.* So old a soldier,

Out of the wars, I never knew yet practis'd.

*Marc.* I shall mend every day. But, noble general,  
Believe this, but as this you nam'd, discourses.

*Rod.* Oh, you are a cunning gamester!

*Marc.* Mirths and toys

To cozen time withal; for, o' my troth, sir,  
I can love; I think, well too, well enough;  
And think as well of women as they are,  
Pretty fantastic things, some more regardful,  
And some few worth a service: I am so honest,  
I wish 'em all in Heaven; and you know how hard, sir,  
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingales.

*Rod.* Well, Marc-Antonio, I would not lose thy company  
For the best galley I command.

*Marc.* Faith, general,

If these discourses please you, I shall fit you  
Once every day.

*Rod.* Thou canst not please me better. Hark! they call  
[*Knocking within.*

Below to dinner<sup>b</sup>: you are my cabin guest;  
My bosom's, so you please, sir.

*Marc.* Your poor servant.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>b</sup> *Hark! they call*  
[*Below to dinner*] See note, p. 130.

SCENE IV.—*Ygualada. A room in an inn.**Enter Host and his Wife.*

*Host.* Let 'em have meat enough, woman, half a hen ;  
There be old rotten pilchers<sup>c</sup>, put 'em off too ;  
'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em,  
And a strong onion, that confounds the stink.

*Wife.* They call for more, sir.

*Host.* Knock a dozen eggs down ;  
But then beware your wenches.

*Wife.* More than this too.

*Host.* Worts, worts, and make 'em porridge ; pop 'em up,  
wench ;  
But they shall pay for cullises<sup>d</sup>.

*Wife.* All this is nothing ;  
They call for kid and partridge.

*Host.* Well remember'd :  
Where 's the falconer's half dog he left ?

*Wife.* It stinks, sir ;  
Past all hope that way.

*Host.* Run it o'er with garlic,  
And make a Roman dish on 't.

*Wife.* Pray you, be patient,  
And get provision in : these are fine gentlemen,  
And liberal gentlemen ; they have *unde quare* ;  
No mangy muleteers, nor pinching posts,  
That feed upon the parings of musk-melons,  
And radishes as big and tough as rafters.  
Will you be stirring in this business ? Here 's your brother,  
Mine old host of Ossuna, as wise as you are,  
That is, as knavish ; if you put a trick,  
Take heed he do not find it.

*Host.* I 'll be wagging.

*Wife.* 'Tis for your own commodity<sup>e</sup>. [*Exit Host.*  
Why, wenches !

[*Within.*] Anon, forsooth !

<sup>c</sup> *pilchers*] i. e. pilchards.

<sup>d</sup> *cullises*] " i. e. restorative strong broths [properly ; but here simply, broths].  
The Host means to say they shall only have porridge, but pay for cullises."

WEBER.

<sup>e</sup> *commodity*] i. e. interest.

*Wife.* Who makes a fire there? and who gets in water?  
 Let Oliver go to the justice, and beseech his worship  
 We may have two spits going; and, do you hear, Druce?  
 Let him invite his worship, and his wife's worship,  
 To the left meat to-morrow.

*Enter INCUBO.*

*Inc.* Where 's this kitchen?

*Wife.* Even at the next door, signior. What, old don!  
 We meet but seldom.

*Inc.* Prithee, be patient, hostess;  
 And tell me where the meat is.

*Wife.* Faith, Master Baily,  
 How have you done? and how, man——

*Inc.* Good sweet hostess,  
 What shall we have to dinner?

*Wife.* How does your woman?  
 And a fine woman she is, and a good woman.  
 Lord, how you bear your years!

*Inc.* Is't veal or mutton,  
 Beef, bacon, pork, kid, pheasant? or all these?  
 And are they ready all?

*Wife.* The hours that have been  
 Between us two, the merry hours,—Lord!

*Inc.* Hostess,  
 Dear hostess, do but hear: I am hungry.

*Wife.* You are merrily dispos'd, sir.

*Inc.* Monstrous hungry,  
 And hungry after much meat: I have brought hither  
 Right worshipful to pay the reckoning;  
 Money enough too with 'em; desire enough  
 To have the best meat, and of that enough too:  
 Come to the point, sweet wench; and so, I kiss thee.

*Wife.* You shall have any thing, and instantly,  
 Ere you can lick your ears, sir.

*Inc.* Portly meat,  
 Bearing<sup>f</sup> substantial stuff, and fit for hunger,  
 I do beseech you, hostess, first; then some light garnish,

<sup>f</sup> *Bearing*] See note, vol. vii. 14.

Two pheasants in a dish ; if you have leverets,  
 (Rather for way of ornament than appetite)  
 They may be look'd upon, or larks ; for fish,  
 As there is no great need, so I would not wish you  
 To serve above four dishes ; but those full ones.  
 You have no cheese of Parma ?

*Wife.* Very old, sir.

*Inc.* The less will serve us ; some ten pound.

*Wife.* Alas, sir,

We have not half these dainties !

*Inc.* Peace, good hostess,

And make us hope you have.

*Wife.* You shall have all, sir——

*Inc.* That may be got for money.

*Enter DIEGO and a Boy.*

*Diego.* Where's your master ?

Bring me your master, boy : I must have liquor  
 Fit for the Myrmidons ; no dashing now, child,  
 No conjurings by candle-light ! I know all ;  
 Strike me the oldest sack, a piece that carries  
 Point-blank to this place, boy, and batters.—Hostess,  
 I kiss thy hands, through which many a round reckoning  
 And things of moment have had motion.

*Wife.* Still mine old brother.

*Diego.* Set thy cellar open,

For I must enter, and advance my colours.

I have brought thee dons indeed, wench, dons with ducats,  
 And those dons must have dainty wine, pure Bacchus,  
 That bleeds the life-blood.—What, is your cure ended ?

*Inc.* We shall have meat, man.

*Diego.* Then we will have wine, man,

And wine upon wine, cut and drawn with wine.

*Wife.* Ye shall have all, and more than all.

*Inc.* All well, then.

*Diego.* Away, about your business ! you with her,  
 For old acquaintance-sake, to stay your stomach.

[*Exeunt Wife and INCUBO.*



And, boy, be you my guide *ad inferos* ;  
For I will make a full descent in equipage.

*Boy.* I'll shew you rare wine.

*Diego.* Stinging gear?

*Boy.* Divine, sir.

*Diego.* Oh, divine boy! march, march, my child. Rare  
wine, boy?

*Boy.* As any is in Spain, sir.

*Diego.* Old, and strong too?

Oh, my fine boy! clear too?

*Boy.* As crystal, sir, and strong as truth.

*Diego.* Away, boy!

I am enamour'd, and I long for dalliance.  
Stay no where, child, not for thy father's blessing,  
I charge thee, not to save thy sister's honour,  
Nor to close thy dam's eyes, were she a-dying,  
Till we arrive; and, for thy recompense,  
I will remember thee in my will.

*Boy.* You have said, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Ygualada. A room in the inn.*

*Enter PHILIPPO and Host.*

*Phil.* Mine host, is that apparel got you spoke of?  
You shall have ready money.

*Host.* 'Tis come in, sir; he has it on, sir,  
And I think it will be fit; and, o' my credit,  
'Twas never worn but once, sir, and for necessity  
Pawn'd to the man I told you of.

*Phil.* Pray, bargain for it,  
And I will be the paymaster.

*Host.* I will, sir.

*Phil.* And let our meat be ready when you please ;  
I mean, as soon.

*Host.* It shall be presently.

*Phil.* How far stands Barcelona ?

*Host.* But two leagues off, sir :  
You may be there by three o'clock.

*Phil.* I am glad on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A garden belonging to the same.*

*Enter THEODOSIA and LEOCADIA, both disguised as before.*

*Theod.* Signior Francisco, why I draw you hither  
To this remote place, marvel not ; for, trust me,  
My innocence yet never knew ill dealing ;  
And, as you have a noble temper, start not  
Into offence at any thing my knowledge,  
And for your special good, would be inform'd of ;  
Nor think me vainly curious.

*Leoc.* Worthy sir,  
The courtesies you and your noble brother,  
Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,  
I mean, in want, so freely shower'd upon me,  
So truly and so timely minister'd,  
Must, if I should suspect those minds that made 'em<sup>c</sup>,  
Either proclaim me an unworthy taker,  
Or worse, a base believer. Speak your mind, sir,  
Freely, and what you please ; I am your servant.

*Theod.* Then, my young sir, know, since our first acquaint-  
ance,  
Induc'd by circumstances that deceive not,  
To clear some doubts I have,—nay, blush not, signior,—  
I have beheld you narrowly. More blushes ?  
Sir, you give me so much light, I find you  
A thing confess'd already. Yet more blushes ?  
You would ill cover an offence might sink you,  
That cannot hide yourself. Why do you shake so ?

<sup>c</sup> *made 'em*] "i. e. did 'em." SYMPSON.

I mean no trouble to you. This fair hand  
 Was never made for hardness, nor those eyes—  
 Come, do not hide 'em—for rough objects. Hark you ;  
 You have betray'd yourself ; that sigh confirms me.  
 Another ? and a third too ? then I see  
 These boy's clothes do but pinch you. Come, be liberal ;  
 You have found a friend that has found you ; disguise not  
 That laden soul that labours to be open.  
 Now you must weep, I know it, for I see  
 Your eyes down-laden to the lids ; another  
 Manifest token that my doubts are perfect :  
 Yet I have found a greater ; tell me this,  
 Why were these holes<sup>f</sup> left open ? there was an error,  
 A foul one, my Francisco : have I caught you ?  
 Oh, pretty sir, the custom of our country  
 Allows men none in this place. Now the shower comes.

*Leoc.* Oh, Signior Theodoro ! [Weeps.]

*Theod.* This sorrow shews so sweetly,  
 I cannot choose but keep it company.  
 Take truce, and speak, sir ; and I charge your goodness,  
 By all those perfect hopes that point at virtue,  
 By that remembrance these fair tears are shed for,  
 If any sad misfortune have thus form'd you,  
 That either care or counsel may redeem,  
 Pain, purse, or any thing within the power  
 And honour of free gentlemen, reveal it,  
 And have our labours.

*Leoc.* I have found you noble,  
 And you shall find me true. Your doubts are certain,  
 Nor dare I more dissemble ; I am a woman,  
 The great example of a wretched woman :  
 Here you must give me leave to shew my sex :  
 And now, to make you know how much your credit  
 Has won upon my soul, so it please your patience,  
 I'll tell you my unfortunate sad story.

*Theod.* Sit down, and say on, lady. [They sit.]

*Leoc.* I am born, sir,

<sup>f</sup> *these holes*] Meaning the holes bored in her ears : see the analysis of the novel, p. 220.

Of good and honest parents, rich and noble,  
 And, not to lie, the daughter of Don Sanchio,  
 If my unhappy fortune have not lost me ;  
 My name call'd Leocadia, even the same  
 Your worthy brother did the special honour  
 To name for beautiful, and without pride  
 I have been often made believe so, signior ;  
 But that's impertinent. Now to my sorrows :  
 Not far from us a gentleman of worth,  
 A neighbour and a noble visitor,  
 Had his abode, who often met my father  
 In gentle sports of chase and river-hawking,  
 In course and riding ; and with him often brought  
 A son of his, a young and hopeful gentleman,  
 Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection ;  
 A sprightly man, of understanding excellent,  
 Of speech and civil 'haviour no less powerful,  
 And of all parts, else my eyes lied, abundant :  
 We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance  
 Nearer into affection ; from affection  
 Into belief.

*Theod.* Well ?

*Leoc.* Then we durst kiss.

*Theod.* Go forward.

*Leoc.* But, oh, man, man, unconstant, careless man,  
 Oh, subtle man, how many are thy mischiefs !  
 Oh, Marc-Antonio, I may curse those kisses !

*Theod.* What did you call him, lady ?

*Leoc.* Marc-Antonio ;  
 The name to me of misery.

*Theod.* Pray, forward.

*Leoc.* From these we bred desires, sir ; but lose me,  
 Heaven,  
 If mine were lustful !

*Theod.* I believe.

*Leoc.* This nearness  
 Made him importunate : when, to save mine honour,  
 (Love having full possession of my powers,)  
 I got a contract from him.

*Theod.* Seal'd ?

*Leoc.* And sworn too ;

Which since, for some offence Heaven laid upon me,  
I lost among my moneys in the robbery  
(The loss that makes me poorest) : this won from him,  
Fool that I was, and too too credulous,  
I 'pointed him a bye-way to my chamber  
The next night, at an hour——

*Theod.* Pray, stay there, lady :—

And when the night came, came he ? kept he touch with  
you ?—

Be not so shame-fac'd,—had ye both your wishes ?  
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy you ?  
Were ye in one another's arms a-bed ? the contract  
Confirm'd in full joys there ? did he lie with you ?  
Answer to that, ha ! did your father know this,  
The good old man, or kindred, privy to 't ?  
And had you their consents ? did that night's promise  
Make you a mother ?

*Leoc.* Why do you ask so nearly ?

Good sir, does it concern you any thing ?

*Theod.* No, lady ;

Only the pity why you should be us'd so  
A little stirs me. But did he keep his promise ?

*Leoc.* No, no, signior ;

Alas, he never came, nor never meant it !  
My love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,  
My expectation flouted ; and guess you, sir,  
What dor<sup>s</sup> unto a doating maid this was,  
What a base breaking-off !

*Theod.* All 's well, then [*Aside*].—Lady,  
Go forward in your story.

*Leoc.* Not only fail'd, sir,

(Which is a curse in love ; and may he find it  
When his affections are full-wing'd, and ready  
To stoop upon the quarry, then when all  
His full hopes are in 's arms !) not only thus, sir,

<sup>s dor</sup>] See note, vol. vii. 48, and compare vol. ix. 367, and p. 28 of the present vol.

But more injurious, faithless, treacherous,  
Within two days fame gave him far remov'd  
With a new love ; which, much against my conscience,  
But more against my cause, which is my hell,  
I must confess a fair one, a right fair one,  
Indeed of admirable sweetness, daughter  
Unto another of our noble neighbours ;  
The thief call'd Theodosia, whose perfections  
I am bound to ban for ever, curse to wrinkles,  
As Heaven I hope will make 'em soon, and aches ;  
For they have robb'd me, poor unhappy wench,  
Of all, of all, sir, all that was my glory,  
And left me nothing but these tears, and travel.  
Upon this certain news, I quit my father  
(And, if you be not milder in construction,  
I fear, mine honour too), and, like a page,  
Stole to Ossuna ; from that place to Seville ;  
From thence to Barcelona I was travelling  
When you o'er-took my misery, in hope to hear of  
Galleys bound up for Italy ; for never  
Will I leave off the search of this bad man,  
This filcher of affections, this love-pedlar ;  
Nor shall my curses cease to blast her beauties,  
And make her name as wandering as her nature,  
Till, standing face to face before their lusts,  
I call Heaven's justice down.

*Theod.* This shews too angry ;  
Nor can it be her fault she is belov'd :  
If I give meat, must they that eat it surfeit ?

*Leoc.* She loves again, sir, there 's the mischief of it,  
And in despite of me, to drown my blessings,  
Which she shall dearly know.

*Theod.* You are too violent.

*Leoc.* She has devils in her eyes, to whose devotion  
He offers all his service.

*Theod.* Who can say  
But she may be forsaken too ? he that once wanders  
From such a perfect sweetness as you promise,  
Has he not still the same rule to deceive ?

*Leoc.* No, no; they are together, love together,  
Past all deceit of that side; sleep together,  
Live, and delight together; and such deceit  
Give me in a wild desert!

*Theod.* By your leave, lady,  
I see no honour in this cunning.

*Leoc.* Honour!  
True, none of her part; honour! she deserves none;  
'Tis ceas'd with wandering ladies, such as she is,  
So bold and impudent.

*Theod.* I could be angry,  
Extremely angry now, beyond my nature,  
An 'twere not for my pity: what a man  
Is this, to do these wrongs! [*Aside*].—Believe me, lady,  
I know the maid, and know she is not with him—

*Leoc.* I would you knew she were in Heaven!

*Theod.* And so well know her, that I think you are cozen'd.

*Leoc.* So I say, sir.

*Theod.* I mean, in her behaviour; for, trust my faith,  
So much I dare adventure for her credit,  
She never yet delighted to do wrong.

*Leoc.* How can she, then, delight in him? dare she think  
(Be what she will, as excellent as angels)  
My love so fond, my wishes so indulgent,  
That I must take her prunings? stoop at that  
She has tir'd upon<sup>b</sup>? No, sir, I hold my beauty  
(Wash but these sorrows from it) of a sparkle  
As right and rich as hers, my means as equal,  
My youth as much unblown; and, for our worths  
And weight of virtue——

*Theod.* Do not task<sup>i</sup> her so far.

*Leoc.* By Heaven, she is cork and clouds; light, light, sir;  
vapour!

<sup>b</sup> *That I must take her prunings? stoop at that*

*She has tir'd upon*] Terms of falconry: "*prunings*" is equivalent here to—  
leavings; the hawk is said to *prune* herself, when she arranges her feathers with  
her bill, and picks out the superfluous or damaged ones: "*stoop at*," i. e. vio-  
lently descend to seize: "*tir'd upon*"; see note, vol. iii. 383.

<sup>i</sup> *task*] "i. e. tax." MASON.

But I shall find her out, with all her witchcrafts,  
 Her paintings and her pouncings; for 'tis art,  
 And only art preserves her, and mere spells  
 That work upon his powers. Let her but shew me  
 A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour  
 (And writes but sixteen years) in spite of sorrows,  
 An unbath'd body, smiles that give but shadows,  
 And wrinkle not the face! Besides, she is little,  
 A demi-dame, that makes no object.

*Theod.* Nay,

Then I must say you err; for, credit me,  
 I think she is taller than yourself.

*Leoc.* Why, let her!

It is not that shall mate<sup>j</sup> me; I but ask  
 My hands may reach unto her.

*Theod.* Gentle lady,

'Tis now ill time of further argument;  
 For I perceive your anger void of counsel,  
 Which I could wish more temperate.

*Leoc.* Pray, forgive me,

If I have spoke uncivilly: they that look on  
 See more than we that play; and I beseech you  
 Impute it love's offence, not mine; whose torments,  
 If you have ever lov'd, and found my crosses,  
 You must confess are seldom tied to patience:  
 Yet I could wish I had said less.

*Theod.* No harm, then;

You have made a full amends. Our company  
 You may command, so please you, in your travels,  
 With all our faith and furtherance: let it be so.

*Leoc.* You make too great an offer.

*Theod.* Then it shall be.

Go in, and rest yourself; our wholesome diet  
 Will be made ready straight. But hark you, lady:  
 One thing I must entreat; your leave and sufferance  
 That these things may be open to my brother,  
 For more respect and honour.

<sup>j</sup> *mate*] i. e. confound, daunt.



*Leoc.* Do your pleasure.

*Theod.* And do not change this habit, by no means,  
Unless you change yourself<sup>k</sup>.

*Leoc.* Which must not yet be.

*Theod.* It carries you conceal'd and safe.

*Leoc.* I am counsell'd.

[*Exit.*

*Enter PHILIPPO.*

*Phil.* What's done?

*Theod.* Why, all we doubted; 'tis a woman,  
And of a noble strain too: guess.

*Phil.* I cannot.

*Theod.* You have heard often of her.

*Phil.* Stay; I think not.

*Theod.* Indeed, you have; 'tis the fair Leocadia,  
Daughter unto Don Sanchio, our noble neighbour.

*Phil.* Nay!

*Theod.* 'Tis she, sir, o' my credit.

*Phil.* Leocadia!

Pish! Leocadia it must not be.

*Theod.* It must be, or be nothing.

*Phil.* Pray, give me leave to wonder: Leocadia!

*Theod.* The very same.

*Phil.* The damsel Leocadia!

I guess'd it was a woman, and a fair one:

I see it through her shape<sup>l</sup>, transparent, plain;

But that it should be she! tell me directly.

*Theod.* By Heavens, 'tis she.

<sup>k</sup> *And do not change this habit, by no means,*

*Unless you change yourself*] "i. e. unless you change so as to appear in your own character. 'This habit' means the dress of a man, not the identical clothes she had on; for these she does change, but not her habit." MASON.

<sup>l</sup> *through her shape*] "Means through her disguise [her dress for disguise: *shape* is properly a theatrical term]. Philippo says in the next page but one—

'She keeps her *shape*!'

To which Theodosia replies—

'Yes, and I think, by this time,  
Has mew'd her old—'

meaning that Leocadia still continued her disguise, though she changed her suit."  
MASON.

*Phil.* By Heaven[s], then, 'tis a sweet one.

*Theod.* That's granted too.

*Phil.* But, hark you, hark you, sister :  
How came she thus disguis'd ?

*Theod.* I'll tell you that too ;  
As I came, on the self-same ground, so us'd too.

*Phil.* By the same man ?

*Theod.* The same too.

*Phil.* As I live,  
You lovers have fine fancies, wondrous fine ones !

*Theod.* Pray Heaven, you never make one !

*Phil.* Faith, I know not :  
But, in that mind I am, I had rather cobble ;  
'Tis a more Christian trade. Pray, tell me one thing ;  
Are not you two now monstrous jealous  
Of one another ?

*Theod.* She is much of me,  
And has rail'd at me most unmercifully,  
And to my face ; and, o' my conscience,  
Had she but known me, either she or I,  
Or both, had parted with strange faces, she  
Was in such a fury.

*Phil.* Leocadia !  
Does she speak handsomely ?

*Theod.* Wondrous well, sir,  
And all she does becomes her, even her anger.

*Phil.* How seem'd she when you found her ?

*Theod.* Had you seen  
How sweetly fearful<sup>m</sup> her pretty self  
Betray'd herself ; how neat her sorrow shew'd,  
And in what handsome phrase she put her story ;  
And, as occasion stirr'd her, how she started,  
Though roughly, yet most aptly, into anger ;  
You would have wonder'd.

<sup>m</sup> *fearful*] "The editors [of 1778] say that they have assisted the metre by the addition of a syllable [they read 'fearfully'] ; but it is at the expence of poetic beauty. The editors are always more anxious about the metre than the poets themselves." MASON,—who seems not to have perceived that here "*fearful*" is a trisyllable.

*Phil.* Does she know you?

*Theod.* No,

Nor must not by no means.

*Phil.* How stands your difference?

*Theod.* I'll tell you that some fitter time: but, trust me,  
My Marc-Antonio has too much to answer.

*Phil.* May I take knowledge of her?

*Theod.* Yes, she is willing.

*Phil.* Pray, use her as she is, with all respects, then;  
For she is a woman of a noble breeding.

*Theod.* You shall not find me wanting.

*Phil.* Which way bears she?

*Theod.* Our way, and to our end.

*Phil.* I am glad on 't. Hark you:  
She keeps her shape?

*Theod.* Yes, and I think, by this time,  
Has mew'd<sup>o</sup> her old.

*Re-enter LEOCADIA in another male suit.*

*Phil.* She is here: by Heaven, a rare one!  
An admirable sweet one! what an eye,  
Of what a full command, she bears! how gracious  
All her aspect shews! Bless me from a fever!  
I am not well o' the sudden.

*Leoc.* Noble friends,  
Your meat and all my service waits upon ye.

*Phil.* You teach us manners, lady; all which service  
Must now be mine to you, and all too poor too.  
Blush not we know you; for, by all our faiths,  
With us your honour is in sanctuary,  
And ever shall be.

*Leoc.* I do well believe it:  
Will you walk nearer, sir?

[*Exeunt PHILIPPO and LEOCADIA.*]

*Theod.* She shews still fairer,  
Younger in every change, and clearer, neater:  
I know not; I may fool myself, and finely

<sup>o</sup> *mew'd*] i. e. cast; properly, moulted,—a term of falconry which we have had repeatedly before, vol. iv. 153, vol. viii. 177, &c.

Nourish a wolf to eat my heart out. Certain,  
 As she appears now, she appears a wonder,  
 A thing amazes me ; what would she do, then,  
 In woman's helps, in ornaments apt for her,  
 And deckings to her delicacy? without all doubt,  
 She would be held a miracle : nor can I think  
 He has forsaken her, say what she please ;  
 I know his curious eye : or, say he had,  
 Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish,  
 Yet still I fear she keeps the contract with her,  
 Not stoln, as she affirms, nor lost by negligence ;  
 She would lose herself first, 'tis her life ; and there  
 All my hopes are despatch'd. Oh, noble Love,  
 That thou couldst be without this jealousy,  
 Without this passion of the heart, how heavenly  
 Wouldst thou appear upon us ! Come what may come,  
 I'll see the end on 't : and, since chance has cast her  
 Naked into my refuge, all I can  
 She freely shall command, except the man. [Exit.

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SCENE III.—*Andalusia. Before the house of LEONARDO.*

*Enter LEONARDO and PEDRO.*

*Leo.* Don Pedro, do you think assuredly  
 The galleys will come round to Barcelona  
 Within these two days?

*Pedro.* Without doubt.

*Leo.* And think you  
 He will be with 'em certainly?

*Pedro.* He is, sir ;  
 I saw him at their setting-off.

*Leo.* Must they needs  
 Touch there for water, as you say ?

*Pedro.* They must, sir,  
 And for fresh meat too ; few or none go by it :  
 Beside, so great a fleet must needs want trimming,  
 If they have met with foul seas ; and no harbour

On this side Spain is able, without danger,  
To moor 'em, but that haven.

*Leo.* Are the wars  
His only end?

*Pedro.* So he professes.

*Leo.* Bears he  
Any command amongst 'em?

*Pedro.* Good regard  
With all; which quickly will prefer him.

*Leo.* Pray, sir, tell me,  
And, as you are a gentleman, be liberal.

*Pedro.* I will, sir, and most true.

*Leo.* Who saw you with him?

*Pedro.* None but things like himself; young soldiers,  
And gentlemen desirous to seek honour.

*Leo.* Was there no woman there, nor none disguis'd  
That might be thought a woman? in his language  
Did he not let slip something of suspicion  
Touching that wanton way?

*Pedro.* Believe me, sir,  
I neither saw, nor could suspect that face  
That might be doubted woman's; yet I am sure  
Aboard him I saw <sup>p</sup> all that pass'd: and 'tis impossible  
Among so many high-set bloods there should be  
A woman, let her close herself within a cockle,  
But they would open her: he must not love  
Within that place alone; and therefore surely  
He would not be so foolish, had he any,  
To trust her there. For his discourse, 'twas ever  
About his business, war, or mirth, to make us  
Relish a can of wine well; when he spoke private,  
'Twas only the remembrance of his service,  
And hope of your good prayers for his health, sir:  
And so, I gave him to the seas.

*Leo.* I thank you,  
And now am satisfied. And to prevent  
Suspicious that may nourish dangers, signior,

<sup>p</sup> *saw*] So Symson silently.—Both the folios “see”; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Qy. “Aboard 'em I saw,” &c.?

(For I have told you how the mad Alphonso  
 Chafes like a stag i' the toil, and bends his fury  
 'Gainst all, but his own ignorance,) I am determin'd,  
 For peace-sake and the preservation  
 Of my yet-untouch'd honour, and his cure,  
 Myself to seek him there, and bring him back,  
 As testimony of an unsought injury  
 By either of our actions ; that the world  
 And he, if he have reason, may see plainly  
 Opinion is no perfect guide, nor all fames  
 Founders of truths. In the mean time this courtesy  
 I must entreat of you, sir ; be myself here,  
 And as myself command my family.

*Pedro.* You lay too much trust on me.

*Leo.* 'Tis my love, sir.

I will not be long from you. If this question  
 Chance to be call'd upon ere my return,  
 I leave your care to answer. So, farewell, sir.

*Pedro.* You take a wise way : all my best endeavours  
 Shall labour in your absence. Peace go with you !

[*Exit* LEONARDO.]

A noble, honest gentleman, free-hearted,  
 And of an open faith, much loving and much lov'd,  
 And father of that goodness only malice  
 Can truly stir against : what dare befall  
 Till his return I 'll answer.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* ALPHONSO and Servant.

*Alph.* Walk off, sirrah ;  
 But keep yourself within my call.

*Serv.* I will, sir.

*Alph.* And stir my horse, for taking cold. [*Exit* Servant.]

Within there !

[*Knocks.*

Ho, people ! you that dwell there ! my brave signior !  
 What, are ye all asleep ? is 't that time with ye ?

I 'll ring a little louder.

[*Knocks.*

*Re-enter* PEDRO.

*Pedro.* Sir, who seek you ?

*Alph.* Not you, sir. Where 's your master ?

*Pedro.* I serve no man  
In way of pay, sir.  
*Alph.* Where's the man o' th' house, then?  
*Pedro.* What would you have with him, sir?

*Alph.* Do you stand here, sir,  
To ask men questions when they come?

*Pedro.* I would, sir,  
Being his friend, and hearing such alarums,  
Know how men come to visit him.

*Alph.* You shall, sir:  
Pray, tell his mightiness here is a gentleman,  
By name Alphonso, would entreat his conference  
About affairs of state, sir. Are you answer'd?

*Enter SANCHIO, carried in a chair by two Servants.*

*Pedro.* I must be, sir.  
*Sanc.* Stay,—set me down,—stay, signior;  
You must stay, and you shall stay.  
*Alph.* Meaning me, sir?  
*Sanc.* Yes, you, sir; you I mean, I mean you.  
*Alph.* Well, sir?  
Why should I stay?  
*Sanc.* There's reason.  
*Alph.* Reason, sir!  
*Sanc.* Ay, reason, sir;  
My wrong is greatest, and I will be serv'd first.  
Call out the man of fame.  
*Alph.* How serv'd, sir?  
*Sanc.* Thus, sir.  
*Alph.* But not before me?  
*Sanc.* Before all the world, sir,  
As my case stands.  
*Alph.* I have lost a daughter, sir.  
*Sanc.* I have lost another, worth five score of her, sir.  
*Alph.* You must not tell me so.  
*Sanc.* I have; and, hark you,  
Make it up five score more. Call out the fellow;  
And stand you by, sir.  
*Pedro.* This is the mad morris.

*Alph.* And I stand by ?

*Sanc.* I say, stand by, and do it.

*Alph.* Stand by, among thy lungs<sup>1</sup> ?

*Sanc.* Turn presently,

And say thy prayers ; thou art dead.

*Alph.* I scorn thee ;

And scorn to say my prayers more than thou dost :

Mine is the most wrong, and my daughter dearest,

And mine shall first be righted.

*Sanc.* Shall be righted !

*Pedro.* A third may live, I see.—Pray, hear me, gentlemen.

*Sanc.* Shall be !

*Alph.* Ay, shall be righted.

*Sanc.* Now ?

*Alph.* Now.

*Sanc.* Instantly ?

*Alph.* Before I stir.

*Sanc.* Before me ?

*Alph.* Before any.

*Sanc.* Dost thou consider what thou sayst ? hast thou  
friends here

Able to quench my anger, or persuade me,

After I have beaten thee into one main bruise<sup>r</sup>,

And made thee spend thy state<sup>s</sup> in rotten apples,

Thou canst at length be quiet ? Shall I kill thee ?

Divide thee like a rotten pumpkin<sup>t</sup>,

And leave thee stinking to posterity ?

There's not the least blow I shall give, but does this.

Urge me no further : I am first.

*Alph.* I'll hang first :

No, goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,

Your punctual honour, nor soldadoship——

*Sanc.* Set me a little nearer.

<sup>1</sup> *lungs*] i. e. long, awkward fellows (meaning, the servants). See note, vol. ii. 166.

<sup>r</sup> *bruise*] Both the folios "bruis".—"The variation was recommended by Theobald. The mention of *rotten apples* (esteemed beneficial in *bruises*) induces us to think him right." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>s</sup> *state*] i. e. estate.

<sup>t</sup> *pumpion*] i. e. pumpkin.



*Alph.* Let him sally—

Lin'd with your quirks<sup>t</sup> of carriage and discretion,  
Can blow me off my purpose. Where 's your credit,  
With all your school-points now? your decent arguing,  
And apt time for performing? where are these toys,  
These wise ways and most honourable courses,  
To take revenge? How dar'st thou talk of killing,  
Or think of drawing any thing but squirts,  
When lechery has dry-founder'd thee?

*Sanc.* Nearer yet,  
That I may spit him down.—Thou look'st like a man.

*Pedro.* I would be thought so, sir.

*Sanc.* Prithee, do but take me,  
And fling me upon that puppy.

*Alph.* Do, for Heaven's sake,  
And see but how I'll hug him.

*Sanc.* Yet take warning!

*Pedro.* Faith, gentlemen, this is a needless quarrel.

*Sanc.* And do you desire to make one?

*Pedro.* As a friend, sir,  
To tell you all this anger is but lost, sir;  
For Leonardo is from home.

*Alph.* No, no, sir.

*Pedro.* Indeed, he is.

*Sanc.* Where dare he be, but here, sir,  
When men are wrong'd, and come for satisfactions?

*Pedro.* It seems he has done none, sir; for his business,  
Clear of those cares, hath carried him for some time  
To Barcelona: if he had been guilty,  
I know he would have stay'd, and clear'd all difference,  
Either by free confession or his sword.

*Sanc.* This must not be.

*Pedro.* Sure as I live, it is, sir.

*Alph.* Sure as we all live,  
He's run away for ever. Barcelona!  
Why, 'tis the key for Italy, from whence  
He stole first hither.

<sup>t</sup> *Lin'd with your quirks* - - - -

- - - - - *dry-founder'd thee*] Given to Sanchio in both the folios.

*Sanc.* And, having found his knaveries  
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,  
He has found the same way back again : I believe too  
The good grass gentleman, for his own ease,  
Has taken one o' the fillies<sup>u</sup>. Is not his stuff sold ?

*Alph.* I fear his worship's shoes too, to escape us ;  
I do not think he has a dish within doors,  
A louse left of his lineage.

*Pedro.* You are too wide, sir.

*Alph.* Or one poor wooden spoon.

*Pedro.* Come in, and see, sir.

*Alph.* I'll see his house on fire, first.

*Pedro.* Then be pleas'd, sir,  
To give better censure.

*Sanc.* I will after him,  
And search him like conceal'd land<sup>v</sup>, but I'll have him ;  
And, though I find him in his shrift, I'll kill him.

*Alph.* I'll bear you company.

*Sanc.* Pray, have a care, then,  
A most especial care, indeed a fear,  
You do not anger me.

*Alph.* I will observe you ;  
And, if I light upon him handsomely——

*Sanc.* Kill but a piece of him ; leave some, Alphonso,  
For your poor friends.

*Pedro.* I fear him not<sup>w</sup> for all this.

*Alph.* Shall we first go home  
(For it may prove a voyage), and dispose  
Of things there ? Heaven knows what may follow.

*Sanc.* No ;  
I'll kill him in this shirt I have on : let things  
Govern themselves : I am master of my honour

<sup>u</sup> *The good grass gentleman, for his own ease,*

*Has taken one o' the fillies]* “‘Grass’ is evidently used in the sense of the French word *gras*, viz. fat ; but from the word *fillies* in the last line, I suspect the poet intended a poor pun, of which he is, however, less frequently guilty than most of the playwrights of the time.” WEBER.

<sup>v</sup> *And search him like conceal'd land]* See note, vol. iii. 449.

<sup>w</sup> *I fear him not]* i. e. I do not fear for him (as frequently before).

At this time, and no more ; let wife and land  
Lie lay<sup>y</sup> till I return.

*Alph.* I say Amen to 't :

But what care for our moneys ?

*Sanc.* I will not spend

Above three shillings, till his head be here ;  
Four is too great a sum for all his fortunes.—  
Come, take me up instantly.

*Alph.* Farewell to you, sir :

And, if your friend be in a feather-bed,  
Sew'd up to shrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly ;  
For no course but his voluntary hanging  
Can get our pardons.

[*Exeunt SANCHIO carried as before, and ALPHONSO.*]

*Pedro.* These I think would be

Offence enough, if their own indiscretions  
Would suffer 'em ; two of the old seditions !  
When they want enemies, they are their own foes :  
Were they a little wiser, I should doubt<sup>z</sup> 'em :  
Till when, I 'll ne'er break sleep, nor suffer hunger,  
For any harm he shall receive ; for 'tis as easy,  
If he be guilty, to turn these two old men  
Upon their own throats, and look on, and live still,  
As 'tis to tell five pound ; a great deal sooner :  
And so, I 'll to my meat, and then to hawking.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>y</sup> *lay*] " i. e. fallow." SYMPSON.

<sup>z</sup> *doubt*] i. e. dread.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Barcelona. The harbour.*

*Enter* MARC-ANTONIO *and a Gentleman.*

*Marc.* Sir, this is compliment; I pray you, leave me.

*Gent.* Sir, it is not.

*Marc.* Why, I would only see  
The town.

*Gent.* And only that I come to shew you.

*Marc.* Which I can see without you.

*Gent.* So you may,  
Plainly, not safely; for such difference  
As you have seen betwixt the sea and earth  
When waves rise high, and land would beat 'em back  
As fearful of invasion, such we find  
When we land here at Barcelona.

*Marc.* Sir——

*Gent.* Besides, our general of the galleys, fearing  
Your hasty nature, charg'd me not return  
Without you safe.

*Marc.* Oh, sir, that Roderigo  
Is noble, and he does mistake my temper:  
There is not in the world a mind less apt  
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em. Has he seen me  
In all this voyage, in the which he pleases  
To call me friend, let slip a hasty word?—

*Enter* EUGENIA, *with divers Attendants.*

'Slight, sir! yonder is a lady veil'd;  
For properness<sup>2</sup> beyond comparison,  
And, sure, her face is like the rest; we'll see 't.

*Gent.* Why, you are hasty, sir, already. Know you  
What 'tis you go about?

*Marc.* Yes; I would see  
The woman's face.

<sup>2</sup> *properness*] i. e. handsomeness.

*Gent.* By Heaven, you shall not do 't<sup>a</sup> !  
You do not know the custom of the place :  
To draw that curtain here, though she were mean,  
Is mortal.

*Marc.* Is it ? earth must come to earth  
At last ; and, by my troth, I 'll try it, sir.

*Gent.* Then I must hold you fast. By all the faith  
That can be plac'd in man, 'tis an attempt  
More dangerous than death ; 'tis death and shame !  
I know the lady well.

*Marc.* Is she a lady ?  
I shall the more desire to see her, sir.

*Gent.* She is Alonzo's<sup>b</sup> wife, the governor,  
A noble gentleman.

*Marc.* Then let me go :  
If I can win her, you and I will govern  
This town, sir, fear it not, and we will alter  
These barbarous customs then ; for every lady  
Shall be seen daily, and seen over too.

*Gent.* Come, do not jest, nor let your passions bear you  
To such wild enterprizes : hold you still ;  
For, as I have a soul, you shall not do 't !  
She is a lady of unblemish'd fame<sup>c</sup>,  
And here to offer that affront were base.  
Hold on your way ; and we will see the town,  
And overlook the ladies.

*Marc.* I am school'd,  
And promise you I will.—But, good sir, see !  
She will pass by us now : I hope I may  
Salute her thus far off.

*Gent.* 'Sfoot, are you mad ?  
'Twill be as ill as th' other.

*First Attend.* What's the matter ?  
What would that fellow have ?

<sup>a</sup> *By Heaven, you shall not do 't, &c.*] Here on the margin of the first folio is a stage-direction, "*Ioh. Bacon ready to shoot off a Pistol.*"

<sup>b</sup> *Alonzo's*] Both the folios "*Alonso's.*"

<sup>c</sup> *She is a lady of unblemish'd fame*] Opposite this line, on the margin of the first folio, is a stage-direction, "*above*", meaning (as Weber saw) "that the actor who personated Roderigo should be ready to appear on the galley."

*Gent.* Good sir, forbear.

*First Attend.* It seems you are new-landed: would you beg

Any thing here?

*Marc.* Yes, sir, all happiness  
To that fair lady, as I hope.

*Gent.* Marc-Antonio——

*Marc.* Her face, which needs no hiding, I would beg  
A sight of.

*Gent.* Now go on; for 'tis too late  
To keep this from a tumult.

*First Attend.* Sirrah, you  
Shall see a fitter object for your eyes  
Than a fair lady's face.

*Eug.* For Heaven's sake, raise not  
A quarrel in the streets for me!

*First Attend.* Slip in, then;  
This is your door.

*Eug.* Will you needs quarrel, then?

*First Attend.* We must, or suffer  
This outrage.—Is 't not all your minds, sirs? speak.

*The other Attendants.* Yes.

*Eug.* Then I do beseech ye, let my lord  
Not think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not. [*Exit.*

*Enter three or four Soldiers.*

*Gent.* See, happily some of our galley-soldiers  
Are come ashore.

*First Attend.* Come on, sir! you shall see  
Faces enough.

*Enter several Townsmen.*

*Gent.* Some one of you call to [*To Soldiers.*  
Our general: the whole roar of the town  
Comes in upon us.

*Marc.* I have seen, sir, better [*To First Attend.*  
Perhaps than that was cover'd; and will yet  
See that, or spoil yours. [*They fight.*

*Enter PHILIPPO, with THEODOSIA and LEOCADIA disguised as before.*

*Phil.* On ! why start you back ?

*Theod.* Alas, sir, they are fighting !

*Leoc.* Let 's be gone.— [MARC-ANTONIO falls.

See, see, a handsome man struck down !

*Gent.* Ho, general !

Look out ! Antonio is in distress !

*Theod.* Antonio !

*Leoc.* Antonio ! 'tis he.

*RODERIGO appears on the deck of a galley.<sup>d</sup>*

*Rod.* Ho, gunner<sup>e</sup> ! make a shot into the town !—

I 'll part you.—

[*A shot fired off. Exeunt Attendants and Townsmen.*

Bring away Antonio

Into my cabin. [Disappears from the deck.

*Gent.* I will do that office :

I fear it is the last that I shall do him.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Soldiers carrying MARC-ANTONIO.*

*Theod.* The last ! why, will he die ? [Faints.

*Leoc.* Since I have found him, happiness leave me,  
When I leave him ! [Exit.

*Phil.* Why, Theodosia !

My sister ! wake ! Alas, I griev'd but now  
To see the streets so full, and now I grieve  
To see 'em left so empty ! I could wish  
Tumult himself were here, that yet at least  
Amongst the band I might espy some face  
So pale and fearful, that would willingly  
Embrace an errand for a cordial,  
Or *aqua-vitæ*, or a cup of sack,  
Or a physician. But to talk of these——  
She breathes.—Stand up : oh, Theodosia !  
Speak but as thou wert wont ; give but a sigh,  
Which is but the most unhappy piece of life,

<sup>d</sup> *RODERIGO appears on the deck of a galley*] Both the folios "*Enter RODRIGO above*": he stood no doubt on what was called the upper-stage ; see note, vol. iv. 307.

<sup>e</sup> *gunner*] So the second folio.—The first folio "*Governor*"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber !!!

And I will ever after worship sadness,  
Apply myself to grief, prepare and build  
Altars to sorrow !

*Theod.* Oh, Philippo, help me !

*Phil.* I do : these are my arms, Philippo's arms,  
Thy brother's arms, that hold thee up.

*Theod.* You help me  
To life ; but I would see Antonio  
That 's dead.

*Phil.* Thou shalt see any thing. How dost thou ?

*Theod.* Better, I thank you.

*Phil.* Why, that 's well. Call up  
Thy senses, and uncloud thy cover'd spirits.  
How now ?

*Theod.* Recover'd. But Antonio !  
Where is he ?

*Phil.* We will find him. Art thou well ?

*Theod.* Perfectly well, saving the miss of him :  
And I do charge you here, by our alliance,  
And by the love which would have been betwixt us,  
Knew we no kindred ; by that killing fear,  
Mingled with twenty thousand hopes and doubts,  
Which you may think plac'd in a lover's heart,  
And in a virgin's too when she wants help,—  
To grant me your assistance to find out  
This man, alive or dead ! and I will pay you,  
In service, tears, or prayers, a world of wealth ;  
But other treasure I have none. Alas !  
You men have strong hearts ; but we feeble maids  
Have tender eyes, which only given be  
To blind themselves, crying for what they see.

*Phil.* Why dost thou charge me thus ? have I been found  
Slow to perform what I could but imagine  
Thy wishes were ? have I at any time  
Tender'd a business of mine own beyond  
A vanity of thine ? have I not been  
As if I were a senseless creature, made  
To serve thee without power of questioning ?  
If so, why fear'st thou ?



*Theod.* I am satisfied.

*Phil.* Come, then, let's go.—Where's Leocadia?

*Theod.* I know not, sir.

*Phil.* Where's Leocadia?

*Theod.* I do not know.

*Phil.* Leocadia!

This tumult made the streets as dead as night;  
A man may talk as freely: what's become  
Of Leocadia?

*Theod.* She's run away.

*Phil.* Begone, and let us never more behold  
Each other's face, till we may, both together,  
Fasten our eyes on her! Accursèd be  
Those tender cozening names of Charity  
And Natural Affection! they have lost  
Me, only by observing them, what cost,  
Travel, and fruitless wishes, may in vain  
Search through the world, but never find again.

*Theod.* Good sir, be patient: I have done no fault  
Worthy this banishment.

*Phil.* Yes; Leocadia,  
The lady so distress'd,—who was content  
To lay her story, and to lay her heart  
As open as her story to yourself;  
Who was content that I should know her sex,  
Before dissembled, and to put herself  
Into my conduct; whom I undertook  
Safely to guard,—is in this tumult lost.

*Theod.* And can I help it, sir?

*Phil.* No; would thou couldst!  
You might have done, but for that zeal'd<sup>f</sup> religion  
You women bear to swoonings: you do pick  
Your times to faint, when somebody is by  
Bound or by nature, or by love, or service,  
To raise you from that well-dissembled death:  
Inform me but of one that has been found  
Dead in her private chamber by herself,

<sup>f</sup> *zeal'd*] So the second folio.—The first folio "scale."

Where sickness would no more forbear than here,  
And I will quit <sup>s</sup> the rest for her.

*Theod.* I know not  
What they may do, and how they may dissemble;  
But, by my troth, I did not.

*Phil.* By my troth,  
Would I had tried! would I had let thee lain,  
And follow'd her!

*Theod.* I would you had done so,  
Rather than been so angry. Where's Antonio?

*Phil.* Why dost thou vex me with these questions?  
I'll tell thee where; he's carried to the galleys,  
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row,  
With knotted ropes and pizzles; if he swoond <sup>h</sup>,  
He has a dose of biscuit.

*Theod.* I am glad  
He is alive.

*Phil.* Was ever man thus troubled?  
Tell me where Leocadia is.

*Theod.* Good brother,  
Be not so hasty, and I think I can:  
You found no error in me, when I first  
Told you she was a woman; and, believe me,  
Something I have found out which makes me think,  
Nay, almost know so well, that I durst swear  
She follow'd hurt Antonio.

*Phil.* What do we  
Then lingering here? we will aboard the galleys,  
And find her. [*Going.*

*Enter ALONZO, with two Attendants, and the Townsmen.*

*Alon.* Made he a shot into the town?

*First Attend.* He did, sir.

*Alon.* Call back those gentlemen.

*First Attend.* The governor  
Commands you back.

*Phil.* We will obey him, sir.

<sup>s</sup> *quit*] i. e. acquit.

<sup>h</sup> *swoound*] Altered by the Editors of 1773 and Weber to "swoon." See note,  
vol. i. 422.

*Alon.* You gave him cause to shoot, I know ; he is  
So far from rash offence, and holds with me  
Such curious<sup>1</sup> friendship. Could not one of you  
Have call'd me while 'twas doing ? such an uproar,  
Before my door too ?

*First Towns.* By my troth, sir, we were so busy in the  
public cause of our own private falling-out, that we forgot it.  
At home we see now you were not ; but, as soon as the shot  
made us fly, we ran away as fast as we could to seek your  
honour.

*Alon.* 'Twas gravely<sup>2</sup> done ! but no man tells the cause,  
Or chance, or what it was, that made you differ.

*First Towns.* For my part, sir, if there were any that I  
knew of, the shot drove it out of my head.—Do you know any,  
neighbours ?

*The other Townsmen.* Not we, not we.

*Alon.* Not we !—Nor can you tell ?

*First Attend.* No other cause,  
But the old quarrel betwixt the town and the galleys.

*Alon.* Come nearer, gentlemen. What are your names ?

*Phil.* My name Philippo.

*Theod.* And mine Theodoro.

*Alon.* Strangers you are, it seems.

*Phil.* Newly arriv'd.

*Alon.* Then you are they begun this tumult.

*Phil.* No, sir.

*Alon.* Speak one of you.

*First Attend.* They are not ; I can quit 'em.

*Theod.* Yet we saw part, and an unhappy part,  
Of this debate ; a long-sought friend of ours  
Struck down for dead, and borne unto the galleys ;  
His name is Marc-Antonio.

*Phil.* And another  
Of our own company, a gentleman  
Of noble birth, besides accompanied  
With all the gifts of nature, ravish'd hence,  
We know not how, in this dissension.

<sup>1</sup> *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.

<sup>2</sup> *gravely*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "bravely" : but the old text is right.

*Alon.* Get you home all, and work ; and when I hear  
You meddle with a weapon any more,  
But those belonging to your trades, I'll lay you  
Where your best customers shall hardly find you.

[*Exeunt* Townsmen.]

I am sorry, gentlemen, I troubled you,  
Being both strangers, by your tongues and looks,  
Of worth : to make ye some part of amends,  
If there be any thing in this poor town  
Of Barcelona that you would command,  
Command me.

*Theod.* Sir, this wounded gentleman,  
If it might please you, if your power and love  
Extend so far, I would be glad to wish  
Might be remov'd into the town for cure :  
The galleys stay not ; and his wound, I know,  
Cannot endure a voyage.

*Alon.* Sir, he shall,  
I warrant you.—Go call me hither, sirrah,  
One of my other servants. [Exit First Attendant.]

*Phil.* And besides,  
The gentleman we lost, Signior Francisco,  
Shall he be render'd too ?

*Alon.* And he, sir, too.—

*Enter a Servant* <sup>k</sup>.

Go, sirrah, bear this ring [Giving ring.]  
To Roderigo, my most noble friend,  
The general of the galleys : tell him this.

[*Whispers to Servant, who then exit.*]

*Theod.* Now we shall have 'em both.

*Phil.* Blest be thy thoughts  
For apprehending this ! blest be thy breath  
For uttering it !

*Alon.* Come, gentlemen, you shall  
Enter my roof ; and I will send for surgeons,  
And you shall see your friends here presently.

<sup>k</sup> *Enter a Servant*] The first folio has "*Enter a Servant, Rowl : Ashton*",—meaning perhaps that the First Attendant (played by Rowley) re-entered here with the other Servant (played by Ashton). See note, p. 249.

*Theod.* His name was Marc-Antonio.

*Alon.* I know it,  
And have sent word so.

*Phil.* Did you not forget  
Francisco's name?

*Alon.* Nor his. You're truly welcome :  
To talk about it more, were but to say  
The same word often over : you are welcome. [Exeunt.]

*Re-enter* MARC-ANTONIO, carried by two Soldiers ; LEOCADIA  
disguised as before, and the Servant following.

*Serv.* This is the house, sir.

*Marc.* Enter it, I pray you ;  
For I am faint, although I think my wound  
Be nothing.—Soldiers, leave us now : I thank you.

*First Sold.* Heaven send you health, sir !

*Serv.* Let me lead you in.

*Marc.* My wound's not in my feet ; I shall entreat 'em,  
I hope, to bear me so far.

[Exit with LEOCADIA and the Servant.]

*Sec. Sold.* How seriously these land-men fled, when our  
general made a shot, as if he had been a-warning to call 'em  
to their hall !

*First Sold.* I cannot blame 'em : what man<sup>1</sup> have they  
now in the town able to maintain a tumult, or uphold a  
matter out of square, if need be ? Oh, the quiet hurly-burlies  
that I have seen in this town, when we have fought four  
hours together, and not a man amongst us so impertinent or  
modest to ask why ! but now the pillars, that bare up this  
blessed town in that regular debate and scrambling<sup>m</sup>, are dead,  
the more's the pity.

*Sec. Sold.* Old Ignatio lives still.

*First Sold.* Yes, I know him ; he will do prettily well at a  
man's liver : but where is there a man now living in the town  
that hath a steady hand, and understands anatomy well ? If  
it come to a particular matter of the lungs or the spleen,

<sup>1</sup> *what man*] So the second folio.—The first folio “*what a man*” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber !

<sup>m</sup> *scrambling*] i. e. scrambling (Coles in his *Dict.* renders *Scamble* and *Scramble* by the very same Latin terms).

why, alas, Ignatio is to seek <sup>n</sup>! Are there any such men left as I have known, that would say they would hit you in this place? is there ever a good heartist <sup>o</sup>, or a member-piercer, or a small-gut-man, left in the town? answer me that.

*Sec. Sold.* Mass, I think there be not.

*First Sold.* No, I warrant thee. Come, come; 'tis time we were at the galleys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the house of ALONZO.*

*Enter ALONZO, EUGENIA, MARC-ANTONIO, PHILIPPO; THEODOSIA and LEOCADIA disguised as before; and Attendants.*

*Alon.* Sir, you may know by what I said already  
You may command my house; but I must beg  
Pardon to leave you. If the public business  
Forc'd me not from you, I myself should call it  
Unmannerly; but, good sir, do you give it  
A milder name: it shall not be an hour  
Ere I return.

*Marc.* Sir, I was ne'er so poor  
In my own thoughts, as that I want a means  
To requite this with.

*Alon.* Sir, within this hour.

[*Exit.*

*Marc.* This [is] the lady<sup>p</sup> that I quarrell'd for:  
Oh, Lust, if wounds cannot restrain thy power,  
Let shame! nor do I feel my hurt at all,  
Nor is it aught; only I was well beaten.  
If I pursue it, all the civil world,  
That ever did imagine the content  
Found in the band of man and wife unbroke,  
The reverence due to households, or the blemish  
That may be stuck upon posterity,  
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my forehead,

<sup>n</sup> to seek] i. e. at a loss.

<sup>o</sup> heartist] In what sense this word is used here the context plainly shews: yet Sympson silently altered it to "artist"; and so his successors.

<sup>p</sup> This [is] the lady, &c.] Sympson silently printed "Is this the lady", &c.: but, though the second folio has an interrogation-point at the end of the line, the first folio has not.

“This is the wounded stranger, that, receiv'd  
For charity into a house, attempted”——  
I will not do it.

[*Aside.*]

*Eug.* Sir, how do you now,  
That you walk off?

*Marc.* Worse, madam, than I was;  
But it will over.

*Eug.* Sit, and rest a while.

*Marc.* Where are the surgeons?

*Eug.* Sir, it is their manner,  
When they have seen the wound, especially  
The patient being of worth, to go consult  
(Which they are now at in another room)  
About the dressing.

*Marc.* Madam, I do feel  
Myself not well.

*Theod.* Alas!

*Leoc.* How do you, sir?

*Eug.* Will you drink waters?

*Marc.* No, good madam; 'tis not  
So violent upon me, nor I think  
Any thing dangerous: but yet there are  
Some things that sit so heavy on my conscience,  
That will perplex my mind, and stop my cure;  
So that, unless I utter 'em, a scratch  
Here on my thumb will kill me.—Gentlemen,  
I pray you, leave the room, and come not in  
Yourselves, or any other, till I have  
Open'd myself to this most honour'd lady.

*Phil.* We will not.

*Theod.* Oh, blest! he will discover now  
His love to me.

[*Aside.*]

*Leoc.* Now he will tell the lady  
Our contract.

[*Aside.*][*Exeunt all except EUGENIA and MARC-ANTONIO.*]

*Eug.* I do believe he will confess to me  
The wrong he did a lady in the streets;  
But I forgive him.

[*Aside.*]

*Marc.* Madam, I perceive  
Myself grow worse and worse.

*Eug.* Shall I call back  
Your friends?

*Marc.* Oh, no! but, ere I do impart  
What burdens me so sore, let me entreat you  
(For there is no trust in these surgeons)  
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps  
My last request: but tell me truly too,  
(That must be in) how far you do imagine  
It will have power upon me.

*Eug.* Sir, I will.

*Marc.* For Heaven's sake, softly! Oh, I must needs lay  
My head down easily, whilst you do it!

*Eug.* Do, sir.—

'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child  
Of mine has had a greater, and been well:  
Are you faint-hearted?

*Marc.* Oh!

*Eug.* Why do you sigh?  
There is no danger in the world in this:  
I wonder it should make a man—Sit down.  
What do you mean? why do you kiss my breasts?  
Lift up your head; your wound may well endure it.

*Marc.* Oh, madam, may I not express affection  
(Dying affection too, I fear) to those  
That do me favours, such as this of yours?

*Eug.* If you mean so, 'tis well: but what's the business  
Lies on your conscience?

*Marc.* I will tell you, madam.

*Eug.* Tell me, and laugh?

*Marc.* But I will tell you true,  
Though I do laugh: I know as well as you,  
My wound is nothing; nor the power of earth  
Could lay a wound upon me in your presence,  
That I could feel: but I do laugh to think  
How covertly, how far beyond the reach  
Of men, and wise men too, we shall deceive 'em.  
Whilst they imagine I am talking here  
With that short breath I have, ready to swoon  
At every full point; you my ghostly mother



To hear my sad confession ; you and I  
Will on that bed within, prepar'd for me,  
Debate the matter privately.

*Eug.* Forbear !

Thou wert but now as welcome to this house  
As certain cures to sick men, and just now  
This sudden alteration makes thee look  
Like plagues come to infect it : if thou knew'st  
How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst entreat  
These walls or posts to help thee to a hurt,  
Past thy dissimulation.

*Marc.* Gentle madam,  
Call 'em not in.

*Eug.* I will not yet ; this place  
I know to be within the reach of tongue  
And ears ; thou canst not force me ; therefore hear me  
What I will tell thee quickly : thou art born  
To end some way more disesteem'd than this ;  
Or, which is worse, to die of this hurt yet.—  
Come, gentlemen !

*Marc.* Good madam——

*Eug.* Gentlemen !

*Re-enter* LEOCADIA.

*Leoc.* Madam, how is 't? is Marc-Antonio well?  
Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I see  
A strange distemper in you.

*Eug.* I am wrought  
By that dissembling man, that fellow, worth  
Nothing but kicking.

*Re-enter* PHILIPPO and THEODOSIA.

*Leoc.* Gentle madam, speak  
To me alone : let not them understand  
His fault : he will repent it, I dare swear.

*Eug.* I'll tell it you in private.     [*Whispers to her apart.*]

*Phil.* Marc-Antonio,  
How do you ?

*Marc.* Stand further off, I pray you ;  
Give me some air.

*Theod.* Good brother, will he scape?  
The surgeons say there is no danger.

*Phil.* Scape!

No doubt he will.

*Leoc.* Alas, will he not leave  
This trying all? [*Aside*—Madam, I do beseech you  
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,  
And I dare almost promise you to make him  
Shew himself truly sorrowful to you.  
Besides, a story I shall open to you,  
Not put in so good words, but in itself  
So full of chance, that you will easily  
Forgive my tediousness, and be well pleas'd  
With that so much afflicts me.

*Eug.* Good sir, do.

*Leoc.* And I desire no interruption  
Of speech may trouble me, till I have said  
What I will quickly do.

*Theod.* What will she say?

[*Aside.*

*Eug.* Come, gentlemen, I pray you, lend your ears,  
And keep your voices.

*Leoc.* Signior Marc-Antonio,  
How do you?

*Marc.* Oh, the surgeons!

*Leoc.* Let me tell you,  
Who know as well as you, you do dissemble,  
It is no time to do so: leave the thoughts  
Of this vain world, forget your flesh and blood,  
And make your spirit an untroubled way  
To pass to what it ought.

*Marc.* You're not in earnest?  
Why, I can walk, sir, and am well.

*Leoc.* 'Tis true  
That you can walk, and do believe you're well:  
It is the nature, as your surgeons say,  
Of these wounds, for a man to go, and talk,  
Nay, merrily, till his last hour, his minute:  
For Heaven-sake, sir, sit down again!

*Marc.* Alas,  
Where are the surgeons?

*Leoc.* Sir, they will not come :  
If they should dress you, you would die, they say,  
Ere one told twenty. Trouble not your mind,  
Keep your head warm, and do not stir your body,  
And you may live an hour.

*Marc.* Oh, Heavens, an hour !  
Alas, it is too little to remember  
But half the wrongs that I have done ! how short  
Then for contrition, and how least of all  
For satisfaction !

*Leoc.* But you desire  
To satisfy ?

*Marc.* Heaven knows, I do !

*Leoc.* Then know  
That I am he, or she, or what you will,  
Most wrong'd by you, your Leocadia,——  
I know you must remember me,——

*Marc.* Oh, Heaven !

*Leoc.* That lost her friends, that lost her father's house,  
That lost her fame in losing of her sex  
With these strange garments : there is no excuse  
To hinder me<sup>a</sup> ; it is within your power  
To give me satisfaction ; you have time  
Left in this little piece of life to do it :  
Therefore I charge you for your conscience' sake,  
And for our fame, which I would fain have live  
When both of us are dead, to celebrate  
That contract, which you have both seal'd and sworn,  
Yet ere you die ; which must be hastily,  
Heaven knows.

*Marc.* Alas, the sting of conscience  
To death-ward for our faults ! Draw nearer all,  
And hear what I, unhappy man, shall say.  
First, madam, I desire your pardon ; next,—  
I feel my spirits fail me,—gentlemen,  
Let me shake hands with you, and let 's be friends ;  
For I have done wrong upon wrong so thick,  
I know not where, that every man methinks

<sup>a</sup> *To hinder me*] “ i. e. that can be an hindrance to me.” MASON.

Should be mine enemy ; forgive me, both !  
 Lastly, 'tis true—oh, I do feel the power  
 Of death seize on me !—that I was contracted  
 By seal and oath to Leocadia ;—  
 I must speak fast, because I fear my life  
 Will else be shorter than my speech would be ;—  
 But 'tis impossible to satisfy  
 You, Leocadia, but by repentance,  
 Though I can dyingly and boldly say  
 I know not your dishonour ; yet that was  
 Your virtue, and not mine, you know it well :  
 But herein lies the impossibility ;—  
 Oh, Theodosia, Theodosia !—  
 I was betroth'd to Theodosia,  
 Before I ever saw thee ; Heaven forgive me !  
 She is my wife this half-hour whilst I live.

*Theod.* That's I, that's I ! I'm Theodosia !  
 Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd  
 Disgrace at all methinks, since you confess  
 What I so long have sought for. Here is with me  
 Philippo, too, my brother.

*Marc.* I am glad ;  
 All happiness to him ! Come, let me kiss thee,  
 Beg pardon of that maid for my offence ;  
 And let me further, with a dying breath,  
 Tell in thine ear the rest of my desires.

[*Whispers* THEODOSIA.]

*Eug.* I am afraid they will all four turn women,  
 If we hold longer talk.

*Leoc.* Alas, there is  
 No hope for me ! that's Theodosia,  
 And that her brother : I am only sorry  
 I was beholding<sup>r</sup> to 'em. I will search  
 Over the world, as careless of my fortunes  
 As they of me, till I can meet a curse  
 To make these almost-killing sorrows worse.

[*Aside, and then exit.*]

<sup>r</sup> *beholding*] i. e. beholden.

*Theod.* Sir, as I live, she lied, only to draw  
A just confession from you, which she hath ;  
A happy one for me. Ask of this lady,  
Ask of my brother.

*Eug.* Sir, she did dissemble :  
Your wound is nothing.

*Phil.* Leocadia's gone ! [*Aside, and then exit.*

*Theod.* Rise up, and stir yourself ; 'tis but amazement  
And your imagination that afflicts you ;  
Look you, sir, now ! [*He rises.*

*Marc.* I think 'tis so, indeed.

*Theod.* The surgeons do not come, because they swear  
It needs no dressing.

*Eug.* You shall talk with 'em  
Within, for your own fancy.

*Marc.* Where's your brother,  
And Leocadia ?

*Eug.* Within, belike.

*Marc.* I feel myself, methinks, as well as ever.

*Eug.* Keep, then, your mind so too : I do forgive  
The fault you did to me ; but here is one  
Must not be wrong'd hereafter.

*Marc.* Neither shall she :  
When I make jests of oaths again, or make  
My lust play with religion ; when I leave  
To keep true joys for her, and yet within  
Myself true sorrow for my passèd deeds ;  
May I want grace when I would fain repent,  
And find a great and sudden punishment !

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Barcelona. A street.*

*Enter PHILIPPO, INCUBO, and DIEGO.*

*Phil.* Where is mine host? did not he see him neither?

*Diego.* Not I, i' faith, sir.

*Phil.* Nor the muleteer?

*Inc.* Nay, he is past seeing, unless it be in's sleep,  
By this time; all his visions were the pots,  
Three hours since, sir.

*Phil.* Which way should she take?  
Nay, look you now! do you all stand still? Good Heaven<sup>s</sup>!  
You might have lighted on him. Now, this instant,  
For love's sake, seek him out! Whoever find [s] him,  
I will reward his fortune as his diligence.  
Get all the town to help, that will be hir'd:  
Their pains I'll turn to an annual holiday,  
If it shall chance but one bring word of her:  
Pray you, about it!

*Inc.* Her, sir! who do you mean?

*Phil.* I had forgot myself; the page, I meant,  
That came along with us.

*Diego.* He you gave the clothes to?

*Phil.* I ga' the clothes to, rascal!

*Diego.* Nay, good sir—

*Phil.* Why dost thou mention or upbraid my courtesies,  
Slave?

*Diego.* For your honour, sir.

*Phil.* Wretch! I was honour'd  
That she would<sup>t</sup> wear 'em—he, I would say—'sdeath!  
Go, get and find him out, or never see me.—  
I shall betray my love, ere I possess it:  
Some star direct me, or ill planet strike me!

*[Aside, and then exit.]*

*Inc.* Best to divide.

<sup>s</sup> *Heaven*] So the second folio.—The first folio "God."

<sup>t</sup> *would*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "should"; and so Weber.

*Diego.* I 'll this way.

*Inc.* And I this.

*Diego.* I, as you, find him for a real!

*Inc.* 'Tis done.<sup>u</sup>

*Diego.* My course is now directly to some pie-house ;  
I know the pages' compass.

*Inc.* I think rather  
The smock-side o' the town, the surer harbour  
At his years to put in.

*Diego.* If I do find  
The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth now.

*Inc.* I by the tail ; yet I as you.

*Diego.* No more. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Another street.*

*Enter PHILIPPO.*

*Phil.* Dear Leocadia, where canst thou be fled  
Thus, like a spirit, hence ? and in a moment ?  
What cloud can hide thee from my following search,  
If yet thou art a body ? Sure, she hath not  
Ta'en any house : she did too late leave one  
Where all humanity of a place receiv'd her,  
And would, if she had stay'd, have help'd to right  
The wrong her fortune did her. Yet she must  
Be enter'd somewhere, or be found ; no street,  
Lane, passage, corner, turn, hath scap'd inquiry.  
If her despair had ravish'd her to air,  
She could not yet be rarefied so,  
But some of us should meet her : though their eyes

<sup>u</sup> *I, as you, find him for a real !*

*Inc.* 'Tis done] " This appears to have been the language of the time in laying a wager. So Incubo says afterwards,

' I by the tail ; yet I as you.'

In [Shakespeare's] *Troilus and Cressida*, [act iii. sc. 2,] Pandarus says,

' The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river' ;

meaning, that he would bet on the side of the falcon against the tercel." MASON.  
—Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read " *I, or you* ", &c.

Perhaps be leaden, and might turn, mine would  
Strike out a lightning for her, and divide  
A mist as thick as ever darkness was,  
Nay, see her through a quarry : they do lie,  
Lie grossly, that say Love is blind ; by him,  
And Heaven, they lie ! he has a sight can pierce  
Through ivory, as clear as it were horn,  
And reach his object.

*Enter INCUBO.*

*Inc.* Sir, he's found, he's found !

*Phil.* Ha ! where ? but reach that happy note again,  
And let it relish truth, thou art an angel.

*Inc.* He's here ; fast by, sir ; calling for a boat  
To go aboard the galleys.

*Phil.* Where, where ? Hold thee. [*Gives money, and exit.*]

*Inc.* He might ha' kept this now, I had nought to shew  
for 't,  
If he had had the wit to have gone from 's word :  
These direct men, they are no men of fashion ;  
Talk what you will, this is a very smelt.<sup>v</sup> [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of the Surgeon.*

*Enter LEONARDO and Surgeon.*

*Leo.* Upon your art, sir, and your faith to assist it,  
Shall I believe you, then, his wound 's not mortal ?

*Surg.* Sir, 'tis not worth your question, less your fear.

*Leo.* You do restore me, sir : I pray you accept  
This small remembrance of a father's thanks  
For so assur'd a benefit.

*Surg.* Excuse me.

*Leo.* Sir, I can spare it, and must not believe  
But that your fortune may receive 't ; except  
You 'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.

[*Gives purse.*]

*Surg.* I crave your pardon, sir ; you teach me manners.

<sup>v</sup> *smelt*] i.e. gull, simpleton.



*Leo.* I crave your love and friendship ; and require,  
 As I have made now both myself and business  
 A portion of your care, you will but bring me,  
 Under the person of a call'd assistant,  
 To his next opening <sup>w</sup> ; where I may but see him,  
 And utter a few words to him in private ;  
 And you will merit me ; for I am loath,  
 Since here I have not to appear myself,  
 Or to be known unto the governor,  
 Or make a tumult of my purpose.

*Surg.* Neither  
 I hope will be your need, sir : I shall bring you  
 Both there, and off again, without the hazard. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV.—*The harbour.*

*Enter* LEOCADIA *disguised as before, and* PHILIPPO.

*Phil.* Will you not hear me ?

*Leoc.* I have heard so much  
 Will keep me deaf for ever. No, Marc-Antony,  
 After thy sentence, I may hear no more :  
 Thou hast pronounc'd me dead.

*Phil.* Appeal to Reason :  
 She will relieve you from the power of grief,  
 Which rules but in her absence : hear me say  
 A sovereign message from her, which in duty  
 And love to your own safety you ought hear.  
 Why do you strive so ? whither would you fly ?  
 You cannot wrest yourself away from care,  
 You may from counsel ; you may shift your place,  
 But not your person ; and another clime  
 Makes you no other.

*Leoc.* Oh !

*Phil.* For passion's sake,  
 (Which I do serve, honour, and love in you,)

---

<sup>w</sup> *his next opening*] i.e. the next uncovering of his wounds, for the sake of examining and dressing them.

If you will sigh, sigh here ; if you would vary  
 A sigh to tears or outcry, do it here :  
 No shade, no desert, darkness, nor the grave,  
 Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I :  
 Only but hear me speak !

*Leoc.* What would you say ?

*Phil.* That which shall raise your heart, or pull down mine,  
 Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own ;  
 We must have both one balsam, or one wound.  
 For know, lov'd fair, since the first providence  
 Made me your rescue, I have read you through,  
 And with a wondering pity look'd on you ;  
 I have observ'd the method of your blood,  
 And waited on it even with sympathy  
 Of a like red and paleness in mine own ;  
 I knew which blush was anger's, which was love's,  
 Which was the eye of sorrow, which of truth ;  
 And could distinguish honour from disdain  
 In every change ; and you are worth my study :  
 I saw your voluntary misery  
 Sustain'd in travel ; a disguisèd maid,  
 Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost ;  
 Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by ;  
 I saw it, and have laid it to my heart ;  
 And though it were my sister which was righted,  
 Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,  
 Could not be glad, where I was bound to triumph,  
 My care for you so drown'd respect of her ;  
 Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,  
 But studied your release ; and for that day  
 Have I made up a ransom, brought you health,  
 Preservative 'gainst chance or injury,  
 Please you apply it to the grief,—myself.

*Leoc.* Hum.

*Phil.* Nay, do not think me less than such a cure :  
 Antonio was not ; and 'tis possible  
 Philippo may succeed : my blood and house  
 Are as deep-rooted and as fairly spread  
 As Marc-Antonio's ; and in that all seek,

Fortune hath given him no precedency ;  
 As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn  
 Incense as much as he ; I ever durst  
 Walk with Antonio by the selfsame light  
 At any feast or triumph, and ne'er car'd  
 Which side my lady or her woman took  
 In their survey ; I durst have told my tale too,  
 Though his discourse new ended.

*Leoc.* My repulse——

*Phil.* Let not that torture you, which makes me happy ;  
 Nor think that conscience, fair, which is no shame :  
 'Twas no repulse ; it<sup>y</sup> was your dowry rather ;  
 For then methought a thousand graces met  
 To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories  
 Of constant virtue, which you then out-reach'd  
 In one example, did proclaim you rich :  
 Nor do I think you wretched or disgrac'd  
 After this suffering, and do therefore take  
 Advantage of your need ; but rather know  
 You are the charge and business of those powers,  
 Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks  
 Upon great natures and of noblest hopes ;  
 Read trivial lessons and half lines to slugs :  
 They that live long, and never feel mischance,  
 Spend more than half their age in ignorance.

*Leoc.* 'Tis well you think so.

*Phil.* You shall think so too ;  
 You shall, sweet Leocadia, and do so.

*Leoc.* Good sir, no more ! you have too fair a shape  
 To play so foul a part in as the tempter :  
 Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,  
 Who should absolve me of my vow yet, ha ?  
 My contract made ?

*Phil.* Your contract !

*Leo.* Yes, my contract :  
 Am I not his ? his wife ?

*Phil.* Sweet, nothing less.

*Leoc.* I have no name, then ?

*Phil.* Truly, then, you have not :  
How can you be his wife, who was before  
Another's husband ?

*Leoc.* Oh, though he dispense  
With his faith given, I cannot with mine !

*Phil.* You do mistake, clear soul ; his pre-contràct  
Doth annul yours, and you have given no faith  
That ties you in religion or humanity ;  
You rather sin against that greater precept,  
To covet what's another's ; sweet, you do ;  
Believe me, who dare not urge dishonest things :  
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take  
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,  
And weigh them with your safeties : think but whither  
Now you can go ; what you can do to live ;  
How near you ha' barr'd all ports to your own succour,  
Except this one that I here open, love.  
Should you be left alone, you were a prey  
To the wild lust of any who would look  
Upon this shape like a temptation,  
And think you want the man you personate ;  
Would not regard this shift, which love put on,  
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice ;  
So should you live the slander of each sex,  
And be the child of error and of shame ;  
And, which is worse, even Marc-Antony  
Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off,  
And fame report you worthy his contempt ;  
Where,<sup>z</sup> if you make new choice, and settle here,  
There is no further tumult in this flood,  
Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions  
Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid ?  
Go home a wife : alone ? and in disguise ?  
Go home a waited Leocadia ;  
Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,  
Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd ;

<sup>z</sup> *Where*] i. e. *Whereas*.

Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,  
 And all his loud grief to a silent welcome ;  
 Unfold the riddles you have made. What say you ?  
 Now is the time ; delay is but despair :  
 If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so.

*Leoc.* I am ; but how, I rather feel than know.

[*He kisses her.*]

*Enter SANCHIO carried in a chair by two Servants, ALPHONSO, and Servants.*

*Sanc.* Come, sir ; you are welcome now to Barcelona.—  
 Take off my hood.

*Phil.* Who be these ? stay, let 's view 'em.

*Alph.* 'Twas a long journey ; are you not weary, sir ?

*Sanc.* Weary ! I could have rid it in mine armour.

*Leoc.* Alas !

*Phil.* What ail you, dear ?

*Leoc.* It is my father.

*Phil.* Your father ! which ?

*Leoc.* He that is carried. Oh,

Let us make hence !

*Phil.* For love's sake, good my heart—

*Leoc.* Into some house, before he see me.

*Phil.* Dear,

Be not thus frightened.

*Leoc.* Oh, his wrath is tempest !

*Phil.* Sweet, take your spirit to you, and stay. Be 't he,  
 He cannot know you in this habit ; and me  
 I 'm sure he less knows, for he never saw me.

*Alph.* Ha ! who is that ? my son Philippo !

*Phil.* Sir !

*Alph.* Why, what make you here ? is this Salamanca ?  
 And that your study ? ha ?—Nay, stay him too ;  
 We 'll see him, by his leave.

*First Serv.* You must not strive, sir. [Holding *LEOC.*]

*Alph.* No, no ; come near.

*Sanc.* My daughter ! Leocadia !

*Alph.* How, sir ! your daughter !

*Sanc.* Yes, sir ; and as sure

As that's your son.—Come hither : what now ? run  
 Out o' your sex ? breech'd ? was it not enough  
 At once to leave thy father and thine honour,  
 Unless thou 'dst quit thyself too ?

*Phil.* Sir, what fault  
 She can be urg'd of,<sup>a</sup> I must take on me  
 The guilt and punishment.

*Sanc.* You must, sir ! how  
 If you shall not, though you must ? I deal not  
 With boys, sir, I : you have a father here  
 Shall do me right.

*Alph.* Thou art not mad, Philippo ?  
 Art thou Marc-Antony, son to Leonardo ?  
 Our business is to them. [LEOCADIA steals out.

*Sanc.* No, no, no, no :  
 I'll ha' the business now with you, none else :  
 Pray you, let's speak in private.—Carry me to him.—  
 Your son's the ravisher, sir ; and here I find him :  
 I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,  
 And do me right with your sword, sir, as becomes  
 One gentleman of honour to another :  
 All this is fair, sir ; here's the sea fast by ;  
 Upon the sands we will determine.<sup>b</sup>  
 'Tis that I call you to ; let's make no days on't ;  
 I'll lead your way.—To the sea-side, rascals !

*Phil.* Sir,  
 I would beseech your stay ; he may not follow you.

*Sanc.* No ?—Turn.—I'll kill him here, then.—Slaves,  
 rogues, blocks,  
 Why do you not bear me to him ? ha' you been  
 Acquainted with my motions, logs, so long,  
 And yet not know to time 'em ?

<sup>a</sup> *She can be urg'd of*] "Sympson thinks that we ought to read 'urg'd with.' The editors [of 1778] support the present reading by remarking that, in the old authors, *of* is often used in the sense of *with*. The assertion is true, but not applicable to the present passage ; for the expression here used—

'what fault she can be *urg'd of*,'

is a Latinism, a translation of *urgetur criminum*." MASON.

<sup>b</sup> *determine*] Qy. "determine it" ?

*Phil.* Were you, sir,  
Not impotent—

*Alph.* Hold you your peace, boy!

*Sanc.* Impotent!

'Death, I'll cut his throat first, and then his father's!

*Alph.* You must provide you, then, a sharper razor  
Than is your tongue; for I not fear your sword.

*Sanc.* 'Heart, bear me to either of 'em!

*Phil.* Pray, sir, your patience.

*Enter ALONZO and Attendants.*

*Alph.* My curse light on thee, if thou stay him!

*Phil.* Hold!

*Alon.* Why, what's the matter, gentlemen? what tumult  
Is this you raise i' the street? before my door?  
Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here?

*Sanc.* Yes, and to use it—Bear me up to him, rogues—  
Thus, at a traitor's heart!

*Alph.* Truer than thine.

*Alon.* Strike, strike; some of the people disarm 'em;  
Kill 'em, if they resist.

*Phil.* Nay, generous sir,  
Let not your courtesy turn fury now.

*Alon.* Lay hold upon 'em; take away their weapons:  
I will be worth an answer, ere we part.

*Phil.* It is the governor, sir.

*Alph.* I yield myself. [Gives up his sword.]

*Sanc.* My sword! what think'st thou of me? pray thee,  
tell me.

*First Attend.* As of a gentleman.

*Sanc.* No more?

*First Attend.* Of worth  
And quality.

*Sanc.* An I should quit my sword,  
There were small worth or quality in that, friend:  
Pray thee, learn thou more worth and quality  
Than to demand it.

*Alon.* Force it, I say!

*First Attend.* The governor,  
You hear, commands.

*Sanc.* The governor shall pardon me.

*Phil.* How! Leocadia gone again! [*Aside, and then exit.*]

*Sanc.* He shall, friend,  
I' the point of honour, by his leave; so tell him:  
His person and authority I acknowledge,  
And do submit me to it; but my sword,  
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen governors;  
That and I dwell together, and must yet,  
Till my hands part, assure him.

*Alon.* I say, force it! [*His sword is taken from him.*]

*Sanc.* Stay, hear me: hast thou ever read Caranza<sup>c</sup>?  
Understand'st thou honour, noble governor?

*Alon.* For that we'll have more fit dispute.

*Sanc.* Your name, sir?

*Alon.* You shall know that too, but on colder terms;  
Your blood and brain are now too hot to take it.

*Sanc.* Force my sword from me! this is an affront.

<sup>c</sup> *Caranza*] "Carranza (Jérôme), né à Seville, dans le 16<sup>e</sup> siècle, chevalier de l'ordre du Christ en Portugal, passa en Amérique en 1589, fut gouverneur de la province de Honduras, et écrivit sur l'art des armes, principalement de l'épée, soit pour l'attaque, soit pour la défense. Il est le premier qui parait avoir réduit en pratique la théorie publiée par un nommé Jean Pons de Perpignan. Son ouvrage, qui est rare et recherché, a pour titre, *De la filosofia de las armas, de su destreza, y de la agression y defension christiana*, San-Lucar, 1569, in 4<sup>o</sup>, et 1582, même format. On publia en 1612 un abrégé du traité de Carranza [by Pacheco de Narvaez]." *Biog. Univ.*—"Together with Pacheco de Narvaez and some others, Caranza was held in the highest esteem in his own country, and conceived himself one of the greatest of mortals. When he and his comrades became the subject of ridicule, and fell under the lash of such men as Quevedo and Bartolomeo Leonardo de Argensola, they not unfrequently retorted by burlesquing their compositions, some of them possessing the talent of rhyming in conjunction with that of fencing. An admirable travesty by Caranza of an ode of Luis de Leon has been printed from a manuscript in the *Parnaso Espannol* (vol. ix. p. 189). Caranza is celebrated in Cervantes's *Canto de Caliope* and in Lope de Vega's comedy *Los Locos de Valencia*. Our early dramatists have levelled many satirical passages at Caranza and his followers. Mr. Gifford observes that a speech of the Host, in Jonson's *New Inn*, act ii. sc. 2, would seem to prove that Caranza's reputation had declined when that comedy was written,—

'They had their times, and we can say, *they were*:  
So had *Caranza* his.'" WEBER (the note altered).



*Alon.* Bring 'em away.

*Sanc.* You 'll do me reparation ?

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter PHILIPPO.*

*Phil.* I have for ever lost her, and am lost,  
And worthily ; my tameness hath undone me :  
She is gone hence, asham'd of me ; yet I seek her :  
Will she be ever found to me again,  
Whom she saw stand so poorly, and dare nothing  
In her defence here, when I should have drawn  
This sword out, like a meteor, and have shot it  
In both our parents' eyes, and left 'em blind  
Unto their impotent angers ? Oh, I am worthy  
On whom this loss and scorn should light to death,  
Without the pity that should wish me better,  
Either alive, or in my epitaph !

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE V.—*An apartment in the house of ALONZO.*

*Enter LEONARDO and MARC-ANTONIO.*

*Leo.* Well, son, your father is too near himself,  
And hath too much of nature, to put off  
Any affection that belongs to you :  
I could have only wish'd you had acquainted  
Her father, whom it equally concerns,  
Though you'd presum'd on me ; it might have open'd  
An easier gate and path to both our joys ;  
For, though I am none of those flinty fathers  
That, when their children do but natural things,  
Turn rock and offence straight, yet, Marc-Antonio,  
All are not of my quarry.

*Marc.* 'Tis my fear, sir ;  
And, if hereafter I should e'er abuse  
So great a piety, it were my malice.

*Enter Attendants.*

*First Attend.* We must entreat you, gentlemen, to take

Another room ; the governor is coming  
Here on some business.

*Marc.* We will give him way.

[*Exeunt* LEONARDO and MARC-ANTONIO.]

*Enter* ALONZO, SANCHIO *carried in a chair by two* Servants,  
ALPHONSO, and Attendants.

*Sanc.* I will have right, sir, on you (that believe),  
If there be any marshal's court in Spain.

*Alon.* For that, sir, we shall talk.

*Sanc.* [Pox]<sup>d</sup>, do not slight me,  
Though I am without a sword !

*Alon.* Keep to your chair, sir.

*Sanc.* [Pox], let me fall, and hurl my chair, slaves, at him !

*Alon.* You are the more temper'd man, sir ; let me entreat  
Of you the manner how this brawl fell out.

*Alph.* Fell out ! I know not how, nor do I care much ;  
But here we came, sir, to this town together,  
Both in one business and one wrong engag'd,  
To seek one Leonardo, an old Genoese——  
I ha' said enough there ; would you more ?—false father  
Of a false son, call'd Marc-Antonio,  
Who had stole both our daughters ; and which father,  
Conspiring with his son in treachery,  
It seem'd, to fly our satisfaction,  
Was, as we heard, come private to this town,  
Here to take ship for Italy.

*Re-enter* LEONARDO and MARC-ANTONIO.

*Leo.* You heard  
More than was true, then, by the fear or falsehood :  
And, though I thought not to reveal myself  
(Pardon my manners in 't) to you, for some  
Important reasons, yet, being thus character'd  
And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and do,  
To who dares threaten.

*Marc.* I say he is not worthy

<sup>d</sup> [Pox] Here, and in the next speech of Sanchio, both the folios have a break.

The name of man, or any honest preface,  
That dares report or credit such a slander.  
Do you, sir, say it?

*Alph.* Sir, I do say it.

*Alon.* Hold!—

Is this your father, Signior Marc-Antonio?  
You have ill-requited me, thus to conceal him  
From him would honour him, and do him service.

*Leo.* 'Twas not his fault, sir.

*Enter* EUGENIA.

*Eug.* Where's my lord?

*Alon.* Sweetheart!

*Eug.* Know you these gentlemen? they are all the fathers  
Unto our friends.

*Alon.* So it appears, my dove.

*Sanc.* Sir, I say nothing: I do want a sword;  
And, till I have a sword, I will say nothing.

*Eug.* Good sir, command these gentlemen their arms;  
Entreat<sup>e</sup> 'em as your friends, not as your prisoners.  
Where be their swords?

*Alon.* Restore each man his weapon.

[*Attendants restore their swords to* SANCHIO *and* ALPHONSO.]

*Sanc.* It seems thou hast not read Caranza, fellow:  
I must have reparation of honour,  
As well as this; I find that wounded.

*Alon.* Sir,

I did not know your quality: if I had,  
'Tis like I should have done you more respects.

*Sanc.* It is sufficient, by Caranza's rule.

*Eug.* I know it is, sir.

*Sanc.* Have you read Caranza, lady?

*Eug.* If you mean him that writ upon the duel,  
He was my kinsman.

*Sanc.* Lady, then you know,  
By the right noble writings of your kinsman,  
My honour is as dear to me as the king's.

*Eug.* 'Tis very true, sir.

<sup>e</sup> *Entreat*] i.e. Treat.

*Sanc.* Therefore I must crave  
Leave to go on now with my first dependence<sup>u</sup>.

*Eug.* What, ha' you more?

*Alon.* None here, good signior.

*Sanc.* I will refer me to Caranza still.

*Eug.* Nay, love, I prithee, let me manage this.—  
With whom is't, sir?

*Sanc.* With that false man Alphonso.

*Eug.* Why, he has the advantage, sir, in legs.

*Sanc.* But I

In truth, and hand, and heart, and a good sword.

*Eug.* But how if he will not stand you, sir?

*Alph.* For that,

Make it no question, lady: I will stick  
My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.

*Sanc.* Oh, would thou wouldst!

*Alph.* I'll do it.

*Sanc.* Let me kiss him.

I fear thou wilt not yet.

*Eug.* Why, gentlemen,

If you'll proceed according to Caranza,  
Methinks an easier way were two good chairs;  
So you would be content, sir, to be bound,  
'Cause he is lame: I'll fit you with like weapons,  
Pistols and poniards, and even end it, if  
The difference between you be so mortal  
It cannot be ta'en up<sup>v</sup>.

*Sanc.* Ta'en up! take off  
This head first.

*Alph.* Come, bind me in a chair.

*Eug.* Yes, do.

[ALPH. is bound in a chair.]

*Alon.* What mean you, dove?

*Eug.* Let me alone;—

And set 'em at their distance: when you ha' done,  
Lend me two poniards; I'll have pistols ready  
Quickly.

[Exit.]

<sup>u</sup> dependence] i. e. ground or cause of quarrel.

<sup>v</sup> ta'en up] i. e. made up, settled.

*Enter PHILIPPO.*

*Phil.* She is not here [*Aside*].—Marc-Antonio,  
Saw you not Leocadia?

*Marc.* Not I, brother.

*Phil.* Brother, let's speak with you. You were false unto  
her.

*Marc.* I was, but have ask'd pardon: why do you urge it?

*Phil.* You were not worthy of her.

*Marc.* May be I was not;  
But 'tis not well, you tell me so.

*Phil.* My sister  
Is not so fair——

*Marc.* It skills not<sup>w</sup>.

*Phil.* Nor so virtuous.

*Marc.* Yes, she must be as virtuous.

*Phil.* I would fain——

*Marc.* What, brother?

*Phil.* Strike you.

*Marc.* I shall not bear strokes,  
Though I do these strange words.

*Phil.* Will you not kill me?

*Marc.* For what, good brother?

*Phil.* Why, for speaking well  
Of Leocadia.

*Marc.* No, indeed.

*Phil.* Nor ill  
Of Theodosia?

*Marc.* Neither.

*Phil.* Fare you well, then.

[*Going.*]

*Re-enter EUGENIA, with LEOCADIA, THEODOSIA, and a Servant  
carrying two pistols.*

*Eug.* Nay, you shall have as noble seconds too  
As ever duellists had.—Give 'em their weapons.—

[*SANCHIO and ALPH. receive the weapons.*]

Now, Saint Iago!

*Sanc.* Are they charg'd?

<sup>w</sup> *skills not*] i. e. matters not.

*Eug.* Charg'd, sir!

I warrant you.

*Alph.* Would they were well discharg'd!

*Sanc.* I like a sword much better, I confess.

*Eug.* Nay, wherefore stay you? shall I mend your mark?  
Strike one another thorough these!

*Phil.* My love!

*Alph.* My Theodosia!

*Sanc.* I ha' not the heart.

*Alph.* Nor I.

*Eug.* Why, here is a dependence ended.—

Unbind that gentleman.—Come, take here to you  
Your sons and daughters, and be friends! a feast  
Waits you within, is better than your fray.—  
Lovers, take you your own; and all forbear,  
Under my roof, either to blush or fear!—  
My love, what say you? could Caranza himself  
Carry a business better?

*Alon.* It is well:

All are content, I hope; and we well eas'd,  
If they for whom we have done all this be pleas'd. [*Exeunt.*



**THE**  
**TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.**



*The Two Noble Kinsmen : Presented at the Blackfriars by the Kings Majesties servants,  
with great applause : Written by the memorable Worthies of their time ;*

*{ Mr. John Fletcher, and  
Mr. William Shakspeare. } Gent.*

*Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for John Waterson : and are to be sold at the signe of the  
Crowne in Pauls Church-yard. 1634, 4to.*

**In the folio of 1679.**

CONCERNING the date and authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, some observations will be found in the *Account of B. and F. and their Writings*.

The story of this tragedy (as the Prologue declares) is derived from the well-known *Knights Tale* of Chaucer, which is founded on the *Teseide* of Boccaccio.

An alteration of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, under the title of *The Rivals*, (which has been attributed to Sir W. Davenant,) was acted with applause at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1668.



## PROLOGUE.

[*Flourish.*

—◆—

NEW plays and maidenheads are near a-kin ;  
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,  
If they stand sound and well : and a good play  
(Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,  
And shake to lose his honour) is like her  
That after holy tie, and first night's stir,  
Yet still is modesty, and still retains  
More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.  
We pray our play may be so ; for I 'm sure  
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,  
A learnèd, and a poet never went  
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent :  
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the story gives ;  
There constant to eternity it lives.  
If we let fall the nobleness of this,  
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,  
How will it shake the bones of that good man,  
And make him cry from under ground, " Oh, fan  
From me the witless chaff of such a writer  
That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works makes lighter  
Than Robin Hood !" This is the fear we bring ;  
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,  
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.  
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim  
In this deep water, do but you hold out  
Your helping hands, and we shall <sup>a</sup> tack about,  
And something do to save us : you shall hear  
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear  
Worth two hours' travail. To his bones sweet sleep !  
Content to you !—If this play do not keep  
A little dull time from us, we perceive  
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave. [ *Flourish.*

<sup>a</sup> shall] Weber chose to print " will."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

PIRITHOUS, an Athenian general.

ARTESIUS, an Athenian captain.

PALAMON, }  
ARCITE, } nephews to CREON king of Thebes.

VALERIUS, a Theban nobleman.

Six Knights.

Herald.

Jailer.

Wooser to the Jailer's Daughter.

Doctor.

Brother, }  
Friends, } to the Jailer.

Gentleman.

GERROLD, a schoolmaster.

Countrymen, Messengers, a man personating Hymen, Boy, Executioner, Guard,  
and Attendants.

HIPPOLYTA, an Amazon, bride to THESEUS.

EMILIA, her sister.

Three Queens.

Jailer's Daughter.

Waiting-woman to EMILIA.

Country wenches, and Women personating Nymphs.

SCENE.—*Athens and the neighbourhood, except in part of the first act,  
where it is Thebes and the neighbourhood.*

THE  
TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. Before a Temple.*

---

*Enter HYMEN with a torch burning ; a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing, and strewing flowers ; after HYMEN, a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland ; then THESEUS, between two other Nymphs, with wheaten chaplets on their heads ; then HIPPOLYTA, the bride, led by PIRITHOUS<sup>a</sup>, and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging ; after her, EMILIA, holding up her train ; ARTESIUS and Attendants.*

SONG *by the Boy.*

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,  
Not royal in their smells alone,  
But in their hue ;  
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,  
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,  
And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,  
Merry spring-time's harbinger,  
With her bells dim ;  
Oxlips in their cradles growing,  
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,  
Larks'-heels trim ;

All dear Nature's children sweet,  
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,  
Blessing their sense !

[*Strewing flowers.*]

---

<sup>a</sup> *Pirithous*] Theobald's correction.—Old eds. "Theseus".

Not an angel<sup>b</sup> of the air,  
 Bird melodious or bird fair,  
 Be<sup>c</sup> absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor  
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar<sup>d</sup>,  
 Nor chattering pie,  
 May on our bride-house perch or sing,  
 Or with them any discord bring,  
 But from it fly !

*Enter Three Queens, in black, with veils stained, and wearing imperial crowns. The First Queen falls down at the foot of THESEUS ; the Second falls down at the foot of HIPPOLYTA ; the Third before EMILIA.*

*First Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,  
 Hear, and respect me !

*Sec. Queen.* For your mother's sake,  
 And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,  
 Hear, and respect me !

*Third Queen.* Now, for the love of him whom Jove hath  
 mark'd  
 The honour of your bed, and for the sake  
 Of clear virginity, be advocate  
 For us and our distresses ! This good deed  
 Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses  
 All you are set down there.

*Thes.* Sad lady, rise.

*Hip.* Stand up.

*Emi.* No knees to me :  
 What woman I may stead that is distress'd,  
 Does bind me to her.

*Thes.* What's your request ? deliver you for all.

*First Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell  
 before  
 The wrath of cruel Creon ; who endure<sup>e</sup>

<sup>b</sup> *angel*] i. e. bird : see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 36, ed. 1813.

<sup>c</sup> *Be*] Old eds. "Is".

<sup>d</sup> *chough hoar*] Seward's correction.—Old eds. "Clough hee" (and "he").

<sup>e</sup> *endure*] Mason's correction.—Old eds. "endured"; and so the modern editors,

The beaks of ravens, talents<sup>f</sup> of the kites,  
 And pecks of crows, in the foul fields<sup>g</sup> of Thebes :  
 He will not suffer us to burn their bones,  
 To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence  
 Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye  
 Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds  
 With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke !  
 Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,  
 That does good turns to the world ; give us the bones  
 Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them ;  
 And, of<sup>h</sup> thy boundless goodness, take some note  
 That for our crownèd heads we have no roof  
 Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,  
 And vault to every thing !

*Thes.* Pray you, kneel not :

I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd  
 Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes  
 Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting  
 As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.  
 King Capanëus<sup>i</sup> was your lord : the day  
 That he should marry you, at such a season  
 As now it is with me, I met your groom  
 By Mars's altar ; you were that time fair,  
 Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,  
 Nor in more bounty spread her ; your wheaten wreath  
 Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted ; Fortune at you  
 Dimpled her cheek with smiles ; Hercules our kinsman  
 (Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,—  
 He tumbled down upon his Nemean<sup>j</sup> hide,  
 And swore his sinews thaw'd. Oh, Grief and Time,  
 Fearful consumers, you will all devour !

*First Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,  
 Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,

<sup>f</sup> *talents*] i e. alons ; see note, p. 152 —The modern editors silently print "talons".

<sup>g</sup> *fields*] Seward silently printed "field",—rightly perhaps.

<sup>h</sup> *of*] "i. e. out of". MASON.

<sup>i</sup> *Capanëus*] The reader need hardly be reminded that the classical pronunciation of the name is Capanēūs.

<sup>j</sup> *Nemean*] Old eds. "Nenuan".



Whereto he 'll infuse power, and press you forth  
Our undertaker !

*Thes.* Oh, no knees, none, widow !  
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,  
And pray for me, your soldier.—  
Troubled I am.

[*Turns away.*]

*Sec. Queen.* Honour'd Hippolyta,  
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain  
The scythe-tusk'd boar ; that, with thy arm as strong  
As it is white, wast near to make the male  
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord  
(Born to uphold creation in that honour  
First Nature styl'd it in) shrunk thee into  
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing  
Thy force and thy affection ; soldieress,  
That equally canst poise sternness with pity ;  
Who<sup>k</sup> now, I know, hast much more power on him  
Than ever he had on thee ; who ow'st<sup>l</sup> his strength  
And his love too, who is a servant for<sup>m</sup>  
The tenor of thy<sup>n</sup> speech ; dear glass of ladies,  
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,  
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us ;  
Require him he advance it o'er our heads ;  
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman  
As any of us three ; weep ere you fail ;  
Lend us a knee ;  
But touch the ground for us no longer time  
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off ;  
Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,  
Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,  
What you would do !

*Hip.* Poor lady, say no more :  
I had as lief trace this good action with you  
As that whereto I am going, and never yet  
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken

<sup>k</sup> *Who*] Old eds. " Whom ".

<sup>l</sup> *ow'st*] " i. e. own'st ". SEWARD.

<sup>m</sup> *for*] Altered by Seward to " to " ; and so his successors, Mr. Knight  
excepted.

<sup>n</sup> *thy*] Old eds. " the ".

Heart-deep with your distress : let him consider ;  
I'll speak anon.

*Third Queen.* Oh, my petition was [To EMILIA.]  
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,  
Melts into drops ; so sorrow, wanting form,  
Is press'd with deeper matter.

*Emi.* Pray, stand up :  
Your grief is written in your cheek.

*Third Queen.* Oh, woe !  
You cannot read it there ; there, through my tears,  
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,  
You may behold 'em<sup>o</sup>. Lady, lady, alack,  
He that will all the treasure know o' the earth  
Must know the centre too ; he that will fish  
For my least minnow, let him lead his line  
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me !  
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,  
Makes me a fool.

*Emi.* Pray you, say nothing ; pray you :  
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in 't,  
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were  
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,  
To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed ;  
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration !) but, alas,  
Being a natural sister of our sex,  
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,  
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst  
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,  
Though it were made of stone : pray, have good comfort.

<sup>o</sup> *You cannot read it there ; there, through my tears,  
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,*

*You may behold 'em*] Old eds. "a glasse streame".—Seward, with the approbation of Simpson, printed "here *through my tears*," &c. "as she evidently points at her heart, and so explains herself in the sequel"; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.—"But though she speaks of her heart afterwards, she alludes in this place to her eyes, which she compares to pebbles viewed through a glassy stream; a description which would not apply to her heart." MASON.—The meaning, says Heath (*MS. Notes*) is—"You cannot read my griefs there in my countenance ; indeed, you may behold them there dimly, and through a troubled medium, my tears, just like pebbles that appear wrinkled and distorted through the curling waters that cover them". The plural "'em" applied to the preceding singular "*grief*" may be defended by various passages in these plays.

*Thes.* Forward to the temple ! leave not out a jot  
O' the sacred ceremony.

*First Queen.* Oh, this celebration  
Will long [er] last, and be more costly, than  
Your suppliants' war ! Remember that your fame  
Knolls in the ear o' the world : what you do quickly  
Is not done rashly ; your first thought is more  
Than others' labour'd meditative ; your premeditating  
More than their actions ; but, (oh, Jove !) your actions,  
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,  
Subdue before they touch : think, dear duke, think  
What beds our slain kings have !

*Sec. Queen.* What griefs our beds,  
That our dear lords have none !

*Third Queen.* None fit for the dead !  
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance<sup>p</sup>,  
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves  
Been Death's most horrid agents, human grace  
Affords them dust and shadow.

*First Queen.* But our lords  
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,  
And were good kings when living.

*Thes.* It is true ;  
And I will give you comfort,  
To give your dead lords graves<sup>q</sup> :  
The which to do must make some work with Creon.

<sup>p</sup> *drams, precipitance*] The old eds. have no point between these words. —“Mr. Sympson and I disjoin these two, the one expressing poison, the other leaping down precipices.” SEWARD.—“‘*Precipitance*’ is, we think, rightly disjoined from ‘*drams*’; but signifies, in general, the unhappy *precipitation* of suicides in getting rid of their lives, not the particular act of *leaping down precipices*, which seems to us a ridiculous explanation” *Ed.* 1778.—“I think Seward’s explanation is right, and that ‘*precipitance*’ means the act of precipitation.” MASON.—“Seward’s explanation is neither wrong nor ridiculous. The text enumerates the different kinds of suicide, and certainly precipitation from heights is not the most ludicrous species.” WEBER.—Mr. Knight gives the line thus,—

“*Those that with cords’, knives’, drams’ precipitance,*”  
observing, “we receive ‘*cords*’, &c., as genitive cases to ‘*precipitance*.’”

<sup>q</sup> *And I will give you comfort,*

*To give your dead lords graves*] “As both the sense and measure are some-

*First Queen.* And that work [now] presents itself to the doing :

Now 'twill take form ; the heats are gone to-morrow ;  
Then bootless Toil must recompense itself  
With its own sweat ; now he is secure,  
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,  
Rinsing<sup>r</sup> our holy begging in our eyes,  
To make petition clear.

*Sec. Queen.* Now you may take him,  
Drunk with his victory.

*Third Queen.* And his army, full  
Of bread and sloth.

*Thes.* Artesius, that best know'st  
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise  
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number  
To carry such a business ; forth and levy  
Our worthiest instruments ; whilst we despatch  
This grand act of our life, this daring deed  
Of fate in wedlock.

*First Queen.* Dowagers, take hands ;  
Let us be widows to our woes ; delay  
Commends us to a famishing hope.

*All the Queens.* Farewell !

*Sec. Queen.* We come unseasonably ; but when could Grief  
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fitt'st time  
For best solicitation ?

*Thes.* Why, good ladies,  
This is a service, whereto I am going,

what deficient, there is reason to suspect a part of the sentence dropt ; perhaps somewhat like the following might have been the original ;

' But I will give you comfort, and engage  
Myself and powers to give your dead lords graves.' SEWARD.

" The passage must originally have run thus,

' And I, to give you comfort,  
Will give your dead lords graves.' " MASON.

Some words are evidently wanting here.

<sup>r</sup> *Rinsing*] Old eds. " Wrenching". (So in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, act i. sc. 1, all the folios have,

" and like a glasse  
Did breake ith' wrenching",—i. e. rinsing.)

Greater than any war<sup>s</sup>; it more imports me  
Than all the actions that I have foregone,  
Or futurely can cope.

*First Queen.* The more proclaiming  
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,  
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall  
By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when  
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall<sup>t</sup>  
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think  
Of rotten kings or blubber'd<sup>u</sup> queens? what care  
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able  
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch  
But one night with her, every hour in't will  
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and  
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what  
That banquet bids thee to!

*Hip.* Though much unlike  
You should be so transported, as much sorry  
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,  
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy,  
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit  
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck  
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,  
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,  
Either presuming them to have some force,  
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,  
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang  
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck  
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend  
To do these poor queens service!

[*Kneeling.*]

*All the Queens.* Oh, help now!  
Our cause cries for your knee.

[*To EMILIA.*]

*Emi.* If you grant not  
My sister her petition, in that force,

[*Kneeling.*]

<sup>s</sup> *war*] Theobald's correction.—Old eds. "was".

<sup>t</sup> *fall*] i. e. let fall.

<sup>u</sup> *blubber'd*] The reader ought to recollect that formerly this word did not convey the somewhat ludicrous idea which it does at present.

With that celerity and nature, which  
 She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare  
 To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy  
 Ever to take a husband.

*Thes.* Pray, stand up : [HIP. and EMIL. rise.  
 I am entreating of myself to do  
 That which you kneel to have me.—Pirithous,  
 Lead on the bride : get you and pray the gods  
 For success and return ; omit not any thing  
 In the pretended <sup>x</sup> celebration.—Queens,  
 Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you, [To ARTESIUS.  
 And at the banks of Aulis <sup>y</sup> meet us with  
 The forces you can raise, where we shall find

<sup>x</sup> *pretended*] i. e. intended.

<sup>y</sup> *Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you,  
 And at the banks of Aulis, &c.]* Old eds.—

*“Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you,*

*And at the banckes of Anly,” &c.—“Aulis” for “Anly” is Theobald’s correction, which has been adopted by his successors.—I have given (with Weber) the punctuation proposed by Mason, who observes that “the first three words are addressed to the Queens ; the remainder to Artesius, whom he had before desired to draw out troops for the enterprize.”—Mr. Knight points the passage thus,—*

*“Follow your soldier, as before ; hence you,  
 And at the banks of Aulis,” &c.*

One of Heath’s *MS. Notes* is as follows. “A full stop, or at least a colon, ought to be placed after the words ‘as before’. Theseus, addressing himself to Hippolyta and Emilia, directs them to follow their soldier Pirithous, as they had done hitherto ; then turning himself to Artesius, he orders him to assemble one part of his forces, while he himself is going to assemble the other part. The place appointed for their conjunction in the former editions is called ‘the banks of Anly’, a nonsensical name, to which nothing in nature corresponds : the new editions have substituted ‘Aulis’ ; but, besides that this is a sea-port, not a river, it is as far beyond Thebes to the north, as Athens itself is to the south of Thebes. I have no doubt but the poets wrote ‘Ilisse’ for the river Ilissus.”—But Theseus certainly addresses the word “Queens” to the *three suppliant Queens* ; and that by the expression “your soldier” he means himself, is plain from what he has already said (p. 334),—

“Oh, no knees, none, widow !  
 Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,  
 And pray for me, your soldier.”

As to “Anly”, it is more likely to be a blunder (of the transcriber or compositor) for “Aulis”, than for “Ilisse” : our old poets were not nice geographers.

The moiety of a number, for a business  
 More bigger-look'd.—Since that our theme is haste,  
 I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip ;     [*To HIPPOLYTA.*  
 Sweet, keep it as my token.—Set you forward ;  
 For I will see you gone.—     [*Exit ARTESIUS.*  
 Farewell, my beauteous sister.—Pirithous,  
 Keep the feast full ; bate not an hour on 't.

*Pir.* Sir,

I'll follow you at heels : the feast's solemnity  
 Shall want till your return.

*Thes.* Cousin, I charge you  
 Budge not from Athens ; we shall be returning  
 Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,  
 Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all.

[HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, HYMEN, BOY, NYMPHS,  
*and Attendants enter the Temple.*

*First Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue  
 o' the world.

*Sec. Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.

*Third Queen.* If not above him ; for,  
 Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend  
 To godlike honours ; they themselves, some say,  
 Groan under such a mastery.

*Thes.* As we are men,  
 Thus should we do ; being sensually subdu'd,  
 We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies !  
 Now turn we towards your comforts.     [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

---

SCENE II.—*Thebes. The court of the palace.*

*Enter PALAMON and ARCITE.*

*Arc.* Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,  
 And our prime cousin, yet unhardened in  
 The crimes of nature ; let us leave the city  
 Thebes, and the temptings in 't, before we further  
 Sully our gloss of youth :  
 And here to keep in abstinence we shame

---

As in incontinence ; for not to swim  
 I' th' aid o' the current <sup>z</sup>, were almost to sink,  
 At least to frustrate striving ; and to follow  
 The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy  
 Where we should turn or drown ; if labour through,  
 Our gain but life and weakness.

*Pal.* Your advice

Is cried up with example : what strange ruins,  
 Since first we went to school, may we perceive  
 Walking in Thebes ! scars, and bare weeds,  
 The gain o' the martialist, who did propound  
 To his bold ends, honour and golden ingots,  
 Which, though he won, he had not ; and now flurled  
 By Peace, for whom he fought ! Who, then, shall offer  
 To Mars's so-scorn'd altar ? I do bleed  
 When such I meet, and wish great Juno would  
 Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,  
 To get the soldier work, that Peace might purge  
 For her repletion, and retain <sup>a</sup> anew  
 Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher  
 Than Strife or War could be.

*Arc.* Are you not out ?

Meet you no ruin but the soldier in  
 The cranks <sup>b</sup> and turns of Thebes ? You did begin  
 As if you met decays of many kinds :  
 Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,  
 But th' unconsider'd soldier ?

*Pal.* Yes ; I pity

Decays where'er I find them ; but such most  
 That, sweating in an honourable toil,  
 Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

<sup>z</sup> *I' th' aid o' the current*] Theobald proposed to read "*I' th' head o' the current*" ; which, though rejected by Seward, was adopted by the Editors of 1778. —This alteration, observes Mason, "entirely destroys the sense of the passage. What Arcite means to urge as a reason for their quitting Thebes is, that, if they struggled against the current of the fashion, their striving would answer no purpose ; and that, if they followed the common stream, it would lead them to an eddy where they should either be drowned or reap no advantage from their labouring through it but life and weakness."

<sup>a</sup> *retain*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "reclaim".

<sup>b</sup> *cranks*] i. e. bending or winding passages.



*Arc.* 'Tis not this

I did begin to speak of; this is virtue  
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake<sup>c</sup> of Thebes,  
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,  
It is for our residing; where every evil  
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's  
A certain evil; where not to be even jump<sup>d</sup>  
As they are, here were<sup>e</sup> to be strangers, and  
Such things to be mere monsters.

*Pal.* 'Tis in our power

(Unless we fear that apes can tutor's) to  
Be masters of our manners: what need I  
Affect another's gait, which is not catching  
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon  
Another's way of speech, when by mine own  
I may be reasonably conceiv'd, sav'd too,  
Speaking it truly? why am I bound  
By any generous bond to follow him  
Follows his tailor, haply so long until  
The follow'd make pursuit? or let me know  
Why mine own barber is unblest, with him  
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just  
To such a favourite's glass? what canon is there  
That does command my rapier from my hip,  
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe  
Before the street be foul? Either I am  
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none  
That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor slight sores  
Need not a plaintain<sup>f</sup>; that which rips my bosom,  
Almost to the heart, 's——

*Arc.* Our uncle Creon.

*Pal.* He,

<sup>c</sup> *spake*] Weber chose to print "speak".

<sup>d</sup> *jump*] "i. e. just, exact [exactly]." REED.

<sup>e</sup> *As they are, here were, &c.*] "Mason says we should place the comma after 'here'; but surely the text means exactly the same as the alteration. Arcite says, "If we were not exactly as they are, we should be here (in Thebes) strangers, and such things as would be considered mere, that is, absolute, monsters, or things out of the common track of human customs." WEBER.

<sup>f</sup> *a plaintain*] The leaves of the plantain (the herb so called, not the tree,) were supposed to have great efficacy in curing wounds, staunching blood, &c.

A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes  
 Make Heaven unfear'd <sup>g</sup>, and villany assur'd,  
 Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts  
 Faith in a fever, and deifies alone  
 Voluble chance; who only attributes  
 The faculties of other instruments  
 To his own nerves and act; commands men [<sup>'s</sup>] service,  
 And what they win in 't, boot and glory too <sup>h</sup>;  
 That fears not to do harm; good dares not: let  
 The blood of mine that's sib <sup>i</sup> to him be suck'd  
 From me with leeches; let them break and fall  
 Off me with that corruption!

*Arc.* Clear-spirited cousin,  
 Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share  
 Of his loud infamy; for our milk  
 Will relish of the pasture, and we must  
 Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen  
 In blood, unless in quality.

*Pal.* Nothing truer:  
 I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd  
 The ears of heavenly justice: widows' cries  
 Descend again into their throats, and have not  
 Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

*Enter VALERIUS.*

*Val.* The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,  
 Till his great rage be off him: Phœbus when  
 He broke his whipstock <sup>j</sup>, and exclaim'd against

<sup>g</sup> *whose successes*  
*Make Heaven unfear'd, &c.]* Old eds. "Makes heaven unfear'd", &c. So  
 Seward rightly pointed the passage, though the Editors of 1778 adopted, and  
 endeavoured to defend, the punctuation of the old eds.—Heath (*MS. Notes*)  
 proposed,—

"*whose success*  
*Makes Heaven unfear'd,*" &c.,—

a reading which Mr. Knight has given. But "a most unbounded tyrant, who"  
 is understood as the nominative to "*almost puts,*" &c.

<sup>h</sup> *too]* Seward's correction.—Old eds. "on".

<sup>i</sup> *sib]* "i. e. kin". SEWARD.

<sup>j</sup> *whipstock]* "Generally [properly] the handle of a whip; but frequently  
 used for the whip itself." WEBER.

The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to  
The loudness of his fury.

*Pal.* Small winds shake him :

But what 's the matter ?

*Val.* Theseus (who where he threats appals) hath sent  
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces  
Ruin to Thebes ; who is at hand to seal  
The promise of his wrath.

*Arc.* Let him approach :

But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not  
A jot of terror to us : yet what man  
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)  
When that his action 's dregg'd with mind assur'd  
'Tis bad he goes about <sup>k</sup> ?

*Pal.* Leave that unreason'd ;

Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon :  
Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,  
Rebellious to oppose ; therefore we must  
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,  
Who hath bounded our last minute.

*Arc.* So we must.—

Is't said this war 's afoot ? or it shall be,  
On fail of some condition ?

*Val.* 'Tis in motion ;

The intelligence of state came in the instant  
With the defier.

*Pal.* Let 's to the king ; who, were he  
A quarter carrier of that honour which  
His enemy comes<sup>m</sup> in, the blood we venture  
Should be as for our health ; which were not spent,  
Rather laid out for purchase : but, alas,  
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will  
The fall o' the stroke do damage ?

<sup>k</sup> *what man*

*Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)*

*When that his action 's dregg'd with mind assur'd*

*'Tis bad he goes about !]* “The meaning is, what man can exert a third part of his powers when his mind is clogged with a consciousness that he fights in a bad cause ?” MASON.

<sup>m</sup> comes] The 4to “come”.—The folio of 1679 “came”; and so Seward.

*Arc.* Let th' event,  
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us  
When we know all ourselves ; and let us follow  
The becking of our chance.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the gates of Athens.*

*Enter* PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, and EMILIA.

*Pir.* No further !

*Hip.* Sir, farewell : repeat my wishes  
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not  
Make any timorous question ; yet I wish him  
Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be,  
To dare<sup>n</sup> ill-dealing Fortune. Speed to him ;  
Store never hurts good governors.

*Pir.* Though I know  
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they  
Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,  
Those best affections that the Heavens infuse  
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd  
In your dear heart !

*Emi.* Thanks, sir. Remember me  
To our all-royal brother ; for whose speed

<sup>n</sup> *dare*] Old eds. "dure"; and so Weber and Mr. Knight.—Seward printed "cure"; and so the Editors of 1778.—Simpson proposed "*dare*".—" '*Dare*' would be better than 'cure'; but no amendment should be admitted." MASON. In act iii. sc. 6, Palamon says,—

"and I feel myself  
With this refreshing, able once again  
To *out-dure* danger":

but in the present passage I have no doubt that the author wrote "*dare*". "The words '*excess and overflow of power*' relate not to the success of Theseus just before mentioned, but to the reinforcement Pirithous was on the point of leading to join his army. And the sense is,—Though I dare not question the success of my lord even with the troops he has, yet I wish him rather excess and overflow of power, more force than is necessary, that, if possible, he may defy Fortune to disappoint him. It is evident from this that the true reading is '*dare*'." HEATH (*MS. Notes*).

The great Bellona I'll solicit; and  
 Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not  
 Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her  
 What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts  
 Are in his army, in his tent.

*Hip.* In 's bosom.

We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep  
 When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,  
 Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women  
 That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)  
 The brine they wept at killing 'em: then, if  
 You stay to see of us such spinsters, we  
 Should hold you here for ever.

*Pir.* Peace be to you,  
 As I pursue this war! which shall be then  
 Beyond further requiring<sup>o</sup>.

[*Exit.*

*Emi.* How his longing  
 Follows his friend! since his depart, his sports<sup>p</sup>,  
 Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd slightly  
 His careless execution, where nor gain  
 Made him regard, or loss consider; but  
 Playing one<sup>q</sup> business in his hand, another  
 Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal  
 To these so differing twins. Have you observ'd him  
 Since our great lord departed?

*Hip.* With much labour;  
 And I did love him for 't. They two have cabin'd  
 In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,

<sup>o</sup> *Peace be to you,*

*As I pursue this war! which shall be then*

*Beyond further requiring*] "This passage is oddly expressed; but the meaning is, Peace be to you as long as I pursue this war! when that is ended, we shall not need to pray for it." MASON.

<sup>p</sup> *sports*] "I conjecture 'imports,' that is, duties or offices of importance. The flow of the versification in this speech seems to demand the trochaic ending ~; while the text blends jingle and *hisses* to the annoyance of less sensitive ears than Fletcher's—not to say, Shakespeare's." Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 321. A wretched conjecture!

<sup>q</sup> *one*] Mason's correction (anticipated by Heath, *MS. Notes*).—Old eds. "ore" and "o'er"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

Peril and want contending ; they have skiff'd  
 Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power  
 I' the least of these was dreadful<sup>r</sup> ; and they have  
 Fought out together, where Death's self was lodg'd ;  
 Yet Fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love  
 Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,  
 And with a finger of so deep a cunning,  
 May be out-worn, never undone. I think  
 Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,  
 Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing  
 Each side like justice, which he loves best.

*Emi.* Doubtless,  
 There is a best, and Reason has no manners  
 To say it is not you. I was acquainted  
 Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow ;  
 You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,  
 Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the moon  
 (Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count  
 Was each eleven.

*Hip.* 'Twas Flavina<sup>s</sup>.

*Emi.* Yes.

You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love :  
 Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,  
 More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs  
 The one of th' other<sup>t</sup> may be said to water  
 Their intertangled roots of love ; but I,  
 And she I sigh and spoke of, were things innocent,  
 Lov'd for we did, and like the elements  
 That know not what nor why, yet do effect

<sup>r</sup> *they have skiff'd*

*Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power*

*I' the least of these was dreadful*] "i. e. they have passed in a slight bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of fury, were dreadful." WEBER,—whose explanation, I believe, is right : but he, and the other modern editors, point the earlier part of the passage erroneously.

<sup>s</sup> *Flavina*] Here the old eds. have "Flauia" ; but afterwards "*Flavina*."

<sup>t</sup> *The one of th' other, &c.*] "The following marginal direction [here] in the quarto proves that the play was printed from the prompter's book :—' 2. Hearses ready with Palamon : and Arcite : the 3 Queens. Theseus : and his Lordes ready.'" WEBER. The same direction is also found in the second folio, but at the commencement of this speech.

Rare issues by their operance, our souls  
 Did so to one another : what she lik'd  
 Was then of me approv'd ; what not, condemn'd,  
 No more arraignment<sup>u</sup> ; the flower that I would pluck  
 And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning  
 To swell about the blossom,) she would long  
 Till she had such another, and commit it  
 To the like innocent cradle, where, phenix-like,  
 They died in perfume ; on my head no toy  
 But was her pattern ; her affections<sup>v</sup> (pretty,  
 Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd<sup>w</sup>  
 For my most serious decking ; had mine ear  
 Stoln some new air, or at adventure humm'd one<sup>x</sup>  
 From musical coinage, why, it was a note  
 Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on),  
 And sing it in her slumbers : this rehearsal  
 (Which, every innocent wots well, comes in  
 Like old Importment's bastard) has this end,  
 That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be  
 More than in sex dividuall<sup>y</sup>.

<sup>u</sup> *No more arraignment*] "i. e., says Dr. Dodd, 'Her not liking it was sufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial.' " Ed. 1778.

<sup>v</sup> *her affections*] "i. e. what she affected—liked." KNIGHT.

<sup>w</sup> *Though happily her careless wear*) *I follow'd*, &c.] Old eds. "*Though happily, her careless, were, I follow'd*," &c. Seward violently altered the passage. I give (with Weber and Mr. Knight) the reading of the Editors of 1778.

<sup>x</sup> *one*] Seward's correction (*Postscript* to vol. x. ed. 1750).—Old eds. "on"; and so Weber, alone of Seward's successors.

<sup>y</sup> *this rehearsal*  
 (*Which, every innocent wots well, comes in*  
*Like old Importment's bastard*) *has this end,*  
*That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be*  
*More than in sex dividuall*] "Old eds. thus ;

" *This rehearsall*  
 (*Which fury-innocent wots well*) *comes in*  
*Like old importments bastard, has this end,*  
*That the true love tweene mayde, and mayde, may be*  
*More then in sex individuall.*"

Seward gave Symson's conjecture, "*(Which surely Innocence wots well)*", and rightly altered "individual" to "*dividual*". He was followed by the Editors of 1778.—"Instead of '*importment*', I should read '*empartment*', from the French

*Hip.* You 're out of breath ;  
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,  
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,  
Love any that 's call'd man.

*Emi.* I am sure I shall not.

*Hip.* Now, alack, weak sister,  
I must no more believe thee in this point  
(Though in 't I know thou dost believe thyself)  
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,  
That loathes even as it longs. But, sure, my sister,  
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you  
Have said enough to shake me from the arm  
Of the all-noble Theseus ; for whose fortunes  
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance  
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess  
The high throne in his heart.

*Emi.* I am not  
Against your faith ; yet I continue mine.

[*Exeunt.*

*emportement*, which signifies passion or transport ; and instead of '*wots well*,' I should read '*wot I well* ;' and then it will run thus—

*'This rehearsal  
(Which fury innocent, wot I well, comes in  
Like old emportment's bastard) has this end,' &c.*

And Emilia's meaning is this—'This recital, the innocent enthusiasm of which, I well know, comes in like the spurious offspring, the faint resemblance of the passion I formerly felt for Flavina, is intended to prove that love between maid and maid may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes.' This conjecture, however, is offered with much diffidence ; but some explanation is better than none." MASON.—Lamb (*Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 416) silently printed,—

*"this rehearsal  
(Which every innocent wots well) comes in," &c.*

and his alteration of "fury" into "every", which certainly seems to restore the genuine reading, has been adopted by Weber and Mr. Knight. Weber's interpretation of the passage is—"This rehearsal of our affections (which every innocent soul well knows comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import, the real extent of our natural affections) has this end, or purpose, to prove that the love between two virgins may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes."

Seward compares the present description with the well-known passage in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2,—

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods," &c.



SCENE IV.—*A field before Thebes. Dead bodies lying on the ground; among them PALAMON and ARCITE.*

*A battle struck within; then a retreat; then a flourish. Then enter THESEUS (victor), Herald, and Attendants. The Three Queens meet THESEUS, and fall on their faces before him.*

*First Queen.* To thee no star be dark!

*Sec. Queen.* Both Heaven and earth  
Friend thee for ever!

*Third Queen.* All the good that may  
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry Amen to 't!

*Thes.* Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens  
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,  
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out  
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them  
With treble ceremony: rather than a gap  
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply 't.  
But those we will depute which shall invest  
You in your dignities, and even<sup>2</sup> each thing  
Our haste does leave imperfect. So, adieu,  
And Heaven's good eyes look on you! [*Exeunt Queens.*

What are those?

*Herald.* Men of great quality, as may be judg'd  
By their appointment<sup>a</sup>; some of Thebes have told 's  
They are sisters' children, nephews to the king.

*Thes.* By the helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,  
Like to a pair of lions smear'd<sup>b</sup> with prey,  
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note  
Constantly on them; for they were a mark  
Worth a god's view. What was 't that prisoner told me<sup>c</sup>  
When I inquir'd their names?

*Herald.* Wi' leave<sup>d</sup>, they 're call'd  
Arcite and Palamon.

<sup>2</sup> *even*] "It must be recollected that this word is here a verb." WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *appointment*] i. e. accoutrement.

<sup>b</sup> *smear'd*] So the folio of 1679.—The 4to "succard"; and so ("succour'd") the Editors of 1778 alone.

<sup>c</sup> *What was 't that prisoner told me, &c.*] Old eds. "What prisoner was't that told me," &c.; and so the modern editors.

<sup>d</sup> *Wi' leave*] Old eds. "We leave".—The modern editors print "With leave". Heath would read "We learn", and rightly perhaps.

*Thes.* 'Tis right ; those, those.  
They are not dead ?

*Herald.* Nor in a state of life<sup>e</sup>: had they been taken  
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible  
They might have been recover'd ; yet they breathe,  
And have the name of men.

*Thes.* Then like men use 'em :  
The very lees of such, millions of rates  
Exceed the wine of others ; all our surgeons  
Convent in their behoof ; our richest balms,  
Rather than niggard, waste : their lives concern us  
Much more than Thebes is worth : rather than have 'em  
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,  
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead ;  
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em  
Prisoners to us than Death. Bear 'em speedily  
From our kind air (to them unkind), and minister  
What man to man may do ; for our sake, more :  
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,  
Love's provocations, zeal in a mistress' task,  
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,  
'T hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to  
Without some imposition, sickness in will,  
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love,<sup>f</sup>

<sup>e</sup> *Nor in a state of life, &c.*] "Here we have another stage-direction in the old quarto [and in the folio too]—'3. Hearses ready.' " WEBER.

<sup>f</sup> *Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,  
Love's provocations, zeal in a mistress' task,  
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,  
'T hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to  
Without some imposition, sickness in will,  
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love, &c.*] Old eds. ;  
" *Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheastes,  
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,  
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,  
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too  
Without some imposition, sicknes in will  
Or wrastling strength in reason, for our Love," &c.*

Seward printed ;

" *Since I have known frights, fury, friends' behests,  
Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,  
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,  
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason ;*

And great Apollo's mercy, all our best  
 Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city;  
 Where, having bound things scatter'd, we will post  
 To Athens 'fore our army.

[*Flourish. Exeunt, Attendants carrying PALAMON and ARCITE.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same, more remote from Thebes.*

*Enter the Three Queens with the hearses of their husbands in a funeral solemnity, &c.*

SONG.

Urns and odours bring away!  
 Vapours, sighs, darken the day!  
 Our dole<sup>g</sup> more deadly looks than dying;  
 Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers<sup>h</sup>,  
 Sacred vials fill'd with tears,  
 And clamours through the wild air flying!  
 Come, all sad and solemn shows,  
 That are quick-ey'd Pleasure's foes!  
 We convent nought else but woes:  
 We convent, &c.

*Third Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household's  
 grave<sup>i</sup>:

Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

*Sec. Queen.* And this to yours.

*First Queen.* Yours this way. Heavens lend  
 A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

*Third Queen.* This world's a city full of straying streets,  
 And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

[*Exeunt severally.*

*T<sup>h</sup> hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to  
 Without some imposition. For our Love," &c.*

The Editors of 1778 adopted Seward's transposition, and his reading "*T<sup>h</sup> hath set a mark,*" &c.: in other respects they followed the old eds.—Weber gave the passage as Seward had done, bating the transposition.—Mr. Knight follows Seward in the first two lines, the old eds. in the remainder.—Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read in the first line, "fights, fury, friend's *behests*", and in the fourth, "Have *set a mark,*" &c.—The explanations which have been offered of this very difficult passage appear to me so unsatisfactory, that I omit them.

<sup>g</sup> *dole*] "i. e. grief, sorrow." WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> *cheers*] i. e. countenances, looks.

<sup>i</sup> *household's grave*] Altered silently to "household graves" by Seward; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—"Each king," as Mr. Knight observes, "had *one* grave."

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A garden, with a castle in the background.*

*Enter Jailer and Wooer.*

*Jailer.* I may depart<sup>g</sup> with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am delivered to be! Marry, what I have (be it what it will) I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

*Wooer.* Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.

*Jailer.* Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? when that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

*Wooer.* I have, sir. Here she comes.

*Enter Jailer's Daughter with strewings<sup>h</sup>.*

*Jailer.* Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business; but no more of that now: so soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it: i' the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they are princes.

*Daugh.* These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: the

<sup>g</sup> *depart*] "i. e. part." REED.

<sup>h</sup> *with strewings*] Not in the old eds.—Weber gave "*with rushes*",—observing that the "*strewings*" mentioned in the first speech of the Jailer's Daughter might be flowers, but that they were more likely to be rushes, with which the floors of apartments used formerly to be strewed.

prison itself is proud of 'em ; and they have all the world in their chamber.

*Jailer.* They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

*Daugh.* By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em ; they stand a greise<sup>i</sup> above the reach of report.

*Jailer.* I heard them reported, in the battle to be the only doers.

*Daugh.* Nay, most likely ; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

*Jailer.* Do they so ?

*Daugh.* It seems to me, they have no more sense of their captivity, than I of ruling Athens : they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet, sometime, a divided sigh, martyred as 'twere i' the deliverance, will break from one of them ; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

*Wooer.* I never saw 'em.

*Jailer.* The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they<sup>j</sup> : what the reason of it is, I know not.

*PALAMON and ARCITE appear at a window of a tower.*

Look, yonder they are ! that 's Arcite looks out.

*Daugh.* No, sir, no ; that 's Palamon : Arcite is the lower of the twain ; you may perceive a part of him.

*Jailer.* Go to ! leave your pointing : they would not make us their object : out of their sight !

<sup>i</sup> *greise*] i. e. step. So the 4to ; and so Seward.—The folio of 1679 “grief” ; and so the Editors of 1778, Weber, and Mr. Knight,—wrongly, as the context proves. *Greise*, spelt variously,—*grice*, *greece*, &c,—is very common in our old writers.

<sup>j</sup> *and so did they*] These words puzzled Seward. “The Jailer, in order to account to the Wooer for his (the Wooer's) not having seen the prisoners, tells him that Theseus had returned to Athens privately in the night-time, and his two prisoners with him.” HEATH (*MS. Notes*).

*Daugh.* It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men !  
 [*Exit*<sup>k</sup> with Jailer and Wooer.]

*Pal.* How do you, noble cousin ?

*Arc.* How do you, sir ?

*Pal.* Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,  
 And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners  
 I fear for ever, cousin.

*Arc.* I believe it ;  
 And to that destiny have patiently  
 Laid up my hour to come.

*Pal.* Oh, cousin Arcite,  
 Where is Thebes now ? where is our noble country ?  
 Where are our friends and kindreds ? Never more  
 Must we behold those comforts ; never see  
 The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,  
 Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,  
 Like tall<sup>l</sup> ships under sail ; then start amongst 'em,  
 And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us  
 Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,  
 Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,  
 Out-stripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,  
 Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never  
 Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,  
 Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses  
 Like proud seas under us ! our good swords now,  
 (Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er ware<sup>m</sup>.)

<sup>k</sup> *Exit, &c.*] "The following is made a separate scene in the former editions ; but it is evident that the Jailer and his Daughter were placed in the same situation as Emilia is afterwards, a garden overlooked by the prison in which Palamon and Arcite were confined. But there is considerable difficulty how the subsequent conversation with the Jailer is to be carried on. In the ancient theatres, this was easily accomplished by the platform of the stage representing the garden, and the permanent gallery at the back the inside of the tower in which Palamon and Arcite were immured." WEBER. The two prisoners were no doubt *supposed* to appear at the window (Palamon, p. 362, says to Arcite,

"Put but thy head out of *this window* more,

And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to 't !") ;

and, in all probability, they entered on what was called the upper-stage ; see note, vol. iv. 307. It is also most probable that the Jailer re-entered on the upper-stage.

<sup>l</sup> *tall*] i. e. stout.

<sup>m</sup> *ware*] Old eds. "were".—The modern editors print "wore".

Ravish'd<sup>n</sup> our sides, like age, must run to rust,  
 And deck the temples of those gods that hate us ;  
 These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,  
 To blast whole armies, more !

*Arc.* No, Palamon,  
 Those hopes are prisoners with us : here we are,  
 And here the graces of our youths must wither,  
 Like a too-timely spring ; here age must find us,  
 And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried ;  
 The sweet embraces of a loving wife,  
 Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,  
 Shall never clasp our necks ; no issue know us,  
 No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,  
 To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em  
 Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say  
 " Remember what your fathers were, and conquer ! "  
 The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,  
 And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,  
 Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done  
 To youth and nature : this is all our world ;  
 We shall know nothing here but one another ;  
 Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes ;  
 The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it ;  
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,  
 But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still.

*Pal.* 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,  
 That shook the agèd forest with their echoes,  
 No more now must we halloo ; no more shake  
 Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine  
 Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,  
 Stuck<sup>o</sup> with our well-steel'd darts : all valiant uses  
 (The food and nourishment of noble minds)  
 In us two here shall perish ; we shall die,  
 (Which is the curse of honour) lastly<sup>p</sup>,  
 Children of Grief and Ignorance.

<sup>n</sup> *Ravish'd*] Old eds. " Bravish'd ".

<sup>o</sup> *Stuck*] Old eds. " Strucke " and " Struck " ; and so the modern editors.  
 " To preserve the similitude of the quiver, we must certainly read ' *Stuck* '."  
 HEATH (*MS. Notes*).

<sup>p</sup> *lastly*] Seward printed " lazily " ; and so the Editors of 1778.—" The import

*Arc.* Yet, cousin,  
 Even from the bottom of these miseries,  
 From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,  
 I see two comforts rising, two mere<sup>a</sup> blessings,  
 If the gods please to hold here,—a brave patience,  
 And the enjoying of our griefs together.  
 Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish  
 If I think this our prison!

*Pal.* Certainly,  
 'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes  
 Were twin'd<sup>r</sup> together: 'tis most true, two souls  
 Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer  
 The gall of hazard, so they grow together,  
 Will never sink; they must not; say they could,  
 A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

*Arc.* Shall we make worthy uses of this place,  
 That all men hate so much?

*Pal.* How, gentle cousin?

*Arc.* Let's think this prison holy sanctuary<sup>s</sup>,  
 To keep us from corruption of worse men:  
 We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour;  
 That, liberty and common conversation,  
 The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,  
 Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing  
 Can be, but our imaginations  
 May make it ours? and here being thus together,  
 We are an endless mine to one another;  
 We are one another's wife, ever begetting  
 New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;

of the word '*lastly*' is, that which is worst of all." MASON.—The metre of this line, as it now stands, is not objectionable, for "*lastly*" may be read as a trisyllable: compare a line in p. 360,

"For when the west wind courts her *gently*,"—

where "*gently*" is evidently used as a trisyllable.

<sup>a</sup> *mere*] "i. e. absolute." WEBER.

<sup>r</sup> *twin'd*] Seward silently printed "twinn'd"; and so his successors, Weber excepted.—Compare p. 55, l. 6.

<sup>s</sup> *prison holy sanctuary*] Seward silently printed "*prison a holy sanctuary*"; and so his successors, Mr. Knight excepted.



We are, in one another, families ;  
 I am your heir, and you are mine ; this place  
 Is our inheritance ; no hard oppressor  
 Dare take this from us : here, with a little patience  
 We shall live long, and loving ; no surfeits seek us ;  
 The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas  
 Swallow their youth : were we at liberty,  
 A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;  
 Quarrels consume us ; envy of ill men  
 Grave<sup>t</sup> our acquaintance ; I might sicken, cousin,  
 Where you should never know it, and so perish  
 Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,  
 Or prayers to the gods : a thousand chances,  
 Were we from hence, would sever us.

*Pal.* You have made me  
 (I thank you, cousin Arcite) almost wanton  
 With my captivity : what a misery  
 It is to live abroad, and everywhere !  
 'Tis like a beast, methinks : I find the court here,  
 I am sure, a more content ; and all those pleasures  
 That woo the wills of men to vanity,  
 I see through now ; and am sufficient  
 To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,  
 That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.  
 What had we been, old in the court of Creon,  
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance  
 The virtues of the great ones ? Cousin Arcite,  
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,  
 We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,  
 And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.  
 Shall I say more ?

*Arc.* I would hear you still.

*Pal.* You shall.

<sup>t</sup> *Grave*] i. e. bury.—Old eds. “Crave” ; and so the Editors of 1778 (who, without attempting to explain it, call it “easy and intelligible” !), and Weber and Mr. Knight (who each offers a very strange and forced interpretation).—Seward printed “Reave”.—Theobald proposed “Craze”, Sympson “Carve”, Mason “Cleave”, and Heath (*MS. Notes*) “Raze”.—Strange that not one of them should have hit upon what the poet evidently wrote, “*Grave*”.

Is there record of any two that lov'd  
Better than we do, Arcite?

*Arc.* Sure, there cannot.

*Pal.* I do not think it possible our friendship  
Should ever leave us.

*Arc.* Till our deaths it cannot;  
And after death our spirits shall be led  
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

*Enter EMILIA and Waiting-woman, below.*

*Emi.* This garden has a world of pleasures in 't<sup>u</sup>.  
What flower is this?

*Wait.-w.* 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.

*Emi.* That was a fair boy certain, but a fool  
To love himself: were there not maids enough?

*Arc.* Pray, forward.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Emi.* Or were they all hard-hearted?

*Wait.-w.* They could not be to one so fair.

*Emi.* Thou wouldst not?

*Wait.-w.* I think I should not, madam.

*Emi.* That's a good wench!

But take heed to your kindness though!

*Wait.-w.* Why, madam?

*Emi.* Men are mad things.

*Arc.* Will you go forward, cousin?

*Emi.* Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?

*Wait.-w.* Yes.

*Emi.* I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;  
This is a pretty colour: will 't not do  
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

*Wait.-w.* Dainty, madam.

*Arc.* Cousin, cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon!

*Pal.* Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

*Arc.* Why, what's the matter, man?

*Pal.* Behold, and wonder!

By Heaven, she is a goddess!

<sup>u</sup> This garden has a world of pleasures in 't] Stands in old eds. as a portion of the preceding speech.

*Arc.* Ha !

*Pal.* Do reverence ;  
She is a goddess, Arcite !

*Emi.* Of all flowers,  
Methinks, a rose is best.

*Wait.-w.* Why, gentle madam ?

*Emi.* It is the very emblem of a maid :  
For when the west wind courts her gently,  
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun  
With her chaste blushes ! when the north comes near her,  
Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,  
She locks her beauties in her bud again,  
And leaves him to base briers.

*Wait.-w.* Yet, good madam,  
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far  
She falls for it : a maid,  
If she have any honour, would be loath  
To take example by her.

*Emi.* Thou art wanton.

*Arc.* She is wondrous fair !

*Pal.* She is all the beauty extant !

*Emi.* The sun grows high ; let's walk in. Keep these  
flowers ;

We'll see how near art can come near their colours.  
I am wondrous merry-hearted ; I could laugh now.

*Wait.-w.* I could lie down <sup>v</sup>, I am sure.

*Emi.* And take one with you ?

*Wait.-w.* That's as we bargain, madam.

*Emi.* Well, agree then. [*Exit with Waiting-woman.*]

*Pal.* What think you of this beauty ?

*Arc.* 'Tis a rare one.

*Pal.* Is't but a rare one ?

*Arc.* Yes, a matchless beauty.

*Pal.* Might not a man well lose himself, and love her ?

*Arc.* I cannot tell what you have done ; I have,  
Beshrew mine eyes for 't ! Now I feel my shackles.

*I could laugh now.*

*Wait.-w. I could lie down]* An allusion, on the part of the Waiting-woman,  
to the game called *Laugh and lay down*.

*Pal.* You love her, then?

*Arc.* Who would not?

*Pal.* And desire her?

*Arc.* Before my liberty.

*Pal.* I saw her first.

*Arc.* That's nothing.

*Pal.* But it shall be.

*Arc.* I saw her too.

*Pal.* Yes; but you must not love her.

*Arc.* I will not, as you do, to worship her,  
As she is heavenly, and a blessèd goddess;  
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her:  
So both may love.

*Pal.* You shall not love at all.

*Arc.* Not love at all! who shall deny me?

*Pal.* I that first saw her; I that took possession  
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her  
Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovest her,  
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,  
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow  
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,  
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,  
If thou once think upon her!

*Arc.* Yes, I love her;  
And, if the lives of all my name lay on it,  
I must do so; I love her with my soul.  
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!  
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain  
I am as worthy and as free a lover,  
And have as just a title to her beauty,  
As any Palamon, or any living,  
That is a man's son.

*Pal.* Have I call'd thee friend?

*Arc.* Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd  
thus?

Let me deal coldly with you: am not I  
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me  
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* Am not I liable to those affections,  
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

*Pal.* You may be.

*Arc.* Why, then, would you deal so cunningly,  
So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,  
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me  
Unworthy of her sight?

*Pal.* No; but unjust  
If thou pursue that sight.

*Arc.* Because another  
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,  
And let mine honour down, and never charge?

*Pal.* Yes, if he be but one.

*Arc.* But say that one  
Had rather combat me?

*Pal.* Let that one say so,  
And use thy freedom: else, if thou pursu'st her,  
Be as that cursèd man that hates his country,  
A branded villain!

*Arc.* You are mad.

*Pal.* I must be,  
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me;  
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee  
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

*Arc.* Fie, sir!  
You play the child extremely: I will love her,  
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;  
And all this justly.

*Pal.* Oh, that now, that now  
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,  
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp  
Our good swords in our hands! I would quickly teach thee  
What 'twere to filch affection from another!  
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse:  
Put but thy head out of this window more,  
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to 't!

*Arc.* Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art  
feeble:  
Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,

And leap the garden, when I see her next,  
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

*Pal.* No more ! the keeper's coming : I shall live  
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

*Arc.* Do !

*Re-enter Jailer* <sup>x</sup>.

*Jailer.* By your leave, gentlemen.

*Pal.* Now, honest keeper ?

*Jailer.* Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke :  
The cause I know not yet.

*Arc.* I am ready, keeper.

*Jailer.* Prince Palamon, I must a while bereave you  
Of your fair cousin's company.

*Pal.* And me too,  
Even when you please, of life. [*Exeunt Jailer and ARCITE.*  
Why is he sent for ?

It may be, he shall marry her ; he's goodly,  
And like enough the duke hath taken notice  
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood !  
Why should a friend be treacherous ? if that  
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,  
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more  
I would but see this fair one.—Blessèd garden,  
And fruit and flowers more blessèd, that still blossom  
As her bright eyes shine on ye ! Would I were,  
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,  
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock <sup>y</sup> !  
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms  
In at her window ! I would bring her fruit  
Fit for the gods to feed on ; youth and pleasure,  
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her ;  
And, if she be not heavenly, I would make her  
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her ;  
And then I am sure she would love me.

<sup>x</sup> *Re-enter Jailer*] See note, p. 355.

<sup>y</sup> *apricock*] Silently altered to "apricot" by the Editors of 1778 ; and so their successors.

*Re-enter Jailer.*

How now, keeper !

Where 's Arcite ?

*Jailer.* Banish'd. Prince Pirithous  
Obtain'd his liberty ; but never more,  
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot  
Upon this kingdom.

*Pal.* He 's a blessèd man !  
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms  
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,  
Fall on like fire : Arcite shall have a fortune <sup>2</sup>,  
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,  
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her ;  
And, if he lose her then, he 's a cold coward :  
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,  
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways !  
Were I at liberty, I would do things  
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,  
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,  
And seek to ravish me.

*Jailer.* My lord, for you  
I have this charge too—

*Pal.* To discharge my life ?

*Jailer.* No ; but from this place to remove your lordship :  
The windows are too open.

*Pal.* Devils take 'em,  
That are so envious to me ! Prithee, kill me.

*Jailer.* And hang for 't afterward ?

*Pal.* By this good light,  
Had I a sword, I would kill thee.

*Jailer.* Why, my lord ?

*Pal.* Thou bring'st such pelting <sup>a</sup> scurvy news continually,  
Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.

*Jailer.* Indeed, you must, my lord.

*Pal.* May I see the garden ?

*Jailer.* No.

<sup>2</sup> *a fortune*] "i. e. a chance." WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *pelting*] i. e. paltry, contemptible.

*Pal.* Then I am resolv'd I will not go.

*Jailer.* I must

Constrain you, then ; and, for you are dangerous,  
I'll clap more irons on you.

*Pal.* Do, good keeper :

I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep ;  
I'll make you a new morris. Must I go ?

*Jailer.* There is no remedy.

*Pal.* Farewell, kind window ;  
May rude wind never hurt thee !—Oh, my lady,  
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,  
Dream how I suffer !—Come, now bury me. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*The country.*

*Enter ARCITE.*

*Arc.* Banish'd the kingdom ? 'tis a benefit,  
A mercy, I must thank 'em for ; but banish'd  
The free enjoying of that face I die for,  
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment, a death  
Beyond imagination ! such a vengeance,  
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins  
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,  
Thou hast the start now ; thou shalt stay, and see  
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,  
And let in life into thee ; thou shalt feed  
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,  
That Nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall :  
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon !  
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her ;  
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,  
I know she's his ; he has a tongue will tame  
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what  
can come,  
The worst is death ; I will not leave the kingdom :  
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,  
And no redress there : if I go, he has her.  
I am resolv'd : another shape shall make me,



Or end my fortunes ; either way, I am happy :  
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

*Enter four Countrymen ; one with a garland before them.*

*First Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.

*Sec. Coun.* And I'll be there.

*Third Coun.* And I.

*Fourth Coun.* Why, then, have with ye, boys ! 'tis but a  
chiding :

Let the plough play to-day ; I'll tickle 't out  
Of the jades' tails to-morrow.

*First Coun.* I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a turkey :

But that's all one ; I'll go through, let her mumble.

*Sec. Coun.* Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and stow  
her,

And all's made up again.

*Third Coun.* Ay, do but put

A fescue<sup>b</sup> in her fist, and you shall see her

Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.

Do we all hold against the Maying !

*Fourth Coun.* Hold !

What should ail us ?

*Third Coun.* Arcas will be there.

*Sec. Coun.* And Sennois,

And Rycas ; and three better lads ne'er danc'd

Under green tree ; and ye<sup>c</sup> know what wench, ha !

But will the dainty Domine, the schoolmaster,

Keep touch, do you think ? for he does all, ye know.

*Third Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail : go to !

The matter is too far driven between

Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now ;

And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.

*Fourth Coun.* Shall we be lusty ?

*Sec. Coun.* All the boys in Athens

Blow wind i' the breech on us : and here I'll be,

<sup>b</sup> *fescue*] “ ‘ A small wire [stick, straw, &c.], by which those who teach to read point out the letters.’ *Johnson.*” WEBER.

<sup>c</sup> *ye*] Old eds. “ yet ”.

And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,  
And there again : ha, boys, heigh for the weavers !

*First Coun.* This must be done i' the woods.

*Fourth Coun.* Oh, pardon me !

*Sec. Coun.* By any means ; our thing of learning says <sup>d</sup> so ;  
Where he himself will edify the duke  
Most parlously <sup>e</sup> in our behalfts : he's excellent i' the woods ;  
Bring him to the plains, his learning makes no cry.

*Third Coun.* We'll see the sports ; then every man to 's  
tackle !

And, sweet companions, let 's rehearse by any means,  
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,  
And God knows what may come on 't.

*Fourth Coun.* Content : the sports  
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold !

*Arc.* By your leaves, honest friends ; pray you, whither go  
you ?

*Fourth Coun.* Whither ! why, what a question 's that !

*Arc.* Yes, 'tis a question

To me that know not.

*Third Coun.* To the games, my friend.

*Sec. Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not ?

*Arc.* Not far, sir.

Are there such games to-day ?

*First Coun.* Yes, marry, are there ;

And such as you never saw : the duke himself  
Will be in person there.

*Arc.* What pastimes are they ?

*Sec. Coun.* Wrestling and running.—'Tis a pretty fellow.

*Third Coun.* Thou wilt not go along ?

*Arc.* Not yet, sir.

*Fourth Coun.* Well, sir,

Take your own time.—Come, boys.

*First Coun.* My mind misgives me  
This fellow has a vengeance trick o' the hip ;  
Mark how his body 's made for 't !

*Sec. Coun.* I'll be hang'd though,

<sup>d</sup> *says*] Old eds. " sees ".

<sup>e</sup> *parlously*] i. e. perilously,—amazingly.

If he dare venture ; hang him, plum-porridge !  
He wrestle ? he roast eggs. Come, let 's be gone, lads.

[*Exeunt* Countrymen.]

*Arc.* This is an offer'd opportunity  
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,  
The best men call'd it excellent ; and run  
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn  
(Curling the wealthy ears) ever flew<sup>f</sup>. I'll venture,  
And in some poor disguise be there : who knows  
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,  
And happiness<sup>s</sup> prefer me to a place  
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her ?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Athens. A room in the prison.*

*Enter* Jailer's Daughter.

*Daugh.* Why should I love this gentleman ? 'tis odds  
He never will affect me : I am base,  
My father the mean keeper of his prison,  
And he a prince : to marry him is hopeless,  
To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't !  
What pushes are we wenches driven to,  
When fifteen once has found us ! First, I saw him ;  
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man ;  
He has as much to please a woman in him  
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever  
These eyes yet look'd on : next, I pitied him ;  
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,  
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead

<sup>f</sup> *Swifter than wind upon a field of corn*

(*Curling the wealthy ears*) ever flew] Mason's correction ; and so Mr. Knight,  
Old eds. ;

“*Swifter, then* [fol. of 1679, than] *winde upon a feild of corne*  
(*Curling the wealthy eares*) never flew.”

Seward printed ;

“*Swifter the wind upon a field of corn,*  
*Curling the wealthy ears, ne'er flew.*”

and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>s</sup> *happiness*] “i. e. good fortune.” MASON.

To a young handsome man : then I lov'd him,  
 Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him ;  
 And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too ;  
 But in my heart was Palamon, and there,  
 Lord, what a coil he keeps ! To hear him  
 Sing in an evening <sup>h</sup>, what a heaven it is !  
 And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken  
 Was never gentleman : when I come in  
 To bring him water in a morning, first  
 He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus,  
 " Fair, gentle maid, good morrow : may thy goodness  
 Get thee a happy husband !" Once he kiss'd me ;  
 I lov'd my lips the better ten days after :  
 Would he would do so every day ! He grieves much,  
 And me as much to see his misery :  
 What should I do, to make him know I love him ?  
 For I would fain enjoy him : say I ventur'd  
 To set him free ? what says the law, then ?  
 Thus much for law, or kindred ! I will do it ;  
 And this night or to-morrow he shall love me. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*An open place in the city. A short flourish of  
 cornets, and shouts within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, EMILIA; ARCITE disguised,  
 wearing a garland; and Countrymen.*

*Thes.* You have done worthily ; I have not seen,  
 Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews :  
 Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,  
 That these times can allow.

*Arc.* I am proud to please you.

*Thes.* What country bred you ?

*Arc.* This ; but far off, prince.

<sup>h</sup> *To hear him  
 Sing in an evening, &c.]* Here Reed compares Shakespeare's *All's Well that  
 Ends Well*, act i. scene i. ;

" 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour", &c.

*Thes.* Are you a gentleman?

*Arc.* My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me<sup>1</sup> life.

*Thes.* Are you his heir?

*Arc.* His youngest, sir.

*Thes.* Your father,

Sure, is a happy sire, then. What proves<sup>j</sup> you?

*Arc.* A little of all noble qualities:

I could have kept a hawk, and well have holloa'd  
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise  
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me  
Would say it was my best piece; last and greatest,  
I would be thought a soldier.

*Thes.* You are perfect.

*Pir.* Upon my soul, a proper man!

*Emi.* He is so.

*Pir.* How do you like him, lady?

*Hip.* I admire him:

I have not seen so young a man so noble,  
(If he say true) of his sort.

*Emi.* Believe,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman:  
His face methinks goes that way.

*Hip.* But his body

And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.

*Pir.* Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,  
Breaks through his baser garments!

*Hip.* He's well got, sure.

*Thes.* What made you seek this place, sir?

*Arc.* Noble Theseus,

To purchase name, and do my ablest service  
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;  
For only in thy court, of all the world,  
Dwells fair-ey'd Honour.

*Pir.* All his words are worthy.

*Thes.* Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,

<sup>1</sup> *me*] Seward unnecessarily would read "my".

<sup>j</sup> *proves*] The modern editors, Weber excepted, print "prove".

Nor shall you lose your wish <sup>k</sup>.—Pirithous,  
Dispose of this fair gentleman.

*Pir.* Thanks, Theseus.—

Whate'er you are, you're mine ; and I shall give you  
To a most noble service,—to this lady,  
This bright young virgin : pray, observe her goodness :  
You have honour'd her fair birth-day with your virtues,  
And, as your due, you're hers ; kiss her fair hand, sir.

*Arc.* Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,  
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith [*Kisses her hand*] : when  
your servant  
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends you,  
Command him die, he shall.

*Emi.* That were too cruel.  
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see 't :  
You're mine ; and somewhat better than your rank  
I'll use you.

*Pir.* I'll see you furnish'd : and because you say  
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you  
This afternoon to ride ; but 'tis a rough one.

*Arc.* I like him better, prince ; I shall not, then,  
Freeze in my saddle.

*Thes.* Sweet, you must be ready,—  
And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and all,—  
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance  
To flowery May <sup>l</sup>, in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,  
Upon your mistress.—Emily, I hope  
He shall not go a-foot.

*Emi.* That were a shame, sir,  
While I have horses.—Take your choice ; and what  
You want at any time, let me but know it :  
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you  
You'll find a loving mistress.

<sup>k</sup> *wish*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print " wishes " ; and so Weber.

<sup>l</sup> *to do observance*

*To flowery May*] "Of the custom of going into the woods to celebrate the introduction of *May*, and the several rites observed by different people on that occasion, the reader will see an ample account in Bourne's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*. See Brand's edition, 8vo, 1777, printed at Newcastle, p. 255." REED. Vide Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* i. 179, ed. Ellis.

*Arc.* If I do not,  
Let me find that my father ever hated,—  
Disgrace and blows.

*Thes.* Go, lead the way ; you have won it ;  
It shall be so : you shall receive all dues  
Fit for the honour you have won ; 'twere wrong else.—  
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,  
That, if I were a woman, would be master :  
But you are wise.

*Emi.* I hope too wise for that, sir.     [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

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SCENE V.—*Before the prison.*

*Enter Jailer's Daughter.*

*Daugh.* Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,  
He is at liberty : I have ventur'd for him ;  
And out I have brought him to a little wood  
A mile hence : I have sent him, where a cedar,  
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane,  
Fast by a brook ; and there he shall keep close,  
Till I provide him files and food ; for yet  
His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,  
What a stout-hearted child thou art ! My father  
Durst better have endur'd cold iron, than done it.  
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,  
Or wit, or safety : I have made him know it :  
I care not ; I am desperate : if the law  
Find me, and then condemn me for 't, some wenches,  
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,  
And tell to memory my death was noble,  
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,  
I purpose is my way too : sure, he cannot  
Be so unmanly as to leave me here :  
If he do, maids will not so easily  
Trust men again : and yet he has not thank'd me  
For what I have done ; no, not so much as kiss'd me ;  
And that, methinks, is not so well ; nor scarcely  
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,

He made such scruples of the wrong he did  
 To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,  
 When he considers more, this love of mine  
 Will take more root within him : let him do  
 What he will with me, so he use me kindly ;  
 For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,  
 And to his face, no man. I'll presently  
 Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,  
 And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,  
 So he be with me : by him, like a shadow,  
 I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub<sup>m</sup>  
 Will be all o'er the prison : I am then  
 Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father !  
 Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,  
 And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him ! [*Exit.*]

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A forest. Cornets in sundry places : noise and hallooing as of people a-Maying.*

*Enter ARCITE.*

*Arc.* The duke has lost Hippolyta ; each took  
 A several land<sup>n</sup>. This is a solemn rite  
 They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it  
 To the heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,  
 Fresher than May, sweeter  
 Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all

<sup>m</sup> *whoobub*] See note, vol. vii. 60.

<sup>n</sup> *land*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures "stand." I suspect we ought to read "laund" (an old form of *lawn*) :

"Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,  
 For through this *laund* anon the deer will come."

Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, Part iii., act iii. sc. i.



Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden ! yea,  
 We challenge too the bank of any nymph,  
 That makes the stream seem flowers ; thou, oh, jewel  
 O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise blest a place °  
 With thy sole presence ! In thy rumination  
 That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,  
 And chop on some cold thought ! thrice-blessèd chance,  
 To drop on such a mistress, expectation  
 Most guiltless on 't ! Tell me, oh, Lady Fortune,  
 (Next after Emily my sovereign,) how far  
 I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,  
 Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn  
 (The prim'st of all the year) presents me with  
 A brace of horses ; two such steeds might well  
 Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field  
 That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,  
 Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner ! thou  
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that  
 Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be  
 So near Emilia ; me thou deem'st at Thebes,  
 And therein wretched, although free : but, if  
 Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that  
 I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, oh, coz,  
 What passion would enclose thee !

*Enter PALAMON out of a bush, with his shackles ; he bends his fist  
 at ARCITE.*

*Pal.* Traitor kinsman !

Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs  
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand  
 But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,  
 I, and the justice of my love, would make thee  
 A confess'd traitor ! Oh, thou most perfidious  
 That ever gently look'd ! the void'st <sup>p</sup> of honour  
 That e'er bore gentle token ! falsest cousin  
 That ever blood made kin ! call'st thou her thine ?

° *place*] Seward's correction.—Old eds. "pace".

<sup>p</sup> *void'st*] Sympson's correction.—Old eds. "voydes".

I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands  
 Void of appointment <sup>q</sup>, that thou liest, and art  
 A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,  
 Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,  
 And these house-clogs away——

*Arc.* Dear cousin Palamon——

*Pal.* Cozener Arcite, give me language such  
 As thou hast shew'd me feat <sup>r</sup>!

*Arc.* Not finding, in  
 The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff  
 To form me like your blazon, holds me to  
 This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion  
 That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,  
 Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty  
 I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er  
 You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,  
 I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray, be pleas'd  
 To shew in generous terms your griefs, since that  
 Your question's with your equal, who professes  
 To clear his own way with the mind and sword  
 Of a true gentleman.

*Pal.* That thou durst, Arcite!

*Arc.* My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd  
 How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword  
 Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another  
 You would not hear me doubted, but your silence  
 Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.

*Pal.* Sir,

I have seen you move in such a place, which well  
 Might justify your manhood; you were call'd  
 A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,  
 If any day it rain. Their valiant temper  
 Men lose, when they incline to treachery;  
 And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly  
 Were they not tied.

<sup>q</sup> *appointment*] i. e. accoutrement for the fight, weapons.

<sup>r</sup> *give me language such*

*As thou hast shew'd me feat*] "i. e. let your language correspond with the  
 vileness of your actions." MASON.

*Arc.* Kinsman, you might as well  
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to  
His ear, which now disdains you.

*Pal.* Come up to me :  
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword  
(Though it be rusty), and the charity  
Of one meal lend me ; come before me then,  
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say  
That Emily is thine, I will forgive  
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,  
If then thou carry 't ; and brave souls in shades,  
That have died manly, which will seek of me  
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,  
That thou art brave and noble.

*Arc.* Be content ;  
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house :  
With counsel of the night, I will be here  
With wholesome viands ; these impediments  
Will I file off ; you shall have garments, and  
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison ; after,  
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, " Arcite,  
I am in plight," there shall be at your choice  
Both sword and armour.

*Pal.* Oh, you Heavens, dare any  
So noble bear a guilty business ? none  
But only Arcite ; therefore none but Arcite  
In this kind is so bold.

*Arc.* Sweet Palamon——

*Pal.* I do embrace you and your offer : for  
Your offer do 't I only, sir ; your person,  
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish  
More than my sword's edge on 't.

[*Horns winded within.*]

*Arc.* You hear the horns :  
Enter your musit<sup>s</sup>, lest this match between 's

<sup>s</sup> *musit*] Written also *muse* and *muset*. "A Muse (of a Hare), *Arctus leporis per sepes transitus, leporis lacuna.*" Coles's *Dict.*—"The opening in a fence or thicket, through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass."

Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell:  
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you,  
Take comfort, and be strong.

*Pal.* Pray, hold your promise,  
And do the deed with a bent brow: most certain  
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour  
This oil out of your language. By this air,  
I could for each word give a cuff; my stomach  
Not reconcil'd by reason.

*Arc.* Plainly spoken!  
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur  
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger  
In me have but one face. [*Horns winded again.*]

Hark, sir! they call  
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess  
I have an office there.

*Pal.* Sir, your attendance  
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office  
Unjustly is atchiev'd.

*Arc.* I've<sup>t</sup> a good title,  
I am persuaded: this question, sick between 's,  
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor  
That to your sword you will bequeathe this plea,  
And talk of it no more.

*Pal.* But this one word:  
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress;  
For, note you, mine she is——

*Arc.* Nay, then——

*Pal.* Nay, pray you——  
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:  
You are going now to look upon a sun  
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have

Nares's *Gloss.*, where the right reading in the present passage was first proposed.  
—Old eds. "Musicke" and "Musick".—Seward printed,—

"Enter your muse quick, lest this match between 's," &c.  
and so the Editors of 1778.—Weber,—

"Enter your muse, lest this match between us," &c.

Mr. Knight gives "musit".

<sup>t</sup> *I've*] Seward's correction.—Old eds. "If".

A vantage o'er me : but enjoy it till  
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the forest.*

*Enter Jailer's Daughter.*

*Daugh.* He has mistook the brake<sup>u</sup> I meant ; is gone  
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning ;  
No matter : would it were perpetual night,  
And Darkness lord o' the world !—Hark ! 'tis a wolf :  
In me hath Grief slain Fear, and, but for one thing,  
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon :  
I reckon not if the wolves would jaw me, so  
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him ?  
I cannot halloo : if I whoop'd, what then ?  
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,  
And do him but that service. I have heard  
Strange howls this live-long night : why may't not be  
They have made prey of him ? he has no weapons ;  
He cannot run ; the jingling of his gyves  
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them  
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can  
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down  
He's torn to pieces ; they howl'd many together,  
And then they fed on him : so much for that !  
Be bold to ring the bell ; how stand I then ?  
All's char'd<sup>v</sup> when he is gone. No, no, I lie ;

<sup>u</sup> *brake*] Theobald's correction, adopted by Weber and Mr. Knight.—Old eds. "Beake" and "Beak".—Seward printed "beck" (i. e. small stream) ; and so the Editors of 1778.—Nares thinks that "beck", in the present passage, is "an excellent and undoubted emendation, because the Jailer's Daughter had appointed Palamon to wait for her at a cedar 'fast by a brook'." *Gloss.* in v. But, as Mason observes, "it is out of a bush or *brake* that Palamon issues when he quarrels with Arcite, p. 374 ; and in the 6th scene of the present act Arcite says,

' Oh, retire,  
For honour's sake and safety, presently  
Into your bush again, sir.' "

<sup>v</sup> *All's char'd*] i. e. all is despatched. See note, vol. ix. 148.

My father's to be hang'd for his escape ;  
 Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much  
 As to deny my act ; but that I would not,  
 Should I try death by dozens.—I am mop'd :  
 Food took I none these two days ; [once, indeed,  
 I] sipp'd some water ; I have not clos'd mine eyes,  
 Save when<sup>w</sup> my lids scour'd off their brine. Alas,  
 Dissolve, my life ! let not my sense unsettle,  
 Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself !  
 Oh, state of Nature, fail together in me,  
 Since thy best props are warp'd !—So, which way now ?  
 The best way is the next way to a grave :  
 Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,  
 The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl  
 Calls in the dawn ! all offices are done,  
 Save what I fail in : but the point is this,  
 An end, and that is all.

[*Exit.*


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SCENE III.—*The same part of the forest as in Scene 1.*

*Enter* ARCITE, *with meat, wine, files, &c.*

*Arc.* I should be near the place.—Ho, cousin Palamon !

*Enter* PALAMON.

*Pal.* Arcite ?

*Arc.* The same : I have brought you food and files.  
 Come forth, and fear not ; here's no Theseus.

*Pal.* Nor none so honest, Arcite.

<sup>w</sup> *Food took I none these two days ; [once, indeed,  
 I] sipp'd some water ; I have not clos'd mine eyes,  
 Save when, &c.]* Seward printed ;

*“ Food took I none these two days, only sipt  
 Some water, two nights I've not clos'd mine eyes,” &c.*

Sympson proposed to read,

*“ Food took I none these two days, 'cept some water ;  
 I have not clos'd mine eyes,  
 Save when,” &c. ;*

which Mason thinks right.—The Editors of 1778 followed the old eds. ; and so Mr. Knight.—Weber violently altered the arrangement of the lines.—That some words have dropt out is quite evident.

*Arc.* That's no matter :  
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage ;  
You shall not die thus beastly : here, sir, drink ;  
I know you're faint ; then I'll talk further with you.

*Pal.* Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

*Arc.* I might ;  
But I must fear you first. Sit down ; and, good now,  
No more of these vain parleys ! let us not,  
Having our ancient reputation with us,  
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health \* ! [*Drinks.*

*Pal.* Do.

*Arc.* Pray, sit down, then ; and let me entreat you,  
By all the honesty and honour in you,  
No mention of this woman ! 'twill disturb us ;  
We shall have time enough.

*Pal.* Well, sir, I'll pledge you. [*Drinks.*

*Arc.* Drink a good hearty draught ; it breeds good blood,  
man.

Do not you feel it thaw you ?

*Pal.* Stay ; I'll tell you  
After a draught or two more.

*Arc.* Spare it not ;  
The duke has more, coz. Eat now.

*Pal.* Yes. [*Eats.*

*Arc.* I am glad  
You have so good a stomach.

*Pal.* I am gladder  
I have so good meat to 't.

*Arc.* Is 't not mad lodging  
Here in the wild woods, cousin ?

*Pal.* Yes, for them  
That have wild consciences.

*Arc.* How tastes your victuals ?  
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.

*Pal.* Not much :  
But, if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.  
What is this ?

\* *health*] Is followed in the old eds. by "&c."

*Arc.* Venison.

*Pal.* 'Tis a lusty meat.

Give me more wine : here, Arcite, to the wenches  
We have known in our days ! The lord-steward's daughter ;  
Do you remember her ?

*Arc.* After you, coz.

*Pal.* She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

*Arc.* She did so : well, sir ?

*Pal.* And I have heard some call him Arcite ; and—

*Arc.* Out with it, faith !

*Pal.* She met him in an arbour :

What did she there, coz ? play o' the virginals ?<sup>1</sup>

*Arc.* Something she did, sir.

*Pal.* Made her groan a month for 't ;

Or two, or three, or ten.

*Arc.* The marshal's sister

Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

Else there be tales abroad : you 'll pledge her ?

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* A pretty brown wench 'tis : there was a time  
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,  
And a broad beech ; and thereby hangs a tale.—  
Heigh-ho !

*Pal.* For Emily, upon my life ! Fool,  
Away with this strain'd mirth ! I say again,  
That sigh was breath'd for Emily : base cousin,  
Dar'st thou break first ?

*Arc.* You are wide<sup>2</sup>.

*Pal.* By Heaven and earth,  
There 's nothing in thee honest !

*Arc.* Then I 'll leave you :  
You are a beast now.

*Pal.* As thou mak'st me, traitor.

*Arc.* There 's all things needful,—files, and shirts, and  
perfumes :

I 'll come again some two hours hence, and bring  
That that shall quiet all.

*Pal.* A sword and armour ?

<sup>1</sup> *the virginals*] See Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

<sup>2</sup> *wide*] "i. e. wide of the mark." WEBER.



*Arc.* Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell:  
Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.

*Pal.* Sirrah——

*Arc.* I'll hear no more.

[*Exit.*

*Pal.* If he keep touch, he dies for 't.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter Jailer's Daughter.*

*Daugh.* I am very cold; and all the stars are out too,  
The little stars, and all that look like aglets<sup>a</sup>:  
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!  
Alas, no! he's in Heaven.—Where am I now?—  
Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship; how 't tumbles!  
And there's a rock lies watching under water;  
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now,  
There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!  
Spoon her<sup>b</sup> before the wind, you'll lose all else!  
Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!

<sup>a</sup> *aglets*] “Were worn,” says Sir F. Madden, “by both sexes; by the men chiefly as tags to their laces or points (*aiguillettes*), which were made either square or pointed, plain or in the form of acorns, or with small heads cut at the end, or topped with a diamond or ruby. . . . They were worn also by ladies, as pendants or ornaments in their head-dress . . . . Junius is therefore evidently mistaken in explaining aglet by *spangle*, into which error Archdeacon Nares has also partly fallen.” Note on *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary*, p. 205. Coles gives both “An Aglet (tag of a point), *Æramentum ligulæ*”, and “An Aglet (a little plate of metal), *Bractea, Bracteola*”. Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, B. ii. C. iii. st. 26), describing Belphebe, tells us that she

“was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,  
All in a silken camus lilly whight,  
Purpled upon with many a folded plight,  
Which all above besprinkled was throughout  
With golden *aygulets*, that glistred bright,  
Like twinkling starres.”

<sup>b</sup> *Spoon her*] So Weber, who compares a passage in *The Double Marriage*,—  
“Down with the foresail too! we'll *spoom* before her”,—  
vol. vi. 337, where see note.—Old eds. “Upon *her*”, with which Mr. Knight is satisfied.—Seward gave Sympson's conjecture, “Up with *her*”; and so the Editors of 1778.—Theobald proposed “Spoon *her*”.—Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) thinks that in the present passage “*Spoom her*” is not the right reading.

Good night, good night ; ye 're gone !—I am very hungry :  
 Would I could find a fine frog ! he would tell me  
 News from all parts o' the world ; then would I make  
 A carrack<sup>c</sup> of a cockle-shell, and sail  
 By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,  
 For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father,  
 Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice  
 To-morrow morning : I 'll say never a word. [Sings.

For I 'll cut my green coat, a foot above my knee ;  
 And I 'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine e'e :  
     Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.  
 He 's<sup>d</sup> buy me a white cut<sup>e</sup>, forth for to ride,  
 And I 'll go seek him through the world that is so wide :  
     Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,  
 To put my breast against ! I shall sleep like a top else. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter GERROLD, four Countrymen as Morris-dancers, another as the Bavian<sup>f</sup>, five Wenches, and a Taborer.*

*Ger.* Fie, fie !

What tediousity and disensanity  
 Is here among ye ! Have my rudiments  
 Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,  
 And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth  
 And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,

<sup>c</sup> *carrack*] i. e. large ship of burden, galleon.

<sup>d</sup> *He's*] "Is a common abbreviation of *he shall*, still common among the vulgar ; and there is no occasion to read with Mason—'he 'll' ". WEBER.

<sup>e</sup> *cut*] i. e. horse—properly, a common or labouring horse, so called either from its tail being docked, or because it was gelded.

<sup>f</sup> *Bavian*] i. e. Babian, Babion,—baboon.—Douce observes that Steevens "misconceived the following passage in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*,—

'and next the fool,

The *Bavian*, with long tail and eke long tool.'

Here are not *two* fools described. The construction is, 'next comes the fool, i. e. the *Bavian* fool, &c.' - - - The tricks of the *Bavian*, his tumbling and barking like a dog, - - - were peculiar to the morris-dance described in *The Two*

And do you still cry "where," and "how," and "wherefore?"  
 You most coarse frieze capacities, ye jane judgments<sup>2</sup>,  
 Have I said "thus let be," and "there let be,"  
 And "then let be," and no man understand me?  
*Proh Deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces!  
 For why, here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,  
 Close in the thicket; the duke appears; I meet him,  
 And unto him I utter learnèd things  
 And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,  
 And then cries "rare!" and I go forward; at length  
 I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,  
 As once did Meleager and the boar,  
 Break comely out before him, like true lovers,  
 Cast yourselves in a body decently,  
 And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys!

*First Coun.* And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerrold.

*Sec. Coun.* Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?

*Third Coun.* Why, Timothy!

*Tab.* Here, my mad boys; have at ye!

*Ger.* But I say where's their women?

*Fourth Coun.* Here's Friz and Maudlin.

*Noble Kinsmen*, which has some other characters that seem to have been introduced for stage effect, and not to have belonged to the genuine morris. The tail was the fox-tail that was sometimes worn by the morris fool [?]; and the long tool will be best understood by referring to the cut of the idiot in the *genuine* copy of the *Dance of Death*, usually, though improperly, ascribed to Holbein, and by reflecting on some peculiar properties and qualifications of the idiot character." *Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 459.

<sup>2</sup> *ye jane judgments*] Old eds. "ye jave judgements"; and so Weber.—Seward printed "ye sleeve judgments"; and so the Editors of 1778.—Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes "ye jaw judgments" (a conjecture which also occurred to Weber).—Mr. Knight gives "ye jape judgments".—It is really extraordinary that, when Seward got so far as to observe that, "Whether 'jave' be some sort of coarse cloth as well as *frieze*, or a mistake of the press, must be uncertain," &c., neither he nor his successors should have discovered the right word: "jave" is undoubtedly a misprint for "*jane*",—a stuff well known in England long before the present play was written: "Fustian called *Jean*", &c. *The Rates of the Custome house*, &c., 1582, sig. c 2.—With the present passage we may compare the following lines of Taylor the water-poet;

"And with *Mockado* mouth, and *judgement Rash*,  
 And tongue of *Saye*, thou'lt say all is but trash."

*A Reply as true as Steele*, &c., 1641, p. 6 [5].

*Sec. Coun.* And little Luce with the white legs, and bounding Barbary.

*First Coun.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.

*Ger.* Where be your ribbands, maids? swim with your bodies,

And carry it sweetly and deliverly <sup>h</sup>;

And now and then a favour and a frisk.

*Nell.* Let us alone, sir.

*Ger.* Where 's the rest o' the music?

*Third Coun.* Dispers'd as you commanded.

*Ger.* Couple, then,

And see what 's wanting. Where 's the Bavian?

My friend, carry your tail without offence

Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure

You tumble with audacity and manhood;

And when you bark, do it with judgment.

*Bav.* Yes, sir.

*Ger.* *Quo usque tandem?* here is a woman wanting.

*Fourth Coun.* We may go whistle; all the fat 's i' the fire.

*Ger.* We have,

As learnèd authors utter, wash'd a tile <sup>i</sup>;

We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

*Sec. Coun.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding <sup>j</sup>,

That gave her promise faithfully she would

Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin;

Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,

She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.

*Ger.* An eel and woman,

A learnèd poet says, unless by the tail

And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.

In manners this was false position.

*First Coun.* A fire ill take her <sup>k</sup>! does she flinch now?

<sup>h</sup> *deliverly*] i. e. nimbly, actively.

<sup>i</sup> *wash'd a tile*] *Laterem lavare*, to labour in vain.

<sup>j</sup> *hilding*] See note, vol. iii. 192.

<sup>k</sup> *A fire ill take her*] Seward printed "*A feril take her!*"—"because the dialogue is with a schoolmaster, who says of himself [p. 388] that

'He humbles with a *ferula* the tall ones.'"

*Third Coun.* What  
Shall we determine, sir?

*Ger.* Nothing ;  
Our business is become a nullity,  
Yea, and a woful and a piteous nullity.

*Fourth Coun.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,  
Now to be frampal<sup>1</sup>, now to piss o' the nettle !  
Go thy ways ; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee !

*Enter Jailer's Daughter, and sings.*

The George a low came from the south,  
From the coast of Barbary-a ;  
And there he met with brave gallants of war,  
By one, by two, by three-a.  
Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants !  
And whither now are you bound-a ?  
Oh, let me have your company  
Till [I]<sup>m</sup> come to the Sound-a !  
There was three fools fell out about an howlet :  
The one said it was an owl ;  
The other he said nay ;  
The third he said it was a hawk,  
And her bells were cut away.

*Third Coun.* There 's a dainty mad woman, master,  
Comes i' the nick ; as mad as a March hare :  
If we can get her dance, we are made again ;  
I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols.

*First Coun.* A mad woman ! we are made, boys !

*Ger.* And are you mad, good woman ?

*Daugh.* I would be sorry else.  
Give me your hand.

*Ger.* Why ?

*Daugh.* I can tell your fortune :

Weber proposes to read "*An ill fire take her!*"—Nares (*Gloss.* in v. *Ferril*) says that "*A fire-ill take her,*" is, doubtless, equivalent to "*p—x take her.*"—After all, is not the right reading "*A wildfire take her*" ? That expression is very common : so, in *The Mad Lover*, Chilax exclaims to the Priestess, "*A wildfire take you!*" vol. vi. 195.

<sup>1</sup> *frampal*] i. e. peevish, froward (a word spelt in various ways, and used with various shades of meaning).

<sup>m</sup> [I] So Seward ; and so his successors,—Weber excepted, who inserts "we."

You are a fool. Tell ten<sup>n</sup>. I have pos'd him. Buzz !  
 Friend, you must eat no white bread ; if you do,  
 Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho ?  
 I know you ; you 're a tinker : sirrah tinker,  
 Stop no more holes but what you should.

Ger. *Dii boni !*

A tinker, damsel !

Daugh. Or a conjurer :

Raise me a devil now, and let him play  
*Qui passa o' the bells and bones.*

Ger. Go, take her,

And fluently persuade her to a peace<sup>o</sup> ;

*Et<sup>p</sup> opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—*

Strike up, and lead her in.

Sec. Coun. Come, lass, let 's trip it.

Daugh. I'll lead.

Third Coun. Do, do. [Horns winded within.

Ger. Persuasively and cunningly ; away, boys !

I hear the horns : give me some meditation,

And mark your cue. [Exeunt all except GERROLD.

Pallas inspire me !

*Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE,  
 and train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.

Ger. Stay, and edify !

Thes. What have we here ?

Pir. Some country-sport, upon my life, sir.

Thes. Well, sir, go forward ; we will edify.—

Ladies, sit down : we 'll stay it.

Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail ! all hail, sweet ladies !

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Ger. If you but favour, our country-pastime made is.

We are a few of those collected here,

<sup>n</sup> *Tell ten*] i. e. count ten,—“a trial of idiocy,” as Weber observes.

<sup>o</sup> *persuade her to a peace*] Means simply—persuade her to be quiet.—Reed would alter “*a peace*” to “*appease*”, Mason to “*a place*” (in the dance), and Weber to “*a pace*” (i. e. dance).

<sup>p</sup> *Et*] Seward silently printed “*Atque*” ; and so his successors.—Ovid has “*Jamque opus . . . nec ignes,*” &c. *Met.* xv. 871.

That ruder tongues distinguish villager ;  
 And, to say verity, and not to fable,  
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable<sup>q</sup>,  
 Or company, or, by a figure, chorus,  
 That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.  
 And I, that am the rectifier of all,  
 By title *Pædagogus*, that let fall  
 The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,  
 And humble with a ferula the tall ones,  
 Do here present this machine, or this frame :  
 And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame  
 From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,  
 Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,  
 And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight  
 Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight—  
*Is*—now comes in, which, being glew'd together,  
 Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,  
 The body of our sport, of no small study.  
 I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,  
 To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenner<sup>r</sup> ;  
 At whose great feet I offer up my penner<sup>s</sup> :  
 The next, the Lord of May and Lady bright,  
 The chambermaid and servingman, by night  
 That seek out silent hanging<sup>t</sup> : then mine host  
 And his fat spouse, that welcome<sup>u</sup> to their cost  
 The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning  
 Inform<sup>v</sup> the tapster to inflame the reck'ning :  
 Then the beast-eating<sup>w</sup> clown, and next the fool,  
 The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool ;  
*Cum multis aliis*, that make a dance :  
 Say " Ay," and all shall presently advance.

<sup>q</sup> *rable*] So old eds. for the sake of the rhyme.—The modern editors print "rabble."

<sup>r</sup> *tenner*] So old eds. for the sake of the rhyme (—at p. 394, last line but one, they have "tenor").—The modern editors (Seward excepted) print "tenor."

<sup>s</sup> *penner*] "i. e. case for holding pens." WEBER.

<sup>t</sup> *hanging*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures "hugging" ! not perceiving (what is surely plain enough) that "*hanging*" means—tapestry.

<sup>u</sup> *welcome*] Old eds. "welcomes." <sup>v</sup> *Inform*] Old eds. "Informes."

<sup>w</sup> *beast-eating*] Mason would read "beef-eating."

*Thes.* Ay, ay, by any means, dear Domine.

*Pir.* Produce.

*Ger.*<sup>x</sup> *Intrate filii!* come forth, and foot it!

*Re-enter the four Countrymen, the Bavian, the five Wenches, and the Taborer, accompanied by the Jailer's Daughter, and others of both sexes. They dance a Morris.*

Ladies, if we have been merry,  
And have pleas'd ye<sup>y</sup> with a derry,  
And a derry, and a down,  
Say the schoolmaster's no clown.  
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,  
And have done as good boys should do,  
Give us but a tree or twain  
For a Maypole, and again,  
Ere another year run out,  
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

*Thes.* Take twenty, Domine.—How does my sweetheart?

*Hip.* Never so pleas'd, sir.

*Emi.* 'Twas an excellent dance; and, for a preface,  
I never heard a better.

*Thes.* Schoolmaster, I thank you.—

One see 'em all rewarded.

*Pir.* And here's something [Gives money.]  
To paint your pole withal.

*Thes.* Now to our sports again!

*Ger.* May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,  
And thy dogs be swift and strong!  
May they kill him without lets<sup>z</sup>,  
And the ladies eat his dowcets<sup>a</sup>!

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, PIR., HIP., EMI., ARCITE, and  
train. *Horns winded as they go out.*

Come, we are all made! *Dii Deæque omnes!*

Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>x</sup> *Ger.*] This prefix has dropt out from the old eds., which have here a stage-direction, "*Knocke for Schoole*" (and "*Schoolm*").

<sup>y</sup> *ye*] Old eds. "thee."

<sup>z</sup> *lets*] i. e. impediments.

<sup>a</sup> *dowcets*] See note, vol. i. 267.



SCENE VI.—*The same part of the forest as in SCENE III.**Enter PALAMON from the bush.*

*Pal.* About this hour my cousin gave his faith  
 To visit me again, and with him bring  
 Two swords and two good armours : if he fail,  
 He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,  
 I did not think a week could have restor'd  
 My lost strength to me, I was grown so low  
 And crest-faln with my wants : I thank thee, Arcite,  
 Thou art yet a fair foe ; and I feel myself,  
 With this refreshing, able once again  
 To out-dure danger. To delay it longer  
 Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,  
 That I lay fattening like a swine, to fight,  
 And not a soldier : therefore, this blest morning  
 Shall be the last ; and that sword he refuses,  
 If it but hold, I kill him with ; 'tis justice :  
 So, Love and Fortune for me !—Oh, good morrow !

*Enter ARCITE with armours and swords.**Arc.* Good morrow, noble kinsman.*Pal.* I have put you  
 To too much pains, sir.*Arc.* That too much, fair cousin,  
 Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.*Pal.* Would you were so in all, sir ! I could wish you  
 As kind a kinsman, as you force me find  
 A beneficial foe, that my embraces  
 Might thank you, not my blows.*Arc.* I shall think either,  
 Well done, a noble recompense.*Pal.* Then I shall quit<sup>b</sup> you.*Arc.* Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew  
 More than a mistress to me : no more anger,  
 As you love any thing that's honourable !  
 We were not bred to talk, man ; when we are arm'd,
<sup>b</sup> *quit*] i. e. requite.

And both upon our guards, then let our fury,  
 Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us ;  
 And then to whom the birthright of this beauty  
 Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,  
 Despising of our persons, and such poutings,  
 Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen,  
 And quickly, yours or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir ?  
 Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,  
 And furnish'd with your old strength, I 'll stay, cousin,  
 And every day discourse you into health,  
 As I am spar'd : your person I am friends with,  
 And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,  
 Though I had died ; but, loving such a lady,  
 And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.

*Pal.* Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,  
 That no man but thy cousin 's fit to kill thee :  
 I am well and lusty ; choose your arms.

*Arc.* Choose you, sir.

*Pal.* Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it  
 To make me spare thee ?

*Arc.* If you think so, cousin,  
 You are deceiv'd ; for, as I am a soldier,  
 I will not spare you !

*Pal.* That 's well said !

*Arc.* You 'll find it.

*Pal.* Then, as I am an honest man, and love  
 With all the justice of affection,  
 I 'll pay thee soundly ! This I 'll take.

*Arc.* That 's mine, then.

I 'll arm you first. [*Proceeds to put on PALAMON'S armour.*]

*Pal.* Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,  
 Where gott'st thou this good armour ?

*Arc.* 'Tis the duke's ;

And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you ?

*Pal.* No.

*Arc.* Is 't not too heavy ?

*Pal.* I have worn a lighter ;  
 But I shall make it serve.

*Arc.* I 'll buckle 't close.

*Pal.* By any means.

*Arc.* You care not for a grand-guard<sup>c</sup> ?

*Pal.* No, no ; we 'll use no horses : I perceive  
You would fain be at that fight.

*Arc.* I am indifferent.

*Pal.* Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle  
Through far enough.

*Arc.* I warrant you.

*Pal.* My casque now.

*Arc.* Will you fight bare-arm'd ?

*Pal.* We shall be the nimbler.

*Arc.* But use your gauntlets though : those are o' the least ;  
Prithee, take mine, good cousin.

*Pal.* Thank you, Arcite.

How do I look ? am I faln much away ?

*Arc.* Faith, very little ; Love has us'd you kindly.

*Pal.* I 'll warrant thee, I 'll strike home.

*Arc.* Do, and spare not :  
I 'll give you cause, sweet cousin.

*Pal.* Now to you, sir.

[*Proceeds to put on ARCITE'S armour.*]

Methinks this armour 's very like that, Arcite,  
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.

*Arc.* That was a very good one ; and that day,  
I well remember, you out-did me, cousin ;  
I never saw such valour : when you charg'd  
Upon the left wing of the enemy,  
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me  
I had a right good horse.

*Pal.* You had, indeed ;  
A bright bay, I remember.

*Arc.* Yes. But all  
Was vainly labour'd in me ; you out-went me,  
Nor could my wishes reach you : yet a little  
I did by imitation.

*Pal.* More by virtue ;  
You are modest, cousin.

<sup>c</sup> *grand-guard*] "A part of the armour worn by knights on horse back."  
WEBER.

*Arc.* When I saw you charge first,  
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder  
Break from the troop.

*Pal.* But still before that flew  
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little :  
Is not this piece too strait ?

*Arc.* No, no ; 'tis well.

*Pal.* I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword ;  
A bruise would be dishonour.

*Arc.* Now I am perfect.

*Pal.* Stand off, then.

*Arc.* Take my sword ; I hold it better.

*Pal.* I thank you, no ; keep it ; your life lies on it :  
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more  
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me !

*Arc.* And me my love !

[*They bow several ways ; then advance and stand.*

Is there aught else to say ?

*Pal.* This only, and no more. Thou art mine aunt's son,  
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual ;  
In me, thine, and in thee, mine : my sword  
Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,  
The gods and I forgive thee : if there be  
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour,  
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.  
Fight bravely, cousin : give me thy noble hand.

*Arc.* Here, Palamon : this hand shall never more  
Come near thee with such friendship.

*Pal.* I commend thee.

*Arc.* If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward ;  
For none but such dare die in these just trials<sup>d</sup>.  
Once more, farewell, my cousin !

<sup>d</sup> *If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,*

*For none but such dare die in these just trials*] "Mr. Sympson thinks this a strange sentiment, and indeed it must appear so, till we recollect that our scene lies in the land of *knight errantry* rather than in Athens ; that our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquered always supposed guilty and held infamous." SEWARD.

*Pal.* Farewell, Arcite!

[*They fight.*

[*Horns winded within : they stand.*

*Arc.* Lo, cousin, lo ! our folly has undone us !

*Pal.* Why ?

*Arc.* This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you ;  
If we be found, we are wretched : oh, retire,  
For honour's sake and safety<sup>c</sup>, presently  
Into your bush again, sir ! we shall find  
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,  
If you be seen, you perish instantly  
For breaking prison ; and I, if you reveal me,  
For my contempt : then all the world will scorn us,  
And say we had a noble difference,  
But base disposers of it.

*Pal.* No, no, cousin ;

I will no more be hidden, nor put off  
This great adventure to a second trial :  
I know your cunning, and I know your cause :  
He that faints now, shame take him ! Put thyself  
Upon thy present guard——

*Arc.* You are not mad ?

*Pal.* Or I will make the advantage of this hour  
Mine own ; and what to come shall threaten me,  
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,  
I love Emilia ; and in that I'll bury  
Thee, and all crosses else.

*Arc.* Then, come what can come,  
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well  
Die as discourse or sleep : only this fears me,  
The law will have the honour of our ends.  
Have at thy life !

*Pal.* Look to thine own well, Arcite !

[*They fight. Horns winded within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, and train.*

*Thes.* What ignorant and mad malicious traitors  
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,  
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,

<sup>c</sup> *safety*] Theobald and Seward's correction, which is followed by Weber and Mr. Knight.—Old eds. "safely" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

Without my leave, and officers of arms ?

By Castor, both shall die !

*Pal.* Hold thy word, Theseus :

We are certainly both traitors, both despisers  
Of thee and of thy goodness : I am Palamon,  
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison ;  
Think well what that deserves ! and this is Arcite ;  
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,  
A falsèr ne'er seem'd friend : this is the man  
Was begg'd and banish'd ; this is he contemns thee,  
And what thou dar'st do ; and in this disguise,  
Against thy own edict,<sup>1</sup> follows thy sister,  
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia  
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,  
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly  
I am ;) and, which is more, dares think her his.  
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,  
I call'd him now to answer : if thou be'st,  
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,  
The true decider of all injuries,  
Say, " Fight again ! " and thou shalt see me, Theseus,  
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy ;  
Then take my life ; I 'll woo thee to 't.

*Pir.* Oh, Heaven,

What more than man is this !

*Thes.* I have sworn.

*Arc.* We seek not

Thy breath of mercy, Theseus : 'tis to me  
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,  
And no more mov'd. Where<sup>2</sup> this man calls me traitor,  
Let me say thus much : if in love be treason,  
In service of so excellent a beauty,  
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,  
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,  
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,  
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,

<sup>1</sup> *thy own edict*] Old eds. " this *owne edict*."—Seward silently printed " this known *edict* ; " and so his successors.—Compare the second line of the next page.

<sup>2</sup> *Where*] i. e. Whereas.

So let me be most traitor, and you please me.  
 For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady  
 Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me  
 Stay here to love her ; and, if she say traitor,  
 I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

*Pal.* Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh, Theseus,  
 If unto neither thou shew mercy ! stop,  
 As thou art just, thy noble ear against us ;  
 As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,  
 Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,  
 Let's die together, at one instant, duke ;  
 Only a little let him fall before me,  
 That I may tell my soul he shall not have her !

*Thes.* I grant your wish ; for, to say true, your cousin  
 Has ten times more offended, for I gave him  
 More mercy than you found, sir, your offences  
 Being no more than his.—None here speak for 'em !  
 For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

*Hip.* Alas, the pity !—Now or never, sister,  
 Speak, not to be denied : that face of yours  
 Will bear the curses else of after-ages  
 For these lost cousins.

*Emi.* In my face, dear sister,  
 I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin ;  
 The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em<sup>h</sup> :  
 Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,  
 My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll get mercy.  
 Help me, dear sister : in a deed so virtuous  
 The powers of all women will be with us.—  
 Most royal brother——

[*They kneel.*

*Hip.* Sir, by our tie of marriage——

*Emi.* By your own spotless honour——

*Hip.* By that faith,

That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me——

*Emi.* By that you would have pity in another,  
 By your own virtues infinite——

<sup>h</sup> *The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em*] Seward silently printed "kills" ; and so his successors. But see (among other similar passages of these plays which might be referred to) vol. v. 7, 94, vol. ix. 185.

*Hip.* By valour,  
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you——

*Thes.* These are strange conjurings.

*Pir.* Nay, then, I'll in too :—

[*Kneels.*

By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,  
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady——

*Emi.* By that you would have trembled to deny  
A blushing maid——

*Hip.* By your own eyes, by strength,  
In which you swore I went beyond all women,  
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus——

*Pir.* To crown all this, by your most noble soul,  
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first !

*Hip.* Next, hear my prayers !

*Emi.* Last, let me entreat, sir !

*Pir.* For mercy !

*Hip.* Mercy !

*Emi.* Mercy on these princes !

*Thes.* Ye make my faith reel : say I felt  
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it ?

*Emi.* Upon their lives ; but with their banishments.

*Thes.* You are a right woman, sister ; you have pity,  
But want the understanding where to use it.  
If you desire their lives, invent a way  
Safer than banishment : can these two live,  
And have the agony of love about 'em,  
And not kill one another ? every day  
They'd fight about you ; hourly bring your honour  
In public question with their swords. Be wise, then,  
And here forget 'em ; it concerns your credit  
And my oath equally ; I have said, they die :  
Better they fall by the law than one another.  
Bow not my honour.

*Emi.* Oh, my noble brother,  
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger ;  
Your reason will not hold it ! if such vows  
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.  
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,  
Of more authority, I am sure more love ;  
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.



*Thes.* What is it, sister ?

*Pir.* Urge it home, brave lady.

*Emi.* That you would ne'er deny me any thing  
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting :  
I tie you to your word now ; if you fail<sup>i</sup> in 't,  
Think how you main your honour  
(For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf  
To all but your compassion) ; how their lives  
Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion<sup>j</sup> !  
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me ?  
That were a cruel wisdom : do men proin<sup>k</sup>  
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blos-  
soms,

Because they may be rotten ? Oh, Duke Theseus,  
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,  
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,  
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,  
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,  
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,  
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women !  
For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em !

*Thes.* On what conditions ?

*Emi.* Swear 'em never more  
To make me their contention, or to know me,  
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,  
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers  
To one another.

*Pal.* I'll be cut a-pieces  
Before I take this oath : forget I love her ?  
Oh, all ye gods, despise me, then ! Thy banishment  
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry  
Our swords and cause along ; else, never trifle,  
But take our lives, duke : I must love, and will ;  
And, for that love, must and dare kill this cousin  
On any piece the earth has.

<sup>i</sup> *fail*] Old eds. "fall".

<sup>j</sup> *of my name's opinion*] i. e. of the reputation or credit of my name. This is Theobald's correction, which is approved by Mason, and adopted by Mr. Knight.—Old eds. "of my name ; *Opinion*" ; and so Seward, the Editors of 1778, and Weber.

*proin*] i. e. prune.—Seward silently printed "prune" ; and so his successors.

*Thes.* Will you, Arcite,  
Take these conditions?

*Pal.* He's a villain, then.

*Pir.* These are men!

*Arc.* No, never, dukø; 'tis worse to me than begging,  
To take my life so basely. Though I think  
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve  
The honour of affection, and die for her,  
Make death a devil!

*Thes.* What may be done? for now I feel compassion.

*Pir.* Let it not fall again, sir.

*Thes.* Say, Emilia,

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you  
Content to take the other to your husband?  
They cannot both enjoy you: they are princes  
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble  
As ever fame yet spoke of: look upon 'em,  
And, if you can love, end this difference;  
I give consent.—Are you content too, princes?

*Pal.* }  
*Arc.* } With all our souls.

*Thes.* He that she refuses  
Must die, then.

*Pal.* }  
*Arc.* } Any death thou canst invent, duke.

*Pal.* If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,  
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

*Arc.* If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,  
And soldiers sing my epitaph.

*Thes.* Make choice, then.

*Emi.* I cannot, sir; they are both too excellent:  
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

*Hip.* What will become of 'em?

*Thes.* Thus I ordain it;  
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,  
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country;  
And each, within this month, accompanied  
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,

In which I'll plant a pyramid ; and whether<sup>1</sup>,  
 Before us that are here, can force his cousin  
 By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,  
 He shall enjoy her ; the other lose his head,  
 And all his friends ; nor shall he grudge to fall,  
 Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.  
 Will this content ye ?

*Pal.* Yes.—Here, cousin Arcite,  
 I am friends again till that hour.

*Arc.* I embrace you.

*Thes.* Are you content, sister ?

*Emi.* Yes ; I must, sir ;

Else both miscarry.

*Thes.* Come, shake hands again, then ;  
 And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel  
 Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.

*Pal.* We dare not fail thee, Theseus.

*Thes.* Come, I'll give ye  
 Now usage like to princes and to friends.  
 When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here ;  
 Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A room in the prison.*

*Enter Jailer and First Friend.*

*Jailer.* Hear you no more ? was nothing said of me  
 Concerning the escape of Palamon ?  
 Good sir, remember.

*First Friend.* Nothing that I heard ;  
 For I came home before the business  
 Was fully ended : yet I might perceive,  
 Ere I departed, a great likelihood  
 Of both their pardons ; for Hippolyta,  
 And fair-ey'd Emily, upon their knees  
 Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke

*whether]* "Is here used in the sense of whichever, or which of the two."  
 MASON.

Methought stood staggering whether he should follow  
 His rash oath, or the sweet compassion  
 Of those two ladies ; and to second them,  
 That truly noble prince Pirithous,  
 Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope  
 All shall be well : neither heard I one question  
 Of your name or his scape.

*Jailer.* Pray Heaven, it hold so !

*Enter Second Friend.*

*Sec. Friend.* Be of good comfort, man : I bring you news,  
 Good news.

*Jailer.* They are welcome.

*Sec. Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you,  
 And got your pardon, and discover'd how  
 And by whose means he scap'd, which was your daughter's,  
 Whose pardon is procur'd too ; and the prisoner  
 (Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)  
 Has given a sum of money to her marriage,  
 A large one, I'll assure you.

*Jailer.* You're a good man,  
 And ever bring good news.

*First Friend.* How was it ended ?

*Sec. Friend.* Why, as it should be ; they that never begg'd  
 But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted :  
 The prisoners have their lives.

*First Friend.* I knew 'twould be so.

*Sec. Friend.* But there be new conditions, which you'll  
 hear of  
 At better time.

*Jailer.* I hope they are good.

*Sec. Friend.* They are honourable :  
 How good they'll prove, I know not.

*First Friend.* 'Twill be known.

*Enter Wooer.*

*Wooer.* Alas, sir, where's your daughter ?

*Jailer.* Why do you ask ?

*Wooer.* Oh, sir, when did you see her ?

*Sec. Friend.* How he looks !

*Jailer.* This morning.

*Wooer.* Was she well? was she in health, sir?  
When did she sleep?

*First Friend.* These are strange questions.

*Jailer.* I do not think she was very well; for, now  
You make me mind her, but this very day  
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me  
So far from what she was, so childishly,  
So sillily, as if she were a fool,  
An innocent!<sup>j</sup> and I was very angry.  
But what of her, sir?

*Wooer.* Nothing but my pity:  
But you must know it, and as good by me  
As by another that less loves her.

*Jailer.* Well, sir?

*First Friend.* Not right?

*Sec. Friend.* Not well?

*Wooer.* No, sir; not well:  
'Tis too true, she is mad.

*First Friend.* It cannot be.

*Wooer.* Believe, you'll find it so.

*Jailer.* I half suspected  
What you [have] told me; the gods comfort her!  
Either this was her love to Palamon,  
Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,  
Or both.

*Wooer.* 'Tis likely.

*Jailer.* But why all this haste, sir?

*Wooer.* I'll tell you quickly. As I late<sup>k</sup> was angling  
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,  
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,  
As patiently I was attending sport,  
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive  
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive  
'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,

<sup>j</sup> *An innocent*] i. e. an idiot.

<sup>k</sup> *As I late, &c.*] "This description bears a striking resemblance to the following in *Hamlet* [act iv., sc. 7];

'There is a willow grows aslant a brook', &c. REED.

A boy or woman. I then left my angle  
 To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not  
 Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds  
 Had so encompass'd it : I laid me down,  
 And listen'd to the words she sung ; for then,  
 Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,  
 I saw it was your daughter.

*Jailer.* Pray, go on, sir.

*Wooer.* She sung much, but no sense ; only I heard her  
 Repeat this often, " Palamon is gone,  
 Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries ;  
 I'll find him out to-morrow."

*First Friend.* Pretty soul !

*Wooer.* " His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken ;  
 And what shall I do, then ? I'll bring a bevy,  
 A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I do,  
 With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,  
 With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,  
 And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,  
 And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of you, sir ;  
 That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,  
 And she must gather flowers to bury you,  
 And see the house made handsome. Then she sung  
 Nothing but " Willow,<sup>1</sup> willow, willow ;" and between  
 Ever was, " Palamon, fair Palamon,"  
 And " Palamon was a tall young man." The place  
 Was knee-deep where she sat ; her careless tresses  
 A wreath<sup>m</sup> of bull-rush rounded ; about her stuck  
 Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours ;  
 That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph  
 That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris  
 Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she made  
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke  
 The prettiest posies,—" Thus our true love's tied",  
 " This you may loose, not me", and many a one ;

<sup>1</sup> *Willow, &c.* " See *Othello* [act. iv., sc. 3]. The song here alluded to is printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* [i. 208, ed. 1794]." REED.

<sup>m</sup> *wreath*] Old eds. "wreake" and "wreak".

And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,  
And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd her hand.

*Sec. Friend.* Alas, what pity it is !

*Wooper.* I made in to her :

She saw me, and straight sought the flood ; I sav'd her,  
And set her safe to land ; when presently  
She slipt away, and to the city made,  
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,  
She left me far behind her. Three or four  
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em  
I knew to be your brother ; where she stay'd,  
And fell, scarce to be got away : I left them with her,  
And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

*Enter Jailer's Brother, Jailer's Daughter, and others.*

*Daugh.* [*sings.*]

May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine song ?

*Broth.* Oh, a very fine one !

*Daugh.* I can sing twenty more.

*Broth.* I think you can.

*Daugh.* Yes, truly, can I ; I can sing *The Broom* °,  
And *Bonny Robin* °. Are not you a tailor ?

*Broth.* Yes.

*Daugh.* Where 's my wedding-gown ?

° *The Broom*] " This very popular song is thus quoted by Moros in the old interlude [comedy], *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art*, by W. Wager [n. d.] ;

' Brome, brome on hill,  
The gentle brome on hill hill :  
Brome, brome on Hiue hill,  
The gentle brome on Hiue hill,  
The brome standes on Hiue hilla.' [Sig. A 3.]

It is also mentioned by Laneham [*Letter from Kenilworth, 1575*] as one of the songs in the possession of Captain Cox, a mason at Coventry." WEBER.

° *Bonny Robin*] " BONNY SWEET ROBIN. In Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and William Ballet's Lute Book. In the latter there are two copies, and the second copy is called 'Robin Hood is to the greenwood gone'; it is, therefore, evidently the tune to a ballad of Robin Hood, now lost. Ophelia sings a line of it in Hamlet,—

' For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy '."

Chappell's *National English Airs*, ii. 176.

*Broth.* I'll bring it to-morrow.

*Daugh.* Do, very rearly<sup>p</sup>; I must be abroad else,  
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;  
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;  
'Twill never thrive else.

Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c.<sup>1</sup>

[*Sings.*

*Broth.* You must even take it patiently.

*Jailer.* 'Tis true.

*Daugh.* Good even, good men. Pray, did you ever hear  
Of one young Palamon?

*Jailer.* Yes, wench, we know him.

*Daugh.* Is 't not a fine young gentleman?

*Jailer.* 'Tis love!

*Broth.* By no mean[s] cross her; she is then distemper'd  
Far<sup>r</sup> worse than now she shews.

*First Friend.* Yes, he's a fine man.

*Daugh.* Oh, is he so? You have a sister?

*First Friend.* Yes.

*Daugh.* But she shall never have him, tell her so,  
For a trick that I know: you'd best look to her,  
For, if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,  
And undone in an hour. All the young maids  
Of our town are in love with him: but I laugh at 'em,  
And let 'em all alone; is 't not a wise course?

*First Friend.* Yes.

*Daugh.* There is at least two hundred now with child by him,—  
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,  
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,—  
He has the trick on 't; and at ten years old  
They must be all gelt for musicians,  
And sing the wars of Theseus.

<sup>p</sup> *rearly*] i. e. early. This is Sympson's correction, adopted by Weber and Mr. Knight.—Old eds. "rarely."—Seward (rejecting Sympson's reading because he could find no authority for it) printed "early"; and so the Editors of 1778.—Weber observes that Gay, in his *Shepherd's Week*, uses *rear* for early.—Grose gives "*Rear* (corruptly pronounced *Rare*), early, soon." *Prov. Gloss.*

<sup>1</sup> *Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c.*] Is found among *Certaine Sonets* at the end of Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 474, ed. 1598,—

"O Faire, o sweet, when I do looke on thee,  
In whom all ioyes so well agree," &c.

<sup>r</sup> *Far*] Old eds. "For."



*Sec. Friend.* This is strange.

*Daugh.* As ever you heard : but say nothing.

*First Friend.* No.

*Daugh.* They come from all parts of the dukedom to him ;  
I 'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night  
As twenty to despatch ; he 'll tickle 't up  
In two hours, if his hand be in.

*Jailer.* She 's lost,  
Past all cure !

*Broth.* Heaven forbid, man !

*Daugh.* Come hither ; you are a wise man.

*First Friend.* Does she know him ?

*Sec. Friend.* No ; would she did !

*Daugh.* You are master of a ship ?

*Jailer.* Yes.

*Daugh.* Where 's your compass ?

*Jailer.* Here.

*Daugh.* Set it to the north ;  
And now direct your course to the wood, where Palamon  
Lies longing for me ; for the tackling  
Let me alone : come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly !

*All.* Owgh, owgh, owgh ! 'tis up, the wind is fair :  
Top the bowling ; out with the main-sail !  
Where 's your whistle, master ?

*Broth.* Let 's get her in.

*Jailer.* Up to the top, boy !

*Broth.* Where 's the pilot ?

*First Friend.* Here.

*Daugh.* What kenn'st thou ?

*Sec. Friend.* A fair wood.

*Daugh.* Bear for it, master ; tack about !

[*Sings.*

When Cynthia with her borrow'd light, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter EMILIA with two pictures.*

*Emi.* Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open  
And bleed to death for my sake else : I 'll choose,  
And end their strife : two such young handsome men

Shall never fall for me ; their weeping mothers,  
 Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,  
 Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heaven,  
 What a sweet face has Arcite ! If wise Nature,  
 With all her best endowments, all those beauties  
 She sows into the births of noble bodies,  
 Were here a mortal woman, and had in her  
 The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless  
 She would run mad for this man : what an eye,  
 Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,  
 Has this young prince ! here Love himself sits smiling ;  
 Just such another wanton Ganymede  
 Set Jove<sup>r</sup> a-fire with, and enforc'd the god  
 Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,  
 A shining constellation : what a brow,  
 Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,  
 Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter,  
 Smoother than Pelops' shoulder ! Fame and Honour,  
 Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory  
 Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing,  
 To all the under-world, the loves and fights  
 Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon  
 Is but his foil ; to him, a mere dull shadow :  
 He 's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy  
 As if he had lost his mother ; a still temper,  
 No stirring in him, no alacrity ;  
 Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile ;—  
 Yet these that we count errors, may become him :  
 Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.  
 Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy ?  
 I am a fool, my reason is lost in me ;  
 I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly\*  
 That women ought to beat me. On my knees  
 I ask thy pardon, Palamon ! thou art alone,

<sup>r</sup> *Jove*] Old eds. "Love."—Seward (who proposed in a note various alterations of this passage) printed "*Set Jove a-fire, and enforc'd the god,*" &c. ; and so Mr. Knight.—The construction and meaning (as Mason saw) are—"With just such another *smile* [which is understood from the preceding "*smiling*"] wanton Ganymede set Jove a-fire."

<sup>\*</sup> *lewdly*] i. e. wickedly, vilely.

And only beautiful ; and these thy eyes,  
 These<sup>t</sup> the bright lamps of beauty, that command  
 And threaten Love ; and what young maid dare cross 'em ?  
 What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,  
 Has this brown manly face ! Oh, Love, this only  
 From this hour is complexion ! Lie there, Arcite :  
 Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,  
 And this the noble body. I am sotted,  
 Utterly lost ! my virgin's<sup>u</sup> faith has fled me,  
 For, if my brother but even now had ask'd me  
 Whether<sup>v</sup> I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite ;  
 Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—  
 Stand both together.—Now, come, ask me, brother ;—  
 Alas, I know not !—Ask me now, sweet sister ;—  
 I may go look !—What a mere child is fancy<sup>w</sup>,  
 That, having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,  
 Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both !

*Enter a Gentleman.*

How now, sir ?

*Gent.* From the noble duke your brother,  
 Madam, I bring you news : the knights are come.

*Emi.* To end the quarrel ?

*Gent.* Yes.

*Emi.* Would I might end first !

What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,  
 That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd  
 With blood of princes ? and my chastity  
 Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers  
 (Two greater and two better never yet  
 Made mothers joy<sup>x</sup>) must be the sacrifice  
 To my unhappy beauty ?

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, and Attendants.*

*Thes.* Bring 'em in

Quickly by any means : I long to see 'em.—

Your two contending lovers are return'd,

<sup>t</sup> *These*] Mason would read "They're".

<sup>u</sup> *virgin's*] Altered by Seward to "virgin",—rightly, perhaps.

<sup>v</sup> *Whether*] See note, p. 400.      <sup>w</sup> *fancy*] "i. e. love." WEBER.

<sup>x</sup> *Made mothers joy*] The modern editors (with the exception of Seward), not perceiving that "joy" is a verb, print "Made mothers' joy."

And with them their fair knights : now, my fair sister,  
You must love one of them.

*Emi.* I had rather both,  
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

*Thes.* Who saw 'em ?

*Pir.* I a while.

*Gent.* And I.

*Enter Messenger*<sup>w</sup>.

*Thes.* From whence come you, sir ?

*Mess.* From the knights.

*Thes.* Pray, speak,  
You that have seen them, what they are.

*Mess.* I will, sir,  
And truly what I think. Six braver spirits  
Than those<sup>x</sup> they have brought (if we judge by the outside)  
I never saw nor read of. He that stands  
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming  
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince  
(His very looks so say him) ; his complexion  
Nearer a brown than black ; stern, and yet noble,  
Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers ;  
The circles of his eyes shew fire<sup>y</sup> within him,  
And as a heated lion, so he looks ;  
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining  
Like ravens' wings ; his shoulders broad and strong ;  
Arm'd long and round<sup>z</sup> ; and on his thigh a sword  
Hung by a curious baldrick<sup>a</sup>, when he frowns  
To seal his will with ; better, o' my conscience,  
Was never soldier's friend.

<sup>w</sup> *Enter Messenger*] Old eds. "*Enter Messengers* [and *Messenger*]. Curtis." "*Curtis* was probably [certainly] the name of the performer who acted this subordinate part." WEBER.

<sup>x</sup> *those*] So the folio of 1679.—The 4to "these" ; and so the modern editors, Seward excepted.

<sup>y</sup> *fire*] Old eds. "*faire*" and "*fair*" ; and so Mr. Knight.—Seward printed "*far*" ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Nothing can be plainer than that the right reading is "*fire*",—a correction which had occurred to me long before I found it in Heath's *MS. Notes*.—"The description of these attendant knights is closely copied from Chaucer, as well as the orisons to Venus, Mars, and Diana in the next act." WEBER.

<sup>z</sup> *Arm'd long and round*] "Seward reads, '*Arms long and round*' [and so the Editors of 1778] ; but the text has the same meaning." WEBER (from Mason).

<sup>a</sup> *baldrick*] i. e. belt.

*Thes.* Thou hast well describ'd him.

*Pir.* Yet a great deal short,  
Methinks, of him that 's first with Palamon.

*Thes.* Pray, speak him, friend.

*Pir.* I guess he is a prince too,  
And, if it may be, greater ; for his show  
Has all the ornament of honour in 't :  
He 's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,  
But of a face far sweeter ; his complexion  
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy ; he has felt,  
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter  
To make this cause his own ; in 's face appears  
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes ;  
And when he 's angry, then a settled valour  
(Not tainted with extremes) runs through his body,  
And guides his arm to brave things ; fear he cannot,  
He shews no such soft temper ; his head 's yellow,  
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy-tops,  
Not to undo with thunder ; in his face  
The livery of the warlike maid appears,  
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him ;  
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,  
As if she ever meant to crown<sup>b</sup> his valour ;  
His nose stands high, a character of honour,  
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

*Emi.* Must these men die too ?

*Pir.* When he speaks, his tongue  
Sounds like a trumpet ; all his lineaments  
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean ;  
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold ;  
His age, some five-and-twenty.

*Mess.* There 's another,  
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming  
As great as any ; fairer promises  
In such a body yet I never look'd on.

*Pir.* Oh, he that 's freckle-fac'd ?

<sup>b</sup> *crown*] So Seward ; and so his successors.—Old eds. “corect” and “correct.”  
(We should be nearer to the *ductus literarum* by reading “court” : but it is less appropriate).

*Mess.* The same, my lord :  
Are they not sweet ones ?

*Pir.* Yes, they are well.

*Mess.* Methinks,  
Being so few and well-dispos'd, they shew  
Great and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,  
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour  
Next to an auburn ; tough, and nimble-set,  
Which shews an active soul ; his arms are brawny,  
Lin'd with strong sinews ; to the shoulder-piece  
Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,  
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting  
Under the weight of arms ; stout-hearted, still,  
But, when he stirs, a tiger ; he's grey-ey'd,  
Which yields compassion where he conquers ; sharp  
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,  
He's swift to make 'em his ; he does no wrongs,  
Nor takes none ; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles  
He shews a lover, when he frowns, a soldier ;  
About his head he wears the winner's oak,  
And in it stuck the favour of his lady ;  
His age, some six-and-thirty ; in his hand  
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.

*Thes.* Are they all thus ?

*Pir.* They are all the sons of honour.

*Thes.* Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em !—  
Lady, you shall see men fight now.

*Hip.* I wish it,  
But not the cause, my lord : they would shew  
Bravely about<sup>c</sup> the titles of two kingdoms :  
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.—  
Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you ?  
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench : it must be.

*Thes.* You have steel'd 'em with your beauty.—Honour'd  
friend,

<sup>c</sup> *they would shew*  
*Bravely about, &c.*] Altered by Seward to—  
“*they would shew bravely*  
*Fighting about,*” &c.  
and so the Editors of 1778.

To you I give the field ; pray, order it  
Fitting the persons that must use it.

*Pir.* Yes, sir.

*Thes.* Come, I 'll go visit 'em : I cannot stay  
(Their fame has fir'd me so) till they appear.  
Good friend, be royal.

*Pir.* There shall want no bravery<sup>d</sup>.

*Emi.* Poor wench, go weep ! for whosoever wins  
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [ *Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—*A room in the prison.*

*Enter Jailer, Wooer, and Doctor.*

*Doctor.* Her distraction is more at some time of the  
moon than at other some<sup>e</sup>, is it not ?

*Jailer.* She is continually in a harmless distemper ; sleeps  
little ; altogether without appetite, save often drinking ;  
dreaming of another world and a better ; and what broken  
piece of matter soe'er she 's about, the name Palamon lards  
it ; that she farcès<sup>f</sup> every business withal, fits it to every  
question.—Look, where she comes ! you shall perceive her  
behaviour.

*Enter Jailer's Daughter.*

*Daugh.* I have forgot it quite ; the burden on 't was  
*Down-a, down-a* ; and penned by no worse man than Giraldo,  
Emilia's schoolmaster : he 's as fantastical, too, as ever he may  
go upon 's legs ; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon,  
and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

*Doctor.* What stuff 's here ! poor soul !

*Jailer.* Even thus all day long.

*Daugh.* Now for this charm that I told you of. You must  
bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry :  
then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits

<sup>d</sup> *bravery*] "i. e. decoration, magnificence". WEBER.

<sup>e</sup> *some*] Mason would read "time",—most unnecessarily.

<sup>f</sup> *farcès*] "i. e. stuffs." WEBER.

are (there's a sight now!)<sup>g</sup>,—we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then—

*Doctor.* How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further.

*Daugh.* Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break<sup>h</sup>, we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! oh, they have shrewd measure! Take heed: if one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

*Doctor.* How her brain coins!

*Daugh.* Lords and courtiers, that have got maids with child, they are in this place; they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart, and there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle! believe me, one would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on 't, I'll assure you.

*Doctor.* How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

*Daugh.* To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one cries, "Oh, this smoke!" another, "this fire!" one cries, "Oh, that ever I did it behind the arras!" and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house<sup>i</sup>.

[*Sings.*

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.

[*Exit.*

*Jailer.* What think you of her, sir?

*Doctor.* I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.

<sup>g</sup> *spirits are (there's a sight now!), &c.*] Mason's correction, adopted by Weber. —Old eds. "*spirits, as the's [and there's] a sight now,*" &c; and so Seward, the Editors of 1778, and Mr. Knight.

<sup>h</sup> *barley-break*] See note, vol. iii. 112.

<sup>i</sup> *garden-house*] See note, vol. i. 32.



*Jailer.* Alas, what then?

*Doctor.* Understand you she ever affected any man, ere she beheld Palamon?

*Jailer.* I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

*Wooper.* I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on 't, to give half my state<sup>h</sup>, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

*Doctor.* That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses: they may return and settle again to execute their preordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness; sing to her such green songs of love, as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense; all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing; desire to eat with her, carve her<sup>i</sup>, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; learn what maids have been her companions and play-pheers<sup>j</sup>; and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's<sup>k</sup> now out of square in her, into their former law and regiment<sup>l</sup>: I have seen it approved<sup>m</sup>, how many times I know not; but to make

<sup>h</sup> *state*] i. e. estate.

<sup>i</sup> *carve her*] Seward silently printed "*carve for her*"; and so Mr. Knight.

<sup>j</sup> *play-pheers*] "i. e. play-fellows." WEBER.

<sup>k</sup> *what's*] Seward silently printed "*what are*"; and so his successors, Weber excepted.

<sup>l</sup> *regiment*] "i. e. government." *Ed.* 1778.—Seward silently printed "*regimen*."

<sup>m</sup> *approved*] i. e. proved.

the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution ; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana*<sup>n</sup>.

*A flourish. Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, and Attendants.*

*Thes.* Now let 'em enter, and before the gods  
Tender their holy prayers : let the temples  
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars  
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense  
To those above us : let no due be wanting :  
They have a noble work in hand, will honour  
The very powers that love 'em.

*Pir.* Sir, they enter.

*A flourish of cornets. Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, and their Knights.*

*Thes.* You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,  
You royal germane foes, that this day come  
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,  
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like  
Before the holy altars of your helpers,  
The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn bodies :  
Your ire is more than mortal ; so your help be !  
And, as the gods regard ye, fight with justice !  
I 'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye  
I part my wishes.

<sup>n</sup> *Before the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana*] Weber gave here "Before the Temple of Mars, which appears in the Back-ground" ; at p. 418, "Scene ii. The Temple of Venus" ; and at p. 420, "Scene iii. The Temple of Diana." But it is evident (not only from the first speech of Theseus in this page, but also from the division of the scenes in the old eds., which have "Scæna 2." before the entrance of the Doctor, Jailer, &c., at p. 422) that the prayers of Arcite, Palamon, and Emilia to their respective patron deities, are comprehended in the same scene,—the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana, with their altars and statues, being supposed to stand together in the back-ground.

*Pir.* Honour crown the worthiest !

[*Exeunt all except PALAMON, ARCITE, and their Knights.*]

*Pal.* The glass is running now that cannot finish  
Till one of us expire : think you but thus ;  
That, were there aught in me which strove to shew  
Mine enemy in this business, were 't one eye  
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,  
I would destroy th' offender ; coz, I would,  
Though parcel<sup>n</sup> of myself : then from this gather  
How I should tender you.

*Arc.* I am in labour

To push your name, your antient love, our kindred,  
Out of my memory ; and i' the self-same place  
To seat something I would confound : so hoist we  
The sails, that must these vessels port<sup>o</sup> even where  
The heavenly limiter pleases.

*Pal.* You speak well :

Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin. [*They embrace.*]  
This I shall never do again.

*Arc.* One farewell !

*Pal.* Why, let it be so : farewell, coz !

*Arc.* Farewell, sir !— [*Exeunt PALAMON and his Knights.*]

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,  
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you  
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension  
Which still is father of it<sup>p</sup>, go with me  
Before the god of our profession : there  
Require of him the hearts of lions, and  
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,  
Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,

<sup>n</sup> *parcel*] "i. e. part." WEBER.

<sup>o</sup> *port*] Seward (following some modern copies) silently printed "part".

<sup>p</sup> *father of it*] Theobald's correction ; and adopted by Weber.—Old eds. "farther off it" ; and so Seward.—The Editors of 1778 printed "further off it" ; and so Mr. Knight.—"I cannot think the old reading right, because it does not appear to me to be sense to say that apprehension is farther off from the spirit of Mars than fear is. I am therefore inclined to adopt Theobald's amendment ; for we may fairly say that apprehension, that is, a sensibility of danger, is the parent of fear." MASON.—"I believe Mr. Theobald hath hit upon the true reading." HEATH (*MS. Notes*).

Else wish we to be snails : you know my prize  
 Must be dragg'd out of blood ; force and great feat  
 Must put my garland on, where she sticks <sup>a</sup>  
 The queen of flowers ; our intercession, then,  
 Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron <sup>r</sup>  
 Brimm'd with the blood of men : give me your aid,  
 And bend your spirits towards him.

[*They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their faces ; then kneel.*]

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd  
 Green Neptune into purple ; [whose approach] <sup>s</sup>  
 Comets prewarn ; whose havoc in vast field  
 Unearthèd skulls proclaim ; whose breath blows down  
 The teeming Ceres' foison <sup>t</sup> ; who dost pluck  
 With hand armipotent <sup>u</sup> from forth blue clouds  
 The mason'd turrets ; that both mak'st and break'st  
 The stony girths of cities ; me thy pupil,  
 Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day  
 With military skill, that to thy laud  
 I may advance my streamer, and by thee  
 Be styl'd the lord o' the day ! Give me, great Mars,  
 Some token of thy pleasure !

[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise and bow to the altar.*]

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,  
 Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider  
 Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood  
 The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world  
 O' the plurisy <sup>v</sup> of people ; I do take  
 Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name  
 To my design march boldly !—Let us go. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> *where she sticks*] Seward silently printed "*where she will stick*"; and so his successors,—silently also.

<sup>r</sup> *cestron*] i. e. cistern.

<sup>s</sup> [*whose approach*] Added by Seward.

<sup>t</sup> *foison*] "i. e. abundance." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>u</sup> *armipotent*] Seward's correction.—Old eds. "armenypotent" and "armenipotent".

<sup>v</sup> *plurisy*] "i. e. superabundance." WEBER.

*Re-enter PALAMON and his Knights.*

*Pal.* Our stars must glisten with new fire, or be  
To-day extinct; our argument is love,  
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives  
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,  
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause  
Your personal hazard: to the goddess Venus  
Commend we our proceeding, and implore  
Her power unto our party.

*[They advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their  
faces; then kneel.*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power  
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,  
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might  
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,  
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make  
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him  
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king  
To be his subject's vassal, and induce  
Stale gravity to dance; the pollèd<sup>w</sup> bachelor  
(Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,  
Have<sup>x</sup> skipt thy flame) at seventy thou canst catch,  
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,  
Abuse young lays of love: what godlike power  
Hast thou not power upon? to Phœbus thou  
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires  
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress  
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw  
Her bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace  
Me, thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke  
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier  
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles: I  
Have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;

<sup>w</sup> *pollèd*] i. e. shorn, bald-headed. (Written in old eds. "pould".)

<sup>x</sup> (*Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,*

*Have, &c.*] Seward printed "*Whose freaks of youth,*" &c.—Some word has probably dropt out here; but the construction of the passage is such as our early writers frequently employ: the poet wrote "*youth - - HAVE*" on account of the intervening "*boys*": see note, p. 396.

Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none,—would not,  
 Had I kenn'd all that were ; I never practis'd  
 Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read  
 Of liberal<sup>x</sup> wits ; I never at great feasts  
 Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd  
 At simpering sirs that did ; I have been harsh  
 To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them  
 If they had mothers ? I had one, a woman,  
 And women 'twere they wrong'd : I knew a man  
 Of eighty winters, (this I told them,) who  
 A lass of fourteen bridged ; 'twas thy power  
 To put life into dust ; the agèd cramp  
 Had screw'd his square foot round,  
 The gout had knit his fingers into knots,  
 Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes  
 Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life  
 In him seem'd torture ; this anatomy<sup>y</sup>  
 Had by his young fair pheer<sup>z</sup> a boy, and I  
 Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,  
 And who would not believe her ? Brief<sup>a</sup>, I am  
 To those that prate, and have done, no companion ;  
 To those that boast, and have not, a defier ;  
 To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer :  
 Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices  
 The foulest way, nor names concealments in  
 The boldest language : such a one I am,  
 And vow that lover never yet made sigh  
 Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,  
 Give me the victory of this question, which  
 Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign  
 Of thy great pleasure !

[*Here music is heard, and doves are seen to flutter : they  
 fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*]

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st  
 In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,

<sup>x</sup> *liberal*] i. e. licentiously free.

<sup>y</sup> *anatomy*] See note, vol. iv. 143.

<sup>z</sup> *pheer*] Equivalent here to,—mate, wife.

<sup>a</sup> *Brief*] i. e. in brief.

And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks  
 For this fair token ! which being laid unto  
 Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance  
 My body to this business.—Let us rise  
 And bow before the goddess : time comes on.

[*They bow, and then exeunt.*]

*Still music of records*<sup>c</sup>. Enter EMILIA in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath ; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers ; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her Maids<sup>d</sup> standing aloof, she sets fire to it ; then they curtsy and kneel.

*Emi.* Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,  
 Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,  
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure  
 As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights  
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,  
 Which is their order's robe ; I here, thy priest,  
 Am humbled 'fore thine altar ! oh, vouchsafe,  
 With that thy rare green eye<sup>e</sup>, which never yet  
 Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin !  
 And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear  
 (Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port  
 Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,  
 Season'd with holy fear ! This is my last  
 Of vestal office ; I am bride-habited,  
 But maiden-hearted : a husband I have 'pointed,  
 But do not know him ; out of two I should

<sup>c</sup> *records*] "i. e. recorders,—flageolets." WEBER.

<sup>d</sup> *Maids*] Seward printed "Maid" ; and so his successors, Mr. Knight excepted.

<sup>e</sup> *green eye*] Seward printed "sheen eye"!—"Green eyes were considered as peculiarly beautiful. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, [act iii. sc. 5] ;

'an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.'

The Spanish writers are peculiarly enthusiastic in the praise of green eyes. So Cervantes, in his novel *Del Zeloso Estrememno* : '*Ay que ojos tan grandes, y tan razgados ! y por el siglo de mi madre que son verdes, que no parecen sino que son de esmeraldas.*'" WEBER.—Gifford (note on his translation of Juvenal, *Sat.* xiii. v. 223) after observing that the expression, "green eyes," is common in our early poets, cites one of Drummond's Sonnets in which Nature is represented as

Choose one, and pray for his success ; but I  
 Am guiltless of election : of mine eyes  
 Were I to lose one, (they are equal precious,)  
 I could doom neither ; that which perish'd should  
 Go to 't unsentenc'd : therefore, most modest queen,  
 He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me  
 And has the truest title in 't, let him  
 Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant  
 The file and quality I hold I may  
 Continue in thy band !

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place  
 ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows  
 Out from the bowels of her holy altar  
 With sacred act advances ! but one rose !  
 If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound  
 Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,  
 Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the  
 rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the  
 altar.*

The flower is faln, the tree descends !—Oh, mistress,  
 Thou here dischargest me ; I shall be gather'd,  
 I think so ; but I know not thine own will :  
 Unclasp thy mystery !—I hope she's pleas'd ;  
 Her signs were gracious. [They curtsy, and then exeunt.

consulting the gods about the colour of Auristella's eyes : Mars and Apollo  
 advise her to make them *black* ;

“ Chaste Phœbe spake for purest *azure* dyes :  
 But Jove and Venus *green* about the light  
 To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,  
 That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye arise.  
 Nature, all said, a paradise of *green*  
 There plac'd, to make all love which have them seen.”

He observes too that he has “ seen many Norwegian seamen with eyes of this  
 hue, which were invariably quick, keen, and glancing.”



SCENE II.—*A room in the prison.*

*Enter Doctor, Jailer, and Wooer (in the habit of PALAMON).*

*Doctor.* Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

*Wooer.* Oh, very much! the maids that kept her company  
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;  
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,  
And ask'd me what I would eat, and when I would kiss her:  
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

*Doctor.* 'Twas well done: twenty times had been far better;  
For there the cure lies mainly.

*Wooer.* Then she told me  
She would watch with me to-night, for well she knew  
What hour my fit would take me.

*Doctor.* Let her do so;  
And, when your fit comes, fit her home and presently.

*Wooer.* She would have me sing.

*Doctor.* You did so?

*Wooer.* No.

*Doctor.* 'Twas very ill done, then;  
You should observe her every way.

*Wooer.* Alas,  
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way!

*Doctor.* That 's all one, if you make a noise:  
If she entreat again, do any thing;  
Lie with her, if she ask you.

*Jailer.* Ho, there<sup>g</sup>, doctor!

*Doctor.* Yes, in the way of cure.

*Jailer.* But first, by your leave,  
I' the way of honesty.

*Doctor.* That 's but a niceness<sup>h</sup>;  
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty:  
Cure her first this way; then, if she will be honest,  
She has the path before her.

*Jailer.* Thank you, doctor.

<sup>g</sup> *Ho, there*] i. e. stop, hold there (compare vol. ii. 333.)—Mason, not being aware how common this expression is, would read "Hold, there."

<sup>h</sup> *niceness*] i. e. scrupulousness, preciseness.

*Doctor.* Pray, bring her in,  
And let's see how she is.

*Jailer.* I will, and tell her  
Her Palamon stays for her : but, doctor,  
Methinks you are i' the wrong still. [*Exit.*

*Doctor.* Go, go ! you fathers are fine fools : her honesty !  
An we should give her physic till we find that—

*Wooer.* Why, do you think she is not honest, sir ?

*Doctor.* How old is she ?

*Wooer.* She's eighteen.

*Doctor.* She may be ;  
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose :  
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive  
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,  
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me ?

*Wooer.* Yes, very well, sir.

*Doctor.* Please her appetite,  
And do it home ; it cures her, *ipso facto*,  
The melancholy humour that infects her.

*Wooer.* I am of your mind, doctor.

*Doctor.* You'll find it so. She comes : pray, humour<sup>i</sup> her.

*Re-enter Jailer, with his Daughter, and Maid.*

*Jailer.* Come ; your love Palamon stays for you, child,  
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

*Daugh.* I thank him for his gentle patience ;  
He's a kind gentleman, and I am much bound to him.  
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me ?

*Jailer.* Yes.

*Daugh.* How do you like him ?

*Jailer.* He's a very fair one.

*Daugh.* You never saw him dance ?

*Jailer.* No.

*Daugh.* I have often :  
He dances very finely, very comely ;  
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him<sup>k</sup> !  
He turns you like a top.

<sup>i</sup> *humour*] The correction of Theobald and others.—Old eds. "*honour.*"

<sup>k</sup> *come cut and long tail to him*] This expression has occurred before,

*Jailer.* That's fine, indeed.

*Daugh.* He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,  
And that will founder the best hobby-horse<sup>1</sup>  
(If I have any skill) in all the parish ;  
And gallops to the tune of *Light-o'-love* :<sup>m</sup>  
What think you of this horse ?

*Jailer.* Having these virtues,  
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.

*Daugh.* Alas, that's nothing !

*Jailer.* Can he write and read too ?

*Daugh.* A very fair hand ; and casts himself th' accounts  
Of all his hay and provender ; that hostler  
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know  
The chesnut mare the duke has ?

*Jailer.* Very well.

*Daugh.* She is horribly in love with him, poor beast ;  
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

*Jailer.* What dowry has she ?

*Daugh.* Some two hundred bottles<sup>n</sup>,  
And twenty strike of oats ; but he'll ne'er have her :  
He lips in's neighing, able to entice  
A miller's mare ; he'll be the death of her.

*Doctor.* What stuff she utters !

*Jailer.* Make curtsy ; here your love comes.

*Wooer.* Pretty soul,  
How do you ? That's a fine maid ! there's a curtsy !

*Daugh.* Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.  
How far is't now to the end o' the world, my masters ?

*Doctor.* Why, a day's journey, wench.

vol. iv. 39. Mr. Hunter (*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i. 218) maintains that "it is taken, not from dogs, but from horses." If it were found only in the present passage (where the Jailer's Daughter is speaking of the unrivalled accomplishments of the horse which she imagines Palamon has given to her), I should say that Mr. Hunter was right ; but we certainly find it applied to dogs, as in the passage of U. Fulwell, to which Mr. Hunter refers,—“ Yea, even their very dogs, Rug, Rig, and Risbie, yea, *cut and long-taile*, they shall be welcome.”

<sup>1</sup> *hobby-horse*] See note, vol. vii. 60.

<sup>m</sup> *the tune of Light-o'-love*] See note, vol. vii. 227.—Old eds. “turne (and “turn”) of,” &c.

<sup>n</sup> *bottles*] “i. e. bottles of hay.” SEWARD.

*Daugh.* Will you go with me?

*Woer.* What shall we do there, wench?

*Daugh.* Why, play at stool-ball<sup>o</sup>:

What is there else to do?

*Woer.* I am content,

If we shall keep our wedding there.

*Daugh.* 'Tis true;

For there, I will assure you, we shall find  
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture  
To marry us, for here they are nice<sup>p</sup> and foolish;  
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,  
And that would be a blot i' the business.

Are not you Palamon?

*Woer.* Do not you know me?

*Daugh.* Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing  
But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.

*Woer.* That's all one; I will have you.

*Daugh.* Will you surely?

*Woer.* Yes, by this fair hand, will I.

*Daugh.* We'll to bed, then.

*Woer.* Even when you will.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Daugh.*<sup>q</sup> Oh, sir, you would fain be nibbling!

*Woer.* Why do you rub my kiss off?

*Daugh.* 'Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely against the wedding.

Is not this your cousin Arcite?

*Doctor.* Yes, sweetheart;

And I am glad my cousin Palamon

Has made so fair a choice.

*Daugh.* Do you think he'll have me?

*Doctor.* Yes, without doubt.

*Daugh.* Do you think so too?

*Jailer.* Yes.

*Daugh.* We shall have many children.—Lord, how you're  
grown!

<sup>o</sup> *stool-ball*] A game played with a stool (or stools) and a ball, which, says Strutt, "seems to have been more properly appropriated to the women than to the men." *Sports, &c.* p. 77.

<sup>p</sup> *nice*] i. e. scrupulous.

<sup>q</sup> *Daugh.*] Altered by Seward to "Jail.;" and so Weber.

My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,  
 Now he's at liberty : alas, poor chicken,  
 He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging ;  
 But I 'll kiss him up again.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* What do you here ? you'll lose the noblest sight  
 That e'er was seen.

*Jailer.* Are they i' the field ?

*Mess.* They are :  
 You bear a charge there too.

*Jailer.* I'll away straight.—  
 I must even leave you here.

*Doctor.* Nay, we'll go with you ;  
 I will not lose the fight.

*Jailer.* How did you like her ?

*Doctor.* I'll warrant you, within these three or four days  
 I'll make her right again.—You must not from her,  
 But still preserve her in this way.

*Wooser.* I will.

*Doctor.* Let's get her in.

*Wooser.* Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner ;  
 And then we'll play at cards.

*Daugh.* And shall we kiss too ?

*Wooser.* A hundred times.

*Daugh.* And twenty ?

*Wooser.* Ay, and twenty.

*Daugh.* And then we'll sleep together ?

*Doctor.* Take her offer.

*Wooser.* Yes, marry, will we.

*Daugh.* But you shall not hurt me.

*Wooser.* I will not, sweet.

*Daugh.* If you do, love, I'll cry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A part of the forest<sup>r</sup> near the place appointed for the combat.*

*Flourish.* Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, and Attendants<sup>s</sup>.

*Emi.* I'll no step further.

*Pir.* Will you lose this sight?

*Emi.* I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,  
Than this decision : every blow that falls  
Threats a brave life ; each stroke laments  
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like  
A bell than blade : I will stay here :  
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd  
With what shall happen ('gainst the which there is  
No deafing), but to hear, not taint mine eye  
With dread sights it may shun.

*Pir.* Sir, my good lord,  
Your sister will no further.

*Thes.* Oh, she must :  
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,  
Which sometime shew well, pencill'd<sup>t</sup>: Nature now  
Shall make and act the story, the belief  
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present ;  
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland  
To crown the question's title.

*Emi.* Pardon me ;  
If I were there, I'd wink.

*Thes.* You must be there ;  
This trial is as 'twere i' the night, and you  
The only star to shine.

<sup>r</sup> *A part of the forest, &c.*] Weber marked this scene "An Apartment in the Palace." See the first note on the next scene.

<sup>s</sup> *Attendants*] Old eds. "some *Attendants*, T. Tucke : Curtis." See note, p. 409.

<sup>t</sup> *Which sometime shew well, pencill'd*] The old eds. have no point between "well" and "pencill'd".—Seward printed "*Which Time shall shew well pencill'd*".—The Editors of 1778 "*Which sometime shew well-pencill'd*"; and so Mr. Knight.—The punctuation which I give (with Weber), was proposed by Mason, who observes, "The meaning is, She shall see deeds of honour actually performed, which shew well, even when represented in painting." I may add that Heath (*MS. Notes*) had anticipated Mason in this punctuation.

*Emi.* I am extinet :

There is but envy<sup>t</sup> in that light, which shews  
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was  
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd  
Of many mortal millions, may even now,  
By casting her black mantle over both,  
That neither could find other, get herself  
Some part of a good name, and many a murder  
Set off whereto she 's guilty.

*Hip.* You must go.

*Emi.* In faith, I will not.

*Thes.* Why, the knights must kindle  
Their valour at your eye : know, of this war  
You are the treasure, and must needs be by  
To give the service pay.

*Emi.* Sir, pardon me ;  
The title of a kingdom may be tried  
Out of itself.

*Thes.* Well, well, then, at your pleasure :  
Those that remain with you could wish their office  
To any of their enemies.

*Hip.* Farewell, sister :  
I am like to know your husband 'fore yourself,  
By some small start of time : he whom the gods  
Do of the two know best, I pray them he  
Be made your lot !

[*Exeunt all except EMILIA and some of the attendants.*]

*Emi.* Arcite is gently visag'd ; yet his eye  
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon  
In a soft sheath ; mercy and manly courage  
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon  
Has a most menacing aspèct ; his brow  
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on ;  
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to  
The quality of his thoughts ; long time his eye  
Will dwell upon his object ; melancholy  
Becomes him nobly ; so does Arcite's mirth ;  
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,

<sup>t</sup> *envy*] "i. c. malice." MASON.

So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,  
 And sadness, merry; those darker humours that  
 Stick misbecomingly on others, on him <sup>u</sup>  
 Live in fair dwelling.

[*Cornets; and trumpets sound as to a charge, within.*

Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite  
 The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;  
 And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to  
 The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity  
 Enough for such a chance! If I were by,  
 I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes  
 Toward my seat, and in that motion might  
 Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence <sup>v</sup>,  
 Which crav'd that very time: it is much better  
 I am not there; oh, better never born  
 Than minister to such harm!

[*Cornets; and a great cry of A Palamon! within.*

What is the chance <sup>w</sup>?

*First Serv.* The cry's "A Palamon."

*Emi.* Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:  
 He look'd all grace and success, and he is  
 Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee, run  
 And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout; cornets; and cry of A Palamon! within.*

*First Serv.* Still "Palamon."

*Emi.* Run and inquire. [Exit First Servant.

Poor servant, thou hast lost!

Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,  
 Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;  
 I had no end in 't else <sup>x</sup>; chance would have it so:

<sup>u</sup> *him*] Seward's correction.—Old eds. "them".

<sup>v</sup> *Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence*] "Mr. Sympton would read 'defence', but 'ward' and 'defence' is the same thing. 'Offence' is the reverse to 'ward', as weapons of offence and defence. To forfeit an offence, therefore, is to miss the opportunity of striking some advantageous blow, that might give the victory." SEWARD.

<sup>w</sup> *What is the chance?*] These words are followed in the old eds. by "Enter Servant": but it is plain that Emilia was not left unattended; see the last speech of Theseus in the preceding page.

<sup>x</sup> *else*] Was omitted by Seward; and so the Editors of 1778. "The word 'else' should not be struck out, as it is frequently introduced in these plays in the same manner. It is quite in the style of the authors." MASON.



On the sinister side the heart lies ; Palamon  
Had the best-boding chance.

[*Another cry, and shout, and cornets, within.*

This burst of clamour  
Is, sure, the end o' the combat.

*Re-enter First Servant.*

*First Serv.* They said that Palamon had Arcite's body  
Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry  
Was general " A Palamon " ; but anon  
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and  
The two bold tilters at this instant are  
Hand to hand at it.

*Emi.* Were they metamorphos'd  
Both into one—Oh, why ? there were no woman  
Worth so compos'd a man : their single share,  
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives<sup>y</sup>  
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,  
To any lady breathing.

[*Cornets ; and cry of ARCITE, ARCITE ! within.*  
More exulting ?

" Palamon " still ?

*First Serv.* Nay, now the sound is " Arcite."

*Emi.* I prithee, lay attention to the cry ;  
Set both thine ears to the business.

[*Cornets ; and a great shout, and cry of ARCITE, victory !  
within.*

*First Serv.* The cry is  
" Arcite, and victory !" Hark ! " Arcite, victory !"  
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd  
By the wind-instruments.

*Emi.* Half-sights saw  
That Arcite was no babe : God's lid, his richness  
And costliness of spirit look'd through him ! it could  
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,  
Than humble banks can go to law with waters  
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think  
Good Palamon would miscarry ; yet I knew not

<sup>y</sup> *Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives*] This line is found only in the 4to.

Why I did think so : our reasons are not prophets,  
 When oft our fancies are. They are coming off :  
 Alas, poor Palamon ! [*Cornets within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, ARCITE as victor,  
 Attendants, &c.*

*Thes.* Lo, where our sister is in expectation,  
 Yet quaking and unsettled !—Fairest Emily,  
 The gods, by their divine arbitrement,  
 Have given you this knight : he is a good one  
 As ever struck at head. Give me your hands :  
 Receive you her, you him ; be plighted with  
 A love that grows as you decay !

*Arc.* Emily,  
 To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,  
 Save what is bought ; and yet I purchase cheaply,  
 As I do rate your value.

*Thes.* Oh, lov'd sister,  
 He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er  
 Did spur a noble steed ! surely, the gods  
 Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race  
 Should shew i' the world too godlike : his behaviour  
 So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was  
 To him a sow of lead : if I could praise  
 Each part of him to th' all I have spoke, your Arcite  
 Did not lose by 't ; for he that was thus good,  
 Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard  
 Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night  
 With their contentious throats, now one the higher,  
 Anon the other, then again the first,  
 And by and by out-breasted<sup>z</sup>, that the sense  
 Could not be judge between 'em : so it far'd  
 Good space between these kinsmen ; till Heavens did  
 Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland  
 With joy that you have won.—For the subdu'd,  
 Give them our present justice, since I know  
 Their lives but pinch 'em ; let it here be done.

<sup>z</sup> *out-breasted*] i. e. out-voiced, out-sung : see note, vol. viii. 54.

The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,  
 Right joyful, with some sorrow.—Arm your prize <sup>a</sup>;  
 I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta,  
 I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,  
 The which it will deliver.

[*Flourish.*]

*Emi.* Is this winning?

Oh, all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?  
 But that your wills have said it must be so,  
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,  
 This miserable prince, that cuts away  
 A life more worthy from him than all women,  
 I should and would die too.

*Hip.* Infinite pity,  
 That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,  
 That two must needs be blind for't!

*Thes.* So it is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same part of the forest* <sup>b</sup> *as in*  
 Act iii. Scene vi.

*Enter* PALAMON *and his* Knights *pinioned, Jailer, Executioner, &c.,*  
*and Guard.*

*Pal.* There's many a man alive that hath outliv'd  
 The love o' the people; yea, i' the self-same state  
 Stands many a father with his child: some comfort  
 We have by so considering; we expire,  
 And not without men's pity; to live still  
 Have their good wishes; we prevent  
 The loathsome misery of age, beguile  
 The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend  
 For grey approachers; we come towards the gods,

<sup>a</sup> *Arm your prize*] “Means—take her by the arm.” MASON.

<sup>b</sup> *The same part of the forest, &c.*] Weber marked this scene “An open Place  
 in the City with a Scaffold,” in spite of what Theseus presently says (p. 436),—

“*In this place first you fought; even very here*  
*I sunder'd you*”.

See too the speech of Theseus, p. 399,—

“You shall both to your country”, &c.

Young and unwapper'd,<sup>d</sup> not halting under crimes  
 Many and stale; that, sure, shall please the gods  
 Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,  
 For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,  
 Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,  
 You have sold 'em too, too cheap.

*First Knight.* What ending could be  
 Of more content? O'er us the victors have  
 Fortune, whose title is as momentary  
 As to us death is certain; a grain of honour  
 They not o'er-weigh us.

*Sec. Knight.* Let us bid farewell;  
 And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,  
 Who, at her certain'st, reels.

*Third Knight.* Come; who begins?

*Pal.* Even he that led you to this banquet shall  
 Taste to you all.—Ah, ha, my friend, my friend!  
 Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;  
 You'll see 't done now for ever: pray, how does she?  
 I heard she was not well; her kind of ill  
 Gave me some sorrow.

*Jailer.* Sir, she's well restor'd,  
 And to be married shortly.

*Pal.* By my short life,  
 I am most glad on 't! 'tis the latest thing  
 I shall be glad of; prithee, tell her so;  
 Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,  
 Tender her this. [Gives purse.]

*First Knight.* Nay, let's be offerers all.

*Sec. Knight.* Is it a maid?

*Pal.* Verily, I think so;

<sup>d</sup> *unwapper'd*] i. e. unworn, not debilitated.—Grose has "*Wappered*, restless or fatigued; spoken of a sick person. Glouc." *Prov. Gloss.*—Seward gave, with Theobald, "*unwarp'd*"; and so the Editors of 1778.—Mr. Knight prints "*unwappen'd*", because, "without knowing exactly the meaning of the word *wappen'd*, he would receive the epithet here as the opposite to that in Shakespeare's *Timon*, act iv. sc. 3,

"That makes the *wappen'd* widow wed again."

A right good creature, more to me deserving  
Than I can quite<sup>d</sup> or speak of.

*All the Knights.* Commend us to her. [*Giving their purses.*]

*Jailer.* The gods requite you all,  
And make her thankful!

*Pal.* Adieu! and let my life be now as short  
As my leave-taking.

*First Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin!

*Sec. Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.

[PALAMON *lays his head on the block.* *A great noise,*  
*and cry of Run, save, hold! within.*]

*Enter in haste a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

*Enter PIRITHOUS in haste.*

*Pir.* Hold, ho! it is a cursèd haste you made,  
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,  
The gods will shew their glory in a life  
That thou art yet to lead.

*Pal.* Can that be, when  
Venus I have said is false? How do things fare?

*Pir.* Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear

[PALAMON *rises.*]

That are most dearly<sup>e</sup> sweet and bitter.

*Pal.* What

Hath wak'd us from our dream?

*Pir.* List, then. Your cousin,  
Mounted upon a steed that Emily  
Did first bestow on him,—a black one, owing  
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say<sup>f</sup>

<sup>d</sup> *quite*] “i. e. requite, recompense.” WEBER. (Spelt in old eds. “quight”: but Seward and the Editors of 1778 were probably right in printing “quit”, which is the usual form of the word in these plays: see p. 390.)

<sup>e</sup> *dearly*] The correction of Seward, who compares the following passage at p. 437,—

“for whom an hour,  
But one hour since, I was as *dearly sorry*,  
As glad of Arcite.”

Old eds. “early”.

<sup>f</sup> *a black one, owing*

*Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say, &c.]—owing, i. e. owing.—*



Seem'd with strange art to hang : his victor's wreath  
 Even then fell off his head ; and presently  
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise  
 Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living ;  
 But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for  
 The surge that next approaches : he much desires  
 To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears !

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, and ARCITE carried in a chair.*

*Pal.* Oh, miserable end of our alliance !  
 The gods are mighty !—Arcite, if thy heart,  
 Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,  
 Give me thy last words ! I am Palamon,  
 One that yet loves thee dying.

*Arc.* Take Emilia,  
 And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand :  
 Farewell ! I have told my last hour. I was false,  
 Yet never treacherous : forgive me, cousin !—  
 One kiss from fair Emilia ! [*Kisses her.*]—'Tis done :  
 Take her. I die ! [*Dies.*

*Pal.* Thy brave soul seek Elysium !

*Emi.* I'll close thine eyes, prince ; blessèd souls be with  
 thee !

Thou art a right good man ; and, while I live,  
 This day I give to tears.

*Pal.* And I to honour.

*Thes.* In this place first you fought ; even very here  
 I sunder'd you : acknowledge to the gods  
 Our<sup>h</sup> thanks that you are living.  
 His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,  
 He did it well ; your day is lengthen'd, and  
 The blissful dew of Heaven does arrose<sup>i</sup> you :  
 The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,  
 And given you your love ; our master Mars  
 Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave  
 The grace of the contention : so the deities  
 Have shew'd due justice.—Bear this hence.

<sup>h</sup> *Our*] Qy. "Your" ?

<sup>i</sup> *arrose*] "i. e. water, sprinkle." SEWARD. (Spelt in the old eds. "arowze".)

*Pal.* Oh, cousin,  
That we should things desire, which do cost us  
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy  
Dear love, but loss of dear love!

*Thes.* Never Fortune  
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,  
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage  
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,  
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady  
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and  
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,  
As your stoln jewel, and desir'd your spirit  
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice  
Take from my hand, and they themselves become  
The executioners. Lead your lady off;  
And call your lovers<sup>j</sup> from the stage of death,  
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two  
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto  
The funeral of Arcite; in whose end<sup>k</sup>  
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,  
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,  
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,  
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,  
As for him sorry.—Oh, you heavenly charmers<sup>l</sup>,  
What things you make of us! For what we lack  
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still  
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful  
For that which is, and with you leave dispute<sup>m</sup>  
That are above our question.—Let's go off,  
And bear us like the time. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

<sup>j</sup> *your lovers*] i. e. your friends,—“the knights who assisted you.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>k</sup> *in whose end*] “i. e. at the conclusion of which.” MASON.

<sup>l</sup> *charmings*] “i. e. enchanters, ruling us at their will, whose operations are beyond our power to conceive, till we see the effects of them.” SEWARD.

<sup>m</sup> *leave dispute*] “i. e. cease to dispute.” MASON.



## EPILOGUE.

---

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the play ;  
But, as it is with schoolboys, cannot say,  
I am cruel fearful. Pray, yet stay a while,  
And let me look upon ye. No man smile ?  
Then it goes hard, I see. He that has  
Lov'd a young handsome wench, then, shew his face !  
'Tis strange if none be here ; and, if he will  
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill  
Our market ! 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye :  
Have at the worst can come, then ! Now what say ye ?  
And yet mistake me not ; I am not bold ;  
We have no such cause. If the tale we have told  
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye  
(For to that honest purpose it was meant ye),  
We have our end ; and ye shall have ere long,  
I dare say, many a better, to prolong  
Your old loves to us. We, and all our might,  
Rest at your service : gentlemen, good night ! [*Flourish.*]

POEMS

BY BEAUMONT.



*Salmasis and Hermaphroditus. Salmacida spolia sine sanguine et sudore. Imprinted at London for John Hodgets, &c. 1602, 4to.*

This edition I have not seen.

*Poems: By Francis Beaumont, Gent.*

Viz. {  
The Hermaphrodite.  
The Remedie of Love.  
Elegies.  
Sonnets, with other Poems.

*London, Printed by Richard Hodgkinson for W. W. and Lawrence Blaikelocke, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sugar-loafe next Temple-Bar in Fleet-street, 1640, 4to.*

Another edition, greatly enlarged, *Printed for Lawrence Blaiklock, and are to be sold at his Shop neare the middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street*, appeared in 1653, 8vo.\*

The edition of 1653 was again put forth, with a new title-page,—*Poems. The Golden Remains of those so much admired Dramatick Poets, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gents., &c. &c. 1660.*

Among the poems thus ascribed to Beaumont are many to which he has no claim,—some by his elder brother Sir J. Beaumont; others by Donne, Ben Jonson, Randolph, Carew, Shirley, Cleaveland, and Waller; besides several pieces, which, though they have not been traced to their respective authors, were certainly not from *his* pen.

\* To the editions of 1640 and 1653 Blaiklock prefixed the following address: in the former ed. it is inscribed

*To the worshipful Robert Ducie, of Aston in the County of Stafford, Esq., son to Sir Robert Ducie, Knight and Baronet, Deceased;*

in the latter ed.,

*To the right worshipful, the worthily honoured, Robert Parkhurst, Esq.*

“ Were these but worthless poems or light rhymes,  
Writ by some common scribbler of the times,  
Without your leave I durst not then engage  
You to ennoble 'em by your patronage:  
But these, though orphans, and left fatherless,  
Their rich endowments shew they do possess  
A father's blessing, whom the Fates thought fit  
To make the master of a mine of wit;  
Whose ravishing conceits do tower so high,  
As if his quill had dropt from Mercury;  
But when his fancy chanc'd of love to sing,  
You'd swear his pen were plum'd from Cupid's wing;  
He doth an amorous passion so discover,  
As if, save Beaumont, none had e'er been lover.  
Some praise a manly bounty, some incline  
More to applaud the virtues feminine,  
Some several graces in both sexes hid;  
But only Beaumont 's he alone that did,  
By a rare stratagem of wit, connex  
What 's choice and excellent in either sex.  
Then cherish, sir, these saplings, whose each strain  
Speaks them the issue of brave Beaumont's brain;  
Which made me thus dare to prefix your name,  
Which will, if aught can, add unto their fame.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your most humble and devoted servant,

“ LAURENCE BLAIKLOCK.”

The lines *Upon Mr. Charles Beaumont, who died of a consumption*,—"While others drop their teares", &c., are cited as our poet's by Nichols (*Hist. of Leicest.* iii. 657), who observes that they are printed also among Shirley's *Poems*: but they undoubtedly were written by Shirley; see Postscript to his *Poems*,—*Works*, vi. 461.

Two songs,—"*A Charm*, "Sleep, old man," &c., and *Love's Freedom*, "Why should man be only tied," &c.,—I have rejected on the authority of Mr. Collier's *Bridgewater Catalogue*, p. 27, where it is proved from the manuscript notes of Henry Lawes the musician, that they were written by Henry Harington.

The *Epitaph*, "Here she lies, where spotless fame," &c., I have omitted, because Weber (after he had printed it) found, in a copy of the *Golden Remains of B. & F.*, an old MS. note which stated that the said epitaph was written "on Mrs. Ann Littleton, who dy'd 6th February, 1623, and lies buried in the Temple Church": see his *Introd.* p. cxxi.

Weber retained as Beaumont's, *The Mutable Fair*, "Here, Celia, for thy sake," &c.,—*Fie on Love*, "Now, fie on foolish love," &c.,—*Secrecy Protested*, "Fear not, dear love," &c.,—*Eternity of love protested*, "How ill doth he deserve," &c., and *The willing prisoner to his mistress*, "Let fools great Cupid's," &c., not being aware that the first is by Waller, the second by Shirley, and the other three by Carew.

COMMENDATORY VERSES ON SALMACIS AND  
HERMAPHRODITUS.

---

IN LAUDEM AUCTORIS.

---

LIKE to the weak estate of a poor friend,  
To whom sweet Fortune hath been ever slow,  
Which daily doth that happy hour attend,  
When his poor state may his affection shew,  
So fares my love, not able as the rest,  
To chant thy praises in a lofty vein ;  
Yet my poor Muse doth vow to do her best,  
And, wanting wings, she'll tread an humble strain.  
I thought at first her homely steps to raise,  
And for some blazing epithets to look :  
But then I fear'd that by such wondrous praise,  
Some men would grow suspicious of thy book ;  
For he that doth thy due deserts rehearse,  
Derives that glory from thy worthy verse.

W. B.<sup>a</sup>

---

TO THE AUTHOR.

---

EITHER the goddess draws her troops of Loves  
From Paphos, where she erst was held divine,  
And doth unyoke her tender-neckèd doves,  
Placing her seat in this small papery shrine ;

<sup>a</sup> W. B.] Qy. W. Barkstead, author of *Myrrha, the mother of Adonis* ! If these initials are found (as I presume they are) in ed. 1602, they cannot be those of William Browne.

Or the sweet Graces through th' Idalian grove  
 Led the best author<sup>b</sup> in their dancèd rings ;  
 Or wanton nymphs in watery bowers have wove,  
 With fair Milesian threads, the verse he sings ;  
 Or curious Pallas once again doth strive  
 With proud Arachne for illustrious glory,  
 And once again doth loves of gods revive,  
 Spinning in silver twists a lasting story :  
 If none of these, then Venus chose his sight,  
 To lead the steps of her blind son aright.

J. B.<sup>c</sup>

---

TO THE AUTHOR.

---

THE matchless lust of a fair poesy,  
 Which was erst buried in old Rome's decays,  
 Now 'gins, with height<sup>d</sup> of rising majesty,  
 Her dust-wrapt head from rotten tomb to raise,  
 And with fresh splendour gilds her fearless crest,  
 Rearing her palace in our poet's breast.

The wanton Ovid, whose enticing rhymes  
 Have with attractive wonder forc'd attention,  
 No more shall be admir'd at ; for these times  
 Produce a poet, whose more rare invention  
 Will tear the love-sick myrtle from his brows,  
 T' adorn his temple [s] with deservèd boughs.

The strongest marble fears the smallest rain ;  
 The rusting canker eats the purest gold ;  
 Honour's best dye dreads envy's blackest stain ;  
 The crimson badge of beauty must wax old :

<sup>b</sup> *best author*] See note, p. 159.

<sup>c</sup> *J. B.*] "Sir John Beaumont, elder brother of our poet, was no doubt the author of these verses." WEBER. See more concerning him in the *Account of B. and F. and their Writings*.

<sup>d</sup> *height*] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 "heat" ; and so Weber.

But this fair issue of thy fruitful brain,  
Nor dreads age, envy, cankering rust, or rain.

A. F.<sup>e</sup>

---

TO THE TRUE PATRONESS<sup>c</sup> OF ALL POETRY,

CALLIOPE.

---

It is a statute in deep wisdom's lore,  
That for his lines none should a patron choose  
By wealth or poverty, by less or more,  
But who the same is able to peruse ;  
Nor ought a man his labours dedicate,  
Without a true and sensible desert,  
To any power of such a mighty state,  
But such a wise defendress as thou art :  
Thou great and powerful Muse, then pardon me  
That I presume thy maiden cheek to stain  
In dedicating such a work to thee,  
Sprung from the issue of an idle brain :  
I use thee as a woman ought to be,  
I consecrate my idle hours to thee.

<sup>c</sup> A. F.] Such, as I learn from Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxvi), are the initials appended to these lines in ed. 1602. They are altered to "J. F." in eds. 1640, 1653,—“to make it appear”, Mr. Collier thinks, “as if John Fletcher had applauded his friend's early verses.”

<sup>f</sup> *To the true patroness, &c.*] This address, according to Mr. Collier (*ubi supra*), has no signature in ed. 1602. It is signed “F. B.” in eds. 1640, 1653,—Blaklock, says Mr. Collier, having added these initials “for his own bookselling purposes.” But why did Blaklock find them in the manuscript which he used? As he had assigned in the title-page the whole collection to Beaumont, little was to be gained by adding “F. B.” to the present short address. The particulars mentioned in this and the preceding note, together with the facts, that ed. 1602 is anonymous, that Beaumont was then only sixteen, and that ed. 1640 contains some pieces which were certainly not from his pen,—have led Mr. Collier to declare that he “does not believe *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* to have been the authorship of Beaumont.” Mr. Collier may be right; but my own impression is, that it really was the production of Beaumont's youth.



## THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

I SING the fortune of a luckless pair,  
 Whose spotless souls now in one body be,  
 For beauty still is prodromus<sup>g</sup> to care,  
 Cross'd by the sad stars of nativity ;  
 And of the strange enchantment of a well,  
 Given by the gods, my sportive Muse doth write,  
 Which sweet-lipp'd Ovid long ago did tell,  
 Wherein who bathes, straight turns hermaphrodite :  
 I hope my poem is so lively writ,  
 That thou wilt turn half-mad with reading it.

## SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS ;

OR,

THE HERMAPHRODITE.<sup>h</sup>

MY wanton lines do treat of amorous love,  
 Such as would bow the hearts of gods above.  
 Thou, Venus, our great Cytheræan queen,  
 That hourly tripp'st on the Idalian green,  
 Thou, laughing Erycina, deign to see  
 These verses wholly consecrate to thee ;  
 Temper them so within thy Paphian shrine,  
 That every lover's eye may melt a line ;  
 Command the god of love, that little king,  
 To give each verse a slight touch with his wing,  
 That, as I write, one line may draw the other,  
 And every word skip nimbly o'er another.

There was a lovely boy the nymphs had kept,  
 That on th' Idalian mountains oft had slept,

<sup>g</sup> *prodromus*] i. e. forerunner.

<sup>h</sup> *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus ; or, the Hermaphrodite*] Weber added "from Ovid": nothing, however, except the mere ground-work of the poem is found in *Met.* iv. 285, &c.

Begot and born by powers that dwelt above,  
 By learnèd Mercury on the queen of love.  
 A face he had that shew'd his parents' fame,  
 And from them both conjoin'd he drew his name.  
 So wondrous fair he was, that (as they say)  
 Diana being hunting on a day,  
 She saw the boy upon a green bank lay him,  
 And there the virgin huntress meant to slay him,  
 Because no nymphs would now pursue the chace,  
 For all were struck blind with the wanton's face.  
 But when that beauteous face Diana saw,  
 Her arms were numbèd, and she could not draw :  
 Yet did she strive to shoot, but all in vain,  
 She bent her bow, and <sup>i</sup> loos'd it straight again.  
 Then she began to chide her wanton eye,  
 And fain would shoot, but durst not see him die :  
 She turn'd and shot, but did of purpose miss him ;  
 She turn'd again, and <sup>j</sup> could not choose but kiss him.  
 Then the boy ran ; for some say, had he stay'd,  
 Diana had no longer been a maid.  
 Phœbus so doted on this <sup>k</sup> roseate face,  
 That he hath oft stoln closely from his place,  
 When he did lie by fair Leucothœ's side,  
 To dally with him in the vales of Ide ;  
 And ever since this lovely boy did die,  
 Phœbus each day about the world doth fly,  
 And on the earth he seeks him all the day,  
 And every night he seeks him in the sea.  
 His cheeks were sanguine, and his lips were red,  
 As are the blushing leaves of the rose spread ;  
 And I have heard that, till this boy was born,  
 Roses grew white upon the virgin thorn ;  
 Till one day walking to a pleasant spring,  
 To hear how cunningly the birds could sing,  
 Laying him down upon a flowery bed,  
 The roses blush'd, and turn'd themselves to red :

<sup>i</sup> *and*] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 “but” ; and so Weber.—Compare the next couplet but one.

<sup>j</sup> *and*] Weber chose to print “but”.

<sup>k</sup> *this*] Qy. “his” ?

The rose that blush'd not, for his great offence  
 The gods did punish, and for 's impudence  
 They gave this doom, and 'twas agreed by all,  
 The smell of the white rose should be but small.  
 His hair was bushy, but it was not long ;  
 The nymphs had done his tresses mighty wrong,  
 For, as it grew, they pull'd away his hair,  
 And made habiliments of gold to wear.  
 His eyes were Cupid's, for, until his birth,  
 Cupid had eyes, and liv'd upon the earth ;  
 Till on a day, when the great queen of love  
 Was by her white doves drawn from heaven above  
 Unto the top of the Idalian hill,  
 To see how well the nymphs her charge fulfil,  
 And whether they had done the goddess right  
 In nursing of her sweet Hermaphrodite ;  
 Whom when she saw, although complete and full,  
 Yet she complain'd his eyes were somewhat dull ;  
 And therefore, more the wanton boy to grace,  
 She pull'd the sparkling eyes from Cupid's face,  
 Feigning a cause to take away his sight,  
 Because the ape would sometimes shoot for spite :  
 But Venus set those eyes in such a place,  
 As grac'd those clear eyes with a clearer face.  
 For his white hand each goddess did him woo,  
 For it was whiter than the driven snow ;  
 His leg was straighter than the thigh of Jove,  
 And he far fairer than the god of love.

When first this well-shap'd boy, beauty's chief king,  
 Had seen the labour of the fifteenth spring,  
 How curiously it painted all the earth,  
 He 'gan to travel from his place of birth,  
 Leaving the stately hills where he was nurst,  
 And where the nymphs had brought him up at first.  
 He lov'd to travel unto coasts unknown,  
 To see the regions far beyond his own,  
 Seeking clear watery<sup>1</sup> springs to bathe him in,  
 For he did love to wash his ivory skin.

<sup>1</sup> *watery*] Weber printed "ivory"!

The lovely nymphs have oft times seen him swim,  
 And closely stolln his clothes from off the brim,  
 Because the wanton wenches would so fain  
 See him come nak'd to ask his clothes again. |  
 He lov'd besides to see the Lycian grounds,  
 And know the wealthy Carians' utmost bounds.

Using to travel thus, one day he found  
 A crystal brook that trill'd along the ground ;  
 A brook that in reflection did surpass  
 The clear reflection of the clearest glass.  
 About the side there grew no foggy reeds,  
 Nor was the fount<sup>m</sup> compass'd with barren weeds,  
 But living turf grew all along the side,  
 And grass that ever flourish'd in his pride.  
 Within this brook a beauteous nymph did dwell,  
 Who for her comely feature did excel :  
 So fair she was, of such a pleasing grace,  
 So straight a body, and so sweet a face,  
 So soft a belly, such a lusty thigh,  
 So large a forehead, such a crystal eye,  
 So soft and moist a hand, so smooth a breast,  
 So fair a cheek, so well in all the rest,  
 That Jupiter would revel in her bower,  
 Were he to spend again his golden shower ;  
 Her teeth were whiter than the morning milk,  
 Her lips were softer than the softest silk ;  
 Her hair as far surpass'd the burnish'd gold,  
 As silver doth excel the basest mold.  
 Jove courted her for her translucent eye,  
 And told her he would place her in the sky ;  
 Promising her, if she would be his love,  
 He would engrave her in the heavens above ;  
 Telling this lovely nymph, that, if he<sup>n</sup> would,  
 He could deceive her in a shower of gold ;  
 Or, like a swan, come to her naked<sup>o</sup> bed,  
 And so deceive her of her maidenhead.

<sup>m</sup> *fount*] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 “front” ; and so Weber.

<sup>n</sup> *he*] Weber printed “she.”

<sup>o</sup> *to her naked*] Weber printed “naked to her.”

But yet, because he thought that pleasure best  
 Where each consenting joins each loving breast,  
 He would put off that all-commanding crown,  
 Whose terror stroke<sup>p</sup> th' aspiring giants down ;  
 That glittering crown, whose radiant sight did toss  
 Great Pelion from the top of mighty Oss,  
 He would depose from his world-swaying head,  
 To taste the amorous pleasure of her bed ;  
 This added he besides, the more to grace her,  
 Like a bright star he would in heaven's vault place her.  
 By this the proud lascivious nymph was mov'd,  
 Perceiving that by great Jove she was lov'd ;  
 And, hoping as a star she should ere long  
 Be stern or gracious to the seaman's song,  
 (For mortals still are subject to the eye,  
 And what it sees they strive to get as high,)  
 She was contented that almighty Jove  
 Should have the first and best fruits of her love ;  
 For women may be liken'd to the year,  
 Whose first fruits still do make the daintiest cheer ;  
 But yet Astræa first should plight her troth  
 For the performance of Jove's sacred oath :  
 Just times decline, and all good days are dead,  
 When heavenly oaths had need be warranted.

This heard great Jupiter, and lik'd it well,  
 And hastily he seeks Astræa's cell,  
 About the massy earth searching her tower :  
 But she had long since left this earthly bower,  
 And flew to heaven above, loathing to see  
 The sinful actions of humanity.  
 Which when Jove did perceive, he left the earth,  
 And flew up to the place of his own birth,  
 The burning heavenly throne, where he did spy  
 Astræa's palace in the glittering sky.  
 This stately tower was builded up on high,  
 Far from the reach of any mortal eye ;  
 And from the palace' side there did distil  
 A little water through a little quill,

<sup>p</sup> *stroke*] i. e. struck.—Weber printed "struck."

The dew of justice, which did seldom fall,  
 And, when it dropt, the drops were very small.  
 Glad was great Jove when he beheld her tower,  
 Meaning a while to rest him in her bower,  
 And therefore sought to enter at her door :  
 But there was such a busy rout before  
 (Some serving-men, and some promoters<sup>a</sup> be),  
 That he could pass no foot without a fee ;  
 But, as he goes, he reaches out his hands,  
 And pays each one in order as he stands,  
 And still as he was paying those before,  
 Some slipp'd<sup>r</sup> again betwixt him and the door.

At length, with much ado, he pass'd them all,  
 And entering straight into a spacious hall,  
 Full of dark angles and of hidden ways,  
 Crookèd meanders, infinite delays,  
 All which delays and entries he must pass  
 Ere he could come where just Astræa was ;  
 All these being pass'd by his immortal wit,  
 Without her door he saw a porter sit,  
 An agèd man that long time there had been<sup>s</sup>,  
 Who us'd to search all those that enter'd in,  
 And still to every one he gave this curse,  
 " None must see Justice but with empty purse."  
 This man search'd Jove for his own private gain,  
 To have<sup>t</sup> the money which did yet remain,  
 Which was but small, for much was spent before  
 On the tumultuous rout that kept the door :  
 When he had done, he brought him to the place,  
 Where he might see divine Astræa's face.  
 There the great king of gods and men in went,  
 And saw his daughter Venus there lament,  
 And crying loud for justice, whom Jove found  
 Kneeling before Astræa on the ground ;

<sup>a</sup> promoters] " In Law, *Promoters*, or *Promooters*, are a sort of Informers, who for prosecuting such as offend in penal actions, have part of the fines for their reward." Kersey's *Dict.*

<sup>r</sup> slipp'd] So ed. 1653.—Ed. 1640 "slip."

<sup>s</sup> been] The author probably wrote (for the rhyme) "bin."

<sup>t</sup> have] Weber printed "seek" !

And still she cried and begg'd for a just doom  
 Against black Vulcan, that unseemly groom,  
 Whom she had chosen for her only love,  
 Though she was daughter to great thundering Jove ;  
 And though the fairest goddess, yet content  
 To marry him, though weak and impotent.  
 But, for all this, they always were at strife ;  
 For ever more he rail'd at her his wife,  
 Telling her still, " Thou art no wife of mine,  
 Another's strumpet, Mars his concubine."  
 By this, Astræa spied almighty Jove,  
 And bow'd her finger to the queen of love  
 To cease her suit, which she would hear anon,  
 When the great king of all the world was gone.  
 Then she descended from her stately throne,  
 Which seat was builded all of jasper stone,  
 And o'er the seat was painted all above  
 The wanton unseen stealths of amorous Jove :  
 There might a man behold the naked pride  
 Of lovely Venus in the vale of Ide,  
 When Pallas, and Jove's beauteous wife, and she,  
 Strove for the prize of beauty's rarity ;  
 And there lame Vulcan and his Cyclops strove  
 To make the thunderbolt for mighty Jove.  
 From this same stately throne she down descended,  
 And said the griefs of Jove should be amended,  
 Asking the king of gods what luckless cause,  
 What great contempt of state, what breach of laws,  
 (For sure she thought some uncouth cause befell,  
 That made him visit poor Astræa's cell,  
 Troubled his thoughts<sup>u</sup> ; and, if she might decide it,  
 Who vex'd great Jove full dearly should abide it.  
 Jove only thank'd her, and began to shew  
 His cause of coming, (for each one doth know  
 The longing words of lovers<sup>v</sup> are not many,  
 If they desire to be enjoy'd of any,)

<sup>u</sup> *thoughts*] So ed. 1653.—Ed. 1640 "thought."

<sup>v</sup> *longing words of lovers*] Qy. "words of longing lovers" ?

Telling Astræa, it would now befall  
 That she might make him blest that blesseth all ;  
 For, as he walk'd upon the flowery earth,  
 To which his own hands whilom gave a birth,  
 To see how strait he held it, and how just  
 He rul'd this massy ponderous heap of dust ;  
 He laid him down by a cool river's side,  
 Whose pleasant water did so gently slide,  
 With such soft whispering, for the brook was deep,  
 That it had lull'd him in a heavenly sleep.  
 When first he laid him down, there was none near him,  
 (For he did call before, but none could hear him,)  
 But a fair nymph was bathing when he wak'd,—  
 Here sigh'd great Jove, and after brought forth—*nak'd* <sup>w</sup> :  
 He seeing, lov'd the nymph ; yet here did rest  
 Where just Astræa might make Jove be blest,  
 If she would pass her faithful word so far  
 As that great Jove should make the maid <sup>x</sup> a star.  
 Astræa yielded ; at which Jove was pleas'd,  
 And all his longing hopes and fears were eas'd.  
 Jove took his leave, and parted from her sight,  
 Whose thoughts were full of lovers' sweet delight ;  
 And she ascended to the throne above,  
 To hear the griefs of the great queen of love :  
 But she was satisfied, and would no more  
 Rail at her husband as she did before ;  
 But forth she tripp'd apace, because she strove  
 With her swift feet to overtake great Jove.  
 She skipp'd so nimbly as she went to look him <sup>y</sup>,  
 That at the palace-door she overtook him.  
 The way was plain and broad as they went out,  
 And now they could see no tumultuous rout.  
 Here Venus, fearing lest the love of Jove  
 Should make this maid be plac'd in heaven above,

<sup>w</sup> *nak'd*] I may just observe that this abbreviation of the word is common in our early poets : indeed, it has already occurred in this poem, p. 449, l. 4.

<sup>x</sup> *maid*] Weber printed "nymph" !

<sup>y</sup> *look him*] i. e. look for him.



Because she thought this nymph so wondrous bright  
 That she would dazzle her accustom'd light,  
 And fearing now she should not first be seen  
 Of all the glittering stars as she had been,  
 But that the wanton nymph would every night  
 Be first that should salute each mortal sight,  
 Began to tell great Jove she griev'd to see  
 The heaven so full of his iniquity,  
 Complaining that each strumpet now was grac'd,  
 And with immortal goddesses was plac'd,  
 Entreating him to place in heaven no more  
 Each wanton strumpet and lascivious whore.

Jove, mad with love, minded not what she said,  
 His thoughts were so entangled with the maid ;  
 But furiously he to his palace left,  
 Being minded there till morning to have slept ;  
 For the next morn, so soon as Phœbus' rays  
 Should yet shine cool by reason of the seas,  
 And ere the parting tears of Thetis' bed  
 Should be quite shak'd from off his glittering head,  
 Astræa promis'd to attend great Jove  
 At his own palace in the heavens above,  
 And at that palace she would set her hand  
 To what the love-sick god should her command :  
 But to descend to earth she did deny ;  
 She loath'd the sight of any mortal eye,  
 And, for the compass of the earthly round,  
 She would not set one foot upon the ground :  
 Therefore Jove meant to rise but with the sun,  
 Yet thought it long until the night was done.

In the mean space Venus was drawn along,  
 By her white doves, unto the sweating throng  
 Of hammering blacksmiths, at the lofty hill  
 Of stately Etna, whose top burneth still ;  
 For at that burning<sup>z</sup> mountain's glittering top  
 Her cripple husband Vulcan kept his shop.

<sup>z</sup> *burning*] So ed. 1640.—The word has dropt out in ed. 1653.—Weber (not having seen ed. 1640) inserted “lofty.”

To him she went, and so colloques that night  
 With the best strains of pleasure's sweet delight,  
 That, ere they parted, she made Vulcan swear  
 By dreadful Styx (an oath that gods do fear),  
 If Jove would make the mortal maid a star,  
 Himself should frame his instruments<sup>a</sup> of war :  
 He took his oath<sup>b</sup> by black Cocytus' lake,  
 He never more a thunderbolt would make ;  
 For Venus so this night his senses pleas'd,  
 That now he thought his former griefs were eas'd :  
 She with her hands the blacksmith's body bound,  
 And with her ivory arms she twin'd him round ;  
 And still the fair queen with a pretty grace  
 Dispers'd her sweet breath o'er his swarthy face ;  
 Her snowy arms so well she did display,  
 That Vulcan thought they melted as they lay.  
 Until the morn in this delight they lay,  
 Then up they got, and hasted fast away,  
 In the white chariot of the queen of love,  
 Towards the palace of great thundering Jove ;  
 Where they did see divine Astræa stand,  
 To pass her word for what Jove should command.  
 In limp'd the blacksmith ; after stept his queen,  
 Whose light arrayment was of lovely green.  
 When they were in, Vulcan began to swear  
 By oaths that Jupiter himself doth fear,  
 If any whore in heaven's bright vault were seen  
 To dim the shining of his beauteous queen,  
 Each mortal man should the great god disgrace,  
 And mock almighty Jove unto his face ;  
 And giants should enforce bright heaven to fall,  
 Ere he would frame one thunderbolt at all.  
 Jove did entreat him that he would forbear :  
 The more he spake, the more did Vulcan swear.  
 Jove heard the words, and 'gan to make his moan,  
 That mortal men would pluck him from his throne,

<sup>a</sup> *instruments*] Weber printed "thunderbolts" !

<sup>b</sup> *He took his oath*] Weber printed "He then took oath."

Or else he must incur this<sup>c</sup> plague, he said,  
 Quite to forego the pleasure of the maid ;  
 And once he thought, rather than lose those<sup>d</sup> blisses,  
 Her heavenly sweets, her most delicious kisses,  
 Her soft embraces, and the amorous nights  
 That he should often spend in her delights,  
 He would be quite thrown down by mortal hands  
 From the blest<sup>e</sup> place where his bright palace stands :  
 But afterwards he saw with better sight,  
 He should be scorn'd by every mortal wight,  
 If he should want his thunderbolts to beat  
 Aspiring mortals from his glittering seat ;  
 Therefore the god no more did woo or move her,  
 But left to seek her love, though not to love her :  
 Yet he forgot not that he woo'd the lass,  
 But made her twice as beauteous as she was,  
 Because his wonted love he needs would shew.  
 This have I heard, but yet not thought it true ;  
 And whether her clear beauty was so bright  
 That it could dazzle the immortal sight  
 Of gods, and make them for her love despair,  
 I do not know, but, sure, the maid was fair.  
 Yet the fair nymph was never seen resort  
 Unto the savage and the bloody sport  
 Of chaste Diana, nor was ever wont  
 To bend a bow, nor never us'd to hunt ;  
 Nor did she ever strive with pretty cunning  
 To overgo her fellow nymphs in running ;  
 For she was the fair water-nymph alone  
 That unto chaste Diana was unknown.  
 It is reported that her fellows us'd  
 To bid her (though the beauteous nymph refus'd)  
 To take a painted quiver or a dart,  
 And put her lazy idleness apart :  
 But she would none ; but in the fountain<sup>f</sup> swims,  
 Where oft she washeth o'er her snowy limbs :

<sup>c</sup> *this*] Weber printed "the."

<sup>e</sup> *blest*] Weber printed "best."

<sup>d</sup> *those*] Weber printed "these."

<sup>f</sup> *fountain*] Old eds. "fountaines."

Sometimes she comb'd her soft dishevell'd hair,  
 Which with a fillet tied she oft did wear ;  
 But sometimes loose she let it hang behind,  
 When she was pleas'd to grace the eastern wind,  
 For up and down it would her tresses hurl,  
 And, as she went, it made her loose hair curl :  
 Oft in the water did she see her face,  
 And oft she us'd to practise what quaint grace  
 Might well become her, and what comely feature  
 Might be best fitting so divine a creature.  
 Her skin was with a thin veil overthrown,  
 Through which her naked beauty clearly shone ;  
 She us'd in this light raiment, as she was,  
 To spread her body on the dewy grass :  
 Sometimes, by her own fountain<sup>g</sup> as she walks,  
 She nipp'd the flowers from off the fertile stalks,  
 And with a garland of the sweating vine  
 Sometimes she doth her beauteous front entwine.  
 But she was gathering flowers with her white hand,  
 When she beheld Hermaphroditus stand  
 By her clear fountain, wondering at the sight,  
 That there was any brook could be so bright ;  
 For this was the bright river where the boy  
 Did die himself, that he could not enjoy  
 Himself in pleasure, nor could taste the blisses  
 Of his own melting and delicious kisses.  
 Here did she see him, and by Venus' law  
 She did desire to have him as she saw.

But the fair nymph had never seen the place  
 Where the boy was, nor his enchanting face,  
 But by an uncouth accident of love  
 Betwixt great Phœbus and the son of Jove,  
 Light-headed Bacchus ; for, upon a day,  
 As the boy-god was keeping on his way,  
 Bearing his vine-leaves and his ivy-bands  
 To Naxos, where his house and temple stands,  
 He saw the nymph, and, seeing, he did stay,  
 And threw his leaves and ivy-bands away,

<sup>g</sup> *fountain*] Old eds. "fountaines."

Thinking at first she was of heavenly birth,  
 Some goddess that did live upon the earth ;  
 Virgin Diana that so lovely shone  
 When she did court her sweet Endymion :  
 But he, a god, at last did plainly see  
 She had no mark of immortality.  
 Unto the nymph went the young god of wine,  
 Whose head was chaf'd so with the bleeding vine  
 That now or fear or terror had he<sup>h</sup> none,  
 But 'gan to court her as she sat alone.  
 " Fairer than fairest," (thus began his speech,)  
 " Would but your radiant eye please to enrich  
 My eye with looking, or one glance to give  
 Whereby my other parts may feed and live,  
 Or with one sight my senses to inspire  
 Far livelier than the stoln Promethean fire,  
 Then might I live ; then by the sunny light  
 That should proceed from thy chief radiant sight,  
 I might survive to ages : but that missing,"—  
 (At that same word he would have fain been kissing)—  
 " I pine, fair nymph : oh, never let me die  
 For one poor glance from thy translucent eye,  
 Far more transparent than the clearest brook ! "  
 The nymph was taken with his golden hook ;  
 Yet she turn'd back, and would have tripp'd away,  
 But Bacchus forc'd the lovely maid to stay,  
 Asking her why she struggled to be gone,  
 Why such a nymph should wish to live alone ?  
 Heaven never made her fair that she should vaunt  
 She kept all beauty, yet would never grant ;  
 She should be born so beauteous from her mother,  
 But to reflect her beauty on another :  
 " Then with a sweet kiss cast thy beams on me,  
 And I'll reflect them back again on thee.  
 At Naxos stands my temple and my shrine,  
 Where I do press the lusty swelling vine ;  
 There with green ivy shall thy head be bound,  
 And with the red grape be encircled round ;

<sup>h</sup> *had he*] Weber printed "he had."

There shall Silenus sing unto thy praise  
 His drunken reeling songs and tipping lays.  
 Come hither, gentle nymph." Here blush'd the maid,  
 And fain she would have gone, but yet she stay'd.  
 Bacchus perceiv'd he had o'ercome the lass,  
 And down he throws her in the dewy grass,  
 And kiss'd the helpless nymph upon the ground,  
 And would have stray'd beyond that lawful bound.

This saw bright Phœbus, for his glittering eye  
 Sees all that lies below the starry sky ;  
 And, for an old affection that he bore  
 Unto this lovely nymph long time before  
 (For he would oft times in his circle stand,  
 And sport himself upon her snowy hand),  
 He kept her from the sweets of Bacchus' bed,  
 And 'gainst her will he sav'd her maidenhead.  
 Bacchus, perceiving this, apace did hie  
 Unto the palace of swift Mercury ;  
 But he did find him, far below his birth,  
 Drinking with thieves and catchpoles on the earth,  
 And they were parting what they stole to-day,  
 In consultation for to-morrow's prey.  
 To him went youthful Bacchus, and begun<sup>i</sup>  
 To shew his cause of grief against the Sun ;  
 How he bereft him of his<sup>j</sup> heavenly blisses,  
 His sweet delight, his nectar-flowing kisses,  
 And other sweeter sweets that he had won  
 But for the malice of the bright-fac'd Sun ;  
 Entreating Mercury, by all the love  
 That h' ad<sup>k</sup> him borne amongst the sons of Jove  
 (Of which they two were part), to stand his friend  
 Against the god that did him so offend.  
 The quaint-tongu'd issue of great Atlas' race,  
 Swift Mercury, that with delightful grace,

<sup>i</sup> *begun*] Weber printed "began".

<sup>j</sup> *his*] Weber printed "the".

<sup>k</sup> *h' ad*] A common abbreviation of *he had*.—Old eds. "had"; and so Weber, who was greatly perplexed by the passage.

And pleasing accents of his feignèd tongue,  
 Hath oft reform'd a rude uncivil throng  
 Of mortals; that great messenger of Jove  
 And all the meaner gods that dwell above;  
 He whose acute wit was so quick and sharp  
 In the invention of the crookèd harp;  
 He that 's so cunning with his jesting slights<sup>1</sup>  
 To steal from heavenly gods or earthly wights,—  
 Bearing a great hate in his grievèd breast  
 Against that great commander of the west,  
 Bright-fac'd Apollo; for upon a day  
 Young Mercury did steal his beasts away;  
 Which the great god perceiving, straight did shew  
 The piercing arrows and the fearful bow  
 That kill'd great Python, and with that did threat him  
 To bring his beasts again, or he would beat him;  
 Which Mercury perceiving, unespied  
 Did closely steal his arrows from his side:  
 For this old grudge he was the easier won  
 To help young Bacchus 'gainst the fiery Sun.

And now the Sun was in the middle way,  
 And had o'ercome the one half of the day,  
 Scorching so hot upon the reeking sand  
 That lies upon the mere<sup>m</sup> Egyptian land,  
 That the hot people, burnt even from their birth,  
 Do creep again into their mother Earth;  
 When Mercury did take his powerful wand,  
 His charming caduceus in his hand,  
 And the thick beaver which he us'd to wear,  
 When aught from Jove he to the Sun did bear,  
 That did protect him from the piercing light  
 Which did proceed from Phœbus' glittering sight:  
 Clad in these powerful ornaments he flies  
 With out-stretch'd wings up to the azure skies,  
 Where seeing Phœbus in his orient shine<sup>n</sup>,  
 He did so well revenge the god of wine,

<sup>1</sup> *slights*] i. e. artifices.

<sup>m</sup> *mere*] "I should suppose means in this place—whole, entire." WEBER. It evidently means—marshy (in consequence of the overflowing of the Nile).

<sup>n</sup> *shine*] Old eds. "shrine"; and so Weber.

That, whilst the Sun wonders <sup>n</sup> his chariot reels,  
 The crafty god had stoln away his wheels :  
 Which when he did perceive, he down did slide  
 (Laying his glittering <sup>o</sup> coronet aside)  
 From the bright spangled firmament above,  
 To seek the nymph that Bacchus so did love,  
 And found her looking in her <sup>p</sup> watery glass,  
 To see how clear her radiant beauty was ;  
 And (for he had but little time to stay,  
 Because he meant to finish out his day)  
 At the first sight he 'gan to make his moan,  
 Telling her how his fiery wheels were gone ;  
 Promising her, if she would but obtain  
 The wheels, that Mercury had stoln, again,  
 That he might end his day, she should enjoy  
 The heavenly sight of the most beauteous boy  
 That ever was. The nymph was pleas'd with this,  
 Hoping to reap some unaccustom'd bliss  
 By the sweet pleasure that she should enjoy  
 In the blest sight of such a melting boy :  
 Therefore at his request she did obtain  
 The burning wheels, that he had lost, again ;  
 Which when he had receiv'd, he left the land,  
 And brought them thither where his coach did stand,  
 And there he set them on, for all this space  
 The horses had not stirr'd from out their place ;  
 Which when he saw, he wept, and 'gan to say,  
 " Would Mercury had stoln my wheels away  
 When Phaëton, my hair-brain'd issue, tried  
 What a laborious thing it was to guide  
 My burning chariot ! then he might have pleas'd me,  
 And of a father's grief he might have eas'd me ;  
 For then the steeds would have obey'd his will,  
 Or else at least they would have rested still."'  
 When he had done, he took his whip of steel,  
 Whose bitter smart he made his horses feel ;

<sup>n</sup> *wonders*] Old eds. "wanders".

<sup>o</sup> *glittering*] Weber printed "golden" !

<sup>p</sup> *her*] Weber printed "the".



For he did lash so hard to end the day,  
 That he was quickly at the western sea :  
 And there with Thetis did he rest a space,  
 For he did never rest in any place  
 Before that time ; but ever since his wheels  
 Were stoln away, his burning chariot reels  
 Tow'rd's the declining of the parting day ;  
 Therefore he lights, and mends them in the sea :  
 And though the poets feign that Jove did make  
 A treble night for fair Alcmena's sake,  
 That he might sleep securely with his love,  
 Yet, sure, the long night was unknown to Jove :  
 But the Sun's wheels one day disorder'd more,  
 Were thrice as long a-mending as before.  
 Now was the Sun environ'd with the sea,  
 Cooling his watery tresses as he lay,  
 And in dread Neptune's kingdom while he sleeps,  
 Fair Thetis clips <sup>a</sup> him in the watery deeps ;  
 There mermaids and the Tritons of the west,  
 Straining their voices to make Titan rest,  
 The while the black Night, with her pitchy <sup>r</sup> hand,  
 Took just possession of the swarthy land.  
 He spent the darksome hours in this delight,  
 Giving his power up to the gladsome Night ;  
 For ne'er before he was so truly blest  
 To take an hour or one poor minute's rest.  
 But now the burning god this pleasure feels  
 By reason of his newly-crazèd wheels :  
 There must he <sup>s</sup> stay until lame Vulcan send  
 The fiery wheels which he had took to mend.

Now all the night the smith so hard had wrought,  
 That, ere the Sun could wake, his wheels were brought.  
 Titan being pleas'd with rest and not to rise,  
 And loath to open yet his slumbering eyes,  
 And yet perceiving how the longing sight  
 Of mortals waited for his glittering light <sup>t</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> *clips*] i. e. embraces.

<sup>r</sup> *pitchy*] Old eds. "pithy"; and so Weber!

<sup>s</sup> *he*] Old eds. "she."

<sup>t</sup> *light*] Weber printed "flight."

He sent Aurora from him to the sky  
 To give a glimpsing to each mortal eye.  
 Aurora, much asham'd of that same place  
 That great Apollo's light was wont to grace,  
 Finding no place to hide her shameful head,  
 Painted her chaste cheeks with a blushing red ;  
 Which ever since remain'd upon her face  
 In token of her new-receiv'd disgrace :  
 Therefore she not so white as she had been,  
 Loathing of every mortal to be seen,  
 No sooner can<sup>u</sup> the rosy-finger'd Morn  
 Kiss every flower that by her dew is born,  
 But from the golden window she doth peep  
 When the most part of earthly creatures sleep.  
 By this, bright Titan open'd had his eyes,  
 And 'gan to jerk his horses through the skies,  
 And, taking in his hand his fiery whip,  
 He made Eous and swift Æthon skip  
 So fast, that straight he dazzled had the sight  
 Of fair Aurora, glad to see his light.

And now the Sun in all his fiery haste  
 Did call to mind his promise lately past,  
 And all the vows and oaths that he did pass  
 Unto fair Salmacis, the beauteous lass ;  
 For he had promis'd her she should enjoy  
 So lovely, fair, and such a well-shap'd boy,  
 As ne'er before his own all-seeing eye  
 Saw from his bright seat in the starry sky.  
 Remembering this, he sent the boy that way  
 Where the clear fountain of the fair nymph lay ;  
 There was he come to seek some pleasing brook.  
 No sooner came he but the nymph was strook<sup>v</sup> ;  
 And though she longèd to embrace the boy,  
 Yet did the nymph a while defer her joy,  
 Till she had bound up her loose flagging hair,  
 And order'd well<sup>w</sup> the garments she did wear,

<sup>u</sup> *can*] Silently altered by Weber to "gan".

<sup>v</sup> *strook*] i. e. struck.—Altered by Weber to "struck".

<sup>w</sup> *order'd well*] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 "well ordered"; and so Weber.

Feigning her countenance with a lover's care,  
 And did deserve to be accounted fair ;  
 When thus much spake she while the boy abode,  
 " O boy, more worthy to be thought a god !  
 Thou mayst inhabit in the glorious place  
 Of gods, or mayst proceed from human race ;  
 Thou mayst be Cupid, or the god of wine  
 That lately woo'd me with the swelling vine :  
 But whosoe'er thou art, oh, happy he  
 That was so blest to be a sire to thee !  
 Thy happy mother is most blest of many ;  
 Blessèd thy sisters, if her womb bare any ;  
 Both fortunate, and, oh<sup>x</sup>, thrice happy she  
 Whose too much blessèd breasts<sup>y</sup> gave suck to thee !  
 If any's wish with thy sweet bed be blest,  
 Oh, she is far more happy than the rest !  
 If thou hast any, let her name be known,  
 Or else let me be she, if thou hast none."  
 Here did she pause a while, and then she said,  
 " Be not obdurate to a silly maid :  
 A flinty heart within a snowy breast  
 Is like base mold lock'd in a golden chest :  
 They say the eye's the index of the heart,  
 And shews th' affection of each inward part :  
 Then love plays lively there, the little god  
 Hath a clear crystal palace of abode ;  
 Oh, bar him not from playing in thy heart,  
 That sports himself upon each outward part !"  
 Thus much she spake, and then her tongue was hush'd.  
 At her loose speech<sup>z</sup> Hermaphroditus blush'd ;  
 He knew not what love was, yet love did shame him,  
 Making him blush, and yet his blush became him :  
 Then might a man his lively colour see  
 Like the ripe apple on a sunny tree,  
 Or ivory dy'd o'er with a pleasing red,  
 Or like the pale morn being shadowèd.

<sup>x</sup> *and, oh*] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 " O and " ; and so Weber.

<sup>y</sup> *breasts*] Weber printed " breast ".

<sup>z</sup> *speech*] Old eds. " speeches ".

By this, the nymph recover'd had her tongue,  
 That, to her thinking, lay in silence long,  
 And said, "Thy cheek is mild: oh, be thou so!  
 Thy cheek saith, ay; then do not answer, no;  
 Thy cheek doth shame; then do thou shame," she said;  
 "It is a man's shame to deny a maid:  
 Thou look'st to sport with Venus in her bower<sup>a</sup>,  
 And be belov'd of every heavenly power;  
 Men are but mortals, so are women too,  
 Why should your thoughts aspire more than ours do?  
 For, sure, they do aspire; else could a youth,  
 Whose countenance is full of spotless truth,  
 Be so relentless to a virgin's tongue?  
 Let me be woo'd by thee but half so long,  
 With half those terms do but my love require,  
 And I will easily grant thee thy desire:  
 Ages are bad when men become so slow,  
 That poor unskilful maids are forc'd to woo."

Her radiant beauty and her subtle art  
 So deeply struck Hermaphroditus' heart,  
 That she had won his love, but that the light  
 Of her translucent eye did shine too bright;  
 For long he look'd upon the lovely maid,  
 And at the last Hermaphroditus said,  
 "How should I love thee, when I do espy  
 A far more beauteous nymph hid in thy eye?  
 When thou dost love, let not that nymph be nigh thee,  
 Nor, when thou woo'st, let that same nymph be by thee;  
 Or quite obscure her from thy lover's face,  
 Or hide her beauty in a darker place."  
 By this the nymph perceiv'd he did espy  
 None but himself reflected in her eye;  
 And, for himself no more she meant to shew him,  
 She shut her eyes, and blindfold thus did woo him;  
 "Fair boy, think not thy beauty can dispense  
 With any pain due to a bad offence;  
 Remember how the gods punish'd that boy  
 That scorn'd to let a beauteous nymph enjoy

<sup>a</sup> *bower*] Old eds. "tower".

Her long-wish'd pleasure ; for the peevish elf,  
 Lov'd of all others, needs would love himself :  
 So mayst thou love perhaps : thou mayst be blest  
 By granting to a luckless nymph's request ;  
 Then rest a while with me amidst these weeds :  
 The Sun, that sees all, winks at lovers' deeds ;  
 Phœbus is blind when love-sports are begun,  
 And never sees until their sports be done.  
 Believe me, boy, thy blood is very staid,  
 Thou art so loath to kiss a youthful maid :  
 Wert thou a maid and I a man, I'll shew thee  
 With what a manly boldness I could<sup>b</sup> woo thee ;  
 ' Fairer than love's queen,' (thus I would begin,)  
 ' Might not my over-boldness be a sin,  
 I would entreat this favour, if I could,  
 Thy roseate cheeks a little to behold !'  
 Then would I beg a touch, and then a kiss,  
 And then a lower, yet a higher, bliss ;  
 Then would I ask what Jove and Leda did,  
 When like a swan the crafty god was hid ?  
 What came he for ? why did he there abide ?  
 Surely, I think he did not come to chide ;  
 He came to see her face, to talk and chat,  
 To touch, to kiss : came he for nought but that ?  
 Yes, something else : what was it he would have ?  
 That which all men of maidens ought to crave."

This said, her eyelids wide she did display,  
 But in this space the boy was run away ;  
 The wanton speeches of the lovely lass  
 Forc'd him for shame to hide him in the grass.  
 When she perceiv'd she could not see him near her,  
 When she had call'd, and yet he would not hear her ;  
 Look, how, when Autumn comes, a little space  
 Paleth the red blush of the Summer's face,  
 Tearing<sup>c</sup> the leaves, the Summer's covering,  
 Three months in weaving by the curious Spring,

<sup>b</sup> *could*] Weber printed " would ".

<sup>c</sup> *Tearing*] If it were not for what follows, I should suppose that here the poet wrote " Searing."

Making the grass, his green locks, go to wrack,  
 Tearing each ornament from off his back ;  
 So did she spoil the garments she did wear,  
 Tearing whole ounces of her golden hair.  
 She thus deluded of her longèd bliss,  
 With much ado at last she utter'd this ;  
 " Why wert so bashful, boy ? thou hast no part  
 Shews thee to be of such a female heart.  
 His eye is grey ; so is the Morning's eye,       ↓  
 That blusheth always when the day is nigh :  
 Then is grey eyes the cause ? that cannot be,  
 The grey-ey'd Morn is far more bold than he,  
 For with a gentle dew from Heaven's bright tower,  
 It gets the maidenhead of every flower :  
 I would to God he were the roseate Morn,  
 And I a flower from out the earth new-born !  
 His face is<sup>d</sup> smooth ; Narcissus' face was so,  
 And he was careless of a sad nymph's woe :  
 Then that 's the cause ; and yet that cannot be ;  
 Youthful Narcissus was more bold than he,  
 Because he died for love, though of his shade ;  
 This boy nor loves himself, nor yet a maid.  
 Besides, his glorious eye is wondrous bright ;  
 So is the fiery and all-seeing light  
 Of Phœbus, who at every morning's birth  
 Blusheth for shame upon the sullen earth :  
 Then that 's the cause ; and yet that cannot be ;  
 The fiery Sun is far more bold than he ;  
 He nightly kisseth Thetis in the sea ;  
 All know the story of Leucothoë.  
 His cheek is red ; so is the fragrant rose,  
 Whose ruddy cheek with over-blushing glows :  
 Then that 's the cause ; and yet that cannot be ;  
 Each blushing rose is far more bold than he ;  
 Whose boldness may be plainly seen in this,  
 The ruddy rose is not asham'd to kiss ;  
 For always, when the day is new begun,  
 The spreading rose will kiss the morning sun."

<sup>d</sup> is] Old eds. " was" ; and so Weber.

This said, hid in the grass she did espy him,  
 And, stumbling with her will, she fell down by him,  
 And with her wanton talk, because he woo'd not,  
 Begg'd that which he, poor novice, understood not ;  
 And (for she could not get a greater bliss)  
 She did entreat at least a sister's kiss :  
 But still the more she did the boy beseech,  
 The more he pouted at her wanton speech.  
 At last the nymph began to touch his skin,  
 Whiter than mountain snow hath ever been<sup>c</sup>,  
 And did in pureness that clear spring surpass  
 Wherein Actæon saw th' Arcadian lass.  
 Thus did she dally long, till at the last  
 In her white palm she lock'd his white hand fast ;  
 Then in her hands his wrist she 'gan to close,  
 When through his pulses straight his warm blood glows,  
 Whose youthful music, fanning<sup>f</sup> Cupid's fire,  
 In her warm breast kindled a fresh desire ;  
 Then did she lift her hand unto his breast,  
 A part as white and youthful as the rest,  
 Where, as his flowery breath still comes and goes,  
 She felt his gentle heart pant through his clothes.  
 At last she took her hand from off that part,  
 And said it panted like another heart :  
 " Why should it be more feeble and less bold ?  
 Why should the blood about it be more cold ?  
 Nay, sure, that yields, only thy tongue denies,  
 And the true fancy of thy heart belies."  
 Then did she lift her hand unto his chin,  
 And prais'd the pretty dimpling of his skin :  
 But straight his chin<sup>g</sup> she 'gan to overslip,  
 When she beheld the redness of his lip,  
 And said, " Thy lips are soft ; press them to mine,  
 And thou shalt see they are as soft as thine."  
 Then would she fain have gone unto his eye,  
 But still his ruddy lip, standing so nigh,

<sup>c</sup> *been*] Probably the author wrote, for the rhyme, " bin."

<sup>f</sup> *fanning*] Old eds. " faining."

<sup>g</sup> *chin*] Weber printed " skin " !

Drew her hand back, therefore his eye she miss'd,  
 'Ginning to clasp his neck, and would have kiss'd.  
 But then the boy did struggle to be gone,  
 Vowing to leave her in that place alone :  
 But the bright Salmacis began to fear,  
 And said, " Fair stranger, I will leave thee here,  
 Amid <sup>h</sup> these pleasant places, all alone."  
 So turning back, she feignèd to be gone :  
 But from his sight she had no power to pass,  
 Therefore she turn'd and hid her in the grass ;  
 When to the ground bending her snow-white knee,  
 The glad earth gave new coats to every tree.

He then, supposing he was all alone,  
 Like a young boy that is espied of none,  
 Runs here and there ; then on the banks doth look,  
 Then on the crystal current of the brook ;  
 Then with his feet he touch'd the silver streams,  
 Whose drowsy waves made music in their dreams,  
 And, for he was not wholly in, did weep,  
 Talking aloud and babbling in their sleep ;  
 Whose pleasant coolness when the boy did feel,  
 He thrust his foot down lower to the heel ;  
 O'ercome with whose sweet noise, he did begin  
 To strip his soft clothes from his tender skin.  
 When straight the scorching Sun wept tears of brine,  
 Because he durst not touch him with his shine,  
 For fear of spoiling that same ivory skin  
 Whose whiteness he so much delighted in ;  
 And then the Moon, mother of mortal ease,  
 Would fain have come from the Antipodes  
 To have beheld him naked as he stood,  
 Ready to leap into the silver flood ;  
 But might not, for the laws of Heaven deny  
 To shew men's secrets to a woman's eye ;  
 And therefore was her sad and gloomy light  
 Confin'd unto the secret-keeping night.

When beauteous Salmacis a while had gaz'd  
 Upon his naked corps, she stood amaz'd,

<sup>h</sup> *Amid*] Old eds. "And."



And both her sparkling eyes burnt in her face,  
 Like the bright sun reflected in a glass :  
 Scarce can she stay from running to the boy,  
 Scarce can she now defer her hopèd joy ;  
 So fast her youthful blood plays in her veins,  
 That, almost mad, she scarce herself contains ;  
 When young Hermaphroditus, as he stands  
 Clapping his white sides<sup>1</sup> with his hollow hands,  
 Leapt lively from the land whereon he stood  
 Into the main part of the crystal flood :  
 Like ivory then his snowy body was,  
 Or a white lily in a crystal glass. |  
 Then rose the water-nymph from where she lay,  
 As having won the glory of the day,  
 And her light garments cast from off her skin ;  
 " He 's mine," she cried, and so leapt sprightly in.  
 The flattering ivy who did ever see  
 Inclasp<sup>2</sup> the huge trunk of an agèd tree,  
 Let him behold the young boy as he stands  
 Inclasp'd in wanton Salmacis' pure hands.  
 Betwixt those ivory arms she lock'd him fast,  
 Striving to get away ; till at the last,  
 Fondling she said, " Why striv'st thou to be gone ?  
 Why shouldst thou so desire to be alone ?  
 Thy cheek is never fair when none is by ; |  
 For what is red and white but to the eye ? |  
 And for that cause the heavens are dark at night,  
 Because all creatures close their weary sight ;  
 For there 's no mortal can so early rise  
 But still the morning waits upon his eyes.  
 The early-rising and soon-singing lark  
 Can never chant her sweet notes in the dark ;  
 For sleep she ne'er so little or so long,  
 Yet still the morning will attend her song.  
 All creatures that beneath bright Cynthia be  
 Have appetite unto society :

<sup>1</sup> *sides*] Old eds. " side."

<sup>2</sup> *Inclasp*] Old eds. " Inclasp'd."

The overflowing waves would have a bound  
 Within the confines of the spacious ground,  
 And all their shady currents would be plac'd  
 In hollow of the solitary vast<sup>k</sup>,  
 But that they loathe to let their<sup>l</sup> soft streams sing  
 Where none can hear their gentle murmuring."  
 Yet still the boy, regardless what she said,  
 Struggled apace to overswim the maid ;  
 Which when the nymph perceiv'd, she 'gan to say,  
 " Struggle thou mayst, but never get away :  
 So grant, just gods, that never day may see  
 The separation 'twixt this boy and me !"

The gods did hear her prayer, and feel her woe ;  
 And in one body they began to grow :  
 She felt his youthful blood in every vein,  
 And he felt hers warm his cold breast again ;  
 And ever since was woman's love so blest,  
 That it will draw blood from the strongest breast.  
 Nor man nor maid now could they be esteem'd,  
 Neither and either might they well be deem'd :  
 When the young boy, Hermaphroditus, said,  
 With the set voice of neither man nor maid,  
 " Swift Mercury, thou author of my life,  
 And thou my mother, Vulcan's lovely wife,  
 Let your poor offspring's latest breath be blest  
 In but obtaining this his last request ;  
 Grant that who'er, heated by Phœbus' beams,  
 Shall come to cool him in these silver streams,  
 May never more a manly shape retain,  
 But half a virgin may return again !"  
 His parents hearken'd to his last request,  
 And with that great power they the fountain blest ;  
 And since that time who in that fountain swims,  
 A maiden<sup>m</sup> smoothness seizeth half his limbs.

<sup>k</sup> *vast*] Weber printed "waste".

<sup>l</sup> *their*] Weber printed "her".

<sup>m</sup> *maiden*] Weber printed "maiden's."

THE REMEDY OF LOVE<sup>a</sup>.

WHEN Cupid read this title, straight he said,  
 " Wars, I perceive, against me will be made."  
 But spare, oh, Love, to tax thy poet so,  
 Who oft hath borne thy ensign 'gainst thy foe !  
 I am not he by whom thy mother bled,  
 When she to heaven on Mars his horses fled.  
 I oft, like other youths, thy flame did prove,  
 And if thou ask what I do still ? I love :  
 Nay, I have taught by art to keep love's course,  
 And made that reason which before was force.  
 I seek not to betray thee, pretty boy,  
 Nor what I once have written to destroy.  
 If any love, and find his mistress kind,  
 Let him go on, and sail with his own wind ;  
 But he that by his love is discontented,  
 To save his life my verses were invented.  
 Why should a lover kill himself ? or why  
 Should any, with his own grief wounded, die ?  
 Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee still ;  
 Thy reign is soft ; play, then, and do not kill :  
 Or, if thou'lt needs be vexing, then do this,  
 Make lovers meet by stealth, and steal a kiss ;  
 Make them to fear lest any overwatch them,  
 And tremble when they think some come to catch them ;  
 And with those tears that lovers shed all night  
 Be thou content, but do not kill outright.—  
 Love heard, and up his silver wings did heave,  
 And said, " Write on ; I freely give thee leave."  
 Come, then, all ye despis'd, that love endure,  
 I, that have felt the wounds, your love will cure.

<sup>a</sup> *The Remedy of Love*] Weber added " from Ovid " : and so it is ; yet not a translation, but a very free imitation of the *Remedia Amoris*.

But come at first, for, if you make delay,  
 Your sickness will grow mortal by your stay :  
 The tree, which by delay is grown so big,  
 In the beginning was a tender twig ;  
 That which at first was but a span in length,  
 Will, by delay, be rooted past man's<sup>o</sup> strength.  
 Resist beginnings ; medicines bring no curing  
 Where sickness is grown strong by long enduring.  
 When first thou seest a lass that likes thine eye,  
 Bend all thy present powers to descry  
 Whether her eye or carriage first would shew  
 If she be fit for love's delights or no.  
 Some will be easy ; such an one elect ;  
 But she that bears too grave and stern aspect,  
 Take heed of her, and make her not thy jewel,  
 Either she cannot love, or will be cruel.  
 If love assail thee there, betime take heed,  
 Those wounds are dangerous that inward bleed ;  
 He that to-day cannot shake off love's sorrow,  
 Will certainly be more unapt to-morrow.  
 Love hath so eloquent and quick a tongue,  
 That he will lead thee all thy life along,  
 And on a sudden clasp thee in a yoke,  
 Where thou must either draw, or striving choke.  
 Strive, then, betimes, for at the first one hand  
 May stop a water-drill that wears the sand ;  
 But, if delay'd, it breaks into a flood,  
 Mountains will hardly make the passage good.  
 But I am out ; for now I do begin  
 To keep them off, not heal those that are in.  
 First, therefore, lovers, I intend to shew  
 How love came to you, then how he may go.  
 You that would not know what love's passions be,  
 Never be idle, learn that rule of me :  
 Ease makes you love ; as that o'ercomes your wills,  
 Ease is the food and cause of all your ills :  
 Turn ease and idleness but out of door,  
 Love's darts are broke, his flame can burn no more.

<sup>o</sup> *man's*] Weber printed "men's."

As reeds and willows love<sup>p</sup> the water's side,  
 So love loves with the idle to abide :  
 If, then, at liberty you fain would be,—  
 Love yields to labour,—labour and be free.  
 Long sleeps, soft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding,  
 Nothing to do, and pleasure of exceeding,  
 Dulls all our senses, makes our virtue<sup>q</sup> stupid,  
 And then creeps in that crafty villain Cupid :  
 That boy loves ease a'-life,<sup>r</sup> hates such as stir,<sup>s</sup>  
 Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.  
 Behold thy country's enemies in arms ;  
 At home love gripes thy<sup>t</sup> heart in his sly charms ;  
 Then rise and put on armour, cast off sloth,  
 Thy labour may at once o'ercome them both.  
 If this seem hard and too unpleasant, then  
 Behold the law set forth by God and men ;  
 Sit down and study that, that thou mayst know  
 The way to guide thyself, and others shew.  
 Or, if thou lov'st not to be shut up so,  
 Learn to assail the deer with trusty bow,  
 That through the woods thy well-mouth'd hounds may ring,  
 Whose echo better joys than love will sing :  
 There mayst thou chance to bring thy love to end ;  
 Diana unto Venus is no friend.  
 The country will afford thee means enow :  
 Sometimes disdain not to direct the plough ;  
 To follow through the fields the bleating lamb,  
 That mourns to miss the comfort of his dam ;  
 Assist the harvest, help to prune the trees,  
 Graft, plant, and sow ; no kind of labour leese<sup>u</sup> ;  
 Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fish,  
 Which will employ thy mind and fill thy dish ;  
 That, being weary with these pains, at night  
 Sound sleeps<sup>v</sup> may put the thoughts of love to flight.

<sup>p</sup> *love*] Old eds. "loves."

<sup>q</sup> *virtue*] So ed. 1653.—Ed. 1640 "vertues."

<sup>r</sup> *a'-life*] See note, vol. vii. 339.

<sup>s</sup> *as stir*] Weber printed "a stir."

<sup>t</sup> *thy*] Weber printed "the."

<sup>u</sup> *leese*] i. e. lose,—omit.

<sup>v</sup> *sleeps*] Weber printed "sleep."

With such delights, or labours, as are these,  
 Forget to love, and learn thyself to please.  
 But chiefly learn this lesson, for my sake,  
 Fly from her far, some journey undertake :  
 I know thou 'lt grieve, and that her name once told,  
 Will be enough thy journey to withhold ;  
 But when thou find'st thyself most bent to stay,  
 Compel thy feet to run with thee away.  
 Nor do thou wish that rain or stormy weather  
 May stay your steps, and bring you back together ;  
 Count not the miles you pass, nor doubt the way,  
 Lest those respects should turn you back to stay ;  
 Tell not the clock, nor look not once behind ;  
 But fly like lightning or the northern wind ;  
 For where we are too much o'ermatch'd in might,  
 There is no way for safe-guard but by flight.  
 But some will count my lines too hard and bitter :  
 I must confess them hard ; but yet 'tis better  
 To fast a while, that health may be provok'd,  
 Than feed at plenteous tables and be chok'd.  
 To cure the wretched body, I am sure  
 Both fire and steel thou gladly wilt endure :  
 Wilt thou not, then, take pains by any art  
 To cure thy mind, which is thy better part ?  
 The hardness is at first, and that once past,  
 Pleasant and easy ways will come at last.  
 I do not bid thee strive with witches' charms,  
 Or such unholy acts, to cease <sup>w</sup> thy harms ;  
 Ceres herself, who all these things did know,  
 Had never power to cure her own love so :  
 No ; take this medicine (which of all is sure),  
 Labour and absence are <sup>x</sup> the only cure.

But, if the Fates compel thee in such fashion,  
 That thou must needs live near her habitation,  
 And canst not fly her sight, learn here of me,  
 Thou that <sup>y</sup> would'st fain, and canst not yet be free :

<sup>w</sup> *cease*] i. e. cause to cease. Weber printed "cure" !

<sup>x</sup> *are*] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 "is" ; and so Weber.

<sup>y</sup> *Thou that*] Old eds. "That thou".

Set all thy mistress' faults before thine eyes,  
 And all thy own disgraces well advise ;  
 Say to thyself that " she is covetous,  
 Hath ta'en my gifts, and us'd me thus and thus ;  
 Thus hath she sworn to me, and thus deceiv'd ;  
 Thus have I hop'd,<sup>z</sup> and thus have been bereav'd :  
 With love she feeds my rival, while I starve,  
 And pours on him kisses which I deserve ;  
 She follows him with smiles, and gives to me  
 Sad looks,—no lover's, but a stranger's fee ;  
 All those embraces I so oft desir'd,  
 To him she offers daily unrequir'd ;  
 Whose whole desert and half mine weigh'd together,  
 Would make mine lead, and his seem cork and feather :  
 Then let her go, and, since she proves so hard,  
 Regard thyself, and give her no regard."

Thus must thou school thyself, and I could wish  
 Thee to thyself most eloquent in this.  
 But put on grief enough, and do not fear,  
 Grief will enforce thy eloquence t' appear.  
 Thus I myself the love did once expel  
 Of one whose coyness vex'd my soul like hell.  
 I must confess she touch'd me to the quick,  
 And I, that am physician, then was sick ;  
 But this I found to profit : I did still  
 Ruminat<sup>a</sup> what I thought in her was ill ;  
 And, for to cure myself, I found a way,  
 Some honest slanders on her for to lay :  
 Quoth I, " How lamely doth my mistress go !"  
 Although I must confess it was not so ;  
 I said her arms were crooked, fingers bent,  
 Her shoulders bow'd, her legs consum'd and spent ;  
 Her colour sad, her neck as dark as night,  
 When Venus might in all have ta'en delight :  
 But yet, because I would no more come nigh her,  
 Myself unto myself did thus bely her.  
 Do thou the like, and, though she fair appear,  
 Think vice to virtue often comes too near ;

<sup>z</sup> *hop'd*] Old eds. "hope."

<sup>a</sup> *Ruminat*] Old eds. "Ruinat."

And in that error (though it be an error)  
 Preserve thyself from [any] further terror.  
 If she be round and plump, say she 's too fat ;  
 If brown, say black, and think,<sup>b</sup> who cares for that ?  
 If she be slender, swear she is too lean,  
 That such a wench will wear a man out clean ;  
 If she be red, say she 's too full of blood ;  
 If pale, her body nor her mind is good ;  
 If wanton, say she seeks thee to devour ;  
 If grave, neglect her, say she looks too sour.  
 Nay, if she have a fault, and thou dost know it,  
 Praise it, that in thy presence she may shew it :  
 As, if her voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,  
 Never give over till thou make her sing ;  
 If she have any blemish in her foot,  
 Commend her dancing still, and put her to 't ;  
 If she be rude in<sup>c</sup> speech, incite her talk ;  
 If halting lame, provoke her much to walk ;  
 Or, if on instruments she have small skill,  
 Reach down a viol, urge her to that still :  
 Take any way to ease thy own distress,  
 And think those faults be which are nothing less.  
 Then meditate besides what thing it is  
 That makes thee still in love to go amiss :  
 Advise thee well, for as the world now goes,  
 Men are not caught with substance, but with shows.  
 Women are in their bodies turn'd to French,  
 That face and body 's least part of a wench.  
 I know a woman hath in love been troubled  
 For that which tailors make, a fine neat doublet ;  
 And men are even as mad in their desiring,  
 That oftentimes love women for their tiring.<sup>d</sup>  
 He that doth so, let him take this advice :  
 Let him rise early, and, not being nice,  
 Up to his mistress' chamber let him hie  
 Ere she arise, and there he shall espy

<sup>b</sup> *think*] Weber printed "thick" !

<sup>c</sup> *in*] Weber printed "of."

<sup>d</sup> *tiring*] "i. e. attiring, dressing." WEBER.



Such a confusion of disorder'd things,  
 In bodies<sup>e</sup>, jewels, tires, wires<sup>f</sup>, lawns, and rings,  
 That, sure, it cannot choose but much abhor him,  
 To see her lie in pieces thus before him,  
 And find those things shut in a painted box,  
 For which he loves her and endures her mocks.  
 Once I myself had a great mind to see  
 What kind of things women undressèd be ;  
 And found my sweetheart, just when I came at her,  
 Screwing in<sup>g</sup> teeth, and dipping rags in water.  
 She miss'd her perriwig, and durst not stay,  
 But put it on in haste the backward way ;  
 That, had I not o' the sudden chang'd my mind,  
 I had mistook and kiss'd my love behind.  
 So, if thou wish her faults should rid thy cares,  
 Watch out thy time and take her unawares ;  
 Or rather put the better way in proof,  
 Come thou not near, but keep thyself aloof.  
 If all this serve not, use one medicine more,  
 Seek out another love, and her adore ;  
 But choose out one in whom thou well mayst see  
 A heart inclin'd to love and cherish thee ;  
 For, as a river parted slower goes,  
 So love, thus parted, still more evenly flows.  
 One anchor will not serve a vessel tall,  
 Nor is one hook enough to fish withal ;  
 He that can solace him and sport with two,  
 May in the end triumph as others do.  
 Thou, that to one hast shew'd thyself too kind,  
 Mayst in a second much more comfort find ;  
 If one love entertain thee with despite,  
 The other will embrace thee with delight ;  
 When by the former thou art made accurst,  
 The second will contend t' excel the first,  
 And strive with love to drive her from thy breast :  
 That first to second yields, women know best.

<sup>e</sup> *bodies*] Weber printed "boddice". The context might have shewn him that the word was plural.

<sup>f</sup> *wires*] See notes, vol. i. 233, vol. v. 113.

<sup>g</sup> *in*] Weber printed "her."

Or, if to yield to either thou art loath,  
 This may perhaps acquit thee of them both ;  
 For what one love makes odd, two shall make even ;  
 Thus blows with blows, and fire by <sup>h</sup> fire's outdriven.  
 Perchance this course will turn thy first love's heart,  
 And, when thine is at ease, cause hers to smart.  
 If thy love's rival stick so near thy side,  
 Think, women can copartners worse abide ;  
 For, though thy mistress never mean <sup>i</sup> to love thee,  
 Yet from the other's love she'll strive to move thee.  
 But let her strive ; she oft hath vex'd thy heart ;  
 Suffer her now to bear herself a part ;  
 And, though thy bowels burn like Etna's fire,  
 Seem colder far than ice or her desire ;  
 Feign thyself free, and sigh not overmuch,  
 But laugh when grief <sup>j</sup> thy very heart doth touch.  
 I do not bid thee break through fire and flame,  
 Such violence in love is much to blame ;  
 But I advise that thou dissemble deep,  
 And all thy passions in thine own breast keep.  
 Feign thyself well, and thou at last shalt see  
 Thyself as well as thou didst feign to be :  
 So have I often, when I would not drink,  
 Sat down as one asleep, and feign'd to wink,  
 Till, as I nodding sate, and took no heed,  
 I have at last faln fast asleep indeed ;  
 So have I oft been angry, feigning spite,  
 And, counterfeiting smiles, have laugh'd outright ;  
 So love by use hath <sup>k</sup> come, by use doth go,  
 And he that feigns well shall at length be so.  
 If e'er thy mistress promis'd to receive thee  
 Into her bosom, and did then deceive thee,

<sup>h</sup> *by*] Weber printed "with."

<sup>i</sup> *mean*] Weber printed "means."

<sup>j</sup> *But laugh when grief, &c.*] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653,—

"*But laugh when grieffe thy heart doth touch*".

Weber printed,—

"*But laugh aloud when grief thy heart doth touch.*"

<sup>k</sup> *hath*] So 4to 1640,—the meaning being "So love *that* hath come by use," &c.—Ed. 1653 "doth"; and so Weber.

Locking thy rival in, thee out of door,  
 Be not dejected, seem not to deplore,  
 Nor, when thou seest her next, take notice of it,  
 But pass it over, it shall turn to profit ;  
 For, if she sees such tricks as these perplex thee,  
 She will be proud, and take delight to vex thee.  
 But, if she prove thee constant in this kind,  
 She will begin at length some slights<sup>1</sup> to find,  
 How she may draw thee back, and keep thee still  
 A servile captive to her fickle will.  
 But now take heed, here comes the proof of men,  
 Be thou as constant as thou seemest then :  
 Receive no messages, regard no lines,  
 They are but snares to catch thee in her twines ;  
 Receive no gifts, think all that praise her flatter ;  
 Whate'er she writes, believe not half the matter ;  
 Converse not with her servant, nor her maid ;  
 Scarce bid good morrow, lest thou be betray'd ;  
 When thou goest by her door never look back,  
 And, though she call, do not thy journey slack ;  
 If she should send her friends to talk with thee,  
 Suffer them not too long to walk with thee ;  
 Do not believe one word they say is sooth,  
 Nor do not ask so much as how she doth ;  
 Yea, though thy very heart should burn to know,  
 Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no show :  
 Thy careless silence shall perplex her more  
 Than can a thousand sighs sigh'd o'er and o'er.  
 By saying, thou lovest not, thy loving prove not,  
 For he's far gone in love that says, " I love not :"  
 Then hold thy peace, and shortly love will die :  
 That wound heals best that cures not by and by.  
 But some will say, " Alas, this rule is hard !  
 Must we not love where we [may] find reward ?  
 How should a tender woman bear this scorn,  
 That cannot, without art, by men be borne ?"  
 Mistake me not ; I do not wish you shew  
 Such a contempt to them whose love you know :

<sup>1</sup> *slights*] i. e. artifices.

But where a scornful lass makes you endure  
 Her slight regarding, there I lay my cure.  
 Nor think in leaving love you wrong your lass,  
 Who one to her content already has :  
 While she doth joy in him, joy thou in any ;  
 Thou hast, as well as she, the choice of many :  
 Then, for thy own contempt, defer not long,  
 But cure thyself, and she shall have no wrong.

Among all cures I chiefly did<sup>m</sup> commend  
 Absence in this to be the only friend ;  
 And so it is ; but I would have ye learn  
 The perfect use of absence to discern.  
 First, then, when thou art absent to her sight,  
 In solitariness do not delight :  
 Be seldom left alone ; for then I know  
 A thousand vexing thoughts will come and go.  
 Fly lonely<sup>n</sup> walks, and uncouth places sad ;  
 They are the nurse of thoughts that make men mad.  
 Walk not too much where thy fond eye may see  
 The place where she did give love's rights to thee ;  
 For even the place will tell thee of those joys,  
 And turn thy kisses into sad annoys.  
 Frequent not woods and groves, nor sit and muse  
 With arms across, as foolish lovers use ;  
 For, as thou sitt'st alone, thou soon shalt find  
 Thy mistress' face presented to thy mind,  
 As plainly to thy troubled phantasy,  
 As if she were in presence, and stood by.  
 This to eschew, open thy doors all day,  
 Shun no man's speech that comes into thy way ;  
 Admit all companies, and when there 's none,  
 Then walk thou forth thyself, and seek out one ;  
 When he is found, seek more, laugh, drink, and sing ;  
 Rather than be alone, do any thing.  
 Or, if thou be constrain'd to be alone,  
 Have not her picture for to gaze upon ;  
 For that 's the way, when thou art eas'd of pain,  
 To wound anew and make thee sick again :

<sup>m</sup> *did*] Weber printed "do."

<sup>n</sup> *lonely*] Old eds. "lovely".

Or, if thou hast it, think the painter's skill  
 Flatter'd her face, and that she looks more ill ;  
 And think, as thou dost musing on it sit,  
 That she herself is counterfeit like it.  
 Or rather fly all things that are inclin'd  
 To bring one thought of her into thy mind :  
 View not her tokens, nor think on her words ;  
 But take some book, whose learnèd womb affords  
 Physic for souls ; there search for some relief  
 To 'guile the time, and rid away thy grief.

But, if thy thoughts on her must needs be bent,  
 Think what a deal of precious time was spent  
 In quest of her, and that thy best of youth  
 Languish'd and died while she was void of ruth<sup>o</sup> ;  
 Think but how ill she did deserve affection,  
 And yet how long she held thee in subjection ;  
 Think how she chang'd, how ill it did become her ;  
 And thinking so, leave love, and fly far from her.  
 He that from all infection would be free,  
 Must fly the place where the infected be ;  
 And he that would from love's affection fly,  
 Must leave his mistress' walks, and not come nigh.  
 Sore eyes are got by looking on sore eyes,  
 And wounds do soon from new-heal'd scars arise :  
 As embers touch'd with sulphur<sup>p</sup> do renew,  
 So will her sight kindle fresh flames in you.  
 If, then, thou meet'st her, suffer her go by thee,  
 And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee ;  
 For her aspèct will raise<sup>q</sup> desire in thee,  
 And hungry men scarce hold from meat they see.  
 If e'er she sent thee letters, that lie by,  
 Peruse them not, they 'll captivate thy eye ;  
 But lap them up, and cast them in the fire,  
 And wish, as they waste, so may thy desire.  
 If e'er thou sent'st her token, gift, or letter,  
 Go not to fetch them back ; for it is better

<sup>o</sup> *ruth*] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 “truth” ; and so Weber.

<sup>p</sup> *sulphur*] Old eds. “sulphures” and “sulphurs.”

<sup>q</sup> *raise*] Weber printed “cause” !

That she detain a little paltry pelf,  
 Than thou shouldst seek for them and lose thyself;  
 For why, her sight will so enchant thy heart  
 That thou wilt lose thy labour, I my art.  
 But if, by chance, there fortune such a case,  
 Thou needs must come where she shall be in place,  
 Then call to mind all parts of this discourse;  
 For, sure, thou shalt have need of all thy force.  
 Against thou goest curl not thy head<sup>r</sup> and hair,  
 Nor care whether thy band be foul or fair;  
 Nor be not in so neat and spruce array  
 As if thou meant'st to make it holiday;  
 Neglect thyself for once, that she may see  
 Her love hath now no power to work on thee:  
 And, if thy rival be in presence too,  
 Seem not to mark, but do as others do;  
 Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,  
 Return all courtesies that he affords;  
 Drink to him, carve him, give him compliment;  
 This shall thy mistress more than thee torment;  
 For she will think, by this thy careless show,  
 Thou car'st not now whether she love or no.  
 But, if thou canst persuade thyself indeed  
 She hath no lover, but of thee hath need,  
 That no man loves her but thyself alone,  
 And that she shall be lost when thou art gone;  
 Thus soothe thyself, and thou shalt seem to be  
 In far more happy taking than is she;  
 For, if thou think'st she's lov'd and loves again,  
 Hell-fire will seem more easy than thy pain.  
 But chiefly when in presence thou shalt spy  
 The man she most affecteth standing by,  
 And see him grasp her by the tender hand,  
 And whispering close, or almost kissing, stand;  
 When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,  
 Or whether on some meeting they agree;  
 If now thou canst hold out, thou art a man,  
 And canst perform more than thy teacher can;

<sup>r</sup> head] Qy. "beard"?

If then thy heart can be at ease and free,  
 I will give o'er to teach, and learn of thee.  
 But this way I would take: among them all,  
 I would pick out some lass to talk withal,  
 Whose quick inventions and whose nimble wit  
 Should busy mine and keep me from my fit;  
 My eye with all my art<sup>s</sup> should be a-wooing,  
 No matter what I said, so I were doing;  
 For all that while my love should think at least  
 That I, as well as she, on love did feast;  
 And, though my heart were thinking of her face,  
 Of<sup>t</sup> her unkindness and my own disgrace,  
 Of all my present pains by her neglect,  
 Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect.  
 Perchance, in envy thou shouldst sport with any,  
 Her beck will single thee from forth of many:  
 But, if thou canst, of all that present are,  
 Her conference alone thou shouldst forbear;  
 For, if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,  
 Her honied speeches will distract thee double.  
 If she begin once to confer with thee,  
 Then do as I would do, be rul'd by me:  
 When she begins to talk, imagine straight,  
 That now to catch thee up she lies in wait;  
 Then call to mind some business or affair,  
 Whose doubtful issue takes up all thy care;  
 That while such talk thy troubled fancies stirs,  
 Thy mind may work, and give no heed to hers.  
 Alas, I know men's hearts, and that full soon  
 By women's gentle words we are undone!  
 If women sigh or weep, our souls are griev'd,  
 Or, if they swear they love, they are believ'd.  
 But trust not thou to oaths, if she should swear,  
 Nor hearty sighs; believe they dwell not there.  
 If she should grieve in earnest or in jest,  
 Or force her arguments with sad protest,  
 As if true sorrow in her eyelid sate,  
 Nay, if she come to weeping, trust not that;

<sup>s</sup> *art*] Weber printed "heart."

<sup>t</sup> *Of*] Old eds. "Or."

For know that women can both weep and smile,  
With much more danger than the crocodile.  
Think all she doth is but to breed thy pain,  
And get the power to tyrannize again ;  
And she will beat thy heart with trouble more  
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the shore.  
Do not complain to her, then, of thy wrong,  
But lock thy thoughts within thy silent tongue ;  
Tell her not why thou leav'st her, nor declare  
(Although she ask thee) what thy torments are.  
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye ;  
From thence a thousand snares and arrows fly :  
No, let her not perceive, by sighs or <sup>u</sup> signs,  
How at her deeds thy inward soul repines.  
Seem careless of her speech, and do not hark ;  
Answer by chance as though thou didst not mark ;  
And, if she bid thee home, straight promise not,  
Or break thy word as if thou hadst forgot ;  
Seem not to care whether thou come or no,  
And, if she be not earnest, do not go ;  
Feign thou hast business, and defer the meeting,  
As one that greatly car'd not for her greeting :  
And, as she talks, cast thou thine eyes elsewhere,  
And look among the lasses that are there ;  
Compare their several beauties to her face ;  
Some one or other will her form disgrace ;  
On both their faces carry still thy view,  
Balance them equally in judgment true ;  
And, when thou find'st the other doth excel  
(Yet that thou canst not love it half so well),  
Blush that thy passions make thee dote on her  
More than on those thy judgment doth prefer.  
When thou hast let her speak all that she would,  
Seem as thou hast not one word understood ;  
And, when to part with thee thou see'st her bent,  
Give her some ordinary compliment,  
Such as may seem of courtesy, not love,  
And so to other company remove.

<sup>u</sup> or] Weber printed " and."



This carelessness, in which thou seem'st to be,  
 (Howe'er in her) will work this change in thee,  
 That thou shalt think, for using her so slight,  
 She cannot choose but turn her love to spite;  
 And, if thou art persuaded once she hates,  
 Thou wilt beware, and not come near her baits.

But, though I wish thee constantly believe  
 She hates thy sight, thy passions to deceive,  
 Yet be not thou so base to hate her too;  
 That which seems ill in her do not thou do;  
 'Twill indiscretion seem, and want of wit,  
 Where thou didst love to hate instead of it;  
 And thou mayst shame ever to be so mated,  
 And join'd in love with one that should be hated:  
 Such kind of love is fit for clowns and hinds,  
 And not for debonair and gentle minds;  
 For can there be in man a madness more  
 Than hate those lips he wish'd to kiss before,  
 Or loathe to see those eyes, or hear that voice  
 Whose very sound hath made his heart rejoice?  
 Such acts as these much indiscretion shews,  
 When men from kissing turn to wish for blows;  
 And this their own example shews so naught,  
 That, when they should direct, they must be taught.  
 But thou wilt say, "For all the love I bear her,  
 And all the service, I am ne'er the nearer;"  
 And, which thee most of all doth vex like hell,  
 "She loves a man ne'er lov'd her half so well;  
 Him she adores, but I must not come at her;  
 Have I not, then, good reason now<sup>v</sup> to hate her?"  
 I answer, no; for make the case<sup>w</sup> thine own,  
 And in thy glass her actions shall be shown:  
 When thou thyself in love wert so far gone,  
 Say, couldst thou love any but her alone?  
 I know thou couldst not, though with tears and cries  
 These had made deaf thine ears, and dim thine eyes:  
 Wouldst thou for this that they hate thee again?  
 If so thou wouldst, then hate thy love again:

<sup>v</sup> now] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 "for"; and so Weber.

<sup>w</sup> case] Weber printed "cause."

Your faults are both alike ; thou lovest her,  
 And she in love thy rival doth prefer :  
 If, then, her love to him thy hate procure,  
 Thou shouldst for loving her like hate endure :  
 Then do not hate ; for all the lines I write  
 Are not address'd to turn thy love to spite,  
 But writ to draw thy dotting mind from love,  
 That in the golden mean thy thoughts may move ;  
 In which, when once thou find'st thyself at quiet,  
 Learn to preserve thyself with this good diet :—

Sleep not too much ; nor longer than asleep  
 Within thy bed thy lazy body keep ;  
 For when thou, warm awake, shalt feel it soft,  
 Fond cogitations will assail thee oft :  
 Then start up early, study, work, or write,  
 Let labour, others' toil, be thy delight.  
 Eat not too much ; or <sup>x</sup>, if thou much dost eat,  
 Let it not be dainty or stirring meat :  
 Abstain from wine, although thou think it good,  
 It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy blood.  
 Use thyself much to bathe thy wanton limbs  
 In coolest streams which o'er the gravel swims.  
 Be still in gravest company, and fly  
 The wanton rabble of the younger fry,  
 Whose lustful tricks will lead thee to delight  
 To think on love, where thou shalt perish quite.  
 Come not at all where many women are,  
 But, like a bird that lately scap'd the snare,  
 Avoid their garish beauty, fly with speed,  
 And learn by her that lately made thee bleed.  
 Be not too much alone ; but if alone,  
 Get thee some modest book to look upon :  
 But do not read the lines of wanton men ;  
 Poetry sets thy mind on fire agen ;  
 Abstain from songs and verses, and take heed  
 That not a line of love thou ever read.

<sup>x</sup> or] Old eds. " for ".

ON

THE MARRIAGE<sup>y</sup> OF A BEAUTEOUS YOUNG  
GENTLEWOMAN WITH AN ANCIENT MAN.

?



FONDLY, too curious Nature, to adorn  
Aurora with the blushes of the morn !  
Why do her rosy lips breathe gums and spice  
Unto the East, and sweet[s] to Paradise ?  
Why do her eyes open the day ? her hand  
And voice entrance the panther, and command  
Incensèd winds ? her breasts, the tents of love,  
Smooth as the godded swan, or Venus' dove ;  
Soft as the balmy dew, whose every touch  
Is pregnant ? but why those rich spoils, when such  
Wonder and perfection must be led  
A bridal captive unto Tithon's bed ?  
Ag'd and deformèd Tithon ! must thy twine  
Circle and blast at once what care and time  
Had made for wonder ? must pure beauty have  
No other foil but ruin and a grave ?  
So have I seen the pride of Nature's store,  
The orient pearl, chain'd to the sooty Moor ;  
So hath the diamond's bright ray been set  
In night, and wedded to the negro jet.  
See, see, how thick those showers<sup>z</sup> of pearl do fall  
To weep her ransom or her funeral,  
Whose every treasur'd drop, congeal'd, might bring  
Freedom and ransom to a fetter'd king !  
While tyrant Wealth stands by, and laughs to see  
How he can wed love and antipathy.  
Hymen, thy pine burns with adulterate fire :  
Thou and the<sup>a</sup> quiver'd boy did once conspire

<sup>y</sup> *On the marriage, &c.] This copy of verses, and the next six pieces,—from Beaumont's Poems, eds. 1640, 1653,—are all, I apprehend, of doubtful authorship.*

<sup>z</sup> *showers] Old eds. "flowers."*

<sup>a</sup> *the] So ed. 1640.—Ed. 1653 "thy" ; and so Weber.*

To mingle equal flames, and then no shine  
 Of gold, but beauty, dress'd the Paphian shrine ;  
 Roses and lilies kiss'd ; the amorous vine  
 Did with the fair and straight-limb'd elm entwine.

---

THE GLANCE. ↗

---

COLD Virtue, guard me, or I shall endure  
 From the next glance a double calenture  
 Of fire and lust ! Two flames, two Semeles,  
 Dwell in those eyes, whose looser-glowing rays  
 Would thaw the frozen Russian into lust,  
 And parch the negro's hotter blood to dust.

Dart not your balls of wild-fire here ; go throw  
 Those flakes upon the eunuch's colder snow,  
 Till he in active blood do boil as high  
 As he that made him so in jealousy.

When the <sup>b</sup> loose queen of love did dress her eyes  
 In the most taking flame to win the prize  
 At Ida, that faint glare to this desire  
 Burnt like a taper to the zone of fire :  
 And could she then the lustful youth have crown'd  
 With thee his Helen, Troy had never found  
 Her fate in Sinon's fire ; thy hotter eyes  
 Had made it burn a quicker sacrifice  
 To lust, whilst every glance in subtle wiles  
 Had shot itself like lightning through the piles.

Go blow upon some equal blood, and let  
 Earth's hotter ray engender and beget  
 New flames to dress the agèd Paphians' quire,  
 And lend the world new Cupids borne on fire.  
 Dart no more here those flames, nor strive to throw  
 Your fire on him who is immur'd in snow :  
 Those glances work on me like the weak shine  
 The frosty sun throws on the Appenine,

<sup>b</sup> *the*] Weber printed "that."

Et Balls of wildfire in  
 the murderous  
 Pass  
 Surrey's Prison

When the hill's active coldness doth go near  
 To freeze the glimmering taper to his sphere :  
 Each ray is lost on me, like the faint light  
 The glow-worm shoots at the cold breast of Night.  
 Thus virtue can secure ; but for that name,  
 I had been now sin's martyr, and your flame.

---



---

A SONNET.

---

FLATTERING Hope, away, and leave me !  
 She'll not come ; thou dost deceive me ;  
 Hark, the cock crows ! the envious light  
 Chides away the silent night ;  
 Yet she comes not : oh, how I tire  
 Betwixt cold fear and hot desire !

Here alone enforc'd to tarry,  
 While the tedious minutes marry  
 And get hours, those days and years  
 Which I count with sighs and tears<sup>c</sup> ;  
 Yet she comes not : oh, how I tire  
 Betwixt cold fear and hot desire !

Restless thoughts, a while remove  
 Unto the bosom of my love ;  
 Let her languish in my pain,  
 Fear and hope, and fear again ;  
 Then let her tell me, in love's fire  
 What torment 's like unto desire ?

Endless wishing, tedious longing,  
 Hopes and fears together thronging ;  
 Rich in dreams, yet poor in waking,  
 Let her be in such a taking ;  
 Then let her tell me, in love's fire  
 What torment 's like unto desire ?

<sup>c</sup> tears] Old eds. " feares " ; and so Weber.

Come, then, love, prevent day's eyeing,  
My desire would fain be dying ;  
Smother me with breathless kisses,  
Let me dream no more of blisses ;  
But tell me, which is in love's fire  
Best, to enjoy or to desire ?

---

---

TRUE BEAUTY.

---

MAY I find a woman fair,  
And her mind as clear as air ;  
If her beauty go alone,  
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,  
And not of too high a pitch ;  
If that pride should cause disdain,  
Tell me, lover, where 's thy gain ?

May I find a woman wise,  
And her falsehood not disguise ;  
Hath she wit as she hath will,  
Double arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,  
And not wavering like the wind ;  
How should I call that love mine,  
When 'tis his, and his, and thine ?

May I find a woman true,  
There is beauty's fairest hue,  
There is beauty, love, and wit :  
Happy he can compass it !

## THE INDIFFERENT.

NEVER more will I protest  
 To love a woman but in jest ;  
 For as they cannot be true,  
 So, to give each man his due,  
     When the wooing fit is past,  
     Their affection cannot last.

Therefore, if I chance to meet  
 With a mistress fair and sweet,  
 She my service shall obtain,  
 Loving her for love again :  
     Thus much liberty I crave,  
     Not to be a constant slave.

But when we have tried each other,  
 If she better like another,  
 Let her quickly change for me ;  
 Then to change am I as free.  
     He or she that loves too long  
     Sell their freedom for a song.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN<sup>d</sup>.

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
 Or as the flights of eagles are,  
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
 Or silver drops of morning dew,  
 Or like a wind that<sup>e</sup> chafes the flood,  
 Or bubbles which on water stood ;

<sup>d</sup> *On the Life of Man*] Is found also in the *Poems* of Bishop King. To what author it must be attributed, is very uncertain. See the elaborate edition of King's *Poems* by the Rev. J. Hannah, pp. lxii, cxviii.

<sup>e</sup> *that*] Weber printed "which."

Even such is man, whose borrow'd light  
 Is straight call'd in and paid to night :  
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
 The spring intomb'd in autumn lies,  
 The dew 's dried up, the star is shot,  
 The flight is past, and man forgot.

---

A SONNET.

---

LIKE a ring without a finger,  
 Or a bell without a ringer ;  
 Like a horse was never ridden,  
 Or a feast and no guest bidden ;  
 Like a well without a bucket,  
 Or <sup>f</sup> a rose if no man pluck it ;  
     Just such as these may she be said  
     That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The ring, if worn, the finger decks,  
 The bell, pull'd by the ringer, speaks ;  
 The horse doth ease if he be ridden,  
 The feast doth please if guests be bidden ;  
 The bucket draws the water forth,  
 The rose when pluck'd is still most worth ;  
     Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
     That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like to a stock not grafted on,  
 Or like a lute not play'd upon ;  
 Like a jack without a weight,  
 Or a bark without a freight ;  
 Like a lock without a key,  
 Or a candle in the day ;  
     Just such as these may she be said  
     That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

<sup>f</sup> Or] Weber printed "Like."

<sup>g</sup> guest] So ed. 1653.—Ed. 1640 "guests". Compare the preceding stanza.



The grafted stock doth bear best fruit,  
 There's music in the finger'd lute ;  
 The weight doth make the jack go ready,  
 The freight<sup>h</sup> doth make the bark go steady ;  
 The key the lock doth open right,  
 The candle's useful in the night ;  
     Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
     That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a call without " Anon, sir !"  
 Or a question and no answer ;  
 Like a ship was never rigg'd,  
 Or a mine was never digg'd ;  
 Like a wound without a tent<sup>i</sup>,  
 Or civet-box without a scent ;  
     Just such as these may she be said  
     That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

Th' " Anon, sir !" doth obey the call,  
 The question answer'd pleaseth all ;  
 Who rigs a ship sails with the wind,  
 Who digs a mine doth treasure find ;  
 The wound by wholesome tent hath ease,  
 The box perfum'd the senses please ;  
     Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
     That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like marrow-bone was never broken,  
 Or commendations and no token ;  
 Like a fort and none to win it,  
 Or like the moon and no man in it ;  
 Like a school without a teacher,  
 Or like a pulpit and no preacher ;  
     Just such as these may she be said  
     That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken marrow-bone is sweet,  
 The token doth adorn the greet<sup>j</sup> ;

<sup>h</sup> *freight*] Here old eds. "fraught" : but compare the preceding stanza.

<sup>i</sup> *tent*] See note, vol. viii. 327.

<sup>j</sup> *greet*] "i. e. greeting." WEBER.

There's triumph in the fort being won,  
 The man rides glorious in the moon ;  
 The school is by the teacher still'd,  
 The pulpit by the preacher fill'd ;  
     Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
     That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a cage without a bird,  
 Or a thing too long deferr'd ;  
 Like the gold was never tried,  
 Or the ground unoccupied ;  
 Like a house that 's not possess'd,  
 Or the book was never press'd ;  
     Just such as these may she be said  
     That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The bird in cage doth sweetly sing,  
 Due season prefers every thing ;  
 The gold that 's tried from dross is pur'd,  
 There 's profit in the ground manur'd ;  
 The house is by possession grac'd,  
 The book when press'd is then embrac'd ;  
     Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
     That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

---

THE EXAMINATION<sup>k</sup> OF HIS MISTRESS'S  
 PERFECTIONS.

---

STAND still, my happiness ; and, swelling heart,  
 No more, till I consider what thou art.  
 Desire of knowledge was man's fatal vice ;  
 For when our parents were in Paradise,

<sup>k</sup> *The examination, &c.*] Is from Beaumont's *Poems*, ed. 1653, where it is signed "Fran. Beaumont." The next piece is from the same source. He perhaps wrote neither of them.

Though they themselves and all they saw was good,  
 They thought it nothing if not understood ;  
 And I (part of their seed, struck with their sin),  
 Though by thy <sup>k</sup> bounteous favour I be in  
 A paradise, where I may freely taste  
 Of all the virtuous pleasures which thou hast,  
 Wanting that knowledge, must, in all my bliss,  
 Err with my parents, and ask what it is.  
 My faith saith 'tis not heaven ; and I dare swear,  
 If it be hell, no sense of pain<sup>l</sup> is there ;  
 Sure, 'tis some pleasant place, where I may stay,  
 As I to heaven go in the middle way.  
 Wert thou but fair and no whit virtuous,  
 Thou wert no more to me but a fair house  
 Haunted with spirits, from which men do them bless,  
 And no man will half furnish to possess :  
 Or, hadst thou worth wrapt in a rivell'd skin,  
 'Twere inaccessible ; who durst go in  
 To find it out ? far sooner would I go  
 To find a pearl cover'd with hills of snow ;  
 'Twere buried virtue, and thou mightst me move  
 To reverence the tomb, but not to love,  
 No more than dotingly to cast mine eye  
 Upon the urn where Lucrece' ashes lie.

But thou art fair and sweet, and every good  
 That ever yet durst mix with flesh and blood :  
 The devil ne'er saw in his fallen state  
 An object whereupon to ground his hate  
 So fit as thee ; all living things but he  
 Love thee ; how happy, then, must that man be  
 Whom<sup>m</sup> from amongst all creatures thou dost take !  
 Is there a hope beyond it ? can he make  
 A wish to change thee for ? This is my bliss,  
 Let it run on now, I know what it is.

<sup>k</sup> *thy*] Old eds. "their" ; and so Weber.

<sup>l</sup> *sense of pain*] Old eds. "paine of sence."

<sup>m</sup> *Whom*] Old eds. "When."

## ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

MORTALITY, behold, and fear !  
 What a change of flesh is here !  
 Think how many royal bones  
 Sleep within this<sup>n</sup> heap of stones :  
 Here they lie had realms and lands,  
 Who now want strength to stir their hands ;  
 Where from their pulpits, soil'd<sup>o</sup> with dust,  
 They preach, " In greatness is no trust."  
 Here 's an acre sown indeed  
 With the richest, royal'st seed,  
 That the earth did e'er suck in  
 Since the first man died for sin :  
 Here the bones of birth have cried,  
 " Though gods they were, as men they died " :  
 Here are sands, ignoble things,  
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :  
 Here 's a world of pomp and state  
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

---

 TO

 MY DEAR FRIEND, MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON<sup>p</sup>,

 UPON HIS FOX.
 

---

If it might stand with justice to allow  
 The swift conversion of all follies, now  
 Such is my mercy, that I could admit  
 All sorts should equally approve the wit

<sup>n</sup> *this*] Old ed. " these".

<sup>o</sup> *soil'd*] Old eds. " seal'd " ; and so Weber.

<sup>p</sup> *To my dear friend, Master Ben Jonson, &c.*] Prefixed to *Volpone, or The Foxe*, 1607 (acted in 1605).

Of this thy even work, whose growing fame  
 Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name ;  
 And, did not manners and my love command  
 Me to forbear to make those understand  
 Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom  
 Long since firmly resolv'd, shall never come  
 To know more than they do,—I would have shewn  
 To all the world the art which thou alone  
 Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,  
 And other rites, deliver'd with the grace  
 Of comic style, which only is far more  
 Than any English stage hath known before.  
 But, since our subtle gallants think it good  
 To like of nought that may be understood,  
 Lest they should be disprov'd, or have, at best,  
 Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest  
 But what's obscene, or barks,—let us desire  
 They may continue, simply to admire  
 Fine clothes and strange words, and may live, in age  
 To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,  
 And like it ; whilst thy bold and knowing Muse  
 Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst choose.

---

UPON THE SILENT WOMAN <sup>¶</sup>.

---

HEAR, you bad writers, and, though you not see,  
 I will inform you where you happy be :  
 Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,  
 And bend them all against some private man,  
 To bring him, not his vices, on the stage ;  
 Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,  
 And your expressing of him shall be such,  
 That he himself shall think he hath no touch.

<sup>¶</sup> *Upon The Silent Woman*] Prefixed to Jonson's *Epicæne, or The Silent Woman*, which (though I have not seen the earliest ed.) was printed in 1609 (the year of its original representation).

Where<sup>r</sup> he that strongly writes, although he mean  
 To scourge but vices in a labour'd scene,  
 Yet private faults shall be so well express'd  
 As men do act<sup>s</sup> 'em, that each private breast,  
 That finds these errors in itself, shall say,  
 " He meant me, not my vices, in the play."

---



---

TO

MY FRIEND, MASTER BEN JONSON<sup>t</sup>,  
 UPON HIS CATALINE.

IF thou hadst itch'd after the wild applause  
 Of common people, and hadst made thy laws  
 In writing such as catch'd at present voice,  
 I should commend the thing, but not thy choice.  
 But thou hast squar'd thy rules by what is good,  
 And art three ages yet from understood :  
 And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit  
 Lost, till thy readers<sup>u</sup> can grow up to it ;  
 Which they can ne'er outgrow, to find it ill,  
 But must fall back again, or like it still.

<sup>r</sup> *Where*] i. e. Whereas.

<sup>s</sup> *act*] Weber printed "get".

<sup>t</sup> *To my friend, Master Ben Jonson, &c.*] Prefixed to *Cataline his Conspiracy*, 1611.

<sup>u</sup> *thy readers*] Weber printed "the reader"; Gifford (*Jonson's Works*, i. cccxxviii.) "the readers".

MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S LETTER <sup>v</sup> TO  
BEN JONSON,

WRITTEN, BEFORE HE AND MASTER FLETCHER CAME TO LONDON, WITH TWO OF  
THE PRECEDENT COMEDIES, THEN NOT FINISHED, WHICH DEFERRED  
THEIR MERRY MEETINGS AT THE MERMAID.

THE sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring  
To absent friends, because the self-same thing  
They know they see, however absent) is  
Here our best hay-maker (forgive me this;  
It is our country's style) : in this warm shine  
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.  
Oh, we have water mix'd with claret-lees,  
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies  
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,  
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain;  
So mix'd, that, given to the thirstiest one,  
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone :  
I think with one draught man's invention fades,  
Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliads :  
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliffe's wit <sup>w</sup>,  
Lie where he will <sup>x</sup>, and make him write worse yet :  
Fill'd with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,  
Did Robert Wisdom <sup>y</sup> write his singing psalms ;

<sup>v</sup> *Master Francis Beaumont's Letter, &c.*] Appended, in both the folios, to *The Nice Valour, or The Passionate Madman*; and reprinted among Beaumont's *Poems, &c.*, 1653.—“ It was entered on the Stationers' Books among ‘an addition of some excellent poems to Shakespeare's Poems by other gentlemen’.”  
WEBER.

<sup>w</sup> *Sutcliffe's wit*] Here, no doubt, is meant Dr. Matthew Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter, who originated the project of founding Chelsea College: he spent a large sum on the building of it, and was the first Provost. See Lysons's *Environs of London*, ii. 149, and Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.* He acquired considerable celebrity by his controversial writings, a list of which may be seen in Watt's *Bibl. Brit.*

<sup>x</sup> *Lie where he will*] Which Seward did not understand,—means, as Weber saw,—in whatever place he lodges.

<sup>y</sup> *Robert Wisdom*] “ He contributed to Hopkins and Sternhold's *Psalms* the 25th psalm, and the hymn—

‘ Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,  
From Turk and Pope, defend us, Lord,’ &c.

He died in 1568. The quaintness of his name, as well as the poverty of his poetry, caused him frequently to be ridiculed.” WEBER.

And so must I do this : and yet I think  
 It is a potion sent us down to drink  
 By special Providence, keeps us from fights,  
 Makes us not laugh when we make legs <sup>z</sup> to knights :  
 'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,  
 A medicine to obey our magistrates ;  
 For we do live more free than you ; no hate,  
 No envy at one another's happy state,  
 Moves us ; we are all equal every whit <sup>a</sup> :  
 Of land that God gives men here, is their wit,  
 If we consider fully ; for our best  
 And gravest man <sup>b</sup> will with his main house-jest <sup>c</sup>  
 Scarce please you : we want subtilty to do  
 The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too :  
 Here are none that can bear a painted show,  
 Strike when you wince <sup>d</sup>, and then lament the blow ;  
 Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,  
 Can make their gains alike with every wind :  
 Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate  
 Amongst us, may perchance equivocate  
 At selling of a horse, and that 's the most.  
 Methinks the little wit I had is lost  
 Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest <sup>e</sup>  
 Held up at tennis, which men do the best  
 With the best gamesters. What things have we seen  
 Done at the Mermaid <sup>f</sup> ! heard words that have been  
 So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,

<sup>z</sup> *legs*] i. e. bows.

<sup>a</sup> *we are all equal every whit, &c.*] Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, pointed the passage thus,—

“ we are all equal ; every whit  
 Of land that God gives ”, &c.

and so his successors. But the old punctuation is right, the meaning of the line being—From the land which God gives men here, their wit comes.

<sup>b</sup> *man*] Both the folios “ men ”.

<sup>c</sup> *main house-jest*] “ i. e. the chief standing family-jest, which has descended from father to son for some generations ”. HEATH (*MS. Notes*).

<sup>d</sup> *wince*]—Spelt in the folios “ winch ”,—was altered by Seward to “ wink ” ; and so his successors.

<sup>e</sup> *a rest, &c.*] See note, vol. vii. 82.

<sup>f</sup> *the Mermaid*] See note, vol. iv. 129 ; and the *Account of B. and F. and their Writings*.



As if that every one from whence they came  
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
 And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest  
 Of his dull life ; then when there hath been thrown  
 Wit able enough to justify the town  
 For three days past ; wit that might warrant be  
 For the whole city to talk foolishly  
 Till that were cancell'd ; and when that was gone,  
 We left an air behind us, which alone  
 Was able to make the two next companies  
~~(Right witty<sup>s</sup>, though but downright fools).~~ *More wise* /  
 When I remember this, and see that now  
 The country gentlemen begin to allow  
 My wit for dry bobs, then I needs must cry,  
 I see my days of ballating<sup>h</sup> grow nigh ;  
 I can already riddle, and can sing  
 Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring  
 Myself to speak the hardest words I find  
 Over as oft as any, with one wind,  
 That takes no medicines. But one thought of thee  
 Makes me remember all these things to be  
 The wit of our young men, fellows that shew  
 No part of good, yet utter all they know ;  
 Who, like trees of the gard<sup>i</sup>, have growing souls.  
 Only strong Destiny, which all controls,  
 I hope hath left a better fate in store  
 For me, thy friend, than to live ever poor,  
 Banish'd unto this home : Fate once again  
 Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain  
 The way of knowledge for me, and then I,  
 Who have no good but in thy company,

<sup>s</sup> *Was able to make the two next companies*

(*Right witty*, &c.] The brackets which I have added will render the meaning of this passage clear.—Seward printed,—

“ *Was able to make the two next companies*

*Right witty ; though but downright fools, meer wise* ” ;

and so his successors (“ mere ”).

<sup>h</sup> *ballating*] i. e. ballading.

<sup>i</sup> *gard*] i. e. garden (spelt in the old eds. “ *guard* ”).—Seward printed “ *gard'n* ” ; his successors “ garden ”.

Protest it will my greatest comfort be  
 To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.  
 Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we 'll taste wine ;  
 I 'll drink thy Muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

---

& AN ELEGY  
 ON THE LADY MARKHAM.]

---

As unthrifths groan in straw for their pawn'd beds,  
 As women weep for their lost maidenheads,  
 When both are without hope or remedy,  
 Such an untimely grief I have for thee.

I never saw thy face, nor did my heart  
 Urge forth mine eyes unto it whilst thou wert ;  
 But being lifted hence, that, which to thee  
 Was Death's sad dart, prov'd Cupid's shaft to me.

Whoever thinks me foolish that the force  
 Of a report can make me love a corse,  
 Know he that when with this I do compare  
 The love I do a living woman bear,  
 I find myself most happy : now I know  
 Where I can find my mistress, and can go  
 Unto her trimm'd bed, and can lift away  
 Her grass-green mantle, and her sheet display,  
 And touch her naked ; and, though th' envious mould  
 In which she lies uncover'd, moist, and cold,  
 Strive to corrupt her, she will not abide  
 With any art her blemishes to hide,  
 As many living do, and know their need ;  
 Yet cannot they in sweetness her exceed,  
 But make a stink with all their art and skill,  
 Which their physicians warrant with a bill :  
 Nor at her door doth heaps of coaches stay,

<sup>1</sup> *An Elegy on the Lady Markham*] From Beaumont's *Poems*, &c., 1640, 1653. Lady Markham was Bridget, daughter of Sir James Harrington, Baronet, and wife of Sir Anthony Markham, Knight: she was buried 19th May, 1609. See more concerning her in the *Account of B. and F. and their Writings*.

Footmen and midwives to bar up my way ;  
 Nor needs she any maid or page to keep,  
 To knock me early from my golden sleep,  
 With letters that her honour all is gone,  
 If I not right her cause on such a one:  
 Her heart is not so hard to make me pay,  
 For every kiss, a supper and a play :  
 Nor will she ever open her pure lips  
 To utter oaths, enough to drown our ships,  
 To bring a plague, a famine, or the sword,  
 Upon the land, though she should keep her word ;  
 Yet, ere an hour be past, in some new vein  
 Break them, and swear them double o'er again.  
 Pardon me, that with thy blest memory  
 I mingle mine own former misery :  
 Yet dare I not excuse the fate that brought  
 These crosses on me, for then every thought  
 That tended to thy love was black and foul,  
 Now all as pure as a new-baptiz'd soul ;  
 For I protest, for all that I can see,  
 I would not lie one night in bed with thee ;  
 Nor am I jealous, but could well abide  
 My foe to lie in quiet by thy side.

You worms, my rivals, whilst she was alive,  
 How many thousands were there that did strive  
 To have your freedom ! for their sake forbear  
 Unseemly holes in her soft skin to wear :  
 But, if you must (as what worms can abstain  
 To taste her tender body ?), yet refrain  
 With your disorder'd eatings to deface her,  
 But feed yourselves so as you most may grace her.  
 First, through her ear-tips see you make a pair  
 Of holes, which, as the moist inclosèd air  
 Turns into water, may the clean drops take,  
 And in her ears a pair of jewels make.  
 Have ye not yet enough of that white skin,  
 The touch whereof, in times past, would have been<sup>k</sup>  
 Enough to have ransom'd many a thousand soul

<sup>k</sup> *been*] Probably Beaumont wrote, for the rhyme, " bin ".

Captive to love? If not, then upward roll  
Your little bodies, where I would you have  
This epitaph upon her forehead grave :

“ Living, she was young, fair, and full of wit ;  
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ.”

---

AD COMITISSAM RUTLANDIÆ<sup>1</sup>.

---

MADAM, so may my verses pleasing be,  
So may you laugh at them and not at me !  
’Tis something to you gladly I would say ;  
But how to do ’t I cannot find the way.  
I would avoid the common beaten ways  
To women usèd, which are love or praise.  
As for the first, the little wit I have  
Is not yet grown so near unto the grave,  
But that I can, by that dim fading light,  
Perceive of what, or unto whom I write.  
Let such as in a hopeless, witless rage,  
Can sigh a quire, and read it to a page ;  
Such as can make ten sonnets<sup>m</sup> ere they rest,  
When each is but a great blot at the best ;  
Such as do backs of books and windows fill

<sup>1</sup> *Ad Comitissam Rutlandiæ*] This Epistle, and the Elegy which follows it, were (according to Nichols’s *Hist. of Leicest.*, iii. 657\*) “ published ” by Beaumont ; but I have not seen the original edition. Both are printed among the miscellanies prefixed to the various eds. of Overbury’s *Wife and Characters* ; and the first of them forms part of the volume entitled *Certain Elegies, Done by sundrie Excellent Wits. With Satyres and Epigrams*, 1618 (and 1620), where it is signed “ Fr. Beau.”

I have collated both with MS. copies formerly in the possession of Mr. Rodd ; and the first with a copy in *MS. Harl.* 3910, fol. 15, where it is signed “ Fr. B.” I have not thought it necessary to mention the many variations which the printed and MS. copies exhibit.

Elizabeth, wife of Roger fifth Earl of Rutland, and only child of Sir Philip Sidney, died in August, 1612. Her husband died on 26th June of the same year. See more concerning her in the *Account of B. and F. and their Writings*.

<sup>m</sup> *Such as can make ten sonnets, &c.*] This and the next line omitted by Weber.

With their too furious diamond or quill ;  
 Such as are<sup>n</sup> well resolv'd to end their days  
 With a loud laughter blown beyond the seas ;  
 Who are so mortified that they can live  
 Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgive,—  
 Write love to you : I would not willingly  
 Be pointed at in every company,  
 As was that little tailor, who till death  
 Was hot in love with Queen Elizabeth.  
 And, for the last, in all my idle days  
 I never yet did living woman praise  
 In prose or verse : and when I do begin,  
 I'll pick some woman out as full of sin  
 As you are full of virtue ; with a soul  
 As black as yours is <sup>o</sup> white ; a face as foul  
 As yours is <sup>p</sup> beautiful ; for it shall be  
 Out of the rules of physiognomy  
 So far, that I do fear I must displace  
 The art a little, to let in her face :  
 It shall at least four faces be below  
 The devil's ; and her parchèd corpse shall shew  
 In her loose skin as if some sprite she were,  
 Kept in a bag by some great conjurer :  
 Her breath shall be as horrible and vild<sup>q</sup>  
 As every word you speak is sweet and mild ;  
 It shall be such a one as will not be  
 Cover'd with any art or policy ;  
 But let her take all powders, fumes, and drink,  
 She shall make nothing but a dearer stink :  
 She shall have such a foot and such a nose  
 As will not <sup>r</sup> stand in any thing but prose.  
 If I bestow my praises upon such,  
 'Tis charity, and I shall merit much ;  
 My praise will come to her like a full bowl

<sup>n</sup> *are*] Weber gave "were".

<sup>o</sup> *yours is*] Weber "you are".

<sup>p</sup> *yours is*] Weber "you are".

<sup>q</sup> *vild*] i. e. vile : see note, vol. i. 331.—Weber "wild".

<sup>r</sup> *As will not*] Weber "She shall not".

Bestow'd at most need on a thirsty soul :  
 Where <sup>s</sup>, if I sing your praises in my rhyme,  
 I lose my ink, my paper, and my time,  
 And nothing add to your o'erflowing store,  
 And tell you nought but what you knew before.  
 Nor do the virtuous-minded (which I swear,  
 Madam, I think you are) endure to hear  
 Their own perfections into question <sup>t</sup> brought,  
 But stop their ears at them ; for, if I thought  
 You took a pride to have your virtues known,  
 (Pardon me, madam,) I should think them none.

To what a length is this strange letter grown,  
 In seeking of a subject, yet finds none !  
 But, if your brave thoughts <sup>u</sup>, which I must respect  
 Above your glorious titles, shall accept  
 These harsh disorder'd lines, I shall ere long  
 Dress up your virtues new, in a new song ;  
 Yet far from all base praise and flattery,  
 Although I know whate'er my verses be,  
 They will like the most servile flattery shew,  
 If I write truth, and make the subject you.

---



---

### AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS LADY, ELIZABETH  
 COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

I MAY forget to eat, to drink <sup>v</sup>, to sleep,  
 Remembering thee ; but when I do to weep  
 In well-weigh'd lines, that men shall at thy hearse  
 Envy the sorrow which brought forth my verse,

<sup>s</sup> *Where*] i. e. Whereas.

<sup>t</sup> *question*] Weber "questions".

<sup>u</sup> *But, if your brave thoughts, &c.*] Weber thus ;

*"But your brave thoughts which I so much respect  
 Above your glorious titles, shall accept  
 These harsh disordered lines. I shall ere long", &c.*

<sup>v</sup> *to eat, to drink*] Weber "to drink, to eat".

May my dull understanding have the might  
Only to know the last <sup>w</sup> was yesternight!

Rutland, the fair, is dead! or <sup>x</sup>, if to hear  
The name of Sidney will more force a tear,  
'Tis she that is so dead! and yet there be  
Some men <sup>y</sup> alive profess not poetry;  
The statesmen and the lawyers of our time  
Have business still, yet do it not in rhyme.  
Can she be dead, and can there be of those  
That are so dull to say their prayers in prose?  
It is three days since she did feel Death's hand,  
And yet this isle not call'd <sup>z</sup> the poets' land:  
Hath this no new ones made? and are the old  
At such a needful time as this grown cold?  
They all say they would fain; but yet they plead,  
They cannot write because their Muse is dead.  
Hear me, then, speak, who <sup>a</sup> will take no excuse:  
Sorrow can make a verse without a Muse.

Why didst thou die so soon? Oh, pardon me!  
I know it was the longest life to thee,  
That e'er with modesty was call'd a span,  
Since the Almighty left to strive with man:  
Mankind is sent to sorrow; and thou hast  
More of the business which thou cam'st for past,  
Than all those agèd women, that <sup>b</sup>, yet quick,  
Have quite outliv'd their own arithmetic.  
As soon as thou couldst apprehend a grief,  
There were enough to meet thee; and the chief  
Blessing of women, marriage, was to thee  
Nought but a sacrament of misery;  
For whom thou hadst, if we may trust to fame,  
Could nothing change about thee but thy name;  
A name which who (that were again to do 't)  
Would change without a thousand joys to boot?  
In all things else thou rather led'st a life  
Like a betrothèd virgin than a wife.

<sup>w</sup> *the last*] Weber "her *last*": but, a few lines after, we are told that the Countess had been dead "three days".

<sup>x</sup> *or*] Weber "and". <sup>y</sup> *men*] Weber "more". <sup>z</sup> *call'd*] Weber "feel"

<sup>a</sup> *who*] Weber "which".

<sup>b</sup> *that*] Weber "which".

But yet I would have call'd thy fortune kind,  
 If it had only tried thy <sup>b</sup> settled mind  
 With present crosses; and <sup>c</sup> the loathèd thought  
 Of worse to come, or past, then might have wrought  
 Thy best remembrance to have cast an eye  
 Back with delight upon thine infancy.  
 But thou hadst, ere thou knew'st the use of tears,  
 Sorrow laid up against thou cam'st to years;  
 Ere thou wert able who thou wert to tell,  
 By a sad war thy noble father <sup>d</sup> fell,  
 In a dull clime which did not understand  
 What 'twas to venture him to save a land.  
 He left two children, who for virtue, wit,  
 Beauty, were lov'd of all,—thee and his writ <sup>e</sup>:  
 Two was too few; yet death hath from us took  
 Thee, a more faultless issue than his book,  
 Which, now the only living thing we have  
 From him, we'll see, shall never find a grave  
 As thou hast done. Alas, would it might be  
 That books their sexes had, as well as we,  
 That we might see this married to the worth,  
 And many poems like itself bring forth!  
 But this vain wish divinity controls;  
 For neither to the angels, nor to souls,  
 Nor any thing he meant should ever live,  
 Did the wise God of nature sexes give.

Then with this <sup>f</sup> everlasting work alone  
 We must content ourselves, since thou art <sup>g</sup> gone;  
 Gone, like the day thou diedst upon; and we  
 May call that back again as soon as thee.  
 Who should have look'd to this? where were you all,  
 That do yourselves the help of nature call,  
 Physicians? I acknowledge you were there  
 To sell such words as none <sup>h</sup> in health would hear:

<sup>b</sup> *thy*] Weber "the".

<sup>c</sup> *and*] Weber "not".

<sup>d</sup> *thy noble father*] i. e. (as already mentioned) Sir P. Sidney.

<sup>e</sup> *writ*] Weber "wit".

<sup>f</sup> *this*] Weber "his".

<sup>g</sup> *thou art*] Weber "she is".

<sup>h</sup> *none*] Weber "one".



So died she. Curs'd be he who shall defend  
 Your art of hastening nature to its end !  
 In this you shew'd that physic can but be  
 At best an art to cure your poverty.  
 Ye're every one<sup>i</sup> impostors, and do give  
 To sick men potions, that yourselves may live :  
 He that hath surfeited, and cannot eat,  
 Must have a medicine to procure you meat ;  
 And that 's the deepest ground of all your skill,  
 Unless it be some knowledge how to kill.  
 Sorrow and madness make my verses flow  
 Cross to my understanding ; for I know  
 You can do wonders : every day I meet  
 The lesser<sup>j</sup> sort of people in the street  
 From desperate diseases freed ; and why  
 Restore you them, and suffer her to die ?  
 Why should the state allow you colleges,  
 Pensions for lectures and anatomies,  
 If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,  
 Can only cure the bad, and not the good,  
 Which only they can do ? and I will shew  
 The hidden reason why you did not know  
 The way to cure her : you believ'd her blood  
 Ran in<sup>k</sup> such courses as you understood  
 By lectures ; you believ'd her arteries  
 Grew as they do in your anatomies,  
 Forgetting that the state allows you none  
 But only whores and thieves to practise on :  
 And every passage 'bout them I am sure  
 You understand<sup>l</sup>, and only such<sup>m</sup> can cure ;  
 Which is the cause that both yourselves and wives<sup>n</sup>  
 Are noted for enjoying so long lives.

<sup>i</sup> *every one*] Weber "many of you".

<sup>j</sup> *lesser*] Weber "looser".

<sup>k</sup> *in*] Weber "on".

<sup>l</sup> *understand*] Weber "understood".

<sup>m</sup> *such*] Weber "them".

<sup>n</sup> *Which is the cause that both yourselves and wives*] Mr. Rodd's MS. has enabled me to give this line complete. It has hitherto stood thus,—

"Which is the cause that both ——"

But noble blood treads in too strange a path  
 For your ill-got experience, and hath  
 Another way of cure. If you had seen  
 Penelope dissected, or the Queen  
 Of Sheba, then you might have found a way  
 To have preserv'd her from that fatal day.  
 As 'tis, you have but made her sooner blest,  
 By sending her to Heaven, where let her rest :  
 I will not hurt the peace which she should ° have,  
 By longer looking in her quiet grave.

---

### A FUNERAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE LADY PENELOPE CLIFTON<sup>p</sup>.

SINCE thou art dead, CLIFTON, the world may see  
 A certain end of flesh and blood in thee :  
 Till then a way was left for man to cry,  
 Flesh may be made so pure it cannot die ;  
 But now thy unexpected death doth strike  
 With grief the better and the worse alike ;  
 The good are sad they are not with thee there,  
 The bad have found they must not tarry here.  
 Death, I confess, 'tis just in thee to try  
 Thy power on us, for thou thyself must die ;  
 Thou pay'st but wages, Death ; yet I would know  
 What strange delight thou tak'st to pay them so :  
 When thou com'st face to face, thou strik'st us mute,  
 And all our liberty is to dispute

° *should*] Weber "would".

<sup>p</sup> *A funeral elegy on the death of the Lady Penelope Clifton*] In Beaumont's *Poems*, &c. 1653. I have collated it with a MS. formerly in the possession of Mr. Rodd ; and with *MS. Harl.* 3910, fol. 19, where it is signed "F. Beaumont."

"Lady Penelope Clifton was the daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, and the first of the seven wives of Sir Gervase Clifton, Baronet. She died 26th Oct. 1613." WEBER.



No man; when taken with it, they agree  
 'Twas Nature's fault; when from 'em, 'twas in thee.  
 For such her beauty was, that, if thy loath'd<sup>u</sup>  
 And naked self were with such garments cloth'd  
 Of flesh and blood, cover'd with such a fair  
 And tempting skin, adorn'd with such a hair,  
 Stuck with such eyes,—although I know who brings  
 Thee in his company shall be to kings  
 But an unwelcome guest,—yet, in despite,  
 Thy hated self would prove a favourite,  
 And that same lady think herself divine  
 That could but draw thee for her Valentine.  
 And such her virtue was, that, although she  
 Receive<sup>v</sup> as much joy, having pass'd through thee,  
 As ever any did, yet hath thy hate  
 Made her as little better in her state  
 As ever it did any : being here,  
 She liv'd with us as if she had been there.  
 Such ladies thou canst kill no more ; but so  
 I give thee warning here to kill no mo<sup>w</sup>;  
 For, if thou dost, my pen shall make the rest  
 Of those that live, especially the best,  
 Whom thou most thirstest for, t' abandon all  
 Those fruitless things which thou wouldst have us call  
 Preservatives, keeping their diet so  
 As the long-living poor their neighbours do :  
 Then shall we have them long, and they at last  
 Shall pass from thee to her, but not so fast.

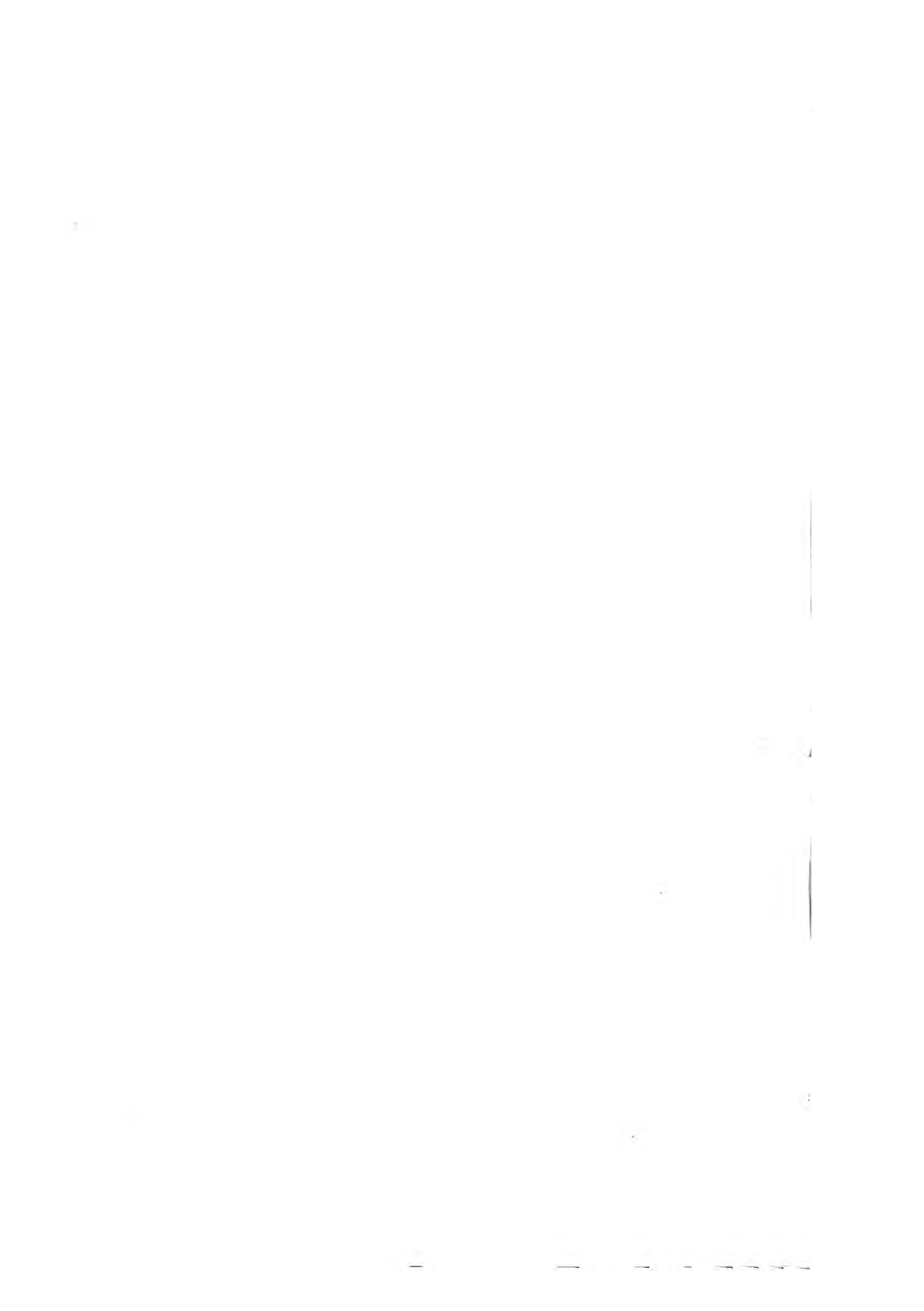
<sup>u</sup> *For such her beauty was, that, if thy loath'd*

*That could but draw thee for her Valentine*] So the two MS. with some variations.—These ten lines are omitted in ed. 1653 ; and by Weber.

<sup>v</sup> *Receive*] Weber "Received".

<sup>w</sup> *mo*] i. e. more.

Beaumont's verses to Fletcher on *The Faithful Shepherdess* will be found in vol. ii. 8.



POEMS  
BY FLETCHER.

10

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TO

THE TRUE MASTER IN HIS ART, B. JONSON <sup>x</sup>.

FORGIVE thy friends ; they would, but cannot praise  
 Enough the wit, art, language of thy plays.  
 Forgive thy foes ; they will not praise thee : why ?  
 Thy fate hath thought it best, they should envÿ.  
 Faith, for thy *Fox's* sake, forgive, then, those  
 Who are nor worthy to be friends nor foes ;  
 Or, for their own brave sake, let them be still  
 Fools at thy mercy, and like what they will.

TO

HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER BEN JONSON <sup>y</sup>.

HE that dares wrong this play, it should appear  
 Dares utter more than other men dare hear,  
 That have their wits about 'em : yet such men,  
 Dear friend, must see your book, and read, and then,  
 Out of their learnèd ignorance, cry "ill,"  
 And lay you by, calling for *Mad Pasquil*<sup>z</sup>,

<sup>x</sup> *To the true master in his art, B. Jonson*] Prefixed to *Volpone, or The Foxe*, 1607 (acted in 1605).

<sup>y</sup> *To his worthy friend, Master Ben Jonson*] Prefixed to *Cataline his Conspiracy*, 1611.

<sup>z</sup> *Mad Pasquil*] Breton's *Pasquils Mad-cap*, I suppose. See note, vol. iii. 186.



Or Greene's dear *Groats-worth*<sup>a</sup>, or Tom Coryate,  
 The new lexicon, with the errant pate<sup>b</sup> ;  
 And pick a way<sup>c</sup>, from all these several ends,  
 And dirty ones, to make their as-wise friends  
 Believe they are translators. Of this, pity,  
 There is a great plague hanging o'er the city,  
 Unless she purge her judgment presently.  
 But, oh, thou happy man, that must not die  
 As these things shall, leaving no more behind  
 But a thin memory, like a passing wind  
 That blows and is forgotten, ere they are cold !  
 Thy labours shall out-live thee ; and, like gold  
 Stamp'd for continuance, shall be current where  
 There is a sun, a people, or a year.

<sup>a</sup> *Greene's dear Groats-worth*] The well-known prose-tract by Robert Greene,  
 —*A Groats-worth of Wit bought with a million of repentance*.

<sup>b</sup> *Tom Coryate,*

*The new lexicon, with the errant pate*] See note, vol. v. 439.—Gifford (Jon-  
 son's *Works*, i. cccxxix) prints,

“ Or the new *Lexicon, with the errant pate* ” :

but Fletcher evidently applies the term “ new lexicon ” to Coryate, that is, to  
 the affected phraseology of his *Crudities*, &c.

<sup>c</sup> *a way*] Old ed. “ away ” ; and so Weber, and even Gifford (*ubi supra*).

---

Fletcher's verses *Upon an honest man's fortune*, have been already given, vol.  
 iii. 453. For a short poem, in all probability by him, see the *Account of B.*  
*and F. and their Writings*.

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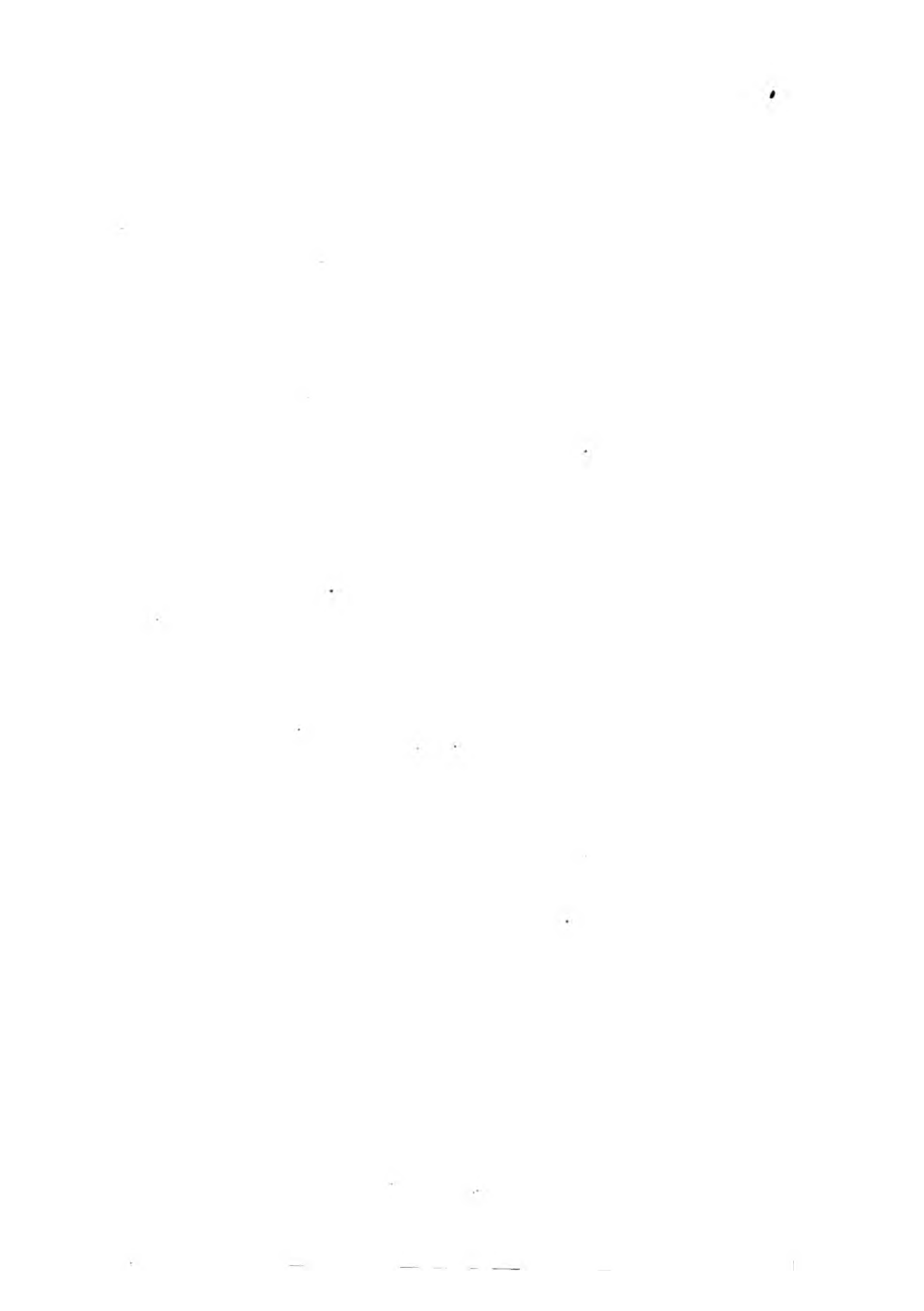
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