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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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**img: 319-a**  
**sig: [N/A]**

LOVES CURE  
OR,  
The Martial Maid.

wln 0001  
wln 0002  
wln 0003

*Actus Primus Scæna Prima.*

column: 319-b-1

wln 0004

wln 0005

*Enter Vitelli, Lamorall, Anastro.*

wln 0006

*Vitelli.*

wln 0007

*ALvarez* pardon'd?

wln 0008

*Ana.* And return'd.

wln 0009

*Lamo.* I saw him land

wln 0010

At *St. Lucars*, and such a generall welcome

wln 0011

Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions,

wln 0012

Had with the easie people, prepar'd for him,

wln 0013

As if by his command alone, and fortune

wln 0014

Holland with those low Provinces, that hold out

wln 0015

Against the Arch-Duke, were again compel'd

wln 0016

With their obedience to give up their lives

wln 0017

To be at his devotion.

wln 0018

*Vit.* You amaze me,

wln 0019

For though I have heard, that when he fled from Civill

wln 0020

To save his life (then **forfeil[\*]ed** to Law

wln 0021

For murdering *Don Pedro* my deer Uncle)

wln 0022

His extreame wants inforc'd him to take pay

wln 0023

In th'Army sat down then before **Ostena**,

wln 0024

'Twas never yet reported, by whose favour

wln 0025

He durst presum to entertain a thought

wln 0026

Of comming home with pardon.

wln 0027

*Ana.* 'Tis our nature

wln 0028

Or not to hear, or not to give beliefe

wln 0029

To what we wish far from our enemies.

wln 0030

*Lam.* Sir 'tis most certaine the Infantas letters

wln 0031

Assisted by the Arch-Dukes, to King *Philip*

wln 0032

Have not alone secur'd him from the rigor

wln 0033

Of our Castillian Justice, but return'd him

wln 0034

A free man, and in grace.

wln 0035

*Vit.* By what curs'd meanes

wln 0036

Could such a fugitive arise unto

wln 0037

The knowledge of their highnesses? much more

wln 0038

(Though known) to stand but in the least degree

wln 0039

Of favour with them?

wln 0040

*Lam.* To give satisfaction

wln 0041

To your demand, though to praise him I hate,

wln 0042

Can yeild me small contentment, I will tell you,

wln 0043

And truly, since should I detract his worth,

wln 0044  
wln 0045  
wln 0046

'Twould argue want of merit in my self.  
Briefly, to passe his tedious pilgrimage  
For sixteene years, a banish'd guilty-man,

column: 319-b-2

wln 0047  
wln 0048  
wln 0049  
wln 0050  
wln 0051  
wln 0052  
wln 0053  
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wln 0086  
wln 0087  
wln 0088  
wln 0089  
wln 0090

And to forget the stormes, th'affrights, the horrors  
His constancy, not fortune overcame,  
I bring him, with his little son, grown man  
(Though 'twas said here he took a daughter with him)  
To Ostends bloody seige that stage of war  
Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,  
And the whole Christian world spectators were;  
There by his son, or were he by adoption  
Or nature his, a brave Scene was presented,  
Which I make choyce to speak of, since from that  
The good successe of *Alvarez*, had beginning,  
    *Vil.* So I love vertue in an enemy  
That I desire in the relation of  
This young mans glorious deed, you'ld keep your self  
A friend to truth, and it.  
    *Lam* Such was my purpose;  
The Town being oft assaulted, but in vaine,  
To dare the prow'd defendants to a sally,  
Weary of ease, *Don Inigo Peralta*  
Son to the Generall of our Castile forces  
All arm'd, advanc'd within shot of their wals,  
From whence the muskateers plaid thicke upon him,  
Yet he (brave youth) as carelesse of the danger,  
As carefull of his honor, drew his sword,  
And waving it about his head, as if  
He dar'd one spirited like himself, to triall  
Of single valor, he made his retreat  
With such a slow, and yet majestique pace,  
As if he still cald low'd, dare none come on?  
When sodainly from a posterne of the town  
Two gallant horse-men issued, and o're-took him,  
The army looking on, yet not a man  
That durst relieve the rash adventurer,  
Which *Lucio*, son to *Alvarez* then seeing,  
As in the vant-guard he sat bravely mounted,  
Or were it pity of the youths misfortune,  
Care to preserve the honour of his Country,  
Or bold desire to get himselfe a name,  
He made his brave horse, like a whirle wind bear him,  
Among the Combatants: and in a moment  
Dischar'd his Petronell, with such sure aime  
That of the adverse party from his horse,  
One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing  
A faulchion swift as lightning, he came on

Upon

wln 0091  
wln 0092  
wln 0093  
wln 0094  
wln 0095  
wln 0096  
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wln 0134  
wln 0135  
wln 0136

Upon the other, and with one strong blow  
In view of the amazed Town, and Campe  
He strake him dead, and brought *Peralta* off  
With double honour to himselfe.

*Vit.* 'Twas brave:

But the successe of this?

*Lam.* The Campe receiv'd him  
With acclamations of joy and welcome,  
And for addition to the faire reward  
Being a massy chain of gold given to him  
By yong *Peralta's* Father, he was brought  
To the Infantas presence kiss'd her hand,  
And from that Lady, (greater in her goodnesse  
Then her high birth) had this encouragement  
Go on youngman; yet not to feed thy valour  
With hope of recompence to come, from me,  
For present satisfaction of what's past,  
Aske any thing that's fit for me to give,  
And thee to take, and be assur'd of it.

*Ana.* Excellent princesse.

*Vit.* And stil'd worthily

The heart bloud, nay the soule of Souldiers.  
But what was his request?

*Lam.* That the repeale

Of *Alvarez*, makes plaine: he humbly begd  
His Fathers pardon, and so movingly  
Told the sad story of your uncles death  
That the Infanta wept, and instantly  
Granting his suit, working the Arch-duke to it,  
Their Letters were directed to the King,  
With whom they so prevaild, that *Alvarez*  
Was freely pardon'd.

*Vit.* 'Tis not in the King

To make that good.

*Ana.* Not in the King? what subject

Dares contradict his power?

*Vit.* In this I dare,

And wil: and not call his prerogative  
In question, nor presume to limit it.  
I know he is the Master of his Lawes,  
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,  
But not the injury done to my honour;  
And since (forgeting my brave Uncles merits  
And many services, under Duke D' *Alva*)  
He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice  
The powerfull sword, that would revenge his death,

wln 0137 I'le fill with this *Astrea*'s empty hand,  
wln 0138 And in my just wreake, make this arme the Kings,  
wln 0139 My deadly hate to *Alvarz*, and his house,  
wln 0140 Which as I grew in years, hath still encreas'd,  
wln 0141 As if it cal'd on time to make me man,  
wln 0142 Slept while it had no object for her fury  
wln 0143 But a weak woman, and her talk'd of Daughter:  
wln 0144 But now, since there are quarries, worth her sight  
wln 0145 Both in the father, and his hopefull son,  
wln 0146 I'le boldly cast her off, and gorge her full (ship,  
wln 0147 With both their hearts: to further which your friend-  
wln 0148 And oathes will your assistance, let your deedes  
wln 0149 Make answer to me; uselesse are all words  
wln 0150 Till you have writ performance with your Swords.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0152 *Scæna Secunda.*

wln 0153 *Enter Bobadilla, and Lucio*

wln 0154 *Luc.* Go fetch my work: this ruffe was not well starch'd,  
wln 0155 So tell the maid, 'thas too much blew in it,

column: 320-a-2

wln 0156 And look you that the Partrich and the Pullen  
wln 0157 Have cleane meat, and fresh water, or my Mother  
wln 0158 Is like to hear on't.

wln 0159 *Bob.* O good Sir *Iaques* helpe me: was there ever such  
wln 0160 an Hermaphrodite heard of? would any wench living,  
wln 0161 that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to be-  
wln 0162 lieve, that the best of a man lies under this Petticoate,  
wln 0163 and that a Cod-peece were far fitter here, then a pind-  
wln 0164 Placket?

wln 0165 *Luc.* You had best talk filthily: do; I have a tongue  
wln 0166 To tell my Mother, as well as ears to heare  
wln 0167 Your ribaldry.

wln 0168 *Bob.* May you have ten womens tongues that way I am  
wln 0169 sure: why my yong Mr. or Mistris, Madam, Don or what  
wln 0170 you wil, what the devill have you to do with Pullen, or  
wln 0171 Partrich? or to sit pricking on a clowt all day? you have a  
wln 0172 better needle, I know, and might make better work, if  
wln 0173 you had grace to use it.

wln 0174 *Luc.* Why, how dare you speak this before me, sirha?

wln 0175 *Bob.* Nay rather, why dare not you do what I speak?  
wln 0176 — though my Lady your mother, for fear of *Vitelli* and  
wln 0177 his faction, hath brought you up like her daughter, and  
wln 0178 h'as kept you this 20 year, which is ever since you were  
wln 0179 born, a close prisoner within dores, yet since you are a  
wln 0180 man, and are as wel provided as other men are, me thinks  
wln 0181 you should have the same motions of the flesh, as other

wln 0182

Cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

wln 0183

*Luc.* Indeed you have cause to love those wanton mo-

wln 0184

They having hope you to an excellent whipping, (tions,

wln 0185

For doing something, I but put you in mind of it,

wln 0186

With the Indian mayd, the governour sent my mother

wln 0187

From *Mexico*.

wln 0188

*Bob.* Why, I but taught her a Spanish trick in charity,

wln 0189

and holp the King to a subject that may live to take grave

wln 0190

*Maurice* prisoner, and that was more good to the State,

wln 0191

then a thousand such as you are ever like to do: and I

wln 0192

wil tell you, (in a fatherly care of the Infant I speak it)

wln 0193

if he live (as blesse the babe, in passion I remember him)

wln 0194

to your years, shall he spend his time in pinning, paint-

wln 0195

ing, purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he shall to

wln 0196

the wars, use his Spanish Pike, though with the danger

wln 0197

of the lash, as his father has done, and when he is pro-

wln 0198

voked, as I am now, draw his Toledo desperatly, as —

wln 0199

*Luc.* You will not Kill me? oh.

wln 0200

*Bob.* I knew this would silence him: how he hides his eyes?

wln 0201

If he were a wench now, as he seems, what an advantage

wln 0202

Had I, drawing two Toledos, when one can do this?

wln 0203

But oh me, my Lady: I must put up: young Master

wln 0204

I did but jest. O custom, what ha'st thou made of him?

wln 0205

*Enter Eugenia, and Servants.*

wln 0206

*Eug.* For bringing this, be still my friend; no more

wln 0207

A servant to me.

wln 0208

*Bob.* What's the matter?

wln 0209

*Eug.* Here,

wln 0210

Even here where I am happy to receive

wln 0211

Assurance of my *Alvarez* returne,

wln 0212

I wil kneell down: and may those holy thoughts

wln 0213

That now possesse me wholly, make this place

wln 0214

a Temple to me, where I may give thanks

wln 0215

For this unhop'd for blessing Heavens Kind hand

wln 0216

Hath pour'd upon me.

wln 0217

*Luc.* Let my duty Madam

wln 0218

Presume, if you have cause of joy, to entreat

wln 0219

I may share in it.

wln 0220

*Bob.* 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet.

wln 0221

*Eug.* Thou shalt: but first kneel with me *Lucio*,

wln 0222

No more *Posthumina* now, thou hast a Father,

wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
wln 0226  
wln 0227  
wln 0228  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232  
wln 0233  
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wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
wln 0267  
wln 0268

A Father living to take off that name,  
Which my too credulous fears, that he was dead,  
Bestow'd upon thee: thou shalt see him *Lucio*,  
And make him young again, by seeing thee,  
Who only hadst a being in my Womb  
When he went from me, *Lucio*: O my joyes,  
So far transport me, that I must forget  
The ornaments of Matrons, modesty,  
And grave behaviour; but let all forgive me  
If in th'expression of my soules best comfort  
Though old, I do a while forget mine age,  
And play the wanton in the entertainment  
Of those delights I have so long despair'd of.

*Luc.* Shall I then see my Father?

*Eug.* This houre *Lucio*;

Which reckon the begining of thy life  
I mean that life, in which thou shalt appeare  
To be such as I brought thee forth: a man,  
This womanish disguise, in which I have  
So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off,  
And change those qualities thou didst learn from me,  
For masculine virtues, for which seek no tutor,  
But let thy fathers actions be thy precepts;  
And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward  
For thy true service.

*Bob.* Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learne to know  
me more respectively; how do'st thou think I shall be-  
come the Stewards chaire ha? will not these slender  
hanches show well with a chaine, and a gold night-Cap  
after supper when I take the accompts?

*Eug.* Haste, and take down those blacks, with which my  
Hath like the widow, her sad Mistris, mourn'd, (chamber  
And hang up for it, the rich Persian arras,  
Us'd on my wedding night: for this to me  
Shall be a second marriage: send for Musique,  
And will the cooks to use their best of cunning  
To please the palat.

*Bob.* Will your Ladiship have a Potato-pie, tis a good  
stirring dish for an old Lady, after a long Lent.

*Eug.* Be gon I say: why sir, you can go faster?

*Bob.* I could Madam: but I am now to practise the  
Stewards pace, that's the reward I look for: every man  
must fashion his gate, according to his calling: you  
fellow *Stephano*, may walk faster, to overtake preferment:  
so, usher me.

*Luc.* Pray Madam, let the wascoat I last wrought



wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
wln 0272  
wln 0273  
wln 0274  
wln 0275

Be made up for my Father: I wil have  
A cap and boote-hose sutable to it.  
*Eug.* Of that.  
Wee'l think hereafter *Lucio*: our thoughts now  
Must have no object, but thy Fathers welcome,  
To which thy **helfe** —  
*Luc.* With humble gladnesse Madam.

*Exeunt*

wln 0276

*Scæna Tertia.*

wln 0277

*Enter Alvarez, Clara.*

wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280  
wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287

*Alv.* Where lost we *Syavedra*?  
*Cl.* He was met  
Entring the City by some Gentlemen  
Kinsmen, as he said of his own, with whom  
For complement sake (for so I think he term'd it)  
He was compel'd to stay: though I much wonder  
A man that knowes to do, and has done well  
In the head of his troop, when the bold foe charg'd home,  
Can learn so sodainly to abuse his time  
In ipish entertainment: for my part

column: 320-b-2

wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290  
wln 0291  
wln 0292  
wln 0293  
wln 0294  
wln 0295  
wln 0296  
wln 0297  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303  
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wln 0305  
wln 0306  
wln 0307  
wln 0308  
wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313

(By all the glorious rewards of war)  
I had rather meet ten enemies in the field  
All sworn to fetch my head, then be brought on  
To change an houres discourse with one of these  
Smooth City fools, or tisseau Cavaliers,  
Then only Gallans, as they wisely think,  
To get a Jewell, or a wanton Kisse  
From a Court-lip, though painted.  
*Alv.* My Love *Clara*  
(For *Lucio* is a name thou must forget  
With *Lucios* bold behaviour) though thy breeding  
I'the camp may plead something in the excuse  
Of thy rough manners, custome having chang'd,  
Though not thy Sex, the softnesse of thy nature,  
And fortune (then a cruell stepdame to thee)  
Impos'd upon thy tender sweetnesse, burthens  
Of **hunder**, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack  
The sinewes of a man, not borne a Souldier:  
Yet now she smiles, and like a naturall mother  
Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, enttaine  
Her proffer'd bounties with a willing bosome;  
Thou shalt no more have need to use thy sword;  
Thy beauty (which even *Belgia* hath not alter'd)  
Shall be a stronger guard, to keep my *Clara*,  
Then that has bin, (though never us'd but nobly)  
And know thus much.

wln 0314  
wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
wln 0319  
wln 0320  
wln 0321

*Cl.* Sir, I know only that  
It stands not with my duty to gaine-say you,  
In any thing: I must, and will put on  
What fashion you think best: though I could wish  
I were what I appeare.

*Alv.* Endeavour rather.  
To be what you are, *Clara*, entring here  
As you were borne, a woman.

*Musick.*

wln 0322

*Enter Eugnia, Lucio, Servants.*

wln 0323  
wln 0324  
wln 0325  
wln 0326  
wln 0327  
wln 0328  
wln 0329  
wln 0330  
wln 0331  
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wln 0352  
wln 0353

*Eug.* Let choice Musick  
In the best voyce that ere touch'd humane eare,  
For joy hath tide my tongue up, speak your welcome.

*Alv.* My soule, (for thou giv'st new life to my spirit)  
Myriads of joyes, though short in number of  
Thy vertues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,  
Th'assurance, that I do embrace thee, makes  
My twenty years of sorrow but a dreame,  
And by the Nectar, which I take from these,  
I feele my age restor'd, and like old *Æson*  
Grow young againe.

*Eug.* My Lord, long wish'd for welcome,  
Tis a sweet briefnesse, yet in that short word  
All pleasures which I may call mine, begin,  
And may they long increase, before they finde  
A second period: let mine eyes now surfet  
On this so wish'd for object, and my lips  
Yet modestly pay back the parting kisse  
You trusted with them, when you fled from Civill  
With little *Clara* my sweet daughter: lives she?  
Yet I coul'd chide my selfe, having you here  
For being so coveteous of all joyes at once,  
'Tenquire for her, you being alone, to me  
My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my selfe;  
Nay more then all the world.

*Alv.* As you, to me are.

*Eug.* Sit down, and let me feed upon the story  
Of your past dangers, now you are here in safety  
It will give rellish, and fresh appetite  
To my delights, if such delights can cloy me.  
Yet do not *Alvarez*, let me first yeild you

Accompt

wln 0354  
wln 0355  
wln 0356  
wln 0357  
wln 0358  
wln 0359  
wln 0360  
wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
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wln 0380  
wln 0381  
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wln 0394  
wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399

Accompt of my life in your absence, and  
Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd  
The Jewell left lock'd up in my womb, (try,  
When you, in being forc'd to leave your coun-  
Suffer'd a civill death. *within Clashing swords.*  
*Alv.* Doe my *Eugenia*,  
Tis that I most desire to heare,  
*Eug.* Then know *Sayavedra within.*  
*Alv.* What voyce is that?  
If you are noble Enemies, *Vitelli within.*  
Oppresse me not with odds, but kill me fairely,  
Stand off, I am too many of my selfe. *Enter Bobadilla.*  
*Bob.* Murther, murther murther, your friend my Lord,  
*Don Syavedra* is set upon in the Streets, by your enemies  
*Vitelli*, and his Faction: I am almost kill'd with looking  
on them.  
*Alv.* Ile free him, or fall with him: draw thy sword  
And follow me.  
*Cla.* Fortune I give thee thanks  
For this occasion once more to use it. (hang me. *Exit.*  
*Bob.* Nay, hold not me Madam; if I doe any hurt,  
*Luc.* Oh I am dead with feare! let's flye into  
Your Closet, Mother.  
*Eug.* No houre of my life  
Secure of danger? heav'n be mercifull,  
Or now at once dispatch me. *Enter Vitelli, pursued*  
*by Alvarez, & Sayavedra,*  
*Clara beating of*  
*Anastro.*  
*Cla.* Follow him  
Leave me to keepe these off.  
*Alv.* Assault my friend  
So neere by house?  
*Vit.* Nor in it will spare thee,  
Though 'twere a Temple: & Ile mak it one,  
I being the Priest, and thou the sacrifice,  
Ile offer to my uncle.  
*Alv.* Haste thou to him,  
And say I sent thee:  
*Cla.* 'Twas put bravely by,  
And that: and yet comes on, and boldly rare,  
In the warres, where emulation and example  
Joyn to encrease the courage, and make lesse  
The danger; valour, and true resolution  
Never appear'd so lovely: brave againe:  
Sure he is more then man, and if he fall;  
The best of vertue, fortitude would dye with him:  
And can I suffer it? forgive me duty,  
So I love valour, as I will protect it

wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
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wln 0419  
wln 0420  
wln 0421

Against my Father, and redeeme it, though  
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.

*Vit.* Come on,  
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me deerer  
Before you have me: keep off.

*Cla.* Feare me not,  
Thy worth has tooke me Prisoner, and my sword  
For this time knowes thee onely for a friend,  
And to all else I turne the point of it.

*Say.* Defend your Fathers Enemy?

*Alv.* Art thou mad?

*Cla.* Are you men rather? shall that valour, which  
Begot you lawfull honour in the warres,  
Prove now the parent of an infamous Bastard  
So foule, yet so long liv'd, as murther will  
Be to your shames? have each of you, alone  
With your own dangers onely, purchas'd glory  
From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing  
Those neerest to you, to have part in it,  
And doe you now joyn, and lend mutuall helpe  
Against a single opposite? hath the mercy  
Of the great King, but newly wash'd away

column: 321-a-2

wln 0422  
wln 0423  
wln 0424  
wln 0425  
wln 0426  
wln 0427  
wln 0428  
wln 0429  
wln 0430  
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wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447

The blood, that with the forfeit of your life  
Cleav'd to your name, and family like an ulcer,  
In this againe to set a deeper dye  
Upon your infamy? you'll say he is your foe,  
And by his rashnesse call'd on his own ruine;  
Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and honour  
Spur'd him to what he did, and next the place  
Where now he is, your house, which by the lawes  
Of hospitable duty should protect him;  
Have you been twenty yeeres a stranger to it,  
To make your entrance now in blood? or thinke you  
Your country-man, a true born Spaniard, will be  
An offering fit, to please the genius of it?  
No, in this i'le presume to teach my Father,  
And this first Act of disobedience shall  
Confirme I am most dutifull.

*Alv.* I am pleas'd  
With what I dare not give allowance to;  
Unnaturall wretch, what wilt thou doe?

*Cla.* Set free  
A noble Enemy: come not on, by —  
You passe to him, through me: the way is open:  
Farwell: when next I meet you, doe not look for  
A friend, but a vow'd foe; I see you worthy,  
And therefore now preserve you, for the honour  
Of my sword onely:

wln 0448  
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wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489

*Vit.* Were this man a friend,  
How would he win me, that being my vow'd foe  
Deserves so well? I thanke you for my life;  
But how I shall deserve it, give me leave  
Hereafter to consider.

*Exit.*

*Alv.* Quit thy feare,  
All danger is blown over: I have Letters  
To the Governour, in the Kings name, to secure us,  
From such attempts hereafter: yet we need not  
That have such strong guards of our own, dread others;  
And to encrease thy comfort, know, this young man  
Whom with such fervent earnestnesse you eye,  
Is not what he appeares, but such a one  
As thou with joy wilt blesse, thy daughter *Clara*.

*Eug.* A thousand blessings in that word.

*Alv.* The reason  
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure  
I will impart unto you: wonder not  
At what you have seen her doe, it being the least  
Of many great and valiant undertakings  
She hath made good with honour.

*Eug.* Ile returne  
The joy I have in her, with one as great  
To you my *Alvarez*: you, in a man  
Have given to me a daughter: in a woman,  
I give to you a Sonne: this was the pledge  
You left here with me, whom I have brought up  
Different from what he was, as you did *Clara*,  
And with the like successe; as she appeares  
Alter'd by custome, more then woman, he  
Transform'd by his soft life, is lesse then man.

*Alv.* Fortune, in this gives ample satisfaction  
For all our sorrowes past.

*Luc.* My deerest Sister.

*Cl.* Kinde brother.

*Alv.* Now our mutuall care must be  
Employ'd to help wrong'd nature, to recover  
Her right in either of them, lost by custome:  
To you I give my *Clara*, and receive  
My *Lucio* to my charge: and we'll contend  
With loving industry, who soonest can  
Turne this man woman or this woman, man.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*

wln 0490

*Actus secundus. Scæna prima.*

wln 0491

*Enter Pachieco, and Lazarillo.*

wln 0492

*Pac.* Boy: my Cloake, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman of my ranck, to walke the streets in *Querpo*.

wln 0493

wln 0494

wln 0495

wln 0496

wln 0497

wln 0498

wln 0499

wln 0500

wln 0501

wln 0502

wln 0503

wln 0504

wln 0505

*Pac.* Oh happy thou *Lazarillo* (being the cause of other mens wits) as in thine own: live leane, and witty still: oppresse not thy stomach too much: grosse feeders, great sleepers: great sleepers, fat bodies; fat bodies, lean braines: No *Lazarillo*, I will make thee immortall, change thy humanitie into dietie, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

wln 0506

wln 0507

wln 0508

wln 0509

wln 0510

wln 0511

wln 0512

*Laz* Faith *Signior*, I am immortall then already, or very neere it, for I doe live upon little or nothing: be-like that's the reason the Poets are said to be immortall, for some of them live upon their wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good Master, let me be mortall still, and let's goe to supper.

wln 0513

wln 0514

wln 0515

wln 0516

wln 0517

wln 0518

wln 0519

wln 0520

*Pac.* Be abstinent; shew not the corruption of thy generation: he that feeds, shall die, therefore he that feeds not, shall live.

*Laz.* I; but how long shall he live? ther's the question.

*Pac.* As long as he can without feeding: did'st thou read of the miraculous maid in *Flanders*?

*Laz.* No, nor of any maid else; for the miracle of virginie now adaiies ceases, ere the virgin can read virginie?

wln 0521

wln 0522

wln 0523

wln 0524

wln 0525

wln 0526

wln 0527

wln 0528

*Pac.* She that liv'd three yeere without any other sustenance then the smell of a Rose.

*Laz.* I heard of her *Signior*; but they say her guts shrunck all into Lute-strings, and her neather-parts cling'd together like a Serpents Taile, so that though she continued a woman still above the girdle, beneath yet she was monster.

wln 0529

wln 0530

wln 0531

wln 0532

wln 0533

*Pac.* So are most women, beleeve it.

*Laz.* Nay all women *Signior*, that can live onely upon the smell of a Rose.

*Pac.* No part of the History is fabulous.

*Laz.* I thinke rather no part of the Fable is Historical: but for all this, sir, my rebellious stomach will not

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wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551

let me be immortall: I will be as immortall, as mortall  
hunger will suffer: put me to a certaine stint sir, allow  
me but a red herring a day.

*Pac.* *O' dedios*: would'st thou be gluttonous in thy  
delicacies?

*Laz.* He that eats nothing but a red herring a day,  
shall neere be broyl'd for the devils rasher: a Pilcher,  
*Signior*, a Surdiny, an Olive, that I may be a philoso-  
pher first, and immortall after.

*Pac.* Patience *Lazarillo*; let contemplation be thy  
food a while: I say unto thee, one Peaze was a Souldiers  
provant a whole day,  
at the destruction of *Ierusalem*.

*Enter Metaldi, &  
Mendoza.*

*Laz.* I; and it were any where, but at the  
destruction of a place i'le be hang'd.

*Met.* *Signior Pachieco Alasto*, my most ingenious  
Cobler of Civill, the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

*Pac.* *Signior Metaldi de forgio*, my most famous Smith,

column: 321-b-2

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wln 0581

and man of mettle, I returne your curtesie ten fold, and  
do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shooe-soale of your  
congie: the like to you *Signior Mendoza Pediculo de ver-*  
*mim*, my most exquisite Hose-heeler.

*Laz.* Her's a greeting betwixt a Cobler, a Smith, and  
a Botcher: they all belong to the foot, which makes  
them stand so much upon their Gentrie.

*Mend.* *Signior Lazarillo*.

*Laz.* Ah Signior see: nay, we are all *Signiors* here  
in Spaine, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or  
*Adelantado*: this botcher looks as if he w're dowgh-bak'd  
a little butter now, and I could eate him like an oaten-  
cake: his fathers diet was new Cheese and Onions  
when he got him: what a scallion fac'd-rascal 'tis?

*Met.* But why *Signior Pachieco*, do you stand so much on  
the prioritie, and antiquitie of your qualitie (as you call  
it) in comparison of ours?

*Mend.* I; your reason for that.

*Pac.* Why thou Iron-pated Smith: and thou wollen  
witted Hose heeler: heare what I will speak indifferen-  
tly (and according to Ancient writers) of our three  
professions: and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both judge,  
and moderator. (may be.

*Laz.* Still am I the most immortally hungrie, that

*Pac.* Suppose thou wilt derive thy pedigree, like some  
of the old Heroes, (as *Hercules*, *Eneas*, *Achilles*) lineally  
from the Gods, making *Saturne* thy great Grand-father,  
and *Vulcan* thy Father: *Vulcan* was a God.

*Laz.* He'll make *Vulcan* your God-father by and by.

*Pac.* Yet I say *Saturne* was a crabbed block-head, and

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wln 0619

*Vulgan* a limping horn-head, for *Venus* his wife was a strumpet, and *Mars* begat all her Children; therefore however, thy originall must of necessitie spring from Bastardie: further, what can be a more deject spirit in man, then to lay his hands under every ones horses feet, to doe him service, as thou do'st? For thee, I will be briefe thou do'st botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of enormities, viz. scabs, chilblaines, and kibed heeles: much proane thou art to Sects, and Heresies, disturbing state, and government; for how canst thou be a sound member in the Common-wealth, that art so subject to stitches in the anckles? blush, and be silent then, Oh ye Machanick, compare no more with the politique Cobler: For Coblers (in old time) have prophesied, what may they doe now then, that have every day waxed better, and better? have we not the length of every mans foot? are we not daily menders? yea, and what menders? not horse-menders.

*Laz.* Nor manners-menders.

*Pach.* But soule-menders: Oh divine Coblers; doe we not like the wise man spin our own threds, (or our wives for us?) doe we not by our sowing the hide, reape the beefe? are not we of the gentle craft, whil'st both you are but crafts-men? You will say you feare neither Iron nor steele, and what you get is wrought out of the fire, I must answer you againe, though all this is but forgery, You may likewise say, a mans a man, that has but a hose on his head: I must likewise answer, that man is a botcher, that has a heel'd-hose on his head: to conclude there can be no comparison with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Common-wealth, has his politique eye and ends on every mans steps that walkes, and whose course shall be lasting to the worlds end.

*Net.* I give place: the wit of man is wonderfull: thou hast hit the naile on the head, and I will give thee six pots for't though I neere clinth shooe againe.

*Pac.* Who's this? Oh our *Alguazier*: as arrant a knave as

*Enter*  
*Vitelli*  
& *Alguazier.*

Rrrrr

E're



wln 0620  
wln 0621  
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wln 0664  
wln 0665

E're wore out head under two offices: he is one side  
*Alguazier*.

*Met.* The other side Serjeant.

*Mend.* That's both sides carrion I am sure.

*Pac.* This is he apprehends whores in the way of  
justice, and lodges 'em in his own house, in the way of  
profit: he with him, is the Grand-Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt  
whom and *Fernando Alvarez* the mortall hatred is: he  
is indeed my Dons Bawd, and do's at this present lodge  
a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrill*.

*Vit.* Let her want nothing *Signior*, she can aske:  
What losse, or injury you may sustaine  
I will reparaire, and recompence your love:  
Onely that fellowes coming I mislike,  
And did fore-warn her of him: beare her this  
With my best love, at night i'le visit her.

*Alg.* I rest your Lordships Servant.

*Vit.* Good ev'n, Signiors:

Oh *Alvarez*, thou hast brought a Sonne with thee  
Both brightnes, and obscures our Nation,  
Whose pure strong beames on us, shoot like the Suns  
On baser fires: I would to heaven my blood  
Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate hand,  
That with mine honour I might emulate  
Not persecute such vertue: I will see him  
Though with the hazard of my life: no rest  
In my contentious spirits can I finde  
Till I have gratefide him in like kinde.

*Exit.*

*Alg.* I know you not: what are ye? hence ye base  
Besegnios.

*Pac.* *Mary Catzo Signior Alguazier*, do'ye not know  
us? why, we are your honest neighbours, the Cobler,  
Smith, and Botcher, that have so often sate snoaring  
cheeke by joll with your signiorie in rug at midnight.

*Laz.* Nay, good Signior, be not angry: you must  
understand, a Cat and such an Officer see best in the  
dark.

*Met.* By this hand, I could finde in my heart to shooe  
his head.

*Pac.* Why then know you *Signior*; thou mon-  
grill begot at midnight, at the Goale gate, by a Beadle,  
on a Catch-poles wife, are not you he that was whipt  
out, of *Toledo* for perjury.

*Men.* Next, condemn'd to the Gallies for pilfery, to  
the buls pizell.

*Met.* And after call'd to the Inquisition, for Apostacie.

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wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
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wln 0672  
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wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687

*Pac.* Are not you he that rather then you durst goe an industrious voyage being press'd to the Islands, skulk'd till the fleet was gone, and then earn'd your royall a day by squiring puncks, and puncklings up and down the City?

*Laz.* Are not you a Portuguize borne, descended o'the Moores, and came hither into *Civill* with your Master, an errant Taylor, in your red Bonnet, and your Blew Jacket lowsie: though now your block-head be cover'd with the Spanish Block, and your lashed Shoulders with a Velvet Pee?

*Pac.* Are not you he, that have been of thirty callings, yet ne're a one lawfull? that being a Chandler first, profess'd sincerity, and would sell no man Mustard to his beefe on the Sabbath, and yet sold Hypocrisie all your life time?

*Met.* Are not you he, that were since a Surgeon to the Stewes, and undertooke to cure what the Church it selfe could not, strumpets that rise to your Office by being a great Dons Baw'd?

*Laz.* That commit men nightly, offencelesse, for the gaine of a groat a Prisoner, which your Beadle seemes

column: 322-a-2

wln 0688  
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wln 0713

to put up, when you share three pence?

*Mend.* Are not you he, that is a kisser of men, in drunkennesse, and a berrayer in sobriety?

*Alg. Diabolo:* they'll raile me into the Gallyes again.

*Pac.* Yes Signior, thou art even he we speake of all this while: thou maist by thy place now, lay us by the heeles: 'tis true: but take heed, be wiser, pluck not ruine on thine own head: for never was there such an Anatomy, as we shall make thee then: be wise therefore, Oh thou Childe of the night! be friends and shake hands, thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder: remember thy worshipfull function, a Constable though thou turn'st day into night, and night into day, what of that? watch lesse, and pray more: gird thy beares skin (*viz.* thy Rug-gowne) to thy loyes, take thy staffe in thy hand, and goe forth at midnight: Let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy authority, but gripe theft and whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em: bear'em away like a tempest, and lodge 'em safely in thine own house:

*Laz.* Would you have whores and theeves lodg'd in such a house?

*Pac.* They ever doe so: I have found a theefe, or a whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furnish me.

*Laz.* But why doe they lodge there?

*Pac.* That they may be safe, and forth-coming: for

wln 0714  
wln 0715  
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wln 0735

in the morning usually the theefe is sent to the Goale,  
and the whore prostrates her selfe to the Justice.

*Mend.* Admirable *Pachieco*.

*Met.* Thou Cobler of Christendom.

*Alg.* There is no railing with these rogues: I will  
close with'em, till I can cry quittance: why Signiors,  
and my honest neighbours, will you impute that as a  
neglect of my friends, which is an imperfection in me? I  
have been Sand-blinde from my infancie: to make you  
amends, you shall sup with me.

*Laz.* Shall we sup with'ye sir? O' my conscience,  
they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreamly,

*Alg.* And after supper, I have a project to employ  
you in shall make you drink, & eat merrily this moneth:  
I am a little knavish: why and doe not I know all you  
to be knaves?

*Pac.* I grant you, we are all knaves, and will be your  
knaves: But, oh, while you live, take heed of being a  
proud knave.

*Alg.* On then passe: I will beare out my staffe, and my  
staffe shall beare out me.

*Laz.* Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to supper.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0736

*Scæna Secunda.*

wln 0737

*Enter Lucio, and Bobadilla.*

wln 0738

*Luc.* Pray be not angry.

wln 0739

I am angry, and I will be angry *diablo'*: what should you  
doe in the Kitchin, cannot the Cooks lick their fingers  
without your overseeing? nor the maids make pottage,  
except your dogs-head be in the pot? *Don Lucio, Don*  
*Quot-queane, Don Spinster*, weare a Petti-coate still, and  
put on your smock a' monday: I will have a badie o'  
clouts made for it, like a great girl: nay, if you will needs  
be starching of Ruffs, and sowing of black-work, I will  
of a milde, and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant, Your  
Father has committed you to my charge, and I will  
make a man, or a mouse on you.

wln 0740

wln 0741

wln 0742

wln 0743

wln 0744

wln 0745

wln 0746

wln 0747

wln 0748

wln 0749

wln 0750

wln 0751

wln 0752

*Luc.* What would you have me doe? this scurvy sword  
So gals my thigh: I would 'twere burnt: pish, looke  
This cloak will ne'r keep on: these boots too hide bound,

Make

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wln 0754  
wln 0755  
wln 0756  
wln 0757  
wln 0758  
wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
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wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798

Make me walk stiffe, as if my leggs were frozen,  
And my Spurs gingle, like a Morris-dancer:  
Lord, how my head akes, with this roguish hat;  
This masculine attire, is most uneasie,  
I am bound up in it: I had rather walke  
In folio, againe, loose, like a woman.

*Bob.* In Foolio, had you not?

Thou mock to heav'n, and nature, and thy Parents,  
Thou tender Legge of Lamb; Oh, how he walkes  
As if he had be-pise'd himselfe, and fleares!

Is this a gate for the young Cavalier,  
*Don Lucio*, Sonne and heire to *Alvarez*?

Has it a corne? or do's it walke on conscience,  
It treads so gingerly? Come on your wayes,  
Suppose me now your Fathers foe, *Vitelli*,  
And spying you i'th' street, thus I advance,  
I twist my Beard, and then I draw my sword.

*Luc.* Alas.

*Bob.* And thus accost thee: traiterous brat,  
How dur'st thou thus confront me? impious twig  
Of that old stock, dew'd with my kinsmans gore,  
Draw, for i'le quarter thee in peeces foure.

*Luc.* Nay, Prethee *Bobadilla*, leave thy fooling,  
Put up thy sword, *I* will not meddle with' ye;  
I, justle me, I care not: I'le not draw,  
Pray be a quiet man.

*Bob.* Do'ye heare: answer me, as you would doe  
*Don Vitelli*, or i'le be so bold as to lay the pomell of my  
sword over the hilts of your head, my name's *Vitelli*, and  
i'le have the wall. (keepe?)

*Luc.* Why then i'le have the kennell: what a coyle you  
Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your  
Kinsman, was long before I saw the world,  
No fault of mine, nor will I justifie  
My Fathers crimes: forget sir, and forgive,  
'Tis Christianity: I pray put up your sword,  
Ile give you any satisfaction  
That may become a Gentleman; however  
I hope you are bred to more humanity  
Then to revenge my Fathers wrong on me  
That crave your love, and peace: law you now *Zancho*  
Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellies*.

*Bob.* Oh craven-chicken of a Cock o'th' game: well,  
what remedy? did thy father see this, O' my conscience,  
he would cut of thy Masculine gender, crop thine eares,  
beat out thine eyes, and set thee in one of the Peare-trees

wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810  
wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813  
wln 0814  
wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820

for a scar-crow: As I am *Vitelli*, I am satisfied but as I am *Bobadilla Spindola Zanch*, Steward of the house, and thy fathers servant, I could finde in my heart to lop of the hinder part of thy face, or to beat all thy teeth into thy mouth: Oh thou whay-blooded milk-sop, Ile waite upon thee no longer, thou shalt ev'n waite upon me: come your wayes sir, I shall take a little paines with ye else.

*Enter Clara.*

*Cl.* Where art thou Brother *Lucio*? ran tan tan ran tan ran tan tan, ta ran tan tan tan. Oh, I shall no more see those golden dayes, these clothes will never fadge with me: a — O' this filthie vardingale, this hip hape: brother why are womens hanches onely limited, confin'd, hoop'd in, as it were with these same scurvy vardingales?

*Bob.* Because womens hanches onely are most subject to display and fly out.

*Cl.* *Bobadilla*, rogue, ten Duckets, I hit the prepuse of thy **Cod-peicu**.

*Luc.* Hold, if you love my life, Sister: I am not *Zanch* *Bobadilla*, I am your brother *Lucio*: what a fright you have put me in?

column: 322-b-2

wln 0821  
wln 0822  
wln 0823  
wln 0824  
wln 0825  
wln 0826  
wln 0827  
wln 0828  
wln 0829  
wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832  
wln 0833  
wln 0834  
wln 0835  
wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838  
wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844  
wln 0845  
wln 0846

*Cl.* Brother? and wherefore thus?

*Luc.* Why, Master Steward here, *Signior Zanch*, made me change: he do's nothing but misuse me, and call me Cowheard, and swears I shall waite upon him.

*Bob.* Well: I doe no more then I have authority for: would I were away though: for she's as much too manish, as he too womanish: I dare not meddle with her, yet I must set a good face on't (if I had it) I have like charge of you Maddam, I am as well to mollifie you, as to qualifie him: what have you to doe with Armors, and Pistols, and Javelins, and swords, and such tooles? remember Mistresse; nature hath given you a sheath onely, to signifie women are to put up mens weapons, not to draw them: looke you now, it this a fit trot for a Gentlewoman? You shall see the Court Ladies move like Goddesses, as if they trod ayre; they will swim you their measures, like whiting-mops as if their feet were finnes, and the hinges of their knees oyld: doe they love to ride great horses, as you doe? no, they love to ride great asses sooner: faith, I know not what to say to'ye both: Custome hath turn'd nature topsie-turvy in you.

*Cl.* Nay but Master Steward.

*Bob.* You cannot trot so fast, but he ambles as slowly.

*Cl.* *Signior Spindle*, will you heare me,

wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849  
wln 0850  
wln 0851  
wln 0852  
wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858  
wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
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wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
wln 0878  
wln 0879  
wln 0880  
wln 0881  
wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886  
wln 0887  
wln 0888

*Bob.* He that shall come to bestride your virginie,  
had better be afoot o're the Dragon.

*Clara.* Very well.

*Bob.* Did ever Spanish Lady pace so?

*Clara.* Hold these a little.

*Lucio.* Ile not touch 'em, I.

*Clara.* First doe I breake your Office o're your pate,  
You Dog-skin-fac'd-rogue, pilcher, you poore *Iohn*,  
Which I will be at to Stock-fish.

*Lucio.* Sister.

*Bob.* Maddam.

*Clara.* You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, hah?  
You nasty, stincking, and ill-countenanc'd Cur.

*Bob.* By this hand, Ile bang your brother for this, when  
I get him a lone.

*Clara.* How? kick him *Lucio*, he shall kick you *Bob*,  
Spight o' the nose, that's flat: kick him, I say,  
Or I will cut thy head off.

*Bob.* Softly y'had best. (kneve,

*Clara.* Now, thou leane, dride, and ominous visag'd  
Thou false and peremptory Steward, pray,  
For I will hang thee up in thine own Chaine.

*Lucio.* Good Sister, doe not choake him.

*Bob.* Murder, murder.

*Exit.*

*Clara.* Well: I shall meet with ye: *Lucio*, who bought  
this?

'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one  
*Spaines* Champion ne're us'd truer: with this Staffe  
Old *Alvarez* has led up men so close,  
They could almost spit in the Canons mouth,  
Whil'st I with that, and this, well mounted, scurr'd  
A Horse-troope through, and through, like swift desire;  
And seen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd  
Like bleeding Shads.

*Lucio.* 'Blesse us, Sister *Clara*,  
How desperately you talke: what do'ye call  
This Gun a dag?

*Clara.* Ile give't thee: a French petronell:  
You never saw my Barbary, the *Infanta*  
Bestow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio*?

Walke down, and see it

*Lucio.* What into the Stable?

Rrrrr2

Not

wln 0889  
wln 0890  
wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895  
wln 0896  
wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
wln 0900  
wln 0901  
wln 0902  
wln 0903  
wln 0904  
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wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933  
wln 0934

Not I, the Jades wil kick: the poore Groom there  
Was almost spoyld the other day.

*Cla.* Fie on thee,

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.

*Luc.* When wil you be a woman?

*Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.*

*Cla.* Would I were none.

But natures privy Seale assures me one.

*Alv.* Thou angerst me: can strong habituall custome

Work with such Magick on the mind, and manners

In spite of sex and nature? finde out sirha,

Some skilfull fighter.

*Bob.* Yes sir.

*Alv.* I wil rectifie,

And redeem eithers proper inclination,

Or bray 'em in a mortar, and new mold 'em.

*(Exit.*

*Bob.* Believe your eyes sir; I tell you, we wash an Ethiop.

*Cla.* I strike it for ten Duckets.

*Alv.* How now *Clara*,

Your breeches on still? and your petticoate

Not yet off *Lucio*? art thou not guelt?

Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,

That lay here Lieger in the last great frost?

Art not thou *Clara*, turn'd a man indeed

Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?

Ile have you search'd by —, I strongly doubt;

We must have these things mended: come go in.

*Exit.*

*Enter Vitelli, and Bobadilla.*

*Bob.* With *Lucio* say you? there is for you.

*Vit.* And there is for thee.

*Bob.* I thank you: you have now bought a little advice

Of me; if you chance to have conference with that

Lady there, be very civill, or looke to your head: she has

Ten nailes, and you have but two eyes: If any foolish

Hot motions should chance to rise in the horizon

Under your equinoctiall there, qualifie it as well as

You can, for I feare the elevation of your pole will

Not agree with the Horoscope of her constitution:

She is Bell the Dragon I assure you.

*Exit.*

*Vit.* Are you the *Lucio*, sir, that sav'd *Vitelli*?

*Luc.* Not I indeed sir, I did never brable;

There walks that *Lucio*, metamorphosed.

*Exit.*

*Vit.* Do ye mock me?

*Cla.* No, he do's not: I am that

Suposed *Lucio*, that was but *Clara*,

That is, and daughter unto *Alvarez*.

wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940  
wln 0941  
wln 0942  
wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948  
wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956

*Vit.* Amazement daunts me; would my life were riddles,  
So you were still my faire Expositor:  
Protected by a Lady from my death.  
Oh I shall weare an everlasting blush  
Upon my cheek from this discovery:  
On you the fairest Souldier, I ere saw;  
Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy shield  
Conquers, without blowes, the contentious.

*Cla.* Sir, guard your self, you are in your enemies house,  
And may be injur'd.

*Vit.* Tis impossible:  
Foe, nor oppressing odds dares prove *Vitelli*,  
If *Clara* side him, and wil call him friend;  
I would the difference of our bloods were such  
As might with any shift be wip'd away:  
Or would to Heaven your selfe were all your name;  
That having lost blood by you, I might hope  
To raise blood from you. But my black-wing'd fate  
Hovers aversely over that fond hope:  
And he, whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter,  
And sister of his enemy, weares a Sword  
To rip the father and the brother up.

column: 323-a-2

wln 0957  
wln 0958  
wln 0959  
wln 0960  
wln 0961  
wln 0962  
wln 0963  
wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970  
wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976  
wln 0977  
wln 0978  
wln 0979  
wln 0980  
wln 0981  
wln 0982

Thus you, that sav'd this wretched life of mine,  
Have savd it to the ruine of your friends.  
That my affections should promiscuously  
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily?  
Pray let me kisse your hand.

*Cla.* You are treacherous,  
And come to do me mischief.

*Vit.* Speake on still:  
Your words are falser (faire) then my intents,  
And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for  
Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,  
I doe desire to heare you.

*Cla.* Pray be gone:  
Or kill me, if you please.

*Vit.* Oh, neither can:  
For to be gone, were to destroy my life;  
And to kill you, were to destroy my soule:  
I am in love, yet must not be in love:  
Ile get away a pace: yet valiant Lady,  
Such gratitude to honour I do owe,  
And such obedience to your memory,  
That if you will bestow something, that I  
May weare about me, it shall bind all wrath,  
My most inveterate wrath, from all attempts,  
Till you and I meet next.

*Cla.* A favour fir?



wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985  
wln 0986  
wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002  
wln 1003  
wln 1004  
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wln 1008  
wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
wln 1012  
wln 1013  
wln 1014  
wln 1015  
wln 1016  
wln 1017  
wln 1018  
wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021  
wln 1022  
wln 1023  
wln 1024

Why I wil 'give ye good councill.  
*Vit.* That already  
You have bestowd. a Ribbon, or a Glove.  
*Cla.* Nay those are tokens for a waiting maid  
To trim the Butler with.  
*Vit.* Your feather.  
*Cla.* Fie; the wenches give them to their Serving-men.  
*Vit.* That little ring.  
*Cla.* Twill hold you but by th'finger;  
And I would have you faster.  
*Vit.* Any thing  
That I may weare, and but remember you.  
*Cla.* This smile: my good opinion, or my self.  
But that it seems you like not.  
*Vit.* Yes, so well:  
When any smiles, I will remember yours;  
Your good opinion shall in weight poize me  
Against a thousand ill: Lastly, your selfe,  
My curious eye now figures in my heart,  
Where I wil weare you, till the Table breake.  
So, whitest Angels guard you.  
*Cla.* Stay sir, I  
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly  
May not disdain to weare.  
*Vit.* What's that?  
*Cla.* This Sword.  
I never heard a man speak till this houre.  
His words are golden chaines, and now I feare  
The Lyonesse hath met a tamer here;  
Fie, how his tongue chimes: what was I saying?  
Oh: this favour I bequeath you, which I tie  
In a love-knot, fast, nere to hurt my friends;  
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your foes  
(For I have neither friend, nor foe, but yours)  
As ere it was to me: I have kept it long,  
And value it, next my Virginity:  
But good, return it, for I now remember  
I vow'd, who purchas'd it, should have me too.  
*Vit.* would that were possible: but alas it is not;  
Yet this assure your selfe, most honour'd *Clara*,  
Ile not infringe an Article of breath  
My vow hath offerd to ye: nor from this part

Whilst

column: 323-b-1

wln 1025  
wln 1026  
wln 1027  
wln 1028  
wln 1029  
wln 1030  
wln 1031  
wln 1032  
wln 1033  
wln 1034  
wln 1035  
wln 1036  
wln 1037

Whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart.  
*Cla.* Oh leave me living: what new exercise  
Is crept into my breast, that blauncheth clean  
My former nature? I begin to finde  
I am a woman, and must learn to fight  
A softer sweeter battaile, then with Swords.  
I am sick me thinks, but the disease I feele  
Pleaseth, and punisheth: I warrant love  
Is very like this, that folks talke of so;  
I skill not what it is, yet sure even here,  
Even in my heart, I sensibly perceive  
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering flame,  
But know not yet the essence on't nor name.

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

wln 1038

*Actus tertius, Scæna prima.*

wln 1039

*Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.*

wln 1040  
wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043  
wln 1044  
wln 1045  
wln 1046  
wln 1047  
wln 1048  
wln 1049  
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wln 1051  
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wln 1060  
wln 1061  
wln 1062  
wln 1063  
wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066

*Mal.* He must not? nor he shall not, who shall let him?  
You? politique *Diego*, with your face of wisdom;  
*Don-blirt*, the — on your aphorismes,  
Your grave, and sage *Ale* physiognomy:  
Do not I know thee for the *Alquazier*  
Whose dunghill all the Parish Scavengers  
Could never rid? thou Comedy to men,  
Whose serious folly is a but for all  
To shoot their wits at; whilst thou hast not wit,  
Nor heart, to answer, or be angry.  
*Alg.* Lady.  
*Mal.* Peace, peace, you rotten rogue, supported by  
A staffe of rottener office: dare you check  
Anys accesses, that I wil allow?  
*Piorato* is my friend, and visits me  
In lawfull sort to espouse me as his wife;  
And who wil crosse, or shall our enter-viewes?  
You know me sirha, for no Chambermaid,  
That cast her belly, and her wastcote lately;  
Thou thinkst thy Constableness is much: not so,  
I am ten offices to thee: I, thy house,  
Thy house, and Office is maintain'd by me.  
*Alg.* My house of office is maintain'd ith' garden:  
Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd;  
Y're a delinquent, but I have contriv'd  
A poyson, though not in the third degree:  
I can say, blacks your eye, though it be grey;

wln 1067  
wln 1068  
wln 1069  
wln 1070  
wln 1071  
wln 1072  
wln 1073  
wln 1074  
wln 1075  
wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082  
wln 1083  
wln 1084  
wln 1085  
wln 1086

I have connivd at this. your friend, and you:  
But what is got by this connivency?  
I like his feather well: a proper man,  
Of good discourse, fine conversation,  
Valiant, and a great carrier of the businesse,  
Sweet breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush:  
Yet I must tell you; you forget your selfe,  
My Lord *Vitellies* love, and maintenance  
Deserves no other Jack ith' box, but he:  
What though he gather'd first the golden fruit,  
And blew your pigges-coat up into a blister,  
When you did wait at Court upon his mother;  
Has he not wel provided for the barne?  
Beside, what profit reap I by the other?  
If you wil have me serve your pleasure, Lady,  
Your pleasure must accommodate my service;  
As good be vertuous and poore, as not  
Thrive by my knavery: all the world would be  
Good, prosper'd goodnesse like to villany.  
I am the Kings vice-gerent by my place;

column: 323-b-2

wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114

His right Lieutenant in mine owe precinct.  
*Mal.* Thou art a right rascall in all mens precincts;  
Yet now my paire of twins, of foole, and knave,  
Looke we are friends; there's Gold for thee, admit  
Whom I wil have, and keep it from my *Don*;  
And I will make thee richer then thou art wise:  
Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer:  
Thy children shall eat still my good night Owle,  
And thy old wife sell Andyrons to the Court,  
Be countenanced by the *Dons*, and weare a hood,  
Nay keepe my garden-house; Ile call her mother,  
Thee father, my good poysonous red-har'd Dill,  
And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,  
Wrought from a fertill Island of mine owne,  
Which I wil offer, like an Indian Queen.  
*Alg.* And I wil be thy divel, thou my flesh,  
With which Ile catch the world.  
*Mal.* Fill some Tobacco,  
And bring it in: if *Piorato* come  
Before my *Don*, admit him; if my *Don*  
Before my Love, conduct him, my deere devill.  
*Alg.* I wil my dear flesh: first come, first serv'd. Wel said.  
O equall Heaven, how wisely thou disposest  
Thy severall gifts? one's born a great rich foole,  
For the subordinate knave to worke upon:  
Anothers poore, with wits addition,  
Which wel or ill us'd, builds a living up;  
And that too from the Sire oft descends:

*Exit.*

wln 1115 Onely faire vertue, by traduction  
wln 1116 Never succeeds, and seldome meets successe;  
wln 1117 What have I then to do with 't? My free will  
wln 1118 Left me by Heaven, makes me or good, or ill:  
wln 1119 Now since vice gets more in this vicious world  
wln 1120 Then piety, and my stars confluence  
wln 1121 Enforce my disposition to affect  
wln 1122 Gaine, and the name of rich, let who wil practice  
wln 1123 War, and grow that Way great: religious,  
wln 1124 And that way good: my chiefe felicity  
wln 1125 Is wealth the nurse of sensuality:  
wln 1126 And he that mainly labours to be rich,  
wln 1127 Must scratch great scabs, and claw a Strumpets itch.

*Exit.*

wln 1128 *Scæna secunda.*

wln 1129 *Enter Piorato, and Bobadilla, with Letters.*

wln 1130 *Pio.* To say sir, I wil wait upon your Lord,  
wln 1131 Were not to understand my selfe.

wln 1132 *Bob.* To say sir  
wln 1133 You wil doe any thing but wait upon him,  
wln 1134 Were not to understand my Lord.

wln 1135 *Pio.* Ile meet him  
wln 1136 Some halfe houre hence, and doubt not but to render  
wln 1137 His sonne a man againe: the cure is easie,  
wln 1138 I have done divers.

wln 1139 *Bob.* Women do ye mean, sir?

wln 1140 *Pio.* Cures I do mean sir: be there but one sparke  
wln 1141 Of fire remaining in him unextinct,  
wln 1142 With my discourse Ile blow it to a flame;  
wln 1143 And with my practice, into action:  
wln 1144 I have had one so full of childish feare,  
wln 1145 And womanish hearted sent to my advice,  
wln 1146 He durst not draw a Knife to cut his meat.

wln 1147 *Bob.* And how sir, did you help him?

wln 1148 *Pio.* Sir, I kept him  
wln 1149 Seaven daies in a darke room by Candle-light,  
wln 1150 A plenteous Table spread with all good meats,  
wln 1151 Before his eyes, a case of keen broad Knives,

Upon

wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
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wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197

Upon the board, and he so watchd, he might not  
Touch the least modicum, unlesse he cut it:  
And thus I brought him first to draw a knife.

*Bob.* Good.

*Pio.* Then for ten daies did I diet him  
Onely with burnt Porke sir, and gammons of Bacon;  
A pill of Caveary now and then,  
Which breeds choler adust you know.

*Bob.* Tis true. (dities;

*Pio.* And to purge phlegmatick humor, and cold cru-  
In all that time, he dranke me Aqua fortis,  
And nothing else but —

*Bob.* Aqua vite Signior,  
For Aqua fortis poysons.

*Pio.* Aqua fortis  
I say again: what's one mans poyson Signior,  
Is anothers meat or drinke.

*Bob.* Your patience sir;  
By your good patience, h'ad a huge cold stomacke.

*Pio.* I fir'd it: and gave him then three sweats  
In the Artillery-yard three drilling daies:  
And now he'l shoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,  
And fight with any man in Christendome.

*Bob.* A receipt for a coward: Ile be bold sir  
To write your good prescription.

*Pio.* Sir, hereafter  
You shall, and underneath it put *probatum*:  
Is your chaine right?

*Bob.* Tis both right and just sir;  
For though I am a Steward, I did get it  
With no mans wrong.

*Pio.* You are witty.

*Bob.* So, so.

Could you not cure one sir, of being too rash  
And over-daring? there now's my disease:  
Fool-hardy as they say, for that in sooth  
I am.

*Pio.* Most easily.

*Bob.* How?

*Pio.* To make you drunke sir,  
With smal Beere once a day; and beat you twice,  
Till you be bruis'd all over: if that help not,  
Knock out your braines.

*Bob.* This is strong Physick Signior,  
And never wil agree with my weak body:  
I finde the medcine worse then the malady,

wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
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wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219

And therefore wil remain fool-hardy stil:  
You'l come sir?  
*Pio.* As I am a Gentleman.  
*Bob.* A man oth' Sword should never break his word.  
*Pio.* Ile overtake you: I have onely sir  
A complementall visitation  
To offer to a Mistris lodgd here by.  
*Bob.* A Gentlewoman?  
*Pio.* Yes sir.  
*Bob.* Faire, and comely?  
*Pio.* Oh sir, the Paragon, the Non-parill  
Of Civill, the most wealthy Mine of Spaine,  
For beauty, and perfection.  
*Bob.* Say you so?  
Might not a man entreat a curtesie,  
To walke along with you Signior, to peruse  
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in't Sgnior?  
Hauh — I hope you'l not deny me, being a stranger;  
Though I am Steward, I am flesh and blood,  
And fraile as other men.  
*Pio.* Sir, blow your nose:  
I dare not for the world: no, she is kept

column: 324-a-2

wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
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wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245

By a great *Don, Vitelli.*  
*Bob.* How?  
*Pio.* Tis true.  
*Bob.* See, things wil veere about: this Don *Vitelli*  
Am I to seeke now, to deliver Letters  
From my young Mistris *Clara*; and I tell you,  
Under the Rose, because you are a stranger,  
And my speciall friend, I doubt there is  
A little foolish love betwixt the parties,  
Unknown unto my Lord.  
*Pio.* Happy discovery:  
My fruit begins to ripen: hark you sir,  
I would not wish you now, to give those Letters:  
But home, and ope this to *Madona Clara*,  
Which when I come Ile justifie, and relate  
More amply, and particularly.  
*Bob.* I approve  
Your counsell, and wil practice it: *bazilos manos*:  
Here's two chewres chewrd: when wisdom is employd  
Tis ever thus: your more acquaintance, Signior:  
I say not better, least you think, I thought not  
Yours good enough.  
*Enter Alguazier.*  
*Pio.* Your servant excellent Steward.  
Would all the Dons in Spain had no more brains,  
Here comes the *Alguazier: dieu vous guard Mounsier.*

*Exit.*

wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252  
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wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287

Is my cuz stirring yet?

*Alg.* Your cuz (good cosen?)

A whore is like a foole, akin to all

The gallants in the Town: Your coz, good Signior,

Is gone abroad sir, with her other cosen,

My Lord *Vitelli*: since when there hath been

Some dozen cosens here to enquire for her.

*Pio.* She's greatly alli'd sir.

*Alg.* Marry is she sir,

Come of a lusty kindred: the truth is,

I must connive no more: no more admittance

Must I consent to; my good Lord has threatned me,

And you must pardon.

*Pio.* Out upon thee man,

Turne honest in thine age? one foot ith' grave?

Thou shalt not wrong thy selfe so, for a million:

Looke, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for wit

I mean) here is one sop, and two, and three,

For every chop a hit.

*Alg.* I marry sir:

Wel, the poore heart loves you but too wel.

We have been talking on you 'faith this houre:

Where, what I said, goe too: she loves your valour;

Oh and your Musicke most abominably:

She is within sir, and alone: what meane you?

*Pio.* That is your Sergeants side, I take it sir;

Now I endure your Constables much better;

There is lesse danger in't: for one you know

Is a tame harmlesse monster in the light,

The Sergeant salvage both by day, and night.

*Alg.* Ile call her to you for that.

*Pio.* No, I wil charme her.

*Enter Malroda.*

*Alg.* She's come.

*Pio.* My Spirit.

*Mal.* Oh my Sweet,

Leape hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet.

*Pio.* *Turn, turn thy beauteous face away,*

Song.

*How pale and sickly look's the day,*

*In emulation of thy brighter beams?*

*Oh envious light, flv, fly, be gone,*

*Come night, and peece two breasts as one;*

*When what love does, we will repeat in dreams.*

Yee

wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
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wln 1330  
wln 1331  
  
wln 1332

*Yet (thy eyes open) who can day hence fright,  
Let but their lids fall, and it will be night.*

*Alg.* Wel, I wil leave you to your fortitude;  
And you to temperance: ah, ye pretty paire,  
Twere sin to sunder you. Lovers being alone  
Make one of two, and day and night all one.  
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;  
You know my place else.

*Exit.*

*Mal.* No, you wil not marry:  
You are a Courtier, and can sing (my Love)  
And want no Mistrisses: but yet I care not,  
Ile love you still; and when I am dead for you,  
Then you'l believe my truth.

*Pio.* You kill me (faire)  
It is my lesson that you speake: have I  
In any circumstance deserv'd this doubt?  
I am not like your false and perjurd Don  
That here maintains you, and has vowd his faith,  
And yet attempts in way of marriage  
A Lady not far off.

*Mal.* How's that?

*Pio.* Tis so:  
And therefore Mistris, now the time is come  
You may demand his promise; and I swear  
To marry you with speed.

*Mal.* And with that Gold  
Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'l walke some voyage  
And leave me to my trade; and laugh, and brag,  
How you ore-reach'd a whore, and guld a Lord.

*Pio.* You anger me extreamly: fare you wel.  
What should I say to be believd? expose me  
To any hazzard; or like jealous *Juno*  
(Th' incensed step-mother of *Hercules*)  
Designe me labours most impossible,  
Ile doe 'em, or die in 'em; so at last  
You wil believe me.

*Mal.* Come, we are friends: I doe.  
I am thine, walk in: my Lord has sent me outsides,  
But thou shalt have 'em, the colours are too sad:

*Pio.* 'Faith Mistris, I want clothes indeed.

*Mal.* I have  
Some Gold too, for my servant.

*Pio.* And I have  
A better mettle for my Mistris.

*Exeunt.*



wln 1333

*Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at severall doors.*

wln 1334

*Alg.* Undone — wit now or never help me: my Master  
He wil cut my throat, I am a dead Constable;  
And he'l not be hangd neither, there's the griefe:  
The party sir is here.

wln 1335

wln 1336

wln 1337

wln 1338

*Vit.* What?

wln 1339

*Alg.* He was here;

wln 1340

I cry your Lordship mercy: but I rattled him;

wln 1341

I told him here was no companions

wln 1342

For such deboshd, and poor-condition'd fellows;

wln 1343

I bid him venture not so desperately

wln 1344

The cropping of his eares, slitting his nose,

wln 1345

Or being gelt.

wln 1346

*Vit.* Twas wel done.

wln 1347

*Alg.* Please your honour,

wln 1348

I told him there were Stewes, and then at last

wln 1349

Swore three or foure great oathes she was remov'd,

wln 1350

Which I did thinke I might in conscience,

wln 1351

Being for your Lordship.

wln 1352

*Vit.* What became of him?

wln 1353

*Alg.* Faith sir, he went away with a flea in's eare,

column: 324-b-2

wln 1354

Like a poore cur, clapping his trindle taile

wln 1355

Betwixt his legs. — *A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha* — now luck.

wln 1356

*Enter Malroda and Piorato.*

wln 1357

*Mal.* Tis he, do as I told thee: 'Blesse thee Signior.

wln 1358

Oh, my deare Lord.

wln 1359

*Vit.* *Malroda*, what alone?

wln 1360

*Mal.* She never is alone, that is accompanied

wln 1361

With noble thoughts, my Lord; and mine are such,

wln 1362

Being onely of your Lordship.

wln 1363

*Vit.* Pretty Lasse.

wln 1364

*Mal.* Oh my good Lord, my picture's done: but 'faith

wln 1365

It is not like; nay this way sir, the light

wln 1366

Strikes best upon it here.

wln 1367

*Pio.* Excellent wench.

*Exit.*

wln 1368

*Alg.* I am glad the danger's over.

*Exit.*

wln 1369

*Vit.* Tis wondrous like,

wln 1370

But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature

wln 1371

Could make but once.

wln 1372

*Mal.* All's cleare; another tune

wln 1373

You must heare from me now: *Vitelli*, thou'rt

wln 1374

A most perfidious and a perjurd man,

wln 1375

As ever did usurpe Nobility.

wln 1376

*Vit.* What meanst thou *Mal.*?

wln 1377

*Mal.* Leave your betraying smiles,

wln 1378

And change the tunes of your inticing tongues

wln 1379

To penitentiall prayers; for I am great

wln 1380 In labour even with anger, big with child  
wln 1381 Of womans rage, bigger then when my wombe  
wln 1382 Was pregnant by thee: goe seducer, fly  
wln 1383 Out of the world, let me the last wretch be  
wln 1384 Dishonoured by thee: touch me not, I loath  
wln 1385 My very heart, because thou layst there long;  
wln 1386 A woman's wel helpt up, that's confident  
wln 1387 In ere a glittering outside on you all:  
wln 1388 Would I had honestly been matchd to some  
wln 1389 Poore Countrey-swaine, ere known the vanity  
wln 1390 Of Court: peace then had been my portion,  
wln 1391 Nor had been cozend by an houres pompe  
wln 1392 To be a whore unto my dying day.  
wln 1393 *Vit.* Oh the uncomfortable waies such women have,  
wln 1394 Their different speech and meaning, no assurance  
wln 1395 In what they say or do: Dissemblers  
wln 1396 Even in their prayers, as if the weeping Greeke  
wln 1397 That flatter'd Troy afire had been their *Adam*;  
wln 1398 Lyers, as if their mother had been made  
wln 1399 Onely of all the falshood of the man,  
wln 1400 Dispos'd into that rib: Do I know this,  
wln 1401 And more: nay, all that can concern this Sex,  
wln 1402 With the true end of my creation?  
wln 1403 Can I with rationall discourse sometimes  
wln 1404 Advance my spirit into Heaven, before  
wln 1405 'T has shook hands with my body, and yet blindly  
wln 1406 Suffer my filthy flesh to master it,  
wln 1407 With sight of such faire fraile beguiling objects?  
wln 1408 When I am absent, easily I resolve  
wln 1409 Nere more to entertaine those strong desires  
wln 1410 That triumph ore me, even to actuall sin;  
wln 1411 Yet when I meet again those sorsersers eyes,  
wln 1412 Their beames my hardest resolutions thaw,  
wln 1413 As if that cakes of Ice and July met,  
wln 1414 And her sighes powerfull as the violent North,  
wln 1415 Like a light feather twirle me round about  
wln 1416 And leave me in mine own low state again.  
wln 1417 What aylst thou? prethee weep not: Oh, those tears  
wln 1418 If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise  
wln 1419 A flowry spring ith' midst of January:  
wln 1420 Celestiall Ministers with Christall cups  
wln 1421 Would stoop to save 'em for immortall drink:

But

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wln 1465  
wln 1466  
wln 1467

But from this passion; why all this?

*Mal.* Do'ye ask?

You are marrying: having made me unfit  
For any man, you leave me fit for all:  
Porters must be my burthens now, to live  
And fitting me your selfe for Carts, and Beadles  
You leave me to 'em: And who of all the world  
But the virago, your great Arch-foes daughter?  
But on: I care not, this poore rush: 'twill breed  
An excellent comedy: ha, ha: 't'makes me laugh:  
I cannot choose: the best is, some report  
It is a match for feare, not love o' your side.

*Vit.* Why how the devill knows she, that I saw  
This Lady? are all whores, peec'd with some witch?  
I will be merry, 'faith 'tis true, sweet heart,  
I am to marry?

*Mal.* Are you? you base Lord.  
By — i'le Pistoll thee.

*Vit.* A roaring whore?  
Take heed, there's a correction house hard by: (you of,  
You ha' learn'd this o' your swordman, that I warn'd  
Your fencers, and your drunkards: but whereas  
You **upb[\*]aid** me with oathes, why I must tell you  
I ne'er promis'd you marriage, nor have vow'd,  
But said I lov'd you, long as you remain'd  
The woman I expected, or you swore, (know.  
And how you have fail'd of that (sweet heart) you  
You faine would shew your power, but fare you well,  
Ile keepe no more faith with an infidell.

*Mal.* Nor I my bosome for a Turk: do'ye heare?  
Goe, and the devill take me, if ever  
I see you more: I was too true.

*Vit.* Come, pish:  
That devill take the falsest of us two.

*Mal.* Amen.

*Vit.* You are an ill Clerk; and curse your selfe:  
Madnesse transports you: I confesse, I drew you  
Unto my will: but you must know that must not  
Make me doat on the habit of my sin.  
I will, to settle you to your content,  
Be master of my word: and yet he li'd  
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:  
But will you slave me to your tyranny  
So cruelly I shall not dare to looke  
Or speake to other women? make me not  
Your smocks Monopolie: come, let's be friends:

wln 1468  
wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476

Looke, her's a Jewell for thee: I will come  
At night, and —  
*Mal.* What 'yfaith: you shall not sir.  
*Vit.* 'Faith, and troth, and verily, but I will  
*Ma.* Halfe drunck, to make a noise, and raile?  
*Vit.* No, no,  
Sober, and dieted for the nonce: I am thine,  
I have won the day.  
*Mal.* The night (though) shall be mine.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1477

*Scæna quarta.*

wln 1478

*Enter Clara, and Bobadilla with Letters.*

wln 1479  
wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486

*Cla.* What said he sirha?  
*Bob.* Little, or nothing: faith I saw him not,  
Nor will not: he doth love a strumpet, Mistresse,  
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the Constables nose,  
It shall be justifi'd by the Gentleman  
Your brothers Master, that is now within  
**A'practil·ling**: there are your Letters: come  
You shall not cast your selfe away, while I live,

column: 325-a-2

wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
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wln 1511  
wln 1512

Nor will I venture my right worshipfull place  
In such a businesse — here's your Mother: downe:  
And he that loves you: another 'gates fellow, I wish  
If you had any grace.

*Enter*  
*Euge-*  
*nia*  
*& Sayavedra.*

*Cla.* Well rogue.

*Bob.* Ile in, to see Don *Lucio* mannage: he'll make  
A pretty peece of flesh; I promise you,  
He do's already handle his weapon finely.

*Exit.*

*Eug.* She knows your love sir, and the full allowance  
Her Father and my selfe approve it with,  
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath  
Wrought some impression, by her alteration;  
She sighes, and saies forsooth, and cries heigh ho,  
She'll take ill words oth' Steward, and the Servants,  
Yet answer affably, and modestly:  
Things sir, not usuall with her: there she is,  
Change some few words.

*Say.* Maddam, I am bound to 'ye;  
How now, faire Mistresse, working?

*Cla.* Yes forsooth,  
Learning to live another day.

*Say.* That needs not.

*Cla.* No forsooth: by my truly but it do's,  
We know not what we may come too.

*Eug.* 'Tis strange.

*Say.* Come, I ha beg'd leave for you to play.

wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515  
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wln 1554

*Cl.* Forsooth  
'Tis ill for a faire Lady to be idle.  
*Say.* She had better be well- busied, I know that.  
Turtle: me thinkes you mourne, shall I sit by you?  
*Cl.* If you be weary sir, you had best be gone  
(I work not a true stitch) now you'r my mate.  
*Say.* If I be so, I must doe more then side you.  
*Cl.* Ev'n what you will, but tread me.  
*Say.* Shall we bill?  
*Cl.* Oh no, forsooth.  
*Say.* Being so faire, my *Clara*,  
Why do'ye delight in black-worke?  
*Cl.* Oh white sir,  
The fairest Ladies like the blackest men:  
I ever lov'd the colour: all black things  
Are least subject to change.  
*Say.* Why, I doe love  
A black thing too: and the most beauteous faces  
Have oftnest of them: as the blackest eyes,  
Jet-arched browes, such haire: i'le kisse your hand.  
*Cl.* 'Twill hinder me work my sir: and my Mother  
Will chide me, if I doe not doe my taske.  
*Say.* Your Mother, nor your Father shall chide: you  
Might have a prettier taske, would you be rul'd,  
And looke with open eyes.  
*Cl.* I stare upon you:  
And broadly see you: a wondrous proper man,  
Yet 'twere a greater taske for me to love you  
Then I shall ever work sir, in seven yeer,  
— o' this stitching, I had rather feele  
Two, then sow one: — this rogue h'as giv'n me a stitch  
Cleane crosse my heart: good faith sir: I shall prick you.  
*Say.* In goodder faith, I would prick you againe.  
*Cl.* Now you grow troublesome: pish; the man is,  
*Say.* Pray weare these trifles. (foolish  
*Cl.* Neither you, nor trifles,  
You are a trifle, weare your selfe, sir, out,  
And here no more trifle the time away.  
*Say.* Come; you're deceived in me, I will not wake,  
Nor fast, nor dye for you.  
*Cl.* Goose, be not you deceiv'd,  
I can not like, nor love, nor live with you,

Nor

wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
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wln 1560  
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wln 1597  
wln 1598  
wln 1599  
wln 1600

Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.  
*Eug.* Her old fit.  
*Say.* Sure, this is not the way: nay, I will breake  
Your melancholie.  
*Cl.* I shall breake your pate then,  
Away, you sanguine scabbard.  
*Eug.* Out upon thee  
Thou'lt breake my heart, I am sure.  
*Say.* She's not yet tame.  
*Alv.* On sir; put home: or I shall goad you here  
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:  
Oh, the brave age is gone; in my young daies  
A Chevalier would stock a needles point  
Three times together: strait ith' hams?  
Or shall I gi'v'ye new Garters?  
*Bob.* Faith old Master.  
There's little hope: the linnen sure was danck  
He was begot in, he's so faint, and cold:  
Ev'n send him to *Toledo*, there to study,  
For he will never fadge with these *Toledos*;  
Beare ye up your point there; pick his teeth: Oh 'base.  
*Pio.* Fie: you are the most untoward Scholler: beare  
Your body gracefully: what a posture's there?  
You lie too open breasted.  
*Luc.* Oh!  
*Pio.* You'ld never  
Make a good States-man:  
*Luc.* Pray no more.  
I hope to breath in peace, and therefore need not  
The practise of these dangerous qualities,  
I doe not meane to live by't; for I trust  
You'l leave me better able.  
*Alv.* Not a Button:  
*Eugenia,* Let's goe get us a new heire.  
*Eug.* I by my troth: your daughter's as untoward.  
*Alv.* I will breake thee bone by bone, and bake thee,  
Ere i'le ha' such a woodden Sonne, to inherit:  
Take him a good knock; see how that will work.  
*Pio.* Now, for your life Signior:  
*Luc.* Oh: alas, I am kill'd  
My eye is out: looke Father: *Zancho*: —  
Ile play the foole no more thus, that I will not.  
*Cl.* 'Heart: nere a rogue in *Spaine* shall wrong my  
Whil'st I can hold a sword. (brother  
*Pio.* Hold, Maddam, Maddam.  
*Alv.* *Clara.*

*Enter Alvarez,  
Piorato, Lucio:  
& Bobadilla.*

*2 Torches  
ready.*

wln 1601  
wln 1602  
wln 1603  
wln 1604  
wln 1605  
wln 1606  
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wln 1620  
wln 1621  
wln 1622

*Eug.* Daughter.  
*Bob.* Mistresse:  
*Pio.* *Bradamante.*  
Hold, hold I pray.  
*Alv.* The devil's in her, o'the other side: sure,  
There's Gold for you: they have chang'd what ye calt's:  
Will no cure help? well, I have one experiment,  
And if that faile, Ile hang him, then here's an end on't.  
Come you along with me: and you sir: *Exit*  
*Bob.* Now are you going to drowning. *Alv. Eug. Luc.*  
*Say.* Ile ev'n along with ye: she's too great a Lady *Bob.*  
For me, and would prove more then my match. *Exit.*  
*Cl.* You'r he spoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward?  
*Pio.* Yes: and I thank you, you have beat me for't.  
*Cl.* But are you sure you doe not wrong him?  
*Pio.* Sure?  
So sure, that if you please venture your selfe  
Ile show you him, and his Cockatrice together,  
And you shall heare 'em talke.  
*Cl.* Will you? by — sir  
You shall endeere me ever: and I ask  
You mercy.

column: 325-b-2

wln 1623  
wln 1624  
wln 1625  
wln 1626

*Pio.* You were somewhat boystrous. (paines,  
*Cl.* There's Gold to make you amends: and for this  
Ile gratifie you further: i'le but masque me (on't. *Exit.*  
And walke along with ye: faith let's make a night

wln 1627

*Scæna quinta.*

wln 1628  
wln 1629

*Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza.*  
*Metaldi, Lazarillo.*

wln 1630  
wln 1631  
wln 1632  
wln 1633  
wln 1634  
wln 1635  
wln 1636  
wln 1637  
wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
wln 1644  
wln 1645

*Alg.* Come on my brave water-Spanels: you that  
hunt Ducks in the night: and hide more knavery under  
your gownes then your betters: observe my precepts,  
and edifie by my doctrine: at yond corner will I set you;  
if drunkards molest the street, & fall to brabbling, knock  
you down the malefactors, and take you up their cloaks  
and hats, and bring them to me: they are lawfull pri-  
soners, and must be ransom'd ere they receive liberty:  
what else you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficl-  
ently know: and therefore I abbreviat my Lecture.  
*Met.* We are wise enough, and warme enough.  
*Men.* Vice this night shall be apprehended.  
*Pach.* The terror of rug-gownes shall be known: and  
Discharge us of after recknings. (our bills  
*Laz.* I will doe any thing, so I may eat.  
*Pach.* *Lazarillo,* We will spend no more; now we are

wln 1646  
wln 1647  
wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650

growne worse, we will live better: let us follow our  
calling faithfully. (and who

*Alg.* Away, then the Common-wealth is our Mistresse:  
Would serve a common Mistresse, but to gaine by her?

*Exeunt.*

wln 1651

*Actus quartus. Scæna prima.*

wln 1652  
wln 1653

*Enter Vitelli, Lamorall, Genevora, Anastro,  
and two Pages with lights.*

wln 1654

*Lam.* I pray you see the Masque, my Lord,

wln 1655

*Ana.* 'Tis early night yet.

wln 1656

*Gen.* O if it be so late, take me along:

wln 1657

I would not give advantage to ill tongues

wln 1658

To tax my being here, without your presence

wln 1659

To be my warrant.

wln 1660

*Vit.* You might spare this, Sister,

wln 1661

Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is

wln 1662

By your allowance, and his choice, your Servant,

wln 1663

And may my councill and perswasion work it,

wln 1664

Your husband speedily: For your entertainment

wln 1665

My thanks; I will not rob you of the meanes

wln 1666

To doe your Mistresse some acceptable service

wln 1667

In waiting on her to my house.

wln 1668

*Gen.* My Lord,

wln 1669

*Vit.* As you respect me, without further trouble

wln 1670

Retire, and taste those pleasures prepar'd for you,

wln 1671

And leave me to my own wayes.

wln 1672

*Lam.* When you please sir.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1673

*Scæna secunda.*

wln 1674

*Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.*

wln 1675

*Mal.* You'l leave my Chamber?

wln 1676

*Alg.* Let us but bill once,

wln 1677

My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my office

wln 1678

Will be thy slaves for ever.

Sssss

*Mal.*



wln 1679  
wln 1680  
wln 1681  
wln 1682  
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wln 1722  
wln 1723  
wln 1724

*Mal.* Are you so hot?  
*Alg.* But taste the difference of a man in place,  
You'l finde that when authoritie pricks him forward,  
Your Don, nor yet your Diego comes not neere him  
To doe a Lady right: no men pay deerer  
For their stolne sweetes, then we: three minutes trading  
Affords to any sinner a protection  
For three yeeres after: thinke on that, I burne;  
But one drop of your bounty.  
*Mal.* Hence you rogue,  
Am *I* fit for you? is't not grace sufficient  
To have your staffe, a bolt to bar the doore  
Where a *Don* enters, but that you'l presume  
To be his taster?  
*Alg.* Is no more respect  
Due to this rod of justice?  
*Mal.* Doe you dispute?  
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,  
— If you doe, my Lord *Vitelli* knowes it.  
*Alg.* Why I am bigge enough to answer him,  
Or any man.  
*Mal.* 'Tis well. *Vitelli within.*  
*Vit.* *Malroda.*  
*Alg.* How? (Cur  
*Mal.* You know the voice, and now crowch like a  
Tane worrying sheepe: I now could have you guelded  
For a Bawd **rampani**: but on this submission  
For once I spare you  
*Alg.* I Will be reveng'd  
My honourable Lord.  
*Vit.* There's for thy care  
*Alg.* I am mad, starck mad: proud Pagan scorn her host  
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her,  
*Enter Piorato & Clara, above.*  
Il'd wish no manhood else.  
*Mal.* What's that?  
*Alg.* I am gone. *Exit.*  
*Pio.* You see, I have kept my word.  
*Cl.* But in this object  
Hardly deserv'd my thanks.  
*Pio.* Is there ought else  
You will command me?  
*Cl.* Onely your sword  
Which I must have: nay willingly I yet know  
To force it, and to use it.  
*Pio.* 'Tis yours Lady.

wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727  
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wln 1729  
wln 1730  
wln 1731  
wln 1732  
wln 1733  
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wln 1741  
wln 1742  
wln 1743  
wln 1744  
wln 1745  
wln 1746

*Cla.* I ask no other guard.

*Pio.* If so I leave you:

And now, if that the Constable keepe his word,  
A poorer man may chance to gull a Lord.

*Exit.*

*Mal.* By this good — you shall not.

*Vit.* By this —

I mu[\*\*], and will, *Malroda*; What doe you make  
A stranger of me?

*Mal.* Ile be so to you,  
And you shall find it.

*Vit.* These are your old arts  
T'endeere the game you know I come to hunt for,  
Which I have borne too coldly.

*Mal.* Doe so still,  
For if I h[\*]at you, hang me.

*Vit.* If you doe not  
I know who'll starve for't: why, thou shame of women,  
Whose folly, or whose impudence is greater  
Is doubtfull to det[\*]rmine; this to me  
That know thee for a whore.

*Mal.* And made me one,  
Remember that.

column: 326-a-2

wln 1747  
wln 1748  
wln 1749  
wln 1750  
wln 1751  
wln 1752  
wln 1753  
wln 1754  
wln 1755  
wln 1756  
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wln 1770  
wln 1771  
wln 1772

*Vit.* Why should I but grow wise  
And tye that bounty up, which nor discretion  
Nor honour can give way too; thou wouldst be  
A Bawd e're twenty, and within a moneth  
A barefoot, lowzie, and diseased whore,  
And shift thy lodgings oftner then a rogue  
That's whipt from post to post.

*Mal.* Pish: all our Colledge  
Know you can raile well in this kinde.

*Cla.* For me  
He never spake so well.

*Vit.* I have maintain'd thee  
The envy of great fortunes, made thee shine  
As if thy name were glorious: stuck thee full  
Of jewels, as the firmament of Starrs,  
And in it made thee so remarkable  
That it grew questionable, whether vertue poore,  
Or vice so set forth as it is in thee,  
Were even by modesties selfe to be prefer'd,  
And am I thus repaid?  
You are still my debtor;  
Can this (though true) be weigh'd with my lost honour,  
Much lesse my faith? I have liv'd private to you,  
And but for you, had ne're known what lust was,  
Nor what the sorrow for't.

*Vit.* 'Tis false.

wln 1773  
wln 1774  
wln 1775  
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wln 1813  
wln 1814

*Mal.* 'Tis true,  
But how return'd by you, thy whole life being  
But one continued act of lust, and Shipwrack  
Of womens chastities.

*Vit.* But that I know  
That she that dares be damn'd dares any thing,  
I should admire thy tempting me: but presume not  
On the power you thinke you hold o're my affections,  
It will deceive you: yeeld, and presently  
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou must quench  
Ile make a forcible entrie.

*Mal.* Touch me not:  
You know I have a throat, — if you doe  
I will cry out a rape, or sheath this here,  
Ere i'le be kept, and us'd for Julip-water  
T'allay the heate which lushious meats and wine  
And not desire hath rais'd.

*Vit.* A desperate devill,  
My blood commands my reason: I must take  
Some milder way.

*Mal.* I hope (deere *Don*) I fit you.  
The night is mine, although the day was yours  
You are not fasting now: this speeding trick  
Which I would as a principle leave to all,  
That make their maintenance out of their own Indies  
As I doe now; my good old mother taught me,  
Daughter, quoth she, contest not with your lover  
His stomach being empty; let wine heat him,  
And then you may command him: 'tis a sure one:  
His lookes shew he is coming.

*Vit.* Come this needs not,  
Especially to me: you know how deere  
I ever have esteemed you.

*Cla.* Lost again.

*Vit.* That any sight of yours, hath power to change  
My strongest resolution, and one teare  
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,  
For any wrong from you, which all mankinde  
Should kneel in vaine for.

*Mal.* Pray you pardon those  
That need your favour, or desire it

*Vit.* Prethee.

wln 1815 Be better temper'd: Ile pay as a forfeit  
wln 1816 For my rash anger, this purse fil'd with Gold.  
wln 1817 Thou shalt have servants, gownes, attires, what not?  
wln 1818 Only continue mine.  
wln 1819 *Mal.* 'Twas this I fish'd for  
wln 1820 *Vit.* Look on me, and receive it.  
wln 1821 *Mal.* Well, you know  
wln 1822 My gentle nature, and take pride t'abuse it:  
wln 1823 You see a trifle pleases me, we are friends;  
wln 1824 This kisse, and this confirms it.  
wln 1825 *Cla.* With my ruine.  
wln 1826 *Mal.* I'le have this dyamond; and this pearle.  
wln 1827 *Vit.* They are yours.  
wln 1828 *Mal.* But wil you not, when you have what you came  
wln 1829 Take them from me to morrow? tis a fashion (for,  
wln 1830 Your Lords of late have us'd.  
wln 1831 *Vit.* But Ile not follow.  
wln 1832 *Cla.* That any man at such a rate as this  
wln 1833 Should pay for his repentance.  
wln 1834 *Vit.* Shall we to bed now?  
wln 1835 *Mal.* Instantly, Sweet: yet now I think on't better  
wln 1836 Ther's something first that in a word or two  
wln 1837 I must acquaint you with.  
wln 1838 *Cla.* Can I cry ayme,  
wln 1839 To this against my selfe? Ile break this match,  
wln 1840 Or make it stronger with my bloud. *Descends.*

wln 1841 *Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi,*  
wln 1842 *Mendoza, Lazarillo, &c.*

wln 1843 *Alg.* I am yours,  
wln 1844 A Don's not priviledgd here more then yourself,  
wln 1845 Win her, and weare her.  
wln 1846 *Pio.* Have you a Priest ready?  
wln 1847 *Alg.* I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have  
wln 1848 Married this scornfull whore to this poor gallant.  
wln 1849 She wil make suit to me; there is a trick  
wln 1850 To bring a high-priz'd wench upon her knees:  
wln 1851 For you my fine neat Harpyes stretch your tallons  
wln 1852 And prove your selves true night-Birds.  
wln 1853 *Pach.* Take my word  
wln 1854 For me and all the rest.  
wln 1855 *Laz.* If there be meat  
wln 1856 Or any banquet stirring, you shall see  
wln 1857 How ile bestow my selfe.  
wln 1858 *Alg.* When they are drawn,

wln 1859  
wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
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wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880

Rush in upon 'em: al's faire prize you light on:  
I must away: your officer may give way  
To the Knavery of his watch, but must not see it.  
You all know where to finde me.

*Exit.*

*Met.* There look for us.

*Vit.* Who's that?

*Mal.* My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome:  
Faith had you not come when you did, my Lord  
Had done I know not what to me.

*Vit.* I am gul'd,  
First cheated of my Jewels, and then laugh'd at:  
Sirha, what make you here?

*Pio.* A businesse brings me,  
More lawfull then your own,

*Vit.* How's that, you slave?

*Mal.* He's such, that would continue his a whore  
Whom he would make a wife of.

*Vit.* Ile trea'd upon  
The face you doat on, strumpet.

*Enter Clara.*

*Pach.* Keep the peace there.

*Vit.* A plot upon my life too?

column: 326-b-2

wln 1881  
wln 1882  
wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887  
wln 1888  
wln 1889  
wln 1890  
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wln 1901  
wln 1902  
wln 1903  
wln 1904  
wln 1905  
wln 1906

*Met.* Down with him.

*Cl.* Show your old valour, and learn from a woman,  
One Eagle has a world of odds against  
A flight of Dawes, as these are.

*Pio.* Get you off,  
Ile follow instantly.

*Pach.* Run for more help there. *Exeunt all but Vit. and*

*Vit.* Losse of my gold, & jewels, & the wench too *Clara.*  
Afflicts me not so much, as th'having *Clara*  
The witsse of my weaknesse.

*Cl.* He turns from me,  
And yet I may urge merit, since his life  
Is made my second gift.

*Vit.* May I ne'r prosper  
If I know how to thank her.

*Cl.* Sir, your pa[\*]don  
For pressing thus beyond a Virgins bounds  
Upon your privacies: and let my being  
Like to a man, as you are, be th'excuse  
Of my solliciting that from you, which shall not  
Be granted on my part, although desir'd  
By any other: sir, you understand me,  
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent  
From me a farther boldnesse, which I must  
Proceed in, if you prove not mercifull,  
Though with my losse of blushes, and good name.

wln 1907  
wln 1908  
wln 1909  
wln 1910  
wln 1911  
wln 1912  
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wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946  
wln 1947  
wln 1948

*Vit.* Madam, I know your wil, and would be thankfull  
If it were possible I could affect  
The Daughter of an enemy.

*Cla.* That faire false one  
Whom with fond dotage you have long pursu'd  
Had such a father: she to whom you pay  
Deerer for your dishonour, then all titles  
Ambitious men hunt for are worth.

*Vit.* 'Tis truth.

*Cla.* Yet, with her, as a friend you still exchange  
Health for diseases, and to your disgrace  
Nourish the rivals to your present pleasures,  
At your own charge, us'd as a property  
To give a safe protection to her lust,  
Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.

*Vit.* Grant all this so, to take you for a wife  
Were greater hazard, for should I offend you  
(As tis not easy still to please a woman)  
You are of so great a spirit, that I must learn  
To weare your petticoat, for you wil have  
My breeches from me.

*Cla.* Rather from this houre  
I here abjure all actions of a man,  
And wil esteem it happinesse from you  
To suffer like a woman: love, true love  
Hath made a search within me, and expel'd  
All but my naturall softnesse, and made perfect  
That which my parents care could not begin.  
I wil show strength in nothing, but my duty,  
And glad desire to please you, and in that  
Grow every day more able.

*Vit.* Could this be,  
What a brave race might I beget? I finde  
A kind of yeelding; and no reason why  
I should hold longer out: she's yong, and faire,  
And chast for sure, but with her leave the Devil  
Durst not attempt her: Madam, though you have  
A Souldiers arme, your lips appear as if  
They were a Ladies.

*Cla.* They dare sir from you  
Endure the tryall.

*Vit.* Ha: once more I pray you:

wln 1949 The best I ever tasted; and tis said  
wln 1950 I have prov'd many, 'tis not safe I feare  
wln 1951 To aske the rest now: wel, I will leave whoring  
wln 1952 And luck herein send me with her: worthiest Lady,  
wln 1953 Ile wait upon you home, and by the way  
wln 1954 (If ere I many, as ile not forswear it)  
wln 1955 Tell you, you are my wife.  
wln 1956 *Cl.* Which if you do,  
wln 1957 From me all man-kinde women, learne to **woe**.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1958 *Scæna Tertia.*

wln 1959 *Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi,*  
wln 1960 *Mendoza, Lararillo.*

wln 1961 *Alg.* A cloak? good purchase, and rich hangers? well,  
wln 1962 Wee'l share ten Pistolets a man

wln 1963 *Laz.* Yet still  
wln 1964 I am monstrous hungry: could you not diduct  
wln 1965 So much out of the grosse some, as would purchase  
wln 1966 Eight loynes of Veale, and some two dozen of Capons?

wln 1967 *Pach.* O strange proportion for five.

wln 1968 *Laz.* For five? I have  
wln 1969 A legion in my stomach that have kept  
wln 1970 Perpetuall fast these ten years: for the Capons,  
wln 1971 They are to me but as so many black Birds:  
wln 1972 May I but eate once, and be satisfied,  
wln 1973 Let the fates call me, when my ship is fraught,  
wln 1974 And I shall hang in peace.

wln 1975 *Alg.* Steale well to night,  
wln 1976 And thou shalt feed to morrow; so now you are  
wln 1977 Your selves againe, ile raise another watch  
wln 1978 To free you from suspition: set on any  
wln 1979 You meet with boldly: Ile not be far off,  
wln 1980 T'assist you, and protect you.

*Exit.*

wln 1981 *Met.* O brave officer.

wln 1982 *Enter Alvarez, Lucio, Bobadilla.*

wln 1983 *Pach.* Would every ward had one but so well given,  
wln 1984 And we would watch for rug, in gownes of velvet.

wln 1985 *Mend.* Stand close: a prize.

wln 1986 *Met.* Satten, and gold Lace, Lads.

wln 1987 *Alv.* Why do'st thou hang upon me?

wln 1988 *Luc.* 'Tis so darke

wln 1989 I dare not see my way: for heaven sake father

wln 1990  
wln 1991  
wln 1992  
wln 1993  
wln 1994  
wln 1995  
wln 1996  
wln 1997  
wln 1998  
wln 1999  
wln 2000  
wln 2001  
wln 2002  
wln 2003  
wln 2004  
wln 2005  
wln 2006  
wln 2007  
wln 2008  
wln 2009

Let us go home.  
*Bob.* No, ev'n here wee'l leave you:  
Let's run away from him, my Lord.  
*Luc.* Oh 'las.  
*Alv.* Thou hast made me mad: and I wil beat thee dead  
Then bray the in a mortar, and now mold thee  
But I wil alter thee.  
*Bob.* 'Twill never be:  
He has bin three dayes practising to drink,  
Yet still he sips, like to a waiting woman,  
And looks as he were murdring of a fart  
Among wild Irish swaggerers.  
*Luc* I have still  
Your good word, *Zancho*, father.  
*Alv.* Milk-sop coward;  
No house of mine receives thee: I disclaim thee,  
Thy mother; on her knees shall not entreat me  
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.  
*Luc.* Pray you speak for me.  
*Bob.* I would; but now I cannot with mine honour.

column: 327-a-2

wln 2010  
wln 2011  
wln 2012  
wln 2013  
wln 2014  
wln 2015  
wln 2016  
wln 2017  
wln 2018  
wln 2019

*Alv.* Ther's only one course left, that may redeem thee,  
Which is, to strike the next man that you meet,  
And if we chance to light upon a woman,  
Take her away, and use her like a man,  
Or I wil cut thy hamstrings.  
*Pach.* This makes for us  
*Alv.* What do'st thou do now?  
*Luc.* Sir, I am saying my prayers;  
For being to undertake what you would have me,  
I know I cannot live.

wln 2020  
wln 2021

*Enter Lamorall, Genevora, Anastro, and  
Pages with lights.*

wln 2022  
wln 2023  
wln 2024  
wln 2025  
wln 2026  
wln 2027  
wln 2028  
wln 2029  
wln 2030  
wln 2031  
wln 2032  
wln 2033  
wln 2034  
wln 2035

*Lam* Madam, I fear  
You'l wish you had usd your coach: your brothers house  
Is yet far off.  
*Gen.* The better sir: this walk  
Will help digestion after your great supper,  
Of which I have fed largely.  
*Alv.* To your task,  
Or els you know what followes:  
*Luc.* I am dying:  
Now Lord have mercy on me: by your favour,  
Sir I must strike you.  
*Lam.* For what cause?  
*Luc.* I know not:  
And I must likewise talke with that young Lady,



wln 2036  
wln 2037  
wln 2038  
wln 2039  
wln 2040  
wln 2041  
wln 2042  
wln 2043  
wln 2044  
wln 2045  
wln 2046  
wln 2047  
wln 2048  
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wln 2061  
wln 2062  
wln 2063  
wln 2064  
wln 2065  
wln 2066  
wln 2067  
wln 2068  
wln 2069  
wln 2070  
wln 2071  
wln 2072  
wln 2073  
wln 2074  
wln 2075

An hour in private.

*Lam.* What you must, is doubtfull,  
But I am certain sir, *I* must beat you.

*Luc.* Help, help.

*Alv.* Not strik againe?

*Lam.* How, *Alvarez*?

*An.* This for my Lord *Vitell's* love.

*Pach.* Break out,

And like true theeves, make pray on either side,  
But seem to help the stranger.

*Bob.* Oh my Lord,

They have beat him on his knees.

*Luc.* Though I want courage:

I yet have a sons duty in me, and  
Compassion of a fathers danger; that,  
That wholly now possesses me.

*Alv.* *Lucio.*

This is beyond my hope.

*Met.* So *Lazarillo,*

Take up all boy: well done.

*Pach.* And now steale off

Closely, and cunningly.

*An.* How? have I found you?

Why Gentlemen, are you madde, to make your selves  
A prey to Rogues?

*Lam.* Would we were off.

*Bob.* Theeves, theeves.

*Lam.* Defer our own contention: and down with them.

*Luc.* Ile make you sure.

*Bob.* Now he playes the Devil.

*Gen.* This place is not for me.

*Exit.*

*Luc.* Ile follow her

Half of my pennance is past ore.

*Exit.*

***Entes*** *Alguazier, Assistente and other Watches.*

*Alg.* What noyse?

What tumult's there? keep the Kings peace I charge you.

*Pach.* *I* am glad he's come yet.

*Alv.* O, you keep good Guard

Upon the City, when men of our ranck  
Are set upon in the streetes.

*Lam.*

wln 2076  
wln 2077  
wln 2078  
wln 2079  
wln 2080  
wln 2081  
wln 2082  
wln 2083  
wln 2084  
wln 2085  
wln 2086  
wln 2087  
wln 2088  
wln 2089  
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wln 2109  
wln 2110  
wln 2111  
wln 2112  
wln 2113  
wln 2114  
wln 2115  
wln 2116  
wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121

*Lam.* The assistance  
Shall heare of't be assur'd.

*An.* And if he be  
That carefull Governour he is reported,  
You will smart for it.

*Alg.* Patience, good Signiours:  
Let me survey the Rascals: O, I know them,  
And thank you for them: they are pillfring rogues  
Of *Andaluzia*, that have perus'd  
All Prisons in Castile: I dare not trust  
The dungeon with them: no, ile have them home  
To my own house.

*Pach.* We had rather go to prison.

*Alg.* Had you so dog-holts? yes, I know you had:  
You there would use your cunning fingers on  
The simple locks; you would: but ile prevent you.

*Lam* My Mistris lost? good night.

*Exit.*

*Bob.* Your Son's gon to,  
What should become of him?

*Alv.* Come of him, what will:  
Now he dares fight, I care not: i'le to bed:  
Look to your prisoners *Alguazier.*

*Exit with Boba.*

*Alg.* Al's cleer'd:  
Droop not for one disaster: let us hug,  
And triumph in our knaveries.

*Assist.* This confirms  
What was reported of him.

*Met.* 'Twas done bravely.

*Alg.* I must a little glory in the meanes  
We officers have, to play the Knaves, and safely:  
How we breake through the toyles, pitch'd by the Law,  
Yet hang up them that are far lesse delinquents:  
A simple shopkeeper's carted for a baud  
For lodging (though unwittingly) a smock-Gamster:  
Where, with rewards, and credit I have kept  
*Malroda* in my house, as in a cloyster,  
Without taint, or suspition.

*Pach.* But suppose  
The Governour should know't?

*Alg.* He? good Gentleman,  
Let him perplex himself with prying into  
The measures in the market, and th'abuses  
The day stands guilty of: the pillage of the night  
Is only mine, mine own feesimple;  
Which you shall hold from me, tennants at will,  
And pay no rent for't.

wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126  
wln 2127  
wln 2128  
wln 2129  
wln 2130  
wln 2131  
wln 2132  
wln 2133  
wln 2134  
wln 2135  
wln 2136  
wln 2137  
wln 2138  
wln 2139  
wln 2140  
wln 2141  
wln 2142  
wln 2143

*Pach.* Admirable Landlord.

*Alg.* Now wee'l go search the taverns, commit such  
As we finde drinking: and be drunk our selves  
With what we take from them: these silly wretches  
Whom I for forme sake only have brought hither  
Shall watch without, and guard us.

*Assist.* And we wil.

See you safe lodg'd, most worthy *Alguazier*,  
With all of you his comrads.

*Met.* Tis the Governour.

*Alg.* We are betray'd?

*Assist.* My guard there: bind them fast:

How men in high place, and authority  
Are in their lives and estimation wrong'd  
By their subordinate Ministers? yet such  
They cannot but imploy: wrong'd justice finding  
Scarce one true servant in ten officers.  
'T'xpostulate with you, were but to delay  
Your crimes due punishment, which shall fall upon you  
So speedily, and severely, that it shall  
Fright others by th'example: and confirme  
How ever corrupt officers may disgrace

column: 327-b-2

wln 2144  
wln 2145  
wln 2146  
wln 2147  
wln 2148  
wln 2149  
wln 2150

Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.  
Bring them away.

*Alg.* Wee'l suffer nobly yet,

And like to Spanish Gallants.

*Pach.* And wee'l hang so.

*Laz.* I have no stomach to it: but i'le endeavour.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2151

*Scæna Quarta.*

wln 2152

*Enter Lucio, and Genevora.*

wln 2153  
wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162  
wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165  
wln 2166

*Gen.* Nay you are rude; pray you forbear; your offer  
More then the breeding of a Gentleman (now  
Can give you warrant for.

*Luc.* Tis but to kisse you,  
And think not ile receive that for a favour  
Which was enjoyn'd me for a pennance, Lady.

*Gen.* You have met a gentle confessor, and for once  
(So men you wil rest satisfied) I vouchsafe it.

*Luc.* Rest satisfide with a kisse? why can a man  
Desire more from a woman? is there any  
Pleasure beyond it? may I never live  
If I know what it is.

*Gen.* Sweet Innocence.

*Luc.* VVhat strange new motions do I feele? my veines

wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171  
wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176  
wln 2177  
wln 2178  
wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181  
wln 2182  
wln 2183  
wln 2184  
wln 2185  
wln 2186  
wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189  
wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192  
wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195  
wln 2196  
wln 2197

Burn with an unknown fire: in every part  
I suffer alteration: I am poysond,  
Yet languish with desire againe to taste it,  
So sweetly it works on me.

*Gen.* I ne'r saw

A lovely man, till now.

*Luc.* How can this be?

She is a woman, as my mother is,  
And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off  
My lips unscortch'd; yours are more lovelie, Lady,  
And so should be lesse hurtfull: pray you vouchsafe  
Your hand, to quench the heat tane from your Lip,  
Perhaps that may restore me.

*Gen.* VVillinglie.

*Luc.* The flame increases: if to touch you, burne thus,  
VVhat would more strict embraces do? I know not,  
And yet methinks to die so; were to ascend  
To Heaven, through Paradise.

*Gen.* I am wounded too,

Though modesty forbids that I should speake  
VVhat ignorance makes him bold in: why do you fix  
Your eyes so stronglie on me?

*Luc.* Pray you stand still,

There is nothing els, that is worth the looking on:  
I could adore you, Ladie.

*Gen.* Can you love mee?

*Luo.* To waite on you, in your chamber, and but touch  
VVhat you, by wearing it, have made divine,  
Were such a happinesse. I am resov'd,  
Ile sell my libertie to you for this glove,  
And write my selfe your slave.

wln 2198

*Enter Lamorall.*

wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201  
wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205

*Gen.* On easier termes,  
Receive it as a friend.

*Lam.* How! giving favour!

I'le have it with his heart.

*Gen.* VVhat will you doe?

*Luc.* As you are mercifull, take my life rather.

*Gen.* VVill you depart with't so?

Sssss3

*Lam.*

wln 2206  
wln 2207  
wln 2208  
wln 2209  
wln 2210  
wln 2211  
wln 2212  
wln 2213  
wln 2214  
wln 2215  
wln 2216  
wln 2217  
wln 2218  
wln 2219  
wln 2220  
wln 2221  
wln 2222  
wln 2223  
wln 2224  
wln 2225  
wln 2226  
wln 2227  
wln 2228  
wln 2229

*Lam.* Do's that grieve you?  
*Gen.* I know not: but even now you appeare valiant.  
*Luc.* Twas to preserve my father: in his cause  
I could be so again. (enemy?)  
*Gen.* Not in your own? Kneel to thy rivall and thine  
Away unworthy creature, I begin  
To hate my selfe, for giving entrance to  
A good opinion of thee: For thy torment,  
If my poore beauty be of any power,  
Mayst thou doat on it desperately: but never  
Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover  
And weare the favour that was ravish'd from thee.

*Lam.* He weares my head to then.

*Gen.* Poore foole, farewell.

*Exit.*

*Luc.* My womanish soul, which hitherto hath governd  
This coward flesh, I feele departing from me;  
And in me by her beauty is inspir'd  
A new, and masculine one: instructing me  
What's fit to doe or suffer; powerfull love  
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder  
Rous'd sleeping manhood in me, thy new creature,  
Perfect thy worke so that I may make known  
Nature (though long kept back) wil have her owne.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2230  
wln 2231

*Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.*

*Enter Lamorall and Lucio.*

wln 2232  
wln 2233  
wln 2234  
wln 2235  
wln 2236  
wln 2237  
wln 2238  
wln 2239  
wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247

*Lam.* Can it be possible, that in six short houres  
The subiect still the same, so many habits  
Should be remov'd? or this new *Lucio*, he  
That yesternight was baffeld and disgrac'd,  
And thankt the man that did it, that then kneeld  
And blubberd like a woman, should now dare  
One terme of honour seeke reparation  
For what he then appear'd not capable of?

*Luc.* Such miracles, men that dare doe injuries  
Live to their shames to see, and for punishment  
And scourge to their proud follies.

*Lam.* Prethee leave me:  
Had I my Page, or foot-man here to flesh thee,  
I durst the better heare thee.

*Luc.* This scorn needs not:  
And offer such no more.

wln 2248  
wln 2249  
wln 2250  
wln 2251  
wln 2252  
wln 2253  
wln 2254  
wln 2255  
wln 2256  
wln 2257  
wln 2258  
wln 2259  
wln 2260  
wln 2261  
wln 2262  
wln 2263  
wln 2264  
wln 2265  
wln 2266

*Lam.* Why say *I* should,  
You'l not be angry?  
*Luc.* Indeed *I* think *I* shal,  
Would you vouchsafe to shew your selfe a Captaine,  
And lead a little further, to some place  
That's lesse frequented.  
*Lam.* He looks pale.  
*Luc.* If not,  
Make use of this.  
*Lam.* There's anger in his eyes too:  
His gesture, voyce, behaviour, all new fashion'd;  
Wel, if it does endure in act the triall  
Of what in show it promises to make good,  
*Ulysses* Cyclops, *Io*'s transformation,  
*Eurydice* fetcht from Hell, with all the rest  
Of *Ovids* Fables, ile put in your Creed;  
And for prooffe, all incredible things may be  
Writ down that *Lucio*, the coward *Lucio*,  
The womanish *Lucio* fought.

column: 328-a-2

wln 2267  
wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272  
wln 2273  
wln 2274  
wln 2275  
wln 2276  
wln 2277  
wln 2278  
wln 2279  
wln 2280  
wln 2281  
wln 2282  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
wln 2286  
wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289  
wln 2290  
wln 2291  
wln 2292  
wln 2293  
wln 2294  
wln 2295

*Luc.* and *Lamorall*,  
The stil imployd great duellist *Lamorall*.  
Took his life from him.  
*Lam.* Twill not come to that sure:  
Methinks the onely drawing of my Sword  
Should fright that confidence.  
*Luc.* It confirms it rather.  
To make which good, know you stand now oppos'd  
By one that is your Rivall, one that wishes  
Your name and title greater, to raise his;  
The wrong you did, lesse pardonable then it is,  
But your strength to defend it, more then ever  
It was when justice friended it. The Lady  
For whom we now contend, *Genevora*  
Of more desert, (if such incomparable beauty  
Could suffer an addition) your love  
To Don *Vitelli* multipli'd, and your hate  
Aagainst my father and his house increas'd;  
And lastly, that the Glove which you there wear,  
To my dishonour, (which I must force from you)  
Were deerer to you then your life.  
*Lam.* You'l finde  
It is, and so ile guard it:  
*Luc.* All these meet then  
With the black infamy, to be foyld by one  
That's not allowd a man: to help your valour,  
That falling by your hand, I may, or die,  
Or win in this one single opposition  
My Mistris, and such honour as I may

wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301  
wln 2302  
wln 2303  
wln 2304  
wln 2305  
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wln 2325  
wln 2326  
wln 2327  
wln 2328  
wln 2329  
wln 2330  
wln 2331  
wln 2332  
wln 2333  
wln 2334

Inrich my fathers Armes with.

*Lam.* Tis said Nobly;

My life with them are at the stake.

*Luc.* At all then.

*Fight.*

*Lam.* She's yours: this, and my life, to follow your for-  
And give not onely back that part the looser (tune;  
Scorns to accept of —

*Luc.* What's that?

*Lam.* My poor life,

Which do not leave me as a further torment,  
Having dispoild me of my Sword, mine honour,  
Hope of my Ladies grace, fame, and all else  
That made it worth the keeping.

*Luc.* I take back

No more from you, then what you forc'd from me;  
And with a worser title: yet think not  
That Ile dispute this, as made insolent  
By my successe, but as one equall with you,  
If so you wil accept me; that new courage,  
Or call it fortune if you please, that is  
Confer'd upon me by the onely sight  
Of fair *Genevora*, was not bestow'd on me  
To bloody purposes: nor did her command  
Deprive me of the happinesse to see her  
But till I did redeem her favour from you;  
Which onely I rejoyce in, and share with you  
In all you suffer else.

*Lam.* This curtesie

Wounds deeper then your Sword can, or mine owne;  
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me.

*Luc.* The barbarous Turke is satisfied with spoile;  
And shall I, being possest of what I came for,  
Prove the more Infidell?

*Lam.* You were better be so,  
Then publish my disgrace, as tis the custome,  
And which I must expect.

*Luc.* Judge better on me:  
I have no tongue to trumpet mine owne praise  
To your dishonour: tis a bastard courage

That

column: 328-b-1

wln 2335  
wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338  
wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341  
wln 2342  
wln 2343  
wln 2344  
wln 2345  
wln 2346  
wln 2347  
wln 2348  
wln 2349  
wln 2350  
wln 2351  
wln 2352  
wln 2353  
wln 2354  
wln 2355  
wln 2356

That seekes a name out that way, no true born one;  
Pray you be comforted, for by all goodnesse  
But to her vertuous selfe, the best part of it,  
I never wil discover on what termes  
I came by these: which yet I take not from you,  
But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,  
With the desire of being a friend; which if  
You wil not grant me, but on further triall  
Of manhood in me, seeke me when you please,  
(And though I might refuse it with mine honour)  
Win them again, and weare them: so good morrow.

*Exit.*

*Lam.* I nere knew what true valour was till now;  
And have gain'd more by this disgrace, then all  
The honours I have won: they made me proud,  
Presumptuous of my fortune; a meere beast,  
Fashion'd by them, onely to dare and doe:  
Yeelding no reasons for my wilfull actions  
But what I stuck on my Swords point, presuming  
It was the best Revenew. How unequall  
Wrongs wel maintain'd makes us to others, which  
Ending with shame teach as to know our selves,  
I wil think more on't.

wln 2357

*Enter Vitelli.*

wln 2358  
wln 2359  
wln 2360  
wln 2361  
wln 2362  
wln 2363  
wln 2364  
wln 2365  
wln 2366  
wln 2367  
wln 2368  
wln 2369  
wln 2370  
wln 2371  
wln 2372  
wln 2373  
wln 2374  
wln 2375  
wln 2376  
wln 2377  
wln 2378

*Vit. Lamorall.*

*Lam.* My Lord?

*Vit.* I came to seeke you.

*Lam.* And unwillingly;

You nere found me till now: your pleasure sir?

*Vit.* That which wil please thee friend: thy vowd love  
Shall now be put in action: means is offer'd (to me  
To use thy good Sword for me; that which still  
Thou wearst, as if it were a part of thee.  
Where is it?

*Lam.* Tis changd for one more fortunate:  
Pray you enquire not how.

*Vit.* Why, I nere thought  
That there was musick int, but ascribe  
The fortune of it to the arme.

*Lam.* Which is grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)  
Worthy your friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,  
Yet shame to tell by whom.

*Vit.* But Ile tell thee  
Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeeme  
Thy honour lost, if there be any such:



wln 2379 The King, by my long suit, at length is pleas'd  
wln 2380 That *Alvarez* and my self, with eithers Second,  
wln 2381 Shall end the difference between our houses,  
wln 2382 Which he accepts of. I make choice of thee;  
wln 2383 And where you speak of a disgrace, the means  
wln 2384 To blot it out, by such a publique triall  
wln 2385 Of thy approved valour, wil revive  
wln 2386 Thy ancient courage. If you imbrace it, doe;  
wln 2387 If not, Ile seeke some other.

*Lam.* As I am  
You may command me.

*Vit.* Spoke like that true friend  
That loves not onely for his private end.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2392 *Scæna secunda.*

wln 2393 *Enter Genevora with a Letter and Bobadilla.*

wln 2394 *Gen.* This from *Madona Clara*?

wln 2395 *Bob.* Yes, and 't please you.

wln 2396 *Gen.* *Alvarez* daughter?

wln 2397 *Bob.* The same, Lady.

column: 328-b-2

wln 2398 *Gen.* She,  
wln 2399 That sav'd my brothers life?

wln 2400 *Bob.* You are still in the right,  
wln 2401 She wil'd me wait your walking forth: and knowing  
wln 2402 How necessary a discreet wise man  
wln 2403 Was in a businesse of such weight, she pleas'd  
wln 2404 To think on me: it may be in my face  
wln 2405 Your Ladiship not acquainted with my wisdom  
wln 2406 Finds no such matter: what I am, I am;  
wln 2407 Thought's free: and think you what you please.

wln 2408 *Gen.* Tis strange,

wln 2409 *Bob.* That I should be wise, Madam?

wln 2410 *Gen.* No, thou art so;  
wln 2411 There's for thy paines: and prethee tell thy Lady  
wln 2412 I wil not faile to meet her: Ile receive  
wln 2413 Thy thanks and duty in thy present absence:  
wln 2414 Farewell, farewell, I say, now thou art wise.

*Exit Bob.*

wln 2415 She writes here, she hath something to impart  
wln 2416 That may concerne my brothers life; I know not,  
wln 2417 But generall fame does give her out so worthy,  
wln 2418 That I dare not suspect her: yet wish *Lucio*

*Enter Lucio.*

wln 2420 Were Master of her mind: but fie upon't;  
wln 2421 Why do I think on him? see, I am punish'd for it,  
wln 2422 In his unlookd for presence: Now I must  
wln 2423 Endure another tedious piece of Courtship,

wln 2424  
wln 2425  
wln 2426  
wln 2427  
wln 2428  
wln 2429  
wln 2430  
wln 2431  
wln 2432  
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wln 2446  
wln 2447  
wln 2448  
wln 2449  
wln 2450  
wln 2451  
wln 2452  
wln 2453  
wln 2454  
wln 2455  
wln 2456  
wln 2457  
wln 2458  
wln 2459  
wln 2460  
wln 2461  
wln 2462  
wln 2463  
wln 2464  
wln 2465

Would make one forswear curtesie.

*Luc.* Gracious Madam,

The sorrow paid for your just anger towards me  
Arising from my weaknesse, I presume  
To presse into your presence, and dispaire not  
An easie pardon.

*Gen.* He speaks sence: oh strange.

*Luc.* And yet believe, that no desire of mine,  
Though all are too strong in me, had the power  
For their delight, to force me to infringe  
What you commanded, it being in your part  
To lessen your great rigour when you please,  
And mine to suffer with an humble patience  
What you'l impose upon it.

*Gen.* Courtly too.

*Luc.* Yet hath the poore, and contemn'd *Lucio*, Madam,  
(Made able onely by his hope to serve you)  
Recover'd what with violence, not justice,  
Was taken from him: and here at your feet  
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd head  
Of *Lamorall* (tis all I say of him)  
For rudely touching that, which as a relique  
I ever would have worship'd, since twas yours.

*Gen.* Valiant, and every thing a Lady could  
Wish in her servant.

*Luc.* All that's good in me,  
That heavenly love, the opposite to base lust,  
Which would have all men worthy, hath created;  
Which being by your beames of beauty form'd,  
Cherish as your own creature.

*Gen.* I am gone  
Too far now to dissemble: rise, or sure  
I must kneele with you too: let this one kisse  
Speake the rest for me: tis too much I doe,  
And yet, if chastity would, I could wish more.

*Luc.* In overjoying me, you are grown sad;  
What is it Madam? by —  
There's nothing that's within my nerves (and yet  
Favour'd by you, I should as much as man)  
But when you please, now or on all occasions  
You can think of hereafter, but you may  
Dispose of at your pleasure.

*Gen.*

wln 2466  
wln 2467  
wln 2468  
wln 2469  
wln 2470  
wln 2471  
wln 2472  
wln 2473  
wln 2474  
wln 2475  
wln 2476  
wln 2477  
wln 2478  
wln 2479

*Gen.* If you breake  
That oath again, you lose me. Yet so wel  
I love you, I shall never put you to't;  
And yet forget it not: rest satisfied  
With that you have receiv'd now: there are eyes  
May be upon us, till the difference  
Between our friends are ended: I would not  
Be seen so private with you.

*Luc.* I obey you.

*Gen.* But let me heare oft from you, and remember  
I am *Vitellies* sister.

*Luc:* What's that Madam?

*Gen.* Nay nothing, fare you well: who feeles loves fire,  
Would ever aske to have means to desire.

*Exeunt*

wln 2480

*Scena tertia.*

wln 2481  
wln 2482

*Enter Assistente, Sayavedra, Anastro, Herald,  
Attendants.*

wln 2483  
wln 2484  
wln 2485  
wln 2486  
wln 2487  
wln 2488  
wln 2489  
wln 2490

*Assis.* Are they come in?

*Har.* Yes.

*Assis.* Read the Proclamation,  
That all the people here assembled may  
Have satisfaction, what the Kings deere love,  
In care of the Republique, hath ordained;  
Attend with silence: read aloud.

Herald reads.

wln 2491  
wln 2492  
wln 2493  
wln 2494  
wln 2495  
wln 2496  
wln 2497  
wln 2498  
wln 2499  
wln 2500  
wln 2501  
wln 2502  
wln 2503  
wln 2504  
wln 2505  
wln 2506  
wln 2507  
wln 2508

*FORasmuch as our high and mighty Master,  
Philip, the potent and most Catholique King  
of Spaine, hath not onely in his own Royall person,  
been long, and often sollicitated, and grieved, with  
the deadly and uncurable hatred, sprung up be-  
twixt the two ancient and most honourably discen-  
ded Houses of these his two deere and equally be-  
loved Subjects, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez,  
and Don Pedro de Vitelli: (all which in vaine  
his Majesty hath often endeavoured to reconcile  
and qualifie:) But that also through the debates,  
quarrels, and outrages daily arising, falling, and  
flowing from these great heads, his publique civill  
Government is seditiously and barbarously mole-  
sted and wounded, and many of his chiefe Gentry  
(no lesse tender to his Royall Majesty then the very  
branches of his own sacred blood) spoyld, lost, and  
submerged, in the impious inundation and torrent*

wln 2509  
wln 2510  
wln 2511  
wln 2512  
wln 2513  
wln 2514  
wln 2515  
wln 2516  
wln 2517  
wln 2518  
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wln 2521  
wln 2522  
wln 2523  
wln 2524  
wln 2525

*of their still-growing malice: It hath therefore pleased His sacred Majesty, out of His infinite affection to preserve his Common-wealth, and generall peace, from farther violation, (as a sweet and heartily loving father of his people) and on the earnest petitions of these Arch-enemies, to Order, and Ordaine, That they be ready, each with his well-chosen and beloved friend, arm'd at all points like Gentlemen, in the Castle of St. Jago, on this present Munday morning betwixt eight and nine of the clocke; where (before the combatants be allowed to commence this granted Duell) This to be read aloud for the publique satisfaction of his Majesties welbeloved Subjects.*

'Save the King.

*Drums within.*

*Say.* Hark how their Drums speak their insatiate thirst  
Of blood, and stop their eares 'gainst pious peace,

column: 329-a-2

wln 2526  
wln 2527  
wln 2528

Who gently whispering, implores their friendship?

*Assis.* Kings, nor authority can master fate;  
Admit 'em then, and blood extinguish hate.

wln 2529  
wln 2530

*Enter severally, Alvarez and Lucio,  
Vitelli and Lamora.*

wln 2531  
wln 2532  
wln 2533  
wln 2534  
wln 2535  
wln 2536  
wln 2537  
wln 2538  
wln 2539  
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wln 2551  
wln 2552  
wln 2553  
wln 2554

*Say.* Stay, yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring  
Wherein men nowadaies exceed even beasts,  
And think themselves not men else, so transport you  
Beyond the bounds of Christianity:  
Lord *Alvarez, Vitelli*, Gentlemen,  
No Town in Spaine, from our Metropolis  
Unto the rudest hovell, but is great  
With your assured valours daily proofes:  
Oh wil you then, for a superfluous fame,  
A sound of honour, which in these times, all  
Like heretiques professe (with obstinacy)  
But most erroneously, venture your soules,  
Tis a hard tasque, thorough a Sea of blood  
To saile, and land at Heaven?

*Vit.* I hope not  
If justice be my Pilot: but my Lord,  
You know, if argument, or time, or love,  
Could reconcile, long since we had shook hands;  
I dare protest, your breath cooles not a veine  
In any one of us, but blowes the fire  
Which nought but blood reciprocall can quench.

*Alv.* *Vitelli*, thou sayst bravely, and sayst right,  
And I wil kill thee for't, I love thee so.

*Vit.* Ha, ha, old man: upon thy death Ile build

wln 2555 A story (with this arme) for thy old wife  
wln 2556 To tell thy daughter *Clara* seven yeeres hence  
wln 2557 As she sits weeping by a **wintet** fire,  
wln 2558 How such a time *Vitelli* slew her husband  
wln 2559 With the same Sword his daughter favour'd him,  
wln 2560 And lives, and weares it yet: Come *Lamorall*,  
wln 2561 Redeeme thy selfe.  
wln 2562 *Lam. Lucio, Genevora*  
wln 2563 Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding heart,  
wln 2564 For my presented hat, laid at her feet.  
wln 2565 *Luc.* Thou talkst wel *Lamorall*, but tis thy head  
wln 2566 That I wil carry to her to thy hat:  
wln 2567 Fie father, I do coole too much.  
wln 2568 *Alv.* Oh boy:  
wln 2569 Thy fathers true sonne:  
wln 2570 Beat Drums, — and so good morrow to your Lordship.

wln 2571 *Enter above Eugenia, Clara, Genevora.*

wln 2572 *Say.* Brave resolutions.  
wln 2573 *Anast.* Brave, and Spanish right.  
wln 2574 *Gen. Lucio.*  
wln 2575 *Cla. Vitelli.*  
wln 2576 *Eug. Alvarez.*  
wln 2577 *Alv.* How the devill  
wln 2578 Got these Cats into th' gutter? my pusse too?  
wln 2579 *Eug.* Heare us.  
wln 2580 *Gen.* We must be heard.  
wln 2581 *Cla.* We will be heard  
wln 2582 *Vitelli;* looke, see *Clara* on her knees  
wln 2583 Imploring thy compassion: Heaven, how sternly  
wln 2584 They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorn'd  
wln 2585 To be behind the other in a look!  
wln 2586 Mother, death needs no Sword here: oh my sister  
wln 2587 (Fate faine would have it so) perswade, entreat,  
wln 2588 A Ladies teares are silent Orators  
wln 2589 (Or should be so at least) to move beyond

The

wln 2590 The honest tongu'd-Rethoritian:  
wln 2591 Why will you fight? why do's an uncles death  
wln 2592 Twentie yeare old, exceed your love to me  
wln 2593 But twentie daies? whose forc'd cause, and faire manner  
wln 2594 You could not understand, onely have heard.  
wln 2595 Custome, that wrought so cunningly on nature  
wln 2596 In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not  
wln 2597 Whether my body femall were, or male,  
wln 2598 You did unweave, and had the power to charme  
wln 2599 A new creation in me, made me feare  
wln 2600 To think on those deeds I did perpetrate,  
wln 2601 How little power though you allow to me  
wln 2602 That cannot with my sighes, my teares, my prayers  
wln 2603 Move you from your own losse, if you shoule gaine.  
wln 2604 *Vit.* I must forget you *Clara*, 'till I have  
wln 2605 Redeem'd my uncles blood, that brands my face  
wln 2606 Like a pestiferous Carbuncle: I am blinde  
wln 2607 To what you doe: deafe to your cries: and Marble  
wln 2608 To all impulsive exorations.  
wln 2609 When on this point, I have pearch'd thy fathers soule,  
wln 2610 Ile tender thee this bloody reeking hand  
wln 2611 Drawne forth the bowels of that murtherer:  
wln 2612 If thou canst love me then, i'le marry thee,  
wln 2613 And for thy father lost, get thee a Sonne;  
wln 2614 On no condition else.  
wln 2615 *Assist.* Most barbarous.  
wln 2616 *Say.* Savage.  
wln 2617 *Anast.* Irreligious.  
wln 2618 *Gen.* Oh *Lucio*!  
wln 2619 Be thou more mercifull: thou bear'st fewer yeers,  
wln 2620 Art lately wean'd from soft effeminacy,  
wln 2621 A maidens manners, and a maidens heart  
wln 2622 Are neighbours still to thee: be then more milde,  
wln 2623 Proceed not to this combat; bee'st thou desperate  
wln 2624 Of thine owne life? yet (deere) pittie mine  
wln 2625 Thy valour's not thine owne, I gave it thee,  
wln 2626 These eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,  
wln 2627 This breast would lodge it: doe not use my gifts  
wln 2628 To mine own ruine: I have made thee rich,  
wln 2629 Be not so thanklesse, to undoe me for't.  
wln 2630 *Luc.* Mistresse, you know I doe not weare a vaine.  
wln 2631 I would not rip for you, to doe you service:  
wln 2632 Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dreame,  
wln 2633 Compar'd to essentiall, and eternall honour.  
wln 2634 Why, would you have me value it beyond  
wln 2635 Your brother: if I first cast down my sword

wln 2636  
wln 2637  
wln 2638  
wln 2639  
wln 2640  
wln 2641  
wln 2642  
wln 2643  
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wln 2647  
wln 2648  
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wln 2650  
wln 2651  
wln 2652  
wln 2653  
wln 2654  
wln 2655  
wln 2656  
wln 2657

May all my body here, be made one wound,  
And yet my soule not finde heaven thorough it.  
*Alv.* You would be catter-walling too, but peace,  
Goe, get you home, and provide dinner for  
Your Sonne, and me: we'l be exceeding merry:  
Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee cock of all  
The proud *Vitellies* that doe live in *Spaine*:  
Fie, we shall take cold: hunch: — I am hoarse  
Already.  
*Lam.* How your Sister whets my spleene!  
I could eate *Lucio* now:  
*Gen.* *Lamorall*: you have often sworne  
You'ld be commanded by me.  
*Gen.* *Vitelli*, Brother,  
Ev'n for your Fathers soule, your uncles blood,  
As you doe love my life: but last, and most  
As you respect your own Honour, and Fame,  
Throw downe your sword; he is most valiant  
That herein yeelds first.  
*Vit.* Peace, you foole.  
*Cla.* Why *Lucio*,  
Doe thou begin; 'tis no disparagement:

column: 329-b-2

wln 2658  
wln 2659  
wln 2660  
wln 2661  
wln 2662  
wln 2663  
wln 2664  
wln 2665  
wln 2666  
wln 2667  
wln 2668  
wln 2669  
wln 2670  
wln 2671  
wln 2672  
wln 2673  
wln 2674  
wln 2675  
wln 2676  
wln 2677  
wln 2678  
wln 2679  
wln 2680  
wln 2681  
wln 2682  
wln 2683

He's elder, and thy better, and thy valour  
Is in his infancy.  
*Gen.* Or pay it me,  
To whom thou ow'st it: Oh, that constant time  
Would but goe back a week, then *Lucio*  
Thou would'st not dare to fight.  
*Eug.* *Lucio*, thy Mother,  
Thy Mother begs it: throw thy sword down first.  
*Alv.* Ile throw his head downe after then.  
*Gen.* *Lamorall*.  
You have often swore you'ld be commanded by me.  
*Lam.* Never to this: your spight, and scorn *Genevora*,  
H'as lost all power in me:  
*Gen.* Your hearing for six words.  
*Ass. Say. An.* Strange obstinacy!  
*Al. Vit. Lu. Lam.* We'l stay no longer.  
*Cla.* Then by thy oath *Vitelli*,  
Thy dreadfull oath, thou wouldst returne that sword  
When I should aske it, give it to me, now,  
This instant I require it.  
*Gen.* By thy vow,  
As dreadfull, *Lucio*, to obey my will  
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,  
I charge thee not to strike a stroake: now he  
Of our two brothers that loves perjurie  
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his vow.

wln 2684  
wln 2685  
wln 2686  
wln 2687  
wln 2688  
wln 2689  
wln 2690  
wln 2691  
wln 2692  
wln 2693  
wln 2694  
wln 2695  
wln 2696  
wln 2697  
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wln 2722  
wln 2723  
wln 2724  
wln 2725

*Say.* Excellent Ladies.

*Vit.* Pish you tyrannize.

*Luc.* We did equivocate.

*Alv.* On.

*Cla.* Then *Lucio*,

So well I love my husband, for he is so,  
(wanting but ceremony) that I pray  
His vengefull sword may fall upon thy head  
succesfully for false-hood to his Sister.

*Gen.* I likewise pray (*Vitelli*) *Lucio's* sword  
(who equally is my husband, as thou hers)  
May finde thy false heart, that durst gage thy faith,  
And durst not keepe it.

*Assist.* Are you men, or stone.

*Alv.* Men, and we'l prove it with our swords:

*Eug.* Your hearing for six words, and we have done,  
*Zancho* come forth — we'l fight our challenge too:

*Enter*

Now speake your resolutions.

*Bobadilla with two*

*Gen.* These they are,

*swords and a Pistoll.*

The first blow given betwixt you, sheathes these swords  
In one anothers bosomes.

*Eug.* And rogue, looke

You at that instant doe discharge that Pistoll  
Into my breast: if you start back, or quake,  
Ile stick you like a Pigge.

*Alv.* — hold: you are mad.

*Gen.* This we said: and by our hope of blisse  
This we will doe: speake your intents.

*Cla. Gen.* Strike.

*Eug.* Shoot.

*Al. Vit. Lu. La.* Hold, hold: all friends.

*Assist.* Come downe.

*Alv.* These devillish women

Can make men friends and enemies when they list.

*Say.* A gallant undertaking and a happie;

Why this is noble in you: and will be

A well comer present to our Master *Philip*

Then the returne from his Indies.

*Cla.* Father your blessing.

*Enter Clara,  
Genevora Eugenia  
and Bobadilla.*

*Alv.* Take her: if he bring not

Betwixt you, boyes that will finde out new worlds,  
And win 'em too I'm a false Prophet.

*Vit.*



wln 2726  
wln 2727  
wln 2728  
wln 2729  
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wln 2758  
wln 2759  
wln 2760  
wln 2761  
wln 2762  
wln 2763  
wln 2764

*Vit.* Brother.  
There is a Sister: long divided streames  
Mix now at length, by fate.  
*Bob.* I am not regarded: I was the carefull Steward that  
provided these Instruments of peace, I put the longest  
weapon in your Sisters hand, (my Lord) because she was  
the shortest Lady: For likely the shortest Ladies, love  
the longest — men: And for mine own part, I could  
have discharged it: my Pistoll is no ordinary Pistoll, it  
has two ramming Bullets; but thought I, why should I  
shoot my two bullets into my old Lady? if they had gon,  
I would not have staid long after: I would ev'n have died  
too, bravely y'faith, like a Roman-Steward: hung my  
self in mine owne Chaine; and there had been a story  
of *Bobadilla, Spindola, Zancho*, for after ages to lament:  
hum: I perceive I am not onely not regarded, but also  
not rewarded.

*Alv.* Prethee peace: 'shalt have a new chaine, next  
Saint *Iaques* day, or this new gilt:

*Bob.* I am satisfied: let vertue have her due: And yet  
i am melancholy upon this atonement: pray heaven  
the State rue it not: I would my Lord *Vitellies* Steward,  
and I could meet: they should finde it should cost 'em a  
little more to make us friends: well, I will forswear  
wine, and women for a yeere: and then I will be drunk  
to morrow, and runne a whoring like a dogge with a  
broken bottle at's taile; then will I repent next day, and  
forswear 'em againe more vehemently: be for-sworne  
next day againe, and repent my repentance: for thus a  
melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

*Assist.* Nay, you shall dine with me: and afterward  
Ile with 'ye to the King: But first, I will  
Dispatch the Castles businesse, that this day  
May be compleat. Bring forth the malefactors.  
You *Alguazier*, the Ringleader of these  
Poore fellowes, are degraded from your office,  
You must restore all stolne goods you receiv'd,  
And watch a twelve moneth without any pay:  
This, if you faile of, (all your goods confiscate)

*Enter Al-  
guazier,  
Pachieco,  
Metaldi,  
Mendoza,  
Lazaril.*

wln 2765  
wln 2766  
wln 2767  
wln 2768

You are to be whipt, and sent into the Gallies.  
*Alg.* I like all, but restoring that Catholique  
doctrine  
I doe dislike: Learn all ye officers

*Piorato.  
Malroda,  
& Guard.*

wln 2769  
wln 2770  
wln 2771  
wln 2772  
wln 2773  
wln 2774  
wln 2775  
wln 2776  
wln 2777  
wln 2778  
wln 2779  
wln 2780  
wln 2781  
wln 2782  
wln 2783  
wln 2784  
wln 2785  
wln 2786  
wln 2787  
wln 2788  
wln 2789  
wln 2790  
wln 2791  
wln 2792  
wln 2793  
wln 2794  
wln 2795  
wln 2796  
wln 2797  
wln 2798  
wln 2799  
wln 2800  
wln 2801  
wln 2802  
wln 2803

By this to live uprightly (if you can) *Exit.*  
*Assist.* You Cobler, to translate your manners new,  
Are doom'd to th' Cloyster of the Mendicants,  
With this your brother; botcher there, for nothing  
To cobble, and heel hose for the poor Friers,  
Till they allow your pennance for sufficient,  
And your amendment; then you shall be freed,  
And may set up againe,  
*Pach.* *Mendoza*, come.  
Our soules have trod awry, in all mens sight, *(Mend.*  
We'l underlay 'em, till they goe upright. *Exit. Pach. &*  
*Assist.* *Smith*, in those shackles you for your hard heart  
Must lye by th'heeles a yeer.  
*Met.* I have shod your horse, my Lord. *Exit.*  
*Assist.* Away: for you, my hungry white-loaf'd face,  
You must to th' Gallies, where you shall be sure  
To have no more bits, then you shall have blowes.  
*Laz.* Well, though herrings want, I shall have rowes.  
*Assist.* Signior, you have prevented us, and punish'd  
Your selfe severeller then we would have done.  
You have married a whore: may she prove honest.  
*Pio.* 'Tis better my Lord, then to marry an honest wo-  
That may prove a whore. *(man*  
*Vit.* 'Tis a handsome wench: and thou canst keepe her  
Ile send you what I promis'd. *(tame:*  
*Pio.* Loy to your Lordships.  
*Alv.* Here may all Ladies learne, to make of foes  
The perfect'st friends: and not the perfect'st foes  
Of dearest friends, as some doe now a dayes.  
*Vit.* Behold the power of love, to nature lost  
By custome irrecoverably, past the hope  
Of friends restoring, love hath here retriuv'd  
To her own habit, made her blush to see  
Her so long monstrous metamorphoses,  
May strange affaires never have worse successe. *Exeunt.*

column: 330-a

wln 2804

#### EPILOGUE.

wln 2805  
wln 2806  
wln 2807  
wln 2808  
wln 2809  
wln 2810  
wln 2811  
wln 2812

*Ov'r Auhor feares there are some Rebell hearts,  
Whose dulnesse doth oppose loves peircing darts;  
Such will be apt to say there wanted wit,  
The language low, very few scænes are writ  
With spirit and life; such odde things as these  
He cares not for, nor ever meanes to please;  
For if your selves a Mistresse or loves friends,  
Are lik't with this smooth Play he hath his ends.*

wln 2814  
wln 2815

A PROLOGUE.  
At the reviving of this Play.

wln 2816  
wln 2817  
wln 2818  
wln 2819  
wln 2820  
wln 2821  
wln 2822  
wln 2823  
wln 2824  
wln 2825  
wln 2826  
wln 2827  
wln 2828  
wln 2829  
wln 2830  
wln 2831  
wln 2832  
wln 2833  
wln 2834  
wln 2835

Statues and Pictures challenge price and fame;  
If they can justly boast, and prove they came  
From *Phidias* or *Apelles*. None deny,  
Poets and Painters hold a sympathy;  
Yet their workes may decay and lose their grace,  
Receiving blemish in their limbs or face.  
When the minds art has this preheminnence,  
She still retaineth her first excellence.  
Then why should not this deere peece be esteem'd  
Child to the richest fancies that ere teem'd?  
When not their meanest off-spring, that came forth,  
But bore the image of their fathers worth.  
*Beaumonts*, and *Fletchers*, whose desert outwayes  
The best applause, and their least sprig of Bayes  
Is worthy *Phæbus*; and who comes to gather  
Their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure.  
Nor can you ever surfeit of the plenty,  
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty.  
The more you take, the more you do them right,  
And wee will thanke you for your own delight.

Queene of *Corinth*.

## Textual Notes

1. **20 (319-b)**: The regularized reading *forfeited* is supplied for the original *forfei[\*]ed*.
2. **23 (319-b)**: The regularized reading *Ostend* is amended from the original *Ostena*.
3. **274 (320-b)**: The regularized reading *help* is amended from the original *helfe*.
4. **304 (320-b)**: The regularized reading *hunger* is amended from the original *hunder*.
5. **577 (321-b)**: The regularized reading *Aeneas* is amended from the original *Æeas*.
6. **817 (322-b)**: The regularized reading *Codpiece* is amended from the original *Cod-peicu*.
7. **1444 (325-a)**: The regularized reading *upbraid* is supplied for the original *upb[\*]aid*.
8. **1485 (325-a)**: The regularized reading *A-practicing* is supplied for the original *A'practi[.]ing*.
9. **1705 (326-a)**: The regularized reading *rampant* is amended from the original *rampani*.
10. **1731 (326-a)**: The regularized reading *must* is supplied for the original *mu[\*\*]*.
11. **1739 (326-a)**: The regularized reading *heat* is supplied for the original *h[\*]at*.
12. **1743 (326-a)**: The regularized reading *determine* is supplied for the original *det[\*]rmine*.
13. **1896 (326-b)**: The regularized reading *pardon* is supplied for the original *pa[\*]don*.
14. **1957 (327-a)**: The regularized reading *woo* is amended from the original *woe*.
15. **2069 (327-a)**: The regularized reading *Enter* is amended from the original *Entes*.
16. **2530 (329-a)**: The regularized reading *Lamoral* is amended from the original *Lamora*.
17. **2557 (329-a)**: The regularized reading *winter* is amended from the original *wintet*.