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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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LOVE’S CURE
OR,
The Martial Maid.

Actus Primus Scaena Prima.

column: 319-b-1

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Anastro.

Vitelli.

ALvarez pardoned?

Anastro    And returned.

Lamoral    I saw him land
At St. Lucar’s, and such a general welcome
Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions,
Had with the easy people, prepared for him,
As if by his command alone, and fortune
Holland with those low Provinces, that hold out
Against the Archduke, were again compelled
With their obedience to give up their lives
To be at his devotion.

Vitelli    You amaze me,
For though I have heard, that when he fled from Seville
To save his life (then forfeited to Law
For murdering Don Pedro my dear Uncle)
His extreme wants enforced him to take pay
In th’ Army sat down then before Ostend,
’Twas never yet reported, by whose favor
He durst presume to entertain a thought
Of coming home with pardon.

Anastro    ’Tis our nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wish far from our enemies.

Lamoral    ’tis most certain the Infanta’s letters
Assisted by the Archduke’s, to King Philip
Have not alone secured him from the rigor
Of our Castilian Justice, but returned him
A free man, and in grace.

Vitelli    By what cursed means
Could such a fugitive arise unto
The knowledge of their highnesses? much more
(Though known) to stand but in the least degree
Of favor with them?

Lamoral    To give satisfaction
To your demand, though to praise him I hate,  
Can yield me small contentment, I will tell you,  
And truly, since should I detract his worth,  
’Twould argue want of merit in myself.  
Briefly, to pass his tedious pilgrimage  
For sixteen years, a banished guilty-man,  

And to forget the storms, 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 Ostend’s bloody siege 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 choice to speak of, since from that  
The good success of *Alvarez*, had beginning,  

*Vitelli*  So I love virtue in an enemy  
That I desire in the relation of  
This young man’s glorious deed, you’d keep yourself  
A friend to truth, and it.  

*Lamoral*  Such was my purpose;  
The Town being oft assaulted, but in vain,  
To dare the proud defendants to a sally,  
Weary of ease, *Don Inigo Peralta*  
Son to the General of our Castile forces  
All armed, advanced within shot of their walls,  
From whence the muskateers played thick upon him,  
Yet he (brave youth) as careless of the danger,  
As careful of his honor, drew his sword,  
And waving it about his head, as if  
He dared one spirited like himself, to trial  
Of single valor, he made his retreat  
With such a slow, and yet majestic pace,  
As if he still called loud, dare none come on?  
When suddenly from a postern of the town  
Two gallant horsemen issued, and o’ertook 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 vanguard he sat bravely mounted,  
Or were it pity of the youth’s misfortune,  
Care to preserve the honor of his Country,  
Or bold desire to get himself a name,  
He made his brave horse, like a whirlwind bear him,  
Among the Combatants: and in a moment  
Discharged his Petronel, with such sure aim  
That of the adverse party from his horse,
One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
A falchion swift as lightning, he came on

Upon the other, and with one strong blow
In view of the amazed Town, and Camp
He strake him dead, and brought Peralta off
With double honor to himself.

Vitelli 'Twas brave:
But the success of this?

Lamoral The Camp received him
With acclamations of joy and welcome,
And for addition to the fair reward
Being a massy chain of gold given to him
By young Peralta's Father, he was brought
To the Infanta's presence kissed her hand,
And from that Lady, (greater in her goodness
Than her high birth) had this encouragement
Go on young man; yet not to feed thy valor
With hope of recompense to come, from me,
For present satisfaction of what's past,
Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,
And thee to take, and be assured of it.

Anastro Excellent princess.

Vitelli And styled worthily
The heart blood, nay the soul of Soldiers.
But what was his request?

Lamoral That the repeal
Of Alvarez, makes plain: he humbly begged
His Father's pardon, and so movingly
Told the sad story of your uncle's death
That the Infanta wept, and instantly
Granting his suit, working the Archduke to it,
Their Letters were directed to the King,
With whom they so prevailed, that Alvarez
Was freely pardoned.

Vitelli 'Tis not in the King
To make that good.

Anastro Not in the King? what subject
Dares contradict his power?

Vitelli In this I dare,
And will: and not call his prerogative
In question, nor presume to limit it.
I know he is the Master of his Laws,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honor;
And since (forgetting my brave Uncle's merits
And many services, under Duke D' Alva)
He suffers him to fall, wrestling from Justice
The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,
I’ll fill with this Astrea’s empty hand,
And in my just wreak, make this arm the King’s,
My deadly hate to Alvarez, and his house,
Which as I grew in years, hath still increased,
As if it called on time to make me man,
Slept while it had no object for her fury
But a weak woman, and her talked of Daughter:
But now, since there are quarries, worth her sight
Both in the father, and his hopeful son,
I’ll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full
With both their hearts: to further which your friendship,
And oaths will your assistance, let your deeds
Make answer to me; useless are all words
Till you have writ performance with your Swords.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Bobadilla, and Lucio

Lucio Go fetch my work: this ruff was not well starched,
So tell the maid, ’t has too much blue in it,

And look you that the Partridge and the Pullen
Have clean meat, and fresh water, or my Mother
Is like to hear on ’t.

Bobadilla O good Sir Jaques help me: was there ever such
an Hermaphrodite heard of? would any wench living,
that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to believe,
that the best of a man lies under this Petticoat,
and that a Codpiece were far fitter here, than a
pinned-Placket?

Lucio You had best talk filthily: do; I have a tongue
To tell my Mother, as well as ears to hear
Your ribaldry.

Bobadilla May you have ten women’s tongues that way I am
sure: why my young Master or Mistress, Madam, Don or what
you will, what the devil have you to do with Pullen, or
Partridge? or to sit pricking on a clout all day? you have a
better needle, I know, and might make better work, if
you had grace to use it.

Lucio Why, how dare you speak this before me, sirrah?

Bobadilla Nay rather, why dare not you do what I speak?
— though my Lady your mother, for fear of Vitelli and
his faction, hath brought you up like her daughter, and
has kept you this 20 year, which is ever since you were
born, a close prisoner within doors, yet since you are a
man, and are as well provided as other men are, methinks
you should have the same motions of the flesh, as other
Cavaliers of us are inclined unto.

Lucio Indeed you have cause to love those wanton motions,
They having hope you to an excellent whipping,
For doing something, I but put you in mind of it,
With the Indian maid, the governor sent my mother
From Mexico.

Bobadilla Why, I but taught her a Spanish trick in charity,
and holp the King to a subject that may live to take grave
Maurice prisoner, and that was more good to the State,
than a thousand such as you are ever like to do: and I
will tell you, (in a fatherly care of the Infant I speak it)
if he live (as bless the babe, in passion I remember him)
to your years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting,
purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he shall to
the wars, use his Spanish Pike, though with the danger
of the lash, as his father has done, and when he is provoked,
as I am now, draw his Toledo desperately, as —

Lucio You will not Kill me? oh.

Bobadilla I knew this would silence him: how he hides his eyes?
If he were a wench now, as he seems, what an advantage
Had I, drawing two Toledos, when one can do this?
But oh me, my Lady: I must put up: young Master
I did but jest: O custom, what hast thou made of him?

Enter Eugenia, and Servants.

Eugenia For bringing this, be still my friend; no more
A servant to me.

Bobadilla What's the matter?

Eugenia Here,
Even here where I am happy to receive
Assurance of my Alvarez' return,
I will kneel down: and may those holy thoughts
That now possess me wholly, make this place
a Temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhoped for blessing Heaven’s Kind hand
Hath poured upon me.

Lucio Let my duty Madam
Presume, if you have cause of joy, to entreat
I may share in it.

Bobadilla 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frightened him yet.

Eugenia Thou shalt: but first kneel with me Lucio,
No more Posthumina now, thou hast a Father,

A Father living to take off that name,
Which my too credulous fears, that he was dead,
Bestowed 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 joys,
So far transport me, that I must forget
The ornaments of Matrons, modesty,
And grave behavior; but let all forgive me
If in th' expression of my soul’s 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 despaired of.

_— Lucio —_

Shall I then see my Father?

_— Eugenia —_

This hour _Lucio_; Which reckon the beginning of thy life
I mean that life, in which thou shalt appear
To be such as I brought thee forth: a man,
This womanish disguise, in which I have
So long concealed 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 father’s actions be thy precepts;
And for thee _Zancho_, now expect reward
For thy true service.

_— Bobadilla —_

Shall I? you hear fellow _Stephano_, learn to know
me more respectively; how dost thou think I shall become
the Steward’s chair ha? will not these slender
haunches show well with a chain, and a gold night-Cap
after supper when I take the accompts?

_— Eugenia —_

Haste, and take down those blacks, with which my chamber
Hath like the widow, her sad Mistress, mourned,
And hang up for it, the rich Persian arras,
Used on my wedding night: for this to me
Shall be a second marriage: send for Music,
And will the cooks to use their best of cunning
To please the palate.

_— Bobadilla —_

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

_— Eugenia —_

Be gone I say: why sir, you can go faster?

_— Bobadilla —_

I could Madam: but I am now to practice the
Steward’s 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.

_— Lucio —_

Pray Madam, let the waistcoat I last wrought
Be made up for my Father: I will have
A cap and boothose suitable to it.

_— Eugenia —_

Of that.
We’ll think hereafter _Lucio_: our thoughts now
Must have no object, but thy Father’s welcome,
To which thy _help_ —
Exeunt

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Alvarez, Clara.

Alvarez Where lost we Syavedra?

Clara He was met

Entering the City by some Gentlemen
Kinsmen, as he said of his own, with whom
For compliment sake (for so I think he termed it)
He was compelled to stay: though I much wonder
A man that knows to do, and has done well
In the head of his troop, when the bold foe charged home,
Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time
In apish entertainment: for my part

(By all the glorious rewards of war)
I had rather meet ten enemies in the field
All sworn to fetch my head, than be brought on
To change an hour’s discourse with one of these
Smooth City fools, or tissue Cavaliers,
Then only Gallants, as they wisely think,
To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiss
From a Court-lip, though painted.

Alvarez My Love Clara

(For Lucio is a name thou must forget
With Lucio’s bold behavior) though thy breeding
I’ the camp may plead something in the excuse
Of thy rough manners, custom having changed,
Though not thy Sex, the softness of thy nature,
And fortune (then a cruel stepdame to thee)
Imposed upon thy tender sweetness, burdens
Of hunger, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack
The sinews of a man, not born a Soldier:
Yet now she smiles, and like a natural mother
Looks gently on thee, Clara, entertain
Her proffered bounties with a willing bosom;
Thou shalt no more have need to use thy sword;
Thy beauty (which even Belgia hath not altered)
Shall be a stronger guard, to keep my Clara,
Then that has been, (though never used but nobly)
And know thus much.

Clara Sir, I know only that
It stands not with my duty to gainsay you,
In any thing: I must, and will put on
What fashion you think best: though I could wish
I were what I appear.

Alvarez Endeavor rather.

Music.
Enter Eugenia, Lucio, Servants.

Eugenia   Let choice Music
In the best voice that e’er touched human ear,
For joy hath tied my tongue up, speak your welcome.

Alvarez   My soul, (for thou giv’st new life to my spirit)
Myriads of joys, though short in number of
Thy virtues, fall on thee; Oh my Eugenia,
Th’ assurance, that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty years of sorrow but a dream,
And by the Nectar, which I take from these,
I feel my age restored, and like old AEson
Grow young again.

Eugenia   My Lord, long wished for welcome,
’Tis a sweet briefness, yet in that short word
All pleasures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increase, before they find
A second period: let mine eyes now surfeit
On this so wished for object, and my lips
Yet modestly pay back the parting kiss
You trusted with them, when you fled from Seville
With little Clara my sweet daughter: lives she?
Yet I could chide myself, having you here
For being so covetous of all joys at once,
T’ inquire for her, you being alone, to me
My Clara, Lucio, my Lord, myself;
Nay more than all the world.

Alvarez   As you, to me are.

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

Accompt of my life in your absence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preserved
The Jewel left locked up in my womb,
When you, in being forced to leave your country,
Suffered a civil death.                      within Clashing swords.

Alvarez   Do my Eugenia,
’Tis that I most desire to hear,
Eugenia   Then know                      Sayavedra within.
Alvarez   What voice is that?
If you are noble Enemies,              Vitelli within.
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly, 
Stand off, I am too many of myself. Enter Bobadilla.

Bobadilla Murder, murder murder, your friend my Lord,
Don Syavedra is set upon in the Streets, by your enemies
Vitelli, and his Faction: I am almost killed with looking 
on them.

Alvarez I’ll free him, or fall with him: draw thy sword 
And follow me.

Clara Fortune I give thee thanks 
For this occasion once more to use it.

Bobadilla Nay, hold not me Madam; if I do any hurt, hang me.

Lucio Oh I am dead with fear! let’s fly into 
Your Closet, Mother.

Eugenia No hour of my life 
Secure of danger? heaven be merciful, 
Or now at once dispatch me. Enter Vitelli, pursued 
by Alvarez, and Sayavedra, 
Clara beating of

Alvarez Assault my friend 
So near by house?

Vitelli Nor in it will spare thee, 
Though ’twere a Temple: and I’ll make it one, 
I being the Priest, and thou the sacrifice, 
I’ll offer to my uncle.

Alvarez Haste thou to him, 
And say I sent thee:

Clara ’Twas put bravely by, 
And that: and yet comes on, and boldly rare, 
In the wars, where emulation and example 
Join to increase the courage, and make less 
The danger; valor, and true resolution 
Never appeared so lovely: brave again: 
Sure he is more than man, and if he fall; 
The best of virtue, fortitude would die with him: 
And can I suffer it? forgive me duty, 
So I love valor, as I will protect it 
Against my Father, and redeem it, though 
’Tis forfeited by one I hate.

Vitelli Come on, 
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer 
Before you have me: keep off.

Clara Fear me not, 
Thy worth has took me Prisoner, and my sword 
For this time knows thee only for a friend, 
And to all else I turn the point of it.

Sayavedra Defend your Father’s Enemy? 
Alvarez Art thou mad?

Clara Are you men rather? shall that valor, which 
Begot you lawful honor in the wars, 
Prove now the parent of an infamous Bastard
So foul, yet so long lived, as murder will
Be to your shames? have each of you, alone
With your own dangers only, purchased glory
From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing
Those nearest to you, to have part in it,
And do you now join, and lend mutual help
Against a single opposite? hath the mercy
Of the great King, but newly washed away

The blood, that with the forfeit of your life
Cleaved to your name, and family like an ulcer,
In this again to set a deeper dye
Upon your infamy? you’ll say he is your foe,
And by his rashness called on his own ruin;
Remember yet, he was first wronged, and honor
Spurred him to what he did, and next the place
Where now he is, your house, which by the laws
Of hospitable duty should protect him;
Have you been twenty years a stranger to it,
To make your entrance now in blood? or think you
Your countryman, a true born Spaniard, will be
An offering fit, to please the genius of it?
No, in this i’ll presume to teach my Father,
And this first Act of disobedience shall
Confirm I am most dutiful.

Alvarez I am pleased
With what I dare not give allowance to;
Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?

Clara Set free
A noble Enemy: come not on, by —
You pass to him, through me: the way is open:
Farewell: when next I meet you, do not look for
A friend, but a vowed foe; I see you worthy,
And therefore now preserve you, for the honor
Of my sword only:

Vitelli Were this man a friend,
How would he win me, that being my vowed foe
Deserves so well? I thank you for my life;
But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
Hereafter to consider.

Alvarez Quit thy fear,
All danger is blown over: I have Letters
To the Governor, in the King’s name, to secure us,
From such attempts hereafter; yet we need not
That have such strong guards of our own, dread others;
And to increase thy comfort, know, this young man
Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,
Is not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy daughter Clara.

Exit.
Eugenia  A thousand blessings in that word.

Alvarez  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 do, it being the least
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honor.

Eugenia  I'll return
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 Son: 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 success; as she appears
Altered by custom, more than woman, he
Transformed by his soft life, is less than man.

Alvarez  Fortune, in this gives ample satisfaction
For all our sorrows past.

Lucio  My dearest Sister.

Clara  Kind brother.

Alvarez  Now our mutual care must be
Employed to help wronged nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, lost by custom:
To you I give my Clara, and receive
My Lucio to my charge: and we'll contend
With loving industry, who soonest can
Turn this man woman or this woman, man.
Exeunt.

Actus secundus. Scaena prima.

Enter Pachieco, and Lazarillo.

Pachieco  Boy: my Cloak, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman of my rank, to walk the streets in Querpo.

Lazarillo  Nay, you are a very rank Gentleman. Signior, I am very hungry, they tell me in Seville here, I look like an Eel, with a man's head: and your neighbor the Smith here hard by, would have borrowed me th' other day, to have fished with me, because he had lost his angle-rod.

Pachieco  Oh happy thou Lazarillo (being the cause of other men's wits) as in thine own: live lean, and witty still: oppress not thy stomach too much: gross feeders, great sleepers: great sleepers, fat bodies; fat bodies, lean brains: No Lazarillo, I will make thee immortal, change thy humanity into deity, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.
Lazarillo  Faith Signior, I am immortal then already, or very near it, for I do live upon little or nothing: belike that’s the reason the Poets are said to be immortal, for some of them live upon their wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good Master, let me be mortal still, and let’s go to supper.

Pachieco  Be abstinent; show not the corruption of thy generation: he that feeds, shall die, therefore he that feeds not, shall live.

Lazarillo  Ay; but how long shall he live? there’s the question.

Pachieco  As long as he can without feeding: didst thou read of the miraculous maid in Flanders?

Lazarillo  No, nor of any maid else; for the miracle of virginity now adays ceases, ere the virgin can read virginity?

Pachieco  She that lived three year without any other sustenance than the smell of a Rose.

Lazarillo  I heard of her Signior; but they say her guts shrunk all into Lute-strings, and her nether-parts clinged together like a Serpent’s Tail, so that though she continued a woman still above the girdle, beneath yet she was monster.

Pachieco  So are most women, believe it.

Lazarillo  Nay all women Signior, that can live only upon the smell of a Rose.

Pachieco  No part of the History is fabulous.

Lazarillo  I think rather no part of the Fable is Historical: but for all this, sir, my rebellious stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal, as mortal hunger will suffer: put me to a certain stint sir, allow me but a red herring a day.

Pachieco  O de dios: wouldst thou be glutinous in thy delicacies?

Lazarillo  He that eats nothing but a red herring a day, shall ne’er be broiled for the devil’s rasher: a Pilchard, Signior, a Sardine, an Olive, that I may be a philosopher first, and immortal after.

Pachieco  Patience Lazarillo; let contemplation be thy food a while: I say unto thee, one Pease was a Soldier’s provant a whole day,
at the destruction of Jerusalem.  

Lazarillo  Ay; and it were anywhere, but at the destruction of a place i’ll be hanged.

Metaldi  Signior Pachieco Alasto, my most ingenious Cobbler of Seville, the bonos noxios to your Signiory.

Pachieco  Signior Metaldi de forgio, my most famous Smith, column: 321-b-2

and man of mettle, I return your courtesy ten fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shoe-sole of your
congee: the like to you Signior Mendoza Pediculo de vermin, my most exquisite Hose-heeler.

_Lazarillo_ Here’s a greeting betwixt a Cobbler, a Smith, and a Butcher: they all belong to the foot, which makes them stand so much upon their Gentry.

_Mendoza_ Signior Lazarillo.

_Lazarillo_ Ah Signior si: nay, we are all Signiors here in Spain, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or Adelantado: this butcher looks as if he were dough-baked a little butter now, and I could eat him like an oaten-Cake: his father’s diet was new Cheese and Onions when he got him: what a scallion-faced rascal ’tis?

_Metaldi_ But why Signior Pachieco, do you stand so much on the priority, and antiquity of your quality (as you call it) in comparison of ours?

_Mendoza_ Ay; your reason for that.

_Pachieco_ Why thou Iron-pated Smith: and thou woolen-witted Hose heeler: hear what I will speak indifferently (and according to Ancient writers) of our three professions: and let the upright Lazarillo be both judge, and moderator.

_Lazarillo_ Still am I the most immortally hungry, that may be.

_Pachieco_ Suppose thou wilt derive thy pedigree, like some of the old Heroes, (as Hercules, Aeneas, Achilles) lineally from the Gods, making Saturn thy great Grandfather, and Vulcan thy Father: Vulcan was a God.

_Lazarillo_ He’ll make Vulcan your Godfather by and by.

_Pachieco_ Yet I say Saturn was a crabbled blockhead, and Vulcan a limping horn-head, for Venus his wife was a strumpet, and Mars begat all her Children; therefore however, thy original must of necessity spring from Bastardy: further, what can be a more deject spirit in man, than to lay his hands under everyone’s horses’ feet, to do him service, as thou dost? For thee, I will be brief thou dost botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of enormities, viz. scabs, chilblains, and kibed heels: much prone thou art to Sects, and Heresies, disturbing state, and government; for how canst thou be a sound member in the Commonwealth, that art so subject to stitches in the ankles? blush, and be silent then, Oh ye Mechanic, compare no more with the politic Cobbler: For Cobblers (in old time) have prophesied, what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better, and better? have we not the length of every man’s foot? are we not daily menders? yea, and what menders? not horse-menders.

_Lazarillo_ Nor manners-menders.

_Pachieco_ But soul-menders: Oh divine Cobblers; do we not like the wise man spin our own threads, (or our wives for us?) do we not by our sewing the hide, reap the beef? are not we of the gentle craft, whilst both you
are but craftsmen? You will say you fear neither Iron
nor steel, and what you get is wrought out of the fire,
I must answer you again, though all this is but forgery,
You may likewise say, a man’s a man, that has but a
hose on his head: I must likewise answer, that man is a
butcher, that has a heeled-hose on his head: to conclude
there can be no comparison with the Cobbler, who is all
in all in the Commonwealth, has his politic eye
and ends on every man’s steps that walks, and whose
course shall be lasting to the world’s end.

Metaldi I give place: the wit of man is wonderful: thou
hast hit the nail on the head, and I will give thee six
pots for ’t though I ne’er clinch shoe again.

Pachieco Who’s this? Oh our Alguazier: as
arrant a knave as

Vitelli Let her want nothing Signior, she can ask:
What loss, or injury you may sustain
I will repair, and recompense your love:
Only that fellows coming I mislike,
And did forewarn her of him: bear her this
With my best love, at night i’ll visit her.

Alguazier I rest your Lordship’s Servant.

Vitelli Good even, Signiors:
Oh Alvarez, thou hast brought a Son with thee
Both brightens, and obscures our Nation,
Whose pure strong beams on us, shoot like the Sun’s
On baser fires: I would to heaven my blood
Had never stained thy bold unfortunate hand,
That with mine honor I might emulate
Not persecute such virtue: I will see him
Though with the hazard of my life: no rest
In my contentious spirits can I find
Till I have gratified him in like kind.

Alguazier I know you not: what are ye? hence ye base
Besegnoes.

Pachieco Marry Cazzo Signior Alguazier, do ye not know
us? why, we are your honest neighbors, the Cobbler, Smith, and Butcher, that have so often sat snoring cheek by jowl with your signiory in rug at midnight.

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

Metaldi By this hand, I could find in my heart to shoe his head.

Pachieco Why then know you Signior; thou mongrel begot at midnight, at the Goal gate, by a Beadle, on a Catchpole’s wife, are not you he that was whipped out, of Toledo for perjury.

Mendoza Next, condemned to the Galleys for piltery, to the bull’s pizzle.

Metaldi And after called to the Inquisition, for Apostasy.

Pachieco Are not you he that rather than you durst go an industrious voyage being pressed to the Islands, skulked till the fleet was gone, and then earned your royal a day by squiring punks, and punklings up and down the City?

Lazarillo Are not you a Portugese born, descended o’ the Moors, and came hither into Seville with your Master, an errant Tailor, in your red Bonnet, and your Blue Jacket lousy: though now your blockhead be covered with the Spanish Block, and your lashed Shoulders with a Velvet Pee?

Pachieco Are not you he, that have been of thirty callings, yet ne’er a one lawful? that being a Chandler first, professed sincerity, and would sell no man Mustard to his beef on the Sabbath, and yet sold Hypocrisy all your life time?

Metaldi Are not you he, that were since a Surgeon to the Stews, and undertook to cure what the Church itself could not, strumpets that rise to your Office by being a great Don’s Bawd?

Lazarillo That commit men nightly, offenseless, for the gain of a groat a Prisoner, which your Beadle seems to put up, when you share three pence?

Mendoza Are not you he, that is a kisser of men, in drunkenness, and a bewrayer in sobriety?

Alguazier Diabolo: they’ll rail me into the Galleys again.

Pachieco Yes Signior, thou art even he we speak of all this while: thou mayst by thy place now, lay us by the heels: ’tis true: but take heed, be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own head: for never was there such an Anatomy, as we shall make thee then: be wise therefore, Oh thou Child of the night! be friends and shake hands, thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder: remember
thy worshipful function, a Constable though thou
turn'st day into night, and night into day, what of that?
watch less, and pray more: gird thy bear's skin (viz.
thy Rug-gown) to thy loins, take thy staff in thy
hand, and go 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:

    Lazarillo   Would you have whores and thieves lodged in
such a house?
    Pachieco  They ever do so: I have found a thief, or a
whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furnish
me.
    Lazarillo   But why do they lodge there?
    Pachieco  That they may be safe, and forthcoming: for
in the morning usually the thief is sent to the Goal,
and the whore prostrates herself to the Justice.
    Mendoza  Admirable Pachieco.
    Metaldi  Thou Cobbler of Christendom.
    Alguazier  There is no railing with these rogues: I will
close with 'em, till I can cry quittance: why Signiors,
and my honest neighbors, will you impute that as a
neglect of my friends, which is an imperfection in me? I
have been Sand-blind from my infancy: to make you
amends, you shall sup with me.
    Lazarillo   Shall we sup with ye sir? O' my conscience,
they have wronged the Gentleman extremely,
    Alguazier  And after supper, I have a project to employ
you in shall make you drink, and eat merrily this month:
I am a little knavish: why and do not I know all you
to be knaves?
    Pachieco  I grant you, we are all knaves, and will be your
knaves: But, oh, while you live, take heed of being a
proud knave.
    Alguazier  On then pass: I will bear out my staff, and my
staff shall bear out me.
    Lazarillo   Oh Lazarillo, thou art going to supper.   Exeunt.

    Scaena Secunda.

    Enter Lucio, and Bobadilla.

    Lucio  Pray be not angry.
I am angry, and I will be angry diablo: what should you
do in the Kitchen, cannot the Cooks lick their fingers
without your overseeing? nor the maids make pottage,
except your dogshad be in the pot? Don Lucio, Don
Quot-quean, Don Spinster, wear a Petticoat still, and
put on your smock a' monday: I will have a badie o'
cloths made for it, like a great girl: nay, if you will needs
be starching of Ruffs, and sewing of black-work, I will
of a mild, 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.

   Lucio   What would you have me do? this scurvy sword
So galls my thigh: I would 'twere burnt: pish, look
This cloak will ne’er keep on: these boots too hidebound,

Make me walk stiff, as if my legs were frozen,
And my Spurs jingle, like a Morris-dancer:
Lord, how my head aches, with this roguish hat;
This masculine attire, is most uneasy,
I am bound up in it: I had rather walk
In folio, again, loose, like a woman.

   Bobadilla   In Foolio, had you not?
Thou mock to heaven, and nature, and thy Parents,
Thou tender Leg of Lamb; Oh, how he walks
As if he had bepissed himself, and fleers!
Is this a gate for the young Cavalier,
   Don Lucio, Son and heir to Alvarez?
Has it a corn? or does it walk on conscience,
It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways,
Suppose me now your Father’s foe, Vitelli,
And spying you i’ th’ street, thus I advance,
I twist my Beard, and then I draw my sword.

   Lucio   Alas.

   Bobadilla   And thus accost thee: traitorous brat,
How durst thou thus confront me? impious twig
Of that old stock, dewed with my kinsman’s gore,
Draw, for i’ll quarter thee in pieces four.

   Lucio   Nay, Prithee Bobadilla, leave thy fooling,
Put up thy sword, I will not meddle with ye;
Ay, justle me, I care not: I’ll not draw,
Pray be a quiet man.

   Bobadilla   Do ye hear: answer me, as you would do
   Don Vitelli, or i’ll be so bold as to lay the pommel of my
sword over the hilts of your head, my name’s Vitelli, and
i’ll have the wall.

   Lucio   Why then i’ll have the kennel: what a coil you keep?
Signior, what happened ’twixt Sire and your
Kinsman, was long before I saw the world,
No fault of mine, nor will I justify
My Father’s crimes: forget sir, and forgive,
’Tis Christianity: I pray put up your sword,
I’ll give you any satisfaction
That may become a Gentleman; however
I hope you are bred to more humanity
Than to revenge my Father’s wrong on me
That crave your love, and peace: law you now Zancho
Would not this quiet him, were he ten Vitellies.

Bobadilla 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 ears, beat out thine eyes, and set thee in one of the Peartrees for a scarecrow: As I am Vitelli, I am satisfied but as I am Bobadilla Spindola Zancho, Steward of the house, and thy father’s servant, I could find in my heart to lop off the hinder part of thy face, or to beat all thy teeth into thy mouth: Oh thou whey-blooded milksop, I’ll wait upon thee no longer, thou shalt even wait upon me: come your ways sir, I shall take a little pains with ye else.

Clara Where art thou Brother Lucio? ran tan tan ta ran tan tan tan, ta ran tan tan tan. Oh, I shall no more see those golden days, these clothes will never fadge with me: a — O’ this filthy vardingale, this hip hap: brother why are women’s haunches only limited, confined, hooped in, as it were with these same scurvye vardingales?

Bobadilla Because women’s haunches only are most subject to display and fly out.

Clara Bobadilla, rogue, ten Ducats, I hit the prepuce of thy Codpiece.

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

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Clara Brother? and wherefore thus?

Lucio Why, Master Steward here, Signior Zancho, made me change: he does nothing but misuse me, and call me Coward, and swears I shall wait upon him.

Bobadilla Well: I do no more than I have authority for: would I were away though: for she’s as much too mannish, 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 Madam, I am as well to mollify you, as to qualify him: what have you to do with Armors, and Pistols, and Javelins, and swords, and such tools? remember Mistress; nature hath given you a sheath only, to signify women are to put up men’s weapons, not to draw them: look you now, it this a fit trot for a Gentlewomman? You shall see the Court Ladies move like Goddesses, as if they trod air; they will swim you their measures, like whiting-mops as if their feet were fins, and the hinges of their knees oiled: do they love to ride great horses, as you do? no, they love to ride great asses sooner: faith, I know not what to
say to ye both: Custom hath turned nature topsy-turvy in you.

Clara Nay but Master Steward.

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

Clara Signior Spindle, will you hear me,

Bobadilla He that shall come to bestride your virginity, had better be afoot o’er the Dragon.

Clara Very well.

Bobadilla Did ever Spanish Lady pace so?

Clara Hold these a little.

Lucio I’ll not touch ’em, I.

Clara First do I break your Office o’er your pate, You Dog-skin-faced-rogue, pilcher, you poor John, Which I will be at to Stockfish.

Lucio Sister.

Bobadilla Madam.

Clara You Cittern-head, who have you talked to, ha? You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanced Cur.

Bobadilla By this hand, I’ll bang your brother for this, when I get him alone.

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

Bobadilla Softly y’ had best.

Clara Now, thou lean, dried, and ominous visaged knave, Thou false and peremptory Steward, pray, For I will hang thee up in thine own Chain.

Lucio Good Sister, do not choke him.

Bobadilla Murder, murder.

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

’Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one Spain’s Champion ne’er used truer: with this Staff Old Alvarez has led up men so close, They could almost spit in the Cannon’s mouth, Whilst I with that, and this, well mounted, scurred A Horse-troop through, and through, like swift desire; And seen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gashed Like bleeding Shads.

Lucio ’Bless us, Sister Clara,

How desperately you talk: what do ye call This Gun a dag?

Clara I’ll give ’t thee: a French petronel:

You never saw my Barbary, the Infanta Bestowed upon me, as yet Lucio?

Walk down, and see it

Lucio What into the Stable?
Not I, the Jades will kick: the poor Groom there
Was almost spoiled the other day.

   Clara   Fie on thee,
Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.

   Lucio   When will you be a woman?
   Clara   Would I were none.

But nature’s privy Seal assures me one.

   Alvarez   Thou anger’st me: can strong habitual custom
Work with such Magic on the mind, and manners
In spite of sex and nature? find out sirrah,
Some skilful fighter.

   Bobadilla   Yes sir.
   Alvarez   I will rectify,
And redeem either’s proper inclination,
Or Bray ’em in a mortar, and new mold ’em.

   Bobadilla   Believe your eyes sir; I tell you, we wash an Ethiop. Exit.
   Clara   I strike it for ten Ducats.
   Alvarez   How now Clara,
Your breeches on still? and your petticoat
Not yet off Lucio? art thou not gelt?
Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,
That lay here Lieger in the last great frost?
Art not thou Clara, turned a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
I’ll have you searched by —, I strongly doubt;
We must have these things mended: come go in.

   Enter Vitelli, and Bobadilla.
   Bobadilla   With Lucio say you? there is for you.
   Vitelli   And there is for thee.
   Bobadilla   I thank you: you have now bought a little advice
Of me; if you chance to have conference with that
Lady there, be very civil, or look to your head: she has
Ten nails, and you have but two eyes: If any foolish
Hot motions should chance to rise in the horizon
Under your equinoctial there, qualify it as well as
You can, for I fear the elevation of your pole will
Not agree with the Horoscope of her constitution:
She is Bell the Dragon I assure you.

   Vitelli   Are you the Lucio, sir, that saved Vitelli?
   Lucio   Not I indeed sir, I did never brabble;
There walks that Lucio, metamorphosed.

   Vitelli   Do ye mock me?
   Clara   No, he does not: I am that
Suposed Lucio, that was but Clara,
That is, and daughter unto Alvarez.

   Vitelli   Amazement daunts me; would my life were riddles,
So you were still my fair Expositor:
Protected by a Lady from my death.
Oh I shall wear an everlasting blush
Upon my cheek from this discovery:
On you the fairest Soldier, I e’er saw;
Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy shield
Conquers, without blows, the contentious.

   Clara    Sir, guard yourself, you are in your enemy’s house,
   And may be injured.

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

Thus you, that saved this wretched life of mine,
Have saved it to the ruin of your friends.
That my affections should promiscuously
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily?
Pray let me kiss your hand.

   Clara    You are treacherous,
   And come to do me mischief.

   Vitelli   Speak on still:
Your words are falser (fair) than my intents,
And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for
Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,
I do desire to hear you.

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

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

   Clara    A favor fir?
Why I will give ye good council.

   Vitelli   That already
You have bestowed. a Ribbon, or a Glove.

    Clara    Nay those are tokens for a waiting maid
To trim the Butler with.

    Vitelli  Your feather.
    Clara    Fie; the wenches give them to their Serving-men.
    Vitelli  That little ring.
    Clara    ’Twill hold you but by th’ finger;
And I would have you faster.

    Vitelli  Any thing
That I may wear, and but remember you.

    Clara    This smile: my good opinion, or myself.
But that it seems you like not.

    Vitelli  Yes, so well:
When any smiles, I will remember yours;
Your good opinion shall in weight poise me
Against a thousand ill: Lastly, yourself,
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I will wear you, till the Table break.
So, whitest Angels guard you.

    Clara    Stay sir, I
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not disdain to wear.

    Vitelli  What’s that?
    Clara    This Sword.
I never heard a man speak till this hour.
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The Lioness hath met a tamer here;
Fie, how his tongue chimes: what was I saying?
Oh: this favor I bequeath you, which I tie
In a love-knot, fast, ne’er 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 vowed, who purchased it, should have me too.

    Vitelli  would that were possible: but alas it is not;
Yet this assure yourself, most honored Clara,
I’ll not infringe an Article of breath
My vow hath offered to ye: nor from this part

    Clara    whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart.
Exit.

    Clara    Oh leave me living: what new exercise
Is crept into my breast, that blancheth clean
My former nature? I begin to find
I am a woman, and must learn to fight
A softer sweeter battle, than with Swords.
I am sick methinks, but the disease I feel
Pleaseth, and punisheth: I warrant love
Is very like this, that folks talk 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.

Actus tertius, Scaena prima.

Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.

Malroda  He must not? nor he shall not, who shall let him?
You? politic Diego, with your face of wisdom;
Don-bliirt, the — on your aphorisms,
Your grave, and sage Ale physiognomy:
Do not I know thee for the Alguazier
Whose dunghill all the Parish Scavengers
Could never rid? thou Comedy to men,
Whose serious folly is a butt for all
To shoot their wits at; whilst thou hast not wit,
Nor heart, to answer, or be angry.

Alguazier  Lady.

Malroda  Peace, peace, you rotten rogue, supported by
A staff of rottener office: dare you check
Any’s accesses, that I will allow?
Pioratto is my friend, and visits me
In lawful sort to espouse me as his wife;
And who will cross, or shall our interviews?
You know me sirrah, for no Chambermaid,
That cast her belly, and her waistcoat lately;
Thou thinkest thy Constableship is much: not so,
I am ten offices to thee: Ay, thy house,
Thy house, and Office is maintained by me.

Alguazier  My house of office is maintained i’ th’ garden:
Go to, I know you, and I have contrived;
Y’ are a delinquent, but I have contrived
A poison, though not in the third degree:
I can say, blacks your eye, though it be gray;
I have connived 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 business,
Sweet breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush:
Yet I must tell you; you forget yourself,
My Lord Vitelli’s love, and maintenance
Deserves no other Jack-in-the-box, but he:
What though he gathered first the golden fruit,
And blew your pigscoat up into a blister,
When you did wait at Court upon his mother;
Has he not well provided for the bairn?
Beside, what profit reap I by the other?
If you will have me serve your pleasure, Lady,
Your pleasure must accommodate my service;
As good be virtuous and poor, as not
Thrive by my knavery: all the world would be
Good, prospered goodness like to villainy.
I am the King’s vicegerent by my place;

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His right Lieutenant in mine own precinct.

   Malroda    Thou art a right rascal in all men’s precincts;
Yet now my pair of twins, of fool, and knave,
Look we are friends; there’s Gold for thee, admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my Don;
And I will make thee richer than thou art wise:
Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer:
Thy children shall eat still my good night Owl,
And thy old wife sell Andirons to the Court,
Be countenanced by the Dons, and wear a hood,
Nay keep my garden-house; I’ll call her mother,
Thee father, my good poisonous red-haired Dill,
And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile Island of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an Indian Queen.

   Alguazier    And I will be thy devil, thou my flesh,
With which I’ll catch the world.

   Malroda    Fill some Tobacco,
And bring it in: if Pioratto come
Before my Don, admit him; if my Don
Before my Love, conduct him, my dear devil.          Exit.

   Alguazier    I will my dear flesh: first come, first served. Well said.
O equal Heaven, how wisely thou disposest
Thy several gifts? one’s born a great rich fool,
For the subordinate knave to work upon:
Another’s poor, with wit’s addition,
Which well or ill used, builds a living up;
And that too from the Sire oft descends:
Only fair virtue, by traduction
Never succeeds, and seldom meets success;
What have I then to do with ’t? My free will
Left me by Heaven, makes me or good, or ill:
Now since vice gets more in this vicious world
Then piety, and my stars confluence
Enforce my disposition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practice
War, and grow that Way great: religious,
And that way good: my chief felicity
Is wealth the nurse of sensuality:
And he that mainly labors to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and claw a Strumpet’s itch.  

Exit.

Scaena secunda.

Enter Pioratto, and Bobadilla, with Letters.

Pioratto  To say sir, I will wait upon your Lord,
Were not to understand myself.

Bobadilla  To say sir
You will do any thing but wait upon him,
Were not to understand my Lord.

Pioratto  I’ll meet him
Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His son a man again: the cure is easy,
I have done divers.

Bobadilla  Women do ye mean, sir?

Pioratto  Cures I do mean sir: be there but one spark
Of fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my discourse I’ll blow it to a flame;
And with my practice, into action:
I have had one so full of childish fear,
And womanish hearted sent to my advice,
He durst not draw a Knife to cut his meat.

Bobadilla  And how sir, did you help him?

Pioratto  Sir, I kept him
Seven days in a dark room by Candlelight,
A plenteous Table spread with all good meats,
Before his eyes, a case of keen broad Knives,

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

Bobadilla  Good.

Pioratto  Then for ten days did I diet him
Only with burnt Pork sir, and gammons of Bacon;
A pill of Caviary now and then,
Which breeds choler adust you know.

Bobadilla  ’Tis true.

Pioratto  And to purge phlegmatic humor, and cold crudities;
In all that time, he drank me Aqua fortis,
And nothing else but —

Bobadilla  Aqua vite Signior,

For Aqua fortis poisons.

Pioratto  Aqua fortis
I say again: what’s one man’s poison Signior,
Is another’s meat or drink.
Bobadilla  Your patience sir;
By your good patience, he’d a huge cold stomach.
Pioratto  I fired it: and gave him then three sweats
In the Artillery-yard three drilling days:
And now he’ll shoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,
And fight with any man in Christendom.
Bobadilla  A receipt for a coward: I’ll be bold sir
To write your good prescription.
Pioratto  Sir, hereafter
You shall, and underneath it put probatum:
Is your chain right?
Bobadilla  ’Tis both right and just sir;
For though I am a Steward, I did get it
With no man’s wrong.
Pioratto  You are witty.
Bobadilla  So, so.
Could you not cure one sir, of being too rash
And overdaring? there now’s my disease:
Foolhardy as they say, for that in sooth
I am.
Pioratto  Most easily.
Bobadilla  How?
Pioratto  To make you drunk sir,
With small Beer once a day; and beat you twice,
Till you be bruised all over: if that help not,
Knock out your brains.
Bobadilla  This is strong Physic Signior,
And never will agree with my weak body:
I find the med’cine worse than the malady,
And therefore will remain foolhardy still:
You’ll come sir?
Pio:  As I am a Gentleman.
Bobadilla  A man o’ th’ Sword should never break his word.
Pioratto  I’ll overtake you: I have only sir
A complemenatal visitation
To offer to a Mistress lodged here by.
Bobadilla  A Gentlewoman?
Pioratto  Yes sir.
Bobadilla  Fair, and comely?
Pioratto  Oh sir, the Paragon, the Non-pareil
Of Seville, the most wealthy Mine of Spain,
For beauty, and perfection.
Bobadilla  Say you so?
Might not a man entreat a courtesy,
To walk along with you Signior, to peruse
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in ’t Signior?
Ha — I hope you’ll not deny me, being a stranger;
Though I am Steward, I am flesh and blood,
And frail as other men.
Pioratto  Sir, blow your nose:
I dare not for the world: no, she is kept
By a great Don, Vitelli.

Bobadilla    How?

Pioratto    ’Tis true.

Bobadilla    See, things will veer about: this Don Vitelli

Am I to seek now, to deliver Letters

From my young Mistress Clara; and I tell you,

Under the Rose, because you are a stranger,

And my special friend, I doubt there is

A little foolish love betwixt the parties,

Unknown unto my Lord.

Pioratto    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 Madonna Clara,

Which when I come I’ll justify, and relate

More amply, and particularly.

Bobadilla    I approve

Your counsel, and will practice it: beso las manos:

Here’s two chores chored: when wisdom is employed

’Tis ever thus: your more acquaintance, Signior:

I say not better, lest you think, I thought not

Yours good enough.

Exit.

Enter Alguazier.

Pioratto    Your servant excellent Steward.

Would all the Dons in Spain had no more brains,

Here comes the Alguazier: dieu vous guard Monsieur.

Is my coz stirring yet?

Alguazier    Your coz (good cousin?)

A whore is like a fool, akin to all

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

Is gone abroad sir, with her other cousin,

My Lord Vitelli: since when there hath been

Some dozen cousins here to inquire for her.

Pioratto    She’s greatly allied sir.

Alguazier    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 threatened me,

And you must pardon.

Pioratto    Out upon thee man,

Turn honest in thine age? one foot i’ th’ grave?

Thou shalt not wrong thyself so, for a million:

Look, thou three-headed Cerberus (for wit

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

For every chop a hit.

Alguazier    Ay marry sir:

Well, the poor heart loves you but too well.

We have been talking on you ’faith this hour:
Where, what I said, go to: she loves your valor;
Oh and your Music most abominably:
She is within sir, and alone: what mean you?

_Pioratto_  That is your Sergeant’s side, I take it sir;
Now I endure your Constable’s much better;
There is less danger in ’t: for one you know
Is a tame harmless monster in the light,
The Sergeant savage both by day, and night.

_Alguazier_  I’ll call her to you for that.
_Pioratto_  No, I will charm her.  

Enter Malroda.

_Pioratto_  My Spirit.
_Malroda_  Oh my Sweet,

Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet.

_Pioratto_  Turn, turn thy beauteous face away,

How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams?
Oh envious light, fly, fly, be gone,
Come night, and piece two breasts as one;
When what love does, we will repeat in dreams.

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

_Alguazier_  Well, I will leave you to your fortitude;
And you to temperance: ah, ye pretty pair,
’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.

_Malroda_  No, you will not marry:
You are a Courtier, and can sing (my Love)
And want no Mistresses: but yet I care not,
I’ll love you still; and when I am dead for you,
Then you’ll believe my truth.

_Pioratto_  You kill me (fair)
It is my lesson that you speak: have I
In any circumstance deserved this doubt?
I am not like your false and perjured Don
That here maintains you, and has vowed his faith,
And yet attempts in way of marriage
A Lady not far off.

_Malroda_  How’s that?
_Pioratto_  ’Tis so:
And therefore Mistress, now the time is come
You may demand his promise; and I swear
To marry you with speed.

_Malroda_  And with that Gold
Exeunt.

Scaena tertia.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at several doors.

Which Don Vitelli gives, you’ll walk some voyage
And leave me to my trade; and laugh, and brag,
How you o’erreached a whore, and gulled a Lord.

Pioratto You anger me extremely: fare you well.
What should I say to be believed? expose me
To any hazard; or like jealous Juno
(Th’ incensed stepmother of Hercules)
Design me labors most impossible,
I’ll do ’em, or die in ’em; so at last
You will believe me.

Malroda Come, we are friends: I do.
I am thine, walk in: my Lord has sent me outsides,
But thou shalt have ’em, the colors are too sad:

Pioratto ’Faith Mistress, I want clothes indeed.

Malroda I have

Some Gold too, for my servant.

Pioratto And I have

A better mettle for my Mistress.

Exeunt.

Vitelli Malroda敏锐，独自一人?

Alguazier Undone — wit now or never help me: my Master
He will cut my throat, I am a dead Constable;
And he’ll not be hanged neither, there’s the grief:
The party sir is here.

Vitelli What?

Alguazier He was here;
I cry your Lordship mercy: but I rattled him;
I told him here was no companions
For such debauched, and poor-conditioned fellows;
I bid him venture not so desperately
The cropping of his ears, slitting his nose,
Or being gelt.

Vitelli ’Twas well done.

Alguazier Please your honor,
I told him there were Stews, and then at last
Swore three or four great oaths she was removed,
Which I did think I might in conscience,
Being for your Lordship.

Vitelli What became of him?

Alguazier Faith sir, he went away with a flea in ’s ear,

Like a poor cur, clapping his trindle tail
Betwixt his legs. — A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha — now luck.

Enter Malroda and Pioratto.

Malroda ’Tis he, do as I told thee: ’Bless thee Signior.
Oh, my dear Lord.

Vitelli Malroda, what alone?
Malroda She never is alone, that is accompanied
With noble thoughts, my Lord; and mine are such,
Being only of your Lordship.

Vitelli Pretty Lass.

Malroda Oh my good Lord, my picture’s done: but ’faith
It is not like; nay this way sir, the light
Strikes best upon it here.

Pioratto Excellent wench.

Alguazier I am glad the danger’s over.

Vitelli ’Tis wondrous like,
But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
Could make but once.

Malroda All’s clear; another tune
You must hear from me now: Vitelli, thou ’rt
A most peridious and a perjured man,
As ever did usurp Nobility.

Vitelli What meanest thou Malroda?

Malroda Leave your betraying smiles,
And change the tunes of your enticing tongues
To penitential prayers; for I am great
In labor even with anger, big with child
Of woman’s rage, bigger than when my womb
Was pregnant by thee: go seducer, fly
Out of the world, let me the last wretch be
Dishonored by thee: touch me not, I loathe
My very heart, because thou layst there long;
A woman’s well helped up, that’s confident
In e’er a glittering outside on you all:
Would I had honestly been matched to some
Poor Country-swain, ere known the vanity
Of Court: peace then had been my portion,
Nor had been cozened by an hour’s pomp
To be a whore unto my dying day.

Vitelli Oh the uncomfortable ways such women have,
Their different speech and meaning, no assurance
In what they say or do: Dissemblers
Even in their prayers, as if the weeping Greek
That flattered Troy afire had been their Adam;
Liars, as if their mother had been made
Only of all the falsehood of the man,
Disposed into that rib: Do I know this,
And more: nay, all that can concern this Sex,
With the true end of my creation?
Can I with rational discourse sometimes
Advance my spirit into Heaven, before
’T has shook hands with my body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy flesh to master it,
With sight of such fair frail beguiling objects?
When I am absent, easily I resolve
Ne’er more to entertain those strong desires
That triumph o’er me, even to actual sin;
Yet when I meet again those sorcerer’s eyes,
Their beams my hardest resolutions thaw,
As if that cakes of Ice and July met,
And her sighs powerful as the violent North,
Like a light feather twirl me round about
And leave me in mine own low state again.
What ail’st thou? prithee weep not: Oh, those tears
If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise
A flowery spring i’ th’ midst of January:
Celestial Ministers with Crystal cups
Would stoop to save ’em for immortal drink:

But from this passion; why all this?

Malroda Do ye ask?
You are marrying: having made me unfit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters must be my burdens now, to live
And fitting me yourself for Carts, and Beadles
You leave me to ’em: And who of all the world
But the virago, your great Arch-foe’s daughter?
But on: I care not, this poor 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 fear, not love o’ your side.

Vitelli Why how the devil knows she, that I saw
This Lady? are all whores, pieced with some witch?
I will be merry, ’faith ’tis true, sweet heart,
I am to marry?

Malroda Are you? you base Lord.
By — i’ll Pistol thee.

Vitelli A roaring whore?
Take heed, there’s a correction house hard by:
You ha’ learned this o’ your swordman, that I warned you of,
Your fencers, and your drunkards: but whereas
You upbraid me with oaths, why I must tell you
I ne’er promised you marriage, nor have vowed,
But said I loved you, long as you remained
The woman I expected, or you swore,
And how you have failed of that (sweet heart) you know.
You fain would show your power, but fare you well,
I’ll keep no more faith with an infidel.

Malroda Nor I my bosom for a Turk: do ye hear?
Go, and the devil take me, if ever
I see you more: I was too true.

Vitelli Come, pish:
That devil take the falsest of us two.

Malroda Amen.
Vitelli You are an ill Clerk; and curse yourself: Madness transports you: I confess, I drew you Unto my will: but you must know that must not Make me dote on the habit of my sin. I will, to settle you to your content, Be master of my word: and yet he lied That told you I was marrying, but in thought: But will you slave me to your tyranny So cruelly I shall not dare to look Or speak to other women? make me not Your smock’s Monopoly: come, let’s be friends: Look, here’s a Jewel for thee: I will come At night, and —

Malroda What i’ faith: you shall not sir.

Vitelli ’Faith, and troth, and verily, but I will

Malroda Half drunk, to make a noise, and rail?

Vitelli No, no,

Sober, and dieted for the nonce: I am thine, I have won the day.

Malroda The night (though) shall be mine.

Exeunt.

Scaena quarta.

Enter Clara, and Bobadilla with Letters.

Clara What said he sirrah?

Bobadilla Little, or nothing: faith I saw him not, Nor will not: he doth love a strumpet, Mistress, Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the Constable’s nose, It shall be justified by the Gentleman Your brother’s Master, that is now within A-practicing: there are your Letters: come You shall not cast yourself away, while I live,

Nor will I venture my right worshipful place In such a business — here’s your Mother: down: And he that loves you: another ’gates fellow, I wish If you had any grace.

Clara Well rogue.

Bobadilla I’ll in, to see Don Lucio manage: he’ll make A pretty piece of flesh; I promise you, He does already handle his weapon finely.

Eugenia She knows your love sir, and the full allowance Her Father and myself approve it with, And I must tell you, I much hope it hath Wrought some impression, by her alteration; She sighs, and says forsooth, and cries heigh ho, She’ll take ill words o’ th’ Steward, and the Servants, Yet answer affably, and modestly:
Things sir, not usual with her: there she is,
Change some few words.

    Sayavedra  Madam, I am bound to ye;

How now, fair Mistress, working?

    Clara     Yes forsooth,

Learning to live another day.

    Sayavedra  That needs not.
    Clara    No forsooth: by my truly but it does,

We know not what we may come to.

    Eugenia  ’Tis strange.
    Sayavedra  Come, I ha’ begged leave for you to play.
    Clara    Forsooth
’Tis ill for a fair Lady to be idle.

    Sayavedra  She had better be well-busied, I know that.

Turtle: methinks you mourn, shall I sit by you?

    Clara    If you be weary sir, you had best be gone
(I work not a true stitch) now you’re my mate.

    Sayavedra  If I be so, I must do more than side you.
    Clara    Even what you will, but tread me.
    Sayavedra  Shall we bill?
    Clara    Oh no, forsooth.
    Sayavedra  Being so fair, my Clara,

Why do ye delight in black-work?

    Clara    Oh white sir,

The fairest Ladies like the blackest men:
I ever loved the color: all black things
Are least subject to change.

    Sayavedra  Why, I do love
A black thing too: and the most beauteous faces
Have oftest of them: as the blackest eyes,
Jet-arched brows, such hair: i’ll kiss your hand.

    Clara    ’Twill hinder me work my sir: and my Mother
Will chide me, if I do not do my task.
    Sayavedra  Your Mother, nor your Father shall chide: you
Might have a prettier task, would you be ruled,
And look with open eyes.

    Clara    I stare upon you:
And broadly see you: a wondrous proper man,
Yet ’twere a greater task for me to love you
Than I shall ever work sir, in seven year,
— o’ this stitching, I had rather feel
Two, then sew one: — this rogue has given me a stitch
Clean cross my heart: good faith sir: I shall prick you.

    Sayavedra  In gooder faith, I would prick you again.
    Clara    Now you grow troublesome: pish; the man is, foolish
    Sayavedra  Pray wear these trifles.
    Clara    Neither you, nor trifles,
You are a trifle, wear yourself, sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.

    Sayavedra  Come; you’re deceived in me, I will not wake,
Nor fast, nor die for you.
Clara  Goose, be not you deceived,
I can not like, nor love, nor live with you,

Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.
Eugenia  Her old fit.
Sayavedra  Sure, this is not the way: nay, I will break
Your melancholy.
Clara  I shall break your pate then,
Away, you sanguine scabbard.
Eugenia  Out upon thee
Thou ’lt break my heart, I am sure.
Sayavedra  She’s not yet tame.
Alvarez  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 days
A Chevalier would stock a needle’s point
Three times together: straight i’ th’ hams?
Or shall I give ye new Garters?
Bobadilla  Faith old Master.
There’s little hope: the linen sure was dank
He was begot in, he’s so faint, and cold:
Even send him to Toledo, there to study,
For he will never fadge with these Toledos;
Bear ye up your point there; pick his teeth: Oh base.
Pioratto  Fie: you are the most untoward Scholar: bear
Your body gracefully: what a posture’s there?
You lie too open breasted.
Lucio  Oh!
Pioratto  You’d never
Make a good Statesman:
Lucio  Pray no more.
I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not
The practice of these dangerous qualities,
I do not mean to live by ’t; for I trust
You’ll leave me better able.
Alvarez  Not a Button:
Eugenia, Let’s go get us a new heir.
Eugenia  Ay by my troth: your daughter’s as untoward.
Alvarez  I will break thee bone by bone, and bake thee,
Ere i’ll ha’ such a wooden Son, to inherit:
Take him a good knock; see how that will work.
Pioratto  Now, for your life Signior:
Lucio  Oh: alas, I am killed
My eye is out: look Father: Zancho: —
I’ll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.
Clara  ’Heart: ne’er a rogue in Spain shall wrong my brother
Whilst I can hold a sword.
Pioratto    Hold, Madam, Madam.
Alvarez    Clara.
Eugenia    Daughter.
Bobadilla    Mistress:
Pioratto    Bradamante.

Hold, hold I pray.

Alvarez    The devil’s in her, o’ the other side: sure,
There’s Gold for you: they have changed what-ye-call’t’s:
Will no cure help? well, I have one experiment,
And if that fail, I’ll hang him, then here’s an end on ’t.
Come you along with me: and you sir:

Bobadilla    Now are you going to drowning. Alvarez Eugenia Lucio
Sayavedra    I’ll even along with ye: she’s too great a Lady

For me, and would prove more than my match.

Clara    You’re he spoke of Vitelli to the Steward?
Pioratto    Yes: and I thank you, you have beat me for ’t.
Clara    But are you sure you do not wrong him?
Pioratto    Sure?

So sure, that if you please venture yourself
I’ll show you him, and his Cockatrice together,
And you shall hear ’em talk.

Clara    Will you? by — sir
You shall endear me ever: and I ask
You mercy.

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Pioratto    You were somewhat boisterous.

Clara    There’s Gold to make you amends: and for this pains,
I’ll gratify you further: i’ll but mask me
And walk along with ye: faith let’s make a night on ’t. Exit.

Scaena quinta.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza.

Metaldi, Lazarillo.

Alguazier    Come on my brave water-spaniels: you that
hunt Ducks in the night: and hide more knavery under
your gowns then your betters: observe my precepts,
and edify by my doctrine: at yond corner will I set you;
if drunkards molest the street, and fall to brabbling, knock
you down the malefactors, and take you up their cloaks
and hats, and bring them to me: they are lawful prisoners,
and must be ransomed ere they receive liberty:
what else you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently
know: and therefore I abbreviate my Lecture.

Metaldi    We are wise enough, and warm enough.
Mendoza    Vice this night shall be apprehended.
Pachieco    The terror of rug-gowns shall be known: and our bills
Discharge us of after reckonings.
Lazarillo  I will do any thing, so I may eat.

Pachiego  Lazarillo, We will spend no more; now we are
grown worse, we will live better: let us follow our
calling faithfully.

Alguazier  Away, then the Commonwealth is our Mistress: and who
Would serve a common Mistress, but to gain by her?

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scaena prima.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anastro,
and two Pages with lights.

Lamoral  I pray you see the Masque, my Lord,

Anastro  ’Tis early night yet.

Genevora  O if it be so late, take me along:
I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your presence
To be my warrant.

Vitelli  You might spare this, Sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is
By your allowance, and his choice, your Servant,
And may my council and persuasion work it,
Your husband speedily: For your entertainment
My thanks; I will not rob you of the means
To do your Mistress some acceptable service
In waiting on her to my house.

Genevora  My Lord,

Vitelli  As you respect me, without further trouble
Retire, and taste those pleasures prepared for you,
And leave me to my own ways.

Lamoral  When you please sir.  Exeunt.

Scaena secunda.

Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.

Malroda  You’ll leave my Chamber?

Alguazier  Let us but bill once,
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my office
Will be thy slaves forever.

Malroda  Are you so hot?

Alguazier  But taste the difference of a man in place,
You’ll find that when authority pricks him forward,
Your Don, nor yet your Diego comes not near him
To do a Lady right: no men pay dearer
For their stol’n sweets, than we: three minutes trading
Affords to any sinner a protection
For three years after: think on that, I burn;
But one drop of your bounty.

Malroda  Hence you rogue,
Am I fit for you? is ’t not grace sufficient
To have your staff, a bolt to bar the door
Where a Don enters, but that you’ll presume
To be his taster?

Alguazier  Is no more respect
Due to this rod of justice?

Malroda  Do you dispute?
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
— If you do, my Lord Vitelli knows it.

Alguazier  Why I am big enough to answer him,
Or any man.

Malroda  ’Tis well.
Vitelli within.

Vitelli  There’s for thy care
Alguazier  I am mad, stark mad: proud Pagan scorn her host
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her,

Enter Pioratto and Clara, above.

I’d wish no manhood else.

Malroda  What’s that?
Alguazier  I am gone.

Pioratto  You see, I have kept my word.

Clara  But in this object
Hardly deserved my thanks.

Pioratto  Is there aught else
You will command me?

Clara  Only your sword
Which I must have: nay willingly I yet know
To force it, and to use it.

Pioratto  ’Tis yours Lady.

Clara  I ask no other guard.

Pioratto  If so I leave you:
And now, if that the Constable keep his word,
A poorer man may chance to gull a Lord.

Malroda  By this good — you shall not.
Vitelli  By this —
I must, and will, Malroda; What do you make
A stranger of me?

Malroda  I’ll be so to you,
And you shall find it.

Vitelli These are your old arts
T’ endear the game you know I come to hunt for,
Which I have borne too coldly.

Malroda Do so still,
For if I heat you, hang me.

Vitelli If you do not
I know who’ll starve for ’t: why, thou shame of women,
Whose folly, or whose impudence is greater
Is doubtful to determine; this to me
That know thee for a whore.

Malroda And made me one,
Remember that.

Vitelli Why should I but grow wise
And tie that bounty up, which nor discretion
Nor honor can give way too; thou wouldst be
A Bawd ere twenty, and within a month
A barefoot, lousy, and diseased whore,
And shift thy lodgings oftener than a rogue
That’s whipped from post to post.

Malroda Pish: all our College
Know you can rail well in this kind.

Clara For me
He never spake so well.

Vitelli I have maintained thee
The envy of great fortunes, made thee shine
As if thy name were glorious: stuck thee full
Of jewels, as the firmament of Stars,
And in it made thee so remarkable
That it grew questionable, whether virtue poor,
Or vice so set forth as it is in thee,
Were even by modesty’s self to be preferred,
And am I thus repaid?
You are still my debtor;
Can this (though true) be weighed with my lost honor,
Much less my faith? I have lived private to you,
And but for you, had ne’er known what lust was,
Nor what the sorrow for ’t.

Vitelli ’Tis false.

Malroda ’Tis true,
But how returned by you, thy whole life being
But one continued act of lust, and Shipwrack
Of women’s chastities.

Vitelli But that I know
That she that dares be damned dares any thing,
I should admire thy tempting me: but presume not
On the power you think you hold o’er my affections,
It will deceive you: yield, and presently
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou must quench
I’ll make a forcible entry.

Malroda  Touch me not:
You know I have a throat, — if you do
I will cry out a rape, or sheath this here,
Ere i’ll be kept, and used for Julep-water
T’ allay the heat which luscious meats and wine
And not desire hath raised.

Vitelli  A desperate devil,
My blood commands my reason: I must take
Some milder way.

Malroda  I hope (dear 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 do 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 looks show he is coming.

Vitelli  Come this needs not,
Especially to me: you know how dear
I ever have esteemed you.

Clara  Lost again.

Vitelli  That any sight of yours, hath power to change
My strongest resolution, and one tear
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all mankind
Should kneel in vain for.

Malroda  Pray you pardon those
That need your favor, or desire it

Vitelli  Prithee.

Be better tempered: I’ll pay as a forfeit
For my rash anger, this purse filled with Gold.
Thou shalt have servants, gowns, attires, what not?
Only continue mine.

Malroda  ’Twas this I fished for
Vitelli  Look on me, and receive it.

Malroda  Well, you know
My gentle nature, and take pride t’ abuse it:
You see a trifle pleases me, we are friends;
This kiss, and this confirms it.

Clara  With my ruin.

Malroda  I’ll have this diamond; and this pearl.

Vitelli  They are yours.
Malroda  But will you not, when you have what you came for,
Take them from me tomorrow? 'tis a fashion
Your Lords of late have used.

Vitelli  But I'll not follow.

Clara  That any man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance.

Vitelli  Shall we to bed now?

Malroda  Instantly, Sweet: yet now I think on 't better
There's something first that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.

Clara  Can I cry ay me,
To this against myself? I'll break this match,
Or make it stronger with my blood.

Descends.

Enter Alguazier, Pioratto, Pachieco, Metaldi,
Mendoza, Lazarillo, Etc.

Alguazier  I am yours,
A Don's not privileged here more than yourself,
Win her, and wear her.

Pioratto  Have you a Priest ready?

Alguazier  I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have
Married this scornful whore to this poor gallant.
She will make suit to me; there is a trick
To bring a high-priced wench upon her knees:
For you my fine neat Harpies stretch your talons
And prove yourselves true night-Birds.

Pachieco  Take my word
For me and all the rest.

Lazarillo  If there be meat
Or any banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow myself.

Alguazier  When they are drawn,
Rush in upon 'em: all's fair 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 find me.

Metaldi  There look for us.

Vitelli  Who's that?

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

Vitelli  I am gulled,
First cheated of my Jewels, and then laughed at:
Sirrah, what make you here?

Pioratto  A business brings me,
More lawful than your own,

Vitelli  How's that, you slave?

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

Vitelli  I'll tread upon
The face you dote on, strumpet.

Enter Clara.

Pachieco   Keep the peace there.
Vitelli   A plot upon my life too?

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Metaldi   Down with him.
Clara   Show your old valor, and learn from a woman,
One Eagle has a world of odds against
A flight of Daws, as these are.
Pioratto   Get you off,
I’ll follow instantly.
Pachieco   Run for more help there.
Vitelli   Loss of my gold, and jewels, and the wench too
Clara
Afflicts me not
so much, as th’ having Clara
The witness of my weakness.
Clara   He turns from me,
And yet I may urge merit, since his life
Is made my second gift.
Vitelli   May I ne’er prosper
If I know how to thank her.
Clara   Sir, your pardon
For pressing thus beyond a Virgin’s bounds
Upon your privacies: and let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be th’ excuse
Of my soliciting that from you, which shall not
Be granted on my part, although desired
By any other: sir, you understand me,
And ’twould show nobly in you, to prevent
From me a farther boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Though with my loss of blushes, and good name.
Vitelli   Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful
If it were possible I could affect
The Daughter of an enemy.
Clara   That fair false one
Whom with fond dotage you have long pursued
Had such a father: she to whom you pay
Dearer for your dishonor, than all titles
Ambitious men hunt for are worth.
Vitelli   ’Tis truth.
Clara   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, used as a property
To give a safe protection to her lust,
Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.
Vitelli   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 wear your petticoat, for you will have
My breeches from me.

    Clara    Rather from this hour
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And will esteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a woman: love, true love
Hath made a search within me, and expelled
All but my natural softness, and made perfect
That which my parents care could not begin.
I will show strength in nothing, but my duty,
And glad desire to please you, and in that
Grow every day more able.

    Vitelli  Could this be,
What a brave race might I beget? I find
A kind of yielding; and no reason why
I should hold longer out: she’s young, and fair,
And chaste for sure, but with her leave the Devil
Durst not attempt her: Madam, though you have
A Soldier’s arm, your lips appear as if
They were a Lady’s.

    Clara    They dare sir from you
Endure the trial.

    Vitelli  Ha: once more I pray you:
The best I ever tasted; and ’tis said
I have proved many, ’tis not safe I fear
To ask the rest now: well, I will leave whoring
And luck herein send me with her: worthiest Lady,
I’ll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If e’er I many, as I’ll not forswear it)
Tell you, you are my wife.

    Clara    Which if you do,
From me all mankind women, learn to woo.    Exeunt.

    Scaena Tertia.

    Enter Alguazier, Pachiego, Metaldi,
    Mendoza, Lazarillo.

    Alguazier  A cloak? good purchase, and rich hangers? well,
We’ll share ten Pistolets a man

    Lazarillo  Yet still
I am monstrous hungry: could you not deduct
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase
Eight loins of Veal, and some two dozen of Capons?

    Pachiego  O strange proportion for five.
Lazarillo For five? I have
A legion in my stomach that have kept
Perpetual fast these ten years: for the Capons,
They are to me but as so many black Birds:
May I but eat once, and be satisfied,
Let the fates call me, when my ship is fraught,
And I shall hang in peace.

Alguazier Steal well tonight,
And thou shalt feed tomorrow; so now you are
Yourselves again, I’ll raise another watch
To free you from suspicion: set on any
You meet with boldly: I’ll not be far off,
’T assist you, and protect you.

Metaldi O brave officer.

Enter Alvarez, Lucio, Bobadilla.

Pachieco Would every ward had one but so well given,
And we would watch for rug, in gowns of velvet.

Mendoza Stand close: a prize.

Metaldi Satin, and gold Lace, Lads.

Alvarez Why dost thou hang upon me?

Lucio ’Tis so dark
I dare not see my way: for heaven’s sake father
Let us go home.

Bobadilla No, even here we’ll leave you:
Let’s run away from him, my Lord.

Lucio Oh ’las.

Alvarez Thou hast made me mad: and I will beat thee dead
Then bray thee in a mortar, and now mold thee
But I will alter thee.

Bobadilla ’Twill never be:
He has been three days practising to drink,
Yet still he sips, like to a waiting woman,
And looks as he were murdering of a fart
Among wild Irish swaggerers.

Lucio I have still
Your good word, Zancho, father.

Alvarez Milksop coward;
No house of mine receives thee: I disclaim thee,
Thy mother; on her knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.

Lucio Pray you speak for me.

Bobadilla I would; but now I cannot with mine honor.

Alvarez There’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 will cut thy hamstrings.

Pachieco  This makes for us
Alvarez  What dost thou do now?
Lucio  Sir, I am saying my prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

Enter Lamoral, Genevora, Anastro, and
Pages with lights.

Lamoral  Madam, I fear
You’ll wish you had used your coach: your brother’s house
Is yet far off.

Genevora  The better sir: this walk
Will help digestion after your great supper,
Of which I have fed largely.

Alvarez  To your task,
Or else you know what follows:

Lucio  I am dying:
Now Lord have mercy on me: by your favor,
Sir I must strike you.

Lamoral  For what cause?

Lucio  I know not:
And I must likewise talk with that young Lady,
An hour in private.

Lamoral  What you must, is doubtful,
But I am certain sir, I must beat you.

Lucio  Help, help.

Alvarez  Not strike again?

Lamoral  How, Alvarez?

Anastro  This for my Lord Vitell’s love.

Pachieco  Break out,
And like true thieves, make pray on either side,
But seem to help the stranger.

Bobadilla  Oh my Lord,

They have beat him on his knees.

Lucio  Though I want courage:
I yet have a son’s duty in me, and
Compassion of a father’s danger; that,
That wholly now possesses me.

Alvarez  Lucio.

This is beyond my hope.

Metaldi  So Lazarillo,

Take up all boy: well done.

Pachieco  And now steal off
Closely, and cunningly.

Anastro  How? have I found you?

Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make yourselves
A prey to Rogues?

Lamoral  Would we were off.

Bobadilla  Thieves, thieves.
Enter Alguazier, Assistante and other Watches.

Lamoral Defer our own contention: and down with them.

Lucio I’ll make you sure.

Bobadilla Now he plays the Devil.

Genevora This place is not for me. Exit.

Lucio I’ll follow her.

Half of my penance is passed o’er. Exit.

Exit with Bobadilla

Lamoral The assistance shall hear of ’t be assured.

Anastro And if he be

That careful Governor he is reported,

You will smart for it.

Alguazier Patience, good Signiors:

Let me survey the Rascals: O, I know them,

And thank you for them: they are pilfering rogues

Of Andaluzia, that have perused

All Prisons in Castile: I dare not trust

The dungeon with them: no, I’ll have them home

To my own house.

Pachieco We had rather go to prison.

Alguazier Had you so dog-holts? yes, I know you had:

You there would use your cunning fingers on

The simple locks; you would: but i’ll prevent you.

Lamoral My Mistress lost? good night. Exit.

Bobadilla Your Son’s gone too,

What should become of him?

Alvarez Come of him, what will:

Now he dares fight, I care not: i’ll to bed:

Look to your prisoners Alguazier. Exit with Bobadilla

Alguazier All’s cleared:

Droop not for one disaster: let us hug,

And triumph in our knaveries.

Assistante This confirms

What was reported of him.

Metaldi ’Twas done bravely.

Alguazier I must a little glory in the means

We officers have, to play the Knaves, and safely:

How we break through the toils, pitched by the Law,

Yet hang up them that are far less delinquents:

A simple shopkeeper’s carted for a bawd
For lodging (though unwittingly) a smock-Gamester: Where, with rewards, and credit I have kept 
Malroda in my house, as in a cloister, 
Without taint, or suspicion.

Pachieco But suppose
The Governor should know 't?

Alguazier 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, tenants at will, 
And pay no rent for 't.

Pachieco Admirable Landlord.

Alguazier Now we'll go search the taverns, commit such 
As we find drinking: and be drunk ourselves 
With what we take from them: these silly wretches 
Whom I for form's sake only have brought hither 
Shall watch without, and guard us.

Assistante And we will. 
See you safe lodged, most worthy Alguazier, 
With all of you his comrades.

Metaldi 'Tis the Governor.

Alguazier We are betrayed? 
Assistante My guard there: bind them fast:

How men in high place, and authority 
Are in their lives and estimation wronged 
By their subordinate Ministers? yet such 
They cannot but employ: wronged justice finding 
Scarce one true servant in ten officers. 
T' expostulate 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 confirm 
However corrupt officers may disgrace

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

Alguazier We'll suffer nobly yet, 
And like to Spanish Gallants. 
Pachieco And we'll hang so. 
Lazarillo I have no stomach to it: but i'll endeavor.

Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter Lucio, and Genevora.

Genevora Nay you are rude; pray you forbear; your offer now
More than the breeding of a Gentleman
Can give you warrant for.

Lucio ’Tis but to kiss you,
And think not i’ ll receive that for a favor
Which was enjoined me for a penance, Lady.

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

Lucio Rest satisfied with a kiss? 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.

Genevora Sweet Innocence.

Lucio What strange new motions do I feel? my veins
Burn with an unknown fire: in every part
I suffer alteration: I am poisoned,
Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
So sweetly it works on me.

Genevora I ne’er saw
A lovely man, till now.

Lucio How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kissed often, and brought off
My lips unscorched; yours are more lovely, Lady,
And so should be less hurtful: pray you vouchsafe
Your hand, to quench the heat ta’en from your Lip,
Perhaps that may restore me.

Genevora Willingly.

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

Genevora I am wounded too,
Though modesty forbids that I should speak
What ignorance makes him bold in: why do you fix
Your eyes so strongly on me?

Lucio Pray you stand still,
There is nothing else, that is worth the looking on:
I could adore you, Lady.

Genevora Can you love me?

Lucio To wait on you, in your chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Were such a happiness. I am resolved,
I’ll sell my liberty to you for this glove,
And write myself your slave.

Enter Lamoral.

Genevora On easier terms,
Receive it as a friend.

Lamoral How! giving favor!
I’ll have it with his heart.
*Genevora*  What will you do?
*Lucio*  As you are merciful, take my life rather.
*Genevora*  Will you depart with ’t so?

**Actus Quintus. Scaena prima.**

Enter Lamoral and Lucio.

*Genevora*  What will you do?
*Lucio*  As you are merciful, take my life rather.
*Genevora*  Will you depart with ’t so?

*Lamoral*  Does that grieve you?
*Genevora*  I know not: but even now you appear valiant.
*Lucio*  ’Twas to preserve my father: in his cause
I could be so again.
*Genevora*  Not in your own? Kneel to thy rival and thine enemy?
Away unworthy creature, I begin
To hate myself, for giving entrance to
A good opinion of thee: For thy torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
Mayst thou dote on it desperately: but never
Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And wear the favor that was ravished from thee.
*Lamoral*  He wears my head too then.
*Genevora*  Poor fool, farewell.
*Lucio*  My womanish soul, which hitherto hath governed
This coward flesh, I feel departing from me;
And in me by her beauty is inspired
A new, and masculine one: instructing me
What’s fit to do or suffer; powerful love
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder
Roused sleeping manhood in me, thy new creature,
Perfect thy work so that I may make known
Nature (though long kept back) will have her own.

*Exit.*

*Lamoral*  Can it be possible, that in six short hours
The subject still the same, so many habits
Should be removed? or this new *Lucio*, he
That yesternight was baffled and disgraced,
And thanked the man that did it, that then kneeled
And blubbered like a woman, should now dare
One term of honor seek reparation
For what he then appeared not capable of?
*Lucio*  Such miracles, men that dare do injuries
Live to their shames to see, and for punishment
And scourge to their proud follies.
*Lamoral*  Prithee leave me:
Had I my Page, or footman here to flesh thee,
I durst the better hear thee.

Lucio  This scorn needs not:
And offer such no more.

Lamoral  Why say I should,
You'll not be angry?

Lucio  Indeed I think I shall,
Would you vouchsafe to show yourself a Captain,
And lead a little further, to some place
That's less frequented.

Lamoral  He looks pale.
Lucio  If not,
Make use of this.

Lamoral  There's anger in his eyes too:
His gesture, voice, behavior, all new fashioned;
Well, if it does endure in act the trial
Of what in show it promises to make good,
Ulysses' Cyclops, Io's transformation,
Eurydice fetched from Hell, with all the rest
Of Ovid's Fables, I'll put in your Creed;
And for proof, all incredible things may be
Writ down that Lucio, the coward Lucio,
The womanish Lucio fought.

Lucio and Lamoral,
The still employed great duelist Lamoral.
Took his life from him.

Lamoral  'Twill not come to that sure:
Methinks the only drawing of my Sword
Should fright that confidence.

Lucio  It confirms it rather.
To make which good, know you stand now opposed
By one that is your Rival, one that wishes
Your name and title greater, to raise his;
The wrong you did, less pardonable than it is,
But your strength to defend it, more than 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 multiplied, and your hate
Against my father and his house increased;
And lastly, that the Glove which you there wear,
To my dishonor, (which I must force from you)
Were dearer to you then your life.

Lamoral  You'll find
It is, and so I'll guard it:

Lucio  All these meet then
With the black infamy, to be foiled by one
That's not allowed a man: to help your valor,
That falling by your hand, I may, or die,
Or win in this one single opposition
My Mistress, and such honor as I may
Enrich my father’s Arms with.

Lamoral ’Tis said Nobly;
My life with them are at the stake.

Lucio At all then.

Lamoral She’s yours: this, and my life, to follow your fortune;
And give not only back that part the looser
Scorns to accept of —

Lucio What’s that?

Lamoral My poor life,
Which do not leave me as a further torment,
Having despoiled me of my Sword, mine honor,
Hope of my Lady’s grace, fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.

Lucio I take back
No more from you, than what you forced from me;
And with a worser title: yet think not
That I’ll dispute this, as made insolent
By my success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me; that new courage,
Or call it fortune if you please, that is
Conferred upon me by the only sight
Of fair Genevora, was not bestowed on me
To bloody purposes: nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her
But till I did redeem her favor from you;
Which only I rejoice in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.

Lamoral This courtesy
Wounds deeper than your Sword can, or mine own;
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me.

Lucio The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil;
And shall I, being possessed of what I came for,
Prove the more Infidel?

Lamoral You were better be so,
Then publish my disgrace, as ’tis the custom,
And which I must expect.

Lucio Judge better on me:
I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
To your dishonor: ’tis a bastard courage

That seeks a name out that way, no true born one;
Pray you be comforted, for by all goodness
But to her virtuous self, the best part of it,
I never will discover on what terms
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 will not grant me, but on further trial
Of manhood in me, seek me when you please,
(And though I might refuse it with mine honor)
Win them again, and wear them: so good morrow. —Exit.

Lamoral I ne’er knew what true valor was till now;
And have gained more by this disgrace, than all
The honors I have won: they made me proud,
Presumptuous of my fortune; a mere beast,
Fashioned by them, only to dare and do:
Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions
But what I stuck on my Sword’s point, presuming
It was the best Revenue. How unequal
Wrongs well maintained makes us to others, which
Ending with shame teach as to know ourselves,
I will think more on ’t.

Enter Vitelli.

Vitelli Lamoral.
Lamoral My Lord?
Vitelli I came to seek you.
Lamoral And unwillingly;
You ne’er found me till now: your pleasure sir?
Vitelli That which will please thee friend: thy vow love to me
Shall now be put in action: means is offered
To use thy good Sword for me; that which still
Thou wear’st, as if it were a part of thee.
Where is it?
Lamoral ’Tis changed for one more fortunate:
Pray you inquire not how.
Vitelli Why, I ne’er thought
That there was music in ’t, but ascribe
The fortune of it to the arm.
Lamoral Which is grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your friendship: I am one new vanquished,
Yet shame to tell by whom.
Vitelli But I’ll tell thee
’gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy honor lost, if there be any such:
The King, by my long suit, at length is pleased
That Alvarez and myself, with either’s Second,
Shall end the difference between our houses,
Which he accepts of. I make choice of thee;
And where you speak of a disgrace, the means
To blot it out, by such a public trial
Of thy approved valor, will revive
Thy ancient courage. If you embrace it, do;
If not, I’ll seek some other.
Exeunt.

Scaena secunda.

Enter Genevora with a Letter and Bobadilla.

Exit Bobadilla

Enter Lucio.

Lamoral As I am
You may command me.

Vitelli Spoke like that true friend
That loves not only for his private end. Exeunt.

Enter Genevora with a Letter and Bobadilla.

Genevora This from Madonna Clara?
Bobadilla Yes, and 't please you.
Genevora Alvarez' daughter?
Bobadilla The same, Lady.

Genevora She,
That saved my brother's life?
Bobadilla You are still in the right,
She willed me wait your walking forth: and knowing
How necessary a discreet wise man
Was in a business of such weight, she pleased
To think on me: it may be in my face
Your Ladyship not acquainted with my wisdom
Finds no such matter: what I am, I am;
Thought's free: and think you what you please.

Genevora 'Tis strange,
Bobadilla That I should be wise, Madam?
Genevora No, thou art so;
There's for thy pains: and prithee tell thy Lady
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy thanks and duty in thy present absence:
Farewell, farewell, I say, now thou art wise. Exit Bobadilla

Exit Lucio.

Were Master of her mind: but fie upon 't;
Why do I think on him? see, I am punished for it,
In his unlooked for presence: Now I must
Endure another tedious piece of Courtship,
Would make one forswear courtesy.

Lucio Gracious Madam,
The sorrow paid for your just anger towards me
Arising from my weakness, I presume
To press into your presence, and despair not
An easy pardon.

Genevora He speaks sense: oh strange.

Lucio 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 rigor when you please,
And mine to suffer with an humble patience
What you'll impose upon it.

Genevora  Courtly too.

Lucio  Yet hath the poor, and contemned Lucio, Madam,
(Made able only by his hope to serve you)
Recovered what with violence, not justice,
Was taken from him: and here at your feet
With these, he could have laid the conquered head
Of Lamoral (’tis all I say of him)
For rudely touching that, which as a relic
I ever would have worshipped, since ’twas yours.

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

Lucio  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 beams of beauty formed,
Cherish as your own creature.

Genevora  I am gone
Too far now to dissemble: rise, or sure
I must kneel with you too: let this one kiss
Speak the rest for me: ’tis too much I do,
And yet, if chastity would, I could wish more.

Lucio  In overjoying me, you are grown sad;
What is it Madam? by —
There’s nothing that’s within my nerves (and yet
Favored 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.

Genevora  If you break
That oath again, you lose me. Yet so well
I love you, I shall never put you to ’t;
And yet forget it not: rest satisfied
With that you have received 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.

Lucio  I obey you.

Genevora  But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am Vitelli’s sister.

Lucio:  What’s that Madam?
Genevora  Nay nothing, fare you well: who feels love’s fire,
Would ever ask to have means to desire.  

Scaena tercia.

Enter Assistante, Sayavedra, Anastro, Herald, 
Attendants.

Assistante  Are they come in?  
Herald  Yes.  
Assistante  Read the Proclamation, 
That all the people here assembled may 
Have satisfaction, what the King’s dear love, 
In care of the Republic, hath ordained; 
Attend with silence: read aloud. 

Herald reads.

FORasmuch as our high and mighty Master, 
Philip, the potent and most Catholic King 
of Spain, hath not only in his own Royal person, 
been long, and often solicited, and grieved, with 
the deadly and uncurable hatred, sprung up betwixt 
the two ancient and most honorably descended 
Houses of these his two dearly and equally beloved 
Subjects, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, 
and Don Pedro de Vitelli: (all which in vain 
his Majesty hath often endeavored to reconcile 
and qualify:) But that also through the debates, 
quarrels, and outrages daily arising, falling, and 
flowing from these great heads, his public civil 
Government is seditiously and barbarously molested 
and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry 
(no less tender to his Royal Majesty than the very 
branches of his own sacred blood) spoiled, lost, and 
submerged, in the impious inundation and torrent 
of their still-growing malice: It hath therefore 
pleased His sacred Majesty, out of His infinite affection 
to preserve his Commonwealth, and general 
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 Ordain, That they be ready, each with his well-chosen 
and beloved friend, armed at all points like 
Gentlemen, in the Castle of St. Jago, on this present 
Monday morning betwixt eight and nine of the 
clock; where (before the combatants be allowed 
to commence this granted Duel) This to be read 
 aloud for the public satisfaction of his Majesty’s 
well-beloved Subjects. 

’Save the King.  

Sayavedra  Hark how their Drums speak their insatiate thirst 
Of blood, and stop their ears ’gainst pious peace,
Who gently whispering, implores their friendship?

Assistante  Kings, nor authority can master fate;
Admit ’em then, and blood extinguish hate.

Enter severally, Alvarez and Lucio,
Vitelli and Lamoral.

Sayavedra  Stay, yet be pleased to think, and let not daring
Wherein men nowadays exceed even beasts,
And think themselves not men else, so transport you
Beyond the bounds of Christianity:
Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, Gentlemen,
No Town in Spain, from our Metropolis
Unto the rudest hovel, but is great
With your assured valors daily proofs:
Oh will you then, for a superfluous fame,
A sound of honor, which in these times, all
Like heretics profess (with obstinacy)
But most erroneously, venture your souls,
’Tis a hard task, through a Sea of blood
To sail, and land at Heaven?

Vitelli  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 cools not a vein
In any one of us, but blows the fire
Which naught but blood reciprocal can quench.

Alvarez  Vitelli, thou sayst bravely, and sayst right,
And I will kill thee for ’t, I love thee so.

Vitelli  Ha, ha, old man: upon thy death I’ll build
A story (with this arm) for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter Clara seven years hence
As she sits weeping by a winter fire,
How such a time Vitelli slew her husband
With the same Sword his daughter favored him,
And lives, and wears it yet: Come Lamoral,
Redeem thyself.

Lamoral  Lucio, Genevora
Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding heart,
For my presented hat, laid at her feet.

Lucio  Thou talk’st well Lamoral, but ’tis thy head
That I will carry to her to thy hat:
Fie father, I do cool too much.

Alvarez  Oh boy:
Thy father’s true son:
Beat Drums, — and so good morrow to your Lordship.
Enter above Eugenia, Clara, Genevora.

Sayavedra  Brave resolutions.
Anastro  Brave, and Spanish right.
Genevora  Lucio.
Clara  Vitelli.
Eugenia  Alvarez.
Alvarez  How the devil
Got these Cats into th’ gutter? my puss too?
Eugenia  Hear us.
Genevora  We must be heard.
Clara  We will be heard
Vitelli; look, see Clara on her knees
Imploring thy compassion: Heaven, how sternly
They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorned
To be behind the other in a look!
Mother, death needs no Sword here: oh my sister
(Fate fain would have it so) persuade, entreat,
A Lady’s tears are silent Orators
(Or should be so at least) to move beyond

The honest-tongued Rhetorician:
Why will you fight? why does an uncle’s death
Twenty year old, exceed your love to me
But twenty days? whose forced cause, and fair manner
You could not understand, only have heard.
Custom, that wrought so cunningly on nature
In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not
Whether my body female were, or male,
You did unweave, and had the power to charm
A new creation in me, made me fear
To think on those deeds I did perpetrate,
How little power though you allow to me
That cannot with my sighs, my tears, my prayers
Move you from your own loss, if you should gain.
Vitelli  I must forget you Clara, ’till I have
Redeemed my uncle’s blood, that brands my face
Like a pestiferous Carbuncle: I am blind
To what you do: deaf to your cries: and Marble
To all impulsive exorations.
When on this point, I have perched thy father’s soul,
I’ll tender thee this bloody reeking hand
Drawn forth the bowels of that murderer:
If thou canst love me then, I’ll marry thee,
And for thy father lost, get thee a Son;
On no condition else.
Assistante  Most barbarous.
Sayavedra  Savage.
Anastro  Irreligious.
Genevora  Oh Lucio!

Be thou more merciful: thou bear'st fewer years,
Art lately weaned from soft effeminacy,
A maiden's manners, and a maiden's heart
Are neighbors still to thee: be then more mild,
Proceed not to this combat; beest thou desperate
Of thine own life? yet (dearest) pity mine
Thy valor's not thine own, I gave it thee,
These eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,
This breast would lodge it: do not use my gifts
To mine own ruin: I have made thee rich,
Be not so thankless, to undo me for 't.

Lucio  Mistress, you know I do not wear a vein.
I would not rip for you, to do you service:
Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream,
Compared to essential, and eternal honor.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your brother: if I first cast down my sword
May all my body here, be made one wound,
And yet my soul not find heaven through it.

Alvarez  You would be caterwauling too, but peace,
Go, get you home, and provide dinner for
Your Son, and me: we'll be exceeding merry:
Oh Lucio, I will have thee cock of all
The proud Vitelli that do live in Spain:
Fie, we shall take cold: hunch: — I am hoarse
Already.

Lamoral  How your Sister whets my spleen!
I could eat Lucio now:

Genevora  Lamoral: you have often sworn
You'd be commanded by me.

Genevora  Vitelli, Brother,
Even for your Father's soul, your Uncle's blood,
As you do love my life: but last, and most
As you respect your own Honor, and Fame,
Throw down your sword; he is most valiant
That herein yields first.

Vitelli  Peace, you fool.
Clara  Why Lucio,
Do thou begin; 'tis no disparagement:

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He's elder, and thy better, and thy valor
Is in his infancy.

Genevora  Or pay it me,
To whom thou owest it: Oh, that constant time
Would but go back a week, then Lucio
Thou wouldst not dare to fight.
Eugenia Lucio, thy Mother,
Thy Mother begs it: throw thy sword down first.

Alvarez I’ll throw his head down after then.

Genevora Lamoral.
You have often swore you’d be commanded by me.

Lamoral Never to this: your spite, and scorn Genevora,
Has lost all power in me:

Genevora Your hearing for six words.

Assistante Sayavedra. Anastro Strange obstinacy!

Alvarez Vitelli Lucio Lamoral We’ll stay no longer.

Clara Then by thy oath Vitelli,
Thy dreadful oath, thou wouldst return that sword
When I should ask it, give it to me, now,
This instant I require it.

Genevora By thy vow,
As dreadful, Lucio, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroke: now he
Of our two brothers that loves perjury
Best, and dares first be damned, infringe his vow.

Sayavedra Excellent Ladies.

Vitelli Pish you tyrannize.

Lucio We did equivocate.

Alvarez On.

Clara Then Lucio,
So well I love my husband, for he is so,
(wanting but ceremony) that I pray
His vengeful sword may fall upon thy head
successfully for falsehood to his Sister.

Genevora I likewise pray (Vitelli) Lucio’s sword
(who equally is my husband, as thou hers)
May find thy false heart, that durst gage thy faith,
And durst not keep it.

Assistante Are you men, or stone.

Alvarez Men, and we’ll prove it with our swords:

Eugenia Your hearing for six words, and we have done,
Zancho come forth — we’ll fight our challenge too: Enter
Now speak your resolutions.

Genevora These they are, swords and a Pistol.
The first blow given betwixt you, sheathes these swords
In one another’s bosoms.

Eugenia And rogue, look
You at that instant do discharge that Pistol
Into my breast: if you start back, or quake,
I’ll stick you like a Pig.

Alvarez — hold: you are mad.

Genevora This we said: and by our hope of bliss
This we will do: speak your intents.

Clara Genevora Strike.

Eugenia Shoot.

Alvarez Vitelli Lucio Lamorel Hold, hold: all friends.
Assistante  Come down.
Alvarez  These devilish women
Can make men friends and enemies when they list.
Sayavedra  A gallant undertaking and a happy;
Why this is noble in you: and will be
A welcomer present to our Master Philip
Than the return from his Indies.
Clara  Father your blessing.
Alvarez  Take her: if he bring not
Betwixt you, boys that will find out new worlds,
And win ’em too I’m a false Prophet.

Vitelli  Brother.
There is a Sister: long divided streams
Mix now at length, by fate.
Bobadilla  I am not regarded: I was the careful Steward that
provided these Instruments of peace, I put the longest
weapon in your Sister’s 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 Pistol is no ordinary Pistol, it
has two ramming Bullets; but thought I, why should I
shoot my two bullets into my old Lady? if they had gone,
I would not have stayed long after: I would even have died
too, bravely i’ faith, like a Roman-Steward: swung myself
in mine own Chain; and there had been a story
of Bobadilla, Spindola, Zancho, for after ages to lament:
hum: I perceive I am not only not regarded, but also
not rewarded.
Alvarez  Prithee peace: ’shalt have a new chain, next
Saint Jaques day, or this new gilt:
Bobadilla  I am satisfied: let virtue have her due: And yet
i am melancholy upon this atonement: pray heaven
the State rue it not: I would my Lord Vitelli’s Steward,
and I could meet: they should find it should cost ’em a
little more to make us friends: well, I will forswear
wine, and women for a year: and then I will be drunk
tomorrow, and run a whoring like a dog with a
broken bottle at ’s tail; then will I repent next day, and
forswear ’em again more vehemently: be forsworn
next day again, and repent my repentance: for thus a
melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.
Assistante  Nay, you shall dine with me: and afterward
I’ll with ye to the King: But first, I will
Dispatch the Castle’s business, that this day
May be complete. Bring forth the malefactors.
You Alguazier, the Ringleader of these

Enter Clara, Genevora Eugenia and Bobadilla.
Poor fellows, are degraded from your office,  
You must restore all stolen goods you received,  
And watch a twelvemonth without any pay:  
This, if you fail of, (all your goods confiscate)  

Exit.

Pachieco,  
Metaldi,  
Mendoza,  
Lazarillo.

You are to be whipped, and sent into the Galleys.  
_Pacio._ I like all, but restoring that Catholic  
doctrine  
I do dislike: Learn all ye officers  
By this to live uprightly (if you can)  

Assistante _You Cobbler, to translate your manners new,  
Are doomed to th’ Cloister of the Mendicants,  
With this your brother; butcher there, for nothing  
To cobbles, and heel hose for the poor Friars,  
Till they allow your penance for sufficient,  
And your amendment; than you shall be freed,  
And may set up again,  

_Pacieco_ _Mendoza, come._

Our souls have trod awry, in all men’s sight,  
We’ll underlay ’em, till they go upright.  _Exit. Pachieco and Mendoza_  

Assistante _Smith, in those shackles you for your hard heart  
Must lie by th’ heels a year._  

_Metaldi_ _I have shod your horse, my Lord._  

Assistante _Away: for you, my hungry white-loafed face,  
You must to th’ Galleys, where you shall be sure  
To have no more bits, than you shall have blows._  

_Lazarillo_ _Well, though herrings want, I shall have rows._  

Assistante _Signior, you have prevented us, and punished  
Yourself severaller than we would have done._  

You have married a whore: may she prove honest.  

_Pioratto_ _’Tis better my Lord, than to marry an honest woman  
That may prove a whore._  

_Vitelli_ _’Tis a handsome wench: and thou canst keep her tame:_  
I’ll send you what I promised.  

_Pioratto_ _Joy to your Lordships._  

_Alvarez_ _Here may all Ladies learn, to make of foes  
The perfectest friends: and not the perfectest foes  
Of dearest friends, as some do nowadays._  

_Vitelli_ _Behold the power of love, to nature lost  
By custom irrecoverably, past the hope  
Of friends restoring, love hath here retrieved  
To her own habit, made her blush to see  
Her so long monstrous metamorphoses,  
May strange affairs never have worse success._  

_Exeunt._
Our Author fears there are some Rebel hearts,
Whose dullness doth oppose love’s piercing darts;
Such will be apt to say there wanted wit,
The language low, very few scenes are writ
With spirit and life; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please;
For if yourselves a Mistress or love’s friends,
Are liked with this smooth Play he hath his ends.

FINIS.

A PROLOGUE.
At the reviving of this Play.

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 works may decay and lose their grace,
Receiving blemish in their limbs or face.
When the mind’s art has this pre-eminence,
She still retaineth her first excellence.
Then why should not this dear piece be esteemed
Child to the richest fancies that ere teemed?
When not their meanest offspring, that came forth,
But bore the image of their father’s worth.
Beaumont’s, and Fletcher’s, whose desert outweighs
The best applause, and their least sprig of Bays
Is worthy Phoebus; 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 we will thank you for your own delight.
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*.