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



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img: 319-a

img: 319-b

sig: 5Q3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

LOVE'S CURE
OR,
The Martial Maid.

Actus Primus Scaena Prima.

column: 319-b-1

wln 0005

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Anastro.

wln 0006

Vitelli.

wln 0007

Alvarez pardoned?

wln 0008

Anastro And returned.

wln 0009

Lamoral I saw him land

wln 0010

At St. *Lucar*'s, and such a general welcome

wln 0011

Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions,

wln 0012

Had with the easy people, prepared for him,

wln 0013

As if by his command alone, and fortune

wln 0014

Holland with those low Provinces, that hold out

wln 0015

Against the Archduke, were again compelled

wln 0016

With their obedience to give up their lives

wln 0017

To be at his devotion.

wln 0018

Vitelli You amaze me,

wln 0019

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

wln 0020

To save his life (then **forfeited** to Law

wln 0021

For murdering *Don Pedro* my dear Uncle)

wln 0022

His extreme wants enforced him to take pay

wln 0023

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

wln 0024

'Twas never yet reported, by whose favor

wln 0025

He durst presume to entertain a thought

wln 0026

Of coming home with pardon.

wln 0027

Anastro 'Tis our nature

wln 0028

Or not to hear, or not to give belief

wln 0029

To what we wish far from our enemies.

wln 0030

Lamoral Sir 'tis most certain the Infanta's letters

wln 0031

Assisted by the Archduke's, to King *Philip*

wln 0032

Have not alone secured him from the rigor

wln 0033

Of our Castilian Justice, but returned him

wln 0034

A free man, and in grace.

wln 0035

Vitelli By what cursed means

wln 0036

Could such a fugitive arise unto

wln 0037

The knowledge of their highnesses? much more

wln 0038

(Though known) to stand but in the least degree

wln 0039

Of favor with them?

wln 0040

Lamoral To give satisfaction

wln 0041

wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046

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,

column: 319-b-2

wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
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wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088

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,

wln 0089

wln 0090

img: 320-a
sig: 5Q3v

One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
A falchion swift as lightning, he came on

column: 320-a-1

wln 0091

wln 0092

wln 0093

wln 0094

wln 0095

wln 0096

wln 0097

wln 0098

wln 0099

wln 0100

wln 0101

wln 0102

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wln 0125

wln 0126

wln 0127

wln 0128

wln 0129

wln 0130

wln 0131

wln 0132

wln 0133

wln 0134

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 stiled 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*)

wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
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wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151

He suffers him to fall, wresting 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.

wln 0152

Scaena Secunda.

wln 0153

Enter Bobadilla, and Lucio

wln 0154
wln 0155

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

column: 320-a-2

wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
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wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179

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

wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
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wln 0203
wln 0204

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 help 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?

wln 0205

Enter Eugenia, and Servants.

wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

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 unhop'd 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 frighted him yet.

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

img: 320-b
sig: 5Q4r

column: 320-b-1

wln 0223

A Father living to take off that name,

wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
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wln 0268
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wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274

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 respectfully; 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** —

wln 0275

Lucio With humble gladness Madam.

Exeunt

wln 0276

Scaena Tertia.

wln 0277

Enter Alvarez, Clara.

wln 0278

Alvarez Where lost we *Syavedra*?

wln 0279

Clara He was met

wln 0280

Entering the City by some Gentlemen

wln 0281

Kinsmen, as he said of his own, with whom

wln 0282

For compliment sake (for so I think he termed it)

wln 0283

He was compelled to stay: though I much wonder

wln 0284

A man that knows to do, and has done well

wln 0285

In the head of his troop, when the bold foe charged home,

wln 0286

Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time

wln 0287

In apish entertainment: for my part

column: 320-b-2

wln 0288

(By all the glorious rewards of war)

wln 0289

I had rather meet ten enemies in the field

wln 0290

All sworn to fetch my head, than be brought on

wln 0291

To change an hour's discourse with one of these

wln 0292

Smooth City fools, or tissue Cavaliers,

wln 0293

Then only Gallants, as they wisely think,

wln 0294

To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiss

wln 0295

From a Court-lip, though painted.

wln 0296

Alvarez My Love *Clara*

wln 0297

(For *Lucio* is a name thou must forget

wln 0298

With *Lucio*'s bold behavior) though thy breeding

wln 0299

I' the camp may plead something in the excuse

wln 0300

Of thy rough manners, custom having changed,

wln 0301

Though not thy Sex, the softness of thy nature,

wln 0302

And fortune (then a cruel stepdame to thee)

wln 0303

Imposed upon thy tender sweetness, burdens

wln 0304

Of **hunger**, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack

wln 0305

The sinews of a man, not born a Soldier:

wln 0306

Yet now she smiles, and like a natural mother

wln 0307

Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, entertain

wln 0308

Her proffered bounties with a willing bosom;

wln 0309

Thou shalt no more have need to use thy sword;

wln 0310

Thy beauty (which even *Belgia* hath not altered)

wln 0311

Shall be a stronger guard, to keep my *Clara*,

wln 0312

Then that has been, (though never used but nobly)

wln 0313

And know thus much.

wln 0314

Clara Sir, I know only that

wln 0315

It stands not with my duty to gainsay you,

wln 0316

In any thing: I must, and will put on

wln 0317

What fashion you think best: though I could wish

wln 0318

I were what I appear.

wln 0318

Alvarez Endeavor rather.

wln 0319

Music.

wln 0320
wln 0321

To be what you are, *Clara*, entering here
As you were born, a woman.

wln 0322

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, Servants.

wln 0323

Eugenia Let choice Music

wln 0324

In the best voice that e'er touched human ear,

wln 0325

For joy hath tied my tongue up, speak your welcome.

wln 0326

Alvarez My soul, (for thou giv'st new life to my spirit)

wln 0327

Myriads of joys, though short in number of

wln 0328

Thy virtues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,

wln 0329

Th' assurance, that I do embrace thee, makes

wln 0330

My twenty years of sorrow but a dream,

wln 0331

And by the Nectar, which I take from these,

wln 0332

I feel my age restored, and like old *AEson*

wln 0333

Grow young again.

wln 0334

Eugenia My Lord, long wished for welcome,

wln 0335

'Tis a sweet briefness, yet in that short word

wln 0336

All pleasures which I may call mine, begin,

wln 0337

And may they long increase, before they find

wln 0338

A second period: let mine eyes now surfeit

wln 0339

On this so wished for object, and my lips

wln 0340

Yet modestly pay back the parting kiss

wln 0341

You trusted with them, when you fled from Seville

wln 0342

With little *Clara* my sweet daughter: lives she?

wln 0343

Yet I could chide myself, having you here

wln 0344

For being so covetous of all joys at once,

wln 0345

T' inquire for her, you being alone, to me

wln 0346

My *Clara, Lucio*, my Lord, myself;

wln 0347

Nay more than all the world.

wln 0348

Alvarez As you, to me are.

wln 0349

Eugenia Sit down, and let me feed upon the story

wln 0350

Of your past dangers, now you are here in safety

wln 0351

It will give relish, and fresh appetite

wln 0352

To my delights, if such delights can cloy me.

wln 0353

Yet do not *Alvarez*, let me first yield you

wln 0354

wln 0355

wln 0356

wln 0357

wln 0358

wln 0359

wln 0360

wln 0361

wln 0362

wln 0363

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.

img: 321-a
sig: 5Q4v

column: 321-a-1

wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
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wln 0380
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wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413

Opress 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. *Exit.*

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
Anastro.*
Clara Follow him
Leave me to keep these off.
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

wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421

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

column: 321-a-2

wln 0422
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wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461

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.

Exit.

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*.

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wln 0464
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wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489

img: 321-b
sig: 5R1r

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.

column: 321-b-1

wln 0490

Actus secundus. Scaena prima.

wln 0491

Enter Pachieco, and Lazarillo.

wln 0492

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

wln 0493

wln 0494

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.

wln 0495

wln 0496

wln 0497

wln 0498

wln 0499

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.

wln 0500

wln 0501

wln 0502

wln 0503

wln 0504

wln 0505

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wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551

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 gluttonous 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*.

Enter Metaldi, and

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

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

wln 0552
wln 0553

and man of mettle, I return your courtesy ten fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shoe-sole of your

wln 0554
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wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604

congee: the like to you *Signior Mendoza Pediculo de vermim*,
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 crabbed 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

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wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619

img: 322-a
sig: 5R1v

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

Enter
Vitelli
and Alguazier.

column: 322-a-1

wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
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wln 0649
wln 0650

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

Metaldi The other side Sergeant.

Mendoza That's both sides carrion I am sure.

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

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 dislike,
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.

Exit.

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

Pachieco Marry Cazzo *Signior Alguazier*, do ye not know

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wln 0685
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wln 0687

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 pilfery, 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

column: 322-a-2

wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698

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

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wln 0746

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 dogshead 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'
clouds made for it, like a great girl: nay, if you will needs
be starching of Ruffs, and sewing of black-work, I will

wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752

img: 322-b
sig: 5R2r

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,

column: 322-b-1

wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
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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 bepossed 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 my 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

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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.

Enter Clara.

Clara Where art thou Brother *Lucio*? ran tan tan ta
ran tan ran 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
scurvy 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?

column: 322-b-2

wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
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wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840

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 Gentlewoman? 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

wln 0841
wln 0842
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wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888

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.

Exit.

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?

wln 0889 Not I, the Jades will kick: the poor Groom there
wln 0890 Was almost spoiled the other day.
wln 0891 *Clara* Fie on thee,
wln 0892 Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
wln 0893 *Lucio* When will you be a woman?
wln 0894 *Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.*
wln 0895 *Clara* Would I were none.
wln 0896 But nature's privy Seal assures me one.
wln 0897 *Alvarez* Thou anger'st me: can strong habitual custom
wln 0898 Work with such Magic on the mind, and manners
wln 0899 In spite of sex and nature? find out sirrah,
wln 0900 Some skilful fighter.
wln 0901 *Bobadilla* Yes sir.
wln 0902 *Alvarez* I will rectify,
wln 0903 And redeem either's proper inclination,
wln 0904 Or bray 'em in a mortar, and new mold 'em.
wln 0905 *Bobadilla* Believe your eyes sir; I tell you, we wash an Ethiope. *Exit.*
wln 0906 *Clara* I strike it for ten Ducats.
wln 0907 *Alvarez* How now *Clara*,
wln 0908 Your breeches on still? and your petticoat
wln 0909 Not yet off *Lucio*? art thou not gelt?
wln 0910 Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,
wln 0911 That lay here Lieger in the last great frost?
wln 0912 Art not thou *Clara*, turned a man indeed
wln 0913 Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
wln 0914 I'll have you searched by —, I strongly doubt;
wln 0915 We must have these things mended: come go in. *Exit.*
wln 0916 *Enter Vitelli, and Bobadilla.*
wln 0917 *Bobadilla* With *Lucio* say you? there is for you.
wln 0918 *Vitelli* And there is for thee.
wln 0919 *Bobadilla* I thank you: you have now bought a little advice
wln 0920 Of me; if you chance to have conference with that
wln 0921 Lady there, be very civil, or look to your head: she has
wln 0922 Ten nails, and you have but two eyes: If any foolish
wln 0923 Hot motions should chance to rise in the horizon
wln 0924 Under your equinoctial there, qualify it as well as
wln 0925 You can, for I fear the elevation of your pole will
wln 0926 Not agree with the Horoscope of her constitution:
wln 0927 She is Bell the Dragon I assure you. *Exit.*
wln 0928 *Vitelli* Are you the *Lucio*, sir, that saved *Vitelli*?
wln 0929 *Lucio* Not I indeed sir, I did never brabble;
wln 0930 There walks that *Lucio*, metamorphosed. *Exit.*
wln 0931 *Vitelli* Do ye mock me?
wln 0932 *Clara* No, he does not: I am that
wln 0933 Suposed *Lucio*, that was but *Clara*,
wln 0934 That is, and daughter unto *Alvarez*.
wln 0935 *Vitelli* Amazement daunts me; would my life were riddles,
wln 0936 So you were still my fair Expositor:

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

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.

column: 323-a-2

wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
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wln 0966
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wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984

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

wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
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wln 0993
wln 0994
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wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024

img: 323-b
sig: 5R3r

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

column: 323-b-1

wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030

Whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart.
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.

Exit.

wln 1031 I am sick methinks, but the disease I feel
wln 1032 Pleaseth, and punisheth: I warrant love
wln 1033 Is very like this, that folks talk of so;
wln 1034 I skill not what it is, yet sure even here,
wln 1035 Even in my heart, I sensibly perceive
wln 1036 It glows, and riseth like a glimmering flame,
wln 1037 But know not yet the essence on 't nor name.

Exit.

wln 1038 *Actus tertius, Scaena prima.*

wln 1039 *Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.*

wln 1040 *Malroda* He must not? nor he shall not, who shall let him?
wln 1041 You? politic *Diego*, with your face of wisdom;
wln 1042 *Don-blirt*, the — on your aphorisms,
wln 1043 Your grave, and sage Ale physiognomy:
wln 1044 Do not I know thee for the *Alquazier*
wln 1045 Whose dunghill all the Parish Scavengers
wln 1046 Could never rid? thou Comedy to men,
wln 1047 Whose serious folly is a butt for all
wln 1048 To shoot their wits at; whilst thou hast not wit,
wln 1049 Nor heart, to answer, or be angry.

wln 1050 *Alguazier* Lady.

wln 1051 *Malroda* Peace, peace, you rotten rogue, supported by
wln 1052 A staff of rottener office: dare you check
wln 1053 Any's accesses, that I will allow?
wln 1054 *Pioratto* is my friend, and visits me
wln 1055 In lawful sort to espouse me as his wife;
wln 1056 And who will cross, or shall our interviews?
wln 1057 You know me sirrah, for no Chambermaid,
wln 1058 That cast her belly, and her waistcoat lately;
wln 1059 Thou thinkst thy Constableness is much: not so,
wln 1060 I am ten offices to thee: Ay, thy house,
wln 1061 Thy house, and Office is maintained by me.

wln 1062 *Alguazier* My house of office is maintained i' th' garden:
wln 1063 Go to, I know you, and I have contrived;
wln 1064 Y' are a delinquent, but I have contrived
wln 1065 A poison, though not in the third degree:
wln 1066 I can say, blacks your eye, though it be gray;
wln 1067 I have connived at this. your friend, and you:
wln 1068 But what is got by this connivency?
wln 1069 I like his feather well: a proper man,
wln 1070 Of good discourse, fine conversation,
wln 1071 Valiant, and a great carrier of the business,
wln 1072 Sweet breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush:
wln 1073 Yet I must tell you; you forget yourself,
wln 1074 My Lord *Vitelli's* love, and maintenance
wln 1075 Deserves no other Jack-in-the-box, but he:
wln 1076 What though he gathered first the golden fruit,
wln 1077 And blew your pigscoat up into a blister,

wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086

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;

column: 323-b-2

wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
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wln 1114
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wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125

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:

wln 1126
wln 1127

And he that mainly labors to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and claw a Strumpet's itch.

Exit.

wln 1128

Scaena secunda.

wln 1129

Enter Pioratto, and Bobadilla, with Letters.

wln 1130

Pioratto To say sir, I will wait upon your Lord,

wln 1131

Were not to understand myself.

wln 1132

Bobadilla To say sir

wln 1133

You will do any thing but wait upon him,

wln 1134

Were not to understand my Lord.

wln 1135

Pioratto I'll meet him

wln 1136

Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render

wln 1137

His son a man again: the cure is easy,

wln 1138

I have done divers.

wln 1139

Bobadilla Women do ye mean, sir?

wln 1140

Pioratto Cures I do mean sir: be there but one spark

wln 1141

Of fire remaining in him unextinct,

wln 1142

With my discourse I'll blow it to a flame;

wln 1143

And with my practice, into action:

wln 1144

I have had one so full of childish fear,

wln 1145

And womanish hearted sent to my advice,

wln 1146

He durst not draw a Knife to cut his meat.

wln 1147

Bobadilla And how sir, did you help him?

wln 1148

Pioratto Sir, I kept him

wln 1149

Seven days in a dark room by Candlelight,

wln 1150

A plenteous Table spread with all good meats,

wln 1151

Before his eyes, a case of keen broad Knives,

img: 324-a
sig: 5R3v

column: 324-a-1

wln 1152

Upon the board, and he so watched, he might not

wln 1153

Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it:

wln 1154

And thus I brought him first to draw a knife.

wln 1155

Bobadilla Good.

wln 1156

Pioratto Then for ten days did I diet him

wln 1157

Only with burnt Pork sir, and gammons of Bacon;

wln 1158

A pill of Caviary now and then,

wln 1159

Which breeds choler adust you know.

wln 1160

Bobadilla 'Tis true.

wln 1161

Pioratto And to purge phlegmatic humor, and cold crudities;

wln 1162

In all that time, he drank me Aqua fortis,

wln 1163

And nothing else but —

wln 1164

Bobadilla Aqua vite Signior,

wln 1165

For Aqua fortis poisons.

wln 1166

Pioratto Aqua fortis

wln 1167

I say again: what's one man's poison Signior,

wln 1168

Is another's meat or drink.

wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
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wln 1179
wln 1180
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wln 1219

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 complemental 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

wln 1220
wln 1221
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wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267

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:

wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287

img: 324-b
sig: 5R4r

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.

Alguazier She's come.

Pioratto My Spirit.

Malroda Oh my Sweet,

Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet.

Pioratto Turn, turn thy beauteous face away,

Song.

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.

column: 324-b-1

wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313

*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.

Exit.

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

wln 1314 Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'll walk some voyage
wln 1315 And leave me to my trade; and laugh, and brag,
wln 1316 How you o'erreached a whore, and gulled a Lord.
wln 1317 *Pioratto* You anger me extremely: fare you well.
wln 1318 What should I say to be believed? expose me
wln 1319 To any hazard; or like jealous *Juno*
wln 1320 (Th' incensed stepmother of *Hercules*)
wln 1321 Design me labors most impossible,
wln 1322 I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; so at last
wln 1323 You will believe me.
wln 1324 *Malroda* Come, we are friends: I do.
wln 1325 I am thine, walk in: my Lord has sent me outsides,
wln 1326 But thou shalt have 'em, the colors are too sad:
wln 1327 *Pioratto* 'Faith Mistress, I want clothes indeed.
wln 1328 *Malroda* I have
wln 1329 Some Gold too, for my servant.
wln 1330 *Pioratto* And I have
wln 1331 A better mettle for my Mistress. *Exeunt.*

wln 1332 *Scaena tertia.*
wln 1333 *Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at several doors.*

wln 1334 *Alguazier* Undone — wit now or never help me: my Master
wln 1335 He will cut my throat, I am a dead Constable;
wln 1336 And he'll not be hanged neither, there's the grief:
wln 1337 The party sir is here.
wln 1338 *Vitelli* What?
wln 1339 *Alguazier* He was here;
wln 1340 I cry your Lordship mercy: but I rattled him;
wln 1341 I told him here was no companions
wln 1342 For such debauched, and poor-conditioned fellows;
wln 1343 I bid him venture not so desperately
wln 1344 The cropping of his ears, slitting his nose,
wln 1345 Or being gelt.
wln 1346 *Vitelli* 'Twas well done.
wln 1347 *Alguazier* Please your honor,
wln 1348 I told him there were Stews, and then at last
wln 1349 Swore three or four great oaths she was removed,
wln 1350 Which I did think I might in conscience,
wln 1351 Being for your Lordship.
wln 1352 *Vitelli* What became of him?
wln 1353 *Alguazier* Faith sir, he went away with a flea in 's ear,

column: 324-b-2

wln 1354 Like a poor cur, clapping his trindle tail
wln 1355 Betwixt his legs. — *A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha* — now luck.
wln 1356 *Enter Malroda and Pioratto.*
wln 1357 *Malroda* 'Tis he, do as I told thee: 'Bless thee Signior.
wln 1358 Oh, my dear Lord.
wln 1359 *Vitelli* *Malroda*, what alone?

wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
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wln 1380
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wln 1390
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wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410

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.

Exit.

Alguazier I am glad the danger's over.

Exit.

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 perfidious and a perjured man,
As ever did usurp Nobility.

Vitelli What meanst 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;

wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421

img: 325-a
sig: 5R4v

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:

column: 325-a-1

wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
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wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456

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.

wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
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wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501

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,

column: 325-a-2

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.

*Enter
Eugenia
and Sayavedra.*

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.

Exit.

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:

wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
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wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552

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 oftenest 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.

wln 1553

wln 1554

img: 325-b
sig: 5S1r

Clara Goose, be not you deceived,
I can not like, nor love, nor live with you,

column: 325-b-1

wln 1555

Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.

wln 1556

Eugenia Her old fit.

wln 1557

Sayavedra Sure, this is not the way: nay, I will break
Your melancholy.

wln 1558

wln 1559

Clara I shall break your pate then,
Away, you sanguine scabbard.

wln 1560

wln 1561

Eugenia Out upon thee
Thou 'lt break my heart, I am sure.

*Enter Alvarez,
Pioratto, Lucio:
and Bobadilla.*

wln 1562

wln 1563

Sayavedra She's not yet tame.

wln 1564

wln 1565

Alvarez On sir; put home: or I shall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:

wln 1566

wln 1567

Oh, the brave age is gone; in my young days

wln 1568

A Chevalier would stock a needle's point

wln 1569

Three times together: straight i' th' hams?

wln 1570

Or shall I give ye new Garters?

wln 1571

Bobadilla Faith old Master.

wln 1572

There's little hope: the linen sure was dank

*2 Torches
ready.*

wln 1573

He was begot in, he's so faint, and cold:

wln 1574

Even send him to *Toledo*, there to study,

wln 1575

For he will never fadge with these *Toledos*;

wln 1576

Bear ye up your point there; pick his teeth: Oh 'base.

wln 1577

Pioratto Fie: you are the most untoward Scholar: bear

wln 1578

Your body gracefully: what a posture's there?

wln 1579

You lie too open breasted.

wln 1580

Lucio Oh!

wln 1581

Pioratto You'd never

wln 1582

Make a good Statesman:

wln 1583

Lucio Pray no more.

wln 1584

I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not

wln 1585

The practice of these dangerous qualities,

wln 1586

I do not mean to live by 't; for I trust

wln 1587

You'll leave me better able.

wln 1588

Alvarez Not a Button:

wln 1589

Eugenia, Let's go get us a new heir.

wln 1590

Eugenia Ay by my troth: your daughter's as untoward.

wln 1591

Alvarez I will break thee bone by bone, and bake thee,

wln 1592

Ere i'll ha' such a wooden Son, to inherit:

wln 1593

Take him a good knock; see how that will work.

wln 1594

Pioratto Now, for your life Signior:

wln 1595

Lucio Oh: alas, I am killed

wln 1596

My eye is out: look Father: *Zancho*: —

wln 1597

I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.

wln 1598

Clara 'Heart: ne'er a rogue in *Spain* shall wrong my brother

Whilst I can hold a sword.

wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
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wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622

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: *Exit*
Bobadilla Now are you going to drowning. *Alvarez Eugenia Lucio*
Sayavedra I'll even along with ye: she's too great a Lady *Bobadilla*
For me, and would prove more than my match. *Exit*.
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.

column: 325-b-2

wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626

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*.

wln 1627

Scaena quinta.

wln 1628
wln 1629

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza.
Metaldi, Lazarillo.

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

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.

wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650

Lazarillo I will do any thing, so I may eat.
Pachieco *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.

wln 1651

Actus quartus. Scaena prima.

wln 1652
wln 1653

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

wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660

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.

wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667

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.

wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672

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.

wln 1673

Scaena secunda.

wln 1674

Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.

wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678

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.

img: 326-a
sig: 5S1v

column: 326-a-1

wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682

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

wln 1683 To do a Lady right: no men pay dearer
 wln 1684 For their stol'n sweets, than we: three minutes trading
 wln 1685 Affords to any sinner a protection
 wln 1686 For three years after: think on that, I burn;
 wln 1687 But one drop of your bounty.
 wln 1688 *Malroda* Hence you rogue,
 wln 1689 Am *I* fit for you? is't not grace sufficient
 wln 1690 To have your staff, a bolt to bar the door
 wln 1691 Where a *Don* enters, but that you'll presume
 wln 1692 To be his taster?
 wln 1693 *Alguazier* Is no more respect
 wln 1694 Due to this rod of justice?
 wln 1695 *Malroda* Do you dispute?
 wln 1696 Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
 wln 1697 — If you do, my Lord *Vitelli* knows it.
 wln 1698 *Alguazier* Why I am big enough to answer him,
 wln 1699 Or any man.
 wln 1700 *Malroda* 'Tis well. *Vitelli within.*
 wln 1701 *Vitelli Malroda.*
 wln 1702 *Alguazier* How?
 wln 1703 *Malroda* You know the voice, and now crouch like a Cur
 wln 1704 Ta'en worrying sheep: I now could have you gelded
 wln 1705 For a Bawd **rampant**: but on this submission
 wln 1706 For once I spare you
 wln 1707 *Alguazier* I Will be revenged
 wln 1708 My honorable Lord.
 wln 1709 *Vitelli* There's for thy care
 wln 1710 *Alguazier* I am mad, stark mad: proud Pagan scorn her host
 wln 1711 I would I were but valiant enough to kick her,
 wln 1712 *Enter Pioratto and Clara, above.*
 wln 1713 I'd wish no manhood else.
 wln 1714 *Malroda* What's that?
 wln 1715 *Alguazier* I am gone. *Exit.*
 wln 1716 *Pioratto* You see, I have kept my word.
 wln 1717 *Clara* But in this object
 wln 1718 Hardly deserved my thanks.
 wln 1719 *Pioratto* Is there aught else
 wln 1720 You will command me?
 wln 1721 *Clara* Only your sword
 wln 1722 Which I must have: nay willingly I yet know
 wln 1723 To force it, and to use it.
 wln 1724 *Pioratto* 'Tis yours Lady.
 wln 1725 *Clara* I ask no other guard.
 wln 1726 *Pioratto* If so I leave you:
 wln 1727 And now, if that the Constable keep his word,
 wln 1728 A poorer man may chance to gull a Lord. *Exit.*
 wln 1729 *Malroda* By this good — you shall not.
 wln 1730 *Vitelli* By this —
 wln 1731 I **must**, and will, *Malroda*; What do you make
 wln 1732 A stranger of me?
 wln 1733 *Malroda* I'll be so to you,

wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746

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.

column: 326-a-2

wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
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wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781

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 Shipwreck
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

wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
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wln 1790
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wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814

img: 326-b
sig: [5S2r]

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.

column: 326-b-1

wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827

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.

wln 1828 *Malroda* But will you not, when you have what you came for,
wln 1829 Take them from me tomorrow? 'tis a fashion
wln 1830 Your Lords of late have used.
wln 1831 *Vitelli* But I'll not follow.
wln 1832 *Clara* That any man at such a rate as this
wln 1833 Should pay for his repentance.
wln 1834 *Vitelli* Shall we to bed now?
wln 1835 *Malroda* Instantly, Sweet: yet now I think on 't better
wln 1836 There's something first that in a word or two
wln 1837 I must acquaint you with.
wln 1838 *Clara* Can I cry ay me,
wln 1839 To this against myself? I'll break this match,
wln 1840 Or make it stronger with my blood. *Descends.*

wln 1841 *Enter Alguazier, Pioratto, Pachieco, Metaldi,*
wln 1842 *Mendoza, Lazarillo, Etc.*

wln 1843 *Alguazier* I am yours,
wln 1844 A Don's not privileged here more than yourself,
wln 1845 Win her, and wear her.
wln 1846 *Pioratto* Have you a Priest ready?
wln 1847 *Alguazier* I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have
wln 1848 Married this scornful whore to this poor gallant.
wln 1849 She will make suit to me; there is a trick
wln 1850 To bring a high-prized wench upon her knees:
wln 1851 For you my fine neat Harpies stretch your talons
wln 1852 And prove yourselves true night-Birds.
wln 1853 *Pachieco* Take my word
wln 1854 For me and all the rest.
wln 1855 *Lazarillo* If there be meat
wln 1856 Or any banquet stirring, you shall see
wln 1857 How I'll bestow myself.
wln 1858 *Alguazier* When they are drawn,
wln 1859 Rush in upon 'em: all's fair prize you light on:
wln 1860 I must away: your officer may give way
wln 1861 To the Knavery of his watch, but must not see it.
wln 1862 You all know where to find me. *Exit.*
wln 1863 *Metaldi* There look for us.
wln 1864 *Vitelli* Who's that?
wln 1865 *Malroda* My *Pioratto*, welcome, welcome:
wln 1866 Faith had you not come when you did, my Lord
wln 1867 Had done I know not what to me.
wln 1868 *Vitelli* I am gulled,
wln 1869 First cheated of my Jewels, and then laughed at:
wln 1870 Sirrah, what make you here?
wln 1871 *Pioratto* A business brings me,
wln 1872 More lawful than your own,
wln 1873 *Vitelli* How's that, you slave?
wln 1874 *Malroda* He's such, that would continue his a whore
wln 1875 Whom he would make a wife of.
wln 1876 *Vitelli* I'll tread upon

wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880

The face you dote on, strumpet.
Enter Clara.
Pachieco Keep the peace there.
Vitelli A plot upon my life too?

column: 326-b-2

wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
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wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924

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. *Exeunt all but Vitelli and*
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)

wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948

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:

img: 327-a
sig: [5S2v]

column: 327-a-1

wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957

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.

wln 1958

Scaena Tertia.

wln 1959
wln 1960

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

wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967

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?

Pachieco O strange proportion for five.

wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981

wln 1982

wln 1983
wln 1984
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wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009

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.

Exit.

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.

column: 327-a-2

wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013

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,

wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019

wln 2020
wln 2021

wln 2022
wln 2023
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wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062

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.

wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075

img: 327-b
sig: 5S3r

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.*
Enter Alguazier, Assistante and other Watches.
Alguazier What noise?
What tumult's there? keep the King's peace I charge you.
Pachieco I am glad he's come yet.
Alvarez O, you keep good Guard
Upon the City, when men of our rank
Are set upon in the streets.

column: 327-b-1

wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
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wln 2085
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wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108

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.
Assistente 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

wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
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wln 2141
wln 2142
wln 2143

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.

Assistente And we will.

See you safe lodged, most worthy *Alguazier*,
With all of you his comrades.

Metaldi 'Tis the Governor.

Alguazier We are betrayed?

Assistente 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

column: 327-b-2

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

wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153

wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
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wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197

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.

wln 2198

Enter Lamoral.

wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202

Genevora On easier terms,
Receive it as a friend.
Lamoral How! giving favor!
I'll have it with his heart.

wln 2203

wln 2204

wln 2205

img: 328-a
sig: 5S3v

Genevora What will you do?

Lucio As you are merciful, take my life rather.

Genevora Will you depart with 't so?

column: 328-a-1

wln 2206

Lamoral Does that grieve you?

wln 2207

Genevora I know not: but even now you appear valiant.

wln 2208

Lucio 'Twas to preserve my father: in his cause

wln 2209

I could be so again.

wln 2210

Genevora Not in your own? Kneel to thy rival and thine enemy?

wln 2211

Away unworthy creature, I begin

wln 2212

To hate myself, for giving entrance to

wln 2213

A good opinion of thee: For thy torment,

wln 2214

If my poor beauty be of any power,

wln 2215

Mayst thou dote on it desperately: but never

wln 2216

Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover

wln 2217

And wear the favor that was ravished from thee.

wln 2218

Lamoral He wears my head too then.

wln 2219

Genevora Poor fool, farewell.

Exit.

wln 2220

Lucio My womanish soul, which hitherto hath governed

wln 2221

This coward flesh, I feel departing from me;

wln 2222

And in me by her beauty is inspired

wln 2223

A new, and masculine one: instructing me

wln 2224

What's fit to do or suffer; powerful love

wln 2225

That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder

wln 2226

Roused sleeping manhood in me, thy new creature,

wln 2227

Perfect thy work so that I may make known

wln 2228

Nature (though long kept back) will have her own.

wln 2229

Exeunt.

wln 2230

Actus Quintus. Scaena prima.

wln 2231

Enter Lamoral and Lucio.

wln 2232

Lamoral Can it be possible, that in six short hours

wln 2233

The subject still the same, so many habits

wln 2234

Should be removed? or this new *Lucio*, he

wln 2235

That yesternight was baffled and disgraced,

wln 2236

And thanked the man that did it, that then kneeled

wln 2237

And blubbered like a woman, should now dare

wln 2238

One term of honor seek reparation

wln 2239

For what he then appeared not capable of?

wln 2240

Lucio Such miracles, men that dare do injuries

wln 2241

Live to their shames to see, and for punishment

wln 2242

And scourge to their proud follies.

wln 2243

Lamoral Prithee leave me:

wln 2244

Had I my Page, or footman here to flesh thee,

wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266

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.

column: 328-a-2

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

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 than 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,

wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
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wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334

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.

Fight.

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

img: 238-b
sig: 5S4r

column: 328-b-1

wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338

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

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

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.

wln 2357

Enter Vitelli.

wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387

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.

wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391

wln 2392

wln 2393

wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397

wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
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wln 2427
wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432

Lamoral As I am
You may command me.
Vitelli Spoke like that true friend
That loves not only for his private end.

Exeunt.

Scaena secunda.

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.

column: 328-b-2

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.
She writes here, she hath something to impart
That may concern my brother's life; I know not,
But general fame does give her out so worthy,
That I dare not suspect her: yet wish *Lucio*

Exit Bobadilla

Enter 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 sence: oh strange.
Lucio And yet believe, that no desire of mine,
Though all are too strong in me, had the power

wln 2433
wln 2434
wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464
wln 2465

img: 329-a
sig: 5S4v

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.

column: 329-a-1

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

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,

wln 2479

Would ever ask to have means to desire.

Exeunt

wln 2480

Scaena tertia.

wln 2481

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

wln 2482

wln 2483

Assistente Are they come in?

wln 2484

Herald Yes.

wln 2485

Assistente Read the Proclamation,

wln 2486

That all the people here assembled may

wln 2487

Have satisfaction, what the King's dear love,

wln 2488

In care of the Republic, hath ordained;

wln 2489

Attend with silence: read aloud.

wln 2490

Herald reads.

wln 2491

FORasmuch as our high and mighty Master,

wln 2492

Philip, the potent and most Catholic King

wln 2493

of Spain, hath not only in his own Royal person,

wln 2494

been long, and often solicited, and grieved, with

wln 2495

the deadly and uncurable hatred, sprung up betwixt

wln 2496

the two ancient and most honorably descended

wln 2497

Houses of these his two dearly and equally beloved

wln 2498

Subjects, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez,

wln 2499

and Don Pedro de Vitelli: (all which in vain

wln 2500

his Majesty hath often endeavored to reconcile

wln 2501

and qualify:) But that also through the debates,

wln 2502

quarrels, and outrages daily arising, falling, and

wln 2503

flowing from these great heads, his public civil

wln 2504

Government is seditiously and barbarously molested

wln 2505

and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry

wln 2506

(no less tender to his Royal Majesty than the very

wln 2507

branches of his own sacred blood) spoiled, lost, and

wln 2508

submerged, in the impious inundation and torrent

wln 2509

of their still-growing malice: It hath therefore

wln 2510

pleased His sacred Majesty, out of His infinite affection

wln 2511

to preserve his Commonwealth, and general

wln 2512

peace, from farther violation, (as a sweet and

wln 2513

heartily loving father of his people) and on the

wln 2514

earnest petitions of these Arch-enemies, to Order,

wln 2515

and Ordain, That they be ready, each with his well-chosen

wln 2516

and beloved friend, armed at all points like

wln 2517

Gentlemen, in the Castle of St. Jago, on this present

wln 2518

Monday morning betwixt eight and nine of the

wln 2519

clock; where (before the combatants be allowed

wln 2520

to commence this granted Duel) This to be read

wln 2521

aloud for the public satisfaction of his Majesty's

wln 2522

well-beloved Subjects.

wln 2523

'Save the King.

Drums within.

wln 2524

Sayavedra Hark how their Drums speak their insatiate thirst

wln 2525

Of blood, and stop their ears 'gainst pious peace,

wln 2526 Who gently whispering, implores their friendship?
 wln 2527 *Assistente* Kings, nor authority can master fate;
 wln 2528 Admit 'em then, and blood extinguish hate.

wln 2529 *Enter severally, Alvarez and Lucio,*
 wln 2530 *Vitelli and Lamoral.*

wln 2531 *Sayavedra* Stay, yet be pleased to think, and let not daring
 wln 2532 Wherein men nowadays exceed even beasts,
 wln 2533 And think themselves not men else, so transport you
 wln 2534 Beyond the bounds of Christianity:
 wln 2535 Lord *Alvarez, Vitelli*, Gentlemen,
 wln 2536 No Town in Spain, from our Metropolis
 wln 2537 Unto the rudest hovel, but is great
 wln 2538 With your assured valors daily proofs:
 wln 2539 Oh will you then, for a superfluous fame,
 wln 2540 A sound of honor, which in these times, all
 wln 2541 Like heretics profess (with obstinacy)
 wln 2542 But most erroneously, venture your souls,
 wln 2543 'Tis a hard task, through a Sea of blood
 wln 2544 To sail, and land at Heaven?

wln 2545 *Vitelli* I hope not
 wln 2546 If justice be my Pilot: but my Lord,
 wln 2547 You know, if argument, or time, or love,
 wln 2548 Could reconcile, long since we had shook hands;
 wln 2549 I dare protest, your breath cools not a vein
 wln 2550 In any one of us, but blows the fire
 wln 2551 Which naught but blood reciprocal can quench.

wln 2552 *Alvarez Vitelli*, thou sayst bravely, and sayst right,
 wln 2553 And I will kill thee for 't, I love thee so.

wln 2554 *Vitelli* Ha, ha, old man: upon thy death I'll build
 wln 2555 A story (with this arm) for thy old wife
 wln 2556 To tell thy daughter *Clara* seven years hence
 wln 2557 As she sits weeping by a winter fire,
 wln 2558 How such a time *Vitelli* slew her husband
 wln 2559 With the same Sword his daughter favored him,
 wln 2560 And lives, and wears it yet: Come *Lamoral*,
 wln 2561 Redeem thyself.

wln 2562 *Lamoral Lucio, Genevora*
 wln 2563 Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding heart,
 wln 2564 For my presented hat, laid at her feet.

wln 2565 *Lucio* Thou talk'st well *Lamoral*, but 'tis thy head
 wln 2566 That I will carry to her to thy hat:
 wln 2567 Fie father, I do cool too much.

wln 2568 *Alvarez* Oh boy:
 wln 2569 Thy father's true son:
 wln 2570 Beat Drums, — and so good morrow to your Lordship.

wln 2571

Enter above Eugenia, Clara, Genevora.

wln 2572

Sayavedra Brave resolutions.

wln 2573

Anastro Brave, and Spanish right.

wln 2574

Genevora *Lucio*.

wln 2575

Clara *Vitelli*.

wln 2576

Eugenia *Alvarez*.

wln 2577

Alvarez How the devil

wln 2578

Got these Cats into th' gutter? my puss too?

wln 2579

Eugenia Hear us.

wln 2580

Genevora We must be heard.

wln 2581

Clara We will be heard

wln 2582

Vitelli; look, see *Clara* on her knees

wln 2583

Imploring thy compassion: Heaven, how sternly

wln 2584

They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorned

wln 2585

To be behind the other in a look!

wln 2586

Mother, death needs no Sword here: oh my sister

wln 2587

(Fate fain would have it so) persuade, entreat,

wln 2588

A Lady's tears are silent Orators

wln 2589

(Or should be so at least) to move beyond

img: 329-b
sig: 5S5r

column: 329-b-1

wln 2590

The honest-tongued Rhetorician:

wln 2591

Why will you fight? why does an uncle's death

wln 2592

Twenty year old, exceed your love to me

wln 2593

But twenty days? whose forced cause, and fair manner

wln 2594

You could not understand, only have heard.

wln 2595

Custom, that wrought so cunningly on nature

wln 2596

In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not

wln 2597

Whether my body female were, or male,

wln 2598

You did unweave, and had the power to charm

wln 2599

A new creation in me, made me fear

wln 2600

To think on those deeds I did perpetrate,

wln 2601

How little power though you allow to me

wln 2602

That cannot with my sighs, my tears, my prayers

wln 2603

Move you from your own loss, if you should gain.

wln 2604

Vitelli I must forget you *Clara*, 'till I have

wln 2605

Redeemed my uncle's blood, that brands my face

wln 2606

Like a pestiferous Carbuncle: I am blind

wln 2607

To what you do: deaf to your cries: and Marble

wln 2608

To all impulsive exorations.

wln 2609

When on this point, I have perched thy father's soul,

wln 2610

I'll tender thee this bloody reeking hand

wln 2611

Drawn forth the bowels of that murderer:

wln 2612

If thou canst love me then, i'll marry thee,

wln 2613

And for thy father lost, get thee a Son;

wln 2614

On no condition else.

wln 2615

Assistente Most barbarous.

wln 2616
wln 2617
wln 2618
wln 2619
wln 2620
wln 2621
wln 2622
wln 2623
wln 2624
wln 2625
wln 2626
wln 2627
wln 2628
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wln 2631
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wln 2633
wln 2634
wln 2635
wln 2636
wln 2637
wln 2638
wln 2639
wln 2640
wln 2641
wln 2642
wln 2643
wln 2644
wln 2645
wln 2646
wln 2647
wln 2648
wln 2649
wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654
wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657

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 *Vitellis* 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:

column: 329-b-2

wln 2658
wln 2659
wln 2660
wln 2661
wln 2662
wln 2663

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.

wln 2664
wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667
wln 2668
wln 2669
wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678
wln 2679
wln 2680
wln 2681
wln 2682
wln 2683
wln 2684
wln 2685
wln 2686
wln 2687
wln 2688
wln 2689
wln 2690
wln 2691
wln 2692
wln 2693
wln 2694
wln 2695
wln 2696
wln 2697
wln 2698
wln 2699
wln 2700
wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710
wln 2711
wln 2712
wln 2713
wln 2714

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.
Assistente 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.
Assistente 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. *Bobadilla with two*
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.

wln 2715
wln 2716
wln 2717
wln 2718
wln 2719
wln 2720
wln 2721
wln 2722
wln 2723
wln 2724
wln 2725

img: 330-a
sig: 5S5v

Assistente 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.

*Enter Clara,
Genevora Eugenia
and Bobadilla.*

column: 330-a-1

wln 2726
wln 2727
wln 2728
wln 2729
wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732
wln 2733
wln 2734
wln 2735
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wln 2751
wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760

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: hung 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.
Assistente 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
Alguazier,*

wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764

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)

Pachieco,
Metaldi,
Mendoza,
Lazarillo.

column: 330-a-2

wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776
wln 2777
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wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
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wln 2783
wln 2784
wln 2785
wln 2786
wln 2787
wln 2788
wln 2789
wln 2790
wln 2791
wln 2792
wln 2793
wln 2794
wln 2795
wln 2796
wln 2797
wln 2798
wln 2799
wln 2800
wln 2801
wln 2802
wln 2803

You are to be whipped, and sent into the Galleys.
Alguazier I like all, but restoring that Catholic
doctrine

Pioratto.
Malroda,
and Guard.

I do dislike: Learn all ye officers
By this to live uprightly (if you can)

Exit.

Assistente You Cobbler, to translate your manners new,
Are doomed to th' Cloister of the Mendicants,
With this your brother; butcher there, for nothing
To cobble, 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,

Pachieco Mendoza, come.

Our souls have trod awry, in all men's sight,
We'll underlay 'em, till they go upright. *Exit. Pachieco and Mendoza*

Assistente Smith, in those shackles you for your hard heart
Must lie by th' heels a year.

Metaldi I have shod your horse, my Lord.

Exit.

Assistente 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.

Assistente 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.

column: 330-a

wln 2804

EPILOGUE.

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

*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.*

img: 330-b
sig: 5S6r

FINIS.

column: 330-b

wln 2814
wln 2815

A PROLOGUE.
At the reviving of this Play.

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

Statues and Pictures challenge price and fame;
If they can justly boast, and prove they came
From *Phidias* or *Apelles*. None deny,
Poets and Painters hold a sympathy;
Yet their 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.

Textual Notes

1. **20 (319-b)**: The regularized reading *forfeited* is supplied for the original *forfeif[*]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*.