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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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img: 319-a

img: 319-b

sig: 5Q3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

LOVE'S CURE  
OR,  
The Martial Maid.

wln 0004

*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  
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wln 0084  
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

Upon the other, and with one strong blow

wln 0092

In view of the amazed Town, and Camp

wln 0093

He strake him dead, and brought *Peralta* off

wln 0094

With double honor to himself.

wln 0095

*Vitelli* 'Twas brave:

wln 0096

But the success of this?

wln 0097

*Lamoral* The Camp received him

wln 0098

With acclamations of joy and welcome,

wln 0099

And for addition to the fair reward

wln 0100

Being a massy chain of gold given to him

wln 0101

By young *Peralta's* Father, he was brought

wln 0102

To the Infanta's presence kissed her hand,

wln 0103

And from that Lady, (greater in her goodness

wln 0104

Than her high birth) had this encouragement

wln 0105

Go on young man; yet not to feed thy valor

wln 0106

With hope of recompense to come, from me,

wln 0107

For present satisfaction of what's past,

wln 0108

Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,

wln 0109

And thee to take, and be assured of it.

wln 0110

*Anastro* Excellent princess.

wln 0111

*Vitelli* And styled worthily

wln 0112

The heart blood, nay the soul of Soldiers.

wln 0113

But what was his request?

wln 0114

*Lamoral* That the repeal

wln 0115

Of *Alvarez*, makes plain: he humbly begged

wln 0116

His Father's pardon, and so movingly

wln 0117

Told the sad story of your uncle's death

wln 0118

That the Infanta wept, and instantly

wln 0119

Granting his suit, working the Archduke to it,

wln 0120

Their Letters were directed to the King,

wln 0121

With whom they so prevailed, that *Alvarez*

wln 0122

Was freely pardoned.

wln 0123

*Vitelli* 'Tis not in the King

wln 0124

To make that good.

wln 0125

*Anastro* Not in the King? what subject

wln 0126

Dares contradict his power?

wln 0127

*Vitelli* In this I dare,

wln 0128

And will: and not call his prerogative

wln 0129

In question, nor presume to limit it.

wln 0130

I know he is the Master of his Laws,

wln 0131

And may forgive the forfeits made to them,

wln 0132

But not the injury done to my honor;

wln 0133

And since (forgetting my brave Uncle's merits

wln 0134

And many services, under Duke D' *Alva*)

wln 0135 He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice  
wln 0136 The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,  
wln 0137 I'll fill with this *Astrea's* empty hand,  
wln 0138 And in my just wreak, make this arm the King's,  
wln 0139 My deadly hate to *Alvarez*, and his house,  
wln 0140 Which as I grew in years, hath still increased,  
wln 0141 As if it called on time to make me man,  
wln 0142 Slept while it had no object for her fury  
wln 0143 But a weak woman, and her talked of Daughter:  
wln 0144 But now, since there are quarries, worth her sight  
wln 0145 Both in the father, and his hopeful son,  
wln 0146 I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full  
wln 0147 With both their hearts: to further which your friendship,  
wln 0148 And oaths will your assistance, let your deeds  
wln 0149 Make answer to me; useless are all words  
wln 0150 Till you have writ performance with your Swords.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0152 *Scaena Secunda.*

wln 0153 *Enter Bobadilla, and Lucio*

wln 0154 *Lucio* Go fetch my work: this ruff was not well starched,  
wln 0155 So tell the maid, 't has too much blue in it,

column: 320-a-2

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

wln 0159 *Bobadilla* O good Sir *Jaques* help me: was there ever such  
wln 0160 an Hermaphrodite heard of? would any wench living,  
wln 0161 that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to believe,  
wln 0162 that the best of a man lies under this Petticoat,  
wln 0163 and that a Codpiece were far fitter here, than a  
wln 0164 pinned-Placket?

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

wln 0168 *Bobadilla* May you have ten women's tongues that way I am  
wln 0169 sure: why my young Master or Mistress, Madam, Don or what  
wln 0170 you will, what the devil have you to do with Pullen, or  
wln 0171 Partridge? or to sit pricking on a clout all day? you have a  
wln 0172 better needle, I know, and might make better work, if  
wln 0173 you had grace to use it.

wln 0174 *Lucio* Why, how dare you speak this before me, sirrah?

wln 0175 *Bobadilla* Nay rather, why dare not you do what I speak?  
wln 0176 — though my Lady your mother, for fear of *Vitelli* and  
wln 0177 his faction, hath brought you up like her daughter, and  
wln 0178 has kept you this 20 year, which is ever since you were  
wln 0179 born, a close prisoner within doors, yet since you are a

wln 0180  
wln 0181  
wln 0182  
wln 0183  
wln 0184  
wln 0185  
wln 0186  
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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 Which my too credulous fears, that he was dead,  
wln 0225 Bestowed upon thee: thou shalt see him *Lucio*,  
wln 0226 And make him young again, by seeing thee,  
wln 0227 Who only hadst a being in my Womb  
wln 0228 When he went from me, *Lucio*: O my joys,  
wln 0229 So far transport me, that I must forget  
wln 0230 The ornaments of Matrons, modesty,  
wln 0231 And grave behavior; but let all forgive me  
wln 0232 If in th' expression of my soul's best comfort  
wln 0233 Though old, I do a while forget mine age,  
wln 0234 And play the wanton in the entertainment  
wln 0235 Of those delights I have so long despaired of.  
wln 0236 *Lucio* Shall I then see my Father?  
wln 0237 *Eugenia* This hour *Lucio*;  
wln 0238 Which reckon the beginning of thy life  
wln 0239 I mean that life, in which thou shalt appear  
wln 0240 To be such as I brought thee forth: a man,  
wln 0241 This womanish disguise, in which I have  
wln 0242 So long concealed thee, thou shalt now cast off,  
wln 0243 And change those qualities thou didst learn from me,  
wln 0244 For masculine virtues, for which seek no tutor,  
wln 0245 But let thy father's actions be thy precepts;  
wln 0246 And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward  
wln 0247 For thy true service.  
wln 0248 *Bobadilla* Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learn to know  
wln 0249 me more respectfully; how dost thou think I shall become  
wln 0250 the Steward's chair ha? will not these slender  
wln 0251 haunches show well with a chain, and a gold night-Cap  
wln 0252 after supper when I take the accompts?  
wln 0253 *Eugenia* Haste, and take down those blacks, with which my chamber  
wln 0254 Hath like the widow, her sad Mistress, mourned,  
wln 0255 And hang up for it, the rich Persian arras,  
wln 0256 Used on my wedding night: for this to me  
wln 0257 Shall be a second marriage: send for Music,  
wln 0258 And will the cooks to use their best of cunning  
wln 0259 To please the palate.  
wln 0260 *Bobadilla* Will your Ladyship have a Potato-pie, 'tis a good  
wln 0261 stirring dish for an old Lady, after a long Lent.  
wln 0262 *Eugenia* Be gone I say: why sir, you can go faster?  
wln 0263 *Bobadilla* I could Madam: but I am now to practice the  
wln 0264 Steward's pace, that's the reward I look for: every man  
wln 0265 must fashion his gate, according to his calling: you  
wln 0266 fellow *Stephano*, may walk faster, to overtake preferment:  
wln 0267 so, usher me.  
wln 0268 *Lucio* Pray Madam, let the waistcoat I last wrought  
wln 0269 Be made up for my Father: I will have  
wln 0270 A cap and boothose suitable to it.  
wln 0271 *Eugenia* Of that.  
wln 0272 We'll think hereafter *Lucio*: our thoughts now  
wln 0273 Must have no object, but thy Father's welcome,  
wln 0274 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 0319

*Alvarez* Endeavor rather.

*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

img: 321-a  
sig: 5Q4v

column: 321-a-1

wln 0354

Accompt of my life in your absence, and

wln 0355

Make you acquainted how I have preserved

wln 0356

The Jewel left locked up in my womb,

wln 0357

When you, in being forced to leave your country,

wln 0358

Suffered a civil death.

*within Clashing swords.*

wln 0359

*Alvarez* Do my *Eugenia*,

wln 0360

'Tis that I most desire to hear,

wln 0361

*Eugenia* Then know

*Sayavedra within.*

wln 0362

*Alvarez* What voice is that?

wln 0363

If you are noble Enemies,

*Vitelli within.*

wln 0364 Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly,  
wln 0365 Stand off, I am too many of myself. *Enter Bobadilla.*  
wln 0366 *Bobadilla* Murder, murder murder, your friend my Lord,  
wln 0367 *Don Syavedra* is set upon in the Streets, by your enemies  
wln 0368 *Vitelli*, and his Faction: I am almost killed with looking  
wln 0369 on them.  
wln 0370 *Alvarez* I'll free him, or fall with him: draw thy sword  
wln 0371 And follow me.  
wln 0372 *Clara* Fortune I give thee thanks  
wln 0373 For this occasion once more to use it.  
wln 0374 *Bobadilla* Nay, hold not me Madam; if I do any hurt, hang me. *Exit.*

wln 0375 *Lucio* Oh I am dead with fear! let's fly into  
wln 0376 Your Closet, Mother.  
wln 0377 *Eugenia* No hour of my life  
wln 0378 Secure of danger? heaven be merciful,  
wln 0379 Or now at once dispatch me. *Enter Vitelli, pursued*  
wln 0380 *Clara* Follow him *by Alvarez, and Sayavedra,*  
wln 0381 Leave me to keep these off. *Clara beating of*  
wln 0382 *Alvarez* Assault my friend *Anastro.*  
wln 0383 So near by house?  
wln 0384 *Vitelli* Nor in it will spare thee,  
wln 0385 Though 'twere a Temple: and I'll make it one,  
wln 0386 I being the Priest, and thou the sacrifice,  
wln 0387 I'll offer to my uncle.  
wln 0388 *Alvarez* Haste thou to him,  
wln 0389 And say I sent thee:  
wln 0390 *Clara* 'Twas put bravely by,  
wln 0391 And that: and yet comes on, and boldly rare,  
wln 0392 In the wars, where emulation and example  
wln 0393 Join to increase the courage, and make less  
wln 0394 The danger; valor, and true resolution  
wln 0395 Never appeared so lovely: brave again:  
wln 0396 Sure he is more than man, and if he fall;  
wln 0397 The best of virtue, fortitude would die with him:  
wln 0398 And can I suffer it? forgive me duty,  
wln 0399 So I love valor, as I will protect it  
wln 0400 Against my Father, and redeem it, though  
wln 0401 'Tis forfeited by one I hate.  
wln 0402 *Vitelli* Come on,  
wln 0403 All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer  
wln 0404 Before you have me: keep off.  
wln 0405 *Clara* Fear me not,  
wln 0406 Thy worth has took me Prisoner, and my sword  
wln 0407 For this time knows thee only for a friend,  
wln 0408 And to all else I turn the point of it.  
wln 0409 *Sayavedra* Defend your Father's Enemy?  
wln 0410 *Alvarez* Art thou mad?  
wln 0411 *Clara* Are you men rather? shall that valor, which  
wln 0412 Begot you lawful honor in the wars,  
wln 0413 Prove now the parent of an infamous Bastard

wln 0414 So foul, yet so long lived, as murder will  
wln 0415 Be to your shames? have each of you, alone  
wln 0416 With your own dangers only, purchased glory  
wln 0417 From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing  
wln 0418 Those nearest to you, to have part in it,  
wln 0419 And do you now join, and lend mutual help  
wln 0420 Against a single opposite? hath the mercy  
wln 0421 Of the great King, but newly washed away

column: 321-a-2

wln 0422 The blood, that with the forfeit of your life  
wln 0423 Cleaved to your name, and family like an ulcer,  
wln 0424 In this again to set a deeper dye  
wln 0425 Upon your infamy? you'll say he is your foe,  
wln 0426 And by his rashness called on his own ruin;  
wln 0427 Remember yet, he was first wronged, and honor  
wln 0428 Spurred him to what he did, and next the place  
wln 0429 Where now he is, your house, which by the laws  
wln 0430 Of hospitable duty should protect him;  
wln 0431 Have you been twenty years a stranger to it,  
wln 0432 To make your entrance now in blood? or think you  
wln 0433 Your countryman, a true born Spaniard, will be  
wln 0434 An offering fit, to please the genius of it?  
wln 0435 No, in this i'll presume to teach my Father,  
wln 0436 And this first Act of disobedience shall  
wln 0437 Confirm I am most dutiful.

*Alvarez* I am pleased

wln 0439 With what I dare not give allowance to;  
wln 0440 Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?

*Clara* Set free

wln 0442 A noble Enemy: come not on, by —  
wln 0443 You pass to him, through me: the way is open:  
wln 0444 Farewell: when next I meet you, do not look for  
wln 0445 A friend, but a vowed foe; I see you worthy,  
wln 0446 And therefore now preserve you, for the honor  
wln 0447 Of my sword only:

*Vitelli* Were this man a friend,

wln 0449 How would he win me, that being my vowed foe  
wln 0450 Deserves so well? I thank you for my life;  
wln 0451 But how I shall deserve it, give me leave  
wln 0452 Hereafter to consider.

*Exit.*

*Alvarez* Quit thy fear,

wln 0454 All danger is blown over: I have Letters  
wln 0455 To the Governor, in the King's name, to secure us,  
wln 0456 From such attempts hereafter: yet we need not  
wln 0457 That have such strong guards of our own, dread others;  
wln 0458 And to increase thy comfort, know, this young man  
wln 0459 Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,  
wln 0460 Is not what he appears, but such a one  
wln 0461 As thou with joy wilt bless, thy daughter *Clara*.

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wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489

*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.*

img: 321-b  
sig: 5R1r

column: 321-b-1

wln 0490  
wln 0491  
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wln 0503  
wln 0504  
wln 0505

*Actus secundus. Scaena prima.*

*Enter Pachieco, and Lazarillo.*

*Pachieco* Boy: my Cloak, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman  
of my rank, to walk the streets in *Querpo*.  
*Lazarillo* Nay, you are a very rank Gentleman. Signior, I am  
very hungry, they tell me in Seville here, I look like an  
Eel, with a man's head: and your neighbor the Smith  
here hard by, would have borrowed me th' other day, to  
have fished with me, because he had lost his angle-rod.  
*Pachieco* Oh happy thou *Lazarillo* (being the cause of other  
men's wits) as in thine own: live lean, and witty  
still: oppress not thy stomach too much: gross feeders,  
great sleepers: great sleepers, fat bodies; fat bodies, lean  
brains: No *Lazarillo*, I will make thee immortal,  
change thy humanity into deity, for I will teach thee  
to live upon nothing.

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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

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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 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  
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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 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  
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wln 0693  
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wln 0696  
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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'  
clouts made for it, like a great girl: nay, if you will needs  
be starching of Ruffs, and sewing of black-work, I will

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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

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wln 0792

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 be-pissed 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

wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
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wln 0814  
wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820

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  
wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832  
wln 0833  
wln 0834  
wln 0835  
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

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wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844  
wln 0845  
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wln 0884  
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 Protected by a Lady from my death.  
wln 0938 Oh I shall wear an everlasting blush  
wln 0939 Upon my cheek from this discovery:  
wln 0940 On you the fairest Soldier, I e'er saw;  
wln 0941 Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy shield  
wln 0942 Conquers, without blows, the contentious.  
wln 0943 *Clara* Sir, guard yourself, you are in your enemy's house,  
wln 0944 And may be injured.  
wln 0945 *Vitelli* 'Tis impossible:  
wln 0946 Foe, nor oppressing odds dares prove *Vitelli*,  
wln 0947 If *Clara* side him, and will call him friend;  
wln 0948 I would the difference of our bloods were such  
wln 0949 As might with any shift be wiped away:  
wln 0950 Or would to Heaven yourself were all your name;  
wln 0951 That having lost blood by you, I might hope  
wln 0952 To raise blood from you. But my black-winged fate  
wln 0953 Hovers aversely over that fond hope:  
wln 0954 And he, whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter,  
wln 0955 And sister of his enemy, wears a Sword  
wln 0956 To rip the father and the brother up.

column: 323-a-2

wln 0957 Thus you, that saved this wretched life of mine,  
wln 0958 Have saved it to the ruin of your friends.  
wln 0959 That my affections should promiscuously  
wln 0960 Dart love and hate at once, both worthily?  
wln 0961 Pray let me kiss your hand.  
wln 0962 *Clara* You are treacherous,  
wln 0963 And come to do me mischief.  
wln 0964 *Vitelli* Speak on still:  
wln 0965 Your words are falser (fair) than my intents,  
wln 0966 And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for  
wln 0967 Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,  
wln 0968 I do desire to hear you.  
wln 0969 *Clara* Pray be gone:  
wln 0970 Or kill me, if you please.  
wln 0971 *Vitelli* Oh, neither can:  
wln 0972 For to be gone, were to destroy my life;  
wln 0973 And to kill you, were to destroy my soul:  
wln 0974 I am in love, yet must not be in love:  
wln 0975 I'll get away apace: yet valiant Lady,  
wln 0976 Such gratitude to honor I do owe,  
wln 0977 And such obedience to your memory,  
wln 0978 That if you will bestow something, that I  
wln 0979 May wear about me, it shall bind all wrath,  
wln 0980 My most inveterate wrath, from all attempts,  
wln 0981 Till you and I meet next.  
wln 0982 *Clara* A favor fir?  
wln 0983 Why I will give ye good council.  
wln 0984 *Vitelli* That already

wln 0985  
wln 0986  
wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
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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 When you did wait at Court upon his mother;  
wln 1079 Has he not well provided for the bairn?  
wln 1080 Beside, what profit reap I by the other?  
wln 1081 If you will have me serve your pleasure, Lady,  
wln 1082 Your pleasure must accommodate my service;  
wln 1083 As good be virtuous and poor, as not  
wln 1084 Thrive by my knavery: all the world would be  
wln 1085 Good, prospered goodness like to villainy.  
wln 1086 I am the King's vicegerent by my place;

column: 323-b-2

wln 1087 His right Lieutenant in mine own precinct.  
wln 1088 *Malroda* Thou art a right rascal in all men's precincts;  
wln 1089 Yet now my pair of twins, of fool, and knave,  
wln 1090 Look we are friends; there's Gold for thee, admit  
wln 1091 Whom I will have, and keep it from my *Don*;  
wln 1092 And I will make thee richer than thou art wise:  
wln 1093 Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer:  
wln 1094 Thy children shall eat still my good night Owl,  
wln 1095 And thy old wife sell Andirons to the Court,  
wln 1096 Be countenanced by the *Dons*, and wear a hood,  
wln 1097 Nay keep my garden-house; I'll call her mother,  
wln 1098 Thee father, my good poisonous red-haired Dill,  
wln 1099 And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,  
wln 1100 Wrought from a fertile Island of mine own,  
wln 1101 Which I will offer, like an Indian Queen.  
wln 1102 *Alguazier* And I will be thy devil, thou my flesh,  
wln 1103 With which I'll catch the world.  
wln 1104 *Malroda* Fill some Tobacco,  
wln 1105 And bring it in: if *Pioratto* come  
wln 1106 Before my *Don*, admit him; if my *Don*  
wln 1107 Before my Love, conduct him, my dear devil. *Exit.*  
wln 1108 *Alguazier* I will my dear flesh: first come, first served. Well said.  
wln 1109 O equal Heaven, how wisely thou disposest  
wln 1110 Thy several gifts? one's born a great rich fool,  
wln 1111 For the subordinate knave to work upon:  
wln 1112 Another's poor, with wit's addition,  
wln 1113 Which well or ill used, builds a living up;  
wln 1114 And that too from the Sire oft descends:  
wln 1115 Only fair virtue, by traduction  
wln 1116 Never succeeds, and seldom meets success;  
wln 1117 What have I then to do with 't? My free will  
wln 1118 Left me by Heaven, makes me or good, or ill:  
wln 1119 Now since vice gets more in this vicious world  
wln 1120 Then piety, and my stars confluence  
wln 1121 Enforce my disposition to affect  
wln 1122 Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practice  
wln 1123 War, and grow that Way great: religious,  
wln 1124 And that way good: my chief felicity  
wln 1125 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,  
Were not to understand myself.

wln 1131

wln 1132

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

wln 1133

wln 1134

wln 1135

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

wln 1136

wln 1137

wln 1138

*Bobadilla* Women do ye mean, sir?

wln 1139

wln 1140

*Pioratto* Cures I do mean sir: be there but one spark  
Of fire remaining in him unextinct,  
With my discourse I'll blow it to a flame;  
And with my practice, into action:

wln 1141

wln 1142

wln 1143

I have had one so full of childish fear,  
And womanish hearted sent to my advice,  
He durst not draw a Knife to cut his meat.

wln 1144

wln 1145

wln 1146

*Bobadilla* And how sir, did you help him?

wln 1147

wln 1148

*Pioratto* Sir, I kept him

wln 1149

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

wln 1150

wln 1151

img: 324-a  
sig: 5R3v

column: 324-a-1

wln 1152

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

wln 1153

wln 1154

*Bobadilla* Good.

wln 1155

wln 1156

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

wln 1157

wln 1158

wln 1159

*Bobadilla* 'Tis true.

wln 1160

wln 1161

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

wln 1162

wln 1163

*Bobadilla* Aqua vite Signior,

wln 1164

wln 1165

For Aqua fortis poisons.

wln 1166

*Pioratto* Aqua fortis

wln 1167

I say again: what's one man's poison Signior,  
Is another's meat or drink.

wln 1168

wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
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wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
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wln 1217  
wln 1218  
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 By a great *Don, Vitelli*.  
wln 1221 *Bobadilla* How?  
wln 1222 *Pioratto* 'Tis true.  
wln 1223 *Bobadilla* See, things will veer about: this *Don Vitelli*  
wln 1224 Am I to seek now, to deliver Letters  
wln 1225 From my young Mistress *Clara*; and I tell you,  
wln 1226 Under the Rose, because you are a stranger,  
wln 1227 And my special friend, I doubt there is  
wln 1228 A little foolish love betwixt the parties,  
wln 1229 Unknown unto my Lord.  
wln 1230 *Pioratto* Happy discovery:  
wln 1231 My fruit begins to ripen: hark you sir,  
wln 1232 I would not wish you now, to give those Letters:  
wln 1233 But home, and ope this to *Madonna Clara*,  
wln 1234 Which when I come I'll justify, and relate  
wln 1235 More amply, and particularly.  
wln 1236 *Bobadilla* I approve  
wln 1237 Your counsel, and will practice it: *beso las manos*:  
wln 1238 Here's two chores chored: when wisdom is employed  
wln 1239 'Tis ever thus: your more acquaintance, Signior:  
wln 1240 I say not better, lest you think, I thought not  
wln 1241 Yours good enough. *Exit.*  
wln 1242 *Enter Alguazier.*  
wln 1243 *Pioratto* Your servant excellent Steward.  
wln 1244 Would all the Dons in Spain had no more brains,  
wln 1245 Here comes the *Alguazier: dieu vous guard Monsieur*.  
wln 1246 Is my coz stirring yet?  
wln 1247 *Alguazier* Your coz (good cousin?)  
wln 1248 A whore is like a fool, akin to all  
wln 1249 The gallants in the Town: Your coz, good Signior,  
wln 1250 Is gone abroad sir, with her other cousin,  
wln 1251 My Lord *Vitelli*: since when there hath been  
wln 1252 Some dozen cousins here to inquire for her.  
wln 1253 *Pioratto* She's greatly allied sir.  
wln 1254 *Alguazier* Marry is she sir,  
wln 1255 Come of a lusty kindred: the truth is,  
wln 1256 I must connive no more: no more admittance  
wln 1257 Must I consent to; my good Lord has threatened me,  
wln 1258 And you must pardon.  
wln 1259 *Pioratto* Out upon thee man,  
wln 1260 Turn honest in thine age? one foot i' th' grave?  
wln 1261 Thou shalt not wrong thyself so, for a million:  
wln 1262 Look, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for wit  
wln 1263 I mean) here is one sop, and two, and three,  
wln 1264 For every chop a hit.  
wln 1265 *Alguazier* Ay marry sir:  
wln 1266 Well, the poor heart loves you but too well.  
wln 1267 We have been talking on you 'faith this hour:

wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271  
wln 1272  
wln 1273  
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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  
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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  
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wln 1370  
wln 1371  
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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  
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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            *Vitelli* You are an ill Clerk; and curse yourself:  
wln 1458            Madness transports you: I confess, I drew you  
wln 1459            Unto my will: but you must know that must not  
wln 1460            Make me dote on the habit of my sin.  
wln 1461            I will, to settle you to your content,  
wln 1462            Be master of my word: and yet he lied  
wln 1463            That told you I was marrying, but in thought:  
wln 1464            But will you slave me to your tyranny  
wln 1465            So cruelly I shall not dare to look  
wln 1466            Or speak to other women? make me not  
wln 1467            Your smock's Monopoly: come, let's be friends:  
wln 1468            Look, here's a Jewel for thee: I will come  
wln 1469            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.*

wln 1477

*Scaena quarta.*

wln 1478

*Enter Clara, and Bobadilla with Letters.*

wln 1479            *Clara* What said he sirrah?

wln 1480            *Bobadilla* Little, or nothing: faith I saw him not,  
wln 1481            Nor will not: he doth love a strumpet, Mistress,  
wln 1482            Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the Constable's nose,  
wln 1483            It shall be justified by the Gentleman  
wln 1484            Your brother's Master, that is now within  
wln 1485            **A-practicing**: there are your Letters: come  
wln 1486            You shall not cast yourself away, while I live,

column: 325-a-2

wln 1487            Nor will I venture my right worshipful place  
wln 1488            In such a business — here's your Mother: down:  
wln 1489            And he that loves you: another 'gates fellow, I wish  
wln 1490            If you had any grace.

*Enter  
Eugenia  
and Sayavedra.*

*Clara* Well rogue.

wln 1491            *Bobadilla* I'll in, to see Don *Lucio* manage: he'll make  
wln 1492            A pretty piece of flesh; I promise you,  
wln 1493            He does already handle his weapon finely.

*Exit.*

wln 1495            *Eugenia* She knows your love sir, and the full allowance  
wln 1496            Her Father and myself approve it with,  
wln 1497            And I must tell you, I much hope it hath  
wln 1498            Wrought some impression, by her alteration;  
wln 1499            She sighs, and says forsooth, and cries heigh ho,  
wln 1500            She'll take ill words o' th' Steward, and the Servants,  
wln 1501            Yet answer affably, and modestly:

wln 1502  
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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,

wln 1560

Away, you sanguine scabbard.

wln 1561

*Eugenia* Out upon thee

*Enter Alvarez,*

wln 1562

Thou 'lt break my heart, I am sure.

*Pioratto, Lucio:*

wln 1563

*Sayavedra* She's not yet tame.

*and Bobadilla.*

wln 1564

*Alvarez* On sir; put home: or I shall goad you here

wln 1565

With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:

wln 1566

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

wln 1567

A Chevalier would stock a needle's point

wln 1568

Three times together: straight i' th' hams?

wln 1569

Or shall I give ye new Garters?

wln 1570

*Bobadilla* Faith old Master.

wln 1571

There's little hope: the linen sure was dank

wln 1572

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

*2 Torches*

wln 1573

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

*ready.*

wln 1574

For he will never fadge with these *Toledos*;

wln 1575

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

wln 1576

*Pioratto* Fie: you are the most untoward Scholar: bear

wln 1577

Your body gracefully: what a posture's there?

wln 1578

You lie too open breasted.

wln 1579

*Lucio* Oh!

wln 1580

*Pioratto* You'd never

wln 1581

Make a good Statesman:

wln 1582

*Lucio* Pray no more.

wln 1583

I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not

wln 1584

The practice of these dangerous qualities,

wln 1585

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

wln 1586

You'll leave me better able.

wln 1587

*Alvarez* Not a Button:

wln 1588

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

wln 1589

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

wln 1590

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

wln 1591

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

wln 1592

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

wln 1593

*Pioratto* Now, for your life Signior:

wln 1594

*Lucio* Oh: alas, I am killed

wln 1595

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

wln 1596

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

wln 1597

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

wln 1598

Whilst I can hold a sword.

wln 1599 *Pioratto* Hold, Madam, Madam.  
wln 1600 *Alvarez* *Clara*.  
wln 1601 *Eugenia* Daughter.  
wln 1602 *Bobadilla* Mistress:  
wln 1603 *Pioratto* *Bradamante*.  
wln 1604 Hold, hold I pray.  
wln 1605 *Alvarez* The devil's in her, o' the other side: sure,  
wln 1606 There's Gold for you: they have changed what-ye-call't's:  
wln 1607 Will no cure help? well, I have one experiment,  
wln 1608 And if that fail, I'll hang him, then here's an end on 't.  
wln 1609 Come you along with me: and you sir: *Exit*  
wln 1610 *Bobadilla* Now are you going to drowning. *Alvarez Eugenia Lucio*  
wln 1611 *Sayavedra* I'll even along with ye: she's too great a Lady *Bobadilla*  
wln 1612 For me, and would prove more than my match. *Exit*.  
wln 1613 *Clara* You're he spoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward?  
wln 1614 *Pioratto* Yes: and I thank you, you have beat me for 't.  
wln 1615 *Clara* But are you sure you do not wrong him?  
wln 1616 *Pioratto* Sure?  
wln 1617 So sure, that if you please venture yourself  
wln 1618 I'll show you him, and his Cockatrice together,  
wln 1619 And you shall hear 'em talk.  
wln 1620 *Clara* Will you? by — sir  
wln 1621 You shall endear me ever: and I ask  
wln 1622 You mercy.

column: 325-b-2

wln 1623 *Pioratto* You were somewhat boisterous.  
wln 1624 *Clara* There's Gold to make you amends: and for this pains,  
wln 1625 I'll gratify you further: i'll but mask me  
wln 1626 And walk along with ye: faith let's make a night on 't. *Exit*.

wln 1627 *Scaena quinta*.

wln 1628 *Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza.*  
wln 1629 *Metaldi, Lazarillo.*

wln 1630 *Alguazier* Come on my brave water-spaniels: you that  
wln 1631 hunt Ducks in the night: and hide more knavery under  
wln 1632 your gowns then your betters: observe my precepts,  
wln 1633 and edify by my doctrine: at yond corner will I set you;  
wln 1634 if drunkards molest the street, and fall to brabbling, knock  
wln 1635 you down the malefactors, and take you up their cloaks  
wln 1636 and hats, and bring them to me: they are lawful prisoners,  
wln 1637 and must be ransomed ere they receive liberty:  
wln 1638 what else you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently  
wln 1639 know: and therefore I abbreviate my Lecture.  
wln 1640 *Metaldi* We are wise enough, and warm enough.  
wln 1641 *Mendoza* Vice this night shall be apprehended.  
wln 1642 *Pachieco* The terror of rug-gowns shall be known: and our bills  
wln 1643 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  
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wln 1775  
wln 1776  
wln 1777  
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 Shipwrack  
Of women's chastities.

*Vitelli* But that I know

That she that dares be damned dares any thing,  
I should admire thy tempting me: but presume not  
On the power you think you hold o'er my affections,  
It will deceive you: yield, and presently

wln 1782  
wln 1783  
wln 1784  
wln 1785  
wln 1786  
wln 1787  
wln 1788  
wln 1789  
wln 1790  
wln 1791  
wln 1792  
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wln 1805  
wln 1806  
wln 1807  
wln 1808  
wln 1809  
wln 1810  
wln 1811  
wln 1812  
wln 1813  
wln 1814

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.

img: 326-b  
sig: [5S2r]

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  
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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

img: 327-a  
sig: [5S2v]

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:

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  
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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 Or I will cut thy hamstrings.  
wln 2015 *Pachieco* This makes for us  
wln 2016 *Alvarez* What dost thou do now?  
wln 2017 *Lucio* Sir, I am saying my prayers;  
wln 2018 For being to undertake what you would have me,  
wln 2019 I know I cannot live.

wln 2020 *Enter Lamoral, Genevora, Anastro, and*  
wln 2021 *Pages with lights.*

wln 2022 *Lamoral* Madam, I fear  
wln 2023 You'll wish you had used your coach: your brother's house  
wln 2024 Is yet far off.

wln 2025 *Genevora* The better sir: this walk  
wln 2026 Will help digestion after your great supper,  
wln 2027 Of which I have fed largely.

wln 2028 *Alvarez* To your task,  
wln 2029 Or else you know what follows:

wln 2030 *Lucio* I am dying:  
wln 2031 Now Lord have mercy on me: by your favor,  
wln 2032 Sir I must strike you.

wln 2033 *Lamoral* For what cause?

wln 2034 *Lucio* I know not:  
wln 2035 And I must likewise talk with that young Lady,  
wln 2036 An hour in private.

wln 2037 *Lamoral* What you must, is doubtful,  
wln 2038 But I am certain sir, *I* must beat you.

wln 2039 *Lucio* Help, help.

wln 2040 *Alvarez* Not strike again?

wln 2041 *Lamoral* How, *Alvarez*?

wln 2042 *Anastro* This for my Lord *Vitell's* love.

wln 2043 *Pachieco* Break out,  
wln 2044 And like true thieves, make pray on either side,  
wln 2045 But seem to help the stranger.

wln 2046 *Bobadilla* Oh my Lord,  
wln 2047 They have beat him on his knees.

wln 2048 *Lucio* Though I want courage:  
wln 2049 I yet have a son's duty in me, and  
wln 2050 Compassion of a father's danger; that,  
wln 2051 That wholly now possesses me.

wln 2052 *Alvarez* *Lucio*.  
wln 2053 This is beyond my hope.

wln 2054 *Metaldi* So *Lazarillo*,  
wln 2055 Take up all boy: well done.

wln 2056 *Pachieco* And now steal off  
wln 2057 Closely, and cunningly.

wln 2058 *Anastro* How? have I found you?  
wln 2059 Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make yourselves  
wln 2060 A prey to Rogues?

wln 2061 *Lamoral* Would we were off.

wln 2062 *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  
wln 2082  
wln 2083  
wln 2084  
wln 2085  
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wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101  
wln 2102  
wln 2103  
wln 2104  
wln 2105  
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 For lodging (though unwittingly) a smock-Gamester:  
 wln 2110 Where, with rewards, and credit I have kept  
 wln 2111 *Malroda* in my house, as in a cloister,  
 wln 2112 Without taint, or suspicion.  
 wln 2113 *Pachieco* But suppose  
 wln 2114 The Governor should know 't?  
 wln 2115 *Alguazier* He? good Gentleman,  
 wln 2116 Let him perplex himself with prying into  
 wln 2117 The measures in the market, and th' abuses  
 wln 2118 The day stands guilty of: the pillage of the night  
 wln 2119 Is only mine, mine own feesimple;  
 wln 2120 Which you shall hold from me, tenants at will,  
 wln 2121 And pay no rent for 't.  
 wln 2122 *Pachieco* Admirable Landlord.  
 wln 2123 *Alguazier* Now we'll go search the taverns, commit such  
 wln 2124 As we find drinking: and be drunk ourselves  
 wln 2125 With what we take from them: these silly wretches  
 wln 2126 Whom I for form's sake only have brought hither  
 wln 2127 Shall watch without, and guard us.  
 wln 2128 *Assistente* And we will.  
 wln 2129 See you safe lodged, most worthy *Alguazier*,  
 wln 2130 With all of you his comrades.  
 wln 2131 *Metaldi* 'Tis the Governor.  
 wln 2132 *Alguazier* We are betrayed?  
 wln 2133 *Assistente* My guard there: bind them fast:  
 wln 2134 How men in high place, and authority  
 wln 2135 Are in their lives and estimation wronged  
 wln 2136 By their subordinate Ministers? yet such  
 wln 2137 They cannot but employ: wronged justice finding  
 wln 2138 Scarce one true servant in ten officers.  
 wln 2139 T' expostulate with you, were but to delay  
 wln 2140 Your crimes due punishment, which shall fall upon you  
 wln 2141 So speedily, and severely, that it shall  
 wln 2142 Fright others by th' example: and confirm  
 wln 2143 However corrupt officers may disgrace

column: 327-b-2

wln 2144 Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.  
 wln 2145 Bring them away.  
 wln 2146 *Alguazier* We'll suffer nobly yet,  
 wln 2147 And like to Spanish Gallants.  
 wln 2148 *Pachieco* And we'll hang so.  
 wln 2149 *Lazarillo* I have no stomach to it: but i'll endeavor.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2151 *Scaena Quarta.*

wln 2152 *Enter Lucio, and Genevora.*

wln 2153 *Genevora* Nay you are rude; pray you forbear; your offer now

wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162  
wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165  
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wln 2192  
wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195  
wln 2196  
wln 2197  
  
wln 2198

More than the breeding of a Gentleman  
Can give you warrant for.

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

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

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

*Genevora* Sweet Innocence.

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

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

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

*Genevora* Willingly.

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

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

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

*Genevora* Can you love me?

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

*Enter Lamoral.*

*Genevora* On easier terms,  
Receive it as a friend.

*Lamoral* How! giving favor!  
I'll have it with his heart.

wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201  
wln 2202



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

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

wln 2230

*Actus Quintus. Scaena prima.*

wln 2231

*Enter Lamoral and Lucio.*

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

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

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  
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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 I came by these: which yet I take not from you,  
wln 2340 But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,  
wln 2341 With the desire of being a friend; which if  
wln 2342 You will not grant me, but on further trial  
wln 2343 Of manhood in me, seek me when you please,  
wln 2344 (And though I might refuse it with mine honor)  
wln 2345 Win them again, and wear them: so good morrow.

*Exit.*

wln 2346 *Lamoral* I ne'er knew what true valor was till now;  
wln 2347 And have gained more by this disgrace, than all  
wln 2348 The honors I have won: they made me proud,  
wln 2349 Presumptuous of my fortune; a mere beast,  
wln 2350 Fashioned by them, only to dare and do:  
wln 2351 Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions  
wln 2352 But what I stuck on my Sword's point, presuming  
wln 2353 It was the best Revenue. How unequal  
wln 2354 Wrongs well maintained makes us to others, which  
wln 2355 Ending with shame teach as to know ourselves,  
wln 2356 I will think more on 't.

wln 2357 *Enter Vitelli.*

wln 2358 *Vitelli Lamoral.*

wln 2359 *Lamoral* My Lord?

wln 2360 *Vitelli* I came to seek you.

wln 2361 *Lamoral* And unwillingly;

wln 2362 You ne'er found me till now: your pleasure sir?

wln 2363 *Vitelli* That which will please thee friend: thy vow love to me

wln 2364 Shall now be put in action: means is offered

wln 2365 To use thy good Sword for me; that which still

wln 2366 Thou wear'st, as if it were a part of thee.

wln 2367 Where is it?

wln 2368 *Lamoral* 'Tis changed for one more fortunate:

wln 2369 Pray you inquire not how.

wln 2370 *Vitelli* Why, I ne'er thought

wln 2371 That there was music in 't, but ascribe

wln 2372 The fortune of it to the arm.

wln 2373 *Lamoral* Which is grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)

wln 2374 Worthy your friendship: I am one new vanquished,

wln 2375 Yet shame to tell by whom.

wln 2376 *Vitelli* But I'll tell thee

wln 2377 'gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem

wln 2378 Thy honor lost, if there be any such:

wln 2379 The King, by my long suit, at length is pleased

wln 2380 That *Alvarez* and myself, with either's Second,

wln 2381 Shall end the difference between our houses,

wln 2382 Which he accepts of. I make choice of thee;

wln 2383 And where you speak of a disgrace, the means

wln 2384 To blot it out, by such a public trial

wln 2385 Of thy approved valor, will revive

wln 2386 Thy ancient courage. If you embrace it, do;

wln 2387 If not, I'll seek some other.

wln 2388  
wln 2389  
wln 2390  
wln 2391

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

*Exeunt.*

wln 2392

*Scaena secunda.*

wln 2393

*Enter Genevora with a Letter and Bobadilla.*

wln 2394  
wln 2395  
wln 2396  
wln 2397

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

column: 328-b-2

wln 2398  
wln 2399  
wln 2400  
wln 2401  
wln 2402  
wln 2403  
wln 2404  
wln 2405  
wln 2406  
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wln 2430  
wln 2431  
wln 2432

*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  
wln 2629  
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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                    *Eugenia Lucio*, thy Mother,  
wln 2665                    Thy Mother begs it: throw thy sword down first.  
wln 2666                    *Alvarez* I'll throw his head down after then.  
wln 2667                    *Genevora Lamoral*.  
wln 2668                    You have often swore you'd be commanded by me.  
wln 2669                    *Lamoral* Never to this: your spite, and scorn *Genevora*,  
wln 2670                    Has lost all power in me:  
wln 2671                    *Genevora* Your hearing for six words.  
wln 2672                    *Assistente Sayavedra. Anastro* Strange obstinacy!  
wln 2673                    *Alvarez Vitelli Lucio Lamoral* We'll stay no longer.  
wln 2674                    *Clara* Then by thy oath *Vitelli*,  
wln 2675                    Thy dreadful oath, thou wouldst return that sword  
wln 2676                    When I should ask it, give it to me, now,  
wln 2677                    This instant I require it.  
wln 2678                    *Genevora* By thy vow,  
wln 2679                    As dreadful, *Lucio*, to obey my will  
wln 2680                    In any one thing I would watch to challenge,  
wln 2681                    I charge thee not to strike a stroke: now he  
wln 2682                    Of our two brothers that loves perjury  
wln 2683                    Best, and dares first be damned, infringe his vow.  
wln 2684                    *Sayavedra* Excellent Ladies.  
wln 2685                    *Vitelli* Pish you tyrannize.  
wln 2686                    *Lucio* We did equivocate.  
wln 2687                    *Alvarez* On.  
wln 2688                    *Clara* Then *Lucio*,  
wln 2689                    So well I love my husband, for he is so,  
wln 2690                    (wanting but ceremony) that I pray  
wln 2691                    His vengeful sword may fall upon thy head  
wln 2692                    successfully for falsehood to his Sister.  
wln 2693                    *Genevora* I likewise pray (*Vitelli*) *Lucio's* sword  
wln 2694                    (who equally is my husband, as thou hers)  
wln 2695                    May find thy false heart, that durst gage thy faith,  
wln 2696                    And durst not keep it.  
wln 2697                    *Assistente* Are you men, or stone.  
wln 2698                    *Alvarez* Men, and we'll prove it with our swords:  
wln 2699                    *Eugenia* Your hearing for six words, and we have done,  
wln 2700                    *Zancho* come forth — we'll fight our challenge too: *Enter*  
wln 2701                    Now speak your resolutions. *Bobadilla with two*  
wln 2702                    *Genevora* These they are, *swords and a Pistol.*  
wln 2703                    The first blow given betwixt you, sheathes these swords  
wln 2704                    In one another's bosoms.  
wln 2705                    *Eugenia* And rogue, look  
wln 2706                    You at that instant do discharge that Pistol  
wln 2707                    Into my breast: if you start back, or quake,  
wln 2708                    I'll stick you like a Pig.  
wln 2709                    *Alvarez* — hold: you are mad.  
wln 2710                    *Genevora* This we said: and by our hope of bliss  
wln 2711                    This we will do: speak your intents.  
wln 2712                    *Clara Genevora* Strike.  
wln 2713                    *Eugenia* Shoot.  
wln 2714                    *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  
wln 2736  
wln 2737  
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wln 2749  
wln 2750  
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  
wln 2778  
wln 2779  
wln 2780  
wln 2781  
wln 2782  
wln 2783  
wln 2784  
wln 2785  
wln 2786  
wln 2787  
wln 2788  
wln 2789  
wln 2790  
wln 2791  
wln 2792  
wln 2793  
wln 2794  
wln 2795  
wln 2796  
wln 2797  
wln 2798  
wln 2799  
wln 2800  
wln 2801  
wln 2802  
wln 2803

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

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## 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 *helpe*.
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*.