

# EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

**Ben Jonson**

*Freeditorial* 

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*LORENZO SENIOR.*

*PROSPERO.*

*THORELLO.*

*GIULIANO.*

*LORENZO JUNIOR.*

*STEPHANO.*

*DOCTOR CLEMENT.*

*BOBADILLA.*

*BIANCHA.*

*HESPERIDA.*

*PETO.*

*MUSCO.*

*COB.*

*MATHEO.*

*PISO.*

*TIB.*

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**ACT I**

*SCENE I.*

*ENTER LORENZO DI PAZZI SENIOR, MUSCO.*

*LOR. SE. Now trust me, here's a goodly day toward.  
Musco, call up my son Lorenzo; bid him rise; tell him,  
I have some business to employ him in.*

*MUS. I will, sir, presently.*

*LOR. SE. But hear you, sirrah;  
If he be at study disturb him not.*

*MUS. Very good, sir. [EXIT MUSCO.]*

*LOR. SE. How happy would I estimate myself,  
Could I by any means retire my son,  
From one vain course of study he affects!  
He is a scholar (if a man may trust  
The liberal voice of double-tongued report)  
Of dear account, in all our "Academies."  
Yet this position must not breed in me  
A fast opinion that he cannot err.  
Myself was once a "student," and indeed  
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,  
Dreaming on nought but idle "Poetry";  
But since, Experience hath awaked my spirits,  
[ENTER STEPHANO]  
And reason taught them, how to comprehend  
The sovereign use of study. What, cousin Stephano!  
What news with you, that you are here so early?*

*STEP. Nothing: but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.*

*LOR. SE. That's kindly done; you are welcome, cousin.*

*STEP. Ay, I know that sir, I would not have come else: how doth  
my cousin, uncle?*

*LOR. SE. Oh, well, well, go in and see; I doubt he's scarce stirring yet.*

*STEP. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.*

*LOR. SE. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?*

*STEP. No, wusse; but I'll practise against next year; I have bought me a hawk, and bells and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.*

*LOR. SE. Oh, most ridiculous.*

*STEP. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle, why, you know, an a man have not skill in hawking and hunting now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him; he is for no gentleman's company, and (by God's will) I scorn it, ay, so I do, to be a consort for every hum-drum; hang them scroyles, there's nothing in them in the world, what do you talk on it? a gentleman must shew himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.*

*LOR. SE. Go to, you are a prodigal, and self-willed fool.  
Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak,  
Take't as you will, I'll not flatter you.  
What? have you not means enow to waste  
That which your friends have left you, but you must  
Go cast away your money on a Buzzard,  
And know not how to keep it when you have done?  
Oh, it's brave, this will make you a gentleman,  
Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope  
Of all reclaim; ay, so, now you are told on it, you  
look another way.*

*STEP. What would you have me do, trow?*

*LOR. What would I have you do? marry,  
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,  
That I would have you do, and not to spend  
Your crowns on every one that humours you:  
I would not have you to intrude yourself  
In every gentleman's society,  
Till their affections or your own dessert,*

*Do worthily invite you to the place.  
For he that's so disrespectful in his courses,  
Oft sells his reputation vile and cheap.  
Let not your carriage and behaviour taste  
Of affectation, lest while you pretend  
To make a blaze of gentry to the world  
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,  
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,  
Whose property is only to offend.  
Cousin, lay by such superficial forms,  
And entertain a perfect real substance;  
Stand not so much on your gentility,  
But moderate your expenses (now at first)  
As you may keep the same proportion still:  
Bear a low sail. Soft, who's this comes here?*

*[ENTER A SERVANT.]*

*SER. Gentlemen, God save you.*

*STEP. Welcome, good friend; we do not stand much upon our gentility,  
yet I can assure you mine uncle is a man of a thousand pound land a  
year; he hath but one son in the world; I am his next heir, as simple as  
I stand here, if my cousin die. I have a fair living of mine own too  
beside.*

*SER. In good time, sir.*

*STEP. In good time, sir! you do not flout me, do you?*

*SER. Not I, sir.*

*STEP. An you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly  
too. Go to; and they can give it again soundly, an need be.*

*SER. Why, sir, let this satisfy you. Good faith, I had no such intent.*

*STEP. By God, an I thought you had, sir, I would talk with you.*

*SER. So you may, sir, and at your pleasure.*

*STEP. And so I would, sir, an you were out of mine uncle's ground,  
I can tell you.*

*LOR. SE. Why, how now, cousin, will this ne'er be left?*

*STEP. Whoreson, base fellow, by God's lid, an 'twere not for  
shame, I would —*

*LOR. SE. What would you do? you peremptory ass,  
An you'll not be quiet, get you hence.  
You see, the gentleman contains himself  
In modest limits, giving no reply  
To your unseason'd rude comparatives;  
Yet you'll demean yourself without respect  
Either of duty or humanity.  
Go, get you in: 'fore God, I am asham'd  
[EXIT STEP.]  
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.*

*SER. I pray you, sir, is this Pazzi house?*

*LOR. SE. Yes, marry is it, sir.*

*SER. I should enquire for a gentleman here, one Signior Lorenzo di  
Pazzi; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?*

*LOR. SE. Yes, sir; or else I should forget myself.*

*SER. I cry you mercy, sir, I was requested by a gentleman of  
Florence (having some occasion to ride this way) to deliver you  
this letter.*

*LOR. SE. To me, sir? What do you mean? I pray you remember your  
court'sy.*

*"To his dear and most selected friend, Signior Lorenzo di  
Pazzi."*

*What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?  
Nay, pray you be covered.*

*SER. Signior Prospero.*

*LOR. SE. Signior Prospero? A young gentleman of the family of Strozzi, is he not?*

*SER. Ay, sir, the same: Signior Thorello, the rich Florentine merchant married his sister.*

*[ENTER MUSCO.]*

*LOR. SE. You say very true. — Musco.*

*MUS. Sir.*

*LOR. SE. Make this gentleman drink here.*

*I pray you go in, sir, an't please you.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*Now (without doubt) this letter's to my son.*

*Well, all is one: I'll be so bold as read it,*

*Be it but for the style's sake, and the phrase;*

*Both which (I do presume) are excellent,*

*And greatly varied from the vulgar form,*

*If Prospero's invention gave them life.*

*How now! what stuff is here?*

*"Sir Lorenzo,*

*I muse we cannot see thee at Florence: 'Sblood, I doubt, Apollo hath got thee to be his Ingle, that thou comest not abroad, to visit thine old friends: well, take heed of him; he may do somewhat for his household servants, or so; But for his Retainers, I am sure, I have known some of them, that have followed him, three, four, five years together, scorning the world with their bare heels, and at length been glad for a shift (though no clean shift) to lie a whole winter, in half a sheet cursing Charles' wain, and the rest of the stars intolerably. But (quis contra diuos?) well; Sir, sweet villain, come and see me; but spend one minute in my company, and 'tis enough: I think I have a world of good jests for thee: oh, sir, I can shew thee two of the most perfect, rare and absolute true Gulls, that ever thou saw'st, if thou wilt come.*

*'Sblood, invent some famous memorable lie, or other, to flap thy Father in the mouth withal: thou hast been father of a thousand, in thy days, thou could'st be no*

*Poet else: any scurvy roguish excuse will serve; say thou com'st but to fetch wool for thine Ink-horn. And then, too, thy Father will say thy wits are a wool-gathering. But it's no matter; the worse, the better. Anything is good enough for the old man. Sir, how if thy Father should see this now? what would he think of me? Well, (how ever I write to thee) I reverence him in my soul, for the general good all Florence delivers of him. Lorenzo, I conjure thee (by what, let me see) by the depth of our love, by all the strange sights we have seen in our days, (ay, or nights either), to come to me to Florence this day. Go to, you shall come, and let your Muses go spin for once. If thou wilt not, 's hart, what's your god's name? Apollo? Ay, Apollo. If this melancholy rogue (Lorenzo here) do not come, grant, that he do turn Fool presently, and never hereafter be able to make a good jest, or a blank verse, but live in more penury of wit and invention, than either the Hall-Beadle, or Poet Nuntius."*

*Well, it is the strangest letter that ever I read.*

*Is this the man, my son so oft hath praised  
To be the happiest, and most precious wit  
That ever was familiar with Art?*

*Now, by our Lady's blessed son, I swear,  
I rather think him most unfortunate  
In the possession of such holy gifts,  
Being the master of so loose a spirit.*

*Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ  
With so profane a pen unto his friend?*

*The modest paper e'en looks pale for grief,  
To feel her virgin-cheek defiled and stained  
With such a black and criminal inscription.*

*Well, I had thought my son could not have strayed  
So far from judgment as to mart himself  
Thus cheaply in the open trade of scorn  
To jeering folly and fantastic humour.  
But now I see opinion is a fool,  
And hath abused my senses. — Musco.*

*[ENTER MUSCO.]*

*MUS. Sir.*

*LOR. SE. What, is the fellow gone that brought this letter?*

*MUS. Yes sir, a pretty while since.*

*LOR. SE. And where's Lorenzo?*

*MUS. In his chamber, sir.*

*LOR. SE. He spake not with the fellow, did he?*

*MUS. No, sir, he saw him not.*

*LOR. SE. Then, Musco, take this letter, and deliver it unto Lorenzo: but, sirrah, on your life take you no knowledge I have opened it.*

*MUS. O Lord, sir, that were a jest indeed.*

*[EXIT MUS.]*

*LOR. SE. I am resolv'd I will not cross his journey,  
Nor will I practise any violent means  
To stay the hot and lusty course of youth.  
For youth restrained straight grows impatient,  
And, in condition, like an eager dog,  
Who, ne'er so little from his game withheld,  
Turns head and leaps up at his master's throat.  
Therefore I'll study, by some milder drift,  
To call my son unto a happier shrift.*

*[EXIT.]*

*ACT I. SCENE II.*

*ENTER LORENZO JUNIOR, WITH MUSCO.*

*MUS. Yes, sir, on my word he opened it, and read the contents.*

*LOR. JU. It scarce contents me that he did so. But, Musco, didst thou observe his countenance in the reading of it, whether he were angry or pleased?*

*MUS. Why, sir, I saw him not read it.*

*LOR. JU. No? how knowest thou then that he opened it?*

*MUS. Marry, sir, because he charg'd me on my life to tell nobody that he opened it, which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.*

*LOR. JU. That's true: well, Musco, hie thee in again,  
Lest thy protracted absence do lend light,  
[ENTER STEPHANO.]  
To dark suspicion: Musco, be assured  
I'll not forget this thy respective love.*

*STEP. Oh, Musco, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha-call-him doublet; he brought mine uncle a letter even now?*

*MUS. Yes, sir, what of him?*

*STEP. Where is he, canst thou tell?*

*MUS. Why, he is gone.*

*STEP. Gone? which way? when went he? how long since?*

*MUS. It's almost half an hour ago since he rode hence.*

*STEP. Whoreson scanderbag rogue; oh that I had a horse; by God's lid, I'd fetch him back again, with heave and ho.*

*MUS. Why, you may have my master's bay gelding, an you will.*

*STEP. But I have no boots, that's the spite on it.*

*MUS. Then it's no boot to follow him. Let him go and hang, sir.*

*STEP. Ay, by my troth; Musco, I pray thee help to truss me a little; nothing angers me, but I have waited such a while for him all unlac'd and untrussed yonder; and now to see he is gone the other way.*

*MUS. Nay, I pray you stand still, sir.*

*STEP. I will, I will: oh, how it vexes me.*

*MUS. Tut, never vex yourself with the thought of such a base fellow as he.*

*STEP. Nay, to see he stood upon points with me too.*

*MUS. Like enough so; that was because he saw you had so few at your hose.*

*STEP. What! Hast thou done? Godamercy, good Musco.*

*MUS. I marle, sir, you wear such ill-favoured coarse stockings, having so good a leg as you have.*

*STEP. Foh! the stockings be good enough for this time of the year; but I'll have a pair of silk, e'er it be long: I think my leg would shew well in a silk hose.*

*MUS. Ay, afore God, would it, rarely well.*

*STEP. In sadness I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg?*

*MUS. You have an excellent good leg, sir: I pray you pardon me. I have a little haste in, sir.*

*STEP. A thousand thanks, good Musco.*

*[EXIT.]*

*What, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do —*

*LOR. JU. Here is a style indeed, for a man's senses to leap over, e'er they come at it: why, it is able to break the shins of any*

*old man's patience in the world. My father read this with patience? Then will I be made an Eunuch, and learn to sing*

*Ballads. I do not deny, but my father may have as much patience as any other man; for he used to take physic, and oft taking physic makes a man a very patient creature. But, Signior Prospero, had your swaggering Epistle here arrived in my father's hands at such an hour of his patience, I mean, when he had taken physic, it is to be doubted whether I should have read "sweet villain here." But, what? My wise cousin; Nay then, I'll furnish our feast with one Gull more toward a mess; he writes to me of two, and here's one, that's three, i'faith. Oh for a fourth! now, Fortune, or never, Fortune!*

*STEP. Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me, I would have told mine uncle.*

*LOR. JU. Cousin Stephano: good morrow, good cousin, how fare you?*

*STEP. The better for your asking, I will assure you. I have been all about to seek you. Since I came I saw mine uncle; and i'faith how have you done this great while? Good Lord, by my troth, I am glad you are well, cousin.*

*LOR. JU. And I am as glad of your coming, I protest to you, for I am sent for by a private gentleman, my most special dear friend, to come to him to Florence this morning, and you shall go with me, cousin, if it please you, not else, I will enjoin you no further than stands with your own consent, and the condition of a friend.*

*STEP. Why, cousin, you shall command me an 'twere twice so far as Florence, to do you good; what, do you think I will not go with you? I protest —*

*LOR. JU. Nay, nay, you shall not protest*

*STEP. By God, but I will, sir, by your leave I'll protest more to my friend than I'll speak of at this time.*

*LOR. JU. You speak very well, sir.*

*STEP. Nay, not so neither, but I speak to serve my turn.*

*LOR. JU. Your turn? why, cousin, a gentleman of so fair sort as you are, of so true carriage, so special good parts; of so dear and choice estimation; one whose lowest condition bears the stamp of a great spirit; nay more, a man so graced, gilded, or rather, to use a more fit metaphor, tinforced by nature; not that you have a leaden constitution, coz, although perhaps a little inclining to that temper, and so the more apt to melt with pity, when you fall into the fire of rage, but for your lustre only, which reflects as bright to the world as an old ale-wife's pewter again a good time; and will you now, with nice modesty, hide such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory as a milliner's wife doth her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn or a black cyprus? Come, come; for shame do not wrong the quality of your dessert in so poor a kind; but let the idea of what you are be portrayed in your aspect, that men may read in your looks: "Here within this place is to be seen the most admirable, rare, and accomplished work of nature!"  
Cousin, what think you of this?*

*STEP. Marry, I do think of it, and I will be more melancholy and gentlemanlike than I have been, I do ensure you.*

*LOR. JU. Why, this is well: now if I can but hold up this humour in him, as it is begun, Catso for Florence, match him an she can. Come, cousin.*

*STEP. I'll follow you.*

*LOR. JU. Follow me! you must go before!*

*STEP. Must I? nay, then I pray you shew me, good cousin.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ACT I. SCENE III.*

*ENTER SIGNIOR MATHEO, TO HIM COB.*

*MAT. I think this be the house: what ho!*

*COB. Who's there? oh, Signior Matheo. God give you good morrow, sir.*

*MAT. What? Cob? how doest thou, good Cob? does thou inhabit here, Cob?*

*COB. Ay, sir, I and my lineage have kept a poor house in our days.*

*MAT. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob! what lineage, what lineage?*

*COB. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely: mine ancestry came from a king's loins, no worse man; and yet no man neither but Herring the king of fish, one of the monarchs of the world, I assure you. I do fetch my pedigree and name from the first red herring that was eaten in Adam and Eve's kitchen: his Cob was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.*

*MAT. Why mighty? why mighty?*

*COB. Oh, it's a mighty while ago, sir, and it was a mighty great Cob.*

*MAT. How knowest thou that?*

*COB. How know I? why, his ghost comes to me every night.*

*MAT. Oh, unsavoury jest: the ghost of a herring Cob.*

*COB. Ay, why not the ghost of a herring Cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacono, they were both broiled on the coals? you are a scholar, upsolve me that now.*

*MAT. Oh, rude ignorance! Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Signior Bobadilla, where his lodging is?*

*COB. Oh, my guest, sir, you mean?*

*MAT. Thy guest, alas! ha, ha.*

*COB. Why do you laugh, sir? do you not mean Signior Bobadilla?*

*MAT. Cob, I pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn he scorns thy house; he! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house? Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst give it him.*

*COB. I will not give it him. Mass, I thought somewhat was in it, we could not get him to bed all night. Well sir, though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench, an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet I warrant he ne'er cast better in his life than he hath done to-night.*

*MAT. Why, was he drunk?*

*COB. Drunk, sir? you hear not me say so; perhaps he swallow'd a tavern token, or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal: I deal with water and not with wine. Give me my tankard there, ho! God be with you, sir; it's six o'clock: I should have carried two turns by this, what ho! my stopple, come.*

*MAT. Lie in a water-bearer's house, a gentleman of his note? Well, I'll tell him my mind.*

*[EXIT.]*

*COB. What, Tib, shew this gentleman up to Signior Bobadilla: oh, an my house were the Brazen head now, faith it would e'en cry moe fools yet: you should have some now, would take him to be a gentleman at least; alas, God help the simple, his father's an honest man, a good fishmonger, and so forth: and now doth he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is, (oh, my guest is a fine man!) and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house, (where I serve water) one M. Thorello's; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, and calls her mistress: and there he sits a whole afternoon sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile, (a pox on them, I cannot abide them!) rascally verses, Poetry, poetry, and speaking of Interludes, 'twill make a man burst to hear him: and the wenches, they do so jeer and tihe at*

*him; well, should they do as much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the life of Pharaoh, there's an oath: how many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? oh, I have a guest, (he teacheth me) he doth swear the best of any man christened. By Phoebus, By the life of Pharaoh, By the body of me, As I am gentleman, and a soldier: such dainty oaths; and withal he doth take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest; it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at his nostrils: well, he owes me forty shillings, (my wife lent him out of her purse; by sixpence a time,) besides his lodging; I would I had it: I shall have it, he saith, next Action. Helter skelter, ang sorrow, care will kill a cat, up-tails all, and a pox on the hangman.*

*[EXIT.]*

*[BOBADILLA DISCOVERS HIMSELF; ON A BENCH; TO HIM TIB.]*

*BOB. Hostess, hostess.*

*TIB. What say you, sir?*

*BOB. A cup of your small beer, sweet hostess.*

*TIB. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.*

*BOB. A gentleman? (God's so) I am not within.*

*TIB. My husband told him you were, sir.*

*BOB. What a plague! what meant he?*

*MAT. Signior Bobadilla.*

*[MATHEO WITHIN.]*

*BOB. Who's there? (take away the bason, good hostess) come up, sir.*

*TIB. He would desire you to come up, sir; you come into a cleanly house here.*

*MAT. God save you, sir, God save you.*

*[ENTER MATHEO.]*

*BOB. Signior Matheo, is't you, sir? please you sit down.*

*MAT. I thank you, good Signior, you may see I am somewhat audacious.*

*BOB. Not so, Signior, I was requested to supper yesternight by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.*

*MAT. Vouchsafe me by whom, good Signior.*

*BOB. Marry, by Signior Prospero, and others; why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.*

*MAT. No haste, sir, it is very well.*

*BOB. Body of me, it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open mine eyes yet; I was but new risen as you came; how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.*

*MAT. Faith, some half hour to seven: now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.*

*BOB. Ay, sir, sit down. I pray you, Signior Matheo, in any case possess no gentlemen of your acquaintance with notice of my lodging.*

*MAT. Who? I, sir? no.*

*BOB. Not that I need to care who know it, but in regard I would not be so popular and general as some be.*

*MAT. True, Signior, I conceive you.*

*BOB. For do you see, sir, by the heart of myself, (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so,) I could not extend thus far.*

*MAT. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.*

*BOB. What new book have you there? What? "Go by Hieronymo."*

*MAT. Ay, did you ever see it acted? is't not well penned?*

*BOB. Well penned: I would fain see all the Poets of our time pen such another play as that was; they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (by God's so) they are the most shallow, pitiful fellows that live upon the face of the earth again.*

*MAT. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book: "Oh eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;" there's a conceit: Fountains fraught with tears. "Oh life, no life, but lively form of death;" is't not excellent? "Oh world, no world, but mass of public wrongs;" O God's me: "confused and filled with murder and misdeeds." Is't not simply the best that ever you heard?*

*Ha, how do you like it?*

*BOB. 'Tis good.*

*MAT. "To thee, the purest object to my sense,  
The most refined essence heaven covers,  
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence  
The happy state of true deserving lovers.  
If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,  
Haste made that waste; thus mildly I conclude."*

*BOB. Nay, proceed, proceed, where's this? where's this?*

*MAT. This, sir, a toy of mine own in my non-age: but when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late: that boot becomes your leg passing well, sir, methinks.*

*BOB. So, so, it's a fashion gentlemen use.*

*MAT. Mass, sir, and now you speak of the fashion, Signior Prospero's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: this*

*other day I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship was most beautiful and gentlemanlike; yet he condemned it for the most pious and ridiculous that ever he saw.*

*BOB. Signior Giuliano, was it not? the elder brother?*

*MAT. Ay, sir, he.*

*BOB. Hang him, rook! he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I hold him the most peremptory absurd clown (one a them) in Christendom: I protest to you (as I am a gentleman and a soldier) I ne'er talk'd with the like of him: he has not so much as a good word in his belly, all iron, iron, a good commodity for a smith to make hob-nails on.*

*MAT. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still where he comes: he brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear.*

*BOB. How, the bastinado? how came he by that word, trow?*

*MAT. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so for the more grace.*

*BOB. That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?*

*MAT. Faith, yesterday, they say, a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.*

*BOB. By the life of Pharaoh, an't were my case now, I should send him a challenge presently: the bastinado! come hither, you shall challenge him; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him at pleasure, the first stoccado if you will, by this air.*

*MAT. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge in the mystery, I have heard, sir.*

*BOB. Of whom? of whom, I pray?*

*MAT. Faith, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very*

*rare skill, sir.*

*BOB. By heaven, no, not I, no skill in the earth: some small science, know my time, distance, or so, I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practise, I assure you. Hostess, lend us another bed-staff here quickly: look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence thus: give it the gentleman. So, sir, come on, oh, twine your body more about, that you may come to a more sweet comely gentlemanlike guard; so indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus: now stand fast on your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time: oh, you disorder your point most vilely.*

*MAT. How is the bearing of it now, sir?*

*BOB. Oh, out of measure ill, a well-experienced man would pass upon you at pleasure.*

*MAT. How mean you pass upon me?*

*BOB. Why, thus, sir: make a thrust at me; come in upon my time; control your point, and make a full career at the body: the best-practis'd gentlemen of the time term it the passado, a most desperate thrust, believe it.*

*MAT. Well, come, sir.*

*BOB. Why, you do not manage your weapons with that facility and grace that you should do, I have no spirit to play with you, your dearth of judgment makes you seem tedious.*

*MAT. But one venue, sir.*

*BOB. Fie! venue, most gross denomination as ever I heard: oh, the stoccado while you live, Signior, not that. Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted, some tavern or so, and we'll send for one of these fencers, where he shall breathe you at my direction, and then I'll teach you that trick; you shall kill him with it at the first if you please: why, I'll learn you by the true judgment of the eye,*

*hand, and foot, to control any man's point in the world; Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, you should (by the same rule) control the bullet, most certain, by Phoebus: unless it were hail-shot: what money have you about you, sir?*

*MAT. Faith, I have not past two shillings, or so.*

*BOB. 'Tis somewhat with the least, but come, when we have done, we'll call up Signior Prospero; perhaps we shall meet with Coridon his brother there.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ACT I. SCENE IV.*

*ENTER THORELLO, GIULIANO, PISO.*

*THO. Piso, come hither: there lies a note within, upon my desk; here, take my key: it's no matter neither, where's the boy?*

*PIS. Within, sir, in the warehouse.*

*THO. Let him tell over that Spanish gold, and weigh it, and do you see the delivery of those wares to Signior Bentivole: I'll be there myself at the receipt of the money anon.*

*PIS. Very good, sir.*

*[EXIT PISO.]*

*THO. Brother, did you see that same fellow there?*

*GIU. Ay, what of him?*

*THO. He is e'en the honestest, faithful servant that is this day in Florence; (I speak a proud word now;) and one that I durst trust my life into his hands, I have so strong opinion of his love, if need were.*

*GIU. God send me never such need: but you said you had somewhat to tell me, what is't?*

*THO. Faith, brother, I am loath to utter it,  
As fearing to abuse your patience,  
But that I know your judgment more direct,  
Able to sway the nearest of affection.*

*GIU. Come, come, what needs this circumstance?*

*THO. I will not say what honour I ascribe  
Unto your friendship, nor in what dear state  
I hold your love; let my continued zeal,  
The constant and religious regard,  
That I have ever carried to your name,  
My carriage with your sister, all contest,  
How much I stand affected to your house.*

*GIU. You are too tedious, come to the matter, come to  
the matter.*

*THO. Then (without further ceremony) thus.  
My brother Prospero (I know not how)  
Of late is much declined from what he was,  
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.  
When he came first to lodge here in my house,  
Ne'er trust me, if I was not proud of him:  
Methought he bare himself with such observance,  
So true election and so fair a form:  
And (what was chief) it shew'd not borrow'd in him,  
But all he did became him as his own,  
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and innate,  
Unto the mind, as colour to the blood,  
But now, his course is so irregular,  
So loose affected, and deprived of grace,  
And he himself withal so far fallen off  
From his first place, that scarce no note remains,  
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood;  
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,  
Forgetful of his friends, and not content  
To stale himself in all societies,  
He makes my house as common as a Mart,  
A Theatre, a public receptacle  
For giddy humour, and diseased riot,*

*And there, (as in a tavern, or a stews,)  
He, and his wild associates, spend their hours,  
In repetition of lascivious jests,  
Swear, leap, and dance, and revel night by night,  
Control my servants: and indeed what not?*

*GIU. Faith, I know not what I should say to him: so God save me, I am  
e'en at my wits' end, I have told him enough, one would think, if that  
would serve: well, he knows what to trust to for me: let him spend, and  
spend, and domineer till his heart ache: an he get a penny more of me,  
I'll give him this ear.*

*THO. Nay, good brother, have patience.*

*GIU. 'Sblood, he mads me, I could eat my very flesh for anger: I  
marle you will not tell him of it, how he disquiets your house.*

*THO. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade me,  
But would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,  
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)  
It would both come much better to his sense,  
And savour less of grief and discontent.  
You are his elder brother, and that title  
Confirms and warrants your authority:  
Which (seconded by your aspect) will breed  
A kind of duty in him, and regard.  
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,  
It would but add contempt to his neglect,  
Heap worse on ill, rear a huge pile of hate,  
That in the building would come tottering down,  
And in her ruins bury all our love.  
Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,  
He would be ready in the heat of passion,  
To fill the ears of his familiars,  
With oft reporting to them, what disgrace  
And gross disparagement I had proposed him.  
And then would they straight back him in opinion,  
Make some loose comment upon every word,  
And out of their distracted phantasies,  
Contrive some slander, that should dwell with me.  
And what would that be, think you? marry, this,*

*They would give out, (because my wife is fair,  
Myself but lately married, and my sister  
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,)  
That I were jealous: nay, as sure as death,  
Thus they would say: and how that I had wrong'd  
My brother purposely, thereby to find  
An apt pretext to banish them my house.*

*GIU. Mass, perhaps so.*

*THO. Brother, they would, believe it: so should I  
(Like one of these penurious quack-salvers)  
But try experiments upon myself,  
Open the gates unto mine own disgrace,  
Lend bare-ribb'd envy opportunity  
To stab my reputation, and good name.*

*[ENTER BOBA. AND MAT.]*

*MAT. I will speak to him.*

*BOB. Speak to him? away, by the life of Pharaoh, you shall not,  
you shall not do him that grace: the time of day to you,  
gentlemen: is Signior Prospero stirring?*

*GIU. How then? what should he do?*

*BOB. Signior Thorello, is he within, sir?*

*THO. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.*

*GIU. Why, do you hear? you.*

*BOB. This gentleman hath satisfied me, I'll talk to no Scavenger.*

*GIU. How, Scavenger? stay, sir, stay.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*THO. Nay, brother Giuliano.*

*GIU. 'Sblood, stand you away, an you love me.*

*THO. You shall not follow him now, I pray you,  
Good faith, you shall not.*

*GIU. Ha! Scavenger! well, go to, I say little, but, by this good  
day, (God forgive me I should swear) if I put it up so, say I am  
the rankest — that ever pist. 'Sblood, an I swallow this, I'll  
ne'er draw my sword in the sight of man again while I live; I'll  
sit in a barn with Madge-owlet first. Scavenger! 'Heart, and I'll  
go near to fill that huge tumbrel slop of yours with somewhat, as I  
have good luck, your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.*

*THO. Oh, do not fret yourself thus, never think on't.*

*GIU. These are my brother's consorts, these, these are his  
Comrades, his walking mates, he's a gallant, a Cavaliero too, right  
hangman cut. God let me not live, an I could not find in my heart  
to swinge the whole nest of them, one after another, and begin with  
him first, I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take  
these courses, well, he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an I live,  
i'faith.*

*THO. But, brother, let your apprehension (then)  
Run in an easy current, not transported  
With heady rashness, or devouring choler,  
And rather carry a persuading spirit,  
Whose powers will pierce more gently; and allure  
Th' imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim,  
To a more sudden and resolved assent.*

*GIU. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.*

*[BELL RINGS.]*

*THO. How now! oh, the bell rings to breakfast.  
Brother Giuliano, I pray you go in and bear my wife company:  
I'll but give order to my servants for the dispatch of some  
business, and come to you presently.*

*[EXIT GIU., ENTER COB.]*

*What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back (i'faith)*

*For coming so late this morning.*

*COB. Perhaps so, sir, take heed somebody have not them by the belly for walking so late in the evening.*

*[EXIT.]*

*THO. Now (in good faith) my mind is somewhat eased,  
Though not reposed in that security  
As I could wish; well, I must be content,  
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world,  
Would I had lost this finger at a vent,  
So Prospero had ne'er lodged in my house,  
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort  
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,  
That any woman should be honest long.  
Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve  
The sovereign state of chastity unscarr'd,  
When such strong motives muster, and make head  
Against her single peace? no, no: beware  
When mutual pleasure sways the appetite,  
And spirits of one kind and quality,  
Do meet to parley in the pride of blood.  
Well, (to be plain) if I but thought the time  
Had answer'd their affections, all the world  
Should not persuade me, but I were a cuckold:  
Marry, I hope they have not got that start.  
For opportunity hath balk'd them yet,  
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears  
To attend the imposition of my heart:  
My presence shall be as an iron bar,  
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire,  
Yea, every look or glance mine eye objects,  
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,  
When he forgets the limits of prescription.*

*[ENTER BIANCHA WITH HESPERIDA.]*

*BIA. Sister Hesperida, I pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet: Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast?*

*THO. An she have overheard me now?*

*[EXIT HESPERIDA.]*

*BIA. I pray thee, (good Muss) we stay for you.*

*THO. By Christ, I would not for a thousand crowns.*

*BIA. What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not well? speak, good Muss.*

*THO. Troth, my head aches extremely on a sudden.*

*BIA. Oh Jesu!*

*THO. How now! what!*

*BIA. Good Lord, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth, it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withall for God's sake, sweet-heart, come in out of the air.*

*THO. How simple, and how subtle are her answers!  
A new disease, and many troubled with it.  
Why true, she heard me all the world to nothing.*

*BIA. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.*

*THO. I'll come to you presently, it will away, I hope.*

*BIA. Pray God it do.*

*[EXIT.]*

*THO. A new disease! I know not, new or old,  
But it may well be call'd poor mortals' Plague;  
For like a pestilence it doth infect  
The houses of the brain: first it begins  
Solely to work upon the phantasy,  
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,  
As soon corrupts the judgment, and from thence,*

*Sends like contagion to the memory,  
Still each of other catching the infection,  
Which as a searching vapour spreads itself  
Confusedly through every sensitive part,  
Till not a thought or motion in the mind  
Be free from the black poison of suspect.  
Ah, but what error is it to know this,  
And want the free election of the soul  
In such extremes! well, I will once more strive  
(Even in despite of hell) myself to be,  
And shake this fever off that thus shakes me.*

*[EXIT.]*

## **ACT II.**

### *SCENE I.*

*ENTER MUSCO, DISGUISED LIKE A SOLDIER.*

*MUS. 'Sblood, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or else my profession loses his grace, and yet the lie to a man of my coat is as ominous as the Fico, oh, sir, it holds for good policy to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my master intends to follow his son dry-foot to Florence, this morning: now I, knowing of this conspiracy, and the rather to insinuate with my young master, (for so must we that are blue waiters, or men of service do, or else perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley you know:) I have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the midway; if I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing so I can stay his journey, Rex Regum, I am made for ever, i'faith: well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these Lance-knights; my arm here, and my — God's so, young master and his cousin.*

*LOR. JU. So, sir, and how then?*

*[ENTER LOR. JU. AND STEP.]*

*STEP. God's foot, I have lost my purse, I think.*

*LOR. JU. How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?*

*STEP. I cannot tell, stay.*

*MUS. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me, would I could get by them.*

*LOR. JU. What! have you it?*

*STEP. No, I think I was bewitched, I.*

*LOR. JU. Nay, do not weep, a pox on it, hang it, let it go.*

*STEP. Oh, it's here; nay, an it had been lost, I had not cared but for a jet ring Marina sent me.*

*LOR. JU. A jet ring! oh, the poesie, the poesie!*

*STEP. Fine, i'faith: "Though fancy sleep, my love is deep": meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.*

*LOR. JU. Most excellent.*

*STEP. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was: "The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judged by Saint Peter."*

*LOR. JU. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.*

*STEP. Marry, St. Peter to make up the metre.*

*LOR. JU. Well, you are beholding to that Saint, he help'd you at your need; thank him, thank him.*

*MUS. I will venture, come what will: Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here; I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, one that (in the better state of my fortunes) scorned so mean a refuge, but now it's the humour of necessity to have it so: you seem to be, gentlemen, well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame: howe'er, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself: this condition agrees not with my spirit.*

*LOR. JU. Where hast thou served?*

*MUS. May it please you, Signior, in all the provinces of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time this xiiij. years, and follow'd the fortunes of the best Commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at America in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maim'd, I am void*

*of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.*

*STEP. How will you sell this rapier, friend?*

*MUS. Faith, Signior, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.*

*STEP. True, I am a gentleman, I know that; but what though, I pray you say, what would you ask?*

*MUS. I assure you the blade may become the side of the best prince in Europe.*

*LOR. JU. Ay, with a velvet scabbard.*

*STEP. Nay, an't be mine it shall have a velvet scabbard, that is flat, I'd not wear it as 'tis an you would give me an angel.*

*MUS. At your pleasure, Signior, nay, it's a most pure Toledo.*

*STEP. I had rather it were a Spaniard: but tell me, what shall I give you for it? an it had a silver hilt —*

*LOR. JU. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, friend, take thy rapier.*

*STEP. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so: what, shall I go without a rapier?*

*LOR. JU. You may buy one in the city.*

*STEP. Tut, I'll buy this, so I will; tell me your lowest price.*

*LOR. JU. You shall not, I say.*

*STEP. By God's lid, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.*

*LOR. JU. Come away, you are a fool.*

*STEP. Friend, I'll have it for that word: follow me.*

*MUS. At your service, Signior.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ACT II. SCENE II.*

*ENTER LORENZO SENIOR.*

*LOR. SE. My labouring spirit being late opprest  
With my son's folly, can embrace no rest  
Till it hath plotted by advice and skill,  
How to reduce him from affected will  
To reason's manage; which while I intend,  
My troubled soul begins to apprehend  
A farther secret, and to meditate  
Upon the difference of man's estate:  
Where is decipher'd to true judgment's eye  
A deep, conceal'd, and precious mystery.  
Yet can I not but worthily admire  
At nature's art: who (when she did inspire  
This heat of life) placed Reason (as a king)  
Here in the head, to have the marshalling  
Of our affections: and with sovereignty  
To sway the state of our weak empery.  
But as in divers commonwealths we see,  
The form of government to disagree:  
Even so in man, who searcheth soon shall find  
As much or more variety of mind.  
Some men's affections like a sullen wife,  
Is with her husband reason still at strife.  
Others (like proud arch-traitors that rebel  
Against their sovereign) practise to expel  
Their liege Lord Reason, and not shame to tread  
Upon his holy and anointed head.  
But as that land or nation best doth thrive,  
Which to smooth-fronted peace is most proclive,  
So doth that mind, whose fair affections ranged  
By reason's rules, stand constant and unchanged,  
Else, if the power of reason be not such,  
Why do we attribute to him so much?*

*Or why are we obsequious to his law,  
If he want spirit our affects to awe?  
Oh no, I argue weakly, he is strong,  
Albeit my son have done him too much wrong.*

*[ENTER MUSCO.]*

*MUS. My master: nay, faith, have at you: I am flesh'd now  
I have sped so well: Gentleman, I beseech you respect the  
estate of a poor soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of  
life, (God's my comfort) but extremity provokes me to't; what  
remedy?*

*LOR. SE. I have not for you now.*

*MUS. By the faith I bear unto God, gentleman, it is no ordinary  
custom, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I  
have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.*

*LOR. SE. I pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.*

*MUS. Good Signior: by Jesu, you may do the part of a kind  
gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer,  
a matter of small value, the King of heaven shall pay you, and I  
shall rest thankful: sweet Signior —*

*LOR. SE. Nay, an you be so importunate —*

*MUS. O Lord, sir, need will have his course: I was not made to  
this vile use; well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so  
much: it's hard when a man hath served in his Prince's cause and be  
thus. Signior, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not  
be given in the course of time, by this good  
ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper,  
I am a Pagan else: sweet Signior —*

*LOR. SE. Believe me, I am rapt with admiration,  
To think a man of thy exterior presence  
Should (in the constitution of the mind)  
Be so degenerate, infirm, and base.  
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?*

*To practise such a servile kind of life?  
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,  
Having thy limbs: a thousand fairer courses  
Offer themselves to thy election.  
Nay, there the wars might still supply thy wants,  
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,  
Or honest labour; nay, what can I name,  
But would become thee better than to beg?  
But men of your condition feed on sloth,  
As doth the Scarab on the dung she breeds in,  
Not caring how the temper of your spirits  
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.  
Now, afore God, whate'er he be that should  
Relieve a person of thy quality,  
While you insist in this loose desperate course,  
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.*

*MUS. Faith, Signior, I would gladly find some other course,  
if so.*

*LOR. SE. Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.*

*MUS. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the wars, there's  
no ascent by desert in these days, but — and for service,  
would it were as soon purchased as wish'd for, (God's my  
comfort) I know what I would say.*

*LOR. SE. What's thy name?*

*MUS. Please you: Portensio.*

*LOR. SE. Portensio?  
Say that a man should entertain thee now,  
Would thou be honest, humble, just, and true?*

*MUS. Signior: by the place and honour of a soldier —*

*LOR. SE. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths;  
Speak plainly, man: what thinkst thou of my words?*

*MUS. Nothing, Signior, but wish my fortunes were as happy as*

*my service should be honest.*

*LOR. SE. Well, follow me, I'll prove thee, if thy deeds  
Will carry a proportion to thy words.*

*[EXIT LOR. SE.]*

*MUS. Yes, sir, straight, I'll but garter my hose; oh, that  
my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with  
laughing. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to  
betray himself thus? now shall I be possest of all his  
determinations, and consequently my young master; well, he  
is resolved to prove my honesty: faith, and I am resolved  
to prove his patience: oh, I shall abuse him intolerably:  
this small piece of service will bring him clean out of  
love with the soldier for ever. It's no matter, let the  
world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the  
slip at an instant; why, this is better than to have stayed  
his journey by half: well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long  
to be employed.*

*[EXIT.]*

*ACT II. SCENE III.*

*ENTER PROSPERO, BOBADILLA, AND MATHEO.*

*MAT. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek  
you too.*

*PROS. Oh, I came not there to-night.*

*BOB. Your brother delivered us as much.*

*PROS. Who, Giuliano?*

*BOB. Giuliano. Signior Prospero, I know not in what kind  
you value me, but let me tell you this: as sure as God, I  
do hold it so much out of mine honour and reputation, if I  
should but cast the least regard upon such a dunghill of  
flesh; I protest to you (as I have a soul to be saved) I  
ne'er saw any gentlemanlike part in him: an there were no*

*more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by Phoebus.*

*MAT. Troth, nor I, he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman.*

*PROS. Oh, Signior Matheo, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; "quos aequus amavit Jupiter."*

*MAT. I understand you, sir.*

*[ENTER LOR. JU. AND STEP.]*

*PROS. No question you do, sir: Lorenzo! now on my soul, welcome; how dost thou, sweet rascal? my Genius! 'Sblood, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better while I live for this; my dear villain, now I see there's some spirit in thee: Sirrah, these be they two I writ to thee of, nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? why dost thou not speak?*

*LOR. JU. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter.*

*PROS. Why, was't not rare?*

*LOR. JU. Yes, I'll be sworn I was ne'er guilty of reading the like, match it in all Pliny's familiar Epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue, make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it? for doubtless he was no ordinary beast that brought it.*

*PROS. Why?*

*LOR. JU. Why, sayest thou? why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, (the sober time of the day too) would have ta'en my father for me?*

*PROS. 'Sblood, you jest, I hope?*

*LOR. JU. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't now: but I'll assure you, my father had the proving of your copy some hour before I saw it.*

*PROS. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?*

*LOR. JU. Nay, I know not what he said. But I have a shrewd guess what he thought.*

*PRO. What? what?*

*LOR. JU. Marry, that thou are a damn'd dissolute villain, And I some grain or two better, in keeping thee company.*

*PROS. Tut, that thought is like the moon in the last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two Zanies here, thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them if thou hear'st them once, but what strange piece of silence is this? the sign of the dumb man?*

*LOR. JU. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make our music the fuller, an he please, he hath his humour, sir.*

*PROS. Oh, what is't? what is't?*

*LOR. JU. Nay, I'll neither do thy judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare thy apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy of the time, if you can take him: so.*

*PROS. Well, Signior Bobadilla, Signior Matheo: I pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will well deserve your affection, I know not your name, Signior, but I shall be glad of any good occasion to be more familiar with you.*

*STEP. My name is Signior Stephano, sir, I am this gentleman's cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle; sir,*

*I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.*

*BOB. Signior, I must tell you this, I am no general man, embrace it as a most high favour, for (by the host of Egypt) but that I conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts, I love few words: you have wit: imagine.*

*STEP. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.*

*MAT. O Lord, sir, it's your only best humour, sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy myself divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take your pen and paper presently, and write you your half score or your dozen of sonnets at a sitting.*

*LOR. JU. Mass, then he utters them by the gross.*

*STEP. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.*

*LOR. JU. I'faith, as well as in measure.*

*MAT. Why, I pray you, Signior, make use of my study, it's at your service.*

*STEP. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you, have you a close stool there?*

*MAT. Faith, sir, I have some papers there, toys of mine own doing at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in them, when you shall see them.*

*PROS. Would they were kindled once, and a good fire made, I might see self-love burn'd for her heresy.*

*STEP. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?*

*LOR. JU. Oh, ay, excellent.*

*PROS. Signior Bobadilla, why muse you so?*

*LOR. JU. He is melancholy too.*

*BOB. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was perform'd to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years.*

*LOR. JU. In what place was that service, I pray you, sir?*

*BOB. Why, at the beleaguering of Ghibelletto, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach: I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of Tortosa last year by the Genoways, but that (of all other) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.*

*STEP. So, I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.*

*LOR. JU. Then you were a servitor at both, it seems.*

*BOB. O Lord, sir: by Phaeton, I was the first man that entered the breach, and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.*

*LOR. JU. Indeed, sir?*

*STEP. Nay, an you heard him discourse you would say so: how like you him?*

*BOB. I assure you (upon my salvation) 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.*

*PROS. You must bring him to the rack first.*

*BOB. Observe me judicially, sweet Signior: they had planted me a demi-culverin just in the mouth of the*

*breach; now, sir, (as we were to ascend), their master gunner (a man of no mean skill and courage, you must think,) confronts me with his linstock ready to give fire; I spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with this instrument, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them pell-mell to the sword.*

*PROS. To the sword? to the rapier, Signior.*

*LOR. JU. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, Signior, without hurting your blade?*

*BOB. Without any impeach on the earth: you shall perceive, sir, it is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on a poor gentleman's thigh: shall I tell you, sir? you talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so: tut, I lend no credit to that is reported of them, I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldier maintain it.*

*STEP. I marle whether it be a Toledo or no?*

*BOB. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, Signior.*

*STEP. I have a countryman of his here.*

*MAT. Pray you let's see, sir: yes, faith, it is.*

*BOB. This a Toledo? pish!*

*STEP. Why do you pish, Signior?*

*BOB. A Fleming, by Phoebus! I'll buy them for a guilder a piece, an I'll have a thousand of them.*

*LOR. JU. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.*

*PROS. Where bought you it, Signior?*

*STEP. Of a scurvy rogue soldier, a pox of God on*

*him, he swore it was a Toledo.*

*BOB. A provant rapier, no better.*

*MAT. Mass, I think it be indeed.*

*LOR. JU. Tut, now it's too late to look on it, put it up, put it up.*

*STEP. Well, I will not put it up, but by God's foot, an ever I meet him —*

*PROS. Oh, it is past remedy now, sir, you must have patience.*

*STEP. Whoreson, coney-catching rascal; oh, I could eat the very hilts for anger.*

*LOR. JU. A sign you have a good ostrich stomach, cousin.*

*STEP. A stomach? would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.*

*PROS. It's better as 'tis: come, gentlemen, shall we go?*

*LOR. JU. A miracle, cousin, look here, look here.*

*[ENTER MUSCO.]*

*STEP. Oh, God's lid, by your leave, do you know me, sir?*

*MUS. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.*

*STEP. You sold me a rapier, did you not?*

*MUS. Yes, marry did I, sir.*

*STEP. You said it was a Toledo, ha?*

*MUS. True, I did so.*

*STEP. But it is none.*

*MUS. No, sir, I confess it, it is none.*

*STEP. Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it.  
By God's lid, an you had not confest it —*

*LOR. JU. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear.*

*STEP. Nay, I have done, cousin.*

*PROS. Why, you have done like a gentleman, he has  
confest it, what would you more?*

*LOR. JU. Sirrah, how dost thou like him?*

*PROS. Oh, it's a precious good fool, make much on him:  
I can compare him to nothing more happily than a barber's  
virginals; for every one may play upon him.*

*MUS. Gentleman, shall I intreat a word with you?*

*LOR. JU. With all my heart, sir, you have not another  
Toledo to sell, have you?*

*MUS. You are pleasant, your name is Signior Lorenzo,  
as I take it?*

*LOR. JU. You are in the right: 'Sblood, he means to  
catechise me, I think.*

*MUS. No, sir, I leave that to the Curate, I am none of  
that coat.*

*LOR. JU. And yet of as bare a coat; well, say, sir.*

*MUS. Faith, Signior, I am but servant to God Mars  
extraordinary, and indeed (this brass varnish being  
washed off, and three or four other tricks sublated)  
I appear yours in reversion, after the decease of  
your good father, Musco.*

*LOR. JU. Musco, 'sblood, what wind hath blown thee hither in this shape?*

*MUS. Your easterly wind, sir, the same that blew your father hither.*

*LOR. JU. My father?*

*MUS. Nay, never start, it's true, he is come to town of purpose to seek you.*

*LOR. JU. Sirrah Prospero, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come to the city.*

*PROS. Thy father: where is he?*

*MUS. At a gentleman's house yonder by St. Anthony's, where he but stays my return; and then —*

*PROS. Who's this? Musco?*

*MUS. The same, sir.*

*PROS. Why, how com'st thou transmuted thus?*

*MUS. Faith, a device, a device, nay, for the love of God, stand not here, gentlemen, house yourselves, and I'll tell you all.*

*LOR. JU. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?*

*MUS. Do I live, sir? what a question is that!*

*PROS. Well, we'll prorogue his expectation a little: Musco, thou shalt go with us: Come on, gentlemen: nay, I pray thee, (good rascal) droop not, 'sheart, an our wits be so gouty, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all. Lord, I beseech thee, may they lie and starve in some miserable spittle, where they may never see the face of any true spirit again, but be perpetually haunted*

*with some church-yard hobgoblin in seculo seculorum.*

*MUS. Amen, Amen.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

### **ACT III.**

*SCENE I.*

*ENTER THORELLO, AND PISO.*

*PIS. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.*

*THO. Why, what's a clock?*

*PIS. New stricken ten.*

*THO. Hath he the money ready, can you tell?*

*PIS. Yes, sir, Baptista brought it yesternight.*

*THO. Oh, that's well: fetch me my cloak.*

*[EXIT PISO.]*

*Stay, let me see; an hour to go and come,  
Ay, that will be the least: and then 'twill be  
An hour before I can dispatch with him;  
Or very near: well, I will say two hours;  
Two hours? ha! things never dreamt of yet  
May be contrived, ay, and effected too,  
In two hours' absence: well, I will not go.  
Two hours; no, fleeing opportunity,  
I will not give your treachery that scope.  
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,  
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,  
And shews the felon where his treasure lies?  
Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt  
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,  
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?  
Oh, beauty is a project of some power,  
Chiefly when opportunity attends her:  
She will infuse true motion in a stone,  
Put glowing fire in an icy soul,  
Stuff peasants' bosoms with proud Caesar's spleen,  
Pour rich device into an empty brain:  
Bring youth to folly's gate: there train him in,  
And after all, extenuate his sin.*

*Well, I will not go, I am resolved for that.  
Go, carry it again: yet stay: yet do too,  
I will defer it till some other time.*

*[ENTER PISO.]*

*PIS. Sir, Signior Platano will meet you there with  
the bond.*

*THO. That's true: by Jesu, I had clean forgot it.  
I must go, what's a clock?*

*PIS. Past ten, sir.*

*THO. 'Heart, then will Prospero presently be here too,  
With one or other of his loose consorts.  
I am a Jew if I know what to say,  
What course to take, or which way to resolve.  
My brain (methinks) is like an hour-glass,  
And my imaginations like the sands  
Run dribbling forth to fill the mouth of time,  
Still changed with turning in the ventricle.  
What were I best to do? it shall be so.  
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy. Piso.*

*PIS. Sir.*

*THO. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.  
Is Cob within?*

*PIS. I think he be, sir.*

*THO. But he'll prate too, there's no talk of him.  
No, there were no course upon the earth to this,  
If I durst trust him; tut, I were secure,  
But there's the question now, if he should prove,  
Rimarum plenus, then, 'sblood, I were rook'd.  
The state that he hath stood in till this present  
Doth promise no such change: what should I fear then?  
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.  
Piso, thou mayest deceive me, but I think thou lovest*

*me, Piso.*

*PIS. Sir, if a servant's zeal and humble duty may  
be term'd love, you are possest of it.*

*THO. I have a matter to impart to thee, but thou must  
be secret, Piso.*

*PIS. Sir, for that —*

*THO. Nay, hear me, man; think I esteem thee well,  
To let thee in thus to my private thoughts;  
Piso, it is a thing sits nearer to my crest,  
Than thou art 'ware of; if thou should'st reveal it —*

*PIS. Reveal it, sir?*

*THO. Nay, I do not think thou would'st, but if thou  
should'st —*

*PIS. Sir, then I were a villain:  
Disclaim in me for ever if I do.*

*THO. He will not swear: he has some meaning, sure,  
Else (being urged so much) how should he choose,  
But lend an oath to all this protestation?  
He is no puritan, that I am certain of.  
What should I think of it? urge him again,  
And in some other form: I will do so.  
Well, Piso, thou has sworn not to disclose; ay, you  
did swear?*

*PIS. Not yet, sir, but I will, so please you.*

*THO. Nay, I dare take thy word.  
But if thou wilt swear, do as you think good,  
I am resolv'd without such circumstance.*

*PIS. By my soul's safety, sir, I here protest,  
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word  
Deliver'd me in compass of your trust.*

*THO. Enough, enough, these ceremonies need not,  
I know thy faith to be as firm as brass.  
Piso, come hither: nay, we must be close  
In managing these actions: So it is,  
(Now he has sworn I dare the safelier speak;)  
I have of late by divers observations —  
But, whether his oath be lawful, yea, or no? ha!  
I will ask counsel ere I do proceed:  
Piso, it will be now too long to stay,  
We'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.*

*PIS. At your pleasure, sir.*

*THO. I pray you search the books 'gainst I return  
For the receipts 'twixt me and Platano.*

*PIS. I will, sir.*

*THO. And hear you: if my brother Prospero  
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen  
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.*

*PIS. Very well, sir.*

*THO. Forget it not, nor be not you out of the way.*

*PIS. I will not, sir.*

*THO. Or whether he come or no, if any other,  
Stranger or else: fail not to send me word.*

*PIS. Yes, sir.*

*THO. Have care, I pray you, and remember it.*

*PIS. I warrant you, sir.*

*THO. But, Piso, this is not the secret I told thee of.*

*PIS. No, sir, I suppose so.*

*THO. Nay, believe me, it is not.*

*PIS. I do believe you, sir.*

*THO. By heaven it is not, that's enough.  
Marry, I would not thou should'st utter it to any  
creature living,  
Yet I care not.  
Well, I must hence: Piso, conceive thus much,  
No ordinary person could have drawn  
So deep a secret from me; I mean not this,  
But that I have to tell thee: this is nothing, this.  
Piso, remember, silence, buried here:  
No greater hell than to be slave to fear.*

*[EXIT THO.]*

*PIS. Piso, remember, silence, buried here:  
When should this flow of passion (trow) take head? ha!  
Faith, I'll dream no longer of this running humour,  
For fear I sink, the violence of the stream  
Already hath transported me so far  
That I can feel no ground at all: but soft,  
[ENTER COB.]*

*Oh, it's our water-bearer: somewhat has crost him now.*

*COB. Fasting days: what tell you me of your fasting days?  
would they were all on a light fire for me: they say the  
world shall be consumed with fire and brimstone in the  
latter day: but I would we had these ember weeks and these  
villainous Fridays burnt in the mean time, and then —*

*PIS. Why, how now, Cob! what moves thee to this choler, ha?*

*COB. Collar, sir? 'swounds, I scorn your collar, I, sir,  
am no collier's horse, sir, never ride me with your collar,  
an you do, I'll shew you a jade's trick.*

*PIS. Oh, you'll slip your head out of the collar: why, Cob,  
you mistake me.*

*COB. Nay, I have my rheum, and I be angry as well as another, sir.*

*PIE. Thy rheum? thy humour, man, thou mistakest.*

*COB. Humour? mack, I think it be so indeed: what is this humour? it's some rare thing, I warrant.*

*PIS. Marry, I'll tell thee what it is (as 'tis generally received in these days): it is a monster bred in a man by self-love and affectation, and fed by folly.*

*COB. How? must it be fed?*

*PIS. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed, why, didst thou never hear of that? it's a common phrase, "Feed my humour."*

*COB. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt, I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungry meals for you, it shall not be I: Feed you, quoth he? 'sblood, I have much ado to feed myself, especially on these lean rascal days too, an't had been any other day but a fasting day: a plague on them all for me: by this light, one might have done God good service and have drown'd them all in the flood two or three hundred thousand years ago, oh, I do stomach them hugely: I have a maw now, an't were for Sir Bevis's horse.*

*PIS. Nay, but I pray thee, Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting days?*

*COB. Marry, that that will make any man out of love with them, I think: their bad conditions, an you will needs know: First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside: next, they stink of fish miserably: thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.*

*PIS. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.*

*COB. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to rack, poor Cobs, they smoke for it, they melt in passion, and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own fish and blood: my princely coz, [PULLS OUT A RED HERRING.] fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as Golias: oh, that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin: but I may curse none but these filthy Almanacks, for an 'twere not for them, these days of persecution would ne'er be known. I'll be hang'd an some fishmonger's son do not make on them, and puts in more fasting days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stockfish.*

*PIS. 'Soul, peace, thou'lt be beaten like a stockfish else: here is Signior Matheo.*

*[ENTER MATHEO, PROSPERO, LORENZO JUNIOR, BOBADILLA, STEPHANO, MUSCO.]*

*Now must I look out for a messenger to my master.*

*[EXEUNT COB AND PISO.]*  
*ACT III. SCENE II.*

*PROS. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried.*

*LOR. JU. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?*

*PROS. Yes, faith, but was't possible thou should'st not know him?*

*LOR. JU. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been join'd patten with one of the nine worthies for knowing him. 'Sblood, man, he had so writhen himself into the habit of*

*one of your poor Disparview's here, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round: such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your Provost and his half dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney pace, to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling, into the likeness of one of these lean Pirgo's, had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as varying the accent: swearing with an emphasis. Indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seen him) thou would'st have sworn he might have been the Tamberlane, or the Agamemnon on the rout.*

*PROS. Why, Musco, who would have thought thou hadst been such a gallant?*

*LOR. JU. I cannot tell, but (unless a man had juggled begging all his life time, and been a weaver of phrases from his infancy, for the apparelling of it) I think the world cannot produce his rival.*

*PROS. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?*

*MUS. Faith, sir, I had it of one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.*

*PROS. That cannot be, if the proverb hold, a crafty knave needs no broker.*

*MUS. True, sir, but I need a broker, ergo, no crafty knave.*

*PROS. Well put off, well put off.*

*LOR. JU. Tut, he has more of these shifts.*

*MUS. And yet where I have one, the broker has ten, sir.*

*[ENTER PIS.]*

*PIS. Francisco, Martino, ne'er a one to be found now:  
what a spite's this?*

*PROS. How now, Piso? is my brother within?*

*PIS. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now, but Signior  
Giuliano is within. Cob, what, Cob! Is he gone too?*

*PROS. Whither went thy master? Piso, canst thou tell?*

*PIS. I know not, to Doctor Clement's, I think, sir. Cob.*

*[EXIT PIS.]*

*LOR. JU. Doctor Clement, what's he? I have heard much  
speech of him.*

*PROS. Why, dost thou not know him? he is the Gonfaloniere  
of the state here, an excellent rare civilian, and a great  
scholar, but the only mad merry old fellow in Europe: I  
shewed him you the other day.*

*LOR. JU. Oh, I remember him now; Good faith, and he hath  
a very strange presence, methinks, it shews as if he stood  
out of the rank from other men. I have heard many of his  
jests in Padua; they say he will commit a man for taking  
the wall of his horse.*

*PROS. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or any  
thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.*

*PIS. Gaspar, Martino, Cob: 'Sheart, where should they be,  
trow?*

*[ENTER PISO.]*

*BOB. Signior Thorello's man, I pray thee vouchsafe  
us the lighting of this match.*

*PIS. A pox on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe?  
Francisco, Cob.*

*[EXIT.]*

*BOB. Body of me: here's the remainder of seven pound, since yesterday was sevensight. It's your right Trinidado: did you never take any, signior?*

*STEP. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.*

*BOB. Signior, believe me (upon my relation) for what I tell you, the world shall not improve. I have been in the Indies, (where this herb grows) where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge) have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but tobacco only. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind, so, it makes an antidote, that had you taken the most deadly poisonous simple in all Florence it should expel it, and clarify you with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound, your Balsamum, and your — are all mere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian is good too: I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the exposing of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quack-salver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it (before any Prince in Europe) to be the most sovereign and precious herb that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.*

*LOR. JU. Oh, this speech would have done rare in an apothecary's mouth.*

*[ENTER PISO AND COB.]*

*PIS. Ay; close by Saint Anthony's: Doctor Clement's.*

*COB. Oh, oh.*

*BOB. Where's the match I gave thee?*

*PIS. 'Sblood, would his match, and he, and pipe, and all, were at Sancto Domingo.*

*[EXIT.]*

*COB. By God's deins, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco; it's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight, one of them (they say) will ne'er escape it, he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present death, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the end as many as use it; it's little better than rat's-bane.*

*[EXIT PISO.]*

*ALL. Oh, good Signior; hold, hold.*

*BOB. You base cullion, you.*

*PIS. Sir, here's your match; come, thou must needs be talking too.*

*COB. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you; well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.*

*BOB. Do you prate?*

*LOR. JU. Nay, good Signior, will you regard the humour of a fool? Away, knave.*

*PROS. Piso, get him away.*

*[EXIT PISO AND COB.]*

*BOB. A whoreson filthy slave, a turd, an excrement. Body of Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.*

*PROS. Marry, God forbid, sir.*

*BOB. By this fair heaven, I would have done it.*

*STEP. Oh, he swears admirably; (by this fair heaven!)  
Body of Caesar: I shall never do it, sure (upon my salvation).  
No, I have not the right grace.*

*MAT. Signior, will you any? By this air, the most divine  
tobacco as ever I drunk.*

*LOR. JU. I thank you, sir.*

*STEP. Oh, this gentleman doth it rarely too, but nothing  
like the other. By this air, as I am a gentleman: By Phoebus.*

*[EXIT BOB. AND MAT.]*

*MUS. Master, glance, glance: Signior Prospero.*

*STEP. As I have a soul to be saved, I do protest —*

*PROS. That you are a fool.*

*LOR. JU. Cousin, will you any tobacco?*

*STEP. Ay, sir: upon my salvation.*

*LOR. JU. How now, cousin?*

*STEP. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier indeed.*

*PROS. No, Signior, as I remember, you served on a great horse,  
last general muster.*

*STEP. Ay, sir, that's true, cousin, may I swear as I am a  
soldier, by that?*

*LOR. JU. Oh yes, that you may.*

*STEP. Then as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is divine tobacco.*

*PROS. But soft, where's Signior Matheo? gone?*

*MUS. No, sir, they went in here.*

*PROS. Oh, let's follow them: Signior Matheo is gone to salute his mistress, sirrah, now thou shalt hear some of his verses, for he never comes hither without some shreds of poetry: Come, Signior Stephano. Musco.*

*STEP. Musco? where? Is this Musco?*

*LOR. JU. Ay; but peace, cousin, no words of it at any hand.*

*STEP. Not I, by this fair heaven, as I have a soul to be saved, by Phoebus.*

*PROS. Oh rare! your cousin's discourse is simply suited, all in oaths.*

*LOR. JU. Ay, he lacks nothing but a little light stuff, to draw them out withal, and he were rarely fitted to the time.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ACT III. SCENE III.*

*ENTER THORELLO WITH COB.*

*THO. Ha, how many are there, sayest thou?*

*COB. Marry, sir, your brother, Signior Prospero.*

*THO. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?*

*COB. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass, I know not well, there's so many.*

*THO. How? so many?*

*COB. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.*

*THO. A swarm, a swarm?  
Spite of the devil, how they sting my heart!  
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?*

*COB. But a little while, sir.*

*THO. Didst thou come running?*

*COB. No, sir.*

*THO. Tut, then I am familiar with thy haste.  
Ban to my fortunes: what meant I to marry?  
I that before was rank'd in such content,  
My mind attired in smooth silken peace,  
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,  
And now become a slave? what, never sigh,  
Be of good cheer, man: for thou art a cuckold,  
'Tis done, 'tis done: nay, when such flowing store,  
Plenty itself falls in my wife's lap,  
The Cornucopiae will be mine, I know. But, Cob,  
What entertainment had they? I am sure  
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome, ha?*

*COB. Like enough: yet I heard not a word of welcome.*

*THO. No, their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice  
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,  
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.  
Cob, which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife?  
(My sister, I should say,) my wife, alas,  
I fear not her: ha? who was it, say'st thou?*

*COB. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?*

*THO. Oh ay, good Cob: I pray thee.*

*COB. God's my judge, I saw nobody to be kiss'd, unless  
they would have kiss'd the post in the middle of the*

*warehouse; for there I left them all, at their tobacco,  
with a pox.*

*THO. How? were they not gone in then ere thou cam'st?*

*COB. Oh no, sir.*

*THO. Spite of the devil, what do I stay here then?  
Cob, follow me.*

*[EXIT THO.]*

*COB. Nay, soft and fair, I have eggs on the spit; I cannot  
go yet sir: now am I for some divers reasons hammering,  
hammering revenge: oh, for three or four gallons of vinegar,  
to sharpen my wits: Revenge, vinegar revenge, russet revenge;  
nay, an he had not lien in my house, 'twould never have  
grieved me; but being my guest, one that I'll be sworn my  
wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his own shirt  
has been at washing: pawned her neckerchers for clean bands  
for him: sold almost all my platters to buy him tobacco;  
and yet to see an ingratitude wretch strike his host;  
well, I hope to raise up an host of furies for't: here  
comes M. Doctor.*

*[ENTER DOCTOR CLEMENT, LORENZO SENIOR, PETO.]*

*CLEM. What's Signior Thorello gone?*

*PET. Ay, sir.*

*CLEM. Heart of me, what made him leave us so abruptly?  
How now, sirrah; what make you here? what would you  
have, ha?*

*COB. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of  
your worship's.*

*CLEM. A neighbour of mine, knave?*

*COB. Ay, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by*

*the Green Lattice: I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.*

*CLEM. What, at the Green Lattice?*

*COB. No sir: to the parish: marry, I have seldom scaped scot-free at the Lattice.*

*CLEM. So: but what business hath my neighbour?*

*COB. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.*

*CLEM. Of me, knave? peace of me, knave? did I e'er hurt thee? did I ever threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?*

*COB. No, God's my comfort, I mean your worship's warrant, for one that hath wrong'd me, sir: his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an I could by any means compass it.*

*LOR. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him?*

*COB. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour by his means; an I die within a twelve-month and a day, I may swear, by the laws of the land, that he kill'd me.*

*CLEM. How? how, knave? swear he kill'd thee? what pretext? what colour hast thou for that?*

*COB. Marry, sir, both black and blue, colour enough, I warrant you, I have it here to shew your worship.*

*CLEM. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?*

*COB. A gentleman in the city, sir.*

*CLEM. A gentleman? what call you him?*

*COB. Signior Bobadilla.*

*CLEM. Good: But wherefore did he beat you, sirrah?  
how began the quarrel 'twixt you? ha: speak truly,  
knave, I advise you.*

*COB. Marry, sir, because I spake against their vagrant  
tobacco, as I came by them: for nothing else.*

*CLEM. Ha, you speak against tobacco? Peto, his name.*

*PET. What's your name, sirrah?*

*COB. Oliver Cob, sir, set Oliver Cob, sir.*

*CLEM. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail.*

*PET. Oliver Cob, master Doctor says you shall go to the jail.*

*COB. Oh, I beseech your worship, for God's love, dear master  
Doctor.*

*CLEM. Nay, God's precious! an such drunken knaves as you are  
come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done: away with him.*

*COB. Oh, good master Doctor, sweet gentleman.*

*LOR. SE. Sweet Oliver, would I could do thee any good; master  
Doctor, let me intreat, sir.*

*CLEM. What? a tankard-bearer, a thread-bare rascal, a beggar,  
a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in  
his life, and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so  
generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of  
nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers:  
Peto, away with him, by God's passion, I say, go to.*

*COB. Dear master Doctor.*

*LOR. SE. Alas, poor Oliver.*

*CLEM. Peto: ay: and make him a warrant, he shall not go,  
I but fear the knave.*

*COB. O divine Doctor, thanks, noble Doctor, most dainty Doctor, delicious Doctor.*

*[EXEUNT PETO WITH COB.]*

*CLEM. Signior Lorenzo: God's pity, man, Be merry, be merry, leave these dumps.*

*LOR. SE. Troth, would I could, sir: but enforced mirth (In my weak judgment) has no happy birth. The mind, being once a prisoner unto cares, The more it dreams on joy, the worse it fares. A smiling look is to a heavy soul As a gilt bias to a leaden bowl, Which (in itself) appears most vile, being spent To no true use; but only for ostent.*

*CLEM. Nay, but, good Signior, hear me a word, hear me a word, your cares are nothing; they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What? your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man: if he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason: you had reason to take care: but being none of these, God's passion, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack: come, come, I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ACT III. SCENE IV.*

*ENTER GIULIANO, WITH BIANCHA.*

*GIU. Well, sister, I tell you true: and you'll find it so in the end.*

*BIA. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see, my brother Prospero he brings them in here, they are his friends.*

*GIU. His friends? his friends? 'sblood, they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of; well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of them; an't were not more for your husband's sake than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for them; they should say and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went. But by God's bread, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done as you might have done, they should have been damn'd ere they should have come in, e'er a one of them.*

*BIA. God's my life; did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.*

*[ENTER MATHEO WITH HESPERIDA, BOBADILLA, STEPHANO, LORENZO JUNIOR, PROSPERO, MUSCO.]*

*HESP. Servant, (in troth) you are too prodigal of your wits' treasure, thus to pour it forth upon so mean a subject as my worth.*

*MAT. You say well, you say well.*

*GIU. Hoyday, here is stuff.*

*LOR. JU. Oh now stand close; pray God she can get him to read it.*

*PROS. Tut, fear not: I warrant thee he will do it of himself with much impudency.*

*HES. Servant, what is that same, I pray you?*

*MAT. Marry, an Elegy, an Elegy, an odd toy.*

*GIU. Ay, to mock an ape withal. O Jesu.*

*BIA. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.*

*MAT. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please.*

*HES. I pray you do, servant.*

*GIU. Oh, here's no foppery. 'Sblood, it frets me to the gall to think on it.*

*[EXIT.]*

*PROS. Oh ay, it is his condition, peace: we are fairly rid of him.*

*MAT. Faith, I did it in an humour: I know not how it is, but please you come near, signior: this gentleman hath judgment, he knows how to censure of a — I pray you, sir, you can judge.*

*STEP. Not I, sir: as I have a soul to be saved, as I am a gentleman.*

*LOR. JU. Nay, it's well; so long as he doth not forswear himself.*

*BOB. Signior, you abuse the excellency of your mistress and her fair sister. Fie, while you live avoid this prolixity.*

*MAT. I shall, sir; well, incipere dulce.*

*LOR. JU. How, incipere dulce? a sweet thing to be a fool indeed.*

*PROS. What, do you take incipere in that sense?*

*LOR. JU. You do not, you? 'Sblood, this was your villainy to gull him with a motte.*

*PROS. Oh, the benchers' phrase: pauca verba, pauca verba.*

*MAT. "Rare creature, let me speak without offence,*

*Would God my rude words had the influence  
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,  
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine."*

*LOR. JU. 'Sheart, this is in Hero and Leander!*

*PROS. Oh ay: peace, we shall have more of this.*

*MAT. "Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff  
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough":  
How like you that, Signior? 'sblood, he shakes his head  
like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.*

*MAT. But observe the catastrophe now,  
"And I in duty will exceed all other,  
As you in beauty do excel love's mother."*

*LOR. JU. Well, I'll have him free of the brokers, for  
he utters nothing but stolen remnants.*

*PROS. Nay, good critic, forbear.*

*LOR. JU. A pox on him, hang him, filching rogue, steal  
from the dead? it's worse than sacrilege.*

*PROS. Sister, what have you here? verses? I pray you  
let's see.*

*BIA. Do you let them go so lightly, sister?*

*HES. Yes, faith, when they come lightly.*

*BIA. Ay, but if your servant should hear you, he would  
take it heavily.*

*HES. No matter, he is able to bear.*

*BIA. So are asses.*

*HES. So is he.*

*PROS. Signior Matheo, who made these verses? they are excellent good.*

*MAT. O God, sir, it's your pleasure to say so, sir. Faith, I made them extempore this morning.*

*PROS. How extempore?*

*MAT. Ay, would I might be damn'd else; ask Signior Bobadilla. He saw me write them, at the — (pox on it) the Mitre yonder.*

*MUS. Well, an the Pope knew he cursed the Mitre it were enough to have him excommunicated all the taverns in the town.*

*STEP. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?*

*LOR. JU. Oh, admirable, the best that ever I heard.*

*STEP. By this fair heavens, they are admirable, The best that ever I heard.*

*[ENTER GIULIANO.]*

*GIU. I am vext I can hold never a bone of me still, 'Sblood, I think they mean to build a Tabernacle here, well?*

*PROS. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums and devices, you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire. Sister Biancha, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme and do tricks too.*

*GIU. O monster! impudence itself! tricks!*

*BIA. Tricks, brother? what tricks?*

*HES. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?*

*BIA. Ay, never spare any body here: but say, what tricks?*

*HES. Passion of my heart! do tricks?*

*PROS. 'Sblood, here's a trick vied, and revied: why, you monkeys, you! what a cater-wauling do you keep! has he not given you rhymes, and verses, and tricks?*

*GIU. Oh, see the devil!*

*PROS. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so: come and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant, you'll be begg'd else shortly for a concealment: go to, reward his muse, you cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston at the least. How now gallants, Lorenzo, Signior Bobadilla! what, all sons of silence? no spirit.*

*GIU. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wiss: this is no tavern, nor no place for such exploits.*

*PROS. 'Sheart, how now!*

*GIU. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, by God's bread, ay, and you and your companions mend yourselves when I have done.*

*PROS. My companions?*

*GIU. Ay, your companions, sir, so I say! 'Sblood, I am not afraid of you nor them neither, you must have your poets, and your cavaliers, and your fools follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger? sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out; get you out: or (by the will of God) I'll cut off your ears, go to.*

*PROS. 'Sblood, stay, let's see what he dare do: cut off his ears; you are an ass, touch any man here, and by the Lord I'll run my rapier to the hilts in thee.*

*GIU. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.*

*BIA. O Jesu! Piso! Matheo! murder!*

*HES. Help, help, Piso!*

*[THEY ALL DRAW, ENTER PISO AND SOME MORE OF THE HOUSE TO PART THEM, THE WOMEN MAKE A GREAT CRY.]*

*LOR. JU. Gentlemen, Prospero, forbear, I pray you.*

*BOB. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes: by my hand, I will pink thy flesh full of holes with my rapier for this, I will, by this good heaven: nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.*

*[THEY OFFER TO FIGHT AGAIN, AND ARE PARTED.]*

*PIS. Hold, hold, forbear.*

*GIU. You whoreson, bragging coistril.*

*[ENTER THORELLO.]*

*THO. Why, how now? what's the matter? what stir is here? Whence springs this quarrel? Piso, where is he? Put up your weapons, and put off this rage. My wife and sister, they are cause of this. What, Piso? where is this knave?*

*PIS. Here, sir.*

*PROS. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.*

*STEP. I am glad nobody was hurt by this ancient humour.*

*[EXIT PROSPERO, LORENZO JU., MUSCO, STEPHANO, BOBADILLA, MATHEO.]*

*THO. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?*

*GIU. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads and roguery, and trash. I'll mar the knot of them ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Signior Pithagoras, he that's all manner of shapes: and songs and sonnets, his fellow there.*

*HES. Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden in your courses, and you know My brother Prospero's temper will not bear Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence, Where every slight disgrace he should receive, Would wound him in opinion and respect.*

*GIU. Respect? what talk you of respect 'mongst such As had neither spark of manhood nor good manners? By God I am ashamed to hear you: respect?*

*[EXIT.]*

*HES. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman, And very worthily demeaned himself.*

*THO. Oh, that was some love of yours, sister.*

*HES. A love of mine? i'faith, I would he were No other's love but mine.*

*BIA. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts.*

*[EXIT HESPERIDA, BIANCHA.]*

*THO. Her love, by Jesu: my wife's minion, Fair disposition? excellent good parts? 'Sheart, these phrases are intolerable, Good parts? how should she know his parts? well, well, It is too plain, too clear: Piso, come hither. What, are they gone?*

*PIS. Ay, sir, they went in.*

*THO. Are any of the gallants within?*

*PIS. No sir, they are all gone.*

*THO. Art thou sure of it?*

*PIS. Ay, sir, I can assure you.*

*THO. Piso, what gentleman was that they praised so?*

*PISO. One they call him Signior Lorenzo, a fair young gentleman, sir.*

*THO. Ay, I thought so: my mind gave me as much:  
'Sblood, I'll be hang'd if they have not hid him in the house,  
Some where, I'll go search, Piso, go with me,  
Be true to me and thou shalt find me bountiful.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ACT III. SCENE V.*

*ENTER COB, TO HIM TIB.*

*COB. What, Tib, Tib, I say.*

*TIB. How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard?  
Oh, husband, is't you? What's the news?*

*COB. Nay, you have stunn'd me, i'faith; you have given me  
a knock on the forehead will stick by me: cuckold?  
'Swounds, cuckold?*

*TIB. Away, you fool, did I know it was you that knock'd?  
Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.*

*COB. May I? 'swounds, Tib, you are a whore.*

*TIB. 'Sheart, you lie in your throat.*

*COB. How, the lie? and in my throat too? do you long to*

*be stabb'd, ha?*

*TIB. Why, you are no soldier?*

*COB. Mass, that's true, when was Bobadilla here? that rogue, that slave, that fencing Burgullion? I'll tickle him, i'faith.*

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

*COB. Oh, he hath basted me rarely, sumptuously: but I have it here will sauce him, oh, the doctor, the honestest old Trojan in all Italy, I do honour the very flea of his dog: a plague on him, he put me once in a villainous filthy fear: marry, it vanish'd away like the smoke of tobacco: but I was smok'd soundly first, I thank the devil, and his good angel my guest: well, wife, or Tib, (which you will) get you in, and lock the door, I charge you; let nobody into you, not Bobadilla himself, nor the devil in his likeness; you are a woman; you have flesh and blood enough in you; therefore be not tempted; keep the door shut upon all comers.*

*TIB. I warrant you there shall nobody enter here without my consent.*

*COB. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib, and so I leave you.*

*TIB. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.*

*COB. How?*

*TIB. Why, sweet.*

*COB. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower.  
Keep close thy door, I ask no more.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ACT III. SCENE VI.*

*ENTER LORENZO JUN., PROSPERO, STEPHANO, MUSCO.*

*LOR JU. Well, Musco, perform this business happily,  
And thou makest a conquest of my love for ever.*

*PROS. I'faith, now let thy spirits put on their best habit,  
But at any hand remember thy message to my brother,  
For there's no other means to start him.*

*MUS. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing; I have a nimble soul  
that hath waked all my imaginative forces by this time, and  
put them in true motion: what you have possest me withal,  
I'll discharge it amply, sir. Make no question.*

*[EXIT MUSCO.]*

*PROS. That's well said, Musco: faith, sirrah, how dost thou  
approve my wit in this device?*

*LOR JU. Troth, well, howsoever; but excellent if it take.*

*PROS. Take, man: why, it cannot choose but take, if the  
circumstances miscarry not, but tell me zealously: dost thou  
affect my sister Hesperida, as thou pretendest?*

*LOR JU. Prospero, by Jesu.*

*PROS. Come, do not protest, I believe thee: i'faith, she is  
a virgin of good ornament, and much modesty, unless I  
conceived very worthily of her, thou shouldest not have her.*

*LOR JU. Nay, I think it a question whether I shall have her  
for all that.*

*PROS. 'Sblood, thou shalt have her, by this light, thou shalt!*

*LOR JU. Nay, do not swear.*

*PROS. By St. Mark, thou shalt have her: I'll go fetch her  
presently, 'point but where to meet, and by this hand,  
I'll bring her!*

*LOR JU. Hold, hold, what, all policy dead? no prevention of*

*mischiefs stirring.*

*PROS. Why, by — what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her,  
by my soul.*

*LOR. JU. I pray thee have patience, I am satisfied: Prospero,  
omit no offered occasion that may make my desires complete, I  
beseech thee.*

*PROS. I warrant thee.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

## **ACT IV.**

*SCENE I.*

*ENTER LORENZO SEN., PETO, MEETING MUSCO.*

*PETO. Was your man a soldier, sir?*

*LOR. SE. Ay, a knave, I took him up begging upon the way,  
This morning as I was coming to the city.*

*Oh! here he is; come on, you make fair speed:  
Why, where in God's name have you been so long?*

*MUS. Marry, (God's my comfort) where I thought I should  
have had little comfort of your worship's service.*

*LOR. SE. How so?*

*MUS. O God, sir! your coming to the city, and your  
entertainment of men, and your sending me to watch;  
indeed, all the circumstances are as open to your son as  
to yourself.*

*LOR. SE. How should that be? Unless that villain Musco  
Have told him of the letter, and discovered  
All that I strictly charged him to conceal? 'tis so.*

*MUS. I'faith, you have hit it: 'tis so indeed.*

*LOR. SE. But how should he know thee to be my man?*

*MUS. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it were by the  
black art? is not your son a scholar, sir?*

*LOR. SE. Yes; but I hope his soul is not allied  
To such a devilish practice: if it were,  
I had just cause to weep my part in him.  
And curse the time of his creation.  
But where didst thou find them, Portensio?*

*MUS. Nay, sir, rather you should ask where they found me?*

*for I'll be sworn I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) one calls, "Signior Lorenzo's man": another, he cries "soldier": and thus half a dozen of them, till they had got me within doors, where I no sooner came, but out flies their rapiers and all bent against my breast, they swore some two or three hundred oaths, and all to tell me I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me, (as God's my judge, they should have kill'd me first,) they lock'd me up into a room in the top of a house, where, by great miracle, (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so scaped: but, master, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up: there were a great many merchants and rich citizens' wives with them at a banquet, and your son, Signior Lorenzo, has 'pointed one of them to meet anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer's, that dwells by the wall: now there you shall be sure to take him: for fail he will not.*

*LOR. SE. Nor will I fail to break this match, I doubt not; Well, go thou along with master Doctor's man, And stay there for me; at one Cob's house, say'st thou?*

*[EXIT.]*

*MUS. Ay, sir, there you shall have him: when can you tell? Much wench, or much son: 'sblood, when he has stay'd there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of somewhat; and at the length be delivered of nothing: oh, the sport that I should then take to look on him if I durst; but now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet; oh, that I were so happy as to light upon an ounce now of this Doctor's clerk: God save you, sir.*

*PETO. I thank you, good sir.*

*MUS. I have made you stay somewhat long, sir.*

*PETO. Not a whit, sir, I pray you what, sir, do you mean?*

*you have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.*

*MUS. Ay, marry have I, sir.*

*PETO. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle of wine on you, if it please you to accept it.*

*MUS. O Lord, sir.*

*PETO. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories.*

*MUS. O God, no, sir, why, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you what I know: and more too somewhat.*

*PETO. No better time than now, sir, we'll go to the Mermaid: there we shall have a cup of neat wine, I pray you, sir, let me request you.*

*MUS. I'll follow you, sir, he is mine own, i'faith.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ENTER BOBADILLA, LORENZO JUN., MATHEO, STEPHANO.*

*MAT. Signior, did you ever see the like clown of him where we were to-day: Signior Prospero's brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his like, by Jesu.*

*LOR. JU. We were now speaking of him, Signior Bobadillo tells me he is fallen foul of you too.*

*MAT. Oh ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.*

*BOB. Ay, but I think I taught you a trick this morning for that. You shall kill him without all question, if you be so minded.*

*MAT. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.*

*BOB. Oh, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too dull, too tardy: oh, it must be done like lightning, hay!*

*MAT. Oh, rare.*

*BOB. Tut, 'tis nothing an't be not done in a —*

*LOR. JU. Signior, did you never play with any of our masters here?*

*MAT. Oh, good sir.*

*BOB. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous humour, there came three or four of them to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools, and withal so much importuned me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure: well, I told them that to come to a public school they should pardon me, it was opposite to my humour, but if so they would attend me at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, etc.*

*LOR. JU. So sir, then you tried their skill.*

*BOB. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir, within two or three days after they came, and by Jesu, good Signior, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention hath got them since admirable credit, they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other reason on the earth.*

*LOR. JU. This is strange and vile as ever I heard.*

*BOB. I will tell you, sir, upon my first coming to the city, they assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walk'd alone in divers places of the city; as upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my*

*ordinary, where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me; yet all this lenity will not depress their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure: by my soul, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder: I am loth to bear any other but a bastinado for them, and yet I hold it good policy not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be suppressed with multitudes.*

*LOR. JU. Ay, by Jesu, may you, sir, and (in my conceit) our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.*

*BOB. Alas, no: what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.*

*LOR. JU. Ay, but your skill, sir.*

*BOB. Indeed, that might be some loss, but who respects it? I will tell you, Signior, (in private) I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to the Duke (observe me) I would undertake (upon my head and life) for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charges, in holding wars generally against all his enemies; and how will I do it, think you?*

*LOR. JU. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.*

*BOB. Marry, thus, I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land, gentlemen they should be of good spirit; strong and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a trick that I have, and I would teach these nineteen the special tricks, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccato, your imbroccato, your passato, your montanto, till they could all play very near or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong: we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse the combat: well, we would*

*kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand: forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all, by computation, and this will I venture my life to perform: provided there be no treason practised upon us.*

*LOR. JU. Why, are you so sure of your hand at all times?*

*BOB. Tut, never mistrust, upon my soul.*

*LOR. JU. Mass, I would not stand in Signior Giuliano's state, then, an you meet him, for the wealth of Florence.*

*BOB. Why Signior, by Jesu, if he were here now, I would not draw my weapon on him, let this gentleman do his mind, but I will bastinado him (by heaven) an ever I meet him.*

*[ENTER GIULIANO AND GOES OUT AGAIN.]*

*MAT. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him.*

*LOR. JU. Look, yonder he goes, I think.*

*GIU. 'Sblood, what luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals.*

*BOB. It's not he: is it?*

*LOR. JU. Yes, faith, it is he.*

*MAT. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.*

*LOR. JU. Before God, it was he: you make me swear.*

*STEP. Upon my salvation, it was he.*

*BOB. Well, had I thought it had been he, he could not have gone so, but I cannot be induced to believe it was he yet.*

*[ENTER GIU.]*

*GIU. Oh, gallant, have I found you? draw to your tools; draw, or by God's will I'll thrash you.*

*BOB. Signior, hear me.*

*GIU. Draw your weapons then.*

*BOB. Signior, I never thought it till now: body of St. George, I have a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer, this gentleman saw it, Signior Matheo.*

*GIU. The peace! 'Sblood, you will not draw?*

*[MATHEO RUNS AWAY. HE BEATS HIM AND DISARMS HIM.]*

*LOR. JU. Hold, Signior, hold, under thy favour forbear.*

*GIU. Prate again as you like this, you whoreson cowardly rascal, you'll control the point, you? your consort he is gone; had he staid he had shared with you, in faith.*

*[EXIT GIULIANO.]*

*BOB. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by Jesu.*

*LOR. JU. Why, and though you were, sir, the law allows you to defend yourself; that's but a poor excuse.*

*BOB. I cannot tell; I never sustained the like disgrace (by heaven); sure I was struck with a planet then, for I had no power to touch my weapon.*

*[EXIT.]*

*LOR. JU. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet; go, get you to the surgeon's,*

*'s blood, an these be your tricks, your passados, and your montantos, I'll none of them: O God, that this age should bring forth such creatures! come, cousin.*

*STEP. Mass, I'll have this cloak.*

*LOR. JU. God's will: it's Giuliano's.*

*STEP. Nay, but 'tis mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well as I, I'll wear it, so I will.*

*LOR. JU. How an he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.*

*STEP. Ay, but he shall not have it; I'll say I bought it.*

*LOR. JU. Advise you, cousin, take heed he give not you as much.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ENTER THORELLO, PROSPERO, BIANCHA, HESPERIDA.*

*THO. Now trust me, Prospero, you were much to blame,  
T' incense your brother and disturb the peace  
Of my poor house, for there be sentinels,  
That every minute watch to give alarms  
Of civil war, without adjection  
Of your assistance and occasion.*

*PROS. No harm done, brother, I warrant you: since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing: and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry, to keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag: what's a musician unless he play? what's a tall man unless he fight? for indeed, all this my brother stands upon absolutely, and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.*

*BIA. Ay, but what harm might have come of it?*

*PROS. Might? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poison'd for any thing he knows, or the wholesome wine he drunk even now at the table.*

*THO. Now, God forbid: O me! now I remember,  
My wife drunk to me last; and changed the cup,  
And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day,  
See if God suffer murder undiscover'd!  
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,  
Some mithridate and oil; good sister, fetch me,  
Oh, I am sick at heart: I burn, I burn;  
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.*

*PROS. Oh, strange humour, my very breath hath poison'd him.*

*HES. Good brother, be content, what do you mean?  
The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.*

*BIA. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Prospero,  
For putting such a toy into his head.*

*PROS. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison'd with a simile?  
Brother Thorello, what a strange and vain imagination is this?  
For shame be wiser, on my soul there's no such matter.*

*THO. Am I not sick? how am I then not poison'd?  
Am I not poison'd? how am I then so sick?*

*BIA. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.*

*PROS. His jealousy is the poison he hath taken.*

*[ENTER MUSCO LIKE THE DOCTOR'S MAN.]*

*MUS. Signior Thorello, my master, Doctor Clement, salutes you,  
and desires to speak with you, with all speed possible.*

*THO. No time but now? Well, I'll wait upon his worship,  
Piso, Cob, I'll seek them out, and set them sentinels till  
I return. Piso, Cob, Piso.*

*[EXIT.]*

*PROS. Musco, this is rare, but how got'st thou this apparel of*

*the Doctor's man?*

*MUS. Marry sir. My youth would needs bestow the wine on me to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshall'd him, that I made him monstrous drunk, and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour and an old brown bill to watch him till my return: which shall be when I have pawn'd his apparel, and spent the money perhaps.*

*PROS. Well, thou art a mad knave, Musco, his absence will be a good subject for more mirth: I pray thee return to thy young master Lorenzo, and will him to meet me and Hesperida at the Friary presently: for here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, that there is no room for love to stand upright in: but I'll use such means she shall come thither, and that I think will meet best with his desires: Hie thee, good Musco.*

*MUS. I go, sir.*

*[EXIT.]*

*[ENTER THORELLO, TO HIM PISO.]*

*THO. Ho, Piso, Cob, where are these villains, trow? Oh, art thou there? Piso, hark thee here: Mark what I say to thee, I must go forth; Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch, Note every gallant and observe him well, That enters in my absence to thy mistress; If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale, Follow them, Piso, or else hang on him, And let him not go after, mark their looks; Note if she offer but to see his band, Or any other amorous toy about him, But praise his leg, or foot, or if she say, The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand, How hot it is, oh, that's a monstrous thing: Note me all this, sweet Piso; mark their sighs, And if they do but whisper, break them off,*

*I'll bear thee out in it: wilt thou do this?  
Wilt thou be true, sweet Piso?*

*PIS. Most true, sir.*

*THO. Thanks, gentle Piso: where is Cob? now: Cob?*

*[EXIT THORELLO.]*

*BIA. He's ever calling for Cob, I wonder how he employs Cob so.*

*PROS. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in: but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd indeed, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house, marry, to what end I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you think convenient: but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, I can tell you.*

*BIA. Never said you truer than that, brother! Piso, fetch your cloke, and go with me, I'll after him presently: I would to Christ I could take him there, i'faith.*

*[EXEUNT PISO AND BIANCHA.]*

*PROS. So let them go: this may make sport anon, now, my fair sister Hesperida: ah, that you knew how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful!*

*HES. That toucheth not me, brother.*

*PROS. That's true: that's even the fault of it, for indeed beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching: but, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties, and I am sure they will abide the touch, as they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in thee. Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal in his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear*

*him confirm much more than I am able to lay down for him: Signior Lorenzo is the man: what say you, sister; shall I intreat so much favour of you for my friend, as to direct and attend you to his meeting? upon my soul, he loves you extremely, approve it, sweet Hesperida, will you?*

*HES. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, if I durst not meet a man: but, brother Prospero, this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant, methinks.*

*PROS. What's that, sister?*

*HES. Marry, of the squire.*

*PROS. No matter, Hesperida, if it did, I would be such an one for my friend, but say, will you go?*

*HES. Brother, I will, and bless my happy stars.*

*[ENTER CLEMENT AND THORELLO.]*

*CLEM. Why, what villainy is this? my man gone on a false message, and run away when he has done, why, what trick is there in it, trow! 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.*

*THO. How! is my wife gone forth, where is she, sister!*

*HES. She's gone abroad with Piso.*

*THO. Abroad with Piso? Oh, that villain dors me, He hath discovered all unto my wife, Beast that I was to trust him: whither went she?*

*HES. I know not, sir.*

*PROS. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.*

*THO. Whither, for God's sake!*

*PROS. To Cob's house, I believe: but keep my counsel.*

*THO. I will, I will, to Cob's house! doth she haunt Cob's?  
She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,  
With that lewd rascal, who to win her favour,  
Hath told her all.*

*[EXIT.]*

*CLEM. But did your mistress see my man bring him a message?*

*PROS. That we did, master Doctor.*

*CLEM. And whither went the knave?*

*PROS. To the tavern, I think, sir.*

*CLEM. What, did Thorello give him any thing to spend for the  
message he brought him? if he did I should commend my man's wit  
exceedingly if he would make himself drunk with the joy of it,  
farewell, lady, keep good rule, you two, I beseech you now: by  
God's —; marry, my man makes me laugh.*

*[EXIT.]*

*PROS. What a mad doctor is this! come, sister, let's away.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*[ENTER MATHEO AND BOBADILLA.]*

*MAT. I wonder, Signior, what they will say of my going away, ha?*

*BOB. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman.  
Quick, wary, respectful of natures,  
Fair lineaments, and that's all.*

*MAT. Why so, but what can they say of your beating?*

*BOB. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross  
battery used, laid on strongly: borne most patiently, and  
that's all.*

*MAT. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice?*

*BOB. Tut, I assure you no: you shall have there your Nobilis, your Gentilezza, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato with his left leg, come to the assaulto with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood. But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was bewitch'd, by Jesu: but I will be revenged.*

*MAT. Do you hear, is't not best to get a warrant and have him arrested, and brought before Doctor Clement?*

*BOB. It were not amiss, would we had it.*

*[ENTER MUSCO.]*

*MAT. Why, here comes his man, let's speak to him.*

*BOB. Agreed, do you speak.*

*MAT. God save you, sir.*

*MUS. With all my heart, sir.*

*MAT. Sir, there is one Giuliano hath abused this gentleman and me, and we determine to make our amends by law, now if you would do us the favour to procure us a warrant, for his arrest, of your master, you shall be well considered, I assure i'faith, sir.*

*MUS. Sir, you know my service is my living, such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.*

*MAT. How is that?*

*MUS. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account: yet be what he will, if you will lay me down five crowns in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.*

*MAT. How shall we do, Signior? you have no money.*

*BOB. Not a cross, by Jesu.*

*MAT. Nor I, before God, but two pence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and cakes, let's give him some pawn.*

*BOB. Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.*

*MAT. O Lord, man, I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist.*

*BOB. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and put them off.*

*MAT. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns, look you, sir, this jewel and this gentleman's silk stockings, because we would have it dispatch'd ere we went to our chambers.*

*MUS. I am content, sir, I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you, Giuliano?*

*MAT. Ay, ay, Giuliano.*

*MUS. What manner of man is he?*

*MAT. A tall, big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk russet, laid about with russet lace.*

*MUS. 'Tis very good, sir.*

*MAT. Here, sir, here's my jewel.*

*BOB. And here are stockings.*

*MUS. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure this warrant presently, and appoint you a varlet of the city to serve it, if you'll be upon the Realto anon, the varlet shall meet you there.*

*MAT. Very good, sir, I wish no better.*

*[EXEUNT BOBA. AND MAT.]*

*MUS. This is rare, now will I go pawn this cloak of the doctor's man's at the broker's for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself, and get either more pawns, or more money of Giuliano for my arrest.*

*[EXIT.]*

## **ACT V.**

*SCENE I.*

*ENTER LORENZO SENIOR.*

*LOR. SE. Oh, here it is, I am glad I have found it now.  
Ho! who is within here?*

*[ENTER TIB.]*

*TIB. I am within, sir, what's your pleasure?*

*LOR. SE. To know who is within besides yourself.*

*TIB. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?*

*LOR. SE. Oh, fear you the constable? then I doubt not,  
You have some guests within deserve that fear;  
I'll fetch him straight.*

*TIB. O' God's name, sir.*

*LOR. SE. Go to, tell me is not the young Lorenzo here?*

*TIB. Young Lorenzo, I saw none such, sir, of mine honesty.*

*LOR. SE. Go to, your honesty flies too lightly from you:  
There's no way but fetch the constable.*

*TIB. The constable, the man is mad, I think.  
[CLAPS TO THE DOOR.]*

*[ENTER PISO AND BIANCHA.]*

*PISO. Ho, who keeps house here?*

*LOR. SE. Oh, this is the female copes-mate of my son.  
Now shall I meet him straight.*

*BIA. Knock, Piso, pray thee.*

*PIS. Ho, good wife.*

*[ENTER TIB.]*

*TIB. Why, what's the matter with you?*

*BIA. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?  
Belike you get something to keep it shut.*

*TIB. What mean these questions, pray ye?*

*BIA. So strange you make it! is not Thorello, my tried  
husband, here?*

*LOR. SE. Her husband?*

*TIB. I hope he needs not be tried here.*

*BIA. No, dame: he doth it not for need but pleasure.*

*TIB. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.*

*LOR. SE. This is but a device to balk me withal;  
Soft, who's this?*

*[ENTER THORELLO.]*

*BIA. Oh, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market?  
Found your close walks? you stand amazed now, do you?  
I'faith (I am glad) I have smoked you yet at last;  
What's your jewel, trow? In: come, let's see her;  
Fetch forth your housewife, dame; if she be fairer  
In any honest judgment than myself,  
I'll be content with it: but she is change,  
She feeds you fat; she soothes your appetite,  
And you are well: your wife, an honest woman,  
Is meat twice sod to you, sir; Oh, you treachour.*

*LOR. SE. She cannot counterfeit this palpably.*

*THO. Out on thee, more than strumpet's impudency,  
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken  
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,  
This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,  
Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it,  
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?  
Oh, old incontinent, dost thou not shame,  
When all thy powers in chastity are spent,  
To have a mind so hot? and to entice  
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?*

*BIA. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch?*

*THO. Defy me, strumpet? ask thy pander here,  
Can he deny it? or that wicked elder.*

*LOR. SE. Why, hear you, Signior?*

*THO. Tut, tut, never speak,  
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.*

*LOR. SE. What lunacy is this that haunts this man?*

*[ENTER GIU.]*

*GIU. Oh, sister, did you see my cloak?*

*BIA. Not I, I see none.*

*GIU. God's life, I have lost it then, saw you Hesperida?*

*THO. Hesperida? Is she not at home?*

*GIU. No, she is gone abroad, and nobody can tell me of it  
at home.*

*[EXIT.]*

*THO. O heaven! abroad? what light! a harlot too!  
Why? why? hark you, hath she, hath she not a brother?  
A brother's house to keep, to look unto?*

*But she must fling abroad, my wife hath spoil'd her,  
She takes right after her, she does, she does,  
Well, you goody bawd and —*

*[ENTER COB.]*

*That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy;  
And you, young apple squire, and old cuckold-maker,  
I'll have you every one before the Doctor,  
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.*

*LOR. SE. Marry, with all my heart, I'll go willingly:  
how have I wrong'd myself in coming here.*

*BIA. Go with thee? I'll go with thee to thy shame,  
I warrant thee.*

*COB. Why, what's the matter? what's here to do?*

*THO. What, Cob, art thou here? oh, I am abused,  
And in thy house, was never man so wrong'd.*

*COB. 'Slid, in my house? who wrong'd you in my house?*

*THO. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here,  
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken them.*

*COB. Do you hear? did I not charge you keep your doors shut  
here, and do you let them lie open for all comers, do you  
scratch?*

*[COB BEATS HIS WIFE.]*

*LOR. SE. Friend, have patience; if she have done wrong in  
this, let her answer it afore the Magistrate.*

*COB. Ay, come, you shall go afore the Doctor.*

*TIB. Nay, I will go, I'll see an you may be allowed to beat  
your poor wife thus at every cuckoldly knave's pleasure, the  
devil and the pox take you all for me: why do you not go now?*

*THO. A bitter quean, come, we'll have you tamed.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*[ENTER MUSCO ALONE.]*

*MUS. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this varlet's suit, a man of my present profession never counterfeits till he lay hold upon a debtor, and says he rests him, for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself, well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit, pray God I come well off.*

*[ENTER BOBADILLA AND MATHEO.]*

*MAT. See, I think yonder is the varlet.*

*BOB. Let's go in quest of him.*

*MAT. God save you, friend, are not you here by the appointment of Doctor Clement's man?*

*MUS. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure an arrest upon one Signior Giuliano by a warrant from his master, which I have about me.*

*MAT. It is honestly done of you both; and see where he comes you must arrest; upon him, for God's sake, before he be 'ware.*

*BOB. Bear back, Matheo!*

*[ENTER STEPHANO.]*

*MUS. Signior Giuliano, I arrest you, sir, in the Duke's name.*

*STEP. Signior Giuliano! am I Signior Giuliano? I am one Signior Stephano, I tell you, and you do not well, by God's lid, to arrest me, I tell you truly; I am not in your master's books, I would you should well know; ay, and a plague of God on you for making me afraid thus.*

*MUS. Why, how are you deceived, gentlemen?*

*BOB. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us,  
But see, here a comes, officer, this is he.*

*[ENTER GIULIANO.]*

*GIU. Why, how now, signior gull: are you a turn'd filcher of  
late? come, deliver my cloak.*

*STEP. Your cloak, sir? I bought it even now in the market.*

*MUS. Signior Giuliano, I must arrest you, sir.*

*GIU. Arrest me, sir, at whose suit?*

*MUS. At these two gentlemen's.*

*GIU. I obey thee, varlet; but for these villains —*

*MUS. Keep the peace, I charge you, sir, in the Duke's name,  
sir.*

*GIU. What's the matter, varlet?*

*MUS. You must go before master Doctor Clement, sir, to  
answer what these gentlemen will object against you, hark  
you, sir, I will use you kindly.*

*MAT. We'll be even with you, sir, come, Signior Bobadilla,  
we'll go before and prepare the Doctor: varlet, look to him.*

*[EXEUNT BOBADILLA AND MATHEO.]*

*BOB. The varlet is a tall man, by Jesu.*

*GIU. Away, you rascals, Signior, I shall have my cloak.*

*STEP. Your cloak? I say once again, I bought it, and I'll  
keep it.*

*GIU. You will keep it?*

*STEP. Ay, that I will.*

*GIU. Varlet, stay, here's thy fee, arrest him.*

*MUS. Signior Stephano, I arrest you.*

*STEP. Arrest me! there, take your cloak: I'll none of it.*

*GIU. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, varlet, bring him away, I'll go with thee now to the Doctor's, and carry him along.*

*STEP. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?*

*GIU. I care not for that.*

*MUS. I pray you, sir.*

*GIU. Never talk of it; I will have him answer it.*

*MUS. Well, sir, then I'll leave you, I'll take this gentleman's word for his appearance, as I have done yours.*

*GIU. Tut, I'll have no words taken, bring him along to answer it.*

*MUS. Good sir, I pity the gentleman's case, here's your money again.*

*GIU. God's bread, tell not me of my money, bring him away, I say.*

*MUS. I warrant you, he will go with you of himself.*

*GIU. Yet more ado?*

*MUS. I have made a fair mash of it.*

*STEP. Must I go?*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*ENTER DOCTOR CLEMENT, THORELLO, LORENZO SENIOR, BIANCHA, PISO, TIB, A SERVANT OR TWO OF THE DOCTOR'S.*

*CLEM. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave; my chair, sirrah; you, Signior Lorenzo, say you went thither to meet your son.*

*LOR. SE. Ay, sir.*

*CLEM. But who directed you thither?*

*LOR. SE. That did my man, sir.*

*CLEM. Where is he?*

*LOR. SE. Nay, I know not now, I left him with your clerk, And appointed him to stay here for me.*

*CLEM. About what time was this?*

*LOR. SE. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.*

*CLEM. So, what time came my man with the message to you, Signior Thorello?*

*THO. After two, sir.*

*CLEM. Very good, but, lady, how that you were at Cob's, ha?*

*BIA. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Prospero told me that Cob's house was a suspected place.*

*CLEM. So it appears, methinks; but on.*

*BIA. And that my husband used thither daily.*

*CLEM. No matter, so he use himself well.*

*BIA. True, sir, but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.*

*CLEM. Ay, rank fruits of a jealous brain, lady: but did you find your husband there in that case, as you suspected?*

*THO. I found her there, sir.*

*CLEM. Did you so? that alters the case; who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?*

*THO. Marry, that did my brother Prospero.*

*CLEM. How, Prospero first tell her, then tell you after? Where is Prospero?*

*THO. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.*

*CLEM. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly: alas, poor wench, wert thou beaten for this? how now, sirrah, what's the matter?*

*[ENTER ONE OF THE DOCTOR'S MEN.]*

*SER. Sir, there's a gentleman in the court without desires to speak with your worship.*

*CLEM. A gentleman? what's he?*

*SER. A soldier, sir, he sayeth.*

*CLEM. A soldier? fetch me my armour, my sword, quickly; a soldier speak with me, why, when, knaves? — come on, come on, hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword; stand by, I will end your matters anon; let the soldier enter, now, sir, what have you to say to me?*

*[ENTER BOBADILLA AND MATHEO.]*

*BOB. By your worship's favour.*

*CLEM. Nay, keep out, sir, I know not your pretence, you send me word, sir, you are a soldier, why, sir, you shall*

*be answered here, here be them have been amongst soldiers.  
Sir, your pleasure.*

*BOB. Faith, sir, so it is: this gentleman and myself have  
been most violently wronged by one Signior Giuliano: a gallant  
of the city here; and for my own part, I protest, being a man  
in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath  
assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine  
honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and beaten me in the open  
streets: when I not so much as once offered to resist him.*

*CLEM. Oh, God's precious, is this the soldier? here, take my  
armour quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit  
to look on't that will put up a blow.*

*[ENTER SERVANT.]*

*MAT. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.*

*CLEM. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound,  
were they?*

*SER. There is one of the varlets of the city has brought two  
gentlemen here upon arrest, sir.*

*CLEM. Bid him come in, set by the picture.*

*[ENTER MUSCO WITH GIULIANO AND STEPHANO.]*

*Now, sir, what! Signior Giuliano? is't you that are arrested  
at signior freshwater's suit here?*

*GIU. I'faith, master Doctor, and here's another brought at  
my suit.*

*CLEM. What are you, sir?*

*STEP. A gentleman, sir; oh, uncle?*

*CLEM. Uncle? who, Lorenzo?*

*LOR. SE. Ay, sir.*

*STEP. God's my witness, my uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he chargeth me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.*

*GIU. Oh, did you find it now? you said you bought it erewhile.*

*STEP. And you said I stole it, nay, now my uncle is here I care not.*

*CLEM. Well, let this breathe awhile; you that have cause to complain there, stand forth; had you a warrant for this arrest?*

*BOB. Ay, an't please your worship.*

*CLEM. Nay, do not speak in passion so, where had you it?*

*BOB. Of your clerk, sir.*

*CLEM. That's well, an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at them; where is the warrant? varlet, have you it?*

*MUS. No, sir, your worship's man bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.*

*CLEM. Why, Signior Giuliano, are you such a novice to be arrested and never see the warrant?*

*GIU. Why, sir, he did not arrest me.*

*CLEM. No? how then?*

*GIU. Marry, sir, he came to me and said he must arrest me, and he would use me kindly, and so forth.*

*CLEM. Oh, God's pity, was it so, sir? he must arrest you. Give me my long sword there; help me off, so; come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrah; nay, stand up, I'll use you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say.*

*MUS. Oh, good sir, I beseech you, nay, good master Doctor. Oh, good sir.*

*CLEM. I must do it; there is no remedy;  
I must cut off your legs, sirrah.  
I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it;  
I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.*

*MUS. Oh, for God's sake, good master Doctor.*

*CLEM. Well, rise; how dost thou now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?*

*MUS. No, I thank God, sir, and your good worship.*

*CLEM. Why so? I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it so: you said you must arrest this gentleman, but you did not arrest him, you knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must arrest, sirrah? away with him to the jail, I'll teach you a trick for your must.*

*MUS. Good master Doctor, I beseech you be good to me.*

*CLEM. Marry o'God: away with him, I say.*

*MUS. Nay, 'sblood, before I go to prison, I'll put on my old brazen face, and disclaim in my vocation: I'll discover, that's flat, an I be committed, it shall be for the committing of more villainies than this, hang me an I lose the least grain of my fame.*

*CLEM. Why? when, knave? by God's marry, I'll clap thee by the heels too.*

*MUS. Hold, hold, I pray you.*

*CLEM. What's the matter? stay there.*

*MUS. Faith, sir, afore I go to this house of bondage, I have a case to unfold to your worship: which (that it may appear more plain unto your worship's view) I do thus first of all uncase, and appear in mine own proper nature, servant to this*

*gentleman: and known by the name of Musco.*

*LOR. SE. Ha, Musco!*

*STEP. Oh, uncle, Musco has been with my cousin and I all this day.*

*CLEM. Did not I tell you there was some device?*

*MUS. Nay, good master Doctor, since I have laid myself thus open to your worship, now stand strong for me, till the progress of my tale be ended, and then if my wit do not deserve your countenance, 'sight, throw it on a dog, and let me go hang myself.*

*CLEM. Body of me, a merry knave, give me a bowl of sack. Signior Lorenzo, I bespeak your patience in particular, marry, your ears in general, here, knave, Doctor Clement drinks to thee.*

*MUS. I pledge master Doctor an't were a sea to the bottom.*

*CLEM. Fill his bowl for that, fill his bowl: so, now speak freely.*

*MUS. Indeed, this is it will make a man speak freely. But to the point, know then that I, Musco, (being somewhat more trusted of my master than reason required, and knowing his intent to Florence,) did assume the habit of a poor soldier in wants, and minding by some means to intercept his journey in the midway, 'twixt the grange and the city, I encountered him, where begging of him in the most accomplished and true garb, (as they term it) contrary to all expectation, he reclaimed me from that bad course of life; entertained me into his service, employed me in his business, possest me with his secrets, which I no sooner had received, but (seeking my young master, and finding him at this gentleman's house) I revealed all most amply: this done, by the device of Signior Prospero and him together, I returned (as the raven did to the ark) to mine old master again, told him he should find his son in what manner he*

*knows, at one Cob's house, where indeed he never meant to come; now my master, he to maintain the jest, went thither, and left me with your worship's clerk, who, being of a most fine supple disposition, (as most of your clerks are) proffers me the wine, which I had the grace to accept very easily, and to the tavern we went: there after much ceremony, I made him drunk in kindness, stript him to his shirt, and leaving him in that cool vein, departed, frolick, courtier-like, having obtained a suit: which suit fitting me exceedingly well, I put on, and usurping your man's phrase and action, carried a message to Signior Thorello in your name; which message was merely devised but to procure his absence, while Signior Prospero might make a conveyance of Hesperida to my master.*

*CLEM. Stay, fill me the bowl again, here; 'twere pity of his life would not cherish such a spirit: I drink to thee, fill him wine, why, now do you perceive the trick of it?*

*THO. Ay, ay, perceive well we were all abused.*

*LOR. SE. Well, what remedy?*

*CLEM. Where is Lorenzo and Prospero, canst thou tell?*

*MUS. Ay, sir, they are at supper at the Mermaid, where I left your man.*

*CLEM. Sirrah, go warn them hither presently before me, and if the hour of your fellow's resurrection be come, bring him too. But forward, forward, when thou has been at Thorello's.*

*[EXIT SERVANT.]*

*MUS. Marry, sir, coming along the street, these two gentlemen meet me, and very strongly supposing me to be your worship's scribe, entreated me to procure them a warrant for the arrest of Signior Giuliano, I promised them, upon some pair of silk stockings or a jewel, or so, to do it, and to get a varlet of the city to serve it, which varlet I appointed should meet them upon the Realto at such an hour, they no sooner gone, but I, in a mere hope of more gain by Signior Giuliano, went to one*

*of Satan's old ingles, a broker, and there pawned your man's livery for a varlet's suit, which here, with myself, I offer unto your worship's consideration.*

*CLEM. Well, give me thy hand;  
Proh. Superi ingenium magnum quis noscit Homerum.  
Illias aeternum si latuisset opus?  
I admire thee, I honour thee, and if thy master or any man here be angry with thee, I shall suspect his wit while I know him for it: do you hear, Signior Thorello, Signior Lorenzo, and the rest of my good friends, I pray you let me have peace when they come, I have sent for the two gallants and Hesperida, God's marry, I must have you, friends, how now? what noise is there?*

*[ENTER SERVANT, THEN PETO.]*

*SER. Sir, it is Peto is come home.*

*CLEM. Peto, bring him hither, bring him hither, what, how now, signior drunkard, in arms against me, ha? your reason, your reason for this.*

*PET. I beseech your worship to pardon me.*

*CLEM. Well, sirrah, tell him I do pardon him.*

*PET. Truly, sir, I did happen into bad company by chance, and they cast me in a sleep and stript me of all my clothes.*

*CLEM. Tut, this is not to the purpose touching your armour, what might your armour signify?*

*PET. Marry, sir, it hung in the room where they stript me, and I borrowed it of one of the drawers, now in the evening, to come home in, because I was loth to come through the street in my shirt.*

*[ENTER LORENZO JUNIOR, PROSPERO, HESPERIDA.]*

*CLEM. Well, disarm him, but it's no matter, let him stand by: who be these? oh, young gallants; welcome, welcome, and you,*

*lady, nay, never scatter such amazed looks amongst us,  
Qui nil potest sperare desperet nihil.*

*PROS. Faith, master Doctor, that's even I, my hopes are small,  
and my despair shall be as little. Brother, sister, brother,  
what, cloudy, cloudy? "and will no sunshine on these looks  
appear?" well, since there is such a tempest toward, I'll be  
the porpoise, I'll dance: wench, be of good cheer, thou hast a  
cloak for the rain yet, where is he? 'Sheart, how now, the  
picture of the prodigal, go to, I'll have the calf drest for  
you at my charges.*

*LOR. SE. Well, son Lorenzo, this day's work of yours hath much  
deceived my hopes, troubled my peace, and stretch'd my patience  
further than became the spirit of duty.*

*CLEM. Nay, God's pity, Signior Lorenzo, you shall urge it no  
more: come, since you are here, I'll have the disposing of all,  
but first, Signior Giuliano, at my request take your cloak again.*

*GIU. Well, sir, I am content.*

*CLEM. Stay, now let me see, oh signior snow-liver, I had almost  
forgotten him, and your Genius there, what, doth he suffer for a  
good conscience too? doth he bear his cross with patience?*

*MUS. Nay, they have scarce one cross between them both to bear.*

*CLEM. Why, dost thou know him? what is he? what is he?*

*MUS. Marry, search his pocket, sir, and he'll shew you he is an  
author, sir.*

*CLEM. Dic mihi musa virum: are you an author, sir? give me  
leave a little, come on, sir, I'll make verses with you now  
in honour of the gods and the goddesses for what you dare  
extempore; and now I begin.*

*"Mount thee my Phlegon muse, and testify,  
How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud,  
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,  
And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud."*

*There's for you, sir.*

*PROS. Oh, he writes not in that height of style.*

*CLEM. No: we'll come a step or two lower then.  
"From Catadupa and the banks of Nile,  
Where only breeds your monstrous crocodile,  
Now are we purposed for to fetch our style."*

*PROS. Oh, too far-fetch'd for him still, master Doctor.*

*CLEM. Ay, say you so? let's intreat a sight of his vein then.*

*PROS. Signior, master Doctor desires to see a sight of your vein, nay, you must not deny him.*

*CLEM. What, all this verse, body of me, he carries a whole realm; a commonwealth of paper in his hose, let's see some of his subjects.*

*"Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty,  
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of zeal,  
Returning thee the tribute of my duty:  
Which here my youth, my complaints, my love reveal."  
Good! is this your own invention?*

*MAT. No, sir, I translated that out of a book, called "Delia."*

*CLEM. Oh, but I would see some of your own, some of your own.*

*MAT. Sir, here's the beginning of a sonnet I made to my mistress.*

*CLEM. That, that: who? to Madonna Hesperida, is she your mistress?*

*PROS. It pleaseth him to call her so, sir.*

*CLEM. "In summer time, when Phoebus' golden rays."  
You translated this too, did you not?*

*PROS. No, this is invention; he found it in a ballad.*

*MAT. Faith sir, I had most of the conceit of it out of a ballad indeed.*

*CLEM. Conceit, fetch me a couple of torches, sirrah, I may see the conceit: quickly! it's very dark!*

*GIU. Call you this poetry?*

*LOR. JU. Poetry? nay, then call blasphemy, religion; Call devils, angels; and sin, piety: Let all things be preposterously transchanged.*

*LOR. SE. Why, how now, son! what are you startled now? Hath the brize prick'd you, ha? go to; you see How abjectly your poetry is rank'd in general opinion.*

*LOR. JU. Opinion, O God, let gross opinion sink and be damn'd  
As deep as Barathrum,  
If it may stand with your most wish'd content,  
I can refell opinion and approve  
The state of poesy, such as it is,  
Blessed, eternal, and most true divine:  
Indeed, if you will look on Poesy  
As she appears in many, poor and lame,  
Patch'd up in remnants and old worn rags,  
Half starved for want of her peculiar food:  
Sacred invention, then I must confirm  
Both your conceit and censure of her merit,  
But view her in her glorious ornaments,  
Attired in the majesty of art,  
Set high in spirit, with the precious taste  
Of sweet philosophy, and which is most,  
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul  
That hates to have her dignity profaned  
With any relish of an earthly thought:  
Oh, then how proud a presence doth she bear.  
Then is she like herself, fit to be seen  
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes:  
Nor is it any blemish to her fame,*

*That such lean, ignorant, and blasted wits,  
Such brainless gulls, should utter their stol'n wares  
With such applauses in our vulgar ears:  
Or that their slubber'd lines have current pass  
From the fat judgments of the multitude,  
But that this barren and infected age  
Should set no difference 'twixt these empty spirits  
And a true poet: than which reverend name  
Nothing can more adorn humanity.*

*[ENTER WITH TORCHES.]*

*CLEM. Ay, Lorenzo, but election is now governed altogether by  
the influence of humour, which, instead of those holy flames  
that should direct and light the soul to eternity, hurls forth  
nothing but smoke and congested vapours, that stifle her up, and  
bereave her of all sight and motion. But she must have a store  
of hellebore given her to purge these gross obstructions: oh,  
that's well said, give me thy torch, come, lay this stuff  
together. So, give fire! there, see, see, how our poet's glory  
shines brighter and brighter, still, still it increaseth, oh,  
now it's at the highest, and now it declines as fast: you may  
see, gallants, "sic transit gloria mundi." Well now, my two  
signior outsides, stand forth, and lend me your large ears, to  
a sentence, to a sentence: first, you, Signior, shall this night  
to the cage, and so shall you, sir, from thence to-morrow morning, you,  
Signior, shall be carried to the market cross, and be there bound: and  
so shall you, sir, in a large motley coat, with a rod at your girdle; and  
you in an old suit of sackcloth, and the  
ashes of your papers (save the ashes, sirrah) shall mourn all day,  
and at night both together sing some ballad of repentance very  
piteously, which you shall make to the tune of "Who list to lead  
and a soldier's life." Sirrah bill-man, embrace you this torch,  
and light the gentlemen to their lodgings, and because we tender  
their safety, you shall watch them to-night, you are provided for  
the purpose, away, and look to your charge with an open eye,  
sirrah.*

*BOB. Well, I am arm'd in soul against the worst of fortune.*

*MAT. Faith, so should I be, an I had slept on it.*

*PET. I am arm'd too, but I am not like to sleep on it.*

*MUS. Oh, how this pleaseth me.*

*[EXEUNT.]*

*CLEM. Now, Signior Thorello, Giuliano, Prospero, Biancha.*

*STEP. And not me, sir.*

*CLEM. Yes, and you, sir: I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated, I must have you all friends: but first a word with you, young gallant, and you, lady.*

*GIU. Well, brother Prospero, by this good light that shines here, I am loth to kindle fresh coals, but an you had come in my walk within these two hours I had given you that you should not have clawed off again in haste, by Jesus, I had done it, I am the arrant'st rogue that ever breathed else, but now beshrew my heart if I bear you any malice in the earth.*

*PROS. Faith, I did it but to hold up a jest, and help my sister to a husband, but, brother Thorello, and sister, you have a spice of the jealous yet, both of you, (in your hose, I mean,) come, do not dwell upon your anger so much, let's all be smooth foreheaded once again.*

*THOR. He plays upon my forehead, brother Giuliano, I pray you tell me one thing I shall ask you: is my forehead any thing rougher than it was wont to be?*

*GIU. Rougher? your forehead is smooth enough, man.*

*THO. Why should he then say, be smooth foreheaded, Unless he jested at the smoothness of it?  
And that may be, for horn is very smooth;  
So are my brows, by Jesu, smooth as horn!*

*BIA. Brother, had he no haunt thither, in good faith?*

*PROS. No, upon my soul.*

*BIA. Nay, then, sweet-heart: nay, I pray thee, be not angry, good faith, I'll never suspect thee any more, nay, kiss me, sweet muss.*

*THO. Tell me, Biancha, do not you play the woman with me.*

*BIA. What's that, sweet-heart?*

*THO. Dissemble.*

*BIA. Dissemble?*

*THO. Nay, do not turn away: but say i'faith was it not a match appointed 'twixt this old gentleman and you?*

*BIA. A match?*

*THO. Nay, if it were not, I do not care: do not weep, I pray thee, sweet Biancha, nay, so now! by Jesus, I am not jealous, but resolved I have the faithful'st wife in Italy.*

*"For this I find, where jealousy is fed,  
Horns in the mind are worse than on the head.  
See what a drove of horns fly in the air,  
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath:  
Watch them, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall,  
See, see, on heads that think they have none at all.  
Oh, what a plenteous world of this will come,  
When air rains horns, all men be sure of some:*

*CLEM. Why that's well, come then: what say you, are all agreed? doth none stand out?*

*PROS. None but this gentleman: to whom in my own person I owe all duty and affection; but most seriously intreat pardon, for whatsoever hath past in these occurrants that might be contrary to his most desired content.*

*LOR. SE. Faith sir, it is a virtue that pursues  
Any save rude and uncomposed spirits,*

*To make a fair construction, and indeed  
Not to stand off, when such respective means  
Invite a general content in all.*

*CLEM. Well, then I conjure you all here to put off all  
discontentment, first, you, Signior Lorenzo, your cares; you,  
and you, your jealousy; you, your anger, and you, your wit,  
sir; and for a peace-offering, here's one willing to be  
sacrificed upon this altar: say, do you approve my motion?*

*PROS. We do, I'll be mouth for all.*

*CLEM. Why, then I wish them all joy, and now, to make our  
evening happiness more full: this night you shall be all my  
guests: where we'll enjoy the very spirit of mirth, and carouse  
to the health of this heroic spirit, whom to honour the more I  
do invest in my own robes, desiring you two, Giuliano and  
Prospero, to be his supporters, the train to follow, myself  
will lead, ushered by my page here with this honourable verse —*

*"Claudite jam rivos pueri sat prata biberunt."*

**Freeditorial** 