



Accessions

149.471

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THE
CARNIVAL:

1/6
R

A
Comedy.

As it was Acted at the *Theatre Royal*,
By His Majesties Servants.

Written by
THO. PORTER, Esq;



LONDON,

Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at
the Sign of the *Anchor* in the Lower-
of the *New-Exchange*. 1664.

The Actors Names.

Don Ferdinando, Betrothed to *Beatrice*.
Don Alvaredo, Brother to *Beatrice*.
Don Felices, a wild Fellow, Brother to *Ferdinando*.
Don Lorenzo, Half-Uncle to *Alvaredo*.
Don Antonio, Half-Brother to *Elvira*.

Ossorio, Servant to *Alvaredo*.

Pedro, Servant to *Ferdinando*.

Bartolo, Servant to *Lorenzo*.

Sancho, a fantastick Clown.

Three Thieves.

Bianca.

Coach-man.

Donna Beatrice, } Sisters to *Alvaredo*.

Donna Miranda, }

Donna Elvira, Mistres to *Alvaredo*.

Quintagona, Governanto to *Beatrice* and *Miranda*.

Boys.

149.471

May, 1873

The Scene SEVIL.



THE CARNIVAL.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter *Ferdinando*, *Beatrice*, at a low Window.

Ferd. **P***Edro*, stay you there :
And whistle if any chance to pass this way :
Let me not be surpriz'd I charge you.

Hem! *Beatrice!* my Life! *Hem!*

Bea. *Hem!* softly: I come. [Opens the door: Enters.]

Fer. Now all the blessings of Auspicious Heaven
Fall on so beauteous and so kind a Mistress!

Bea. I now must owne this as my duty, Sir ;
And yet I will confes,

That Love does prompt me to it with a joy
As great as yours.

Fer. Still kinder! and I most happy!

Bea. But you did promise me, the other night,
You would prefix a time wherein my Brother
Should be acquainted with all what has pass ;
It were not kind to doubt his Love,
And keep him (in it) longer ignorant.

Fer. My fairest *Beatrice*, I'll tell you why
I hitherto have kept it from him :
That you and I are now made sure

I still shall thank your mercy for that goodness ;
 But he's unsatisfied in his affections,
 Sad with despairing Love is froward grown,
 Brooks no discourse but what tends to his Cure.

If I can serve him in his business ought
 I then make sure of him too ;
 And I would fain remove all possibilities
 Of Letts to my most wish'd Adventure here.

Bea. And has he, Sir, implor'd your help ?

Fer. 'A has, to wait upon him as a friend,
 And to secure his walks by night.

She is the Sister to a man of Quality,
 Though he be absent now, imploy'd about
 Some business in his Charge of *Barcelona* :

Her kindred being of the greatest Rank
 May boggle at the least of Gallantry
 To this young Lady without his admittance.

Bea. You have not yet seen her ?

Fer. No ; but this time of *Carnival*
 Allows more freedom then all the year besides :
 And in a Masque we are resolv'd to see
 The Saint your Brother prays to.

Bea. But my *Fernando* tell me when——

Pedro within. Pheu ! Pheu !

Fer. Be gone, be gone my Soul, [Exit Beatrice.]
 Here comes Company.

Who are they, *Pedro* ? [Enter Pedro.]

Pedro. Don *Alvaredo*, with your Brother, Sir.

Fer. O ! walk as if you came from his house.

Enter Alvaredo, Felices.

Welcome, dear friend, I had sent my Man
 To see if you were at home.

Alva. 'Twas thither I was going ; I just now sent my Servant
 To desire you would come to me.

Fer. I'm glad my Fates have brought me to your wishes.
 O Brother ! 'tis a wonder to meet you :

How

How do you employ your time?
Ha? merry still! what device now on foot?

Feli. Any to be doing,
Except making Love at Churches;
For there a man is bound at least
To a serious look, (and that I hate)
Turning up the whires of your Eyes
Look more precise then a Dutch Puritan,
Or play tricks with your fingers
To tell the hour of visitation:
When the poor vulgar think
You thereby count your *Ave-Maries*,
Having forgotten your *Rosario*.
Out on't! what a damn'd Device
To cloath Dame *Venus* in sackcloth!

Alva. Well, Gallant, would I had thy mirth,
And thou my Lovè.

Feli. So would I, if she be handsome.

Alva. Nay, I mean the Passion I have for her,
Not her Person, Sir.

Feli. *O bezos Manos Signior*; I thank you for nothing:
But marry, prithee marry;
And to please you I will be in love with your wife,
Or any mans wife in Christendom that desires it:
And then we'l see what will come on't.

Ferd. Why what will come on't think'st thou? (should be.

Feli. Children, brave lusty Children, if she be but kind as she

Alva. Away Madcap; come let's in, Friend, I must now implore
Your help and counsel. *Exeunt.*

Enter Quintagona and Miranda.

Quin. Come, come, I must not have you so inquisitive.

Mir. Well, if I do not serve ye both a trick--
What, do ye think because I'm young
I cannot keep counsel?

Quin. What counsel? what counsel?
I'de have you to know I'm no Counsel-keeper.

Mir.

Mir. Nay, on my Conscience, I do believe thee, Nurse.

Quin. You do so; well, well,
God send all Proverbs prove not true.

Mir. Prithee what Proverbs, Nurse?

Quin. E'en one I have often heard.

Mir. Come out with't, out with't, good Nurse.

Quin. Marry I have heard them say,
Soon Ripe soon Rotten:

God bless thee, and send thee grace.

Mir. And thee wit.

Enter Felices.

Feli. O have I caught ye?

Mir. A Rape! Nurse; a Rape!

Run for the *Alquazil*,
He's a grave man, and will do women justice.

Feli. I, run, Nurse, run,
Your young Mistress may be undone;
Is this your diligence?

Quin. Well Gallants, well,
Thus must I be abus'd and jeer'd:
I wonder what the Devil was in my Masters mind
To give you leave to use his Sister so;
He thinks she's young, but if he knew her
As well as I, he would trust her no farther then
He could throw a Millstone.

Fel. Do you remember, Nurse,
When you took away my young Mistress from me,
And were, forsooth, so scrupulous.

Quin. I, I, but she is grown half an inch since.

Feli. How good Nurse! how dost thou mean?

Quin. Away you wag, I mean no harm.

Feli. Nor I truly, Nurse;
But remember still as I told you.

Quin. What should I remember?

Feli. Why, how you were call'd:
I'll but repeat his words.

Quin.

Quin. Nay, nay, good Sir, let it alone ;
I'm sure my heart has been ready to break ever since.

Mir. Alas poor heart !

Pray Signior *Felices* rub not old sores ;
She'll fall into a fit of the Mother.

Feli. A fit of the Grandmother you mean, ha, ha, ha.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! O Donna *Quintagona* !

Feli. O Donna *Quintagona* !

Mir. Feli. Cheri chink, cheri chink, cheri chink, tery chink chink.

Quin. Ple not stay to be abus'd thus. [Exit running.

Enter Sancho.

[Exeunt laughing and
singing, Miranda, Felices.

San. Vizards I have got, and all the tricks and devices
Necessary for our Gambals ; troth I have

A great mind-to practise here a little

Upon these City Gallants ; fools I'm sure they

Are as well as we, only drest better, and

Keep their gravity more ; for the first learned

Counsel a Mother gives the Don her child,

Though but of two years old, is, *Guarda la*

Gravidad. Hi, hi, hi, hi ! Here's your fools face, [puts on a vizard.

And here's your Don's :

[looks fantastically, blowing

Pray which is better, to play the fool well,

up his cheeks.

Or to dissemble the wise man,

And be an errant Cockscorn here ?

[Shows his head.

Why I have seen the Lord of our Village,

When he has been ask'd what a Clock 'tis,

Look on the Meddal of his *Rosario*, (as if

That could direct him ;) and durst not (as

We do) look in the Sun ; for that dazling

Of him makes him grin, and then,

Boutoua Crispo, a looses his Gravity.

Enter Offorio running.

Offo. Why *Pedro ! Pedro !* come away Man !

San. I do, d'ye hear ? pox, how a stays !

Offo.

Offo. Why, what are you, friend?

San. One of Gods making, and his own undoing.

Offo. Pristhee about thy business.

Sancho. So I am. Oh! in good time.

[Enter Pedro.

Pedro. *Bezo los Manos.*

San. Hi, hi, hi, hi!

Pedro. *Ossorio*, what a Devil ails this fellow?

Offor. He's mad I think; what Trade art of?

San. A Giber, sweet Gentlemen.

Offor. Why then about thy business, I say again;
For we are not for thy Turn.

San. The properest men in *Sevil*.

Offo. Nay, that we are not neither;
My Friend *Pedro* is not tall by any means.

San. O *Signior*, I meant it not in that fence.

Pedro. How then?

San. Pray, Gentlemen, what's likest a Horse and
Is no Horse?

Pedro. Oh I can answer that, I read it in a Book,
T'other day; 'tis a Mare, friend.

Sancho. Troth and that's true; but I thought
Ye would have answered, an Afs.

Offo. Well, come, suppose I answer so.

San. Why then, Gentlemen, you come much
Nearer my Conceit;

For you two are as like one another
As one Afs can be to t'other. Hi, hi, hi!

Offo. You Rogue, if I light on you---

[Exit.

Pedro. What a Rascall's this! But come,
Our Master stays for us:

[Exeunt.

Enter Alvaredo, Ferdinando, Felices.

Alva. I have her leave this night;
And yet I fear this favour may all turn
To my undoing.

Ferdi. She cannot have so much of Marble
'Bout her heart;

Or

Or indeed, why should she grant you this,
Without she meant it kind ?

Alva. She bad me bring a friend with me,
And he should judge between us of our Case ;
Nay she will freely there confes (she says)
That her denial does not spring from hate ;
For she has so much Justness in her Nature,
To see that all the Actions of my Life
Are bent to court the honour of her Love :
And yet I fear shee'l never understand
An Argument so much to my advantage
As may confute her of her too much Coldness.

Feli. This needs must be your fault :
Talk of a womans Coldness !
Why who should warm the poor Wretches
But we ? we who are the sprightly active Animals,
And they the phlegmatick passive,
Sweet or not sweet,
Leering or lowring visible Creatures.

Fer. Peace, prithee, Brother, peace:
For shame shew not your mirth
When your poor friend lays open thus his wounds.

Alva. Nay, let him talk ;
I could wish that I could talk so too :
It moveth not my Anger but my Envy,
To see him in so much a better state.
Stay here, we're near the house.
Come friend, now thou shalt see if I have
Cause to mourn,
That can behold the Joys of Heaven
Wrapt in Hells chiefest Torment, black Despair.

Fer. I hope your Love, like Children in the dark,
Fancies the Bugbear you shall never see.
Brother, pray stay, and see that none come up this
Street till we are entred ; I'll call upon you here.

Feli. Well, Gallants, remember ye owe me a watching.

Pedro! Ossorio! are not you two stout enough
To keep this Streets end ? I'll go but hard by,

And be back again before they come forth.

Offo. O Lord ! Sir, your Brother will take it unkindly.

Pedro. Indeed, Sir, my Master will wonder if he hears on't.

Feli. And I should wonder if he did not hear on't,

As long as such a Tadpole, Rascally, Gurmudgeonly

Whelp as thou know'st it : Sirrah do you remember

The fright you put me and my poor Whore in

At your Masters house, you Rogue ? I got the

Whole truth out of him ; and I yet owe thee

A beating for't, and now I have nothing

Else to do I will pay my debts.

Pedro. Hold, Sir, for Heavens sake hold:

Here comes Company.

[Enter Sancho.

San. Oh cry you mercy, Sir!

I find you were busie : pray, Sir,

Let not my presence put any constraint

Upon your humour ; but kick him again

Soundly ; and that Fellow too, if your Worship

Pleases : you have my leave freely.

Feli. Your leave, Rascal !

San. Yes my leave, Sir :

Why, I can give any body leave to kick me

If I please.

Feli. I am one of those never ask it,
Especially of such sawcy Companions.

[kicks him.

San. Oh, your humble servant, Sir:

Pray no farther ; 'tis too much honour

I assure you, Sir.

Offo. This is the Rogue that jeer'd us to day.

Pedro. I, I, peace, peace, man :

The young Signior's blown ;

How a pants !

Feli. This is the pleasantest Rogue that e're I
Met with---

Sancho within. Help ! help ! murder ! murder !

Feli. Ha, what's that ? let's go see.

San. No help ? good people help, help.

Feli. Come fellows, this way the Cry is. [Exeunt all drawn.

Enter

The CARNIVAL.

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Enter *Sancho*. This way Gentlemen I'm.

[*Exit*,

Enter *Feli. &c.* Where art thou? sure 'tis some Ghost.

Peeps in *Sancho*. Hi, hi, hi, hi!

Pedro. 'Tis that Rogue jeers us.

Feli. If I can but catch you----

[*Exeunt all running*.

The Scene changes to a Parlour.

Enter *Alvaredo, Ferdinando, Elvira*.

Alva. But, Madam, must I never hope for more then this?

Elvi. Pray ask this Gentleman

If I ha'nt dealt most like a friend,

That's plainly, with you, Sir:

The Laws of Gratitude make me deny

To tye a woman to you, when her heart

Is so averse to what you now desire.

Alva. Strange Paradoxes these, that out of Love

You will deny me what I most esteem!

Well, Madam, I will leave you,

Never to see the world again:

I'll be your Beadsmān, since I am deny'd

To be your Lover.

Fer. Stay Friend.

Madam, can any thing so fair

Have so much Cruelty!

Look with the Eyes of Justice on his Merits,

You'll find so rich a Jewel worth your Care.

Elvi. As which, good Sir?

Fer. As yonder Gentleman you so afflict:

And let me freely tell you, Madam,

'Tis peevishness,

Which is as far from Virtue-----

Elvi. As you from Charity,

To chide me for a fault

That you your self are cause of.

Alva. Come friend, there is no remedy.

Fer. Stay, I will have two words more.

Elvi. No, go with him;
But if you will return alone,
I'll tell you freely what you long to know.

[Exit.

Fer. Ha, I understand you—
Come, dearest Friend, remember 'tis a woman;
Not worth the trouble of a gallant man;
Think on their follies and their weakness,
The scarcity of good ones in the Sex;
The danger you had run in the great plenty
Of evil, cunning, self-will'd, hair-brain'd women:
And all these put together,
Thus I would part with Love,
And tread the Earth in liberty again.

[push.

Alva. And thus would I advise a Friend to do:
But did you know the Passion I had for her,
How vain you would esteem all such advice!
And guess the world should reel beyond its Orbe,
And mix in great Confusion with some Star,
Ere I should leave to love the fair *Elvira*,
Mistress of all my Love and all my Hopes.

Fer. Nay, rather term her, Sir,
Mistress of all the Cruelty and Scorn.
A wilful woman ever yet did owne.
Why should man lose his Birthright, and proclaim
Himself a servant to a peevish Sex,
That from the first was meant a slave
To all his will and pleasures?

Alva. Peace, Heretick! 't were a sin to hear thee.
'Twas force that first made Laws to be obey'd;
And that's the only priviledge that we
Can claim above those beauteous Creatures.
Was the poor Lamb created for the use
Of wrongful, theevish, and of Ravenous Wolves?
Or was the Constant Turtle only fram'd
To be the Quarry of a Tyrant Hawk?
These have our Plea, and had they industry
Would frame as Rigid Laws as we;
For all were not so strong.

Fer.

Ferd. And it were justice they should be obey'd.

Alva. How much of baseness then must all we owne,
That stoop and bow in such humility,
And treasonably court them from their strength,
Which being Masters of, we then proclaim
And use our usurp'd priviledge?

Fer. Heyda, a womans Orator!
Pray heaven your Fee
Answers your Eloquence.

Alva. I care not, the fault shall all be hers:
But come, dear Friend, I swear I am not well.

Fer. Here I did leave my Brother. Ha! Brother! Pheu!

Alva. No matter, come.

Exeunt.

Enter Felices, leading in Sancho by the hair; Offorio, Pedro.

Feli. Oh Rogue! have I caught you?

San. No.

Feli. Sure I have.

San. Why did ye ask the question then?

Feli. A Wit too!

San. The people of our Village think me one.

[*Pheu within.*] *Pedro.* Yonder's my Master.

Feli. Go, get ye both gone, I'll follow straight. [*Ex. Offo. Ped.*]
Sirrah, what bundle of Trumpery
Have you got here?

San. Why, I hope you will not rob me.

Feli. Rob thee, hang thee, what is't?

San. Why, Sir, I was employ'd Deputy from
Our Village for Vizards and fools Bawbles:
You know to morrow is our *Carnival*.

Feli. A pleasant Rogue this: Sirrah, wilt thou serve
Me, I'll pay thee well; and I'll go down
With more Company to thy Village?

San. Yes; I think we shall be well met:
Like master like man.

Feli. Come then, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Ferdinando, Pedro.

Fer. If ever thou beest ask'd which way I went,
Say home, directly home.

Ped. I shall, Sir.

Fer. And thither go you now ;
But if my Brother should come home before me,
As he do's seldom use,
Say you have mist me, know not where I am.

Ped. I shall not fail in ought. [Exit Pedro.

Fer. What should this woman mean ?
She said I was the cause of his repulse ;
Nay, she did urge that he should bring me thither,
I've seen her often at the Church with him,
And she is fair, most Excellently fair ;
But all the while that he discours'd with her,
My thought the moving Language of her Eyes
Did seem to tell me, had I been the man
That did implore her mercy, she had then
Not been so cruel. ---

Here is the house I hope she doth, Expect me : [Knocks softly at
the Window.

Within. Who's there ?

Fer. 'Tis I, I parted just now hence.

[Enter Elvira.

Elv. You'r wellcome, Sir,

Yet did I not expect you would return so soon.

Fer. 'Twere disobedience, did I but prolong
The least of your Commands, and that's a Crime
I never would forgive my self.

Elv. And I can hardly be induc'd
To grant a pardon to my foolish self
That now commit a fault

'Gainst Womens Honour, and faire Modesty.

Fer. 'Twere so ; did you permit this favour to a man
That brought not all the reverence and respect
So fair a presence merits ;
But you are safe from scandal,
Relying on the strength of my discretion,

Farewell

[*Aside*

Farewell all honesty ; I am o'recome,
And am to weak too struggle 'gainst such Charms.

Elv. I hope your fair construction will admit
No thoughts are tending to my prejudice :
You seem'd to think I was unreasonable
In the denying *Alvaredo's* Love :

He is a Gentleman I much Esteem,
But when he talks of Love, I lose all that,
And almost grow to hate what I esteem'd.

Fer. Madam, 'tis true,
Love is a thing that cannot be constrain'd,
And if a heart not yieldeth of it's self,
All force and stratagems are vain.

Elv. You speak most learnedly of a subject
I thought you had been ignorant in.

Fer. As well you may deem him a cold
That's in a Calenture,
Or him that faints and melts away
Under the Torrid Zone ;
Those beauteous eyes can thaw a heart,
And make an Anchorite knowing in this Art.

Elv. Yet would he want this Eloquence
Without some practice.

I doubt I am not, Sir, the first
That you have strove to flatter from themselves.

Fer. But when that doubt shall be remov'd.

Elv. I can but thank yee for your complement.

Fer. Why will ye term it so ?

Here shall I swear.

[*Kneels.*

Elv. Hold, Sir, you go too far,
A Gallant yet did never want an Oath
For the undoing of a harmless Maid ;
But grant I knew 'twere true,
What could you then Expect in Recompence ?

Fer. Nothing ; for 'tis your due,
And what you e're shall grant of Love
I will call Charity ; meer mercy to your Creature ;
Nor will I trouble yee with tedious talk.

How

How much I love and honour your fair beauty,
 Since where the truth is cleer,
 And in your power by any strict Command
 To put me to the test,
 All circumstance is Needleless;
 For, Madam, as I cannot live without yee
 So I dare die, to shew how much I lov'd yee,
Elv. That were a testimony I'le never claime,
 No live, and live to let me see your Love,
 That is the first command I'le lay upon you.

Fer. Proceed, dear Madam. [*Takes her in his Arms; she puts*

Elv. The next, and chiefly wherein I conjure ye [*him away.*
 By all the vertue, faith, and honour in yee,
 You ne're misconster this my easiness,
 Nor ever use a priviledge, or make an offer
 To what may cause a blush.

Were the whole world our witness,
 In recompence I'll promise to be kind,
 And what my honour will permit, I'll grant.

Fer. And by that tie I'll claim it;
 Can ye vouchsafe a promise to be mine?
 Your Brothers absence, and this fittest time
 Do's prompt us not to slip it.

Elv. I dare believe yee, Sir.
 Find you the means,
 And I'll not foolishly pretend to know
 Nothing of what I've given you cause to hope.

Fer. To morrow then I'll see you,
 And bring a man shall so unite us,
 Never to be parted:
 The Streets are full of Gambols and of Tricks,
 We shall not be observ'd.

Elv. Farewell, Sir, 'tis late,
 And let my love preserve the title ever,
 That you to night have given it in your heart.

Fer. Let all the blessings Heaven has yet in store
 Fall on my fair and kind *Elvira's* head.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Antonio, with a Guittar playing; to him Felices, Sancho.

Fel. W Hither away, dear friend; not know me?

Ant. *Felices*, wellcome, wellcome, faith, so early up! 'tis Scarce day, being up at play all night I was going to *Julianas* lodging.

Fel. What, to play the Fidler under a whores Window!

Ant. Away fool, 'tis the onely ornament of a melancholly Lover, one that doats infinitely on all Women, And cares not a rush for any one in particular: A whore! why, hadst thou ever a Mistress thou didst Not wish to be so? then I have this Advantage, mine's made one to my hand. Prythee what fellow's that?

Fel. Oh, an excellent Rogue I have pick'd up.

San. Yes, Sir, one that was made so to his hand.

Fel. Come, come, prythee, let me go with thee, Her maid will serve my turn, or any thing That's Woman, I onely love the conversation of The Sex, no harm in me.

San. Yes, Signior, you may trust my master, And for my self, I can do yee prime service, And sleep (if occasion serve) upon the stairs Like a Statue half erected, or one whose props Are warp'd, and so inclineth to the Centre backwards: Ther's a Term you understand not.

Ant. Away ye Rogue; Come here's the house, lets in.

Fel. No, wee'll give the Donazellas A Serenade first: Sirrah, have ye no Castinets?

San. Yes Sir, here ; pray give leave to keep time too
With this Instrument.

Ant. What, a Grid-iron ?

San. I'll warrant you, shall be as good Musick
As any in *Sevil*.

Antonio Sings, they Play the Chorus
still altogether.

Look out, for shame look out,
And put your Lover out of Doubt,
That thinks the Sun has lost his light,
And that you run his Course to night.

Chorus Play'd.

Look out, for shame look out,
And put your Lover out of doubt,
That else may think, he has lost his way,
When not enlightned by your day.

San. Heer's stuff ;
Nay, play on, play on, Sir, I can sing
More to this Tune.

Sancho Sings.

Look out, for shame look out,
And put your Lover out of doubt,
Who's heart sustains a cruel load,
Because he thinks your gon abroad.

Look out, for shame look out,
And put your lovers out of doubt ;
Who else would leave to Bawle and sing,
But that they think you are within.

Fel. Look out, for shame look out,
 And show to us thy daimy Snout,
 Rather then wander in the Street,
 Thus Doors we open with our feet. [Bursts open the door
 with his foot and
 Enters.

San. That was not so Amorous now ; [A noise of Wo-
 Ant. Nay, nay, let's go in playing. men within.

Enter. Fel. Fly, fly, the Enemy, the Enemy.

Draws. Ant. What's the matter, man?

San. Sir, I'll run for help ;

But if I come again. [Exit Sancho.

Fel. Oh, Signior, fix tall Whores able to Devour

A Regiment, O my Kidneys melt to think on't !

Why, I had rather fight with twelve the best

Men in *Sevil*, O *Diabolo*, Rampant, rampant.

Ant. Why, dost think Women can hurt us ?

Fel. I, I, much more then men ;

Why, they all leap'd about me like Fairies,

And smothered me with kisses ;

Besides, I spy'd one I have promis'd a new Gown too

This half year.

Ant. Prythee, come in, *Felices*.

Fel. Not I, one at once, were she the Devil, I durst

Meet with ; what charge a file of Whores !

Ant. Come, I'll not leave thee. [Exeunt.

Enter Signior Lorenzo, and Bartolo.

Lor. What hour of the morning thinks thou 'tis ?

Bar. 'Tis very early, Sir.

Lor. And hast thou been abroad ?

Bar. I have, Sir.

Ler. Return'd so soon ?

You have express much Care ;

But have you well perus'd the Markets, *Bartolo*,

And tane a special note of what was good ?

Bar. I have, Sir.

Lor. Truly, I hope thou hast; for I have ever found thee
Virtuously inclin'd: I have some Company must
Sup with me, friends, *Bartolo*, my worthy friends,
And I would not have them think me or
Thee so ignorant, but that we can chuse
The best of every thing.

Bar. I hope so, Sir, else I had ill imploy'd my time.

Lor. But to the point, good *Bartolo*,
What didst thou see, prithee, let me hear thee?
A stool there, boy; these Rogues Eat, and Eat,
And never mind their waiting; some water
For my hands there; troth, *Bartolo*, I have had
An ill night on't, thou put't too much Garlick in
Thy sawces: [*Belches*] And yet I think 'tis good
Against the wind.

Bar. I can assure ye, Signior,
I have lick'd my fingers in your Lordships dish this thirty years,
Yet can I boldly say, I never was blest with a juster
Hand, then last night, in all the seasonings.

Lor. Nay, nay, I do not blame thee much,
May be it do's proceed from Melancholly:
There was a damn'd Colonel supp'd last night with me,
Cut up some six Pyes he never tasted of,
And fill'd the Wine himself, disliking what was fill'd him,
And out of what Bottle think'st thou man?

Bar. Not out of that mark'd with L.

Lor. Yes, the same, the very same, good *Bartolo*.

Bar. O Monstrous, I never heard of such an insolence!

Lor. But I have thought of a safer means, hereafter
I'll have thee wait at the Table, and my Wine
Kept, so as no body but may search the
Bottles at the Cup-board, yet never finde
The change was put upon them:

The rarest conveyance, *Bartolo*,
I learn'd it of a wise *Venetian*, in my travels of *Italy*.

Bar. And truly, my Lord, that is a subtle Nation.

Lor. It is so, for I have studied much their way and manners.

Bar.

Bar. But pray, my Lord, how is this Wine to be convey'd ?

Lor. I will prepare thee for it against night ;

This Water is not from the fountain, Sirra, [*Brings in Water.*
But from the River, I suspect.

Page. Indeed, my Lord, it comes from both.

Lor. Nay, then 'tis well, a little of all do's well, ha, *Bartolo.*

Bar. It do's so, my Lord.

Lor. What a Clock is it now, say you ?

Bar. The Sun's an hour high.

Lor. S'death, and thou hast not told me yet

What's in the Market, *Bartolo.*

Bar. Please you, my Lord, to take your Pen in hand.

Lor. Begin, I have written *in Primis.*

Bar. For Butchers meat, the time of the year

Will easily let your Lordship guess what it is.

Lor. True, *Bartolo,* proceed to Fowl, and some Fish.

Bar. Shall I begin with Fish, or Fowl ?

Lor. With Fish, good *Bartolo,* with Fish.

Bar. Why, then my Lord I must assure you, I never saw
The Market better fill'd ; for there was of the choicest
Store, but dear, extremely dear.

Lor. That's wonderful,

For store (they say) is no store ;

But dearness is a store, nay, a great one, *Bartolo,*

It pales the appetite.

Bar. It do's so, my Lord.

Lor. But to the particulars, good *Bartolo.*

Bar. A brave Cods head.

Lor. A Cods head, man ?

Bar. Yes, my Lord, a Cods head.

Lor. Prythee let me hear that again good *Bartolo.*

Bar. Why, a brave Cods head.

Lor. So soon! why, by my account it should not be
These five days yet in season ;
But prythee on, where is this Cods head ?

Bar. In the Governours Kitchin by this time.

Lor. Yee Rogue, yee lie ;
In the Governours Kitchin ? They know not how to

Dress it; the Heavens would never bless them with the
 Luck of such a Rarity; a Gods head now!
 So soon! it cannot be!

Bar. 'Tis true, my Lord.

Lor. Slave, 'twas then thy fault:
 This comes on thy drowzy hoggish nature;
 You cannot rise, you, nor look unto your Business, Sirrah;
 I'll have you ty'd to closer duty, Dog,
 And you shall turn the wheel below
 With your own beastly weight.
 Was ever man so curst as I!

Such Servants! oh such Servants!

I shall be starved, or else be fed

With stinking Mackarel.

O the brave politick *Italians*,

That early rise to buy their meat themselves!

Bar. Truly, my Lord, it is not altogether my fault.

Lor. How, how can that be, let's hear?

Nay, I am reasonable.

Bar. Truly, I offered two Ryals.

Lor. Well, and would not that do?

Would not that fetch it?

Bar. May be with entreaties I might have prevail'd,
 And promises of further custom;
 But in came that villainous Caterer, and out-bid
 Me six Maravedies.

Lor. What Tyranny is this,
 Snatch the morsel from my mouth!
 The King his Master were he such a Tyrant
 Would finde no Subjects to owne him for thtir Prince.

[*Enter a
 servant.*]

Serv. My Lord, here is a young Gentleman would
 Speak with your Lordship.

Lor. Who is it?

Serv. 'Tis young Signior *Felices*.

Lor. Oh tell him 'tis my writing day:
 You know he is invited here to supper;
 Tell him I should be glad to see him then.
 Come *Bartolo*, I'll write the rest within,

And

And give thee all directions for this night.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Felices, Sancho.

Feli. Not speak with me ?

San. He sent you word you were invited to Supper ;
And then (as I have learnt)
Is his time of speaking.

Fel. But I would fain have known what Company.

San. Oh his Nieces, Ple warrant you, Sir,
And all his acquaintance :
To night's a night of mirth:

Feli. Sirrah, be sure you make us some ;
It was the only virtue I took you for.

San. Sir, and I chose you for the same reason.

Feli. How's that, you Rogue ?

San. Nay, Sir, this is the way home.

Feli. Well, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferdinando.

Fer. Thou Arbitrator of all humane Fate,
That giv'st such fair Idæas to the mind !
Thou Passions Ruler, even that of Hate ;
Nay, Master of each one to which th'art joyn'd !
Thou whom the wisest do Misguider call,
The Tyrant of our Reason, and our Will
Dost make predominant, to Act in all
Without distinguishing of Good or Ill !
Thou that such Flames canst kindle in one hour,
Nay, thou that canst those violent Flames destroy,
Shewing a Master-Beauty, one whose Power
Is fram'd of all that's Love and all that's Joy !
Yet thou against thy self hast now rebell'd,
And brought new force where thou a Conquerour wast ;
And thy own Subject by bright Armes expell'd,
Whom as thy Viceroy in my heart th' hadst plac't :
Shall I obey thee now ? speak, shall I love ?

Remember

Remember what thou counsell'd'st me before:
But who will judge but that I still shall rove,
If thou I break what I so oft have sworn?

I, but *Elvira's* fair: I, too too fair,
That such polluted Sacrifice as I
Should dare unto her Deity appear,
Scorched before by *Beatrice's* Eye.

[Enter *Alvaredo*.

Ha, her Brother!

Love hide thy self, since now so guilty grown.

Alva. What, melancholy, friend?

Fer. I hope you are not so;
And know by this time 'tis a foolish sin
To pine and languish for a woman's Love.

Alv. No matter what I think;

I'll live as merrily as thee,

Or any man in *Sevil*;

Hang looking pale, or hanging of the head:

Come let's be merry, very merry;

Where shall we dance to night?

Or shall we go to this peevish woman's,

That she may see how easily I bear her scorn?

Come, we'll go in Masquerade;

Her frowns can neither make my Vizard blush

With grief nor shame.

Fer. This mirth is forc'd, come, I know 'tis;

Do not go see the Cause again;

There may be danger in't.

Alv. And that's the reason I will go:

She then shall see I dare her shot;

Nay, would she now be kind, I would not love again.

Fer. Are you sure of that?

Alv. I think I should not.

Fer. What, and sigh? nay, nay, believe you that will.

Alv. Prithee don't think of her.

Fer. Your Counsel comes too late.

[*aside*.

Alv. What say'st thou, friend?

Fer. I wish you did not, Sir;

Nor do not think of going thither.

Alv.

Alva. Nay, that I am resolv'd of;
All things are ready for the Masque;
Your Brother goes, and a friend or two more.

Fer. Come, Sir, I'll wait on you in any thing.

Alva. How ill on outward shews we place belief!
My mirth is but my overflow of grief.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Quintagona, Beatrice.

Quin. Come, come, Charge, I must not have
You melancholy; why, d'ye know where
We are going? why look up, I say, Charge, thou shalt see him:
You know, I know your mind.

Bea. Dear Nurse, you know I've trusted you with all
The treasure of my heart.

Quin. Well, well, and have I ever wrong'd your trust?

Bea. I do not say thou hast, good Nurse.

Qui. Why then be merry; be merry, or I'll be
Out of humour, and then who shall dance the Pavan
With *Ossorio*?

[*Sings, Si chirés que lo ramo.*]

Enter Miranda running.

Mir. Sister, Sister, Sister! prithee come away, my Brother
Is almost ready.

Bea. Prithee, dear Sister, take you good notice which is
Fernando; you may go any where, and see how
That he does disguise: I would not be mistaken
In the men.

Mir. So they be not mistaken in us, no matter.

Bea. They cannot: me they'll know from thee
By my height.

Mir. And cannot you know *Ferdinando* by your heart?
You love? Pish, if I were in Love I could follow
My Lover by instinct, (as a Dog does his Master
By the scent) at two Leagues distance.

Bea. Fye, *Miranda*, how thou talkest!

Mir. Fye, Sister, how you are moapt!

Tit. Thou art ordain'd to love, love as I live, merrily.

Bea. I in love? away fool, I'll turn Nun sooner.

Mir. Do, good Sister, do, it is a pretty melancholy vocation
That I am infinitely taken with:

Here's *Quintagona* shall be a Lady Abbess.

Quin. Why, you young Tit, I could discharge the office,
For all your grinning.

Mir. Why, who says the contrary, good Nurse?

Quin. You are always fleering;
But I shall fit you one day.

Mir. With whom, good Nurse? now I thank you.

Quin. I won't go now, that I won't.

Bea. Nay, prithee Nurse. Why, Sister,
Why dost thou vex her so?

Mir. I? nay, dear Nurse, no dudgeon;
You know I meant no harm.

Quin. Go, go, I'de trust a Monkey in a Glass-shop sooner.
Come, Charge, let's make our selves ready.

Bea. Prithee, *Miranda*, minde what I told thee. [*Ex. Bea. Quin.*]

Mir. I'll warrant you; *yes buz* quite contrary,
I'll assure you, sweet Sister.

Felices, Signior *Felices*!

[*Felices with his
head to the door.*]

Feli. Here, little Mistress, what's the
Matter?

Mir. Can you make Love finely?

Feli. Why d'ye ask? may be I can; who's to try?
I hope, since she's too young her self, she set
One to pimp for me.

[*aside.*]

Mir. Your name is *Fernando* to night;
Be sure you lead my Sister. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Fel. What do's the urchin mean? I'll try,
And do as she bids me.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Elvira and Bianca.

Elv. Prithee *Bianca*, peace, thou know'st not half my mind.

Bian. I'm sorry, Madam, I've bore my self so ill
As not to deserve your trust now.

Elv.

Elv. Indeed, wench, I durst tell thee any thing;
But where thou canst not serve me,
The knowledge would avail thee nothing.

Bian. But still it troubles me to see you pensive,
It may be sorrow, and then I would be glad to share your griefs;
If it be business you do meditate,
Too heads do's better far then one,
At least in all I would express my duty.

Elv. I thank thy love and care,
And will e're long acquaint thee with my thoughts:
But Prythee now go touch thy Lute;
For Musick is best Physick for a mind
So out of Tune as mine.

Bian. Madam, I will obey in All;
What will you please to hear?

Exit Bianca.

Elv. That which thou sang'st me yesterday.

The Song.

Enter Servant.

Here are some Masquers without, Madam,
Who desire admittance; People of quality they
Seem to be.

Elv. Admit them: who can they be!
If it be *Alvaredo* he brings my Dear *Fernando*
With him; 'tis he, I know him [*Enter Alvaredo, Ferdinando,*
By his Port. *Felices, Beatrice, Miranda,*
You're wellcome Ladies; *Quintagona & Sancho: Ser-*
Gallants, so are you: *vants with Torches.*
I know you not, but this is kindly done,
And I must own the Obligation ever:
You see I take a liberty though in the absence of
My Brother.

They Bow, Point to their own Musick for to play; Alva-
redo takes Elvira by the hand, and whispers her.

Elv. You see, Sir, I am civil,
If you hint not the old improper business, Love.

Alv. Oh, Madam, that is quite forgot: [Speaks from his
Vizard.

You see I'm merry now.
Why should we pine and grieve
For what we cannot help?

Elv. 'Tis true; and I am glad to find you in that humor. [Beckens Fernando.

Enter Lorenzo, with Antonio.

Lor. This is Excellent, most Excellent!

Ah, gallants, when I was a young man I lov'd this
Dearly; Oh, the brave *Donzellas* I have seen and lov'd
In my travels at *Venice*; there who but I!
My *Gondalo* follow'd by the best Musick, stored with
The finest women; my table spread with the best
Of all things; and my Bottle fill'd with best *verdu*
Monte fiaskon vin Greco, Valga me Dios, it makes
Me mad to think on't. Pristhee Signior *Antonio*, get
Your Sister, the fair *Elvira*, to accompany these
Gallants to my house to night; I know them all,
They are kindred: there is no scandal
To an old mans house, a friend and servant to the
Count her Brother; her father was my worthy
Friend, but those days are past.

Ant. I'll do my best, my Lord.

Come pray, Madam, let me intreat you thither;
The time allows much liberty; Come, you must
Not deny the Count *Lorenzo*, 'twill break
His heart.

Elv. 'Twill be scandalous I fear, Brother.

Ant. No, no, pish, scandalous; 'tis people of meaner
Quality ought to fear scandal; we are above
Those things. [Exeunt omnes, the Mu-

Elv. Will you take the blame upon you? sick playing before,

Ant. Yes, Madam. Except Beatrice

Elv. Lead on then, my Lord. and Felices.

Beat.

Beat. Oh, my dear *Fernando*, how I long
To speak with you alone!

Fel. Follow me, I'll lead you to a private place,
And there ---- [*Offers to hug her.*]

Beat. What mean you, Sir?

Fel. Nay, what mean you, why so coy? Come, come,
I do not love it.

Beat. Sure, I'm mistaken, or the man is chang'd?

Fel. Nay, nay, dear mistress, ne're hang back,
Come, kiss me.

Beat. Ha, sure 'tis not his voice:
Pull of your Vizard, Sir, and then I will.

Fel. Look ye; now pull of your's, or else you break your
Word.

Beat. So I must; for I should burst with laughing else:
Ha, ha, ha, ha, was this your trim device?

Fel. What device, I had none?

Beat. My sister told me you would take
Fernando's name upon you, and would utter
Such monstrous secrets.

Fel. Of whom? of what?

Beat. Why, 'tis a by-name 'twixt you and *Quintagona*;
They say you make love to her, ha, ha, ha.

Fel. Oh, this Chit! [*Enter Miranda.*]

Mir. Why, sister, sister, ha, ha, ha.

Beat. Oh, you're a fine Gentle-woman!

Mir. Why, what's the matter?

Fel. Madam, I believe this was your own design,
Though you would put it on my pretty Mistress;
I have seen you twitter at me before now,
But I understand a Jest.

Beat. A Jest, from who d'ye mean?

Fel. From you, Madam; I were ill bred else.

Mir. Yes, indeed, sister, 'twere pity of his life else.

Beat. So, so, this is fine! [*Enter Quintagona.*]

Fel. Why, look Madam, here's one
Can end the doubt; Come hither Duck,
Did ever I make love to yee?

Quin. Make Love to me! hang thee.

Feli. Pa, Nurse, pa, bug words!

Mir. Nay, fie, Nurse, t'use a Civil Gentleman so!

Quin. Hang him, I say again, and you too.

Mir. What, both on's, Nurse? [Points to her Sister.

Quin. Yes, him and you: Come, Charge,
What do you do amongst them?
I won't still be us'd so by a Grasshopper
And a Weather-Cock: why should you be jeering me
Still? I bred you:

[weeps.

Besides, God made me as well as you.

Mir. Nay, nor half so well neither;
I think I may speak that without vanity.

Feli. Indeed, Nurse, that was over-weening:
As handsom as your young Mistress!

Quin. Well, well, come Charge:
Nay, you're e'en fit for one another.

[Ex. Qui. Bea.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha!

Feli. I wish we were, Nurse.

[Ex Feli. Mir.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

*Enter Lorenzo leading Elvira; Alvaredo, Antonio,
Ferdinando, Beatrice, Miranda, Quintagona;
Servant and Attendants.*

Lorenzo. **Y**OU'RE welcome, Gallants, infinitely
Welcome: there is no pleasure
Like to this, Meet our Friends, and eat
Together! well fare *England* say I; for
I have been inform'd by credible Merchants,
That there they often meet together, eat
Together, and drink together. Come,
Come, take your Seats. Madam, what
Think you of an Ayre, as they are serving

In?

In? nay, it shall be one of my own Composing;
For, some years past, when I was not so
Much taken up with business, I did employ
My time in Poësie.

Elv. What you please, my Lord.

Lor. *Bartolo*, bid them sing the Song was
Sung when I acted the Sea-god with the
Cornucopia. Ah, *Bartolo*, those were merry
Days! thou didst Act *Tantalus*, I remember: troth
It was a very dainty Masque; for all
The Company were kept in suspence till the last, and
Did never comprehend what we meant.

Fer. That could not chuse but be rare.

Lor. Why, I have writ Verses
That the best Wit in *Sevil* will never be able to
Understand.

Anto. Very likely, my Lord:
But I hope these we are to hear
Are not of that strain.

[*They serve whilst
this is singing.*]

Lor. That you shall be Judge of.

The SONG.

THose that do talk of Syfiphus stone,
Which makes him continually rolling to sweat;
And call that a Hell, when in faith it is none;
For no Torment is like to the wanting of meat.
Then alack poor Tantalus, Tantalus cries,
I only can feed by the sight of my Eyes!

The Vulture that feeds on Prometheus heart,
Oh how happy does him poor Tantalus think!
For when he has quite consumed that part
The Curse of the Wretch affords new meat and drink.
Then alack poor Tantalus, Tantalus cries,
I only can feed by the sight of my Eyes!

*When first against heaven the Giants did rebel,
It was not Ambition that made them such Hectors;
But hearing of dainty Ambrosia tell,
They had a mind to taste of it, and tipple the Nectar.
Then, &c.*

Anto. Most excellent, faith!
But pray what Feet do you allow
Your Verses, my Lord?

Lor. Feet, ha, ha, ha!
Pox of Feet; let them regard them
That live by them.

Mir. Pray, my Lord, who are they?
Lor. Why, Dancing-Masters, Foot-men,
And Treaders of Mortar.

Mir. Nay, my Lord, I can name you
Another sort of men that live by their feet:
What think you of Cowards that run away
To save their lives? yet more
Miraculous, I have seen a man take breath
By his feet.

Lor. May be, young Lady, you have heard so;
For I think I know the world as well as you;
And yet I do not remember the knowledge
Of any such matter. Oh stay, may be it is
The little begging Boys that stand on their heads
In *Normandy*, as I have read.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Mir. No, no, my Lord, it is the man
That teaches the *Teresian* Nuns to play on
The Organs; for he blows the Bellows with his
Own natural feet.

Lor. By my faith, that is true;
'Twas well thought on I confess.
But come, Gallants, take your Seats;
Me thinks here is some body wanting:
Signior *Ferdinando*, where is your Brother?

Fer. I know not, my Lord;
But he will not fail to be here I know.

Lor. Fail! no marry I hope so,
H'll not serve his old friend so.
Come, Signior, I begin a Health.

Who waits there! Come, every man his glas:

Bartolo, see mine fill'd high.

Signiors, a Health to all these
Ladies; send them rich, proper,
And able men to their husbands.

[*They give every one a Glas:*
the Page fills his Lords from
behind Bartolo.

[*Enter Felices.*

Fel. S'death, *Sancho*, didst thou see that conveyance. [*They all*

San. See it, yes, and do admire at it: [*drink;*

Pray, Sir, appear not yet, I'll make your Excuse,
And take upon me to wait.

[*Felices stands undiscovered.*

Lor. Who are you, friend?

[*Then Enter Sancho.*

San. A servant to Signior *Felices*,

Who begs your Lordships pardon for his stay,
And desires you will proceed in your mirth,
He hopes to wait on you before the end on't:

Lor. He shall be wellcome, friend.

Mir. My Lord, these Ladies will take it ill if you make
No distinction, they will think the time long
If they stay till I deserve a husband.

Lor. I humbly crave their pardons,
Ladies, I thought no harm.

Elv. Fie, my Lord, you must not seriously consider
What is spoke in mirth.

Beat. I find, my Lord, you are not acquainted with
The mad humour of my young sister, she says
Any thing to any body.

Lor. Say ye so, faith, young Lady, and I'll drink
Your health in particular for that too.
Nay, all these Ladies;

Some wine to all there (*Bartolo*, I say;
Boy be careful:)

And yours, pretty Cousin, thus I begin.

Whilst they are all filling the second time, Sancho steals a

E

Tankard,

Tankard, and when the Page has done behind,
Bartolo, Empties the rest in, and conveys it to the
Cup-board.

Ant. Mine's off, my Lord.

Lor. I thank yee, Sir, Signior *Alvaredo*,
Signior *Fernando*, Come lets be merry,
Nay, wee'll have a Masque anon; shall we not,
Faith wee'll all be very merry.

Alv. As you please, my Lord.
What shall the subject be, my Lord.

Lor. How *Vulcan* and *Venus* were Catcht in a
Net together by the cunning of that
Cuckoldly Rogue *Mars*.

Mis. We had better have a devout story,
How *Jonas* swallowed the Whale, and spew'd him up
Upon the Coast of *Gibraltar*.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Lor. Truly, young Cousin, 'twas the Whale swallowed *Jonas*,
As I it take; I'm sure my book is false printed else.

Mis. Well, well, that's all one, it was one of them:

Lor. That I confess;
Come, gallants, now to the fair *Elvira*, in particular,
Boy, some wine; wine there to those Gentlemen.

Boy. Pish, *Bartolo*, the Devil, here's none in;

Bar. Away, ye fumbling Rogue.

Lor. Why, Sirrah, where's this wine.

Boy. My Lord, the Cock is stop'd.

Fer. Come, my Lord, your glass, your glass.

Lor. Ye Rogue, ye Dog, to the Cupboard.

San. Ha, ha, ha, Enter, Sir, Enter, now is your Cue.

Enter, Fel. Ha, ha, ha, ha; ha, ha, ha.

*Comes in, stumbles upon the screen, through which
Lorenza's head falls, they all rise.*

Lor. *Bonina*, *Crispo*, help me,

Here

Here, my head is in the stocks.

Sancho goes to help him, and cuts off half his Beard,

San. So, my Lord, so. Have I not trim'd him well? [*to Felices.*

Fel. Away, Rogue, be not seen.

How is it, my Lord? I crave your pardon.

Lor. Why, very well, very well, no harm,

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lor. You'r very merry, Gallants, troth I'm glad to see you so,
Come, we'll in, and see the masque, this screen has discompos'd
Our table, *Bartolo*, Cover again within.

Bar. *Gefous.*

Lor. What ails the fellow:

Bar. Ails me, quoth'u?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lor. Pray walk in, Gallants, pray walk in;

I'm glad to see you thus merry,

Come, I'll lead the way.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*

Alv. Antonio, how the Devil came his Beard off?

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, I know not, I,

Fel. Nay, 'tis but half his Beard,

Come Ladies, let's in, I hope he wont perceive
It all this night.

Mir. This is your doings, I'll lay my life,
But I swear 'twas quick, none could perceive how.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Ferdinando.

Fer. A man so much unfit to mix with mirth
Converts to poison what is others joy;
I have done wrong to my fair *Beatrice*,
Nor will her Brother, though he be my friend,
Forget an injury of such a Nature,
Should she disclose it to him:
As sure she must.

Elvira too; his Mistress; O my fate!

Nay, rather, O my falsehood!

Why, didst thou swerve to my undoing so!

They both are fair. Nor was it that I thought
Elvira fairer then the other was,

But mans inconstant nature still must crave,
 A Beauty that hee's not acquainted with,
 Why should it, though?

Oh, Ask the god of love, and surely he
 Will say, that ranging proves his Deity.

Pedro, Come hither,

[*Enter Pedro*.

Here take this note, and leave it in my Brothers Chamber,
 I am resolv'd to leave the Town to night,
 Make my things ready, you must follow me.

Ped. I'll do all your Commands
 With the most expedition I can,
 Pray, master, let me wait upon you,
 Whither is't you go?

Fer. To *Salamanca*; some troubles I expect,
 And will not wait their sad arrival.

Ped. What, here, Sir?

Fer. I, here, what's that to thee?
 I will away to night.

Ped. Where shall I meet you, Sir,

Fer. I'll. —————

Ped. I shall not fail, Sir,
 What shall I tell your other servants?

Fer. Bid them look well unto my house,
 And there expect my farther Orders,
 Let them pay my Brother
 The same respect they would do me,
 Make haste, for I'll expect you where I said.

Ped. Ha, what whim is this?
 Presto, be gone, and none knows why;
 His Brother knows not on't neither,
 There's something more then yet I understand;
 Oh, now I suspect shrewdly.

[*Enter Beatrice*.

Beat. *Pedro*, where is thy Master?

Ped. Madam?

Beat. Where is your Master, friend?

Ped. Why, Madam, I suppose you know.

[*Beat*.

The CARNIVAL.

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Beat. Prithee, tell him I must needs speak with him,
And have taken this opportunity to slip out.

Ped. Madam, hee's already on his journey ;

Beat. Journey, what journey ?

O my I'll boding mind.

[*Aside.*

Ped. Nay, Madam, you may trust me,
I am to follow him presently.

Beat. Trust thee ; I that I will with any thing,
Come, I'll go with thee,

But think'st thou hee's already out of Town ?

Ped. I, I, Madam, he wait's our coming at. _____

Beat. Disloyal man, but yet I'll be _____ [*Aside.*

Revenge'd or die in's fight, _____

Canst thou not help me to disguise my self,

One of thy Masters sutes will serve.

Ped. Yes, Madam, I'm going home,
A sute of his will be too big, borrow you another,

There's none can see you Enter,

I have the key of the back gate,

And there -----

Beat. I understand you, friend ; some lead the way, [*Exit Ped.*

'Tis anger now, not love shall be my guide

Since he is false ; Anger I'll be thy bride.

Exit Beat.

Enter Miranda, Quintagona.

Miran. I know ? how should I know where she is ?
You are her Counsellor, can't you tell ?

Quin. Come, Come, leave your flirts and your tricks,
And do not fright me so ;

I'm sure the care I have still had of you

Do's not deserve this usage.

[*Crys.*

Mira Away, away, do's your Reverend wit

Think to put a trick upon me ?

Quin. I, I, Why, when did I play tricks,

Troth either tell me quickly, or I'll acquaint

[*Your*

Your Brother with your dealings,
I play tricks?

Mir. I, do, do Nurse, hee'l thank ye for the care
You take of us;

Quin. O Heavens, I shall be Murthered? [*Crys and kneels.*
If ever you'll have mercy on my rage,
Deliver me now from my Apprehensions.

Mir. What apprehensions, Nurse, prithee speak,
Art thou serious;

Quin. I, I, too too serious;
Why I saw Don *Fernando* steal away;
And presently after followed your sister;
I thought it was but to talk a word
In private; but now alack aday, where are they!
O Foolish creature! could she not tell me her mind,
I would have contriv'd all better,
Now if my Master should miss her,
Oh, here he is! what shall we say? [*Enter Alvaredo, Felices.*

Alv. What made him go away so suddenly,
I saw him dress'd in deepest Melancholly,
From the first moment that he entred here.

Fel. Faith, Sir, I know not;
'Tis a disease you never saw me troubled with.

Alv. *Quintagona*, where is my sister?

Quin. Oh, Sir! she has been very ill, and has
Tane Don *Elvira's* Coachhome.

Alv. Why did you let her go alone?
Go, follow, ye old fool.

Quin. I shall, Sir.
Come, young Mistris. [*Exit Quint. Miranda going out.*

Mir. Don *Felices*, pray follow immediately to our house,
I must needs speak with you.

Fel. What, more devices?

Mir. No, I am serious.

Fel. Well, I'll be with you strait.

Alv. Come, let's go see if that he be gone home,

Fel. Content I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*
The

The Scene changes to the Country.

Enter Ferdinando fighting with 3 or 4 Rogues.

Fer. Nay, stay Villains, run from one man!

Enter 2 more, and seize him behind.

1. Are you so stout, Sir? Come, we can tame yee:

Fer. Unhand me, Rogues;

Is it my Purse ye want? take it,

And be gone.

2 Rogue. We thank yee for nothing;

You give us what yee cannot keep.

Fer. What then? is it my Life?

Who set ye on to do this mischief?

3 Rogue. No, that wee'l spare, if you'l be quiet:
Come, bind him, Fellows.

Fer. I must submit to what I cannot help.

[they bind him.]

2 Rogue. To tell you true, we're men condemn'd

Unto the Gallies, Sir;

But lately we have slipt our Chain,

And are in danger of the *Hermandad*,

Whose Officers are all in quest of us:

Having not wherewithal to carry us any whither,

We have pitch'd upon this Course

Till we can better provide for our safeties.

3 Rogue. Come, Sir, you must with us to our private
Retreat; and if Fortune favour us, we hope
This night to bring yee Company.

1 Rogue. Yes truly, Signior; for we are resolv'd
To stop all Comers and Goers till morning.

Fer. You'l use me civilly, I hope;

It shall be worth ye more

Then what you other ways can get:

And if in the morning you will let me go,

I'll pay a better Ransome then what I bear

About me.

2 Rogue. Yes, who shall be so bold to fetch it?

Fer.

Fer. Why, you or any man; I will engage my Honour for your safety.

I Rogue. Come, Sir, wee'l talk of that within.

Fer. This I deserve for my disloyalty:
There's none of these yet half so bad as I.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Quintagona, Miranda.

Quin. What say you now, Lady?
Ah, wo is me, I am undone, undone for ever!

[*weeps.*]

Mir. So have I seen Rain trickle through an old Crackt ceiling; Alas, poor Nurse!

Quin. I, I, is this all your Care for your Sister?

Mir. Why, I warrant you she's in a better place,
And better Company.

Quin. Marry, God forbid; what, dead!

Mir. No, no, I mean in a place and company
Of her own chusing.

Quin. Ay me, here's my Master!

[*Bell rings.*]

Mir. See, Nurse, see, I'll not stay the first Brunt.

Quin. No, no, stay, Madam, it is
Signior Felices.

[*Qui. peeps through the door.*]

[*Enter Felices.*]

Mir. Oh you are welcome, Sir;
We're all undone here, my Sister's lost.

Feli. Lost! how so? you jest sure.

Quin. Nay, nay, 'tis too true;
I'll be hang'd if some Fellow has not
A finger in the Pye.

Feli. What Pye? what finger, goody *Quintelin*?

Quin. Why, your sweet Brother:
S'flesh, a look'd like an honest man.

Feli. Why, do you know him to be otherwise,
Old mouldy-Chops.

Quin. What if I do, or do not, I may say
My pleasure, I hope, for all you?

Nay, faith, I dare swear you stand much
Upon your honest reputation too.

Mir. Nay, fye, Nurse, fye, is this the way

To

To oblige a Gentleman in your business?

Quin. My business! I'de rather
Never have my business done whilst I breathe
Then be beholding to such spindle-shanks.

Fel. Ha, ha, ha.

Quin. I, I, you had need laugh,
But I hope my Master will not be fob'd so.

Fel. Your Master?

Pray, young Mistress, what do's this woman mean?

Mir. Why truly, Sir, my sister is gone,
And (she suspects) with your Brother.

Fel. My Brother! Ha;
Why should they do that by stealth
Which I know your Brother would not
Have disallowed of; for none can doubt
The brightness of her honour, nor (I hope)
His honesty.

Mir. Nay, truly, Sir, I know nothing.

Fel. I have something in my head ----

As soon as I hear any thing,

I'll come and bring you tidings.

Mir. You oblige me, Sir, extremely.

Fel. Mistress, I kiss your hands,
Adieu *Lots* wife ----- I like not this.

[*Exit.*]

Mir. Come, stop the source of those most Orient Pearls.

Quin. Well, well, you shall see when your Brother comes home,
What Orient words hee'll give us all.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Alvaredo.

Alv. IT cannot be:

He cannot be so much unjust; I was his friend.
Had he but spoke, he might have had
My full consent; to steal my sister from me;

F

It

It is not well; nor will I suffer it.

[Rings the Bell.

A Servant, Tell your Master I must needs

To the Door.] Speak with him.

Serv. Sir, Hee's not at home.

Alv. Is Signior *Felices* within?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Alv. Call him.

Serv. I shall, Sir.

Alv. If I do finde he was consenting to it

I'll first begin with him.

[Enter *Felices*.

You'r wellcome, Sir,

Cannot you gueſſe the reaſon;

Why I viſit you thus early?

Fel. No, truly, Sir,

But I was coming to your houſe,

That I might farther underſtand a thing

I do not comprehend as yet.

Alv. What was it, pray you?

Fel. My Brother's gone,

And none as yet knows whither,

If he has truſted you with his intentions,

Pray eaſe me of a care I'me burthened with.

Alv. 'Twas much about ſuch buſineſs

That I came hither to learn the truth of you.

Fel. Concerning what, pray, Sir?

Alv. Know you any thing of my ſiſter?

Fel. Not I, upon my Honour.

Alv. It may be ſo:

For though I am a Spaniard, yet I would not

Place the fault of one ill man

Upon the whole family.

Fel. I hope you do not mean my brother,

I muſt not hear you give him ſuch a title.

Alv. If I do find he has done done me wrong,

You, and all the world ſhall hear much more:

Nay, in his blood I'll ſign my deep revenge.

Fel. Were you not friends?

Alv. 'Tis that which makes his fault the greater.

Fel.

Fel. If he has sin'd against the Sacred Rule
Of honourable friendship,
I'm his Enemy ;

But if an Equal difference hath hapned,
I am his Brother, and dare own his cause.

Alv. To shew you I'll be just,
Even to that Sacred Rule you lately mention'd,
I will not tax him, till I find all certain ;
Do you but joyn with me to find the truth,
Which if it do confirm my just suspicions,
And you continue in your late professions,
My anger then will look upon your blood
To be the same as his ;
Though there it shall not Rest ; But ———

Fel. Pray, Sir, let's understand one another,
You seem to have a cause of just resentment,
But why, as hitherto I'm ignorant of.

Alv. Sir, I am wrong'd in the Honour of our House,
My sister's gone, lost, convey'd away.

Fel. By my Brother, Sir ?

Alv. I have reason to think so,
Is he not wanting at the same time ?

Fel. That is no Argument ; for I believe
You would not have deny'd them your Consent,
Their qualities are equal, and their fortunes
Hold no great disproportion.

Alv. That makes me know, if he be gone with her,
He means no fair play to her Honour.

Fel. Judge not so ill before you know all truths,
Whence went she ?

Alv. From the Count *Lorenzo's*
In Donna *Elvira's* Coach.

Fel. Know of the Coach-man where he set her down.

Alv. You Counsel well, come wee'll about it strait.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pedro.

Ped. 'Twas well I could escape;
 For I can do my Master service here,
 Besides, it was not base to run away,
 When like a Ram I can return with
 Greater force; Rogues I shall have ye
 In a Pound by and by; I remember
 Your lurking hole, for they brought
 In Prisoners so fast they quite forgot me to binde,
 And in the dark I slip'd away; But she is
 Fast, and I perceiv'd my Poor Master bound
 To his good-behaviour; I will not
 Acquaint the Justice, that may displease him,
 If she be taken with him; I'll first to his
 Brother, whom I hope I may trust; and according
 To his orders ——— I long to be at these Rogues again. [Exit.

Enter Alvaredo, Felices, to Elvira's door.

Alv. Stay, this is the house, we'll ring. (Gentlemen?)

Serv. to the door. Who are ye? who would ye speak with,

Alv. With your Lady, friend.

Serv. Your Name, Sir?

Alv. Felices.

Serv. I shall acquaint her, Sir.

[Exit.

Alv. Sir, I make bold with your Name?

My might have caus'd a denial.

Fel. What you please, Sir.

Enter Elvira, Bianca.

Alv. I'm sorry, Madam, I must give you this trouble,
 But still relying on your goodness,

I'm come to beg a Boon;

Elv. Of me, Sir? what can it be?

Alv.

Alv. That you will have your Coach-man sent for
Hither.

Elv. Most willingly, Sir,
What do's he mean?

Bianca send for him,

But, Sir, you sent in by another Name.

Fel. My obligation, Madam, was the greater,
You would vouchsafe this Honour
Upon so ill a summons.

Elv. The Brother, Sir, to Don *Fernando*?

Fel. I am so, Madam, and your humblest servant.

Enter Coach-man.

Alv. Madam, with your leave,
I must make bold to question him in private.

Elv. Most freely, Sir,
Are you acquainted, Sir, with his intentions? [*They walk aside.*
What business can he have,
With this my Servant?

Fel. Madam, I am, but dare not tell the secret,
Without his leave.

Elv. Where is your Brother, Sir?
How chance he is not with him?
I thought they were inseparable.

Fel. This business do's concern my Brother.

Elv. Your Brother? how pray, Sir?

Fel. Nay, I am in the dark myself.

Elv. May I not know the business?

Fel. Any thing that concern'd myself
You might Command; but this ——

Alv. I am fool'd, O that old Hag.

Fel. Have ye learn'd any thing?

Alv. No, nothing, pray, Sir, come with me,
Madam, I kiss your hands.

Elv. Sir, Sir, Pray let me speak with you?

Alv. Your pardon, Madam, for some moments,
I'll wait on you again.

The CARNIVAL.

Elv. *Diego*, what was it he question'd you about ?

Coach. If I had not carried a Lady home last night;
I answered him truth, I saw none but your Ladiship.

Elv. A Lady, what Lady ?

Coach. He ask'd me too about one Signior *Ferdinando*.

Elv. Ha, a Lady ! Don *Fernando* ?

His sister on my life.

[*aside.*

O thou disloyal man _____

Run, *Diego* run, tell him

I must needs speak with him ;

Now presently _____

[*Exit Coachman.*

Come hither, *Bianca*,

In troth I am not well.

[*Exeunt Elv. Bianca.*

*Enter Sancho, in a ridiculous French Dress ; The
People and Boys after him.*

Sings and Dance's a ridiculous Corant.

Boys. O Brave Monsieur Kick-hose.

San. Away, ye Rogues, *ta ran ta, ran ta, ta la ran.*

Quin. at the Window. *Sancho, Sancho.*

San. What would ye have ?

Quin. Prythee, slip in here, I must needs speak with thee.

San. I come, I come.

[*Enter Sancho in the house.*

1. *Boy.* Pox, we have lost the Frenchman.

2. *Boy.* Let's stay a little, hee'll come again strait.

1. *Boy.* We must hide our selves then.

[*Exeunt Boys.*

Enter Miranda, Sancho.

Mira. Nay, Prithee *Sancho* stay ;

She has business,

She'll be ready strait.

San. I have enough to do to free my self
From the Cannalia ; how I shall be troubled
With her !

Mir. Why, prithee, the more sport the better ?

Why art thou thus else ?

San. Come, come, let her make haste then.

Mir. Look yee, here she is.

Enter Quintagona like a Hollandts woman, upon a Broom.

San. Nay, you may e'en pull off your Vizard,
Your face will serve for one.

Quin. Away, you Rogue, I go *Incognito.*

Enter Boys again whooping.

Mir. Adieu Nurse, speed yee well; I dare not stay,
The cry grows hot.

San. Gingle a wimbleton rid on a Mare.

[Exeunt omnes whooping and dancing.]

*Enter the Thieves with Ferdinando and Beatrice bound ;
She in Mans Clothes.*

1 Thief. Are the rest all gone ?

2 Thief. All vanish'd.

1 Thief. Are the two Horses ready ?

2 Thief. I, I, ready, ready.

1 Thief. Well, Gentlemen, I hope you can't complain,
But we have us'd ye civilly.

Fer. We cannot; nor would I, if I could, have ye
Punish'd, since ye but took to furnish your
Necessities.

1 Thief. True, Sir; for we are young men,
Not condemn'd Slaves, as we first told yee;
Something we wanted to make us merry,
And having that, farewell.

Fer. Nay, one word, Gentlemen; unbind us first,
And on our Honours wee'l not stir till you
Be out of sight.

2 Thief. Come, Sirs, wee'l trust ye.

[unbinds them.]

Fer. Would yee but leave our Swords
'Twere noble in you; for I would not
Willingly go back to *Sevil.*

1 Thief. That you may say ye met with Gentlemen,

Wee'l.

Wee'l get on Horse-back, and e're we're out
Of fight wee'l drop them; there you may
Take them up at leasure.

Fer. I thank ye, Gentlemen.

2 Thief. So much caution you'l give us leave to use:
Farewel, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Fer. Which way, fair Youth, do you intend?

Bea. I'll bear you company to fetch my Sword.

Fer. Come then, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Felices, Alvaredo.

Feli. What do you mean to do?

Pray, Sir, content your self:

I yet dare swear my Brother is not guilty of this
Thing; in fine, I am resolv'd to find all out,
And then deal like a Gentleman with you.

Alv. I thank you, Sir:

My old Hag told me she was gone home

In Donna *Elvira's* Coach;

The Fellow swears he never saw her,

Nor any other woman but his own Lady.

Feli. I cannot answer any thing to that.

Alv. knocks. Who's there within, *Quintagona*?

Enter Miranda.

Mir. Sir, she is gone forth.

Alv. Gone out! whither? O damn'd Bitch!

She's of the Conspiracy.

What, are you at home alone?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Alv. We shall have you gadding too.

Feli. What, my young Mistress?

No, I dare answer, Sir, for her:

But pray stay you at home;

I'll be with you again suddenly,

And, upon my Honour, learn what truth I can:

Will

Will this satisfie you ?

Alv. It must, for ought I see.

The Curse of this Disgrace, and this my state,
Is, not to know where I should place my hate.

Come Gentlewoman.

[*Exeunt Alv. Mir.*]

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir, Sir, hift, come from that door.

Feli. Oh *Pedro*, where is my Brother ?

Ped. In Huckfters hands :

Pray, Sir, take what Servants with you you can,
I'll lead you where you shall find him.

Feli. Saw'ft thou my man ?

Ped. No, Sir, nay pray make hafte,
I'll tell you all as I go.

Feli. What should this mean !

Come, *Pedro*, which way ?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Elvira, Coach-man.

Elv. Why didft thou not bring him with thee, *Diego* ?

Coa. He promis'd to be here as soon as I.

Elv. Go wait his coming at the Gate.

[*Exit Diego.*]

How cruel are the Extasies of Love !

With what uneasie Passions do they charm !

For womens Souls they to Convulsions move,
And for one good they cause a thousand harms :

For those that truly love have cruel Fears,
Black Doubts, and heart-afflicting Jealousies.

Men falshood only have ; we only tears ;
Their Perjury claims Tribute from our Eyes.

Why should it though ? Then tears ye come too late ;

For never could ye falshood yet reclaim ;

Revenge more proper is to argue hate ;

Revenge more fit for him that is to blame :

For he had all my Love and all my Wealth ;

A Virgins Love her chiefest Jewel is :
 Why should he then absent himself by stealth ?
 Why should I mourn for what he did amiss ?
 But I will seal my Love in fitter place,
 Where more desert does move to my relief ;
 But first he must revenge my sad disgrace,
 And punish him that's Authour of my grief.
 Oh, here he is !

[Enter Alvaredo.

Sir, you are welcome :

I hope you will excuse the liberty I take
 Of sending for you.

Alv. Madam, you know your Power over me ;
 You may command all here.

Elvi. Pray, Sir, then tell me,
 What Lady was that you examin'd my Servant about ?

Alv. I only ask'd if he had carried home
 Any other besides your self last night.

Elvi. But who, pray who wast ?

Alv. No body, Madam,
 That can possibly concern your knowledge.

Elvi. You know not, Sir, what interest
 I claim in your affairs.

Alv. I hope, Madam, though you cannot love me,
 My troubles are not matter of mirth to you ;
 I never did deserve that from you.

Elvi. I never had so base a thought.

Alv. Why, 'twas my Sister, Madam.

Elvi. Who, Donna *Beatrice* ! what of her ?

Alv. She's gone, and none knows whither.

Elvi. Nor with whom ? who do you suspect ?

Alv. A man that was my friend :

I dare not name him ;

I would not willingly mistake.

Elvi. Who can that be ?

Not that same Gentleman was here with you ?

Alv. The same ; I cannot think on't with patience.

Elvi. It were too great a trial of your temper
 But to perswade you to it :

Such injuries ought not to be forgiven.

Alv. Nor shall they, whilest I breathe.

Elv. Now I must tell you,

You were much to blame to be repulst at one Denial, Sir : May be I may be brought to love.

Alv. Ha ! nay then farewell all grief,
I ne're can feel one having such a joy.

Elv. But Sir, though I have ever thought
Your honour fair,

Let not this extasie blinde you so far
To make you lose your yet fair reputation :
A man with such a stain
Deserves no Ladies love.

Alv. Nor will I beg it till I be as white
As your fair virgin thoughts.

Elv. I now do claim so much an interest
That I would help you in your just revenge.

Alv. Heavens ! how I glorie in your blessings now.
Madam, though on my knees I thank you ;
None but my self is wrong'd,
None but my self shall right those ill-plac'd wrongs :
And since my Misstris preaches honour to me,
I'll give him what he not deserves,
A fair and honourable trial
How ill such injuries can be maintain'd.

Elv. This nobleness makes me enamour'd of your virtues, Sir.
It's true, he not deserves it ;
But such a cause is odds enough against him.

Alv. Madam, I am unfit as yet
To stay with you, and such a stain about me,
Farewell, my fair, and noble Misstris.

[Exit.

Elv. What have I done !
O ! I have been too violent :

Ha ! no : he that would break my heart
Deserves my utmost crueltie.

Thou canst not Love, with anger hold debate :
For thou art madness once being turn'd to hate.

[Exit.

Enter Beatrice having snatch'd up both the Swords, Ferdinando going back before her.

Bea. Thou art a Villain and a Slave, I know :
Thou hast committed murder on my Brother,
Why shouldst thou steal away by night,
And he not with thee?

Didst thou not say thy name was *Ferdinando* ?
He lov'd thee much,
And would not leave his friend in a Distress.

Fer. What means the Youth ? he's mad :
Your Brother ! why, I know not who you mean.

Bea. No, have you not seen some Features like to these ?
I am *Alonzo*, Brother to *Alvaredo*,
A Student late at *Salamanca* ;
And I will have account before you go
What is become of him.

Fer. How strong is Nature, when by hid'den means
It works revenge for unknown injuries !

[*aside.*]

Bea. What answer can you make to this ?

Fer. Nothing : I do deserve to dye,
Though your Brother's well, for ought I know.
Those Eyes have murdered me already.

[*aside.*]

Oh my *Beatrice*, I do deserve this punishment !
And from a Brother, a Brother too so like thee,
I would not grieve to take it — — —

But why should he constrain me to a suffering
I of my self am willing to undergo ?
He must not, shall not.

Bea. Thou hast so much of guilt in thy false looks,
That I must sure do well in punishing.

[*Ferd. closes with her with his hat,
and disarms her.*]

Fer. Look you, Sir ; now you are at my mercy.

Bea. Which I defy ; here, Villain, do thy worst.

Fer. Hadst thou another face I would have kill'd thee
For that word :

Here

Here take your sword, young man,
And tempt not one given over to despair.

Beat. Not tempt thee? yes, I will with all the terms
That can provoke a courage in a Coward.

Fer. Prithee be gone, I will not fight with thee. [*offers to go out.*]

Beat. Stay, perjur'd man;
See what thou hast done: [*She offers to kill*
A woman that did love thee, will die for thee. *her self;*

Fer. Heaven's, what do I hear!
Fall, fall, some mountain on this head, *he strikes away*
To cover it from shame. *her sword.*

Beat. Thou art more cruel in preventing this,
Then all thy other perjuries;
What did thy poor *Beatrice* ever do,
To deserve this usage from thee?
Some cruel Tygre, or a Panther bred thee,
Thou never wast nurs'd up with womens milk,
But suck'ft the Air of falshood for thy nourishment.
Ha, weep'ft thou?

O those dissembling tears,
They're able once again to Cozen me.

Fer. No, Madam, stop your heart against all mercy,
I do confess they not deserve your pity,
But do not hate my memory,
I am willing to expiate my crime,
Forgive, fair *Beatrice*, thy dying Martyr. [*Offers to kill himself.*]

Beat. Hold, Sir, for the same moment you shall hurt [*She draws*
That breast, I'll open mine, and overtake *a Dagger.*
Ye once more in your flight:
I'll do it.——

Fer. Why, would ye have me live?
And so unfit to bear the name of man.

Beat. Those that had so much Love can never be
Without a mercy to forgive all faults.

Fer. Oh, my fair *Beatrice*, [*kneels.*]
Did you but know
How hard my honesty has been Attach't,
You would some reason have to pity,

If not quite forgive my youthful fault ;
 For when I found that I had err'd,
 I knew my self unfit for you,
 And was resolv'd
 Never to do another Right.

Beat. You could not, Sir, whil'ft that you did me wrong :
 But let this be your penance, tell me true,
 It was not then averfion made you leave me,
 But that your love had been divided.

Fer. It had fo for a moment,
 But if this heart do ever more rebel,
 Let heaven afflict it with it's greateft curfe.

Beat. Rife, Sir, I will once more believe. [Enter Felices Servants Running.

Fel. Ha, Swords drawn ! my brother
 On his knees ! Hold Villain, hold.

Fer. Ha, brother, hold, for heavens fake, hold,
 Send away your Servant's, I have a ftory for
 Your Ear in private : be gone fellow's.

[Exeunt Serv.

Fel. Oh, I understand ye,
 Come, I'll conduct ye both unto the Town ;
 But, Madam, I'll not part ye, when you're down.

[Exeunt.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Lorenzo, Bartolo.

Bart. **P**Ray, my Lord, do not go abroad.
 I dare not tell him, hee'll be out on's wits.

[*aside.*

Lor. Why not ? why not, good *Bartolo* ?
 It is a day of mirth, I love to fee them merry :
 I was a merry man when I was young,
 And lov'd thefe brave Devices ;
 Once on this time of *Carnival* I rid,
 And with a Line and Hook I fir'd the peoples hats off,
 'Tis true fome unruly fellow's grew angry, and I was beaten,

But

But all the Ladies said I fish'd for hearts,
They were so taken with my Garb.

Bar. Very likely, my Lord,
But why will you go now? you are not of an age
To Masquerade it through the streets.

Lor. What then, ye fool?
Think'st I have I cannot see others? ha?

Bar. Yes, my Lord;
But here every body will see you.

Lor. Why, what then?
I have committed no treason.
I dare be seen; the fellow's drunk.

Bar. Nay, my Lord, what you please,
Would I durst tell ye though.

Lor. Here we'll stand; here we can see all;
Hark, I here some coming this way.

[*aside.*]

Enter Sancho with Quintagona, Rabble.

San. Oh, yonder's Game for me;
I have been game for others all this while.

Lor. A pleasant couple;
Look, *Bartolo*, is not this very Pleasant?

Bar. Oh, Yes, my Lord, very pleasant.

Aside] You little think that you are the pleasanter sight of the (two.

San. Most renowned, most worthy, and most munificent Lord.

Lor. I thank thee, friend;
But prythee keep on thy way:
Do not address thy self in particular to me.

San. To you, my Lord?
Why, to whom is respect, and address more proper?
By this my beard, (which I think is a fair one.)

Lor. Prythee keep it so still with thy Bygotero's,
And about thy business.

San. Why, I am so, my Lord;
But, as I said before, there is none in *Sevil*.

Lor. That will be sooner, or more angry with you,
If you depart not presently.

Dost thou see how the Rabble gather? (Rabble?)

San. What care I, or what need your Lordship care for the
By this Beard I swear again,

And that's no small Oath for a man of my profession.

Lor. Why, what profession art thou of?

San. A Barber, my Lord.

Lor. A good trade; Nay, prithee away now.

San. Heaven forbid I should displease your Lordship,
By this Beard I would not do it for the *Indies*.

Lor. Now a plague on thy Beard, and a Pox on thee;
Nay, such a Pox as may plague thy Beard too;
Here's ado with it.

Bartolo? prythee thrust him away.

Bar. Away, friend, be gone,
This Rogue has found him out.

[*aside.*

San. Why, friend, the street is as free for me as you,
By my Beard, thy Beard, and thy Lords Beard,
I do infinitely Honour, Worship and admire.

Lor. Ye Rogue, swear by my Beard?

Why, I can do that my self; and will:

For if you be not presently gone,

I'll have ye cudgel'd,

By these Honourable Mustachio's I will;

Ha; why, *Bartolo*; what's this?

[*Misses his Beard.*

San. Ha, ha, ha, come, duck, I will not stay to offend your Lordship.

[*Exit San. Quin.*

Lor. Ten thousand Devils, and their Dams,
My Beard? *Hicco de Puta*, my Beard.

Bar. Is quite gone on the one side, my Lord.

Lor. Why? thou Dog, thou Mungril,

Wouldst thou let me come abroad,

And not tell me on't?

I have been sport for all comers and goers.

Bar. Why, my Lord, you mist it not when you

Came abroad; this fellow has bewitch'd you.

Lor. Have mercy on me, Heaven!

A witch, a witch, Run *Bartolo* for an Officer,

I'll have him in the Inquisition; a witch.

Bar.

Bar. My Lord, he's gone ;
Or by this time has transform'd himself
Into some other shape : Oh, he's a cunning Rogue.

Lor. 'Tis too true ;
But I, poor miserable I,
What respect shall people pay me now ?
No Beard no Brain they'l cry ;
A Boy, a meer Tom-boy I shall appear :
My Servants too will make me still their mirth,
Who have been still their Terror.

Bar. My Lord, I know a remedy for all.

Lor. What is't, good *Bartolo* ? oh, some comfort, prithee.

Bar. Why, my Lord, this time of *Carnival*
It may pass for a youthful frolick,
And after *Ash-wednesday*,
You may say it was a Penance enjoy'd you
By your Ghostly Father :

But for Decorum you must cut off
The other side ; thus it is very ridiculous.

Lor. Thou counsell'st well ; I would not have my
Servants see me so for a thousand Pistols :
Hast thou no scissers, good *Bartolo* ?

Bar. No, my Lord, but I have a knife.

Lor. Come then, cut it off presently. [*Bartolo cuts, and*
Oh, oh, oh ! *Lor. makes faces.*

Bar. So, my Lord, 'tis done.

Lor. Come, *Bartolo*, I have seen enough for this day :
A Plague of all Witches ! a beard-witch ! *O Diavolo !* [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

Enter Felices, Alvaredo.

Fel. YOU may believe me, Sir,
He was as ignorant as you about her flight.

Alv. But still he us'd her ill ;

H

And

And I should bear her injuries as hard
As I should bear my own.

Fel. Pardon me, Sir, it was no injury,
It was unkind, I must confess.

Alv. Then I understand not well.

Fel. Why, Sir, he does owne he did make Love to her,
And that, as far as Modesty could grant,
He had no reason but to think

She did love him ;

But finding that his Youth and Love
Had brought him farther then he ought to have gone

Without acquainting you,

He was resolv'd to slip away

About some feign'd business for a time ;

And then, with your fair liking,

He would begin his Suit afresh :

But she, ignorant of his Design,

And learning from his man that he was fled,

Thought it a falsehood unto her,

And so resolves for S. *Teresa's* Monastery.

But he being found,

(Happily stopt last night by Thieves)

I hope to see her of another Order.

Alv. I do believe you, Sir, as you're a Gentleman ;

And since your Brother is resolv'd

To do her Reputation right,

I cannot erre, I think.

Fel. Not possib'y, Sir.

Alv. To shew you, Sir,

A perfect reconciliation to your Family,

I chuse you for my friend,

And now will tell you all my secrets.

This business (I know not how)

Has brought me to a fair understanding

With my fair and dear *Elvira* ;

And since my Honour now is clear,

I'll to her strait ;

And you shall be a witness to me in't.

Fel. Why, Sir, had she enjoyn'd
The clearing of your Honour?
Oh, I understand yee. I have a message to her.

[*aside.*]

Alv. Not enjoyn'd me;
But, as one interest'd in me,
Did counsel no neglect of what was fit.

Fel. Well, Sir, since you have honoured me
With the fair title of your Friend,
Let me advise you; I'll to her strait;
It will appear much better,
For several reasons: Here is the house,
Pray go you home, I'll wait upon you there,
And I doubt not but with such happy News,
As the first Enterview you have
Shall bring a Period to your wishes.
The clearing of this business
Will appear better from him or me.

Alv. Well, Sir, I will be rul'd;
For though you are wild
I have ever found you
A gallant and an honest man. Adieu.

Fel. I never, Sir, will give you cause to think the contrary;
If I do, tell my young Mistress,
Whom really I do love.

Alv. Nay, I'll be your Spokesman there. [Exit *Alv.*]

[*Felices rings. Enter Servant.*]

Fel. Pray tell your Lady I needs must speak with her.

Serv. I shall, Sir.

[Exit *Servant.*]

Alv. Now if I can but quite unhinge her love,
And fix it on *Alvaredo*,
All goes well——

Enter *Elvira.*

Fel. Madam, I'm come to wait upon you,
But with the Dread
That men approach offended Deities.

Elv. How can that be?

You never did me wrong.

Fel. It is a crime to be a kin to him
That ever could offend you,
Though by ignorance.

Elv. Those that are wise
Pardon the Crimes of folly and mischance;
But I find my self griev'd by neither of these two.

Fel. Do but consider your own Beauty, Madam,
The certain eyes it hath upon Affection,
The ever yet unconquered god of Love,
That dips his scorching Arrows in your eyes,
And hardens so their Points,
No Armour, though of strictest honesty,
Is proof against their force:

All these are Arguments to move your mercy
To the forgiveness of a Crime
I now am come to beg a Pardon for.

Elv. Pray Sir, (without the Ornaments you now do use,
In rallying of a Lady never wrong'd you)
Tell me your Business; for as yet
I know not what you aim at.

Fel. Nor is it fit
I should exprefs my self in plainer terms:
But tell me;
If you had bargain'd for, nay, had bought a thing before me,
Would you not take it ill
I should out-bid you in your price,
And by my Liberality corrupt the Merchant?

Elv. Yes, I should, Sir; neither were it just or honourable.

Fel. This is my Brothers Case,
Who dares not live,
Nor think himself worthy the name of Man
Till you have pardon'd.
Remember, Madam, as I told you,
How much your Beauty can out-bid
All other Women.

Elv. Oh, I understand you,
And thank you, Sir, that you have spar'd my blushes:

But tell me, Sir, is not the Lady's name *Beatrice*,
That lay's her claim to your brother ?

Fel. Madam, it is ; And this *Fernando* bad me tell ye more,
He can requite your pardon with a Jewel
Of fairest and of Richest price,
Her brother. ———

Elv. Oh, Sir, I thank him,
My better reason has instructed me,
(I'll make an End't that which you were saying)
Her brother is a man, too good, of too much honor,
Nay, too much love to be refused by me.

Fel. And you too much of goodness and of merit
Not to be honour'd as a Saint,
By all that know you, and do hear you speak,
I'll be gone, I shall talk my self in time.

Elv. Well, Sir, I can bear your Rallery.

Fel. I'm ferious,
Why, Madam ?

Elv. Nay, Sir, if you are so,
Pray bring Signior *Alvaredo* hither,
Your brother too may come, and his fair Lady.

Fel. Yes, Madam, I shall.

Elv. Your servant, Sir,
I shall expect your Promise.

Fel. It's we'll your gone,
I had spoyl'd all else ; my Pate
Was hammering devices for my own advantage,
Carnival do ye call it,
I could Masquerade it bravely with her.

Enter *Quintagona*, and *Sancho*.

Quin. Nay, Prythee *Sancho* consider,
I never dare go home again ;
[*Show's Jewels.*] Is not this more wealth then ever thou couldst
Hope for ; 'tis the porloyning of thirty years
Service, two thousand crowns will not buy
Them, why sure I'm not so old ; nor

Yet.

Yet so unhandsome, but that an
Honest man would bless his fortune for such a match.

San. Nay, now ye have spoil'd all,
If you had not spoke that word
I would have taken pity on you,

Quin. Pity on me? thou Rascal,
Thou Son of many Fathers I'll have thee to know
(But that I took thee for a pleasant
And an honest dealing fellow)
I should scorn thee; S'fish in my old Mistris time
I might had a Knight of *Calatrava*,
Nay, within this twenty years, as much has been offered me
Twice; two brave Knights,
Pity on me; soh, Garlick ———

San. May be so: *ta ran, ta ran tan.* [*Sings and Dances up and*

Quin. Well, *Sancho*, well; [*down carelessly.*
Have I for this trusted thee with my reputation,
Gone all about the town with thee;
Nay, Did not leave thee, nor hide my self
When the Boys had snatch'd away my Vizard,
Oh, *Sancho*, *Sancho*, thou art false as other men,
And I a most unhappy Virgin. [*weeps*

San. *Boutona*, *Diavolo*, she has moisture in her,
This is the first Lady ever wept for *Sancho*,
Have comfort my dearest duckling,
I will be thine by day and night,
And get a whole litter of *Sancho's* on thee?

Quin. Oh, *Sancho*, *Sancho*, Abuse not good Nature,
I am tender, be not thou Harsh.

San. Yes, as tender as whit-leather, [*asidè.*
Well, come spit in thy hand and Clap here,
Is't a match, speak.

Quin. A match; and all these are thine.

San. Come, we'll Dance to our Wedding, [*Enter two Fiddlers*
Strike up Rogues, *tan ta, ta rin ta, ta tv ra.* [*They Dance up and*
down.

Enter

Enter Felices.

Fel. Oh, Brave Rogue,
Where have you been all this while ?

San. Nay, pray, Sir, forbear,
A curse will light on him
That parts man and wife.

Fel. *Quintagona* thy wife ?
Now send thee joy thou pretty maid.

Quin. And thee a halter, thou sneering fellow.

San. Oh, fie sweet-heart, he is my Master.

Quin. What then ; he's none of mine,
There's ne'r a man in *Sevil* shall be my Master.

San. I have a fine time on't then.

Fel. *Sancho*, come hither, a word,
Nay, take her with you, make haste
I shall be there before thee

Boy, Hony-Comb.

[*aside.*
Whispers.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Antonio in Masquerade, And Fiddlers in
Masquerade like Gentlemen.

Ant. Here, friends, this is the house,
The Accident hapned last night,
You know the tune I made the Song to

Gen. I, I, Come, shall we begin.

To the Tune of the Broom, the bonny Broom.

THe Beard, the Beard, the bonny bonny Beard,
Oh, it was of a wondrous growth,
But eating too fast
His spoon he misplac'd,
And scalded it off with the broth.

Chorus still of Musick.

But O what sight, one part did stand upright,
As if it had guarded his face.

The

The other off by the stumps,
Which needs must put him in a dumps,
Had quite deserted the place.

Which makes it plain, that that which doth remain
Doth Centry stand for two,
The other side was lost,
And beaten off his Post,
For some think that it lay, Perdue.

Oh, the Beard, the Beard, the bonny, &c.

Enter Bartolo.

Bar. Fie, fie, Gentlemen, remove your mirth,
My Lord is very ill, nay, pray Gentlemen.

Ant. Ill, how come he ill prithee ?

Bar. Why, a grief he has lately conceiv'd,
For his sins, I think.

Ant. Why think'st thou so, man ?

Bar. Oh, Sir, he has shav'd himself!
And vows to wear Sackcloth.

Ant. What a dam'd hypocrite !
Must Religion be the Cloak of the Jest
Was put upon him ?

Play, Gentlemen, play,

[*aside.*
They play again.]

Lor. *at the win-*] You Flemings, Boarachio's
down with a Gun.] You Pantalons de mi culo,
Dogs, Rogues, either from my
House, or I'll send some of ye to the
Devil before your time.

Ant. Fie, my Lord, is this your Conscience ?

Lor. Hang ye, Rogues,

Bartolo, Come up, here, and shoot this off,
I dare not for, fear it should recoil,
Slaves, he'll pepper ye.

Ant. Sirrah, I'll tickle ye with this, are ye
Budging, ye Cackafuego.

Bar.

Bar. Not I, Sir, by this Beard.

Lor. Oh, *Hicco de puta, Et tu Brute,*
Nay, then, I will be sick indeed.

[Exit.]

Ant. I, do, and Die,
The Devil a tear will be shed for thee,
Bartolo, go and get Legacies for all thy friends,
Of Lamprey Pies, and Sturgeon.

Bart. Ha, these know him, Adieu, Signiors. [Exit Bar.]

Ant. Come Gentlemen, Nay, here we'll give
A lesson or two, 'tis the house of Signior *Alvaredo*;
His two sisters are fair Ladies. [They play a good Tune.]

Enter Felices.

Fel. Ha, Musick here ! 'tis either meant to my brothers
Wife, or to my young Mistress,
Neither pleases me; who are ye ? speak.

[draws.]

Ant. What's that to thee, thou man of Metal ?

Fel. That ye shall see stay a little.

[Offers to go out.]

Ant. Felices, Why, hark ye, man ?

What freak's this ?

Fel. Is't you, a plague, I was going to fetch a
Servant, or two, to entertain your worship's;
Who are those with ye ?

Ant. Friends, friends, O my worthy friends !
Sirra, I have been with him,
And teas'd him out of his Wits,
Come, Come, we'll thither again ; prithee
Walk this night with us.

Fel. Faith, I cannot, I have business,
Oh, you are wellcome, hark ye !

[Enter Alv.]

Alv. Oh, my best Angel ! can this be ?

Fel. Go trie, I'll be there with you strait,
And bring all the Company with me,
Will you not give me leave to call my
Young Mistress ?

Alv. Any thing, what you please.
Adieu, I cannot stay.

[Exit Alv.]
Fel.

Fel. Gentlemen, I'm sorry I cannot bear ye
Company, I can assure ye, my heart
Earns to leave ye, but business,
A thing you know I much delight in,
Calls me from you.

Ant. Troth, me-thinks of late thou hast a busie
Countenance; Come, what Wench
Are you to lead into a fools paradise?
Some such thing i'm sure it must
Be, the Devil could never fix any
Other business upon thee.

Fel. Away, away, you are wilde fellow's, I am
Not fit for your Company; But if
You will presently break all *Lorenzo's*
Window's, or so, I am for ye, but I
Cannot stay, faith I cannot, night blades
Hark ye, you'll do well to carry your
Musick to your Sisters house, *Antonio,*
There may be use of ye.

Ant. How, soe, prithee, what's the matter?

Fel. Nay, no questions, Come if you will;
If you won't, chuse, *bonus Nochios.*

Ant. Come, we will go.

[Exit Felices.

[Exiunt Omnes.

ACTUS V. SCENA III.

Enter Alvaredo, Elvira.

Elv. **N**Ay, Sir, I find, in all appearance,
You have much reason to be satisfi'd,
But yet there remain some scruples
That I must cleer my self in.

Alv. I hope I am not quite so Dull,
If they concern my Honour,
But I should be as scrupulous
As do's besit a Gentleman to be; and Madam——

Elv.

Elv. Nay, Signior, you mistake me now,
I have been, and am your Sisters friend ;
I only must ask some questions.

Alv. Madam, what you please ;
They will all be here presently.

[Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is Musick and Masquers
Come, one I believe is Signior *Antonio*.

Elv. Bid them enter.

[Exit Servant.

Alv. Madam, will yee once more repeat,
This hand and heart is mine ?

[Enter Anto. &c.

Elv. I do. Oh you are welcome, Gentlemen.

Serv. Madam, here is more Company.

Elv. Let them come in. Come Brother, you may
Unmask, you are known ;
Besides, you must be witness of a thing
That does concern me highly.

Anto. What is't pray, Madam ?

Elv. By and by you shall see.

[Enter Ferdinando, Beatrice,
Felices, Miranda, Sancho,
Quintagona, and Servants.

Elv. Madam, you are welcome hither ;
I must beg the favour to speak with this
Gentleman in private ; you will not sure
Be jealous, Madam.

Bea. Oh Madam, you wrong your Servant.

[Elv. Ferdi. aside.

Elv. Now, Sir, what good excuse
Have you fram'd for your disloyalty ?

Fer. Such as must crave your mercy,
Not justify my Crime.

Elv. But I must claim your Promise,
That nothing can dispense you from :
Speak, Sir, ought not I to have the fair disposal of yee ?

Fer. Here, Madam, dispose my life : [draws a Dagger.
I do submit unto your Censure.

Elv. No, Sir, your Person I will dispose of : Come, nay, come,
You have spar'd my blushes,

And

And I will now indulge your shame.
 Here, Madam, let me cloſe your hands:
 And pray, Sir, do as much for me here.

Fer. With all my Soul:

And may the Heavens continue ſtill
 Your Love and Beauty.

Alv. Thanks, friend, I hope you ſtill were ſo,
 And I miſtaken in my Doubts.

Fer. I am, and ever will be ſo,
 O let your Siſter hate me,
 And that's the worſt of Curſes.

Fel. Madam, I ſent you Muſick:
 One Dance is both proper for the time,
 And indeed looks ſomething like the latter
 End of a Play, which ſhould go off merrily:
 Only one thing is wanting, I ſhould be married
 Too here; but plague on't, ſhe's too young.

Mir. And you too mad.

Fel. Well, by that time you are fit for me
 I ſhall be fit for you; three or four years
 Will ſtrike deep towards gravity:
 In the mean time, here's my hand, If I like yee then
 As well as I like you now, thou ſhalt have me
 Round and all found.

Mir. 'Tis well if I have.

Nay, prithee ſweet *Quintagona* bluſh not,
 We know that thou art married,
 Meerly ſtole away by this young Gallant,
 Signior *Sancho*.

Fel. Come, come, ſtrike up.

The Dance.

Fel. Ladies, how like you this?
 Gentlemen, do you all ſpeak; are ye pleas'd?
 'Tis new; for I dare boldly ſay,
 'Tis the firſt *Carnival* y'ere ſaw in Play.







