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A CRITICAL EDITION OF ROBERT DAVENPORT'S
THE CITY-NIGHT-CAP.

University of New Hampshire, Ph.D., 1973
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A CRITICAL EDITION OF ROBERT DAVENPORT'S
THE CITY-NIGHT-CAP

by

WILLIS J. MONIE
B. A., Hartwick College, 1967

A THESIS

Submitted to the University of New Hampshire
In Partial Fulfillment of
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ABSTRACT

A CRITICAL EDITION OF ROBERT DAVENPORT'S

THE CITY-NIGHT-CAP

by

WILLIS JAY MONIE

This edition of Robert Davenport's The City-Night-Cap (1624; pub. 1661) consists of parallel texts; on the left side is a photocopy of the original 1661 edition; on the right is a typescript of the text. Under the photocopy are the textual notes, indicating changes of substantive readings of the text in the typescript as well as significant changes in later editions; under the typescript are the annotations, which consist of meanings of obscure or obsolete words, alternate spellings when in question, parallels with sources, and other general explanatory matter.

The introduction consists of five chapters. The first is an examination of Davenport's life and other surviving works, emphasizing their relationship to The City-Night-Cap. The second chapter is an examination of the sources, principally Boccaccio's Decameron (the seventh tale of the seventh day), Robert Greene's Philomela, and Shakespeare's Measure for Measure. The third chapter traces the theatrical history of the play from 1624-1700, including an examination of two other plays based on The City-Night-Cap (an untitled manuscript play presently in the Folger Library and The Politick Whore [1680]). The fourth chapter is a critical examination of Davenport's play, including sections on characterization, theme and structure, setting,

and style. The final chapter is the textual introduction, including the textual history of the play and the principles upon which this present edition is edited.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

1. The Man

Almost nothing is known about the life of Robert Davenport outside of his writings. There is no Robert Davenport listed at Cambridge, and none after 1515 at Oxford.¹ The DNB lists him as "fl. 1623," but this is based on Malone's erroneous assignment of 1623 to the publication of A Crown for a Conqueror and Too Late to Call Back Yesterday, actually published in 1639.²

To learn anything of Davenport, one must turn to his works. The earliest possible play in which Davenport could have had a hand is the lost comedy The Woman's Mistake, which the Annals of English Drama dates c. 1620-1624.³ Humphrey Moseley entered the work in 1653 as by "Drew and Davenport."⁴ Gerald Eades Bentley, however, speculates that this is Thomas Drue's lost play on the murder of Joan Tindall, licensed September, 1624.⁵ The Fatal Brothers, a lost tragedy, is listed in the Annals as c. 1623-1636.⁶ Moseley entered it in the Stationer's Register in 1660 as by Davenport,⁷ but nothing else is known about the play. Another lost tragedy, The Politic Queen or Murder Will Out, is dated in the Annals as c. 1623-1636,⁸ and was also entered by Moseley in 1660.⁹ Alfred Harbage speculates that Mountfort's Edward III, with the Fall of Mortimer (1690; printed 1691) is an adaptation of Davenport's Politic Queen.¹⁰

The first positive date known for Davenport is 1624, when The City-Night-Cap was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert on October 14: "For the

Cockpit Company; a new play called The City-Night-Cap: Written by Davenport."¹¹ It is also listed in Halliwell-Phillipps's Scrap-Books for the same date, adding that there was a one pound licensing fee, which was usually the charge for new plays.¹² Also licensed in 1624 by Herbert for the King's Company on April 10 was The History of Henry the First, by "Dampont."¹³ Moseley entered "Henry the first, & Hen. the 2d, by Shakespeare, & Davenport" in the Stationer's Register in 1653.¹⁴ Warburton lists Henry I, by Shakespeare and Davenport, as one of the manuscripts supposedly burned by his cook.¹⁵ Henry II, mentioned only by Moseley, was probably listed with Henry I to save a fee, and most likely closely followed Henry I in composition. Professor Harbage speculates that the 1692 tragedy Henry II, King of England, with the Death of Rosamond is an adaptation of this lost play.¹⁶

A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, Davenport's first published play in 1639, is entered in the Annals as c. 1624-1639.¹⁷ Humphrey Blunden entered the play, by "Mr. Dampont," in the Stationer's Register for March 28, 1639,¹⁸ and it was entered in the Lord Chamberlain's list on August 10, 1639, for Beeston.¹⁹ Another play entered at the same time for Beeston is the lost A Fool and Her Maidenhead Soon Parted,²⁰ listed without author between two Davenport plays, and given, on this basis, a questionable attribution by Fleay.²¹ The third play listed for Beeston is King John and Matilda,²² written around 1628-1629 (a date for which Davis argues convincingly).²³ The play was published in 1655, and again in 1662, and was reentered in the Stationer's Register for March 13, 1675 by William Cademon,²⁴ though he apparently brought out no edition.

The only reference to a lost play The Pirate is by Samuel Sheppard in his Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical and Romantic (1651).

Epigram 19, addressed "To Mr. Davenport on his Play called the Pirate," suggests that Davenport was alive when Sheppard wrote it:

Make all the cloth you can, haste, haste away,
The Pirate will o'ertake you if you stay;
Nay, we will yield our selves, and this confesse,
Thou Rival'st Shakespeare, though thy glory's lesse.²⁵

The Pedler is listed twice by Herbert in 1630,²⁶ and the second entry only ascribes the play to Davenport; this may be another lost play by the playwright, but it is more probable that the play is The Conceited Pedler by Thomas Randolph.²⁷

Two surviving anonymous plays have been ascribed to Davenport, although neither attribution is widely accepted. James G. McManaway argues for Davenport's authorship of Dick of Devonshire on the basis of plot and stylistic similarities.²⁸ McManaway also ascribes The Bloody Banquet (published 1639 as by "T.D.") to Davenport, on "considerable internal evidence,"²⁹ which he has yet to publish. Neither attribution can be accepted on the facts and arguments now available.

Besides his dramatic output, Davenport was the author of several poems and dialogues. A Crown for a Conquerour; and Too Late to Call Back Yesterday, published together in 1639 and dedicated to the actors Richard Robinson and Michael Bowyer, indicates a connection with the theater as late as 1638-1639. The dedication supplies an additional biographical fact: "These poems...being some expence of my time at Sea..."³⁰ Davenport thus spent some time on board ship, perhaps between England and Ireland as other evidence suggests.

The address to the reader in A New Trick to Cheat the Devil (1639) states: "But the Poem it selfe, being now an Orphant, and wanting the Father which first begot it" This seems to indicate that

Davenport was dead, and there exists no conclusive proof to contradict this idea.³¹ Two commendatory verses by Davenport, one for Thomas Rawlins' The Rebellion and one for Nathaniel Richards' Messallina, were published in 1640, but both plays were produced earlier and these poems could also have been written before 1640. An epistle by the author to the reader (and signed "R.D.") in the 1655 edition of King John and Matilda (but omitted in the 1662 edition) seems to indicate that the playwright was alive in that year, but it has been suggested that this conventional statement could have been written by anyone.³² Even Davenport's year of death, then, has not been determined.

The rest of Davenport's rather conventional poetic output exists in seventeenth century manuscripts. A Dialogue between Policy and Piety is partly concerned with Irish problems, and one copy of the manuscript is dedicated to the Bishop of Londonderry, John Bramhall, and signed "a servant and poore neighbour,"³³ perhaps suggesting Davenport's residence in Ireland. A second manuscript contains the prose character "A Martyr" and several religious poems.³⁴ Another poem, reprinted by Bullen in The Works of Robert Davenport from the manuscript in the Cambridge University Library is "Survey of the Sciences."

2. The Works

The extant works definitely attributable to Robert Davenport, then, include three plays, The City-Night-Cap, King John and Matilda, and A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, several poems most of which are in the form of dialogues, and one short prose character.

The poems can safely be called undistinguished. Two poems,

"A Crown for a Conquerour" and "Too Late to Call Back Yesterday," were published together in 1639. The first is a religious dialogue based on Revelations 22.12: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me." Christ explains to a suffering Christian how to win the crown of salvation, through faith and works. The second poem is also a dialogue, between a lover and the day. The lover has found the vows of his mistress to be false, and he wants to call back yesterday or call forth tomorrow, to no avail. Finally, Christ appears and offers comfort and salvation. A third poem, also in the form of a dialogue, is "A Dialogue between Policy and Piety." Policy ("wisdome, experience, Learning, knowledg, witt") and Piety ("Celestiall," "all grace") are married at the instigation of Hibernia (Ireland); the poem is also incidentally concerned with Irish affairs. The last poem of significance is "A Survey of the Sciences," in which a Body (the speaker throughout the poem) goes in search of its Soul among the various sciences. Finally, the soul is found sheltered by Christ, where the Body leaves it in contemplation, since "obedience is no bondage where wee love."³⁵

The prose character and the short poems, reprinted by Thorn-Drury from a manuscript dedicated to the popular patron of the arts William Earl of Newcastle, are interesting to the reader of The City-Night-Cap, since each work reflects Davenport's attitude toward several of the characters of the play. "A Martyr," the short prose work, illustrates the character of a person much like Abstemia, willing to suffer to the point of giving his life for his faith. "A Spiritual Coward" illustrates Lorenzo's character, struck by the devil's dart, "Distrust." Given a second chance in the prison, Lorenzo begs for life and dishonor rather than a martyr's death. So with a spiritual coward:

So in o[u]r Gods great battailes, oft we see,

the bouldiest boasters, frequent failers bee [,]

Promise is due debt; yet, in his brave fight,

ffaith is our promise, but our payment--fflight. (p. 14)

The other two poems, "A Weeping Convert" and "A Sacrifice," also are concerned with the theme of winning the crown of salvation through suffering, a central concern of The City-Night-Cap.

As J.O. Davis points out, the interest of these poems to a student of Davenport's drama "lies in their very conventional and pious moral sentiments, as well as their undistinguished poetic quality."³⁶ In The City-Night-Cap Davenport's moral viewpoint is in every respect conventional, and the play is distinguished far more for its plot and dialogue than for any poetic quality.

In the comedy A New Trick to Cheat The Devil, Slightall, rejected by Anne in favor of Lord Scales, gives himself to squandering his fortune, and finally signs his soul to the devil for money to pay his debts. When Anne meets the Lord, however, she realizes that "I have seen a thousand private gentlemen Both better fac'd and featur'd," and prefers Slightall. All seems lost, however, when the devil comes to claim Slightall's soul; but a cunning friar argues that the devil has not kept his part of the bargain, since Slightall has not been able to discharge all his debts, and in fact is indebted now as much as ever, to the devil. Slightall and Anne are married, finally with the blessings of Anne's silly mother and even Lord Scales.

In the historic tragedy King John and Matilda, John faces two problems: some of his nobles are plotting a rebellion since he has not kept the Magna Charta, and he desperately desires Matilda, daughter of one of the rebelling nobles. The rebellion finally fails, but Matilda is killed on the orders of John in a moment of jealous anger, who

repents all his evil ways and forgives all.

Endnotes:

¹ Gerald Eades Bentley, The Jacobean and Caroline Stage (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1956), III, 225.

² Ibid.

³ Alfred Harbage, Annals of English Drama, rev. S. Schoenbaum (London: Methuen and Co., 1964), p. 110. Referred to in the text as Annals. See also: Bentley, III, 237.

⁴ A Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers; from 1640-1708 (1914; rpt. New York: Peter Smith, 1950), I, 428.

⁵ Bentley, III, 238, 286.

⁶ Harbage, Annals, p. 116.

⁷ A Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers; from 1640-1708, II, 271.

⁸ Harbage, Annals, p. 116.

⁹ A Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers; from 1640-1708, II, 271.

¹⁰ Alfred Harbage, "Elizabethan-Restoration Palimpsest," Modern Language Review, 35 (1940), 310-318.

¹¹ Joseph Quincy Adams, ed., The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert ([1917]; rpt. New York: Benjamin Blom, n.d.), p. 29.

¹² Bentley, III, 227-228.

- 13 Adams, pp. 27-28.
- 14 A Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers; from 1640-1708, I, 429.
- 15 Bentley, III, 230.
- 16 Harbage, "Elizabethan-Restoration Palimpsest," pp. 310-318.
- 17 Harbage, Annals, p. 120.
- 18 Edward Arber, ed., A Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London 1554-1640 (1877; rpt. New York: Peter Smith, 1950), IV, 436.
- 19 Bentley, I, 331.
- 20 Ibid.
- 21 Frederick Gard Fleay, A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama 1559-1642 (London: Reeves and Turner, 1891), I, 105.
- 22 Bentley, I, 331.
- 23 Joyce Outten Davis, "Robert Davenport's King John and Matilda: A Critical Edition," Diss. Tulane 1969, p. xv.
- 24 A Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers; from 1640-1708, II, 502.
- 25 Bentley, III, 236. Sheppard must have been born after April, 1623, his parent's marriage date, suggesting a composition date after 1640.

- 26 Arber, IV, 197, 198.
- 27 Bentley, III, 236.
- 28 James G. and Mary R. McManaway, eds., Dick of Devonshire (Oxford: Malone Society, 1955), pp. viii-ix.
- 29 James G. McManaway, "Latin Title-Page Mottoes as a Clue to Dramatic Authorship," Library, 4th ser, 26 (1945), 35.
- 30 A. H. Bullen, ed., The Works of Robert Davenport, Old English Plays, NS, III (London and Redhill: Hansard Publishing Union, 1890), p. 311.
- 31 It has been suggested that this passage merely means Davenport was away, perhaps at sea or in Ireland. See: Bentley, III, 226; DNB.
- 32 Bentley, III, 226.
- 33 Folger Library MS. 1919.3. The Folger Library kindly furnished a photocopy of this document.
- 34 Rpt. in: G. Thorn-Drury, ed., A Little Ark (London: P.J. and A.E. Dobell, 1921), pp. 11-15. He dates it between 1629 and 1643 on the basis of the dedication.
- 35 This same line ends both this poem and "A Dialogue between Policy and Piety."
- 36 Davis, p. xi.

CHAPTER II

SOURCES

The source for the Lodovico-Francisco-Dorothea plot is the seventh novel of the seventh day of Giovanni Boccaccio's Decameron, probably in the English translation of 1620.¹ This source was first noted by Gerard Langbaine, and has not been questioned.² In this tale, Lodovico, the only son of a wealthy merchant, hears a knight proclaim that the most beautiful of women is Madam Beatrix, wife of Egano de Galluzzi of Bologna. He assumes the name Anichino, and enters Egano's service. Finally, alone with Beatrix, he reveals his identity and his love, which she promises to reward if he comes to her that night.

When he enters her chamber, however, she wakes her husband and announces that Anichino has attempted to seduce her. But instead of exposing him in the chamber, she sends Egano, disguised in her nightgown, to the garden, where she says she has promised to meet the servant, so her husband can personally chastise Anichino.

After enjoying his love, Anichino goes to the garden, armed with a cudgel. He declares his faithfulness to his master, and beats the lustful "Beatrix." Egano flees back to his bedroom, where his wife commends his servant's loyalty. The lovers are now able to enjoy their love, while Egano remains a dupe and cuckold.

Davenport changes the ending for his purposes, to draw a parallel with his other plot, in order to contrast the rewarded chaste wife with the punished unfaithful wife. He also adds the character of Pambo, the clown, whose comments add to the comedy, and put Dorothea's hypocrisy and Lodovico's blind trust into proper perspective. Otherwise,

the playwright follows Boccaccio's story quite closely, although he does develop potentially dramatic situations more fully. For example, Davenport changes the relatively short incident where Beatrice sends Egano to the garden to a longer, comic scene, with Francisco attempting to hide without pulling Dorothea, who has a tight hold on his hand, out of bed, while a drunk Lodovico is sent to the garden. And the garden incident is transformed from a few lines in Boccaccio to a scene with humorous dialogue between Pambo, who is disguised as Dorothea, and Francisco, with Lodovico making asides while observing them.

Davenport does not borrow any of the language of the English translation. This is understandable, however, since the novel is eight pages in length, with the actual gulling of the husband only four pages, and the form is narrative rather than dramatic, with almost no dialogue.

The source of the Lorenzo-Philippo-Abstemia plot has presented more problems to critics. Gerard Langbaine in 1691 noted that this plot was "borrow'd from the novel of the Curious Impertinent in the Romance of Don Quixote."³ This conclusion was included in the 1744 and 1780 editions of Dodsley, as well as the 1810 edition of The Ancient British Drama. But the 1827 edition of Dodsley emended this note to say, "The plot . . . is taken partly from Philomela, the Lady Fitzwater's Night-ingale, by Robert Greene . . . which resembles the novel of the Curious Impertinent in Don Quixote" ⁴ The 1875 edition of Dodsley retained this change, while Bullen accepted this new source and added, "It will be noticed that the euphuistic passages in the play are borrowed almost word for word from Greene."⁵

Abraham Rosenbach, in tracing the early influence of the "Curious Impertinent" episode in English drama, concludes that Davenport "was not obliged to go to Don Quixote for material for this incident." He

refers to lines 6-7 (I, i) to suggest that the playwright most likely derived the plot from either another play, or from a work like Greene's Philomela, "as Mr. Bullen has shown."⁶ The possibility of another play as source will be discussed shortly. Yet the standard English drama surveys continue to list Cervantes as Davenport's source.⁷

John Clark Jordan, in the first extensive treatment of Greene's Philomela as a source, discusses the name borrowings by the playwright, the plot similarities and differences, and several parallel passages. He does not extensively analyze Davenport's verbal borrowings from Greene, and concludes merely that there are "in The City Nightcap many passages which resemble in style work written thirty-five or forty years before"⁸ James S. Dean, Jr., develops Davenport's verbal borrowings more fully, listing the six Jordan noted, and adding twenty-four more. His list "shows the great extent to which Davenport drew upon Greene's romance."⁹ A more complete list of verbal borrowings is included later in this chapter.

The reason why there has been disagreement is the similarity of the plots of the "Curious Impertinent" episode and Philomela. In Cervantes' story, set in Florence, Anselmo asks his close friend Lothario to test his wife Camila to see if she is as virtuous as she appears.¹⁰ Lothario, though hesitant, finally tests Camila, whose beauty has captured his heart, and is successful almost immediately. They enjoy each other's love without interference, until Lothario, seeing a man leaving Camila's house, suspects her faithfulness to him and reveals all to Anselmo; afterwards, deciding this revenge is unreasonable, he reveals his actions to Camila. He discovers that she has not had another lover (the man is her maid Leonela's lover), and she tells him to come to her chamber the next day, after making sure Anselmo is

hidden in the room. Anselmo overhears Camila's sorrow; finally, she makes a mock attempt to stab Lothario, and then stabs herself, in the shoulder. Anselmo is now convinced of her virtue, while Camila and her lover are free to continue their affair. Eventually, threatened by the possibility that Leonela will reveal all, Camila flees to a convent, while Lothario flees the kingdom. Anselmo dies after forgiving Camila and admitting that his curiosity caused the tragedy, Lothario shortly afterwards is killed in battle, and Camila soon dies of sorrow.

In Greene's romance, the jealous Count Philippo Medico, kinsman of Lorenzo, Duke of Venice, asks his close friend Giovanni Lutesio to test his wife Philomela Celii, daughter of the Duke of Milan.¹¹ Lutesio tries to seduce Philomela, but the latter proves completely virtuous. However, Philippo now suspects his friend and wife, and seeing them standing hand in hand is enough to convince him of his dishonor. He bribes two slaves, and the three of them testify against Lutesio and Philomela. The Duke of Venice sentences the couple to death, but at Philippo's insistence, lighter sentences are handed out, and Philomela is divorced while Philippo alone can remarry, and Lutesio is banished. Philomela, under the assumed name Abstemia, travels to Palermo, where she bears Philippo's child, Infortunatus. Lutesio goes to Milan to seek help from Philomela's father.

The Duke of Milan and Lutesio lead an army to Venice and force Lorenzo to agree to a retrial. When the Duke of Milan produces one of the slaves who readily admits his perjury, the second slave also confesses, and Philippo is sentenced by the Duke of Milan to banishment, during which time Philippo swears to search for Philomela.

In Palermo, the Duke's son, Arnolfo Frozzo, has exchanged identities with his slave in order to slip away to visit a lover. Petro

Salmo, also of Palermo, who had a grudge against Arnolfo, kills the slave dressed as Arnolfo thinking it is his enemy, maiming the face beyond recognition. The body is discovered, and Philippo, failing in his search for Philomela and on the point of despair, is found nearby. He readily admits guilt, seeing this as an opportunity to die. At his trial, Philomela steps forward and also claims guilt, but before the Duke can act, Arnolfo reappears to clear them both. Philippo dies of ecstasy, and Philomela, though offered marriage by Arnolfo, ends her days as a grieved widow in Venice, the "Paragon of vertue" whose fame is "canonized" to this very day.

The parallels between Cervantes' and Greene's stories are evident. Both husbands ask their best friends to test a supposedly virtuous wife. Anselmo's motive, however, is curiosity, and the motive for Philippo is jealousy. One wife, Camila, and one friend, Lothario, prove faithless, while the others, Philomela and Lutesio, prove virtuous. From the standpoint of plot alone, the Lorenzo-Philippo-Abstemia plot in The City-Night-Cap is closer to Philomela than the "Curious Impertinent."

Several other dramas before 1624 deal with a similar story. The anonymous Second Maiden's Tragedy¹² follows the Cervantes' plot very closely, with only minor changes and a mass slaughter at the conclusion where everyone dies. The wife fails her chastity test, and the results are tragic. Davenport, however, does not follow this play, which is based on the Cervantes' tradition of the story.¹³ The Antonio-Mercury-Maria plot in The Coxcomb bears so slight a resemblance to the episode of the "Curious Impertinent" "that one is quite safe in asserting that [Beaumont and Fletcher] made use of other material than Cervantes' novel."¹⁴ The Coxcomb has even less resemblance to The City-Night-Cap. The reason Antonio allows Mercury to make love to his wife is not to

test her, but rather to prove his friendship for Mercury.

Nathan Field's Amends for Ladies, on the other hand, is much closer to Davenport's play. In the husband-wife subplot, the husband asks Subtle to test his wife's virtue; the wife, however, resists the temptation, and proves her honor to her husband's satisfaction, and he concludes: "Thus false friends are made true, by a true wife."¹⁵ William Peery questions Rosenbach's conclusion that the subplot is from Cervantes,¹⁶ and instead suggests that Field more likely borrowed from the Second Maiden's Tragedy, or simply heard the story. Amends for Ladies is a comic version of the Cervantes plot, and is therefore more similar to The City-Night-Cap than any of the other plays, but still the similarity is superficial. There are no verbal parallels, and numerous plot and character differences, particularly in the characters of Subtle and the Wife, and in the actions of Subtle. There is no evidence that Davenport directly used Amends for Ladies.

Davenport, then, borrows the plot directly from Philomela. In fact, beside numerous plot parallels, the playwright uses some of the same character and place names. He adopts the names Philippo (for the friend instead of the husband), Lorenzo Medico (for the husband instead of the Duke), and Abstemia (except during the exile, when she assumes the name of Millicent), and uses a Duke of Venice (for Abstemia's brother rather than Lorenzo's kinsman), a Duke of Milan (for the father whose son is supposedly killed instead of Abstemia's father), and a Duke of Verona (Lorenzo's kinsman, substituted for Greene's Palermo). The setting is primarily Verona, with the conclusion in Milan, while Philomela is set in Venice, Milan (briefly), and Palermo.

Davenport makes several changes in plot, and sometimes shifts the emphases. He omits Abstemia's actual trip into exile, pregnancy, and

child. He has her stay in exile in a brothel, and greatly expands the love of the Duke's son for her, barely suggested in Greene. And, while Philippo in Philomela dies, Lorenzo remains alive, having finally learned that his wife is virtuous. Below is a comparison of the space used to develop each of the major actions of the plot of both Philomela and The City-Night-Cap:

<u>Philomela</u> (page numbers)	<u>The City-Night-Cap</u> (line numbers)
1. introduction, two seduction attempts (115-155).	1. I,i--introduction, one seduction attempt (1-162).
2. suspicion and arrest of friend and wife (155-164).	2. I, iii -- same (366-453).
3. trial (164-170).	3. II,iii-- same (670-906).
4. exile trip of wife (171-180).	4. omitted.
5. friend at Abstemia's kinsman's court to gain redress (180-184).	5. omitted.
6. retrial (184-191).	6. III,ii--same (1076-1317).
7. Abstemia in exile, with child, before being reunited with her husband (191-193).	7. IV,i--Abstemia in exile, in brothel tempted by Antonio (1465-1627).
8. events leading up to conclusion (193-204).	8. V--same (1930-2522).

Davenport greatly shortens the introduction, condensing the test to one attempt, with an immediate planting of the seeds of jealousy of Philippo in Lorenzo. The suspicion of Lorenzo, the mistaken interpretation of Abstemia's and Philippo's words, and the arrest of the couple, are also significantly condensed. The trial and retrial, each one scene in the play, are short episodes in Philomela. Abstemia's problems with Antonio, her stay in the brothel, and the prison scene, occupy part

of Act IV and most of Act V, and are not paralleled in Greene's work. Davenport, we shall see, used a different source for this part of the plot. Greene condenses the conclusion, a part which Davenport emphasizes because of the addition of Antonio's love for Abstemia. So while Greene devotes only eight pages to the actual exile of Abstemia and events leading up to the conclusion, Davenport devotes over eight hundred and fifty lines, more than he devotes in the rest of the play to the entire Lorenzo-Abstemia plot.

In addition to name, place, and plot borrowings, Davenport borrows numerous passages from Philomela. Dean's list is inaccurate and incomplete, and the references are to the signatures of the 1592 edition of Philomela, and to the signatures of the 1661 edition of The City-Night-Cap, which makes the list extremely difficult to use without these two editions. Below is a complete list of verbal parallels between the two works, with references to Grosart's edition of Greene, the standard and readily available edition of the prose, and to the lines in The City-Night-Cap, as the present edition is numbered. In addition, I have indicated in parentheses the page references for both the Hazlitt edition of Dodsley and the Bullen edition (both reprinted in 1964), and starred references which are additions to Dean's list.

<u>Philomela</u>	<u>Page</u>	<u>The City-Night-Cap</u>	(Bullen page-Hazlitt page)
		<u>Lines</u>	
1.	116	32-33	(94-106)
2.	116	36-38	(94-106)
3.	116	38-42	(94-106-107)
4.	118	49-50	(94-95-107)
5.	116	52-53	(95-107)

6.	118	54-55	(95-107)
7.	119	57-59	(95-107)
8.	119	59-60	(95-107)
9.	129; 145-146	91-92	(96-108)
10.	147	93-97	(96-108-109)
11.	153	98-100	(96-109)
12.	137	107-108	(97-109)
13.	143	118	(97-109)
14.	146	120-122	(97-109)
15.	146	122-123	(97-109-110)
*16.	147	131-132	(98-110)
17.	146-147	135-136	(98-110)
18.	130	140-142	(98-110)
*19.	128	147-150	(98-110)
20.	132; 189	152-156	(98-111)
21.	143 (same as #13)	371-372	(107-119)
22.	158	442 -443	(110-121)
*23.	158	452	(110-122)
24.	164	695-697	(120-131)
25.	137	704-706	(120-131)
26.	169	831-832	(124-135)
27.	167	866-867	(125-136)
28.	168	872-873	(125-136)
29.	169-170	883-886	(126-137)
30.	170	896	(126-137)
31.	199	915-916	(127-138)
32.	185	1060-1064	(133-144)
33.	186-187	1080-1086	(133-134--144-145)

34.	187	1089-1090	(134-145)
*35.	128	1201	(137-148)
*36.	132; 198	2288	(178-189)
*37.	132; 198 (same as	2307	(178-190)
#36			
*38.	141	2335-2336	(179-190)
*39.	153	2338-2339	(179-190)

All of the verbal parallels are quoted in full in the notes to this edition, so only a few examples will be cited. Compare Davenport's "Beauty, like the herb larix, is cool i'th' water, But hot i 'th' stomach" with Greene's "Beauty is like the herbe Larix, coole in the water but hot in the stomach . . . "(number four on the list). Or, Davenport's "ye may let that slip by, Like water that ne'er meets the miller's eye" with Greene's "they may let much water slippe by the Mill that the Miller knoweth not of . . ." (number thirty-eight on the list). These examples, only two of thirty-nine, indicate the extent to which Davenport borrows directly from the language of Philomela. There are, in addition, numerous parallels, some of which were discussed earlier in this chapter, that are merely plot, name or idea parallels not close enough to call direct verbal borrowings. It is evident that Davenport had a copy of Philomela before him during much of the composition of The-City-Might-Cap.

For the conclusion to the Lorenzo-Abstemia plot, Davenport went to a second source. Philomela suggested the exile, the murder of a slave thought to be a prince, the false confession of a husband in despair and false confession of a wife to save her husband, and a hint of the prince's love for the wife. Davenport, though, greatly expands these

suggestions by adding the seduction attempt of Abstemia while the couple is in prison. She is offered the life of her husband if she will only submit to Antonio's desires. The source which most likely supplied Davenport with this idea was Measure for Measure. The playwright may have used one of Shakespeare's sources, such as Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra or Cinthio's Hecatommithi, since there are no definite verbal parallels between Measure for Measure and The City-Night-Cap, but several details argue the contrary. Davenport was steeped in Shakespeare, as W. J. Olive has shown.¹⁷ Olive, in fact, attempts to show the direct influence of Measure for Measure: "The last scene of The City-Night-Cap . . . is rather closely modeled on Measure for Measure."¹⁸ But his argument is based only on similarity of plot and rather dubious parallels of speeches during the prison scene between Isabella and Claudio, and Abstemia and Lorenzo. Yet Davenport does handle these speeches, and indeed the whole scene, with a technical mastery more similar to Shakespeare than to Whetstone.

Certainly the addition of the seduction attempt by Antonio has given The City-Night-Cap a greater unity and a greater depth. In Philomela the end is unified only by the two major characters, Philomela and Philipppo. But in Davenport's play, Antonio has more than an incidental part; he is the central figure around whom most of the action revolves in the final two acts. He provides for Abstemia one final test, to put her concept of morality to one final proof. Lorenzo even begs her to accept Antonio's offer, but she is firm. Lorenzo's final, "Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms, I am now confirm'd . . . we will die the martyrs of marriage," is necessary for the comic ending, but the reader is unconvinced by his sudden turn of mind. Much as Claudio's pleading to Isabella leaves the reader with a sense of man's

shortcomings, it is his jealousy and final cowardice for which we know Lorenzo.

Endnotes:

¹ For a complete discussion of the English translation of The Decameron, see Mary Augusta Scott, Elizabethan Translations from the Italian (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1916), and Herbert G. Wright, The First English Translation of the 'Decameron' (1620) (Upsala: A. B. Lundequistska Bokhandeln, 1953). All references to The Decameron are to the following edition: Giovanni Boccaccio, The Decameron, The Tudor Translations, First Series (1909: rpt. New York: AMS Press, Inc., 1967), III, 204-212.

² Gerard Langbaine, An Account of the English Dramatic Poets (1691; rpt. in facsimile, Hildesheim: Georg Olms Berlagsbuchhandlung, 1968), p. 117. It is possible that the source is one of the many tales based on the seventh tale of the seventh day, but most of them are briefer than Boccaccio's, and would have suggested even less of the plot outside of the actual cuckolding of the husband. None that I have seen use the name Lodovico. I have examined the following tales based on the seventh tale of the seventh day, none of which seem to be Davenport's source:

a. "The Smith's Tale" in The Cobler of Canterburie (1590; 1608). See Frederic Ouvry, ed., The Cobler of Canterburie (London: Frederic Ouvry, 1862), pp. 23-33.

b. The second tale in A Hundred Mery Talys (1526). See W. Carew Hazlitt, ed., Shakespeare Jest-Books (London: Willis & Sotheran, 1864), I, 12-14.

c. The third tale in The Sackful of Newes (1673, but known as early as 1575, and perhaps 1557). See W. Carew Hazlitt, ed., Shakespeare Jest-Books (London: Willis & Sotheran, 1864), II, 169-171.

- 3 Langbaine, p. 117.
- 4 John Payne Collier, ed., A Select Collection of Old Plays (London: Septimus Prowett, 1827), XI, 267. John Colin Dunlop, History of Prose Fiction, 2nd ed.. (Edinburgh: John Ballantyne, 1816), III, 446, is apparently the first critic to note this source.
- 5 A. H. Bullen, ed., Old English Plays, New Series, III (London and Redhill: The Hansard Publishing Union, 1890), p. xii.
- 6 Abraham S. Wolf Rosenbach, "The Curious - Impertinent in English Dramatic Literature Before Shelton's Translation of Don Quixote," Modern Language Notes, 17 (1902), 363.
- 7 A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller, The Cambridge History of English Literature (N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910), VI, 265. And, Felix E. Schelling, Elizabethan Drama 1558-1642 (1935; rpt. N. Y.: Russell and Russell, Inc., 1959), I, 260.
- 8 John Clark Jorden, "Davenport's The City-Nightcap and Greene's Philomela," Modern Language Notes, 36 (1921), 282.
- 9 James S. Dean, Jr., "Borrowings from Robert Greene's 'Philomela' in Robert Davenport's 'The City-Night-Cap'," Notes and Queries, 13, No. 8 (1966), 302.
- 10 All references to Don Quixote are to the following edition: Miguel de Cervantes, The History of Don Quixote of the Mancha, trans. Thomas Shelton, The Tudor Translations, First Series (London: David Nutt, 1896), II, 61-113.
- 11 All references to Philomela are to the following edition:

Alexander B. Grosart, ed., Life and Complete Works in Prose and Verse of Robert Greene (n.d.; rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1964), XI.

12 W. W. Greg, ed., The Second Maiden's Tragedy, The Malone Society Reprints (1909; rpt. Oxford: University Press, 1964), p. v. follows the Stationer's Register in dating the play 1611.

13 Rosenbach, pp. 358-359, also reaches this conclusion.

14 Rosenbach, p. 362.

15 William Peery, ed., The Plays of Nathan Field (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1950), p. 226.

16 Ibid., p. 149.

17 W. J. Olive, "Davenport's Debt to Shakespeare in The City-Night-cap," Journal of English and Germanic Philology, 49 (1950), 333-344; and W. J. Olive, "Shakespeare Parody in Davenport's A New Tricke to Cheat the Divell," Modern Language Notes, 66 (1951), 478-480.

18 Olive, "Davenport's Debt to Shakespeare in The City-Night-Cap," p. 336.

CHAPTER III

THEATRICAL HISTORY (1624-1700)

The City-Night-Cap was licensed October 14, 1624, for the Cockpit Company, that is, Queen Henrietta's Men.¹ The title-page says, "As it was Acted with great Applause, by Her Majesties Servants, at the Phoenix [i.e., Cockpit] in Drury Lane." When the company became Beeston's Boys in 1636 or 1637, the play apparently remained in the repertory, for when the Lord Chamberlain issued his edict protecting those plays which evidently represented the repertory of the King and Queen's Young Company on August 10, 1639, The City-Night-Cap was on the list.²

The play was first printed in 1661, at which time many pre-Restoration plays were issued as the reopening of the theaters led to an increased demand among the reading public. The London Stage attributes a production of the play to sometime in the 1660-1661 acting season, but this date seems to be based only on the date of publication.³ Whether or not, then, the play was performed at this time in its pre-1642 form is in doubt, but there exist two adaptations of The City-Night-Cap, and several other plays using the same story, attesting to the continual popularity of the plot.

One adaptation consists of a combination of The City-Night-Cap with Sir William Lower's The Enchanted Lovers, surviving in a manuscript presently in the Folger Library.⁴ The Folger date for it, c. 1665, is only approximate, and no attempt at a careful examination of paper or watermark has yet been made.⁵ The original binding of this manuscript, included with six other plays, dates from c. 1725,⁶ and nothing is known of the history of this text before that time. The Enchanted Lovers

was first printed in 1658, though its composition date is not known.

The manuscript play is a strange combination, totally disunified. The Enchanted Lovers is a pastoral romantic comedy, The City-Night-Cap a domestic tragi-comedy. In the plot taken from Lower's play, set on an island kingdom of shepherds and shepherdesses, Toulmoso (whose actual name is Celia), who seven years previously had been washed ashore from a shipwreck after her mother had taken her from Seville to prevent her abduction by a courtier, is still grieving over the loss of her lover, Cleon. Cleon, thinking Celia dead, had killed the courtier and fled Seville, a hunted man. Lorina, Toulmoso's friend, soon discovers that Cleon is none other than Leander, a recent arrival on the island. Lorina brings them together; afterwards, the lovers pose as long lost brother and sister to hide their love from the ruler Melissa who is also in love with Leander, hoping to escape the island, but a merchant recognizes them. Melissa, who is also an enchantress, puts a spell on them which makes each die in turn while the other is forced to mourn. Melissa soon repents her anger, but only the goddess Diana, who descends from the heavens, is able to break the spell, and all live happily ever after.

These scenes are interspersed with the Lodovico-Dorothea-Francisco plot from The City-Night-Cap, and almost no connection is made with the plot from The Enchanted Lovers.⁷ In fact, the cuckolded-husband plot takes place in Verona, not on the island located near Portugal, and none of the characters figure in both actions, except for a few lines at the end. The play must act as if two separate plays are being performed. The plot from Davenport is an almost verbatim rendering of the six scenes of the Lodovico plot, with some cuts and some elimination of minor characters and action. In this play, the name Roderigo is used for

Lodovico, Livia for Dorothea, and Jerome for Francisco. Following is a comparison of this plot in the two plays:

<u>MS</u> (pages; number of hand-written lines)	<u>The City-Night-Cap</u> (number of lines)
1. Roderigo leaves, while Jerome and Livia reach agreement (6-9; 102 lines).	1. I, ii--Lodovico leaves, while Francisco and Dorothea reach agreement (202 lines).
2. bedroom scene (13-17; 114 lines).	2. II, i--same (93 lines).
3. garden scene (17-21; 135 lines).	3. II,ii--same (121 lines).
4. Roderigo reveals the faithfulness of his wife, and friar disguise set up (34-39; 171 lines).	4. III, i -- friar disguise set up (149 lines).
5. confession scene (47-51; 154 lines).	5. III,iii--same (146 lines).
6. penance scene, with non-speaking masque (63-68; 233 lines).	6. IV,ii--penance scene, with masque entitled "The City-Night-Cap" (301 lines).

In the first scene reference to meeting the Duke, and the characters of the four Lords, are eliminated, that is, lines 163. to 272, but the rest of the scene is given almost verbatim, including even Roderigo's motto, Crede quod habes et habes. The next scene, in the bedroom, is a very close rendering of the same scene from Davenport, with slight cuts. The same is true for the garden scene, except in the part preceding Jerome's entrance, which has been cut by more than half, eliminating of course all reference to the Lorenzo plot of The City-Night-Cap. Lodovico's recounting of the incidents is again slavishly followed,

even to the introducing of two new characters, gentlemen of Verona. The slighting reference to Puritans (ll. 934-935) is retained. In the confession scene, the source again is closely followed. The manuscript play and the 1661 edition both read "far more" at l. 1389, suggesting perhaps that the 1661 edition and not a manuscript was followed. The final scene, where Livia must perform her penance, eliminates the spoken masque (substituting a dance of masquers) and the part of Pandulpho, and changes the conclusion, but otherwise closely follows the original. The two Dukes, Verona and Venice, are present, though they never appear earlier. The conclusion, after l. 1918, has been changed by the addition of a dance performed by the shepherds, the welcoming back of Count Cleon to court, and a reversal more in keeping with a comic treatment of the plot. The play ends on a note of reconciliation and promise:

Vero. Count Roderigo if you have so much Charity
as to Receive your Lady againe we'll gratifie that desire of
our Welcome ffreinds, and revoke our Sentence

[Rod.] Uppon Condition my wife Dreams no more I fforgive
her

Vero. Come then our noble ffreinds the rest of this night
we'el Dedicate to our ffull Mirth, Madam Lett your ffuture honesty
Deserve your Lords Pardon, Bad women are Natures Clouds eclipsing
her ffaire shine the good all gracious Saint-like & Divine (p. 68)

The conclusion is more in keeping with the comic treatment of the plot, yet Roderigo's sudden forgiveness seems too easy. Leander's return to his home (now apparently not Seville but Verona) is the only connection with the plot from Lower's play, and considering that Leander had fled under threat of death, his entrance and immediate request to

revoke the sentence seems somewhat presumptuous if not preposterous. It is interesting to note that Verona's last two lines are taken from the conclusion to The City-Night-Cap, the only lines from the Lorenzo-Abstemia plot.

Since the manuscript has not been dated, the question of whether the text was copied from the 1661 edition of Davenport's play, or an earlier manuscript remains open. The Folger manuscript differs considerably in spelling from the printed edition; more extensive capitalization but less punctuation is used. There are a few corrections and changes, as at lines 941, 1361, 1783, and 1883, but the textual problems at lines 466 and 1389 are repeated in the manuscript. It seems most likely that the reviser imposed his own spelling, capitalization, and punctuation on the text in a careful rendering of the 1661 edition.

A second adaptation, based entirely upon The City-Night-Cap, though in a greatly condensed form as a droll, was printed in 1680 as The Politick Whore: or, The Conceited Cuckold. The title page indicates that it was acted at Newmarket, before the Court and possibly by Robert Parker's Strollers.⁸ In its printed text, the play is only twenty-one pages, plus a prologue, epilogue, and list of characters, and is included with two other drolls in The Muse of Newmarket (London, 1680).

The Lorenzo-Abstemia-Philippo plot, here Sir Isaac Jealousie-Innocentia-Fido, is reduced to 186 lines. The first scene begins with Sir Isaac giving the background of the test, which has already taken place, and his suspicions of Fido, at which point he misinterprets Innocentia and Fido's conversation and in a fury accuses them. The next scene of this plot centers entirely on Innocentia, who has fled

her husband and taken refuge in a whorehouse, where a pimp and bawd try to corrupt her. Much of this scene, the longest involving this plot (66 lines), is devoted to the dialogue of Drudgeo the pimp and the Bawd, and is taken almost verbatim from The City-Night-Cap, as is most of the dialogue in the entire play. The third scene involving the chaste wife is again set in the whorehouse, where the disguised Sir Isaac tries Innocentia, only to be lectured on virtue and the sin of lust (in a total of seven lines). Finally, at the end of the last scene, they are reunited, both forgiving and accepting each other, and presumably live happily ever after. This takes thirteen lines.

The faithless wife plot, here Sir Cornelius Credulous-Policia (the politick whore)-Mutchcraft, on the other hand, runs for 611 lines, over three times longer than the Issac-Innocentia plot. The Credulous plot follows Davenport even more closely in both action and language. It omits the masque, eliminates the minor characters except for the clown Mocko, and cuts some of the dialogue. A comparison of The Politick Whore and The City-Night-Cap, to give an indication of the length and action parallels, follows:

<u>The Politick Whore</u> (number of lines)	<u>The City-Night-Cap</u> (number of lines)
1. I, i -recounting of test; accusation of Fido and Innocentia (45 lines).	1. I, i and iii -test; arrest of Philippo and Abstemia (249 lines).
2. I, ii -omission of Duke, with Fido replacing Lords; agreement between Policia and Mutchcraft (115 lines).	2. I, ii -Lodovico, four Lords, and Clown leave to meet duke; Dorothea and Francisco reach agreement (202 lines).
3. II, i - bedroom scene (78 lines).	3. II, i -same (93 lines).

4. II,ii - garden scene (97 lines).	4. II,ii - same (121 lines).
5. omitted (none suggested).	5. II, iii - trial (236 lines).
6. II, iii - Cornelius discusses faithful wife with Fido, who suggests friar disguise (87 lines).	6. III, i - Lodovico discusses faithful wife with Lords, who suggest friar disguise (149 lines).
7. omitted (none suggested).	7. III, ii - retrial (260 lines).
8. III, i - confession scene (78 lines).	8. III, iii - confession scene (146 lines).
9. I, iii - Innocentia, Bawd and Pimp in whorehouse (66 lines).	9. IV, i - Abstemia, Bawd, and Pimp in whorehouse, with Antonio (162 lines).
10. III,iii - penance scene, and conclusion, with Cornelius handing out punishment, and Isaac reconciled with Innocentia. (169 lines).	10. IV,ii - penance scene, with masque (301 lines).
11. III,ii - Isaac in disguise tests Innocentia in the whorehouse (62 lines).	11. V, i - iv -- Antonio plot, with Lorenzo and Abstemia in prison, and conclusion (593 lines).

It is obvious, then, that the Lorenzo-Abstemia plot, except for the whorehouse scenes, suffered huge cuts, while the sensuous Lodovico-Dorothea plot is presented more fully. Eliminated altogether are the Dukes, the Lords, the trials and divorce, and the masque (for which a silent banquet of "all sorts of Horns in Dishes" is substituted). Every slighting reference to Puritanism is eliminated in The Politick Whore. For example, Pambo, commenting on Dorothea's fast for her dead confessor, says, "She'll munch the more in a corner, that's the Puritan's fast" (11. 934-935). But Mocko says, "She'le Munch the more in a Corner,

that's her Fasts" (Sig. H4). In addition, the setting is made completely English, with the names changed to emphasize various character traits.

With the reward of Innocentia and punishment of Policia, the moral order of Davenport's world seems intact, but in this adaptation, the epilogue, spoken by Policia, changes the moral position of the conclusion.

Must I, because I have to some been kind,
For ever be secluded from Mankind,

.

. . . Not I by Jove.

Thanks to my Stars, our Sex as yet is free,
Kind England grants us Christian Liberty;
And some of you, no doubt, would be so good,
To pity and relieve poor Flesh and Blood

.

Then 'faith reverse my Sentence; if you don't
When e're you'd do the Feat, be sure we wont.

(lines 9-10; 12-16; 26-27)

The entire moral structure of The City-Night-Cap, then, had been undermined. The emphasis on the Credulous-Policia plot suggests the revisor's interest, and the epilogue makes his position toward the plot explicit. Sexual fidelity implies restraint of our "Christian Liberty," a wasting of "Beauty," and an unfair demand on our frail natures. And, by extension, the faithfulness of Innocentia is not worth the reward which comes with it.

Several other Restoration plays related to The City-Night-Cap may

be discussed more briefly. Edward Ravenscroft's The London Cuckolds (1682), Act V, scenes iii and v, use the same bed trick as Davenport's play, but the plot follows Boccaccio closely, and probably derives directly from the seventh novel of the seventh day.⁹ Sir Francis Fane's Love in the Dark, or The Man of Business (1675) complicates the bed trick, but once again Boccaccio and not Davenport seems to be the source. The same is true for Thomas Durfey's Squire Oldsapp: or, the Night Adventurers (1679), though once again a new twist is added (a second lover). Montague Summers identifies the Lorenzo-Abstemia plot as a source for Aphra Behn's The Amorous Prince (1671): "Mrs. Behn has taken her episode of Antonio's persuading Alberto to woo Clarina from Robert Davenport's fine play, The City-Night-Cap . . ."¹⁰ However, the source of this subplot is probably neither Davenport nor Greene, but Cervantes' episode of the "Curious Impertinent" which the playwright follows rather closely.

The City-Night-Cap, then, was apparently popular before the closing of the theaters, but whether the play was acted after the Restoration is unknown. The story itself was popular in the Restoration period, although Davenport's moral viewpoint is changed, and the Dorothea-character is not longer severely punished, nor is the Abstemia-character rewarded.

Endnotes:

- 1 Joseph Quincy Adams, ed., The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert ([1917]; rpt. New York: Benjamin Blom, n.d.), p. 29.

- 2 Gerald Eades Bentley, The Jacobean and Caroline Stage (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1941), I, 331.

- 3 William Van Lennep, ed., The London Stage 1600-1700, (Carbondale: Southern Illinois Univ. Press, 1965), I, 16.

- 4 MS. 1478.2 (J.b.2.). The Folger Library kindly furnished a photocopy of this document.

- 5 I am indebted to Folger librarian Laetitia Yeandle for this information.

- 6 From Giles Dawson's description of the Lambarde manuscript at the time the plays of the original volume were individually bound.

- 7 It should be pointed out that in addition to the plots from Lower and Davenport, there are elements of other sources in the play, such as the first scene of Act V between Ciss and Madge, and Frank and Anthony, which has nothing to do with either of the other plots, aside from the subject love.

- 8 Alfred Harbage, Annals of English Drama, rev. S. Schoenbaum (London: Methuen and Co., 1964), p. 180; and Sybil Rosenfeld, Strolling Players & Drama in the Provinces 1660-1765 (1939; rpt. New York: Octagon Books, 1970), pp. 39-40.

- 9 Interestingly, II,ii, where Loveday conjures a supper for Dashwell, is taken from A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, so Ravenscroft was familiar

with at least one play by Robert Davenport.

10 Montague Summers, ed., The Works of Aphra Behn (London: William Heinemann, and Stratford - On-Avon: A.H. Bullen, 1915), IV, 119.

CHAPTER IV

THE PLAY

1. Characterization

Davenport's sources provide the basic traits of most of the characters, with the possible exception of Pambo, yet the playwright does not slavishly follow his sources. The changes that Davenport makes from his sources in some of his characters reveal his interpretation of them.

For Abstemia, Davenport closely follows Greene's Philomela, with one important exception. Abstemia is totally virtuous; it is part of her essential nature. She cannot consider adultery under any circumstances, even to save her husband's life, and she never questions her husband or her duty to him. This is not true of Philomela. While she too is virtuous and faithful, to the point of never remarrying after her husband dies, she shows anger toward Philipppo and questions her duty to him. After her husband's capture in Palermo, Philomela thinks, "now maiest thou triumphe in the fall of thy Jeliouse husband, and write thy chastitie in the characters of his bloode, so shall he die disgraced" ¹ After this initial bitter reaction, she has an internal debate, trying to decide whether to simply curse Philipppo, who is getting what he deserves, or to sacrifice her life for his, finally concluding that ". . . even so ought a good wife to be kind to her husband midst his greatest discourtesies, and rather venture her life, then suffer him incur any prejudice, and so will I doe by Philipppo . . . I wil justifie him with mine owne death, so shall my ende bee honorable, as my life hath beene wonderfull." ² The motivation of

Philomela, then, is twofold: to save Philipppo, and to preserve her own honor. Abstemia, on the other hand, never questions her duty to Lorenzo, to the point of immediately offering her life for his, and only incidentally regards the honor which she has earned,

as I am expos'd

To th' greatest battery beauty ever fought,

Oh blame me not, if I be covetous

To come off with greatest honor . . . (ll. 2397-2400)

She is a purely noble person, the ideal wife.

At the same time, Lorenzo's character undergoes an important change from Greene's Philipppo. Philipppo is convinced of his wife's guilt and, though he bribes two slaves, he too swears he saw the couple commit adultery. Yet, after the trial, he is "greatly tormented in his conscience."³ And before the retrial, he "now began to feelee remorse of conscience, and to doubt of the issue of his treacherie."⁴ In The City-Night-Cap Lorenzo shows no hint of remorse or guilt until after the slaves confess their perjury. Lorenzo, therefore, appears crueler, more heartless, and as a result, should be less easily forgiven. Further, Lorenzo in the prison has a second chance which Philipppo lacks, and he fails that second test, with only Abstemia emerging guiltless, and more admirable because she can forgive Lorenzo.

Lorenzo, then, appears a total villain, worse than Greene's Philipppo, until his unconvincing conversion (l. 2406). However, he also emerges as the most human of the characters of that plot, perhaps because Abstemia is at times unbelievable in her virtue. But the playwright never sees her as unrealistic, although he does portray her as an ideal. In his prose character "A Martyr," Davenport describes a disciple of Christ rejoicing in his suffering, gaining salvation by his

restraint and obedience.⁵ Just as a guiltless Christ, though unjustly persecuted and killed, is forgiving, so the martyr must be guiltless and forgiving in order to win the crown of salvation. Significantly, Philippo says to Abstemia:

Look up

And see a crown held for thee; win it, and die

Lover's martyr . . . (ll. 877-879)

Lorenzo, full of doubt and all too human when facing death, reminds us of ourselves, while Abstemia wins salvation, as the ideal martyr of love.

Abstemia calls to mind Measure for Measure's Isabella, a character she may in part be modelled on. In Measure for Measure, a play also concerned with the testing of honor and virtue (of Isabella, Claudio, Angelo), Isabella's concept of chastity is challenged in a situation similar to Abstemia's in the prison scene in Act V. Claudio begs his sister Isabella to sacrifice her chastity to save his life, as Lorenzo begs Abstemia. Davenport's play has an added complication; Lorenzo, as husband and as previous doubter of his wife's virtue, ironically urges Abstemia to commit the act he most dreaded. In Act V of Measure for Measure Isabella must publicly confess the sin she hates and never commits; and finally, plead for Angelo's life, even though she thinks him the murderer of her brother, which is a final test of her charity.⁶ But Isabella is never called upon to give her life for Claudio's, as Abstemia willingly would.

The central difference in the chastity tests in Shakespeare and Davenport lies in the arguments. Angelo argues on essentially ethical grounds; Isabella on the other hand asks for mercy for her brother, which can be granted if she commits the same offense. Antonio, with the

same power of life or death that Angelo has, argues that he is merely borrowing her, and Lorenzo will not know the difference. In other words, not being a virgin, she has nothing to lose. Further, he argues, once Lorenzo is dead, his wife will probably yield with much less persuasion. To Abstemia, and finally to both Lorenzo and Antonio, his argument is mere sophistry.

Isabella has no test previous to Angelo's, and the result appears to be a shallow clinging to the mere concept of chastity. J. W. Lever states, "Accordingly 'shame' not sin, 'honour' not charity, are seen now as the all-important considerations, and Claudio's duty to Isabella as superseding her duty to him."⁷ Abstemia, on the other hand, cannot be so criticized, since her moral position is not ambiguous. She has already proved, before Antonio's test, that her virtue is deeper than a mere concept. Isabella is so unsure of both herself and Claudio that she feels compelled to convince her brother to support her, while Abstemia, assured of her position, argues that if she sinned she would be killing Lorenzo's name and her own soul; yet, she has no compunction to justify herself to either Lorenzo or Antonio.

Lorenzo too, then, is in the same position as Claudio; both have sinned and both fear death and beg dishonorably for their life. Their fates are put into the hands of others, and as a result, their weakness is, if not honorable, at least understandable as being human. Angelo too is like Antonio, although far more complex and perhaps more vicious a character; yet both become subjected to their lust and each is reformed by learning his own short-comings and recognizing the virtue of others. Angelo is educated about his own nature, and he marries Mariana. Antonio, hot-tempered frequenter of "Venus Colledge," must prove his nobility, which he does by being won over by Abstemia's virtue.⁸

Paralleling, and contrasting with, the characters of this plot are

Dorothea, Lodovico, and Francisco. Dorothea, like Abstemia, seems virtuous, but she fails her test. For her, Francisco is correct in proclaiming,

Extreams in vertue are but clouds to vice;
 She'll do i'th dark who is i'th' day too nice.
 (ll. 315-316)

Both Dorothea and Abstemia are extremes in virtue, but Dorothea's virtue is easily seen through because of her comically exaggerated manner. In this respect, she is like Isabella entering the convent, upset because the strict rules of the order are too lenient, although Isabella's excess is caused by innocence, Dorothea's by cunning. For the husbands, Davenport contrasts and condemns their extremes; Lodovico, the trusting and naive husband learns that he is a fool and a cuckold, while Lorenzo, suspecting and mistrusting his wife, learns what excessive jealousy will cause a man to do. A mean between these extremes must be found. Finally, Francisco and Philipppo are contrasted; the one is in the demeaning disguise of a servant to betray his trusting lord and satisfy his lust, the other proves a true friend to both husband and wife.

Pambo the clown has no predecessor in Shakespeare, since generally the jester-clown figure in Elizabethan drama was replaced by "the jesting, intriguing servant, not unlike the Italian type."⁹ Pambo is a clown in name only; he is not the court jester, but rather a cynical, sophisticated, clown-knave whose comments, witty in their irony to the audience, are seldom funny to those around him. His function in the play is to put Lodovico's actions, Dorothea's feigned virtue, and Francisco's lust, into proper perspective. And he furthers the contrast of the two plots in his comments on Dorothea and Abstemia (ll. 230; 566; 569-571; 945-946). His punishment at the end is earned because of his betrayal of his generous lord, which his cynicism makes possible.

Davenport generally draws upon his sources for his characters, but he changes them where necessary to fulfill his didactic purpose, to convey the themes of The City-Night-Cap.

2. Theme and Structure

Davenport employs a double plot, each one closely paralleled with, and contrasted to, the other. The one plot, Lorenzo-Abstemia, is 1499 lines long, while the other is 1023 lines; the difference is chiefly accounted for by the elaborate conclusion to the Abstemia plot. Act I, i introduces the characters of the first plot, and shows how virtuous Abstemia in reality is, with the test by Philipppo, and how excessively jealous Lorenzo is. Act I, ii introduces the characters of the second plot, and shows how hypocritical Dorothea's virtue is, with her test by Francisco, and how excessively naive Lodovico is. The explicit contrast is brought out in lines 227-245; Lodovico at one point proclaims, "ye shall have no Count Lorenzo of me," while the Clown ironically adds, "nor no Count Lorenzo's Lady of your wife." Dorothea then compares herself to Abstemia, of course to the latter's discredit. In Act I, iii the innocent Abstemia and Philipppo are arrested for adultery at the instigation of Lorenzo, while in Act II, i, Francisco and Dorothea commit adultery, and make a dupe of Lodovico. Act II, ii is a supposed trial of Francisco in the garden, with Act II, iii the trial of Philipppo and Abstemia, wrongly accused and unjustly convicted. The action has reached the point where the moral order is reversed, the innocent apparently punished, and the guilty free and in apparent control of the situation. Act III begins to reverse the unacceptable world of the play; in scene i Jaspro proposes the disguise of friar to Lodovico so the latter can discover his wife's "pidling" sins, while in scene ii Abstemia and

Philippo are cleared and Lorenzo is banished. But this only prepares the way for the resolution of this plot, since Lorenzo must find Abstemia, discover her true worth, and undergo a test of his own. In Act III, iii, the disguised Lodovico confesses Dorothea, and discovers her adultery and her true feelings toward himself. In Act IV, i, Abstemia is tempted by Antonio, whom she converts to goodness, at least temporarily. She has reached an apparent low, "miserable dispis'd Abstemia," divorced from Lorenzo, living in a brothel. In Act IV, ii, Dorothea is in her own home, hostess to two Dukes, apparently at the pinnacle of success. However, with the disrobing of the "frantick" friar, her world collapses and she, Francisio, and Pambo are punished for their sins. Act V is the complicated working out of the other plot, where Lorenzo learns that Abstemia will even die for him, and finally agrees to die a martyr with her. Their reward is reunion and restoration to their former positions. The Duke of Millain delivers the moral at the end:

bad women,
Are nature's clouds, eclipsing her fair shine;
The good, all gracious, saint-like and divine.

(ll. 2520-2522)

The two plots, then, are closely related, the scenes alternating to contrast each situation. The overall story of each, the two women, their actions and final punishment or reward, provides the basis for the parallel, and Davenport consciously extends this parallel to scene arrangement, and to the other characters.

Levin traces paralleling of this particular subject in several contrast-plot plays, perhaps suggesting a tradition in which The City-Night-Cap was composed. In discussing The Second Maiden's Tragedy (1611),

Levin says: "Each plot begins with an episode that is clearly meant to function as a test of the heroine's virtue, since it requires her to choose between remaining faithful to the man to whom she rightfully belongs, legally and morally, or yielding to another whose desire for her is explicitly characterized as 'lust.' This test decides her fate, for the remainder of each plot develops the consequences of the crucial choice."¹⁰ Levin discerns the same pattern in The Changeling (1622): "In each plot the heroine (Beatrice, Isabella) is tested by being faced with a choice between remaining faithful to her betrothed or husband (Alonzo, Alibius) or betraying him with a rival (Alsemero, Antonio/Franciscus) . . . and again, one woman fails the test and therefore, must descend along a path of deception, crime, and degradation to a shameful death, while the other passes and so emerges victorious."¹¹ So, while the consequences of Dorothea's wrong choice have been changed from the tragic, to conform to the tragicomic atmosphere of the play, the basic pattern remains the same.

Levin, however, finds certain inherent difficulties in The City-Night-Cap, since the plot involving the failing wife is no longer a tragedy as in the earlier plays. Primarily concerned with the resolution, he says: "Since the women represent moral absolutes, Dorothea's punishment must be as serious as Abstemia's reward . . . which violates the comic mood of the subplot. And it throws the paired denouements off balance, for after the husbands are cured of their equivalent aberrations, Lorenzo is reunited with his paragon of purity . . . while Lodovico is left with nothing."¹² This judgment, however, can not be wholly accepted. The resolution is merely the working out of the contrasted plots; Dorothea's punishment, as well as Abstemia's reward, is inherent in the action. The Dorothea plot begins as comedy, to be sure, but the

mood changes by Act III, i. The consequences of her actions are tragic; she is exiled to a nunnery, and Francisco and Pambo are severely punished. Lodovico is left with nothing, but he is content. No one dies since Dorothea does nothing to deserve death; she compromises her husband's honor, but does not plot to kill him. And death, in this case, would mar the tragic-comic mood of the play. Perhaps one must find fault with Davenport's comic handling of scenes of a plot that is not comic, rather than condemn the plot itself. But the play is a "Tragi-comedy," as the title-page states, and the Abstemia plot which moves from the potentially tragic to the final comedy is neatly balanced by the Dorothea plot which moves from the comic to the potentially, though never fully, tragic. Levin's conclusion that "these are no doubt minor faults in a play replete with all the major ones"¹³ needs some qualification, a look at the play within its tradition.

Davenport, then, while not always faring well with some critics on this point, has carefully drawn his characters and carefully constructed his play. The plot, a balanced contrast, reinforces the themes of the play.

The main theme is that sometimes there is a difference between appearance and reality, a central theme also of Measure for Measure. In Shakespeare's play the Duke says, "Hence shall we see . . . what our seemers be" (I, iii, 53-54), and the word "seem" rings throughout The City-Night-Cap as well. For Abstemia, "seem" is equated to "is"; she says no one will cuckold a husband "Whose wife seems honest, and no hypocrite." (l. 157) But for Dorothea, "seem" must be contrasted with reality. In the words of Francisco, who knows Dorothea:

. . . as he who fain would know

The real strain of goodness, may in her read it,
 Who can seem chaste, and be what she seems.
 So, who would see hell's craft, in her may read it,
 Who can seem too, but not be what she seems.

(ll. 541-545)

For Abstemia, there is no separation between appearance and reality;
 for Dorothea, her whole life seems to be one thing but in reality is the
 opposite.

This difference between appearance and reality extends beyond
 Abstemia and Dorothea to other characters and situations. So Abstemia
 and Philipppo, walking hand in hand (ll. 379-383), seem to be returning
 from committing adultery ("Philipppo, you have fully satisfied me").
 In the brothel, Abstemia appears to be a whore, but in reality she is
 an angel who converts Antonio from his hellish intents. On the other
 hand, Dorothea seems chaste, railing against intemperance and immodesty,
 going to confession twice a week. Related to this theme is the frequent
 use of disguises and false names in the play. Abstemia, Philipppo,
 Lodovico, Francisco, the slave, and Antonio all assume false identities,
 in an attempt to be someone other than they really are.

A second central theme is that the best marriage involves a certain
 amount of trust, yet the husband must place some restraint on his wife.
 And the wife has her duties. The only ideal marriage depicted is
 Abstemia-Lorenzo at the end of the last act; Lorenzo now trusts his wife
 and is willing even to sacrifice his life for her virtue. She respects
 his honor and knows her duty to him, which includes offering her life to
 save his.

Another theme is the ultimate triumph of justice. The events
 naturally lead to the moralistic ending; Abstemia's virtue must be

rewarded, Dorothea's adultery must be punished. This is obvious enough, except that Davenport's source for the Dorothea-plot does not have the same ending. Boccaccio ends his tale with the gulled husband an unsuspecting cuckold, and the clever wife in complete control. Davenport probably could not have left the Dorothea-plot as his source had even if he was not consciously contrasting the two plots, since his moral view-point is in all respects traditional and conventional,¹⁴ and therefore out of moral necessity he departs from his source.

3. Setting

The setting of The City-Night-Cap is Venice and Milan, but no dramatic use is made of these locations. Davenport's sources, Greene and Boccaccio as well as Measure for Measure, are all set in Italy, which may account for the playwright's choice. Many contemporary tragi-comedies were also set in Italy or similar locations, and Davenport may be following this convention. By 1624, the Italian setting was conventional not only as a place of sexual intrigue, murder, and revenge, but as a setting of true love and actions and tests concerning honor, as depicted in Boccaccio, Bandello, and Cinthio, frequent sources of English drama. Filippo, for example, refers to the frequency of the trying of a wife in "most of our Italian Comedies" (l. 7).

Robert C. Jones, in discussing Italian settings in Elizabethan tragedy, notes that many times the scene is seldom described at all.¹⁵ In fact, it is "simply not part of [the Jacobean playwright's] poetics to work up the landscape or atmosphere of an actual region in detail, even when commonly known details might suit their themes. . . ."¹⁶ Davenport too makes no use of his setting other than the mention of some

place names, most of which are repeated from Greene. Where he has the opportunity to use a specific setting, as in Act V, scenes i, ii, and iii, the actual setting is merely "a wood."

The same is true for other background of the play. There are very few references within The City-Night-Cap to any specific customs or people, and none to any historical events. Other than the references to Lodovico's pamphlet of his wife's virtues, apparently alluding to the very popular Overbury poem "A Wife," to the use of yellow starch and the wearing of cork heel shoes, and to Puritanism hypocrisy, there are no references to contemporary people, events, or customs.

There is only one reference in the play which contrasts England and Italy. Lodovico discusses an English gentleman, whom he brings home to see a horse and who tries to kiss Dorothea. She does not like that, and says, "Though confidence made cuckolds in England, she could no coxcombs in Italy." To which the Englishman retorts, "Confidence makes not so many cuckolds in England, but craft picks open more padlocks in Italy." (ll. 197-198, 201-204). Italy then, in contrast to England, is a place of craft and deception, a commonplace convention of Jacobean plays.

Jones is correct, for Davenport at least, in saying that the playwrights were not symbolizing the viciousness and moral sickness of their plays through the Italian setting itself.¹⁸ Davenport, while setting The City-Night-Cap in Italy, does not dramatically use that setting. He does not give specific descriptions, nor does he seem to be making an indirect attack on any contemporary object or person.

4. Style

Davenport's style, as has been pointed out often enough, is "undistinguished."¹⁹ The City-Night-Cap is written in both prose and

verse, and the style is unpoetic, yet functional.

The prose style needs little discussion. There are no distinguishing features, except perhaps a tendency to omit pronouns and to elide unstressed letters. Such devices, which sometimes make the dialogue hard to understand, must have been closer to the way in which the lines were spoken, and in fact make the dialogue seem more domestic and informal, in harmony with the story.

It is likely that at least some of the lines that are set in verse in the 1661 edition should be prose, since they are so unpoetic, lacking meter and rhythm. Line 177, for example, is set as verse, with the first word of the next line capitalized in the 1661 edition, but the rest of the speech is set as prose, as is much of the rest of the scene. It is more likely that this entire scene should be set as prose, not both verse and prose.

The euphuistic passages, usually set in verse, have been the concern of several critics. Swinburne, perhaps too enthusiastic on the whole, disliked the passages from Greene: "Was it modesty, sheer laziness, or inveterate admiration for an early favorite, which so woefully misguided a poet who could write when it pleased him with such masculine purity and simplicity? The barren and cumbersome profusion of these faded artificial flowers [the euphuistic passages], colourless now and scentless always"20 Perhaps Swinburne overstates his case for the poetic beauty of The City-Night-Cap, but he does raise the problem of whether the euphuistic passages are integral within the play. We, perhaps, agree with Swinburne and can see a disparity of style between the rather simple informal dialogue, particularly evident in the Dorothea plot, and the elaborate formal euphuistic dialogue, but Davenport did not. He did like this style, and in A New Trick to Cheat the Devil there are examples

of euphuism which the playwright seems not to have borrowed from any source. In The City-Night-Cap the euphuistic passages are used almost entirely in the Abstemia plot, and usually either describe her or are spoken by her. Davenport, then, perhaps in an attempt to set the ideal Abstemia apart from the other characters, associates with her this distinctive style, which certainly the playwright would not want to be regarded as "artificial."

The play is, on the whole, devoid of image motifs. The conventional crown image, symbol of Abstemia's salvation, is one, but it is not very extensively used. The most effective image is the sun-cloud contrast, which runs throughout the play. Francisco describes Dorothea's virtue as "but clouds to vice" (l. 315), while Philippo describes Abstemia (in the brothel) as "like the sun behind a cloud" whose "beams do give intelligence it is there." (ll. 1547-1548) At the same time, truth is compared to "heaven's sun" (l. 1928), revealing virtue. Lorenzo, however, describes Abstemia as "Like a silver cloud" (l. 2019), and the Duke of Millain describes Antonio's face as "sunlike" (l. 2040). Both these characters are wrong; Antonio is the "displeasing black cloud" (l. 2265), as he describes himself, while Abstemia remains a sun, surviving the various eclipses of "nature's clouds" (such as Antonio and "bad women" like Dorothea who give that sex a bad name) only to shine forth once again as bright and constant as always. This sun-cloud contrast is used consistently; some characters have trouble in the darkness of an eclipse to see the true sun, but in the end, truth and Abstemia, "the good, all gracious, saint-like and divine" shine again in all their glory.

One device used by the playwright in his verse is an occasional couplet, not only to end a scene (e.g., ll. 162-163, 1316-1317), but within scenes, especially in a long speech at the second and third lines

from the end (e.g., ll. 86-87, 117-118) or the second and third lines from the end of a stopping point in the action (e.g., ll. 451-452, 904-905), though Davenport also uses an occasional couplet in the middle of a speech too (e.g., ll. 152-153, 154-155, 156-157). Not only does the use of couplets indicate Davenport's conscious attempt to render his verse more poetic, but it keeps any longer speech from becoming monotonous.

The one lyric which is apparently sung by Francisco is functional. This song (ll. 216-217, 221-222, 224-225) serves a thematic function: truth is seldom found today (in the case of Dorothea at least). In addition, Bowden points out that "Dorothea's overvirtuous response is immediately evident as a pose, and her husband Lodovico's approval of her conduct stamps him as a born cuckold. This song, then, combines plot function with characterization."²¹

Several other lyrical couplets, perhaps also sung, serve plot, character, or thematic functions as well. At ll. 315-316, Francisco "unravels" Dorothea's pose:

Extreams in vertue are but clouds to vice;

She'll do i'th' dark who is i'th' day too nice.

This accurate summary of Dorothea's character shows that she is afraid not of sin but of shame. As long as she can safely sin without discovery, she will keep her "virtue."

An extensive section of couplets, though not lyrical, is the masque in Act IV, in which the humor is in the wit of the lines and the stumbling delivery of Pambo, probably sensing something amiss and feeling very uncomfortable. The masque is entitled "a City-Night-Cap" and thematically connects the play title and theme. The masquers, disguised as horned animals, symbolic of both the horned cuckold and animal lust, dance

around Lodovico's banquet hall, where the chief masquer, Lodovico, sprouts his cap, a large head of horns. It is in the city, "where have women most their will" (l. 1750), that a husband has a great likelihood of gaining a city night-cap, and the jest of the poets is that the husband may not ever know it (an irony which provides the humor of this plot through the first three acts of the play).

Closely related to this irony is the extensive use of double entendres in the Dorothea plot, where the second meaning is humorous and usually sexual in nature. The clown's lines oftentimes have this double meaning, as in ll. 576-578 with a play on "prick." At only one point is there a double meaning in the Abstemia plot, where Lorenzo in a potentially tragic mistake misunderstands his wife's "satisfied," psychologically perhaps as he wanted to understnad it.

While Davenport's verse is, then, on the whole devoid of what might be called poetic quality, it is functional; it prevents monotony in most of the longer speeches, provides humor, keeps the dialogue moving forward, and usually works thematically or descriptively to forward the playwright's ideas.

Endnotes

- 1 Alexander B. Grosart, ed., Life and Complete Works in Prose and Verse of Robert Greene (n.d.; rpt, New York: Russell & Russell, 1964), XI, 197.
- 2 Ibid., p. 199.
- 3 Ibid., p. 170.
- 4 Ibid., p. 186.
- 5 G. Thorn-Drury, ed., A Little Ark (London: P.J. and A.E. Dobell, 1921), p. 12.
- 6 J. W. Lever, ed., Measure for Measure, The Arden Edition of the Works of William Shakespeare (London: Methuen & Co., and Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1965), p. lxxix, argues that Isabella lacks this virtue.
- 7 Ibid.
- 8 Perhaps an inconsistency exists in The City-Night-Cap. Philippo says to Antonio:

you are noble, just and true;

My hate was at your cloathes, my heart at you.

(ll. 2510-2511)

Either Philippo is lying (which might be the courtly thing to do), since it was Antonio who kicked him, or the plot is inconsistent, at this point confusing the disguised slave and Antonio's actions. If we assume the former, Antonio's temper, as well as his other actions, have been forgiven.

- 9 Olive Mary Busby, Studies in the Development of the Fool in Elizabethan Drama (London: Oxford University Press, 1923), p. 86.
- 10 Richard Levin, The Multiple Plot in English Renaissance Drama (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1971), p. 27.
- 11 Ibid., p. 36. The details of the plots of these plays and The City-Night-Cap are of course different, each coming from a different source.
- 12 Ibid., p. 49.
- 13 Ibid.
- 14 Davis concurs for Davenport's other work and points out: "The main interest of these poems to a student of Davenport's drama lies in their very conventional and pious moral sentiments . . . [for] the moral order which underlies King John and Matilda is at all points a traditional and conventional one." Joyce Outten Davis, "Robert Davenport's King John and Matilda: A Critical Edition," Diss. Tulane 1969, p. xi.
- 15 Robert C. Jones, "Italian Settings and the 'World' of Elizabethan Tragedy," Studies in English Literature, 10 (1970), 255.
- 16 Ibid., p. 261.
- 17 Frederick Gard Fleay, A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama 1559-1642 (London: Reeves and Turner, 1891), I, 104.
- 18 Jones, p. 257.
- 19 To use Davis's description. See, p. xi.

20 Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise, eds., "Robert Davenport,"
The Complete Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne (1925; rpt. New York:
Russell & Russell, 1968), XII, 310.

21 William R. Bowden, The English Dramatic Lyric, 1603-42 (New
Haven: Yale University Press, 1951), p. 160.

CHAPTER V

TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION

1. Textual History

The first edition of The City-Night-Cap was printed in 1661 by James Cottrel for Samuel Speed. Cottrel was a London printer from 1649 to 1670, and at the time of the survey of the press (July, 1668), he employed two presses, two compositors, and no apprentices, so that Plomer concludes that his business was not a large one.¹ Speed, a London bookseller from 1658 to 1667, was, as Plomer states, located in St. Paul's Churchyard and the two Temple Gates, although only the first location is noted on the title page of The City-Night-Cap.²

Copies of this edition are relatively common. Wing locates English copies at the British Museum (the BM Catalog indicates three copies, vol. 49, p. 29), the Bodleian, in the Dyce Collection (Victoria and Albert), at Dulwich College, and at Worcester College (Oxford). In addition, there is a copy in the Bute Collection in the National Library of Scotland (Studies in Bibliography, 15 (1962), p. 102). American copies, locations updated by the National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints, (London and Chicago: Mansell, 1968--), are at the Library of Congress, Yale University, Chapin Library at Williams College, Harvard University (two copies), the University of Texas at Austin, Newberry Library, Huntington Library, Princeton University and Boston Public Library (vol. 134, p. 118). I have examined photocopies of all of these American located copies except for the last two.

A second edition of The City-Night-Cap appeared in volume IX of the collection of plays entitled A Select Collection of Old Plays, edited and

published in 1744 by Robert Dodsley, who followed the 1661 edition quite closely, although making numerous changes in punctuation and spelling.

The next edition appeared in volume XI of the second edition of Dodsley's collection published in 1780 by James Dodsley, and was edited by Isaac Reed. Reed added "notes critical and explanatory." The third edition of Dodsley again included The City-Night-Cap in volume XI. It was published by Septimus Prowett in 1827, and was edited by John Payne Collier, who added further notes and offered further emendations. The last edition of Dodsley published in the years 1874, 1875, and 1876 by Reeves and Turner was edited by W. Carew Hazlitt. Volume XIII (published in 1875) included The City-Night-Cap, again with further notes and emendations. This edition has been photographically reprinted and is readily available.³ Hazlitt examined both a 1661 edition and Collier's edition, adopting many of Collier's suggested emendations and adding many more of his own.

The National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints, volume 134, p. 118, (item ND 0062420), lists what appears to be a unique copy of The City-Night-Cap at Harvard University. I have examined this copy, and it is actually a copy of Hazlitt's edition, removed from an 1875 Dodsley, and differs in no way from the two other copies of Hazlitt's edition which I have examined.

In 1810, The Ancient British Drama set was published by William Miller, and edited by Walter Scott; volume III includes The City-Night-Cap. This is a reprint of the 1780 edition of Dodsley, using the same text and the same notes. Finally, in 1890, A. H. Bullen, in his Old English Plays, new series, volume III, edited the "complete" works of Davenport. It was privately printed by the Hansard Publishing Union, Ltd.,

of London and Redhill, and limited to one hundred and fifty copies. This edition has been photographically reprinted.⁴ Bullen has examined at least Hazlitt's edition, but independently edits. His edition is the most fully annotated, with a conservative following of the 1661 edition, except for extensive rearrangement of the lines. There is a general lack of textual notes, and some inaccuracies and many inconsistencies in the text itself.

2. Treatment of the Text

The only edition with possible authorial textual authority is the 1661, of which there is only one issue. In the seven copies of this edition which I have examined, there is only one correction during printing.⁵ I have therefore based this critical edition on the 1661 edition, examining the later editions to see what variants they contain and what emendations their editors made. Because of the large number of variants in these later editions, only changes in words, changes in spelling or punctuation which affect meaning, and additions and omissions are given in the textual notes.

This edition contains parallel texts; on the left side is a photocopy of the original 1661 edition;⁶ on the right is a typescript of the text. On the left under the photocopy are the textual notes, indicating changes of substantive readings of the text⁷ in the typescript as well as significant changes in later editions; under the typescript are the annotations, which consist of meanings of obscure or obsolete words, alternate spellings when in question, parallels with sources, and other general explanatory matter.

The text of the present edition is based on conservative principles. Those accidentals of the copy-text (the 1661 edition) which have been silently standardized to Davenport's most frequent usage are spelling,

capitalization, punctuation, and typography. In questionable cases, the MED was consulted for accepted spellings, serving as the final arbiter. This edition also silently modernizes the old *f* form throughout, and the capital W, whenever printed VV, is silently altered to W throughout. With these exceptions, all departures from the copy text are recorded in the textual notes.

Italics are indicated in the typescript by underlining. All proper names and song lyrics are italicised, following the copy-text. Speech prefixes and stage directions too are italicised, with additions to the copy-text enclosed within brackets. All speech prefixes have been silently standardized. The spacing of the text has also been silently standardized.

The 1661 text is divided into five acts, but not into scenes. This edition numbers each scene, considering a new scene as beginning each time the stage is cleared. The lines are consecutively numbered from beginning to end, omitting only act numbers and stage directions; stage directions are indicated by the preceding line number followed by a lower-case letter, beginning with a. Thus 286a would refer to the first line of a direction after line 286 of the dialogue. Bullen, following the partial efforts in the earlier editions, attempts to regularize the lines, and frequently divides lines, but The City-Night-Cap is not primarily in blank verse, nor are the lines as they stand in the 1661 edition particularly corrupt. This edition maintains the original lineation, without "regularization," unless otherwise noted.

Endnotes

- 1 Henry R. Plomer, A Dictionary of the Booksellers and Printers Who Were At Work in England, Scotland and Ireland from 1641 to 1667 (1907; rpt. The Bibliographical Society, 1968), p. 54.
- 2 Ibid., pp. 169-170.
- 3 rpt. New York: Benjamin Blom, Inc., 1964.
- 4 rpt. New York: Benjamin Blom, Inc., 1964.
- 5 at line 2262; see the textual notes.
- 6 I have used the Yale University Library copy for the facsimile. I would like to thank that library for its permission to reproduce this copy here.
- 7 Here I use W.W. Greg's distinction of "substantive" and "accidental." See "The Rationale of Copy-Text," Studies in Bibliography, 3 (1950), p. 21, and The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare (Oxford: the Clarendon Press, 1942), pp. 1-lv.

Abbreviations

Editions of The City-Night-Cap:

- 1661: London: James Cottrel for Samuel Speed, 1661 (Wing D-369).
- MS: "William Lower's The Enchanted Lovers and Robert Davenport's The City-Night-Cap," Folger MS. J.b.2.
- D1: Robert Dodsley, ed., A Select Collection of Old Plays, IX (London: R. Dodsley, 1744).
- D2: Isaac Reed, ed., Dodsley's Select Collection of Old Plays, XI (London: J. Dodsley, 1780).
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THE
City-Night-Cap:

OR,

Crede quod habes, & habes.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

By Robert Davenport.

As it was Acted with great Applause,
by Her Majesties Servants, at
the Phoenix in *Drury Lane*.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J^a: Cottrel, for Samuel Speed, at the Signe of the
Printing-Press in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1661.

TIDE

City-Night-Cap:

Or,

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L O N D O N:

Printed by Ja: Cottrel, for Samuel Speed, at the Signe of the
Printing-Press in St. Paul's Church-yard.. 1661.

Drammatis Personæ.

Duke of Verona.
 Duke of Venice, *Brother to Abstemia.*
 Duke of Millain.
 Antonio, *the Duke's Son.*
 Lorenzo, *Husband to Abstemia.*
 Philippo, *his Friend.*
 Lodovico, *Husband to Dorothea.*
 Lords of Verona.
 Senators of Venice.
 Sanchio. } *Lords of Millain.*
 Sebastiano. }
 Pandulpho.
 Spinoso.
 Jaspro.
 Jovani.
 Francisco, *Servant to Lodovico.*
 Pambo, *a Clown.*
 Morbo, *a Pander.*
 A Turk, *Slave to Antonio.*
 2 Slaves to Lorenzo.
 Officers and Servants.

Women ACTORS.

Abstemia, *Lorenzo's Wife, and Sister to the Duke of Venice.*
 Dorothea, *Lodovico's wanton Lady.*
 Timpanina, *a Bard.*
 Ladies.

Actus

Lords of Venice] the S.D. call for no Lords of Verona other than Pandulpho, Spinoso, Jaspro, and Jovani, but do call for "Lords" of Venice at l. 1075a.

Senators of Verona] no senators of Venice are called for.

Drammatis Personae.

Duke of Verona.
 Duke of Venice, brother to Abstemia.
 Duke of Millain.
 Antonio, the Duke's [of Millain] son.
 Lorenzo, husband to Abstemia.
 Philippo, his friend.
 Lodovico, husband to Dorothea.
 Lords of Venice.
 Senators of Verona.
 Sanchio, }
 Sebastiano, } Lords of Millain.
 Pandulpho, }
 Spinoso, }
 Jaspro, } [Lords of Verona].
 Jovani, }
 Francisco, servant to Lodovico.
 Pambo, a clown.
 Morbo, a pander.
 A Turk, slave to Antonio.
 2 slaves to Lorenzo.
 Officers and servants.

Women Actors.

Abstemia, Lorenzo's wife, and sister to the Duke of Venice.
 Dorothea, Lodovico's wanton lady [wife].
 Timpanina, a bawd.
 Ladies [of Verona].

Actus Primus.

Enter Lorenzo and Philippa.

Lor. **T**hou shalt try her yet once more.

Phil. Fic, fie.

Lor. Thou shalt do't.

If thou be't my friend, thou'lt do't.

Phil. Try your fair wife?

You know 'tis an old point, and wondrous frequent

In most of our Italian Comedies.

Lor. What do I care for that? let him seek new ones

Cannot make old ones better; and this new point

(Young Sir) may produce new smooth passages,

Transcending those precedent: pray will ye do't.

Phil. Pray fool your self no farther; twice you have swaid me,

Twice I have try'd her; and 'tis not yet, ye know,

Ten days since our reconciliation:

How will it shew in you so near a Kinsman

To the Duke, nay, having woven your self into

The close-wrought Mystery of Opinion,

Where you remain a souldier, a man

ACTUS PRIMUS] D1 added "Scene I" to Act I, and D2 added "Scene I" at the beginning of each act, with no further division of scenes, so "scene" was dropped by D3 with his explanatory note. B divides into scenes and numbers each one, as does this edition.

2. fie.] D: fie!

11. do't?] D; 1661, B: do't.

16. Duke,] D4: duke?

ACTUS PRIMUS.[SCENE I]Enter Lorenzo and Philippo.Lor. Thou sha't try her yet once more.Phil. Fie, fie.Lor. Thou shalt do't.

If thou be'st my friend, thou'lt do't.

Phil. Try your fair wife? 5

You know 'tis an old point, and wonderous frequent
In most of our Italian comedies.

Lor. What do I care for that? Let him seek new ones
Cannot make old ones better; and this new point,
Young sir, may produce new smooth passages, 10
Transcending those precedent. Pray, will ye do't?

Phil. Pray, fool your self no farther; twice you have swaid me,
Twice I have try'd her; and 'tis not yet, ye know,
Ten days since our reconciliation.

How will it shew in you so near a kinsman 15
To the Duke, nay, having woven your self into
The close-wrought mystery of opinion,
Where you remain a souldier, a man

9. Cannot] [who] cannot. Davenport frequently omits the pronoun.
See the discussion on style in the introduction.

Of brain and quality, to put your friend
 Again on such a business, and to expose
 Your fair wife to the tempest of temptation;
 And by the white unsported Check of Truth,
 She is—

Lor. A woman.

Phil. A good woman.

Lor. Pish.

Phil. As far from your Distrust, as bad ones are from Truth:
 She is in love with Vertue, would not boast it,
 But that her whole Life is a well-writ story,
 Where each word stands so well plac'd, that it passes
 Inquisitive Detraction, to correct.
 She's modest, but not sullen; and loves silence,
 Nor that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,

A 2

She

The City-Night-Cap.

She enflames Love with wonder) but because
 She calls with silence the souls harmony.
 She's truly chaste, yet such a foe to coyness,
 The poorest call her courteous; and which is excellent,
 (Though fair and young) she thins to expose her self

26. Pish.] D4: Pish!

29. storie,] D3, D4: story.

38. to expose] D4: t'expose

Of brain and quality, to put your friend
 Again on such a business, and to expose
 Your fair wife to the tempest of temptation?
 And by the white unspotted cheek of truth,
 She is-----

Lor. A woman.

Phil. A good woman.

Lor. Pish.

Phil. As far from your distrust, as bad ones are from truth.

She is in love with vertue; would not boast it,
 But that her whole life is a well-writ storie,
 Where each word stands so well plac'd, that it passes
 Inquisitive detraction to correct.
 She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence;
 Not that she wants apt words (for when she speaks,
 She enflames love with wonder), but because
 She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.
 She's truly chaste, yet such a foe to coyness,
 The poorest call her courteous; and which is excellent,
 (Though fair and young) she shuns to expose her self

30. passes] exceeds.

32-33. She's modest . . . apt words] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p.116):
 "she was modest without sullenness, and silent not as a fowle, but
 because she would not be counted a blab . . ."

36-39. She's truly . . . eyes] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p.116):
 "[she's] chaste, and yet not coy, for the poorest of all held hir
 courteous: though she was young, yet she desired neyther to gad nor
 to gase, nor to have hir beautie made common to every bad companions
 eie . . ."

To the opinion of strange eyes: she either seldom
 Or never walks abroad but in your company,
 And then with such sweet bashfulness as if
 She were venturing on crack'd ice; and takes delight
 To step into the print your foot hath made,
 And will follow you whole fields: so she will drive
 Tedioufness out of Time, with her sweet Character:
 And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try

The Gold has past the five;
Lor. Thou foolish friend,
 Beauty, like the Herb *Lavix*, is cool i'th' water,
 But hot i'th' stomach: women are smooth flatterers, but cunning
Phil. Thou wonderous yellow friend, (injurers.
 Temper an Antidote with Antimony,

48. friend,] B: friend

50. friend,] D3, D4: friend.

To the opinion of strange eyes; she either seldom
 Or never walks abroad but in your company,
 And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if
 She were venturing on crack'd ice; and takes delight
 To step into the print your foot hath made,
 And will follow you whole fields; so she will drive
 Tediousness out of time, with her sweet character.
 And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try
 The gold has past the fire.

40

45

Lor. Thou foolish friend,
 Beauty, like the herb larix, is cool i'th' water,
 But hot i'th' stomach; women are smooth flatterers, but cunning injurers.

Phil. Thou wonderous yellow friend,
 Temper an antidote with antimony,

[50]

39-42. she either . . . ice] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 116):
 ". . . for she never would goe abroad but in the company of hir husband,
 and then with such bashfulnesse, that she seemed to hold hir owne
 mansion . . ."

46-47. forbear to try . . . the fire] alluding to the proverb,
 "Gold is tried in the fire" (Tilley, G284).

49-50. Beauty . . . stomach] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 118):
 "Beauty is like the herbe Larix, coole in the water but hot in the
 stomach . . ."

larix] the herb Camphorosma monspeliacum; this line cited in NED
 as one example.

51. yellow] jealous.

52-53. Temper . . . infectious] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 116):
 "But as there is no Antidot so pretious but being tempered with Antimonie
 is infectious . . ."

antimony] a brittle metallic element of bright bluish-white color and
 flaky crystalline texture. Perhaps Greene and Davenport are referring
 to the popular etymology of the word, "monks-bane" (NED), or perhaps
 they are confusing it with arsenic, a similar compound related in appear-
 ance and physical property.

And 'tis infectious : mix Jealousie with Marriage,
 It poysons Vertue : let the child feel the sting,
 He'll fly the Honey-comb : Has she one action
 That can expose you to distrust ?

Lor. Oh ! when the Elefander leaf looks most green,
 The sap is then most bitter : an approv'd appearance
 Is no authentick instance : she that is lip-holy,
 Is many times heart-hollow. Here she comes.

Enter Abstemia.

A Prayer-book in her hand ! Oh hypocrisie !
 How fell'st thou first in love with woman ? wilt try again
 But this one time ?

Phil. Condition'd you will stand
 Ear-witness to our conference, that you may take
 In at your ear, a Vertue that will teach

57. Oh!] D4: O,

60. comes.] D4: comes,

And 'tis infectious; mix jealousie with marriage,
 It poysons vertue; let the child feel the sting,
 He'll fly the honey-comb. Has she one action
 That can expose you to distrust?

55

Lor. Oh! When the elesander leaf looks most green,
 The sap is then most bitter; an approv'd appearance
 Is no authentick instance; she that is lip-holy,
 Is many times heart-hollow.-----Here she comes.

60

Enter Abstemia.

A prayer-book in her hand! Oh hypocrisie!
 How feill'st thou first in love with woman? Wilt try again
 But this one time?

Phil. Condition'd you will stand
 Ear-witness to our conference, that you may take
 In at your ear a vertue that will teach

65

53. infectious] unhealthy.

54-55. let the child . . . honey-comb] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p.118):
 ". . . a child stung with a bee will fly from the hunnicombe . . ."
 Similar to the proverb, "the burnt child dreads the fire" (Tilley, C297).

57-59. Oh! When . . . instance] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p.119):
 ". . . the greener the Alisander leaves bee, the more bitter is the
 sappe, every outward appearaunce is not an authentick instance . . ."

57. elesander] Alexander, a plant, also called horse-parsley, once
 cultivated and eaten like celery. NED does not record this variant
 spelling.

59-60. she that . . . heart-hollow] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p.119):
 ". . . then are women most hart hollowe when they are most lip-holie . . ."

lip-holy] merely from the lips, and not heart felt; NED cites this
 line as one example.

64. Condition'd] on the condition, provided.

Your erring soul to wonder.

Lor. He would wittal me,
With a consent to my own Horns : I will ;
I'll give thee a new occasion : There lurks in womans blood
A vindicating spirit.

Abst. I came, Sir, to give you notice,
Count Lodovico, Stradino, Spinoza, and Pandulpho, with the rest
Of the Confilliary, certifie,
They are setting forth to meet the Duke your Kinsman
Returning from *Pease*.

Lor. Oh, there he has seen the Duke your Brother.

Abst.

The City-Night-Cap.

3

Abst. Yes, Sir, and they stay but for your company.

Lor. And you're cloy'd with't—*Kicks her and Exit. She weeps.*

Phil. And will you still be used thus? Oh Madam,
I do confess, twice I have batter'd at
The Fort I fain would vanquish, and I know
Ye hold out more 'cause ye would seem a Souldier,
Then in hate to the Assailant ; I am again
Inflam'd with those sweet fountains from whence flow
Such a pair of streams : Oh strong force of desire !
The quality should quench, hath set on fire :
I love you in your sorrows.

68. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

69. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

79. with't.] 1661, D, B: with't

79. S. D.] B adds after Exit: Lorenzo conceals himself.

Your erring soul to wonder.

Lor. [Aside] He would wittal me,
 With a consent to my own horns. [To Phil.] I will;
 I'll give thee a new occasion. There lurks in woman's blood 70
 A vindicating spirit.

Abst. I came, sir, to give you notice,
 Count Lodovico, Stroimo, Spinoso, and Pandulpho, with the rest
 Of the consiliadory, certifie
 They are setting forth to meet the Duke your kinsman 75
 Returning from Venice.

Lor. Oh, there he has seen the Duke your brother.

Abst. Yes, sir, and they stay but for your company.

Lor. And you're cloy'd with't.-----Kicks her and exit. She weeps.

Phil. And will you still be used thus? Oh Madam, 80

I do confess, twice I have batter'd at
 The fort I fain would vanquish, and I know
 Ye hold out more 'cause ye would seem a souldier,
 Than in hate to the assailant; I am again
 Inflam'd with those sweet fountains from whence flow 85
 Such a pair of streams. Oh strong force of desire!
 The quality should quench, hath set on fire:
 I love you in your sorrows.

68. wittal] wittol, to make a fool or cuckold of; NED cites this line as a unique instance of wittol used as a verb. Farmer and Henley (VII, 360) also cite this line as an example.

74. consiliadory] governing or advisory counsel; NED cites this line as a unique example (but Cf. l. 1108, and Greene's Philomela (p. 167), "Consigliadori").

79. cloy'd] burdened.

Abt. And I sorrow in nothing but your love; twice, *Philippo*,
 Have I not beat back the impetuous storm
 Of thy incessant rudeness? wilt thou again
 Darken fair Honour with Dishonesty?
 Thou know'st my Lord hath long and truly lov'd thee
 In the wisdom of a Friend, in a fair Cause;
 He wears his good sword for thee, lays his heart
 A lodger in thy bosom, proclaims thee Partner
 In all he hath, but me; Oh be not counterfeit:
 We all conclude, a Diamond with Clouds
 The Goldsmith casts into his dust; and a Gentleman
 So blemish'd in his Honour, blots his Name
 Out of the Heralds Book, stands a lost man
 In Goodness and Opinion: Oh *Philippo*,
 Make me once more so happy to believe
 'Tis but a pointed passion.

94. friend] 1661, D1, D2, D3, B: friend, D4: friend;

97. counterfeit.] D3, D4: counterfeit!

104. painted] 1661: pointed. All editions emend to "painted."
NED lists no possible meaning for pointed which makes sense here.

Abst. And I sorrow in nothing but your love; twice, Philippo,
 Have I not beat back the impetuous storm 90
 Of thy incessant rudeness? Wilt thou again
 Darken fair honour with dishonesty?
 Thou know'st my Lord hath long and truly lov'd thee
 In the wisdom of a friend in a fair cause;
 He wears his good sword for thee, lays his heart 95
 A lodger in thy bosome, proclaims thee partner
 In all he hath but me. Oh be not counterfeit.
 We all conclude, a diamond with clouds
 The goldsmith casts into his dust; and a gentleman
 So blemish'd in his honour, blots his name 100
 Out of the herald's book, stands a lost man
 In goodness and opinion. Oh Philippo,
 Make me once more so happy to believe
 'Tis but a painted passion.

91-92. Wilt thou . . . dishonesty] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 129):
 " . . . darken not these honours with dishonestie . . . " And (pp. 145-
 146): " . . . I desire that thou mightest have mor honour and less
 dishonestie . . . "

93-97. Thou know'st . . . but me] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 147):
 "Phillippos wealth is at thy will, his sword at thy commande, his hart
 plast in thy bosome, he reserveth of all that he hath for thee, save
 only me to himselfe . . . "

97. counterfeit] false, pretending.

98-100. a diamond . . . his honour] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 153):
 "For as a Diamant with a clowd is cast into the Goldsmithes dust: so
 a Gentleman without credite, is carelesse holden for refuse."

98. clouds] impurities.

Lor. Most acute Witch !

Phil. Come, learn of your City-Wagtail ; with one eye
Violently love your Husband, and with t'other
Wink at your Friend.

Lor. I will not trust you, Brother.

Phil. He seeks, will ye not have him finde ? cries ye out,
In his mad fits, a Strumpet, rails at all women,
Upon no cause, but because you are one :

He gives wound upon wound, and then pours Vinegar
Into your bleeding Reputation,

Poyson'd with bitter Calumny : Pox on him ;

Pile a reciprocal reward upon him ;

Let Ballet-mongers crown him with their scorns :

Who buys the Bucks Head, well deserves the Horns :

Demur not on't, but clap them on.

Abs. You are, Sir, just like the Indian Hyssop, praised of stran-
For the sweet scent ; but hated of the inhabitants, (gers,

109. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

111. fits,] D4: fits

115. him.] D4, B: him!

Lor. [Aside] Most acute witch! 105

Phil. Come, learn of your city-wagtail; with one eye
Violently love your husband, and with t'other
Wink at your friend.

Lor. [Aside] I will not trust you, brother.

Phil. He seeks; will ye not have him finde? Cries ye out, 110
In his mad fits, a strumpet; rails at all women,
Upon no cause, but because you are one;
He gives wound upon wound, and then pours vinegar
Into your bleeding reputation,
Poyson'd with bitter calumny. Pox on him. 115
Pile a reciprocal reward upon him;
Let ballet-mongers crown him with their scorns.
Who buys the buck's head, well deserves the horns.
Demur not on't, but clap them on.

Abst. You are, sir, just like the Indian hysop, prais'd of strangers.
For the sweet scent, but hated of the inhabitants [120]

105. Most acute witch!] D3 notes: Of course, all that Lorenzo says in this scene in the presence of Abstemia is aside, and while he stands unseen by her. [Neither Philippo nor Abstemia can hear Lorenzo.]

acute] shrewd. NED records no use of acute in this sense between 1599 and 1755.

106-109. with one eye . . . brother] referring to the proverb, "He that winks with the one eye and looks with the other, I will not trust him though he were my brother" (Tilley, E241).

wagtail] inconstant woman, hence courtesan.

107-108. Violently . . . your friend.] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 137): ". . . and fawne upon her husbands neck when she gives her lover a wincke . . ."

110. He seeks . . . finde] from the proverb, "He that seeks finds" (Tilley, S213).

118. Who buys . . . horns] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 143): "Sith Philippo [i.e., the husband] will buy the Buckes head, is he not worthy to have the hornes . . ."

For the injurious quality : Can he love the Wife,
That would betray the Husband ? Haft thou not seen me
Bear

4 *The City-Night-Cap.*

Bear all his injuries, as the Ocean suffers
The angry Bark to plough thorow her Bosome,
And yet is presently so smooth, the eye
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made :
And cannot this inform, I love him better
In his low'r follies, then you, in your sweet Flatteries ;
If *Ye* have observed any Errors in me,
I well may call for grace to amend them ;
But will never fall from grace to befriend you.
Phil. With what a Majesty good women thunder !
Lor. 'Has given her some clofing that I am here.
Abf. Rip up the end of thy intent, and see
How shame and fear do lurk where you would walk,

127. made.] D: made?

133. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

134. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

'Has] D2, D3: H'as D4: H'has

For the injurious quality. Can he love the wife,
 That would betray the husband? Hast thou not seen me
 Bear all his injuries, as the ocean suffers
 The angry bark to plough through her bosome, 125
 And yet is presently so smooth, the eye
 Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made.
 And cannot this inform, I love him better
 In his sow'r follies, than you in your sweet flatteries?
 If Verona hath observed any errors in me, 130
 I well may call for grace to amend them,
 But will never fall from grace to befriend you.

Phil. [Aside] With what a majesty good women thunder!

Lor. [Aside] 'Has given her some close nod that I am here.

Abst. Rip up the end of thy intent, and see 135
 How shame and fear do lurk where you would walk,

120-122. You are . . . quality] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 146):
 "Thou art like, Lutesio, unto the Hysope growing in America, that is liked
 of straungers for the smell, and hated of the inhabitantes for the
 operation . . ." Sugden (p. 265) cites "Indian Hysop," although
 incorrectly attributing the passage to Davenant.

122. injurious quality] no reference found to this quality of the
 herb hyssop, except that it was regarded as hot and dry.

122-123. Can he love . . . the husband] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 146):
 ". . . how canst thou love the wife, that betraiest the husband . . ."

125. bark] a sailing ship.

128-129. And cannot this inform . . .] the question is: Cannot you
 understand that . . . ?

131-132. I well may . . . befriend you] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 147):
 ". . . and I will call for grace and amend them, but never a whit the more
 befriend them . . ."

134. close] secret.

135-136. Rip up . . . would walk] Cf. Greene's Philomela (pp. 146-147):
 ". . . rippe up the ende of thy attempte, and then if that shame hath not
 utterlye abandoned thee, thou wilt for feare of shame leave off thy lust,
 and grow into more grace."

Like a pair of Serpents in a flow'ry Mead :
 Lust fees with pleasure, but with fear doth tread.

Phil. Very brave woman !

Abst. VVhat is the pleasure thou put'st in a sin
 Finish'd with infinite sorrows : read and find

How barb'rous Nations punish it with death :

How a minutes sin so stolen, though in the Face

Sit summer calms, all smooth, yet thou wilt hear,

From the Eternal Alarm of thy Conscience,

How it sets within thy soul continual tempests,

Thunder and dismal blackness : mark but the course

Of the holy-seeming hollow-man, and see

How he that glories Heaven with no Honour,

Covers to glorifie himself with Honesty.

And to put you past your hopes, let me leave this with you ;

Thou mayst hold an Elephant with a thread, eat fire

And not be burnt, or catch Birds with desire ;

Quench Flame with Oyl, cut Diamonds with Glass,

Pierce Steel with Feathers ; this thou mayst bring to pass,

139. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

brave,] D, B; 1661: brave

145. larum] 1661: Alarm D3: 'larum (suggested in a note)
 D4, B: 'larum The meter makes larum more likely, a form Davenport
 uses both in King John and Matilda and A New Tricke to Cheat the
Divell.

147. blackness.] D2, D3, D4: blackness!

Like a pair of serpents in a flow'ry mead.

Lust sees with pleasure, but with fear doth tread.

Phil. [Aside] Very brave, woman!

Abst. What is the pleasure thou pursu'st? A sin 140

Finish'd with infinite sorrows. Read and finde

How barb'rous nations punish it with death;

How a minute's sin so stolen, though in the face

Sit summer calms, all smooth, yet thou wilt hear

From the eternal larum of thy conscience, 145

How it sets within thy soul continual tempests,

Thunder and dismal blackness. Mark but the course

Of the holy-seeming hollow-man, and see

How he that glories heaven with no honour,

Covets to glorifie himself with honesty. 150

And to put you past your hopes, let me leave this with you:

Thou mayst hold an elephant with a thread, eat fire

And not be burnt, or catch birds with desire;

Quench flame with oyl, cut diamonds with glass,

Pierce steel with feathers; this thou mayst bring to pass, 155

138. Lust sees . . . tread.] Cf. King John and Matilda, IV, i.
(B, p. 60):

. . . how sweet a face hath sin!
Which but past by, a cheater she appears,
Joyes are her promise, but she paies us fears.

140-141. A sin . . . sorrows] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 130):
". . . and a sinne finished with sorrowe."

142. How barb'rous . . . death] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 130):
"Barbarous nations punishe it with death . . ."

147-150. Mark but . . . honesty] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 128):
". . . that the holiest men in shew are oft the hollowest men in substance,
and where there is the greatest florish of vertue, there in time appeareth
the greatest blemish of vanitie."

Sooner then hope to steal that Husband's Right,
Whose Wife seems honest, and no Hypocrite. *Exit.*

Phil. What think you now, Sir?

Lod. Why now I do think it possible for the world
To have an honest woman in't. — Good-buy, Sir;
I must go meet the Duke: adieu. *Phil.* Farewel:
Oh Jealousie! how near thou dwell'st to Hell! *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lodovico, Pandulpho, Spinoso, Jaffro,
and Fovani, and Clown.*

Lod. The Duke not seven leagues off! my horse, Rogues.

Pand. Our negligence deserves just blame; and how
'Twill please his Grace to conster it, we know not.

Jaff. But where's your fair chaste wife, my Lord?

Lod.

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Lod. Marry, with my man *Francisco*; Oh that fellow!
She were undone without him: for indeed
She takes great pleasure in him; he learns her Musick:

157. seems] D1 and D2 emend to "is" (without note), while D3 and D4 emend with note. B reads "seems", but with a note that it cannot be correct. Although "seems" appears inappropriate, it has parallels in ll. 541-545 and 2520.

157a. S. D.] first indicated in D4.

164. off!] D3, D4: off?

rogues.] D3, D4: rogues!

166. conster] D: construe

Sooner than hope to steal that husband's right,

Whose wife seems honest, and no hypocrite.

Exit.

[Lorenzo comes forward.]

Phil. What think you now, sir?

Lor. Why, now I do think it possible for the world

To have an honest woman in't.----Good-buy, sir,

160

I must go meet the Duke. Adieu.

Phil. Farewel.

Oh jealousy! How near thou dwell'st to hell!

Exeunt.

[SCENE II]

Enter Lodovico, Pandulpho, Spinoso, Jaspro, Jovani, and Clown.

Lod. The Duke not seven leagues off! My horse, rogues.

Pand. Our negligence deserves just blame; and how

165

'Twill please his Grace to conster it, we know not.

Jasp. But where's your fair chaste wife, my Lord?

Lod. Marry, with my man Francisco. Oh that fellow!

She were undone without him; for indeed

She takes great pleasure in him; he learns her musick.

170

152-156. Thou mayst . . . right] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 132): "I tell thee it is more easie to cut a Diamond with a glasse, to pearce steele with a fether, to tye an Elephant with a thread of silke, than to alienate an honest womans love from her husband . . ." And (p. 189): ". . . that as oyle thogh it be moist, quencheth not fire . . ."

154. Quench flame with oyl] a proverbial impossibility (Tilley, F287).

165. Pandulpho] Pandulph is a minor character in King John and Matilda.

166. conster] construe, interpret.

To hear what counsel she will give him! if he but screw
His look sometimes, with the pin, she will tell him straight,
'Twas an unchristian look: I love him dearly.

Spin. But can your Honour never woo your Lady
To a more sociable affability?

She will not kiss, nor drink, nor talk, but against new fashions.

Lod. Oh, Sir, she is my Crown; nor is it requisite

Women should be so sociable; I have had such a coil with her,
to bring her but to look out at window; when we were first mar-
ried, she would not drink a cup of wine, unless nine parts of it
were water.

Omn. Admired Temperance!

Lod. Nay, and ye knew all, my Lords, ye would say so: ro-
ther day I brought an English Gentleman home with me, to try
a Horse I should sell him; he (as ye know their custom, though
it be none of ours) makes at her lips the first dath.

Clown. He dash'd her out of countenance, I'm sure of that.

177. Oh, sir . . . requisite] This line is apparently set as verse, but
the next line is prose. It is possible that this entire scene should
be in prose, and therefore ll. 169-177 are incorrectly set.

179. window;] D2, D3, D4: window!

To hear what counsel she will give him: If he but screw
 His look sometimes, with the pin, she will tell him straight,
 'Twas an unchristian look. I love him dearly.

Spin. But can your honour never woo your Lady
 To a more sociable affability? 175
 She will not kiss, nor drink, nor talk, but against new fashions.

Lod. Oh, sir, she is my crown; nor is it requisite
 women should be so sociable. I have had such a coyle with her,
 to bring her but to look out at window; when we were first mar-
 ried, she would not drink a cup of wine, unless nine parts of it 180
 were water.

Omn. Admired temperance!

Lod. Nay, and ye knew all, my Lords, ye would say so.
 T'other day I brought an English gentleman home with me, to try
 a horse I should sell him; he (as ye know their custome, though 185
 it be none of ours) makes at her lips the first dash.

Clown. He dash'd her out of countenance, I'm sure of that.

171. screw] twist, in this case his looks, into an unnatural position;
 also, perhaps, he screws, or turns, the pin in l. 172, hence, with his
 stringed instrument.

172. with the pin] perhaps, with the turning peg of his stringed
 instrument (i.e., with a too happy or bawdy song); cf. Greene's Philomela
 (p. 126): "Giovanni hearing hir harpe on that string [love] strained it
 a pin higher thus." And A New Tricke to Cheat the Divell, I, ii. (B,p.
 200):

Faith I was never on a merrier pinn
 Nor my breast lighter hearted.
 "To be on merry pin" is a proverb (Tilley, P335).
 Or perhaps, with a squint ("web and pin" was a cataract, which would cause
 squinting; cf. Lear, III, iv, 120: ". . . he gives the web and pin,
 squinies the eye . . .").

178. coyle] row, noisy disturbance.

185-186. he (as . . . dash] This allusion has not been identified.

Lod. She did so pow'r and spit, that my hor-brain'd Gallant could not forbear, but ask the cause : quoth she——

clown. No, Sir, she spit again, before quoth she left her lips.

Lod. I think she did indeed ; but then quoth she, A kiss, Sir, is five earnest-penny : is't not true, *Pambo* ?

clown. Very true, Sir ; by the same token, Quoth he to her again, If you dislike the penny, Lady, pray let me change it into English half-pence ; and so gave her two for't.

Lod. But how she vex't then ! then she rattled him, and told him roundly, Though confidence made Cuckolds in *England*, she could no Coxcombs in *Italy*.

clown. But did ye mark how bitterly he clos'd it with a midling Jest :

Lod. What was that, I prethee ?

clown. Why quoth he to her again, Confidence makes not so many Cuckolds in *England*, but Craft picks open more Padlocks in *Italy*.

Jov. That was something sharp.—But here she comes.

Enter Dorothea and Francisco.

Lod. Ye shall see how I'll put ye all upon her presently.

202. to her] D omits.

205. here] D: there

Lod. She did so powt and spit, that my hot-brain'd gallant
could not forbear, but ask the cause; quoth she-----

Clown. No, sir, she spit again, before quoth she left her lips.

Lod. I think she did indeed; but then quoth she, "A kiss, sir, [190
is sin's earnest-penny." Is't not true, Pambo?

Clown. Very true, sir; by the same token, quoth he to her
again, "If you dislike the penny, Lady, pray let me change it
into English half-pence;" and so gave her two for't. 195

Lod. But how she vex't then! Then she rattled him, and told
him roundly, "Though confidence made cuckolds in England, she
could no coxcombs in Italy."

Clown. But did ye mark how bitterly he clos'd it with a
midling jest? 200

Lod. What was that, I prethee?

Clown. Why quoth he to her again, "Confidence makes not so
many cuckolds in England, but craft picks open more padlocks
in Italy."

Jov. That was something sharp.-----But here she comes. 205

Enter Dorothea and Francisco.

Lod. Ye shall see how I'll put ye all upon her presently.

188. spit] utter in a proud, spiteful, or unreserved manner.

191-192. A kiss. . . earnest-penny] This proverbial phrase, not in
Tilley, is apparently related to the proverb, "Wanton kisses are keys of
sin" (Tilley, K104).

192. earnest-penny] a small sum of money paid as an earnest or pledge
to secure a bargain (also in religious use).

196. rattled] scolded.

200. midling] meddling, contending (with, perhaps, a pun intended);
or perhaps, middling, meaning mediocre.

Clown. Then I shall take my turn.
Dor. Francis. *Fran.* Madam.
Dor. Have you chang'd the Ditty you last set?
Fran. I have, Madam.
Dor. The Conceit may stand, but I hope you have cloath'd
 the method in a more Christian-like apparel. *Fran.*

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Fran. I have, Lady.
Dor. Pray let me hear it now.
Fran. *She that in these days looks for Truth,*
Seldom or never finds, in sooth.
Dor. That's wondrous well.
Clown. Yes in sadness.
Lod. Peace, sirrah; nay, she's built of modesty.
Fran. *Even as a wicked Kiss defiles the Lips,*
So do new fashions her that through them trips.
Dor. Very modest language.
Fran. *She that doth pleasure use for what 'twill bring her,*
will pluck a Rose, a though she prick her finger.
Dor. Put in *hurt* her finger; good Francis; the phrase will be
 more decent.

216. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

220. sirrah;] D3, D4: sirrahl

221. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

224. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Clown. Then I shall take my turn.

Dor. Francis.

Fran. Madam.

Dor. Have you chang'd the ditty you last set? 210

Fran. I have, Madam.

Dor. The conceit may stand, but I hope you have cloath'd
the method in a more Christian-like apparel.

Fran. I have, Lady.

Dor. Pray, let me hear it now. 215

Fran. She that in these days looks for truth, [Sings.]

Seldom or never findes, in sooth.

Dor. That's wondrous well.

Clown. Yes, in sadness.

Lod. Peace, sirrah; nay, she's built of modestie. 220

Fran. Even as a wicked kiss defiles the lips, [Sings.]

So do new fashions her that through them trips.

Dor. Very modest language.

Fran. She that doth pleasure use for what 'twill bring her, [Sings.]

Will pluck a rose, although she prick her finger. 225

Dor. Put in hurt her finger, good Francis; the phrase will be
more decent.

212. conceit] idea, thought.

222. trips] moves, lightly, dances.

224-225. She that . . . her finger] Olive suggests that "perhaps Davenport borrows even Shakespeare's bawdy word play," and cites these lines which he parallels with Pericles, IV, vi, 32-40.

225. Will pluck . . . finger] from the proverb, "no rose without a thorn" (Tilley, R182).

prick] with a pun on the second meaning of male sexual organ, hence the change to make the song "more decent."

Pand. You are a wondrous happy man in one so vertuous.
Lord. Nay, ye shall have no Count *Lorenzo* of me, I warrant ye.
Clown. Nor no Count *Lorenzo's* Lady of your wife, I warrant ye.
Lord. Sweet Chick, I come to take leave of thee: finger in nye.
 VVe are all to meet the Duke this afternoon, Bird, (already!
 VVho is now come from *Venice*: thou mayst walk and see
 The Count *Lorenzo's* Lady.
Dor. 'Las, she's too merry for my company.
Jasp. Too merry! I have seen her sad;
 But very seldom merry.
Dor. I mean, my Lord,
 That she can walk, tell Tales, run in the Garden.
Clown. VVhy then your Ladiship may hold your tongue, say
 nothing, and walk in the Orchard.
Dor. She can drink a cup of wine not delay'd with water.
Clown. VVhy then you may drink a cup of water without wine.
Dor. Nay, if a Noble man come to see her Lord,
 She will let him kiss her too, against our custom.
Pand. VVhy a modest woman may be kiss by accident,
 Yet not give the least touch to her Reputation.
Lord. VVell said, touch her home.
Dor. Nay, but they may not: she that will kiss, they say,

229. vertuous] D2, D3, D4: virtuous!

231. already!] D3, D4: already? B: already.

235. 'Las,] D: Alas!

239. walk] so all editions. Perhaps: talk (see the clown's reply in l. 240).

242. delay'd] D1 and D2: allay'd. D3 retains and notes. D4: delayed, with the note: "Allayed, diluted. Mr. Collier [sic] altered the word to allayed[sic]."

248. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Pand. Y'are a wondrous happy man in one so vertuous.

Lod. Nay, ye shall have no Count Lorenzo of me, I warrant ye.

Clown. Nor no Count Lorenzo's Lady of your wife, I warrant ye. 230

Lod. Sweet Chick, I come to take leave of thee. Finger in nye already!

We are all to meet the Duke this afternoon, Bird,

Who is now come from Venice; thou mayst walk and see

The Count Lorenzo's Lady.

Dor. 'Las, she's too merry for my company. 235

Jasp. Too merry! I have seen her sad,

But very seldom merry.

Dor. I mean, my Lord,

That she can walk, tell tales, run in the garden.

Clown. Why, then your Ladyship may hold your tongue, say 240
nothing, and walk in the orchard.

Dor. She can drink a cup of wine not delay'd with water.

Clown. Why, then you may drink a cup of water without wine.

Dor. Nay, if a noble man come to see her lord,

She will let him kiss her too, against our custome. 245

Pand. Why, a modest woman may be kist by accident,

Yet not give the least touch to her reputation.

Lod. [To Pand.] Well said; touch her home.

Dor. Nay, but they may not; she that will kiss, they say,

231. Finger in nye already] crying already; nye: eye (NED cites this line as one example).

242. delay'd] weakened; diluted. NED cites this line as one example.

247. touch] blemish; stain. NED cites no example after 1616.

VWill do worse, I warrant her.

Jov. VVhy I have seon you, Madam, kist against your will.

Dor. Against my will it may be I have been kist indeed.

Clown. Pshaw, there's nothing against a woman's will ; and I dare be sworn, if my Lady kifs but any one man, 'tis because she cannot do with all;

Lod. Nay, I know that to be true, my Lords, and at this time, Because ye cannot do with all, pray kifs them in order;

Kifs

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Kifs her all over, gentlemen, and we are gone.

Dor. Nay good my Lord, 'tis against our Nations custome.

Lod. I care not; let naturals love Nations:

My humour's my humour.

Spin. I must have my turn too then.

Jov. It must go round.

Dor. Fie, fie.

Lod. Look how she spits now.

Jasp. The deeper the sweeter, Lady

264. fie.] D4: fie!

265. now.] D2, D3, D4: now!

Will do worse, I warrant her.

250

Jov. Why, I have seen you, Madam, kist against your will.

Dor. Against my will it may be I have been kist indeed.

Clown. Pshaw, there's nothing against a woman's will; and I dare be sworn, if my Lady kiss but any one man, 'tis because she cannot do with all.

255

Lod. Nay, I know that to be true, my Lords, and at this time, Because ye cannot do with all, pray kiss them in order.

Kiss her all over, gentlemen, and we are gone.

Dor. Nay, good my Lord, 'tis against our nation's custome.

Lod. I care not; let naturals love nations.

260

My humour's my humour.

Spin. I must have my turn too, then.

Jov. It must go round.

Dor. Fie, fie.

Lod. Look how she spits now.

265

Jasp. The deeper the sweeter, Lady.

249-250. she that will kiss . . . worse] D4 notes: In allusion to the proverb, "After kissing comes greater kindness." Tilley cites these lines as one example. (K107).

253. Pshaw] probably pshaw, although NED does not record this spelling, and no use before 1673 is cited. Used again in l. 1921.

there's . . . woman's will] from the proverb, "women will have their wills" (Tilley, W723).

255. do with all] pun on "do withal," meaning in spite of all, and "do with all." B first notes this pun.

260. naturals] natives of a country; also, fools.

266. The deeper the sweeter] a proverb; this line cited as one example in Tilley (D188). Jaspro is referring to his kiss.

Clown. The neerer the bone, the sweeter the flesh, Lady.

Dor. How now, sauce-box!

Clown. Did not my Lord bid the gentlemen kiss you all over?

Lod. I have sweet cause to be jealous, have I not, gentlemen? no; *Crede quod habes, & habes* still; he that believes he has horns, has them. Will you go bring my horse, sir?

Clown. I will bring your horse, sir; and your horse shall bring his tail with him. *Exit.*

Lod. Francis, I prithee stay thou at home with thy Lady: get thy instrument ready; this melancholy will spoil her: before these Lords here, make her but laugh, when we are gone.

Fran. Laugh before these Lords when they are gone, sir!

Lod. Pish, I mean, make her laugh heartily before we come home; and before these Lords, I promise thee a lease of forty Crowns *per annum*.

Fran. Can ye tell whether she be ticklish, sir?

Lod. Oh, infinitely ticklish!

Fran. I'll deserve your lease, then, ere you come home, I warrant.

277. gone-----] D, B; 1661: gone.

279. Pish,] D4: Pish!

Clown. The neerer the bone, the sweeter the flesh, Lady.

Dor. How now, sauce-box!

Clown. Did not my Lord bid the gentlemen kiss you all over?

Lod. I have sweet cause to be jealous, have I not, gentlemen? 270

No, Crede quod habes, & habes still; he that believes he has horns, has them. Will you go bring my horse, sir?

Clown. I will bring your horse, sir; and your horse shall bring his tail with him.

Exit.

Lod. Francis, I prethee, stay thou at home with thy lady. Get 275 thy instrument ready; this melancholy will spoil her. Before these Lords here, make her but laugh, when we are gone----

Fran. Laugh before these Lords when they are gone, sir!

Lod. Pish, I mean, make her laugh heartily before we come home; and before these Lords, I promise thee a lease of forty 280 crowns per annum.

Fran. Can you tell whether she be ticklish, sir?

Lod. Oh, infinitely ticklish!

Fran. I'll deserve your lease, then, ere you come home, I warrant. 285

267. The neerer . . . the flesh] a proverb (Tilley, B520) more often applied to meat than women.

268. sauce-box] a saucy or impertinent person.

271. Crede . . . habes] Believe you have it, and you have it. Burton Stevenson in The Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Familiar Phrases (New York: Macmillan, 1948) cites two examples of this proverb, one in the original Latin (Erasmus, Letter to Thomas More) and one in English (John Heywood, Proverbs, pt.ii, ch. 9: Beleue will, and have well, men say.) Tilley (B265) lists four examples before 1624, including Heywood, of this same proverb.

280. lease] contract, guarantee.

284. lease] cf. l. 280, perhaps with a pun intended.

Lod. And thou shalt have yfaith boy.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Your horse is ready, sir.

Lod. My Lords, I think we have staid with the longest ; farewel Doll : *crede quod habes, & habes*, gallants.

Pand. Our horses shall fetch it up again : farewel sweet Lady.

Jasp. Adieu sweet Mistres : and whensoever I marry, fortune turn up to me no worse Card then you are.

Clown. And whensoever I marry, *Venus* send me a Card may save fortune the labour, and turn up her self. *Exeunt.*

Dor. How now ? why loyter you behind ? why ride not you along with your Lord ?

Fran. To lie with your Ladiship.

Dor. How ?

Fran. In the bed, upon the bed, or under the bed.

Dor. Why, how now Francis ?

Fran. This is the plain truth on't, I would lie with ye.

B

Dor.

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Dor. Why Francis.

Fran. I know too that you will lie with me.

Dor. Nay but Francis.

Fran. Plagué of Francis : I am neither Frank nor Francis, But a Gentleman of *Millain*, that even there Heard of your Beauty, which Report there guarded

286. yfaith] D: i'faith,

292. are.] D4: are!

300. Francis?] D: Francis!

302. Francis.] D: Francis---

304. Nay, but Francis.] D1: Nay but Francis--- D2, D3: Nay, but Francis--- D4: Nay, but, Francis---

305. Francis.] D2, D3, D4: Francis!

Lod. And thou shalt ha't yfaith, boy.

[Re-] enter Clown.

Clown. Your horse is ready, sir.

Lod. My Lords, I think we have staid with the longest; farewell,

Doll. Crede quod habes, & habes, gallants.

Pand. Our horses shall fetch it up again; farewell, sweet Lady. 290

Jasp. Adieu, sweet mistris. And whensoere I marry, fortune
turn up to me no worse card than you are.

Clown. And whensoere I marry, Venus send me a card may
save fortune the labour, and turn up her self. Exeunt.

Dor. How now? Why loyter you behind? Why ride not you a- 295
long with your Lord?

Fran. To lye with your Ladyship.

Dor. How?

Fran. In the bed, upon the bed, or under the bed.

Dor. Why, how now, Francis? 300

Fran. This is the plain truth on't, I would lye with ye.

Dor. Why, Francis.

Fran. I know too that you will'lye with me.

Dor. Nay, but Francis.

Fran. Plague of Francis. I am neither Frank nor Francis, 305
But a gentleman of Millain, that even there
Heard of your beauty, which report there guarded

290. fetch it up again] make up lost time. NED records no examples
used with this meaning before 1665.

293. may] i.e., which may. The clown's ironic humor here is
suggesting that Dorothea is less than perfect (with pun on 'labour?').

295. loyter] loiter.

With such a Chastity, the glittering 'st fin
 Held no Artillery of power to shake it,
 Upon which, I resolv'd to try conclusions;
 Assum'd this name and fortune, sought this service:
 And I will tell ye truly what I guess you.

Dor. You will not ravish me, *Francis*.

Fran. No; but unravel ye, in two lines Experience writ lately:

Extreams in Vertue, are but Clouds to Vice:

She'll do i'th' Dark, who i'th' Day too nice.

Dor. Indeed ye do not well to bely me thus.

Fran. Come, I'll lie with thee, Wench, and make all well again; though your confident Lord makes use of *Crede quod habes & habes*, and holds it impossible for any to be a Cuckold, can believe himself none: I would have his Lady have more wit, and clap them on.

Dor. And truly *Francis*, some women now would do it.

Fran. Who can you chuse more convenient to practise with, then me, whom he doats on? where shall a man finde a friend but at home? so you break one Proverbs parte, and give the other

313. Francis.] D2, D3, D4: Francis?

315-316. Extreams . . . nice.] The typography of the 1661 edition suggests that these lines may be sung.

319. habes,] 1661: habes

320-321. can believe . . . none,] D4: [and] can believe himself none, B changes back to original, and notes the D4 emendation with an explanation that the "omission of the relative who is very common," so the meaning is "holds it impossible for any man to be cuckolded who believes that he cannot be cuckolded."

With such a chastity, the glittering'st sin

Held no artillery of power to shake it.

Upon which, I resolv'd to try conclusions; 310

Assum'd this name and fortune, sought this service.

And I will tell ye truly what I guess you.

Dor. You will not ravish me, Francis.

Fran. No; but unravel ye in two lines experience writ lately:
Extreams in vertue are but clouds to vice; 315

She'll do i'th' dark who is i'th'day too nice.

Dor. Indeed, ye do not well to bely me thus.

Fran. Come, I'll lye with thee, wench, and make all well
again; though your confident Lord makes use of Crede quod habes,
& habes, and holds it impossible for any to be a cuckold can 320
believe himself none, I would have his Lady have more wit,
and clap them on.

Dor. And truly, Francis, some women now would do't.

Fran. Who can you chuse more convenient to practise with
than me, whom he doats on? Where shall a man finde a friend 325
but at home? So you break one proverb's pate, and give the other

314. unravel] make plain, reveal.

316. She'll do i'th' dark] Cf. King John and Matilda, III, i. (B.
p. 39): Come, come, we'll do't i'th dark then.

322. clap] put or place with promptness.

325-326. Where shall . . . at home?] perhaps referring to the proverb:
It is better to make one's friendships at home (Burton Stevenson, The
Howe Book of Proverbs, Maxims, and Familiar Phrases, New York: Macmillan
Co., 1948, p. 900; not in Tilley). Or perhaps ironically referring to the
proverb: Where shall a man have a worse friend than he brings from home?
(Ibid., p. 892; Tilley, M413).

a plaister: is't a match, wench?

Dor. VVell, for once it is: But and ye do any more, indeed I'll tell my Husband.

Fran. But when shall this once be? now?

Dor. Now? no indeed, *Francis*.

It shall be soon at night, when your Lord's come home.

Fran. Then! how is't possible?

Dor. Possible? women can make any of these things possible, *Francis*: now many casualties may cross us; but soon at night my Lord, I'm sure, will be so sleepy, what with his journey, and deep healths for the Dukes return, that before he goes to Bed (as he uses still, when he has been hard a drinking) he will sleep upon the bed in's cloaths so sound, Bells would not wake him, rung in the chamber.

Fran. The Cuckold slumbers: though his VVife hit him o'th' Forehead with her Heel, he dreams of no such matter.

Dor. Now *Pambo*, that makes him merry in his Chamber, shall, when the candle's out, and he asleep, bring you into the Chamber.

Fran. But will he be secret?

Dor.

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Dor. VVill he good soul! I am not to try him now.

Fran. 'Sfoot this is brave.

328. But and] D4: but, and

334. Possible?] D: Possible!

341. though] D1, D2; and tho' D3, D4: and though

a plaister. Is't a match, wench?

Dor. Well, for once it is. But and ye do any more, indeed I'll tell my husband.

Fran. But when shall this once be? Now? 330

Dor. Now? No indeed, Francis.

It shall be soon at night, when your Lord's come home.

Fran. Then! How is't possible?

Dor. Possible? Women can make any of these things possible,

Francis. Now many casualties may cross us; but soon at night, 335
my Lord, I'm sure, will be so sleepy, what with his journey and deep healths for the Duke's return, that before he goes to bed (as he uses still, when he has been hard a drinking), he will sleep upon the bed in's cloaths so sound, bells would not wake him, rung in the chamber. 340

Fran. The cuckold slumbers; though his wife hit him o'th' forehead with her heel, he dreams of no such matter.

Dor. Now Pambo, that makes him merry in his chamber, shall, when the candle's out and he asleep, bring you into the chamber. 345

Fran. But will he be secret?

Dor. Will he, good soul! I am not to try him now.

Fran. 'Sfoot, this is brave;

326-327. So you . . . plaister] refering to the proverb, "to break one's head and give him a plaster" (Tilley, H269).

plaister] plaster, mending, with a pun on the second meaning of copulation (Farmer and Henley, V, 224).

335. casualties] uncertainties, chance events. Here, Dorothea is contrasting the uncertainty of having intercourse now with the certainty of waiting until night.

348. 'Sfoot] by God's foot.

My kind Lords fool, is my cunning Ladies knave :

But pray how then ?

Dor. VVhen you are in at dooe on right before you, you shall feel the bed ; give me but softly a touch , I'll rise , and follow you into the next chamber : but truly and you do not use me kindly, I shall cry out and spoil all.

Fran. Use you kindly ! was Lady ere us'd cruelly it'h' dark ? do you but prepare *Pambo* and your maid, let me alone with her Mistress : about 11 I desire to be expected.

Dor. And till the clock strick 12, I'll lie awake.

Fran. Now ye dare kiss.

Dor. Once with my friend, or so : yet you may take two, *Fran-*
cis.

Fran. My cast is Ams-Ace then.

Dor. Deuce-Ace had got the game.

Fran. VVhy then you're welcome. Adieu my daintie Mistress.

Dor. Farwel kind *Francis*

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo, as from horse.

Lor. I have given them all the slip, the Duke and all ;
And am at home before them : I cannot rest,

My kind Lord's fool is my cunning Lady's knave.

But pray, how then?

350

Dor. When you are in at door on right before you, you shall feel the bed; give me but softly a touch, I'll rise, and follow you into the next chamber. But truly, and you do not use me kindly, I shall cry out and spoil all.

Fran. Use you kindly! Was lady ere us'd cruelly i'th' dark? 355
Do you but prepare Pambo and your maid, let me alone with her mistress. About ll I desire to be expected.

Dor. And till the clock strick 12, I'll lye awake.

Fran. Now ye dare kiss.

Dor. Once with my friend, or so; yet you may take two, Fran- 360
cis.

Fran. My cast is ams-ace, then.

Dor. Deuce-ace had got the game.

Fran. Why, then, you're welcome. Adieu, my dainty mistress.

Dor. Farewel, kind Francis. Exeunt. 365

[SCENE III]

Enter Lorenzo, as from horse.

Lor. I have given them all the slip, the Duke and all,
And am at home before them. I cannot rest,

353. and] Here, as in 1.328, and means an (i.e., if).

358. strick] strike.

362-363. My cast . . . the game.] B notes: A pair of aces,--the lowest throw [of the dice]. So Francis takes two kisses, and three [deuce-ace] wins the game.

364. Why, then, you're welcome.] B notes: He gives her a third kiss.

Philippo and my wife run in my mind so :
 I know no cause why I should trust him more
 Then all the world beside : I remember
 He told her that I bought the Bucks Head, therefore
 Deserv'd the horns : although I bid him try her,
 Yet I did not bid him bid her with one eye
 Love me, and with the other wink at a friend.
 How we long to grow familiar with affliction !
 And as many words do aptly hold concordance
 To make one sentence, just so many causes
 Seem to agree, when conceit makes us Cuckolds.

Enter Philippo, and Abstemia.

And here comes proof apparent, hand in hand too ;
 Now their palms meet, that graspe begets a Bastard.

Phil. By your white hand I swear 'twas only so.

Lor. Poyson of Toads betwixt ye.

Abst. *Philippo*, you have fully satisfied me.

375. affliction!] D3, D4: affliction;

378a. S. D.] D4 adds "Lorenzo aside."

379. too.] D4, B: too!

382. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

ye.] D2, D3, D4: ye!

Philippo and my wife run in my mind so.

I know no cause why I should trust him more

Than all the world beside. I remember

370

He told her that I bought the buck's head, therefore

Deserv'd the horns. Although I bid him try her,

Yet I did not bid him bid her with one eye

Love me, and with the other wink at a friend.

How we long to grow familiar with affliction!

375

And as many words do aptly hold concordance

To make one sentence, just so many causes

Seem to agree, when conceit makes us cuckolds.

Enter Philippo, and Abstemia.

And here comes proof apparent, hand in hand too.

Now their palms meet; that graspe begets a bastard.

380

Phil. By your white hand, I swear, 'twas only so.

Lor. [Aside] Poyson of toads betwixt ye.

Abst. Philippo, you have fully satisfied me.

369-370. I know . . . world beside] from the proverb, "He that trusts to the world is sure to be deceived" (Tilley, W871).

371-372. I bought . . . the horns] borrowed from the same passage in Philomela as l. 118.

382. Poyson of toads] these creatures, the devil's own animal, were popularly considered poisonous (as in the proverb: Full as a toad of poison. Tilley, T360). Cf. King John and Matilda, IV, i. (3, p. 58): "[Bread] coming from a Toad 'twill poyson him."

384. satisfie] Olive (p. 340) parallels Lorenzo's mistake with Leontes' in a similar situation in The Winter's Tale, I, ii, 232-234:

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy?

Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?

Lor. Infatiate whore! could not I satisfie ye?
 I shall commit a murder, if I stay:
 I'll go forge Thunder for ye, Oh let me
 Never more marry! what plague can transcend
 A whorish wife, and a perfidious friend!

B. 2

Exit,
Phil.

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The City-Night-Cap.

Phil. By the unblemish'd faith, then, of a gentleman;
 And by your potent goodness, a great oath;
 (For you are greatly good) by truth it self,
 (For still I swear by you) what again hath past,
 Was at the first, but tryal of her chastity
 Far above time or storie: as I speak truth,
 So may I prosper.

Abst. And came these tryals from your brest only?

Phil. Only from my brest; and by the sweet
 Excellent blush of vertue, there is in you
 Plenty of truth and goodness.

Abst. You have nobly
 Appeas'd the storm o'ertook you; and you are
 Again a good man.

Enter Lorenzo, Pandulpho, Spinoso,
 Faspro, Jovani.

Lor. Traitor to truth and friendship!
 Did not mine honour hold me, I should rip out
 That blushing hypocrite, thy heart, that hath broke
 So strong a tie of faith; but behold,
 How much of man is in me! there I cast them

384. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

390-391. a great . . . good)] D4: (a great . . . good)

392. (For still . . . you)] D4: For still . . . you---

393. your] D, B; 1661: her

402b. S. D.] Officers are needed to escort Philippo away (ll. 417-419),
 since all the lords remain on stage.

407. them] D4 and B: thee, on the assumption that Lorenzo is still
 addressing only Abstemia, but it is as likely that he is referring to
 both his wife and Philippo, since he casts them both to the law.

Lor. [Aside] Insatiate whore! Could not I satisfie ye?

I shall commit a murder, if I stay; 385

I'll go forge thunder for ye. Oh let me

Never more marry! What plague can transcend

A whorish wife, and a perfidious friend! Exit.

Phil. By the unblemish'd faith, then, of a gentleman,

And by your potent goodness, a great oath; 390

(For you are greatly good) by truth it self,

(For still I swear by you) what again hath past,

Was at the first but tryal of your chastity

Far above time or storie. As I speak truth,

So may I prosper. 395

Abst. And came these tryals from your brest only?

Phil. Only from my brest; and by the sweet

Excellent blush of vertue, there is in you

Plenty of truth and goodness.

Abst. You have nobly 400

Appeas'd the storm o'ertook you, and you are

Again a good man.

Enter Lorenzo, Pandulpho, Spinoso,

Jaspro, Jovani, [and some officers].

Lor. Traytor to truth and friendship!

Did not mine honour hold me, I should rip out

That blushing hypocrite, thy heart, that hath broak 405

So strong a tie of faith; but behold

How much of man is in me! There, I cast them

From this believing heart, to the iron hand
Of law, the wrong'd mans saint.

Phil. What means this?

Pand. My Lord, here's warrant for what's done immediate from
The Duke, by force of which you're early i'th' morning
Before his Grace, to answer to such injuries
The Count *Lorenzo* shall alledge against you.

Phil. Injuries! Why friend, what injuries?

Lor. Can ye spell Srag, sir? 'tis four letters with two horns.
Good gentlemen convey him from my furie,
For fear of greater mischief.

Phil. Thou yellow fool.

Exit.

Abst. I would you would instruct me, noble sir,
But how to understand all this.

Lor. Doye see her? look on her all, and wonder: did ye ever
see so foul guilt stand underneath a look so innocent?

Fov. I should have pawn'd my blood upon her honour.

Pan. Colours not in grain,
Make as fair shew, but are more apt to stain.

Abst. My Lord.

Lor. Ye Whore.

Kicks her, She fawns.

Jasp. Look to the Lady.

Lor. Look to her! hang her: let me send her now

409. saint.] D4: saint?

419. fool.] D2, D3, D4, B: fool!

Exeunt.] 1661, D, B: Exit.

428. whore.] D2, D3, D4: whore!

430. her!] 1661, D, B: her:

From this believing heart to the iron hand

Of law, the wrong'd man's saint.

Phil. What means this? 410

Pand. My Lord, here's warrant for what's done immediate from
The Duke, by force of which you're early i'th' morning,
Before his Grace, to answer to such injuries
The Count Lorenzo shall alledge against you.

Phil. Injuries! Why friend, what injuries? 415

Lor. Can ye spell stag, sir? 'Tis four letters with two horns.
Good gentlemen, convey him from my furie,
For fear of greater mischief.

Phil. Thou yellow fool. Exeunt.

Abst. I would you would instruct me, noble sir, 420
But how to understand all this.

Lor. Do ye see her? Look on her all, and wonder. Did ye ever
see so foul guilt stand underneath a look so innocent?

Jov. I should have pawn'd my blood upon her honour.

Pand. Colours not in grain 425
Make as fair shew, but are more apt to stain.

Abst. My Lord.

Lor. Ye whore. Kicks her; she sowns.

Jasp. Look to the Lady.

Lor. Look to her! Hang her! Let me send her now 430

414. alledge] allege.

425. in grain] dyed in a fast color.

428. sowns] swoons.

To the devil, with all her sins upon her head.

Spin.

The City-Night-Cap.

11

Spin. Bear her in gently, and see her guarded.

Paul. You are too violent, my Lord.

Lor. That men should ever marry! that we should lay our heads, and take our horns up out of womans laps.

Jav. Be patient, good sir.

Lor. Yes, and go make portuns.

Jasp. 'Tis late, and sleep would do you good, my Lord.

Lor. Sleep! why do you think I am mad, sir?

Jasp. Nor I, my Lord.

Lor. Then you do lye, my Lord,

For I am mad, horn-mad: I shall be acted

In our Theaters of *Verona*. Oh what poyson's

Like a false friend? and what plague more ruinous

Then a lascivious wife? they steal our jeyes,

And fill us with afflictions; they leave our names

Hedg'd in with calumny; in their false hearts

432. S. D.] Abstemia and her guards apparently exit here.

435. woman's] D: women's

laps.] D: laps!

444. friend?] D4: friend,

446. afflictions] D3, D4: affliction

to th' devil, with all her sins upon her head.

Spin. Bear her in gently, and see her guarded. [Exeunt.]

Pand. You are too violent, my Lord.

Lor. That men should ever marry! That we should lay our
heads, and take our horns up out of woman's laps. 435

Jov. Be patient, good sir.

Lor. Yes, and go make potguns.

Jasp. 'Tis late, and sleep would do you good, my Lord.

Lor. Sleep! Why, do you think I am mad, sir? 437

Jasp. Not I, my Lord. 440

Lor. Then you do lye, my Lord,

For I am mad, horn-mad. I shall be acted

In our theaters of Verona. Oh, what poyson's

Like a false friend? And what plague more ruinous

Than a lascivious wife? They steal our joyes, 445

And fill us with afflictions; they leave our names

Hedg'd in with calumny. In their false hearts

430-431. let me . . . her head.] Olive (p. 341) notes a possible allusion to Hamlet, III, iii, 89-95:

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has not relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
And that his soul may be damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes.

437. potguns] popguns, toy guns.

442. For I am mad, horn-mad] to be horn-mad, or a cuckold, was proverbial (Tilley, H628).

442-443. I shall . . . of Verona] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 158):
". . . thy whordomes to be acted in the Theaters of Venice . . ."

Crocodiles breed, who make grief their disguise,
 And in betraying teares, still through their eyes.
 Oh ! he that can believe he sleeps secure
 In a false friends oaths, or in a bad wives arms,
 Trusts Circes witchcraft, and Calipso's charms.
Omnes. 'Tis late, let's to the Court. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

A bed thrust out : Lodovico sleeping in his cloaths : Dorothea in bed : Enter Clown leading in Francisco.

Fran. Softly sweet Pambo : are we in the Chamber yet ?
Clown. Within a yard of my Lady, and ye can be
Fran. Art sure my Lord's asleep ? (quiet.)
Clown. I know not, I'll go and ask him.
Fran. No, no, no, do not wake him ; we are undone then man.
Clown. Ha, ha, ha, now do I see, cuckold-making is as ticklish
 as profession as Cunny-catching : my Lord was so paid with

449. still] D3, D4: 'stil

450. Oh!] D4: O,

451. oaths] D: oath

459. Ha, ha, ha,] D4: Ha, ha, ha!

Crocodiles breed, who make grief their disguise,
And in betraying tears, still through their eyes.

Oh! He that can believe he sleeps secure 450

In a false friend's oaths, or in a bad wife's arms,

Trusts Circe's witchcraft, and Calipso's charms.

Omn. 'Tis late, let's to the court.

Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

[SCENE I]

A bed thrust out. Lodovico sleeping in his cloaths; Dorothea in

bed. Enter Clown leading in Francisco.

Fran. Softly, sweet Pambo. Are we in the chamber yet?

Clown. Within a yard of my Lady, and ye can be quiet. 455

Fran. Art sure my Lord's asleep?

Clown. I know not, I'll go and ask him.

Fran. No, no, no, do not wake him; we are undone then, man.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha, now do I see, cuckold-making is as ticklish
a profession as cunny-catching. My Lord was so paid with 460

448. Crocodiles] Crocodile tears (false grief) are proverbial
(Tilley, C831).

449. still] either make still, or distil (i.e., trickle down or fall).

452. Circe's witchcraft, and Calipso's charms] Cf. Greene's Philomela
(p. 158): ". . . thou has learned with Circes to inchat, with Calipso
to charm . . ."

460. cunny-catching] literally, catching rabbits (conies), but also
catching dupes, hence swindling, gulling. Perhaps, with this spelling,
a pun is intended.

healths at court, he's fast enough.

Fran.

1?

The City-Night-Cap.

Fran. But still I pursue wonder, why my Lady should prescribe this strange, nay, wondrous, desperate way to her desires.

Clown. Is that a question to ask now? would you would grope out the bed; for I sleep in my talk, I am sure of that.

Lodovico coughs.

Fran. VYe are lost for ever: did he nor cough?

Clown. 'Tis nothing but the last cup comes up in stow'd-broath: if ever you make true whore-master, I'll be bound to resign my place up to my Lords page: Sea-sick before you come to th' salt-water; let me go in your stead.

Fran. No, I'll venter, flood a gulph between belching up
A Tempest. Oh valiant lust!
How resolute thou go'st to act unjust!
Pamph. good night,
Desire drowns fear, in presuppos'd delight.
Clown. Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the devil, to my Lady, I should say, presently.
Fran. Let me four steps on the left hand: I have the bed, and

466. sleep in my talk] perhaps should be emended to: talk in my sleep

467. ever.] D3, D4: ever!

471. salt-water?] D2, D3, D4: salt water!

472. venter] D: venture

479. Let me four] D: Let me [see]: Four

healths at court, he's fast enough.

Fran. But still I pursue wonder, why my Lady should prescribe this strange, nay wonderous desperate, way to her desires.

Clown. Is that a question to ask now? Would you would 465
groop out the bed; for I sleep in my talk, I am sure of that.

Lodovico coughs.

Fran. We are lost for ever. Did he not cough?

Clown. 'Tis nothing but the last cup comes up in stew'd
broath. If ever you make true whore-master, I'll be bound to
resign my place up to my Lord's page. Sea-sick before you come 470
to th' salt-water? Let me go in your stead.

Fran. No, I'll venter, stood a gulph between, belching up
A tempest. Oh valiant lust!
How resolute thou go'st to acts unjust!

Pambo, good night. 475
Desire drowns fear in presuppos'd delight.

Clown. Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the devil, to
my Lady I should say, presently. Exit.

Fran. Let me four steps on the left hand; I have the bed, and

468-469. stew'd broath] stench'd vomit. NED cites no examples of
this meaning of stewed between 1571 and 1781.

472. venter] venture, perhaps with a pun either on the Latin meaning
of womb or stomach, or on vent (to go with belching).

stood a gulph between] [even though] a gulf stood between [us].

477. of] to.

479. Let me] Let me [take].

on this side she lies : 'Sfoot there's a beard ? but all's well yet,
 she lies on this side sure : I have her hand, I know the touch : and 'T
 I have her, 'tis her hand, I know the touch : and 'T
 It melts me into passion ; I have much ado.
 To contain my wild desires : as the wind strains
 In Caverns lock'd ; so through my big-swolne yeynes,
 My blood cuts capers.

Dor. Who's there ?

Fran. 'Tis I.

Dor. Francis !

Fran. Fortunate Francis, that was wrap'd in's mothers smock.

Dor. Give me your hand Francis.

Fran. There's : I'm already.

Dor. My Lord, Count Lodovico, awake.

Fran. I am lost for ever, Madam.

Dor. My Lord, my Lord !

Fran. If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out o' th' bed too.

Dor. My Lord, will ye not wake ?

Lod. What's the matter ? what's the matter ?

Fran. How I do dwindle !

Dor. Pray hear me sir, I cannot sleep till you
 Have resolv'd me one thing,

480. beard?] D: beard!

492. already.] D2, D3, D4: already!

493. Lord,] D3, D4: lord!

awake.] D3, D4: awake!

495. Lord,] D2, D3, D4: lord!

496. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

499. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

on this side she lyes. 'Sfoot, there's a beard? But all's well yet,
she lyes on this side sure. [480

I have her, 'tis her hand, I know the touch;
It melts me into passion. I have much ado
To contain my wild desires; as the wind strains
In caverns lock'd, so through my big-swolne veynes, 485
My blood cuts capers.

Dor. Who's there?

Fran. 'Tis I.

Dor. Francis!

Fran. Fortunate Francis, that was wrap'd in's mother's smock. 490

Dor. Give me your hand, Francis.

Fran. There 'tis; I melt already.

Dor. My Lord, Count Lodovico, awake.

Fran. I am lost for ever, Madam.

Dor. My Lord, my Lord! 495

Fran. [Aside] If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out o'th' bed too.

Dor. My Lord, will ye not wake?

Lod. What's the matter? What's the matter?

Fran. [Aside] How I do dwindle!

Dor. Pray, hear me, sir, I cannot sleep till you 500

Have resolv'd me one thing.

484-485. as the wind . . . lock'd] It was believed winds were originally confined in caverns, as depicted in Virgil's Aeneid, Book I, lines 52 ff.

490. that was . . . smock.] B notes: A proverbial saying applied to men who are fortunate in love. (Tilley, M1203).

492. melt] dissolve into ecstasy; pun (continued in l. 499 with "dwindle") on meaning of ejaculate.

Lod. VWhat is't, sweet-heart?
Dor. Of all your men, which do you love best?
Lod. That's a strange question to ask at mid-night; *Francisco.*
Dor. And that same false *Francisco* in your absence
 Most leudly tempted me to wrong your bed.

Fran.

The City-Night-Cap.

13

Fran. VWas ever woodcock catch'd thus?

Lod. Oh rogue, I'll go cur's throat sleeping.

Dor. Nay I have fitted him most daintily.

Fran. Now, now, now, now, I am spited.

Dor. I seem'd sweet-heart to consent to him.

Fran. A plague of seemings; I were best confess, and beg pardon.

Dor. And to make him sure for your revenge, I appointed
 About this hour, the door left open on purpose.

Fran. Ah!

Dor. To meet me in the garden.

Fran. All's well again.

Dor. Now sweet-heart.

If thou would'st but steal down thither, thou might'st catch him,

504. mid-night;] D2, D3, D4: mid-night!

507. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

thus?] D2, D3, D4: thus!

510. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

511. him.] D: him---

512. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

515. purpose---] D, B; 1661: purpose.

516. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

518. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

and snap the fool very finely.

Lod. Oh my sweet birds-nie! what a wench have I of thee? *Crede quod habes, & habes.* Still; and I had thought it possible to have been cuckolded, I had been cuckolded: I'll take my rapier as I go, sirrah; and the night being dark, I'll speak like thee, as if thou hadst kept thy word. Oh Villian! nothing vexes me, but that he should think I can be a cuckold, and have such a Lady: do thou lie still, and I'll bring thee his heart for thy Munkies break-fast.

Dor. And would you part unkindly, and not kiss me?

Lod. I have no more manners than a goose; farewell.
My chaste delicious Doll: what may his life
Be compar'd to, that meets with such a wife? *Exit.*

Enter Clown.

Fran. Pish Pambo.

Clown. Here boy.

Fran. Go meet him in the garden, and hark.

Clown. Excellent! I'll play my Lady, I warrant ye.

Fran. Do't daintily.

Clown. VVell I may hope for a Squires place, my father was

522. thee?] D: thee!

533. wife?] D2, D3, D4: wife!

534. Pambo.] D4, B: Pambo!

and snap the fool very finely.

Lod. Oh my sweet birds-nye! What a wench have I of thee?
Crede quod habes, & habes still; and I had thought it possible to
 have been cuckolded, I had been cuckolded. I'll take my rapier
 as I go, sirrah; and the night being dark, I'll speak like thee, as
 if thou hadst kept thy word. Oh villain! Nothing vexes me [525
 but that he should think I can be a cuckold, and have such a
 Lady. Do thou lye still, and I'll bring thee his heart for thy
 munkie's break-fast.

Dor. And would you part unkindly, and not kiss me? 530

Lod. I have no more manners than a goose; farewell
 My chaste delititious Doll. What may his life
 Be compar'd to, that meets with such a wife? Exit.

Enter Clown.

Fran. Pish, Pambo.

Clown. Here, boy. 535

Fran. Go meet him in the garden, and hark.

Clown. Excellent! I'll play my Lady, I warrant ye.

Fran. Do't daintily.

Clown. Well, I may hope for a squire's place, my father was

521. snap] catch suddenly by surprise.

522. birds-nye] An obsolete vulgar term of endearment, used in the
 same manner as pig's-nye. NED gives only the two examples from The
City-Night-Cap (see l. 975).

532. delititious] delicious.

539-540. Well I . . . costermonger] D2, D3, D4, and B note: A cos-
 termonger is a seller of apples; and an apple-squire was formerly a cant
 term for a pimp. (Tilley, A303, also lists apple-squire as proverbial for
 a cuckold maker.)

a Costermonger.

Exit.

Fran. VVell now I see, as he who fain would know
The real strain of goodness, may in her read it;
VVho can seem chaste, and can be what she seems:
So, who would see hells craft, in her may read it,
Who can seem too, but not be what she seems:
In brief, put him to school (would cheat the devil of's right)
To a dainty smooth-fac'd female hypocrite.

Exit.

Enter

14

The City-Night-Cap.

Enter Lodovico and Clown.

Lod. Here's a wife, *Pambo*!

Clown. Now, *Crede quod habes, & habes*, fir.

Lod. Why right man: let him believe he has horns, and he has 'em.

Clown. To discover upon the pinch to ye!

Lod. Oh! you kind loving husband's like my self,
What fortunes meet ye full but with such wives!

Clown. Fortune's i' th' fashion of hay-forks.

Lod. Sirra *Pambo*, thou shalt seldom see a harsh fellow have
such a wife, such a fortunate wedding.

Clown. He will go to hanging as soon,

543. and can be what she seems.] D: but not be what she seems: (D4 substitutes a period for the semi-colon). B returns to the original reading and notes that this change "makes the whole passage absolutely unintelligible."

547. Exeunt.] 1661, D, B: Exit. But, both Francisco and Dorothea exit here.

553. Oh!] D4: O

husbands] 1661: husband's

554. ye full] D4, B: ye, fall

wives!] D3, D4: wives.

a costermonger.

Exit.

540

Fran. Well, now I see, as he who fain would know
The real strain of goodness, may in her read it,
Who can seem chaste, and can be what she seems.
So, who would see hell's craft, in her may read it,
Who can seem too, but not be what she seems.
In brief, put him to school (would cheat the de'il of's right)
To a dainty, smooth-fac'd, female hypocrite.

Exeunt.

545

[SCENE II]

Enter Lodovico and Clown.

Lod. Here's a wife, Pambo!

Clown. Now, Crede. quod habes, & habes, sir.

Lod. Why right, man; let him believe he has horns, and he
has 'em.

550

Clown. To discover upon the pinch to ye!

Lod. Oh! You kind loving husbands like my self,
What fortunes meet ye full but with such wives!

Clown. Fortune's i'th' fashion of hay-forks.

555

Lod. Sirrah Pambo, thou shalt seldom see a harsh fellow have
such a wife, such a fortunate wedding.

Clown. He will go to hanging as soon.

543-545. Who can . . . what she seems] Related to two proverbs: "Be what thou would seem to be" (Tilley, S214), and "Things are not as they seem" (Tilley, T199). Abstemia is, of course, what she seems, while Dorothea is not.

552. To discover . . . to ye!] i.e., [I should] discover [your horns] to you at the critical juncture!

555. fashion of hay-forks] i.e., which look like cuckold's horns.

Lod. No, no, we loving souls have all the fortunes ;
 There's Count *Lorenzo* for example now,
 There's a sweet coyle to morrow 'bout his wife ;
 He has two servants, that will take their oaths
 They saw her dishonest with his friend Count *Philippo*,
 Nay in the very act : now what was't brought her to't, but his
 dogged usage of her ?

Clown. Nay she never liv'd a good day with him.

Lod. How she goes flaunting too ! she must have a feather in
 her head, and a cork in her heel.

Clown. I that shews her light from head to heel, sir ; and
 who have heavier heads, then they whose wives have light heels ?
 that feather confounds her.

Lod. I shall so laugh to hear the Comical History of the great
 Count *Lorenzo's* horns ; but as I have such a wife now, what
 a villain did I entertain to teach her musick ? 'has done her no
 good since he came, that I saw.

Clown. Hang him, 'has made her a little perfect in prick-song,
 that's all ; and it may be she had skill in that, before you married
 her too.

570. they] D3, D4: those

574. 'Has] D2, D3: H'as D4: H'has B: has

576. 'has] D2, D3: h'as D4: h'has

Lod. No, no, we loving souls have all the fortunes.

There's Count Lorenzo, for example, now, 560

There's a sweet coyle to morrow 'bout his wife.

He has two servants that will take their oaths

They saw her dishonest with his friend Count Philippo,

may, in the very act; now what was't brought her to't, but his

dogged usage of her? 565

Clown. May, she never liv'd a good day with him.

Lod. How she goes flaunting too! She must have a feather in
her head, and a corke in her heel.

Clown. I, that shews her light from head to heel, sir; and
who have heavier heads, than they whose wives have light heels? 570

That feather confounds her.

Lod. I shall so laugh to hear the comical history of the great
Count Lorenzo's horns. But as I have such a wife now, what
a villain did I entertain to teach her musick? 'Has done her no
good since he came, that I saw. 575

Clown. Hang him, 'has made her a little perfect in prick-song,
that's all; and it may be she had skill in that, before you married
her too.

561. coyle] coil, disturbance, fuss.

567-568. feather in her head] perhaps referring to the proverb, "to put
a feather in one's cap" (i.e., to be full of pride or aloof; Tilley,
Fl57).

568. a corke in her heel] cork heels (i.e., light heels) were associated
with loose behavior (cf. A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, III, ii, 190). B adds:
High cork heels,--chopines; very fashionable in Italy, whence they
were imported to England.

576. prick-song] a written descant or accompanying melody to a
plain-song. A pun is intended.

Lod. She could sing at the first sight, by this hand, *Pambo*.
But hark, I hear some-body.

Enter Francisco.

Clown. 'Tis he sure, 'has a dreaming whore-masters pace; pray
let me practise my Ladies part, and counterfeit for her.

Lod. Canst thou imitate to th' life?

Clown. Can I? Oh wicked *Francis*!

Lod. Admirable! thou shalt do't.

Clown. Pray be you ready with your rapier to spit him then
and I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant ye.

Fran. Here they are. If *Pambo* now comes off with his part
neatly, the Comedy passes bravely: Who's there?—*Madam?*

Clown.

The City-Night-Cap.

15

Clown. *Francis?*

Fran. The same.

Clown. I think this place lies too open to the air, *Francis?*

Lod. Delicate *Pambo*.

Clown. And truly there's a great dew fallen to night;
The grass is wondrous wet.

Lod. Sweet rogue!

Clown. Come *Francis*,
And let us sport our selves in yonder rushes;
And being set, I'll smother thee with buffes.

Lod. Oh villain!

580. hark,] D2, D3, D4: hark!

581. 'has] D2, D3: h'as D4: h'has

584. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

585. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

588. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

589. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Who's there] D4, B: Who's there?

593. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

596. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

600. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

Lod. She could sing at the first sight, by this hand, Pambo.
But hark, I hear some-body. 580

Enter Francisco.

Clown. 'Tis he sure, 'has a dreaming whore-master's pace; pray,
let me practice my Lady's part, and counterfeit for her.

Lod. Canst thou imitate to th' life?

Clown. Can I? [To Francisco, imitating Dorothea] Oh wicked Francis!

Lod. Admirable! Thou shalt do't. [Lorenzo hides.] 585

Clown. Pray, be you ready with your rapier to spit him then,
and I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant ye.

Fran. [Aside] Here they are. If Pambo now comes off with his part
neatly, the comedy passes bravely. [To Clown] Who's there-----Madam?

Clown. Francis? 590

Fran. The same.

Clown. I think this place lyes too open to the air, Francis?

Lod. [Aside] Delicate Pambo.

Clown. And truly there's a great dew fallen to night;
The grass is wondrous wet. 595

Lod. [Aside] Sweet rogue!

Clown. Come, Francis,
And let us sport our selves in yonder rushes;
And being set, I'll smother thee with busses.

Lod. [Aside] Oh villain! 600

598-599. And let us . . . with busses.] Fleay (I, 104) and Olive (p. 343)
note an apparent parody of Venus and Adonis, ll. 17-18:

Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

599. busses] kisses.

Fran. Hear me, Lady,
 It is enough my Lord hath now a friend,
 In these dishonest days, that dares be honest.
Lod. How is this?
Clown. Nay for thy Lord, he's a meer coxcomb, *Francis.*
Lod. Out rogue!
Fran. 'Tis but your bad desires that tell you so:
 Can I contain a heart, or can that heart
 Harbour a thought of injury 'gainst him,
 Under whose wing I safely stretch my penions?
 Has he not nobly entertain'd me? stand I not
 Next neighbour save your self, unto his heart?
Lod. I by this hand dost thou.
Fran. And should I quit him thus? no, Lady, no.
Lod. Brave *Frank!*
Fran. I am too wise to fall in love with wo,
 Much less with woman: I but took advantage
 Of my Lords absence, for your tryal Lady,
 For fear some fellow (far hotter rein'd than I)
 Might have sought, and sped; and I would be loath
 A Lord so loving.—
Lod. Shalt have five leaves, by these fingers.
Fran. Should have a Lady false.

604. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

606. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

613. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

615. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

620. sought, and] D4: sought [her] and

621. loving-----] D, B; 1661: loving.----- This sentence continues after Lodovico's aside.

622. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Fran. Hear me, Lady,

It is enough my Lord hath now a friend,

In these dishonest daies, that dares be honest.

Lod. [Aside] How is this?

Clown. Nay, for thy Lord, he's a meer coxcomb, Francis. 605

Lod. [Aside] Out, rogue!

Fran. 'Tis but your bad desires that tell you so.

Can I contain a heart, or can that heart

Harbour a thought of injury 'gainst him,

Under whose wing I safely stretch my pinions? 610

Has he not nobly entertain'd me? Stand I not

Next neighbour, save your self, unto his heart?

Lod. [Aside] I, by this hand dost thou.

Fran. And should I quit him thus? No, Lady, no.

Lod. [Aside] Brave Frank! 615

Fran. I am too wise to fall in love with wo,

Much less with woman. I but took advantage

Of my Lord's absence, for your tryal, Lady,

For fear some fellow (far hotter rein'd than I)

Might have sought, and sped; and I would be loath 620

A Lord so loving-----

Lod. [Aside] Shalt have five leases, by these fingers.

Fran. Should have a Lady false.

610. pinions] wings, flight feathers.

616. wo] woe, with an obvious pun in the next line on women.

619. hotter rein'd] less restrained, more governed by lust.

622. five leases, by these fingers] five for the five fingers. B notes one of the frequent allusions to "the odd custom of swearing by the fingers."

Back Lady, to your yet unblemish'd bed;
Preserve your honour, and your Lords Calves head.

Clown. Well *Francis*, you had been better: if I do not tell my
Lord of this!

Lord. He has put him to't now.

Fran. Then I am lost for ever,
You'll turn it all on me, I know; but ere
I'll live to wrong so good a Lord, or stand
The mark unto your malice, I will first
Fall on my sword and perish.

Lord. Hold, hold, hold man.

Fran. Ha, who are you?

C

Lord.

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The City-Night-Cap.

Lord. One that has more humanity in him, then to see a proper
fellow cast himself away, I warrant thee: 'tis I, 'tis I man, I have
heard all.

Clown. And 'twas I play'd my Lady, to have snap'd ye.

Fran. Has she been then so good to tell your honour?

Now am I worse afflicted then before,

That she should thus outrun me, in this race of honesty.

Lord. Nay sh'as bob'd thee bravely; sh'as a thousand of these
tricks, yfaith man; but howsoever, what I have found thee,
I have found thee: hark in thine ear, shalt have five leaves,

628. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

634. man.] D4, B: man!

S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

643. sh'as] D4: sh'has

sh'as] D4: Sh'has

644. yfaith] D: i'faith

Back Lady, to your yet unblemish'd bed;

Preserve your honour, and your Lord's calf's head. 625

Clown. Well Francis, you had been better, if I do not tell my
Lord of this!

Lod. [Aside] He has put him to't now.

Fran. Then I am lost for ever,
You'll turn it all on me, I know; but ere 630
I'll live to wrong so good a Lord, or stand
The mark unto your malice, I will first
Fall on my sword and perish.

Lod. Hold, hold, hold, man. [Lodovico comes forward.]

Fran. Ha, who are you? 635

Lod. One that has more humanity in him, than to see a proper
fellow cast himself away, I warrant thee. 'Tis I, 'tis I, man, I have
heard all.

Clown. And 'twas I play'd my Lady, to have snap'd ye.

Fran. Has she been then so good to tell your honour? 640
Now am I worse afflicted than before,
That she should thus outrun me in this race of honesty.

Lod. Nay, sh'as bob'd thee bravely; sh'as a thousand of these
tricks, yfaith, man; but howsoever, what I have found thee,
I have found thee. Hark in thine ear, shalt have five leases, 645

625. calf's head] i.e., without horns.

636. proper] honest.

639. snap'd] caught, taken by surprise.

643. bob'd] made a fool of, deceived.

and mine own Nag, when thrust a mind to ride.

Fran. Let me deserve, sir, first.

Lod. Shalt have them: I know what I do, I warrant thee.

Fran. I joy in such a Lady.

Lod. May there's a couple of you, for a wife and a friend; shalt be no more my servant: I had thought to have made thee my Steward, but thou'rt too honest for the place, that's the truth on't.

Clown. His superfluity is my necessity; pray let me ha't, sir.

Lod. I will talk with thee to morrow, *Pambo*; thou shalt have something too; but I'll to bed: honest *Francis*, the dearest must part, I see; I will so hug the sweet rascal that thinks every hour ten, till I come yonder! good night *Frank*, to bed *Pambo*. What delight in life

Can equal such a friend and such a wife?

So my dainty *Doll*, I come to thee.

Exit.

Clown. So a City-Night-Cap go with thee.-----But shall I not be thought on, for my nights service?

Fran. Oh look ye, pray forget not ye had something.

Clown. Well, and pray do you remember I had nothing.

Fran. Nothing! what's that?

Clown. Nothing before I had something, I mean: so you are well return'd from *Utopia*.

Fran. You're very nimble sir, good morrow.

Exeunt.

646. th'ast] D4: th'hast

656. I'll to bed.] D3, D4: I'll go to bed. B changes back to original, with note that it was "Needlessly altered in Dodsley [sic] . . ."

662. thee.---] D2, D3: thee--- D4: thee!

and mine own nag, when th'ast a mind to ride.

Fran. Let me deserve, sir, first.

Lod. Shalt have them. I know what I do, I warrant thee.

Fran. I joy in such a Lady.

Lod. Nay, there's a couple of you, for a wife and a friend. 650

Shalt be no longer my servant. I had thought to have made thee
my steward, but thou'rt too honest for the place, that's the truth
on't.

Clown. His superfluity is my necessity; pray, let me ha't, sir.

Lod. I will talk with thee to morrow, Pambo; thou shalt 655
have something too; but I'll to bed. Honest Francis, the dearest
must part, I see; I will so hug the sweet rascal that thinks every
hour ten, till I come yonder! Good night, Frank; to bed, Pambo.

What delight in life

Can equal such a friend and such a wife? 660

So my dainty Doll, I come to thee. Exit.

Clown. So a city-night-cap go with thee.-----But shall
I not be thought on, for my night's service?

Fran. Oh look ye, pray forget not ye had something.

Clown. Well, and pray do you remember I had nothing. 665

Fran. Nothing! What's that?

Clown. Nothing before I had something, I mean; so you are
well return'd from Utopia.

Fran. You're very nimble, sir, good morrow. Exeunt.

657-658. every hour ten] probably, does not know or care what time
it is. Related to the proverb, "He can tell ten" (Tilley, T90a), and
"To know what it is O'clock" (Tilley, 010).

*A Bar set out. Enter the Duke of Verona, Pandulpho,
Spinoso, Faspro, Jovani, Lorenzo, Philippo,
Abstemia, a Guard, and two Slaves.*

Vero. Call the accus'd to t' Bar.

Phil. We appear,

With acknowledg'd reverence to the presence.

Vero. We meet not

To build on circumstances, but to come plainly

To the business that here plac'd us : Cozen *Lorenzo*,

You have free leave to speak your griefs ; but this

Desire

The City-Night-Cap.

17

Desire the Senate to observe, and neerly :

I come here not your kinsman neither, Madam,

Looking unto the greatness of your blood,

As you are sister to the Duke of *Venice* ;

But as an equal Judge, I come to doom,

As circumstances and proof informs.

Lor. Thus then,

(Great Sir, grave Lords, and honourable Auditors

Of my dishonour) I affirm 'tis known

To th' signoric of *Verona*, the whole City,

678. kinsman;] D, B; 1661: kinsman

682. circumstances] D4: circumstance

[SCENE III]

A bar set out. Enter the Duke of Verona, Pandulpho,

Spinoso, Jaspro, Jovani, Lorenzo, Philippo,

Abstemia, a guard, and two slaves.

Vero. Call the accus'd to th' bar.

670

Phil. We appear,

With acknowledg'd reverence to the presence.

Vero. We meet not

To build on circumstances, but to come plainly

To the business that here plac'd us. Cozen Lorenzo,

675

You have free leave to speak your griefs; but this

Desire the senate to observe, and neerly:

I come here not your kinsman; neither, Madam,

Looking unto the greatness of your blood,

As you are sister to the Duke of Venice;

680

But as an equal judge, I come to doom,

As circumstances and proof informs.

Lor. Thus then,

Great sir, grave Lords, and honourable auditors

Of my dishonour, I affirm 'tis known

685

To th' signorie of Verona, the whole city,

674. circumstances] formality, ceremony.

681. equal] impartial, fair.

682. circumstances] logical surroundings or adjuncts.

686. signorie] the governing council of Verona.

Nay the great multitude without, that come
 This day to hear unwilling truth, can witness,
 How since my marriage with that woman (weepst thou!
 Oh truth, who would not look thee in a womans tears!
 But showers that fall too late, produce deer years)
 All know that since our marriage, I have perform'd
 So fairly all judicial wedlock-offices,
 That malice knew not how at my whole actions
 To make one blow: and to strike home, I did rather
 Honour her as a saint, sir, then respect her
 As she was my wife: on pilgrimage I sent
 All my endeavours to the fair seeming shrine
 Of her desires, where they did offer daily
 A plenal satisfaction, which she seem'd
 Reciprocally to return, pay'd back
 As much obedience as I lent of love:
 But then the serpent stings, when like a dove.
 Opinion feathers him: womens sweet words
 As far are from their hearts (though from their breasts

689. thou!] D: thou?

S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

695. blow.] D3, D4, B: blow,

home,] D3, D4: home. B: home:

699. her] D3, D4: their

703. dove.] D, B: dove

Nay, the great multitude without, that come
 This day to hear unwilling truth, can witness,
 How since my marriage with that woman (weepst thou! [Abstemia weeps.]
 Oh truth, who would not look thee in a woman's tears! 690
 But showers that fall too late, produce deer years),
 All know that since our marriage, I have perform'd
 So fairly all judicial wedlock offices, —
 That malice knew not how at my whole actions
 To make one blow. And to strike home, I did rather 695
 Honour her as a saint, sir, than respect her
 As she was my wife. On pilgrimage I sent
 All my endeavours to the fair seeming shrine
 Of her desires, where they did offer daily
 A plenal satisfaction, which she seem'd 700
 Reciprocally to return, paid back
 As much obedience as I lent of love.
 But then the serpent stings when like a dove.
 Opinion feathers him; women's sweet words
 As far are from their hearts (though from their breasts 705

690. Oh truth . . . tears] from the proverb, "Trust not a woman when she weeps" (Tilley, W638):

695-697. I did rather . . . my wife] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 164):
 ". . . yet I did rather honour her as a saint, then regarde her as a
 wife . . ."

700. plenal] full, complete, plenary. NED cites l. 1349 as one of its
 two examples (see also l. 1434).

704. feathers him] gives feathers to; i.e., disguises.

They fly) as Lapwings cries are from their nests.

Pan. Oh you enveigh!

Lor. I would appear no satyre.

And for this man (how fain I would call him friend!)

I appeal to the whole state, if at the fight

Betwixt *Bizerta* Gallies and your Grace,

Wherein you pleas'd to send me General there,

That he deserv'd (let me not take from him

His merits meer confession) but I was there

The man (the erring man) that crown'd his merit

With approbation and reward; brought him home,

Prefer'd him to those graces you heap'd on him:

Wore him a neighbour to my heart, as lovers

Wear Jewels, left by their dead friends; I lock'd him

707. enveigh!] D3, D4: inveigh.

708. satyre] D1, D2: satyr D3, D4: satire

They flie) as lapwings' cries are from their nests.

Pand. Oh, you enveigh!

Lor. I would appear no satyre.

And for this man (how fain I would call him friend!),

I appeal to the whole state, if at the fight

710

Betwixt Bizerta gallies and your Grace,

Wherein you pleas'd to send me general there,

That he deserv'd (let me not take from him

His merit's meet confession), but I was there

The man (the erring man) that crown'd his merit

715

With approbation and reward; brought him home,

Prefer'd him to those graces you heap'd on him;

Wore him a neighbour to my heart, as lovers

Wear jewels left by their dead friends. I lock'd him

704-706. women's sweet . . . their nests] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 137): ". . . so womens wordes are like the cries of Lapwings, farthest from their thoughts, as they are from their nests . . ." B and Olive (p. 337) also cite Measure for Measure, I, iv, 31-33:

. . . 'tis my familiar sin,
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest
Tongue far from heart . . .

Olive (p. 338) notes that Davenport and Shakespeare have in common the word "heart(s)" which is not in Greene. Tilley (L68) cites numerous examples, including this line from Davenport.

707. enveigh] inveigh, rail loudly.

708. satyre] alternate spelling of satyr, censorious person. The NED notes that the confusion between the words satiric and satyric gave rise to the notion that the satyrs who formed the chorus of the Greek satyric drama had to deliver "satirical" speeches. Hence, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the frequent attribution to the satyrs of censoriousness as a characteristic quality. The usual association, with lechery, does not seem to fit here.

711. Bizerta gallies] ships from Bizerta, a seaport in Tunisia at this time under Turkish control.

718-719. as lovers . . . friends] this custom has not been identified.

Into my heart, and double-bar'd him there
 With reason and opinion : his extremities
 Fastn'd me more unto him, whilst like an arch

C 2

Well

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The City-Night-Cap.

Well built, by how much the more weight I bore,
 I stand the stronger under him ; so lov'd him,
 That in his absence still mine ear became
 A sanctuary to his injur'd name.

Vera. And what from hence infer you ?

Lor. That 'twas base,
 Base in the depth of baseness, for this wife
 So honour'd, and this smooth friend so belov'd,
 To conspire betwixt them my dishonour.

Vera. How ?

Lor. To stain my sheets with lust, a minutes theft :
 To brand perpetually three faces ; a husbands,
 A wives, and friends.

Alst. Oh good my Lord,
 Cast out this devil from you.

Lor. Oh good my Lady,
 Keep not the devil within you, but confess.

Phil. Hear me, great sir ; I will confess, *Lorenzo,*
 And print thee down the fool of passion.

Spin. Speak, sir.

Phil. 'Tis true, this boasting man did thus erect me
 In his opinion, plac'd me in his love,
 Grac'd me with courtesies : Oh the craft of jealousy !

Into my heart, and double-bar'd him there 720
 With reason and opinion. His extremities
 Fastn'd me more unto him, whilst like an arch
 Well built, by how much the more weight I bore,
 I stand the stronger under him; so lov'd him,
 That in his absence still mine ear became 725
 A sanctuary to his injur'd name.

Vero. And what from hence infer you?

Lor. That 'twas base,
 Base in the depth of baseness, for this wife
 So honour'd, and this smooth friend so belov'd, 730
 To conspire betwixt them my dishonour.

Vero. How?

Lor. To stain my sheets with lust, a minute's theft;
 To brand perpetually three faces: a husband's,
 A wife's, and friend's. 735

Abst. Oh, good my Lord.
 Cast out this devil from you.

Lor. Oh, good my Lady,
 Keep not the devil within you, but confess.

Phil. Hear me, great sir. I will confess, Lorenzo, 740
 And print thee down the fool of passion.

Spin. Speak, sir.

Phil. 'Tis true, this boasting man did thus erect me
 In his opinion, plac'd me in his love,
 Grac'd me with courtesies. Oh, the craft of jealousy! 745

As boys to take the bird about the pit,
 Cast wheat and chaff, contriving a neat train
 To intice her to her raine : so this friend
 Falser then City-oaths, it is not doubted,
 Having so far indear'd me, when he came
 To enjoy a fair wife, guest it impossible
 For me to share with him in all things else,
 And not in her ; for fair wives oft we see
 Strike discord in sweet friendships harmony :
 And having no way to insnare me so,
 To separate our loves, he seriously
 Woo'd me to try his wife.

Lor. 'Tis false.

Phil. 'Tis true.

By all that honest men may be believed by,
 Three several witnesses, I try'd her, by him urg'd to't,
 Yet still my truth not started, kept so constant,
 That till this hour this Lady thus much knew not
 I bore her brave reproofs : Oh when she spake,
 The saints sure listen'd, and at every point
 She got the plause of Angels ! now upon this,
 This jealous Lord infers (and it may be but
 To shun futurity) that I

His

The City-Night-Cap.

19

(His betray'd friend) could not hold the cup.

754. Strike discord] D3, D4: strike the discord.

760. by] D2, D3, D4, B; 1661: by,

761. witnesses] D, B: times

763. not.] D, B; 1661: not

766. the plause] D3, D4: th'applause

As boys, to take the bird, about the pit,
 Cast wheat and chaff, contriving a neat train
 To intice her to her ruine, so this friend,
 Falser than city-oaths, it is not doubted,
 Having so far indear'd me, when he came 750
 To enjoy a fair wife, guest it impossible
 For me to share with him in all things else,
 And not in her; for fair wives oft we see
 Strike discord in sweet friendship's harmony;
 And having no way to insnare me so, 755
 To separate our loves, he seriously
 Woo'd me to try his wife.

Lor. 'Tis false.

Phil. 'Tis true,

By all that honest men may be believed by. 760
 Three several witnesses I try'd her, by him urg'd to't,
 Yet still my truth not started, kept so constant
 That till this hour this Lady thus much knew not.
 I bore her brave reproofs. Oh, when she spake,
 The saints sure listen'd, and at every point 765
 She got the plause of angels! Now upon this,
 This jealous Lord infers (and it may be but
 To shun futurity) that I
 (His betray'd friend) could not hold the cup,

746. pit] perhaps, the pit-bird, or reed-warbler; or trap.

747. train] lure, bait.

761. witnesses] attempts, testings.

768. futurity] future time or events.

But I must drink the poyson : no, *Lorenzo*,
 An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,
 Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock ;
 Whose heart conceives no sinister device :
 Fearless he playes with flames, and treads on ice.

Vero. Cosen, did you, as your friend here affirms,
 Counsel him to these tryals ?

Lor. I ?

Phil. You did.

Lor. *Philippo*, thou art fallen from a good man,
 And hast ta'en leave of modestie : let these my servants
 (That incredulity should be induction
 To my more certain shame) let these speak
 And relate what they saw : they grew so publick,
 My servants could discover them.

Pan. Speak, friends, be fearless ;
 And what you know, even to a syllable,
 Boldly confess.

1 Slave. Then know, great sir, as soon
 As ere my Lord was gone to meet your Grace,
 Signor *Philippo* and my Lady privately
 Went up to her bed-chamber : we two suspecting
 What afterwards we found, stole softly up,
 And through the key-hole (for the door was lock'd).
 We saw my Lady and Count *Philippo* there
 Upon the bed, and in the very act,

But I must drink the poyson. No, Lorenzo, 770

An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,

Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock,

Whose heart conceives no sinister device;

Fearless he playes with flames, and treads on ice.

Vero. Cozen, did you, as your friend here affirms, 775

Counsel him to these tryals?

Lor. I?

Phil. You did.

Lor. Philippo, thou art fallen from a good man,
And hast ta'en leave of modestie. Let these my servants 780

(That incredulity should be induction

To my more certain shame), let these speak

And relate what they saw; they grew so publick,

My servants could discover them.

Pand. Speak, friends, be fearless; 785

And what you know, even to a sillable,

Boldly confess.

1 Slave. Then know, great sir, as soon
As ere my Lord was gone to meet your Grace,

Signor Philippo and my Lady privately 790

Went up to her bed-chamber; we two suspecting

What afterwards we found, stole softly up,

And through the key-hole (for the door was lock'd)

We saw my Lady and Count Philippo there

Upon the bed, and in the very act, 795

As my Lord before affirm'd.

Abst. Canst thou hear, heaven,
And withhold thy thunder?

Phil. My Lords one devil, ye know,
May possess three bodies.

Vero. Will you swear this, sir?

1 *Slave.* I will, my Lord.

Spin. And you?

2 *Slave.* I will, and dare, sir.

Lor. Brave rascals!

Vero. Reach them the book.

Abst. Ye poor deluded men, Oh do not swear!

Lor. Think of the chain of pearl;

1 *Slave.* Give us the book:

That we affirm the truth, the whole truth,

And nothing but the truth, we swear.

Pan. Believe me, I am sorry for the Lady.

Phil. How soon

Two souls more precious than a pair of worlds

Are

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The City-Night-Cap.

Are levell'd below death!

Abst. Oh hark! did you not hear it?

Uran. What, Lady?

805 and 808. S. D.] B notes: "An 'aside,' of course." However, l. 805 need not be an aside; Lorenzo could be complimenting their courage as if they were brave to step forward and testify, and "rascal" can be either an endearing term (as l. 657) or simply a reference to their low station in life. Since l. 808 is an obvious aside, l. 805 may be too. D4 has l. 808 only as aside.

As my Lord before affirm'd.

Abst. Canst thou hear, heaven,
And withhold thy thunder?

Phil. My Lords, one devil, ye know,
May possess three bodies.

800

Vero. Will you swear this, sir?

1 Slave. I will, my Lord.

Spin. And you?

2 Slave. I will, and dare, sir.

Lor. [Aside?] Brave rascals!

805

Vero. Reach them the book.

Abst. Ye poor deluded men, oh do not swear!

Lor. [Aside] Think of the chain of pearl.

1 Slave. Give us the book.

That we affirm the truth, the whole truth,

810

And nothing but the truth, we swear.

Pand. Believe me, I am sorry for the Lady.

Phil. How soon.

Two souls more pretious than a pair of worlds

Are levell'd below death!

815

Abst. Oh hark! Did you not hear it?

Omn. What, Lady?

797-798. Canst thou . . . thunder?] B cites Othello, V, ii,
235-236:

Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?

805. Brave] stout-hearted; also, bullying, assassinating.

810-811. That we . . . truth] Tilley lists this oath as proverbial
(T590):.

815. levell'd below death] i.e., damned to hell.

Abst. This hour a pair of glorious Towers are fallen ;
Two goodly buildings beaten with a breath
Beneath the grave : you all have seen this day,
A pair of souls both cast and kist away.

Spin. What censure gives your Grace ?

Veron. In that I am kinsman

To the accuser, that I might not appear
Partial in judgement, let it seem no wonder
If unto your gravities I leave

The following sentence : but as *Lorenzo* stands

A kinsman to *Verona*, so forget not,

Abstemia still is sister unto *Vinice*.

Phil. Misery of goodness!

Abst. Oh ! *Lorenzo Medico*,

Abstemia's lover once, when he did vow

And when I did believe ; then when *Abstemia*

Deny'd so many Princes for *Lorenzo*,

Then when you swore, Oh maids ! how men can weep !

Print protestations on their breasts, and sigh,

831. Oh! Lorenzo Medico,] D4: O Lorenzo Medico!

835. weep!] D3, D4: weep,

Abst. This hour a pair of glorious towers are fallen;
 Two goodly buildings beaten with a breath
 Beneath the grave; you all have seen this day, 820
 A pair of souls both cast and kist away.

Spin. What censure gives your Grace?

Vero. In that I am kinsman
 To the accuser, that I might not appear
 Partial in judgement, let it seem no wonder 825
 If unto your gravities I leave
 The following sentence; but as Lorenzo stands
 A kinsman to Verona, so forget not,
Abstemia still is sister unto Venice.

Phil. Misery of goodness! 830

Abst. Oh! Lorenzo Medico,
Abstemia's lover once, when he did vow
 And when I did believe; then when Abstemia
 Deny'd so many princes for Lorenzo,
 Then when you swore. Oh maids! How men can weep! 835
 Print protestations on their breasts, and sigh,

821. both cast and kist away] this proverbial expression, apparently deriving from the throw of dice, is not in Tilley.

822. censure] judgment, sentence.

826. gravities] a title of respect, directed toward one of authority; so the counselors present.

831-832. Oh! . . . lover once] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 169): "O Philippo Medici, once lover of Philomela . . ."

831. Medico] D4 notes: A not unusual form of De Medici. In Philomela Greene uses both the Medico (p. 115) and Medici (p. 160) spellings.

And look so truly, and then weep again,
 And then protest again, and again dissemble !
 When once enjoy'd, like strange sights we grow stale,
 And find our comforts like their wonder, fail.

Phil. Oh *Lorenzo* !

Look upon tears, each one of which well valued,
 Is worth the pity of a King ; but thou
 Art harder far than Rocks, and canst not prize
 The precious waters of truths injur'd eyes.

Lor. Please your Grace proceed to censure.

Vero. Thus 'tis decreed, as these Lords have set down
 Against all contradiction : Signor *Philippo*,
 In that you have thus grossly, sir, dishonour'd
 Even our blood it self, in this rude injury
 Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative
 Implies death on your trespass ; but your merit
 Of more antiquity than is your trespass,
 That death is blotted out, and in the place
 Banishment writ, perpetual banishment
 (On pain of death (if you return) for ever)
 From *Vero*, and her signories.

Phil. *Vero* is kind.

Pan. Unto you, Madam,

This

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This censure is allotted : Your high blood
 Takes off the danger of the law ; nay from
 Even banishment it self : this Lord your husband
 Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
 Which we think good to grant, the Church allowing :

841. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

853. than is] D4: is than

854. That death is blotted out] In a note, D3 suggests: That death has
 blotted out. D4 retains original, but notes incorrectly that original reads:
 than is. [perhaps an error for 1.853].

856. (On pain of death, if you return) for ever] 1661: (On pain of death
 (if you return) for ever) D3: (On pain of death, if you return, for ever)
 D4: (On pain of death, if you return) for ever, B: (On pain of death if
 you return) for ever

859. *Vero.*] 1661, D, B: *Pan.* The censure for Abstemia too must be spoken
 by the Duke.

And look so truly, and then weep again,
 And then protest again, and again dissemble!
 When once enjoy'd, like strange sights, we grow stale,
 And find our comforts, like their wonder, fail. 840

Phil. Oh Lorenzo! [Abstemia weeps.]

Look upon tears, each one of which well valued,
 Is worth the pity of a king; but thou
 Art harder far than rocks, and canst not prize
 The pretious waters of truth's injur'd eyes. 845

Lor. Please your Grace, proceed to censure.

Vero. Thus 'tis decreed, as these Lords have set down
 Against all contradiction. Signor Philippo,
 In that you have thus grosly, sir, dishonour'd
 Even our blood it self, in this rude injury 850
 Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative
 Implies death on your trespass; but your merit
 Of more antiquity than is your trespass,
 That death is blotted out, and in the place
 Banishment writ, perpetual banishment 855
 (On pain of death, if you return) for ever
 From Verona, and her signories.

Phil. Verona is kind.

Vero. Unto you, Madam,
 This censure is allotted. Your high blood 860
 Takes off the danger of the law; nay, from
 Even banishment it self. This Lord your husband
 Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
 Which we think good to grant, the church allowing;

And in that the injury
 Chiefly reflects on him, he hath free licence
 To marry when and whom he pleases.

Abst. I thank ye,

That you are favourable unto my Love,
 Whom yet I love and weep for.

Phil. Farewell *Lorenzo*,

This breast did never yet harbor a thought
 Of thee, but nian was in it, honest man :
 There's all the words that thou art worth ; of your Grace
 I humbly thus take leave ; farewel my Lords,
 And lastly farewel, thou fairest of many,
 Yet by far more unfortunate : look up
 And see a crown held for thee ; win it, and die
 Lovers martyr, the sad map of injury :
 And so remember, sir, your injur'd Lady
 Has a brother yet in *Venice*.

Exit.

Abst. Farewell *Lorenzo*,

And in that the injury 865

Chiefly reflects on him, he hath free licence

To marry when and whom he pleases.

Abst. I thank ye,

That you are favourable unto my love,

Whom yet I love and weep for. 870

Phil. Farewel, Lorenzo.

This brest did never yet harbour a thought

Of thee, but man was in it, honest man.

There's all the words that thou art worth; of your Grace,

I humbly thus take leave; farewell, my Lords; 875

And lastly farewell, thou fairest of many,

Yet by far more unfortunate. Look up

And see a crown held for thee; win it, and die

Lover's martyr, the sad map of injury.

And so remember, sir, your injur'd Lady 880

Has a brother yet in Venice. Exit.

Abst. Farewel, Lorenzo.

866-867. he hath free . . . he pleases] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 167): ". . . and he at free liberty to marry whom he list . . ."

872-873. This brest . . . Of thee] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 168): "This brest Philippo, did never harbour any disloyall thought against thee . . ."

877-878. Look up . . . for thee] This favorite image of Davenport, that of the Christian striving for the crown of heavenly salvation promised by Christ, is the subject of A Crown for a Conquerour. Cf. King John and Matilda, IV, ii (B, p. 62):

At the end of chastities white race, an Angell
Holds in his hand (shot through a silver cloud),
A Crown for Conquerours.

See also ll. 903, 1929, and 2418 for this image.

879. map] a representation in epitome, used figuratively.

VWhom my soul doth love : if you ere marry,
 May you meet a good wife, so good, that you
 May nor suspect her, nor may she be worthy
 Of your suspicion : and if you hear hereafter
 That I am dead, enquire but my last words,
 And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you ;
 And when you walk forth with your second choyce,
 Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,
 Imagine that you see me lean and pale,
 Strewing your paths with flowers : and when in bed
 You cast your arms about her happy side;
 Think you see me stand with a patient look,
 Crying, All hail, you lovers, live and prosper;
 But may she never live to pay my debts :

Weeps.

If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
 In the conception of the injury.
 Pray make me wealthy with one kiss : farewell, sir :
 Let it not grieve you when you shall remember
 That I was innocent : nor this forget,
 Though innocence here suffer, sigh and groan,
 She walks but thorow thorns to find : a throne.

*Exit.
 Fiero.*

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Vero. Break up the Court, and Cosen learn this reed;
 VWho stabs Truths bosom, makes an Angel bleed.

883. doth love] D4, B: doth [yet] love

884. wife,] D3: wife; D4: wife:

893. side,] D4: side[s], B notes: "It is hard to say why 'side'
 should be altered to 'side[s]' in Dodsley."

896. S. D.] D3, D4 omits.

901. forget,] D4: forget---

904. reed] D3, D4: rede

Whom my soul doth love. If you ere marry,
 May you meet a good wife, so good, that you
 May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy 885
 Of your suspition; and if you hear hereafter
 That I am dead, enquire but my last words,
 And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you;
 And when you walk forth with your second choyce
 Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me, 890
 Imagine that you see me lean and pale,
 Strewing your paths with flowers; and when in bed
 You cast your arms about her happy side,
 Think you see me stand with a patient look,
 Crying, "All hail, you lovers, live and prosper." 895
 But may she never live to pay my debts. Weeps.
 If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
 In the conception of the injury.
 Pray, make me wealthy with one kiss. Farewel, sir,
 Let it not grieve you when you shall remember 900
 That I was innocent; nor this forget,
 Though innocence here suffer, sigh and groan,
 She walks but through thorns to finde a throne. Exit.
 Veró. Break up the court, and cozen, learn this reed:
 Who stabs truth's bosom, makes an angel bleed. 905

883-886. If you are . . . your suspition] Cf. Greene's Philomela (pp. 169-170): "I leave thee to the choice of a new love, and the fortune of a faire wife, who if she prove as honestly amorous towards thee as Philomela, then wrong her not with suspition . . ."

896. But may . . . my debts] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 170): " . . . then wrong her [your new wife] not with suspition, as thou hast don me with jelousie: leást she prove too liberall, and pay my debts."

904. reed] rede, counsel, advice.

Lod. The storm upon my breast, sir.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundus

Actus Tertius.

*Enter Lodovico Jaspéro, Fovani
and Clown.*

Lor. **D**Id Chronicle ever match this couple, gentlemen?
Jasp. You maks us wonder,
 That both should seem to yeild to the temptation,
 And both so meet in one resolved goodness,
 Unknown to one another!

Lod. There lies the jest on't. Sirrah *Pambo*, I do but think
 and she had met him in the garden, how she would have rattled
 him.

Clown. And rustled him too, sir; the Camomile would have
 been better for it many a day after.

Jov. Such an honest minded servant, where shall one finde?

Lod. Servant? my sworn brother, man, he's too honest for an

906. Lor.] D; 1661, B: Lod.

907. Lod.] D, B; 1661: Lor.

913. and] D: an'

918. Servant?] D, B: Servant!

Lor. The storm upon my brest, sir.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundus.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

[SCENE I]

Enter Lodovico, Jaspro, Jovani,

and Clown.

Lod. Did chronicle ever match this couple, gentlemen?

Jasp. You make us wonder,

That both should seem to yeild to the temptation,

And both so meet in one resolved goodness,

910

Unknown to one another!

Lod. There lyes the jest on't. Sirrah Pambo, I do but think
and she had met him in the garden, how she would have rattled
him.

Clown. And ruffled him too, sir; the camomile would have
been better for it many a day after.

915

Jov. Such an honest minded servant, where shall one finde?

Lod. Servant? My sworn brother, man, he's too honest for an

913. rattled] scolded, railed at.

915. ruffled] discomposed, disordered; certainly with a pun on a
second meaning of touzle, or handle with rude familiarity.

915-916. the camomile . . . day after.] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 199):
" . . . the Camomill the more it is troden, the sweeter smell it yeeldeth
. . ."

camomile] a creeping herb, popularly thought to grow faster when
trampled, hence the proverb: The more camomile is trodden down the more
it spreads (Tilley, C34).

office he'll never thrive in't : ye have few servants will deal
so mercifully with their Lords.

Jasp. A wife ! why she's a saint, one that ever bears
A good sound soul about her.

clown. Yes, when she wears her new shooes.

Jov. Shall we see her, my Lord ?

Lod. VWhere is she, *Pambo* ?

clown. VValking a turn or two i'th' garden with *Francisco*, sir :
I go call her.

Lod. No, no, no ; let her alone, 'tis pity indeed to part them,
they are so well match'd : was he not reading to her ?

clown. No, sir, she was weeping to him : she heard this morn-
ing that her confessor father *Jacomo* was dead.

Jasp. Father *Jacomo* dead ?

Lod. Why now shall nor we have her eat one bit this five days.

clown.

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clown. She'll munch the more in a corner, that's the Puri-
tans fast.

Lod. Nay do but judge of her my Lords by one thing ; where-
as most of our dames go to confession but once a month, some
twice a quarter, and some but once a year, and that upon con-
straint too ; she never misses twice a Week.

Jasp. 'Tis wonderful.

922. a] D3, D4; 1661, D1, D2, B: A

927. I go call her.] D, B: I'll go call her.

office, he'll never thrive in't; ye have few servants will deal
so mercifully with their Lords.

920

Jasp. A wife! Why she's a saint, one that ever bears
a good sound soul about her.

Clown. Yes, when she wears her new shooes.

Jov. Shall we see her, my Lord?

Lod. Where is she, Pambo?

925

Clown. Walking a turn or two i'th' garden with Francisco, sir;
I go call her.

Lod. No, no, no, let her alone; 'tis pity indeed to part them,
they are so well match'd. Was he not reading to her?

Clown. No, sir, she was weeping to him; she heard this morn- 930
ing that her confessor Father Jacomo was dead.

Jasp. Father Jacomo dead?

Lod. Why, now shall not we have her eat one bit this five daies.

Clown. She'll munch the more in a corner, that's the Puri-
tan's fast.

935

Lod. Nay, do but judge of her, my Lords, by one thing; where-
as most of our dames go to confession but once a month, some twice
twice a quarter, and some but once a year, and that upon con-
straint too, she never misses twice a week.

Jasp. 'Tis wonderful.

940

934-935. Puritan's fast] i.e., in reference to Puritan's notorious hypocrisy. Puritans, in contrast to Anglicans, practiced fasting, and not as an end in itself, but to "call people to serious thinking and attendance upon an extra sermon or lecture." See Marshall N. Knappen, Tudor Puritanism (1939; rpt. Gloucester, Mass.: Peter Smith, 1963), p. 287. No reference to specific attacks on Puritan fasting practice has been located, although numerous charges of hypocrisy were levelled. William P. Holden, in Anti-Puritan Satire 1572-1642 (1954; rpt. n.p.: Archon Books, 1968), states that "one of the most persistent and damaging of the Anglican's indictments of the Puritan was that of hypocrisy" (p.41).

Jov. 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home : thy are even
With the whole world, that so keep touch with heaven.

Lod. Nay, I told ye, ye should finde no *Philippo* of *Francisco*.

Clown. And I remember I told your honour, you should finde
no *Abstemius* of my Lady.

Lod. Nor no *Lorenzo* of my self; he was ever a melancholy
stubborn fellow, he kept her in too much, and see what comes on't;
I give my wife her will, and see what comes on't too.

Clown. Nay sir, there is two come on't, and a man could discover 'em.

Lod. Two what, I prethee?

Clown. It may be two babies, sir, for they come commonly with
giving a woman her will.

Lod. I'd laugh at that, yfaith boy : but who has she now for
her confessor?

Clown. She looks for one they call him father *Antony*, sir, and
he's wish'd to her by Madona *Lussuriosa*.

Enter Dorothea, Francisco.

Lod. There's another modest soul too, never without a holy

941. they] MS, D, B; 1661: thy

945. ye] 1661, D, B: you

948. on't;] D2, D3, D4, B: on't!

949. too.] D2, D3, D4, B: too!

955. yfaith] D1, D2: 'faith D3, D4: i'faith

958. he's wish'd] D3: he wish'd

958a. weeping, and] not in 1661, D, B.

Jov. 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home; they are even
With the whole world, that so keep touch with heaven.

Lod. Nay, I told ye, ye should finde no Philippo of
Francisco.

Clown. And I remember I told your honour, ye should finde 945
no Abstemia of my Lady.

Lod. Nor no Lorenzo of my self; he was ever a melancholy
stubborn fellow; he kept her in too much, and see what comes on't;
I give my wife her will, and see what comes on't too.

Clown. Nay, sir, there is two come on't, and a man could 950
discover 'em.

Lod. Two what, I prethee?

Clown. It may be two babies, sir, for they come commonly with
giving a woman her will.

Lod. I'd laugh at that, yfaith, boy. But who has she now for 955
her confessor?

Clown. She looks for one they call him Father Antony, sir, and
he's wish'd to her by Madona Lussuriosa.

Enter Dorothea [weeping, and] Francisco.

Lod. There's another modest soul too, never without a holy

941. she keeps . . . at home] this proverbial expression not in Tilley.

958. wish'd] D3, D4, B correctly note: recommended.

Lussuriosa] Florio (Queen Anna's New World of Words, London, 1611)
defines lussurioso: "luxurious, lletcherous, lustfull, wanton, riotous,
ranke" (p. 291). In The Return from Parnassus, Pt. I, a Luxurioso
is a student who has only learned to live beyond his means and to love
wine and women. In The Revenger's Tragedy, the duke's son is suitably
named Lussurioso.

man at her elbow : but here comes one out-weighs them all :
 Why how new chick ! weeping so fast ? this is the fault of most of
 our Ladies, painting, weeping ! for their sins I should say, spoils
 their faces.

Fran. Sweet Madam !

Lod. Look, look, look, loving soul, he weeps for company.

Clown. And I shall laugh out-right by and by.

Dor. Oh that good man !

Lod. Why bird ?

Jasp. Be patient, Lady.

Dor. Would he go to heaven without his zealous pupil ?

Clown. It may be he knew not your mind, forsooth.

Dor. He knew my mind well enough.

Clown. Why then it may be he knew you could not hold out
 for the journey ; pray do not set us all a crying—— *Weeps.*

Lod. Prethee sweet birds-nye be content.

Dor. Yes, yes, content, when you too leave my company ?

D

Na

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No one comes near me ; so that were it not
 For modest simple *Francis* here.——

Clown. As modest as a gib-cat at midnight.

Dor. That sometimes reads

Virtuous books to me ; were it not for him,
 I might go look content : but 'tis no matter,
 No body cares for me.

960. elbow.] D2, D3, D4: elbow!

961. chick!] D: chick,

962. painting, weeping] D4: painting---weeping

964. Madam!] D3, D4: madam.

S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

965. look, look,] D4: look, look!

company.] D: company!

974. crying.] D; 1661, B: crying---

976. content,] D, B: content!

when you too leave] D4: when you too leave; B: when you, too, leave
 company?] D: company!

978. here---] D, B; 1661: here.---

979. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

man at her elbow. But here comes one out-weighs them all. 960

Why, how now, chick! Weeping so fast? This is the fault of most of our Ladies; painting, weeping for their sins I should say, spoils their faces.

Fran. Sweet Madam!

[Francisco weeps too.]

Lod. Look, look, look, loving soul, he weeps for company. 965

Clown. And I shall laugh out-right, by and by.

Dor. Oh that good man!

Lod. Why, bird?

Jasp. Be patient, Lady.

Dor. Would he go to heaven without his zealous pupil? 970

Clown. It may be he knew not your mind, forsooth.

Dor. He knew my mind well enough.

Clown. Why, then it may be he knew you could not hold out for the journey. Pray, do not set us all a crying. Weeps.

Lod. Prethee, sweet birds-nye, be content. 975

Dor. Yes, yes, content, when you too leave my company?

No one comes neer me; so that were it not

For modest simple Francis here-----

Clown. [Aside] As modest as a gib-cat at midnight.

Dor. That sometimes reads 980

Vertuous books to me; were it not for him,

I might go look content; but 'tis no matter,

No body cares for me.

962. painting] makeup.

975. birds-nye] term of endearment. See note for l. 522.

979. gib-cat] male cat.

982. I might go look content] D4 notes: I might go in search of it.
B notes: Look for, search after.

Lod. Nay prethee *Doll*; pray gentlemen comfort her. *Weeps.*
Clown. Now is the devil writing an encomium upon cunning
 cuckold-makers.

Fran. You have been harsh to her of late, I fear, sir.

Lod. By this hand, I turn'd not from her all last night: what
 should a man do?

Jasp. Come, this is but a sweet obedient shower,
 To bedew the lamented grave of her old father.

Clown. He thinks the devil's dead too.

Dor. But 'tis no matter, were I such a one
 As the Count *Lorenzo's* Lady, were I so graceless
 To make you wear a pair of wicked horns,

You would make more reckoning of me—— *Weeps.*

Lod. Weep again? she'll cry out her eyes, gentlemen.

Clown. No I warrant yee; remember the two lines your
 Honour read last night.

A Woman's Eye,

'S Aprils Dust, no sooner wet but dry.

Lod. Good pigs-nye! *Fran.* prethee walk her t'other turn i'th'
 garden, and get her a stomach to her supper; we'll be with ye
 presently, wench.

Dor. Nay when ye please—— But why should I go from
 ye?

996. me.] 1661, D, B: me---

1005. please.---] 1661, D1, D2, D3, B: please--- D4: please;

Lod. Nay, prethee, Doll; pray, gentlemen, comfort her. Weeps.

Clown. Now is the devil writing an encomium upon cunning 985
cuckold-makers.

Fran. You have been harsh to her of late, I fear, sir.

Lod. By this hand, I turn'd not from her all last night. What
should a man do?

Jasp. Come, this is but a sweet obedient shower, 990
To bedew the lamented grave of her old father.

Clown. He thinks the devil's dead too.

Dor. But 'tis no matter, were I such a one
As the Count Lorenzo's Lady, were I so graceless
To make you wear a pair of wicked horns, 995
You would make more reckoning of me. Weeps.

Lod. Weep again? She'll cry out her eyes, gentlemen.

Clown. No, I warrant ye; remember the two lines your
Honour read last night:

A woman's eye, 1000
'S April's dust, no sooner wet but dry.

Lod. Good pigs-nye! Frank, prethee, walk her t'other turn i'th'
garden, and get her a stomach to her supper; we'll be with ye
presently, wench.

Dor. Nay, when ye please.-----But why should I go from 1005
ye?

992. He thinks the devil's dead too.] D4 notes: A proverbial expression, by which the Clown ironically suggests that the world is going to be good at last. Tilley (D244) cites this line as one example.

1002. pigs-nye] pigsney, darling, commonly used as an endearing form of address. Similar in use to birds-nye (cf. ll. 522, 975).

Lod. Loving soul ! prethee *Frank* take her away.
Dor. Pray let me kiss ye first. Come *Francis*,
 No body cares for us — *At the door Francis kisses her. Exeunt.*
Lod. Well, there goes a couple ; where shall a man match ye
 indeed ? Hark *Pambo* !
Jasp. Did you observe ?
Jov. They kist.
Jasp. Peace.
Lod. And intreat *Madona Lussuriosa* to sup with us, as you
 go, tell her my Lady's never well, but in her company.
Clown. What if your honour invited the Count *Lorenzo* ? he'll
 be so melancholy now his Lady and he are parted !
Lod.

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Lod. Pray do as you are bid, kind sir, and let him alone ; I'll
 have no cuckold sup in my house to night.
Clown. 'Tis a very hot evening, your honour will sup in the
 garden then.
Lod. Yes, marry will I, sir ; what's that to you ?
Clown. Why, your honour was ever as good as your word :
 keep the cuckolds out of door, and lay a cloath for my Lord in
 the Arbour, gentlemen. *Exit.*
Lod. I have been this thre months about a project.
Jov. What is't, my Lord ?
Lod. Why I intend to compose a pamphlet of all my wives
 vertues, put them in print, and dedicate them to the Duke, as or-

1010. ye] D: you

1012-1014. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1013. kist.] D: kiss'd!

1015. us,] D1, D2, B: us; D3, D4: us:

1018. parted!] D3, D4: parted.

Lod. Loving soul! Prethee, Frank, take her away.

Dor. Pray, let me kiss ye first. Come, Francis.

No body cares for us. At the door Francis kisses her. Exeunt.

Lod. Well, there goes a couple; where shall a man match ye 1010
indeed? Hark Pambo!

Jasp. [To Jov.] Did you observe?

Jov. [To Jasp.] They kist.

Jasp. [To Jov.] Peace.

Lod. And intreat Madona Lussuriosa to sup with us, as you 1015
go; tell her my Lady's never well, but in her company.

Clown. What if your honour invited the Count Lorenzo? He'll
be so melancholy now his Lady and he are parted!

Lod. Pray, do as you are bid, kind sir, and let him alone; I'll
have no cuckold sup in my house to night. 1020

Clown. 'Tis a very hot evening; your honour will sup in the
garden then.

Lod. Yes, marry, will I, sir. What's that to you?

Clown. Why, your honour was ever as good as your word.
Keep the cuckolds out of door, and lay a cloath for my Lord in 1025
the arbour, gentlemen. Exit.

Lod. I have been this three months about a project.

Jov. What is't, my Lord?

Lod. Why, I intend to compose a pamphlet of all my wife's
vertues, put them in print, and dedicate them to the Duke, as 1030

1029-1030. Why, I . . . in print] Fleay (I, 104) notes this apparent allusion to Thomas Overbury's A Wife, which "had reached its eleventh impression in 1622."

thodoxal directions against he marries.

Jasp. 'Twill give him apt instructions, when he does marry, to pick out such a woman.

Lod. Pick her, where will he pick her? as the English proverb says, He may as soon finde a needle in a bottle of hay: would I know what sins she has committed, I would set them down all one with another; they would serve as soyles to her virtues: but I do think she has none; d'ye think she has any, gentlemen?

Jov. Oh none sir but has some!

Lod. I, pidling ones it may be, as when a pin pricks her fingers to cry at sight on't, and throw't away; but for other matters.

Jasp. Now I think on't, sir, I have a device newly begotten, that if you be so desirous to be resolv'd of her perfections, 'twill be an apt means for your intelligence.

Lod. That will be excellent, and then my book grounded upon mine own experience, the report of my judgement in the choyce of a woman, will sell them off faster than the Compositor can set the Letters together.

Jasp. We will discourse it as we go; mean time, Sir, Let this prepare the path to your construction.

1034. her,] D: her!

1040. some!] D3, D4, B: some.

1043. matters---] D, B; 1661: matters.---

1052. construction.] D3, D4: construction,

orthodoxal directions against he marries.

Jasp. 'Twill give him apt instructions, when he does marry, to pick out such a woman.

Lod. Pick her, where will he pick her? As the English proverb says, he may as soon finde a needle in a bottle of hay. 1035
Would I know what sins she has committed, I would set them down all one with another; they would serve as foils to her vertues. But I do think she has none; d'ye think she has any, gentlemen?

Jov. Oh none, sir, but has some! 1040

Lod. I, pidling ones it may be, as when a pin pricks her fingers to cry at sight on't, and throw't away; but for other matters-----

Jasp. Now I think on't, sir, I have a device newly begotten, that if you be so desirous to be resolv'd of her perfections, 1045
'twill be an apt means for your intelligence.

Lod. That will be excellent, and then my book, grounded upon mine own experience, the report of my judgement in the choyce of a woman, will sell them off faster than the compositor can set the letters together. 1050

Jasp. We will discourse it as we go; mean time, sir, Let this prepare the path to your construction.

1031. against] in anticipation of, in preparation for.

1035. he may . . . of hay] bottle: bundle. A common proverb (Tilley, N97).

1052. construction] i.e., preparation, but with the second meaning of learning, a meaning the NED does not record. (See also l. 1730 for another example of construction to mean instruction.)

Conceit and confidence are jugglers born:

One grafts in air, t'other hides the real horn.

Lod. Well, he that believes he has horns, has horns;

And *Crede quod habes & habes*, shall be my Motto. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandulpho and Spinoso.

Spin. The powers of *Venice* upon our Confines!

Pand. Yes, *Seignor Philippo*; it seems, having possess'd him

With the passages that pass upon his Sister;

Embassadors were dispatch'd to *Bergamo*,

Where then his Forces lay; who thus return'd,

D 2

That

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That he came not a publick foe unto *Verona*,

But to require justice against Count *Lorenzo*,

To approve his sister innocent.

Spin. What witness,

Proof or apparent circumstance builds he

His bold attempt upon?

1056. quod habes,] 1661: quod habes

1057. confines!] D3, D4: confines?

Conceit and confidence are juglers born;

One grafts in air, t'other hides the real horn.

Lod. Well, he that believes he has horns, has horns, 1055
And Crede quod habes, & habes shall be my motto. Exeunt.

[SCENE II]

Enter Pandulpho and Spinoso.

Spin. The powers of Venice upon our confines!

Pand. Yes, Signor Philippo, it seems, having possest him
With the passages that past upon his sister,
Embassadors were dispatch'd to Bergamo, 1060
Where then his forces lay; who thus return'd,
That he came not a publick foe unto Verona,
But to require justice against Count Lorenzo,
To approve his sister innocent.

Spin. What witness, 1065
Proof or apparent circumstance builds he
His bold attempt upon?

1054. grafts] grows.

1058. having possest him] informed. him.

1060-1061. Embassadors . . . forces lay] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 185): "The Ambassadors having their charge, came to the Duke [father of Abstemia], lying then not farre off from Bergamo . . ."

Bergamo] a city of Lombardy, and a dependency of Venice (1428-1797).

1062-1064. That he . . . innocent] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 185): ". . . that hee was not come as an enemy against them, but as a private foe to Philippo, and therefore required to approve his daughters innocencie . . ."

1064. approve] prove, demonstrate.

Pat. He says, besides
 The honour of *Philippo*, he has proof
 So unresistable to affirm the plot
 Of Count *Lorenzo*, that he only crav'd
 (Hostages being tendered for their safe return)
 Here in the Senate-chamber, the fair tryal
 Might publickly be censur'd: and by this
 They are at hand.

Enter at one Door, Duke of Venice, Philippo and Lords:
At the other, Duke of Verona, Jasprio, Fovani, Lo-
renzo guarded. A bar set out. The 1. Slave.

Ven. Fair sit, the presence is levell'd for your greivances.

Ven. First summon to the bar the Count *Lorenzo*.

Pat. *Lorenzo Medico*, stand to the bar.

Lor. I do stand to the bar.

Ven. I come not here, witness the good mans comfort, to adde
 Unto my territories: and though I burthen (one step
 The neighbour-bosom of my confines with
 The weight of armour, or do wound your brest
 (My Dukedom next neighbour) with the hoofs
 Of war-apparell'd horses; 'tis not to seek
 For martial honours, but for civil justice.

Pand. He says, besides
 The honour of Philippo, he has proof
 So unresistable to affirm the plot 1070
 Of Count Lorenzo, that he only crav'd
 (Hostages being tendered for their safe returns)
 Here in the senate-chamber, the fair tryal
 Might publickly be censur'd; and by this
 They are at hand. 1075

Enter at one Door, Duke of Venice, Philipppo and Lords;

at the other, Duke of Verona, Jaspro, Jovani,

Lorenzo guarded, [and] the 1 Slave. A bar set out.

Vero. Fair sir, the presence is levell'd for your grevances.

Ven. First summon to the bar the Count Lorenzo.

Pand. Lorenzo Medico, stand to the bar.

Lor. I do stand to the bar.

Ven. I come not here, witness the good man's comfort, to adde one step
 Unto my territories; and though I burthen [1080
 The neighbour-bosom of my confines with
 The weight of armour, or do wound your brest
 (My dukedom's neer next neighbour) with the hoofs
 Of war-apparell'd horses, 'tis not to seek 1085
 For martial honours, but for civil justice.

1072. tendered] B emends to rendered, but the change is unnecessary, since tendered can mean offered. Cf. Cymbeline, III, iv, 11: Why tender'st thou that paper to me

1076. the presence is levell'd] i.e., the signorie of Verona is ready to listen.

Conceave mine honour wounded, a sisters shame
 Is an unpleasant spot upon our Arms:
 Yet that we come not here to sanctifie
 A sisters sin; for if she so be prov'd,
 Shame sleep within her epitaph, and brand her;
 Let Bears and Wolves that Angels Face confound,
 Gives goodness such a foul unfriendly wound:
 But if she chaste be prov'd, what balm can cure
 A wounded name? As he that not inflicts
 The bitter stroke of law upon the strumpet,
 Fattens the sad afflictions of a thousand:
 So who but stains an honest womans name,
 Plagues are yet kept for him, steel is no defence
 For the unclean tongue injures innocence.
 I affirm my sister wrong'd, wrong'd by this man,
 This that has wrong'd pure judgement, and thrown poyson
 Upon the face of truth, and upon him

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I seek a satisfaction.

Lor. I reply:

The law must give you satisfaction,
 That justly did divorce us: I appeal
 To the whole Consiliatory, if equal law

1087. wounded,] D1, D2: wounded; D3, D4: wounded:

1099. him;] 1661, D1, D2: him, D3, D4, B: him:

1101. man,] D4: man---

1105. reply.] D1, D2: reply; D3, D4: reply,

Conceive mine honour wounded, a sister's shame
 Is an unpleasant spot upon our arms;
 Yet, that we come not here to sanctifie
 A sister's sin. For if she so be prov'd, 1090
 Shame sleep within her epitaph, and brand her;
 Let bears and wolves that angel's face confound,
 Gives goodness such a foul unfriendly wound.
 But if she chaste be prov'd, what balm can cure
 A wounded name? As he that not inflicts 1095
 The bitter stroak of law upon the strumpet,
 Fattens the sad afflictions of a thousand;
 So who but stains an honest woman's name,
 Plagues are yet kept for him; steel is no defence
 For the unclean tongue injures innocence. 1100
 I affirm my sister wrong'd, wrong'd by this man,
 This that has wrong'd pure judgement, and thrown poyson
 Upon the face of truth, and upon him
 I seek a satisfaction.

Lor. I reply. 1105
 The law must give you satisfaction,
 That justly did divorce us. I appeal
 To the whole consiliadory, if equal law

1080-1086. I come not here . . . civil justice.] Cf. Greene's Philomela (pp. 186-187): "I come not Venetians to enlarge my territories with the sworde, though I have burdened your borders with the waight of armed men: I rise not in armes to seeke martiall honours, but civil justice . . ."

1089-1090. Yet, that . . . sister's sin] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 187): "For prooffe that I come not to sanctifie sinne in my daughter . . ."

1108. consiliadory] counseling body (see note to l. 74).

In her progression went a step astray,
 Either by proof or information :
 Let the Duke speak (nor as he is my kinsman)
 If I produc'd not legally in Court,
 Besides mine own assertion (which even reason
 Grounded on probability) two of my servants
 That upon oath affirm'd they saw your sister
 Even in the very act of sin and shame
 VVith that *Philippo* there : blame me not then, sir,
 If I return an error to your cause.
 Reason (the Base whereon we build the laws)
 You injure in this action ; give her the lye :
 VVho dares not build his faith upon his eye ?
 They swore what they did see ; and men still fear,
 (Reason concludes) what they not see, to swear.
Vero. You hear my kinsmans answer.
Pan. And 'tis requisite
 That you produce your authour : it is held
 Meer madness on a hill of sand to build.
Phil. The foundation-work is mine, and that I answer :
 He builds on truth, the good mans mistress,
 And not in the sanctuary

1119. (the base . . . laws)] D4: the base . . . laws

1120. action; give] D4: action, gives

1124. answer.] D4: answer?

In her progression went a step astray,
 Either by proof or information; 1110
 Let the Duke speak (not as he is my kinsman)
 If I produc'd not legally in court,
 Besides mine own assertion (which even reason
 Grounded on probability), two of my servants
 That upon oath affirm'd they saw your sister 1115
 Even in the very act of sin and shame
 With that Philippo there. Blame me not then, sir,
 If I return an error to your cause.
 Reason (the base whereon we build the laws)
 You injure in this action; give her the lye. 1120
 Who dares not build his faith upon his eye?
 They swore what they did see; and men still fear,
 (Reason concludes) what they not see, to swear.
Vero. You hear my kinsman's answer.
Pand. And 'tis requisite 1125
 That you produce your authour; it is held
 Meer madness on a hill of sand to build.
Phil. The foundation-work is mine, and that I answer.
 He builds on truth, the good man's mistris,
 And not in the sanctuary 1130

1118. return an error to your cause] i.e., show your cause to be in error.

1121. Who dares . . . eye] proverbial, related to: "I will believe it when I see it" (Tilley, B268), and "seeing is believing" (Tilley, S212).

1126-1127. it is held . . . to build.] Common proverb originating in Matthew vii.26: And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand. (Tilley, S88).

Of this injur'd brothers power, but the integrity
 And glory of the cause : I throw the pawn
 Of my afflicted honour, and on that
 I openly affirm your absent Lady
 Chastitie's well-knit abstract, snow in the fall,
 Purely refin'd by the bleak Northern blast,
 Not freer from a soyl, the thoughts of Infants;
 But little neerer heaven : And if these Princes
 Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts
 Injure another hour upon the Lady,
 My right drawn sword shall prove it.

Lor. Upon my knee, sir,
 (How my soul dances !) humbly I intreat
 Your grant to his request ; fight with *Philippe*
 I'th' midst of flame, or pestilence in a Cave,
 VVhere *Basilisks* do breed.

Vero. VVe must take counsell,
 The price of blood is pretious.

1135. abstract,] D1, D2, D4, B: abstract; D3: abstract:

1137. soyl] 1661: soyl, D: soil; B: soyl;

infants,] 1661: infants; D, B: infants

1145. flame, or pestilence,] D1, D2: flame, or pestilence; D3, B:
 flame, or pestilence; D4: flame or pestilence;

Of this injur'd brother's power, but the integrity
 And glory of the cause. I throw the pawn
 Of my afflicted honour, and on that
 I openly affirm your absent Lady
 Chastitie's well-knit abstract, snow in the fall 1135
 Purely refin'd by the bleak northern blast,
 Not freer from a soyl the thoughts of infants,
 But little neerer heaven. And if these princes
 Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts
 Injure another hour upon the Lady, 1140
 My right drawn sword shall prove it.

Lor. Upon my knee, sir,
 (How my soul dances!) humbly I intreat
 Your grant to his request; fight with Philipppo
 I'th' midst of flame, or pestilence, in a cave, 1145
 Where Basiliskes do breed.

Vero. We must take counsel;
 The price of blood is pretious.

1132-1138. I throw . . . neerer heaven] The Shakespeare Allusion-Book
 (p. 109) notes the similarity between Davenport's snow metaphor and the
 one in The Winter's Tale, IV, iv, 364-365:

or the fann'd snow that's bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

This was first noted in I Notes and Queries, i, 330.

Also, Cf. Two Noble Kinsman, V, i, 137: O . . . constant queen . . .
 as chaste, and as pure as wind-fann'd snow.

1135. abstract] ideal.

1146. Basiliskes] a mythological reptile, said to have a fatal look
 and breath.

Lor. Blood desires burthen :

The

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The price of Truth is precious : for all the fights
I have fought for you on land ; the fears at sea,
Where I have tug'd with tempests, stood storms at midnight,
Out-star'd the flaring lightning ; and the next morning
Chas'd the unruly stubborn Turk with thunder :
For all the bullets I have bravely shot,
And sent death singing to the slaughter, Sir,

Vero. Peace,

Lod. What should a souldier do with peace ? remember
Mine Honour lies a bleeding, and in mine yours ;
Her wide wound inward bleeds ; and while you cry peace,
Shame wars upon my Name : Oh rather kill me,
Th'n cast me to this scandal.

Spin. The doubtful cause,
With such a dare approv'd, you may permit it.

Vero. Your request is granted, Coze.

Lor. You have now, Sir, breath'd
Fresh air in the face of fainting Honour :
Rapier of fair equality.

1151. fears] D4: feats. B notes: " 'fears' cannot be the true reading.
'Feats' is the correction in Dodsley [sic]. Perhaps we should read
'scars!.' Each of the incidents at sea involves fearful action, and
"fears" therefore makes sense.

1156. sir---] D, B; 1661: Sir.

1157. Peace.] D4: Peace!

1158. Lor.] D, B; 1661: Lod.

1162. scandal.] D3, D4: scandal!

Lor. Blood desires burthen;

The price of truth is pretious. For all the fights 1150

I have fought for you on land; the fears at sea,

Where I have tug'd with tempests, stood storms at midnight,

Our-star'd the flaring lightning; and the next morning

Chas'd the unruly stubborn Turk with thunder;

For all the bullets I have bravely shot, 1155

And sent death singing to the slaughter, sir-----

Vero. Peace.

Lor. What should a souldier do with peace? Remember,

Mine honour lies a bleeding, and in mine yours;

Her wide wound inward bleeds; and while you cry peace, 1160

Shame wars upon my name. Oh rather kill me,

Than cast me to this scandal.

Spin. The doubtful cause,

With such a dare approv'd, you may permit it.

Vero. Your request is granted, coze'. 1165

Lor. You have now, sir, breath'd

Fresh air in the face of fainting honour;

Rapiers of fair equality.

1149. Blood desires burthen] B adds [?] to indicate unclear meaning. The passage makes better sense if truth were substituted for burthen, but what Davenport most likely means is the burden of truth. It is also possible that Davenport is alluding to the proverb, "Blood will have blood" (Tilley, B458), and then perhaps "burthen" should be emended to "brethren."

1153. out-star'd] to look on or stare at without blinking or flinching. In this sense, NED records no example before 1646.

1159. lies a bleeding] proverbial; in its original form, "all lies and bleeds" (Tilley, A159).

Ver. Look with what cunning
 The spider, when she would snare the fly, doth weave;
 With neater Art appearances deceive.
 Stay, as you said, sir, blood is a pretious price.
 Let me but see the men produc'd, who swore
 They saw them in the shameful act: and then
 Farewel a sister and her honour.
Pan. Produce your servants, sir. *Venice sends off a Lord.*
Lor. Plague of this change, here's one of them; the t'other
 In that I threaten'd him for some neglect,
 The next day ran away.
Ven. Did you sir, swear
 You saw our sister and this gentleman
 In this base act of sin?
Lor. Fear nothing.
1 Slave. To deny truth, is more dangerous then to displease
 a Duke:
 I saw it and did swear it.

Enter Lord and 2 Slave.

Venice. But here comes one,
 I'll swear you saw it not, and are forsworn.
1 Slave. 'Sfoot, Strazgo!
Spin. This is the other fellow took his oath.
Vero. What come you here to say, sir?
2 Slave. That we swore falsely, may it please your Grace,
 Hyr'd

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Hyr'd by my Lord with gifts and promises:
 And as I now have spoke the truth, so heaven

1169. *Ven.*] 1661 ascribes this speech to *Ver.*, an obvious error for *Ven.* because of the sense and because Verona is referred to as *Vero.* throughout. D1 and D2, however, ascribe the speech to Verona; D3 first corrects to Venice.

1170. weave;] D1, D2: weave! D3, D4, B: weave

1171. appearances deceive.] D3: appearance deceive. D4: appearance [to] deceive. B retains original, with the note: I.e. appearances which deceive.

1172. Stay;] 1661: Stay, D3: Stay! D4: Stay!--- B: Stay:

1177. change,] D: change! B punctuates with a dash, setting off "Plague of this change," suggesting an aside.

t'other] 1661, D, B: the t'other

1189. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Ven. Look with what cunning

The spider, when she would snare the fly, doth weave; 1170

With neater art appearances deceive.

Stay; as you said, sir, blood is a pretious price.

Let me but see the men produc'd, who swore

They saw them in the shameful act; and then

Farewel a sister and her honour. 1175

Pand. Produce your servants, sir. Venice sends off a Lord.

Lor. Plague of this change, here's one of them; t'other,

In that I threaten'd him for some neglect,

The next day ran away.

Ven. Did you, sir, swear 1180

You saw our sister and this gentleman

In this base act of sin?

Lor. Fear nothing.

1 Slave. To deny truth is more dangerous than to displease
a Duke. 1185

I saw it and did swear it.

Enter Lord and 2 Slave.

Ven. But here comes one

Will swear you saw it not, and are forsworn.

1 Slave. [Aside] 'Sfoot, Stratzo!

Spin. This is the other fellow took his oath. 1190

Vero. What come you here to say, sir?

2 Slave. That we swore falsely, may it please your Grace,
Hyr'd by my Lord with gifts and promises;
And as I now have spoke the truth, so heaven

Forgive my former perjury.

Vero. Hear you, cosen?

Slave. Would you would say something; I have nettles in my breeches.

Lor. Now, now, I hope your eyes are open, Lords,
The bed of snakes is broke, the trick's come about,
And here's the knot i'th' rush: good heaven, good heaven,
That craft in seeking to put on disguise,
Should so discover her self!

Vero. Explain your self.

Lor. Now see sir, where this scorpion lurks to sting.
Mine honour unto death: this noble Duke
By nature is engag'd to defend a sister:
And to this Duke so engag'd, this malicious Lord
(For sin still hates her scourger) makes repair,
And prepossesses him with that suppos'd innocence
Of an injur'd sister; which he had hir'd this Slave
To follow him, and affirm, and layes the cause
To scruple, and to conscience: they did consent
To steal belief by seeming accident.
Sin Jugler-like, casts sin before our eyes;
Craft sometimes steals the wonder of the wise.

1195. perjury.] D4: perjury!

1197. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1199. Lords,] D: lords;

1200. come about] B; 1661: comes about D: come out

1201. heaven,] D4: heaven!

1204. self.] D2, D3, D4: self!

1205. lurks] D: lurks,

Forgive my former perjury.

1195

Vero. Hear you, cozen?

1 Slave. [To Lor.] Would you would say something; I have nettles in my breeches.

Lor. Now, now, I hope your eyes are open, Lords,
The bed of snakes is broak, the trick's come about,
And here's the knot i'th' rush. Good heaven, good heaven,
That craft, in seeking to put on disguise,
Should so discover her self!

1200

Vero. Explain your self.

Lor. Now see, sir, where this scorpion lurks to sting
Mine honour unto death. This noble Duke

1205

By nature is ingag'd to defend a sister;
And to this Duke so ingag'd, this malicious Lord
(For sin still hates her scourger) makes repair,
And prepossesses him with that suppos'd innocence
Of an injur'd sister; which he had hyr'd this slave
To follow him, and affirm, and layes the cause
To scruple, and to conscience; they did consent
To steal belief by seeming accident.

1210

Sin, jugler-like, casts sin before our eyes;
Craft sometimes steals the wonder of the wise.

1215

1197-1198. I have nettles in my breeches] probably a proverb, but not in Tilley.

1201. And here's the knot i'th' rush] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 128): "Philomela who straight found the knot in the rush . . . Philomela hearing this, began to finde a knot in the rush . . . "knot i'th' rush: to make difficulties where there are none; alluding to the proverb "to seek a knot in a rush (bulrush)" (Tilley, K168).

V With an equal hand now weigh me, and if I want
A grain of honour, tear me from your blood,
And cast me to contempt.

1 Slave. My Lord would have made an excellent state-
phister.

Vero. In what a strange dilemma judgement sits,
Charm'd to her chair with wonder.

Ven. Shall I have justice?

Pan. Yes, in that this fellow swears for the Duke:
Reach him the book, you shall see him again
Take the former oath.

Vero. This doubt must be so ended;
If it give not satisfaction, send back our hostage,
You have fair repress to your forces: but
The blood remains on you; and still remember
The price of blood is precious.

Phil. Let us end it.

Ven. Oh what a Combat Honour holds with Conscience!
Reach him the book; and if thou false dost say,
May thine own tongue, thine own foul heart betray.

1 Slave. Amen, say I:
Give me the book, my oath must end all then.

Spin.

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Spin. It must.

Lor. Now you shall hear him swear,
He saw them both in the base act.

1 Slave. Nay I swear

1220. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

1223. wonder.] D, B: wonder!

1229. hostages] 1661, D, B: hostage (but see l. 1072). (D2, D3, D4
punctuate with a semi-colon instead of a comma).

1230. forces,] 1661, D, B: forces:

1236. tongue,] D4, B: tongue

1238. all then.] D2, D3: all then? D4, B: all, then?

With an equal hand now weigh me, and if I want
 A grain of honour, tear me from your blood,
 And cast me to contempt.

1 Slave. [To Lor.] My Lord would have made an excellent state- 1220
 sophister.

Vero. In what a strange dilemma judgement sits,
 Charm'd to her chair with wonder.

Ven. Shall I have justice?

Pand. Yes, in that this fellow swears for the Duke. 1225
 Reach him the book; you shall see him again
 Take the former oath.

Vero. This doubt must be so ended.
 If it give not satisfaction, send back our hostages,
 You have fair regress to your forces, but 1230
 The blood remains on you; and still remember,
 The price of blood is pretious.

Phil. Let us end it.

Ven. Oh what a combat honour holds with conscience!
 Reach him the book; and if thou false dost say, 1235
 May thine own tongue, thine own foul heart, betray.

1 Slave. Amen, say I.
 Give me the book; my oath must end all then.

Spin. It must.

Lor. Now you shall hear him swear 1240
 He saw them both in the base act.

1 Slave. Nay, I swear

They are now both seen in the base act.
Om. How's this?
Pat. 'Tis a strange oath.
1 Slave. 'Tis true though.
Lor. True, villain! are both now seen in the base act?
1 Slave. Yes, both.
Lor. Which both?
1 Slave. You and I, sir.
Om. How?
1 Slave. Both you and I are seen in the base act,
 Slandering spotless honour; an act so base,
 The barbarous Moor would blush at.
Phil. Dye hear him now?
Lor. Out Slave, wilt thou give ground too? fear works upon
 em.
 Did you not both here swear in the Senate-chamber
 You saw them both dishonest?
1 Slave. Then we swore true, sir.
Lor. I told you 'twas but fear.
1 Slave. Swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore
 Ye both saw them dishonest?
1 Slave. Yes marry did we, sir:
 For we were both two villains when we saw them,
 So we saw them dishonest.

They are now both seen in the base act.

Omn. How's this?

Pand. 'Tis a strange oath. 1245

1 Slave. 'Tis true though.

Lor. True, villain! Are both now seen in the base act?

1 Slave. Yes, both.

Lor. Which both?

1 Slave. You and I, sir. 1250

Omn. How?

1 Slave. Both you and I are seen in the base act,

Slandering spotless honour; an act so base,

The barbarous Moor would blush at.

Phil. D'ye hear him now? 1255

Lor. Out, slave, wilt thou give ground too? Fear works
upon 'em.

Did you not both here swear i'th' senate-chamber

You saw them both dishonest?

1 Slave. Then we swore true, sir. 1260

Lor. I told you 'twas but fear.

Vero. Swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore

Ye both saw them dishonest?

1 Slave. Yes, marry, did we, sir.

For we were both two villains when we saw them, 1265

So we saw them dishonest.

1253-1254. Slandering . . . blush at.] Olive (p. 342) notes a possible allusion to Othello, similar to the one in The Honest Whore, I, i:

--thou kill'st her now again

And art more savage than a barbarous Moor--

Ven. Heaven, thou art equal !
Slave. This is a jealous Lord, his Lady chaste,
 A rock of christal not mo'e clear : this gentleman
 Basely abus'd : this great Prince dishonour'd ;
 And so we kneel for mercy.

Vero. You have redeem'd it :
 Depart, prove honest men : that I should bear
 Dishonour in my blood !

Om. Much injur'd Lady !
Ven. VVhat justice, sir, belongs unto the injur'd ?

Vero. First, witness heaven, I tear thee from my blood,
 And cast thee off a stranger : Assume you, sir,
 (Since the great cause is yours) my fear of justice,
 And sentence this foul homicide ; it must be,
 And suddenly ; he will infect the air else :
 Proceed, great sir, with rigor, whilst I stand by
 And do adore the sentence.

Ven. Answer, *Lorenzo*,
 Art thou not guilty ?

[*Lord*]

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Lord. Give me my merit, death ;
 Princes can build and ruine with one breath :
Ven. The cause may seem to merit death, in that
 Two souls were hazarded, a Prince's fame,
 A Duke dishonour'd, and a noble Lord

1268. Lord;] D1, D2, D3: lord; D4: lord, 1661, B: Lord,
 chaste,] D4: chaste.

1269. clear;] D4: clear,

1286. merit,] D4: merit---

Ven. Heaven, thou art equal!

1 Slave. This is a jealous Lord; his Lady chaste,
A rock of chrystal not more clear; this gentleman
Basely abus'd; this great Prince dishonour'd; 1270
And so we kneel for mercy.

Vero. You have redeem'd it;
Depart, prove honest men. That I should bear
Dishonour in my blood!

Omn. Much injur'd Lady! 1275

Ven. What justice, sir, belongs unto the injur'd?

Vero. First, witness heaven, I tear thee from my blood,
And cast thee off a stranger. Assume you, sir,
(Since the great cause is yours) my seat of justice,
And sentence this foul homicide; it must be, 1280
And suddenly; he will infect the air else.
Proceed, great sir, with rigor, whilst I stand by
And do adore the sentence.

Ven. Answer, Lorenzo,
Art thou not guilty? 1285

Lor. Give me my merit, death;
Princes can build and ruine with one breath.

Ven. The cause may seem to merit death, in that
Two souls were hazarded, a Princess' fame,
A Duke dishonour'd, and a noble Lord 1290

1267. Heaven, thou art equal!] i.e., only heaven (God) is equal to putting up with this double-talk; or, perhaps, heaven, you are just!

1269. A rock . . . clear] "As clear as crystal" is proverbial (Tilley, C875).

Wounded in reputation : but since she lives,
 And that no blood was spilt (though something dearer)
 Mercy thus far stretches her silver wings
 Over your trespass ; we do banish you,
 Both from our Dukedomes Limits and your own :
 If you but set a daring foot upon them
 Whilest life lends you ability to stand,
 You fall into the pit of death, unless
 You shall finde out our most unfortunate sister,
 And bring her to our Court.

Lord. You sir are merciful !

Vero. This let me adde, in that you have made impartial ju-
 Princes should punish vice in their own blood : (stee, sir,
 Until you finde that excellent injur'd Lady,
 Upon this gentleman, who hath suffer'd for you,
 We confer your lands, revenues, and your place ;
 That during three days stay within our confines
 It shall be death, to any that relieves you,
 But as they do a beggar at their door.
 So cast him from our prefence.

Lord. Your dooms are just !

Oh love, thy first destruction is distrust !

Exeunt Lord, Jaspvo and Jovani.

Vero. For you, fair sir, until we shall hear tydings

1294. trespass;] D3, D4: trespass. B: trespass:

1302. made] D4: had

1306. place;] D: place:

1309-1310. But as . . . our presence.] D4: But, as they do a beggar at
 their door, So cast you from their presence. B retains the original,
 with the note: (An unnecessary change, for the meaning is: "It shall be
 a capital offence for any to give you even such scanty relief as they would
 offer to a beggar at their door.")

1309. door.] D1, D2, D3: door: D4: door,

1312a. Lorenzo] D, B; 1661: L6rd

Wounded in reputation; but since she lives,
 And that no blood was spilt (though something dearer),
 Mercy thus far stretches her silver wings
 Over your trespass; we do banish you,
 Both from our dukedom's limits and your own. 1295
 If you but set a daring foot upon them
 Whilst life lends you ability to stand,
 You fall into the pit of death, unless
 You shall finde out our most unfortunate sister,
 And bring her to our court. 1300

Lor. You, sir, are mercifull!

Vero. This let me adde, in that you have made impartial justice, sir,
 Princes should punish vice in their own blood.
 Until you finde that excellent injur'd Lady,
 Upon this gentleman, who hath suffer'd for you, 1305
 We confer your lands, revenues, and your place;
 That during three days stay within our confines
 It shall be death to any that relieves you,
 But as they do a begger at their door.
 So cast him from our presence. 1310

Lor. Your dooms are just!

Oh love, thy first destruction is distrust!

Exeunt Lorenzo, Jaspro and Jovani.

Vero. For you, fair sir, until we shall hear tydings

1302. made] been the product of.

1309. But] except (contrary to what B suggests; see textual note).

Of your most injur'd sister, please you to call
 My Court your own, conceive it so: where live,
 Two partners in one passion we will be,
 And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lodovico like a Friar, Jaspro and Jovani:

Lod. What, am I fitted, gallants? am I fitted?

Jasp. To th' life, able to cheat suspicion, and so like
 Father Antony the confessor; that I protest
 There's not more semblance in a pair of eggs.

Jov. An apple cut in half, is not so like.

Lod. Well, of Lords you're mad Lords to counsel me to this;
 but now in this habit shall I know the very core of her heart,
 all her little peddling sins, which will shew in my book as foils to
 her giant-bodied-vertues.

Jasp. That will be admirable!

E

Jov.,

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Jov. We'll step aside: by this she's upon coming.

Jasp. We shall know all.

Lod. Reveal confession: but go your ways; as much as may
 lawfully be reveal'd, we'll laugh at, at next meeting.

Jasp. Come, let's be gone: but once upon a time, fir,
 A begger found a lark's nest, and o'er-joy'd
 At his sudden glut, for he thought 'twas full of young ones,
 Looking, they were all gone; he was forc'd again to beg,

1315. own, conceive it so;] D1: own; conceive it so: D2, D3: own;
 conceive it so; D4: own---conceive it so--- B: own, conceive it so,

live] 1661, D1: live, D2, B: live: D3, D4: live.

1319. suspicion,] D3, D4: suspicion;

1323. Well, Lords,] D4; 1661, B: Well, of Lords D1, D2, D3: Well,
 of lords,

this;] D3, D4: this.

1324. heart,] D1, D2, D3: heart, and D4: heart and

1330. Reveal confession!] D1, D2, D3, B; 1661: Reveal confession:
 D4: Reveal, confession!

1333. nest,] D: nest;

1334. ones;] 1661, D, B: ones,

Of your most injur'd sister, please you to call

My court your own, conceive it so; where live 1315

Two partners in one passion we will be,

And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy. Exeunt.

[SCENE III]

Enter Lodovico like a fryer, Jaspro and Jovani.

Lod. What, am I fitted, gallants? Am I fitted?

Jasp. To th' life, able to cheat suspition, and so like

Father Antony the confessor, that I protest 1320

There's not more semblance in a pair of egges.

Jov. An apple cut in half is not so like.

Lod. Well, Lords, you're mad Lords to counsel me to this;
but now in this habit shall I know the very core of her heart,
all her little pidling sins, which will shew in my book as foils to
her giant-bodied vertues. [1325

Jasp. That will be admirable!

Jov. We'll step aside; by this, she's upon coming.

Jasp. We shall know all.

Lod. Reveal confession! But go your ways; as much as may 1330
lawfully be reveal'd, we'll laugh at, at next meeting.

Jasp. Come, let's be gone. But once upon a time, sir,
A begger found a lark's nest, and o'er-joy'd
At his suddain glut, for he thought 'twas full of young ones;
Looking, they were all gone; he was forc'd again to beg, 1335

1318. fitted] ready, prepared.

For he found in the Larks nest a Serpents egge ;
So much good d'yc fir.-----

Exeunt.

Enter Dorothea.

Lod. Well, thou surpassest all the courtiers in these pretty ones ; if a man had the wit to understand them----- Yonder she comes ; I can hardly forbear blushing, but that for discovering my self.

Right reverend habit, I honour thee
With a Sons obedience, and do but borrow thee,
As men would play with flies, who i'th' midst of modest mirth
With care preserve themselves.

Dor. Hail holy Father.

Lod. Welcome my chaste daughter.

Dor. Death having taken good father *Facomo*,
Upon the plenal and approv'd report
Of your integrity and upright dealing.---

Lod. Delicate Doll.

Dor. I have made a modest choyce of you, grave sir,
To be my ghostly father : and to you I fall
For absolution.

Lod. Empty then, my daughter,
That vessel of your flesh, of all the dregs,
Which (since your last confession clear'd you) have

1338. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1339. ones;] D: ones,

1346. father.] D, B: father!

1347. daughter.] D, B: daughter!

1350. dealing,---] 1661: dealing.--- MS: Dealings D, B: dealing---

1351. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

Doll.] D: Doll! B: Doll!

For he found in the lark's nest a serpent's egge;

So much good d'ye, sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Dorothea.

Lod. [Aside] Well, thou surpassesst all the courtiers in these pretty ones; if a man had the wit to understand them. Yonder she comes; I can hardly forbear blushing, but that for discovering my self. 1340

Right reverend habit, I honour thee

With a son's obedience, and do but borrow thee,

As men would play with flyes, who i'th' midst of modest mirth

With care preserve themselves. 1345

Dor. Hail, holy father.

Lod. Welcome, my chaste daughter.

Dor. Death having taken good Father Jacomo,
Upon the plenal and approv'd report

Of your integrity and upright dealing,-----

1350

Lod. [Aside] Delicate Doll.

Dor. I have made a modest choyce of you, grave sir,
To be my ghostly father; and to you I fall
For absolution.

Lod. Empty then, my daughter,

1355

That vessel of your flesh of all the dregs,

Which (since your last confession clear'd you) have

1342. habit] attire characteristic of a particular rank, profession, or function; in this case, the friar's robes.

1349. plenal] full, complete (see note to l. 700).

Taken a settled habitation in you ;
 And with a powerful sweet acknowledgment ;
 Hunt out those spirits which haunt that house of flesh ;
 Tears makes dry branches flourish green and fresh.

Dor. Since last I confest, then I do confest,
 My first sin was, that my Taylor bringing home
 My last new gown, having made the sleeves too flanting ;
 In an unchristian passion I did bid
 The devil take him.

Lod. That was something harsh, dear daughter,
 Yet the more pardonable, for it may be your taylor
 Lyes in hell, night by night : pray to your second.

Dor.

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Dor. Next, in a more savage rage, my chamber-maid
 Putting a little salforn in her starch,
 I most unmercifully broak her head.

Lod. 'Twas rashly done too ; but are ye sure, dear daughter,
 The maids head was not broak before ?

Dor. No, no, sir, she came to me with ne'er a crack about
 her.

1361. make] MS, D, B; 1661: makes

1373. too;] DL; 1661, B: too: D2, D3, D4: too.

Taken a settled habitation in you;
 And with a powerful sweet acknowledgment,
 Hunt out those spirits which haunt that house of flesh. 1360
 Tears make dry branches flourish green and fresh.

Dor. Since last I confest, then I do confess
 My first sin was, that my taylor bringing home
 My last new gown, having made the sleeves too flanting,
 In an unchristian passion I did bid 1365
 The devil take him.

Lod. That was something harsh, dear daughter,
 Yet the more pardonable, for it may be your taylor
 Lyes in hell, night by night. Pray, to your second.

Dor. Next, in a more savage rage, my chamber-maid 1370
 Putting a little safforn in her starch,
 I most unmercifully broak her head.

Lod. 'Twas rashly done too; but are ye sure, dear daughter,
 the maid's head was not broak before?

Dor. No, no, sir, she came to me with ne'er a crack about 1375
 her.

1364. flanting] flaunting, showy, gaudy.

1369. Lyes in hell] B notes: An allusion to the "tailor's hell"--
 the hole (under the counter) where purloined scraps of cloth were
 deposited.

1371. Putting a little safforn in her starch] i.e., making the
 starch yellow; safforn: saffron, the crushed dried stigmas of the
 autumnal crocus, used as yellow and orange coloring. B notes: "The
 wearing of yellow starched bands and ruffs is said to have been
 introduced by Mrs. Turner (accomplice in the Overbury murder). She
 wore them at the gallows in 1615. After her execution the fashion fell
 temporarily into disrepute, but soon revived." In A New Tricke to Cheat
the Divell, IV, i (B, p. 252), the devil says: "I was first Father
 for this yellow Sterch . . ."

Lod. These will be brave sins to mix with her virtues; why they will make no more show than three or four bayliffs amongst a company of honest men. These sins, my Dove-like daughter, are out of contradiction venial, trivial and light: have you none of greater growth?

Dor. Oh Yes, sir, one!

Lod. One? what should that be, I wonder?

Dor. One yet remains behind,

Of weight and consequence: the same order

Heralds prescribe in thews, I now observe

In placing of my sins; as there inferiours

(Because the last lives freshest in our memories) —

Far more the persons of great note, so last

My great sin comes to obliterate those past.

Lod. Sh'as tread some chicken to death, I warrant her.

Dor. Hear me, and let a blush make you look red,

Unseemly I have abus'd my husband's bed.

Lod. You did ill to drink too hard ere you went to bed.

Dor. Alas, sir, you mistake me; I have lain

With another man, besides my husband.

Lod. How?

Dor. Nay the same way I use to lye with him,

But not altogether so often.

Lod. Why then *crede quod habes, & habes*; I will believe I

1377. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

virtues;] D: virtues!

1379. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1383. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

One?] D: One!

1388. (Because the last lives freshest in our memories)] D4 removes the parentheses, and switches this line with the next, to make the meaning clearer. B notes that although D4 is better than the original, it breaks up the intended couplet.

1389. Fare 'fore] D4, B; 1661: Far more MS: ffar more D1, D2, D3: Far 'fore

1391. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

Sh'as] D4: Sh'has

1392. red,] D2: red; D3, D4: red.

1395. sir,] D4: sir!

1400. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

Lod. [Aside] These will be brave sins to mix with her vertues; why, they will make no more shew than three or four bayliffs amongst a company of honest men. [To Dor.] These sins, my dove-like daughter, are out of contradiction venial, trivial and light. Have you 1380 none of greater growth?

Dor. Oh yes, sir, one!

Lod. [Aside] One? What should that be, I wonder?

Dor. One yet remains behind,
Of weight and consequence. The same order 1385
Heralds prescribe in shews, I now observe
In placing of my sins; as there inferiours
(Because the last lives freshest in our memories)
Fare 'fore the persons of great note, so last
My great sin comes to obliterate those past. 1390

Lod. [Aside] Sh'as trod some chicken to death, I warrant her.

Dor. Hear me, and let a blush make you look red,
Unseemly I have abus'd my husband's bed.

Lod. You did ill to drink too hard ere you went to bed.

Dor. Alas, sir, you mistake me; I have lain 1395
With another man besides my husband.

Lod. How?

Dor. Nay, the same way I use to lye with him,
But not altogether so often.

Lod. [Aside] Why, then, Crede quod habes, & habes; I will believe I
[1400

1380. out of contradiction] in contrast. NED records no example for this usage between 1597 and 1777.

1389. Fare 'fore] i.e., comes before.

have horns, for I have 'em : 'Sfoot, a woman, I perceive, is a
 near Herald, she can quarter her husbands coat with Butchers
 Arms at pleasure : but I have a penance for your pure whore-
 ship : you are somewhat broad, are you not with childe, daugh-
 ter ?

Dor. Yes, yes, sure 'twas that nights work.

Lod. How know you that ?

Dor. Alas, by experience, sir : the kind fool my husband
 Wishes all well ; but like a light piece of gold,
 He's taken for more then he weighs.

Lod. With child ! there's charges too : a t'other side, there
 should follow

A zealous exhortation : but great affairs

That brook no stay, make me be brief, remembering

E 2

Lawful.

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The City-Night-Cap.

Lawful necessity may dispence with ceremony :

1402. herald,] D: herald;

butcher's] D4: another's B, after noting this emendation, says: but
 the word 'quarter' suggests that some poor quibble was intended.

1403. pleasure;] 1661, D1, B: pleasure: D2, D3, D4: pleasure.

1404. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1408. Alas,] D4: Alas!

1411. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

a t'other] D3, D4: o' th'other

1413. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

have horns, for I have 'em. 'Sfoot, a woman, I perceive, is a neat herald, she can quarter her husband's coat with butcher's arms at pleasure; but I have a penance for your pure whore-ship. [To Dor.] You are somewhat broad; are you not with child, daughter?

1405

Dor. Yes, yes, sure 'twas that night's work.

Lod. How know you that?

Dor. Alas, by experience, sir. The kind fool my husband wishes all well; but like a light piece of gold, He's taken for more than he weighs.

1410

Lod. [Aside] With child! There's charges too; a t'other side, there should follow

A zealous exhortation. [To Dor.] But great affairs That brook no stay make me be brief, remembering Lawful necessity may dispence with ceremony.

1415

1401. 'Sfoot] By God's foot (an oath).

1402. neat herald] clever herald (one who regulated the use of armorial bearings and recording of family pedigree).

quarter] in heraldry, to add another's coat (or arms) to one's hereditary arms.

1402-1403. butcher's arms] a pun on quarter (i.e., meat) as B suggests. The butcher (with his skewer) was considered promiscuous and virile (Farmer and Henley, V, 288, 294, cite an example from Dekker and Massinger's Virgin Martyr, II, i, 32-34: "Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only ningle that I cared for under the moon.").

1409. light piece of gold] a clipped coin, in which part of the gold is clipped or filed off, lessening its weight.

1411. charges] i.e., against his wife.

a] on.

You are ingenuously sorry?

Dor. Yes indeed sir.

Lod. And resolve to fall no more so?

Dor. No in truth sir.

Lod. I then pronounce you here absolv'd: now for your penance.

Dor. Any thing.

Lod. As the fact in you seems strange, so blame me not

If your penance be as strange: you may wonder it;

But it is wondrous easie in performance.

But as your penance I enjoyn it: may now I remember,

In an old French Authentick Author, his book

Titled, *De Satisfactions*, I read the same

Enjoyn'd a Lady of *Dauphin*. 'Tis no holy fast,

No devout prayer, nor no zealous pilgrimage;

'Tis out of the prescrib'd road.

Dor. Let it be

So strange, story ne'er matcht the injunction, I do vow

The plenal strict performance.

Lod. Listen to me.

Soon at night (so rumour spreads it through the City)

The two great Dukes of *Venice* and *Verona*:

1420. absolv'd;] D1; 1661, B: absolv'd: D2, D3, D4: absolv'd.

1424. strange;] 1661, D1, B: strange: D2, D3, D4: strange.

at it] D, B; 1661: it

1425. performance,] D2, D3, D4: performance;

1433. strange] D4: strange [that]

You are ingenuously sorry?

Dor. Yes indeed, sir.

Lod. And resolve to fall no more so?

Dor. No, in truth, sir.

Lod. I then pronounce you here absolv'd; now for your
penance. 1420

Dor. Any thing.

Lod. As the fact in you seems strange, so blame me not
If your penance be as strange; you may wonder at it,
But it is wondrous easie in performance, 1425
But as your penance I enjoyn it. Nay, now I remember,
In an old French authentick author, his book
Titled, De Satisfactione, I read the same
Enjoyn'd a Lady of Dauphin. 'Tis no holy fast,
No devout prayer, nor no zealous pilgrimage; 1430
'Tis out of the prescrib'd road.

Dor. Let it be
So strange storie ne'er matcht the injunction, I do vow
The plenal strict performance.

Lod. Listen to me. 1435
Soon at night (so rumour spreads it through the city),
The two great Dukes of Venice and Verona

1416. ingenuously] ingeniously, sincerely.

1427-1429. In an old . . . Dauphin] This title and author have not been identified.

1429. Dauphin] or Dauphine; a large province in southeastern France.

1434. plenal] complete (see note to l. 700).

Are feasted by your Lord, where a mask's intended.

Dor. That's true, sir.

Lod. Now when ye all are set round about the Table:
In depth of silence, you shall confess these words
Aloud to your husband: **YOU ARE NOT THIS**

CHILD'S FATHER;

And 'cause my orders bar me such inquisition,
You shall say, Such a man lay with me, naming the party
Was partner in your sin.

Dor. Good sir!

Lod. This is your penance, I enjoyn you; keep it,
You are absolv'd; break it, you know the danger of it: god-buy.

Dor. Oh good sir stay, never was penance of more shame than
this.

Lod. You know the danger of the breach as to us,
'Tis the shameful loss of our religious orders if we reveal.

Dor. For heaven sake,
Enjoyn me first upon my knees to creep
From *Verona* to *Loreto*.

Lod. That's nothing.

Dor. Nothing indeed to this: is this your penance so wondrous
easie in performance?

Lod.

The City-Night-Gap.

35

Lod. 'Tis irrevocable.

Dor. I am silent: your new penance may meet a new per-
formance: farewell, sir.

1444. orders bar] D3 (in a note), D4: order bars

1449. Good-buy.] D4: Good-bye!

1450. stay;] B; 1661: stay, D: stay!

1452. breach;] B; 1661, D: breach

us,] D2, D3, D4: us:

1454. heaven] D1: heaven's D2, D3, D4: Heaven's

Are feasted by your Lord, where a mask's intended.

Dor. That's true, sir.

Lod. Now, when ye all are set round about the table, 1440

In depth of silence, you shall confess these words

Aloud to your husband: "You are not this
child's father."

And 'cause my orders bar me such inquisition,

You shall say, such a man lay with me, naming the party 1445

Was partner in your sin.

Dor. Good sir!

Lod. This is your penance, I enjoyn you; keep it,

You are absolv'd; break it, you know the danger of it. Good-buy.

Dor. Oh good sir, stay; never was penance of more shame than 1450
this.

Lod. You know the danger of the breach; as to us,

'Tis the shameful loss of our religious orders if we reveal.

Dor. For heaven sake,

Enjoyn me first upon my knees to creep 1455

From Verona to Loretto.

Lod. That's nothing.

Dor. Nothing indeed to this. Is this your penance so wondrous
easie in performance?

Lod. 'Tis irrevocable. 1460

Dor. I am silent; your new penance may meet a new per-
formance. Farewel, sir.

1456. Loretto] or Loreto, a shrine for pilgrimage to the Virgin Mary, about 200 miles from Verona. This line cited in Sugden (p. 318).

You are the cruelst ere confest me before.
Lod. And this the trick to catch a near pure whore.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertius.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Abstemia.

Abst. **H**ere miserable despis'd *Abstemia*,
 In *Millicin* let thy misery take breath;
 Wearied with many sufferings: Oh *Lorenzo*!
 How far in love I am with my affliction,
 Because it calls thee father! unto this house,
 Where gentlewomen lodge, I was directed;
 But I here discover
 Strange actions closely carried in this house.
 Great persons (but not good) here nightly revel
 In surfeits, and in riots, yet so carried,
 That the next day the place appears a sanctuary,
 Rather then sins foul receprable; these ways
 Have to me still been strangers; but *Lorenzo*,

You are the cruelst ere confest me before.

Lod. [Aside] And this the trick to catch a neat pure whore.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertius.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

[SCENE I]

Enter Abstemia.

Abst. Here, miserable, despis'd Abstemia, 1465
 In Millain let thy misery take breath,
 Wearied with many sufferings. Oh Lorenzo!
 How far in love I am with my affliction,
 Because it calls thee father! Unto this house,
 Where gentlewomen lodge, I was directed; 1470
 But I here discover
 Strange actions closely carried in this house.
 Great persons (but not good) here nightly revel
 In surfets and in riots, yet so carried,
 That the next day the place appears a sanctuary, 1475
 Rather than sin's foul receptable. These ways
 Have to me still been strangers; but, Lorenzo,

1464. neat] skillful, cleverly contriving.

1474. surfets] surfeits, excesses, particularly of eating or drinking.

Thou couldst not though believe it: Oh jealousie! thou
 Loves eclipse, thou art in thy disease;
 A wild mad patient, wondrous hard to please.

Enter Timpanina and Morbo.

Mor. Yonder she walks mumbling to her self; the Prince
Antonio has blest her with's observation; and ye win her
 but to him, your house bears the bell away; accost her
 quaintly.

Tim.

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The City-Night-Cap.

Tim. I warrant thee, *Morbo Madona*, *Timpanina* has effe-
 wonders of more weight then a maiden-head: have I ruin'd
 so many City-Citadels, to let in Court-martialists, and
 shall this Country-Cottage hold out? I were more fit for a
 Cart then a Coach, then yfaith: how now *Millicent*, how d'ye
 this morning?

Millicent. VVell, I do thank so good a Landlady.

Tim. But hark you, *Millicent*, is the door close, *Morbo*?

Mor. As a usurers conscience, *Grace* was coming in, till she

1479. Love's] D4: [O] love's

eclipse,] D4, B: eclipsel

art] D2, D4: art, D3: art;

1481. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

self;] D2, D3, D4: self.

1485. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Morbo, *Madona*] 1661: *Morbo Madona*, D1: *Morbo Madona*, D2: *Morbo*,
Madona D3, D4: *Morbo; Madona* B: *Morbo; Madona*

effect'd] 1661: effe D, B: effected

1486. maiden-head;] 1661, D1, B: maiden-head: D2, D3, D4: maidenhead.

1489. yfaith] D: i'faith

S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Thou couldst not though believe it. Oh jealousy!

Love's eclipse, thou art in thy disease

A wild mad patient, wondrous hard to please.

1480

Enter Timpanina and Morbo.

Mor. [To Tim.] Yonder she walks mumbling to her self; the Prince Antonio has blest her with's observation; and ye win her but to him, your house bears the bell away. Accost her quaintly.

Tim. [To Mor.] I warrant thee, Morbo, Madona Timpanina has effect'd wonders of more weight than a maiden-head; have I ruin'd [1485 so many city-citadels to let in court-martialists, and shall this country-cottage hold out? I were more fit for a cart than a coach then, yfaith. [To Abst.] How now, Millicent, how d'ye this morning? 1490

Abst. Well, I do thank so good a landlady.

Tim. But hark you, Mill. Is the door close, Morbo?

Mor. As a usurer's conscience. Grace was coming in, till she

1480a. Timpanina] to have a two-legged tympany is to be got with a bastard child (Farmer and Henley, VII, 246). Also, any swelling, as inflated style or bombast, which is one of Timpanina's characteristics.

1483. bears the bell away] a proverb meaning to carry away the prize (Tilley, B275).

1484. quaintly] craftily, skillfully; also, elegantly.

1485. Morbo] Morbo: Florio (Queen Anna's New World of Words, London, 1611) defines as "any evill, disease, or contagion" (p. 322). Morbus (Latin): disease, vice, sorrow.

1489. cart] a vehicle for conveying prisoners to the gallows, or for public exposure of offenders, especially prostitutes. Earliest recorded use in MEED is Heywood's Captives (1624).

saw the door shut upon her :
Tim. I'll let *Grace* about her business, and I come to her : is
 here any work for *Grace*, with a wannion to her? we shall have
 Eaves-droppers, shall we?

Abst. Chastity guard me, how I tremble!

Tim. Come hither mistress *Millicent*; fie, how you let your
 hair hang about your ears too? how do you like my house,
Mill?

Abst. VVell, indeed well.

Tim. Nay I know a woman may rise here in one month, and
 she will her self : but truths truth, I know yoo see something,
 as they say, and so forth. Did you see the gallant was here last
 till 12?

Abst. VVhich of them mean you? here was many.

Tim. VVhich? he in the white feather that sup'd in the gal-
 lery, was't not white *Morbo*?

Mor. As a Ladies hand; by these five fingers.

Tim. White? no, no, 'twas a tawny, now I remember.

Mor. As a Gipsie, by this hand; it look'd white by candle-
 light though.

1498. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

me, how I tremble!] D2, B: me! how I tremble! D3, D4: me! how^{ow} I
 tremble.

1500. too?] D2, D3, D4, B: too!

1502. Well, indeed] D: Well indeed,

1504. truth's truth] D; 1661, B: truths truth

1505-1506. last till 12?] Perhaps: last night till 12?

saw the door shut upon her.

Tim. I'll set Grace about her business, and I come to her. Is there
here any work for Grace, with a wannion to her? We shall have [1495
eaves-droppers, shall we?

Abst. [Aside] Chastity guard me, how I tremble!

Tim. Come hither, mistress Millicent. Fie, how you let your
hair hang about your ears too? How do you like my house, 1500__
Mill?

Abst. Well, indeed well.

Tim. Nay, I know a woman may rise here in one month, and
she will her self. But truth's truth, I know you see something,
as they say, and so forth. Did you see the gallant was here last 1505
till 12?

Abst. Which of them mean you? Here was many.

Tim. Which? He in the white feather that supp'd in the gal-
lery; was't not white, Morbo?

Mor. As a lady's hand, by these five fingers. 1510

Tim. White? No, no, 'twas a tawny, now I remember.

Mor. As a gipsie, by this hand; it look'd white by candle-
light though.

1493-1494. Grace . . . upon her] with a pun on the name Grace, referring
to the proverb, "whoredom and grace can never bide in one place" (Tilley,
W328).

1496. with a wannion] may a curse or plague light on. NED cites
this line as one example.

1510. by these five fingers] see note to l. 622.

1511. tawny] applied to various shades of brown, yellow-brown, or
orange-brown.

Tim. That lusty springal *Millicent*; is no worse maid than
Then the Duke of *Milford* Son.

Abst. His excellent carriage spoke him of noble birth.

Tim. And this same Dukes son, loves you, *Millicent*.

Abst. Now heaven defend me!

Tim. What from a Dukes son? many come up with a murren,
ren, from whence came you too, ha?

Mor. Thus nice *Grace* was at first, and you remember.

Tim. I would have ye know, housewife, I could have taken my
Coach and fetch'd him one of the best pieces in *Milford*, and
her husband should have look'd after me, that's neighbours-
might have noted, and cry'd farewell Naunt, commend me to
mine Uncle.

Mor. And yet from these perfum'd fortunes, heaven defend
you.

Abst. Perfum'd indeed.

Mor. Perfum'd! I am a Pander, a Rogue, that hangs toge-
ther.

1515. than] 1661, B: Then D: Than

1520. murren;] 1661, B: murren, D: murrain,

tro] D3, D4: trow

1528. you.] D, B: you!

Tim. That lusty springal, Millicent, is no worse man
than the Duke of Millain's son. 1515

Abst. His excellent carriage spoke him of noble birth.

Tim. And this same Duke's son loves you, Millicent.

Abst. Now heaven defend me!

Tim. What, from a Duke's son? Marry, come up with a
murren; from whence came you tro, ha? 1520

Mor. Thus nice Grace was at first, and you remember.

Tim. I would have ye know, housewife, I could have taken my
coach and fetch'd him one of the best pieces in Millain, and
her husband should have look'd after me, that's neighbours
might have noted, and cry'd, "Farewel, naunt, commend me to
mine uncle." 1525

Mor. And yet from these perfum'd fortunes, heaven defend
you.

Abst. Perfum'd indeed.

Mor. Perfum'd! I am a pander, a rogue, that hangs toge- 1530

1514. lusty] pleasing, vigorous.

springal] young man.

1519-1520. murren] murrain, plague; hence, may a plague fall upon
you. NED cites this line as one example.

1520. tro] trow, used parenthetically or at the end of a sentence
(often merely expletive); NED cites Merry Wives of Windsor, I, iv, 127:
"Who's there, I thoa?"

1525. naunt] i.e., mine aunt; slang for prostitute or procuress.

1527. perfum'd] sweet.

1529-1530. Perfum'd . . . pander] perfume was associated with prostitutes
and panders. Cf. King John and Matilda, IV, ii (B, p. 63):

. . . wilt thou play the Court Camellion,
The perfum'd Pander?

The City-Night-Cap.

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thier like a beggars rags, by geometry: if there were not three Ladies swore yesterday that my mistress persun'd the coach! so they were fain to unbrace all the side-parts, to take in fresh air.

Tim. He tells you true, I keep no common company, I warrant ye; we vent no breath'd ware here.

Abt. But have ye so many several women to answer so many men that come?

Mor. I'll answer that by demonstration: have ye not observ'd the variation of a Cloud? sometimes 'twill be like a Lyon, sometimes like a horse, sometimes a Castle, and yet still a Cloud.

Abt. True.

Mor. Why so can we make one wench one day look like a Country-wench, another day like a Citizens wife, another day like a Lady; and yet still be a punk.

Abt. What shall become of me? Oh the curse Of goodness, to leave one worse for a worse!

Enter Philippo.

Phil. Morrow sweet Madam; Oh look how like the Sun be-

1531. geometry,] D, B; 1661: geometry:

1534. true,] D2, D3, D4: true;

1535. ye;] D2, D3, D4: ye.

1539. 'twill] D: it will

1546a. Enter Philippo] He is, of course, disguised as Pedro Sebastiano of Ferrara.

1547. how,] D4; 1661, D1, D2, D3, B: how

ther like a begger's rags, by geometry, if there were not three ladies swore yesterday that my mistress perfum'd the coach! So they were fain to unbrace all the side-parts, to take in fresh air.

Tim. He tells you true, I keep no common company, I warrant ye; we vent no breath'd ware here. 1535

Abst. But have ye so many several women to answer so many men that come?

Mor. I'll answer that by demonstration. Have ye not observed the variation of a cloud? Sometimes 'twill be like a lyon, sometimes like a horse, sometimes a castle, and yet still a cloud.

Abst. True. [1540

Mor. Why, so can we make one wench one day look like a country-wench, another day like a citizen's wife, another day like a lady, and yet still be a punk.

Abst. What shall become of me? Oh, the curse 1545
Of goodness, to leave one wo for a worse!

Enter Philipppo: [disguised].

Phil. Morrow, sweet madam. Oh, look how, like the sun

1533. side parts] i.e., coach sides.

1535. vent] vend.

breath'd ware] tarnished goods.

1538-1540. Have ye not . . . a cloud] Both B and Olive (p. 341) compare with Antony and Cleopatra, IV, xiv, 2-4:

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,

A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion,

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock . . .

The Arden notes, however, cite nine similar passages, many of which parallel Davenport's lines as closely as Shakespeare's.

1544. punk] strumpet.

hind a Cloud, the beams do give intelligence it is there.

Tim. You're reciprocal welcome, sir.

Phil. What have ye not brought this young wild haggard to the lure yet?

Tim. Faith sir, she's a little irregular yet; but time, that turns Citizens Caps into Court-periwigs, will bring the wonder about.

Phil. Bless you, sweet mistress.

Enter Antonio and Slave.

Mor. 'Sfoot here's the Prince, I smell thunder.

Tim. Your Grace is most methodically welcome: you must pardon my variety of phrase, the Courtiers e'en cloy us with good words.

Anto. What's he?

Mor. A gentleman of Ferrara, sir, one *Pedro Sebastianio*.

Anto. And do ye set her out to sale, I charg'd ye reserve for me alone?

Tim. Indeed sir,

Anto. Pox of your deeds.

Kicks her.

Tim. Oh my Sciatica!

1548. there.] D2, D3, D4, B: there!

1555. mistress.] D2, D3, D4: mistress!

1556. 'Sfoot,] D4: 'Sfoot!

1561. sir,] D2, D3, D4, B: sir;

1562. sale?] D, B; 1661: sale,

1563. alone.] D, B; 1661: alone?

1564. sir---] D3, D4; 1661, D1, D2, B: sir.

1565. deeds.] D4: deeds!

behind a cloud, the beams do give intelligence it is there.

Tim. You're reciprocal welcome, sir.

Phil. What, have ye not brought this young wild haggard to 1550
the lure yet?

Tim. Faith, sir, she's a little irregular yet; but time, that
turns citizens' caps into court-periwigs, will bring the
wonder about.

Phil. Bless you, sweet mistress. 1555

Enter Antonio and Slave.

Mor. 'Sfoot, here's the Prince; I smell thunder.

Tim. Your Grace is most methodically welcome. You must
pardon my variety of phrase; the courtiers e'en cloy us with
good words.

Anto. What's he? 1560

Mor. A gentleman of Ferrara, sir, one Pedro Sebastiano.

Anto. And do ye set her out to sale? I charg'd ye reserve for me
alone.

Tim. Indeed, sir-----

Anto. Pox of your deeds. Kicks her. 1565

Tim. Oh my sciatica!

1547-1548. Oh, look . . . is there.] Olive (p. 343) states that
Davenport seems to be imitating The Rape of Lucrece, 372-373:
Look as the fair and fiery-pointed sun
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight.

1550-1554. have ye . . . wonder about] referring to the proverb,
"In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure" (Tilley, T298). wild
haggard] untrained female hawk.

1566. sciatica] oftentimes associated with bawds. Cf. Measure for Measure, I, ii, 55.

Anto. Sirrah, you perfum'd rascal. [*Kicks Philippo; they draw.*
Tim. Nay good my Lord.
Mor. Good sir, 'tis one of the Dukes chamber.
Phil. Let him be of the devils chamber.

Anto.

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The City-Night-Cap.

Anto. Sirrah, leave the house, or I will send thee out with thunder.

Slave. Good sir, 'tis madness here to stand him.

Phil. 'Sfoot kickt? pray that we meet no more again, sir;
 Still keep heaven about you.

Abst. What ere thou art, a good man still go with thee.

Anto. Will you bestow a cast of your professions?

Mor. We are vanish'd, sir.

Tim. This 'tis to dream of rotten glasses, *Morbo.*

Abst. O what shall become of me? in his eye
 Murder and lust contends.

Anto. Nay lie not, you sweet,
 I am not angry with you, indeed I am not:
 Do you know me?

Abst. Yes, sir, report hath given intelligence
 You are the Prince, the Dukes son.

Anto. Both in one.

Abst. Report sure

1567. rascal.] D2, D3, D4: rascal!

1574. kickt?] D3, D4: kicked!

1575. To Abst.] not in 1661, D, B.

Exit.] not in 1661, D1, or D2. D3 notes: Philippo here makes his exit which is not marked in the old copy, and, under the circumstances, is not very creditable to him.

1579. S. D.] Morbo and Timpanina's exit indicated only in B. But apparently the slave exits too, since he does not hear the ensuing conversation (see l. 1960).

1581. contends] D: contend

1583. you,] D2, D3, D4, B: you;

Anto. Sirrah, you perfum'd rascal. Kicks Philipppo; they draw.

Tim. Nay, good my Lord.

Mor. Good sir, 'tis one of the Duke's chamber.

Phil. Let him be of the devil's chamber. 1570

Anto. Sirrah, leave the house, or I will send thee out with
thunder.

Slave. Good sir, 'tis madness here to stand him.

Phil. 'Sfoot, kickt? Pray that we meet no more again, sir.

[To Abst.] Still keep heaven about you. [Exit.] 1575

Abst. What ere thou art, a good man still go with thee.

Anto. Will you bestow a cast of your professions?

Mor. We are vanish'd, sir.

Tim. This 'tis to dream of rotten glasses, Morbo. [Exeunt.]

Abst. Oh what shall become of me? In his eye 1580

Murder and lust contends.

Anto. Nay, flie not, you sweet,

I am not angry with you, indeed I am not.

Do you know me?

Abst. Yes, sir, report hath given intelligence 1585

You are the Prince, the Duke's son.

Anto. Both in one.

Abst. Report sure

1577. cast] blow on? touch or taste?

1579. rotten glasses] perhaps, glasses of spoiled wine; or, rotten (smelly) chamber-pots (Farmer and Henley, IV, 233). Perhaps also, Davenport is playing on "eye" of l. 1580, the rotten eye of the prince, since glass also meant a seeing instrument.

1588-1589. Report . . . language] referring to the common proverb, "Report is a liar" (Tilley, F44).

Spoke but her native language; you are none of either.

Anto. How?

Abst. Were you the Prince, you would not sure be slay'd.

To your bloodspassion : I do crave your pardon

For my rough language ; truth hath a forehead free,

And in the tower of her integrity,

Sits an unvanquish'd virgin : can you imagine

'Twill appear possible you are the Prince?

Why when you set your foot first in this house,

You crush'd obedient duty unto death,

And even then fell from you your respect :

Honour is like a goodly old house, which

If we repair not still with virtues hand,

Like a Citadel being madly rais'd on sand,

It falls, is swallow'd and not found.

Anto. If you rail upon the place, prethee how can'st thou hit-
ther?

Abst. By treacherous intelligence : honest men so

In the way ignorant, through thieves purlewes go.

Are you son to such a noble Father?

Send him to's grave then

Like a white Almond-tree, full of glad days,

1594. tower] D2, D3, D4: tow'r

1603. found.] D4: found [again].

1608. son] D4: [the] son

1609. Send him] D4: [And would you] send him (which B. notes is "to the destruction of the sense.")

Spoke but her native language; you are none of either.

Anto. How?

1590

Abst. Were you the Prince, you would not sure be slav'd

To your blood's passion. I do crave your pardon

For my rough language; truth hath a forehead free,

And in the tower of her integrity,

Sits an unvanquish'd virgin. Can you imagine

1595

'Twill appear possible you are the Prince?

Why, when you set your foot first in this house,

You crush'd obedient duty unto death,

And even then fell from you your respect.

Honour is like a goodly old house, which

1600

If we repair not still with vertue's hand,

Like a citadel being madly rais'd on sand,

It falls, is swallow'd and not found.

Anto. If you rail upon the place, prethee, how cam'st thou
hither?

1605

Abst. By treacherous intelligence. Honest men so
In the way ignorant through theeves' purlewes go.

Are you son to such a noble father?

Send him to's grave then,

Like a white almond-tree full of glad daies,

1610

1602-1603. Like a citadel . . . falls] referring to the same proverb
as ll. 1126-1127.

1607. purlewes] purlieus, haunts. NED records no use of this meaning
before 1643.

1610. white almond-tree] having greyish-white flowers, hence used
figuratively to mean grey or white hair. NED cites only one example
(1590: Pasquil's Apol. l. E b): "Upon whose silver heads the Almond-
tree hath blossomde."

VWith joy that he begot so good a son.
 Oh sir, methinks I see Sweet Majesty
 Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows
 To see you in this place: this is a cave
 Of Scorpions and of Dragons; Oh turn back!
 Toads

The City-Night-Cap.

39

Toads here ingender, 'tis the stream of death;
 The very air poysons a good mans breath,

Enter Timpanina and Morbo.

Anto. Within there!

Mor. Sir.

Anto. Is my Caroach at door?

Tim. And your horses too, sir; ye found her pliant.

Anto. Y'are rotten hospitals hung with grealie sattin.

Tim. Ah!

Mor. Came this nice piece from *Naples*, with a pox to her!

1616. ingender,] D2, D3: ingender; D4: engender;

steam] D, B; 1661: stream

1617a. S. D.] D3, D4 place after l.1618.

1621. pliant.] D4: pliant?

1622. sattin.] D2: sattini! D3, D4: satin!

With joy that he begot so good a son.
 Oh sir, methinks I see sweet majesty
 Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows
 To see you in this place. This is a cave
 Of scorpions and of dragons. Oh turn back;
 Toads here ingender, 'tis the steam of death;
 The very air poysons a good man's breath.

1615

Enter Timpanina and Morbo.

Anto. Within there!

Mor. Sir.

Anto. Is my caroach at door?

1620

Tim. And your horses too, sir; ye found her pliant.

Anto. Y'are rotten hospitals hung with greasie sattin.

Tim. Ah!

Mor. Came this nice piece from Naples, with a pox to her?

1616. ingender] engender.

1620. caroach] caroché.

1622. Y'are rotten hospitals hung with greasie sattin] Olive (p. 335) parallels with a similar situation in Pericles, IV, vi, 118-120:
 Avaunt thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
 But for this virgin that doth propit,
 Would sink and overwhelm you. Away!

hospitals] hotels, in this case in the sense of brothels. NED gives Greene's Groat's Worth of Wit (1617) as an example: "The house where Lamilia (for so we call the Curtezan) kept her Hospitall." A pun on a place of treatment (i.e., for venereal disease).

greasie] indecent, in a smutty way.

sattin] cheap, gaudy material; also, woman. Cf. A New Tricke to Cheat the Divell, II, iii (B, p. 225):

Canst not endure his name, yet com'st thy selfe
 To tempt me with his Sattin?

In a note, B (p. 225) suggests a play on sattin and satan, possible here as well.

Tim. And she has not Neapolitanis'd him, I'll be head for't.
Exeunt Baud and Pander.

Auto. Let me borrow goodness from thy lip: farewell:
 Here's a new wonder, I have met heaven in hell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Venice, Verona, Lodovico, Pandulpho, Jasprou.

Ver. Is this your chaste religious Lady?

Lod. Nay good my Lord, let it be carried with a silent reputation, for the credit of the conclusion; as all here are privy to the passage, I do desire not to be laugh'd at, till after the Mask and we are all ready: I have made bold with some of your Graces gentlemen, that are good dancers.

Ver. 'Tis one of my greatest wonders, credit me,
 To think what way she will devise here openly,
 To perform her so strict penance.

Ven. It busies me, believe me too.

Jasp. Ye may see now, sir, how possible 'tis for a cunning Lady, to make an Ass of a Lord too confident.

Lod. An Ass! I will prove a contented Cuckold the wisest

1627. wonder,] D2: wonder; D3, D4: wonder:

1627a. S. D.] Jovani and Spinoso apparently do not appear at all in the remainder of the play. Perhaps this indicates some doubling of roles by the actors.

1630. conclusion;] D2, D3, D4: conclusion.

1638. 'tis] D: it is

Tim. And she has not Neapolitanis'd him, I'll be flead for't. 1625

Exeunt Baud and Pander.

Anto. Let me borrow goodness from thy lip. Farewel.
Here's a new wonder, I have met heaven in hell. Exeunt.

[SCENE II]

Enter Venice, Verona, Lodovico, Pandulpho, and Jaspro.

Vero. Is this your chaste religious Lady?

Lod. Nay, good my Lord, let it be carried with a silent reputation, for the credit of the conclusion; as all here are privy to 1630
the passage, I do desire not to be laugh'd at, till after the
mask and we are all ready. I have made bold with some of
your Grace's gentlemen that are good dancers.

Vero. 'Tis one of my greatest wonders, credit me,
To think what way she will devise, here openly, 1635
To perform her so strict penance.

Ven. It busies me, believe me too.

Jasp. Ye may see now, sir, how possible 'tis for a cunning
Lady to make an ass of a Lord too confident.

Lod. An ass! I will prove a contented cuckold, the wisest 1640

1624-1625. Came this . . . Neapolitanis'd him] Sugden (p. 359) notes that it was believed syphilis made its first appearance in Europe at Naples about 1494, and cites numerous examples associating Naples and venereal disease, including these lines from Davenport.

1625. flead] flayed.

1629-1630. reputation] opinion, account of something. IED records no use with this meaning after 1613.

man in's company.

Vero. How prove you that, sir?

Lod. Because he knows himself.

Vero. Very well brought in.

Is all our furniture fit, against the morning,

To go for *Millain*?

Jasp. Ready, and like your Grace.

Vero. We are given to understand, the injur'd Princess,

Whom Count *Lorenzo* and noble *Philippo*

Are (unknown to one another) gone in search of,

Hath been seen there disguis'd : strict inquisition

F

From

40

The City-Night-Cap.

From the Duke himself shall ere many daies

Give our hopes a satisfaction.

Enter Dorothea, Ladies, Francisco and Clown.

Jasp. The Ladies, sir ; *Francisco* keeps before, sir ;
And *Pambo* keeps all well behind.

Lod. Yes, there's devout lechery between hawk and buzzard :
but please ye for the Ladies : the Mask attends your Grace.

Exit.

Vero. Come Ladies sit : *Madonna Dorothea,*

1650. unknown] D, B; 1661: unknow

1653. hopes a satisfaction.] D: hopes satisfaction.

1654. sir;] D2, D3, D4: sir.

man in's company.

Vero. How prove you that, sir?

Lod. Because he knows himself.

Vero. Very well brought in.

Is all our furniture fit, against the morning, 1645

To go for Millain?

Jasp. Ready, and like your Grace.

Vero. We are given to understand the injur'd Princess,
Whom Count Lorenzo and noble Philippo
Are (unknown to one another) gone in search of, 1650
Hath been seen there disguis'd. Strict inquisition
From the Duke himself shall, ere many daies,
Give our hopes a satisfaction.

Enter Dorothea, ladies, Francisco, and Clown.

Jasp. The ladies, sir; Francisco keeps before, sir,
And Pambo keeps all well behind. 1655

Lod. Yes, there's devout lechery between hawk and buzzard.
But please ye set the ladies; the mask attends your Grace.

Exit.

Vero. Come, Ladies, sit. Madona Dorothea,

1640-1641, 1643. wisest man in's company. Because he knows himself]
a common proverb deriving ultimately from Plato (Tilley, K175).

1645. furniture] provision.

1656. between hawk and buzzard] proverbial; the earliest example
recorded by Tilley is 1638 (H223).

Your ingenious Lord hath suddenly prepar'd us
For a conceited Mask, and himself it seems
Plays the presenter.

Dor. Now lie upon this vanity :
A profane Mask! chastity keep us, Ladies.

Ven. What, from a Mask? whereon grounds your wish?

Dor. Marry my Lord upon experience.
I heard of one, once brought his wife to a Mask,
As chaste as a cold night; but poor unfortunate fellow
He lost her in the throng, and the poor soul
Came home so crush'd next morning!

Ven. 'Las that was ill:

But women will be lost against their will.

Viro. Silence, the Masquers enter.

*Enter Lodovico, Clown and Masquers; a Stag, a
Ram, a Bull and a Goat.*

clown. Look to me, Master.

Lod. Do not shake, they'll think th'art out. — A Mask.

1663. vanity.] D3, D4: vanity!

1664. mask!] D3, D4: masque?

1668. throng,] D2, D3, D4: throng;

1671. will?] 1661, D, B: will.

1674. shake,] D4: shake:

Your ingenious Lord hath suddenly prepar'd us

For a conceited mask, and himself it seems

1660

Playes the presenter.

Dor. Now fie upon this vanity.

A profane mask! Chastity keep us, Ladies.

Ven. What, from a mask? Whereon grounds your wish?

Dor. Marry, my Lord, upon experience.

1665

I heard of one once brought his wife to a mask

As chaste as a cold night; but, poor unfortunate fellow,

He lost her in the throng, and she, poor soul,

Came home so crush'd next morning!

Ven. 'Las that was ill.

1670

But women will be lost against their will?

Vero. Silence, the masquers enter.

Enter Lodovico, Clown and masquers: a stag, a

ram, a bull and a goat.

Clown. Look to me, master.

Lod. Do not shake, they'll think th'art out.-----A mask-----

1660. conceited] clever, witty.

1671. But women . . . will] referring to the same proverb as l. 253 (Tilley, W723).

1674. out] out of practice, or out of one's part. Cf. Coriolanus, V, iii, 40-41: "Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out"

A mask] D3, D4, and B note: Lodovico stands by and prompts the Clown as he speaks the prologues.

Clown. A Mask, or no Mask ; no Mask but a By-clap ;
 And yet a Mask yclep'd a City-Night-Cap.
Lod. And convey—
Clown. And conveniently far to keep off scorns,
 Considerately the cap is hedge'd with horns.
Lod. We insinuate.
Clown. Speak a little louder.
Lod. We insinuate.
Clown. We insinuate by this Stag and Ram so pritty,
 With Goat and Bull, Court, Country, Camp and City.
Lod. Cuckold.
Clown. Cuckold my Lord.
Lod. 'Tis the first word of your next line.
Clown.

The City-Night-Cap.

48

Clown. Oh—Cuckold begins with C. And is't not sport ?
 Then C. Begins with Country, Camp and Court :
 But here's the fine figary of our Poet,
 That one may wear this Night-Cap, and not know it.
Dor. Why chicken, shall they make such an Als of thee ? good
 your Grace, can a woman indure to see her loving husband wear
 horns in's own house ?
Vero. Pray Lady, 'tis but in jest.
Dor. In jest ? nay for the jest sake, keep then on sweet bird.

1678. scorns,] D4: scorns.

1680 and 1682. insinuate---] B; 1661, D: insinuate.

1683. pritty] Though Davenport prefers the "pretty" spelling, here
 "pritty" is used to further the rhyme with city.

1685. Cuckold---] B; 1661, D: Cuckold.

1686. Lord?] D3, D4, B; 1661: Lord.

1688. Oh.] 1661, D, B: O

1689. Then] D3, D4: The

1696. keep then on] While this line makes sense, perhaps it should be
 emended to: keep them on

Clown. A mask, or no mask; no mask but a by-clap; 1675
 And yet a mask yclep'd a City-Night-Cap.

Lod. And conve-----

Clown. And conveniently for to keep off scorns,
 Considerately the cap is hedg'd with horns.

Lod. We insinuate----- 1680

Clown. Speak a little louder.

Lod. We insinuate-----

Clown. We insinuate by this stag and ram so pritty,
 With goat and bull, court, country, camp and city.

Lod. Cuckold----- 1685

Clown. Cuckold, my Lord?

Lod. 'Tis the first word of your next line.

Clown. Oh, -----Cuckold begins with C. And is't not sport?
 Then C. begins with country, camp and court.

But here's the fine figary of our poet, 1690
 That one may wear this night-cap, and not know it.

Dor. Why, chicken, shall they make such an ass of thee? Good
 your Grace, can a woman indure to see her loving husband wear
 horns in's own house?

Vero. Pray, Lady, 'tis but in jest. 1695

Dor. In jest? Nay for the jest sake, keep then on, sweet bird.

1675. by-clap] beclap; NED records no use of this word as a noun. Perhaps Davenport means a performance of small merit, from by (little) and clap (chatter, or applause). There is a pun intended with yclep'd, in the next line.

1676. yclep'd] called, named.

1690. figary] fegary, a corruption of vagary.

Clown. Now to our Masks name : but first, be it known-a,
When I name a City, I only mean *Verona*.
Those two lines are extempore, I protest, fir ; I brought them in
because here are some of other Cities in the room that might
snuff pepper else.

Ven. You have fairly ta'en that fear off ; pray proceed.

Lod. Your kindest men.

Clown. Your kindest men most cuckolds are, Oh pity !
And where have women most their will, Oh City !
Sick for a Night-Cap, go to cuckolds luck ;
Who thrives like him, who hath the daintiest duck
To deck his stall? nay at the time of rapping,
When you may take the watch at corners napping ;
Take it forsooth, it is a wondrous hap
If you finde Master Constable without his cap ;
So a City-Night-Cap; for whilst he doth come

1703. men---] D4, B; 1661, D1, D2, D3: men.

1705. will, oh city!] D4, B: will? i'th'city!

1706. Seek] D4 and B; 1661, D1, D2, D3: Sick

1710. forsooth,] D4: forsooth--- B: forsooth,---

1711. cap,] 1661, D, B: cap:

1712. cap;] D3, D4: cap,

Clown. Now to our mask's name. But first, be it known-a,
When I name a city, I only mean Verona.

Those two lines are extempore, I protest, sir; I brought them in
because here are some of other cities in the room that might 1700
snuff pepper else.

Ven. You have fairly ta'en that fear off; pray, proceed.

Lod. Your kindest men-----

Clown. Your kindest men most cuckolds are, oh pity!
And where have women most their will, oh city! 1705
Seek for a night-cap, go to cuckolds' luck;
Who thrives like him, who hath the daintiest duck
To deck his stall? Nay, at the time of rapping,
When you may take the watch at corners napping;
Take it forsooth, it is a wondrous hap 1710
If you finde master constable without his cap,
So a city-night-cap; for whilst he doth rome

1697-1698. But first . . . Verona] Fleay (I, 104) notes that the clown's disclaimers "plainly show the play to have been a personal satire."

1701. snuff pepper] get angry, become quickly offended; from the proverbs "to take pepper in the nose" (Tilley, P231) and "to take in snuff" (Tilley, S598).

1705. And where . . . will] another reference to the same proverb as ll. 253 and 1671 (Tilley, W723).

1708. rapping] either seizing, or uttering an oath; apparently a reference to the early hours of the morning, when the watch has fallen asleep.

1709. take . . . napping] to: "take one napping" is proverbial (Tilley, N36-7).

1711. master constable] as one of the watch, he must remain out all night, giving his wife a chance to give him his city-night cap; also, with a possible reference to the proverbial lack of wit of the constable (cf. Tilley, C616).

And frights abroad, his wife commits at home.

Ven. A *Verona*-Constable.

clown. A Constable of *Verona*; we will not meddle with your City of *Venice*, sir.

Therefore 'tis fit the City, wise men say,

Should have a Cap call'd *Cornucopia*.

Lod. To Con——

clown. To conclude our Cap, and stretch it on the tenter,

'Tis known a City is the whole lands center:

So that a City-Night-Cap, ours we call,

By a conclusion philosophical,

Heavie bodies tend to th' center so (the more the pity)

The heaviest heads do but upon the City:

And to our dance this title doth redound,

A City-Night-Cap, *alias* Cuckolds round.

Dor. Cuckolds round! and my sweet bird leads the dance!

Vero. Be patient, Madam, 'Tis but honest mirth:

From good construction pleasure finds full birth. *Dance.*

1713. frights] 1661, B; D: fights

1721. center,] 1661, D1, D2, D3, B: center: D4: centre:

1725. but] D: butt

And frights abroad, his wife commits at home.

Ven. A Verona-constable.

Clown. A constable of Verona; we will not meddle with your
City of Venice, sir. 1715

Therefore 'tis fit the city, wise men say,
Should have a cap call'd cornucopia.

Lod. To con-----

Clown. To conclude our cap, and stretch it on the tenter, 1720
'Tis known a city is the whole land's center,
So that a city-night-cap, ours we call,
By a conclusion philosophical.

Heavie bodies tend to th' center, so (the more the pity)
The heaviest heads do but upon the city. 1725
And to our dance this title doth redound,
A city-night-cap, alias cuckold's round.

Dor. Cuckold's round! And my sweet bird leads the dance!

Vero. Be patient, Madam, 'tis but honest mirth;
From good construction pleasure findes full birth. Dance. 1730

1713. frights] probably, is ridiculous, or frets. D emends to fights, which is possible. However, NED suggests that frights may sometimes have been misused for frets (worries), which makes sense here.

1718. cornucopia] literally, horn of plenty, but also suggesting horn of cuckoldry. The long poem, Cornucopiae, Pasquil's Night-Cap (1612, 1623?) uses both the cornucopia and the night-cap as cuckold's horns. NED cites only one example with this meaning (1600).

1720. tenter] a wooden framework on which cloth is stretched after being milled, so that it may set or dry evenly and without shrinking; hence, to conclude or complete the last step, continuing the cloth "cap" image.

1727. round] circular dance.

1730. construction] structure, instruction (see note to l. 1052).

Vero. *Jaspro*; fill some wine.
Jaspr. 'Tis here, sir.

F 2

Vero-

42 *The City-Night-Cap.*

Vero. Count *Lodovico*!

Lod. Sir.

Vero. I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to produce
 The performance of her penance.

Lod. I'll catch occasion by the lock, sir.

Vero. Here, a health to all, it shall go round.

Lod. 'Tis a general health, and leads the rest into the
 field.

Clown. Your honour breaks jests as serving-men do glasses, by
 chance.

Vero. As I was drinking, I was thinking, trust me,

How fortunate our kind host was to meet

With so chaste a wife; troth tell me, good Count *Lodowick*,
 Admit heaven had her.

Lod. Oh good your Grace, do not wound me.

Admit heaven had her! 'las what should heaven do with her?

Vero. Your love makes you thus passionate; but admit so:
 Faith, what wife would you chuse?

Lod. Were I to chuse then, as I would I were, so this were

1735. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1737. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1741. glasses,] D4, B: glasses---

1743. thinking---] 1661, D, B: thinking,

S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

me---] 1661, D, B: me,

1745. *Lodovico*] 1661: *Lodowick* Throughout the rest of this scene,
Lodovico is referred to only as *Lodowick*, most likely a compositor's
 error. D and B, through, follow the 1661 edition, with no explanation. In
 Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Captain*, one of the character's names, *Lodowick*,
 is also spelled *Lodovico*; apparently these forms were sometimes used inter-
 changeably.

1746. her.] D4, B: her---

1747. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

me.] D4: me---

1749. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Vero. Jaspro, fill some wine.

Jasp. 'Tis here, sir.

Vero. Count Lodovico!

Lod. Sir.

Vero. [To Lod.] I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to produce
The performance of her penance. [1735]

Lod. [To Vero.] I'll catch occasion by the lock, sir.

Vero. Here, a health to all; it shall go round.

Lod. 'Tis a general health, and leads the rest into the
field. 1740

Clown. Your honour breaks jests as serving-men do glasses, by
chance.

Vero. As I was drinking, I was thinking--[Aside, to Lod.] trust me--
How fortunate our kind host was to meet
With so chaste a wife. Troth, tell me, good Count Lodovico, 1745
Admit heaven had her.

Lod. [To Vero.] Oh, good your Grace, do not wound me.
Admit heaven had her! 'Las, what should heaven do with her?

Vero. [To Lod.] Your love makes you thus passionate; but admit so.
Faith, what wife would you chuse? 1750

Lod. Were I to chuse then, as I would I were, so this were

1737. I'll catch occasion by the lock] Emblem writers of the
sixteenth and seventeenth centuries depicted occasion (or opportunity)
as a young woman with a large forelock of hair. E.g. Geoffrey Whitney,
A Choice of Emblemes (London, 1586), p. 181:

What meanes longe lockes before? that suche as meete,
Maye houlde at firste, when they occasion finde. (ll. 9-10)
To catch time or occasion by the forelock is proverbial (Tilley, T311).

1746. had] bore, with a pun in l. 1748.

at Japan,
 I would wish, my Lord, a wife so like my Lady,
 That once a week she should go to confession;
 And to perform the penance she should run,
 Nay should do nought, but dream on't till 'twere done.
Jasp. A delicate memento, to put her in mind of her penance.
Dor. Now you talk of dreams, sweet heart, I'll tell ye a very unhappie one; I was a dream'd last night of *Francis* there.
Lod. Of *Francis*?
Dor. Nay, I have done with him.
Lod. Now your Grace shall see the devil out-done.
Vero. Pray let us hear your dream?
Dor. Bless me! I am e'en a sham'd to tell it: but 'tis no matter, chick,
 A dream is a dream, and this it was:
 Me thought, sweet husband, *Francis* lay with me.
Lod. The best friend still at home, *Francisco*.
 Could the devil, fir, perform a penance neater,
 And save his credit better? on, chick, a dream is but a dream.
Dor. Me thought I prov'd with child, sweet heart.
Lod. I, bird?
Fran. Pox of these dreams,

1757. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

1763. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1764. dream?] D: dream.

1770. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1771. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

chick,] D2, D3, D4: chick;

1774. dreams.] D4: dreams!

at Japan,

I would wish, my Lord, a wife so like my Lady,

That once a week she should go to confession;

And to perform the penance she should run,

1755

Nay, should do nought but dream on't, till 'twere done.

Jasp. [Aside] A delicate memento, to put her in mind of her penance.

Dor. Now, you talk of dreams, sweet heart, I'll tell ye a very unhappy one; I was a dream'd last night of Francis there.

1760

Lod. Of Frank?

Dor. Nay, I have done with him.

Lod. [To Vero.] Now your Grace shall see the devil out-done.

Vero. Pray, let us hear your dream?

Dor. Bless me! I am e'en asham'd to tell it; but 'tis no matter, chick,

1765

A dream is a dream, and this it was.

Me thought, sweet husband, Francis lay with me.

Lod. The best friend still at home, Francisco.

[To Vero.] Could the devil, sir, perform a penance neater,

1770

And save his credit better? [To Dor.] On, chick, a dream is but a dream.

Dor. Me thought I prov'd with child, sweet heart.

Lod. I, bird?

Fran. Pox of these dreams.

1752. at Japan] Sugden (p. 282) explains this passage as meaning "a very remote place." So Lodovico means that he would choose a wife that is like Dorothea, assuming his present wife were in Japan.

1769. The best friend still at home] alluding to the same proverb as ll. 325-326.

Dor. Me thought I was brought to bed, and one day sitting
 I'th' gallery, where your Masking suits and vizards hang,
 Having the child me thought upon my knee,

Who

The City-Night-Cap.

43

Who should come thither as to play at foils,
 But thou, sweet heart, and *Francis*?

Lod. *Frank* and I! does your Grace mark that?

Pero. I do, and wonder at her near conveyance on't.

Dor. Ye had not play'd three venies, but me thought
 He hot thee such a blow upon the forehead,
 It swel'd so that thou couldst not see;

Lod. See, see!

Dor. At which the child cri'd, so that I could not still it;
 Whereat, me thought, I pray'd thee to put on
 The hat thou wor'st but now before the Duke, thinking thereby
 To still the child: but being frighted with't,
 He cri'd the more.

Lod. He? *Frank* thou get'st boys.

Fran. In dreams it seems, sir.

Dor. VVhereat I cri'd, me thought, pointing to thee,
 Away you naughty man, you are not this child's father.

Lod. Meaning the child *Francisco* gor.

Dor. The same: and then I wak'd and kist thee.

1780. I!] B: I?

1781. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1783. hot] MS: hitt D: hit B: hot [sic]

1791. He?] D2, D3, D4: He!

1793. thee,] D4: thee---

1794. Away you] D3, D4: Away, thou

father,] D4: father!

Dor. Me thought I was brought to bed; and one day sitting 1775
 I'th' gallery, where your masking suits and vizards hang,
 Having the child, me thought, upon my knee,
 Who should come thither as to play at foils,
 But thou, sweet heart, and Francis?

Lod. Frank and I! Does your Grace mark that? 1780

Vero. [To Lod.] I do, and wonder at her neat conveyance on't.

Dor. Ye had not play'd three venies, but, me thought,
 He hot thee such a blow upon the forehead,
 It swel'd so that thou couldst not see.

Lod. See, see! 1785

Dor. At which the child cry'd, so that I could not still it;
 Whereat, me thought, I pray'd thee to put on
 The hat thou wor'st but now before the Duke, thinking thereby
 To still the child; but being frighted with't,
 He cry'd the more. 1790

Lod. He? Frank, thou get'st boys.

Fran. In dreams it seems, sir.

Dor. Whereat I cry'd, me thought, pointing to thee,
 Away you naughty man, you are not this child's father.

Lod. Meaning the child Francisco got. 1795

Dor. The same. And then I wak'd and kist thee.

1776. vizards] face protectors, masks.

1781. conveyance] legal term for transference of property; trickery, cunning.

1782. venies] bouts (venue).

1783. hot] past tense of hit.

1797a. Enter Jaspro.] As B notes, "Jaspro's previous 'exit' is not marked in the old edition." Jaspro last speaks at ll. 1757 - 1758, and when he enters it is at the right moment dramatically, but there is no specific line at which he seems to exit. He merely slips away unnoticed, perhaps only for a few lines.

1799. Lodovico] 1661: Lodowick See note for l. 1745.

1803. send him up] D3, D4: send up

1804. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Pist] D: Hist

1805. husband, my Lord.] D2, D3, D4: husband! my lord! B: husband! my Lord!

1806. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

I] D1: He D2, D3, and D4 retain emendation, and note: Francisco seems to allude to Lodovico's last words. B retains, noting change without explanation.

1807. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

1808. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1809. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

confession.] D2, D3, D4: confession!

1812. sir,] D2, D3, D4, B: sir:

1813. mirth,] D2, D3, D4, B: mirth

1815. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Millain.] D2, D3, D4: Milan!

1816a. S. D.] D3 first notes the disguise, which is evident throughout the scene.

Omn. A pretty merry dream!

Enter Jaspro.

Jasp. Your servant tells me,
Count *Lodowick*, that one father *Antony*,
A holy man, stays without to speak with you.

Lod. With me, or my Lady?

Jasp. Nay, with you, and about earnest business.

Lod. I'll go send him up, and he shall interpret my Ladies
dream, Piss *Jaspro.* *Exeunt.*

Dor. Why husband, my Lord.

Fran. Didst mark? I must interpret.

Clown. I smell worm-wood and vinegar.

Ven. She changes colour.

Dor. He will not sure reveal confession.

Vero. We'll rise and to our lodgings: I think your Highness
Keeps better hours in *Venice*?

Ven. As all do, sir,

We many times make modest mirth, a necessity
To produce Ladies dreams.

Fran. How they shoot at us! would I were in *Millain*:
These passages frye me.

Enter

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The City-Night-Cap.

Enter Jaspro and Lodovico.

Jasp. Here's strange juggling come to light.

Omn. A pretty merry dream!

Enter Jaspro.

Jasp. Your servant tells me,
Count Lodovico, that one Father Antony,
A holy man, stays without to speak with you. 1800

Lod. With me, or my Lady?

Jasp. Nay, with you, and about earnest business.

Lod. I'll go send him up, and he shall interpret my Lady's
dream. [To Jasp.] Pist, Jaspro. Exeunt.

Dor. Why husband, my Lord. 1805

Fran. [Aside] Didst mark? I must interpret.

Clown. [Aside] I smell worm-wood and vinegar.

Ven. [Aside] She changes colour.

Dor. [Aside] He will not sure reveal confession.

Ver. We'll rise and to our lodgings. I think your Highness 1810
Keeps better hours in Venice?

Ven. As all do, sir,
We many times make modest mirth, a necessity
To produce Ladies' dreams.

Fran. [Aside] How they shoot at us! Would I were in Millain. 1815
These passages frye me.

Enter Jaspro and Lodovico [disguised as Father Antony].

Jasp. Here's strange jugling come to light.

1804. Pist] NED records no examples after 1622.

1807. wormwood] a plant noted for its bitter taste.

Vero. Ha, juggling!
Jasp. This Fryer hath confest unto Count *Lodowick*,
 That his Lady here being absolv'd,
 Confess'd this morning to him here, in her own house,
 Her man *Francisco* here had lain with her.
 At which her Lord runs up and down the garden
 Like one distracted, crying, Ware houses ho.
Dor. Art mad? deny it yet, 'I am undone: else.
Clown. Father *Tony*.
Lod. I confesse it, I deny it, I any thing, I do every thing, I do
 nothing.
Vero. The Fryer's fallen Frantick; and being mad,
 Depraves a Lady of so chaste a brest
 A bad thought never bred there.
Dor. 'Tis my misfortune still to suffer, sir.
Lod. Did you not see one slip out of a cloak-bag i'th' fashion
 of a flitch of bacon, and run under the table amongst the
 hogs?
Vch. He's mad, he's mad.
Clown. I, I, a tythe-pig twas overlaid last night, and he speaks
 nonsense all the day after.
Dor. Shall I, sir, suffer this in mine own house too?

1819. *Lodovico*,] 1661: *Lodowick*. See note for l. 1745.

1824. ho.] D3, D4: ho!

1825. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

yet,] D2, D3, D4: yet;

1826. *Tony*.] D2, D3, D4: Tony!

1827. I any thing,] D1, D2: ay anything, D3: ay anything; D4: ---ay,
 anything.

every thing,] D4: everything;

1830. brest;] 1661, D1, B: brest D2, D3, D4: brest,

1837. pig] D1, D2, B: pig; D3, D4: pig;

1838. after.] D: after--- B: after.---

1839. this,] D4, B: this---

Vero. Ha, juggling!

Jasp. This fryer hath confest unto Count Lodovico,
That his Lady here being absolv'd, 1820
Confess'd this morning to him here, in her own house,
Her man Francisco here had lain with her.
At which her Lord runs up and down the garden
Like one distracted, crying, "Ware horns, ho."

Dor. [To Lod.] Art mad? Deny it yet, I am undone else. 1825

Clown. Father Tony.

Lod. I confess it, I deny it, I any thing, I do every thing, I do
nothing.

Vero. The fryer's fallen frantick; and being mad,
Depraves a Lady of so chaste a brest; 1830
A bad thought never bred there.

Dor. 'Tis my misfortune still to suffer, sir.

Lod. Did you not see one slip out of a cloak-bag i'th' fashion
of a flitch of bacon, and run under the table amongst the
hogs? 1835

Ven. He's mad, he's mad.

Clown. I, I, a tythe-pig 'twas overlaid last night, and he speaks
nonsense all the day after.

Dor. Shall I, sir, suffer this, in mine own house too?

1833-1837. Did you not see . . . last night] obscure, but perhaps a
reference to St. Anthony, considered the patron of hogs. Hence, the friar
has gone mad because a "tythe-pig" was lost, which he should have pro-
tected, and which also represented a future meal.

1837. tythe-pig] a pig due as a tithe to the church.
overlaid] smothered, or perhaps stolen (?).

Clown. I'd scratch out's his eyes first.
Ver. Since Lady you and your man *Francisco*
 Are the two injur'd persons, here disrobe
 This irregular son of his religious mother,
 Expose him to the apparent blush of shame,
 And tear those holy weeds off.
Fran. Now you my frantick brother,
 Had you not been better spar'd your breath?
Dor. And ye keep counsel fir no better?
 We'll ease you of your orders.
Clown. Nay, let me have a hand in't: I'll tear his coat with
 more zeal then a Puritan would tear a surplis.
Fran. See what 'tis to accuse when you're mad.
Dor. I confesse again to you now fir, this man did lie with
 me.
Clown. And I brought him to her chamber too: but come,
 turn out here.
Dukes. Who's this?
Um. 'Tis Count *Lodowick*.

Lod.

The City-Tight-Cap.

45

Lod. How dreams, sweet wife, do fall out true!
Clown. I was a dream'd, now I remember, I was whipt through
Verona.
Lod. I was your confessor:
 Did not I enjoin your chaste nice Ladieship
 A dainty penance?
Jasp. And she perform'd it as daintily, fir, we'll be sworn for

1840. out's eyes] D1, D2, B; 1661: out's his eyes MS: out's Eyes
 D3, D4: out his eyes

1841. man] B: man [there]

1846. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1848. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

better?] D, B: better,

1850. his] D: the

1853. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1855. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1858. Lodovico] 1661: Lodowick See note for l. 1745.

Clown. I'd scratch out's eyes first.

1840

Vero. Since, Lady, you and your man Francisco

Are the two injur'd persons, here disrobe

This irregular son of his religious mother,

Expose him to the apparent blush of shame,

And tear those holy weeds off.

1845

Fran. [To Lod.] Now you, my frantick brother,

Had you not been better spar'd your breath?

Dor. [To Lod.] And ye keep counsel, sir, no better?

We'll ease you of your orders.

Clown. Nay, let me have a hand in't. I'll tear his coat with
more zeal than a Puritan would tear a surplis. 1850

Fran. See what 'tis to accuse when you're mad.

Dor. [To Lod.] I confess again to you now, sir, this man did lye with
me.

Clown. [To Lod.] And I brought him to her, chamber too; but come,
turn out here. [1855

Dukes. Who's this?

Omn. 'Tis Count Lodovico.

Lod. How dreams, sweet wife, do fall out true!

Clown. I was a dream'd, now I remember, I was whipt through 1860

Verona.

Lod. I was your confessor.

Did not I enjoyn your chaste nice Ladyship

A dainty penance?

Jasp. And she perform'd it as daintily, sir, we'll be sworn for

[1865

1851. surplis] surplice.

that.

Dev. Oh good sir, I crave your pardon!

Lod. And what say you, *Francis*?

Fran. You have run best sir; vain 'tis to defend,

Craft sets forth swift, but still fails in the end.

Lod. You brought him to her chamber, *Pambo*.

Clara. Good my Lord, I was merely inveigled to't.

Lod. I have nothing to do with ye, I take no notice of ye, I have plaid my part off to th' life, and your Grace promis'd to perform yours.

Vero. And publickly we will still raise their fame;

VVho ere knew private sin scape publick shame?

You sir that do appear a gentleman,

Yet are within slave to dishonest passions;

You shall through *Versna* ride upon an Ass

VVith your face towards his back-parts, and in your hand his tail 'stead of a bridle.

Clown. 'Snailles, upon and Ass! an 'th ad been upon an horse it had been worthy gramercy.

Vero. Peace, sirrah:

After that, you shall be branded in the forehead,

And after banish'd: away with him!

Fran. Lust is still

1869. sir,] D: sir:

defend,] D2, D3, D4: defend; B: defend:

1873. ye,] D4: ye;

1879. passions,] B: passions;

1881. parts] D: part

1883. 'Snailles,] D4: Snails!

an ass!] D1, D2, D3; 1661: and Assel D4: an ass? B: an Assel

an't had] B; 1661: an'th ad MS: and it had D1: an th'ad D2, D3,
D4: an't'ad

that.

Dor. Oh good sir, I crave your pardon!

Lod. And what say you, Francis?

Fran. You have run best, sir, vain 'tis to defend,

Craft sets forth swift, but still fails in the end.

1870

Lod. You brought him to her chamber, Pambo.

Clown. Good my Lord, I was merely inveagled to't.

Lod. I have nothing to do with ye, I take no notice of ye; I have play'd my part off to th' life, and your Grace promis'd to perform yours,

1875

Vero. And publickly we will still raise their fame.

Who ere knew private sin 'scape publick shame?

You, sir, that do appear a gentleman,

Yet are within slave to dishonest passions,

You shall through Verona ride upon an ass

1880

With your face towards his back-parts, and in your hand his tail 'stead of a bridle.

Clown. 'Snailles, upon an ass! An 't had been upon an horse, it had been worthy, gramercy.

Vero. Peace, sirrah.

1885

After that, you shall be branded in the forehead,

And after banish'd. Away with him!

Fran. Lust is still

1872. inveagled] inveigled.

1883. 'Snailles] by God's nails (an oath).

1884. worthy, gramercy.] worthy of thanks; with a pun on god-a-mercy (gramercy) horse (l. 1883), an ironic expression of thanks: (see Tilley, G276).

Like a midnight-meal, after our violent drinkings,
 'Tis swallowed greedily : but the course being kept,
 We are sicker when we wake then ere we slept. *Exit.*

Clown. He must be branded, if the whore-master be burnt :
 what shall become of the procurer ?

Vero. You Madam; in that you have cosen'd sanctity,
 To promise her the vows you never paid,
 You shall unto the Monasterie of Ma trons,
 And spend your daies reclusive : for we conceive it
 Her greatest plague, who her daies in lust hath past
 And foil'd, against her will to be kept chaste.

Der. Your doom is just, no sentence can be given
 Too hard for her plays fast and loose with heaven.

Lod. I will buse thee, and bid fair weather after thee : but for
 you, sirrah. ———

Clown.

45

The City-Night-Cap.

Clown. Nay sir, 'tis but *Cride quod habes & habes*, at most;
 believe I have a halter, and I have one.

Vero. You sirrah, we are posselt were their pander.

Clown. I brought but flesh to flesh sir, and your Grace does as
 much when you bring your meat to your mouth.

1890. greedily,] 1661, D1, B: greedily: D2, D3, D4: greedily;

1892. branded;] 1661: branded, D2, D3, D4, B: branded!

burnt,] D2, D3, D4, B: 1661, D1: burnt:

1899. against] D4 notes 1661 reads "is against," but that is not true
 in any copies I have examined, and B notes the same for the copies he has
 seen.

1900. just,] D3, D4: just:

1903. sirrah---] D, B: 1661: sirrah.---

1904. habes,] 1661: habes

Like a midnight-meal; after our violent drinkings,
 'Tis swallowed greedily, but the course being kept, 1890
 We are sicker when we wake than ere we slept. Exit.

Clown. He must be branded; if the whore-master be burnt,
 what shall become of the procurer?

Vero. You, Madam, in that you have cosen'd sanctity,
 To promise her the vows you never paid, 1895
 You shall unto the monasterie of matrons,
 And spend your daies reclusive. For we conceive it
 Her greatest plague, who her daies in lust hath past
 And soil'd, against her will to be kept chaste.

Dor. Your doom is just, no sentence can be given 1900
 Too hard for her plays fast and loose with heaven.

Lod. I will buss thee, and bid fair weather after thee. But for
 you, sirrah-----

Clown. Nay, sir, 'tis but Crede quod habes, & habes at most;
 believe I have a halter, and I have one. 1905

Vero. You, sirrah, we are possest, were their pander.

Clown. I brought but flesh to flesh, sir, and your Grace does as
 much when you bring your meat to your mouth.

1901. plays fast and loose] i.e., cheats. A trick used to cheat people in which a leather strap was folded, with a skewer thrust through the middle. The strap was "fast" or "loose" as the holder wished, since he could control it by the ends. See Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft (1584), chapter 29, for a complete description of this trick. Tilley (P401) cites numerous examples.

1902. buss] ship (MED records only as a noun, meaning a vessel of burden); also, pun on meaning of kiss (cf. l. 599).

1906. possest] informed, given to understand.

Vero. You firrah ara Carts rail shall be whipt
Through the City.
Clown. there's my dream out already; but since there is no
remedy but that whipping-cheer mult close up my stomach,
I would request a noat from your Grace, to the Carman,
to intreat him to drive apace; I shall never indure it
else.
Vero. I hope, Count *Lodowick*, we have satisfied ye.
Lod. To th' full; and I think the Cuckold catch'd the
Cuckold-makers.
Vero. 'Twas a neat penance; but oh! the art of woman in
the performance.
Lod. Pihew sir, 'tis nothing, had she been in her great Gra-
nam's place.
Had not the Devil first began the sin,
And cheated her, she would have cheated him.
Vero. Let all to rest; and noble sir, i'th' morning,
With a small private train, we are for *Millain*.
Vice for a time may shine, and vertue sigh;
But truth like heavens Sun plainly doth reveal,

1911. already;] D3, D4: already!
1912. whipping-chear] D: whipping-cheer
1916. Lodovico] 1661: Lodowick See note for l. 1745.
1919. but oh!] D4: but, O
1920. performance.] D: performance!
1921. great] D omits.
1922. place,] D1, D2, D3; 1661: place. D4, B: place---

Vero. You, sirrah, at a cart's tail shall be whipt
Through the city. 1910

Clown. There's my dream out already; but since there is no
remedy but that whipping-chear must close up my stomach,
I would request a note from your Grace, to the carman,
to intreat him to drive apace; I shall never indure it
else. 1915

Vero. I hope, Count Lodovico, we have satisfied ye.

Lod. To th' full; and I think the cuckold catch'd the
cuckold-makers.

Vero. 'Twas a neat penance; but oh! The art of woman in
the performance. 1920

Lod. Pshaw, sir, 'tis nothing; had she been in her great
granam's place,
Had not the devil first began the sin
And cheated her, she would have cheated him.

Vero. Let all to rest; and, noble sir, i'th' morning, 1925
With a small private train, we are for Millain.
Vice for a time may shine, and vertue sigh;
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal,

1909. cart's tail] the hinder most part of a cart, to which offenders
were tied to be whipped through the streets.

1912. whipping-chear] whipping chair.

1921. Pshaw] Pshaw; see note for l. 253.

1921-1924. had she . . . cheated him.] Cf. A New Tricke to Cheat the
Divell, I, i (B, p. 195):

Slightall. Well pleaded Grannam Eve.

And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

Finis Actus Quarti.

The City-Night-Cap.

47

Actus Quintus.

Enter Antonio and a Slave, one in the others habit.

Slave. **B** Ut faith, sir, what's your device in this? this change
Innuates some project.

Ant. Shall I tell thee?

Thou art my Slave, I took thee (then a Turk,
In the fight thou knowest we made before *Palermo*)
Thou art not in stricter bondage unto me
Then I am unto *Cupid*.

Slave. Oh then you are going, sir,
To your old rendezvous, there are brave rogues there;
But the Duke observes you narrowly, and sets spies
To watch if you step that way.

Ant. Why therefore man,
Thus many times, I have chang'd habits with thee,
To cheat suspicion, and prejudicate nature

1933. slave,] D3, D4: slave;

1933-1934. (then . . . Palermo.) D2, D3, D4; 1661: (then a Turk, . . . Palermo)

1943. suspition,] D2: suspicion; D3, D4: suspicion: B: suspition;

And scourge or crown what darkness did conceal.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

[SCENE I]

Enter Antonio and a slave, one in the other's habit.

Slave. But faith, sir, what's your device in this? This change
Insinuates some project. [1930]

Anto. Shall I tell thee?
Thou art my slave, I took thee (then a Turk)
In the fight thou know'st we made before Palermo.
Thou art not in stricter bondage unto me 1935
Than I am unto Cupid.

Slave. Oh, then you are going, sir,
To your old rendevow; there are brave rogues there.
But the Duke observes you narrowly, and sets spies
To watch if you step that way. 1940

Anto. Why therefore, man,
Thus many times I have chang'd habits with thee,
To cheat suspition, and prejudicate nature

1934. Palermo] In Philomela Palermo is where Abstemia stays after the trial, and where her husband is accused of killing the ruling Duke's son.

1938. rendevow] rendezvous.

1943. prejudicate] prejudicial.

(Mistress of inclinations) sure intended,
To knit thee up so like me, for this purpose,
For th'ast been taken in my habit for me.

Slave. Yes, and have had many a French cringe
As I have walk'd i'th' Park; and for fear of discovery,
I have crown'd it only with a nod.

Enter a Lord.

Anto. Th'art a mad villain:
But firrah, I am wondrously taken
With a sweet face I saw yonder; thou knowst where.

Slave. ~~At Venus~~ Colledge, the Court-bauddy-house.

Anto. But this, man, howsoever she came there,
Is acquainted so with heaven, that when I thought
To have quench'd my frantick blood, and to have pluck'd
The fruit a king would leap at; even then she beat me
With such brave thunder off; as if heaven had lent her
The Artillery of Angels.

Slave. She was coy then.

Anto. Coy, man! she was honest; left coynefs to court-Ladies:
She spake the language of the saints, me thought.

G

Holy

48.

The City-Night-Cap.

Holy Spectators face on silver Clouds,

1944. sure intended] D2, D3; 1661, D1, B: sure intended, D4: sure, intended

1945. purpose,] D2, D3, D4: purpose;

1949a. S. D.] B adds: "[unobserved]." This entrance is a most confusing direction, since the Lord, obviously asked to watch Antonio, exits following Antonio disguised as the slave (l. 1976a). Later, at ll. 2027 ff., the Lord shows that he did not recognize the switch of identities, and that he was observing the prince, but no explanation is offered why he exited after Antonio. The Lord was needed to facilitate the discovery of the body, but the stage directions leave confusion as to motivation of the Lord's actions.

1954. this, man,] D: this maid,

1957. at,] 1661, D1, D2, D3, B: at; D4: at:

1960. then.] D2, D3, D4, B: then?

1961. honest,] 1661, D1, D2, D3, B: honest; D4: honest---

1963. sate] D4: sat

(Mistris of inclinations) sure intended

To knit thee up so like me, for this purpose,

1945

For th'ast been taken in my habit for me.

Slave. Yes, and have had many a French cringe

As I have walk'd i'th' park; and for fear of discovery,

I have crown'd it only with a nod.

Enter a Lord [unobserved].

Anto. Th'art a mad villain.

1950

But, sirrah, I am wondrously taken

With a sweet face I saw yonder; thou know'st where.

Slave. At Venus colledge, the court-baudy-house.

Anto. But this, man, howsoever she came there,

Is acquainted so with heaven, that when I thought

1955

To have quench'd my frantick blood, and to have pluck'd

The fruit a king would leap at, even then she beat me

With such brave thunder off, as if heaven had lent her

The artillery of angels.

Slave. She was coy then.

1960

Anto. Coy, man! She was honest, left coyness to court-ladies.

She spake the language of the saints, me thought.

Holy spectators sate on silver clouds,

1947. French] i.e., French-like, either referring to court-manners or cowardice.

1949. crown'd] honored, acknowledged.

1953. colledge] college, school.

1963. sate] past tense of sit.

And clapt their white wings at her well-plac'd words.
 She psicemical pull'd the frame of my intentions,
 And so joynd it again, that all the tempest
 Of blood can never move it.

Slave. Some rare Phoenix, what's her name?

Anto. 'Tis *Millicent*, and wondrous aptly,
 For she is Mistress of a hundred thousand holy heavenly
 Chastly I love her now, and she must know it: (thoughts.
 Such wondrous wealth is vertue, it makes the woman
 Wears it about her worthy of a king;
 Since kings can be but vertuous, farewell.
 A crown is but the care of deceiv'd life,
 He's king of men, is crown'd with such a wife.

Exit Antonio, and the Lord after him.

Slave. Are your thoughts leuell'd at that white then?
 This shall to th' Duke your dad, sir; he can never talk with me,
 But he twits me still with, I took thee at that fight
 We made before *Palermo*; I did command
 Men as he did there, Turks and valaint men:

1968. Phoenix;] D2, D3, D4: phoenix!

1980. Palermo.] B; 1661: Parlermo; D1, D2, D3: Palermo; D4: Palermo!

And clapt their white wings at her well-plac'd words.

She piecemeal pull'd the frame of my intentions, 1965

And so joy'n'd it again, that all the tempest

Of blood can never move it.

Slave. Some rare Phoenix; what's her name?

Anto. 'Tis Millecenta, and wondrous aptly,

For she is mistris of a hundred thousand holy heavenly thoughts. 1970

Chastly I love her now, and she must know it.

Such wondrous wealth is vertue, it makes the woman

Wears it about her worthy of a king,

Since kings can be but vertuous. Farewel.

A crown is but the care of deceiv'd life; 1975

He's king of men, is crown'd with such a wife.

Exit Antonio, and the Lord after him.

Slave. Are your thoughts levell'd at that white, then?

This shall to th' Duke your dad, sir. He can never talk with me,

But he twits me still with, "I took thee at that fight

We made before Palermo." I did command 1980

Men as he did there, Turks and valiant men.

1963-1964. Holy spectators . . . words] Olive (p. 335) parallels these lines with Pericles, IV, vi, 132-133: "she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus." He also cites l. 1970, but leaves out "heavenly" in his quotation. He concludes: "In each case the wonder of the situation is remarked."

1969. Millecenta] Latin for a hundred thousand.

1975. A crown . . . life] perhaps referring to the proverb, "crowns have cares" (Tilley, C863).

1977. levell'd at that white] i.e., aimed at that target (the white bullseye).

And though to wind my self up for his ruine,
 That I may fall and crush him, I appear
 To renounce Mahomet, and seem a Christian;
 'Tis but conveniently to stab this Christian,
 Or any way confound him, and scape cleanly,
 And one expects the deed: to hasten it,
 This letter came even now, which likewise certifies
 He waits me three leagues off, with a horse for flight
 Of a Turkish Captain commander of a Gally:
 He keeps me as his slave, because indeed
 I plaid the devil at sea, with him; but having
 Thus wrought my self into him, I intend
 To give him but this day to take his leave
 Of the whole world; he will come back by twilight:
 I'll wait him with a pistol: Oh sweet revenge!
 Laugh our great prophet, he shall understand,
 When we think death farthest off, he's neerest hand.

Enter Philippo.

<i>Phil.</i> You and I must meet no more sir; there's your kick a-	
gain.	<i>Kicks him.</i>
<i>Slave.</i> Hold, hold, what mean you sir?	
<i>Phil.</i> I have brought your kick back sir	<i>Shoots him.</i>
<i>Slave.</i> Hold man, I am not	<i>Falls.</i>
	<i>Phil.</i>

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<i>Phil.</i> Thou hast spoken true, thou art not	<i>What art thou?</i>
But I am for Verona.	<i>Exit.</i>

1984. Christian;] D3, D4, B: Christian,
 1986. cleanly.] D; 1661: cleanly, B: cleanly.---
 1987. And] D4: Ere B notes that this emendation "gives no sense."
 1990. gally.] B: Gally.---
 1995. world;] D: world.
 1997. Laugh,] D, B; 1661: Laugh
 prophet;] 1661, D: prophet, B: prophet:
 2001. hold,] D2: hold; D3, D4: hold!
 2002. sir.] 1661, D, B: sir---
 2004. not.] 1661, D, B: not---
 thou?---] 1661, D, B: thou?

And though to wind my self up for his ruine,
 That I may fall and crush him, I appear
 To renounce Mahomet, and seem a Christian;
 'Tis but conveniently to stab this Christian, 1985
 Or any way confound him, and 'scape cleanly.
 And one expects the deed; to hasten it,
 This letter came even now, which like wise certifies
 He waits me three leagues off, with a horse for flight,
 Of a Turkish captain, commander of a gally. 1990
 He keeps me as his slave, because indeed
 I play'd the devil at sea with him; but having
 Thus wrought my self into him, I intend
 To give him but this day to take his leave
 Of the whole world; he will come back by twilight. 1995
 I'll wait him with a pistol. Oh sweet revenge!
 Laugh, our great prophet; he shall understand,
 When we think death farthest off, he's neerest hand.

Enter Philipppo.

Phil. You and I must meet no more, sir; there's your kick
 again. Kicks him. 2000
Slave. Hold, hold, what mean you, sir?
Phil. I have brought your kick back, sir. Shoots him.
Slave. Hold man, I am not----- Falls.
Phil. Thou hast spoken true, thou art not. What art thou?-----
 But I am for Verona. Exit. 2005

Slave, Mine own words catch me, 'tis I now understand,
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand, *Dies.*

Enter Lorenzo.

She lives not sure in *Millain* : report but wore
Her usual habit, when she told in *Verona*,
She met *Abstemia* here : Oh *Abstemia* !
How lovely thou look'st now ? now thou appearest
Chaster then is the mornings modestie
That rises with a blush, over whose bosom
The Western wind creeps softly : Now I remember
How when she sat at Table, her obedient eye
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unless it look'd where I look'd : Oh how proud
She was, when she could cross her self to please me !
But where now is this fair soul ? like a silver cloud
She hath wept her self, I fear, into th' dead sea,
And will be found no more : this makes me mad,
To rave and call on death ; but the slave shrinks,
And is as far to finde, as she. *Abstemia*,
If thou not answer or appear to knowledg,

2006. me,] D1, D2: me; D3, D4: me:

2007a. *Enter Lorenzo.*] This is not a new scene, since the body lies on stage until carried off at l. 2045.

2008. *Lor.*] 1661 fails to note speaker.

not sure] D4: not, sure,

Millain;] D4: Milan!

2010. *Abstemia*!] D3, D4: *Abstemia*,

2011. now?] D2, D3, D4: now!

Slave. Mine own words catch me, 'tis I now understand,
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand. Dies.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. She lives not sure in Millain; report but wore
Her usual habit when she told in Verona,
She met Abstemia here. Oh Abstemia! 2010
How lovely thou look'st now? Now thou appearest
Chaster than is the morning's modestie
That rises with a blush, over whose bosom
The western wind creeps softly. Now I remember
How, when she sat at table, her obedient eye 2015
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unless it look'd where I look'd. Oh how proud
She was, when she could cross her self to please me!
But where now is this fair soul? Like a silver cloud
She hath wept her self, I fear, into th' dead sea, 2020
And will be found no more. This makes me mad,
To rave and call on death; but the slave shrinks,
And is as far to finde, as she. Abstemia,
If thou not answer or appear to knowledg,

2006. I now] i.e., I who now.

2008-2009. report . . . usual habit] "Report is a liar" is a common proverb (Tilley, F44). (Cf. ll. 1588-1589.)

2021-2023. This makes . . . as she.] D4 and Olive (p. 340) parallel with Cymbeline, V, iii, 68-71:

I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him . . .

That here with shame I fought thee in this wood,
I'll leave the blushing witnesses of my blood. *Exit.*

*Enter the Duke of Millain, Sebastian, Sanchio,
and the Lord.*

Mil. Followed you him thus far?

Lord. Just to this place, sir:

The slave he loves left him, here they parted.

Mil. Certain he has some private haunt this way.

Seb. Ha—— private indeed, sir: Oh behold and see
Where he lies full of wounds!

Lords. My Lord.

Mil. My son Antonio! who hath done this deed?

Sanch. My Lord Antonio!

Mil. He's gone, he's gone; warm yet, bleeds fresh, and whilst
We here hold passion play, we but advantage
The flying murderer. Bear his body gently
Unto the lodge: Oh what hand hath so hid
That sunlike face, behind a crimson cloud!
Use all means possible for life: but I fear
Charity will arrive too late. To horse,

G 2

Disperse

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Disperse through the wood, run, ride, make way,
The Sun in *Millain* is eclips'd this day.

Omni. To horse, and raise more pursuit.

Exeunt.

2029. him;] D2, D3, D4; 1661, D1, B: him,

2031. Ha---] D2, D3: Ha!--- D4: Ha!

2033. Lord.] B: Lord!

2036. gone;] D2, D3, D4: gone!

yet,] D4: yet?

fresh,] D2, D3: fresh; D4: fresh? B: fresh!

2041. life,] 1661, D, B: life:

2042. horse,] D3, D4, B: horse!

2043. wood,] D4: wood: B: wood!

2044. day.] D3, D4: day!

2045. pursuit.] D4, B: pursuit!

2045a. SCENE II] B continues as Scene I.

That here with shame I sought thee in this wood,

2025

I'll leave the blushing witness of my blood.

Exit.

Enter the Duke of Millain, Sebastian, Sanchio,

and the Lord.

Mill. Followed you him thus far?

Lord. Just to this place, sir.

The slave he loves left him; here they parted.

Mill. Certain he has some private haunt this way.

2030

Seb. Ha-----private indeed, sir. Oh behold and see
Where he lyes full of wounds!

Lords. My Lord.

Mill. My son Antonio! Who hath done this deed?

Sanch. My Lord Antonio!

2035

Mill. He's gone, he's gone; warm yet, bleeds fresh, and whilst
We here hold passion play, we but advantage
The flying murderer. Bear his body gently
Unto the lodge. Oh what hand hath so hid
That sunlike face, behind a crimson cloud!
Use all means possible for life, but I fear
Charity will arrive too late. To horse,
Disperse through the wood, run, ride, make way,
The sun in Millain is eclips'd this day.

2040

Omn. To horse, and raise more pursuit.

Exeunt.

2045

[SCENE II]

Enter Lorenzo, with his sword drawn.

Lor. Abstemia! Oh take her name you winds upon your wings,
And through the wanton Region of the Air,
Softly convey it to her: there's no sweet sufferance,
Which bravely she past through, but is a thorn
Now to my sides: my will the center flood
To all her chaste endeavours: all her actions,
With a perfection perpendicular,
Pointed upon, she is lost; Oh she
The well-built fort of virtues victory!
For still she conquer'd: since she is lost, then,
My friendly sword find thou my heart. *Within.* Follow, follow.

Enter Millain, Sanchio, Sebastiano.

Mill. This way, what's he? lay hands on him.
Sebast. The murderer on my life, my Lord, here in the wood
Was close beset, he would have slain himself.
Mill. Speak villain, art thou the bloody murderer?
Lor. Of whom?
Sanch. His dissembled ignorance speaks him the man.
Seb. Of the Dukes son, the Prince *Antonio*, sir; 'twas your
hand that kill'd him.
Lor. Your Lordship lyes, it was my sword.
Mill. Out slave!
Ravens shall feedst upon thee: Speak, what cause

2051. endeavours,] 1661, D, B: endeavours:

2053. upon.] 1661, B: upon, D: upon it.

lost.] 1661, D1, B: lost; D2, D3, D4: lost!

2056. follow.] D4, B: follow!

2057. way;] 1661, D1, D2, D3: way, D4: way. B: way:

2059. beset;] D4; 1661, D1, D2, D3, B: beset,

2067. feast] B; 1661: fedst D: feed

Enter Lorenzo, with his sword drawn.

Lor. Abstemia! Oh take her name, you winds, upon your wings,
And through the wanton region of the air,
Softly convey it to her. There's no sweet sufferance,
Which bravely she past through, but is a thorn
Now to my sides. My will the center stood 2050
To all her chaste endeavours, all her actions,
With a perfection perpendicular,
Pointed upon. She is lost. Oh she,
The well-built fort of vertue's victory!
For still she conquer'd; since she is lost then, 2055
My friendly sword finde thou my heart. Within, [shouts]. Follow, follow.

Enter Millain, Sanchio, Sebastiano.

Mill. This way; what's he? Lay hands on him.
Seb. The murderer, on my life, my Lord, here in the wood
Was close beset; he would have slain himself.
Mill. Speak, villain, art thou the bloody murderer? 2060
Lor. Of whom?
Sanch. His dissembled ignorance speaks him the man.
Seb. Of the Duke's son, the Prince Antonio, sir; 'twas your
hand that kill'd him.

Lor. Your Lordship lyes; it was my sword. 2065

Mill. Out slave!
Ravens shall feast upon thee. Speak, what cause

2067. Ravens shall feast upon thee] Cf. King John and Matilda, V;
ii (B, p. 79): "And every Raven that should feast upon't [a body] . . ."

Hadst thou with one unhappy wound, to cloud
That Star of *Millais*?

Lod. Because he was an erring star,
Not fix'd nor regular; I will resolve nothing;
I did it, do not repent it; and were it
To do again, I'd do't.

Om. Blood-thirsty villain!

Mill. Leave him to swift destruction, tortures and death.
Oh my *Antonio*! how did thy youth stray,
To meet wild winter, in the midst of *May*?

Lor. Oh my *Abstemia*! Who cast thy fate so bad,
To clip affliction, like a husband clad?

Exeunt.

Enter

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Enter Antonio and Abstemia.

Abst. Good fir, the Prince makes known his wisdom,
To make you speaker in his cause.

Anto. Me? know, Mistress,
I have felt loves passions equal with himself,
And can discourse of loves cause: had you seen him
When he sent me to ye, how truly he did look;
And when your name slip'd through his trembling lips,

2070. *Lor.*] D, B; 1661: *Lod.*

2071. regular;] D3, D4, B: regular.

2075. Leave] In a note, D3 suggests "Lead" which D4 adopts within the text.

2079a. SCENE III] B continues as Scene I.

Hadst thou with one unhappy wound, to cloud

That star of Millain?

Lor. Because he was an erring star,

2070

Not fix'd nor regular; I will resolve nothing.

I did it, do not repent it; and were it

To do again, I'd do't.

Omn. Blood-thirsty villain!

Mill. Leave him to swift destruction, tortures and death.

2075

Oh my Antonio! How did thy youth stray,

To meet wild winter in the midst of May?

Lor. Oh my Abstemia! Who cast thy fate so bad,

To clip affliction like a husband clad?

Exeunt.

[SCENE III]

Enter Antonio [disguised as the slave] and Abstemia.

Abst. Good sir, the Prince makes known his wisdom,

2080

To make you speaker in his cause.

Anto. Me? Know, mistress,

I have felt love's passions equal with himself,

And can discourse of love's cause. Had you seen him

When he sent me to ye, how truly he did look;

2085

And when your name slip'd through his trembling lips,

2070-2071. erring star, Not fix'd nor regular] The heavens, according to the Ptolemaic system, were fixed and unchanging, and erring (or moving) stars such as comets were supposed to occur near earth (below the moon) and be a portent of evil.

2079. clip] clasp, clutch.

A lovers lovely palenefs straight posselt him.

Abf. Fic, fic.

Anto. Go says he to that something more then woman,
(And he look'd as if by something he meant saint)

Tell her I saw heavens army in her eyes,
And that from her chaste heart, such excellent goodnes
Came like full rivers flowing; that there wants nothing
But her soft yeilding will, to make her wife
Unto the Prince *Antonio*: Oh will you flie
A fortune which great Ladies would pursue
Upon their knees with prayers?

Abf. No, *Lorenzo*:

Had law to this new love made no denial,
A chaste wifes truth shines through the greatest tryal.

Enter Morbo.

Mor. How now, what makes you ith' wood here? where's my

Abf. I know not. (old Lady?)

Mor. All the countrie's in an uprore yonder, the Prince

Ambo. How? (Antonio's slain.)

Mor. Nay no man can tell how; but the murderer with's

Anto. Is he of *Millain*? (sword in's hand is taken.)

Mor. No, of *Perona*: I heard his name, and I have forgot it.

Anto. I am all wonder, 'tis the slave sure.

Mor. Lor, Lor, *Lorenzo*.

Abf. Ha, *Lorenzo*! VVhat I pray?

2088. fie.] D4, B: fie!

2089. woman,] D4: woman---

2090. saint)] D4: saint;

2093. flowing;] D, B: flowing,

2098. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Lorenzo.] D: Lorenzo,

2099. denial,] D: denial:

2101. makes] D4: make

2103. yonder,] D2, D3, D4, B: yonder:

2104. How?] D: How!

2108. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

sure.] D2, D3, D4: sure!

A lover's lovely paleness straight possess him.

Abst. Fie, fie.

Anto. Go, says he, to that something more than woman,
 (And he look'd as if by something he meant saint) 2090
 Tell her I saw heaven's army in her eyes,
 And that from her chaste heart, such excellent goodness
 Came like full rivers flowing; that there wants nothing
 But her soft yielding will, to make her wife
 Unto the Prince Antonio. Oh will you flie 2095
 A fortune which great ladies would pursue
 Upon their knees with prayers?

Abst. [Aside] No, Lorenzo.

Had law to this new love made no denial,
 A chaste wife's truth shines through the greatest trial. 2100

Enter Morbo.

Mor. How now, what makes you i'th' wood here? Where's my old lady?

Abst. I know not.

Mor. All the countries in an uprore yonder, the Prince Antonio's

Ambo. How? [slain.

Mor. Nay, no man can tell how; but the murderer with's sword in's

Anto. Is he of Millain? [hand is taken. 2105

Mor. No, of Verona. I heard his name, and I have forgot it.

Anto. [Aside] I am all wonder; 'tis the slave sure.

Mor. Lor, Lor, Lorenzo.

Abst. Ha, Lorenzo! What, I pray? 2110

Mor. Lorenzo Me.—Medico has run him in the eye, some thirty three inches, two barley corns: they could scarce know him for the blood, but by his apparel, I must find out my Lady: he us'd our house, intelligence has been given of his pilgrimage thither: I am affraid I shall be sing'd to death with torches, and my Lady stew'd between two dishes.

Anto. VVhy hath this thus amaz'd you, Mistress?

Abst.

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Abst. Oh leave me, leave me, I am all distraction,
Struck to the soul with sorrow.

Enter Millain, Lords and Lorenzo guarded.

Anto. See where they come:
My father full of tears too? I'll stand by;
Strange changes must have strange discovery.

Abst. 'Tis he: heart, how thou leap'st! Oh ye deluded,
And full of false rash judgement! why do ye lead
Innocence like a sacrifice to slaughter?
Get garlands rather, let palm and lawrel round
Those temples, where such wedlock-truth is found.

Lor. Ha?

Omnes. Wedlock.

Abst. Oh Lorenzo! thou hast suffer'd bravely,
And wondrous far: look on me, here I come

2114. house,] D4: house;

2116. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

2118. me, I] D4: me: I

distraction,] D4, B: distraction;

2120. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

come.] D: come!

2121. too?] D2: too! D3, D4: too.

2123. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

2126. rather,] D4: rather:

2128. Ha?] D3, D4, B: Ha!

2129. Wedlock!] D2, D3, D4, B; 1661, D1: Wedlock.

Mor. Lorenzo ~~Me~~---Medico has run him in the eye, some thirty three inches, two barley corns; they could scarce know him for the blood, but by his apparel. I must find out my Lady; he us'd our house, intelligence has been given of his pilgrimage thither. I am affraid I shall be sing'd to death with torches, 2115 and my Lady stew'd between two dishes. [Exit.]

Anto. Why hath this thus amaz'd you, mistress?

Abst. Oh leave me, leave me, I am all distraction,
Struck to the soul with sorrow.

Enter Millain, Lords and Lorenzo guarded.

Anto. [Aside] See where they come. 2120
My father full of tears too? I'll stand by;
Strange changes must have strange discovery.

Abst. [Aside] 'Tis he. Heart, how thou leap'st! [To Omn.] Oh ye
And full of false rash judgement! Why do ye lead [deluded,
Innocence like a sacrifice to slaughter? 2125
Get garlands rather, let palm and lawrel round
Those temples, where such wedlock-truth is found.

Lor. Ha?

Omn. Wedlock!

Abst. Oh Lorenzo! Thou hast suffer'd bravely, 2130
And wondrous far. Look on me, here I come,

2112. two barley corns] approximately two-thirds of an inch, supposedly the length of two grains of barley.

2116. stew'd] confined, with a pun on soaked in a steam bath, a common treatment for venereal disease.

2126. round] surround.

Hurried by conscience to confess the deed:
 Thy innocent blood will be too great a burthen
 Upon the judges soul.

Lox. Abstemia!

Abst. Look, look how he will blind ye; by and by he'll tell
 We saw not one another many a day; (ye
 In loves cause we dare make our lives away.
 He would redeem mine, 'tis my husband, sir,
 Dearly we love together; but I being often
 By the dead Prince your son solicited
 To wrong my husbands bed, and still resisting,
 Where you found him dead, he met me, and the place
 Presenting opportunity; he would there
 Have forc'd me to his will; but prizing honesty
 Far above proffer'd honour, with my knife
 In my resistance most unfortunately
 I struck him in the eye: he fell, was found,
 The pursuit rais'd, and ere I could get home
 My husband met me, I confess all to him:
 He excellent in love as the sea-inhabitant,
 Of whom 'tis writ, that when the flattering hook
 Has struck his female, he will help her off
 Although he desperately put on himself;
 But if he fail, and see her leave his eye,

2135. Abstemia?] D, B: Abstemia!

2136. ye;] D2, D3, D4: ye!

2137. day,] D2, D3, D4: day; B: day:

2139. sir,] D2, D3, D4, B: sir;

2140. together.] D3, D4: together;

2152. flattering] D: flatt'ring

2154. himself;] D3, D4: himself,

Hurried by conscience to confess the deed.
 Thy innocent blood will be too great a burthen
 Upon the judge's soul.

Lor. Abstemia? 2135

Abst. Look, look how he will blind ye; by and by, he'll tell ye
 We saw not one another many a day,
 In love's cause we dare make our lives away.
 He would redeem mine; 'tis my husband, sir,
 Dearly we love together. But I being often 2140
 By the dead Prince your son solicited
 To wrong my husband's bed, and still resisting,
 Where you found him dead he met me, and the place
 Presenting opportunity, he would there
 Have forc'd me to his will; but prizing honesty 2145
 Far above proffer'd honour, with my knife
 In my resistance most unfortunately
 I struck him in the eye. He fell, was found,
 The pursuit rais'd, and ere I could get home
 My husband met me; I confest all to him. 2150
 He, excellent in love as the sea-inhabitant,
 Of whom 'tis writ that when the flattering hook
 Has struck his female, he will help her off
 Although he desperately put on himself;
 But if he fail, and see her leave his eye, 2155

2151ff. He, excellent . . .] This story has not been traced to any source.

He swims to land, will languish and there die :
 Such is his love to me; for pursu'd closely,
 He bid me save my self; and he would stay
 With his drawn sword, there about the place, on purpose
 To requite my loyalty, though with his death;

Fear

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Fear forc'd my acceptance then, but conscience
 Hath brought me back to preserve innocence.

Seb. The circumstances produce probability.

Lor. By truth her self, she flanders truth: she and I
 Have not met these many months: Oh my *Abstemia*!
 Thou wouldst be now too excellent.

Anto. These are strange turns.

Still. Let not love strangle justice; speak on thy soul,
 Was it her hand, that slew the Prince?

Lor. Not, on my life,

'Tis I have deserv'd death.

Abst. Love makes him desperate,
 Conscience is my accuser: Oh *Lorenzo*!

The Duke and Lords whisper.

Liver thou and feed on my remembrance,
 When thou shalt think how ardently I lov'd thee;
 Drop but a pair of tears, from those fair eyes,
 Thou offer'st truth a wealthy sacrifice,

2156. dye.] D4: die---

2161. then,] D4: then;

2167. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

2168. justice; speak,] D2, D3, B; 1661, D1: justice; speak D4:
 justice. Speak:

2170. life;] D2, D3, D4, B; 1661, D1: life,

2174. remembrance,] D2, D3, D4: remembrance:

2175. thee;] D2, D3, D4: thee,

He swims to land, will languish and there dye.
 Such is his love to me; for pursu'd closely,
 He bid me save my self, and he would stay
 With his drawn sword, there about the place, on purpose
 To requite my loyalty, though with his death. 2160
 Fear forc'd my acceptance then, but conscience
 Hath brought me back to preserve innocence.

Seb. The circumstances produce probability.

Lor. By truth her self, she slanders truth. She and I
 Have not met these many months. Oh my Abstemia! 2165
 Thou wouldst be now too excellent.

Anto. [Aside] These are strange turns.

Mill. Let not love strangle justice; speak, on thy soul,
 Was it her hand that slew the Prince?

Lor. Not on my life; 2170
 'Tis I have deserv'd death.

Abst. Love makes him desperate,
 Conscience is my accuser. Oh Lorenzo!

The Duke and Lords whisper.

Live thou and feed on my remembrance,
 When thou shalt think how ardently I lov'd thee; 2175
 Drop but a pair of tears from those fair eyes,
 Thou offer'st truth a wealthy sacrifice.

2156. will languish and there dye] Robert Burton, in The Anatomy of Melancholy (London: Dent, Everyman's Library, 1968), cites Gomesius who says, "Fishes pine away for love and wax lean" (III, p. 44).

Lor. Did ye hear her, sir?

Mill. No, what said she?

Lor. She ask'd me why I would cast my self away thus;
 When she in love devis'd this trick to save me?

Santh. There may be juggling sir in this, it may be
 They have both hands i'th' deed, and one in love
 Would suffer for't.

Enter a Lord.

Mill. What newes?

Lord. The Dukes of Venice and Verona
 With some small train of gentlemen are privately
 This hour come to th' Court.

Mill. Bear them to prison,
 Until we have given such entertainment, sorrow
 Will give us leave to shew: until that time
 The satisfaction of my lost sons life
 Must hover twixt a husband and a wife.

Exeunt: manet Antonio.

Anto. How strangely chance to day runs! the slave kill'd
 In my apparel, and this fellow taken for't,
 Whom to my knowledge I ne'er saw: she loves him
 Past all expression dearly: I have a trick
 In that so infinitely dear she loves him,
 Has seal'd her mine already; and I'll put

2178. her] D2, D3, D4: omit.

2181. me?] D, B: me.

2196. ne'er] D2, D3, D4: never

Lor. Did ye hear her, sir?

Mill. No, what said she?

Lor. She ask'd me why I would cast my self away thus, 2180
When she in love devis'd this trick to save me?

Sanch. There may be juggling, sir, in this; it may be
They have both hands i'th' deed, and one in love
Would suffer for't.

Enter a Lord.

Mill. What newes? 2185

Lord. The Dukes of Venice and Verona
With some small train of gentlemen are privately
This hour come to th' court.

Mill. Bear them to prison
Until we have given such entertainment sorrow 2190
Will give us leave to shew. Until that time,
The satisfaction of my lost son's life
Must hover 'twixt a husband and a wife.

Exeunt; manet Antonio.

Anto. How strangely chance to day runs! The slave kill'd
In my apparel, and this fellow taken for't, 2195
Whom to my knowledg I ne'er saw. She loves him
Past all expression dearly. I have a trick,
In that so infinitely dear she loves him,
Has seal'd her mine already; and I'll put

This wondrous love of woman to such a nonplus,

Time

54. *The City-Night-Cap.*

Time hath produc'd none stranger : I will set
Honour and love to fight for life and death :
Beautie (as Castles built of cards) with a breath
Is level'd and laid flat.

*Enter Philippo, putting on a disguise, lays
down a pistol.*

Phil. Misery of ignorance !

It was the Prince *Antonio* I have slain;

Anto. Ha ! the clew of all this error is unravell'd ;

This is the valiant gentleman so threaten'd me ;

He met the slave doubtless in my habit,

And seal'd upon him his mistaken spleen :

If it be so, there hangs some strange intent

In those accuse themselves for't.

Phil. It seems some other had laid the plot to kill him ;

This paper I found with him, speaks as much,

And sent to the intended murderer,

Happen'd it seems to his hands : it concurs ;

For they say, there is one taken for the fact,

And will dome the courtesie to be hang'd for me :

Antonio takes up the Pistol.

2207. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

unravell'd;] D2, D3: unravell'd. D4: unravell'd,

2209. slave doubtless] D4: slave, doubtless,

2213. him;] D2, D3, D4: him.

2215. And,] D4, B; 1661, D1, D2, D3: And

2216. it seems] D2, D3: it seems, D4: (it seems)

concurr,] 1661, D, B: concurs;

2218a. S. D.] D3, D4 place after l. 2220.

This wondrous love of woman to such a nonplus,
 Time hath produc'd none stranger. I will set
 Honour and love to fight for life and death.
 Beautie (as castles built of cards) with a breath
 Is levell'd and laid flat.

2200

Enter Philippo, putting on a disguise; lays
down a pistol [without seeing Antonio].

Phil. Misery of ignorance!
 It was the Prince Antonio I have slain.

2205

Anto. [Aside] Ha! The clew of all this error is unravell'd;
 This is the valiant gentleman so threaten'd me;
 He met the slave doubtless in my habit,
 And seal'd upon him his mistaken spleen.
 If it be so, there hangs some strange intent
 In those accuse themselves for't.

2210

Phil. It seems some other had laid the plot to kill him;
 This paper I found with him speaks as much,
 And, sent to the intended murderer,
 Happen'd it seems to his hands. It concurs,
 For they say there is one taken for the fact,
 And will do me the courtesie to be hang'd for me.

2215

Antonio takes up the pistol.

2200. nonplus] utmost limit; also, perplexity.

2217. fact] deed.

There's comfort yet in that : so, so, I am fitted,
And will set forward,

Anto. Goose, there's a fox in your way.

Phil. Betray'd!

Anto. Come, I have other business afoot ; I have no time to discover 'em now, sir ; see, I can inforce ye : but by this hand, go but with me, and keep your own counsel ; garden-houses are not truer bawds to cuckold-making, then I will be to thee, and thy stratagem.

Phil. Th'art a mad knave, art serious ?

Anto. As a usurer when he's telling interest-mony.

Phil. VVhatere thou art, thy bluntness begers belief: go on, I trust thee.

Anto. But I have more wit then to trust you behind me sir : pray get you before, I have a private friend shall keep you in custody, till I have past a project ; and if you can keep your own counsel, I will not injure you : and this for your comfort, the Prince lives.

Phil. Living ! thou mak'st my blood dance : but prithee let's be honest one to another.

Anto. Oh sir, as the Justices clarke, and the Constable, when they

The City-Whight-Cap.

they share the crowns that drunkards pay to the poor ; pray keep fair distance, and take no great strides.

Exeunt.

2219. so,] D4: so:

fitted,] D4: fitted;

2223. other] D3, D4: another

2224. sir;] D2, D3, D4: sir.

ye.] D: you;

2225. counsel;] D2, D3, D4: counsel.

2232. sir.] D2, D3, D4: sir;

2233. before;] 1661, D1, B: before, D2, D3, D4: before.

private] D omits.

2235. comfort,] D4: comfort---

2239. justice's] D4: justices'

There's comfort yet in that. So, so, I am fitted,
And will set forward.

2220

Anto. Goose, there's a fox in your way.

Phil. Betray'd!

Anto. Come, I have other business afoot; I have no time to
discover 'em now, sir; see, I can inforce ye. But by this hand,
go but with me, and keep your own counsel; garden-houses are
not truer bawds to cuckold-making, than I will be to thee and
thy stratagem.

2225

Phil. Th'art a mad knave; art serious?

Anto. As a usurer when he's telling interest-mony.

Phil. Whatere thou art, thy bluntness begets belief. Go on,
I trust thee.

2230

Anto. But I have more wit than to trust you behind me, sir.
Pray, get you before; I have a private friend shall keep you in
custody, till I have past a project; and if you can keep your own
counsel, I will not injure you. And this for your comfort, the
Prince lives.

2235

Phil. Living! Thou mak'st my blood dance. But prethee, let's
be honest one to another.

Anto. Oh sir, as the justice's clarke and the constable, when
they share the crowns that drunkards pay to the poor. Pray, keep
fair distance, and take no great strides.

2240

Exeunt.

2225. garden-houses] often considered a place of intrigue, as in
Measure for Measure, V, i, 211 and 228.

2239. clarke] clerk.

2240. crowns . . . to the poor] a fine (?); no example of this practice
has been found.

Enter Lorenzo and Abstemia, as in prison.

Lor. Can then *Abstemia* forgive *Lorenzo*?

Abst. Yes, if *Lorenzo* can but love *Abstemia*,
She can thus hang upon his neck, and call
This prison true loves palace.

Lor. Oh let Kings
Forget their crowns, that know what 'tis to enjoy
The wondrous wealth of one so good : now
Thou art lovely as a young spring, and comely
As is the well-spread Cedar ; the fair fruit,
Kiss'd by the sun so daily, that it wears
The lovely blush of maids, seems but to mock
Thy souls integrity ; here let me fall,
And with pleading sighs beg pardon,

Enter Antonio.

Abst. Sir, it meets you,
Like a glad pilgrim, whose desiring eye,
Longs for the long-wish'd altar of his vow ;
But you are far too prodigall in praise,
And crown me with the garlands of your merit,
As we meet barks on rivers, the strong gale,
(Being best friends to us) our own swift motion
Makes us believe that t'other nimble rows,

2241a. SCENE IV] B numbers Scene II.

2249. a young] D4: young

2257. vow;] D2, D3, D4, B: vow.

2262. nimble] Library of Congress and Huntington copies: mimbler This
is apparently the only correction made during printing.

[SCENE IV]

Enter Lorenzo and Abstemia, as in prison.

Lor. Can then Abstemia forgive Lorenzo?

Abst. Yes, if Lorenzo can but love Abstemia,

She can thus hang upon his neck, and call

This prison true love's palace.

2245

Lor. Oh, let kings

Forget their crowns, that know what 'tis to enjoy

The wondrous wealth of one so good. Now

Thou art lovely as a young spring, and comly

As is the well-spread cedar; the fair fruit,

2250

Kist by the sun so daily that it wears

The lovely blush of maids, seems but to mock

Thy soul's integrity. Here let me fall,

And with pleading sighs beg pardon.

Enter Antonio.

Abst. Sir, it meets you,

2255

Like a glad pilgrim, whose desiring eye

Longs for the long-wish'd altar of his vow;

But you are far too prodigall in praise,

And crown me with the garlands of your merit.

As we meet barks on rivers, the strong gale

2260

(Being best friends to us), our own swift motion.

Makes us believe that t'other nimble rows,

Swift vertue thinks small goodness fastest goes.

Lor. Sorrow hath bravely sweetned thee : what are you ?

Anto. A displeasanc black cloud : though I appear dismal,
I am wondrous fruitful : what cause soever
Mov'd you to take this murder on your self,
Or you to strike your self in to the hazard
For his redemption, 'tis to me a stranger,
But I conceive you are both innocent.

Lor. As new-born vertue, I did accuse
My innocence to rid me of a life
Lookt uglier then death, upon an injury
I had done this vertuous wife.

Abp. And I accus'd

H

My

The City-Night-Cap.

My innocence to save the belov'd life
Of my most noble husband.

Anto. Why then ? now 'twould grieve you,
Death should unkindly part ye.

Lor. Oh but that, fir,

We have no sorrow now to part from her,
(Since heaven hath new married, and new made us)

I had rather leap into a den of Lyons,

Snatch from a hungry Bear her bleeding prey,

I would attempt desperate impossibilities

With hope, rather then now to leave her.

Anto. This makes for me.

Abp. And rather then leave you, fir, I would eat

2264. thee.] D2, D3, D4: thee!

S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

2265. cloud.] D4: cloud!

2269. stranger,] D1, D2, B: stranger; D3: stranger: D4: stranger!

2271. vertue.] D; 1661: vertue, B: vertue:

2278. then,] D4, B; 1661: then? D1, D2, D3: then

2287. S. D.] indicated only in D4.

Swift vertue thinks small goodness fastest goes.

Lor. Sorrow hath bravely sweetned thee. [To Anto.] What are you?

Anto. A displeasent black cloud. Though I appear dismal, 2265

I am wondrous fruitful. What cause soever

Mov'd you to take this murder on your self,

Or you to strike your self in to the hazard

For his redemption, 'tis to me a stranger,

But I conceive you are both innocent. 2270

Lor. As new-born vertue. I did accuse

My innocence to rid me of a life

Look'd uglier than death, upon an injury

I had done this vertuous wife.

Abst. And I accus'd 2275

My innocence to save the belov'd life

Of my most noble husband.

Anto. Why, then, now 'twould grieve you

Death should unkindly part ye.

Lor. Oh but that, sir, 2280

We have no sorrow. Now to part from her

(Since heaven hath new married, and new made us),

I had rather leap into a den of lyons,

Snatch from a hungry bear her bleeding prey;

I would attempt desperate impossibilities 2285

With hope, rather than now to leave her.

Anto. [Aside] This makes for me.

Abst. And rather than leave you, sir, I would eat

Hot coles with *Portia*, or attempt a terrour,
 Nature would snail-like shrink her head in at,
 And tremble but to think on;
Anto. Better and better!
 If you so love him, what can you confess?
 The greatest kindness can express that love.
Abst. To save his life, since there is no hope,
 Seeing he so strongly has confest the murder,
 We shall meet the happyness to dye together.
Anto. Fire casts the bravest heat in coldest weather,
 I'll try how ardently you burn; for know
 Upon my faith, and as I am a gentleman,
 I have (in the next room, and in the custody
 Of a true friend) the man that did the deed
 You stand accus'd for.
Abst. Hark there, *Lorenzo*.
Lor. Will you not let him go, sir?
Anto. That's in suspence; but mistress, you did say
 You durst eat coals with *Portia*, to redeem
 The infinitely loved life of your husband.

2292. S. D.] indicated only in D⁴.

2293. confess?] D, B: conceive

2294. love.] D, B: love?

2295. life.] 1661, D: life, B: life

2304. Lorenzo.] D⁴: Lorenzo!

2305. Will you not] B: You will not

2306. suspence;] D: suspense.

Hot coals with Portia, or attempt a terrour

Nature would snail-like shrink her head in at, 2290

And tremble but to think on.

Anto. [Aside] Better and better!-----

If you so love him, what can you confess?

The greatest kindness can express that love.

Abst. To save his life. Since there is no hope, 2295

Seeing he so strongly has confest the murder,

We shall meet the happiness to dye together.

Anto. Fire casts the bravest heat in coldest weather;

I'll try how ardently you burn; for know

Upon my faith, and as I am a gentleman, 2300

I have (in the next room, and in the custody

Of a true friend) the man that did the deed

You stand accus'd for.

Abst. Hark there, Lorenzo.

Lor. Will you not let him go, sir? 2305

Anto. That's in suspense; but, mistress, you did say

You durst eat coals with Portia, to redeem

The infinitely loved life of your husband.

2288-2289. I would . . . Portia] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 132): ". . . she [Abstemia] will eate coales with Portia before she prove unchaste . . ." And (p. 198): "Why did Portia eate coales for the love of Brutus, if it were not that wives ought to end their lives with their loves." The ultimate source of this incident is Plutarch's life of Marcus Brutus.

2298. Fire casts . . . weather] this proverbial expression not in Tilley. casts] throws out.

2307. You durst eat coals with Portia] See note for ll. 2288-2289.

Abst. And still strongly protest it.
Lor. Oh my *Abstemia*!
Anto. You shall redeem him at an easier rate:
 I have the murderer you see in hold:
Lor. And we are blest in your discovery of him.
Anto. If you will give consent that I shall taste
 That fence-bereaving pleasure so familiar
 Unto your happy husband:
Abst. How?
Anto. Pray hear me:
 Then I will give this fellow up to the law;
 If you deny, horses stand ready for us,
 A bark for transportation, where we will live

Till

The City-Night-Cap.

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Till law by death hath sever'd ye.
Lor. But we will call for present witness.
Anto. Look ye—— *Shows the Pistol.*
 Experienc'd navigators still are fitted,
 For every weather: 'tis almost past call
 To reach the nimblest ear: yet but offer it,
 I part ye presently for ever.
 Consider it;
 The enjoying him thou so intirely lov'st
 All thy life after; that when mirth-spent time
 Hath crown'd your heads with honour, you may sit
 And tell delightful stories of your loves:
 And when ye come to that poor minutes scape

2309. still] D4: still [do]

2316. husband,---] 1661: husband. D, B: husband---

2321. transportation,] D2, D3, D4: transportation;

2324. ye.] 1661, D, B: ye---

2333. loves.] D: loves;

Abst. And still strongly protest it.

Lor. Oh my Abstemia! 2310

Anto. You shall redeem him at an easier rate.

I have the murderer, you see, in hold.

Lor. And we are blest in your discovery of him.

Anto. If you will give consent that I shall taste
That sence-bereaving pleasure so familiar 2315
Unto your happy husband,-----

Abst. How?

Anto. Pray, hear me.

Then I will give this fellow up to th' law.

If you deny, horses stand ready for us, 2320

A bark for transportation, where we will live

Till law by death hath sever'd ye.

Lor. But we will call for present witness.

Anto. Look ye. Shews the pistol.

Experienc'd navigators still are fitted, 2325

For every weather. 'Tis almost past call

To reach the nimblest ear; yet but offer it,

I part ye presently for ever.

Consider it;

The enjoying him thou so intirely lov'st 2330

All thy life after; that when mirth-spent time

Hath crown'd your heads with honour, you may sit

And tell delightful stories of your loves.

And when ye come to that poor minute's scape

Crowns my desire, ye may let that slip by,
 Like water that ne'er the meers Millers eye :
 Compare but this, to th' soon-forgotten pleasure
 Of a pair of wealthy minutes : the thirstiest Lapidarie
 Knows the most curious Jewel takes no harm,
 For one days wearing : could you sir (did your eye
 Not see it worne) your wife having lent your cloak,
 (If secretly return'd and folded up)
 Could you conceive, when you next look'd upon't,
 It had neatly furnish'd out a poor friends want ?
 Be charitable, and think on't.

Lor. Dost hear, *Abstemius* ?

Oh shall we part for ever, when a price
 So poor might be our freedom ?

Abst. Now goodness guard ye !

Where learnt you, sir, this language ?

Lor. Of true love :

You did but now profess, that you would dye
 To save my life, and now like a forward chapman,
 Catch'd at thy word, thou giv'st back asham'd

2338. thirftiest] D, B; 1661: thirstiest

2342. up)] D4: up)---

2348. be] B: buy

2353. life,] D: life;

2354. giv'st] D3, D4: givest B: giv[e]st

back,] D2, D3, D4, B; 1661, D1: back

Crowns my desire, ye may let that slip by, 2335
 Like water that ne'er meets the miller's eye.
 Compare but this to th' soon-forgotten pleasure
 Of a pair of wealthy minutes. The thirftiest lapidarie
 Knows the most curious jewel takes no harm,
 For one daies wearing. Could you, sir, (did your eye 2340
 Not see it worne) your wife having lent your cloak,
 (If secretly return'd and folded up)
 Could you conceive, when you next look'd upon't,
 It had neatly furnish'd out a poor friend's want?
 Be charitable, and think on't. 2345
Lor. Dost hear, Abstemia?
 Oh, shall we part for ever, when a price
 So poor might be our freedom?
Abst. Now goodness guard ye!
 Where learnt you, sir, this language? 2350
Lor. Of true love.
 You did but now profess that you would dye
 To save my life, and now like a forward chapman,
 Catch'd at thy word, thou giv'st back,asham'd

2335-2336. ye may . . . miller's eye] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 141):
 " . . . they may let much water slippe by the Mill that the Miller knoweth
 not of . . ." A common proverb (Tilley, W99).

2338-2339. The thirftiest lapidarie . . . no harm] Cf. Greene's
Philomela (p. 153): "The Lapidaries value the stones no longer than
 they hold their vertues . . ."

2339. curious] exquisite, fine.

2353. forward chapman] presumptuous merchant.

To stand this case proffer.

Abst. Could you live,

And know your selfe a cuckold ?

Anto. What a question's that ?

Many men cannot live without the knowledge :

How can ye tell,

Whether she seems thus to respect your honour,

But to stay till the law has choak'd ye ? it may be then

She will do't, with less intreaty.

Lor. I, there, there 'tis,

Abst. 'Tis your old fit of jealousy, so judges :

A foul-devil talks within him.

Lor. Oh the art,

The wondrous art of woman ! ye would do it daintily,

H 2

You

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The City-Night-Cap.

You would juggle me to death, you would persuade me

I should dye nobly to preserve your honour ;

That dead ignobly you might prove dishonourable,

Forget me in a day, and wed another.

Abst. Why then would I have dyed for you ?

Anto. That was but a proffer, that dying you might Idolize
her love ;

'Twould have put her off the better.

Lor. Oh you have builded

A golden Palace, strew'd with Palm and Roses,

To let me bleed to death in ! How sweetly

You would have lost me ! *Abstemia*, you have learn'd,

2358. that?] D2, D3, D4: that!

2362. ye] D: you

2368. daintily,] D2, D3, D4, B: daintily;

2369. death,] D2, D3, D4, B: death;

2371. That dead,] D4: (dead) B: That, dead,

2380. me!] D4: me.

To stand this easie proffer.

2355

Abst. Could you live
And know your self a cuckold?

Anto. What a question's that?
Many men cannot live without the knowledg..

How can you tell,
Whether she seems thus to respect your honour,
But to stay till the law has choak'd ye? It may be then
She will do't, with less intreaty.

2360

Lor. I, there, there 'tis.
Abst. 'Tis your old fit of jealousy, so judges.
A foul devil talks within him.

2365

Lor. Oh the art,
The wondrous art of woman! Ye would do it daintily,
You would juggle me to death, you would perswade me
I should dye nobly to preserve your honour;
That dead, ignobly you might prove dishonourable,
Forget me in a day, and wed another.

2370

Abst. Why, then, would I have dy'd for you?
Anto. That was but a proffer, that dying, you might idolize
her love;

2375

'Twould have put her off the better.

Lor. Oh you have builded
A golden palace, strew'd with palm and roses,
To let me bleed to death in! How sweetly
You would have lost me! Abstemia, you have learn'd

2380

The cunning Fowlers art, who pleasantly
 Whistles the bird into the snare : good heaven !
 How you had strew'd the enticing top o'th' cup
 With *drabian* Spices ! but you had laid f'th' bottom
sphesian Aconite : you are loves hypocrite :
 A rotten stick in the nights darkness born,
 And a fair Poppie in a field of corn.

Abst. Oh sir ! hear me——

Kneels.

Lor. Away, I will no more
 Look pearl in mud : Oh sic hypocrite !
 Durst ye but now die for me ? good heaven ! die for me !
 The greatest act of pain, and dare not buy me
 With a poor minutes pleasure ?
Abst. No sir, I dare not ; there is little pain in death,
 But a great death in very little pleasure :

2386. stick] D: stick,

2389. Away,] D2: Away; D3, D4: Away!

2394. death,] D2, D3, D4: death;

The cunning fowler's art, who pleasantly
 Whistles the bird into the snare. Good heaven!
 How you had strew'd the inticing top o'th' cup
 With Arabian spices! But you had laid i'th' bottom
Ephesian aconite. You are love's hypocrite;
 A rotten stick in the night's darkness born,
 And a fair poppie in a field of corn.

2385

Abst. Oh sir! hear me-----

Kneels.

Lor. Away, I will no more
 Look pearl in mud. Oh slie hypocrisie!
 Durst ye but now dye for me? Good heaven! Dye for me!
 The greatest act of pain, and dare not buy me
 With a poor minute's pleasure?

2390

Abst. No sir, I dare not; there is little pain in death,
 But a great death in very little pleasure.

2395

2381. cunning fowler's art] a clever bird catcher's skill.

2385. Ephesian] the inhabitants of Ephesus were notorious for their devotion to the black arts (Sugden, p. 180).

aconite] deadly poison, from several plants, variously known as Monk's-hood or Wolf's-bane.

2387. a fair poppie . . . corn] poppie: corn-cockle. So Milton, in Reason of Church-Government, says, "[Anselme] little dreamt then that the weeding-hook of reformation would after two ages pluck up his glorious poppy from insulting over the good corne." [The Works of John Milton (New York: Columbia University Press, 1931) III, 208.] Related to the proverb: "cockle and corn grow in the same field" (Tilley, C497).

2389-2390. I will . . . in mud] i.e., I will not look for precious objects in the mud. Related to the proverb, "cast not pearls before swine" (Tilley, P165).

2391. dye] Davenport puns in the most serious situations (Cf. l. 2044, the pun on son-sun).

I had rather, trust me, bear your death with honour,
 Then buy your life with baseness : as I am expos'd
 To th' greatest battery beauty ever fought,
 Oh blame me not, if I be covetous
 To come off with greatest honour ; if I do this
 To let you live, I kill your name, and give
 My soul a wound ; I crush her from sweet grace,
 And change her Angels to a furies face :
 Try me no more then, but if you must bleed, boast,
 To preserve honour, life is nobly lost.
 Lyr. Thou wealth worth more then kingdoms, I am now con-
 firm'd,
 Past all suspicion, thou that art far sweeter
 In thy sincere truth, then a sacrifice
 Deck'd up for death with garlands : the *Indian* winds
 That blow off from the coast, and cheer the Saylor
 With the sweet savour of their spices, want
 The delight flowes in thee : look here, look here,
 Oh man, of wilde desires ; we will die the Martyrs

Of

The City-Night-Cap.

59

Of Marriage, and stead of the loose ditties
 With which they stab sweet modestie, and ingender
 Desires in the hot room ; thy noble storie
 Shall lawrel-like crown honest ears with glory.

2400. honour;] D2, D3, D4, B: honour.
 2406. kingdoms,] D3, D4, B: kingdoms!
 2407. suspition;] 1661, D, B: suspition,
 2409. garlands.] B: garlands!
 2413. desires;] D: desires!
 2414. marriage,] D: marriage;

I had rather, trust me, bear your death with honour,
 Than buy your life with baseness. As I am expos'd
 To th' greatest battery beauty ever fought,
 Oh blame me not if I be covetous
 To come off with greatest honour; if I do this 2400
 To let you live, I kill your name, and give
 My soul a wound; I crush her from sweet grace,
 And change her angel's to a furie's face.
 Try me no more then; but if you must bleed, boast,
 To preserve honour, life is nobly lost. 2405

Lor. Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms, I am now confirm'd
 Past all suspicion; thou that art far sweeter
 In thy sincere truth, than a sacrifice
 Deck'd up for death with garlands. The Indian winds
 That blow off from the coast, and cheer the saylor 2410
 With the sweet savour of their spices, want
 The delight flowes in thee. Look here, look here,
 Oh man of wilde desires; we will dye the martyrs
 Of marriage, and 'stead of the loose ditties
 With which they stab sweet modestie, and ingender 2415
 Desires in the hot room, thy noble storie
 Shall lawrel-like crown honest ears with glory.

2396-2397. I had rather . . . with baseness] Olive (p. 337) parallels with Measure for Measure, III, i, 87-88:

Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances.

2405. To preserve honour, life is nobly lost.] Cf. Measure for Measure, II, iv, 184: "More than our brother is our chastity." And I Promos and Cassandra, III, ii: "Honor farre dearer is then life" Earlier Cassandra says: "my selfe wyll dye, ere I my honor staine"

Anto. Murder, murder, murder!

Enter the three Dukes, with Lords.

Mill. Ha, who cries murder?

Phil. As you are a gentleman, now be true to me.

Abst. Sir.

Ven. Sister?

Vero. My shame, art thou there?

Ven. Oh sister, can it be

A P Because I have found them both stain'd?

They would have throttled me.

Anto. No, no, no, hear me, 'twas I cry'd murder:
Because I have found them both stain'd with the deed,
They would have throttled me.

Lor. Hear us, by all.

Mill. Upon your lives be silent; speak on, sir:
Had they both hands in our sons blood?

Anto. Two hands apiece, sir:

I have sifted it, they both have kill'd the Prince;
But this is the chief murderer: please you give me audience,
Ye shall wonder at the manner how they kill'd him.

Mill. Silence.

Anto. He came first to this woman, and truth's truth,
He would have lain with her.

Mill. Her own confession.

Anto. Nay good your Grace.

Mill. We are silent.

2418. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

2418a. [and Philippo]] 1661, D, B, fail to indicate that Philippo enters at this point, and speaks at l. 2421.

2419. Ha,] D: Ha!

2421. Sir.] D, B: Sir!

2422. Sister?] D: Sister!

2423. shame,] D: shame!

2427. me,] D1: me; D2, D3, D4: me:

2430. us,] D3, D4: us:

all---] D, B; 1661: all.

2431. silent;] D1: silent: D2, D3, D4: silent.

2434. it,] D1: it; D2, D3, D4: it:

2435. audience,] D: audience;

2437. Silence.] D: Silence!

2438. truth's truth,] D2, D3, D4: (truth's truth)

Anto. [Shouts] Murder, murder, murder!

Enter the three Dukes, with Lords [and Philippo].

Mill. Ha, who cries murder?

Phil. As y'are a gentleman, now be true to me.

2420

Abst. Sir.

Ven. Sister?

Vero. My shame, art thou there?

Ven. Oh sister, can it be

A Prince's blood should stain that white hand?

2425

Ambo. Hear us.

Anto. No, no, no, hear me, 'twas I cry'd murder.

Because I have found them both stain'd with the deed,

They would have throttled me.

Lor. Hear us, by all-----

2430

Mill. Upon your lives be silent; speak on, sir,

Had they both hands in our son's blood?

Anto. Two hands apiece, sir.

I have sifted it, they both have kill'd the Prince;

But this is the chief murderer. Please you give me audience,

2435

Ye shall wonder at the manner how they kill'd him.

Mill. Silence.

Anto. He came first to this woman, and truth's truth,

He would have lain with her.

Mill. Her own confession.

2440

Anto. Nay, good your Grace.

Mill. We are silent.

Anto. Coming to seize upon her, with the first blow
 She struck his base intent so brave a buffet,
 That there it bled to death : she said his horse
 Would teach him better manners : there he dy'd once.
Vero. VVhat does this fellow talk ?

Abss. I understand him.

Anto. He met her next i'th' wood, where he was found dead :
 Then he came noblier up to her, and told her
 Marriage was his intent ; but she as nobly,
 (Belike to let him know she was married)
 Told him in an intelligible denial,
 A chaste wives truth shin'd through the greatest trial :
 There the Prince dy'd again.

Lod.

60

The City-Night-Cap.

Lod. There's twice, beware the third time.

Anto. The third time, he came here to them both in prison,
 Brought a pistol with him, would have forc'd her again ;
 But had ye seen how fairly then she slew him,
 You would have shot applauses from your eyes :
 Oh she came up so bravely to that Prince,
 Hot potent Lust, (for she slew no Prince else)
 With such a valiant discipline she destroy'd
 That deboth'd Prince, *But Desire* ; and then by him
 So bravely too fetch'd off, that (to conclude)
 Betwixt them they this wonder did contrive,
 They kill'd the Prince, but kept your son alive

*Discovers
 himself.*

2456. *Lor.*] 1661, D, B: *Lod.* Lodovico is present, speaking at ll. 2475-2478, but it seems logical that *Lorenzo* would speak this line, since Lodovico has not been involved in the action.

Anto. Coming to seise upon her, with the first blow
 She struck his base intent so brave a buffet,
 That there it bled to death. She said his horse
 Would teach him better manners. There he dy'd once.

2445

Vero. What does this fellow talk?

Abst. I understand him.

Anto. He met her next i'th' wood, where he was found dead.
 Then he came noblier up to her, and told her
 Marriage was his intent; but she as nobly
 (Belike to let him know she was married),
 Told him in an intelligible denial,
 A chaste wife's truth shin'd through the greatest tryal.
 There the Prince dy'd again.

2450

2455

Lor. There's twice; beware the third time.

Anto. The third time, he came here to them both in prison,
 Brought a pistol with him, would have forc'd her again;
 But had ye seen how fairly then she slew him,
 You would have shot applauses from your eyes.
 Oh, she came up so bravely to that Prince,
 Hot potent lust, (for she slew no Prince else)
 With such a valiant discipline she destroy'd
 That debosh'd Prince, bad desire; and then by him
 So bravely too fetch'd off, that (to conclude)
 Betwixt them they this wonder did contrive,
 They kill'd the Prince, but kept your son alive.

2460

2465

Discovers himself.

2443. seise] seize.

2464. debosh'd] debauched.

Mill. Antonio?
Om. The Prince.
Ven. Come home my sister to my heart.
Vero. And now *Lovelace* is again my belov'd kinsman.
Anto. Oh sir, here dwells vertue epitomiz'd,
 Even to an abstract, and yet that so large;
 'Twill swell a book in folio.
Lod. She swells beyond my wife then:
 A pocket-book bound in *Decimo Sesto*
 Will hold her virtues, and as much spare paper left
 As will furnish five Tobacco-shops.
Mill. But here's the wonder, who is it was slain
 In your apparel?
Phil. I will give them all the slip. *Offers to go.*
Anto. Here's a gentleman of *Ferrara*.
Phil. As you are noble.
Anto. That saw them fight: it was the Slave was slain, sir,
 I took before *Palermo*; he that kill'd him;
 Took him but for a gentleman his equal:
 And as this eye-witn's says, he in my apparel
 Did kick the t'other first.
Phil. Nay, upon my life, sir,
 He in your apparel gave the first kick; I saw them fight,
 And I dare swear the t'other honest gentleman
 Little thought he had slain any thing like the Prince.

2468. Antonio?] D: Antonio!

2469. Prince.] D: prince!

2481. Aside] not in 1661, D, B.

2482. Ferrara---] D, B; 1661: Ferrara.

2483. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

noble.] D, B: noble---

2486. equal.] D: equal;

2488. t'other] 1661, D, B: the t'other

2491. t'other] 1661, D, B: the t'other

2492. Prince;] D4: prince,

Mill. Antonio?

Omn. The Prince.

Ven. Come home, my sister, to my heart. 2470

Vero. And now Lorenzo is again my belov'd kinsman.

Anto. Oh sir, here dwells vertue epitomiz'd,
Even to an abstract, and yet that so large,
'Twill swell a book in folio.

Lod. She swells beyond my wife then. 2475

A pocket-book bound in decimo sexto
Will hold her vertues, and as much spare paper left
As will furnish five tobacco-shops.

Mill. But here's the wonder; who is it was slain
In your apparel? 2480

Phil. [Aside] I will give them all the slip. Offers to go.

Anto. Here's a gentleman of Ferrara-----

Phil. [To Anto.] As you are noble.

Anto. That saw them fight. It was the slave was slain, sir,
I took before Palermo; he that kill'd him, 2485
Took him but for a gentleman his equal.
And as this eye-witness says, he in my apparel
Did kick t'other first.

Phil. Nay, upon my life, sir,
He in your apparel gave the first kick; I saw them fight, 2490
And I dare swear t'other honest gentleman
Little thought he had slain any thing like the Prince;

2476. decimo sexto] a book in which each leaf is one-sixteenth of the original printed sheet; hence, small.

For I heard him swear but half an hour before,
 He never saw your Grace.
Mill. Then he kill'd him fairly.
Phil. Upon my life, my Lord.
Ven. T'other had but his merit then: who dies,
 And seeks his death, seldom wets others' eyes.
Anto. Let this persuade you, I believe you noble;
 I have kept my word with you.
Phil. You have out-don'd me, sir.

The City-Night-Cap.

61

In this brave exercise of honour: but let me
 In mine own person thank you.
Omnes. Philippo!
Phil. Unwittingly I did an ill (as 't happen'd)
 To a good end: that slave I for you kill'd,
 Wanted but time to kill you: Read that paper
 Which I found with him, I thinking by accident
 You had intercepted it: we all have happily
 Been well deceiv'd; you are noble, just and true;
 My hate was at your cloathes, my heart at you.
Vero. An accident more strange hath seldom happen'd.
Lor. Philippo, my best friend, 'twixt shame and love
 Here let me lay thee now for ever.
Abst. Heaven
 Hath now plain'd all our rough woes smooth and even.
Mill. At Court, large relation in apt form
 Shall tender past proceedings; but to distinguish

2495. fairly.] D2, D3, D4: fairly?

2499. you,] D1, D2, D3: you D4: you:

noble;] D1, D2, D3; D4: noble. 1661, B: noble,

2503. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

2505. ill (as 't happen'd)] D4: ill--- as 't happen'd,

2517. At court,] D4: At court [a] B: At Court, [a]

For I heard him swear but half an hour before,

He never saw your Grace.

Mill. Then he kill'd him fairly.

2495

Phil. Upon my life, my Lord.

Ven. T'other had but his merit then; who dyes,
And seeks his death, seldom wets others' eyes.

Anto. Let this perswade you, I believe you noble;
I have kept my word with you.

2500

Phil. You have out-done me, sir,
In this brave exercise of honour. But let me
In mine own person thank you.

[Discovers himself.]

Omn. Philippo!

Phil. Unwittingly I did an ill (as 't happen'd)
To a good end. That slave I for you kill'd,
Wanted but time to kill you. Read that paper
Which I found with him, I thinking by accident
You had intercepted it. We all have happily
Been well deceiv'd; you are noble, just and true;
My hate was at your cloaths, my heart at you.

2505

Vero. An accident more strange hath seldom happen'd.

Lor. Philippo, my best friend, 'twixt shame and love,
Here let me lay thee now for ever.

2510

Abst.

Heaven

2515

Hath now plain'd all our rough woes smooth and even.

Mill. At court, large relation in apt form
Shall tender past proceedings; but to distinguish

(Excellent Lady) your unparallel'd praises
 From those but seem, let this serve : bad women,
 Are natures clouds eclipsing her fair shine ;
 The good, all gracious, faint-like and divine.

F I N I S.

There is lately Printed an excellent Comedy, entitled, *The Old Couple* : By *Thomas May* Esquire.
 Also another called, *Love will finde out the Way* : By *T. B.*

Both these, with variety of other Playes, are to be sold by *Samuel Speed*, at the Printing Presse in *St. Pauls Church-Yard*. 1661.

(Excellent Lady) your unparallel'd praises

From those but seem, let this serve: bad women

2520

Are nature's clouds, eclipsing her fair shine;

The good, all gracious, saint-like and divine.

[Exeunt.]

FINIS.

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