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

WILLIS JAY MONIE

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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. MONIR
B. A., Hartwick College, 1967

A THESIS

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ABSTRACT

A CRITICAL EDITION OF ROBERT DAVENPORT'S

THE CITY-NIGHT-CAP

by

WILLIS JAY ROOME

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 Joure [1690]). 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, and was also entered by Moseley in 1660.⁸ 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. 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. Also licensed in 1624 by Herbert for the King's Company on April 10 was The History of Henry the First, by "Damport." Moseley entered "Henry the first, & Hen. the 2d, by Shakespeare, & Davenport" in the Stationer's Register in 1653. Warburton lists Henry I, by Shakespeare and Davenport, as one of the manuscripts supposedly burned by his cook. 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.

A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, Davenport's first published play in 1639, is entered in the Annals as c. 1624-1639. Humphrey Blunden entered the play, by "Mr. Damport," in the Stationer's Register for March 28, 1639, and it was entered in the Lord Chamberlain's list on August 10, 1639, for Beeston. Another play entered at the same time for Beeston is the lost A Fool and Her Maidenhead Soon Parted, listed without author between two Davenport plays, and given, on this basis, a questionable attribution by Fleay. The third play listed for Beeston is King John and Matilda, written around 1628-1629 (a date for which Davis argues convincingly). 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, 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. McKanaway argues for Davenport's authorship of Dick of Devonshire on the basis of plot and stylistic similarities.28 McKanaway 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 exepnce 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. 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. 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 neighbours," perhaps suggesting Davenport's residence in Ireland. A second manuscript contains the prose character "A Martyr" and several religious poems. 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 Revelation 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 ("wisdom, experience, Learning, knowledge, wit") 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 we 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-Sight-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 [u]r Gods great battailes, oft we see,
the boudest boasters, frequent failers bee [,]

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

ffaitth 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." 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.
Erdnotes:


2. Ibid.


5. Bentley, III, 238, 286.


A Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers; from 1640-1708, I, 429.

Bentley, III, 230.


Harbage, Annals, p. 120.


Bentley, I, 331.

Ibid.


Bentley, I, 331.


A Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers; from 1640-1708, II, 502.

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.


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.


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 Beatrix 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." 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 Nightingale, by Robert Greene . . . which resembles the novel of the Curious Impertinent in Don Quixote . . . ." 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." 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." 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.

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 . . . ." 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." 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. 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. 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, Arnoldo 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 Arnoldo, kills the slave dressed as Arnoldo 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, Arnoldo reappears to clear them both. Philippo dies of ecstasy, and Philomela, though offered marriage by Arnoldo, ends her days as a grieved widow in Venice, the "Paragon of virtue" 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 Tragedy 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. 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."

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." William Peery questions Rosenbach's conclusion that the subplot is from Cervantes, 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 Hillicent), 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:

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<th>Philomela (page numbers)</th>
<th>The City-Night-Cap (line numbers)</th>
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<td>1. I, i— introduction, one seduction attempt (1-162).</td>
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<td>5. friend at Abstemia's kinsman's court to gain redress (130-184).</td>
<td>5. omitted.</td>
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<td>7. Abstemia in exile, with child, before being reunited with her husband (191-193).</td>
<td>7. IV, i— Abstemia in exile, in brothel tempted by Antonio (1465-1627).</td>
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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 interpreta-
tion 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-Hight-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-Hight-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.

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<td>11.</td>
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<td>107-108</td>
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<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>143</td>
<td>118</td>
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<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>146</td>
<td>120-122</td>
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<td>14.</td>
<td>146</td>
<td>122-123</td>
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<td>*16.</td>
<td>147</td>
<td>131-132</td>
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<td>17.</td>
<td>146-147</td>
<td>135-136</td>
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<td>18.</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>140-142</td>
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<td>*19.</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>147-150</td>
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<td>20.</td>
<td>132; 189</td>
<td>152-156</td>
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<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>143 (same as #13)</td>
<td>371-372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>158</td>
<td>442-443</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*23.</td>
<td>158</td>
<td>452</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>164</td>
<td>695-697</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>137</td>
<td>704-706</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>169</td>
<td>831-832</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>167</td>
<td>866-867</td>
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<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>168</td>
<td>872-873</td>
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<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>169-170</td>
<td>883-836</td>
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<td>30.</td>
<td>170</td>
<td>896</td>
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<tr>
<td>31.</td>
<td>199</td>
<td>915-916</td>
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<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>185</td>
<td>1060-1064</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>186-187</td>
<td>1080-1086</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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, cooles 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'- sight-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. 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." 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 Philippo. 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:


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:


3 Langbaine, p. 117.


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.


11 All references to Philomela are to the following edition:


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

14 Rosenbach, p. 362.


16 Ibid., p. 149.


The City-Night-Cap was licensed October 14, 1624, for the Cockpit Company, that is, Queen Henrietta's Men. 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.

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. 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. 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. The original binding of this manuscript, included with six other plays, dates from c. 1725, 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 Helissa who is also in love with Leander, hoping to escape the island, but a merchant recognizes them. Helissa, who is also an enchantress, puts a spell on them which makes each die in turn while the other is forced to mourn. Helissa 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. 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:

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

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 Fardon, Bad women are Natures Clouds eclipsing
    her ffaire shine the good all gratious 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. 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)-Kutchcraft, 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 Locko, 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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Politick Whore (number of lines)</th>
<th>The City-Night-Cap (number of lines)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. I, i - recounting of test; accusation of Fido and Innocentia (45 lines).</td>
<td>1. I, i and iii - test; arrest of Philippo and Abstemia (249 lines).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I, ii - omission of Duke, with Fido replacing Lords; agreement between Policia and Kutchcraft (115 lines).</td>
<td>2. I, ii - Lodovico, four Lords, and Clown leave to meet duke; Dorothea and Francisco reach agreement (202 lines).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. II, i - bedroom scene (78 lines).</td>
<td>3. II, i - same (95 lines).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
4. II, ii - garden scene (97 lines).
5. omitted (none suggested).
6. II, iii - Cornelius discusses faithful wife with Fido, who suggests friar disguise (87 lines).
7. omitted (none suggested).
8. III, i - confession scene (78 lines).
10. III, iii - penance scene, and conclusion, with Cornelius handing out punishment, and Isaac reconciled with Innocentia. (169 lines).
11. III, ii - Isaac in disguise

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" (ll. 934-935). But Hooco 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 Ravencroft'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. 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 Odsap: 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-Hight-Cap* . . ." 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-Hight-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:


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.


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.

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 Philippo and questions her duty to him. After her husband's capture in Palermo, Philomela thinks, "now maiest thou triumpe in the fall of thy Jeiliouse 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 Philippo, 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 Philippo ... 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 Philippo, 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 Philippo. Philippo 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." And before the retrial, he "now began to feel remorse of conscience, and to doubt of the issue of his treacherie." 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 Philippo 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 Philippo, 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. 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. 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." 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.

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 vico;*

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

(11. 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 Philippo 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.

Fambo 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."³ Fambo 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 (11. 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 Philippo, 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 Philippo 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 Philippo 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 Hainain 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-Might-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." 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." 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-Hight-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." 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" 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." (I. 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 Philippo, walking hand in hand (ll. 379-383), seem to be returning from committing adultery ("Philippo, 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, Philippo, 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 gullied 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 viewpoint is in all respects traditional and conventional, 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. Philippo, for example, refers to the frequency of the trying of a wife in "most of our Italian Comedies" (I. 7).

Robert C. Jones, in discussing Italian settings in Elizabethan tragedy, notes that many times the scene is seldom described at all. 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..." 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-Hight-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. Davenport, while setting The City-Hight-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." The City-Hight-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: "'As 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-Might-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" (1. 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" (1. 1923), revealing virtue. Lorenzo, however, describes Abstemia as "Like a silver cloud" (1. 2019), and the Duke of Millain describes Antonio's face as "sunlike" (1. 2040). Both these characters are wrong; Antonio is the "displeasant black cloud" (1. 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:

Extremes 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" (1. 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 understand 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


2. Ibid., p. 199.

3. Ibid., p. 170.

4. Ibid., p. 186.


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.


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.


16  Ibid., p. 261.


18  Jones, p. 257.

19  To use Davis's description. See, p. xi.

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 BL 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. 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. W. 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. Sullen 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. 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; 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 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 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 NED was consulted for accepted spellings, serving as the final arbiter. This edition also silently modernizes the old $f$ form throughout, and the capital $V$, whenever printed $V$, 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-Hight-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


2 Ibid., pp. 169-170.


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.

**Abbreviations**

Editions of *The City-Night-Cap*:

1661: London: James Cottrél 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.


D: All four editions of Dodsley’s plays.


Other references cited:


Shakespeare: Harold F. Brooks and Harold Jenkins, general eds., *The*


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.

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

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

Duke of Verona.
Duke of Venice, Brother to Abstemia.
Duke of Milain.
Antonio, the Duke's Son.
Lorenzo, Husband to Abstemia.
Philippo, his Friend.
Lodovico, Husband to Doroteia.
Lords of Verona.
Senators of Venice.
Sancho.
Sebastiano, Lord of Milain.
Pandulpho.
Spinofo.
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.

Dorothet, Lodovico's wanton Lady.
Timpanina, a Bawd.
Ladies.

Adim

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 1, 1075a.

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

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 Venice.
Senators of Verona.
Sanchio, Lords of Millain.
Sebastiano, Lords of Verona.
Pandulpho,
Spinoso,
Jaspro,
Jovani,
Francisco, servant to Lodovico.

Lords of Millain.

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].
Enter Lorenzo and Filippo.

Lor. Thou shalt try her yet once more.

Phil. Fie, fie.

Lor. Thou shalt 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 this? let him seek new ones.

Cannot make old ones better, and this new point
(Young Sir) may produce new smooth passages,
Transforming those precedents: pray will ye do't?

Phil. Pray too! your self no farther; twice you have fraud'd me,
Twice I have cloy'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 clofely wrought Mystery of Opinion,
Where you remain a sou'dier, 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 shalt 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?

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,

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 soldiier, 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 tempt of temptation
And by the white unsuspect Check of Truth,
She is
Lor. A woman.
Phil. A good woman.
Lor. Phil.
Phil. As far from your distrust, as bad ones are from Truth.
She is in love with Venus, would not boast it,
But that her whole Life is a well-writ story.
Where each word stands so well placed, this is palp'd
Inquisitive Detraction, to correct.
She's modest, but not fallen; and loves silence,
Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks)
She

The City-Night-Cap.
She enlivens Love with wonder; but because
She calls wise silence the soul's harmony,
She's truly chaste, yet such a foe to coyne/the conceit call here out, seems; and which is excellent,
(Though fair and young) the flaus to expose her self

26. Fish.] D4: Fishe
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 sullennesse, and silent not as a foole, but
because she would not be counted a blab . . ."

"[she's] chast, 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 walking eyes as if
She were venturing on check'd ice; and takes delight
To step into the print your foot hath made,
And will follow you whole fields; to the will drive
Tedioufness out of Time, with her sweet Character:
And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try
The Gold has past the fire:

Lyr. Thou foolish friend,

Beauty, like the Herb Lark, is cool in her waters,
But hot in the Stones: women are smooth flatterers, but cunning

Phil. Thou wondrous yellow friend;

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
Tediumness out of time, with her sweet character.
And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try
The gold has past the fire.

Lor. Thou foolish friend,

Beauty, like the herb larix, is cool i'th' water,
But hot i'th' stomack; women are smooth flatterers, but cunning injurers.

Phil. Thou wonderous yellow friend,
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious: mix Jealousy with Marriage.
It pays the Verge: let the child feel the sting,
He'll fly the Honeycomb! Has the one action
That can expose you to distress?

Loy. Oh! when the Eleusinian leaf looks most green,
The sap is then most bitter: an approved appearance
Is no authentic instance: the that is lip-holy,
Is many times cast-hollow.---Here she comes:---

Enter Alchemida.

A Prayer-book in her hand! 'Oh hypocrite!
How fell't you first in love with woman? wilt try again,
But this one time?

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

57. Ohi] D4: 0,
60. comes.] D4: comes,
And 'tis infectious; mix jealouzie 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 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.

Enter Abstemia.

A prayer-book in her hand! Oh hypocrisy!

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

---

53. infectious] unhealthy.

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

"... the greener the Alisander leaves bee, the more bitter is the
sappe, every outward appearance is not an authentickall 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.

_Lord._ He would wish it me,

With a content to my own Horns : I will;
I'll give thee a new occasion : There lurks in woman's blood
A vindicating spirit.

_Abdi._ I came, Sir, to give you notice,

Count Lodovico, Serrano, Spinola, and Mandulpho, with the rest
Of the Consiliatory, certifies,

They are setting forth to meet the Duke your Kinman

Returning from Venice.

_Lord._ Oh, there he has been the Duke your Brother.

_Abdi._

The City-Night-Cap.

_Abdi._ Yes, Sir, and they stay but for your company.

_Lord._ And you're cloy'd with't._ Kick her and Exit. She seeps._

_Phil._ And will you still be used thus? Oh Madam,

I do confess, twice I have bater'd at

The Fort I shall wou'd vanquish, and I know

Ye hold out more cause ye would see a Soldier,

Then in hate to the Altkiller; I am again

Infantry'd with these sweet fountains from whence flow

Such a pair of streams: Oh strong force of desire!

The quality should quench, death on fire:

I love you in your forrows.

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

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

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

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

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

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,

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 scouldier,

Than 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. 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), "Consigladiori").

79. cloy'd] burdened.
Abil. And I sorrow in nothing but your love; twice, Philips.
Have I not beat back the impetuous storm
Of thy incessant rudeness? wilt thou again
Darken fair Honour with Dishonesty?
Thou know'rt 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 blemisht in his Honour, blots his Name
Out of the Heralds Book, stands a loft man
In Goodness and Opinion: Oh Philips,
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."
MED 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

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 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.


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 credito, 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 tru(e you, Brother.

Phil. He shall, 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 Ballot-mongers crown him with their scorns:
Who buys the Buck's Head, well deserves the Horns:
Deny not on't, but clap them on.

Ah! You are Sir, just like the Indian Hyfers, praised of Stan-
For the sweet scent; but hated of the inhabitants.

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

111. fits,] D4: fits

115. him.] D4, B: him!
Lor. [Aside] 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. [Aside] 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,
Poison'd with bitter calumny. Fox on him.

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 hyssop, prais'd of strangers.

For the sweet scent, but hated of the inhabitants

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.

"... 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 horns . . . "
For the injurious quality: Can he love the Wife,
That would betray the Husband? Halt thou not seen me

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Beat all his injuries, as the Ocean suffers.
The angry Bark to plough through her Bosom,
And yet it presently is smooth, the eye,
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made:
And cannot this inform, I love him better.

In his sour follies, then you, in your sweet Flatteries?
If Mens has observed any Errors in me,
I well may call for grace to amend them;
But will never fall from grace to befriend you.

Thou! With what a Majesty good women thunder!
Lor. Has given her some cloke and that I am here.

Abil. 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,
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,
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 thundert
Lor.  [Aside]'Has given her some close nod that I am here.
Abst.  Rip up the end of thy intent, and see
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:
Luft fees with pleasure, but with fear dost tread.

Phil. Very brave woman!

Adv. What is the pleasure thou putst't in a sin

Finilh'd with infinite torrows: read and find

How barbarous Nations punish it with death:

How a minutes sin so folon, though in the Face

Six summer clothes, all smooth, yet thou wilt hear,

From the Eternal Alarm of thy Conscience,

How it lets within thy soul continual tempest,

Thunder and dismal blackness is mark but the course

Of the holy-seeming hollow-man, and fee

How he that glorifies Heaven with no Honour,

Covers to glorifies himself with Honesty,

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

Thou mayst hold an Elephant with a thread, cat fire

And not be burne, or catch Birds with desire;

Quench Plague with Oyl, cut Diamonds with Glafs,

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

---

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

brave, ] D, B; 1661: brave


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

Dyvell.

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

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,
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.

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 oil, cut diamonds with glass,
Pierce steel with feathers; this thou mayst bring to pass,

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 paiies us fears.

". . . and a sinne finished with sorowe."

"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.
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-bye, Sir;
   I must go meet the Duke; adieu. Phil. Farewell:
Oh Jealousie! how near thou dwellest to Hell!

Exit.

Enter Lodovico, Pandulpho, Spinofa, Jaffro,
   and Jovani, and Clown.
Lod. The Duke net seven leagues off my horse, Rogues.

Tod. Our negligence deserves just blame; and how
   'Twill please his Grace to confer it, we know not.
   Jaff. But where's your fair chaste wife, my Lord?

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

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.


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.  

[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
'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.

tell thee it is more easie to cut a Diamond with a glasse, to pearce
steels 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 though 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.

Omm. Admired Temperance!

Lod. Nay, and ye know all, my Lords, ye would say so: to-
other 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 dash.

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?

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
rried, 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.

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
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.
Lad. She did so pour and spit, that my hot-brain'd Gallant could not forbear, but ask the cause: *quoth he_—

Clown. No, Sir, the spit again, before *quoth she_ left her lips.

Lad. I think she did indeed; but then *quoth she_, *A kiss, Sir,* is three earnest-penny: *is't not true,* Pumba? *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'.

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

Clown. But did ye mark how bitterly *he closed it* with a mid-

Lad. What was that, I *prechee_? *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.*

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

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.

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 Ditzy you last set?

Fran. I have, Madam.

Dor. The Conceit may fland, but I hope you have chang'd the method in a more Christian-like apparel.

Fran.

---

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--- The City-Night-Cap.

Fran. I have, Lady.

Dor. Pray let me hear it now.

Fran. She that in these days looks for Truth,

Seldom or never stands, in truth.

Dor. That's wondrous well.

Clown. Yes in truth.

Led. Peace, finish; any, she's built of modesty.

Fran. Even as a wicked Kiss defiles the Lips,

So do now falsify her that through these lips.

Dor. Very modest language.

Fran. She that does pleas'te use, for what 'twill bring her,

will pluck a Rose, a though she prich her finger.

Dor. But in burn her finger; good Francis; the phrase will be more decent.

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

220. sirrah.] D3, D4: sirrah!

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."
Pant. Ye are a wondrous happy man in one so virtuous.

Lady. 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.

Lady. Sweet Chick, I come to take leave of thee: finger in your nose we are all to meet the Duke this afternoon, Bird, (already!)

Who is now come from Venice, thou mayst walk and see.

The Count Lorenzo's Lady

Dor, 'Las, that's too merry for my company.

Fell. Too merry! I have seen her face;
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 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 custom.

Pant. Why a modest woman may be kiss'd by accident,
Yet not give the least touch to her Reputation.

Lady. Well said, touch her nose, her tongue, her mouth.

Dor. Nay, but they may not; she that will kiss, they say.
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.
Will do worse, I warrant her.

You. Why have you done you, Madam, kifs against your will.

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

Clown. Pichew, 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.

Lad. Nay, I know that to be true, my Lords, and at this time, Because you 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 Nation's custom.

Lad. I care not; let naturals love Nations:

My humour's my humour.

Spit. I must have my turn too then.

You. It must go round.

Dor. Fie, fie.

Lad. Look how he spits now.

Jup. The deeper the sweeter, Lady
Will do worse, I warrant her.

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

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

**Clown.** Pshew, 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.

**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.

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.

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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. *Pshew*] probably *psshaw*, 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, W23).

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 neeter 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 quidquidaberis, hesa 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. Clown, Frederick, 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 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. Fish, 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 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, 8520) 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: Belieue will, and have well, men say.) Tilley (8265) 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 said with the longest ; farewell, farewell, farewell; farewell. We shall fetch it up again; farewell, sweet Lady. Adieu, sweet Mistris; and whensoever I marry, fortune turn up to me no worse Card then you are.

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

Dor. Now how? why loyser you behind; why ride not you along with your Lord?

Fran. To lie with your Ladyship.

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.

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Dor. Why Francis?

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

Dor. Nay but Francis.

Fran. Plague o' Francis! I am neither Frank nor Francis; but a Gentleman of Mollins, that even there heard of your Beauty, which Report there guarded.

286. yfaith] Dr. '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; farewel,

Doll. Crede quod habes, & habes, gallants.

Pand. Our horses shall fetch it up again; farewel, 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-

long with your Lord?

Fran. To lye with your Ladýship.

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 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,

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’s but an
Held no Artillery of power to make it,
Upon which, I resolve'd to try conclusions;
Affum'd this name and fortune, fought this service:
And I will tell ye truly what I guad you.

Dor. You will not ravish me, Francis.

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

Extravagant in Virtue, are but Clouds to Vice;
She'll do't, Darcy; who is it? Darcy too nice.

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

Fray. Come, I'll lie with thee, Wench, and make all well again; though your confident Lord makes use of 

Crede quad 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.

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

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

315-316. Extravagant . . . 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;
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:

Extremes in vertue are but clouds to vice;
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 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 but at home? So you break one proverb's pate, and give the other

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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, :413).
"a plaister is't a match, wench?
"Dor. Weli, 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. Never: 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: men 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 Duke's return, that before he goes to Bed (as
he lies still, when he has been hard a drinking) he will sleep up-
on the bed in's clothes so sound, Bells would not wake him, rung
in the chamber.
Fran. The Cuckold flammers: though his Wife hit him o'f
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. Will 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?

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. How 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 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.

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.

Fran. But will he be secret?

Dor. 'Til 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.

343. 'Sfoot] by God's foot.
My kind Lords fool, is my cunning Ladies knave:
But pray how then?

Dor. When you are in at door on right before you, you shall
feel the bed; give me but lightly 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. If you kindly ! was Lady ere we'd cruelly Psh' dark?
do you but prepare Pamela and your maid, let me alone with her
Milites: about it I desire to be expected.

Dor. And till the clock strike 1, I'll lie awake.

Fran. Now ye dare kiss.

Dor. Once with my friend, or so; yet you may take too, Fran-
ctus.

Fran. My cast is Ams-Ace then.

Dor. Deuce-Ace had got the game.

Fran. Why then you're welcome. Adieu my dainty Milites.

Dor. Farewell kind Francis.  

--- Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo as from horse.

Lor. I have given them all the flip, the Duke and all;
And am at home before them: I cannot delay.
My kind Lord's fool is my cunning Lady's knave.

But pray, how then?

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? Do you but prepare Pambo and your maid, let me alone with her mistris. About 11 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-

Fran. My cast is ams-ace, then.

Dor. Deuce-ace had got the game.

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

Dor. Farewel, kind Francis.

Farewell. 

[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.
Philippe 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
Defers'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
Scent to agree, when conceit makes us Cuckolds,

Enter Philippe, and Astartes.

And here comes proof apparent, hand in hand too;
Now their palms meet, that grape begets a Bafile.
Philip. By your white hand I swear 'tis only so.
Lea. Peyton of Toads bewrie ye.

Alas, Philippe, you have fully satisfied me.
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
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!
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. Ey 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."

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy?
Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?
'io-

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Phil. By the unblemish'd faith, thou, of a gentleman;  
And by your pious 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 tried of her chastity;  
Far above time or fickle: as I speak truth;  
So may I prosper.  
Phil. Only from my breast; and by the sweet  
Excellent blush of virtue, there is in you  
Plenty of truth and goodness.  
Phil. You have nobly  
Appeas'd the storm overtook you; and you are  
Again a good man.

Enter Lorenzo, Pandulpho, Spinse,  
Jeppe, Jovani.

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

384. S. B.] 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. B.] 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;
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;
(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.

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,
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
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 man's saint.
Phil. What means this?

"Read. My Lord, here's warrant for what's done immediate from
The Duke, by force of which you're early 'tis 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 Stag, sir? 'tis four letters with two horns.
Good gentlemen convey him from my sight.
For fear of greater mischief.

Phil. Thou yellow fool.

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

Lor. Do ye see her? look on her all, and wonder: did ye ever
See so foul guilt (and underneath a look so innocent)?

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

Pen. Colours not in grain,
Make as fair show, but are more apt to stain.

Abd. My Lord.

Lor. Ye Whore.

Jeb. Look to the Lady.

Lor. Look to her! hang her; let me send her now.
From this believing heart to the iron hand
Of law, the wrong'd man's 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 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,
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

Make as fair shew, but are more apt to stain.

Abst. My Lord.

Lor. Ye whore.  

Kicks her; she swoons.

Jasp. Look to the Lady.

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

414. alledge] allege.
425. in grain] dyed in a'fast color.
428. swoons] swoons.
To the devil, with all her sins upon her head.

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

Pet. You are too violent, my Lord.

Lot. That men should ever marry! that we should lay our heads, and take our horses up out of women's laps.

Jev. Be patient, good sir.

Lot. Yes, and go make porguns.

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

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

Jev. Not I, my Lord.

Lot. Then you do lye, my Lord; for I am mad, horn-mad: I shall be aseed.

In our Theaters of Verity. Oh what poysons!

Like a false friend? and what plague more ruinous

Then a lascivious wife? they steal our joyes,

And fill us with afflictions; they leave our names

Hedge'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.

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?


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,

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-swearin', 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, #628).


"... thy whoridomes to be acted in the Theaters of Venico . . ."
Crocodiles breed, who make grief their disguise,
And in betraying tears, still through their eyes.
Oh! he that can believe he sleeps secure
In a false friend's oath, or in a bad wife's arms,
Truths, cousin witchcraft, and Calypso's charms.
Oh! Tis late, let's to the Court.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

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**Actus Secundus:**

A bed thrust out: Lodovico sleeping in his e loths: Dorina in bed: Enter Clown leading in Francisco.

Franc. Ofly sweet Pains: are we in the Chamber yet?
Clown. Within a yard of my Lady, and ye can be.
Franc. Are you my Lord's asleep? (quietly)
Clown. I know not, I'll go and ask him.
Franc. 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
Crocodiles breed, who make grief their disguise,
And in betraying tears, still through their eyes.
Oh! He that can believe he sleeps secure
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.

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

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 ...

450. Finis Actus Primi.

455. Exeunt Omnes.

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.

Frun.

The City-Night-Cap

Fran. But fill I pursue wonder, why my Lady should prefer his foreign, may wonderous, desperate way to her desire.

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

Ledovio coughs.

Fran. We are lost for ever: did he not cough?

Clown. 'Tis, nothing but, the last cup comes up in stead.

Fran. If ever you make true what-in matter, I'll be bound to resign my place up to my Lord's page; sea-sick before you come to en' salt-water; let me go in your stead.

Frun. No, I'll venture, flood a gulp, between belching up

A Tempes. Oh valiant lufl!

Frun. How resolute thou goest to sit unjustly!

Popham good night.

Defoe's throws fear, in, pistipay'd delirium.

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

Frun. Let me four stumps 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 pre-
scribe this strange, nay wonderous'desperate, way to her
desires.

Clown. Is that a question to ask now? Would you would 465
groap 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.

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

468-469. stew'd broath] stenched 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; 'Shoof, there's a beard! but all's well yet,
she lies on this side sure; what's the touch?'
I have him, by her hand, upon the touch; I
Rush'd me into passion; I have much ado.
To contain my wild desires, as the wind strains
In Caverns lock'd; so through my big-fourne yeanno,
My blood cuts capers.

Dor. Who's there?

Fran. 'Tis I.

Dor. Francis?

Fran. Francis, that was wrapped in's other's smock.

Dor. Give me your hand Francis.

Fran. There's: I'll hold already.

Dor. My Lord, Count Lodovico, awake.

Fran. I am left for ever, Madam.

Dor. My Lord, my Lord!

Fran. If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out of bed too.

Dor. My Lord, will ye not wake?

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

Fran. How do you dwindle?

Dor. Pray bear me sit, I cannot sleep till you
Have resolved 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,
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!

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 origi-
nally 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. What is't sweet-heart?"
"Dep. Sir, there is a fair young lady who will do you good service."
"Lod. Thou'rt a strange fellow to seek in mid-night; Fran."
"Dep. And this same faucy Fran. in your absence, most loudly tempted me to wrong your bed."

*The City-Night-Cap.*

Fran. Watse thee woodcock catch'd thus? Lod. Oh rogue, I'll go cut thy throat sleeping. Dep. Nay, I have fated him most daintily. Fran. Now, now, now, now, now, I am fated. Dep. I scent'd sweet-heart to confess to him. Fran. A plague of tenings; I were not confus'd beg pardon. Dep. And to make him sure for your revenge, appointed. About this hour, the door left apace on purpose. Fran. Ah! Dep. To meet me in the garden. Fran. All's well again. Dep. Now sweet-heart. If thou wouldst but steal down thither, thou mightst catch him."
Lod. What 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. [Aside] Was ever woodcock catch'd thus?
Lod. Oh rogue, I'll go cut's throat sleeping.
Dor. Nay, I have fitted him most daintily.
Fran. [Aside] Now, now, now, now, I am spitted.
Dor. I seem'd, sweet-heart, to consent to him.
Fran. [Aside] 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 ope on purpose--
Fran. [Aside] Ah!
Dor. To meet me in the garden.
Fran. [Aside] All's well again.
Dor. Now, sweet-heart, if thou would'st but steal down thither, thou mightst catch him.
and snap the fool very finely.

Lad. Oh my force! birds-nie! what a wench, have I of thee? cread good laces, & holes full; 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's do thou lie still, and I'll bring thee his heart for thy Munkies break-fast.

Duo., And would you part unkindly, and not kiss me?... Laid. I have no more manners than a goose; farewell. My charfe delitious Doll: what may his life be compar'd to, that meets with such a wife?... Exit.

Enter Clown.

Fran. Pith Pambo.

Clown. Here boy.

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

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

Fran. Don't daintily.

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

522. thee?] D: theel

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

534. Pambo.] D4, B: Pambol
and snap the fool very finely.

**Lod.** Oh my sweet birds-nye! What a wench have I of thee? Credo 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 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.

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

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

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

Exit.

Vill. Wcll now I see, as he who him would know  

The real Brain of goodness, hesy in her read is

Vill. Who can speak fcll, 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 devil of 's right).

To a dainty fashion'd female hypocrite.

Exit.

Enter.

---

14

### The City-Night-Gap.

**Enter Lodovico and Clown.**

* Lod. *Here's a wife; Pambro!*


* 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 mete ye full but with such wives!*

* Clown. *Fortune's in't fashion of hay-forks.

* Lod. *Sirra Pambro, 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: (D substitutes a period for the semi-colon). E 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. Oh1] D4: 0

husbands] 1661: husband's

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

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. 545
In brief, put him to school (would cheat the de'il of's right)
To a dainty, smooth-fac'd, female hypocrite. Exeunt.

[SCENE II]

Enter Lodovico and Clown.

Lod. Here's a wife, Panbo!

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

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 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!

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 Philippe,
Nay in the very act! now what was't brought her to,' but his
dogged usage of her?

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

Lod. Ho! how he goes flauting too! she must have a feather in
her head, and a corse in her heel.

Clown. I that flies her light from head to heel, sir; and
who have heavier use of their 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? 'tis done her no
good since he came, that I saw;

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

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.

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,

F157).

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 Francis.

Clown. 'Tis he sure; has a deeming whose-masters perceives,
let me practise my Ladies part, and counterfeit for her.
Lod. Canst thou imitate to the life?
Clown. Can I? Oh, wicked Francis!
Lod. Admirable! thou shalt do't;
Clown. Pray be you ready with your rapier to slit 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
nearly, the Comedy passes bravely: Who's there,—Madam?

Clown.

Tlie City-Night-Cap.

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 rufhes;
And being fet, I'll smother thee with buffets.
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.

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. 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----Kadam?

Clown. Francis?

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.

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!

598-599. And let us ... with busses.] Fleay (I, 104) and Olive (p. 343) note an apparent parody of Venus and Adonis, 11. 17-18: Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses, And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

599. busses] kisses.
Frau. Hear me, Lady;
It is enough my Lord hath now a friend,
In these dishonest days, that dares be honest.

Lod. How is this?

clove. Nay for thy Lord, he's a mere coxcomb, Francis.

Lod. Out rogue!

Frau. '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 neighbours save your self, unto his heart?

Lod. I by this hand dost thou.

Frau. And should I quit him thus? no, Lady, no.

Lod. Brave Francis!

Frau. I am too wise to fall in love with wo,
Much less with woman: but took advantage,
Of my Lord's absence, for your tryal Lady,
For fair some fellow (far hotter rein'd then I)
Might have fought, and sped; and I would be loath
A Lord so loving.

Lod. Shalt have five leaves, by these fingers.

Frau. 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.

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?
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!

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
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 yea 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!
Lod. He has put him to't now.
Franc. 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.
Lod. Hold, hold, hold man.
Franc., He, who are you? C

16. The City-Night-Cap.
'Lod. One that has more humanity in him, then to see a proper
fellow call himself away: I warrant thee: 'tis I, 'tis I man, I have
heard tell,
Clown. And was I play'd my Lady, to have snapp'd ye.
Franc. Has she been then so good to tell your honour?
No, I am I woofe afflicted then before,
That she should thus outrun me, in this race of honesty,
Lod. Nay 's he's bob'd thee bravely; he's a thousand of these
tricks, y's faith man; but hencover, what I have found thee,
I have found thee: back in mine ear, thou hast my levee.

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. y's faith] 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 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?

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?

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,
and mine own Nag, when the'st a mind to ride.

Fran. Let me deserve, sir, first.

Lod. Shall 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;

Flute be no more my servant: I had thought to have made thee
my Steward, but thou'st too honest for the place; that's the truth
on't.

Clown. His superfluity is my necessity; pray let me have, sir.

Lod. I will talk with thee to morrow; Pumb' thou shalt
have something too; but I'll to bed: honest Francis, the dearest
muft part, I fee; I will fo hug the forest rascal that thinks every
hour ten, till I come yonder! good night Francis, to bed, Pumb'o.

What delight in life

Can equal such a friend and such a wife?

So my dainty Doll, I come to thee.

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 Triophs.

Fran. You're very nimble sir, good morning.

Exit war.
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.

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

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.

    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.

    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, O10).
A Bar is ent. Enter the Duke of Verona, Randolph, Spinello, Fafra, Tovoni, Lorenzo, Philippo, Absentia, a Guard, and two Slaves.

Ver. Call the accused to the Bar.
Phil. We appear.
Ver. With acknowledgments to the presence.
Ver. 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

The City-Night-Cap.

Defire the Senate to observe, and nearly:
I come here not your kin'sman 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 intone.

Lor. Thus then,
(Great Sir, grave Lords, and honourable Auditors
Of my disfavour) I affirm 'tis known
To the Senate 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.

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 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' 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 (weep'st thou)!
Oh truth, who would not look thee in a woman's tears!
But flowers that fall too late, produce dear years.
All know that since our marriage, I have perform'd
So fairly all judicial wedlock-officers,
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 seeking shrine
Of her desires, where they did offer daily
A plenial satisfaction, which she desired
Reciprocally to return, pay'd back
As much obedience as I sent of love:
But then the serpent flies, when like a dove.
Opinion feathers him: women's 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!
But showers that fall too late, produce dear 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, 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
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 brests

690. Oh truth . . . tears] from the proverb, "Trust not a woman when she weeps" (Tilley, W638):

"... 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 fle as Lapwings cries are from their nests.

Pen. Oh you eneigh!

Lor. I would appear no sary.
And for this man (how fain I would call him friend!)
I appeal to the whole state, if at the fight
Between Birges Gallies and your Grace;
Wherein you pleas'd to send me General there,
That he defer'd (let me not take from him
His merits meet conffusion) but I was there:
The man (the erring man) that crown'd his merit
With approbation and reward; brought him home;
Preferr'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. eneigh!] D3, D4: inveigh.

708. satyre] D1, D2: satyr D3, D4: satire
They flee) 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
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
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 look'd on him

704-706. women's sweet ... their nests] Cf. Greene's Philomela
(p. 137): "... so women's 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
Fath'd me more unto him, whilst like an arch

18
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.

Ver. And what from hence infer you?

Lor. That 'twas base,
Safe in the depth of baseness, for this wife
So honour'd, and this smooth friend so belov'd,
To confpire betwixt them my dishonour,

Ver. How?

Lor. To stain my sheets with lust, a minutes there:
To brand perpetually three faces; a husbands,
A wives, and friends.

Alas. Oh good my Lord,
Ca'et 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, I swear,
And print thee down the fool of passion.

Spar. Speak, Sir.

Phil. 'Tis true, this boating man did thus eréct me
In his opinion, plac'd me in his love,
Grac'd me with courtesies: Oh the ease of jalousie!
Into my heart, and double-bar'd him there
With reason and opinion. His extremities
Fast'n'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
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,
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.

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.

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 jealousie!
As boys to take the bird about the pit,
Calt wheat and chaff, contriving a neat train
To incite her to her ruines; to this friend
Falsly then City-oaths, it is not doubted,
Having so far indues'd me, when he came
To enjoy a fair wife, guilt is 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 infringe me so,
To separate our loves, he seriously
Woo'd me to try his wife.

Let, 'Tis false.

'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 flung, kept so constant,
That till this hour this Lady thus much knew not
I bore her brave reproves: Oh when she spake,
The saint's sure listen'd, and at every point
She got the plaus of Angels! now upon this,
This jealous Lord infers (and it may be but
To thin futurity) that I

The City-Night-Cap.
(His betray'd friend) could not hold the cap.
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
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,
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 betray'd friend) could not hold the cup,
But I must drink the poyson: no, Lovers,
An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,
Washed white, but not shaken with the shock;
Whole heart conceives no sinister device:
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

V Protection. Cosen, did you, as your friend here affirms,
Counsel him to these trials?

Lor. I? Phil. Thou art fallen from a good man,
And hast taken leave of modesty: let these my servants
(That incredulity should be inducement)
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.

Sir. 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.
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,
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.

Pand. Speak, friends, be fearless;
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
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,
As my Lord before affirm’d.

Add. Canst thou hear, heaven,
And withhold thy thunder?

Phil. My Lord, one devil, ye know,
May pollute three bodies.

Vero. Will you swear this, sir?

Slave. I will, my Lord.

Spin. And you?

2 Slave. I will, and dare, sir.

Lor. Brave rascals!

Vero. Reach them the book.

Add. Ye poor deluded men, Oh do not swear!

Lor. Think of the chain of pearl.

2 Slave. Give us the book:

That we affirm the truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth, we swear.

Pep. Believe me, I am sorry for the Lady.

Phil. How soon

Two souls more precious than a pair of worlds

The City-Night-Cap.

Arc level’d below death!

Add. Oh hark! did you not hear it?

Add. What, Lady?

805 and 808. S. D. 3 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.

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!

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,
And nothing but the truth, we swear.

Pand. Believe me, I am sorry for the Lady.

Phil. How soon

Two souls more precious than a pair of worlds
Are levell'd below death!

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, assassining.

810-811. That we . . . truth] Tilley lists this oath as proverbial (T590);.

815. levell'd below death] i.e., damned to hell.
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 kilt away.

Sum. What censure gives your Grace?

Pro. 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 Perseus, so forget not,
Abstemia still is fitted unto Phaethon,

Plat. Misery of goodnes!

Adh. 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!
Prime protestations on their breasts, and sighs,
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?
  Vero.  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 Venice.
  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 brests, and sigh,
And look to truly, and then weep again,
And then pour out, and again dissemble!
When once enjoy'd, like strange sights we grow stale,
And find out 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 injuri'd eyes.
Lor. Please your Grace proceed to confine.
Vero. Thus 'tis decreed, as these Lords have set down
Against all contradiction; Signor Philippo,
In that you have thus grossly, far, dishonour'd
Even our blood it self, in this rude injury
Lights on our kinship, his prerogative
Implicates death on your trespass, but your merit
Of more antiquity than is your trespass,
That death is blotted out, and in the place
Bannishment writ, perpetual bannishment
(On pain of death (if you return) for ever)
From Florence, and her signories,
Phil. Philippo, I bid...
Pan. Unto you, Madam,

The City-Night-Cap.

This censure is solted: Your high blood
Takes off the danger of the law; say from
Even bannishment 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, 3.

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, 3: (On pain of death if you return) for ever

859. Vero.] 1661, D, 3: 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.

    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 precious waters of truth's 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 grosly, 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 Verona, and her signories.

    Phil. Verona is kind.

    Vero. Unto you, Madam,

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;
And in that the injury
Chiefly reflects on him, he hath free liens
To marry when and whom he pleaseth.
All. I thank ye,
That you are favourable unto my Love,
Whom yet I love and weep for.
Phil. Farewell Lorenzo.
This brief did never yet harbor 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,
And lothly farewell, thou friend 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.
All. Farewell Lorenzo.
Exit.
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. 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;
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
Has a brother yet in Venice.

Abst. Farewel, Lorenzo.
Whom my soul doth love: if you are marry,
May you meet a good wife, so good, that you
May not 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 loved you;
And when you walk forth with your second choice,
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 call 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 the never live to pay my debts:

If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
In the conception of the injury.
Pay make me wealthy with one kiss; farewel, sir:
Let it not grieve you when you shall remember
That I was innocent: nor this forget;
Though innocence here suffer, light and green,
She walks but throw thorns to find a throne.

\textit{Exit.}

\textit{Vero.}

\textit{Vero.}

\textit{The City-Night-Cap.}

\textit{Vero.} Break up the Court, and Cohen learn this speech;
\textit{Vero.} Who stirs 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."
901. forget,] D4: forget---
904. reed] D3, D4: rede
Whom my soul doth love. If you are marry,
May you meet a good wife, so good, that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
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,
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. Farewel, 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 through thorns to finde a throne.
Exit.

Vero. Break up the court, and cozen, learn this reed:
Who stabs truth's bosom, makes an angel bleed.

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; least she prove too liberall, and pay my debts."

904. reed] rede, counsel, advice.
Finis Actus Secundus

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lodovico Tasso, Jovani and Clown.

Lod. The flam upon my brest, sir.

Lod. The flam upon my brest, sir.

Exeunt.

Id Chronicle ever match this couple, gentlemen? You make us wonder,
That both should seem to yield to the temptation, And both so meet in one resolved goodness,
Unknown to one another!
Lod. There lies the jest on't, Sirrah Pembo, I do but think and she had met him in the garden, how she would have railed him.

Clown. And rufflet him too, sir; the Canomile 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
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,

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.

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,

Jv. A wife! why she's a faint, one that ever bears
A good found soul about her.

Clown. Yes, when she wears new shoes.

Jv. Shall we see her, my Lord?

Lod. Where is she? Panto?

Clown. Walking a turn or two in the garden with Fraske, sir.

I go call her.

Lod. No, no, no; let her alone, she 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 morning
that her confessor father Jacomo was dead.

Jv. Father Jacomo dead?

Lod. Why now shall we have her eat one bit this five days.

Clown.

---

The City-Night-Cap.

Clown. She'll munch the more in a corner, that's the Puri-
was fast.

Lod. Nay do but judge of her my Lords by one thing; whereas-
as most of our dames go to confession but once a month, some
twice a quarter, and some but once a year; and thus upon con-
straint too; she never missetwice a Week.

Jv. '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.

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 shoes.

Joy. Shall we see her, my Lord?

Lod. Where is she, Pambo?

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-
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.

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.

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 H.
Knappen, Tudor Puritanism (1939; rpt. Gloucester, Mass.: Peter Smith,
1963), p. 267. To 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, 1963), states that "one of the most persistent
and damaging of the Anglican's indictments of the Puritan was that
of hypocrisy" (p.41).
Joy, 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home: thy are even
With the whole world, that so keep touch with heaven.

Lad. Nay, I told ye, ye should finde no Philip of Francisca.

Clown. And I remember I told your honour, you should finde
no Alphonse of my Lady.

Lad. Nor no Lascel of my selfe, 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 dis-
cover 'em.

Lad. Two what, I prethee?

Clown. It may be two babbies, sir, for they come commonly with
giving a woman her will.

Lad. I'd laugh at that, y'faith boy; but who has she now for
her confessor?

Clown. She looks for one they call him father Antreas, sir, and
he's wish'd to her by Madona Laffatiska.

Enter Dorothea, Francisco.

Lad. There's another modest soul too, never without a holy

941. they] 1661: thy
945. ye] 1661: you
948. on't;] D2, D3, D4, B: on't!
949. too,] D2, D3, D4, B: too!
955. y'faith] D1, D2: y'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 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 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 [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, lecherous, 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 now chick! weeping so fast? this is the fault of most of
our Ladies, painting, weeping! for their fans I should say, spoils
their faces.

Dor. Why bird?

Clown. And I shall laugh out-right by and by.

Dor. Oh that good man!

Clown. Why then it may be he knew you could not hold out
for the journey: pray do not let us all a crying——

Dor. Free this sweet birds-eye be content.

Dor. Yes, yes, content, when you too leave my company?

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 sometim's reads

Vertuous books to me; were it not for him,

I might go look content; but 'twas no matter,

No body cares for me.
man at her elbow. But here comes one out-weighs them all. 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.

Francisco weeps too.

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?

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 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.


979. gib-cat] male cat.

982. I might go look content] D4 notes: I might go in search of it. 3 notes: Look for, search after.
Lod. Nay presthe Doll; pray gentlemen comfort her. [Exe.

Clown. Now is the devil writing an encomium upon cunning
cockold-makers.

Fro. 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?

Fro. 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.

Dar. But 'tis no matter, were I such a one
As the Count Lorengo's Lady, were I so graceful
To make you wear a pair of wicked horns,
You would make more reckoning of me——

Lod. Weep again? she'll cry out her eyes, gentlemen.

Clown. No I warrant you: remember the two lines your
Honour read last night.

A Woman's Eye;
'An April Shriek, no sooner wet but dry.

Lod. Good pigs-nye! Presthe presthe walk her o'ther turn 't the

Dar. Nay when ye please——But why should I go from

996. me.] 1661, D, B: me——

1005. please.—[1661, D1, D2, D3, B: please—— D4: please;
Lod. Nay, prethee, Doll; pray, gentlemen, comfort her.  

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.

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,  
'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 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. 11. 522, 975).
Lod. Loving soul! I prorose 
Dor. Pray let me kiss ye first. Come Francis.
No body cares for us—At the dear Francis kiss her. Exeunt.
Lod. Well, there goes a couple; where shall a man match ye indeed? Hark Panto!
Jup. Did you observe?
Jov. They kiss.
Jup. Peace.
Lod. And interest Madona Lucrezia 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 Lorante? 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.
Lions. Tis a very hot evening; your honour will sup in the Garden then.
Lod. Yes, many 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.
Lod. I have been these three months about a project.
Jov. What is 't, my Lord?
Lod. Why I intend to compose a pamphlet of all my wives virtues, 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 indeed? Mark Pambo!

Jasp. [To Jov.] Did you observe?

Joy. [To Jasp.] They kist.

Jasp. [To Jov.] 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. 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 three months about a project.

Joy. 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

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."
Jas. *Thou dost al directions against he marry.

Lod. 'Twill give him apr instructions, when he does marry, to
pick out sich a woman.

Jas. *What will he pick her? as the English proverb says, He may as soon finde a needle in a bottle of hay:
Lod. Would I know what sin she has committed, I would set them
down all one with another, they would serve as foyles to her virtues; but I do think she has none; d'ye think she has any, gentlemen?

Jas. Oh none sir but has some!

Lod. Pidling ones it may be, as when a pin pricks her fin­
gers to cry at flight on's, and throw away; but for other mat­
ters.

Jas. 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 hook grounded upon
mine own experience, the report of my judgement in the choise
of a woman, will fell them off safer than the Compositor can set
the Letters together.

Jas. We will discourse it as we go; mean time, Sir.
Let this prepare the path to your 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. 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!

**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.

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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, 'tis other hides the real horn.  
   Lad. Well, he that believes he has horns, has horns;  
And crede quod habes et habes, shall be my Motto. — Exeunt.

Enter Pandulpho and Spinoso.

Spin. The powers of Venice upon our Confines!  
Pand. Yes, Seignior Philippo, it seems, having possess'd him  
With the pillages that past upon his Sifer; Embassadors were dispatch'd to Reggio.  
Where then his Forces lay? who thus return'd.  

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That he came not a publick foe unto Venice,  
But to require justice against Count Lorini; 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] B3, B4: confines?
Conceit and confidence are juglers born;
One grafts in air, t'other hides the real-horn.

\[ \text{Lod. Well, he that believes he has horns, has horns,} \]
And \textit{crede quod habes, & habes} shall be my motto.

\[ \text{Exeunt.} \]

[SCENE II]

\[ \text{Enter Pandulpho and Spinoso.} \]

\[ \text{Spin. The powers of Venice upon our confines!} \]

\[ \text{Pand. Yes, Signor Philippo, it seems, having possest him} \]
With the passages that past upon his sister,
Embassadors were dispatch'd to \textit{Bergamo},
Where then his forces lay; who thus return'd,
That he came not a publick foe unto \textit{Verona},
But to require justice against Count \textit{Lorenzo},
To approve his sister innocent.

\[ \text{Spin. What witness,} \]
Proof or apparent circumstance builds he
His bold attempt upon?

\[ \text{1054. grafts] grows.} \]
\[ \text{1058. having possest him] informed. him.} \]
\[ \text{1060-1061. Embassadors ... forces lay] Cf. Greene's Philomela} \]
\[ (p. 185): "The Ambassadours having their charge, came to the Duke} \]
\[ \text{[father of Abstemia], lying then not farre off from Bergamo ..."} \]
\[ \text{Bergamo} a city of Lombardy, and a dependency of Venice (1428-1797).} \]
\[ \text{1062-1064. That he ... innocent] Cf. Greene's Philomela} \]
\[ (p. 185): ". . . that hee was not come as an enemy against them, but as a private} \]
\[ \text{foe to Philippo, and therefore required to approove his daughters} \]
\[ \text{innocencie . . ."} \]
\[ \text{1064. approve] prove, demonstrate.} \]
He says, besides.
The honour of Philip, he has proof
So unresistible to affirm the plot
Of Count Lorenzo, that he only craved
(Holigies being tendered for their fate return'd)
Here in the Senate-chamber, the fair trial
Might publicly be confur'd: and by this
They are at hand.

Enter at one Door, Duke of Venice, Philipps and Lords: At the other, Duke of Verona, Jafero, Fauzio, Lorenzo guarded. A bar set out. The Slave.

Ver. Fair is the presence is level'd for your grievances.

Per. First summon to the bar the Count Lorenzo.

Per. Lorenzo, stand to the bar.

Lor. I stand to the bar.

Per. I come not here, w reminds the good man's comfort, to add
unto my territories: and though I burthen
The neighbour: y the bottom of my confines with
The weight of arms, or do wound your breast
(My dukedom near next neighbour) with the hoofs
Of war-apparel'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

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.

Enter at one Door, Duke of Venice, Philippo 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

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

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 fitter's shame
Is an unpleasant stroke upon our Arms:
Yet that we come not here to sanctifie
A fitter's sin ; for if she be prov'd,
Shame steep within her epitaph, and brand her;
Let Bears and Wolves that Angels confound,
Gives goodness such a soul unkindly wound ;
But if the chaff be prov'd, what balm can cure
A wounded name? As he that now inflits
The bitter stroke of law upon the strumpet,
Fattens the sad afflictions of a thoufand:
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 fitter wrong'd, wrong'd by this man,
This that has wrong'd pure judgement, and thrown poifon
Upon the face of truth, and upon him.

I seek satisfaction,
Let, I reply:
The law must give you satisfaction,
That justly did divorce us: I appeal
To the whole Constluilacy, if equal law

1087. wounded, D3, D4: wounded.
1099. him, D3, D4, B: him.
1101. man, D4: man.
1105. 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,
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
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.
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.
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 sword, though I have burdened your borders with the weight of armed men: I rise not in arms to seek martial honours, but civil justice ..."

1089-1090. Yet, that ... sister's sin] Cf. Greene's Philomela (p. 187): "For proofe 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 produced 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 father  
Even in the very act of sin and shame  
With that Philip there: blame me not then, Sir,  
If I return an error to your cause.  
Reason (the base wherein we build the laws)  
You injure in this action; give her the lie;  
Who dares not build his faith upon his eye;  
They swore what they did see; and men will fear,  
(Reason concludes) what they not see, to swear.  
Verst, You hear my kinsman's answer.  
Pan, And 'tis requisite  
That you produce your author: it is held  
Mere madness on a hill of sand to build.  
Philip, The foundation-work is mine; and I answer:  
He builds on truth, the good man's mistake,  
And not in the sanctuary.
In her progression went a step astray,
Either by proof or information;
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
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.
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
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

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 his injured 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
Chastity's well-knit abstract, now in the fall,
Purified by the bleak Northern blast,
Nor freer from a toy, the thoughts of infants;
But little nearer heaven: And if these Princes
Pleasing to permit, before their guilty thoughts
Injure another hour upon the Lady,
My right drawn sword shall prove it.

(How my soul dances!) humbly I intreat
Your grant to his request: fight with Philippo
I'd in the midst of flame, or pestilence in a Cave,
Where benches do breed.

Ver. VVe must take counsel,
The price of blood is precious.
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
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 Philippo
I'th' midst of flame, or pestilence, in a cave,
Where Basiliskes do breed.

Vero. We must take counsel;
The price of blood is prectious.

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: 0 . . . 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.
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 tempest, flood storms at midnight,
One flung the flaming lightning; and the next morning
Chas'd the unruly stubborn Turk with thunder:
For all the bullets I have bravely hor'd,
And sent death singing to the slaughter, Sir,
Peace.

Lod. What should a soldier 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,
Than cast me to this scandal.
Peace. The doubtful cause,
With such a dare approv'd, you may permit it.
Lor. Your request is granted, Coze'.
Lod. You have now, Sir, breath'd
Freh sir in the face of fainting Honour:
Rapiers of fair equality.

'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
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,
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,
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, cose'.

Lor. You have now, sir, breath'd
Fresh air in the face of fainting honour;
Rapiers of fair equality.

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, B453), 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).
Ven. Look with what cunning.
The spider, when she would snare the fly, doth weave;
With neater art appearances deceive.
Stay, as you said, for blood is a precious price.
Let me but see the men produce'd, who swore:
They saw them in the shameful act: and then
Frownd a fitter and her honour.

Enter Produce your servants, sir.

Venice sends off a Lord.

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 fav'our father and this gentleman
In this base act of sin?

Lor. Fear nothing,

1 Slave. To deny truth, is more dangerous then to displease
2 Duke.

I saw it and did swear it.

Enter Lord and 2 Slaves.

Venice. But here comes one,

Will swear you saw it not, and are forsworn.

1 Slave. 'Sfoot, 'strange!

2 Slave. This is the other fellow took his oath.

Ven. What come you here to say, sir?

2 Slave. That we swore falsely: may it please your Grace,

Hy'd

The City-Night-Cap.

Hy'd I 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;
With neater art appearances deceive.
Stay; as you said, sir, blood is a precious 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.

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
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.

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, Stratze!

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 by my Lord with gifts and promises;
And as I now have spoke the truth, so heaven
Forgive my former perjury.

Pero. Hear you, cozen?

1 Slave. Would you would say something; I have needles in my breeches.

Lor. Now, now, I hope your eyes are open, Lords,
The bed of snakes is broke: the snake's comes about,
And here's the knot I'd rush: good heaven, good heaven,
That craft infeccking to put on disguise,
Should so discover her self!

Pero. Explain yourself.

Lor. Now see sir, where this Scorpion lurks to fling,
Mine honour uneto death: this noble Duke
By nature is ingag'd to defend a sister:
And to this Duke soingag'd, this malicious Lord
(For still he hates her scourger) makes repair,
And prepossesses him with that suppos'd innocence
Of an injured sister, which he had his'd this Slave
To follow him, and affirm, and lays the cause
To scruple, and to conscience: they did content
To feal belief by seeming accident,
Sin Juler-like, calls sin before our eyes;
Craft sometimes steals the wonder of the wife.

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.

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!

Vero. Explain your self.

Lor. Now see, sir, where this scorpion lurks to sting Mine honour unto death. This noble Duke
By nature is ingag'd to defend a sister;
And to this Duke so ingag'd, this malitious 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.

Sin, jugler-like, casts sin before our eyes;
Craft sometimes steals the wonder of the wise.

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).
With an equal hand now weigh me, and if I want
A grain of honour, tear me from your blood,
And call me to contempt.

**Vero.** In what a strange dilemma judgement sits,
Charm'd to her chair with wonder.

**Vex.** Shall I have justice?

**Vex.** 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 ended;
If it give not satisfaction, send back our hostages.
You have fair regrets 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 falter, do say;
May thine own tongue shineth own foul, heart betray,
A Slave. Amen, say I:
Give me the book; my oath must end all then.

**Spin.**

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1220. **S. D.]** indicated only in **D4.**

1223. wonder.] **D, B:** wonder!

1229. hostages.] 1661, **D, B:** hostage (but see 1. 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

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
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. It must.

Lor. Now you shall hear him swear 1240

He saw them both in the base act.

1 Slave. Nay, I swear

1226. book] i.e., the Sible.
They are now both seen in the base act,

Osm. How's this?

Rom. 'Tis a strange oath.

z Slave. 'Tis true, though.

Lor. True, villain! are both now seen in the base act?

z Slave. Yes, both.

Lor. Which both.

z Slave. You and I, sir.

Osm. How?

z Slave. Both you and I are seen in the base act.

Slanderous spotless honour: an act to base,
The barbarous Moor would blush at.

Phl. Did you hear him now?

Lor. Out Slave, wilt thou give ground too? Fear works upon thee.

Did you not both here swear in the Senate-chamber
You saw them both dishonest?

z Slave. Then we swore true, sir.

Lor. I told you 'twas but fear.

Yrre, swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore
Ye both saw them dishonest?

z Slave. Yes, marry did we, sir.

For we were both two villains when we saw them,
So we saw them dishonest.

1256. slave,] D3, D4: slave! B: Slave!
They are now both seen in the base act.

Omn. How's this?

Pand. '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.

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?

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.

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,
So we saw them dishonest.

1245-1254. Slandering . . . blush at.} Olive (p. 342) notes a possible allusion to Othello, similar to the one in The Honest Whore, I, is...
Vta. Heaven, thou are equal!

Vta. Heauen, thou art equal!

A rock of chriftal not move clear: this gentleman, 

Basely abuse'd; this great Prince dishonour'd;

And so we kneel for mercy.

Vta. You have redeemed it:

Depart, prove honest men; that I should hear

Dishonour in my blood!

Vta. Much Injur'd Lady?

Vta. What justice, sir, belongs unto the injured?

Vta. First, witness heaven, I tear thee from my bloody

And cast thee off a stranger: Adieu you, sir,

(Since the great curse 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,

Vta. Answer, Lorenzo,

Art thou not guilty?

The City-Night-Cap.

For, give me my merit, death;

Princes can build and mine with one breath;

Vta. The cause may learn to merit death, in that

Two souls were hazarded; a Prince's fame;

A Duke dishonour'd, and a noble Lord

1268. Lord; Dl, D2, D3; lord; D4: lord, 1661, B: Lord,


1269. clear; ] D4: clear,

1286. merit, ] D4: merit—
Ven. Heaven, thou art equal!

l Slave. This is a jealous Lord; his Lady chaste,
A rock of christal not more 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!

Omn. Much injur'd Lady!

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,
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?

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

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
Ov'ry trespass; we do banish you,
Both from our Dukedomes Limits and your own:
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 find out our most unfortunate sister,
And bring her to our Court.

Lam. You sir are merciful!

Fool. This let me add, sin that you have made impartial juries—
Princes should punish vice in their own blood:
Until you find that excellent in jure Lady,
Upon this gentleman, who hath suffered 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 presence.

Lam. Your dooms are just!
Oh love, thy first destruction is difficult!

Fool. For you, fair sir, until we shall hear tidings

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.] DL, D2, D3: door: D4: door;
1312a. Lorenzo] D, B; 1661: Lord
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.
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.

Lor.  You, sir, are merciful!

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,
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.

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
Of your most injur'd sister, please you to call
My Count your own, conceive it so: where live,
Two parents in one passion we will be,
And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy.

Enter Lodovico like a Friar; Jasper and Juvenal.

Led. What, am I fitted, gallants? am I fitted?
Jas. To th' life, able to cheat suspicion, and to like
Father Antony the confessor; that I protest
There's not more semblance in a pair of eggs.
Jas. An apple cut in half, is not false.
Led. VVell, of Lords you're mad; Lords to consult me to this;
but now in this habit shall I know the very core of her heart,
All her little peddling fins, which will show in my book as falls to
her giant-bedded virtues.
Jas. That will be admirable!

Enter Lodovico like a Friar.

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Jas. Well, of lords, this.

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,

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,] D1: 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
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
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.

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
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,

1318. fitted ready, prepared.
Enter Dorothia.

Lod. Well, thou surpassest all the courtiers in these pretty ones; if a man had the wit to understand them—— Yonder the comes; I can hardly forbear blushing, but that for discovering my self.
Right reverend habit, I honour thee
With a Son's obedience, and do but borrow thee,
As men would play with flies, who in't midst of modest mirth
With care preserve themselves.

Dor. Hail holy Father.

Lod. Welcome my chaste daughter.

Dor. Death having taken good father Jucmen,

Upon the plenal and approv'd report
Of your integrity and upright dealing——

Lod. Delicate Doll,

Dor. I have made a modest choice: if you, grave sir,
To be my ghostly father; and to you I fall
For absolution,

Lod. Empty then, my daughter,
That veil of your flesh, of all the dregs,

Which (since your last confession clean'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 D.

Doll.] D: Doll! B: Doll!
For he found in the lark's nest a serpent's egg;
So much good d'ye, sir. Exeunt.

Enter Dorothea.

Lod. [Aside] 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 myself.

Right reverend habit, I honour thee
With a son's obedience, and do but borrow thee,
As men would play with flies, who 'tis midst of modest mirth
With care preserve themselves.

Dor. Hail, holy father.

Lod. Welcome, my chaste daughter.

Dor. Death having taken good Father Jacomo,

Upon the plenial and approv'd report
Of your integrity and upright dealing,

Lod. [Aside] Delicate Doll.

Dor. I have made a modest choice 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
Taken a settled habitation in you;
And with a powerful sweet acknowledgment;
Hunt out those spirits which haunt that house of hell;
Tears makes dry branches flourish green and fresh.

Day. Since I confess, then I do confess,
My first sin was, that my Taylor bringing home
My last new gown, having made the sleeves too flaping;
In an unchristian passion I did bid
The devil take him.

Lad. 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.
Taken a settled habitation in you;
And with a powerful sweet acknowledgment,
Hunt out those spirits which haunt that house of flesh.

Tears make dry branches flourish green and fresh.

Dor. Since last I confess, then I do confess

My first sin was, that my tailor bringing home

My last new gown, having made the sleeves too flaunting.

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 tailor

Lyes in hell, night by night. Pray, to your second.

Dor. Next, in a more savage rage, my chamber-maid

Putting a little saffron 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

her.

1364. 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 saffron in her starch] i.e., making the starch yellow; saffron: 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 Piveil*, IV, i (3, p. 252), the devil says: "I was first Father for this yellow Sterch . . ."
"Led. These will be brave fins to mix with her virtues; why
they will make no more show than three or four bayliffs amongst
a company of honest men. These fins, my Dove-like daughter,
are out of contradiction venial; trivial and light; have you
seen of greater growth?"

"Dor. Oh Yea, sir, one!"

"Led. One? what should that be, I wonder?"

"Dor. One yet remains behind,"

"Of weight and consequence: the same order,"

Heralds preferre in show: I now observe

In placing of my fins; as these inferiors
(Because the last lives freshest in our memories).

Far more the persons of great note; so last:

My great fin comes to obliterat those past.

"Led. She's read some chicken to death, I warrant her.

"Dor. Hear me, and let a blush make you look red,

Uneffectually I have shud my husbands bed.

"Led. You did ill to drink too hard are you went to bed.

"Dor. Alas, sir, you mistake me; I have lain

With another man, besides my husband.

"Led. How?"

"Dor. Nay the same way I use to lie with him,

But not altogether so often."

"Led. Why then crede quod habes, & habes; I will believe; I:

1377. S. D. ] indicated only in D4.

vertues;] 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 KS: ffar more Dl, 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 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

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.

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

With another man besides my husband.

Lod. How?

Dor. Way, 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

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 horset, for I have 'em: 'Shoof a woman, I perceive, is a near Herald, she can quarter her husband's coat with Butcher's Arms at pleasure; but I have a penance for your pure whorship: you are somewhat broad, are you not with child, daughter?

Dear. Yes, yes, sure 'twas that night's work.

Lady. How know you that?

Dear. Alas, by experience, sir: the kind fool my husband yields all well; but like a light piece of gold, he's taken for more than he weighs.

Lady. 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

Lawful.

34

*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 whoreship. [To Dor.] You are somewhat broad; are you not with child, daughter?

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.

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.

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 seeme strange, so blame me not.

If your penance be as strange, you may wonder it.

But it is wondrous ease in performance, 

but as your penance I enjoy it: nay now I remember,

In an old French Authentick Author, his book

Titled, De Satisfactus, I read the same

Enjoy'd a Lady of Daubin, 'Tis no holy fast,

No devout prayer, nor so zealous pilgrimage;

'Tis out of the prevar'd road.

-Dor. Let it be

So strange story never match the injunction, I do vow

The plenial strict performance.

-Lod. Listen to me.

Soon at night (Go rumour spreads it through the City)

The two great Dukes of Pedore and Perown.

1420. absolv'd: D, B; absolv'd: D2, D3, D4: absolv'd.

1424. strange: 1661, D, 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.

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,

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;

'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.

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 crafted by your Lord, where a justice intended.

*Dir.* That's true, sir.

*Led.* Now when ye all are for 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 'caused my orders bar the such inquisition.

You shall lay, Such a man lay with me, naming the party

Was partner in your sin.

*Dir.* Good sir!

*Led.* This is your penance, I enjoy you: keep it.

You are abdolvd break's, you know the danger of it: good-bye.

*Dir.* Oh good sir may never was penance of more blame then this.

*Led.* You know the danger of the breach as to us,

'Tis the shameful loss of our religious order if we reveal.

*Dir.* For heaven sake,

Enjoy me first upon my knees to creep

From Perosa to Loreto.

*Led.* That's nothing.

*Dir.* Nothing indeed to this is this your penance so wondrous:

'cause in performance. . . .

*Led.*

The City-Night-Caps.

*Led.* 'Tis irrevocable.

*Dir.* I am silent: your new penance may meet a new performance: farewell, sir...
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. Good-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 Loretto.

Lod. That's nothing.

Dor. Nothing indeed to this. Is this your penance so wondrous easie in performance?

Lod. 'Tis irrevocable.

Dor. I am silent; your new penance may meet a new performance. 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 cruellest of all men before. 

Lad. This the trick to catch a neat, sir, where. 

Exit. 

**Finis Abus Teritur.**

---

**Abus Quartus.**

Enter Abstemia. 

Abst. 

Hee miserable defpised Abstemia. 

Wearied with many sufferings: Oh! Lord, 

How far in love I am with my affliction! 

Because he calleth thee father! unto this house, 

Wearied with many sufferings: Oh! Lord, 

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 surges, and in riots, yet it carried, 

That the next day the place appears a sanctuary; 

Rather than this foul receivableness, these ways 

Have to me still been strongers; but Lord, 

---

1464. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.  

near] D4: right
You are the cruelst ere confess 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, In Millain let thy misery take breath, Weary'd 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 surfets and in riots, yet so carried, That the next day the place appears a sanctuary, Rather than sin's foul receptable. These ways Have to me still been strangers; but, Lorenzo,
Thou couldst not though believe it: Oh! jealousy! 
Loves eclipse, thou art in thy distaste.
A mad, mad patient, wondrous hard to please.

Enter Timpanina and Morbo.

Morbo. Yonder she walks mummbling to her self, the Prince 
Antius has blcoh her with's ab abation, and ye win her
box to him, your house bears the bell away, accord her
quaintly.

Tim. 

1479. Love's] D4: [O] love's

eclipse,] D4, B: eclipse!

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, Dl: Morbo Madona, D2: Morbo,
Madona D3, D4: Morbo; Madona B: Morbo; Madona

effect'd] 1661: effe D, B: effected

1486. maiden-head;] 1661, Dl, 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 jealousie!
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 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, y'faith. [To Abst.] How now, Killicent, how d'ye this morning? 1490

Abst. Well, I do thank so good a landlady.
Tim. But hark you, Hill. 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.


1489. cart] a vehicle for conveying prisoners to the gallows, or for public exposure of offenders, especially prostitutes. Earliest recorded use in MED is Heywood's Captives (1624).
Saw the door shut upon her.

Tim. I'll see Grace about her business, and I come to her: is there any work for Grace, with a wannion to her? we shall have Eaves-droppers, shall we?

Abb. Chastity guard me, how I tremble!

Tim. Come hither mistress Alligator; lie, how you let your hair hang about your ears too? how do you like my house?

Abb. Well?

Tim. Nay I know a woman may rise here in one month, and she will her self; but truths, truth, I know you fee something, as they say, and so forth. Did you see the gallant was here last till 12?

Abb. Which of them mean you? there was many.

Tim. Which; he in the white feather that supped in the gallery, was't not white Mripple?

Mar. As a Ladies hands by their five fingers.

Tim. White? no, no. 'Twas a saucy, now I remember.

Mar. As a Gipsy, by this hand; it look'd white by candle-light, though,
saw the door shut upon her.

Tim. I'll set 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. [Aside] Chastity guard me, how I tremble!

Tim. Come hither, mistris Millicent. Fie, how you let your hair hang about your ears too? How do you like my house, 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 till 12?

Abst. Which of them mean you? Here was many.

Tim. Which? He in the white feather that supp'd in the gallery; was't not white, Horbo?

Hor. As a lady's hand, by these five fingers.

Tim. White? No, no, 'twas a tawny, now I remember.

Hor. 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 lofty spring! Miličevnt, is no worse man.

Then the Duke of Miličevnt, son.

Alfi. His excellent carriage spoke him of noble birth.

Tim. And this same Duke's son, loves you, Miličevnt.

Alfi. Now heaven defend me!

Tim. What from a Duke's son, many come up with a murder, from whence came you too, he is not draw'd there. How can I compare him of noble birth?

Mar. Thus mine Grace was at first, and you remember.

Tim. The Duke would have ye know, husband, I could have taken my coach and fetch'd him of the best pieces in Miličevnt, and her husband should have looked after me, so's neighbours might have noted, and cry'd farewell Naun, commend me to mine uncle.

Mar. And yet from these perfum'd fortunes, heaven defend me.

Alfi. Perfum'd indeed.

Mar. Perfum'd, I am a Pander, a Rogue, that hangs together.

---

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 Hilain's son.

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?

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 Hilain, 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."

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-

---

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] trov, used parenthetically or at the end of a sentence (often merely expletive); **NED** cites *Henry IV of Windsor*, I, iv, 127: "'Ho's there, I thoa?"

1525. naunt] i.e., mine aunt; slang for prostitute or procurer.

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 Camelion, The perfum'd Pander?"
The City-Night-Cap.

that like a bright rag, by geometry, if there were not three Ladies once yesterday that my mistress perfumed the catch! so they were glad to embrace all the idle 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.

Abij. 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 hart, sometimes a Castle, and yet still a Cloud.

Abij. True.

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.

Abij. What shall become of me? Oh the curse of good-nature, to leave one woful a world!

Enter Philippo.

Phil. Morrow Sweet Madam; Oh look how like the Sun be-

1531. geometry,] D, S: 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, S: how
ther like a beggar's rags, by geometry, if there were not three la-
dies swore yesterday that my mistris 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.

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.

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
Of goodness, to leave one wo for a worse!

Enter Philippo [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-pencils, will bring the won­
der 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 c'en dloy us with
good words.

Anto. What's he?

Mor. A gentleman of Ferara, sir, one Pedro Seligiano.

Anto. And do ye for her suit to site, I charg'd ye reserve for me
alone?

Tim. Indeed sir.

Anto. Fox of your deeds. — — — — Kidx her.

Tim. Oh my Sciatica!
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 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 mistris.

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 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.

The City-Night-Cap.

Sirrah, leave the house, or I will send thee out with thunder.

Slave. Good sir, 'tis madness here to stand him.

Phil. 'Fret kick? pray that we meet no more again, sir;
Still keep heaven about you.

Abd. What are thou art, a good man still go with thee.

Ado. Will you below a suit of your profession?

Mer. We are vanish'd, sir.

Tim. This 'tis to dream of rotten glasses, Asto.

Abd. O what shall become of me? in his eye
Murder and lust contends.

Asto. Nay thee not, you sweet,
I am not angry with you, indeed I am not:
Do you know me?

Abd. Yes, sir, report has given intelligence
You are the Prince, the Duke's son.

Asto. Both in one.

Abd. Report sure

1567. rascal.] D2, D3, D4: rascal!
1574. kickt?] D3, D4: kicked!
1575. To Abd.] 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.] Norbo and Timpanina's exit indicated only in B. But apparently the slave exits too, since he does not hear the ensuing conversation (see l. 1560).

1581. contends] D: contend
1583. you,] D2, D3, D4, B: you;
Anto.  Sirrah, you perfum'd rascal.  Kicks Philippo; 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.
Anto.  Sirrah, leave the house, or I will send thee out with thunder.
Slave.  Good sir, 'tis madness here to stand him.
Phil.  'Sfoot, kick't? Pray that we meet no more again, sir.
[To Abst.] Still keep heaven about you.  [Exit.]
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, Horbo.  [Exeunt.]
Abst.  Oh what shall become of me? In his eye

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
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 languages; you are none of either.

Ash. How?

Ab. Were you the Prince, you would not sure be slav'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 cruel'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 vertuous hand,

Like a Citadell being madly rais'd on sand,

It falls, is swallow'd and not found.

Ash. If you rail upon the place, prach all the same thin higher.

Ab. By treacherous intelligence, honest men do

In the way ignorant, through thieves pursuas go.

Are you son to such a noble Father?

Send him to's grave then

Like a white Almond-tree, full of glad days,
Spoke but her native language; you are none of either.

Anto. How?

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

'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 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?

Abst. By treacherous intelligence. Honest men so

In the way ignorant through theves' 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,

1602-1603. Like a citadel... falls] referring to the same proverb as 11.1126-1127.

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. I. E b): "Upon whose silver heads the Almond-tree hath blossome."
With joy that he begins so good a song,
Oh sir, methinks I see sweet Majesty
Sit with a mourning face full of sorrows
To see you in this place: this is a cave
Of Scorpions and of Dragons; O, turn back!

Toads

The City-Night-Cap.
Toads here engender, 'tis the stream of death;
The very air poisons a good man's breath.

Enter Timpanina and Morbo.

Aut. Within there!
Mor. Sir.
Aut. Is my Coach at door?
Tim. And your horses, too, sir; you found her pliant.
Aut. The rotten hospitals hang with gallow's sin.
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
1621. pliant.] D4: pliant?
1622. sattin.] D2: sattin! 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 poisons a good man's 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 greasie sattin.

Tim. Ah!

Mor. Came this nice piece from Naples, with a pox to her?

---

1616. ingender] engender.

1620. caroach] caroche.

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 veneral 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 selve
To tempt me with his Sattin?

In a note, B (p. 225) suggests a play on sattin and satan, possible here as well.
Enter Venice, Vovena, Lodovico, Pandulphe, Jaffro.

Vero. Is this your chaste religious Lady?

Lod. Nay good my Lord, let it be carried with a stent reputation, for the credit of the conclusion; 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 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,

To perform her solemn penance.

Vero. It buffles me, believe me too.

Jaff. Ye may see now, sir, how possible 'tis for a cunning Lady, to make an As of a Lord too confident.

Lod. An As! I will prove a contented Cuckold the wiser.

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 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 veneral disease, including these lines from Davenport.

1625. flead] flayed.

1629-1630. reputation] opinion, account of something. [ED records no use with this meaning after 1613.
man in's company.

**Vero.** How prove you that, sir?

**Lad.** Because he knows himself.

**Vero.** Very well brought in.

Is all our furniture fit, against the morning?

To go for Milibus?

**Jesp.** Ready, and like your Grace.

**Vero.** We are given to understand, the injured Princeps,

Whom Count Loreto and noble Philippo

Are (unknown to one another) gone in search of,

Hath been seen there disguised at first inquisition

---

40

40. *The City-Night-Cap.*

Now the Duke himself shall cery many dates

Give our hopes a satisfaction.

---

**Enter Dorothea, Ladies, Francisco and Clown.**

**Jesp.** The Ladies, sir; Francisco keeps before sir; And Pandro keeps all well behind.

**Lad.** Yes, there's devout lechery between hawk and buzzard; but please ye for the Ladies: the Male attends your Grace.

**Vero.** Come Ladies sit: *Madama Dorothea.*

---

1650. unknown] D, B; 1661: unknown

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,

To go for Villain?

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

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 set the ladies; the mask attends your Grace.

Exit.


---

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 prepare us
For a conceited Mask, and himself it seems
Plays the prescriber.

Dor. Now he upon this vanity:
A profane Mask! Charity keep us, Ladies.
Vol. 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 shone as a cold night: but poor unfortunate fellow
He left her in the throng, and the poor soul
Came home so cruel'd next morning!
Vol. Last that was ill:
But women will be lost against their will.
Viro. Silence, the Masques enter.

Enter Lodovico, Clown and Masquer; a Stag, a Ram, a Bull, and a Goat.

Clown. Look to me, Master.
Lord. Do not shake, they'll think that out.—A Mask.

1663. vanity.] D3, D4: vanity!
1664. mask.] D3, D4: masque?
1668. throng.] D2, D3, D4: throng;
1671. will?] 1661, P, B: will.
1674. shake.] D4: shake:
Your ingenious Lord hath suddenly prepar'd us
For a conceited mask, and himself it seems
Playes the presenter.

Dor. How fie upon this vanity.

A profane mask! Chastity keep us, Ladies.

Ven. What, from a mask? whenceon 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 she, poor soul,
Came home so crush'd next morning!

Ven. 'Las that was ill.

But women will be lost against their will?

Vero. Silence, the masquers enter.

Enter Lodovico, Clown and masquers: a stag, a
rem, 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, 97/23).

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 yclap'd a City-Night-Cap.
Led. And conv——
Clown. And conveniently for to keep off scorns.
Considerately the cap is hedg'd with horns.
Led. We insinuate.
Clown. Speak a little louder.
Led. We insinuate.
Clown. We insinuate by this Stag and Ram so pritty,
With Goat and Bull, Court, Country, Camp and City.
Led. Cuckold.
Clown. Cuckold my Lord.
Led. 'Tis the first word of your next line. Clown.

The City-Night-Cap.

Clown. Oh——Cuckold begins with C. And is't not sport?
Then C. Begins with Country, Camp and Court;
But here's the line ligary of our Poet,
That one may wear this Night-Cap, and not know it.
Dor. Why should they make such an Asc as thee? good
your Grace, can a woman endure to see her loving husband wear
horns in his own house?
Vero. Pray Lady, 'tis but in jest.
Dor. In jest? 'tis for the jest sake, keep them 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------

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. 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 ass of thee? Good your Grace, can a woman indulge 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.
Clown. Now to our Masks name: but first, he is known a,
When I name a City, I only mean Verona.
Those two lines are excusatory, I perceive, for: I brought them in
because here are some of other Cities in the room, that might
snuff pepper else.

Prel. You have fairly taken that fear off; pray proceed,

Led. Your kindlest men.

Clown. Your kindlest 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? may at the time of rapping,
When you may take the watch at corners napping
Take it forsooth, it is a wondrous hap
If you find Master Constable without his cap:
So a City-Night-Cap; for whilst he doth come
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 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!

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

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 11. 253 and 1671 (Tilley, M723).

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, O616).
And frights abroad, his wife commits at home.

Veo. A Venetian-Constable.

Clown. A Constable of Venice; we will not meddle with your
City of Venice, sir.

Therefore 'tis fit the City, wish 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 land's center:
So that a City-Night-Cap, ours we call,
By a conclusion philosophical.

Heavy bodies tend to the 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, alas Cuckolds round.

Dew. Cuckolds round! and my sweet bird leads the dance!

Veo. Be patient, Madam, 'Tis but honest mirth:
From good construction pleasure findes full birth.  

*Deuces.*

---

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.


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 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.

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.

---

1713. frights] probably, is ridiculous, or frets. Demends 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, Cornucopias, 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).
Ver. 

Vero. Jezeba; till some wine.

Jeze. This here, Sir.

F. Vero.

42. The City-Night-Cap.

Ver. Count Lodovico!

Lod. Sir.

Ver. I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to produce

The performance of her penance.

Lod. I'll catch occasion by the lock, Sir,

Pers. 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 just as serving-men do glasses, by chance.

Ver. As I was drinking, I was thinking, trust me,

How fortunate our kind host was to meet

With so chaste a wife; trust me, good Count Lodowick,

Admit heaven had her,

Lod. Oh good your Grace, do not wound me.

Admit heaven had her! Was what should heaven do with her?

Pers. Your love makes you thus passionat; 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 interchangeably.

1746. her.] D4, B: her---

1747. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

me.] D4: me---

1749. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.
Jaspro, fill some wine.

'Tis here, sir.

Count Lodovico!

Sir.

[Vero. [To Lod.] I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to produce the performance of her penance.

Lod. [To Vero.] I'll catch occasion by the lock, sir.

Here, a health to all; it shall go round.

'Tis a general health, and leads the rest into the field.

Your honour breaks jests as serving-men do glasses, by chance.

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.

Admit heaven had her.

Oh, good your Grace, do not wound me.

Admit heaven had her! 'Las, what should heaven do with her?

Your love makes you thus passionate; but admit so.

Faith, what wife would you chuse?

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. (11. 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 with, 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 one till 'twere done.

A delicate memo, to put her in mind of her penance.

Dev. 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.

Lod. Of Francisco?

Dev. Nay, I have done with him.

Lod. Now your Grace shall see the devil out-done.

Vera. Pray let us hear your dream?

Dev. Bless me! I am even afraid 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, Francis!o.

Could the devil, sir, perform a penance nearer,
And save his credit better? on, chick, a dream is but a dream.

Dev. Me thought I pror'd with child, sweet heart.

Lod. I, birth?

Even. Pox of these dreams.

1757. S. D. J indicated only in D4.
1763. S. D. J not in 1661, D, 3.
1764. dream?] D: dream.
1770. S. D. J not in 1661, D, 3.
1771. S. D. J not in 1661, D, 3.
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,  
Nay, should do nought but dream on't, till 'twere done.


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.

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 ashamed to tell it; but 'tis no matter, chick,

A dream is a dream, and this it was.

He 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,

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 saus and wizards hang,

Having the child me thought upon my knee,

Who

The City-Night-Cap

Who should come thither as to play at foils,

But thou, sweet heart, and Francis?

Lod. Frank and I! does your Grace mark that?

Vera. I do, and wonder at her neat conveyance on't.

Dor. Ye had not play'd three verses, but me thought

He hot thee such a blow upon theforehead;

It forc'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'lt but now before the Duke, thinking thereby

To still the child; but being frighted with'c,

He cri'd the more.

Lod. He? Frank thou got't boys.

Franc. In dreams it seems, sir.

Dor. Whereat I cri'd, me thought, pointing to thee,

Away you naughty man, you are not this child's father.

Lod. Meaning the child Francis got.

Dor. The same, and then I wail'd and lift thee.

1780. II] 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
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?

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 swell'd so that thou couldst not see.

Lod. See, see!

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.

Lod. He? Frank, thou get'st 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.

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 11. 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.


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.
Enter Jaffro.

Jaff. Your servant tells me,
Count Lodovico, that one father Azzo,
A holy man, stays without to speak with you.
Lod. With me, or my Lady?
Jaff. Nay, with you, and about earnest business.
Lod. I'll go send him up, and he shall interpret my Ladies dream. Exit Jaffro.

Dor. Why husband, my Lord.

Ven. She changes colour.

Dor. He will not sure reveal confession.

Ven. We'll rise and to our lodgings: I think your Highness keeps better hours in Venice?

Fra. As all do, sir.

Ven. We many times make modest mirth, a necessity
To produce Ladies dreams.

Fra. How they shoot at us! I would were in Millaena!

These passages fry me.

Enter

The City-Night-Cap.

Enter Jaffro and Lodovico.

Jaff. Here's strange jugling come to light.
Enter Jaspro.

Jasp. Your servant tells me,
Count Lodovico, 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 Lady's dream. [To Jasp.] Pist. Jaspro.

Dor. Why husband, my Lord.
Ven. [Aside] She changes colour.
Dor. [Aside] 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. [Aside] How they shoot at us! Would I were in Willain. These passages frye me.

Enter Jaspro and Lodovico [disguised as Father Antony].

Jasp. Here's strange jugling come to light.

1804. Pist] MED records no examples after 1622.
1807. wormwood] a plant noted for its bitter taste.
Pero. Ha, jugling!

Jof. This Fryer hath confent unto Count Lodovick.

That his Lady here being abolv'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 disaffected, crying, Ware horses hu.

Der. Art mad? deny it yet, I am undone else.

Clown. Father Tony.

Led. I confess it, I deny it; any thing, I do every thing, I do nothing.

Pero. The Fryer's fallen Fratrick; and being mad,

Depraves a lady of so chuff a breast.

A bad thought never bred there.

Der. 'Tis my misfortune still to suffer, sir.

Led. Did you not see one flip out of a clog-bag 'th' fashion

Of a fitch of bacon, and run under the table amongst the hogs?

Pero. He's mad, he's mad.

Clown. I, sir, a tythe-pig was overlaid last night, and he speaks

nonsense all one day after.

Der. Shall I, sir, suffer this in mine own house too?

1819. Lodovico,] 1661. Lodovick. See note for 1. 1745.

1824. ho.] D3, D4: ho!

1825. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

eyet.] 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, jugling!

Jasp. This fryer hath confess unto Count Lodovico,

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 horns, ho."

Dor. [To Lod.] Art mad? Deny it yet, I am undone else.

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;  

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?

Ven. He's mad, he's mad.

Clown. I, I, a tythe-pig 'twas overlaid last night, and he speaks nonsence 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 protected, 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.

Pcr. Since Lady you and your man Frances
Are the two injur'd persons, here disrobe
This irregular son of his religious mother,
Expel him to the apparent birth of shame,
And tear those holy weeds off.

Fran. Now you my frankick brother,
Had you not been better fru'd your breath?

Den. And ye keep counsel for no better?
We'll safe 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,

Fran. See what 's to accafe when you're mad.

Den. I confess again to you now sir, this man did lie with me.

Clown. And I brought him to her chamber too: but come,
turn out here.

Den. Who's this?

Darn. 'Tis Count Lodowick.

The City-Right-Cup.

Lod. How dreams, sweet witch, do fell our true!

Clown. I was a dream'd, now I remember, I was whip through

Verst. Lod. I was your confessor:

Did not I enjoy your daften nice Ladinship

A dainty sentence?

Jaff. And she perform'd it as daintily, sir, we'll be sworn for

1840. out's eyes] B, D2, 3; 1661: out's his eyes   HS: out's Eyes
B3, D4: out his eyes

1841. man] B: man [there]


1848. S. D.] not in 1661, D, 3.

better?] D, B: better,

1850. his] D: the

1853. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

1855. S. D.] not in 1661, D, B.

Clown. I'd scratch out's eyes first.

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.

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.

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.

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 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

1851. surplis] surplice.
‘Dor. Oh good Sir, I crave your pardon!

Lord. And what say you, Francis?

Fran. You have run both Sir, vain 'tis to defend,

Craft. Far forth swift, but still fails in the end.

Lord. You brought him to his chamber, Francis.

Clown. Good my Lord, I was merely inveagled to't.

Lord, I have nothing to do with ye, I take no notice of ye, I have paid my part off to th' life, and your Grace promised to perform yours.

Veto. And publicly we will still raise their fame.

Who e'er knew private sin escape public shame?

You sir that do appear a gentleman,

You shall through Persia ride upon an Ass

With your face towards his back-parts, and in your hand his tail 'stead of a bridle.

Clown. 'Snails, upon and Ass! an 'thad been upon an horse it had been worthy gravity.

Veto. Peace, hirah!

After that, you shall be branded in the forehead,

And after brand'd: away with him!

Veto. Luft is still

1869. sir,] D: sir:
defend,] D2, D3, D4; defend; B: defend;
1873. ye,] D4: ye;
1879. passions,] B: passions;
1881. parts] B: part
1883. 'Snails,] D4: Snails!
an ass!] D1, D2, D3; 1661: and Asse! D4: an ass? B: an Ass!
an't had] B: 1661: an' th' ad KS; and it had D1: an th' ad D2, D3, D4: an't'ad.
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.

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.

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
With your face towards his back-parts, and in your hand his tail 'stead of a bridle.

Clown. 'Snailes, upon an ass! An 't had 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...
Like a midnight-meal, after our violent drinkings,
'Tis swallowed greedily; but the course being kept,
We are fitter when we wake then ere we slept.    Exit.

Clown. He must be branded, if the whore-maister be burnt;
what shall become of the procurer?
Vera. You madam; in that you have coined sanguinity,
To promise her the vows you never paid,
You shall unto the Monitor of Whores,
And spend your days in confinement: for we conceive it
Her greatest plague, who her days in lust hath past
And fold'd, against her will to be kept chaste.

Dor. Your doom is just; no sentence can be given.
Too hard for her plays fast and loose with heaven.
Led. I will boil thee, and bid fair weather after thee; but for
you, sirrah.——

Clown.

The City-Night-Cap.

Clown. Nay sir; 'tis true credo quod habeas & habeas mea;
believe I have a halter, and I have one.
Vera. You sirrah, we are puffed, were their panders.
Clown. I brought but flesh to flesh for, and your Grace does as
much when you bring your meat to your mouth.
Like a midnight-meal; after our violent drinkings,
'Tis swallowed greedily, but the course being kept,
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,
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
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.

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.
For s. You shall at a Cart seat shall be whipt
Through the City.

Clown, there's my dream out already; but since there is no
remedy but that whipping-cheer must close up my stomach,
I would request a near from your Grace, to the Carmen,
to interest him to drive apace; I shall never endure it
else.

Ver. I hope, Count Lodewick, we have satisfied ye.

Lod. To th' fall; and I think the Cuckold catch'd the
Cuckold-maker.

Ver. 'Twas a near penance; but oh! the art of woman in
the performance.

Lod. Phew sir, 'tis nothing, had she been in her great Graz-
ness place.

Had not the Devil first begun the sin,
And cheated her, she would have cheated him.

Ver. Let all to rest; and noble sir, I th' morning,
With a small private train, we are for Miltia.

Vice for a time may shine, and virtue light;
But truth like heaven's Sun plainly doth reveal,
Vero. You, sirrah, at a cart’s tail shall be whipt
Through the city.

Clown. There’s my dream out already; but since there is no remedy but that whipping-chair 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 endure it else.

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.

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, With a small private train, we are for Killain. Vice for a time may shine, and vertue sigh; But truth, like heaven’s sun, plainly doth reveal,

1909. cart’s tail] the hindermost part of a cart, to which offenders were tied to be whipped through the streets.

1912. whipping-chair] whipping chair.


And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

Finis Actus Quartus.

Enter Antonio and a Slave, one in the other habit.

Slave. * Bt faith, sir, what's your device in this; this change
infinites 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 prejudice nature

1933. slave, ] D3, D4: slave;
1933-1934. (then ... Palermo.) ] D2, D3, D4; 1661: (then a Turk, ... Palermo)
1943. suspicion, ] D2: suspicion; D3, D4: suspicion; B: suspicion;
And scourge or crown what darkness did conceal.

*Finis Actus Quartus.*

**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.

*Anto.* Shall I tell thee?

Thou art my slave, I took thee (then a Turk)

In the fight thou know'zt we made before *Palermo.*

Thou art not in stricter bondage unto me

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.

*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.
(Mistres of inclinations) sure intended,
To knit thee up so like me, for this purpose,
For shal be 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 sirrah, I am wondroufly taken
With a sweet face I saw yonder; thou knowest where.
Slave. At Venus Collège, the Court-handy-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 the best me
With such brave thunder off as if heaven had sent her,
The Artillery of Angels.
Slave. She was coy then.
Anto. Coy, man! she was honest; left coyness to court-Ladies:
She spake the language of the saints, me thought.

Holy

The City-Night-Cap.
Holy spectres 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 (1. 1976a). Later, at 11. 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---
(Mistris 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 [unobserved].

Anto. Th'art a mad villain.
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
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 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.
And clap their white wings at her well-plac'd words,
She piqued all to frame my intentions,
And so join'd it again, that all the tempest
Of blood can never move it.

Slave. Some rare Phoenix, what's her name?

Note. 'Tis mild, sweet, and wondrous aptly,

For she is Mistress of a hundred thousand holy heavenly

Chafly I love her now, and she must know it:

(though)

Such wondrous wealth is virtue, it makes the woman

Wears it about her worthy of a king;

Since kings can be but virtuous, farewell.

A crown is but the care of deceit'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 level'd at that white thing?

This shall to thy Duke your dad, sir; he can never talk with me,

But he twixt me still with, I took these at that sight

You made before Parlermo; I did command

Men as he did there, Turks and valiant men:

1968. Phoenix; B2, D3, D4: Phoenix

1980. Palermo; B; 1661: Palermo; 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,

And so joyn'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.

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;

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

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."


1975. A crown . . . life] perhaps referring to the proverb, "crowns have cares" (Tilley, 0863).

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 happen so;
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 nearest hand.

Enter Philip.

Phil. You and I must meet no more sir; there's your kick again.

Slave. Hold, hold, what mean you sir?

Phil. I have brought your kick back sir——

Slave. Hold man, I am not

Phil.

The City-Night-Cap.

Phil. Thou hast spoken true, thou art not——What art thou? But I am for Verona, Exit.
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 like wise 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 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.
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.

Phil. You and I must meet no more, sir; there's your kick again.  
Kicks him.  

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.  

1985  
1990  
1995  
2000  
2005
Slave, Mine own words catch me, 'tis I now understand,
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand.  Die.

Enter Lorenzo.

She lives not sure in Millain; report but were
Her usual habit, when she told in Verona;
She met Abstemia here: Oh Abstemia!
How lovely thou look'dst now? now thou appearest
Chast to then is the mornings modestile
That riles with a blush, over whose bosom
The Western wind creeps softly: Now I remember
How when the sun 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 the. Abstemia,
If thou not answer or appear to know;

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 1. 2045.
2008. Lor. ] 1661 fails to note speaker.
not sure] D4: not, sure,
Millain: ] D4: Milan
2010. Abstemial ] 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 neerest 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!
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
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. I now] i.e., I who now.

2008-2009. report . . . usual habit] "Report is a liar" is a common proverb (Tilley, F4). (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 witness of my blood.  \( \text{exit.} \)

\textit{Enter the Duke of Milan, Sebastian, Sancho,}
\textit{and the Lord.}

\textit{Mil.} Followed you him thus far?
\textit{Lord.} Indeed, sir:
The slave he loves left him, here they parted.
\textit{Mil.} Certain he has some private haunt this way.
\textit{Seb.} Ha—private indeed, sir: Oh behold and see
Where he lies full of wounds!
\textit{Lord.} My Lord,
\textit{Mil.} My son, Antonio! who hath done this deed?
\textit{Sancho.} My Lord Antonio!
\textit{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
Into the lodge: Oh, what hand hath hit
That funlike face, behind a crimson cloud!
Life all means possible for life: but I fear
Charity will arrive too late. To horse,
\textit{G a} 
\textit{Disperse!}

\textit{The City-Night-Cap.}

\textit{Disperse through the wood, run, ride, make way,
The Sun in Milan is eclipsed this day.}
\textit{Exit.}

2029. him;] D2, D3, D4: 1661, D1, B: him;
2031. Ha——] D2, D3: Hal—— D4: Ha!
2033. Lord.]] B: Lord!
2036. gone;] D2, D3, D4: gone!
yet;] D4: yet?
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,
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.
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!

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.

Omn. To horse, and raise more pursuit.

Exeunt.
Enter Lorenzo, with his sword drawn.

Lor, Alcmena! 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 pass'd 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 all the conquer'd: since she is lost, then,
My friendly sword find thou my heart, within. Follow, follow.

Enter Millian, Sanchio, Sebastiano.

Mill. This way, what's he? lay hands on him.
Sanch. 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 dissimul'd ignorance speaks him the man.
Sanch. Of the Duke's son, the Prince Accurs, sir; 'twas your hand that kill'd him.
Lor. Your Lordship lyes, it was my sword.
Mill. Out slave!
Ravens shall feed upon thee: Speak, what cause

2051. endeavours,] 1661, D, B: endeavours:
2053. upon,] 1661, B: upon, D: upon'it.
lost,] 1661, Dl, B: lost; D2, D3, D4: lost!
2056. follow,] D4, B: follow!
2057. way,] 1661, Dl, D2, D3: way, D4: way. B: way:
2059. beset,] D4; 1661, Dl, 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
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,
My friendly sword finde thou my heart. Within, [shouts]. Follow, follow.

Enter Millain, Sanchio, Sebastiano.

Kill. 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.
Kill. Speak, villain, art thou the bloody murderer?
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.
Kill. Out slave!

Ravens shall feast upon thee. Speak, what cause

2067. [Ravens shall feast upon thee] Cf. King John and Katilda, V, ii (3, p. 79): "And every haven that should feast upon't [a body] . . . ."
Hadst thou with one unhappy wound, to cloud
That Star of Milles?  
Lor. 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.
Ow! 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?

The City-Night-Cap.

Enter Antonio and Abstemia.

Mil. Good Sir, the Prince makes known his wisdom,
To make you speak in his cause.
Ant. No, know, Milites
I have fair 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 flipp'd through his trembling lips,
Hadst thou with one unhappy wound, to cloud
That star of Millain?

Lor. 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.

Omn. Blood-thirsty villain!

Klll. 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.

[SCENE III]

Enter Antonio [disguised as the slave] and Abstemia.

Abst. Good sir, the Prince makes known his wisdom,
To make you speaker in his cause.

Anto. Me? Know, mistris,
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;
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 paleness straight perfest him.

_Ant_. Fie, fie.

_Ant_. Go says he to this something more then woman,
(And he look'd as if by something he meant faint)
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 Antono.: Oh will you lie
A fortune which great Ladies would pursure
Upon their knees with prayers?

_Ant_. No, Lorenzo;
Had law to this new love made no denial,
A chaste wives truth shines through the greatest tryal.

_Enter Morbo._

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 possest 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)

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 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?

**Abst.** [Aside] No, Lorenzo.

Had law to this new love made, no denial,

A chaste wife's truth shines through the greatest tryal.

Enter **Morbo.**

**Mor.** How now, what makes you i' th' wood here? Where's my old lady?

**Abst.** I know not.

**Mor.** All the countrie's in an uprore yonder, the Prince **Antonio's**

**Ambo.** How?

**Mor.** Nay, no man can tell how; but the murderer with's sword in's

**Anto.** Is he of Millain?

**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?
Mor. Lorenz 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, thus: I am afraid I shall be f’d to death with torches, and my Lady starv’d between two dikes.

Ant. Why hast this thus amazed you, Mistress?

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The City-Night-Cap.

Abst. Oh leave me: leave me, I am all distraction. Struck to the soul with sorrow,

Enter Mollain, 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: hear, how thou leap’t! ‘O ye deluded, And full of false rash judgement! why do ye lead Innocence like a sacrifice to slaughter?
Get garlands rather, let palm and laurel round Those temples, where such wedlock-truth is found.
Lor. Ha!

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, Dl: 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 afraid I shall be sing'd to death with torches, and my Lady stew'd between two dishes. 

[Exit.]

Anto. Why hath this thus amaz'd you, mistris?

Abst. Oh leave me, leave me, I am all distraction, Struck to the soul with sorrow.

Enter Villain, Lords and Lorenzo guarded.

Anto. [Aside] See where they come.

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?

Get garlands rather, let palm and laurel round Those temples, where such wedlock-truth is found.

Lor. Ha?

Omn. Wedlock!

Abst. Oh Lorenzo! Thou hast suffer'd bravely, And wondrous far. Look on me, here I come,
Hurried by conscience to confess the deed:
Thy innocent blood will be too great a burden
Upon the judges soul.

Lo! Abstemia?

Abstemia. Look, look how he will blind ye; by and by he'll tell
We saw not one another many a day,
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 refusing,
Where you found him dead, he met me, and the place
Presenting opportunity, he would there
Have for'd me to his will; but prizing honesty
Far above prefer'd honour, with my knife
In my refusals most unfortunately
I struck him in the eye; he fell, was found,
The purfue 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
His touch 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: flatter'ing
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?

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
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
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,

2151ff. He, excellent . . . ] This story has not been traced to any source.
He swears to land, will languish and there die;
Such is his love to me; for purp'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;

The City-Dweller.

Fear forc'd my acceptance then, but confidence
Hath brought me back to preserve innocence.
Sub. The circumstances produce probability.
Lor. By truth her self, the flanders out; the and I
Have not met these many months; Oh my Abstenda!
Thou wouldst be now too excellent.
Auto. These are strange turns,
Still. Let not love finance justice; speak on thy soul,
Was it her hand, that slew the Prince?
Lor. Not, on my life,
'Tis I have deferv'd death.
Abst. Love makes him desperate,
Confidence 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;
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. B.] 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.
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 Absentia!
Thou wouldst be now too excellent.

Auto. [Aside] These are strange turns.

Hill. 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.

Live 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.

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 devils' trick to save me?
Sanct. There may be juggling for in this, it may be
They have both hands in the deed, and one in love
Would fall for't.

Enter a Lord.

Mill. What news?
Lord. The Dukes of Venice and Verona
With some small train of gentlemen are privately
This hour come to the Court.
Mill. Bear them to prison,
Until we have given such entertainment, sorrow
Will give us leave to show a until that time
That satisfaction of my lost son's life
Must hover 'twixt a husband and a wife.

Enter Antonio.

Anto. How strangely chance to day runs! the slave kill'd
In my apparel, and this fellow taken for't.
That to my knowledge I ne'er saw, the loves him
Pitiful expression dearly: I have a trick
In that to infinitely dear! the loves him,
Has seen'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, when she in love devis'd this trick to save me?

Sanch. There may be jugling, 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 news's?

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 show. 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, 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
This wondrous love of woman to such a nonplus.

Enter Philippe, putting on a disguise, lays down a pistol.

Phil. Misery of ignorance!
It was the Prince Antonio I have slain;
And, Ha! the clew of all this error is unravelled:
This is the valiant gentleman so threaten'd me;
He met the snake doublet 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.

Phil. It seems some other had laid the plot to kill him;
This paper I found with him, speaks as much,
And tend to the intended murderer.
Happen'd it seems to his hands: it concurs;
For they say, there is one taken for the fast,
And will done the courtesy 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.
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)
concur,] 1661, D, B: concurs.
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.

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.

Anto. [Aside] Ha! The clow 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 do me the courtesie to be hang'd for me.

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.

Act 1, Scene 1, Lines 225-229

Goose, there's a fox in your way.

Phil. Betray'd!

Act 1, Scene 1, Lines 230-232

Betray'd! Come, I have other business afoot; I have no time to discover 'em now, sir; see, I can enforce 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. There's a mad knave, are serious?

Act 1, Scene 1, Lines 233-235

Phil. V'tart a mad knave, art ferious?

Act 1, Scene 1, Lines 236-238

Phil. Whatere thou art, thy bluntnes begets belief go on,
I shall thee.

Act 1, Scene 1, Lines 239-241

Phil. 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.

Act 1, Scene 1, Lines 242-245

Act 1, Scene 1, Lines 246-249

The City-Night-Cap.

they thrive the evens that drunkards pay to the poor; pray keep fair distance, and take no great strides.

End.
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, than 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.** Whaterse thou art, thy bluntness begets belief. Go on, I trust thee.

**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.

**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. Fray, keep fair distance, and take no great strides. \textit{Exeunt.}

---

2225. garden-houses] often considered a place of intrigue, as in \textit{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 Abjemia, as in prison.

Lor. Can then Abjemia forgive Lorenzo?  
Abj. Yes, if Lorenzo can but love Abjemia.  
She can thus hang upon his neck, and call  
This pillow 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 comly  
As is the well-spread Cedar, the fair fruit,  
Rift by the sun so daily, that it wears  
The lovely blush of maidens, scarce but to mock  
Thy fouls integrity; here let me fall,  
And with pleading sighs beg pardon,  

Enter Antonio.  

Abj. Sir, it meets you.  
Like a glad pilgrim, whose desiring eye,  
Longs for the long-willed 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 both friends to us) our own swift motion  
Makes us believe that 'tis other nimble rowes.
[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.

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,
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,
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 nimbler rows,
Swift virtue thinks small goodnights lastest goes,

Lor. Sorrow hath bravely sweeted thee: what art you?

Ant. A displeasent black cloud: though I appear dismal,

I am wondrous fruitful: what cause forevcr

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 virtue, I did accuse

My innocence to rid me of a life

Looks uglier then death, upon an injury

I had done this virtuous wife

Alas, And I accus'd

H

My innocence to save the belov'd life

Of my most noble husband.

Ant. Why then? now would grieve you,

Death should unkindly part you,

Lor. Oh but that, sir,

We have so few: now to part from her,

(Since heaven hath now married, and new made us)

I had rather leap into a den of Lyons,

Snatch from a hungry hear her bleeding prey,

I would attempt desperat impollibilities

With hope, rather then now to leave her.

Ant. This makes for me

Alas. And rather then leave you, sir, 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:

2273. 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 displeasant 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 Look'd uglier than death, upon an injury I had done this vertuous wife.

_Abst._ And I accus'd 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, 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 than now to leave her.

_Anto._ [Aside] This makes for me.

_Abst._ And rather than leave you, sir, I would eat

2265. _displeasent_] unpleasant.
Not coles with Poria, or attempt a terror,
Nature would shriek-like shrink her head in it;
And tremble but to think on,

Ant. Better and better!

If you so love him, what can you confess?
The greatest kindness can express that love.

Abf. To save his life, since there is no hope.

Seeing he so strongly has confess the murder,
We shall meet the happiness to dye together.

Ant. Fire casts the bravest 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 accused for.

Abf. Hark there, Lorenzo.

Lor. Will you not let him go, sir?

Ant. That's in suspense but mistrue, you did say
You durst eat coals with Poria, to redeem
The infinitely loved life of your husband.
Hot coals with Portia, or attempt a terror
Nature would snail-like shrink her head in at,
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,
Seeing he so strongly has confess 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,
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. Mark there, Lorenzo.

Lor. 'Hill you not let him go, sir?

Anto. That's in suspense; but, mistris, you did say
You durst eat coals with Portia, to redeem
The infinitely loved life of your husband.

". . . she [Abstemia] will eate coales with Portia before she prove unchaste . . ." And (p. 198): "My 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,
Alfi. And still strongly protest it.

Lar. Oh my Delilah!

Aunc. You shall redeem him at an easier rate:
I have the murderer was set in hold:—

Lar. And we are blest in your discovery of him.

Aunc. If you will give consent that I shall kill
That fence-breaking pleasure so familiar
Into your happy husband:

Alfi. Now?

Aunc. Pray hear me:

Then I will give this fellow up to thy law:
If you deny, horses stand ready for us,
A back for transportation, where we will live.

Till law by death hath sever'd ye,

Lar. But we will call for present witness:

Aunc. Look ye—

Experience'd navigators still are fitted,
For every weather; 'tis almost past call
To reach the nautical sea: yet offer it,
I part ye presently for ever.

Consider it;
The enjoying him thou so entirely lov'd
All thy life after, that when miscopy'd time
Hath crown'd your heads with honour, you may fit
And tell delightful stories of your loves:
And when ye come to that poor minutes scape
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 sense-bereaving pleasure so familiar

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,

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. 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'est

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

2334. scape sin.
Crowns my desire, ye may let that slip by,
Like water that never the meets Miller’s eye.
Compare but this, to thy loth-forgetten pleasure,
Of a pair of wealthy minutes; the thirstiest Lapidaries
Knows the most curious jewel takes no harm,
For one day’s wearing could you see (did your eye
Not see it wore) your wife having lent your cloak,
(If secretly return’d and folded up)
Could you conceive, when you next look’d upon,
It had nearly furnish’d out a poor friend’s want?
Be charitable, and think on’t.

Lor. Doth hear, Absalom?

Oh shall we part for ever, when a price
So poor might be our freedom?

Abs. 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
Catching at thy word, thou giv’st it back at him’d.
Crows my desire, ye may let that slip by,
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 daie's wearing. Could you, sir, (did your eye
Not see it worn) 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.

Lor. Dost hear, Abstemia?

Oh, shall we part for ever, when a price
So poor might be our freedome?

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

---

2335-2336. ye may . . . millers 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, 499).

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 base profiter.

**Abst.** Could you live,
And know your self a cuckold?

**Ant.** What a question's that?

Many men cannot live without the knowledge;

How can ye tell,
Whether the sense thus to respect your honour;

But to stay till the law has choose'd ye it may be then,
She will do't, with left treachery.

**Lor.** I there, there 'tis.

**Abst.** 'Tis your old art 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.** You

---

**The City-Night-Cap.**

You would juggle me to death, you would perfuse me
1 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?

**Ant.** That was but a proffer, that dying you might idolize

her love;

'Twould have put her off the better.

**Lor.** Oh you have huddled

A golden Palace, scred with Palm and Roses,
To let me bleed to death in! How sweetly

You would have left me! **Abst.** You have learnt,

---

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.

    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.

    Lor. I, there, there 'tis.

    Abst. 'Tis your old fit of jealouse, so judges.

A foul devil talks within him.

    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.

    Abst. Why, then, would I have dy'd 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
The cunning Fowlers art, who pleasantly
Whistles the bird into the share: good heaven!:
How you had blew'd the incense, top o' th' cup
With Arabian Spices! but you had laid at th' bottom
\textit{Sphagnum Acutum}: you are love's hypocrite:
A rotten fitch in th' nights darkness born,
And a fair Poppie in a field of corn.
\textit{Ah!} Oh sir! I hear me———
\textit{Lr.} Away, I will no more
Look pearl in mud: Oh sir; 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?
\textit{Ah!} No sir, I dare not; there is little pain in death,
But a great death in very little pleasures.

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.

Abst. Oh sir! hear me-----

Lor. Away, I will no more

Look pearl in mud. Oh sly hypocrite!

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?

Abst. No sir, I dare not; there is little pain in death,

But a great death in very little pleasure.

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
poppys 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, C1497).

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 thee; bear your death with honour,
Then buy your life with benefits: as I am exposed,
To the greatest battery beauty ever fought,
Oh blam 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 furious face;
Try me no more then, but if you must bleed, boast.
To preserve honour, life is nobly lost.

For thou wealth worth more then kingdoms, I am now confirm'd,
Past all suspicion, thou 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 favour of their spices, want
The delight flowers in thee: look here, look here,
Oh man of wide desires; we will die the Martyrs.

The City-Night-Cap,
Of Marriage, and famed of the loose distiles
With which they flab sweeter modesty, and ingender
Desires in the hot room; thy noble flute
Shall lawrel-like crown his head ears with glory.
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
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.

   Lor. Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms, I am now confirm'd
Past all suspition; 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
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
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 . . . ."
Act. Murder, murder, murder!

Enter the three Dukes with Lords.

Mil. Ha, who cries murder?

Phil. As y'are a gentleman, now be true to me.

Mil. Sir.

Perc. Sister?

Perc. My shame, are thou there?

Perc. Oh sister, can it be

A P. Because I have found them both slain?

They would have strooked me,

Anto. No; no, no, hear me, 'twas I cry'd murder:
Because I have found them both slain with the deed,
They would have strooked me.

Lor. Hear us, by all.

Mil. Upon your lives be silent; speak on, sir:

Had they both hands in our foes blood?

Anto. Two hands apiece, sir:

I have stifled 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.

Mil. Silence.

Anto. He came first to this woman, and truth's truth,
He would have lain with her.

Mil. Her own confession.

Anto. Nay good your Grace.

Mil. We are silent.

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2418. S. D. J not in 1661, D, B.

2418a. [and Philippo] 1661, D, B, fail to indicate that Philippo enters at this point, and speaks at 1. 2421.

2419. Ha, J D: Hal

2420. Sir. J D, B: Sir!

2421. Sister? J D: Sister!

2422. shame, J D: shame!

2423. me, J D: me; D2, D3, D4: me:

2424. us, J D: us;

all, J D, B: 1661: all.

2425. silent; J D: silent; D2, D3, D4: silent.

2426. it, J D: it;

2427. audience, J D: audience;


2429. truth's truth, J 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.
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?
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——
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,
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.
ZUr5

—  ' "Anto. Coming to seife upon her, with the first blow She struck his base intent so brace a buffer; That there in bled to death: she laid his horse Would teach him better manners: there he dy'd once. 

Vito. What does this fellow talk? 

Ablf. I understand him. 

Anto. He met her next the wood, where he was found dead: Then he came nobler up to her, and told her Marriage was his intent; but she as nobly, 

(Telike to let him know she was married) Told him in an intelligible denial, 

A challenge with sword from yon through the greatest trial: There the Prince dy'd again. 

Go. 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 her fairly then the flew him? You would have five applauses from your eyes: Oh she came up so bravely to that Prince, Her potent Lufts (for the flew no Prince else) With such a valiant discipline did destroy'd That deboath'd Prince, But Defer; and thin by him So bravely too forc'd off, that (to conclude) Betwixt them they this wonder did conceive, They kill'd the Prince, but kept your son alive. 

2456. Lor. 1661, D, B; Lod. Lodovico is present, speaking at 11. 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.

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.

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. 

______________________________

2443. seise] seize.
2464. debosh'd] debauched.
Mfl. Antonio?

Oml. The Prince.

Viv. Come home my sifter to my heart.

Viv. And now Lercio is again my belov'd kindman.

Anto. Oh sir, here dwells virtue epitomiz'd,

Even to an abstract, and yet that so large;

Twill swell a book in folio.

Led. She dwells beyond my wife then?

A pocket-book bound in Venite State

Will hold her verses, and as much spare paper left

As will furnish five Tobacco-flaps.

Mfl. But here's the wonder, who is it was slain

In your apparel?

Phil. I will give them all the slip.

Anto. Here's a gentleman of Ferrara—

Phil. As you are noble.

Anto. That faw them fight: it was the Slave was slain, sir,

I took before Palermo; he think'd I'm him,

Took him but for a gentleman his equal;

And as this eye-witness 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 had fell gentlemain,

Little thought he had slain any thing like the Prince.
MILL. Antonio?

Omn. The Prince.

VEN. Come home, my sister, to my heart.

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.

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?

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,

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,

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,

Thad. Then he kill'd him fairly.

Phil. Upon my life, my Lord.

Ven. 'Twas but hard but his merit then: who dies,
And finds his death, seldom were others ever.

Ass't. Let this persuade you, I believe you noble,
I have hope my word with you,

Phil. You have spoke, my master.

The City-Night-Gap.

In this brave exerise of honour: but let me
In mine own person thank you,

Owen. Philippa!

Phil. Unwittingly I did an ill (as 't happen'd)
To a good end: that have 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 clothes, my heart at you,

Viro. An accident more strange hath follow'd happen'd,
Lor. Philippa, my best, my best friend, both fame and love
Here let me lay thee now for ever.

Adef. Heaven

Hath now plain'd all our rough woes smooth and even.

Milk. At Court, large relation in approv'd 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, C, 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.

Phil. Upon my life, my Lord.

Ven. 'Tother had but his merit then; who dyes,
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-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.

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

Mall. At court, large relation in apt form
Shall tender past proceedings; but to distinguish

2518. tender] present for approval and acceptance.
(Excellent Lady) your unparallel'd praises
From those but few, let this serve : bad women,
Are natures clouds eclipsing her fair shine ;
The good, all gracious, saint-like and divine.

FINISH.

There is lately Printed an excellent Comedy, enti-
tuled, The Old Couple: By Thomas May Esquire.
Alfo another called, Love will finde out the Way: By
T. B.

Both these, with variety of other Playes, are to be
fold by Samuel Speed, at the Printing Preif in St.-
Pauls Church-Yard. 1661.
(Excellent Lady) your unparallel'd praises
From those but seem, let this serve: bad women
Are nature's clouds, eclipsing her fair shine;
The good, all gracious, saint-like and divine.

FINIS.
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