

The Works of Aphra Behn

The Plays 1678-1682

Edited by
Janet Todd



THE PICKERING MASTERS

THE WORKS OF
APHRA BEHN

Volume 6. The Plays, 1678–1682



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VOLUME
6

THE PLAYS
1678–1682



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Sir Patient Fancy:
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Duke's Theatre.

Written by *Mrs. A. BEHN*, the Authour
of the *ROVER*.

Licenced Jan. 28. 1678. *ROGER L'ESTRANGE*.

L O N D O N,
Printed by *E. Fleſher* for *Richard Tonſon*, within
Grays-Inn-gate in *Grays-Inn-lane*, and *Jacob*
Tonſon, at the *Judge's Head* in
Chancery-lane. 1678.



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SIR PATIENT FANCY

Sir Patient Fancy: A Comedy, Behn's first overtly political play, was performed in Dorset Garden on 17 January 1678. The name, Sir Patient Fancy, may have owed something to that of Sir Patience Ward, a substantial City merchant. His fame as the lord mayor responsible for inscribing Catholic blame on the Monument to the Fire of London lay in the future, but he had already been a sheriff and he was known as a fierce Protestant.

In *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, Gerard Langbaine noted that *Sir Patient Fancy* was based loosely on Molière's last play, *Le Malade imaginaire*, which had been staged in Paris in 1673 and printed in 1675. Behn claims that a 'Gentleman' had given her a translation, possibly Edward Ravenscroft, who had plundered Molière for his own farces, including *The Citizen Turned Gentleman* in 1673, or the Catholic actor Matthew Medburne, who had played in *The Rover* and *Abdelazer* and translated Molière's more serious play, *Tartuffe*, into English in 1670.

Behn asserted that she 'had but a bare hint' from *Le Malade imaginaire*. This is not the case and, as John Wilcox remarked in *The Relation of Molière to Restoration Comedy* (New York, 1938), *Sir Patient Fancy* is 'a very interesting example of the manufacture of an amusing, thoroughly British farce from one of Molière's great comedies of character' (p. 146). In addition, there are echoes of other Molière plays: the amorous and pretentious Lady Knowell has some relation to the deluded Belise and the pedantic Philaminte of *Les Femmes savantes* (1672), while the medical consultation of Sir Patient Fancy faintly resembles the consultation in *L'Amour médecin* (1665).

Le Malade imaginaire, a mixture of drama, dancing and music, concerns the bourgeois hypochondriac, Argan, and his young hypocritical wife, Beline. Argan tries to force his daughter, Angélique, to marry the foolish and pedantic Diafoirus although she is in love with Cléante, while Beline, who is after Argan's money, wants to push Angélique in to a convent. Argan is persuaded to pretend death to test his wife's love and thereby discovers her falseness and his daughter's fidelity. In *Sir Patient Fancy* Argan becomes the dissenting citizen, Sir Patient Fancy, and Beline becomes Lady Fancy. Angélique becomes Behn's Isabella, Cléante Lodwick Knowell, and the blockhead Diafoirus Sir Credulous Easy, another English rustic knight in the line of Blunt from *The Rover*.

Behn makes Louison into the seven-year-old Fanny, a juvenile go-between.

The differences between Behn and Molière are, however, as striking as the resemblances, and *Le Malade imaginaire* can not really be regarded as the original of *Sir Patient Fancy*. Behn adds a second pair of lovers to complicate sexual intrigue and, as with *The Rover*, she emphasises the scheming of women; the play opens with them in conversation, where Molière begins his play proper with a long soliloquy from Argan. He concludes *Le Malade imaginaire* by burlesquing medicine in a ballet ritual in which Argan becomes his own doctor and the end remains inconclusive; Behn, however, provides a sardonic reversal, in which Sir Patient forgives his vicious wife and turns 'Spark'.

Sir Patient Fancy had a strong cast. The comic duo of Anthony Leigh and James Nokes played the two old City knights; Betterton acted the hero, Wittmore, and Betty Curren made her Behn début as Lady Fancy, if her possible performance in *The Town-Fopp* is discounted. The prologue, spoken by Betterton, was supplied by a friend, perhaps Ravenscroft or Otway or, given the ironic reference to Pope Joan – 'Defend us from a Poet Joan again!' – possibly Henry Nevil Payne, who took any opportunity to mock obsessive anti-popery. Thomas Farmer, one of the King's violinists and a prolific composer of music for songs by Ravenscroft, Otway, Lee and Dryden, provided the music. The play was successful on the stage, but some attacked it for plagiarism and others, including a number of 'Ladies', disapproved its bawdiness.

The text of the play was brought out by Jacob and Richard Tonson, the first time Behn had used these subsequently famous publishers. The printing was rushed and the result was a remarkably flawed production with compositorial mistakes on every page. Scenes appeared wrongly numbered, characters sported alternative names, and many were omitted from the *dramatis personae*. Some of the haste may have been due to Behn, who was eager to get her play before the public, so that she could give herself the opportunity of a written defence of her work against charges both of plagiarism and bawdiness. Her defence occurs in a hasty address entitled 'To the Reader', in which she minimised her debt to Molière and blamed the imputation of bawdiness on prejudice against her as a woman.

The 1678 quarto of *Sir Patient Fancy* contains a few possible traces of the prompt copy related to the Duke's Company production at Dorset Garden (see BL 643 h 9 (4)). Although there are the usual detailed stage directions in the text, there are also further instructions about properties such as chairs and tables, separated from the regular stage directions. For example, at the beginning of the scene in Act IV when Lady Fancy and Wittmore are in her bed chamber, the characters are described as 'in disorder'; the directions are then followed by the demand 'A Table, Sword, and Hat'.

Sir Patient Fancy: A Comedy

TO THE READER.

I Printed this Play with all the impatient haste one ought to do, who would be vindicated from the most unjust and silly aspersion, Woman could invent to cast on Woman; and which only my being a Woman has procured me; *That it was Baudy*, the least and most Excusable fault in the Men writers, to whose Plays they all crowd, as if they came to no other end than to hear what they condemn in this; *but from a Woman it was unnaturall*: but how so Cruell an unkindness came into their imaginations I can by no means guess; unless by those whose Lovers by long absence, or those whom Age or Ugliness have rendered a little distant from those things they would fain imagin here — But if such as these durst profane their Chast ears with hearing it over again, or taking it into their serious Consideration in their Cabinets; they would find nothing that the most innocent Virgins can have cause to blush at: but confess with me that no Play either Ancient or Modern has less of that Bug-bear Bawdry in it. Others to show their breeding (as *Bays* sayes,) cryed it was made out of at least four *French* Plays, when I had but a very bare hint from one, the *Malad Imagenere*, which was given me translated by a Gentleman infinitely to advantage: but how much of the *French* is in this, I leave to those who indeed understand it and have seen it at the Court. The Play had no other Misfortune but that of coming out for a Womans: had it been owned by a Man, though the most Dull Unthinking Rascally Scribler in Town, it had been a most admirable Play. Nor does its loss of Fame with the Ladies do it much hurt, though they ought to have had good Nature and justice enough to have attributed all its faults to the Authours unhappiness, who is forced to write for Bread and not ashamed to owne it, and consequently ought to write to please (if she can) an Age which has given severall proofs it was by this way of writing to be obliged, though it is a way too cheap for men of wit to pursue, who write for Glory, and a way which even I despise as much below me.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SIR PATIENT FANCY	An old Rich Alderman, and one that fancies himself always Sick.	Mr. <i>Anthony Leigh</i> .
LEANDER FANCY	His Nephew, in Love with <i>Lucretia</i> .	Mr. <i>Crosby</i> .
WITTMORE	Gallant to the Lady <i>Fancy</i> , a wild young Fellow of a small Fortune.	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
LODWICK KNOWELL	Son to the Lady <i>Knowell</i> , in Love with <i>Isabella</i> .	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
SIR CREDULOUS EASY	A Foolish <i>Devon-shire</i> Knight, design'd to Marry <i>Lucretia</i> .	Mr. <i>Nokes</i> .
CURRY	His Groom.	Mr. <i>Richards</i> .
ROGER	Footman to the Lady <i>Fancy</i> .	
[BARTHOLOMEW]		
[ABEL	Clerk to Sir <i>Patient</i> .]	
Five Doctors	[Turboon, Fat Doctor, Amsterdam, Leyden, Brunswick.]	
Six Servants	to Sir <i>Patient</i> .	
Ballad Singers and Serenaders.		
Page	to Lady <i>Knowell</i> .	
[Two Porters.]		
[Guests.]		
THE LADY FANCY	Young Wife to Sir <i>Patient</i> .	Mrs. <i>Corrar</i> .
THE LADY KNOWELL	An Affected Learned Woman, Mother to <i>Lodwick</i> and <i>Lucretia</i> .	Mrs. <i>Gwin</i> .
LUCRETIA	Daughter to the Lady <i>Knowell</i> .	Mrs. <i>Price</i> .
ISABELLA	Daughter to Sir <i>Patient Fancy</i> .	Mrs. <i>Betterton</i> .
FANNY	A Child of 7 years old, Daughter to Sir <i>Patient Fancy</i> .	
MAUNDY	The Lady <i>Fancy</i> 's Woman.	Mrs. <i>Gibbs</i> .
BETTY	Waiting-woman to <i>Isabella</i> .	
[ANTIC	Nurse]	

SCENE

LONDON, in two Houses.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by M^r. BETTERTON.

*We write not Now as th' Ancient Poets writ,
For your Applause of Nature, Sense and Wit;
But, like good Tradesmen, what's in fashion vent,
And Cozen you, to give ye all Content.
True Comedy, writ even in Dryden's style,* 5
*Will hardly raise your Humours to a smile:
Long did his Sovereign Muse the Scepter sway,
And long with joy you did true Homage pay;
But now, like happy States luxurious grown,
The Monarch Wit unjustly you dethrone,* 10
*And a Tyrannick Commonwealth prefer,
Where each small Wit starts up and claims his share;
And all those Lawrels are in pieces torn,
Which did ere while one sacred Head adorn.
Nay, even the Women, now, pretend to reign,* 15
*Defend us from a Poet Joan again:
That Congregation's in a hopefull way
To Heaven, where the Lay-sisters Preach and Pray.
Oh the great blessing of a little wit,
I've seen an elevated Poet sit* 20
*And her the Audience laugh and clap, yet say,
Gad after all 'tis a damn'd silly Play:
He unconcern'd, crys onely —is it so?
No matter these unwitty things will doe,
When your fine fustian useless Eloquence* 25
*Serves but to chime asleep a drowsie Audience.
Who at the vast Expence of wit would treat,
That might so cheaply please the Appetite?
Such homely fare you're like to find to night,
Our Author* 30
*Knows better how to juggle than to write:
Alas! a Poet's good for nothing now,
Unless he have the knack of conjuring too;
For 'tis beyond all natural sense to guess
How their strange Miracles are brought to pass.* 35
*Your Presto Jack be gone, and come again,
With all the Pocus Art of Legerdemain,
Your dancing Tester, Nut-meg and your Cups,*

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40 *Out-does your Heroes and your Amorous fops.
And if this chance to please you, by that rule,
He that writes Wit is much the greater Fool.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Roome.

Enter LUCRETIA with ISABELLA

ISABELLA 'Tis much I owe to fortune, my dear *Lucretia*, for being so kind to make us Neighbours, where with ease we may continually exchange our Souls and thoughts without the attendance of a Coach, and those other little Formalities that make a business of a visit, it looks so like a Journey, I hate it.

5

LUCRETIA Attendance is that Curse to Greatness that confines the Soul, and spoils good Humour, we are free whilst thus alone, and can laugh at the abominable Fopperies of this Town.

ISABELLA And lament the numberless impertinences wherewith they continually plague all young Women of Quality.

10

LUCRETIA Yet these are the pretious things our grave Parents still chuse out to make us happy with, and all for a filthy Jointure, the undeniable argument for our slavery to Fools.

ISABELLA Custom is unkind to our Sex, not to allow us free choice, but we above all Creatures must be forced to endure the formal recommendations of a Parent; and the more insupportable Addresses of an Odious Foppe, whilst the Obedient Daughter stands — thus — with her Hands pinn'd before her, a set look, few words, and a mein that cries— come marry me; out upon't.

15

LUCRETIA I perceive then what-ever your Father designs, you are resolv'd to love your own way.

20

ISABELLA Thou maist lay thy Maiden-head upon't, and be sure of the misfortune to win.

LUCRETIA My Brother *Lodwick*'s like to be a happy man then.

ISABELLA Faith, my dear *Lodwick* or no body in my heart, and I hope thou art as well resolv'd for my Cozen *Leander*.

25

LUCRETIA Here's my hand upon't I am, yet there's something sticks upon my Stomack, which you must know.

ISABELLA Spare the Relation, for I have observ'd of late your Mother to have order'd her Eyes with some softness, her mouth endeavouring to sweeten it self into smiles and dimples, as if she meant to recall Fifteen again and give it all to *Leander*, for at him she throws her Darts.

30

LUCRETIA Is't possible thou shou'dst have perceiv'd it already?

ISABELLA Long since.

LUCRETIA And, now I begin to love him, 'twou'd vex me to see my Mother Marry him, —well I shall never call him Father.

35

ISABELLA He'l take care to give himself a better title.

LUCRETIA This *Devonshire* Knight too who is recommended to my Mother as a fit Husband for me, I shall be so tormented with — My Brother
 40 swears he's the pertest unsufferable Fool he ever saw, when he was at my Uncles last Summer he made all his Diversion.

ISABELLA Prethee let him make ours now, for of all Fops your Countrey Fop is the most tolerable Animal; those of the Town are the most unmanagable Beasts in Nature.

45 LUCRETIA And are the most noysie, keeping Fops?

ISABELLA Keeping begins to be as ridiculous as Matrimony, and is a greater imposition upon the liberty of man, the Insolence and Expence of their Mistresses has almost tir'd out all but the Old and Doting part of man-kind; The rest begin to know their value, and set a Price upon a good
 50 shape, a tolerable Face and Mein,—and some there are who have made excellent Bargains for themselves that way, and will flatter ye and jilt ye an Antiquated Lady as artfully as the most experienc'd Miss of 'em all.

LUCRETIA Lord, Lord! what will this World come to, —but this Mother of mine, — *Isabella*.

55 ISABELLA Is discreet and vertuous enough, a little too affected, as being the most learned of her Sex.

LUCRETIA Methinks to be read in the Arts as they call 'em, is the peculiar Province of the other Sex.

ISABELLA Indeed the men wou'd have us think so, and boast their Learning, and Languages, but if they can find any of our Sex fuller of words, and to so little purpose as some of their Gown-men, I'll be content to change my Petticoats for Pantiloons and go to a Grammar-school.
 60

LUCRETIA Oh they'r the greatest Babelards in Nature.

ISABELLA They call us Easy, and Fond, and charge us with all weakness, but look into their Actions of Love, State, or War, their roughest business, and you shall find 'em sway'd by some who have the luck to find their foibles; witness my Father a man reasonable enough, till drawn away by doting Love and Religion: what a Monster my young Mother makes of him, Flatter'd him first into Matrimony, and now into what sort of Fool or
 70 Beast she pleases to make him.

LUCRETIA I wonder she does not turn him to Christianity, methinks a Conventicle should ill agree with her humour.

ISABELLA Oh she finds it the only way to secure her from his suspicion, which if she do not e're long give him cause for, I am mistaken in her Humour,
 75

Enter LADY KNOWELL and LEANDER

—but see your Mother and my Cozen *Leander*, who seems, poor man, under some great Consternation, for he looks as gravely as a Lay-elder conducting his Spouse from a Sermon.

LADY KNOWELL Oh fy upon't. See Mr. *Fancy* where your Cozen and my
 80 *Lucretia* are idling, *dii boni*, what an insupportable loss of time's this?

LEANDER Which might be better imploy'd if I might instruct 'em Madam.

LADY KNOWELL Aye Mr. *Fancy*, in Consultation with the Antients, — Oh the delight of Books! when I was of their age, I always imploy'd my looser

SIR PATIENT FANCY

- hours in reading, — if serious, 'twas *Tacitus, Seneca, Plutarch's Morals*, or
 some such useful Author; if in an Humour gay, I was for Poetry, *Virgil,* 85
Homer, or *Tasso*, Oh that Love between *Renaldo* and *Armida* Mr. *Fancy*! Ah
 the *Caresses* that fair *Corcereis* gave, and received from the young War-
 rier, ah how soft, Delicate and tender! upon my Honour I cannot read
 them in the Excellence of their Original Language, without I know not
 what Emotions. 90
- LEANDER Methinks 'tis very well in our Mother tongue Madam.
- LADY KNOWELL O Faugh Mr. *Fancy* what have you said, Mother tongue!
 Can any thing that's great or moving be exprest in filthy *English*,—I'll
 give you an Energetical proof Mr. *Fancy*, observe but Divine *Homer*, in the
Grecian Language — *Ton d'apamibominus, Prosiphe, Podis Ochus Achilleus!* 95
 ah how it sounds! which *English*'t dwindles into the most grating stuff: –
 – then the swift Foot *Achilles* made reply, —oh faugh.
- LUCRETIA So now my Mother's in her right Sphere.
- LADY KNOWELL Come Mr. *Fancy* we'll pursue our first design of retiring
 into my Cabinet and reading a leaf or two in *Martiall*, I am a little dull and 100
 wou'd fain laugh.
- LEANDER Methinks Madam discourse were much better with these
 young Ladyes. Dear *Lucretia* find some way to release me. *Aside*
- LADY KNOWELL Oh how I hate the impertinance of women, who for the
 generality have no other knowledge than that of dressing, I am uneasy 105
 with the unthinking Creatures.
- LUCRETIA Indeed 'tis much better to be Entertaining a young Lover
 alone, but I'll prevent her if possible. *Aside*
- LADY KNOWELL No, I am for the substantiall pleasure of an Author.
Philosophemur! is my Motto, —I'm strangely fond of you Mr. *Fancy*, for 110
 being a Scholar.
- LEANDER Who Madam, I a scholar? the greatest Dunce in Nature,—
 Malicious Creatures will you leave me to her mercy? *To them aside*
- LUCRETIA Prethee assist him in his misery, for I am Mudd, and can doe
 nothing towards it. *Aside* 115
- ISABELLA Who, my Cozen *Leander* a Scholar Madam?
- LUCRETIA Sure He's too much a Gentleman to be a Scholar.
- ISABELLA I Vow Madam he spells worse than a Country Farryer when he
 Prescribes a Drench.
- LEANDER Then Madam I write the lewdest hand! 120
- ISABELLA Worse than a Politician or a States-man.
- LUCRETIA He cannot read it himself when he has done.
- LEANDER Not a word on't Madam.
- LADY KNOWELL This agreement to abuse him, I understand— *Aside*
 — Well then Mr. *Fancy*, let's to my Cabinet—your hand. 125
- LEANDER Now shall I be teas'd unmercifully, [*Aside*] —I'll waite on you
 Madam. *Exit Lady*
 — Find some means to redeem me or I shall be Mad. *Exit Leander*

Enter LODWICK

LODWICK Hah my dear *Isabella* here, and without a spy? what a blessed

130 opportunity must I be forc't to lose, for there is just now arriv'd My Sisters
 Lover, whom I am oblig'd to receive, but if you have a mind to laugh a
 little——

ISABELLA Laugh! why are you turn'd Buffoon, Tumbler or Presbyterian
 Preacher[?]

135 LODWICK No, but there's a Creature below more ridiculous than either of
 these.

LUCRETIA For loves sake what sort of Beast is that?

LODWICK Sir *Credulous Easie* your new Lover just come to Town Bag and
 Baggage, and I was going to acquaint my Mother with it.

140 ISABELLA You'l find her well imploy'd with my Cozen *Leander*.

LUCRETIA A happy opportunity to Free him, but what shall I doe now
 Brother[?]

LODWICK Oh let me alone to ruine him with my Mother, get you gon, I
 think I hear him coming, and this apartment is appointed for him.

145 LUCRETIA Prethee haste then and free *Leander*, we'l into the Garden.

Exeunt Lucretia and Isabella

*A Chair and a Table. Enter SIR CREDULOUS in a riding habit, CURRY
 his Groom carrying a Portmantle*

LODWICK Yes —tis the Right Worshipfull, I'le to my Mother with the
 news. *Exit Lodwick*

SIR CREDULOUS Come undoe my Portmantue and Equip me that I may
 look like somebody before I see the Ladies.—*Curry*, Thou shalt e'ne
 150 remove now, *Curry*, from Groom to Footman, for I'le ne're keep Horse
 more, no, nor Mare neither since my Poor *Gillian's* departed this life.

CURRY 'Ds diggers, Sir, you have griev'd enough for your Mare in all
 conscience, think of your Mistress now Sir, and think of her no more.

SIR CREDULOUS Not think of her? I shall think of her whilst I live, poor
 155 Fool, that I shall, though I had forty Mistresses!

CURRY Nay to say truth Sir, 'twas a good natur'd Civil beast, and so she
 remain'd to her last gasp, for she cou'd never have left this world in a
 better time, as the saying is, so near her journeys End.

SIR CREDULOUS A Civil Beast? Why was it Civilly done of her thinkest
 160 thou, to dye at *Branford*, when had she liv'd till to morrow, she had been
 converted into Mony and have been in my Pocket? for now I am to Marry
 and live in town, I'le sell off all my Pads; poor Fool, I think she e'ne died
 for grief I wou'd have sold her.

CURRY 'Twas unlucky to refuse Parson *Cuffets* wifes money for her Sir.

165 SIR CREDULOUS Aye, and to refuse her another kindness too that shall be
 nameless which She offer'd me, and which wou'd have given me good
 luck in horse-flesh too, Zoz I was a modest fool that's truth on't.

CURRY Well well Sir, her time was come you must think, and we are all
 Mortal as the saying is.

170 SIR CREDULOUS Well 'twas the lovingst titt, —but grass and hay she's
 gon— where be her shooes *Curry*?

CURRY Here Sir, her Skin went for good Ale at *Branford*.

Gives him the shooes

SIR PATIENT FANCY

SIR CREDULOUS Ah! how often has she carry'd me upon these shooes to Mother *Jumbles*, thou remember'st her handsome Daughter and what pure Ale she brew'd, between one and t'other my Rent came short home there, but let that pass too, and hang sorrow as thou sayst, I have something else to think on. 175

Takes his things out, lays them upon the Table
And Curry, as soon as I am drest, go you away to St. Clements Church-yard, to Jackson the Cobler there!

CURRY What your Dog-tutor Sir? 180

SIR CREDULOUS Yes, and see how my whelp proves I put to him last Parliament.

CURRY Yes Sir.

Enter LEANDER and starts back seeing Sir Credulous

SIR CREDULOUS And ask him what Gamesters come to the Ponds now adays, and what good Dogs. 185

CURRY Yes Sir.

LEANDER This is the Beast *Lodwick* spoke of; how cou'd I laugh were he design'd for any but *Lucretia*! *Aside*

SIR CREDULOUS And dost hear, ask him if he have not sold his own Dog *Diver* with the white Ear, if I can purchase him, and my own Dog prove right, I'll be Duke of Ducking Pond ads zoz. 190

Sir Credulous dresses himself

Well, I think I shall be fine anon, he.

CURRY But zo zo Sir, as the saying is, this Suit's a little out of fashion, 'twas made that very year I came to your Worship, which is five Winters and as many Summers. 195

SIR CREDULOUS What then Mun, I never wear it but when I go to be drunk and give my Voice for a Knight o'th' shire, and here at *London* in Term time, and that but Eight times in Eight Visits to Eight several Ladies to whom I was recommended.

CURRY I wonder that amongst Eight you got not one Sir. 200

SIR CREDULOUS Eight! Zoz I have had Eight score Mun, but the Devil was in 'em, they were all so Forward, that before I cou'd seal and deliver, whip quoth *Jethro*, they were either all Married to some body else, or run quite away; so that I am resolv'd if this same *Lucretia* prove not right, I'll e'ne forswear this Town and all their false Wares, amongst which Zoz I believe they vent as many false Wives as any *Metropolitan* in Christendom, I'll say that for't and a Fiddle for't i'faith, — come give me my Watch out, — so, My Diamond Rings too, so, I think I shall appear pretty well all together Curry, hah? 205

LEANDER Like something Monstrously Ridiculous, I'll be sworn. *Aside* 210

CURRY Here's your Purse of broad Gold Sir, that your Grand-mother gave you to go a wooing withall, I mean to show Sir.

SIR CREDULOUS Aye, for she charged me never to part with it,—so, now for the Ladies. *Shakes his Ribbons*

Enter LODWICK

215 LODWICK *Leander*, what mak'st thou here, like Holy-day Fool gazing at a Monster?

LEANDER Yes, and one I hope I have no great reason to fear.

LODWICK I am of thy opinion, away, my mother's coming, take this opportunity with my Sister, she's i'th' Garden, and let me alone with this

220 Fool, for an Entertainment that shall shew him all at once, away——

Exit Leander

Lodwick goes in to Sir Credulous

SIR CREDULOUS *Lodwick*, My dear Friend! and little spark of ingenuity! ——
Zoz man I'me but just come to Town. *Imbrace*

LODWICK 'Tis a joyful hearing Sir.

SIR CREDULOUS Not so joyful neither Sir, when you shall know Poor
225 *Gillian's* dead, My little gray Mare, thou knew'st her mun, Zoz 'thas made me as Melancholy as the Drone of a *Lancashire* Bagpipe, but let that pass, and now we talk of my Mare, Zoz I long to see this Sister of thine.

LODWICK She'l be with you presently Sir *Credulous*.

SIR CREDULOUS But hark ye, Zoz I have been so often fob'd off in these
230 matters, that between you and I *Lodwick* if I thought I shou'd not have her, Zoz I'de ne'r lose precious time about her.

LODWICK Right Sir, and to say truth, these Women have so much Contradiction in 'em, that 'tis ten to one but a man fails in the Art of pleasing.

SIR CREDULOUS Why there's it, —— therefore prethee dear *Lodwick* tell
235 me a few of thy Sisters Humours, and if I fail, —— then Hang me Ladies at your door, as the Song says.

LODWICK Why faith she has many odd Humours hard enough to hit.

SIR CREDULOUS Zoz let'em be as hard as *Hercules* his Labours in the Vale of *Basse*, I'll not be frighted from attempting her.

240 LODWICK Why, She's one of those fantastick Creatures that must be courted her own way.

SIR CREDULOUS Why let's hear her way.

LODWICK She must be surpris'd with strange Extravagancies wholly out of the Road and Method of common Court-ship.

245 SIR CREDULOUS Shaw, is that all, Zoz I'm the best in Christendom at you're out of the way bus'nesses, —— Now do I find the reason of all my ill success, for I us'd one and the same method to all I Courted, whatever their Humours were; Hark ye, prethee give me a hint or two, and let me alone to manage matters.

250 LODWICK I have just now thought of a way that cannot but take——

SIR CREDULOUS Zoz out with it man.

LODWICK Why, what if you should represent a Dumb Ambassador from the Blind God of Love.

SIR CREDULOUS How, a Dumb Ambassador? Zoz man how shall I deliver
255 my Embassy then, and tell her how much I love her,——besides I had a pure speech or two ready by heart, and that will be quite lost. *Aside*

LODWICK Phy, phy! how dull you are! why; you shall do it by Signes, and I'll be your Interpreter.

SIR CREDULOUS Why faith this will be pure, I understand you now, Zoz
260 I am old Excellent at Signes, ——I vow this will be rare.

SIR PATIENT FANCY

LODWICK It will not fail to do your bus'ness if well manag'd,—but stay, here's my Sister, on your life not a syllable.

Enter LEANDER, LUCRETIA, and ISABELLA

SIR CREDULOUS I'll be rackt first, Mum budget, — prethee present me, I long to be at it, sure. *He falls back making Faces and Grimaces*

LODWICK Sister, I here present you with a worthy Knight, struck dumb with Admiration of your Beauty, but that's all one, he is employ'd Envoy extraordinary from the blind God of Love, and since like his young Master he must be defective in one of his Senses, he chose rather to be Dumb than Blind. 265

LUCRETIA I hope the small Deity is in good health Sir? 270

ISABELLA And his Mistress *Psyche* Sir? *He smiles and bows and makes Signes*

LODWICK He says that *Psyche* has been sick of late, but somewhat recovered, and has sent you for a token a pair of Jet Bracelets, and a Cambrick Handkerchief of her own spinning, with a Sentence wrought in't; *Heart in hand, at thy Command.* 275

Looking every word upon Sir Credulous as he makes signes

SIR CREDULOUS Zoz, Lodwick what do you mean? I'me the Son of an Egyptian if I understand thee.

[Sir Credulous] Pulls [Lodwick, Lodwick] signes to him to hold his peace

LODWICK Come Sir, the Tokens, produce, produce, —

[Sir Credulous] falls back, making damnable Signes

How! Faith I am sorry for that with all my heart, — he says — being somewhat put to't on his journey, he was forc't to Pawn the Bracelets for half a Crown, and the handkerchief he gave his Landlady on the Road for a kindness received,—this 'tis when people will be fooling.— 280

SIR CREDULOUS Why, the Devil's in this Lodwick, for mistaking my Signes thus, hang me if ever I thought of Bracelets or a Handkerchief, or ever received a civility from any Woman breathing,—is he bewitch't trow? *Aside* 285

LEANDER Lodwick, you are mistaken in the Knight's meaning all this while. Look on him Sir,—do not you guess from that look and wrying of his mouth, that you mistook the Bracelets for Diamond Rings, which he humbly begs, Madam, you would grace with your fair hand. 290

LODWICK Ah, now I perceive it plain.

SIR CREDULOUS A Pox of his Complement. Why this is worse than t'other, — What shall I do in this case? — should I speak and undeceive them, they would swear 'twere to save my Gems: and to part with 'em — Zoz, how simply should I look? — but hang't, when I have married her they are my own again. *[Aside]* 295

[Sir Credulous] Gives the Rings and falls back into Grimaces;

Leander whispers to Lodwick

LODWICK Enough, — Then Sister she has sent you a Purse of her own knitting, full of broad Gold, —

SIR CREDULOUS Broad Gold! why, what a pox does the Man Conjure? *[Aside]*

300 LODWICK Which Sister faith you must accept of, you see by that Grimace
how much 'twill grieve him else.

SIR CREDULOUS A pretty civil way this to Rob a man, — Why *Lodwick*
—why what a Pox will they have no mercy, — Zoz I'll see how far
they'll drive the jest. [Aside]

Gives the Gold, and bowes and scrapes and screws

305 LODWICK Say you so Sir? Well I'll see what may be done,—Sister,
behold him, and take pity on him, he has but one more humble request to
make you, 'tis to receive a Gold Watch which he designs you from
himself.

SIR CREDULOUS Why, how long has this fellow been a Conjurer? for he
310 does deal with the Devil, that's certain,—*Lodwick*,— [Aside]
[*Sir Credulous*] pulls [*Lodwick*]

LODWICK Aye do, speak and spoil all, do.

SIR CREDULOUS Speak and spoil all quoth he! and the Deuce take me if I
am not provok't to't; why, how the Devil should he light slap dash, as
they say, upon every thing thus? Well, Zoz, I am resolv'd to give it her,
315 and shame her if she have any conscience in her. [Aside]

Gives his Watch with pitiful Grimaces

LODWICK Now Sister you must know there's a mystery in this Watch, 'tis
a kind of Hieroglyphick that will instruct you how a Married Woman of
your Quality ought to live.

SIR CREDULOUS How, my Watch Mysteries and Hieroglyphicks! the
320 Devil take me if I knew any such vertues it had. [Aside]

They are all looking on the Watch

LODWICK Beginning at Eight, from which down to Twelve you ought to
imploy in dressing, till Two at Dinner, till Five in Visits, till Seven at the
Play, till Nine i'th' Park, at Ten at Supper with your Lover, if your
325 Husband be at home, or keep his distance, which he's too well bred not
to do, then from Ten to Twelve are the happy hours of the Bergere, those
of intire enjoyment.—

SIR CREDULOUS Say you so? hang me if I shall not go near to think I may
chance to be a Cuckold by the shift. [Aside]

ISABELLA Well Sir, what must she do from Twelve till Eight again?

330 LODWICK Oh those are the dull Conjugal hours for sleeping with her
own Husband, and dreaming of Joys her absent Lover alone can give
her.

SIR CREDULOUS Nay an she be for sleeping, Zoz, I am as good at that as
she can be for her heart, or snoring either. [Aside]

335 LODWICK But I have done; *Sir Credulous* has a dumb Oration to make you
by way of farther Explanation.

SIR CREDULOUS A dumb Oration! Now do I know no more how to speak
a dumb Speech than the Dog. [Aside]

LUCRETIA Oh I love that sort of Eloquence extreamly.

340 LODWICK I told you this would take her. [Aside]

SIR CREDULOUS Nay, I know your silent Speeches are incomparable, and
I have such a Speech in my head. — [Aside]

LODWICK Your Postures, your Postures, begin Sir. [Aside]

SIR PATIENT FANCY

[*Sir Credulous*] puts himself into a ready Posture as if he would speak,
but onely makes faces

Enter PAGE

- PAGE Sir, My Lady desires to speak with you. To Leander
- LEANDER I'll wait on her, — a Devil on't. — 345
- PAGE I have command to bring you Sir, instantly.
- LEANDER This is ill luck Madam, I cannot see the Farce out, I'll wait on you as soon as my good fortune will permit me. Goes out [with Page]
- LUCRETIA He's going to my Mother, dear *Isabella* let's go and hinder their discourse: Farewell Sir Ambassador, pray remember us to *Psyche*, not forgetting the little Blind Archer, ha ha ha, — 350
- Exeunt [Lucretia and Isabella] laughing*
- SIR CREDULOUS So, I have undone all, they are both gone, flown I protest; Why what a Devil ail'd 'em? now have I been dumb all this while to no purpose, you too never told her my meaning right; as I hope to breath, had any but your self done this, I should have sworn by *Helicon* 355
- and all the rest of the Devils, you had had a design to have abus'd me, and cheated me of all my Movables too.
- LODWICK What a hopefull project was here defeated by my mistake! but Courage *Sir Credulous*, I'll put you in a way shall fetch all about again.
- SIR CREDULOUS Say you so? ah dear *Lodwick* let me hear it. 360
- LODWICK Why, you shall this night give your Mistress a Serenade.
- SIR CREDULOUS How! a Serenade!
- LODWICK Yes, but it must be perform'd after an Extravagant manner, none of your dull Amorous night-walking noises so familiar in this Town, *Lucretia* loves nothing but what's great and Extravagant, and passes the reach of Vulgar practice. 365
- SIR CREDULOUS What think you then of a silent Serenade? Zoz say but the word and it shall be done man, let me alone for Frolicks i' faith.
- LODWICK A silent one? no that's to wear a good Humour to the stumps; I wou'd have this want for no noise, the Extreame of these two addresses will set off one another. 370
- SIR CREDULOUS Say you so? what think you then of the Bagpipe, Tongs and Gridiron, Cat-calls and loud sounding Cymballs?
- LODWICK Naught, naught, and of known use, you might as well treat her with Viols and Flute-doux, which were enough to disoblige her for ever. 375
- SIR CREDULOUS Why, what think you then of the King of *Bantam's* own Musick?
- LODWICK How! the King of *Bantam's* Musick!
- SIR CREDULOUS Aye Sir, the King of *Bantam's*: a Friend of mine had a Present sent him from thence, a most unheard of curiosity I'll assure you. 380
- LODWICK That, that by all means Sir.
- SIR CREDULOUS Well, I'll go borrow 'em presently.
- LODWICK You must provide your self of a Song.
- SIR CREDULOUS A Song! hang't 'tis but rummaging the Play-Books, stealing thence is Lawfull Prize — Well *Sir Credulous* your servant. 385
- Exit [Sir Credulous]*

Enter LEANDER

LODWICK I hope 'twill be ridiculous enough, and then the Devil's in't if it do not doe his Business with my Mother, for she hates all impertinent Noises but what she makes her self. She's now going to make a Visit to your Uncle, purposely to give me an opportunity to *Isabella*.

390 LEANDER And I'me ingag'd to wait on her thither, she designe to carry the Fiddles too, he's Mad enough already, but such a Visit will fit him for Bedlam.

LODWICK No matter, for you have all a lewd hand with him; between his continual imaginary sickness, and perpetual Physick, a man might take
395 more Pleasure in an Hospital. What the Devil did he marry a young Wife for? and they say a handsome creature too.

LEANDER To keep up his Title of Cuckold I think, for she has beauty enough for temptation, and no doubt makes the right use on't: wou'd I cou'd know it, that I might prevent her cheating my Uncle longer to my
400 undoing.

LODWICK She'll be cunning enough for that, if she have wit: but now thou talk'st of intrigues, when didst see *Wittmore*? that Rogue has some lucky Haunt which we must find out. — But my Mother expects your attendance, I'll go seek my Sister, and make all the Interest there I can for you,
405 whilst you pay me in the same Coin to *Isabella*. *Adieu*.

LEANDER Trust my Friendship—— *Exeunt severally*

The End of the First Act

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden

Enter LADY FANCY, WITTMORE, and MAUNDY

WITTMORE Enough my Charming Mistriss, you've set my Soul at Peace, and chas'd away those Fears and Doubts my Jealousy created there.

MAUNDY Mr. *Wittmore*'s satisfy'd of your constancy Madam, though had I been your Ladyship, I should have given him a more substantiall Proof,
5 which you might yet doe, if you wou'd make handsom use of your time.

WITTMORE *Maundy* advises well my Dearest, let's withdraw to yonder Covert Arbour, whose kind shades will secure us a happiness that Gods might envy. *Offers to lead her out*

LADY FANCY I dare not for the world, Sir *Patient* is now asleep, and 'tis to
10 those few Minutes we are oblig'd for this injoyment, which, shou'd Love make us transgress, and he shou'd wake and surprize us, we were undone for ever; no let us imploy this little time we have in consulting how we may be often happy, and securely so: oh how I languish for the dear opportunity!

SIR PATIENT FANCY

- WITTMORE And cou'd you guess what torments I have suffer'd in these few Fatal Months that have divided us, thou woud'st pity me. 15
- LADY FANCY —but to our business; for though I am yet unsuspected by my Husband, I am eternally plagu'd with his company, he's so fond of me, he scarce gives me time to write to thee, he waits on me from room to room, hands me in the Garden, shoulders me in the Balcony, nay does the office of my women, dresses and undresses me, and does so smirk at his handy-work! in fine, dear *Wittmore*, I am impatient till I can have less of his company, and more of thine. 20
- WITTMORE Does he never goe out of Town?
- LADY FANCY Never without me. 25
- WITTMORE Nor to Church?
- LADY FANCY To a meeting-house you mean, and then too carries me, and is as vainly proud of me as of his Rebellious opinion, for his Religion means nothing but that, and Contradiction; which I seem to like too, since 'tis the best cloak I can put on to cheat him with. 30
- WITTMORE Right my fair Hypocrite.
- LADY FANCY But dear *Wittmore*, there's nothing so Comickall as to hear me Cant, and even cheat those knaves the Preachers themselves that delude the Ignorant Rabble.
- WITTMORE What Miracles cannot your Eyes and Tongue perform! 35
- LADY FANCY Judge what a fine life I lead the while, to be set up with an old Formal Doating sick Husband, and a Herd of snivelling grinning Hypocrites that call themselves the teaching Saints, who under pretence of securing me to the number of their Flock, do so sneer upon me, pat my Breasts and cry, fy, fy upon this fashion of tempting Nakedness. 40
- Through the nose*
- WITTMORE Dear Creature, how cou'd we laugh at thy new way of living, had we but some minutes allow'd us to injoy that pleasure alone.
- LADY FANCY Think, dear *Wittmore* think, *Maundy* and I have thought over all our devices to no purpose.
- WITTMORE Pox on't I'me the dullest Dog at Plotting, Thinking, in the world, I should have made a damnable Ill Town Poet; has he quite left off going to the Change? 45
- LADY FANCY Oh, he's grown Cautiously rich, and will venture none of his substantiall stock in transitory Traffick.
- WITTMORE Has he no Mutinous Caball, nor Coffee-houses, where he goes religiously to consult the welfare of the Nation? 50
- LADY FANCY His imagin'd sickness has made this their Rendesvouz.
- WITTMORE When he goes to his blind Devotion, cannot you pretend to be sick? that may give us at least two or three opportunities to begin with. 55
- LADY FANCY Oh! then I should be plagu'd with continual Physick and Extempore Prayer till I were sick indeed.
- WITTMORE Damn the Humorous Coxcombe and all his Family, what shall we do?
- LADY FANCY Not all, for he has a Daughter that has good Humour, Wit, and Beauty enough to save her, — stay — that has jogg'd a thought as 60

the learned say, which must jogg on, till the motion have produc't something worth my thinking. —

Enter ROGER running

MAUNDY Ad's me here's danger near, our Scout comes in such hast[e].

65 LADY FANCY *Roger*, what's the matter?

ROGER My Master, Madam, is risen from sleep, and is come into the Garden, — See Madam he's here.

LADY FANCY What an unlucky accident was this?

WITTMORE What shall I do? 'tis too late to obscure my self.

70 LADY FANCY He see's you already through the Trees, — here — keep your distance, your Hat under your Arm, so, be very Ceremonious whil'st I settle a demure Countenance. —

MAUNDY Well, there never came good of Lovers that were given to too much talking; had you been silently kind all this while, you had been
75 willing to have parted by this time.

Enter SIR PATIENT in a Night-gown, reading a Bill

SIR PATIENT Hum, — Twelve Purges for this present *January*, — as I take it, good Mr. Doctor, I took but Ten in all *December*, — by this Rule I am sicker this Month than I was the last, — and good Master Apothecary methinks your Prices are somewhat to[o] high, at this rate no body wou'd
80 be sick. — Here *Roger*, see it paid however, — Ha, hum. [Exit *Roger*]

[*Sir Patient*] *Sees 'em and starts back*

What's here, my Lady Wife entertaining a lewd fellow of the Town? a flaunting Cap and Feather Blade?

LADY FANCY *Sir Patient* cannot now be spoken with. But Sir, that which I was going just now to say to you, was, that it would be very convenient
85 in my opinion to make your addresses to *Isabella*, — 'twill give us opportunities. (*Aside*) We Ladies love no imposition, this is Counsel my Husband perhaps will not like, but I would have all Women chuse their Man, as I have done, — my dear *Wittmore*. *Aside*

SIR PATIENT I profess ingenuously an excellent good Lady this of mine,
90 tho' I do not like her Counsel to the young man, whom I perceive would be a suiter to my Daughter *Isabella*.

WITTMORE Madam, should I follow my inclinations, I should pay my vows nowhere but there, — but I am inform'd *Sir Patient* is a man so positively resolv'd. —

95 LADY FANCY That you should love his Wife. *Aside*

WITTMORE And I'll comply with that resolve of his, and neither Love nor Marry *Isabella*, without his Permission, and I doubt not but I shall by my respects to gain his consent, — to Cuckold him. *Aside*

SIR PATIENT I profess ingenuously a very discreet young man.

100 WITTMORE But Madam, when may I promise my self the satisfaction of coming again? For I'm impatient for the sight and enjoyment of the fair person I love.

LADY FANCY Sir, You may come at night, and something I will doe by that time shall certainly give you that access you wish for.

SIR PATIENT FANCY

WITTMORE May I depend upon that happiness? 105
 LADY FANCY Oh, doubt not my power over Sir *Patient*.
 SIR PATIENT My Lady *Fancy*, you promise largely.
 LADY FANCY Sir *Patient* here?
 WITTMORE A Devil on him, wou'd I were well off, now must I dissemble,
 profess, and lye most confoundedly. [Aside] 110
 SIR PATIENT Your Servant Sir, your Servant, — My Lady *Fancy*, your
 Ladship is well entertain'd I see, have a care you make me not Jealous,
 my Lady *Fancy*.
 LADY FANCY Indeed I have given you cause Sir *Patient*, for I have been
 entertaining a Lover, and one you must admit of too. 115
 SIR PATIENT Say you so, my Lady *Fancy*? — Well Sir, I am a man of
 Reason, and if you shew me good causes why, can bid you welcom, for I
 do nothing without Reason and Precaution.
 WITTMORE Sir I have. —
 SIR PATIENT I know what you wou'd say Sir, few words denoteth a wise 120
 head, — you wou'd say that you have an ambition to be my Son in Law.
 WITTMORE You guess most right Sir.
 SIR PATIENT Nay Sir, I'll warrant I'll read a man as well as the best, I
 have studied it.
 WITTMORE Now Invention help me or never. [Aside] 125
 SIR PATIENT Your Name I pray?
 [Sir Patient] putting off his Hat gravely at every word
 WITTMORE *Fain-love*, Sir.
 SIR PATIENT Good Mr. *Fain-love*, your Countrey?
 WITTMORE *Yorkshire*, Sir.
 SIR PATIENT What, not Mr. *Fain-love's* Son of *Yorkshire*, who was 130
 Knighted in the good days of the late Lord Protector? Off his Hat
 WITTMORE The same Sir, — I am in, but how to come off again the Devil
 take me if I know. [Aside]
 SIR PATIENT He was a man of admirable Parts, believe me, a notable
 head-piece, a Publick-spirited Person, and a good Commonwealths man, 135
 that he was, on my word, — Your Estate Sir, I pray? Hat off
 WITTMORE I have not impair'd it Sir, and I presume you know its value?
 For I'm a Dog if I doe. — [Aside]
 SIR PATIENT O' my word 'tis then considerable Sir, for he left but one
 Son, and Fourteen hundred Pounds *per annum*, as I take it, which Son I 140
 hear is lately come from *Geneva*, whither he was sent for vertuous Educa-
 tion. I am glad of your Arrival Sir, — Your Religion I pray?
 WITTMORE You cannot doubt my Principles, Sir, since educated at
Geneva.
 SIR PATIENT Your Father was a discreet Man, ah Mr. *Fain-love*, he and I 145
 have seen better dayes, and wish we cou'd have foreseen these that are
 arriv'd.
 WITTMORE That he might have turn'd honest in time, he means, before
 he had purchas'd Bishops Lands.
 SIR PATIENT Sir, You have no Place, Office, Dependance or Attendance 150
 at Court I hope?

WITTMORE None Sir. — Wou'd I had, — so you were hang'd. [*Aside*]

LADY FANCY Nay Sir, you may believe, I knew his Capacities and Abilities before I would encourage his Addresses.

155 SIR PATIENT My Lady *Fancy*, you are a discreet Lady; — Well I'll marry her out of hand to prevent Mr. *Lodwick's* hopes, for tho' the young man may deserve well, that mother of his I'll have nothing to do with, since she refused to marry my Nephew. *Aside*

Enter FANNY

FANNY Sir Father, here's my Lady *Knowell* and her Family come to see you.

SIR PATIENT How! her whole Family! I am come to keep open House; very fine, her whole Family! she's Plague enough to mortify any good Christian, — tell her, my Lady and I am gon forth; tell her any thing to keep her away.

165 FANNY Shou'd I tell a lye Sir Father, and to a Lady of her Quality?

SIR PATIENT Her Quality and she are a Couple of impertinent things, which are very troublesome, and not to be indur'd I take it.

FANNY Sir, we shou'd bear with things we do not love sometimes, 'tis a sort of trial Sir, a kind of mortification fit for a good Christian.

170 SIR PATIENT Why, what a notable talking Baggage is this! How came you by this Doctrine?

FANNY I remember, Sir, you Preach'd it once to my Sister, when the old Alderman was the Text, whom you exhorted her to marry, but the wicked Creature made ill use on't.

175 SIR PATIENT Go your way for a Prating Huswife, go, and call your Sister hither. (*Exit Fanny*) — Well I'me resolv'd to leave this Town, nay, and the World too, rather than be tormented thus.

LADY FANCY What's the matter Dear, thou dost so fret thy self?

SIR PATIENT The matter! my house, my house is besieged with impertinence, the intolerable Lady, Madam *Romance*, that walking Library of Profane Books is come to visit me.

LADY FANCY My Lady *Knowell*?

SIR PATIENT Yes, that Lady of eternal noise and hard words.

LADY FANCY Indeed 'tis with pain I am oblig'd to be civil to her, but I
185 consider her Quality, her Husband was too an Alderman your friend, and a great Ay and no Man i'th' City, and a painful promoter of the good Cause.

SIR PATIENT But she's a Fop, my Lady *Fancy*, and ever was so; an idle conceited she Fop, and has vanity and tongue enough to debauch any
190 Nation under Civil Government: but, Patience, thou art a vertue, and Affliction will come, — Ah I'me very sick, alas I have not long to dwell amongst the Wicked, Oh, oh. — *Roger*, is the Doctor come?

Enter ROGER

ROGER No Sir, but he has sent you a small draught of a Pint, which you are to take and move upon't.

195 SIR PATIENT Ah, — Well I'll in and take it; — Ah — Sir, I crave your

SIR PATIENT FANCY

Patience for a moment, for I design you shall see my Daughter, I'll not make long work on't Sir, alas I would dispose of her before I die, Ah, — I'll bring her to you Sir, Ah, Ah. — *Goes out with Roger*

LADY FANCY He's always thus when visited, to save charges, — But how dear *Wittmore* cam'st thou to think of a Name and Countrey so readily? 200

WITTMORE Egad I was at the height of my invention, and the Alderman civilly and kindly assisted me with the rest; but how to undeceive him, —

LADY FANCY Take no care for that, in the mean time you'll be shrewdly hurt to have the way laid open to our enjoyment, and that by my Husbands procurement too: but take heed dear *Wittmore*, whilst you only design to feign a Courtship, you do it not in good earnest. 205

WITTMORE Unkind Creature!

LADY FANCY I would not have you indanger her heart neither: for thou hast Charmes will do't. — Prethee do not put on thy best looks, nor speak thy softest language; for if thou dost, thou canst not fail to undoe her. 210

WITTMORE Well my pretty Flatterer, to free her heart and thy suspicions, I'll make such aukward Love as shall perswade her, however she chance to like my Person, to think most lewdly of my parts, — But 'tis fit I take my leave, for if *Lodwick* or *Leander* see me here, all will be ruin'd, death I had forgot that. 215

LADY FANCY *Leander's* seldom at home, and you must time your Visits: but see *Sir Patient's* return'd, and with him your new Mistress.

Enter SIR PATIENT and ISABELLA

SIR PATIENT Here's my Daughter *Isabella*, Mr. *Fain-love*: she'll serve for a Wife, Sir, as times goe; but I hope you are none of those, — Sweet-heart — this Gentleman I have design'd you, he's rich and young, and I am old and sickly, and just going out of the world, and would gladly see thee in safe hands. 220

MAUNDY He has been just going this twenty Years. *Aside* 225

SIR PATIENT Therefore I command you to receive the tenders of his Affection.

Enter FANNY

FANNY Sir Father, my Lady *Knowell's* in the Garden.

LADY FANCY My Dear, we must go meet her in decency.

SIR PATIENT A hard case a man cannot be sick in quiet. — 230

[Sir Patient and Lady Fancy] go out

ISABELLA A Husband, and that not *Lodwick*! Heaven forbid. *Aside*

WITTMORE Now Foppery assist to make me very ridiculous. — Death she's very pretty and inviting, what an insensible Dog shall I be counted to refuse the enjoyment of so fair, so new a Creature, and who is like to be thrown into my Arms too whether I will or not? — but Conscience and my vows to the fair Mother: No I will be honest, *[Aside]* — Madam, — as Gad shall save me, I'me the Son of a Whore, if you are not the most Bell[e] Person I ever saw, and if I be not damnably in love with you, 235

240 but a pox take all tedious Courtship, I have a free-born and generous Spirit, and as I hate being confin'd to dull cringing, whining, flattering, and the Devil and all of Foppery, so when I give an heart I'me an Infidel, Madam, if I do not love to do't frankly and quickly, that thereby I may oblige the Beautiful receiver of my Vows, Protestations, Passions, and Inclination.

245 ISABELLA You're wonderfull ingaging Sir, and I were an Ingrate not to facilitate a return for the Honour you are pleas'd to do me.

WITTMORE Upon my Reputation, Madam, you're a civil well-bred Person, you have all the Agreemony of your Sex, *La Bell Taille, la Boon Mien, & repartée bien*, and are *tout oue toore*, as I'me a Gentleman, *fort agreeable*.

250 — If this do not please your Lady, and Nauseate her, the Devil's in 'em both for unreasonable Women. — *To Maundy*

FANNY Gemini Sister, does the Gentleman Conjure?

ISABELLA I know not, but I'me sure I never saw a more affected Fop.

255 MAUNDY Oh a damnable impertinent Fop, 'tis pity, for he's a proper Gentleman.

WITTMORE Well if I do hold out, Egad I shall be the bravest young fellow in Christendom [*Aside*]: but Madam, I must kiss your hand at present, I have some Visits to make, Devoirs to pay, necessities of Gallantry only, no Love ingagement by *Jove* Madam, it is sufficient I have given my Parole to your Father to do him the honour of my Alliance; and an unnecessary Jealousie will but disoblige Madam your slave—Death these Rogues will see me and I'me undone. [*Aside*]— *Exit*

Enter LADY FANCY, LADY KNOWELL, SIR CREDULOUS and LUCRETIA with other WOMEN and MEN [and ROGER]

265 LADY KNOWELL *Isabella*, your servant, Madam, being sensible of the insociable and solitary life you lead, I have brought my whole Family to wait on your Ladyship, and this my Son *in Futuro*, to kiss your hands, I beseech your Ladyship to know him for your humble servant: my Son and your Nephew Madam are coming, with the Musick too, we mean to pass the whole day with your Ladyship: —and see they are here.

Enter LODWICK pulling in WITTMORE, LEANDER with them

LODWICK Nay since we have met thee so luckily, you must back with us.

270 WITTMORE You must excuse me Gentlemen.

LODWICK We'le show ye two or three fine women.

WITTMORE Death these Rogues will ruine me [*Aside*] —but I have business Gentlemen that—

275 LEANDER That must not hinder you from doing deeds of Charity, we are all come to teaze my Uncle, and you must assist at so good a work—come gad thou shalt make love to my Aunt, — I wou'd he wou'd effectually.

Aside

LODWICK Now I think on't, what the Devil dost thou make here?

WITTMORE Here? —oh Sir—a— I have a design upon the Alderman.

LODWICK Upon his handsome Wife thou meanest? ah Rogue!

280 WITTMORE Faith no,—a—'tis to—borrow Mony of him, and as I take it

SIR PATIENT FANCY

- Gentlemen you are not fit persons for a man of Credit to be seen with, I pass for a graver man.
- LODWICK Well Sir, take your Course—but egad he’le sooner lend thee his wife than his Money.
- Exit Wittmore. [Lodwick and Leander] come in [further]*
- LEANDER Aunt I have taken the boldness to bring a Gentleman of my acquaintance to kiss your Ladships hands. 285
- LODWICK Thy Aunt!—death she’s very handsom, [*Aside*]—Madam your most humble servant. *Kisses the Lady Fancy*
- LEANDER Prethee imploy this Fool that I may have an opportunity to entertain thy Sister. *[To Lodwick]* 290
- LODWICK Sir *Credulous*, what not a word? not a Complement? hah— be brisk man, be gay and witty, talk to the Ladies.
- SIR CREDULOUS Talk to ‘em? why what shall I say to ‘em?
- LODWICK Any thing so it be to little purpose.
- SIR CREDULOUS Nay Sir, let me alone for that matter—but who are they prethee? 295
- LODWICK Why that’s my Lady *Fancy*, and that’s her Daughter in Law, salute ‘em Man.—
- SIR CREDULOUS Fair Lady, — I do protest and vow, you are the most beautifull of all Mothers in Law, and the World cannot produce your equall. 300
- LODWICK The Rogue has but one method for all Addresses. *They laugh*
- LADY KNOWELL Oh absurd! this Sir is the beautifull Mother in Law. *To Lady Fancy*
- SIR CREDULOUS Most Noble Lady, I cry you mercy,
- Enter SIR PATIENT*
- Then Madam as the Sun amongst the Stars, or rather as the Moon not in conjunction with the Sun but in her opposition, when one rises the other sets, or as the Vulgar call it Full moon—I say as the Moon is the most beautifull of all the sparkling lights, even so are you the most accomplisht Lady under the Moon—and Madam, I am extreemly sensible of your Charms and Celestial Graces. *To Isabella* 310
- SIR PATIENT Why this is abominable and insupportable.
- LUCRETIA I find Sir, you can talk to purpose when you begin once.
- SIR CREDULOUS You are pleas’d to say so, Noble Lady; but I must needs say, I am not the worst bred Gentleman for a Country Gentleman that ever you saw, for you must know incomparable Lady that I was at the University three years, and there I learnt my Logick and Rhetorick, whereby I became excellent at Repartee, sweet Lady. As for my Estate, my Father dy’d since I came of Age, and left me a small younger Brothers Portion, dear Lady. 315
- LUCRETIA A younger Brothers Sir? 320
- SIR CREDULOUS Ha, ha, I know what you wou’d infer from that now; but you must know delicious Lady, that I am all the Children my Father had.
- LUCRETIA Witty I protest.
- SIR CREDULOUS Nay Madam when I set on’t I can be witty.

- 325 LEANDER Cruel *Lucretia* leave 'em, and let us snatch this opportunity to talk of our own affairs.
- SIR CREDULOUS For you must know bright Lady, though I was pleas'd to rally my self, I have a pretty competent Estate of about 3000l. a year, and am to marry Madam *Lucretia*.
- 330 LADY FANCY You're a happy man Sir.
- SIR CREDULOUS Not so happy neither, inestimable Lady, for I lost the finest Mare yesterday—but let that pass, were you never in *Devonshire* Madam?
- LADY FANCY Never Sir.
- 335 SIR CREDULOUS Introth and that's pitty sweet Lady, for if you lov'd Hawking, Drinking, and Whoring, —oh Lord, I mean Hunting, i'faith there be good fellows wou'd keep you company Madam.
- SIR PATIENT This is a Plot upon me, a meer Plot. [*Aside*]—My Lady *Fancy*, be tender of my reputation, Foppery's catching, and I had as lieve
- 340 be a Cuckold as Husband to a vain Woman.
- SIR CREDULOUS Zoz, and that may be as you say Noble Sir. Lady pray what Gentleman's this—Noble Sir, I am your most humble servant.
- SIR PATIENT Oh cry you mercy Sir. *Walks away*
- SIR CREDULOUS [*following*] No offence dear Sir I protest, 'slife I believe
- 345 'tis the Master of the house, he look't with such authority —why who cares, let him look as big as the four Winds, East, West, North, and South, I care not this, — therefore, I Beg your Pardon Noble Sir.
- SIR PATIENT Pray spare your Hat and Legs Sir, till you come to Court, they are thrown away i'th' City.
- 350 SIR CREDULOUS O Lord dear Sir, 'tis all one for that, I value not a Leg nor an Arm amongst Friends, I am a *Devonshire* Knight Sir all the world knows, a kind of Country Gentleman, as they say, and am come to Town to Marry my Lady *Knowells* Daughter.
- SIR PATIENT I'm glad on't Sir. *Walks away, [Sir Credulous] follows*
- 355 SIR CREDULOUS She's a deserving Lady Sir, if I have any Judgment, and I think I understand a Lady Sir in the right Honourable way of Matrimony.
- SIR PATIENT Well Sir, that is to say you have been married before Sir, and what's all this to me good Sir?
- 360 SIR CREDULOUS Married before incomparable Sir! not so neither, for there's difference in men Sir.
- SIR PATIENT Right, Sir, for some are Wits, and some are Fools!
- SIR CREDULOUS As I hope to breath 'twas a saying of my Grandmothers, who us'd to tell me Sir, that bought Wit was best. I have brought money
- 365 to Town for a small purchase of that kind, for Sir, I wou'd fain set up for a Country Wit — pray Sir where live the Poets? for I wou'd fain be acquainted with some of them.
- SIR PATIENT Sir I do not know, nor do I care for Wits and Poets. Oh this will kill me quite, I'l out of Town immediately. [*Aside*]
- 370 SIR CREDULOUS But Sir, I mean your Fine railing Bully Wits, that have Vineger, Gall and Arsenick in 'em as well as Salt and Flame and Fire and the Devil and all.

SIR PATIENT FANCY

SIR PATIENT Oh defend me! and what is all this to me Sir?

SIR CREDULOUS Oh Sir, they are the very Soul of Entertainment, and Sir, it is the prettiest sport to hear 'em rail and baule at one another—Zoz 375
wou'd I were a Poet.

SIR PATIENT I wish you were, since you are so fond of being rail'd at — if I were able to beat him I would be much angry — but Patience is a Vertue, and I will into the Country.—— *Aside*

SIR CREDULOUS 'Tis all one case to me dear Sir,—but I should have the pleasure of railing again, *cum privilegio*, I love fighting with those point-less Weapons— Zoz Sir, you know if we men of quality fall out— (for you are a Knight I take it) why there comes a Challenge upon it, and ten to one some body or other is run through the Gills, why a pox on't I say this is very damnable, give me Poets Licence.— 385

LADY FANCY Take him off in pity. *To Leander*

LODWICK Indeed Railing is a Coin only currant among the Poets— Sir *Credulous.*—— [*Leander speaks to Sir Credulous*]

SIR PATIENT Oh blest deliverance—what a profane wretch is here, and what a lewd world we live in—oh *London, London*, how thou aboundest in Iniquity, thy Young men are debauched, thy Virgins deflowered, and thy Matrons all turn'd Bawds! my Lady Fancy, this is not company for you I take it, let us fly from this vexation of spirit on the never-failing wings of discretion.— 390

*Going to lead Lady Fancy off —
the Lady Knowell speaking to Isabella all this while*

LADY KNOWELL How! marry thee to such a Fop sayest thou? oh egregious!—as thou lovest *Lodwick* let him not know his name, it will be dangerous, let me alone to evade it. 395

ISABELLA I know his fiery temper too well to trust him with the secret.

LADY KNOWELL Hark ye Sir, and do you intend to doe this horrible thing?—— 400

SIR PATIENT What thing, my Lady *Knowell*?

LADY KNOWELL Why to marry your Daughter Sir.

SIR PATIENT Yes Madam.

LADY KNOWELL To a beastly town Fool? *Monstrum horrendum!*

SIR PATIENT To any Fool, except a Fool of your Race, of your Generation.— 405

LADY KNOWELL How! a Fool of my Race, my Generation! I know thou meanest my son, thou contumelious Knight, who let me tell thee, shall marry thy Daughter *invito te*, that is, (to inform thy obtuse understanding) in spite of thee, yes shall marry her, though she inherits nothing but thy dull Enthusiasmes, which had she been legitimate she had been possest with. 410

SIR PATIENT Oh abominable! you had best say, she is none of my Daughter, and that I was a Cuckold.—

LADY KNOWELL If I should Sir, it would not amount to *Scandalum Magnatum*, I'll tell thee more; thy whole Pedigree, — And yet for all this *Lodwick* shall marry your Daughter, and yet I'll have none of your Nephew.— 415

SIR PATIENT Shall he so, my Lady *Knowell*? I shall go near to out-trick
 420 your Ladyship for all your Politick Learning. 'Tis past the Canonical hour
 as they call it, or I wou'd marry my Daughter instantly, I profess we ne're
 had good daies since these Canonically Fopperies came up again, meer
 Popish tricks to give our Children time for disobedience, —the next
 425 Justice wou'd ha' serv'd turn, and have done the business at any hour,
 but Patience is a Vertue—*Roger*, go after Mr. *Fain-love*, and tell him I
 wou'd speak with him instantly.

LADY KNOWELL Come come Ladies, we lose fleeting time, upon my
 Honour we doe, for Madam as I said I have brought the Fiddles, and
 design to Sacrifice the intire Evening to your Ladyships Diversion.

430 SIR CREDULOUS Incomparable Lady, that was well thought on, Zoz, I
 long to be jigging.

SIR PATIENT Fiddles, Good Lord! why what am I come to! —Madam I
 take it, Sir *Patient* Fancies Lady is not a proper Person to make one at
 immodest Revellings, and Profane Masqueradings.

435 LADY FANCY Why? ah 'tis very true Sir, but we ought not to offend a
 Brother that is weak, and consequently a Sister.

SIR PATIENT An Excellent Lady this, but she may be corrupted, Ah she
 may fall, I will therefore without delay carry her from this wicked Town.

LADY KNOWELL Come come Gentlemen, let's in, Mr *Fancy* you must be
 440 my man—Sir *Credulous* come, and you sweet Sir, come Ladies,—*Nunc est*
saltandum, &c. *Exeunt*

SCENE

Changes to a Chamber

Enter SIR PATIENT as before, LADY FANCY, WITTMORE, MAUNDY,
and ROGER with things

SIR PATIENT *Maundy* fetch my Cloaths, I'll dress me and out of Town
 instantly —perswade me not (*to Wittmore*). *Roger*, is the Coach ready
Roger?

445 ROGER Yes Sir, with four horses.

LADY FANCY Out of Town! oh I'm undone then, there will be no hopes of
 ever seeing *Wittmore*. (*Aside*) —*Maundy* oh help me to contrive my stay,
 or I'm a dead Woman. —Sir, sure you cannot goe and leave your affairs in
 Town.

450 SIR PATIENT Affairs! what Affairs?

LADY FANCY Why your Daughter's Marriage Sir, —and—Sir, — not
 Sir but that I desire of all things in the World the blessing of being alone
 with you, far from the noise and lewd disorders of this filthy Town.

SIR PATIENT Most excellent Woman! ah thou art too good for sinfull
 455 Man, and I will therefore remove thee from the temptations of it—
Maundy, my Cloaths—Mr. *Fain-love*, I will leave *Isabella* with my Lady

SIR PATIENT FANCY

Fidget my Sister, who shall to morrow see you married to prevent farther inconveniences.

LADY FANCY What shall I do? [*Aside to Maundy*]

MAUNDY Madam, I have a design, which considering his Spleen, must
this time doe our business—'tis—— 460
Whispers

LADY FANCY I like it well, about it instantly, hah— *Exit Maundy*
alas Sir, —what ails your Face? good Heav'n—look Roger.

SIR PATIENT My Face! why what ails my Face! hah! ——

LADY FANCY See Mr. *Fain-love*, oh look on my dear, is he not strangely
alter'd? 465

WITTMORE Most wonderfully.

SIR PATIENT Alter'd, hah—why where, why how alter'd? —— hah,
Alter'd say you?——

WITTMORE Lord how wildly he stares! 470

SIR PATIENT Hah, stare, —wildly? ——

ROGER Are you not very sick Sir?

LADY FANCY Sick! oh heavens forbid —— how does my dearest Love?

SIR PATIENT Me thinks I feel my self not well o'th' suddain—ah—a kind
of shivering seizes all my Limbs, —and am I so much chang'd. 475

WITTMORE All over Sir, as big again as you were,——

LADY FANCY Your Face is Frightfully blown up, and your dear Eyes just
starting from your head, oh I shall swoon with the apprehension on't.
Falls into Wittmore's Armes

SIR PATIENT My head and Eyes so big say you, —oh I am wonderous sick
o'th' suddain, —— all over say you —— oh oh —— Ay I perceive it now, my
Senses fail me too. 480

LADY FANCY How Sir, your Senses fail you?

WITTMORE That's a very bad sign, believe me.

SIR PATIENT Oh Ay, for I can neither feel, nor see this mighty growth
you speak of. *Falls into a Chair with great signes of disorder* 485

WITTMORE Alas I'm sorry for that Sir.

ROGER Sure 'tis impossible, I'll run and fetch a Glass Sir. *Offers to goe*

LADY FANCY Oh stay, I wou'd not for the world he should see what a
Monster he is, — and is like to be before to Morrow. *Aside*

ROGER I'll fit him with a Glass — I'll warrant ye it shall advance our
design. 490
[*Aside. Exit Roger*]

Enter MAUNDY with the Cloaths, she starts

MAUNDY Good Heav'n what ailes you Sir?

SIR PATIENT Oh— oh——'tis so.

MAUNDY Lord how he's swoln? see how his Stomach struts?

SIR PATIENT Ah 'tis true, though I perceive it not. 495

MAUNDY Not perceive it Sir! put on your Cloaths and be convinc'd—try
'em Sir.
*She pulls off his Gown and puts on his Doublet and Coat, which come
not near by a handfull or more*

SIR PATIENT Ah it needs not, ——mercy upon me—— *Falls back*
I'm lost, I'm gone, Oh man what art thou, but a Flower? I am Poyson'd,

500 this talking Ladies breath's infectious; methought I felt the contagion steal
into my heart; send for my Physicians and if I die, I'll swear She's my
Murtherer, oh see see, how my trembling increases, oh hold my Limbs, I
die.—

Enter ROGER with a Magnifying Glass, shews him the Glass; he looks in it

ROGER I'll warrant I'll show his Face as big as a Bushel. *Aside*

505 SIR PATIENT Oh, oh, — I'm a dead man, have me to bed, I die away,
undress me instantly, send for my Physicians, I'm Poyson'd, my Bowels
burn, I have within an *Ætna*; My Brains run round, Nature within me
reels. *They carry him out in a Chair*

WITTMORE And all the drunken Universe does run on wheels. Ha ha ha.

510 Ah my dear Creature, how finely thou hast brought him to his journies
end!

LADY FANCY There was no other way but this to have secur'd my happi-
ness with thee, there needs no more than that you come anon to the
Garden back-gate, where you shall find admittance, — Sir *Patient* is like to
515 lie alone to night.

WITTMORE Till then 'twill be a Thousand Ages.

LADY FANCY At Games of Love Husbands to cheat is fair,
'Tis the Gallant we play with on the square. *Exeunt severally*

The End of the Second Act

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene draws off and discovers LADY KNOWELL, ISABELLA, LUCRETIA,
LODWICK, LEANDER, WITTMORE, SIR CREDULOUS,
Other MEN and WOMEN, as going to Dance

LADY KNOWELL Come one Dance more, and then I think we shall have
sufficiently teaz'd the Alderman, and 'twill be time to part. — Sir *Credu-*
lous, where's your Mistress?

5 SIR CREDULOUS Within a mile of an Oak, dear Madam, I'll warrant you,
— well, I protest and vow, sweet Lady, you dance most Nobly, —
Why, you Dance — like — like a — like a Hasty Pudding before *Jove*.
They Dance some Antick, or Rustick-Antick. Lodwick
speaking to Isabella

SONG Made by a Gentleman

Sitting by yonder River Side
Parthenia thus to Cloe cry'd,
Whil'st from the fair Nymphs Eyes apace
10 *Another Stream o'reflow'd her Beautious Face.*
Ah happy Nymph, said she, that can
So little value that false Creature man.

SIR PATIENT FANCY

*Oft the perfidious things will cry,
Alass they burn, they bleed, they dye;
But if they're absent half a day,* 15
*Nay, let 'em be but one poor hour away,
No more they dye, no more complain,
But like unconstant wretches live again.*

LODWICK Well, have you consider'd of that business yet *Isabella*?
ISABELLA What business? 20
LODWICK Of giving me admittance to night.
ISABELLA And may I trust your honesty?
LODWICK Oh doubt me not, my Mother's resolv'd it shall be a match
between you and I, and that very consideration will secure thee, besides
who wou'd first sully the Linnen they mean to put on? 25
ISABELLA Away here's my Mother.

Enter LADY FANCY [*and* MAUNDY]

LADY FANCY Madam I beg your pardon for my absence, the effects of my
Obedience, not Will; but Sir *Patient* is taken very Ill o'th' suddain, and I
must humbly intreat your Ladiship to retire, for rest is onely essential to
his recovery. 30

LADY KNOWELL Congruously spoken upon my Honour. Oh the impu-
dence of this Fellow your Ladyships Husband, to espouse so fair a person
only to make a Nurse of!

LADY FANCY Alas Madam!—

LADY KNOWELL A slave, a very household Drudg, — Oh faugh, come 35
never grieve, — for Madam, his Disease is nothing but imagination, a
Melancholy which arises from the Liver, Spleen, and Membrane call'd
Mesenterium, the *Arabians* name the distemper *Myrathial*, and we here in
England *Hypochondriacal Melancholy*; I cou'd prescribe a most potent Rem-
edy, but that I am loth to stir the envy of the College. 40

LADY FANCY Really Madam I believe, —

LADY KNOWELL But as you say Madam, we'l leave him to his repose,
pray do not grieve too much.

LODWICK Death, wou'd I had the consoleing her, 'tis a charming Woman!
[*Aside*]

LADY KNOWELL Mr. *Fancy* your hand; Madam your most faithful Servant, 45
— *Lucretia*, come *Lucretia*— your Servant Ladies and Gentlemen.—

LADY FANCY A Devil on her, wou'd the nimbleness of her Ladyships
Tongue were in her Heels, she wou'd make more hast[e] away, oh I long
for the blest minute. — [Aside]

LODWICK *Isabella*, shall I find admittance anon? [Aside to *Isabella*] 50

ISABELLA On fair conditions. [Aside]

LODWICK Trust my Generosity, [*Aside*]—Madam your Slave.—

To Lady Fancy gazing on her, [Lodwick] goes out

SIR CREDULOUS Madam, I wou'd say something of your Charms and
Celestial Graces, but that all praises are as far below you, as the Moon in

- 55 her Opposition is below the Sun,—and so Luscious Lady, I am yours,
— now for my Serenade,— *Exeunt all but Lady Fancy and Maundy*
LADY FANCY *Maundy*, have you commanded all the Servants to Bed?
MAUNDY Yes Madam, not a Mouse shall stir, and I have made ready the
Chamber next the Garden for your Ladyship.
60 LADY FANCY Then there needs no more but that you can wait for *Witt-*
more's coming to the Garden Gate, and take care no lights be in the House
for fear of Eyes.
MAUNDY Madam I understand Lovers are best by dark, and shall be
diligent, the Doctor has secur'd Sir *Patient* by a sleeping Pill, and you are
65 onely to expect your approaching happiness. *Exeunt*

[ACT III.] SCENE II.

Lady Knowell's Chamber

Enter LADY KNOWELL and LEANDER

- LADY KNOWELL *Leander* raise your Soul above that little trifle *Lucretia*, —
cannot you guess what better Fate attends you? — fie, — how dull you
are! — must I instruct you in plain right-down termes? — and tell you —
— that I propose you Master of my fortune? — now possibly you
5 understand me.

Enter LUCRETIA, and peeps

- LEANDER I wish I did not Madam,
Unless I'de vertue to deserve the Bounty;
I have a Thousand hidden faults Dissimulation hides,
Inconstant, wild, debauch'd as youth can make me.
10 LUCRETIA All that will not do your business.— *Aside*
LADY KNOWELL Yet you wou'd have my Daughter take you with all these
faults, they're vertues there, but to the name of Mother, they all turn
retrograde, I can endure a man
As wild and as inconstant as she can,
15 I have a Fortune too that can support that Humour,
That of *Lucretia* does depend on me,
And when I please is nothing;
I'me far from Age or Wrinkles, can be Courted
By Men as gay and youthful as a new Summer's morn,
20 Beauteous as the first Blossoms of the Spring
Before the common Sun has kiss'd their sweets away,
If with salacious appetites I lov'd.
LEANDER Faith Madam I cou'd wish,—
LADY KNOWELL That I were but Fifteen? but—
25 If there be inequality in years,
There is so too in Fortunes, that might add

SIR PATIENT FANCY

- A Lustre to my Eyes, Charms to my Person,
And make me fair as *Venus*, young as *Hebe*.
- LEANDER Madam you have enough to ingage any unconquer'd heart, but
'twas, I thought, with your allowance I dispos'd of mine, and 'tis a heart 30
that knows not how to change.
- LADY KNOWELL Then 'tis a foolish unambitious heart, unworthy of the
Elevation it has not Glorious Pride enough to aim at: — Farewell Sir, —
when you are wiser, you may find admittance. *Goes out*
- LEANDER Stay Madam. — *Lucretia [comes forward]* 35
- LUCRETIA For what? to hear your Penitence? Forgive me Madam, I will be
a Villain, forget my vows of Love, made to *Lucretia*,
And Sacrifice both her, and those to interest.
Oh how I hate this whining and dissembling!
- LEANDER Do, Triumph o're a wretched man, *Lucretia*. 40
- LUCRETIA How! Wretched in loving me so intirely, or that you cannot
marry my Mother, and be master of her mighty Fortune? 'Tis a temptation
indeed, so between Love and Interest, hang me if ever I saw so simple a
look as you put on when my Mother made Love to you.
- LEANDER You may easily guess the confusion of a man in my circum- 45
stances, to be languishing for the lov'd Daughter, and pursu'd by the
hated Mother, whom if I refuse will ruin all my hopes of thee.
- LUCRETIA Refuse her! I hope you have more wit?
- LEANDER *Lucretia*, cou'd she make a Monarch of me, I cou'd not marry 50
her.
- LUCRETIA And you wou'd be so wise to tell her so?
- LEANDER I would no more abuse her, than I cou'd love her.
- LUCRETIA Yet that last must be done.
- LEANDER How!
- LUCRETIA Dost believe me so wicked to think I mean in earnest? No, tell 55
her a fine story of Love, and liking, gaze on her, kiss her hands, and sigh,
commend her face and shape, swear she's the miracle of the Age for wit,
cry up her Learning, vow you were an Ass, not to be sensible of her
perfections all this while, what a Coxcombe, to doat upon the Daughter
when such charms were so visible in the Mother? Faith she'l believe all 60
this.
- LEANDER It may be so, but what will all this serve for?
- LUCRETIA To give us time and opportunity to deceive her, or I'me mis-
taken.
- LEANDER I cannot teach my Tongue so much deceit. 65
- LUCRETIA You may be a fool and cry, Indeed forsooth I cannot love, for
alas I have lost my heart, and am unworthy of your proffer'd blessings,
— doe, and see her marry me in spight to this Fop *Easy*, this Knight of
Nonsense; no, no, dissemble me handsomely and like a Gentleman, and
then expect your good fortune. 70

Enter ANTIC

- ANTIC Madam, your Mother's coming. *[Exit]*
- LUCRETIA Away then, she must not see us together, she thinks you gon.

WORKS OF APHRA BEHN: VOLUME 6

LEANDER But must I carry off no comfort with me?

LUCRETIA Will you expose me to the incens'd jealousy of a Parent? goe or
75 I shall hate ye,— *Thrusts him out*
[Exit Lucretia]

SCENE

A Garden

Enter MAUNDY by dark: opens the Garden door

MAUNDY Now am I return'd to my old trade again, fetch and carry my
Ladies Lovers, I was afraid when she had been married these night-works
wou'd have ended, but to say truth, there's a Conscience to be used in all
things, and there's no reason she shou'd languish with an old man when
80 a young man may be had. — The door opens, he's come, —

Enter LODWICK

I see you're a punctual Lover Sir, Pray follow me as softly as you can.
LODWICK This is some one whom I perceive *Isabella* has made the Confi-
dent to our Amours. — *Exeunt*

SCENE

*Draws off, and discovers LADY FANCY in her Night-gown,
in a Chamber as by the dark*

LADY FANCY Oh the agreeable confusion of a Lover high with expectation
85 of the approaching bliss! What tremblings between joy and fear possess
me? All my whole Soul is taken up with *Wittmore*, I've no Idea's, no
thoughts but of *Wittmore*, and sure my tongue can speak no other lan-
guage, but his name. — Who's there?

Enter MAUNDY leading LODWICK

MAUNDY Madam, 'tis I, and your expected Lover here — I put him into
90 your hands, and will wait your commands in the next Chamber. *Exit Maundy*

LODWICK Where are you my dearest Creature?

LADY FANCY Here, — give me your hand, I'll lead you to those joys we
both so long have sight for.

LODWICK Hah! to joys? sure she doth but dally with me,— *Aside*

95 LADY FANCY Why come you not on my Dear?

LODWICK And yet, why this admission? and i'th' dark too, if she design'd
me none but vertuous Favours? — What damn'd temptation's this?
[Aside]

SIR PATIENT FANCY

- LADY FANCY Are you bewitch'd, what is't that frights you?
 LODWICK I'me fixt, Death, was ever such a Lover?
 Just ready for the highest joys of Love, 100
 And like a bashfull Girl restrain'd by fear
 Of an insuing Infamy, [*Aside*] — I hate to Cuckold my own Expectations.
 LADY FANCY Heavens! what can you mean?
 LODWICK Death, what's this, — sure 'tis not Vertue in me, — Pray
 Heaven it be not impotence! — Where got I this damn'd honesty which 105
 I never found my self master of till now?—why shou'd it seize me when
 I had least need on't? [*Aside*]
 LADY FANCY What ails you? are you mad? — we are safe, and free as
 Winds let loose to ruffle all the Groves, what is't delays you then? Soft.
 LODWICK Pox o' this thought of Wife, the very name destroys my appetite 110
 Oh with what vigor I could deal my Love
 To some fair lewd, unknown,
 To whom I'de never made a serious vow! [*Aside*]
 LADY FANCY Tell me the Mystery of this sudden coldness? have I kept my
 Husband in Town for this? Nay, perswaded him to be very sick to serve 115
 our purpose, and am I thus rewarded! — ungrateful man!
 LODWICK Hah, — 'tis not *Isabella's* voice, — your Husband say you? —
Takes hold greedily of her hand
 LADY FANCY Is safe, from any fear of interrupting us.
 Come — these delays do ill consist with Love
 And our desires; at least if they are equal. 120
 LODWICK Death 'tis the charming Mother!
 What lucky Star directed me to night! [*Aside*]
 O my fair dear dissembler, let us haste
 To pay the mighty Tribute due to Love.
 LADY FANCY Follow me then with careful silence, — for *Isabella's* Cham- 125
 ber joyns to this, and she may hear us.
 LODWICK Not Flowers grow, nor smooth streams glide away,
 Not absent Lovers sigh, nor breaks the day
 More silently than I'le those joys receive,
 Which Love and Darkness do conspire to give. *Exeunt* 130

SCENE

*Changes again to a Garden. Enter ISABELLA and FANNY
 in their Night-gowns*

- ISABELLA Well I have no mind to let this dear mad Devil *Lodwick* in to
 night.
 FANNY Why Sister, this is not the first venture you have made of this
 kind, at this hour, and in this place, these Arbours were they tell-tales, 135
 cou'd discover many pretty stories of your loves, and do you think they'l
 be less faithfull now? Pray trust 'em once again. Oh I do so love to hear

Mr. *Lodwick* protest, and vow, and swear, and dissemble, and when you don't believe him, rail at you, — avads 'tis the prettiest man —

ISABELLA I have a strange apprehension of being surpris'd to night.

140 FANNY I'll warrant you, I'll sit on yon Bank of Pinks, and when I hear a noise I'll come and tell you, so *Lodwick* may slip out at the back gate, and we may be walking up and down as if we meant no harm.

ISABELLA You'll grow very expert in the arts of Love *Fanny*.

FANNY When I am big enough I shall do my endeavour, for I have heard
145 you say, Women were born to no other end than to love: And 'tis fit I should learn to live and die in my calling, — Come open the Gate or you'll repent it, we shall have my Father marry you within a day or two to that ugly man that speaks hard words. —avads I can't abide him.

ISABELLA What noise is that?

150 FANNY Why 'tis Mr. *Lodwick* at the Garden door, — let him in whilst I'll be to my Flowery Bank and stand Centinel.—

Runs off. Isabella opens the Gate

Enter WITTMORE

WITTMORE Who's there?

ISABELLA Speak low, who should it be but the kind fool her self who can deny you nothing, but what you dare not take?

155 WITTMORE Not take! what's that? hast thou reserves in store?
—Oh come and let me lead thee to thy Bed,
Or seat thee on some Bank of softer Flowers,
Where I may rifle all thy unknown store.

ISABELLA How! surely you're not in earnest? — Do you love me?

160 WITTMORE Love thee! by thy dear self all that my Soul adores,
I'm all impatient Flame! all over Love!
—You do not use to doubt, but since you doe,
Come, and I'll satisfy thy obliging fears,
And give thee proofs how much my Soul is thine,
165 I'll breath it all a-new into thy bosom, —
Oh thou art fit for the transporting Play,
All loose and wanton, like the Queen of Love
When she descends to meet the Youth in shades.

ISABELLA And are you Sir in earnest? can it be?

170 WITTMORE That question was severe, what means my Love[?]
What pretty art is this to blow my flame,
Are you not mine? did we not meet t'injoy?
I came not with more vigorous eager hast[e],
When our first Sacrifice to Love we paid,
175 Than to perform that Ceremony now.
Come do not let the Sacred Fire burn out
Which only was prepar'd for Love's rich Altar,
And this is the Divine, dark, silent Minute.—

Goes to lead her off

ISABELLA Hold Ravisher, and know this sawcy Passion
180 Has render'd back your interest. Now I hate ye,
And my Obedience to my Father's will

SIR PATIENT FANCY

Shall marry me to *Fain-love*, and I'll despise ye. *Flings from him*
WITTMORE Hah! *Isabella!* Death I have made sweet work,—stay gentle
maid,—she'll ruin all if she goe — stay — she knew me, and cunningly
drew me to this discovery; I'll after her and undeceive her. 185
Runs after her

SCENE

*A confus'd Noise of the Serenade, the Scene draws off to
Lady Fancy's Antichamber*

Enter ISABELLA groping as in the dark

ISABELLA Pray Heaven I get undiscover'd to my Chamber, where I'll
make Vows against this perjur'd Man; hah, sure he follows still; no Wood
Nymph ever fled before a Satyr, with half that trembling haste I flew from
Lodwick, — oh he has lost his Vertue and undone me.
Goes out groping, and the noise of Serenade again

SCENE

*Changes to LADY FANCY's Bed-chamber, discovers her as before; LODWICK
as just risen in disorder from the Bed: buttoning himself and setting
himself in order; and noise at the door of unlatching it*

Enter ISABELLA groping, Sir Patient without

LADY FANCY It is this Door that open'd, and which I thought I had 190
secur'd.

SIR PATIENT Oh insupportable, abominable, and not to be indur'd!

ISABELLA Hah my Father! I'm discover'd and pursu'd,—grant me to
find the Bed.

LADY FANCY Heav'ns 'twas my Husbands Voice, sure we're betray'd. 195
It must be so, for what Devil but that of Jealousy, cou'd raise him at this late
hour?

ISABELLA Hah, where am I, and who is't that speaks.— *To her self*

LODWICK So, he must know that I have made a Cuckold of him. *Aside*

SIR PATIENT (*Within*) Call up my men, the Coachman, Groom, and But- 200
ler; the Footmen, Cook and Gardener, bid 'em all rise and Arm, with long
Staff, Spade and Pitchfork, and sally out upon the wicked.

LODWICK Short! what a death shall I dye,—is there no place of safety
hereabouts—for there is no resisting these unmercifull Weapons.

ISABELLA A mans Voice! 205

LADY FANCY I know of none, nor how to prevent your discovery.

Sir Patient [coming forward]

SIR PATIENT Oh oh lead me forward, I'll lye here on the Garden side, out of the hearing of this Hellish Noise.

LADY FANCY Hah Noise — what means he?

210 LODWICK Nay I know not, is there no escaping? —

ISABELLA Who can they be that talk thus? sure I have mistook my chamber.

LADY FANCY Oh he's coming in—I'm ruin'd, what shall we doe? here—
get into the Bed—and cover your self with the clothes—quickly —oh my
215 Confusion will betray me.

*Lodwick gets into the Bed, Isabella hides behind the Curtain
very near to him*

Enter SIR PATIENT led by NURSE and MAUNDY with Lights

MAUNDY Pray go back Sir, my poor Lady will be frighted out of her wits at this danger you put you self into, the noise shall be still'd.

LADY FANCY Oh what's the matter with my Love, what, do you mean to murder him? oh lead him instantly back to his Bed.

220 SIR PATIENT Oh oh, no, I'll lye here — put me to Bed, oh I faint,—my Chamber's possest with twenty thousand evil Spirits.

LADY FANCY Possest! what sickly Fancy's this?

SIR PATIENT Ah the house is beset, surrounded and confounded with profane tinkling, with Popish Horn-Pipes and Jesuitical Cymballs, more
225 Antichristian and Abominable than Organs, or Anthems.

NURSE Yea verily, and surely it is the spawn of Cathedrall Instruments plaid on by Babylonish Minstrells, only to disturb the Brethren.

SIR PATIENT Aye 'tis so, call up my Servants, and let them be first chastis'd and then hang'd, accuse 'em for French Papishes, that had a
230 design to fire the City, or any thing—oh I shall dye—lead me gently to this Bed.

LADY FANCY To hinder him will discover all [*Aside*]—stay Sir.—

SIR PATIENT Hah my Lady turn'd rebellious! — put me to Bed I say,
Throws himself forward to the Bed

hah—what's here[?]- what art thou[?]- a Man— hah, a Man, Treason!
235 betray'd! my Bed's defil'd, my Lady Polluted, and I am Cornuted, oh thou Vile Serpent of my Bosome!

[Lady Fancy] stands with her Face towards the Stage in signes of fear

ISABELLA A Man, and in my Vertuous Lady Mothers Chamber! how fortunate was I to light on this discovery!

LADY FANCY Well, Sir, — since you have seen him, I beseech you for my
240 sake, Dear, Pardon him this one time. *Coaxing him*

SIR PATIENT Thou beg his Pardon? oh was ever heard such Impudence!

LADY FANCY Indeed my Love, he is to blame, but we that are judicious should bear with the frailties of Youth.

SIR PATIENT Oh insupportable Audacity! —what canst thou say false
245 Woman?

LADY FANCY Truly not much in his defence my dear.

ISABELLA Oh cunning Devil.—

SIR PATIENT FANCY

LADY FANCY But Sir, to hide the weakness of your Daughter, I have a little strain'd my Modesty.—

ISABELLA Heav'ns! what says she?—

250

LADY FANCY 'Tis *Isabella's* Lover Sir, whom I've conceal'd.

LODWICK A good hint to save both our Credits.

[*Aside*]

SIR PATIENT How Mr. *Fain-love* mean you?

Lodwick rises and comes a little more forward, Isabella does the like till both meet at the feet of the Bed, and start, Lodwick looking simply

LADY FANCY Aye my dear, Mr. *Fain-love*.

LODWICK *Isabella* here! must she know too what a fine inconstant Dog I am? [*Aside*]—

255

ISABELLA *Lodwick!* and in my Mothers Chamber! may I believe my Eyes?

SIR PATIENT But how got he hither — tell me that! oh Youth, Youth, to what degree of wickedness art thou arriv'd?

LADY FANCY She appointed him to come this night Sir, and he going to her Chamber, by mistake came into mine, it being the next to her's.

260

MAUNDY But Lord Sir, had you heard how my Lady school'd him, whilst I ran down to fetch a light!

LODWICK Now does my Conscience tell me, I am a damn'd Villain.—

Aside, looking pitifully on Isabella

LADY FANCY But the poor Man presently perceiv'd his mistake, and beg'd my Pardon in such feeling termes —that I vow I had not the heart to deny it him.

265

ISABELLA Oh Traytor! wou'd thou hadst been that Ravisher I took thee for, rather than such a Villain — false! and with my Mother too!

LADY FANCY And just then Sir you came to the door, and lest you shou'd see him, intreated me to hide him from your Anger,—the offence is not so hainous Sir, considering he's so soon to marry her.

270

SIR PATIENT —Well Sir, and what have you to say in your defence? — hah—how Mr. *Knowell!* — worse and worse—why how came you hither Sir? hah,—

275

LADY FANCY Not *Wittmore!* oh I am ruin'd and betray'd.

Falls almost in a swoon

SIR PATIENT Hah, *Isabella* here too!—

ISABELLA Yes Sir, to justify her innocence.—

SIR PATIENT Hah! Innocence! and justify! take her away, go out of my sight thou limb of Satan, — take her away I say, I'll talk with you to morrow, Lady fine tricks— I will.—

280

ISABELLA —And I'll know before I sleep the mystery of all this, and who 'twas this faithless Man sent in his room to deceive me in the Garden.—

Goes out

LODWICK A plague of all ill-luck—how the Devil came she hither? I must follow and reconcile her.—

[*Aside*] *Going out, Sir Patient stays him*

285

SIR PATIENT Nay Sir, we must not part so till I have known the truth of this business I take it.

LODWICK Truth Sir, oh all that your fair Lady has said, Sir, I must confess, her Eyes have wounded me enough with Anger, you need not add more to my shame.—

290

- LADY FANCY Some little comfort yet that he prov'd indeed to be *Isabella's*
 Lover: oh that I should mistake so unluckily! *Aside*
- SIR PATIENT Why, I thought it had been Mr. *Fain-love*.
- LADY FANCY By all that's good, and so did I.
- 295 LODWICK I know you did Madam or you had not been so kind to me: your
 servant dear Madam, ——— *Going, Sir Patient stays him*
- LADY FANCY Pray Sir let him goe, oh how abominate the sight of a man
 that cou'd be so wicked as he has been!
- SIR PATIENT Ha, —good Lady, excellent woman, well Sir for my Ladies
 300 sake I'll let you pass with this, but if I catch you here again, I shall spoil
 your intrigues, Sir, marry shall I, and so rest ye satisfy'd Sir.—
- LODWICK At this time, I am Sir —Madam a thousand blessings on you
 for this goodness. ———
- LADY FANCY Ten thousand Curses upon thee, —go boast the ruine you
 305 have made. *Aside to Lodwick*
- SIR PATIENT Come, no more anger now my Lady; the Gentleman's sorry
 you see, I'll marry my pert Huswife to morrow for this, — *Maundy* see the
 Gentleman safe out, — ah — put me to Bed, ah—this nights work will kill
 me, ah, ah ——— *Exeunt Lodwick and Maundy*

SCENE

*The Scene draws over Sir Patient and Lady: draws again and discovers
 the Garden, WITTMORE, FANNY and ISABELLA*

- 310 ISABELLA How, Mr. *Fain-love*? it cannot be. ———
- FANNY Indeed Sister 'tis the same for all he talks so, and he told me his
 coming was but to try your vertue only.
- Enter LODWICK and MAUNDY as passing over, but stand*
- ISABELLA That *Fain-love* whom I am so soon to marry! and but this day
 courted me in another Dialect!
- 315 WITTMORE That was my Policy Madam, to pass upon your Father with.
 But I'me a Man that knows the value of the Fair, and saw charms of
 Beauty and of wit in you, that taught me to know the way to your heart
 was to appear my self, which now I doe. Why did you leave me so
 unkindly but now?
- 320 LODWICK Hah, what's this? whilst I was grafting horns on another's
 head, some kind friend was doing that good office for me.
- MAUNDY Sure 'tis *Wittmore*! — oh that dissembler—this was his Plot
 upon my Lady, to gain time with *Isabella*. *Aside*
- WITTMORE And being so near my happiness, can you blame me, if I made
 325 a tryall whether your Virtue were agreable to your Beauty, great, and to
 be equally ador'd?
- LODWICK Death, I've heard enough to forfeit all my patience—Draw Sir
 and make a tryall of your Courage too. ———

SIR PATIENT FANCY

WITTMORE Hah! what desperate fool art thou? *Draws*
 LODWICK One that will see thee fairly damn'd e're yield his Interest up in 330
Isabella —oh, thou false Woman!
They fight out, Isabella, [Fanny] and Maundy run off

SCENE

*Changes to the long Street, a Pageant of an Elephant coming from the farther
 end with SIR CREDULOUS on it, and several others playing
 on strange confused Instruments*

SIR CREDULOUS This sure is extraordinary, or the Devil's in't, and I'll
 ne're trust Serenade more. *Come forward and all play again*
 —hold, hold, now for the Song, which because I wou'd have most
 Deliciously and Melodiously sung, I'll sing my self: look ye, — hum — 335
 hum. —

Sir Credulous should have Sung.

*Thou grief of my heart, and thou Pearl of my Eyes,
 Don thy Flannel Peticoat quickly, and rise:
 And from thy resplendent window discover
 A face that wou'd mortify any young Lover: 340
 For I like great Jove Transported do woove,
 And am Amorous Owl, To wit to woo, to wit to woo.*

*A Lover Ads Zoz is a sort of a fool
 That of all things you best may compare to an Owl:
 For in some dark shades he delights still to sit, 345
 And all the night long he cries Wo to wit.
 Then rise my bright Cloris and don thy slip-shoe:
 And hear thy Amorous Owl chant, Wit to woo, wit to woo.*

—Well, this won't do, for I perceive no Window open, nor Lady-bright
 appear, to talk obligingly, — perhaps the Song does not please her, you 350
 Ballad-singers, have you no good Songs of another fashion?

1. MAN Yes Sir, several, Robin, — *Hark how the Waters fall, fall, fall, —*

SIR CREDULOUS How Man! Zoz, remove us farther off, for fear of wet-
 ting.

1. MAN No no, Sir, I only gave my fellow a hint of an excellent Ballad that 355
 begins — *Ill wedded joys how quickly do you fade.* *Sings*

SIR CREDULOUS Aye, aye that, we'll have that, — *Ill wedded joys how
 quickly do you fade, (Sings) — That's excellent! Oh now the Windows open,
 now, now show your capering tricks.* *Valting*

They all play again