

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER  
JOHN**

**BEAUMONT &  
FLETCHER'S  
WORKS (2 OF 10) -  
THE HUMOUROUS  
LIEUTENANT**

Francis Beaumont

**Beaumont & Fletchers Works (2 of  
10) – the Humourous Lieutenant**

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**Beaumont F.**

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# Francis Beaumont Beaumont & Fletcher's Works (2 of 10) – the Humourous Lieutenant

## Persons Represented in the Play

*King* Antigonus, *an old Man with young desires.*

Demetrius, *Son to Antigonus, in love with Celia.*

Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomie, *Three Kings equal sharers with Antigonus of what Alexander had, with united powers opposing Antigonus.*

Leontius, *a brave old merry Souldier, assistant to Demetrius.*

Timon, Charinthus, Menippus, *Servants to Antigonus, and his vices.*

*The Humourous Lieutenant.*

*Gentlemen, Friends and followers of Demetrius.*

*\_3 Embassadors, from the three Kings.*

*Gentlemen-Ushers.\_*

*Grooms.*

*Citizens.*

*Physicians.*

*Herald.*

*Magician.*

*Souldiers.*

*Host.*

**WOMEN.**

Celia *alias E[n]anthe, Daughter to Seleucus, Mistris to Demetrius.*

Leucippe, *a Bawd, Agent for the King's lust.*

*Ladies.*

*Citizens Wives.*

*Governesse to Celia.*

*A Country-Woman.*

*Phoebe, her Daughter.*

*2 Servants of the game.*

*The Scene Greece.*

The principal Actors were,

*Henry Condel. John Lowin. Richard Sharpe. Robert Benfeild. Joseph Taylor. William Eglestone.  
John Underwood. Thomas Polard.*

## ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA

*Enter 2 Ushers, and Grooms with perfumes.*

*1 Usher.* Round, round, perfume it round, quick, look ye Diligently the state be right, are these the richest Cushions? Fie, fie, who waits i'th' wardrobe?

*2 Ush.* But pray tell me, do you think for certain These Embassadors shall have this morning audience?

*1 Ush.* They shall have it: Lord that you live at Court And understand not! I tell you they must have it.

*2 Ush.* Upon what necessity?

*1 Ush.* Still you are out of the trick of Court, sell your place,

*Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.*

And sow your grounds, you are not for this tillage.  
Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings,  
There you may see at ease.

*Ladies.* We thank you, Sir. [*Ex. Ladies, Gent.*]

*1 Ush.* Would you have all these slighted? who should report then,  
The Embassadors were handsome men? his beard  
A neat one? the fire of his eyes quicker than lightning,  
And when it breaks, as blasting? his legs, though little ones,  
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?  
Who shall commend their Cloaths? who shall take notice  
Of the most wise behaviour of their Feathers?  
Ye live a raw man here.

*2 Ush.* I think I do so.

*Enter 2 citizens, and Wives.*

*1 Ush.* Why, whither would ye all press?

*1 Cit.* Good Master Usher.

*2 Cit.* My wife, and some few of my honest neighbours, here.

*1 Ush.* Prethee begone thou and thy honest Neighbours, Thou lookst like an Ass, why, whither would you fish face?

*2 Cit.* If I might have  
But the honour to see you at my poor house, Sir,  
A Capon bridled and saddled, I'll assure your worship,  
A shoulder of Mutton and a pottle of Wine, Sir,  
I know your Brother, he was like ye,  
And shot the best at Buts—

*1 Ush.* A – upon thee.

*2 Cit.* Some Musick I'll assure you too, My toy, Sir, can play o'th' Virginals.

*1 Ush.* Prethee good toy,  
Take away thy shoulder of Mutton, it is flie-blown,  
And shoulder take thy flap along, here's no place for ye;  
Nay then you had best be knock'd. [*Ex. Cit.*]

*Enter Celia.*

*Cel.* I wou'd fain see him,  
The glory of this place makes me remember,  
But dye those thoughts, dye all but my desires,  
Even those to death are sick too; he's not here,  
Nor how my eyes may guide me—

*1 Ush.* What's your business? Who keeps the outward door there? here's fine shuffling, You wastcoateer you must go back.

*Cel.* There is not,  
There cannot be, six days and never see me?  
There must not be desire; Sir, do you think  
That if you had a Mistris—

*1 Ush.* Death, she is mad.

*Cel.* And were yourself an honest man? it cannot—

*1 Ush.* What a Devil hast thou to do with me or my honesty? Will you be jogging, good nimble tongue, My fellow door-keeper.

*2 Ush.* Prethee let her alone,

*1 Ush.* The King is coming, And shall we have an agent from the Suburbs Come to crave audience too?

*Cel.* Before I thought ye  
To have a little breeding, some tang of Gentry;  
But now I take ye plainly,  
Without the help of any perspective,  
For that ye cannot alter.

*1 Ush.* What's that?

*Cel.* An Ass, Sir, you bray as like one,  
And by my troth, me thinks as ye stand now,  
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me  
Just with that kind of gravity, and wisdom;  
Your place may bear the name of Gentleman,  
But if ever any of that butter stick to your bread—

*2 Ush.* You must be modester.

*Cel.* Let him use me nobler,

And wear good Cloaths to do good Offices;  
They hang upon a fellow of his vertue,  
As though they hung on Gibbets.

*2 Ush.* A perillous wench.

*1 Ush.* Thrust her into a corner, I'll no more on her.

*2 Ush.* You have enough, go pretty Maid, stand close, And use that little tongue, with a little more temper.

*Cel.* I thank ye, Sir.

*2 Ush.* When the show's past,  
I'll have ye into the Cellar, there we'll dine.  
A very pretty wench, a witty Rogue,  
And there we'll be as merry; can ye be merry?

*Cel.* O very merry.

*2 Ush.* Only our selves; this churlish fellow shall not know.

*Cel.* By no means.

*2 Ush.* And can you love a little?

*Cel.* Love exceedingly: I have cause to love you, dear Sir.

*2 Ush.* Then I'll carry ye,  
And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,  
The Lodgings, Gardens, and the walks: and then, sweet,  
You shall tell me where you lye.

*Cel.* Yes marry will I.

*2 Ush.* And't shall go hard but I'll send ye a Venison Pasty, And bring a bottle of wine along.

*1 Ush.* Make room there,

*2 Ush.* Room there afore; stand close, the train is coming.

*Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, Menippus.*

*Cel.* Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools? Yet, yet, I see him not. O what a misery Is love, expected long, deluded longer!

*Ant.* Conduct in the Embassadors.

*1 Ush.* Make room there.

*Ant.* They shall not wait long answer— [*Flourish.*

*Cel.* Yet he comes not.

*Enter 3 Embassadors.*

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes  
Follow to make these wonders? O good gods!  
What would these look like if my love were here?  
But I am fond, forgetful.

*Ant.* Now your grievance, Speak short, and have as short dispatch.

*1 Emb.* Then thus, Sir:

In all our Royal Masters names, We tell you,

Ye have done injustice, broke the bonds of concord,  
And from their equal shares, from *Alexander*  
Parted, and so possess'd, not like a Brother,  
But as an open Enemy, Ye have hedged in  
Whole Provinces, man'd and maintain'd these injuries;  
And daily with your sword (though they still honour ye)  
Make bloody inroads, take Towns, and ruin Castles,  
And still their sufferance feels the weight.

*2 Em.* Think of that love, great Sir, that honor'd friendship  
Your self held with our Masters, think of that strength  
When you were all one body, all one mind;  
When all your swords struck one way, when your angers,  
Like so many brother Billows rose together,  
And curling up your foaming Crests, defied  
Even mighty Kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em;  
O think of these; and you that have been Conquerours,  
That ever led your Fortunes open ey'd,  
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that fame courted,  
Now ye want Enemies and men to match ye,  
Let not your own Swords seek your ends to shame ye.

*Enter Demetrius with a Javelin, and Gentlemen.*

*3 Em.* Choose which you will, or Peace or War, We come prepar'd for either.

*1 Ush.* Room for the Prince there.

*Cel.* Was it the Prince they said? how my heart trembled!  
'Tis he indeed; what a sweet noble fierceness  
Dwells in his eyes! young *Meleager* like,  
When he return'd from slaughter of the Boar,  
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,  
With all the gallant youth of *Greece*, he looks now,  
Who could deny him love?

*Dem.* Hail Royal Father.

*Ant.* Ye are welcome from your sport, Sir, do you see this Gent.  
You that bring Thunders in your mouths, and Earthquakes  
To shake and totter my designs? can you imagine  
(You men of poor and common apprehensions)  
While I admit this man, my Son, this nature  
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceness,  
Than all your Masters in their lives; dare I admit him,  
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,  
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,  
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,  
His weapon hatched in blood, all these attending

When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden  
In any expedition he shall point 'em,  
As arrows from a Tartars bow, and speeding,  
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?  
Fear your great Master? yours? or yours?

*Dem.* O *Hercules!*

Who saies you do, Sir? Is there any thing  
In these mens faces, or their Masters actions,  
Able to work such wonders?

*Cel.* Now he speaks: O I could dwell upon that tongue for ever.

*Dem.* You call 'em Kings, they never wore those Royalties,  
Nor in the progress of their lives arriv'd yet  
At any thought of King: Imperial dignities,  
And powerful God-like actions, fit for Princes  
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,  
Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven:  
Poor petty men, nor have I yet forgot  
The chiefest honours time, and merit gave 'em:  
*Lisimachus* your Master, at the best,  
His highest, and his hopeful'st Dignities  
Was but grand-master of the *Elephants*;

*Seleuchus* of the Treasure; and for *Ptolomey*,  
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,  
Some Master of Ammunition: and must these men—

*Cel.* What a brave confidence flows from his spirit! O sweet young man!

*Dem.* Must these, hold pace with us,  
And on the same file hang their memories?  
Must these examine what the wills of Kings are?  
Prescribe to their designs, and chain their actions  
To their restraints? be friends, and foes when they please?  
Send out their Thunders, and their menaces,  
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?  
Go home good men, and tell your Masters from us,  
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em  
Their barren Countries, ruin their vast Cities,  
And tell 'em out of love, we mean to leave 'em  
(Since they will needs be Kings) no more to tread on,  
Than they have able wits, and powers to manage,  
And so we shall befriend 'em. Ha! what does she there?

*Emb.* This is your answer King?

*Ant.* 'Tis like to prove so.

*Dem.* Fie, sweet, what makes you here?

*Cel.* Pray ye do not chide me.

*Dem.* You do your self much wrong and me.  
I feel my fault which only was committed  
Through my dear love to you: I have not seen ye,  
And how can I live then? I have not spoke to ye—

*Dem.* I know this week ye have not; I will redeem all. You are so tender now; think where you are, sweet.

*Cel.* What other light have I left?

*Dem.* Prethee *Celia*, Indeed I'll see you presently.

*Cel.* I have done, Sir: You will not miss?

*Dem.* By this, and this, I will not.

*Cel.* 'Tis in your will and I must be obedient.

*Dem.* No more of these assemblies.

*Cel.* I am commanded.

*1 Ush.* Room for the Lady there: Madam, my service—

*1 Gent.* My Coach an't please you Lady.

*2 Ush.* Room before there.

*2 Gent.* The honour, Madam, but to wait upon you— My servants and my state.

*Cel.* Lord, how they flock now!  
Before I was afraid they would have beat me;  
How these flies play i'th' Sun-shine! pray ye no services,  
Or if ye needs must play the Hobby-horses,  
Seek out some beauty that affects 'em: farewell,  
Nay pray ye spare: Gentlemen I am old enough  
To go alone at these years, without crutches. [*Exit.*]

*2 Ush.* Well I could curse now: but that will not help me,  
I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately,  
Do but consider how the Devil has crost me,  
Meat for my Master she cries, well—

*3 Em.* Once more, Sir, We ask your resolutions: Peace or War yet?

*Dem.* War, War, my noble Father.

*1 Em.* Thus I fling it: And fair ey'd peace, farewell.

*Ant.* You have your answer; Conduct out the Embassadors, and give 'em Convoyes.

*Dem.* Tell your high hearted Masters, they shall not seek us,  
Nor cool i'th' field in expectation of us,  
We'll ease your men those marches: In their strengths,  
And full abilities of mind and courage,  
We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.

3 *Em.* You will find so hot a Souldier's welcome, Sir, Your favour shall not freeze.

2 *Em.* A forward Gentleman, Pity the Wars should bruise such hopes—

*Ant.* Conduct em— [*Ex.* *Em.*  
Now, for this preparation: where's *Leontius*?  
Call him in presently: for I mean in person Gentlemen  
My self, with my old fortune—

*Dem.* Royal Sir:  
Thus low I beg this honour: fame already  
Hath every where rais'd Trophies to your glory,  
And conquest now grown old, and weak with following  
The weary marches and the bloody shocks  
You daily set her in: 'tis now scarce honour  
For you that never knew to fight, but conquer,  
To sparkle such poor people: the Royal Eagle  
When she hath tri'd [h]er young ones 'gainst the Sun,  
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'em to prey,  
How to command on wing, and check below her  
Even Birds of noble plume; I am your own, Sir,  
You have found my spirit, try it now, and teach it  
To stoop whole Kingdoms: leave a little for me:  
Let not your glory be so greedy, Sir,  
To eat up all my hopes; you gave me life,  
If to that life you add not what's more lasting  
A noble name, for man, you have made a shadow:  
Bless me this day: bid me go on, and lead,  
Bid me go on, no less fear'd, than *Antigonus*,  
And to my maiden sword, tye fast your fortune:  
I know 'twill fight it self then: dear Sir, honour me:  
Never fair Virgin long'd so.

*Ant.* Rise, and command then,  
And be as fortunate, as I expect ye:  
I love that noble will; your young companions  
Bred up and foster'd with ye, I hope *Demetrius*,  
You will make souldiers too: they must not leave ye.

*Enter Leontius.*

2 *Gent.* Never till life leave us, Sir.

*Ant.* O *Leontius*, Here's work for you in hand.

*Leon.* I am ev'n right glad, Sir. For by my troth, I am now grown old with idleness; I hear we shall abroad, Sir.

*Ant.* Yes, and presently, But who think you commands now?

*Leon.* Who commands, Sir?  
Methinks mine eye should guide me: can there be  
(If you your self will spare him so much honour)

Any found out to lead before your Armies,  
So full of faith, and fire, as brave *Demetrius*?  
King *Philips* Son, at his years was an old Souldier,  
'Tis time his Fortune be o' wing, high time, Sir,  
So many idle hours, as here he loyters,  
So many ever-living names he loses,  
I hope 'tis he.

*Ant.* 'Tis he indeed, and nobly  
He shall set forward: draw you all those Garrisons  
Upon the frontiers as you pass: to those  
Joyn these in pay at home, our ancient souldiers,  
And as you go press all the Provinces.

*Leo.* We shall not [need];  
Believe, this hopefull Gentleman  
Can want no swords, nor honest hearts to follow him,  
We shall be full, no fear Sir.

*Ant.* You *Leontius*,  
Because you are an old and faithfull servant,  
And know the wars, with all his vantages,  
Be near to his instructions, lest his youth  
Lose valours best companion, staid discretion,  
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safetie;  
In execution not to break, nor scatter,  
But with a provident anger, follow nobly:  
Not covetous of blood, and death, but honour,  
Be ever near his watches; cheer his labours,  
And where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour;  
Love him, and think it no dishonour (my *Demetrius*)  
To wear this Jewel near thee; he is a tri'd one,  
And one that even in spight of time, that sunk him,  
And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by thee,  
And with the proudest of thine Enemies  
Exchange for bloud, and bravely: take his Counsel.

*Leo.* Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

*Ant.* She must be known and suddenly: Do ye know her? [*to Minippus*].

*Gent. Char.* No, believe Sir.

*Ant.* Did you observe her, *Timon*?

*Tim.* I look'd on her, But what she is—

*Ant.* I must have that found. Come in and take your leave.

*Tim.* And some few Prayers along.

*Dem.* I know my duty, [*Exit Ant.* You shall be half my Father.

*Leo.* All your Servant: Come Gentlemen, you are resolv'd I am sure To see these wars.

*1 Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes, Though most assur'd death hung round about us.

*Leo.* That bargain's yet to make;

Be not too hasty, when ye face the Enemie,  
Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly,  
But charge within your bounds, and keep close bodies,  
And you shall see what sport we'l make these mad-caps;  
You shall have game enough, I warrant ye,  
Every mans Cock shall fight.

*Dem.* I must go see Sir:  
Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken leave,  
I'll meet you in the park;  
Draw the men thither,  
Wait you upon *Leontius*.

*Gen.* We'l attend Sir.

*Leo.* But I beseech your Grace, with speed; the sooner We are i'th' field.—

*Dem.* You could not please me better. [*Exit.*

*Leo.* You never saw the wars yet?

*Gent.* Not yet Colonel.

*Leo.* These foolish Mistresses do so hang about ye,  
So whimper, and so hug, I know it Gentlemen,  
And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud;  
And that sweet tilting war, with eyes and kisses,  
Th' alarms of soft vows, and sighs, and fiddle faddles,  
Spoils all our trade: you must forget these knick knacks,  
A woman at some time of year, I grant ye  
She is necessarie; but make no business of her.  
How now Lieutenant?

*Enter Lieutenant.*

*Lieu.* Oh Sir, as ill as ever; We shall have wars they say; they are mustring yonder: Would we were at it once: fie, how it plagues me.

*Leo.* Here's one has served now under Captain *Cupid*, And crackt a Pike in's youth: you see what's come on't.

*Lieu.* No, my disease will never prove so honourable.

*Leo.* Why sure, thou hast the best pox.

*Lieu.* If I have 'em, I am sure I got 'em in the best company; They are pox of thirty Coats.

*Leo.* Thou hast mewed 'em finely:  
Here's a strange fellow now, and a brave fellow,  
If we may say so of a pocky fellow,  
(Which I believe we may) this poor Lieutenant;  
Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,  
Or what a Devil it be, I'll say this for him,  
There fights no braver souldier under Sun, Gentlemen;  
Show him an Enemie, his pain's forgot straight;  
And where other men by beds and bathes have ease,  
And easie rules of Physick; set him in a danger,

A danger, that's a fearfull one indeed,  
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye,  
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,  
Ye have his heart: and then he works it bravely,  
And throughly bravely: not a pang remembre'd:  
I have seen him do such things, belief would shrink at.

*Gent.* 'Tis strange he should do all this, and diseas'd so.

*Leo.* I am sure 'tis true: Lieutenant, canst thou drink well?

*Lieu.* Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feel this backward?

*Gent.* I would take Physick.

*Lieu.* But I would know my disease first.

*Leon.* Why? it may be the Colique: canst thou blow

*Lieu.* There's never a bag-pipe in the Kingdom better.

*Gent.* Is't not a pleuresie?

*Lieu.* 'Tis any thing That has the Devil, and death in't: will ye march Gentlemen? The Prince has taken leave.

*Leo.* How know ye that?

*Lieu.* I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his followers,  
And met him after in a by street: I think  
He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over  
Before he go: would I had such another  
To draw this foolish pain down.

*Leo.* Let's away Gentlemen, For sure the Prince will stay on us.

*Gent.* We'l attend Sir. [Exeunt.]

## SCENA II

*Enter Demetrius, and Celia.*

*Cel.* Must ye needs go?

*Dem.* Or stay with all dishonour.

*Cel.* Are there not men enough to fight?

*Dem.* Fie *Celia*. This ill becomes the noble love you bear me; Would you have your love a coward?

*Cel.* No; believe Sir, I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.

*Dem.* Wouldst have it thus? or thus?

*Cel.* If that be fighting—

*Dem.* Ye wanton fool: when I come home again I'll fight with thee, at thine own weapon *Celia*, And conquer thee too.

*Cel.* That you have done already, You need no other Arms to me, but these Sir; But will you fight your self Sir?

*Dem.* Thus deep in blood wench, And through the thickest ranks of Pikes.

*Cel.* Spur bravely Your fierce Courser, beat the troops before ye, And cram the mouth of death with executions.

*Dem.* I would do more than these: But prethee tell me, Tell me my fair, where got'st thou this male Spirit? I wonder at thy mind.

*Cel.* Were I a man then, You would wonder more.

*Dem.* Sure thou wouldst prove a Souldier, And some great Leader.

*Cel.* Sure I should do somewhat; And the first thing I did, I should grow envious, Extremely envious of your youth, and honour.

*Dem.* And fight against me?

*Cel.* Ten to one, I should do it.

*Dem.* Thou wouldst not hurt me?

*Cel.* In this mind I am in I think I should be hardly brought to strike ye, Unless 'twere thus; but in my mans mind—

*Dem.* What?

*Cel.* I should be friends with you too, Now I think better.

*Dem.* Ye are a tall Souldier:  
Here, take these, and these;  
This gold to furnish ye, and keep this bracelet;  
Why do you weep now?  
You a masculine Spirit?

*Cel.* No, I confess, I am a fool, a woman: And ever when I part with you—

*Dem.* You shall not, These tears are like prodigious signs, my sweet one, I shall come back, loaden with fame, to honour thee.

*Cel.* I hope you shall:  
But then my dear *Demetrius*,  
When you stand Conquerour, and at your mercy  
All people bow, and all things wait your sentence;  
Say then your eye (surveying all your conquest)

Finds out a beautie, even in sorrow excellent,  
A constant face, that in the midst of ruine  
With a forc'd smile, both scorns at fate, and fortune:  
Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified,  
And in her figure all the sweets of nature?

*Dem.* Prethee, No more of this, I cannot find her.

*Cel.* That shews as far beyond my wither'd beauty; And will run mad to love ye too.

*Dem.* Do you fear me, And do you think, besides this face, this beauty, This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd—

*Cel.* I dare not: No sure, I think ye honest; wondrous honest. Pray do not frown, I'll swear ye are.

*Dem.* Ye may choose.

*Cel.* But how long will ye be away?

*Dem.* I know not.

*Cel.* I know you are angry now: pray look upon me: I'll ask no more such questions.

*Dem.* The Drums beat, I can no longer stay.

*Cel.* They do but call yet: How fain you would leave my Company?

*Dem.* I wou'd not, Unless a greater power than love commanded, Commands my life, mine honour.

*Cel.* But a little.

*Dem.* Prethee farewell, and be not doubtfull of me.

*Cel.* I would not have ye hurt: and ye are so ventrous—  
But good sweet Prince preserve your self, fight nobly,  
But do not thrust this body, 'tis not yours now,  
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine: do not seek wounds, Sir,  
For every drop of blood you bleed—

*Dem.* I will *Celia*, I will be carefull.

*Cel.* My heart, that loves ye dearly.

*Dem.* Prethee no more, we must part: [*Drums a March.* Hark, they march now.

*Cel.* Pox on these bawling Drums: I am sure you'll kiss me, But one kiss? what a parting's this?

*Dem.* Here take me,  
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;  
But still remember, if your fooling with me,  
Make me forget the trust—

*Cel.* I have done: farewell Sir, Never look back, you shall not stay, not a minute.

*Dem.* I must have one farewell more.

*Cel.* No, the Drums beat; I dare not slack your honour; not a hand more, Only this look; the gods preserve, and save ye.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA

*Enter* Antigonus, Carinthus, Timon.

*Ant.* What, have ye found her out?

*Char.* We have hearkned after her.

*Ant.* What's that to my desire?

*Char.* Your grace must give us time, And a little means.

*Tim.* She is sure a stranger, If she were bred or known here—

*Ant.* Your dull endeavours *Enter* Menippus. Should never be employ'd. Welcom *Menippus*.

*Men.* I have found her Sir, I mean the place she is lodg'd in; her name is *Celia*, And much adoe I had to purchase that too.

*Ant.* Dost think *Demetrius* loves her?

*Men.* Much I fear it, But nothing that way yet can win for certain. I'll tell your grace within this hour.

*Ant.* A stranger?

*Men.* Without all doubt.

*Ant.* But how should he come to her?

*Men.* There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.

*Ant.* Hast thou been with thy wife?

*Men.* No Sir, I am going to her.

*Ant.* Go and dispatch, and meet me in the garden, And get all out ye can. [*Exit*.

*Men.* I'll doe my best Sir. [*Exit*.

*Tim.* Blest be thy wife, thou wert an arrant ass else.

*Char.* I, she is a stirring woman indeed: There's a brain Brother.

*Tim.* There's not a handsom wench of any mettle  
Within an hundred miles, but her intelligence  
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her  
As confidently to Court, as to a sanctuary:  
What had his mouldy brains ever arriv'd at,  
Had not she beaten it out o'th' Flint to fasten him?  
They say she keeps an office of Concealments:  
There is no young wench, let her be a Saint,  
Unless she live i'th' Center, but she finds her,  
And every way prepares addresses to her:  
If my wife would have followed her course *Charinthus*,  
Her lucky course, I had the day before him:  
O what might I have been by this time, Brother?  
But she (forsooth) when I put these things to her,  
These things of honest thrift, groans, O my conscience,  
The load upon my conscience, when to make us cuckolds,  
They have no more burthen than a brood-[goose], Brother;  
But let's doe what we can, though this wench fail us,  
Another of a new way will be lookt at:  
Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains, time may  
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day. [*Exeunt*.

## SCENA II

*Drum within, Alarm, Enter Demetrius, and Leontius.*

*Dem.* I will not see 'em fall thus, give me way Sir, I shall forget you love me else.

*Leo.* Will ye lose all?  
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,  
Nay never to have been a man, is nothing,  
So you, and those we have preserv'd from slaughter  
Come safely off.

*Dem.* I have lost my self.

*Leo.* You are cozen'd.

*Dem.* And am most miserable.

*Leo.* There's no man so, but he that makes himself so.

*Dem.* I will goe on.

*Leo.* You must not: I shall tell you then,  
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern,  
That cannot guide himself: you lead an Army?  
That have not so much manly suff'rance left ye,  
To bear a loss?

*Dem.* Charge but once more *Leontius*, My friends and my companions are engag'd all.

*Leo.* Nay give 'em lost, I saw 'em off their horses, And the enemy master of their Arms; nor could then The policie, nor strength of man redeem 'em.

*Dem.* And shall I know this, and stand fooling?

*Leo.* By my dead Fathers soul you stir not, Sir, Or if you doe, you make your way through me first.

*Dem.* Thou art a Coward.

*Leo.* To prevent a Madman.  
None but your Fathers Son, durst call me so,  
'Death if he did—Must I be scandal'd by ye,  
That hedg'd in all the helps I had to save ye?  
That, where there was a valiant weapon stirring,  
Both search'd it out, and singl'd it, unedg'd it,  
For fear it should bite you, am I a coward?  
Go, get ye up, and tell 'em ye are the Kings Son;  
Hang all your Ladys favours on your Crest,  
And let them fight their shares; spur to destruction,  
You cannot miss the way: be bravely desperate,  
And your young friends before ye, that lost this battel,  
Your honourable friends, that knew no order,  
Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,  
The wise and fortunate *Antigonus*,  
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Antigonus*,

Has sent a desperate son, without discretion  
To bury in an hour his age of honour.

*Dem.* I am ashamed.

*Leo.* 'Tis ten to one, I die with ye:  
The coward will not long be after ye;  
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for ye,  
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after  
To boyes and girles in an old chimney corner,  
Of what a Prince we had, how bravely spirited;  
How young and fair he fell: we'l all go with ye,  
And ye shall see us all, like sacrifices  
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruine.  
Will this faith satisfie your folly? can this show ye  
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,  
To fall, forgotten, in a multitude?  
If you will needs tempt fortune now she has held ye,  
Held ye from sinking up.

*Dem.* Pray do not kill me, These words pierce deeper than the wounds I suffer, The smarting wounds of loss.

*Leo.* Ye are too tender;  
Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,  
And the most valiant feel them both: take comfort,  
The next is ours, I have a soul descries it:  
The angry bull never goes back for breath  
But when he means to arm his fury double.  
Let this day set, but not the memorie,  
And we shall find a time: How now Lieutenant?

*Enter* Lieutenant.

*Lieu.* I know not: I am mall'd: we are bravely beaten, All our young gallants lost.

*Leo.* Thou art hurt.

*Lieu.* I am pepper'd,  
I was i'th' midst of all: and bang'd of all hands:  
They made an anvile of my head, it rings yet;  
Never so thresh'd: do you call this fame? I have fam'd it;  
I have got immortal fame, but I'le no more on't;  
I'le no such scratching Saint to serve hereafter;  
O' my conscience I was kill'd above twenty times,  
And yet I know not what a Devil's in't,  
I crawled away, and lived again still; I am hurt plaguily,  
But now I have nothing near so much pain Colonel,  
They have sliced me for that maladie.

*Dem.* All the young men lost?

*Lie.* I am glad you are here: but they are all i'th' pound sir,  
They'l never ride o're other mens corn again, I take it,  
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,  
And such careering with their Mistres favours;  
And here must he be pricking out for honour,  
And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,  
Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *Exit*.  
Another spurs in there, cryes make room villains,  
I am a Lord, scarce spoken, but with reverence  
A Rascal takes him o're the face, and fells him;  
There lyes the Lord, the Lord be with him.

*Leo.* Now Sir, Do you find this truth?

*Dem.* I would not.

*Lieu.* Pox upon it, They have such tender bodies too; such Culisses, That one good handsom  
blow breaks 'em a pieces.

*Leo.* How stands the Enemy?

*Lieu.* Even cool enough too: For to say truth he has been shrewdly heated, The Gentleman no  
doubt will fall to his jewlips.

*Leo.* He marches not i'th' tail on's.

*Lieu.* No, plague take him,  
He'l kiss our tails as soon; he looks upon us,  
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,  
We will belabor you a little better,  
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.  
Now shall we have damnable Ballads out against us,  
Most wicked madrigals: and ten to one, Colonel,  
Sung to such lowsie, lamentable tunes.

*Leo.* Thou art merry,  
How e're the game goes: good Sir be not troubled,  
A better day will draw this back again.  
Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off,  
They are hot, and weary.

*Dem.* I'le doe any thing.

*Leo.* Lieutenant, send one presently away  
To th' King, and let him know our state: and hark ye,  
Be sure the messenger advise his Majestie  
To comfort up the Prince: he's full of sadness.

*Lieu.* When shall I get a Surgeon? this hot weather, Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink,  
Colonel.

*Leo.* Go, I'le prepare thee one.

*Lieu.* If ye catch me then, Fighting again, I'le eat hay with a horse. [*Exit*].

### SCENA III

*Enter Leucippe (reading) and two Maids at a Table writing.*

*Leu.* Have ye written to *Merione*?

*1 Ma.* Yes, Madam.

*Leu.* And let her understand the hopes she has, If she come speedilie—

*1 Ma.* All these are specified.

*Leu.* And of the chain is sent her, And the rich stuff to make her shew more handsom here?

*1 Maid.* All this is done, Madam.

*Leu.* What have you dispatcht there?

*2 Maid.* A letter to the Country maid, and't please ye.

*Leu.* A pretty girle, but peevish, plaguy peevish: Have ye bought the embroydered gloves, and that purse for her, And the new Curle?

*2 Maid.* They are ready packt up Madam.

*Leu.* Her maiden-head will yield me; let me see now;  
She is not fifteen they say: for her complexion—  
*Cloe, Cloe, Cloe,* here, I have her,

*Cloe,* the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;  
Her age upon fifteen: now her complexion,  
A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,  
The body neatly built: she strikes a Lute well,  
Sings most inticingly, these helps consider'd,  
Her maiden-head will amount to some three hundred,  
Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handsomly.  
Her Father's poor, some little share deducted,  
To buy him a hunting Nag; I, 'twill be pretty.  
Who takes care of the Merchants Wife?

*1 Ma.* I have wrought her.

*Leu.* You know for whom she is?

*1 Ma.* Very well, Madam, Though very much ado I had to make her Apprehend that happiness.

*Leu.* These Kind are subtile; Did she not cry and blubber when you urg'd her?

*1 Ma.* O most extreamly, and swore she would rather perish.

*Leu.* Good signs, very good signs, Symptoms of easie nature. Had she the Plate?

*1 Ma.* She lookt upon't, and left it, And turn'd again, and view'd it.

*Leu.* Very well still.

*1 Ma.* At length she was content to let it lye there, Till I call'd for't, or so.

*Leu.* She will come?

*1 Ma.* Do you take me For such a Fool, I would part without that promise?

*Leu.* The Chamber's next the Park.

*1 Ma.* The Widow, Madam, You bad me look upon.

*Leu.* Hang her, she is musty: She is no mans meat; besides, she's poor and sluttish: Where lyes old *Thisbe* now, you are so long now—

*2 Ma.* *Thisbe, Thisbe, Thisbe,* agent *Thisbe,* O I have her, She lyes now in *Nicopolis.*

*Leu.* Dispatch a Packet,  
And tell her, her Superiour here commands her  
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd  
Here to our use, some twenty young and handsom,  
As also able Maids, for the Court service,  
As she will answer it: we are out of beauty,  
Utterly out, and rub the time away here  
With such blown stuff, I am asham'd to send it. [*Knock within*  
Who's that? look out, to your business, Maid,  
There's nothing got by idleness: there is a Lady,  
Which if I can but buckle with, *Altea*,  
A, A, A, A, *Altea* young, and married,  
And a great lover of her husband, well,  
Not to be brought to Court! say ye so? I am sorry,  
The Court shall be brought to you then; how now, who is't?

*1 Ma.* An ancient woman, with a maid attending, A pretty Girl, but out of Cloaths; for a little money, It seems she would put her to your bringing up, Madam.

*Enter Woman and Phebe.*

*Leu.* Let her come in. Would you ought with us, good woman? I pray be short, we are full of business.

*Wo.* I have a tender Girl here, an't please your honour.

*Leu.* Very well.

*Wom.* That hath a great desire to serve your worship.

*Leu.* It may be so; I am full of Maids.

*Wom.* She is young forsooth— And for her truth; and as they say her bearing.

*Leu.* Ye say well; come ye hither maid, let me feel your pulse, 'Tis somewhat weak, but Nature will grow stronger, Let me see your leg, she treads but low i'th' Pasterns.

*Wom.* A cork Heel, Madam.

*Leu.* We know what will do it, Without your aim, good woman; what do you pitch her at? She's but a slight toy—cannot hold out long.

*Wom.* Even what you think is meet.

*Leu.* Give her ten Crowns, we are full of business, She is a poor Woman, let her take a Cheese home. Enter the wench i' th' Office. [*Ex. Wom. and 1 Ma.*

*2 Ma.* What's your name, Sister?

*Phe. Phebe,* forsooth.

*Leu.* A pretty name; 'twill do well:  
Go in, and let the other Maid instruct you, *Phebe*. [*Ex. Phe.*  
Let my old Velvet skirt be made fit for her.  
I'll put her into action for a Wast-coat;  
And when I have rigg'd her up once, this small Pinnacle  
Shall sail for Gold, and good store too; who's there? [*Knock within*  
Lord, shall we never have any ease in this world!  
Still troubled! still molested! what would you have? *Enter Menipp[us]*.  
I cannot furnish you faster than I am able,  
And ye were my Husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.  
At least a dozen posts are gone this morning

For several parts of the Kingdom: I can do no more  
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

*Men.* Prithee, good sweet heart, I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee, I know thou labour'st truly: hark in thine ear.

*Leu.* Ha!  
What do you make so dainty on't? look there  
I am an Ass, I can do nothing.

*Men.* *Celia*? I, this is she; a stranger born.

*Leu.* What would you give for more now?

*Men.* Prithee, my best *Leucippe*, there's much hangs on't,  
Lodg'd at the end of *Mars*'s street? that's true too;  
At the sack of such a Town, by such a Souldier  
Preserv'd a Prisoner: and by Prince *Demetrius*  
Bought from that man again, maintain'd and favour'd:  
How came you by this knowledg?

*Leu.* Poor, weak man, I have a thousand eyes, when thou art sleeping, Abroad, and full of business.

*Men.* You never try'd her?

*Leu.* No, she is beyond my level; so hedg'd in By the Princes infinite Love and Favour to her—

*Men.* She is a handsome Wench.

*Leu.* A delicate, and knows it; And out of that proof arms her self.

*Men.* Come in then; I have a great design from the King to you, And you must work like wax now.

*Leu.* On this Lady?

*Men.* On this, and all your wits call home.

*Leu.* I have done  
Toys in my time of some note; old as I am,  
I think my brains will work without barm;  
Take up the Books.

*Men.* As we go in, I'll tell ye. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENA IV

*Enter* Antigonus, Timon, Lords *and a* Souldier.

*Ant.* No face of sorrow for this loss, 'twill choak him,  
Nor no man miss a friend, I know his nature  
So deep imprest with grief, for what he has suffer'd,  
That the least adding to it adds to his ruine;  
His loss is not so infinite, I hope, Souldier.

*Soul.* Faith neither great, nor out of indiscretion. The young men out of heat.

*Enter* Demetrius, Leontius, *and* Lieutenant.

*Ant.* I guess the manner.

*Lord.* The Prince and't like your Grace.

*Ant.* You are welcome home, Sir:  
Come, no more sorrow, I have heard your fortune,  
And I my self have try'd the like: clear up man,  
I will not have ye take it thus; if I doubted  
Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,  
Basely besought their mercies—

*Leo.* No, no, by this hand, Sir, We fought like honest and tall men.

*Antig.* I know't *Leontius*: or if I thought  
Neglect of rule, having his counsel with ye,  
Or too vain-glorious appetite of Fame,  
Your men forgot and scatter'd.

*Leo.* None of these, Sir, He shew'd himself a noble Gentleman, Every way apt to rule.

*Ant.* These being granted;  
Why should you think you have done an act so hainous,  
That nought but discontent dwells round about ye?  
I have lost a Battel.

*Leo.* I, and fought it hard too.

*Ant.* With as much means as man—

*Leo.* Or Devil could urge it.

*Ant.* Twenty to one of our side now.

*Leo.* Turn Tables,

Beaten like Dogs again, like Owls, you take it  
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;  
And to say the truth, 'twas no flight neither, Sir,  
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk,  
I have tumbl'd with this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fish,  
And stuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,  
Blouded and bang'd almost a day before 'em,  
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad Shaver,  
He fights his share I am sure, when e'r he comes to't;  
Yet I have seen him trip it tithly too,  
And cry the Devil take the hindmost ever.

*Lieu.* I learnt it of my Betters.

*Leo.* Boudge at this?

*Ant.* Has Fortune but one Face?

*Lieu.* In her best Vizard Methinks she looks but lowzily.

*Ant.* Chance, though she faint now, And sink below our expectations, Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?

*Dem.* 'Tis not, this day I fled before the Enemy,  
And lost my People, left mine Honour murder'd,  
My maiden Honour, never to be ransom'd,  
(Which to a noble Soul is too too sensible)  
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these,  
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect,  
And new Swords cut new ways to nobler Fortunes.  
O I have lost—

*Ant.* As you are mine forget it: I do not think it loss.

*Dem.* O Sir, forgive me,  
I have lost my friends, those worthy Souls bred with me,  
I have lost my self, they were the pieces of me:  
I have lost all Arts, my Schools are taken from me,  
Honour and Arms, no emulation left me:  
I liv'd to see these men lost, look'd upon it:  
These men that twin'd their loves to mine, their vertues;  
O shame of shames! I saw and could not save 'em,  
This carries Sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,  
And like a fatal Tomb, bestrides my memory.

*Ant.* This was hard fortune, but if alive, and taken, They shall be ransom'd: let it be at Millions.

*Dem*

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