

ACT I SCENE 2	3
ACT II SCENE 2	12
ACT III SCENE 1	15
ACT III SCENE 2	22
ACT III SCENE 3	24
ACT V SCENE 1	27

The Rover, Part I

By Aphra Behn

Original text from

https://web.archive.org/web/20061012063435/http://drama.eserver.org/plays/17th_century/rover/i/

Adapted for Falconbridge Players in May 2019 by Marie Freese and Jason Compton

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MEN:**DON ANTONIO**, ~~the Vice-Roy's Son~~**DON PEDRO**, a Noble Spainard, his Friend**BELVILE**, an English Colonel in love with Florinda**WILLMORE**, the ROVER**FREDERICK**, an English Gentleman, and Friend to Belvile and Blunt**BLUNT**, an English Country Gentleman**STEPHANO**, Servant to Don Pedro**PHILIPPO**, Lucetta's Gallant**SANCHO**, Pimp to Lucetta**BISKY and SEBASTIAN**, two Bravoos to Angelica (silent)~~**DIEGO**, Page to Don Antonio~~**PAGE to HELLENA (silent)****BOY**, Page to Belvile**BLUNT's MAN****OFFICERS and SOLDIERS****WOMEN:****FLORINDA**, Sister to Don Pedro**HELLENA**, a gay young Woman design'd for a Nun, and Sister to Florinda**VALERIA**, a Kinswoman to Florinda**ANGELICA BIANCA**, a famous Curtezan**MORETTA**, her Woman**CALLIS**, Governess to Florinda and Hellena**LUCETTA**, a jilting Wench**SERVANTS, OTHER MASQUERADERS**, Men and Women.

ACT I SCENE 2

A Long Street.

CHARACTERS SPEAKING: Frederick, Belvile, Blunt, Willmore, Woman, Hellena, Sancho, Lucetta, Florinda, Callis

[Enter Belvile, melancholy, Blunt and Frederick.]

FREDERICK

Why, what the Devil ails the Colonel, in a time when all the World is gay, to look like mere Lent thus? Hadst thou been long enough in Naples to have been in love, I should have sworn some such Judgment had befall'n thee.

BELVILE

No, I have made no new Amours since I came to Naples.

FREDERICK

You have left none behind you in Paris.

BELVILE

Neither.

FREDERICK

I can't divine the Cause then; unless the old Cause, the want of Money.

BLUNT

And another old Cause, the want of a Wench -- Wou'd not that revive you?

BELVILE

You're mistaken, Ned.

BLUNT

Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou art past Cure.

FREDERICK

I have found it out; thou hast renew'd thy Acquaintance with the Lady that cost thee so many Sighs at the Siege of Pampelona -- pox on't, what d'ye call her -- her Brother's a noble Spaniard -- Nephew to the dead General -- Florinda -- ay, Florinda -- And will nothing serve thy turn but that damn'd virtuous Woman, whom on my Conscience thou lov'st in spite too, because thou seest little or no possibility of gaining her?

BELVILE

Thou art mistaken, I have Interest enough in that lovely Virgin's Heart, to make me proud and vain, were it not abated by the Severity of a Brother, who perceiving my Happiness-

FREDERICK

Has civilly forbid thee the House?

BELVILE

'Tis so, to make way for a powerful Rival, the Vice-Roy's Son, who has the advantage of me, in being a Man of Fortune, a Spaniard, and her Brother's Friend; which gives him liberty to make his Court, whilst I have

recourse only to Letters, and distant Looks from her Window, which are as soft and kind as those which Heav'n sends down on Penitents.

BLUNT

Hey day! 'Sheartlikins, Simile! by this Light the Man is quite spoil'd -- Frederick, what the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concerned for a Wench? -- 'Sheartlikins, our Cupids are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roast or boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine Tricks to set 'em off, no Hogoes to make the Sauce pleasant, and the Stomach sharp.

FREDERICK

I dare swear I have had a hundred as young, kind and handsom as this Florinda; and Dogs eat me, if they were not as troublesom to me i'th' Morning, as they were welcome o'er night.

BLUNT

And yet, I warrant, he wou'd not touch another Woman, if he might have her for nothing.

BELVILE

That's thy joy, a cheap Whore.

BLUNT

Why, 'dsheartlikins, I love a frank Soul -- When did you ever hear of an honest Woman that took a Man's Mony? I warrant 'em good ones -- But, Gentlemen, you may be free, you have been kept so poor with Parliaments and Protectors, that the little Stock you have is not worth preserving -- but I thank my Stars, I have more Grace than to forfeit my Estate by Cavaliering.

BELVILE

Methinks only following the Court should be sufficient to entitle 'em to that.

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unless they pick a hole in my Coat for lending you Mony now and then; which is a greater Crime to my Conscience, Gentlemen, than to the Common-wealth.

[Enter Willmore.]

WILLMORE

Ha! dear Belvile! noble Colonel!

BELVILE

Willmore! welcome ashore, my dear Rover! -- what happy Wind blew us this good Fortune?

WILLMORE

Let me salute you my dear Fred, and then command me -- How is't honest Lad?

FREDERICK

Faith, Sir, the old Complement, infinitely the better to see my dear mad Willmore again -- Prithee why camest thou ashore? and where's the Prince?

WILLMORE

He's well, and reigns still Lord of the watery Element -- I must aboard again within a Day or two, and my Business ashore was only to enjoy my self a little this Carnival.

BELVILE

Pray know our new Friend, Sir, he's but bashful, a raw Traveller, but honest, stout, and one of us. *[Embraces Blunt.]*

WILLMORE

That you esteem him, gives him an interest here.

BLUNT

Your Servant, Sir.

WILLMORE

But well -- Faith I'm glad to meet you again in a warm Climate, where the kind Sun has its god-like Power still over the Wine and Woman. -- Love and Mirth are my Business in Naples; and if I mistake not the Place, here's an excellent Market for Chapmen of my Humour.

BELVILE

See here be those kind Merchants of Love you look for.

[Enter several Men in masquing Habits, some playing on Musick, others dancing after; Women drest like Curtezans, with Papers pinn'd to their Breasts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands.]

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, what have we here!

FREDERICK

Now the Game begins.

WILLMORE

Fine pretty Creatures! may a stranger have leave to look and love? -- What's here -- Roses for every Month! *[Reads the Paper.]*

BLUNT

Roses for every Month! what means that?

BELVILE

They are, or wou'd have you think they're Curtezans, who here in Naples are to be hir'd by the Month.

WILLMORE

Kind and obliging to inform us -- Pray where do these Roses grow? I would fain plant some of 'em in a Bed of mine.

WOMAN

Beware such Roses, Sir.

WILLMORE

A Pox of fear: I'll be bak'd with thee between a pair of Sheets, and that's thy proper Still, so I might but strow such Roses over me and under me -- Fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me leave to gather at your Bush this idle Month, I wou'd go near to make some Body smell of it all the Year after.

BELVILE

And thou hast need of such a Remedy, for thou stinkest of Tar and Rope-ends, like a Dock or Pesthouse.

[The Woman puts her self into the Hands of a Man, and Exit.]

WILLMORE

Nay, nay, you shall not leave me so.

BELVILE

By all means use no Violence here.

WILLMORE

Death! just as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that Rose out of his Hand, and even kiss the Bed, the Bush it grew in.

FREDERICK

No Friend to Love like a long Voyage at Sea.

BLUNT

Except a Nunnery, Fred.

WILLMORE

Death! but will they not be kind, quickly be kind? Thou know'st I'm no tame Sigher, but a rampant Lion of the Forest.

[Two Men drest all over with Horns of several sorts, making Grimaces at one another, with Papers pinn'd on their Backs, advance from the farther end of the Scene.]

[Enter Florinda, Hellena, and Valeria, drest like Gipsies; Callis and Stephano, Lucetta, Philippo and Sancho in Masquerade.]

HELLENA

Sister, there's your Englishman, and with him a handsom proper Fellow -- I'll to him, and instead of telling him his Fortune, try my own.

WILLMORE

Gipsies, on my Life -- Sure these will prattle if a Man cross their Hands. *[Goes to Hellena.]*

-- Dear pretty (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he's like to have?

HELLENA

Have a care how you venture with me, Sir, lest I pick your Pocket, which will more vex your English Humour, than an Italian Fortune will please you.

WILLMORE

How the Devil cam'st thou to know my Country and Humour?

HELLENA

The first I guess by a certain forward Impudence, which does not displease me at this time; and the Loss of your Money will vex you, because I hope you have but very little to lose.

WILLMORE

Egad Child, thou'rt i'th' right; it is so little, I dare not offer it thee for a Kindness -- But cannot you divine what other things of more value I have about me, that I would more willingly part with?

HELLENA

Indeed no, that's the Business of a Witch, and I am but a Gipsy yet -- Yet, without looking in your Hand, I have a parlous Guess, 'tis some foolish Heart you mean, an inconstant English Heart, as little worth stealing as your Purse.

WILLMORE

Nay, then thou dost deal with the Devil, that's certain -- Thou hast guess'd as right as if thou hadst been one of that Number it has languisht for -- I find you'll be better acquainted with it; nor can you take it in a better time, for I am come from Sea, Child; and Venus not being propitious to me in her own Element, I have a world of Love in store -- Wou'd you would be good-natur'd, and take some on't off my Hands.

HELLENA

Why -- I could be inclin'd that way -- but for a foolish Vow I am going to make -- to die a Maid.

WILLMORE

Then thou art damn'd without Redemption; and as I am a good Christian, I ought in charity to divert so wicked a Design -- therefore prithee, dear Creature, let me know quickly when and where I shall begin to set a helping hand to so good a Work.

HELLENA

If you should prevail with my tender Heart (as I begin to fear you will, for you have horrible loving Eyes) there will be difficulty in't that you'll hardly undergo for my sake.

WILLMORE

Faith, Child, I have been bred in Dangers, and wear a Sword that has been employ'd in a worse Cause, than for a handsom kind Woman -- Name the Danger -- let it be any thing but a long Siege, and I'll undertake it.

HELLENA

Can you storm?

WILLMORE

Oh, most furiously.

HELLENA

What think you of a Nunnery-wall? for he that wins me, must gain that first.

WILLMORE

A Nun! Oh how I love thee for't! there's no Sinner like a young Saint -- Nay, now there's no denying me: the old Law had no Curse (to a Woman) like dying a Maid; witness Jephtha's Daughter.

HELLENA

A very good Text this, if well handled; and I perceive, Father Captain, you would impose no severe Penance on her who was inclin'd to console her self before she took Orders.

WILLMORE

If she be young and handsom.

HELLENA

Ay, there's it -- but if she be not --

WILLMORE

By this Hand, Child, I have an implicit Faith, and dare venture on thee with all Faults -- besides, 'tis more meritorious to leave the World when thou hast tasted and prov'd the Pleasure on't; then 'twill be a Virtue in thee, which now will be pure Ignorance.

HELLENA

I perceive, good Father Captain, you design only to make me fit for Heaven -- but if on the contrary you should quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the World again, I should have a new Man to seek I find; and what a grief that will be -- for when I begin, I fancy I shall love like any thing: I never try'd yet.

WILLMORE

Egad, and that's kind -- Prithee, dear Creature, give me Credit for a Heart, for faith, I'm a very honest Fellow -- Oh, I long to come first to the Banquet of Love; and such a swinging Appetite I bring -- Oh, I'm impatient. Thy Lodging, Sweetheart, thy Lodging, or I'm a dead man.

HELLENA

Why must we be either guilty of Fornication or Murder, if we converse With you Men? -- And is there no difference between leave to love me, and leave to lie with me?

WILLMORE

Faith, Child, they were made to go together.

LUCETTA

Are you sure this is the Man? *[Pointing to Blunt.]*

SANCHO

When did I mistake your Game?

LUCETTA

'This is a stranger, I know by his gazing; if he be brisk he'll venture to follow me; and then, if I understand my Trade, he's mine: he's English too, and they say that's a sort of good natur'd loving People, and have generally so kind an opinion of themselves, that a Woman with any Wit may flatter 'em into any sort of Fool she pleases.

BLUNT

'Tis so -- she is taken -- I have Beauties which my false Glass at home did not discover.

[Lucetta (?) often passes by Blunt and gazes on him; he struts, and cocks, and walks, and gazes on her.]

FLORINDA

This Woman watches me so, I shall get no Opportunity to discover my self to him, and so miss the intent of my coming -- *[Looking in his Hand.]*

But as I was saying, Sir -- by this Line you should be a Lover.

BELVILE

I thought how right you guess'd, all Men are in love, or pretend to be so -- Come, let me go, I'm weary of this fooling. *[Walks away.]*

FLORINDA

I will not, till you have confess'd whether the Passion that you have vow'd Florinda be true or false. *[She holds him, he strives to get from her.]*

BELVILE

Florinda! *[Turns quick towards her.]*

FLORINDA

Softly.

BELVILE

Thou hast nam'd one will fix me here for ever.

FLORINDA

She'll be disappointed then, who expects you this Night at the Garden-gate, and if you'll fail not -- as let me see the other Hand -- you will go near to do -- she vows to die or make you happy. *[Looks on Callis, who observes 'em.]*

BELVILE

What canst thou mean?

FLORINDA

That which I say -- Farewel. *[Offers to go.]*

BELVILE

Oh charming Sybil, stay, complete that Joy, which, as it is, will turn into Distraction! -- Where must I be? at the Garden -- gate? I know it -- at night you say -- I'll sooner forfeit Heaven than disobey.

[Enter Don Pedro and other Masquers, and pass over the Stage.]

CALLIS

Madam, your Brother's here.

FLORINDA

Take this to instruct you farther. *[Gives him a Letter, and goes off.]*

FREDERICK

Have a care, Sir, what you promise; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruin you.

BELVILE

Do not disturb my Happiness with Doubts. *[Opens the Letter.]*

WILLMORE

My dear pretty Creature, a Thousand Blessings on thee; still in this Habit, you say, and after Dinner at this Place.

HELLENA

Yes, if you will swear to keep your Heart, and not bestow it between this time and that.

WILLMORE

By all the little Gods of Love I swear, I'll leave it with you; and if you run away with it, those Deities of Justice will revenge me.

[Exeunt all the Women except Lucetta.]

FREDERICK

Do you know the Hand?

BELVILE

'Tis Florinda's. All Blessings fall upon the virtuous Maid.

FREDERICK

Nay, no Idolatry, a sober Sacrifice I'll allow you.

BELVILE

Oh Friends! the welcom'st News, the softest Letter! -- nay, you shall see it; and could you now be serious, I might be made the happiest Man the Sun shines on.

WILLMORE

The Reason of this mighty Joy.

BELVILE

See how kindly she invites me to deliver her from the threaten'd Violence of her Brother -- will you not assist me?

WILLMORE

I know not what thou mean'st, but I'll make one at any Mischief where a Woman's concern'd -- but she'll be grateful to us for the Favour, will she not?

BELVILE

How mean you?

WILLMORE

How should I mean? Thou know'st there's but one way for a Woman to oblige me.

BELVILE

Don't prophane -- the Maid is nicely virtuous.

WILLMORE

Who pox, then she's fit for nothing but a Husband; let her e'en go, Colonel.

FREDERICK

Peace, she's the Colonel's Mistress, Sir.

WILLMORE

Let her be the Devil; if she be thy Mistress, I'll serve her -- name the way.

BELVILE

Read here this Postscript. *[Gives him a Letter.]*

WILLMORE

[Reads.] At Ten at night -- at the Garden-Gate -- of which, if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall -- come attended with a Friend or two. -- Kind heart, if we three cannot weave a String to let her down a Garden-Wall, 'twere pity but the Hangman wove one for us all.

FREDERICK

Let her alone for that: your Woman's Wit, your fair kind Woman, will out-trick a Brother or a Jew, and contrive like a Jesuit in Chains -- but see, Ned Blunt is stoln out after the Lure of a Damsel.

[Ex. Blunt and Lucet.]

BELVILE

So he'll scarce find his way home again, unless we get him cry'd by the Bell-man in the Market-place, and 'twou'd sound prettily -- a lost English Boy of Thirty.

FREDERICK

I hope 'tis some common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him; it may be she'll sell him for Peru, the Rogue's sturdy and would work well in a Mine; at least I hope she'll dress him for our Mirth; cheat him of all, then have him well-favour'dly bang'd, and turn'd out naked at Midnight.

Thou hadst a great deal of talk with thy little Gipsy, could'st thou do no good upon her? for mine was hard-hearted.

WILLMORE

Hang her, she was some damn'd honest Person of Quality, I'm sure, she was so very free and witty. If her Face be but answerable to her Wit and Humour, I would be bound to Constancy this Month to gain her. In the mean time have you made no kind Acquaintance since you came to Town? -- You do not use to be honest so long, Gentlemen.

FREDERICK

Faith Love has kept us honest, we have been all fir'd with a Beauty newly come to Town, the famous Paduana Angelica Bianca.

WILLMORE

What, the Mistress of the dead Spanish General?

BELVILE

Yes, she's now the only ador'd Beauty of all the Youth in Naples, who put on all their Charms to appear lovely in her sight, their Coaches, Liveries, and themselves, all gay, as on a Monarch's Birth-Day, to attract the Eyes of this fair Charmer, while she has the Pleasure to behold all languish for her that see her.

FREDERICK

'Tis pretty to see with how much Love the Men regard her, and how much Envy the Women.

WILLMORE

What Gallant has she?

BELVILE

None, she's exposed to Sale, and four Days in the Week she's yours -- for so much a Month.

WILLMORE

The very Thought of it quenches all manner of Fire in me -- yet prithee let's see her.

BELVILE

Let's first to Dinner, and after that we'll pass the Day as you please -- but at Night ye must all be at my Devotion.

WILLMORE

I will not fail you.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II SCENE 2

A Fine Chamber.

CHARACTERS SPEAKING: Angelica, Willmore, Moretta,

[Enter Willmore, Angelica, and Moretta.]

ANGELICA

Insolent Sir, how durst you pull down my Picture?

WILLMORE

Rather, how durst you set it up, to tempt poor amorous Mortals with so much Excellence? which I find you have but too well consulted by the unmerciful price you set upon't. -- Is all this Heaven of Beauty shewn to move Despair in those that cannot buy? and can you think the effects of that Despair shou'd be less extravagant than I have shewn?

ANGELICA

I sent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir, not to aggravate your Crime. -- I thought, I shou'd have seen you at my Feet imploring it.

WILLMORE

You are deceived, I came to rail at you, and talk such Truths, too, as shall let you see the Vanity of that Pride, which taught you how to set such a Price on Sin. For such it is, whilst that which is Love's due is meanly barter'd for.

ANGELICA

Ha, ha, ha, alas, good Captain, what pity 'tis your edifying Doctrine will do too good upon me --

[Aside in a soft tone.] Moretta, fetch the Gentleman a Glass, and let him survey himself, to see what Charms he has, -- and guess my Business.

MORETTA

He knows himself of old, I believe those Breeches and he have been acquainted ever since he was beaten at Worcester.

ANGELICA

Nay, do not abuse the poor Creature. --

MORETTA

Good Weather-beaten Corporal, will you march off? we have no need of your Doctrine, tho you have of our Charity; but at present we have no Scraps, we can afford no kindness for God's sake; in fine, Sirrah, the Price is too high i'th' Mouth for you, therefore troop, I say.

WILLMORE

Here, good Fore-Woman of the Shop, serve me, and I'll be gone.

MORETTA

Keep it to pay your Landress, your Linen stinks of the Gun-Room; for here's no selling by Retail.

WILLMORE

Thou hast sold plenty of thy stale Ware at a cheap Rate.

MORETTA

Ay, the more silly kind Heart I, but this is at an Age wherein Beauty is at higher Rates. -- In fine, you know the price of this.

WILLMORE

I grant you 'tis here set down a thousand Crowns a Month -- Baud, take your black Lead and sum it up, that I may have a Pistole-worth of these vain gay things, and I'll trouble you no more.

ANGELICA

Sure, this from any other Man would anger me -- nor shall he know the Conquest he has made -- Poor angry Man, how I despise this railing.

WILLMORE

Yes, I am poor -- but I'm a Gentleman, And one that scorns this Baseness which you practise. Poor as I am, I would not sell myself, No, not to gain your charming high-priz'd Person. And yet -- there's something so divinely powerful there -- Nay, I will gaze -- to let you see my Strength. [*Holds her, looks on her, and pauses and sighs.*]

By Heaven, bright Creature -- I would not for the World Thy Fame were half so fair as is thy Face. [*Turns her away from him.*]

ANGELICA

[*Aside.*] His word go thro me to the very Soul.

If you have nothing else to say to me.

WILLMORE

Yes, you shall hear how infamous you are -- For which I do not hate thee: But that secures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels Are but so many Lusts, I know it by their sudden bold intrusion. The Fire's impatient and

betrays, 'tis false -- For had it been the purer Flame of Love, I should have pin'd and languish'd at your Feet, E'er found the Impudence to have discover'd it. I now dare stand your Scorn, and your Denial.

MORETTA

Sure she's bewicht, that she can stand thus tamely, and hear his saucy railing. -- Sirrah, will you be gone?

ANGELICA

How dare you take this liberty? --

[To Moret.] Withdraw.

-- Pray, tell me, Sir, are not you guilty of the same mercenary Crime? When a Lady is proposed to you for a Wife, you never ask, how fair, discreet, or virtuous she is; but what's her Fortune -- which if but small, you cry -- She will not do my business -- and basely leave her, tho she languish for you. -- Say, is not this as poor?

WILLMORE

It is a barbarous Custom, which I will scorn to defend in our Sex, and do despise in yours.

ANGELICA

Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know, That were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul, Thou shouldst not buy my Love, Couldst thou forget those mean Effects of Vanity, Which set me out to sale; and as a Lover, prize My yielding Joys. Canst thou believe they'l be entirely thine, Without considering they were mercenary? By all that's good 'tis real, I never lov'd before, tho oft a Mistress. -- Shall my first Vows be slighted?

WILLMORE

[Aside.] What can she mean?

ANGELICA

[In an angry tone.] I find you cannot credit me.

WILLMORE

I know you take me for an errant Ass, An Ass that may be sooth'd into Belief, And then be us'd at pleasure. -- But, Madam I have been so often cheated By perjurd, soft, deluding Hypocrites, That I've no Faith left for the cozening Sex, Especially for Women of your Trade.

ANGELICA

The low esteem you have of me, perhaps May bring my Heart again: For I have Pride that yet surmounts my Love. *[She turns with Pride, he holds her.]*

WILLMORE

Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliss, And shew the Power of Love: 'tis with those Arms I call be only vanquisht, made a Slave.

ANGELICA

Is all my mighty Expectation vanisht? -- No, I will not hear thee talk, -- thou hast a Charm In every word, that draws my Heart away.

WILLMORE

[Aside.] Death! how she throws her Fire about my Soul!

-- Take heed, fair Creature, how you raise my Hopes, Which once assum'd pretend to all Dominion. There's not a Joy thou hast in store I shall not then command: For which I'll pay thee back my Soul, my Life. Come, let's begin th' account this happy minute.

ANGELICA

And will you pay me then the Price I ask?

WILLMORE

Oh, why dost thou draw me from an awful Worship, By shewing thou art no Divinity? Conceal the Fiend, and shew me all the Angel; Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout, And pay my Vows for ever at this Shrine.
[Kneels, and kisses her Hand.]

ANGELICA

The Pay I mean is but thy love for mine. -- Can you give that?

WILLMORE

Intirely -- come, let's withdraw: where I'll renew my Vows, -- and breathe 'em with such Ardour, thou shalt not doubt my Zeal.

ANGELICA

Thou hast a Power too strong to be resisted.

[Ex. Will. and Angelica.]

MORETTA

Now my Curse go with you -- Is all our Project fallen to this? to love the only Enemy to our Trade? Nay, to love such a Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pirate-Beggar, whose Business is to rifle and be gone, a No-Purchase, No-Pay Tatterdemalion, an English Piccaroon; a Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally lousy -- Oh, I could curse now, if I durst -- This is the Fate of most Whores. Trophies, which from believing Fops we win, Are Spoils to those who cozen us again.

ACT III SCENE 1

A Street.

CHARACTERS SPEAKING: Hellena, Belvile, Willmore, Frederick, Blunt, Sancho, Angelica, Moretta, Valeria, Florinda, Callis

[Enter Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, in Antick different Dresses from what they were in before, Callis attending. Also Willmore, because we cut a bunch of stuff.]

HELLENA

I, I, 'tis he. Oh how this vexes me.

BELVILE

And how, and how, dear Lad, has Fortune smil'd? Are we to break her Windows, or raise up Altars to her! hah!

WILLMORE

Does not my Fortune sit triumphant on my Brow? dost not see the little wanton God there all gay and smiling? have I not an Air about my Face and Eyes, that distinguish me from the Croud of common Lovers? By Heav'n, Cupid's Quiver has not half so many Darts as her Eyes -- Oh such a Bona Roba, to sleep in her Arms is lying in Fresco, all perfum'd Air about me.

HELLENA

[Aside.] Here's fine encouragement for me to fool on.

WILLMORE

Hark ye, where didst thou purchase that rich Canary we drank to-day? Tell me, that I may adore the Spigot, and sacrifice to the Butt: the Juice was divine, into which I must dip my Rosary, and then bless all things that I would have bold or fortunate.

BELVILE

Well, Sir, let's go take a Bottle, and hear the Story of your Success.

FREDERICK

Would not French Wine do better?

WILLMORE

Damn the hungry Balderdash; cheerful Sack has a generous Virtue in't, inspiring a successful Confidence, gives Eloquence to the Tongue, and Vigour to the Soul; and has in a few Hours compleated all my Hopes and Wishes. There's nothing left to raise a new Desire in me -- Come let's be gay and wanton!

BLUNT

But hark ye, Sir, you are not married, are you?

WILLMORE

All the Honey of Matrimony, but none of the Sting, Friend.

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate Rogue.

WILLMORE

I am so, Sir, let these inform you. -- Ha, how sweetly they chime! Pox of Poverty, it makes a Man a Slave, makes Wit and Honour sneak, my Soul grew lean and rusty for want of Credit.

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, this I like well, it looks like my lucky Bargain! Oh how I long for the Approach of my Squire, that is to conduct me to her House again. Why! here's two provided for.

FREDERICK

By this light y're happy Men.

BLUNT

Fortune is pleased to smile on us, Gentlemen, -- to smile on us.

[Enter Sancho, and pulls Blunt by the Sleeve. They go aside.]

SANCHO

Sir, my Lady expects you -- she has remov'd all that might oppose your Will and Pleasure -- and is impatient till you come.

BLUNT

Sir, I'll attend you -- Oh the happiest Rogue! I'll take no leave, lest they either dog me, or stay me.

[Ex. with Sancho.]

BELVILE

But then the little Gipsy is forgot?

WILLMORE

A Mischief on thee for putting her into my thoughts; I had quite forgot her else, and this Night's Debauch had drunk her quite down.

HELLENA

Had it so, good Captain? *[Claps him on the Back.]*

WILLMORE

Ha! I hope she did not hear.

HELLENA

What, afraid of such a Champion!

WILLMORE

Oh! you're a fine Lady of your word, are you not? to make a Man languish a whole day --

HELLENA

In tedious search of me.

WILLMORE

Egad, Child, thou'rt in the right, hadst thou seen what a melancholy Dog I have been ever since I was a Lover, how I have walkt the Streets like a Capuchin, with my Hands in my Sleeves -- Faith, Sweetheart, thou wouldst pity me.

HELLENA

Now, if I should be hang'd, I can't be angry with him, he dissembles so heartily -- Alas, good Captain, what pains you have taken -- Now were I ungrateful not to reward so true a Servant.

WILLMORE

Poor Soul! that's kindly said, I see thou bearest a Conscience -- come then for a beginning shew me thy dear Face.

HELLENA

I'm afraid, my small Acquaintance, you have been staying that swinging stomach you boasted of this morning; I remember then my little Collation would have gone down with you, without the Sauce of a handsom Face -- Is your Stomach so queasy now?

WILLMORE

Faith long fasting, Child, spoils a Man's Appetite -- yet if you durst treat, I could so lay about me still.

HELLENA

And would you fall to, before a Priest says Grace.

WILLMORE

Oh fie, fie, what an old out-of-fashion'd thing hast thou nam'd? Thou could'st not dash me more out of Countenance, shouldst thou shew me an ugly Face.

[Whilst he is seemingly courting Hellenia, enter Angelica, Moretta, Biskey, and Sebastian, an in Masquerade: Ang. sees Will. and starts.]

ANGELICA

Heavens, is't he? and passionately fond to see another Woman?

MORETTA

What cou'd you expect less from such a Swaggerer?

ANGELICA

Expect! as much as I paid him, a Heart intire, Which I had pride enough to think when e'er I gave It would have rais'd the Man above the Vulgar, Made him all Soul, and that all soft and constant.

HELLENA

You see, Captain, how willing I am to be Friends with you, till Time and Ill-luck make us Lovers; and ask you the Question first, rather than put your Modesty to the blush, by asking me: for alas, I know you Captains are such strict Men, severe Observers of your Vows to Chastity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender Conscience to marry a young willing Maid.

WILLMORE

Do not abuse me, for fear I should take thee at thy word, and marry thee indeed, which I'm sure will be Revenge sufficient.

HELLENA

O' my Conscience, that will be our Destiny, because we are both of one humour; I am as inconstant as you, for I have considered, Captain, that a handsom Woman has a great deal to do whilst her Face is good, for then is our Harvest-time to gather Friends; and should I in these days of my Youth, catch a fit of foolish Constancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great Journey: therefore declare, I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for Indifference, and one year for Hate -- and then -- go hang your self -- for I profess myself the gay, the kind, and the inconstant -- the Devil's in't if this won't please you.

WILLMORE

Oh most damnably! -- I have a Heart with a hole quite thro it too, no Prison like mine to keep a Mistress in.

ANGELICA

[Aside.] Perjur'd Man! how I believe thee now!

HELLENA

Well, I see our Business as well as Humours are alike, yours to cozen as many Maids as will trust you, and I as many Men as have Faith -- See if I have not as desperate a lying look, as you can have for the heart of you.
[Pulls off her Vizard; he starts.]

-- How do you like it, Captain?

WILLMORE

Like it! by Heav'n, I never saw so much Beauty. Oh the Charms of those sprightly black Eyes, that strangely fair Face, full of Smiles and Dimples! those soft round melting cherry Lips! and small even white Teeth! not to be exprest, but silently adored! -- Oh one Look more, and strike me dumb, or I shall repeat nothing else till I am mad. [*He seems to court her to pull off her Vizard: she refuses.*]

ANGELICA

I can endure no more -- nor is it fit to interrupt him; for if I do, my Jealousy has so destroy'd my Reason, -- I shall undo him -- Therefore I'll retire. [*To one of her Bravoës.*] And you Sebastian, follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis; [*To the other Bravo.*] while you tell the Fugitive, I would speak to him instantly.

[*Exit.*]

[*This while Flor. is talking to Belvile, who stands sullenly. Fred. courting Valeria.*]

VALERIA

Prithee, dear Stranger, be not so sullen; for tho you have lost your Love, you see my Friend frankly offers you hers, to play with in the mean time.

BELVILE

Faith, Madam I am sorry I can't play at her Game.

FREDERICK

Pray leave your Intercession, and mind your own Affair, they'll better agree apart; he's a model Sigher in Company, but alone no Woman escapes him.

FLORINDA

Sure he does but rally -- yet if it should be true -- I'll tempt him farther -- Believe me, noble Stranger, I'm no common Mistress -- and for a little proof on't -- wear this Jewel -- nay, take it, Sir, 'tis right, and Bills of Exchange may sometimes miscarry.

BELVILE

Madam, why am I chose out of all Mankind to be the Object of your Bounty?

VALERIA

There's another civil Question askt.

FREDERICK

Pox of's Modesty, it spoils his own Markets, and hinders mine.

FLORINDA

Sir, from my Window I have often seen you; and Women of Quality have so few opportunities for Love, that we ought to lose none.

FREDERICK

Ay, this is something! here's a Woman! -- When shall I be blest with so much kindness from your fair Mouth? — [*Aside to Belv.*]

-- Take the Jewel, Fool.

BELVILE

You tempt me strangely, Madam, every way.

FLORINDA

[*Aside.*] So, if I find him false, my whole Repose is gone.

BELVILE

And but for a Vow I've made to a very fine Lady, this Goodness had subdu'd me.

FREDERICK

Pox on't be kind, in pity to me be kind, for I am to thrive here but as you treat her Friend.

HELLENA

Tell me what did you in yonder House, and I'll unmasque.

WILLMORE

Yonder House -- oh -- I went to -- a -- to -- why, there's a Friend of mine lives there.

HELLENA

What a she, or a he Friend?

WILLMORE

A Man upon my Honour! a Man -- A She Friend! no, no, Madam, you have done my Business, I thank you.

HELLENA

And was't your Man Friend, that had more Darts in's Eyes than Cupid carries in a whole Budget of Arrows?

WILLMORE

So --

HELLENA

Ah such a *Bona Roba*: to be in her Arms is lying in Fresco, all perfum'd Air about me -- Was this your Man Friend too?

WILLMORE

So --

HELLENA

That gave you the He, and the She -- Gold, that begets young Pleasures.

WILLMORE

Well, well, Madam, then you see there are Ladies in the World, that will not be cruel -- there are, Madam, there are --

HELLENA

And there be Men too as fine, wild, inconstant Fellows as your self, there be, Captain, there be, if you go to that now -- therefore I'm resolv'd --

WILLMORE

Oh!

HELLENA

To see your Face no more --

WILLMORE

Oh!

HELLENA

Till to morrow.

WILLMORE

Egad you frighted me.

HELLENA

Nor then neither, unless you'l swear never to see that Lady more.

WILLMORE

See her! -- why! never to think of Womankind again?

HELLENA

Kneel, and swear. [*Kneels, she gives him her hand.*]

I do, never to think -- to see -- to love -- nor lie with any but thy self.

Kiss the Book.

WILLMORE

Oh, most religiously. [*Kisses her Hand.*]

HELLENA

Now what a wicked Creature am I, to damn a proper Fellow.

CALLIS

[*To Flor.*] Madam, I'll stay no longer, 'tis e'en dark.

FLORINDA

However, Sir, I'll leave this with you -- that when I'm gone, you may repent the opportunity you have lost by your modesty. [*Gives him the Jewel, which is her Picture, and Ex. he gazes after her.*]

WILLMORE

'Twill be an Age till to morrow, -- and till then I will most impatiently expect you -- Adieu, my dear pretty Angel.

[*Ex. all the Women.*]

ACT III SCENE 2

Lucetta's House.

CHARACTERS SPEAKING: Sancho, Blunt, Lucetta, Philippo

[Enter Sancho and Blunt]

SANCHO

Sir, my Lady has sent me to conduct you to her Chamber.

BLUNT

Sir, I shall be proud to follow -- Here's one of her Servants too: 'dsheartlikins, by his Garb and Gravity he might be a Justice of Peace in Essex, and is but a Pimp here.

[Exeunt. The Scene changes to a Chamber with an Alcove-Bed in it, a Table, &c. Lucetta in Bed. Enter Sancho and Blunt, who takes the Candle of Sancho at the Door.]

SANCHO

Sir, my Commission reaches no farther.

BLUNT

Sir, I'll excuse your Complement: -- what, in Bed, my sweet Mistress?

LUCETTA

You see, I still out-do you in kindness.

BLUNT

And thou shalt see what haste I'll make to quit scores -- oh the luckiest Rogue! *[Undresses himself.]*

LUCETTA

Shou'd you be false or cruel now!

BLUNT

False, 'Sheartlikins, what dost thou take me for a Jew? an insensible Heathen, -- A Pox of thy old jealous Husband: and he were dead, egad, sweet Soul, it shou'd be none of my fault, if I did not marry thee.

LUCETTA

It never shou'd be mine.

BLUNT

Good Soul, I'm the fortunatest Dog!

LUCETTA

Are you not undrest yet?

BLUNT

As much as my Impatience will permit. *[Goes towards the Bed in his Shirt and Drawers.]*

LUCETTA

Hold, Sir, put out the Light, it may betray us else.

BLUNT

[Aside.] Any thing, I need no other Light but that of thine Eyes! -- 'sheartlikins, there I think I had it.

[Puts out the Candle, the Bed descends and Lucetta vanishes, he gropes about to find the bed.] -- Why -- why -- where am I got? what, not yet? -- where are you sweetest? -- ah, the Rogue's silent now -- a pretty Love-trick this -- how she'll laugh at me anon! -- you need not, my dear Rogue! you need not! I'm all on a fire already -- come, come, now call me in for pity -- Sure I'm enchanted! I have been round the Chamber, and can find neither Woman, nor Bed -- I lockt the Door, I'm sure she cannot go that way; or if she cou'd, the Bed cou'd not -- Enough, enough, my pretty Wanton, do not carry the Jest too far -- Ha, betray'd! Dogs! Rogues! Pimps! help! Help! *[Falls through a trap door.]*

[Enter Lucetta, Filippo, and Sancho with a Light.]

PHILIPPO

Ha, ha, ha, he's dispatcht finely.

LUCETTA

Now, Sir, had I been coy, we had mist of this Booty.

PHILIPPO

Nay when I saw 'twas a substantial Fool, I was mollified; but when you doat upon a Serenading Coxcomb, upon a Face, fine Clothes, and a Lute, it makes me rage.

LUCETTA

You know I never was guilty of that Folly, my dear Filippo, but with your self -- But come let's see what we have got by this.

PHILIPPO

A rich Coat! -- Sword and Hat! -- these Breeches too -- are well lin'd! -- see here a Gold Watch! -- a Purse -- ha! Gold! -- at least two hundred Pistoles! a bunch of Diamond Rings; and one with the Family Arms! -- a Gold Box! -- with a Medal of his King! and his Lady Mother's Picture! -- these were sacred Reliques, believe me! -- see, the Wasteband of his Breeches have a Mind of Gold! -- Old Queen Bess's. We have a Quarrel to her ever since Eighty Eight, and may therefore justify the Theft, the Inquisition might have committed it.

LUCETTA

See, a Bracelet of bow'd Gold, these his Sister ty'd about his Arm at parting -- but well -- for all this, I fear his being a Stranger may make a noise, and hinder our Trade with them hereafter.

PHILIPPO

Blame me not, Lucetta, to keep as much of thee as I can to my self -- come, that thought makes me wanton, -- let's to Bed, -- Sancho, lock up these.

This is the Fleece which Fools do bear, Design'd for witty Men to sheer.

[Exeunt. The Scene changes, and discovers Blunt, creeping out of a Common Shore, his Face, &c., all dirty.]

BLUNT

Oh Lord!

[Climbing up.] I am got out at last, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue -- and now to Damning and Cursing, -- but if that would ease me, where shall I begin? with my Fortune, my self, or the Quean that cozen'd me -- What a dog was I to believe in Women! Oh Coxcomb -- ignorant conceited Coxcomb! to fancy she cou'd be enamour'd with my Person, at the first sight enamour'd -- Oh, I'm a cursed Puppy, 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead, she perceiv'd it, -- saw the Essex Calf there -- for what Allurements could there be in this Countenance? which I can indure, because I'm acquainted with it -- Oh, dull silly Dog! to be thus sooth'd into a Cozening! Had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young Quean! but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms I am a dull believing English Country Fop. -- But my Comrades! Death and the Devil, there's the worst of all -- then a Ballad will be sung to Morrow on the Prado, to a lousy Tune of the enchanted Squire, and the annihilated Damsel -- But Fred. that Rogue, and the Colonel, will abuse me beyond all Christian patience -- had she left me my Clothes, I have a Bill of Exchange at home wou'd have sav'd my Credit -- but now all hope is taken from me -- Well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Consolation, that I am not the first kind believing Coxcomb; but there are, Gallants, many such good Natures amongst ye.

And tho you've better Arts to hide your Follies, Adsheartlikins y'are all as errant Cullies.

ACT III SCENE 3

The Garden, in the Night.

CHARACTERS SPEAKING: Florinda, Willmore, Belvile, Frederick, Pedro, Stephano

[Enter Florinda undress'd, with a Key, and a little Box.]

FLORINDA

Well, thus far I'm in my way to Happiness; I have got myself free from Callis; my Brother too, I find by yonder light, is gone into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me: I have by good Fortune got the Key of the Garden Back-door, -- I'll open it, to prevent Belvile's knocking, -- a little noise will now alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief. *[Unlocks the Door.]*

-- Hark -- what noise is that? -- Oh 'twas the Wind that plaid amongst the the Boughs. -- Belvile stays long, methinks -- its time -- stay for fear of a surprize, I'll hide these Jewels in yonder Jessamin. *[She goes to lay down the Box. Enter Willmore drunk.]*

WILLMORE

What the Devil is become of these Fellows, Belvile and Frederick? They promis'd to stay at the next corner for me, but who the Devil knows the corner of a full Moon? -- Now -- whereabouts am I? -- hah -- what have we here? a Garden! -- a very convenient place to sleep in -- hah -- what has God sent us here? -- a Female -- by this light, a Woman; I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench. --

FLORINDA

He's come! -- hah -- who's there?

WILLMORE

Sweet Soul, let me salute thy Shoe-string.

FLORINDA

'Tis not my Belvile -- good Heavens, I know him not. -- Who are you, and from whence come you?

WILLMORE

Prithee -- prithee, Child -- not so many hard Questions -- let it suffice I am here, Child -- Come, come kiss me.

FLORINDA

Good Gods! what luck is mine?

WILLMORE

Only good luck, Child, parlous good luck. -- Come hither, -- 'tis a delicate shining Wench, -- by this Hand she's perfum'd, and smells like any Nosegay. -- Prithee, dear Soul, let's not play the Fool, and lose time, -- precious time -- for as Gad shall save me, I'm as honest a Fellow as breathes, tho I am a little disguis'd at present. -- Come, I say, -- why, thou may'st be free with me, I'll be very secret. I'll not boast who 'twas oblig'd me, not I -- for hang me if I know thy Name.

FLORINDA

Heavens! what a filthy beast is this!

WILLMORE

I am so, and thou oughtst the sooner to lie with me for that reason, -- for look you, Child, there will be no Sin in't, because 'twas neither design'd nor premeditated; 'tis pure Accident on both sides -- that's a certain thing now -- Indeed should I make love to you, and you vow Fidelity -- and swear and lye till you believ'd and yielded -- Thou art therefore (as thou art a good Christian) oblig'd in Conscience to deny me nothing. Now -- come, be kind, without any more idle prating.

FLORINDA

Oh, I am ruin'd -- wicked Man, unhand me.

WILLMORE

Wicked! Egad, Child, a Judge, were he young and vigorous, and saw those Eyes of thine, would know 'twas they gave the first blow -- the first provocation. -- Come, prithee let's lose no time, I say -- this is a fine convenient place.

FLORINDA

Sir, let me go, I conjure you, or I'll call out.

WILLMORE

Ay, ay, you were best to call Witness to see how finely you treat me -- do.-

FLORINDA

I'll cry Murder, Rape, or any thing, if you do not instantly let me go.

WILLMORE

A Rape! Come, come, you lye, you Baggage, you lye: What, I'll warrant you would fain have the World believe now that you are not so forward as I. No, not you, -- why at this time of Night was your Cobweb-door set open, dear Spider -- but to catch Flies? -- Hah come -- or I shall be damnably angry. -- Why what a Coil is here. --

FLORINDA

Sir, can you think --

WILLMORE

That you'd do it for nothing? oh, oh, I find what you'd be at -- look here, here's a Pistole for you -- here's a work indeed -- here -- take it, I say. --

FLORINDA

For Heaven's sake, Sir, as you're a Gentleman --

WILLMORE

So -- now -- she would be wheedling me for more -- what, you will not take it then -- you're resolv'd you will not. -- Come, come, take it, or I'll put it up again; for, look ye, I never give more. -- Why, how now, Mistress, are you so high i'th' Mouth, a Pistole won't down with you? -- hah -- why, what a work's here -- in good time -- come, no struggling, be gone -- But an y'are good at a dumb Wrestle, I'm for ye, -- look ye, -- I'm for ye. —
[She struggles with him.]

[Enter Belvile and Frederick.]

BELVILE

The Door is open a Pox of this mad fellow, I'm angry that we've lost him, I durst have sworn he had follow'd us.

FREDERICK

But you were so hasty, Colonel, to be gone.

FLORINDA

Help, help, -- Murder! -- help -- oh, I'm ruin'd.

BELVILE

Ha, sure that's Florinda's Voice. *[Comes up to them.]*

-- A Man! Villain, let go that Lady. *[A noise., Will. turns and draws, Fred. interposes.]*

FLORINDA

Belvile! Heavens! my Brother too is coming, and 'twill be impossible to escape. -- Belvile, I conjure you to walk under my Chamber-window, from whence I'll give you some instructions what to do -- This rude Man has undone us.

[Exit.]

WILLMORE

Belvile!

[Enter Pedro, Stephano, and other Servants with Lights.]

PEDRO

I'm betray'd; run, Stephano, and see if Florinda be safe.

[Exit Steph.]

So whoe'er they be, all is not well, I'll to Florinda's Chamber. *[They fight, and Pedro's Party beats 'em out; going out, meets Stephano.]*

STEPHANO

You need not, Sir, the poor Lady's fast asleep, and thinks no harm: I wou'd not wake her, Sir, for fear of frightening her with your danger.

PEDRO

I'm glad she's there -- Rascals, how came the Garden -- Door open?

STEPHANO

That Question comes too late, Sir: some of my Fellow-Servants Masquerading I'll warrant.

PEDRO

Masquerading! a leud Custom to debauch our Youth -- there's something more in this than I imagine.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V SCENE 1

CHARACTERS SPEAKING: Willmore, Angelica, Hellena, Pedro, Belvile, Boy, Blunt

[Enter Willmore. Enter again the Boy, conducting in Angelica in a masquing Habit and a Vizard, Will. runs to her.]

WILLMORE

This can be none but my pretty Gipsy -- Oh, I see you can follow as well as fly -- Come, confess thy self the most malicious Devil in Nature, you think you have done my Bus'ness with Angelica --

ANGELICA

Stand off, base Villain -- *[She draws a Pistol and holds to his Breast.]*

WILLMORE

Hah, 'tis not she: who art thou? and what's thy Business?

ANGELICA

One thou hast injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.

WILLMORE

What the Devil canst thou mean?

ANGELICA

By all my Hopes to kill thee -- *[Holds still the Pistol to his Breast, he going back, she fillwing still.]*

WILLMORE

Prithee on what Acquaintance? for I know thee not.

ANGELICA

Behold this Face! -- so lost to thy Remembrance! And then call all thy Sins about thy Soul, *[Pulls off her Vizard.]* And let them die with thee.

WILLMORE

Angelica!

ANGELICA

Yes, Traitor. Does not thy guilty Blood run shivering thro thy Veins? Hast thou no Horrour at this Sight, that tells thee, Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful Conquest?

WILLMORE

Faith, no Child, my Blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows still, and that usual Heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a Kindness, had I but opportunity.

ANGELICA

Devil! dost wanton with my Pain -- have at thy Heart.

WILLMORE

Hold dear Virago! hold thy Hand a little, I am not now at leisure to be kill'd -- hold and hear me -- Death, I think she's in earnest. *[Aside.]*

ANGELICA

Oh if I take not heed, My coward Heart will leave me to his Mercy. *[Aside, turning from him.]*

What have you, Sir, to say? -- but should I hear thee, Thoud'st talk away all that is brave about me:

[Follows him with the Pistol to his Breast.] And I have vow'd thy Death, by all that's sacred.

WILLMORE

Why, then there's an end of a proper handsom Fellow, that might have liv'd to have done good Service yet: -- That's all I can say to't.

ANGELICA

Yet -- I wou'd give thee time for Penitence.

WILLMORE

Faith, I thank God, I have ever took care to lead a good, sober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion that teaches me to believe, I shall depart in Peace.

ANGELICA

So will the Devil: tell me How many poor believing Fools thou hast undone; How many Hearts thou hast betray'd to ruin! -- Yet these are little Mischiefs to the Ills Thou'st taught mine to commit: thou'st taught it Love.

WILLMORE

Ha! my Gipsy -- Now a thousand Blessings on thee for this Kindness. Egad, Child, I was e'en in despair of ever seeing thee again; my Friends are all provided for within, each Man his kind Woman.

[Enter HELLENA]

HELLENA

Hah! I thought they had serv'd me some such Trick.

WILLMORE

And I was e'en resolv'd to go aboard, condemn my self to my lone Cabin, and the Thoughts of thee.

HELLENA

And cou'd you have left me behind? wou'd you have been so ill-natur'd?

WILLMORE

Why, 'twou'd have broke my Heart, Child -- but since we are met again, I defy foul Weather to part us.

HELLENA

And wou'd you be a faithful Friend now, if a Maid shou'd trust you?

WILLMORE

For a Friend I cannot promise, thou art of a Form so excellent, a Face and Humour too good for cold dull Friendship; I am parlously afraid of being in love, Child, and you have not forgot how severely you have us'd me.

HELLENA

That's all one, such Usage you must still look for, to find out all your Haunts, to rail at you to all that love you, till I have made you love only me in your own Defence, because no body else will love.

WILLMORE

But hast thou no better Quality to recommend thy self by?

HELLENA

Faith none, Captain -- Why, 'twill be the greater Charity to take me for thy Mistress, I am a lone Child, a kind of Orphan Lover; and why I shou'd die a Maid, and in a Captain's Hands too, I do not understand.

WILLMORE

Egad, I was never claw'd away with Broad-Sides from any Female before, thou hast one Virtue I adore, good-Nature; I hate a coy demure Mistress, she's as troublesom as a Colt, I'll break none; no, give me a mad Mistress when mew'd, and in flying on[e.] I dare trust upon the Wing, that whilst she's kind will come to the Lure.

HELLENA

Nay, as kind as you will, good Captain, whilst it lasts, but let's lose no time.

WILLMORE

My time's as precious to me, as thine can be; therefore, dear Creature, since we are so well agreed, let's retire to my Chamber, and if ever thou were treated with such savory Love -- Come -- My Bed's prepar'd for such a Guest, all clean and sweet as thy fair self; I love to steal a Dish and a Bottle with a Friend, and hate long Graces -- Come, let's retire and fall to

HELLENA

'Tis but getting my Consent, and the Business is soon done; let but old Gaffer Hymen and his Priest say Amen to't, and I dare lay my Mother's Daughter by as proper a Fellow as your Father's Son, without fear or blushing.

WILLMORE

Hold, hold, no Bugg Words, Child, Priest and Hymen: prithee add Hangman to 'em to make up the Consort -- No, no, we'll have no Vows but Love, Child, nor Witness but the Lover; the kind Diety enjoins naught but love and enjoy. Hymen and Priest wait still upon Portion, and Joynture; Love and Beauty have their own Ceremonies. Marriage is as certain a Bane to Love, as lending Money is to Friendship: I'll neither ask nor give a Vow, tho I could be content to turn Gipsy, and become a Left-hand Bridegroom, to have the Pleasure

of working that great Miracle of making a Maid a Mother, if you durst venture; 'tis upse Gipsy that, and if I miss, I'll lose my Labour.

HELLENA

And if you do not lose, what shall I get? A Cradle full of Noise and Mischief, with a Pack of Repentance at my Back? Can you teach me to weave Incle to pass my time with? 'Tis upse Gipsy that too.

WILLMORE

I can teach thee to weave a true Love's Knot better.

HELLENA

So can my Dog.

WILLMORE

Well, I see we are both upon our Guard, and I see there's no way to conquer good Nature, but by yielding -- here -- give me thy Hand -- one Kiss and I am thine --

HELLENA

One Kiss! How like my Page he speaks; I am resolv'd you shall have none, for asking such a sneaking Sum -- He that will be satisfied with one Kiss, will never die of that Longing; good Friend single-Kiss, is all your talking come to this? A Kiss, a Caudle! farewell, Captain single-Kiss. [*Going out he stays her.*]

WILLMORE

Nay, if we part so, let me die like a Bird upon a Bough, at the Sheriff's Charge. By Heaven, both the Indies shall not buy thee from me. I adore thy Humour and will marry thee, and we are so of one Humour, it must be a Bargain -- give me thy Hand -- [*Kisses her hand.*]

And now let the blind ones (Love and Fortune) do their worst.

HELLENA

Why, God-a-mercy, Captain!

WILLMORE

But harkye -- The Bargain is now made; but is it not fit we should know each other's Names? That when we have Reason to curse one another hereafter, and People ask me who 'tis I give to the Devil, I may at least be able to tell what Family you came of.

HELLENA

Good reason, Captain; and where I have cause, (as I doubt not but I shall have plentiful) that I may know at whom to throw my -- Blessings -- I beseech ye your Name.

WILLMORE

I am call'd Robert the Constant.

HELLENA

A very fine Name! pray was it your Faulkner or Butler that christen'd you? Do they not use to whistle when then call you?

WILLMORE

I hope you have a better, that a Man may name without crossing himself, you are so merry with mine.

HELLENA

I am call'd Hellena the Inconstant.

[Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Fred. Valeria.]

PEDRO

Hah! Hellena!

FLORINDA

Hellena!

HELLENA

The very same -- hah my Brother! now, Captain, shew your Love and Courage; stand to your Arms, and defend me bravely, or I am lost for ever.

PEDRO

What's this I hear? false Girl, how came you hither, and what's your Business? Speak. *[Goes roughly to her.]*

WILLMORE

Hold off, Sir, you have leave to parlay only. *[Puts himself between.]*

HELLENA

I had e'en as good tell it, as you guess it. Faith, Brother, my Business is the same with all living Creatures of my Age, to love, and be loved, and here's the Man.

PEDRO

Perfidious Maid, hast thou deceiv'd me too, deceiv'd thy self and Heaven?

HELLENA

'Tis time enough to make my Peace with that: Be you but kind, let me alone with Heaven.

PEDRO

Belvile, I did not expect this false Play from you; was't not enough you'd gain Florinda (which I pardon'd) but your leud Friends too must be enrich'd with the Spoils of a noble Family?

BELVILE

Faith, Sir, I am as much surpriz'd at this as you can be: Yet, Sir, my Friends are Gentlemen, and ought to be esteem'd for their Misfortunes, since they have the Glory to suffer with the best of Men and Kings; 'tis true, he's a Rover of Fortune, yet a Prince aboard his little wooden World.

PEDRO

What's this to the maintenance of a Woman or her Birth and Quality?

WILLMORE

Faith, Sir, I can boast of nothing but a Sword which does me Right where-e'er I come, and has defended a worse Cause than a Woman's: and since I lov'd her before I either knew her Birth or Name, I must pursue my Resolution, and marry her.

PEDRO

And is all your holy Intent of becoming a Nun debauch'd into a Desire of Man?

HELLENA

Why -- I have consider'd the matter, Brother, and find the Three hundred thousand Crowns my Uncle left me (and you cannot keep from me) will be better laid out in Love than in Religion, and turn to as good an Account -- let most Voices carry it, for Heaven or the Captain?

ALL (EXCEPT PEDRO)

A Captain, a Captain!

HELLENA

Look ye, Sir, 'tis a clear Case.

PEDRO

Oh I am mad -- if I refuse, my Life's in Danger.

[Aside.] -- Come -- There's one motive induces me -- take her -- I shall now be free from the fear of her Honour; guard it you now, if you can, I have been a Slave to't long enough. *[Gives her to him.]*

WILLMORE

Faith, Sir, I am of a Nation, that are of opinion a Woman's Honour is not worth guarding when she has a mind to part with it.

HELLENA

Well said, Captain.

WILLMORE

Hark -- what's this? *[Musick is heard to Play.]*

[Enter Boy.]

BOY

Sir, as the Custom is, the gay People in Masquerade, who make every Man's House their own, are coming up.

[Enter several Men and Women in masquing Habits, with Musick, they put themselves in order and dance.]

BLUNT

Adsheartlikins, wou'd 'twere lawful to pull off their false Faces, that I might see if my Doxy were not amongst 'em.

BELVILE

Ladies and Gentlemen, since you are come so a propos, you must take a small Collation with us. *[To the Masquers.]*

WILLMORE

Whilst we'll to the Good Man within, who stays to give us a Cast of his Office.

[To Hellena] -- Have you no trembling at the near approach?

HELLENA

No more than you have in an Engagement or a Tempest.

WILLMORE

Egad, thou'rt a brave Girl, and I admire thy Love and Courage. Lead on, no other Dangers they can dread,
Who venture in the Storms o'th' Marriage-Bed.

[Exeunt.]