

# **The Honest Whore, Part One**

Thomas Middleton

## Table of Contents

<u>The Honest Whore, Part One</u> .....	1
<u>Thomas Middleton</u> .....	1
<u>I.i. [A street]</u> .....	1
<u>[II.i. A brothel]</u> .....	27
<u>[III.i. Candido's shop]</u> .....	44
<u>[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]</u> .....	61
<u>[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]</u> .....	82

# The Honest Whore, Part One

Thomas Middleton

- [Act I](#)
- [Act II](#)
- [Act III](#)
- [Act IV](#)
- [Act V](#)

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[Dramatis Personae (in order of appearance)

Gasparo Trebatzi, DUKE of Milan  
Count HIPOLITO, in love with Infelice  
MATHEO, his friend  
FUSTIGO, brother to Viola  
A PORTER  
VIOLA, wife to Candido  
DOCTOR Benedict  
Two SERVANTS to the Duke  
INFELICE, daughter to the Duke  
CASTRUCHIO }  
FLUELLO } courtiers  
PIORATTO }  
GEORGE, prentice to Candido  
Two other PRENTICES to Candido  
CANDIDO, a linen-draper  
ROGER, a pander  
BELLAFRONT, a whore  
An OFFICER  
Madame Fingerlock, a BAWD  
SERVANT to Hipolito  
Corporal CRAMBO  
Lieutenant POH  
The DOCTOR'S MAN  
ANSELMO, a friar  
A SWEEPER at the Bethlehem Monastery  
SINEZI, a courtier  
Three MADMEN  
Officers  
The scene: Milan]

## I.i. [A street]

Enter at one door a funeral, a coronet lying on the hearse, scutcheons and garlands hanging on the sides, attended by Gasparo Trebatzi, Duke of Milan, Castruchio, Sinezi, Pioratto, Fluello, and others. At another door, enter Hipolito in discontented appearance, Matheo, a gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him back.

**DUKE**

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Behold, yon comet shows his head again;  
Twice hath he thus at cross–turns thrown on us  
Prodigious looks, twice hath he troubled  
The waters of our eyes. See, he's turn'd wild;  
Go on, in God's name.

**ALL**

On afore there, ho!

**DUKE**

Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly sides  
Your weapons to keep back the desp'rate boy  
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

**HIPOLITO**

I pray thee, dear Matheo!

**MATHEO**

Come, y'are mad!

**HIPOLITO**

I do arrest thee, murderer! Set down,  
Villains, set down that sorrow, 'tis all mine.

**DUKE**

I do beseech you all, for my blood's sake  
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath  
Join in confederacy with your weapons' points;  
If he proceed to vex us, let your swords  
Seek out his bowels: funeral grief loathes words.

**ALL**

Set on.

**HIPOLITO**

Set down the body!

**MATHEO**

Oh, my lord!  
Y'are wrong. I' th' open street! You see she's dead.

**HIPOLITO**

I know she is not dead.

**DUKE**

Frantic young man,  
Wilt thou believe these gentlemen? Pray speak:  
Thou dost abuse my child, and mock'st the tears  
That here are shed for her. If to behold  
Those roses withered that set out her cheeks,  
That pair of stars that gave her body light

Dark'ned and dim forever, all those rivers  
That fed her veins with warm and crimson streams  
Frozen and dried up: if these be signs of death,  
Then is she dead. Thou unreligious youth,  
Art not ashamed to empty all these eyes  
Of funeral tears, a debt due to the dead  
As mirth is to the living? Sham'st thou not  
To have them stare on thee? Hark, thou art curs'd  
Even to thy face by those that scarce can speak!

**HIPOLITO**

My lord.

**DUKE**

What wouldst thou have? Is she not dead?

**HIPOLITO**

Oh, you ha' kill'd her by your cruelty!

**DUKE**

Admit I had, thou kill'st her now again,  
And art more savage than a barbarous moor.

**HIPOLITO**

Let me but kiss her pale and bloodless lip.

**DUKE**

Oh, fie, fie, fie!

**HIPOLITO**

Or if not touch her, let me look on her.

**MATHEO**

As you regard your honour--

**HIPOLITO**

Honour? Smoke!

**MATHEO**

Or if you lov'd her living, spare her now.

**DUKE**

Ay, well done, sir; you play the gentleman.  
Steal hence. 'Tis nobly done. Away. I'll join  
My force to yours to stop this violent torment.  
Pass on.

Exeunt [courtiers and attendants] with funeral.

**HIPOLITO**

Matheo, thou dost wound me more.

**MATHEO**

I give you physic, noble friend, not wounds.

**DUKE**

Oh, well said, well done, a true gentleman!  
Alack, I know the sea of lovers' rage  
Comes rushing with so strong a tide: it beats  
And bears down all respects of life, of honour,  
Of friends, of foes. Forget her, gallant youth.

**HIPOLITO**

Forget her?

**DUKE**

Nay, nay, be but patient.  
For why? Death's hand hath sued a strict divorce  
'Twixt her and thee? What's beauty but a corpse?  
What but fair sand—dust are earth's purest forms?  
Queens' bodies are but trunks to put in worms.

**MATHEO**

[Aside to Duke] Speak no more sentences, my good lord, but slip hence. You see they are but fits; I'll rule him, I warrant ye. Ay, so, tread gingerly, your grace is here somewhat too long already.

[Exit Duke.]

[Aside] 'Sblood, the jest were now, if having ta'en some knocks o' th' pate already, he should get loose again, and like a mad ox toss my new black cloaks into the kennel! I must humour his lordship.—My Lord Hipolito, is it in your stomach to go to dinner?

**HIPOLITO**

Where is the body?

**MATHEO**

The body, as the duke spake very wisely, is gone to be worm'd.

**HIPOLITO**

I cannot rest: I'll meet it at next turn;  
I'll see how my love looks.

Matheo holds him in's arms.

**MATHEO**

How your love looks? Worse than a scarecrow. Wrastle not with me: the great fellow gives the fall, for a ducat!

**HIPOLITO**

I shall forget myself!

**MATHEO**

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Pray do so, leave yourself behind yourself, and go whither you will. 'Sfoot, do you long to have base rogues that maintain a Saint Anthony's fire in their noses by nothing but two-penny ale make ballads of you? If the duke had but so much mettle in him as is in a cobbler's awl, he would ha' been a vex'd thing: he and his train had blown you up, but that their powder has taken the wet of cowards; you'll bleed three pottles of Aligant, by this light, if you follow 'em, and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have surgeons roll thee up like a baby in swaddling clouts.

### **HIPOLITO**

What day is today, Matheo?

### **MATHEO**

Yea, marry, this is an easy question: why, today is, let me see, Thursday.

### **HIPOLITO**

Oh, Thursday.

### **MATHEO**

Here's a coil for a dead commodity! 'Sfoot, women when they are alive are but dead commodities, for you shall have one woman lie upon many men's hands!

### **HIPOLITO**

She died on Monday then.

### **MATHEO**

And that's the most villainous day of all the week to die in. And she was well, and ate a mess of water-gruel on Monday morning.

### **HIPOLITO**

Ay, it cannot be  
Such a bright taper should burn out so soon.

### **MATHEO**

Oh, yes, my lord, so soon: why, I ha' known them that at dinner have been as well, and had so much health, that they were glad to pledge it, yet before three a' clock have been found dead drunk.

### **HIPOLITO**

On Thursday buried, and on Monday died!  
Quick haste, byrlady: sure her winding sheet  
Was laid out 'fore her body, and the worms,  
That now must feast with her, were even bespoke,  
And solemnly invited like strange guests.

### **MATHEO**

Strange feeders they are indeed, my lord, and, like your jester or young courtier, will enter upon any man's trencher without bidding.

### **HIPOLITO**

Curs'd be that day forever that [robb'd] her  
Of breath, and me of bliss: henceforth let it stand  
Within the wizards' book, the calendar,  
Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen

## The Honest Whore, Part One

By thieves, by villains, and black murderers  
As the best day for them to labour in.  
If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world  
Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,  
Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,  
Slander, the beggar's sin, lies, sin of fools,  
Or any other damn'd impieties,  
On Monday let 'em be delivered!  
I swear to thee, Matheo, by my soul,  
Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glue  
Mine eyelids down, because they shall not gaze  
On any female cheek. And being lock'd up  
In my close chamber, there I'll meditate  
On nothing but my Infelice's end,  
Or on a dead man's skull draw out mine own.

### **MATHEO**

You'll do all these good works now every Monday because it is so bad, but I hope upon Tuesday morning I shall take you with a wench.

### **HIPOLITO**

If ever whilst frail blood through my veins run,  
On woman's beams I throw affection,  
Save her that's dead, or that I loosely fly  
To th' shore of any other wafting eye,  
Let me not prosper, heaven! I will be true,  
Even to her dust and ashes: could her tomb  
Stand whilst I liv'd, so long that it might rot,  
That should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

### **MATHEO**

If you have this strange monster, honesty, in your belly, why, so jig-makers and chroniclers shall pick something out of you: but and I smell not you and a bawdy house out within these ten days, let my nose be as big as an English bag-pudding. I'll follow your lordship, though it be to the place aforementioned.

Exeunt.

[I.ii. A street]

Enter Fustigo in some fantastic sea-suit at one door, a Porter meets him at another.

### **FUSTIGO**

How now, porter, will she come?

### **PORTER**

If I may trust a woman, sir, she will come.

### **FUSTIGO**

[Giving him money] There's for thy pains, godamercy. If ever I stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, porter, thou shalt earn my money before any clarissimo in Milan, yet, so God sa' me, she's mine own sister body and soul, as I am a Christian gentleman! Farewell, I'll ponder till she come: thou hast been no

## The Honest Whore, Part One

bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

### **PORTER**

No matter if I had, sir: better men than porters are bawds.

### **FUSTIGO**

Oh, God, sir, many that have borne offices! But, porter, art sure thou went'st into a true house?

### **PORTER**

I think so, for I met with no thieves.

### **FUSTIGO**

Nay, but art sure it was my sister Viola?

### **PORTER**

I am sure by all superscriptions it was the party you ciphered.

### **FUSTIGO**

Not very tall?

### **PORTER**

Nor very low: a middling woman.

### **FUSTIGO**

'Twas she, faith, 'twas she! A pretty plump cheek like mine?

### **PORTER**

At a blush, a little very much like you.

### **FUSTIGO**

Gods—so, I would not for a ducat she had kick'd up her heels, for I ha' spent an abomination this voyage; marry, I did it amongst sailors and gentlemen. [Giving him money] There's a little modicum more, porter, for making thee stay; farewell, honest porter.

### **PORTER**

I am in your debt, sir; God preserve you.

### **FUSTIGO**

Not so neither, good porter.

Exit. Enter Viola.

God's lid, yonder she comes! Sister Viola, I am glad to see you stirring. It's news to have me here, is't not, sister?

### **VIOLA**

Yes, trust me: I wond'ered who should be so bold to send for me. You are welcome to Milan, brother.

### **FUSTIGO**

Troth, sister, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff, and I was very sorry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me send, for you know we Milaners love to strut upon Spanish leather. And how does

all our friends?

**VIOLA**

Very well. You ha' travelled enough now, I trow, to sow your wild oats.

**FUSTIGO**

A pox on 'em! Wild oats? I ha' not an oat to throw at a horse. Troth, sister, I ha' sow'd my oats, and reap'd two hundred ducats if I had 'em. Here, marry, I must entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty till the ship come; by this hand, I'll discharge at my day, by this hand.

**VIOLA**

These are your old oaths.

**FUSTIGO**

Why, sister, do you think I'll forswear my hand?

**VIOLA**

Well, well, you shall have them: put yourself into better fashion, because I must employ you in a serious matter.

**FUSTIGO**

I'll sweat like a horse if I like the matter.

**VIOLA**

You ha' cast off all your old swaggering humours.

**FUSTIGO**

I had not sail'd a league in that great fishpond, the sea, but I cast up my very gall.

**VIOLA**

I am the more sorry, for I must employ a true swaggerer.

**FUSTIGO**

Nay, by this iron, sister, they shall find I am powder and touch-box if they put fire once into me.

**VIOLA**

Then lend me your ears.

**FUSTIGO**

Mine ears are yours, dear sister.

**VIOLA**

I am married to a man that has wealth enough, and wit enough.

**FUSTIGO**

A linen-draper I was told, sister.

**VIOLA**

Very true, a grave citizen; I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband. But here's the spite: he has not all things belonging to a man.

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### FUSTIGO

God's my life, he's a very mandrake, or else, God bless us, one a' these whiblins, and that's worse! And then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, sister, are bastards by a statute.

### VIOLA

Oh, you run over me too fast, brother! I have heard it often said that he who cannot be angry is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print for all things else save only in this: no tempest can move him.

### FUSTIGO

'Slid, would he had been at sea with us, he should ha' been mov'd and mov'd again, for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reel'd like a Dutchman!

### VIOLA

No loss of goods can increase in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance sour, the stubbornness of no servant shake him; he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant. Musician will he never be, yet I find much music in him, but he loves no frets, and is so free from anger that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that virtue which all women's tongues have, to anger their husbands. Brother, mine can by no thunder turn him into a sharpness.

### FUSTIGO

Belike his blood, sister, is well-brew'd then.

### VIOLA

I protest to thee, Fustigo, I love him most affectionately, but I know not—I ha' such a tickling within me, such a strange longing; nay, verily I do long.

### FUSTIGO

Then y'are with child, sister, by all signs and tokens; nay, I am partly a physician, and partly something else: I ha' read Albertus Magnus, and Aristotle's Emblems.

### VIOLA

Y'are wide a' th' bow hand still, brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole porcupine, to the intent the bristling quills may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustacho, and be shot at me. I shall be leaner than the new moon, unless I can make him horn-mad.

### FUSTIGO

'Sfoot, half a quarter of an hour does that: make him a cuckold!

### VIOLA

Puh, he would count such a cut no unkindness!

### FUSTIGO

The honestest citizen he. Then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

### VIOLA

Fie, fie, idle, idle: he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little scald hair. No, brother, thus it shall be, you must be secret.

### FUSTIGO

As your midwife, I protest, sister, or a barber-surgeon.

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### **VIOLA**

Repair to the Tortoise here in Saint Christopher's Street. I will send you money; turn yourself into a brave man: instead of the arms of your mistress, let your sword and your military scarf hang about your neck.

### **FUSTIGO**

I must have a great horseman's French feather too, sister.

### **VIOLA**

Oh, by any means, to show your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcomb! To be brief, you must be in all points a most terrible wide-mouth'd swaggerer.

### **FUSTIGO**

Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

### **VIOLA**

Resort then to our shop, and, in my husband's presence, kiss me, snatch rings, jewels, or anything so you give it back again, brother, in secret.

### **FUSTIGO**

By this hand, sister.

### **VIOLA**

Swear as if you came but new from knighting.

### **FUSTIGO**

Nay, I'll swear after four hundred a year.

### **VIOLA**

Swagger worse than a lieutenant among freshwater soldiers; call me your love, your ingle, your cousin, or so, but sister at no hand.

### **FUSTIGO**

No, no, it shall be cousin, or rather coz: that's the gulling word between the citizens' wives and their madcaps, that man 'em to the garden. To call you one a' mine aunts, sister, were as good as call you arrant whore; no, no, let me alone to cousin you rarely.

### **VIOLA**

H'as heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

### **FUSTIGO**

The best in Milan, I warrant.

### **VIOLA**

Take up wares, but pay nothing, rifle my bosom, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for money to dice withal; but, brother, you must give all back again in secret.

### **FUSTIGO**

By this welkin that here roars, I will, or else let me never know what a secret is! Why, sister, do you think I'll coney-catch you, when you are my cousin? God's my life, then I were a stark ass! If I fret not his guts, beg me for a fool.

**VIOLA**

Be circumspect, and do so then. Farewell.

**FUSTIGO**

The Tortoise, sister? I'll stay there. Forty ducats.

Exit.

**VIOLA**

Thither I'll send. This law can none deny:  
Women must have their longings, or they die.

Exit.

[I.iii. A private chamber of the Duke's]  
[Enter] Gasparo the Duke, Doctor Benedict, two Servants.

**DUKE**

Give charge that none do enter, lock the doors,  
And fellows, what your eyes and ears receive,  
Upon your lives trust not the gadding air  
To carry the least part of it: the glass,  
The hourglass.

**DOCTOR**

Here, my lord.

**DUKE**

Ah, 'tis near spent.  
But Doctor Benedict, does your art speak truth?  
Art sure the soporiferous stream will ebb,  
And leave the crystal banks of her white body  
Pure as they were at first just at the hour?

**DOCTOR**

Just at the hour, my lord.

**DUKE**

Uncurtain her.

[The Doctor draws the curtain to reveal Infelice in bed.]

Softly, see, doctor, what a coldish heat  
Spreads over all her body.

**DOCTOR**

Now it works:  
The vital spirits that by a sleepy charm  
Were bound up fast, and threw an icy [crust]  
On her exterior parts, now 'gin to break.

Trouble her not, my lord.

**DUKE**

Some stools! You call'd  
For music, did you not?

[The Servants bring stools. Soft music.]

Oh ho, it speaks,  
It speaks! Watch, sirs, her waking, note those sands.  
Doctor, sit down. A dukedom that should weigh  
Mine own down twice, being put into one scale,  
And that fond desperate boy, Hipolito,  
Making the weight up, should not at my hands  
Buy her i' th' tother, were her state more light  
Than hers who makes a dowry up with alms.  
Doctor, I'll starve her on the Appenine  
Ere he shall marry her. I must confess,  
Hipolito is nobly borne, a man  
(Did not mine enemies' blood boil in his veins)  
Whom I would court to be my son-in-law.  
But princes whose high spleens for empery swell  
Are not with easy art made parallel.

**SECOND SERVANT**

She wakes, my lord.

**DUKE**

Look, Doctor Benedict.  
I charge you on your lives maintain for truth  
Whate'er the doctor or myself aver,  
For you shall bear her hence to Bergamo.

**INFELICE**

Oh, God, what fearful dreams!

**DOCTOR**

Lady.

**INFELICE**

Ha?

**DUKE**

Girl.  
Why, Infelice, how is't now, ha? Speak.

**INFELICE**

I'm well. What makes this doctor here? I'm well.

**DUKE**

Thou wert not so even now: sickness' pale hand

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Laid hold on thee even in the midst of feasting,  
And when a cup crown'd with thy lover's health  
Had touch'd thy lips, a sensible cold dew  
Stood on thy cheeks, as if that death had wept  
To see such beauty alter.

### **INFELICE**

I remember  
I sat at banquet, but felt no such change.

### **DUKE**

Thou hast forgot then how a messenger  
Came wildly in with this unsavoury news  
That he was dead.

### **INFELICE**

What messenger? Who's dead?

### **DUKE**

Hipolito. Alack, wring not thy hands.

### **INFELICE**

I saw no messenger, heard no such news.

### **DOCTOR**

Trust me you did, sweet lady.

### **DUKE**

La you now.

### **BOTH SERVANTS**

Yes, indeed, madam.

### **DUKE**

La you now. [Aside to Servants] 'Tis well, good knaves.

### **INFELICE**

You ha' slain him, and now you'll murder me!

### **DUKE**

Good Infelice, vex not thus thyself:  
Of this the bad report before did strike  
So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents  
Of life were all frozen up.

### **INFELICE**

It is untrue,  
'Tis most untrue! Oh, most unnatural father!

### **DUKE**

And we had much to do by art's best cunning

To fetch life back again.

**DOCTOR**

Most certain, lady.

**DUKE**

Why, la you now, you'll not believe me. Friends,  
Sweat we not all, had we not much to do?

**[BOTH SERVANTS]**

Yes, indeed, my lord, much.

**DUKE**

Death drew such fearful pictures in thy face,  
That were Hipolito alive again,  
I'd kneel and woo the noble gentleman  
To be thy husband; now I sore repent  
My sharpness to him and his family.  
Nay, do not weep for him; we all must die.  
Doctor, this place where she so oft hath seen  
His lively presence hurts her, does it not?

**DOCTOR**

Doubtless, my lord, it does.

**DUKE**

It does, it does.  
Therefore, sweet girl, thou shalt to Bergamo.

**INFELICE**

Even where you will, in any place there's woe.

**DUKE**

A coach is ready. Bergamo doth stand  
In a most wholesome air: sweet walks, there's deer---  
Ay, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,  
Which like some goddess in the Cyprian groves,  
Thine own fair hand shall strike. Sirs, you shall teach her  
To stand and how to shoot. Ay, she shall hunt.  
Cast off this sorrow. In, girl, and prepare  
This night to ride away to Bergamo.

**INFELICE**

Oh, most unhappy maid!

Exit.

**DUKE**

Follow her close.  
No words that she was buried, on your lives,  
Or that her ghost walks now after she's dead;

I'll hang you if you name a funeral.

**FIRST SERVANT**

I'll speak Greek, my lord, ere I speak that deadly word.

**SECOND SERVANT**

And I'll speak Welsh, which is harder than Greek.

**DUKE**

Away, look to her.

Exeunt [Servants].

Doctor Benedict,  
Did you observe how her complexion alt' red  
Upon his name and death? Oh, would 'twere true!

**DOCTOR**

It may, my lord.

**DUKE**

May? How? I wish his death.

**DOCTOR**

And you may have your wish; say but the word,  
And 'tis a strong spell to rip up his grave.  
I have good knowledge with Hipolito;  
He calls me friend: I'll creep into his bosom  
And sting him there to death; poison can do't.

**DUKE**

Perform it; I'll create thee half mine heir.

**DOCTOR**

It shall be done, although the fact be foul.

**DUKE**

Greatness hides sin, the guilt upon my soul.

Exeunt.

[I.iv. The court]  
Enter Castruchio, Pioratto, and Fluello.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Signior Pioratto, Signior Fluello, shall's be merry? Shall's play the wags now?

**FLUELLO**

Ay, anything that may beget the child of laughter.

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Truth, I have a pretty sportive conceit new crept into my brain will move excellent mirth.

### **PIORATTO**

Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where shall the scene of mirth lie?

### **CASTRUCHIO**

At Signior Candido's house, the patient man, nay, the monstrous patient man; they say his blood is immoveable, that he has taken all patience from a man, and all constancy from a woman.

### **FLUELLO**

That makes so many whores nowadays.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Ay, and so many knaves too.

### **PIORATTO**

Well, sir.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

To conclude, the report goes, he's so mild, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can move him: now do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow, the mirror of patience, as angry, as vex'd, and as mad as an English cuckold.

### **FLUELLO**

Oh, 'twere admirable mirth, that! But how wilt be done, signior?

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Let me alone: I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting him, i'faith, if he have but a thimble full of blood in's belly, or a spleen not so big as a tavern token.

### **PIORATTO**

Thou stir him? Thou move him? Thou anger him? Alas, I know his approved temper. Thou vex him? Why, he has a patience above man's injuries: thou mayest sooner raise a spleen in an angel than rough humour in him. Why, I'll give you instance for it. This wonderfully temper'd Signior Candido upon a time invited home to his house certain Neapolitan lords of curious taste, and no mean palates, conjuring his wife of all loves to prepare cheer fitting for such honourable trenchermen. She, just of a woman's nature, covetous to try the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour, willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnish'd, not only of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He, according to the mildness of his breast, entertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time, as much as a citizen might do. To conclude, they were hungry lords, for there came no meat in; their stomachs were plainly gull'd, and their teeth deluded, and, if anger could have seiz'd a man, there was matter enough, i'faith, to vex any citizen in the world if he were not too much made a fool by his wife.

### **FLUELLO**

Ay, I'll swear for't. 'Sfoot, had it been my case, I should ha' play'd mad tricks with my wife and family! First I would ha' spitted the men, stew'd the maids, and bak'd the mistress, and so served them in.

### **PIORATTO**

Why, 'twould ha' tempted any blood but his.  
And thou to vex him? Thou to anger him

## The Honest Whore, Part One

With some poor shallow jest?

### **CASTRUCHIO**

'Sblood, Signior Pioratto, you that disparage my conceit, I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't that it moves him, frets him, and galls him!

### **PIORATTO**

Done; 'tis a lay, join golls on't. Witness, Signior Fluello.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Witness: 'tis done.

Come, follow me: the house is not far off.

I'll thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,

And win a hundred ducats by one jest.

Exeunt.

[I.v. Candido's shop]

Enter Candido's wife [Viola], George, and two Prentices in the shop.

### **[VIOLA]**

Come, you put up your wares in good order here, do you not think you? One piece cast this way, another that way? You had need have a patient master indeed.

### **GEORGE**

[Aside] Ay, I'll be sworn, for we have a curs'd mistress.

### **[VIOLA]**

You mumble. Do you mumble? I would your master or I could be a note more angry, for two patient folks in a house spoil all the servants that ever shall come under them.

### **FIRST PRENTICE**

[Aside] You patient! Ay, so is the devil when he is horn-mad.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, and Pioratto.

### **ALL THREE [PRENTICES]**

Gentlemen, what do you lack? What is't you buy? See fine hollands, fine cambrics, fine lawns.

### **GEORGE**

What is't you lack?

### **SECOND PRENTICE**

What is't you buy?

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Where's Signior Candido thy master?

### **GEORGE**

Faith, signior, he's a little negotiated; he'll appear presently.

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### CASTRUCHIO

Fellow, let's see a lawn, a choice one, sirrah.

### GEORGE

The best in all Milan, gentlemen, and this is the piece. I can fit you gentlemen with fine calicoes too for doublets, the only sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly, a meek gentle calico, cut upon two double affable taffetas, ah, most neat, feat, and unmatched!

### FLUELLO

[Aside to Pioratto] A notable, voluble—tongu'd villain!

### PIORATTO

[Aside to Fluello] I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

### CASTRUCHIO

What, and is this she, sayst thou?

### GEORGE

Ay, and the purest she that ever you finger'd since you were a gentleman: look how even she is, look how clean she is, ha, as even as the brow of Cynthia, and as clean as your sons and heirs when they ha' spent all!

### CASTRUCHIO

Puh, thou talk'st! Pox on't, 'tis rough!

### GEORGE

How! Is she rough? But if you bid pox on't, sir, 'twill take away the roughness presently.

### FLUELLO

Ha, signior! Has he fitted your French curse?

### GEORGE

Look you, gentleman, here's another; compare them I pray, compara Virgilium cum Homero, compare virgins with harlots.

### CASTRUCHIO

Puh, I ha' seen better, and as you term them, evener and cleaner.

### GEORGE

You may see further for your mind, but trust me you shall not find better for your body.

Enter Candido.

### CASTRUCHIO

[Aside to Fluello and Pioratto] Oh, here he comes! Let's make as tho' we pass.—Come, come, we'll try in some other shop.

### CANDIDO

How now? What's the matter?

### GEORGE

## The Honest Whore, Part One

The gentlemen find fault with this lawn, fall out with it, and without a cause too.

### **CANDIDO**

Without a cause!  
And that makes you to let 'em pass away?  
Ah, may I crave a word with you gentlemen?

### **FLUELLO**

[Aside to Castruchio] He calls us.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

[Aside to Fluello] Makes the better for the jest.

### **CANDIDO**

I pray come near, y'are very welcome, gallants;  
Pray pardon my man's rudeness, for I fear me  
H'as talk'd above a prentice with you. Lawns?  
Look you, kind gentlemen. This? No. Ay, this:  
Take this upon my honest-dealing faith  
To be a true weave, not too hard, nor slack,  
But e'en as far from falsehood as from black.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Well, how do you rate it?

### **CANDIDO**

Very conscionably: eighteen shillings a yard.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

That's too dear. How many yards does the whole piece contain, think you?

### **CANDIDO**

Why, some seventeen yards I think, or thereabouts.  
How much would serve your turn, I pray?

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Why, let me see. Would it were better too.

### **CANDIDO**

Truth, 'tis the best in Milan at few words.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Well, let me have then—a whole pennyworth.

### **CANDIDO**

Ha, ha! Y'are a merry gentleman.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

A penn'orth I say.

### **CANDIDO**

Of lawn!

**CASTRUCHIO**

Of lawn? Ay, of lawn, a penn'orth. 'Sblood, dost not hear? A whole penn'orth! Are you deaf?

**CANDIDO**

Deaf? No, sir, but I must tell you,  
Our wares do seldom meet such customers.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Nay, and you and your lawns be so squeamish, fare you well.

**CANDIDO**

Pray stay, a word, pray, signior. For what purpose is it I beseech you?

**CASTRUCHIO**

'Sblood, what's that to you? I'll have a pennyworth.

**CANDIDO**

A pennyworth! Why, you shall. I'll serve you presently.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

'Sfoot, a pennyworth, mistress!

[VIOLA]

A pennyworth! Call you these gentlemen?

**CASTRUCHIO**

[To Candido, who is beginning to cut] No, no: not there.

**CANDIDO**

What then, kind gentleman? What, at this corner here?

**CASTRUCHIO**

Nor there neither.  
I'll have it just in the middle, or else not.

**CANDIDO**

Just in the middle? Ha! You shall too. What?  
Have you a single penny?

**CASTRUCHIO**

Yes, here's one.

**CANDIDO**

Lend it me I pray.

**FLUELLO**

[Aside] An ex'lent followed jest.

[VIOLA]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

What, will he spoil the lawn now?

**CANDIDO**

Patience, good wife.

[VIOLA]

Ay, that patience makes a fool of you. Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other citizen to have made a kind gull on besides my husband.

**CANDIDO**

Pray, gentlemen, take her to be a woman;  
Do not regard her language. Oh, kind soul,  
Such words will drive away my customers.

[VIOLA]

Customers with a murrain! Call you these customers?

**CANDIDO**

Patience, good wife.

[VIOLA]

Pax a' your patience!

**GEORGE**

'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are some cheating companions!

**CANDIDO**

Look you, gentleman, there's your ware; I thank you.  
I have your money here; pray know my shop,  
Pray let me have your custom.

[VIOLA]

Custom, quoth 'a!

**CANDIDO**

Let me take more of your money.

[VIOLA]

You had need so.

**PIORATTO**

[Taking Castruchio aside] Hark in thine ear: t' hast lost an hundred ducats.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Well, well, I know't. Is't possible that homo  
Should be nor man nor woman, not once mov'd?  
No, not at such an injury, not at all!  
Sure he's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

**FLUELLO**

Come, come, y'are angry tho' you smother it.

Y'are vex'd, i'faith, confess.

**CANDIDO**

Why, gentlemen,  
Should you conceit me to be vex'd or mov'd?  
He has my ware, I have his money for't,  
And that's no argument I am angry. No,  
The best logician cannot prove me so.

**FLUELLO**

Oh, but the hateful name of a pennyworth of lawn,  
And then cut out i' th' middle of the piece!  
[Aside] Pah, I guess it by myself, would move a lamb  
Were he a linen-drapeer, 'twould, i'faith!

**CANDIDO**

Well, give me leave to answer you for that:  
We are set here to please all customers,  
Their humours and their fancies, offend none;  
We get by many, if we leese by one.  
Maybe his mind stood to no more than that;  
A pen'worth serves him, and 'mongst trades 'tis found,  
Deny a penn'orth, it may cross a pound.  
Oh, he that means to thrive with patient eye  
Must please the devil if he come to buy!

**FLUELLO**

Oh, wondrous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe,  
How bless'd were men if women could be so!

**CANDIDO**

And to express how well my breast is pleas'd  
And satisfied in all: George, fill a beaker.

Exit George.

I'll drink unto that gentleman who lately  
Bestowed his money with me.

**[VIOLA]**

God's my life,  
We shall have all our gains drunk out in beakers  
To make amends for pennyworths of lawn!

Enter George.

**CANDIDO**

Here, wife, begin you to the gentleman.

**[VIOLA]**

I begin to him? [Throws down the beaker.]

**CANDIDO**

George, fill 't up again:  
'Twas my fault, my hand shook.

Exit George.

**PIORATTO**

[Aside] How strangely this doth show!  
A patient man link'd with a waspish shrow.

**FLUELLO**

[Taking Castruchio aside] A silver and gilt beaker! I have a trick  
To work upon that beaker: sure 'twill fret him;  
It cannot choose but vex him. Signior Castruchio,  
In pity to thee, I have a conceit  
Will save thy hundred ducats yet; 'twill do't,  
And work him to impatience.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Sweet Fluello,  
I should be bountiful to that conceit.

**FLUELLO**

Well 'tis enough.

Enter George.

**CANDIDO**

Here, gentleman to you:  
I wish your custom; y'are exceeding welcome.

**CASTRUCHIO**

I pledge you, Signior Candido.  
[Aside to Pioratto] Here to you, that must receive a hundred ducats.

**PIORATTO**

[Aside to Castruchio] I'll pledge them deep, i'faith, Castruchio.—  
Signior Fluello?

**FLUELLO**

Come, play 't off to me;  
I am your last man.

**CANDIDO**

George, supply the cup.

**FLUELLO**

So, so, good honest George.  
Here, Signior Candido, all this to you.

**CANDIDO**

Oh, you must pardon me, I use it not.

**FLUELLO**

Will you not pledge me then?

**CANDIDO**

Yes, but not that:

Great love is shown in little.

**FLUELLO**

Blurt on your sentences!

'Sfoot, you shall pledge me all!

**CANDIDO**

Indeed I shall not.

**FLUELLO**

Not pledge me? 'Sblood, I'll carry away the beaker then!

**CANDIDO**

The beaker! Oh, that at your pleasure, sir.

**FLUELLO**

Now, by this drink, I will.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Pledge him, he'll do't else.

**FLUELLO**

So, I ha' done you right, on my thumbnail.

What, will you pledge me now?

**CANDIDO**

You know me, sir:

I am not of that sin.

**FLUELLO**

Why then, farewell;

I'll bear away the beaker, by this light.

**CANDIDO**

That's as you please; 'tis very good.

**FLUELLO**

Nay, it doth please me, and as you say, 'tis a very good one.

Farewell, Signior Candido.

**PIORATTO**

Farewell, Candido.

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### CANDIDO

Y'are welcome, gentlemen.

### CASTRUCHIO

[Aside] Heart, not mov'd yet?  
I think his patience is above our wit!

Exeunt [Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto].

### GEORGE

I told you before, mistress, they were all cheaters.

### [VIOLA]

Why, fool! Why, husband! Why, madman! I hope you will not let 'em sneak away so with a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the house too. [To Prentices] Go, fellows, make hue and cry after them.

### CANDIDO

Pray, let your tongue lie still, all will be well.  
Come hither, George; hie to the constable,  
And in calm order wish him to attach them:  
Make no great stir, because they're gentlemen,  
And a thing partly done in merriment;  
'Tis but a size above a jest, thou know'st,  
Therefore pursue it mildly. Go, be gone;  
The constable's hard by, bring him along.  
Make haste again.

Exit George.

### [VIOLA]

Oh, y'are a goodly patient woodcock, are you not now? See what your patience comes too! Everyone saddles you and rides you, you'll be shortly the common stone-horse of Milan: a woman's well holp'd up with such a meacock. I had rather have a husband that would swaddle me thrice a day than such a one that will be gull'd twice in half an hour. Oh, I could burn all the wares in my shop for anger!

### CANDIDO

Pray wear a peaceful temper. Be my wife,  
That is, be patient, for a wife and husband  
Share but one soul between them. This being known,  
Why should not one soul then agree in one?

### [VIOLA]

Hang your agreements! But if my beaker be gone--

Exit. Enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

### CANDIDO

Oh, here they come!

### GEORGE

The constable, sir, let 'em come along with me because there should be no wond'ring; he stays at door.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Constable, goodman Abram.

**FLUELLO**

Now, Signior Candido. 'Sblood, why do you attach us?

**CASTRUCHIO**

'Sheart! Attach us!

**CANDIDO**

Nay, swear not, gallants:  
Your oaths may move your souls, but not move me.  
You have a silver beaker of my wife's.

**FLUELLO**

You say not true: 'tis gilt.

**CANDIDO**

Then you say true.  
And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.

**CASTRUCHIO**

I hope y'are not angry, sir.

**CANDIDO**

Then you hope right,  
For I am not angry.

**PIORATTO**

No, but a little mov'd.

**CANDIDO**

I mov'd! 'Twas you were mov'd: you were brought hither.

**CASTRUCHIO**

But you, out of your anger and impatience,  
Caus'd us to be attach'd.

**CANDIDO**

Nay, you misplace it.  
Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,  
And not of any wrath; had I shown anger,  
I should have then pursu'd you with the law,  
And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings  
Do build their anger upon feebler grounds.  
The more's the pity: many lose their lives  
For scarce so much coin as will hide their palm,  
Which is most cruel; those have vexed spirits  
That pursue lives. In this opinion rest:  
The loss of millions could not move my breast.

**FLUELLO**

Thou art a bless'd man, and with peace dost deal;  
Such a meek spirit can bless a commonweal.

**CANDIDO**

Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time;  
Pray, part not hence, but dine with me today.

**CASTRUCHIO**

I never heard a courtier yet say nay  
To such a motion. I'll not be the first.

**PIORATTO**

Nor I.

**FLUELLO**

Nor I.

**CANDIDO**

The constable shall bear you company;  
George, call him in. Let the world say what it can,  
Nothing can drive me from a patient man.

Exeunt.

**[II.i. A brothel]**

Enter Roger with a stool, cushion, looking-glass, and chafing-dish. Those being set down, he pulls out of his pocket a vial with white colour in it, and two boxes, one with white, another red painting. He places all things in order and a candle by them, singing with the ends of old ballads as he does it. At last Bellafront, as he rubs his cheek with the colours, whistles within.

**ROGER**

Anon, forsooth!

**BELLAFRONT**

[Within] What are you playing the rogue about?

**ROGER**

About you, forsooth: I'm drawing up a hole in your white silk stocking.

**BELLAFRONT**

[Within] Is my glass there? And my boxes of complexion?

**ROGER**

Yes, forsooth, your boxes of complexion are here, I think; yes, 'tis here. Here's your two complexions, and if I had all the four complexions, I should ne'er set a good face upon't. Some men I see are born under

[II.i. A brothel]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

hard-favour'd planets as well as women. Zounds, I look worse now than I did before, and it makes her face glister most damnably; there's knavery in daubing, I hold my life, or else this is only female pomatum.

Enter Bellafront not full ready, without a gown; she sits down, with her bodkin curls her hair, colours her lips.

**BELLAFRONT**

Where's my ruff and poker, you blockhead?

**ROGER**

Your ruff and your poker are ingend'ring together upon the cupboard of the court, or the court-cupboard.

**BELLAFRONT**

Fetch 'em. Is the pox in your hams, you can go no faster?

**ROGER**

Would the pox were in your fingers, unless you could leave flinging. Catch!

Exit.

**BELLAFRONT**

I'll catch you, you dog, by and by! Do you grumble?

She sings.

Cupid is a God,  
As naked as my nail;  
I'll whip him with a rod  
If he my true love fail.  
[Enter Roger.]

**ROGER**

There's your ruff. Shall I poke it?

**BELLAFRONT**

Yes, honest Roger. No, stay: prithee, good boy, hold here. [Singing] "Down, down, down, down, I fall down and arise I never shall."

**ROGER**

Troth, mistress, then leave the trade if you shall never rise.

**BELLAFRONT**

What trade, goodman Abram?

**ROGER**

Why that of down and arise, or the falling trade.

**BELLAFRONT**

I'll fall with you by and by.

**ROGER**

If you do I know who shall smart for't.

[II.i. A brothel]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Troth, Mistress, what do I look like now?

### **BELLAFRONT**

Like as you are: a panderly, sixpenny rascal.

### **ROGER**

I may thank you for that: no, faith, I look like an old proverb, "Hold the candle before the devil."

### **BELLAFRONT**

'Ud's life, I'll stick my knife in your guts and you prate to me so. What!

She sings.

Well met, pug, the pearl of beauty, umh, umh.  
How now, sir knave, you forget your duty, umh, umh.  
Marry muff, sir, are you grown so dainty? Fa, la, la, etc.  
Is it you, sir? The worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leera la.  
Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glass?

### **ROGER**

Why, as I hold your door: with my fingers.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Nay, pray thee, sweet honey Roger, hold up handsomely. (Sing.) "Pretty wantons warble, etc." We shall ha' guests today, I lay my little maidenhead: my nose itches so.

### **ROGER**

I said so too last night, when our fleas twing'd me.

### **BELLAFRONT**

So poke my ruff now. My gown, my gown. Have I my fall?  
Where's my fall, Roger?

One knocks.

### **ROGER**

Your fall, forsooth, is behind.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Gods my pittikins, some fool or other knocks.

### **ROGER**

Shall I open to the fool, mistress?

### **BELLAFRONT**

And all these baubles lying thus? Away with it quickly. Ay, ay, knock and be damn'd, whosoever you be. So, give the fresh salmon line now: let him come ashore, he shall serve for my breakfast, tho' he go against my stomach.

Roger fetch in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.

### **FLUELLO**

[II.i. A brothel]

The Honest Whore, Part One

Morrow, coz.

**CASTRUCHIO**

How does my sweet acquaintance?

**PIORATTO**

Save thee, little marmoset. How dost thou, good pretty rogue?

**BELLAFRONT**

Well, godamercy, good pretty rascal.

**FLUELLO**

Roger, some light I prithee.

**ROGER**

You shall, signior, for we that live here in this vale of misery are as dark as hell.

Exit for a candle.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Good tobacco, Fluello?

**FLUELLO**

Smell!

**PIORATTO**

It may be tickling gear, for it plays with my nose already.

Enter Roger.

**ROGER**

Here's another light angel, signior.

**BELLAFRONT**

What? You pied curtal, what's that you are neighing?

**ROGER**

I say God send us the light of heaven, or some more angels.

**BELLAFRONT**

Go fetch some wine, and drink half of it.

**ROGER**

I must fetch some wine, gentlemen, and drink half of it.

**FLUELLO**

Here, Roger.

**CASTRUCHIO**

No, let me send prithee.

[II.i. A brothel]

The Honest Whore, Part One

**FLUELLO**

Hold, you canker worm.

**ROGER**

You shall send both, if you please, signiors.

**PIORATTO**

Stay, what's best to drink a-mornings?

**ROGER**

Hypocras, sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most dear to her.

**FLUELLO**

Hypocras! There then, here's a teston for you, you snake.

**ROGER**

Right, sir, here's three shillings sixpence for a pottle and a manchet.

Exit.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Here's most Herculean tobacco; ha' some, acquaintance?

**BELLAFRONT**

Fah, not I; makes your breath stink, like the piss of a fox. Acquaintance, where supp'd you last night?

**CASTRUCHIO**

At a place, sweet acquaintance, where your health danc'd the canaries, i'faith; you should ha' been there.

**BELLAFRONT**

Ay, there among your punks. Marry, fah, hang 'em! Scorn 't! Will you never leave sucking of eggs in other folks' hens' nests?

**CASTRUCHIO**

Why, in good troth, if you'll trust me, acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board. Ask Fluello.

**FLUELLO**

No, faith, coz; none but cocks. Signior Malavolta drunk to thee.

**BELLAFRONT**

Oh, a pure beagle! That horse-leech there?

**FLUELLO**

And the knight, Sir Oliver Lollo, swore he would bestow a taffeta petticoat on thee but to break his fast with thee.

**BELLAFRONT**

With me! I'll choke him then; hang him, mole-catcher! It's the dreaming'st snotty-nose.

**PIORATTO**

Well, many took that Lollo for a fool, but he's a subtle fool.

[II.i. A brothel]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### **BELLAFRONT**

Ay, and he has fellows: of all filthy dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Why, wench? Is he scabbed?

### **BELLAFRONT**

Hang him, he'll not live to be so honest, nor to the credit, to have scabs about him; his betters have 'em. But I hate to wear out any of his coarse knighthood, because he's made like an alderman's nightgown, fac't all with cony before, and within nothing but fox. This sweet Oliver will eat mutton till he be ready to burst, but the lean-jaw'd slave will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

### **PIORATTO**

Plague him, set him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit till everyone has had his full cut.

### **FLUELLO**

Sordello the gentleman-usher came into us too; marry, 'twas in our cheese, for he had been to borrow money for his lord of a citizen.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

What an ass is that lord to borrow money of a citizen!

### **BELLAFRONT**

Nay, God's my pity, what an ass is that citizen to lend money to a lord!

Enter Matheo and Hipolito, who, saluting the company as a stranger, walks off. Roger comes in sadly behind them with a pottle-pot and stands aloof off.

### **MATHEO**

Save you gallants. Signior Fluello, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

### **FLUELLO**

Signior Matheo, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

### **MATHEO**

And how fares my little pretty mistress?

### **BELLAFRONT**

E'en as my little pretty servant; sees three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them. [To Roger] How now? Why the devil stand'st thou so? Art in a trance?

### **ROGER**

Yes, forsooth.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Why dost not fill out their wine?

### **ROGER**

Forsooth, 'tis fill'd out already: all the wine that the signior has bestow'd upon you is cast away, a porter ran [a-tilt] at me, and so [fac'd] me down that I had not a drop.

[II.i. A brothel]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### **BELLAFRONT**

I'm accurs'd to let such a withered artichoke-faced rascal grow under my nose! Now you look like an old he-cat, going to the gallows: I'll be hang'd if he ha' not put up the money to cony-catch us all.

### **ROGER**

No, truly, forsooth, 'tis not put up yet.

### **BELLAFRONT**

How many gentlemen hast thou served thus?

### **ROGER**

None but five hundred, besides prentices and serving-men.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Dost think I pocket it up at thy hands?

### **ROGER**

Yes, forsooth, I fear you will pocket it up.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Fie, fie, cut my lace, good servant! I shall ha' the mother presently, I'm so vex'd at this horse-plum!

### **FLUELLO**

Plague, not for a scald pottle of wine!

### **MATHEO**

Nay, sweet Bellafront, for a little pig's wash.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Here, Roger, fetch more; a mischance, i'faith, acquaintance.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Out of my sight, thou ungodly puritanical creature!

### **ROGER**

For the tother pottle? Yes, forsooth.

Exit.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Spill that too! What gentleman is that, servant? Your friend?

### **MATHEO**

Gods-so, a stool, a stool! If you love me, mistress, entertain this gentleman respectfully and bid him welcome.

### **BELLAFRONT**

He's very welcome. Pray, sir, sit.

### **HIPOLITO**

[II.i. A brothel]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Thanks, lady.

### **FLUELLO**

Count Hipolito, is't not? Cry you mercy, signior, you walk here all this while and we not heed you? Let me bestow a stool upon you, beseech you. You are a stranger here; we know the fashions a' th' house.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Please you be here, my lord.

Tobacco.

### **HIPOLITO**

No, good Castruchio.

### **FLUELLO**

You have abandoned the court I see, my lord, since the death of your mistress; well, she was a delicate piece. Beseech you, sweet; come, let us serve under the colours of your acquaintance still, for all that. Please you to meet here at the lodging of my coz, I shall bestow a banquet upon you.

### **HIPOLITO**

I never can deserve this kindness, sir.  
What may this lady be whom you call coz?

### **FLUELLO**

Faith, sir, a poor gentlewoman, of passing good carriage, one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an attorney's house.

### **HIPOLITO**

Is she married?

### **FLUELLO**

Hah, as all your punks are, a captain's wife or so! Never saw her before, my lord?

### **HIPOLITO**

Never; trust me, a goodly creature.

### **FLUELLO**

By gad, when you know her as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest ape under the pole! A skin, your satin is not more soft, nor lawn whiter.

### **HIPOLITO**

Belike then she's some sale courtesan.

### **FLUELLO**

Troth, as all your best faces are, a good wench.

### **HIPOLITO**

Great pity that she's a good wench.

### **MATHEO**

Thou shalt have it, i'faith, mistress. How now, signiors? What? Whispering? Did not I lay a wager I should

[ll.i. A brothel]

take you within seven days in a house of vanity?

**HIPOLITO**

You did, and I beshrew your heart, you have won.

**MATHEO**

How do you like my mistress?

**HIPOLITO**

Well, for such a mistress: better, if your mistress be not your master.  
I must break manners, gentlemen; fare you well.

**MATHEO**

'Sfoot, you shall not leave us!

**BELLAFRONT**

The gentleman likes not the taste of our company.

OMNES [COURTIERS]

Beseech you, stay.

**HIPOLITO**

Trust me, my affairs beckon for me; pardon me.

**MATHEO**

Will you call for me half an hour hence here?

**HIPOLITO**

Perhaps I shall.

**MATHEO**

Perhaps? Fah! I know you can swear to me you will.

**HIPOLITO**

Since you will press me on my word, I will.

Exit.

**BELLAFRONT**

What sullen picture is this, servant?

**MATHEO**

It's Count Hipolito, the brave count.

**PIORATTO**

As gallant a spirit as any in Milan, you sweet Jew.

**FLUELLO**

Oh, he's a most essential gentleman, coz!

**CASTRUCHIO**

[ll.i. A brothel]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Did you never hear of Count Hipolito, acquaintance?

**BELLAFRONT**

Marry muff a' your counts, and be no more life in 'em.

**MATHEO**

He's so malcontent! Sirrah Bellafront, and you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the count with us: thou shalt sit at the upper end, punk.

**BELLAFRONT**

Punk, you sous'd gurnet!

**MATHEO**

King's truce: come, I'll bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

**CASTRUCHIO**

He betrays his youth too grossly to that tyrant melancholy.

**MATHEO**

All this is for a woman.

**BELLAFRONT**

A woman? Some whore! What sweet jewel is't?

**PIORATTO**

Would she heard you.

**FLUELLO**

Troth, so would I.

**CASTRUCHIO**

And I, by heaven.

**BELLAFRONT**

Nay, good servant, what woman?

**MATHEO**

Pah!

**BELLAFRONT**

Prithee tell me, a buss and tell me: I warrant he's an honest fellow if he take on thus for a wench. Good rogue, who?

**MATHEO**

By th' Lord I will not, must not, faith, mistress. Is't a match, sirs, this night at th' Antelope? For there's best wine and good boys.

OMNES [COURTIERS]

It's done; at th' Antelope.

**BELLAFRONT**

[ll.i. A brothel]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

I cannot be there tonight.

**MATHEO**

Cannot? By th' Lord, you shall.

**BELLAFRONT**

By the lady, I will not. Shall!

**FLUELLO**

Why then, put it off till Friday. Wut come then, coz?

**BELLAFRONT**

Well.

Enter Roger.

**MATHEO**

Y'are the waspishest ape. Roger, put your mistress in mind, your scurvy mistress here, to sup with us on Friday next. Y'are best come like a madwoman without a band in your waistcoat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging.

**BELLAFRONT**

Go, go, hang yourself!

**CASTRUCHIO**

It's dinner time, Matheo. Shall's hence?

OMNES [COURTIERS]

Yes, yes; farewell, wench.

**BELLAFRONT**

Farewell, boys.

Exeunt [courtiers].

Roger, what wine sent they for?

**ROGER**

Bastard wine, for if it had been truly begotten, it would not ha' been asham'd to come in; here's six shillings to pay for nursing the bastard.

**BELLAFRONT**

A company of rooks! Oh, good sweet Roger, run to the poulter's and buy me some fine larks.

**ROGER**

No woodcocks?

**BELLAFRONT**

Yes, faith, a couple, if they be not dear.

**ROGER**

[ll.i. A brothel]

The Honest Whore, Part One

I'll buy but one: there's one already here.

Exit. Enter Hipolito.

**HIPOLITO**

Is the gentleman my friend departed, mistress?

**BELLAFRONT**

His back is but new—turn'd, sir.

**HIPOLITO**

Fare you well.

**BELLAFRONT**

I can direct you to him.

**HIPOLITO**

Can you? Pray.

**BELLAFRONT**

If you please stay, he'll not be absent long.

**HIPOLITO**

I care not much.

**BELLAFRONT**

Pray sit, forsooth.

**HIPOLITO**

I'm hot.

If may use your room, I'll rather walk.

**BELLAFRONT**

At your best pleasure. Whew! Some rubbers there.

**HIPOLITO**

Indeed, I'll none. Indeed I will not: thanks.

Pretty—fine—lodging. I perceive my friend

Is old in your acquaintance.

**BELLAFRONT**

Troth, sir, he comes

As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours;

If yourself like our roof, such as it is,

Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.

**HIPOLITO**

Say I did like, what welcome should I find?

**BELLAFRONT**

Such as my present fortunes can afford.

[ll.i. A brothel]

**HIPOLITO**

But would you let me play Matheo's part?

**BELLAFRONT**

What part?

**HIPOLITO**

Why, embrace you, dally with you, kiss.  
Faith, tell me, will you leave him and love me?

**BELLAFRONT**

I am in bonds to no man, sir.

**HIPOLITO**

Why, then,  
Y'are free for any man: if any, me.  
But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,  
You should be all mine: I could brook no sharers;  
I should be covetous and sweep up all.  
I should be pleasure's usurer; faith, I should.

**BELLAFRONT**

Oh, fate!

**HIPOLITO**

Why sigh you, lady? May I know?

**BELLAFRONT**

'T has never been my fortune yet to single  
Out that one man whose love could fellow mine,  
As I have ever wish'd it. Oh, my stars!  
Had I but met with one kind gentleman,  
That would have purchas'd sin alone (to himself,  
For his own private use, although scarce proper)  
Indifferent handsome, meetly legg'd and thighed,  
And my allowance reasonable—i'faith,  
According to my body—by my troth,  
I would have been as true unto his pleasures,  
Yea, and as loyal to his afternoons  
As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.

**HIPOLITO**

This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,  
And scarce a day old in this subtle world:  
'Twere pretty art, good birdlime, cunning net.  
But come, come, faith, confess: how many men  
Have drunk this selfsame protestation  
From that red 'ticing lip?

**BELLAFRONT**

[II.i. A brothel]

Indeed, not any.

**HIPOLITO**

Indeed? And blush not!

**BELLAFRONT**

No, in truth not any.

**HIPOLITO**

Indeed! In truth! How warily you swear!  
'Tis well; if ill, it be not: yet had I  
The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you  
But in light colours, I do know indeed  
You would not swear indeed, but thunder oaths  
That should shake heaven, drown the harmonious spheres,  
And pierce a soul that lov'd her maker's honour  
With horror and amazement.

**BELLAFRONT**

Shall I swear?  
Will you believe me then?

**HIPOLITO**

Worst then of all:  
Our sins by custom seem at last but small.  
Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man,  
And after him a next, and then a fourth  
Should have this golden hook and lascivious bait  
Thrown out to the full length. Why, let me tell you,  
I ha' seen letters sent from that white hand,  
Tuning such music to Matheo's ear.

**BELLAFRONT**

Matheo! That's true, but if you'll believe  
My honest tongue, mine eyes no sooner met you  
But they convey'd and led you to my heart.

**HIPOLITO**

Oh, you cannot feign with me! Why, I know, lady,  
This is the common fashion of you all,  
To hook in a kind gentleman, and then  
Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover;  
And in the end you show him a French trick,  
And so you leave him, that a coach may run  
Between his legs for breadth.

**BELLAFRONT**

Oh, by my soul!  
Not I: therein I'll prove an honest whore  
In being true to one, and to no more.

**HIPOLITO**

If any be dispos'd to trust your oath,  
Let him: I'll not be he. I know you feign  
All that you speak, ay, for a mingled harlot  
Is true in nothing but in being false.  
What, shall I teach you how to loathe yourself?  
And mildly too, not without sense or reason.

**BELLAFRONT**

I am content, I would fain loathe myself  
If you not love me.

**HIPOLITO**

Then if your gracious blood  
Be not all wasted, I shall assay to do't.  
Lend me your silence and attention.  
You have no soul; that makes you weigh so light:  
Heaven's treasure bought it  
And half a crown hath sold it, for your body,  
It's like the common shore that still receives  
All the town's filth. The sin of many men  
Is within you, and thus much I suppose,  
That if all your committers stood in rank,  
They'd make a lane in which your shame might dwell,  
And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.  
Nay, shall I urge it more? There has been known  
As many by one harlot, maim'd and dismemb'red,  
As would ha' stuff'd an hospital: this I might  
Apply to you, and perhaps do you right.  
Oh, y'are as base as any beast that bears:  
Your body is e'en hir'd, and so are theirs!  
For gold and sparkling jewels, if he can,  
You'll let a Jew get you with Christian,  
Be he a Moor, a Tartar, tho' his face  
Look uglier than a dead man's skull;  
Could the devil put on a human shape,  
If his purse shake out crowns, up then he gets.  
Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits:  
So that y'are crueller than Turks, for they  
Sell Christians only, you sell yourselves away.  
Why, those that love you, hate you, and will term you  
Liquorish damnation, wish themselves half sunk  
After the sin is laid out, and e'en curse  
Their fruitless riot, for what one begets  
Another poisons. Lust and murder hit:  
A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?

**BELLAFRONT**

Oh, me unhappy!

**HIPOLITO**

[II.i. A brothel]

I can vex you more:

A harlot is like Dunkirk, true to none,  
Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,  
Back-door'd Italian, last of all the French.  
And he sticks to you, faith, gives you your diet,  
Brings you acquainted first with monsieur doctor,  
And then you know what follows.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Misery:

Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery!

### **HIPOLITO**

Methinks a toad is happier than a whore  
That with one poison swells; with thousands more  
The other stocks her veins. Harlot? Fie, fie!  
You are the miserablest creatures breathing,  
The very slaves of nature; mark me else:  
You put on rich attires, others' eyes wear them,  
You eat, but to supply your blood with sin,  
And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your graves.  
From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves.  
Like bears and apes, y'are baited and show tricks  
For money, but your bawd the sweetness licks.  
Indeed you are their journey-women, and do  
All base and damn'd works they list set you to,  
So that you ne'er are rich, for do but show me,  
In present memory or in ages past,  
The fairest and most famous courtesan  
Whose flesh was dear'st, that rais'd the price of sin  
And held it up, to whose intemperate bosom  
Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a knight,  
The mean'st a gentleman, have off'red up  
Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showers  
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at last  
Diseases suck'd her marrow, then grew so poor  
That she has begg'd, e'en at a beggar's door.  
And, wherein heav'n has a finger, when this idol  
From coast to coast has leapt on foreign shores,  
And had more worship than th' outlandish whores,  
When several nations have gone over her,  
When for each several city she has seen  
Her maidenhead has been new and been sold dear,  
Did live well there, and might have died unknown  
And undefam'd, back comes she to her own,  
And there both miserably lives and dies,  
Scorn'd even of those that once ador'd her eyes,  
As if her fatal-circled life thus ran:  
Her pride should end there where it first began.  
What, do you weep to hear your story read?  
Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no more.

**BELLAFRONT**

Oh, yes, I pray, proceed!  
Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep indeed.

**HIPOLITO**

To give those tears a relish, this I add:  
Y'are like the Jews, scatter'd, in no place certain,  
Your days are tedious, your hours burdensome;  
And were 't not for full suppers, midnight revels,  
Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drown  
And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts,  
And on your eyelids hang so heavily  
They have no power to look so high as heaven,  
You'd sit and muse on nothing but despair.  
Curse that devil lust that so burns up your blood  
And in ten thousand shivers break your glass  
For his temptation! Say you taste delight,  
To have a golden gull from rise to set,  
To meet you in his hot luxurious arms,  
Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dream  
Of warrants, whips, and beadles, and then start  
At a door's windy creak, think every weasel  
To be a constable and every rat  
A long-tail'd officer. Are you now not slaves?  
Oh, you have damnation without pleasure for it!  
Such is the state of harlots. To conclude,  
When you are old and can well paint no more,  
You turn bawd, and are then worse than before.  
Make use of this; farewell.

**BELLAFRONT**

Oh, I pray, stay!

**HIPOLITO**

I see Matheo comes not. Time hath barr'd me;  
Would all the harlots in the town had heard me.

Exit.

**BELLAFRONT**

Stay yet a little longer. No? Quite gone!  
Curs'd be that minute—for it was no more  
So soon a maid is chang'd into a whore—  
Wherein I first fell, be it forever black!  
Yet why should sweet Hipolito shun mine eyes,  
For whose true love I would become pure—honest,  
Hate the world's mixtures and the smiles of gold?  
Am I not fair? Why should he fly me then?  
Fair creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men.  
How many gallants have drunk healths to me

[II.i. A brothel]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Out of their dagger'd arms, and thought them bless'd,  
Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigal feasts!  
And does Hipolito detest my love?  
Oh, sure their heedless lusts but flatt'red me!  
I am not pleasing, beautiful nor young;  
Hipolito hath spied some ugly blemish,  
Eclipsing all my beauties: I am foul.  
Harlot! Ay, that's the spot that taints my soul.  
His weapon left here? Oh, fit instrument  
To let forth all the poison of my flesh!  
Thy master hates me 'cause my blood hath rang'd,  
But when 'tis forth, then he'll believe I'm chang'd.

Enter Hipolito.

### **HIPOLITO**

Mad woman, what art doing?

### **BELLAFRONT**

Either love me  
Or cleave my bosom on thy rapier's point!  
Yet do not neither, for thou then destroy'st  
That which I love thee for, thy virtues. Here, here  
Th'art crueller and kill'st me with disdain;  
To die so sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse pain.

Exit Hipolito.

Not speak to me! Not look! Not bid farewell!  
Hated! This must not be. Some means I'll try.  
Would all whores were as honest now as I.

[Exit.]

## **[III.i. Candido's shop]**

Enter Candido, his wife [Viola], George, and two Prentices in the shop; Fustigo enters, walking by.

### **GEORGE**

See, gentlemen, what you lack! A fine holland, a fine cambric, see what you buy!

### **FIRST PRENTICE**

Holland for shirts, cambric for bands! What is't you lack?

### **FUSTIGO**

[Aside] 'Sfoot, I lack 'em all; nay, more, I lack money to buy 'em. Let me see, let me look again. Mass, this is the shop!—[Approaching Viola] What, coz! Sweet coz! How dost, i'faith, since last night after candlelight? We had good sport, i'faith, had we not? And when shall's laugh again?

[III.i. Candido's shop]

**[VIOLA]**

When you will, cousin.

**FUSTIGO**

Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian: I see yonder's thy husband.

**[VIOLA]**

Ay, there's the sweet youth, God bless him.

**FUSTIGO**

And how is't cousin? And how? How is't, thou squall?

**[VIOLA]**

Well, cousin, how fare you?

**FUSTIGO**

How fare I? Troth, for sixpence a meal, wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves' chaldrons and chitterlings; besides I have a punk after supper, as good as a roasted apple.

**CANDIDO**

Are you my wife's cousin?

**FUSTIGO**

I am, sir; what hast thou to do with that?

**CANDIDO**

Oh, nothing but y'are welcome.

**FUSTIGO**

The devil's dung in thy teeth: I'll be welcome whether thou wilt or no, I! What ring's this, coz? Very pretty and fantastical; i'faith, let's see it.

**[VIOLA]**

Puh! Nay, you wrench my finger!

**FUSTIGO**

I ha' sworn I'll ha't, and I hope you will not let my oaths be crack'd in the ring, will you? I hope, sir, you are not mallicolly at this for all your great looks. Are you angry?

**CANDIDO**

Angry? Not I, sir; nay, if she can part  
So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

**GEORGE**

Suffer this, sir, and suffer all, a whoreson gull, to---

**CANDIDO**

Peace, George; when she has reap'd what I have sown,  
She'll say one grain tastes better of her own  
Than whole sheaves gather'd from another's land:

[III.i. Candido's shop]

Wit's never good till bought at a dear hand.

**GEORGE**

But in the meantime she makes an ass of somebody.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

See, see, see, sir, as you turn your back, they do nothing but kiss.

**CANDIDO**

No matter, let 'em; when I touch her lip,  
I shall not feel his kisses, no, nor miss  
Any of her lip: no harm in kissing is.  
Look to your business, pray, make up your wares.

**FUSTIGO**

Troth, coz, and well rememb'red, I would thou wouldst give me five yards of lawn to make my punk some falling bands a' the fashion, three falling one upon another, for that's the new edition now; she's out of linen horribly too: troth, sh'as never a good smock to her back neither, but one that has a great many patches in't, and that I'm fain to wear myself for want of shift too. Prithee put me into wholesome napery, and bestow some clean commodities upon us.

**[VIOLA]**

Reach me those cambrics and the lawns hither.

**CANDIDO**

What to do, wife? To lavish out my goods upon a fool?

**FUSTIGO**

Fool! 'Snails, eat the fool, or I'll so batter your crown that it shall scarce go for five shillings!

**SECOND PRENTICE**

Do you hear, sir? Y'are best be quiet and say a fool tells you so.

**FUSTIGO**

Nails, I think so, for thou tell'st me!

**CANDIDO**

Are you angry, sir, because I nam'd thee fool?  
Trust me, you are not wise in mine own house  
And to my face to play the antic thus:  
If you'll needs play the madman, choose a stage  
Of lesser compass, where few eyes may note  
Your action's error; but if still you miss,  
As here you do, for one clap ten will hiss.

**FUSTIGO**

Zounds, cousin, he talks to me as if I were a scurvy tragedian!

**SECOND PRENTICE**

[Taking George aside] Sirrah George, I ha' thought upon a device how to break his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

[III.i. Candido's shop]

**GEORGE**

Do't.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

I'll go in, pass thorough the house, give some of our fellow prentices the watchword when they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgel the gull out of his coxcomb.

**GEORGE**

Do't! Away, do't!

**[VIOLA]**

Must I call twice for these cambrics and lawns?

**CANDIDO**

Nay, see, you anger her, George; prithee dispatch.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

Two of the choicest pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

**CANDIDO**

Go fetch them presently.

**FUSTIGO**

Ay, do; make haste, sirrah.

Exit [Second] Prentice.

**CANDIDO**

Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wife's cousin?

**FUSTIGO**

Stranger? No, sir, I'm a natural Milaner born.

**CANDIDO**

I perceive still it is your natural guise to mistake me, but you are welcome, sir; I much wish your acquaintance.

**FUSTIGO**

My acquaintance? I scorn that, i'faith; I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold three and fifty times double: you know who I mean, coz; the posts of his gate are a-painting too.

Enter the [Second] Prentice.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

Signior Pandulfo the merchant desires conference with you.

**CANDIDO**

Signior Pandulfo? I'll be with him straight.  
Attend your mistress and the gentleman.

[III.i. Candido's shop]

Exit.

**[VIOLA]**

When do you show those pieces?

**FUSTIGO**

Ay, when do you show those pieces?

**OMNES [PRENTICES]**

Presently, sir, presently; we are but charging them.

**FUSTIGO**

Come, sirrah, you flatcap, where be these whites?

**GEORGE**

Flatcap? [Aside to him] Hark in your ear, sir: y'are a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum you!—Do you see this cambric, sir?

**FUSTIGO**

'Sfoot, coz, a good jest! Did you hear him? He told me in my ear I was "a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum you. Do you see this cambric, sir?"

**[VIOLA]**

What, not my men, I hope?

**FUSTIGO**

No, not your men, but one of your men, i'faith.

**FIRST PRENTICE**

I pray, sir, come hither. What say you to this? Here's an excellent good one.

**FUSTIGO**

Ay, marry, this likes me well; cut me off some half score yards.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

[Aside to him] Let your whores cut; y'are an impudent coxcomb: you get none; and yet I'll thrum you!—A very good cambric, sir.

**FUSTIGO**

Again, again, as God judge me! 'Sfoot, coz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing!

**FIRST PRENTICE**

[Aside to him] A word, I pray, sir: you must not be angry; prentices have hot bloods, young fellows.—What say you to this piece? Look you, 'tis so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thread that a lady may wear it.

**FUSTIGO**

'Sfoot, I think so: if a knight marry my punk, a lady shall wear it. Cut me off twenty yards; th'art an honest lad.

**FIRST PRENTICE**

[III.i. Candido's shop]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

[Aside to him] Not without money, gull, and I'll thrum you too!

OMNES [PRENTICES]

[Aside to him] Gull, we'll thrum you!

**FUSTIGO**

Oh, Lord, sister, did you not hear something cry thump? Zounds, your men here make a plain ass of me!

[VIOLA]

What, to my face so impudent?

**GEORGE**

Ay, in a cause so honest, we'll not suffer  
Our master's goods to vanish moneyless.

[VIOLA]

You will not suffer them?

**SECOND PRENTICE**

No, and you may blush  
In going about to vex so mild a breast  
As is our master's.

[VIOLA]

Take away those pieces.  
Cousin, I give them freely.

**FUSTIGO**

Mass, and I'll take 'em as freely!

OMNES [PRENTICES]

We'll make you lay 'em down again more freely.

[They beat Fustigo.]

[VIOLA]

Help, help, my brother will be murdered!

Enter Candido.

**CANDIDO**

How now, what coil is here? Forbear, I say!

**GEORGE**

He calls us flatcaps and abuses us.

**CANDIDO**

Why, sirs? Do such examples flow from me?

[VIOLA]

They are of your keeping, sir. Alas, poor brother!

[III.i. Candido's shop]

**FUSTIGO**

I'faith, they ha' pepper'd me, sister! Look, does 't spin? Call you these prentices? I'll ne'er play at cards more when clubs is trump. I have a goodly coxcomb, sister, have I not?

**CANDIDO**

Sister and brother, brother to my wife!

**FUSTIGO**

If you have any skill in heraldry, you may soon know that: break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

**CANDIDO**

A surgeon, run, a surgeon!

[Exit First Prentice.]

Why then wore you that forged name of cousin?

**FUSTIGO**

Because it's a common thing to call coz and ningle nowadays all the world over.

**CANDIDO**

Cousin! A name of much deceit, folly and sin,  
For under that common abused word  
Many an honest temp'red citizen  
Is made a monster, and his wife train'd out  
To foul adulterous action, full of fraud  
I may well call that word "a city's bawd."

**FUSTIGO**

Troth, brother, my sister would needs ha' me take upon me to gull your patience a little, but it has made double gules on my coxcomb.

**[VIOLA]**

What, playing the woman? Blabbing now, you fool?

**CANDIDO**

Oh, my wife did but exercise a jest upon your wit.

**FUSTIGO**

'Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, methinks!

**CANDIDO**

Then let this warning more of sense afford:  
The name of cousin is a bloody word.

**FUSTIGO**

I'll ne'er call coz again whilst I live, to have such a coil about it: this should be a coronation day, for my head runs claret lustily.

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Exit. Enter an Officer.

**CANDIDO**

Go wish the surgeon to have great respect.

[Exit Second Prentice.]

How now, my friend; what, do they sit today?

**OFFICER**

Yes, sir, they expect you at the senate-house.

**CANDIDO**

I thank your pains; I'll not be last man there.

Exit Officer.

My gown, George, go, my gown.

[Exit George.]

A happy land,  
Where grave men meet each cause to understand,  
Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes  
To gull the poor man's right, but in even scales  
Peize rich and poor without corruption's vails.

[Enter George.]

Come, where's the gown?

**GEORGE**

I cannot find the key, sir.

**CANDIDO**

Request it of your mistress.

**[VIOLA]**

Come not to me for any key.  
I'll not be troubled to deliver it.

**CANDIDO**

Good wife, kind wife, it is a needful trouble,  
But for my gown.

**[VIOLA]**

Moths swallow down your gown!  
You set my teeth an edge with talking on't.

**CANDIDO**

Nay, prithee, sweet, I cannot meet without it;

[III.i. Candido's shop]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

I should have a great fine set on my head.

**[VIOLA]**

Set on your coxcomb: tush, fine me no fines!

**CANDIDO**

Believe me, sweet, none greets the senate-house  
Without his robe of reverence, that's his gown.

**[VIOLA]**

Well, then y'are like to cross that custom once:  
You get nor key, nor gown, and so depart.  
[Aside] This trick will vex him sure and fret his heart.

Exit.

**CANDIDO**

Stay, let me see, I must have some device;  
My cloak's too short: fie, fie, no cloak will do't!  
It must be something fashioned like a gown,  
With my arms out. Oh, George, come hither, George!  
I prithee lend me thine advice.

**GEORGE**

Troth, sir, were it any but you, they would break open chest.

**CANDIDO**

Oh, no! Break open chest? That's a thief's office;  
Therein you counsel me against my blood:  
'Twould show impatience that; any meek means  
I would be glad to embrace. Mass, I have got it!  
Go, step up, fetch me down one of the carpets,  
The saddest colour'd carpet, honest George;  
Cut thou a hole i' th' middle for my neck,  
Two for mine arms. Nay, prithee look not strange.

**GEORGE**

I hope you do not think, sir, as you mean.

**CANDIDO**

Prithee about it quickly, the hour chides me:  
Warily, George, softly, take heed of eyes.

Exit George.

Out of two evils he's accounted wise  
That can pick out the least; the fine impos'd  
For an ungowned senator, is about  
Forty cruzadoes, the carpet not 'bove four.  
Thus have I chosen the lesser evil yet,  
Preserv'd my patience, foil'd her desperate wit.

[III.i. Candido's shop]

Enter George.

**GEORGE**

Here, sir, here's the carpet.

**CANDIDO**

Oh, well done, George; we'll cut it just i' th' midst.  
'Tis very well, I thank thee; help it on.

**GEORGE**

It must come over your head, sir, like a wench's petticoat.

**CANDIDO**

Th'art in the right, good George, it must indeed.  
Fetch me a nightcap, for I'll gird it close,  
As if my health were queasy: 'twill show well  
For a rude careless nightgown, will 't not, think'st?

**GEORGE**

Indifferent well, sir, for a nightgown, being girt and pleated.

**CANDIDO**

Ay, and a nightcap on my head.

**GEORGE**

That's true, sir; I'll run and fetch one, and a staff.

Exit George.

**CANDIDO**

For thus they cannot choose but conster it,  
One that is out of health takes no delight,  
Wears his apparel without appetite,  
And puts on heedless raiment without form.

Enter George.

So, so, kind George, be secret now, and prithe  
Do not laugh at me till I'm out of sight.

**GEORGE**

I laugh? Not I, sir.

**CANDIDO**

Now to the senate-house:  
Methinks I'd rather wear without a frown  
A patient carpet than an angry gown.

Exit.

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### GEORGE

Now looks my master just like one of our carpet knights, only he's somewhat the honestest of the two.

Enter Candido's wife [Viola].

### [VIOLA]

What, is your master gone?

### GEORGE

Yes, forsooth, his back is but new—turn'd.

### [VIOLA]

And in his cloak? Did he not vex and swear?

### GEORGE

[Aside] No, but he'll make you swear anon.—No, indeed, he went away like a lamb.

### [VIOLA]

Key sink to hell: still patient, patient still!  
I am with child to vex him. Prithee, George,  
If e'er thou look'st for favour at my hands,  
Uphold one jest for me.

### GEORGE

Against my master?

### [VIOLA]

'Tis a mere jest, in faith. Say, wilt thou do't?

### GEORGE

Well, what is't?

### [VIOLA]

Here, take this key, thou know'st where all things lie;  
Put on thy master's best apparel, gown,  
Chain, cap, ruff, everything: be like himself,  
And 'gainst his coming home, walk in the shop,  
Feign the same carriage and his patient look.  
'Twill breed but a jest, thou know'st; speak, wilt thou?

### GEORGE

'Twill wrong my master's patience.

### [VIOLA]

Prithee, George.

### GEORGE

Well, if you'll save me harmless and put me under covert bar'n, I am content to please you, provided it may breed no wrong against him.

### [VIOLA]

[III.i. Candido's shop]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

No wrong at all; here take the key, be gone:  
If any vex him, this; if not this, none.

Exeunt.

[III.ii. The brothel]

Enter a Bawd and Roger.

**BAWD**

Oh, Roger, Roger, where's your mistress, where's your mistress? There's the finest, neatest gentleman at my house but newly come over! Oh, where is she, where is she, where is she?

**ROGER**

My mistress is abroad, but not amongst 'em: my mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

**BAWD**

How! Is she not a whore? Do you go about to take away her good name, Roger? You are a fine pander indeed!

**ROGER**

I tell you, Madonna Fingerlock, I am not sad for nothing; I ha' not eaten one good meal this three and thirty days: I had wont to get sixteen pence by fetching a pottle of Hypocras, but now those days are past. We had as good doings, Madonna Fingerlock, she withindoors and I without, as any poor young couple in Milan.

**BAWD**

Gods my life, and is she chang'd now?

**ROGER**

I ha' lost by her squeamishness, more than would have builded twelve bawdy houses.

[BAWD]

And had she no time to turn honest but now? What a vile woman is this! Twenty pound a night, I'll be sworn, Roger, in good gold and no silver: why here was a time, if she should ha' pick'd out a time, it could not be better! Gold enough stirring; choice of men, choice of hair, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, everything: it cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an ass, Roger, I never believe it.

**ROGER**

Here she comes now.

Enter Bellafront.

**BAWD**

Oh, sweet madonna, on with your loose gown, your felt and your feather. There's the sweetest, prop'rest, gallantest gentleman at my house: he smells all of musk and ambergris, his pocket full of crowns, flame-colour'd doublet, red satin hose, carnation silk stockings, and a leg and a body, oh!

**BELLAFRONT**

Hence, thou our sex's monster, poisonous bawd,  
Lust's factor, and damnation's orator,  
Gossip of hell! Were all the harlots' sins

[III.i. Candido's shop]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Which the whole world contains numb'ed together,  
Thine far exceeds them all; of all the creatures  
That ever were created, thou art basest!  
What serpent would beguile thee of thy office?  
It is detestable, for thou liv'st  
Upon the dregs of harlots, guard'st the door,  
Whilst couples go to dancing. Oh, coarse devil!  
Thou art the bastard's curse (thou brand'st his birth),  
The lecher's French disease (for thou dry-suck'st him),  
The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

### **BAWD**

Mary come up with a pox, have you nobody to rail against but your bawd now?

### **BELLAFRONT**

And you, knave pander, kinsman to a bawd—

### **ROGER**

You and I, madonna, are cousins.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Of the same blood and making, near allied,  
Thou, that slave to sixpence, base-metall'd villain!

### **ROGER**

Sixpence? Nay, that's not so: I never took under two shillings fourpence; I hope I know my fee.

### **BELLAFRONT**

I know not against which most to inveigh,  
For both of you are damn'd so equally.  
Thou never spar'st for oaths, swear'st anything,  
As if thy soul were made of shoe-leather:  
"God damn me, gentleman, if she be within,"  
When in the next room she's found dallying.

### **ROGER**

If it be my vocation to swear, every man in his vocation: I hope my betters swear and damn themselves, and why should not I?

### **BELLAFRONT**

Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen?

### **ROGER**

The more gulls they.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Slave, I cashier thee!

### **BAWD**

And you do cashier him, he shall be entertain'd.

The Honest Whore, Part One

**ROGER**

Shall I? Then blurt a' your service!

**BELLAFRONT**

As hell would have it, entertain'd by you!  
I dare the devil himself to match those two.

Exit.

**BAWD**

Marry gup, are you grown so holy, so pure, so honest with a pox?

**ROGER**

Scurvy, honest punk! But stay, madonna, how must our agreement be now? For you know I am to have all the comings in at the hall door, and you at the chamber door.

**BAWD**

True, Roger, except my vails.

**ROGER**

Vails? What vails?

**BAWD**

Why, as thus: if a couple come in a coach, and light to lie down a little, then, Roger, that's my fee, and you may walk abroad, for the coachman himself is their pander.

**ROGER**

Is 'a' so? In truth, I have almost forgot for want of exercise. But how if I fetch this citizen's wife to that gull, and that madonna to that gallant, how then?

**BAWD**

Why then, Roger, you are to have sixpence a lane: so many lanes, so many sixpences.

**ROGER**

Is't so? Then I see we two shall agree and live together.

**BAWD**

Ay, Roger, so long as there be any taverns and bawdy houses in Milan.

Exeunt.

[III.iii. Bellafront's chamber]

Enter Bellafront with a lute; pen, ink and paper being plac'd before her.

Song.

[BELLAFRONT]

The courtier's flatt'ring jewels  
(Temptation's only fools),  
The lawyer's ill-got moneys

[III.i. Candido's shop]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

(That suck up poor bees' honeys),  
The citizen's son's riot,  
The gallant['s] costly diet  
(Silks and velvets, pearls and ambers)  
Shall not draw me to their chambers.  
Silks and velvets, etc.  
She writes.

Oh, 'tis in vain to write! It will not please:  
Ink on this paper would ha' but presented  
The foul black spots that stick upon my soul,  
And rather make me loathsomer than wrought  
My love's impression in Hipolito's thought.  
No, I must turn the chaste leaves of my breast,  
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.  
Hipolito, believe me I will be  
As true unto thy heart as thy heart to thee,  
And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter Matheo, Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto.

### **MATHEO**

You, goody punk, subaudi cockatrice! Oh, y'are a sweet whore of your promise, are you not, think you? How well you came to supper to us last night: mew, a whore and break her word! Nay, you may blush and hold down your head at it well enough. 'Sfoot, ask these gallants if we stay'd not till we were as hungry as sergeants!

### **FLUELLO**

Ay, and their yeoman too.

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Nay, faith, acquaintance, let me tell you, you forgot yourself too much: we had excellent cheer, rare vintage, and were drunk after supper.

### **PIORATTO**

And when we were in our woodcocks, sweet rogue, a brace of gulls, dwelling here in the city, came in and paid all the shot.

### **MATHEO**

Pox on her, let her alone.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Oh, I pray do, if you be gentlemen!  
I pray depart the house; beshrew the door  
For being so easily entreated: faith,  
I lent but little ear unto your talk;  
My mind was busied otherwise in troth,  
And so your words did unregarded pass.  
Let this suffice, I am not as I was.

### **FLUELLO**

I am not what I was! No, I'll be sworn thou art not, for thou wert honest at five, and now th'art a punk at

[III.i. Candido's shop]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

fifteen; thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now th'art a cunning coney-catching baggage today.

### **BELLAFRONT**

I'll say I'm worse. I pray forsake me then;  
I do desire you leave me, gentlemen,  
And leave yourselves. Oh, be not what you are,  
Spendthrifts of soul and body!  
Let me persuade you to forsake all harlots,  
Worse than the deadliest poisons; they are worse,  
For o'er their souls hangs an eternal curse:  
In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish;  
Th'are seldom bless'd with fruit, for ere it blossoms,  
Many a worm confounds it.  
They have no issue but foul, ugly ones  
That run along with them, e'en to their graves,  
For stead of children, they breed rank diseases,  
And all you gallants can bestow on them  
Is that French infant, which ne'er acts but speaks.  
What shallow son and heir then, foolish gallant,  
Would waste all his inheritance to purchase  
A filthy, loath'd disease, and pawn his body  
To a dry evil? That usury's worst of all,  
When th' interest will eat out the principal.

### **MATHEO**

[Aside] 'Sfoot, she gulls 'em the best! This is always her fashion when she would be rid of any company that she cares not for, to enjoy mine alone.

### **FLUELLO**

What's here? Instructions, admonitions, and caveats? Come out, you scabbard of vengeance!

### **MATHEO**

Fluello, spurn your hounds when they fist, you shall not spurn my punk; I can tell you my blood is vex'd.

### **FLUELLO**

Pox a' your blood! Make it a quarrel.

### **MATHEO**

Y'are a slave. Will that serve turn?

[Matheo and Fluello draw.]

[CASTRUCHIO, PIORATTO]

'Sblood, hold, hold!

### **CASTRUCHIO**

Matheo, Fluello, for shame, put up!

### **MATHEO**

Spurn my sweet varlet!

[III.i. Candido's shop]

**BELLAFRONT**

Oh, how many thus  
Mov'd with a little folly have let out  
Their souls in brothel houses, fell down and died  
Just at their harlot's foot, as 'twere in pride?

**FLUELLO**

Matheo, we shall meet!

**MATHEO**

Ay, ay, anywhere, saving at church: pray take heed we meet not there.

**FLUELLO**

Adieu, damnation.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Cockatrice, farewell.

**PIORATTO**

There's more deceit in women than in hell.

Exeunt [Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto].

**MATHEO**

Ha, ha, thou dost gull 'em so rarely, so naturally. If I did not think thou hadst been in earnest. Thou art a sweet rogue for't, i'faith.

**BELLAFRONT**

Why are not you gone too, Signior Matheo?  
I pray depart my house: you may believe me;  
In troth I have no part of harlot in me.

**MATHEO**

How's this?

**BELLAFRONT**

Indeed, I love you not, but hate you worse  
Than any man, because you were the first  
Gave money for my soul; you brake the ice,  
Which after turn'd a puddle: I was led  
By your temptation to be miserable.  
I pray seek out some other that will fall,  
Or rather I pray seek out none at all.

**MATHEO**

Is't possible to be impossible, an honest whore! I have heard many honest wenches turn strumpets with a wet finger, but for a harlot to turn honest is one of Hercules' labours. It was more easy for him in one night to make fifty queans than to make one of them honest again in fifty years. Come, I hope thou dost but jest.

**BELLAFRONT**

'Tis time to leave off jesting; I had almost

[III.i. Candido's shop]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Jested away salvation: I shall love you,  
If you will soon forsake me.

**MATHEO**

God buy thee.

**BELLAFRONT**

Oh, tempt no more women; shun their weighty curse!  
Women at best are bad; make them not worse.  
You gladly seek our sex's overthrow,  
But not to raise our states for all your wrongs.  
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompense  
To marry with me?

**MATHEO**

How! Marry with a punk, a cockatrice, a harlot? Marry foh, I'll be burnt thorough the nose first!

**BELLAFRONT**

Why la, these are your oaths; you love to undo us,  
To put heaven from us, whilst our best hours waste:  
You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

**MATHEO**

I'll hear no more of this: this ground upon  
Th'art damn'd for alt'ring thy religion.

Exit.

**BELLAFRONT**

Thy lust and sin speak so much. Go thou my ruin,  
The first fall my soul took; by my example  
I hope few maidens now will put their heads  
Under men's girdles: who least trusts, is most wise;  
Men's oaths do cast a mist before our eyes.  
My best of wit be ready: now I go,  
By some device to greet Hipolito.

[Exit.]

### [IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

Enter a Servant setting out a table, on which he places a skull, a picture, a book, and a taper.

**SERVANT**

So, this is Monday morning, and now must I to my huswif'ry: would I had been created a shoemaker, for all the gentle craft are gentlemen every Monday by their copy and scorn then to work one true stitch. My master means sure to turn me into a student, for here's my book, here my desk, here my light, this my close chamber, and here my punk: so that this dull drowsy first day of the week makes me half a priest, half a chandler, half a

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

painter, half a sexton, ay, and half a bawd, for all this day my office is to do nothing but keep the door. To prove it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman, so soon as ever my back's turn'd, will be naught together.

Enter Hipolito.

**HIPOLITO**

Are all the windows shut?

**SERVANT**

Close, sir, as the fist of a courtier that hath stood in three reigns.

**HIPOLITO**

Thou art a faithful servant and observ'st  
The calendar, both of my solemn vows  
And ceremonious sorrow. Get thee gone;  
I charge thee on thy life let not the sound  
Of any woman's voice pierce through that door.

**SERVANT**

If they do, my lord, I'll pierce some of them.  
What will your lordship have to breakfast?

**HIPOLITO**

Sighs.

**SERVANT**

What to dinner?

**HIPOLITO**

Tears.

**SERVANT**

The one of them, my lord, will fill you too full of wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper?

**HIPOLITO**

That which now thou canst not get me, the constancy of a woman.

**SERVANT**

Indeed that's harder to come by than ever was Ostend.

**HIPOLITO**

Prithee away.

**SERVANT**

I'll make away myself presently, which few servants will do for their lords, but rather help to make them away. Now to my door-keeping; I hope to pick something out of it.

Exit.

**HIPOLITO**

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

[Taking up her picture] My Infelice's face: her brow, her eye,  
The dimple on her cheek, and such sweet skill  
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,  
These lips look fresh and lively as her own,  
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! Now I see  
The reason why fond women love to buy  
Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read  
False colours last after the true be dead.  
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,  
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,  
Of all the music set upon her tongue,  
Of all that was past woman's excellence  
In her white bosom, look, a painted board  
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford.  
Nothing of her, but this? This cannot speak,  
It has no lap for me to rest upon,  
No lip worth tasting: here the worms will feed,  
As in her coffin. Hence then, idle art:  
True love's best pictur'd in a true love's heart.  
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,  
So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.  
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here?  
[Taking up the skull] Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's.  
'Las! Say it were: I need not fear him now.  
For all his braves, his contumelious breath,  
His frowns (tho' dagger-pointed), all his plots  
(Tho' ne'er so mischievous), his Italian pills,  
His quarrels, and that common fence, his law:  
See, see, they're all eaten out; here's not left one!  
How clean they're pick'd away! To the bare bone!  
How mad are mortals then to rear great names  
On tops of swelling houses! Or to wear out  
Their fingers' ends in dirt to scrape up gold!  
Not caring, so that sumpter-horse the back  
Be hung with gaudy trappings, with what coarse,  
Yea, rags most beggarly, they clothe the soul!  
Yet after all their gayness looks thus foul.  
What fools are men to build a garish tomb,  
Only to save the carcass whilst it rots,  
To maintain 't long in stinking, make good carrion,  
But leave no good deeds to preserve them sound,  
For good deeds keep men sweet long above ground,  
And must all come to this: fools, wise, all hither;  
Must all heads thus at last be laid together.  
Draw me my picture then, thou grave neat workman,  
After this fashion, not like this: these colours  
In time kissing but air will be kiss'd off,  
But here's a fellow; that which he lays on,  
Till doomsday, alters not complexion.  
Death's the best painter then. They that draw shapes  
And live by wicked faces are but God's apes:

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

They come but near the life, and there they stay.  
This fellow draws life too: his art is fuller;  
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his Servant.

**SERVANT**

Here's a person would speak with you, sir.

**HIPOLITO**

Hah!

**SERVANT**

A parson, sir, would speak with you.

**HIPOLITO**

Vicar?

**SERVANT**

Vicar? No, sir, h'as too good a face to be a vicar yet. A youth, a very youth.

**HIPOLITO**

What youth? Of man or woman? Lock the doors.

**SERVANT**

If it be a woman, marybones and potato pies keep me for meddling with her, for the thing has got the breeches. 'Tis a male varlet sure, my lord, for a woman's tailor ne'er measur'd him.

**HIPOLITO**

Let him give thee his message and be gone.

**SERVANT**

He says he's Signior Matheo's man, but I know he lies.

**HIPOLITO**

How dost thou know it?

**SERVANT**

'Cause h'as ne'er a beard: 'tis his boy, I think, sir, whosoe'er paid for his nursing.

**HIPOLITO**

Send him and keep the door.

[Exit Servant. Hipolito] reads.

"Fata si liceat mihi  
Fingere arbitrio meo  
Temperem Zephyro levi  
Vela."

I'd sail, were I to choose, not in the ocean;  
Cedars are shaken when shrubs do feel no bruise.

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Enter Bellafront like a page [and hands him a paper, keeping her face averted].

How? From Matheo?

**BELLAFRONT**

Yes, my lord.

**HIPOLITO**

Art sick?

**BELLAFRONT**

Not all in health, my lord.

**HIPOLITO**

Keep off.

**BELLAFRONT**

I do.

[Aside] Hard fate when women are compell'd to woo.

**HIPOLITO**

This paper does speak nothing.

**BELLAFRONT**

Yes, my lord,

Matter of life it speaks, and therefore writ

In hidden character; to me instruction

My master gives, and, 'less you please to stay

Till you both meet, I can the text display.

**HIPOLITO**

Do so: read out.

**BELLAFRONT**

[Showing her face] I am already out:

Look on my face and read the strangest story!

**HIPOLITO**

What villain, ho!

Enter his Servant.

**SERVANT**

Call you my lord?

**HIPOLITO**

Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil!

**SERVANT**

Lord bless us, where? He's not cloven, my lord, that I can see: besides the devil goes more like a gentleman

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

than a page. Good my lord, boon couragio.

**HIPOLITO**

Thou hast let in a woman in man's shape,  
And thou art damn'd for't.

**SERVANT**

Not damn'd I hope for putting in a woman to a lord.

**HIPOLITO**

Fetch me my rapier! Do not: I shall kill thee.  
Purge this infected chamber of that plague  
That runs upon me thus! Slave, thrust her hence!

**SERVANT**

Alas, my lord, I shall never be able to thrust her hence without help. Come, mermaid, you must to sea again.

**BELLAFRONT**

Hear me but speak, my words shall be all music:  
Hear me but speak.

**HIPOLITO**

Another beats the door;  
T'other she—devil, look.

**SERVANT**

Why then hell's broke loose.

**HIPOLITO**

Hence, guard the chamber: let no more come on;  
One woman serves for man's damnation.

Exit [Servant].

Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate  
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow  
That e'er was ent'red in the court of heaven:  
I was on meditation's spotless wings,  
Upon my journey thither; like a storm  
Thou beats my ripened cogitations  
Flat to the ground, and like a thief dost stand  
To steal devotion from the holy land.

**BELLAFRONT**

If woman were thy mother, if thy heart  
Be not all marble—or if't marble be,  
Let my tears soften it to pity me—  
I do beseech thee do not thus with scorn  
Destroy a woman.

**HIPOLITO**

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Woman, I beseech thee  
Get thee some other suit, this fits thee not;  
I would not grant it to a kneeling queen:  
I cannot love thee, nor I must not. See  
The copy of that obligation  
Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties.

### **BELLAFRONT**

She's dead, you told me; she'll let fall her suit.

### **HIPOLITO**

My vows to her fled after her to heaven;  
Were thine eyes clear as mine, thou mightst behold her  
Watching upon yon battlements of stars  
How I observe them: should I break my bond,  
This board would rive in twain, these wooden lips  
Call me most perjur'd villain; let it suffice,  
I ha' set thee in the path. Is't not a sign  
I love thee when with one so most, most dear,  
I'll have thee fellows? All are fellows there.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Be greater than a king; save not a body,  
But from eternal shipwreck keep a soul:  
If not, and that again, sin's path I tread;  
The grief be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

### **HIPOLITO**

Stay and take physic for it; read this book,  
Ask counsel of this head what's to be done:  
He'll strike it dead that 'tis damnation  
If you turn Turk again. Oh, do it not!  
Tho' heaven cannot allure you to do well  
From doing ill, let hell fright you, and learn this:  
The soul whose bosom lust did never touch  
Is God's fair bride, and maidens' souls are such;  
The soul that leaving chastity's white shore  
Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's whore.

Enter his servant.

How now! Who comes?

### **SERVANT**

No more knaves, my lord, that wear smocks. Here's a letter from Doctor Benedict; I would not enter his man, tho' he had hairs at his mouth, for fear he should be a woman, for some women have beards. Marry, they are half witches! 'Slid, you are a sweet youth to wear a codpiece and have no pins to stick upon't!

### **HIPOLITO**

I'll meet the doctor, tell him; yet tonight  
I cannot, but at morrow rising sun

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

I will not fail. Go, woman; fare thee well.

Exeunt [Hipolito and his Servant].

### **BELLAFRONT**

The lowest fall can be but into hell;  
It does not move him. I must therefore fly  
From this undoing city, and with tears  
Wash off all anger from my father's brow:  
He cannot sure but joy seeing me new born.  
A woman honest first and then turn whore  
Is, as with me, common to thousands more,  
But from a strumpet to turn chaste, that sound  
Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found.

Exit.

[IV.ii. A street]

Enter Fustigo, Crambo and Poh.

### **FUSTIGO**

[Giving them money] Hold up your hands, gentlemen: here's one, two, three—nay, I warrant, they are sound pistols and without flaws, I had them of my sister, and I know she uses to put up nothing that's crack'd—three, four, five, six, seven, eight and nine. By this hand bring me but a piece of his blood, and you shall have nine more. I'll lurk in a tavern not far off, and provide supper to close up the end of the tragedy. The linen-drapeer's, remember: stand to't, I beseech you, and play your parts perfectly.

### **CRAMBO**

Look you, signior, 'tis not your gold that we weigh.

### **FUSTIGO**

Nay, nay, weigh it and spare not; if it lack one grain of corn, I'll give you a bushel of wheat to make it up.

### **CRAMBO**

But by your favour, signior, which of the servants is it, because we'll punish justly.

### **FUSTIGO**

Marry, 'tis the head man; you shall taste him by his tongue: a pretty, tall, prating fellow with a Tuscalonian beard.

### **POH**

Tuscalonian: very good.

### **FUSTIGO**

Cods life, I was ne'er so thrumm'd since I was a gentleman: my coxcomb was dry-beaten as if my hair had been hemp!

### **CRAMBO**

We'll dry-beat some of them.

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### FUSTIGO

Nay, it grew so high that my sister cried murder out very manfully: I have her consent in a manner to have him pepper'd, else I'll not do't to win more than ten cheaters do at a rifling. Break but his pate or so, only his mazer, because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine; he's a linen-draper and may take enough. I could enter mine action of battery against him, but we mayhaps be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

### CRAMBO

No more to do but ensconce yourself i' th' tavern; provide no great cheer, couple of capons, some pheasants, plovers, an orangeado pie or so: but how bloody soe'er the day be, sally you not forth.

### FUSTIGO

No, no, nay, if I stir, somebody shall stink; I'll not budge: I'll lie like a dog in a manger.

### CRAMBO

Well, well, to the tavern; let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough, your belly full.

### FUSTIGO

That's all, so God sa' me, I thirst after: blood for blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaster for plaster, and so farewell. What shall I call your names, because I'll leave word if any such come to the bar.

### CRAMBO

My name is Corporal Crambo.

### POH

And mine, Lieutenant Poh.

### CRAMBO

Poh is as tall a man as ever opened oyster; I would not be the devil to meet Poh. Farewell.

### FUSTIGO

Nor I, by this light, if Poh be such a Poh.

Exeunt.

[IV.iii. Candido's shop]

Enter Candido's wife [Viola] in her shop, and the two Prentices.

[VIOLA]

What's a' clock now?

SECOND PRENTICE

'Tis almost twelve.

[VIOLA]

That's well.

The senate will leave wording presently.

But is George ready?

SECOND PRENTICE

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Yes, forsooth, he's furbish'd.

**[VIOLA]**

Now as you ever hope to win my favour,  
Throw both your duties and respects on him  
With the like awe as if he were your master;  
Let not your looks betray it with a smile,  
Or jeering glance to any customer:  
Keep a true settled countenance, and beware  
You laugh not whatsoever you hear or see.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

I warrant you, mistress, let us alone for keeping our countenance, for if I list, there's never a fool in all Milan shall make me laugh, let him play the fool never so like an ass, whether it be the fat court fool or the lean city fool.

**[VIOLA]**

Enough then, call down George.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

I hear him coming.

Enter George.

**[VIOLA]**

Be ready with your legs then; let me see  
How curtsy would become him. Gallantly!  
Beshrew my blood, a proper seemly man,  
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

**GEORGE**

I thank you, mistress; my back's broad enough now my master's gown's on.

**[VIOLA]**

Sure I should think it were the least of sin  
To mistake the master and to let him in.

**GEORGE**

'Twere a good comedy of errors, that, i'faith.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

Whist, whist, my master!

**[VIOLA]**

You all know your tasks.

Enter Candido and exit presently.

God's my life, what's that he has got upon's back? Who can tell?

**GEORGE**

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

That can I, but I will not.

**[VIOLA]**

Girt about him like a madman! What, has he lost his cloak too? This is the maddest fashion that e'er I saw! What said he, George, when he pass'd by thee?

**GEORGE**

Troth, mistress, nothing. Not so much as a bee, he did not hum; not so much as a bawd, he did not hem; not so much as a cuckold, he did not ha; neither hum, hem, nor ha, only star'd me in the face, past along, and made haste in, as if my looks had work'd with him to give him a stool.

**[VIOLA]**

Sure he's vex'd now; this trick has mov'd his spleen:  
He's ang'red now because he utt'red nothing;  
And wordless wrath breaks out more violent.  
Maybe he'll strive for place when he comes down,  
But if thou lov'st me, George, afford him none.

**GEORGE**

Nay, let me alone to play my master's prize, as long as my mistress warrants me. I'm sure I have his best clothes on, and I scorn to give place to any that is inferior in apparel to me: that's an axiom, a principle, and is observ'd as much as the fashion; let that persuade you then, that I'll shoulder with him for the upper hand in the shop, as long as this chain will maintain it.

**[VIOLA]**

Spoke with the spirit of a master, tho' with the tongue of a prentice.

Enter Candido like a prentice.

Why, how now, madman? What in your tricky coats?

**CANDIDO**

Oh, peace, good mistress!

Enter Crambo and Poh.

See what you lack, what is't you buy? Pure calicoes, fine hollands, choice cambrics, neat lawns! See what you buy! Pray come near, my master will use you well; he can afford you a pennyworth.

**[VIOLA]**

Ay, that he can, out of a whole piece of lawn, i'faith.

**CANDIDO**

Pray see your choice here, gentlemen.

**[VIOLA]**

[Aside] Oh, fine fool! What a madman! A patient madman! Whoever heard of the like? Well, sir, I'll fit you and your humour presently. What? Cross-points? I'll untie 'em all in a trice; I'll vex you, faith.—Boy, take your cloak; quick, come.

Exit [with First Prentice].

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

**CANDIDO**

Be covered, George; this chain and welted gown  
Bare to this coat: then the world's upside down.

**GEORGE**

Umh, umh, hum.

**CRAMBO**

That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

**POH**

Ay, but the master is walking in there.

**CRAMBO**

No matter, we'll in.

**POH**

'Sblood, dost long to lie in limbo?

**CRAMBO**

And limbo be in hell, I care not.

**CANDIDO**

Look you, gentlemen, your choice: cambrics?

**CRAMBO**

No, sir, some shirting.

**CANDIDO**

You shall.

**CRAMBO**

Have you none of this strip'd canvas for doublets?

**CANDIDO**

None strip'd, sir, but plain.

**SECOND PRENTICE**

I think there be one piece strip'd within.

**GEORGE**

Step, sirrah, and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

[Exit Second Prentice.]

**CANDIDO**

Look you, gentlemen, I'll make but one spreading; here's a piece of cloth, fine, yet shall wear like iron: 'tis without fault, take this upon my word, 'tis without fault.

**CRAMBO**

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Then 'tis better than you, sirrah.

### **CANDIDO**

Ay, and a number more. Oh, that each soul  
Were but as spotless as this innocent white  
And had as few breaks in it!

### **CRAMBO**

'Twould have some then. There was a fray here last day in this shop.

### **CANDIDO**

There was indeed a little flea-biting.

### **POH**

A gentleman had his pate broke. Call you that but a flea-biting?

### **CANDIDO**

He had so.

### **CRAMBO**

Zounds, do you stand in't?

He strikes him.

### **GEORGE**

'Sfoot! Clubs, clubs, prentices! Down with 'em! Ah, you rogues, strike a citizen in's shop?

[The Prentices rush in and with George they disarm and beat Crambo and Poh.]

### **CANDIDO**

None of you stir; I pray, forbear, good George.

### **CRAMBO**

I beseech you, sir, we mistook our marks; deliver us our weapons.

### **GEORGE**

Your head bleeds, sir: cry clubs!

### **CANDIDO**

I say you shall not; pray be patient.  
Give them their weapons. Sirs, you're best be gone;  
I tell you here are boys more tough than bears:  
Hence, lest more fists do walk about your ears.

**BOTH** [CRAMBO AND POH]

We thank you, sir.

Exeunt [Crambo and Poh].

### **CANDIDO**

You shall not follow them.

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Let them alone pray, this did me no harm;  
Troth, I was cold, and the blow made me warm.  
I thank 'em for't; besides I had decreed  
To have a vein prick'd: I did mean to bleed,  
So that there's money sav'd. They are honest men;  
Pray use 'em well when they appear again.

### **GEORGE**

Yes, sir, we'll use 'em like honest men.

### **CANDIDO**

Ay, well said, George, like honest men, tho' they be arrant knaves, for that's the phrase of the city. Help to lay up these wares.

Enter Candido's wife [Viola] with Officers [to one side].

### **[VIOLA]**

Yonder he stands.

### **[FIRST] OFFICER**

What, in a prentice coat?

### **[VIOLA]**

Ay, ay, mad, mad; pray take heed.

### **CANDIDO**

How now? What news with them? What make they with my wife? Officers? Is she attach'd? Look to your wares.

### **[VIOLA]**

He talks to himself. Oh, he's much gone indeed!

### **[FIRST] OFFICER**

Pray pluck up a good heart; be not so fearful.  
Sirs, hark, we'll gather to him by degrees.

### **[VIOLA]**

Ay, ay, by degrees I pray. Oh, me! What makes he with the lawn in his hand; he'll tear all the ware in my shop.

### **[FIRST] OFFICER**

Fear not, we'll catch him on a sudden.

### **[VIOLA]**

Oh, you had need do so! Pray take heed of your warrant.

### **[FIRST] OFFICER**

I warrant, mistress. [Approaching Candido] Now, Signior Candido?

### **CANDIDO**

Now, sir, what news with you, sir?

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

**[VIOLA]**

What news with you, he says. Oh, he's far gone!

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

I pray fear nothing, let's alone with him.

Signior, you look not like yourself methinks.

[To Second Officer] Steal you a' t'other side.—Y'are chang'd, y'are alt'red.

**CANDIDO**

Chang'd, sir? Why, true, sir. Is change strange? 'Tis not the fashion unless it alter? Monarchs turn to beggars, beggars creep into the nests of princes, masters serve their prentices, ladies their serving—men, men turn to women.

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

And women turn to men.

**CANDIDO**

Ay, and women turn to men, you say true. Ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world!

[The Officers seize Candido, and the Second Officer begins to bind him.]

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

Have we caught you, sir?

**CANDIDO**

Caught me? Well, well, you have caught me.

**[VIOLA]**

He laughs in your faces.

**GEORGE**

A rescue, prentices, my master's catchpol'd!

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

I charge you keep the peace, or have your legs gartered with irons; we have from the duke a warrant strong enough for what we do.

**CANDIDO**

I pray rest quiet; I desire no rescue.

**[VIOLA]**

La, he desires no rescue! 'Las, poor heart,  
He talks against himself.

**CANDIDO**

Well, what's the matter?

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

Look to that arm;

Pray make sure work: double the cord.

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

**CANDIDO**

Why, why?

**[VIOLA]**

Look how his head goes! Should he get but loose,  
Oh, 'twere as much as all our lives were worth!

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

Fear not, we'll make all sure for our own safety.

**CANDIDO**

Are you at leisure now? Well, what's the matter?  
Why do I enter into bonds thus, ha?

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

Because y'are mad, put fear upon your wife.

**[VIOLA]**

Oh, ay, I went in danger of my life, every minute!

**CANDIDO**

What? Am I mad say you, and I not know it?

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

That proves you mad, because you know it not.

**[VIOLA]**

Pray talk as little to him as you can;  
You see he's too far spent.

**CANDIDO**

Bound with strong cord?  
A sister's thread, i'faith, had been enough  
To lead me anywhere. Wife, do you long?  
You are mad too, or else you do me wrong.

**GEORGE**

But are you mad indeed, master?

**CANDIDO**

My wife says so,  
And what she says, George, is all truth you know.  
And whither now? To Beth'lem Monastery?  
Ha? Whither?

**[FIRST] OFFICER**

Faith, e'en to the madmen's pound.

**CANDIDO**

A' God's name, still I feel my patience sound.

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Exeunt [Candido with Officers].

### **GEORGE**

Come, we'll see whither he goes. If the master be mad, we are his servants and must follow his steps: we'll be madcaps too. Farewell, mistress, you shall have us all in Bedlam.

Exeunt [George and the other Prentices].

### **[VIOLA]**

I think I ha' fitted now you and your clothes!  
If this move not his patience, nothing can;  
I'll swear then I have a saint and not a man.

Exit.

[IV.iv. Doctor Benedict's house]

Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluello, Castruchio, Pioratto.

### **DUKE**

Give us a little leave.

[Exeunt Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.]

Doctor, your news.

### **DOCTOR**

I sent for him, my lord. At last he came,  
And did receive all speech that went from me  
As gilded pills made to prolong his health:  
My credit with him wrought it, for some men  
Swallow even empty hooks, like fools that fear  
No drowning where 'tis deepest 'cause 'tis clear.  
In th' end we sat and ate: a health I drank  
To Infelice's sweet departed soul;  
This train I knew would take.

### **DUKE**

'Twas excellent.

### **DOCTOR**

He fell with such devotion on his knees  
To pledge the same—

### **DUKE**

Fond, superstitious fool!

### **DOCTOR**

That had he been inflam'd with zeal of prayer,  
He could not power 't out with more reverence.

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek,  
Kiss'd it, and swore he would adore my lips  
Because they brought forth Infelice's name.

**DUKE**

Ha, ha! Alack, alack!

**DOCTOR**

The cup he lifts up high, and thus he said,  
"Here, noble maid," drinks, and was poisoned.

**DUKE**

And died?

**DOCTOR**

And died, my lord.

**DUKE**

Thou in that word  
Hast piec'd mine aged hours out with more years  
Than thou hast taken from Hipolito.  
A noble youth he was, but lesser branches  
Hind'ring the greater's growth must be lopp'd off  
And feed the fire. Doctor, w'are now all thine,  
And use us so. Be bold.

**DOCTOR**

Thanks, gracious lord.  
My honoured lord--

**DUKE**

Hmh?

**DOCTOR**

I do beseech your grace to bury deep  
This bloody act of mine.

**DUKE**

Nay, nay, for that,  
Doctor, look you to't. Me it shall not move;  
They're curs'd that ill do, not that ill do love.

**DOCTOR**

You throw an angry forehead on my face,  
But be you pleas'd, backward thus for to look,  
That for your good this evil I undertook--

**DUKE**

Ay, ay, we conster so.

**DOCTOR**

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

And only for your love—

**DUKE**

Confess'd, 'tis true.

**DOCTOR**

Nor let it stand against me as a bar  
To thrust me from your presence, nor believe,  
As princes have quick thoughts, that now my finger  
Being deep'd in blood I will not spare the hand,  
But that for gold, as what can gold not do,  
I may be hir'd to work the like on you.

**DUKE**

Which to prevent—

**DOCTOR**

'Tis from my heart as far—

**DUKE**

No matter, doctor, 'cause I'll fearless sleep;  
And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion  
I banish thee forever from my court.  
This principle is old but true as fate:  
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.

Exit.

**DOCTOR**

Is't so? Nay then, duke, your stale principle  
With one as stale the doctor thus shall quit:  
He falls himself that digs another's pit.  
How now!

Enter the Doctor's Man.

Where is he? Will he meet me?

**DOCTOR'S MAN**

Meet you, sir! He might have met with three fencers in this time and have received less hurt than by meeting one doctor of physic! Why, sir, h'as walk'd under the old abbey wall yonder this hour till he's more cold than a citizen's country house in January; you may smell him behind, sir. La you, yonder he comes.

**DOCTOR**

Leave me.

Enter Hipolito.

**DOCTOR'S MAN**

I' th' lurch, if you will.

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

Exit.

**DOCTOR**

Oh, my most noble friend!

**HIPOLITO**

Few but yourself  
Could have intic'd me thus to trust the air  
With my close sighs. You send for me. What news?

**DOCTOR**

Come, you must doff this black, dye that pale cheek  
Into his own colour; go. Attire yourself  
Fresh as a bridegroom when he meets his bride.  
The duke has done much treason to thy love;  
'Tis now revealed, 'tis now to be reveng'd.  
Be merry, honour'd friend: thy lady lives.

**HIPOLITO**

What lady?

**DOCTOR**

Infelice. She's reviv'd.  
Reviv'd? Alack! Death never had the heart  
To take breath from her.

**HIPOLITO**

Umh, I thank you, sir.  
Physic prolongs life when it cannot save:  
This helps not my hopes; mine are in their grave.  
You do some wrong to mock me.

**DOCTOR**

By that love  
Which I have ever borne you, what I speak  
Is truth: the maiden lives. That funeral,  
Duke's tears, the mourning was all counterfeit:  
A sleepy draught cozen'd the world and you;  
I was his minister and then chamb'red up  
To stop discovery.

**HIPOLITO**

Oh, treacherous duke!

**DOCTOR**

He cannot hope so certainly for bliss,  
As he believes that I have poison'd you.  
He woo'd me to't, I yielded, and confirm'd him  
In his most bloody thoughts.

**HIPOLITO**

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

A very devil!

**DOCTOR**

Her did he closely coach to Bergamo,  
And thither---

**HIPOLITO**

Will I ride! Stood Bergamo  
In the low countries of black hell, I'll to her.

**DOCTOR**

You shall to her, but not to Bergamo.  
How passion makes you fly beyond yourself!  
Much of that weary journey I ha' cut off,  
For she by letters hath intelligence  
Of your supposed death, her own interment,  
And all those plots, which that false duke her father  
Has wrought against you. And she'll meet you.

**HIPOLITO**

Oh, when?

**DOCTOR**

Nay, see how covetous are your desires;  
Early tomorrow morn.

**HIPOLITO**

Oh, where, good father?

**DOCTOR**

At Beth'lem Monastery. Are you pleas'd now?

**HIPOLITO**

At Beth'lem monastery. The place well fits:  
It is the school where those that lose their wits  
Practise again to get them. I am sick  
Of that disease; all love is lunatic.

**DOCTOR**

We'll steal away this night in some disguise;  
Father Anselmo, a most reverend friar,  
Expects our coming, before whom we'll lay  
Reasons so strong that he shall yield in bands  
Of holy wedlock to tie both your hands.

**HIPOLITO**

This is such happiness  
That to believe it 'tis impossible!

**DOCTOR**

Let all your joys then die in misbelief;

[IV.i. Hipolito's chamber]

I will reveal no more.

**HIPOLITO**

Oh, yes, good father,  
I am so well acquainted with despair,  
I know not how to hope: I believe all.

**DOCTOR**

We'll hence this night; much must be done, much said,  
But if the doctor fail not in his charms,  
Your lady shall ere morning fill these arms.

**HIPOLITO**

Heavenly physician, far thy fame shall spread,  
That mak'st two lovers speak when they be dead.

Exeunt.

**[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]**

[Enter] Candido's wife [Viola] and George; Pioratto meets them.

**[VIOLA]**

Oh, watch, good George, watch which way the duke comes.

**GEORGE**

Here comes one of the butterflies; ask him.

**[VIOLA]**

Pray, sir, comes the duke this way?

**PIORATTO**

He's upon coming, mistress.

Exit.

**[VIOLA]**

I thank you, sir.

Exit [Pioratto].

George, are there many mad folks where thy master lies?

**GEORGE**

Oh, yes, of all countries some, but especially mad Greeks; they swarm. Troth, mistress, the world is altered with you; you had not wont to stand thus with a paper humbly complaining, but you're well enough serv'd: provender prick'd you, as it does many of our city-wives besides.

## The Honest Whore, Part One

**[VIOLA]**

Dost think, George, we shall get him forth?

**GEORGE**

Truly, mistress, I cannot tell; I think you'll hardly get him forth. Why, 'tis strange! 'Sfoot, I have known many women that have had mad rascals to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means possible to keep 'em in their right wits, but of a woman to long to turn a tame man into a madman, why, the devil himself was never us'd so by his dam!

**[VIOLA]**

How does he talk, George? Ha, good George, tell me!

**GEORGE**

Why, you're best go see.

**[VIOLA]**

Alas, I am afraid.

**GEORGE**

Afraid! You had more need be asham'd: he may rather be afraid of you.

**[VIOLA]**

But, George, he's not stark mad, is he? He does not rave, he's not horn-mad, George, is he?

**GEORGE**

Nay, I know not that, but he talks like a justice of peace, of a thousand matters and to no purpose.

**[VIOLA]**

I'll to the monastery: I shall be mad till I enjoy him, I shall be sick till I see him, yet when I do see him, I shall weep out mine eyes.

**GEORGE**

Ay, I'd fain see a woman weep out her eyes; that's as true as to say a man's cloak burns when it hangs in the water. I know you'll weep, mistress, but what says the painted cloth:

"Trust not a woman when she cries,  
For she'll pump water from her eyes  
With a wet finger, and in faster showers  
Than April when he rains down flowers."

**[VIOLA]**

Ay, but George, that painted cloth is worthy to be hang'd up for lying, all women have not tears at will unless they have good cause.

**GEORGE**

Ay, but mistress, how easily will they find a cause, and as one of our cheese-trenchers says very learnedly:

"As out of wormwood bees suck honey,  
As from poor clients lawyers firk money  
As parsley from a roasted coney,  
So, tho' the day be ne'er so sunny,  
If wives will have it rain, down then it drives:  
The calmest husbands make the [stormiest] wives."

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

**[VIOLA]**

[True], George, but I ha' done storming now.

**GEORGE**

Why, that's well done, good mistress; throw aside this fashion of your humour: be not so fantastical in wearing it; storm no more, long no more. This longing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might have had from my master. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinezi.

**[VIOLA]**

Oh, I beseech you pardon my offense,  
In that I durst abuse your grace's warrant!  
Deliver forth my husband, good my lord.

**DUKE**

Who is her husband?

**FLUELLO**

Candido, my lord.

**DUKE**

Where is he?

**[VIOLA]**

He's among the lunatics.  
He was a man made up without a gall;  
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert  
His meek blood into fury: yet like a monster,  
I often beat at the most constant rock  
Of his unshaken patience, and did long  
To vex him.

**DUKE**

Did you so?

**[VIOLA]**

And for that purpose,  
Had warrant from your grace to carry him  
To Beth'lem Monastery, whence they will not free him  
Without your grace's hand that sent him in.

**DUKE**

You have long'd fair. 'Tis you are mad, I fear;  
It's fit to fetch him thence and keep you there.  
If he be mad, why would you have him forth?

**GEORGE**

And please your grace, he's not stark mad, but only talks like a young gentleman, somewhat fantastically, that's all: there's a thousand about your court, city, and country madder than he.

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

**DUKE**

Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.

**GEORGE**

Here's a warrant ready drawn, my lord.

**DUKE**

Get pen and ink, get pen and ink.

Enter Castruchio.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Where is my lord the duke?

**DUKE**

How now? More madmen?

**CASTRUCHIO**

I have strange news, my lord,

**DUKE**

Of what? Of what?

**CASTRUCHIO**

Of Infelice and a marriage.

**DUKE**

Ha! Where? With whom?

**CASTRUCHIO**

Hipolito.

**GEORGE**

[Offering the Duke a pen] Here, my lord.

**DUKE**

Hence with that woman, void the room!

**FLUELLO**

Away, the duke's vex'd.

**GEORGE**

Whoop! Come, mistress, the duke's mad too.

Exeunt [Viola and George].

**DUKE**

Who told me that Hipolito was dead?

**CASTRUCHIO**

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

He that can make any man dead, the doctor; but, my lord, he's as full of life as wild-fire, and as quick. Hipolito, the doctor, and one more rid hence this evening; the inn at which they light is Beth'lem Monastery: Infelice comes from Bergamo and meets them there. Hipolito is mad, for he means this day to be married; the afternoon is the hour, and Friar Anselmo is the knitter.

### DUKE

From Bergamo? Is't possible? It cannot be,  
It cannot be.

### CASTRUCHIO

I will not swear, my lord,  
But this intelligence I took from one  
Whose brains works in the plot.

### DUKE

What's he?

### CASTRUCHIO

Matheo.

### FLUELLO

Matheo knows all.

### PIORATTO

He's Hipolito's bosom.

### DUKE

How far stands Beth'lem hence?

### OMNES [COURTIERS]

Six or seven miles.

### DUKE

Is't even so!  
Not married till the afternoon, you say?  
Stay, stay, let's work out some prevention. How!  
This is most strange! Can none but madmen serve  
To dress their wedding dinner? All of you,  
Get presently to horse; disguise yourselves  
Like country gentlemen,  
Or riding citizens, or so, and take  
Each man a several path, but let us meet  
At Beth'lem Monastery, some space of time  
Being spent between the arrival each of other,  
As if we came to see the lunatics.  
To horse, away! Be secret on your lives;  
Love must be punish'd that unjustly thrives.

Exeunt [all but Fluello].

### FLUELLO

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Be secret on your lives! Castruchio,  
Y'are but a scurvy spaniel. Honest lord,  
Good lady! Zounds, their love is just, 'tis good!  
And I'll prevent you, tho' I swim in blood.

Exit.

[V.ii. Bethlehem Monastery]  
Enter Friar Anselmo, Hipolito, Matheo, Infelice.

### **HIPOLITO**

Nay, nay, resolve, good father, or deny.

### **ANSELMO**

You press me to an act both full of danger  
And full of happiness, for I behold  
Your father's frowns, his threats, nay, perhaps death  
To him that dare do this; yet noble lord,  
Such comfortable beams break through these clouds  
By this bless'd marriage; that, your honour'd word  
Being pawn'd in my defense, I will tie fast  
The holy wedding knot.

### **HIPOLITO**

Tush, fear not the duke.

### **ANSELMO**

Oh, son,  
Wisely to fear is to be free from fear.

### **HIPOLITO**

You have our words, and you shall have our lives,  
To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

### **MATHEO**

Ay, ay, chop 'em up and away.

### **ANSELMO**

Stay: when is't fit for me, safest for you,  
To entertain this business?

### **HIPOLITO**

Not till the evening.

### **ANSELMO**

Be 't so; there is a chapel stands hard by,  
Upon the west end of the abbey wall:  
Thither convey yourselves, and when the sun  
Hath turn'd his back upon this upper world,  
I'll marry you; that done, no thund'ring voice

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Can break the sacred bond. Yet lady, here  
You are most safe.

### **INFELICE**

Father, your love's most dear.

### **MATHEO**

Ay, well said. Lock us into some little room by ourselves that we may be mad for an hour or two.

### **HIPOLITO**

Oh, good Matheo, no, let's make no noise.

### **MATHEO**

How! No noise! Do you know where you are? 'Sfoot, amongst all the madcaps in Milan, so that to throw the house out at window will be the better, and no man will suspect that we lurk here to steal mutton: the more sober we are, the more scurvy 'tis. And tho' the friar tell us that here we are safest, I'm not of his mind, for if those lay here that had lost their money, none would ever look after them, but here are none but those that have lost their wits, so that if hue and cry be made, hither they'll come, and my reason is, because none goes be married till he be stark mad.

Enter Fluello.

### **HIPOLITO**

Muffle yourselves; yonder's Fluello.

### **MATHEO**

Zounds!

### **FLUELLO**

Oh, my lord, these cloaks are not for this rain; the tempest is too great: I come sweating to tell you of it that you may get out of it.

### **MATHEO**

Why, what's the matter?

### **FLUELLO**

What's the matter? You have matter'd it fair: the duke's at hand.

### **OMNES**

The duke?

### **FLUELLO**

The very duke.

### **HIPOLITO**

Then all our plots  
Are turn'd upon our heads, and we are blown up  
With our own underminings. 'Sfoot, how comes he?  
What villain durst betray our being here?

### **FLUELLO**

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

Castruchio, Castruchio told the duke, and Matheo here told Castruchio.

**HIPOLITO**

Would you betray me to Castruchio?

**MATHEO**

'Sfoot, he damn'd himself to the pit of hell if he spake on't again!

**HIPOLITO**

So did you swear to me, so were you damn'd.

**MATHEO**

Pox on 'em, and there be no faith in men, if a man shall not believe oaths! He took bread and salt, by this light, that he would never open his lips.

**HIPOLITO**

Oh God, oh God!

**ANSELMO**

Son, be not desperate;  
Have patience: you shall trip your enemy down  
By his own sleights. How far is the duke hence?

**FLUELLO**

He's but new set out. Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi come along with him: you have time enough yet to prevent them if you have but courage.

**ANSELMO**

You shall steal secretly into the chapel  
And presently be married; if the duke  
Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes,  
You shall scape hence like friars.

**HIPOLITO**

Oh, bless'd disguise! Oh, happy man!

**ANSELMO**

Talk not of happiness till your clos'd hand  
Have her by th' forehead, like the lock of time.  
Be not too slow nor hasty now you climb  
Up to the tower of bliss, only be wary  
And patient, that's all: if you like my plot,  
Build and dispatch; if not, farewell, then not.

**HIPOLITO**

Oh, yes, we do applaud it; we'll dispute  
No longer, but will hence and execute.  
Fluello, you'll stay here; let us be gone.  
The ground that frighted lovers tread upon  
Is stuck with thorns.

The Honest Whore, Part One

**ANSELMO**

Come then, away: 'tis meet,  
To escape those thorns, to put on winged feet.

Exeunt [Hipolito, Infelice, and Anselmo].

**MATHEO**

No words I pray, Fluello, for it stands us upon.

**FLUELLO**

Oh, sir, let that be your lesson.

[Exit Matheo.]

Alas, poor lovers, on what hopes and fears  
Men toss themselves for women! When she's got  
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

Enter to Fluello the Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi from several doors muffled.

**DUKE**

Who's there?

**CASTRUCHIO**

My lord.

**DUKE**

Peace, send that lord away:  
A lordship will spoil all; let's be all fellows.  
What's he?

**CASTRUCHIO**

Fluello, or else Sinezi by his little legs.

**OMNES**

All friends, all friends.

**DUKE**

What, met upon the very point of time!  
Is this the place?

**PIORATTO**

This is the place, my lord.

**DUKE**

Dream you on lordships! Come, no more lords, pray.  
You have not seen these lovers yet?

**OMNES [COURTIERS]**

Not yet.

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

**DUKE**

Castruchio, art thou sure this wedding feat  
Is not till afternoon?

**CASTRUCHIO**

So 'tis given out, my lord.

**DUKE**

Nay, nay, 'tis like; thieves must observe their hours:  
Lovers watch minutes like astronomers.  
How shall the interim hours by us be spent?

**FLUELLO**

Let's all go see the madmen.

**OMNES**

Mass, content.

Enter a Sweeper.

**DUKE**

Oh, here comes one; question him, question him.

**FLUELLO**

How now, honest fellow. Dost thou belong to the house?

**[SWEEPER]**

Yes, forsooth, I am one of the implements; I sweep the madmen's rooms, and fetch straw for 'em, and buy chains to tie 'em, and rods to whip 'em. I was a mad wag myself here once, but I thank Father Anselm: he lash'd me into my right mind again.

**DUKE**

[Aside to Castruchio] Anselmo is the friar must marry them;  
Question him where he is.

**CASTRUCHIO**

And where is Father Anselmo now?

**[SWEEPER]**

Marry, he's gone but e'en now.

**DUKE**

Ay, well done. Tell me, whither is he gone?

**[SWEEPER]**

Why, to God A'mighty.

**FLUELLO**

Ha, ha, this fellow is a fool, talks idly!

**PIORATTO**

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Sirrah, are all the mad folks in Milan brought hither?

**[SWEEPER]**

How! All! There's a wise question indeed. Why, if all the mad folks in Milan should come hither, there would not be left ten men in the city.

**DUKE**

Few gentlemen or courtiers here, ha?

**[SWEEPER]**

Oh, yes! Abundance, abundance! Lands no sooner fall into their hands, but straight they run out a' their wits. Citizens' sons and heirs are free of the house by their father's copy. Farmers' sons come hither like geese in flocks and when they ha' sold all their cornfields, here they sit and pick the straws.

**SINEZI**

Methinks you should have women here as well as men.

**[SWEEPER]**

Oh, ay, a plague on 'em! There's no ho with them; they are madder than march hares.

**FLUELLO**

Are there no lawyers here amongst you?

**[SWEEPER]**

Oh, no, not one: never any lawyer! We dare not let a lawyer come in, for he'll make 'em mad faster than we can recover 'em.

**DUKE**

And how long is't e'er you recover any of these?

**[SWEEPER]**

Why, according to the quantity of the moon that's got into 'em. An alderman's son will be mad a great while, a very great while, especially if his friends left him well. A whore will hardly come to her wits again. A puritan, there's no hope of him, unless he may pull down the steeple and hang himself i' th' bell-ropes.

**FLUELLO**

I perceive all sorts of fish come to your net.

**[SWEEPER]**

Yes, in truth, we have blocks for all heads; we have good store of wild oats here, for the courtier is mad at the citizen, the citizen is mad at the country man, the shoemaker is mad at the cobbler, the cobbler at the carman, the punk is mad that the merchant's wife is no whore, the merchant's wife is mad that the punk is so common a whore—

Enter Anselmo.

Gods—so, here's Father Anselm! Pray say nothing that I tell tales out of the school.

Exit.

OMNES [NOBLES]

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

God bless you, father.

**ANSELMO**

Thank you, gentlemen.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Pray may we see some of those wretched souls  
That here are in your keeping?

**ANSELMO**

Yes, you shall,  
But, gentlemen, I must disarm you then.  
There are of mad men, as there are of tame,  
All humour'd not alike: we have here some,  
So apish and fantastic, play with a feather,  
And tho 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image  
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act  
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,  
That spite of sorrow they will make you smile;  
Others again we have like hungry lions,  
Fierce as wild bulls, untamable as flies,  
And these have oftentimes from strangers' sides  
Snatch'd rapiers suddenly and done much harm,  
Whom if you'll see, you must be weaponless.

OMNES [NOBLES]

With all our hearts.

**ANSELMO**

[Calling offstage] Here, take these weapons in.

[Enter Sweeper, then exits with their swords.]

Stand off a little pray; so, so, 'tis well.  
I'll show you here a man that was sometimes  
A very grave and wealthy citizen,  
Has serv'd a prenticeship to this misfortune,  
Been here seven years, and dwelt in Bergamo.

**DUKE**

How fell he from himself?

**ANSELMO**

By loss at sea.  
I'll stand aside; question him you alone,  
For if he spy me, he'll not speak a word  
Unless he's throughly vex'd.

Discovers an old man, [the First Madman,] wrapp'd in a net.

**FLUELLO**

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Alas, poor soul.

**CASTRUCHIO**

A very old man.

**DUKE**

God speed, father.

**FIRST MADMAN**

God speed the plough: thou shalt not speed me.

**PIORATTO**

We see you, old man, for all you dance in a net.

**FIRST MADMAN**

True, but thou wilt dance in a halter, and I shall not see thee.

**ANSELMO**

Oh, do not vex him, pray!

**CASTRUCHIO**

Are you a fisherman, father?

**FIRST MADMAN**

No, I'm neither fish nor flesh.

**FLUELLO**

What do you with that net then?

**FIRST MADMAN**

Dost not see, fool? There's a fresh salmon in't. If you step one foot further, you'll be over shoes, for you see I'm over head and ear in the saltwater, and if you fall into this whirlpool where I am, y'are drown'd, y'are a drown'd rat! I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught, for my net breaks still, and breaks, but I'll break some of your necks and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay. Where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind? Out, you gulls, you goose-caps, you gudgeon-eaters! Do you look for the wind in the heavens? Ha, ha, ha, ha! No, no, look there, look there, look there! The wind is always at that door. Hark how it blows, poof, poof, poof!

**OMNES [NOBLES]**

Ha, ha, ha!

**FIRST MADMAN**

Do you laugh at God's creatures? Do you mock old age, you rogues? Is this gray beard and head counterfeit, that you cry, "Ha, ha, ha?" Sirrah, art not thou my eldest son?

**PIORATTO**

Yes indeed, father.

**FIRST MADMAN**

Then th'art a fool, for my eldest son had a polt foot, crooked legs, a vergis face, and a pear-colour'd beard; I made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool. Sirrah! Thou there! Hold out thy hand.

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### **DUKE**

My hand? Well, here 'tis.

### **FIRST MADMAN**

Look, look, look, look: has he not long nails and short hair?

### **FLUELLO**

Yes, monstrous short hair and abominable long nails.

### **FIRST MADMAN**

Tenpenny nails, are they not?

### **FLUELLO**

Yes, tenpenny nails.

### **FIRST MADMAN**

Such nails had my second boy. Kneel down, thou varlet, and ask thy father blessing. Such nails had my middlemost son and I made him a promoter, and he scrap'd, and scrap'd, and scrap'd till he got the devil and all, but he scrap'd thus, and thus, and thus, and it went under his legs, till at length a company of kites taking him for carrion swept up all, all, all, all, all, all, all. If you love your lives, look to yourselves. See, see, see, see, the Turks' galleys are fighting with my ships! Bounce goes the guns! "Oooh!" cry the men. Romble romble go the waters. Alas! There! 'Tis sunk, 'tis sunk! I am undone, I am undone! You are the damn'd pirates have undone me! You are, by th' Lord, you are, you are, stop 'em, you are!

### **ANSELMO**

Why, how now, sirrah! Must I fall to tame you?

### **FIRST MADMAN**

Tame me? No, I'll be madder than a roasted cat. See, see, I am burnt with gunpowder; these are our close fights.

### **ANSELMO**

I'll whip you if you grow unruly thus.

### **FIRST MADMAN**

Whip me? Out, you toad! Whip me? What justice is this, to whip me because I'm a beggar? Alas, I am a poor man, a very poor man! I am starv'd, and have had no meat by this light, ever since the great flood. I am a poor man.

### **ANSELMO**

Well, well, be quiet and you shall have meat.

### **FIRST MADMAN**

Ay, ay, pray do, for look you here be my guts. These are my ribs; you may look through my ribs. See how my guts come out! These are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh!

### **ANSELMO**

Take him in there.

[Enter the Sweeper and takes away the First Madman.]

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

OMNES [NOBLES]

A very piteous sight.

**CASTRUCHIO**

Father, I see you have a busy charge.

**ANSELMO**

They must be us'd like children, pleas'd with toys,  
And anon whipp'd for their unruliness.  
I'll show you now a pair quite different  
From him that's gone; he was all words, and these,  
Unless you urge 'em, seldom spend their speech,  
But save their tongues. La you!

[Enter the Second and Third Madmen.]

This hithermost  
Fell from the happy quietness of mind,  
About a maiden that he lov'd and died.  
He followed her to church, being full of tears,  
And as her body went into the ground,  
He fell stark mad. That is a married man  
Was jealous of a fair but, as some say,  
A very virtuous wife, and that spoil'd him.

**SECOND MADMAN**

All these are whoremongers and lay with my wife! Whore, whore, whore, whore, whore!

**FLUELLO**

Observe him.

**SECOND MADMAN**

Gaffer shoemaker, you pull'd on my wife's pumps, and then crept into her pantofles: lie there, lie there. This was her tailor; you cut out her loose-bodied gown and put in a yard more than I allowed her. Lie there by the shoemaker. Oh, master doctor, are you here? You gave me a purgation and then crept into my wife's chamber to feel her pulses, and you said, and she said, and her maid said that they went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. Doctor, I'll put you anon into my wife's urinal. Heigh, come aloft, Jack! This was her schoolmaster, and taught her to play upon the virginals: still his jacks leapt up, up; you prick'd her out nothing but bawdy lessons, but I'll prick you all! Fiddler, doctor, tailor, shoemaker; shoemaker, fiddler, doctor, tailor: so, lie with my wife again now!

**CASTRUCHIO**

See how he notes the other now he feeds.

**SECOND MADMAN**

Give me some porridge.

**THIRD MADMAN**

I'll give thee none.

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

**SECOND MADMAN**

Give me some porridge.

**THIRD MADMAN**

I'll not give thee a bit.

**SECOND MADMAN**

Give me that flap-dragon.

**THIRD MADMAN**

I'll not give thee a spoonful. Thou liest; it's no dragon, 'tis a parrot that I bought for my sweetheart, and I'll keep it.

**SECOND MADMAN**

Here's an almond for parrot.

**THIRD MADMAN**

Hang thyself.

**SECOND MADMAN**

Here's a rope for parrot.

**THIRD MADMAN**

Eat it, for I'll eat this.

**SECOND MADMAN**

I'll shoot at thee and thou 't give me none.

**THIRD MADMAN**

Wut thou?

**SECOND MADMAN**

I'll run a-tilt at thee and thou 't give me none.

**THIRD MADMAN**

Wut thou? Do and thou dar'st!

**SECOND MADMAN**

Bounce!

**THIRD MADMAN**

Oh! I am slain! Murder, murder, murder, I am slain, my brains are beaten out!

**ANSELMO**

How now, you villains! Bring me whips! I'll whip you!

**THIRD MADMAN**

I am dead, I am slain! Ring out the bell, for I am dead!

**DUKE**

How will you do now, sirrah? You ha' kill'd him.

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

### SECOND MADMAN

I'll answer 't at sessions: he was eating of almond-butter, and I long'd for't; the child had never been delivered out of my belly, if I had not kill'd him. I'll answer 't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt i' th' hand too.

[Enter the Sweeper.]

### ANSELMO

Take 'em in both: bury him, for he's dead.

### THIRD MADMAN

Ay, indeed, I am dead; put me I pray into a good pit hole.

### SECOND MADMAN

I'll answer 't at sessions.

Exeunt [Sweeper with Madmen]. Enter Bellafront mad.

### ANSELMO

How now, huswife, whither gad you?

### BELLAFRONT

A-nutting, forsooth. How do you, gaffer? How do you, gaffer? There's a French curtsy for you too.

### FLUELLO

[Aside] 'Tis Bellafront!

### PIORATTO

[Aside] 'Tis the punk, by th' Lord!

### DUKE

Father, what's she I pray?

### ANSELMO

As yet I know not;  
She came but in this day, talks little idly,  
And therefore has the freedom of the house.

### BELLAFRONT

Do not you know me? Nor you? Nor you, nor you?

### OMNES [COURTIERS]

No indeed.

### BELLAFRONT

Then you are an ass, and you are an ass, and you are an ass, for I know you.

### ANSELMO

Why, what are they? Come, tell me, what are they?

### BELLAFRONT

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

## The Honest Whore, Part One

Three fishwives. Will you buy any gudgeons?

Enter Hipolito, Matheo, and Infelice disguis'd in the habits of friars.

God's santy, yonder come friars! I know them too. How do you, friar?

### **ANSELMO**

Nay, nay, away, you must not trouble friars.

[Aside to Hipolito] The duke is here; speak nothing.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Nay, indeed, you shall not go: we'll run at barley-break first, and you shall be in hell.

### **MATHEO**

[Aside to Hipolito] My punk turn'd mad whore, as all her fellows are?

### **HIPOLITO**

[Aside to Matheo] Speak nothing, but steal hence when you spy time.

### **ANSELMO**

I'll lock you up if y'are unruly, fie!

### **BELLAFRONT**

Fie! Marry foh, they shall not go indeed till I ha' told 'em their fortunes.

### **DUKE**

Good father, give her leave.

### **BELLAFRONT**

I pray, good father, and I'll give you my blessing.

### **ANSELMO**

Well then, be brief, but if you are thus unruly,

I'll have you lock'd up fast.

### **PIORATTO**

Come to their fortunes.

### **BELLAFRONT**

Let me see—one, two, three, and four—I'll begin with the little friar first. Here's a fine hand indeed; I never saw friar have such a dainty hand. Here's a hand for a lady. You ha' good fortune now.

Oh, see, see what a thread here's spun:

You love a friar better than a nun,

Yet long you'll love no friar, not no friar's son.

Bow a little.

The line of life is out, yet I'm afraid

For all you're holy, you'll not die a maid.

God give you joy.

Now to you, Friar Tuck.

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

**MATHEO**

God send me good luck.

**BELLAFRONT**

You love one, and one loves you.  
You are a false knave, and she's a Jew.  
Here is a dial that false ever goes.

**MATHEO**

Oh, your wit drops!

**BELLAFRONT**

Troth, so does your nose.  
[To Hipolito] Nay, let's shake hands with you too;  
Pray open. Here's a fine hand.  
Ho, friar, ho! God be here,  
So he had need: you'll keep good cheer.  
Here's a free table, but a frozen breast,  
For you'll starve those that love you best.  
Yet you have good fortune, for if I am no liar,  
Then you are no friar, nor you, nor you no friar.

Discovers them.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**DUKE**

Are holy habits cloaks for villainy?  
Draw all your weapons!

**HIPOLITO**

Do, draw all your weapons!

**DUKE**

Where are your weapons? Draw!

OMNES [COURTIERS]

The friar has gull'd us of 'em.

**MATHEO**

Oh, rare trick!  
You ha' learnt one mad point of arithmetic.

**HIPOLITO**

Why swells your spleen so high? Against what bosom  
Would you your weapons draw? Hers? 'Tis your daughter's!  
Mine? 'Tis your son's!

**DUKE**

Son?

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

**MATHEO**

Son, by yonder sun.

**HIPOLITO**

You cannot shed blood here, but 'tis your own;  
To spill your own blood were damnation.  
Lay smooth that wrinkled brow, and I will throw  
Myself beneath your feet;  
Let it be rugged still and flinted o'er,  
What can come forth but sparkles that will burn  
Yourself and us? She's mine; my claim's most good:  
She's mine by marriage, tho' she's yours by blood.

**ANSELMO**

[Kneeling] I have a hand, dear lord, deep in this act,  
For I foresaw this storm, yet willingly  
Put forth to meet it. Oft have I seen a father  
Washing the wounds of his dear son in tears,  
A son to curse the sword that struck his father,  
Both slain i' th' quarrel of your families.  
Those scars are now ta'en off, and I beseech you  
To seal our pardon; all was to this end,  
To turn the ancient hates of your two houses  
To fresh green friendship, that your loves might look  
Like the spring's forehead, comfortably sweet,  
And your vex'd souls in peaceful union meet.  
Their blood will now be yours, yours will be theirs,  
And happiness shall crown your silver hairs.

**FLUELLO**

You see, my lord, there's now no remedy.

**OMNES**

Beseech your lordship!

**DUKE**

You beseech fair: you have me in place fit  
To bridle me. Rise, friar; you may be glad  
You can make madmen tame and tame men mad.  
Since fate hath conquered, I must rest content;  
To strive now would but add new punishment.  
I yield unto your happiness; be bless'd:  
Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.

**OMNES**

Oh, happy change!

**DUKE**

Yours now is my consent;  
I throw upon your joys my full content.

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

**BELLAFRONT**

Am not I a good girl for finding the friar in the well? Gods—so, you are a brave man! Will not you buy me some sugar—plums because I am so good a fortune—teller?

**DUKE**

Would thou hadst wit, thou pretty soul, to ask  
As I have will to give.

**BELLAFRONT**

Pretty soul! A pretty soul is better than a pretty body. Do not you know my pretty soul? I know you. Is not your name Matheo?

**MATHEO**

Yes, lamb.

**BELLAFRONT**

Baa, lamb! There you lie, for I am mutton. Look, fine man, he was mad for me once, and I was mad for him once, and he was mad for her once, and were you never mad? Yes, I warrant. I had a fine jewel once, a very fine jewel, and that naughty man stole it away from me, a very fine jewel.

**DUKE**

What jewel, pretty maid?

**BELLAFRONT**

Maid? Nay, that's a lie. Oh, 'twas a very rich jewel call'd a maidenhead, and had not you it, leerer?

**MATHEO**

Out, you mad ass! Away!

**DUKE**

Had he thy maidenhead?  
He shall make thee amends and marry thee.

**BELLAFRONT**

Shall he? Oh, brave Arthur of Bradley then!

**DUKE**

And if he bear the mind of a gentleman,  
I know he will.

**MATHEO**

I think I rifled her of some such paltry jewel.

**DUKE**

Did you? Then marry her; you see the wrong  
Has led her spirits into a lunacy.

**MATHEO**

How, marry her, my lord? 'Sfoot, marry a madwoman? Let a man get the tamest wife he can come by, she'll be mad enough afterward, do what he can.

**DUKE**

Nay then, Father Anselmo here shall do his best  
To bring her to her wits, and will you then?

**MATHEO**

I cannot tell I may choose.

**DUKE**

Nay, then law shall compel: I tell you, sir,  
So much her hard fate moves me, you should not breathe  
Under this air unless you married her.

**MATHEO**

Well then, when her wits stand in their right place I'll marry her.

**BELLAFRONT**

I thank your grace. Matheo, thou art mine;  
I am not mad, but put on this disguise  
Only for you, my lord, for you can tell  
Much wonder of me: but you are gone; farewell.  
Matheo, thou didst first turn my soul black;  
Now make it white again: I do protest,  
I'm pure as fire now, chaste as Cynthia's breast.

**HIPOLITO**

I durst be sworn, Matheo, she's indeed.

**MATHEO**

Cony-catch'd, gull'd! Must I sail in your fly-boat  
Because I help'd to rear your mainmast first?  
Plague 'found you for't! 'Tis well:  
The cuckold's stamp goes current in all nations.  
Some men have horns given them at their creations:  
If I be one of those, why, so it's better  
To take a common wench and make her good,  
Than one that simpers and at first will scarce  
Be tempted forth over the threshold door,  
Yet in one se'nnight, zounds, turns arrant whore!  
Come wench, thou shalt be mine, give me thy golls;  
We'll talk of legs hereafter. See, my lord;  
God give us joy.

**OMNES**

God give you joy.

Enter Candido's wife [Viola] and George.

**GEORGE**

Come, mistress, we are in Bedlam now. Mass, and see we come in pudding-time, for here's the duke.

The Honest Whore, Part One

**[VIOLA]**

My husband, good my lord.

**DUKE**

Have I thy husband?

**CASTRUCHIO**

It's Candido, my lord; he's here among the lunatics. Father Anselmo, pray fetch him forth.

[Exit Anselmo.]

This madwoman is his wife, and tho' she were not with child, yet did she long most spitefully to have her husband mad, and because she would be sure he should turn Jew, she plac'd him here in Beth'lem.

Enter Candido with Anselmo.

Yonder he comes.

**DUKE**

Come hither, signior. Are you mad?

**CANDIDO**

You are not mad.

**DUKE**

Why, I know that.

**CANDIDO**

Then may you know I am not mad that know  
You are not mad, and that you are the duke.  
None is mad here but one. How do you, wife?  
What do you long for now? Pardon, my lord,  
She had lost her child's nose else. I did cut out  
Pennyworths of lawn, the lawn was yet mine own;  
A carpet was my gown, yet 'twas mine own;  
I wore my man's coat, yet the cloth mine own;  
Had a crack'd crown, the crown was yet mine own:  
She says for this I'm mad; were her words true,  
I should be mad indeed. Oh, foolish skill,  
Is patience madness? I'll be a madman still.

**[VIOLA]**

[Kneeling] Forgive me and I'll vex your spirit no more.

**DUKE**

Come, come, we'll have you friends; join hearts, join hands.

**CANDIDO**

See my lord, we are even.

Nay, rise, for ill deeds kneel unto none but heaven.

[V.i. Outside the Duke's castle]

**DUKE**

Signior, methinks patience has laid on you  
Such heavy weight that you should loathe it.

**CANDIDO**

Loathe it?

**DUKE**

For he whose breast is tender, blood so cool  
That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool.  
What comfort do you find in being so calm?

**CANDIDO**

That which green wounds receive from sovereign balm:  
Patience, my lord. Why, 'tis the soul of peace.  
Of all the virtues 'tis near'st kin to heaven.  
It makes men look like gods; the best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,  
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.  
The stock of patience then cannot be poor;  
All it desires, it has: what monarch more?  
It is the greatest enemy to law  
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,  
And so chains up lawyers' and women's tongues.  
'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,  
His walks and orchards; 'tis the bondslave's freedom,  
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,  
As tho' he wore it more for state than pain.  
It is the beggar's music, and thus sings,  
Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.  
Oh, my dread liege, it is the sap of bliss,  
Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss,  
And, last of all, to end a household strife,  
It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife!

**DUKE**

Thou giv'st it lively colours. Who dare say  
He's mad whose words march in so good array?  
'Twere sin all women should such husbands have,  
For every man must then be his wife's slave.  
Come therefore, you shall teach our court to shine;  
So calm a spirit is worth a golden mine:  
Wives with meek husbands that to vex them long  
In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong.

Exeunt.

FINIS