

THE COXCOMB

[II. iv

Or she got home agen, she's now so strictly  
Look'd to, the wind can scarce come to her: or admit  
She were her selfe; if she would hear from me,  
From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus, 80  
She were so foolish, that she were no more  
To be beloved.

*Enter [Andrugio and] Servant with a Night-gown.*

*Servant.* Sir, we have found this night-gown she took with her.

*Andrugio.* Where?

*Richardo.* Where? where? speake quickly.

*Servant.* Searching in the Suburbs, we found a Tinker and his  
whore, that had it in a tap-house, whom we apprehended, and they  
confest they stole it from her.

*Richardo.* And murdered her? [Draws.]

*Silvio.* What aile you Man? 90

*Richardo.* Why, all this doth not make me mad.

*Silvio.* It does, you would not offer this else, good *Pedro* looke to  
his sword. [Pedro *disarms* Richardo.]

*Servant.* They do deny the killing of her, but swore they left  
her tyed to a tree, in the fields, next those Suburbs that are  
without our Ladies gate, near day, and by the rode, so that some  
passinger must needs unty her quickly.

*Andrugio.* The will of heaven be done! Sir I wil only entreat you  
this, that as you were the greatest occasion of her losse, that you  
will be pleased to urge your friends, and be your selfe earnest in the 100  
search of her; if she be found, she is yours, if she please, I my selfe  
only see these people better examin'd, and after follow some  
way in search, God keepe you Gentlemen.

*Exit [Andrugio with Servant].*

*Silvio.* Alas good man!

*Richardo.* What think you now of me, I think this lump  
Is nothing but a piece of fleagme congeal'd  
Without a soule, for where theres so much spirit  
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine  
Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,

87 it in] F 2; in it F 1

87 tap-house] F 2; sap-house F 1

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THE COXCOMB

And run like molten gold through every vein, 110  
Till it could burst these walls and fly away.  
Shall I intreat you all to take your horses,  
And search this innocent?

*Pedro.* With all our hearts.

*Richardo.* Do not devide your selves till you come there,  
Where they say she was ty'd, I'll follow too,  
But never to return till she be found.  
Give me my sword good *Pedro*, I will do  
No harme believe me with it, I am now  
Farre better temper'd; if I were not so, 120  
I have enow besides. God keep you all,  
And send us good successe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mercury and Servant.* III. i

*Mercury.* Who is it? can you tell?

*Servant.* By my troth Sir I know not, but 'tis a Gentlewoman.

*Mercury.* A Gentlewoman? I'll lay my life yon puppy h'as sent his  
wife to me: if he have, fling up the bed.

*Servant.* Here she is Sir.

*Enter Wife [Maria] with a letter.*

*Maria.* I am glad I found you Sir, there take your letter and keepe  
it till you have another friend to wrong, 'tis too malicious false to  
make me sin, you have provoked mee to be that I love not, a talker,  
and you shall heare me.

Why should you dare to imagine me 10  
So light a huswife, that from four hours knowledge  
You might presume to offer to my credite  
This rude and ruffian tryall; I am sure

\*110 vein] Dyce; sin F 1-2

0.1 Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.] F 1-2

3 Gentlewoman] Sympson; Gentleman F 1-2

3 yon] Langbaine; you F 1-2

6 Maria.] In this scene her speech-prefixes are Wife.