

The Knight of the Burning Pestle by Francis Beaumont & John Fletcher
M/M UA, QS

V, i. FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER 1141

JASP. Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors.
Exit Jasper.

Enter Humphrey.

WIFE. Look, George; his very ghost would have folks beaten.

HUM. Father, my bride is gone, fair Mistress Luce;
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice.

MERCH. Hence, fool, out of my sight;
with thy fond passion 40
Thou hast undone me. [*Beats him.*]

HUM. Hold, my father dear,
For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no peer!

MERCH. Thy father, fool? There's some blows more; begone.— [*Beats him.*]
Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeased
To see thy will performed. Now will I go
To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs.
Exit.

HUM. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And Mistress Luce is gone. Help me, device!
Since my true love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore,
But in the dark will wear out my shoe soles 51
In passion in Saint Faith's Church under Paul's.¹
Exit.

WIFE. George, call Rafe hither; if you love me, call Rafe hither. I have the bravest² thing for him to do, George; prithee, call him quickly.

CIT. Rafe! Why, Rafe, boy!

Enter Rafe.

RAFE. Here, sir.

CIT. Come hither, Rafe; come to thy mistress, boy. 60

WIFE. Rafe, I would have thee call all the youths together in battle ray,³ with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile End in pompous fashion, and

¹ Near St. Paul's Cathedral.

² Finest.

³ Array.

there exhort your soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning, Rafe; and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, "Kill, kill, kill!" My husband shall lend you his jerkin, Rafe, and there's a scarf; for the rest, the [70 house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for 't. Do it bravely, Rafe; and think before whom you perform, and what person you represent.

RAFE. I warrant you, mistress; if I do it not for the honor of the city and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedom!⁴

WIFE. 'Tis well spoken, i' faith. Go thy ways; thou art a spark indeed. 80

CIT. Rafe, Rafe, double your files bravely, Rafe!

RAFE. I warrant you, sir. *Exit Rafe.*

CIT. Let him look narrowly to his service;⁵ I shall take him else. I was there myself a pikeman once, in the hottest of the day, wench, had my feather shot sheer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring stick,⁶ and yet, I thank God, I am here. 90
Drum within.

WIFE. Hark, George, the drums!

CIT. Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran, tan! O, wench, an thou hadst but seen little Ned of Algate, Drum⁷ Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then stroke softly till the ward⁸ came up, and then thundered again, and together we go! "Sa, sa, sa, bounce!" quoth the guns; "Courage, my hearts!" quoth the captains; "Saint George!" quoth the [100 pikemen; and withal, here they lay, and there they lay. And yet for all this I am here, wench.

WIFE. Be thankful for it, George, for indeed 'tis wonderful.

[SCENA SECUNDA.

A street in London.]

Enter Rafe and his Company with drums and colors.

RAFE. March fair, my hearts! Lieutenant, beat the rear up.—Ancient,⁹ let your colors fly; but have a great care of

⁴ I.e., full membership in his company.

⁵ Equipment.

⁶ Ramrod.

⁷ Drummer.

⁸ Guard.

⁹ Standard bearer.