

Philaster by Francis Beaumont & John Fletcher

M/M SS, SmS, R&D, Kn

IV, iii. FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER 1219

*Enter Phara[mond], Dion, Cle[remont], Thra-  
si[line], and Woodmen.*

PHA. What art thou?

COUN. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

PHA. The princess, gentlemen!—Where's the wound, madam? Is it dangerous?

ARE. He has not hurt me. 120

COUN. By God, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; look else.

PHA. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

DI. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

ARE. I felt it not.

PHA. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

COUN. Is it the princess?

DI. Ay. 130

COUN. Then I have seen something yet.

PHA. But who has hurt her?

COUN. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

PHA. Madam, who did it?

ARE. Some dishonest wretch;

Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

COUN. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox<sup>1</sup> fly about his ears.

PHA. How will you have me kill [140 him?

ARE. Not at all; 'tis some distracted fellow.

PHA. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

ARE. Nay, good sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick<sup>2</sup> to me,

And I will study for a punishment Great as his fault. 149

PHA. I will.

ARE. But swear.

PHA. By all my love, I will.— Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king,

And bear that wounded fellow to dressing.—

Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

*Exeunt*<sup>3</sup> *Are[thusa], Pha[ramond], Di[on], Cle[remont], Thra[siline], and 1 Woodman.*

<sup>1</sup> Broad sword.

<sup>2</sup> Alive.

<sup>3</sup> Original reads *Exit*.

COUN. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 WOOD. That you shall, and receive thanks.

COUN. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. *Exeunt.*<sup>4</sup>

[SCENA iv.]

*Another part of the forest.]*

*Enter Bellario.*

BEL. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,

And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,

Forever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all, *[Lies down.]*

Let me unworthy press you; I could wish I rather were a corse strewed o'er with you

Than quick above you. Dullness shuts mine eyes,

And I am giddy. O, that I could take So sound a sleep that I might never wake! *[Sleeps.]*

*Enter Philaster.*

PHI. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false

To strike at her that would not strike at me. 10

When I did fight, methought I heard her pray

The gods to guard me. She may be abused,

And I a loathéd villain; if she be, She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds

And cannot follow; neither knows he me. Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou beest

Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep *Cry within.*

Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wronged,

So broken. Hark! I am pursued. You gods,

I'll take this offered means of my escape. 20

They have no mark to know me but my wounds,

<sup>4</sup> In original, stage direction appears at end of preceding speech.

If she be true; if false, let mischief light  
 On all the world at once! Sword, print  
 my wounds  
 Upon this sleeping boy! I ha' none, I  
 think,  
 Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on  
 thee. *Wounds him.*  
 BEL. O, death, I hope, is come! Blessed  
 be that hand!  
 It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!  
 PHI. I have caught myself;

*Phi[laster] falls.*  
 The loss of blood hath stayed my flight.  
 Here, here  
 Is he that stroke<sup>1</sup> thee. Take thy full  
 revenge;  
 Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than  
 death;  
 I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless  
 hand  
 Wounded the princess; tell my followers<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou didst receive these hurts in staying  
 me,

And I will second thee. Get a reward.  
 BEL. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!  
 PHI. How's this?  
 Wouldst thou I should be safe?  
 BEL. Else were it vain  
 For me to live. These little wounds I  
 have  
 Ha' not bled much. Reach me that noble  
 hand;  
 I'll help to cover you.

PHI. Art thou true to me? 40  
 BEL. Or let me perish loathed! Come,  
 my good lord,  
 Creep in among those bushes. Who does  
 know  
 But that the gods may save your much-  
 loved breath?

PHI. Then I shall die for grief, if not for  
 this,  
 That I have wounded thee. What wilt  
 thou do?

BEL. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear  
 um come. [*Philaster conceals himself.*]  
 [VOICES.] (*Within.*) Follow, follow, follow!  
 That way they went.

BEL. With my own wounds I'll bloody  
 my own sword.  
 I need not counterfeit to fall; heaven  
 knows  
 That I can stand no longer. [*Falls.*] 50

<sup>1</sup> Struck.<sup>2</sup> Pursuers.

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thras*  
*line*

PHA. To this place we have tracked him  
 by his blood.

CLE. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away  
 DI. Stay, sir! What are you?

BEL. A wretched creature, wounded  
 these woods

By beasts. Relieve me, if your name  
 be men,  
 Or I shall perish.

DI. This is he, my lord  
 Upon my soul, that hurt her. 'Tis the  
 boy,  
 That wicked boy that served her.

PHA. O, thou damn  
 In thy creation! What cause could  
 thou shape  
 To hurt the princess?

BEL. Then I am betrayed.  
 DI. Betrayed! No, apprehended.

BEL. I conf  
 (Urge it no more) that, big with  
 thoughts,

I set upon her, and did make my aim  
 Her death. For charity, let fall at once  
 The punishment you mean, and do  
 load

This weary flesh with tortures.  
 PHA. I will kn  
 Who hired thee to this deed.

BEL. Mine own reven  
 PHA. Revenge! For what?

BEL. It pleased her to rece  
 Me as her page and, when my fortune  
 ebbed,

That men strid<sup>3</sup> o'er them careless,  
 did shower

Her welcome graces on me, and did sw  
 My fortunes till they overflowed the  
 banks,

Threat'ning the men that crossed  
 when, as swift

As storms arise at sea, she turned  
 eyes

To burning suns upon me, and did  
 The streams she had bestowed, lea  
 me worse

And more contemned than other  
 brooks,

Because I had been great. In she  
 knew

<sup>3</sup> Strode.