

24 THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST

SPENCER.

She shall not rise, sir. Go, let your master snick-up.

1ST DRAWER.

And that should be first cousin to the hick-up.

*Re-enter 2nd Drawer.*

2ND DRAWER.

Bess, you must needs come. The gentlemen fling pots, pottles,  
drawers, and all downstairs.

The whole house is in an uproar.

BESS.

Pray, pardon, sir; I needs must be gone.

3RD DRAWER.

The gentlemen swear if she come not up to them, they will  
come down to her.

SPENCER.

If they come in peace,  
Like civil gentlemen, they may be welcome:  
If otherwise . . .

*Enter Carrol and the two Captains.*

CARROL.

Save you, gallants! We are somewhat bold, to press  
Into your company: it may be held scarce manners;  
Therefore, 'tis fit that we should crave your pardon.

SPENCER.

Sir, you are welcome; so are your friends.

1ST CAPTAIN.

Some wine!

BESS.

Pray give me leave to fill it.

SPENCER.

You shall not stir.

So, please you, we'll join company. Drawer, more stools.

CARROL.

I take't that's a she drawer. Are you of the house?

BESS.

I am, sir.

CARROL.

In what place?

BESS.

I draw.

CARROL.

Beer, do you not? You are some tapstress.

SPENCER.

Sir, the worst character you can bestow  
Upon the maid is to draw wine.

CARROL.

She would draw none to us.  
Perhaps she keeps a rundlet for your taste,  
Which none but you must pierce.

2ND CAPTAIN.

I pray be civil.

SPENCER.

I know not, gentlemen, what your intents be,  
Nor do I fear, or care. This is my room;  
And if you bear you, as you seem in show,  
Like gentlemen, sit and be sociable.

CARROL.

We will. (*To Bess:*) Minx, by your leave.  
Remove, I say.

SPENCER.

She shall not stir.

CARROL.

How, sir?

SPENCER.

No, sir. Could you outface the devil,  
We do not fear your roaring.

CARROL.

Though you may be companion with a drudge,  
It is not fit she should have place by us.  
About your business, housewife.

SPENCER.

She is worthy

The place as the best here, and she shall keep't.

CARROL.

You lie.

*They draw and justle. Carrol is slain.*

GOODLACK.

The gentleman's slain: away!

BESS.

O, Heaven! What have you done?