

Is less disturbed than I. I'll make you know 't.
 Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
 [Offers his drawn sword.]¹
 And search how temperate a heart I have;
 Then you and this your boy may live and reign
 In lust without control.—Wilt thou, Bellario?
 I prithee, kill me; thou art poor, and mayst
 Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
 This way were freer. Am I raging now?
 If I were mad, I should desire to live.
 Sirs,² feel my pulse, whether you have known
 A man in a more equal tune to die.
 BEL. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps mad-man's time!
 So does your tongue.
 PHI. You will not kill me, then?
 ARE. Kill you?
 BEL. Not for the world.
 PHI. I blame not thee, Bellario; thou has done but that which gods
 Would have transformed themselves to do. Begone;
 Leave me without reply. This is the last
 Of all our meeting.—(Exit Bellario.)
 Kill me with this sword.
 Be wise, or worse will follow; we are two
 Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
 Or suffer.
 ARE. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
 Upon ' thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
 Yet tell me this: will there be no slanders,
 No jealousy in the other world, no ill there?
 PHI. No.
 ARE. Show me then the way.
 PHI. Then guide my feeble hand,
 You that have power to do it, for I must
 Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth

¹ From 1620 edn.² At.³ Formerly applied to both sexes.

Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
 Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
 ARE. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow.

COUN. [Aside.] I'll see the king, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours. If I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that outride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits.—There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think!

PHI. Are you at peace?

ARE. With heaven and earth. 89

PHI. May they divide thy soul and body!

[Wounds her.]

COUN. Hold, dastard! Strike a woman! Th'art a craven. I warrant thee, thou wouldst be loath to play half a dozen venies at wasters⁴ with a good fellow for a broken head.

PHI. Leave us, good friend.

ARE. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself

Upon our private sports, our recreations?

COUN. God 'uds⁵ me, I understand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you.

PHI. Pursue thy own affairs. It will be ill
 To multiply blood upon my head, which thou

Wilt force me to. 102

COUN. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

They fight.

PHI. Slave, take what thou deservest!

ARE. Heavens guard my lord!

COUN. O, do you breathe?

PHI. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt.
 The gods take part against me. Could this boor

Have held me thus else? I must shift
 for life, 110

Though I do loathe it. I would find a course

To lose it rather by my will than force.

Exit Philaster.

COUN. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

⁴ Bouts at cudgels.⁵ God judge.