

And gave you credit to converse with
cobwebs
Here since your mistress' death hath
broke up house.

FACE. You might talk softlier, rascal.

SUB. No, you scarab,
I'll thunder you in pieces. I will teach
you 60
How to beware to tempt a Fury again
That carries tempest in his hand and
voice.

FACE. The place has made you valiant.

SUB. No, your clothes.
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of
dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living
thing
Would keep thee company but a spider
or worse?

Raised thee from brooms, and dust, and
wat'ring-pots,
Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and
fized thee

I' the *third region*, called our *state of
grace?*

Wrought thee to *spirit*, to *quintessence*,
with pains 70

Would twice have won me the *philos-
ophers' work?*

Put thee in words and fashion? Made
thee fit

For more than ordinary fellowships?

Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarreling
dimensions?

Thy rules to cheat at horse race, cockpit,
cards,

Dice, or whatever gallant tincture¹ else?
Made thee a second in mine own great
art?

And have I this for thank? Do you
rebel?

Do you fly out i' the *projection?*²

Would you be gone now?

DOLL. Gentlemen, what mean you? 80
Will you mar all?

SUB. Slave, thou hadst had no name—

DOLL. Will you undo yourselves with
civil war?

SUB. Never been known, past *equi ciba-
num*,

The heat of horse dung, under ground,
in cellars,

¹ Inclination to gallantry.

² On the completion of the experiment.

Or an alehouse darker than deaf John's—
been lost

To all mankind but laundresses and
tapsters,
Had not I been.

DOLL. Do you know who hears you
sovereign?

FACE. Sirrah—

DOLL. Nay, general, I thought you
were civil.

FACE. I shall turn desperate, if you grow
thus loud.

SUB. And hang thyself, I care not.

FACE. Hang thee, collier,
And all thy pots and pans! In picture
I will,
Since thou hast moved me—

³ (DOLL. O, this'll o'erthrow all

FACE. Write thee up bawd in Paul's,⁴ have
all thy tricks

Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust
scrapings,

Searching for things lost, with a sieve and
shears,

Erecting figures in your rows of houses
And taking in of shadows with a glass

Told⁵ in red letters, and a face cut for
thee

Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.⁶

DOLL. Are you sound?
Ha' you your senses, masters?

FACE. I will have
A book, but barely reckoning thy
postures,

Shall prove a true *philosophers' stone*
printers.

SUB. Away, you trencher-rascal!

FACE. Out, you dog leech!
The vomit of all prisons—

DOLL. Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen?

FACE. Still spewed
For lying too heavy o' the basket.⁷

SUB. Cheat

FACE. Bawd!

³ Jonson frequently encloses in parentheses passages that are aside or are incidental to the main action.

⁴ St. Paul's Cathedral, a common meeting place for all London.

⁵ A method of divination.

⁶ Written.

⁷ A highwayman hanged in 1605.

⁸ Taking more than his share of the prison food.

SUB. Cowherd!
 FACE. Conjuror!
 SUB. Cutpurse!
 FACE. Witch!
 DOLL. O me!
 We are ruined, lost! Ha' you no more regard
 To your reputations? Where's your judgment? 'Slight,¹
 Have yet some care of me, o' your republic— 110
 FACE. Away, this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue, within
 The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio
 Of Harry the Eighth,² ay, and perhaps thy neck
 Within a noose, for laund'ring³ gold and barbing⁴ it.
 DOLL. You'll bring your head within a coxcomb,⁵ will you?

She catcheth out Face his sword, and breaks Subtle's glass.

And you, sir, with your menstrue!⁶
 Gather it up.
 'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
 Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
 Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
 I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal⁷ 120
 For ne'er a snarling dogbolt⁸ o' you both.
 Ha' you together cozened all this while
 And all the world, and shall it now be said
 Yo' have made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?—
 [To Face.] You will accuse him? You will bring him in
 Within the statute? Who shall take your word—
 A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
 Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust

¹ By God's light, a mild oath. Cf. also *Of's* precious, *'Said*, etc. ² Bitch.

³ In the thirty-third year of Henry the Eighth, i.e., 1541.

⁴ "Sweating," i.e., washing in acid.

⁵ Clipping. ⁶ Solvent.

⁷ Fool's cap. ⁸ Prison warden.

⁹ Useless arrow; hence, a worthless thing.

So much as for a feather?—[To Subtle.]
 And you too
 Will give the cause, forsooth? You will insult,⁹ 130
 And claim a primacy in the divisions?
 You must be chief, as if you only had
 The poulder to project¹⁰ with, and the work
 Were not begun out of equality?
 The venter¹¹ tripartite? All things in common?
 Without priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual curs,
 Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly
 And heartily and lovingly, as you should,
 And lose not the beginning of a term,¹²
 Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious
 too 140
 And take my part and quit you.

FACE. 'Tis his fault;
 He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
 And says the weight of all lies upon him.

SUB. Why, so it does.

DOLL. How does it? Do not we sustain our parts?

SUB. Yes, but they are not equal.

DOLL. Why, if your part exceed today, I hope
 Ours may tomorrow match it.

SUB. Ay, they may.

DOLL. "May," murmuring mastiff? Ay, and do. Death on me!
 Help me to thrattle¹⁴ him.

[Strives to choke him.]

SUB. Dorothy! Mistress Dorothy!
 Od's precious, I'll do anything. What do you mean? 150

DOLL. Because o' your fermentation and cibation?

SUB. Not I, by heaven—

DOLL. Your *Sol* and *Luna*—[To Face.]
 Help me!

SUB. Would I were hanged then! I'll conform myself.

DOLL. Will you, sir? Do so then, and quickly. Swear.

SUB. What should I swear?

⁹ Behave insolently.

¹⁰ Apply the elixir to the metal to be transmuted. ¹¹ Venture.

¹² A term of court, when London was crowded with visitors. ¹³ Thrattle.

DOLL. To leave your faction, sir,
And labor kindly in the commune ' work.

SUB. Let me not breathe if I meant aught
beside.
I only used those speeches as a spur
To him.

DOLL. I hope we need no spurs, sir.
Do we?

FACE. 'Slid, prove today who shall shark ' best.

SUB. Agreed. 160

DOLL. Yes, and work close and friendly.

SUB. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger for this breach,
with me. [They shake hands.]

DOLL. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall
we go make
A sort ' of sober, scurvy, precise neigh-
bors,¹
That scarce have smiled twice sin' the
king came in,²
A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,
Would run themselves from breath to see
me ride,³
Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your
heads in,
For which you should pay ear-rent.⁴ No,
agree.
And may Don Provoost ' ride a-feasting ' long 170
In his old velvet jerkin and stained
scarfs,
My noble sovereign and worthy general,
Ere we contribute a new crewel ' garter
To his most worsted worship.

SUB. Royal Doll!
Spoken like Claridiana,¹¹ and thyself.

FACE. For which at supper thou shalt sit
in triumph,
And not be styled Doll Common, but
Doll Proper,
Doll Singular. The longest cut at
night
Shall draw thee for his Doll Particular.
[A bell rings.]

¹ Common. ⁴ *I.e.*, the Puritans.
² Swindle, cozen. ⁵ In 1603.
³ Crowd. ⁶ *I.e.*, carted as a bawd.
⁷ *I.e.*, lose your ears in the pillory.
⁸ *I.e.*, the hangman, part of whose perquisites
was the clothes of the criminal.
⁹ Thriving.
¹⁰ A worsted yarn, with a pun on *cruel*.
¹¹ Heroine of the romance, *The Mirror of
Knighthood*.

SUB. Who's that? One rings. To the
window, Doll. Pray heaven 18
The master do not trouble us thi
quarter.

FACE. O, fear not him. While there die
one a week
O' the plague, he's safe from thinkin
toward London.
Beside, he's busy at his hopyards now
I had a letter from him. If he do,
He'll send such word for airing o' th
house
As you shall have sufficient time to qu
it.
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis
matter.

SUB. Who is it, Doll?

DOLL. A fine young quodling

FACE.
My lawyer's clerk I lighted on la
night
In Holborn at the Dagger. He wo
have
(I told you of him) a familiar,¹²
To rife ' with at horses and win cu

DOLL. O, let him in.

SUB. Stay. Who shall do
Get

FACE.
Your robes on; I will meet him,
going out.

DOLL. And what shall I do?

FACE. Not be seen; away!—[Exit D
Seem you very reserved.

SUB. Enough. [E
God

FACE. [Shouting to Subtle.]
w' you, sir.
I pray you let him know that I was
His name is Dapper.—[Pretends to lee
I would gladly have stayed, but

ACT I. SCENE II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

[DAP.] Captain, I am here.

FACE. Who's that?—He's come, I t
doctor.—
Good faith, sir, I was going away.
DAP. In t
I am very sorry, captain.
FACE. But I th
Sure I should meet you.

¹² Codling, a green apple; here an im
young man. ¹⁴ Raffle, hold a
¹³ Familiar spirit. ¹⁵ As if.