

4.2 THE ROVER

ANGELICA Well, sir, you may be gay: all happiness, all joys pursue
 you still; fortune's your slave, and gives you every hour choice of
 new hearts and beauties, till you are cloyed with the repeated bliss,
 which others vainly languish for. 160
 But know, false man, that I shall be revenged.
 [Angellica] turns away in rage

WILLMORE So, gad, there are of those° faint-hearted lovers, whom 165
 such a sharp lesson next their hearts, would make as impotent as
 fourscore. Pox o' this whining! My business is to laugh and love;
 a pox on't, I hate your sullen lover; a man shall lose as much time
 to put you in humour now, as would serve to gain a new woman.

ANGELICA I scorn to cool that fire I cannot raise, 170
 Or do the drudgery of your virtuous mistress.

WILLMORE A virtuous mistress! Death, what a thing thou hast found
 out for me! Why, what the devil should I do with a virtuous
 woman? A sort of ill-natured creatures, that take a pride to torment
 a lover. Virtue is but an infirmity in woman; a disease that renders 175
 even the handsome ungrateful; whilst the ill-favoured, for want of
 solicitations and address, only fancy themselves so. I have lain with
 a woman of quality, who has all the while been railing at whores.

ANGELICA I will not answer for your mistress's virtue,
 Though she be young enough to know no guilt; 180
 And I could wish you would persuade my heart
 'Twas the two hundred thousand crowns you courted.

WILLMORE Two hundred thousand crowns! What story's this, what
 trick? What woman? Ha!

ANGELICA How strange you make it. Have you forgot the creature 185
 you entertained on the Piazza last night?

WILLMORE (aside) Ha, my gipsy worth two hundred thousand
 crowns? Oh, how I long to be with her. Pox, I knew she was of
 quality.

ANGELICA False man! I see my ruin in your face. 190
 How many vows you breathed upon my bosom,
 Never to be unjust: have you forgot so soon?

WILLMORE Faith no, I was just coming to repeat 'em. But here's a
 humour, indeed, would make a man a saint. (Aside) Would she
 would be angry enough to leave me, and command me not to wait 195
 on her.

HELLENA [aside] This must be Angellica, I know it by her mumping
 matron here; aye, aye, 'tis she! My mad captain's with her too, for

all his swearing. How
 [To Moretta] Pray, go
 MORETTA My too you:
 Antonio.

[Moretta] goes
 HELLENA (aside) Well,
 ANGELICA [to Moretta
 to receive a lover?
 WILLMORE Not speak
 idler minutes. Can
 fondly?

[Willmore] offe
 ANGELICA A fine exc
 WILLMORE And hinde
 ties so ungratefully?
 ANGELICA [to Hellen
 let you see

How much above th
 I prize one minute'
 WILLMORE Oh, you
 impatient to be gone'
 not be fit I shoul
 convenient; and I'v

ANGELICA I see you
 WILLMORE (aside) Ar
 [Willmore] wa
 who addresses

HELLENA Madam,
 You'll hardly pardo
 When you shall kn
 And I'm too young
 But there must be
 Where so much be

ANGELICA A pretty
 Prithee proceed. (
 shall not go.

WILLMORE (aside) T
 she stays me out o
 [HELLENA] I am rela
 Young, rich, and r
 To be in love with