

THE ROVER

II.i

Angellica throws open the curtains and bows to Antonio, who pulls off his vizard and bows and blows up kisses. Pedro, unseen, looks in's face. [The curtains close.]

ANTONIO.

By heaven, she's charming fair!

PEDRO (*aside*).

'Tis he, the false Antonio!

ANTONIO (*to the bravo*).

Friend, where must I pay my off'ring of love?

My thousand crowns I mean.

195

PEDRO.

That off'ring I have designed to make,
And yours will come too late.

ANTONIO.

Prithee begone; I shall grow angry else,
And then thou art not safe.

PEDRO.

My anger may be fatal, sir, as yours,
And he that enters here may prove this truth.

200

ANTONIO.

I know not who thou art, but I am sure thou'rt worth my
killing, for aiming at Angellica. *They draw and fight.*

Enter Willmore and Blunt, who draw and part 'em.

BLUNT.

'Adsheartlikins, here's fine doings.

WILLMORE.

Tilting for the wench, I'm sure. Nay, gad, if that would 205
win her I have as good a sword as the best of ye. Put up, put
up, and take another time and place, for this is designed for
lovers only. *They all put up.*

PEDRO.

We are prevented; dare you meet me tomorrow on the Molo?
For I've a title to a better quarrel, 210
That of Florinda, in whose credulous heart
Thou'st made an int'rest, and destroyed my hopes.

191.1.] Q1-2; S.D. follows l. 193, 197. too] Q1, Q3, A, B; not Q2.
Q3, A, B. 199. not] Q1, Q3, A, B; too Q2.

209. Molo] mall.

ANTONIO.

Dare!

I'll meet thee there as early as the day.

PEDRO.

We will come thus disguised, that whosoever chance to get 215
the better, he may escape unknown.

ANTONIO.

It shall be so.

Exeunt Pedro and Stephano.

—Who should this rival be? Unless the English colonel, of
whom I've often heard Don Pedro speak. It must be he, and
time he were removed who lays a claim to all my happiness. 220

Willmore, having gazed all this while on the picture, pulls down a little one.

WILLMORE.

This posture's loose and negligent;
The sight on't would beget a warm desire
In souls whom impotence and age had chilled.
This must along with me.

BRAVO.

What means this rudeness, sir? Restore the picture. 225

ANTONIO.

Ha! Rudeness committed to the fair Angellica! —Restore
the picture, sir.

WILLMORE.

Indeed I will not, sir.

ANTONIO.

By heaven, but you shall.

WILLMORE.

Nay, do not show your sword; if you do, by this dear beauty, 230
I will show mine too.

ANTONIO.

What right can you pretend to't?

WILLMORE.

That of possession, which I will maintain. You, perhaps,
have a thousand crowns to give for the original.

ANTONIO.

No matter, sir, you shall restore the picture. 235

216. may] *Q1-2, A, B*; shall *Q3*. 220.1. on] *Q1-2, A, B*; at *Q3*.

[*The curtains open;*] Angellica and Moretta above.

ANGELLICA.

Oh, Moretta, what's the matter?

ANTONIO.

Or leave your life behind.

WILLMORE.

Death! You lie; I will do neither.

They fight. The Spaniards join with Antonio, Blunt laying on like mad.

ANGELLICA.

Hold, I command you, if for me you fight.

They leave off and bow.

WILLMORE [*aside*].

How heavenly fair she is! Ah, plague of her price! 240

ANGELLICA.

You sir, in buff, you that appear a soldier, that first began this insolence—

WILLMORE.

'Tis true, I did so, if you call it insolence for a man to preserve himself. I saw your charming picture and was wounded; quite through my soul each pointed beauty ran; 245 and wanting a thousand crowns to procure my remedy, I laid this little picture to my bosom, which, if you cannot allow me, I'll resign.

ANGELLICA.

No, you may keep the trifle.

ANTONIO.

You shall first ask me leave, and this. *Fight again as before.* 250

Enter Belvile and Frederick, who join with the English.

ANGELLICA.

Hold! Will you ruin me? —Biskey! Sebastian! Part 'em!

The Spaniards are beaten off.

MORETTA.

Oh, madam, we're undone. A pox upon that rude fellow; he's set on to ruin us. We shall never see good days again till all these fighting poor rogues are sent to the galleys.

235.1.] Q2; S.D. follows l. 236, Q1, 238.1.] S.D. with l. 239.1, Q1-3, A, Q3, A, B.