

ACT II. SCENE V.

[A room in Corvino's house.]

Corvino, Celia, Servatore.²

Would you had never seen her!
VOLP. Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her!

MOS. Sir, 'tis true;
I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy; but I'm bound in
conscience,
No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will,
sir.

VOLP. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?

MOS. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of aught
Within a human compass.

VOLP. O, there spoke 20
My better angel. Mosca, take my
keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels—all 's at thy de-
votion;
Employ them how thou wilt. Nay, coin
me too,
So thou in this but crown my longings,
Mosca.

MOS. Use but your patience.

VOLP. So I have.

MOS. I doubt not
To bring success to your desires.

VOLP. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.

MOS. If you can horn¹ him, sir, you need
not.

VOLP. True.
Besides, I never meant him for my heir.
Is not the color o' my beard and eye-
brows 30
To make me known?

MOS. No jot.

VOLP. I did it well.

MOS. So well, would I could follow you
in mine
With half the happiness! And yet I
would

Escape your epilogue.³

VOLP. But were they gulled
With a belief that I was Scoto?

MOS. Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have dis-
tinguished!

I have not time to flatter you now; we'll
part,

And, as I prosper, so applaud my art.
[Exeunt.]

¹ Cuckold.

² *I.e.*, a similar beating from Corvino.

[CORV.] Death of mine honor, with the
city's fool?

A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating
mountebank?

And at a public windore? Where, whilst
be,

With his strained action and his dole of
faces,⁴

To his drug-lecture draws your itching
ears,

A crew of old, unmarried, noted lechers
Stood leering up like satyrs; and you
smile

Most graciously, and fan your favors
forth,

To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call?

Their whistle?

Or were you enamored on his copper
rings,

His saffron jewel, with the toadstone
in 't,

Or his embroidered suit, with the cop-
stitch,

Made of a hearse cloth? Or his old tilt-
feather?

Or his starched beard? Well, you shall
have him, yes!

He shall come home, and minister unto
you

The fricace for the mother.⁵ Or, let me
see,

I think you had rather mount; would
you not mount?

Why, if you'll mount, you may; yet
truly, you may!

And so you may be seen, down to the
foot.

Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man.

Make one. I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
old,

And save your dowry. I'm a Dutch
man, II

For, if you thought me an Italian,

³ Enters later.

⁴ Grimes.
⁵ A fossil or semi-precious stone, popularly
supposed to have come from the head of a toad.

⁶ Tilted.

⁷ Hysteria.

You would be damned ere you did this,
you whore!
Thou'dst tremble to imagine that the
murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow as the subject of my justice.

CEL. Good sir, have patience.

CORV. [*Drawing his dagger.*] What
couldst thou propose¹ 30
Less to thyself than, in this heat of wrath
And stung with my dishonor, I should
strike

This steel unto thee, with as many stabs
As thou wert gazed upon with goatish
eyes?

CEL. Alas, sir, be appeased! I could not
think

My being at the windore should more now
Move your impatience than at other
times.

CORV. No? Not to seek and entertain a
parley

With a known knave, before a multi-
tude?

You were an actor with your handker-
chief, 40

Which he most sweetly kissed in the receipt,
And might, no doubt, return it with a
letter,

And point the place where you might
meet; your sister's,

Your mother's, or your aunt's might
serve the turn.

CEL. Why, dear sir, when do I make these
excuses,

Or ever stir abroad but to the church?
And that so seldom—

CORV. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty

To what I now decree; and therefore
mark me.

First, I will have this bawdy light
damned up, 50

And, till 't be done, some two or three
yards off

I'll chalk a line, o'er which if thou but
chance

To set thy desp'rate foot, more hell,
more horror,

More wild, remorseless rage shall seize
on thee

on thee

¹ Expect.

Than on a conjuror that had heedless
left

His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.
Then here's a lock which I will hang upon
thee,

And, now I think on 't, I will keep thee
backwards;²

Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy
walks backwards;

Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no
pleasure 60

That thou shalt know but backwards.
Nay, since you force

My honest nature, know it is your own,
Being too open, makes me use you thus.

Since you will not contain your subtle
nostrils

In a sweet room, but they must snuff
the air

Of rank and sweaty passengers—(*Knock
within.*) One knocks.

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Not look toward the windore; if thou
dost—

Nay, stay, hear this—let me not prosper,
whore,

But I will make thee an anatomy,³ 70
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a
lecture

Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away!— [*Exit Celia.*]

[*Enter Servitors.*]

Who's there?
'Tis Signior Mosca, sir.

SER. 70

ACT II. SCENE VI.
[*The same.*]

CORVINO, MOSCA.

[CORV.] Let him come in. His master's
dead; there's yet

Some good to help the bad.—My Mosca,
welcome!

I guess your news.
Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.

CORV. Is 't not his death?
Mos. Rather the contrary.

CORV. Not his recovery?
Mos. Yes, sir.

CORV. I am cursed,
I am cursed,

² In the rear of the house. ³ Cadaver.