

THE DUENNA

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

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THE DUENNA

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Lopez, with a dark Lanthorn.

THE DUENNA

Lopez.

Past three o'clock! soh! a notable hour for one of my regular disposition to be strolling like a bravo thro' the streets of Seville; well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardest not that I am an enemy to love; but my love and my master's differ strangely Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink or sleep now, my love gives me an appetite then I am fond of dreaming of my mistress, and I love dearly to toast her This cannot be done without good sleep, and good liquor, hence my partiality to a feather bed, and a bottle what a pity now, that I have not further time for reflections; but my master expects hee, honest Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess [*Music without*] hey! sure I heard music! so! so! who have we here? Oh, Don Antonio, my master's friend, come from the Masquerade to serenade my young mistress, Donna Louisa, I suppose! soh! we shall have the old gentleman up presently least he shou'd miss his son, I had best lose no time in getting to my post.

[Exit.

Enter Antonio, with Masks and Music.

ANTONIO. Song. (Soft Sym.)

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
So gently speak thy master's pain;
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That tho' my sleeping love shall know
Who sings who sighs below.
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?
Thus may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.

1st Mask.

Antonio, your mistress will never wake while you sing so dolefully; love, like a cradled infant, is lull'd by a sad melody.

Antonio.

I do not wish to disturb her rest.

1st Mask.

The reason is, because you know she does not regard you enough, to appear if you waked her.

THE DUENNA

Antonio.

Nay, then I'll convince you.

SINGS.

The breadth of morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair,
Nor till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day, I own no light.

Louisa replies from a Window.

Waking I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight,
'Tis Phoebus sure that woos, I cried,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

Don Jerome from a Window.

What vagabonds are these I hear
Fidling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting,
Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly.

TRIO.

Louisa.

Nay, pry thee, father, why so rough,

Ant.

An humble lover I,

Jer.

How durst you daughter lend an ear
To such deceitful stuff?
Quick from the window fly.

Louisa.

THE DUENNA

Adieu, Antonio!

Ant.

Must you go?

Louisa, Ant.

We soon perhaps, may meet again

For tho' hard fortune is our foe,

The god of love will fight for us.

Jer.

Reach me the Blunderbuss.

Ant. & Lou.

The god of love, who knows our pain,

Jer.

Hence, or these slugs are thro' your brain.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

A Piazza:

Enter Ferdinand and Lopez.

Lopez.

Truly, sir, I think that a litle sleep once in a week or so.

Ferd.

Peace fool, don't mention sleep to me.

Lopez.

No, no, sir, I don't mention your low-bred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half an hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing.

Ferd.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Peace, booby, I say. O Clara, dear, cruel disturber of my rest.

Lopez.

And of mine too.

Ferd.

S'death! to trifle with me at such a juncture as this now to stand on punctilios love me! I don't believe she ever did.

Lopez.

Nor I either.

Ferd.

Or is it that her sex never know their desires for an hour together.

Lopez.

Ah, they know them oftner than they'll own them.

Ferd.

Is there in the world so inconstant a creature as Clara?

Lopez.

I cou'd name one.

Ferd.

Yes; the tame fool who submits to her caprice.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Lopez.

I thought he couldn't miss it.

Ferd.

Is she not capricious, teizing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd, ay, a wilderness of faults and follies, her looks are scorn, and her very smiles s'death! I wish I hadn't mention'd her smiles; for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness O death and madness, I shall die if I lose her.

Lopez.

O those damn'd smiles have undone all.

AIR. Ferdinand.

Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon would impartial reason
The tyrant love disarm.
But when enraged I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests each beauty,
And sees while reason's blind.

Lopez.

Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

Ferd.

Well, go you home I shall be there presently.

Lopez.

Ah those curst smiles.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

[Exit.

Enter Antonio.

Ferd.

Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chaunting before our door was my father wak'd?

Ant.

Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music, so I left him roaring at his barr'd window like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

Ferd.

I believe I told you that to-morrow was the day fix'd by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural step-mother, for her to enter a Convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune, made desperate by this, I procur'd a key to the door, and brib'd Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning I entered, unperceived, and stole to her chamber I found her waking and weeping.

Ant.

Happy Ferdinand!

Ferd.

S'death, hear the conclusion I was rated as the most confident ruffian, for daring to approach her room at that hour of night.

Ant.

Ay, ay, this was at first.

Ferd.

THE DUENNA

No such thing! she wou'd not hear a word from me, bnt threat'ned to raise her mother if I did not instantly leave her.

Ant.

Well; but at last?

Ferd.

At last! why, I was forced to leave the house as I came in.

Ant.

And did you do nothing to offend her?

Ferd.

Nothing, as I hope to be saved I believe I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

Ant.

Was that all? well, I think I never heard of such assurance.

Ferd.

Zounds! I tell you I behaved with the utmost respect.

Ant.

Olord! I dont mean you, but in her but, hark'y, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

Ferd.

Yes; the maid who saw me out took it from the door.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Ant.

Then my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

Ferd.

Ay, to bless my rival perhaps I am in a humour to suspect every body you lov'd her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

Ant.

Yes, I loved her till I found she wou'dn't love me, and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

AIR.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that wou'd not look on me:
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it to be sure:
Nor can I be certain then
T'll it grateful press again:
Must I with attentive eye
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your sister, help me there, and I can never disturb you with Clara.

Ferd.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

As far as I can consistently with the honor of our family, you know I will; but there must be no cloping.

Ant.

And yet now, you wou'd carry off Clara.

Ferd.

Ay, that's a different case we never mean that others shou'd act to our sisters and wives as we do to others But to-morrow Clara is to be forc'd into a convent.

Ant.

Well: and am not I so unfortunately circumstanc'd? To-morrow your father forces Louisa to marry Isaac, the Portugueze but come with me, and we'll devise something, I warrant.

Ferd.

I must go home.

Ant.

Well, adieu.

Ferd.

But, Antonio, if you did not love my sister, you have too much honor and friendship to supplant me with Clara.

AIR. Antonio.

Friendship is the bond of reason,
But if beauty disapprove,
Heaven dissolves all other treason
In the heart that's true to love.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

The faith which to my friend I swore
As a civil oath I view,
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

[Exit Antonio.]

Ferd.

There is always a levity in Antonio's manner of replying to me on this subject, that is very alarming. S'death, if Clara shou'd love him after all.

AIR.

Tho' cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love too are strong;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah, none but the jealous, the jealous can know.

When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore;
Those smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more.
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falser she seems still the fonder I grow.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Scene A Room in Don Jerome's house.

Enter Louisa and Duenna.

Louisa.

But my dear Margaret, my charming Duenna, do you think we shall succeed?

THE DUENNA

Duenna.

I tell you again I have no doubt on't; but it must be instantly put to the trial Every thing is prepared in your room, and for the rest we must trust to fortune.

Louisa.

My father's oath was never to see me till I had consented to

Duenna.

'Twas thus I overheard him say to his friend, Don Guzman, "I will demand of her to-morrow, once for all, whether she will consent to marry Isaac Mendoza If she hesitates, I will make a solemn oath never to see or speak to her till she returns to her duty" these were his words.

Louisa.

And on his known obstinate adherence to what he has once said, you have form'd this plan for my escape But have you secured my maid in our interest.

Duenna.

She is a party in the whole but remember, if we succeed, you resign all right and title in little Isaac the Jew, over to me.

Louisa.

That I do with all my soul, get him if you can, and I shall wish you joy most heartily. He is twenty times as rich as my poor Antonio.

AIR

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call,
But I was glad to find thee poor,

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall shew,
That I, the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow.
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

Duenna.

I hear Don Jerome coming Quick, give me the last letter I brought you from Antonio you know that is to be the ground of my dismissal I must slip out to seal it up as undelivered.

[Exit.

Enter Don Jerome and Ferdinand.

Jerome.

What, I suppose you have been serenading too! Eh, disturbing some peaceable neighbourhood with villainous catgut and lascivious piping, out on't! you set your sister here a vile example but I come to tell you, madam, that I'll suffer no more of these midnight incantations, these amorous orgies that steal the senses in the hearing; as they say Egyptian Embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain thro' the ears; however, there's an end of your frolics Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and to-morrow you shall marry him.

Louisa.

Never while I have life.

Ferd.

Indeed, Sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

Jerome.

Sir, you are very kind to favour me with your sentiments and pray, what is your objection to him.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

He is a Portugueze in the first place.

Jerome.

No such thing, boy, he has forsworn his country.

Louisa.

He is a Jew.

Jerome.

Another mistake: he has been a christian these six weeks.

Ferd.

Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Louisa.

But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

Jerome.

Any thing more?

Ferd.

But the most remarkable part of his character, is his passion for deceit, and tricks of cunning.

Louisa.

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

Tho' at the same time, the fool predominates so much over the knave, that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

Ferd.

True, like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and is hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

Jerome.

Any thing more?

Louisa.

To sum up all, he has the worst fault a husband can have he's not my choice.

Jerome.

But you are his; and choice on one side is sufficient two lovers shou'd never meet in marriage be you sour as you please, he is sweet temper'd, and for your good fruit, there's nothing like ingrafting on a crab.

Louisa.

I detest him as a lover, and shall ten times more as a husband.

Jerome.

I don't know that marriage generally makes a great change but to cut the matter short, will you have him or not?

Louisa.

There is nothing else I could disobey you in.

Jerome.

Do you value your father's peace?

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

Louisa.

So much, that I will not fasten on him the regret of making an only daughter wretched.

Jerome.

Very well, ma'am, then mark me never more will I see or converse with you till you return to your duty no reply this and your chamber shall be your apartments, I never will stir out without leaving you under lock and key, and when I'm at home no creature can approach you but thro' my library we'll try who can be most obstinate out of my sight There remain till you know your duty.

[Pushes her out.]

Ferd.

Surely, Sir, my sister's inclinations shou'd be consulted in a matter of this kind, and some regard paid to Don Antonio, being my particular friend.

Jerome.

That, doubtless, is a very great recommendation I certainly have not paid sufficient respect to it.

Ferd.

There is not a man living I wou'd sooner chuse for a brother-in-law.

Jerome.

Very possible; and if you happen to have e'er a sister, who is not at the same time a daughter of mine, I'm sure I shall have no objection to the relationship but at present, if you please, we'll drop the subject.

Ferd.

Nay, sir, 'tis only my regard for my sister makes me speak.

THE DUENNA

Jerome.

Then, pray, sir, in future, let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue.

Ferd.

I have done, sir I shall only add a wish that you wou'd reflect what at our age you wou'd have felt, had you been crost in your affection for the mother of her you are so severe to.

Jerome.

Why I must confess I had a great affection for your mother's ducats, but that was all, boy I married her for her fortune, and she took me in obedience to her father, and a very happy couple we were we never expected any love from one another, and so we were never disappointed If we grumbled a little now and then, it was soon over, for we were never fond enough to quarrel, and when the good woman died, why, why I had as lieve she had lived, and I wish every widower in Seville cou'd say the same I shall now go and get the key of this dressing room So, good son, if you have any lecture in support of disobedience to give your sister, it must be brief; so make the best of your time d'ye hear.

[Exit Jerome.]

Ferd.

I fear indeed, my friend Antonio, has little to hope for however Louisa has firmness, and my father's anger will probably only increase her affection In our intercourse with the world, it is natural for us to dislike those who are innocently the cause of our distress; but in the heart's attachment, a woman never likes a man with ardor till she has suffer'd for his sake *[Noise.]* soh! what bustle is here! between my father and the Duenna too I'll e'en get out of the way.

[Exit.]

Enter Don Jerome (with a Letter) putting in the Duenna.

Jerome.

I'm astonished! I'm thunder struck! here's treachery and conspiracy with a vengeance! you, Antonio's creature, and chief manager of this plot for my daughter's eloping! you that I placed here as a scare-crow.

Duenna.

THE DUENNA

What?

Jerome.

A scare-crow To prove a decoy duck what have you to say for yourself?

Duenna.

Well, sir, since you have forced that letter from me, and discover'd my real sentiments, I scorn to renounce 'em I am Antonio's friend, and it was my intention that your daughter shou'd have serv'd you as all such old tyrannaical sots shou'd be serv'd Idelight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence.

Jerome.

The tender passions! yes, they wou'd become those impenetrable features why, thou deceitful hag! I plac'd thee as a guard to the rich blossoms of my daughter's beauty I thought that dragon's front of thine wou'd cry aloof to the sons of gallantry steel traps and spring guns seem'd writ in every wrinkle of it but you shall quit my house this instant the tender passions, indeed! go thou wanton sybil, thou amorous woman of Endor, go!

Duenna.

You base, scurrilous, old but I wont demean myself by naming what you are yes, Savage, I'll leave your den, but I suppose you don't mean to detain my apparel I may have my things I presume.

Jerome.

I took you, mistress, with your wardrobe on what have you pilfer'd, heh?

Duenna.

Sir, I must take leave of my mistress, she has valuables of mine, besides, my cardinal and veil are in her room.

Jerome.

Your veil for sooth! what do you dread being gazed at? or are you afraid of your complexion? well, go take your leave, and get your veil and cardinal! soh! you quit the house within these five minutes In in quick.

[Exit Duenna.]

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

Here was a precious plot of mischief ! these are the comforts daughters bring us.

AIR.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace shall you know, tho' you've buried your wife,
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her,
O, what a plague is an obstinate daughter.
 Sighing and whining,
 Dying and pining,
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us,
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her.
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter.
 Wrangling and jangling,
 Flouting and pouting,
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

Enter Louisa, dress'd as the Duenna, with Cardinal and Veil, seeming to cry.

Jerome.

This way, mistress, this way what, I warrant, a tender parting soh! tears of turpentine down those deal cheeks Aye, you may well hide your head yes, whine till your heart breaks, but I'll not hear one word of excuse so you are right to be dumb, this way this way.

[Exeunt.

Enter Duenna.

Duenna.

So speed you well, sagacious Don Jerome! O, rare effects of passion and obstinacy now shall I try whether I can't play the fine lady as well as my mistress, and if I succeed, I may be a fine lady for the rest of my life I'll lose no time to equip myself.

[Exit.

THE DUENNA

SCENE IV.

The Court before Don Jerome's house.

Enter Don Jerome and Louisa.

Jerome.

Come, mistress, there is your way The world lies before you, so troop, thou antiquated Eve, thou original sin hold, yonder is some fellow skulking, perhaps it is Antonio go to him, d'ye hear, and tell him to make you amends, and as he has got you turn'd away, tell him I say it is but just he shou'd take you himself, go.

[Exit Louisa.

Soh! I am rid of her, thank heaven! and now I shall be able to keep my oath, and confine my daughter with better security.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

The Piazza.

Enter Clara, and her Maid.

Maid.

But where madam, is it you intend to go?

Clara.

Any where to avoid the selfish violence of my mother-in-law, and Ferdinand's insolent importunity.

Maid.

Indeed, ma'am, since we have profited by Don Ferdinand's key in making our escape, I think we had best find him, if it were only to thank him.

THE DUENNA

Clara.

No he has offended me exceedingly.

[Retire.]

Enter Louisa.

Louisa.

So, I have succeeded in being turn'd out of doors but how shall I find Antonio? I dare not enquire for him for fear of being discovered; I would send to my friend Clara, but that I doubt her prudery wou'd condemn me.

Maid.

Then suppose, ma'am, you were to try if your friend Donna Louisa would not receive you.

Clara.

No, her notions of filial duty are so severe, she would certainly betray me.

Louisa.

Clara is of a cold temper, and would this step of mine highly forward.

Clara.

Louisa's respect for her father is so great, she would not credit the unkindness of mine.

[Louisa turns, and sees Clara and Maid.]

Louisa.

Ha! who are those? sure one is Clara if it be, I'll trust her Clara!

THE DUENNA

[Advances.

Clara.

Louisa! and in Masquerade too!

Louisa.

You will be more surprized when I tell you that I have run away from my father.

Clara.

Surprized indeed! and I should certainly chide you most horridly, only that I have just run away from mine.

Louisa.

My dear Clara!

[Embrace.

Clara.

Dear sister truant! and whither are you going?

Louisa.

To find the man I love to be sure And I presume you wou'd have no aversion to meet with my brother.

Clara.

Indeed I should he has behaved so ill to me, I don't believe I shall ever forgive him.

AIR. Clara.

THE DUENNA

When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear;
When all did sleep, whose weary hearts did borrow
One hour from love and care to rest,
Lo! as I prest my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast;
He vowed he came to save me
From those who would enslave me!
Then kneeling,
Kisses stealing
Endless faith he swore,
But soon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence,
Obtain'd one favour then,
And he had press'd again
I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant him more.

Louisa.

Well, for all this, I would have sent him to plead his pardon, but that I would not yet awhile have him know of my flight. And where do you hope to find protection?

Clara.

The lady Abbess of the convent of St. Catherine is a relation and kind friend of mine I shall be secure with her, and you had best go thither with me.

Louisa.

No; I am determin'd to find Antonio first, and as I live, here comes the very man I will employ to seek him for me.

Clara.

Who is he? he's a strange figure!

Louisa.

Yes, that sweet creature is the man whom my father has fix'd on for my husband.

THE DUENNA

Clara.

And will you speak to him? are you mad?

Louisa.

He is the fittest man in the world for my purpose for, tho' I was to have married him to-morrow, he is the only man in Seville, who I am sure never saw me in his life.

Clara.

And how do you know him?

Louisa.

He arrived but yesterday, and he was shewn me from the window as he visited my father.

Clara.

Well, I'll be gone.

Louisa.

Hold, my dear Clara a thought has struck me, will you give me leave to borrow your name as I see occasion.

Clara.

It will but disgrace you but use it as you please I dare not stay (*going*) but, Louisa, if you shou'd see your brother, be sure you don't inform him that I have taken refuge with the Dame Prior of the convent of St. Catherine, on the left hand side of the Piazza which leads to the church of St. Anthony.

Louisa.

Ha, ha, ha! I'll be very particular in my directions where he may not find you. [*Exeunt Clara and Maid.* So! my swain yonder has done admiring himself and draws nearer.

SCENE IV.

THE DUENNA

[Retires.]

Enter Isaac and Carlos, Isaac with a pocket glass.

Isaac. (Looking in the glass.)

I tell you, friend Carlos, I will please myself in the habit of my chin.

Carlos.

But, my dear friend, how can you think to please a lady with such a face!

Isaac.

Why, what's the matter with the face? I think it is a very engaging face; and I am sure a lady must have very little taste, who could dislike my beard (*Sees Louisa.*) See now I'll die if here is not a little damsel struck with it already.

Louisa.

Signor, are you disposed to oblige a lady who greatly wants your assistance.

[Unveils.]

Isaac.

Egad, a very pretty black-eyed girl; she has certainly taken a fancy to me, Carlos first ma'am, I must beg the favour of your name.

Louisa.

Soh! it's well I am provided. (*Aside*) My name, sir, is Donna Clara D'Almanza.

Isaac.

What! Don Guzman's daughter? I'faith, I just now heard she was missing.

SCENE IV.

THE DUENNA

Louisa.

But, sure sir, you have too much gallantry and honor to betray me, whose fault is love.

Isaac.

So! a passion for me! poor girl! why, ma'am, as for betraying you, I don't see how I cou'd get any thing by it; so you may rely on my honour; but as for your love, I am sorry your case is so desperate.

Louisa.

Why so Signor?

Isaac.

Because I'm positively engaged to another an't I Carlos?

Louisa.

Nay, but hear me.

Isaac.

No, no; what should I hear for? It is impossible for me to court you in an honourable way; and for any thing else, if I were to comply now, I suppose you have some ungrateful brother, or cousin, who would want to cut my throat for my civility so, truly you had best go home again.

Louisa.

Odious wretch! (*aside.*) But, good Signor, it is Antonio d'Ercilla, on whose account I have eloped.

Isaac.

How! what! it is not with me then, that you are in love?

SCENE IV.

THE DUENNA

Louisa.

No indeed it is not.

Isaac.

Then you are a forward, impertinent simpleton! and I shall certainly acquaint your father.

Louisa.

Is this your gallantry.

Isaac.

Yet hold Antonio d'Ercilla did you say? egad, I may make something of this Antonio d'Ercilla?

Louisa.

Yes, and if ever you hope to prosper in love, you will bring me to him.

Isaac.

By St. Iago, and I will too Carlos, this Antonio is one who rivals me (as I have heard) with Louisa now, if I could hamper him with this girl, I should have the field to myself, hey, Carlos! A lucky thought, isn't it?

Carlos.

Yes, very good very good

Isaac.

Ah! this little brain is never at a loss cunning Isaac! cunning rogue! Donna Clara, will you trust yourself a while to my friend's direction.

THE DUENNA

Louisa.

May I rely on you good Signor?

Carlos.

Lady, it is impossible I should deceive you.

AIR.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I near could injure you;
For tho' your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms wou'd make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the aged you'll meet;
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
And act a brother's part;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

Isaac.

I'll conduct the lady to my lodgings, Carlos; I must haste to Don Jerome perhaps you know Louisa, ma'am. She is divinely handsome isn't she?

Louisa.

You must excuse me not joining with you.

Isaac.

SCENE IV.

THE DUENNA

Why, I have heard it on all hands.

Louisa.

Her father is uncommonly partial to her, but I believe you will find she has rather a matronly air.

Isaac.

Carlos, this is all envy you pretty girls never speak well of one another hark'y, find out Antonio, and I'll saddle him with this scrape, I warrant! oh, 'twas the luckiest thought Donna Clara, your very obedient Carlos, to your post.

DUETT.

Isaac.

My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
Or how can I hope for a smile?

Louisa.

Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,
But think what I suffer the while:
Alone and away from the man whom I love,
In strangers I'm forced to conside,

Isaac.

Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll prove,
Your servant, protector, and guide.

AIR. Carlos.

Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee then reject me,
Can'st thou trust, and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, Ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee then reject me.

TRIO.

THE DUENNA

Louisa.

Never may'st thou happy be,
If in ought thou'rt false to me.

Isaac.

Never may he happy be,
If in ought he's false to thee.

Carlos.

Never may I happy be,
If in ought I'm false to thee.

Louisa.

Never may'st thou &c.

Isaac.

Never may he &c.

Carlos.

Never may I &c.

[Exeunt.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Library in Jerome's House.

Enter Don Jerome and Isaac.

Jerome.

Ha, ha, ha! run away from her father! has she given him the slip! Ha, ha, ha! poor Don Guzman!

Isaac.

ACT II.

THE DUENNA

Ay; and I am to conduct her to Antonio; by which means you see I shall hamper him so that he can give me no disturbance with your daughter this is trap, isn't it? a nice stroke of cunning, heh!

Jerome.

Excellent! Excellent! yes, yes, carry her to him, hamper him by all means, ha, ha, ha! poor Don Guzman! an old fool! imposed on by a girl!

Isaac.

Nay, they have the cunning of serpents, that's the truth on't.

Jerome.

Psha! they are cunning only when they have fools to deal with why don't my girl play me such a trick let her cunning over-reach my caution, I say heh little Isaac!

Isaac.

True, true; or let me see any of the sex make a fool of me No, no, egad, little Solomon, (as my aunt used to call me) understands tricking a little too well.

Jerome.

Ay, but such a driveller as Don Guzman.

Isaac.

And such a dupe as Antonio.

Jerome.

True; sure never were seen such a couple of credulous simpletons, but come, 'tis time you should see my daughter you must carry on the siege by yourself, friend Isaac,

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

Sir, you'll introduce

Jerome.

No I have sworn a solemn oath not to see or speak to her till she renounces her disobedience; win her to that, and she gains a father and a husband at once.

Isaac.

Gad, I shall never be able to deal with her alone; nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.

SONG.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast;
But health and good humour to make her his toast,
If strait, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care,
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And tho' in her face I no dimples shou'd see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green,
Be they light, grey or black, their lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own, are genteeler than black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire she may'nt have a beard.

Jerome.

You will change your note, my friend, when you've seen Louisa.

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

O Don Jerome, the honour of your alliance

Jerome.

Aye, but her beauty will affect you she is, tho' I say it, who am her father, a very prodigy there you will see
Features with an eye like mine yes I'faith, there is a kind of wicked sparkling something of a roguish brightness
that shews her to be my own.

Isaac.

Pretty rogue!

Jerome.

Then, when she smiles, you'll see a little dimple in one cheek only; a beauty it is certainly, yet you shall not say
which is prettiest, the cheek with the dimple, or the cheek without.

Isaac.

Pretty rogue!

Jerome.

Then the roses on those cheeks are shaded with a sort of velvet down, that gives a delicacy to the glow of health.

Isaac.

Pretty rogue!

Jerome.

Her skin pure dimity, yet more fair, being spangled here and there with a golden freckle.

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

Charming pretty rogue! pray how is the tone of her voice?

Jerome.

Remarkably pleasing but if you cou'd prevail on her to sing you would be enchanted she is a nightingale a Virginia nightingale but come, come, her maid shall conduct you to her Antichamber.

Isaac.

Well, egad, I'll pluck up resolution and meet her frowns intrepidly.

Jerome.

Aye! woo her briskly win her and give me a proof of your address, my little Solomon.

Isaac.

But hold I expect my friend Carlos to call on me here If he comes will you send him to me?

Jerome.

I will Lauletta, come she'll shew you to the room what! do you droop? here's a mournful face to make love with.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Louisa's Dressing Room.

Enter Maid and Isaac.

Maid.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Sir, my mistress will wait on you presently

[Goes to the door.]

Isaac.

When she's at leisure don't hurry her.

[Exit. Maid.]

I wish I had ever practised a love-scene I doubt I shall make a poor figure I cou'd'nt be more afraid if I was going before the Inquisition so! the door opens yes, she's coming the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

Enter Duenna (drest as Louisa.)

Now dar'n't I look round for the soul of me her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

Duenna.

Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Isaac.

Ho! the ice is broke, and a pretty civil beginning too! hem! madam Miss I'm all attention.

Duenna.

Nay, Sir, 'tis I who shou'd listen, and you propose.

Isaac.

Egad, this is'nt so disdainful neither I believe I may venture to look No I dar'n't one glance of those roguish sparklers wou'd fix me again.

Duenna.

You seem thoughtful, Sir let me persuade you to sit down.

Isaac.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

So, so; she molifies apace she's struck with my figure, this attitude has had its effect.

Duenna.

Come, Sir, here's a chair.

Isaac.

Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me that a lady so lovely shou'd deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so.

[She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.]

Duenna.

You seem surpriz'd at my condescension.

Isaac.

Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprized at it; zounds! this can never be Louisa she's as old as my mother.

[aside.]

Duenna.

But former prepossessions give way to my father's commands.

Isaac. [aside,]

Her father! Yes, 'tis she then Lord, lord; how blind some parents are!

Duenna.

Signor Isaac.

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

Truely, the little damsel was right she has rather a matronly air indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune and not her person.

Duenna.

Signor, wont you sit?

[she sits.

Isaac.

Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recover'd my astonishment at your condescension, madam she has the devil's own dimples to be sure.

[aside.

Duenna.

Nay, you shall not stand *[he sits]* I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surpriz'd at my affability I own Signor, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and being teiz'd by my father, I did give some encouragement to Antonio, But then, Sir, you were described to me as a quite different person.

Isaac.

Aye, and so you was to me upon my soul, madam.

Duenna.

But when I saw you, I was never more struck in my life.

Isaac.

That was just my case too, madam; I was struck all on a heap for my part.

Duenna.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Well, Sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I was taught to believe you a little black snub-nosed fellow, without person, manners or address.

Isaac.

Egad, I wish she had answer'd her picture as well.

Duenna.

But, Sir, your air is noble something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile.

Isaac.

Egad, now I look at her again, I dont think she is so ugly.

Duenna.

So little like a jew, and so much like a gentleman.

Isaac.

Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice.

Duenna.

You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceiv'd has given me such a flow of spirits.

Isaac.

O dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness [*kisses her*] why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't.

[aside.

THE DUENNA

Duenna.

O Sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you shou'd get rid of that odious beard one might as well kiss an hedge–hog.

Isaac.

Yes ma'am the razor wou'd'nt be amiss for either of us [*aside*]. Could you favour me with a song?

Duenna.

Willingly, Sir, tho' I am rather hoarse Ahem!

[Begins to sing.

Isaac.

Very like a Virginia nightingale ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse I beg you will not distress

Duenna.

O not in the least distressed; now, Sir.

SONG.

When a tender maid
Is first essayed,
By some admiring swain.
How her blushes rise,
If she meets his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain;
If he takes her hand, she trembles quite,
Touch her lips, and she swoons outright,
While a pit a pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear,

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Fewer signs of fear,
Tho' youth she boldly views,
If her hand he grasps,
Or her bosoms clasps,
No mantling blush ensues.
Then to church well pleas'd the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove,
And a pit a pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love.

Isaac.

Charming, ma'am! Enchanting! and truly your notes put me in mind of one that's very dear to me, a lady indeed, whom you greatly resemble.

Duenna.

How! is there then another so dear to you?

Isaac.

O, no, ma'am, you mistake; it was my mother I meant.

Duenna.

Come, Sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension and know not what to say.

Isaac.

It is very true indeed, ma'am but it is a judgment, I look on it as a judgment on me for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to compleat my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

Duenna.

Sir, I must frankly own to you that I can never be your's with my father's consent.

Isaac.

Good lack! how so?

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Duenna.

When my father in his passion swore he would never see me again 'till I acquiesced in his will I also made a vow that I would never take a husband from his hand nothing shall make me break that oath but if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

Isaac.

Hum!

Duenna.

Nay, Sir, if you hesitate

Isaac.

I'faith no bad whim this if I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus I shall not only cheat the lover but the father too, Oh! cunning rogue, Isaac! Ay, ay, let this little brain alone Egad, I'll take her in the mind.

Duenna.

Well, Sir, what's your determination?

Isaac.

Madam, I was dumb only from rapture I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal; for which, thus let me on this lilly hand express my gratitude.

Duenna.

Well, Sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindness to you.

Isaac.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

No, to be sure that wou'd spoil all But trust me when tricking is the word let me alone for a piece of cunning; this very day you shall be out of his power.

Duenna.

Well, I leave the management of it all to you, I perceive plain, Sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

Isaac.

Egad, you're right, madam you're right I'faith.

Enter Maid.

Here's a gentleman at the door, who begs permission to speak with Signor Isaac.

Isaac.

A friend of mine ma'am, and a trusty friend Let him come in.

[Exit Maid.

He is one to be depended on, ma'am. *Enter Carlos.* So, coz.

[aside

Carlos.

I have left Donna Clara at your lodgings; but can no where find Antonio.

Isaac.

Well I will search him out myself Carlos, you rogue, I thrive, I prosper.

Carlos.

Where is your mistress?

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

There, you booby, there she stands.

Carlos.

Why she's dam'd ugly.

Isaac.

Hush!

[Stops his mouth.

Duenna.

What is your friend saying, Signor?

Isaac.

O ma'am, he is expressing his raptures at such charms as he never saw before, hey Carlos?

Carlos.

Aye, such as I never saw before, indeed.

Duenna.

You are a very obliging Gentleman well, Signor Isaac, I believe we had better part for the present. Remember our plan.

Isaac.

O, ma'am, it is written in my heart, fixed as the image of those divine beauties adieu, Idol of my soul yet, once more permit me.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

[kisses her.

Duenna.

Sweet, courteous Sir, adieu.

Isaac.

Your slave eternally come Carlos, say something civil at taking leave.

Carlos.

I'faith, Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw, however, I'll try something I had studied for the occasion.

SONG.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature.
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry grace of feature.
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers.
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature.

So mild your looks, your children thence,
Will early learn the task of duty,
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty.
Oh! how happy to inherit,
At once such graces and such spirit.
Thus while you live
May fortune give,
Each blessing equal to you merit.

[Exeunt Isaac, Carlos, and Duenna.

THE DUENNA

SCENE III.

SCENE, A Library.

Jerome and Ferdinand discovered.

Jerome.

Object to Antonio? I have said it! his poverty, can you acquit him of that?

Ferd.

Sir, I own he is not over rich but he is of as antient and honourable a family as any in the kingdom.

Jerome.

Yes, I know the beggars are a very ancient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

Ferd.

Antonio, Sir, has many amiable qualities.

Jerome.

But he is poor, can you clear him of that, I say is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squander'd his patrimony!

Ferd.

Sir, he inherited but little; and that his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stript him of but he has never sullied his honor, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

Jerome.

Psha! you talk like a blockhead! nobility without an estate is as ridiculous as gold-lace on a frize-coat.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

This language, Sir, wou'd better become a Dutch or English trader, than a Spaniard.

Jerome.

Yes; and those Dutch and English traders, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England they were formerly as nice as to birth and family as we are but they have long discover'd what a wonderful purifier gold is and now no one there regards pedigree in any thing but a horse O, here comes Isaac! I hope he has prosper'd in his suit.

Ferd.

Doubtless, that agreeable figure of his must have help'd his suit surprizingly.

Jerome.

How now?

[Ferd. walks aside.]

Enter Isaac.

Well, my friend, have you soften'd her?

Isaac.

O yes; I have soften'd her.

Jerome.

What, does she come to?

Isaac.

Why, truly, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

Jerome.

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

And the dear little Angel was civil, hey!

Isaac.

Yes, the pretty little Angel was very civil.

Jerome.

I'm transported to hear it, well, and you were astonished at her beauty, hey?

Isaac.

I was astonished indeed! pray, how old is miss?

Jerome.

How old? let me see eight and twelve she is twenty.

Isaac.

Twenty?

Jerome.

Aye, to a month.

Isaac.

Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in Christendom.

Jerome.

Do you think so? but I believe you will not see a prettier girl.

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

Here and there one.

Jerome.

Louisa has the family face.

Isaac.

Yes, egad, I shou'd have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time too.

[aside.

Jerome.

She has her father's eyes.

Isaac.

'Truely I shou'd have guess'd them to have been so If she had her mother's spectacles I believe she would not see the worse.

[aside.

Jerome.

Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead.

Isaac.

Ay, faith, and her grandmother's chin to a hair.

[aside.

THE DUENNA

Jerome.

Well, if she was but as dutiful as she's handsome and harky, friend Isaac, she is none of your made up beauties her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isaac.

I'faith, so they shou'd for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age, before her years will overtake her face.

Jerome.

Why, zounds, master Isaac, you are not sneering, are you?

Isaac.

Why, now seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

Jerome.

By this light, she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

Isaac.

Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

Jerome.

By St. Iago you must be blind.

Isaac.

No, no; 'tis you are partial.

Jerome.

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

Isaac.

Good lack, with what eyes a father sees! As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this; as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw; for her eyes, their utmost merit is in not squinting for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of an harpsicord. Then as to her singing, and heavenly voice by this hand, she has a shrill crack'd pipe, that sounds for all the world like a child's trumpet.

Jerome.

Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? out of my house, I say.

Ferd.

Dear Sir, what's the matter?

Jerome.

Why, this Israelite here, has the impudence to say your sister's ugly.

Ferd.

He must be either blind or insolent.

Isaac.

So, I find they are all in a story. Egad, I believe I have gone too far.

Ferd.

Sure, Sir, there must be some mistake It can't be my sister whom he has seen.

THE DUENNA

Jerome.

S'death! you are as great a fool as he, what mistake can there be? did not I lock up Louisa, and hav'n't I the key in my own pocket? And didn't her maid shew him into the dressing room? and yet you talk of a mistake, no, the Portugueze meant to insult me and, but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword shou'd do me justice.

Isaac.

I must get off as well as I can her fortune is not the less handsome.

DUET.

Isaac.

Believe me, good Sir, I ne'er meant to offend,
My mistress I love, and I value my friend:
To win her, and wed her, is still my request,
For better, for worse, and I swear I don't jest.

Jerome.

Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high.

Isaac.

Hold him fast, I beseech you, his rage is so high,
Good Sir, you're too hot and this place I must fly.

Jerome.

You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd best fly.

Isaac.

Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aside all joking and be serious.

Jerome.

How?

Isaac.

Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd if you hav'n't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

THE DUENNA

Jerome.

You meant it so, did not you?

Isaac.

O mercy, no! a joke just to try how angry it wou'd make you.

Jerome.

Was that all I'faith! I did'n't know you had been such a wag; ha, ha, ha! By St. Iago, you made me very angry tho', well, and you do think Louisa handsome?

Isaac.

Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

Jerome.

Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue Egad, I thought we had been all off.

Ferd.

So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel; but I find the Jew is too cunning.

Jerome.

Aye, this gust of passion has made me dry I am seldom rufiled; order some wine in the next room let us drink the poor girl's health poor Louisa! ugly, heh! Ha, ha, ha! 'Twas a very good joke indeed.

Isaac.

And a very true one for all that.

THE DUENNA

Jerome.

And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend.

Ferd.

Sir, I will drink success to my friend with all my heart.

Jerome.

Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remain'd, this would be the only way to quench them.

TRIO.

A bumper of good liquor,
Will end a contest quicker,
Than justice, judge or vicar.
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he is mellow.
A bumper, &c.
[Exeunt

SCENE VI.

Isaac's Lodgings.

Enter Louisa.

Louisa.

Was ever truant daughter so whimsically circumstanced as I am! I have sent my intended husband to look after

THE DUENNA

my lover the man of my father's choice is gone to bring me the man of my own, but how dispiriting is this interval of expectation?

SONG.

What bard, O time discover,
With wings first made thee move;
Ah! sure he was some lover,
Who ne'er had left his love.

For who that once did prove,
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day,
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings.

Enter Carlos.

So, friend, is Antonio found?

Carlos.

I could not meet with him, lady; but I doubt not my friend Isaac will be here with him presently.

Louisa.

O shame! you have used no diligence Is this your courtesy to a lady who has trusted herself to your protection?

Carlos.

Indeed, madam, I have not been remiss.

Louisa.

Well, well; but if either of you had known how each moment of delay weighs upon the heart of her who loves, and waits the object of her love, O, ye wou'd not then have trifled thus.

SCENE VI.

THE DUENNA

Carlos.

Alas! I know it well.

Louisa.

Were you ever in love then?

Carlos.

I was, lady: but while I have life will never be again.

Louisa.

Was your mistress so cruel?

Carlos.

If she had always been so, I shou'd have been happier.

SONG.

O had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish.
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perish'd,
And then with cold and fix'd disdain,
To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it.
Then land was cried no more resign'd,

SCENE VI.

THE DUENNA

He glow'd with joy to hear it,
Not worse his fate, his woe to find,
The wreck must sink e'er near it.

Louisa.

As I live, here is your friend coming with Antonio I'll retire for a moment to surprize him.

[Exit.

Enter Isaac and Antonio.

Antonio.

Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken. Clara D'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her! It is impossible!

Isaac.

That you shall see in an instant Carlos, where is the lady? (*Carlos points to the doors*) In the next room is she?

Antonio.

Nay, if that lady is really here, she certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

Isaac.

Psha! I tell you 'tis no such thing you are the man she wants, and nobody but you. Here's, ado to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you.

Antonio.

But I have no affection for this lady.

Isaac.

THE DUENNA

And you have for Louisa, hey? but take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

Antonio.

And could you reconcile it to your conscience, to supplant your friend?

Isaac.

Pish! Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politicks why, you are no honest fellow, if love can't make a rogue of you so come, do go in and speak to her at last.

Antonio.

Well, I have no objection to that.

Isaac. [opens the door]

There there she is yonder by the window get in, do (*pushes him in, and half shuts the door*) now, Carlos, now I shall hamper him I warrant stay I'll peep how they go on egad, he looks confoundedly posed now she's coaxing him see, Carlos, he begins to come to aye, aye, he'll soon forget his conscience.

Carlos.

Look! now they are both laughing.

Isaac.

Aye! so they are yes, yes, they are laughing at that dear friend he talked of aye poor devil, they have outwitted him.

Carlos.

Now he's kissing her hand.

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

Yes, yes, faith, they're agreed he's caught, he's entangled my dear Carlos, we have brought it about. O, this little cunning head! I'm a Machiavel, a very Machieval.

Carlos.

I hear somebody enquiring for you I'll see who it is.

[Exit Carlos.]

Enter Antonio and Louisa.

Antonio.

Well, my good friend, this lady has so entirely convinc'd me of the certainty of your success at Don Jerome's, that I now resign my pretensions there.

Isaac.

You never did a wiser thing, believe me and as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, ma'am?

Louisa.

Certainly, Sir, and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

Isaac.

O lud, yes, ma'am let any one outwit me that can, I say but here let me join your hands there you lucky rogue, I wish you happily married from the bottom of my soul.

Louisa.

And I am sure, if you wish it, no one else shou'd prevent it.

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more, so let us be friends, will you.

Antonio.

With all my heart, Isaac.

Isaac.

It is not every man, let me tell you, that wou'd have taken such pains, or been so generous to a rival.

Antonio.

No, faith, I don't believe there's another beside yourself in all Spain.

Isaac.

Well, but you resign all pretensions to the other lady?

Antonio.

That I do most sincerely.

Isaac.

I doubt you have a little hankering there still.

Antonio.

None in the least, upon my soul.

Isaac.

I mean after her fortune?

SCENE VI.

THE DUENNA

Antonio.

No, believe me. You are heartily welcome to every thing she has.

Isaac.

Well, I'faith, you have the best of the bargain as to beauty, twenty to one now I'll tell you a secret I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

Louisa.

Indeed!

Isaac.

Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand so, I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

Louisa.

And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this?

Isaac.

O lud no: there lies the jest! Don't you see that, by this step, I over reach him, I shall be intitled to the girl's fortune without settling a ducat on her, ha, ha, ha! I'm a cunning dog, a'n't I? A sly little villain, heh?

Antonio.

Ha, ha, ha! you are indeed!

Isaac.

Roguish you'll say but keen hey? devilish keen!

THE DUENNA

Antonio.

So you are indeed keen very keen.

Isaac.

And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's, when the truth comes out, hey?

Louisa.

Yes, I'll answer for't, we shall have a good laugh when the truth comes out, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Carlos.

Carlos.

Here are the dancers come to practice the fandango you intended to have honor'd Donna Louisa with.

Isaac.

O, I sha'n't want them, but as I must pay them, I'll see a caper for my money will you excuse me?

Louisa.

Willingly.

Isaac.

Here's my friend, whom you may command for any services, Madam, your most obedient Antonio, I wish you all happiness. O the easy blockhead! what a tool I have made of him? This was a master-piece.

[Exit Isaac.]

Louisa.

THE DUENNA

Carlos, will you be my guard again, and convey me to the Convent of St. Catherine?

Antonio.

Why, Louisa, why shou'd you go there?

Louisa.

I have my reasons, and you must not be seen to go with me, I shall write from thence to my father, perhaps, when he finds what he has driven me to, he may relent.

Antonio.

I have no hope from him O Louisa, in these arms should be your sanctuary.

Louisa.

Be patient but for a little while my father cannot force me from thence. But let me see you there before evening, and I will explain myself.

Antonio.

I shall obey.

Louisa.

Come friend Antonio, Carlos has been a lover himself.

Antonio.

Then he knows the value of his trust.

Carlos.

You shall not find me unfaithful.

SCENE VI.

THE DUENNA

TRIO.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,
Where love has been received a welcome guest,
As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows ev'ry heart he once has sway'd;
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

Exeunt Carlos, Louisa , and Antonio.

End of Act II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Library.

Enter Jerome, and Servant.

Jerome.

Why, I never was so amazed in my life! Louisa gone off with Isaac Mendoza! what, steal away with the very man whom I wanted her to marry elope with her own husband as it were it is impossible.

Servant.

Her maid says, Sir, they had your leave to walk in the garden while you was abroad: The door by the shrubbery was found open, and they have not been heard of since.

Jerome.

Well, it is the most unaccountable affair! s'death, there is certainly some insernal mystery in it, I can't comprehend.

ACT III.

THE DUENNA

Enter 2d Servant, with a Letter.

Servant.

Here is a letter, Sir, from Signor Isaac.

Jerome.

So, so, this will explain ay, "Isaac Mendoza," let me see. (*Reads.*) "Dearest Sir, you must, doubtless, be much surprized at my flight with your daughter" Yes, faith and well I may. "I had the happiness to gain her heart at our first interview" The devil you had! "But she having unfortunately made a vow not to receive a husband from your hands, I was obliged to comply with her whim" So, so! "We shall shortly throw ourselves at your feet, and I hope you will have a blessing ready for one who will then be

"Your son-in-law, Isaac Mendoza."

A whim, heigh? Why, the devil's in the girl, I think This morning she wou'd die sooner than have him, and before evening she runs away with him. Well, well, my will's accomplished! let the motive be what it will and the Portugueze, sure, will never deny to fulfill the rest of the article.

Enter Servant with another letter.

Servant.

Sir, here's a man below who says he brought this from my young lady, Donna Louisa.

Jerome.

How! yes, it is my daughter's hand indeed! lord, there was no occasion for them both to write; well, let's see what she says: (*reads*) "My dearest father, how shall I intreat your pardon for the rash step I have taken, how confess the motive?" Pish! hasn't Isaac just told me the motive one would think they weren't together, when they wrote. "If I have a spirit too resentful of ill usage, I have also a heart as easily affected by kindness" So, so, here the whole matter comes out, her resentment for Antonio's ill usage, has made her sensible of Isaac's kindness yes, yes, it is all plain enough well "I am not married yet, tho' with a man I am convinced adores me" Yes, yes, I dare say Isaac is very fond of her "but I shall anxiously expect your answer, in which, should I be so fortunate as to receive your consent, you will make compleatly happy,

"Your ever affectionate daughter, Louisa."

My consent to be sure she shall have it; egad, I was never better plesaed I have fulfilled my resolution I knew I should O there's nothing like obstinacy Lewis?

Enter Servant.

THE DUENNA

Let the man who brought the last letter wait, and get me a pen and ink below. I am impatient to set poor Louisa's heart at rest, holloa! Lewis! Sancho!

Enter Servants.

See that there be a noble supper provided in the Saloon to-night serve up my best wines, and let me have music, d'ye hear?

Servants.

Yes, sir.

[Exeunt.]

Jerome.

And order all my doors to be thrown open admit all guests with masks or without masks I'faith, we'll have a night of it And I'll let 'em see how merry an old man can be.

SONG.

O the days when I was young,
When I laugh't in fortune's spight,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was old father care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown,
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth they say lies in a well,
Why I vow I ne'er could see,
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.
For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask,
But still honest truth I found,
In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have, are grey.
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,

ACT III.

THE DUENNA

While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost;
Glows a spark of youthful fire.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The New Piazza.

Enter Ferdinand, and Lopez.

Ferdinand.

What, cou'd you gather no tidings of her? Nor guess where she was gone? O Clara! Clara!

Lopez.

In truth, Sir, I could not that she was run away from her father, was in every body's mouth, and that Don Guzman was in pursuit of her, was also a very common report where she was gone, or what was become of her, no one could take upon 'em to say.

Ferdinand.

S'death and fury, you blockhead, she cant be out of Seville.

Lopez.

So I said to myself, Sir! S'death and fury, you blockhead, says I, she can't be out of Seville then some said, she had hang'd herself for love, and others have it, Don Antonio had carried her off.

Ferdinand.

'Tis false, scoundrel! no one said that.

Lopez.

THE DUENNA

Then I misunderstood 'em, Sir.

Ferdinand.

Go, fool, get home, and never let me see you again, till you bring me news of her.

[Exit Lopez.

O! how my fondness for this ungrateful girl, has hurt my disposition?

SONG.

Ah, cruel maid, how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind?
My heart by thee from mirth estrang'd
Becomes, like thee, unkind.
By fortune favour'd, clear in fame
I once ambitious was;
And friends I had, that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applause.

But now my weakness all abuse,
Yet vain their taunts on me;
Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose;
To gain one smile from thee.
Yet, only thou shouldst not despise
My folly, or my woe;
If I am mad in others eyes,
'Tis thou hast made me so.

But days like these, with doubting curst
I will not long endure;
Am I despised, I know the worst,
And also know my cure.
If false, her vows she dare renounce,
She instant ends my pain,
For, Oh, that heart must break at once;
Which cannot hate again.

Enter Isaac.

Isaac.

So, I have her safe and have only to find a priest to marry us, Antonio now may marry Clara, or not, if he pleases.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

What? what was that you said of Clara?

Isaac.

O Ferdinand! my brother-in-law that shall be, who thought of meeting you.

Ferd.

But what of Clara?

Isaac.

I'faith, you shall hear. This morning as I was coming down, I met a pretty damsel, who told me her name was Clara d'Almanza, and begg'd my protection.

Ferd.

How?

Isaac.

She said she had eloped from her father, Don Guzman, but that love for a young gentleman in Seville, was the cause.

Ferd.

O heavens! did she confess it?

Isaac.

O yes, she confess'd at once but then, says she, my lover is not inform'd of my flight, nor suspects my intention.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

Dear creature! no more I did indeed! O, I am the happiest fellow well, Isaac!

[aside.

Isaac.

Why, then she intreated me to find him out for her, and bring him to her.

Ferd.

Good heavens, how lucky! well, come along, lets lose no time,

[pulling him

Isaac.

Zooks! where are we to go?

Ferd.

Why, did any thing more pass?

Isaac.

Any thing more! yes, the end on't was, that I was moved with her speeches, and complied with her desires.

Ferd.

Well, and where is she?

Isaac.

Where is she? why, dont I tell you I complied with her request, and left her safe in the arms of her lover.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

S'death! you trifle with me I have never seen her.

Isaac.

You! O lud, no! How the devil shou'd you? 'Twas Antonio she wanted, and with Antonio I left her.

Ferd.

Hell and madness (*aside*) what Antonio d'Ercilla?

Isaac.

Aye, aye, the very man; and the best part of it was, he was shy of taking her at first He talk'd a good deal about honor and conscience, and deceiving some dear friend; but, lord, we soon over ruled that.

Ferd.

You did?

Isaac.

O yes, presently such deceit, says he Pish! says the lady, tricking is all fair in love but then, my friend, says he Psha! damn your friend, says I so, poor wretch, he has no chance no, no he may hang himself as soon as he pleases.

Ferd.

I must go, or I shall betray myself.

Isaac.

But stay, Ferdinand, you han't heard the best of the joke.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

Curse on your joke.

Isaac.

Goodluck! what's the matter now? I thought to have diverted you.

Ferd.

Be rack'd, tortur'd, damn'd

Isaac.

Why, sure you're not the poor devil of a lover are you? I'faith, as sure as can be, he is this is a better joke than t'other, ha, ha, ha!

Ferd.

What do you laugh, you vile, mischievous varlet (*collars him*) but that you're beneath my anger, I'd tear your heart out.

[Throws him from him.

Isaac.

O mercy! here's usage for a brother-in-law!

Ferd.

But, harky, rascal! tell me directly where these false friends are gone, or by my soul (*draws.*)

Isaac.

For heavens sake, now, my dear Brother-in-law don't be in a rage I'll recollect as well as I can.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

Be quick then!

Isaac.

I will, I will but people's memories differ some have a treacherous memory now mine is a cowardly memory it takes to its heels at sight of a drawn sword, it does I'faith and I could as soon fight as recollect.

Ferd.

Zounds, tell me the truth, and I won't hurt you.

Isaac.

No, no; I know you won't, my dear brother-in-law but that ill looking thing there.

Ferd.

What, then, you won't tell me?

Isaac.

Yes, yes, I will I'll tell you all upon my soul, but why need you listen sword in hand.

Ferd.

Why there (*puts up*) now.

Isaac.

Why then, I believe they are gone to that is my friend, Carlos, told me he had left Donna Clara fear Ferdinand keep your hands off at the Convent of St. Catherine.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

St. Catherine!

Isaac.

Yes; and that Antonio was to come to her there.

Ferd.

Is this the truth?

Isaac.

It is indeed; and all I know, as I hope for life.

Ferd.

Well, coward, take your life 'tis that false, dishonourable Antonio, who shall feel my vengeance.

Isaac.

Ay, ay, kill him cut his throat and welcome.

Ferd.

But for Clara infamy on her she is not worth my resentment.

Isaac.

No more she is, my dear brother-in-law, I'faith I would not be angry about her she is not worth it indeed.

Ferd.

SCENE II.

THE DUENNA

'Tis false she is worth the enmity of princes.

Isaac.

True, true; so she is, and I pity you exceedingly for having lost her.

Ferd.

S'death, you rascal! how durst you talk of pitying me.

Isaac.

O dear brother-in-law, I beg pardon I don't pity you in the least, upon my soul.

Ferd.

Get hence, fool, and provoke me no further Nothing but your insignificance saves you.

Isaac.

I'faith, then my insignificance is the best friend I have I'm going, dear Ferdinand What a curst, hot-headed bully it is!

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Garden of the Convent.

Enter Louisa and Clara.

Louisa.

And you really wish my brother may not find you out.

THE DUENNA

Clara.

Why else, have I conceal'd myself under this disguise?

Louisa.

Why, perhaps, because the dress becomes you, for you certainly don't intend to be a nun for life.

Clara.

If, indeed, Ferdinand had not offended me so, last night.

Louisa.

Come, come, it was his fear of losing you, made him so rash.

Clara.

Well, you may think me cruel but I swear if he were here this instant, I believe I shou'd forgive him.

SONG, Clara.

By him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies,
One day apart, 'tis ended,
Behold him and it dies,

Last night, your roving brother,
Enrag'd I bade depart,
And sure his rude presumption,
Deserv'd to lose my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

In spite of injured pride,
I fear my eyes wou'd pardon,
Before my tongue cou'd chide.

With truth, the bold deceiver,
To me thus oft has said,
"In vain wou'd Clara slight me,
"In vain wou'd she upbraid;
"No Scorn those lips discover,
"Where dimples laugh the while,
No frowns appear resentful,
Where Heaven has stamp't a smile.

Louisa.

I protest Clara, I shall begin to think you are seriously resolved to enter on your probation.

Clara.

And, seriously, I very much doubt whether the character of a nun wou'd not become me best.

Louisa.

Why, to be sure, the character of a nun is a very becoming one at a masquerade but no pretty woman in her senses ever thought of taking the veil for above a night.

Clara.

Yonder I see your Antonio is returned I shall only interrupt you; ah, Louisa, with what happy eagerness you turn to look for him!

[Exit.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio.

Well, my Louisa, any news since I left you?

THE DUENNA

Louisa.

None The messenger is not returned from my father.

Antonio.

Well, I confess, I do not perceive what we are to expect from him.

Louisa.

I shall be easier however, in having made the trial, I do not doubt your sincerity, Antonio: but there is a chilling air round poverty that often kills affection, that was not nurs'd in it If we would make love our household god, we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

[Enter Maid, with a letter.]

My father's answer I suppose.

Antonio.

My dearest Louisa, you may be assured that it contains nothing but threats and reproaches.

Louisa.

Let us see however (*reads*) "Dearest daughter, make your lover happy, you have my full consent to marry as your whim has chosen, but be sure come home to sup with your affectionate father".

Antonio.

You jest, Louisa.

Louisa. [Gives him the Letter]

Read read.

Antonio.

'Tis so, by heavens! sure there must be some mistake; but that's none of our business now, Louisa, you have no excuse for delay.

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

Louisa.

Shall we not then return and thank my father?

Antonio.

But first let the priest put it out of his power to recall his word. I'll fly to procure one.

Louisa.

Nay; if you part with me again, perhaps you may lose me.

Antonio.

Come then there is a friar of a neighbouring convent is my friend; you have already been diverted by the manners of a nunnery let us see, whether there is less hypocrisy among the holy fathers.

Louisa.

I'm afraid not, Antonio for in religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Clara.

Clara.

So, yonder they go, as happy as a mutual and confess'd affection can make them; while I am left in solitude. Heigho! love may perhaps excuse the rashness of an elopement from one's friend; but I am sure; nothing but the presence of the man we love can support it Ha! what do I see; Ferdinand as I live, how cou'd he gain admission by potent gold I suppose, as Antonio did how eager and disturbed he seems he shall not know me as yet. *[Lets down her veil.]*

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd.

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

Yes, those were certainly they my information was right.

[going.

Clara. (Stops him)

Pray, Signor, what is your business here.

Ferd.

No matter no matter Oh, they stop *[looks out]* yes, that is the perfidious Clara indeed.

Clara.

So, a jealous error I'm glad to see him so mov'd.

[aside.

Ferd.

Her disguise can't conceal her No, no, I know hr too well.

Clara.

Wonderful discernment! but Signor

Ferd.

Be quiet, good nun, don't teize me by heavens she leans upon his arm, hangs fondly on it! O woman! woman!

Clara.

But, Signor, who is it you want?

Ferd.

SCENE III.

THE DUENNA

Not you, not you, so, prythee don't teize me. Yet pray stay gentle nun, was it not Donna Clara d'Almanza just parted from you?

Clara.

Clara d'Almanza, Signor, is not yet out of the garden.

Ferd.

Aye, aye, I knew I was right and pray, is not that gentleman now at the porch with her, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Clara.

It is indeed, Signor.

Ferd.

So, so, now but one question more can you inform me for what purpose they have gone away?

Clara.

They are gone to be married, I believe.

Ferd.

Very well enough now if I don't marr their wedding.

[Exit.]

Clara. (unveils)

I thought jealousy had made lovers quick-sighted, but it has made mine blind Louisa's story accounts to me for this error, and I am glad to find I have power enough over him to make him so unhappy but why should not I be present at his surprize when undeceived? When he's thro' the porch I'll follow him, and, perhaps, Louisa shall not singly be a bride.

THE DUENNA

SONG.

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies,
The sullen echo of repentant sighs:
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well;
For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,
To saints a prison, but a tomb to love.

Exit.

SCENE IV.

SCENE. A Court before the Priory.

Enter Isaac, crossing the Stage.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio.

What, my friend Isaac:

Isaac.

What, Antonio! wish me joy! I have Louisa safe.

Antonio.

Have you? I wish you joy with all my soul.

Isaac.

Yes, I am come here to procure a priest to marry us.

THE DUENNA

Antonio.

So, then we are both on the same errand, I am come to look for father Paul.

Isaac.

Hah! I am glad on't but I'faith he must tack me first, my love is waiting.

Antonio.

So is mine I left her in the porch.

Isaac.

Aye, but I am in haste to get back to Don Jerome.

Antonio.

And so am I too.

Isaac.

Well, perhaps he'll save time and marry us both together or I'll be your father and you shall be mine Come along but you're oblig'd to me for all this.

Antonio.

Yes, yes.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Room in the Priory.

THE DUENNA

Friars at the Table drinking.

GLEE and CHORUS.

This bottle's the sun of our Table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We, Planets that are not able,
Without his help to shine,
Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrow'd light;
And shine as he goes round.

Paul.

Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.

Francis.

Have we drank the abbess of St. Ursuline?

Aug.

Yes, yes; she was the last.

Francis.

Then I'll give you the blue-ey'd nun of St. Catherine's.

Paul.

With all my heart (*drinks*). Pray brother, Augustine, were there any benefactions left in my absence?

Francis.

Don Juan Corduba has left an hundred ducats to remember him in our masses.

SCENE V.

THE DUENNA

Paul.

Has he! let them be paid to our wine merchant, and we'll remember him in our cups, which will do just as well. Any thing more?

Aug.

Yes; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeath'd us a thousand Pistoles, and the silver lamp he used in his own chamber, to burn before the the image of St. Anthony.

Paul.

'Twas well meant; but we'll employ his money better Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, tho' he was see who's there.

[A knocking, Francis goes to the door, and opens it.

Enter Porter.

Porter.

Here's one without in pressing haste to speak with father Paul.

Aug.

Brother Paul!

[Paul comes from behind a curtain with a glass of wine, and in his hand a piece of cake.]

Paul.

Here! how durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Porter.

I thought they were finished.

SCENE V.

THE DUENNA

Paul.

No they were not were they brother Francis?

Aug.

Not by a bottle each.

Paul.

But neither you or your fellows mark how the hours go no, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites; ye eat and swill, and sleep, and gormandize, and thrive while we are wasting in mortification.

Porter.

We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul.

'Tis false, ye have more appetites than hairs, and your flush'd, sleek, and pampered appearance is the disgrace of our order out on't if you are hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth, and if you are dry, isn't there the crystal spring (*drinks*)? Put this away (*gives a glass*) and shew me where I'm wanted. (*Porter drains the glass Paul going, turns*) so, you wou'd have drank it, if there had been any left. Ah, glutton! glutton!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

The Court before the Priory.

Enter Isaac and Antonio.

Isaac.

A plaguy while coming this same father Paul He's detain'd at vespers I suppose, poor fellow.

THE DUENNA

Antonio.

No, here he comes. Good father Paul, (*Enter Paul*) I crave your blessing.

Isaac.

Yes good father Paul, we are come to beg a favour.

Paul.

What is it pray?

Isaac.

To marry us, good father Paul; and in truth, thou do'st look the very priest of Hymen.

Paul.

In short I may be called so; for I deal in repentance and mortification.

Isaac.

No, no, thou seem'st an officer of Hymen, because thy presence speaks content and good humour.

Paul.

Alas! my appearance is deceitful. Bloated I am, indeed, for fasting is a windy recreation, and it hath swoln me like a bladder.

Antonio.

But thou hast a good fresh colour in thy face father, rosy I'faith.

THE DUENNA

Paul.

Ye, I have blush'd for mankind, till the hue of of my shame is as fixed as their vices.

Isaac.

Good man!

Paul.

And I have labour'd too but to what purpose, they continue to sin under my very nose.

Isaac.

Efecks, father, I shou'd have guess'd as much, for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.

Paul.

Go, you're a wag.

Antonio.

But to the purpose, father will you officiate for us?

Paul.

To join young people thus clandestinely is not safe, and indeed, I have in my heart many weighty reasons against it.

Antonio.

And I have in my hand many weighty reasons for it Isaac, hav'n't you an argument or two in our favour about you?

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

Yes, yes; here is a most unanswerable purse.

Paul.

For shame, you make me angry; you forget that I am a Jacobin, and when importunate people have forced their trash aye, into this pocket here or into this why, then the sin was theirs (*they put money into his pockets*) fie! now, how you distress me? I wou'd return it, but that I must touch it that way, and so wrong my oath.

Antonio.

Now then, come with us.

Isaac.

Aye, now give us your title to joy and rapture.

Friar.

Well, when your hour of repentance comes, don't blame me.

Antonio.

No bad caution to my friend Isaac (*aside*). Well, well, father, do you do your part and I'll abide the consequence.

Isaac.

Aye, and so will I (*they are going.*)

Enter Louisa, (running.)

Louisa.

O, Antonio, Ferdinand is at the porch and enquiring for us.

THE DUENNA

Isaac.

Who? Don Ferdinand! he's not enquiring for me I hope.

Antonio.

Fear not, my love, I'll soon pacify him.

Isaac.

Egad, you won't Antonio, take my advice and run away; this Ferdinand is the most unmerciful dog! and has the cursedest long sword! and upon my soul he comes on purpose to cut your throat.

Antonio.

Never fear, never fear.

Isaac.

Well, you may stay if you will but I'll get some one to marry me, for by St. Iago, he shall never marry me again, while I am master of a pair of heels.

[Runs out.

Enter Ferdinand and Louisa.

Ferd.

So, Sir, I have met with you at last.

Antonio.

Well, Sir?

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

Base treacherous man! whence can a false, deceitful soul like your's borrow confidence to look so steadily on the man you've injured?

Antonio.

Ferdinand, you are too warm 'tis true you find me on the point of wedding one I love beyond my life, but no argument of mine prevail'd on her to elope I scorn deceit as much as you by heav'n, I knew not she had left her father's till I saw her.

Ferd.

What a mean excuse! you have wrong'd your friend then, for one, whose wanton forwardness anticipated your treachery of this indeed, your Jew pander inform'd me; but let your conduct be consistent, and since you have dar'd to do a wrong, follow me, and shew you have spirit to avow it.

Louisa.

Antonio, I perceive his mistake leave him to me.

Paul.

Friend, you are rude to interrupt the union of two willing hearts.

Ferd.

No, meddling priest, the hand he seeks is mine.

Enter Clara, behind.

Paul.

If so, I'll proceed no further lady, did you ever promise this youth your hand? [*To Louisa, who shakes her head.*]

Ferd.

THE DUENNA

Clara, I thank you for your silence I would not have heard your tongue avow such falsity be't your punishment to remember I have not reproached you Antonio, you are protected now, but we shall meet. [*Going, Clara holds one arm and Louisa the other.*]

DUET.

Louisa.

Turn thee round I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage,

Clara.

I must help to stay thee,
And thy wrath assuage.

Louisa.

Could'st thou not discover
One so dear to thee?

Clara.

Can'st thou be a lover,
And thus fly from me?
[both unveil]

Ferd.

How's this! my sister! Clara too I'm confounded.

Louisa.

'Tis even so, good brother.

Paul.

How! what impiety! Did the man want to marry his own sister?

Louisa.

And am't you asham'd of yourself not to know your own sister?

THE DUENNA

Clara.

To drive away your own mistress

Louisa.

Don't you see how jealousy blinds people?

Clara.

Aye, and will you ever be jealous again?

Ferd.

Never never you, sister, I know will forgive me but now, Clara, shall I presume

Clara.

No, no, just now you told me not to tieze you "Who do you want, good Signor?" "not you, not you." O you blind wretch! but swear never to be jealous again, and I'll forgive you.

Ferd.

By all

Clara.

There, that will do you'll keep the oath just as well.

[gives her hand.]

Louisa.

But, brother, here is one, to whom some apology is due.

SCENE VI.

THE DUENNA

Ferd.

Antonio, I am asham'd to think

Antonio.

Not a word of excuse, Ferdinand I have not been in love myself, without learning that a lover's anger shou'd never be resented but come let us retire with this good father, and we'll explain to you the cause of this error.

GLEE and CHORUS.

Oft' does Hymen smile to hear,
Wordy vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere.
Never slow to give reward:
For his glory is to prove,
Kind to those who wed for love.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

and Last. A Grand Saloon.

Enter Don Jerome, Servants and Lopez.

Jerome.

Be sure now let every thing be in the best order let all my Servants have on their merriest faces but tell 'em to get as little drunk as possible till after supper. So, Lopez, where's your master? sha'n't we have him at supper.

Lopez.

Indeed, I believe not, Sir he's mad, I doubt; I'm sure he has frighted me from him.

Jerome.

THE DUENNA

Aye, aye, he's after some wench, I suppose, a young rake! Well, well, we'll be merry without him.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.

Sir, here is Signor Isaac.

Enter Isaac.

Jerome.

So, my dear son-in-law there, take my blessing and forgiveness, but where's my daughter? where's Louisa?

Isaac.

She's without impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

Jerome.

O fly and bring her in.

[Exit Isaac.

Poor girl, I long to see her pretty face.

Isaac. (without)

Come, my charmer! my trembling Angel!

Enter Isaac and Duenna, Don Jerome runs to meet them (she kneels.)

Jerome.

Come to my arms, my *(starts back)* why who the devil have we here?

Isaac.

Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness; see how the dear creature droops.

THE DUENNA

Jerome.

Droops indeed! Why, gad take me, this is old Margaret but where's my daughter, where's Louisa?

Isaac.

Why here, before your eyes nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife!

Jerome.

Wife with a vengeance! Why, zounds you have not married the Duenna!

Margaret. (kneeling)

O dear papa! you'll not disown me sure!

Jerome.

Papa! dear papa! Why, zounds, your impudence is as great as your ugliness.

Isaac.

Rise, my charmer, go throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are

Duenna.

O Sir, forgive me!

[Embraces him.]

Jerome.

Help! murder!

THE DUENNA

Servants.

What's the matter, Sir?

Jerome.

Why here, this damn'd Jew, has brought an old Harridan to strangle me.

Isaac.

Lord, it is his own daughter, and he is so hard hearted he won't forgive her.

Enter Antonio and Louisa, they kneel.

Jerome.

Zounds and fury what's here now? who sent for you, Sir, and who the devil are you?

Antonio.

This lady's husband, Sir.

Isaac.

Aye, that he is I'll be sworn; for I left 'em with the Priest, and was to have given her away.

Jerome.

You were?

Isaac.

Aye; that's my honest friend, Antonio; and that's the little girl I told you I had hamper'd him with.

THE DUENNA

Jerome.

Why, you are either drunk or mad this is my daughter.

Isaac.

No, no; 'tis you are both drunk and mad, I think here's your daughter.

Jerome.

Hark'ee, old iniquity, will you explain all this or not?

Duenna.

Come then, Don Jerome, I will tho' our habits might inform you all look on your daughter, there and on me.

Isaac.

What's this I hear?

Duenna.

The truth is, that in your passion this morning, you made a small mistake, for you turn'd your daughter out of doors; and lock'd up your humble servant.

Isaac.

O lud! O lud! here's a pretty fellow! to turn his daughter out of doors instead of an old Duenna.

Jerome.

And, O lud! O lud! here's a pretty fellow to marry an old Duenna instead of my daughter but how came the rest about?

THE DUENNA

Duenna.

I have only to add, that I remain'd in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

Isaac.

Her husband! why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now! this is a trick, a cheat, and you ought all to be asham'd of yourselves.

Antonio.

Hark'ee, Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portugueze has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to over-reach you by getting your daughter's fortune, without making any settlement in return.

Jerome.

Over-reach me!

Antonio.

'Tis so indeed, Sir, and we can prove it to you.

Jerome.

Why, gad take me, it must be so, or he cou'd never have put up with such a face as Margaret's so, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife with all my soul.

Louisa.

Isaac, tricking is all fair in love let you alone for the plot.

Antonio.

THE DUENNA

A cunning dog ar'n't you? A fly little villain, heh!

Louisa.

Roguish, perhaps; but keen, devilish keen.

Jerome.

Yes, yes, his aunt always call'd him little Solomon.

Isaac.

Why, the plague of Egypt upon you all but do you think I'll submit to such an Imposition!

Antonio.

Isaac, one serious word you'd better be content as you are, for believe me, you will find, that in the opinion of the world, there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule, than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

Isaac.

I don't care I'll not endure this Don Jerome 'tis you have done this you wou'd be so curst positive about the beauty of her you lock'd up, and all the time, I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the Devil.

Duenna.

Why you little insignificant reptile.

Jerome.

That's right attack him, Margaret.

Duenna.

THE DUENNA

Dares such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty a walking rouleau a body that seems to owe all its consequence to the dropsy a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough. A beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivell'd jaws that wou'd disgrace the mummy of a monkey.

Jerome.

Well done, Margaret.

Duenna.

But you shall know that I have a brother who wears a sword, and if you don't do me justice

Isaac.

Fire seize your brother, and you too I'll fly to Jerusalem to avoid you.

Duenna.

Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

Jerome.

Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret.

Exeunt Isaac and Duenna.

But Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman?

Louisa.

Sir, in obedience to your commands I gave him my hand within this hour.

Jerome.

My commands!

Antonio.

SCENE VII.

THE DUENNA

Yes, Sir, here is your consent under your own hand.

Jerome.

How? wou'd you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence, and do you think to get her fortune by the same means? why s'life, you are as great a rogue as Isaac.

Antonio.

No, Don Jerome, tho' I have profited by this paper in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit, there Sir, [*Gives a letter*] now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess, shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

Jerome.

Why, gad take me, but you are a very extraordinary fellow, but have you the impudence to suppose no one can do a generous action but yourself? Here Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours, that he's the only man I know that wou'd renounce your fortune; and by my soul, he's the only man in Spain that's worthy of it there, bless you both, I'm an obstinate old fellow when I am in the wrong; but you shall now find me as steady in the right.

Enter Ferdinand and Clara.

Another wonder still! why, Sirrah! Ferdinand, you have not stole a nun, have you?

Ferd.

She is a nun in nothing but her habit, Sir look nearer, and you will perceive 'tis Clara d'Almanza, Don Guzman's daughter, and with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

Jerome.

Gadsbud, and a great fortune Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue and I forgive you; and ifecks you are a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue.

Clara.

There old gentleman, and now mind you behave well to us.

Jerome.

SCENE VII.

THE DUENNA

Efecks, those lips ha'n't been chill'd by kissing beads Egad, I believe I shall grow the best humour'd fellow in Spain Lewis, Sancho, Carlos, d'ye hear, are all my doors thrown open? Our childrens weddings are the only hollidays our age can boast, and then we drain with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us. [*Music within*] But see, here come our friends and neighbours.

Enter Masqueraders.

And I'faith we'll make a night on't, with wine and dance, and catches then old and young shall join us.

FINALE.

Jerome.

Come now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, so blyth and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Louisa.

Thus crown'd with dance and song,
The hours shall glide along,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.

Ferdinand.

Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away,

Antonio.

Then, health's to every friend,
The night's repast shall end,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry, glees,
Can never fail to please.

Clara.

Nor while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious fear annoy us,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Jerome

For generous guests like these,
Accept the wish to please,
So we'll laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Your smiles drive care away.