

The Dutch Lover

Aphra Behn

Table of Contents

<u>The Dutch Lover</u>	1
<u>Aphra Behn</u>	1
<u>ACT I</u>	1
<u>SCENE I</u>	2
<u>SCENE II</u>	9
<u>SCENE III</u>	17
<u>ACT II</u>	27
<u>SCENE I</u>	27
<u>SCENE II</u>	32
<u>SCENE III</u>	39
<u>SCENE IV</u>	43
<u>SCENE V</u>	45
<u>SCENE VI</u>	47
<u>SCENE VII</u>	56
<u>ACT III</u>	63
<u>SCENE I</u>	63
<u>SCENE II</u>	76
<u>SCENE III</u>	82
<u>SCENE IV</u>	92
<u>ACT IV</u>	100
<u>SCENE I</u>	101
<u>SCENE II</u>	119
<u>SCENE III</u>	130
<u>ACT V</u>	142
<u>SCENE I</u>	143
<u>SCENE II</u>	164

The Dutch Lover

Aphra Behn

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.

<http://www.blackmask.com>

- ACT I.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.
 - SCENE III.

 - ACT II.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.
 - SCENE III.
 - SCENE IV.
 - SCENE V.
 - SCENE VI.
 - SCENE VII.

 - ACT III.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.
 - SCENE III.
 - SCENE IV.

 - ACT IV.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.
 - SCENE III.

 - ACT V.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.
-

ACT I.

The Dutch Lover

SCENE I.

Enter Alonzo and Lovis in travelling habits, attended by Pedro and Gload.

Lov.

Dear Alonzo! I shall love a Church the better this month for giving me a sight of thee, whom I so little expected in this part of the World, and less in so sanctifi'd a place. What affair could be powerful enough to draw thee from the kind obliging Ladies of *Brabant*?

Alon.

First the sudden orders of my Prince *Don John*, and next a fair Lady.

Lov.

A Lady! can any of this Country relish with a man that has been us'd to the freedom of those of *Bruxels*, from whence I suppose you are now arriv'd?

Alon.

This morning landed, from such a storm, as set us all to making vows of conversion, (upon good conditions) and that indeed brought me to Church.

Lov.

In that very storm I landed too, but with less sense of danger than you, being diverted with a pleasant fellow that came along with me, and who is design'd to marry a sister of mine against my will And now I think of him, *Gload*, where hast thou left this Master of thine?

Glo.

At the *Inne*, Sir, in as lamentable a pickle, as if he were still in the storm; recruiting his emptied stomach with Brandy, and railing against all women-kind for your sisters sake, who has made him undertake this voyage.

Lov.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Well, I'll come to him, go home before.

[Exit Gload.]

Alon.

Prethee what thing is this?

Lov.

Why, 'tis the Cashier to this Squire I spoke of, a man of business, and as wise as his Master, but the graver Coxcomb of the two. But this Lady, *Alonzo*, who is this Lady thou speak'st of? shall not I know her? we were wont to divide the spoils of Beauty, as well as those of war between us.

Alon.

O but this is no such prise, thou wouldst hardly share this with the danger, there's Matrimony in the case.

Lov.

Nay, then keep her to thy self, only let me know who 'tis that can debauch thee to that scandalous way of life; is she fair? will she recompence the folly?

Alon.

Faith I know not, I never saw her yet, but 'tis the sister of *Marcell*, whom we both knew last Summer in *Flanders*, and where he and I contracted such a friendship, that without other consideration he promis'd me *Hippolyta*, for that's his sisters name.

Lov.

But wo't thou really marry her?

Alon.

I consider my advantage in being allied to so considerable a man as *Ambrosio*, her father; I being now so unhappy as not to know my Birth or Parents.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Lov.

I have often heard of some such thing, but durst not ask the truth of it.

Alon.

'Tis so, all that I know of my self is, that a Spanish Souldier, who brought me up in the Army, dying, confest I was not his son, (which till then I believed) and at the age of twelve left me to shift for my self; the fortune he inricht me with was his Horse and Arms, with a few documents how to use them, as I had seen him do with good, success: This servant, and a Crucifix of value. [*Points to Pedro.* And from one degree to another, I arriv'd to what you knew me, Colonel of the Princes Regiment, and the glory of his favour.

Lov.

Honour is the Child of Vertue, and finds an owner every where.

Alon.

Oh, Sir, you are a Courtier, and have much the odds of a Souldier in parlies of this nature: But hither I am come

Lov.

To be undone; faith thou lookst ill upon't.

Alon.

I confess I am not altogether so brisk as I should have been upon another occasion; you know *Lovis* I have been us'd to Christian liberty, and hate this formal courtship. Pox on't, wou'd 'twere over.

Lov.

Where all parties are agreed, there's little need of that; and the Ladies of *Spain*, whatever gravity they assume, are as ready as any you ever met withal.

Alon.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

But there's a damn'd custom that does not at all agree with men so frank and gay as thou and I; there's a deal of danger in the atchievement, which some say hightens the pleasure, but I am of another opinion.

Ped.

Sir, there is a female in a vail has follow'd us ever since we came from Church.

Alon.

Some amorous adventure: See she
[Enter Olinda.
advances: Prethee retire, there may be danger in it.

[Puts Lovis back.

Lov.

Oh then, I must by no means leave you.

[Lovis advances.

Olin.

Which of these two shall I chuse?
[She look on both.
Sir, you appear a stranger.

[To Lovis.

Alon.

We are both so Lady.

Olin.

I shall spoil all, and bring
[She looks again on both.
the wrong. Sir, you should be a Cavalier, that

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Would gladly obey your orders.

Lov.

Nay, I find 'tis all one to you, which you chuse, so you have one of us; but would not both do better?

Olin.

No, Sir, my commission's but to one.

Alon.

Fix and proceed then, let me be the man.

Olin.

What shall I do? they are both well:

[Aside.

but I'll e'en chuse, as 'twere, for my self; and hang me if I know which that shall be. *[Looks on both.]* Sir, there is a Lady of quality and beauty, who guessing you to be men of honour, has sent me to one of you.

Alon.

Me I am sure.

Lov.

Me, me, he's engag'd already.

Alon.

That's foul play *Lovis*.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Olin.

Well, I must have but one, and therefore I'll wink and chuse.

Lov.

I'll not trust blind fortune.

Alon.

Prethee *Lovis* let thee and I agree upon the matter, and I find the Lady will be reasonable; cross or pile who shall go.

Lov.

Go, Sir, whither?

Alon.

To the Lady that

Lov.

Sent for neither of us that I can hear of yet.

Olin.

You will not hear me out, but I'll end the difference by chusing you, Sir; and if you'll follow me

[To Alonzo.

at a distance, I will conduct you where this Lady is.

Alon.

Fair guide march on; I'll follow thee.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

[Offers to go.

Lov.

You are not mad, Sir, 'tis some abuse, and dangerous.

[Pulls him back.

Alon.

Be not envious of my happiness: Forbear a wench, for fear of danger!

Lov.

Have a care, 'tis some plot. *[Holds him.]* Where did this Lady see us, we are both strangers in the City?

Alon.

No matter where.

Olin.

At Church, Sir, just now.

Alon.

I, I at Church, at Church, enough.

Lov.

What's her name?

Alon.

Away, thou art fuller of questions than a Fortune-teller: Come let's be gone.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Lov.

Sure you do not mean to keep your word, Sir?

Alon.

Not keep my word, *Lovis*! What wicked life hast thou known me lead, should make thee suspect I should not. When I have made an interest in her, and find her worth communicating, I will be just upon honour. Go, go.

Lov.

Well, go your ways, if marriage do not tame you, you are past all hopes: but pray, Sir, let me see you at my lodgings, the *Golden Fleece* here at the gate.

Alon.

I'll attend thee there, and tell thee my adventure: Farewel. [*Exit Lovis.*] *Pedro*, go you and inquire for the house of *Don Ambrosio*, and tell him I will wait on him in the evening, by that time I shall get my self in order.

[Exeunt Alonzo and Olinda: Pedro the other way.]

SCENE II.

[House of Ambrosio.]

Enter Silvio, melancholy.

Sily.

I must remove *Marcell*, for his nice honour
Will ne'r permit that I should court my Sister;
My passion will admit of no restraint,
'Tis grown so violent; and fair *Cleonte's* charms
Each day increase to such a killing number,
That I must speak or dye.

Enter Francisca.

The Dutch Lover

Franc.

What, still with folded arms and down-cast looks?

Silv.

Oh *Francisca!*

My brothers presence now afflicts me more
Than all my fears of cruelty from *Cleonte*,
She is the best, the sweetest, kindest sister

Franc.

I, Sir, but she will never make the kindest Mistriss.

Silv.

At least she should permit me to adore her,
Were but *Marcell* away.
Hast thou no stratagem to get him absent?
For I can think of nothing but my sister.
[Sighs.]

Franc.

I know of none, nor other remedie for you than loving less.

Silv.

Oh 'tis impossible,
Thou knowst I've try'd all ways, made my addresses
To all the fairest Virgins in *Madrid*;
Nay, and at last fell to the worst debauchery,
That of frequenting every common house:
But souls that feed so high on love as mine
Must nauseate courser diet:
No, I must still love on, and tell her so,
Or I must live no longer.

Franc.

That methinks you might do even in the presence of *Marcell*. A brother is allow'd to love a sister.

Silv.

But I shall do't in such a way *Francisca*,
Be so transported, and so passionate,
I shall betray what he will ne'r indure.
And since our other sister loose *Hippolyta* was lost,
He does so guard and watch the fair *Cleonte*.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Franc.

Why, quarrel with him, Sir, you know you are so much dearer to my Lord your Father than he is, that should he perceive a difference between ye, he would soon dismiss him the house; and 'twere but reason, Sir, for I am sure *Don Marcel* loves you not.

Silv.

That I excuse, since he the lawful heir to all my Fathers Fortunes, sees it every day ready to be sacrific'd to me, who can pretend no title to't, but the unaccountable love my Father bears me.

Franc.

Can you dissemble, Sir?

Silv.

The worst of any man, but would endeavour it, if it could any ways advance my love.

Franc.

Which I must find some way to ruine.

[Aside.

Then court his Mistress.

Silv.

The rich *Flavia*?

Franc.

That would not incense him, for her he is to marry; but 'tis the fair *Clarinda* has his heart.

Silv.

To act a faigned love, and hide a real one,
Is what I have already try'd in vain.
Even fair *Clarinda* I have courted too,
In hope that way to banish from my soul
The hopeless flame *Cleonte* kindled there;
But 'twas a shame to see how ill I did dissemble.

The Dutch Lover

Franc.

Stay, Sir, here comes *Marcell*. I'll leave you.

[Exit Francisca.

Enter Marcell with a letter open in his hand which he kisses.

Mar.

Kind Messenger of love! thus, thus a thousand times
I bid thee welcome from my fair *Clarinda*.
Thus joyful Bridegrooms after long despairs
Possess the yielding treasure in their arms;
Only thus much the happier lover I,
Who gather all the sweets of this fair Maid
Without the ceremonious tye of Marriage;
That tye that does but nauseate the delight,
Be far from happy Lovers; we'll imbrace
As unconfin'd and free as whispering Air
That mingles wantonly with spreading flowers.

Silv.

What's all this?

Mar.

Silvio, the victory's won.
The heart that nicely stood it out so long;
Now yields upon conditions.

Silv.

What victory? or what heart?

Mar.

I am all rapture, cannot speak it out;
My senses have carous'd too much of joy;
And like young drunkards, proud of their new try'd strength,
Have made my pleasure less by the excess.

Silv.

This is wondrous.
Impart some of your over-charge to me,
The burthen lightned will be more supportable.

Mar.

Read here, & change thy wonders when thou know'st
How happy man can be.

[Gives him a letter.

[Silvio reads.]

The Dutch Lover

Marcel,

Dormida will have me tell you what effects your vows have made, and how easily they have drawn from me a consent to see you, as you desir'd this night in my chamber: you have sworn to marry me, and love will have me credit you, and then methinks I ought not to deny you any thing, nor question your Vertue. Dormida will wait to throw you down the key, when all are in bed, that will conduct you to

Your Clarinda.

Damn her for a dissembler;
Is this the chaste, the excellent *Clarinda*,
Whom whilst I courted was as cold and nice,
As a young Nun the day she is invested.

Mar.

How now brother, what displeas'd with it?
[Takes the Letter.

Silv.

A little, Sir, to see anothers happiness,
Whilst I where ere I pay my vows and sighs
Get nothing but disdain, and yet this shape
And face I never thought unhandsome.

Mar.

These be the least approaches to a heart;
'Tis not dull looking well will do the feat,
There is a knack in Love, a critical minute:
And women must be watcht as witches are
Ere they confess, and then they yield a pace.

Enter a Boy.

Boy.

Sir, there is without a servant of *Don Alonzo's*, who says his Master will be here to night.

[Marcell is surpriz'd.

Mar.

Alonzo! now I begin to wake
From Love; like one from some delightful dream,
To reassume my wonted cares and shame.
I will not speak with him.

[Exit Boy.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Oh *Hippolyta*! thou poor lost thing *Hippolyta*!
How art thou fallen from Honour, and from Vertue,
And livest in whoredom, with an impious villain?
Who in revenge to me has thus betray'd thee.
Keep thy self closer than thou'st done thy sin;
For if I find thee out, by all that's good,
Thou hadst more mercy on thy slaughter'd honour,
Than I will have for thee.

And thou *Antonio* that hast betray'd her,
Who till prophan'd by thee, was chaste as shrines,
And pure as are the vows are offer'd there,
That rape which thou'st committed on her innocence,
I will revenge as shall become her Brother.

[Offers to go out in rage.]

Silv.
Stay *Marcell*,
I can inform you where these Lovers are.

Mar.
Oh tell me quickly then,
That I may take them in their foul imbraces,
And send their souls to Hell.

Silv.
Last night I made a youthful sally to
One of those houses where love and pleasure
Are sold at dearest rates.

Mar.
A Bordello; forwards pray.

Silv.

Yes, at the corner of St. *Jeroms*; where after seeing many faces which pleas'd me not, I would have took my leave; but the Matron of the house, a kind obliging Lady, seeing me so nice, and of quality (though disguis'd) told me she had a beauty, such an one, as had *Counte D'Oliveris* in his height of power seen, he would have purchast at any rate. I grew impatient to see this fine thing, and promis'd largely; then leading me into a room as gay, and as perfum'd as an Altar upon a Holy-day, I saw seated upon a Couch of state

Mar.
Hippolyta?

Silv.
Hippolyta our sister drest like a *Venice* Courtizan,
With all the charms of a loose wanton,
Singing and playing to her ravisht Lover,

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Who I perceiv'd assisted to expose her.

Mar.

Well, Sir, what follow'd?

Silv.

Surpris'd at sight of this, I did with—draw
And left them laughing at my little confidence.

Mar.

How! left them? and left them living too?

Silv.

If a young wench will be gadding,
Who can help it?

Mar.

'Sdeath, you should, were you that half her brother,
Which my Father too doatingly believes you.

[Inrag'd.

Silv.

How! do you question his belief, *Marcel*?

Mar.

I ne'r consider'd it; be gone and leave me.

Silv.

Am I a dog that thus you bid me vanish?

[Aside.

What mean you by this language?

[Comes up to him.

And how dare you upbraid me with my birth,
Which know, *Marcel*, is more illustrious far
Than thine, being begot when love was in his reign,
With all his youth and heat about him?
I like birds of bravest kind was hatcht
In the hot Sun—shine of delight, whilst
Thou *Marcel* wer't poorly brooded
In the cold nest of Wed—lock.

Mar.

Thy Mother was some base notorious strumpet,
And by her witch—craft, reduc'd my Fathers soul,
And in return she pay'd him with a bastard,
Which was thou.

Silv.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Marcel, thou ly'st.

[Strikes him.]

Mar.

Though 'twere no point of valour but of rashness
To fight thee, yet I'll do't.

Silv.

By Heaven I will not put this injury up.

[They fight, Silvio is wounded.]

Fight again. Enter Ambrosio, and Cleonte between; Silvio falls into the arms of Cleonte.

Amb.

Hold! I command you hold;
Ah Traitor to my blood, what hast thou done?

[To Marcel, who kneels and lays his sword at his feet.]

Silv.

In fair *Cleontes* Arms!
O I could kiss the hand that gives me death,
So I might thus expire.

Mar.

Pray hear me, Sir, before you do condemn me.

Amb.

I will hear nothing but thy death pronounc'd,
Since thou hast wounded him, if it be mortal.
Have I not charg'd thee on thy life, *Marcel*,
Thou shouldst not hold discourse with him of any kind?

Mar.

I did fore-see my fate, but could not shun it.

[Takes his sword and goes out.]

Amb.

What ho! *Biscay*, Surgeon; on your lives a Surgeon: where be these rascals?

[Goes out.]

Silv.

I would not have a Surgeon search my wound,
With rude and heavy hands;

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Yours, fair *Cleonte*, can apply the Balsom
Far more successfully.
For they are soft and white as down of Swans,
And every touch is sovereign.

Cleo.
But I should dye with looking on your wounds.

Silv.
And I shall dye unless you cure them, sister.

Cleo.
With the expence of mine to save your life,
Is both my wish and duty.

Silv.
I thank ye pretty innocence.
[Leads him in.

SCENE III.

[A Grove.

Discovers Euphemia vail'd alone walking.

Euphe.

O Linda stays long, I hope she has over—took the Cavalier, Lord how I am concern'd! if this should be love now, I were in a fine condition, at least if he be marryed, or a lover: Oh that fear! hang me, if it has not disorder'd me all over. But see, where she comes with him too.

Enter Olinda and Alonzo.

Olin.

Here he is, Madam, I hope 'tis the right man.

Alon.

Madam, you see what haste I make to obey your kind commands.

The Dutch Lover

Euph.

'Twas as kindly done, Sir; but I fear when you know to what end 'tis, you'll repent your haste.

Alon.

'Tis very likely; but if I do, you are not the first of your sex that has put me to repentance: but lift up your vail, and if your face be good

[Offers to lift up her vail.]

Euph.

Stay you're too hasty.

Alon.

Nay, let's have fair play on both sides, I'll hide nothing from you.

[Offers again.]

Euph.

I have a question or two to ask you first,

Alon.

I can promise nothing till I see my reward. I am a base barterer, here's one for t'other; you saw your man and lik'd him, and if I like you when I see you

[Offers again.]

Euph.

But if you do not, must all my liking be cast away?

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

As for that, trust to my good nature; a frank wench has hitherto taken me as much as beauty. And one proof you have already given of that, in this kind invitation; come, come do not loose my little new-gotten good opinion of thee, by being coy and peevish.

[Offers again.

Euph.

You are strangely impatient, Sir.

Alon.

O you should like me the better for that, 'tis a sign of youth and fire.

Euph.

But, Sir, before I let you see my face

Alon.

I hope I must not promise you to like it.

Euph.

No, that were too unreasonable; but I must know whether you are a lover.

Alon.

What an idle question's that to a brisk young fellow? a Lover, yes, and that as often as I see a new face.

Euph.

That I'll allow.

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

That's kindly said; and now do I find I shall be in love with thine, as soon as I see't, for I am half so with thy humour already.

Euph.

Are you not married, Sir?

Alon.

Married!

Euph.

Now I dread his answer. [*Aside.*] Yes, married.

Alon.

Why I hope you make no scruple of conscience to be kind to a married man.

Euph.

Now do I find, you hope I am a Curtizan that come to bargain for a night or two; but if I possess you it must be for ever.

Alon.

For ever let it be then, come let's begin on any terms.

Euph.

I cannot blame you, Sir, for this mistake, since what I've rashly done, has given you cause to think I am not vertuous.

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Faith, Madam, man is a strange ungovern'd thing; yet I in the whole course of my life have taken the best care I could to make as few mistakes as possible, and treating all women—kind alike we seldom err; for where we find one as you profess to be, we happily light on a hundred of the sociable and reasonable sort.

Euph.

But sure you are so much a Gentleman that you may be convinc'd.

Alon.

Faith if I be mistaken, I cannot devise what other use you can make of me.

Euph.

In short this; I must leave you instantly; and will only tell you I am the sole Daughter of a rich Parent, young, and as I am told not unhandsome; I am contracted to a man I never saw, nor I am sure shall not like when I do see, he having more vice and folly than his fortune will excuse, though a great one: and I had rather dye than marry him.

Alon.

I understand you, and you would have me dispatch this man.

Euph.

I am not yet so wicked. The Church is the only place I am allow'd to go to, and till now could never see the man that was perfectly agreeably to me: Thus vailed, I'll venture to tell you so.

Alon.

What the devil will this come too? her meen and shape are strangely graceful, and her discourse is free and natural: What a damn'd defeat is this, that she should be honest now?

[Aside.

The Dutch Lover

Euph.

Well, Sir, what answer? I see he is uneasy

[Aside.

Alon.

Why, as I was saying, Madam, I am a stranger.

Euph.

I like you the better for that.

Alon.

But, Madam, I am a man unknown, unown'd in the world; and much unworthy the honour you do me. Would I were well rid of her, and yet I find a damnable inclination to stay too.

[Aside.

Will nothing but Matrimony serve your turn, Madam? pray use a young Lover as kindly as you can.

Euph.

Nothing but that will do, and that must be done.

Alon.

Must! 'slife this is the first of her sex that ever was before-hand with me, and yet that I should be forc'd to deny her too.

[Aside.

Euph.

I fear his answer, *Olinda.*

[Aside.

The Dutch Lover

Olin.

At least 'tis but making a discovery of your beauty, and then you have him sure.

Alon.

Madam, 'tis a matter of moment, and requires deliberation; besides I have made a kind of promise

Euph.

Never to marry?

Alon.

No faith, 'tis not so well: but since now I find we are both in haste, I am to be married.

Euph.

This I am sure is an excuse; but I'll fit him for't.

[Aside.

To be married said you? that word has kill'd me, Oh I feel it drill,

Through the deep wound his eyes have lately made:

'Twas much unkind to make me hope so long.

She leans on Olinda, as if if she sounded, who pulls off her vail: he stands gazing at a distance.

Olin.

Sure she does but counterfeit, and now

I'll play my part. Madam, Madam!

Alon.

What wonderous thing is that! I should not look upon't, it changes nature in me.

Olin.

The Dutch Lover

Have you no pitty, Sir? come nearer pray.

Alon.

Sure there's witchcraft in that face, it never could have seiz'd me thus else, I have lov'd a thousand times, yet never felt such joyful pains before.

Olin.

She does it rarely. What mean you, Sir?

Alon.

I never was a captive till this hour.
If in her death such certain wounds she give,
What mischiefs she would do, if she should live!
Yet she must live, and live that I may prove
Whether this strange disorder here be love.

[To his heart.]

Divine, divinest Maid.

[Kneels.]

Olind.

Come nearer, Sir, you'l do a Lady no good at that distance. Speak to her, Sir.

[He rises and comes to her gazing still.]

Alon.

I know not what to say,
I am unus'd to this soft kind of language;
But if there be a charm in words, and such
As may conjure her to return again;

Prethee instruct me in them, I'l say any thing, do any thing, and suffer all the wounds her eyes can give.

Euph.

Sure he is real.

[Aside.]

Alas! I am discover'd, how came my vail off?

[She pretends to recover, and wonder that her vail is off.]

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

That you have let me see that lovely face,
May move your pity, not your anger, Madam;
Pity the wounds 't has made, pity the slave,
Who till this moment boasted of his freedom.

Euph.

May I believe all this? for that we easily do in things we wish.

Alon.

Command me things impossible, to all sense but a Lovers, I will do't: to shew the truth of this, I could even give you the last proof of it, and take you at your word, to marry you.

Euph.

O wonderous reformation! marry me!

[Laughs.

Alon.

How do you mock my grief!

Euph.

What a strange dissembling thing is man! to put me off too, you were to be married.

Alon.

Hah, I had forgot *Hippolyta*.

[He starts.

Euph.

See *Olinda*, the miracle increases, he can be serious too. How do you, Sir?

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

'Tis you have rob'd me of my native humour,
I ne'er could think till now.

Euph.

And to what purpose was it now?

Alon.

Why, Love and Honour were at odds within me,
And I was making peace between them.

Euph.

How fell that out, Sir?

Alon.

About a pair of beauties; women,
That set the whole world at odds.
She that is Honours choice I never saw,
And Love has taught me new obedience here.

Euph.

What means he? I fear he is in earnest.

[Aside.

Olin.

'Tis nothing but his aversion to marriage, which most young men dread now—a-days.

Euph.

I must have this stranger, or I must dye; for whatever face I put upon't, I am far gone in love, but I must hide it.

[Aside.

Well, since I have mist my aim, you shall never boast my death; I'll cast my self away upon the next handsome young fellow I meet, though I dye for't; and so farewell to you loving, Sir.

[Offers to go.

Alon.

Stay, do not marry, as you esteem the life of him that shall possess you.

Euph.

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Sure you will not kill him.

Alon.

By Heaven I will.

Euph.

O I'll trust you, Sir: Farewel, farewel.

Alon.

You shall not go in triumph thus,
Unless you take me with you.

Euph.

Well, Since you are so resolv'd (and so in love) I'll give you leave to see me once more at a house at the corner of St. *Jeroms*, where this Maid shall give you entrance.

Alon.

Why, that's generously said.

Euph.

As soon as 'tis dark you may venture.

Alon.

Till then will be an age, farewel fair Saint,
To thee and all my quiet till we meet.

[Exeunt.]

The end of the first Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

[The street.]

Enter Marcel in a Cloak, alone.

The Dutch Lover

Mar.

The night comes on, and offers me two pleasures,
The least of which would make another blest;
Love and revenge, but I whilst I dispute
Which happiness to chuse, neglect them both.
The greatest bliss that mankind can possess,
Perswades me this way, to my fair *Clarinda*:
But tyrannick Honour
Presents the credit of my house before me,
And bids me first redeem its fading glory,
By sacrificing that false womans heart
That has undone its fame.
But stay, Oh conscience, when I look within,
And lay my anger by, I find that sin
Which I would punish in *Antonio's* soul,
Lye nourish'd up in mine without controul.
To fair *Clarinda* such a siege I lay,
As did that traytor to *Hippolyta*;
Only *Hippolyta* a brother has,
Clarinda none to punish her disgrace:
And 'tis more glory the defenc'd to win,
Than 'tis to take unguarded vertue in.
I either must my shameful love resign,
Or my more brave and just revenge decline.

Enter Alonzo drest, with Lovis.

[Marcel stays.]

Alon.

But to be thus in love, is't not a wonder *Lovis*?

Lov.

No, Sir, it had been much a greater, if you had stay'd a night in Town without being so; and I shall see this wonder as often as you see a new face of a pretty woman.

Alon.

I do not say that I shall lose all passion, for the fair sex hereafter; but on my conscience this amiable stranger has given me a deeper wound than ever I received from any before.

Lov.

Well, you remember the bargain.

ACT II.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

What bargain?

Lov.

To communicate; you understand.

Alon.

There's the Devil on't, she is not such a prise: Oh were she not honest! friend.

[Hugs him.

Lov.

Is it so to do? what, you pretend to be a lover, and she honest, now only to deprive me of my part, remember this
Alonzo.

Mar.

Did I not hear *Alonzo* nam'd?

[Aside.

Alon.

By all that's good I am in earnest, friend,
Nay thy own eyes shall convince thee
Of the power of hers.
Her veil fell off, and she appear'd to me,
Like unexpected day from out a cloud;
The lost benighted traveller
Sees not th'approach of next mornings Sun
With more transported joy,
Than I this ravishing and unknown beauty.

Lov.

Hey day! what stuffs here? nay, now I see thou art quite gone indeed.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

I fear it, Oh had she not been honest!
What joy! what heaven of joys she would distribute!
With such a face, and shape, a wit, and meen
But as she is, I know not what to do.

Lov.

You cannot marry her.

Alon.

I would not willingly, though I think I'm free: For *Pedro* went to *Marcel* to tell him I was arriv'd, and would wait on him; but was treated more like a spy, than a messenger of love: they sent no answer back, which I tell you *Lovis* angers me: 'twas not the entertainment I expected from my brave friend *Marcel*. But now I am for the fair stranger, who by this expects me.

Mar.

'Tis *Alonzo*, Oh how he animates my rage! and turns me over to revenge, upon *Hippolyta* and her false lover.

[Aside.

Lov.

Who's this that walks before us?

[They go out.

Alon.

No matter who.

Mar.

I am follow'd.

[Enter again.

Lov.

See he stops.

ACT II.

The Dutch Lover

[Marcel looks back.]

Alon.

Let him do what he please, we will out—go him.

[They go out.]

Lov.

This man who e'er he be still follows us.

Alon.

I care not, nothing shall hinder my design, I'll go though I make my passage through his heart.

[They enter at another door, he follows.]

Lov.

See, he advances, pray stand by a little.

[They stand by.]

Mar.

Sure there's some trick in this, but I'll not fear it.

This is the street, and here about's the house.

[Looks about.]

This must be it, if I can get admittance now.

[Knocks.]

Enter Olinda with a light.

Olin.

O, Sir, are you come? my Lady grew impatient.

[They go in.]

Mar.

She takes me for some other: this is happy.

[Aside.]

ACT II.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Gods! is not that the Maid that first conducted me to the fair thing that rob'd me of my heart?

Lov.

I think it is.

Alon.

She gives admittance to another man.

All women-kind are false, I'll in and tell her so.

[Offers to go.]

Lov.

You are too rash, 'tis dangerous.

Alon.

I do despise thy counsel, let me go.

Lov.

If you're resolv'd, I'll run the hazard with you.

SCENE II.

They both go in, the Scene changes to a chamber: Enter from one side Olinda, lighting in Marcel muffled as before in his Cloak; from the other Antonio leading in Euphemia vail'd.

Mar.

By Heavens 'tis she: Vile strumpet!

[Throws off his cloak, and snatches her from him.]

Euph.

Alas, this is not he whom I expected.

Anto.

The Dutch Lover

Marcel! I had rather have incounter'd my evil Angel than thee.

[Draws.

Mar.

I do believe thee, base ungenerous coward.

[Draws.

They fight, Marcel disarms Antonio by wounding his hand. Enter Alonzo, goes betwixt them, and with his sword drawn opposes Marcel, who is going to kill Antonio; Lovis follows him.

Alon.

Take courage, Sir.

[To Antonio, who goes out mad.

Mar.

Prevented! who e'er thou be'st,

It was unjustly done,

To save his life who merits death,

By a more shameful way.

But thanks ye gods she still remains to meet

That punishment that's due to her foul lust.

[Offers to run at her, Alonzo goes between.

Alon.

'Tis this way you must make your passage then.

Mar.

What art thou, that thus a second time

Dar'st interpose between revenge and me?

Alon.

'Tis *Marcel!* what can this mean?

[Aside.

Dost thou not know me, friend? look on me well.

Mar.

Alonzo here! Ah I shall dye with shame.

[Aside.

As thou'rt my friend, remove from that bad woman,
Whose sins deserve no sanctuary.

Euph.

What can he mean? I dare not show my face.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

[Aside.

Alon.

I do believe this woman is a false one,
But still she is a woman, and a fair one:
And would not suffer thee to injure her,
Though I believe she has undone thy quiet,
As she has lately mine.

Mar.

Why dost thou know it then?
Stand by, I shall forget thou art my friend else,
And through thy heart reach hers.

Alon.

Nothing but love could animate him thus,
He is my Rival.

[Aside.

Marcel, I will not quit one inch of ground;
Do what thou dar'st, for know I do adore her,
And thus am bound by love to her defence.

[Offers to fight Marcel, who retires in wonder.

Euph.

Hold noble stranger, hold.

Mar.

Have you such pity on your lover, there?
[Offers to kill her, Alonzo stays him.

Euph.

Help, help.

[Her veil falls off.

Enter Hippolyta drest like a Curtizan: Sees Marcel.

Hip.

Oh Gods, my brother! in pity, Sir, defend me,
From the just rage of that incensed man.

Runs behind Lovis, whilst Marcel stands gazing on both with wonder.

Lov.

I know not the meaning of all this, but
However I'll help the Lady in distress.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Madam, you'r safe, whilst I am your protector.
[Leads her ont.

Mar.
I've lost the power of striking where I ought,
Since my misguided hand so lately err'd.
Oh rage, dull senceless rage, how blind and.
Rude it makes us.
Pardon fair creature my unruly passion;
And only blame your vail which hid that face,
Whose innocence and beauty had disarm'd it:
I took you for the most perfidious woman,
The falsest loosest thing.

Alon.
How! are you a stranger to her?

Mar.
Yes I am, have you forgiven me Madam?

Euph.
Sir, I have.
[Marcel bows and offers to go out.

Alon.
Stay friend, and let me know your quarrel.

Mar.
Not for the world, *Alonzo.*

Alon.
This is unfriendly, Sir.

Mar.
Thou dost delay me from the noblest deed,
On which the honour of my house depends,
A deed which thou wilt curse thy self for hindring.
Farewel.
[Goes out.

Alon.
What can the meaning of this be?

Euph.
Oh do not ask, but let us quickly leave this dangerous place.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Does't not belong to you?

Euph.

No, but you would like me the better if it did: for, Sir, it is a

Alon.

Upon my life a bawdy-house.

Euph.

So they call it.

Alon.

You do amaze me.

Euph.

Truth is, not daring to trust my friends or relations with a secret that so nearly concern'd me, as the meeting you, and hearing of a new come Curtizan living in this house, I sent her word I would make her a visit, knowing she would gladly receive it from a Maid of my quality: When I came, I told her my business, and very frankly she offer'd me her house and service.

Perhaps you'll like me the worse for this bold venture, but when you consider my promis'd husband is every day expected, you will think it but just to secure my self any way.

Alon.

You could not give me a greater proof than this of what you say, you bless me with your Love.

Euph.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

I will not question but you are in earnest; at least if any doubt remain, these will resolve it.

[Gives him Letters.]

Alon.

What are these, Madam?

Euph.

Letters, Sir, I intercepted from the Father of my design'd Husband out of *Flanders* to mine.

Alon.

What use can I make of them?

Euph.

Only this: put your self into an equipage very ridiculous, and pretend you are my foolish lover arriv'd from *Flanders*, call your self *Haunce van Erel*, and give my Father these, as for the rest I'll trust your wit,

Alon.

What shall I say or do now?

[Aside.]

Euph.

Come, come, no study, Sir, this must be done,
And quickly too, or you will lose me.

Alon.

Two great evils, if I had but the grace to chuse the least now, that is, lose her.

[Aside.]

Euph.

I'll give you but to night to consider it.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Short warning this: but I am damnably in love, and cannot withstand temptation.

[Kisses her hand.]

Euph.

I had forgot to tell you my name's *Euphemia*, my Father's you will find on the Letters, and pray show your love in your haste. Farewel.

Alon.

Stay fair *Euphemia*, and let me pay my thanks, and tell you that I must obey you.

Euph.

I give a credit where I give a heart.
Go inquire my birth and fortune, as for you
I am content with what I see about you.

Alon.

That's bravely said, nor will I ask one question about you, not only to return the bounty, but to avoid all things that look like the approaches to a married life. If fortune will put us together, let her e'en provide for us.

Euph.

I must be gone: Farewel, and pray make haste,

[Looks kindly on him.]

Alon.

There's no resisting those looks, *Euphemia*: One more to fortifie me well; For I shall have need of every aid in this case.

[Look at one another and go.]

SCENE III.

Enter Antonio in haste with Hippolyta; weeping, as passing over the stage.

Ant.

Come let us haste, I fear we are pursu'd.

Hip.

Ah whither shall we fly?

Ant.

We are near the gate, and must secure our selves with the darkness of the night in *St. Peters Grove*, we dare not venture into any house.

[Exeunt.

Enter Clarinda and Dormida above in the Balcony.

Clar.

Can'st thou not see him yet?

Dorm.

Good lack—a—day what an impatient thing is a young Girl in love?

Clar.

Nay, good *Dormida*, let not want of sleep make thee testy.

The Dutch Lover

Dorm.

In good time are you my Governess, or I yours? that you are giving me instructions, go get you in, or I shall lay down my office.

Clar.

Nay, wait a little longer, I'm sure he will come.

Dorm.

You are sure! you have wonderous skill indeed in the humours of men: how came you to be so well acquainted with them? you scarce ever saw any but *Don Marcel*, and him too but through a grate or window, or at Church, and yet you are sure. I am a little the elder of the two, and have manag'd as many intrigues of this kind as any woman, and never found a constant just man, as they say, of a thousand, and yet you are sure.

Clar.

Why is it possible *Marcel* should be false?

Dorm.

Marcel! no, no, sweet-heart, he is that man of a thousand.

Clar.

But if he should, you have undone me, by telling me so many pretty things of him.

Dorm.

Still you question my ability, which by no means I can indure; get you in I say.

Clar.

Do not speak so loud, you will wake my mother.

The Dutch Lover

Dorm.

At your instructions again; do you question my conduct and management of this affair: go watch for him your self: I'll have no more to do with you back nor edge.

[Offers to go.

Clar.

Will you be so barbarous to leave me to my self, after having made it your business this three months to solicit a heart which was but too ready to yield before; after having sworn to me how honourable all his intents were; nay, made me write to him to come to night? And now when I have done this, and am all trembling with fear and shame (and yet an infinite desire to see him too)

[Sighs.

thou wilt abandon me: go, when such as you oblige, 'tis but to be insolent with the more freedom.

Dorm.

What you are angry I'll warrant?

[Smiles.

Clar.

I will punish my self to pay thee back, and will not see *Marcel* .

Dorm.

What a pettish fool is a Maid in love at fifteen, how unmanageable? but I'll forgive all, go get you in, I'll watch for your lover; I would not have you disoblige a man of his pretensions, and quality for all the world.

[Clarinda goes in.

Enter Alonzo below.

Alon.

The Dutch Lover

Now do I want *Lovis* extremely, to consult with him about this business: For I am afraid the divel, or love, or both are so great with me, that I must marry this fair Inchantress, which is very unluckily; but, since *Ambrosio* and *Marcel* refuse to see me, I hold my self no longer ingag'd in honour to *Hippolyta*.

Dorm. above.

Whist, whist, Sir, Sir.

Alon.

Whose there?

Dor.

'Tis I, your servant, Sir; oh you are a fine spark, are you not, to make so fair a creature wait so long for you? there, there's the key, open the door softly and come in.

[Throws him down a key in a handkerchief.]

Alon.

What's this? but I'll ask no questions: so fair a creature said she? Now if 'twere to save my life cannot I forbear, I must go in: Should *Euphemia* know this, she would call it levity and inconstance; but I plead necessity, and will be judg'd by the amorous men, and not the jealous women: For certain this Lady, who e're she be, designs me a more speedy favour than I can hope from *Euphemia*, and on easier terms too: this is the door, that must conduct to the languishing *Venus*.

[Opens the door and goes in, leaving it unshut.]

Enter Marcel with his sword drawn.

Mar.

Thus far I have pursu'd the fugitives,
Who by the help of hasty fear and night,
Are got beyond my power; unlucky accident!
Had I but kill'd *Antonio*, or *Hippolyta*,
Either had made my shame supportable.
But though I have mist the pleasure of revenge,
I will not that of love.
One look from fair *Clarinda* will appease

The Dutch Lover

The madness which this disappointment rais'd.

[Walks looking towards the window.]

None appears yet: *Dormida* was to throw me down the key.

The door is open, left so to give me entrance.

[Goes to the door.]

SCENE IV.

[Changes to a dark hall.]

Discovers Alonzo groaping about in the hall.

Alon.

Now am I in a worse condition than before, can neither advance nor retreat; I do not like this groping alone in the dark thus; whereabouts am I? I dare not call: were this fair thing she spoke of but now, half so impatient as I, she would bring a light and conduct me.

Enter Marcel.

Mar.

'Tis wondrous dark.

Alon.

Hah! a mans voice that way; that's not so well, it may be some Lover, Husband or Brother; none of which are to be trusted in this case, therefore I'll stand upon my guard.

[Draws: Marcel coming towards justles him.]

Mar.

Who's there?

Alon.

SCENE IV.

The Dutch Lover

A man.

Mar.

A man! none such inhabit here.

[Draws.

Thy business?

Alon.

This shall answer you, since there's no other way.

They fight, Alonzo wounds Marcel, who fights him to the door; Alonzo goes out, Marcel gropes to follow.

Mar.

This is not just ye gods to punish me, and let the Traytor scape unknown too: Me thought 'twas *Silvio's* voice, or else a sudden thought of jealousy come into my head, would make me think so.

Enter Clarinda and Dormida with light.

Clar.

I tell you I did hear the noise of fighting.

Dor.

Why, between whom should it be? I'll be sworn *Marcel* came in alone.

Clar.

Marcel! and wounded too, oh I am lost.

[Sees him, weeps.

Mar.

SCENE IV.

The Dutch Lover

Keep your false tears to bath your lovers wounds, For I perhaps have given some Thou old assistant to her lust, whose greatest sin is wishing, tell me who 'twas thou didst procure for her.

[In rage to Dormida.

Dorm.

Alas! I cannot imagine who it should be, unless *Don Silvio* , who has sometimes made addresses to her: But oh the house is up, Madam, we are undone; let's flie for heavens sake.

Clar.

Oh *Marcel*, can you believe

[A noise.

Dorm.

Come, come, I'll not be undone for your fidle sadles, I'll lay it all on you if I be taken.

[Pulls out Clarinda.

Mar.

Sot that I was, I could not guess at this to day, by his anger at the Letter I foolishly shew'd him, he is my rival, and 'tis with him she's fled; and I'll indeavour to pursue them.

[Offers to go.

But oh my strength complys with their *[Leaning on his sword.* design, and shamefully retires to give them leave to play their amorous game out.

[Goes faintly out.

SCENE V.

[Changes to the Street.

Discovers Alonzo alone.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

This Act of mine was rash, and ill natur'd,
And I cannot leave the Street with a good conscience,
Till I know what mischief I have done.

Enter Dormida and Clarinda.

Hah, Ladys from the same house! these are birds that I have frighted from their nests I am sure: I'll profer my service to them.

Dor.

Why do not you make more haste?

Clar.

How can she go whose life is left behind?
Besides I know not whither we should go.
Ye powers that guard the innocent protect us.

Alon.

These must be some whom I have injur'd.
Ladys you seem as in distress.

Dorm.

Oh, Sir, as you are a Gentleman assist a pair of Virgins.

Alon.

What's this, a mumping Matron? I hope the others young, or I have offer'd my service to little purpose.

Clar.

Sir, if you will have the charity to assist us,
Do it speedily, we shall be very grateful to you.

Alon.

Madam, I will, but know not where to carry ye; my lodging is an Inn, and is neither safe nor honourable: but fortune dares no less than protect the fair, and I'll venture my life in your protection and service.

[Exeunt.

Enter Marcel faintly.

The Dutch Lover

Mar.

Stay Traitor stay, oh they are out of sight,
But may my curse o'ertake them in their flight.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

[Chamber of Cleonte.]

She is discover'd in her night-gown, at a Table, as undressing Francisca by her.

Cleo.

Francisca, thou art dull to night.

[Sighs.]

Franc.

You will not give me leave to talk.

Cleo.

Not thy way indeed, hast thou no storys but of love, and of my Brother *Silvio*?

Franc.

None that you wish to hear: But I'll do what you please, so you will not oblige me to sigh for you.

Cleo.

Then prethee sing to me.

The Dutch Lover

Franc.

What Song, a merry or a sad?

Cleo.

Please thy own humour, for then thou'lt sing best.

Franc.

Well, Madam, I'll obey you and please my self.

[SINGS.]

*A Myntas led me to a grove,
Where all the Trees did shade us:
The Sun it self, though it had strove,
Yet could not have betray'd us.
The place secure from humane eyes,
No other fear allows;
But when the winds that gently rise
Do kiss the yielding boughs.*

*Down there we sat upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day.
A many kisses he did give,
And I return'd the same:
Which made me willing to receive,
That which I dare not name.*

*His charming eyes no aid requir'd,
To tell their amorous tale;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail.
He did but kiss, and clasp me round,
Whilst they his thoughts express,
And laid me gently on the ground;
Ah! who can guess the rest?*

After the Song, enter Silvio all undrest, gazing wildly on Cleonte; his arm ty'd up.

The Dutch Lover

Cle.

My Brother *Silvio*, at this late hour, and in my lodgings too! How do you, Sir? are you not well?

Sil.

Oh why did nature give me being?

[Aside.

Or why create me brother to *Cleonte*?

Or give her charms, and me the sense to adore 'em?

Cleo.

Dear Brother

[Goes to him.

Sil.

Ah *Cleonte*

[Takes her by the hand and gazes.

Cleo.

What would you, Sir?

Sil.

I am not well

Cleo.

Sleep, Sir, will give you ease.

Sil.

I cannot sleep, my wounds do rage and burn so, as they put me past all power of rest.

Cleo.

We'll call your Surgeon, Sir.

Sil.

He can contribute nothing to my cure,

But I must owe it all to thee, *Cleonte*.

Cleo.

Instruct me in the way, give me your arm,

And I will bath it in a thousand tears,

[Goes to antye his arm.

SCENE VI.

The Dutch Lover

And breath so many sighs into your wound

Sil.

Let that slight hurt alone, and search this here.

[To his heart.]

Cleo.

How! are you wounded there?

And would not let us know it all this while?

Sil.

I durst not tell you, but design'd to suffer,
Rather than trouble you with my complaints;
But now my pain is greater than my courage.

Franc.

Oh, he will tell her, that he loves her sure.

[Aside.]

Cleo.

Sit down, and let me see't.

[He sits down, she puts her hand into his bosom.]

Franc.

Oh foolish innocence

[Aside.]

Cleo.

You have deceiv'd me brother, here's no wound.

Sil.

Oh take away your hand

It does increase my pain, and wounds me deeper.

Cleo.

No, surely, Sir, my hand is very gentle.

Sil.

Therefore it hurts me sister; the very thoughts
Of touches by so soft and fair a hand,
Playing about my heart are not to be
Indur'd with life.

[Rises in passion.]

Cleo.

The Dutch Lover

Alas, what means my Brother?

Sil.

Can you not guess fair sister? have my eyes
So ill exprest my soul? or has your innocence
Not suffer'd you to understand my sighs?
Have then a thousand tales which I have told you,
Of broken hearts and lovers languishments,
Not serv'd to tell you, that I did adore you?

Cleo.

Oh let me still remain in innocence,
Rather than sin so much to understand you.

Franc.

I can indure no more

[Goes out.]

Sil.

Can you believe it sin to love a Brother? it is not so in nature.

Cleo.

Not as a Brother, Sir; but otherwise
It is, by all the Laws of Men and Heaven.

Sil.

Sister, so 'tis that we should do no murther,
And yet you daily kill, and I among the number
Of your victims, must charge you with the sin of
Killing me, a Lover, and a Brother.

Cleo.

What would you have me do?

Sil.

Why I would have thee do I know not what
Still to be with me yet that will not satisfie;
To let me look upon thee still that's not enough.
I dare not say to kiss thee, and imbrace thee;
That were to make me wish I dare not tell thee what

Cleo.

I must not hear this language from a Brother.

[She offers to go.]

Sil.

SCENE VI.

The Dutch Lover

What a vile thing's a brother?
Stay, take this dagger, and add one wound more

He kneels and offers her a dagger, and holds her by the coat.

To those your eyes have given, and after that
You'll find no trouble from my sighs and tears.

Enter Francisca.

Franc.

By this she understands him, curse on her innocence, 'Tis fuel to his flame [*Aside.*] Madam, there is below a Lady who desires to speak with the Mistress of the house.

Cleo.

At this hour a Lady! who can it be?

Franc.

I know not, but she seems of quality.

Cleo.

Is she alone?

Franc.

Attended by a Gentleman and an old woman.

Cleo.

Perhaps some one that needs a kind assistance? my father is in bed, and I'll venture to know their business: Bring her up.

Franc.

'Twere good you should retire, Sir.

SCENE VI.

The Dutch Lover

[To Silvio, and Exit.]

Sil.

I will, but have a care of me, *Cleonte*,
I fear I shall grow mad, and so undo thee:
Love me but do not let me know't too much.

[Goes out.]

Enter Francisca with lights; followed by Alonzo, Clarinda, and Dormida: Alonzo gazes on Cleonte a while.

Cleo.

Is't me you would command?

Clar.

I know not what to say, I'm so disorder'd.

[Aside]

Alon.

What Troops of beauties she has! sufficient to take whole Cities in. Madam, I beg

[Takes Clarinda by the hand, and approaches Cleonte.]

Cleo.

What, Sir?

Alon.

That you would receive into protection

Cleo.

What pray, Sir?

Alon.

Would you would give me leave to say a heart, that your fair eyes have lately made unfit for its old quarters.

The Dutch Lover

Cleo.

I rather think you mean this Lady, Sir.

[Alonzo looks with wonder on Clarinda

Alon.

She's heavenly fair too, and has surpris'd my heart, just as 'twas going to the others bosom, and rob'd her at least of one half of it.

[Aside.

Clar.

Madam, I am a Virgin in distress,
And by misfortune forc'd to seek a sanctuary,
And humbly beg it here.

Cleo.

Intreaties were not made for that fair mouth,
Command and be obey'd.
But, Sir, to whom do you belong?

Alon.

I belong to a very fair person,
But do not know her name.

Cleo.

But what are you, pray, Sir?

Alon.

Madam, a wanderer; a poor lost thing, that none will own or pity.

Cleo.

That's sad indeed; but who e'er you are, since you belong to this fair Maid, you'll find a welcome every where.

Alon.

And if I do not, I am cashier'd.
[Aside.

SCENE VI.

The Dutch Lover

Madam, if telling you I am her Brother,
Can make me more acceptable,
I shall be yet more proud of the alliance.

Cleo.

What must I call your Sister, Sir, when I would pay my duty?

Alon.

There I am routed again with another hard question.

[Aside.

Clar.

Madam, my name's *Clarinda*.

Alon.

Madam, I'll take my leave, and wish the heart I leave with you to night, may perswade you to suffer my visits to morrow, till when I shall do nothing but languish.

Cleo.

I know not what loss you have suffer'd to night, but since your fair Sisters presence with us allows it, you need not doubt a welcome.

Alon.

I humbly thank you, Madam.

[Kisses her hand, and looks amorously on Clarindas.

Franc.

Madam, pray retire, for *Don Marcel* is come into the house all bloody, inrag'd against somebody.

The Dutch Lover

Clar.

I'm troubled at his hurt, but cannot fear his rage. Good night, Sir.

[They go out.]

Alon.

They are gone; now had I as much mind to have kist the others hand, but that 'twas not a ceremony due to a Sister: what the Devil came into my head to say she was so? nothing but the natural itch of talking and lying; they are very fair; but what's that to me, *Euphemia* surpasses both: but a pox of her terms of marriage, I'll set that to her beauty, and then these get the day, as far as natural necessity goes: but I'll home and sleep upon't, and yield to what's most powerful in the morning.

To night these strangers do my heart possess,
But which the greatest share, I cannot guess:
My fate in love resembles that in war,
When the rich spoil falls to the common share.

[Goes out.]

SCENE VII.

[The Street.]

Enter Alonzo, as out of the house gazing upon it.

Alon.

Sure I shall know this house again to morrow,

[To him Lovis.]

Lov.

I wonder what should be become of *Alonzo*, I do not like these night-works of his. Whose there?

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Lovis!

Lov.

Alonzo!

Alon.

The same, where hast thou been?

Lov.

In search of you this two hours.

Alon

O I have been taken up with new adventures, since I saw thee; but prethee what became of thine? for me thought it was a likely woman.

Lov.

Faith, Sir, I thought I had got a Prize; but a pox on't, when I came into the Street, e'er she had recover'd breath to tell me who she was, the Cavalier you rescu'd from *Mancel* laid claim to her; thank'd me for her preservation and vanisht. I hope you had better luck with your Female, whose face I had not the good fortune to see.

Alon.

Not so good as I could have wisht, for she stands still on her honourable terms.

Lov.

Of Matrimony, ha, ha, a very Jilt, I'll warrant her; Come, come, you shall see her no more.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Faith, I fear I must.

Lov.

To what purpose?

Alon.

To perswade her to reason.

Lov.

That you'll soon do, when she finds you will not bite at t'other bait.

Alon.

The worst is, if I see her again, it must be at her fathers house; and so transform'd from man to beast I must appear like a ridiculous lover she expects out of *Flanders*.

Lov.

A very cheat, a trick to draw thee in; be wise in time.

Alon.

No on my conscience she's in earnest, she told me her name, and his I am to represent.

Lov.

What is't, I pray?

Alon.

The Dutch Lover

Haunce van Ezel.

Lov.

Hah; her name too, I beseech you?

[Impatiently.]

Alon.

Euphemia! and such a creature 'tis

Lov.

'Sdeath my Sister all this while: This has call'd up all that's Spaniard in me, and makes me raging mad.

[Aside.]

But do you love her, Sir?

Alon.

Most desperately, beyond all sence or reason.

Lov.

And could you be content to marry her?

Alon.

Any thing but that But thou know'st my ingagement elsewhere; and I have hopes that yet she'l be wise, and yield on more pleasant terms.

Lov.

I could be angry now; but 'twere unreasonable to blame him for this.

[Aside.]

Sir, I believe by your treatment from *Ambrosio* and *Marcel* , you may come off there easily.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

That will not satisfie my honour, though 'twill my love; that I have not *Hippolyta*, I will owe to my own inconstancie, not theirs; besides this may be a cheat as you say.

Lov.

But does *Euphemia* love you?

Alon.

'Faith, I think she has too much wit to dissemble and too much beauty to need that Art.

Lov.

Then you must marry her.

Alon.

Not if I can avoid it.

Lov.

I know this Lady, Sir, and know her to be worth your love; I have it in my power too, to serve you, if you proceed suddenly, which you must do or lose her; for this *Flandrian* Boor your Rival is already arriv'd, and designs to morrow to make his first address to *Euphemia*.

Alon.

Oh he must not, shall not see her.

Lov.

How will you hinder him?

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

With this.

[To his sword.

Where is this Rival? tell me: Conduct me to him straight; I find my love above the common rate, and cannot brook this Rival.

Lov.

So, this blows the flame His life will be no hindrance to you in this affair, if you design to love on.

Alon.

Dost know him?

Lov.

Yes, he is a pleasant original for you to be copy'd by: It is the same Fopp, I told you was to marry my Sister, and who came along with me to *Madrid*.

Alon.

How! *Euphemia* thy Sister?

Lov.

Yes, indeed is she, and whom my Father designs to cast away upon this half man, half fool; but I find she has wit to make a better choice; she yet knows nothing of my arrival, and till you resolve what to do, shall not; and my Dutchman does nothing without me.

Alon.

If thou hast the management of him, he's likely to thrive.

Lov.

SCENE VII.

The Dutch Lover

But not in his Amour, if you please: In short, Sir, if you do really love my Sister, I am content to be so ungracious a child to contribute to the cheating my Father of this same hopeful son he expects, and put you upon him: but what you do, must be speedily then.

Alon.

I am oblig'd to thee for this frank offer, and will be instructed by thee.

Lov.

If you're resolv'd, I'll warrant you success.

Alon.

I think I am resolv'd in spite of all my inclinations to libertinism.

Lov.

Well, Sir, I'll get you such a suit then, as that our Hero makes his first approach in, as ridiculously gay as his humour, which you must assume too.

Alon.

Content.

Lov.

To night I must pay my duty to my Father, and will prepare your way, and acquaint my sister with it: 'tis but a frolick if we succeed not.

Alon.

God a mercy lad, let's about it then e'er we sleep, lest I change my resolution before morning.

[Exeunt.]

The Dutch Lover
The end of the second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

[House of Carlo.

Enter Alonzo, drest ridiculously, meeting Lovis; they laugh at each other.

Lov.

Very *Haunce* all over, the Taylor has play'd his part, play but yours as well, and I'll warrant you the wench.

Alon.

But prethee, why need I act the fool thus, since *Haunce* was never seen here?

Lov.

To make good the character I always gave of him to my Father; but here he comes, pray be very rude, and very impertinent.

Alon.

Lord, Lord, how shall I look thus damnably set out, and thus in love!

Enter Don Carlo.

Lov.

This, Sir, is Monsieur *Haunce*, your son that must be.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Beso los manos signor: Is your name *Don Carlo*? and are you the gravity of this House? and the Father of *Dona Euphemia*? and are you

Car.

Sir, I guess by all these your demands at once; Your name to be *Myn heer Haunce van Ezel*.

Alon.

Your judgements good; but to my questions.

Car.

In truth I have forgot them, there was so many.

Alon.

Are you he who is to be my Father?

Car.

'Tis so negotiated and if all circumstances concurr For, Sir, you must conceive, the consequence of so grand a conjunction

Alon.

Less of your compliments, Sir, and more of your Daughter, I beseech you. 'Shart what a formal coxcomb 'tis!

[Aside.

Lov.

Prethee give him way.

ACT III.

The Dutch Lover

[Aside.

Alon.

By this light I'll lose thy sister first? Why who can endure the grave approaches to the matter? 'Dslife, I would have it as I would my fate, sudden and unexpected.

Car.

Pray how long have you been landed?

Alon.

So, now shall I be plagu'd with nothing but wise questions, to which I am able to make no answer.

[Aside.

Sir, it is your Daughter that I desire to see impatiently.

Car.

Have you no letters from my very good friend your Father?

Alon.

What if I have not? cannot I be admitted to your Daughter without a pass?

Car.

O lack, Sir

Alon.

But to let you see I come with full power (though I am old enough to recommend my self) here is my commission for what I do.

[Gives him Letters.

The Dutch Lover

Car.

I remember amongst his other faults, my son writ me word he had courage: if so, I shall consider what to do.

[Reads.]

Sir, I find by these your Father's letters, you are not yet arriv'd.

Alon.

I know that, Sir, but I was told I should express my love in my haste: therefore outsailing the Pacquet, I was the welcome messenger my self; and since I am so forward, I beseech you, Sir

[Carlo coming to embrace him.]

Now dare not I proceed, he has so credulous a consenting face.

[Aside.]

Car.

Spare your words, I understand their meaning, a prudent man speaks least, as the *Spaniard* has it; and since you are so forward, as you were saying, I shall not be backward, but as your Father adviseth here, hasten the uniting of our Families, with all celerity; for delay in these affairs, is but to prolong time, as the wise man says.

Alon.

You are much in the right, Sir. But my wife, I desire to be better acquainted with her.

Car.

She shall be forth-coming, Sir. Had you a good passage? for the seas and winds regard no mans necessity.

Alon.

No, no, a very ill one: your Daughter, Sir.

Car.

Pray how long were you at sea?

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Euphemia, Sir, *Euphemia*, your daughter. This Don's fuller of questions than of proverbs, and that's a wonder.

[Aside.

Car.

They say *Flanders* is a very fine Country, I never saw it; but

Alon.

Nor 'tis no matter, Sir, if you never do, so I saw your Daughter. He'l catechise me home to my Dutch Parents by and by, of which I can give him no more account than

[Aside.

Car.

Are they as dissatisfied with their new Governour, as they were with Don *John*? for they love change.

Alon.

A pox of their government, I tell you I love your Daughter.

Car.

I fear 'tis so, he is valiant, and what a dangerous quality is that in *Spain*? 'tis well he's rich.

[Aside.

Lov.

Pray, Sir, keep him not long in discourse, the sea has made him unfit for

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Any thing but seeing my Mistress.

Lov.

I'll have mercy upon thee, and fetch her to thee.

[Exit Lovis.

Car.

Sir, you must know, that we suffer not our women in *Spain* to converse so frequently with your sex, and that through a cautious well consider'd prudent consideration.

Alon.

But, Sir, do you consider what an impatient thing a young lover is, or is it so long since you were one your self, you have forgot it? 'Tis well he wanted words: But yonder's *Euphemia*, whose

[Enter Euphemia and Lovis.

beauty is sufficient to excuse every defect in the whole Family, though each were a mortal sin: and now 'tis impossible to guard my self longer from those fair eyes.

[Asides.

Car.

I must not urge him to speak much before *Euphemia*, lest she discover he wants wit by his much tongue:

[Aside.

There's my daughter, Sir, go and salute her.

Alon.

Oh, I thank you for that, Sir.

[He stands ridiculously looking on her.

Car.

The Dutch Lover

You must be bold, Sir.

Alon.

Well, Sir, since you command me

[Goes rudely to kiss her.]

Car.

I did not mean kissing by saluting.

Alon.

I cry you mercy, Sir, so I understood you.

Car.

Fie upon't, that he should be no more a Master of civility.

Lov.

I fear, Sir, my sister will never like this humour in her Lover; he wants common conversation.

Car.

Conversation ye foolish boy, he has money and needs none of your conversation. And yet if I thought he were valiant

[This while Alonzo and Euphemia make signs of love with their eyes.]

Lov.

I hope, Sir, he does but boast of more of that than he really has.

The Dutch Lover

Car.

That fault I my self have been guilty of, and can excuse; but the thing it self I shall never indure: you know I was forc'd to send you abroad, because I thought you addicted to that. I shall never sleep in quiet Valiant! that's such a thing to be rich or wise, and valiant.

[Goes to Euphemia.]

Lov.

Colonel, pray to the business, for I fear you will betray your self.

Car.

But look upon his wealth *Euphemia*, and you will find those advantages there which are wanting in his person: But I think the man's well.

Euph.

I must not seem to yield too soon.

[Aside.]

Sir, there be many Spaniards born that are as rich as he, and have wit too.

Car.

She was ever very averse to this marriage.

[Aside.]

This man is half a Spaniard, his mother was one, and my first Mistress, and she I can tell you was a great fortune

Euph.

I, Sir, but he is such a fool

Car.

You are a worse, to find fault with that in a husband.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Stand aside, Sir, are you to court your Daughter or I?

Car.

I was inclining her

Alon.

You inclining her! an old man want's Rhetorick; set me to her.

[Goes to Euphemia.]

Car.

This capricious humour was tolerable in him, whilst I believ'd it the effects of folly, but now 'tis that of valour: Oh I tremble at the sight of him.

Euph.

Now I see you are a Cavalier of your word.

Alon.

Faith *Euphemia*, you might have believ'd, and taken me upon better terms, if you had so pleas'd: To marry you is but an ill-favour'd proof to give you of my passion.

Euph.

Do you repent it?

Alon.

Would to God 'twere come but to that, I was just upon the point of it when you enter'd. But I know not what the Devil there is in that face of yours, but it has debauch'd, every sober thought about me: Faith, do not let us marry yet.

ACT III.

The Dutch Lover

Euph.

If we had not proceeded too far to retreat, I should be content.

Alon.

What shall I come to? all on the sudden to leave delicious whoring, drinking and fighting, and be condemn'd to a dull honest Wife. Well, if it be my ill fortune, may this curse light on thee that hast brought me to't: may I love thee even after we are married to that troublesome degree, that I may grow most damnable jealous of thee, and keep thee from the sight of all mankind, but thy own natural husband, that so thou mayst be depriv'd of the greatest pleasure of this life; the blessing of change.

Euph.

I am sorry to find so much ill nature in you, would you have the conscience to tye me to harder conditions than I would you?

Alon.

Nay, I do not think I shall be so wickedly loving; but I am resolv'd to marry thee and try.

Euph.

My Father, Sir, on with your disguise.

[To them Carlo.

Car.

Well, Sir, how do you like my Daughter?

Alon.

So, so, she'l serve for a Wife.

The Dutch Lover

Clar.

But do you find her willing to be so?

Alon.

'Tis not a half-penny matter for that, as long as my Father and you are agreed upon the matter.

Car.

Well *Euphemia*, setting all foolish modesty aside, how do you like this man?

Euph.

As one, whom in obedience to you, I am content to cast my self away upon.

Car.

How seems his humour to you?

Euph.

Indifferent, Sir, he is not very courtly, something rough and hasty.

Car.

I fear she has found his ill quality of valour too, and since 'tis certain 'tis so, why should it be said that I ruin'd a child to satisfy my appetite of riches?

[Aside.

Come Daughter, can you love him, or can you not? For I'll make but short work on't; you are my Daughter, and have a fortune great enough to enrich any man; and I'm resolv'd to put no force upon your inclinations.

Euph.

How's this! nay, then 'tis time I left dissembling.

[Aside.

Sir, this bounty in you has strangely overcome me, and makes me ashamed to have withstood your will so long.

ACT III.

The Dutch Lover

Car.

Do not dissemble with me, I say do not; for I am resolv'd you shall be happy.

Euph.

Sir, my obedience shall

Car.

No more of your obedience: I say again do not dissemble, for I'm not pleas'd with your obedience.

Euph.

This alteration is very strange and sudden; pray Heaven he have not found the cheat.

[Aside.

Love, Sir, they say will come after marriage; pray let me try it.

Car.

Few have found it so; nor shall you experience it at so dear a rate as your ruin.

Euph.

But, Sir, methinks I am grown to love him more since he spoke to me, than before.

Clar.

The effects of your obedience again.

Euph.

This is a strange alteration, Sir; not all my tears and prayers before I saw him could prevail with you. I beseech you, Sir, believe me.

The Dutch Lover

Car.

Nor should now, had I not another reason for't.

Euph.

Oh, I fear. But, Sir

Car.

Go to, I'll be better satisfi'd e'er I proceed farther; both of your inclinations, and his courage.

[Aside.

Euph.

Do you consider his wealth, Sir?

Car.

That shall not now befriend him.

Alon.

Sir, I bar whispering; 'tis not in my bargain nor civil: I'll have fair play for my money.

Car.

I am only knowing my Daughters pleasure, she is a little peevish, as Virgins use in such cases, but would that were all, and I'd endeavour to reconcile her.

Alon.

I thank you, Sir; in the mean time I'll take a walk for an hour or two, to get me a better stomach both to my Dinner and Mistress.

ACT III.

The Dutch Lover

Car.

Do so, Sir. Come *Euphemia*, I will give you a proof of my indulgence, thou shalt marry no valiant fools, valiant quoth ye. Come, come had he been peaceable and rich Come, come

[Ex. with Euphemia.]

Lov.

Well, now I'll go look after my Dutchman, lest he surprise us here, which must not be; where shall I find you?

Alon.

I'll wait upon my Prince, and then on you here.

Lov.

Do so, and carry on this humour. Adieu.

SCENE II.

[A flat Grove.]

Enter Haunce in a fantastical travelling habit with a bottle of brandy in his hand, as sick: Gload marches after.

Hau.

Ah, ah, a pox of all Sea-voyages.

[Drinks.]

Here *Gload*, take thee t'other sope and then let's home.

[Gload drinks.]

Ah, ha, a pox of all Sea-voyages.

Glo.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Sir, if I may advise, take t'other turn in the Grove, for I find by my nose you want more airing.

Hau.

How sirrah! by your nose? have a care, you know 'tis ill jesting with me when I'm angry.

Glo.

Which is as often as you are drunk, I find it has the same effects on me too; but truly, Sir, I meant no other than that you smell a little of the vessel, a certain sour remains of a storm about you.

Hau.

Ah, ah, do not name a storm to me, unless thou wilt have the effects on't in thy face.

[Drinks.]

Glo.

Sha, sha, bear up, Sir, bear up.

Hau.

Salerimente, a sea phrase too! why ye rascal, I tell you I can indure nothing that puts me in mind of that element.

[Drinks.]

Glo.

The sight of *Donna Euphemia* will

[Gload drinks between whiles too.]

Hau.

Hold, hold, let me consider whether I can indure to hear her nam'd or not; for I think I am so throughly mortifi'd, I shall hardly relish woman-kind again this two hours.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

[Drinks.

Glo.

You a man of courage, and talk thus?

Hau.

Courage? why what dost thou call courage? *Hector* himself would not have chang'd his ten years siege for our ten days storm at Sea a storm a hundred thousand sighting men are nothing to't; City's sackt by fire nothing; 'tis a resistless coward that attaques a man at disadvantage; an unaccountable magick that first conjures down a mans courage, and then plays the Divel over him. And in fine, it is a storm

Glo.

Good lack that it should be all these terrible, things and yet that we should outbrave it.

Hau.

No god a mercy to our courages though, I tell you that now *Gload* ; but like an angry wench, when it had huft and bluster'd it self weary, it lay still again.

[Drinks.

Glo.

Hold, hold, Sir, you know we are to make visits to Ladies, Sir; and this replenishing of our spirits, as you call it, Sir, may put us out of case.

Hau.

Thou art a fool, I never made love so well as when I was drunk, it improves my parts, and makes me witty; that is, it makes me say any thing that comes next, which passes now—a—days for wit; and when I'm very drunk, I'l home and dress me, and the Divels in't, if she resist me so qualified, and so drest.

Glo.

The Dutch Lover

Truly, Sir, those are things that do not properly belong to you.

Hau.

Your reason, your reason, we shall have thee witty too in thy drink, hah?

[Laughs.

Glo.

Why, I say, Sir, none but a Cavalier ought to be soundly drunk, or wear a sword and feather; and a cloak and band were fitter for a Merchant.

Hau.

Salerimente, I'll beat any *Don* in *Spain* that does but think he has more right to any sort of debauchery, or gallantry than I, I tell you that now *Gload*.

Glo.

Do you remember, Sir, how you were wont to go at home? when instead of a Periwig, you wore a slink, greasie hair of your own, through which a pair of large thin souses appear'd, to support a formal hat, on end thus

[Imitates him.

Hau.

Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue improves upon't.

[Gives him Brandy.

Glo.

A Coller in stead of a Cravat twelve inches high; with a blew, stiff, starcht, lawn Band, set in print like your Whiskers; a Dublet with small Skirts hookt to a pair of wide-kneed Briches, which dangled half way over a leg, all to be dash'd and durty'd as high as the gartering.

The Dutch Lover

Hu.

Ha, ha, ha, very well, proceed.

[Drinks.]

Glo.

Your hands defil'd with counting of damn'd durty money, never made other use of gloves, than continually to draw them through thus till they were dwindled into the scantling of a Cats-gut.

Ha.

Ha, ha, ha, a pleasant rascal.

[Drinks.]

Glo.

A cloak, half a yard shorter than the Breeches, not through lin'd, but fac'd as far as 'twas turn'd back, with a pair of frugal butter-hams, which was always manag'd thus

Hau.

Well, Sir, have you done, that I may show you this Merchant revers'd?

Glo.

Presently, Sir; only a little touch at your debauchery, which unless it be in damn'd Brandy, you dare not go to the expence of. Perhaps at a wedding, or some treat where your purse is not concern'd, you would most insatiably tipple, otherwise your two stivers Club is the highest you dare go, where you will be condemn'd for a prodigal (even by your own conscience) if you add two more extraordinary to the sum, and at home sit in the chimney corner, cursing the face of Duke *de Alva* upon the Juggs, for laying an imposition on Beer: And now, Sir, I have done.

Hau.

And dost thou not know when one of those thou hast described, goes but half a league out of Town, that he is so transform'd from the Merchant to the Gallant in all points, that his own Parents, nay, the Divel himself cannot

The Dutch Lover

know him? Not a young English Squire, newly come to an estate, above the management of his wit, has better horses, gayer cloathes, swears, drinks, and does every thing with a better grace than he: Damns the stingy Cabal of the two Stiver Club, and puts the young King of *Spain* and his Mistress together in a Romer of a Pottle, and in pure gallantry breaks the Glasses over his head, scorning to drink twice in the same; and a thousand things full as heroick and brave I could tell you of this same Holy-day Squire. But come, t'other turn, and t'other sope, and then for *Donna Euphemia* . For I find I begin to be reconcil'd to the sex.

Glo.

But, Sir, if I might advise, let's e'en sleep first.

Hau.

Away you fool, I hate the sober Spanish way of making love, that's unattended with Wine and Musick, give me a wench that will out-drink the Dutch, out-dance the French, and out out kiss the English.

Glo.

Sir, that's not the fashion in *Spain*.

Hau.

Hang the fashion; I'll manage her that must be my wife as I please, or I'll beat her into fashion.

Glo.

What beat a woman, Sir?

Hau.

Sha, all's one for that, if I am provok'd, anger will have its effects on whomsoe'er it light; so said *Van Trump*, when he took his Mistress a cuff o'th' ear for finding fault with an ill-fashion'd leg he made her; I lik'd his humour well, therefore come thy ways.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Draws off, discovers Antonio sleeping on the ground; Hippolyta sitting by, who sings.

*Ah false Amyntas, can that hour
So soon forgotten be,
When first I yielded up my power
To be betray'd by thee?
God knows with how much innocence
I did my heart resign,
Unto thy faithless eloquence,
And gave thee what was mine.*

*I had not one reserve in store,
But at thy feet I laid
Those arms which conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy trophies made.
Thy eyes in silence told their tale,
Of love in such a way,
That 'twas as easie to prevail,
As after to betray.*
[She comes forth, weeps.]

Hip.
My grief's too great to be diverted this way.
[Pointing to Antonio.]

Why should this villain sleep, this treacherous man
Who has for ever rob'd me of my rest?
Had I but kept my innocence intire,
I had out-brav'd my fate, and broke my chains,
Which now I bear like a poor guilty slave,
Who sadly crys, If I were free from these,
I am not from my crimes; so still lives on,
And drags his loathed fetters after him.
Why should I fear to dye, or murder him?
It is but adding one sin more to th' number.
This would soon do't but where's the hand to guide it?
[Draws a dagger, sighs.]

For 'tis an act too horrid for a woman.
[Turns away.]

But yet thus sleeping I might take that soul,
[Turns to him.]

The Dutch Lover

Which waking all the charms of Art and Nature
Had not the power t' effect.
Oh were I brave, I could remember that,
And this way be the Mistress of his heart.
But mine forbids it should be that way won;
No, I must still love on, in spight of me,
And wake him quickly, lest one moments thought
Upon my shame should urge me to undo him.
Antonio, Antonio.

He wakes, rises and looks amazedly to see the dagger in her hand.

Ant.
Vile woman, why that dagger in thy hand?

Hip.
To've kill'd thee with;
But that my love o'ercame my juster passion,
And put it in thy power to save thy self,
Thank that, and not my reason for thy life.

Ant.
She's doubly Arm'd, with that and injury,
And I am wounded and defenceless.
[Aside.

Hippolyta, why all this rage to me?
[Kindly smiles.

Hip.
Antonio, thou art perjur'd, false and base.
[In great rage.

Ant.
What said my fairest Mistress?
[Goes to her looking softly.

Hip.
I said that thou were perjur'd, false and base.
[Less in rage.

Ant.
My dear *Hippolyta*, speak it again,
I do not understand thee.
[Takes her by the hand.

The Dutch Lover

Hip.

I said that thou wert perjur'd my *Antonio*.

[Sighs.]

Ant.

Thou wert to blame, but 'twas thy jealousy,
Which being a fault of love I will excuse.
Give me that mark of anger, prethee do,
It mis-becomes thy hand.

Hip.

I've nothing left but this I can command,
And do not ravish this too.

Ant.

It is unkind thus to suspect my love;
Will you make no allowance for my humour?
I am by nature rough and cannot please
With eyes and words all soft as others can,
But I can love as truly my blunt way.

Hip.

You were so soft, when first you conquer'd me,

[Sighs.]

That but the thoughts of that dear face and eyes,
So manag'd, and so set for conquest out,
Would make me kind even to another man;
Could I but thus imbrace and hide my eyes,
And call him my *Antonio*.

[She leans on his bosom, he the while gets her dagger.]

Ant.

Stand off false woman, I despise thy love,
Of which to every man I know thou deal'st
An equal share.

Hip.

I do not wonder that I am deceiv'd,
But that I should believe thee, after all thy treachery.
But prethee tell me why thou treat'st me thus?
Why didst thou with the sacred vows of Marriage,
After a long and tedious courtship to me,
Ravish me from my Parents and my Husband?
For so the brave *Alonzo* was by promise.

Ant.

Why I will tell thee; 'twas not love to thee,

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

But hatred to thy Brother *Don Marcel*,
Who made addresses to the said *Clarinda*,
And by his quality destroy'd my hopes.

Hip.
And durst you not revenge your self on him?

Ant.
His life alone could not appease my anger;
And after studying what I had to do

Hip.
The Divel taught thee this.

Ant.
Yes, and you I chose,
Because you were contracted to *Alonzo*,
That the disgrace might be more eminent.

Hip.
I do believe thee, for when I reflect
On all thy usage since thou hast betray'd me,
I find thou hast not pay'd me back one sigh
Or smile for all that I have given thee.

Ant.
Hear me out.

Hip.
Most calmly.

Ant.
From Town to Town you know I did remove you,
Under pretence to shun your Brothers anger:
But 'twas indeed to spread your fame abroad.
But being not satisfi'd till in *Madrid*,
Here in your native Town I had proclaim'd you.
The house from whence your Brothers fury chac'd us,
Was a Bordello, where 'twas given out
Thou wert a *Venice* Curtizan to hire,
Whilst you believ'd it was your Nuptial Palace.
[Laughs.

Hip.
Dost think I did not understand the plot?
Yes, and was mad till some young Lovers came.
But you had set a price too high upon me,
No brisk young man durst venture,
I had exposed my self at cheaper rates.

The Dutch Lover

Ant.

Your price, I pray young sinner?
[Pulls off his hat in scorn.]

Hip.

Thy life; he that durst say *Antonio* lives no more,
Should have possest me *gratis*.

Ant.

I would have taken care none should have don't;
To show, and offer you to sale, was equally as shameful.

Hip.

Well, what hast thou more to do? this is no
Place to inhabit in; nor shalt thou force me further;
And back into the Town thou darst not go.

Ant.

Perhaps I had been kinder to you,
Had you continu'd still to give me that
Might have begot a passion in me.

Hip.

I have too much repentance for that sin
To increase it, at the price of being belov'd by thee.

Ant.

Consider what you do, this place is silent,
And far from any thing that may assist you.
Come lead me to the covert of this Grove.
[Takes her rudely.]

Enter Haunce and Gload drunk; Haunce seeing them offers to go out again.

Glo.

Hold, hold, Sir, why do you run away?

Hau.

Thou fool, dost not see the reason?

Glo.

I see a man and a Lady, Sir.

Hau.

Why you coxcomb they are Lovers;
Or some that are going to do the deed of love.

Ant.

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

How! men here? Your business.

Hau.

Prethee friend do not trouble your self with ours, but follow your own; my man is a little sawcie in his drink indeed, but I am sober enough to understand how things go.

Ant.

Leave us then.

Hau.

Leave us then good words, good words, friend, for look ye I am in a notable humour at present, and will be intreated.

Glo.

Yes, Sir, we will be intreated.

Ant.

Pray leave us then.

Hau.

That's something but hark ye friend, say a man had a mind to put in for a share with you.

Ant.

Rude slaves leave us.

Hau.

Ha slaves!

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Glo.

Slaves said you, Sir? hah

Hip.

Oh, as you're a Gentleman assist me.

[To Haunce.

Hau.

Assist thee? this fellow looks as he would not have his abilities call'd in question; otherwise I am amorous enough to do thee a kindness.

[Offers still to go, she holds him.

Hip.

Sir, you mistake me; this is a ravisher

Hau.

A ravisher! ha, ha, ha, dost like him the worse for that? no, no, I beg your pardon, Madam.

Hup.

Have you no manhood, Sir?

Glo.

She is in earnest: now if I durst stay, how I would domineer over my Master; I never try'd perhaps, I may be valiant thus inspir'd. Lady, I am your champion, who dares ravish you or me either?

Ant.

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Rascal unhand her.

[He comes up to them, Gload puts the Lady before him.]

Hau.

How, how *Gload* ingag'd! nay I scorn to be outdone by my man. Sirrah, march off with the baggage; whilst I secure the enemy.

Ant.

Rash man what mean you?

Hau.

I say stand off, and let him go quietly away with the wench, or look you

Ant.

Unmanner'd fool, I will chastise thy boldness.

[Goes up to him with his dagger.]

Hau.

How, how, hast thou no other weapon?

Ant.

No, if I had, thou durst not have incounter'd me.

Hau.

I scorn thy words, and therefore there lyes my sword; and since you dare me at my own weapon, I tell you I am as good at snick a snee as the best *Don* of you all

The Dutch Lover

[Draws a great Dutch knife.

Ant.

Can I indure this affront?

Glo.

The best way to make a coward fight, is to leave him in danger Come Lady

[Goes out.

Ant.

Thou base unmanner'd fool; how darst thou offer at a Gentleman, with so despis'd a thing as that?

Hau.

Despis'd a thing? talk not so contemptibly of this weapon: I say do not, but come on if you dare.

Ant.

I can indure no longer

[Flies at him, Haunce cuts his face, and takes away (after a while) his Dagger.

Injustice! can such a dog, and such a weapon vanquish me?

Hau.

Beg your life; for I scorn to stain my victory in blood that I learnt out of *Pharamond*.

[Aside.

Ant.

He does not merit life, could not defend it against so poor and base a thing as thou: Had but *Marcel* left me my sword

The Dutch Lover

Hau.

O then I perceive you are us'd to be vanquish'd, and therefore I scorn to kill thee, live, live.

Ant.

How the rascal triumphs over me.

Hau.

And now like a generous enemy, I will conduct thee to my Tent, and have thy wounds drest That too I had out of *Pharamond*.

[Aside.

Ant.

What if I take the offer of this sott? so I may see *Hippolyta* again. But I forget

[Aside.

Hau.

Will you accept my offer?

Ant.

For some reasons I dare not venture into the Town.

Hau.

My lodging is at St. *Peters* gate, hard by; and on the Parol of a man of Prowess you shall be safe and free *Pharamond* again.

[Aside.

The Dutch Lover

Ant.

I'll trust him, for worse I cannot be.

[Aside.

Lead on, I'll follow, Sir

Hau.

Not so, for though the captive ought to follow the victor, yet I'll not trust my enemy at my hack-side. Politicks too

[Aside.

Ant.

you must command

[Go out.

SCENE IV.

[The Garden.

Enter Silvio and Francisca.

Sil.

Well dear *Francisca*, will *Cleonte* come, And all alone into the Garden?

Franc.

My Lord, she will, I have at last prevail'd, to what intent she knows not; this is an hour wherein you'll scarce be interrupted: the amorous entertainment you have prepared for her, will advance your design; such objects heighten the desire: is all ready on your part?

The Dutch Lover

Sil.

It is, and I'm prepar'd for all the resistance she can make, and am resolv'd to satisfie my insupportable flame, since there's no other hopes left me.

Franc.

She's coming, Sir, retire.

[Exit Silvio into the Garden.]

Oh how he kills me: Well, at least this pleasure I have whilst I am dying; that when he possesses the fair *Cleonte*, he for ever ruins his interest in her heart, and must find nothing but her mortal hate and scorn.

Enter Cleonte.

Cleo.

Francisca, why art thou so earnest for my coming into the Garden so early?

Franc.

Because, Madam, here without interruption you may learn what the Lady *Clarinda* has to tell you.

Cleo.

Is that all? go wait upon her hither then.

Franc.

Yes, when you'r more pleasant affair is dispatch'd, I will

[Aside.]

[Exit Francisca.]

Cleo.

Can this be love I feel?
This strange unusual something in my soul,
That pleads so movingly for *Silvio* there;
And makes me wish him not allied to me.

SCENE IV.

The Dutch Lover

A noise of Rural Musick is heard within the Trees, as Pipes, Flutes and Voices.

Hah! what pleasant noise is this? sure 'tis i'th' Air
Bless me what strange things be these!

Enter Swains playing on Pipes, after them four Shephards with Garlands and Flowers, and four Nymphs dancing an amorous Dance to that Musick, wherein the Shepherds make love to the Nymphs, and put the Garlands on their heads, and go out; the Nymphs come and lay them at Cleonte's feet, and sing.

1. Nymph.

*Here at your feet, we tribute pay,
Of all the glories of the May.*

2. Nymph.

*Such Trophies can be only due
To victors so divine as you.*

Both.

*Come, follow, follow, where love leads the way,
To pleasures that admit of no delay.*

1. Nymph.

*Come follow to the amorous shade,
Cover'd with Roses and with Jessamine.*

2. Nymph.

*Where the love-sick boy is laid,
Panting for Loves charming Queen.*

Both.

*Come, follow, follow, where we lead the way
To pleasures that admit of no delay.*

[Lead her out.

The Scene changes to a fine Arbour, they leave her and vanish.

Cleo.

I am all wonder.

Enter Silvio in rapture, not yet seeing Cleonte.

Sil.

I'm all on fire, till I injoy my Sister;
Not all the Laws of Birth and Nature
Can hinder me from loving Nor is't just:

SCENE IV.

The Dutch Lover

Why should the charm of fair *Cleontes* eyes,
Me, less than Aliens to her blood surprise?
And why (since I love beauty every where,
And that *Cleonte* has the greatest share)
Should I not be allow'd to worship her?
The empty words of nature, and of blood,
Are such as lovers never understood.
Prudence in love, 'twere nonsense to approve,
And he loves most that gives a loose to love.

Cleo.
Silvio here

Sil.
Hah yonder she's!

[Sees her.

And now my passion knows no bounds nor laws.
Cleonte come! come satisfie my flame!
[Runs to her, and takes her passionately by the hand.

These private shades are ours, no jealous eye
Can interrupt our heaven of joy!

Cleo.
What mean you? do you know I am your sister?

Silv.
Oh that accursed name why should it check me
[He pauses.

Would thou hadst rather been some mis-begotten Monster,
That might have startled nature at thy birth:
Or if the powers above would have thee fair,
Why went thou born my sister?
Oh if thou wouldst preserve thy soul and mine,
Fly from this place and me; make haste away,
A strange wild Monster is broke in upon thee;
A thing that was a man, but now as mad,
As raging Love can make him.
Fly me, or thou art lost for ever.

Cleo.
Remember *Silvio* that you are my brother,
And can you hurt your Sister?
[Weeps.

Sil.
Shouldst thou repeat those tyes a thousand times,
'Twill not redeem thee from the fate that threatens thee.

SCENE IV.

The Dutch Lover

Be gone, whilst so much vertue does remain about me,
To wish thee out of danger.

Cleo.

Sure *Silvio* this is but to try my vertue.
[Weeps still.]

Sil.

No, look on my eyes *Cleonte*, and thou shalt see them Flame with a strange wicked fire.

[Looks wildly on her.]

Yet do not look, thy eyes increase it,
Alas!

[Turns away, and hides his eyes.]

And I shall still forget I am thy brother:
Go, go, whilst I have power to take my eyes away;
For if they turn again it will be fatal.

Cleo.

Pray hear me, Sir.

Sil.

Oh do not speak, thy voice has charms
As tempting as thy face, but whilst thou art silent and unseen,
Perhaps my madness may be moderate;
For as it is, the best effects of it,
Will prompt me on to kill thee.

Cleo.

To kill me?

Sil.

Yes, for shouldst thou live, adorn'd with so much beauty,
So much my passion is above my reason:
In some such fit as does possess me now
I should commit a rape, a rape upon thee;
Therefore be gone, and do not tempt despair,
That merciless rude thing, but save thy honour,
And thy life.

Cleo.

I will obey you, Sir.

[Goes into the Garden.]

Sil.

SCENE IV.

The Dutch Lover

She's gone and now

[Walks and talks in stopping.]

my hot fit abates she is my sister that is, my Fathers Daughter but what if his Wife deceiv'd him or perhaps (which is the likelier thing) my Mother play'd the false one for 'twas her trade to do so and I'm not son to *Ambrosio* Oh that she were in being to confess this truth, for sure 'tis truth, then I might love and might enjoy *Cleonte* injoy *Cleonte*!

[In transport.]

Oh that thought! what fire it kindles in my veins, and now my cold fit's gone. I'll after her

[Offers to go, but starts and returns.]

no, let me pause awhile

For in this ague of my love and fear,

Both the extreams are mortal

[Goes into the Garden.]

Enter Ambrosio and Marcel.

Amb.

I'm reconcil'd to you, since your Brother *Silvio* would have it so.

Mar.

My blood flows to my face, to hear him nam'd.

Amb.

Let there be no more differences between you: But *Silvio* has of late been discontent, keeps home, and shuns the conversation, which youth delights in; goes not to Court as he was wont: Prethee *Marcel* learn thou the cause of it.

Mar.

I do believe I shall my Lord, too soon.

[Aside.]

Amb.

The Dutch Lover

I'm now going to my *Villa*, and shall not return till night: by the way I mean to visit your wife that was design'd to be, the rich *Flavia*, and see if I can again reconcile her to you; for your neglect has been great, and her anger is just.

Mar.

I rather wish it should continue, Sir, for I have yet no inclinations to marry.

Amb.

No more, I'll have it so, if I can.

Mar.

I'm silent, Sir.

[Exeunt Ambrosio and Marcel.]

Enter as from out of the Garden Cleonte, Clarinda Francisca, Dormida, from amongst the trees, sadly; Silvio, who starts at sight of them.

Cleo.

I am satisfi'd you knew not of my Brothers being in the Garden.

[To Franc.]

Sil.

Clarinda with my sister! and in our house! she's very fair and yet how dull and blasted all her Beautys seem, when they approach the fair *Cleontes* I cannot shun a tedious compliment: to see the fair *Clarinda*

[Goes to Clarinda.]

here, is a happiness beyond my hope; I'm glad to see her kind to the sister, who always treated the Brother with so much scorn and rigour.

Clar.

Silvio! sure I'm betray'd.

[Aside.]

SCENE IV.

The Dutch Lover

[He talks to her.]

Enter Marcel, and is amaz'd.

Mar.

Hah! *Silvio* with *Clarinda* in our house:
Oh daring villain, to make this place a sanctuary,
To all thy lusts and treachery.
Now I'm convinc'd, 'twas he that wounded me,
And he that fled last night with that false woman.

[Cleonte goes to Marcel.]

Sil.

You need not fear me now, fair maid,
I'm disarm'd of all my dangerous love.

Mar.

It was by his contrivance that she came,

[To Cleonte.]

do not excuse him, but send her quickly from you, lest you become as infamous as she

Cleo.

Oh how I hate her now I know my Brother *Silvio* loves her.

Mar.

How every gesture shows his passion whilst she seems pleas'd to hear to him. I can indure no more

Cleo.

What will you do?

[She goes to them.]

Mar.

Nothing dear Sister.
But if I can be wise and angry too;

[Aside.]

For 'tis not safe t'attack him in the Garden.

SCENE IV.

The Dutch Lover

How now *Silvio* under the name of Brother:
I see you dare too much.

[Snatches away his Sister and Clarinda.]

Sil.
What mean you by this rude address, *Marcel*?

Mar.
I'll tell you, Sir, anon. Go get you in.
[To the women, who go in.]

Sil.
Well, Sir, your business now?

Mar.
It is not safe to tell you here, though I have hardly patience to stay till thou meet me in St. *Peters* Grove.

Sil.
I will not fail you, Sir, an hour hence.

[Goes in after them.]

Mar.
I dare not in this rage return to upbraid *Clarinda*, lest I do things, that mis-become a man.

[Goes out.]

The end of the third ACT.

ACT IV.

The Dutch Lover

SCENE I.

[House of Carlo.

After a noise of Musick without: Enter Haunce drest as Alonzo was, follow'd by Gload, in Masquerade.

Han.

Hold, hold, I do not like the salutations I receive from all I meet in this house.

Glo.

Why, Sir, methinks they are very familiar scabs all.

Han.

Salerimente, they all salute me as they were my old acquaintance. Your servant *Myn heer Haunce*, crys one; your servant Monsieur *Haunce*, crys another.

Enter Servant.

Ser.

Your servant, Sir, you come now indeed like a Bridegroom all beset with dance and fiddle.

Hau.

Bridegroom, ha, ha, ha, dost hear *Gload*? 'tis true faith. But how the Divel came he to know it, man, hah?

Ser.

My Master, Sir, was just asking for you, he longs to speak with you.

Hau.

The Dutch Lover

Ha, ha, with me, Sir, why? ha, ha, who the pox am I?

Ser.

You, Sir, why who should you be?

Hau.

Who should I be? why who should I be?

Ser.

Myn heer Haunce van Ezel, Sir.

Hau.

Ha, ha, ha, well guest, i'faith now.

Glo.

Why how should they guess otherwise, coming so attended with Musick, as prepar'd for a wedding.

Hau.

Ha, ha, ha, says thou so? faith 'tis a good device to save the charges of the first complements: Hah, but hark ye, hark ye, friend, are you sure this is the house of *Don Carlo*?

Ser.

Why, Sir, have you forgot it?

Hau.

Forgot it, ha, ha, dost hear *Gload*? forgot it! why how the Divel should I remember it?

The Dutch Lover

Glo.

Sir, I believe this is some new fashion'd civilitie in *Spain* to know every man before he sees him.

Hau.

No, no, you fool, they never change their fashion in *Spain*, man.

Glo.

I mean their manner of address, Sir.

Hau.

It may be so, I'll see farther. Friend, is *Don Carlo* within?

Ser.

He has not been out since, Sir.

Hau.

Since, ha, ha, ha, since when? hah.

Ser.

Since you saw him, Sir.

Hau.

Salerimente, will you make me mad? Why you damnable rascal, when did I see him? hah.

Ser.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Here comes my Master himself, Sir,
[Enter Carlo.
let him inform you, if you grow so hot upon the question.

Car.

How now son, what angry? you have e'en tyr'd your self with walking, and are out of humour.

Hau.

Look there again the old man's mad too: why how the pox should he know I have been walking? indeed, Sir I have, as you say, been walking,
[Playing with his hat.
and am as you say, out of humour But under favour, Sir, who are you? sure 'tis the old
[Surlily to him.
Conjurer, and those were his little imps I met.

Car.

Sure son you should be a wit by the shortness of your memory.

Hau.

By the goodness of yours, you should be none, ha, ha, ha. Did not I meet with him there *Gload*, hah? But pray refresh my memory, and let me know you, I come to seek a father amongst you here, one *Don Carlo*.

Car.

Am not I the man, Sir?

Hau.

How the Divel should I know that now, unless by instinct?

Glo.

The old man is mad, and must be humour'd.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Hau.

Cry you mercy, Sir, I vow I had quite forgot you. Sir I hope *Donna Euphemia*

Car.

Oh, Sir, she's in much a better humour than when you saw her last, complys with our desires more than I could hope or wish.

Hau.

Why look here again I ask'd after her health, not her humour.

Car.

I know not what arts you have made use of, but she's strangely taken with your conversation and person.

Glo.

Truly, Sir, you are mightily beholden to her, that she should have all this good will to your person and conversation before she sees you.

Hau.

I, so I am, therefore, Sir, I desire to see your Daughter, for I shall hardly be so generous as she has been, and be quits with her before I see her.

Car.

Why, Sir, I hope you lik'd her when you saw her last.

Hau.

Stark mad I saw her last! why, what the Divel do you mean I never saw her in all my life, man. Stark mad, as I am true Dutch

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

[Aside.

Car.

A lover always thinks the time tedious: But here's my Daughter.

Enter Euphemia and Olinda.

Hau.

I, one of these must be she: but 'tis a wonder I should not know which is she by instinct.

[Aside.

[Stands looking very simply on both.

Euph.

This is not *Alonzo* has he betray'd me?

[Aside.

Car.

Go, Sir, she expects you.

Hau.

Your pardon, Sir, let her come to me, if she will, I'm sure she knows me better than I do her.

Glo.

How should she know you, Sir?

Hau.

How? by instinct, you fool, as all the rest of the house does: Don't you fair Mistress?

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Euph.

I know you

Hau.

Yes, you know me; you need not be so coy mun, the old man has told me all.

Euph.

What has he told you? I am ruin'd.

[Aside.

Hau.

Faith, much more than I believ'd, for he was very full of his new fashion'd Spanish civilitie, as they call it: but ha, ha, I hope, fair Mistress, you do not take after him?

Euph.

What if I do, Sir?

Hau.

Why then I had as leeve marry a steeple with an perpetual ring of bells.

Glo.

Let me advise you, Sir, methinks you might make a handsomer speech for the first, to so pretty a Lady Fakes an I were to do't

Hau.

The Dutch Lover

I had a rare speech for her thou knowest, and an entertainment besides, that was, though I say it, unordinary: but a pox of this new way of civilitie as thou call'st it, it has put me quite beside my part.

Glo.

Though you are out of your complementing part, I am not out of my dancing one, and therefore that part of your entertainment, I'll undertake for. 'Slife, Sir, would you disappoint all our Ships company

Hau.

That's according as I find this proud tit in humour.

Car.

And why so coy? pray why all this dissimulation? Come, come, I have told him your mind, and do intend to make you both happy immediately.

Euph.

How, Sir, immediately?

Car.

Yes, indeed, nay, if you have deceiv'd me, and dissembled with me, when I was so kind, I'll show you trick for trick i saith

[Goes to Haunce.]

Euph.

What shall we do *Olinda*?

Olin.

Why marry *Don Alonzo*, Madam.

The Dutch Lover

Euph.

Do not rally, this is no time for mirth.

Olin.

Fie upon't, Madam, that you should have so little courage; your Father takes this fellow to be *Alonzo*.

Car.

What counsel are you giving there, hah?

Olin.

Only taking leave of our old acquaintance, since you talk of marrying us so soon.

Car.

What acquaintance pray?

Olin.

Our Maiden-heads, Sir.

Hau.

Ha, ha, ha, a pleasant wench faith now; I believe you would be content to part with yours with less warning.

Olin.

On easie terms perhaps, but this marrying I do not like; 'tis like going a long voyage to Sea, where after a while, even the calms are distasteful, and the storm's dangerous: one seldom sees a new object, 'tis still a deal of Sea, Sea; Husband, Husband, every day till one's cloy'd with it.

The Dutch Lover

Car.

A mad Girl this, son.

Hau.

I, Sir, but I wish she had left out the simile, it made my stomach wamble.

Glo.

Pray, Sir, let you the Maid alone as an utensil belonging to my place and office, and meddle you with the Mistress.

Hau.

Faith now thou hast the better bargain of the two: my Mistress looks so scurvily and civil, that I don't know what to say to her Lady hang't, that look has put me quite out again.

Car.

To her, son, to her

Hau.

Hark ye Lady Well what's next now? Oh pox quite out, quite out; tell me whether the old man ly'd or no, when he told me you lov'd me.

Euph.

I love you

Hau.

Look you there now how she looks again.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Car.

She's only bashful, Sir, before me, therefore if you please to take a small collation, that has waited within for you this three hours

Hau.

That's strange now, that any thing should wait me, who was no more expected here than *Bethlehem Gaber*: Faith now Lady, this Father of yours is very simple.

Euph.

To take you for his son.

Hau.

I meant to have surpriz'd you I vow before you had dreamt of me, and when I came you all knew me as well as if you had cast a Figure for me.

Car.

Well son, you'l follow.

Euph.

You will not leave me alone, Sir, with a man?

Hau.

Go your ways, go your ways I shall know more of your
[Gload makes grimasses to Olinda of love.]
secrets before night yet, you little pouting hypocrite you.

Euph.

The Dutch Lover

You know my secrets! why who are you?

Hau.

Ha, ha, ha, that's a very good one faith now: who am I quoth thou, why there's not a child thus high in all your Fathers house would have askt me so simple a question.

Olin.

Madam, I find by his man, this is your expected lover, whom you must flatter, or you are undone, 'tis *Haunce van Ezel*.

[To Euphemia.

Euph.

The fopp himself.

Hau.

Oh, do you know me now?

Euph.

'Tis impossible.

Hau.

This is an extreme the other way now.

[Aside.

Impossible, ha, ha, ha! No, no, poor thing do not doubt thy happiness: for look ye, to confirm you, here are my Bills of Exchange with my own natural name to them, if you can read written hand

[Shows her papers.

Glo.

The Dutch Lover

Not love you, I'll swear you lye now, you little Jade, I am now in Masquerade, and you cannot judge of me; but I am Book-keeper and Casheer to my Master, and my love will turn to account, I'll warrant you.

Olin.

There may be use made of him,

[Aside.

I shall think of it. But pray why are you thus accouter'd?

Glo.

Fakes to entertain your Lady, we have brought the whole Ships company too in Masquerade.

Olin.

That indeed will be very proper at this time of the day, and the first visit too.

Glo.

Shaw, that's nothing, you little think what blades we are mun Sir, I'll call in the fiddles and the company.

Hau.

Well remember'd, faith now I had e'en forgot it.

Euph.

What's the meaning of this?

[Fiddles strike up.

Hau.

To show you the difference between the damnable dull gravity of the Spanish, and brisk gaiety of the Dutch. Come, come begin all.

Enter Dutch men and women Dancing.

The Dutch Lover

Nay, I'll show you what I can do too, come *Gload*.

[They two dance.]

There's for you now, and yet you have not seen half my good qualities; I can sing the newest Ballad that has been made, so I can.

[Sings a Dutch Song.]

Euph.

Be these your friends, Sir? they look as if you had ransack'd a Hoy for them.

Hau.

How? look on them well, they are all States, or States-fellows, I tell you that now, and they can bear witness who I am too.

Euph.

Now I'm convinc'd, and am sorry I doubted my happiness so long: I had such a Character of you.

Hau.

Of me, oh Lord, I vow now as they say I don't know ha, ha,

Euph.

I heard you were the most incorrigible fool, the most intolerable fop.

Hau.

Ha, ha, ha, do you hear *Gload*? who I a fop? I vow they were mistaken in me, for I am counted as pretty a Merchant as any walks the change; can write a very plain hand, and cast account as well as My man *Gload* can't I, sirrah?

Glo.

Yes indeed, forsooth, can he.

The Dutch Lover

Hau.

Agad, a fool, a fop, quoth ye

[Walks angry.]

Olin.

By all means flatter him, Madam.

Euph.

I'm satisfi'd, Sir.

Hau.

I care not whether you are or no, for I shall have you whether you will or no, mun.

Euph.

'Tis very likely; but there is a certain troublesome fellow in love with me, that has made me vow when ever I marry to ask him leave.

Hau.

How, ask his leave? I scorn to ask any bodies leave, I tell you that, though 'twere my Mistress

Euph.

I cannot marry you then.

Hau.

How not marry me? look here now

[Ready to cry.]

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Gload, can't you marry, and let no living soul know't?

Euph.

Oh no, Sir, I love your life better, which would be indanger'd.

Hau.

Why what a cursed custom you have in *Spain*, a man can neither marry, nor console his Neighbours Wife without having his throat cut? Why what if he will not give you leave?

Euph.

Why then you must fight him.

Hau.

How! fight him, I fight him!

Glo.

Why yes, Sir, you know you can fight, you try'd but this very morning

Hau.

Softly you damn'd Rogue, not a word of my prowess aloud. *Salerimente*, I shall be put to fight when I am sober, shall I, for your damn'd prating, ye rascal?

Euph.

I am glad you have that good quality.

[Olinda speaking to Gload, pushes him to speak.]

Glo.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

I, Madam my Master has many more: But if you please to tell him his Rivals name.

Hau.

I'll have your ears for this sirrah, the next time I'm soundly drunk, and you know that won't be long.

[Aside.

Lord, Madam, my man knows not what he says. Ye rascal say I have no courage or I will drink my self to the miracle of valour, and exercise it all on thee.

Glo.

I know what I do, Sir, you had courage this morning, is the fit over?

Hau.

Have I not slept since you rogue, have I not?

Glo.

I have a trick to save your honour, Sir, and therefore I will stand in't you have courage.

Hau.

A pox of your trick, the rogue knows I dare not chastise him now, for fear they should think I have valour.

Glo.

Madam, my Master's modest, but tell him who 'tis he must fight with

Hau.

Oh, for a Tun of Rhenish that I might abundantly beat thee

Euph.

The Dutch Lover

Your Rival's name's *Alonzo*, Sir.

Hau.

Oh the Divil, a thundring name too; but will this same *Alonzo* make no allowance for necessity I vow 'tis pure necessity in me to marry you, the old men being agreed upon the matter, I am but an instrument alas, not I,
[Crys.

A very Tool, as they say, so I am.

Glo.

Lord, Sir, why do you cry? I meant no harm.

Hau.

No harm you rascal to say I am valiant.

Glo.

Why yes, Sir, and if you would say so too, at worst 'twas but getting *Don Lovis* to have fought for you; you know that's a small courtesie to a friend.

Hau.

Faith now thou art in the right he'l do his business for him, I'l warrant him.

[Wipes his eyes.

Nay then, Madam, I have courage, and will to this *Don* this *Alonzo* you speak of; and if he do not resign you, and consign you too, I'l make him; yes, make him, do ye see If *Lovis* should refuse me now

[Aside.

Glo.

Shaw, Sir, he makes nothing to kill a man, ten or twenty.

Euph.

The Dutch Lover

Well, since you are so resolv'd, my Brother will tell you where to find this *Alonzo*; and tell him I must marry you to day, for I am resolv'd not to lye alone to night.

Hau.

What would not a man do for so kind a Mistress?

Euph.

Well, get you about it straight then, lest my Fathers coming prevent it.

[Exeunt Euphemia and Olinda.]

Hau.

I am gone But if *Lovis* should fail

Glo.

He would beat you, if he thought you doubted him.

Hau.

I'll keep my fears then to my self.

[Go out.]

SCENE II.

[The Street.]

Enter Hippolyta drest like a man with a paper

Hip.

The Dutch Lover

Thus I dare look abroad again:
Methinks I am not what I was,
My soul too is all man:
Where dwells no tenderness, no womanish passions.
I cannot sigh, nor weep, nor think of love,
But as a foolish dream that's gone and past.
Revenge has took possession of my soul,
And drove those shadows thence; and shows me now
Love, in so poor, so despicable a shape,
So quite deusted of his Artful Beauty,
That I'm asham'd I ever was his votary.
Well, here's my Challenge to *Antonio*;
But how to get it to him is the question.
Base as he is he'l not refuse to come,
And since he never saw the wrong'd *Alonzo*,
Sure I may pass for him. Who's here

Enter Haunce and Gload. She stands aside.

Hau.

Gload, if it 'twere possible I could be sober and valiant at once, I should now be provok'd to exercise it; for I cannot find *Lovis*, and then how I shall come off, the Lord knows. And then again, for leting the Lady go, whom I rescu'd in the Grove this morning.

Glo.

Should I disobey a Lady, Sir? for she commanded me to let her go so soon as she came into the gate. And, Sir, look here comes *Don Lovis* .

Enter Lovis and Alonzo.

Hau.

Oh Brother *Lovis*, where the Divel have you been all this day, I stay'd for you to go with me to your sisters, as long as flesh and blood could forbear.

Lov.

Why have you been there without me.

The Dutch Lover

Hau.

Yes marry have I, Sir.

Alon.

I am undone then

[Aside.

Hau.

I needed no recommendations mun, for when I came they were all as well acquainted with me I never saw them before, but by the way, they are all no wiser than they should be; except your sister, who is the pretty'st, loving, sweet rogue

Alon.

How's this?

Lov.

But have you seen my Sister?

Hau.

Seen her, yes, and will marry her too mun before night, and she were a thousand sisters But hark ye *Lovis*, the business is this you must know that before I marry her, I am to seek out a certain fellow, they call they call *Alonzo*, I, I, *Alonzo* a pox on him, a troublesome rascal they say he is, and his leave, it seems, must be askt to marry your sister.

Lov.

Well, Sir, and what if he will not give you leave?

Hau.

The Dutch Lover

Why then you must know I am to get him very well favour'dly beaten.

Alon.

Sure this is the coxcomb himself.

Hau.

Now for your sisters sake, who loves me, poor thing; I will not run the danger of beating him my self, but must desire that small courtesie of thee.

Lov.

How! I beat him?

Hau.

You beat him, yes you; what a pox do you scruple such a kindness to a friend; I know you make no more of killing a man next your heart in a morning, than I do of eating a pickled Herring.

Lov.

But she desir'd you to do't.

Hau.

That's all one so it be done mun: besides why should I run my self into premunire when I need not; your Father is bound by agreement to mine, to deliver me the wares (that is his Daughter) safe and sound; and I have no more to do, but to protest against him in case of non-performance. 'Twill be a dear comodity to me at this rate.

[Cries.

Lov.

Well, Sir, I'll see what may be done.

The Dutch Lover

Hau.

Spoke like a friend now: well, you must about it instantly, for I must be married to day.

Alon.

Must you so, Sir?

Hau.

Yes marry must I, Sir, who the divels this now?

[To Lovis.]

Alon.

That same *Alonzo* whom you inquire for.

Hau.

Are you so, Sir? Why what then, Sir? *Lovis, Lovis.*

[Runs behind Lovis.]

Alon.

What then, Sir; then I tell you, I will not be beaten.

Hau.

Look ye here now *Lovis.*

Lov.

Ha, ha, ha, canst thou be angry with him?

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

[To Alonzo.

Hau.

I, can you be angry with me?

Alon.

I know not why an Ass should have more privilege than any other rude beast.

Lov.

Ha, ha, ha, this humour's so pleasant in thee, I wish thou wouldst pursue it a little *Haunce*, bear up to him, he's but a meer huff, ha, ha, ha.

[Claps him on the back, he goes fearfully forward.

Glo.

I, Sir, as long as *Don Lovis* is here, you may say what you will.

Hau.

May I so? and why, Sir? am I, Sir, an Ass, Sir?

[Runs behinds Lovis.

Alon.

'Sdeath you rascal, do you question me?

Hau.

Oh hold, Sir, hold, not I, God forbid I should question it, *Lovis* is it indeed *Alonzo*, hah?

The Dutch Lover

Lov.

Yes indeed is it.

Hau.

And wilt thou not do so much as to beat him for me a little?

Lov.

Not I, I dare not, he's a terrible man.

Hau.

Why look you here now you damn'd rogue

[To Gload.
have not you serv'd me finely, hah?

Glo.

Why, Sir, 'tis but crying peccavi.

Hau.

Peccavi, and be hang'd to you Lord, Sir,

To Alonzo.
why are you so angry, I came but to ask you a civil question, from my wife that must be?

Alon.

You must ask me leave, first.

Hau.

Yes, yes, Sir, so she said mun; for she must marry me to night.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Yes, you shall have it with this too

[Draws.

Hau.

Why look you

[Haunce runs away Lovis stays him.

here now, here's damn'd doings. For my part I declare it here upon my death-bed, I am forc'd to what I do, and you kill me against my will.

Alon.

Dost think we are not discover'd in our design? I'd kill the dog if I thought we were.

Lov.

I believe not, and perceive by my Sisters message, that we are to come to her, and prevent this fellows marrying her.

Alon.

Well, Sir, I'll spare your life, and give your Mistress leave to marry to night.

Hau.

How, Sir, to night? But is he in earnest *Lovis*?

Lov.

In very good earnest.

Hau.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra hay boys, what a night we'l have on't *Gload* ; for fiddles and dancing.

Alon.

Tell your Mistress I will dispatch a little affairs and wait on her.

Glo.

And pray, Sir, may I have leave to marry the Maid too.

Alon.

We'l consider on't.

Hau.

I am not such a fool to venture though, till I know the coast is clear, for his very looks are terrible, but go you *Gload* and tell her what he says.

[Alonzo talks to Lovis.

Enter Hippolyta from aside.

Hip.

These be the men that rescu'd me this morning,
And are not to be imploy'd in my affair.
But yonder stranger has a noble look,
And from him I'l intreat this favour Sir

[To Alonzo.

Alon.

With me, Sir?

Hip.

Yes, please you to walk a little this way, Sir.

[Takes him aside.

Hau.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Well, make you sure of fiddles, for look ye, we'l appear to night like our selves.

Glo.

It shall be done, Sir.

Hip.

I am a stranger and a Gentleman;
And have an humble sute to you.

Alon.

You may command me any thing.

Hip.

Sir, there is a Gentleman, if I may call him so, that dares do ill: has put a base affront upon a Lady a Lady whom all brave men are bound to vindicate: I've writ him here a challenge, and only beg you'l give it him, I will attend you in *St. Peter's Grove*, where I desire the perfidious *Antonio* (for that's his name, to whom this is directed) to meet me.

Alon.

I'm pleas'd to see this gallantry in a man so young, and will serve you in this, or whatever else you shall command. But where is this *Antonio*?

Hip.

That I'l inquire of these. Sir, pray can you give any account of the Cavalier

[To Haunce, who starts as afraid.]

you sought with this morning in *St. Peters Grove*, that had a Lady with him?

Hau.

So, now perhaps I shall be hang'd for that.

[Aside.]

I fight, Sir, I never fought in my life, nor saw no man, not I.

Glo.

Sha, you may confess it, Sir, there's no Law against killing in *Spain*.

The Dutch Lover

Hip.

How? have you murther'd him?

[Takes hold of him.

Hau.

This rogue has a mind to have me dispatch'd,

[Aside.

Hold, Sir, the man's as well and alive as you are, and is now at my lodgings; look ye here's the dagger I disarm'd him off but that I do not love to boast.

[Shows it.

Hip.

It is the same.

Alon.

Sir, I shall not fail to wait on you with the Answer I receive

Hip.

I humbly thank you, Sir.

Alon.

So prethee, dear *Lovis*, go make my excuse to your Sister for a moment, and let her get all things ready against I come; let the Priest too wait, for I see my destiny, which I can no longer prevent, draws on a pace.

[Exit Lovis.

Come, Sir, you must conduct me to *Antonio*.

[Exeunt Alonzo, and Haunce, and Gload.

Hip.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

So now the work's half done that will redeem
All the lost credit of our Family.
To kill, or to be kill'd, I care not which,
[Weeps.]

So one or both expire; be strong my soul,
And let no feeble woman dwell about thee.
Hence fears and pity, such poor things as these
Cannot the storms of my revenge appease:
Those showres must from his treacherous heart proceed.
If I can live and see *Antonio* bleed.
[Sighs and exit.]

SCENE III.

[A deep Grove.]

Enter Marcel alone.

Mar.
The hour is almost come which I appointed,
And yet no *Silvio* appears, the time seems long to me;
But he that's circled in his Mistress arms,
Forgets the hasty hours,
And passes them as unregarded by,
As men do beggars who demand a charity.

Enter Hippolyta.

Young man, hast thou incounter'd none within this Grove?

Hip.
Not any, Sir, *Marcel!* my injur'd Brother!

Mar.
Why dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?

Hip.
'Tis not my face I hide, but sorrow there.
[Weeps.]

Mar.
Trust me thou weepst; would I could do so too,

The Dutch Lover

That I might be less angry;
And silence best expresses grief:
But thine's a sawcy sorrow dares approach
A face so fair and young.

Hip.
If the ingrate for whom I grieve had thought so
I might have spar'd my tears. Farewel, Sir.

Mar.
Stay, hast thou been a Lover?

Hip.
A very, very passionate one.

Mar.
And wert thou not belov'd?

Hip.
At first to draw me in, the cunning Artist,
Made me believe I was.

Mar.
Oh! I could kiss thee now for the alliance
Between thy grief and mine.
Hadst thou a loose and wanton Sister too?
Then thou wert perfect wretched, as I am.
[Weeps.]

But prethee leave me, now I think of it:
For shouldst thou stay, thou'dst rob me of my anger:
For since a youth like thee can be unhappy,
With such a shape, and so divine a face,
Methinks I should not quarrel with my star,
But bow to all my faithless Mistress scorns.

Hollowing within.
So ho, ho, so ho, ho

Mar.
So ho, so ho, ho, ho 'Tis my false Rival.
Now leave me, Sir, to reassume my anger.

Hip.
I will obey farewel
My own despair makes me neglect his life.
[Goes out.]

Enter Silvio.

The Dutch Lover

Mar.
'Tis *Silvio*.

Sil.
You see I have obey'd you, Sir.

Mar.
Come, Sir, your sword.

Sil.
You are my Brother, and 'twere an impious action
To fight you unprovok'd: give me a cause,
Nay, and a just one too, or I shall find it hard,
To wound *Cleontes* brother.
[Aside sighing.]

Mar.
Thou cam'st prepar'd to talk, and not to fight.
I cannot blame thee, for were I *Silvio*,
Thus I would do to save a life belov'd:
[Offers to fight; Silvio steps back.]

But 'twill not serve you now.

Sil.
Your reason, Sir, and I'm ready, if it be just.

Mar.
Oh do not urge me to repeat my wrongs,
For if thou dost, I hardly shall have man enough remain
To fight thee fairly.
[Offers still.]

Sil.
Surely he knows my passion for *Cleonte*
[Aside.]

I Urge the reason still.

Mar.
Hast thou forgot thy last nights treachery? how like a thief thou stol'st into her lodging.

Sil.
'Tis so 'tis true *Marcel*, I rudely did intrude

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Mar.

Oh quickly haste this looks like womens jangling.

[Offers to fight again.]

Sil.

Oh is it bravely done *Marcel* to punish,
A passion which you ought to pity rather?
'Tis what I cannot reconcile nor justifie,
And so distracted it has made me too
I will not fight in so unjust a cause
Kill me, and I'll imbrace you whilst I dye;
A thousand wounds imprinted on this body,
Will bring less pain than that her eyes have caus'd.
Here strike Pity my pain and ease me.

[Opens his arms, and throws away his sword.]

Mar.

I find thou hast a charm about the tongue,
And thou implor'st thy death in such away
I cannot hurt thee; and it gives me hopes
Thou art not yet so blest to be belov'd,
For then thou wouldst not be thus desperate.

Sil.

Oh yes, I am belov'd.

Mar.

Oh do not say thou art,
Nor take me from a calmness, that may spare thee.

Sil.

Not say I am belov'd! thou canst not hire me
With life or fuller joy, to say I am not.
If there be truth, and love, in innocence, she loves me.

Mar.

Yet, yet ye Gods I can indure say but thou art not,
For I would yet preserve thee.

Sil.

Oh canst thou wish that I should fall so low,
To save my life with lyes; the poorest sin of all the number.

Mar.

Then once again thou hast debauch'd my pity.

[Takes to his sword.]

The Dutch Lover

Sil.

Her passion I will justifie, but not my own;
Her's as pure as prayers of penitence;
But mine I cannot give a name to.

[They fight: Enter Alonzo and parts them.]

Alon.

How now, what's here to do *Marcel*?

Mar.

Alonzo! the only man I wish to shun.

Sil.

I'm glad who e'er thou be'st thou hast prevented us.

Alon.

Thou hast more wit than he then I find: Your quarrel, Sir, may a man have leave to inquire into't.

Mar.

This is that *Silvio*; that Noble Youth my Brother, whom thou hast often heard me name.

Alon.

An excellant character for an enemy, Noble and Brother: for shame put up your swords, and I'll be judge between ye.

Mar.

The case is soon decided; I will not tell you with how tedious a courtship I won the heart, as I thought, of a young beauty in this Town And yesterday receiv'd a Billet from her, to wait on her at night, to receive the recompence of all my pains and sufferings In this extasie of joy I show'd him the paper; and he getting thither before me, robb'd me of my prize.

Sil.

I am so pleas'd at this mistake of thine,
I can forgive it freely.

Mar.

The Dutch Lover

Not content with this, most treacherously, hid in the shades of night, he met me in the Hall of this false woman, and stabb'd me, which did secure his flight with her; and would'st thou have me put this injury up?

Alon.

Faith you must, and your sword too,
Unless you mean to keep it drawn on me.
'Twas I that wounded you i'th' dark; and it was I
That robb'd you of *Clarinda*.

Mar.

Thou?

Alon.

I, am I so unlikely a man to do such a feat?

Mar.

How dare you, Sir, do this?

Alon.

I dare do any thing, but break my word, as thou hast basely done with me But I am now in haste, and should be glad to know where to meet you anon.

Mar.

I'll wait on you at the farther side of this Grove by the River.

Alon.

I will not fail you

[Exit Alonzo.]

Mar.

Come, Sir, till I can better prove you are my Rival I will believe you are my friend and brother.

Sil.

When thou shalt know my miserable story,
Thou wilt believe and pity me.

[Go out.]

The Dutch Lover

Enter again Hippolyta from out of the wood.

Hip.

I wonder this Cavalier stays so long.
Pray heaven he meet *Antonio*.

Enter Alonzo.

Your Servant, Sir.

Alon.

The Cavalier to whom you sent me, Sir,
Will wait upon you here.

Hip.

I humbly thank you, Sir, and should be glad to know how I might pay my gratitude.

Alon.

My duty ends not here; I have a sword to serve you.

Hip.

You shame me with this generosity, but, Sir, I hope my own will be sufficient in so good a cause.

Alon.

Though you are young, I question not your bravery,
But I must beg to stay and see fair play,
And offer you my service when you've done.

Hip.

The enemy appears, Sir, and since you are so good, I beg you would retire behind those trees; for if he see us both, since he is single, he will suspect some treachery.

Alon.

You've reason, Sir, and I'll obey you.

The Dutch Lover

[Goes aside.

Enter Antonio reading a paper.

SIR,

I desire you to meet me in St. Peters Grove, with your sword in your hand about an hour hence; you will guess my business when you know my name to be

Alonzo.

Alon.

How's that?

[Aside.

Ant.

I wish't had been another enemy,
Since from the justice of his cause, I fear
An ill success; would I had seen *Hippolyta*,
That e'er I dy'd I might have had her pardon.
This conscience 'tis ominous.
Sin ne'er appears in any horrid shape,
'Till it approaches death

[Goes forward sees Hippolyta, who justles him in passing by; he stops and looks.

Hip.

You seem, Sir, to be he whom I expect.

Ant.

I'm call'd *Antonio*, Sir

Hip.

And I *Alonzo*; the rest we need not ask,
For thou art well acquainted with my injuries,
And I with thy perfidiousness.

[Draws.

Ant.

I know of none you have receiv'd from me,
If on *Hippolyta's* account you fight,
She lov'd me, and believ'd, and what dull Lover
Would have refus'd a Maid so easily gain'd?

The Dutch Lover

Hip.

Ah Traytor, by how base a way
Thou wouldst evade thy fate?
Didst thou not know she was my wife by promise?
Did not *Marcel, Ambrosio*, all consent
To make her mine as soon as I arriv'd?

Alon.

Who the Divel's than young Bully that takes my name and my concerns upon him?

[Aside.

Hip.

But why should I expect a truth from thee,
Who after so much time, so many vows,
So many tears, despairs and sighs, at last
Didst gain a credit with this easie fool,
Then left her to her shames, and her despairs Come, Sir,
Or I shall talk my self to calmness

[Aside.

Ant.

I'm ready, Sir, to justifie the deed.

[They offer to fight, Alonzo steps forth.

Alon.

Hold! hold! fair thief that robb'st me of my name,
And wouldst my honour too.

[Puts her by.

If thou hast wrong'd the fair *Hippolyta*,

[To Antonio.

No man but I has right to do her justice.
Or you are both my Rivals tell me which,
Which of you is it I must kill or both?
I am *Alonzo*, who dares love *Hippolyta*?

Hip.

Let not your friendship, Sir, proceed so far,
To take my name, to take my quarrel on you.

Alon.

In this dispute none's more concern'd than I,
And I will keep my ground in such a cause,
Though all the Rivals that her beauty makes me,

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Were arm'd to take my life away.

Ant.

Come, Sir, I care not which of you's *Alonzo*.

[They go to fight, she holds Alonzo.]

Hip.

This gallantry's too much, brave stranger.

Antonio hurt him not; I am the wrong'd *Alonzo*,

And this a perfect stranger to the business;

Who seeing me appear less man than he,

And unacquainted with my deeds abroad,

In Bounty takes my name and quarrel on him.

Alon.

Take heed young man, and keep thy vertue in,

Lest thus misguided it become a crime.

But thou he says hast wrong'd *Hippolyta*,

[To Antonio.]

And I am he must punish it.

Hip.

Sure it is he indeed

For such a miracle my brother render'd him.

[Aside.]

Hold, hold thou wonder of thy sex

[They fight.]

Alon.

Stand by, I shall be angry with thee else,

And that will be unsafe

As Alonzo fights with one hand, he keeps her off with t'other; she presses still forward on Antonio with her sword endeavouring to keep back Alonzo.

Enter to them Marcel.

Mar.

Sure I heard the noise of swords this way!

[Draws.]

Hah, two against one? courage, Sir.

[To Antonio.]

They fight all four, Marcel with Hippolyta whom he wounds, and Alonzo with Antonio, who is disarm'd.

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Hip.

Good Heaven! how just thou art!

Mar.

What, dost thou faint already? Hah, the pretty talking youth I saw but now!

[Runs to her, and holds her up.]

Alas, how dost thou?

Hip.

Well, since thy hand has wounded me.

Ant.

My life is yours, nor would I ask the gift,
But to repair my injuries to *Hippolyta*.

Alon.

I give it thee

[Gives him his sword.]

Mar.

How, *Antonio*!
What unkind hand has rob'd me of the justice,
Of killing thee?

Alon.

His that was once thy friend *Marcel*.

Mar.

Oh dost thou know my shame?
[Turns away.]

Alon.

I know thou art false to friendship,
And therefore do demand mine back again, thou'st us'd it scurvily.

Mar.

Thou know'st too much to think I've injur'd thee.

Alon.

Not injur'd me! who was it promis'd me *Hippolyta*?
Who his alliance, and his friendship too?
And who has broke them all but thou perfidious?
Come 'tis *Hippolyta* that I demand,

The Dutch Lover

Mar.

By this he should not know my sisters shame.

[Aside.

Oh, Sir, you must not have *Hippolyta*.

Alon.

How ! not have *Hippolyta*!

Though every step were guarded by a Brother:

Though she were circled round about with Rivals,

Ye should not all have power to keep her from me.

Not have *Hippolyta*!

'Sdeath, Sir, because I do not know my birth,

And cannot boast a little empty title,

I must not have *Hippolyta*

Now I will have her, and when you know I can,

You shall petition me to marry her,

And yet I will not do't. Come, Sir

[Offers to fight:

Hip.

Hold, hold brave man, or turn your sword on me,

I am the unhappy cause of all your rage:

'Tis I generous *Alonzo* that can tell you

What he's asham'd to own,

And thou wilt blush to hear.

Mar.

Hippolyta! thou wretched wicked woman:

Thus I reward thy sins

[Offers to kill her, Antonio steps between.

Ant.

Hold, Sir, and touch her not without my leave,

She is my wife; by sacred vows my wife.

Alon.

I understand no ridling, but whoever thou be'st, man or woman, thou'rt worth our care. She faints come let us bear her hence.

[She faints, Antonio kneels to her.

Ant.

Oh stay *Hippolyta*, and take me with thee,

For I have no use of life when thou art gone.

[Weeps.

SCENE III.

The Dutch Lover

Here kill me brave *Marcel*; and yet you need not,
My own remorse and grief will be sufficient.

Mar.

I credit thee, and leave thee to their mercy.

Hip.

That goodness, Sir, has call'd me back to life,

To pay my humble thanks; could you have mercy too, to pardon me you might redeem my soul.

Mar.

Some pity I have yet, that may preserve thee too,
Provided this repentance be not fain'd.

Ant.

My life, Sir, is security for both.

Mar.

Doubt not, I'll take the forfeit, Sir Come *Hippolyta*,
Thy Fathers house shall once again receive thee.

Ant.

Lean on my arm my dearest.

Mar.

Sir, by the way, I'll let you know her story,
And then perhaps you will not blame my friendship.

Alon.

And in return, I'll give you back *Clarinda*
And beg your pardon for the wound I gave you.

[Exeunt leading Hippolyta.]

The end of the fourth ACT.

ACT V.

The Dutch Lover

SCENE I.

[A Garden.

Enter Cleonte, Clarinda weeping, and Dormida, and Francisca.

Cleo.

Fear not, I'll use my interest both with your Mother and my Father, to set your heart at rest, Whose pain I feel by something in my own.

Clar.

The Gods reward your bounty, fair *Cleonte*.

Dor.

I, I, Madam, I beseech you make our peace with my good Lady her Mother, what ever becomes of the rest, for she'l e'en dye with grief

[Weeps.

She had but too fair pledges of her Nuptial Bed,
And both by cruel fate are ravisht from her.
Manual a child was lost,
And this; not holy Reliques were more strictly guarded,
Till false *Marcel* betray'd me to debauch her.

[Weeps aloud.

Cleo.

Alas, had you a brother once?

[To Clarinda.

Clar.

Madam, I might have had: but he was lost ere I was born.

Cleo.

The Dutch Lover

Ah would my *Silvio* had been so.
[*Aside.*]

By what strange accident *Clarinda*?

Dorm.
Madam, I can inform you best.
[*Puts her self between.*]

Cleo.
Do then *Dormida*.

Dorm.
Madam, you must know, my Lady *Octavia*, for that's her name, was in her youth the very flower of Beauty and Vertue: Oh such a face and shape, had you but seen her And though I say it, Madam, I thought my self too somebody then.

Clar.
Thou art tedious: Madam, 'tis true my Mother had the reputation of both those attractions, which gain'd her many Lovers: amongst the rest, *Don Manual*, and *Don Alonzo*, were most worthy her esteem.

Dor.
I, Madam, *Don Alonzo*, there was a man for you, so obliging and so bountiful. Well, I'll give you an Argument of both to me: for you must know I was a Beauty then, and worth obliging.
[*Puts her self between.*]

And he was the man my Lady lov'd, though *Don Manual* were the richer: but to my own story

Cleo.
Forward *Clarinda*.

Clar.
But as it most times happens,
We marry where our Parents like, not we;
My Mother was dispos'd of to *Don Manual*.

Dor.
I, Madam; but had you seen *Don Alonzo*'s rage, and how my Lady took this disappointment But I who was very young, and very pretty as I told you before

The Dutch Lover

Cleo.

Forbear. Madam, 'tis true,
Alonzo was so far transported,
That oft he did attempt to kill my Father;
But bravely tho', and still he was prevented:
But when at the intreaties of my Mother,
The King confin'd my Father,
Alonzo then studied a new revenge,
And thinking that my Father's life depended
Upon a son he had scarce a year old;
He did design to steal him, and one evening,
When with his Nurse and Maid he took the Air,
This desperate Lover seiz'd the smiling prize,
Which never since was heard of.

Cleo.

I guess the grief the Parents must sustain.

Dor.

It almost caus'd their deaths, nor did kind heaven
Supply them with another till long after,
Unhappy this was born.
Which just her father liv'd to see, and dy'd.

[Weeps.

Then she was, Daughter, Son, and Husband too,

To her afflicted Mother: But as I told you Madam, I was then in my prime

Clar.

Now, Madam, judge what her despair must be,
Who is depriv'd of all her joys in me.

[Weeps;

Cleo.

Francisca, see who is that knocks so hastily.

[One knocks.

Franc.

Oh, Madam, 'tis *Don Marcel* leading a wounded man.

Cleo.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

Oh my fears, 'tis *Silvio*.

Franc.

'Tis not *Don Silvio*.

Enter Marcel leading Hippolyta wounded, followed by Alonzo and Pedro.

[Aside.

Cleo.

Alas, what youth is this you lead all bleeding?

Mar.

One that deserves your care; where's my Father?

Cleo.

Not yet return'd.

Mar.

'Tis well; and you, Sir, I must confine till I know
How to satisfie my honour, and that of my wrong'd Sister.

[To Antonio.

Ant.

The holy man will soon decide our difference
Pray send for one, and reconcile us all.

Hip.

I fear *Antonio* still thou dost dissemble.

Ant.

So let me find forgiveness when I dye:
If any fear of death have wrought this change:
But a pure sense of all my wrongs to thee,
Knowing thy constant love, and vertue to me.

Mar.

I will secure your fear *Francisca*, send for Father *Joseph* to me, and conduct these Gentlemen to the Lodgings next the Garden.

[Exeunt Francisca, Antonio and Hippolyta.

Alon.

The Dutch Lover

Prethee *Marcel*, are thee and I awake, or do we dream? thou, that thou art in thy Fathers House; and I, that I see those two fair women there. Pray lovely fugitive, how come you hither?

[To Clarinda.

Mar.

I thought thou wert mistaken,
'Twas *Silvio* brought her hither, that false man.
But how came you to know her?

Alon.

Know her! d'slife I question my sense.
Pray Lady are you flesh and blood?

[To Cleonte.

Cleo.

Yes surely, Sir; for 'twere pity you should have bestow'd your heart on a shadow, and I well remember you gave it one of us last night.

Alon.

A dream, a dream, but are you indeed the same fair person, and is this the same house too?

Cleo.

I am afraid your heart's not worth the keeping, since you took no better notice where you dispos'd of it.

Alon.

Faith, Madam, you wrong a poor Lover, who has languish'd in search of it all this live-long day.

Cleo.

Brother, I beseech you, receive the innocent *Clarinda*, who, I fear, will have the greatest cause of complaint against you.

[To Marcel. Gives him Clarinda.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

But pray, fair one, let you and I talk a little about that same heart you put me in mind of just now.

[To Cleonte, with whom he seems to talk.]

Ped.

Surely that's my old Mistress *Dormida*; twenty years has not made so great an alteration in that ill-favour'd face of hers, but I can find a Lover there.

Goes to her; they seem to talk earnestly, and sometimes pleasantly, pointing to Clarinda.

Mar.

Enough *Clarinda*: I'm too well convinc'd,
Would thou hadst still remain'd a criminal.
Now how can I reward thy faith and love?

Clar.

I know *Marcel*, it is not in thy power,
Thy faithless story I'm acquainted with.

Mar.

Do not reproach me with my shame *Clarinda*.
'Tis true, to gain thee to consent to my desires,
I made an honourable pretence of loving.
Pardon a Lover, all the ways he takes
To gain a Mistress so belov'd and fair.
But I have since repented of that sin,
And came last night for thy forgiveness too.

Ped.

This is news indeed; 'tis fit I keep this secret no longer from my Master, *Don Manual* being dead, my vow's exspir'd.

[Aside.]

[Pedro goes to Alonzo.]

Clar.

And do you mean no more to love me then?

Mar.

SCENE I.

The Dutch Lover

In spite of me above my sence or being.

Clar.

And yet you'l marry *Flavia*?

Mar.

Against my will I must, or lose a Father.

Clar.

Then I must dye, *Marcel*.

Mar.

Do not unman my soul, it is too weak
To bear the weight of fair *Clarinda*'s tears.

Alon.

Why was this secret kept from me so long?

Ped.

I was oblig'd by vow, Sir, to *Don Alonzo* my dead Master, not to restore you till *Don Manual*'s death; believing it a happiness too great for his Rival, for so he was upon your Mothers score.

Alon.

Have I a Mother living?

Ped.

Here in *Madrid*, Sir, and that fair maid's your Sister.

[Pointing to Clarinda.]

Alon.

I scarce can credit thee, but that I know thee honest.

Ped.

To confirm that belief, Sir, here are the writings of twelve thousand crowns a year, left you by your Foster

[Gives him papers, he reads.]

Father, the brave *Alonzo*, whose name he gave you too.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

I am convinc'd How now *Marcel*, what all in tears? why who the Divel would love in earnest? Come, come, make me judge between you.

Mar.

You'l soon decide it then, my heart's *Clarinda's*;
But my forc'd vows are given to another.

Alon.

Vows! dost think the Gods regard the vows of Lovers? they are things made in necessity, and ought not to be kept, nor punish'd when broken: if they were Heaven have mercy on me poor sinner.

Enter Ambrosio.

Mar.

My Father return'd!

[Bows and goes to him, and then leads Alonzo to him.]

Sir, this is the gallant man that was design'd to be your son-in-Law.

Amb.

And that you were not so, Sir, was my misfortune only.

Alon.

I am glad to find it no slight to my person,
Or unknown quality that depriv'd me of that honour.

Mar.

To convince you of that, *Alonzo*, I know my father will bestow this other sister on you; more fair and young, and equally as rich.

[Ambrosio calls Marcel aside.]

Alon.

The Dutch Lover

How, his Sister! Fool, that I was, I could not guess at this; and now have I been lying and swearing all this while how much I lov'd her. Well, take one time with another, a man falls into more danger by this amorous humour, than he gets good turns by it.

Mar.

Pardon me, Sir, I knew not you had design'd her elsewhere Dear *Alonzo*, my Father

Alon.

I, Sir, I am much oblig'd to him. Oh Pox would I were well with *Euphemia*.

Mar.

I protest I could wish

Alon.

I, so could I, Sir, that you had made a better judgement of my humour: all must out, I have no other way to avoid this complement else. Why look ye *Marcel* your Sister is Pox I am ill at dissimulation, and therefore in plain terms, I am to be married this very evening to another.

Mar.

This was happy, and has sav'd me an excuse.

[Aside.

But are you in earnest, Sir? how is it possible, being so lately come into *Madrid*?

Alon.

Destiny, destiny, *Marcel*, which there was no avoiding, tho' I mist of *Hippolyta*.

Mar.

Who is it prethee?

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

A woman I hope, of which indeed I would have been better assur'd; but she was wilful. She's call'd *Euphemia*.

Mar.

Our next neighbour, the Daughter of old *Carlo*.

Alon.

The same.

Mar.

Thou art happy to make so good a progress in so short a time, but I am

Alon.

Not so miserable as you believe. Come, come, you shall marry *Clarinda*.

Mar.

'Tis impossible.

Alon.

Where's the hindrance.

Mar.

Her want of fortune; that's enough, friend.

Alon.

Stand by and expect the best. [*Goes to Ambrosio.*

Sir, I have an humble sute to you.

Amb.

I should be infinitely pleas'd you could ask me any thing in my power, but, Sir, this daughter I had dispos'd of, before I knew you would have mist of *Hippolyta*.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

Luckyer than I expected.

[Aside.

Sir, that was an honour I could not merit, and am contented with my fate: But my request is, that you would receive into your family a Sister of mine, whom I would bestow on *Don Marcel*.

Mar.

Hah, what mean you, Sir! a Sister of yours?

Alon.

Yes, she will not be unwelcome. This is she.

Amb.

This is the daughter to *Octavia* Her Mother was a Lady whom once I did adore, and 'twas her fault she was not more happy with me, than with *Don Manual*. Nor have I so wholly forgot that flame, but I might be inclin'd to your proposal: But, Sir, she wants a fortune.

Alon.

That I'll supply.

Mar.

You supply, Sir? on what kind scorce, I pray?

Alon.

That which you'l suffer without being jealous,
When you shall know she is indeed my Sister.

Clar.

How! this brave man my Brother?

Alon.

So they tell me, and that my name is *Manual*,
Had you not such a Brother?

Dor.

Oh ye gods, is this the little *Manual*?

The Dutch Lover

Ped.

Yes *Dormida*, and for a farther proof see this.

[Opens his masters bosom, and shows a Crucifix.

Dor.

This I remember well, it is *Don Manual*:

Pray let me look upon you: Just like my Lord

Now may the soul of *Don Alonzo* rest in peace,

For making so hopeful a man of you.

Alon.

Amen. But, Sir, if you approve of my Sister, I'll make her as worthy of *Marcel*, as *Flavia*.

Amb.

I've lost the hopes of her She's not to be reconcil'd.

[Aside.

Clarinda needs no more than to belong to you, To make her valuable and I consent with joy.

[Gives her to Marcel.

Mar.

And I with joys beyond expression, Sir, receive her.

Alon.

Pedro, there rests no more than that you wait on my Mother, and let her know all that has happend to my self and sister, and that I'll pay my duty to her ere I sleep.

Dor.

The very joy to find her Son again, will get my pardon too, and then perhaps *Pedro* and I may renew our old amours.

Alon.

Sir, I have another request to make.

The Dutch Lover

Amb.

You must command, Sir.

Alon.

That is, that you will permit this fair company to honour me this evening at my Father-in-laws *Don Carlo*.

Amb.

How, has *Don Carlo* married the Lady *Octavia*?

Alon.

No, Sir, but a worse matter than that, I am to marry his Daughter.

Amb.

Oh, Sir, *Euphemia* has too much beauty and vertue to make you doubt your happiness.

Alon.

Well, Sir, I must venture that. But your company I'll expect, the Ladies may clap on their Vizards, and make a Masquerading night on't: though such freedoms are not very usual in *Spain*; we that have seen the world, may absolve one another.

Amb.

My Garden joyns to that of *Don Carlo*, and that way we will wait on you, as soon as I have dispatcht a small affair.

Alon.

Your humble Servant, Sir.

The Dutch Lover

[Goes out. Ambrosio the other way.]

Mar.

Sister, go you and prepare my Father to receive *Hippolyta*, whilst I go see them married.

[Exeunt Cleonte and Clarinda.]

Marcel passing over the garden, sees Silvio enter in passion, follow'd by Francisca.

Silv.

Do not *Francisca* do not blow my flame,
The cure thou bringst is much the greater Hell.

[Offers to go, but stops.]

Mar.

Hah, *Silvio*; unseen I'll hear their business.

[Goes aside.]

Sil.

I would fain shun thee, but this impious weight
Of love upon my soul, hinders my flight:
I'm fixt like conscious guilt it keep me here,
And I am now insensible of fear.
Speak on! thou messenger of Sacred Love speak on!

Franc.

The fair *Cleonte*, Sir, whose soul's inflam'd
No less than yours; though with a Virgin modesty
She would conceal it, pitying now your pain
Has through my intercession

Sil.

Oh quickly speak! what happiness design'd me?

Franc.

To admit you, Sir, this night into her Chamber.

Mar.

Death to my soul! what's this?

[Aside.]

Sil.

Her chamber! is that all? will that allay this fever

The Dutch Lover

In my blood? No, no, *Francisca*.
'Tis grown too high for amorous parleys only;
Her arms, her charming bosom, and her bed,
Must now receive me or I dye, *Francisca*.

Franc.

I mean no other, Sir; why can you think
A Maid in love as much as you can be,
Assisted with the silence of the night;
(Which vail her blushes too) can say I dare not?
Or if she do, she'l speak it faintly o'er,
And even whilst she so denys will yield.
Go, go prepare your self for this encounter,
And do not dally as you did to day,
And fright your pleasure with the name of sister

Mar.

Oh cursed witch!

[Aside.

Franc.

What say you, Sir?

Sil.

That name has check'd my joy
And makes it strangely silent and imperfect.

[Walks away.

Franc.

Why do you go, before you answer me?

[Follows him into the garden.

Mar.

I'll follow him, and kill them.

[Comes out with a Dagger.

Oh who would be allyed unto a woman,
Natur's loose handy-work? the slight imploys
Of all her wanton hours Oh I could rave now
Abandon sence and nature.
Hence all considerate thoughts, and in their room,
Supply my soul with vengeance, that may prove
Too great to be allay'd by nature, or by love.

[Goes into the Garden after them.

Enter again Silvio melancholy follow'd by Francisca.

The Dutch Lover

Franc.

But will you loose this opportunity,
Her lodgings too being so near your own?

Sil.

Hell take her for her, wickedness.
Oh that ten thousand mountains stood between us,
And seas as vast and raging as her lust,
That we might never meet Oh perfect woman,
I find there is no safety in thy sex:
No trusting to thy innocence.
That being counterfeit, thy beauty's gone,
Dropt like a Rose o'er blown,
And left thee nothing but a wither'd root,
That never more can bloom.

Franc.

Alas, I fear I have done ill in this,
[Aside.

Sil.

I now should hate her; but there yet remains
Something within, so strangely kind to her;
That I'm resolv'd to give her one proof more,
Of what I have vow'd her often, yes I'll kill her

Franc.

How kill her, Sir? Gods, what have I done!
[Aside.

Sil.

Yes, can I let her live, and say I lov'd her?
No, she shall tempt no more vain yielding men.

Franc.

Consider, Sir, it is to save your life she does it.

Sil.

My life!
'Twere better she and I were buried

[Enter Marcel from amongst the trees softly with his Dagger behind Silvio.]

Quick in one grave, than she should fall to this,
She has out-sinn'd even me in this consent.

The Dutch Lover

Mar.
Oh here they are.

Franc.
My Lord defend your self, you are undone else.

Sil.
Hah, *Marcel!*

[Draws.

Franc.
Help, help.

Mar.
Hell take thy throat.

Enter Ambrosio, Clarinda, Cleonte, and the rest of the house.

Amb.
Hold villain, hold!
How darest thou thus rebel ungrateful wretch?

Mar.
This cause, Sir, is so just, that when you hear it,
You'll curse me, that I let him live thus long:
He loves my sister, Sir; and that lew'd woman
Repays his lustful flame; and does this evening
Invite him to her bed; Oh let me kill him.
[Offers to go to him.

Amb.
That he should love *Cleonte* I'll allow,
And her returns too, whilst they're innocent.

Mar.
But, Sir, he does not love her as a Sister.

Amb.
If that be all his crime, I still forgive him.

Sil.
Yes, Sir, 'tis true I do adore my Sister,
But am so far from that foul thing he nam'd,
That could I think I had a secret thought
That tended that way, I would search it thus
[Goes to stab himself.

The Dutch Lover

Cleo.

What me an you by this desperation?

Sil.

Oh take away this woman from my sight,
[Pointing to Cleonte.]

For she will finish what this has ill begun.
[Holds his Dagger up.]

Franc.

Thus low, Sir, for your mercy I must kneel;
[Kneels.]

Which yet I must despair of when you know
How very very wicked I have been.
[Weeps.]

Cleonte, Sir, is chaste as Angels are.

Sil.

My sister innocent! how soon I do believe thee!

Franc.

Yes, Sir, nor knows of that vile message which I brought you.

Sil.

What Divel set thee on to tempt me then?

Franc.

The worst of Divels, hopeless, raging love;
And you, my Lord, were the unhappy object.

Mar.

Oh sinful woman, what was thy design?

Cleo.

What means all this?
[Aside.]

Franc.

At least to have enjoy'd him once; which done,
Thinking it had been the fair *Cleonte*,
It would have made him hate her.

The Dutch Lover

Sil.

Should all thy other sins be unrepented,
The piety of this confession saves thee.
Pardon, *Cleonte*, my rude thoughts of thee,
[Kneels, she takes him up.]

I had design'd to've kill'd thee
Had not this knowledge of thy innocence
Arriv'd before I'd seen thee next.
And, Sir, your pardon too I humbly beg;
[To Ambrosio.]

With license to depart, I cannot live
Where I must only see my beauteous sister;
That torment is too great to be supported,
That still must last, and never hope a cure.

Amb.

Since you are so resolv'd, I will unfold
A secret to you, that perhaps may please you.

Sil.

Low at your feet I do implore it, Sir.
[Kneels.]

Amb.

Your quality forbids this ceremony.
[Takes him up.]

Sil.

How, Sir!

Amb.

Your Father was the mighty favourite, the *Conte De Olivaris* ; your Mother, *Spains* celebrated Beauty, *Donna Margarita Spiniola*, by whom your Father had two natural Sons, *Don Lovis de Harro*, and your self *Don Roderigo*. The story of his disgrace you know with all the world; 'twas then he being banisht from the Court, he left you to my care then very young. I receiv'd you as my own, and as more than such educated you, and as your Father oblig'd me to do, brought you always up about their Majesties For he hoped if you had beauty and merits, you might inherit part of that glory he lost.

Mar.

This is wondrous

The Dutch Lover

Amb.

This truth you had not known so soon, had you not made as great an interest at Court as any man so young ever did: and if I had not acquitted my self in all points as became the friend of so great and brave a man, as *Conte de Olivaris*, the Fortune he left you was two millions of Crowns.

Sil.

Let me imbrace your feet for this blest news.
Is not the fair *Cleonte* then my sister?

Amb.

No, Sir, but one whom long since I design'd your wife, if you are pleas'd to think her worthy of it.

[Offers her.]

Sil.

Without her, Sir, I do despise my being: And do receive her as a blessing, sent from heaven to make my whole life happy.

Amb.

What say you, *Cleonte*?

Cleo.

Sir, I must own a joy greater than is fit for a Virgin to express.

Mar.

Generous *Don Roderigo*, receive me as your friend, and pardon all the fault you found in me as a brother.

[Imbraces him.]

Sil.

Be ever dear unto my soul, *Marcel*.

The Dutch Lover

Mar.

Now is the time to present *Hippolyta* and *Antonio* to my Father, whilst his humour is so good. And you, dear Brother, I must beg to joyn with us in so just a cause.

Sil.

You need not doubt my power, and less my will.

Mar.

Do you prepare him then, whilst I bring them in: For by this I know my Confessor has made them one.

[Exit Marcel.

Sil.

Sir, I've a sute to you.

Amb.

You cannot ask what I can deny.

Sil.

Hippolyta, Sir, is married to *Antonio*,
And humbly begs your pardon for her past fault.

Amb.

Antonio and *Hippolyta*! oh name them not.

Enter Antonio and Hippolyta, a Fryar and Marcel.

Mar.

Pray, Sir, forgive them, your honour being safe,
Since *Don Antonio* has by marrying her
Repair'd the injury he did us all,
Without which I had kill'd him.

Amb.

Thou art by nature more severe than I,
And if thou think'st our honour satisfi'd,
I will endeavour to forget their faults.

The Dutch Lover

Ant.

We humbly thank you, Sir, and beg your blessing:
At least bestow it on *Hippolyta*;
For she was ever chaste, and innocent,
And acted only what became her duty;
Since by a sacred vow she was my Wife.

Amb.

How can'st thou then to treat her so inhumanely?

Ant.

In pure revenge to *Don Marcel* her Brother:
And forc'd my nature to a stubbornness,
Which whilst I did put on, I blush'd to own;
And still between thoughts so unjust, and action,
Her vertue would rise up and check my soul,
Which still secur'd her fame.

Hip.

And I have seen in midst of all thy anger
Thou'st turn'd away and chang'd thy words to sighs;
Dropt now and then a tear as if asham'd
Not of thy injuries, but my little merit.

Amb.

How weak and easie nature makes me Rise
I must forgive you both.
Come, Sir, I know you long to be secur'd
Of what you say you love so much, *Cleonte*

Franc.

But, Madam, have you fully pardon'd me?

Sil.

We will all joyn in your behalf, *Francisca*.

Cleo.

I can forgive you, when you can repent.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

[House of Carlo.]

Enter Olinda.

The Dutch Lover

Olin.

But is the Bride-chamber drest up, and the bed made as it ought to be?

Dorm.

As for the making, 'tis as it use to be, only the Velvet Furniture.

Olin.

As it use to be? oh ignorance! I see these young wenches are not arriv'd yet to bare imagination: Well, I must order it my self, I see that.

Dor.

Why *Olinda*, I hope they will not go just to bed upon their marrying without some signs of a wedding, as Fiddles and Dancing, and so forth.

Olin.

Good Lord, what joys you have found out for the first night of a young Bride and Bridegroom. Fiddles and Dancing, ha, ha, ha! they'l be much merryer by themselves than Fiddles and Dancing can make them, you fool.

Enter Haunce and Gload.

Bless me! what is't I see?

[Stares on Haunce.

Hau.

Why? what the Divel means she? Look about me *Gload*, and see what I have that's so terrible.

Olin.

Oh, I have no power to stir, it is a sprite.

Hau.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

What does she mean now *Gload*?

Glo.

She desires to be satisfi'd whether we be flesh and blood, Sir, I believe.

Hau.

Dost see nothing that's divel-wise about me?

Glo.

No indeed, Sir, not I.

Hau.

Why then the wench is tipp'd, that's all, a small fault.

Olin.

In the name of goodness, Sir, what are you?

Glo.

I, I, Sir, 'tis that she desires to know.

Olin.

Who are you, Sir?

Hau.

Why who should I be but he that's to be your Master anon?

The Dutch Lover

Glo.

Yes, who should he be but *Myn heer Haunce Uan Ezel*?

Olin.

What, did you come in at the door?

Hau.

Yes marry did I, what do you think I creep in like a Lapland witch through the key holes?

Dorm.

Nay, nay, this cannot be the Bridegroom.

Olin.

No, for 'tis but a moment since we left him, you know in my Ladies Chamber.

Hau.

Very drunk by this good light.

Dorm.

And therefore it cannot be *Myu heer Haunce*.

Hau.

What a Divel will you perswade me out of my Christian name?

Olin.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

The Priest has yet scarce done his office, who is marrying him above to my Lady.

Hau.

Salerimente, here's brave doing, to marry me, and never give me notice; or thou art damnable drunk, or very mad.

Glo.

Yes, and I am married to you too, am I not?

[To Olinda.

Olin.

You? we know neither of you.

Hau.

Ha, ha, ha, here's a turn for you.

Enter Carlo.

Car.

Why, *Olinda, Dorice, Olinda*, where be these mad Girls? 'tis almost night, and nothing in order. Why what now? Who's here?

Hau.

So the old man's possest too Why what a Divel ails you, Sir?

[Goes roughly to him.

Car.

From whence come you, Sir? and what are you?

The Dutch Lover

Hau.

Gload, let's be gone, for we shall be transmigrated into some strange shapes anon, for all the house is enchanted. Who am I, quoth ye? before I came you all knew me; and now you are very well acquainted with me, you have forgot me.

Car.

If you be my son *Haunce*, how came you here?

Hau.

If I be your son *Haunce*? where should I be else?

Car.

Above with your Wife, not below amongst the Maids.

Hau.

What wife? what wife? ha, ha, ha, do not provoke me, lest I take you a slap in the face, I tell you that now.

Car.

Oh I find by his humour this is he, and I am finely cheated and abus'd. I'll up and know the truth.

[Goes out.]

Hau.

And so will I.

[Follows.]

Glo.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Why, but Mistress *Olinda*, you have not indeed forgot me, have you?

Olin.

For my lover I have, but perhaps I may call you to mind as my servant hereafter.

Glo.

Since you'r so proud and so fickle, you shall stand hereafter as a Cipher with me: and I'll begin upon a new account with this pretty Maid, what say you forsooth?

Dorm.

I am willing enough to get a husband as young as I am.

Glo.

Why, that's well said, give your hand upon the bargain God ha' mercy with all my hear i'fais.

[Go in.

Scene Draws off, discovers a chamber. Enter Alonzo Euphemia, and Lovis: To them Carlo, Haunce, and the rest.

Car.

Oh I am cheated, undone, abus'd.

Lov.

How, Sir, and where?

Haunce sees Alonzo drest like him, goes gazing about him, and on himself, calling Gload to do the same.

Car.

The Dutch Lover

Nay, I know not how, or where; but so I am; and when I find it, I'll turn you all out of doors. Who are you, Sir? quickly tell me.

Alon.

If you be in such haste, take the shortest account, I am your son.

Car.

I mean, Sir, what's your name, and which of you is *Haunce van Ezel*?

Hau.

I, which of us is *Haunce van Ezel*, tell us that, Sir; we shall handle ye, i'faith, now

Alon.

He, Sir, can best inform you.

[Pointing to Haunce.]

Hau.

Who, I! I know no more than the great *Turk*, not I, which of us is me; my hat, my feather; my sute, and my Garniture all over faith now; and I believe this is me, for I'll trust my eyes before any other sense about me. What sayst thou now *Gload*? guess which of us is thy own natural Master now if thou canst.

Glo.

Which, Sir? why let me see let me see,
[Turns them both about.]
sakes I cannot tell, Sir.

Car.

Come, come, the cheat is plain, and I'll not be fob'd off, therefore tell me who you are, Sir.

The Dutch Lover

[To Alonzo.

Alon.

One that was very unwilling to have put this trick upon you, if I could have perswaded *Euphemia* to have been kind on any other terms, but nothing would down with her but Matrimony.

Car.

How long have you known her?

Alon.

Faith, Sir, too long by at least an hour.

Car.

I say again what are you, Sir?

Alon.

A man I am, and they call me *Alonzo*.

Car.

How! I hope not the great fighting Colonel, whom my son serv'd as a Voluntier in *Flanders*.

Alon.

Even he, Sir.

Car.

Worse and worse, I shall grow mad, to think that in spite of all my care, *Euphemia* should marry with so notorious a man of war.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Hau.

How! is this *Alonzo*, and am I cozen'd? pray tell me truly, are you not me indeed?

Alon.

All over, Sir, only the inside a little less fool.

Hau.

So here's fine jugling are not you a rare Lady, hah?

[To Euphemia: Crys.

Euph.

I assure you, Sir, if this man had not past for you, I had never had him.

Hau.

Had him! O you are a flattering thing, I durst ha' sworn you could no more ha' been without me, than a Barbers Shop without a Fiddle, so I did: Oh what a damnable voyage have I back again without a wife too.

[Crys again.

Lov.

If that be all, we'l get you one before you go: that shall be my care.

Hau.

A pox of your care; well, I will get my self most soundly drunk to night, to be reveng'd of these two damnable Dons. Come *Gload*, let us about something in order to't.

[Exit.

The Dutch Lover

Euph.

Pray, Sir, be perswaded, he's worth your owning.

Car.

Tell not me of owning: what fortune has he?

Lov.

His Horse and Arms, the favour of his Prince and his pay.

Car.

His Horse and Arms I wholly dislike as impliments of war, and that same Princely favour, as you call it, will buy no Lands, and his Pay he shall have when he can get it.

Lov.

But, Sir, his coming to *Madrid* was to take possession of a place the Prince has promis'd him.

Car.

Has promis'd him? what! I shall marry my Daughter to the promises of ere a Prince in Christendom, shall I? No, no; promises, quoth ye?

Alon.

Well, Sir, will this satisfie you?

[Gives him a parchment.]

Euph.

If it should not, let us consider what next to do.

The Dutch Lover

Alon.

No consideration *Euphemia*; not so much as that we are married, lest it lessen our joys.

Car.

12000 Crowns a year! Sir, I cry you mercy, and wish you joy with my Daughter.

Lov.

So his courage will down with him now.

Alon.

To satisfie you farther, Sir, read this.

[Gives him another paper.]

And now *Euphemia* prepare your self to receive some gallant friends of mine, whom you must be acquainted with, and who design to make a merry night on't.

Euph.

A whole night *Alonzo*?

Alon.

By no means *Euphemia*, for the first too, which if the thoughts of its being part of my duty do not hinder, will be pleasant enough to me.

Car.

So considerable an office at Court too! Let me imbrace you, Sir; and tell you how happy I am in so brave a Son-in-law.

Alon.

The Dutch Lover

With that assurance, Sir, I'll take a more than ordinary freedom with you, and teach *Euphemia* a franker way of living, than what a native Spaniard would have allow'd her.

Car.

She shall be what sort of wife you'll have her.

Enter Servant: After a noise of Musick.

Alon.

What Musick's that?

Serv.

It waits upon some Ladies and Gentlemen who ask for you, Sir.

Alon.

Wait them in, they are those friends of mine I told you off.

[He goes and brings them in.]

Enter Marcel and Clarinda, Silvio and Cleonte, Antonio and Hippolyta, Dormida and Francisca, all salute Euphemia. Enter Haunce, and Gload in Masquerade to the company Olinda and Dorice masked.

Hau.

Well, the Divel's in't if we shall not appear ridiculous enough, hah *Gload*?

Glo.

I, Sir, the more ridiculous the better.

Hau.

The Dutch Lover

I was always of that mind. Ha, hay Boys, who be all these Dons and Donna's? Harkye *Lovis*, I hope the Wife you promis'd me is amongst these fair Ladies, for so I guess they are both, fair and Ladies.

Lov.

You guess right, Sir.

Alon.

Now Ladies and Gentlewomen command your Musick, and do what likes you best.

Lov.

Here's the Lady I recommend to you, take her, Sir, be thankful.

[Gives him Olinda.

Olin.

This is the fool that I am to manage.

Dor.

And this my lott.

[Takes Gload.

[Musick plays, they all dance.

Lov.

There is within a young Father ready to joyn your hands: take this opportunity, and make sure of a Wife.

Hau.

I warrant you, Sir.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

[Exeunt Haunce, Olinda, Gload and Dorice.

Enter Pedro.

Ped.

Your Mother, Sir, whom I found more dead than living for the loss of your Sister, was very near dying outright with joy to hear of your arrival, and most impatiently expects you.

Dor.

And are we all forgiven *Pedro*?

Ped.

Yes, you and I are like to be fellow Servants together again, *Dormida*.

Dor.

And fellow Lovers too I hope, *Pedro*.

Ped.

The Divel's in't if age have not allai'd flames of all sorts in thee: but if you contribute to my allowance

Dor.

Thou knowst I could never keep any thing from thee *Pedro*.

Alon.

Come Ladies, there is a small Banquet attends you in the next room.

Silv.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

We'l wait on you, Sir.

Enter Haunce, Gload, Olinda and Dorice.

Hau.

Hold, hold, and give me joy too, for I am Married, if she has not mistaken her man again and I my woman.

Olin.

No, you are the man I look for, and I no cheat, having all about me that you look for too, but Money.

[Discovers her self.]

Alon.

How *Olinda!*

Olin.

Yes indeed, Sir, I serv'd my Lady first, and then thought it no offence to take the reward due to that service.

Hau.

Here's a Spanish trick for you now, to marry a Wife before one sees her.

Euph.

What *Dorice* Married too?

Dor.

After your example, Madam.

Glo.

SCENE II.

The Dutch Lover

Yes indeed, forsooth, and I have made bold too after the example of my Master.

Hau.

Now do they all expect I should be dissatisfied; but, Gentlemen, in sign and token that I am not, I'll have one more merry frisk before we part, 'tis a witty wench; faith and troth after a month 'tis all one whose who; therefore come on *Gload*.

[They dance together.]

Alon.

Monsieur *Haunce*, I see you are a man of Gallantry. Come let us in, I know every man here desires to make this night his own, and sacrifice it to pleasure.

The Ladies too in blushes do confess
Equal desires; which yet they'l not confess
Their's, though less fierce, more constant will abide;
But ours less currant grow the more they're try'd.