

FAIR MAID OF THE WEST - PART I

(Or A Girl worth Gold)

BY

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CAST LIST: 3W, 6M

Clown 1: 1st Sea Captain, 1st Drawer, 1st Sailor, Alcade, Various Spaniards, etc.
CHORUS?

Clown 2: 2nd Sea Captain, 2nd Drawer, 2nd Sailor, Spanish Captain, Joffer, Various
Spaniards, etc. CHORUS?

Roughman (A Swaggering Gentleman)

Spencer

Bess Bridges (Fair Maid of the West)

Fawcett (A Gentlewoman), Alderman

Carroll, Surgeon, Mayor, Mullisheg (King of Fez)

Captain Goodlack (Spencer's Friend)

Clem (A Drawer of Wine - chum to Bess)

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE:

Cales: Cah-less

MUSIC / REVELS / RIDICULOUSNESS....

ACT I

SCENE 1 - PLYMOUTH. A STREET BEFORE A TAVERN (The Castle)

Enter two Sea Captains and Carroll

1st Capt: When puts my lord to sea?

2nd Capt: When the wind's fair.

Carroll: Resolve me, I entreat: can you not guess
The purpose of this voyage?

1st Capt: Most men think
The fleet's bound for the Islands.

Carr: Nay, 'tis like
The great success at Cales hath put heart
Into the English; they are all on fire
To purchase from the Spaniard. If their carracks
Come deeply laden, we shall tug them
For golden spoil.

2nd Capt: Oh, were it come to that!

1st Capt: How Plymouth swells with gallants; how the streets
Glisten with gold! You cannot meet a man
But tricked in scarf and feather, that it seems
As if the pride of England's gallantry
Were harbored here. It doth appear, methinks,
A very court of soldiers.

Carr: It doth so.
Where shall we dine today?

2nd Capt: Here's the best wine.

1st Capt: And the best wench, Bess Bridges; she's the flower.

2nd Capt: A sweet lass, if I have any judgment.

1st Capt: Now, in troth,

I think she's honest.

Carr: Honest, and live here
What, in a public tavern! Honest, said you?

2nd Capt: I vow she is, for me.

1st Capt: For all, I think.

Carr: Exceeding affable.

2nd Capt: An argument
That she's not proud.

Carr: No; were she proud, she'd fall.

1st Capt: Well, she's a most attractive adamant:
Her very beauty hath upheld this house,
And gained her master much.

Carr: That adamant
Shall for this time draw me too; we'll dine here.

Exeunt into Tavern

SCENE 1A - SAME

Enter Spencer and Captain Goodlack

Goodl: What, to the old house still?

Spen: Canst blame me, Captain?
Believe me, I was never surprised till now,
Or caught upon the sudden.

Goodl: Pray, resolve me:
Why, being a gentleman of fortunes, means,
And well revenued, will you adventure thus
A doubtful voyage, when only such as I,
Born to no other fortunes than my sword,
Should seek abroad for pillage?

Spen: Pillage, Captain?
No, tis for honor; and the brave society
Of all these shining gallants, that attend
The great lord-general, drew me hither first,
No hope of gain or spoil.

Goodl: Ay, but what draws you to this house so oft?

Spem: As if thou knew'st it not.

Goodl: What, Bess?

Spem: Even she.

Goodl: Come, I must tell you, you forget yourself,
One of your birth and breeding thus to dote
Upon a tanner's daughter! Why, her father
Sold hides and being trade-fallen
Sent her to service.

Spem: Prithee, speak no more;
Thou tell'st me that which I would fain forget,
Or wish I had not known. If thou wilt humor me,
Tell me she's fair and honest.

Goodl: Yes, and loves you.

Spem: To forget that were to exclude the rest.

Both enter the Tavern

SCENE 1B - INSIDE THE TAVERN

Enter the two Drawers

1st Draw: You are welcome, gentlemen. Show them into the next room there.

2nd Draw: Look out a towel, and some rolls, a salt and trenchers.

Spem: No, sir we will not dine.

2nd Draw: I am sure you would if you had my stomach.
What wine drink ye, sack or claret?

Spem: Where's Bess?

2nd Draw: Marry, above, with three or four gentlemen.

Spem: Go call her.

2nd Draw: I'll draw you a cup of the nearest wine in Plymouth.

Spen: I'll taste nothing of your drawing. Go call Bess.
2nd Draw: There's nothing in the mouths of these gallants but 'Bess, Bess.'

Spen: Tell her who's here.

2nd Draw: The devil rid her out of the house, for me!

Spen: Say y', sir?

2nd Draw: Nothing but anon, anon, sir.

Exit Drawers

SCENE 1C - INSIDE THE TAVERN

Enter Bess

Spen: Say, she's come!

Bess: Sweet Master Spencer, y'are a stranger grown.
Where have you been these three days?

Spen: The last night
I sat up late at game. Here, take this bag,
And lay't up till I call for't.
Bring some wine.

Bess: I know your taste,
And I shall please your palate.

Exit Bess

Goodl: Troth, 'tis a pretty soul!

Spen: To thee I will unbosom all my thoughts.
Were her low birth but equal with her beauty,
Here would I fix my thoughts.

Goodl: You are not mad, sir?
You say you love her.

Spen: Never question that.

Goodl: Then put her to't: win Opportunity,
She's the best bawd. If, as you say, she loves you,

She can deny you nothing.

Spem: I have proved her
Unto the utmost test; examined her,
Even to a modest force; but all in vain:
She'll laugh, confer, keep company, discourse,
And something more, kiss; but beyond that compass
She no way can be drawn.

Goodl: 'Tis a virtue
But seldom found in taverns.

Re-enter Bess with wine

Bess: 'Tis of the best Graves wine, sir.

Spem: Gramercy, girl: come sit.

Bess: Pray pardon, sir, I dare not.

Spem: I'll ha'it so.

Bess: My fellows love me not, and will complain
Of such a saucy boldness.

Spem: Pox on your fellows!
Sit: now, Bess, drink to me.

Bess: To your good voyage!

Enter 2nd Drawer

2nd Draw: Did you call, sir?

Spem: Yes, sir, to have your absence. Captain, this health.

Goodl: Let it come, sir.

2nd Draw: Must you be set, and we wait, with a ----!

Spem: What say you, sir?

2nd Draw: Anon, anon: I come there.

Exit 2nd Drawer

Spen: What will you venture, Bess, to sea with me?

Bess: What I love best, my heart: for I could wish
I had been born to equal you in fortune,
Or you so low, to have been ranked with me;
I could then have presumed boldly to say,
I love none but my Spencer.

Spen: Bess, I thank thee.
Keep still that hundred pound 'till my return
From the Islands with my lord: If never, wench,
Take it, it is thine own.

Bess: You bind me to you.

Enter 1st Drawer

1st Draw: Bess, you must fill some wine into the portcullis;
The gentlemen there will drink none but of your drawing.

Spen: She shall not rise, sir. [Go, let your master snick-up.

1st Draw: And that should be first cousin to the hick-up.]

Enter 2nd Drawer

2nd Draw: Bess, you must needs come. The gentlemen fling pots, pottles,
drawers, and all downstairs.
The whole house is in an uproar.

Bess: Pray, pardon, sir; I must needs be gone.

1st Draw: The gentlemen swear if she come not up to them, they will
come down to her.

Spen: If they come in peace,
Like civil gentlemen, they may be welcome:
If otherwise...

*Tumult off-stage forces both drawers to exit
Carroll and the two Sea Captains enter [QUICK CHANGE]*

SCENE 1D - INSIDE THE TAVERN

Carr: Save you, gallants! We are somewhat bold, to press
Into your company: it may be held scarce manners;

Therefore, 'tis fit that we should crave your pardon.

Spem: Sir, you are welcome; so are your friends.

1st Capt: Some wine!

Bess: Pray give me leave to fill it.

Spem: You shall not stir.
So, please you, we'll join company. Drawer, more stools.

Carr: I take't that's a she-drawer. Are you of the house?

Bess: I am, sir.

Carr: In what place?

Bess: I draw.

Carr: Beer, do you not? You are some tapstress.

Spem: Sir, the worst character you can bestow
Upon the maid is to draw wine.

Carr: She would draw none to us.
Perhaps she keeps a rundlet for your taste,
Which none but you must pierce.

2nd Capt: I pray be civil.

Spem: I know not, gentlemen, what your intents be,
Nor do I fear, or care. This is my room;
And if I bear you, as you seem in show,
Like gentlemen, sit and be sociable.

Carr: We will. *(to Bess)* Minx, by your leave.
Remove, I say.

Spem: She shall not stir.

Carr: How, sir?

Spem: No, sir. Could you outface the devil,
We do not fear your roaring.

Carr: Though you may be companion with a drudge,

It is not fit she should have place by us.
About your business, housewife.

Spencer: She is worthy
The place as the best here, and she shall keep't.

Carr: You lie.

A fight ensues. Carroll is slain.

Goodl: The gentleman's slain: away!

Bess: O, Heaven! What have you done?

Goodl: Undone thyself, and me too! Come away.

Goodlack and Spencer exit

1st Capt: Tush! All our help's in vain.

2nd Capt: This is the fruit of whores.
This mischief came through thee.

Bess: It grew first from your incivility.

1st Capt: Lend me a hand, to lift his body hence.
It was a fatal business.

*2nd Captain exits hurriedly, leaving 1st Capt to deal with Carroll's body
Hullabaloo, 2nd Drawer enters*

*During this sequence, 1st Capt gets Carroll's body off and magically becomes 1st
Drawer again....*

2nd Draw: One call my master, another fetch the constable.
Here's a man killed in the room.

1st Draw: How! A man killed, say'st thou? Is all paid?
How fell they out, canst thou tell?

2nd Draw: Sure, about this bold Bettrice. 'Tis not so much
for the death of the man, but how shall we come by our reckoning?

Exit Drawers, leaving Bess alone

Bess: What shall become of me? Of all lost creatures,
The most unfortunate. I by this

Have lost so worthy and approved a friend.
Whom to redeem from exile, I would give
All that's without and in me.

SCENE 1E - INSIDE THE TAVERN

Enter Fawcett

Faw: Your name's Bess Bridges?

Bess: Your business, ma'am, with me?

Faw: Know you this ring?

Bess: I do: it is my Spencer's.
I know, withal, you are his trusty friend,
To whom he would commit it. Speak: how fares he?
Is in he in freedom, know ye?

Faw: He's in health
Of body, though in mind somewhat perplexed
For this late mischief happened.

Bess: Is he fled,
And freed from danger?

Faw: Neither. By this token
He lovingly commends him to you, Bess,
And prays you, when 'tis dark, meet him at the Hoe,
Near to the new-made fort, where he'll attend you,
Before he flies, to take a kind farewell.
He entreats you not to fail him.

Bess: Stand death before me; were I sure to die.
Tell him from me, I'll come, I'll run, I'll fly.

SCENE 2 - NEAR THE HOE

Enter Spencer and Goodlack

Goodl: You are too full of passion.

Spen: Canst thou blame me,
To have the guilt of murder burden me;
To lose a love
So sweet, so fair, so amorous and so chaste,

And all these at an instant! Art thou sure
Carroll is dead?

Goodl: I can believe no less.
You hit him in the very speeding place.

Spem: Oh! but the last of these sits near'st my heart.

Goodl: Sir, be advised by me:
Try her, before you trust her.
She, perchance,
May take th'advantage of your hopeful fortunes.

Spem: Thou counsellest well.
I'll put her to the test and utmost trial,
Before I trust her farther.

Enter Bess with a bag, and Fawcett

Faw: I have done my message, sir.

Bess: Fear not, sweet Spencer; we are now alone,
And thou art sanctuated in these mine arms.

Goodl: This place I'll guard.

Faw: I this.

Bess: Are you not hurt,
How is it with you?

Spem: Bess, all my afflictions,
Are that I must leave thee: thou know'st, withal,
the fear
Of a most scandalous death, doth force me hence.
I am not near my county; and to stay
For new supply from thence might deeply engage me
To desperate hazard.

Bess: Is it coin you want?
Here is the hundred pound you gave me of late:
Use that, beside what I have stored and saved,
Which makes it fifty more. Were it ten thousand,
Nay, a whole million, Spencer, all were thine.

Spem: No; what thou hast, keep still; 'tis all thine own.
Here be my keys: my trunks take to thy charge:

Money, apparel, and what else thou find'st,
Perhaps worth my bequest and thy receiving,
I make these mistress of.

Bess: Before, I doted;
But now you strive to have me ecstasied.
What would you have me do, in which to express
my zeal to you?

Spem: I enjoin thee to keep
Ever my picture, which in my chamber hangs:
For when thou part'st with that, thou lovest me.

Bess: My soul from my body may be divorced,
But never that from me.

Spem: I have a house in Foy, a tavern called
The Windmill; that I freely give thee, too;
And thither, if I live, I'll send to thee.
Time calls hence; we now must part.

Bess: Oh, that I had the power to make Time lame,
I could dwell here for ever in thine arms,
And wish it always night.

Spem: We trifle hours. Farewell!

Bess: First take this ring:
'Twas the first token of my constant love
That passed betwixt us. When I see this next,
And not my Spencer, I shall think thee dead;
For, 'till death part thy body from my soul,
I know thou wilt not part with it.

Spem: Swear, for me, Bess; for thou mayst safely do't.
Once more, farewell: at Foy thou shalt hear from me.
I shall not live to lose thee.

Faw: Best be gone;
I hear some tread.

Spem: A thousand farewells are in one contracted.

Exit Spencer and Goodlack

Bess: Ha, is my Spencer gone? Oh! I shall die.

Faw: What mean you, Bess? Will you betray your friend?
Come, away.

Fawcett exits

Bess: Let me collect myself.
Prepare for Foy:
Plymouth, farewell: in Cornwall I will prove
A second fortune, and for ever mourn,
Until I see my Spencer's safe return.

SCENE 3 - OUTSIDE THE WINDMILL TAVERN, FOY, CORNWALL

Enter Fawcett and Roughman
Two bar patrons above

Faw: In your time have you seen a sweeter creature?

Rough: Some week, or thereabouts.

Faw: And in that time she hath almost undone all the other taverns:
the gallants make no rendezvous now but at the Windmill.

Rough: Spite of them, I'll have her. It shall cost me the setting on, but
I'll have her.

Faw: Why, do you think she is so easily won?

Rough: Easily or not, I'll bid as fair and far as any man within twenty
miles of my head, but I will put her to the squeak.

Faw: They say there are knights' sons already come as suitors to her.

Rough: 'Tis like enough, some younger brothers, and so I intend to
make them.

Faw: If these doings hold, she will grow rich in short time.

Rough: There shall be doings that shall make this Windmill my grand
seat, my mansion, my palace, and my Constantinople.

Enter Bess and Clem

Faw: Here she comes.

Clem: My father was a baker; and, by the report of his neighbors, as

honest a man as ever lived by bread.
Bess: And where dwelt he?

Clem: Below here, in the next crooked street, at the sign of the Leg.
he was nothing so tall as I; but a little wee man, and somewhat
huck-backed.

Bess: I think I have heard of him.
Well, Clem, prove an honest servant, and you shall find me
your good mistress. What company is in the Mermaid?

Clem: There be four sea captains. I believe they be little better than
pirates, they be so flush of their ruddocks.

Bess: No matter; they're my good customers,
And still return me profit.

[*Clem:* Wot you what, mistress, how the two sailors would have served
me, that called for the pound and a half of cheese?

Bess: How was it, Clem?

Clem: When I brought them a reckoning, they would have had me to
have scored it up. They took me for a simple gull, indeed, that
would have had me to have taken chalk for cheese.]

Bess: Well, go wait upon the captains.

Rough: She's now at leisure; I'll go to her -
Lady, what gentlemen are those above?

Bess: Sir, they are such as please to be my guests,
And they are kindly welcome.

Rough: Give me their names.

Bess: You may go search the church-book where they
were christened:
There you perhaps may learn them.

Rough: Minion, how!

Bess: Pray, hands off!

Faw: Fie, fie! You are too rude with this fair creature,
That no way seeks t'offend you.

Rough: I tell thee, maid, wife, or whate'er thou beest,
No man shall enter here but by my leave.
Come, let's be more familiar.

Bess: 'Las, good man!

Rough: Why, knowest thou whom thou slightest? I am Roughman,
The only approved gallant of these parts,
A man of whom the roarers stand in awe,
And must not be put off.

Bess: I never yet heard a man so praise himself.
But proved in the end a coward.

Rough: Coward, Bess?
You will offend me, raise in me that fury
Your beauty cannot calm. Go to; no more.

Bess: Sir, if you thus persist to wrong my house,
Disturb my guests, and nightly domineer,
To put my friends from patience, I'll complain
And right myself before the magistrate.

Rough: Go to, wench:
I wish thee well; think on't, there's good for thee
Stored in my breast; and when I come in place,
I must have no man to offend mine eye:
My love can brook no rivals. For this time
I am content your guests shall have peace,
But must not be us'd to't.

Bess: Sir, if you come
Like other free and civil gentlemen,
You're welcome: otherwise my doors are barred you.

Rough: That's my good girl,
I have fortunes laid up for thee: what I have,
Command it as thine own. Go to; be wise.

Bess: Well, I shall study for't.

Rough: Consider on't. Farewell.

Exit Roughman and Fawcett

Bess: Were I not with so many suitors pestered,

And might I enjoy my Spencer, what a sweet,
Contented life were this! for money flows,
And my gain's great. But to my Roughman next.
I have a trick to try what spirit's in him.
It shall be my next business; in this passion
For my dear Spencer, I propose me this:
'Mongst many sorrows, some mirth's not amiss.

Exit Bess

SCENE 4 - FAYAL

Enter Spencer and Goodlack

Goodl: What were you thinking?

Spen: Troth, of the world: what any man should see int to be in love with it. Imagine that in the same instant that one forfeits all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession. As one goes to the church to be married, another is hurried to the gallows to be hanged; the last having no feeling of the first man's joy, nor the first of the last man's misery. At the same time that one lies tortured upon the rack, another lies tumbling with his mistress over head and ears in down and feathers. I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man ecstasied.

Goodl: You give yourself too much to melancholy.

Spen: These are my maxims; and were they as faithfully practiced by others as truly apprehended by me, we should have less oppression, and more charity.

Enter 2 Sea Captains

1st Capt: Make good my words.

2nd Capt: I say, thou hast injured me.

1st Capt: Tell me wherein.

2nd Capt: When we assaulted Fayal,
And I had, by the general's command,
The onset, and with danger of my person
Enforced the Spaniard to a swift retreat,
And beat them from their fort, thou, when thou saw'st
All fear and danger past, madest up with me,

To share that honor which was sole mine own.

1st Capt: I'll prove it with my sword,
That though thou hadst the foremost place in field,
And I the second, yet my company
Was equal in the entry of the fort.

2nd Capt: Wrong me palpably and justify the same?

Spen: You shall not fight.

1st Capt: Why sir, who made you first a justicer,
And taught you that word 'shall'? You are no general.

2nd Capt: 'Tis some chaplain.

1st Capt: I do not like his text.

Goodl: Let's beat their weapons down.

1st Capt: I'll aim at him that offers to divide us!

A fight ensues. Spencer and 2nd Captain are wounded.

2nd Capt: Pox of these part-frays! See I am wounded
By beating down my weapon.

Goodl: How fares my friend?

Spen: You sought for blood, and, gentlemen, you have it.
Let mine appease you: I am hurt to death.

1st Capt: My rage converts to pity, that this gentleman
Shall suffer for his goodness.

Goodl: Noble friend,
I will revenge thy death.

Spen: He is no friend
That murmurs such a thought. - Oh, gentlemen,
I killed a man in Plymouth, and by you
Am slain in Fayal. Heaven is just,
And will not suffer murder unrevenged.
Heaven pardon me, as I forgive you both!
Shift for yourselves: away! I say away!

1st Capt: Short farewells now must serve. If thou survivest,
Live to thine honor; but if thou expirest
Heaven take they soul to mercy!

Exit Captains

Spem: I bleed much;
I must go seek a surgeon.

Goodl: Sir, how cheer you?

Spem: Like one that's bound upon a new adventure
To the other world; yet thus much, worthy friend,
The fleet is bound for England. Take your occasion
To ship yourself, and when you come to Foy,
Kindly commend me to my dearest Bess;
Thou shalt receive a will, in which I have
Possessed her of five hundred pounds a year.

Goodl: A noble legacy.

Spem: The rest I have bestow'd amongst my friends;
Only reserving a bare hundred pounds,
To see me honestly and well interr'd.

Goodl: I shall perform your trust as carefully
As to my father.

Spem: Mark me, Captain.
[Her legacy I give with this proviso:]
If, at thy arrival where my Bess remains,
Thou find'st her well reported, free from scandal,
My will stands firm; but if thou hear'st her branded
For loose behavior, or immodest life,
What she should have, I here bestow on thee;
Deal faithfully betwixt my Bess and me.
This ring was hers; be she loose or chaste,
Being her own, restore her: she will know it;
Now lead me to my chamber. O my memory!
What had I quite forgot? She hath my picture.

Goodl: And what of that?

Spem: If she be ranked amongst the loose and lewd,
Take it away: I hold it much indecent
A whore should ha't in keeping; but if constant,

Let her enjoy it. This my will perform.

Goodl: Sense else forsake me.

Spem: All's made even -
My peace with earth, and my atone with Heaven.

Exit Spencer and Goodlack

SCENE 5A - A FIELD NEAR FOY

Enter Bess, dressed as a man, with a sword and Clem

Bess: But that I know my mother to be chaste,
I'd swear some soldier begot me.

Clem: If may be many a soldier's bluff jerkin came out of your
father's tan-vat.

Bess: Methinks I have a manly spirit in me,
In this man's habit.

Clem: Now, I am not of many men's minds; for, if
you should do me wrong, I should not kill you, though
I took you pissing against a wall.

Bess: Methinks I could be valiant on the sudden,
And meet a man i' th' field.
Of all thy 'fellows', thee I only trust,
And charge thee to be secret.

Clem: I am bound in my indentures to keep my master's secrets; and
should I find a man in bed with you, I would not tell.

Bess: Begone - -

Clem: If you should swagger and kill anybody, I, being a vintner,
should be called to the bar.

Exit Clem

Bess: Let none condemn me of immodesty,
Because I try the courage of a man,
Who on my soul's a coward, beats my servants,
Cuffs them, and, as they pass by him, kicks my maids;
Nay, domineers over me, making himself

Lord o'er my house and household. Yesternight
I heard him make appointment on some business
To pass alone this way. I'll venture fair,
But I will try what's in him.

SCENE 5B - SAME

Enter Roughman and Fawcett

Faw: Sir, I can now no further; weighty business calls me away.

Rough: Why, at your pleasure then.
Yet I could wish that ere I passed this field
That I could meet some Hector, so your eyes
Might witness what myself have oft repeated,
Namely, that I am valiant.

Faw: No doubt;
But now I am in haste. Farewell.

Exit Fawcett

Rough: How many times brave words bear out a man!
For if he can but make a noise, he's fear'd.
To talk of frays, although he ne'er had heart.
To face a man in the field, that's a brave fellow.
I have been valiant, I must needs confess,
In street and tavern, where there have been men
Ready to part the fray; but for the fields,
They are too cold to fight in.

Bess enters in a wondrous display of stealthiness

Bess: You are a villain and a coward; and you lie.

Bess strikes him

Rough: You wrong me, I protest. Sweet, courteous gentleman,
I never did you wrong.

Bess: Wilt tell me that?
Draw forth thy coward sword, and suddenly,
Or, as I am a man, I'll run thee through,
And leave thee dead i' the field.

Rough: Hold! As you are a gentleman.

I have ta'en an oath I will not fight today.

Bess: Th'ast took a blow already, and the lie:
Will not both these enrage thee?

Rough: No; would you give the bastinado too,
I will not break mine oath.

Bess: Oh! Your name's Roughman:
No day doth pass you but that hurt or kill!
Is this out of your calendar?

Rough: !! You are deceived.
I ne'er drew sword in anger, I protest,
Unless it were upon some poor, weak fellow,
That ne'er wore steel about him.

Bess: Throw your sword.

Rough: Here, sweet young sir; (*gives up his sword*)
But as you are a gentleman,
Do not impair mine honor.

Bess: Tie that shoe.

Rough: I shall, sir.

Bess: Untruss that point.

Rough: Anything, this day, to save mine oath.

Bess: Enough; - yet not enough. Lie down,
'Till I stride o'er thee.

Rough: Sweet sir, anything.

Bess: Rise, thou hast leave. Now, Roughman, thou are blest;
This day thy life is saved; look to the rest.
Take back thy sword.

Rough: Oh! You are generous: honor me so much
As let me know to whom I owe my life.

Bess: I am Bess Bridges' brother.

Rough: Still methought

That you were something like her.

Bess: I have heard
You domineer and revel in her house,
Control her servants, and abuse her guests,
Which if I ever shall hereafter hear,
Thou art but a dead man.

Rough: She never told me of a brother living;
But you have power to sway me.

Bess: But for I see you are a gentleman,
I am content this once to let you pass;
But if I find you fall into relapse
The second's far more dangerous.

Rough: I shall fear it.
Sir, will you take the wine?

Bess: I am for London,
And for these two terms cannot make return;
But if you see my sister, you may say
I was in health.

Exit Bess

Rough: Too well: the devil take you!
None saw't: he's gone for London; I am unhurt;
Then who shall publish this disgrace abroad?
One man's no slander, should he speak his worst.
My tongue's as loud as his; but in this country
Both of more fame and credit. Should we contest,
I can outface the proudest. This is, then, my comfort.
Roughman, thou art still the same,
For a disgrace not seen is held no shame.

Exit Roughman

SCENE 6 - FAYAL

Enter a Sailor

1st Sail: Aboard! Aboard! the wind stands fair for England:
The ships have all weighed anchor.
A stiff gale
Blows from the shore.

Enter Goodlack

Goodl: The sailors call aboard, and I am forced
To leave my friend now at the point of death,
And cannot close his eyes.

1st Sail: Aboard! Aboard!
Sir, will you take the long-boat and aboard?

Enter a 2nd Sailor

Goodl: With all my heart.

2nd Sail: What, are you ready, mates?

1st Sail: We stayed for you. Thou canst not tell who's dead?
The great bell rung out now.

2nd Sail: They say 'twas for one Spencer, who this night
Died of a mortal wound.

Goodl: My worthy friend:
Was his name Spencer?

2nd Sail: Yes, sir, a gentleman of good account,
And well known in the Navy.

Sailors exit

Goodl: This is the end of all mortality.
It will be news unpleasing to his Bess.
Now may I find yon tanner's daughter turned
Unchaste or wanton, I shall gain by it.
Here is the will. Five hundred pounds a year.
I cannot fare amiss, but long to see
Whether these lands belong to her or me.

Exit Goodlack

SCENE 6A - SAME

Enter Spencer and Surgeon

Surg: Nay, fear not, sir: now you have escaped this dressing,
My life for yours.

Spem: I thank thee, honest friend.

Surg: Sir, I can tell you news.
There is a gentleman, one of your name,
That died within this hour.

Spem: My name! What was he? Of what sickness died he?

Surg: No sickness, but a slight hurt in the body,
Which showed at first no danger, but, being searched,
He died at the third dressing.

Spem: At my third search I am in hope of life.
The heavens are merciful.

Surg: Sir, doubt not your recovery.

Spem: That hundred pound I had prepared to expend
Upon mine own expected funeral,
I for name's-sake will now bestow on his.

Surg: A noble resolution.

Spem: What ships are bound for England?
I would gladly venture to sea, though weak.

Surg: All bound that way are under sail already.

Spem: Here's no security;
For when the beaten Spaniards shall return,
They'll spoil whom they can find.

Surg: We have a ship,
Of which I am surgeon, now bound for Mamorah,
A town in Barbary; please you to use that,
You shall command a free passage: ten months hence,
We hope to visit England.

Spem: Friend, I thank thee.

Surg: I'll bring you to the master, who I know will entertain you
gladly.

Spem: When I have seen the funeral rites performed
To the dead body of my countryman

And kinsman, I will take your courteous offer.
Bess, no doubt, will hear news of my death;
On her behavior, I will build my fate,
There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

Exit Spencer and Surgeon

SCENE 7 - FOY - WINDMILL TAVERN

Enter Roughman

Rough: Where be these drawers - rascals, I should say -
That will give no attendance.

Enter Fawcett

Rough: Oh! You're well met. Just as I prophesied,
So it fell out.

Faw: As how, I pray?

Rough: Had you but stayed the crossing of one field,
You had beheld a Hector, the boldest Trojan
That ever Roughman met with.

Faw: Pray, what was he?
Of what stature and years was he?

Rough: Indeed, I must confess he was no giant,
Nor above fifty; but he did bestir him -
Was here, and there, and everywhere, at once,
That I was ne'er so put to't since the midwife
First wrapped my head in linen. Where is Bess?

Enter Clem

Clem: What, you here again? Now we shall have such roaring!

Rough: You, call your mistress.

Clem: Yes, sir, I know it is my duty to call her mistress.

Rough: Shall we have humors, sauce-box? You have ears;
I'll teach you prick-song.

Clem: But you have now a wrong sow by the ear.

I will call her.

Rough: Do, sir; you had best.

Clem: If you were twenty Roughmans, if you lug me by the ears again, I'll draw!

Rough: Ha! What will you draw?

Clem: The best wine in the house for your worship; but I can assure you that she is either not stirring, or else not in case.

Rough: How not in case?

Clem: I think she hath not her smock on; for I think I saw it lie at her bed's head.

Rough: What! Drawers grow capricious!

Clem: Help! Help!

Enter Bess

Bess: What uproar's this? Shall we be never rid
From these disturbances?

Rough: Why, how now, Bess?
Is this housewifery? When you are mine,
I'll have you rise as early as the lark.
Look to the bar yourself; these lazy rascals
Will bring your state behind hand.

Clem: You lie, sir.

Rough: How! lie.

Roughman strikes Clem

Bess: You wrong me, sir.
And tyrannize too much over my servants.
I will have no man touch them but myself.

Clem: If I do not put ratsbane into his wine -

Exit Clem

Rough: What! rise at noon?
A man may fight a tall fray in a morning,
Be hacked in mangled pieces, and you fast,
Close in your bed, ne'er dream on't.

Bess: Fought you this day?

Rough: And ne'er was better put to't in my days.

Bess: I pray, how was't?

Rough: Thus. As I passed yon fields -

Enter Clem, disguised as a kitchenmaid

Clem: I pray, forsooth, what shall I reckon for the jowl of ling in the portcullis?

Rough: A pox upon your jowls, you kitchen-stuff!
Go, scour your skillets, pots, and dripping-pans,
And interrupt not us.

Roughman kicks at Clem/Maid

Clem: The devil take your ox-heels, you foul cod's head! must you be kicking!

Rough: Minion! dare you scold?

Clem: Yes, sir; and lay my ladle over your coxcomb.

Exit Clem/Maid

Bess: I do not think that thou darest strike a man
That swagger'st thus o'er women.

Rough: How now, Bess?

Bess: Shall we never be quiet?

Faw: You are too rude.

Rough: Now I profess all patience.

Bess: Then proceed.

Rough: Rising up early, minion, whilst you slept,
To cross yon field, I had but newly parted,
With this my friend, but that I soon espied
A gallant fellow, and most strongly armed:
In the mid-field we met, and, both being resolute,
We justled for the wall.

Bess: Why, did there stand a wall in the mid-field?

Rough: I meant, strove for the way.
Two such brave spirits meeting, straight both drew.

Enter Clem (dressed as Clem)

Clem: The maid, forsooth, sent me to know whether you would have
the shoulder of mutton roasted or sod?

Rough: A mischief on your shoulders!

Roughman strikes at Clem

Bess: You heap wrongs on wrongs.

Rough: I was in fury,
To think upon the violence of that fight,
And could not stay my rage.

Faw: Once more proceed.

Rough: Oh! Had you seen two tilting meteors justle
In the mid-region, with like fear and fury
We too encountered.
Blows came about my head - I took them still;
Thrusts by my sides, 'twixt my body and my arms -
Yet still I put them by.

Bess: When they were past, he put them by. - Go on.
But in this fury, what happened of him?

Rough: I think I paid him home: he's soundly mauled.
I bosomed him at every second thrust.

Bess: Scaped he with life?

Rough: Ay, that's my fear. If he recover this,
I'll never trust my sword more.

Bess: Why fly you not, if he be in such danger?

Rough: Because a witch once told me
I ne'er should die for murder.

Bess: I believe thee.
But tell me, pray, was not this gallant fellow
A pretty, fair, young youth, about my years?

Rough: Even there about.

Clem: He was not fifty, then?

Bess: Much of my stature?

Rough: Much about your pitch.

Clem: He was no giant, then?

Bess: And wore a suit like this?

Rough: I half suspect.

Bess: That gallant fellow,
So mangled and wounded, was myself.
You base, white-livered salve! it was this shoe
That you stooped to untie; untrussed those points;
And, like a beastly coward, lay along
Till I strid over thee. Speak; was't not so?

Rough: It cannot be denied.

Bess: Hare-hearted fellow! Milksop! Dost not blush?
Give me that rapier: I will make thee swear
Thou shalt redeem this scorn thou hast incurred,
Or in this woman shape I'll cudgel thee,
And beat thee through the streets. As I am Bess, I'll do't.

Rough: Hold, hold! I swear.

Bess: Dare not to enter at my door till then.

Rough: Shame confounds me quite.

Bess: That shame redeem, perhaps we'll do thee grace;
I love the valiant, but despise the base.

Exit Bess

Clem: Will you be kicked, sir?

Rough: She hath wakened me,
And kindled that dead fire of courage in me
Which all this while hath slept. To spare my flesh,
And wound my fame, what is't? I will not rest,
'Til by some valiant deed I have made good
All my disgraces past. I'll cross the street,
And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.

Faw: I am bound to see the end on't.

Rough: Are you?

Roughman exits, trying to beat up Fawcett. Clem follows.

SCENE 8 - FOY - A STREET

Enter the Mayor and Alderman of Foy

May: Believe me, ma'am, she bears herself so well,
No man can justly blame her; and I wonder,
Being a single woman as she is,
And living in a house of such resort,
She is not more distasted.

Ald: The best [gentlemen]
The country yields become her daily guests.
Sure, sir, I think she's rich.

May: Thus much I know: would I could buy her state,
Were't for a brace of thousands!
To tell you true, sir, I could wish a match
Betwixt her and mine own and only son;
And stretch my purse, too, upon that condition.

The sound of a shot

Ald: Ah - I bring news from the quay.
A ship is put into the harbor; newly come from the Islands;
The greatest man of note's one Captain Goodlack.
It is but a small vessel.

Enter Goodlack - speaking offstage to sailors

Goodl: I'll meet you straight at the Windmill.
Not one word of my name.

May: Pray, sir, the news from thence?

Goodl: The best is, that the general is in health,
And Fayal won from the Spaniards; but the fleet,
Extremely weather-beaten. You, sir, I take it,
Are mayor o' th' town.

May: I am the King's lieutenant.

Goodl: I have some letters of import from one,
A gentleman of very good account
That died late in the Islands, to a maid
That keeps a tavern here.

May: Her name Bess Bridges?

Goodl: The same. I was desired to make inquiry
What fame she bears, and what reports she's of.
Now, you, sir, being her chief magistrate,
Can best resolve me.

May: To our understanding
She's without stain or blemish, well reputed;
And hath won the love of all.

Goodl: *(aside)* The worse for me.

Ald: I can assure you, many narrow eyes
Have looked on her and her condition;
But those that with most envy have endeavored
To entrap her, have returned, won by her virtues.

Goodl: I am glad to hear't. Sir, I have now some business.

May: I entreat you to sup with me tonight.

Goodl: Sir, I may trouble you -

Exit Mayor and Alderman

Goodl: Five hundred pound a year out of my way.

Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,
To forfeit this revenue? Is she such a saint,
None can missay her? Why, then, I myself
Will undertake it. If in her demeanor
I can find but one blemish, stain or spot,
It is five hundred pound a year well got.

Exit Goodlack

SCENE 9 - FOY - THE WINDMILL TAVERN

Enter Clem and Sailors on one side; on the other, Roughman, who draws and beats them off-stage; Clem then re-enters with the Sailors and Bess

Bess: But did he fight it bravely?

Clem: I assure you, mistress, most dissolutely: he hath run this sailor three times through the body, and yet never touched his skin.

Bess: How can that be?

Clem: Through the body of his doublet, I meant.

Bess: How shame, base imputation and disgrace,
Can make a coward valiant! Clem, you look to the bar.

Clem: I'll hold up my hand there presently.

Exit Clem

Bess: I understand you came now from the Islands?

1st Sail: We did so.

Bess: If you can tell me tidings of one gentleman,
I shall requite you largely.

1st Sail: Oh what name?

Bess: One Spencer.

2nd Sail: We both saw and knew the man.

Bess: Only for that, call for what wine you please.
Pray tell me where you left him?

2nd Sail: In Fayal.

Bess: Was he in health? How did he fare?

2nd Sail: Why, well.

Bess: For that good news, spend, revel and carouse;
Your reckoning's paid beforehand. - I am ecstasied,
And my delight's unbounded.

1st Sail: Did you love him?

Bess: Next to my hopes in heaven.

1st Sail: Then change your mirth.

Bess: Why, as I take it, you told me he was well;
And shall I not rejoice?

1st Sail: He's well, in heaven; for, mistress, he is dead.

Bess: Ha! Dead! Was't so you said? Th' hast given me, friend,
But one wound yet: speak but that word again,
And kill me outright.

2nd Sail: He lives not.

Bess: And shall I? - Wilt thou not break, heart?
Are these my ribs wrought out of brass or steel,
Thou canst not craze their bars?

1st Sail: Mistress, use patience, which conquers all despair.

Bess: You advise well.
Pray take the best room in the house, and there call for what
wine best tastes you.

Exit Sailors

Bess: That it should be my fate! Poor sweetheart!
I do but think how thou becom'st thy grave,
In which would I lay by thee.

Enter Goodlack (unseen by Bess)

Bess: It cannot, sure, be true

That he is dead: Death could not be so envious,
To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget
That'er was such a man.

Goodl: (*aside*) The farther I inquire, the more I hear
To my discomfort.
If not impeach her,
My purpose is to marry her.
If she deny me, I'll conceal the will,
Or, at the least, make her compound for half -
(*to Bess*) Save you, fair gentlewoman.

Bess: You are welcome, sir.

Goodl: I hear say there's a whore here, that draws wine.
I am sharp set, and newly come from sea,
And I would see the trash.

Bess: Sure, you mistake, sir.
If you desire attendance and some wine,
I can command you both.

Goodl: Are you the mistress?

Bess: I command the house.

Goodl: Of what birth are you, pray?

Bess: A tanner's daughter.

Goodl: A trade-fallen tanner's daughter go so brave?
Oh! You have tricks to compass these gay clothes.

Bess: None, sir, but what are honest.

Goodl: What's your name?

Bess: Bess Bridges most men call me.

Goodl: Y'are a whore.

Bess: Sir, I will fetch you wine, to wash your mouth;
It is so foul, I fear't may fester, else:
There may be danger in't.

Goodl: (*aside*) Not all this move her patience?

Bess: Good, sir, at this time I am scarce myself,
By reason of a great and weighty loss
That troubles me. But I should know that ring.

Goodl: How! This, you baggage? It was never made
To grace a strumpet's finger.

Bess: Pardon, sir;
I both must and will leave you.

Exit Bess

Goodl: Did not this well? This will stick in my stomach.
I could repent my wrongs done to this maid;
But I'll not leave her thus; if she still love him,
I'll break her heart-strings with some false report
Of his unkindness.

Enter Clem

Goodl: Speak: where's your mistress?

Clem: Gone up to her chamber.

Exit Clem and Goodlack

SCENE 10 - FOY - BESS'S BEDCHAMBER IN THE WINDMILL TAVERN

Enter Bess, carrying Spencer's picture

Bess: To die, and not vouchsafe some few commends
Before his death, was most unkindly done.
This picture is more courteous: 'twill not shrink
For twenty thousand kisses.

Enter Goodlack

Goodl: Where's this harlot?

Bess: You are immodest, sir, to press thus rudely into my private
chamber.

Goodl: Pox of modesty.
When punks must have it mincing in their mouths! -
And have I found thee? Thou shalt hence with me.

He seizes Spencer's picture

- Bess:* Rob me not of the chiefest wealth I have;
Search all my trunks; take all the coin I have
So I may keep that still.
- Goodl:* Think'st thou that bribes
Can make me leave my friend's will unperformed?
- Bess:* What was that friend?
- Goodl:* One Spencer, dead i' the Islands,
Whose very last words, uttered at his death,
Were these: "If ever thou shalt come to Foy,
Take thence my picture, and deface it quite;
For let it not be said, my portraiture
Shall grace a strumpet's chamber."
- Bess:* You lie! You are a villain! 'Twas not so.
'Tis more than sin thus to belie the dead.
He knew, if ever I could have transgressed,
'T had been with him: he durst have sworn me chaste,
And died in that belief.
- Goodl:* Are you so brief?
Nay, I'll not trouble you. God be wi' you!
- Bess:* Are you a Christian?
Have you any name that ever good man gave you?
'Twas no saint you were called after. What's thy name?
- Goodl:* My name is Captain Thomas Good-
- Bess:* I see no good in thee; rase that syllable out of thy name.
- Goodl:* Goodlack's my name.
- Bess:* I cry you mercy, sir: I now remember you;
You were my Spencer's friend; and I am sorry,
Because he loved you, I have been so harsh:
For who sake I entreat, ere you take't hence,
I may but take my leave on't.
- Goodl:* You'll return it?
- Bess:* As I am chaste, I will.

Goodlack returns the picture

Bess: Oh thou! the perfect semblance of my love,
And all that's left of him, take one sweet kiss,
As my last farewell. Thou resemblest him,
For whose sweet safety I was every morning
Down on my knees, and with the lark's sweet tunes
I did begin my prayers; and when sad sleep
Had charmed all eyes, when none save the bright stars
Were up and waking, I remembered thee;
But all, all to no purpose.

Goodl: (*aside*) Sure, most sure, this cannot be dissembled.

Bess: To thee I have been constant in thine absence;
For thee I have given alms, visited prisons,
To gentlemen and passengers lent coin,
That, if they ever had ability,
They might repay't to Spencer: yet for this,
All this, and more, I cannot have so much
As this poor table.

Goodl: (*aside*) I should question truth, if I should wrong this creature.

Bess: Take one sweet kiss,
As my last farewell. I am resolv'd.
This picture, sir, and all that's left of him
I do restore thee back.

Goodl: My mistress Bess,
I have better tidings for you.

Bess: You will restore my picture? Will you?

Goodl: Yes, and more than that:
This ring from my friend's finger, sent to you
With infinite commends.

Bess: You change my blood.

Goodl: These writings are the evidence of lands:
Five hundred pound a year's bequeathed to you,
Of which I here possess you: all is yours.

Bess: Then my Spencer, he is dead indeed.

Goodl: I tell you true.

Bess swoons and falls

Bess: This surplusage of love hath made my loss,
That was but great before, now infinite -

Goodl: Sweet Mistress Bess, will you command my service?

Bess: Four thousand pound, beside this legacy,
In jewels, gold, and silver, I can make,
And every man discharged.

Goodl: What study you?

Bess: It may be compassed. There's in this my purpose
No impossibility.
I will impart a secret to your trust,
Which, saving you, no mortal should partake.

Goodl: Both for his love and yours, command my service.

Bess: There's a prize
Brought into Falmouth road, a good tight vessel;
The bottom will but cost eight hundred pound;
You shall have money: buy it.

Goodl: To what end?

Bess: That you shall know hereafter. Furnish her
With all provision needful: spare no cost;
And join with you a gang of lusty lads,
Such as will bravely man her. All the charge
I will commit to you; and when she's fitted,
Captain, she is thine own.

Goodl: I sound it not.
If to succeed your Spencer in his love,
I would expose me wholly to your wishes.

Bess: Alas! my love sleeps with him in his grave,
And cannot thence be wakened: yet for his sake
Spare me the rest. - This voyage I intend,
Though some may blame, all lovers will commend.

INTERMISSION

ACT II

SCENE 11 - ON BOARD A SPANISH VESSEL

After an alarm sounds, a Spanish Captain, sailors, the Surgeon and Spencer enter

Span Cpt: For Fayal's loss and spoil, by the English done,
We are in part revenged. There's not a vessel
That bears upon her top St. George's cross,
But for that act shall suffer.

Surg: Insult not, Spaniard.
Nor be too proud, that thou by odds of ships,
Provision, men and powder madest us yield.
Had you come one to one, then we by this
Had made the carcass of your ship your graves.

Span Cpt: Englishman, thy ship shall yield us pillage.
These prisoners we will keep in strongest hold,
To pay no other ransom than their lives.

Spem: Degenerate Spaniard, there's no noblesse in thee,
To threaten men unarmed and miserable.
Thou mightest as well tread o'er a field of slaughter,
And kill them o'er that are already slain,
And brag thy manhood.

Span Cpt: Sirrah, what are you?

Spem: Thy equal, as I am a prisoner;
But once, to stay a better man than thou,
A gentleman in my country.

Span Cpt: We have strappados, bolts,
And engines, to the mainmast fastened,
Can make you gentle.

Spem: Spaniard, do thy worst:
Thou canst not act more tortures than my courage
Is able to endure.

Span Cpt: These Englishmen, nothing can daunt them. Even in misery,
they'll not regard their masters.

Spem: Master! Insulting, bragging Thrasos!

Span Cpt: His sauciness we'll punish 'bove the rest;
About their censures we will next devise.
And now towards Spain, with our brave English prize.

Flourish (of some kind). Exit all.

SCENE 12A - FOY - THE WINDMILL TAVERN

Enter Bess, the Mayor, Alderman and Clem

Bess: A table and some stools!

Clem: I shall give you occasion to ease your tails presently.

Table and stools are set out

Bess: Will't please you sit?

May: With all our hearts, and thank you.

Bess: Fetch me that parchment in my closet window.

Clem exits for the parchment

Ald: And now you are alone, fair Mistress Elizabeth
I think it good to taste you with a motion
That no way can displease you.

Bess: Pray, speak on.

Ald: 'T hath pleased here Master Mayor so far to look
Into your fair demeanor, that he thinks you a fit match for his
son.

Re-enter Clem, with the parchment

Ald: What think you, Mistress Elizabeth?

Bess: Ma'am, I thank you; *(to Mayor)* Marry, gentle sir!
'Las, I have sadder business now in hand
Than sprightly marriage. Pray read there.

May: *(reads)* "The last will and testament of Elizabeth Bridges;
To be committed to the trust of the mayor and aldermen of Foy,
and their successors forever.
To set up young beginners in their trade, a thousand pound.

To relieve such as have had loss by sea, five hundred pound.
To every maid that's married out of Foy, whose name's
Elizabeth, ten pound.
To relieve maimed soldiers, by the year, ten pound.
To Captain Goodlack, if he shall perform the business
He's employed in, five hundred pound.
The legacies for Spencer thus to stand:
To number all the poorest of his kin."

Bess: Enough! You see, sir, I am now too poor
To bring a dowry with me fit for your son.

May: You want a precedent, you so abound in charity and goodness.

Bess: All my servants I leave at your discretions to dispose;
Not one but I have left some legacy.
What shall become of me, or what I purpose;
Spare further to inquire.

May: We'll take our leaves, and prove to you faithful executors in this
bequest.

Ald: Let never such despair,
As, dying rich, shall make the poor their heir.

Exit Mayor and Alderman

SCENE 12B - THE SAME

Bess: Why, what is all the wealth the world contains, without my
Spencer?

Enter Roughman and Fawcett

Rough: Where's my sweet Bess?
Shall I become a welcome suitor, now
That I have changed my copy?

Bess: [I joy to hear it.]
I'll find employment for you.

Enter Goodlack, Sailors and Clem

Goodl: A gallant ship, and wondrous proudly trimmed;
Well-caulked, well-tackled, every way prepared.

Bess: Here, then, our mourning for a season end.

Rough: Bess, shall I strike that captain? Say the word,
I'll have him by the ears.

Bess: Not for the world.

Goodl: What saith that fellow?

Bess: He desires your love, good Captain: let ha' it.

Goodl: Then change a hand.

Bess: I am bound upon a voyage:
Will you, in this adventure, take such part
As I myself shall do?

Rough: With my fair Bess,
To the world's end.

Bess: Then, Captain and Lieutenant both join hands;
Such are your places now.

Goodl: We two are friends.

Bess: I next must swear you two, with all your gang,
True to some articles you must observe,
Reserving to myself a prime command,
Whilst I enjoin nothing unreasonable.

Goodl: All this is granted.

Bess: Then, first you said your ship was trim and bright:
I'll have her pitched all o'er, no spot of white,
No color to be seen: no sail but black;
No flag but sable.

Goodl: 'Twill be ominous,
And bode disastrous fortune.

Bess: I will ha't so.

Goodl: Why, then, she shall be pitched black as the devil.

Bess: She shall be called the *Swarthy*.

Goodl: But wither are we bound?

Bess: Pardon me that:
When we are out at sea, I'll tell you all.
For mine own wearing I have rich apparel,
For man or woman, as occasion serves.

Clem: But, mistress, if you be going to sea, what shall become of me a-land?

Bess: I'll give thee thy full time.

Clem: And shall I take time, when time is, and let my mistress slip away?
Shall I stay here to score a pudding in the Half-Moon, and see my mistress at the mainyard, with her sails up and spread? No; it shall be seen that I, who have been brought up to draw wine, will see what water the ship draws, or I'll bewray the voyage.

Bess: If thou hast so much courage, the Captain shall accept thee.

Clem: If I have so much courage! When did you see a little fellow without a tall stomach? I doubt not but to prove an honor to all the drawers in Cornwall.

Goodl: And now our number's full, what's to be done?

Bess: First, set the cellars ope, that these my mates
May quaff unto the health of our boon voyage,
Our needful things being once conveyed abroad;
Then, casting up our caps, in sign of joy,
Our purpose is to bid farewell to Foy.

Exit All

Music and Ridiculousness ensues

SCENE 13 - THE ROYAL COURT OF MOROCCO

Enter Mullisheg, Alcade and Joffer

Mull: Out of these bloody and intestine broils
We have at length attained a fortunate peace,
And now at last established in the throne
Of our great ancestors, and reign as king
Of Fez and great Morocco.

Alc: Mighty Mullisheg.
Pride of our age,
By whose victorious hand all Barbary
Is conquered, awed and swayed, behold thy vassals
With loud applauses greet thy victory.

Shouts and flourishes, etc.

Mull: Upon the slaughtered bodies of our foes
We mount our high tribunal: and being sole,
Without competitor, we now have leisure
To 'stablish laws, first for our kingdom's safety,
The enriching of our public treasury,
And last our state and pleasure; then give order
That all such foreign merchants as have traffic
And freedom in our country, that conceal
The least part of our custom due to us,
Shall forfeit ship and goods.
Those forfeitures must help to furnish up
The exhausted treasure that our wars consumed;
Part of such profits as accrue that way
We have already tasted.

Alc: 'Tis most fit
Those that reap profit by our land
Should contribute unto so great a loss.

Mull: Alcade, they shall. - But what's the style of king
Without his pleasure? Find us concubines,
The fairest damsels you can hire,
Or buy for gold.
The choicest girls,
Must fill our Alkedavy, the great palace
Where Mullisheg now deigns to keep his court.

Joff: Who else are worthy to be libertines
But such as bear the sword?

Mull: Joffer, thou pleasest us.
If kings on earth be termed demigods,
Why should we not make here terrestrial heaven?
We can, we will: our God shall be our pleasure;
And now the music of the drums surcease;
We'll learn to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

Music, revelry, all exit.

SCENE 14A - ON BOARD *THE SWARTHY*

Enter Bess (dressed like a Sea Captain), Goodlack, Roughman and Clem

Bess: Good morrow, Captain. oh, this last sea-fight
Was gallantly performed! It did me good
To see the Spanish carvel vail her top
Unto my maiden flag. Where ride we now?

Goodl: Among the Islands.

Bess: What coast is this we now descry from far?

Goodl: Yon fort's called Fayal.

Bess: Is this the place where Spencer's body lies?

Goodl: Yes; in yon church he's buried.

Bess: Then know, to this place was my voyage bound,
To fetch the body of my Spencer thence;
In his own country to erect a tomb
And last monument, where, when I die,
In the same bed of earth my bones may lie.
Yours be the spoil, he mine: I crave no more.
Then, all that love me, arm and make for shore.

Rough: May that man die derided and accursed
That will not follow where a woman leads.

Goodl: Roughman, you are too rash, and counsel ill.
Have not the Spaniards fortified the town?
In all our gang we but sixty-five.

Rough: Come, I'll make one.

Goodl: See where Fawcett is returned with prisoners.

Enter Fawcett with two Spaniards

Faw: These Spaniards we by break of day surprised,
As they were ready to take the boat for fishing.

Goodl: Spaniards, upon your lives, resolve us truly,
How strong's the town and fort?

1st Span: Since English Raleigh won and spoiled it first,
The town's re-edified, and fort new built,
And four field-pieces in the block-house lie,
To keep the harbor's mouth.

Goodl: And what's one ship to these?

Bess: Was there not, in the time of their abode,
A gentleman called Spencer buried there,
Within the church, whom some report was slain,
Or perished by a wound?

1st Span: Indeed, there was,
And o'er him raised a goodly monument;
But when the English navy were sailed thence,
And that the Spaniards did possess the town,
Because they held him for a heretic,
They straight removed his body from the church.

Bess: And would the tyrants be so uncharitable
To wrong the dead! Where did they then bestow him?

1st Span: They buried him in the fields.

Bess: Oh, still more cruel!

1st Span: The man that owned the field, doubtful his corn
Would never prosper whilst a heretic's body
Lay there, he made a petition to the church
To ha' it digged up and burnt; and so it was.

Bess: I hope to be reveng'd
Upon some Spaniards, for my Spencer's wrong.

Rough: Let's first begin with these.

Bess: 'Las, poor slaves. Besides their pardoned lives,
One give them money.
Command the gunner fire upon the fort.

Rough: And if he can to batter it to earth.

Bess: Pray for Bess Bridges, and speak well o' the English.

Both Span: We shall.

Exit Spaniards

SCENE 14B - ON BOARD *THE SWARTHY*

*A gun is discharged.
Enter Clem, in haste*

Clem: A sail! A sail!

Bess: From whence?

Clem: A pox upon yon gunner! Could he not give me warning before he had shot?

Rough: Why, I prithee?

Clem: Why? I was sent to the top-mast, to watch, and there I fell fast asleep. Bounce! quoth the guns; down tumbles Clem; and, if by chance my feet had not hung in the tackles, you must have sent to England for a bone-setter.

Rough: Thou told'st us of a sail.

Clem: Arm, gentlemen! a gallant ship of war
Makes her full sails this way; who, it seems,
Hath took a bark of England.

Bess: Which we'll rescue,
Or perish in the adventure. You have sworn
That, whosoe'er we conquer or miscarry,
Not to reveal my sex.

All: We have.

Bess: Then, for your country's honor, my revenge,
For your own fame, and hope of golden spoil,
Stand bravely to't - The manage of the fight we leave to you.

Goodl: Then, now up with your fights, and let your ensigns,
Blest with St. George's cross, play with the winds. -
Fair Bess, keep you your cabin.

Bess: Captain, you wrong me: I will face the fight;
And where the bullets sing loud'st 'bout mine ears,
There shall you find me cheering up my men.

Rough: This wench would of a coward make a Hercules.

Bess: Trumpets, a-charge! And with your whistles shrill,
Sound, boatswains, an alarum to your mates.
The whilst the thundering ordnance bear the bass.

Goodl: To fight against the Spaniards we desire.
Alarum trumpets!

Alarms sound

Rough: Gunners, straight give fire!

Exeunt; battle sounds ensue

SCENE 15 - THE SAME

Enter Goodlack, injured, Bess, Roughman, Fawcett and Clem

Goodl: I am shot, and can no longer man the deck:
Yet let not my wound daunt your courage, mates.

Bess: For every drop of blood that thou hast shed,
I'll have a Spaniard's life. - Advance your targets,
And now cry all, 'Board! Board! Amain for England!'

Battle sounds continue, all exit.

Pause

Bess, Roughman, Fawcett, Clem and Spanish prisoners

Bess: How is it with the Captain?

Rough: Nothing dangerous;
But, being shot i' the thigh, he keeps his cabin,
And cannot rise to greet your victory.

Bess: He stood it bravely out, whilst he could stand.

Clem: But for these Spaniards, no, you Don Diegos.

Rough: Before we further censure them, let's know what English
prisoners they have here aboard.

Exit Roughman

1st Span: You may command them all. We that were now lords over
them, fortune hath made slaves.
Release our prisoners.

Bess: Had my captain died,
Not one proud Spaniard had escaped with life.
Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods:
So live. - Give him his long boat: him and his
Set safe ashore; and pray for English Bess.

2nd Span: I know not whom you mean; but be't your queen,
Famous Elizabeth, I shall report she and her subjects are both
merciful.

Exit Spaniards
Enter Roughman, with the Surgeon and Spencer

Bess: Whence are you sir, and whither are you bound?

Surg: I am of London, bound for Barbary: but by this
Spanish man-of-war surprised,
Pillaged and captived.

Bess: We much pity you.
What loss you have sustained, this Spanish prey
Shall make good to you, to the utmost farthing.

Surg: Our lives, and all our fortunes whatsoever,
Are wholly at your service.

Bess: These gentlemen have been dejected long.
So drink our health. And pray forget not, sirs,
To pray for - (*she sees Spencer*). Hold! Support me or I faint.

Rough: What sudden, unexpected ecstasy
Disturbs your conquest?

Bess: But he was slain;
Lay buried in yon church; and thence removed,
Denied all Christian rites, and, like an infidel,
Confined unto the fields; and thence digged up,
His body, after death, had martyrdom.
All these assure me 'tis his shadow haunts me.

Rough: Fawcett, convey the owner to his cabin.

Exit Bess and Fawcett

Spen: I pray, sir, what young gentleman is that?

Rough: He's both the owner of the ship and goods,
That for some reasons hath his name concealed.

Spem: Methinks he looks like Bess; for in his eyes
Lives the first love that did my heart surprise.

Rough: Come, gentlemen, first make your losses good,
Out of this Spanish prize. Let's then divide
Both several ways, and heavens be our guide.

Surg: We towards Mamorah.

Rough: We where the Fates do please,
'Till we have tracked a wilderness of seas.

Exit

SCENE 16 - A BLANK SPACE

Enter Chorus

Chorus 1: Our stage so lamely can express a sea,
That we are forced by Chorus to discourse
What should have been in action. Now, imagine
Her passion o'er, and Goodlack well recover'd;
Who, had he not been wounded, and seen Spencer,
Had sure decried him. Much prize they have ta'en:
The French and Dutch she spares; only makes spoil
Of the rich Spaniard and the barbarous Turk.

Chorus 2: And now her fame grows great in all these seas.
Suppose her rich, and forc'd, for want of water,
To put into Mamorah, in Barbary,
Where, wearied with the habit of a man,
She was discover'd by the Moroccans abroad,
Which told it to the amorous King of Fez,
That ne'er before had English lady seen.
He sends for her on shore. How he receives her,
How she and Spencer meet, must next succeed.
Sit patient, then: when these are fully told,
Some may hap say, Ay, there's a girl worth gold.

Exit Chorus

SCENE 17A - THE COURT OF MULLISHEG, MOROCCO

Enter Mullisheg, Alcade and Joffer

Mull: But was she of such presence?

Alc: To describe her were to make eloquence dumb.

Mull: Well habited?

Alc: I ne'er beheld a beauty more complete.

Mull: Thou hast inflam'd our spirits. In England
born?

Alc: The captain so reported.

Mull: How her ship?

Alc: I never saw a braver vessel sail.
And she is called *The Swarthy*.

Mull: Ominous.
But for the motion made to come ashore,
How did she relish that?

Alc: I promis'd to the Captain large reward,
To win him to it, and this day he hath promised
To bring me her free answer.

Mull: When he comes,
Give him the entertainment of a prince.

An attendant of Mullisheg calls from offstage

Attn: The Captain of *The Swarthy* craves admittance
Unto your Highness' presence.

Enter Goodlack and Roughman

SCENE 17B - THE COURT OF MULLISHEG, MOROCCO

Goodl: Long live the high and mighty King of Fez!

Mull: If thou bring'st her, then dost thou bring me
life.

Say, will she come?

Goodl: She will, my lord; but yet conditionally,
She may be free from violence.

Mull: Now, by all that we adore,
She shall live lady of her free desires:
'Tis love, not force, must quench our amorous fires.

Rough: We will conduct her to your presence straight.

Mull: We will have banquets, revels, and what not,
To entertain this stranger.

SCENE 17C - THE COURT OF MULLISHEG, MOROCCO

Enter Bess and Fawcett

Bess: Long love the King of Fez!

Mull: I am amazed!
This is no mortal creature I behold,
But some bright angel, that is dropped from heaven,
Captain, let me thus
Embrace thee in my arms. - Load him with gold,
For this great favor.

Bess: Captain, touch it not. -
Know, King of Fez, my followers want no gold.
I only came to see thee, for my pleasure,
And show thee what these say thou never saw'st,
A woman born in England.

Mull: That English earth may well be term'd a heaven,
That breeds such divine beauties. Make me sure
That thou art mortal by one friendly touch.

Bess: Keep off: for, till thou swear'st to my freedom,
I will have no commerce with Mullisheg,
But leave thee as I came.

Mull: Wer't half my kingdom,
That, beauteous English virgin, thou shalt have.

Bess: This being assur'd,
Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secur'd.

Mull: Say, gentlemen of England, what's your fashion
And garb of entertainment?

Rough: Our first greeting
Begins still on the lips.

Mull: Fair creature, shall I be immortaliz'd
With that high favor?

Bess: 'Tis no immodest thing
You ask, nor shame for Bess to kiss a king.

Mull: This kiss hath all my vitals ecstasied.

Rough: (*aside*) Captain, this king is mightily in love. Well,
let her
Do as she list, I'll make use of his bounty.

Goodl: We should be madmen else.

Mull: Grace me so much as take your seat by me.

Bess: I'll be so far commanded.

Mull: How came you to this wealth,
To have such gentlemen at your command,
And what your cause of travel?

Bess: Mighty prince,
If you desire to see me beat my breast,
Pour forth a river of increasing tears,
Then you may urge me to that sad discourse.

Mull: Sweet, your name.

Bess: Elizabeth.

Mull: There's virtue in that name.
The virgin queen, so famous through the world,
The mighty empress of the maiden isle.
Is not she titled so?

Bess: She is.

Mull: Hath she herself a face so fair as yours,
When she appears for wonder?

Bess: Mighty Fez,
You cast a blush upon my maiden cheek,
To pattern me with her. Why, England's queen
She is the only Phoenix of her age,
The pride and glory of the Western Isles.
Had I a thousand tongues, they all would tire,
And fail me in her true description.

Mull: Grant me this:
Sit with us in state,
And let your presence beautify our throne.

Bess: In that I am your servant.

Mull: And we thine.
Set on in state, attendants and full train:
But find to ask, we vow thou shalt obtain.

Exeunt

SCENE 18 - SLIGHTLY OUTSIDE THE COURT OF MULLISHEG, MOROCCO

Enter Spencer

Spencer: This day the King ascends his royal throne.
The honest surgeon, in whose ship I came,
Hath, by a cunning quiddit in the law,
Both ship and goods made forfeit to the King.
To whom I will petition. But no more;
He's now upon his entrance.

Music and pomp et al
Enter Mullisheg, Bess, Goodlack, Roughman,
Alcade, Joffer

Mull: Here seat the maid of England like a queen -
The style we'll give thee, wilt thou deign us love.

Bess: (*seeing Spencer*) Bless me, you holy angels!

Mull: What is't offends you, sweet?

Spencer: I am amaz'd, and know not what to think on't.

Bess: Captain, dost not see? Is not that Spencer's
ghost?

Goodl: I see it, and like you I am ecstasied.

Spen: If mine eyes mistake not,
That should be Captain Goodlack, and that Bess.
But oh! I cannot be so happy.

Goodl: 'Tis he, and I'll salute him.

Bess: Captain, stay.
You shall be swayed by me.

Spen: Him I well know; but how should she come
hither?

Mull: What is't that troubles you?

Bess: Most mighty King,
Spare me no longer time, but to bestow
My Captain on a message.

Mull: Thou shalt command my silence, and his ear.

Bess: *(To Goodlack)* Go wind about, and when you
see least eyes
Are fixed on you, single him out, and see
If we mistake not. If he be the man,
Give me some private note.

Goodl: This. *(makes a hand signal)*

Goodlack finds his way through the court to Spencer

Bess: Enough. - What said your highness?

Mull: Hark what I proffer thee. Continue here,
And grant me full fruition of thy love.

Bess: Good.

Mull: Thou shalt have all my peers to honor thee.

Bess: Well.

Mull: And when thou'rt weary of our sun-burnt
clime,
Thy *Swarthy* shall be ballast home with gold.

Bess: I am eterniz'd ever!
Now, all you sad disasters, dare your worst;
I neither care nor fear: my Spencer lives!

Mull: You mind me not, sweet virgin.

Bess: You talk of love:
My lord, I'll tell you more of that, hereafter:
But now to your state-business

Goodl: Enough. - Come, sir, you must along with me.

Goodlack and Spencer huddle off in a corner

Alc: The King speaks.

Mull: Our laws are firm, our will implacable.
All foreign merchants freely traffic here
But should they to avoid the custom due
Conceal the least part which is owed to us
Their ships and goods are forfeit to our throne
And without our mercy, forfeit life as well.

Goodlack makes the sign

Bess: Now, stood a thousand deaths before my face,
I would not change my cheer, since Spencer's safe.

Spencer makes his presence known

Mull: What's he, of that brave presence?

Bess: A gentleman of England, and my friend.
Do him some grace, for my sake.

Mull: For thy sake what would I not perform?
He shall have grace and honor. Joffer, go
And see him gelded to attend on us.
He shall be our chief eunuch.

Bess: Not for ten worlds! Behold, great King, I stand
Betwixt him and all danger. - Have I found thee? -
Seize what I have; take both my ship and goods;
Leave naught that's mine unrifled: spare me him. -
And have I found my Spencer?

Rough: Please your majesty, I see all men are not capable of honor: what he refuseth, may it please you to bestow on me.

Mull: With all my heart. Go, bear him hence, Alcade,
Into our Alkedavy: honor him
And let him taste the razor.

Rough: There's honor for me!

Alc: Come, fellow.

Rough: No, sir; I'll go before you, for mine honor.

Exit Alcade and Roughman

Spen: Oh, show yourself, renowned King, the same
Fame blazons you. Bestow this maid on me:
'Tis such a gift as kingdoms cannot buy.
She is a precedent of all true love,
And shall be register'd to after times,
That ne'er shall pattern her.

Goodl: Heard you the story of their constant love,
'Twould move in you compassion.

Clem: Let not intemperate love sway you 'bove pity.
That foreign nation, that ne'er heard your name,
May chronicle your virtues.

Mull: You have waken'd in me an heroic spirit:
Lust shall not conquer virtue. - 'Till this hour,
We grace'd thee for thy beauty, English woman;
But now we wonder at thy constancy.

Bess: Oh! were we of the same faith, I'd swear great
Mullisheg
To be a god on earth. - And lives my Spencer?
In troth I thought thee dead.

Spen: In hope of thee,
I liv'd to gain both life and liberty.

Enter Roughman, running

Rough: No more of your honor, if you love me! Is

this your Moorish preferment, to rob a man of his best jewels?

Mull: Has thou seen our Alkedavy?

Rough: Davy do you call him? He may be called shavy: I am sure he hath tickled my current commodity. No more of your cutting honor, if you love me.

Mull: All your strange fortunes we will hear discour's'd,
And after that your fair espousals grace,
If you can find a man of your belief
To do that grateful office.

Clem pretends to be a preacher

Spem: None more fit
Than this religious and brave gentle,

Clem: None more proud
To do you that poor service.

Mull: Noble Englishman,
I cannot fasten bounty to my will
Worthy thy merit: make some suit to us.

Spem: To make you more renowned, great King, and us
The more indebted, there's an Englishman
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustomed.

Mull: The suit be granted ere it be half begged.
Dispose them at thy pleasure.

Spem: Mighty King,
We are your Highness' servants.

Mull: Come, beauteous maid; we'll see thee crown'd
a bride.
At all our pompous banquets these shall wait.
Thy followers and thy servants press with gold;
And not the mean'st that to thy train belongs,
But shall approve our bounty. Lead in state,
And whereso'er thy fame shall be enroll'd,
The world report thou art a Girl worth Gold.

Music, revelry. End of play.

