

The Two Noble Kinsmen

5.4

Enter the Doctor, the Jailer, and the Wooer in the habit of Palamon

DOCTOR Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

WOOER O, very much. The maids that kept her company have half persuaded her that I am Palamon. Within this half-hour she came smiling to me, and asked me what I would eat, and when I would kiss her. I told her presently, and kissed her twice. 5

DOCTOR 'Twas well done±±twenty times had been far better, For there the cure lies mainly.

WOOER Then she told me She would watch with me tonight, for well she knew 10 What hour my fit would take me.

DOCTOR Let her do so, And when your fit comes, fit her home, And presently.

WOOER She would have me sing.

DOCTOR You did so?

WOOER No.

DOCTOR 'Twas very ill done, then. You should observe her every way.

WOOER Alas, 15 I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.

DOCTOR That's all one, if ye make a noise. If she entreat again, do anything±± Lie with her if she ask you.

JAILER Ho there, Doctor.

DOCTOR Yes, in the way of cure.

JAILER But first, by your leave, 20 I'th' way of honesty.

DOCTOR That's but a niceness±±

Ne'er cast your child away for honesty.
Cure her first this way, then if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.

JAILER Thank ye, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Pray bring her in and let's see how she is. 25

JAILER

I will, and tell her her Palamon stays for her.
But, Doctor, methinks you are i'th' wrong still.

Exit Jailer

DOCTOR

Go, go. You fathers are fine fools±±her honesty?
An we should give her physic till we find that±±

WOOER

Why, do you think she is not honest, sir? 30

DOCTOR

How old is she?

WOOER She's eighteen.

DOCTOR

She may be±±

But that's all one. 'Tis nothing to our purpose.

Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh±±you have me? 35

WOOER

Yes, very well, sir.

DOCTOR

Please her appetite,

And do it home±±it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.

WOOER I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter the Jailer and his Daughter, [mad]

DOCTOR

You'll find it so±±she comes: pray humour her. 40

[The Doctor and the Wooer stand apart]

JAILER *(to his Daughter)*

Come, your love Palamon stays for you, child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

I thank him for his gentle patience.
He's a kind gentleman, and I am much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?

JAILER

Yes.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

How do you like him?

JAILER He's a very fair one.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

You never saw him dance?

JAILER No.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER I have, often.

He dances very finely, very comely,
And, for a jig, come cut and long-tail to him,
He turns ye like a top.

JAILER That's fine, indeed. 50

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobbyhorse,
If I have any skill, in all the parish±±
And gallops to the tune of `Light o' love'.
What think you of this horse?

JAILER Having these virtues 55

I think he might be brought to play at tennis.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

Alas, that's nothing.

JAILER Can he write and read too?

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

A very fair hand, and casts himself th'accounts
Of all his hay and provender. That ostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know 60
The chestnut mare the Duke has?

JAILER Very well.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,
But he is like his master±±coy and scornful.

JAILER

What dowry has she?

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Some two hundred bottles
And twenty strike of oats, but he'll ne'er have her. 65

He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare. He'll be the death of her.

DOCTOR What stuff she utters!

JAILER Make curtsy±±here your love comes.

WOOER (*coming forward*) Pretty soul, 70

How do ye?
She curtsies

That's a fine maid, there's a curtsy.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

Yours to command, i'th' way of honesty±±
How far is't now to th' end o'th' world, my masters?

DOCTOR

Why, a day's journey, wench.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER *(to Wooer)* Will you go with me?

WOOER

What shall we do there, wench?

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Why, play at stool-ball±± 75

What is there else to do?

WOOER I am content

If we shall keep our wedding there.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER 'Tis true±±

For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish. 80
Besides, my father must be hanged tomorrow,
And that would be a blot i'th' business.
Are not you Palamon?

WOOER Do not you know me?

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

Yes, but you care not for me. I have nothing
But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks. 85

WOOER

That's all one±±I will have you.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Will you surely?

WOOER

Yes, by this fair hand, will I.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER We'll to bed then.

WOOER

E'en when you will.
He kisses her

JAILER'S DAUGHTER *(rubbing off the kiss)* O, sir, you would fain be
nibbling.

WOOER

Why do you rub my kiss off?

JAILER'S DAUGHTER 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the wedding. 90

(*Indicating the Doctor*) Is not this your cousin Arcite?

DOCTOR

Yes, sweetheart,

And I am glad my cousin Palamon

Has made so fair a choice.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Do you think he'll have me?

DOCTOR

Yes, without doubt.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER (*to the Jailer*) Do you think so too?

JAILER

Yes.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER

We shall have many children. [*To the Doctor*] Lord,
how you're grown! 95

My Palamon, I hope, will grow too, finely,

Now he's at liberty. Alas, poor chicken,

He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging,

But I'll kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger

MESSANGER

What do you here? You'll lose the noblest sight

100

That e'er was seen.

JAILER Are they i'th' field?

MESSANGER

They are±±

You bear a charge there too.

JAILER I'll away straight.

[*To the others*] I must e'en leave you here.

DOCTOR

Nay, we'll go with you±±

I will not lose the sight.

JAILER

How did you like her?

DOCTOR

I'll warrant you, within these three or four days 105

I'll make her right again.

[*Exit the Jailer with the Messenger*]

(*To the Wooer*) You must not from her,

But still preserve her in this way.

WOOER

I will.

DOCTOR

Let's get her in.

WOOER *(to the Jailer's Daughter)* Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner,
And then we'll play at cards.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER And shall we kiss too?

WOOER
A hundred times.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER And twenty.

WOOER Ay, and twenty.

110

JAILER'S DAUGHTER
And then we'll sleep together.

DOCTOR *(to the Wooer)* Take her offer.

WOOER *(to the Jailer's Daughter)*
Yes, marry, will we.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER But you shall not hurt me.

WOOER
I will not, sweet.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER If you do, love, I'll cry.

Exeunt