

II.iv

THE MALCONTENT

MAQUERELLE.

Men say! Let men say what they will. Life o' woman!  
they are ignorant of your wants. The more in years, the  
more in perfection they grow; if they lose youth and 45  
beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion. But when our  
beauty fades, goodnight with us! There cannot be an  
uglier thing to see than an old woman, from which—O  
pruning, pinching, and painting!—deliver all sweet  
beauties! [Music within.] 50

BIANCHA.

Hark! music!

MAQUERELLE.

Peace, 'tis in the duchess' bedchamber. Good rest, most  
prosperously grac'd ladies.

EMILIA.

Good night, sentinel.

BIANCHA.

Night, dear Maquerelle. *Exeunt all but Maquerelle.* 55

MAQUERELLE.

May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty;  
and me, your youth and beauty. The pleasing'st rest!  
*Exit Maquerelle.*

[II.v]

*A Song [within].*

*Whilst the song is singing, enter Mendoza with his sword drawn, standing  
ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Duchess' chamber. [Tumult  
within.]*

ALL [within].

Strike, strike!

AURELIA [within].

Save my Ferneze! O, save my Ferneze!

*Enter Ferneze in his shirt, and is received upon Mendoza's sword.*

44. your] Q; our Q1-2.

57.1.] Q, Q2; *Exit* Q1.

45. they grow] Q; the grow Q1-2.

[II.v]

50. S.D.] *Dyce.*

0.1. within] *Dyce.*

55. S.D.] Q, Q2; *Exeunt at seuerall  
dores.* Q1.

0.3-4. *Tumult within*] marginal S.D.  
in Q1-2; not in Q.

THE MALCONTENT

II.v

ALL [within].

Follow, pursue!

AURELIA [within].

O, save Ferneze!

MENDOZA.

Pierce, pierce! (*Thrusts his rapier in Ferneze.*)

—Thou shallow fool, drop there! 5

He that attempts a princess' lawless love

Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argus' eyes,

And back of Hercules, or else he dies.

*Enter Aurelia, Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Bilioso, Celso, and Equato.*

ALL.

Follow, follow!

[*Mendoza strides the wounded body of Ferneze and seems to save him.*]

MENDOZA.

Stand off, forbear, ye most uncivil lords! 10

PIETRO.

Strike!

MENDOZA.

Do not; tempt not a man resolved.

Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death?

AURELIA.

O poor Ferneze!

MENDOZA.

Alas, now all defense too late!

AURELIA.

He's dead. 15

PIETRO.

I am sorry for our shame. —Go to your bed;

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed

When I am dead.

AURELIA.

What, weep for thee? My soul no tears shall find.

PIETRO.

Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind! 20

MENDOZA.

Betray such beauty!

5. S.D.] *after dies* (l. 8) Q, Q2; 9.1.] Q1-2; *not in* Q.  
*not in* Q1.