

THE ROVER

Aphra Behn

BLUNT:

(climbing up) Oh Lord! I am got out at last and, which is a miracle, without a clue. And now to damning and cursing! But if that would ease me, where shall I begin? With my fortune, myself, or the quean that cozened me? What a dog was I to believe in Woman? Oh, coxcomb! Ignorant, conceited coxcomb! To fancy she could be enamoured with my person! At first sight, enamoured! Oh, I'm a cursed puppy! 'Tis plain, 'Fool' was writ upon my forehead! She perceived it - saw the Essex calf there. For what allurements could there be in this countenance, which I can endure because I'm acquainted with it? Oh, dull, silly dog! To be thus soothed in a cozening! Had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young quean! But as I was in my right wits, to be thus cheated confirms it I am a dull, believing, English country fop. - But my comrades! Death and the devil, there's the worst of all! Then a ballad will be sung tomorrow on the Prado, to a lousy tune of the Enchanted Squire and the Annihilated Damsel. - But Fred, that rogue, and the colonel will abuse me beyond all Christian patience! Had she left me my clothes, I have a bill of exchange at home would've saved my credit - but now all hope is taken from me. Well, I'll home - if I can find the way - with this consolation, that I am not the first kind, believing coxcomb, but there are, gallants, many such good natures amongst ye. And though you've better arts to hide your follies, 'Adshearlikins, y'are all as arrant cullies.