

The Country Wife – Audition Pieces

Pinchwife and Margery (Mrs Pinchwife)

Mr. Pinchwife: Come tell me, I say.

Mrs. Pinchwife: Lord! Han't I told it an hundred times over?

Mr. Pinchwife: (*aside*) I would try if, in the repetition of the ungrateful tale, I could find her altering it in the least circumstance; for if her story be false, she is so too. - Come, how was it, Baggage?

Mrs. Pinchwife: Lord, what pleasure you take to hear it sure!

Mr. Pinchwife: No, you take more in telling it I find. But speak. how was it?

Mrs. Pinchwife: He carried me up into the house next to the Exchange.

Pinchwife: So, and you two were only in the room?

Mrs. Pinchwife: Yes, for he sent away a youth, that was there, for some dried fruit and China Oranges.

Pinchwife: Did he so? Damn him for it---and for---

Mrs. Pinchwife: But presently came up the gentlewoman of the house.

Pinchwife: O 'twas well she did! But what did he do while the fruit came?

Mrs. Pinchwife: He kissed me a hundred times and told me he fancied he kissed my fine sister, meaning me, you know, whom he said he loved with all his soul, and bid me be sure to tell her so, and to desire her to be at her window by eleven of the clock this morning, and he would walk under it at that time.

Pinchwife: (*Aside*) And he was as good as his word, very punctual. A pox reward him for it.

Mrs. Pinchwife: Well, and he said if you were not within, he would come up to her, meaning me you know, bud, still.

Pinchwife: (*Aside*) So---he knew her certainly, but for this confession, I am obliged to her simplicity. (*Aloud*) But what you stood very still when he kissed you?

Mrs. Pinchwife: Yes I warrant you, would you have had me discovered myself?