

# **A Blot in the 'scutcheon [1887]**

**Robert  
Browning**

# Resumo de A Blot in the 'Scutcheon (1887)

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ACT I. Scene I. The interior of a lodge in Lord Tresham's park. Many Retainers crowded at the window, supposed to command a view of the entrance to his mansion.

Gerard, tht Warrener, his back to a table on which are flagons, etc. 1 Retainer. Ay, do! push, friends, and hen you 'll push down me!? What for? Does any hear a runner's foot Or a steed's trample or a coach-wheel's cry?

Is the Earl come or his least poursuivant? But there's no breeding in a man of you Save Gerard yonder: here 's a half-place yet, Old Gerard! Gerard. Save your courtesies, my friend.

Here is my place. 2 Retainer. Now, Gerard, out with it! What makes you sullen, this of all the days I' the year? To-day that young, rich, bountiful, 10 Handsome Earl Mertoun, whom alone they match With our Lord Tresham through the country-side, Is coming here in utmost bravery To ask our master's sister's hand ?

Gerard. What then ? 2 Retainer. What then ? Why, you, she speaks to, if she meets Your worship, smiles on as you hold apartThe boughs to let her through her forest walks, You, always favorite for your no-deserts, You 've heard these three days how Earl Mertoun sues To lay his heart and house and broad lands too = At Lady Mildred's feet; and while we squeeze Ourselves into a mousehole lest we miss One congee of the least page in his train, You sit o' one side?' there's the Earl, ' say I?

'What then, ' say you ! 3 Retainer. I 'll wager he has let Both swans he tamed for Lady Mildred swim Over the falls and gain the river! Gerard.

Ralph, Is not to-morrow jr1y inspecting-day For you and for your hawks ? 4  
Retainer. Let Gerard be ! He 's coarse-grained, like his carved black cross-  
bow stock, Ha !

look now, while we squabble .

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