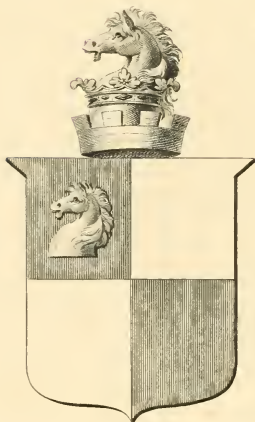




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Herbert Charles Marsh.



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A NEW WAY TO PAY

OLD DEBTS

A COMEDIE

As it hath beene often acted at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane, by the Queenes Maiesties seruants.

The Author.

Ms. 3476. 52

PHILIP MASSINGER.



LONDON,

Printed by E. P. for Henry Seyle, dwelling in S.
Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the
Tygers head. Anno. M. DC.

XXXIII.

YANKEE...

OLD B...

149.670

May, 1873

...

...

...

...

...



TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
ROBERT
EARLE OF CARNARVAN,
Master Falconer of England.



Y GOOD LORD,

Pardon I beseech you my boldnesse, in presuming to shelter this Comoedie vnder the wings of your Lordships fauour, and protection, I am not ignorant (hauing neuer yet deseru'd you in my seruice) that it cannot but meete with a seuerer construction, if in the clemencie of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for mee, than I can fancie for my selfe. All I can alleage is, that diuers *lea-*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

lian Princes, and Lords of eminent rancke in *England*, haue not disdain'd to receaue, and read Poems of this Nature, nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your Honor (who haue euer exprest your selfe a fauourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to giue me encouragement, to present you with some labour'd worke, and of a higher straine hereafter, I was borne a deuoted seruant, to the thrice noble Family of your incomparable Lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be knowne to your Lordship, which if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I liue shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble Patron, and professe my selfe to be

Your Honours true seruant

Philip Massinger.



TO THE INGENIOVS
AVTHOR MASTER
PHILIP MASSINGER,
ON HIS COMOE DIE

*Called, A new way to pay
old Debts.*

I *Is a rare charity, and thou couldst
not
So proper to the time haue found
a plot:*

*Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend, the age
We wretches liue in; that to come, the stage,
The thronged audience that was thither brought
Inuited by your fame, and to be taught
This lesson. All are growne indebted more,
And when they looke for freedome ran in score.
It was a cruell courtesie to call
In hope of liberty, and then, enthrall.
The nobles are your bond-men Gentry, and*

To the Author.

*All besides those that did not vnderstand.
They were no men of credit Banckroupts borne
Fit to be trusted with no stocke, but scorne.
You haue more wisely credited to such,
That though they cannot pay, can value much.
I am your debtor too, but to my shame
Repay you nothing backe, but your owne fame.*

Henry Moody. miles.

To his friend the Author.

You may remember how you chid me when
I ranckt you equall with those glorious
men;
Beaumont, and Fletcher: if you loue not
praise
You must forbear the publishing of playes.
The craftie Mazes of the cunning plot;
The polish'd phrase; the sweet expressions; got
Neither by theft, nor violence; the conceipt
Fresh, and unsullied; All is of weight,
Able to make the captiue Reader know
I did but iustice when I plac't you so.
A shamefast Blushing would become the brow
Of some weake Virgin writer, we allow,

To the Author.

To you a kind of pride ; and there where most ,
Should blush at commendations, you should boast.
If any thinke I flatier, let him looke
Of from my idle trifles on thy Booke.

Thomas Iay. Miles.



Dramatis personæ.

- Louell. *An English Lord.*
Sir Giles Ouerreach. *A cruell extortioner.*
Welborne. *A prodigall.*
Alworth. *A young gentleman page to Lord Louell.*
Greedy, *A hungry Iustice of peace.*
Marrall. *A Tearme-driver. A creature of Sir
Giles Ouerreach.*
Order. *Household*
Amble. }
Furnace. } *Servants to the Lady Alworth.*
Watchall. }
Will-doe. *A parson.*
Tapwell. *An alehouse keeper.*
Three Creditors.
The Ladie Alworth. *A Rich widdowe.*
Margaret. *Ouerreach his daughter.*
waiting Woman.
Chambermaide.
Froth. *Tapwells wife.*



A NEW WAY
TO PAY OLD DEBTS:
A COMEDIE.

Actus primus, Scena prima:

Welborne. Tapwell. Froth.



Welborne. No bouze? nor no Tobacco?

Tapwell. Not a fucke Sir,
Nor the remainder of a single canne
Left by a drunken porter, all night palde too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tappe for your *mex-*
nings draught, Sir,

'Tis veritie I assure you.

Welborne. Verity, you brach!

The Diuell turn'd precisian? Rogue what am I?

Tapwell. Troth durst I trust you with a looking glasse,
To let you see your trimme shape, you would quit me,
And take the name your selfe.

Welborne. How! dogge?

Tapwell. Euen so, Sir.

And I must tell you if you but aduance,
Your plimworth cloke, you shall be soone instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship;
A potent monarch, call'd the Constable,
That does command a Citadell, call'd the Stockes;
Whose guards are certaine files of rusty Billmen,
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tatter'd, louzie---

A new way to pay old Debts.

Welborne. Rascal, slaue.

Froth. No rage, Sir.

Tapwell. At his owne perill, doe not put your selfe
Intoo much heate, there being no water neare
To quench your thirst, and sure for other liquor,
As mighty Ale, or Beere, they are things I take it
You must no more remember, not in a dreame Sir.

Welborne. Why thou vnthankfull villaine dar'st thou
talke thus?

Is not thy house, and all thou hast my gift?

Tapwell. I find it not in chalke, and *Timothie Tapwell*
Does keepe no other register.

Welborne. Am not I Hee
Whose riots fed, and cloth'd thee? wert thou not
Borne on my fathers land, and proud to bee
A drudge in his house?

Tapwell. What I was Sir, it skills not,
What you are is apparent. Now for a farewell;
Since you talke of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My *quondam* master, was a man of worship,
Old Sir *John Welborne*, Iustice of peace, and *quorum*,
And stood faire to bee *Custos rotulorum*;
Bare the whole sway of the shire; kep't a great house;
Relieu'd the poore, and so forth; but Hee dying,
And the twelue hundred a yeare comming to you,
Late Master *Francis*, but now forlorne *Welborne*.

Welborne. Slaue, stoppe, or I shall lose my selfe.

Froth. Very hardly;

You cannot cut of your way.

Tapwell. But to my story.

You were then a Lord of Akers; the prime gallant;
And I your vnder-butler; note the change now.
You had a merry time of't. Hawkes, and Hounds;
With choise of running horses; Mist'rilles
Of all sorts, and all sizes; yet so hot
As their embraces made your Lordships melt;
Which your Vncle Sir *Giles Ouerreach* obseruing,

Resolving

Resolving not to lose a droppe of'em,
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while suppl'd your loosenesse, and then left you.

Welborne. Some Curate hath penn'd this inuective, mongrell,
And you haue studied it.

Tapwell. I haue not done yet:
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower, no man scap'd
Your paper-pellets, from the Gentleman
To the beggers on high wayes, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.

Welborne. I shall switch your braines out.

Tapwell. Where poore *Tim Tapwell* with a little stocke
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage,
Humbled my selfe to marriage with my *Froth* here;
Gaued entertainment.

Welborne. Yes, to whores, and canters,
Clubbers by night.

Tapwell. True, but they brought in profit;
And had a gift to pay for what they call'd for,
And stuckenot like your mastership. The poore Income
I glean'd from them, hath made mee in my parish,
Thought worthy to bee *Scauinger*, and in time
May rise to be *Ouerseer* of the poore;
Which if I doe, on your petition *Welborne*,
I may allow you thirteene pence a quarter,
And you shall thanke my worship.

Welborne. Thus you doggebolt,
And thus. *beates, and kicks him.*

Tapwell. Cry out for helpe.

Welborne. Stirre and thou diest:
Your potent Prince the Constable shall not saue you.
Heare me vngratefull hell-hound; did not I
Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my bootes,
And thought your holy day cloke too course to cleane 'em.
'Twas I that when I heard thee sweare, if euer
Thou could'st arriue at forty pounds, thou would'st
Liue like an Emperour: 'twas I that gaued it,

A new way to pay old Debts.

In ready gold. Denie this, wretch.

Tapwell. I must Sir,
For from the tauerne to the taphouse, all
On forfeiture of their licences stand bound,
Neuer to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poore like you.

Welborne. They are well rewarded
That begger themselues to make such cuckold's rich.
Thou viper, thanklesse viper; impudent bawde!
But since you are grow'n forgetfull, I will helpe
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar:
Not leaue one bone vnbroken.

Tapwell. Oh.

Froth. Aske mercie.

Enter Allworth.

Welborne. 'Twill not be granted.

Allworth. Hold, for my sake hold.

Deny mee, *Franke*? they are not worth your anger.

Welborne. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this
-scepter: *His Cudgell.*

But let 'em vanish, creeping on their knees,
And if they grumble, I reuoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating husband, you pre-
sum'd

On your ambling wit, and must vse your glib tongue
Though you are beaten lame for't.

Tapwell. Patience *Froth.*

There's law to cure our bruises.

*They goe off on their
hands, and knees.*

Welborne. Sent to your mother?

Allworth. My Lady, *Franke*, my patronesse! my all!
Shee's such a mourner for my fathers death,
And in her loue to him, so fauours mee,
That I cannot pay too much obseruance to her.
'There are few such stepdames.

Welborne. 'Tis a noble widdow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and cleere
From the least taint of infamie; her life
With the splendour of her actions leaues no tongue
To Envy, or Detraction, Prethee tell mee;

Has shee no suitors ?

Alworth. Euen the best of the shire, *Franke*,
My Lord excepted. Such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue againe, but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits haue not gain'd her presence;
Yet shee's so far from sullenesse, and pride,
That I dare vndertake you shall meete from her
A liberall entertainment. I can giue you
A catalogue of her suitors names.

Welborne. Forbeare it,
While I giue you good counsaile. I am bound to it;
Thy father was my friend, and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome, and a hopefull youth,
Nor will I haue the least affront sticke on thee,
If I with any danger can preuent it.

Alworth. I thanke your noble care, but pray you in what?
Doe I run the hazard? *Wellborne.* Art thou not in loue?

Put it not off with wonder. *Alworth.* In loue at my yeares?

Welborne. You thinke you walke in clouds, but are trans-
rent,

I haue heard all, and the choice that you haue made;
And with my finger can point out the North starre,
By which the loadstone of your follie's guided.
And to confirme this true, what thinke you of
Faire *Margaret* the only child, and heyre
Of *Cormorant Ouerreach*? does it blush? and start;
To heare her only nam'd? blush at your want
Of wit, and reason.

Alworth. You are too bitter Sir.

Welborne. Wounds of this nature are not to bee cur'd
With balmes, but corrosiues. I must bee plaine:
Art thou scarce manumiz'd from the porters lodge,
And yet sworne seruant to the pantophle,
And dar'st thou dreame of marriage? I feare
'Twill bee concluded for impossible,
That there is now, nor ere shall bee hereafter;
A handsome page, or players boy of fourteens,

A new way to pay old Debts.

But either loues a Wench, or drabs loue him;
Court-waiters not exempted.

Alworth. This is madnesse.

How ere you haue discover'd my intents,
You know my aimes are lawfull, and if euer
The Queene of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose
Sprang from an enuious brier, I may inferre
There's such disparitie in their conditions,
Betweene the goddesse of my soule, the daughter,
And the base churle her father.

Welborne. Grant this true

As I belecue it; canst thou euer hope
To enioy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?

Alworth. And yours too.

Welborne. I confesse it.

True I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine, (let not selfe-loue blind thee)
That Sir *Giles Ouereach*, that to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbours throate, and I hope his owne too;
Will ere consent to make her thine? Giue or'e
And thinke of some course futable to thy rancke,
And prosper in it.

Alworth. You haue well aduis'd me.

But in the meane time, you that are so studious
Of my affaires, wholly neglect your owne.
Remember your selfe, and in what plight you are.

Welborne. No matter, no matter.

Alworth. Yes, 'tis much materiall:

You know my fortune, and my meanes, yet something,
I can spare from my selfe, to helpe your wants.

Welborne. How's this?

Alworth. Nay bee not angry. There's eight peeces
To put you in better fashion.

Welborne.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Welborne. Money from thee?

From a boy? a stipendary? one that liues
At the deuotion of a stepmother,
And the vncertaine fauour of a Lord?
He eate my armes first. Howsoe're blind fortune
Hath spent the vtmost of her malice on mee;
Though I am vomited out of an Alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eate,
Or drinke, or sleepe, but vnderneath this Canopic;
Although I thanke thee, I despise thy offer.
And as I in my madnesse broke my state,
Without th'assistance of anothers braine,
In my right wits Ile peece it; at the worst
Dyethus, and bee forgotten.

Alworth. A strange humor.

Exeunt.



Actus primi, Scena secunda.

Order. Amble. Furnace.

Watchall.



Order. Set all things right, or as my name is

Order,

And by this staffe of office that commands
you;

This chaine, and dubble ruffe, Symboles of
power;

Who euer misses in his function,

For one whoie weeke makes forfeiture of his breakefast;

And priuilege in the wine-seller.

Amble. You are merrie

Good

A new way to pay old Debts.

Good Master Steward.

Furnace. Let him ; Ile bee angry.

Amble. Why fellow *Furnace*, 'tis not twelue a clocke yet,
Nor dinner taking vp, then 'tis allow'd
Cooke by their places may bee cholericke.

Furnace. You thinke you haue spoke wisely Goodman

Amble,

My Ladie's goe-before.

Order. Nay, nay; no wrangling.

Furnace. 'Twill me with the Authority of the kitchin ?
At all houres, and all places Ile be angrie;
And thus prouok'd, when I am at my prayers,
I will bee angry-

Amble. There was no hurt meant.

Furnace. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.

Order. With whom ?

Furnace. No matter whom : yet now I thinke on't
I am angrie with my Lady.

Watchall. Heauen forbid, man.

Order. What cause has she giuen thee ?

Furnace. Cause enough Master Steward.
I was entertain'd by her to please her palat,
And till she forswore eating I perform'd it.
Now since our master, noble *Alworth* died,
Though I cracke my braines to find out tempting sawces,
And raise fortifications in the pastrie,
Such as might serue for modells in the Low-Countries,
Which if they had bene practis'd at *Breda*,
Spinola might haue throwne his cap at it, & ne're tooke it.

Amble. But you had wanted matter there to worke on.

Furnace. Matter ? with six egges, and a strike of ric-meale
I had kep't the Towne, till doomesday, perhaps longer.

Order. But, what's this to your pet against my Lady ?

Furnace. What's this ? Marrie this, when I am three parts
rosted,

And the fourth part parboyled, to prepare her viands,
Shee keepe her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-guell; my sweat neuer thought on.

Order.

As heretofore: but say in my excuse
I am indispos'd.

Order. I shall, Madam.

Lady. Doe, and leaue me.

Nay stay you *Alworth.*

Alworth. I shall gladly grow here,
To waite on your commands.

{ *Exeunt Order.*
Amble, Fur-
nace; Watchall.

Lady. So soone turn'd Courtier.

Alworth. Stile not that Courtship Madam, which is
duty,
Purchas'd on your part.

Lady. Well, you shall or'ecome;
It is not content in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

Alworth. Euer like himselfe;
No scruple lessend in the full weight of honour,
He did command me (pardon my presumption)
As his vnworthy deputy to kisse
Your Ladyships faire hands.

Lady. I am honour'd in
His fauour to mee. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low-Countreyes?

Alworth. Constantly good Madam,
But he will in person first present his seruice.

Lady. And how approue you of his course? you are yet,
Like virgin parchment capable of any
Inscription vitious, or honorable.
I will not force your will, but leaue you free
To your owne election.

Alworth. Any forme, you please,
I will put on: but might I make my choice
With humble Emulation I would follow
The path my Lord markes to me.

Lady. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father
(Bless'd bee his memory) that some few houres
Before the will of heaven tooke him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties

Of perfect loue betweene vs, to my charge :
And therefore what I speake , you are bound to heare
With such respect, as if he liu'd in me,
He was my husband, and how ere you are not
Sonne of my wombe, you may be of my loue,
Prouided you deserue it.

Allworth. I haue found you
(Most honor'd Madam) the best mother to me,
And with my vtmost strengths of care , and seruice ,
Will labour that you neuer may repent
Your bounties show'd vpon me.

Lady. I much hope it .
These were your fathers words. If ere my Sonne
Follow the warre, tell him it is a schoole
Where all the principles tending to honour,
Are taught if truly followed : But for such
As repaire thither , as a place, in which
They doe presume they may with licence practise
Their lusts , and riots , they shall neuer merit
The noble name of souldiers. To dare boldly
In a faire cause , and for the Countries safety
To runne vpon the cannons mouth vndaunted ;
To obey their leaders, and shunne mutenies ;
To beare , with patience, the winters cold,
And sommers scorching heate , and not to faint
When plenty of prouision failes, with hunger,
Are the essentiall parts make vp a souldier,
Not swearing dice , or drinking.

Allworth. There's no syllable
You speake, but is to me an Oracle,
Which but to doubt, were impious.

Lady. To conclude ;
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do conuerse,
And from one man I warn'd you , and that's *Welborne* :
Not cause Hee's poore, that rather claimes your pittie,
But that hee's in his manners so debauch'd ,
And hath to vitious courses sold himselfe.

'Tis true your father lou'd him, while he was
Worthy the louing, but if he had liu'd
To haue seene him as he is, he had cast him off
As you must doe.

Alworth. I shall obey in all things.

Lady. You follow me to my chamber, you shall haue
gold
To furnish you like my sonne, and still supplied,
As I heare from you.

Alworth. I am still your creature.

Exeunt.



Actus primi, Scena tertia.

Overreach. Greedie. Order. Amble. Fur-
nace. Watchall. Marrall.



Reedie. Not to be seene?

Overreach. Still cloistered vp? Her rea-
son,

I hope assures her, though she make her
selfe

Cloſe prisoner euer for her husbands
loſſe,

'Twill not recouer him.

Order. Sir, it is her will,

Which we that are her ſeruants ought to ſerue it,
And not diſpute. How ere, you are nobly welcome,
And if you pleaſe to ſtay, that you may thinke ſo;
There came not ſix dayes ſince from Hull, a pipe

A new way to pay old Debts.

Ofrich Canarie, which shall spend it selfe
For my Ladies honour.

Greedie. Is it of the right race?

Order. Yes, Master *Greedie*.

Amble. How his mouth runs or'e!

Furnace. Ile make it run, and run. Saue your good wor-
ship.

Greedie. Honest Master *Cooke*, thy hand, againe. How I
loue thee:

Are the good dishes still in being? speake boy.

Furnace. If you haue a minde to feed, there is a chine
Of beefe well seasoned.

Greedie. Good!

Furnace. A pheasant larded.

Greedie. That I might now giue thanks for't.

Furnace. Other Kukeshawes.

Besides there came last night from the forrest of Sherwood
The fattest stagge I euer cook'd.

Greedie. A stagge man?

Furnace. A stagge Sir part of it prepar'd for dinner,
And bak'd in puffpast.

Greedie. Puffpast too, Sir *Giles*!
A ponderous chine of beefe! a pheasant larded!
And red deere too Sir *Giles*, and bak'd in puffpast!
All businesse set aside, let vs giue thanks here.

Furnace. How the leane Sceleton's rap'd!

Ouerreach. You know wee cannot.

Marrall. Your Worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you faile to come, you lose the cause.

Greedie. Cause me no causes, I'le prouet, for such a dinner:
We may put off a commission: you shall find it

Henrici decimo quarto.

Ouerreach. Fie Master *Greedie*.

Will you loose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?

No more for shame, We must forget the belly,

When we thinke of profit.

Gredy. Well, you shall or'erule me
I could eu'n crie now. Doe you heare master *Cooke*.

Send

A new way to pay old Debts.

Send but a corner of that immortal pastie ,
And I, in thankfulness, will by your boy
Send you a brace of three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigall? *Enter Welborne.*

Ouer. Remember me to your Lady. Who haue wee here?

Welb. You know me :

Ouer. I did once, but now I will not,
Thou art no blood of mine. Auant thou begger,
If euer thou presume to owne me more;
Ile haue thee cag'd, and whip'd.

Greed. Ile grant the warrant,
Thinke of *Piecorner*, *Furnace*.

Exeunt Ouerreach.

Watch. Will you out Sir?

Greedie. Marrall.

I wonder how you durst creepe in.

Ord. This is rudeness,
And sawcie impudence.

Amb. Cannot you stay
To be seru'd among your fellowes from the basket,
But you must presse in to the hall?

Furn. Prethee vanish
Into some outhouse, thought it be the piggestie,
My skullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth.

Welb. This is rare :

Oh here's *Tom. Alworth Tom.*

Alw. We must be strangers,
Nor would I haue you seene here for a million. *Exit Alworth*

Welb. Better, and better. He contemnes mee too? *Enter Wo-*

Wom. Foh what a smell's here! what thing's this? *man and*

Chamb. A creature

Chamber-

Made out of the priuie. Let vs hence for loues sake, *maide.*

Or I shall fowne.

Exeunt woman, &

Wom. I beginne to faint already.

Chambermaide.

Watch. Will know your way?

Amb. Or shall wee teach it you,
By the head, and shoulders?

Welb. No: I will not stirre.

Doe you marke, I will not. Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why you slaues,

A new way to pay old Debts.

Created only to make legges, and cringe;
To carrie in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That haue not sou'es only to hope a blessing
Beyond blacke iackes, or flagons; you that were borne
Only to consume meate, and drinke, and batten
Vpon reuerfions: who aduances? who
Shewes me the way?

Ord. My Lady.

Enter Lady. Woman.

Chamb. Here's the Monster. *Chambermaide.*

Wom. Sweet Madam, keepe your gloue to your nose.

Chamb. Or let me,

Fetch some perfumes may be predominant,
You wrong your selfe else.

Welb. Madam, my designes

Beare me to you.

Lad. To me?

Welb. And though I haue met with

But ragged enter tainment from your groomes here;
I hope from you to receiue that noble vsage,
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.

Lady. I am amaz'd,

To see, and heare this rudenesse. Dar'st thou thinke
Though sworne, that it can euer find beleefe,
That I, who to the best men of this Countrey,
Deni'd my presence since my husbands death,
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?
Thou Sonne of infamie, forbear my house,
And know, and keepe the distance that's betweene vs,
Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eye-fore to me.

Welb. Scorne me not good Lady;

But as in forme you are Angelicall

Imitate the heauenly natures, and vouchsafe

At the least awhile to heare me. You will grant

The blood that runs in this arme, is as noble

As that which fills your yeines; those costly iewells,

And

And those rich clothes you weare ; your mens obseruance,
And womens flatterie , are in you no vertues,
Nor these ragges, with my pouerty , in me vices.
You haue a faire fame , and I know deserue it,
Yet Lady I must say in nothing more,
Than in the pious sorrow you haue show'n
For your late noble husband.

Ord. How she starts !

Furn. And hardly can keepe finger from the eye
To heare him nam'd.

Lady. Haue you ought else to say ?

Welb. That husband Madam , was once in his fortune
Almost as low, as I. Want, debts, and quarrells
Lay heauy on him : let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say , I releu'd him.
'Twas I that gaue him fashion ; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his ;
I brought him on , and off with honour, *Lady :*
And when in all mens iudgements he was sunke,
And in his owne hopes not to be bung'd vp ,
I step'd vnto him, tooke him by the hand ,
And set him vpright.

Furn. Are not wee base Rogues
That could forget this ?

Welb. I confesse you made him
Master of your estate, nor could your friends
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't,
For he had a shape, and to that shape a minde
Made vp of all parts , either great , or noble,
So winning a behaiour, not to be
Resisted, Madam.

Lad. 'Tis most true, He had.

Welb. For his sake then , in that I was his friend,
Doe not contemme me.

Lad. For what's past, excuse me,
I will redeeme it. *Order* giue the Gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Welb. No Madam, on no termes:

A new way to pay old Debts.

I will nor begge, nor borrow six pence of you,
But be suppli'd elsewhere, or want thus euer.
Only one suite I make, which you deny not
To strangers: and 'tis this.

Lad. Fie, nothing else?

Welb. Nothing; vnlesse you please to charge your seruants,
To throw away a little respect ypon mee.

Lad. What you demand is yours.

Welb. I thank you, *Lady.*

Now what can be wrought out of such a suite,

Is yet in supposition; I haue said all,

When you please you may retire. Nay, all's forgotten,

And for a luckie *Omen* to my proiect,

Shake hands, and end all quarrells in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, Agreed.

Furn. Still merry master *Welborne.* *Exeunt.*



Actus secundi, Scena prima.

Querreach. *Marrall.*

Verreach. Hee's gone I warrant thee; this
Commission crush'd him.

Marrall. Your worship haue the way out,
and ne're misse

To squeeze these vnchristis into ayre: and yet
The chapp-falne *Justice* did his part, retur-
ning

For your aduantage the *Certificate*
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,

D

(Wich

(With your good fauour) to the vtter ruine
Of the poore Farmer.

Ouer. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a *Iustice*. He that bribes his bellie,
Is certaine to command his soule.

Mar. I wonder
(Still with your licence) why, your Worship hauing
The power to put this thime. Out in commission,
You are not in't your selfe?

Ouer. Thou art a foole;
In being out of Office I am out of danger
Where if I were a *Iustice*, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulnesse, or error,
Run my selfe finely into a *Premunire*,
And so become a prey to the Informer?
No, I'le haue non of't; 'tis enough I keepe
Greedie at my deuotion: so he serue
My purposes, let him hang, or damne, I care not.
Friend-ship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Ouer. I would be worldly wise, for the other wisdom
That does prescribe vs a well-gouern'd life,
And to doe right to others, as our selues,
I value not an Atome.

Mar. What course take you
With your good patience to hedge in the Mannour
Of your neighbour master *Frugall*? as 'tis sayd,
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange,
And his land lying in the mid'st of your many Lordships,
Is a foule blemish.

Ouer. I haue thought on't, *Marrall*,
And it shall take. I must haue all men sellers;
And I the only Purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit Sir.

Ouer. Ple therefore buy some Cottage neare his Mannour;
Which done, I'le make my men breake ope his fences;
Ride o're his standing corne, and in the night
Set fire on his barnes; or breake his cattells legges.

These Trespaffes draw on Suites, and Suites expences,
Which I can spare, but will soone begger Him.
When I haue harried him thustwo, or three yeare,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift, and care he'le grow behind-hand.

Mar. The best I euer heard; I could adore you.

Ouer. Then with the fauour of my man of Law,
I will pretend some title: Want will force him
To put it to arbitrement: then if he sell
For halfe the value, he shall haue ready money,
And I possesse his land.

Mar. 'Tis aboute wonder!
Welborne was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts Sir to hooke him in.

Ouer. Well thought on.
This varlet *Marrall* liues too long, to vpbraide me
With my close cheate put vpon him. Will nor cold,
Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to thinke on't.
I haue vs'd all meanes, and the last night I caus'd
His host the Tapster to turne him out of doores;
And haue beene since with all your friends, and tenant's,
And on the forfeit of your fauour charg'd him,
Though a crust of mouldie bread would keep him frō starving
Yet they should not relieue him. This is done, Sir.

Ouer. That was something, *Marrall*, but thou must goe
further,
And suddainely *Marrall*.

Mar. Where, and when you please Sir.

Ouer. I would haue thee seeke him out, and if thou canst
Perswade him that 'tis better steale, than begge.
Then if I proue he has but rob'd a Henroost,
Not all the world shall saue him from the gallowes.
Doe any thing to worke him to despaire,
And 'tis thy Masterpeece.

Mar. I will doe my best, Sir.

Ouer. I am now on my maine worke with the Lord *Louell*,
The gallant minded, popular Lord *Louell*;

A new way to pay old Debts.

The minion of the peoples loue. I heare
Hee's come into the Country, and my aimes are
To insinuate my selfe into his knowledge,
And then inuite him to my house.

Mar. I haue you.

This points at my young Mistris.

Ouer. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honorable *Marrall*, my right honorable daughter;
If all I haue, or e're shall get will doe it.

I will haue her well attended, there are Ladies
Of errant Knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast clothes, and meate, will gladly serue her,
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the Cittie,
To haue their issue, whom I haue vndone,
To kneele to mine, as bond-slaues.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, Sir.

Ouer. And therefore, Ile not haue a Chambermaiden
That tyes her shooes, or any meaner office,
But such whose Fathers were Right worshipfull.
'Tis a rich Mans pride, there hauing euer beene
More than a Fewde, a strange Antipathie
Betweene vs, and true Gentry.

Mar. See, who's here, Sir.

Ouer. Hence monster, Prodigie.

Welb. Sir your Wifes Nephew,
Shee, and my Father tumbled in one belly.

Ouer. Auoid my sight, thy breath's infectious, Rogue,
I shun thee as a Leprosie, or the Plague.

Come hither *Marrall*, this is the time to worke him.

Mar. I warrant you, Sir.

Welb. By this light I thinke hee's mad.

Mar. Mad? had you tooke compassion on your selfe,
You long since had beene mad.

Welb. You haue tooke a course
Betweene you, and my venerable Vncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale spirited you,

A new way to pay old Debts.

That would not be instructed. I swear deeply.

Welb. By what?

Mar. By my Religion,

Welb. Thy religion!

The Diuells Creed, but what would you haue done?

Mar. Had there beene but one tree in all the Shire,

Nor any hope to compasse a penny Halter,

Before, like you, I had outliu'd my fortunes,

A With had seru'd my turne to hang my selfe.

I am zealous in your cause: pray you hang your selfe,

And presently, as you loue your credit.

Welb. I thanke you.

Mar. Will you stay till you dye in a ditch? Or lice de-
uoure you?

Or if you dare not doe the feate your selfe,

But that you'le put the state to charge, and trouble,

Is there no purse to bee cut? house to be broken?

Or market Women with egges that you may murther;

And so dispatch the businesse.

Welb. Heer's varietie

I must confesse; but I'le accept of none

Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, haue you hope euer to eate againe?

Or drinke? Or be the master of three farthings?

If you like not hanging, drowne your selfe, take some course

For your reputation.

Welb. 'T will not do; deare tempter,

With all the Rhetorike the fien'd hath taught you.

I am as farre as thou art from despaire,

Nay, I haue Confidence, which is more than Hope,

To liue, and suddainely better than euer.

Mar. Ha! Ha! these Castles you build in the aire

Will not perswade me, or to giue, or lend

A token to you.

Welb. Ile be more kind to thee.

Come thou shalt dine with me,

Mar. With you.

Welb. Nay more, dine gratis;

Mar.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Mar. Vnder what hedge I pray you? Or at whose cost?
Are they *Padders*? or *Abram-men*, that are your consorts?

Welb. Thou art incredulous, but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant *Lady*,
With mee, and with a *Lady*.

Mar. *Lady!* what *Lady*?
With the *Lady* of the *Lake*, or *Queene* of *Fairies*?
For I know, it must be an enchanted dinner.

Welb. With the *Ladie Alworth*, knaue.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy braine is crack'd.

Welb. Marke there, with what respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice no doubt of *Dogge-whippes*.
Why doest thou euer hope to passe her *Porter*?

Welb. 'Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine owne eyes

Mar. Troth in my hope, or my assurance rather
To see thee curuet, and mount like a *Dogge* in a blanket
If euer thou presume to passe her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

Welb. Come along then.

Exeunt.



Actus



Actus secundi, Scena secunda.

Alworth. Waiting-woman. Chamber-
maide. Order. Amble. Furnace.
Watchall.



Woman. Could you not command your lea-
sure one houre longer?

Chamberm. Or halfe an houre?

Alw. I haue told you what my hast is:
Besides being now anothers, not mine owne,
How e're I much desire to enjoy you longer,

My duty suffers, if to please my selfe
I should neglect my Lord.

Wom. Pray you doe me the fauour
To put these few Quince-cakes into your pocket,
They are of mine owne preseruing.

Chamb. And this Marmulade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomacke,

Wom. And at parting
Excuse me if I begge a farewell from you.

Chamb. You are still before me. I moue the same suite
Sir.

Kisses 'em seuerally.

Furn. How greedie these Chamberers are of a beardlesse
chinne!

I thinne the Titts will rauish him.

Alw. My seruice
To both.

Wom. Ours waites on you.

Chamb.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Chamb. And shall doe cuer.

Ord. You are my *Ladies* charge, be therefore carefull
That you sustaine your parts.

Wom. We can beare I warrant you. *Exeunt Women and*

Furn. Here; drinke it off, the ingre- *Chambermaide.*
dients are cordiall,

And this the true Elixir; It hath boild
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the Quintessence
Of five Cockes of the game, ten dozen of Sparrowes,
Knuckells of Veale, Potato rootes, and Marrow;
Currall, and Ambergreece: were you two yeares elder;
And I had a Wife, or gamesome Mistresse
I durst trust you with neither: You neede not baite
After this I warrant you; though your iourney's long,
You may ride on the strength of this till to morrow morning.

Alw. Your courtesies ouerwhelme me: I much grieue
To part from such true friends, and yet find comfort;
My attendance on my honorable Lord
(Whose resolution holds to visit my Lady)
Will speedily bring me backe. *Knocking at the gate;*

Mar. Darest thou venture further? *Marrall and Wel-*
Welb. Yes, yes, and knocke againe. *borne within.*

Ord. 'Tis he; disperse.

Amb. Performe it brauely.

Furn. I know my Cue, nere doubt me. *They go off seue-*

Watch. Beast that I wasto make you *rall wayes.*

stay: most welcome,

You were long since expected.

Welb. Say so much

To my friend I pray you.

Watch. For your sake I will Sir.

Mar. For his sake!

Welb. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than cuer,

I would haue beleeu'd though I had found it in my Primer.

Alw. When I haue giu'n you reasons for my late harsh-
nesse,

You'le pardon, and excuse me: for, belecue me

Though

A new way to pay old Debts.

Though now I part abruptly, in my seruice
I will deserue it.

Mar. Seruice! with a vengeance!

Welb. I am satisfied: farwell *Tom.*

Alw. All ioy stay with you. *Exit Alw. Enter Amble.*

Amb. You are happily encounter'd: I yet neuer
Presented one so welcome, as I know

You will be to my *Lady.*

Mar. This is some vision;
Or sure these men are mad, to worship a Dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.

Welb. Be still a Pagan,
An vnbeleuing Infidell, be so Miscreant,
And meditate on blanketts, and on dogge- *Enter Furnace.*
whippes. *nace.*

Furn. I am glad you are come, vntill I know your
pleasure.

I knew not how to serue vp my *Ladies* dinner.

Mar. His pleasure; is it possible?

Welb. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry Sir, I haue some Growse, and Turkie
chicken,
Some Rayles, and Quailes, and my *Lady* will'd me aske
you

What kind of sawces best affect your palat,
That I may vse my vtmost skill to please it.

Mar. The Diuell's enter'd this sooke, sawce for his
palat!

That on my knowledge, for almost this twelue month,
Durst wish but cheeseparings, and browne bread on
Sundayes.

Welb. That way I like 'em best.

Furn. It shall be done Sir. *Exit Furnace.*

Welb. What thinke you of the hedge we shall dige vnder?

Shall we feed *gratis*?

Mar. I know not what to thinke;
Pray you make me not mad.

Enter Order.
Order.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Ord. This place becomes you not ;
Pray you walke Sir, to the dining roome.

Welb. I am well here

Till her Ladiship quitts her chamber.

Mar. Well here say you ?

'Tis a rare change ! but yesterday you thought
Your selfe well in a Barne, wrapp'd *Enter Woman, and*
vp in Pease-straw. *Chamber-maide.*

Wom O Sir, you are wish'd for.

Chamb. My Lady dream't Sir of you.

Wom. And the first command she gaue, after she rose
Was (her deuotions donne) to giue her notice
When you approach'd here.

Chamb. Which is done on my vertue.

Mar. I shall be conuerted, I begin to grow
Into a new beleefe, which Saints, nor Angells
Could haue woone me to haue faith in.

Wom. Sir, my Lady.

Enter Lady.

Lady. I come to meete you, and languish'd till I saw
you.

This first kisse is for forme; I allow a second
To such a friend.

Mar. To such a friend ! Heau'n blesse me !

Welb. I am wholly yours, yet Madam, if you please
To grace this Gentleman with a salute.

Mar. Salute me at his bidding.

Welb. I shall receaue it

As a most high fauour.

Lady. Sir, you may command me.

Welb. Run backward from a Lady ? and such a Lady ?

Mar. To kisse her foote is to poore, me a fauour;
I am vnworthy of. --- (*Offers to kisse her foote.*)

Lady. Nay, pray you rise,
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you
You shall dine with me to day, at mine owne table.

Mar. Your Ladiships table ? I am not good enough
To sit at your Stewards board.

Lady. You are too modest :

I will

Enter Furnace.

I will not be deni'd.

Furn. Will you still be babling ;
Till your meate freeze on the table ? the old tricke still.
My Art ne're thought on.

Lady. Your arme, Master *Welborne* :
May keep vs company.

Mar. I was neuer so grac'd. *Exeunt Welborne. La*

Order. So we have play'd our *dy. Amble. Marrall. Wo-*
parts, and are come off well. *man.*

But if I know the mistery, why my Lady
Consented to it, or why Master *Welborne*
Desir'd it, may I perish.

Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart, that cheated him,
And forces the poore gentleman to these shifts,
By Fire (for Cookes are *Persians*, and sweare by it)
Of all the griping, and extorting tyrants
I euer heard, or read of, I ne're met
A match to Sir *Giles Ouerreash.*

Watch. What will you take
To tell him so fellow *Furnace* ?

Furn. Iust as much
As my throate is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To haue a vsurer that starues himselve,
And weares a cloke of one and twenty yeares
On a sute of fourteene groates, bought of the Hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common :
But this Sir *Giles* feedes high, keeps many seruants,
Who must at his command doe any outrage ;
Rich in his habit ; vast in his expences ;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth, and Lordships.

Ord. He frights men out of their Estates,
And breakes through all Law.netts, made to curbe ill
men,

As they were cobwebbs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to doe, were neuer
Lodg'd so vnlackily.

Amb. Ha, ha; I shall burst.

Enter Amble.

Ord. Containe thy selfe man.

Furn. Or make vs partakers
Of your suddaine mirth.

Amb. Ha, ha, my Lady has got
Such a guest at her table, this terme-driuer Marrall,
This sūippe of an Attourney.

Furn. What of him man?

Amb. The knaue thinks still hee's at the cookes shop
in Ramme-alley,

Where the Clarkes diuide, and the Elder is to choose;
And feedes so slouenly.

Furn. Is this all?

Amb. My Lady

Dranke to him for fashion sake, or to please master Wel-
borne.

As I liue he rises, and takes vp a dish,
In which there were some remnants of a boild capon,
And pledges her in whitebroth.

Furn. Nay, 'tis like,
The rest of his tribe.

Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaues his stoole, and after a legge or two
Most humbly thanks my worship.

Ord. Rose already.

Amb. I shall be chid.

Furn. My Lady frownes.

Enter Lady. Welborne:
Marrall.

Lady. You waite well.

Let me haue no more of this, I obseru'd your icering.
Sirra, I'll haue you know, whom I thinke worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne're so meane,
When I am present, is not your companion.

Ord. Nay, shee'll preferue what's due to her.

Furn. This refreshing
Followes your flux of laughter.

Lady. You are master.

Of your owne will. I know so much of manners
As not to enquire your purposes, in a word

A new way to pay old Debts.

To me you are euer welcome, as to a house
That is your owne.

Welb. Marke that.

Mar. With reuerence Sir,
And it like your Worship.

Welb. Trouble your selfe no farther;
Deare Madam; my heart's full of zeale, and seruice,
How euer in my language I am sparing.
Come master *Marrall*.

Mar. I attend your Worship. *Exeunt Welb. Mar.*

Lad. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know
me

An easie mistris: bee merry; I haue forgot all.
Order, and *Furnace* come with me, I must giue you
Further directions.

Ord. What you please.

Furn. We are ready.



Actus secundi, Scena tertia.

Welborne. Marrall.



Welborne. I thinke I am in a good way.

Marrall. Good Sir; the best way.

The certaine best way.

Welb. There are casualties

That men are subiect too.

Mar. You are about'em,

And as you are already Worshipfull,

I hope e're long you will increase in Worship;

And

And be Right worshipfull.

Welb. Prethee doe not flowt mee.

What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keepe your hat off?

Mar. Ease, and it like your Worship?
I hope *Jacke Marrall* shall not liue so long,
To proue himsef such an vnmannery beast,
Though it haile Hazell Nutts, as to be couer'd
When your Worshipp's present.

Welb. Is not this a true Rogue? *aside.*
That out of meere hope of a future cofnage
Can turne thus suddainely: 'tis ranke already.

Mar. I know your Worshipp's wife, and needs no coun-
sell:

Yet if in my desire to doe you seruice,
I humbly offer my aduice, (but still
Vnder correction) I hope I shall not
Incurre your high displeasure.

Welb. No; speake freely.

Mar. Then in my iudgement Sir, my simple iudgement,
(Still with your Worshipp's fauour) I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be,
But much distastfull to the noble *Lady*.
(I say no more) that loues you, for this morning
To me (and I am but a Swine to her)
Before th'assurance of her wealth perfum'd you;
You fauour'd not of amber.

Welb. I doe now then? *Kisses the end of his cudgell,*

Mar. This your Batroone hath got a touch of it.
Yet if you please for charge I haue twenty pounds here
Which, out of my true loue I presently
Lay downe at your Worshipp's feet: 'twill serue to buy you
A riding suite.

Welb. But where's the horse?

Mar. My Geiding
Is at your seruice: nay, you shall ride me
Before your Worship shall be put to the trouble
To walke a foote. Alas, when you are Lord

A new way to pay old Debts.

Of this *Ladies* mannour (as I know you will be)
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd *knaues-acre*,
A place I would manure, requite your vassall,

Welb. I thanke thy loue : but must make no vse of it,
What's twenty pounds ?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, Sir.

Welb. Doeſt thou thinke though I want clothes I could
not haue 'em,

For one word to my *Lady* ?

Mar. As I know not that.

Welb. Come I'll tell thee a secret, and so leaue thee.

I'll not giue her the aduantage, though she be
A gallant minded *Lady*, after we are married
(There being no woman, but is sometimes froward)
To hit me in the teeth, and say she was forc'd
To buy my wedding clothes, and tooke me on
With a plaine Riding-suite, and an ambling Nagge.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like my selfe.
And so farewell ; for thy suite touching *Knaues-acre*.
When it is mine 'tis thine.

Mar. I thanke your Worship. *Exit Welb.*

How was coozen'd in the calculation
Of this mans fortune, my master coozen'd too
Whose pupill I am in the art of undoing men,
For that is our profession ; well, well, master *Welborne*
You are of a sweet nature, and fit againe to be cheated :
Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land, and *Lady*, you *sans question* shall be.
I'll presently thinke of the meanes. *Walke by masing, Enter*

Ouer. Sirha, take my horse. *Ouerreach.*

I'll walke to get me an appetite ? 'tis but a mile,
And Exercise will keep me, from being pursie.
Ha ! *Marrall* ! is he coniuring ! perhaps
The *knaue* has wrought the prodigall to doe
Some outrage on himselfe, and now he fees
Compunction in his conscience for't : no matter
So it be done, *Marrall*.

Marrall. Sir,

Ouer

A new way to pay old Debts.

Ouer. How succeed we
In our plot on *Welborne*?

Mar. Neuer better Sir.

Ouer. Has he hang'd, or drown'd himselfe?

Mar. No Sir, he liues.

Liues once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than euer.

Ouer. Art thou in thy witts?
If thou art reueale this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A Lady Sir, is falne in loue with him.

Ouer. With him? what Lady?

Mar. The rich Lady *Alworth*.

Ouer. Thou Dolt; how dar'st thou speake this?

Mar. I speake truth;

And I doe so but once a yeare, vnlesse
It be to you Sir, we din'd with her *Ladyship*,
I thanke his *Worship*.

Ouer. His *Worship*!

Mar. As I liue Sir,

I din'd with him, at the great *Ladies* table,
Simple as I stand here, and saw when, she kiss'd him,
And would at his request, haue kiss'd me too,
But I was not so audacious, as some Youths are,
And dare do any thing be it ne're so absurd,
And sad after performance.

Ouer. Whythou Rascal,
To tell me these impossibilities:
Dine, at her table? and kisse him? or thee?
Impudent Varlet. Haue not I my selfe
To whom great *Countesses* dores haue oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husbands death
In vaine to see her, though I came --- a sutor;
And yet your good *Sollicitor-ship*, and rogue--- *Welborne*,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her.
But that I know thee a Dogge, that cannot blush
This most incredible lye would call vp one
On thy buttermilke cheekes.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes Sir?

Or tast? I feele her good cheere in my belly.

Ouer. You shall feele me, if you giue not ouer Sirra,
Recover your braines agen, and be no more gull'd
With a beggers plot assilied by the aides
Offeruing men, and chambermaides; for beyound these
Thou neuer saw'st a Woman, or I'le quit you
From my imployments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage I offer'd *Welborne*
(I would giue a crowne now, I durst say his worship)---*aside*
My nage, and twenty pounds.

Ouer. Did you so I doe? *Strikes him downe,*
Was this the way to worke him to despaire
Or rather to crosse me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Ouer. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

Mar. Hee's gone.

Ouer. I haue done then: now forgetting,
Your late imaginerie feast, and *Lady,*
Know my Lord *Louell* dins with me to morrow,
Be carefull nought, be wanting to reccaue him,
And bid my daughters women trimme her vp,
Though they paint her, so she catch the Lord, Ple thanke 'em,
There's a peece for my late blowes.

Mar. I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time,---*aside.*

Ouer. Doe you grumble?

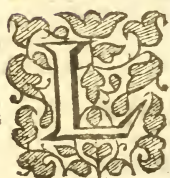
Mar. No Sir,





Actus tertii, Scena prima.

Louell. Alworth. Seruants.



Ouell. Walke the horses downe the hill ;
something in priuate,

I must impart to *Alworth.* *Exeunt serui.*

Alw. O my Lord,
What sacrifice of reuerence, dutie watching ;
Although I could put off the vse of sleepe,

And euer waite on your commands serue 'em ;
What dangers, though in ne're so horri'd shapes,
Nay death it selfe, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankfull willingnesse suffer ;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties showr'd vpon me.

Lou. Lou'ing Youth;

Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o're-prize it, since you haue trusted me
With your soules nearest, nay her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd,
Treachery shall neuer open, I haue found you
(For so much to your face I must professe,
How er'e you guard your modesty with a blush for't)
More zealous in your loue, and seruice to me
Than I haue beene in my rewards.

Alw. Still great ones
Aboue my merit.

Lou. Such your Gratitude calls 'em:
Nor am I of that harsh, and rugg'd temper

A new way to pay old Debts.

As some Great men are tax'd, with who imagine
They part from the respect due to their Honours,
If they vse not all such as follow 'em,
Without distinction of their births, like slaues.

I am not so condition'd: I can make
A fitting difference betweene my Foot-boy,
And a Gentleman, by want compell'd to serue me.

Alw. 'Tis thankfully acknowledg'd: you haue beene
More like a Father to me than a Master.

Pray you pardon the comparison.

Lou. I allow it;

And to giue you assurance I am pleas'd in't,
My carriage and demeanor to your Mistresse
Faيرة *Margaret*, shall truely witness for me
I can command my passions.

Alw. 'Tis a conquest

Few Lords can boast of when they are tempted. Oh!

Lou. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtfull of mee?
By that faire name, I in the warres haue purchas'd,
And all my actions hitherto vntainted,
I will not be more true to mine owne Honour,
Than to my *Alworth*.

Alw. As you are the braue Lord *Louell*,
Your bare word only giuen, is an assurance
Of more validity, and weight to me
Than all the othes bound vp with imprecations,
Which when they would deceiue, most Courtiers practize:
Yet being a man (for sure to stile you more
Would relish of grosse flatterie) I am forc'd
Against my confidence of your worth, and vertues,
To doubt, nay more to feare.

Lou. So young, and icalous?

Alw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victorie were certaine: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as Wealth and Beauty,
And those too seconded with Power, is odde
Too great for *Hercules*.

Or such whose workemanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of, let my choicest linnen
Perfume the roome, and when we wash the water
With pretious powders mix'd, so please my Lord,
That he may with enuie wish to bath so euer.

Mar. 'T wil be very chargeable.

Ouer. Auant you Drudge :

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
I't a time to thinke of thrift ? call in my daughter,
And master. *Justice*, since you loue choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em.

Greed. As I doe indeed Sir,
Almost as much as to giue thanks for 'em.

Ouer. I doe conferre that prouidence, with my power
Of absolute command to haue abundanee,
To your best care.

Greed. I'll punctually discharge it
And giue the best directions. Now am I
In mine owne conceite a Monarch, at the least
Arch-president of the boyl'd, the roast, the bak'd,
For which I will eate often, and giue thanks,
When my bellies brad'd vp like a drumme, and that's pure iu-
stice.

Ouer. I must bee so : should the foolish girl proue mo-
dest.

Exit Greedic.

Shee may spoile all, she had it not from me,
But from her mother, I was euer forward,
As she must bee, and therefore I'll prepare her.
Alone, and let your woemen waite without.

Marg. Your pleasure Sir ?

Ouer. Ha, this is a neate dressing !

These orient pearles, and diamonds well plac'd too !
The Gowne affects me not, it should haue beene
Embroider'd o're, and o're with flowers of gold,
But these rich Jewells, and quaint fashion helpe it.
And how below ? since oft the wanton eye
The face obseru'd, descends vnto the foot ;
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,

A new way to pay old Debts.

Inuites as much as perfect white, and red,
Though without art, how like you, your new Woman
The Lady Downefalme?

Marg. Well for a companion;
Not as a seruant.

Ouer. Is she humble *Meg*?
And carefull too; her Ladiship forgotten?

Marg. I pittie her fortune.

Ouer. Pittie her? Trample on her.
I tooke her vp in an old tamin gowne,
(Euen staru'd for want of two penny chopps) to serue thee:
And if I vnderstand, shee but repines
To doe thee any duty, though he're so seruile;
I'll packe her to her Knight, where I haue lodg'd him,
Into the Counter, and there let 'em howle together.

Marg. You know your owne wayes, but for me I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons, not inferior to my selfe
In birth.

Ouer. In birth? Why art thou not my daughter?
The blest child of my industrie, and wealth?
Why foolish girle, wast not to make thee great,
That I haue ran, and still pursue those wayes
That hale downe curses on mee, which I minde not,
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thy selfe
To the noble state I labour to aduance thee,
Or by my hopes to see thee honorable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heyre,
And throw thee from my care, doe not prouoke mee.

Marg. I will not Sir; mould mee which way you please.

Ouer. How interrupted? *Enter Greedie.*

Greed. 'Tis matter of importance.

The cooke Sir is selfe-will'd and will not learne
From my experience, there's a fawne brough in Sir;
And for my life I cannot make him roste it,
With a *Norfolke* dumpling in the belly of it.
And Sir, we wisemen know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three pence;

Ouer.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Ouer. Would it were whole in thy belly
To stuffe it out; Cooke it any way, prethee leaue me

Greed. Without order for the dumpling?

Ouer. Let it be dumpl'd
Which way thou wilt, or tell him I will scall'd him
In his owne Caldron.

Greed. I had lost my stomake,
Had I lost my mistrisse dumpling, I'le giue thanks for.

Ouer. But to our business *Megge*, you haue heard who
dines here? *Exit Greedie.*

Marg. I haue Sir.

Ouer. 'Tis an honourable man,
A Lord, *Megge*, and commands a regiment
Of Souldiers, and what's rare is one himselfe;
A bold, and vnderstanding one; and to be
A Lord, and a good leader in one volume,
Is granted vnto few, but such as rise vp
The Kingdomes glory. *Enter Greedie.*

Greed. I'le resigne my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Ouer. Slight, art thou franticke?

Greed. Franticke 'twould make me a franticke, and stark-
mad,

Were I not a *Iustice of peace*, and *coram* too,
Which this rebellious Cooke cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of *Woodcookes*.

Ouer. Make thy selfe
Thirteene. the bakers dozen.

Greed. I am contented
So they may be dress'd to my minde; he has found out
A new device for sawce, and will not dish 'em
With tosts, and butter, my Father was a Taylor,
And my name though a *Iustice*. *Greedie Woodcooke*,
And 'ere I'le seemy lineage so abus'd,
I'le giue vp my commission.

Ouer. Cooke, Rogue obey him.
I haue giuen the word, pray you now remoue your selfe,
To a collar of brawne, and trouble me no farther.

Greed.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Greed. I will, and meditate what to eate at dinner. *Exit Greed die.*

Ouer. And as I said *Meg*, when this gull disturb'd vs; This honourable Lord, this Collonell I would haue thy husband.

Mar. There's too much disparity Betweene his quality, and mine to hope it.

Ouer. I more then hope't, and doubt not to effect it, Bethou no enemy to thy selfe, my wealth Shall weigh his titles downe, and make you equalls. Now for the meanes to assure him thine; obserue me; Remember hee's a Courtier, and a Soldier And not to be trifl'd with, and therefore when He comes to woe you, see you, doe not coye it. This mincing modesty hath spoyl'd many a match By a first refusall, in vaine after hop'd for.

Mar. You'le haue mee Sir, preserue the distance, that Confines a Virgin?

Ouer. Virgin me no Virgins: I must haue you lose that name, or you lose me, I will haue you priuate, start not, I say priuate, If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came Like *Iupiter* to *Semele*, and come off too. And therefore when he kisses you, kisse close.

Marg. I haue heard this is the strumpetts fashion Sir, Which I must neuer learne.

Ouer. Learne any thing; And from any creature that may make thee great; From the Diuell himselfe.

Marg. This is but Diuelish doctrine.

Ouer. Or if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer Beyond this, doe not you stay 'till it coole, But meete his ardor, if a couch be neare, Sit downe on't, and inuite him.

Marg. In your house?
Your owne house Sir, for heau'ns sake, what are you then?
Or what shall I be Sir?

A new way to pay old Debts.

Ouer. Stand not on forme,
Words are no substances.

Marg. Though you could dispence
With your owne Honour; cast a side Religion,
The hopes of heauen, or feare of hell; excuse mee
In worldly policie, this is not the way
To make me his wife, his whore I grant it may doe.
My maiden Honour so soone yeilded vp,
Nay prostituted, cannot but assure him
I that am light to him will not hold weight
When he is tempted by others: so in iudgement
When to his lust I haue giuen vp my honour
He must, and will forsake me,

Ouer. How? forsake thee?

Doe I weare a sword for fashion? or is this arme
Shrunke vp? or wither'd? does there liue a man
Of that large list I haue encounter'd with.
Can truly say I e're gaue inch of ground,
Not purchas'd with his blood, that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done? he dares not.
Giue me but prooffe, he has enjoy'd thy person,
Though all his Captaines, Eccho's to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to iustify the wrong,
And he himselfe in the head of his bold troope,
Spite of his Lordship, and his Collonellship,
Or the Iudges fauour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour;
I haue said it.

Enter Marrall:

Mar. Sir, the man of Honors come
Newly alighted.

Ouer. In; without reply
And doe as I command, or thou art lost.
Is the lowd musicke I gaue order for
Readie to receiue him?

Exit Marg.

Mar. 'Tis Sir.

Ouer. Let 'em sound
A princely welcome, Roughnesse a while leaue me,

A new way to pay old Debrs.

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature
Must make way for mee. *Loud musicke. Enter Louell.*

Lou. Sir, you meete your trouble. *Greed. Alw. Mar.*

Ouer. What you are pleas'd to stile so is an honor
Aboue my worth, and fortunes.

Alw. Strange, so humble.

Ouer. A iustice of peace my Lord. *Presents Greedie to*

Lou. Your hand good Sir. *him.*

Greed. This is a Lord; and some thinke this a fauour;
But I had rather haue my hand in my dumpling.

Ouer. Roome for my Lord.

Lou. I misse Sir your fairedaughter,
To crowne my welcome.

Ouer. May it please my Lord
To taste a glasse of Greeke wine first, and suddainely
She shall attend my Lord.

Lou. You'le be obey'd Sir. *Exeunt omnes preter Ouer.*

Ouer. 'Tis to my wish; as soone as come aske for her!

Why, *Megge?* *Megge Ouerreach.* how! teares in your eyes!
Ha! drie 'em quickly, or I'le digge 'em out.

Is this a time to whimper? meete that Greatnesse

That flies into thy bosome, thinke what 'tis

For me to say, *My honorable daughter.*

And thou, when I stand bare, to say put on,

Or father you forget your selfe, no more,

But be instructed, or expect, he comes. *Enter Louell. Greedie*

A blacke-brow'd girle my Lord, *Alworth. Max-*

Lou. As I liue a rare one. *rall. they salute.*

Alw. Hee's tooke already: I am lost.

Ouer. That kisse,

Came twanging off I like it, quit the roome: *The rest off.*

A little bashfull my good Lord, but you

I hope will teach her boldnesse.

Lou. I am happy

In such a scholler: but.

Ouer. I am past learning.

And therefore leaue you to your selues: remember--sa

his daughter. *Exit Ouerreach.*

A new way to pay old Debts.

Lon. You see faire Lady, your father is solicitous.
To haue you change the barren name of Virgin
Into a hopefull wife.

Marg. He hath my Lord,
Holds no power o're my will.

Lon. But o're your duty.

Marg. Which forc'd too much may breake.

Lon. Bend rather sweetest:
Thinke of your yeares.

Marg. Too few to match with yours:
And choicest fruites too soone plucked, rot, and wither.

Lon. Doe you thinke I am old?

Marg. I am sure I am too young.

Lon. I can aduance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow,
Where euery houre I may expect to fall,
But neuer hope firme footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, how euer rich;
And tiffues match'd with skarlet suite but ill.
O my good Lord I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.

Lon. Pray you trust my care then. *Enter Ouer. list-*

Ouer. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent! *ning.*
And by their postures, a consent on both parts. *Enter*

Greed. Sir Giles, Sir Giles.

Greed.

Ouer. The great fiend stop that clapper.

Greed. It must ring out Sir, when my belly rings noone
The back'd meates are run out, the rost turn'd powder.

Ouer. I shall powder you.

Greed. Beate me to dust I care not.

In such a cause as this, I'le dye a martyr.

Ouer. Marry and shall: you *Barathrum* of the shambells,
strikes him.

Greed. How! strike a *Iustice of peace*? 'tis pettie treason.

Edwardi quinto, but that you are my friend
I could commit you without bayle, or maine-prise.

Ouer. Leane your balling Sir, or I shall commit you;
Where

A new way to pay old Debts.

Where you shall not dine to day, disturb my Lord,
When he is in discourse?

Greed. 'Tis a time to talke

When we should be munching?

Lou. Ha! I heard some noise.

Ouer. Mum, villaine, vanish: shall we breake a bargain

Almost made vp.

Thrust Greedie off.

Lou. Lady, I vnderstand you;

And rest most happy in your choice, belecue it,

I'le be a carefull pilot to direct

Your yet vncertaine barke to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your Honor saue two liues, and bind vs
Your slaues for euer.

Lou. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good, how e're you must put on
And amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Lou. Now breake wee off our conference. *Sir Giles.*
Where is *Sir Giles*? *Enter Ouerreach, and the rest.*

Ouer. My noble Lord; and how
Does your Lordship find her?

Lou. Apt *Sir Giles*, and comming,
And I like her the better.

Ouer. So doe I too.

Lou. Yet should we take torts at the first assault
'Twere poore in the defendant, I must confirme her
With a loue letter or two, which I must haue
Deliu'rd by my page, and you giue way too't.

Ouer. With all my soule, a towardly Gentleman,
Your hand good master *Alworth*, know my house
Is euer open to you.

Alw. 'Twas shut 'till now.

aside.

Ouer. Well done, well done, my honorable daughter:
Th'art so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him my honorable daughter:

Marg. I shall with my best care. *Noise within as of a cocke.*

Ouers

John Smith 1221230 1230 1230

Ouer. A Cock.

Greed. More stops

Before we goe to dinner! o my gutts! *Enter Ladie, and*

Lad. If I find welcome

Welborne.

You share in it; if not I'll be backe againe,

Now I know your ends, for I come arm'd for all

Can be objected.

Lou. How! the Lady *Alworth!*

Ouer. And thus attended!

Mar. No, I am a dolt; *Louell salutes the Lady, the Ladie*
The spirit of lyes had entred me. *die salutes Margaret.*

Ouer. Peace Patch,

'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment

That does possesse me wholly!

Lou. Noble Lady,

This is a fauour to preuent my visit,

The seruice of my life can neuer equall.

Lad. My Lord, I lay'd waite for you, and much hop'd

You would haue made my poore house your first Inne:

And therefore doubting that you might forget me,

Or too long dwell here hauing such ample cause

In this vnequal'd beauty for your stay;

And fearing to trust any but my selfe

With the relation of my seruice to you,

I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,

And tooke the ayre in person to inuite you.

Lou. Your bounties are so great they robbe me, Madam
Of words to giue you thanks.

Lad. Good Sir *Giles Ouerreach.* *salutes him.*

How doest thou *Marrall?* lik'd you my meate so ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

Greed. I will when you please

And it like your Ladiship.

Lad. When you please master *Greedie*

If meat can doe it, you shall be satisfied,

And now my Lord, pray take into your knowledge

This Gentleman, how e're his outsid's course. *Presents*

His inward linings are as fine, and faire,

Welborne.

A new way to pay old Debts.

As any mans: wonder not I speake at large :
And how soe're his humor carries him:
To be thus accoutred ; or what taint soeuer
For his wild life hath stucke vpon his fame ,
He may e' relong, with boldnesse, rancke himselse
With some that haue contemn'd him. *Sir Giles Ouerreach*
If I am welcome , bid him so.

Ouer. My nephew.

He has beene too long a stranger : faith you haue:
Pray let it bee mended, *Louell conferring with Welborne.*

Mar. Why Sir, what doe you meane ?

This is rogue *Welborne*, Monster, Prodigie.
That should hang, or drowne himselse , no man of Wor-
ship,

Much lesse your Nephew ;

Ouer. Well Sirra, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'le not lose my ieere
Though I be beaten dead for't.

Welb. Let my silence plead
In my excuse my Lord ; till better leasure
Offer it selse to heare a full relation
Of my poore fortunes.

Lou. I would heare, and helpe 'em.

Ouer. Your dinner waites you.

Lou. Pray you lead, we follow.

Lad. Nay you are my ghest , come deere master *Wel-
borne.*

Exeunt manet Gredie.

Greed. Deare master *Welborne!* So shee said ; Heau'n!
heau'n !

If my belly would giue me leaue I could ruminare
All day on this : I haue granted twenty warrants.
To haue him committed , from all prisons in the Shire,
To Nottingham isyle ; and now deare master *Welborne!*
And my good nephew, but I play the foole
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.
Are they set *Marrall?*

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Long since, pray you a word Sir.

Greed.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Greed. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must; my master
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does intreat you, more guests being come in,
Then he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him
And suppe with him on the cold meate.

Greed. How! no dinner
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a pennance for
A meale; besides, you broke your fast.

Greed. That was
But a bit to stay my stomacke: a man in Commission
Giue place to a tatterdemallion?

Mar. No bugge words Sir,
Should his Worship heare you?

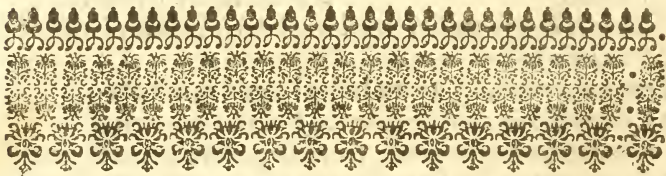
Greed. Lose my dumpling too?
And butter'd tosts, and woodcocks?

Mar. Come, haue patience.
If you will dispense a little with your Worship,
And sit with the waiting woemen, you haue dumpling,
Woodcocke, and butter'd tosts too.

Greed. This reuiues me
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way Sir.

Exeunt.





Actus tertii, Scena tertia.

Ouerreach as from dinner.



Verreach. Shee's caught! O women! she
neglects my Lord,
And all her complements appli'd to *Wel-*
borne!

The garments of her widdowhood lay'd by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.

Her eyes fix'd on him; in the wine shee drinks,
He being her pledge; she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thornes, till she be priuate with him.

She leaues my meate to feed vpon his lookes;
And if in our discourse he be but nam'd
From her a deepe sigh followes, but why grieue I
At this? it makes for me, if she proue his

All that is hers is mine, as I will worke him. *Enter Marrall.*

Mar. Sir the whole boord is troubled at your rising.

Ouer. No matter, I'le excuse it, prethee *Marrall,*
Watch an occasion to inuite my Nephew
To speake with me in priuate.

Mar. Who? the rogue?
The Lady scorn'd to looke on?

Ouer. You are a Wagge *Enter Lady and Welborne.*

Mar. See Sir shee's come, and cannot be without him.

Lad. With your fauour Sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walke, a turne, or two
In your rare garden,

A new way to pay old Debts.

Ouer. There's an arbor too
If your Ladieship please to vse it

Lad. Come master *Welborne.* *Exeunt Lady and Welborne.*

Ouer. Groffer, and groffer, now I beleeue the Poet
Fain'd not but was historicall, when he wrot.

Pasiphae was enamour'd of a bull,
This Ladies lust's more monstrous. My good Lord,
Excuse my manners. *Enter Louell, Margaret and the rest.*

Lou. There needes none Sir *Giles,*
I may e're long say Father, when it pleases
My dearest mistresse to giue warrant to it.

Ouer. She shall seale to it my Lord, and make me happy.

Marg. My Lady is return'd. *Enter Welb. and the Lad.*

Lad. Prouide my coach,
I'le instantly away: my thanks Sir *Giles.*
For my entertainment.

Ouer. 'Tis your Noblenesse
To thinke it such.

Lad. I must doe you a further wrong
In taking away your honorable Ghest.

Lou. I waite on you Madam, farwell good Sir *Giles.*

Lad. Good mistresse *Margaret:* nay come master *Wel-*
borne,
I must not leaue you behind, in sooth I must not.

Ouer. Robbe me not Madam, of allioyes at once
Let my Nephew stay behind: he shall haue my coach,
(And after some small conference betweene vs)
Soone ouertake your Ladieship.

Lad. Stay not long Sir.

Lou. This parting kisse: you shall euery day heare from me
By my faithfull page.

Alw. 'Tis a seruice I am proud of. *Exeunt. Louell. Lady. Al-*
worth. Margaret. Marrall.

Ouer, Daughter to your chamber. You may wonder Ne-
phew,

After so long an enmity betweene vs
I should desire your friendship?

wellb. Well: so I doe. Sir

'Tis strange to me.

Ouer. But I'll make it no wonder,
And what is more vnfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when wee see friends, and kinsmen,
Past hope suncke in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em vp, but rather set our feet
Vpon their heads, to presse 'em to the bottome,
As I must yeeld, with you I practis'd it.
But now, I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you, this rich Lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;
'Tis too apparent Nephew.

Welb. No such thing:
Compassion rather Sir.

Ouer. Well in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll haue you seene
No more in this base shape; nor shall shee say
She married you like a begger, or in debt.

Welb. Hee'll run into the noose, and saue my labour. *i aside.*

Ouer. You haue a trunke of rich clothes, not far hence
In pawne, I will redeeme 'em, and that no clamor
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall haue a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,
And goe a freeman to the wealthy Lady.

Welb. This done Sir out of loue, and no ends else.

Ouer. As it is Nephew.

Welb. Binde my still your seruant.

Ouer. No complements; you are stay'd for e're y'au'e supp'd
You shall heare from me, my coach Knaues for my Nephew:
To morrow I will visit you.

Welb. Heer's an Vncle
In a mans extreames! how much they doe belye you
That say you are hard-harted.

Ouer. My deeds nephew
Shall speake my loue, what men report, I waigh not. *Exeunt.*

finis Actus tertii.



Actus quarti, Scena prima.

Louell. Alworth.



Ouell. 'Tis well: giue me my cloke: I now discharge you From further seruice. Minde your owne affaires, I hope they will proue successfull.

Alw. What is blest With your good wish my Lord, cannot but prosper, Let after times report, and to your Honor How much I stand engag'd, for I want language To speake my debt: yet if a teare, or two Of ioy for your much goodnesse, can supply My tongues defects I could.

Lou. Nay, doe not melt:

This ceremoniall thanks to mee's superfluous.

Ouerreach within. Is my Lord stirring?

Lou. 'Tis he, oh here's your letter: *Enter Ouer, Greed.* let him in.

Mar.

Ouer. A good day to my Lord.

Lou. You are an early riser,

Sir Giles.

Ouer. And reason to attend your Lordship.

Lou. And you too master *Greedie*, vp so soone?

Greed. In troth my Lord after the Sun is vp I cannot sleep, for I haue a foolish stomacke That croakes for breakefast. With your Lordships fauour; I haue a serious question to demand

A new way to pay old Debts.

Of my worthy friend Sir *Giles*.

Lou. Pray you use your pleasure,

Greed. How far Sir *Giles*, and pray you answer me,
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your Mannor house, to this of my Lady *Alworths*,

Ouer. Why some foure mile.

Greed. How! foure mile? good Sir *Giles*,
Upon your reputation thinke better
For if you doe abate but one halfe quarter
Of five you doe your selfe the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for foure miles riding
Could not haue rais'd so huge an appetite
As I feele gnawing on me.

Mar. Whither you ride,
Or goe a foote, you are that way still prouided
And it please your Worship.

Ouer. How now Sirra! prating
Before my Lord: no difference? go to my Nephew,
See all his debts discharg'd, and help his Worship
To sit on his rich suite.

Mar. I may fit you too;
Tos'd like a dogge still. *Exit Marrall.*

Lou. I haue writt this morning
A few lines to my mistresse your faire daughter.

Ouer. 'Twill fire her, for shee's wholly yours already:
Sweet master *Alworth*, take my ring 'twill carry you
To her presence I dare warrant you, and there pleade
For my good Lord, if you shall find occasion,
That done, pray ride to *Nottingham*, get a licence,
Still by this token, I'le haue it dispatch'd,
And suddainely my Lord, that I may say
My honorable, nay, right honorable daughter;

Greed. Take my aduice young Gentleman: get your
breakfast.

'Tis vnholosome to ride fasting, I'le eat with you
And eat to purpose;

Ouer. Some Furies in that gut:
Hungry againe! did you not deuoure this morning,

A shield of Brawne, and a barrell of Colchester oysters?

Greed. Why that was Sir, only to scoure my stomacke,
A kind of a preparatiue. Come Gentleman
I will not haue you feed like the Hangman of *Vllushing*
Alone, while I am here.

Lon. Hast your returne.

Alw. I will not faile my Lord.

Greed. Nor I to line

My Christmas coffer. *Exeunt Greedy and Alworth.*

Ouer. To my wish, we are priuate.

I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certaine portion, that were poore, and triuiall:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands, or leases, ready coine, or goods,
With her, my Lord comes to you, nor shall you haue
One motiue to induce you to beleue,
I liue too long, since euery yeare I'll add
Something vnto the heape, which shall be yours too.

Lon. You are a right kind father.

Ouer. You shall haue reason

To thinke me such, how doe you like this seate?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the Acres
Fertile, and rich; would it not serue for change
To entertaine your friends in a Sommer progresse?
What thinkes my noble Lord?

Lon. 'Tis a wholesome aire,

And well built pile, and she that's mistressse of it
Worthy the large reuennue.

Ouer. Shee the mistressse?

It may be so for a time: but let my Lord
Say only that he likes it, and would haue it,
I say e're long 'tis his.

Lon. Impossible.

Ouer. You doe conclude too fast, not knowing me;
Nor the engines that I worke by, 'tis not alone
The Lady *Alworths* Lands, for those once *Welbornes*,
(As by her dotage on him, I know they will be,)
Shall soone be mine. but point out any mans

A new way to pay old Debts.

In all the Shire, and say they lie conuenient,
And vsfull for your Lordship, and once more
I say aloud, They are yours.

Lou. I dare not owne
What's by vniust, and cruell meanes extorted :
My fame, and credit are more deare to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The publike voice.

Ouer. You run my Lord no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as faire
In all good mens opinions as now :
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foule aspersiō vpon yours ;
For though I doe contemne report my selfe,
As a meere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concernes you in all points of Honour,
That the immaculate whiteneffe of your Fame,
Nor your vnquestion'd integrity
Shall e're be sullied with one taint, or spot
That may take from your innocence, and candor.
All my ambition is to haue my daughter
Right honorable, which my Lord can make her.
And might I liue to dance vpon my knee
A young Lord *Louell*, borne by her vnto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annuall rents
Equiualent to maintaine you in the port,
Your noble birth, and present state requires,
I doe remoue that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine owne : for though I ruine
The Country to supply your riotous wast,
The scourge of prodigalls want shall neuer find you.

Lou. Are you not frighted with the imprecations,
And curses, of whole families made wretched
By your sinister practises ?

Ouer. Yes as rocks are
When foamic billowes split themselues against
Their flinty ribbes ; or as the Moone is mou'd,

When

A new way to pay old Debts.

When wolues with hunger pin'd, howle at her brightnesse.
I am of a solid temper, and like these
Steere on a constant course: with mine owne sword
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearefull enemies murmur'd at as wrong,
Now for, these other pidling complaints
Breath'd out in bitternesse, as when they call me
Extortioner, Tyrant, Cormorant, or Intruder
On my poore Neighbours right, or grand inclofer
Of what was common, to my priuate vse;
Nay, when my cares are pierc'd with Widdowes cries,
And vndon Orphants wash with teares my threshold;
I only thinke what 'tis to haue my daughter
Right honorable; and 'tisa powerfull charme
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pitty,
Or the least sting of Conscience.

Lou. I admire
The toughnesse of your nature.

Ouer. 'Tis for you
My Lord, and for my daughter, I am marble
Nay more more if you will haue my character
In little, I enioy more true delight
In my arriuall to my wealth, these darke,
And crooked wayes, than you shall e're take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd,
My hast commands me hence, In one word therefore
Is it a Match?

Lou. I hope that is past doubt now.

Ouer. Then rest secure, not the hate of all mankind here;
Nor feare of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me studie ought but your aduancement,
One story higher. An Earle! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith,
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what beleefe you please,
To me they are equall, so my Lord good morrow. *Exit.*

Lou. Hee's gone, I wonder how the Earth can beare
Such a portent! I, that haue liu'd a Souldier,

A new way to pay old Debts.

And stood the enemies violent charge vndaunted
To heare this blasphemous beast, a'm bath'd all ouer
In a cold sweat : yet like a mountaine he
Confirm'd in Atheisticall assertions,
Is no more shaken, than *Olimpus* is
When angry *Boreas* loades his double head
With suddaine drifts of snow. *Enter Amble. Lady. Woman.*

Lad. Saue you my Lord,
Disturbe I not your priuacie ?

Lou. No good Madam ;
For your owne sake I am glad you came no sooner.
Since this bold, bad man, *Sir Giles Ouerreach*
Made such a plaine discouerie of himselfe,
And read this morning such a diuellish Matins,
That I should thinke it a sinne next to his ;
But to repeat it.

Lad. I ne're pres'd my Lord
On others priuacies, yet against my will,
Walking, for health sake, in the gallerie
Adioyning to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement, and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.

Lou. Lad. Please you to command
Your seruants hence, and I shall gladly heare
Your wiser counsell.

Lad. 'Tis my Lord a womans
But true, and hearty; wait in the next roome,
But be within call: yet not so neere to force me
To whisper my intents.

Amb. We are taught better
By you good Madam.

Wom. And well know our distance.

Lad. Doe so, and talke not'twill become *Exeunt, Amble*
your breeding. *and Woman.*

Now my good Lord ; if I may vse my freedome,
As to an honour'd friend ?

Lou. You lessen else
Your fauour to me.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Lad. I dare then say thus ;

As you are Noble (how e're common men
Make sordid wealth the object, and sole end
Of their industrious aimes) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood (who are engag'd
More to prefer their Honours, than to increase
The State left to 'em, by their Ancestours)
To study large additions to their fortunes
And quite neglect their births : though I must grant
Riches well got to be a vsfull Seruant)
But a bad Master.

Lon. Madam, 'tis confessed ;

But what infer you from it ?

Lad. This my Lord ;

That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the triall : so all wealth
(I meane if ill acquir'd) cemented to Honor
By vertuous wayes at chieu'd, and brauely purchas'd,
Is but as rubbage powr'd into a riuer
(How e're intended to make good the bancke)
Rending the water that was pure before,
Polluted, and vnholosome, I allow
The heire of Sir *Giles Overreach*. *Margaret*.
A maide well qualified, and the richest match
Our North part can make boast of, yet she cannot
With all that she brings with her fill their moutches,
That neuer will forget who was her father ;
Or that my husband *Alworths* lands, and *Welbornes*
(How wrunge from both needs now no repetition)
Were reall motiue, that more work'd your Lordship
To ioyne your families ; than her forme, and vertues.
You may conceaue the rest.

Lon. I doe sweet Madam ;

And long since have consider'd it I know
The summe of all that makes a iust man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife
And there well to discharge it, does require

Equality of yeares, of birth, of fortune,
For beauty being poore, and not cried v^p
By birth or wealth, can truely mixe with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in yeares,
And faire descent, must make the yoke vneasie:
But I come neerer,

Lad. Pray you doe my Lord.

Lou. Were *Ouerreach*, stat's thrice centupl'd; his
daughter
Millions of degrees, much fairer than she is,
(How e're I might v^rge presidents to excuse me)
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying *Margaret*, and so leaue my issue
Made v^p of seuerall peeces, one part skarlet
And the other *London*-blew. In my owne tombe
I will interre my name first.

Lad. I am glad to heare this: *aside.*
Why then my Lord pretend you marriage to her?
Disimulation but tyes false knots
On that strait line, by which you hitherto
Haue measur'd all your actions?

Lou. I make answer
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore haue you,
That since your Husbands death, haue liu'd a strict,
And chaste *Nuns* life, on the suddaine giu'n your selfe
To vⁱsits, and entertainments? thinke you Madam
'Tis not growge publike conference? or the fauours
Which you too prodigally haue throwne on *Welborne*
Being too reseru'd before, incurre not censure?

Lad. I am innocent heere, and on my life I sweare
My ends are good.

Lou. On my soule so are mine
To *Margaret*: but leaue both to the euent
And since this friendly priuacie does serue
But as an offer'd meanes vnto our selues
To search each other farther; you hauing showne
Your care of mee, I, my respect to you;
Denie me not, but still in chaste words Madam

An after-noones discourse.

Lad. So I shall heare you.



Actus quarti, Scena secunda.

Tapwell. Froth.



Apwell. Vndone, vndone! this was
your counsaile, *Froth*.

Froth. Mine! I defie thee, did not
master *Marrall*

(He has marr'd all I am sure) stri-
ctly command vs

(On paine of Sir *Giles Ouerreath*
displeasure)

to turne the Gentleman out of doores?

Tapw. 'Tis true

but now hee's his Vncles darling, and has got

Master *Iustice Greedy* (since he fill'd his belly)

At his commandement, to doe any thing;

Woe, woe to vs.

Froth. He may proue mercifull.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserue it at his hands:

Though he knew all the passages of our house;

As the receiuing of stolne goods, and bawdrie

When he was rogue *Welborne*, no man would beleue
him,

And then his information could not hurt vs.

But now he is right Worshipfull againe,

Who dares but doubt his testimonie? me thinkes

I see thee *Froth* already in a cart

For a close Bawde, thine eyes eu'n pelted out

With

A new way to pay old Debts.

With dirt, and rotten egges, and my hand hissing
(If I scape the halter) with the letter R.
Printed vpon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst:
That were but nine dayes wonder, as for credit
We haue none to lose; but we shall lose the money
He owes vs and his custome, there's the hell on't.

Tap. He has summon'd all his Creditours by the drum,
And they swarme about him like so many souldiers
On the pay day, and has found out such a new way
To pay his old debts, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronic'd for it.

Froth. He deserues it
More than ten Pageants. But are you sure his Worship
Comes this way to my Ladies? *A cry within, brane*

Tapw. Yes I heare him. *Master Welborne.*

Froth. Be ready with your petition and present it
To his good Grace. *Enter Welb. in a rich habit, Greed.*

Welb. How's this! *Ord. Furn. three Creditors: Tapw.*
petition'd too? *kneeling deliners his bill of debt.*

But note what miracles, the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suite of clothes
Can worke vpon these Rascalls. I shall be
hinke prince *Welborne.*

Mar. When your Worships married
ou may be, I know what I hope to see you.

Welb. Then looke thou for aduancement.

Mar. To be knowne

our Worships Bayliffe is the marke I shoot at.

Welb. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you Sir dispatch

these needie followers, and for my admittance
rouided you'l defend *This interim, Tapwell and Froth*

me from Sir Giles. *flattering & bribing iustice Greedy.*
Whose seruice I am weary of Ple say something
You shall giue thanks for.

Welb. Feare me not Sir Giles

Greed. Who? *Tapwell?* I remember thy wife brought me

Last

Last new yeares tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tapw. And shall doe euery Christmas, let your Wor-
ship

But stand my friend now.

Greed. How? with master *Welborne*?

I can doe any thing with him, on such termes;
See you this honest couple: they are good soules
As euer drew out foffet, haue they not
A payre of honest faces?

Welb. I o're heard you,

And the bribe he promis'd, you are coufend in 'em;
For of all the scumme that grew rich by my riots
This for a most vnthankfull knaue, and this
For a base bawde, and whore, haue worst deseru'd me,
And therefore speake not for 'em, by your place
You are rather to do me iustice; lend me your eare,
Forget his Turkies, and call in his Licence,
And at the next Faire, I'le giue you a yoke of Oxen
Worth all his Poultry.

Greed. I am chang'd on the suddaine

In my opinion! come neere; neerer Rascall.

And now I view him better; did you e're see
One looke so like an arch-knaue? his very countenance,
Should an vnderstanding iudge but looke vpon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. Froth. Worshipfull Sir.

Greed. No though the great Turke came instead of
Turkies,

To begge any fauour, I am inexorable:

Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty Ale

That hath destroy'd many of the Kingsleige people

Thou neuer hadst in thy house to stay mens stomackes

A peece of *Suffolke* cheele, or Gammon of Bacon,

Or any esculent, as the learned call it,

For their emolument, but sheere drinke only.

For which grosse fault, I heere doe damne thy licence,

Forbidding thee euer to tap, or draw.

For instantly, I will in mine owne person

Command

A new way to pay old Debts.

Command the Constable to pull downe thy Signe;
And doe it before I eate.

Froth. No mercie?

Greed. Vanish.

If I shew any, may my promis'd Oxen gore me.

Tapw. Vnthankfull knaues are
euer so rewarded

Excut Greedie,

Tapwell, Froth.

Welb. Speake; what are you?

1. *Creditor.* A decay'd Vintner Sir,

That might haue thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with Muskadine and Egges,
And five pound Suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodg'd vpon the *Banckside.*

Welb. Remember.

1. *Cred.* I haue not beene hasty, nor e're layd to arrest
you.

And therefore Sir---

Welb. Thou art an honest fellow:

Ile set thee vp againe, see his bill pay'd,

What are you?

2. *Cred.* A Taylor once, but now meere Botcher.

I gaue you credit for a suite of clothes,
Which was all my stocke, but you failing in payment,
I was remou'd from the Shop-board, and confin'd
Vnder a Stall.

Welb. See him pay'd, and botch no more.

2. *Cred.* I aske no interest Sir.

Welb. Such Taylors need not,

If their bills are pay'd in one and twenty yeare

They are seldome losers. O, I know thy face

Thou were't my Surgeon: you must tell no tales.

Those dayes are done. I will pay you in priuate.

Ord. A royall Gentleman.

Furn. Royall as an Emperour!

He'le proue a braue master, my good Lady knew

To choose a man.

Welb. See all men else discharg'd

And since Old debts are clear'd by a new way,

A new way to pay old Debts.

A little bountie, will not misbecome mee ;
There's something honest Cooke for thy good breakfasts,
And this for your respect, take't, 'tis good gold
And I able to spare it.

Ord. You are too munificent,

Furn. Hee was euer so.

Welb. Pray you on before.

3. *Cred.* Heauen blesse you.

Mar. At foure a clocke the rest
know where to meet me

Exeunt Ord. Furn.

Furn. Credit.

Welb. Now master *Marrall*, what's the weightie secret
You promis'd to impart ?

Mar. Sir, time, nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance ;

This only in a word : I know Sir *Giles*

Will come vpon you for security

For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to

As he growes in heat, as I am sure hee will,

Be you but rough, and say Hee's in your debt

Ten times the summe, vpon sale of your land,

I had a hand in't (I speake it to my shame)

When you were defeated of it.

Welb. That's forgiuen.

Mar. I shall deserue't then; vrge him to produce

The deed in which you pass'd it ouer to him,

Which I know Hee'll haue about him to deliuer

To the Lord *Louell*, with many other writings,

And present moneys, I'll instruct you further,

As I waite on your Worship, if I play not my price

To your full content, and your Vncles much vexation,

Hang vp *Jacke Marrall*.

Welb. I relie vpon thee.

Exeunt.



Actus quarti, Scena vltima.

Alworth. Margaret.



Lworth. Whither to yeeld the first praise
to my Lord's
Vnequall'd temperance, or your constant
sweetnesse,
That I yet liue, my weake hands fasten'd
on.

Hopes anchor, spite of all stormes of Despaire,
I yet rest doubtfull.

Marg. Giue it to Lord *Lonell.*
For what in him was bounty, in mee's duty.
I make but payment of a debt, to which
My voves in that high office registred,
Are faithfull witnesses.

Alw. 'Tis true my dearest,
Yet when I call to mind how many faire ones
Make wilfull shipwracke of their faiths, and oathes
To God, and Man to fill the armes of Greatnesse,
And you, rise vp lesse than a glorious starre
To the amazement of the world, that hold out
Against the sterne authority of a Father,
And spurne at honour when it comes to court you,
I am so tender of your good, that faintly
With your wrong I can wish my selfe that right
You yet are pleas'd to do mee.

Marg. Yet, and euer,

A new way to pay old Debts.

To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or wealth rak'd vp together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines;
In being dispossest of what it longs for,
Beyond the Indian mines; or the smooth brow
Of a pleas'd Site, that slaues me to his will?
And so his rauenuous humour may bee feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaues to my soule nor faculties, nor power
To make her owne election.

Alw. But the dangers
That follow the repulse.

Marg. To me they are nothing:
Let *Alworth* loue, I cannot be vnhappy.
Suppose the worst, that in his rage he kill me,
A teare, or two, by you dropt on my hearse
In sorrow for my fate, will call backe life
So far, as but to say that I die yours,
I then shall rest in peace, or should he proue
So cruell, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingring torments
In mind, and body, I must wast to ayre,
In pouerty, ioyn'd with banishment, so you share
In my afflictions, (which I darenot wish you,)
So high I prize you; I could vndergoe 'em,
With such a patience as should looke downe
With scorne on his worst malice.

Alw. Heauen auert
Such trialls of your true affection to me,
Nor will it vnto you that are all mercie
Shew so much rigour: but since wee must run
Such desperate hazards, let vs doe our best
To steere betweene 'em.

Marg. Your Lord's ours, and sure,
And though but a young actor second me
In doing to the life, what he has plotted, *Enter Ouerreach.*
The end may yet proue happy: now my *Alworth.*

Alw. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Marg. I'll pay my Lord all debts due to his title,
And when with termes, not taking from his Honour,
He does sollicite me, I shall gladly heare him.
But in this peremptory, nay commanding way,
'T'appoint a meeting, and without my knowledge;
A Priest to tye the knot, can ne're be vndone
'Till death vnloose it, is a confidence
In his Lordship, will deceiue him.

Alw. I hope better,
Good Lady.

Marg. Hope Sir what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I haue
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all Lords of the land kneel'd for my fauour,
I can grant nothing.

Ouer. I like this obedience.
But whatsoeuer my Lord writes, must, and shall bee
Accepted, and embrac'd. Sweet master *Alworth*;
You shew your selfe a true, and faithfull seruant
To your good Lord, he has a iewell of you.
How? frowning *Meg*? are these lookes to receiue
A messenger from my Lord? what's this? giue me it.

Marg. A peece of arrogant paper like th'inscriptions

Ouer. Faire mistrisse from your ser- *Ouerreach read*
uant learne, all ioyes *the letter.*

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, proue toys;
Therefore this instant, and in priuate meete
A Husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay downe his Honours, tendring them to you
With all content, the Church being payd her due.
Is this the arrogant peece of paper? Foole,
Will you still be one? in the name of madnesse, what
Could his good Honour write more to content you?
Is there ought else to be wisht after these two,
That are already offer'd? Marriage first,
And lawfull pleasure after: what would you more?

Marg. Why Sir, I would be married like your daughter;
Not hurried away i'th night I know not whither,

Without all ceremonie: no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.

Alw. An't please your Honour,
For so before to morrow I must stile you:
My Lord desire this priuacie in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to haue it done brooke not
So long delay as to expect their comming;
And yet He stands resolu'd, with all due pompe:
As running at the ring, playes, masques, and tilting
To haue his marriage at Court celebrated
When he has brought your Honour vp to *London*.

Ouer. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion on my know-
ledge
Yet the good Lord to please your peeuishnes
Must put it off forsooth, and lose a night
In which perhaps he might get two boyes on thee.
Tempt me no farther, if you do, this good
Shall pricke you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by to do a fathers part,
And giue me in the Church.

Ouer. So my Lord haue you
What do I care who giues you since my Lord
Does purpose to be priuate, I'le not crosse him,
I know not master *Alworth* how my Lord
May be prouided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold 'twill serue this nights expence, to morrow
I'le furnish him with any summes: in the meane time
Vse my ring to my Chaplaine; he is benefic'd
At my Mannor of *Gotam*, and call'd parson *Will-doe*
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'le beare him out in't.

Marg. With your fauour Sir, what warrant is your
ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty wayes
Without your knowledge, and then to be refus'd,
We're such a staine vpon me, if you pleas'd Sir
Your presence would do better.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Ouer. Still peruerse?

I say againe I will not crosse my Lord,
Yet I'll preuent you too. Paper and incke there?

Alw. I can furnish you.

Ouer. I thanke you, I can write then. *Writes on his*

Alw. You may if you please, put out *booke.*

the name of my Lord

In respect he comes disguis'd, and only write
Marry, her to this Gentleman.

Ouer. Well advis'd *Margaret kneeles.*

'Tis done, away my blessing Girl? thou hast it.

Nay, no reply begone, good master *Alworth.*

This shall be the best nights worke, you euer made

Alw. I hope so Sir. *Exeunt Alworth. and Margaret.*

Ouer. Farewell, now all's cocke-sure:

Me thinks I heare already, Knights, and Ladies,

Say Sir *Giles Ouerreach*, how is it with

Your Honourable daughter? has her Honour

Slept well to night? or will her Honour please

To accept this Monkey? Dog? or Paraquit?

This is state in Ladies. or my eldest sonne

To be her page, and wait vpon her trencher?

My ends! my ends are compass'd! then for *Welborne*

And the lands; were he once married to the widdow,

I haue him here, I can scarce containe my selfe,

I am so full of ioy; nay ioy *Exit the end of the fourth*

all ouer.

Act.





Actus quinti , Scena quinta.

Louell. Lady. Amble.



Ady. By this you know, how strong the
motiues were
That did, my Lord, induce me to dispence
A little with my grauity, to aduance
(In personating some few fauours to him)
The plots, and proiects of the downe-trod
Welborne.

Nor shall I e're repent (although I suffer
In some few mens opinions for't) the action.
For he, that ventur'd all for my deare Husband,
Might iustly claime an obligation from me
To pay him such a courtesie: which had I
Coiley, or ouer-curiously denied,
It might haue argu'd me of little loue
To the deceas'd.

Lon. What you intended Madam
For the poore Gentleman, hath found good successe,
For as I vnderstand his debts are pay'd,
And he once more furnish'd for faire employment
But all the arts that I haue vs'd to raise
The fortunes of your ioy, and mine, young *Alworth*,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well
For the young louers are in wit more pregnant,
Than their yeares can promise; and for their desires
On my knowledge they are equal.

Lady.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Lady. As my wishes
Are with yours my Lord, yet giue me leaue to feare
The building though well grounded : to deceiue
Sir *Giles*, that's both a Lyon, and a Fox
In his proceedings, were a worke beyond
The strongest vndertakers, not the triall
Of two weake innocents.

Lou. Despaire not Madam :
Hard things are compass'd oft by easie means,
And iudgement, being a gift deriu'd from heauen,
Though sometimes lodg'd it'h hearts of worldly men
(That ne're consider from whom they receiue it)
Forfakes such as abuse the giuer of it.
Which is the reason, that the politicke,
And cunning Statesman, that beleeueth he fathomes
The counsels of all Kingdomes on the earth
Is by simplicity oft ouerreach.

Lady. May he be so, yet in his name to expresse it
Is a good O men.

Lou. May it to my selfe
Proue so good Lady in my suite to you :
What thinke you of the motion ?

Lady. Troth my Lord
My owne vnworthinesse may answer for me ;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin-flower vncropp'd, presented me
With this great fauour, looking on my lownesse
Not in a glasse of selfe-loue, but of truth
I could not but haue thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.

Lou. You are too modest,
And vnderalue that which is aboue
My title, or what euer I call mine.
I grant, were I a *Spaniard* to marry
A widdow might disparage me, but being
A true borne *Englishman*, I cannot find
How it can taint my Honour ; nay what's more,
That which you thinke a blemish is to me

The fairest lustre, You alreadie Madam
Haue giuen sure proofes how dearely you can cherish
A Husband that deserues you : which confirms me,
That if I am not wanting in my care
To doe you seruice, you'le be still the same
That you were to your *Alworth*, in a word
Our yeares, our states, our births are not vnequall,
You being descended nobly and alli'd so,
If then you may be wonne to make me happy,
But ioyne your lipps to mine, and that shall be
A soleinne contract.

Lady. I were blind to my owne good
Should I refuse it, yet my Lord receiue me
As such a one, the studie of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Low. If I returne not with all tenderesse,
Equall respect to you, may I die wretched.

Lady. There needs no protestation my Lord
To her that cannot doubt, you are welcome Sir.
Now you looke like your selfe. *Enter Welborne.*

Welb. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgement, that I am
Your creature Madam, and will neuer hold
My life mine owne, when you please to command it.

Low. It is a thankfulnessse that well becomes you ;
You could not make choice of a better shape,
To dresse your mind in.

Lady For me I am happy
That my endeouours prosper'd, saw you of late
Sir *Giles*, your Vncle ?

Welb. I heard of him, Madam,
By his minister *Marrall*, he's growne into strange passions
About his daughter, this last night he look'd for
Your Lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise-head
Is much perplex'd, and troubl'd.

Low. It may be

A new way to pay old Debts.

Sweet heart, my project tooke. *Enter Ouer. with distracted looks, driving in Marrall before him.*

Lad. I strongly hope.

Ouer. Ha! find her Boobie thou huge lump of nothing
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Welbo. May it please your Lordship
For some ends of mine owne but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may perhaps haue sport.

Lou. You shall direct me. *steps aside.*

Ouer. I shall sol fa you Rogue.

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Doe you vse me thus?

Ouer. Cause slaue why I am angrie,
And thou a subiect only fit for beating,
And so to coole my choler, looke to the writing
Let but the seale be broke vpon the box,
That has slepp'd in my cabinet these three yeares;
I'll racker thy soule for't.

Mar. I may yet crie quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. *aside.*

Ouer. Lady, by your leaue, did you see my Daughter
Lady?

And the Lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discouer, that I may bid'em ioy;
And as an entrance to her place of Honour,
See your Ladyship on her left hand, and make courseis
When she nodd on you; which you must receiue
As a speciall fauour.

Lady. When I know, Sir *Giles*,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it
But in the meane time, as I am my selfe,
I giue you to vnderstand, I neither know,
Nor care where her Honour is.

Ouer. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the Lord her Husband
You'll be taught better. Nephew.

Welb. Sir.

A new way to pay old Debts.

Ouer. No more.

Welb. 'Tis all I owe you.

Ouer. ~~Well~~ Haue your redeem'd ragges
Made you thus insolent?

Welb. Insolent to you? *in scorne.*

Why what are you Sir, vnlesse in your yeares,
At the best more than my selfe?

Ouer. His fortune swells him
'Tis rancke he's married.

Lady. This is excellent!

Ouer. Sir, in calme language (though I feldome vse it)
I am familiar with the cause, that makes you
Beare vp thus brauely, there's a certaine buz
Of a stolne marriage, do you heare of a stolne marriage?
In which 'tis said there's some body hath bene coozin'd.
I name no parties.

Welb. Well Sir, and what followes?

Ouer. Marry this; Since you are peremptory: remember
Vpon meere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security;
And suddainely my *Mortgage*, or by *Statute*
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll haue you
Dragg'd in your lauender robes to the Gaole, you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Welb. Can you be

So cruell to your Nephew? now hee's in
The way to rise: was this the courtesie
You did me in pure loue, and no ends else?

Ouer. End me no ends: ingage the whole estate;
And force your Spouse to signe it, you shall haue
Three, or foure thousand more to rore, and swagger,
And reuell in bawdy rauernes.

Welb. And begge after:
Meane you not so?

Ouer. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I haue security?

Welb. No: indeed you shall not:
Nor bond; nor bill, nor bare acknowledgement,

A new way to pay old Debts.

Your great looks fright not me,

Ouer. But my deeds shall:

Outbrau'd? *They both draw the seruants enter.*

Lady. Helpe murder, murder.

Welb. Let him come on,

With all his wrongs, and iniuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throate practises to guard him;
The right that I bring with me, will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Ouer. That I had thee
But single in the field.

Lady. You may, but make not
My house your quarrelling Scene.

Ouer. Were't in a Church
By heauen, and hell, I'le do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed.

Welb. This rage is vaine Sir,
For fighting feare not you shall haue your hands full,
Vpon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law, (how e're you haue no conscience)
Either restore my land, or I'le recouer
A debt, that's truely due to me, from you
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Ouer. I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father? that rich land,
That had continued in *Welbornes* name
Twenty descents; which like a riotous foole
Thou did'st make sale of? is not here inclos'd
The deed that does confirme it mine?

Mar. Now, now:

Welb. I doe acknowledge none, I ne're pass'd o're
Any such land, I grant for a yeare, or two,
You had it in trust, which if you doe discharge,
Surrendring the possession, you shall ease
Your selfe, and me, of chargeable suits in law,
Which if you proue not honest, (as I doubt it)

A new way to pay old Debts.

Must of necessity follow.

Lady. In my iudgement
He does advise you well.

Ouer. Good! Good! conspire
With your new Husband Lady; second him
In his dishonest practises; but when
This Mannor is extended to my vse,
You'le speake in an humbler key, and sue for fauour;

Lady. Neuer: do not hope it.

Welb. Let despaire first sease me.

Ouer. Yet to shut up thy mouth, and make thee giue
Thy selfe the lye, the lowd lye: I draw out
The precious euidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand, and seale, and make a forfeit of *Opens the box.*
Thy eares to the pillory: see here's that will make
My interest cleare. Ha!

Lady. A faire skinne of parchment

Welb. Indented I confesse, and labells too,
But neither wax, nor words. How! thunder-strooke?
Not a syllable to insult with? my wise Vncle
Is this your precious euidence? is this that makes
Your interest cleare

Ouer. I am o'rewhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigie is this what subtle diuell:
Hath raz'd out the inscription the wax
Turn'd into dust! the rest of my deedes whole,
As when they were deliuer'd! and this onely
Made nothing! doe you deale with witches Raskall?
There is a *statute* for you, which will bring
Your necke in a hempen circle yes, there is.
And now 'tis better thought, for Cheater know.
This iuggling shall not saue you

Welb. To saue thee
would begger the stocke of mercy.

Ouer. *Marrall.*

Mar. Sir.

Ouer. Though the witnesses are dead, *flattering him*
your testimony

Helpe

A new way to pay old Debts.

Helpe with an oath or two, and for thy master,
Thy liberall master, my good honest seruant.
I know, you will sweare any thing to dash
This cunning slight: besides, I know thou art
A publike notarie, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses; the deed being drawnetoo
By thee, my carefull *Marrall*, and deliuer'd
When thou wert present will make good my title
Wilt thou not sweare this?

Mar. I? no I assure you.

I haue a conscience, not fear'd vp like yours
I know no deeds.

Ouer. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keepe him

From vsing of his hands, I'le vs~~e~~ my tongue
To his no little torment.

Ouer. Mine owne Varlet

Rebell against me?

Mar. Yes, and vncafe you too.

The Ideot; the Patch; the Slaue! the Boobie;
The propertie fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercife; your Footeball, or
Th'vnprofitable lumpe of flesh; your Drudge
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your blacke plotts; and leuell with the earth
Your hill of pride; and with these gabions guarded,
Vnloade my great artillerie, and shake,
Nay puluerize the walls you thinke defend you.

Lady. How he foames at the mouth with rage.

Walb. To him againe.

Ouer. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would teare
thee

ioint, after ioint.

Mar. I know you are a tearer

But I'le haue first your fangs par'd off, and then
Come nearer to you, when I haue, discouer'd,
And made it good before the Iudge, what wayes
And diuelish practises you vs'd to coozen

With

A new way to pay old Debts.

With an armie of whole families, who yet liue,
And but enrol'd for souldiers were able
To take in *Dunkerke*.

Welb. All will come out.

Lady. The better.

Ouer. But that I will liue, Rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneele in vaine to dye,
These swords that keepe thee from me, should fix here
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

Lou. Heau'ns hand is in this,
One Ban-dogge worrie the other. *aside.*

Ouer. I play the foole,
And make my anger but ridiculous.
There will be a time, and place, there will be cowards,
When you shall feele what I dare do.

Welb. I thinke so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

Ouer. They are words I know not,
Nor e're will learne. Patience, the *Enter Greedie and*
beggers vertue. *person Will-doe.*
Shall find no harbour here, after these stormes
At length a calme appeares. Welcome, most welcome:
There's comfort in thy lookes, is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so my Chaplaine
And I am tame.

Will-doe. Married? yes I assure you.

Ouer. Then vanish all sad thoughts; there's more gold
for thee.

My doubts, and feares are in the titles drown'd
Of my right honorable, my right honorable daughter
Greed. Here will I be feasting; at least for a month
I am prouided: emptie gutts croke no more,
You shall be stuff'd like baggepipes, not with wind
But bearing dishes.

Ouer. Instantly be here? *Whispring to Will-doe.*
To my wish, to my wish, now you that plot against me
And

A new way to pay old Debts.

And hop'd to trippe my heeles vp ; that *Loud musicke.*
contemn'd me ;

Thinke on't and tremble, they come I heare the musicke.
A lane there for my Lord.

Welb. This sodaine heate
May yet be cool'd Sir.

Ouer. Make way there for my *Enter Alworth and*
Lord. *Margaret.*

Marg. Sir , first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I haue made
As euer you could make vse of your reason: *kneeling.*
Grow not in passion : since you may as well
Call backe the day that's past, as vntie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd , not to dwell
Too long on words, this's my Husband

Ouer. How !

Alw. So I assure you : all the rites of marriage
With euery circumstance are past , alas Sir ,
Although I am no Lord , but a Lords page ,
Your daughter, and my lou'd wife mournes not for it.
And for Right honourable sonne in Law, you may say
Your dutifull daughter.

Ouer. Diuell: are they married ?

Will-doe. Doe a fathers part, and say heau'n giue 'em
ioy.

Ouer. Confusion, and ruine, speake, & speake quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Will-doe. They are married.

Ouer. Thou had'st better
Haue made a contract with the King of fiends
Than these, my braine turnes !

Will-doe. Why this rage to me ?
Is not this your letter Sir ? and these the words ?
Marry her to this Gentleman.

Ouer. It cannot:

Nor will I e're beleuee it's death I will not,
That I , that in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, haue not left a print

Where

Where I haue trod for the most curious search
To trace my footstepps, should be gu'ld by children,
Bassull'd, and fool'd, and all my hopes, and labours,
Defeated, and made void.

welb. As it appeares,
You are so my graue Vncle

Ouer. Village Nurfes
Reuenge their wrongs with curses, I'le not wast
A syllable, but thus I take the life

Which wretched I gaue to thee. *Offers to kill Margaret.*

Lon. Hold for your owne sake
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here
Can leaue no hope for peace, or rest hereafter
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aimes, but that
They may be cross'd.

Ouer. Lord, thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsaile; and againe desire thee
And as thou art a souldier, if thy valour
Dares shew it selfe where multitude, and example
Lead not the way, lets quit the house, and change
Six words in priuate.

Lon. I am ready.

Lad. Stay Sir,
Contest with one distracted?

welb. You'le grow like him
Should you answer his vaine challenge.

Ouer. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though *Hercules* call it oddes
I'le stand against both, as I am hem'd in thus.
Since like *Libian-Lyon* in the toyle,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters
And only spends it selfe, I'le quit the place,
Alone I can do nothing: but I haue seruants
And friends to second me, and if I make not
This house a heape of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I haue spoke I will make good) or leau'd

A new way to pay old Debts.

One throat vncut, if it be possible

Hell ad to my afflictions.

Exit Ouerreack.

Mar. Is't not braue sport ?

Greed. Brauesport ? I am sure it has tane away my stomacke

I do not like the sawce,

Alw. Nay, weep not dearest :

Though it expresse your pittie, what's decreed

Above, wee cannot alter.

Lady. His threats moue mee

No scruple, Madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare tricke

(And it please your Worship) to make the deed nothing ?

I can do twenty neater, if you please

To purchase, and grow rich, for I will be

Such a sollicitor, and steward for you,

As neuer Worshipfull had.

Welb. I do beleene thee.

But first discouer the quaint meanes you vs'd

To raze out the conueyance ?

Mar. They are mysteries

Not to be spoke in publike : certaine mineralls

Incorporated in the incke, and wax ?

Besides he gaue me nothing, but still fed me

With hopes, and blowes ; and that was the inducement

To this *Conumbrum*. If it please your Worship

To call to memorie, this mad beast once caus'd me

To rage you, or to drowne, or hang your selfe,

I'le doe the like to him if you command me.

Welb. You are a Raskall, he that dares be false

To a master, though vniust, will ne're be true

To any other : looke not for reward,

Or fauour from me, I will shun thy sight

As I would doe a basiliskes. Thanke my pittie

If thou keep thy eares, how e're I will take order

Your practise shall be silenc'd.

Greed. I'le commit him,

If you'le haue me Sir ?

A new way to pay old Debts.

Welb. That were to little purpose,
His conscience be his prison, not a word
But instantly begone.

Ord. Take this kicke with you.

Amb. And this.

Furn. If that I had my cleuer here
I would diuide your Knaues head.

Mar. This is the hauen,
False seruants still arriue at.

Exit Mar. enter Ouer.

Lad. Come agen.

Lou. Feare not I am your guard.

Welb. His lookes are ghastly.

Will-doe. Some little time I haue spent vnder your fauours
In physicall studies, and if my iudgement erre not
Hee's mad beyond recovery: but obserue him,
And looke to your selues.

Ouer. Why is not the whole world
Included in my selfe? to what vse then
Are friends, and seruants? say there were a Squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Vpon my iniuries, shall I feare to charge 'em?

No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
I'll fall to execution. Ha! I am feeble:

Some vndone widdow sits vpon mine arme,

And takes away the vse of't; and my sword

Glew'e to my scabberd, with wrong'd orphans teares

Will not be drawne. Ha! what are these? sure hangmen,

That come to bind my hands, and then to dragge me

Before the iudgement seate now they are new shapes

And do appeare like furies, with steele whippes

To scourge my vlcereous soule? shall I then fall

Ingloriously, and yeeld? no spite of fate

I will be forc'd to hell like to my selfe,

Though you were legions of accursed spiritts.

Welb. ~~Thus~~ Thus would I flie among you,
There's no helpe

Disarme him first, then bind him.

Greed. Take a *Mittimus*

And

A new way to pay old Debts.

And carry him to *Bedlam*.

Lou. How he comes!

Welb. And bites the earth.

Well-doe. Carry him to some darke roome

There try what Art can do for his recovery.

Marg. O my deare father! They force *Ouerreach* off.

Alw. You must be patient mistresse

Lou. Here is a president to teach wicked men,

That when they leaue Religion, and turne Atheists

Their owne abilities leaue 'em, pray you take comfort

I will endeouour you shall be his guardians

In his distractions: and for your land master *Welborne*,

Be it good, or ill in law, I'll be an vmpire,

Betweene you, and this, th'vndoubted heire

Of *Sir Giles Ouerreach*, for me, here's the anchor

That I must fix on.

Alw. What you shall determine,

My lord, I will allow of.

Welb. 'Tis the language

That I speake too; but there is something else

Beside the repossession of my land,

And payment of my debts, that I must practise

I had a reputation, but 'twas lost

In my loose course; and 'till I redeeme it

Some noble way, I am but halfe made vp.

It is a time of Action, if your Lordship

Will please to conferre a company vpon mee

In your command: I doubt nor in my seruice

To my King, and Country, but I shall do something

That may make me right again.

Lou. Your suite is granted,

And you lou'd for the motion.

Welb. Nothing wants then

But your allowance.



THE EPILOGVE.

BUt your allowance, and in that, our all
Is comprehended; it being knowne, nor we
Nor he that wrot the Comedie can be free
Without your Mannumission, which if you
Grant willingly, as a faire fauour due
To the Peets, and our labours; (as you may)
For we despaire not Gentlemen of this Play
VVeiginly shall professe your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write.

FINIS.











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