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~~TREASURE ROOM~~
Accessions

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Shelf No.

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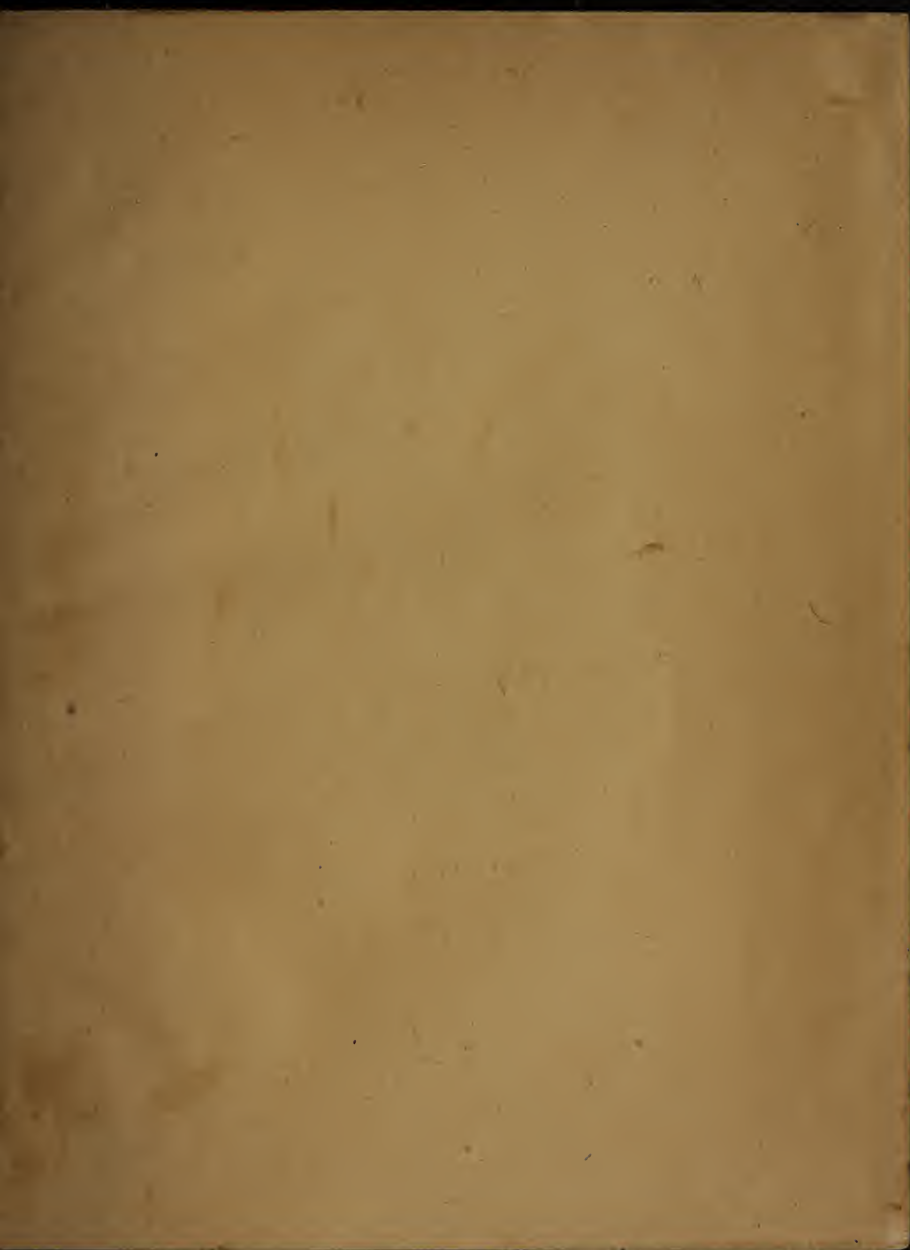


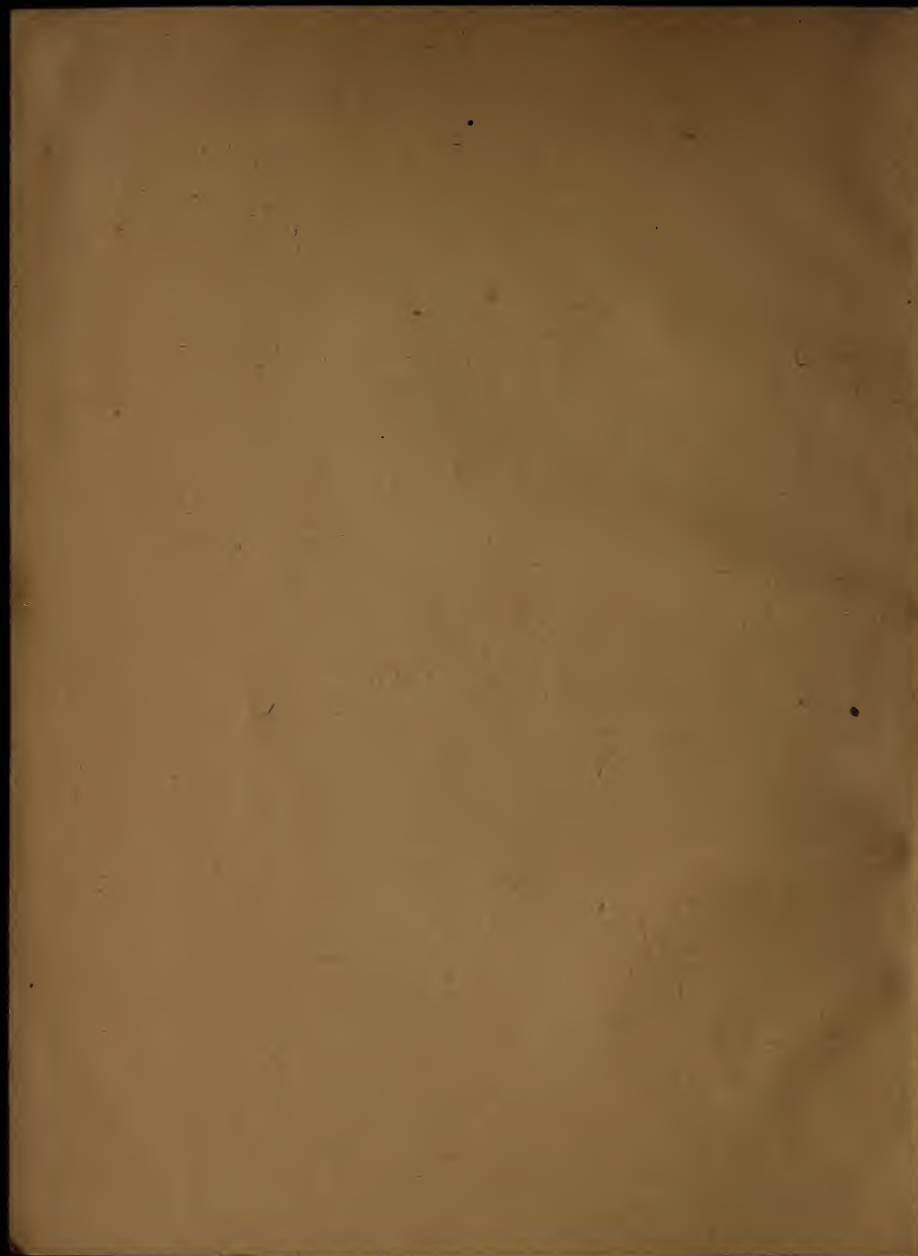
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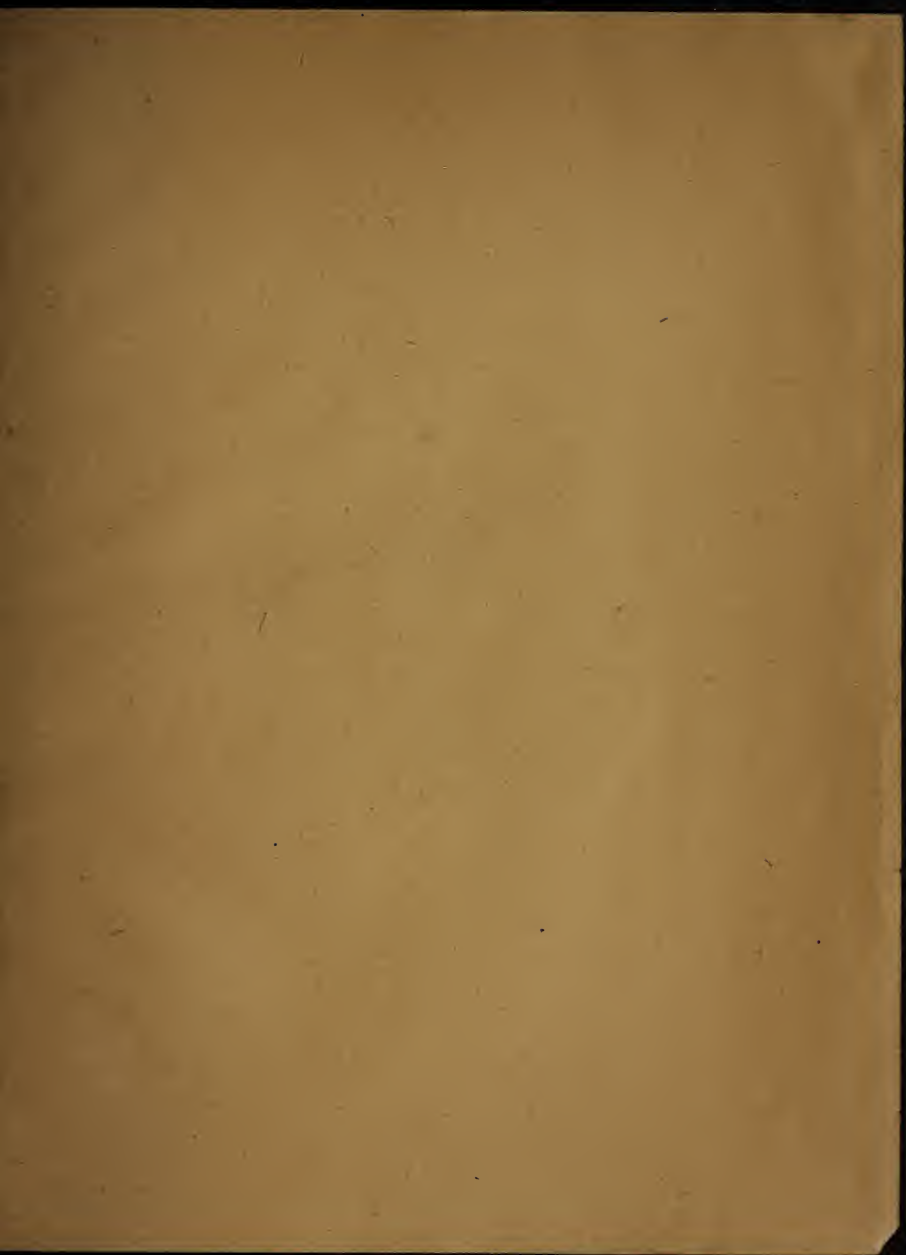
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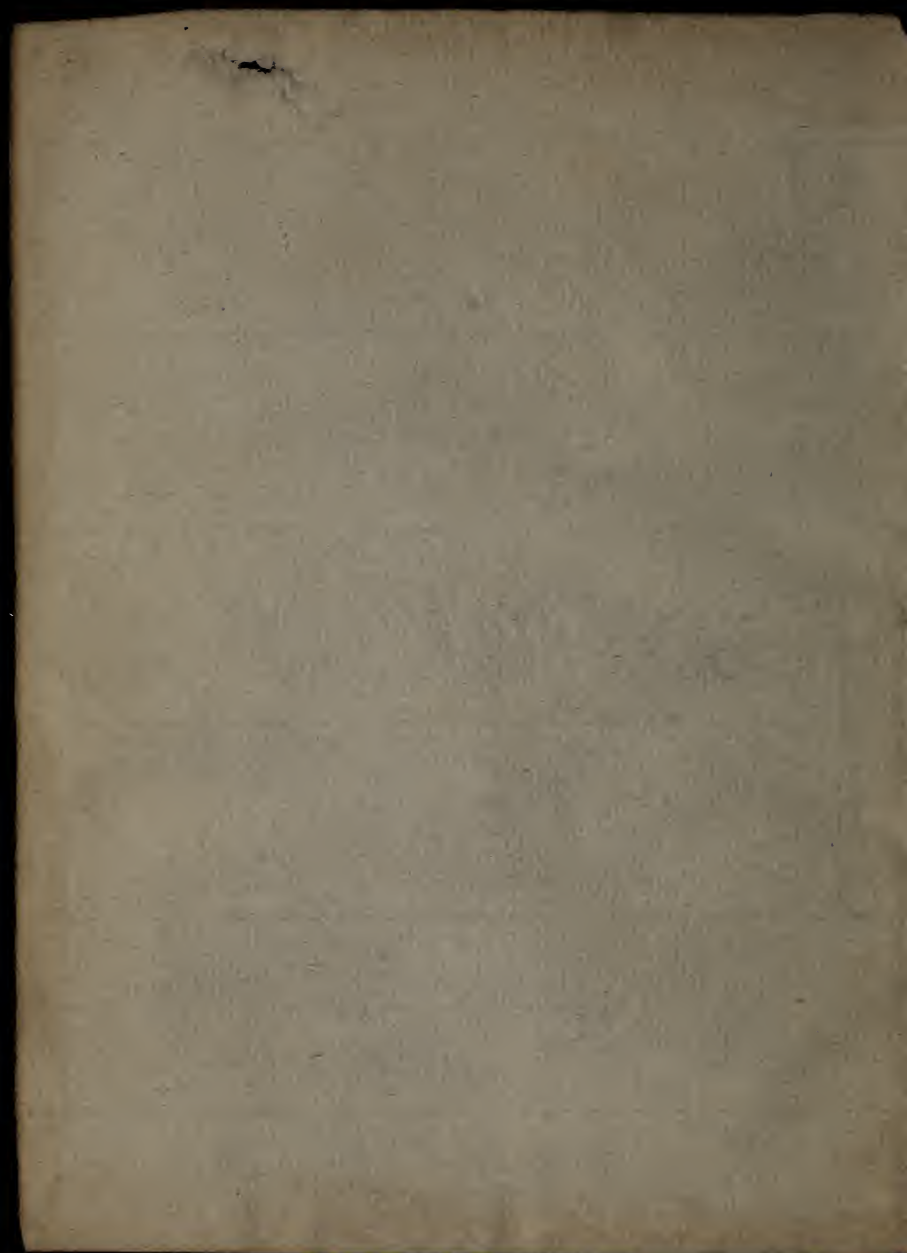
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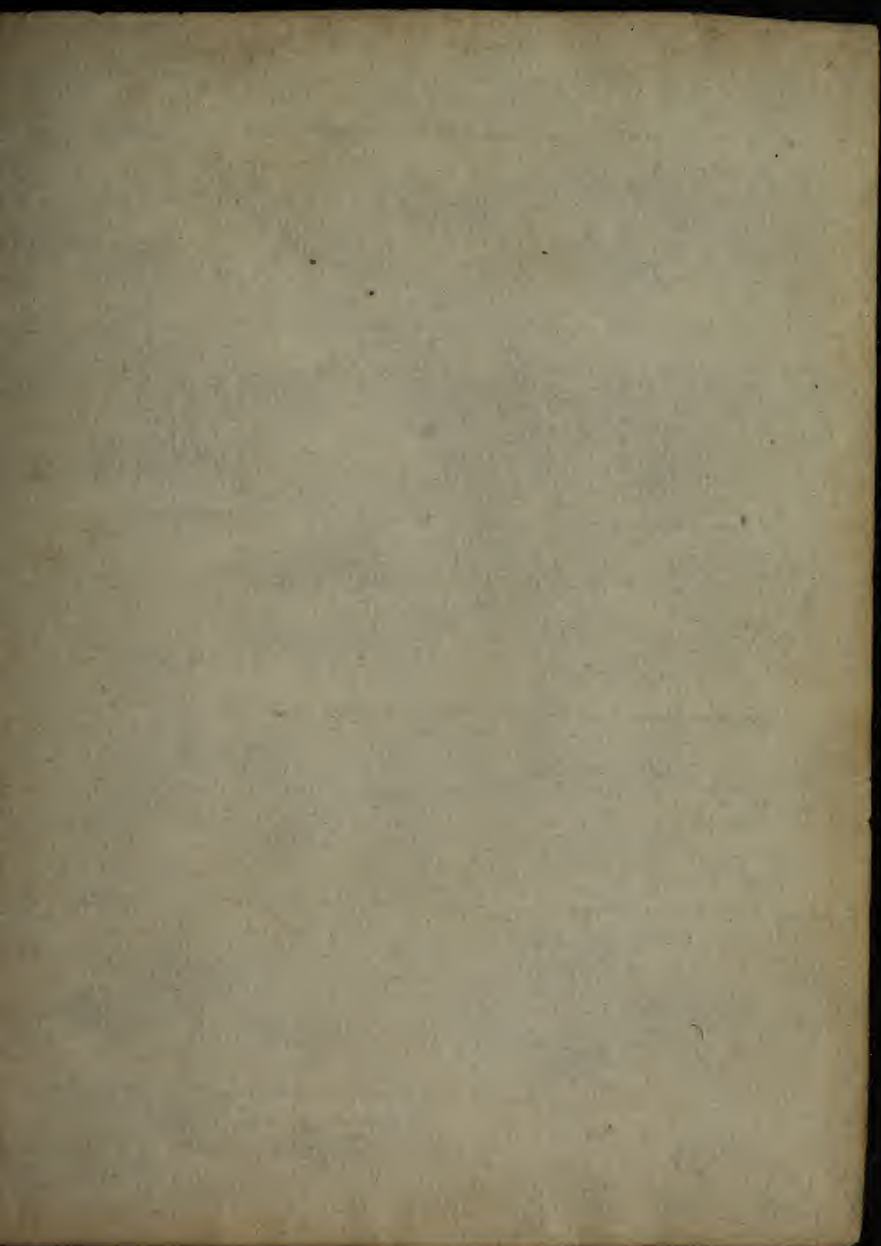
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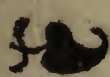


Imperfect
Lacks ff. 74, 81^(?) c. f.

No. 4 in B. 3966.15

* Lacks only 162 + 63?

2368
THE
SCORNFVL
LADIE.

 A Comedie.

As it was Acted (with great applause) by
the Children of Her Maiesties
Reuels in the BLACKE
FRYERS.

Written by
FRA. BEAUMONT and Io. FLETCHER, Gent.



5044

LONDON

Printed for Myles Partrick, and are to be sold
at his Shop at the George neere S^r. Dunstons,
Church in Fleet-street. 1616.

SCOTT'S

Barton

858,151

May 1881

As it was a copy (with great obligations) by
the Editors of the Atlantic
Reviews in the Beacon
L.A.S.

F. A. Bennett and Dr. Brewster, Conn.



LONDON
Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, 7, St. Dunstons Lane, E.C. 4.
at his shop in the Strand near the Theatre Royal, London, W.C. 2.



The Scornful Lady: A COMEDY.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter the two Louelesses, Sauiil the Steward,
and a Page.*

Eld. Lo.

B Rother, is your last hope past to mollifie *Moorecrafts* heart about your Morgage?

Yong. Lowe. Hopelesly past: I haue presented the Vserer with a richer draught, then euer *Cleopatra* swallowed; he hath suckt in ten thousand pownds worth of my Land, more then hee paid for at a gulpe, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I haue as hard a task to performe in this house.

Yo. Lo. Faith mine was to make a Vserer honest, or to loose my land.

El. Lo. And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leaue the Land.

Sauill make the boate stay, I feare I shall begin my vnfortunate iourney this night, though the darkenesse of the night and the roughnes of the waters might easly dissuade an vnwilling man.

Sauil. Sir, your fathers old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate, to stay at home, and marry, and propagate, and gouerne in your Countrey, then to trauell for diseases, and returne following the Court in a nightcap, and die without issue.

El. Lo. *Sauill*, you shall gaine the opinion of a better

B *servant*

The Scornefull Ladie.

seruant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, howsoeuer my intents succede.

Yo. Lo. Yonders Mistres *Yonglone* brother, the graue rubber of your mistres toes.

Enter Mistres Yonglone the waiting woman.

El. Lo. Mistres *Yonglone*.

Yong. Mr. *Loucesse*, truly wee thought your sailes had beene hoist: my Mistres is perswaded you are Sea-sicke ere this.

El. Lo. Loues she her ill taken vp resolution so dearely? Didst thou moue her for me?

Yong. By this light that shines, thers no remouing her, if she get a stiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day when they say a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What criticall minute was that?

Yong. When her smock was ouer her cares: but shee was no more pliant then if it hung about her heeles.

El. Lo. I prethee deliuer my seruice, and say I desire to see the deere cause of my banishment; and then for *France*.

Yong. He doe't: hark hether, is that your Brother?

El. Lo. Yes, haue you lost your memory?

Yong. As I liue hee's a pretty fellow. *Exit.*

Yo. Lo. O this is a sweete *Brache*.

El. Lo. VVhy she knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day she loues youth of eigheteene; she heard a tale how *Cupid* strooke her in loue with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he neuer sawe her; yet shee in kindnesse would needes weare a willow garland at his wedding. She lou'd all the Players in the last *Queenes* time once ouer: She was strook when they acted louers, and forsook some when they plaid murderers. Shee has nine *Sparroyals*; and the seruants say she hords old gold; and she herselfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest sonne, or her Mistres husbands Clark: that shall be, that marries her, shall make her a iointure of fourescore pounds a yeer; she tels tales of the seruing-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her brother. I shall entreate you onely to salute my Mistres, and take leaue, wee'l part at the staires.

Enter

The Scornefull Ladie.

Enter Lady and waiting woman.

La. Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed: whats the rest?

El.Lo. First let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

La. I shall take it as a fauour done to me, though the gentleman hath receiued but an vnemely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would haue been ready to haue done him freer curtesies as a stranger, then vpon those cold commendations.

Yo.Lo. Lady, my salutations craue acquaintance and leaue at once.

La. Sir I hope you are the master of your owne occasions.

Ex.Yo.Lo.Samil.

El.Lo. VVould I were so. Mistres, for me to praise ouer againe that worth, which all the world, and you your selfe can see.

La. Its a cold Rome this; Seruant.

El.Lo. Mistres.

La. What thinke you if I haue a chimney fort out heer?

El.Lo. Mistres another in my place, that were not tyed to beleecue all your actions iust, would apprehend himselfe wrongd: But I, whose vertues are constancy & obedience.

La. *Yongloue*, make a good fire about to warme me after my seruants *Exordiums*.

El.Lo. I haue heard and seene your affability to bee such, that the seruants you giue wages to may speake.

La. Tis true, tis true; but they speake toth' purpose.

El.Lo. Mistres your will leades my speeches from the purpose. But as a man —

La. A *Simile* seruant? This roome was built for honest meaners, that deliuer themselues hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes*, and *metaphors*? If you haue ought to say, breake intoo't; my answers shall very reasonably meete you.

El.Lo. Mistres I came to see you.

La. Thats happily dispatcht, the next.

El.Lo. To take leaue of you.

La. To be gon?

El.Lo. Yes.

The Scornefull Laadie.

La. You neede nor haue despair'd of that, nor haue vs'd so many circumstances to win me to giue you leaue to performe my command: Is there a third.

El.Lo. Yes, I had a third, had you been apt to heare it.

La. I? neuer apter. Fast (good seruant) fast.

El.Lo. 'Twas to intreat you to heare reason.

La. Most willingly, haue you brought one can speake it?

El.Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart loue and forgiuenes.

La. You would stay at home?

El.Lo. Yes Ladie.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you haue debated that your commander is but your Mistres, a woman, a weake one, wildly ouerborne with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Douers* dreadfull chiffe, passing in a pore waterhouse; the dangers of the mercilesse channell twixt that and *Calles*, five long houres saile; with three pore weekes victuals.

El.Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, vnable to enquire for an English hoast, to remoue from Citty to Citty, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rood in quest of his mother tongue.

El.Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost inuincible labours) performed for your mistres to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new alleagance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter, and after your whole yeare spent in tennis and broken-speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at at your returne, and haue tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

El.Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

El.Lo. You know your least word is offorce to make mee seeke out dangers, moue mee not with toies: but in this banishment, I must take leaue to say, you are vniust: was one kisse forc't from you in publike by me so vnpartonable? why all the howers of day and night haue scene vs kisse.

The Scornefull Ladie.

La. Tis true, and so you satisfied the company that heard me chide.

El. Lo. Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I?

La. And so you told v^m.

El. Lo. I did, yet no signe of disgrace neede to haue staine your cheeke: you your selfe knew your pure and simple heart to be most vnspotted, and free from the least basenesse.

La. I did: But if a Maides heart doth but once thinke that shee is suspected, her owne face will write her guiltie.

El. Lo. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew vs, knew our resolutions well: And could it bee hop'd that I should giue away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I neuer kist? or could I in strict wisdome take too much loue vpon me, from her that chose me for her husband?

La. Beleue me; if my wedding smock were on,
Were the gloues bought and giuen, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all
The Hipochrists and cakes: eate and drunke off,
Were these two armes incompass with the hands
Of Bachelers, to leade me to the Church;
Were my feete in the dore, were I *Iohn*, said,
If *Iohn* should boast a fauour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,
When you haue spent his yeere commodiously,
In atcheiuing Languages, will at your returne
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eies,
Then such a friend: More talke I hold not now,
If you dare goe!

El. Lo. I dare you know; First let me kisse.

La. Farewell sweet seruant, your taske perform'd,
On a new ground as a beginning sutor,
I shall be apt to heare you.

El. Lo. Farewell cruell Mistres. *Exit Ladie.*

Enter Yong Lonelesse and Saull.

The Scornefull Ladie.

Yo.Lo. Brother youle hazard the loosing your tide to *Greensend*: you haue a long halfe mile by land to *Greenwich*.

El.Lo. I goe: but brother, what yet vnheard of course to liue, doth your imagination flatter you with? your ordinary meanes are deuourd.

Yo.Lo. Course? why horse-courfing I thinke. Consume no time in this: I haue no estate to bee mended by meditation: hee that busies himselfe about my fortunes, may properly be said to busie himselfe about nothing.

El.Lo. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolue and open: If you will shape none, I must informe you, that that man but perswades himselfe hee meanes to liue, that imagins not the meanes.

Yo.Lo. Why liue vpon others, as others haue liued vpon mee:

El.Lo. I apprehend not that: you haue fed others, and consequently disposd of v^m: and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heauy an alteration for you to beare.

Yo.Lo. VVhy ile purse; if that raise mee not, Ile bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores; I would fain liue by others: but Ile liue whilst I am vnhangd, and after the thoughts taken.

El.Lo. I see you are tide to no particular employment then.

Yo.Lo. Faith I may choose my course: they say nature brings forth none but shee provides for em: Ile trie her liberalitie.

El.Lo. Well, to keepe your feete out of base and dangerous paths, I haue resolued you shall liue as Master of my house. It shall bee your care *Sauill* to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo.Lo. If it be referd to him, if I be not found in Carnation Iearfie stockings, blew diuels breeches, with three guards downe, and my pocket ith sleues, ile nere looke you i^th face againe.

Sa.A. comlier wear I wusse it is then those dangling flops.

The Scornefull Ladie.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to doe him all seruice peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leaue these further directions in writing, which at your best leisure together open and reade.

Enter Yongloue to them with a Jewell.

Abi. Sir my M^{rs}. commends her loue to you in this token, and these words; It is a Jewell (she saies) which as a fauour from her shee would request you to weare till your yeares trauell be performed: which once expired, she will hastily expect your happy returne.

El. Lo. Returne my seruice with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a sodenly ouer-joyed man would willingly vter: and you (I hope) I shall with slender arguments perswade to weare this Diamond, that when my Mistres shall through my long absence, and the approach of new sutors, offer to forget mee; you may call your eie downe to your finger, and remember and speake of me: She will heare thee better then those allyed by birth to her; as we see many men much swaied by the groomes of their chambers, not that they haue a greater part of their loue or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abi. A my credit I sweare, I thinke twas made for mee: Feare no other sutors.

El. Lo. I shall not neede to teach you how to discredit their beginnings, you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids sweare they found plasters in their beds.

Abi. I know, I know, and doe not you feare the sutors.

El. Lo. Farewell, be mindefull and be happy: the night calls mee.

Exeunt omnes praeter Yongloue.

Abi. The Gods of the winds befriend you Sir: a constant and a liberall louer thou art; more such God send vs.

Enter Welforde.

Wel. Let v^m not stand still, we haue rid hard.

Abi. A sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be seen.

Wel. A pretty Hall this, No seruant in't? I would look freshly.

The Scornefull Ladie.

Abi. You haue deliuered your arrand to mee then: ther's no danger in a handsome young fellowe: Ile shew my selfe.

Wel. Lady may it please you to bestowe vpon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation: Are you the Ladie of this house?

Abi. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a seruant of hers.

Wel. Lady I should be as proud to be a seruant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me dispaire.

Abi. Sir, it is not so hard to archeiue, but nature may bring it about.

W.L. For these comfortable words I remaine your glad debtor. Is your Ladie at home?

Abi. She is no stragler Sir.

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speake with her?

Abi. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable vertue will be moued to perswade her, that a Gentleman benighted and straied offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abi. I will commend this message to her: but if you aime at her bodie, you will be deluded: other weomen the households of good carriage and government; vpon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithfull, and not so coy. *Exit Tongloue.*

Wel. What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had come awoeing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court fashion: Men, weomen, and all woe; catch that catch may. If this soft hearted woman haue infused any of her tenderesse into her Lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sr. Roger the Curate.

Ro. God saue you Sir, My Lady lets you know she desires to be acquainted with your name before she conferre with you.

Wel. Sir my name calls me *Welford.*

Ro. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name. I'll trie his wit.

Wel. I will vphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred yeares Sir.

Ro.

The Scornefull Ladie.

Ro. I knew a worshipfull and a religious gentleman of your name in the Bishopricke of *Durham*. Call you him *Cosen*?

Wel. I am onely allyed to his vertues Sir:

Ro. It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me to.

Wel. VVhats that, a *Crosse*? there's a tester.

Ro. I meane the name which your Godfathers & Godmothers gaue you at the Font.

Wel. Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceede orderly now in your Catechisme: for you haue told mee who gaue mee that name. Shall I beg your names.

Ro. *Roger*.

Wel. VVhat roome fill you in this house?

Ro. More roomes then one.

Wel. The more the merrier. But may my boldnesse know, why your Lady hath sent you to discipher my name?

Ro. Her owne words were these; To know whether you were a formerly denied sutor, disguised in this mesage: For I can assure you shee delights not in *Thalame*: *Himen* and she are at variance, I shall returne with much hast.

Exit Roger.

Wel. And much speede Sir I hope: certainly I am ariued amongst a Nation of new found fooles: on a Land where no Nauiigator has yet planted wit, If I had foreseene it, I would haue laded my breeches with bels, kniues, copper and glasses to trade with the weomen for their virginities: yet I feare I should haue betraied my selfe to an needlesse charge then: heres the walking night-cap againe.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath commanded mee to acknowledge her sorow, that you must take the paines to come vp for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Art's Master.

Handwritten notes on the right margin:
The Scornefull Ladie
The Scornefull Ladie
The Scornefull Ladie
The Scornefull Ladie

The Scornefull Ladie.

Ro. I am but a Bachiler of Art Sir; and I haue the mending of all vnder this roose, from my Lady on her downe bed, to the maide in the pease-strawe.

Wel. A Cobler Sir?

Ro. No Sir. I inculcate Diuine seruice within these walles,

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house doe often imploy you on errands, without any scruple of conscience.

Ro. Yes, I doe take the aire many mornings on foote, thre or foure miles for egges: but why moue you that?

Wel. To knowe whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on mee.

Ro. Most properly Sir.

Wel. I praye ye doe so then: and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Ro. I doe Sir.

Wel. And this dore (I hope) conducts to your Lady?

Ro. Your vnderstanding is ingentous. *Ex seuerally.*

Ent. Young Louelesse & Saull with a writing.

Sa. By your fauour Sir you shall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I shall beate your fauour Sir, crosse me no more; I say they shall come in.

Sa. Sir you forget one, who I am.

Yo. Lo. Sir I doe not; thou art my brothers Steward, his cast off mill-money, his Kitchen Arithmatick.

Sa. Sir I hope you will not make so little of me.

Yo. Lo. I make thee not so little as thou art: for indeed there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire *Imprimis*; and then a reasonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you stirre my duty, and I must tell you.

Yo. Lo. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hoppes goe, or hold some rotten discourse of sheepe, or when our Lady day falls? Prethee farewell, and entertaine my friends, bee drunke, and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare sparke of veluet thou and I

Sa. Good Sir remember.

The Scornefull Ladie.

Yo.Lo. I doe remember thee a foolish fellowe, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and horse-faiers, and rose by hony and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay then I must vnfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the lessons Sir, he left behinde him.

Yo.Lo. Prethee expound the first.

Sa. I leaue to keep my house 300 pounds a yeare; and my Brother to dispose of it.

Yo.Lo. Marke that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it.

Sa. Whilst hee beares himselfe like a Gentleman, and my credit fals not in him. Marke that my good young Sir, marke that.

Yong.Lo. Nay if it be no more I shall fulfill it: whilst my legs will carry mee ile beare my selfe gentleman-like, but when I am drunke, let them beare mee that can. Forward deare steward.

Sa. Next it is my will, that hee bee furnisht (as my brother) with attendance, apparrell, and the obedience of my people.

Yo.Lo. Steward this is as plaine as your olde minikin breeches. Your wisdome will relent now, will it not? Be mollific d or —— you vnderstand mee Sir, proceed.

Sa. Next, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my brothers wildnesse with his care.

Yo.Lo. Ile heare no more this *Apocripba*, binde it by it selfe steward.

Sa. This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw vnto you. Captaines of Gallifoists, such as in a cleare day haue seene *Callis*, fellows that haue no more of God, then their oaths comes to: they weare swords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon: then the remnant of your regiment are wealthy Tobacco merchants, that set vp with one ownce, and breake for three; together with a forlorne hope of Poets, and all these looke like Carthusians, things without linnen: Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Yong.Lo. I will either conuert thee (O thou Pagan stew-

The Scornefull Ladie.

ard) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, who's there? call in the Genr.

Sa. Good Sir.

Yo. Lo. Nay you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sa. Are you my masters Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an olde *Ephimerides*?

Enter his Comrades. Capitaine, Traueller.

Sa. Then God helpe all, I say.

Yo. Lo. I, and tis well said my olde peere of France: welcome gentlemen, welcome gentlemen; mine owne deere lads, y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry-groate*,

Cap. Sir I will take your loue.

Sa. Sir you will take my purse.

Cap. And studie to continue it.

Sa. I doe beleeue you.

Tra. Your honourable friend and masters brother, hath giuen you to vs for a worthy fellow, and so wee hugge you Sir.

Sa. Has giuen himselfe into the hands of varlets, not to be caru'd out. Sir are these the peeces?

Yo. Lo. They are the Morrals of the age, the vertues. Men made of Gold.

Sa. Of your gold you meane Sir.

Yong. Lo. This is a man of warre, that cries goe on, and weares his Colours.

Sa. In's nose.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Traueller Sir, knows men and manners, and has plowd vp the Sea so far, till both the poles haue knockt, has seene the Sunne take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kindes, and had a *Flanders* Mare leapt there.

Sa. Tis much.

Tra. I haue seene more Sir.

Sa. Tis euen enough a conscience; sit downe, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. VVould you had as good a liuing Sir as this Fellowe could

lie

The Scornefull Ladie.

lie you out of: has a notable guift in't.

To. Lo. This ministers the Smoke, and this the Muses.

Sa. And you the clothes, and meate, and money, you have a goodly generation of vm, praye let vm multiply, your Brothers house is big enough, and to say truth, ha's too much Land, hang it durt.

To. Lo. Why now thou art a louing stinkeard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent bookes; thou hast a weake braine; *Sauill*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt runne mad. Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a yeere; wee will bee freely merry, shall we not?

Captaine. Merry as mirth, and wine my louely *Louesse*.

Poet. A serious looke shall be a Iury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Tra. We will have nobody talke wisely neither.

To. Lo. What thinke you gentlemen by all this Reuenew in drinke?

Cap. I am all for drinke.

Tra. I am drie till it be so.

Po. He that will not crie Amen to this, let him liue sober, seeme wise, and die ath *Corum*.

To. Lo. It shall bee so, wee'l haue it all in drinke, let meate and lodging goe, th'are transitory, and shew men meereley mortall: then wee'l haue wenches, euery one his wench, and euery weeke a fresh one: weele keepe no powderd fleshe: all these wee haue by warrant vnder the Title of things necessarie. Heere vpon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all necessaries: Your opinions Gentlemen?

Cap. Tis plaine and euident that he meant wenches.

Sa. Good Sir let me expound it.

Cap. Heere be as sound men as your selfe Sir.

Poet. This doe I holde to bee the interpretation of it; In this word *Necessarie*, is concluded all that bee helps to man: woman was made the first, and therefore heere the chiefest.

The Scornefull Ladie.

To.Lo. Belceue me tis a learned one, and by these words;
The obedience of my people, (you steward being one) are
bound to fetch vs wenchcs.

Cap. He is, he is.

To.Lo. Steward attend vs for instructions.

Sa. But will you keepe no house Sir?

To.Lo. Nothing but drinke, three hundred pounds in
drinke.

Sa. O miserable house, and miserable I that liue to see
it. Good Sir keep some meate.

To.Lo. Get vs good whoores, and for your part, Ile
bord you in an Alehouse, you shall haue cheefe and
onions.

Sa. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking?
VVell prodigall, your brother will come home. *Ex.*

To.Lo. Come lads Ile warrant you for wenchcs, three
hundred pounds in drinke. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus 2. Scena prima.

*Enter Lady, her sister Martha, Welford,
Yonglone, and others.*

La. Sir now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you
goodnight.

Wel. Lady if there be any want, tis in want of you.

La. A little sleepe will ease that complement. Once
more good night.

Wel. Once more deare Lady, and then all sweet nights.

La. Deare Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow proue better to me, shall I hope
my sute happier by this nights rest.

La. Is your sute so sickly that rest will helpe it? Pray ye
let it rest then till I call for it. Sir as a stranger you haue had
all my welcome: but had I knowne your errand ere you
came, your passage had been straighter: Sir, good night.

Wel. So faire, and cruell, deare vnkinde good-
night. *Exit Lady.*

Nay Sir you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeale so far.

Re. O Lord Sir,

The Scornefull Ladie.

Wel. Doe you loue *Tobacco*?

Ro. Surely I loue it; but it loues not me; yet with your reuence ile be bold.

Wel. Praye light it Sir. How doe you like it.

Ro. I promise you it is notable stinging geare indeede. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings downe Reume?

Wel. Handle it againe Sir; you haue a warme text of it.

Ro. Thanks euer premised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall: for certainly it moues in sundrie places.

Wel. I, it does so Sir, and me especially to aske Sir, why you weare a night-cap.

Ro. Assuredly I will speake the truth vnto you; you shall vnderstand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; euen by that visible beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? certainly hee had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of your graue Caskock? The offence Sir?

Ro. Reprouing him at Tra-trip Sir, for swearing: you haue the totall surely.

Wel. You could him when his rage was set atilt, and so hee crast your Cannons. I hope hee has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall wee see these Gentlewomen to night?

Ro. Haue patience Sir; vntill our fellowe *Nicholas* be deceast, that is, a sleepe: for so the word is taken; to sleepe to die, to die to sleepe: a very Figure Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Ro. Not till the man be in his bed, his graue; his graue; his bed; the very same againe Sir. Our Comick Poet giues the reason sweetly; *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loope-holes, and will discouer to our Patronesse.

Wel. Your comment Sir has made me vnderstand you.

*Enter Maria the Ladies sifer, and Yongloue
to them with a posset.*

Ro. Sir be adrest, the graces doe salute you with the full bowle of plenty, Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abi. He's fast?

Ro. And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

The Scornefull Ladie.

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this curtesie shall binde a stranger to you, euer your seruant.

Mar. Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not vs forget you are a stranger and a Gentleman.

Abi. Insooth Sir were I chang'd into into my Lady, a Gentleman so well indued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this fowle familiar chews the Cudde: From thee and three and fiftie, good loue deliuer me.

Mar. Will you sit downe Sir, and take a spoone?

Wel. I take it kindly Lady.

Mar. It is our best banquet Sir.

Ro. Shall we giue thankes?

Wel. I haue to the Gentlewoman already Sir.

Mar. Good Sir Roger keepe that breath to coole your part o'th possie, you may chance haue a scalding zeale else: and you will needes bee doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe. Would you could like this Sir?

Wel. I would your Sister would like mee as wel Lady.

Mar. Sure Sir she would not eate you: but banish that imagination; she's onely wedded to herselfe, lies with herselfe, and loues herselfe; and for an other husband then herselfe, he may knock at the gate, but nere come in: bee wise Sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot loue you.

Abi. God pardon her, she'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least grieffe Mistres *Martha*.

Wel. Now I must ouer-heare her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all withal my heart: I doe not thinke they would make thee a day older.

Abi. Sir will you put in deeper, tis the sweeter.

Mar. Vel said old sayings.

Wel. She lookes like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keepe your word, your sweete selfe has made the bottom sweeter.

Abi. Sir I begin a frolick, dare you change Sir?

Wel. My selfe for you, so please you. That smile has turnd my stomacke: This is right the old Embleame of the

The Scornefull Ladie.

Moyle cropping off thistles: Lord what a hunting head shee carries, sure she has been ridden with a Martingale. Now loue deliuer me.

Ro. Doe I dreame, or doe I wake? surely I know not: am I rub'd off? is this the way of all my mornings prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and wooed her in *Heroicall Epistles*? Did I expound the Owle, and vndertooke, with labour and expence the recollection of those thousand Peeces, consum'd in Cellors and Tobacco Shops of that our honour'd Englishman *Ni. Br.*? Haue I done this, and am I done thus too? I will end with the Wise-man, and say, He that holds a woman, has an Eele by the tayle.

Ma. Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is growne so cold, that 'twere an vnmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the house has be at your command Sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you Lady, and to you what you desire too: *Exeunt.*

Abi. It should be some such good thing like your self then.

Wel. Heauen keepe mee from that curse, and all my Issue. Good night Antiquitie.

Ro. *Solamen Miseris socios habuisse doloris*: but I alone.

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me? and requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night, good Mr *Roger*.

Ro. Good Sir, peace be with you. *Exit Ro.*

Wel. Aduē deare *Domine*. Halfe a dozen such in a Kingdome would make a man forswear confession: for who that had but halfe his wits about him would commit the counsell of a serious sin to such a cruell nightcap?

Why how now, shall we haue an Antique? *Enter servant.*
Whose head do you carry vpon your shoulders, that you jole it so against the post? Is't for your ease? or haue you seene the Sellar? VWhere are my slippers sir?

Ser. Here Sir,

Wel. VWhere Sir? haue you got the pot verdugo? haue you seene the horses Sir?

Ser. Yes Sir.

The Scornefull Ladie:

Wel. Haue they any meate ?

Ser. Faith Sir they haue a kinde of wholsome rushes, hay I cannot cal it.

Wel. And no prouender ?

Ser. Sir so I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why so ?

Ser. Faith Sir, heere are no oates to be got, vnlesse youle haue vm in porredge: the people are so mainely giuen to spoonemeate; yonders a cast of Coach-mares of the gentle-womans, the strangest Cattell.

Wel. Why ?

Ser. Why they are transparant fir, you may see through them: and such a house ?

Wel. Come Sir, the truth of your discouery.

Ser. Sir they are in tribes like Iewes: the Kitchen and the Dayrie make one tribe, and haue their faction and their fornication within themselues; the Buttry and the Laundry are an other, and ther's no loue lost; the chambers are intire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge; but this I am sure, betweene these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drinke Sir.

Wel. What of that Sir ?

Ser. Faith Sir I will handle it as the time and your patience will giue me leaue. This drinke, or this cooling Iulip, of which three spoonefuls kills the Calenture, a pinte breeds the cold Palfie.

Wel. Sir you bely the house.

Ser. I would I did Sir. But as I am a true man, if twere but one degree colder, nothing but an asses hoofe would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir: for if it had proued stronger, you had been tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle Sir, Ile heare no more.

Exeunt.

Enter Yong Louelesse and his Comrades, with wenches, and two Fydlers.

To Lo. Come my braue man of war, trace out thy darling,
And you my learned Councell, set and turne boyes
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaues.
My moderne Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets. *Ent. with wine:*
Strike vp you merry varlets, and leaue your peeping,

This

This is no pay for Fidlers.

Cap. O my deare boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captaine
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.
Loue thy braue man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let ther be deductedd out of our maine
Fiue Marks in hatchments to adorne this thigh, (potation
Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battels.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt hau't boy, and fly in Fether,
Leade on a march you Michers. *Ent. Sauill.*

Sa. O my head, O my heart, what a noise and change is
heere; would I had been cold ith mouth before this day, and
nere haue liud to see this dissolution. Hee that liues within a
mile of this place, had as good sleepe in the perpetuall noise
of an iron mill. Ther's a dead Sea of drinke ith Sellor, in which
goodly vessels lie wract, and in the middle of this deluge ap-
peares the tops of flagons and blacke iacks, like Churches
drown ith marshes.

Yo. Lo. What art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias* welcome
to *Troy*. Come thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court her in a
dance.

Sa. Good Sir consider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider gentlemen. How say you?

Cap. Consider? that were a simple toy ifaith, Consider?
whose morrals that? The man that cries Consider, is our foe;
let my steele know him.

Yong. Lo. Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet:
prethee be calme my *Hector*.

Cap. Peasant, slaue, thou groome, composde of grudg-
ings, liue and thanke this Gentleman; thou hadst seene *Pluto*
else. The next consider kills thee.

Trs. Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon
of Sacke.

Po. Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe
it kneeling in repentance.

Sa. Nay rather kill me, theres but a lay-man lost. Good
Captaine doe your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt drinke Steward, drinke and dance my
Steward. Strike him a horne-pipe squeakers, take thy striuer,
D₂ and

and pace her till shee stee.

Sa. Sure Sir I cannot daunce with your Gentlewoman, they are too light for mee, pray breake my head, and let me goe.

Cap. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Young Lo. Hee shall daunce, and drinke, and bee drunke and dance, and bee drunke againe, and shall see no meate in a yeere.

Po. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? let him in.

Enter Eld. Louelesse disguised.

Sa. Some to deliuer me I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God saue you all, my businesse is to one M^r Louelesse.

Cap. This is the Gentleman you meane; view him, and take his Inuentory, hee's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no lesse Sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir your businesse?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworne too't, would some other tongue would speake it for mee.

Yo. Lo. Out with it a Gods name.

El. Lo. All I desire Sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good Sir be not mou'd more,

Yo. Lo. Then a pottle of Sacke will doe, heere's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

El. Lo. Good Sir excuse mee, and whatsoeuer you heare, thinke, must haue beene knowne vnto you, and bee your selfe discrete, and beare it nobly.

Yong. Lo. Prethee dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your brothers dead Sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not meane dead drunke?

El. Lo. No, no, dead and drown'd at sea Sir.

Yo. Lo. Art sure hee's dead?

El. Lo. Too sure Sir.

Yo. Lo. I, but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure Sir as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not vp againe?

El. Lo. He

El. Lo. He may come vp, but nere to call you brother.

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drowne him?

Eld. Lo. Sure Sir he wanted none.

Young Lo. I would not haue him want, I lou'd him better; heere I forgiue thee: and I'faith bec plaine, how doe I beare it?

El. Lo. Very wisely Sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me moou'd, these transitory toyes nere trouble me, hee's in a better place my friend, I know't. Some fellowes would haue cryed now, and haue curst thee, and falne out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for vs, and let God keepe him: there's the right vse on't friend. Off with thy drinke, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry: fill him another. *Sauill*, your Masters dead, and who am I now *Sauill*? Nay, let's all beare it well, wipe, *Sauill*, wipe, teares are but throwne away: we shall haue wenches now, shal we not *Sauill*? Drinke to my friend Captaine.

Sa. Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. And drinke innumerable.

Sa. Yes forsooth Sir.

Yo. Lo. And you'le straine cursie and be drunke a little.

Sa. I would be glad, Sir, to doe my weake indeauour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to loue a wench too.

Sa. In time the sturdie Oake Sir.

Yo. Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunke anon for my goodnewes: but I haue a louing brother, that's my comfort.

Yo. Lo. Heere's to you sir, this is the worst I wish you for yournewes: and if I had another elder brother, and say it were his chance to feede more fishes, I should bee still the same you see me now, a poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry againe.

El. Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginnaing. Well, my deare brother, if I scape this drowning, 'tis your turne next to sinke, you shall ducke twice before I helpe you. Sir I cannot drinke more, pray let me haue your pardon.

Yo. Lo. O Lord sir, 'tis your modestie: more wine, giue him a bigger glasse; hugge him my Captaine, thou shalt

bee my cheefe mourner.

Cap. And this my pennon, Sir a ful rouse to you, and to my Lo. of Land heere.

El. Lo. I feele a buzzing in my braines, pray God they beare this out, and Ile nere trouble them so far againe. Heers to you Sir.

To. Lo. To my deare Steward, downe a your knees you in, ffdcl, you Pagan; be drunke and penitent.

Sa. Forgive me Sir and ile be any thing.

To. Lo. Then be a Baude: Ile haue thee a braue Baud.

El. Lo. Sir I must take my leaue of you, my busines is so vr-
gent.

To. Lo. Lets haue a bridling cast before you goe. Fils a new stoupe.

El. Lo. I dare not Sir by no meanes.

To. Lo. Haue you any minde to a wench? I would faine gratifie you for the paines you tooke Sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

To. Lo. If you finde any stirring, doe but say so.

Eld. Lo. Sir you are too bounteous, when I finde that itching, you shall aswage it Sir before another: this onely, and farewell Sir. Your brother when the storm was most extream, told all about him, he left a will, which lies close behinde a chimney in the matted chamber: and so as well Sir, as you haue made me able, I take my leaue.

Yong. Lo. Let vs imbrace him all: if you grow drie before you end your businesse, praye take a baite heere, I haue a fresh hogshhead for you.

Sa. You shall neither will nor choose sir. My Maſter is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state Sir, I am his steward Sir, and his man.

El. Lo. VVould you were your owne Sir, as I left you. VVell I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sa. Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lo. VVhat would you with me Sir?

Sa. Farewell Gentleman.

El. Lo. O sleepe Sir, sleepe.

Ex. El. Lo.

To. Lo. Well boies, you see whats false, lets in and drinke, and giue thanks for it.

The Scornefull Ladie.

Cap. Let's giue thanks for't.

Yo Lo. Drunke as I liue.

Sa. Drunke as I liue boyes.

Young Lo. Why now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast vp a reckoning of some waight; I will bee knighted, for my state wil beare it, 'tis sixteene hundred boies: off with your husks, Ile skin you all in sattin.

Cap. O sweet Louelesse!

Sa. All in sattin? O sweet Louelesse.

Yo Lo. March in my Noble Compeeres: and this my Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the will.

Exeunt.

Enter Moorecraft the vsurer, and Widdow.

Mo. And Widdow, as I say be your owne friend: your husband left you wealthy, I and wife, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heede of young smooth varlets, younger brothers, they are wormes that will eate through your bags: they are very lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and neuer singe your purse strings: they are colts, wench, colts, headdy and dangerous, till we take vm vp, and make vm fit for bonds; looke vpon mee, I haue had, and haue yet matter of moment gyrlc, matter of moment; you may meete with a worse backe, Ile not commend it.

Wi. Nor I neither Sir.

Mo. Yet thus farre by your fauour vviddow, 'tis tuffe.

Wi. And therefore not for my dyet, for I loue a tender one.

Mo. Sweet widdow leaue your frumps, and bee edified: you know my state, I sell no Perspectiues, Scarfes, Gloues, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in Shoo-ties: and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meale and powdered sugar, saunders and graines, wormeseed and rotten reasons, and such vile tobacco, that made the foot-men mangie; I in a yeere haue put vp hundreds inclos'd, my widdow, those pleasant meadowes, by a forfeit morgage: for which the poore Knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his Ale, and dare nor beat his Hostesse: nay more ———

Wi. Good Sir no more, what ere my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry mee, you must beare it brauely off Sir.

Mo. Nor

The Scornefull Ladie.

Mo. Not with the head, sweet widdow.

Wi. No, sweet sir, but with your shoulders: I must haue you dubb, for vnder that I will stoope a feather. My husband was a fellow lou'd to toyle, feede ill, made gaine his exercise, and so grew costiue, which for I was his wife, and gaue way to, and spun mine owne smocks course, and sir, so little; but let that passe. Time, that vveares all things out, vvore out this husband, vvho in penitence of such fruitlesse fve yeeres marriage, left mee great vvith his vvealth, vvhich if you'le bee a worthie gossipto, be knighted Sir. *Enter Sauill.*

Mo. Now sir, from whom come you? whose man are you Sir?

Sa. Sir, I come from young Mr *Loueleffe*.

Mo. Be silent sir, I haue no money, not a penny for you, hee's funke, your Master's funke, a perisht man sir.

Sa. Indeede his brother's funke Sir, God be with him, a perisht man indeede, and drown'd at Sea.

Mo. How saidst thou, good my friend, his brother drown'd?

Sa. Vntimely, Sir, at sea.

Mo. And thy young Master left sole heire?

Sa. Yes, Sir.

Mo. And he wants money?

Sa. Yes, and sent me to you; for he is now to be knighted.

Mo. Widdow, be vvise, there's more land comming, widdow be very vvise, and giue thanks for me vviddow.

Wi. Be you very vvise, and bee knighted, and then giue thanks for me Sir.

Sa. VVhat sayes your Worship to this money?

Mo. I say, he may haue money if he please.

Sa. A thousand Sir?

Mo. A thousand Sir, prouided any vvise Sir, his land lye for the payment, otherwise ———

Enter Young Loueleffe and Comrades to them.

Sa. Hee's here himselfe Sir, and can better tell you.

Mo. My notable deare friend, and worthy Mr *Loueleffe*, and now right vvorkshopfull, all ioy and vvelcome.

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my deare incloser, Mr *Moorecraft*; prethee olde Angell gold, salute my family, Ile doe as much for yours; this, and your owne desires, faire Gentlewoman.

Wi. And

The Scornefull Ladie.

Wi. And yours Sir, if you meane well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrha, my brothers dead.

Mo. Dead?

Young Lo. Dead, and by this time souc't for Ember weeke.

Mo. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at sea: Man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall heare more.

Mo. Now by the faith of my body it mooues me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Ass, and weepe for the dead? why I thought nothing but a generall inundation would haue mou'd thee: prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

Mo. O, ha's he fo?

Yo. Lo. Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I haue all boy, hast any ready money?

Mo. Will you sell Sir?

Yo. Lo. No not outright good Gripe; marry, a morgage, or such a slight securitie.

Mo. I haue no money Sir for morgage; If you will sell, and all or none, Ile worke a new Mine for you.

Sa. Good Sir looke afore you, hee'le worke you out of all else: if you sell all your Land, you haue sold your Countrey, and then you must to sea to seeke your brother, and there lye pickled in a poudering tub, and breake your teeth with biscuits and hard beefe that must haue watering Sir: and where's your 300. pounds a yeere in drinke then? If you'le tun vp the straights you may, for you haue no calling for drinke there, but with a Cannon, nor no scoring but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a fagot boat, and a bottle of *Vsquebaugh*, come home poore men, like a type of Theames Street stinking of pitch and poore Iohn. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loth to see it.

Cap. Steward, you are an Ass, a measel'd mungrell, and were it not againe the peace of my soueraigne friend heere, I would breake your forecasting coxcombe, dogge I would, euen with thy staffe of office there, thy pen and Inkhorne. Noble boy, the god of gold here has sed thee well, take mony for thy durt: hark & belecue, thou art cold of constitution, thy seat vnhealthful, sell & be wise; we are three that will adorne thee,

The Scornefull Ladie.

and liue accordng to thine owne heart childe : mirth shall be onely ours, and onely ours shall be the blacke cyde beauties of the time. Money makes men eternall.

Po. Doe what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you may liue without the charge of people, onely wee foure will make a family, I and an age that shall beget new *Annals*, in which Ile write thy life my sonne of pleasure, equall with *Noro* or *Caligula*.

To.Lo. What meane they Captaine?

Cap. Two roring boyes of *Rome* that made all split.

To.Lo. Come Sir, what dare you giue?

Sa. You will not sell Sir?

To.Lo. VVho told you so Sir?

Sa. Good Sir haue a care.

To.Lo. Peace, or Ile tacke your tongue vp to your roofe. What money? speake.

Mo. Sixe thousand pound Sir.

Cap. Take it, h'as ouerbidden by the Sunne : binde him to his bargaine quickly.

To.Lo. Come, strike mee lucke with earnest, and draw the writings.

Mo. There's a Godspenny for thee.

Sa. Sir, for my old Masters sake let my Farme be excepted, if I become his tenant I am vndone, my children beggers, and my wife God knowes what : consider me deare Sir.

Mo. Ile haue all in or none.

To.Lo. All in, all in: dispatch the writings. *Ex. wish Comr.*

Wi. Goe, thou art a pretty forehanded fellow, would thou wert wiser.

Sa. Now doe I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a rascal : would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am vterly vndone; now he that taught thee to deceiue and couzen, take thee to his mercy : so be it. *Exit Saull.*

Mo. Come widdow, come, neuer stand vpon a knighthood, 'tis a mecre paper honour, and not prooffe enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, Ile make thee ———

Wi. To answer in short, 'tis this Sir, No knight, no widow : if you make mee any thing, it must be a Lady; and so I take my leaue.

The Scornefull Ladle.

Mo. Farewell sweet widdow, and thinke of it. *Exit Wid.*

Wi. Sir I do more then thinke of it, it makes me dreame sir.

Mo. Shee's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I bee at charge to pay the Footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsmen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoyst into the Subsidy, and so by consequence should proue a Coxcombe: Ile haue a care of that. Sixe thousand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet. *Exit. Finis Actus secundi.*

Actus 3. Scena prima.

Enter Abigall.

Abi. IF he but follow mee, as all my hopes tels me hee's
I man enough, vp goes my rest, and I know I shall
draw him. *Enter Welford.*

Wel. This is the strangest pamperd peece of flesh towards
fisie, that euer frailty cop't withall, what a trim *Lenuoy* heere
she has put vpon me: these woemen are a proud kinde of cat-
tell, and loue this whorson doing so directly, that they wil not
sticke to make their very skinnes Bawdes to their flesh. Here's
dogskin and storax sufficient to kill a Hauke: what to do with
it, beside nayling it vp amongst *Irish* heads of Teere, to shew
the mightines of her palme, I know not: there she is, I must
enter into Dialogue. Lady you haue lost your gloue.

Abi. Not Sir if you haue found it.

Wel. It was my meaning Lady to restore it.

Abi. 'Twill be vnciuell in me to take backe a fauour, For-
tune hath so well bestowed Sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel. I had rather weare a Bell. But harke you *Mistrisse*,
What hidden vertue is there in this gloue, that you would
haue me weare it? Is't good aganst sore eyes, or wil it charme
the toothake? Or these red tops, beeing steep in white wine
soluble, wil't kill the itch? or h'as it so conceald a prouidence
to keepe my hand from bonds? If it haue none of these, and
proue no more but a bare gloue of halfe a crowne a payre,
twill bee but halfe a courtesie, I weare two alwaies: faith let's
draw cuts, one will doe me no pleasure.

Abi. The tenderesse of his yeeres keeps him as yet in ig-

norance, hee's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his bloud should stirre no higher; but tis his want of company : I must grow neerer to him.

Enter El. Louelesse disguised.

El.Lo. God saue you both.

Abi. And pardon you Sir : this is somewhat rude, how came you hither ?

El.Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Wel. What are you ? and what businesse haue you here ?

El.Lo. More I belecue then you haue.

Abi. Who would this fellow speake with ? Art thou sober ?

Eld.Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleepe.

Wel. Prethee what art thou ?

El.Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art, I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more ?

El.Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'st be, a Souldier.

Abi. Thou dost not come to quarrell ?

El.Lo. No, not with women; I come to speake here with a

Abi. VVhy I am one. (Gentlewoman.)

El.Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El.Lo. Sir I am not fine yet, I am but new come ouer, direct mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall see fine Sir. Lady, if there be a better of your sex within this house, say I would see her.

Abi. VVhy am not I good enough for you Sir ?

El.Lo. Your way you'le be too good, pray end my busines. This is another Suter : O frayle woman.

Wel. This fellow with his bluntnes hopes to doe more then the long suites of a thousand could : though he be sowre hee's quicke. I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speake with you, she is more serious : you smell as if you were new ralkt ; goe and be handsome, and then you may fit with her Seruing-men.

El.Lo. VVhat are you Sir ?

Wel. Guesse by my outside :

El.Lo. Then I take you Sir for some new silken thing wean'd from the country, that shall (when you come to keepe good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Mistres.

Abi. How

Abi. How many liues hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, I am neither cat nor woman.

Wel. And will that one life Sir maintaine you euer in such bold sawcinesse?

El. Lo. Yes amongst a nation of such men as you are, and be no worfe for wearing. Shall I speake with this Lady?

Abi. No by my troth shall not you.

El. Lo. I must stay here then.

Wel. That you shall not neyther.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why.

Wel. Good angry thing Ile tell you:

This is no place for such companions,
Such lousie Gentlemen shall finde their businesse
Better ith the Suburbs, there your strong pitch perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, shall reeke in fashion:
This is no Thames street Sir.

Abi. This Gentleman informes you truly:
Prethee be satisfied, and seeke the Suburbs,
Good Captaine, or whateuer title else,
The warlike Eeleboats haue bestow'd vpon thee,
Goe and reforme thy selfe: prethee be sweeter,
And know my Lady speakes with no such swabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talke me out with your tradition
Of wit you picke from plaies, goe too, I haue found yec:
And for you, tender Sir, whose gentle blood
Runnes in your nose, and makes you snuffe at all
But three pil'd people, I doe let you know,
He that begot your worships sattin sute,
Can make no men Sir: I will see this Lady,
And with the reuerence of your silkenship,
In these old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not sure.

El. Lo. Sure Sir I shall.

Abi. You would be beaten out.

El. Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would beaten,
Pray who shall beat me? this good Gentleman
Lookes as he were o'th peace.

Wel. Sir you shall see that: will you get you out?

El. Lo. Yes, that, that shall correct your boyes tongue,
Dare you fight? I will stay here still.

Abi. O their things are out, helpe, helpe for Gods sake,
Maddam; Tesus they foine at one another,
Maddam, why who is within there? *Enter Lady,*

La. Who breeds this rudenes?

Wel. This vnciuill fellow:
He sayes he comes from sea, where I belceue
H'as purg'd away his manners.

La. What of him?

Wel. Why he will rudely, without once God blesse you,
Presse to your priuacies, and no deniall
Must stand betwixt your person and his businesse;
I let goe his ill language.

La. Sir, haue you businesse with me?

El. Lou, Maddame some I haue,
But not so serious to pawne my life for't:
If you keepe this quarter, and maintaine about you
Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to desie
Men of imployment to yee, you may liue,
But in what fame?

La. Pray stay Sir, who h'as wrong'd you?

Eld. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though vnciuilly
He flung his wilde words at me: But to you
I thinke he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withall, a passage to you,
Though I see me course.

La. Excuse me, gentle sir, twas from my knowledge,
And shall haue no protection. And to you Sir,
You haue shewed more heat then wit, and from your selfe
Haue borrowed power, I neuer gaue you here,
To doe these wilde vnmanly things: my house
Is no blinde streete to swagger in: and my fauours
Not doting yet on your vnknowne deserts
So farre, that I should make you Master of my businesse:
My credit yet, stands fayrer with the people
Then to be tryed with swords: And they that come
To doe me seruice, must not thinke to wiane me
VVith hazard of a murther: If yqur loue

The Scornefull Ladie,

Consist in fury, carry it to the Campe,
And there in honour of some common mistres,
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temperd,
And giue me leaue awhile Sir.

Wel. You must haue it. *Exit Welford.*

La. Now Sir, your businesse?

El. Lo. First I thanke you for schooling this young fellow,
VVhom his owne follies, vvhich is prone inough
Daily to fall into; if you but frowne,
Shall leuell him away to his repentance:
Next I should rayle at you, but you are a vvoman,
And anger lost vpon you.

La. VVhy at me Sir?

I neuer did you vvrong, for to my knowlege
This is the first sight of you.

El. Lo. You haue done that,
I must confesse I haue the least curse in,
Because the least acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the mindes of men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliuer,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your blacke memory.

La. How is this good Sir?

El. Lo. Tis that, that if you haue a soule vvill choake it:
Y'auc kild a Gentleman:

La. I kild a Gentleman?

El. Lo. You and your crueltie haue kild him vvoman;
And such a man (let me be angry in't)
VVhose least vvorth vvaighed aboute all vveomens vertues
That are, I spare you all to come too: guesse him now.

La. I am so innocent I cannot Sir.

El. Lo. Repent you meane: you are a perfect vvoman,
And as the first was, made for mans vndoing.

La. Sir you haue mist your way, I am not she.

El. Lo. VVould he had mist his vvay too, though hee had
VVandered farther then vveomen are ill spoken of,
So he had mist this misery, you Lady.

La. How doe you doe Sir?

El. Lo. VVell inough I hope,

The Scornefull Ladie.

While I can keepe my selfe from such temptations.

La. Pray leape into this matter, whither would yee?

El.Lo. You had a Seruant that your peeuishnes
Inioyned to trauell.

La. Such a one I haue

Still, and should be grieued 'twere otherwise.

El.Lo. Then haue your asking, and be grieu'd, hee's dead;

How you will answer for his worth I know not,

But this I am sure, cyther he, or you, or both

Were starke mad, else he might haue liu'd

To haue giuen a stronger testimony toth' world

Of what he might haue beene. He was a man

I knew but in his euening: ten Sunnes after,

Forc't by a tyrant storme our beaten barke

Bulg'd vnder vs; in which sad parting blow,

He cal'd vpon his Saint, but not for life,

On you vnhappy woman; and whilst all

Sought to preserue their soules, he desperately

Imbrac't a waue, crying to all that see it,

If any liue, goe to my Fate, that forc't me

To this vntimely end, and make her happy:

His name was *Louesse*: And I scap't the storme.

And now you haue my businesse.

La. 'Tis too much.

Would I had beene that storme, he had not perisht.

If you'le raile now I will forgiue you Sir,

Or if you'le call in more, if any more

Come from this ruine, I shall iustly suffer

What they can say: I doe confesse my selfe

A guilty cause in this. I would say more,

But griefe is growne to great to be deliuered.

El.Lo. I like this well: these weomen are strange things.

'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weepe,

You should haue wept when he was going from you,

And chain'd him with those teares at home.

La. Would you had told me then so, these two armes had
beene his Sea.

El.Lo. Trust mee you moue me much: but say he liued,
these were forgotten things againe.

The Seornefull Ladie.

La. I, say you so? Sure I should know that voyce: this is kna-
uery. Ile fit you for it: Were he living sir, I would perswade you
to be charitable, I, and confesse we are not all so ill as your opini-
on holds vs. O my friend, what penance shall I pull vpon my fault,
vpon my most vnworthy selfe for this?

El.Lo. Leauet to loue others, 'twas some jealousie
That turn'd him desperate.

La. Ile be with you straight: are you wrung there?

El.Lo. This works amaine vpon her.

La. I doe confesse there is a Gentleman
H'as borne me long good will: *El.Lo.* I doe not like that.

La. And vowed a thousand seruies to me; to me, regardlesse
of him: But since Fate, that no power can withstand, h'as taken
from me my first and best Loue, and to weepe away my youth is
a meere folly: I will shew you what I determine sir: you shall
know all: Call *Mr. Welford* there: That Gentleman I meane to
make the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaste imbraces keepe
aliue the memory of my lost louely *Louesse*: hee is somewhat
like him too.

El.Lo. Then you can Loue? *La.* Yes certaine sir.
Though it please you to thinke me hard and cruell,
I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

El.Lo. I haue made my selfe a fine foole. *Ent. Welford.*

Wel. Would you haue spoke with me Maddame?

La. Yes *Mr. Welford*, and I aske your pardon before this gentle-
man, for being froward: This kisse, and henceforth more affection.

El.Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a sudden passion, God hold it.

This fellow out of his feare sure ha's
Perswaded her, Ile giue him a new suit on't.

La. A parting kisse: and good Sir let me pray you
To waite me in the Gallerie.

Wel. I am in another world, Maddame where you please. *Ex. W.*

El.Lo. I will to Sea, an't shal go hard but Ile be drown'd indeed.

La. Now Sir you see I am no such hard creature,
But time may winne me.

El. Lo. You haue forgot your lost Loue,

La. Alas Sir, what would you haue me doe? I cannot call him
backe againe with sorrow; Ile loue this man as deere, and be-

The Scornefull Ladie.

throw me, He keepe him farre inough from sea: and twas told me,
now I remember me, by an old wise woman, that my first Loue
should be drown'd: and see Tis come about.

El. Lo. I would she had told you your second should be hang'd
to, and let that Come about: but this is very strange.

La. Faith Sir, consider all, and then I know you'le bee of my
minde: if weeping would redeeme him, I would weepe still.

El. Lo. But say that I were *Louelesse*,
And scap't the storme, how would you answere this?

La. Why for that Gentleman I would leaue all the world.

El. Lo. This young thing too?

La. That young thing too,

Or any young thing else: why I would lose my state.

El. Lo. Why then he liues still, I am he, your *Louelesse*.

La. As I knew it Sir, and for that purpose prepar'd this Pa-
geant: get you to your taske. And leaue these Players tricks, or
I shall leaue you, indeede I shall. Trauell, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then marry?

La. I will not promise, take your choyse. Farewell.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a woman.

I must doe something.

Exit Louelesse.

Wel. Mistres I am bold.

Enter Welford.

La. You are indeed. *Wel.* You haue so ouerjoyed me Lady.

La. Take heed you surfet not, pray fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light you loue me extremely.

La. By this, and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

La. Indeed I can, where you shall neuer finde it.

Wel. I like this mirth well Lady. *La.* You shall haue more on't.

Wel. I must kisse you. *La.* No sir. *Wel.* Indeed I must.

La. What must be, must be; He take my leane, you haue your
parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you haue,
that sent you hither, and teil them, when you trauell next, 'twere
fit you brought lesse brauery with you, and more wit, you'le ne-
uer get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

La. Yes sai. h. Wil you eat fir' your horses will be ready straight,
you shall haue a napkin laid in the buttery for yee.

Wel. Do not you loue me then? *La.* Yes, for that face.

The Scornefull Laide.

Wel. It is a good one Lady.

La. Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Me thinks yours is none of the best Lady.

La. No by my troth Sir: yet o' my conscience,
You could make shift with it.

Wel. Come, pray no more of this.

La. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring
out the Gentlemans horses, hee's in haste; and set some cold meate
on the table.

Wel. I haue too much of that, I thanke you Lady: take your
Chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you Lady.

La. Farewell young man.

Exit Lady.

Wel. You haue made me one. Farewell: and may the curse of
a great house fall vpon thee, I meane the Butler. The Diuell and
all his works are in these women: vould all of my sexe were of
my minde, I would make v m a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh
might be in more reuerence with them. *Enter Abigail to him.*

Abi. I am sorry Mr. *Welford.* *Wel.* So am I, that you are here.

Abi. How do's my Lady vse you?

Wel. As I would vse you, scruilly.

Abi. I should haue beene more kinde Sir.

Wel. I should haue beene vndone then. Pray leaue mee, and
looke to your sweet meats: harke, your Lady calls.

Abi. Sir I shall borrow so much time without offending.

Wel. Y'are nothing but offence: for Gods loue leaue me.

Abi. Tis strange my Lady should be such a tyrant.

Wel. To send you to mee. Pray goe stich, good doe, y'are
more trouble to me then a Terme.

Abi. I doe not know how my good will, if I said loue I lyed
not, should any way deserue this.

Wel. A thousand waies, a thousand waies: sweet creature let
me depart in peace.

Abi. What creature Sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred I thinke by your noyse.

Abi. Since you are angry sir, I am bold to tell you, that I am a
woman, and a ribbe.

Wel. Of a roasted horse. *Abi.* Conster me that.

Wel. A Dogge can doe it better. Farewell Countesse, and
commend me to your Lady: tell her shee's proud, and scruy; and

The Scornefull Ladie.

so I commit you both to your tempter. *Abi.* Sweet Mr. *Welford*.
Wel. Auoide olde Satanus: Goe daube your ruines, your face
lookes fowler then a storme: the footeman staies you in the Lob-
by Ladie.

Abi. If you were a Gentleman I should know it by your gen-
tle conditions? are these fit words to giue a gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for yee: Sirrah, my horses. Fare-
well old Adage, keepe your nose warme, the Reume will make it
horne else.

Ex. Wel.

Abi. The blessings of a prodigall young heire be thy compani-
ons *Welforde*, Marry come vp my gentleman, are your gummes
growne so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly will be your
fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for such a packsaddle. And I
doubt not, (if my aime hold) to see her made to amable to your
hand.

Ex. Abigal.

*Enter Yo. Lonelesse and Comrades, Moorcraft, Widow,
Saul, and therest.*

Cap. Saue thy braue shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and
may thy back-sword bite them to the bone, that loue thee not:
thou art an errant man, goe on. The circumcisde shall fall by thee.
Let land and labour fill the man that tils, thy sword must bee thy
plough, and *Ioue* it speede, *Mecha* shall sweate, and *Mahomet* shall
fall, and thy deere name fill vp his monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captaine, I meane to be a worthy.

Cap. One worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mo. Captaine I shall deserue some of your loue too.

Cap. Thou shalt haue heart and hand to noble *Moorcraft*, if
thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garrison, be rulde, and
open to me those infernall gates, whence none of thy euill angels
passe againe, and I will stile thee Noble; nay *Don Diego*, He woe
thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high
meats, and make her apt.

Mo. Pardon me Captaine, y'are beside my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No Mr. *Moorcraft*, 'tis the Captaines meaning
I should prepare her for yee.

Cap. Or prouoke her. Speake my moderne man, I say pro-
uoke her.

Yo. Captaine I say so too, or stir her to it. So saies the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But howsoeuer you expound it Sir, she's very welcome,

and this shall serue for witness. And widdow, since y' are come so happily, you shall deliuer vp the keys, and free possession of this house; whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wi. I had rather giue it back againe beleue me,
'Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heede.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that widdow, come, sit downe; some wine there: there is a scurvy banquet if we had it. All this faire house is yours Sir. *Sauill.* *Sa.* Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. Are your keys ready, I must ease your burden.

Sa. I am ready Sir to be vndone, when you shall call me to't.

Yo. Lo. Come come, thou shalt liue better.

Sa. I shall haue lesse to doe, thats all, ther's halfe a dozen of my friends ith fields, sunning against a banke, with halfe a breech among vm, I shall bee with vm shortly. The care and continuall vexation of being rich eat vp this rascall. What shall become of my poore familie? they are no sheepe, and they must keepe themselves.

Yo. Lo. Drinke M^r. *Moorecraft*, praye be merry all:

Nay and you will not drinke ther's no society.

Captaine speake lowd, and drinke: widdow a word.

Cap. Expound her throughly Knight. Here God a gold, here's to thy faire possessions: Bee a Barron, and a bolde one: leaue off your tickling of young heires like trouts, and let thy chimneys smoke. Feede men of war, liue and bee honest, and be saued yet.

Mo. I thanke you worthy *Captaine* for your counsell. You keep your chimneys smoking there, your nostrrels, and when you can, you feede a man of war: this makes not you a Barron, but a bare-one: and how or when you shall be saued, let the clarke o'th company (you haue commanded) haue a iust care of.

Poet. The man is much is much moued. Be not angry Sir, but as the *Poet* sings; Let your displeasure be a short furie, and goe out. You haue spoke home, and bitterly, to me Sir? *Captaine* take truce, the Miser is a tart and a witty whorson.

Cap. *Poet* you saine perdie, the wit-of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell al: his tongue sils but his mouth like a neat's-tongne, and onely serues to lick his hungry chaps after a purchase: his braines and brimstone are the Diuels diet to a fat vsurers head. To her Knight, to her: clap her abourd and stow her. Wheres the braue Steward?

Sa. Heres your poore friend, and *Sauil* Sir :

Cap. Away, th' art rich in ornaments of nature. First in thy face, thou hast a serious face, a betting, bargaining, and sauing face, a rich face, pawne it to the *Vsurer*; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Iustice.

Sa. 'Tis such, I dare not shew it shortly fir.

Cap. By blithe and bonny *Steward*: *Master Moorecraft*,
Drinke to this man of reckoning.

Mo. Heere's e'ne to him.

Sa. The Diuell guide it downward: would there were in't an acte of the great broome field he bought, to sweepe your dirty conscience, or to choake ye, 'tis all one to me *Vsurer*.

Yong. Lo. Consider what I told you, you are young, vnapt for worldly busines: Is it fit one of such tendernes, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stirre and breake her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of *Angels*? or a new kirtell, though it be of satten? Eate by the hope of surfets, and lie downe enely in expectation of a morrow, that may vndoe some easie hated foole, or reach a widowes curses? Let out money, whose vse returns the principall? and get out of these troubles, a consuming heire: For such a one must follow necessary, you shall die hated, if not old and miserable; and that possessest wealch that you got with pining, liue to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, then you to his cosenage.

Wi. Sir you speake well, would God that charity had first begunne here.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis yet time. Be merry, me thinkes you want wine there, ther's more i'th house: *Captaine*, where rests the health?

Cap. It shall goe round boy?

Yo. Lo. Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much bewty, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diseases? If you can, I will not presse you further: yet looke vpon him: ther's nothing in that hide-bound *Vsurer*; that man of mat, that all deceai'd, but aches: for you to loue, vnlesse his perisht lungs his drie cough, or his scuruy. This is truth, and so farre I dare speak yet: he has yet past cure of *Phisicke*, *spaw*, or any diet, a primatiue pox in his bones; and a my knowledge hee has beene tenne times rowell'd: ye may loue him; he had a bastard, his owne toward issue,

whit

The Scornefull Ladie.

whipt, and then cropt for washing out the roses, in three farthings to make vñ pence.

Wi. I doe not like these Morrals.

Yo. Lo. You must not like him then.

Ent. Eld. Lonelesse.

Eld. Lo. By your leaue Gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my troth Sir you are welcome, welcome faith : Lord what a stranger you are growne ; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you please these friends here: We are merry, you see the worst on's ; your house has been kept vvarme Sir :

El. Lo. I am glad to heare it brother, pray God you are vwise too.

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. *Moorecraft* know my elder brother, and Captaine doe your complement. *Sauil*, I dare svvere is glad at heart to see you : Lord ; we heard Sir you were droun'd at Sea, and see how luckely things come about ?

Mo. This money must be paid againe Sir ?

Yo. Lo. No Sir, pray keepe the sale, t'wil make good Taylers measures ? I am well I thankeyou.

Wi. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his owne sauce, I shall loue him fort.

So. I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the welcom'st man aliue ; vpon my knees I bid you welcome home : here ha' beene such a hurly, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing, and whoring, 'thas almost made me mad : We haue al liu'd in a continuall *Turneball streete* ; Sir blest be Heauen, that sent you safe againe. Now shall I eate, and goe to bed againe.

El. Lo. Brother dismisse these people.

Young L. Captaine be gone a while, meet me at my old *Rand-nouse* in the euening, take your finall Poet with you Mr. *Moorecraft*, you were best goe prattle with your learned Counsell, I shall preleue your money: I was cosen'd when time was, we are quit Sir.

Wi. Bitter and better still. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother? (al) EL

Yo. Lo. The thirsty Vsurer that suct my Land off:

El. Lo. What does he carry for?

Yo. Lo. Sir to be Land-lord of your house and state : I was bold to make a little sale Sir.

Mo. Am I ouer-reacht? if there be law, Ile hamper yee.

El. Lo. Prethee bee gone, and raise at home thou art so base a foole I cannot laugh at thee. Sir, ha, this comes of couensing, home and spare, eate reddish till you raise your summes againe. If you stir

farre in this, Ile haue you whipt, your eares nayl'd for intelligencing, o'th pillory, and your goods forfeit: you are a stale Coufener, leaue my house: no more.

Mo. A poxe vpon your house. Come VViddow, I shall yet hamper this young gamester.

Wi. Good twelue i'th hundred keepe your way, I am not for your dyet: marry in your owne Tribe *Iew*, and get a Broker.

To. Lo. Tis well said widdow: vwill you jodge on Sir?

Mo. Yes, I will goe, but 'tis no matter whither: But when I trust a wilde foole, and a woman, May I lend gratis, and build Hospitals.

To. Lo. Nay good sir make all euen, here's a vviddow wants your good word for me: shee's rich, and may renue me & my Fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you looke before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poore distressed younger brother.

Wi. You doe him wrong Sir, hee's a Knight.

El. Lo. I aske your mercy: yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no inheritance I take it: whatsoeuer he is, hee's your seruant, or would bee Lady. Faith bee not mercilesse, but make a man; hees young and handsome, though he be my brother, and his obseruances may deserue your loue: hee shall not fall for meanes.

Wi. Sir, you speake like a worthy brother: and so much I doe cerdit your faire language, that I shall loue your brother: and so loue him, but I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not liue to know that houre when this shall be repented. Now brother I should chide, but Ile giue no distaste to your faire Mistresse, I wil instruct her in't, and she shall doo't: you haue bin wild, and ignorant, pray mend it.

To. Lo. Sir euery day now spring comes on:

El. Lo. To you, good Mr. *Sauill*, and your Office, thus much I haue to say: Y'are from my Steward become, first your owne Drunkard, then his Bawde: they say y'are excellent growne in both, and perfect: giue me your keyes Sir *Sauill*.

Sa. Good Sir consider who you left me too.

El. Lo. I left you as a curbe for, not to prouoke my brothers follies: Where's the best drinke now? come, tell me *Sauill*: where's the soundest whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dry'd Ape, ye lame stallion, must you be leading in my house your whores, like Fayriess dance their night rounds, without feare cyther of King or Con-
table

The Scornefull Ladie.

stable, within my walles? Are all my Hangings safe? my sheepe vnfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't. What say you to 300. ponnnds in drinke now?

Sa. Good Sir forgiue me, and but heare me speake.

El.Lo. Methinks thou shouldst be drunke still, and not speak, 'tis the more pardonable.

Sa. I will sir, if you will haue it so.

El.Lo. I thanke ye; yes e'ne pursue it Sir: doe you heare? get a whore soone for your recreation: goe looke out *Captaine Brokenbreech* your fellow, and quarrell, if you dare: I shall deliuer these keyes to one shall haue more honestly, though not so much fine wit Sir. Yee may walke and gather *Cresses* sir to coole your liuer; there's something for you to begin a dyet, you'ie haue the poxe else. Speed you well, Sir *Sauill*: you may cate at my house to preserue life; but keepe no fornications in the stables.

Ex. omnes pre. Sauill.

Sa. Now must I hang my selfe, my friends will looke for't.

Eating and sleeping, I doe despise you both now:

I will runne mad first, and if that get not pittie,

Ile drowne my selfe, to a most dismall ditty.

Exit Sauill.

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus 4. Scena prima.

Enter Abigall solus.

Abi. **A**Lasse poore Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee? to what scury Fortune? thou that hast bene a companion for Noble men, & at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Scruingman, mult begge for fauour to those that would haue crawl'd like Pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apprition of me: you that bee comming on, make much of fiftene, and so till fiue and twenty: vse your time with reuerence, that your profit may arise: it will not tarry with you *Eccc signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfet eates our youth, plague of his Iron teeth, and draw vm for't, h'as been a little bolder here then vwelcome: and now to say the truth I am fit for no man. Old men i'th house, of fittie, call me Gramam; and vwhen they are drunke, e'ene then, when *Ione* and my Lady are all one, not one vwill doe me reason. My little Louite hath forsaken

The Scornefull Ladie.

me, his siluer sound of Cytterne quite abolisht, his dolefull *hymnes* vnder my chamber vwindow, digested into tedious learning: well foole, you leapt a Haddock when you left him: hee's a cleane man, & a good Edifier, & twēty nobles is his state *de Claro*, besides his pigges in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I haue beene euer stubborn, which God forgie me for, and mend my manners: and Loue, if euer thou hadst care of fortie, of such a peece of lape ground, heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so farre forth that my faults, in this reued impression of my loue, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader.

Enter Roger.

See how neglectingly he passes by me: vvith vvhat an Equipage Canonically, as though he had broke the heart of *Bellarmino*, or added some thing to the singing Brethren. Tis scorne, I know it, and deserue it. *Mr. Rogor.*

Ro. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abi. Then gentle Roger. *Ro.* Vngentle *Abigail.*

Abi. VVhy *Mr. Roger* will you set your wit to a weak womans.

Ro. You are weake indeed: for so the Poet sings.

Abi. I doe confesse my weaknesse sweet Sir *Roger.*

Ro. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leaue your prating, you haue a season of your first Mother in yee: and surely had the diuel beene in loue, he had beene abused too: goe *Dalida*; you make men fooles, and weare figge breeches.

Abi. VVell, well, hard hearted man; dilate vpon the weak infirmities of women: these are fit texts: but once there was a time, would I had neuer scene those eies, those eies, those orient eies.

Ro. I they were pearles once with you.

Abi. Sauiug your reuerence Sir, so they are still.

Ro. Nay, nay, I doe beseech you leaue your cogging, what they are, they are, they serue me without Spectacles I thanke vm.

Abi. O will you kill me?

Ro. I doe not thinke I can,

Yare like a Coppy-hold with nine liues in't.

Abi. You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you: For your owne VVorshipp sake.

Ro. I was a Christian foole then: Doe you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew quau'm'd in loue, and was a dunce? could

The Scornefull Ladie.

El. lo. Nay Ile swear it,

And giue sufficient reason, your owne vsage.

La. Doe you not loue me now then? *El. lo.* No faith.

La. Did you euer thinke I lou'd you dearely?

El. lo. Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

La. Doe not denie your hand, for I must kisse it, and take my last farewell: now let me die so you be happy.

El. lo. I am too foolish: Lady, speake deere Ladie.

La. No let me die.

Shee swounes.

Ma. O my sister. *Abi.* O my Ladie. helpe, helpe.

Mar. Run for some *Rosafolis.*

El. lo. I haue plaid the fine asse: bend her bodie, Lady, best; dearest, worthiest Ladie, heare your seruant: I am not as I shew'd: O wretched foole to sting away the Jewel of thy life thus. Giue her more aire, see she begins to stir, sweete Mistres heare me.

La. Is my seruant well. *El. lo.* In being yours I am so.

La. Then I care not.

El. lo. How doe ye, reach a chaire there: I confesse my fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus vpon such tendernesse my wilful error: but had I knowne it would haue rought thus with yee, thus strangely; not the world had wonne me to it, and let not (my best Lady) any word spoke to my end disturbe your quiet peace: for sooner shall you know a generall ruine, then my faith broken. Doe not doubt this Mistres: for by my life I cannot liue without you. Come come, you shall not greue, rather be angry, and heape infiction on me: I wil suffer. O I could curse my selfe, praye smile vpon me. Vpon my faith it was but a tricke to trie you, knowing you lou'd me dearely, and yet strangely that you would neuer shew it, though my meanes was all humilitie.

All. Ha, ha.

El. lo. How now?

La. I thanke you fine foole for your most fine plot: this was a subtile one, a stiffe deuice to haue caught Dottrels with. Good sencelesse Sir, could you imagine I should swoune for you, and know your selfe to be an arrant asse? I, a discouerd one. Tis quit I thanke you Sir. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heede sir, she may chance to swoune againe?

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abi. Step to her sir, see how she changes colour.

El. lo. Ile goe to her first, and be better welcome.

The Scornefull Ladie.

I am fool'd, I doe confesse it, finely fool'd,
Ladie fool'd Madam, and I thanke you for it.

La. Faith 'tis not so much worth Sir:
But if I know when you come next a burding,
Ile haue a stronger noose to hold the woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. lo. I am glad to see you merry, pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh at you Sir. ha, ha.

La. Pray Sister doe not laugh, youe anger him,
And then hee'l raise like a rude Coffermonger,
That Schooleboies had cozned of his apples,
As loud and sencelesse.

El. lo. I will not raile.

Mar. Faith then lets heare him sifter.

El. lo. Yes you shall heare me.

La. Shall we be the better for it then?

El. lo. No. He that makes a woman better by his words,
Ile haue him Sainted: blowes wil not doe it.

La. By this light hee'l beate vs.

El. lo. You doe deserue it richly,
And may liue to haue a Beadle doe it.

La. Now he railes.

El. lo. Come scornefull Folly,
If this be railing, you shall heare me raile.

La. Pray put it in good words then.

El. lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud peece of Cobweb lawne.

La. You bite Sir.

El. lo. I would til the bones crackt; and I had my will.

Mar. We had best mussell him, he grows mad.

El. lo. I would twere lawfull in the next great sicknesse to haue
the dogs spared; those harmelesse creatures, and knocke ith head
these hor continuall plagues, weomen; that are mote infectious. I
hope the state will thinke on't.

La. Are you wel sir?

Mar. He lookes as though he had a greuous fit ath Collick.

El. lo. Greeneginger wil you cure me?

Abi. Ile heate a trencher for him.

El. lo. Durty December doe. Thou with a face as olde as *Erra*
er, such a prognosticating nose: thou thing that ten yeares

since

since has left to be a woman, outworne the expectation of a Bawde; and thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or ninepinnes; pray goe fetch a ttencher, goe:

La. Let him alone, 'is crackt:

Abi. Ile see him hang'd first, 'is a beastly fellow, to loose a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, Ide make him eate his knaues words.

Eld. L. Tye your she Otter vp, good Lady Folly, she stinckes worse then a beare-bayting.

La. Why will you be angry now?

Eld. L. Goe paint and purge, call in your kennel with you: you a Lady?

Abi. Sirra, looke too't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behaiour in the world, Ile haue thee bound to it.

Eld. L. You must not seeke it in your Ladyes house then: pray send this Ferret home, and spinne good *Abigall*. And Maddame, that your Ladyshippe may know, in what base manner you haue vs'd my seruice, I doe from this hower hate thee heartily; and though your folly should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wronges, tis not the indeauour of your life shall win me: not all the friends you haue in intercession, nor your submissiue letters, though they spoke as many teares as words; not your knees growne toth' ground in penitence, nor all your state, to kisse you: nor my pardon nor will to giue you Christian buriall, if you dye thus: so farewell. When I am marryed and made sure, Ile come and visit you againe, and vexe you Lady. By all my hopes Ile be a torment to you, worse then a tedious winter. I know you will recant and sue to me, but saue that labour: Ile rather loue a Feuer and continuall thirst, rather contract my youth to drinke, and safer dote vpon quarrells, or take a drawne whore from an Hospitall, that time, diseases, and *Mercury* had eaten, then to be drawneto loue you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

Eld. L. From thee, false dice, lades. Cowards; and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliuer mee. *Ex. Eld. Loue.*

La. But harke you seruant, harke ye: is he gone? call him againe:

Abi. Hang him Padocke.

The Scornefull Lady.

La. Art thou here still? fly, fly, and call my seruant, fly or nere see me more.

Abi. I had rather knit againe then see that rascall, but I must doe it.

ex. Abi.

La. I would be loth to anger him too much: what fine foolery is this in a woman, to vse those men most frowardly they loue most? If I should loose him thus, I were rightly serued. I hope 'tis not so much himselfe to take it w^oth heart: how now? will he come backe?

ent. Abi.

Abi. Neuer he sweares whilst he can heare men sayther's any woman liuing: he swore hee wood ha me first.

La. Didst thou intreat him wench?

Abi. As well as I could Madam. But this is still your way, to loue being absent, and when hee's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There is another way if you could hit on't.

La. Thou saist true, get me paper, pen, and inke, Ile write to him, I de be loth he should sleepe in's anger.

Women are most fooles, when they thinke th'are wisest.

ex. omnes.

Musicke. Enter young Louelisse and Widdow, going to be married: with them his Comrades.

VVi. Pray Sir cast off these fellowes, as vnfitting for your bare knowledge, and farre more your company: ist fit such Rag-amuffins as these are should beare the name of friends? and furnish out a ciuill house? y'are to be marryed now, and men that loue you must expect a course farre from your old carrie: If you will keepe v^m, turne v^m toth' stable, & there make v^m groomes: and yet now I consider it, such beggars once set a horse back, you haue heard will ride, how farre you had best to looke to.

Cap. Heare you, you that must be Lady, pray content your selfe and thinke vpon your carriage soone at night, what dressing will best take your knight, what wastcote, what cordiall will doe well iⁿ th^e morning for him, what tryers haue you?

VVi. What doe you meane Sir?

Cap. Those that must switch him vp: if he start well, feare not but cry *S. George*, and beare him hard: when you perceiue his wind growes hot, and wanting, let him a little downe, is fleet nere doubt him, and stands sound.

Wi. Sir, you heare these fellowes?

To. L. Merry companions, wench merry, companions:

Uu. To one another let vm be companions, but good Sir not to you: you shall be ciuill and slip off these base trappings.

Cap. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady grocer, if hee be ciuill, not your powdered Suger, nor your Reasens shall perswade the *Captaine* to liue a Coxcome with him: Let him be ciuill and eate ith *Arches*, and see what will come ont.

Po. Let him bee ciuill, doe: vndoe him: I, thats the next way. I will not take (if hee be ciuill once) two hundred pounds a yeare to liue with him: bee ciuill? theres a trimme perswasion.

Cap. If thou beest ciuill Knight, as *Ioue* defend it, get thee another nose, that wil be puld off by the angry boyes, for thy conuersion: The Children thou shalt get on this Ciuilian cannot inherit by the law, th'are *Ethnickes*, and all thy sport meere Morrallechery: when they are growne hauing but little in vm, they may prooue Haberdashers, or grosse Grosers, like their deare damme there: prethe be ciuill Knight, in time thou maist read to thy household and be drunke once a yeare: this would shew finciy.

To. L. I wonder sweet heart you will offer this, you doe not vnderstand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithy: I had rather cast you off by the way of charge: these are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintenance of but Corne and Water. I will keepe these fellowes iust in the Competency of two Hennes:

Wid. If you can cast it so Sir, you haue my liking; if they eat lesse, I should not be offended: But how these, Sir, can liue vppon so little as Corne and Water, I am vnbeleeuing.

To. L. Why prethee sweet heart what's your Ale? is not that Corne and Water my sweet Widdow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight, wheres the meat to this, and cloathes that they must looke for?

To. L. In this short sentence Ale, is all included: Meate, Drinke, and Cloth: these are no rauening foot-men, no fellowes that at Ordinaries, dare eat their eightene pence thrice out before they rise, and yet goe hungry to play, and crack more nuts then would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the dyn,

which is damnable: I had rather raile, and be confin'd to a *Boatmaker*, then liue among such rascalls; these are people of such a cleane discretion in their dyet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat if they but smell hot meate. *Porredges* is poyson, they hate a kitchen as they hate a counter, and shew em but a Fetherbed they sfound. Ale is their eating, and their drinking surely, which keeps their bodies cleere, & soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolish: euen in their ale, whose lost roome fills an apple, which is more ayre, and of subtiller Nature. The rest they take, is little, and that little, as little easie: For like strict men of order, they doe correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stubborn table; if a chimney offer it selfe with some few broken rushes, they are in downe: when they are sick, that's drunke, they may haue fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pamperings. For their poore apparrell, tis worne out to the dyet; new they seeke none, and if a man should offer, they are angry: scarce to be reconcyl'd againe with him: you shall not heare em aske one a cast doublet, once in a yeare, which is a modesty befitting my poore friends: you see their *Wardrobe*, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things worne out of their remembrance. Lowsie they will be, when they list, and *Mangie*, which shoves a fine variety: and then to cure em, a Tanners lymepit, which is little charge, two dogs, and these; these two may be cur'd for three pence.

Wi. You haue halfe perswaded me, pray vse your pleasure: and my good friends since I doe know your dyet, Ile take an order, meate shall not offend you, you shall haue ale.

Cap. Wee aske no more, let it be niighty, Lady: and if wee perish, then our owne sinnes on vs.

No. 1. Come forward gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we haue done, Ile giue you cheere in boules. Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartii.

Actus 5. Scena Prima.

Enter Eld: Lonelesse.

Eld. 10. This senselesse woman vexes me toth' heart, she will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two houres, that I might beate her. If I had bin vnhandsome, old, or iealous.

The Scornefull Lady.

I had bin an euen lay she might haue scorn'd me; but to be yong,
and by this light I thinke as proper as the proudest; made as
cleane, as straight, and strong backt; meanes and manners e-
quall with the best cloth of siluer Sir i'th kingdome: But these
are things at some time of the Moone, below the cut of Canuas;
Sure shee has some Mecching raskall in her house, some hinde,
that she hath seene beare (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malte
vpon his backe, and sing with't, thrash all day, and ith euening
in his stockings, strike vp a hornepipe, and there stink two houres,
and nere a whit the worse man; these are they, these steelechind
rascalls that vndoe vs all. Would I had bin a carter, or a Coach-
man, I had done the deed ere this time: *Enter Seruant.*

Ser. Sir ther's a Gentleman without would speak with you:

Eld. lo. Bid him come in: *Enter Welford.*

Wel. By your leaue Sir:

Eld. lo. You are welcome, whats your will Sir?

Wel. Haue you forgotten me?

Eld. lo. I doe not much remember you:

Wel. You must Sir. I am that gentleman you plea'd to wrong,
in your disguise, I haue inquired you out:

Eld. lo. I was disguised indeed Sir if I wrongd you. Pray where
and when?

Wel. In such a Ladies house Sir: I need not name her.

Eld. lo. I doe remember you: you seem'd to be a suter to that
Lady:

Wel. If you remember this, doe not forget how scruily you
vfd me: that was no place to quarrell in, pray you thinke of it:
If you be honest you dare fight with me, without more vtging,
else I must prouoke yee:

Eld. lo. Sir I dare fight, but neuer for a woman, I will not haue
her in my cause she's Mortall and so is not my anger: If you haue
brought a Nobler subiect for our swords, I am for you: in this
I would be loth to prick my finger. And where you say I wrongd
you, 'tis so far from my profession, that amongst my feares, to doe
wrong is the greatest: credit me we haue bin both abusd. (not
by our selues, for that I hold a spleene no signe of Mallice, and
may with man enough be left forgotten,) but by that wilfull,
scornefull peece of hatred, that much forgetfull Lady: For whose

The Scornfull Lady.

sake, if we should leaue our reason, and runne on vpon our sense, like *Rams*: the little world of good men would laugh at vs, and despise vs, fixing vpon our desperate memories the neuer-worne out names of Fooles, and Fencers. Sir tis not feare, but reason makes me tell you: in this I had rather helpe you Sir, then hurt you, and you shall finde it, though you throw your selfe into as many dangers as she offers, though you redeeme her lost name euery day, and finde her out new honours with your sworde, you shall but be her mirth, as I haue bin.

Wel. I aske you mercy Sir, you haue tane my edge off: yet I would faine be euen with this Lady.

Eld. lo. In which ile be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two sisters, rich alike, onely the elder has the prouder dowry: In troth I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine owne I am senselesse: doe but follow my counsell, and ile pawne my spirit, we'le ouerreach em yet; the meanes is this.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir theres a Gentlewoman will needs speake with you: I cannot keep her out, she's entered Sir:

Eld. lo. It is the waitingwoman, pray be not scene: firra holdher in discourse awhile: harke in your eare, goe, and dispatch it quickly, when I come in Ile tell you all the proiect.

Wel. I care not which I haue.

Exit Wel. forde.

Eld. lo. Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady *Gwinner*, what newes with you?

Enter Abigail:

Abi. Pray leaue these frumps Sir, and receiue this letter.

Eed. lo. From whom good vanity?

Abi. 'Tis from my Lady Sir: alas good soule, shee cries and takes on:

Eld. lo. Do's she so good soule? wod she not haue a Cawdle? do's she fend you with your fine Oratory goody *Tully* to tye me to belcife againe? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree whore, then with my tyller bring downe your *Gibship*, and then haue you cast, and hung vp ith warren.

Abi. I am no beast Sir: would you knew it:

Eld. lo. Wod I did, for I am yet very doubtfull: what will you say now?

Abi. Nothing not I:

Eld. lo.

Eld. lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Abi. Vnlesse youle heare mee with more moderation; I can speake wise enough:

Eld. lo. And loud enough; will your Lady loue me?

Abi. It seemes so by her letter, and her lamentations: but you are such another man:

Eld. lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not be: ile reade her fine Epistle: ha, ha, ha: is not thy Mistresse mad?

Abi. For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should vse a poore gentlewoman so vntowardly: she loues the ground you tread on: and you (hard hart) because she iested with you, meane to kill her: 'tis a fine conquest as they say:

Eld. lo. Haft thou so much moysture in thy whitleather hyde yet, that thou can'st cry? I wod' haue sworne thou hadst beene touchwood five yeare since: Nay let it raine, thy Face chops for a shower like a dry dunghyll.

Abi. Ile not endure this Ribaldry: Farwell ith' Diuels name if my Lady die, ile be sworne before a Iurye, thou art the cause on't:

Eld. lo. Doe Maukin doe: deliuer to your Lady from me this: I meane to see her, if I haue no other busiuesse; which before ile want to come to her, I meane to goe seeke byrds nests; yet I may come too: but if I come, from this doore till I see her, will I thinke how to raile vildly at her; how to vexe her, and make her cry so much, that the Phisition if she fall sick vpon't shall want vryne to finde the cause by: and she remediless die in her heresie: Farwell old Adage, I hope to see the boyes make Potguns on thee.

Abi. Th'art a vyle man; God blesse my issue from thee.

Eld. lo. Thou haft but one, and thats in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so; you must be ground ith' breech like a top; youle nere spin well else: Farwell Fytchocke.

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not strange that euery womans will should tracke out new waies to disturbe her selfe? if I should call my reason to account, it cannot answere why I stoppe my selfe from mine owne wish; and stoppe the man I loue from his; and euery houre repent againe, yet still goe on: I know 'tis like a man, that wants his naturall sleep, and growing dull, would gladly giue the remnant of his life for two howers rest: yet through his frowardnesse, will rather chuse to watch another man,

drowne

Drowfie as he, then take his owne repose. All this I know: yet a strange peuisshnes and anger, not to haue the power to doe thinges vnexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather dye sometimes then not disgrace in publike him whom people thinke I loue, and doo't with oaths, and am in earnest then: O what are wee! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such thinges as wee command, How now? what newce?

Abi. Faith Madam none worth hearing. *Ent. Abi.*

La. Is he not come? *Abi.* No truly.

La. Nor has he writ?

Abi. Neither. I pray God you haue not vndone your selfe:

La. Why, but what sayes hee?

Abi. Faith he talkes strangely: *La.* How strangely?

Abi. First at your Letter he laught extreamly:

La. What in contempt?

Abi. He laught monstrous loud, as he would dye, and when you wrote it, I thinke you were in no such merry mood, to prouoke him that way: and hauing done he cryed alas for her, and violently laught againe.

La. Did he? *Abi.* yes till I was angry:

La. Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he did doe but well, I did deserue it, hee had beene a foole, an vsfit man for any one to loue, had he not laught thus at mee: you were angry, that shoud your folly: I shall loue him more for that, then all that ere he did before: but said he nothing else?

Abi. Many vncertaine things: he said though you had mock't him, because you were a woman, he could wish to doe you so much fauour as to seee you: yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leaue.

La. What one was that?

Abi. I know not, but truly I doe feare there is a making vp there: for I heard the seruants, as I pass by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came backe through the hall, there were two or three Clarke's writing great conuycances in hast, which they said were for their Mistris ioynture.

La. 'Tis very like and fit it should be so, for he does thinke, and reasonably thinke, that I should keepe him with my idle tricks for euer ere he married.

Abi. At

The Scornefull Ladde.

Abi. At last he said, it should goe hard but he would see you for your satisfaction.

La. All we that are cal'd Women, know as well as men, it were a farre more Noble thing to grace where wee are grac't, and giue respect there where wee are respected: yet we practise a wilder course, and neuer bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they finde the way to giue vs a neglect: then we, too late, perceiue the losse of what we might haue had, and dote to death. *Ent. Martha.*

Ma. Sister, yonders your Seruant, with a gentlewoman with him.

La. VWhere? *Mar.* Close at the dore.

La. Ahlas I am vndone, I feare he is betroth'd.

VWhat kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill fauoured one, with her Masque on:
And how her face should mend the rest I know not.

La. But yet her minde is of a milder stufte then mine was.

Enter Fld. Loucresse, and Welford in womans apparrell.

La. Now I see him, if my heart swell not againe (away thou womans pride) so that I cannot speake a gentle word to him, let me not liue.

El. Lo. By your leaue here.

La. How now, what new tricke inuites you hither?

Ha' you a fine deuice againe?

El. Lo. Faith this is the finest deuice I haue now:
How dost thou sweet heart?

Wel. VWhy very well, so long as I may please
You my deare Louer: I nor can, nor will
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy sweet temper: what would I haue giuen, that lady had becne like thee: seest thou her? that face (my loue) joynd with thy humble minde, had made a wench indeede.

Wel. Alas my loue, what God hath done, I dare not thinke to mend: I vse no paint, nor any drugs of Arte, my hands and face will shew it.

La. VWhy what thing haue you brought to shew vs there? doe you take money for it?

El. Lo. A Godlike thing, not to be bought for money: tis my Mistris: in whom there is no passions, nor no scorne: what I will is for law; pray you salute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light I would not kisse her for

El. lo. Why, why pray you ?

You shall see me do't afore you : looke you.

La. Now sic vpon thee, a beast would not haue don't; I would not kisse thee of a month to gaine a Kingdome.

El. lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

La. VVhy was there euer such a *Meg* as this ?
Sure thou art madde.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lou'd pictures : for what are shape and colours else, but pictures ? in that tawny hide there lies an endles masse of vertues; when all your red & white ones want it.

La. And this is she you are to marry, is't not ?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't. *La.* God giue you joy. *El. lo.* Amen.

Wel. I thanke you, as vnknowne, for your good wish.
The like to you, when euer you shall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle spirit.

La. You thanke me ? I pray
Keepe your breath neerer you, I doe not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all:

Much lesse a lady of your worthy parts.

El. lo. Sweet, Sweet.

La. I doe not thinke this woman can by nature be thus,
Thus vgly : sure shee's some common Strumper,
Deform'd with exercise of sinne.

Wel. O Sir belecue not this : for heauen so comfort me as I am
free from foule pollution with any man : my honour rane away,
I am no vvoman.

El. lo. Arise my dearest soule : I doe not credit it. Alas, I feare
her tender heart will breake with this reproach : she that you know
no more ciuillitic to a weake virgin. Tis no matter Sweet, let her
say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at
all : be carelesse.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honour :
Me thinks.

El. lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd.
Is this the businesse that you sent for me about ?

Ma. Faith Sister you are much to balme, to vse a woman, what-
so'e're she be, thus : Ile salute her : You are vvelcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thanke you.

El. lo. Milde still as the Doue; for all these iniuries. Come, shall

The Scornefull Ladle.

vve goe, I loue thee not so ill to keepe thee heere a jesting stocke.
Aduē to the vvorlde end.

La. VVhy vvhither now?

El. lo. Nay you shal neuer know, because you shal not finde me.

La. I pray let me speake vvith you.

El. lo. Tis very vvell: come.

La. I pray you let me speake vvith you.

El. lo. Yes for another mocke.

La. By heauen I haue no mocks: good Sir a vvord.

El. lo. Though you deserue not so much at my hands, yet if you be in such earnest, I vvill speake a vvord vvith you: but I beseech you bee briefe; for in good faith there's a Parson, and a licence stay for vs 'th Church all this vvhile: & you know tis night.

La. Sir, giue mee hearing patiently, and vvhatsoeuer I haue heretofore spoke jestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, vvhat I shall vtter now is from my heart, and as I meane.

El. lo. Well, vvell, vvhat doe you meane?

La. VVas not I once your Mistres, and you my Seruant?

El. lo. O 'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay good Sir stay me out: I vvould but heare you excuse your selfe, vvhy you should take this vvoman, and leaue me.

El. lo. Prethee vvhy not, deserues she not as much as you?

La. I thinke not, if you vvill looke
VVith an indifferencie vp on vs both.

El. lo. Vpon your faces, tis true: but if judicially vve shall cast our eies vpon your mindes, you are a thousand weomen of her in worth: Shee cannot sound in jest, nor set her louer tasks, to shew her peeuishnes, and his affection: nor crosse what he saies, though it bee Canonicoll. Shee's a good plaine wenoh, that will doe as I will haue her, and bring mee lusty boyes to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of lead: and for a wife, shee's farre beyond you: what can you doe in a household, to prouide for your issue, but lye a bed and get vm? your businesse is to dresse you, and at idle houres to eate; when she can doe a thousand profitable things: She can doe pretty well in the Pastry, and knows how pullen should be cram'd: she cuts Cambricke at a thrud: weaues bone-lace, and quilts balls: And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that she were farre beyond me in all respects, do'es that giue you a licence to forswear your selfe?

The Scornefull Ladie.

El. lo. Forswear me selfe, how?

La. Perhaps you haue forgot the innumerable oathes you haue vttered in disclaiming all for wiues but mee: Ile not remember you: God giue you ioy.

El. lo. Nay but conceiue mee, the intent of oaths is euer vnderstood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Diuines would neuer hold me periur'd, if I were struck blinde, or he hid him where my diligent search could not finde him: so there were no crosse act of mine owne in't. Can it bee imagined I meant to force you to marriage, and to haue you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you neede not. I make already tender of my selfe, and then you are forsworne.

El. lo. Some sinne I see indeede must necessarily fall vpon me, as whosocuer deals with women shal neuer vtterly auoide it: yet I would chuse the least ill; which is to forsake you, that haue done me all the abuses of a malignant woman, contemn'd my seruice, and would haue held me prating about marriage, till I had bene past getting of children: then her that hath forsooke her family, and put her tender bodie in my hand, vpon my word.

La. Which of vs swore you first to?

El. lo. VVhy to you.

La. VVhich oath is to be kept then.

El. lo. I prethee doe not vrge my sinnes vnto me, Without I could amend vm.

La. VVhy you may by wedding me.

El. lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

La. Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction, Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

El. lo. Shall I liue to wrong that tender hearted virgin so? It may not be.

La. VVhy may it not be?

El. lo. Ifswear I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honesty.

La. VVhat honesty? Tis more prefer'd this way: Come, by this light seruant thou shalt, Ile kisse thee on't.

El. lo. This kisse indeede is sweet, pray God no sin lie vnder it.

La. There is no sinne at all, trie but another.

Wel. O my heart.

The Scornefull Ladie.

Mar. Helpe sister, this ladie swoones.

El.lo. How doe you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be so.

El.lo. Suce a quiet minde liues not in any woman: I shal doe a most yngodly thing. Heare me one word more, vvhich by all my hopes I will not alter. I did make an oath when you delaid me so; that this very night I would be married. Now if you will goe without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, vvith your owne Minister to your owne Chappel, Ile wed you, and to bed.

La. A match deare seruant.

El.lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her iniuries, such is her spirit. If I bee not ashamed to kisse her now I part, may I not liue.

Wel. I see you goe, as sliely as you thinke to steale away: yet I vvil pray for you; All blessings of the vvorld light on you two, that you may liue to be an aged paire. Al curses on me if I doe not speake what I doe vvish indeede.

El.lo. If I can speake to purpose to her, I am a vill. inc.

La. Seruant away.

Mar. Sister, vvil you matry that inconstant man? thinke you he vvil not cast you off to morrow, to wrong a ladie thus, lookt she like durt, twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid, Alas I vvvas vnworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That vvvas your modesty, too good for him.
I vvould not see your vvedding for a vvorld?

La. Chuse, chuse, come *Yongloue.* *Ex. La, El.lo. & Yong.*

Mar. Drie vp your eies forsooth, you shall not thinke vve are all vnciuill, all such beasts as these. VVould I knew hovv to giue you a reuenge,

Wel. So vvould not I: No let me suffer truly, that I desire.

Mar. Pray vvalk in vvith me, tis very late, and you shal stay all night: your bed shal be no vvorse then mine; I vvish I could but doe you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:

God grant I may bur liue to quit your loue.

Exeunt

Enter Yong Louelesse and Sauill.

Yonglo. Did your Master send for me Sauil?

Sa. Yes he did send for your vvorship sir.

To.lo. Doe you knowv the businesse?

Sa. Alas Sir I know nothing, nor am employed beyond my

The Scornefull Ladie.

hovvers of eating. My dancing daies are done sir.

To. lo. VVhat art thou novv then.

Sa. If you consider me in little, I am with your vvorships reuerence sir, a rascal: one that vpon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sponce by the high vvay, and sel svvitches. My vvife is learning nev v sir to vveave inckle.

To. lo. What dost thou meane to doe vvith thy children *Sauil*?

Sa. My eldest boy is halfe a rouge already, he vv as borne bursten, and your worship knowes, that is a pretty steppe to mens capassions. My youngest boy I purpose sir to binde for ten yeeres to a loaler, to drawe vnder him, that he may shew vs mercy in his function.

To. lo. Your family is quartered with discretion: you are resolved to cant then: where *Sauil* shall your sceane lie.

Sa. Beggars must be no choosers:
In euery place (I take it) but the stocks.

To. lo. This is your drinking, and your whoring *Sauil*,
I told you of it, but your heart was hardned.

Sa. Tis true, you were the first that tolde me of it, I doe remember yet in teares, you told me you would haue whores, and in that passion sir, you broke our thus; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more, in a hogshed. Tis noone ere we be drunke now, and the time can tarry for no man.

To. lo. Y'are growne a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can can cleere your head better then mustard. Ile be a sutor for your keyes againe sir.

Sa. Wil you but be so gracious to me sir? I shal be bound.

To. lo. You shall sir,
To your bunch againe, or Ile misse fouly. *Enter Moorcraft.*

Mo. Saue you gent. saue you,

To. lo. Now Pole. cat, what young Rabets nest haue you to drawe?

Mo. Come, pre thee bee familiar Knight.

To. lo. Away Fox, Ile send for Terriers for you.

Mo. Thou art wide yet: Ile keepe thee companie.

To. lo. I am about some businesse; Indentures,
If ye follow me Ile beate you: take heede,
As I liue Ile cancell your Coxcombe.

Mo. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no vsurer:

The Scornefull Ladie.

VVhat poore fellow's this? *Sa.* I am poore indeede sir.

Mo. Giue him money Knight.

To. lo. Doe you begin the offering.

Mo. There pore fellow, heer's an angel for thee.

To. lo. Art thou in earnest *Moorcraft*?

Mo. Yes faith Knight, Ile follow thy example: thou hadst land and thousands, thou spendst, and slungst away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchasde, wrung, and wierdraw'd for my wealth, lost, and was cozend: for which I make a vowe, to trie all the waies aboute ground: but Ile finde a constant meanes to riches without curses.

To. lo. I am glad of your conuersion Mr. *Moorcraft*: y'are in a faire course, praye pursue it still.

Mo. Come, we are all gallants now, Ile keepe thee company; Heere honest fellow, for this gentlemans sake, theres two angels more for thee.

Sa. God quit you sir, and keepe you longe in this minde.

Tr. lo. VVilt thou perseuer?

Mo. Til I haue a penny. I haue braue clothes a making, and two horses; canst thou not helpe me to a Match Knight, Ile lay a thousand pound vpon my crop-ear.

To. lo. Foote this is stranger then an *Africk* monster, The re will be no more talke of the *Cleane* wars: VVhilst this lasts, come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sa. VVould all his damb'd tribe were as tender hearted. I beseech you let this gent. ioyne with you in the recouery of my Keyes; I like his good beginning sir, the whilst Ile pray for both your worships. *To. lo.* He shall sir.

Mo. Shall we goe noble Knight? I would faine be acquainted.

To. lo. Ile be your seruant sir.

Exeunt.

Ent El. Louelesse and Ladie.

El. lo. Faith my sweet Ladie, I haue caught you now, mauger your subtilties, and fine deuises, be coy againe now.

La. Prethee sweetehart tell true.

El. lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I haue had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozend meereley. I haue cast beyond your vvit. That gent. is your retainer *Welford*.

La. It cannot be so.

El. lo. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake: marke how she

The Scornefull Ladie.

blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not trauell now,
ha, ha, ha.

La. Prethee sweet heart be quiet, thou hast angered me at heart.

El.lo. Ile please you soone againe. *La.* Welford.

El.lo. I *Welford*, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and
landed: your sister can instruct you in his good parts better then I
by this time.

La. Vdsfoote, am I fetcht ouer thus?

El.lo. Yes ifaith.

And ouer shall be fetcht againe, neuer feare it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me:
You haue got the Sunne Sir.

El.lo. And the Moone too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I knowne this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should
haue hunted three traines more, before you had come to'th course,
you should haue hanckt o'th bridle, Sir, ifaith.

El.lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you vp.
Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For Gods sake Sir be priuate in this busines,
You haue vndone me else. O God, what haue I done?

Wel. No harme I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I looke vpon my friends againe?
With what face?

Wel. Why e'ne with that: tis a good one, thou canst not finde
a better: looke vpon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you
shall finde ym smooth still, faire still, sweet still, and to your thin-
king honest: those haue done as much as you haue yet, or dare
doe Mistres, and yet they keepe no stirre.

Ma. Good Sir goe in, and put your womans cloathes on:
If you be seene thus, I am lost for euer.

Wel. Ile watch you for that Mistres: I am no foole, heere will I
tarry till the house be vp and witnes with me.

Mar. Good deare friend goe in.

Wel. To bed againe if you please, else I am fixt heere, till there
be notice taken what I am, and what I haue done: If you could
juggle me into my woman-hood againe, & so cog me out of your
company, all this would be forsworne, and I againe an *afinego*, as
your Sister left me. No, Ile haue it knowne and publisht; then if

The Scornefull Ladie.

you'le be a whore, forsake me, & be sham'd : & when you can hold out no longer, matry some cast *Cleue Captaine*, and sell *Bottle-ale*.

Mar. I dare not stay sir, vse me modestly, I am your wife.

Wel. Goe in, Ile make vp all.

El. lo. Ile be a witness to your naked truth Sir : this is the gentlewoman, prethee looke vpon him, this is he that made me breake my faith Sweet : but thanke your sister, she hath soderd it.

La. VVhat a dull asse was I, I could not see this wencher from a wench : twentie to one, if I had beene but tender like my sister, he had serued me such a slippery tricke too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. lo. I would haue watcht you Sir, by your good patience, for ferretting in my ground.

La. Yow haue beene with my Sister. *Wel.* Yes, to bring.

El. lo. An heire into the world he meanes.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I haue had my part on't : I haue beene chaste this three houres, thats the least, I am reasonable coole now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry rost-meat ?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not blesse the founders, is eithersurfetted, or ill taught, Ladie : for mine owne part, I haue found so sweet a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El. lo. How like you this dish, *Welford*, I made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleepe.

La. By this light, had I but sented out your traine, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your armes, & kist that, or else the bed-post, for any wife yee had got this twelue month yet : I would haue vext you more then a tyr'd post-horse : & bin longer bearing, then euer after-game at *Irish* vvas. Lord, that I were vnmarried againe.

El. lo. Lady, I vvould not vndertake yee, vvhere you againe a *Haggard*, for the best cast of sore Ladies i'th Kingdome : you were euer tickle footed, and would not trusse round ?

Wel. Is she fast ? *El. lo.* She vvas all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her vvithout feare of loosing : take off her Cranes. You haue a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister : Lord vvhat a pretty fury she vvas in, vvhen she perceiued I vvas a man : but I thanke God I satisfied her scruple, vvithout the Parson o'th towne.

El. lo. What did ye ?

Wel. Maddame, can you tell what we did ?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd guesse at it I see by her.

La. Well you may mocke vs: but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but seene into you, you should haue had another bedfellow, fitter a great deale for your itch.

Wel. I thanke you Lady, me thought it was well, You are so curious.

Enter Young Louelesse, his Lady, Moorecraft, Samill and two Seruingmen.

El. Lo. Get on your dublet, here comes my brother.

Yo. Lo. Good morrow brother, and all good to your Lady.

Mo. God saue you, and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

La. Fie how this shames me.

Mo. Prethee good fellow helpe me to a cup of Beere.

Ser. I will Sir,

Yo. lo. Brother what make you here? will this Lady doe?

Will she? is she not nettel'd still?

El. Lo. No, I haue cur'd her.

Mr. Welford, pray know this Gentleman, is my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to loue him.

Yo. lo. I shall not be your debter Sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may bee man'; I am married: your new acquaintance hath her Sister: and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Sister, How doe you finde my brother?

La. Almost as wilde as you are.

Yo. Lo. A will make the better husband: you haue tride him?

La. Against my will Sir.

Yo. Lo. Hee'le make your will amends soone, doe not doubt it.

But Sir, I must intreat you to be better knowne

To this conuerted Jew here.

Ser. Here's Beere for you Sir.

Mo. And here's for you an angell:

Pray buy no Land, twill neuer prosper Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Blesse you, and then Ile tell: He's turn'd Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

Yo. lo. I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Moorecraft*:

The Scornefull Ladie.

The reason Ile informe you, at more leifure,

Wel. O good Sir let me know him presently.

To.lo. You shall hug one an other.

Mo. Sir I must keepe you company. *El.lo.* And reason.

To.lo. Cutting *Moorecraft* saes about. I must present another.

Mo. As many as you will Sir, I am for ym.

Wel. Sir I shall doe you seruice.

Mo. I shall looke for't in good faith sir.

El.lo. P'rethee good sweet-heart kisse him.

La. Who, that fellow?

Sa. Sir will it please you to remember me: my keyes good sir.

To.Lo. Ile doe it presently.

El.Lo. Come thou shalt kisse him for our sport sake.

La. Let him come on then: and doe you heare, doe not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.

Eld.Lo. That at my perill. Lusty M^r *Moorecraft*,
Heere is a Ladie would salute you.

Mo. She shall not loose her longing Sir: what is she?

El.Lo. My wife Sir.

Mo. She must be then my Mistres.

La. Must I Sir: *El.lo.* O yes, you must.

Mo. And you must take this ring, a poore pawne,
Of some fifty pound.

El.lo. Take it by any meanes, tis lawfull prise.

La. Sir I shall call you seruant.

Mo. I shall be proud on't: what fellow's that:

To.Lo. My Ladies Coach-man.

Mo. Ther's something. (my friend) for you to buy whips,
And for you sir, and you sir.

El.lo. Vnder a miracle this is the strangest,
I euer heard of.

Mo. What shall we play, or drinke? what shall we doe?
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pound?

Wel. Stranger and Stranger!

Sir you shall finde sport after a day or two.

Yong.Lo. Sir I haue a sute vnto you,

Concerning your old seruant *Sauill*.

El.lo. O, for his keyes, I know it,

Sa. Now sir, strike in.

Mo. Sir I must haue you grant me.

El. lo. Tis done Sir, take your keyes againe :
But harke you *Sauill*, leaue of the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze againe.
He trie you once more.

Sa. If euer I be taken drunke, or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i^th bunch, and open
My head with it Sir: I humbly thanke your worships.

El. lo. Nay then I see we must keepe holiday *Ent. Roger, &*
Heers the last couple in hell. *Abigall.*

Ro. Toy be amongst you all.

La. Why how now sir, what is the meaning of this Embleme?

Ro. Marriage an't like your worship.

La. Are you married?

Ro. As well as the next priest could doe it, Madam.

Eld. Lo. I thinke the signes in *Gemini*, heer's such coupling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweete-
heart to night?

Ro. Not the best benifice in your worships gift Sir.

Wel. A whorson, how he swels.

Yo. Lo. How many times to night Sir *Roger*?

Ro. Sir you grow scurrilous:

What I shall doe, I shall doe: I shall not neede your helpe.

Yo. Lo. For horse flesh *Roger*.

El. lo. Come prethee be not angry, tis a day
Giuen wholly to our mirth.

La. It shall be so sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
VVe shall intreate to be at our charge.

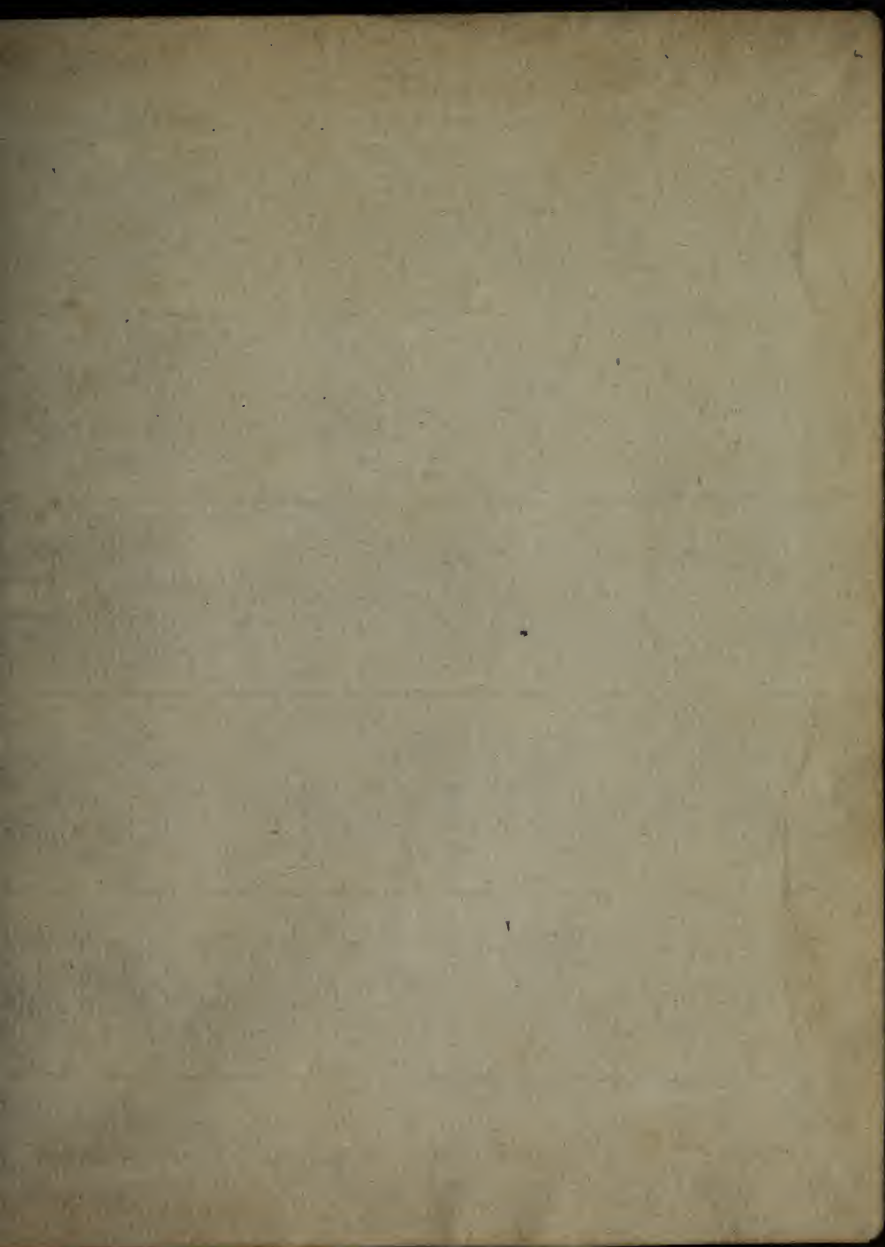
El. lo. *Welford* get you to Church; by this light,
You shall not lie with her againe, till y^e are married.

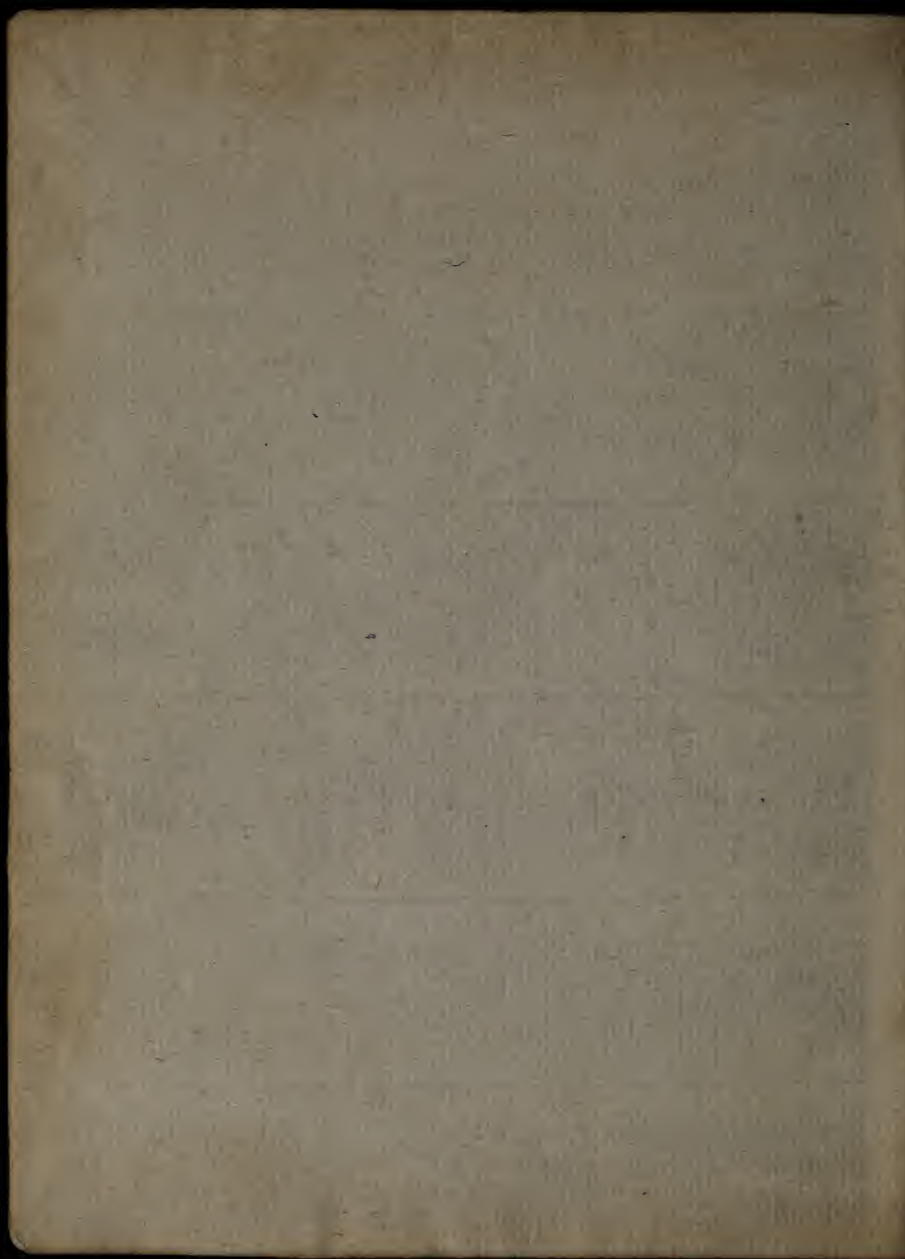
Wel. I am gone.

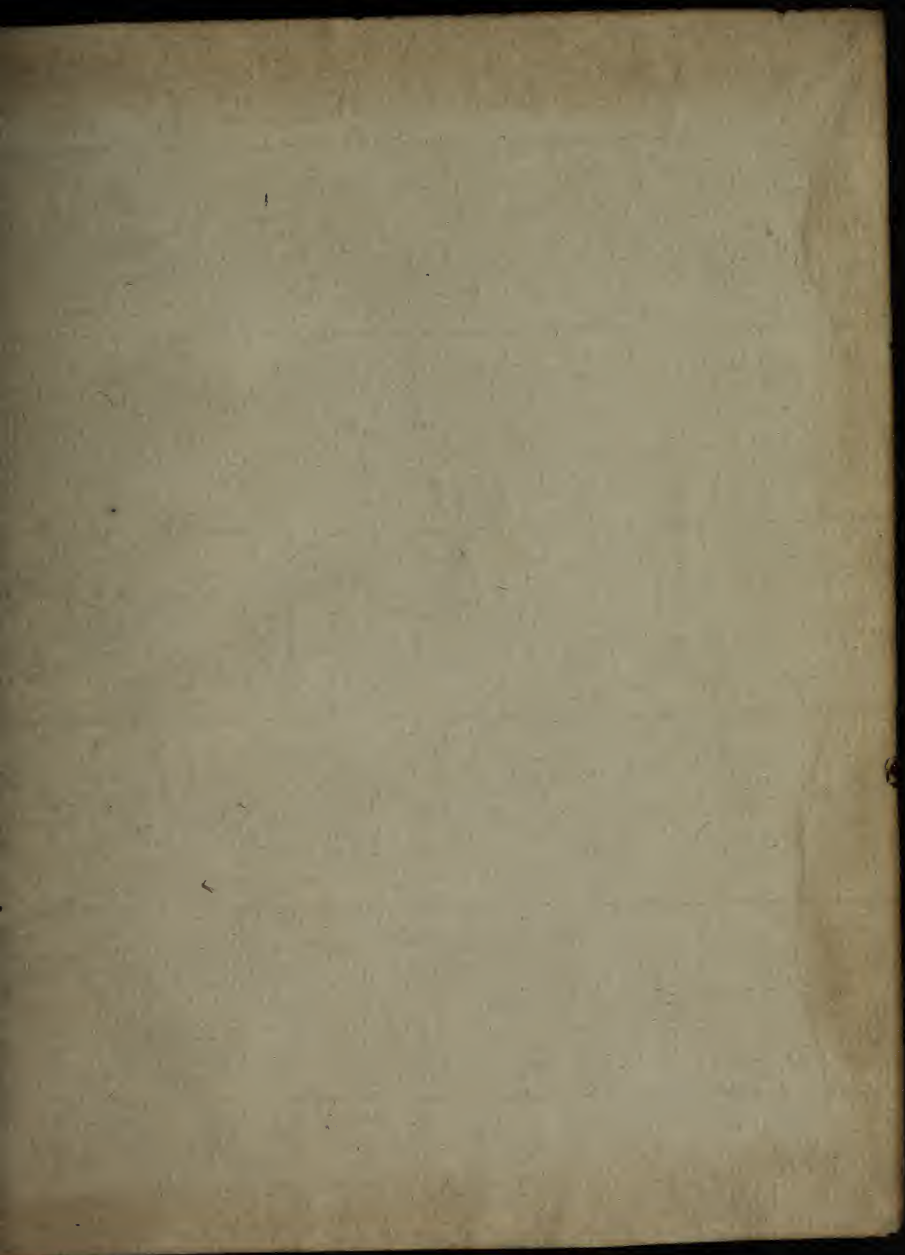
Mo. To euey Bride I dedicate this day:
Six healths a peece, and it shall goe hard;
But euey one a Jewell: Come be mad Boyes.

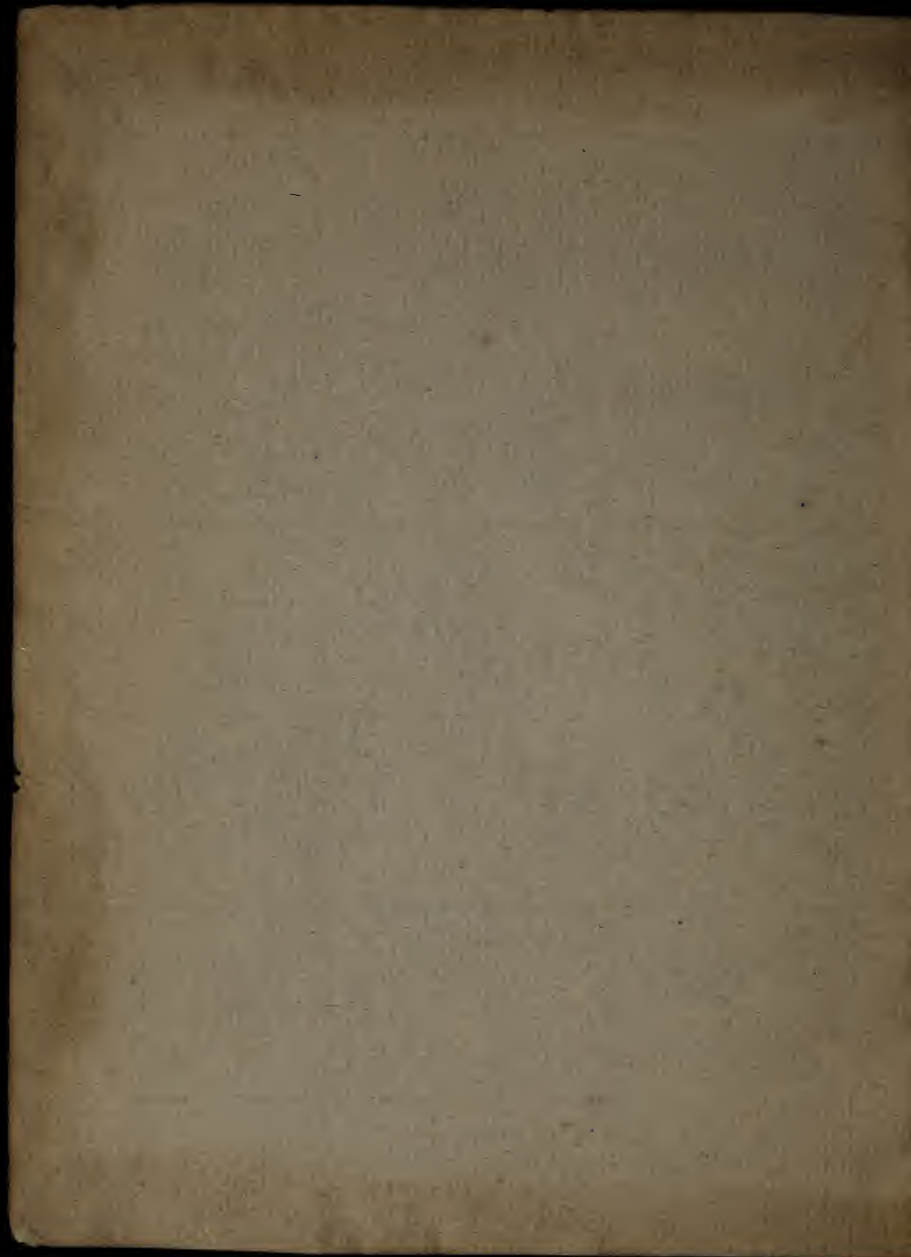
El. lo. Th'art in a goed beginning: come who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall haue the *Van*: leade the way;
VVould euey dogged wench had such a day.

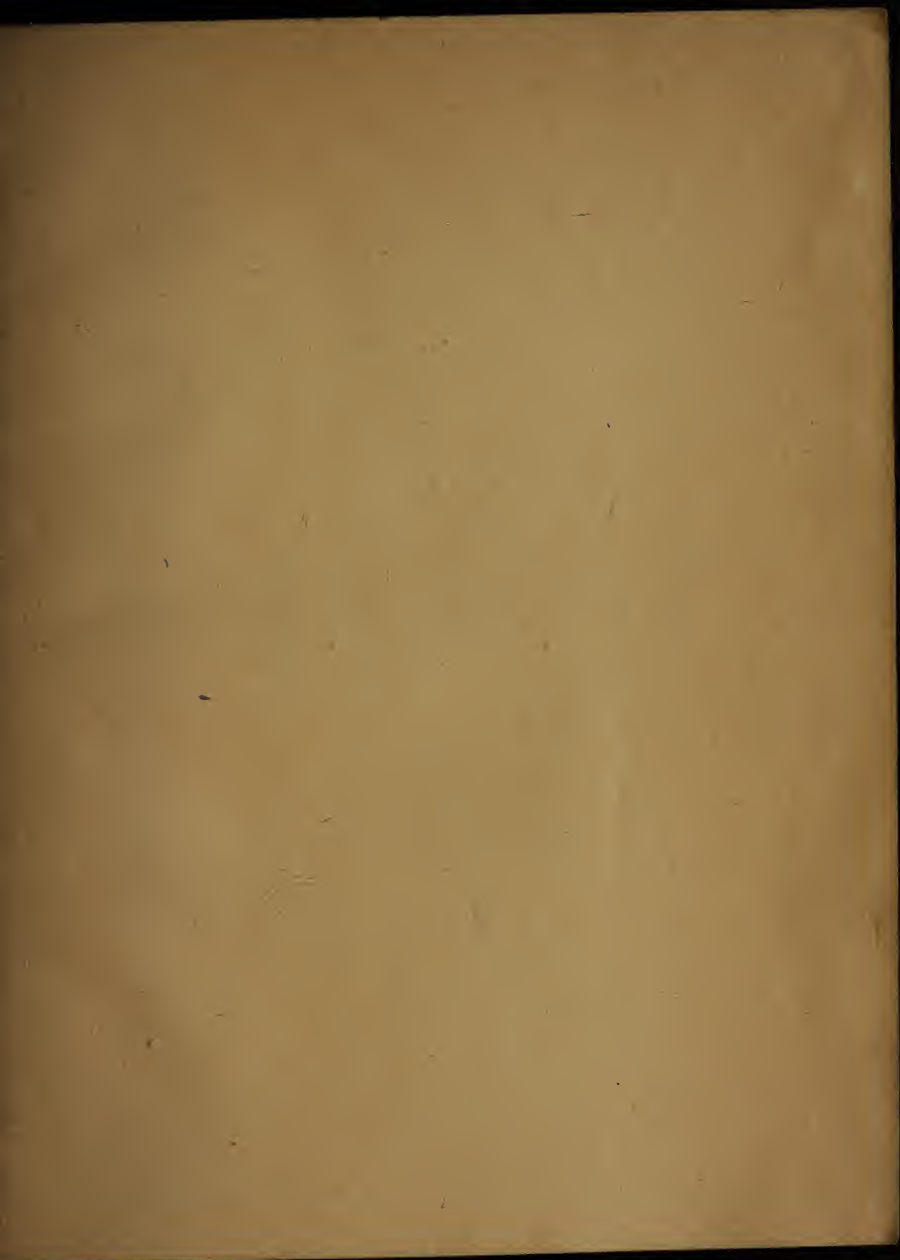
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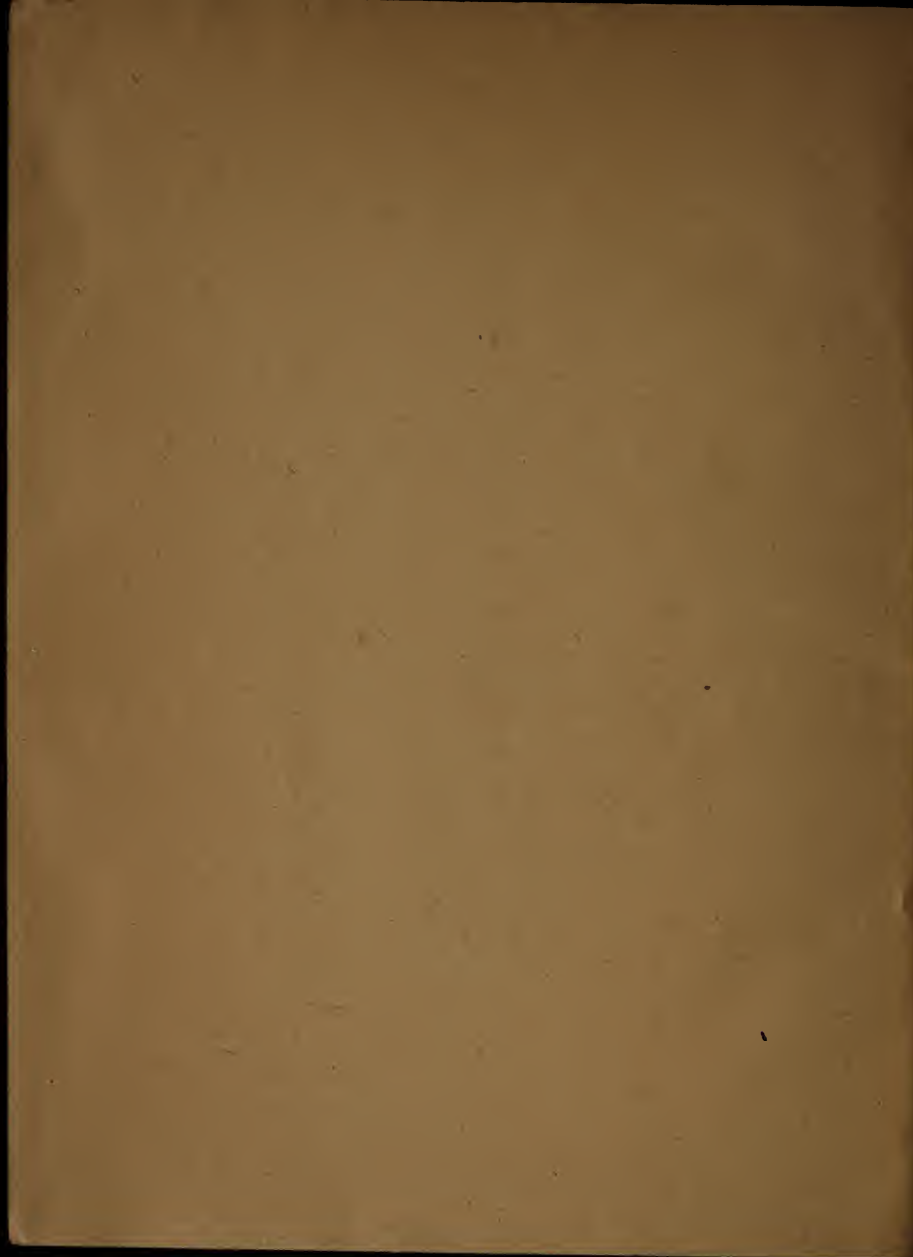


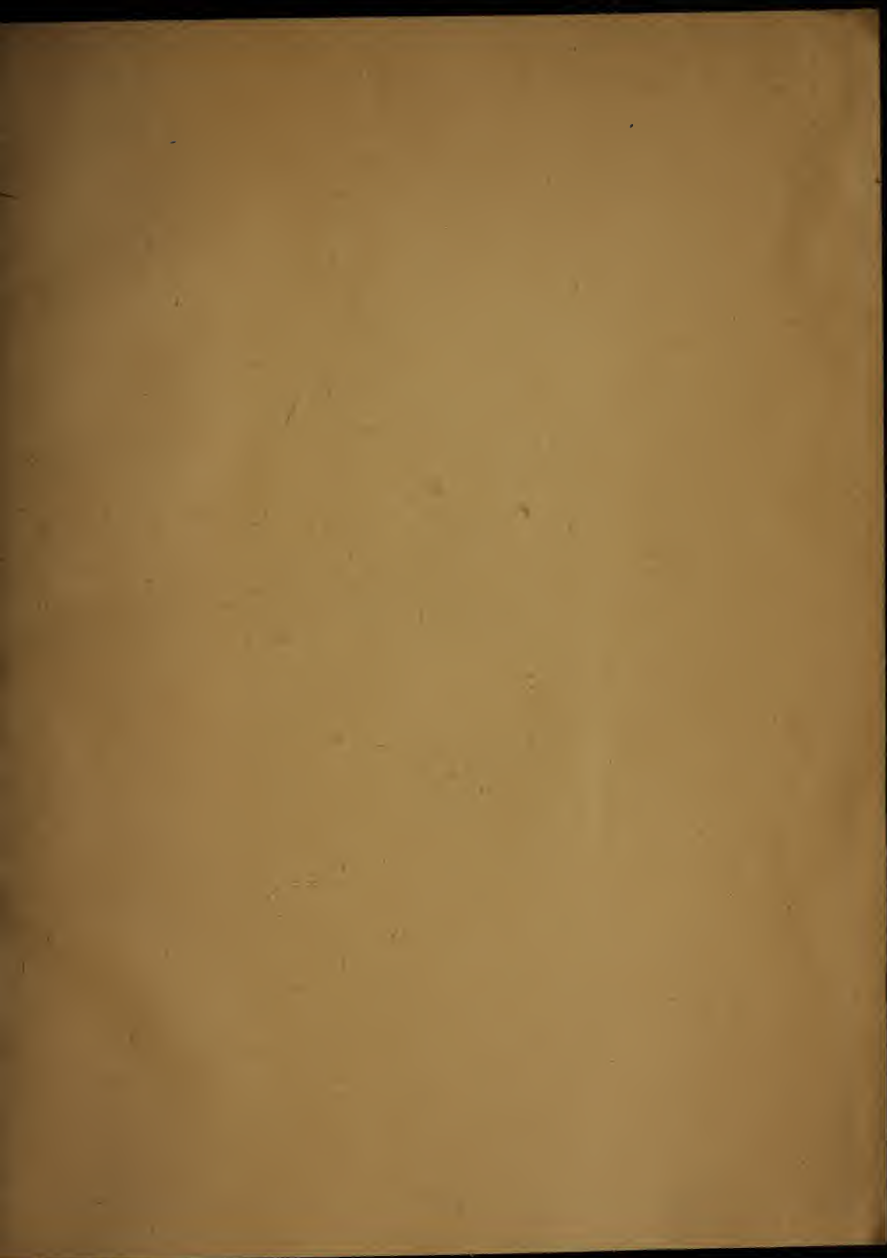


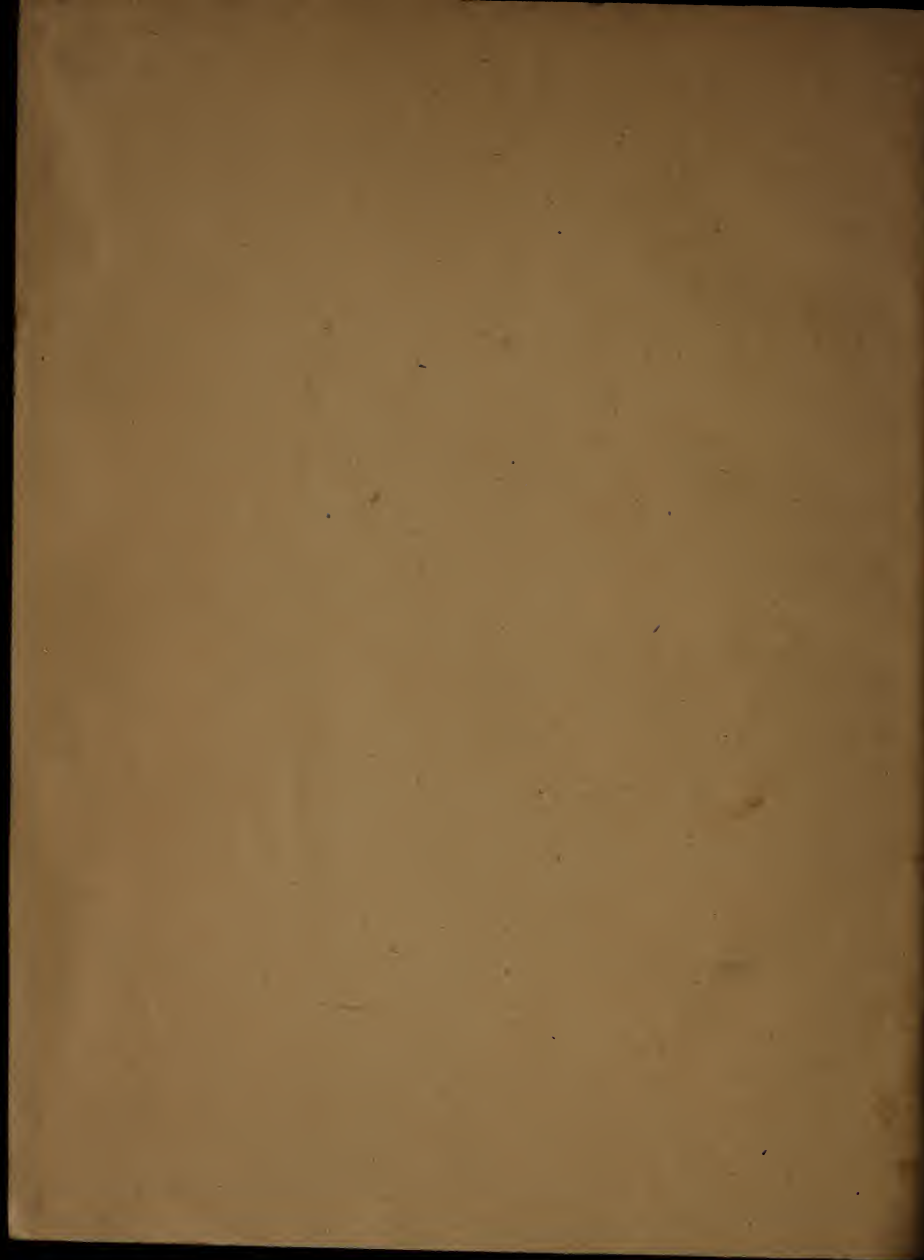












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