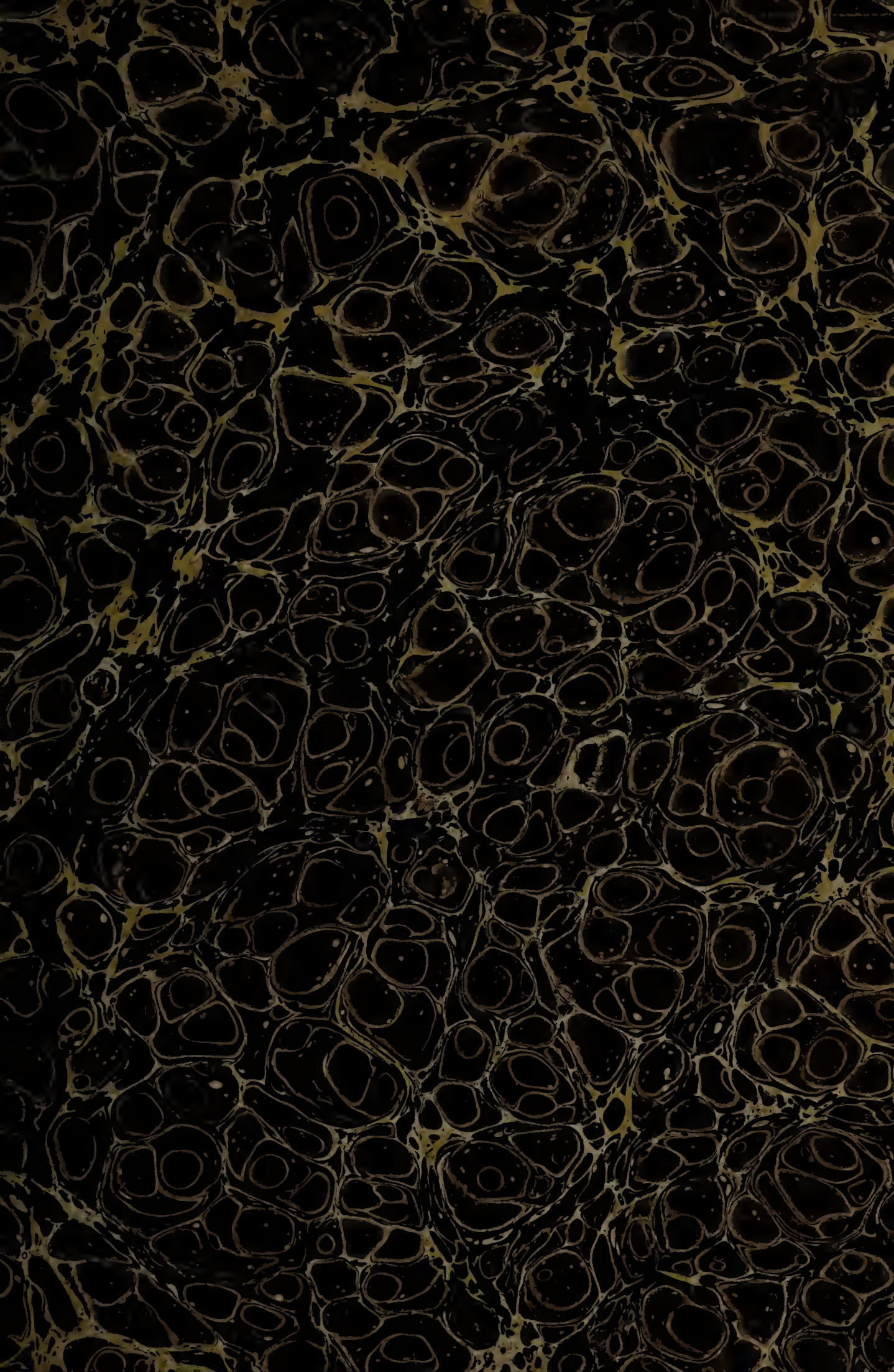


G.
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William Holgate.



119

1600 Ist

1771

1771

The Wedding.

As it was lately Acted by her Maiesties
Seruants, at the Phenix in
Drury Lane.

WRITTEN
By JAMES SHIRLEY, Gent.

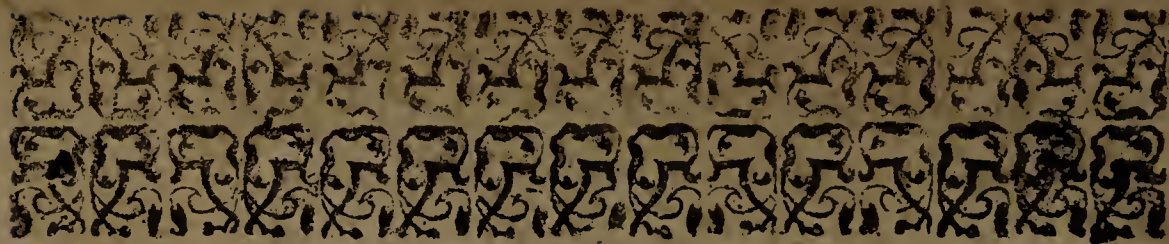
Horat. — *Multaq; pars mei*
Vitabit Libitinam —

First Edition



LONDON.

Printed for John Grove, and are to be sold at his shop at
Furnivals Inne Gate in Holborne. 1629.



The Actors names.

149,477

May, 1873

Sir John Belfare.
Beauford, a passionate lover of
Gratiana.

Richard Perkins.

Michael Bowyer.

Marwood friend to Beauford.

John Sumpner.

Rawbone a thin Citizen.

William Robins.

Lodam a fat Gentle-man.

William Sherlocke.

Iustice Landby.

Anthony Turner.

Captraine Landby.

William Allin.

Isaac, Sir Johns man.

William Wilbraham.

Huer a yong Gentle-man, lover
of Mistresse Jane.

John Tong.

Cameleon, Rawbones man.

John Dobson.

Phyfition. Surgeon.

Keeper. Seruants.

Gratiana, Sir Johns Daughter.

Hugh Clarke.

Jane, Iustice Landbys daughter.

John Page.

Milisent, Cardonaes daughter.

Edward Rogers.

Cardona.

Tymotby Read.



TO THE RIGHT

Worshipfull *William Gowre,*

Esquire.



IR, I know you, and in that your worth, which I honor more then greatnesse in a Patron: This Comedy coming forth to take the ayre in Summer, desireth to walke vnder your shaddow.

The World oweth a perpetuall remembrance to your name, for excellency in the Musicall Arte of Poesie, and your singular iudgement and affection to it, haue encouraged me to this Dedication, in which I cannot transgresse beyond your Candor. It hath passed the Stage; and I doubt not but from you, it shall receiue a kinde welcome, since you haue beene pleas'd to acknowledge the Author.

TOWNS.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

A 3

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To his learned and much respected friend, Mr.
James Shirley, vpon his Wedding.

AN inforc'd rapture, and high swelling phrase
Doth onely gaudy ignorance amaze;
Conceites that yeelde iudicious Writers glory,
Enrich the beauty of thy Comicke Story:
Loues passion in smooth numbers is descride,
Such as becomes the softnesse of a Bride.
I want a Poets aëry soule, to giue
Due prayses to thy lines, which shall out-liue
The Crittickes spleene, the Atheists impious iest;
A modest pen becomes the Muses best,
And such is thine, as thy faire Wedding showes,
Who Crownes thee not, a debt to knowledge owes.

Edmond Colles.

To his worthy Friend Mr. *Shirley*, vpon his
Nuptiall Comedy.

IS *Beaumont* dead? or slept he all this while,
To teach the World the want of his smooth stile?
If he be dead, that part of him Diuine
By transmigration of his soule is thine:
High is thy fancy, yet thy straine so sweete,
Death would be lou'd in such a winding sheete:
This Wedding needes no Offering, and thy worth
Is about flattery, to set thee forth:
From whose rich Muse thus Wedded, we shall see
Many faire Children borne to Poësie.

Robert Haruty.



To my deseruing friend Mr. *James Shirley*, vpon
his Comedie, the Wedding.

THou need'st not, friend, that any man for thee,
Should to the World put in security.
Thy Comedie is good; 'twill passe alone,
And faire enough, without this ribbands showne
Vpon the fore-head on't: if high ray'd passion
Temper'd with harmelesse mirth, in such sweet fashion,
And with such harmony, as may inuite
Two faculties of soule, and both delight
Deserue an approbation, in mine eye,
Such in iust value is this Comedie.

Tho. May.

Of this Ingenious Comedie the *wedding.*

To Mr. James Shirley the Author.

THE Bonds are equall, and the Marriage fit,
Where iudgement is the *Bride*, the *Husband* wit;
Wit hath begot, and iudgement hath brought forth
A noble issue, of delight, and worth,
Growne in this Comedie to such a strength
Of sweete perfection, as that not the length
Of dayes, nor rage of mallice, can haue force
To sue a nullity, or worke diuorce
Betweene this well trim'd *wedding*, and loud Fame,
Which shall in euery age, renew thy Name.

John Ford.

In Hymeneum Ingeniosissimi
Iacobi Shirley.

*Dies fugaci de filiis pede
Nec urna cuiquam parcit, at improbe
Vivis superstes fama morti,
Nec gelidum metuit sepulchrum.
O qui ingales flammis Hymen toros
Ambis, coruscâ iam nitidâ togâ
Incede, Shirleiana laurus,
Perpetuos tibi das triumphos.
Phœbus sacratâ vellit ab arbore
Rammum, modestas quo decoret comas
Additq; vatem Laureatis
Sideribus, numerumq; claudit.*

Spread faire thou growing Tree, with which in vaine
The windes do wrastle: Blemish'd with the staine
Of impure life, some by Atheisticke rimes,
And witty surfeits, force these ruder times
To fond amazement; but thy faire defence
Rests in cleare Arte, and secure Innocence.
As thou, thy Muse is chaste, on which no Rape
Was ere by thee committed, Learnings Ape
Is franticke imitation; and the Bough
That Crownes such Writers, withers on their brow:
I gratefully thy wedding; Loue doth guide
My friendly Muse, thus to salute thy Bride.

William Habington.



The Wedding.

Actus Primi. Scena Prima.

*Enter Sir Iohn Belfare, and Isaac his man, servants bringing
in Provision.*

Belfare.



Well done my Masters, yee bestirre your selues, I see
we shall feast to morrow.

Ser. Your worship shall want no Wood-cockes
at the Wedding.

Isa. Thou hast as many as thou canst carry, and
thirteene to the last dozen.

Bel. *Isaac.*

Isa. Sir.

Bel. Have you beene carefull, to inuite those friends, you had
direction for?

Isa. Yes sir, I have beene a continuall motion ever since I rise,

B

I have

The Wedding.

I haue not sayd my prayers to day.

Bel. We shall want no guests then.

Isa. I haue commanded most on'em.

Bel. How sir?

Isa. I ha' bid 'em sir, there's two in my list, will not sayle to dine w'ee.

Bel. Who are they?

Isa. Master *Rawbone*, the yong vsurer.

Bel. Oh hees reported a good Trencher-man, He has a tall stomacke, he shall be welcome.

Isa. They say, he has made an Obligation to the Diuell, if euer he eate a good meale at his owne charge, his soule is forfeit.

Bel. How does he liue liue?

Isa. Vpon his mony sir.

Bel. He does not eate it.

Isa. No the Diuell choake him, it were a golden age, if all the Vsurers in *London* should ha' no other dyet; hee has a thingut waytes vpon him, I thinke, one of his bastards, begot vppon a spider, I hope to liue, to see 'em both drawne through a ring.

Bel. Who is the other?

Isa. The other may be knowne too, the barrell at *Heidelberg* was the patterne of his belly, Master *Lodams* sir.

Bel. Hee's a great man indeede.

Isa. Something giuen to the wast, for he liues within no reasonable compasse I'm sure.

Bel. They will be well met.

Isa. But very ill matcht to draw a Coach, yet at prouender, there wilbe scarce an Oate betweene the leane iade, and the fat Gelding.

Bel. How liues he?

Isa. Religiously sir; for hee that seedes well, must by consequence liue well, hee holds none can be dam'd but leane men, for fat men he sayes must needes bee sau'd by the faith of their body.

Enter Mr. Beauford, and Captaine Landby.

Bel. Mr. *Beauford* and Captayne *Landby*: *Isaac*, call forth my Daughter.

Beau.

The Wedding.

Beau. Sir *John*, I hope you make no stranger of me;
To morrow, I shall change my title for
Your sonne, soone as the holy rites shall make me
The happy husband to your daughter, in the meane time
It will become me wayte on her.

Bel. I possesse nothing but in trust for thee,
Gratiana makes all thine.

Cap. I shall presume to follow.

Bel. Your friendship noble *Captaine* to *Mr. Beauferd*,
Makes your person most welcome,
Had you no other merit, pray enter. *Exe. Bea. & Cap.*

Heauen hath already crownd my gray hayres!
I liue to see my daughter married
To a noble husband, the enuye of our time,
And exact patterne of a Gentleman,
As hopefull as the Spring, I am growne proud,
Euen in my age. *Exit.*

Enter Marwood.

Mar. Dost heare sirra?

Isa. I sirra.

Mar. Is Master *Beauford* within?

Isa. No sir.

Mar. I was inform'd he came hither, is he not here?

Isa. Yes sir.

Mar. Thou sayst he's not within.

Is. No sir, but tis very like he wilbe to morrow night sir.

Mar. How is this?

Is. Would you haue him be within before he is married.

Mar. Witty *Groome*, prethee inuite him forth; say here's a friend

Is. Now you talke of inuiting, I haue two or three guests to in-
uite yet: let me see.

Mar. Why dost not mooue?

Is. And you make much adoe, ile inuite you: pray come to the
Wedding to morrow. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Iohn Belfare, Beauferd, and Captaine.

The Wedding.

Bel. Tis hee.

Bea. You were my happy prospect from the window, Coose you are a molt welcome guest.

Bel. Mr. *Marwood*, you haue beene a great stranger to the City, or my house for the course entertaynement you receiu'd, hath beene vnworthy of your visit.

Mar. Twas much aboute my desert sir: Captayne.

Cap. I congratulate your returne.

Bel. *Beauford*, Gentlemen, enter my house, And perfect your embraces there: I lead the way. *Exit.*

Bea. Pray follow.

Mar. Your pardon.

Cap. We know you haue other habit, You were not wont to affect ceremony. *Mar. &*

Bea. How?

Bea. whisper.

Cap. I do not like his present countenance, It does threaten somewhat; I wo'd not prophesie.

Bea. Good Captayne, Excuse my absence to our friends within, I haue affayres concernes me with my kinsman, Which done, we both returne to wayte on them.

Cap. I shall sir.

Bea. Now proceed.

Mar. We are kinsmen.

Bea. More we are friends.

Mar. And shal I doubt to speak to *Beauford* any thing, My loue directs me to?

Bea. What needs this circumstance?

Wee were not wont to talke at such a distance, You appeare wild.

Ma. I haue beene wilde indeede In my vngouernd youth, but ha' reclaimed it, And am so laden with the memory of former errors, That I desire to be confest.

Bea. Confest? I am no Gostly father.

Ma.

The Wedding.

Ma. But you must heare, you may absolue mee too :

Bea. If thou hast any discontentments, prethec take other time
For their discourse, I am in expectation of Marriage,
I would not interrupt my ioyes,

Ma. I must require your present hearing,
It concernes vs both, as neere as fame, or life.

Bea. Ha! what is it?

Ma. Wee shall haue opportunity at your lodging,
The streetes are populous and full noise,
So please you walke, Ile wait one you.

Bea. Ime your seruant.

Exeunt.

Enter Iustice Landby, and Milisent.

Iust. Milisent. Where's my daughter?

Mil. In complement with Mr. *Rawbone*, who is newly entred sir.

Iust. O there's a peece of folly.

A thing made vp of parchment and his bonds
Are of more value then his soule and body,
Were any man the purchaser, onely wise
In his hereditary trade of vsury,
Vnderstands nothing but a scriuener,
As if he were created for no vse
But to grow rich with interest, to his ignorance,
He ha's the gift, of being impudent,
What will he grow to, if he liue, that is,
So young a monster?

Mil. With your fauour sir
If you hold no better opinion of this Citizen
It puzzles, mee why you inuite him, to your house
And entertainment, he pretending affection to your daughter,
Pardon me sir if I seeme bold.

Iust. As some men *Milisent* like I know they are
Do suffer spiders in their Chamber, while
They count them profitable vermine.

Mil. But he's most like to scatter poyson sir,
Your fame is precious, and your family

The Wedding.

Not mingling with corrupted streames, hath like
An entire Riuer, still maintayn'd his current
Chast, and delightfull.

Iust. Sha't receiue my bosome,
Ile sooner match her with an *Ethiope*,
Then giue consent, she should disgrace our blood;
And herein I but trye her strength of iudgement
In giuing him acesse; if she haue lost
Remembrance of her birth, and generous thoughts,
She suck'd from her dead mother, with my care
Ile striue to reinforce her natiue goodnesse,
Or quite diuorse her from my blood: and *Milesent*
Ile vse your vigilance.

Mil. Sir command.

Iust. I will,
Not vrge how I recciud you first a stranger,
Nor the condition of your life, with me,
About the nature of a seruant, to
Obliege your faith: I haue obserued thee honest.

Mil. You are full of noble thoughts.

Iust. Though I suspect not
The obedience of my daughter, yet her youth
Is apt to erre, let me employ your eye
Vpon her still, and receiue knowledge from you,
How she dispenceth fauours, you shall binde
My loue the stronger to you.

Mil. Sir, I shall be ambitious to deserue your fauour
Withall the duties of a seruant, and
I doubt not, but your Daughter is so full
Of conscience, and care in the conformity
Of her desires to your will, I shall
Inrich my sight with obseruation,
And make my intelligence happy.

Enter Cameleon.

Iust. How now: what's he?

Mil.

The Wedding.

Mil. Tis Mr. *Rawbones* squire.

Cam. Pray is not my Masters worship here?

Iust. Your Masters worship!

What's that, his Spaniell?

Cam. No sir, but a thing that does follow him.

Iust. In what likeneffe,

I hope he does not conuerse with spirits.

Cam. Heele not entertayne an Angell,

But he will weigh him first, indeede

I am all the spirits that belong to him.

Mil. So I thinke, but none of his familiar.

Iust. What's thy name?

Cam. *Camoleon.*

Iust. Good; didst euer eate?

Cam. Yes once.

Iust. And then thou caught'st a surfeit,
thou couldst nere endure meate since: wer't euer christned.

Cam. Yes twice, first in my infancy,

And the last time about a yeare agoe,

When I should haue beene prentise to an Anabaptist.

Iust. Does thy Master loue thee?

Cam. Yes, for, and I would gold I might haue it,

But my stomacke would better digest beefe, or mutton,

If there be any such things in nature.

Mil. Here is his Master sir, and Mistris *Iano.*

Enter Rawbone, and Iano.

Raw. How now *Camoleon*, hast din'd?

Cam. Yes sir,

I had a delicate fresh ayre to dinner.

Raw. And yet thou lookst as thou hadst eate nothing this
se'night, here prouide me a Capon, and halfe a dozen of Pidge-
ons to supper, and when will your worship come home, and
tast my Hospitality.

Iano.

The Wedding.

Ian. When you please sir,

Raw. Yet now I thinke on't,
I must feede more sparingly.

Ian. More liberally in my opinion.

Raw. Would no' any body in the world thinke so? did you e-
uer see two such care-wigges as my man and I: doe wee not
looke like.

Ian. I thinke the picture of eyther o' your faces in a ring, with a
Memento mori, would be as sufficient a mortification, as lying
with an Anotomy.

Raw. The reason why wee are so leane and consum'd, is no-
thing, but eating too much: *Cameleon* now I thinke on't, let
the Pygeons alone, the Capon will bee enough for thee
and I.

Cam. The rumpe would last vs a se'night.

Raw. I tell you forsooth, I ha brought my selfe so low, with a
great dyet, that I must be temperate, er the Doctor sayes there's
no way but one wom'e.

Cam. That's not the way of all flesh I'm sure.

Raw. It is a shame to say, what we eat every day.

Ian. I thinke so.

Cam. By this hand: if it would beare an oath: wee haue had
nothing this two dayes but halfe a Larke, which by a mil-chance
the Car had kild too, the Cage being open: I will prouide my
belly another Matter.

Iust. Now Ile interrupt em Master *Rawbone*.

Raw. I hope your Worship will reprue my boldnesse,
Tis out of loue to your daughter.

Iust. Sir, I haue a businesse to you, a friend of mine vpon some
necessity would take vp a hundred pounds.

Raw. Ile pawne some ounces to pleasure him.

Iust. It is more friendly sayd then I expected.

Raw. So he bring me good security, some three or
Foure, or five sufficient and able Citizens, for
Mortalities sake, ile lend it him.

Iust.

The Wedding.

Iust. Will you not take an honest mans word.

Raw. Few words to the wife, I will take any mans word to owe me a hundred pound, but not a Lords to pay me fifty.

Iust. Well: tis a curtesie.

Raw. He shall pay nothing to me but lawfull consideration from time to time, beside the charges of th'ensealing, because he is your friend.

Iust. This is extreimity, can you require more?

Raw. More? whats eight in the hundred to me? my Scriuener knowes, I haue taken forty and fifty in the hundred vij^s and modis of my owne kins-men, when they were in necessity.

Iust. I apprehend the fauour:

Enter Isaac.

How now *Isaac*?

Is. My matter commends his loue to you sir, and does desire your presence together with your Daughter and Nephew, at the arraignment of my young mistresse to morrow.

Iust. How knaue?

Is. Shee is to be married or arraign'd, ith' morning, and at night to suffer execution and loose her head.

Iust. Returne our thankes, and say wee'le waite vpon the *Bride Iane.* *Exeunt Iustice and Ianc.*

Is. Deare Master *Rawbone*, I doe beseech you bee at these Sessions.

Raw. Thou didst inuite me before.

Is. I know it, but our *Cocke* has a great minde, that sentence should likewise passe vpon the roast, the boyld, and the bak'd, and hee feares vlesse you be a Commissioner, the meate will hardiy bee condemn'd to morrow, so that I can neuer often enough desire your stomacke to remember, you will come.

Raw. Dost thinke I wou^d keepe my word?

Is. Alas, wee haue nothing, but good cheere to entertayne you, I beseech you sir howsoeuer to feast with us, though you goe away after dinner.

The Wedding.

Raw. There's my hand —

Isa. I thanke you.

Raw. Is master Iustice gone, and mistresse *Iane* too? follow me
Cameleon, Ile take my leaue when I come agen.

Mil. *Isaac*.

Isa. My little wit, thou wo't come with thy master to morrow,
Ile reserue a bottle of wine to warme thy sconce.

Mil. I cannot promise.

Isa. If I durst stay three minutes, I would venture a cup with
thee ith' buttery, but tis a busie time at home:

Farewell *Milisent*.

Exit.

Mil. Marriage? as much ioy waite vpon the Bride,
As the remembrance of it brings me sorrow,
A woman has vndone me, when I dye
A Coffin will enclose this mise. y.

Exit.

Enter *Beauford* and *Marwood*.

Beau. You prepare me for some wonder.

Mar. I doe:

And ere I come to the period of my Story,
Your vnderstanding will admire.

Beau. Teach my soule the way.

Mar. I am not Cose ith' number of those friends
Come to congratulate your present marriage.

Beau. Ha?

Mar. I am no flatterer, the blood you carry
Doth warme my veines, yet could nature be
Forsgetful and remoue it selfe, the loue
I owe your merit, coth oblige me, to
Relation of a truth which she would fire
My boiome with concealment. I am come
To deuide your soule, rauish all your pleasures,
Poyson the very ayre maintaynes your breathing,
You must not marry.

Beau. Must not? though as I
Am mortall I may be compeld within

The Wedding.

A payre of minutes to turne ashes, yet
My soule already Bride-groome to her vertue,
Shall laugh at Death that would vnmarry vs,
And call her mine eternally.

Mar. Death is
A mockery to that diuorce I bring,
Come you must not loue her.

Beau. Did I hope thou couldst
Giue me a reason, I would aske one.

Mar. Do not,
I will too soone arriue, and make you curse
Your knowledge, couldst exchan, e thy temper for
An angels, at the hearing of this reason,
*Twould make you passionate, and turne man agen.

Beau. Can there be reason for a sinne so great,
As changing my affection from *Gratiana*?
Name it. and teach me how to be a monster,
For I must loose humanity, oh *Marwood*,
Thou leadst me into a Wilderneffe, she is —

Mar. False, false, a blacke soule she has.

Bea. Thou hast a hell about thee, and thy language
Speakes thee a Diuell, that to blast her innocence
Dost belch these vapours: to say thou lyest,
Were to admit, thou hast but made in this
A humane erreur, when thy sinne hath aym'd
The fall of goodnesse. *Gratiana* false?
The snow shall turne a *Salamander* first
And dwell in fire; the ayre reueate, and leaue
An emptinesse in nature, angels be
Corrupt, and brib'd by mortals sell their charity
Her innocence is such, that wert thou *Marwood*
For this offence condemn'd to lodge in flames,
It would for euer cure thy burning feauer,
If with thy sorrow thou procure her shed
One teare vpon thee, now, thou art lost for euer,

The Wedding.

And arm'd thus, though with thousand furies guarded,
I reach thy heart.

Drames:

Mar. Stay *Beauford*,

Since you dare be so confident of her chastity
Heare me conclude, I bring no idle fable
Patcht vp betweene suspition, and report
Of scandalous tongues, my eares were no assurance
To conuince me without my eyes.

Bea. What horror!

Be more particular:

Mar. I did prophesie,
That it would come to this, for I haue had
A tedious strugling with my nature, but
The name of friend ore-ballanc'd the exception:
Forgiue me Ladies, that my loue to man
Hath power to make me guilty of such language,
As with it, must betray a womans honour:

Bea. You torture me, be brieft.

Mar. Then, though it carry shame to the reporter,
Forgiue me heauen, and witnesse an vnwelcome truth.

Bea. Stay, I am too hasty for the knowledge
Of something thou prepar'st for my destruction,
May I not thinke what tis, and kill my selfe?
Or at least by degrees, with apprehending
Some strange thing done, infect my fancy with
Opinion first, and so dispose my selfe
To death? I cannot, when I thinke of *Gratsiana*
I enterrayne a heauen: the worst, Ile heare it.

Mar. It will enlarge it selfe too soone, receiue it:
I haue enjoyd her.

Bea. Whom?

Mar. *Gratsiana* sinnefully, before your loue
Made she and you acquainted.

Bea. Ha? th'ast kept thy word thou camst to poison all
My consort

Mar.

The Wedding.

Mar. Your friendship I ha' preferred
To my owne fame, and but to saue you from
A lasting shipwrack, noble *Beauford*, thinke
It should haue rotted here, she that will part
With Virgin honour, nere should wed the heart.

Bea. Was euer womangood, and *Gratiana*
Vicious? lost to honour? at the instant
When I expected all my Haruest ripe,
The golden Summer tempting me to reape
The well growne eares, comes an impetuous storme
Destroyes an ages hope in a short minute,
And lets me liue, the copy of mans frailty:
Surely, some one of all the female sexe,
Engroft the vertues, and fled hence to Heauen,
Left woman-kind dissemblers.

Mar. Sir, make vse
Of reason, tis a knowledge should reioyce you,
Since it does teach you to preferue your selfe.

Bea. Enioyd *Gratiana* sinnefully, tis a sound
Able to kill with horror; it infects
The very aire, I see it like a mist
Dwell round about, that I could vncreate
My selfe, or be forgotten, no remembrance
That euer I lou'd woman: I haue no
Genius left to instruct me ——— it growes late:
Witbia ———

Waite o'my kinsman to his Chamber,
I shall desire your rest, pray giue me leaue
To thinke a little ———

Mar. Cosen: I repent
I haue beene so open breasted, since you make
This seuerer vse on't, and afflict your minde
With womanish sorrow, I haue but caution'd you
Against a danger, out of my true friendship:
Prosper me goodnesse as my ends are noble:

The Wedding.

Good-night, collect your selfe, and be a man. *Exit.*

Bea. And why may not a kinsman be a Villaine?
Perhaps he loues *Gratiana*, and enuying
My happinesse, doth now traduce her chastity.
To find this out, time will allow but narrow
Limits: His last words bad me be a man.
A man? yes I haue my soule, it does not become
A manly resolution to be tame thus,
And giue vp the opinion of his mistresse
For one mans accusation; ——— ha: it's morning?
Proper. Yes *Marwood* I will be a man:
His sword, shall eyther make past the sence
Of this affliction, or mine enforce
A truth from him, if thou beest wrongd *Gratiana*
Ile dye thy *Maryr*, but if false, in this
I gayne to eye, not liue a sacrifice. *Exit.*

Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

Enter Cardena, and Isaac.

Car. To the Taylors man, runne.

Isa. To the Taylors man,
Why not to his master?

Car. The Wedding clothes not brought
Home yet, sic, sic.

Isa.

The Wedding.

Isa. Who would trust a womans Taylor, take measure so long before of a Gentle-woman, and not bring home his commodity, there's no conscience in't.

Car. The arrant Shoe-maker too.

Isa. Master *Hide*, is not he come yet, I cald vpon him yesterday, to make hast of my Mistresses shoes, and he told me, he was about the vpper leather, he would be at her heeles presently, I left his foot in the stirrop, I thought he would haue rid post after me.

Car. Prethee *Isaac* make hast, how tedious th'art, hast not thou beene there yet.

Isa. Oh yes, and here agen, de'e not see me, you are so light your selfe.

Car. As thou goest, call vpon Cod the Perfumer, tell him he vses vs sweetly, has not brought home the gloues yet: — and dost heare? when th'art at the Peacocke remember to call for the sprig, by the same token I left my fanne to be mended: — and dost heare? when th'art there, tis but a little out of the way, to runne to the Diuell, and bid the Vintener make hast with the runlets of Claret, we shall haue no time to burne it.

Isa. You need not if it come from the Diuell, me-thinkes that Wine should burne it selfe.

Car. Runne I prethee.

Isa. Taylors, Shoe-makers, Perfumers, Feather-makers, and the Diuell and all, what a many occupations does a woman runne through, before she is married. *Exit.*

Car. Fye vpon't what a perplexity is about a Wedding, I might haue beene thus troubled for a child of my owne, if good lucke had seru'd.

—— *Wubin. Cardona.*

Car. I come Lady-bird. *Exit.*

Enter Beauford and Marwood.

Mar. Was this your purpose.

Bea. This place of all the Park affords most privacy.

Nature

The Wedding.

Nature has plac'd the trees to imitate

A Roman *Amphitheater*.

Mar. We must be the sword-players.

Bea. Draw, imagine all

These trees were Cypresse, the companions of

Our funerall, for one or both must go

To a darke habitation, me-thinkes

We two, are like to some vnguided men,

That hauing wandred all the day in a

Wild vnknowne path, at night waike downe into

A hollow grot, a caue which neuer Starre

Durst looke into, made in contempt of light

By nature, which the Moone did neuer yet

Be-friend with any melancholy beame:

Oh Cosen thou hast led me, where I neuer

Shall see day more.

Mar. This is the way to make it

A night indeede, but if you recollect

Your selfe, I brought you beames to let you see

The horror of that darknesse you are going to,

By marrying with *Gratiana*.

Bea. That name

Awakes my resolution, consume not

Thy breath too idly, th'ast but a small time

For thuse on't, eyther employ it in the vsfaying

Thy wrong to *Gratiana*, or thou hastens

Thy last minute.

Mar. I must tell *Beauford* then,

He is vngratefull to returne so ill

My friendship, haue I vnder-va'ued

My shame in the relation of a truth,

To make the man I woe'd preferue, my enemy:

Why dost thou tempt thy destiny with so

Much sinne? dost thinke I were a sword I dare

Not manage? or that I can be inforc'd

The Wedding

To a revolt? I am no Rebelle *Beauford*:
Againe I must confirme *Gratianaes* honour
Stain'd, the treasures of her chastity
Rifled, and lost, twas my unhappinesse
To haue added that, vnto my other finnes
It'h wildnesse of my blood, which thou mayst punish.

Bea. Thou hast repeated, but the same in
Substance touching *Gratiana*.

Mar. Truth is euer constant
Remaines vpon her square, firme, and vnshaken.

Beau. If what thou hast affirm'd be true, why should
We fight, be cruell to our selues, indanger
Our eternity, for the errour of
One frayle woman? let our swords expect
A nobler cause. What man hath such assurance
In any womans faith, that he should runne
A desperate hazard of his soule? I know
Women are not borne angels, but created
With passion and temper like to vs,
And men are apt to erre, and loose themselves
Caught with the smile of wanton beauty, fetterd
Euen with their mistresses haire.

Mar. I like this well.

aside.

Beau. He has a handsome presence and discourse,
Two subtle charmes to tempt a womans frailty,
Who must be gouern'd by their eye, or care
To loue, beside my kinsman hath beene taxt,
For being too prompt in wantonnesse, this confirmes it
Then farweil woman kind.

Mar. This does become you.

Bea. Why should we fight, our letting blood wo'not
Cure her, and make her honour white agen:
We are friends, repent thy sinne, and marry her.

Mar. Whom?

Beau. *Gratiana*.

The Wedding.

Mar. How sir, marry her?

Bea. Why canst thou adde to it another crime,
By a refusing to repayre the ruines
Of that chaste temple, thou hadst violated?
Her Virgintapers are by thee extinct,
No odour of her chastity, which once
Gave a perfume to Heauen, and did refresh
Her innocent soule, they that haue spoyld virginity,
Do halfe restore the treasures they tooke thence
By sacred marriage.

Mar. Marriage, with whom?

Bea. *Gratiana.*

Mar. Should I marry a whore?

Bea. Thou lyeest, and with a guilt vpon thy soule,
Able to sinke thee to damnation, *drawes againe.*
He send thee hence; a whore? what woman
Was euer bad enough to deserue that name?
Salute some natiue fury, or a wretch
Condemn'd already to hells tortures by it,
Not *Gratiana*; th'ast awakned iustice,
And giuen it eyes to see thy treachery,
The depth of thy malicious heart, that word, hath
Dis-inchanted me.

Mar. Are you serious?

Bea. How haue I sin'd in my credulity
Gainst vertue, all this while? what charme bound vpon
My vnderstanding part, I should admit
A possibility, for her to carry
So blacke a soule; though all her sexe beside
Had fallen from their creation? thou hast
Not life enough to forfeit, what an aduantage
To fame and goodnesse had beene lost.

Mar. Will you fight?

Bea. Were thou defens'd with circular fire, more
Subtle then the lightning, that I knew would raiue

My

The Wedding.

My heart, and marrow from me, yet I should
Neglect the danger, and but singly arm'd,
Flye to reuenge thy calumny: a whore— come on fir.
Th'art wounded: ha? *Fight.*

Mar. Mortally, flye *Beauford*, saue thy selfe, I hasten to the dead.

Beau. Oh stay a while, or thou wilt loose vs both,
Thy wound I cannot call backe, now there is
No dallying with heauen, but thou pulst on thee
Double confusion, leaue a truth behind thee,
As thou wouldst hope rest to thy parting soule,
Hast thou not wrong'd *Gratiana*?

Mar. Yes, in my lust, but not in my report,
Take my last breath, I sinfully enioy'd her, *One hel-*
Gratiana is a blotted peece of alabaster: *low's within.*
Farewell least some betray thee, heauen forgiue
My offence, as I do freely pardon thine.

Beau. I cannot long suruiue, ———
Is there no hope thou maist recouer?

Mar. Oh!

Beau. Farewell for euer then, with thy short breath
May all thy ill's conclude, mine but beginne
To muster life and I shall quickly part,
I feele a sorrow will breake *Beaufords* heart. *Exit.*

Enter Keeper and Seruant.

Ser. There are Cony-stealers abroad fir.

Keeper. These whorson Rabbet suckers
Will nere leaue the ground.

Ser. In my walke last night, I frighted some on em,
Pox a these vermin, would they were all destroy'd.

Keeper. So we may chance to keepe no Deere.

Ser. Why so?

Kee. An old Cony steps a knaues mouth sometimes,
That else would be gaping for Venison.

Mar. Oh.

Keeper. Whose that?

The Wedding.

Servant. Here's a Gentle-man wounded.

Keeper. Ha ?

Servant. He has bled much.

Keeper. How came you hurt sir ? no,
Not speake ? if he be not past hope, let vs
Carry him to my lodge, my wife is a
Peerce of a Surgeon, has beene fortunate
In some cures: teare a peece of thy shirt *Raph,*
To bind his wound quickly : ——— so, so, alas
Poore Gentle-man, he may liue to be drest, and tell
Who has done this mis-fortune : gently *Exe. carry*
Honest Raph, he has some breath yet. *him in.*
Would I had my blood-hound here.

*Enter Sir Iohn Belfare, Iustice Landby, and
his daughter Iane, Isaac waiting.*

Bel. Y'arewelcome Mr. Landby, and mistresse Iane.

Where's the young Captayne sir your Nephew ?

Iust. He went betimes to waite vpon the Bridgrome.

Bel. They are inseperable friends, as they had
Diuided hearts, they both are glad, when eyther
Meete a good fortune.

Iane. Ile be bold to see your daughter.

Bel. Do mistresse Iane, she has
Her maides blush yet, sh e'le make you amends for this,
And ere't be long I hope'dance at your wedding. *Exit Iane.*

Iust. I wish you many ioyes sir by this marriage :
Your daughter has made discreet election,
She'le haue a hopefull Gentle-man.

Bel. Master Landby,
It would refresh my age to see her fruitful to him,
I should finde a blessing for a young
Beausferd, and be glad to dandle him, the
First newes of a boy borne by my daughter
Would set me backe seauen yeares : O Master Landby,

The Wedding.

Old men do neuer truely doate, vntill
Their children bring em babies.

Enter Mr. Rawbone, and Hauer as his seruant.

Isa. Master *Rawbone*, ile be bold to present you
With a peece of *Rose-mary*, we ha such cheere.

Raw. Honest *Isaac*.

Isa. Pray do you belong to Master *Rawbone*?

Hau. Yes sir.

Isa. You haue eate something in your dayes.

Hau. Why prethee?

Isa. Nothing, nothing,
D'ee vnderstand nothing, you shall eate nothing,
Vnlesse some Benefactors like my master,
In pittie of your bellies once a yeare
Do warme it with a dinner, you must neuer
Hope to see roft, or sod; he has within
This twelue month to my knowledge
Made seauen men immortall.

Hau. How?

Isa. Yes, he has made spirits on em,
And they haunt such mens houses as my masters,
Spirits ath'buttery, let me counsell yee
To cram your corpes to day, for by his Almanacke
There's a long Lent a comming.

Bel. Neuer see me,
But when you are invited.

Raw. 'Las I had
Rather eate a peece of cold Capon at home,
Then be troublesome abroad. I hope forsooth
Mistresse Lane is as she shud be.

Inst. She is in health:

Bel. Y'au'e a fresh seruant master *Rawbone*,
A proper fellow, and maintaines himselve
Hansomely.

Raw. And he wod not ha maintain'd

The Wedding.

Himselfe, I had neuer entertaind him.

Isa. Where's *Camoleon*?

Raw. I ha preferr'd him *Isaac*.

Isa. How?

Raw. Turnd him away last night,
And tooke this stripling.

Enter Captaine.

Cap. Morrow sir *Iohn*, where is the early Bridegroom?

Iust. Came not you from him?

Bel. We expect him sir, euery minute.

Cap. Not yet come? his seruants told me
He went abroad before the morning blusht.

Rel. We ha not seene him, pray heauen
He be in health.

Cap. I wonder at his absence.

Raw. Captayne *Landby*, young man of war, I do
Salute thee with a broad-side.

Cap. D'ee heare, they
Say you come a woing to my Cosen,
That day you marry her, ile cut your throate,
Keep't to your selfe.

Haw. Thou art a noble fellow; things may prosper.

Cap. You come hither to wish God giue em ioy now.

Raw. Yes marry do I.

Cap. You do lye, you come to
Scoure your durty maw with the good cheere,
Which will be dam'd in your leane *Barathrum*,
That kitchin-stuffe deuourer.

Raw. Why shud you
Say so Captaine? my belly did nere thinke
You any harme.

Cap. When it does vomit vp thy heart
Ile prayse it, in the meane time would
Euery bit thou eatst to day, were sleapt
In *Aqua fortis*.

Raw.

The Wedding.

Raw. What is that *Iasper*?

Hau. It is strong water.

Raw. Noble Captayne, thankes yfaith hartily:

I was afraid you had beene angry.

Cap. Ile ha thee sow'd vp in a
Mony-bagge, and boyld to ielly.

Raw. You shall ha me at your seruice,
And my bags too, vpon good security:

Is not this better then quarrelling, *Iasper*, ———

Enter Cardona.

Car. Is not the Bride-groome come yet, sure he has ouer slept
himselc, there is nothing but wondring within, all the maydes are
in vprore, one sayes he is a fow thing, another sayes, she knowes
not what to say, but they all conclude, if euer they marry, they'le
make it in their bargaine to be sure of all things before matrimony,
sie vpon him, if I were to be his wife, i'de shew him a tricke for't, ere
a yeare came about, or it should cost me a fall, I warrant him. *Exit.*

Iust. Sir *Iohn* y'are troubled.

Bel. Can you blame me sir:

I would not haue our mornings expectation
Frustrate ——— I know not what to thinke.

Iust. Sir, feare not.

Bel. The morne growes old.

Iust. Himen has long tapers.

Bel. What should procure his absence; he departed
But odly yester-day.

Cap. *Marwood* had engag'd him,
They promis'd to returne.

Bel. But we see neither.

Iust. They'le come together, make it not your feare,
Beaufords a Gentle-man, and cannot be
Guilty of doing such affront, vlesse
Some mis-fortune ———

Bel.

The Wedding.

Bel. That's another ieaiousie.

Enter Lodam, Cameleon waiting upon him.

Lod. Where is Sir John Belfare?

Bel. Ha? Master Lodam,
Welcome.

Lod. I congratulate. — —

Bel. Saw you master Beauford's sir.

Lod. Yes I saw him, but — — —

Just. But what?

Lod. I know not how he does,
Where is the Lady that must be vndone to night,
Your daughter?

Bel. My daughter vndone, name what vnhappines,
My heart already doth beginne to prophesie
Her vnkind fate, name what disafter, giue it
Expression pray, what is the newes?

Lod. The newes?

Why wo'd yee know the newes? tis none a'th'best.

Just. Be temperate then in your relation.

Bel. What ist?

Lod. They say for certayne,
There were foure and twenty Colliers cast away,
Comming from *New-Castle*, tis cold newes ith' *Citty*,
But there is worse newes abroad.

Bel. Doth it concerne my knowledge? trifle not.

Lod. They say that Canary sacke, must dance
Agen to the *Apothecaries*, and be sold for
Phyicke, in hum-glasses, and thin bles, that the
Spaw-water must be transported hither, and
Be drunke iusteed of French wines:
For my part, I am but one.

Hau. Big enough for two.

Lod. This citadell may endure as long a siege
As another, if the pride of my flesh must be
Puld downe, farewell it t'has done me

The Wedding.

Service this forty yeare; let it goe.

Bel. Saw you master *Beauford*?

Lod. Yes Sir *John*,

I saw him but ——— twas three dayes agoe.

Cap. Hee is ridiculous.

Iust. Doe not afflict your selfe,
He will giue a faire account at his returne.

Bel. Pray heauen hee may:

Enter Gratiana, Iane, and Cardona.

My daughter.

Raw. Sir, I desire to be acquainted with you.

Lod. I haue no stomacke fir to your acquaintance,
You are a thought too leane.

Raw. And you a bit too fat.

Bel. Dost not wonder girle at *Beaufords* absence?

Grati. Not at all fir, I am not now to learne
Opinion of his noblenesse; and I hope
Your iudgements will not permit you sinne so much
To censure him for this stay. Faire morning
To master *Laudby*, noble *Captaine*, master
Lodam, and the rest.

Raw. I am so little
She cannot see me, giue you ioy forsooth,
I hope it is your destiny to be married.

Cap. And yours to bee hang'd.

Raw. How fir.

Hau. No harme,
He wishes you long life.

Raw. A long halter hee does,
What to bee hang'd.

Hau. Las fir he knows you haue no flesh to burden you,
Light as a feather, hanging will nere kill you,
If he had wish'd fir master *Lodam* hang'd.

Raw. Then, ile to him and thanke him;
But here's mistresse *Iane*.

The Wedding.

Cap. You shal command me as your seruant. — *Sirra. Exit. As he*

Raw. I did but aske her how she did, I sayd
Neuer a word to her: Pox vpon his bounsing
I am as fearefull of him as of a Gun,
He does so powder me.

*goes out, he sees
Rawb. court Iane.*

Grati. We haue not scene

You sir, this great while, you fall away me-thinkes.

Lod. Looking Lodam I.

Grati. You are not the least welcome sir.

Lod. I do giue you great thankes, and do meane to dance at your
Wedding for't, I doe maruaile Master *Beauford* is not earlier, I
shud ha beene here with musique Lady, and haue fiddled you too,
before you were vp, these leane Louers, ha nothing in em, slow
men of *London*.

Bel. *Gratiana*.

Lod spies Iane.

Lod. Who's this? Shee has a mortall eye.

Isa. *Cameleon*? How now turn'd away your master.

Cam. No, I sold my place; as I was thinking to runne away,
comes this fellow, and offered me a breake-fast for my good will
to speake to my Master for him, I tooke him at his word, and re-
signed my Office, and turn'd ouer my hunger to him immediately;
now I serue a man, *Isaac*.

Bel. *Isaac*. ——— *Exit Isaac as sent off.*

Lod. I do fore-see a fall of this tower already,
Loue beginnes to vnder-mine it.

Mistresse, a word in priuate.

Raw. *Iasper* has't a sword.

Han. Yes sir.

Raw. That's well, let it alone:

Didst see this paunch affront me?

Han. He did it in loue to the Gentle-woman.

Raw. In loue? let me see the sword agen.

Dranes.

Wo'd twere in his belly ——— put it vp,

Thou deseru'st a good blade, tis so well kept.

Enter Isaac.

Isa. *Master Beauford, master Beauford.*

Bel.

The Wedding.

Bel. Where?

Isa. Hard by, within a stones cast a my
Mistresse, here fir here.

Enter Beauford.

Grat. My deereft *Beauford*, where hast bin so long?

Bea. Oh *Gratiana*.

Grat. Are you not in health?

Bel. Not well, tis then no time to chide:
How fare you fir?

Bea. I haue a trouble at my heart: pardon
The trespassse o' your patience Gentle-men,
Ile publish the occasion of my absence,
So first, you giue me leaue, to vnlade it here;
But with your fauour, I desire I may
Exempt alleares, but *Gratianaes*, till
A short time ripen it for your knowledge.

Bel. Ha?

Iust. Lets leaue 'em then a while.

Bel. Into the Garden Gentle-men.

Raw. Withall my heart:

In my conscience the'ile be honest together.

Bel. This begets my wonder, master *Lodowick*.

Lod. Good fir *Iohn*, ile waite vpon you,
It is dinner time.

Exeunt.

Bea. I haue not time to dwell on circumstance,
I come to take my last leaue, you and I
Must neuer meete agen.

Grat. What language do I heare,
If *Beaufords* it should strike me dead?

Bea. This day, I had design'd for marriage, but I must
Pronounce wee are eternally diuorc'd:
Oh *Gratiana*, thou hast made a wound
Beyond the cure of Surgery, why did nature
Empty her treasure in thy face, and leaue thee
A blacke prodigious soule?

Grat. Defend me goodnesse!

The Wedding.

Bea. Call vpon darknesse, to obscure thee rather,
That neuer more thou maist be scene by mortall,
Get thee some dwelling in a mist, or in
A wild forsaken earth, a Wildernesse,
Where thou maist hide thy selfe, and dye forgotten.

Grat. Where was I lost? name what offence prouok'd
This heauy doome, deare *Beauford*, be not so
Iniust, to sentence me, before I know
What is my crime, or if you will not tell
What sinne it is, I haue committed, great,
And horrid, as your anger; let me study,
Ile count em all before you, neuer did
Penitent, in confession, strip the soule
More naked, ile vnclasp my booke of conscience,
You shall read ore my heart, and if you finde
In that great Volume, but one single thought
Which concern'd you, and did not end with some
Good prayer for you: Oh be iust and kill me.

Bea. Be iust, and tell thy conscience, th'ast abus'd it
False woman, why dost thou increase thy horror?
By the obscuring a mis-deed, which wo'd
Were all thy other finnes forgiuen, vndo thee
Oh *Gratiana*, thou art. —

Grat. What am I?

Bea. A thing I would not name, it sound so fearfully,
I would make a Diuell blush, to be saluted
By that, which thou must answer to.

Grat. I feare —

Bea. That feare betrayes thy guilt, tell me *Gratiana*
What didst thou see in me to make thee thinke
I was not worthy of thee, at thy best
And richest value, when thou wert as white
In soule, as beauty? for sure, once thou wert so:
Hadst thou so cheape opinion of my birth,
My breeding, or my fortunes, that none else

The Wedding.

Could serue for propertie of your lust, but I?

Grat. Deare *Beauford* heare me.

Bea. A common father to thy sinne-got issue,
A patron of thy rifled, vnchast wombe?
Oh thou wert cruell, to reward so ill
The heart that truely honor'd thee : thy name
Which sweetn'd once the breath of him that spaks it,
And musically charm'd the gentle care ;
Shall sound here-after like a Screech-owles note,
And fright the hearer ; Virgins shall lament
That thou hast sham'd their chaste society,
And oft as *Himen* lights his tapers vp,
At the remembrance of thy name, shed teares,
And blush for thy dishonour : from this minute,
Thy friends shall count thee desperately sicke,
And whensoere thou goest abroad, that day
The maides and matrons, thinking thou art dead,
And going to the graue, shall all come forth
And waite like mourners on thee.

Grat. Ha yee done?

Then heare me a few sillables, you haue
Suspition that I am dishonourd.

Bea. No,

By heauen I haue not, I haue too much knowledge
To suspect thee sinnefull, but in the assurance
Of it, I must disclayme thy heart for euer :

Gratiana my opinion of thy whiteneffe
Hath made my soule, as blacke as thine already ;
Weepe till thou wash away thy staine, and then,
Ith' other world, we two, may meete agen. *Exit.*

Grat. Weepe inward eyes, hither your streames impart,
For sure, I haue teares enough, to drowne my heart. *Exit.*

The Wedding.

Actus Tertij. Scena Prima.

Enter Beauford and Captayne.

Cap. You amaze me *Beauford*, *Gratiana* falle?
I shall suspect the truth of my conception,
And think all women monsters, though I neuer
Lou'd with that neereneffe of affection
To marry any, yet I mourne they should
Fall from their vertue, why may not *Marwood*
Iniure her goodnesse?

Beau. What, and damme his soule?
Shall I thinke any with his dying breath
Would shipwracke his last hope? he mixt it with
His praiers, when in the streame of his owne blood,
His soule was lanching forth.

Cap. That circumstance takes away al suspicion agen,
Where left you *Marwood*?

Bea. I'the Parke.

Cap. Quite dead?

Beau. Hopelesse, his weapon might haue proued so happy,
To haue released me of a burthen too;
And but that man-hood, and the care of my
Exernity forbids, I would force out
That which but wearies me to carry it,
Vnwelcome life?

Cap. VVould he were buried,

The Wedding.

My feares perplex me for you ; though none see
You fight, the circumstance must needs
Betray you : what's he. *Enter a Surgeon.*

SUR. I would borrow your care in priuate.

BEAN. We are but one to heare, his loue hath
Made him to great a part of my affliction :
Speake it.

SUR. The body is taken thence.

BEAN. Ha.

SUR. I cannot be deceiued sir : I beheld
Too plaine a demonstration of the place ;
But he that suffred such a losse of blood,
Had not enough to maintayne life till this time,
Which way so ere his body was conuey'd :
I must conclude it short-liu'd, I am sorry
I could not serue you.

BEAN. Sir, ——— I thanke you,
You deserue I should be gratefull : *giues him money.*
It must be so ——— *Exit Surgeon.*

CAP. What fellow's this ?

BEAN. A Surgeon.

CAP. Dare you trust him ?

BEAN. Yes, with my life.

CAP. You haue done that already in your discouery.
Pray heauen he prooue your friend,
You must resoluē for flight, ye shall take ship ———

BEAN. Neuer.

CAP. Wili you ruine your selfe? there's no security ———

BEAN. There is not Captayne,
Therefore Ile not change my ayre. *CAP.* How ?

BEAN. Vnlesse thou canst instruct me how to fly from
My selfe, for wheresoeuer else I wander,
I shall but carry my accuser with me.

CAP. Are you mad ?

BEAN. I haue heard in *Affricks*, is a tree, which tasted

The Wedding.

By traualers, it breeds forgetfulnesse:
Of their Country, canst direct me thither?
Yet 'twere in vaine, vntill it can extinguish,
And drowne the remembrance I am *Beauford*:
No ——— Ile not moue, let those poore things that dare not
Dye, obey their feares, I will expect my fate here.

Cap. This is wildnesse,
A desperate folly, pray be sensible: ———
Whose this, tis *Gratiana*.

Enter Gratiana with a Cabinet of Jewels.

Bea. Ha, farwell.

Cam. You shall stay now a little.

Bea. I will not heare an accent, I shall loose
My memory, be charmed into beliefe
That she is honest with her voyce, I dare not
Trust my frailty with her.

Cam. She speakes nothing,
Is all a weeping Nyobe, a statue,
Or in this posture, doth shee not present
A water Nymph, placed in the midst of some
Faire Garden, like a Fountaine to dispence
Her Christal streames vpon the flowets? which cannot
But so refreshat, looke vp, and seeme to smile
Vpon the eyes that feed em:
Will she speake?

Grat. Though by the effusion of my teares, you may
Conclude, I bring nothing but sorrow with me,
Yet heare me speake, I come not to disturbe
Your thoughts, or with one bold and daring language
Say how vniust you make my sufferings:
I know not what
Hath raised this mighty storme to my destruction,
But I obey your doome, and after this,
Will neuer see you more. First I release
And giue you back your voves; with them, your hart,

Which

The Wedding.

Which I had lock'd vp in my owne, and cherish'd
Better, mine I'm sure does bleed to part with't,
All that is left of yours, this Cabinet
Deliuers backe to your possession,
There's euery iewell you bestowed vpon me,
The pledges once of loue.

Bea. Pray keepe em.

Grat. They are not mine, since I haue lost the opinion
Of what I was, indeed I haue nothing else,
I would not keepe the kisses, once you gaue me,
If you would let me pay them backe againe.

Bea. All women is a laborinth, we can,
Measure the height of any starre, point out
All the dimensions of the earth, examine
The Seas large wombe, and sounds its subtile depth,
But arte will nere be able to finde out,
A demonstration of a womans heart,
Thou hast enough vadone me, make me not
More miserable, to beleue thou canst be vertuous:
Farwell, enioy you this, I shall finde out
Another roome to weepe in. *Exit.*

Cap. Lady I would aske you a rude question:
Are you a maide?

Grat. Do I appeare so Monstrous? no man will
Beleue my iuiury: has heauen forgot
To protect innocence, that all this while
It hath vouchsafed no miracle, to confirme
A Virgins honour?

Cap. I am answered:
I do beleue shees honest; Oh that I could
But speake with *Marwoods* ghost now, and thou beest
In hell, I'de meete thee halfe way, to conuerse
One quarter of an houre with thee, to know
The truth of all things, thy Diuell Iaylour
May trust thee without a waiter, he has security

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For thy damnation in this sinne alone,
I'me full of pittie now, and spite of man-hood
Cannot forbear, come Lady, I am confident,
I know not which way — that y^rare vertuous-----
Pray walke with mee, ile tell you the whole story ;
For yet you know not your accuser.

Grat. I am an exile hence, and cannot walke
Out of my way, *Beauford* farwell, may Angels
Dwell round about thee, liue vntill thou find,
When I am dead, thou hast bin too vnkind. *Exeunt.*

Enter Milisent and Mistris Iane.

Iane. May I beleue thee *Milisent*, that my father
Though hee giue such respect to him I hate,
Intends no marriage? thou hast releast
My heart of many feares, that I was destin'd
To be a sacrifice.

Mil. It had beene sinne
That *Milisent* should suffer you perplexe
Your noble soule, when it did consist in
His discouery, to giue a freedome
To your labouring thoughts, tis now no more a secret,
Your father makes a triall of your nature,
By giuing him such countenance.

Iane. What thanks shall I giue ?

Mil. Your vertue hath both vnsealed
My bosome, and rewarded me.

Iane. Oh *Milisent* :
Thou hast deseru'd my gratitude ; and I cannot
But in exchange of thy discouery
Giue to thy knowledge, what I should tremble
To let another heare ; for I dare trust thee with it.

Mil. If I haue any skill
In my owne nature, shall nere deceiue

The Wedding.

Your confidence, and thinke my selfe much honor'd,
So to be made your treasurer.

Iane. Tis a treasure,
And all the wealth I haue, my life, the summe
Of all my ioyes on earth, and the expectation
Of future blessings too depend vpon it.

Mil. Can I be worthy of so great a trust?

Iane. Thou art, and shalt receiue it, for my heart
Is willing to discharge it selfe into thee:
Oh *Milifent*! though my father would ha beene
So cruell to his owne, to haue wished me marry
Him, twas not in the power of me obedience
To giue consent to't, for my loue already
Is dedicate to one, whose worth hath made
Me, but his steward of it, and although
His present fortune doth eclipse his lustre,
With seeming condition of a seruant,
He has a minde deriued from honour, and
May boast himselfe a Gentle-man: is not
Thy vnderstanding guilty of the person
I point at? sure thou canst not choose but know him!

Mil. Not I.

Enter Hauer.

Iane. Then looke vpon him *Milifent.* *Mil.* Ha?

Hau. My master, mistresse *Iane* sent me before,
To say, he comes to visite you.

Iane. But thou art before him in acceptance, nay
You stand discovered here, in *Milifent* you may
Repose safe trust.

Hau. Her language makes me confident,
You are a friend. *Mil.* To both a seruant.

Hau. I shall desire your loue.

Iane. But where's this man of mortgages?

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We shall be troubled now

Han. I left him chawing the cud, ruminating
Some speech or other, with which, he meanes to
Arrest you.

Mil. He is entred.

Enter Rawbone.

Han. I haue prepar'd her.

Raw. Fortune be my guide then.

Han. And she's a blind one.

Raw. Mistresse *Iane*, I would talke with you in priuate, I haue
fancied a businesse, I know you are witty, and loue inuention, tis
my owne, and no-body else must heare it —
Be it knowne to all men by these presents.

Ian. This is like to be a secret.

Raw. That I *Iasper Rawbone* Citizen, and House-keeper of
London.

Han. A very poore one I'me sure.

Raw. Do owe to mistresse *Iane*, Lady of my thoughts, late of
London Gentle-woman.

Han. Is she not still a Gentle-woman?

Raw. Still a Gentle-woman good-man *Coxe-combe*? did I
not say she was Lady of my thoughts? where was I now?

Han. At good-man *Coxe-combe* fir.

Raw. — Do owe to mistresse *Iane*, Lady of my thoughts,
late of *London* Gentle-woman, my true and lawfull heart of *Eng-*
land — to be payd to his sayd mistresse, her executors, or assignes.

Han. To her executors? what will you pay your heart; when
she is dead?

Raw. Tis none of my fault, and she will dye, who can helpe it?
thou dost nothing but interrupt me: I say to be payd, to his sayde
mistresse, her executors, or assignes, whensoever she demaund
it, at the font-stone of the Temple —

Han. Put it, the top of *Panles* and please you; your conceite
will be the higher.

Raw. Which payment to bee truely made and performed, I
bind

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bind, not my heires, but my body and soule for euer.

Han. How your soule sir?

Raw. Peace foole, my soule will shift for it selfe, when I am dead that wilbe sure enough: — — In witnesse whereof, I haue here-vnto put my hand and seale, which is a handsome spiny youth, with a bag of mony in one hand, a bond in the t'other, an Indenture betweene his legs, the last day of the first merry moneth, and in the second yeare of the raigne of King *Cupid*.

Han. Excellent! but in my opinion, you had better giue her possession of your heart, I do not like this owing: fayth plucke it out, and deliuer it in the presence of vs.

Raw. Thou talk'st like a puisne, I can giue her possession of it, by deliury of two-pence wrapt vp in the wax, twill hold in Law man; — and how, and how d'ee like it? I could haue come ouer you with Verse, but hang Ballads, giue me Poeticall prose, euery Mounte-banke can rime, and make his lines crye twang, though there be no reason in em.

Ian. What Musique haue I heard?

Raw. Musique? Oh rare!

Ian. Hee has *Medusæ's* noble countenance,
His haire do curle like soft and gentle Snakes:
Dyd euer puppy smile so? or the Ass
Better become his eares? oh generous beast
Of sober carriage, sure he's valiant too,
Those blood-shot eyes betray him, but his nose
Fishes for commendation.

Raw. What does she meane *Iasper*?

Han. D'ee not see her loue sir? why she does doate vpon you,
Which makes her talke so madly.

Raw. Forsooth I know you are taken with me, alas these things
are naturall with me, when shall we be married forsooth?

Ian. With your licence sir — —

Han. D'ee not obserue her? you must first procure a Licence.

Raw. You shall heare more from mee, when I come agen — —

Iasper — —

Exit Rawbone hastily.

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Hau. My heart doth breath it selfe vpon your hand — *Exit.*

Mil. Your father and Master *Lodam.* —

Enter *Lodam*, *Iustice*, *Cameleon.*

Lod. Sir I doe loue your daughter : — I thought it necessary to acquaint you first, because I would go about the businesse iudicially.

Iust. You oblige vs both.

Lod. Ile promise you one thing.

Iust. What's that?

Lod. Ile bring your daughter no wealth.

Iust. Say you so : what then you promise her nothing.

Lod. But I will bring her that which is greater then wealth.

Iust. What's that? *Lod.* My selfe.

Iust. A faire ioynture. *Lod.* Nay, ile bring her more.

Iust. It sha'not neede, no woman can desire more of a man.

Lod. I can bring her good qualities, if she want any : I ha tra-uail'd for em.

Iust. What are they?

Lod. The Languages.

Iust. You suspect shee will want tongue : — let me see —

Parlez franzois monsieur.

Lod. Diggon a camrag.

Iust. That's Welch.

Lod. Pocas palabras.

Iust. That's Spanish.

Lod. Troth I haue such a confusion of languages in my head, you must e'en take em as they come.

Iust. You may speake that more exactly — — — — *Hauclar spagniol Signior?*

Lod. Serge — — — dubois, — — — Callimancho, et Perpetuana.

Iust. There's stufte indeede, since you are so perfect, Ile trust you for the rest. I must referre you sir vnto my daughter, if you can winne her faire opinion, my consent my happily follow : so
Shee

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Shee is in presence -----

Lod. Mercie Madame -----

Salutes Iane.

Iust. This fellow lookes like the principall in V fury, and this Rat followes him like a pittifull eight in the hundred :----- come hither sirra, your name is *Cameleon*.

Cam. It is too true sir.

Iust. You did liue with master *Rawbone*.

Car. No sir, I did stauie with him, and please you: I could not liue with him.

Iust. How doe you like your change?

Cam. Neuer worse.

Iust. Master *Lodams* wants no flesh.

Cam. But I doe : ----- I ha no Iustice sir, my leane master would eate no meate, and my fat master eates vp all ----- is your Worships house troubled with Vermin?

Iust. Something at this time.

Cam. Peace and ile catch a mouse then. ----

lies downe,

Enter Captaine and Gratiana.

Iust. My nephew turn'd Gentle-man Vsher.

Cap. Sir *Iohn Belfares* daughter.

Iust. 'Las poore Gentle-woman, I compassionate her vnkind destiny.

Cap. Let vs intreat a word in priuate sir.-----

Lod. I cannot tell how you stand affected, but if you can loue a man, I know not what is wanting, greatnesse is a thing that your wisest Ladies haue anitch after: for my owne part I was neuer in loue before, and if you haue me not, neuer wilbee agen. Thinke on't betweene this and after dinner, I will stay o'purpose for your answere.

Iane. Y'are very short.

Lod. I woud not be kept in expectation aboue an houre, for loue is worse then a Lent to me, and fasting is a thing my flesh abhorres, if my doublet be not fil'd, I know who fares the worse for't. I would keepe my flesh to sweare by, and if you and I cannot agree vpon the matter, I would loose nothing by you.

Iane

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Iane. Yare very resolute.

Lod. Eler while you live, a fat man, and a man of resolution goe together: I doe not commend my selfe, but there are no such fiery things in nature.

Iane. Fiery?

Lod. Tis prou'd, put em to my action, and see, if they do not smoake it, they are men of mettle, and the greatest melters in the World, one hot seruice makes em rost, and they haue enough in em to bast a hundred ---- you may take a leane man, marry your selfe to famine, and beg for a great belly, you see what became of *sir Johns* daughter: ----- come I would wish you be well aduis'd, there are more commodities in me, then you are aware of, if you and I couple, you shall fare like an Empresse.

Iane. That will be somewhat costly.

Lod. Not a token. I haue a priuledge: ----- I was at the *Tauerne* tother day, i'the next roome I smelt hot Venison, I sent but a *Drawer* to tell the Company, one in the house with a great belly, long'd for a corner, and I had halfe a pasty sent me immediately: I will hold intelligence with all the *Cookes* i'the *Towne*, and what dainty, but I haue greatnesse enough to command?

Iust. I like it well: ----- be as wel-come heere, as at your *Fathers*. *Milisent* ----- make it your care to waite vpon this Gentlewoman, but conceale shee is our guest. I should reioyce to see this storme blowne ouer. ----- *Nephew* attend her to her Chamber.

Exeat Gratiana, Captaine, Milisent.

Enter Rawbone and Hauer hastily.

Raw. I ha bin about it ----- *instles Lodam, and fals downe.*

Lod. Next time you ride post, wind your horne, that one may get out a'the way. *Iust.* What's the matter *Iane*.

Raw. Tis guts, if I durst, my teeth waters to strike him.

Iust. What ha you done?

Lod. Let him take heed another time.

Hau. Take such an affront before your mistresse.

Raw. I haue a good stomacke -----

Han. That's well sayd. *Raw.* I could eate him.

Hau. Oh is it that? *Lod.* Let me alone, no-body hold me.

Raw.

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Raw. Ile haue an action of battery.

Lod. Whorson mole-catcher -----

Come not neere me Weezel.

Raw. Prethee *Iasper* do not thrust me vpon him----

I do not feare you sir.

Lod. Agen shall I kicke thee to peeces.

Hau. Let him baffull yee-----to him-----

*Hauer thrusts
him vpon him*

Raw. I do not feare you.

Inst. Iane remooue your selfe.

Iane. Master *Rambone*, I am sorry for your hurt.

Exit.

Hau. She jecres you.

Lod. For this time I am content with kicking of thee.

As Lodam offers to goe out, Hauer pulls him backe.

Hau. My master desires another word w'ce sir.-----

You must fight with him-----

To Rambone.

Raw. Who I fight?

Lod. You spider catcher, ha you not enough? you see I doe not draw.

Inst. Very well.

Hau. By this hand, you shall challenge him then, if hee dare accept it, ile meete him in your clothes.

Raw. Will yee. Hum ----- I do not feare you----satisfaction---

Hau. That's the word.

Raw. That's the word-----youle meete me guts.

Lod. Meete thee by this flesh, if thou dost but prouoke me :
---you do not challenge me----do not----d'ee long to be minc'd?

Hau. At *Finsbury* -----

Raw. At *Finsbury*.

Hau. To morrow morning -----

Raw. To morrow morning----you shall finde I dare fight.

Lod. Say but such another word.

Raw. *Finsbury*, to morrow morning, there tis agen -----

Inst. I cannot contayne my laughter, ha, ha, ha. *Ex*

Raw. So, lets begone quickly, before he threaten me, you made mee challenge him, looke to't.

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Hau. Feare not, I warrant you.

Exeunt Raw & Hauer.

Lod. Sirra Nouerint, if I can but prooue, thou dost come with in three furlongs of a wind-mill, ile set one a top of *Paules* to watch thee----sha't forfeit thy soule, and ile cancell thy body worse then any debtor of thine did his obligation-----hee's gone----and now I thinke vpon the matter, I haue somewhat the worst on't, for if I should kill him, I shall neuer bee able to flye, and hee has left a peece of his scull, I thinke, in my shoulder ----- whither am I bound to meet him, or no? I will consult some o'the sword men, and know whether it be a competent challenge--- *Cameleon.*

Cam. Sir.

Lod. Has the Rat, your master that was, any spirit in him?

Cam. Spirit? the last time hee was in the field, a boy of seauen yeares old, beate him with a Trap-sticke.

Lod. Saist thou so? I will meet him then, and hew him to peeces.

Cap. I haue an humble suite-----if it be so, that you kill him, let me beg his body for an Anatomy, I haue a great mind to eate a peece on him.

Lod. 'Tis granted, follow me, ile cut him vp I warrant thee. *Exe.*

Enter Beauford, and Captayne.

Cap. I haue a letter.

Bea. From whom?

Cap. *Gratiana.*

Bea. I would forget that name, speake it no more.

Cap. She is abus'd, and if you had not beene Transported from vs, with your passion,
You would ha chang'd opinion, to haue heard
How well she pleaded.

Bea. For her selfe.

Cap. You might,
With little trouble gather from her teares
How cleare she was, which more transparent, then
The morning dew, or christall, fell neglected
Vpon the ground : some cunning Jeweller
To ha seene em scatted, would a thought some Princeesse

Dropt

The Wedding.

Dropt em, and couetous to enrich himselfe,
Gathered them vp for Dyamonds.

Bean. You are then conuerted.

Cap. Oh you were too credulous,
Marwood has playd the Vilaine, and is damn'd for't :
Could but his soule be brought to heare her answere
The accusation, she wo'd make that blush,
And force it to confesse a treason, to
Her honour, and your loue.

Bean. You did beleeu her.

Cap. I did, and promis'd her to do this seruice,
She begd of me at parting, if she sent
A letter, to conuey it to your hand,
Pray read, you know not what this paper carries.

Bean. Has shee acquainted you?

Cap. Not me, I guesse,
It is some secret, was not fit for my
Relation, it may be, worth your knowledge ;
Do her that iustice, since you would not heare
What she could say in perton, to peruse
Her paper.

Bean. It can bring nothing to take off
Th'offence committed.

Cap. Sir you know not
What satisfaction it contaynes ;
Or what she may confesse in't: for my sake — *Reads.*

Bean. To him that was — what?
Confident of her Vertue
Once an admirer, now a mourner for
Her absent goodnesse : she has made the change,
From her that was, would ha become this paper
Had she conseru'd her first immaculate whitencesse,
It had beene halfe prophane, not to salute
Her letter with a kisse, and touch it, with
More veneration then a Sybils leafe ;

The Wedding.

But now all Ceremony must be held
A superstition, to the blotted scrole,
Of a more stained writer — He not read:
If vnprepar'd, she win with her Discourse,
What must she do, when she has time, and study,
To apparrell her defence?

Cap. Deny her this.

Beau. Well, I will read it.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Here's Sir John Belfare.

Beau. Say any thing t'excuse me, bees your care
That none approach the Chamber.

Cap. So, so, now vnrip the seals.

Enter Sir John Belfare, Isaac.

Bel. Not speak with him, he must haue stronger guard
To keepe me out: where's *Beauford*?

Beau. Here.

Bel. Then there's a Villaine.

Beau. That's course language.

Bel. I must not spin it finer, till you make me
Vnderstand better, why my daughter, and
In her, my family is abus'd.

Beau. Shee has not then accus'd her selfe—— He tell you,
I did expect your daughter would haue beene
My Virgin bride; but she reseru'd for me
The ruines of her honour, I woud not speake
I' the rude dialect, you may sooner collect,
An English.

Bel. Is she not honest, will you
Make her then a whore?

Beau. Not I, her owne sinne made her.

Bel.

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Bel. Thou lyest, nor can my age make me appeare
Vnworthy a satisfaction from thy sword.

Isa. Does not he call my young mistresse whore?

Bel. Keep me not from him Captaine, he has in this
Giuen a fresh wound; I came t'expostulate,
The reason of a former suffering,
Which vnto this was charity, as thou art
A Gentle-man, I dare thee to the Combate:
Contemne not *Beauford* my gray haire, if t'haue
A Noble soule, keepe not this distance; meeete me,
Thou art a Souldier: for heauens sake, permit me
Chastise the most vncharitable slander
Of this bad man.

Beau. I neuer iniur'd you.

Bel. Not iniur'd me? what is there then in nature,
Left, to be cald an iniury? didst not mocke
Me, and my poore fond girl with marriage?
Till all things were design'd, the very day
When *Hymen* should haue worne his saffron robe:
My friends inuited, and prepar'd to call
Her Bride; and yet, as if all this could not
(Summ'd vp together) make an iniury:
Does thy corrupted soule at last conspire
To take her white name from her? ---- giue me leaue
To expresse a Father, in a teare, or two,
For my wrong'd child. O *Beauford*! thou hast rob'd
A father, and a daughter-----but I woe not
Vsurpe heauens iustice, which shall punish thee
Boue my weake arme; mayst thou liue, to haue
Thy heart as ill rewarded, to be a father
At my yeares, haue one daughter, and no more
Belou'd as mine, somock'd, and then cald Whore.

Cap. 'Las good old man.

Exit Bel. Isaac.

Beau. My afflictions
Are not yet number'd in my fate, nor I

The Wedding.

Held ripe for Death.

Cap. Now read the Letter.

Beau. Yes, it cannot make me know more misery. *Reads.*

Beauford, I dare not call thee mine, though I could not hope, (while I was living,) thou wouldst beleene my innocence, deny mee not this fauour after Death, to say I once lou'd thee

Ha death? Captaine is she dead?

Cap. I hope shee employd not me, to bring this newes.

Beau. Yes, Death — ha?

Prethee read the rest: there's something

In my eyes, I cannot well distinguish

Her small Characters.

Cap. My Accuser by this time, knowes the reward of my injury: Farewell, I am carrying my Prayers for thee to another World — her owne Martyr, drown'd Gratiana.

Beau. Read all.

Cap. I haue.

Beau. It cannot be, for when thou mak'st an end,

My heart should giue a tragicke period,

And with a loud sigh breake: drown'd?

It was no sinne about heauen's pardon,

Though thou hadst beene false,

To thy first vow, and me, I woud not had

Thee dyed so soone: or if thou hadst affected

That death, I could ha drown'd thee with my teares,

Now they shall neuer find thee, but be lost

Within thy watery Sepulcher.

Cap. Take comfort.

Beau. Art dead?

Then here ile Coffin vp my selfe, vntill

The Law vnbury me for *Marmoods* death,

I wouot hope for life, mercy shz not faue

Him, that hath now a patten for his Graue. *Exeunt.*

Adus

The Wedding.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Milient and Gratiana.

Mil. Tis his command to whom I owe all seruice,
I should attend you.

Grat. Th'art too diligent:
I prethee leaue me.

Mil. I should be vnhappy
To be offensive in my duty; yet
Had I no charge vpon me, I should much
Desire to waite.

Grat. On mee?

Mil. I know not why,
Your sorrow does inuite me.

Grat. Th'art too young,
To be acquainted wo't.

Mil. I know, it wou'd not
Become my distance, to dispute with you,
At what age, we are fittest to receiue
Our griefes impression.

Grat. Leaue me to my selfe —

Mil. I must, if you will haue it so. *offers to go out.*

Grat. Me thought
I saw him drop a teare, come backe agen:
What should he meane by this vnwillingesse
To part; he lookes, as he would make me leaue

My

The Wedding.

My owne mis-fortune to pittie his :

Thy name?

Mil. I am called *Milifent*.

Grat. Dost thou put on that countenance to imitate
Mine? or hast a sorrow of thy owne, thou
Wouldst expresse by't.

Mil. Mine does become my fortune,
Yet yours does so exactly paint out misery
That he, that wanted of his owne, would mourne
To see your picture.

Grat. Mine is about
The common leuell of affliction.

Mil. Mine had no example to be drawne by,
I would they were a kin, so I might make
Your burden lesse by mine owne suffering.

Grat. I thanke thy loue.

Mil. And yet I prophesie,
There's something would make mine a part of yours,
Were they examin'd.

Grat. Passion makes thee wild now.

Mil. You haue encouraged me to boldnes, pardon
My ruder language.

Grat. Didst thou euer loue?

Mil. Too soone, from thence sprung my vnhappines.

Grat. And mine.

Mil. My affliction riper then my yeares,
Hath brought me so much sorrow, I doe not thinke
That I shall liue, to be a man.

Grat. I like thy sad expression, weele conuerse
And mingle stories.

Mil. I shall be too bold.

Grat. Wee lay aside distinctions, if our fates
Make vs alike in our mis-fortunes; yet
Mine will admit no paralcll: ha! we are interrupted:

Enter Iustice reading a Letter.

Lets with-draw, and ile begin.

Mil.

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Mil. You may commaund, and when
Your stories done, mine shall maintayne the Scene:

Exeunt.

Inst. To maintayne such blisse I will,
Wish to bee trans-formed still:

Nor wilt bee a shame in loue,
Since I imitate but *Iono*;

Who from heauen hath strayd, and in
A thousand figures worse then mine,

Wood a Virgin, may not I,

Then for thee a seruant trye:

Yes for such a mayde as thee,

Vary as many shapes as hee;

Rawbone cloathes my out-ward part,

But thy liuery my heart:

Hauer, ha: young *Hauer*?

This Letter I found in my Daughters prayer Booke, is this your
Saint? how long ha they conspir'd thus? Report gaue out, hee
was gone to trauaile: It seemes he staves here for a Wind, and in
the meane time would rigge vp my Daughter: hee is a Gentle-
man well educated; but his Fortune was consum'd by a prodigall
farther, ere he was ripe, which makes him I suspect; borrow this
shape to court my Daughter; little does *Rawbone* thinke his ser-
uant is his riual: I finde the iugling, and will take order they
shanot steale a marriage.

Enter Captaync.

Nephew, I ha newes for you.

Cap. For mee sir.

Inst. You are a Souldier, there's a duell to
Be fought this morning, will you see't?

Cap. It does not sir become a Gentle-man
To be spectator of a fight, in which
Hee's not engag'd.

Inst. You may behold it Cosen,
Without disparagement to your honor; *Rawbone*
Has challeng'd Mr. *Lodam*, the place *Finsburg*.

The Wedding.

Cap. They fight? a doublet, stuf with straw, aduancing
A bull-rush, were able to fright em both
Out a' their lences, tha' not soule enough
To skirmish with a field-mouse; they poynt a duell?
At Hegg-don, to shew fencing vpon Creame
And cake-bread, murder a quaking Custard,
Or some such daring enemy.

Iust. Did not
Affaires of weight compell me to be absent,
I would not misse the sight, on't; for the Vsurer
Hath got his man *Iasper* t appeare for him
In his apparrell,

Cap. Iasper. *Iust.* For mirths sake
You may behold it, and let mee entreate,
At your returne, perfect relation
Of both their valours.

Cap. You shall Sir. *Iust.* And Coze—
If it be possible, procure em hither
Before they shift, I much desire to see em.

Cap. Promise your selfe they shall: I will deferre
My conference with *Gratiana*, and
Intertayne this recreation.

Iust. So: I haue a fancy,
This opportunity will giue it birth,
If all hit right, it may occasion mirth. *Exit.*

Enter Milisent, and Gratiana.

Grat. Which part of my discourse compels thee to
This suffering?

Mil. Your pardon Lady, I
Did prophesie what now I finde, our Rories
Haue dependance.

Grat. How prethee?

Mil. That *Marwood*
Whom you report thus wounded had a nerre

Relation

The Wedding.

Relation to me, and twas my fortune
To come to close his eyes vp, and receiue
His last breath.

Grat. Ha?

Mil. I know more then *Beauford*,
And dying he oblig'd my loue to tell t'him
When ere wee met.

Grat. You beget wonder in me:
Did he suruiue his slander? there is hope
He did recant the iniury he did me.

Mil. He did confirme, he had enioy'd your person,
And bad me tell *Beauford* hee left behind
A liuing witnesse of the truth he dyed for:
Naming a Gentle-woman *Cardona*,
That bred you in your fathers house, whom he
Affirm'd, betray'd your body to his lust.

Grat. *Cardona*?

Piety has forsaken earth:
Was euer woman thus betray'd to sinne,
Without her knowledge?

Mil. Wo'd he had not beene
My kinsman, I beginne to feare him:

Grat. Wherein had I offended *Marwood*,
He should aliuie, and dead so persecute
My fame? *Cardona* too i'the Conspiracy,
Tis time to dye then.

Mil. My heart mournes for you
In the assurance of your innocence,
And were I worthy to direct you——

Grat. Has, malice
Found out another murderer?

Mil. Would you be pleas'd to heare me, I could poyn
You out a path, would bring you no repentance
To walke in, if (as I am confident)
Your goodnesse feares not, what *Cardona* can

The Wedding.

Accuse your honour with, let her be
Examin'd, then her knowledge will quit you,
Or make your suffering appeare iust, this is
An easie triall, and since *Marwood* had
A stubborne soule, for though he were my kins-man
I preferre iustice, and held shame to checke
His owne report, women haue softer natures,
And things may be so manag'd, if there be
A treason, to enforce confession from her:
Would you please t'employ me in this seruice,
And though vnworthy be directed by me,
I begge it from you, ile engage my being
You shall finde comfort in't.

Grat. Doe any thing;

But I am lost already.

Mis. You much honour me.

Exeunt.

Enter Lodam, and Cameleon.

Lod. *Cam,* see and if he be come yet, bring mee word hither.

Cam. I see one lying o'the ground——

Lod. Is there so? lets steale way before we be discouered, I do not like when man lye perdue, beside, there may be three or foure of a heape, for ought we know: lets backe I say.

Cam. Tis a horse.

Lod. Hang him iade, I knew it could bee nothing else: is the coast cleare *Cameleon*?

Cam. I see nothing but fiue or sixe.

Lod. Fiue or sixe: treachery! an ambush, tis valour to runne.

Cam. They bee Wind-mills.

Lod. And yet, thou wod'st perswade me, twas an ambush for me.

Cam. I?

Lod. Come thou wert afraide, and the truth were knowne; but be valiant: I haue a sword; and if I doe draw, it shall——be against my will: is he not come yet?

Cam. And hee were betweene this and *More-gate*; you might sent him.

Lod. If he come, some-body shall smell ill fauouredly, ere he and I part:——ha! by this flesh tis he; *Cam,* go tell him I am sicke.

Enter

The Wedding.

Enter Hauer, Rawbone, (having chang'd clothes) Captaine.

Hau. Master Lodam. Lod. A brace of bullets to my heart.

Cap. Here can I stand and behold the Champions.

Lod. I haue expected you this two houres, which is more then I ha done to all the men I ha fought withall, since I flew the high Germaine in Tutle.

Cap. Whorson, moale-cather.

Lod. Draw Spider.

Cap. Well sayd toade.

Hau. Let vs conferre a little.

Lod. Conferre me no conferrings : I will haue no more mercy on thee, then an Infidell ; and t'hadst beene wise, thou mightest ha kept thee at home, with thy melancholly Cat, that keepes thy Study, with whom thou art in Commons, and doest feede on Rats a Sundayes ; then perhaps a legge or an arme, with thy Iewes eares had satisfied me, when I met thee next : draw I say, why doest not draw ?

Hau. I come to giue you satisfaction.

Lod. What with wårds ?

Sirra Tartar, my Foxe shall scratch thy guts out, which I will send to the Beare-Garden : Doest heare Vsuring dog, ile tell thee my resolution. I doe meane to giue thee as many Wounds before I kill thee, as a Surgeons signe has ; and when I am weary of skar-rifying thy flesh, ile bore thy heart — which done : mark what I say ; I will diuide thy quarters : obserue and tremble ; then will I ha thee put into a tub or Barrell, and powder thee, and after three dayes in pickle, this thing that was thy seruant, this Caco-demon whom thou didst starue once, *Camelion*, shall in reuenge of his pittysfull famine, eat thee vp, deuoure thee, and grow fat i'the ribs agen with thy flesh, *Mammon* —

Can. I hungrily thanke your Worship.

Raw. What haue I scapt ?

Lod. Which is more, after thou art dead, I wouost leaue thy

The Wedding.

soule quiet, ile torment thy Ghost : for I will streight to thy house where I will breake open thy Chests, lin'd with white and yellow mettles, which I will cast away on pious vses : then summon all thy debtors by a Drum, and giue em in, all their Bills, Bonds, Euidences, Indemures, Defescances, Morgages, Statutes.

Raw. I shall be vndone. ———

Lod. And there were a million on em.

Raw. Ile home, and shut vp my doores, for feare he kill *Iasper* and vse me so indeede.

Cap. If thou doest offer to looke home agen, till they ha done, ile cut thee off at thigh.

Raw. Ah ———

Lod. Draw I say.

Han. Since there is no remedy.

Lod. His sword appeares *Cam.*

Cam. If he were a coward you were able to coniure a spirit in-
so him, with those threatnings.

Lod. Pox a my dulnes : dost heare scoundrell, if I should in-
cline to mercy, what submission? ha? let mee see ——— I, I, liue,
thou shalt vpon thy knees confesse thy rascality, and aske me for-
giuenesse in priuate, in the presence of mistresse *Iano*, and the
twelue Companies which at thy charge shall be feasted that day, in
More-fields.

Han. That must not be.

Eod. Then say when thou art dead, thou wert offered conditions
for thy life : *Cam.* thou shalt feed, and feed high *Camoleon*, ———
let me see ; ——— come tis my foolish nature to ha compassion o'thee,
I know th'art sorry, that onely confesse thy selfe a rascall vnder thy
hand then, and stay my intended reuenge which else would ha
beene inmortall.

Han. Let me consider.

Lod. Oho *Cam.* ———

Cap. Both cowards, we shall haue no skirmish.

Raw. Now I thinke on't, what if my man *Iasper*, should be va-
liant and kill *Lodam* ——— umh? what pickle were I in : worke-
worke, hee'le runne away, I shall bee taken
and hang'd for the Conspiracy.

Puls Hauc,
by the steene.

Ah

The Wedding.

Ah.— *Iasper*, rogue that I was, where were my braines to challenge him — he wonot heare — a stubborne knaue, he lookes as if he meant to kill: ah *Iasper*.

Cap. I ha seene a dogge looke like him, that has drawne a Wicker bottle, ratling about the streetes, and leering on both sides, where to get a quiet corner to bite his tayle off.

Raw. I doe imagine my selfe apprehended already: now the Constable is carrying me to New-gate — now, now I'me at the Sessions house, i'the Docks: — now I'me cald — not guilty my Lord: — the Iury has found the inditement *Bella vera* — now, now comes my sentence.

Hau. I am resolu'd sir.

Raw. Ha. —

Hau. You shall haue what acknowledgement, this pen of Steele will draw out in your flesh, with red inke, and no other, deare master *Lodam*.

Lod. How?

Cap. So, so.

Raw. Now I'me i'the Cart, riding vp *Holborne* in a two wheel'd Chariot, with a guard of Halberdiers: there goes a proper fellow sayes one: good people pray for me: now I am at the three Wooden stults. —

Lod. Is this *Rawbone* the Coward?

Doeft heare thing — consider what thou doest, come among friends, thy word shall bee as good as a note vnder thy head, tempt not my fury — woe I were off, with asking him forgiveness.

Raw. Hey! now I feele my toes hang i'the Cart:

Now tis drawne away, now, now, now,

I am gent —

seruus abans.

Hau. You must shew your fencing.

Lod. Hold: I demaund a parlee.

Hau. How?

Lod. Tis not for your reputation to deale with a Gentle-man vpon vnequall termes.

The Wedding.

Han. Where lye the oddes?

Cap. How's this?

Lod. Examine our bodies:

Han. I take it I am the fairer marke, tis a disadvantage: feede til you be as fat as I, and ile fight w'ee as I am a Gentle-man.

Han. It shanot serue your turne.

Fight,

Lod. Hold, murder, murder.

Ran. I'm dead, I'm dead.

Cap. Whorson puffed-paste, how he winkes and barks:
How now Gentle-men, master *Lodam*.

Lod. Captayne, shud a come but a little sooner, and ha secke good sport, by this flesh hee came vp handsomely to me; a pritty sparke faith Captayne.

Han. How fir?

Lod. But if you be his friend, runne for a Surgeon for him, I haue hurt him vnder the short ribs, beside a cut or two ith shoul-der: would I were in a Millars sacke yonder, though I were ground for't, to be quit onem.

Han. You wouot use me thus?

Lod. I were best deliuer my sword ere I be compeld too't.— a pritty fellow, and one that will make a souldier, becuse I see thraik a spirit, and cast vsc thy Weapon, ile bestow a dull blade vppon thee Squirrell.

Cap. Deliuer vp your Weapon:

Lod. In loue in loue Captaine, hee's a sparke a my reputation, and worthy your acquaintance.

Han. Thou mully-puffe, were it not iustice to kicke thy guts out.

Lod. When I am dis-armed.

Han. Take't, agen you sponge——

Lod. What? when I haue geent thee: tis at thy seruice, and it were a whole Cutlers shop: be confident.

Ran. My Ague has not left mee yet, there's a grudging a the halter still:

Cap. Master *Rambone*, I repent my opinion of your Co-wardize.

I see

The Wedding.

I see you dare fight, and shall report it to my Cosen
You shall walke home, shee'll take it as an honor,
And present your prisoner.

Raw. Iasper, lets go home and shift, do not go——honest Iasper.

Han. You will be prating sirra——He waite vpon you Cap-
tayne: Master Lodam——

Lod. I will accompany thee, that noble, and fit for my con-
uersation, honest master *Rawbons*——a poke vpon you.

Cap. Nay, you shal waite a' your master with his leaue, good Iasper

Han. How now Iasper?

Exeunt

*Cornets: A Table set forth with two Tapers: Seruants placing
Ewe, Bayes, and Rosemary, &c.*

Enter Beauford.

Beau. Are these the hearbes you strow at Funerals.

Servant. Yes sir.

Beau. Tis well, I commend your care,
And thanke yee; yee haue exprest more duty
In not enquiring wherefore I commaund
This strange employment, there in the very
Act of your obedience: my chamber
Lookes like the Spring now? ha' yee not arte enough
To make this Ewe tree grow here, or this Bayes?
The embleme of our victory in Death,
But they present that best when they are wither'd:
Haue you beene carefull that no day breake in
At any Window, I would dwell in night,
And haue no other star-light but these tapers:

Ser. If any aske to speake with you,
Shall I say, you are abroad.

Beau. No, to all do enquire with busie face,
Pale or disturb'd, giue free access.

Exit ser.

What do I differ from the dead? would not
Some fearefull man or woman seeing me,

The Wedding.

Call this a Church-yard, and imagine me
Some wakefull apparition 'mong the graues,
That for some treasures buried in my life,
Walke vp and downe thus? buried? no 'twas drown'd,
I cannot therefore say, it was a chest,
Gratiana had here a Coffin, I haue one
Spacious enough for both on's, but the waues
Will neuer yeeld too't, for it may bee they
Seone as the northerne Wind blowes cold vppon em,
Will freeze themselues to marble ouer her,
Least she should want a tombe:

Enter Keeper.

Thy businesse.

Keeper. Hee dyed this morning:

A friend of his and yours did practise on him

A little Surgery, but in vayne; his last

Breath did forgiue you: but you must expect

No safety from the Law: my seruice sir.

Bean. I haue left direction, that it cannot misse me:

And hadst thou come to apprehend me for't?

With as much ease thou mightst; I am no states-man

Officious, seruants makes no tutors waite

My doores vnguarded; tis no laborinth

I dwell in; but I thanke thy loue, there's something

To reward it: iustice cannot put on

A shape to fright me.

Keeper. I am sorry sir,

Your resolution carries so much danger.

Exit.

Bean. What can life bring to me, that I should court it:

There is a period in nature, ist not

Better to dye and not be sicke; worne in

Our bodies, which in imitation

Of ghosts, grow leane, as if they wou'd at last

Be immateriall too; our blood turne jelly

And freeze in their cold channell, let mee expise

While

The Wedding.

Whi'e I haue heat and strength to tug with death
For Victory.

Enter Milient.

Mil. You may disburden there,
But gently, tis a chest of value, mistresse
He giue him notice, where is *Beansford*?

Bean. Heere.

Mil. What place d'ee call this?

Bean. Tis a Bridall chamber.

Mil. It presents horrour.

Bean. Ha you any thing
To say to me?

Mil. Yes.

Bean. Proceede.

Mil. I come to visite you.

Bean. You are not welcome then.

Mil. I did suspect it, and haue therefore brought
My assurance wo'me, I must require
Satisfaction for a kinsmans death,

One Marwood.

Bean. Ha?

Mil. Your valour was not noble,
It was a course reward to kill him for
His friendship : I come not with a guard of
Officers to attach your person, it
Were too poore and formall, the instrument
That fluc'd his soule out, I had rather shud
Sacrifice to his ashes, and my sword
Shall do't, or yours be guilty of another,
To waite vppon his ghost.

Bean. Young man be not
Too rash without the knowledg how our quarrel
Rise to procure thy selfe a danger.

The Wedding.

Mil. Make it
Not your feare, I haue heard the perfect story,
And ere I fight with thee that see thy errour;
Acknowledge thou hast kild a friend, I bring
A perspective to make those things that lye
Remote from sence, familiar vnto thee; nay
Thou that confesse thou knowst the truth of what
Concernes him, or *Gratiana*.

Beau. When my soule
Throwes off this vpper Garment, I shall know all.

Mil. Thou that not number many minutes, know
Twas my mis-fortune to close vp the eyes
Of *Marwood*, whose body I vow'd neuer
Should to the earth without reuenge; or mee
Companion to his graue: I ha therefore brought it
Hither, tis in this house.

Beau. Ha?

Mil. His pale corpes
Shall witnesse my affection.

Bea. Thou didst promise
To informe me of *Gratiana*.

Mil. And thus briefly:
Marwood reueal'd at death another witnesse
Of his truth, for *Cardona* hee corrupted
To betray *Gratiana* to him.

Beau. Ha *Cardona*!
Heauen continue her among the liuing,
But halfe an houre.

Mil. I ha sau'd yee trouble,
Shee waites without, in your name I procur'd
Her presence, as you had affaires with her
She's vnprepar'd, a little terrour will
Enforce her to confesse the truth of all things.

Beau. Thou doest direct well.

Mil. Still remember *Beauford*.

The Wedding.

I am thy enemy, and in this doe but
Prepare thy conscience of misdeede to
Meete my iust anger.

Bea. I am all wonder.

Mil. *bring in*

Mil. He's now at opportunity.

Cardona.

Car. Sir you sent
To speake with me.

Beau. Come neerer, I heare say
You are a Baud; tell me how goe Virgins
I'th sinfull market; nay I must know hell-car
What was the price you tooke for *Gratiannaes*:
Did *Marwood* come off roundly with his wages:
Tell me the truth, or by my fathers soule
He digge thy heart out.

Car. Helpe.

Beau. Let me not heare
A syllable that has not reference
To my question ----- or -----

Car. Ile tell you fir:
Marwood -----

Beau. So.

Car. Did vitiously affect her:
Won with his gifts and flatteries, I promis'd
My assistance, but I knew her vertue was nos
To bee corrupted in a thought.

Beau. Ha.

Car. Therefore -----

Beau. What d'ee study -----

Car. Hold ----- I would deliuer

The rest into your care, it is too shamefull
To expresse it louder then a whisper -----

Mil. With what vnwillingnes, we discover things

Wee are asham'd to owne: *Cardona* shuddr

Ha vs'd but halfe this feare in thy consent,

And thou hadst nere beene guilty of a sinne

The Wedding.

Thou art so loath to part with, though it be
A burden to thy soule : how boldly would
Our innocence plead for vs ; but shas done.

Beau. Then was *Gratianaes* honor sau'd.

Car. Vntouch'd.

Bea. Where am I lost: this story is more killing

Then all my ieaiousies: Oh *Cardona*

Goe safe from hence, but when thou com'st at home,

Locke thy selfe vp and languish, till thou dye

Thou shalt meete *Marwood*, in a gloomy shade,

Giue backe this salary,

Exit Cardona.

Mil. Haue I made good

My promise, do you finde your errour.

Beau. No I ha found my horror-----has the chaste

And innocent *Gratiana* drown'd her selfe?

What satisfaction can I pay thy ghost?

Mil. Now doe me right sir.

Beau. Shee's gone for euer,

And can the earth still dwell a quiet neighbour

To the rough Sea, and not it selfe bee thaw'd

Into a riuer ; let it melt to waues

From hence-forth, that beside th'inhabitants,

The very Genius of the World may drowne,

And not accuse me for her : Oh *Gratiana*.

Mil. Reserue your passion, and remember what

I come for.

Beau. How shall I punish my vniust suspicion?

Death is too poore a thing to suffer for her.

Some spirit guide mee where her body lyes

Within her watery vne, although seal'd vp

With frost, my teares are warme and can dissolue it

To let in mee, and my repentance to her.

I would kisse her cold face into life agen

Renew her breath with mine, on her pale lip

I do not thinke, but if some artery

The Wedding.

Of mine were open'd, and the crimson flood
Conuay'd into her veins, it would agree
And with a gentle gliding steale it selfe
Into her heart, inliffe her dead faculties,
And with a flattery, tice her soule agen,
To dwell in her faire tenement.

Mil. You loose
Your selfe in these wild fancies; recollect
And doe mee iustice.

Bean. I am lost indeede,
With fruitlesse passion: I remember thee
And thy designe agen; I must account
For *Marwoods* death ist not? alas thou art
Too young, and canst not fight, I wish thou wert
A man of tough and actiue sinewes, for
Thy owne reuenge sake, I would prayse thee for
My death, so I might fall but nobly by thee:
For I am burden'd with a weight of life-----
Stay, didst not tell me thou hadst brought hither
The body of young *Marwood*-----

Mil. Yes.

Bean. Since a mistake, not malice did procure
His ill fate, I will but drop one funerall
Teare vpon his wound, and soone finish
To doe thee right.

Mil. Yee shall.

A coffin brought in.

Bean. Does this enclöse his corpes? how little roome
Doe wee take vp in death, that liuing, know
No bounds? here without murmuring wee can
Be circumscrib'd, it is the soule, that makes vs
Affect such wanton, and irregular pathes;
When that's gone, wee are quiet as the earth,
And thinke no more of wandring: oh *Marwood*
Forgiue my anger, thy confession did
Inuite thy ruine from me, yet vpon-----

Open.

My

The Wedding.

My memory forsake me, tis *Gratiana's*
Spirit, hast thou left thy Heauenly dwelling
To call me hence? I was now comming to thee:
Or but commaund more hast, and I will count it
No sinne to strike my selfe, and in the streame
Of my owne blood to imitate how thou
Didst drowne thy selfe.

Grat. I am liuing *Beauford*.

Beau. I know thou art immortall.

Grat. Liuing as thou art.

Beau. Good angels doe not mocke mortality.

Grat. A came.

Beau. To call me to my answer how I durst
Suspect thy chastity, ile accuse my selfe
And to thy iniur'd innocence giue me vp
A willing sacrifice.

Grat. Oh my *Beauford*, now
I am ouer-blest for my late sufferings;
I haue sollicited my Death with prayers:
Now I would liue to see my *Beauford* loue me.
It was thy friend induc'd me to that letter,
To finde if thy suspicion had destroy'd
All seedes of loue.

Beau. Art thou not dead indeede,
May I beleeue? her hand is warme, — shee breathes
Agen — and kisses as she wont to doe
Her *Beauford*, are *Gratiana*? Heauen
Let me dwell here vntill my soule exhale.

Mil. One sorrow's cur'd *Milisent* begone,
Thou hast bin too long absent from thy owne. *Exit.*

Bea. Oh my ioy ravisht soule, but where's the youth
Brought mee this blessing? vanish *Gratiana*
Where is hee? I would hang about his necke to
Kisse his cheeke, he wonot leaue me so:

Gone? sure it was some angell, was hee not,

The Wedding.

Or doe I dreame this happinesse, wot not thou
Forsake mee to?

Grat. Oh neuer.

Beau. Within there-----

Bid the young man returne, and quickly, least
My ioy aboue the strength of natures sufferance,
Kill me before I can expresse my gratitude:
Ha yee brought him?

Enter Officers.

Officer. Mr. *Beauford*, I am sorry wee are
Commanded to apprehend your person.

Grat. Officers ha?

Officer. You are suspected to haue slaine a
Gentle-man, one *Marwood*.

Beau. Haue I still my essence ha?
I had a ioy was able to make man
Forget he could be miserable.

Officer. Come sir.

Beau. If ere extremities did kill, wee both
Shall dye this very minute.

Grat. You shanot goe.

Officers. Our authority will force him.

Grat. Y'are villaines, murderers:
Oh my *Beauford*!

Beau. Leaue me *Gratiana*.

Grat. Neuer, ile dye with thee.

Beau. What can wee say vnto our misery,
Sau'd in a tempest that did threaten most,
Arriu'd the harbour, ship, and all are lost.

Officer. To the next Iustice.

Exeunt.

The Wedding.

Actus Quinti. Scena Prima.

Enter Sir Iohn Belfare.

Bel. Whether art fled *Gratsiana*? that I can
Conuerſe with none to tell mee thou art ſtill
A mortall? taken hence by miracle?
Though angels ſhould intice her hence, to heauen,
She was ſo full of piety, to her father,
She would firſt take her leaue.

Enter *Iſaac* and a *Phyſition*.

Iſa. There he is ſit, he cannot chooſe but talk ſodly,
For he has not ſlept ſince the laſt great miſt.

Phi. Miſt?

Iſa. I ſir, his daughter, my young miſtreſſe went away in't,
and we can heare no tale nor tydings of her, to tell you true, I
would not diſgrace my old maſter, but hee is little better then mad.

Phi. Vnhappy Gentle-man.

Bel. Tis ſo, hee murder'd her;
For he that firſt would rob her of her honor,
Would not feare after-ward to kill *Gratsiana*,
He ſhall be arraign'd for't; -----but where ſhall wee
Get honeſt men enough to make a Iury?
That dare be conſcionable, when the Iudge
Lookes on, and frownes vpon the Verdict, men
That will not be corrupted, to fauour
A great mans euidence, but proferre iuſtice
To ready mony? oh this age is barren ———

Iſaac.

The Wedding.

Isa. You heare, how he talkes.

Bel. But I ha found the way, tis but procuring
Acquaintance with the fore-man of the Lury,
The Sessions bell-weather, he leades the rest
Like sheepe when hee makes a gap, they follow
In huddle to his sentence.

Isa. Speake to him sir.

Phi. God saue you sir *Iohn Belfare.*

Bel. I am a little serious——do not trouble mee

Phi. D'ee not know me?

Bel. I neyther know, nor care for you, vnlesse
You can bee silent.

Phi. I'me your neighbour——

Isa. Master Doctor-----

Bel. Away foole.

Isa. No sir, a Phyfition.

Bel. A Phyfition? can you cure my daughter?

Phi. I sir, where is shee?

Bel. Cannot you find her out by arte? a good
Phyfition, shud be acquainted with the Starres:
Prethec erect a figure, graue *Astronomer,*
Sh'at ha the minute she departed; turne
Thy Ephemerides a little, ile lead
Thee *Ptolomy,* and a nest of learned *Rabbies*
To iudge by: tell me whether she be a liue,
Or dead, and thou shalt bee my Doctor, ile
Giue thee a round *per Annum* pension,
And thou shalt kill me for it.

Phi. He has a strange *De tyrium.*

Isa. I sir.

Phi. A *Vertigo* in's head.

Isa. In his head.

Bel. What sayes the Rauen?

Isa. He sayes, you haue two hard words in your head sir.

Phi. Haue you forgot me sir, I was but late

The Wedding.

Familiar to your knowledge.

Bel Ha? your pardon gentle sir, I know you now,
Impute it to my grieffe, t'hath almost made mee
Forget my selfe.

Phi. I come to visite you.
And cannot but bee sorry, to behold
You thus afflicted.

Bel. Doctor I am sicke,
I'me very sicke at heart, losse of my daughter
I feare, will make me mad, how long d'ee thinke
Mans nature able to resist it, can
Your loue or arte prescribe your friend a Cordial?
No, no, you cannot.

Phi. Sir, bee comforted,
Wee haue our manly vertue giuen vs,
To exercise in such extreames as these.

Bel. As these? why do you know what tis to
Lose a daughter? you conuerse with men, that
Are diseas'd in body; punish'd with a gout
Or feauer: yet some of these are held
The shames of phylicke, but to th'mind you can
Apply no salutary medicine:
My daughter sir, my daughter —

Phi. Was too blame
To leaue you so, loose not your wisdome for
Your daughters want of piety.

Bel. Speake well
A'th dead, for liuing shee would not be absent
Thus from mee, shee was euer dutifull
Tooke pleasure in obedience: oh my child,
But I haue strong suspition, by whom
She's made away. *Beauford*-----

Phi. How?

Bel. He that pretended marriage---he gaue her
A wound before.

The Wedding.

Phy. Master *Beauford's* newly
Apprehended for some fact, and carried
Fore *Iustice Landby*, in my passage hither
I met him guarded.

Bel. Guarded for what?

Phy. Some did whisper hee had kill'd-----

Bel. Gratiana.

Oh my girle, my *Gratiana*, ----- *Isaac*, *Beauford* is taken, tis
apparent he hath slayne my daughter, and shanot I reuenge her
Death? Ile prosecute the Law with violence agaynst him, nor
leau the Iudge, till hee pronounce his sentence, then Ile dye, and
carry *Gratiana* the newes before him. Follow me.----- *Exeunt.*

Enter Iustice Landby, and Iane.

Iust. I expect *Iane* thou wot reward my care
With thy obedience, he's young and Wealthy,
No matter for those idle ceremonies
Of wit and court-ship.

Iane. Doe I heare my father?

Iust. He will maintaine thee gallant, City wiuers
Are fortunes darlings, gouerne al, their husbands,
Variety of pleasure, and apparrell
When some of higher titles are oft faine
To pawne a Lady-ship: thou that haue *Ranbons*.

Iane. Vertue forbid it, you are my father sir,
And lower then the earth I haue a heart
Prostrates it selfe, I had my being from you,
But I beseech you, take it not away
Agen, by your feuerity.

Iust. How's this? I like it well.

aside.

Ian. You haue read many lectures to me, which
My duty hath receiu'd, and practiz'd, as
Precepts from heauen, but neuer did I heare
You preach so ill, you heretofore directed

The Wedding.

My study to bee carefull of my fame,
Cherish desert, plant my affection on
Noblenesse, which canonely be sufficient
To make it fruitefull and d'ce counsell now
To marry a disease ?

Iust. Good ! my owne girl —
What ist you sayd ? ha ?

Iane. For the man himselfe
Is such a poore and miserable thing —

Iust. But such another word, and I take off
My blessing : how now *Iane*

Iane. Alas, I feare
He is in earnest, marry me to my graue,
To that you shall haue my consent, oh do not
Enforce mee to be guilty of a false
Vow, both to Heauen and Angels ; on my knees —

Iust. Humble your heart, rise and correct your fultenneffe,
I am resolu'd, would you be sacrific'd
To an vnthrif, that will dice away his skinne,
Rather then want to stake at Ordnaies ?
Consume what I haue gather'd at a breake-fast,
Or mornings draught ? and when you ha teem'd for him
Turne Sempresse to find milke and clouts for babies:
Foote stockings to maintaine him in the Compter ?
Or if this fayle, erect a bandy Citadell,
Well man'd, which fortified with demy-Cannon
Tobacco pipes, may raise you to a fortune,
Together with the trade —

Iane. Oh my cruell starres !

Iust. Starre me no starres, ile haue my will —

Iane. One minute hath ruin'd all my hope, *Milifent*
Was cruell thus to mocke me.

Enter Caprayne, Hauer, Lodam, Rawbone, and
Cameleon.

Cap. Vncle —

Cap. and Iust. whisper

Raw.

The Wedding.

Raw. *Iasper*? what case am I in?

Hau. Be wise and keep your counsell, is not all for your honor?

Lod. Lady, I hope by this time, you are able to distinguish
A difference betweene *Rawbone* and my selfe.

Cam. I finde little.

Cap. You shall doe noble sir.

Iust. Mr. *Rawbone*, the onely man in my wishes:
My nephew giues you valiant, your merit
Ore-ioyes me, and to shew how much I value
Your worth, my daughter yours, Ile see you
Married this morning, ere we part, receiue him
Into your bosome *Iano*, or loose me euer.

Ian. I obey sir: will my father cozen himselfe?

Hau. Ha, doe I dreame?

Raw. Dreame quotha, this is a pritty dreame.

Iust. Master *Lodam*, I hope you'le not repine at his fortune.

Raw. But *Rawbone* will pine, and repine if this be not a dreame?

Lod. I allow it, and will dine with you. *Cam.* And I.

Raw. *Iasper*: no, will nobody know me?

Iust. Let's loose no time, I haue no quiet tell
I call him sonne.

Raw. Master *Iustice*, do me right,
You do not know who I am----I am----

Iust. An asse sir, Are you not? what make you prattling?

Raw. Sir,-----

Noble Captaine, a word, I am-----

Cap. A Coxecombe.

Your man is saucy sir.

Raw. Then I am a --- sleepe. *Cap.* I forget *Gratiana*.

Iust. Cosen, you shall supply my place at Church, while I
prepare for your returne, some guests wee must haue-----day,
nay haste, the morne growes old, wee'le ha't a Wedding day.

Hau. Here's a blessing beyond hope.

Raw. Sure I am a sleepe, I will eene walke with'em till my
dreame be out.

The Wedding.

Enter Beauford, Officers, Marwood
disguised, Keeper, Gratiana.

Iust. Mr. Beauford, welcome and Gratiana---

Beau. You will repent your curtesie, I am
Presented an offender to you.

Offs. Yes, and please your worship, he is accus'd. *Iust.* How?

Grat. Sir, you haue charity, belecue em not,
They doe conspire to take away his life.

Keeper. May it please you vnderstand, he has kild
A Gentle-man, one *Marwood*, in our Parke,
I found him wounded mortally, though before
He dyed, he did confesse. *Beau.* Vrge it no farther,
Ile saue the trouble of examination,

And yeeld my selfe vp guilty. *Grat.* For heauens sake
Belecue him not, hee is an enemy

To his owne life; deare *Beauford*, what d'ee meane

To cast your selfe away, y'are more vnmercifull

Then those that doe accuse you, then the Law

It selfe, for at the worst, that can but finde

You guilty at the last, too soone for me

To bee deuided from you.

Beau. Oh *Gratiana*, I call heauen to witnesse,
Though my mis-fortune made mee thinke before,

My life a tedious and painefull trouble,

My very soule a luggage, and too heauy

For me to carry, now I wish to liue,

To liue for thy sake, till my haire were siluer'd

With age; to liue till thou woudst ha me dye,

And wert a weary of me: For I neuer

Could by the seruice of one life, reward

Enough thy loue, nor by the suffering

The punishment of age and time, do pennance

Sufficient for my iniury, but my fate

Hurries me from thee, then accept my death

A satisfaction for that sinne, I could not

Redeeme

The Wedding.

Redeeme a liue, I cannot but confesse
The accusation.

Enter Sir Iohn Belfore, and Isaac.

Bel. Iustice, iustice, I will haue iustice:
Ha Gratiana!

Grat. Oh my deare father —

Bel. Art a liue, oh my ioy, it growes
To mighty for me, I must weepe a little
To saue my heart —

Isa. My young mistresse a liue. *Exit*

Grat. It euer you lou'd Gratiana, plead for *Beauford*,
Has beene aburd, by a villaine, alls discover'd,
Waue renew'd hearts, and now I feare, I shall
Loose him agen, accus'd here for the death
Of *Marwood*, that was cause of all our suffering.

Bel. I ha not wept enough for ioy *Gratiana*
That th'art a liue yet — I vnderstand nothing
Beside this comfort.

Grat. Deere sir recollect,
And second me.

Iust. The fact confest, all hope
Wilbe a parden sir may be procur'd:
Sir Iohn — y'are come in a sad time.

Grat. What is the worst you charge him with?

Keeper. He has slaine a Gentle-man.

Iust. No common trespass.

Grat. He has done iustice.

Iust. How?

Grat. A publicke benefite to his Country in't.

Iust. Killing a man? her sorrow ouer-throwes
Her reason.

Grat. Heare me, *Marwood* was a Villaine,
A rebell vnto vertue, a prophaner
Of friendships sacred lawes, a murderer
Of virgin chastity, against whose malice

The Wedding.

Not innocence could hope protection;
But like a Bird grip'd by an Eagles talent,
It growing dyes.

What punishment can you inflict on him,
That in contempt of nature, and religion,
Inforces breach of loue, of holy vowes?
Sets them at warre, whose hearts were married
In a full congregation of Angels:

I know you will not say, but such deserue
To dye; yet *Marwood* being dead, you reach
Your fury to his heart, that did this benefit.

Bean. Oh *Gratianna*, if I may not liue
To enioy thee here, I would thou hadst beene dead
Indeede, for in a little time, we shu'd
Ha met each other in a better World:
But since I go before thee, I will carry
Thy prayse along; and if my soule forget not,
What it hath lou'd, when it conuerst with men,
I will so talke of thee among the blest,
That they shalbe in loue with thee, and descend
In holy shapes, to woe thee to come thither,
And be of their society, doe not veile thy beauty
With such a shower, keepe this soft raine,
To water some more lost, and barren garden,
Least thou destroy the spring, which nature made
To be a wonder in thy cheeke.

Iust. Where is *Marwoods* body?

Mar. Here sir.

Omnes. A liue?

Mil. Ha *Marwood*?

Mar. A liue, as glad to see thee, as thou art
To know thy selfe acquitted for my death;
Which I of purpose by this honest friend,
To whose cure, I owe my life, made you beleue,
increase our ioy at meeting: for you Lady,

The Wedding.

You are a woman,--- yet you might ha-beene
Lesse violent in your pleading, do not
Engage me past respects of mine, or your own honor.

Grat. Mine is about thy malice, I haue a breast
Impenetrable, 'gainst which, thou fondly ayming,
Thy arrowes, but recoile into thy bosome,
And leaue a wound.

Bean. Friend we haue found thy errour.---

Mar. Let it be as fine, we haue had stormes already.

Grat. Tell me iniurious man, for in this presence
You must acquit the honour you accus'd,
Discharge thy poyson here, inhumane Traytor---

Bean. Thou wo't aske her now forgiuenes, she's al chastitie.

Mar. Why d'ee tempt me thus?

Bel. It was ill done sir -----

Iust. Accuse her to her face.

Mar. So so, you see, I am silent still.

Gra. You are too ful of guilt to excuse your trechery.

Mar. Then farwell all respects, and heare me tell
This bold and insolent woman, that so late
Made triumph in my death.

Mil. Oh sir proccede not,
You do not declare your selfe of generous birth,
Thus openly to accuse a Gentle-woman,
Were it a truth.

Grat. He may throw soyle at heauen,
And as soone flaine it.

Mar. Sirra boy, who made you so peremptory
He would be whipt.

Mil. With what? I am not arm'd
You see, but your big language would not fright
My youth, were it be friended with a sword;
You should find then I would dare to proue it
A false hood, on your person.

Iust. How now *Milifens*?

The Wedding.

Mar. Hath my love made mee thus ridiculous?
Beaujord, that you will suffer such a boy
To affront me? then against all the world
I rise an enemy, and defie his valour
Dares iustifie *Gratiana* vertuous.

Enter Isaac, and Cardona.

Isa. Belceue your eyes.

Car. My daughter aliue?

Oh my deare heart.

Mar. You are come opportunely,
Cardona speake the truth, as thou wouldst not
Eate my poinard, is not *Gratiana*
A sinnefull woman.

Mar. What meanes *Marwood*, ha?

Bel. I am in a laborinth?

Car. Hold, I confesse ———

You neuer did enioy *Gratiana*.

Mar. Ha?

Car. Let not our shame be publicke, sir, you shall
Haue the whole truth, oh that my teares were able
To wash my sinne away----won with your promises,
I did, in hope to make my selfe a fortune,
And get a husband for my childe, with much
Blacke oratoury, woe my daughter to
Supply *Gratianaes* bed, whom with that
Circumtance, you enioy'd, that you beleeu'd
It was the virgin you desir'd. *Bel.* Ist possible?

Mar. I am at a confusion, what's this daughter?

Car. She with the teare (as I conceiue) of her
Dishonour, taking a few iewels with her,
Went from me, I know not whither, by this time
Dead, if not more vnhappy in her fortune.

Mar. Into how many sinnes hath lust engag'd me?
Is there a hope you can forgiue, and you,

And

The Wedding.

And she whom I haue most dishonor'd
I neuer had a conscience till now,
To be grieu'd for her, I will hide my selfe
From all the World. *Mil.* Stay sir---

Grac. You heare this *Beauford*, father-----

Beau. This she confest to me, though I conceal'd
From thee the error, *Marwood* dead, their shame
Would not ha giuen my life aduantage, now
We haue ore-come the malice of our fate:
I hope you'll call me sonne.

Bel. Both my lou'd children.

Iust. I congratulate your ioy.

Mar. *Beauford*, Gentle-men,
This is a woman, *Lucibel* your daughter,
The too much inur'd maide: oh pardon me,
Welcome both to my knowledge, and my heart.

Car. Oh my childe.

Iust. My seruant proue a woman?

Bel. You'll marry her.

Mar. It shall begin my recompence:
Lead you to Church, we'll find the Priest more worke.

Iust. He has done some already, for by this time
I haue a daughter married to young *Hauer*,
That walk'd in *Ribones* livery,-----they'r return'd.

Enter Captaine, *Hauer*, *Iane*, *Lodam*, and *Camelton*.

Hau. Father your pardon, though you meant me not
Your sonne, yet I must call your daughter wife:
Here I resigne my Citizen. *Bel.* Young *Hauer*.

Iust. My blessing on you both,
I meane it so: a letter tooke off this
Disguise before: nay here are more couples,
Enough to play at Barly-breake.

Raw. Master *Lodam*, you and I are in Hell.

The Wedding.

Lod. How?

Hau. You and I are friends.

Lod. I knew by instinct, I had no quarrell to thee:
Art thou *Rambone*?

Raw. I am not drunke-----

Lod. No, but thou art disguis'd shrewdly.

Raw. I wonot beleecue, I am awake:
This is not possible.

Beau. Leaue off to wonder Captaine.

Cap. Sure this is a dreame.

Raw. As sure, as you are there Captayne, 'las wee doe but walke and talke in our sleepe, all this while.

Bel. Away, away.

Lod. I to dinner bullies.

Raw. D'ee heare Gentle-men, before you go, does no-body know me? who am I? who am I?

Iust. You are master *Rambone* sir, that would haue married my daughter, that is now wife, I take it, to this Gentle-man, your seeming seruant.

Raw. Dreame on, dreame on: *Iasper*, make much a'the wench now th'ast got her, am not I finely guld?

Hau. I thinke so.

Raw. Dreame on together, a good iest yfaith, he thinkes all this is true now.

Cap. Are not you then, awake sir?

Raw. No marry am I not sir.

Cap. What d'ee thinke a'that sir. *kicke him.*

Raw. That sir? now do I dreame that I am kickt.

Cap. You doe not feele it then.

Raw. Kicke, kicke your hearts out.

Lod. Say you so, let my foote be in too then.

Raw. Sure I shall crye out in my sleepe----what a long night tis.

Bel. Set on.

Lod. . . . we nya come backe, and take him napping.

Beau. Come *Gratiana*,

The Wedding.

My soules best halfe, lets tye the sacred knot,
So long deferr'd, neuer did two louers,
Meet in so little time so many changes;
Our Wedding day is come, the sorrowes past
Shall giue our present ioy more heauenly tast.

Exeunt.

Rawbone. Epilogue.

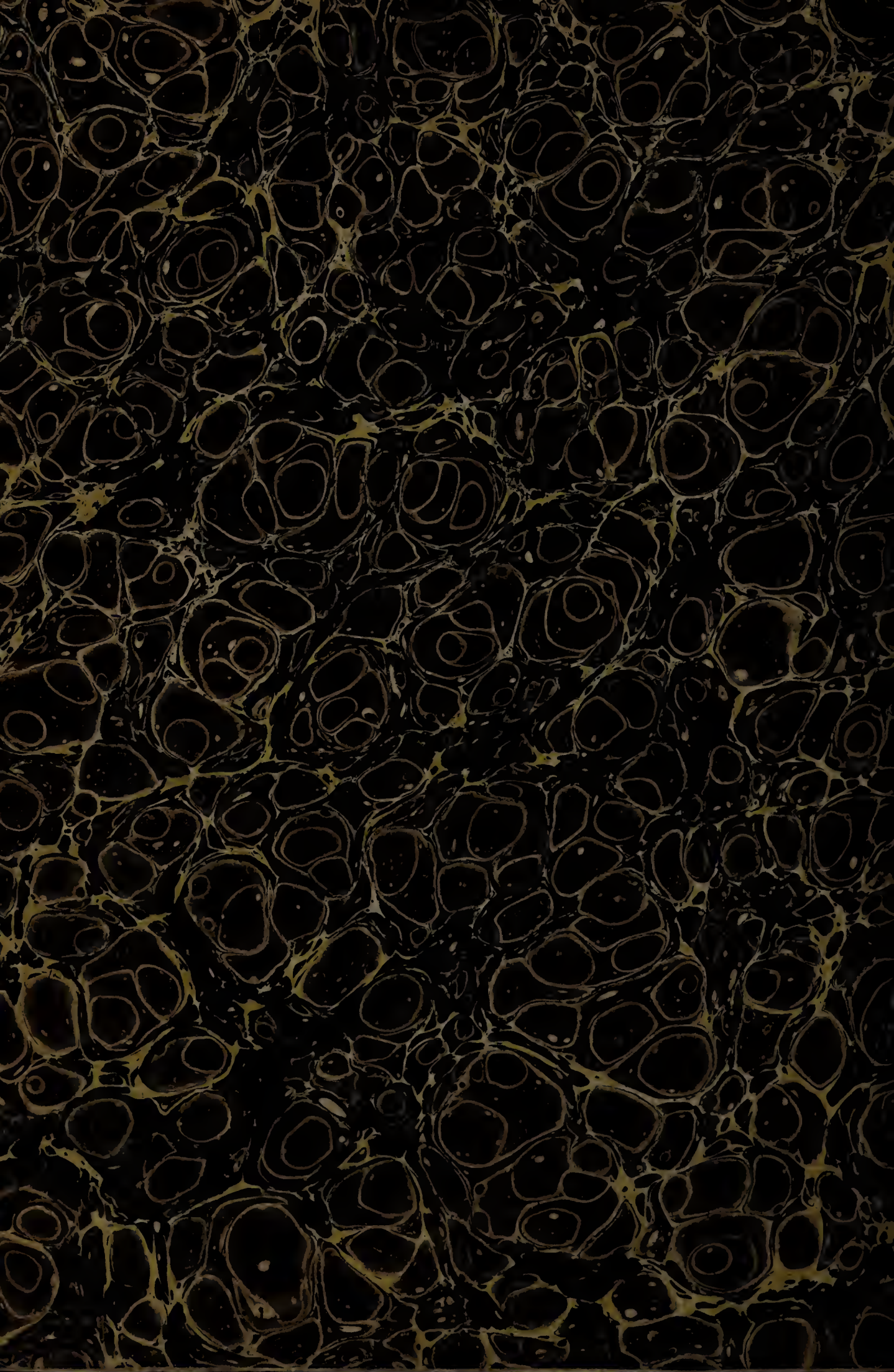
Gentle-men: Pray be fauourable to wake a Foole Dormant
amongst yee; I ha beene kickt, and kickt to that purpose,
may be, they knockt at the wrong doore, my braines are a
sleepe in the Garret. I must appeale from their feete to your
hands, there is no way but one, you must clap me, and clap
mee soundly, dee heare, I shall hardly come to my selfe else.
Oh since my case without you desperate stands,
Wake me with the loud Musicke of your hands.

Exit.



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