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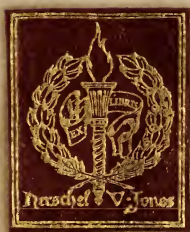
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With scarce catalogue of Old Plays

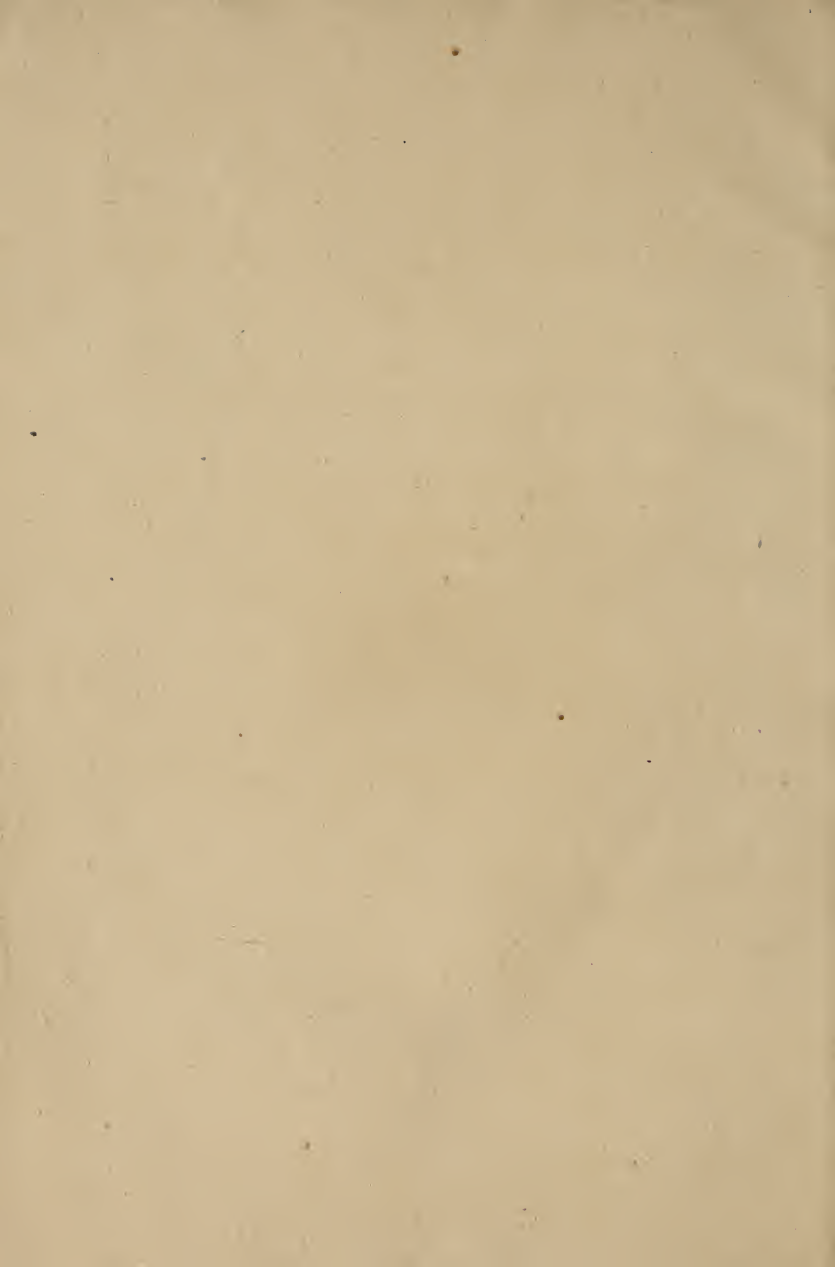
1118. MASSINGER (PHILIP), MIDDLETON (THOMAS), and ROWLEY (WILLIAM). The Excellent Comedy, called The Old Law: or, A new way to please you. Acted before the King and Queene at Salisbury House, and at severall other places, with great Applause. Together with an Exact and perfect Catalogue of all the Players, with the Authors Names, and what are Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Pastoralls, Masks, Interludes, more exactly Printed than ever before. Small 4to, full vellum, handsomely gilt back and sides, with centre and corner ornaments, gilt edges.

London: Printed for Edward Archer, 1656

FIRST EDITION, RARE IN THIS STATE, with the Catalogue of Plays intact. Some of the pieces mentioned in the list are no longer known. The Hoe copy, with bookplate.

2236





THE

Excellent Comedy, called

THE OLD LAW:

OR

A new way to please you.

By { *Phil. Massinger.*
Tho. Middleton.
William Rowley.

Acted before the King and Queene at *Salisbury House*,
 and at severall other places, with great Applause.

Together with an exact and perfect Catalogue of all
 the Playes, with the Authors Names, and what are
 Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Pastoralls,
 Masks, Interludes, more exactly Printed
 then ever before.

LONDON,

Printed for *Edward Archer*, at the signe of the *Adam*
 and *Eve*, in *Little Britaine*. 1656.

Persons of the Play.

Duke of Epire.

Creon, Father to *Simonides* and *Cleanthes*.

Simonides

2. Courtiers.

Cleanthes.

Lisander, Husband to *Eugenia* and Uncle to *Cleanthes*.

Leonides an old man.

Antigona, Mother to *Simonides* and *Cleanthes*.

Hippolita, Wife to *Cleanthes*.

Eugenia, Wife to *Lisander* and Mother to *Parthenia*.

Parthenia, Daughter to *Eugenia*.

Courtiers.

Lanymers.

Clowne.

Executioner.

Butler.

Bayliff.

Taylor.

Cook.

Drawer.

Clerk.

Coachmen.

Footmen.

Guard.

Clowns Wife.

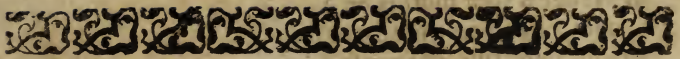
Wench.

The Scene EPIRE.

SKinner

June 1, 1926

X



THE OLD LAW.

ACT. I. Scen. I.

Enter Simonides, and two Lawyers.

Sim. **I**S the Law firm Sir?
1. Law. The Law, what more firm Sir,
 More powerfull, forcible, or more permanent?

Sim. By my troth Sir,
 I partly doe beleeve it; conceive Sir
 You have indirectly answered my question.
 I did not doubt the fundamentall grounds
 Of Law in generall, for the most solid,
 But this particular Law that me concerns
 Now at the present, if that be firm and strong,
 And powerfull, and forcible, and permanent.
 I am a yong man that has an old father.

2. Law. Nothing more strong Sir,
 It is *Secundum statutum Principis*
Confirmatum cum voce senatum,
Et voce republica, nay consunimatum
Et exemplificatum, is it not in force
 When divers have already tasted it
 And payd their lives for penalty?

Sim. Tis true,
 My father must be next, this day compleats
 Full fourscore years upon him.

2. Law. Hees heer then
Sub pœna statuti, hence I can tell him
 Truer then all the Physicians in the world,
 He cannot live out to morrow; this is
 The most certain Climactericall year,

Tis past all danger, for ther's no scaping it :

What age is your mother Sir ?

Sim. Faith near her dayes to,
Wants some two of threescore.

1. *Law.* So, sheel drop away

One of these dayes to ; heers a good age now

For those that have old parents ,and rich inheritance.

Sim. And Sir tis profitable for others too :

Are there not fellows that lie bed-rid in their offices

That yonger men would walk lustily in :

Churchmen, that even the second infancy

Hath silenc'd, yet hath spun out their lives so long

That many pregnant and ingenious spirits

Have languish'd in their hop'd reversions,

And died upon the thought, and by your leave Sir,

Have you not places fill'd up in the Law

By some grave Senators, that you imagin

Have held them long enough, and such spirits as you,

Were they remov'd, would leap into their dignities ?

1. *Law.* *Dic quibus in terris & erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

Sim. But tell me faith your fair opinion :

Is't not a sound and necessary Law

This (by the Duke) enacted ?

1. *Law.* Never did Greece

(Our ancient seat of brave Philosophers)

Mongst all her Nomotheta and Lawgivers,

Not when she flourished in her seven fold sages,

(Whose living memory can never die)

Produce a Law more grave and necessary.

Sim. I'me of that mind to.

2. *Law.* I will maintain Sir,

Draco's Oligarchy, that the government

Of Community reduced into few

Fram'd a fair state ; *Solons* Creopedi

That cut off poor mens debts to their rich creditors

Was good and charitable (but not full allowd.)

His *Sisaiethic* did reform that error,

His honourable Senate of *Areopagita*,

Licurgus was more loose, and gave too free

And licentious reyns unto his discipline,
 As that a yong woman in her husbands weaknes
 Might choose her able friend to propogate;
 That so the Commonwealth might be supplide,
 With hope of lusty spirits, *Plato* did erre,
 And so did *Aristotle*, allowing
 Lewd and luxurious limits to their Lawes;
 But now our *Epire*, our *Epires Evander*,
 Our noble and wise Prince has hit the Law
 That all our predecesive students
 Have mist unto their shame.

Enter Cleanthes.

Sim. Forbear the praise Sir.
 Tis in it selfe most plesing, *Cleanthes*
 Oh lad heers a spring for yong plants to flourish,
 The old trees must down kept the sun from us,
 We shall rise now boy.

Clean. Whether Sir I pray?
 To the bleak air of storms, among those trees,
 Waich w^e had shelter from.

Sim. Yes from our growth,
 Our sap and liv-lyhood and from our fruit,
 What tis not Jubilee with thee yet, I think,
 Thou lookst so sad ont, how old's thy father?

Clean. Jubilee, no indeed. tis a bad year with me.

Sim. Prithce how old's thy father, then I can tell thee?

Clean. I know not how to answer you *Simonides*,
 Hees is too old being now expos'd
 Unto the rigor of a cruell Edict,
 And yet not old enough by many years,
 Cause I'de not see him goe an howr before me.

Sim. These very palsions I speak to my father,
 Come, come, heers none but friends heer, we may speak
 Our insides freely, these are Lawyers man,
 And shalbe Counsellors shortly.

Cle. They shalbe now Sir,
 And shall have large fees if thei'le undertake
 To help a good cause (for it wants assistance)
 Bad ones (I know) they can insift upon.

1. Law. Oh Sir, we must undertake of both parts,

THE OLD LAW.

But the good we have most good in.

Cle. Pray you say,

How do you allow of this strange Edict?

1. *Law.* *Secundum Justitiam*, by my faith Sir,

The happiest Edict that ever was in *Empire*.

Cle. What, to kill innocents Sir, it cannot be,

It is no rule in justice there to punish.

1. *Law.* Oh Sir,

You understand a conscience, but not law.

Cle. Why sir, is there so main a difference?

1. *Law.* You'l never be good Lawyer if you understand not that.

Cle. I think then tis the best to be a bad one.

1. *Law.* Why sir, the very letter and the sense both

Doe both overthrow you in this statute,

Which that speaks, that every man living to

Fourscore years, and women to threescore, shall then

Be cut off as fruitless to the Republike,

And Law shall finish what nature lingerd at.

Cle. And this suit shall soon be dispatcht in Law.

1. *Law.* It is so plain it can have no Demur,

The Church-Booke overthrows it.

Cle. And so it does

The Church Book' overthrowes it if you read it well.

1. *Law.* Still you runne from the Law into error:

You say it takes the lives of Innocents,

I say no, and so sayes common reason:

What man lives to fourescore and women to three

That can die innocent?

Cle. A fine lawfull evasion:

Good sir rehearse the full statute to me,

Sim. Fie thats too tedious, you have already

The full sum in the brief relation.

Cle. Sir, mongst many words may be found contradictions,]

And these men dare sue and wrangle with a Statute,

If they can pick a quarrell with some error:

2. *Law.* Listen sir, ile gather it as breefe as I san for you,

Anno Primo Evandri, bee it (for the care and good of the Com-
mon wealth for divers necessary reasons that wee shall urge) thus
peremptorily enacted,

Cle.

Cle. A faire pretence if the reasons soule it not.

2. *Law.* That all men living in our Dominions of Epire in their decayd nature, to the age of foure score, or women to the age of three score, shall on the same day bee instantly put to death, by those meanes and instruments that a former Proclamation had (to this purpose) through our said territories disperfed.

Cle. There was no woman in this Senate certain.

1. *Law.* That these men being past their bearing Armes, to aide and defend their Countrey, past their manhood and livelihood, to propogate any further issue to their posterity, and as well past their counsell (which overgrown gravity is now run into dotage) to assist their Countrey, to whom in common reason, nothing should be so wearisome as their owne lives, as it may be supposed is tedious to their successive heires, whose times are spent in the good of their Countrey, yet wanting the meanes to maintaine it; and are like to grow old before their inheritance (borne to them) come to their necessary use, for the which are the women, for that they never were defence to their Countrey, never by Counsell admitted to the assist of government of their Countrey, onely necessary to the propagation of posterity, and now at the age of three-score to be past that good, and all their goodnesse: it is thought fit then a quarter abated from the more worthy member to be put to death as is before recited: provided that for the just and impartiall execution of this our Statute the example shall first begin in and about our Court, which our selfe will see carefully performed, and not for a full Month following extend any further into our Dominions: Dated the sixt of the second month at our Pallace Royall in Epire.

Cle. A fine edict, and very fairely gilded
And is there no scruple in all these words,
To demurr the Law upon occasion?

Sim. Pox tis an unnecessary inquisition,
Prithee set him not about it.

2. *Law.* Troth none sir,
It is so evident and plain a case
There is no succor for the Defendant.

Cle. Possible, can nothing help in a good case?

1. *Law.* Faith sir I doe think there may be a hole
Which would protract delay if not remedie.

6
THE OLD LAW.

Cle. Why theres some comfort in that good fir? speake it,

1. Law. Nay you must pardon me for that fir.

Sim. Prithee doe not,

It may ope a wound to many Sonns and Heires
That may die after it.

Cle. Come fir, I know how to make you speake, will this doot?

1. Law. I will afford you my opinion fir.

Cle. Pray you repeat the literall words expressly
The time of Death.

Sim. Tis an unnecessary question, prithee let it alone.

2. Law. Heare his opinion, twill be fruitlesse fir.

That man at the age of four score, and women at threescore
Shall the same day be put to death.

1. Law. Thus I helpe the man to twenty one yeares more,

Cle. That were a faire addition.

1. Law. Mark it, fir wee say man is not at age
Till he be one and twenty before his infancy
And adolescensie, nor by that addition,
Four score he cannot be till a hundred and one.

Sim. Oh poore evasion!

Hees fourescore yeares old fir,

1. Law. That helps more fir

He begins to be old at fifty, so at four score;
Hees but thirty yeares old, so believe it fir,
He may be twenty yeares in declination
And so long may a man linger and live bit

Sim. The worst hope of safety that ere I heard,
Give him his fee againe, tis not worth two deniers.

1. Law. Theres no Law for restitution of fees fir.

Cle. No no fir, I meant it lost when twas given. *Enter Cre on*

Sim. No more good fir

Heere are eares unnecessary for your doctrine.

1. Law. I have spoke out my fee and I have done fir.

Sim. Oh my deare father!

Creon. Tush mee, me not in exclames
I understand the worst and hope no better:
A fine Law, if this hold, white heads will be cheape
And many watch mens places will be vacant
For ty of em I know my seniors,

That did due deeds of darknesse to their Countrey,
 Has watchd em a good turne fort, and tane em
 Napping now, the fewer Hospitalls will serve to,
 Many may be usd for stewes and brotells
 And those people will never trouble em to fourescore.

Anti. Can you play and sport with sorrow sir?

Creon. Sorrow, for what *Antigona*? for my life,
 My sorrowes I have kept it so long well
 With bringing it up unto so ill an end:
 I might have gently lost it in my Cradle,
 Before my Nerves and Ligaments grew strong
 To finde it faster to me.

Sim. For mine owne sake
 I should have beene sorry for that.

Creon. In my youth
 I was a Souldier, no Coward in my age,
 I never turned my back upon my foe,
 I have felt natures winters sickneses,
 Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
 To greet the cheerefull spring of health agen:
 Dangers on Horseback, on Foot by Water,
 I have scapd to this day, and yet this day
 Without all help of casuall accidents
 Is onely deadly to me, cause it numbers
 Four score yeares to me, wheres the fault now?
 I cannot blame Time, Nature, nor my Stars:
 Nor ought but Tyranny, even Kings themselves
 Have some times tasted an even fate with me,
 He that has beene a Souldier all his dayes
 And stood in personall opposition, gainst Darts and Arrowes, the
 Extreames of heat,
 And pinch of cold, has treacherously at home
 In his secured quiet by a villaines hand
 Am basely lost in my stars ignorance
 And so must I die by a Tyrants sword.

I. Law. Oh say not so sir, it is by the Law!

Cre. And whats that sir but the sword of Tyranny?
 When it is brandish'd against innocent lives?
 I lye now upon my death bed sir, and rise fir

I should unbolome my free conscience
 And shew the faith I die in, I doe beleeve
 Tis tyranny that takes my life.

Sim. Would it were gone
 By one means or other, what a long day
 Will this be ere night?

Cre. *Simonides.*

Sim. Heer sit ——— weeping.

Cre. Wherefore dost thou weep?

Clean. Cause you make no more haste to your end.

Sim. How can you question nature so unjustly?
 I had a grandfather, and then had not you
 True filiall tears for him?

Clean. Hypocrite,
 A disease of drought dry up all pity from him
 That can dissemble pity with wet eyes

Cre. Be good unto your mother *Simonides*,
 She must be now your care.

Anti. To what end sir?
 The bell of this sharp edict towls for me
 As it rings out for you, Ile be as ready
 With one hours stay to goe along with you.

Cre. Thou must not woman, there are years behind
 Before thou canst set forward in this voyage,
 And nature sure will now, be kind to all:
 She has a quarrell int, a cruell Law
 Seeks to prevent her, sheel therefore fight int
 And draw out life even to her longest thred
 Thou art scarce fifty five.

Anti. So many morrowes,
 Those five remaining yeares ile turne to daies
 To houres or minutes for thy company,
 Tis fit that you and I being man and wife
 Should walke together arme in arme.

Sim. I hope they'l goe together, I would they would i faith,
 Then would her thirds be sav'd to, the day goes away sir.

Cre. Why wouldst thou have me gone *Simonides*?

Sim. O my hart, would you have me gone before you sir?
 You give mee such a deadly wound.

Clean. fine rascal.

Sym. Blemish my duty so with such a question,
Sir I would ha't me to the Duke for mercie,
He thats above the Law may mitigate
The rigor of the Law, how a good meaning
May be corrupted by misconstruction?

Cre. Thou corrupt'st mine, I did not thinke thou meanest so;

Clean. You were in the more error.

Sym. The words wounded me.

Clean. T was pittie thou diedst not ont.

Sym. I have beene ransaking the helps of Law
Conferring with these learned advocates,
If any scruple cause or wrested sence
Could have been found out to preserve your life,
It had beene bought though with your full estate,
Your lifes so precious to me, but there is none.

i. Law. Sir we have canvas'd it from top to toe,
Turnd it upside downe, threw her on her side
Nay open'd and dissected all her incrayles
Yet can finde none, theres nothing to be hopd
But the Dakes mercie.

Sym. I know the hope of that,
He did not make the Law for that purpose.

Cre. Then to his hopelesse mercy last I goe,
I have so many presidents before me,
I ma't call it hopelesse *Antigona*,
See me deliverd up unto my deaths man
And then we'll part, five years hence ile looke for thee.

Sim. I hope sheel not stay so long behind you.

Cre. Do not bste him an houre by griefe and sorrow
Since theres a day prefixed, haste it not,
Suppose me sick *Antigona*, dying now
Any Disease thou wilt may be my end
Or when Deaths slow to come, say Tyrants send

Sim. *Cleantes* if you want money, to morrow use me,
Ile trust you while your fathers dead.

Clean. Why heres a villaine,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example,
Does the kind root bleede out his livelihood

Exeunt.

Exeunt.

In parent distribution to his branches,
 Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
 Proud that his pride is seen when hee's unseen,
 And must not gratitude descend agen
 To comfort his old lambs in fruitlesse winter
 Improvident, at least partiall nature
 Weak woman in this kinde, who in thy last
 Teeming still forgets the former, ever making
 The burthen of thy last throws the dearest
 Darling; oh yet in noble man reform it,
 And make us better then those veget ves,
 Whose soules die within em; nature as thou art old,
 If love and justice be not dead in thee,
 Make some the patern of thy piety,
 Lest all doe turn unnaturally against thee,
 And thou be blam'd for our oblivions
 And brutish reluctations; I, heere the ground
 Whereon my filiall faculties must build
 An edifice of honour or of shame
 To all mankind.

*Enter Leonides
 and Hippolita*

Hip. You must avoid it fir:
 If there be any love within your selfe,
 This is far more then fate of a lost game
 That another venture may restore agen;
 It is your life which you should not subj. &
 To any cruelty if you can preserve it.

Clea. O dearest woman, thou hast now doubled
 A thousand times thy nuptiall dowry to me;
 Why she whose love is but deriv'd from me
 Is got before me in my debted duty.

Hip. Are you thinking such a resolution fir?

Cle. Sweetest *Hippolita* what love taught thee
 To be so forward in so good a cause?

Hip. Mine own pity fir, did first instruct me
 And then your love and power did both command me.

Cle. They were all blessed angels to direct thee,
 And take their counsell; how doe you fare fir?

Leon. Never better *Cleantes*, I have conceiv'd
 Such a new joy within this old bosome,

As I did never think would there have entred.

Cle. Joy call you it, alas tis sorrow fir,
The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.

Leon. Death, what's that *Cleantes*, I thought not out?
I was in contemplation of this woman,
Tis all thy comfort son, thou hast in her
A treasure unvaluable, keep her safe;
When I die, sure twilbe a gentle death;
For I will die with wonder of her vertues;
Nothing else shall dissolve me.

Clean. 'Twere much better fir,
Could you prevent their malice.

Leon. Ile prevent em,
And die the way I told thee, in the wonder
Of this good woman, I tell thee there few men
Have such a child (I must thank thee for her)
That the stronger tie of wedlock should doe more
Then nature in her neereft ligaments
Of blood and propagation, I should neer
Have begot such a daughter of my own:
A daughter in law, law were above nature
Were there more such children.

Cle. This admiration
Helps nothing to your safety, think of that fir.

Leon. Had you heard her *Cleantes* but labour
In the search of means to save my fouler life,
And knew the wise and sound preservations
That she found out, you would redouble all
My wonder in your love to her.

Cle. The thought,
The very thought claims all that from me,
And thees now posselt of it, but good fir,
If you have ought receiv'd from her advice,
Lets follow it, or else lets better think,
And take the surest course.

Leon. Ile tell thee one,
She counfels me to flie my severe Country,
Turn all into treasure, and there build up
My decaying fortunes in a safer soyle,

Where *Epires* law cannot claim me.

Cle. And sir, I apprehend it as a safest course
And may be easily accomplished;
Let us be all most expeditious.

Every Country where we breath will be our own,
Or better soile; heaven is the roof of all,
And now as *Epires* situate by this law,
There is twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.

Hip. Oh then avoid it sir, these sad events
Follow those black predictions.

Leon. I prithee peace,
I doe allow thy love *Hippolita*,
But must not follow it as counsell, child;
I must not shame my Country for the law:
This Country heer hath bred me, brought me up,
And shall I now refuse a grave in her?
I'me in my second infancy, and children
Nere sleep so sweetly in their nurses cradle
As in their naturall mothers.

Hip. I but sir,
She is unnaturall, then the stepmother
Is to be preferd before her.

Leon. Tush, she shall
Allow it me despite of her intrailes;
Why doe you think how far from judgement tis
That I should travell forth to seek a grave
That is already digd for me at home,
Nay perhaps find it in my way to seek it?
How have I then sought a repentant sorrow?
For your dear loves how have I banishd you
From your Country ever with my base attempt
How have I beggd you in wasting that
Which only for your sakes I bred together,
Buried my name in *Epire* which I built
Upon his frame to live for ever in.
What a base coward shall I be to flie
From that enemy which every minute meets me?
And thousand odds he had not long vanquishd me
Before this howr of battell, fly my death

I will not be so false unto your states,
 Nor fainting to the man thats yet in me,
 He meet him bravely, I cannot (this knowing) fear
 That when I am gone hence I shalbe there,
 Come, I have dayes of preparation left.

Cle. Good sir, hear me :

I have a Genius that has prompted me,
 And I have almost formed it into words,
 Tis done, pray you observe em, I can conceale you
 And yet not leave your Country.

Leon. Tush, it cannot be
 Without a certain perill ons all.

Cleas. Danger must be hazarded rather then accept
 A sure destruction ; you have a Lodge sir,
 So far remote from way of passengers,
 That seldom any mortall eye does greet with it,
 And yes to sweetly situate with thickets
 Built with such cunning Laborious within,
 As if the provident heavens foreseeing cruelty
 Had bid you frame it to this purpose only.

Leon. Fie, fie, tis dangerous, and treason to,
 To abuse the law,

Hip. Tis holy care sir,
 Of your dear life, which is your own to keep,
 But not your own to lose, either in will
 Or negligence.

Cle. Call you it treason sir,
 I had been then a traitor unto you,
 Had I forgot this, beseech you accept of it,
 It is secure, and a duty to your selfe.

Leon. What a coward will you make me ?

Cle. You mistake,
 Tis noble courage, now you fight with death,
 And yeeld not to him till you stoop under him.

Leon. This must needs open to discovery,
 And then what tortor follows ?

Cle. By what means sir ?
 Why theres but one body in all this counsell,

Which cannot betray it selfe, we two are one,
 One soule, one body, one heart, that think all one thought,
 And yet we two are not compleatly one,
 But as have deriv'd my selfe from you,
 Who shall betray us where there is no second?

Hip. You must not mistrust my faith though my sex
 Plead weak and frailty for me.

Leon. Oh I dare not!

But wheres the means that must make answer for me
 I cannot be lost without a full accompt,
 And what must pay that reckoning?

Cle. Oh sir, we will

Keep solemn obits for your funeral;
 Weell seem to weep, and seem to joy withall
 That death so gently has prevented you
 The Lawes sharp rigor, and this no mortall ear
 Shall participate the knowledge of.

Leon. Ha, ha, ha,

This wilbe a sportive fine Demur,
 If the Error be not found.

Cle. Pray doubt of none

Your company and best prouision
 Must be no further furnisht then by us,
 And in the interim your solitude
 May converse with heaven, and fairly prepare
 Which was too violent and raging
 Thrown headlong on you.

Leo. Still there are some doubts
 Of the discovery, yet I doe allow't.

Hip. Will you not mention now the cost and charge
 Which wilbe in your keeping?

Leon. That wilbe somewhat
 Which you might save to.

Cle. With his will against him;
 What foe is more to man then man himselfe?
 Are you resolv'd sir?

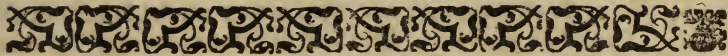
Leon. I am *Cleantes*:

If by this means I doe get a reprieve

And cozen death a while, when he shall come
Arm'd in his own power to give the blow,
He smile upon him then, and laughing goe.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primi.



Act. II. Scen. I.

Enter Duke, 3. Courtiers and Executioner.

Duke. Executioner.

Exc. My Lord.

Duke. How did old *Diocles* take his death?

Exc. As weeping Brides receive their joyes at night my Lord,
With trembling yet with patience.

Duke. Why twas well.

1. Cour. Nay I knew my Father would doe well my Lord.
When ere he came to die, i'de that opinion of him,
Which made me the more willing to part from him;
He was not fit to live i'th world indeede any time these
Ten yeares my Lord.

But I would not say so much.

Duke. No, you did not well int,
For he thats all spent is ripe for death at all houers,
And does but trifle time out,

1. Cour. Troath my Lord,

I would I had knowne your minde nine yeares agoe;

Duke. Our Law is fourscore years, because we judge
Dotage compleat then, as unfruitfullnesse
In Women at threescore, marrie if the son
Can within compasse bring good sollid proofes
Of his own fathers weaknes and unfitness
To live or sway the living though he want five
Or ten yeares of his number, thats not it,
His defect makes him fourscore, and tis fit

He dies when he deserves, for every act
Is in effect then when the cause is ripe.

2. *Cour.* An admirable Prince how rarely he talks?
Oh that w'eed knowne this Ladds, what a time did we endure
In two penny Commons? and in bootes twice vamp'd.

1. *Cour.* Now we have two paire a weeke, & yet not thankfull,
Twill be a fine world for them sirs that come after us.

2. *Cour.* I and they knewt. 2. *Con.* Peace let them never knowt.

3. *Cour.* A Pox there be yong heires will soone smelt out.

2. *Court.* Twill come to em by instinct man, may your grace
Never be old, you stand so well for youth.

Duke. Why now me thinks our Court lookes like a Spring,
Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds are gon.

1. *Cour.* Tis as a Court should be: Glosse and good Clothes,
My Lord no matter for merit and herein your Law proves a
provident act my Lord, when men passe not the palfie of their
Tongues, nor co our in their Cheeks.

Duke. But women by that Law should live long,
For th'are neer past it.

1. *Cour.* It will have heates though when they see the painting
Goe an inch deep ith wrinkle, and take up
A box more then their Gossips, but for men my Lord
That should be the sole bravery of a Pallace,
To walke with hollow eyes and long white beards,
(As if a Prince dwelt in a Land of Goates)
With Clothes as if they sat upon their backs on purpose
To arraigne a fashion and condemn't to exile
Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they layd
Their eare to avarice, and heard the Divell whisper;
Now ours lie downward heere close to the flank,
Right spending pockets as a sonnes should be
That lives ith fashion, where our diseased fathers
Would with the Sciarica and Aches
Brought up your paind hose first, which Ladies laught at,
Giving no reverence to the place, (lies ruind,)
They love a doublet thats three houres a burtoning,
And sits so close makes a man groane agen,
And his Soule matter halfe a day; yet these are those
That carry sway and worth, prickd up in Clothes,

Why should we feare our rising?

Duk. You but wrong

Our kindnesse, and your owne deserts to doubt on,

Has not our Law made you rich before your time?

Our countenance then can make you honourable.

1. Court. Weel spare for no cost sir to appeare worthy.

Duk. Why y'are i'th noble way then, for the most

Are but appearers, worth it selfe it is lost

And bravery stands fort.

1. Court. Look, look, who comes heere

I smell Death and another Courtier,

Simonides.

2. Court. Sim.

Sim. Pish, I'me not for you yet,

Your companies too costly, after the old mans

Dispatch'd I shall have time to talke with you,

I shall come into the fashion yee shall see too

After a day or two, in the meane time

I am not for your company.

Duke Old *Creon* you have been expected long,

Sure y'are above fourscore.

Sim. Upon my life

Not four and twenty houres my Lord, I search'd

The Church Booke yesterdaie, does your Grace think

I'de let my Father wrong the Law my Lord?

Twere pittie a my life then, no your *A*

Shall not receive a minutes wrong by him

While I live sir, and hee's so just himselfe too

I know he would no offer't, heere he stands.

Creon. Tis just I die indeed my Lord, for I confesse

I'me troublesome to life now, and the State

Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,

Either in force or counsell, I've alate

Employd my selfe quite from the World, and he that once

Begins to serve his maker faithfully

Can never serve a worldly Prince well after,

Tis cleane another way.

Anti. Oh give not confidence

To all he speaks my Lord in his own injury!

His preparation only for the next world
 Makes him talk wildly to his wrong of this,
 He is not lost in judgement.

Sim. She spoils all again.

Anti. Deserving any way for state imploiment.

Sim. Mother.

Anti. His very household laws prescrib'd at home by him
 Are able to conform 7. Christian kingdomes,
 They are so wise and verinuous.

Sim. Mother, I say.

Anti. I know your lawes extend not to desert fir,
 But to unnecessary years, and my Lord
 His are no: such, though they shew white, they'r worthy,
 Juditions, able, and religious.

Sim. Ile help you to a Courtier of nineteen, Mother.

Anti. Away unnaturall.

Sim. Then I am no fool I'me sure,
 For to be naturall at such a time
 Were a fooles part indeed.

Anti. Your Graces pity fir,

And tis but fit and just.

Creon. The law my Lord,
 And thats the justest way.

Sim. Well said father ifaith.

Thou wert ever juster then my mother still.

Duke. Come hither fir.

Sim. My Lord.

Du. What are those orders?

Antig. Worth observation fir,
 So please you hear them read.

Sim. The woman speaks she knows not what my Lord:
 He make a Law, poor man he bought a Table indeed,
 Only to learn to die by't; ther's the busines now
 Wherein there are some precepts for a son to,
 How he should learn to live, but I neer lookt upont:
 For when hees dead I shall live well enough,
 And keep a better Table then that I trow.

Du. And is that all fir?

Sim. All I vow my Lord,

Save a few running admonitions
 Upon Cheefe Trenchers, as Take heed of whoring, shun it;
 Tis like a cheefe too strong of the Runner,
 And such calves maws of wit and admonition
 Good to catch mice with, but not sons and heirs,
 They'r not so easily caught.

Du. Agent for death.

Exe. Your will my Lord.

Du. Take hence that pile of years
 Before surfet with unprofitable age
 And with the rest from the high promontory,
 Cast him into the sea.

Creon. Tis noble justice.

Anti. Tis cursed tyranny.

Sim. Peace, take heed mother, you have but a short time to bee
 cast down your selfe, and let a yong Courtier doo't, and you bee
 wise, in the mean time.

Anti. Hence slave.

Sim. Well seven and fifty,

Yave but three years to scold, then comes your payment,

1. *Court.* *Simonides.*

Sim. Push, I am not brave enough to hold you talk yet,
 Give a man time, I have a suit a making.

2. *Court.* We love thy form first, brave cloths will come man. *Recorders.*

Sim. Ile make em come else with a mischief to em,

As other gallants doe, that have lesse left em.

Du. Hark whence those sounds, whats that?

1. *Con.* Some funerall

It seems my Lord, and yong *Cleantes* follows.

Du. *Cleantes.*

Recorders. Enter

*Cleantes & Hi-
 polita wish a hearf*

2. *Court.* Tis my Lord, and in the place
 Of a chiefe mourner to, but strangely habited.

Du. Yet suitable to his behaviour, mark it,
 He comes all the way smiling, do you observe?

I never saw a Course so joyfully followed,

Light colours and light cheeks, who should this be?

Tis a thing worth resolving.

Sim. One belike that doth participate

In this our present joy.

Du. Cleanthes,

Clean. Oh my Lord,

Du. He taught outright now,
Was ever such a contrariety seen
In naturall courses yet, nay profest openly?

1. *Conr.* I ha known a widow laugh closely my Lord
Under her handkercher, when tother part of her old face has wept
Like rain in sunshine, but all the face to laugh apparently
Was never seen yet.

Sim. Yes mine did once.

Clean. Tis of a heavy time the joyfullst day
That ever son was born to.

Du. How can that be?

Clean. I joy to make it plain, my father's dead.

Du. Dead!

2. *Conr.* Old *Leonides*.

Clean. In his last month dead,
He beguil'd cruell Law the sweetliest
Thas ever age was blest to,
It grieves me that a tear should fall upon;
Being a thing so joyfull; but his memory
Will work it out I see; when his poor heart broke
I did not so much but leapt for joy,
So mountingly I touchd the stars me thought,
I would not hear of blacks I was so light,
But chose a colour Orient; like my mind,
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given toot, it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows;
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth indeed, tis joy clad like a joy,
Which is more honest then a cunning grieffe
That's only fac'd with sables for a shew,
But gawdy hearted; when I saw death come
So ready to deceive you, sir forgive me,
I could not choose but be intirely merry,
And yet to see now of a sudden
Naming but Death, I shew my selfe a mortall,
Thats never constant to one passion long;

I wonder whence that tear came when I smild,
 In the production on't, sorrows a thiefe,
 That can when joy looks on steal forth a grieffe,
 But gracious leave my Lord, when I have performd
 My last poor duty to my fathers bones,
 I shall return your servant.

De. Well perform it,
 The Law is satisfied, they can but die,
 And by his death *Cleanthes* you gain well,
 A rich and faire renew.

Floris

Sim. I would I had een another father, condition he did the like
Clean. I have past it bravely, now how blest was I
 To have the dim sight, now tis confirmd
 Past fear or doubts confirmd, on on I say,
 He that brought me to man I bring to clay.

Sim. I'me wrapt now in a contemplation,
 Even at the very sight of yonder Hearse,
 I doe but think what a fine thing tis now
 To live and follow some seven uncles thus,
 As many Cozen Germans, and such people
 That will leave Legacies, a pox Ide see em hangd else ere Ide follow
 One of them, and they could finde the way now Ive enough to be-
 gin to be horrible covetous.

Enter Butler, Tailor, Bayly, Cook, Coachman, and Footman.

But. We come to know your Worships pleasure sir,
 Having long serv'd your father, how your good will
 Stands towards our entertainment.

Sim. Not a jot i faith:
 My father wore cheap garments, he might doot, I shall have all my
 Clothes come home to morrow, they will eat up all you, and there
 were more of youfirs; to keepe you fixe at Livery and still man-
 ching.

Tay. Why I'me a Taylor, y'ave most need of me sir.

Sim. Thou madest my fathers clothes that I confesse,
 But what soone and heir will have his fathers Taylor
 Ulesse he have a mind to be well laught at? Thast beene so us'd to
 wide long side things; that when I come to trusse I shall have the
 waste of my Dablet lie upon my buttocks, a sweet sight.

But. I a Butler.

Sim. Theres least neede of thee fellow, I shall nere drinke at Home, I shall be so drunke abroad.

But. But a cup of small beere will do well next morning fir

Sim. I grant you, but what neede I keepe so big a knave for a Cup of small Beere?

Cooke. Butler you have your answer, marry fir a Cooke, I know your mastership cannot be without.

Sim. The more asse art thou to think so, for what should I doe With a Mountebanke, no drinke in my house, the banishing the Butler might have beene a warning for thee, unlesse thou meant to Choake me.

Cooke. It h meane time you have choaked me, me thinks.

Bay. These are superfluous vanities indeed, And so accounted of in these dayes fir, But then your Bayliff to receive your rents.

Sim. I prithee hold thy tongue fellow, I shall take a course to spend em faster then thou canst reckon em, tis not the rents must seive my turne, unlesse I meane to be laughed at, if a man should be seene out of flash me, let him nere look to be a right gallant: But sirrah with whom is your businesse?

Coach. Your good mastership.

Sim. You have stood silent all this while, like men That know their strengths i^t these dayes, none of you Can want employment, you can winne me wagers Footman in running races.

Foot. I dare boast it fir.

Sim. And when my bets are all come in and store Then Coachman you can hurry me to my whore.

Coach. Ile firke em into foame else.

Sim. Speaks brave matter, And ile firke some to, or't shall cost hot water.

Cooke. Why heares an age to make a Cooke a Ruffin, and scald the D.vell indeed, doe strange mad things, make mutton pasties of Dogs flesh, backe Snakes for Lamprie Pies, and Cats for Cunnies:

But. Come will you bee rul'd by a Butlers advice once? for wee must make up our fortunes some where now as the case stands, lets een therefore goe seeke out widdowes of nine and fiftie and we can, thats within a yeare of their deaths, and so we shall bee sure to bee quickly ridd of em, for a yeares enough of conscience to bee troubled

troubled with a wife for any man living.

Cooke. Oracle Butler, Oracle Butler, hee puts downe all the
Doctors a'ch name. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eugenia, and Parthenia.

Eug. Parthenia.

Par. Mother.

Eug. I shall be troubled

This six months with an old Clogg, would the Law
Had been cut one yeare shorter.

Par. Did you call forsooth.

Eug. Yes, you must make some spoone meat for your father,
And warme three night capps for him, out apont
The meer conceit turns a yong womans stomach,
His slippers must be warmd in August too,
And his gowne girt to him in the very dogdaies
When every Mastiffe lols outs tongue for heat,
Would not this vex a beauty of 19. now?
Alas I shall be tumbling in cold Bathes now
Under each arme pit a fine beane flower bag
To screw out whiteneffe when I list,
And some seaven of the propest men ith Dukedome,
Making a Biquet ready ith next roome for me,
Where he that gets the first kisse is envied
And stands upon his guard a fortnight after;
This is a life for nineteene, but tis justice
For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds
And nothing in their bodies, doe nere think
A woman yong enough for their desire,
And we yong wenches that have mother wits
And love to marry muck first, and man after,
Doe never thinke old men are old enough
That we may soon be rid on em, theres our quittance;
I have waited for the happy houre this two yeare
And if Death be so unkind st ll to let him live
All that time I am lost.

Enter Courtiers.

1. *Cour.* Yong Lady.

2. *Cour.* O sweet precious bud of beauty!
Troth she smells over all the house me thinks.

1. *Cour.* The Sweet Briers but a counterfeit to her,

It does exceed you only in the prickle,
But that it shall not long if you'l be rul'd Lady.

Eng. What means this suddain visitation Gentlemen?
So passing well perform'd too, whose your Milliner?

1. *Cour.* Love and thy Beauty Widdow.

Eng. Widdow sir.

1. *Cour.* Tis sure and thats as good, in troath w'are suitors
We come a wooing wench, plain dealings best.

Eng. A wooing, what before my Husbands dead?

2. *Cour.* Lets lose no time, 6. months will have an end you know,
I know't by all the Bonds that ere I made yet.

Eng. Thats a sure knowledge, but it holds not heere sir.

1. *Cour.* Do not you know the craft of your yong Tumblers?
That you wed an old man, you thinke upon another husband as you
are marrying of him, wee knowing your thoughts made bold to
see you.

Enter Simonides, Coachman.

Eng. How wondrous right he speaks 'twas my thought indeed.

Sim. By your leave sweet Widdow, do you lack any gallants?

Eng. Widdow agen, tis a comfort to be cald so.

1. *Cour.* Whose this *Simonides*.

2. *Cour.* Brave *Sim* I faith.

Sim. Coachman.

Coach. Sir.

Sim. Have an especiall care of my new mares,
They say sweet Widdow he that loves a horse well
Must needs love a Widdow well, when dies thy Husband?
I't not *July* next.

Eng. Oh y'are to hot sir!

Pray coole your selfe and take *September* with you.

Sim. *September* oh I was but two Bowes wide.

1. *Cour.* Mr. *Simonides*.

Sim. I can entreat you gallants, I'me in fashion too. *Ent. Lisander.*

Lisan. Ha, whence this heard of folly, what are you?

Sim. Well willers to your wife, pray tend your booke sir,
We have nothing to say to you, you may goe die,
For heere be those in place that can supply.

Lisan. Whats thy wild businesse heere?

Sim. Old man, i'le tell thee,

I come to beg the reversion of thy Wife,

I think these gallants be of my mind too, but thou art but a dead
Man, therefore what should a man doe talking with thee,
Come Widdow stand to your tackling.

Lisan. Impious blood hounds.

Sim. Let the Ghost talke, nere mind him.

Lisan. Shames of nature.

Sim. Alas poore Ghost, consider what the man is.

Lisan. Monsters unnaturall, you that have beene covetous

Of your own fathers deaths, gape yee for mine now?

Cannot a poore old man that now can reckon

Een all the houres he has to live, live quiet

For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold

A certainty of good within themselves,

But scatter others comforts that are ripened

For holy uses? is hot youth so hasty

It will not give an old man leave to die?

And leave a Widdow first, but will make one

The Husband looking on, may your destructions

Come all in hasty figures to your Soules,

Your wealth depart in hast, to overtake

Your honesties, that died when you were infants.

May your male seed be hasty spend thrifts too?

Your daughters hastie sinners and diseas'd

Ere they be thought at yeares to welcome misery,

And may you never know what leisure is

But at repentance: I am too uncharitable

Too foule, I must goe cleanse my selfe with prayers:

These are the Plagues of fondnesse to old men

Wee'r punisht home with what we doat upon.

Exit.

Sim. So so, the Ghost is vanish'd now, your answer Lady.

Eug. Excuse me gentlemen, 'twere as much impudence

In me to give you a kind answer yet,

As madnesse to prodace a churlish one.

I could say now, come a month hence sweet gentlemen,

Or two or three, or when you will indeed,

But I say no such thing, I set no time

Nor is it mannerly to deny any,

Ile carry an even hand to all the world,

Let other women make what hast they will,

Whats that to me, but I profess unfainedly,
 Ile have my husband dead before I marry,
 Nere looke for other answer at my hands Gentlemen;

Sim. Would he were hangd for my part looks for other?

Eng. Ime at a word.

Sim. And Ime at a blow then,
 Ile lay you o' th lips and leave you.

1. Cour. Well struck *Sim.*

Sim. He that dares say heell mend it, Ile strike him.

1. Cour. He would betray himselfe to be a brother

That goes about to mend it.

Eng. Gentlemen, you know my minde, I bar you not ~~my~~ house,
 But if you choose out houres more seasonably
 You may have entertainment.

Enter Parthenia.

Sim. What will she doe heerafter when sh is a widow,
 Keeps open houle already?

Eng. How now Girle?

Exeunt.

Parth. Those featherd fools that hither took their flight,
 Have griev'd my father much.

Eng. Speak well of youth Wench
 While th' art a day to live; tis youth must make thee,
 And when youth fails, wise women will make it;
 But alwayes take age first to make thee rich:
 That was my counsell ever, and then youth
 Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.
 Tis Times policy Wench, what ist to bide
 A little hardnes for a pair of years or so,
 A man whose only strength lies in his breath,
 Weaknes in all parts else, thy bedfellow
 A cough oth Lungs, or say a wheening matter,
 Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after.

Parth. Every one to their liking, but I say
 An honest man's worth all, be he yong or gray,
 Yonders my Cozen.

Enter Hippolita.

Eng. Art I must use thee now,
 Dissembling is the best help for a vertue
 That ever woman had, it saves their credit often.

Hip.

Hip. How now Cozen,
What weeping?

Eng. Can you blame me when the time
Of my dear Love and Husband now drawes on ;
I study funerall tears against the day
I must be a sad widow.

Hip. In troth *Eugenia* I have cause to weep to,
But when I visit, I come comfortably,
And look to be so quired, yet more sobbing,

Eng. Oh the greatest part of your affliction's past,
The worst of mine's to come, I have one to die,
Your husbands father is dead, and fixt
In his eternall peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow.

Hip. You must use patience Coze.

Eng. Tell me of patience.

Hip. You have example fort in me and many.

Eng. Yours was a father in law, but mine a husband,
Oh for a woman that could love and live
With an old man, mine is a jewell Cozen,
So quietly he lies by one, so still.

Hip. Alas ! I have a secret lodg'd within me
Which now will out, in pity I can't hold.

Engen. One that will not disturb me in my sleep
After a whole month together, lesse it be
With those diseases age is subject to,
As aches, coughs, and pains, and these heaven knows
Against his will too, hees the quietest man,
Especially in bed.

Hip. Be comforted.

Eng. How can I Lady ?

None knowes the terror of an husbands losse,
But they that feare to lose him.

Hip. Fain would I keep it in, but twill not be,
She is my kinswoman, and I'me pitifull,
I must impart a good if I knowe once,
To them that stand in need one, I'me like one
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone,
My friends must partake too, prithee cease Cozen

If your love be so boundless, which is rare,
 In a yong woman in these dayes, I tell you,
 To one so much past service as your husband,
 There is a way to beguile law, and help you,
 My husband found it out first.

Eng. Oh sweet Cozen!

Hip. You may conceale him, and give out his death
 Within the time, order his funerall too;
 We had it so for ours, I prayse heaven fort,
 And hees alive and safe.

Eng. O blessed Coze,
 How thou reviv'st me?

Hip. We daily see
 The good old man, and feed him twice a day,
 Me thinks it is the sweetest joy to cherish him,
 That ever life yet shewd me.

Eng. So should I think
 A dainty thing to nurse an old man well.

Hip. And then we have his prayers and daily blessing,
 And we two live so lovingly upont,
 His son and I, and so contentedly,
 You cannot think unlesse you tasted ont.

Eng. No I warrant you, Oh loving Cozen,
 What a great sorrow hast thou eas'd me of?
 A thousand thanks goe with thee.

Hip. I have a suite to you, I must not have you weepe when I
 am gone.

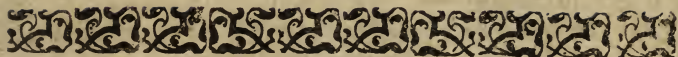
Eng. No, if I doe near trust me: Easie fool,
 Thou hast put thy selfe into my power for ever:
 Take heed of angring of me; I conceal,
 I faine a Funerall, I keep my husband,
 Lasse I have been thinking any time these two years
 I have kept him too long already.

Ile goe count ore my Suitors, thats my business,
 And prick the man down, I ha six months to doot,
 But could dispatch him in one, were I put toot.

Exit.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Act.



ACT. III. Scen. I.

Enter the Clown and Clark.

- Clo.* **Y**ou have searcht ore the Parish Chronicle, fir?
- Clar.* Yes fir, I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.
- Clo.* Pray you be covered fir.
- Clar.* When you have shewd me the way fir.
- Clo.* Oh fir remember your selfe, you are a Clark.
- Clar.* A small Clark fir.
- Clo.* Likely to be the wiser man fir, for your greatest Clarks are not alwayes so, as tis reported.
- Clar.* You are a great man in the Parish fir.
- Clo.* I understand my self so much the better fir, for all the best in the Parish pay duties to the Clark, and I would ow you none fir.
- Clar.* Since youl have it so, i'le be the first to hide my head.
- Clo.* Mine is a capcafs, now to our busines in your hand, good luck I hope, I long to be resolv'd.
- Clar.* Look you fir, this is that cannot deceive you,
This is the Diall that goes ever true;
You may say *Ipsè dixit* upon this witnes,
And tis good in Law too.
- Clo.* Pray you lets hear what it speaks.
- Clar.* Mark fir, *Agatha* the daughter of *Pollux*, this is your Wives name, and the name of her father, born.
- Clo.* Whose daughter sy you.
- Clar.* The daughter of *Pollux*.
- Clo.* I take it his name was *Bollux*.
- Clar.* *Pollux* the Orthography I assure you fir, the word is correct.
- Clo.* Well on fir of *Pollux*, now come on *Caster*. (upted else.
- Clar.* Born in an. 1540. and now tis 99. by this infallible record fir (let me see) she is now just 59. and wants but one.
- Clo.* I am sorry she wants so much.

Clar. Why fir? alas tis nothing, tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many —

Clo. Do not deduct it to dayes, twill be the more tedious, and to measure it by houre glasses were intollerable.

Clar. Doe not think on it fir, halfe the time goes away in sleep, tis halfe the yeare in night's.

Clo. Oh you mistake me neighbour, I am loath to leave the good old woman, if shee were gone now it would not grieve mee, for what is a yeare alasse but a lingring torment? and were it not better she were out of her paine, t^e must needs bee a griefto us both.

Clar. I would I knew how to ease you neighbour?

Clo. You speake kindly truly, and if you say but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you are perfect in) it might be don, Clarks are the most indifferent honest men, for to the marriage of your enemy, or the buriall of your friend, the Curses or the Blessings to you are all one, you say Amen to all.

Clar. With a better will to the one then the other neighbour, but I shall be glad to say Amen to any thing might doe you a pleasure.

Clo. There is first something above your duty, now I would have you set forward the Clock a little, in to helpe the old woman out of her paine.

Clar. I will speake to the Sexton for that, but the day will go nere the faster for that.

Clo. Oh neighbour you dee not conceit mee, not the Jack of the Clock-house the hand of the Diall I meane, come, I know you being a great Clark, cannot chuse but have the art to cast a figure.

Clar. Never indeed neighbour, I never had the judgement to cast a figure.

Clo. I'le show you on the back side of your booke, looke you, what figures this.

Clar. Four with a Cipher thats forty.

Clo. So forty, whats this now?

Clar. The Cipher is turn'd into 9. by adding the taile which makes forty nine.

Clo. Very well understood, what i'st now?

Clar. The 4. is turnd into 3. tis now thirty nine.

Clo. Very well understood, and can you do this agen?

Clar. Oh easily fir.

Clo. A wager of that, let me see the place of my wives age agen.

Clar. Looke you fir tis heere 1540.

Clo. Forty drachmes, you doe not turne that forty into thirty nine.

Clar. A match with you.

Clo. Done, and you shall keepe stakes your selfe there they are.

Clar. A firme match, but stay fir now I consider it, I shall add a yeare to your wives age, let mee see *Scirophon* the 17. and now tis *Hecatomcaon* the 11. if I alter this your wife will have but a month to live by the Law.

Clo. Thats all one fir, either doe it or pay me my wager.

Clar. Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

Clo. A man may get two wives before halfe so much money by em, will you doot?

Clar. I hope you will conceale me for tis flat corruption.

Clo. Nay fir I would have you keepe counsell, for I lose my money by't and should be laught at for my labour, if it should bee known.

Clar. Well fir, there tis done, as perfect 39. as can be found in black and white but mum fir, thers danger in this figure casting.

Clo. I fir, I know that better men then you have beene throwne over the barr for as little, the best is, you can be but throwne out of the Belfrie.

Enter the Cook, the Taylor, Bayliffe, and Butler.

Clar. Lock close heere comes company, Asses have eares as well as Pitchers.

Cook. Oh *Gnothos*, how i't? heer's a trick of discarded Cards of us, wee were ranked with Coats as long as our old master lived.

Clo. And is this then the end of Serving men?

Cooke. Yes faith, this is the end of serving men, a wise man were better serve one God then all the men in the world.

Clo. Twas well spak of a Cook, and are all faln into fasting daies and ember weeks, that Cooks are out of use?

Tay. And all Taylors will bee cut into Lists and Shreds, if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

But. And why not Butlers as well as Taylors, if they can goe naked, let em neither eat nor drink.

Clo. Thats strange mee thinks, a Lord should turne away his Taylor

Taylor of all men, and how dost thou Taylor?

Tay. I do so so, but indeed all our wants are long of this Publican my Lords Bayliff, for had he been rent gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seame rent, nay crack'd in the whole peece.

Bal. Sir, if my Lord had not sold his Lands that claime his Rents, I should still have beene the rent gatherer.

Cook. The truth is, except the Coachman, and the Footman, all Serving men are out of request.

Clo. Nay say not so, for you were never in more request then now; for requesting is but a kind of a begging, for when you say I beseech your Worships Charity, tis all one if you say I request it, and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving men were never in more request.

Cook. Troath hee sayes true, well let that passe, wee are upon a better adventure, I see *Gnothos* you have beene before us, we came to deale with this Merchant for some commodities.

Clar. With me fir any thing that I can.

But. Nay we have look'd out our Wives already, marry to you we come to know the prices, that is to know their ages for so much reverence we beare to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more deere to us.

Tay. The truth is every man has laid by his Widdow, so they be lame enough, blinde enough, and old, tis good enough.

Clar. I keepe the town stock, if you can but name em, I can tell their ages today.

Om. We can tell their fortunes to an houre then.

Clar. Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

Cook. Oh bountifully, come mine first!

But. The Butler before the Cooke while you live, thers few that eate before they drinke in a morning.

Tay. Nay then the Taylor puts in his needle of priority, for men do cloth themselves before they either drink or eat.

Bay. I will strive for no place, the longer ere I marry my wife, the older shee will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

Clar. I will serve you all gentlemen if you will have patience.

Clo. I commend your modesty fir, you are a Bayliff whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bumm of all the rest.

Bay. So fir, and you were about this businesse too, seeking out
for

for a Widdow.

Clo. Alack no fir, I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would faine runn into.

Bay. What an old rich wife, any man in this age desires such a care.

Clo. Troath fir I'll put a venter with you if you will, I have a lusty old queane to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one, at the marriage of my second wife.

Bay. I fir, but how neere is shee to the Law?

Clo. Take that at hazard fir, there must bee time you know to get a new: Unlight, unseene, I take 3. to one.

Bay. Two to one I'll give if shee have but two teeth in her head.

Clo. A match, theres five drachmes for ten at my next wife.

Bay. A match.

Cook. I shall be fitted bravely, fifty eight and upwards, tis but a yeare and a halfe, and I may chance make friends, and beg a yeare of the Duke.

But. Hey boyes I am made fir Butler, my wife that shall bee wants but two months of her time, it shall bee one ere I marry her, and then she next will be a hunny moon.

Tay. I outstrip you all, I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my Widdow, and then comes eating tide plump and gorgious.

Clo. This Taylor will be a man if ever there were any.

B-y. Now comes my turn, I hope goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all with a so be it, well now firs, doe you venter there as I have done? and ile venter heereafter you, good luck I beseech thee.

Clar. Amen fir.

Bay. That deserves a fee already, there tis, please me and have better.

Clar. Amen fir.

Cook. How two for one at your next wife, is the old one living?

Clo. You have a faire Match, I offer you no foule one, if Death make not hast to call her, shee'll make none to go to him.

But. I know her, shees a lusty woman, I'll take the venter.

Clo. Theres five drachmaes for ten at my next wife.

But. A bargain.

Cook. Nay then weel be all Merchants give me.

Tay. And me.

But. What has the Bayl ff sped?

Bay. I am content, but none of you shall know my happiness.

Clar. As well as any of you all believe it fir.

Bay. Oh Clarke you are to speak last alwayes.

Clar. I'll remember't hereafter fir, you have done with mee
Gentlemen?

Enter Wife.

Om. For this time honest Register.

Clar. Fare you well then, if you do, I'll cry Amen toot. *Exit.*

Cook. Looke you fir is not this your Wife?

Cl. My first wife fir.

But. Nay then we have made a good match ont, if she have no froward Disease, the Woman may live this dozen yeares by her age.

Tay. I'me afraid shees broken winded, shee holds silence so long.

Cook. Weel now leave our venter to the event, I must a wooing.

But. Ile but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

Bay. So we must all, for he that goes a wooing to a Widdow without a weapon will never get her.

Exeunt.

Cl. Oh Wife, Wife!

Wife. What ayle you man you speake so passionatly?

Cl. Tis for thy sake sweet wife, who would thinke so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should bee so neere her time, but the Fates will have it so?

Wife. Whats the matter man, you doe amaze me?

Cl. Thou art not sick neither I warrant thee.

Wife. Not that I know of sure.

Cl. What pittie tis a woman should bee so neere her end, and yet not sick.

Wife. Neere her end man, tush I can guesse at that, I have yeares good yet of life in the remainder, I want two yet at least, of the full number, Then the Law I know craves impotent and useles And not the able women.

Cl. I alas I see thou hast beene repairing time as well as thou couldst

couldst, the old wrinkles are well fill'd up, but the Vermilion is seene too thick, too thick, and I read whats written in thy forehead, it agrees with the Church Booke.

Wife. Have you sought my age man, and I preethee how is it?

Clo. I shall but discomfort thee.

Wife. Not at all man, when there's no remedy, I will go though unwillingly.

Clo. 1539. Just it agrees with the Booke, you have about a yeare to prepare your selfe.

Wife. Our alas, I hope theres more then so, but doe you not thinke a repreeve might be gotten for halfe a score, and twere but five yeare, I would not care, an able woman (me thinks) were to be pittied.

Clo. I to be pittied, but not help'd, no hope of that, for indeed women have so blemish'd the ir own reputations now a dayes, that it is thought the Law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

Wife. Marry the Heavens forbid.

Clo. Theres so many of you that when you are old become Witches, some professe Physick, and kill good subjects faster then a burning Feavour; and then Schoolemistresses of the sweet sinne, which commonly we call Bawds innumerable of that sort: for these and such causes tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

Wife. I man but this hurts not the good old women.

Clo. I faith you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish 'em now; were I an old woman I would desire to goe before my time, and offer my selfe willingly, 2. or 3. yeares before; oh those are brave women and worthy to bee commended of all men in the world that when their Husbands die they run to bee burnt to death with em, theres honor and credit, give mee halfe a dozen such wiv'ers.

Wife. I if her Husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request, if you were dead I could be content to be so.

Clo. Fie, thats not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

Wife. Thou wouldst not have me die, would'it thou husband?

Clo. No I do not speake to that purpose, but I say what credit it were for mee and thee, if thou wouldst, then thou shouldst never bee suspected for a Witch, a Physician, a Bawd, or any of those things, and then how daintily should I mourne for thee, how bravely

lie should I see thee buried, when alas if hee goes before it cannot choose but bee a great grieffe to him to thinke hee has not seene his wife well buried, there be such vertuous women in the world, but too few, too few who desire to die 7. yeares before their time with all their hearts.

Wife. I have not the heart to be of that mind, but indeed Husband I think you would have me gone.

Clo. No alas I speake but for your good and your credit, for when a woman may die quickly, why should shee goe to Law for her Death, alack I neede not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me, you do not know how neare tis, it must out, you have but a month to live by the Law.

Wife. Out alas.

Clo. Nay scarce so much.

Wife. Oh, oh, oh, my heart!

SWONNS.

Clo. I so, if thou wouldst go away quietly twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife, lie but a little longer and the bell shall towle for thee.

Wife. Oh my hart, but a month to live.

Clo. Alas why wouldst thou come back agen for a month, i'll throw her downe agen, oh woman tis not three weeks, I thinke a fortnight is the most.

Wife. Nay then I am gone already.

SWONNS.

Clo. I would make hast to the Sexton now, but I'me afraid the towling of the Bell will wake her agen; if she be so wise as to goe now, she stirs agen, ther's two lives of the nine gone.

Wife. Oh wouldst not thou helpe to recover mee husband?

Clo. Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy checks, it goes against my conscience.

Wife. I will not be thus frighted to my Death,

I'll search the Church Record a fortnight

Tis too little of conscience, I cannot be so neare,

Oh time if thou best kind lend me but a yeare.

Exit.

Clo. What a spites this, that a man cannot perswade his wife to dye in any time with her good will, I have another bespoken already, though a peece of old beefe will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a Chicken to supper; the Clarke I hope understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what hee hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough: tis but a month

at most, if that were gon

My venter comes in with her two for one,

Tis use enough a consciēce for a brother if he had a consciēce. *Exit.*

Ester Eugenia at one Dore, Simonides, Courtiers at the other.

Eug. Gentlemen Courtiers.

1. *Cour.* All your servants vovd Lady.

On I shall kill my selfe with infinite laughter!

Will no body take my part?

Sim. An't be a laughing businesse

Put it to me, i'm one of the best in Europe.

My father did last too, I have the most cause.

Eug. You ha pickd out such a time sweet Gentlemen

To make your spleen a banquet.

Sim. On the jest Lady!

I have a jaw stands ready fort, il'e gape,

Halfe way and meet it.

Eug. My old Husband

That cannot fly his prayers out for Jealofie

And madnesse, at your comming first to woe me.

Sim. Well sayd.

1. *Cour.* Go on.

2. *Cour.* On, on.

Eug. Takes Counsell with the secrets of all art

To make himselfe your hful agen.

Sim. How youthfull, ha, ha, ha.

Eug. A man of forty five he would faine seeme to be

O. scarce so much if he might have his will indeed.

Sim. I but his white haire theyl betray his hoarinesse.

Eug. Why there you are wide, hees not the man you take him for,

Nay will you know him when you see him agen,

There will be five to one sayd upon that.

1. *Cour.* How?

Eug. Nay you did well to laugh faintly there,

I promise you I think hee'l out live me now,

And deceive Law and all.

Sim. Marry gowt forbid.

Eug. You little think he was at Fencing Schoole

At foure a Clock this Morning.

Sim. How at Fencing Schoole?

Eng. E se give no trust to woman.

Sim. By this light

I doe not like him then, hees like to live
Longer then I, for he may kill me first now.

Eng. His dancer now came in as I met you.

1. *Cour.* His dancer too.

Eng. They observe turnes and houres with him,
The great French rider will be heere at ten
With his Curvetting Horse.

2. *Cour.* These notwithstanding.
His haire and wrinces will betray his age.

Eng. I'me sure his Head and Beard as he has orderd it
Looks not pist fifty now. heel bringe to forty
With in these four dayes for 9. times an hour at least
He takes a Black Lead Combe and kembes it over.

Three quarters of his Beard is under fifty,
Thers but a little tuft of fourscore left

All of one side which will be black by Munday,
And to approve my truth see where he coms?

Laugh softly gentlemen, and looke upon him.

Enter Lifander.

Sim. Now by this hand hees almost black ith mouth indeed.

1. *Cour.* He should die shortly then.

Sim. Marry me thinks he dies too fast already,
For he was all white bur a weeke agoe.

1. *Cour.* Oh this same cunny white takes an excellent black,
Too soone a mischiefe ont.

2. *Cour.* He will beguile us all
If that little tuft Northward turne black too.

Eng. Nay sir I wonder tis so long a turning.

Sim. May be some Fairies child held forth at midnight
Has pist upon that side.

1. *Cour.* Is this the Beard?

Lif. Ah sirrah my yong boyes I shall be for you,
This little mangie tuft takes up more time
Then all the Beard beside. come you a wooing
And I alive and lusty? you shall find
An alteration, Jack boyes I have a Spirit yet,
And I could match my haire too't, theres the fault,
And can doe offices of youth yet lightly.

At least I will doe though it paine me a little
 Shall not a man for a little foolish age
 Enjoy his Wife to himselfe, must young Court tits
 Play tomboyes tricks with her, and he live, ha?
 I have blood that will not beart, yet I confesse
 I should be at my prayers, but waertes the Dancer there. *Ent. Dan*
Dan. Heere sir.

Lis. Come, come, come, one trick a day,
 And I shall soone recover all agen. (clemen

Eng. Slight and you laugh too loud, we are all discoverd Gen;

Sim. And I have a scurvy ginny laugh a mine own,
 Will spoyle all i'me afraid.

Eng. Marry take heed sir.

Sim. Nay and I should bee hangd I can't leave it, pup. there tis.

Eng. Peace oh peace!

Lis. Come I am ready fir.

I heare the Church Bookes lost where I was borne to,
 And that shall set me back one and twenty years
 There is no little comfort left in that,
 And my three Court Codlings that looke parboyl'd,
 As if they came from Cupids scalding house.

Sim. Hee meanes me specially I hold my life.

Danc. What trick will your old Worthip learn this morning fir?

Lis. Marry a trick it thou couldst teach a man
 To keepe his Wife to himselfe, i'de faine learn that.

Danc. Thats a hard trick for an old man specially
 The Horse trick comes the nearest.

Lis. Thou sayst true, I faith
 They must be horst indeed, else theres no keeping on em
 And horse play at four score is not so ready.

Danc. Look you heers your Worthips horse trick fir.

Lis. Nay say not so,
 Tis none of mine I fall down horse and man,
 If I but offer at it.

Danc. My life for yours fir.

Lis. Saist thou me so.

Danc. Well offerd by my Violl fir.

Lis. A Pox of this horse trick, t'as playd the jade with me
 And given me a wrinch ith back.

THE OLD LAW.

Danc. Now heeres your inturne, and your trick above ground.

Lis. Pithee no more, unlesse thou hast a mind
To lay me underground, one of these tricks
Is enough in a morning.

Danc. For your Galliard fir
You are compleat enough, I and may challenge
The proudest Coxcombe of em all, i'le stand too.

Lis. Faith and I've other weapons for the rest too,
I have prepar'd for em, if ere I take
My Gregories here agen.

Sim. Oh I shall burst, I can hold out no longer.

Eug. Hee spoyles all.

Lis. The Divell and his grinners are you come.
Bring forth the weapons we shall find you play,
All feats of youth to Jack Boyes, feats of youth,
And these the wapons, drinking, fencing, dancing.
Your owne roade waies you Glisterpipes, Ime old you say
Yes purlous old Kidds and you mark me well,
This Beard cannot get Children, you lank suckeggs,
Unlesse such Weezels come from Court to help us
We will get our owne bratts, you lecherous dogbolts *Enter with*
Wel said down with 'em now we shall see your spirits *Glasses.*
What dwindle you already?

2. Cour. I have no quallity.

Sim. Nor I, unlesse drinking may be reckned
For one.

1. Cour. Why *Sim* it shall.

Lis. Come dare you chuse your weapon now?

1. Cour. I dancing fir and you will be so hasty.

Lis. We're for you fir.

2. Cour. Fencing I.

Lis. Weel answer you to.

Sim. I'me for drinking your wet weapon there.

Lis. That wet one has cost many a princox life
And I will send it through you with a powder.

Sim. Let come with a Pox, I care not so't be drink,
I hope my gurs will hold, and that's een all
A Gentleman can looke for of such trillibubs.

Lis. Play the first weapon, come strike, strike I say

Yes, yes, you shall be first, Ile observe Court Rules
 Always the worst goes foremost, so twill prove I hope
 So fir, y'ave spit your poyson, now come I,
 Now forty years ago backward and assist me
 Fall from me halfe my age but for three minutes,
 That I may feel no crick, I will put faire fort
 Although I hazzard twenty Sciaticaes
 So I have hit you.

1. *Cour.* Y'ave done well I faith fir,

Lif. If you confesse it well tis excellent
 And I have hit you soundly, I am warme now;
 The second weapon instantly.

2. *Cour.* What so quick fir, will you not allow your selfe

Lif. Ive breath enough at all times, *Lucifers Musk* cod,
 To give your persund worship 3. Vennies,
 A sound old man puts his thrust better home
 Then a spic'd yong man, there I.

2. *Cour.* Then have at you four score.

Lif. You lie twenty I hope, and you shall find it.

Sim. I'me glad I mist this weapon, I had an eye
 Popd out ere this time, or my two butter teeth
 Thrust down my throat instead of a flap draggon.

Lif. Theres two, pentwizle.

Danc. Excellently touch'd fir.

2. *Cour.* Had ever man such luck, speak your opinion gentlemen?
Sim. Me thinks your tucks good that your eyes are in stil,
 Mine would have drop'd out like a pigs halfe roasted.

Lif. There wants a third
 and there tis agen.

2. *Cour.* The Divel has steeld him.

Eug. What a strong fiend is Jelousie?

Lif. Your dispatchd beare whelp.

Sim. Now comes my weapon in.

Bis. Heere toad stoole, heere.

Tis with you and I must play these 3. wet Vennies.

Sim. Vennis in Venice Glasses, let em come
 Theyl bruise no flesh Ime sure, nor break no bones.

2. *Cour.* Yet you may drink your eyes out fir.

Sim. I but thats nothing then they goe voluntarily, I doe not

Love to have em thrust out whether they will or no?

Lis. Heeres your first weapon ducks meat.

Sim. How, a dutch what you call em,
Stead of a German falchion, a shrewd weapon;

And of all things, hard to be taken downe,

Yet downe it must, I have a nose goes in toot

I shall drinke double I think.

1. Cour. The sooner off *Sim.*

Lis. Ile pay you speedily ————— with a trick

I learne once amongst drunkards, heeres halfe pike.

Sim. Halfe pike comes well, after Dutch what you call em,
They'd never be a sunder by their good will.

1. Cour. Well paid of an old fellow.

Lis. Oh but your fellowes

Pull better at a rope.

1. Cour. Theres a haire *Sim.*

In that Glasse.

Sim. Ant be as long as a halter downe it goes

No haire shall crosse me.

Lis. I make you stinke worse then your Polcats doe?

Heeres long sword your last weapon.

Sim. No more weapons.

1. Cour. Why how now *Sim* beare up, thou shalt us all else.

Sim. Light I shall shame you worse and I stay longer.

I ha got the Scotony in my head already,

The whimzy, you all turne round, do not you dance gallants.

2. Cour. Pish whats all this? why *Sim* look the last Venny

Sim. No more Vennies goes down heere, for these 2, are comming

2. Cour. Out The disgrace of drinkers.

(up agen,

Sim. Yes twill out,

Doe you smell nothing yet?

1. Cour. Smell.

Sim. Farwell quickly then it will do if I stay.

Exit.

1. Cour. A Foyle go with thee.

Lis. What shall we put do one youth at her owne vertues?

Beat folly in her owne ground wondrous much

Why may not we be held as full sufficient

To love our owne wives, then get our owne children

And live in free peace till we be dissolv'd?

For such spring Butterflies that are gawdic wingd,
 But no more substance then those Shamble flies
 Which Butchers boyes snap betweene sleepe and waking;
 Come but to crush you once you are all but maggots,
 For all your beamy out sides.

Enter Cleanthes

Eng. Heeres *Cleanthes*,
 He comes to chide let him alone a little,
 Our cause will be reveng'd, look, look his face
 Is set for stormy weather, do but marke
 How the Clouds gather in't, 'twil powre downe straight;

Clean. Ma thinks I partly know you, thats my griefe
 Could you not all be lost that had beene handsome,
 But to be known at all tis more then shamefull,
 Why was not your name wont to be *Lisander*?

Lis. Tis so still coze.

Clean. Judgement defer thy comming, else this mans miserable.

Eng. I told you there would be a showre anon.

2. Cour. Weel in and hide our noddles. *Exeunt Courtiers & Eugenius.*

Clean. What Diuel brought this colour to your mind?
 Which since your childhood I neare saw you weare,
 You were ever of an innocent gloss
 Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it
 And change the Livery of Saints and Angels
 For this mixt monstrosnes, to force a ground
 That has been so long hallowed like a Temple,
 Tobring forth fruits of earth now, and turn black
 To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion
 Of Sin in act, lost and long since repented;
 Would you begin a work nere yet attempted;
 To pul time backward?
 See what your wife wil do, are your wits perfect?

Lis. My witts.

Clean. I like it ten times worse for I'ad been safer
 Now to be mad, and more excusable
 I heare you dance agen and do strange follice.

Lis. I must confesse I have been put to some coze.

Clean. And yet you are not mad, pray say not so
 Give me that comfort of you that you are mad
 That I may think you are at worst, for if

You are not mad, I thin must guess you have misheard
 The first of some D. s. also was never heard of,
 Which may be worse then madness, and more fearfull,
 Youd weep to see your selfe else, and your care
 To pray wou'd quickly turne you white agen
 I had a father had he livd his month out
 But to ha seen this most prodigious folly,
 There needed not the Law to have cut him off:
 The sight of this had prov'd his executioner, and broke his heart,
 He would have held it equall
 Done to a Sanctuary, for what is age
 But the holy place of life, Chapel of ease
 For all mens wearied miseries, and to rob
 That of her Ornament, it is accurst,
 As from a Priest to steale a holy Vestment,
 I and convert it to a sinfull covering.
 I see tis done him good, blessing go with it,
 Such as may make him pure agen.

Exit Lisander.

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. Twas bravely touch'd I faith fir.

Clean. Oh y^e are welcome.

Eug. Exceedingly well handled.

Clean. Tis to you I come, he fell but iⁿ my way.

Eug. You markd his beard Cosen.

Clean. Mark me.

Eug. Did you ever see a haire so changd?

Clean. I must be forced to wake her lowdly to,

The Divil has rock'd her so fast asleep, Strumpet.

Eug. Do you call fir?

Clean. Whore.

Eug. How doe you fir?

Clean. Be I nere so well

I must be sick of thee, th'art a Disease

That stickest t^oth heart, as all such women are:

Eug. What ailes our kindred?

Clean. Blesse me she sleeps still, what a dead modesty is iⁿ this
 Will never blush agen, look on thy work, (woman?

But with a Christian eye, 'twou'd turn thy heart

Into a showre of blood to be the cause

Of that old mans destruction, think upont

Ruine eternally, for through thy loose follies
 Heaven has found him a faint servant lately,
 His goodness has gone backward, and ingendred
 With his old sins again, has lost his prayers
 And all the tears that were companions with em
 And like a blind fold man, giddy and blinded
 Thinking he goes right on still, swerves but one foot
 And turnes to the same place where he set out,
 So he that tooke his far well of the world
 And cast the joyes behind him out of sight,
 Sum'd up his houres, made even with time and men
 Is now in heart arriv'd at youthagen;
 All by thy wildness thy too hasty lust
 Has driven him to this strong apostacy,
 Immodesty like thine was never equall
 Ive heard of women, (shall I call em so)
 Have welcomd suitors ere the Corps were cold,
 But thou thy Husband living, thou art too bold.

Eng. Well have you done now sir?

Clean. Look, look she smiles yet.

Eng. All this is nothing to a mind resolv'd,
 Ask any woman that, sheel tell you so much
 You have only showne a pretty sawcy wit,
 Which I shal not forget nor to requaite it,
 You shal heare from me shortly:

Clean. Shamelesse woman,
 I take my counsel from thee tis too honest
 And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master,
 Bless the sex of thee from thee, thats my Prayer
 Were al like thee so impudently common,
 No man would be found to wed a woman.

Exit.

Eng. Its fit you glorious hee that attempts to take away my
 Ile take away his joy, and I can sure
 His conceald father pyles fort, hee en tel.
 Him that I mezne to make my husband next
 And he shall tel the Duke, — Masse heere he comes.

Enter Simonides

Sim. Has had about with me too.

Eng. What no? since sir.

Sim. A flirt, a little flirt, he cald me strange names

But I neare minded him.

Eng. You shall quit him sit when he as little minds you.

Sim. I like that wel.

I love to be reveng'd when no one thinks of me.

Theres little danger that way.

Eng. This is it then

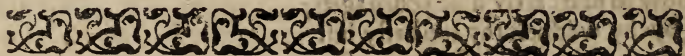
He you shall strike your stroke shal be profound,

And yet your foe not guesse who gave the wound.

Sim. A my troath I love to give such wounds.

Exiunt.

Finis Actus Tertii.



ACT. IV. Scen. I.

Enter Clowne, Butler, Bayliff, Taylor, Cooke, Drawer, Wench.

Draw. **VV** E'come Gentlemen, will you not draw neere, will you drinke at Dore Gentlemen?

But. Oh the Summer Ayres best!

Draw. What Wine will please you drink Gentlemen?

But. De clare sirrah.

Clo. What y'are all sped already bullies?

Cook. My Wid towes ath spitt and halfe ready lad, a turne or too more and I have done with her.

Clo. Then Cooke I hope you have basted her before this time.

Cook. And stuck her with Rosemary too, to sweeten her, she was tainted ere she came to my hands what an old peece of flesh of fifty nine. eleaven months and upwards, she must needs be flieblown.

Clo. Put her off, put her off, tho you lose by her, the weathers bot.

Cook. Why Drawer?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. By and by, hie e gentlemen, heeres the quintessence of Greece, the Sages never drunck better Grape.

Cook. Sir the mad Greeks of this age can taste their Palermo aswell

as well as the sage Greeks did before em, fill lick spiggot.

Draw. Ad imum sir.

Clo. My friends I must doubly invite you all the fifth of the next month, to the funerall of my first wife, and to the marriage of my second, my two to one this is she.

Cook. I hope some of us wil bee ready for the funeral of our Wives by that time, to goe with thee, but shal they bee both of a day?

Clo. Oh best of al sir, where sorrow and joy meet together, one will help away with another the better, besides there wil bee charg's sav'd too, the same Rosemary that serves for the Funeral, wil serve for the Wedding.

But. How long do you make account to be a Widdower sir?

Clo. Some halfe an houre, long enough a conscience.

Come, come, lets have some agillity, is there no Musick in the house?

Draw. Yes sir, heere are sweet wire drawers in the howse.

Cook. Oh that makes them and you seldome part, you are wine drawers, and they wyer drawers.

Tay. And both govern by the pegs too.

Clo. And you have pipes in your consort too.

Draw. And Sack-butts too sir.

But. But the Heads of your Instruments differ, yours are Hogs-heads their Cittern and Gittern Heads.

Bay. All wooden heads there they meet agen.

Cook. Bid em strike up, weel have a Dance, *Gnothoes* come thou shalt foole it too.

Clo. No dancing with me, we have *Siren* heere.

Cook. *Siren*, was *Hiren* the faire Greek man.

Clo. Five Drachmes of that, I say *Siren* the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

Cook. A match, five Drachmes her name was *Hiren*.

Clo. *Si-ens* name was *Siren* for 5 Drachmaes.

Cook. Tis done.

Tay. Take heed what you do *Gnothoes*.

Clo. Doe not I know our own Country women *Siren* and *Nel* of Greece, two of the fairest greeks that ever were.

Cook. That *Nel* was *Hellen* of Greece too.

Clo. As long as shee carried with her Husband shee was *Elen*, but after she came to *Troy* shee was *Nel* of *Troy*, or Bonny *Nel*

wh. taer.

Whether you will or no.

Tay. Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

Clo. She grew longer if you marke the story, when she grew to be an ell she was deeper then any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter: there was *Cressid* was Troy waigh, and *Nell* was haberdepoyse, she held more by fowre ounces then *Cressida*.

Bay. They say she could many wounds to be given in Troy.

Clo. True, she was wounded there her selfe, and cured againe by Plaster of Paris, and ever since that has beene usd to stop holes with.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen if you be disposed to bee merry, the Musick is ready to strike up, and heeres a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they bee men or women, or betweene both, they have what you call em vizards on their faces.

Cook. Vizards goodman lickspiggot.

But. If they be wise women they may be wizards too.

Draw. They desire to enter amongst any merry company of Gentlemen good felowes for a straine or too.

Old women.

Cook. Weel strain our selves with em say, let em come *Gnothoes*: now for the honour of *Epire*.

Dance.

She dancing with me, we have Siren heere.

The Dance of old women maske, then offer to take the men, they agree all but Gnothoes; he sits with his Wench after they whisper.

Cook. I so kind then every one his Wench to his severall rooms *Gnothoes* we are all provided now as you are

Exeunt each with

Clo. I shall have two it seemes away I have his wife, *manet* *Siren* heere already

Gnothoes wife unmaskt.

Wife. What a Mermaid?

Clo. No but a maid horse face, oh o'd woman is it you?

Wife. Yes tis I, all the rest have guld themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more then they can well answer, but I pray you, Husband what are you doing?

Clo. Faith thus should I do if thou wert dead, old Ag. and thou hast not long to live Ime sure, we have *Siren* heere.

Wife. Art thou so shameless whilst I am living to keepe one under my nose.

Clo. Noe Ag I doe prize her far above thy nose, if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, ile not leave her, are

not

not ashamed to be seene in a Tavern, and hast scarce a fortnight to live, oh old woman what art thou, must thou find no time to think of thy end?

Wife. Oh unkind villaine.

Clo. And then sweet heart thou shalt have two new gownes, and the best of this old old womans shall make thee rayments for the working dayes.

Wife. Oh rascall dost thou quarter my clothes already too.

Clo. Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes, for thou shalt have nine of the new fashion.

Wife. Impudent villaine, shamelesse harlot.

Clo. You may heare she never wore any but railes al her life time

Wife. Let me come i'le teare the strumpet from him.

Clo. Darst thou call my wife strumpet, thou preterpluperfect tence of a woman, i'le make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in, abuse my choice, my two to one.

Wife. No unkind villaine i'le deceave thee yet,
I have a repreeve for five yeares of life,
I am with child.

Wench. Cud so *Gnothoes* ile not tarry so long, five yeares, I may bury two husbands by that time.

Clo. Alas give the poore woman leave to talke, she with child, I with a puppy, as long as I have thee by me, she shall not bee with child I warrant thee.

Wife. The Law and thou and all shall find I am with child.

Clo. i'le take my corporall oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

Wife. No matter that will aske some time in the prooffe.

Clo. Oh you'd bee stoned to death would you, all old women would die a that fashion with all their hearts, but the Law shall overthrow you, the tother way first.

Wench. Indeed if it be so, I will not linger so long *Gnothoes*.

Clo. Away, away, some botcher has got it, tis but a chushion I warrant thee, the old woman is loath to depart, she never sung o-ther tune in her life.

Wench. Wee will not have our noses board with a chushion if it be so.

Clo. Go, go thy wayes thou old Almanack, at the 28. day of December een almost out of date, down on thy knees, and make

the ready, sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a Deaths head, and put upon thy middle finger, your least considering Bawds doe so much; be not thou worse though thou art an old woman as she is, I am cloyd with old stock fish, heers a yong perch is sweeter meat by halfe, prithee die before thy day if thou canst, that thou maist not be counted a witch.

Wife. No, thou art a witch and i'le prove it, I said I was with child, thou knewst no other but by sorcery, thou saidst it was a cushion and so it is, thou art a witch fort, i'le be sworne too't.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, I told thee twas a chushion, go get thy sheet ready, wee'l see thee buried as we go to Church to be married. *Ex.*

Wife. Nay i'le follow thee, and shew my selfe a wife, i'le plague thee as long as I live with thee, and i'le bury some money before I die that my ghost may hant thee afterward. *Exit.*

Enter Cleanthes.

Clean. Whats that? oh nothing but the whispering wind,
Breaths through you churlish hathorne that grew rude.

As if it chid the gentle breath that kist it,

I cannot be too circumspect, too carefull:

For in these woods lies hid all my lives treasure,

Which is too much ever to feare to lose.

Hip. Though it be never lost, and if our watchfulness

Ought to be wise and serious against a thiefe

That comes to steale our goods, things all without us,

That proves vexation often more then comfort,

How mighty ought our providence to be

To prevent those? if any such there were

That come to rob our bosome of our joyes,

That only makes poore man delight to live:

Psha, i' me too fearful sie, sie, who can hurt me?

But tis a general cowardice that shakes,

The nerves of confidence, he that hides treasure

Imagins every o. hinks of that place

When tis a thing least minded, may let him change

The place continually where ere it keeps,

There wil the feare keepe still, yonders the store house

Of all my comfort now, and see it sends forth

A deere one, to me, pretious chiefe of women,

How does the good old soule, has he fed wel?

Enter Hippolita.

Hip.

Hip. Be shew me fir he made the heartiest meale to day
Much good mayt do his health.

Clean. A blessing on thee,
Both for thy newes and wish.

Eip. His stomach fir
Is batterd wondrously since his concealment;

Clean. Heaven has a blessed work int, come wee'r safe heere
I preethee call him forth, the ayres much wholesomer.

Hip Father,
How sweetly sounds the voyce of a good woman? *Ent, Leonides.*
It is so seldome heard that when it speaks
It ravishes all senses.

Clean. Lists of honor,
Ive a joy weeps to see you, tis so full
So fairely fruitfull,
I hope to see you often and returne,
Loaden with blessings, still to powre on some,
I find em all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands, th'are disperst
So gloriously I know not which are brightest,
I finde em as Angels are found by legions;
First in the love and honesty of a wife,
Which is the first and chiefeft of all temporall blessings,
Next in your selfe, which is the hope and joy
Of all my actions, my affaires, my wishes,
And lastly which crownes all, I find my soul
Crown'd with the peace of em, th'eternall riches
Mans only portion, for his heavenly marriage.

Leo. Rise thou art all obedience, love and goodness,
I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,
And thats my pretious comfort, never son
Was in the way more of celestiaall rising,
Thou art so made of such ascending vertue
That all the powrs of hel cannot sinke thee.

A Horne.

Clean. Ha.

Leo. What wast disturbd my joy?

Clean. Did you not heare,
As a far off?

Leo. What my excellent confort.

Clean. Nor you.

H 2

Hip.

Hip I heard a ———

A Horne,

Clean. Harke agen.

Leo. Blesse my joy,

What ailes it on a sudden?

Clean. Now since lately.

Leo. Tis nothing but a symptome of thy care man.

Clean. Alas you do not heare well.

Leo. What wast daughter?

Hip. I heard a sound twice.

A Horne.

Clean. Hark, lowder and nearer:

In for the precious good of virtue, quick fir.

Lowder and nearer yet, at hand at hand;

A hunting heere tis strange, I never

Knew game followed in these woods before.

Enter Duke, Simonides, Courtiers, and Executioner,

Hip. Now let em come and spare not.

Clean. Ha, tis, ist not the Duke, look sparingly?

Hip. Tis he, but what of that, alas take heed fir,

Your care will overthrow us.

Clean. Come, it shall not,

Lets set a pleasant face upon our feares,

Though our hearts shake with horror, ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Harke.

Clean. Prithee proceed,

Ime taken with these light things infinitely,

Since the old mans deceate; ha so they parted, ha, ha, ha.

Duk. Why how should I beleve this, look, hees merry

As if he had no such charge? one with that care

Could never be so still, he holds his temper,

And tis the same still with no difference

He brought his fathers Corps to th grave with,

He laught thus then you know.

Cour. I, he may laugh my Lord;

That shoves but how he glories in his cunning,

And perhaps done more to advance his wit,

Then to expresse affection to his father,

That onely he has over reach'd the Law.

Sim. He tels you right, my Lord, his owne Cosen germen

Reweald it first to me, a free tongu'd woman,

And very excellent at telling secrets.

Duk. If a contempt can be so neatly carried;
It gives me cause of wonder.

Sim. Troath my Lord,
I will prove a delicat coloning, I believe;
I'de have no Scrivener offer to come neere it.

Duk. *Cleanthes.*

Clean. My lov'd Lord.

Duk. Not mov'd a whit,
Constant to lightning still, tis strange to meet you
Upon a ground so unfrequented fir:
This does not fit your passion, your for mirth
Or I mistak you much.

Clean. But finding it
Grow to a noted imperfection in me,
For any thing too much is virious;
I come to these disconsolate walkes, of purpose
Onely to dul and take away the edge ont.
I ever had a greater zeale to sadnesse,
A naturall proportion, I confesse my Lord
Before that cheerful accident fel out,
If I may call a fathers funeral cheerful
Without wrong done to duty or my love.

Du. It seemes then you take pleasure i'these walks fir.

Clean. Contemplative content I do my Lord
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly pretious, that in the parting
I find a showre of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feelingly.

Duk. So fir.

Clean. Which is a kind of grave delight my Lord.

Duk. And i've small cause *Cleanthes* t'afford you
The least delight that has a name.

Clean. My Lord.

Sim. Now it begins to fadge.

I. Cour. Peace thou art so greedy *Sim.*

Duk. In your excesse of joy you have exprest
Your rancor and contempt against my Law:
Your smiles deserve fining, y'ave profest
Derision openly een to my face,

Which might be death a little more incens'd
 You do not come for any freedome heere
 But for a project of your own,
 But all thats knowne to be contentfull to thee,
 Shall in the use prove deadly, your lifes mine
 If ever thy presumption do but lead thee
 Into these walkes agen, I or that woman,
 I'll have em watchd a purpose.

I. Cour. Now now, his colour ebbs and flowes.

Sim. Marke hers too.

Hip. Oh who shall bring food to the poor old man now,
 Speak fomwhat good sir or wee'r lost for ever?

Clean. Oh you did wondrous ill to call me agen,
 There are not words to help us if I intreat
 Tis found, that will betray us worse then silence
 Prithee let Heaven alone, and lets say nothing.

I. Cour. Y'ave struck em dumb my Lord.

Sim. Look how guilt looks.

I would not have that feare upon my flesh
 To save ten fathers.

Clean. He is safe still, is he not?

Hip. Oh you do ill to doubt it.

Clean. Thou'art all goodnesse.

Sim. Now does your grace believe?

Duke. Tis too apparent

Search, make a speedy search, for the imposture
 Cannot be far off by the feare it sends.

Clean. Hi.

Sim. Has the Lapwings cunning, i'me afraid my Lord
 That cries most when shees farthest from the nest.

Clean. Oh wee'r betrayd.

Hip. Betrayd sir.

Sim. See my Lord,

It comes out more and more still.

Exeunt Courtiers & Sim.

Clean. Bloody theefe,
 Come from that place, tis sacred-homicide,
 Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.

Hip. Oh miserable vertue, what distresse art thou in at this mi-

Clean. Help me thunder

(note?

For

THE OLD LAW.

For my powers lost, Angels shoot plagues and help me :
 Why are these men in health and I so heart sick ?
 Or why should nature have that power in me
 To leavy up a thousand bleeding sorrowes
 And not one comfort, onely makes me lie
 Like the pœore mockery of an Earthquake heere ?
 Panting with horror, and have not so much force in all my venge-
 To shake a villain off a mee, (ance.

Enter Courtiers. Simonides, Leonides.

Hip. Use him gently and Heaven will love you fort.

Clean. Father, oh Father now I see thee full
 In thy affection, thou'rt a man of sorrow
 But reverently becomst it, that's my comfort,
 Extremity was never better grac'd
 Then with that looke of thine, oh let me look still
 For I shall lose it, all my joy and strength
 Is een Ecclips'd together, I transgrest
 Your Law my Lord, let me receive the sting ont
 Be once just sir, and let the offender die
 Hees innocent in all, and I am guilty.

Leo. Your grace knowes when affection only speaks
 Truth is not alwaies there, his love would draw
 An undeservd misery on his youth,
 And wrong a peace resolv'd, on both parts sinfull ;
 Tis, I am guilty of my owne concealment
 And like a worldly coward injurd heaven
 With feare to go toot, now I see my fault,
 And am prepard with joy to suffer fort.

Duke. Go give him quick dispatch, let him see death
 And your presumption sir shall come to judgement.

Hip. Hees going, oh hees gon sir.

*Exeunt
 with Leonides.*

Clean. Let me rise.

Hip. Why doe you not then, and follow ?

Clean. I strive fort

Is their no hand of pittty that will ease me
 And take this villaine from my heart a while ?

Hip. Alas hees gone.

Clean. A worse supplies his place then,
 A weight more pondrous, I cannot follow.

Hip.

Hip. Oh misery of affliction.

Clean. They will stay

Till I can come, they must be so good ever

Though they be nere so cruell,

My last leave must be taken think a that,

And this last blessing given, I will not lose

That for a thousand comforts.

Hip. That hopes wretched.

Clean. The inutterable stings of fortune,

All greifs are to be borne, save this alone;

This like a headlong torrent over turnes the frame of nature,

For he that gives us life first, as a father,

Locks all his naturall sufferings in our blood, to

The sorrows that he feels, are our heads,

They are incorporate to us.

Hip. Noble sir.

Clean. Let me behold him well.

Hip. Sir.

Clean. Thou shouldst be good,

Or tho'art a dangerous substance to be lodgd.

So near the heart of man.

Hip. What means this, deere sir?

Clean. To thy trust onely was this blessed secret

Kindly committed, tis destroy'd, thou seest

What followes to be thought ont.

Hip. Miserable;

Why heers th'unhappinesse of woman stil,

That having forfeited in old times their trust

Now makes their faiths suspected that are just

Enter
Eugenia.

Clean. What shal I say to all my sorrowes then,

That looke for satisfaction?

Eug. Ha, ha, ha, Cozen

Clean. How ill dost thou become this time?

Eug. Ha. ha, ha.

Why thats but your opinion, a yong wench

Becomes the time at all times.

Eug. Now coze wee'r even, and you be remembred

You left a Strumpet and a whore at home with me,

And such fine field bed words, which could not cost you

Lesse then a father.

Clean.

Is it come that way?

Eug.

Eng. Had you an Uncle
He should goe the same way too.

Clean. Oh eternity
What monster is this feind in labour with?

Eng. An asse Coult with two heads, thats she and you:
I will not lose so glorious a revenge.

Not to be understood int: I betray him,
And now wee'r even, y'ad best keepe you so.

Clean. Is there not poyson yet enough to kill me?

Hip. Oh sir, forgive me, it was I betrayd him.

Clean. How?

Hip. I.

Clean. The fellow of my heart twill speed me then.

Hip. Her tears that never wept, and mine owne pittie
Een cozend me together; and stole from me
This secret, which fierce death should not have purchast.

Clean. Nay then wee'r at an end, all we are false ones,
And ought to suffer, I was false to wisdom
In trusting woman, thou wert false to faith
In uttering of the secret, and thou false
To goodnesse in deceaving such a pittie:
We are all tainted some way but thou worst,
And for thy infectious spots ought to die first.

Eng. Pray turne your weapon sir upon your Mistresse,
I come not so ill friended; rescue servants.

Enter Simonides, and Courtiers.

Clean. Are you so whorishly provided?

Sim. Yes sir she has more weapons at command then one.

Eng. Put forward man, thou art most sure to have me.

Sim. I shall be surer if I keepe behind though.

Eng. Now servants shew your loves.

Sim. I'le shew my love too a farr off.

Eng. I love to be so courted, woe me there.

Sim. I love to keep good weapons though nere fought,
I'me sharper set within then I am without.

Hip. Oh Gentlemen *Cleanshes.*

Eng. Fight, upon him.

Hip. Thy thirst of blood proclaimes thee now a Strumpet.

Eng.

Eng. Tis daintie, next to procreation siting,
 'de either be destroying men or getting. *Enter Officers*

1. Officer. Forbeate on your allegiance gentlemen
 Hees the Dukes Prisoner, and we ceise upon him
 To answer this contempt against the Law.

Cleas. Fobey Fate in all things.

Hip. Happy rescue.

Sim. I would y'ad seif'd vpon him a minute sooner; 'tad sav'd
 me a cut finger, I wonder how I came bi'e, for I never put my
 hand forth i' me sare, I think my own sword did cut it if truth were
 know ne; may be the wier in the handle, I have liv'd these five and
 twenty yeares and never knew what cullour my blood was before
 I never durst eat Oysters, nor cut peck loaves.

Eng. You have showae your spirits gentlemen, but you
 Have cut your finger.

Sim. I the wedding finger too, a pox ont.

1. Cour. Youl prove a bawdy batchelor *Sim.* to have a cut up-
 on your finger, before you are married.

Sim. I'le never draw sword agen to have such
 A jest put upon me.

Exeunt

Finis Actus Quartii.

Act. V. Scen. I.

Sword and Mace carried before a them.

Enter Simonides, and the Courtiers.

Sim. **B**E ready with your Prisoner, weel sit instantly an
 rise before leaven, or when we please:
 Shall we not follow Judges?

Cour. Tis committed

All to our power, censure and pleasure, now
 The Duke hath made us cheef Lords of this Sessions;
 And we may speake by fits, or sleep by turnes.

Sim. Leave that to us, but what so ere we do
 The Prisoner shall be sure to be condemn'd,

Sleeping

Sleeping or waking we are resolv'd on that
Before we set upon him.

Eugenia.

2. *Cour.* Make you question
If not *Cleantes* and one enemy
Nay a concealor of his father too,
A vild example in these dayes of youth.

Sim. If they were given to follow such examples
But sure I think they are not, how so ere
'Twas wickedly attempted, thats my judgement,
And it shall passe whilst I am in power to sit,
Never by Prince were such yong Judges made,
But now the cause requires it, if you marke it
He must make yong or none, for all the old ones
Her father he hath sent a fishing, and my fathers one,
I humbly thanke his Highness.

Enter Eugenia.

1. *Cour.* Widdows?

Eng. You almost hit my name, no Gentlemen
You come so wondrous neare it I admire you
For your Judgement.

Sim. My wife that must be she.

Eng. My husband goes upon his last houre now.

1. *Cour.* On his last legs I am sure.

Eng. September the seventeenth
I will not bate an houre ont, and to morrow
His latest houres expired.

2. *Cour.* Bring him to judgement,
The juries panneld and the verdict given
Ever he appears we have tane course for that.

Sim. And Officers to attach the gray yong man,
The youth of fourscore be of comfort La J's
We shall no longer besome January:
For that I will take order, and provide
For you a lusty Aprill.

Eng. The month that ought indeed
To go before May.

1. *Cour.* Doe as we have sayd,
Take a strong guard and bring him into Court,
Lady *Eugenia* see this charge performed
That having his life forfeited by the Law
Hee may relieve his soule.

Lisander and Guardian.

Eng. Willingly

From shaven chinns never came better Justice

Then these new tucht by reason.

Sim. What you doe

Doe suddenly wee charge you, for we purpose to make but a short
Sessions, a new busines

Enter Hippolita.

1. *Cour.* The faire *Hippolita*, now whats your suits?

Hip. Alas I know not how to stile you yet,
To call you judges doth not saie your yeares
Nor heads and braines shew more antiquity,
Yet sway your selves with equity and truth
And I'll proclaime you reverent, and repeat
Once in my life time I have seene grave heads
Plac't upon yong mens shoulders.

2. *Cour.* Hark she flouts us,
And thinks to make us monstrous.

Hip. Prove not so,

For yet me thinks you beare the shapes of men,
Though nothing more then meerly beautifeaus
To make you appeare Angels, but if Crimson
Your name and power with blood and cruelty,
Suppres faire virtue and enlarge of old vice,
Both against Heaven and Nature, draw your sword
Make either will or humor turn the soule
Of your created greatnesse, and in that
Oppose all goodnesse. I must tell you there
Y're more then monstrous, in the very act,
You change your selfe to Devils.

1. *Cour.* Shees a witch
Haik she begins to conjure.

Sim. Time you see

Is short much busines now on foot, shall I
Give her her answer?

2. *Cour.* None upon the Bench
More learnedly can do it.

Sim. He, he, hem, then list

I wonder at thine impudence yong huswife
That thou darst plead for such a base offender,
Conceale a father past his time to die:

What

What son and heire would have done this but he?

1. *Cour.* I vow not I.

Hip. Because ye are paricides
And how can comfort be derived from such
That pittie not their fathers?

2. *Cour.* You are fresh and faire, practise yong womens ends
when husbands are distrest provide them friends.

Sim. I'll set him forward fee thee
Some wives would pay for such a curtesie.

Hip. Times of amazement what duty goodnes dwell,
I sought for charity but knock at Hel.

Enter Eugenia, with Lisander Prisoner, & Guards.

Simonides. Eugenia come.

Command a second guard
To bring *Cleantes* in, weel not sit long,
My stomach strives to dinner.

Eng. Now servants may a Lady be so bold
To call your power so low?

Sim. A Mistresse may,
She can make all things low, then in that language
There can be no offence.

Eng. The times now come
Of manumissions, take him into bonds,
And I am then at freedome.

2. *Cour.* This the man,
He hath left of late to feed on snakes,
His beards turnd white again.

1. *Cour.* Ist possible these gowty legs danc't lately,
And shatterd in a Gulliard?

Eng. Jealousie,
And fear of death can worke strange prodigies.

2. *Cour.* The nimble Fencer this that made me tear
And traverle bout the Chamber.

Sim. I and gave me
Those elbow Healths, the hangman take him fort:
They had almost fercht my heart out, the Dutch *Veny*,
I swallowed pretty wel, but the halfe pike
Had almost prepar'd me but had I took
Being swolne I had cast my Lungs out.

Florist.
Duke.

Duk. A Hemish
2. Cour. Peace the Duke.

Nay bathe your seats, whose that?

Duk. May't please your Highness.

Sim. Tis old *Lisander*.

Duk. And brought in by his wife a worthy president
 Of one that no way would offend the Law.
 And should not passe away without remark,
 You have been lookt for long.

Lis. But never fit
 To die till now my Lord, my sins and I
 Have been but newly parted, much a do
 I had to get them leave me, or be taught
 That difficult lesson how to learn to die.
 I never thought there had been such an act
 And tis the only discipline we are borne for
 All studdies as are, are but as circular lines
 And death the center where they must all meet.
 I now can looke upon thee erring woman
 And not be vext with jealousy, on yong men,
 And no way envy their delicious health,
 Pleasure and strength, all which were once mine owne
 And mine must be theirs one day.

Duk. You have tamd him

Sim. And know how to dispose him that my Liege
 Hath been before determind, you confesse
 Your selfe of full age.

Lis. Yes and prepard to inherie

Hip. Your place above—Duke—away to death with him

Sim. Of which the hangmans strength
 Shall put him in possession, tis still guard
 To take me willing and in mind to die.
 And such are when the earth growes weary of them
 Most fit for heaven, the Court shall make his *Miximus*
 And send him thither presently ith mean time.

Enter a Guard with Cleantes, Hippolita weeping after him.
 So see another person brought to the Barr.

1. Cour. The arch Malefactor.

2. Cour. The grand offenders the most refractory

To call good orders, tis *Cleanthes*,
Hee.

Sim. That would have sons grave fathers ere their fathers
Be sent unto their graves.

Duk. There will be expectation
In your severe poodceedings against him;
His act being so Capitall.

Sim. Fearfull and bloody,
Therefore we charge these wom^en leave the Courts
Lest they should stand to heare it.

Eng. I in expectation
Of a most happy freedom^e.

Exit.

Hip. I with the apprehension
Of a most sad and desolate widdow hood.

Exit.

1. *Cour.* We bring him to the Bar.

2. *Cour.* Hold up your hand sir.

Clean. More reverence to the place then to the persons
To the one I off'r up a palm
Of duty and obedience showd us to heaven,
Imploring justice which was never wanting
Upon that Bench whilst their own fathers sat:
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,
As threatning vengeance against murderers,
For they that kill in thought shed innocent blood
With pardon to your highness too much passion
Made me forget your presence and the place,
I now am cald too.

Duk. All one Majesty
And Power we have to pardon or condemne
Is now conferrd on them.

Sim. And these weel use
Little to thine advantage.

Clean. I expect it
And as to these I look no mercy from
And much lesse showne to intreat it, I thus now
Submit me the Emblemes of your power I meane
The Sword and Bench but my most reverend judges
Ere you proceed to sentence, for I know
You have given me lost, will you resolve me one thing?

1. *Cour.*

1. *Cour.* So it be breefly questioned.

2. *Cour.* Shew your hondr,
Day spends it selfe a pace.

Clean. My Lords it shall

Resolve me then where are your filliall tears

Your mourning habits and sad hearts become.

That should attend your fathers fonerall

Though the strick Law which I will not accuse

Because a subiect snatcht away their lives

It doth not barr them to lament their deaths

O: if you cannot spare one sad suspire

It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves

Lay subtle traines to antidate their yeares,

To be the sooner ceas'd of their estates.

Oh time of age wheres that *Encas* now

Who letting all his Jewels to the flames.

Forgetting country kindred treasure friends

Fortunes and all things save the name of son

Which you so much forget, goe like *Encas*

Who rooke his bedrid father on his back

And with that sacred load (to him no burden)

Hewd out his way through blood, through fire, through

Even all the armed streets of bright burning Troy,

Onely to save a father.

Sim. We have no leisure now

To heare lessons read from Virgill, wee are past schoole,

And all this time thy judges.

2. *Cour.* Tis fit,

That we proceed to sentence.

1. *Cour.* Youa e the mouth

And now tis fit to open.

Sim. Justice indeed

Should ever be close ear'd, and open mouth'd

That is to heare him little, and spake much

Low then *Cleantes* there is none can be

A good son and a bad subiect, for if Princes

Be cald the peoples fathers then the subjects

Are all his sones, and he that flo:uts the Prince

Doth disobey his father, there yeare gone.

1. *Cour.* And not to be recovered.

Sim. And again.

2. *Cour.* If he be gone once call him not againe.

Sim. I say againe this act of thine ex presses
A double disobedience, as our Princes
Are fathers, so they are our soveraignes too,
And he that doth rebell against soveraignety
Doth commit treason in the height of degree
And now thou art quite gone.

1. *Cour.* Our brother in commission
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little, howsoever
It shall send him packing.

He that begins a fault that wants example
Ought to be made example for the fault.

Clean. A fault no longer can I hold my selfe
To heare vice upheld and vertue throwne downe,
A fault judge then, I desire where it lyeth
In those that are my judges or in mee
Heaven stand on my side pittie love and duty.

Sim. Where are they sit who fees them but your selfe.

Clean. Not you, and I am sure,
You never had the gracious eyes to see them,
You think you arraigne me, but I hope
To sentence you at the Bar.

2. *Cour.* That would shew brave.

Clean. This were the judgement seat, we now
The heaviest crimes that ever made up
Unnaturallness in humanity,
You are found fowle and guilty by a Jury
Made of your fathers curses, which have brought
Vengeance impending on you, and I now
Am torst to pronounce judgement on my judges.
The common Lawes of reason and of nature
Condemne you *ipso facto*, you are paricides,
And if you marry will beget the liar
Who when y'are growne to full maturity
Will hurry you their fathers to their graves;
Like Traytors you take counsell from the living

Of upright judgement, you would rob the Bench:
 Experience and discretion snatch away
 From the earths face, turne all into disorder,
 Imprison vertue, and infranchise vice,
 And put the Sword of justice into the hands of
 Boyes and mad men.

Sim. Well, well, have you done sir?

Clean. I have spoke my thoughts.

Sim. Then i'le begin and end.

Duk. Tis time I now begin,

Where your commission ends,

Cleantes you come from the Bar

Because I know y'are severally disposd;

I heere invite you to an object will no doubt

Worke in you contrary effects.

Musick.

Recorders.

Old men.

Musick, Sons and the old men appears.

Clean. Pray Heaven I dream not, sure he moves, talkes comforta-
 bly, as joy can with a man, if he be changd
 Far above from me, he is not ill intreated,
 His faced orh promise fullness of content
 And glory hath a part int.

Leo. Oh my son.

Duk. You that can claime acquaintance with these lads
 Talke freely.

Sim. I can see none there thats worth one hand to you from
 me.

Duk. These are thy judges and by their grave Law

I find thee cleare, but these Delinquents guilty:

You must change places for tis so decreed

Such just preheminance hath thy goodness gaind

Thou art the judge now, they the men arraignd.

1. *Cour.* Heers fine dancing Gentlemen.

2. *Cour.* Is thy father amongst them?

Clean. Oh a Pox I saw him the first thing I lookt on

A live againe, slight I believe now a father

Hath as many lives as a mother.

Sim. Tis full as blessed as tis wonderfull

Oh bring me back to the same law againe

I am fowler then all these, cease on me Officers
And bring me to new sentence.

Clean. Whats all this?

A fault not to be pardoned
Unnaturallness is but furs shadow to it.

Sim. I am glad of that, I hope the case may alter
And I turne judge againe.

Duk. Name your offence.

Clean. That I should be so vild
As once to think you cruell.

Duk. Is that all?

'Twas pardond ere confest, you that have sons
If they be worthy heare my challenge then.

Cle. I should have one amongst them had he had grace
To have retaind that name.

Sim. I pray you Father.

Kneels.

Cle. That name I know
Hath been long since forgot.

Sim. I find but small comfort in remembring it now.

Duk. *Cleantes* take your places with these grave fathers
And read what in that table is inscribed
Now set these at the Bar,

And read *Cleantes* to the dread and terror
Of disobedience and unnaturall blood.

Clean. It is decreed by the grave and learned
Counsell of *Epire*, that no son and heire
Shall be held capable of his inheritance
At the age of one and twenty, unlesse he be at that time
As nature in obedience, manners and goodnesse.

Sim. Sure I shall never be at full age then,
though I live to an hundred years, and thats nearer by twenty,
then the last Statute allowd.

1. Cour. A terrible act.

Moreover is enacted that all sons aforesaid, whom either this Law
or their owne grace, whom it shall reduce into the true method of
duty, vertue, and affection; and relate their triall and approbation
from *Cleantes* the Son of *Leonides*—from me my Lord.

Duk. From none but you as fullest, proceed sir.

Clean. Whom for his manifest vertues, we make such

judge and censure of youth and the absolute reverence of life and manners.

Sim. This is a brave world, when a man should be
Selling Land he must be learning manners,
Is't not my Masters?

Eugenia.

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. Whats heere to do, my suitors at the Barr
The old baud shines againe, oh miserable I

She sounds.

Duk. Read the Law over to her t will awake her
Tis one deserves small pittie.

Clean. Lastly it is ordained that all such wives now whatsoe-
ver that shall designe the husbands death t obbe soone rid of them
and entertaine suitors in their husbands life time.

Sim. You had best read that a little lowder,
For if any thing that will bring her to her selfe againe, and finde
her tongue.

Clean. Shall not presume on the penalty of our heavy displea-
sure to marry within ten years after.

Eug. That Lawes too long by nine years and a halfe.
I'll take my death upont, so shall most women.

Clean. And those incontinent women so offending
To be judge and censured by *Hippolita*,
Wife to *Cleantes*.

Hippolita.

Eug. Of all the rest i'll not be judge by her.

Enter Hip.

Clean. Ah heere shee comes, let mee prevent thy joyes, prevent
them but in part and hide the rest, thou art not strength enough to
beare them else.

Hip Leonides.

Shee faints.

Clean. I feared it all this while.
I knew 'twas past thy power *Hippolita*,
What contrariety is in womens blood?
One faints for spleene and anger, thee for grace.

Duk. Of Sons and Wives we see the worst and best,
My future ages yeeld *Hippolitas*
Many, but few like thee *Eugenia*.

Let no *Simonides* henceforth have a fame
But all blest sons live in *Cleantes* name
Ha what strange kind of melody was that?

Musick.

Yet give it entrance whatsoere it be.

Musick

This

This day is all devout to liberty.

Clo. &c. Enter Musick one carrying a Bridecake,
the Clowne, the rest with the old Women.

Enter Clowne, and Wyndch. the rest with the old women,
the Clownes wife, Musick, and a Bride Cake to
the wedding.

Clo. Fidlers crowd on, crowd on, let no man lay a black in
your way, crowd on I say.

Duk. Stay the crowd a while, lets know the reason
Of this jollity.

Clean. Sirrah doe you know where you are?

Clo. Yes sir, I am heere, now heere, and I now heere agen sir.

Bis. Your hats too high crownd the Duke in presence.

Clo. The Duke (as hee is my Sovereigne) I doe give him two
Crownes for it, and thats quall change all the world over, as
am Lord of the day (being my marriage day the second) I doe ad-
vance bonnet, crowd on a fore.

Leon. Good sir a few words if you'l vouchsafe em
Or will you be forc'd?

Clo. Forc'd, I woul'd the Duke himseife would say so.

Duk. I think he dares sir, and does, if you stay not
You shall be forc'd.

Clo. I thinke to my Lord, and good reason too, shall not I stay
when your grace sayes I shall, I were unworthy to bee a Bride-
groom in any part of your Highness Dominions then, will it please
you to tast of the wedlock courtesie?

Duke. Oh by no meanes sir, you shall not deface
So faire an ornament for me.

Clo. If your grace please to be escated say so.

Clo. And which might be your faire Bride sir?

Clo. This is my two for one that must be *uxor uxoris*;
The remedy *deloris*, and the very *syceum Amoris*.

Duk. And hast thou any else?

Clo. I have an older my Lord for other uses.

Clo. My Lord I doe observe a strange decorum heere
These that do lead this day of jollity
Doe march with Musick and most mirthfull cheeks
Those that doe follow sad, and wofully

Nearer the havior of a funerall
Then a wedding.

Duk. Tis true, pray expound that fir.

Clo. As the destiny of the day falls out my Lord, one goes out to wedding, another goes to hanging; and your Grace in the due consideration shall finde em much alike, the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other a halter about her neck.

I take thee *Beatrice* sayes the Bridegroom, I take thee *Agatha* sayes the hangman, and both say together to have and to hold till death do part us.

Duk. This is not yet plaine enough to my understanding.

Clo. If further your Grace examine it, you shall find I shew my selfe a dutifull subject and obedient to the Law, my selfe (with these my good friends, and your good subjects) our old wives whose daies are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the Law onely my selfe more forward then the rest, am already provided of my second choise.

Duk. Oh take heede fir, you'l run your selfe into danger, If the Law finds you with two wives at once
Theres a shrewd premunire.

Clo. I have taken leave of the old my Lo d, I have nothing to say to her, shees going to Sea, your Grace knowes whether better then I doe, shee has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poope when you please let her disemboge.

Cook. And the rest of her neighbours with her whom wee present to the satisfaction of your Highnes Law.

Clo. And so wee take our leaves and leave them to your Highnes, croud on.

Duk. Stay, stay, you are too forward, will you marry?
And your wife yet living.

Clo. Alas Sheel bec dead before wee can get to Church, if your Grace would set her in the way, I would dispatch her, I have a venter on, which would returne mee, if your Highnes would make a little more hast two for one.

Duk. Come my Lords we must sit agen, heers a Case
Graves a most serious censure.

Cook. Now they shall be dispatcht out of the way.

Clo. I would they were gone once, the time goes away.

Duk. Which is the wife unto the forward Bridegroom?

Wife. I am and it please your grace.

Duk. Trust me a lusty woman, able bodied
And well blooded cheeks.

Clo. Oh she paints my Lord, she was a Chamber Maid once, and
learnt it of her Lady.

Duk. Sure I think she cannot be so old.

Wife. Truly I think so too, and please your grace.

Clo. Two to one with your grace of that, shees threescore by
the Book.

Leo. Peace sirra y'are to loud.

Cook. Take heed *Gnathoes* if you moove the Dukes patience, tis
an edge toole but a word and a blow, he cuts off your head.

Clo. Cut off my head, away ignorant, hee knowes it cost more
in the haire, he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine, I
will talke to him to, if he cut off my head, ile give him my eares, I
say my wife is at full age for the Law, the Clark shall take his oath
and the Church Book shall be sworne too.

Duk. My Lords, I leave this sensure to you

Leo. Then first this fellow does deserve punishment
For offering up a lusty able woman
Which may do service to the commonwealth,
Where the Law craves one impotent and useless.

Creon. Therefore to be severely punished
For thus attempting a second marriage
His wife yet livinge.

Lis. Nay to have it trebled
That even the days and instant when he should mourne
As a kind husband to her funerall,
Hee leads a triumph to the scoorne of it
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punished
With all severity.

But. The fiddles will be in a foule case too by and by.

Leo. Nay further it seemes hee has a venter
Of two for one at his second marriage
Which cannot be but a conspiracie
Against the former.

Clo. A masse of wise old men.

Lis. Sirrah what can you answer to all these?

Clo. Ye'are good old men and talke as age will give you leave, I
would speake with the youthfull Duke himselfe, hee and I may

speake of things that shall be 30 or 40 years after you are dead and rotten, a'as you are heere to day and gone to Sea to morrow.

Du. Introath sir then I must be plaine with you
The Law that should take away your old wife from you
The which I doe perceive was your desire,
Is voyd and frust are, so for the rest,
There has been since another Parliament
Has cut it off.

Cl. I see your grace is dispos'd to be pleasant.

Du. Yes you might perceive that, I had not else
Thus dallied with your follies.

Cl. He take further with your grace when I come
Back from Church, in the meane time you know what to doe
With the old women.

Du. Stay sir unlesse in the mean time you mean
I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way
and hang you at your return.

Wife. Oh gracious Prince.

Du. Your old wives cannot die to day by any
law of mine, for ought I can say too eun
they may by a new edict bury you,
And then perhaps you pay a new fine too.

Cl. This is fine indeed.

Wife. Oh Gracious Prince may he live a hundred years more.

Cook. Your venture is not like to come in to day *Gnobles.*

Cl. Give me the principall back.

Cook. Nay by my troath weel venter still, and i'me sure wee
have as ill a venter of it as you, for wee have taken old wives of
purpose, where that we had thought to have put away at this mar-
ket, in I now we cannot utter a penny worth.

Duke. Well sirrah you were best to discharge
Your new charge and take your old one to you.

Cl. Oh Musick, no musick, but prove most dolefull Trumpets,
Oh Bride no Bride, but thou must prove a Strumper,
Oh venter, no venter, I have for one now none,
Oh wife, thy life is sav'd when I hope t'had been gone,
Case up your fruitless strings, no penny no wedding,
Case up thy Maiden head, no Priest no bedding,
Avant my venter it can nere be restord,

Till Agg my old wife be thrown over board,
Then come agen old Agg since it must be so,
Let Bride, and venter with wofull Musick goe.

Cook! What for the Bridecake *Gnosboes?*

Clo. Let it be mouldy now tis out of season,
Let it grow out of date currant and reason,
Let it be chip'd and chopt and given to chickens,
No more is got by that, then *William Dickins*
Got by his wooden dishes.

Put up your plums as fiddlers put up pipes,
The Wedding dasht the Bridegroome
Weeps and wipes.

Fiddlers farwell and now without perhaps,
Put up your Fiddles as you put up scraps.

Lif. This passion has given some satisfaction yet,
My Lord I think you'l pardon him now,
Withall the rest so they live honestly
With the wives they have.

Duke. Oa most freely, free pardon to all.

Cook. I wee have deserv'd our pardons if wee can live honestly
with such reverent wives that have no motion in em but their
tongues.

Wife. Heaven blesse your Grace, y'are a just Prince.

Clo. All hopes dash'd, the Clarks duties lost, Venter gon, my
second wife divorc'd, and which is worst the old one come back
agen.

Such Voyages are made now adayes. I will weep too salt
Of our nose, besides these two fountaines of fresh water,
Your grace had been more kind to your yong subjects,
Heaven blesse, and mend your Lawes, that they do
Not gull your poore Country men: fashaion, but I am not
The first by forty that has been undone by the Law,
Tis but a folly to stand upon Termes,

I take my leave of your Grace, as well as mine eyes will give me
leave, I would they had been a sleep in their beds when they open
em to see this day: come Agg, come Agg.

Creon Were not you all my servants?

Cook. Dnring your life as we thought sir, but our yong Master
turnd us away.

Creon. How heading villaine wert thou in thy raising?

Sim. I followed the fashion fir as other yong men did,
If you have as we thought you had been
We should nere have come for this I warrant you,
We did not feed after the old fashion on Beefe
And Mutton and such like.

Creon. Well what damage or charge you have run
Your selves into by marriage, I cannot help
Nor deliver you from your wives, them you must keepe
Your selves thall againe retaine to me.

Om. We thank your Lordship for your love, and must thanke
our selves for our bad bargains.

Duk. Cleanthes. You delay the power of Law,
To be inflicted on these misgovernd men,
That filiall duty have so far transgress.

Clean. My Lord I see a satisfaction
Meeting the sentence, even preventing it
Beating my words back in their utterance
See fir theres salt sorrow bringing forth fresh
And new duties (as the sea propagate)
The Elephants have found their joynts too, why
Heres humility able to bind up
The punishing hands of the severest misters
Much more the gentle fathers.

Sim. I had nere thought to have been brought so low as my
knees agen, but since theres no remedy, fathers, reverent fathers, as
you ever hope to have good sons and heirs, a handfull of pity wee
confesse wee have deservd more then wee are willing to receive at
your hands, though sonnes can never deserve too much of their fa-
thers as shall appeare afterwards.

Creon. And what way can you decline your feeding now?
You cannot retire to Beeves and Muttons sure.

Sim. Alas fir you see a good pattern for that, now we have laid by
our high and lusty meats, and are downe to our mary bones already.

Creon. Well fir rise to vertues weel bound you now,
You that were too weake your selves to govern,
By others shall be governd.

Lif. Cleanthes,

I meet your Justice with reconcilment
 If there be tears of faith in womans brest
 I have receivd a mirriade which confirms me
 To finde a happy renovation.

Clean. Heers Virtues Throne
 Which ile imbellish with my dearest Jewels
 Of Love and Faith, Peace and Affection,
 This is the Altar of my Sacrifice,
 Where dayly my devoted knees shall bend
 Age honored shrine, time still so love you,
 That I so long may have you in mine eye
 Untill my memory lose your beginning.
 For you great Prince, long may your fame survive,
 Your justice and your wisdom never die,
 Crowne of your Crowne, the blessing of your Land
 Which you reach to her from your regents hand.

Leon. Oh *Cleantes* had you with us tasted
 The entertainment of our retirement
 Feard and exclaimd on in your ignorance,
 You might have sooner died upon the wonder
 Then any rage or passion for our losse.
 A place at hand we were all strangers in
 So speard about with Maske, such delights
 Viands and attendance, and once a day
 So cheared with a royall visitant
 That oft times (waking) our unsteady phantasies
 Would question whether we yet livd or no
 Or had possession of that Paradise
 Where Angells be the guard.

Duk. Enough *Leonides*
 You go beyond the prayse, we have our end
 And all is ended well, we have now seene
 The flowers and weeds that grew about our Court.

Sim. If these be weeds i'me afraid I shall weare none so good as
 genas long as my fathers lives.

Duke. Only this Gentleman we did abuse
 With our owne bosome, we seemd a Tyrant
 And he our instrument, looke tis *Craulus*.
 The man that you suppos'd had now been traveld,

Discover the
 Executioner.
 Which

Which wee gave leave to learn to speak
And bring us forraigne languages to Greece
A'ls joyed I see, let Musick be the Crowne,
And set it high, the good needs feare no Law,
It is his safety, and the bad mans aw.

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 Appius and Virginia
 Atheist
 Albumazar
 Alexandria — Campasne
 Alexandrian —
 All for money
 Amends for Ladies
 Anonia and Melida
 Arraignment of Paris
 Arden of Feversham
 Andrea in Terence
 Aristippus
 All's lost by Lust
 As you like it
 All's well that ends well
 Abraham's sacrifice
 Agamemnon
 Apollo's Throwing

T	
C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>
C	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>
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T	<i>Henry Porter</i>
T	<i>John Webster</i>
T	<i>Cyrl Turner</i>
C	
T	<i>John Lilly</i>
T	<i>Sir William Alexander</i>
C	<i>Tho. Lupton</i>
C	<i>Nath. Field</i>
T	<i>John Marston</i>
T	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>
I	<i>Rich. Bernard</i>
C	<i>Rich. Bernard</i>
T	<i>Tho. Randalph</i>
C	<i>Will. Rowly</i>
C	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>
I	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>
T	<i>Theod. Beza</i>
C	

A Catalogue of all the Playes, &c.

Adrasta
 Arviragus & Philecia's 1. 2. part
 Agrippina
 Arcadia
 Antipodes
 Argalus and Parthenia
 Albowine King of Lombards
Albertus Walenstein
 Amorous War
 Antonio and Cleopatra
 Antigone
Aglaura
 Amintas, or the impossible dowry
 Antiquary
Alahan
 Acteon and Diana
 Ale, Beer, Tobacco
 Aminta
 Antonia's Revenge
 Alphonfus Emp. of Germany
 Adelphe in Terence
 Andrian woman
 Albion

C John Jones
 T Lodowick Corlike
 T Thomas May
 C James Shirly
 C Rich. Bruce
 C Hen. Glapthorn
 T Will. Davenant
 T Jasper Mayne
 T Will. Shakespeare
 T Tho. May
 C John Suckling
 C Tho. Randolph
 C Shakerly Mermion
 T Lord Brook
 C
 T Tarquato Tasso
 T John Marston
 T George Chapman
 I Rich. Bernard
 I Tho. Newman

B

Brazen Age
 Bondman
 Byrons Conspiracie
 — Tragedie
 Broken heart
 Bird in a Cage
Bartholnew-fair
 — Fairing
 Ball
 Beggers bush.
Bonduca
 Brothers
 Blind Begger of Alexandria
 Blurt Mr. Constable
 Buffey D Am boys
 — Revenge
 Battell of Alcazar
 Bloody banquet
 — Brother
 Bride

C Tho. Hairwood
 T Phil. Massinger
 T George Chapman
 T George Chapman
 C John Foard
 C James Shirley
 C Ben. Johnson
 C George Chapman
 T John Fletcher
 T John Fletcher
 C James Shirly.
 T George Chapman.
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 T George Chapman.
 T George Chapman.
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 T Thomas Barker.
 T John Fletcher.
 C Thomas Nabbs.

A Catalogue of all the Playes, &c.

Band ruffe and cuffe
 Batel of Affliction
 Brennerault
 Bastard
 Bashfull lovers
 Baggs Seneca

C

Cambises King of Persia
 Case is altered
 Catalines conspiracie
 Cæsars revenge
 Cæsar and Pompey
 Chaste maid of Chepside
 Christian turned Turk
 Cynthias Revels
 Conflict of conscience
 Cræsus
 Cruell brother
 Cupids revenge
 Cleopatra
 Comedy of errors
 Cymbelona
 Coriolanus
 Couragious Turk
 Challenge for beauty
 Cid 1. 2. parts
 Changes, or love in a maze
 Contention for honor and riches
 Chabut Admiral
 Covent Garden
 Coronation
 Captain
 Country Captain
 Chances
 Coxcombe
 Custom of the country
 Cardinal
 Court secret
 Citie match
 Court begger
 cavalier Dick boies
 cæsar
 Cynthia's revenge
 Champions of Christendom
 Coroneix Minerva

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John Suckling.
 Cosmo Manuche.
 Philip Massinger.

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Thomas Preston.
 Ben. Johnson.
 Ben. Johnson
 George Chapman.
 Thomas Middleton.
 Robert Daborne.
 Ben Johnson.
 Sam Wood.
 William Alexander.

Samuell Daniel
 William Shakespear

William Shakespear.

Thomas Goffe.
 Tobmas Heywood.
 Ioseph Rutter

James Shirly
 James Shirly
 James Shirly
 Thomas Nabbs

James Shirley
 Iohn Fletcher
 Will. E. of Newcastle
 Will Shakespear
 Iohn Fletcher

James Shierly

Iasper Mayne
 Richard Broome

William Alexander

Thomas Kelligren

A Catalogue of all the Playes, &c.

Coolayes fury
 Country Girl
 Claracilla
Conspiracie
 Costly whore
 Changeling
 Cupids whirlygigg
 Cruel debtor
 Cromwells historie
 Common conditions
 Cornelius
 Coblers prophesies
 Choice, a good wife from a bad
 Comittie-man cured
 Cyrus K. of Persia
 Citie wit
 Constant maid
 Combate of love
 Cunning lovers
 Chlariidæ
 Cælum Britannicum
 Characters
 Carelets shepherd
 Cupid and Death
 Cleopatra
 Cleopatra
 Cæsar and Pompey
 Combate of Caps

D

David and Beertheba
 Daraia
 Disobedient childe
 Divels law-casè
 Dutch curtisan
 Dutcheis of Malsy
 ——— of Suffolk
 Duke of Milain
Divel is an asse
 Dukes mistreis
Discontented Colonel
 Double marriage
 Distracted state
 Damoiselle
 Dido Queen of Carthage

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Thomas Brewer
 Thomas Keligrew
 Henry Kellingrew
 William Shakespere
 Thomas Loyd
 Robert Wilson
 Richs Benne
 James Shirley
 Robt. Meade
 James Skirly.
 Tho. May
 Samuel Daniel
 John Mason
 George Pele
 William Alexander
 Iohn Webster
 John Marston
 Iohn Webster
 Tho. Hairwood
 Phil. Massinger
 Ben. Johnson
 James Shirly
 Iohn Sackling
 Iohn Fletcher
 John Tatham
 Richard Broome
 Christ. Marlow
 Divels

A Catalogue of all the Playes, &c.

Divels charter
 Damon and Pichias
 Darus storie
 Doctor dodipoll
 Dumbe Knight
 Dick Scorner
 Duke of Florence
 Doubtful heir
 Destruction of Jerusalem
 Doctor Faustus

E

Eastward ho
 Endimion, or the man in the moon
 Every man in his humor
 ——— out of his humor
 English traveller
 Emperor of the East
 Elder brocher
 Example
 Edward first, Long-shanks
 ——— Second
 ——— Third
 ——— Fourth, 2 parts
 Every woman in her humor
 Enterlude of youth
 Eunuchus in Terence
 Enough as good as a feast
 English Arcadia
 Electra sophoples
 Elisabeth I. 2. part
 Extravagant shepherd
 Eunuch in Terence

F

Fancies
 Floating Island
 Ferex and Porex
 Fortunate Isles
 ——— Isles
 Fortune by land and sea
 Fair quarrel
 Fair maid of the West

Barnaby Barnes
 Lewis Machen
 James Shirly
 Thomas Legge
 George Chapman.
 John Lilly
 Ben. Johnson.
 Ben. Johnson.
 Thomas Heywood.
 Philip Massinger.
 John Fletcher
 James Shirley
 Ben. Johnson
 Rich. Bernard
 Thomas Goffe.
 Tho. Newman
 Thomas Middleton
 Thomas Heywood

A Catalogue of all the Playes, &c.

M *Massalina*
M *Mounfier de Oliua*
M *Michaelmas tearm*
M *Mask at at Graies-Inn*
M *Magnetick Lady*
M *Mad couple*
M *Mad world my masters*
M *Marius and Scilla*
M *Mariame*
M *Manhood and wisdom*
M *Mary Magdalens. Repentance*
M *Maids of Moreclack*
M *Maids metamorphosis*
M *Menechrims*
M *Merry diuell of Edmond.*
M *Merry milk-maids*
M *Millers daughter of Manchester*
M *Mucidorus*
M *Masquard D ciel*
M *Mercya*
M *Massanellö*
M *metamorphosied Gypfy*
M *Mortimers fall*
M *May day,*
M *Merchant of Venice*
M *Marriage of Arts*
M *Match me in London*
M *Maids Tragedy*
M *Merry wyves of windfor*
M *Midfommer nights dream*
M *Maid in the mil*
M *Misery of marriage*
M *Mother Bomby*
M *Much a doe about nothing*
M *Muliallies the Turke*
M *Mustaphas*
M *Measure for measure,*
M *Magbeth*
M *Maidenhead well lost*
M *Mad lover*
M *Medea, Seneca*
M *Microcosmus*
M *Maid of honour*
M *Match at mid-night*
major of Quenobom

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Nath. Richards
Thomas Middleton
Richard Broome
Thomas Middleton
Tho. Lodge
Lady Eliz. Carew
Robert Armon
Iohn Lilly
William Shakespeare
Will. Shakespeare
Robert Barron
Gorge Chapman
William Shakespeare
Thomas Barker
F. B. Jo. Fl.
William Shakespear.
William Shakespear.
Wil. Rowly
Georg Wilkins
Iohn Lilly.
Will. Shakespear
Iohn Mason
Will. Shakespear
Will Shakespear
Thomas Haywood
Iohn Fletcher.
Tho. Nabbs
Phil. Massinger
Will. Rowly

A Catalogue of all the Playes, &c.

Patient Grissel, old
 Grissel, new
 Pastor hido
 Pinner of V Wakefield
 Prisoners
 Play of the weather
 Promise of God manifested
 Promus and Cassandra both parts
 Philotas
 Phoenix
 Pedlers prophesies
 Palsgrave
 Puritan widow
 Player whipt
 Pallanthus and Eudora
 Pilgrim
 Prophetes
 Platonic lovers
 Pittie she is a whore
 Perkin V Warbeck
 Philotas Scotch
 Picture
 Poetaster
 Phylaster
 Phoenix in her flames
 Pyrocles prince of Tyre
 Poor mans comfort
 Pleasure reconciled
 Paria
 Peleus and Thetis
 Politician
 Patrick for Ireland
 Passionate lovers, both parts

Q

Queen of Arragon
 Queens Arcadia
 Queen
 of Corinth
 of her sex

R

Ram-Ally
 Roman Actor

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Richard Fanshawe
 Thomas Killigrew
 Samuel Daniel
 Will. Shakespeare
 Henry Killigrew
 John Fletcher
 John Fletcher
 Wil. Davenant
 John Foard
 John Foard
 Phil. Massinger
 Ben Johnson
 John Fletcher
 Wil. Lower
 Will. Shakespeare
 Roberts Dabborne
 James Shirley
 James Shirley
 Lodowick Lloyd
 Samuel Daniel
 John Fletcher
 Philip Massinger
 William Shakespere

A Catalogue of all the Playes, &c.

Tale of a tub
Traitor
Timon of Athens
Two noble kinsmen
Triumph of peace
Titus Andronicus
Taming of a shrew
Trick to catch the old one
Thiery and Theodoret

V

Untrusting the humerous poet
Unnatural combate
Vow breaker
Unfortunate mother
—lovers
Valentinian
Virgin widow
—martyr
Valiant Welchman
Valiant Scot
Varieties
Very woman
Virtuous Octavia
Vision of delight
Virgils Eclogs

W

Widows tears
Woman-hater
Woman kill'd with kindness
Woman is a weather-cock
Wedding
What you will
When you see me, you will know
White divel (me
Whore of Babylon
Winters tale
Wittie fair one
Woman never vext
Witts
Wonder of a kingdom
Wife woman of Hogdon
Wit without money

C Ben Johnson
T James Shirly
I Will Shakespear
C James Shirly
M Will. Shakespeare
T Will. Shakespeare
C Will. Shakespeare
C Will. Shakespeare
T E. B. Jo. Fl.

C Tho. Decker
C Phillip Massenger
C Will. Sampson
C Thomas Nabs
C Will. Davenant
C Iohn Fletcher
C Francis Quarls
C Phillip Massenger

C Will. E. of Newcastle
T Phillip Massenger
M
T

C George Chapman
C E. B. Jo. Fl.
C Thomas Haywood
C James Shirley
C Nath. Field
C Iohn Mirston
C Sam. Rowly
C Iohn Webster
C Tho. Decker
C Wil. Shakespear
C James Shirley
C Wil. Rowly
C Wil. Dovenant
C Tho. Decker
C Thomas Haywood
C E. B. Jo. Fl.

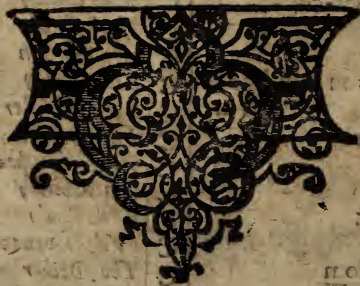
VVit in a Constable
 VVomans prize
 VVoman pleased
 VVit at severall weapons
 VVidow
 VVild-goose chase
 VVine, Beer, Ale, Tobacco
 VVorld tost at tennis
 VVoman have her will
 VVit in a woman
 VVylie beguiled
 VViats historie
 VVestward ho
 VVeakest goeth to the wall
 VVealth and health
 VVarning for fair women
 VVoman in the moon
 VVife for a month.

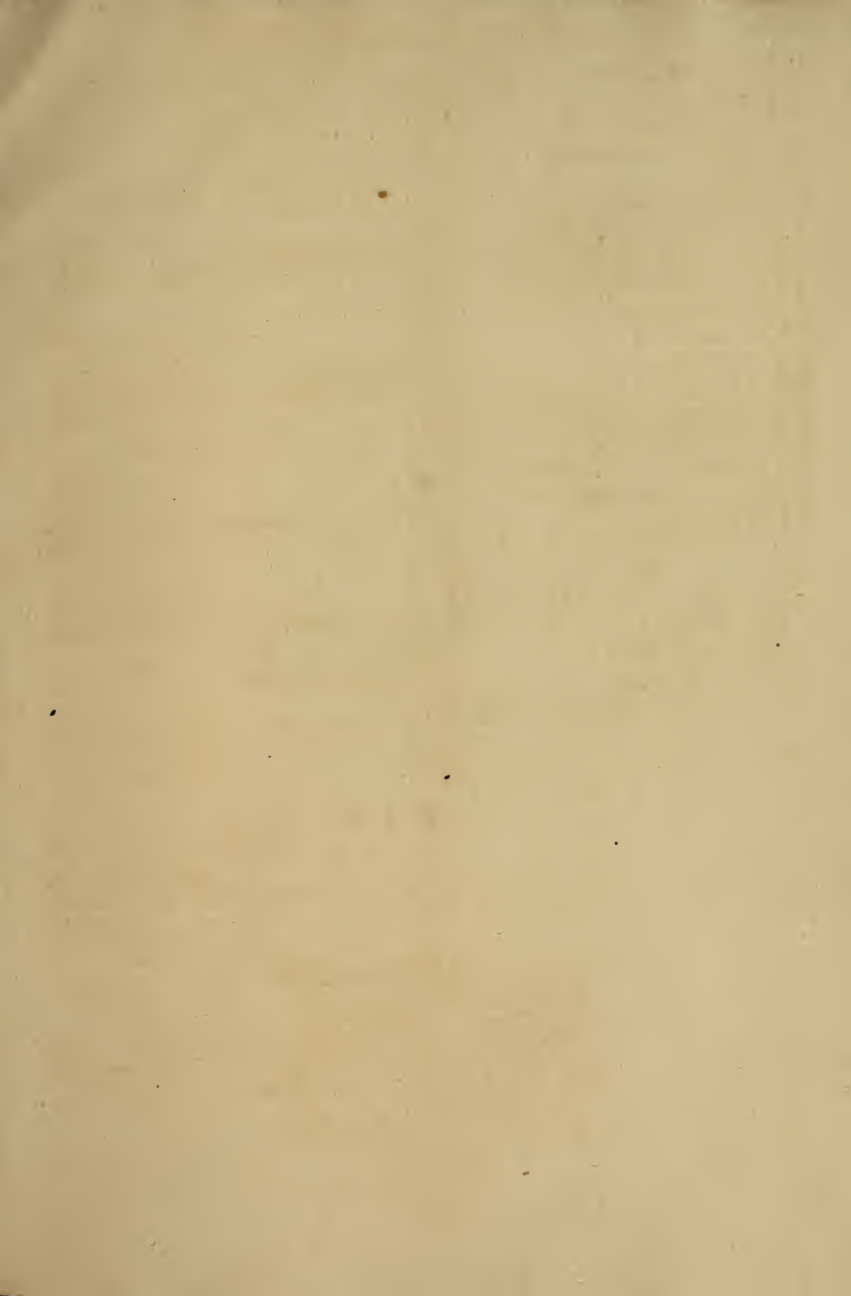
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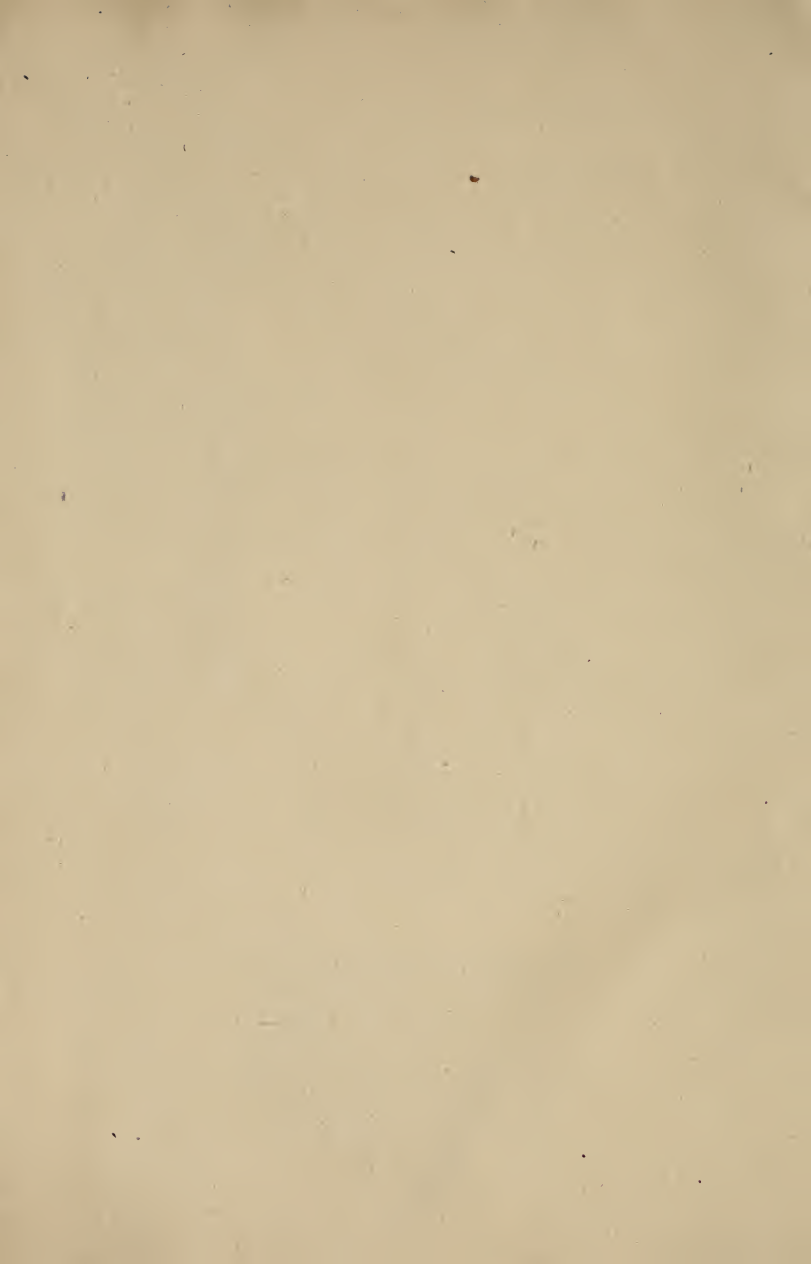
Young Admiral
 Yorkshire Tragedie
 Your fine gallants.

Hen. Glaphorn
 } F. B. Jo. Fletcher
 Thomas Middleton.
 F. B. Jo Flet.
 Thomas Midelton
 Tho. Dacker
 John Webster
 John Lilly
 F. B. Jo. Fletcher
 James Shirley
 Will. Shakespeare
 Thomas Middleton

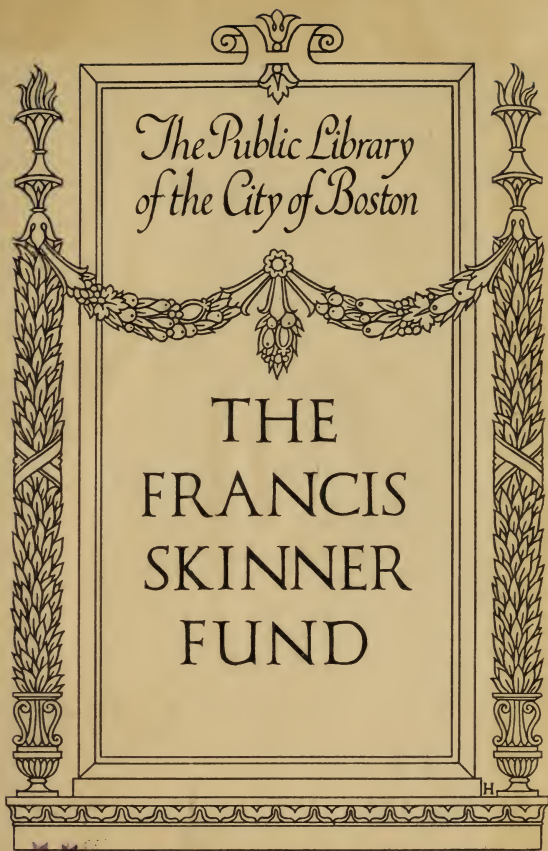
FINIS. W







$\lambda - \mu$
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