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Beaumont
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Fletcher.
Plays.

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ACCESSION No. 171,688

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MEMORANDA

THE
SCORNFUL
LADY:

A
COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by { Francis Beaumont }
 { and } Gent.
 { John Fletcher }

The Eighth Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Dorman Newman at the Kings-Arms in the Poaltrey. 1691.

THE

SCORNER

DADY

A

COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

THEATRE ROYAL

THE

SCORNER

DADY

COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

The Names of the ACTORS.

Elder Loveless, a Sutor to the Lady.

Young Loveless, a Prodigal.

Savill, Steward to the Elder Loveless.

Lady,
and } *Two Sisters.*
Martha, }

Abigail, a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Welford, a Sutor to the Lady.

Sir Roger, Curate to the Lady.

A { *Captain,*
Traveller, } *Hangers on to Young*
Poet, } *Loveless.*
Tobacco-Man, }

Wenches.

Fidlers.

Morecraft, an Usurer.

A Rich Widow.

Attendants.

The Names of the ...

Mr. Lovell a ...
Mrs. Lovell a ...
Miss Lovell a ...

Lady ...
Miss ...
Miss ...

Aligail a ...
Richard a ...
The ...

Captain ...
Travel ...
Hanger ...
Lovelace

Tobacco ...
Book ...
...

Merchants ...
...

THE
Scornful Lady.

A COMEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter the two Lovelesses, Savill the Steward, and a Page.

Elder Love. **B** Rother, is your last hope past to mollifie *Morecrafts* Heart about your Mortgage?

Young Love. Hopelessly past: I have presented the Usurer with a richer Draught than ever *Cleopatra* swallowed; he hath suck'd in ten thousand pounds worth of my Land, more than he paid for, at a gulp, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in this House.

To. Lo. Faith mine was to make an Usurer honest, or to lose my Land.

El. Lo. And mine is to persuade a passionate Woman, or to leave the Land. Make the Boat stay. I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this Night, though the darkness of the Night, and the roughness of the Waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling Man:

Savil. Sir, your Fathers old Friends hold it the fonder course for your Body and Estate to stay at Home, Marry, and propagate and govern in your Country, than to travel and die without Issue.

El. Lo. *Savil*, You shall gain the opinion of a better Servant, in seeking to execute, not alter my Will, howsoever my intents succeed.

To. Lo. Yonder's Mistress *Abigail*. Brother, the grave rubber of your Mistress Toes.

Enter Mistress Abigail the Waiting-woman.

El. Lo. Mistress *Abigail*.

Abig. Master *Loveless*, truly we thought your Sails had been hoist; my Mistress is perswaded you are Sea-sick e're this. *El.*

The Scornful Lady.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly?
Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to day, when they say a Woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What Critical Minute was that?

Abig. When her Smock was over her Ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her Heels.

El. Lo. I prithee deliver my Service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my Banishment, and then for *France*.

Abig. I'll do it. Hark hither, is that your Brother?

El. Lo. Yes, have you lost your Memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty Fellow.

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

El. Lo. Why she knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day she loves Youth of Eighteen; she heard a Tale how *Cupid* struck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindness would needs wear a Willow-Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players, in the last Queen's time, once over: She was struck when they acted Loves, and forsook some when they played Murtherers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the Servants say she hoards old Goold; and she her self pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest Son, or her Mistres's Husband's Clark shall be, that marries her, shall make her a Joynture of fourscore pounds a year; she tells tales of the Serving-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her Brother. I shall entreat you only to salute my Mistres, and take leave; we'll part at the Stairs.

Enter Lady and Waiting-woman.

La. Now, Sir, this first part of your Will is performed; what's the rest?

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

La. I shall take it as a favour done to me; though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely Grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer curtesies as a Stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

Yo. Lo. Lady, my Salutations crave Acquaintance, and leave at once.

La. Sir, I hope you are the Master of your own occasions.

Ex. Young Lo. Savil.

El. Lo. Would I were so. Mistres, for me to praise over again that worth which all the World, and you your self can see.

La. It's a cold Room, this, Servant.

El. Lo. Mistres.

La. What think you, if I have a Chimney for't out here?

El. Lo. Mistres, another in my place that were not tyed to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I whose virtues are Constancy and Obedience.

La. Abigail, make a good Fire above to warm me, after my Servants *Exordiums*.

El. Lo. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the Servants you give Wages to, may speak.

La. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to th' purpose.

El. Lo. Mistrefs, your Will leads my Speeches from the purpose. But as a Man——

La. A Simile, Servant! This Room was built for Honest-meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes*, and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to say, break into't: My Answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistrefs, I came to see you.

La. That's happily dispatch'd; the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you.

La. To be gone?

El. Lo. Yes.

La. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have us'd so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

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

La. I? never apter. Fast, good Servant, fast.

El. Lo. 'Twas to entreat you to hear Reason.

La. Most willingly; Have you brought one that can speak it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren Heart love and forgiveness.

La. You would stay at home?

El. Lo. Yes, Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Mistrefs, a Woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with Passions; but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Dover's* dreadful Cliff, passing in a poor Water-house, the dangers of the merciless Channel 'twixt that and *Callis*, five long Hours Sail, with three poor Weeks Victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English Host, to remove from City to City, by most chargeable Post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his Mother-tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible Labours) performed for your Mistrefs, to be in danger to forsake her, and put on new Allegiance to some French Lady, who is content to change Language with your Laughter; and after your whole year spent in Tennis and broken Speech, to stand to the hazard of being laugh'd at, at your return, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

El. Lo. You know your least Word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with Toys; but in this banishment I must take leave to say you are unjust; was one Kiss forc't from you in publick, by me, so unpardonable? Why all the Hours of Day and Night have seen us Kiss.

La. 'Tis true, and so you told the Company that heard me chide.

El. Lo. Your own Eyes were not dearer to you than I.

La. And so you told um.

El. Lo. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stain'd your Cheek; you your self knew you pure and simple Heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

La. I did; but if a Maids Heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own Face will write her guilty.

El. Lo. But where lay this Disgrace? The World that knew us, knew our Resolutions well; And could it be hop'd, that I should give away my Freedom, and venture a perpetual Bondage with one I never Kist? Or could I in strict Wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband?

La. Believe me, if my Wedding-smock were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the License come:
Were the Rosemary-branches dipt, and all
The Hippocras and Cakes eat and drunk off;
Were these two Arms encompass with the Hands
Of Batchelors, to lead me to the Church:
Were my Feet in the Door; were I *John*, said
If *John* should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year: And you I hope,
When you have spent this year commodiously,
In achieving Languages, will at your return
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine Eyes,
Than such a Friend: More talk I hold not now,
If you dare, go.

El. Lo. I dare, you know. First let me Kiss.

Lady. Farewel, sweet Servant; your Task performed,
On a new ground, as a beginning Sutor,
I shall be apt to hear you.

El. Lo. Farewel cruel Mistress.

[Exit *Lady*.

Enter Young Loveless and Savill.

To. Lo. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your Tide to *Gravesend*; you have a long half Mile by Land to *Greenwich*.

El. Lo. I go; But Brother, What yet unheard-of Course to live doth your Imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

To. Lo. Course; why Horse coursing I think; consume no time in this; I have no Estate to be mended by meditation; he that busies himself about my Fortunes, may properly be said to busie himself about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolve and open; If you will shape none, I must inform you, That Man persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

To. Lo. Why I'll live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that; you have fed others, and consequently dispos'd

of 'um; and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why, I'll Purse; if that raise me not, I'll Bet at Bowling-Allies, or Man Whores; I would fain live by others; but I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

El. Lo. I see you are ty'd to no particular Employment then.

Yo. Lo. Faith I may chuse my course; they say Nature brings forth none, but she provides for them; I'll try her Liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your Feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolv'd you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your care, *Savill*, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present Estate, but to his Birth and former Fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it he referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation Jersey Stockings, blew Devil's Breaches, with the Guards down, and my Pocket i'th Sleeves: I'll ne'er look you i'th Face again.

Sav. A comlier Wear I wifs it is, than those dangling Slops.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all Service peaceably, and him to Command you reasonably: I leave these farther directions in Writing, which at your best leisure together open and read.

Enter Abigail to them with a Jewel.

Abig. Sir, My Mistres commends her love to you in this token, and these Words; it is a Jewel (she says) which as a favour from her she would request you to wear till your years travel be performed; which once expired, she will happily expect your happy return.

El. Lo. Return my Service with such thanks, as she may imagine the Heart of a suddenly over-joyed Man would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I shall with slender Arguments persuade to wear this Diamond; that when my Mistres shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me. you may cast your Eye down to your Finger, and remember and speak of me. She will hear thee better than those allied by Birth to her; as we see many Men much sway'd by the Grooms of their Chambers; not that they have a greater part of their Love or Opinion on them, as on others; but for that they know their Secrets.

Abig. A my Credit I swear I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Sutors.

El. Lo. I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning, you know how to take Exception at their Shirts at washing, or to make the Maids Swear they found Plaisters in their Bed.

Abig. I know, I know, and do you not fear the Sutors.

El. Lo. Farewel, be mindful, and be happy; the Night calls me.

Exeunt omnes prater Abigail.

Abig. The gods of the Winds befriend you, Sir; a contant and a liberal Lover thou art, more such God send us.

*Enter Welford**Wel.* Let 'um not stand still, we have rid.*Abig.* A Sutor I know by his riding hard : I'll not be seen.*Wel.* A pretty Hall this : No Servant in't? I would look freshly.*Abig.* You have deliver'd your Errand to me then ; there's no danger in a handsome young Fellow : I'll shew my self.*Wel.* Lady, May it please you to bestow upon a Stranger the ordinary Grace of Salutation. Are you the Lady of this Houfe?*Abig.* Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.*Wel.* Lady, I should be as proud to be a Servant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.*Abig.* Sir, it is not so hard to atchieve, but Nature may bring it about.*Wel.* For these comfortable Words I remain your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home?*Abig.* She is no Stragler, Sir.*Well.* May her occasions admit me to speak with her?*Abig.* If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.*Wel.* I know your affable virtue will be moved to persuade her, that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a Nights lodging.*Abig.* I will commend this Message to her ; but if you aim at her Body, you will be deluded ; other Women of the Household's of as good Carriage and Government ; upon any of which, if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as Faithful, though not so Coy. *Exit Abigail.**Wel.* What a skin full of Lust is this? I thought I had come a Wooing, and I am the Courted Party. This is right Court-fashion : Men, Women, and all Woo, catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted Woman have infused any of her tenderness into her Lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?*Enter Sir Roger the Curate.**Rog.* God save you Sir : My Lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your Name, before she confer with you.*Wel.* Sir, my Name calls me *Welford*.*Rog.* Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good Name. I'll try his Wit.*Wel.* I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred years, Sir.*Rog.* I knew a worshipful and a religious Gentleman of your Name in the Bishoprick of *Durham*. Call'd you him Cousin?*Wel.* I am only allied to his Virtues, Sir.*Rog.* It is modestly said : I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.*Wel.* What's that, a Cross? there's a Tester.*Rog.* I mean the Name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.*Wel.*

Wel. 'Tis Harry; but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechism, for you have told me who gave me that Name. Shall I beg your Name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this House?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the Merrier: But may my boldness know why your Lady hath sent you to decipher my Name?

Rog. Her own Words were these: To know whether you were a formerly denied Sutor, disguised in this Message: For I can assure you she delights not in *Thalame: Hymen* and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste.

Exit Roger.

Wel. And much speed Sir, I hope: Certainly I am arrived amongst a Nation of new-found Fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit; if I had foreseen it, I would have laded my Breeches with Bells, Knives, Copper, and Glasses, to Trade with Women for their Virginities; yet I fear I should have betrayed my self to needless charge then. Here comes the walking Night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her Sorrow that you must take the pains to come up for so bad Entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master:

Rog. I am but a Batchelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending all under this Roof, from my Lady on her Down-bed, to the Maid in the Pease-straw.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

Rog. No, Sir, I do inculcate Divine Homilies within these Walls.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this House do often employ you on Errands without any scruple of Conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the Air many Mornings on Foot three or four Miles for Eggs; but why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your Function to bid my Man neglect his Horse a little to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you do so then; and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this House in the true way?

Rog. I do Sir.

Wel. And this door I hope conducts to your Lady?

Rog. Your Understanding is ingenious.

Ex. severally.

Enter Young Loveless and Savill with a Writing.

Sa. By your favour, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Yo. La. I shall bear your favour, Sir, cross me no more; I say they shall come in.

Sa. Sir, you forget then who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brothers Steward, his cast-off Mill-money, his Kitchen-Arithmetick.

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

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

Sa. Nay, then you stir my Duty, and I must tell you —

Yo. Lo. What wouldst thou tell me how Hops grow? Or hold some rotten discourse of Sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prethee farewell; and entertain my Friends; be drunk, and burn thy Table-books; and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I —

Sa. Good Sir remember.

Yo. Lo. I do remember thee, a foolish Fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks and Horse-fairs, and rose by Honey and Pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay then I must unfold your Brother's pleasure; these be the Lessons, Sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Prethee expound the first.

Sa. I leave to keep my House Three hundred pounds a year, and my Brother to dispose of it.

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

Sa. Whilst he bears himself like a Gentleman, and my credit falls not in him. Mark that, my good young Sir, mark that.

Yo. Lo. Nay if it be no more, I shall fulfil it; whilst my Legs will carry me, I'll bear my self like a Gentleman; but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward dear Steward.

Sa. Next it is my will, that he be furnish'd (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the obedience of my People.

Yo. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin Breeches. Your Wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or — you understand me, Sir? Proceed.

Sa. Yet, that my Steward keep his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildness with his care.

Yo. Lo. I'll hear no more, this is *Apocrypha*; bind it by it self, Steward.

Sa. This is your Brother's Will; and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you, Captains of Galley-foysits, such as in a clear day have seen *Callis*; Fellows that have no more of God, their their Oaths comes to; they wear Swords to reach fire at a Play; and get there the oyl'd end of a Pipe for their Guerdon; then the remnant of your Regiment are wealthy Tobacco-Merchants, that set up with one Ounce, and break for three; together with a Forlornhope of Poets: And all these look like *Carthuxians*, things without Linnen. Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Yo. Lo. I will either convert thee, O thou Pagan Steward, or presently confound thee and thy Reckonings. Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sa. Good Sir.

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

Sa. Are you my Masters Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a Face like an old *Ephemerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller.

Sa. Then God help all, I say.

Yo. Lo. I, and 'tis well said, my old Peer of *France*; welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads-y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry-Groat*.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love.

Sa. Sir, you will take my Purse.

Cap. And study to continue it.

Sa. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable Friend and Masters Brother hath given you to us for a worthy Fellow, and so we hug you, Sir.

Sa. Has given himself into the Hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir; are these the pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the Morals of the Age, the Virtues; Men made of Gold.

Sa. Of your Gold you mean, Sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a Man of War, and crys go on, and wears his Colours.

Sa. In's Nose.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant Field. This is a Traveller, Sir, knows Men and Manners; and has plow'd up the Sea so far, till both the Poles has knock'd; has seen the Sun take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their Kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare left there.

Sa. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more, Sir.

Sa. 'Tis enough a Conscience; sit down and rest you, you are at the end of the World already. Would you had as good a Living Sir, as this Fellow could lye you out of, he has a notable Gift in't.

Yo. Lo. This Ministers the Smoak, and this the Muses.

Sa. And you the Cloaths, and Meat, and Money; you have a goodly Generation of um, pray let them multiply, your Brother's House is big enough, and to say Truth, has too much Land, hang it dirt.

Yo. Lo. Why now thou art a loving Stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent-Books, thou hast a weak Brain, *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a year; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Cap. Merry as Mirth and Wine, my lovely *Lovelefs*.

Poet. A serious look shall be a Jury to excommunicate any Man from our Company.

Trav. We will not talk wisely neither.

Yo. Lo. What think you, Gentlemen, by all this Revenue in drink?

Cap. I am all for Drink.

Trav. I am dry till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry *Anien* to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and dye o'th *Corum*.

Yo. Lo. It shall be so; wee'l have it all in Drink, let Meat and Lodging go, th'are transitory, and shew Men meerly Mortal; then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a fresh one; we'll keep no powder'd Flesh; all these we have by Warrant, under the title of Things necessary. Here, upon this place I ground it; the obedience of my People, and all necessaries. Your Opinions, Gentlemen?

Cap. 'Tis plain and evident he meant Wenches.

Sa. Good Sir let me expound it.

Cap. Here be as found Men as your self, Sir, to expound it.

Poet. This do I hold to be the Interpretation of it; in this Word [*Necessary*] is concluded all that be Helps to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Yo. Lo. Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by these Words, [*The Obedience of my People*] you Steward being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Cap. He is, he is.

Yo. Lo. Steward, attend us for Instructions.

Sa. But will you keep no House, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Nothing but Drink, Sir; three hundred pounds in Drink.

Sa. O miserable House, and miserable I that live to see it! Good Sir, keep some Meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good Whores; and for your part, *Savil*, I'll board you in an Alehouse; you shall have Cheefe and Onions.

Sa. What shall become of me! no Chimney smoaking!
Well Prodigal, your Brother will come home.

Exit.

Yo. Lo. Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches; three hundred pounds in Drink.

Omnes. O brave *Loveless*!

Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Lady, her Sister Martha, Welford, Abigail, and others.

Lady. SIR, now you see your bad Lodging, I must bid you Good-night.

Wel. If there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that complaint. Once more Good-night.

Wel. Once more, dear Lady, and then all sweet Nights.

Lady. Dear Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the Morrow prove better to me? Shall I hope my suit happier by this Nights rest?

Lady. Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a Stranger you have had all my welcome; but had I known your Errand e'er you came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, Good-night.

Exit Lady.

Wel. So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, Good-night.

Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, I'll press your zeal so far:

Rog. O Lord, Sir!

Wel. Do you love Tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your reverence I'll be bold.

Wel. Pray light it, Sir. How do ye like it?

Rog. I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed; it is wet, Sir; Lord how it brings down Rhume.

Wel. Handle it again Sir, you have a warm Text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever promised for it; I promise you it is very powerful, and by a Trope Spiritual, for certainly it moves in sundry places.

Wel. I, it does Sir, and me especially to ask Sir, Why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Assuredly I will speak the Truth unto you; you shall understand Sir, that my Head is broken, and by whom, even by that visible Beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler! certainly he had all his Drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Caslock! The offence, Sir.

Rog. Reproving him at Tre-trip, Sir, for Swearing; you have the total surely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was set a tilt, and so he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see these Gentlewomen to Night?

Rog. Have patience, Sir, until our Fellow *Nicholas* be deceas'd, that is, asleep, for so the Word is taken; to sleep, to die; to die, to sleep; a very Figure, Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewoman?

Rog. Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave; his Grave, his Bed; the very same again, Sir. Our Comick Poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loop-holes, and will discover to our Patroness.

Wel. Your Comment, Sir, hath made me understand you.

Enter Martha the Ladies Sister, and Abigail to them with a Posset.

Rog. Sir be address; the Graces do salute you with a full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe.

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

Mar. No, he outsnores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this curtesie shall bind a Stranger to you, ever your Servant.

Mar. Sir, my Sisters strictness makes not us forget you are a stranger, and a Gentleman.

Abig. In sooth Sir, were I changed into my Lady, a Gentleman so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this foul Familiar chews the Cud: from thee and three and fifty, good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you sit down and take a Spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, Lady.

Mar. It is our best Banquet, Sir.

Rog. Shall we give Thanks?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewoman already, Sir.

Mar. Good Sir Roger keep that breath to cool your part o'th Posset, you may chance have a scalding zeal else; and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your self; would you could like this Sir.

Wel. I would your Sister would like me as well, Lady.

Mar. Sure, Sir, she would not eat you: But banish that imagination. She's only wedded to her self, lies with her self, and loves her self; and for another Husband than her self, he may knock at the Gate, but ne'r come in. Be wife, Sir, she's a Woman, and a trouble, and has her many Faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, she'll do worse; would I were worthy his least grief, Mistress Martha.

Wel. Now I must over-hear her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all with all my Heart; I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said old Sayings.

Wel. She looks like one. Gentlewoman, you keep your Word, your sweet self has made the bottom sweeter.

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

Wel. My self for you, to please you. That smile hath turn'd my Stomack

This

This is right the old Emblem of the Mowl cropping of Thistles : Lord what a Hunting Head she carries ! Sure she has been ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver me !

Rog. Do I Dream, or do I wake? Surely I know not: Am I rubb'd off? Is this the way of all my Morning-Prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but Grass, and Woman as a Flower. Did I for this consume my Quarters in Meditations, Vows, and Wooded her in Heroical Epistles? Did I expound the Owl, and undertook with labour and experience the collection of those thousand pieces consum'd in Cellars and Tobacco-shops, of that our honoured Englishman *N. B.*? Have I done this? And am I done thus to? I will end with the Wise-man, and say, He that holds a Woman, has an Eel by the Tail.

Mar. Sir, 'tis so late, and our Entertainment (meaning our Posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest; let what the House has, be at your command, Sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you, Lady; and to you what you desire too.

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

Wel. Heaven keep me from that Curse, and all my Issue.

Good-night Antiquity.

Exeunt.

Rog. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.* But I alone.

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my Man come to me? And requesting a greater measure of your Learning, Good-night good Master *Roger*.

Rog. Good Sir, Peace be with you.

Exit Roger.

Wel. Adieu dear *Domine*. Half a dozen such in a Kingdom would make a Man forswear Confession; for who that had but half his Wits about him, would commit the Counsel of a serious Sin, to such a cruel Night-cap?

Why how now, shall we have an Antique?

Enter Ser.

Whose head do you carry upon your Shoulders, that you jole it so against the post? Is't for your ease? Or have you seen the Cellar; Where are my Slippers, Sir?

Ser. Here Sir.

Wel. Where Sir? Have you got the Pot-verdugo? Have you seen the Horses, Sir?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Wel. Have they any Meat?

Ser. Faith Sir, they have a kind of wholsome Rushes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith, Sir, here are no Oats to be got, unless you'll have 'um in Porridge, the People are so mainly given to Spoon-meat; yonder's a cast of Coach-mares of the Geutlewoman's, the strangest Cattel!

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparent, Sir, you may see through them, and such a House.

Wel. Come Sir, the Truth of your discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in Tribes like *Jews*; the Kitchin and the Dairy make one

Tribe, and have their Faction and Fornication within themselves: The Battery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost: The Chambers are entire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher than my knowledge: but this I am sure, between these Copulations a Stranger is kept virtuous, that is fasting. But of all this, the Drink Sir.

Wel. What of that Sir?

Ser. Faith Sir, I will handle it, as the time and your patience will give me leave. This Drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three Spoonfuls kills the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold Palfie.

Wel. Sir, you be-lye the House.

Ser. I would I did Sir. But as I am a true Man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses Hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir; for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-ty'd of these commendations. Light me the Candle, Sir, I'll hear no more.

Enter Young Lovelefs and his Comrades, with Wenches and Two Fidlers.

Yo. Lo. Come my brave Man of War, trace out thy Darling:

And you my Learned Council, set and turn Boys:

Kiss till the Cow come Home; kiss close, kiss close Knaves.

My Modern Poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

Enter with Wine.

Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.

This is no pay for Fidlers.

Cap. O my dear Boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain

Makes thee his *Hilas*, his Delight, his Solace.

Love thy brave Man of War, and let thy bounty

Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our main potation,

Five Marks in hatchments to adorn this Thigh,

Crampt with this rest of Peace, and I will Fight

Thy Battles.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt have't Boy, and flie in Feather:

Lead on a March, you Michers.

Enter Savill.

Sa. O my Head! O my Heart! What a Noise and Change is here! would I had been cold i'th Mouth before this day, and ne'er have liv'd to see this Dissolution. He that lives within a Mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an Iron Mill. There's a dead Sea of drink i'th Cellar, in which goodly Vessels lie wrackt; and in the middle of this Deluge appears the tops of Flaggons, and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th Marshes.

Yo. Lo. What art thou come! My sweet Sir *Aeneas*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou shalt kiss my *Hellen*, and Court her in a Dance.

Sa. Good Sir consider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider, Gentlemen? How say you?

Cap. Consider, that were a simple toy i'faith: Consider! whose Morals that? The Man that crys Consider, is our Foe, let my Steel know him.

To. Lo. Stay thy dead-doing Hand, he must not die yet; 'prethee be calm

Cap. Peasant, Slave, thou Groom; compos'd of Grudgings, live and thank
El. Lo. Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else. The next *Consider* kills thee.

To. Lo. Let him drink down his Word again in a Gallon of Sack.

Cap. 'Tis but a snuff, make it two Gallons, and let him do it Kneeling in
 Repentance.

Sa. Nay rather kill me, there's but a Lay-man lost. Good Captain do
 your Office.

To. Lo. Thou shalt Drink Steward; Drink and Dance my Steward. Strike
 him a Horn-pipe Squeakers; take thy Striver, and pace her till she Stew.

Sa. Sure, Sir, I cannot Dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light
 for me; Pray break my Head, and let me go.

Cap. He shall Dance, he shall Dance.

To. Lo. He shall Dance, and Drink, and be Drunk; and Dance, and be
 Drunk again; and shall see no Meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

To. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveless disguised.

Sa. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all; my business is to one Master *Loveless*.

Cap. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him, and take his Inventory,
 he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no less, Sir.

To. Lo. Sir, your business?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath; yet I am sworn to:
 Would some other Tongue would speak it for me.

To. Lo. Out with it a God's Name.

El. Lo. All I desire, Sir, is the patience and sufferance of a Man; and good
 Sir be not mov'd more:

To. Lo. Then a Pottle of Sack will do; here's my Hand; 'prethee thy bu-
 siness?

El. Lo. Good Sir excuse me; and whatsoever you hear, think must have
 been known unto you; and be your self discreet, and bear it nobly.

To. Lo. 'Prethee dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your Brother's dead Sir.

To. Lo. Thou dost not mean Dead Drunk?

El. Lo. No, no, Dead and Drown'd at Sea Sir.

To. Lo. Art sure he's Dead?

El. Lo. Too sure Sir.

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

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

To. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but ne'er to call you Brother.

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had Water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure Sir he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here, I forgive thee; and if aith be plain, How do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wisely, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some Wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd; these transitory toys ne'er trouble me; he's in a better place, my Friend, I know't. Some Fellows would have cry'd now, and have curst thee, and faln out with their Meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him; there's the right use on't, Friend. Off with thy drink, thou hast a Spice of Sorrow makes thee dry, fill him another. *Savill*, your Masters dead, and who am I now, *Savill*? Nay, let's all bear it well; wipe, *Savill*, wipe, tears are but thrown away; we shall have Wenches now, shall we not *Savill*?

Sa. Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Sa. Yes forsooth Sir.

Yo. Lo. And you'll strain cur'sie, and be drunk a little.

Sa. I will strive, Sir, to do my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Sa. In time the sturdy Oak, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Some more Wine for my Friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anon for my good News; but I have a loving Brother, that's my comfort.

Yo. Lo. Here's to you, Sir, this is the worst I wish you for your News; and if I had another elder Brother, and say it were his chance to feed Haddocks, I should be still the same you see me now, a poor contented Gentleman. More Wine for my Friend there, he's dry again.

El. Lo. I shall be, if I follow this beginning. Well, my dear Brother, if I 'scape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink, you shall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more; pray you let me have your pardon.

Yo. Lo. O Lord, Sir, 'tis your modesty; more Wine, give him a bigger Glass; hug him my Captain, thou shalt be my chief Mourner.

Cap. And this my Penon: Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God I bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them so far again. Here's to you, Sir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear Steward; down a your Knees you Infidel, you Pagan, be Drunk and Penitent.

Sa. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a Bawd, I'll have thee a brave Bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my business is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go. Fill's a new stoop.

El. Lo. I dare not Sir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a Wench? I would fain gratifie you for the pains you took, Sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

Yo. Lo. If you find any stirring, 'do but say so.

El. Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that itching, you shall as-
fwage it, Sir, before another; this only, and farewel Sir. Your Brother,
when the storm was most extream, told all about him, he left a Will, which
lies close behind a Chimney in the Matted Chamber. And so as well, Sir, as
you have made me able, I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us embrace him all; if you grow dry before you end your busi-
ness, pray take a bait here; I have a fresh Hogs-head for you.

Sa. You shall neither will nor chuse Sir. My Master is a wonderful fine
Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state, Sir; I am his Steward Sir, and his Man.

El. Lo. Would you were your own, Sir, as I left you.
Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sa. Farewel Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lo. what would you with me Sir?

Sa. Farewel Gentleman.

El. Lo. O sleep Sir, sleep.

Exit. El. Lo.

Yo. Lo. Well Boys, you see what's falln, let's in and Drink, and give thanks
for it.

Sa. Let's in and Drink, and give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk as I live.

Sa. Drunk as I live, Boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine Office, and cast up a
Reckoning of some weight; I will be Knighted, for my State will bear it, 'tis
fifteen hundred, Boys. Off with your husks, I'll skin you all in Sattin.

Cap. O sweet *Lovelesfs*.

Sa. All in Sattin! O sweet *Lovelesfs*!

Yo. Lo. March in, my Noble Compeers; and this my Countess shall be led
by two; and so proceed we to the Will.

Exeunt.

Enter Morecraft the Usurer, and Widow.

Mor. And Widow, as I say, be you your own Friend; your Husband left
yon wealthy, I and wife; continue so, sweet Duck, continue so. Take heed
of young smooth Varlets, younger Brothers; they are Worms that will eat
through your Bags; they are very Lighting, that with a flash or two will melt
your Money, and never singe your Purse-strings. They are Colts, (Wench)
Colts heady and dangerous, till we take 'um up, and make 'um fit for Bonds.
Look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment, Girl; matter of
moment; you may meet with a worse back, I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, Sir.

Mor. Yet thus far by your favour, Widow, 'tis tuff.

Wid. And therefore not for my Diet. for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow, leave your frumps, and be edified; you know my
state; I sell no Perspectives, Scarfs, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my trust
in shoo-tyes; and where your Husband in an Age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd
with Meal, and powder'd Sugar, Saunders, and Grains, Worm-feed, and rot-
ten Raisins, and such vile Tobacco, that made the Foot-men mangy: I in a
year

year have put up hundreds inclos'd. My Widow, those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage, for which the poor Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes for his Ale, and dares not beat his Hostess: Nay more——

Widow. Good Sir, no more; what e'er my Husband was, I know what I am; and if you Marry me, you must beat it bravely off Sir.

Mor. Not with the Head, sweet Widow.

Wid. No sweet Sir, but with your Shoulders: I must have you dub'd, for under that I will not stoop a Feather. My Husband was a Fellow lov'd to toy, fed ill, made Gain his Exercise, and so grew Costive, which for I was his Wife, and gave way to, and spun mine own Smocks course, and Sir, so little; but let that pass; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this Husband, who in penitence of such fruitless five years Marriage, left me great with his Wealth; which if you'll be a worthy Gossip to, be Knighted, Sir.

Enter Savill.

Mor. Now Sir, from whence come you? Whose Man are you Sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Master *Loveless*.

Mor. Be silent, Sir, I have no Money, not a Penny for you; he's sunk, your Master's sunk, a perisht Man, Sir.

Sa. Indeed his Brother's sunk, Sir, God be with him, a perisht Man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Mor. How saidst thou, good my Friend, his Brother drown'd!

Sa. Untimely Sir, at Sea.

Mor. And thy young Master left sole Heir.

Sa. Yes Sir.

Mor. And he wants Money.

Sa. Yes, and sent me to you, for he's now to be Knighted.

Mor. Widow be Wise, there's more Land coming. Widow, be very Wise, and give Thanks for me, Widow.

Wid. Be you very Wise, and be Knighted, and then give Thanks for me Sir.

Sa. What says your Worship to this Money?

Mor. I say he may have the Money if he please.

Sa. A Thousand Sir.

Mor. A Thousand Sir, provided my Wife Sir, his Land lie for the payment; otherwise.

Enter Young Loveless, and Comrades to them.

Sa. He's here himself Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear Friend, and worthy Master *Loveless*, and now Right Worshipful, all joy and welcome.

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear Incloser, Master *Morecraft*, prethee old Angel-gold, salute my Family, I'll do as much for thine; this and your own desires fair Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours Sir, if you mean well. 'Tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my Brother's dead.

Mor. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time Soust for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Drown'd! Drown'd at Sea Man! by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall hear more.

Mor. Now by the Faith of my Body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Ass; and weep for the Dead? Why I thought nothing but a general Inundation would have mov'd thee; 'prethee be quiet, he hath left his Land behind him.

Mor. Oh! has he so!

Yo. Lo. Yes 'faith, I thank him for't, I have all Boy; hast any ready Money?

Mor. Will you sell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. No, not out right, good Gripe; Marry, a Mortgage, or such a slight security.

Mor. I have no Money fit for Mortgage; if you will sell, and all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Sa. Good Sir look afore you he'll work you out of all else; if you sell your Land, you have sold your Country, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and break your Teeth with Biskets and hard Beef; that must have watering, Sir; and where's your Three hundred pounds a year in drink then? If you'll turn up the *Streights*, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a Cannon; nor no scoring but on your Ship sides; and then if you 'scape with Life, and take a Faggot Boat, and a Bottle of *Ufquebagh*, come home poor Man, like a type of *Thamestreet*, stinking of Pitch and *Poor John*. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loath to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Ass, a meazel'd Mungrel; and were it not against the Peace of my Sovereign Friend here, I would break your fore-casting Coxcomb, Dog I would, even with thy staff of Office there, thy Pen and Inkhorn. Noble Boy, the God of Gold here has fed thee well, take Money for thy Dirt: Hark and believe, thou art cold of Constitution, thy Seat unhealthful; sell and be wise; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own Heart, Child: Mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the blackey'd Beauties of the time. Money makes Men immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, 'tis the noblest course; then you may live without the charge of People, only we four will make a Family; I, and an Age that will beget new *Annals*, in which I'll write thy Life, my Son of Pleasure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Lo. What Men were they, Captain?

Cap. Two roaring Boys of *Rome* that made all split.

Yo. Lo. Come Sir, what dare you give?

Sa. You will not sell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Who told you so, Sir?

Sa. Good Sir have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof. What Money? speak.

Mor. Six thousand pounds, Sir.

Cap. Take it; he has overbidden by this Hand; bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come strike me luck with Earnest; and draw the Writings.

Mor. There is six Angels in earnest.

Sa. Sir, for my old Masters sake let my Farm be excepted; if I become his Tenant,

Tenant, I am undone, my Children Beggars, and my Wife God knows what; consider me, dear Sir.

Mor. I'll have all or none.

To Lo. All in, all in, dispatch the Writings.

Exit with Com.

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed Fellow; would thou wert wiser.

Sa. Now do I sensibly begin to feel my self a Rascal; would I could teach a School, or beg, or lye well; I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his Mercy.

Exit Sav.

Mcr. Come Widow, come, never stand upon a Knighthood, 'tis a meer Paper Honour, and not proof enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, I'll make thee—

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this Sir, no Knight, no Widow; if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady: And so I take my leave.

Mrr. Farewel sweet Widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me Dream, Sir. *Ex. Wid.*

Mor. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her; and say I be at the charge to pay the Footmen and the Trumpets, I and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the Subsidy, and so by consequence should prove a Coxcomb: I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the Land is mine. There's some refreshing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Abigail, and drops her Glove.

Abig. IF he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's Man enough, up goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Wel. This is the strangest pamper'd piece of Flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty cop't withal; what a trim *lewoy* here she has put upon me! these Women are a proud kind of Cattel, and love this Whoreson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins Bawds to their Flesh. Here's Dog-skin and Storax sufficient to kill a Hawk; what to do with it, besides nailing it up amongst *Irish* Heads of Teer, to shew the mightiness of her palm, I know not; there she is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have lost your Glove.

Abig. No Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, Lady, to restore it.

Abig. It will be uncivil in me to take back a Favour Fortune hath so well bestowed; Sir, pray wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a Bell. But hark you Mistress, what hidden virtue is there in this Glove, that you would have me wear it? Is't good against for
Eyes

Eyes? Or will it charm the Tooth-ake? Or these red tops being steeped in White-wine Soluble, wil't kill the Itch? Or has it so conceal'd a Providence to keep my Hand from Bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare Glove of half a Crown a pair, 'twill be but half a curtesie, I wear two always; 'faith let's draw cuts, one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance; he's a well moulded Fellow, and I wonder his Blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want of company, I must grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveless disguised.

El. Lo. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: This is somewhat rude; how came you hither?

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

Wel. What are you? and what business have you here?

El. Lo. More I believe than you have.

Abig. Who would this Fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

El. Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleep.

Wel. 'Prethee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay Man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'st be, a Soldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

El. Lo. No, not with Women; I come here to speak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine Fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet, I am but new come over; direct me with your Ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine Sir. Lady, if there be a better of your Sex within this House, I say I would see her.

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, Sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'll be too good; pray end my business. This is another Sutor. O frail Woman!

Wel. This Fellow with his bluntness hopes to do more than the long suits of a thousand could; though he be slow, he's quick, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speak with you, she is more serious; you smell as if you were new chalkt; go and be handsome, and then you may sit with the Serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you, Sir?

Wel. Troth guess by my outside.

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

Abig. How many lives hast thou, that thou talkest thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one Life, Sir, maintain you ever in such bold sawciness?

El. Lo. Yes, amongst a Nation of such Men as you are, and be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak with this Lady?

The Scornful Lady.

Abig. No by my troth shall you not.

El. Lo. I must stay here then.

Wel. That you shall not neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing I'll tell you:

This is no place for such Companions:

Such lowsie Gentlemen shall find their business

'better i'th' Suburbs; there your strong pitch-perfume,

Mingled with lees of Ale, shall reek in fashion.

This is no *Thamesstreet*, Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informs you truly.

'Prethee be satisfied, and seek the Suburbs;

Good Captain, or what ever Title else

The warlike Eel boats have bestowed upon thee;

Go and reform thy self, 'prethee be sweeter,

And know my Lady speaks with no such Swabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your Tradition

Of Wit you pick from Plays; go to, I have found ye;

And for you, tender Sir, whose gentle Blood

Runs in your Nose, and makes you snuff at all

But three pil'd People; I do let you know

He that begot your Worship's Sattin Suit,

Can make no Men, Sir; I will see this Lady,

And with the reverence of your Silkenship,

In these old Ornament.

Wel. You will not sure.

El. Lo. Sure, Sir, I shall.

Abig. You would be beaten out.

El. Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,

Pray who shall beat me; This good Gentleman

Looks as he were o'th Peace.

Wel. Sir, you shall see that; will you get you out?

El. Lo. Yes that, that shall correct your Boys Tongue.

Dare you fight? I will stay here still.

Abig. O their things are out! help, help for God's sake.

Madam, they foin at one another.

Madam! why who is within there?

Enter Lady.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness?

Wel. This uncivil Fellow

He says he comes from Sea, where I believe

H'as purg'd away his Manners.

Lady. Why, what of him?

Wel. Why he will rudely, without once God bless you,

Pres to your Privacies; and no denial

Must stand betwixt your Person and his business:

I let go his ill Language.

They draw.

Lady.

Lady. Sir, have you business with me?

El. Lo. Madam, some I have.

But none so serious to pawn my Life for't;
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you.
Such Knights o'th *Sin* as this is, to defie
Men of Employment to ye, you may live,
But in what Fame?

La. Pray stay Sir; who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He stung his wild Words at me: But to you
I think he did no Honour. to deny
The haste I come withal, a passage to you,
Though I seem course.

Lady. Excuse me gentle Sir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And shall have no protection. And to you, Sir,
You have shew'd more Heat than Wit; and from your self
Have borrowed Power I never gave you here,
To do those wild unmanly things: My House
Is no blind Street to swagger in; and my Favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts.

So far, that I should make you Master of my business.
My credit yet stands fairer with the People,
Than to be try'd with Sword. And they that come
To do me service, must not think to win me
With a hazard of a Murther. If your love
Consist in fury, carry it to the Camp,
And there in Honour of some common Mistress,
Shorten your Youth. I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave a while Sir.

Wel. You must have it.

Exit Welford.

Lady. Now Sir, your business?

El. Lo. First, I thank you for Schooling this young Fellow,
Whom his own follies, which are prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance.
Next, I should rall at you; but you are a Woman,
And anger's lost upon you.

Lady. Why at me, Sir?

I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,

I must confess I have the least share in,
Because the least acquaintance: But there be
(if there be Honour in the minds of Men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good Men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your black Memory.

Lady. How is this, good Sir.

El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a Soul, will choak it.
Y'ave kill'd a Gentleman.

Lady. I kill'd a Gentleman!

El. Lo. You and your Cruelty have kill'd him, Woman,
And such a Man (let me be angry in't)

Whose least worth weigh'd above all Women's Virtues

That are: I spare you all to come too. Guess him now.

Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot Sir.

El. Lo. Repent you mean: Are you a perfect Woman,
And, as the first was, made for Man's undoing?

Lady. Sir, you have mist your way, I am not she.

El. Lo. Would he had mist his way too, though he had
Wander'd farther than Women are ill spoken of,
So he had mist this Misery, you Lady.

Lady. How do you do, Sir?

El. Lo. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep my self from temptations.

Lady. Pray leap into the matter: Whither would ye?

El. Lo. You had a Servant that your peevishness
Injoin'd to Travel.

Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and should be griev'd 'twere otherwise.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead:

How you will answer for his worth, I know not:

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

Were stark mad; else he might have liv'd

To have given a stronger Testimony to the World

Of what he might have been. He was a Man

I knew but in his Evening, ten Suns after

Forc'd by Tyrant-storm, our beaten Bark

Bulg'd under us; in which sad parting blow,

He call'd upon his Saint, but not for Life,

On you unhappy Woman; and whilst all

Sought to preserve their Souls, he desperately

Imbrac'd a Wave, crying to all that saw it;

If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me

To this untimely end, and make her happy:

His name was *Loveless*; and I scap't the storm,

And now you have my business.

Lady. 'Tis too much.

Would I had been that storm, he had not perisht.

If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, Sir.

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

Come from his ruine, I shall justly suffer

What they can say. I do confess my self

A guilty cause in this. I would say more,

But grief is grown too great to be delivered.

El. Lo. I like this well; these Women are strange things;
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep;
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with these tears at home.

Lady. Would you had told me then so, these two Arms had been his Sea.

El. Lo. Trust me, you move me much; but say he lived, these were forgotten things again.

La. I, say you so? Sure I should know that voice; this is Knavery, I'll fit you for it. Were he living, Sir, I would persuade you to be charitable, I, and confes we are not all so ill as your opinion holds us. Oh my Friend, what Penance shall I put upon my Fault, upon my most unworthy self for this?

El. Lo. Leave them to others, 'twas some jealousy that turn'd him desperate.

Lady. I'll be with you straight; Are you wrung there?

El. Lo. This works amain upon her.

Lady. I do confes there is a Gentleman has born me long good will.

El. Lo. I do not like that.

Lady. And vowed a thousand services to me, to me regardless of him: But since Fate, that no Power can withstand, has taken from me my first and best Love, and to weep away my Youth is a meer folly, I will shew you what I determine Sir, you shall knowall: Call Mr. *Welford* there. That Gentleman I mean to make the Model of my Fortunes, and in his chaste Embraces keep alive the Memory of my lost lovely *Loveless*: He is somewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love?

Lady. Yes certainly Sir.

Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,

I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.

El. Lo. I have made my self a fine Fool.

Enter *Welford*.

Wel. Would you have spoken with me, Madam?

Lady. Yes Mr. *Welford*, and I ask your pardon before this Gentleman, for being forward; this Kiss, and henceforth more affection.

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

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

This Fellow out of his fear, sure has

Perswaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't.

Lady. A parting Kiss, and Good Sir let me pray you

To wait me in the Gallery.

Wel. I am in another World. Madam, where you please.

Ex. *Welf.*

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

Lady. Now Sir you see I am no such hard-hearted Creature.

But time may win me.

El. Lo. You have forgot your lost Love.

Lady. Alas Sir, What would you have me to do? I cannot call him back again with sorrow; I'll love this Man as dearly, and bestrow me I'll keep him far enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wife Woman, that my first Love should be drown'd; and see, 'tis come about.

El.

El. Lo. I would she had told you, your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about. But this is very strange?

Lady. Faith Sir, consider all, and then I know you'll be of my Mind. If weeping could redeem him, I would weep still.

El. Lo. But say that I were *Loveless*,
And scap't the storm, how would you answer this?

Lady. Why for that Gentleman I would leave all the World.

El. Lo. This young thing too!

Lady. This young thing too,
Or any young thing else; why, I would lose my state.

El. Lo. Why then he lives still, I am he, your *Loveless*.

Lady. Alas I knew it Sir, and for that purpose prepared this Pageant; get you to your task, and leave these Players trick, or I shall leave you, indeed I shall. Travel, or know menot.

El. Lo. Will you then Marry?

Lady. I will not promise, take your choice. Farewel.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman.
I must do something.

Exit Loveless.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Mistress, I am bold.

Lady. You are indeed.

Wel. You so overjoyed me, Lady.

Lady. Take heed you surfeit not; pray fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light you love me extremely.

Lady. By this light and to morrows light I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.

Wel. I like this Mirth well, Lady.

Lady. You shall have more on't.

Wel. I must Kiss you.

Lady. No, Sir.

Wel. Indeed I must.

Lady. What must be, must be: I'll take my leave; you have your parting-blow; I pray commend me to those few Friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them, When you travel next, 'twere fit you brought less Bravery with you, and more Wit; you'll never get a Wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

Lady. Yes'faith. Will you eat Sir? Your Horses will be ready straight; you shall have a Napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

Wel. Do not you love me then?

Lady. Yes for that Face.

Wel. It is a good one, Lady.

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

Wel. Methinks yours is none of the best, Lady.

Lady. No by my troth Sir; yet o my Conscience
You would make shift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this.

Lady

Lady. I will not, Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentleman's Horfes, he's in hafte; and fet some cold meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you Lady; take your Chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, Lady.

Lady. Farewel young Man.

Exit Lady.

Wel. You have made me one; Farewel, and may the Curfe of a great Houfe fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The Devil and all his Works are in thefe Women; would all of my Sex were of my Mind, we would make 'um a new Lent, and a long one, that Flefh might be in more reverence with them.

Enter Abigail to him.

Ab. I am forry Mafter *Welford*.

Wel. So am I, that thou art here.

Abig. How does my Lody use you?

Wel. As I would use thee, fcurvily.

Abig. I fhould have been more kind, Sir.

Wel. I fhould have been undone then. Pray leave me, and look to your sweet-meats. Hark, your Lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I fhall borrow fo much time without offence.

Wel. Thou art nothing but offence; for love's fake leave me.

Abig. 'Tis ftrange my Lady fhould be fuch a Tyrant.

Wel. To fend you to me; pray go fitch, good do, y'are more trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will (if I faid love, I lyed not) fhould any way deserve this.

Wel. A thoufand ways, a thoufand ways; sweet Creature let me depart in Peace

Abig. What Creature, Sir? I am a Woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think by your noife.

Abig. Since you are angry, Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a Woman, and a rib

Wel. Of a roafted Horfe.

Abig. Confter me that:

Wel. A Dog can do it better; farewel Countefs, and commend me to your Lady, tell her fh's proud and fcurvey; and fo I commit you both to your Tempter

Abig. Sweet Mafter *Welford*.

Wel. Avoid old *Satanus*; Go daub your ruins; thy Face looks fouler than a Storm; the Foot-man ftays you in the Lobby, Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I fhould know it by your gentle conditions; are thefe fit Words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for ye. Sirrah! my Horfes! Farewel old Adage, keep your Nofe warm, the Rhenme will make it horn elfe.

Exit Wel.

Abig. The Blessings of a Prodigal young Heir be thy Companion, *Welford*, Marry come up my Gentleman, are your Gums grown fo tender, they cannot bite? A skittifh Filly will be your Fortune, *Welford*, and fair enough for fuch a Pack-faddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to fee her made ro amble to your Hand.

Exit Abig.

Enter Young Lovelefs and Comrades, Morecraft, Widow, Savill, and the reft.

Cap. Save thy brave Shoulder, my young puiffant Knight; and may thy

Back

Backsword bite them to the Bone that love the not; thou art an errant Man, go on: The circumcised shall fall by thee. Let Land and Labour fill the Man that tills, thy Sword must be thy Plow, and *Jove* it speed. *Mecha* shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and thy dear Name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

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

Mor. Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too, I hope.

Cap. Thou shalt have Heart and Hand too, Noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me Money. I am a Man of Garrison, be rul'd, and open to me those Infernal Gates, whence none of thy evil Angels pass again, and I will stile thee Noble; nay *Don Diego*, I will woo thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall Feast her with high Meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me Captain; y'are beside my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captains meaning I should prepare her for ye.

Cap. Or provoke her.

Speak my modern Man, I say provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it; so say the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But howsoever you expound it Sir, she's very welcome, and this shall serve for Witness. And *Widow*, since y'are come so happily, you may deliver up the Keys, and free possession of this House, whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me.

'Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that, *Widow*; come sit down, some Wine there; there is a scurvy Banquet, if we had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this fair House is yours, Sir. *Savil*?

Sa. Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. Are your Keys ready? I must ease your burthen.

Sav. I am ready Sir to be undone, when you shall call me to't.

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

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my Friends i'th Fields sunning against a bank, with half a breech among 'um, I shall be with 'um shortly, The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this Rascal; what shall become of my poor Family? they are no Sheep, and yet they must keep themselves.

Yo. Lo. Drink Mr. *Morecraft*, pray be merry all:

Nay, and you will not drink, there's no Society.

Captain, speak loud, and drink. *Widow*, a word?

Cap. Expound her thoroughly, Knight. Here god a gold, here's to thy fair Possessions. Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young Heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimneys smoke, feed Men o'War, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

Mor. I thank you worthy Captain for your Counsel; you keep your Chimneys smoaking there, your Nostrils; and when you can, you feed a Man of War; this makes you not a Baron, but a Bare one; and how or when you shall be saved, let the Clerk o'th Company you have commanded, have a just care of.

Poet. The Man is much moved. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings. Let your displeasure be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home and bitterly to me, Sir: Captain, take truce, the Miser is a tart and witty Whorson. *Cap.*

Cap. Poet, you say perdie; the Wit of this Man lies in his Fingers ends, he must tell all; his Tongue fills his Mouth like a Neats tongue, and only serves to lick his hungry Chaps after a Purchase; his Brains and Brimstone are the Devils diet to a fat Usurers Head; to her Knight, to her, clap her aboard, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor Friend and *Savil*, Sir.

Cap. Away, th'art rich in tenements of Nature. First in thy Face, thou hast a serious Face, a betting, bargaining, and saving Face, a rich Face; pawn it to the Usurer; a Face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

Sav. 'Tis such I shall not dare to shew it shortly, Sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward. *Mr. Morecraft.*
Drink to this Man of reckoning.

Mor. Here's e'ne to him.

Sav. The Devil guide it downward; would there were i'nt an Aker of the great Broom Field he bought, to sweep your dirty Conscience, or to choak you, 'tis all one to me, Usurer.

Yo. Lo. Consider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly business: Is it fit one of such tenderness, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stir and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin? Eat by the hope of Surfeits, and lie down only in expectation of a Morrow, that may undo some easie-hearted Fool, or reach a Widow's Curses; let out Money whose Use returns the Principal; and get out of these Troubles, a consuming Heir; for such a one must follow necessary, you shall die hated, if not old and miserable; and that possessest Wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to anothers Hands, that is no more a-kin to you, than you to his Cozenage.

Wid. Sir, you speak well, would God that Charity had first begun here.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis yet time. Be merry; methinks you want Wine there, there's more i'th House. Captain, where rests the Health.

Cap. It shall go round Boy.

Yo. Lo. Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so far bow below your Blood, below your too much Beauty, to be a Partner of this Fellow's Bed, and lie with his Diseases? If you can, I will not press you farther; yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound Usurer, that Man of mat, that all decay'd, but aches, for you to love, unless his perish't Lungs, his dry Cough, or his Scurvy. This is truth, and so far I dare speak yet; he has yet, past cure of Physick, Spaw, or any Diet, a primitive Pox in his Bones, and a'my knowledge he has been ten times rowel'd; ye may love him, he had a Bastard, his own toward Issue, whipt, and then cropt, for washing out the Roses in three Farthings, to make 'um pence.

Wid. I do not like the Morals.

Yo. Lo. You must not like him then.

Enter Elder Loveles.

El. Lo. By your leave Gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my troth Sir you are welcome, welcome faith. Lord what a stranger you are grown; pray know this Gentlwoman, and if you please, these Friends here; we are merry, you see the worst on's, your house has been kept warm, Sir.

El. Lo. I am glad to hear it Brother; pray God you are wise too.

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder Brother; and Captⁿ, do you Complement. *Savill* I dare swear is glad at Heart to see you. Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at Sea; and see how luckily things come about!

Mor. This Money must be paid back again, Sir.

Yo. Lo. No Sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylor's Measures: I am well I thank you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his own sawce, I shall love him for't.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad; your Worship is the welcom't Man alive; upon my Knees I bid you welcome home; here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal Drinking, Swearing, and Whoring, 't has almost made me mad; we have lived in a continual *Turnball-street*. Sir, blest be the hour that sent you safe again; now shall I eat and go to Bed again.

El. Lo. Brother, dismiss these People.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gone a while; meet me at my old Rendezvouz in the Evening; take your small Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft*, you were best go prattle with your Learned Council, I shall preserve your Money; I was cozened when time was; we are quit Sir.

Wid. Better and better still.

El. Lo. What is this Fellow Brother?

Yo. Lo. A thirsty Usurer that supt my Land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be Landlord of your House and State: I was bold to make a little Sale, Sir.

Mor. I am over-reacht? If there be Law, I'll hamper ye.

El. Lo. 'Prethee be gone and rave at home; thou art so base a Fool I cannot laugh at thee. Sirrah, this comes of cozening; home, and spare, eat Rhadish till you raise your fums again. If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipt, your Ears nail'd for intelligencing, to the Pillory, and your Goods forfeit; you are a stale Cozener, leave my House; no more——

Mor. A pox upon your House. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i'th hundred keep your way, I am not for your Diet, marry in your own Tribe Jew, and get a Broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well said Widow. Will you jog on Sir?

Mor. Yes I will go, but 'tis no matter whither:

But when I trust a wild Fool and a Woman,
May I lend gratis, and build Hospitals.

Yo. Lo. Nay good Sir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my Fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poor distressed younger Brother.

Wid. You do him wrong Sir, he is a Knight.

El. Lo. I ask you mercy; yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no Inheritance, I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your Servant, or would be, Lady. Faith be not mercilefs, but make a Man; he's young and handsome, though he be my Brother, and his observances may deserve your love; he shall not fall for means.

Wid.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy Brother; and so much I do credit your fair Language, that I shall love your Brother, and so love him——but I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her Mouth. I hope you shall not live to know that hour when this shall be repented. Now Brother I should chide, but I'll give no distate to your fair Mistress, I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't; you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

El. Lo. To you good Mr. *Savil*, and your Office, thus much I have to say Y'are from my Steward become, first your own Drunkard, then his Bawd, they say y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect; give me your Keys, Sir *Savil*.

Sav. Good Sir consider who you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb, not to provoke my Brother's follies: Where's the best drink now? come tell me *Savil*. Where's the soundest Whores! Ye old He-goat: Ye dried Ape: Ye lame Stallion: Must you be leaping in my House your Whores, like Fairies dance their Night-rounds, without fear either of King or Constable, within my Walls? Are all my Hangings safe, my Sheep unfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good Sir forgive me, and but hear me speak.

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

Sav. I will Sir, if you will have it so.

El. Lo. I thank ye: Yes, e'en pursue it Sir. do you hear? get a Whore soon for your recreation; go look out Captain *Brokenbreech* your Fellow, and quarrel if you dare: I shall deliver these Keys to one shall have more honesty, though not so much fine Wit, Sir. You may walk and gather Cresses, Sir, to cool your Liver; there's something for you to begin a Diet, you'll have the Pox else: Speed you well, Sir *Savil*; you may eat at my House to preserve Life, but keep no Fornication in the Stables.

Exeunt omnes prater Savil.

Sav. Now I must hang my self; my Friends will look for't.

Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:

I will run mad first; and if that get no pity,

I'll drown my self to a most dismal dity.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Abigail Solus.

Abig. **A** Las poor Gentlewoman! to what a Misery hath Age brought thee!
to what a scurvy Fortune! thou that hast been a Companion for Noblemen. and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen; now like a broken

Serving-man must beg for favour to those that would have crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber but for an apparition of me. You that be coming on, make much of Fifteen, and so till five and twenty, use your time with reverence, that your profit may arise: it will not tarry with you, *ecce signum*: Here was a Face; but Time that like a surfeit eats out youth (Plague of his Iron Teeth, and draw 'em for't) has been a little bolder here than welcome; and now to say the Truth, I am fit for no Man. Old Men i'th House of fifty, call me Granam; and when they are drunk, e'en then when *Joan* and my Lady are all one, nor one will do me reason. My little *Levite* hath forsaken me; his Silver found of Gittern, quite abolisht; his doleful Hymns under my Chamber-window, digested into tedious learning. Well Fool, you leapt a Haddock when you left him; he is a clean Man, and a good edifier, and Twenty Nobles is his Estate *de claro*, besides his Pigs in *posse*. To this good Homilist I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners. And Love, if ever thou hadst care of Forty, of such a piece of lape ground, hear my Prayer, and see his zeal so far forth, that my Faults in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader.

Emer Roger.

See how negligently he passes by me; with what an equipage Canonical, as though he had broken the Heart of *Bellarmino*, or added something to the singing Brethren. 'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it. *Master Roger?*

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*.

Rog. Ungentle *Abigail*.

Abig. Why Mr. *Roger*, will you set your wit to a weak Womans?

Rog. You are weak indeed, for so the Poet sings.

Abig. I do confess my weakness, sweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first Mother in ye; and surely had the Devil been in Love, he had been abused like me. Go *Dalila*, you make Men Fools, and wear Fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted Man, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of Women; these are fit Texts: But once there was a time, would I had never seen those Eyes, those Eyes, those Orient Eyes.

Rog. I, they were Pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence, Sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your Cogging; what they are, they are, they serve me without Spectacles, I thank 'um.

Abig. O will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can.

Y'are like a Copy-hold with nine Lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you: For your own Worship's sake.

Rog. I was a Christian Fool then: Do you remember what a Dance you led me? How I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce? Could not expound but once a Quarter, and then was out too; and then out of the stinking Air you put me in, I pray'd for my own Royal Issue. You do remember all this?

Abig.

Abig. O be as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for it; surely I will be wiser, *Abigail*, and as the *Ethi. ek* Poet sings, I will not lose my Oyl and labour too.

Y'are for the Worshipful, take it, *Abigail*.

Abig. O take it so, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like these Tears well, and this Humbling also; they are Symptoms of Contrition, as a Father saith. If I should fall into my fit again, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcomb? Would you not use me scurvily again, and give me Poffets with purging Comfets in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than a long Chapter with a Pedigree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will o any thing, betray the secrets of the main Household to thy Reformation: A y Lady shall look lovingly on thy Learning; and when due time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy Eggs to peny Custards, and thy tythe-goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testifie this faithful Kiss; but have a great care Mrs. *Abigail*, how you depress the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks; for certainly the edge of such a tolly cuts it self.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow: here I Vow a Recantation to those malicious Faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your learning, never more pin Cards and Coney-tails upon your Cassock; never again reproach your reverend Night-cap, and call it by the mangy Name of Murrin; never your reverend Person more, and say you look like one of *Baal's* Priests in the hanging; never again when you say Grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at Prayers; never cramp you more with the great Book of Martyrs; nor when you ride, get Soap and Thistles for you. No, my *Roger*, these Faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenor of my Tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd, I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved, *Abigail*, and do even what thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet *Abigail*, I am thine own for ever; here's my Hand, when *Roger* proves a Re-creant, hang him i'th Bell-ropes.

Enter Lady and Martha.

Lady. Why how now Master *Roger*, no Prayers down with you to Night? Did you hear the Bell ring? You are Courting; your Flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your Pardon: I'll chop up Prayers (but stay a little) and be with you again.

Exit Roger.

Enter El. Lo.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a Fellow, Presume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha.

La. What ails the Fellow?

El. Lo. The Fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you, *Lady*, I would not for your Land be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Ass as you decreed me for when I was last here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wise; 'tis a rare Jewel in an Elder Brother; pray be wiser yet.

El. Lo. Methinks I am very wise; I do not come a Wooing,
Indeed I'll move no more love to your Ladship.

Lady. What make you here then?

El. Lo. Only to see you, and be merry, Lady: that's all my business. Faith let's be very merry merry. Where's little Roger? he's a good Fellow; an hour or two well spent in wholesome mirth, is worth a thousand of these puling Passions. 'Tis an ill World for Lovers.

La. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank Heaven there's one less for me, Lady.

La. You were never any, Sir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now I am the prettiest Fellow.

La. You talk like a Tailor, Sir.

El. Lo. Methinks your Faces are no such fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wise? What a lying Age is this? Where will you mend these Faces?

El. Lo. A Hogs Face soust is worth a hundred of 'um.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Lo. She brought forth such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons, Lady.

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergy yet.

El. Lo. That will not save you. O that I were in love again with a wish.

La. By this light y'are a scurvy Fellow; pray be gone.

El. Lo. You know I am a clean skin'd Man.

La. Do I know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, you'd know it, that's as good; but not a snap; never long for't, not a snap dear Lady.

La. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye; get ye to the Suburbs, there's Horse-flesh for such Hounds; will you go Sir?

El. Lo. Lord how I lov'd this Woman! How I worshipt this pretty Calf with the white Face here! As I live, you were the prettiest Fool to playal, with the wittiest little Varlet, it would talk: Lord how it talk't! and when I angred it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eat no Meat, and it would say, go hang.

La. It will say so still, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I askt it if it would be Married, it sent me of an Errand into France, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

La. Sir, this is most unmanly; pray be gone.

El. Lo. And Swear (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhand-some.

La. Have you no Manners in you?

El. Lo. And say my Back was melted, when Heaven knows I kept it at a charge. Four Flanders Mares would have been easier to me, and a Fencer.

La. You think all this is true now.

El. Lo. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. But so much for Mirth. Now have at you in earnest.

La. There's enough Sir, I desire no more.

El. Lo. Yes faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now,

And then the Devil take the worst.

La. Pray Sir no more, I am not so much affected with your commendations, 'tis almost Dinner, I know they stay for you at the Ordinary.

El. Lo. E'en a short Grace, and then I am gone: You are a Woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a Coach: the scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless Woman, the greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd, though it be gross and open; the most envious, that at the poor fame of another's Face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it; of such a self-opinion, that you think none can deserve your Glove; and for your Malice, you are so excellent, you might have been your Temptors Tutor; nay, never cry.

La. Your own Heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. Lo. You shall before I leave you.

La. Is all this spoke in earnest?

El. Lo. Yes, and more, as soon as I can get it out.

La. Well, out with't.

El. Lo. You are; let me see.

La. One that has us'd you with too much respect.

El. Lo. One that has us'd me (since you will have it so) the basest, the most Foot-boy like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you have us'd me as I would use a Jade, ride him off's Legs, then turn him to the Commons; you have us'd me with discretion, and I thank ye. If you have many more such pretty Servants, pray build an Hospital, and when they are old, pray keep 'um for shame.

La. I cannot think yet this is serious.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?

La. No faith, there's enough if it be true:

Too much by all my part; you are no lover then?

El. Lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why, the Gods amend all.

El. Lo. Neither do I think there can be such a Fellow found i'th World, to be in love with such a froward Woman; if these be such, th'are mad, *Jove* comfort 'um. Now have you all, and I as new a Man, as light, as spirited, that I feel my self clean through another Creature. O 'tis brave to be ones own Man: I can see you now as I would see a picture, sit all day by you, and never Kifs your Hand, hear you sing, and never fall backward; but with as set a temper as I would hear a Fidler, rise and thank you. I can now keep my Monee in my Purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfs and Ribbons, and keep my Hand from Mercers sheep-skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feast my self with two Shillings, and can see a Play for Half a Crown again: I can Madam, I can.

La. The carriage of this Fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me speak a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me? You will not ravish me? Now, your set-speech?

La. Thou perjur'd Man.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *Exordium*.
And why I pray you perjur'd?

La. Did you not swear a thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best of all things?

El. Lo. I Do confefs it; make your use of that.

La. Why do you say you do not then?

El. Lo. Nay I'll swear it.

And give sufficient reason; your own usage.

La. Do you not love me now, then?

El. Lo. No faith.

La. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly.

El. Lo. Yes, but I see but rotten Fruits on't.

La. Do not deny your Hand, for I must kiss it, and take my last farewel; now let me die, so you be happy.

El. Lo. I am too foolish: Lady, speak dear Lady.

La. No, let me die. *She Swears.*

Ma. O my Sister!

Abig. O my Lady! help! help!

Ma. Run for some *Rosafelis*.

El. Lo. I have plaid the fine As; bend her Body: Lady, best, dearest, worthiest Lady, hear your Servant; I am not as I shew'd. O wretched Fool, to fling away the Jewel of thy Life thus! Give her more Air; see, she begins to stir; sweet Mistress hear me.

La. Is my Servant well?

El. Lo. In being yours, I am so.

La. Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do ye? Reach a Chair there: I confefs my fault not pardonable, in presuming thus upon such tenderness, my wilful error: but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus strangely, not the World had won me to it; and let not (my best Lady) any word spoke to any end, disturb your quiet Peace; for sooner shall you know a general ruin, than my Faith broken. Do not doubt this Mistress; for by my Life I cannot live without you. Come, come, you shall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction on me: I will suffer, O I could curse my self; pray smile upon me. Upon my Faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely, that you would never shew it, though my means was all humility.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. How now?

La. I thank you fine Fool for your most fine Plot; this was a subtle one, a stiff device to have caught Dottrels with; good senseless Sir, could you imagine I should swoun for you, and know your self to be an arrant As? I ha' discovered one. 'Tis quit, I thank you Sr, Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, she may chance to swoun again.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, see how she changes colour.

El. Lo. I'll go to Hell first, and be better welcome.

I am fool'd, I do confefs it, finely finely fool'd:
Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

La. Fa'th 'tis no so much worth Sir.

But if I knew when you come next a burding,
I'll have a stronger noose to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. I am glad to see you merry; pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard Heart that could not laugh at you.

La. You'll anger him,

And then he'll rail like a rude Coftermonger,
That School-boys had cozen'd of his Apples,
As loud and senseless.

El. Lo. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith then let's him, Sister.

El. Lo. Yes, you shall hear me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then?

El. Lo. No, he that makes a Woman better by his Words,
I'll have him Sainted: blows will not do it.

La. By this light he'll beat us.

El. Lo. You do deserve it richly.

And you may live to have a Beadle do it.

La. Now he rails.

El. Lo. Come scornful Folly.

If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.

La. Pray put it in good Words then.

El. Lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud piece of Cobweb-lawn;

La. You bite Sir.

El. Lo. I would, till the Bones crack, and I had my will.

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

El. Lo. I would 'twere lawful in the next great Sickness to have the Dogs
spared, those harmless Creatures, and knock i'th Head these hot continual
Plagues, Women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't.

La. Are you well Sir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.

El. Lo. Green Ginger will cure me.

Abig. I'll heat a Trencher for him.

El. Lo. Dirty December do: Thou with a Face as old as *Erra Pater*, such a
Prognosticating Nose; thou Thing that ten years since has left to be a Woman,
outworn the expectation of a Bawd; and thy dry Bones can reach at nothing
now, but Gords or Nine-pins; pray go fetch a Trencher, go.

La. Let him alone, he's crackt.

Abig. I'll see him hang'd first; he's a beastly Fellow to use a Woman of my
breeding thus, I marry is a; would I were a Man, I'd make him eat his Knaves
Words.

El. Lo. Tie your She-Otter up, good Lady Folly; foh, she stinks worse
than a Bear-baiting.

La. Why, will you be angry now?

El. Lo. Go paint and purge, call in your Kennel with you; you a Lady!

Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the Quarter-Sessions; if there be good behaviour in the World, I'll have thee bound to it.

El. You must not seek it in your Ladies House then; pray send this Ferret home, and spin good *Abigail*. And Madam, that your Ladiship may know in what base manner ye have us'd my service, I do from this hour hate ye heartily; and though your folly should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wrongs, 'tis not the endeavour of your Life shall win me, not all the Friends you have make intercession; nor your submissive Letters, though they spoke as many Tears as Words; nor your Knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your 'state, to kiss you; nor my pardon and will, to give you Christian Burial, if you die thus so farewell. When I am Married, and made sure, I'll come and visit you again, and vex you, Lady. By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you, worse than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and sue to me, but save that labour: I'll rather love a Fever and continual Thirst, rather contract my Youth to drink, and sacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawn Whore from an Hospital, that Time, Diseases, and *Mercury* had eaten; than to be drawn to love you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray do; but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, false Dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me.

Exit El. Lo.

La. But hark you Servant, hark ye; is he gone? call him again.

Abig. Hang him Padock.

La. Art thou here still? fly, fly, and call my Servant; fly, or ne'er see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again, than see that Rascal; but I must do it. *Ex. Abig.*

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine Foolery is this in a Woman, to use those Men most frowardly, they love most? if I should lose him thus, I were rightly served. I hope he's not so much himself, to take it to th' Heart. How now? will he come back?

Abig. Never, he swears, whilst he can hear Men say there's any Woman living; he swore he would ha' me first.

La. Didst thou intreat him Wench?

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

La. Thou sayest true, get me Paper, Pen and Ink, I'll write to him, I'de be loath he should sleep in's anger.

Women are most Fools when they think th'are wisest.

Ex. omnes.

Musick. Enter Young Loveless and Widow, going to be Married. With them, his Comrades

Wid. Pray Sir cast off these Fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your company. Is't fit such Ragamuffins as these are, should bear the Name of Friends, and furnish out a civil House? Y'are to be Married now, and Men that love you, must expect a course far from your old carriage; if you will keep 'um, turn 'um to'th Stable, and there make 'um Grooms; and yet now I consider it, such Beggars once set a Horse-back, you have heard will ride, how far you had best to look to.

Cap.

Cap. Hear you, you that must be Lady, pray content your self, and think upon your carriage soon at Night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what Waistcoat, what Cordial will do well i'th Morning for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean Sir?

Cap. Those that must switch him up; if he start well, fear not, but cry *Saint George*, and bear him hard; when you perceive his *Wind* grows hot and wanting, let him a little down, he's fleet, ne'er doubt him, and stands sound.

Wid. Sir, you hear these Fellows?

Yo. Lo. Merry Companions, Wench, merry Companions.

Wid. To one another let 'um be. Companions, but good Sir not to you: You shall be civil, and slip off these base trappings.

Cap. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer; if he be civil, not your powdred Sugar, not your rotten Reasons, shall perswade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil, and feed i'th *Arches*, and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do; undo him: I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be Civil once) two hundred pounds a year to live with him: Be civil, there's a trim perswasion!

Cap. If thou be'st civil, Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee another Nose, that will be pull'd off by the angry Boys for thy Conversion; the Children thou shalt get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by the Law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy sport meer Moral Lechery; when they are grown, having but little in 'um, they may prove Haberdashers, or gross Grocers, like their dear Dam there; prethee be civil, Knight, in time thou maist read to thy Houshold, and be drunk once a year; this would shew finely.

Yo. Lo. I wonder sweet Heart, you will offer this, you do not understand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithy: I had rather cast you off by the way of charge; these are Creatures that nothing goes to the maintenance of, but Corn and Water. I will keep these Fellows just in the Competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so, Sir, you have my liking; if they eat less, I should not be offended. But how these, Sir, can live upon so little as Corn and Water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Lo. Why prethee Sweet-heart, what's your Ale? is not that Corn and Water, my sweet Widow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight, where's the Meat to this, and Cloaths? that they must look for.

Yo. Lo. In this short sentence, *Ale*, is all included, Meat, Drink, and Cloth; these are no ravening Footmen, no Fellows that at Ordinaries do eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they rise, and yet go hungry to a Play, and crack more Nuts than would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the din, which is damnable: I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a Bear-baiting, than live among such Rascals: these are People of such a clean discretion in their Diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat if they but smell hot Meat, *Porrege* is Poison; they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter; and shew 'um but a Feather-bed, they swound. Ale is their eating and their drinking, surely, which

keeps their Bodies clear and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd even in their Ale, whose loft room fills an Apple, which is more Air, and of subtiler Nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little ease: For like strict Men of Order, they do correct their Bodies with a Bench, or a poor stubborn Table; if a Chimney offer it self with some few broken rushes, they are in Down. When they are sick, that's drunk, they may have fresh straw, else they do despise these worldly pamperings. For their poor Apparel, 'tis worn out to the Diet; new they seek none; and if a Man should offer, they are angry, scarce to be reconciled again with him; you shall not hear 'um ask me a cast Doublet once in a year; which is modesty befitting my poor Friends. You see their Wardrobe, though slender, competent: For shirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Lowlie they will be when they list, and mangy, which shews a fine variety; and then to cure 'um, a Tan-ners Lime pit, which is little charge to Dogs and these, these two may be cur'd for three-pence.

Wid. You have half perswaded me, pray use your pleasure; and my good Friends, since I do know your Diet, I'll take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

Cap. We ask no more, let it be mighty, Lady; and if we perish, then our own sins on us.

To. Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my Boys; when we have done, I'll give you cheer in Bowls.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartæ.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Elder Loveless.

El. Lo. **T**His senseless Woman vexes me to'th Heart, she will not from my Memory; would she were a Man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous, 'thad been an even lay, she might have scorn'd me; but to be young, and by this light I think as proper as the proudest, made as clean, as straight, as strong backt; means and manners equal with the best Cloth of Silver, Sir, i'th Kingdom; but these are things at some time of the Moon, below the cut of Canvas; sure she has some meaching Rascal in her House, some Hind, that she hath seen bear (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt upon his Back, and sing with it, thrash all day, and i'th evening in his Stockins strike up a Horn-pipe, and there stink two hours; and ne'er a whit the worse Man; these are they, these steel chin'd Rascals that undo us all. Would I had been a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed e'er this time.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leave Sir.

El. Lo. You are welcome; what's your Will, Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must Sir. I am the Gentleman you pleased to wrong in your disguise; I have enquired you out.

El. Lo. I was disguised indeed Sir, if I wrong'd you. Pray where? and when?

Wel. In such a Ladies House, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I do remember you, you seem'd to be a Sutor to that Lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how scurvily you us'd me; that was no place to quarrel in; pray you think of it; if you be honest, you dare fight with me, without more urging, else I must provoke ye.

El. Lo. Sir I dare fight, but never for a Woman; I will not have her in my cause, she is Mortal, and so is not my anger; if you have brought a Nobler Subject for our Swords, I am for you; in this I would be loath to prick my Finger. And where you say I wrong'd you, 'tis so far from my Profession, that amongst my fears, to do wrong is the greatest; credit me, we have been both abused (not by our selves, for that I hold a spleen, no Sin of Malice, and may with Man enough be left forgotten,) but by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred, that much forgetful Lady; for whose sake if we should leave our reason, and run on upon our sense, like Rams, the little World of good Men would laugh at us, and despise us, fixing upon our desperate Memories the never worn out Names of Fools and Fencers. Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason makes me tell you, in this I had rather help you, Sir, than hurt you; and you shall find it, though you throw your self into as many dangers as she offers; though you redeem her lost Name every day, and find her out new Honours with your Sword, you shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you Mercy Sir, you have ta'en my edge off; yet I would fain be even with this Lady.

El. Lo. In which I'll be your helper: We are two, and they are two, two Sisters, rich alike, only the elder hath the prouder Dowry; in troth I pity this disgrace in you, yet of mine own I am senseless; do but follow my Counsel, and I'll pawn my Spirit we'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is this.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs speak with you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred Sir.

El. Lo. It is the Waiting-woman, pray be not seen: Sirrah, hold her in discourse a while; hark in your Ear, go and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have.

Exit Welford.

El. Lo. Away, 'tis done, she must not see you: Now Lady *Gwiniver*, What News with you?

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Pray leave these frumps Sir, and receive this Letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good Vanity?

Ab.

Ab. 'Tis from my Lady, Sir: Alas good Soul, she crys and takes on.

El. Lo. Does she so, good Soul? would she not have a Cawdle? does she fend you with your fine Oratory, goodly *Tully*, to tie me to belief again? Bring out the Cat-Hounds, i'll make you take a Tree, Whore, then with my Tiller bring down your *Gibship*, and then have you Cas'd, and hung up i'th Warren.

Ab. I am no Beast Sir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wo'd I did, for I am yet very doubtful: What will you say now?

Ab. Nothing not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a Woman, and say nothing?

Ab. Unless you'll hear me with more moderation: I can speak wise enough:

El. Lo. And loud enough: Will your Lady love me?

Ab. It seems so by her Letter and her Lamentations; but you are such another Man.

El. Lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be: I'll read her fine Epistle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistress mad?

Ab. For you she will be; 'tis a shame you should use a poor Gentlewoman so untowardly; she loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard Heart) because she jested with you, mean to kill her; 'tis a fine Conquest, as they say.

El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy Whittleather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworn thou hadst been Touch-wood five years since: Nay, let it rain, they Face chops for a shawre, like a dry Dunghil.

Ab. I'll not endure this Ribaldry; farewell i'th Devils Name; if my Lady die, I'll be sworn before a Jury thou art the cause on't.

El. Lo. Do, Maukin, do; deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other business; which before I'll want to come to her, I mean to go seek Birds-nests; yet I may come to: but if I come, from this door till I see her, will I think how to rail vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry so much, that the Physician, if she fall sick upon't, shall want Urine to find the cause by. and she remediless dye in her Herefie. Farewel old Adage, I hope to see the Boys make Pot-guns on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile Man, God blefs my Issue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left Crupper, that makes thee hobble so; you must be ground i'th Breech, like a Top, you'll ne'er spin well else. Farewel Fychock.

Exeunt.

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not strange that every Womens Will should track out new ways to disturb her self? If I should call my reason to account, it cannot answer why I keep my self from mine own wish, and stop the Man I love from his; and every hour repent again, yet still go on: I know 'tis like a Man that wants his natural sleep, and growing dull, would gladly give the remnant of his Life for two hours rest; yet through his frowardness, will rather chuse to watch another Man, drowsie as he, than take his own repose. All this I know; yet a strange peevishness and anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own ruine: I had rather die sometimes, than not disgrace in publick him whom People think I love, and do't with Oaths, and am in earnest then. O what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now? what News?

Enter

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Faith Madam, none worth hearing.

La. Is he not come?

Ab. No truly.

La. Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your self.

La. Why, but what says he?

Ab. Faith he talks strangely.

La. How strangely?

Ab. First at your Letter he laught extremely.

La. What in contempt?

Ab. He laught monstrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I think you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way; and having done, he cried, Alas for her, and violently laught again.

La. Did he?

Ab. Yes, till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? Why wert thou angry? he does but well, I did deserve it; he had been a Fool, an unfit Man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me. You were angry, that shew'd] your folly; I shall love him more for that, than all that e'er he did before. But said he nothing else?

Ab. Many uncertain things he said: Though you had mockt him, because you were a Woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you: yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

La. What one was that?

Ab. I know not; but truly I do fear there is a making up there: for I heard the Servants, as I past by, some whisper such a thing; and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clerks writing great Conveyances in haste, which they said were for their Mistress's Joynture.

La. 'Tis very like and fit it should be so, for he does think, and reasonably think, that I should keep him with my idle tricks, for ever e'er he be married.

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

La. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as Men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac't, and give respect there where we are respected; yet we practise a wilder course, and never bend our Eyes on Men with pleasure, till they find the way to give us a neglect; then we, too late, perceive the loss of what we might have had, and dote till death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Sister, yonder's your Servant with a Gentlewoman with him.

La. Where?

Mar. Close at the door.

La. Ah! alas I am undone, I fear he is betroth'd.

What kind of Woman is she?

Mar. A most ill-favoured one, with her mask on.

And how her Face should mend the rest, I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stuff than mine was.

Enter

Enter Elder Loveless, and Welford in Womens Apparel.

La. Now I see him, if my Heart swell not again, (away thou Womans Pride) so that I cannot speak a gentle Word to him; let me not live.

El. Lo. By your leave here-

La. How now? what new trick invites you hither?
Ha' you a fine device again?

El. Lo. Faith this is the finest device I have now:
How dost thou Sweet-heart?

Wel. Why very well, so long as I may please
You my dear Lover; I nor can nor will
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy sweet temper! What would I have given that Lady had been like thee! seest thou her? that Face (my Love) join'd with thy humble mind, had made a Wench indeed.

Wel. Alas! my Love, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend: I use no Paint, nor any Drugs of Art, my Hands and Face will shew it.

La. Why what Thing have you brought to shew us there? do you take Moor for it?

El. Lo. A thing not to be bought for Money, 'tis my Mistress, in whom there is no Passion, nor no scorn; what I will, is her Law; pray you salute her.

La. Salute her! by this good light I would not kiss her for half my Wealth.

El. Lo. Why? Why pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you. Look you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a Beast would not have don't; I would not kiss thee of a Month, to gain a Kingdom.

El. Lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

La. Why, was there ever such a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once when I lov'd pictures; for what are shape and colour else but pictures? in that tawny Hide there lies an endless mass of Virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

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

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy.

El. Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, though unknown, for your good wish:
The like to you when ever you shall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit.

La. You thank me? I pray keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much less a Lady of your worthy parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, sweet.

La. I do not think this Woman can by Nature be thus,
Thus ugly; sure she's some common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of Sin.

Wel. O Sir, believe not this, for Heaven to comfort me, as I am free from foul pollution with any Man; my Honour ta'en away, I am no Woman.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Arise my dearest Soul, I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her tender Heart will break with this reproach; fie, that you know no more civility to a weak Virgin. 'Tis no matter sweet, let her say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all; be careles.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine Honour, methinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine Honour is not stain'd;

but the business that you sent for me about?

Mar. Faith Sister you are much to blame to use a Woman, whatsoever she be, thus: I'll salute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Lo. Mild yet as the Dove, for all these injuries. Come, shall we go? I love thee not so ill, as to keep thee here a jesting stock.
Adieu to the World's end.

La. Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you shall never know, because you shall never find me.

La. I pray let me speak with you.

El. Lo. 'Tis very well, come.

La. I pray you let me speak you.

El. Lo. Yes, for another mock.

La. By Heaven I have no mocks; good Sir a word.

El. Lo. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word with you, but I beseech you be brief; for in good faith there's a Parson and a License stay for us i'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis Night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoken jestingly, forget; for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall utter now, is from my heart, and as I mean.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

La. Was not I once your Mistress, and you my Servant?

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

La. Nay good Sir stay me out. I would but hear you excuse your self, why you should take this Woman, and leave me?

El. Lo. 'Prethee why not? deserves she not as much as you?

La. I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both.

El. Lo. Upon your Faces 'tis true; but if judiciously we shall cast our Eyes upon your Minds, you are a thousand Women off her in worth; she cannot ffound in jest, nor set her Love tasks to shew her peevishness, and his affection; nor cross what he says, though it be canonical. She's a good plain Wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty Boys to throw the sledge, and lift at pigs of lead; and for a Wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a Household to provide for your issue, but lie a bed and get 'um? your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat; when she can do a thousand profitable things; she can do pretty well in the Pastry, and knows how Pullen should be cramb'd, she cuts Cambrick at a thred, weaves Bone lace, and quilts Balls admirably. And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a License to forswear your self?

El. Lo. Forswear my self, How?

La. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable Oaths you have uttered, in disclaiming all for Wives, but me.

El. Lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of Oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a Friend; to see him at his lodging to Morrow: Divines would never hold me perjurd, if I were struck Blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him, so there was no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I meant to force to Marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not, I make already tender of my self, and then you are forsworn.

El. Lo. Some sin I see indeed must necessarily fall upon me, as whosoever deals with Women, shall never utterly avoid it; yet I would chuse the least ill; which is, to forsake you that have done me all the abuses of a malignant Woman, contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about Marriage, till I had been past getting of Children; rather than her that hath forsaken her Family, and put her tender Body in my Hand, upon my Word.

La. Which of us swore you first to?

El. Lo. Why to you?

La. Which Oath is to be kept then?

El. Lo. I Prethee do not urge my Sins unto me, Without I could amend 'em.

La. Why, you may, by wedding me.

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

La. 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction.

'Tis an error fit for repentance only.

El. Lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender-hearted Virgin so? It may not be.

La. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I swear I had rather marry thee than her; but yet mine honesty.

La. What honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way.

Come, by this light Servant thou shalt, I'll kiss thee on't.

El. Lo. This kiss indeed is sweet, pray Heav'n no sin lie under it.

La. There's no sin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my Heart!

Mar. Help Sister, this Lady swoons.

El. Lo. How do you?

Wel. Why very well, if you be so; a most ungodly thing!

El. Lo. Hear me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an Oath, when you delay'd me so, that this very Night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay suddenly, as late as it is, with your own Minister to your own Chappel, I'll wed you, and to bed.

La. A match dear Servant.

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not; she would not though for all her Injuries, such is her Spirit; if I be not ashamed to kiss her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I see you go; as slyly as you think to steal away, yet I will pray for you

you; all Blessings of the World light on you two; that you may live to be an aged pair. All curses on me, if I do not speak what I do with indeed.

El. Lo. If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a Villain.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant Man? Think you he will not cast you off to morrow? To wrong a Lady thus; look'd the like dirt; 'twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him!

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas, I was unworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty; too good for him: I would not see your wedding for a World.

La. Chuse, chuse, come Youngloke on me!

Mar. Dry up your Eyes forsooth, you shall not think we are all uncivil.

Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

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

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all Night; your Bed shall be no worse than mine, I wish I could but do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:

God grant I may but live to quit your love.

Exeunt.

Enter Young Loveless and Savil.

Yo. Lo. Did your Master send for me, Savil?

Sa. Yes, he did send for your Worship Sir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the business?

Sa. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating; My dancing days are done Sir.

Yo. Lo. What are you now then?

Sa. If you consider me in little, I am with your Worship's reverence Sir, a Rascal; one that upon the next anger of your Brother, must raise a Sconce by the high-way, and sell switches: My Wife is learning now to weave Inkle.

Yo. Lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy Children, Savil?

Sav. My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born bursten, and your Worship knows, that's a pretty step to Men's compassions: My youngest Boy I purpose, Sir, to bind for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may shew us mercy in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your Family is quartered with discretion; you are resolved to Cant hen: Where Savil shall your Scene lie?

Sa. Beggars must be no chusers; In every place (I take it) but the Stocks.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil? I told you of it, but your Heart was hardned.

Sa. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it indeed, I do remember yet in tears; you told me you would have Whores, and in that passion Sir, you broke out thus; Thou miserable Man repent, and brew three strikes more in a Hog-head: 'Tis Noon e'er we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no Man.

Yo. Lo. Y'are grown a-bitter Gentleman. I see misery can clear your head better than Mustard. I'll be a Sutor for your Keys again Sir.

Sa. Will you but be so gracious to me Sir, I shall be bound.

Yo. Lo. You shall Sir, to your Bunch again; or I'll miss foully.

Enter Morecraft.

More. Save you Gentleman, save you.

Yo. Lo. Now Polcat, what young Rebbets Nest have you to draw?

More. Come, prithee be familiar, Knight.

Yo. Lo. Away Fox, I'll send for Terriers for you.

More. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep the company.

Yo. Lo. I am about some business; Indentures,

If you follow me I'll beat you; take heed,

As I live I'll cancel your Coxcomb.

More. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Usurer.

What poor Fellow's this?

Sa. I am poor indeed Sir.

More. Give him Money Knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering.

More. There poor Fellow, here's an Angel for thee.

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earnest *Mo ecraft*?

More. Yes faith Knight, I'll follow thy example; thou hadst land, and thousands thou spent'st and flungst away, and yet it flows in double: I purchas'd, wrung and wiew draw'd for my wealth, lost and was cozen'd; for which I make a vow, to try all the ways above ground, but I'll find a constant means to riches without curses.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your conversion *Mr. Morecraft.*

Y'are in a fair course, pray pursue it still.

More. Come, we are all Gallants now, I'll keep thee company; here honest Fellow, for this Gentleman's sake, there's two Angels more for thee.

Sa. Heaven quit you Sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou persevere?

More. Till I have a penny. I have brave cloaths a making, and two Horses; canst thou help me to a match Knight? I'll lay a thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. Foot, this is stranger than an *Africk* Monster;

There will be no more talk of Wars

Whilst this lasts; come, I'll put thee into Blood.

Sav. Would all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted. I beseech you let this Gentleman join with you in the recovery of my Keys; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilst I'll pray for both your Worships.

Yo. Lo. He shall Sir.

More. Shall we go, noble Knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. I'll be your Servant Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Elder Loveless and Lady.

El. Lo. Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, manage your subtilties and fine devices; be coy again now.

La. Prithee sweet-heart tell true.

El. Lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I have had this Night by your lost Maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly, I have cast beyond you. That Gentleman is your retainer, *Welford*.

La. It cannot be so.

El. Lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake; mark how she blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travel now; ha, ha, ha.

La. Prithee sweet-heart, be quiet, thou hast angered me at Heart.

El. Lo. I'll please you soon again.

La. Welford!

El. Lo. I *Welford*, he's a young handsome Fellow, well bred and landed; your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I, by this time.

La. Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus?

El. Lo. Yes i'faith. And over shall be fetcht again, never fear it.

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

El. Lo. And the Moon too, in which I'll be the Man.

La. But had I known this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have hunted three trains more before you had come to'th course; you should have hankt o'th Bridle Sir, i'faith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and mind' with you; and so blew you up. Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For God's sake Sir, be private in this business. You have undone me else. O Heaven, what have I done?

Wel. No harm I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my Friends again? with what face?

Wel. Why e'en with this; 'tis a good one, thou canst not find a better; look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'um smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, Mistress; and yet they keep no stir.

Mar. Good Sir go in, and put your Womans cloaths on: If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. I'll watch you for that Mistress, I am no Fool; here will I tarry till the House be up, and witness with me.

Mar. Good dear Friend go in.

Wel. To bed again if you please, else I am fixt here till there be notice taken who I am, what I have done; if you could juggle me into my Womanhood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an *Afingego*, as your Sister left me. No, I'll have it known and publish'd, then if you'll be a Whore, forsake me and be ashamed; and when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast *Cleve Captain*, and sell Bottle-Ale.

Mar. I dare not stay Sir, use me modestly, I am your Wife.

Wel. Go in, I'll make up all.

El. Lo. I'll be a witness of your naked truth Sir: This is the Gentlewoman, 'prethee look upon him, this is he that made me break my Faith, sweet; but thank your Sister, she hath soder'd it.

La. What a dull Ass was I, I could not see this *Welford* from a Wench; twenty to one if I had been but tender, like my Sister, he had served me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

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

La.

La. You have been with my Sister.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El. Lo. An Heir into the World he means.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaf't this three hours, that's the least, I am reasonable cool now.

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

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the Founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine own part, I have found so sweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El. Lo. How like you this Dish *Welford*? I made a Supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

La. By this light, had I but scented out your train, ye had slept with a bare Pillow in your Arms, and kist that, or else the bed-post, for any Wife you had got this Twelve month yet: I would have vex't you more than a tyr'd Post-horse, and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at *Irish* was. Lord, that I were unmarried again.

El. Lo. Lady, I would not undertake ye, were you again a Haggard, for the best cast of Ladies i'th Kingdom; you were ever tickle-footed, and would not trufs round.

Wel. Is she fast?

El. Lo. She was all night lockt here Boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without fear of losing; take off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your Sister: Lord, what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a Man; but I think I satisfied her scruple without the Parson o'th Town.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

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

La. Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but seen into you, you should have had another Bed-fellow fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you Lady, me thought it was well; you are so curious.

Enter Young Loveless, his Lady, Morecraft, Savill, and two Serving-men.

El. Lo. Get on your Doublet; here comes my Brother.

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

More. God save you, and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poor Brother of yours.

La. Fie, how this shames me!

More. Prithee good Fellow help me to a cup of Beer.

Ser. I will Sir.

Yo. Lo. Brother, what makes you here? Will this Lady do? Will she? is she not netled still?

El. Lo. No, I have cur'd her. Mr. *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, he is my Brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

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

El. Lo. As well as may be, Man; I am married; your new acquaintance hath her Sister, and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Sister, How do you find my Brother.

La. Almost as wild as you are.

Yo. Lo. He'll make the better Husband; you have tryed him?

La. Against my will Sir.

Yo. Lo. He'll make you well amends soon, do not doubt it; But Sir, I must intreat you to be better known.

To this unconverted Jew here.

Serv. Here's Beer for you Sir.

More. And here's for you an Angel.

Pray buy no Land, 'twill never prosper Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Bless you, and then I'll tell you; he's turned Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant!

Yo. Lo. I, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*.

The Reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

Wel. O good Sir, let me know him presently.

Yo. Lo. You shall hug one another.

More. Sir, I must keep you company.

El. Lo. And reason.

Yo. Lo. *Cutting Morecraft* faces about, I must present another.

More. As many as you will Sir, I am for 'um.

Wel. Sir; I shall do you service.

More. I shall look for't in good faith Sir.

El. Lo. Prithee good Sweet-heart kifs him.

La. Who's that Fellow?

Sa. Sir, will it please you to remember me? my Keys good Sir.

Yo. Lo. I'll do it presently.

El. Lo. Come, thou shalt kifs him for our sports sake.

La. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Lo. That at my peril, *Lusty* | Mr. *Morecraft*, here's a Lady would salute you.

More. She shall not lose her longing Sir; What is she?

El. Lo. My Wife Sir.

More. She must be then my Mistress.

La. Must I Sir?

El. Lo. O yes, you must.

More. And you must wear this Ring, a poor pawn, some fifty pound.

El. Lo. Take it by any means, 'tis a lawful prize.

La. Sir, I shall call you Servant.

More. I shall be proud on't. What fellow's that?

Yo. Lo. My Ladies Coachman.

More. There's something (my Friend) for you to buy whips, and for you Sir, and you Sir.

El. Lo. Under a Miracle this is the strangest I ever heard of.

More. What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do?
Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and stranger!

Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

Yo. Lo. Sir, I have a suit unto you
Concerning your old Servant *Savill*.

Et. Lo. O for his Keys. I know it.

Sa. Now Sir, strike in.

More. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El. Lo. 'Tis done Sir, take your Keys again:

But hark you *Savill*, leave off the motions

Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again: I'll try you once again.

Sa. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,

Take off the biggest Key i'th Bunch, and open

My Head with it Sir: I humbly thank your Worship.

El. Lo. Nay then, I see we must keep Holiday,
Here's the last couple in Hell.

Enter Roger and Abigail.

Ro. Joy be among you all.

La. Why now Sir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

Ro. Marriage an't like your Worship.

La. Are you married?

Ro. As fast as the next Priest could do it, Madam.

El. Lo. I think the Sign's in *Gemini*, here's such coupling.

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

Ro. Not the best Benefice in your Worship's gift Sir.

Wel. A Whorson, how he swells!

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

Ro. Sir, you grow scurrilous.

What I shall do, I shall do, I shall not need your help.

Yo. Lo. For Horse-flesh *Roger*?

El. Lo. Come, prithee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.

La. It shall be so Sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreat to be at our charge.

El. Lo. *Welford*, get you to the Church; by this light
You shall not lie with her again, till y'are married.

Wel. I am gone.

More. To every Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths a piece, and it shall go hard,
But every one a Jewel: Come, be mad Boys.

El. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning: Come, who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall have the *Van*, and lead the way:
Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

