



187

Accessions

151.667

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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Next to the last leaf wanting.
A.M.K.

Lucks Leaf 13

THE BALL.

COMEDY,

As it vvas presented by her
Majesties Servants, at the private
House in *Drury Lane*.

Written by { George Chapman,
and
James Shirly.



LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke,
and William Cooke.

1639.



The Persons of the Comedy.

Lord Rainebow.
Sir Ambrose Lamount.
Sir Marmaduke Travers.
Coronell Winfield.
Mr. Bostocke.
Mr. Freshwater.
Mr. Barker.
Mounsieur Le Friske.
Gudgin.
Solomon.
Confectioner.
Servants.

Lady Lucina.
Lady Rosamond.
Lady Honoria.
Mistrisse Scutilla.
Venus.
Diana.

151.667
May 1873





THE BALL.

Actus Primus.

Enter Sr. Marmaduke Travers, and Mr. Bostocke.

Bos.



Hether so fast Sr. *Marmaduke*, a word. (stay
Mar. My honorable blood? wed I could
To give thee twentie, I am now engag'd
To meete a noble Gentleman.

Bos. Or rather
A Gentlewoman, let her alone, and goe

With me.

Ma. Whether.

Bo. Ile shew thee a Lady of fire.

Ma. A Lady of the Lake were not so dangerous.

Bo. I meane a spirit in few words, because
I love thee, Ile be open, I am going
To see my Mistresse.

Ma. Ile despence with my
Occasion to see a handsome Lady,
I know you'le chuse a rare one.

Bo. She is a creature
Worth admiration, such a beauty, wit,
And an estate besides, thou canst not chuse
But know her name, the Lady *Lucina*.

Ma. Is she your Mistresse?

Bo. Mine, whose but mine?

The Ball.

Am I not nobly borne, does not my blood
Deserve her?

Ma. To tell you truth, I was now going thither,
Though I pretended an excuse, and with
A Complement from one that is your rivall.

Bo. Does she love any body else?

Ma. I know not,
But shee has halfe a score upon my knowledge
Are sutors for her favour.

Bo. Name but one,
And if he cannot shew as many coates.

Ma. He thinkes he has good cards for her, and likes
His game well.

Bo. Be an understanding Knight,
And take my meaning, if he cannot shew
As much in Heraldry.

Ma. I doe not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman.

Bo. Is he a branch of the Nobilitie,
How many Lords can he tall cozen? else
He must be taught to know he has presum'd
To stand in competition with me.

Ma. You wonot kill him.

Bo. You shall pardon me,
I have that within me must not be provok'd,
There be some living now that ha beene kill'd
For lesler matters.

Ma. Some living that ha beene kill'd!

Bo. I meane some living that ha seene examples,
Not to confront Nobilitie, and I
Am sensible of my honour.

Ma. His name is
Sr. Ambrose.

Bo. *Lamouunt* a Knight of yester day,
And he shall die to morrow, name another.

Ma. Not so fast Sir, you must take some breath.

Bo. I care no more for killing halfe a dozen
Knights of the lower house, I meane that are not

The Ball.

Descended from Nobilitie, then I doe
To kicke any footeman, and Sr. *Ambrose* were
Knight of the Sunne, King *Oberon* should not save him,
Nor his Queene *Mab*.

Enter Sr. Ambrose Lamount.

Ma. Vnluckily hees her'e fir.

Bo. Sr. Ambrose

How does thy Knighthood? ha,

Am. My Nimph of honour well, I joy to see thee.

Bo. Sr. Marmaduke tells me thou art sutor to
Lady *Lucina*.

Am. I have ambition
To be her servant.

Bo. Hast, thar't a brave Knight, and I commend
Thy judgement.

Am. Sr *Marmaduke* himselfe leanes that way too.

Bo. Why didst conceale it, come, the more the merrier,
But I could never see you there.

Ma. I hope
Sir we may live.

Bo. He tell you Gentlemen,
Cupid has given us all one Livery,
I serue that Lady too, you understand me,
But who shall carry her, the fates determine,
I could be knighted too.

Am. That would be no addition to
Your blood.

Bo. I thinke it would not, so my Lord told me,
Thou know'st my Lord, not the Earle, my tother
Cozen, theres a sparke his predecessors
Have match'd into the blood, you understand
He put me upon this Lady, I proclaime
No hopes, pray lets together Gentlemen;
If she be wise, I say no more, shee shanot
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
To draw a sword, I ha vow'd that.

Ma. You did but jest before.

Am. Twere pittie that one drop

The Ball.

Of your Héroicke blood should fall toth' ground,
Who knowes but all your cozen Lords may die.

Ma. As I beleeeve them not immortall sir.

Am. Then you are gulfe of honour swallow all,
May marry some Queene your selfe, and get Princes
To furnish the barren parts of Christendome.

Enter a servant Solomon.

Sol. Sir *Marmaduke* in private? my Lady woud
Speake with you.

Am. Tis her servant, whats the matter?

Bo. I hope he is not sent for.

Sol. But come alone, I shall be troubled
With their inquiries, but Ile answer 'em.

Am. *Solomon?*

Sol. My Lady would speake with you sir.

Am. Mee?

Sol. Not too loude, I was troubled with Sr. *Marmaduke*.

Mar. This is good newes.

Bo. I doe not like this whispering,

Sol. Forget not the time, and to come alone.

Am. This is excellent.

Bo. *Solomon*, dost not know me?

Sol. My businesse is to you sir, these
Kept me off, my Lady *Lucina*

Has a great minde to speake with you,

Little doe these imagine how she honours me.

Bo. If I faile, may the Surgeon

When he opens the next veine, let out all my honorable blood,
There's for thy paines, what thou shalt be hereafter

Time shall declare, but this must be conceal'd.

Exit.

Am. You looke pleasant.

Ma. No, no I have no cause, you smile Sr. *Ambrose*.

Am. Who I? the Coronell.

Enter the Coronell.

Ma. But of our file, another of her suitors!

Am. Noble Coronell.

Co. My honored Knights, and men of lustie kindred.

Bo. Good morrow.

Co. Morrow to all Gentlemen, Ile tell you
Who is return'd?

Am. From whence.

Co. A friend of ours that went to travel.

Ma. Who, who?

(how I

Co. I saw him within these three minuts, and know not
Lost him agen, he's not farre off, dee keepe a Catalogue
Of your debts.

Bo. What debts?

Co. Such dulnesse in your memory, there was
About sixe moneths ago a Gentleman
That was perswaded to sell all his land,
And to put the money out most wisely,
To have for one at his returne from *Venice*,
The shotten Herring, is hard by.

Am. *Jacke Freshwater*, Ile not see him yet.

Bo. Must we pay him?

Co. It will be for your honour, marry wee
Without much staine, may happily compound,
And pay him nothing.

Enter Freshwater, and Mounsiour Le Friske.

Here comes the thing
With what formalitie he treads, and talkes,
And manageth a toothpicke like a Statesman.

Am. How hee's transform'd?

Ma. Is not his soule *Italian*?

Bo. Ile not bid him welcome home.

Am. Nor I.

Ma. Whats the tother Rat thats with him?

Co. Dee not know him, tis the Court dancing Weesill.

Ma. A Dancer, and so gay.

Co. A meere *French* footeman Sir, does he not looke
Like a thing come off oth' Saltfellar.

Ma. A Dancer?

I would allow him gay about the legges,
But why his body should exceede decorum,
Is a sinne oth' state.

Fre. Thats all,

I can informe you of their dance in *Italy*,
Marry that very morning I left *Venice*,
I had intelligence of a new device.

Mon. For the dance Mounſieur.

Fre. *Si Signior*, I know not
What countryman invented, but they ſay
There be Chopinoes made with ſuch rare art,
That worne by a Lady when ſhe meanes to dance,
Shall with their very motion ſound forth muſicke,
And by a ſecret ſympathy with their tread
Strike any tune that without other instrument,
Their feete both dance and play.

Mon. Your lodging Mounſieur,
That when I have leaſure I may dare
Preſent an humble ſervitor.

Fre. I do ly
At the ſigne of *Dona Margareta de Pia*
In the Strand.

Gud. At the Magget a Pic in the Strand ſir.

Mon. At de *Magdepie boon adieu ſerviteur.*

Exit.

Am. He wonot know us.

Gud. Dee ſee thoſe Gentlemē.

Fre. Thou Platalone be ſilent.

Co. Ile ſpeake to him,
Yare welcome home ſir.

Fre. Signior.

Exit.

Co. He wonot know me, this is excellent,
He ſhall be acquainted better, ere I part
With any ſommes.

Am. Next time weele not know him.

Bo. Would all my creditors had this bleſſed ignorance.

Ma. Now Coronell I'le take my leave.

Bo. I am enga'd too.

Exeunt.

Co. Well.

Bo. I ſhall meētē you anon,
I am to waite upon a coſin of mine.

Co. A Counteſſe.

Bo. My Lord ?

Enter Lord Rainebow and Barker.

Lo.

The Ball.

Lor. Cosin.

Bo. Your Lordship honours me in this acknowledgement.

Lo. Coronell.

Bo. Dee not know me sir? (take notice on,

Bo. Yare not a proclamation that every man is bound to
And I cannot tell who you are by instinct.

Lo. A kinsman of mine Franke?

Co. Good morrow to your Lordship.

Lo. Coronell? your humble servant, harke you Franke.

Bo. You are acquainted with my Lord then,
Is he not a compleate Gentleman? his family
Came in with the Conqueror.

Co. You had not else beene kinne to him.

Bo. A poore slip, a syens from that honourable tree.

Co. He is the Ladies Idoll, they ha not leasure
To say their prayers for him, a great advancer
Of the new Ball.

Bo. Nay hee's right, right as my legge Coronell.

Co. But tother Gentleman you doe not know his inside.

Bo. I ha seene him, he lookes philosophicall.

Co. Who! hee's the wit, whom your Nobilitie
Are much oblig'd to for his company,
He has a railing genious, and they cherish it,
Fling dirt in every face when hee's ith' humour,
And they must laugh, and thanke him, he is dead else.

Bo. Will the Lords suffer him.

Co. Or lose their mirth, hee's knowne in every sciencē,
And can abuse em all, some ha suppos'd
He has a worme ins braine, which at some time
Oth' Moone doth ravish him into perfect madnesse,
And then he prophesies, and will depose
The Empeorr, and set up *Bethalem Gabre*.

Bo. Hee's dead, I hope he wonot conjure for him.

Co. His father shanot scape him nor his ghost,
Nor heaven, nor hell, his jest must ha free passage,
Hee's gone, and I lose time to talke on him,
Farewell,

Your Countesse

May expect too long,
Farewell Coronell.

Exeunt

Enter Lady Rosomond, and Lady Honoria.

Ros. Why doe you so commend him?

Hon. Does he not
Deserve it? name a gentleman in the Kingdomē,
So affable, so moving in his language,
So pleasant, witty, indeede every thing
A Lady can desire.

Ros. Sure thou dost love him,
Ile tell his Lordshippe when I see him agen,
How zealous you are in his commendation.

Hon. If I be not mistak en, I have heard
Your tongue reach higher in his praises Madam,
How ere you now seeme cold, but if you tell him
My opinion, as you shall doe him no pleasure,
You can doe me no injury, I know
His Lordship has the constitution
Of other Courtiers, they can endure
To be commended.

Ros. But I prethee tell me,
Is not love whence this proceeds, I have
I must confesse discourst of his good parts,
Desir'd his company.

Ho. And had it?

Ros. Yes, and had it.

Ho. All night.

Ros. You are not I hope jealous,
If I should say all night I neede not blush,
It was but at a Ball, but what of this?

Ho. Enc what you will

Ros. I hope you ha no patent
To dance alone with him, if he ha priviledge
To kisse another Lady, she may say
He does salute her, and returne a curtic
To shew her breeding, but Ile now be playner,
Although you love this Lord, it may possible
He may dispose his thoughts another way.

Ho. He may so.

Ros. Who can helpe it, he has eyes
To looke on more than one, and understand
Perhaps to guide, and place his love upon
The most deserving object.

Ho. Most deserving,
This language is not levill with that friendship,
You have profest, this touches a comparison.

Ros. Why doe you thinke all excellence is throng'd
Within your beauty.

Ho. You are angry Lady,
How much does this concernē you to be thus
Officious in his cause, if you be not
Engag'd by more than ordinary affection,
I must interpret this no kinde respect
To me.

Ros. Angry, ha, ha.

Ho. You then transgressē against civilitie.

Ros. Good Madam why? because,
I thinke, and tell you that another Lady
May be as handsome in some mans opinion,
Admit I lov'd him too, may not I hold
Proportion with you, on some entreaty.

Enter Lord.

Lor. They're loude, Ile not be seene yet.

Ros. What is it that exalts you above all
Comparison? my father was as good
A gentleman, and my mother has as great
A spirit.

Ho. Then you love him too.

Ros. Twill appeare
Nogreater miracle in me I take it,
Yet difference will be, perhaps I may
Affect him with a better consequence.

Ho. Your consequence perhaps may be denied too,
Why there are no such wonders in your eye
Which other composition doe not boast of,
My Lord no doubt hath in his travells clapt
As modest cheekes, and kist as melting lippes.

Ro. And yet mine are not pale.

Ho. It may be they blush for the teeth behinde them.

Ro. I have read

No sonnets on the sweetnesse of your breath.

Ho. Tis not perfum'd.

Ro. But I have heard of your tongue exalted much,
Highly commended.

Ho. Not above your forehead,
When you have brush'd away the hairie pentchrush,
And made it visible.

Lo. Ile now interrupt 'em,
Theyle fall by the eares else presently.

Ho. My Lord,

Lo. What in contention Ladies?

Ro. Oh my Lord you'r welcome.

Lo. Expresse it in discoverie of that
Made you so earnest, I am confident
You were not practising a Dialogue
To entertaine me.

Ho. Yet it did concerne you.

Ro. Do not you blush, fie Madam.

Lo. Nay and you come to blush once, and fie Madam,
Ile know the secret, by this kisse I will,
And this.

Ho. You were kis'd first, discover now
At your discretion.

Ro. My Lord we were in jest.

Ho. It might ha turn'd to earnest, if your Lordship
Had not interpos'd.

Lo. Come out with it.

Ro. We had a difference.

Lo. Well said.

Ro. About a man ith' world, you are best name him.

Ho. You have the better gift at telling secrets.

Lo. Yet agen, come Ile helpe it out, there is
A gentleman ith' world, some call a Lord.

Ro. Did your Lordship over-heare us?

Lo. Nay nay, you must stand too't.

One, whom you
Love, it will appeare no greater miracle
In you I take it, one no doubt that hath
Travel'd, and clapt as modest cheekes, and kis'd
As melting lippes, thus farre ime right, but what
Name this most happy man doth answer too,
Is not within my circle.

Ho. Yet you know him.

Ro. Not to retaine your Lordship ith^r darke,
Confident you'le not accuse my modesty
For giving you a truth, you shall not travell
Beyond your selfe to find his name, but doe not
Triumph my Lord.

Lo. Am I so fortunatē,
Then love I doe forgive thee, and will cherish
The flame I did suspect would ruine me,
You two divide my love, onely you two,
Be gentle in your Empire heavenly Ladies,
No enemy abroad can threaten you,
Be carefull then, that you maintaine at homē
No civill warres.

Ho. How dee meane my Lord?

Lo. You are pleas'd to smile upon me gentle Lady,
And I have tooke it in my heart more than
Imaginary blessings with what pleasure
Could I behold this beautie, and consumē
My understanding to know nothing else,
My memory to preserve no other figure.

Ro. My Lord, I am not worth your flatterie.

Lo. I flatter you? *Venus* her selfe be judge,
To whom you are so like in all thats faire,
Twere sinne but to be modest.

Ro. How my Lord?

Lo. Do not mistake me, twere
A sinne but to be modest in your praises,
Heres a hand, nature shew me such another,
A brow, a cheeke, a lip, and every thing,
Happy am I that *Cupids* blinde.

Ro. Why happy?

Lo. If he could see, he would forsake his Mistress
To be my rivall, and for thy embraces
Be banish'd heaven.

Ho. My Lord Ile take my leave.

Lo. If you did know how great a part of me,
Will whither in your absence, you would have
More charitie, one accent of unkinde
Language from you, doth wound me more than all
The mallice of my destinies, oh deare Madam,
You say you'le take your leave of your poore servant;
Say rather, you will dwell for ever here,
And let me stay and gaze upon
Your heavenly forme.

Ho. I can be patient
To heare your Lordship mocke me, these are but
A course reward for my good thoughts.

Lo. This tis to use plaine dealing, and betray the inside
Of our hearts to women, did you thinke well of me
So late, and am I forfeited already,
Am I a Christian?

Ho. Yes I hope my Lord.

Lo. Make me not miserable then, deare Madam,
With your suspition, I dissemble with you,
But you know too well what command your beauty
Has upon me.

Ho. Give me leave
My Lord to wonder you can love me,
With such a flame you have exprest yet shee,
Your mistresse?

Lo. You are both my Mistresses.

Ro. I like not this so well.

Lo. There is no way but one to make me happy.

Ho. I wish my Lord I had the art to effect
What you desire.

Ro. Or I.

Lo. It is within
Your powers.

The Bar.

Ho. Speake it my Lord.

Lo. Since it is so
That I'm not able to determinē which
My heart, so equall unto both, would chuse;
My suite is to your vertues, to agreē
Betweene your selves, whose creature I shall be;
You can judge better of your worths than I,
My allegiance shall be ready if you can
Conclude which shall ha the supremacie;
Take pittie on your servant gentle Ladies,
And reconcile a heart too much divided,
So with the promise of my obedience
To her that shall be fairest, wisest, sweetest
Of you two, when I next present a lover,
I take distracted leave.

Ho. Why, this is worse than all the rest.

Ro. Hee's gone,
And has referr'd himselfe to us.

Ho. This will
Aske counsell.

Ro. And somē time I would be loth
To yeeld.

Ho. And I, *Cupid* instruct us both.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Barker, Freshwater, and Gudge.

Bar. **A**ND what made you to undertake this voyage,
Sweete Signior *Freshwater*.

Fr. An affection
I had to be acquainted with somē countries.

Gud. Give him good words.

Ba. And you returne fraught home with the rich devices,
Fashions of steeples, and the situations
Of galouses, and wit no doubt a bushell,
What price are Oates in *Venice*?

Fr.

The Ball.

Fr. Signior

I kēp no horsēs there, my man, and I

Ba. Were Asses.

Fr. How Signior?

Gud. Give him good words, a Poxē take him.

Ba. Had not you land once?

Fr. I had some durtie acres.

Gud. I am his witness.

Fr. Which I reduc'd into a narrow compasse,
Some call it selling.

Gud. He would sell bargaines of a childe.

Fr. And twas a thriving pollicie.

Ba. As how?

Fr. It was but two hundred pound *Per annum* fir,
A leane reuēnew.

Ba. And did you sell it all?

Fr. I did not leave an acte, rod, or perch,
That had beene no discretion, when I was selling
I would sell to purpose, doe you see this roll,
I have good securitie for my money fir,
Not an egge here but has five chickens in't,
I did most pollitickely disburse my summes,
To have five for one at my returne from *Venice*,
And now I thanke my starres I am at home.

Ba. And so by consequence in three moneths your estate
Will be five times as much or quintupled.

Fr. Yes Signior quintupled,
I wōt purchase yet I meane to use
This tricke seaven yeares together, first
Ile still put out, and quintuplie as you call't,
And when I can in my Exchequer tell
Two, or three Millions, I will fall a purchasing.

Ba. Kingdomes I warrant.

Fr. I have a minde to buy
Constantinople from the *Turke*, and give it
The Emperour.

Ba. What thinke you of *Ierusalem*?
If you would purchase that, and bring it nēarer,

The Christian Pilgrimes would be much oblig'd to yee,
When did you wash your sockes ?

Fr. I weare none Signior.

Ba. Then tis your breath, to your lodging, and perfume it,
You'll tell the sweeter lies to them that will
Lose so much time to aske about your travell,
You wonot sell your debts ?

Fr. Sell 'em, no Signior.

Ba. Have you as much left in ready cash as will
Keepe you and this old troule a fortnight longer,
Die, and forgive the world, thou maist be buried,
And ha the Church-cloth, if you can put in
Securitie, the Parish shall be put
To no more charge, dost thou hope to have a penny
Of thy owne money backe, is this an age
Of five for one, die ere the towne takes notice,
There is, a hidious woman carries ballets,
And has a singing in her head, take heed
And hang thy selfe, thou maist not heare the time,
You remember *Coriate*.

Fr. Honest Tom Odcombe.

Ba. Wee'le ha more verses o' thy travells Coxcombe,
Bookes shall be sold in bushellis in Cheape side,
And come in like the Pescods, waine loads full
Of thee, and thy man *Apple John* that lookes
As he had beene a fenight in the straw
A ripening for the market, farewell Rusiting,
Thou art not worth my spleene, doe not forget
My counsell, hang thy selfe, and thou go'st off
Without a Sessions.

Exit.

Fr. Fine, Imeglad hee's gone, *Gudgine*, what dost thou

Gud. I thinke y'are well rid of railing Madcap. (thinke.

Fr. Nay, nay hee'le not spare a Lord
But were not I best call in my moneyes *Gudgin*,
My estate wonot hold out, I milt be more
Familiar with my gentlemen.

Enter Lord.

Lo. Iacke Freshwater wello me fom Venice.

Fr. I thanke your honour.

The Ball.

Lo. Was it not *Franke Barker* that parted from you?

Fr. Yes my Lord.

Lo. Whats the matter?

Fr. There is a summe, my Lord.

Lo. Where is it Signior?

Fr. There was a summe my Lord delivered
From your poore servant *Freshwater*.

Lo. I remember,
But I have businesse now, come home to me,
The monie's safe, you were to give me five
For one at your returne.

Fr. I five? Your Lordship has forgot the *Cinquēpacē*.

Lo. Something it is, but when I am at leasure
We will discourie of that, and of your travell,
Farewell Signior.

Exit.

Fr. Ist come to this? if Lords play fast and loose,
What shall poore Knights, and gentlemen?
Hum, tis he.

Enter Coronell.

Co. A Poxe upon him, what makes he in my way.

Fr. Noble Coronell.

Co. *Que dite vous mounsieur.*

Fr. *Que dite vous?*

Co. *A wy, je ne pa parlee Anglois,*

Fr. There were five *English* peeces.

Co. *Ie ne parle Anglois, me speake no word English,*
Votre sevitieur.

Exit.

Fr. Adiew five peecēs,
Gudgin gape, ist not he?
They wonot use me o'this fashion,
Did he not speake to me ith' morning?

Gud. Yes sir.

Fr. I thinke so,

Gud. But then you would not know him in *Italian*,
And now he will not know you in *French*.

Fr. Call you this felling of land, and putting out money
To multiply estate?

Gud. To quintuply five for one, large interest.

Fr. Five for one, tis tenne to one if I get my principall.

Gud.

The Ball.

God. Your roll is not at the bottome, yet try the rest.

Fr. I ha, Signior farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Scutilla and Solomon.

Scu. Didst speake with the Coroneil?

Sol. I met him opportunely after all the rest,
And told him how much it would concerne
His livelihood to make haste.

Scu. He must not be seene yet, you know where
To attend for him, give him accessse by
The garden to my chamber, and bring
Me nimble knowledge when he is there.

Sol. I shall forsooth.

Exit.

Enter the Dancer, Lady Rosomond, Lady Lucina,
and Lady Honoria.

Dan. Very well an dat be skirvy you run trot, trot, trot,
Pisha, follow me, *fout Madame*, can you not tell
So often learning — *Madem* you foot it now
Pla it ill. *Another Lady dances.*

Excellent, better den excellent pishaw ---- you be laughed
When you come to de Ball; I teach tree hundred, never
Forgot so much, me swēat taking paine, and fidling
Ladies.

Luc. Fidling Ladies, you Molecatcher.

Dan. *Purquoy* for telling you
Dance not well, you commit fat, and beate me for my
Dilligence becar you dance you pleasure. (dy

Ho. No *Mounseure Le Friske* put not up your pipe, my La-
Was but in jest, and you must take it for a favour.

Dan. I veare no favours in dat place, should any gentleman
Of England give me blow, diable me teach him *French*
Passage.

Ro. Nay you shanot be so angry, I must have a Coronte,
Pray Madam be reconcil'd.

Luc. Come Mounseur I am sorry. hand,

Dan. Sorre, tat is too much *par ma foy*, I kisse tat white
Give me one two tree buffets, aller, aller looke up your
Countenance, your *English* man spoile you, he no teach
You looke up, pishaw, carry your body in the swimming

The Ball.

Fashion, and *des allei moy mofelle* ha, ha, ha,
So for boon excellent becar. Dance.

Luc. Naya Country dance *Scutilla*, you are idle,
You know we must be at the Ball anon, come.

Dan. Where is the Ball this night.

Luc. At my Lord *Rainebowes*. (world,

Dan. Oh he dance finely becar, he deserve the Ball of de
Fine, fine gentleman, your oder men dance lop, lop with
De lame legge as they want crushes begore, and looke for
Argent in the ground pishaw,

They dance a new Country Dance.

Hah, hah, for boone.

Ro. Now Madamē we take our leave.

Luc. Ile recompence this kind visite : does your coach staye

Ho. Yes Madam,

Your Ladiship will be too much troubled.

Luc. I owe more service.

Scu. Mounsierr you'le begone too.

Dan. I have more Ladie, my Schollers.

Scin. Is that the way of your instrument.

Dan. *All a murdu France, fit, fit adieu*

Madam votre serviteur,

Adieu demy Mounsierr.

Exeunt.

Enter Solomon and Coronell.

Scu. Sir, you are welcome.

Co. I thanke you Ladie.

Scu. The tim's too narrow to discouffe at large,
But I intend you a service,
You have deserv'd it

In your owne noblenesse to one I call a kinsman,
Whose life without your charitie had beene
Forfeit to his generalls anger, twas not
Without his cause you after quit your regiment.

Co. He was my friend, forget it.

Scu. You were sent for

By the Lady *Lucina*.

Co. Whose command I waite.

Scu. Twas my desire to prepare you for

The Ball.

The entertainement, be but pleas'd to obscure
Your selfe behind these hangings a few minuts,
I heare her, you may trust me.

Co. Without dispute, I obey you Lady.

Enter Lady Lucina.

Luc. Now Scatilla we are ripe, and ready
To entertaine my Gamesters, my man said
They promised all to come, I was afraid
These Ladies in their kinde departure wo'd not
Bequeath me opportunitie, and the mirth
Doth in the imagination so ticle me,
I wo'd not willingly ha lost it for a Jewell
Of some valew.

Scu. Then your purchase holds.

Luc. If they hold their affections, and keepe touch
Weele ha some sport.

Enter Solomon.

Sol. Sr. Marmaduke Travers.

Luc. Away Scatilla, and
Laugh not loud betweene our acts, weele meete
Agen like musicke, and make our selves merry.

Scin. I waite nere you.

Enter Sr. Marmaduke.

Luc. Sr. Marmaduke I thought I should have had
Your visite without a summons.

Ma. Lady you gave
One feather to the wings I had before,
Can there be at last a service to imploy
Your creature?

Luc. Something hath pleaded for you in your absence

Ma. Oh let me dwell upon your hand, my starres
Have then remembered me agen.

Luc. How doe the Fennes?

Goes the draning forward, and your Iron Mills?

Mar. Draning, and Iron Mills? I know not Mad dam

Luc. Come, you conceale your industry, and care
To thrive, you neede not be so close to me.

Ma. By this hand Lady, have I any Iron Mills?

Luc. I am abus'd else, nay I doe love

One that has Wind-mills in his head.

Ma. How Madam?

Lu. Projects, and Proclamations, did not you
Travell to *Yarmouth* to learne how to cast
Brasse buttons, nay I like it, it is an age
For men to looke about 'em, shall I trust
My estate to one that has no thrift, a fellow
But with one face? my husband shall be a *Ianus*,
He cannot looke too many wayes, and is
Your patent for making Vineger confirm'd:
What a face you put upon't nay, nere dissemble,
Come I know all, you'le thanke that friend of yours,
That satisfied my inquirie of your worth
With such a welcome character, but why
Doe I betray my selfe so fast? beshrow
His commendations.

Ma. How is this? some body
That meant me well, and knew her appetite
To wealth hath told this of me, Ile make use ont;
Well Madam, I desir'd these things more private
Till something worth a mine, which I am now
Promoving had beene perfect to salute you,
But I perceive you hold intelligence
In my affaires, which I interpret love,
And Ile requite it, will you be content
Be a countesse for the present.

Luc. I shall want
No honour in your love.

Ma. When shall we marry?

Luc. Something must be prepar'd.

Ma. A licence, and say no more,
How blest am I, doe not blush,
I wonot kisse your lip, till I ha brought it.

Luc. Ha, ha, *Scutilla*.

Scu. Be secret still.

Luc. Canst thou not laugh?

Scu. Yes Madam you have kept your word,
The Knights transported, gone

Ajide

Exit.

The Ball.

To preparē things for the wedding.

Luc. How didst thou like the Iron Mills?

Sen. And the Brasse buttons rarely, have you devicēs
To jeere the rest.

Luc. All the regiment on 'em, or Ile breake my bowstrings?

Sol. Sr. *Ambrose Lamount.*

Luc. Away, and let the Swallow enter.

Enter Sr. Ambrose, and Solomon.

Luc. Why Sirra, did I command you give accessē to none
But Sr. *Ambrose Lamount*?

Whom you know I sent for,
Audacious Grooms.

Sol. It is Sir, Madam.

Luc. It is Sr. *Ambrose Coxcombe*, is it not,
Cry mercy noble sir, I tooke you muffled
For onē that every day sollicites me
To bestow my little dogge upon him, but you'r welcome,
I thinke I sent for you.

Am. It is my happinesse
To waite your service Lady.

Luc. I heare say you have vow'd to die a Batchellor,
I hope it is not true sir.

Am. I die a Batchellor?

Luc. And that you'le turne religious Knight.

Am. I turne religious Knight, who has abus'd me?

Luc. I would onely know the truth, it were great pittie,
For my owne part I ever wish'd you well,
Although in modesty I have beene silent,
Pray what's a clocke?

Am. Howes this?

Luc. I had a dreame last night, me thought I saw you
Dance so exceedingly rarely, that I fell
In love.

Am. In love with me.

Luc. With your legges sir.

Am. My legge is at your service to comē over.

Luc. I wondred at my selfe, but I considered,
That many have beene caught with handsome faces,

So my love grew.

Am. Vpwards.

Luc. What followed in my dreame

I ha forgot.

Am. Leave that to finish waking.

Luc. Since the morning

I finde some alteration, you know

I have told you twenty times I would not love you,

But whether twere your wisdom or your fate

You would not be satisfied, now I know not

If something were procur'd, what I should answer.

Am. A licence, say no more.

Luc. Would ~~were~~ my estate were doubled.

Am. For my sake.

Luc. You have not Purchas'd since you fell in love?

Am. Not much land.

(over

Luc. Revells have beene some charge to you, you were

friend to Ladies, pittie but he should rise

by one, has fallen with so many, had you not

A head once?

Am. A head? I have one still.

Luc. Of haire I meane,

Favours ha glean'd too much, pray pardon me

If it were mine, they should goe looke their bracelets,

Or stay till the next crop, but I blush sir

To hold you in this discourse, you will perhaps

Conster me in a wrong sence; but you may use

Your owne discretion till you know me better,

Which is my soules ambition.

Am. I am blest.

Cor. Cunning Gipsie shee'le use me thus too

When I come too't.

Am. Lady I know your mind, when I see you next. *Exit.*

Luc. Youle see me agen, ha ha ha, *Scutilla.*

Scu. Here Madam almost dead with stifling my laughter,

Why hee's gone for a Licence, you did injoyne him no

Silence.

Luc. I wou'd have 'em all meete and brag o'their severall

Hopes

The Ball.

Hopēs they wōnot else be sensible, and quit mē o'their
Tedious visitation, who's next?

I would the Coronell were come,
I long to have about with him.

Sol. Mr. *Bostocke* Madam.

Luc. Retire, and give the lay admittancē.

Enter Bostocke.

Bo. Madam, I kisse your faire hand.

Luc. Oh Mr. *Bostocke*,

Bo. The humblest of your servants.

Luc. Twonot become your birth, and blood to stoope
To such a title.

Bo. I must confesse deare Lady,
I carry in my veines more precious honour
Then other men, blood of a deeper crimson,
But you shall call me any thing.

Luc. Not I sir,
It would not become mē to change your title,
Although I must confesse I could desire
You were lesse honourable.

Bo. Why I prethee,
Ist a fault to spring from the Nobilitie?
There be some men have sold well favour'd Lordships,
To be ill favoured Noblemen, and though
I weare no title of the state, I can
Adorne a Lady.

Luc. That is my misfortune,
I would you could not sir.

Bo. Are you the worse
For that? consider Lady.

Luc. I have considered,
And I could wish with all my heart you were
Not halfe so noble, nay indeede no Gentlman.

Bo. How Lady?

Luc. Nay, if you give me leave to speake my thoughts,
I would you were a fellow of two degrees
Beneath a foote man, one that had no kindred,
But Knights oth' post, nay worse, pardon me sir,

The Ball.

In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,
You were a sonne oth' people rather then.

Bo. Good Madam give me your reason.

Luc. Because I love you.

Bo. Few women wish so ill to whom they love.

Luc. They doe not love like me then.

Bo. Say you so.

Luc. My wealths a begger, nay the title of
A Lady which my husband left, is a shadow
Compar'd to what you bring to innoble me,
And all the children you will get, but I
Out of my love desire you such a one,
That I might adde to you, that you might be
Created by my wealth, made great by me,
Then should my love appeare, but as you are,
I must receive addition from you.

Bo. No body heares, why harke you Lady, could
You love me, if I were lesse honourable?

Luc. Honourable? why you cannot be so base
As I would have you, that the world might say
My marriage gave you somewhat.

Bo. Say you so,
Vnder the Rose, if that will doe you a pleasure,
The Lords doe call me cosin, but I am.

Luc. What?

Bo. Suspected.

Luc. How?

Bo. Not to be lawfull, I came in at the Wicket,
Some call it the Window.

Luc. Can you prove it.

Bo. Say no more.

Luc. Then I preferre you before all my suiters,
Sr. Ambrose Lamount, and *Sr. Marmaduke*
Travers are all Mountibankes.

Bo. What say to the Coronell.

Luc. *A Lanse preso*, how my joy transports me,
But shall I trust to this, doe not you flatter?
Will not you fly from that, and be legitimate,

The Ball.

When we are married, you men are too cunning
With simple Ladies.

Bo. Doe but marry me,
Ile bring the Mid wife.

Luc. Say no more, provide
What you thinke necessary, and all shall be
Dispatch'd.

Bo. I guesse your meaning, and thus seale
My best devotion. *Exit.*

Sen. Away now and present your selfe.

Luc. Oh *Scutilla*, hold me, I shall fall
In peeces else, ha ha, ha.

Sen. Beshrow me Madam, but I wonder
At you, you woond him rarely up.

Luc. Have not I choise of precious husbands? now and
The Coronell were here, the taske
Were over.

Sen. Then you might goe play,
Madam the Coronell.

Enter Coronell.

Luc. Is he come once more? withdraw, bid him march hi-

Co. Now is my turne Madam. (ther.

Luc. Yare welcome sir, I thought you would have gone,
And not grac'd me so much as with a poore
Salute at parting.

Co. Gone whither?

Luc. To the warres.

Co. She jeares me already, no Lady I'me already
Engag'd to a siege at home, and till that service
Be over, I enquire no new employments.

Luc. For honours sake what siege?

Co. A Cittadell,
That severall forces are set downe before,
And all is entrench'd.

Luc. What Cittadell?

Co. A woman.

Luc. She cannot hold out long.

Co. *Ostend* was sooner taken then her fort

The Ball.

Its like to be for any thing I perceivē.

Luc. Is she so well provided?

Co. Her provision

May faile her, but she is devilish obstinate,
She feares nor fire nor famine.

Luc. Whats her name?

Co. *Lucina.*

Luc. Ha ha ha, alas poore Coronell;
If youle take my advice remove your siege,
A province will be sooner wonne in the
Low countries, ha ha ha.

Co. Lady, you sent for me.

Luc. T was but to tell you my opinion in this businesse;
You'le sooner circumcise the Turkes dominions,
Then take this toy you talke off, I doe know it,
Farewell good Souldier, ha ha ha, and yettis pittie,
Is there no stratagem, no tricke, no undermine,
If she be given so desperate, your body
Had neede to be well victuall'd, theres a citie
And suburbes in your belly, and you must
Lay in betimes to prevent mutinie
Among the small guts, which with winde of venge else
Will breake your garde of buttons, ha ha ha
Come weele laugh, and lie downe in the next roome *Scutilla.*
Exit.

Co. So so, I did expect no good,
Why did not I strike her, but Ile doe something,
And be with you to bring before you thinke ont,
Mallice and *Mercurie* assist me.
Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lord and Barker.

Ba. **S**O so, you'e a precious time on't.
Lor. Who can helpe it *Franke*, if Ladies will
Be wilde, repentance tame 'em, for my part.

The Ball.

I court not them, till they provoke me too'te.

Ba. And doe they both affect you,

Lo. So they say,

And did justifie it to my face.

Ba. And you did praise their modesty.

Lo. I confesse I prais'd 'em

Both when I saw no remedy.

Ba. You did, and they beleev'd.

Lo. Religiously?

Ba. Do not

Doc not beleeve it my young Lord, theyle make
Foolles of a thousand such, they doe not love you.

Lo. Why, and shall please your wisdoms?

Ba. They are women,

Thats a reason, and may satisfie you,

They cannot love a man.

Lo. What then?

Ba. Themselves,

And all little enough, they have a tricke

To conjure with their eyes, and perhaps raise

A masculine spirit, but lay none.

Lo. Good Cato.

Be not over-wise now, whats the reason

That women are not fainted in your Calender,

You have no frosty constitution?

Ba. Would you were halfe so honest.

Lo. Why a woman

May love thee one day.

Ba. Yes when I make legges

And faces like such fellowes as you are.

Lo. Mounſieur *La Friske.* *Enter Mounſieur La Friske.*

Moun. Serviteur.

Lo. Nay *Frank* thou shalt not goe.

Ba. Ile come agen when you ha done your *Iyggē.*

Moun. A Mounſieur.

Lo. Come you shall sit downe, this fellow will make thee

Ba. I shall laugh at you both, and I stay. (laugh.)

Lo. Harke you Mounſieur, this gentleman has a great

The Ball.

Minde to learne to dance.

Moun. He command my servicē,
Please your Lordship beginne tat he may
See your profit alkey — hah.

Lo. How like you this *Franke*?

Ba. Well enough for the dogge-dayes, but have
You no other dancing for the Winter, a man
May freeze and walke thus.

Moun. It be all your grace, Mounsieur, your
Dance be horseplay begar for de stable not
De chamber, your ground passage hah
Never hurt de backe Mounsieur, nor trouble
De legge mush, hah plait ill you learne
Mounsieur.

Lo. For mirth sake, and thou lovest me.

Moun. Begar I teach you presently, dance with all de
Grace of de body for your good, and my profit.

Ba. Pardon me my Lord.

Moun. Oh not *pardonne moy*.

Lo. Doe but observe his methode

Ba. I shall never endure it, pox upon him. (the

Mo. Tis but dis in de beginning, one, two, tree, foure, five,
Cinquespace, alley Mounsieur, stand upright an begar.

Lo. Let him set you in toth posture.

Mo. My broder my Lord know wel for de litle kit he fiddle
And me for de posture of de body, begar de King has no too
Sush subjects hah, dere be one foote, two foote, have
You tree foote, begar you have more den I have den.

Ba. I shall breake his fiddle.

Lo. Thou art so humerous.

Moun. One beene two hah, you goe to fast, you be at *Dover*
Begar, and me be at *Greenwich*, tree toder legge pishaw.

Ba. A poxe upon your legges, ile no more.

Moun. *Purquoy*.

Lo. Ha ha ha, I wod some Ladies were here to laugh
At thee now, you wonot be so rude to meddle with
The Mounsieur in my lodging.

(Iackalent.

Ba. Ile kicke him to death, and bury him in a Base-violl

Moun.

The Ball.

Mo. Iackalēnt, begar you be Iackēnapē; if I had my weāpen
You durst no affront me, I be as good gentleman, an for
All my fiddle as you, call me a Iacke a de lent.

Lo. Raile upon him Mounſieur, Ile ſecure thee, ha ha ha!

Moun. Because your leg have de poc, or ſometing dat makē
Em no vell, and friſke, you make a foole of a Mounſieur.
My Lord uſe me like Gentleman, an I care no ruſh for
You, be deſperate, kill me, and me complaine to de
King, and teach new dance, galliarde to de gibbet, you
Be hang'd in *Engliſh* faſhion. (Exit.

Ba. Goe, yar'e an impertinent Lord, and I will be reveng'd.

Lo. Ha, ha, good *Diogenes*, come Mounſieur,
You and I wonot part yet.

Moun. My Lord, if you had not beenc here, mē wod hav
Broken his head with my fiddle.

Lo. You might ſooner have broke your fiddle, but ſtrike up.

Moun. *Allei hab boone.* *They Dance in.*

Enter Boſtocke.

Bo. I ſpie Sir *Marmaduke* comming after mē,
This way Ile take to avoide his tedious queſtions,
Heele interrupt me, and I ha not finiſh'd
Things fit for my deſigne.

Enter Sr. Ambroſe.

Am. Tis Mr *Boſtocke*, little does he thinke
What I am going upon, I feare I ſhanot
Containe my joyes.

Bo. Good fortune to Sr. *Ambroſe.*

Am. Sir you muſt pardon, I cannot waite
Vpon you now, I ha buſineſſe of much conſequēce.

Bo. I thought to have made the ſame excuſe to you,
For at this preſent I am ſo engag'd.

Am. We ſhall meeete ſhortly.

Both. Ha ha ha.

Bo. Poore Gentleman how is he beguil'd.

Am. Your noſe is wip'd, hum, tis Sr. *Marmaduke*,

Enter Sr. Marmaduke.

I muſt ſalutē him.

Bo. The Coronell? theres no going backe.

Ma. What misfortun's this? but tis no matter,
Noble sir how ist?

Am. As you see sir:

Co. As I could wish noble Mr. *Bostocke*,

Bo. Your humble servant Coronell.

Co. Nay nay a word.

Ma. I shannot forbear jecring these poore things,
They shall be mirth.

Co. What all met so happily? and how my
Sparkes of honour?

Am. Things so ticle me,
I shall breake out.

Co. When saw, you our Mistresse Lady *Lucina*.

Am. My suite is cold there, Mr. *Bostocke* carries
The Lady cleane before him.

Bo. No no not, it is Sr. *Marmaduke*.

Ma. I gleane by smiles after Sr. *Ambrose*,

Co. None of you see her to day?
I may as soone marry the Moone, and get
Children on her, I see her not this three dayes,
Tis very strange, I was to present my service
This morning.

Ma. Youle march away with all.

Co. I cannot tell, but theres small signe of victory,
And yet me thinkes you should not be neglected,
If the Fennes goe forward, and your Iron Mills.

Ma. Has she betraid me?

Co. Some are industrious,
And have the excellent skill to cast brasse buttons.

Ma. Coronell softly.

Co. How will you sell your vinēger a pint,
The Patent something sawcie.

Am. The Coronell jecres him.

Bo. Excellent, ha ha.

Co. Had not you a head once,
Of haire I meane, favours ha glean'd too much,
If Ladies will ha bracelets, let 'em stay
Till the next crophe.

The Ball.

Am. Hum, the very language she us'd to me.

Bo. Docs he jeere him too, nay nay, prethee spare him, ha, ha.

Co. You may doe much, and yet I could desire
You were lesse honourable, for though you have
Blood of a deeper crimson, the good Lady
Out of her love could wish you were a thing
Beneath a foote man, and that you had no kindred
But Knights oth' post.

Bo. Good Coronell.

Co. Nay pardon me,
In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,
You were a sonne oth' people.

Bo. Coronell,
How the devill came he by this?

Co. Vnder the Rose there was a gentleman
Came in at the Wicket, these are tales of which
The Greekes have store, faire hopes Gentlemen.

Mar. How came you by this intelligence.

Co. Nay Ile no whispering, what I say to one
Will concerne every man, shee has made
You coxcombes.

Am. It does appeare.

Co. And more then does appeares yet
I had my share.

Bo. Thats some comfort, I was afraid.

Co. But you shall pardon me, Ile conceale
The particulars of her bountifull abuses
To me, let it suffice I know we are all
Jeer'd most abominably, I stood behinde
The hangings when shee sign'd your severall passes,
And had my owne at last worse than the Constables,
That this is true, you shall have more than oath,
Ile joyne wee in revenge, and if you wonot,
I will doe't alone.

Ma. She is a devill.

Am. Damme her then, till we thinke on something else,
Lets all goe backe, and raile upon her.

Bo. Agreed, a poxe upon her.

The Ball.

Ma. We cannot be too bitter, she's a hell Cat.

Am. Dee heare, listen to me our shames are equall;
Yet if we all discharge at oncē upon her,
We shall but make confusion, and perhaps
Give her more cause to laugh, let us chuse one,
To curse her for us all.

Co. Tis the best way, and if you love mē gentlemen,
Engage me, I deserve this favour for my
Discovery, Ile swear her into hell.

Ma. Troth I ha no good veine, I me content.

Bo. Gentlemen, noble Coronell as you respect
A wounded branch of the Nobilitie,
Make it my office, she abus'd me most, and if
The devill doe not furnish me with language,
Ile say he has no malice.

Co. If they consent.

Mar. Am. With all our hearts.

Bo. I thanke you gentlemen.

Co. But lets us all together, Ile not be barr'd,
Now and then to enterpose an oath,
As I shall finde occasion.

Bo. Youle releve me
When I take breath, then you may helpe, or you,
Or any to confound her.

Co. Let away.

Bo. Never was witch so tortur'd.

Exeunt

Enter Freshwater, Gudgin, and Solomon.

Sol. Noble Mr. *Freshwater* welcome from travell.

Fr. Where be the Ladies?

So. In the next roome sir;
My Lady *Rosomond* is sitting for her picture,
I presume you will be welcome.

Fr. An *English* Painter?

So. Yes sir.

Fr. Præthee let me see him.

He gives Freshwater acesse to the Chamber and returns.

Sol. This way,

Honest *Gudgin*,

How, and the matters abroad, a touch of

Thy

Thy travell, what newes.

God. First, let me understand the state of things
At home.

So. We have little alteration since thou went'st,
The same newes are in fashion,
Onely gentlemen are faine to ramble, and stumble
For their flesh since the breach oth' banke side.

God. Is my aunt defunct,

So. Yet the Viragoes ha not lost their spirit, some on
'Em have challeng'd the field, every day where
Gentlemen have met 'em, oh the dogge-dayes bit
Shredly, 'twas a vilanous dead vacation.

God. Is *Pauls* alive still?

Sol. Yes, yes, a little sicke oth' stone, she voides some
Every day, but she is now in phisicke,
And may in time recover.

God. The *Exchange* stands?

Sol. Longer than a Church,
There is no feare while the Merchants have faith;
A little of thy travells, for the time is precious, what
Things have you seene or done since you left *England*?

God. I have not leasure to discourse of particulars, but first
My Mr. and I have runne *France* through, and through.

So. Through and through, how is that man?

God. Why once forward, and once backward, thats through
And through.

Sol. 'Twas but a cowardly part to runne a Kingdome
Through backward.

God. Not with our horses *Solomon*, not with our horses.

Enter Freshwater and Lady Rosomond.

Fr. Madam, I did not thinke your Ladiship
Had so little judgement.

So. As how Signiour?

Fr. As to let an *English* man draw
Your Picture, and such rare Mounseurs in towne.

Ro. Why not *English*?

Fr. Oh by no meanes Madam,
They ha not active Pensiles.

Ros. Thinkē you so.

Fre. You must encourage strangers while you live,
It is the Character of our nation,
We are famous for dejecting our owne countrymen.

Ros. Is that a principle.

Fre. Who teaches you to dance?

Ros. A Frenchman Signior.

Fre. Why so, tis necessary,
Trust while you live the Frenchman with your lēgges,
Your faces with the Dutch, if you mislike
Your faces, I meane if it be not sufficiently
Painted, let me commend upon my credit
A pretious workeman to your Ladyship.

Ros. What is he.

Fre. Not an English man I warrant you,
One that can please the Ladies every way,
You shannot sit with him all day for shaddowēs,
He has Regallias, and can present you with
Suckets of foureteene pence a pound, Canary,
Prunellas, Venice glasses, Parmisan,
Sugars, Bolognia, Sausages all from *Antwerpe*;
But he will make Ollepodredos most incomparably.

Ros. I have heard of him by a noble Lady
Told me the tother day, that sitting for
Her picture, shee was stifled with a strange
Perfume of hornes.

Fre. A Butcher told me of 'em, very likely.

Ros. When I have neede
Of this rare Artist I will trouble you
For my directions, leaving this discourse,
How thrives your Catalogue of debtors Signior.

Fre. All have payd me, but;

Ros. You shannot name me in the list of any
That are behind, beside my debt a purse
For clearing the account.

Fre. You are just Madam,
And bountifull, though I came hither with
Simple intention to present my service.

The Ball.

It shall be crost. *Guagn* remember too
Her Ladiships name.

Sol. My Cofin has the
Same provision for you:

Enter Barker, and Lady Honoria.

Gud. Sir, Master *Barker*.

Fre. Madam Ile take my leave, Ile finde another
Time to attend my Lady, there's no light,
I cannot abide this fellow.

Exit with Gud.

Hon. Madam, Master *Barker* hath some designe:
Which he pretends concernes us both.

Ros. Hee's welcome, what ist?

Bar. My Lord commends him to yee.

Ros. Which Lord Sir?

Bar. The Lord, the fine, the wanton dancing Lord,
The Lord that playes upon the Gitternē, and sings,
Leapes upon tables, and does pretty things,
Would have himselfe commended.

Ros. So Sir.

Bar. He loves you both, he told me so,
And laughs behind a visard at your frailtie,
He cannot love that way you imagine,
And Ladies of the game are now no miracles.

Hon. Although he use to raile thus, yet we have
Some argument to suspect his Lordships tongue:
Has beene to liberall.

Ros. I finde it too, and blush within to thinke:
How much we are deceived, I may be even
With this May-Lord.

Exit.

Hon. But does his Lordship thinke:
We were so taken with his person.

Bar. You woud not, and you knew as much as I.

Hon. How Sir?

Bar. I ha beene acquainted with his body
Ha knowne his baths and phisicke.

Hon. Ist possible, I am sorry now at heart:
I had a good thought on him, hee shall see't,
For I will love some other in revenge,

The Ball.

And presently if any gentleman

Ha but the grace to smile, and court me up too't.

Ba. Hum?

Ho. A buble of Nobilitie, a giddy
Phantasticke Lord, I want none of his titles,
Now in my imaginations he appears
Illfavoured, and not any part about him
Worth halfe a commendation, wod he were here.

Co. Youd make more on him.

Ho. That I might examine,
And doe my judgement right betweene you two now,
How much he would come short, you have an eye
Worth fortie of his, nose of another making;
I saw your teeth ene now compar'd to which,
His are of the complexion of his combe,
I meane his boxe, and will in time be yellower,
And aske more making cleane, you have a shew
Of something on your upper lippe, a Witch
Has a Philosophers beard to him, his chinne
Has just as many hounds as haire that ever
My eyes distinguish'd yet, you have a body
And unpromising in his slashes, one
May see through him, and for his legges they both
Would but make stuffing for one handsome stocking,
Th'are a Lords I will be sworne, I dote upon him,
I could wish somewhat, but I me sworry sir
To trouble you so much, all happie thoughts
Possesse you.

Exit

Ba. How is this, if I have wit
To apprehend, this Lady does not hate me?
I have profest a cinicke openly,
This language melts, Ile visite her againe.

Enter Honoria.

Ho. Sir, I have a small request to you.

Ba. Lady command.

Ho. If you thinke I have power
Or will to deserve from you any court'sie,
Pray learne to dance.

Ba.

The Ball.

Ba. To dance?

Ho. At my entreatie sir to dance,
It was the first thing tooke me with his Lordship,
You know not what may follow, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ba. What pretends this to dance, theres something 'int,
I've reveng'd my selfe already upon my Lord,
Yet deeper with my Lady is the sweeter,
Something must be resolv'd. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Lucina and Scutilla.

Luc. Enough enough of conscience, lets reserve
Part of the mirth to another time, I shall
Meete some other hot worships at the Ball;
Vnlesse their apphension prompt 'em,
Earlier to know their folly in pursuing me.

Enter Solomon.

Sol. Madam, the Gentlemen that were here this morning
In single visits are come all together,
And pray to speake with you.

Luc. They've met already give 'em accessse.

Scu. I wonder what they'le say.

Enter Bostocke, Lamount, Coronell, and Travers.

Co. Be confident she shall endure it.

Bo. So so,

How dee Gentlemen, yar'e v'ery wellcome.

Am. Tis no matter for that we doe not come to be
Welcome, neither will we be welcome, speake Mr. Bostocke,

Bo. We come to mortifie you.

Luc. You will use no violence.

Bo. But of our tongues, and in the names of these
Abused gentlemen, and my selfe I spit

Defiance, stand further off, and be attentive,
Weepe or doe worse, repentance wet thy linnen,
And leave no veine for the Doctor.

Luc. They're mad.

Scu. There is no danger Madam, let us heare 'em,
If they scold we two shall be hard enough for 'em,
And they were twenty.

Bo. Thou Basiliske.

Luc.

The Ball.

Luc. At first sight?

Bo. Whose eyes shat fire, and poyson,
Malicious as a Witch, and much more cunning,
Thou that dost ride men.

Luc. I ride men?

Bo. Worse than the night Mare, let thy tongue be silent,
And take our scourges patiently, thou hast
In thy owne selfe all the ingredients
Of wickednesse in thy sexe, able to furnish
Hell if it were insufficiently provided
With falshood, and shee feind of thy owne making;
Circe that charm'd men into swine, was not
So much a Jew as thou art, thou hast made
Vs Asses, dost thou heare?

Am. He speakes for us all.

Bo. But it is better we be all made such,
Than any one of us be monstred worse
To be an Oxe thy husband.

Sen. Luc. Ha ha ha.

Bo. Dost thou laugh Crocadile?

Co. That was well said.

Bo. Spirit of flesh and blood Ile conjure thee,
And let the devill lay thee on thy backe
I care not.

Ma. Admirable *Bostocke.*

Co. That spirit of flesh and blood was well inforc'd.

Bo. You thought us animales insensible
Of all your juglings did you *Prorsepnie*?

Am. I come to that.

Bo. And that we lov'd, lov'd with a poxe your phisnomie,
Know we but tried thee Beldam, and thou art
Thy selfe a sonne oth' earth.

Am. How, shee a sonne?

Bo. Twas a mistake, but she knowes my meaning,
I beginne to be a wearie gentlemen,
Ile breath a while.

Co. Tis time, and that you may
Not want encouragement take that.

The Ball.

Bo. Gentlemen Coronell, what deē meanē.

Co. You sh'll know presently, dare but lift thy voyce
To fright this Lady, or but aske thy pardon,
My sword shall rip thy body for thy part,
And naile it on her threshold, or if you,
The proudest offer but in lookes to justifie
The basenesse of this wretch your soules shall answer't.

Ma. Howes this?

Co. Oh impudence unheard, pardon Madam
My tedious silence, the affront grew up
So fast I durst not trust my understanding
That any gentleman could attempt so much
Dishonour to a Lady of your goodnesse;
Was this your project to make me appeare
Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacriledge,
Was it for this you pray'd my company,
You todpoles? tis your presence charmes my sword,
Or they shall quickly pay their forfeit lives,
No Altar could protect 'em.

Am. We are betray'd.

Ma. Was it not his plot to have us railē?

Co. Say, shall I yet be active?

Luc. By no meanes,
This is no place for blood, nor shall any cause
Engage to such a danger.

Co. Live to be
Your owne vexations then till you be mad,
And then remove your selfe with your owne garters.
You shannot goe before I know from whose
Braine this proceeded, you are the mirth,
Was ever civill Lady so abus'd
In her owne house by ingratefull horseleeches?
Could your corrupted natures finde no way
But this to recompence her noble favours,
Her courteous entertainements, would any
Heathens done like to you? admit she was
So just to say she could see nothing in you
Worthy her decrer thoughts as to say truth,

The Ball.

How could a creature of her wit and judgement
Not see how poore and miserable things
You are at best? must you impudent
In such a loud, and peremptory manner,
Disturbe the quiet of her thoughts and dwelling
Gentlemen rather hinds scarce fit to mixe,
Vnlesse you mend her manners with her drudgēs.

Luc. This shewes a noblenesse, dost not *Scutilla?*

Bo. Why sir, did not you tell us?

Co. What did I tell you?

Bo. Nothing.

Co. Be gone, least I forget my selfe.

Bo. I have a token to remember you
A pallsie upon your fingers noble Coronell.

Ma. Was this his stratagem? we must be gone. *Exit.*

Luc. Sir I must thanke yee, and desire your pardon,
For what has past to your particular.

Co. Ya' ve more than satisfied my service in
Th'acknowledgement: disdaine cannot provoke
Me to be so insolent.

Luc. Againe I thanke you.

Co. I can forget your last neglect, if you
Thinke me not too unworthy to expect
Some favour from you.

Luc. How dee meane.

Co. Why as
As a servant should that is ambitious?
To call you Mistresse, till the happier title
Of wife crowne his desires.

Luc. I must confesse,
This has wone much upon mē: but two words
To such a bargaine, y'are a gentleman,
Ime confident would adventure for me.

Co. As farre as a poore life could speake my service.

Luc. Thats faire and farre enough, I make not any
Exception to your person.

Co. Body enough
I hope to please a Lady.

The Ball.

Luc. But,

Co. To my fortune.

Luc. To that the least, I have estate for both.

Co. Though it hold no comparison with yours,
It keepes me like a gentleman.

Luc. I have a scruple.

Co. You honour me in this,
Theres hope, if I can take away that care,
You may be mine.

Luc. Sir can you put me in securitie
That you have beene honest?

Co. Honest, how dee meane?

Luc. Beene honest of your body, you are gentlemen,
Out of the warres live lazie, and feede high,
Drinke the rich grape, and in Canary may
Doe strange things, when the wine has wash'd away
Discretion.

Co. What is your meaning Lady?

Luc. I doe not urge you for the time to come,
Pray understand, have you beene honest hitherto?
And yet because you shannot trouble friends
To be compurgators, Ile be satisfied;
If you will take your owne oath that you are.

Co. Honest of my body?

Luc. Yes sir, it will become me to be carefull
Of my health, Ile take your owne assurance,
If you can cleare your body by an oath,
Ile marry none but you, before this gentlewoman.

Co. Your reason why you use me thus?

Luc. I wonder you will aske, doe not I heare
How desperate some ha beene, what paine, what phisicke.

Co. This is a tale of a tubbe Lady.

Luc. You rid no match without a shirt, to shew
The complexion of your body, I ha done sir
When you resolute to sweare y'are honest, I
Vow to be yours, your wife: I am not hastie,
Thinke on't, and tell me when we meeete againe
Anon, to night, to morrow, when you please;

So farēwēll noble Coronell, come Scutilla.

Exeunt.

Co. Ist come to this? I am jeer'd agen, ist possible
To be honest at these yeeres, a man of my
Complexion, and acquaintance? was ever
A gentleman put to this oath before a this fashion?
If I ha the grace now to forswearē my selfe,
Something may be done, and yet tis doubtfull
Sheele have more trickes, if widdowes be thus coltish,
The devill will have a raske that goes a woing.

Exii.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Lord and Bostocke.

Bo. **S**Vch an affront my Lord, I was asham'd on't,
A meere conspiracie to betray our fames,
But had you seene how poorely they behav'd
Themselves, such carven Knights, a paire of Drone-Bees
Ith' midst o'my vexation, if I could
Forbeare to laugh, I ha no blood in me,
They were so farre from striking that they stood
Like Images, things without life and motion,
Feare could not make so much as their tongue tremble,
Left all to me.

Lo. So so, what then did you.

Bo. The Lady laugh'd too, and the Coronell
Increas'd his noise, to see how she derided
The poore Knights.

Lo. Leave their Character and proceede
To what you did.

Bo. You shall pardon me my Lord,
I am not willing to report my selfe,
They and the Lady, and the Coronell
Can witnesse I came on.

Lo. But how came you off cosin? that must commend you.

Bo. I ha my limbes my Lord, no signe of losse
Of blood you see, but this was fortune, how

The

The Coronell came c^t's uncertainē.

Lo. Doe not you know ?

Bo. No, I left him, I thinke tis time.

Lo. You did not kill him ?

Bo. Vpon my faith my Lord I meant it not,
But wounds fall out some time when the swords in,
These are poore things to bragge on, I ha sav'd my
Selfe you see.

Lo. If it be so Ile call you cosin still, my satirist

Enter Barker.

Harke you shall beate this fellow. •

Bo. Shall I my Lord without cause ?

Lo. He shall give you cause presently, how now
Gum'd taffata.

Ba. I pay for what I weare
My sattaine Lord: your Wardrobe does not keepe
Me warme, I doe not runne oth' ticket with
The Mercers wife, and leacher out my debts
At country houses.

Lor. Theres something else you doe not.

Ba. I doe not use to flatter such as you are,
Whose bodies are so rotten, theyle scarce keepē
Their soules from breaking out, I write no odes
Vpon your Mistresse to commend her postures,
And tumbling in a coach towards *Paddington*,
Whether you hurry her to see the Pheasants,
And try what operation the egges have
At your returne, I am not taken with
Your mightie nonsence, glean'd from *Heathenish playes*,
Which leave a curse upon the Author for 'em,
Though I have studied to redeemē you from
The infection of such bookes, which martyr sence
Worse than an Almanacke.

Lo. Excellent Satire,
But lish not on, stop here, or I shall kickē
Your learned worship.

Ba. But doe not, I advise you doe not.

Lo. Why doe not ?

The Ball.

Ba. It will fall heavy o' some body, if your Lordship
Kicke me, I shall not spare your cosin there.

Lo. On that condition what doe you thinke o' that?

Ba. What doe you thinke?

Bo. Excellently well followed by my troth la,
Heele pitch the barre well, I warrant, he does
So follow his kicke.

Ba. Let it goe round.

Bo. Good, right as my leggē againe.

Lo. Your legge, twas hee that kickt you?

Bo. Dee thinke I doe not feele it?

Lo. Why dee not use your toes then?

Bo. What for a merry touch,
A tricke, a turne upon the toe, dee hearē fir
Yare good company, but if thou lovest me.

Ba. Love you? why dee hearē fir,
I, I,

What a poxe should any man see in you,
Once to thinke on you? love a squirte?
Shall I tell thee what thou art good for?

Bo. I.

Ba. For nothing.

Bo. Good againe, my Lord observe him, for nothing.

Ba. Yes thou wot stop a breach in a mudde wall,
Or serve for a Priapus in the garden to
Fright away crowes, and keepe the corne, beane shatter,
Thou wot.

Bo. Ha ha ha.

Ba. Or thou wot serve at shrovetide to ha thy legges
Broken with penny trouchens in the streete,
Tis pittie any Cocke should stand the pelting,
And such a Capon unpreferr'd.

Bo. Ha ha ha.

Ba. Cry mercy y'are a kinsman to the Lord,
A Gentleman of high and mighty blood.

Lo. But cold enough, wonot all this provoke him?

Ba. Dost heare? for all this I will undertake
To thrash a better man out of a wench.

The Ball.

That travells with her butter milke to market
Betweenc two dorfers, any day oth' weeke,
My twice sod taile of greene fish, I will do't
Or loose, my inheritance, tell me, and doe not stammer,
When wert thou cudgell'd last? what woman beate thee?

Bo. Excellent *Barker.*

Ba. Thou art the towne top,
A boy will set thee up, and make thee spinne
Home with an Eeleskinne, do not marry, doe not,
Thy wife will coddle thee, and serve thee up
In plates with Sugar and Rose water to
Him that had the grace to cuckold thee;
And if *Pythagoras* transmigration
Of soules were true, thy spirit should be tenant
To a horse.

Bo. Why to a horse?

Ba. A switch and spurre would doe some good upon you,
Why dost thou enterfare, get the grincomes, goe,
And straddle like a gentleman that woud
Not shame his kindred, but what doe I
Lose time with such a puppie?

Bo. Well, goe thy wayes Ile justifie thy wit
At my owne perill.

Ba. I would speake with you,
Be not too busie with your Lordships legges,
Ile tell you somewhat.

Lo. Speake toth' purpose then.

Ba. I bestow'd
A visite on the Ladies which you wot on,
They have their wits still, and resolve to keepe 'em,
They wonot hang themselves for a young Lord,
Nor grow into consumption, other men
Have eyes, and nose, and lippes, and handsome legges too:
So fare you well my Lord, I left your kicke
With your cosin buy buy otter.

Lo. Very well.

But harke you cosin *Bostocke*, you have a minde
And modest constitution, I expected
You woud have lifted up your legge.

Exit.

Bo.

Bo. To kicke him,
Why, and you woud ha given a thousand pound,
I could not do't for laughing, beside,
He was your friend my Lord.

Lo. Did you spare him
For that consideration?

Bo. Howsoever,
What honour had it beene for me to quarrell?
Or wit indeede, if every man should take
All the abuses that are meant, great men
Would be laughed at, some fooles must ha their jests,
Had he beene any man of blood or valour,
One that profes'd the sword, such as the Coronell,
Lesse provocation would ha made me active.

Enter Sr. Ambrose, and Sr. Marmaduke.

Lo. The Eagles takes no Flies, is that it, how now
Sir *Ambrose*, and my honor'd friend Sr. *Marmaduke*?
You are strangers.

Ma. Your Lordships pardon, Mr. *Bostocke*.

Bo. Now shall I be put too't, this taking will undoe me.

Lo. Prethee tell me? is the Coronell alive still?

Am. Alive my Lord, yes yes, hee's alive.

Bo. Did your Lordship thinke absolutely he was dead?

Lo. But he is shrewdly wounded.

Am. No my Lord,
He is very well, but twas your kinsmans fortune.

Bo. Prethee nere speake on't.

Lo. What?

Ma. To have a blow, a boxe oth' eare.

Lo. How?

Ma. With his fist, and an indifferent round one.

Bo. Yes, yes he did strike me, I could ha told you that,
But wherefore did he strike, aske'em that.

Ma. If you would know my Lord, he was our orator
To raile upon the Lady for abusing us,
Which I confesse he did with lung and spirit,
Which in the conclusion, the Coronell
Stroke him toth' ground.

The Ball.

Bo. He did so tis a truth.

Lo. And did you take it?

Bo. Take it; he gave it me my Lord, I asked not for it.
But tis not yet reveng'd.

Am. Tis truth we suffer'd
A little, but the place protected him.

Bo. It was no place indeed.

Ma. Now since you had the greatest burdē in
The affront.

Bo. The blow?

Ma. Right, we woud know whether your resolution
Be first, to question him, for our cause appeares
Subordinate, and may take breath till you
Ha call'd him to account.

Bo. I proclaime nothing,
And make no doubt the Coronell will give me
Satisfaction like a Gentleman.

Am. We are answer'd, and take our leave my Lord.

Lo. We shall meete at the Ball anon gentlemen.

Ma. Your Lordships servants: now to our designe. *Exe*

Bo. My Lord I take my leave too.

Lo. Not yet cosin, you and I ha not done.

Bo. What you please cosin.

Lo. You have cosen'd me too much.

Bo. I my good Lord?

Lo. Thou most unheard of coward,
How dare you boast relation to me?
Be so impudent as to name, or thinke upon me,
Thou staine to honour, honour? th'art beneath
All the degrees of basenesse: quit thy father,
Thy suppos'd one, and with sufficient testimony,
Some Servingman leapt thy mother, or some Iuggler
That conjures with old bones, some womans tailor,
When he brought home her petticoate, and tooke measure
Of her lose body, or Ile cullice thee
With a bottome.

Bo. Good my Lord.

Lo. Be so baffoul'd?

In presence of your Mistresse, tis enough
To make the blood of all thou knowest suspected,
And Ile ha satisfaction.

Bo. My Lord.

Lo. For using of my name in Ordinaries,
Ith' list of other whom you make your priviledgē,
To dominere, and winne applause sometimes
With Tapsters, and thread-bearers Tobacco Merchants,
That worship your gold lace, and ignorance
Stand bare, and bend their hammers, when you belch out
My Lord, and rother cosin in a Baudihouse,
Whom with a noyse you curse by *Iacke* and *Tom*,
For failing you at Fishstreete, or the Still-yard.

Bo. My very good Lord.

Lo. Will you not draw?

Bo. Not against your honour, but you shall see.

Lo. And vexe my eyes to looke on such a Land-rat,
Were all these shames forgotten, how shall I
Be safe in honour with that noble Lady,
To whom I sinnefully commended thee,
Thought were not much, enough to make her thinke
I am as base as thou art, and the Coronell,
And all that have but heard thee call me cosin,
What cure for this you Malt-worme? oh my soule
How it does blush to know thee, bragging puppie,
Dee heare me thunder, and lightning, what
Nobilitie my predecessors boasted,
Or any man from honours stocke descended;
How many Marquesses and Earles are numbred
In their great family? what coates they quarter,
How many battells our forefathers fought?
Tis poore, and not becomming perfect gentry
To build their glories at their fathers cost,
But at their owne expense of blood or vertue,
To raise them living monuments, our birth
Is not our owne act, honour upon trust,
Our ill deedes forfeit, and the wealthy summes
Purchas't by others fame or sweate, will be

The Ball.

Our staine, for we inherit nothing truely
But what our actions make us worthy of ;
And are you not a precious gentleman,
Thou art not worth my steele, redeeme this lovē
Some generous way of undertaking, or
Thou shalt be given up to boyes, and ballets,
The scorne of foote-man, a disgrace more blackē
Than bastard, goe to the Coronell.

Bo. I will my Lord.

Lo. But now I thinke ont twill be necessarie,
That first you right my honour with the Lady,
You shall carry a letter, you will do't ?

Bo. Ile carry any thing.

Lo. Expect it presently.

Exit

Bo. Such another conjuring will make me
Beleeve I am illegitimate indeede,
This came first keeping company with the bladēs,
From whom I learnt to roare and runne away :
I know tis a base thing to be a coward,
But every man is not borne to be a *Hercules*,
Some must be beate that others may be valiant.

Exit

*Enter Rosomond, and Honoria whispering, Sr. Marmaduke,
and Sr. Ambrose following.*

Ro. Let it be so, they will else be troublesome.

Ma. This cannot I hope displease you Lady, tis
No new affection I protest, although
This be the first occasion I tooke
To expresse it.

Ro. You did ill in the impression,
Although your bashfulnesse would not permit you
To speake in your owne cause, you might have sent
Your meaning, I can make a shift to read
A scurvie hand, but I shall tell you 'sir.

Ma. Prethee doe.

Ho. Ist possible your heart hath beene tormented
In loves flame, and I the cause.

Am. Your beauty hath the power
To melt a *Cuthians* bosome, those divinē

The Ball.

Beames would make soft the earth, when rugged Winter
Hath seal'd the cranies up with frost, your eye
Will make the frigid region temperate,
Should you but smile upon't: account it then
No wonder if it turne my brest to ashes.

Ro. I see you are in love by your mention,
And cause I pittie a gentleman should lose.
His passion Ile acquaint you with a secret.

Ma. The Lady *Honorio*?

Ro. What misfortune twas
You did not first apply your selfe to her
That can reward your love, and hath a heart
Spacious to entertaine you; she does love you
Vpon my knowledge strangely, and so
Commends you in your absence.

Ma. Say you so Lady?

Pardon I beseech you the affection
I profess to your Ladiship, it was but
A complement, I am sorry I protest.

Ro. Oh tis excus'd sir, but I must tell you,
Perhaps you wonot finde her now so tractable
Vpon the apprehension she was slighted;
But to prescribe you confidence were to
Suspect your art, and bold discretion.

Ho. Tis as I tell you sir, no Lady in
The world can speake more praises of your body?
Shee knowes not yet your minde.

Am. Ist possible?

Ho. And yet because she saw your complements
Directed so unhappily to me,
I know not how youle finde her on the sudden,
But tis not halfe an houre since you posselt
The first place in her thoughts.

Am. Shall I presume,
You will excuse the love I did present
Your Ladiship? it was not from my heart,
I hope you will conceive so.

Ho. A slight error.

Am. I am a sham'd on't.

Ho. Tis sufficient
That you recant no more neglect.

Ro. You are pleasant.

Am. Be you so too, Ile justifie thou shalt
Have cause.

Ro. To wonder at you, whats your meaning sir?

Am. Sweete Lady,
What thoughts make sad your brow? I have observ'd
Your eyes shoote clearer light:

Ro. You are deceiv'd,
I am not melancholy.

Am. Be for ever banish'd
The imagination of what can happen
To cloud so rare a beautie, y'are in love.

Ro. In love, who told you so?

Am. But thats no wonder,
We all may love, but you have onely power
To conquer where you place affection, and triumph o're your

Ho. I love you, y'are strangely sir mistaken, (wishes
Put your devices on some other Lady,
I ha beene so farre from my affection to you,
That I ha laboured I confesse to unsettle
The opinion of my Lady *Rosomond*,
Who I confesse loves you, and that extreamey.

Mar. How? she love me? then I ha made fine worke.

Ho. What cunning shee is mistresse of to hide
Her strange affections, or what power she has,
She does flie into your armes I know not.

Ro. Are you so dull?
Why, this was but to try your constancie,
I have heard her sweare you are the properst Knight,
The very *Adonis*; why, she has got your picture
And made it the onely saint within her closet,
I blush at your credulitie.

Am. Ist e'ne so?
I have undone my selfe with hēr already,
Pardon me gentle Madam, I must leave you.

The Ball.

Ro. With all my heart.

Ho. We are reliev'd,
Mounſieur *Le Friske*.

Enter Mounſieur.

Moun. *Tres humble ſerviter Madam,*
Me ſweate with de haſt to waite upon your Ladſhips;
I pray give me de leve diſpatch preſently,
For I muſt figaries to be done.

Ro. Gentlemen let your paſſions brēath a while,
A little muſicke may correct the errour,
And you may finde your ſelves.

Moun. *Aller.*

Am. With all my heart Sr. *Marmaduke* lets helpe
To exerciſe the Ladies.

Ma. A good motion.

Moun. And begar noting in de world mor profet
Your body den de motion all a more de *France*.

Ma. I am for any friske.

Moun. Ha de friske you jumpe upon my name, and
Begar you have my nature to de right, hey, and
All de world is but friske.

Ho. A Country dance then.

Moun. Hah, *Mounſieur Madam aller,* *They Dance!*
Forboone, tres excellent begar, ſo I crave your patience
Madam, gentlemen, you be at de Ball, moſoy you
See dat was never in diſ world.

Ro. What Mounſieur?

Moun. What doe you thinke dat is, mē tell you, begar
You ſee me play de part of de *Cupid*.

Ho. A French *Cupid*.

Moun. Begar French *Cupid*, why? dere is no love like
De French love, dat is *Cupid*, love is hot, and de
French is hot.

Ro. How comes it to paſſe that you are to play *Cupid* *Moun.*

Mo. My Lord give me cōmand me have device, & de maſque
For de Ladies, and me no truſt little Iacknape to play
Young *Cupid* but my ſelfe.

Ho. *Cupid* is a childe, you havē a beard Mounſieur.

Mo. Me care not de haire for dat, begar de little god may havē

De

De little beard, *Venus* his order have de mole, and *Cupid*
Her child may have the blacke muffell.

Ho. But Mounseur, we read *Cupid* was faire, and
You are blacke, how will that agree?

Mo. *Cupid* is faire, and Mounseur is blacke, why Mounseur
Is blacke den, and *Cupid* is faire, what is dat? a faire
Lady love de servant of the blacke
Complexion de ban eur, the colour is not de mush,
Vulcan was de blacke Smith, and *Cupid* may be de
Blacke gentleman his sonne legitimate.

Am. Tis de way to make *Cupid* the boy no bastard.

Mo. But doe you no publish this invention, me meete you
At de Ball armed with quiver, and de bow.

Ho. You wonot shoote us, I hope youle spare our hearts.

Mo. Begar me shit you if me can, and your arts shall
Bleed one, two, tree, gallowne adieu Madame
Serviter gentlemen trefemble.

Am. Adieu Mounseur, now Madam with your favour,
I must renew my suite.

Ho. Y ad better buy a new one,
Nay then we shall be troubled.

Exit.

Am. Youle withdraw,
Ile follow you.

Ma. Come, come I know you love me.

Ro. You may enlarge your folly my deare knight,
But I have pardoned you for love already.

Ma. This shannot serve your turne, I came hither
Not to be jeered, and one of you shall love me.

Exit.

Enter Bostocke, Lady Lucina and Scutilla.

Luc. Oh impudence dares he returne.

Scu. It seemes so.

Bo. Most gracious Madam, my cosin your Lord *Love* all
Commends himselfe in blacke and white.

Luc. To me? *Bo.* Dee thinke tis from my selfe.

Scu. You might ha dont in blacke and blew.

Bo. *Scutilla* how does thy poore soule, thou
Hast no husband nor children to commend me to.

Scu. The poore soule's well, I hope your body is

Recover'd

Rēcover'd, do not your left cheeke burne still,
We ha so talkt on you?

Luc. I am sorry any gentleman that has relation to me should
Be so forgetfull of your honor, & his own, but though he have
Forfited opinion, let me continue innocent in your thoughts?
I have sent you a small jewell to expiate my offence for
Commending him, I expect your Ladiship at the Ball,
Where you shall make many happie to kisse your hand,
And in their number the true admirer of your vertue,
My Lord is honourable.

Bo. A slight jewell Madam.

Loveall.

Luc. I am his servant.

Bo. Nay faith my Lord is right, I ha not met
The Coronell since you know when.

Sc. You ha more reason to remember.

Bo. I would be so bold to aske you a question.

Luc. In the meane time give me leave, we are none
But friends, I know y'are valliant.

Bo. No, no, you doe not know't, but I know my selfe.

Sc. Thats more.

Luc. But will you answer me? why did not you strike him?

Sc. That might ha caus'd blood. (agen?)

Bo. Y'are ith right. *Luc.* You did not feare him.

Bo. But blood are not a like, termes were not even,
If I had kill'd him there had beene an end.

Luc. Of him.

Bo. Right Madam, but if he had wounded me,
He might ha kill'd, heaven knowes how many.

Sc. Strange?

Bo. D'ee not conceive it? so many drops of mine,
So many gentlemen, nay more, who knowes
Which of these might ha beene a Knight, a Lord.

Luc. Perhaps a Prince.

Bo. Princes came from the blood,
And should I hazard such a severation
Against a single life, tis not I feare
To fight with him by these hills, but what wise gamester
Will venture a hundred pound to a flaw'd sixe pence?

Sc.

The Ball.

Sen. Madam, the Coronell.

Bo. And he were ten Coronells, Ile not endure his company,
Sweete Lady, you and Ile retire.

Sen. And were lesse honourable.

Bo. He should not seeke me then.

Sc. He should rather hardly find you, I me your servant. *Exit.*

Enter Coronell.

Luc. I was wishing for you sir,
Your judgement of these Diamonds.

Co. The stones are pretty.

Luc. They were a Lords, sent me for a token,
You cannot chuse but know him, the Lord Loveall.

Co. So, so, so, I am like to speede.

Luc. Is not he a pretty gentleman?

Co. And you are sure hee's honest?

Luc. As Lords goe now adayes that are
In fashion;

But cry you mercy, you ha put me in minde,
I did propound a businesse to you sir.

Co. And I came prepar'd to answer you.

Luc. Tis very well, Ile call one to be a witnesse.

Co. That was not I remember in our Covenant,
You shannot neede. Luc. Ile fetch you a booke to sware by.

Co. Let it be *Venus* and *Adonis* then,
Or *Ovids* wanton Elegies, *Aristotles*
Problemes, *Guy of Warwicke*, or *Sr. Beavis*,
Or if there be a Play Booke you Love better,
Ile take my oath upon your Epilogue.

Luc. Y'are very merry, well, I swaere how you please.

Co. In good time,
You doe expect now I should swaere I me honest?

Luc. Yes sir, and tis no hard condition,
If you reflect upon my promise.

Co. What?

Luc. To marry you, which act must make you Lord
Of me and my estate, a round possession,
Some men have gone to hell for a lesse matter.

Co. But I wonot be damn'd for twenty thousand

The Ball.

Such as you are, and every one a million,
And I the authoritie of a Parliament
To marry wo' yee all, I woud not buy
This flesh now I ha sworne. *Luc.* I thinkē so Coronell,
Blesse me? twenty thousand wives, two'd nere
Come to my turne, and you'd not live to give
The tithe beneyolence.

Co. They would finde Pages, fooles, or Gentlemēn-Vshens.

Luc. Then upon the matter,
You being not willing sir to take your oath,
I may be confident you are not honest.

Co. Why lookē upon me Lady, and consider
With some discretion what part about me
Doēs looke so tame you should suspect me honest,
How old doe thinke I am?

Luc. I guesse at thirty.

Co. Some ith' world doubted me not so much,
At thirteene I was ever plumpe and forward,
My drie Nurse swore at seven, I kist like one
Of five and twenty, setting that a side,
Whats my profession? *Luc.* A Souldiēr

Co. So examine a whole army, and finde one
Souldier that hates a handsome woman, we cannot march
Without our bagge and baggages, and is it possible,
When we come home where womens pride, and all
Temptation to wantonessē abounds
We should lose our activitie?

Luc. You souldiers are brave fellowēs.

Co. When we have our pay,
We vow no chastitie till we marry, Lady
Tis out of fashion indeede with gentlemen
To be honest, and of age together tis sufficient,
We can provide to take our pleasures too,
Without infection, a sound body is
A treasure. I can tell you, yet if that
Would satisfy you, I should make no scruple
To swear, but otherwise you must pardon us
As we must pardon you. *Luc.* Vs sir.

Co. Yes you, as if you Ladies had not your sagaries,

And martiall discipline, as well as we,
Your outworkes, and redoubts, your court of guard,
Your centries, and perdues, fallies, retreates,
Pasties, and stratagemes, women are all honest,
Yes, yes, exceeding honest; let me aske you
One question, Ile not put you to your oath,
I doe allow you Hide-Parke, and Spring-Garden,
You have a recreation called the Ball,
A device transported hither by some Ladies
That affect Tenice, what dee play a set?
Theres a foule racket kept under the line,
Strange words are bandied, and strange revells Madam.

Luc. The world imagines so. *Co.* Nay, y'are all talk'd of!

Luc. But if men had no more wit, and honesty,
They woud let fall their stings on something else,
This is discours'd, but when Corantaes faile,
Or newes at ordinaries, when the phlegmaticke Dutch
Ha tane no Fisher-boates, or our Cole-ships land
Safe at *New-Castle*, y'are fine gentlemen,
But to conclude of that we met for your honesty,
Not justified by an oath, as I expected,
Is now suspended, will you sweare yet.

Co. Why, I thought you had beene a Christian? widdow
Have I not told you enough, you may meeete one
Will forfeit his conscience, and please you better,
Some Silke-worme oth' Cittie, or the Court,
There be enough will sweare away their soule
For your estate, but I have no such purpose,
The warres will last I hope.

Luc. So so, *Scutilla*.

Enter Scutilla;

You were present when I promis'd the Coronell,
To be his wife upon condition,
He could secure my opinion by his oath,
That he was honest, I am bound in honour
Not to goe backe, y'ave done it, I am yours sir,
Be you a witnesse to this solemne contract.

Co. Are you in earnest Lady, I ha not sworne.

Luc. You have given better truth,
He that can make this conscience of an oath
Assures his honesty.

Co. In mindē. *Luc.* Whats past
 I question not, if for the time to come
 Your love be vertuous to me. *Co.* Most religious,
 Or let me live the Souldiers dishonour,
 And die the scorne of gentlemen, I ha not
 Space enough in my heart to entertaine thee.

Luc. Is not this better than swearing?

Co. I confesse it. *Luc.* Now I may call you husband.

Co. No title can more honour me.

Luc. If please you Ile shew you then my children.

Co. How, your children?

Luc. I ha sixe that call me mother. *Co.* Hast, faith?

Luc. The elder may want softnesse to acknowledge you,
 But some are young enough, and may be counsell'd
 To aske your blessing, does this trouble you?

Co. Trouble me? no, but it is the first newes Lady
 Of any children. *Luc.* Nay, they are not like
 To be a burden to us, they must trust
 To their owne portions left 'em by their father.

Co. Where. *Luc.* But of my estate, I cannot keepe
 Any thing from 'em, and I know you are
 So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the Orphans,
 Tis but sixe thousand pound in money Coronell
 Among them all, beside some trifling plate
 And jewels worth a thousand more. *Co.* No more?

Luc. My Ioynture will be firme to us, two hundred
Per annum. *Co.* Is it so? and that will keepe
 A Country house, some halfe a dozen Cowes,
 We shall ha cheese and butter-milke, one horse
 Will serve me, and your man to ride to markets.

Luc. Canst be content to live ith' country Coronell?

Co. And watch the Pease, looke to the Hay, and talke
 Of Oates and Stubble, I ha beene brought up too't,
 And for a need can thrash.

Luc. That will save somewhat.

Co. Ith yeere, beside my skill in farrowing pigs,
 Oh tis a holsome thing to hold the plough,
 And wade up to the calfe ith' dirty furrowes.

Worse than sleeping in a trench, or quagmire,
You ha not heard me whistle yet. *Luc.* No indeede.

Co. Why? theres it, shee does counterfeit, well Lady,
Be you in jeast or earnest, this is my
Resolution Ile marry you, and y'ad forty children,
And not a foote of land to your Ioynture, heaven
Will provide for's, and we doe our endeavours,
Where be the children, come how many boyes.

Luc. As many as you can get sir. *Co.* How?

Luc. No more.

Since y'are so noble, know I tried your patience,
And now I am confirm'd, my estate is yours
Without the weight of children or of debts,
Love me, and I repent not. *Co.* Saist thou so?
I woud we had a Priest here.

Luc. There remaines to take away one scruple.

Co. Another gimeracke.

Luc. I have none; tis your doubt sir,
And ere we marry you shall be convinc'd
Some mallice has corrupted your opinion
Of that we call the Ball.

Co. Your dancing businesse.

Luc. I will intreate your company to night,
Where your owne eyes shall leade you to accuse
Or vindicate our fames. *Co.* With all my heart.

Sen. Madam, Mr. *Bostocke*

Expects within. *Luc.* You shall be reconcil'd to him.

Co. With *Bostocke* willingly, then toth Ball,
Which for your sake I dare not now suspect,
Where union of hearts such Empire brings,
Subjects methinks are crown'd as well as Kings. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Mounsiieur and servants with perfumes.

Moun. **B**One forbone, here a little, dere a little more, my
Lord hire dis house of the citie Merchant, begar
It smell musty, and he will have all sweete for ds.

The Ball.

Ladies, perfume, perfume every corner presently

For dere is purpose to make all smoke anon

Begar ;

Enter Lady Rosomond and Honoria.

Treshumble serviter Madam. Ho. Where is my Lord ?

Moun. Hee waite on you presently Mounsieur de *Freshwater.*

Fr. Mounsieur *Le Friske* these Ladies were pleas'd
To command my attendance hither.

Moun. Welcome to de Ball, par ma foy
You pardon Mounsieur, I have much trouble
In my little head, I can no stay to

Complement, *a vostre service.*

Exit.

Fre. In all my travells, I have not seene a more
Convenient Structure.

Ro. Now you talke of your travells Signior, till my Lord
Come you shall doe us a speciall favour to
Discourse what passages you ha seene abroad.

Ho. Were you ever abroad before Signior.

Fre. I hardly ever was at home, and yet
All countries lost wiseman are his owne?
Did you never travell Ladies,

Ro. We are no Ladies errant, tis enough
For such as you, that looke for State employment.

Fre. Yet there be Ladies ha your languages,
And married to great men prove the better Statesmen.

Ro. We have heard talke of many countries.

Fre. And you may heare talke, but give me the man
That has measur'd 'em, talkes but talke.

Ho. Have you seene a fairer Citie than *London* ?

Fre. *London* is nothing. *Ro.* How nothing ?

Fre. To what it will be a hundred yeares hence.

Ro. I have heard much talke of *Paris.*

Ho. You have beene there Ime sure. *Enter Lord.*

Fre. I tell you Madame, I tooke shipping at
Gravesend, and had no sooner past
The Cantons, and Grissons, making some stay
In the Valtoline, but I came to *Paris* a pretty
Hamlet, and much in the scituation like *Dunstable*,
Tis in the Province of *Alcontora*, some three leagues

Distant

The Ball.

Distant from *Civill*, from whence we have our *Oringes*.

Lo. Is the fellow mad?

Ro. I have heard *Civill* is in *Spaine*.

Fre. You may heare many things,
The people are ciuill that live in *Spaine*, or there
May be one towne like another, but if *Civill*
Be not in *France*, I was never at *Civill* in my life.

Ho. Proceede Sir.

Fre. Doe not I know *Paris*, it was built by the yongest Son
Of King *Priam*, and was call'd by his name, yet some
Call it *Lutetia*, because the gentlewomen there
Play so well upon the Lute.

Lo. What a Rascall is this?

Fr. Herē I observ'd many remarkable buildings, as the
Vniversitie, which some call the Loure, where the
Students made very much of me, and carried me
To the Beare-garden, where I saw a play on the
Banke-side, a very pretty Comedy call'd *Marthème*,
In *London*.

Ro. Ist possible?

Fre. But there be no such Comedians as we have herē,
Yet the women are the best Actors, they play
Their owne parts, a thing much desir'd in *England*
By some Ladies, Innes a Court Gentlemen, and others,
But that by the way.

Ho. See Sir.

Fre. I had staid longer there, but I was offended with a
Vil'anous sent of Onions, which the winde brought from
St. Omers.

Ro. Onions woud make you sleepe well.

Fre. But the sent tis not to be endured, I smelt
On 'em when I came to *Rome*, and hardly scap'd the
Inquisition fort.

Ho. Were you at *Rome* too Signior.

Fre. Tis in my way to *Venice*, Ile tell you Madam I was very
Loth to leave their ccuntry.

Ro. Which Country?

Fre. Where was I last? *Ho.* In *France*.

Fre. Right, for I had a very good Inne, wherē mine Host
Was a notable good fellow, and a Cardinall.

Ro.

The Ball.

Ro. How a Cardinall, oh impudence.

Fr. Oh the catches we sang, and his wife a pretty woman,
And one that warms a bed one oth' best in Europe.

Ho. Did you ever heare the like.

Ro. I did before suspect him.

Fr. But mine Host. Ho. The Cardinall.

(thing

Fr. Right, had a shrew'd pate, and his eares were some-
O'th longest, for one upon the oath of a w ———
Wallonne that ——— from *Spaine* to the *Low-*
Countries, and the other from *Lapland* into *Germany*.

Ro. Say you so.

Fr. A parlous head, and yet loving to his guests,
As mine host *Bankes*, as red in the gills, and as merry
A ——— but anger him, and hee sets all Christendome
Together by the eares, well shortly after I left
France, and sayling along the *Alpes*, I came to
Lombardy, where I left my cloke, for it was very
Hot travelling, and went a Pilgrim to *Rome*
Where I saw the Tombs, and a Play in *Pompeys*
Theater, here I was kindly entertain'd by an anchorite,
In whose chamber I lay, and driuke Cider.

Lo. Nay, now he is desperate.

Ho. Doe not interrupt him.

(hence

Fre. What should I trouble you with many stories? from
I went to *Naples*, a soft kinde of people, and cloth'd
In silke, from thence I went to *Florence* from whence we
Have the art of working custards, which we call
Florentines, *Millan* a rich state of
Haberdashers, *Permount*, where I had excellent Venison,
And *Padua*, famous for the pads, or easie saddles
Which our physitions ride upon, and first brought from
Thence when they commenst Doctor.

Ro. Very good.

Fr. I see little in *Mantua*, beside dancing upon the ropes,
Onely their strong beere, better than any I
Ever drunke at the Trumper, but *Venice* of all
The Champion Countries, do not mistake they are the
Valiantest gentlemen under the Sunne.

Ro.

The Ball.

Ro. Is that it? *Fr.* O the *Catanzans* wē turn'd there!

Ho. Who was wee yec?

Fr. Two or three magnifico's grandees of the State,
We tickled 'em in the very *Piatto*, by the same
Token two or three *English* spies told us they had laine
Leger three moneths to steale away the *Piatzo*, and ship
It for *Covent-Garden*, a pretty fabricke and building
Vpon the — but I was compell'd to make
Short stay here by reason of the Dukes Concubines
Fell in love wee me, gave me a ring of his, out of
A solide *Diamonde*, which afterwards I lost washing my
Hands in the salt water.

Ho. You should ha fish'd fort, and as good lucke as
She that found her wedding ring in the
Haddocks belly.

Fr. No, there was no staying, I tooke post horse presently
For *Genoa*, and from thence to *Madriil*, and so to
The *Netherlands*.

Ro. And how sped you among the *Dutch*?

Fr. Why, we were drunk every day together, they get their
Living by it. *Ho.* By drinking?

Fr. And making bargaines in their tippling,
The *Iewes* are innocent, nay the devill himselfe
Is but a Duncce to 'em, of whose trade they are.

Ho. Whats that?

Fr. They fish, they fish still, who can helpe it, they
Have nets enough, and may catch the Province
In time then let the Kingdomes looke about 'em,
They can't be idle, and they have one advantage
Of all the world, theyle ha no conscience to trouble
'Em, I heard it whispered they want butter, they have
A Designe to charme the *Indies*, and remove their
Darie, but that as a secret, shall goe no further;
I caught a surfet of Bore in *Holland*, upon my
Recovery I went to *Flasbing*, where I met with a handsome
Froce, with whom I went to *Middleborough*, by the —
And left her drunke at *Roterdam*, there I tooke
Shipping againe for *France*, from thence to *Dover*,

The Ball.

From Dover to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Queene's
Hive, and from thence to what I am come to.

Lo. And noble Signior you are very welcome.

Fr. I hope he did not over-heare me.

Lo. I am much honor'd Ladies in your presence.

Fr. Absence had beene a sinne my Lord where you
Were pleas'd to invite. *Enter Mounſieur.*

Moun. Fie, fie, my Lord give me one eare.

He whiſpers with my Lord.

Lo. Interrupt me no more good Moursieur.

Fr. Mounſieur *La Friſke*, a word, a word, I beſeech you,
No excuſer moy. *Exit Freſh. and Moun.*

Lo. Have you thought Ladies of your abſent ſervant?
Within whoſe heart the civill warre of love,

Ro. May end in a ſoft peace. Lo. Excellent, Lady!

Ho. We had armies too my Lord, of wounded thoughts.

Lo. And are you agreed to which I muſt devote
My loving ſervice, and which is wiſeſt, faireſt,

Is it concluded yet? Ho. You did propound

A hard Province, and we could not

Determine as you expected, but if

Your flame be not extinct, we have devis'd

Another way. Lo. You make my ambition happy.

And indeede I was thinking twas impoſſible

That two ſuch beauties ſhould give place to either,

And I am ſtill that humble notary

To both your loves.

Ro. Then this we have made lots,

That what we cannot, fate may ſoone divide,

And we are fixt to obey our deſtinie,

There is but two, one and your wiſhes guide you.

Lo. And will you ſatiſſie my chance. Ho. We ſhould
Be elſe unjuſt.

Lo. What method ſhall we uſe?

Ro. Your hat my Lord,

If you vouchſafe the favour?

Ho. Dare you expoſe your head to the ayre ſo long?

Lo. Moſt willingly put in. Ro. There is Fortune.

The Ball.

Ho. That draw which quickly tell how much I love you.

Lo. So, so now let me see, I commend your device,
Since I am uncapable of both,
This is a way indeede, but your favour.

Ro. Lets have faire play my Lord.

Lo. What foole is he?
That having the choise of Mistresses will be
Confinde to one, and rob himselfe, I am yet
The favorite of both these, is no policy,
I could make shift with both abed.

Ro. You are merry?

Lo. In troth, and so I am, and in the minde
I am in, will give my selfe no cause toth' contrary,
Decide? Ile draw you both. *Ho.* How? both.

Lo. You cannot otherwise be reconcil'd,
Ile be content to marry one, and doe
Service to th' others peticote, I must tell you,
I am not without president.

Ho. There you triumph.

Lo. Within the name of *Venus*, — ha a blanke,
By this light nothing, neither name nor marke.

Both. Ha, ha, ha. *Lo.* This is a riddle yet.

Ro. Tis quickly solv'd,
Your Lordship was too confident,
We never were at such a losse my Lord,
As with the hazard of our wit or honour
To court you with so desperate affection.

Ho. By our example know, some Ladies may
Commend, nay love a gentleman, and yet
Be safe in their owne thoughts, and see as farre
As modesty, and honour will allow us,
We are still servants to your Lordship,

Lo. Say so? why looke you Ladies that you may perceivē,
How I can be temperate too; first, I thanke you
Heartily, and to recompence your wit;
Present another Lottery, you shannot
Suspect I have a thought that will betray
Your innocence to scandall, let me intreate

The Ball.

You take your chance too, this for you Madam,
And this is left your fortune, doe me honour
To weare these paire of Jewells for my sake,
So with a confidence of your happy pardon,
To what is past hereafter I shall pay
To your true vertues, better service then
So unnecessary trialls.

Ro. And to shew

We are not coy my Lord, weele weare your Jewell.

Lo. And be their ornament.

Enter Rainebow, Coronell, Bostoke.

Co. All happinesse to your Lordship,
Your Jewells are not full set noble Ladies.

Lo. Your presence will soone make us active, Madam.
I was bold. *Bo.* She has your Diamond my Lord.

Lo. And can you pardon?

Bo. Nay, nay, we are friends, are
We not Madam?

Luc. I were else unmercifull.

Bo. The Coronell too has given me satisfaction.

Co. I thinke you had enough.

Bo. As much as I desir'd, and heres my hand,
While I can draw a sword command me. *Co.* What?

Bo. To put it up agen, all friends, all friends,
A poxe a quarrelling. *Co.* I kisse your hand sir.

Bo. Kisse my hand, kisse my —— noble Ladies here.

Co. Why is Musicke silent all this while?
Has it no voyce to bid these Ladies welcome?

A golden Ball descends, Enter Venus and Cupid.

Ve. Come Boy now draw thy powerfull Bow,
Here are Ladies hearts enough
To be transfixt, this meeting is
To ruffie Ladies, and to kisse,
These are my Orgies, from each eye,
A thousand wanton glances flie;
Lords, and Ladies of the Game,
Each brest be full of my owne flame:
Why shootes not Cupid? these are all,

The Ball.

One honest thought among the whole Sex of you,
Dee laugh, loose witted Ladies, there are not
In hell such furies, that's a comfort yet
To him that shall goe thither, he shall have
Lesse torment after death then he findes here.

Lo. Why Barker?

Ba. Your wit has got the squitte too, Ile traduce
Your Ball for this, and if there be a post,
That dares write mischief, looke to be worse
Then excuted.

Lo. He will come to himselfe agen, when he hath purg'd
Freshwater.

Enter Sir Stephen, and Sir Lionell.

Ste. Madam your servants begge this favour from you.

Ro. What ist?

Ste. That since your resolutions will admit
No change of hearts you will not publish how
We ha beenc jeer'd.

Ro. Not jeer'd, but you came on so desperate.

Ho. We love our owne when we preserve,
Gentlemens honour.

Co. Then lets tosse the Ball.

Lo. Signior *Freshwater.*

Fr. Mercy and silence as you are honourable.

Lo. May it concerne these gentlemen.

Fr. Why if I must gentlemen, you imagine I ha beenc
At *Venice*, but I staid at *Gravesend*

All this Summer expecting a winde, and finding it
So uncertaine, will deferre the voyage till the Spring,
I am not the first whom the windes, and seas have crost.

Ste. Then you have crost no Sea?

Fr. If you please, Ile require

But my principall, and for your good company,
Ile stay at home for good, and all to be merry.

Lo. Nay, nay, you shall goe your voyage,
We wod not have you lose the benefit
Of travell, when you come home, you may summon
Your debtors by a drumme, and shewing your bagge

The Ball.

Of certificates?

Bo. Receive your money when you can get it, and be
Knighted.

Fr. I thanke you gentlemen, I am in a way now,
I have sold my land, and put out my mony
To live I see my heart wonot dance to night,
I may to *Gravesend* in the morning,
I can be but pickled in salt water, and Ile
Venture one drowning to be reveng'd
Agen, agen, set, set.

A Dance.

Luc. What thinkē you of all this?

Co. To my wishes, an innocent, and generous recreation.

Lo. Ladies and Gentlemen, now a banquet waites you,
Be pleas'd to accept, twill give you breath and then,
Renew our Revells, and toth' Ball agen.

Exeunt Omnes.

F. J. N. J. S.



