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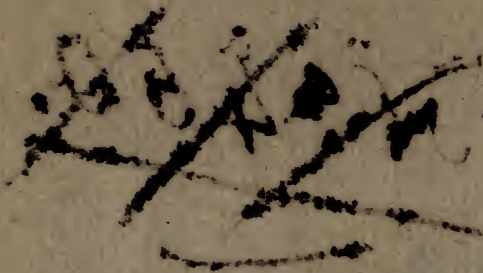
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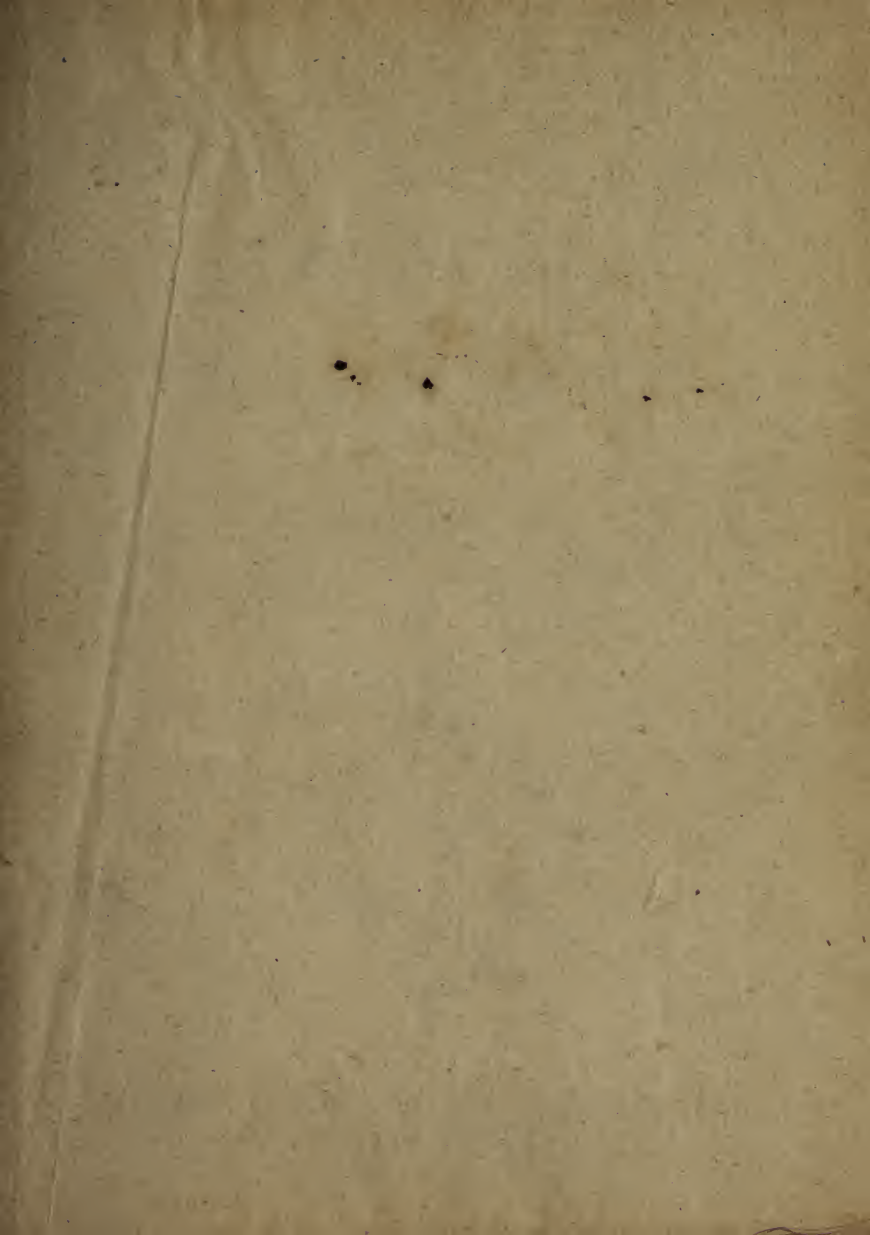
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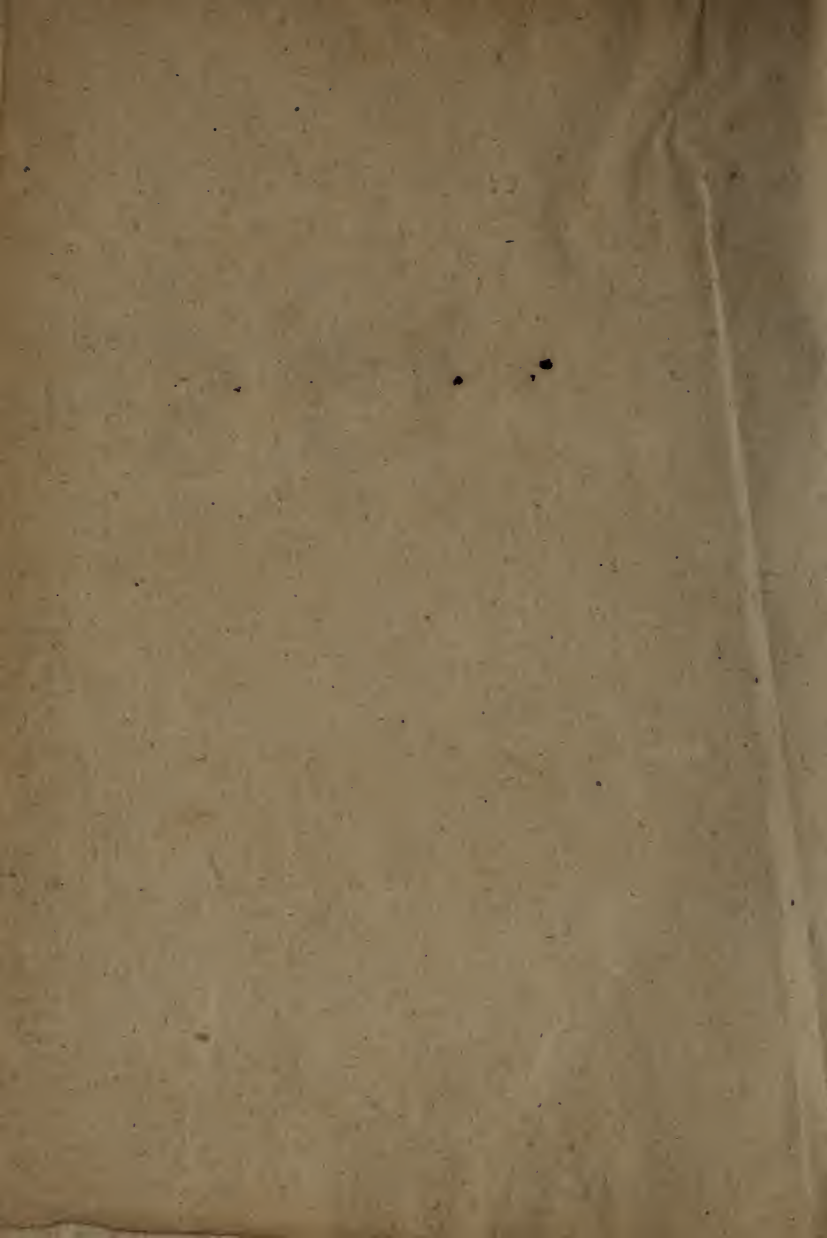
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THE
MISERIES OF
Infort Mariage.

Playd by his Maiesties
Seruantes.

Qui Alios, (seipsum) docet.

By George Wilkins.



LONDON
Printed for George Vincent, and are to be sold
at his Shoppe in Woodstreete.

1611.



The Miseries of inforcst

Marriage.

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Bart. **B** *Vt Francke, Francke,* now we are come to the house,
What shall we make to be our businesse?

Ilfor. Tut, let vs be impudent enough, and good enough.

Went. We haue no acquaintance heere, but young *Scarburrow.*

Ilf. How, no acquaintance? Angels guard me from thy company.
I tell thee *Wentloe*, thou art not worthy to weare guilt Spurres,
cleane Linnen, nor good Cloathes.

Went. Why, for Gods sake?

Ilf. By this hand thou art not a man fit to table at an Ordinary,
keepe Knights company to Bawdy houses, nor begger thy Tailor.

Went. Why then I am free from Cheaters, cleare from the Poxe,
and escape Curses?

Ilf. Why, dost thou thinke there is any Christians in the world?

Went. I and Iewes too; Brokers, Puritans, and Sergiants.

Ilf. Or dost thou meane to begge after Charitie, that goes in a
cold sute already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here,
I tell thee *Wentloe*, thou canst not liue on this side of the World,
feed well, drinke Tobacco, and be honored into the presence, but
thou must be acquainted with all sortes of men; I, and so farre in
too, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bart. True, and then you shall be accounted a Gallant of good
credite.

Enter Clowne.

Ilf. But stay, heere is a Scrape-trencher ariued: How now
Blew-bottle, are you of the House?

Clow. I haue heard of many Blacke-Iacks Sir; but neuer of a
Blew-bottle.

Ilf. Well Sir, are you of the House?

Clow. No Sir, I am twentie yardes without, and the house stands
without mee.

The Miseries of in, orst Marriage,

Bart. Prethee tels who owes this Building?

Clow. He that dwels in it Sir.

If. Who dwels in it then?

Clow. He that owes it.

If. What's his name?

Clow. I was none of his God-father:

If. Dus Maister *Scarborough* lie heere?

Clow. Ile giue you a Rime for that Sir:

Sicke men may lie, and dead men in their Graues;

Few else doe lie abed at noone, but Drunkards, Punks, & Knaues.

If. What am I the better for thy answer?

Clow. What am I the better for thy question?

If. Why nothing.

Clow. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborough.

Went. Sblood, this is a philosophicall Foole.

Clow. Then I that am a Foole by Art, am better then you, that are Fooles by Nature. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkshire.

If. And well incountred my litle Villaine of fifteene hundred a yeare. Sfoot, what makest thou heere in this barren soyle of the North, when thy honest friends misse thee at London?

Scar. Fayth Gallants, tis the Country where my Father liued, where first I saw the light, and where I am loued.

If. Lou'd, I as Courtiers loue Vsurers; and that is iust as long as they lend them Mony. Now dare I lay.

Went. None of your Land (good Knight,) for that is layde to morgage already?

If. I dare lay with any man that will take me vp.

Went. Who list, to haue, a lubberly load. *Sings this.*

If. Sirrah Wag, this Rogue was Sonne & heire to *Anthony Nowron*, and *Blind Moone*: And hee must needes be a scarry Musition, that hath two Fidlers to his fathers. But tell me in faith, art thou not; nay I know thou art cald downe into the Country heere, by some hoary Knight or other, who knowing thee a young Gentleman of good partes, and a great Liuing, hath desired thee to see some pittifull peece of his workmanship, a Daughter I meane; Ist not so?

Scar. About some such preferment, I came downe.

Ilf. Preferment? a good word: And when do you commence into the Cuckolds order, the Preferment you speake of? When shall we haue Gloues; when, when?

Scar. Fayth Gallant, I haue bin guest here but since last night.

Jif. Why, and that is time enough to make vp a dozen Marriages, as Marriages are made vp now adayes: For looke you Sir, the Father (according to the fashion) being sure you haue a good Liuing, & without incumbrance, comes to you thus: —takes you by the hand thus: —wipes his long Beard thus: —or, turns vp his Mustacho thus: —Walkes some turne or two thus: —to shew his comely Grauitie thus: —And hauing washt his foule mouth thus: —at last, breakes out thus: —

Went. O Good: Let vs heare more of this?

Jif. Maister *Scarborough*, you are a young Gentleman, I knew your Father well; hee was my Worshipfull good Neighbour, for our Demeanes lay neare togeather. Then Sir, —you and I must be of more neare acquaintance. — At which you must make an eruption thus: — O God (sweete Sir.)

Bart. Sfoot, the Knight would haue made an excellent *Zany*, in an Italian Comedie.

Ilf. When he goes forward, thus: Sir, my selfe am Lord of some Thousand a yeare, a Widdower, (Maister *Scarborough*) I haue a couple of young Gentiewomen to my Daughters; a thousand a yeare will do well, deuided among them: Ha, wilt not Maister *Scarborough*? — At which you out of your education must reply thus: — The Portion will deserue them worthy Husbandes: On which Tinder, he soone takes fire, and sweares you are the Man his hopes haue shot at, and one of them shall be yours:

Went. If I did not like her, should hee sweare himselfe to the Diuell, I would make him forsworne.

Jif. Then putting you, and the young Pugges into a close Roome togeather:

Went. Sfoot, if he should lie with her there, is not the father partly the Bawd?

Ilf. Where the young Puppet, hauing her lesson before frō the old Foxe, giues the sonne halfe a dozen warme kisses; which after her fathers oths, takes such impressiō in thee, thou straight calst by Iesu. Mistris, I loue you: — When she has the wit straight

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

to aske, but Sir, will you marry me? and thou in thy Cox-sparrow humor seplyest, I (before God) as I am a Gentleman will I: which the Father ouer-hearing, leapes in, takes you at your word, sweares he is glad to see this; nay he will haue you contracted straight, and for a neede, makes the Priest of himselfe.

Thus in one houre, from a quiet life,

Thou art sworne in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Bar. But can they loue one another so soone?

It. Oh, it is no matter now adayes for loue; tis well, and they can but make shift to lie togeather.

Went. But will your father doe this too, if he know the gallant breaths himselfe at some two or three Bawdy houses in a morning?

It. Oh the sooner; for that, and the Land together, tell the old ladde, he will know the better how to deale with his Daughter?

The Wife and auncient Fathers know this Rule,

Should both wed Maydes, the Child would be a Foole.

Come Wag, if thou hast gone no further then into the Ordinarie fashion, meete, see, & kisse, giue ouer: Marry not a Wife to haue a hundred plagues for one pleasure: lets to London, there's varietie; and change of Pasture, makes fat Calues.

Scra. But change of Women, bauld Knaues, Sir Knight.

It. Wag, and thou beest a Louer but three dayes, thou wilt be heartles, sleeple, witles, Madde, wretched, miserable; and indeed a starke Foole: And by that thou hast bin married but three weeks, tho thou shouldst wed a *Cynthia rara avis*, thou wouldest be a man monstrous: A Cuckold, a Cuckold.

Bar. And why is a Cuckold monstrous, Knight?

It. Why, because a Man is made a Beast by being married. Take but example thy selfe from the Moone; as soone as she is deliuered of her great belly, doth she not poynt at the world with a paire of hornes, as who should say, married men yee are Cuckolds.

Scra. I conster more diuinely of their sexe.

Being Maydes, methinkes they are Angels: and being Wiues,

They are Soueraignes; Cordials that preferue our liues.

They are like our hands that feed vs, this is cleare:

They renew man, as Spring renewes the yeare.

It. There's nere a wanton Wench that heares thee, but thinkes thee a Coxcome for saying so; Marry none of them; if thou wilt haue

The Miseries of a forst Marriage.

haue their true Characters, He giue it the. — Women, are the Purgatorie of mens Pursses, the Paradice of their bodyes, and the Hell of their mindes; marry none of them. Women, are in Churches Saintes, abroad Angels; but at home, Diuels.

Heere are married men enough, know this: Marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by custome, shew sharpe wit

Onely in speaking ill, and practise it:

Against the best of Creatures, deuine Women,

Who are Gods, Agents heere, and the heavenly eye,

By which this Orbe hath her matuitie:

Beautie in Women, get the World with child;

Without whom, she were barren, faint, and wilde.

They are the Stemmes on which doe Angels grow,

From whence Vertue is stild, and Artes doe flow.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop, and his daughter Clare.

Jif. Let them be what Flowers they will, and they were Roses, I will plucke none of them, for pricking my fingers. But soft, heere comes a voyder for vs: and I see, doe what I can, as long as the World lastes, there will be Cuckolds in it. Doe you heare Childe, heere's one come to blend you togeather: hee has brought you a Kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands,

Tho thou hast *Argus* eyes, be sure of this,

Women haue sworne, with more then one to kisse.

Har. Nay, no parting Gentlemen:

Hem.

Went. Sfoot, dus he make Punckes of vs, that he Hems already?

Har. Gallants,

Know old *John Harcop* keepes a Wine-seller,

Has traueled, been at Court, knowne fashions;

And vnto all beares habite like your selues:

The shapes of Gentlemen, and men of fort:

I haue a health to giue them ere they part.

Went. Health Knight, not as Drunkards giue their Healthes, I hope; to goe togeather by the eares when they haue done?

Har. My Healthes are, Welcome: Welcome Gentlemen.

Jif. Are we welcome (Knight) in sayth.

Har. Welcome in sayth, Sir.

Jif. Prethee tell mee, hast not bin an Whoremaister?

Har.

The Miseries of in first Marriage.

Her. In youth I swild my fill at Venus cup,

In stead of full draughtes, now I am faine to sup.

If. Why then thou art a man fit for my companie :

Dooft thou heare he is a good fellow of our stampe?

Make much of his Father.

Exeunt.

As ones Scarborrow and Clare.

Scar. The Father, and the Gallantes haue left mee heere with a Gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her, I am a villen; heauen gaunt her life hath borrowed so much impudence of her sex; but to speake to me first: for by this hand, I haue not so much Steele of immodestie in my face, to parle to a Wench without blushing. Ile walke by her, in hope she can open her teeth. — Not a word? — Is it not strange a man should be in a womans companie all this while, and not heare her tongue? — Ile goe further. — God of his goodnes: not a Sillable: I thinke if I should take vp her cloathes too, she would say nothing to me. — With what words tro, dus a man begin to woo? Gentlewoman, pray you what ist a clocke?

Clar. Troth Sir, carrying no Watch about me but mine eyes, I answere you: I can not tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell (Beautie) I take the Addage of my reply: you are naught to keepe Sheepe.

Clar. Yet I am big enough to keepe my selfe.

Scar. Prethe tell mee: Are you not a Woman?

Clar. I know not that neither, till I am better acquainted with a man.

Scar. And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clar. To distinguish betwixt himselfe and my selfe,

Scar. Why I am a Man.

Clar. That's more then I know, Sir.

Scar. To approue I am no lesse; thus I kisse thee.

Clar. And by that prooffe, I am a man too; for I haue kist you.

Scar. Prethe tell me, can you loue?

Clar. O Lord Sir, three or foure thinges: I loue my Meate, choyse of Suters, Cloathes in the fashion; and like a right woman, I loue to haue my will.

Scar. What thinke you of me for a Husband?

Clar. Let me first know, what you thinke of me for a wife?

Scar.

The Miseries of infirst Marriage.

Scar. Troth I thinke you are a proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. Doe you but thinke so?

Scar. Nay I see you are, a very perfect proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. It is great pittie then, I should be alone without a proper man.

Scar. Your Father sayes, that I shall marrie you.

Clar. And I say, God forbid Sir: Alasse I am a great deale too young.

Scar. I loue thee by my troth.

Cl. O pray you doe not so; for then you stray from the steps of Gentilitie: the fashion among them is, to marrie first, and loue after by leasure.

Scar. That I doe loue thee, heere by Heauen I sweare, And call it as a witesse to this kisse.

Clar. You will not inforce me, I hope Sir?

Scar. Makes mee this Womans Husband; thou art my *Clare*: Accept my heart, and prooue as chaste, as faire.

Clar. O God! you are too hot in your gifts: should I accept them now, we should haue you plead *nonage*, some halfe a yeare hence: sue for reuersement, and say, the deed was done vnder age.

Scar. Prethee doe not iest?

Cl. No (God is my record) I speake in earnest, & desire to know Whether ye meane to marry me yea or no?

Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my louing wife,

Cl. For better, for worse?

Scar. I, till death vs depart, loue.

Cl. Why then I thanke you Sir; and now I am like to haue that I long lookt for, A Husband.

How soone from our owne tongues is the word sed,
Captiues our maden-freedom to a head.

Scar. *Clare*, you are now mine, and I must let you know,
What euery wife doth to her husband owe:

To be a wife, is to be Dedicate

Not to a youthfull course, wild, and vnsteady;

But to the soule of vertue, obedience,

Studying to please, and neuer to offend.

Wiues, haue two eyes created, not like Birds

To come about at pleasure, but for two sentinels,

The Miseries of enforced Mariage.

To watch their husbands safety as their owne,
Two hands; one's to feed him, the other her selfe:
Two feet; and one of them is their Husbands:
They haue two of euery thing; onely of one,
Their Chastitie, that should be his alone.
Their very thoughtes they can not tearme them one:
Maydes being once made Wiues, can nothing call
Rightly their owne; they are their Husbands all:
If such a Wife you can prepare to be,
Clare, I am yours; and you are fit for me.

Clar. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As Women owe a duetie, so doe men.
Men must be like the Branch and Barke to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Cloth them in Winter, tender them in age:
Or as Ewes loue vnto their Eanlings lines,
Such should be Husbands custome to their Wiues.
If it appeare to them they haue strayde amisse,
They onely must rebuke them with a kisse;
Or Clocke them, as Hens Chickens, with kind call,
Cover them vnder their wing, and pardon all:
No iarres must make two Beddes, no strife deuide them,
Those betwixt whom a fayth and troth is giuen;
Death onely partes, since they are knit by Heauen:
If such a Husband you intend to bee,
I am your Clare, and you are fit for mee.

Scar. By Heauen.

Clar. Advise before you swear, let me remember you,
Men neuer giue their Fayth, and promise Mariage;
But Heauen recordes their Oth: if they prooue true,
Heauen smiles for ioy; if not, it weepes for you:
Vnlesse your heart, then with your wordes agree,
Yet let vs part, and let vs both be free.

Scar. If euer man in swearing Loue, swore true,
My wordes are like to his. Heere comes your Father.

Enter sir Iohn Harcop, liford, Wentloe, Bartsley, and Busler.

Har. Now maister Scarborough.

Scar. Prepar'd to aske, how you like that we haue done,

Your

The Miseries of inforced Marriage.

Your Daughter's made my Wife, and I your Sonne.

Har. And both agreed so?

Both. We are, Sir.

Har. Then long may you liue togeather, haue store of Sonnes.

Jif. Tis no matter who is the Father.

Har. But Sonne, heere is a man of yours is come from London.

But. And brought you Letters, Sir.

Scar. What newes from London, *Butler?*

But. The old newes, Sir, the Ordinaries are full of Cheaters, some Citizens are Bankeroutes, and many Gentlemen Beggars.

Scar. *Clare,* heere is an vnwelcome Pursuant, My Lord and *Guardian,* writes to me with speed, I must returne to London.

Har. And you being Ward to him (sonne *Scarborrow*) And know him great, it fits that you obey him.

Scar. It dus, it dus; for by an auntient Law, We are borne free Heeres, but kept like Slaues, in awe. Who are for London, Gallants?

Jif. *Swinch* and *Spurre,* we will beare you companie.

Scar. *Clare,* I must leaue thee, with what vnwillingesse, Witnes this dwelling kisse vpon thy lip, And tho I must be absent from thine eye, Be sure my hart, doth in thy bosome lie. Three yeares I am yet a ward, which time Ile passe, Making thy fayth my constant Looking glasse, Till when.

Clare. Till when you please, where ere you liue or die, Your loues here worne, your presence in my eye.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Faulconbridge, and sir William Scarborrow.

Hunsd. Sir William,

How old say you, is your kinsman *Scarborrow?*

Will. Eightenemy Lord, next Pentecost.

Lord. Bethinke you good Sir William, Ireckon thereabout my selfe; so by that account, Theres full three Winters yet he must attend, Vnder our awe, before he sue his Liuary: Ist not so?

Will. Not a daylesse, my Lord.

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Lord. Sir *William*, you are his Vncle and I must speake
That am his *Guardian*: would I had a Sonne
Might merit commendations euen with him.
Its tell you what he is; he is a youth,
A Noble branch, increasing blessed fruit,
Where Catterpillar vice dare not to touch:
He is himselfe with so much grauity,
Praise cannot praise him with *Hyperbole*:
He is one, whom older looke vpon, as on a booke,
Wherein are Printed Noble sentences
For them to rule their lues by. Indeed he is one
All Emulate his vertues, hate him none.

Willi. His friends are proud, to heare this good of him.

Lord. And yet Sir *William*, being as he is,
Young and vafetled, tho of vertuous thoughts,
By *Genuine* disposition, yet our eyes
See daily presidents, hopefull Gentlemen,
Being trusted in the world with their owne will,
Diuert the good is lookt from them, to ill;
Make their old names forgot, or not worth note:
Such company they keepe, such Reueling
With Panders, Parasites, podigies of Knaues,
That they sell all, euen their old fathers graues:
Which to preuent, weele match him to a wife;
Marriage re traines the scope of single life.

Willi. My Lord speakes like a father for my Kinsman.

Lord. And I haue found him one of Noble parentage,
A Neece of mine; nay, I haue broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure,
As also for the good appears in him,
She is pleas'd of all that's hers, to make him King.

Willi. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage.

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord. Also, I haue appointed Doctor *Baxter*,
Chansellor of Oxford, to attend me heere:
And see, he is come. Good maister Doctor.

Bax. My honourable Lord.

Willi. I haue possess you with this businesse maister Doctor.

The Miseries of iustice Marriage.

Baxt. To see the contract twixt your honoured Neece,
and maister *Scarborough*.

Lord. Tis so, and I did looke for him by this.

Bax. I saw him leaue his horse, as I came vp.

Lord. So, so,

Then he will be heere forthwith : you Maister *Baxter*

Go Vsher hither straight young *Katherine*;

Sir William heere, and I, will keepe this roome till you returne.

Scar. My honourable Lord.

Enter Scarborough.

Lord. Tis well done *Scarborough*.

Scar. Kind vncke.

Wills. Thankes my good Couz.

Lord. You haue bin welcome in your Country, Yorkshire.

Scar. The time that I spent there my Lord, was merry.

Lord. T was well, twas very well; and in your absence,
your Vnckle heere, and I, haue bin bethinking
what gift betwixt vs we might bestow on you,
That to your house large dignity might bring,
With faire increase, as from a Christall spring.

Enter Doctor and Katherine.

Scar. My name is bound to your beneficence,
Your hands hath bin to me like bounties purse,
Neuer shut vp; your selfe my foster-Nurse :
Nothing can from your honour come, proue me so rude,
But Ile accept to shun Ingratitude.

Lord. We accept thy promise, now returne thee this,
A vertuous wife, accept her with a kisse,

Scar. My honourable Lord.

Lord. Feare not to take her man, she will feare neither,
Do what thou canst, being both abed together.

Scar. O but my Lord.

Lord. But me? Dog of wax; come kisse, and agree,
Your friends haue thought it fit, and it must be.

Scar. I haue no hands to take her to my wife.

Lord. How Sawce-box?

Scar. O pardon me my Lord, the vnripenes of my yeares,
Too greene for gouernment, is old in feares
To vndertake that charge.

The Miseries of inforced Marriage.

Lord. Sir, Sir, I and sir knaue, then here is a mellowed experience knowes how to teach you,

Scar. O God.

Lord. O Iacke,

Haue both our cares, your Vnckle, and my selfe,
Sought, studied; found out, and for your good,
A Maide, a Neece of mine; both faire and chaste;
And must we stand at your discretio..?

Scar. O Good my Lord,

Had I two soules, then might I haue two wiues:
Had I two Faythes, then had I one for her:
Hauing of both but one, that one is giuen
To Sir Iohn Harcops daughter.

Lord. Ha, ha, whats that; let me heare that againe?

Scar. To Sir Iohn Harcops *Clare*, I haue made an oath,
Part me in twaine, she hath one halfe of both:
This Hand the which I weare, it is halfe hers:
Such power hath Fayth and Troth twixt couples young,
Death onely cuts that knot, tide with the tongue,

Lord. And haue you knit that knot, Sir?

Scar. I haue done so much; that if I wed not her,
My Mariage makes me an Adukerer:
In which blacke sheetes I wallow all my life,
My Babes being Bastards, and a Whore my Wife.

Lord. Ha, ist euen so? My Secretarie there,
Write me a Letter straight to Sir Iohn Harcop,
He see (Sir Iacke) and if that Harcop dare,
Being my Ward, contract you to his Daughter.

Enter secretary.

My Steward too, post you to Yorke shyre,

Exit secret.
Enter steward.

Where lyes my youngsters Land: and sirrah,

Fell mee his Wood, make hauocke, spoyle & waste. *Exit steward.*

Sir, you shall know that you are Ward to mee,

He make you poore enough; then mende your selfe.

Will. O Cozen.

Scar. O Vnckle.

Lord. Contract your selfe, and where you list?

He make you know me Sir, to be your Guard.

Scar. World, now thou seest what tis to be a ward.

Lord.

The Miseries of inforced Mariage.

Lord. And where I meant my selfe to haue disburs'd
Foure thousand pound, vpon this Mariage;
Surrendred vp your Land to your owne vse,
And compast other Portions to your hands,
Sir, Ile now yoke you still.

Scar. A yoke indeed.

Hunt. And spight of they dare contradict my will,
Ile make thee marry to my Chamber-mayd. Come couz.

Exit.

Bax. Fayth Sir, it fits you to be more aduic'd.

Scar. Doe not you flatter for preferment, Sir.

Will. O, but good Coze.

Scar. O, but good Vnckle, could I command my Loue,
Or cancell Oathes out of Heauens brazen booke,
Ingross by Gods owne finger, then you might speake.
Had men that law to loue, as most haue tongues
To loue a thousand women with, then you might speake.
Were Loue like Dust, lawfull for euery Wind,
To beare from place to place: were Oathes but puffes,
Men might forswear them-selues; but I doe know,
Tho sinne being past with vs, the act's forgot,
The poore Soule grones, and she forgets it not.

Will. Yet heare your owne case?

Scar. O tis too miserable:

That I (a Gentleman) should be thus torne
From mine owne right, and forst to be forsworne:

Will. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salue it with aduice, not with dispaire:
You are his Ward; being so, the Law intends,
He is to haue your duty, and in his rule
Is both your Marriage, and your Heritage:
If you rebell against these Iniunctions,
The penaltie takes hold on you, which for himselfe,
He straight thus prosecutes, he wastes your Land,
Weds you where he thinkes fit: but if your selfe,
Haue of some violent humor matcht your selfe
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To merce your Purse, and in a summe so great,
That shall for euer keepe your fortunes weake;
Where otherwise, if you be ruld by him,

Your

The Miseries of inforst Mariage.

Your house is raisd by matching to his kin .

Enter Ealconsbridge.

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be crost by such a Iacke: he wedd himselfe, and where he list : Sirrah Malapart, Ile hamper you; You that will haue your will, come get you in : Ile make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her, Or wish thy birth had bin thy murtherer.

Scar. Fate pittie me, because I am inforst; For I haue heard; those matches haue cost blood, Where loue is once begun, and then withstood.

Exeunt.

Enter Iford and a Page with him.

If. Boy, hast thou deliuered my Letter?

Boy. I Sir, I saw him open the lips ont.

If. He had not a new sute on, had he?

Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his Wardrope Sir; but I saw a leane fellow, with sunke eyes, and shamble legges, sigh pittifully at his chamber dore, and intreat his man to put his Maister in minde of him.

If. O, that was his Taylor ; I see now he will be blest, hee profits by my counsell: he will pay no debts before he be arested, nor then neither, if he can finde ere a beast that dare but be bayle for him; but he will seale i'th afternoone?

Boy. Yes Sir, he will imprint for you as deepe as he can.

If. Good, good ; now haue I a Parsons Nose, and smell tyth comming in then. Now let me number how many Rookes I haue halfe vndone alreadie this Tearme by the first returne : foure by Dice, sixe by being bound with me, and ten by Queanes; of which some be Courtiers, some Country Gentlemen, and some Cittizens sonnes. Thou art a good Franke; if thou pergest thus, thou art still a Companion for Gallants, mayst keepe a Catamite, take Phisicke, at the Spring and the fall.

Enter VVentloe.

Went. Franke, Newes that will make thee fatte, Franke.

If. Prethee rather giue mee somewhat will keepe me leane; I haue no minde yet to take Phisicke.

Went. Maister Scarberrow is married, man.

If. Then Heauen graunt he may (as few married men doe) make much of his Wife.

VWent.

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Went. Why, wouldst haue him loue her; let her commaund all,
And make her his Maister?

If. No, no; they that doe so, make not much of their Wiues,
But giue them their will, and that's marring of 'em.

Enter Barilley.

Bart. Honest *Francke*, valerous *Francke*, a portion of thy witte,
but to helpe vs in this enterprife, & we may walke London streets,
and cry, Pish at the Sergiants.

If. You may shift out one Tearme, & yet die in the Counter:
These are the Scabs now, that hang vpon honest Iob:
I am Iob, and these are the scuruy Scabs:

But what's this your Pot seethes ouer withall?

Bart. Maister Scarborough is married, man.

Went. He has all his Land in his owne hand.

Bart. His brothers and sisters Portions: (wife.

Went. Besides foure thousand pound in ready mony with his

If. A good Talent by my fayth, it might helpe many Gentle-
men to pay their Tailors; and I might be one of them.

Went. Nay, honest *Francke*, hast thou found a tricke for him? if
thou hast not, looke, heere's a line to dire& thee. First draw him in-
to Bands for Mony, then to Dice for it: Then take vp Stuffe at the
Mercers, straight to a Puncke with it: Then morgage his Land,
and be drunke with that: so with them, and the rest, from an aun-
cient Gentleman, make him a young Begger.

If. What a Roge is this, to read a Lecture to me, and mine owne
Lesson too, which he knowes I ha made perfect to nine hundred
fourescore and nineteene: A cheating Rascall, will teach me, I that
ha made them that haue worne a spacious Parke, Lodge and all, of
their backes this morning, bin faine to pawne it afore night: and
they that ha stawked like a huge Elephant, with a Castle on their
neckes; and remooued that to their owne shoulders in one day,
which their Fathers built vp in seauen yeare, bin glad by my
meanes, in so much time as a Child suckes, to drinke Bottle-ale,
tho a Punckepay fort. And shall this Parrat instruct me?

Went. Nay, but *Francke*.

If. A Roge that hath fed vpon me, and the fruite of my wirtes,
like Pullen from a Pantlers Chippings, and now I haue put him
into good clothes, to shift two sutes in a day, that could scarce shift

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

a patcht Shirt once in a yeare, and sayes prayers when he had it: Harke how he prates.

Went. Besides (Francke) since his Marriage, he stawkes me like a cashierd Captaine discontent; in which Melancholy, the least drop of mirth, of which thou hast an Ocean, will make him, and all his, ours for euer.

If. Sayes mine owne Roge so, giue mee thy hand then, weele doot, and there's earnest: *Strikes him.* Sfut you Chittiface, that lookes worse then a Collier thorough a wooden window, an Ape as feard of a whip, or a Knaues head shooke seauen yeares in the weather vpon Londonbridge. Doe you Catechize me?

Went. Nay, but valorous *Francke*, he that knowes the secrets of all heartes, knowes I did it in kindnesse.

If. Know your seasons: besides, I am not of that Species for you to instruct. Then know your seasons.

Bart. Sfoot friends, friends, all friends: heere comes young *Scarborow*, should he know of this, all our disseignes were preuented.

Enter Scarborow.

If. What, Melancholy my young maister, my young marryed man: God giue your worship ioy.

Scar. Ioy, of what *Francke*?

If. Of thy wealth, for I heare of few that ha ioy of their wiues.

Scar. Who weds as I haue, to enforced sheets,
His care increaseth, but his comfort flects.

If. Thou hauing so much witte, what a Deuill meantst thou to marry?

Scar. O speake not of it,
Marriage sounds in my eare like to a Bell;
Not rung for pleasure, but a dolefull knell.

If. A common course, those men that are married in the Morning, to wish themselves buried ere night.

Scar. I cannot loue her.

If. No newes neither, *Wiu*es knowes thats a generall fault amongst their Husbands. *Scar.* I will not ly with her.

If. *Cetera volunt*, sheele say still, If you will not, another will.

Scar. Why did she marry me, knowing I did not loue her?

If. As other Women do, either to bee maintained by you, or to make you a Cuckold. Now sir, what come you for?

Enter Clowne.

Clow.

The Miseries of inforced Marriage.

Clow. As men do in hast, to make an end of their busines.

If. What's your busines?

Clow. My busines is this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir.

If. The meaning of all this Sir.

Clow. By this is as much as to say Sir, my Maister has sent vnto you. By this is as much as to say Sir, my Maister has him humbly commended vnto you; and by this, is as much as to say, my Maister craues your answer.

If. Giue me your Letter: And you shall haue this Sir, this Sir, and

Clow. No Sir.

If. Why Sir?

Clow. Because as the learned haue very well instructed me, *Qui supra nes, nihil ad nos*, and tho many Gentlemen will haue to doe with other mens busines; yet from me know, the most part of them prooue Knaues for their labour.

Went. You ha the Knaue yfayth, Francke.

Clow. Long may he liue to enioy it. From Sir Iohn Harcop of Harcop, in the Countie of Yorke Knight, by me his Man, to your selfe my young Maister, by these presents greeting.

If. How canst thou by these good wordes?

Clow. As you by your good Cloathes; tooke them vpon trust, And swore, I would neuer pay for'em

Scar. Thy Maister, Sir Iohn Harcop, writes to me, That I should entertaine thee for my Man.

His wish is acceptable: thou art welcome fellow.

Oh, but thy maisters Daughter sendes an Article,

Which makes me thinke vpon my present sinne;

Heere she remembers me, to keepe in minde

My promis'd Fayth to her; which I ha broke:

Heere she remembers me I am a Man,

Blackt ore with Periurie: whose sinfull breast,

Is charactred like those, curst of the blest.

If. How now my young Bully, like a young Wench, Fourtie weekes after the losse of her Maydenhead, crying out.

Scar. Trouble me not, Giue me Pen, Incke, and Paper, I will write to her.

O! but what shall I write?

Mine owne excuse; why no excuse can serue

For him that swears, and from his Oth doth swarue?

Or shall I say, my Marriage was inforst?
T was bad in them, not well in me, to yeeld;
Wretched they two, whose Marriage was compeld:
Ile onely write that which my griefe hath bred;
Forgiue me *Clare*, for I am married:
Tis soone set downe, but not so soone forgot, or worne fro hence.
Deliver it unto her, there's for thy paines:
Would I as soone could cense these periurd staines.
Clare. Well, I could alter mine eyes from filthy Mudde, into faire
Water: you haue payde for my Teares, and mine eyes shall preoue
hankrounts, and breake out for you; let no man perswade me, I will
sry, and etery Towne betwixt Shoreditch-church and Yorke
bridge, shall beare me witnesse. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, Ile take my leaue of you,
She that I am married to, but not my Wyfe,
Will London leaue, in Yorke shire lead our life.

Tho. We must not leaue you so, my young Gallant:
We three are sicke in state, and your wealth must helpe to make vs
whole againe: For this saying, is as true as old;
Strife nurst twixt Man and Wife, makes such a flaw,
How great so ere's their Wealth, twill haue a thaw.

*Enter sir John Harcop with his daughter Clare, and two younger
brothers, Thomas and John Scarborrow.*

Har. Brothers to hith, ere long shall be my sonne,
By wedding this young Girle: You are welcome both:
Nay kisse her, kisse her; tho she shall be your brothers wife,
To kisse the cheeke is free.

Tho. Kisse, Sicut what else? thou art a good plump Weach,
I like you well, prethee make haste, and bring store of Boyes;
But be sure they haue good faces, that they may call me Vnckle.

Job. Glad of so faire a Sister; I salute you.

Har. Good, good yfayth; this kissing's good yfayth,
I looid to smacke it too when I was young;
But mum; they haue felt thy Cheeke *Clare*, let them heare thy tung.

Clar. Such welcome as befits my *Scarborrowes* brothers,
From me his troth-plight Wife, be sure to haue;
And tho my tongue proue scant in any part,
The boundes be sure are large, full in my heart.

The Miseries of a forst Mariage.

Tho. Tut, that's not that we doubt on Wench: but do you heare Sir Iohn, What do you thinke drue me from London, and the Innes of Court, thus farre into Yorkeshire?

Har. I gesse, to see this Girle shall be your sister.

Tho. Fayth, and I gesse partly so too; but the maine was, and I will not lie to you, that your comming now in this wise into our kindred, I might be acquainted with you aforehand, that after my Brother had married your Daughter, I his Brother might borrow some moneý of you.

Har. What? Do you borrow of your kindred Sir?

Tho. Sfut what else, they hauing interest in my blood, why should not I haue interest in their coýne. Besides Sir, I being a younger Brother, would be ashamed of my generation, if I would not borrow of any man that would lend, especially of my affinitie, of whom I keepe a Kalender. And looke you Sir, thus I goe ouer them. First ore my Vnckles, often ore mine Aunts; then vp to my Nephewes, straight downe to my Neeces, to this Cosen Thomas, and that Cosen Ieffrey, leauing the courteous claw giuen to none of their elbowes, euen vnto the thirde and fourth remooue of any that hath interest in our blood: All which do vpon their summons made by me, duely and faithfully prouide for appearance; and so as they are, I hope we shall be, more indeerd, intierly, better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Har. You are a merrie Gentleman.

Tho. Tis the hope of monie makes me so, and I know none but Fooles vse to be sad with it.

Ioh. From Oxford am I drawne, from serious studies, Expecting that my Brother still had soiournd With you his best of choyse, and this good Knight.

Har. His absence shall not make our hearts lesse merrie. Then if we had his presence. A day ere long, Will bring him backe, when one the other meets, At noone i'th Church, at night betweene the Sheets. Weele wash this chat with wine. Some wine: fill vp, The sharpner of the wit, is a full cup. And so to you Sir.

Tho. Do, and Ile drinke to my new Sister, but vpon this condition, that she may haue quiet dates, little rest a nights, ha pleasant afternoones, bee plyant to my brother, and lend me money when so ere Ile borrow it.

The Miseries of Injust Marriage.

Har. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weake, and we must beare with them:
Your frolicke Healthes, are onely fit for men.

Tho. Well. I am contented; Women must to the wall, tho it be
to a Feather-bed. Fill vp then.

Enter Clowne, singing.

Clow. From London am I come, tho not with Pipe and Drum,
Yet I bring matter, in this poore Paper,
Will make my young Mistris, delighting in kisses,
Doe as all Maydens will, hearing of such an ill,
As to haue lost, the thing they wisht most:
A Husband, a Husband, a prettie sweete Husband,
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas; And at last, Ho, ho, ho, as I doe.

Clare. Returnd so soone from London? What's the newes?

Clow. O Mistris, if euer you haue scene *Demonice cleare*, looke
into mine eyes; mine eyes are *Seuerne*, plaine *Seuerne*; the *Thames*, nor
the Riuer of *Tweed* are nothing to'em: Nay all the Raine that fell
at *Noahs* flood, had not the discretion that my eyes haue; that
drunke but vp the whole World, and I ha drownd all the way be-
twixt this and London.

Clar. Thy newes, good *Robbin*?

Clow. My newes Mistris? Ile tell you strange newes; the Dust
vpon London way, being so great, that not a Lord, Gentleman,
Knight, or Knaue, could trauell, least his eyes should be blowne
out: At last, they all agreed to hire me to goe before them, when I
looking but vpon this Letter, did with this water, this very water,
lay the dust, as well as if it had rained from the beginning of Aprill,
till the last of May.

Clar. A Letter from my *Scarborough*? Giue it thy Mistris.

Clow. But Mistris. *Clar.* Prethee be gon,
I would not haue my Father, nor this Gentlemen,
Be witnessse of the comfort it doth bring.

Clow. Oh but Mistris.

Clar. Prethee be gon with this, & the glad newes:
Leaue me alone.

Exit clowne.

Tho. Tis your turne Knight; take your licquor, know I am
bountifull, Ile forgiue any man any thing that he owes me, but his
drinke, and that Ile be payd for.

Cla.

The Miseries of a forst Mariage:

Cl. Nay Gentlemen, the honestie of myrth
Consistes not in carowling with excesse;
My Father hath more welcomes then in Wine:
Pray you no more.

Tho. Sayes my Sister so; Ile be rul'd by thee then. But doe you
heare? In hope hereafter youle lend me some Mony, now we are
halfe drunke, lets goe to dinner. Come Knight.

Exeunt.

Manet Clar.

Clar. I am glad you'r gone,
Shall I now open't? no, Ile kisse it first;
Because this outside last did kisse his hand.
Within this fould, (Ile cal't a Sacred sheete)
Are writ blackelines, where our white hearts shall meete:
Before I ope this dore of my delight,
Methinkes I gesse how kindly he doth write
Of his true loue to me; as, Chucke, Sweet-heart,
I prethee doe not thinke the time too long,
That keepes vs from the sweetes of Mariage rites:
And then he sets my name and kisses it,
Wishing my Lippes his sheete to write vpon:
With like desire, methinkes, as mine owne thoughts,
Aske him now heere for me to looke vpon;
Yet at the last, thinking his loue too slacke,
Ere it arriue at my desired eyes,
He hastens vp his message with like speed,
Euen as I breake this ope, wishing to read. Oh; whats heere?
Mine eyes are not mine owne sure; sure they are not:
Tho you ha bin my lamps this sixteene yeares, *Lees full the Les.*
You doe bely my *Scarborow*, reading so:
Forgiue him, he is married; that were ill:
What lying lightes are these. Looke I ha no such Letter,
No wedded sillable of the least wrong
Done to a Troth-plaint Virgin like my selfe.
Beshrow you for your blindnesse; *Forgiue him, he is married.*
I know my *Scarborowes* constancie to me
Is as firme knit, as Fayth to Charitie,
That I shall kisse him often, hugge him thus;
Be made a happy and a fruitfull Mother
Of many prosperous Children, like to him:

And

The Miseries of Inforced Marriage.

And reade I, he was married? Aske forgiveness?
What a blinde Foole was I? yet heeres a Letter
To whom directed too? *To my beloved Clare:*
Why Law?

Women will read, and reade not that they saw.
Twas but my feruent loue missed mine eyes,
He once againe to the Inside. *Forgiue me, I am married:*
William Scarborow. He has set his name to't too,
O periury! within the hearts of men
Thy feasts are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter Thomas Scarborow.

Tho. Sister, Gods precious, the Cloths laide, the Meate cooles,
we all stay, and your Father calls for you.

Clar. Kind Sir, excuse me I pray you a little,
He but peruse this Letter, and come straight.

Tho. Pray you make hast, the Meate staies for vs, and our sto-
macks ready for the meat: for beleue this,
Drinke makes men hungry, or it makes them lie,
And he thats drunke ore night, i'th morning's dry:
Scene and approoued.

Exit.

Cla. He was contracted mine, yet he vniust,
Hath married to another: Whats my estate then?
A wretched Maide, not fit for any Man;
For being vnited his with-plighted faiths,
Whoeuer sues to me commits a sinne,
Besiedgeth me, and who shall marry me:
Is like my selfe, liues in adulterie, (O God)
That such hard fortune should betide my youth.
I am young, fayre, rich, honest, virtuous:
Yet for all this, who ere shall marry mee,
I am but his Whore, liue in adultery.
I cannot step into the path of pleasure,
For which I was created, borne vnto:
Let me liue neare so honest, rich, or poore,
If I once wed, yet I must liue a Whore.
I must be made a strumpet gainst my will,
A name I haue abhord, a shamefull ill:
I haue eschewed, and now cannot withstand it
In my selfe. I am my Fathers onely Childe,

In

In me he hath a hope, tho not his name
Can be increast, yet by my issue
His Land shall be possess, his age delighted.
And tho that I should vow a single life
To keepe my soule vnspotted, yet will he
Inferce me to a Marriage:

So that my grieve doth of that waight consist,
It helpes me not to yeeld, nor to resist.
And was I then created for a Whore? A Whore,
Bad name, bad act; Bad man, makes me a scorne:
Then live a Strumpet? Better be vnborne.

Enter Iohn Scarbor.

Ioh. Sister, pray you will you come,
Your Father and the whole meeting staves for you.

Clar. I come, I come; I pray returne: I come.

Iohn. I must not goe without you.

Clar. Be you my Vsher, sooth Ile follow you.

Exit.

He writes heere, *To forgive him, he is Married.*

Falſe Gentleman: I doe forgive thee with my heart;
Yet will I send an answer to thy Letter,
And in so short wordes, thou shalt weepe to read them;
And heere's my agent readie: *Forgive me, I am dead.*
Tis writ, and I will act it: Be iudge you Maydes
Have trusted the false Promises of Men.
Be iudge you Wiues, the which have been inforst
From the white Sheetes you lou'd, to them yee loath'd.
Whether this *Axiome* may not be assured,

Better one sinne, then many, be endured.

My Armes imbracings, Kisses, Chastitie,
Were his possessions: and whilst I live,
He doth but steale those pleasures he enjoyes,
Is an Adulterer in his married armes;
And neuer goes to his defiled Bed,
But God writes Sinne vpon the Teasters head.
Ile be a Wife now, helpe to saue his soule,
Tho I haue lost his body, giue a slake
To his iniquities, and with one sinne
Done by this hand, end many done by him.
Farewell the World then, farewell the Wedded ioyes,

The Miseries of inforst Mariage.

Till this I haue hope for, from that Gentleman,
Scarborow, forgine me : thus thou hast lost thy Wife,
Yet record would, though by an act so foule,
A Wife thus did, to cleanse her Husbands soule.

Enter sir John Harcop.

Har. Gods precious, for his mercy, Where's this Wench?
Must all my Friends and Guestes attende on you?
Where are you Minion?

Clar. *Scarborow*, come close mine eyes, for I am dead.

Har. That sad voyce was not hers, I hope:
Who's this, my Daughter?

Clar. Your Daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried:
Prayes *Scarborow* to forgine her : she is dead.

Dyes.

Har. Patience good teares, and let my words haue way:

Clare, my Daughter? Helpe, my Seruants there:
Lift vp thine eyes, and looke vpon thy Father,
They were not borne to loose their light so soone:

I did beget thee for my comfort,
And not to be the author of my care.
Why speakst thou not? Some helpe, my Seruants there:

What hand hath made thee pale? Or if thine owne?

What cause hadst thou, that wert thy Fathers ioy,

The Treasue of his age, the Cradle of his sleepe,

His all in all? I prethee speake to me?

Thou art not ripe for death, come backe againe;

Clare, my *Clare*, if Death must needs haue one,

I am the fittest, prethee let me goe:

Thou dying whilst I liue, I am dead with woe.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborow.

Tho. What meanes this outcry?

Ioh. O ruthfull spectacle.

Har. Thou wert not went to be so sullen, Child,
But kind and louing to thy aged Father:

Awake, awake; Ist be thy lasting sleepe,

Would I had not Sence for grieffe, nor Eyes to weepe.

Ioh. What Paper's this? the sad contentes doth tell me,

My Brother writ, he hath broke his Fayth to her,

And

And she replies; for him, she hath kild her selfe.

Har. Was that the cause; that thou hast soyld thy selfe
With these red spots; these blemishes of Beautie?
My Child, my Child; Wast Periurie in him,
Made thee so faire, aēt in so foule a sinne,
That he deceived thee in a Mothers hopes,
Posteritie, the blisse of Marriage?
Thou hast no Tongue to answer no, or I,
But in red Letters writes; *For him I die.*

Curse on his trayterous tongue, his youth, his blood,
His pleasures, Children, and possessions;
Be all his dayes like Winter; comfortlesse:
Restlesse his nightes, his wantes remorselesse,
And may his Corpes be the Phisitions stage,
Which playde vpon, stands not to honoured age:
Or with Diseases may he lie and pine,
Till Griefe wax blind his eyes, as Griefe doth mine.

Exit.

Iob. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, more to be pittied.

*Enter Scarborrow, his wife Katharine, Iford, Wentlee,
Barley and Bestler.*

If. What, ride by the Gate, & not call, that were a shame y faith?

Went. Weele but taste of his Beere, kisse his Daughter, and to
Horse againe: Where's the good Knight, heere?

Scar. You bring me to my shame vnwillingly.

If. Shamed, of what; for deceiuing of a Wench? I ha not blusht,
that ha dont to a hundred of'em.

In Womens loue, hee's wife doth follow this,

Loue one so long, till her another kisse.

Where's the good Knight, heere?

Iob. O Brother, you are come to make your eye
Sad mourner at a fatall Tragedie.

Peruse this Letter first, and then this Corps.

Scar. O wronged *Clare!* Accursed *Scarborrow;*
I writ to her, *That I was married.*

She writes to me, *Forgiue her, she is dead.*

Ile balme thy body with my saythfull Teares,
And be perpetuall mourner at thy Tombe.

The Miseries of inforst Mariage.

He sacrifice this Commit into sighes,
Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefites my Parents gaue,
Shall turne distempered, to appease the wrath
For this blood shed, and I am guiltie of.

Ka. Deare Husband.

Scar. False Woman, not my Wife, tho married to me :
Looke what thy friendes, and thou art guiltie of,
The murder of a creature, equall Heauen
In her Creation, whose thoughts like fire,
Never lookt base, but euer did aspire
To blessed benefites, till you and yours vndid her:
Eve her, view her; tho dead, yet she dus looke
Like a fresh Frame, or a new printed Booke
Of the best Paper, neuer lookt into,
But with one sullied finger, which did spot her,
Which was her owne too: but who was cause of it?
Thou, and thy friendes; and I will loath thee for't.

Enter sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. They doe bely her, that they doe,
She is but straide to some by-Gallerie,
And I must ha her againe. Clare, where art thou Clare?

Scar. Heere, laid to take her euerlasting sleepe.

Har. A lyes that sayes so :

Yet now I know thee, I doe lie, that say it,
For if she be a Villen like thy selfe,
A periurd Traytor, Recreant, Miscreant,
Dogge: a Dogge, a Dogge, has d nt.

Scar. O Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. O sir Iohn Villen, to betroth thy selfe
To this good creature, harmelesse, harmelesse child;
This kernell, hope, and comfort of my House,
Without inforcement, of thine owne accord,
Draw all her soul i'th compasse of an Oth;
Take that Oth from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her?

Scar. Shame on them were the cause of it.

Har. But harke what thou hast got by it,

The Miseries of inforst Mariage.

Thy Wife is but a Strumpet, thy Children Bastards,
Thy selfe a murtherer, thy wife accessarie,
Thy Bed a Stewes, thy House a Brothell:

Scar. O, tis too true.

Har. I, made a wretched father, childles.

Scar. I, made a married man, yet wiueles.

Har. Thou the cause of it.

Scar. Thou the cause of it.

To his wife.

Har. Curse on the day that ere it was begun,

For I an old man am, vndone, vndone.

Exit.

Scar. For Charitie, haue care vpon that Father,
Least that his grieffe, bring on a more mishap:

This to my Armes, my sorrow shall bequeath,

Tho I haue lost her, to thy Graue Ile bring;

Thou wert my Wife, and Ile thy *Requiem* sing:

Goe you to the Country, Ile to London backe,

All ryot now, since that my soule's so blacke.

Exit with Clare.

Ka. Thus am I left like Sea-toft Marriners.

My fortunes being no more then my distresse,

Vpon what Shore soeuer I am driuen,

Be it good or bad, I must account it Heauen:

Tho married, I am reputed no Wife,

Neglected of my Husband, scornd, despis'd:

And tho my loue and true obedience,

Lies prostrate to his becke, his heedles eye,

Receiues my seruices vnworthily.

I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,

But hope for better dayes, when bad be gone.

You are my Guide; Whither must I, *Butler*?

But. Toward Wakefield, where my Maisters Liuing lies.

Ka. Toward Wakefield, where thy Maister, weele attend,

When thinges are at the worst, tis hope theyle mend.

Enter Thomas, and John Scarborough.

Tho. How now sister, no further forward on your iourney yet?

Ka. When grieffe's before me, who'd goe on to grieffe?

Ide rather turne me backe to find some comfort.

John. And that way sorrow's hurtfuller then this,

My Brother hauing brought vnto a graue,

The Miseries of incest Marriage.

That murdered body, whom he cald his Wife,
And spent so many teares vpon her Hearse,
As would haue made a Tyrant to relent:
Then kneeling at her Coffin, thus he vowd,
From thence, he neuer would embrace your Bed.

Thu. The more Foole he.

Iob. Neuer from hence, acknowledge you his Wife,
Where others strive to enrich their Fathers name,
It should be his onely ayme, to begger ours;
To spend their meanes, should be his onely pride:
Which with a sigh confirmd, hee's rid to London,
Vowing example, by his life so foule,
Men nere should ioyne the hands, without the soule.

Kath. All is but griefe, and I am arm'd for it.

Iob. Weele bring you on your way, in hope thus strong,
Time may at length make straight, what yet is wrong.

Enter Ifford, Wentloe, Bartley.

Went. Hee's our owne, hee's our owne; Come lets make vse
of his wealth, as the Sunne, of Ice: melt it, melt it.

Iff. But art sure he will hold his meeting?

Went. As sure as I am heere now, & was dead drunke last night.

Iff. Why then so sure, will I be arrested by a couple of Serge-
antes, and fall into one of the vnlucky Crankes about Cheape side,
cald Counters.

Bart. Withall, I haue prouided Maister *Gripe* the Usurer, who
vpon the instant, will be ready to step in, charge the Sergeantes to
keepe thee fast; & that now he will haue his five hundred pounds,
or thou shalt rot for it.

Went. When it followes, young *Scarborough* shall be bounde for
the one: then take vp as much more, we share the one halfe, and
help him to be drunke with the other.

Enter Scarborough.

Iff. Ha, ha, ha.

Bart. Why dost laugh, *Francke*?

Iff. To see, that wee and Usurers, liue by the fall of young
Heires, as Swine by the dropping of Acorns. But hee's come.
Where be these Rogues? Shall we haue no tendance heere?

Scar. Good day, Gentlemen.

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

If. A thousand good dayes, my noble Bully, and as many good fortunes as there were Grasshoppers in Egypt, and that's couered ouer with good lucke : but Nounes, Pronounes, and Participles : Where be these Rogues heere? What, shall we haue no Wine heere?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir.

If. Anon, goodman Rascall, must we stay your leysure? Gee't vs by and by, with a poxe to you.

Scar. O, do not hurt the fellow.

Exit Drawer.

If. Hurt him, hang him, Scrape-trencher, Stare-wearer, Wine-spiller, Mettle-clanker, Rogue by generation : Why, dost heare *Will*? If thou dost not vse these Grape-spillers as you doe their Pottle-pots, quoit'em downe the stayres three or foure times at a supper, theyle grow as sawcie with you as Sergeantes, and make Bils more vncoscionable then Taylors.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Heere's the pure and neate Grape, Gent. assure you.

If. Fill vp : What ha you brought heere, good-man Rogue?

Draw. The pure element of Claret, Sir.

If. Ha you so: & did not I call for Rhenish you Mungrell?

Throws the Wine in the Drawers face.

Scar. Thou needst no Wine, I prethee be more milde.

If. Be milde in a Tauerne, tis treason to their red-Lettice, enemie to their Signe post, and slaue to Humor:

Prethee, let's be mad,

singes this.

Then fill our heades with Wine, till euery pate be drunke:

Then pisse i' the street, iustle al you meet, & swagger with a punke;

As thou wilt doe now and then : Thanke me thy good Maister,

that brought thee to it.

Wen. Nay, he profits wel, but the worst is, he wil not sweare yet.

Sea. Do not bely me: if there be any good in me, that's, the best: Oathes are necessarie for nothing; they passe out of a mans mouth, like smoake through a chimney, that files all the way it goes.

Went. Why then I thinke Tobacco be a kind of swearing, for it furrees our Noses pockily.

Sea. But come, lets drinke our selues into a stomach afore supper.

If. Agreed; and Ile begin with a new Health. Fill vp.

To them that make Land fly.

By Wine, Whores, and a Die:

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

To them that onely thrive,
by kissing others winees:

To them that pay for cleathes,
VVith nothing but with Oathes:

Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt:

This Health my hartes. drinks.

But who their Taylors pay,
Borrow, and keepe their day,
Weele hold him like this Glasse,

A brainelesse empty Asse;
And not a mate for vs.

Drinke round, my hartes:

Went. An excellent Health.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Maister Iflord, there's a couple of Strangers beneath,
desires to speake with you.

If. What Beards ha they? Gentleman-like Beardes,
Or Broker-like Beardes?

Draw. I am not so well acquainted with the art of Face-men-
ding, Sir.; but they would speake with you.

If Ile goe downe to'em.

Went. Doe; and weele stay heere & drinke Tobacco the while.

Scar. Thus like a Feuer that doth shake a man
From strength to weakenesse, I consume my selfe:

I know this company, their custome vilde,
Hated, abhord of good-men; yet like a Child,

By Reasons rule instructed how to know
Fuill from good, I to the worser goe.

Why doe you suffer this, you vpper powers,
That I should surfet in the sinne of taste;

Haue sence to feele my mischiefe, yet make waste
Of heauen and earth?

My selfe will answere, what my selfe doth aske.

Who once doth cherish Sinne, begets his shame;

For Vice being fosterd once, comes impudence,

Which makes men count, Sinne, Custome; not offence:

When all is like mee, their reputation blot,

Pursuing euill, while the good's forgot.

Enter

The Miseries of iust Marriage.

Enter Ifford led in by a couple of Sergeants, and Gripe the Usurer.

Serg. Nay, neuer strue, we can hold you.

Iff. I, mee, and the Diuell too, and a fall into your clutches :

Let go your tugging, as I am a Gent. Ile be your true prisoner.

Went. How now, what's the matter, *Frankes*?

Iff. I am fallen into the hands of Sergeants : I am arrested.

Bart. How, arrested, a Gentleman in our companie?

Iff. Put vp, put vp; for sinnes sake put vp, let's not all suppe in the Counter to night : let me speake with M. *Gripe* the Creditor.

Grip. Well, what say you to me, Sir?

Iff. You haue arrested me heere, Maister *Gripe*.

Grip. Not I Sir, the Sergeants haue.

Iff. But at your sute M. *Gripe*: yet heare me, as I am a Gentleman.

Grip. I rather you could say, as you were an honest man, And then I might belecue you.

Iff. Yet heare mee.

Grip. Heare me no hearing, I lent you my mony for good will.

Iff. And I spent it for meere necessitie; I confesse I owe you five hundred pound; and I confesse I owe not a penny to any man, but he would be glad to ha't : my Bond you haue already, M. *Gripe*, if you will, now take my word.

Grip. Word me no words : Officers looke to your Prisoner : if you cannot either make me present payment, or put me in securitie, such as I shall like too.

Iff. Such as you shal like too: what say you to this young Gent. Hee is the Widgen that we must feed vpon.

Grip. VVho young M. *Scarborow*? he is an honest Gentleman, for ought I know, I nere lost penny by him.

Iff. I would be ashamed any man should say so by mee, that I haue had dealinges withall : But my inforced friendes, wilt please you but to retire into some small distance, whilst I discend with a few words to these Gentlemen, and Ile commit my selfe into your mercilesse handes immediatly.

Serg. VVell Sir, weele waite vpon you.

Iff. Gentlemen, I am to proffer some conference, and in especially to you M. *Scarborow*; our meeting heere for your mirth, hath prooued to me thus aduerse, that in your companies I am arrested : How ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations,

Where men of franke and note communicate, that I Franke for 1,
Gent. whose Fortunes may transcend, to make ample gratuities
future, & heape satisfactiō, for any present extention of his friends
kindnes, was inforced from the Miter in Bredstreet, to the Counter
i'the Poultry: for my owne part, if you shall thinke it meete, and
that it shall accord with the state of Gentry, to submit my selfe,
from the Feather-bed in the Maisters side, or the Flock-bed in the
Knights ward, to the Straw-bed in the Hole, I shall buckle to my
heelles in stead of guilt Spures, the armour of Patience, and doo't.

Went. Come, come, what a pox need all this; this is *Mellis Flora*,
the sweetest of the Hony; he that was not made to fatte Cattell, but
to feed Gentlemen.

Bart. You weare good Cloathes.

Went. Are well descended.

Bart. Keepe the best companie.

Went. Should regard your credite.

Bar. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.

Went. Yee are richly married.

Bar. Loue not your Wife.

Went. Haue store of Friendes.

Bar. VVho shall be your Heyre?

Went. The sonne of some Slaue.

Bar. Some Groome.

Went. Some Horse-keeper.

Bar. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.

Scar. VVell, at your importance, for once Ile stretch my Purse,
Who's borne to sinke, as good this way, as worse.

VVen. Now speakes my Bully, like a Gentleman of worth.

Bart. Of merite.

VVen. Fit to be regarded.

Bart. That shall commaund our soules.

VVen. Our Swords.

Part. Our selues.

If. To feed vpon you, as *Pharoes* leane Kine did vpon the fat.

Scar. Maister *Gripe*. is my Bond currant for this Gentleman?

If. Good security you *Egyptian* Grasshopper, good security.

Grip. And for as much more, kind Maister *Scarborrow*,
Provided, that men mortall (as we are,) May haue.

The Miseries of Incest Marriage.

Scar. May haue Securitie.

Grip. Your Bond with Land conuayd; which may assure me of mine owne againe:

Scar. You shall be fatisfied, and Ile become your debter,
For full five hundred more then he doth owe you:
This night we sup heere, beare vs companie,
And bring your Counsell, Scriuener, and the mony with you,
Where I will make as full assurance as in the Law you'd wish.

Grip. I take your word, Sir,
And so discharge you of your Prisoner.

Iss. Why then lets come and take vp a new roome, the infected hath spit in this.

He that hath store of Coyne, wants not a friend,
Thou shalt receiue sweet rogue, and we will spend.

Exeunt.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborough.

Job. Brother, you see the extremitie of want,
Inforceth vs to question for our owne;
The rather that we see, not like a Brother,
Our Brother keeps from vs, to spend on other.

Tho. True, he has in his handes our Portions, the Patrimonie
which our father gaue vs; with which he lyes fattig himselfe with
Sacke and Suger in the house, and we are faine to walke with leane
purses abroad. Credite must be maintained, which will not be with-
out Mony; good Cloathes must be had, which will not be without
Mony; companie must be kept, which will not be without Mony:
all which we must haue; and from him we will haue Mony.

Job. Besides, we haue brought our Sister to this Towne,
That she her selfe hauing her owne from him,
Might bring her selfe in Court to be preferd,
Vnder some Noble personage; or else that hee,
Whose friendes are great in Court, by his late match,
As he is in nature bound, prouide for her.

Tho. And he shall doe it brother, tho we haue waited at his
Lodging, longer then a Taylors Bill on a young Knight for an old
reckoning, without speaking with him: Heere we know he is, and
we will call him to parte.

Job. Yet let vs doo't in milde and gentle tearmes;
Faire wordes perhaps may sooner draw our owne,

The Miseries of inforst Mariage.

Then suffer courses, by which his mischiefe growne. *Enter Draw.*
Draw. Anon, anon; looke downe into the Dölpine there.

Tho. Heere comes a Drawer, we will question him.

Doe you heare my friend, is not Maister Scarborrow heere?

Dra. Heere sir, what a iest is that? where should he be else?

I would haue you well know, my Maister hopes to ride a cocke-
horse by him, before he leaues him.

Ioh. How long hath he continued heere since he came hither?

Dra. Fayth sir, not so long as Noahs flood, yet long enough to
haue drowned vp the Liuinges of three Knights, as Knights goes
now adayes, some moneth or there aboutes.

Ioh. Time ill consumed, to ruinate our House :

But what are they that keepe him companie?

Dra. *Pitch, Puch*; but I must not say so : yet for your further
satisfaction, did you euer see a young Whelp and a Lyon plaie to-
gether.

Iohn. Yes.

Draw. Such is maister *Scarborrow*, such are his Company.

Wubm. Otuer.

Draw. Anon, anon, looke downe to the Pomgranate there.

Tho. I prethee say, heere's them would speake with him.

Dra. He doe your message : Anon, anon, there.

Exit.

Ioh. This Foole speakes wiser then he is aware,
Young heires, left in this towne, where sinne's so ranke,
And Prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young Whelps throwne in the Lyons den,
Who play with them awhile, at length deuoure them.

Enter Scarborrow.

Scar. Who's there would speake with me?

Ioh. Your Brothers, who are glad to see you well.

Scar. Well.

Ioh. Tis not your ryot, that we heare you vse,
(With such as waste their Goods, as Time the World,
In continual spending, nor that you keepe
The companie of a most leprous route,
Consumes your bodyes wealth, infectes your name
With such Plague-sores, that had you reasons eye,
T'would make you sicke, to see you visit them)

Hath

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Hath drawne vs, but our wantes, to craue the due
Our Father gaue, and yet remaines with you.

Tho. Our Birth-right (good Brother) this Towne craues main-
tenance, Silke Stockings must be had; and we would beloath our
Heritage should be arraigned at the Vintners Barre, and so con-
demned to the Vintners Box. though while you did keepe House,
we had some Belly-timber at your Table, or so; yet we would haue
you thinke, we are your Brothers, yet no *Esaus*, to sell our Patrimo-
nie for Porridge.

Scar. So, so; what hath your comming else?

Job. With vs, our Sister ioynes in our request,
Whom we haue brought along with vs to London,
To haue her Portion, wherewith to prouide,
An honord Seruice, or an honest Bride.

Scar. So, then you two my Brothers, and she my Sister, come
not, as in dutie you are bound, to an elder Brother, out of Yorkshire
to see vs, but like Leaches, to sucke from vs.

Job. We come compeld by want, to craue our owne.

Scar. Sir, for your owne? then thus be satisfied,
Both hers and yours were left in trust with me,
And I will keepe it for you: Must you appoynt vs,
Or what we please to like, mix't with reproofe:
You haue been too sawcie both, and you shall know,
Ile curbe you for it: aske why? Ile haue it so.

Job. We doe but craue our owne.

Scar. Your owne Sir: what's your owne?

Tho. Our Portions giuen vs by our Fathers will.

Job. Which heere you spend.

Tho. Consume?

Job. VVayes worse then ill.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Iford.

If. Nay, nay, nay, *VVell*; prethee come away, we haue a full
Gallon of Sacke staves in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to
the Health of a friend of thine.

Scar. Sirrah, who dost thinke these are, *Frankes*?

If. VVho, they are Fidlers, I thinke; if they be, I prethee send
them into the next roome, and let them scrape there, wee'll send to
them

them presently.

Scar. They are my Brothers, *Frank*, come out of Yorkshire, To the Tauerne heere, to aske their Portions : They call my Pleasures, Ryots ; my Companie, Leproes ; and like a Schoole-boy, they would tutor me.

Ilf. O, thou shouldst haue done well to haue bound them Prentises when they were young, they would haue made a couple of good sawcie Taylors.

Tho. Taylors?

Ilf. I Birdlime, Taylors? Taylors are good men, and in the Tearme time they weare good Cloathes. Come, you must learne more māners, as to stand at your brothers backe, to shist a trencher neatly, and take a Cup of Sacke, and a Gapons legge contentedly.

Tho. You are a Slaue, that feedes vpon my brother like a Flie; Poysoning where thou dost sucke.

Sea. You lie.

Job. O, (to my grieffe I speake it) you shalt finde, There's no more difference in a Tauerne-haunter, Then is betweene a Spittle and a Begger.

Tho. Thou workst on him like Tempestes on a Shippe.

Job. And he, the worthy Trafficke that doth sinke.

Tho. Thou makst his name more loathsome then a Graue.

Job. Liuest like a Dogge, by Vomit.

Tho. Die a slaue.

Heers they draw, Wentloe and Bartley come in, and the two Vintners Boyes, with Clubbes : all set vpon the two Brookers; Butler Scarborrowes man comes in, standes by, sees them fight. takes part with neither.

But. Doe, fight: I loue you all well, because you were my old Masters sonnes; but Ile neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my Maister newes, he hath two Sonnes borne at a birth in Yorekshire, and I find him togeather by the eares with his Brothers in a Tauerne in London. Brother and Brother at ods, tis naught: sure, it was not thus in the dayes of Charitie. Whats this world like to? Faith iust like an In-keepers Chamber-pot, receiues all Waters, good and bad; it had need of much scouring. My old Maister kept a good House, and twenty or thirty tall Sword and Buckler men about him: and yfayth his Sonne differs not much, he

The Miseries of inforced Marriage.

he will haue Mettle too; tho he hath not store of Cutlers blades; he will haue plentie of Vintners Pots. His Father kept a good House for Honest men his Tenants, that brought him in part : and his Sonne keepes a bad House, with Knaues, that helpe to consume all. Tis but the change of time : why should any man repine at it? Crekets, good louing and lucky Wormes, were wont to feed, sing, and reioyce in the Fathers Chimnie : and now, carrion Crowes build in the Sonnes Kitchin : I could be sorry for it ; but I am too old to weepe. Well then, I will go tell him newes of his of-spring.

Exii.

Enter the two brothers, Thomas & Iohn Scarborow hurt, and sister.

Sist. Alas good Brothers, how came this mischance?

Tho. Our Portions, our Brother hath giuen vs our Portions, Sister, hath he not?

Sist. He would not be so monstrous, I am sure.

Ioh. Excuse him not; he is more degenerate,
Then greedy Vipers that deuoure their Mother,
They eate on her but to preserue them selues;
And hee consumes himselfe, and beggers vs.
A Tauerne is his Inne, where amongst Slaues,
He killes his substance, making Pots the Graues
To burie that, which our fore-fathers gaue.
I askt him for our Portions, told him that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,
Humbly we crau'd our owne; when his reply
Was, Hee knew none we had, beg, starue, or die.

Sist. Alas, what course is left for vs to liue by then?

Tho. In troth sister, wee two, to beg in the fieldes,
And you, to betake your selfe to the old trade,
Filling of small Cannes in the suburbes.

Sist. Shall I be left then like a common road;
That euery Beast that can but pay his tole,
May trauell ouer, and like to Cammomile,
Flourish the better, being trodden on.

Enter Butler, bleeding.

But. Well, I will not curse him : he feedes now vpon Sacke and Anchoues with a pox to him ; but if he be not faine before he dies, to eate Acorns, let me liue with nothing but pollerd, & my mouth
be

The Miseries of Incontinent Marriage.

be made a Cooking-Stoole for euery Scould to set her tayle on.

Tho. How now Butler, whats the meaning of this?

But. Your Brother meanes to lame as many as he can, that when he is a Begger himselfe, he may liue with them in the Hospitall. His Wife sent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him that God had blest him with two Sonnees, he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her; crosses mee ore the pate, and sendes mee to the Surgeons to seeke salue; I lookt at least he should haue giuen me a brace of Angels for my paines.

Tho. Thou hast not lost all thy longing, I am sure he hath giuen thee a crackt crowne.

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tell, he is your Brother, and my Maister, I would be loath to Prophecie of him; but whosoeuer doth curse hie Children being Infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beates his man bringes him newes of it, they may be borne rich, but they shall liue Slaues, be Knaues, and die Beggers.

Sist. Did he do so?

But. Gesse you, he bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, and sent me to the Surgeons.

Sist. Why then I see there is no hope of him:
Some Husbands are respectles of their Wiues,
During the time that they are yssuleffe,
But none with Infants blest, can nourish hate,
But loue the Mother for the Childrens sake.

Job. But hee that is giuen ouer vnto sin,
Leprosed therewith without, and so within:
O Butler, we were yssue to one Father;

But. And he was an honest Gentleman.

Job. Whose hopes were better then the sunne he left,
Should set so soone, vnto his Houses shame:
He liues in Tauerns, spending of his wealth,
And heere his Brothers and distressed Sister,
Not hauing any meanes to helpe vs with.

Tho. Not a Scots Baubee (by this hand) to blesse vs with.

Job. And not content to ryot out his owne,
But he detaines our Portions; suffers vs
In this strange Ayre, open to euery wracke,
Whilst he in ryot swims to be in lacke.

The Miseries of Inforced Marriage.

But. The more's the pittie.

Sst. I know not what in course to take me to,
Honestly I faine would liue: What shall I doe?

But. Sooth Ile tell you: your Brother hath hurt vs,
We three will hurt you, and then goe all to a Spittle together.

Sst. List not at her, whose burden is too greuous;
But rather lend a meanes how to relieue vs.

But. Well, I doe pittie you, and therather, because you say, you
would faine liue honest, and want meanes for it: for I can tell you,
tis as strange heere, to see a Mayde faire, poore, and honest, as to see
a Collier with a cleane face: Maydes heere, doe liue (especially
without maintenance)

Like Mice going to a Trap,

They nibble long, at last they get a clap.

Your father was my good Benefactor, and gaue me a House whilst
I liue, to put my head in: I would be loth then to see his onely
Daughter, for want of meanes, turne Puncke; I haue a drift to keepe
you honest, (Haue you a care to keepe your selfe so) yet you shall
not know of it, for womens tongues are like Siues, they will hold
nothing, they haue power to vent. You two will further me?

Job. In any thing, good honest *Butler.*

Tho. If't be to take a Purse, Ile be one.

But. Perhaps thou speakest righter then thou art aware of:
well, as chance is, I haue receiued my Wages: there is fourtie shil-
linges for you, Ile let you in a lodging; and till you heare from vs,
let that prouide for you: weele first to the Surgeons,
To keepe you honest, and to keepe you braue;

For once an honest man, will turne a Knaue.

Exeunt.

Enter Scarborrow hauing a Boy carrying a Torch with him,

Iford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Scar. Boy, beare the Torch faire: Now am I armd to fight with
a Wind-mill, and to take the Wall of an Emperour: Much drinke,
no mony: A heauie head, and a light paire of heeles.

Wen. O, stand man?

Scar. I were an excellent creature to make a Puncke of; I should
downe with the least touch of a knaues finger: thou hast made a
good night of this; What hast won, *Frank?*

If. A matter of nothing, some hundred poundes.

F.

Scar.

The Miseries of inſorſt Marriage.

Scar. This is the Hell of all Gamſters; I thinke when they are at play, the boord eats vp the mony: for if there be five hūdred pound loſt, there's neuer but a hundred pounds won. Boy, take the Wall of any man: and yet by light, ſuch deeds of darknes may not be.

Put out the Torch.

Went. What doſt meane by that, *Will*?

Scar. To ſaue charge, & to walke like a Fury, with a Fire-brand in my hand: euery one goes by the light, & wee le go by the ſmoke.

Enter Lord, Faulkenbridge.

Scar. Boy, keepe the Wall: I will not budge for any man, by theſe Thumbs; and the paring of the Nayles ſhall ſticke in thy teeth not for a world.

Lord. Who's this, ye aung *Scarborow*?

Scar. The man that the Mare rid on.

Lord. Is this the reuerence that you owe to me?

Scar. You ſhould haue brought me vp better then.

Lord. That Vice ſhould thus transforme Man, to a beaſt.

Scar. Goe to, your name's Lord; Ile talke with you when you'r out of debt, and ha better cloathes.

Lord. I pittie thee, euen with my very ſoule.

Scar. Pittie i'th thy throat, I can drinke Muſcadine and Egges, and muld Sacke: doe you heare, you put a peece of turnd Stuffe vpon mee: but I will,

Lord. What will you doe, Sir?

Scar. Piſſe in thy way, and that's nō ſtaunder.

Lord. Your feber blood will teach you otherwiſe.

Enter ſir William Scarborow.

S. Will. My honoured Lord, you'r happily well met.

Lord. Ill met, to ſee your Nephew in this caſe;
More like a brute Beaſt, then a Gentleman.

S. Will. Fie Nephew, ſhame you not, thus to transforme your ſelfe:

Scar. Can your Noſe ſmell a Torch?

W. If. Be not ſo wild, it is thine Vnckle, *Scarborow*.

Scar. Why, then tis the more likely tis my Fathers brother.

S. Will. Shame to our name, to make thy ſelfe a beaſt;
Thy body worthy borne, and thy youths breſt:
Tyld in due time, for better diſcipline.

Lord. Thy ſelfe new married to a Noble houſe,

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Rich in Possessions, and Posteritie;
Which should call home thy vnstayde affections.

S. Will. Where thou makst hauocke.

Lor. Ryot, spoyle, and waste.

S. Will. Of what thy Father left.

Lord. And liuest disgraft.

Scar. Ile send you shorter to heauen, then you came to the earth:

Doe you Catechize? doe you Catechize?

He drawes, and strikes at them.

If. Hold, hold; doe you draw vpon your Vnckle?

Scar. Pox of that Lord:

Weele meete at Miter; where weele sup downe sorrow,

We are drunke to night, and so weele be to morrow.

Exeunt.

Lord. Why now I see, what I heard of, I belecu'd not:

Your kinsman liues.

S. Will. Like to a Swine.

Lor. A perfect *Epythme*, hee feedes on drasse,

And wallowes in the Mire, to make men laugh:

I pittie him.

S. Will. No pittie's fit for him.

Lor. Yet weele aduise him.

S. Will. Hee is my kinsman.

Lor. Being in the pit where many doe fall in,

We will both comfort him, and counsell him.

Exeunt.

Anoyse within, crying, Follow follow, follow: then enter Butler, Thomas and John Scarburrow with many bagges.

Tho. What shall we doe now, Butler?

But. A man had better line a good handsome paire of Gallows before his time, then be borne to doe these sucklinges good, their Mothers milke not wrung out of their Nose yet; they know no more how to behaue themselues in this honest & needfull calling of Purse-taking, then I doe to peece Stockings.

Wubin. This way, this way, this way.

Both. Sfoot, what shall we doe now?

But. See, if they doe not quake like a trembling Aspe-leaf, and looke more miserable, then one of the wicked Elders picturd in the painted cloth; should they but come to the credit to be arraind for their valor, before a Worshipfull bench, their very lookes would

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hang'em, and they were indighted but for stealing of Egges.

Within. Follow follow, this way follow.

Tho. Butler.

Iohn. Honest Butler.

But. Squat heart squat, creepe mee into these Bushes,
And lie me as close to the ground, as you would do to a Wench.

Tho. How good Butler? shew vs how?

But. By the Moone, patroneffe of all Purse-takers, who would be troubled with such Changelings; squat heart squat.

Tho. Thus, Butler

But. I so suckling, so, sturre not now; if the peering Rogues chance to goe ouer you, yet stirre not; younger Brothers call you'em, and haue no more forecast, I am ashamed of you: these are such whose fathers had need leaue them mōny, euen to make them ready withall; for by this Hiltes, they haue not wit to batten their sleues without teaching: close, squat close. Now if the lot of hanging doe fall to my share, so; then the Fathers old man drops for his young Maisters. If it chance it chances; and when it chances, Heauen and the Sheriffe send me a good Rope; I would not go vp the Lather twise for any thing: in the meane time, preuentions, honest preuentions do well, off with my skinne; so, you on the ground, and I to this Tree to escape the Gallows.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

But. Doe follow; if I doe not deceiue you, Ile bid a pox of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter six Iohn Harcop with two or three other with him.

Har. Vp to this Wood they tooke; search neare my friends, I am this morne robd of three hundred pound.

But. I am sorry there was not foure, to ha made euen mony; Now by the Diuels hornes, tis sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. Leaue not a Bush vnbeat, nor Tree vnsearcht;
As sure as I was robd, the Theettes went this way.

But. There's no body (I perceiue) but may lie at some time,
For one of them climbd this wayes.

1. Stand, I heare a voyce; and here's an Owle in an Iuy bush.

But. You lie, tis an old Seruing man in a Nut-tree.

2. Sirrah; sir, what make you in that Tree?

But. Gathering of Nuts, that such fooles as you are, may cracke the

the

the shels, and I eate the kernels.

Har. What Fellow's that?

But. Sir Iohn Harcop, my noble Knight, I am glad of your good health, you beare your age faire, you keepe a good houle, I ha fed at your boord, and bin drunke in your Butterie.

Er. But sirrah, sirrah; What made you in that Tree? My Man and I, at foot of yonder Hill, Were by three Knaues robd of three hundred pound.

But. A shrewd losse berlady sir; but your good Worship may now see the fruit of being miserable: You will ride but with one man to saue Horse-meat and mans meat at your Inne at night, and lose three hundred pound in a morning.

Har. Sirrah, I say I ha lost three hundred pound.

But. And I say sir, I wish all miserable Knights might be serued so: For had you kept halfe a dozen tall Fellowes, as a man of your coat should do, they would haue helpt now to keepe your mony..

Har. Buttell me sir, Why lurkt you in that Tree?

But. Mary, I will tell you sir; Comming to the top of the Hill where you (Right worshipfull) were robd at the bottome, and seeing some a scuffling togeather, my minde straight gaue me, there were Knaues abroad: Now sir, I knowing my selfe to be olde, tough, and vnwiely, not being able to do as I would; as much as to say, Rescue you (Right worshipfull) I, like an honest man, one of the Kinges liege people, and a good subiect,

Ser. But a sayes well, sir.

But. Got me vp to the top of that Tree: the Tree (if it could speake) would beare me witnesse, that there I might see which way the Knaues tooke, then to tell you of it, and you, right worshipfully to send Hue to cry after'em.

Har. Was it so?

But. Nay, twas so, sir.

Har. Why, then I tell thee, they tooke into this Wood.

But. And I tell thee (setung thy Worsh. Knighthood aside) he lyes in his throat that sayes so. Had not one of them a white Frocke? Did they not bind your Worships Knighthood by the thumbes, then fagoted you & the soole your man, backe to backe?

Man. Hee sayes true.

But. Why then so truly, came not they into this Wood, but

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tooke ouer the Lawnes, and left *Vinno* steple on the left hand.

Har. It may be so: by this they are out of reach;
Well, farewell it.

But. Ride with more men good Knight.

Har. It shall teach me wit. *Exit Har. with Followers.*

But. So, If this bee not playd a weapon beyonde a Schollers
Prize, let me be hist at. Now to the next. Come out you Hedg-
hogs.

Tho. O Butler, thou deseruist to be chronicled for this.

But. Doe not bely me, If I had my right, I deserue to be hanged
fort. But come, downe with your dust, our mornings purchase.

Tho. Heere tis, thou hast playd well, Thou deseruest two shares
in it.

But. Three hundred pound: A pretty breakfast: Many a man
workes hard all his daies, and neuer sees halfe the money. But
come, though it be badly got, it shall be better bestowd. But do ye
heare Gallants, I ha not taught you this trade to get your liuings
by: Vse it not, for if you doe, though I scapt by the Nut tree, be sure
youle speed by the Rope: But for your paynes at this time, ther's a
hundred pounds for you; how you shall bestow it, Ile giue you
instructions. But do you heare. Looke you goe not to your Gilles,
your Punks, and your Cock-tricks with it: If I heare you do, as
I am an honest Theefe, tho I helpt you now out of the Bryers, Ile be
a meanes yet, to helpe you to the Gallowes. How therest shall be
employed, I haue determined, and by the way Ile make you ac-
quainted with it.

To steale is bad, but taken where is store,

The fault's the lesse, being don, to helpe the poore. *Exeunt.*

*Ester, Ventloe, Bartley: and Jiford, with a
Letter in his hande.*

If. Sure I ha sed my prayers, and liud virtuoussly a late, that this
good fortune's befallne me. Looke Gallants: I am sent for to come
downe to my Fathers buriall.

Went. But dust meane to goe?

If. Troth no, Ile goe downe to take possession of his land, let the
Country bury him and they will: Ile stay here a while, to saue
charge at his Funerall.

But. And how dost feele thy selfe Franke, now thy father is dead?

If.

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Ilf. As I did before, with my hands; how should I feele my selfe else? But Ile tell you newes, Gallants.

Went. What's that? Dost meane now to serue God?

Ilf. Fayth partly, for I intend shortly to goe to Church, And from thence, do saythfull seruice to one Woman.

Enter Butler.

But. Good, I ha met my flesh-hookes togeather.

Bart. What, dost meane to be married?

Ilf. I Mungrell, married.

But. Thats a bayte for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly married.

Went. Its impossible, for thou hast bin a Whore-maister this seauen yeare.

Ilf. Tis no matter, I will now marrie, and to some honest Woman too; and so from hence, her Vertues shall be a countenance to my Vices.

Bart. What shall she be, prethee?

Ilf. No Lady, no Widdow, nor no Waighting Gentlewoman: for vnder protection, Ladyes may lard their Husbands heades, Widdowes will Woodcocks make, and Chamber-maydes of Seruingmen learne that, theyle nere forsake.

Went. Who wilt thou wed then, prethee?

Ilf. To any Mayde, so she be faire: to any Mayde, so she be rich: to any Mayde, so she be young: and to any Mayde,

Bart. So she be honest.

Ilf. Fayth, tis no great matter for her honestie; for in these dayes, that's a Downie out of request.

But. From these Crabbes will I gather sweetnesse: wherein Ile imitate the Bee, that suckes her Hony; not from the sweetest Flowers, but Timb, the bitterest: So these, hauing been the meanes to begger my Maister, shall be the helpes to relieue his Brothers and Sister.

Ilf. To whom shall I now be a suter?

But. Faire fall ye Gallants.

Ilf. Nay, and she be faire, she shall fall sure enough.

Butler, how ist, good Butler?

But. Will you be made Gallants?

Went. I, but not willingly Cuckolds, tho we are now talking about Wiues.

But. Let your Wines agree of that after, will you first be richly married?

All. How Butler : richly married?

But. Riche in Beauty, riche in Purse, riche in vertue, riche in all things. But *Mun*, He say nothing, I know of two or three rich Heyres. But *Cargo*, my Fiddlesticke cannot play without Rozen:

Went. Butler.

(Auant.

If. Dost not knowe mee Butler?

But. For Kex, dryde Kex, that in summer ha bin so liberall to fodder other mens Cattle, and scarce haue enough to keepe your owne in Winter. Mine are precious Cabinets, and must haue precious Jewels put into them, and I know you to be Merchants of Stockfish dry meate and not men for my market: Then vanish.

If. Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? Cannot a man ha bin a little Whore-mayster in his youth, but you must vpbraide him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is married, his Wife shall finde in him? Why, my Fathers dead man now, who by his death hath left me the better part of a thousand a yeare.

But. Tut, shee of Lancashire has fiftene hundred.

If. Let me haue her then, good Butler.

But. And then shee the bright beautie of Leystershire, has a thousand; nay thirteene hundred a yeare, at least.

If. Or, let me haue her, honest Butler.

But. Besides, shee the most delicate, sweete countenanst, black-browd Gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, in substaunce equals the best of'em.

If. Let me haue her else.

But. Or I.

Went. Or I, good Butler.

But. You were best play the partes of right Fooles, and most desperat Whore-maisters, and go together by the eares for them, ere ye see them. But they are the most rare featurd, well faced, excellent spoke, rare qualited, vertuous, and worthy to be admired Gentlewoman.

All. And rich, Butler?

But. (I that must be one, tho they want all the rest) And rich Gallants, as are from the vtmost parts of *Ajya*, to these present confines of *Europe*.

All. And wilt thou helpe vs to them, Butler?

But. Fayth, tis to be doubted; for pretious Pearle will hardly be bought without pretious Stones, and I thinke there's scarce one indifferent one to be found, betwixt you three: yet since there is some hope ye may prooue honest, as by the death of your Fathers you are prooued rich, walke seuerally; for I knowing you all three to be couetous Tug-muttons, will not trust you with the sight of each others beautie, but wili seuerally, talke with you: and since you haue deign'd in this needfull portion of *Wedlocke*, to be rulde by mee, Butler will most bountiffully prouide Wiues for you generally.

All. Why that's honestly sayd.

But. Why so; and now first to your, sir Knight.

If. Godamercy.

But. You see this couple of abhominable Woodcocks heere.

If. A pox on them, absolute Coxcomes.

But. You heard me tell them; I had intelligence to giue of three Gentewomen.

If. True.

But. Now indeed Sir, I ha but the performance of one.

If. Good.

But. And her I do intende for you, onely for you.

If. Honest Butler.

But. Now sir, she being but lately come to this Towne, and so neuerly watcht by the ieaious eyes of her friendes, she being a rich heyre, least she should be stolne away by some dissolute Prodigal, or desperat estated Spend-thrift; as you ha bin, sir.

If. O, but that's past, Butler.

But. True, I know't, and intend now but to make vse of them, flatter with them with hopefull promises, and make them needfull instrumentes.

If. To helpe mee to the Wench?

But. You ha hit it, which thus must be effected; first by keeping close your purpose.

If. Good.

But. Also concealing from them, the lodging, beauty, & riches of your new, but admirable Mistress.

7th. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happines, if they should know, either in enuie of your good, or hope of their owne advancement, they'd make our labours knowne to the Gentlewomans Vnckles, and so our benefite be frustrate.

7th. Admirable, Butler.

But. Which done, al's but this, being, as you shal be brought into her companie; and by my praying your Vertues, you get possession of her Loue, one morning step to the Tower, or to make all sure, hier some stipendarie Priest for Money; for Money in these dayes, what will not be done? And what will not a man dee for a rich Wife? and with him, make no more adoe, but marrie her in her Lodging: and being married, lie with her, and spare not.

7th. Doe they not see vs, doe they not see vs? Let me kisse thee, let me kisse thee Butler: let but this be done, and all the benefit, requitall, and happinesse I can promise thee for't, shall be this, Ile be thy rich Maister, and thou shalt carry my Purse.

But. Enough: meete mee at her Lodging some halfe an houre hence: Harke, she lies.

7th. I ha't.

But. Fayle not.

7th. Will I liue?

But. I will but shift off these two Rhinoceros.

It. Wigans, Wingens, a couple of Guls.

But. With some discourse of hope to wiue them too, and be with you straight.

It. Blest day: my loue shall be thy Cushion, honest Butler. *Exit.*

But. So; now to my tother Gallants.

Went. O Butler, we ha bin in passion at thy tediousnesse.

But. Why looke you? I had all this talke for your good.

Bar. Hadst?

But. For, you know the Knight is but a scurvy-proud-prating Prodigall, licentious, vnnecessarie.

Went. An Ass, an Ass, an Ass.

But. Now you heard me tell him, I had three Wenches in store.

Bar. And he would ha had them all, would he?

But.

But. Heare mee; tho he may liue to be an Ox, he had not now so much of the Goate in him, but onely hopes for one of the three, when indeed I ha but two; and knowing you to be men of more Vertue, and dearer in my respect, intend them to be yours.

Went. We shall honour thee.

But. But how, Butler?

But. I am now going to their place of residence, scituate in the choyfest place of the Citie, at the signe of the Wolfe, iust against Gold-smiths-row, where you shall meet me; but aske not for me, onely walke too and fro: and to auoyd suspition, you may spende some conference with the Shop-keepers wiuues; they haue Seates built a purpose for such familiar entertainment; where from a Bay Window which is opposite, I will make you knowne to your desired Beauties, commende the good partes you haue.

Went. Bith'masse, mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire (as Women are soone wonne) to make you be beloued; where you shall first kisse, then woe, at length wed, and at last bed, my noble hearts.

Both. O Butler!

But. Wenches, *bona robos*, blessed Beauties, without colour or counterfait. Away, put on your best Cloathes, get you to the Barbers, curl vp your Haire, walke with the best strouts you can: you shall see more at the Window, and I ha vowd to make you.

But. Wilt thou?

But. Both fooles; and Ile want of my wit, but Ile doo't.

But. We will liue together as fellowes.

Went. As Brothers.

But. As arrant Knaues: if I keepe you company.

O, the most wretched season of this time;

These men, like Fish, doe swimme within one streame;

Yet they'd eate one another, making no conscience

To drinke with them they'd poyson; no offence,

Betwixt their thoughts and actions, haue controule;

But headlong run, like an ymbiact Bowle:

Yet I will throw them on, but like to him

At play, knowes how to loose, and when to win.

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Enter Thomas and John Scarborough.

Tho. Butler.

But. O, are you come, and fit as I appoynted? So, tis well,
You know your kues, and haue instructions how to beare your
selues: All, all is fit, play but your part, your states from hence are
firme. *Exit.*

John. What shall I tearme this creature? not a man,

But what this, But I leades it from in.

Hee's not of mortals temper, but hee's one,
Made all of goodnesse, tho of flesh and bone:

O Brother, Brother, but for that honest man,

As neere to miserie had bin our breath,

As where the thundring pellet strikes, is death.

Tho. I, my shift of shirtes, and change of clothes, know't.

Ioh. Wee let tell of him like Bels, whole musickerings

On Coronation day, for ioy of Kings,

That hath preferu'd their steeples, not like tows,

That summons liuing teares, for the dead soules.

Enter Butler and Word about.

But. Gods precious, see the hell Sir, euen as you had new kist,
and were about to court her, if her Vncles be not come.

If. A plague on the spite on't.

But. But tis no matter sir, stay you heere in this vpper chamber,
and Ile stay beneath with her, t'is teane to one you shall heare
them talke now, of the greatnesse of her possessions, the care they
haue to see her well bestowed, the admirableness of her vertues; all
which for all their comming, shall be but happinesse ordained for
you, and by my meanes be your inheritance.

If. Then thou't shift them away, and keepe me from the sight
of them.

But. Haue I not promist to make you?

If. Thou hast.

But. Go to then, rest heere with patience, and be confident in
my trust; onely in my absence, you may praise God for the blessed-
nes you haue to come, and say your prayers if you will, Ile but pre-
pare her heart for entertainement of your loue: dismiss them, for
your free access, and returne straight.

If. Honest-blest-natural-friend, thou dealest with mee like a
brother,

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brother, Butler: Sure heauen hath reserued this man to weare gray haire, to doe me good, now will I listen, listen close, to sucke in her Vncles words with a reioyceing care.

Tho. As we were saying, brother,
Where shall we find a Husband for my Neece?

If. Mary, she shall find one heere, tho you little know't, thanks honest Butler.

Iob. She is left rich in Money, Plate, and Jewels.

If. Comfort, comfort to my soule.

Tho. Hath all her Manner houses richly furnished.

If. Good, good; Ile find imployment for them.

Within. But. Speake loude enough, that he may heare you.

Iob. I take her state to be about a thousand pound a yeare:

If. And that which my Father hath left me, will make it about fifteen hundred: admirable.

Iob. Indebt to no man? then must our naturall care be,
As she is wealthy; to see her marryed well.

If. And that she shall be, as well as the Priest can; he shall not leaue out a word on't.

Tho. I thinke she has.

If. What, a Gods name?

Tho. About foure thousand pound in her great Chest.

If. And Ile find a vent for't, I hope.

Iob. She is vertuous, and she is faire.

If. And she were foule, being rich, I would be glad of her.

But. Pisht, pisht.

Iob. Come, weele goe visit her; but with this care,
That to no Spend-thrift we do marry her.

Exeunt.

If. You may chance be deceiued (old gray-beards) here's he will spend some of it, thanks, thanks, honest Butler. Now doe I see the happines of my future estate, I walke me as to morrow, being the day after my Marriage, with my fourteene men in Liuerie cloakes after me, and step to the Wall in some chiefe Streete of the Citie, tho I ha no occasion to vse it, that the Shop-keepers may take notice how many followers stand bare to me; and yet in this latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turne my aforeseyd foureteene into two Pages and two Coaches: I will get my selfe into grace at Court, run head-long into debt, and then looke scruily

upon the Citty, I will walke you into the Presence, in the after-
noone, hauing put on a richer sute, then I wore in the morning, and
call Boy, or Sirrah: I will ha the grace of some great Lady, though I
pay fort; and at the next Triumphes run a tilte that when I run my
course, though I breake not my launce, she may whisper to her selfe,
looking vpon my lewell, well run my Knight: I will now keepe
great Horses, scorning to haue a Queane to keepe me; indeed I will
practise al the gallantry in vse, for by a wife comes al my happines.

Enter Butler.

But. Now sir, you ha heard her Vnckles; and how do you like
them?

Ifs. O Butler, they haue made good thy words, and I am rauisht
with them.

But. And hauing seene, and kist the Gentlewoman, how do you
like her?

Ifs. O Butler, beyond discourse, shee's a Paragon for a Prince,
then a fit implemeat for a Gentleman, beyond my Element.

But. Well then, since you like her, and by my meanes, she shall
like you: Nothing rests now but to haue you married.

Ifs. True Butler, but withall to haue her portion.

But. Tut, thats sure yours when you are married once, for tis hers
by inheritance: but do you loue her?

Ifs. O, with my soule.

But. Ha you sworne as much?

Ifs. To thee, to her, and ha cald heauen to witnes.

But. How shall I know that?

Ifs. Butler, heere I protest, make vowes irreuocable.

But. Vpon your knees?

Ifs. Vpon my knees, with my heart and soule I loue her.

But. Will liue with her?

Ifs. Will liue with her.

But. Marry her, and maintaine her?

Ifs. Marry her, and maintaine her.

But. For her, forsake all other Women?

Ifs. Nay, for her, forswear all other Women.

But. In all degrees of loue?

Ifs. In all degrees of Loue, either to court, kisse, giue priuie fa-
uours, or vse priuate meanes; He doe nothing that married men be-
ing close Whore-maisters do, so I may haue her.

But.

The Miseries of Incest Marriage.

Bur. And yet you hauing beene an open Whore-maister, I will not beleue you, till I heare you swear as much in the way of contract, to her selfe, and call me to be a witnesse.

If. By Heauen, by Earth, by Hell, by all that man can swear, I will, so I may haue her.

Bur. Enough.

Thus at first sight, rash men, to women swear,
When such oths broke, heauen grieues, and sheds a teare:

But shee's come, ply her, ply her. *Enter Scaborrowes Sister.*

If. Kind mistres, as I protested, so againe I vow, ifaith I loue you.

Sist. And I am not Sir, so vncharitable,
To hate the man that loues me.

If. Loue me then,
The which loues you, as Angels loues good men,
Who wisheth them to liue with them for euer,

In that high blisse, whom Hell can not disseuer.

Bur. He steale a way and leaue them, so wise men do,
Whom they would match, let them haue leaue to woe. *Exit.*

If. Mistres, I know your worth is beyond my desert, yet by my praising of your virtues, I would not haue you, as Women vs to do, become proude.

Sist. None of my affections are prides children, nor a kin to them.

If. Can you loue me then?

Sist. I can, for I loue all the world; but am in loue with none.

If. Yet be in loue with me, let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our soules

Like Turtles, haue a mutuall Simpaty,
Who loue so well, that they together die,

Such is my life, who couets to expire,
If it should loose your loue.

Sist. May I beleue you?

If. Introth you may;
Your lifes my life, your dath my dying day.

Sist. Sir, the commendations I haue receiued from Butler, of your birth, and worth, together with the Iudgement of mine owne sic,

bids me beleue, and loue you.

If. O scale it with a kisse:
Blest hower, my life had neuer ioy till this.

Enter

The Miseries of inforst Mariage.

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley, beneath.

Bart. Here about is the house, sure.

Went. We cannot mistake it, for heres the signe of the Wolfe, and the Bay-window.

Enter Butler above.

But. What so close? Tis well, I ha shifted away your Vncles Mistris: But see the spight, Sir Francis, if yon same couple of smel-smockes, Wentloe, and Bartley, ha not sented after vs.

If. A poxe on 'em, what shall we do then Butler?

But. What, but be married straight man.

If. I but how, Butler?

But. Tut, I neuer faile at a dead list; for to perfect your blisse, I haue prouided you a Priest.

If. Where, prethee Butler, where?

But. Where? But beneath in her Chamber: I ha filld his hands with Coine, and he shall tye you fast with wordes, he shall close your hands in one, and then do clap your selfe into her sheetes, and spare not -

If. O sweete.

Exit Iford with his Sister.

But. Downe, downe, tis the onely way for you to get vp. Thus in this taske, for others good, I toyle, And the kind Gentlewoman weds her selfe, Hauing bin scarcely wooed, and ere her thoughts Haue learnd to loue him, that being her Husband, She may releue her brothers in their wantes; She marries him to helpe her nearest kin, I make the match, and hope it is no sinne.

Went. Sfut it is scury walking for vs so neere the two Counters, would he would come once?

Bart. Masse hee's yonder: Now Butler.

But. O Gallants are you here, I ha done wonders for you, commended you to the Gentlewomen, who hauing taken note of your good legs, and good faces, haue a liking to you, meet me beneath.

Both. Happy Butler.

Exit Wentloe and Bartley.

But. They are yours, and you are theirs, meet me beneath I say. By this they are wedded, I, and perhaps haue bedded. Now followes, whether (knowing she is poore) Hee sweare he lou'd her, as he swore before.

Exit Butler.

Enter

The Miseries of inforst Miriage.

Enter Word with Scarborowes Sister.

If. Ha Sirrha, who would ha thought it, I perceiue now a Woman may be a Maid, be married, and loose her maiden-head, and all in halfe an hower: and how doest like me now, Wench?

Sist. As doth besit your seruant and your wife,
That owe you loue and duty all my life.

If. And there shall be no loue lost, nor seruice neither, Ile do thee seruice at board, and thou shalt do me seruice at bed: Now must I as young married men vse to do, kisse my portion out of my young wife. Thou art my sweet Rogue, my Lambe, my Pigsny, my play-fellow, my pretty pretty any thing; come a busse prethee, so tis my kind heart, and wats thou what now?

Sist. Not till you tell me, Sir.

If. I ha got thee with Child in my conscience, and like a kinde Husband, me thinkes I breede it for thee. For I am alreadie sicke at my stomacke, and long extreameley. Now must thou bee my helpfull Phy sition, and prouide for me.

Sist. Euen to my blood,
Whats mine is yours, to gaine your peace or good.

If. What a kind soule is this, could a man haue found a greater content in a wife, if he should ha sought through the world for her: Prethee heart, as I saide, I long, & in good troth I do, and me thinks thy first Child will be borne without a nose, if I loose my longing, tis but for a trifle too, yet me thinkes it will do me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me. I could take thy Keyes my selfe, goe into thy Closet, and reade ouer the Deeds and Euidences of thy Land, and in reading ouer them, reioyce I had such blest fortune to haue so faire a wife, with so much indowment; and then open thy Chests, and suruey thy Plate, lewels, Treasure: But a pox ont, all will do me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me.

Sist. Sir I will shew you all the wealth I haue,
Of Coyne, of Jewels, and Possessions.

If. Good gentle heart, Ile giue thee an other busse for that; for that, giue thee a new gowne to morrow morning, by this hand; do thou but dreame what stuffe, & what fashion thou wilt haue it on, to night.

Sist. The land I can endow you with, is my Loue:
The riches I possesse for you is Loue:

A Treasure greater then is Land or Gold;
It cannot be forsaite, and it shall nere be sold.

7th. Loue, I know that, and Ile answere thee loue for loue in abundance: but come, prethee come, lets see these Deedes and Euidences; this Money, Plate, and Jewels: wilt ha thy Child borne without a Nose? If thou best so carelesse, spare not: why my little frappet you, I heard thy Vnckles talke of thy Riches, that thou hadst hundreds a yeare, seuerall Lordships, Manner houses, Thousands of poundes in your great Chestes; Jewels, Plate, and Ringes, in your little Boxe.

Sist. And for that Riches, you did marry mee?

7th. Troth I did, as now-adayes Batchelers doe, swear I lou'd thee; but indeed married thee for thy Wealth.

Sist. Sir, I beseech you, say not your othes were such, So, like false Coyne, being put vnto the touch; Who beare a flourish in the outward show Of a true stampe, but truely are not so: You swore to me; I gaue the like to you: Then as a Ship being wedded to the Sea, Dus either sayle, or sinke; euen so must I: You being the Hauen, to which my Hopes must flie.

7th. True Chucke, I am thy Hauen, and Harbor too, And like a Ship I tooke thee, who brings home Treasure, As thou to me; the Marchant-venturer.

Sist. What Riches I am ballast with; are yours.

7th. Thats kindly sayd, now.

Sist. If but with Sand, as I am but with Earth, Being your right of right, you must receiue me: I ha no other lading, but my Loue; Which in abundance I will render you: If other fraught you doe expect my store, Ile pay you Teares; my Riches, are no more.

7th. How's this? How's this? I hope you do but iest.

Sist. I am Sister to decayed Scarborrow.

7th. Ha?

Sist. Whose substance, your inticementes did consume.

7th. Worse then an Ague.

Sist. Which as you did beleue, so they supposed,

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

It was fitter for your selfe, then for another,
To keepe the Sister, had yndone the Brother.

Ilf. I am guld, by this hand : An old Conni-catcher, and be-
guld : Where the pox now are my two Coaches, choyse of Hou-
ses, seuerall Sutes ; a plague on them, and I know not what? Doe
you heare Puppet, do you thinke you shall not be damned for this,
to cozen a Gentleman of his hopes, and compell your selfe into
Marrimonie with a man, whether he will or no with you : I ha
made a faire match yfayth ; will any man buy my commodity out
of my hand ? As God saue me, he shall haue her for halfe the mony
she cost me.

Enter Wentloe and Bartsley.

Went. O, ha we met you, Sir.

Bart. What, turnd Micher ; steale a Wife, and not make your
old friendes acquainted with it?

Ilf. A pox on her : I would you had her.

Went. Wel, God giue you ioy : we can heare of your good fortune,
now tis done, tho we could not be acquainted with it aforehand.

Bart. As that you haue two thousand pound a yeare.

Went. Two or three Manner houses.

Bart. A Wife faire, rich, and vertuous.

Ilf. Prettie infayth, very prettie.

Went. Store of Gold.

Bart. Plate in aboundance.

Ilf. Better, better, better.

Went. And so many Oxen, that their Hornes are able to store
all the Cuckolds in your Countrie.

Ilf. Doe not make me mad, good Gent. doe not make me mad :
I could be made a Cuckold with more patience, then indure this.

Went. Foe, we shall haue you turne proud now,
Grow respectles of your auncient acquaintance :
Why, Butler told vs of it, who was the maker of the match for you?

Ilf. A pox of his furtherance. Gentlemen, as you are Christians,
vexe me no more : that I am married, I confesse ; a plague of the
Fates, that Wedding and Hanging comes by destenie : but for the
riches she has brought, bea. e witness how Ile reward her.

Sist. Sir,

Kisses her.

Ilf. Whore ; I, and Iade, Witch, Ilfast, Stinking-breath, Croo-
ked-nose, worse then the Deuill, and a plague on thee that euer I

saw thee.

Bart. A Comedy, a Comedy.

Went. Whats the meaning of all this? Is this the maske after thy marriage?

Jff. O Gentlemen, I am vndone, I am vndone, for I am married; I that could not abide a woman, but to make her a Whore; hated all Shee-creatures, sayre, and poore; swore I would neuer marry, but to one that was rich; and to be thus cunnicacht. Who do you thinke this is Gentlemen?

Went. Why your wife, who should it be else?

Jff. Thats my misfortune; that marrying her in hope she was rich, she prooves to be the beggerly Sister to the more beggerly Scarborrow.

Bart. How?

Went. Ha, ha, ha.

Jff. I, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I, for't.

Bart. Nay, do not weepe.

Went. Hee dus but counterfaite now, to delude vs: hee has all her Portion of Land, Coyne, Plate, Jewels; and now dissembles thus, least we should borrow some Moncy of him.

Jff. And you be kind Gentlemen, lend me some; for hauing payd the Priest, I ha not so much left in the world, as will hire me a Horse to carry me away from her.

Bart. But art thou thus guld, in sayth?

Jff. Are you sure you ha eyes in your head?

Went. Why then, by her brothers setting on, in my conscience, who knowing thee now to ha somewhat to take to, by the death of thy Father; and that he hath spent her Portion, and his owne Possessions, hath layde this plot, for thee to marry her; and so he to be rid of her himselfe.

Jff. Nay, that's without question; but Ile be reuenged of'em both. For you Minxe: nay Sfoot, giue'em me, or Ile picke else.

Sist. Good, sweete.

W. Sweete with a poxe, you stinke in my nose: giue me your Jewels: Nay, Bracelets too.

Sist. O me, most miserable.

Jff. Out of my sight, I, and out of my doores: for now, what's within this house is mine: and for your brother,

He made this match, in hope to doe you good:
And I weare this, for which, shall draw his blood.

Went. A brauer resolution. *Exit with Went. and Bartley.*

Bart. In which weele second thee.

Isb. Away, Whore; Out of my doores Whore.

Sist. O griefe, that Pouertie should ha that power to teare
Men from themselues, tho they wed, bed, and sweare.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow, with Butler.

Tho. How now Sister?

Sist. Vndone, vndone.

But. Why Mistris, How ist? how ist?

Sist. My Husband has forsooke me.

But. O periurie.

Sist. Has taine my Iewels, and my Bracelets from me.

Tho. Vengeance, I plaid the thiefe for the mony that bought'em.

Sist. Left me distrest, and thrust me forth of doores.

Tho. Damnation on him, I will heare no more;

But for his wrong, reuenge me on my brother,

Degenerate, and was the cause of all,

He spent our Portion, and Ile see his fall.

Ioh. O, but good brother.

Tho. Perfwademe not,

All hopes are shipwraect, miserie comes on,

The comfort we did looke from him, is frustrate,

All meanes, all maintenance (but griefe) is gone:

And all shall end, by his destruction.

Exit.

Ioh. Ile follow and preuent, what in this heat may happen:

His want makes sharpe his Sword; too great's the ill,

If that one brother should another kill.

Exit.

But. And what will you doe, Mistris?

Sist. Ile sit me downe, sigh loud in stead of wordes,

And wound my selfe with griefe, as they with swordes:

And for the sustenance that I should eat,

Ile feed on griefe; tis woes best relisht meate.

But. Good heart, I pittie you,

You shall not be so cruell to your selfe,

I haue the poore Seruingmans allowance,

Twelue pence a day to buy me sustenance,

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

One meale a day Ile eate, the tother fast,
To giue your wantes reliefe: And Mistris,
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
Ile ha thinne cheekes, care you shall ha wet eyes.

Exeunt.

Enter Scarborrow.

What is a Prodigall? Faith like a Brush,
That weares himselfe, to flourish others cloathes,
And hauing worne his heart euen to the stumpe,
Hees throwne away like a deformed lumpe:
Oh such am I, I ha spent all the wealth
My ancestors did purchase, made others braue
In shape and riches, and my selfe a knaue.
For tho my wealth raisd some to paint their doore,
Tis shut against me, saying, I am but poore:
Nay, euen the greatest arme, whose hand hath graft
My presence to the eye of Maiesty, shrinks backe,
His fingers cluch, and like to lead,
They are heauy to raise vp my state, being dead:
By which I finde, Spend thriftes, and such am I,
Like Strumpets flourish, but are foule within,
And they like Snakes, know when to cast their skin.

Enter Thomas Scarborrow.

Tho. Turne, drawe, and dye, I come to kill thee.

Scar. Whats he that speakes like sicknesse? Oh ist you?
Sleepe still, you cannot moou me: fare you well.

Tho. Thinke not my fury slakes so, or my bloud
Can coole it selfe, to temper by refusall:
Turne, or thou dyest.

Scar. A way.

Tho. I do not wish to kill thee like a slaue,
That taps men in their cups, and broch their hearts,
Eare with a warning peece they haue wakt their eares:
I would not like to powder, shoote thee downe
To a flat graue, ere thou hast thought to frowne:
I am no Coward, but in manly tearmes,
And fayrest oppositions vow to kill thee.

Scar. From whence procedes this heat.

Tho. From sparkles bred by thee, that like a villaine.

Scar.

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Scar. Ha.

Tho. Ile hallow it in thine eares till thy soule quake to heare it,
That like a villaine hast vndone thy Brothers.

Scar. Would thou wert not so neere me : Yet farewell.

Tho. By nature, and her lawes make vs a kinne,
As neere as are these hands, or sinne to sinne.
Draw, and defend thy selfe, or Ile forget
Thou art a man.

Scar. Would thou wert not my Brother.

Tho. I disclaime them.

Scar. Are we not off-spring of one parent, wretche?

Tho. I do forget it, pardon me the dead,
I should deny the paines you bid for me.

My blood growes hot for vengeance, thou hast spent
My liues reuenewes, that our Parents purchast.

Scar. O do not wracke me with remembrance ont.

Tho. Thou hast made my life a Begger in this world,
And I will make thee bankrout of thy breath :
Thou hast bin so bad the best that I can giue,
Thou art a Deuill, not with men to liue.

Scar. Then take a Deuils payment.

*Here they make a passe one upon another, when at Scar borowes backe
comes in Iford, Wentloe, and Bartley.*

If. Hees here, draw Gentlemen.

Went. Bar. Die Scar borrow.

Scar. Girt round with death.

Tho. How, set vpon by three? Sfut feare not Brother: you Cow-
ards, three to one; Slaues, worse then Fensers that weare long wea-
pones: You shall be fought withall, you shall be fought withall.

*Here the Brothers ioyne, draw she rest out,
and returne.*

Scar. Brother I thanke you, for you now haue bin
A patron of my life, forget the sinne
I pray you, which my lose and wastfull howers,
Hath made against your Fortunes; I repent'em,
And wish I could new ioynt and strenth your hopes,
Tho with indifferent ruine of mine owne:
I haue a many finnes, the thought of which

The Miseries of incest Marriage.

Like finish Needles, pricke me to the soule,
But find your wronges, to haue the sharpest poynt.
If Penitence your losses might repaire,
You should be rich in Wealth, and I in Care.

Tho. I doe beleue you sir; but I must tell you,
Evils the which are gainst an other done,
Repentance makes no satisfaction
To him that feeles the smart. Our Father, sir,
Left in your trust, my Portion; you ha spent it,
And suffered mee (whilst you in ryots house,
A drunken Tauerne, spild my maintainance
Perhaps vpon the ground, with ouerflowne Cups;))
Like Birdes in hardest Winter halfe starud, to flie
And picke vp any food, least I should die.

Scar. I prethee, let vs be at peace together.

Tho. At peace, for what; for spending my Inheritance?
By yonder Sunne, that euery soule has life by,
As sure as thou hast life, Ile fight with thee.

Scar. He not be mou'd ynto't.

Tho. Ile kill thee then, wert thou now claspt
Within thy mother, wife, or childrens armes.

Scar. Wouldst homicide? art so degenerat?
Then let my blood grow hot.

Tho. For it shall coole.

Scar. To kill rather then be kild, is manhoods rule.

Enter Iohn Scarborrow.

Job. Stay, let not your wraths meete.

Tho. Hart, what makst thou heere?

Job. Say, who are you? or you? Are you not one,
That scarce can make a fit distinction
Betwixt each other? Are you not Brothers?

Tho. I renounce him.

Scar. Shalt not need.

Tho. Giue way.

Scar. Haue at thee.

Job. Who stifres, which of you both, hath strength within his
To wound his owne brest; who's so desperat,
To dam himselfe, by killing of himselfe?

The Miseries of a forst Mariage.

Are you not both one flesh?

Tho. Hart, giue me way.

Sea. Be not a bar betwixt vs, or by my sword

Ile meate thy graue our.

Iob. O do, for Gods sake do:

Tis happy death, if I may die, and you

Not murder one another: O do but harken,

When dus the Sunne and Moone, borne in one frame

Contend, but they breed Earthquakes in mens hearts?

When any Starre prodigiouly appears,

Tels it not fall of Kinges, or fatall yeares?

And then, if Brothers fight, what may men thinke,

Sinne growes so high, tis time the world should sinke?

Scar. My heart growes coole againe; I wish it not.

Tho. Stop not my furie, or by my life I sweare,

I will reueale the robbery we ha done,

And take reuenge on thee,

That hinders me to take reuenge on him.

Iob. I yeeld to that; but nere consent to this:

I shall then die, as mine owne sinne affords,

Fall by the Law, not by my Brothers swords.

Tho. Then by that light that guides me, here I vow,

Ile straight to sir Iohn Harcop, and make knowne

We were the two that robd him.

Iob. Prethee do.

Tho. Sinne has his shame, and thou shalt ha thy due.

Exit.

Iob. Thus haue I shewne the nature of a Brother,

Tho you haue prou'd vnnaturall to me.

Hees gone in heate to publish out the theft,

Which want, and your vnkindnes, forst vs to:

If now I die that death, and publicke shame,

Is a Corfiue to your soule, blot to your name.

Exit.

Scar. O tis too true, thers not a thought I thinke

But must pertake thy griefe, and drinke

A relish of thy sorrow and misfortune.

With waight of others teares I am ore borne,

That scarce am *Atlas* to hold vp mine owne,

And all to good for me, A happy Creature

In my Cradle, and have made my selfe
The common curse of mankind, by my life;
Vndone my Brothers, made them Theeves for bread:
And begot pretty Children, to liue beggers.
O Conscience, how thou art stung to thinke vpon't,
My Brothers vnto shame, must yeeld their blood:
My Babes at others Stirrops beg their food;
Or else turne Theeves too, and be choakt for't,
Die a Dogs death, be pearcht vpon a Tree,
Hangd betwixt heauen and earth, as fit for neither:
The curse of Heauen, that's due to reprobates,
Descendes vpon my Brothers, and my Children,
And I am Parent to it; I, I am Parent to it.

Enter Butler.

But. Where are you, Sir?

Scar. Why starest thou, what's thy haste?

But. Heere's fellowes swarmelike Flies to speake with you.

Scar. What are they?

But. Snakes, I thinke Sir; for they come with Stinges in their
mouthes; and their Tongues are turnd to Teeth too: They claw
villanously; they haue eate vp your honest Name, and honorable
Reputation by rayling against you; and now they come to de-
uowre your Possessions.

Scar. In playner Enargy, what are they, speake?

But. Mantichoras, monstrous Beastes, enemies to mankinde,
that ha double rowes of Teeth in their mouths: They are Vfurers,
they come yawning for Mony; & the Sheriffe with them, is come
to serue an extent vpon your Land, and then cease on your body
by force of Execution: they ha begirt the house round.

Scar. So that the Roofe our Auncestors did build
For their Sonnes comfort, and their wiues for Charitie,
I dare not to looke out at.

But. Besides Sir, heere's your poore Children.

Scar. Poore Children they are indeed.

But. Come with Fire and Water: Teares in their eyes, and bur-
ning Griefe in their heartes, and desire to speake with you.

Scar. Heape sorrow vpon sorrow:
Tell me, are my Brothers gone to execution.

The Miserie of Inforst Marriage.

For what I did? For euery haynous sinne,
Sits on his soule, by whom it did begin:
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withall,
My Children carry moysture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops, say, Father, thus must we
Aske our reliefe, or die with infamie,
For you ha made vs Beggars. Yet when thy tale has kild me,
To giue my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done, by Inforst Marriage:

My Graue will then be welcome.

But. What shall we doe, Sir?

Scar. Doe as the Diuell dus; hate Panther-mankind:
And yet I lie; for Diuels sinners loue,
When men hate men, tho good, like some aboue.

Enter Scarbarrowes wife Katherine, with two Children.

But. Your wife's come in, Sir.

Scar. Thou lyeest, I haue not a Wife: None can be cald
True Man and Wife, but those whom Heauen instald. Say?

Kath. O my deare Husband?

Scar. You are very welcome: peace, weele ha complement.

Who are you Gentlewoman?

Kath. Sir, your distressed Wife; and these your Children.

Scar. Mine? Where? how begot?

Prooue me by certaine instance that's diuine,
That I should call them lawfull, or thee mine?

Kath. Were we not married, Sir?

Scar. No; tho we heard the wordes of Ceremonie:

But had hands knit as Fellons that weare Fetters

Forst vpon them. For tell me Woman,

Did ere my Loue with sighs intreate thee thine?

Did euer I in willing conference;

Speake wordes made halfe with teares, that I did loue thee?

Or, was I euer but glad to see thee, as all Louers are?

No, no; thou knowst I was not.

Kath. O mee!

But. The more's the pittie.

Sea. But when I came to Church, I did there stand

All Water, whose forst breath had drownd my Land.

Are you my wife, or these my children?
Why, tis impossible: for like the skies,
Without the Sunnes light, so looke all your eies;
Darke, Clowdy, thicke, and full of heavines,
Within my Country there was hope to see
Me and my ishues to be like our fathers,
Vpholders of our Country, all our life,
Which should ha bin, If I had wed a wife:
Where now,

As dropping leaues in Autumne you looke all,
And I that should vphold you, like to fall.

Ka. T was, nor shall be my fault, Heauen beare me witnes,

Scar. Thou lyest; strumpet thou lyest:

Bat. O Sir,

Scar. Peace saye Iacke, strumpet I say, thou lyest,

For wife of mine thou art not, and these thy Bastards
Whom I begot of thee, with this vnrest,
That Bastards borne; are borne not to be Blest:

Ka. On me poure all your wrath; but not on them.

Scar. On thee, and them, for tis the end of lust,

To scourge it selfe, heauen lingring to be iust:
Harlot.

Ka. Husband.

Scar. Bastardes.

Chyd. Father.

Bat. What hart not pitties this?

Scar. Euen in your Cradle, you weare accurst of heauen,
Thou an Adulteresse in thy married armes:
And they that made the match, bawds to thy lust:
I, now you hang the heade, shouldst ha don so before,
Then these had not bin Bastards. thou a whore.

Bat. I cannot brook'no longer: Sir you doe not well in this?

Scar. Ha slauē:

Bat. Tis not the aime of gentry to bring forth,
Such harsh vnrellisht fruit vnto their wiues,
And to their pretty, pretty children by my troth.

Scar. How rascall?

Bat. Sir I must tell you, your Progenitors,

Two of the which these yeares were seruant to,
Had not such mists before their vnderstanding,
Thus to behaue themselues.

Scar. And youle controule me sir.

But. I, I will.

Scar. You Rogue.

But. I, tis I, will tell you tis vngently done,
Thus to defame your Wife, abuse your Children:
Wrong them, you wrong your selfe; are they not yours?

Scar. Pretty, pretty Impudence, in faith.

But. Her whom you are bound to loue, to raile against;
These whom you are bound to keepe, to spurne like dogs;
And you were not my Maister, I would tell you.

Scar. What slaue?

But. Put vp your Bird-spit: tut, I feare it not;
In doing deeds so base, so vild as these,
Tis but a kna, kna, kna.

Scar. Roge.

But. Tut, howfoeuer, tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these, I throw off duty.

Ka. Good Butler.

But. Peace honest Mistris, I will say y'are wronged,
Prooue it vpon him, euen in his Blood, his Bones,
His Guts, his Maw, his Throate, his Intraids.

Scar. You runnagate of threescore.

But. Tis better then a knaue of three and twenty.

Scar. Patience be my Buckler,
As not to file my hands in villains blood;
You Knaue, Slaue, Trencher-groome,
Who is your Maister?

But. You, if you were a Maister.

Scar. Off with your coate, then get you forth a dozes:

But. My Coate, sir?

Scar. I, your Coate slaue?

But. Sfoot when you ha't, tis but a thred-bare coate;
And there tis for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Liuery is so worthy borne,
And liue so base a life, old as I am,

He rather be a Begger, then your Man :

And there's your seruice for you.

Exit.

Scar. Away, out of my doore: Away.

So, now your Champion's gone.

Minx, thou hadst better ha gone quicke vnto thy Graue.

Kath. O mee! that am no cause of it.

Scar. Then haue subornd that Slaue to lift his hand against me.

Kath. O mee! What shall become of mee?

Scar. He teach you trickes for this: ha you a Companion?

Enter Butler.

But. My heart not suffers me to leaue my honest Mistris, and her pretty Children.

Scar. He marke thee for a Strumpet, and thy Bastards.

But. What will you doe to them, Sir?

Scar. The Deuill in thy shape? come backe againe?

But. No, but an honest Seruant, Sir, will take this Coate, And weare it with this Sword, to sauegard these, And pittie them: and I am woe for you too;

But will not suffer

The Husband Viper-like to prey on them

That loue him, and haue cherisht him, as these

And they, haue you.

Scar. Slaue.

But. I will out humour you,

Fight with you, and loose my life or these

Shall taste your wrong, whom you are bound to loue.

Scar. Out of my doores, Slaue.

But. I will not, but will stay and weare this Coat,

And doe you seruice whether you will or no:

He weare this Sword too, and be Champion,

To fight for her, in spight of any man,

Scar. You shall: You shall be my Maister, Sir?

But. No, I desire it not,

He pay you ducty cuen vpon my knee:

But loose my life, ere these opprest He see.

Scar. Yes goodman Slaue, you shall be Maister,

Lie with my Wife, and get more Bastards? Do, do, do.

Kath. O mee!

Scar.

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Scar. Turnes the World vpside downe,
That Men orebeare their Maisters? It dus, it dus :
For euen as Iudas sold his maister Christ;
Men buy and sell their Wiues at highest price :
What will you giue me? What will you giue me? What will you
giue me? *Exit.*

Bar. O Mistris, my soule weepes, tho mine eyes bedry,
To see his fall, and your aduersitie:
Some meanes I haue left, which Ile relieue you with :
Into your Chamber, and if Comfort be a kin
To such great grieffe, Comfort your Children.

Kath. I thanke thee *Butler*; Heauen when he please.
Send death vnto the troubled, a blest ease. *Exiis with children.*

But. Intröth I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endlesse toyle I labour thus :
Tis but the old times ancient Conscience
That would doe no man hurt, that makes me doo't :
If it be sinne, that I doe pittie these,
If it be sinne, I haue relieued his Brothers,
Haue playd the thiefe with them, to get their food,
And made a luclesse Marriage for his Sister,
Intended for her good, heauen pardon me?
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were vnhappy men;
For they caus'd all : and may heauen pardon them?

Enter sir William Scarborrow.

sir Will. Who's within heere?

But. Sir William, kindly welcome.

sir Will. Where is my kinsman Scarborrow?

But. Sooth, hee's within sir; but not very well.

sir Will. His sicknesse?

But. The hell of sicknesse : troubled in his minde.

sir Will. I gesse the cause of it;

But can not now intend to visit him,
Great busines for my Soueraigne hastes me hence:
Onely this Letter from his Lord and Guardian to him,
Whose inside (I doe gesse) tendes to his good,

At my returne Ile see him: so farewell.

But. Whose inside (I doe gesse) turnes to his good,
He shall not see it now then; for mens mindes,
Perplext like his, are like Land-troubling-windes,
Who haue no gracious temper.

Enter John Scarborrow.

Job. O Butler.

But. Whats the fryght now?

Job. Helpe straight, or on the Tree of shame,
We both shall perish for the Robbery.

But. What, ist reueald, man?

Job. Not yet good Butler, onely my brother Thomas
In spleene to me, that would not suffer him

To kill our elder Brother, had vndone vs,
Is riding now to sir John Harcop straight, to disclose it.

But. Hart, who would robbe with Sucklings:
Where did you leaue him?

Job. Now, taking Horse to ride to Yorkshire.

But. Ile stay his iourney, least I meet a hanging.

Enter Scarborrow.

Scar. Ile parley with the Deuill: I, I will,
He giues his counsaile freely; and the cause

He for his Clyants pleades, goes alwayes with them;
He in my cause shall deale then: and Ile aske him,

Whether a Cormorant may haue stuf Chestes,
And see his Brother starue? why, heele say I,

The lesse they giue, the more I gaine thereby.

Enter Butler.

Their soules, their soules, their soules.

How now Maister? Nay, you are my Maister:

Is my wiues sheetes warme? Dus she kisse well?

But. Good Sir.

Scar. Foe, make it not strange, for in these dayes,

There's many men lie in their Maisters Sheetes;

And so may you in mine, and yet. Your businesse, sir?

But. There's one in ciuill habit, sir, would speake with you.

Scar. In ciuill habite?

But. He is of teemely ranke, sir, and cald himselfe

The Miseries of inforst Mariage.

By the name of, Doctor Baxtor of Oxford.

Scar. That man vndid me; he did blossoms blow,
Whose fruit proued poyson, tho twas good in show,
With him Ile parley, and disrobe my thoughts
Of this wilde phrensey, that becomes me not.
A table, candles, stooles, and all things fit,
I know he comes to chide me, and Ile heare him,
With our sad conference we will call vp teares,
Teach Doctors rules, instruct succeeding yeares :
Vsher him in :

Heauen spare a drop from thence, where's bounties throng,
Giue patience to my soule, inflame my tongue.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Good mayster Scarborough.

Scar. You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.

Doct. I ha important businesse to deliuer you.

Scar. And I haue leysure to attend your hearing.

Doct. Sir, you know I married you.

Scar. I know you did, sir.

Doct. At which you promised both to God and men,
Your life vnto your spouse should be like snow;
That sales to comfort, and not to ouerthrow:
And loue vnto your yssue should be like
The dew of heauen, that hurts not, tho it strike,
When heauen and men did witnesse and record
Twas an eternall oath, no idle word:
Heauen being pleasd therewith, blest you with children,
And at heauens blessings, all good men reioyce.
So that Gods chayre and footstoole, heauen and earth,
Made offering at your nuptials as a knot,
To minde you of your vow; O breake it not?

Scar. Tis very true.

Doct. Now sir, from this your oth and band,
Faythes pledge, and scale of conscience you ha run,
Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,
Iustice hath now in sute against your soule,
Angels are made the Iurors, who are witnesses
Vnto the oath you tooke, and God himselte,

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Maker of marriage, he that scald the deed;
As a firme lease vnto you, duering life :
Sits now as iudge of your transgression,
The world informes against you with this voyce,
If such sinnes raigne, what Mortals can reioyce.

Scar. What then ensues to me?

Doc. A heauy doome, whose executions
Now serud vpon your conscience, that euer
You shall feele plagues, whom time shall not desseuer;
As in a map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds, false oths, and all the iniuries,
You ha done vnto your soule; then comes your Wife,
Full of woes drops, and yet as full of pittie :
Who tho she speakes not, yet her eyes are swordes,
That cut your heart-stringes : and then your Children;

Scar. Oh, oho, oh.

Doct. Who, what they cannot say, talke in their lookes;
You haue made vs vp, but as misfortunes Bookes,
Whom other men may read in, when presently,
Task by your selfe; you are not like a Theefe,
Astonied being accus'd; but scorcht with griefe.

Scar. I, I, I.

Doct. Heere standes your Wiues teares.

Scar. Where?

Doct. And you fry for them; heere lie your Childrens wants.

Scar. Heere?

Doct. For which you pine; in Conscience burne,
And wish you had been better, or nere borne.

Scar. Di; all this happen to a wretch like me?

Doct. Both this, and worse; your soule eternally
Shall liue in torment, tho the body die.

Scar. I shall ha need of drinke then, *Butler?*

Doct. Nay, all your sinnes are on your Children laide,
For the offences that the Father made.

Scar. Are they, Sir?

Doct. Be sure they are. *Enter Butler.*

Scar. Butler,

But. Sir?

Scar.

The Miseries of inforced Marriage.

Scar. Gos, fetch my Wife and Children hitlier.

But. I will, Sir.

Scar. Ile read a Letter to the Doctor too, hee's a Deuine;
I, hee's a Deuine.

But. I see his minde is troubled, & haue made bold with duty to
read a Letter tending to his good, haue made his Brothers friends:
both which I will conceale till better temper.

He sendes me for his Wife and Children; shall I fetch them?

Scar. Hee's a Deuine; and this Deuine did marry me:
That's good, that's good.

Doct. Maister Scarborrow.

Scar. Ile be with you straight, Sir.

But. I will obey him,

If any thing doth happen that is ill,

Heauen beare me record, tis against Butlers will.

Exit.

Scar. And this Deuine did marry me,

Whose tongue should be the Key to open truth,

As Gods Ambassador, Deliuer, deliuer, deliuer.

Doct. Maister Scarborrow.

Scar. Ile be with you straight, Sir:

Saluation to afflicted Consciences,

And not giue torment to contented mindes,

Who should be Lampes to comfort out our way;

And not like Fire-drakes, to lead men astray:

I, Ile be with you straight, Sir.

Enter Butler.

But. Heer's your Wife and Children, Sir.

Scar. Giue way then;

I ha my Lesson perfect: leaue vs heere.

But. Yes I will goe, but I will be so neere,

To hinder the mishap, the which I feare.

Exit Butler

Scar. Now sir, you know this Gentlewoman?

Doct. Kind mistris Scarborrow.

Scar. Nay, pray you keepe your seate; for you shall heare,

The same affliction you ha taught me, feare,

Due to your selfe.

Doct. To me, sir?

Scar. To you, sir:

You matcht mee to this Gentlewoman?

The Miseries of inforced Marriage.

Doct. I know I did, sir.

Scar. And you will say she is my wife, then.

Doct. I ha reason, sir; because I married you.

Scar. O, that such tongues should ha the time to lie,
Who teach men how to liue, and how to die:

Did not you know my soule had giuen my Faith

In contract to another; and yet you

Would ioyne this Looe vnto vnlawfall T wifes.

Doct. Sir.

Scar. But sir; you that can see a Mote within my eye,
And with a Cassocke, blind your owne defectes,
Ile teach you this, tis better to do ill,

Thats neuer knowne to vs, then of selfe will:

And these, all these, in thy seducing eye,

As scorning life, make'em be glad to die.

Doct. Ma. Scarborrow.

Scar. Heere will I write, that they which marry wiuers;
Vnlawfull, liue with strumpets al their liues.

Here will I scale the children that are borne

From wombes vnconferate, euen when their soule
Has her infusion, it registers they are foule,

And shrinks to dwell with them, and in my close,

Ile shew the world, that such abortiue men,

Knit hands, without free tongues, looke red like them:

Stand you, and you, to acts most Tragicall,

Heauen has dry eyes, when sinne make sinners fall.

Doct. Helpe maister Scarborrow,

Child. Father.

Kn. Husband.

Scar. These for thy act should die, shee for my *Clare*,
Whose wounds stare thus vpon me for reuenge.

These to be rid from misery, this from sinne,

And thou thy selfe shalt haue a push amongst'em,

That made heauens word a pack-horse to thy tongue.

Cotest scripture to make euils shine like good,

And as I send you thus with wormes to dwell,

Angels applaud it, as a deed done well.

But. Stay him, stay him.

Enter Butler.

What

The Miseries of inforced Mariage.

What will you do, sir?

Scar. Make fat wormes of stinking carkasses,
What hast thou to do with it?

Enter Ilford and his wife, the two Brothers, and sir William Scarborow.

But. Looke who are here, sir.

Scar. Iniurious villin, that preuentst me still.

But. They are your brothers, and allyance, Sir.

Scar. They are like full ordinance then, who once dischargd,
A farre off giue a warning to my soule,
That I ha done them wrong.

sir Wil. Kinsman.

Brother and sister. Brother.

Ka. Husband.

Child. Father.

Scar. Harke how their words like Bullets shoot me thorow
And tel mee, I haue vndon'em: this side might say,
We are in want, and you are the cause of it.
This points at me, y'are shame vnto your house.

This tung sayes nothing, but her lookes do tell,
Shees married but as those that liue in hel:
Whereby all eies are but misfortunes pipe,
Fild full of woe by me: this feelcs the stripe.

But. Yet looke Sir,

Heere's your Brothers hand in hand, whom I ha knit so.

Wife. And looke Sir, heeres my husbands hand in mine,
And I reioyce in him, and he in me.

sir wil. I say, Cose, what's past, is the way to blesse,
For they know best to mende, that know amisse.

Ka. Wee kneele: forget, and say, if you but loue vs,
You gauc vs greefe, for future happines.

Scar. What's all this to my Conscience?

But. Ease, promise of succeeding ioy to you.

Read but this Letter.

sir Will. Which tels you, that your Lord & Guardian's dead.

But. Which tels you, that he knew he did you wrong,
Was greעד fort, and for satisfaction,
Hath giuen you double of the wealth you had.

Bro. Increst our Portions.

The Miseries of Insoberb Marriage.

Wife. Giuen me a Dowry too.

Do. And that he knew,

Your sinne was his, the punishment his due.

Scar. All this is heere :

Is Heauen so gracious to sinners then?

But. Heauen is, and has his gracious eyes,
To giue men life, not like intrapping Spies.

Scar. Your hand, yours, yours; to you my soule, to you a kisse;
In troth I am sorry I ha strayd amisse :

To whom shall I be thankfull? All silent?

None speake? what! : why then to God,
That giues men Comfort, as he giues his Rod ;

Your Portions He see payd, and I will loue you ;

You three He liue withall; my soule shall loue you :

You are an honest Seruant, sooth you are;

To whom; I, these, and all, must pay amendes :

But you, I will admonish in coole tearmes,

Let not Promotions be as a string,
To tie your Tongue, nor choose it to sting.

Doct. From hence I shall not, Sir.

Scar. Then Husbands thus shall norish with their wiues. *Kisse.*

Wife. As thou and I will Wench.

Scar. Brothers in brotherly loue, thus linke together. *Embrace.*
Children and Seruants pay their duetic thus: *Bow & kneele.*

And all are pleas'd?

All. We are.

Scar. Then shall these be so,

I am new wed, to ends old marriage woe :

And in your eyes, so louingly being wed,

We hope your handes will bring vs to our Bed.

FINIS.



