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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE SPANISH CURATE: A COMEDY \*\*\*

## THE SPANISH CURATE

COMEDY

Persons Represented in the Play.

Don Henrique, an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.

Don Jamie, younger Brother to Don

Henrique.

Bartolus, a covetous Lawyer Husband

to

Amaranta.

Leandro, a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyers Wife.

Angelo, } Three Gentlemen Friend[s]

Milanes, } to Leandro.

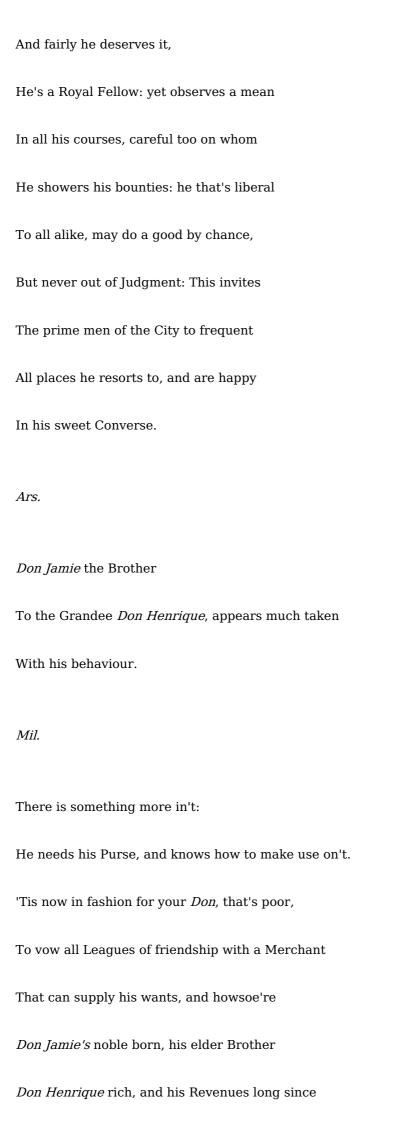
Arsenio,}
Ascanio, Son to Don Henrique.
Octavio, supposed Husband to Jacintha.
Lopez, the Spanish Curate.
Diego, his Sexton.
Assistant, which we call a Judge.
Algazeirs, whom we call Serjeants.
4 Parishioners.
Apparitor.
Singers.
Servants.
WOMEN.
Violante, supposed Wife to Don
Henrique.
Jacintha, formerly contracted to Don

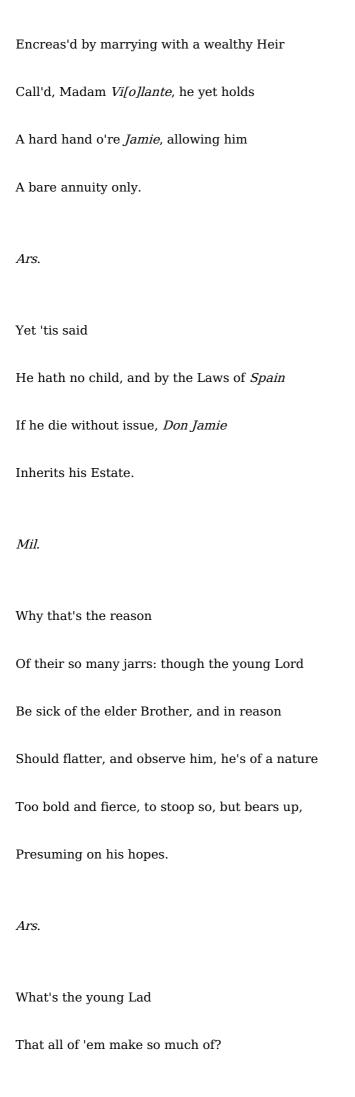
Henrique.

Amaranta, Wife to Bartolus.
A Woman Moor, Servant to Amaranta.
The Scene Spain.
The principal Actors were,
Joseph Taylor. } {William Eglestone.
John Lowin. } {Thomas Polard.
Nicholas Toolie.} {Robert Benfeild.
Actus primus. Scena prima.
Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.
Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.
Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.  Arsenio.
Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.  Arsenio.  Leandro paid all.
Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.  Arsenio.  Leandro paid all.  Mil.
Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.  Arsenio.  Leandro paid all.  Mil.  'Tis his usual custom,
Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.  Arsenio.  Leandro paid all.  Mil.  'Tis his usual custom,  And requisite he should: he has now put off

That their kind Sons, to rid them of their care,

Wish them in Heaven; or if they take a taste
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence; what is befaln
To his Father, in the other world, I ask not;
I am sure his prayer is heard: would I could use one
For mine, in the same method.
Ars.
Fie upon thee.
This is prophane.
Mil.
Good Doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from: On my life
Were all Heirs in <i>Corduba</i> , put to their Oaths,
They would confess with me, 'tis a sound Tenet:
I am sure <i>Leandro</i> do's.
Ars.
He is th'owner
Of a fair Estate.





```
'Tis a sweet one,
And the best condition'd youth, I ever saw yet,
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him, and so modest,
That (in despight of poverty) he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesie: He's the Son
Of a poor cast-Captain, one Octavio;
And She, that once was call'd th'fair Jacinta,
Is happy in being his Mother: for his sake,
Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Ascanio.
(Though in their Fortunes faln) they are esteem'd of,
And cherish'd by the best. O here they come.
I now may spare his Character, but observe him,
He'l justifie my report.
Jam.
My good Ascanio,
Repair more often to me: above Women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.
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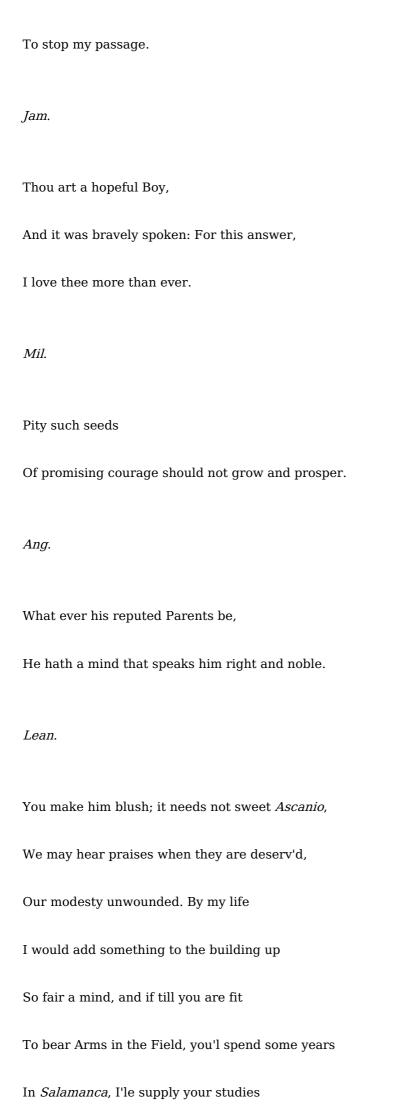
My Lord your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutour'd Youth
To be both rude and sawcy.
Lean.
You cannot be
Too frequent where you are so much desir'd:
And give me leave (dear friend) to be your Rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.
Jam.
Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a Patron
That would not say but do: yet as I am,
Be mine, I'le not receive thee as a servant,
But as my Son, (and though I want my self)
No Page attending in the Court of <i>Spain</i>
Shall find a kinder master.
Asc.

I beseech you

That my refusal of so great an offer May make no ill construction, 'tis not pride (That common vice is far from my condition) That makes you a denyal to receive A favour I should sue for: nor the fashion Which the Country follows, in which to be a servant In those that groan beneath the heavy weight Of poverty, is held an argument Of a base abject mind, I wish my years Were fit to do you service in a nature That might become a Gentleman (give me leave To think my self one) My Father serv'd the King As a Captain in the field; and though his fortune Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich In Reputation, and wounds fairly taken. Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd, I rather feel a strong desire that sways me To follow his profession, and if Heaven Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud, In the service of my Country, should I be, To trail a Pike under your brave command!

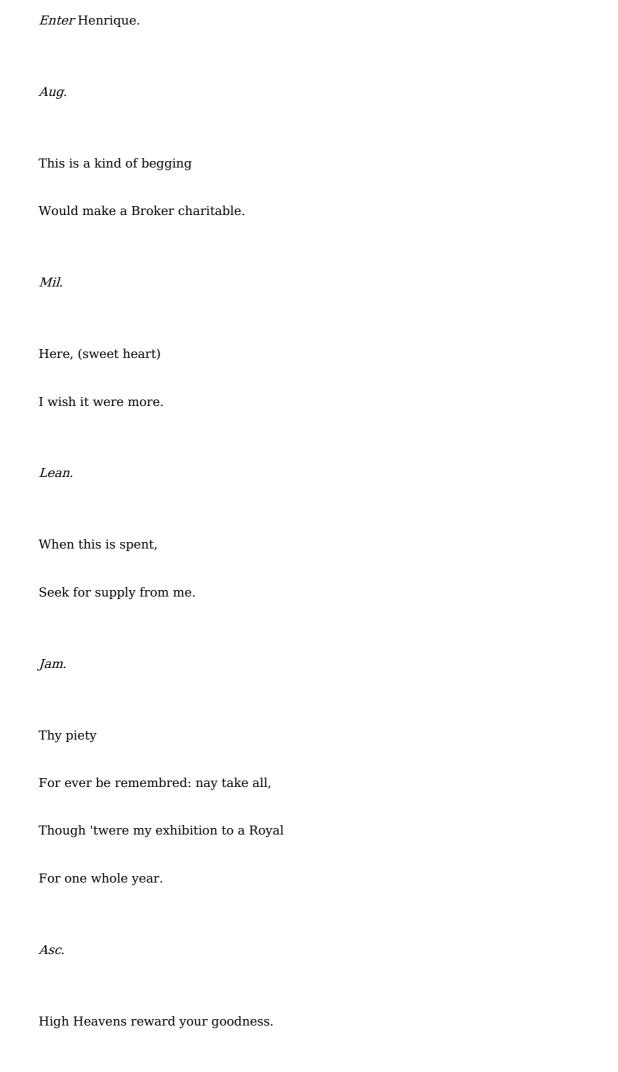
There, I would follow you as a guide to honour,

Though all the horrours of the War made up



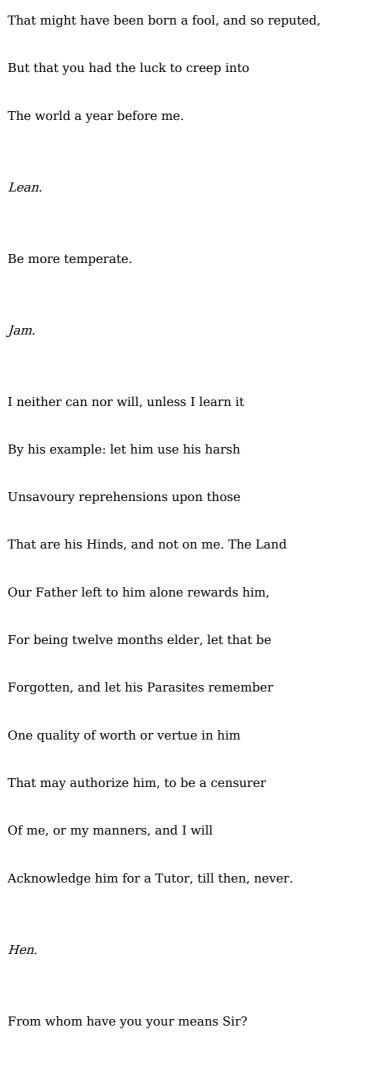
Asc. Your goodness (Signiors) And charitable favours overwhelm me. If I were of your blood, you could not be More tender of me: what then can I pay (A poor Boy and a stranger) but a heart Bound to your service? with what willingness I would receive (good Sir) your noble offer, Heaven can bear witness for me: but alas. Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes, I must destroy the lives of my poor Parents (To who[m] I ow my being) they in me Place all their comforts, and (as if I were The light of their dim eyes) are so indulgent They cannot brook one short dayes absence from me; And (what will hardly win belief) though young, I am their Steward and their Nurse: the bounties Which others bestow on me serves to sustain 'em, And to forsake them in their age, in me Were more than Murther.

With all conveniences.

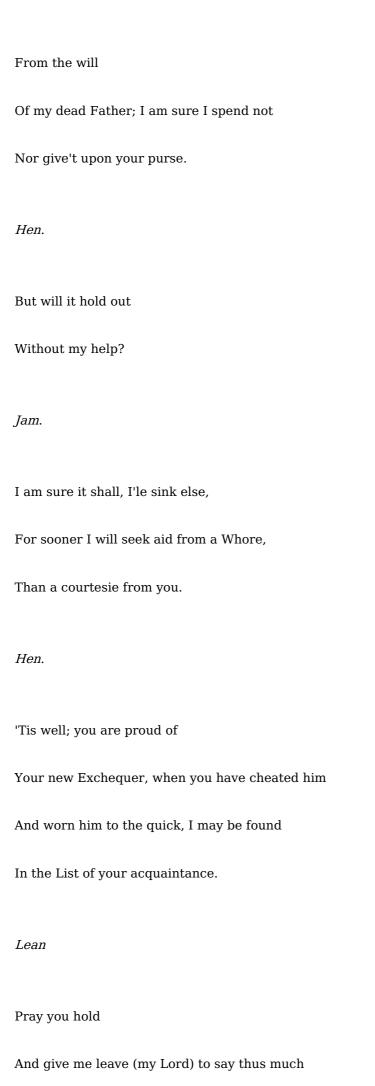


Hen.

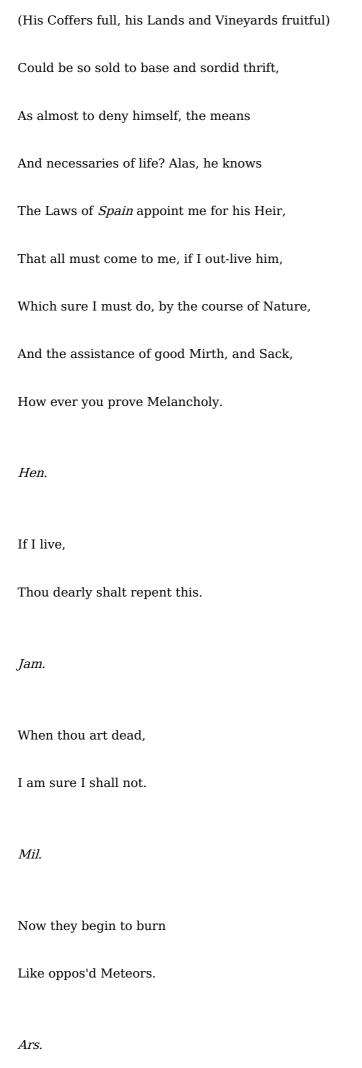




Jam.



(And in mine own defence) I am no Gull
To be wrought on by perswasion: nor no Coward
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason warrants; you may be
As sparing as you please, I must be bold
To make use of my own, without your licence.
Jam.
'Pray thee let him alone, he is not worth thy anger.
All that he do's ( <i>Leandro</i> ) is for my good,
I think there's not a Gentleman of <i>Spain</i> ,
That has a better Steward, than I have of him.
Hen.
Your Steward Sir?
Jam.
Yes, and a provident one:
Why, he knows I am given to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me: could you believe else
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue

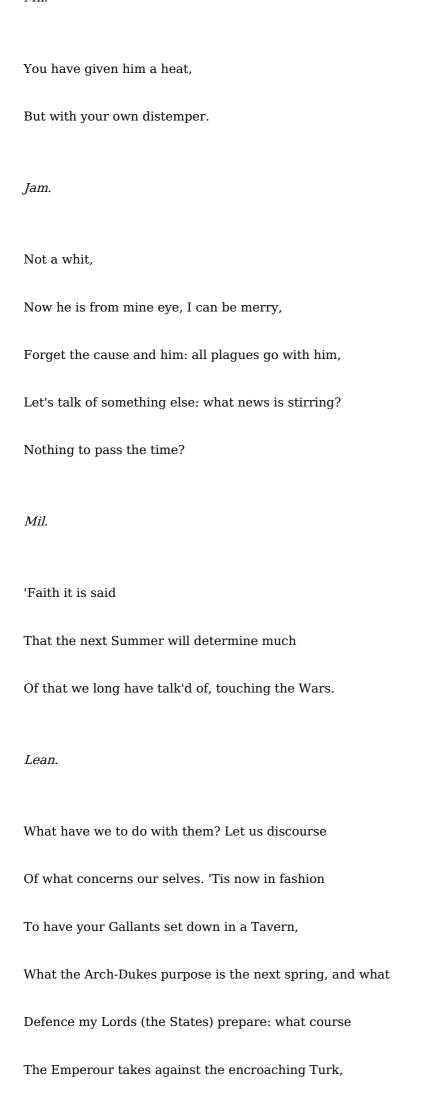


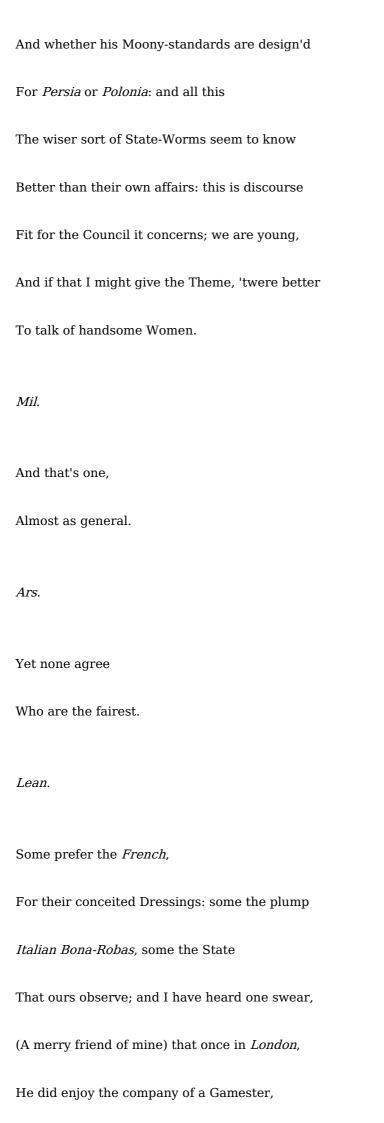
Give them line, and way,
My life for <i>Don Jamie</i> .
Jam.
Continue still
The excellent Husband, and joyn Farm to Farm,
Suffer no Lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye
Го be anothers; forget you are a Grandee;
Γake use upon use, and cut the throats of Heirs
With cozening Mortgages: rack your poor Tenants,
Γill they look like so many Skeletons
For want of Food; and when that Widows curses,
The ruines of ancient Families, tears of Orphans
Have hurried you to the Devil, ever remember
All was rak'd up for me (your thankful Brother)
That will dance merrily upon your Grave,
And perhaps give a double Pistolet
Γo some poor needy Frier, to say a Mass
Го keep your Ghost from walking.
Hen.

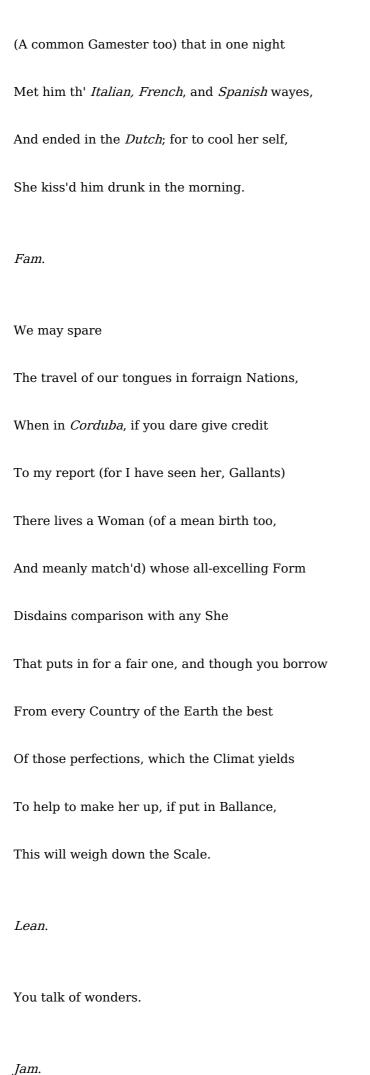
That the Law

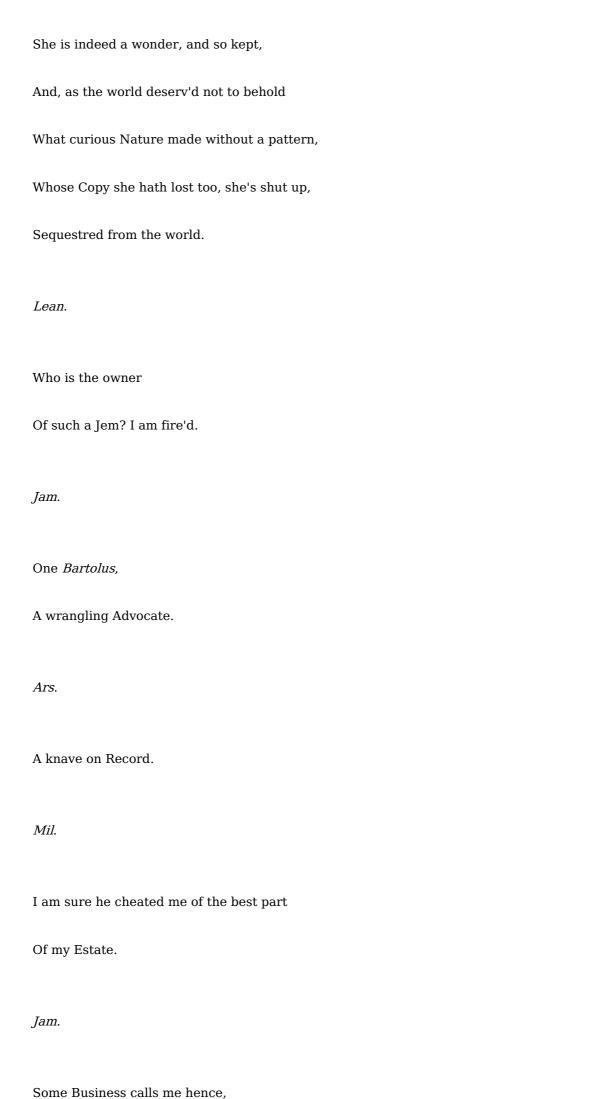
Jam.
Verily,
When this shall come to pass (as sure it will)
If you can find a loop-hole, though in Hell,
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your Iron Chests, and once again
Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter shall be free
To domineer in Taverns, Masques, and Revels
As she was us'd before she was your Captive.
Me thinks the meer conceipt of it, should make you
Go home sick, and distemper'd; if it do's,
I'le send you a Doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your Funeral.
Hen.
You have said, Sir,
I will not fight with words, but deeds to tame you,
Rest confident I will, and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been dumb.—

Should force me to endure this!









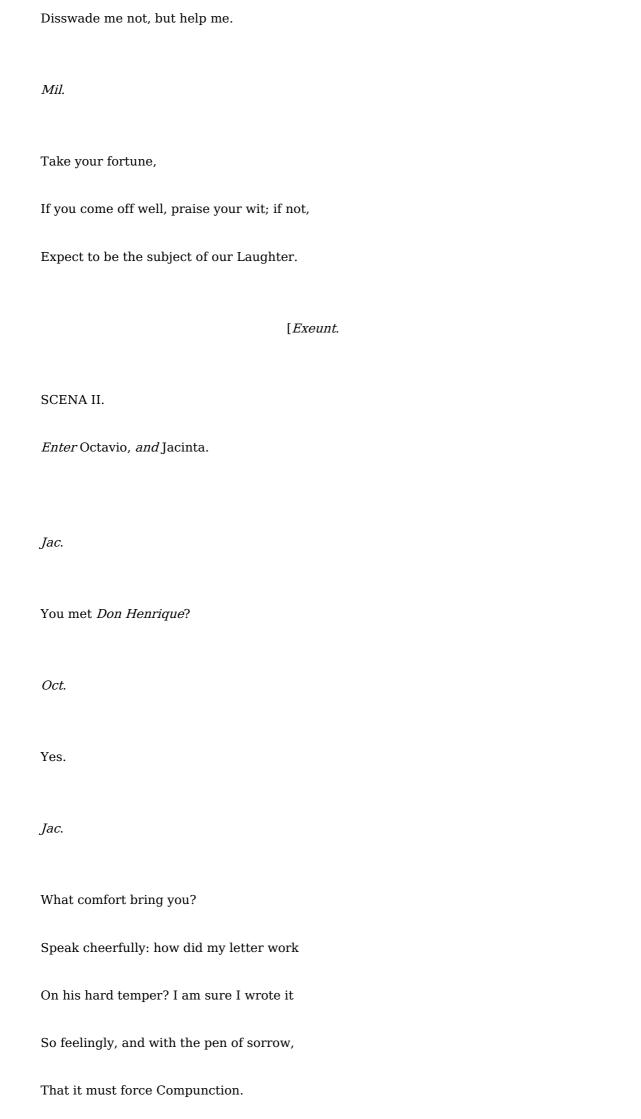
(And of importance) which denies me leisure
To give you his full character: In few words
(Though rich) he's covetous beyond expression,
And to encrease his heap, will dare the Devil,
And all the plagues of darkness: and to these
So jealous, as if you would parallel
Old <i>Argus</i> to him, you must multiply
His Eyes an hundred times: of these none sleep.
He that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire
A better <i>Mercurie</i> , than <i>Jove</i> made use of:
Bless your selves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost: So farewel Signiors.—
[ <i>Exit</i> .
[LAIL.
Ars.
Leandro? in a dream? wake man for shame.
Mil.
Trained into a fools paradise with a tale
Of an imagin'd Form.

Lea.

And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend,
Nor am I so much fir'd with lust as Envie,
That such a churl as <i>Bartolus</i> should reap
So sweet a harvest, half my State to any
To help me to a share.
Ars.
Tush do not hope for
Impossibilities.
Lea.
I must enjoy her,
And my prophetique love tells me I shall,
Lend me but your assistance.
Ars.
Give it o're.
Mil.
I would not have thee fool'd.
Lea. I have strange Engines

Fashioning here: and Bartolus on the Anvil,

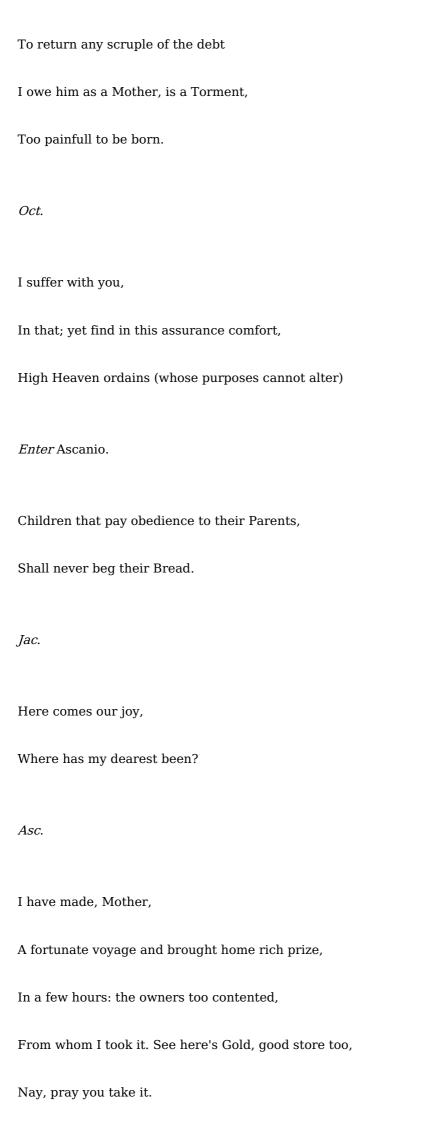
Jamie is noble,



You are cozen'd;
Can you with one hand prop a falling Tower?
Or with the other stop the raging main,
When it breaks in on the usurped shore?
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude that there is some way left,
To move him to compassion.
Jac.
Is there a Justice
Or thunder (my <i>Octavio</i> ) and he
Not sunk unto the center?
Oct.
Good Jacinta,
With your long practised patience bear afflictions,
And by provoking call not on Heavens anger,
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But (most inhumane as he is) he cursed you,
Cursed you most bitterly.

And all that can be wish'd for from a Son,

Discharg'd to me, and I, barr'd of all means



Jac. Mens Charities are so cold, That if I knew not, thou wert made of Goodness, 'Twould breed a jealousie in me by what means, Thou cam'st by such a sum. Asc. Were it ill got, I am sure it could not be employed so well, As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends, (Rais'd by heavens mercy to me, not my merits) Bestow'd it on me. Oct. It were a sacriledge To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it

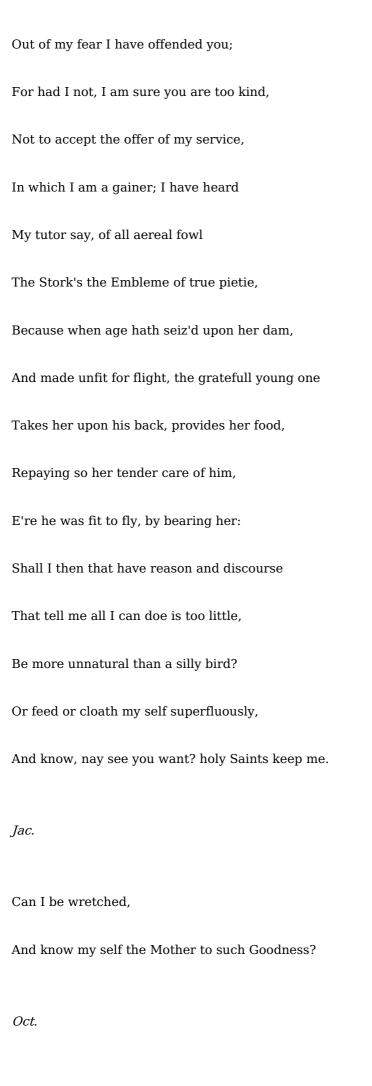
To thy use only.

Jac. Buy thee brave Cloathes with it

And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us

To our necessities; why do'st thou weep?

Asc.

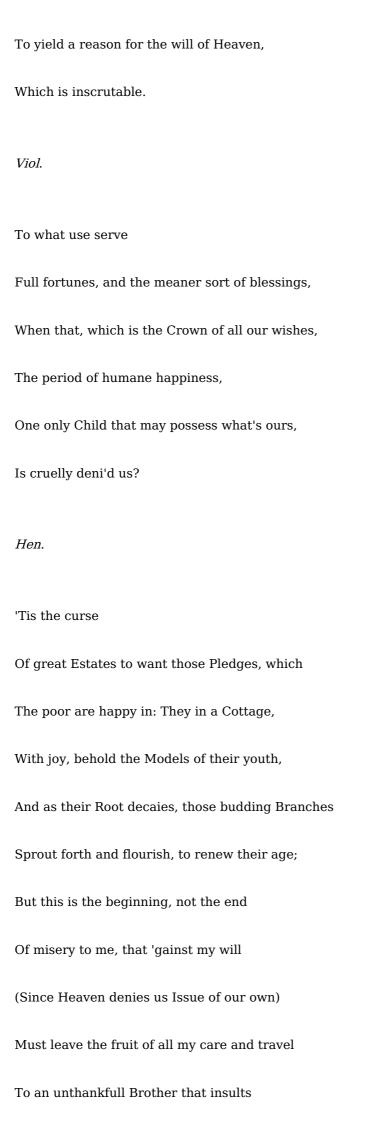


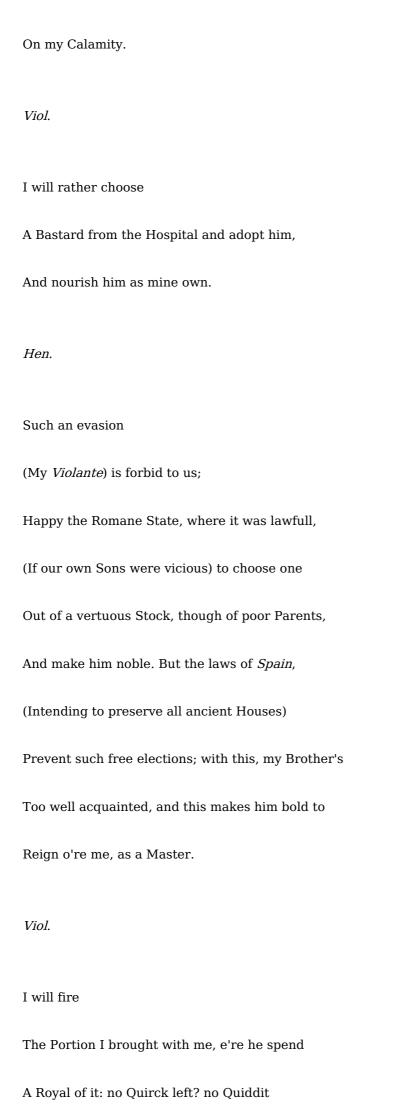
Come let us drie our eyes, we'll have a feast,

Jac.
And in him,
Believe that we are rich.
Asc.
I am sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and serve you.
[Exeunt.
SCENA III.
Enter Henrique, and Violante.
Viol.
Is it my fault, <i>Don Henrique</i> , or my fate?
What's my offence? I came young to your bed,
I had a fruitfull Mother, and you met me
With equall ardour in your <i>May</i> of blood;
And why then am I barren?
Hen.

Thanks to our little Steward.

'Tis not in Man



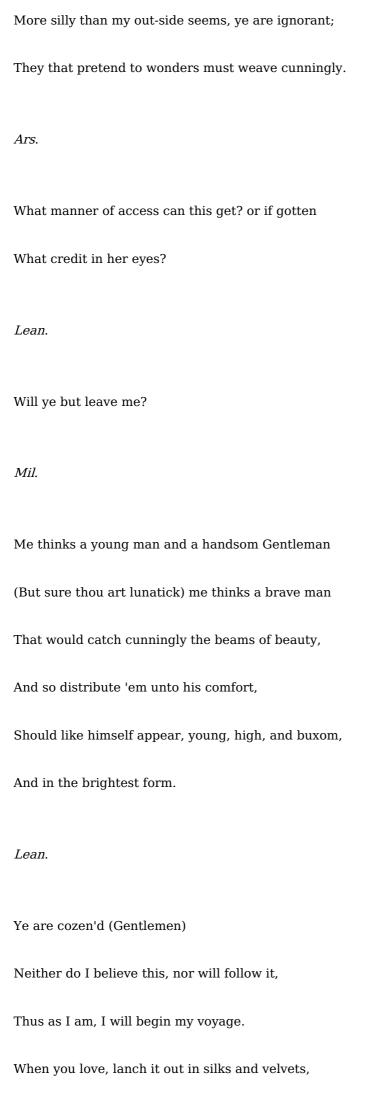


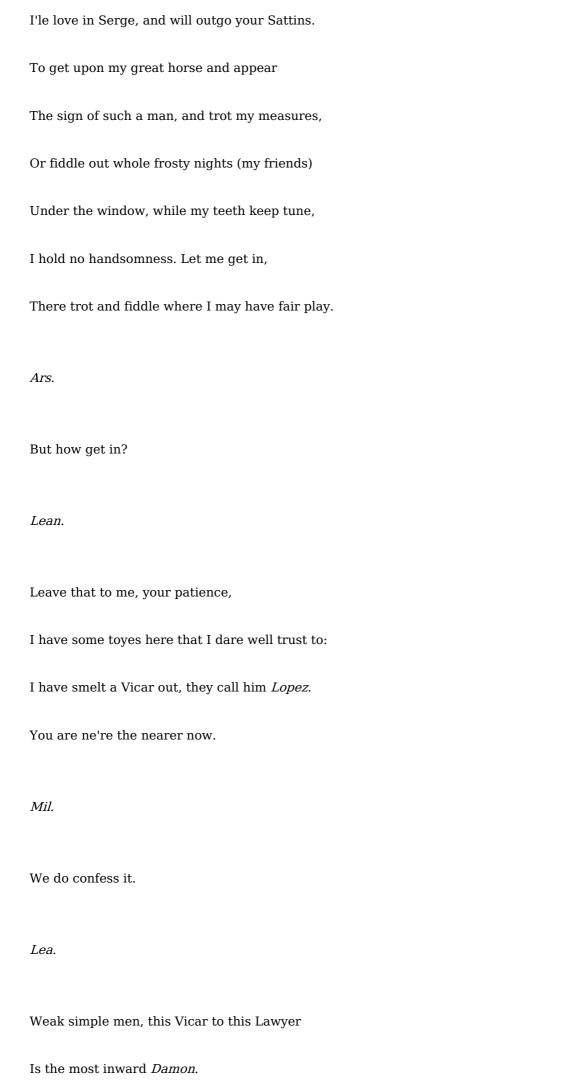
That may defeat him?
Hen.
Were I but confirmed,
That you would take the means I use with patience,
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.
Viol. Effect but this,
And our revenge shall be to us a Son
That shall inherit for us.
Hen.
Do not repent
When 'tis too late.
Viol.
I fear not what may fall
He dispossess'd that does usurp on all.

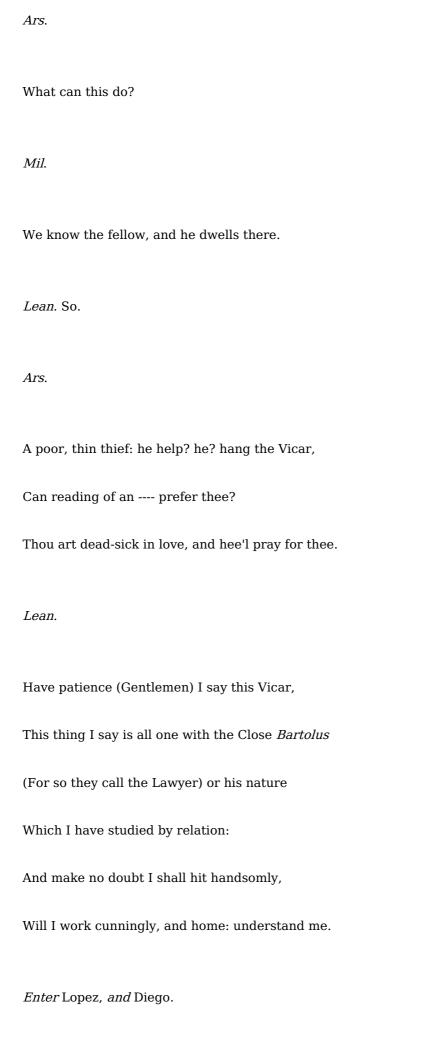
## Actus Secundus. Scena prima.

Enter Leandro, (with a letter writ out) Milanes, and Arsenio.
Mil.
Can any thing but wonder?
Lea.
Wonder on,
I am as ye see, and, what will follow, Gentlemen?
Ars.
Why dost thou put on this form? what can this do?
Thou lookest most sillily.
Mil.
Like a young Clerk,
A half pin'd-puppy that would write for a Royal.
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?
To what use, what occasion?
Lean.

Peace, ye are fools,

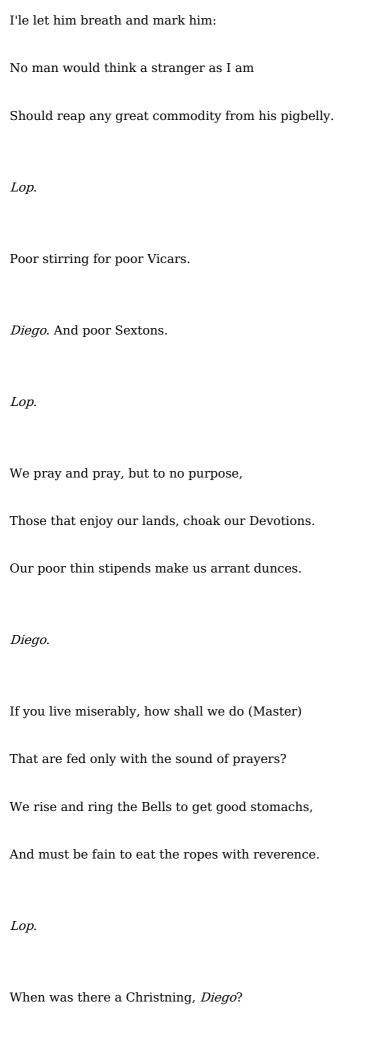




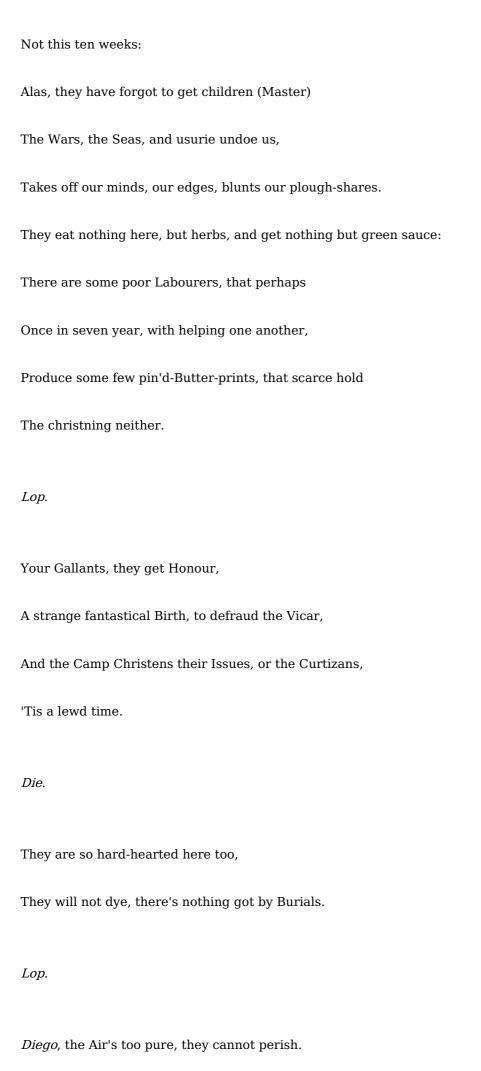


Next I pray leave me, leave me to my fortune

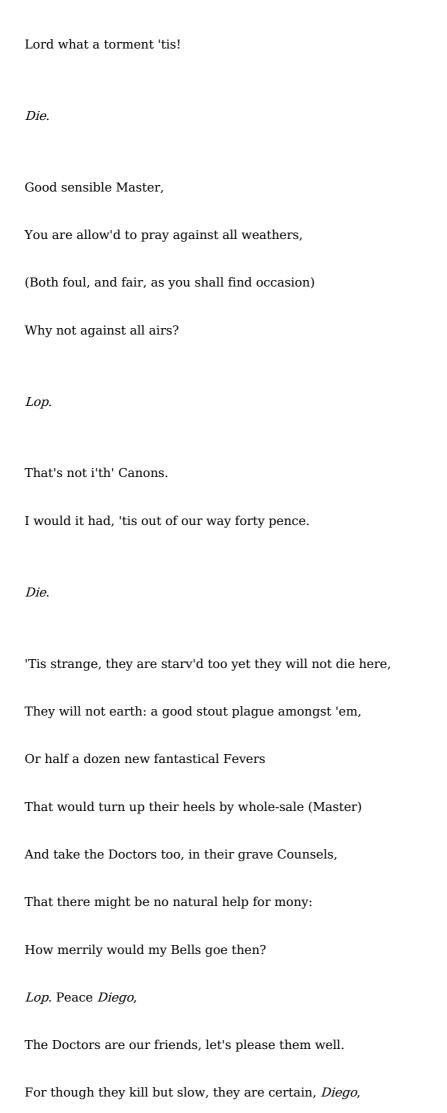
Difficilia pulchra, that's my Motto (Gentlemen)
I'le win this Diamond from the rock and wear her,
Or—
Mil.
Peace, the Vicar: send ye a full sail, Sir.
Ars.
There's your Confessor, but what shall be your penance?
Lean.
A feele head if I feil and a female ma
A fools head if I fail, and so forsake me.
You shall hear from me daily.
Mil.
1411.
We will be ready.
[Exeunt Mil. Ars.
Lop.
Thin world indeed!
imm world indeed:
Lean.

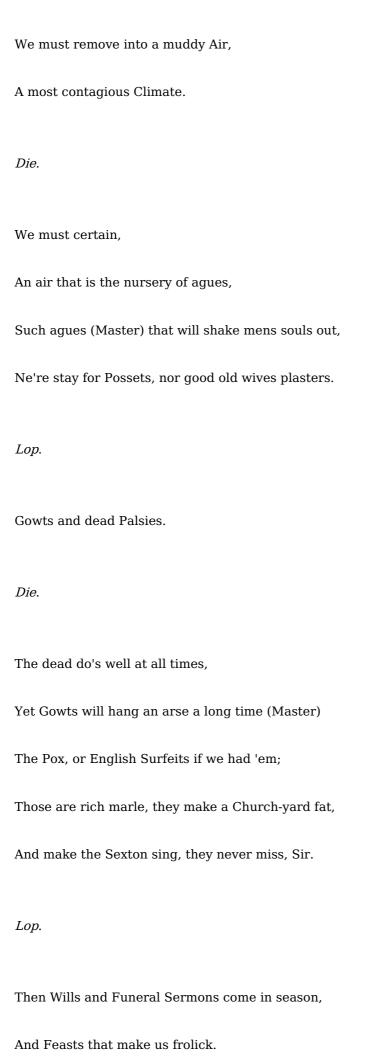


Diego.



To have a thin Stipend, and an everlasting Parish,



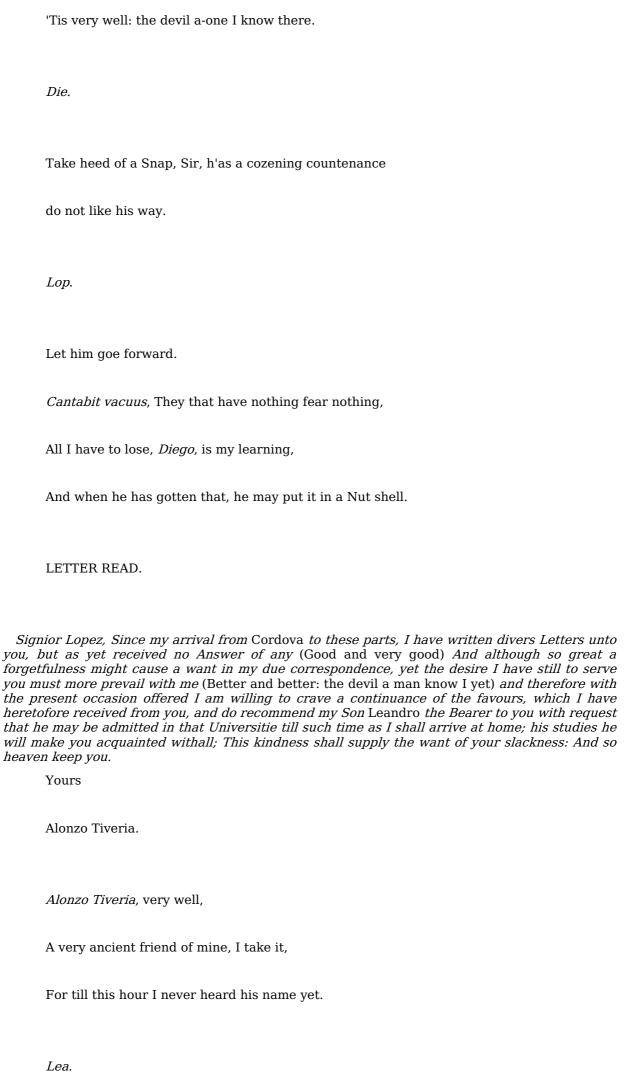


Die.
Would I could see 'em.
Lop.
And though I weep i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet ( <i>Diego</i> ) here I laugh.
Die.
The cause requires it.
Lop.
Since people left to die I am dunce, <i>Diego</i> .
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lea.
A pretious pair of youths! I must make toward'em.
Lop.
Who's that? look it seems he would speak to us.

I hope a Marriage, or some Will to make, *Diego*.

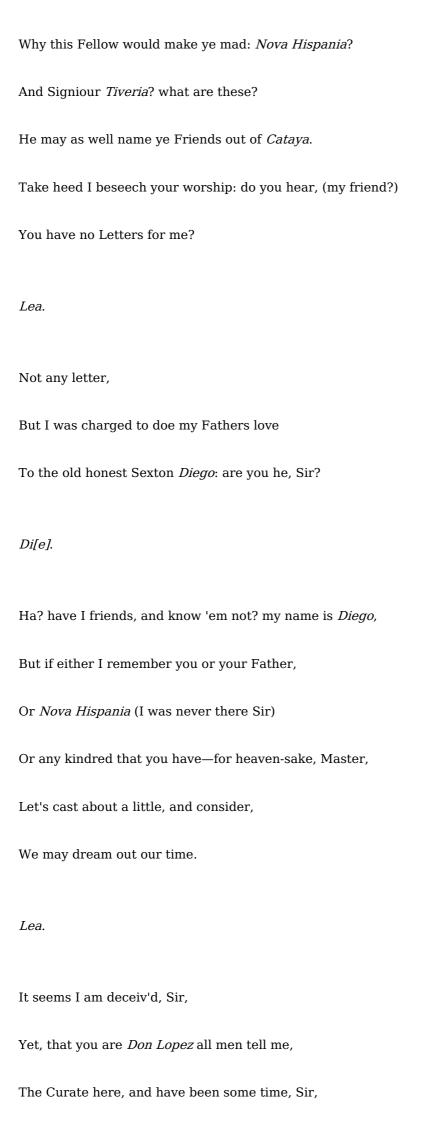
Die.

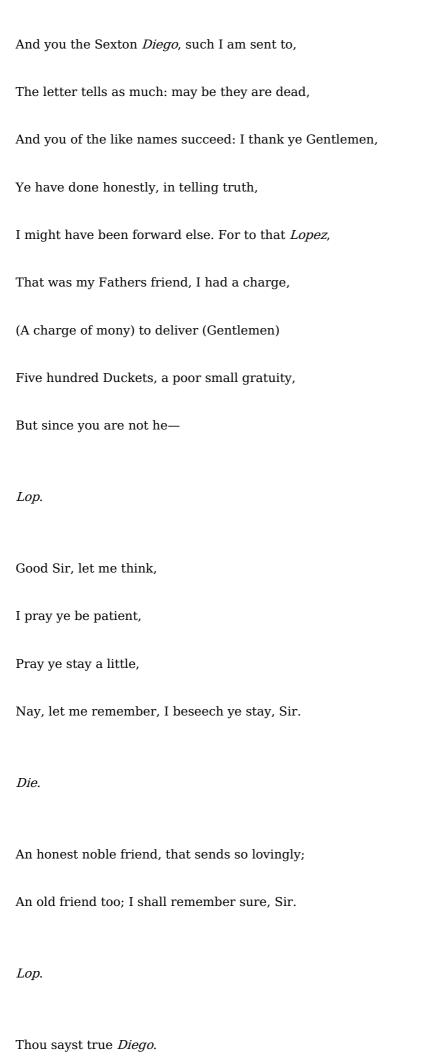








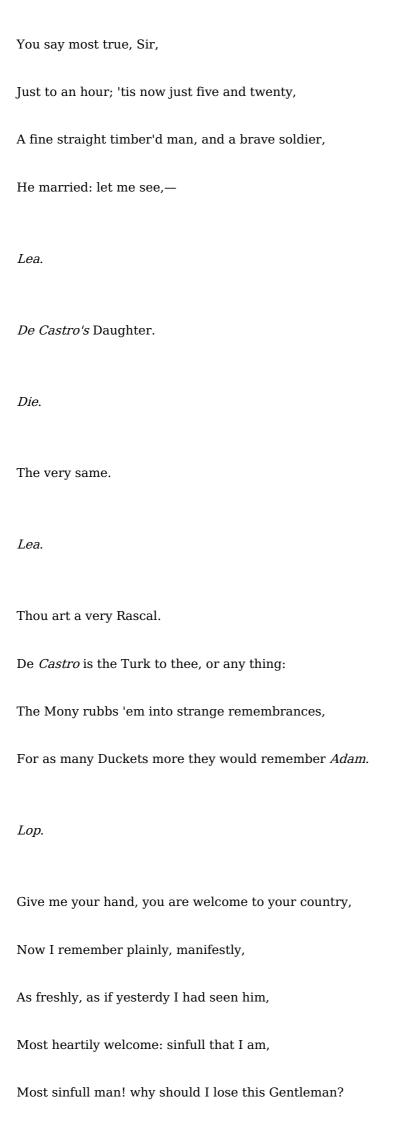


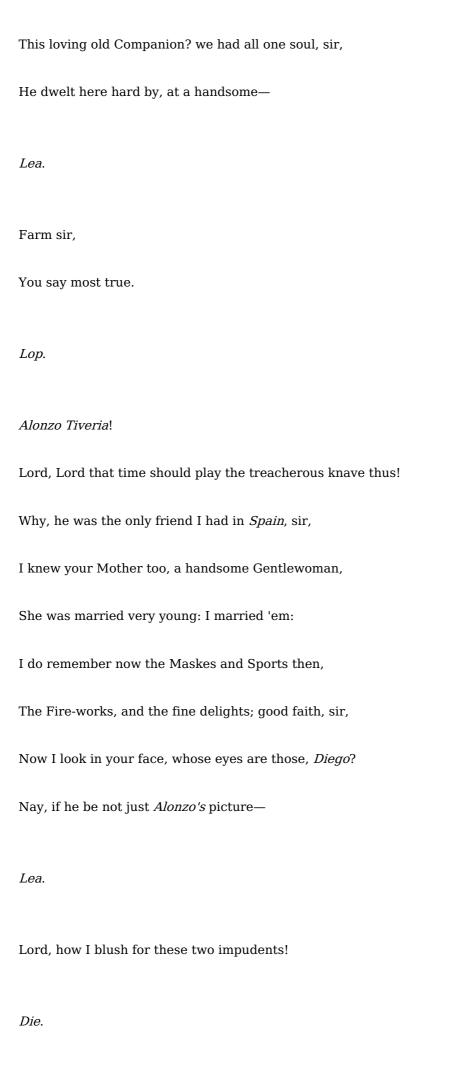


Die.
'Pray ye consider quickly,
Doe, doe, by any means, me thinks already
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.
Lea.
He's old indeed, sir.
Die.
With a goodly white Beard,
(For now he must be so: I know he must be)
Signior Alonzo, Master.
Lop.
I begin to have him.
Die.
H'as been from hence, about some twenty years, sir.
Lea.

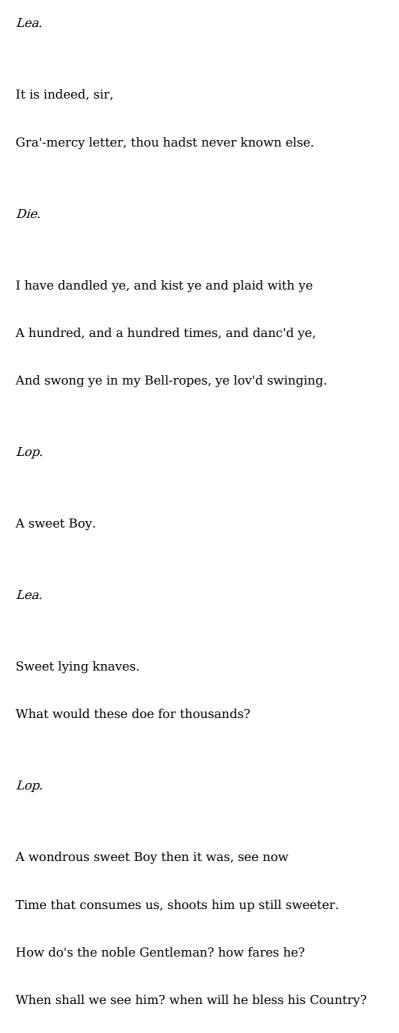
Some five and twenty, sir.

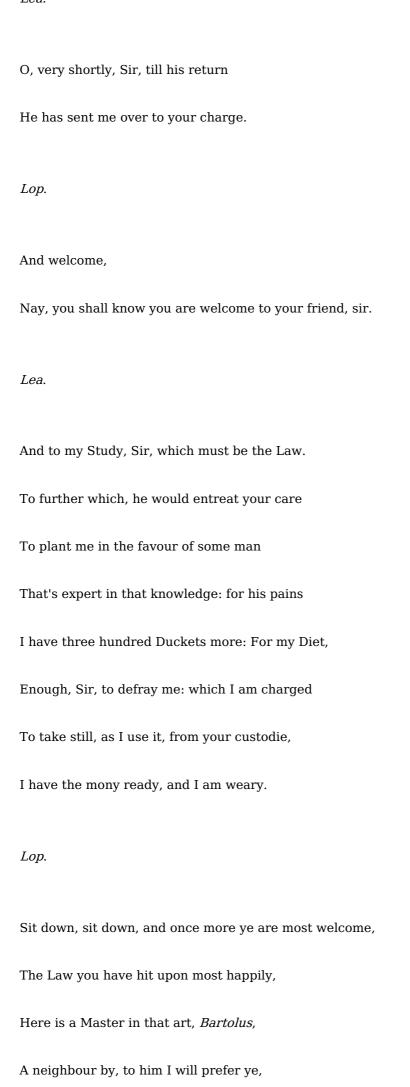
Die.

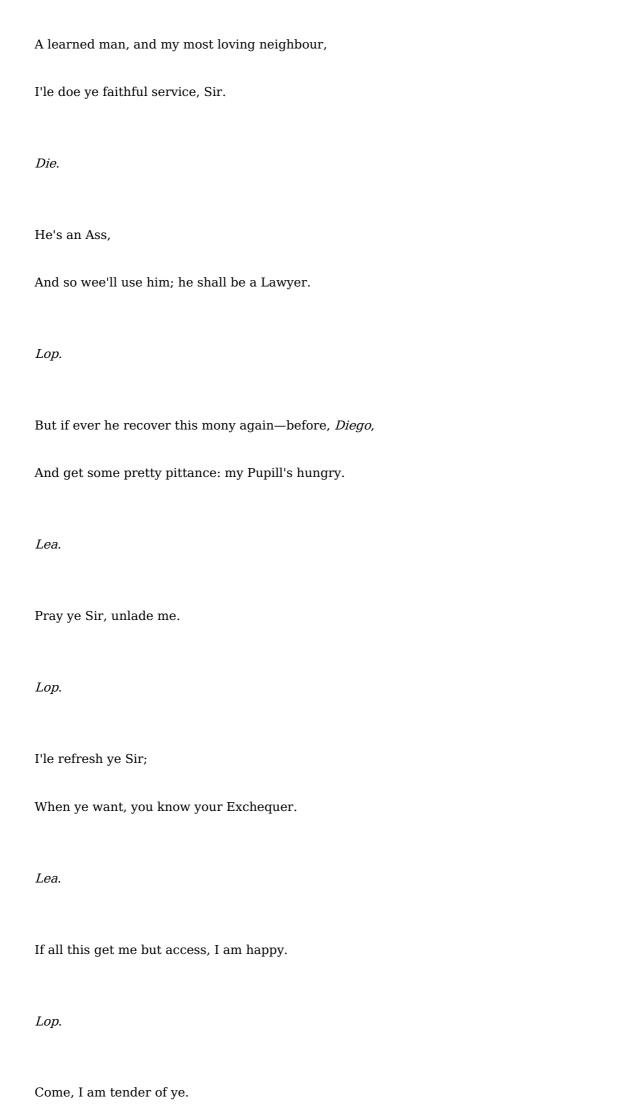




Well Gentleman, I think your name's Leandro.







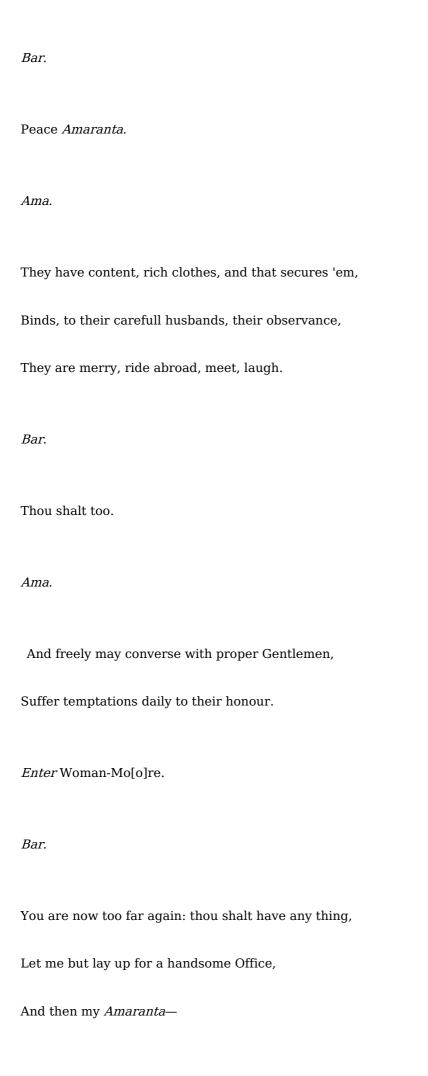
I'le go with ye. To have this fort betray'd these fools must fleece me. [Exeunt. SCENA II. Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta. Bar. My Amaranta, a retir'd sweet life, Private and close, and still, and houswifely, Becomes a Wife, sets off the grace of woman. At home to be believ'd both young, and handsome, As Lilies that are cas'd in crystall Glasses, Makes up the wonder: shew it abroad 'tis stale, And still the more eyes cheapen it 'tis more slubber'd, And what need windowes open to inviting? Or evening Tarrasses, to take opinions? When the most wholsome air (my wife) blows inward, When good thoughts are the noblest Companions, And old chast stories, wife, the best discourses;

But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?

Ama.

You know your own disease: distrust, and jealousie, And those two, give these Lessons, not good meaning, What trial is there of my honestie, When I am mew'd at home? to what end Husband, Serves all the vertuous thoughts, and chast behaviours Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent When by their contraries they are set off, and burnish'd. If ye both hold me fair, and chast, and vertuous, Let me goe fearless out, and win that greatness: These seeds grow not in shades, and conceal'd places: Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they rise glorious. Bar. Peace, ye are too loud. Ama. You are too covetous. If that be rank'd a vertue, you have a rich one. Set me (like other Lawyers wives) off handsomely, Attended as I ought, and as they have it, My Coach, my people, and my handsome women,

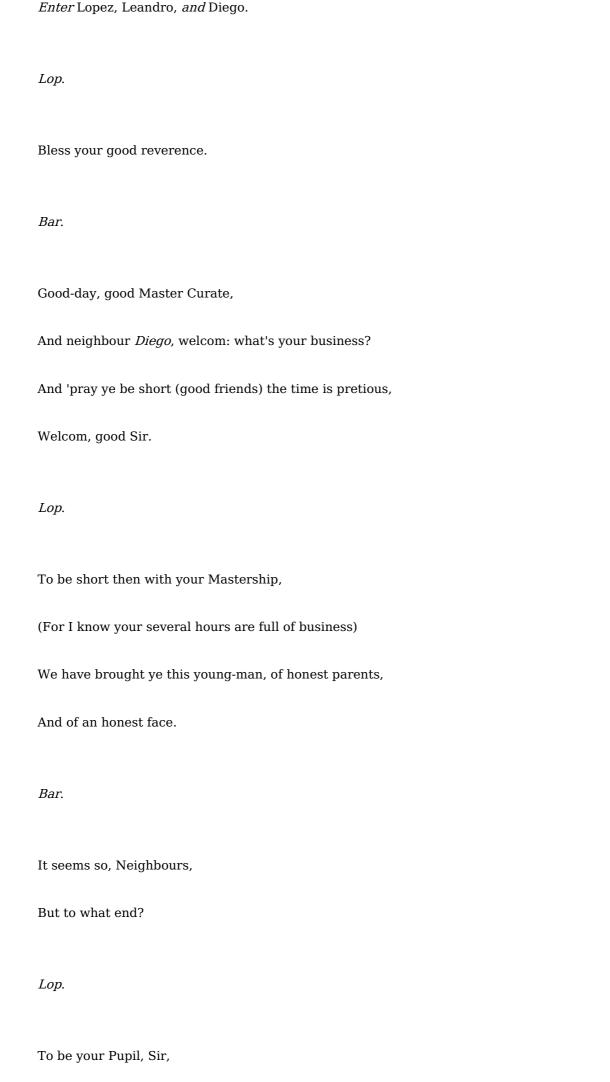
My will in honest things.

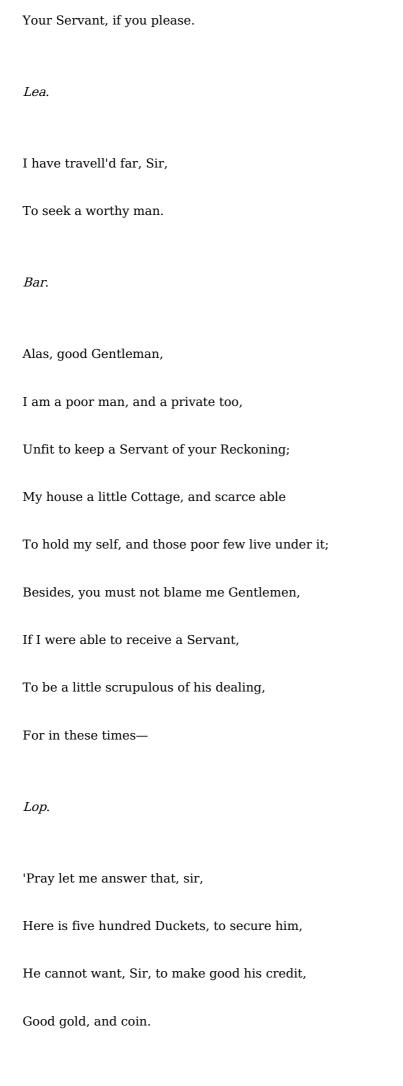


Here's a thing now,	
Ye place as pleasure to me: all my retinue,	
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my friend,	
And what she fails in, I must doe my self.	
A foyle to set my Beauty off, I thank ye,	
You will place the Devil next for a Companion.	
Bar.	
No more such words, good wife,	
What would you have, Maid?	
Moor.	
Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a stranger, sir,	
Attend to speak with your worship.	
Bar.	
A stranger?	
Ama.	
You had best to be jealous of the man you know not.	

Bar.

Pray thee no more of that.
Ama.
'Pray ye goe out to 'em,
That will be safest for ye, I am well here,
I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.
Bar.
No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest Client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me,
Pre'thee goe in (my Duck) I'le but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.
Ama.
I am commanded,
One day you will know my sufferance.—
[Exit.
Bar.
And reward it.
So, so, fast bind, fast find; Come in my neighbours,
My loving neighbours pray ye come in, ye are welcome.





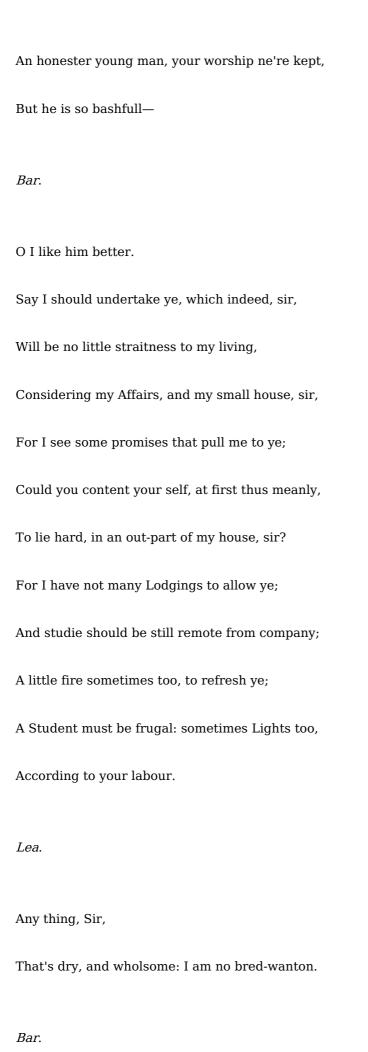
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And that's an honest pledge;
Yet sure, that needs not, for his face, and carriage,
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.
Lea.
And (for I have a ripe mind to the Law, sir,
In which I understand you live a Master)
The least poor corner in your house, poor Bed, sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)
With some Books to instruct me, and your counsel,
Shall I rest most content with: other Acquaintance
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of Law
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, sir,
For surely mine own nature desires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains (to shew my thanks,)
I do proportion out some twenty Duckets;
As I grow riper, more: three hundred now, sir,
To shew my love to learning, and my Master,
My diet I'le defray too, without trouble.
Lop.
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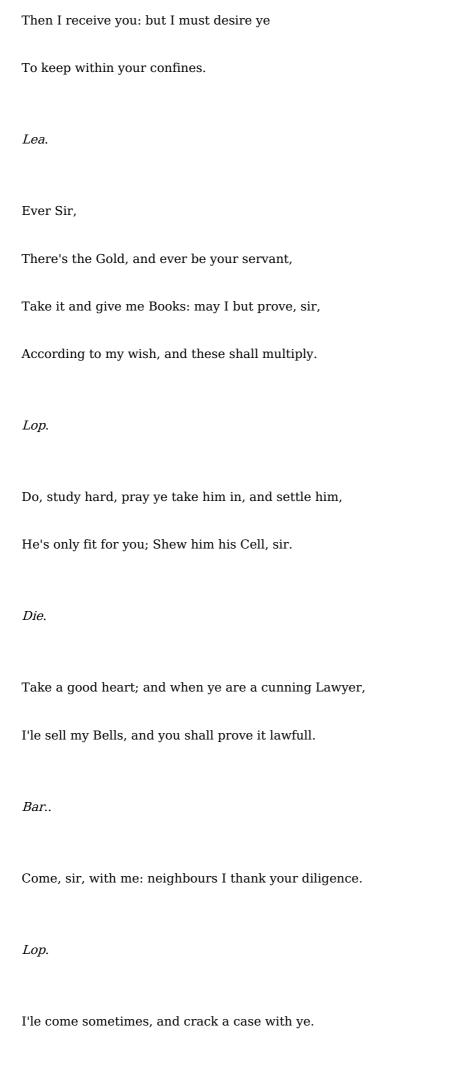
Note but his mind to learning.

I do strangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his mony.
Die.
Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too.
Lop.
A wondrous modest man, sir.
Bar.
So it seems,
His dear love to his Studie must be nourish'd,
Neighbour, he's like to prove.
Lop.
With your good counsel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him;
His Parents, when they know your care—
Bar.
Come hither.

Bar.

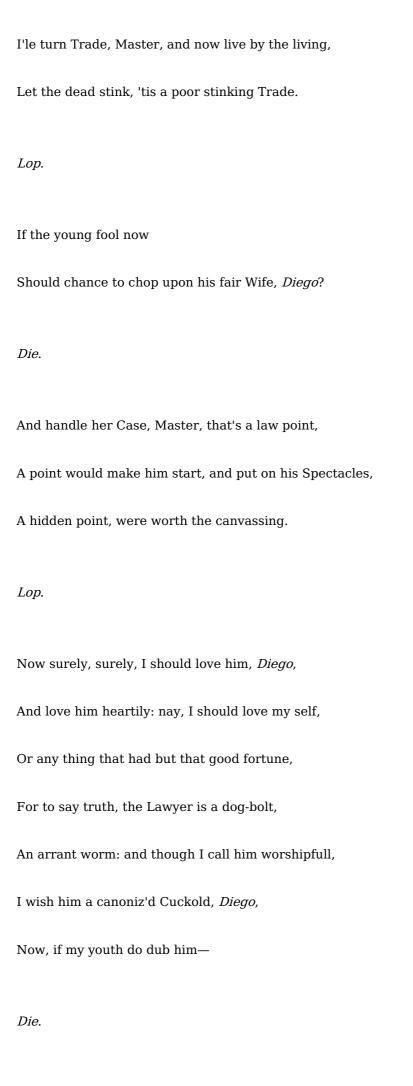
Die.





Bar.

Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I'le know 'em instantly; nay I'le be kin to 'em;
I cannot miss a man, that sends me mony:
Let him law there, long as his Duckets last, Boy,
I'le grace him, and prefer him.



He is too demure, Sir.

Lop.
If he do sting her home.
Dieg.
There's no such matter,
The woman was not born to so much blessedness,
He has no heat: study consumes his oyl, Master.
Lop.
Let's leave it to the will of Fate, and presently
Over a cup of lustie Sack, let's prophesie.
I am like a man that dreamt he was an Emperour,
Come <i>Diego</i> , hope, and whilst he lasts, we'll lay it on. [ <i>Ex</i> .
SCENA III.
Enter Jamy, Milanes, Arsenio.
Jam.
Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?
Mil.

Yes, yes.

Jam.
And you <i>Arsenio</i> ?
Ars.
Yes he's gone, Sir,
Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his voyage.
Love guide his thoughts: he's a brave honest fellow.
Sit close Don Lawyer, O that arrant knave now,
How he will stink, will smoak again, will burst!
He's the most arrant Beast.
Mil.
He may be more beast.
Jam.
Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him,
The villany he has sowed into my Brother,
And from his State, the Revenue he has reach'd at:
Pay him, my good <i>Leandro</i> , take my prayers.
Ars.

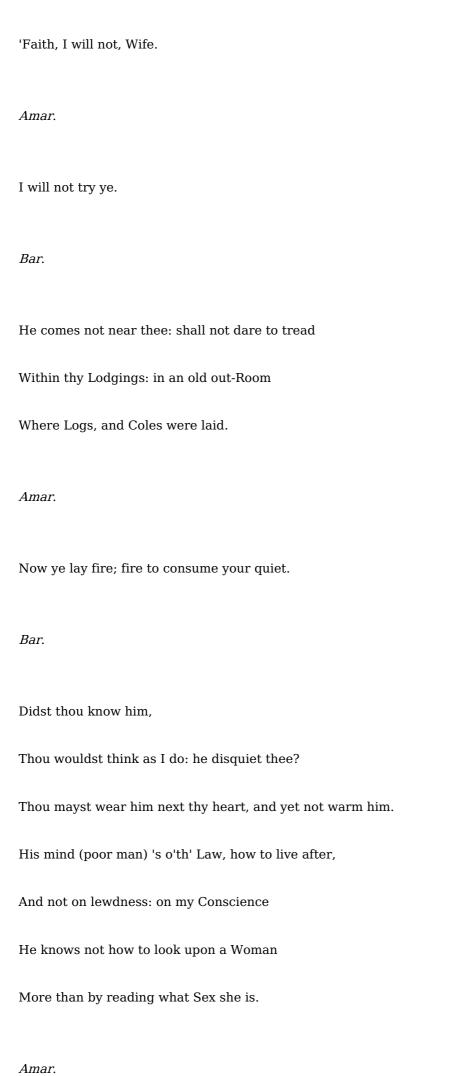
And all our wishes plough with his fine white heifer.

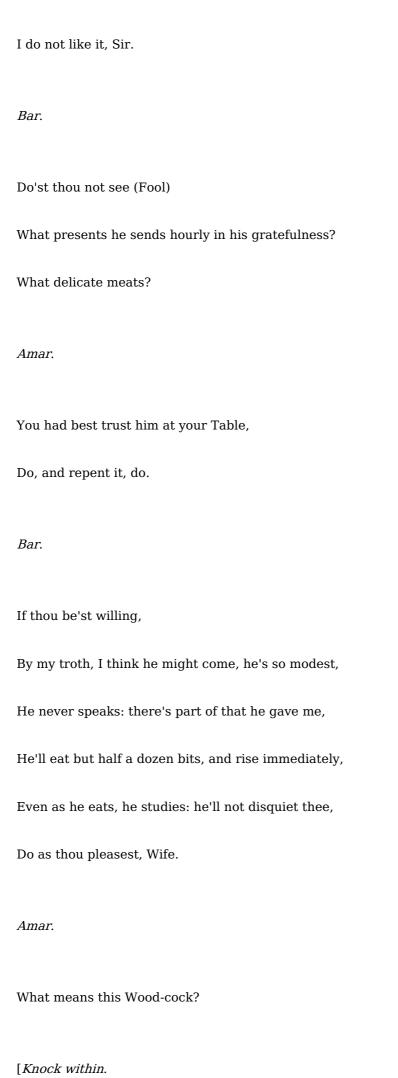
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Mark him (my dear friend) for a famous Cuckold,
Let it out-live his Books, his pains, and hear me,
The more he seeks to smother it with Justice,
Enter a Servant.
Let it blaze out the more: what news Andrea?
Andr.
News I am loth to tell ye: but I am charg'd, sir,
Your Brother layes a strict command upon ye,
No more to know his house, upon your danger,
I am sorry, Sir.
Jam.
Faith never be: I am glad on't,
He keeps the house of pride, and foolery:
I mean to shun it: so return my Answer,
'Twill shortly spew him out; Come, let's be merry,
And lay our heads together, carefully
How we may help our friend; and let's lodge near him,
```

Be still at hand: I would not for my patrimony,

Bar.

But he should crown his Lawyer, a learned Monster;





Bar.
Retire, Sweet, there's one knocks: come in, your business.
Enter Servant.
Ser.
My Lord, <i>Don Henrique</i> , would entreat ye, Sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him,
He has business of some moment.
Bar.
I'le attend him,
I must be gone: I pre'thee think the best, Wife,
At my return, I'le tell thee more, good morrow;
Sir, keep ye close, and study hard: an hour hence
I'le read a new Case to ye.—
[Exit.
[Leandro within.]
Lean.

I'le be ready.

So many hundred Duckets, to ly scurvily?
And learn the pelting Law? this sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly: I would see this fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what study: there's the place:
I'le go o'th' other side, and take my Fortune.
I think there is a window.
[ <i>Exit</i> .
Enter Leandro.
Lean.
He's gone out
Now, if I could but see her: she is not this way:
How nastily he keeps his house! my Chamber,
If I continue long, will choak me up,
It is so damp: I shall be mortified
For any woma[n], if I stay a month here:
I'le in, and strike my Lute, that sound may call her.

[Exit.

Amar.

Dearest do not you delay me, Since thou knowest I must be gone; Wind and Tide 'tis thought doth stay me, But 'tis wind that must be blown From that breath, whose native smell Indian Odours far excel.

2.

Oh then speak thou fairest fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee,
But perfume this neighbouring Air;
Else dull silence sure will starve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrained a heart is broken.

Enter Amaranta.

Amar.

He keeps very close: Lord, how I long to see him!

A Lute strook handsomely, a voice too; I'le hear that:

These Verses are no Law, they sound too sweetly,

Now I am more desirous.

[Leandro peeping.

Lean.

'Tis she certain.

Amar.



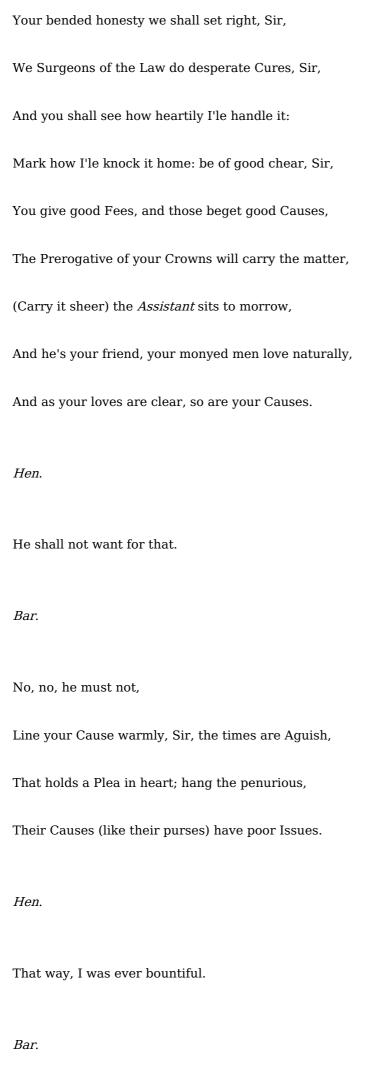
This is no Clerk behaviour; now I have seen ye,
I'le take my time: Husband, ye have brought home tinder.
[Exit.
Lean.
Sure she has transform'd me,
I had forgot my tongue clean,
I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And speak my mind, my lips were lockt up here.
This is divine, and only serv'd with reverence;
O most fair cover of a hand far fairer,
Thou blessed Innocence, that guards that whiteness,
Live next my heart. I am glad I have got a relick,
[A noise within]
A relick when I pray to it, may work wonders.
Hark, there's some noise: I must retire again.
This blessed Apparition makes me happy;
I'le suffer, and I'le sacrifice my substance,
But I'le enjoy: now softly to my Kennel.

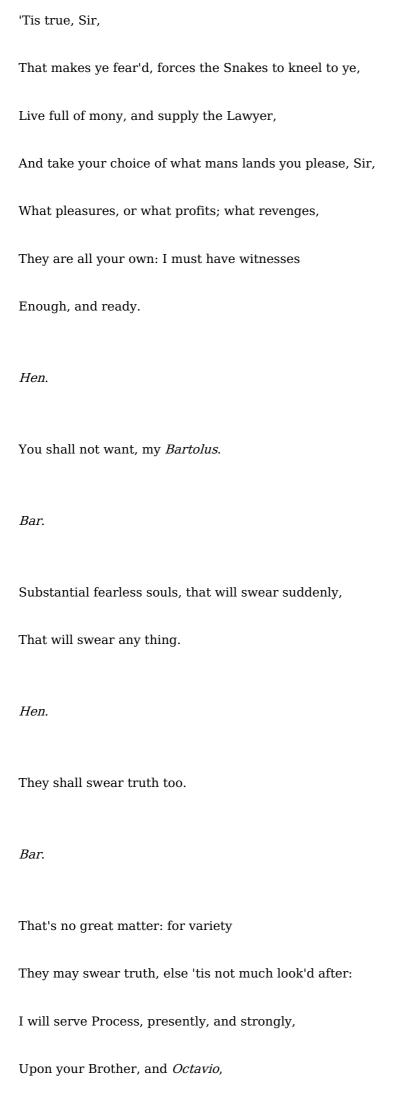
He comes on: surely he will speak: he is made most handsomly:

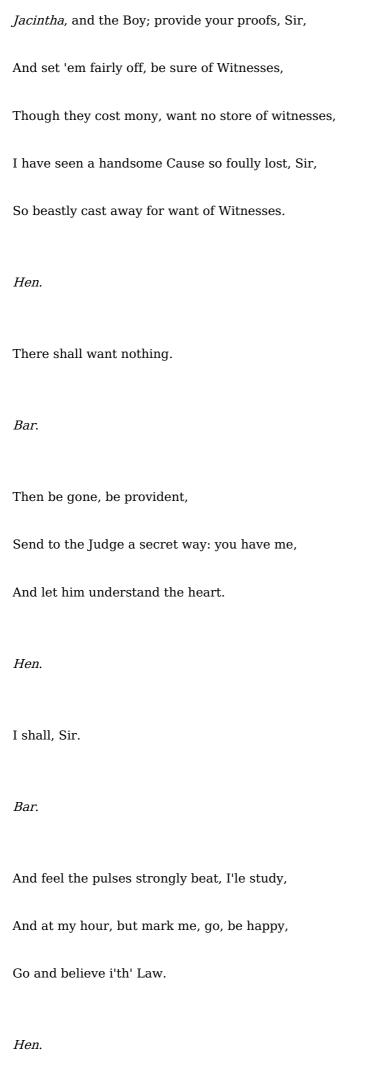
## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Henrique, and Bartolus.
Hen.
You know my cause sufficiently?
Bar.
I do Sir.
Hen.
And though it will impair my honesty,
And strike deep at my Credit, yet, my Bartolus,
There being no other evasion left to free me
From the vexation of my spightful Brother,
That most insultingly raigns over me,
I must and will go forward.
Bar.
Do, my Lord,

And look not after credit, we shall cure that,





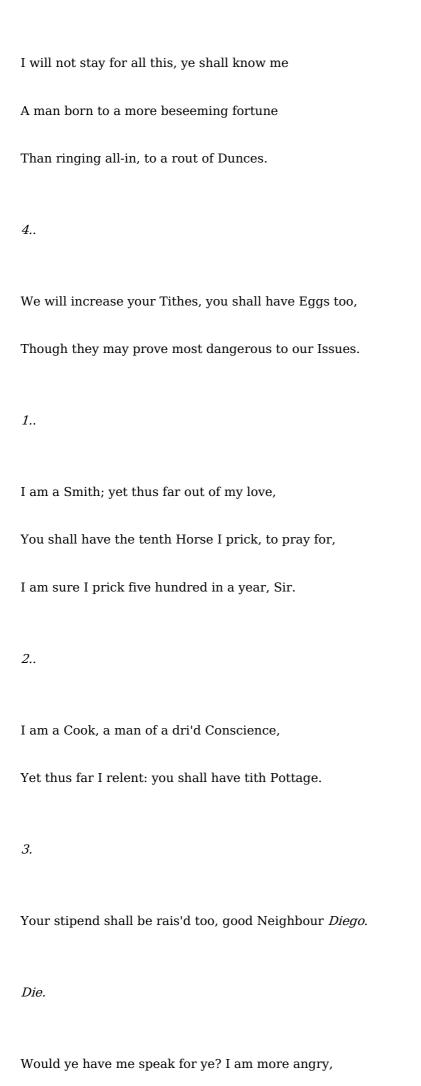


I hope 'twill help me.

[Exeunt.
SCENA II.
Enter Lopez, Diego, and four Parishioners and Singers.
Lop.
Ne're talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye,
Debaush'd and ignorant lazie knaves I found ye,
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,
Preacht spoon-meat to ye, that a Child might swallow,
Yet ye are Block-heads still: what should I say to ye?
Ye have neither faith, nor mony left to save ye,
Am I a fit companion for such Beggers?
1
If the Shepheard will suffer the sheep to be scab'd, Sir—
Lop.
No, no ye are rotten.
Die.

Would they were, for my sake.

```
I have Nointed ye, and Tarr'd ye with my Doctrine,
And yet the Murren sticks to ye, yet ye are Mangy,
I will avoid ye.
2..
Pray ye, Sir, be not angry,
In the pride of your new Cassock, do not part with us,
We do acknowledge ye are a careful Curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with Sermons,
A short slice of a Reading serves us, Sir,
We do acknowledge ye a quiet Teacher,
Before you'll vex your Audience, you'll sleep with 'em,
And that's a loving thing.
3..
We grant ye, Sir,
The only benefactor to our Bowling,
To all our merry Sports the first provoker,
And at our Feasts, we know there is no reason,
But you that edifie us most, should eat most.
```



```
Ten times more vex'd, not to be pacified:
No, there be other places for poor Sextons,
Places of profit, Friends, fine stirring places,
And people that know how to use our Offices,
Know what they were made for: I speak for such Capons?
Ye shall find the Key o'th' Church
Under the door, Neighbours,
You may go in, and drive away the Dawes.
Lop.
My Surpless, with one sleeve, you shall find there,
For to that dearth of Linnen you have driven me;
And the old Cutwork Cope, that hangs by Geometry:
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender;
The remnant of the Books, lie where they did, Neighbours,
Half puft away with the Church-wardens pipings,
Such smoaky zeals they have against hard places.
The Poor-mans Box is there too: if ye find any thing
Beside the Posie, and that half rub'd out too,
For fear it should awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uses, that is, spend it.
```

Die.

So we bequeath ye to your destiny.
1.
'Pray ye be not so hasty.
Die.
I'le speak a proud word to ye,
Would ye have us stay?
2.
We do most heartily pray ye.
3.
I'le draw as mighty drink, Sir.
Lop.
A strong motive,
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.
3. And I'le send for my Daughter.
Lop.

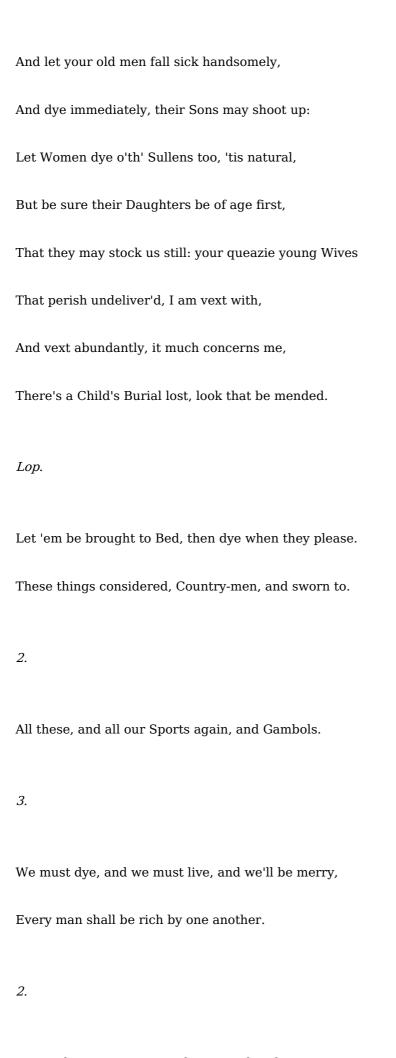
The Bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye,

This may stir too:

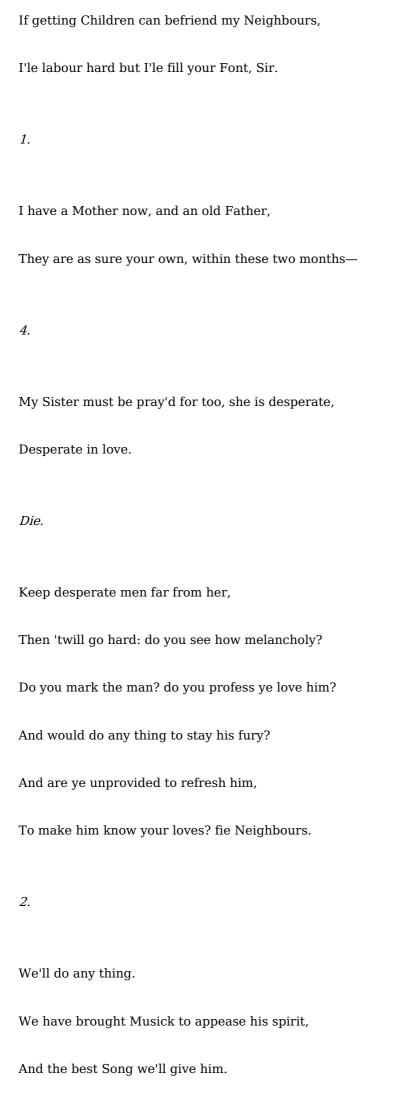
4. You shall have any thing: lose our learned Vicar? And our most constant friend; honest dear Diego? Die. Yet all this will not do: I'le tell ye, Neighbours, And tell ye true, if ye will have us stay, If you will have the comforts of our companies, You shall be bound to do us right in these points, You shall be bound, and this the obligation, Dye when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties, And do not seek to draw out our undoings, Marry try'd Women, that are free, and fruitful, Get Children in abundance, for your Christnings, Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice. Lop. Let Weddings, Christnings, Churchings, Funerals, And merry Gossippings go round, go round still,

Round as a Pig, that we may find the profit.

The Maiden is of age, and must be edified.



We are here to morrow and gone to day, for my part



We are set, proceed Neighbours.

SONG.

1

Let the Bells ring, and let the Boys sing, The young Lasses skip and play, Let the Cups go round, till round goes the ground, Our Learned old Vicar will stay.

2

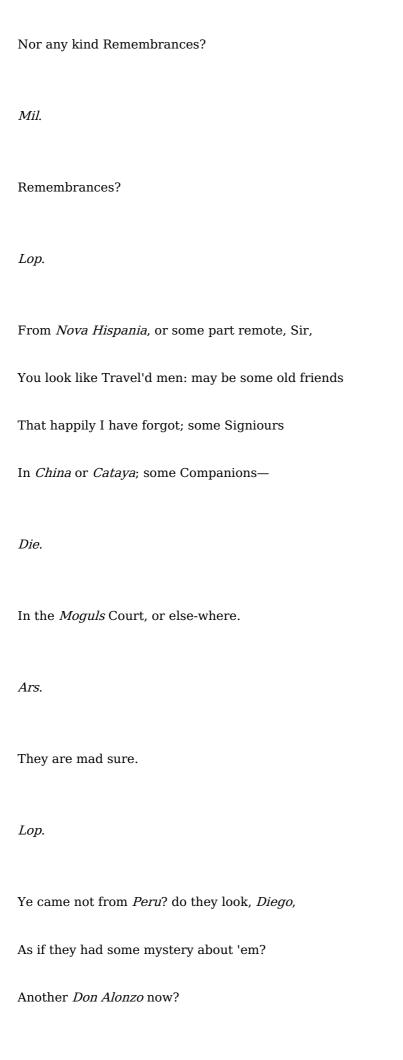
3
The stewed Cock shall Crow, Cock-a-loodle-loo, A loud Cock-a-loodle shall he Crow; The Duck and the Drake, shall swim in a lake Of Onions and Claret below.
4
Our Wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat; To thee our most noble adviser, Our pains shall be great, and Bottles shall sweat, And we our selves will be wiser.
5
We'll labour and swinck, we'll kiss and we'll drink, And Tithes shall come thicker and thicker; We'll fall to our Plow, and get Children enough, And thou shalt be learned old Vicar.
Enter Arsenio and Milanes.
Ars.
What ails this Priest? how highly the thing takes it!
Mil.
Lord how it looks! has he not bought some Prebend?
Leandro's mony makes the Rascal merry,
Merry at heart; he spies us.

Our Vicar this day shall be trim.

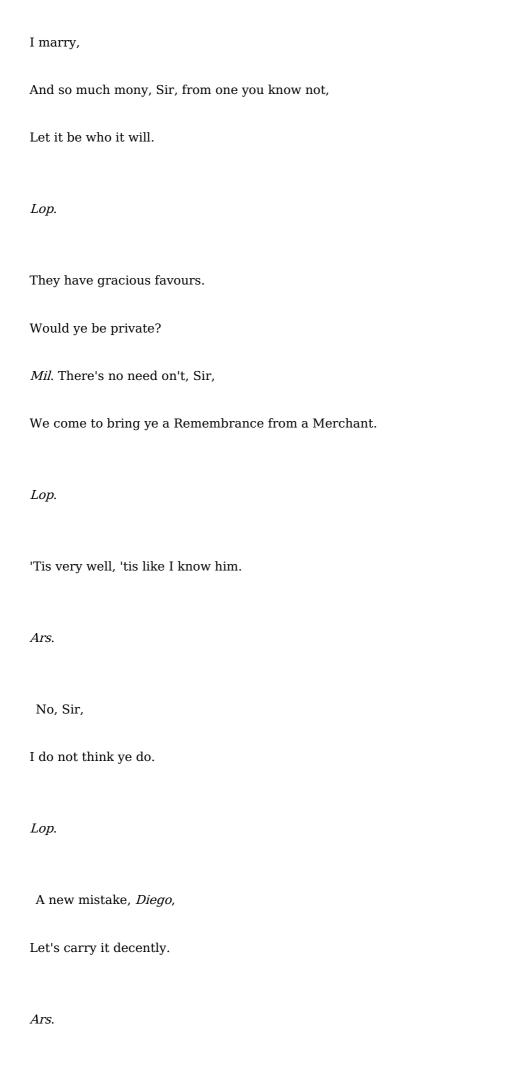
Ye have no Letters?

Lop.

For me thinks ye look lovely.



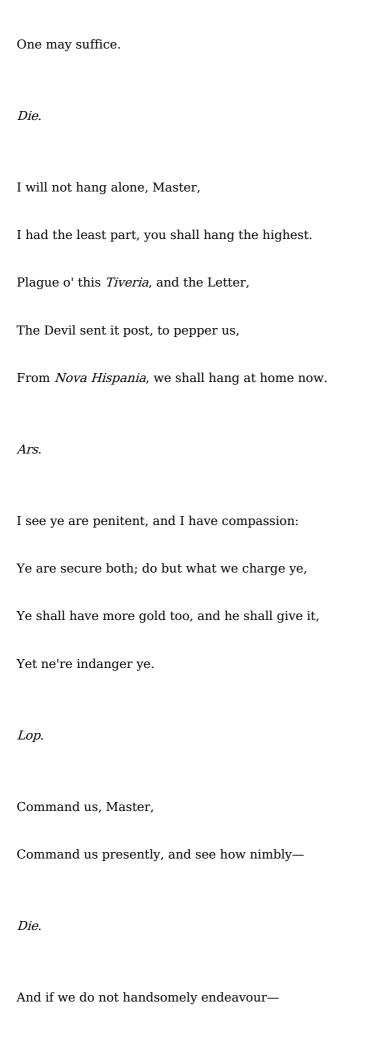
Die.

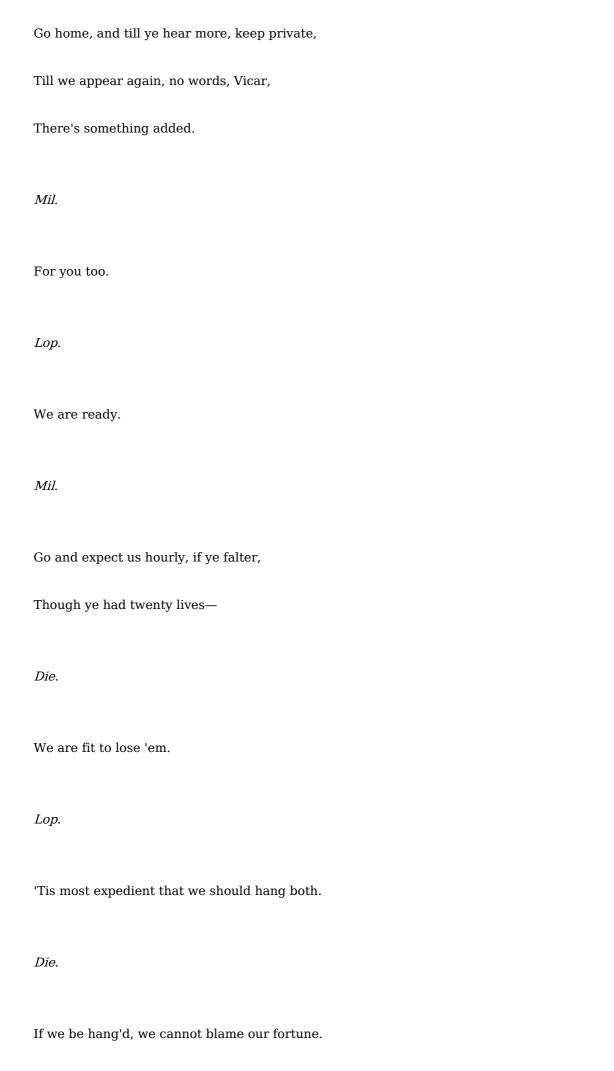


We come to tell ye,

You have received great sums from a young Factor
They call <i>Leandro</i> , that has rob'd his Master,
Rob'd him, and run away.
Die.
Let's keep close, Master;
This news comes from a cold Country.
Lop.
By my faith it freezes.
Mil.
Is not this true? do you shrink now good-man Curat?
Do I not touch ye?
Lop.
We have a hundred Duckets
Yet left, we do beseech ye, Sir—
Mil.
You'll hang both.

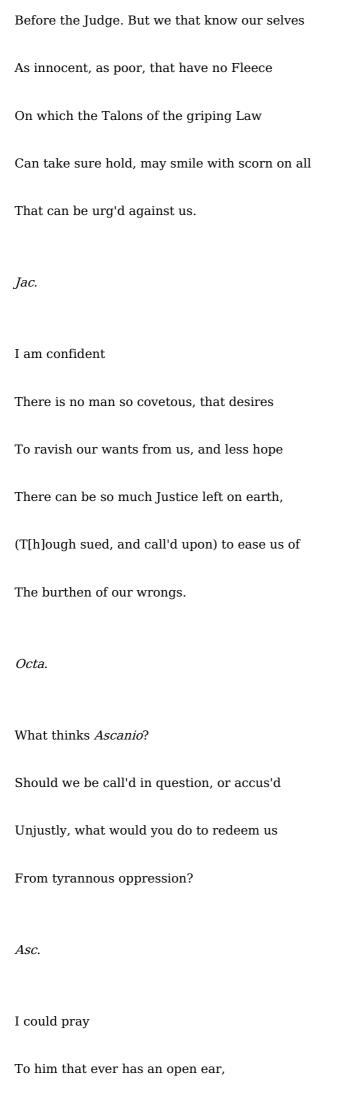
Lop.



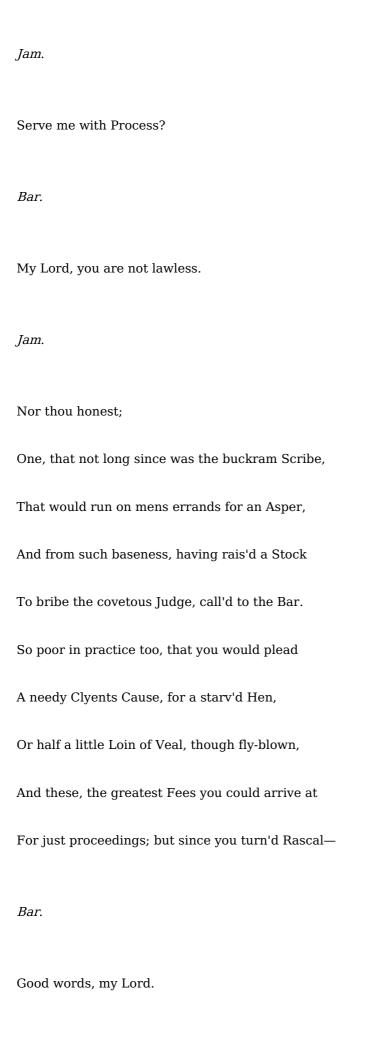


Farewel, and be your own friends.
Lop.
We expect ye.—
[Exeunt.
SCENA III.
Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.
Octa.
We cited to the Court!
{A Bar, Table-book, 2 Chairs, and Paper, standish set out.
Jac.
It is my wonder.
Octa.
But not our fear, Jacintha; wealthy men,
That have Estates to lose; whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horrour

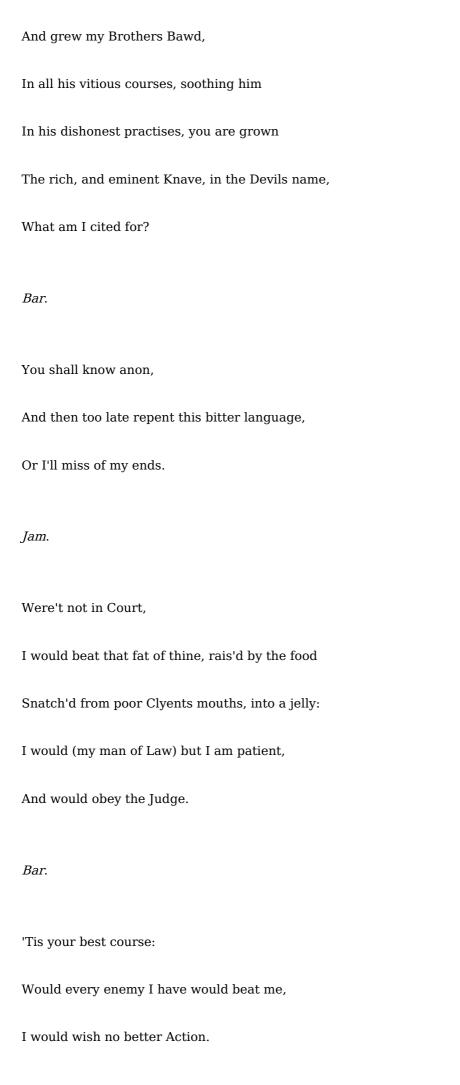
To have their Actions sifted, or appear







Jam.



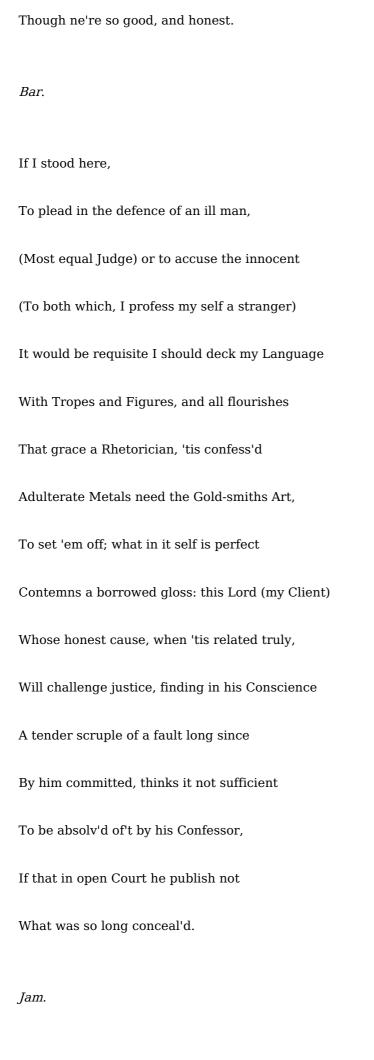
'Save your Lordship.
Asc.
My humble service.
Jam.
My good Boy, how dost thou?
Why art thou call'd into the Court?
Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, and Witnesses.
Asc.
I know not,
But 'tis my Lord the Assistants pleasure
I should attend here.
Jam.
He will soon resolve us.
Offi.
Make way there for the Judge.

Octa.

Jam.

How? my kind Brother?
Nay then 'tis rank: there is some villany towards.
Assist.
This Sessions purchas'd at your suit, <i>Don Henrique</i> ,
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.
Hen.
I do beseech
The honourable Court, I may be heard
In my Advocate.
Assist.
'Tis granted.
Bar.
Humh, humh.
Jam.
That Preface,

If left out in a Lawyer, spoils the Cause,



To what tends this?

In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth, and heat of blood, should mix together)
He look'd upon this woman, on whose face
The ruines yet remain, of excellent form,
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.
Jac.
You good Angels,
What an impudence is this?
Bar.
And us'd all means
Of Service, Courtship, Presents, that might win her
To be at his devotion: but in vain;
Her Maiden Fort, impregnable held out,
Until he promis'd Marriage; and before
These Witnesses a solemn Contract pass'd
To take her as his Wife.
Assist.

Give them their Oath.

Bar.

They are incompetent Witnesses, his own Creatures, And will swear any thing for half a Royal. Offi. Silence. Assist. Proceed. Bar. Upon this strong assurance He did enjoy his wishes to the full, Which satisfied, and then with eyes of Judgement (Hood-wink'd with Lust before) considering duly The inequality of the Match, he being Nobly descended, and allyed, but she Without a name, or Family, secretly He purchas'd a Divorce, to disanul His former Contract, Marrying openly The Lady Violante.

Jam.

As you sit here

The Deputy of the great King, who is

The Substitute of that impartial Judge,

With whom, or wealth, or titles prevail nothing,

Grant to a much wrong'd Widow, or a Wife

Your patience, with liberty to speak

In her own Cause, and let me face to face

To this bad man, deliver what he is:

And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude ballanc'd,

Move not compassion, let me die unpitied;

His Tears, his Oaths, his Perjuries, I pass o're;

To think of them is a disease; but death

Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,

(For Innocence cannot justifie what's false)

But all the Advocate hath alledged concerning

His falshood, and my shame, in my consent,

To be most true: But now I turn to thee,

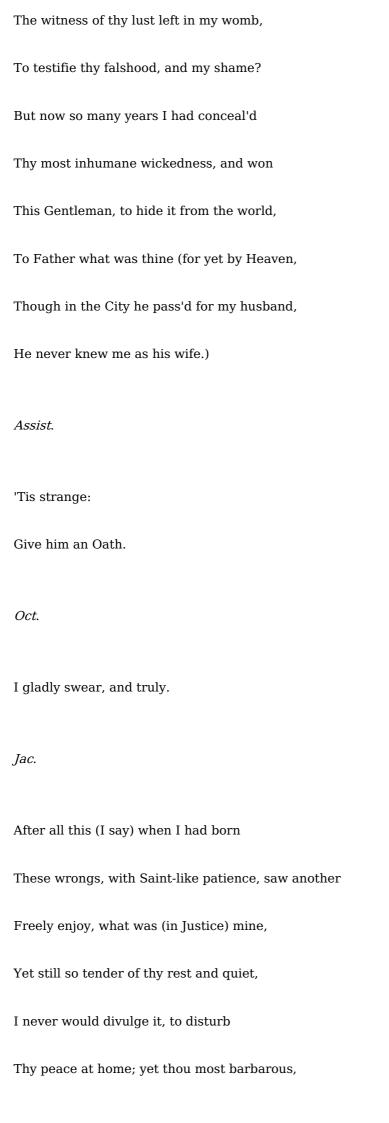
To thee Don Henrique, and if impious Acts

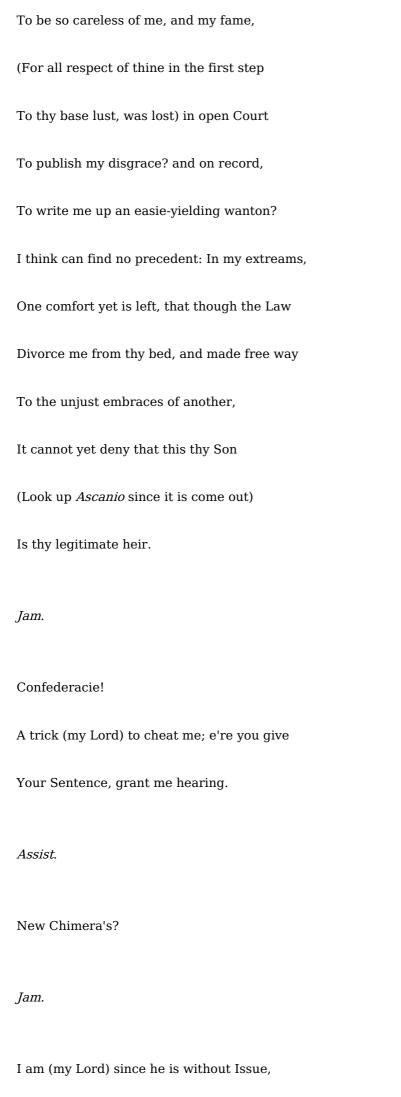
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,

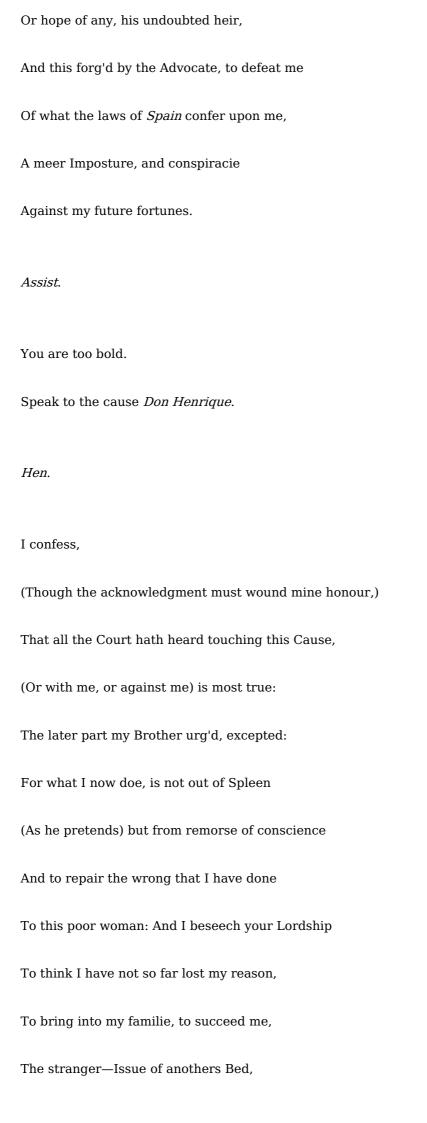
I'le paint it on thy cheeks. Was not the wrong

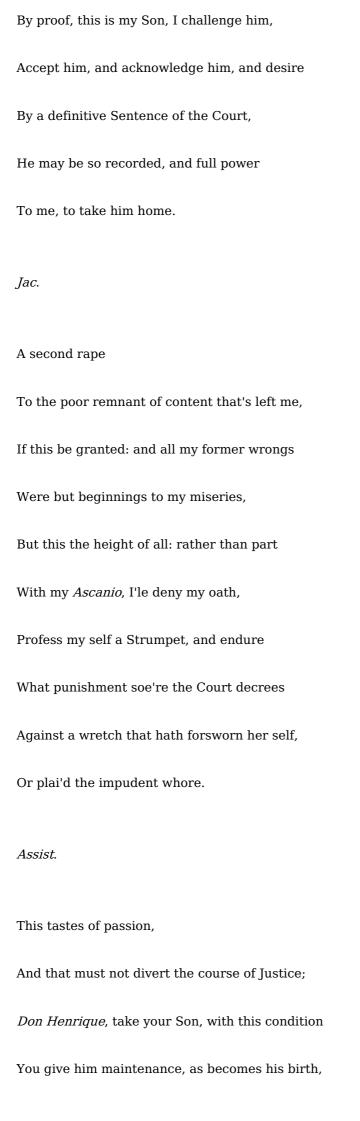
Sufficient to defeat me of mine honour,

To leave me full of sorrow, as of want,







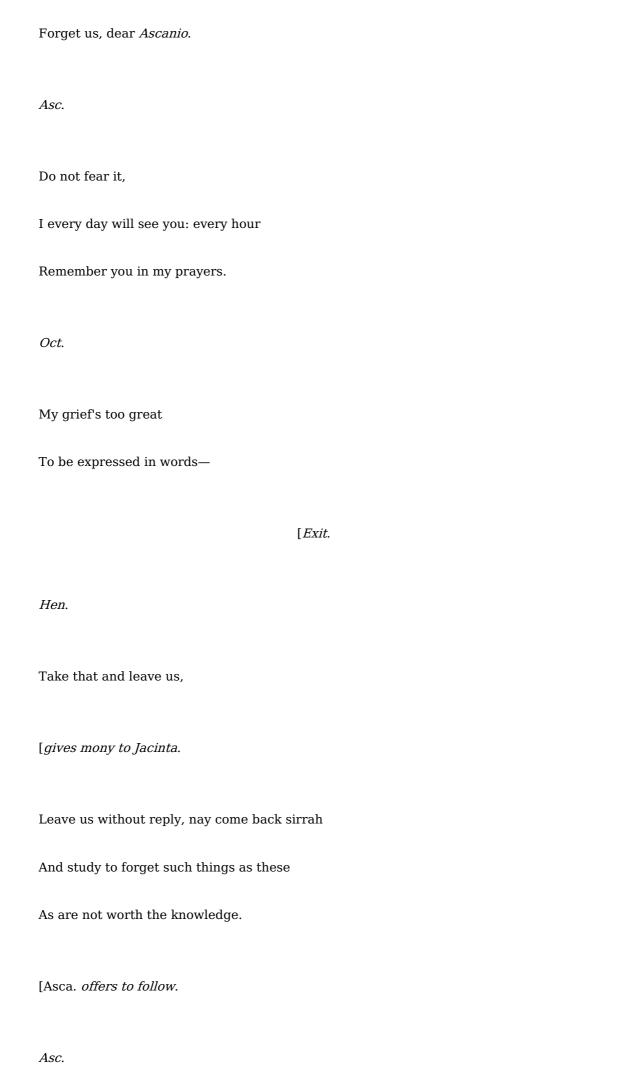


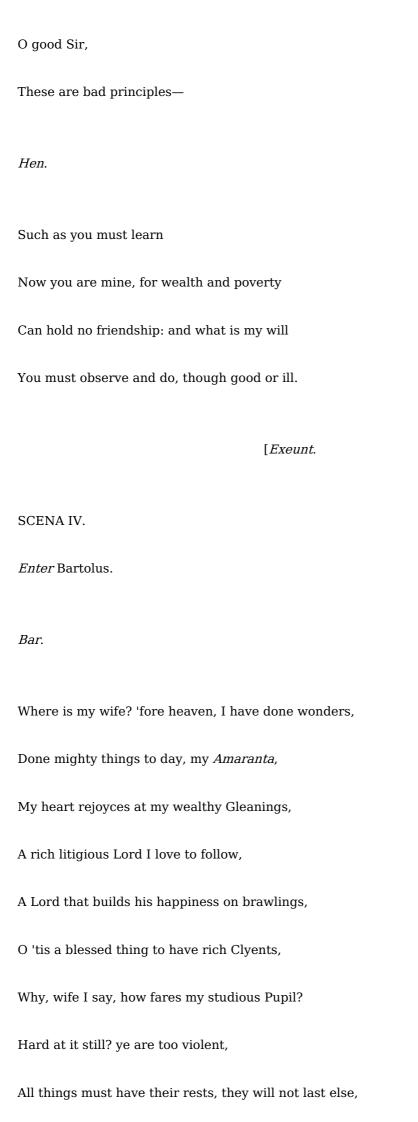
And 'twill stand with your honour to doe something
For this wronged woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your will. Break up the Court:
It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,
And cannot be revok'd.—
[Exit.
Hen.
There's your reward.
Bar.
More causes, and such Fees. Now to my Wife,
I have too long been absent: Health to your Lordship.
[Exit.
Asc.
You all look strangely, and I fear believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud,
Indeed it do's not: I shall ever pay you
The duty of a son, and honour you
Next to my Father: good my Lord, for yet
I dare not call you, uncle, be not sad.

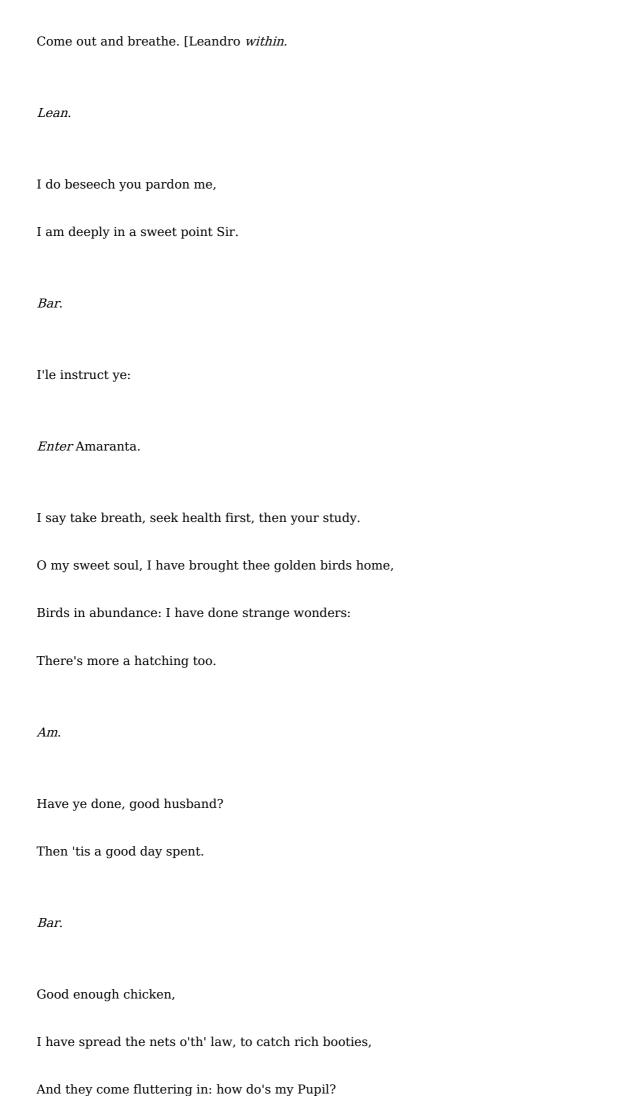
You did me being a stranger, and if ever
I live to be the master of a fortune,
You shall command it.
Jam.
Since it was determin'd
I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee, I am too tough to melt,
But something I will do.
Hen.
'Pray you take leave
Of your steward (gentle Brother) the good husband
That takes up all for you.
Jam.
Very well, mock on,
It is your turn: I may have mine—
[Exit.
Oct.

I never shall forget those noble favours

But do not







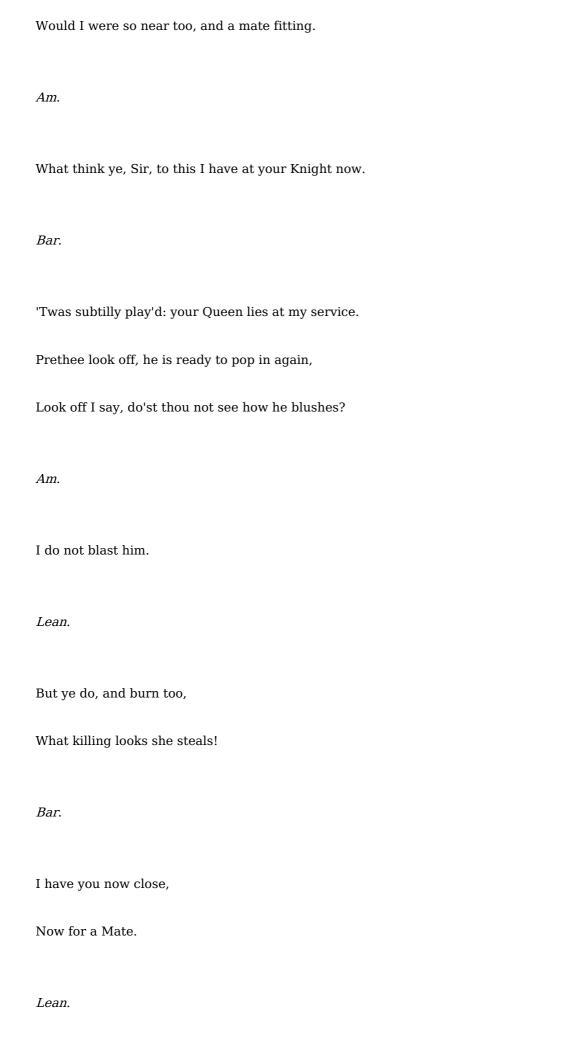


Enter Moor, with Chesse-board. Bring out the Chesse-board,—come let's have a game wife, I'le try your masterie, you say you are cunning. Am. As learned as ye are, Sir, I shall beat ye. Enter Leandro. Bar. Here he steals out, put him not out of countenance, Prethee look another way, he will be gone else Walk and refresh your self, I'll be with you presently. Lean. I'le take the air a little. [*Play at chess*. Bar. 'Twill be healthfull.

Will ye be there? then here? I'le spare ye that man.

Lea.

Am.





Lean.
The devil blow him off.
Bar.
Play.
Am.
I will study:
For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me—[knock.
Bar.
He knocks again; I cannot stay. <i>Leandro</i> ,
'Pray thee come near.
Lean>.
I am well, Sir, here.
Bar.
Come hither:
Be not afraid, but come.

Am.

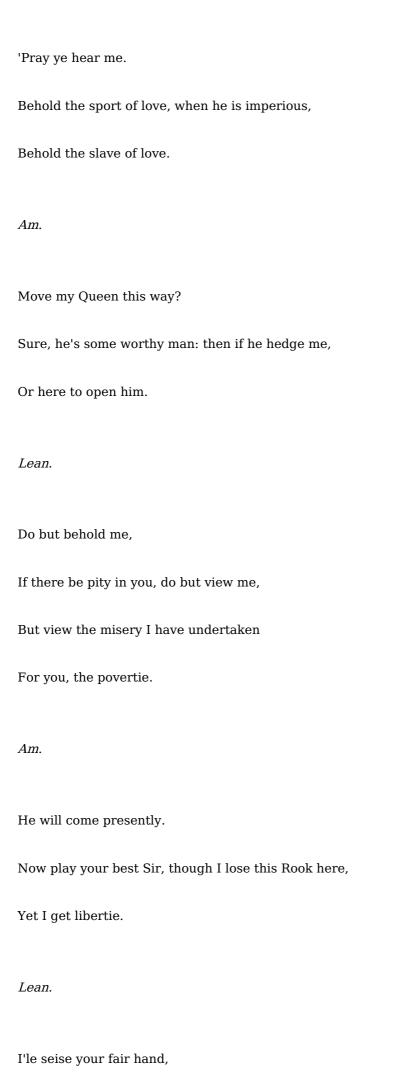


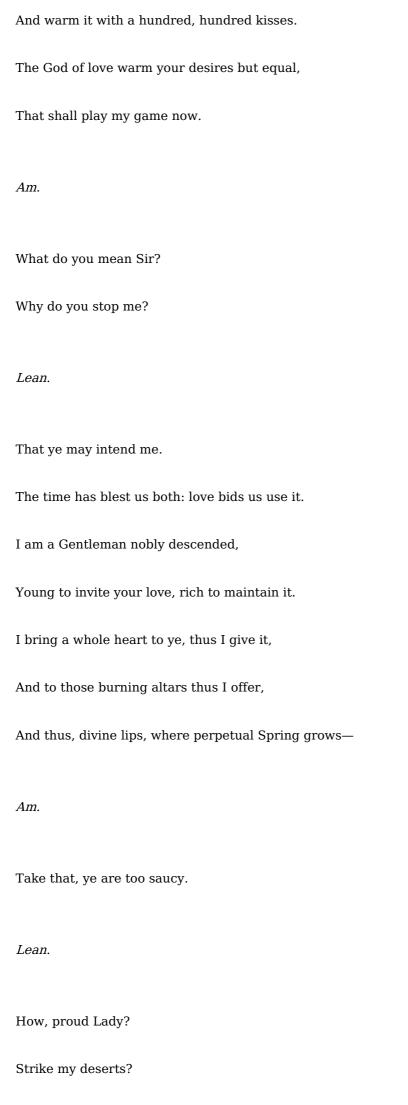
Am.
Can ye play at Chess Sir?
Lean.
A little, Lady.
Am.
But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this Mate, and win the Game too;
H'as noble eyes: ye dare not friend me so far.
Lean.
I dare do any thing that's in mans power Lady,
To be a friend to such a noble beauty.
Am.
This is no Lawyers language: I pray ye tell me,
Whither may I remove, Ye see I am set round,
To avoid my husband?

Lean.

I shall tell ye happily,
But happily you will not be instructed.
Am.
Yes, and thank ye too, shall I move this man?
Lean.
Those are unseemly: move one can serve ye,
Can honour ye, can love ye.
Am.
'Pray ye tell quickly,
He will return, and then.
Lean.
I'le tell ye instantly,
Move me, and I will move any way to serve ye,
Move your heart this way, Lady.
Am.
How?

Lean.

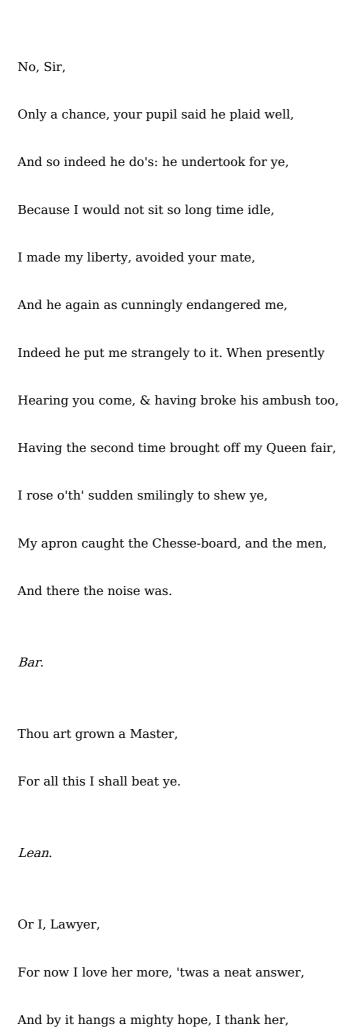


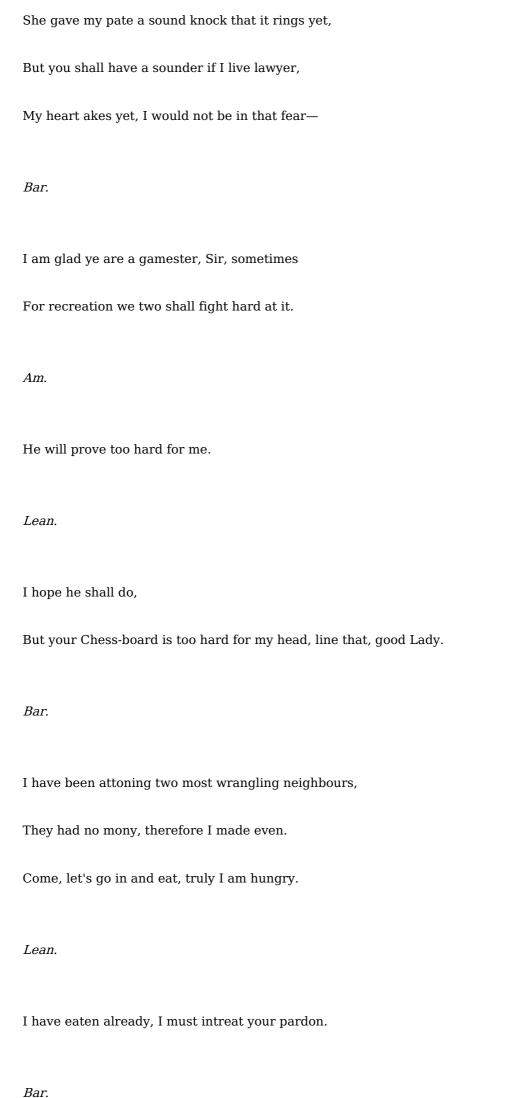


I was to blame.
Enter
Bartolus.
Bar.
What wife, there?
Heaven keep my house from thieves.
Lean.
I am wretched:
Opened, discovered, lost to my wishes.
I shall be whooted at.
Bar.
What noise was this, wife?
Why dost thou smile?
Lean.
This proud thing will betray me.

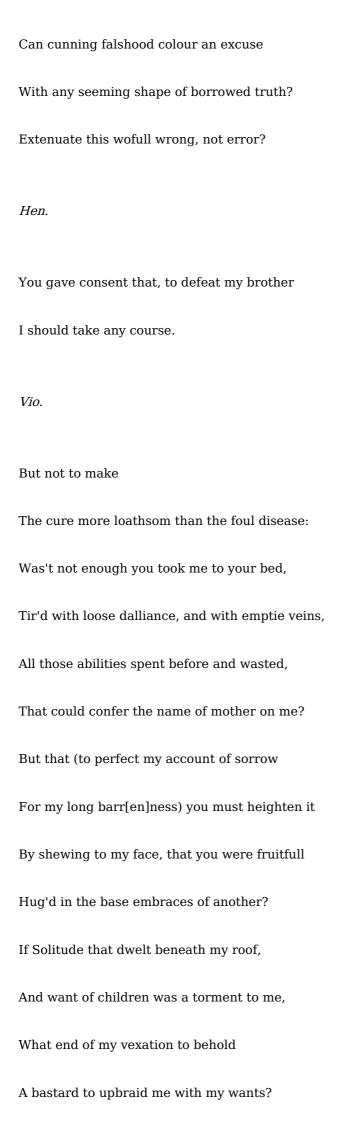
Bar. Why these lie here? what angry, dear?

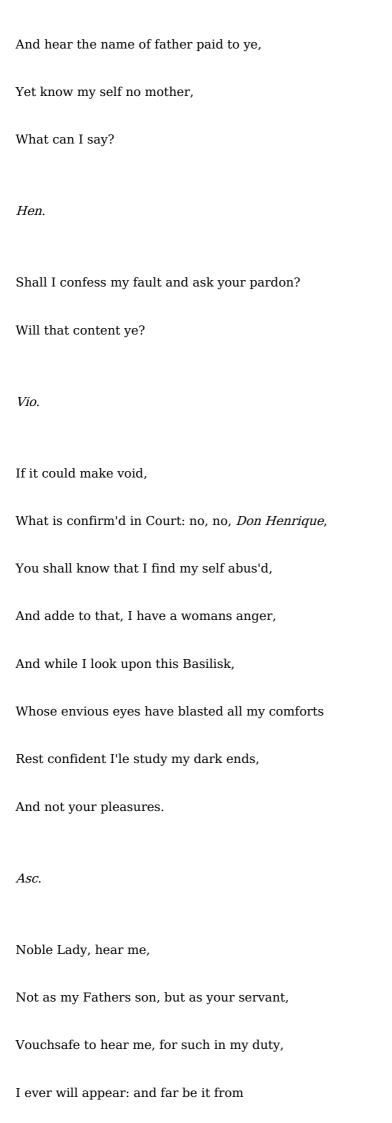
Am.

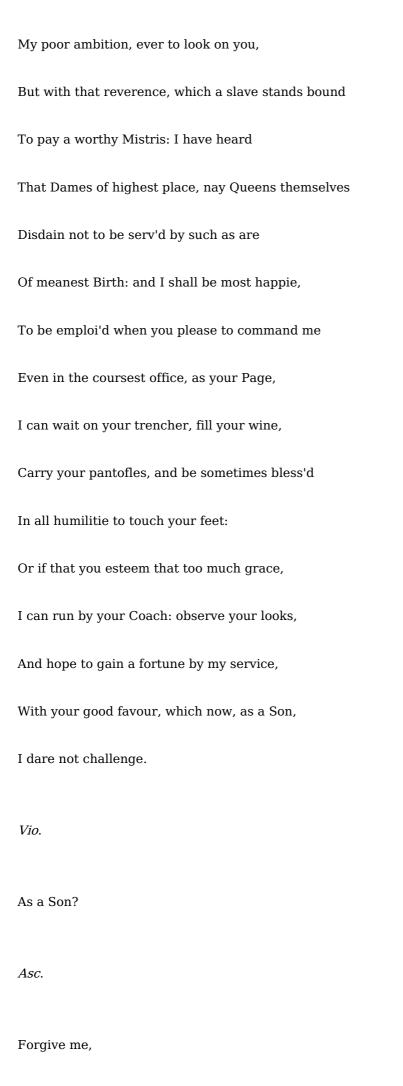




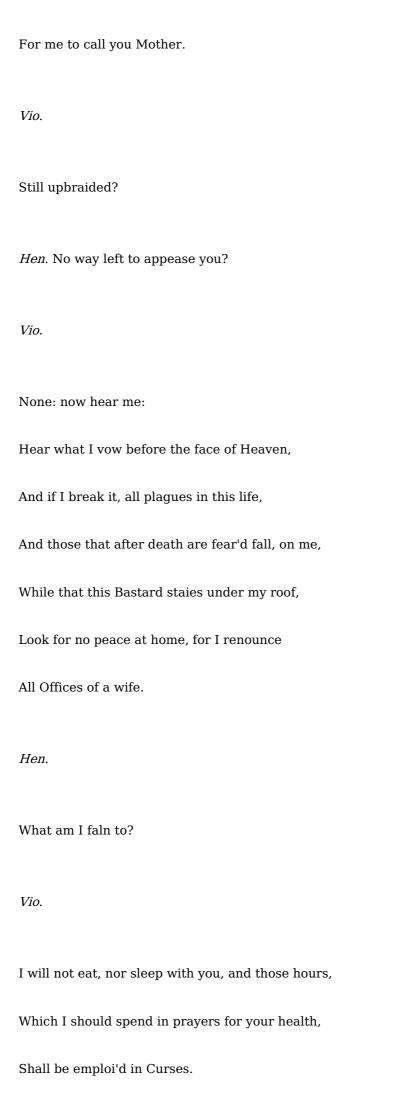
Do as ye please, we shall expect ye at supper.
He has got a little heart, now it seems handsomly.
Am.
You'l get no little head, if I do not look to ye.
Lean.
If ever I do catch thee again thou vanity—
Am.
I was to blame to be so rash, I am sorry—
[Exeunt.
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.
Enter Don Henrique, Violante, Ascanio.
H[en].
Hear but my reasons.
Viol.







I will forget the name, let it be death



Hen.
Terrible.
Vio.
All the day long, I'le be as tedious to you
As lingring fevers, and I'le watch the nights,
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps.
Or if you do but slumber, I'le appear
In the shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury
Fright you to madness, and if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I have friends and kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace
That's offer'd to our noble familie
In what I suffer.
Hen.
How am I divided
Between the duties I owe as a Husband,
And pietie of a Parent?
Asc.

I am taught Sir

By the instinct of nature that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind,
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me,
Be wholly hers (my Lord) I quit all parts,
That I may challenge: may you grow old together,
And no distaste e're find you, and before
The Characters of age are printed on you
May you see many Images of your selves,
Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd in,
Am cast aside, and broken; from this hour
(Unless invited, which I dare not hope for)
I never will set my forbidden feet
Over your threshold: only give me leave
Though cast off to the world to mention you
In my devotions, 'tis all I sue for
And so I take my last leave.
Hen.
Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I must
Shew something of a Father: thou shalt not goe

Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: take that To guard thee from necessities; may thy goodness Meet many favours, and thine innocence Deserve to be the heir of greater fortunes, Than thou wer't born to. Scorn me not Violante, This banishment is a kind of civil death. And now, as it were at his funeral To shed a tear or two, is not unmanly, And so farewel for ever: one word more, Though I must never see thee (my Ascanio) When this is spent (for so the Judge decreed) Send to me for supply: are you pleas'd now? Vio. Yes: I have cause: to see you howl and blubber At the parting of my torment, and your shame. 'Tis well: proceed: supply his wants: doe doe: Let the great dower I brought serve to maintain

Your Bastards riots: send my Clothes and Jewels,

Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

To your old acquaintance, your dear dame his Mother.

Hen.

Viol.
I will take
A course to right my self, a speeding one:
By the bless'd Saints, I will; if I prove cruel,
The shame to see thy foolish pity, taught me
To lose my natural softness, keep off from me,
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'le flee thee
As I would doe a Leper.
Hen.
Let not fury
Transport you so: you know I am your Creature,
All love, but to your self, with him, hath left me.
I'le joyn with you in any thing.
Viol.
In vain,
I'le take mine own waies, and will have no partners.
Hen.

Is all I doe misconstru'd?

I will not cross you.

Do not, they shall find
That to a Woman of her hopes beguil'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aspick's mild.
[Exeunt.
SCENA II.
Enter Lopez, Milanes, Arsenio.
Lop.
Sits the game there? I have you by mine order,
I love <i>Leandro</i> for't.
Mil.
But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.
Lop.
<sub>r</sub> .
He shall want nothing,
I know my Advocate to a hair, and what

Will fetch him from his Prayers, if he use any,

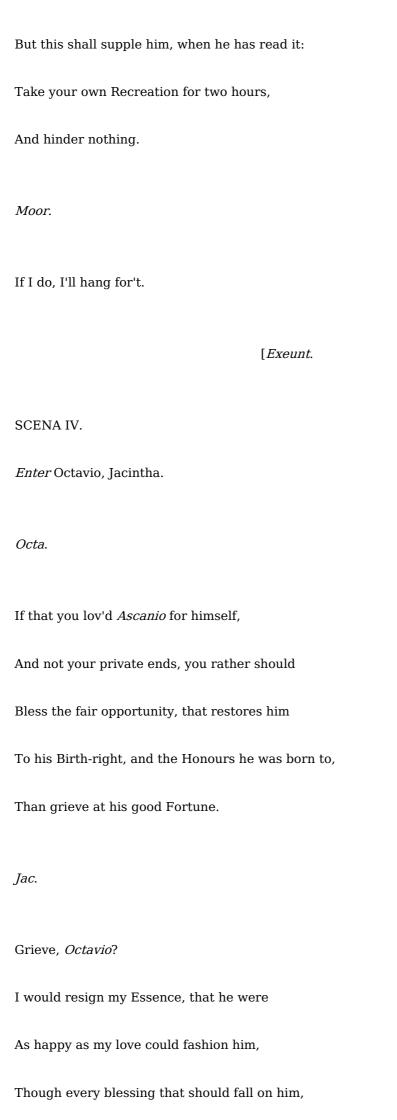
For a most precious Beast.
Ars.
But you lose time.
Lop.
I am gone, instruct you <i>Diego</i> , you will find him
A sharp and subtle Knave, give him but hints
And he will amplifie. See all things ready,
I'le fetch him with a vengeance—
[Exit.
Ars.
Ars.  If he fail now,
If he fail now,
If he fail now, We'll give him over too.
If he fail now, We'll give him over too.  Mil.

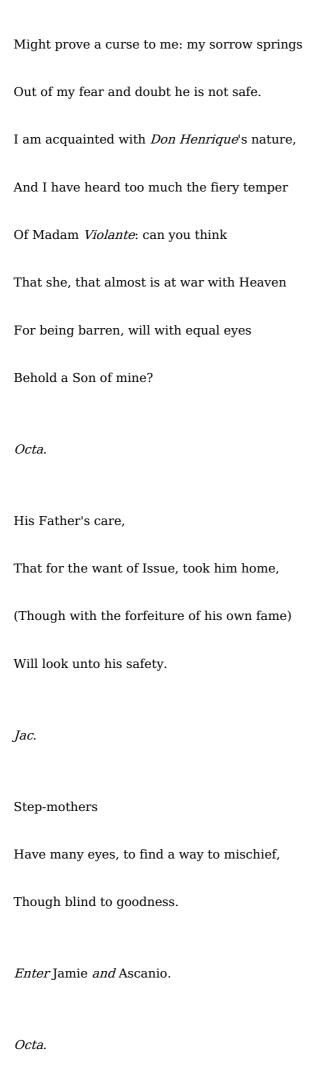
All things are ready.

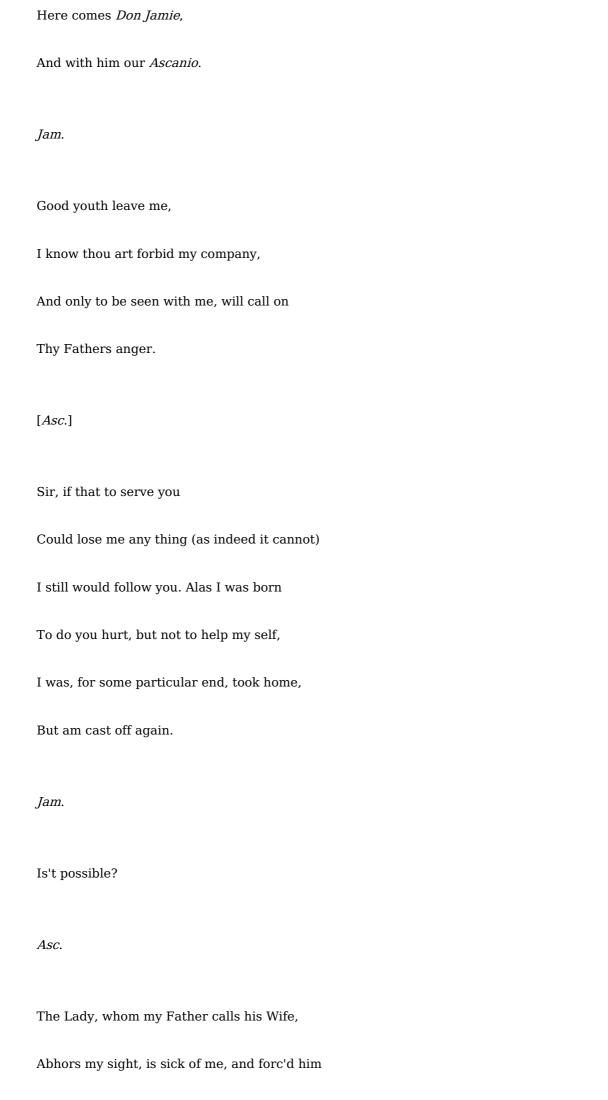
I am honyed with the project: I would have him horn'd

Then we shall have a merry Scene, ne're fear it.
[Exeunt.
SCENA III.
Enter Amaranta, with a note, and Moor.
Amar.
Is thy Master gone out?
Moor.
Even now, the Curate fetch'd him,
About a serious business as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his Cloak, and brush'd his Hat straight,
Set his Band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.
Amar.
'Tis well, 'tis very well, he went out, <i>Egla</i> ,
As luckily, as one would say, go Husband,
He was call'd by providence: fling this short Paper
Into <i>Leandro's</i> Cell, and waken him,

He is monstrous vexed, and musty, at my Chess-play;







Jac.	
By my best hopes	
I thank her cruelty, for it comes near	
A saving Charity.	
Asc.	
I am only happy	
That yet I can relieve you, 'pray you share:	
My Father's wondrous kind, and promises	
That I should be supplied: but sure the Lady	
Is a malicious Woman, and I fear	
Means me no good.	
Enter Servant.	
Jam.	
I am turn'd a stone with wonder,	
And know not what to think.	
Ser.	
From my Lady,	

To turn me out of doors.

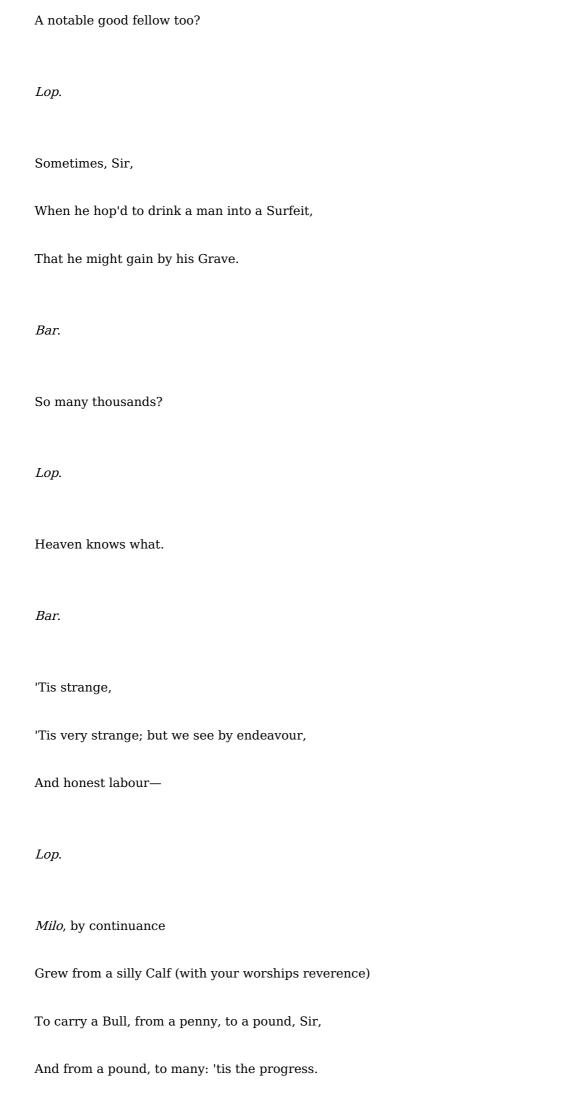
Your private ear, and this—

Jam.
New Miracles?
Ser.
She says, if you dare make your self a Fortune,
She will propose the means; my Lord Don Henrique
Is now from home, and she alone expects you,
If you dare trust her, so, if not despair of
A second offer.
[Exit.
Jam.
Though there were an Ambush
I aid for my life. I'le on and sound this secret
Laid for my life, I'le on and sound this secret.
Retire thee, my <i>Ascanio</i> , with thy Mother:
Retire thee, my <i>Ascanio</i> , with thy Mother:
Retire thee, my <i>Ascanio</i> , with thy Mother:  But stir not forth, some great design's on foot,

We will expect you,

And those bless'd Angels, that love goodness, guard you.

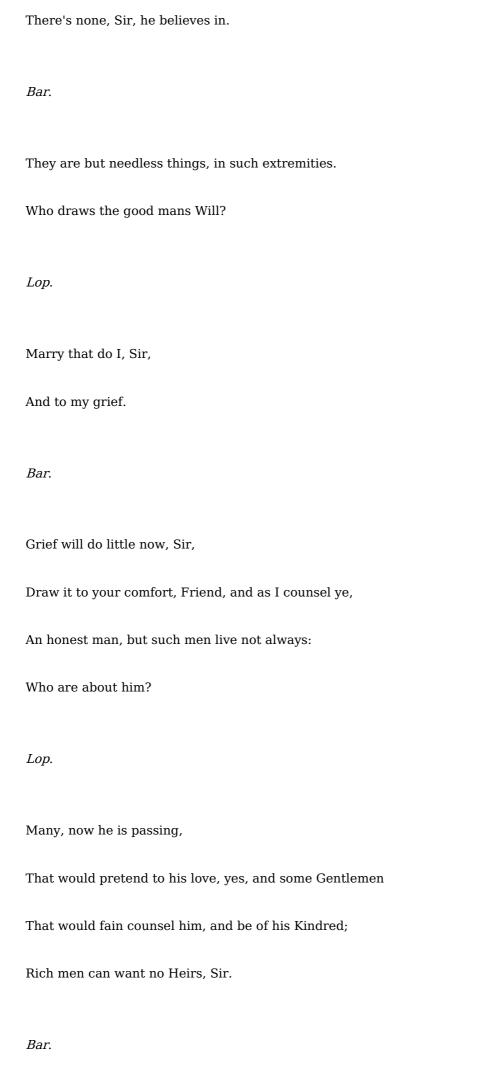
[Exeunt.
SCENA V.
Enter Lopez and Bartolus.
Bar.
Is't possible he should be rich?
Lop.
Most possible,
He hath been long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, Sir.
Bar.
Accounted a poor Sexton,
Honest poor <i>Diego</i> .
Lop.
I assure ye, a close Fellow,
Both close, and scraping, and that fills the Bags, Sir.



Bar.
Ye say true, but he lov'd to feed well also,
And that me-thinks—
Lop.
From another mans Trencher, Sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge:
There he would play the Tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the Graves he made; at home he liv'd
Like a Camelion, suckt th' Air of misery,
[Table out, Standish, Paper, Stools.
And grew fat by the Brewis of an Egg-shell,
Would smell a Cooks-shop, and go home and surfeit.
And be a month in fasting out that Fever.
Bar.
These are good Symptoms: do's he lye so sick say ye?
Lop.
Oh, very sick.

And chosen me Executor?
Lop.
Only your Worship.
Bar.
No hope of his amendment?
Lop.
None, that we find.
Bar.
He hath no Kinsmen neither?
Lop.
'Truth, very few,
Bar.
His mind will be the quieter.
What Doctors has he?

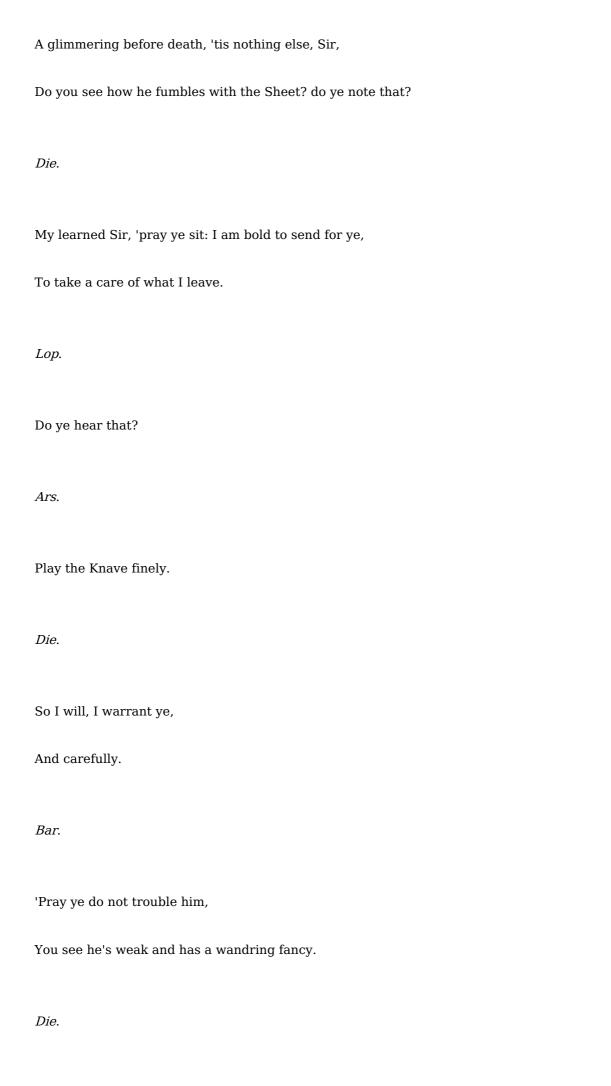
Lop.



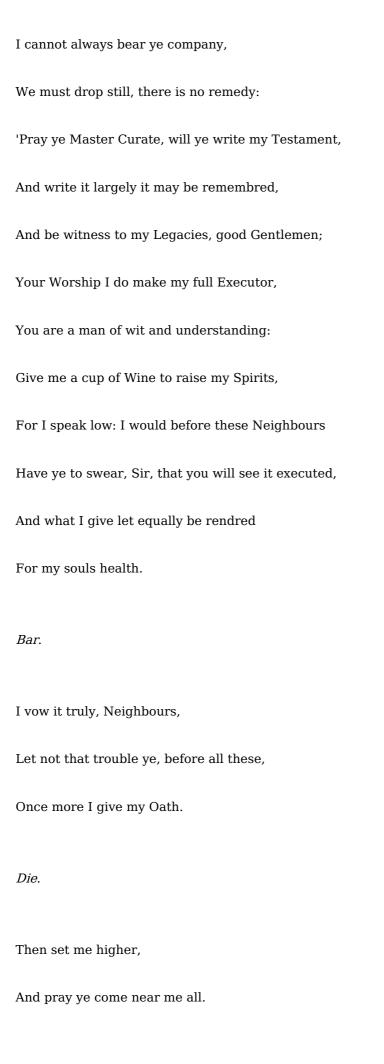
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.
But we shall take a care.
Enter Diego, in a Bed, Milanes, Arsenio, and Parishioners.
Lop.
Will ye come near, Sir?
'Pray ye bring him out; now ye may see in what state:
Give him fresh Air.
Bar.
I am sorry, Neighbour <i>Diego</i> ,
To find ye in so weak a state.
Die.
Ye are welcome,
But I am fleeting, Sir.
Bar.
Me-thinks he looks well,
His colour fresh, and strong, his eyes are chearful.

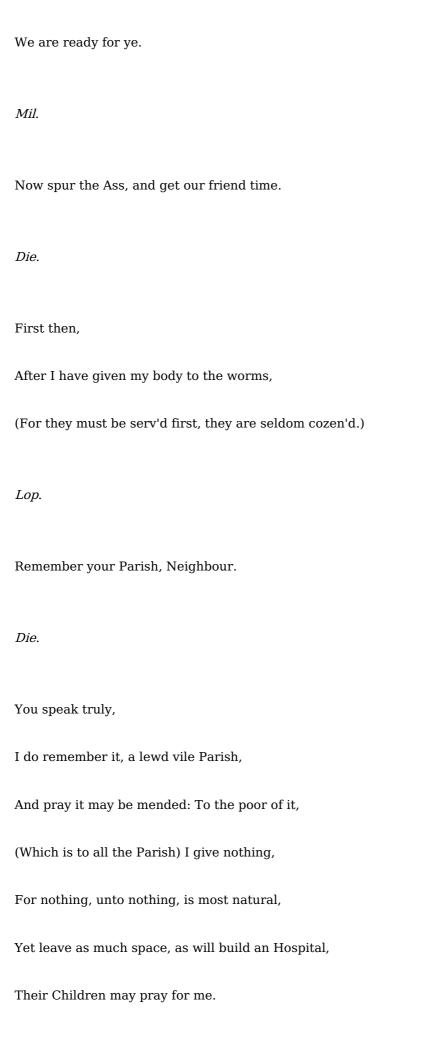
They do ill,

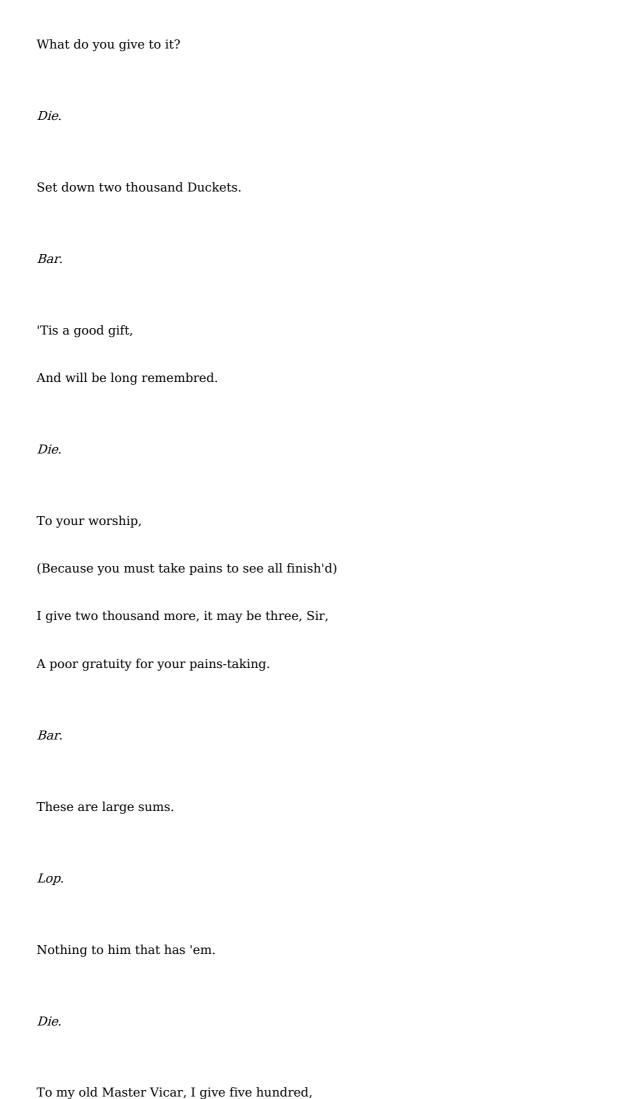
Lop.

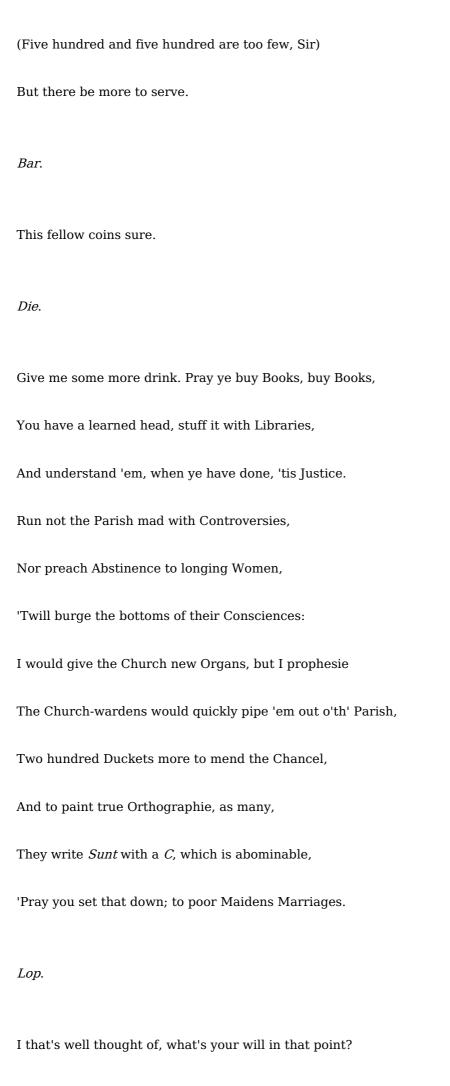


My honest Neighbours, weep not, I must leave ye,

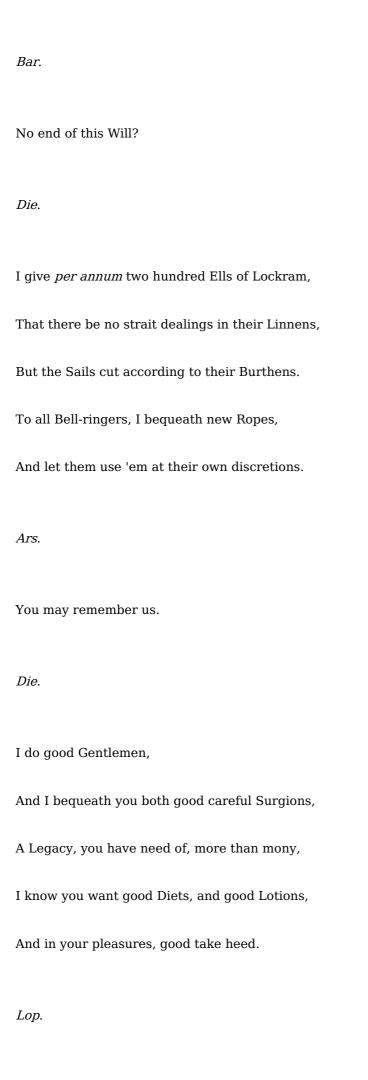


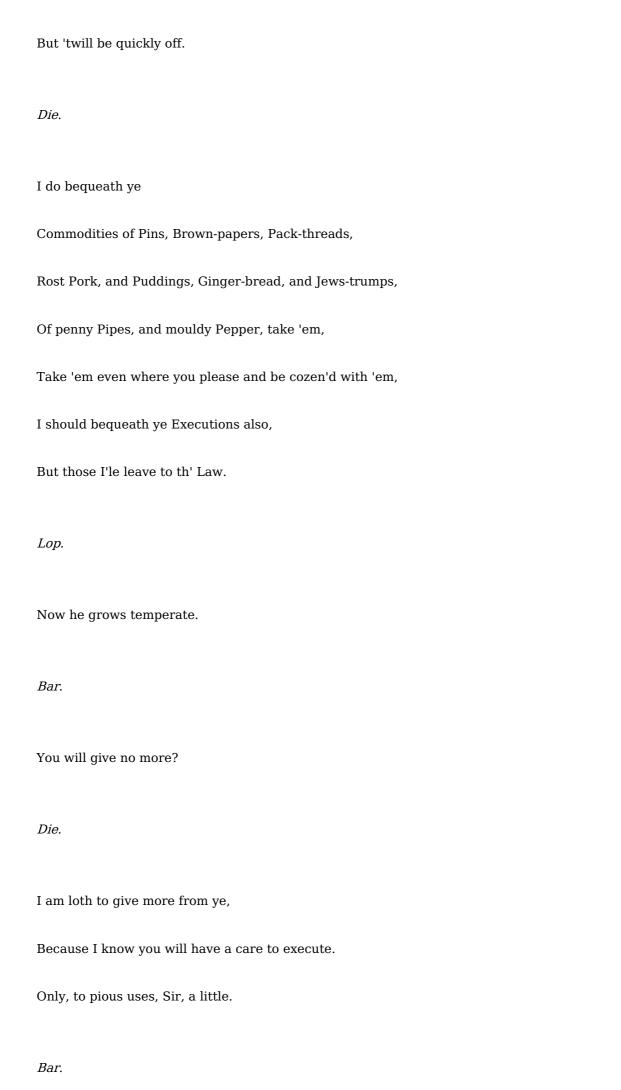




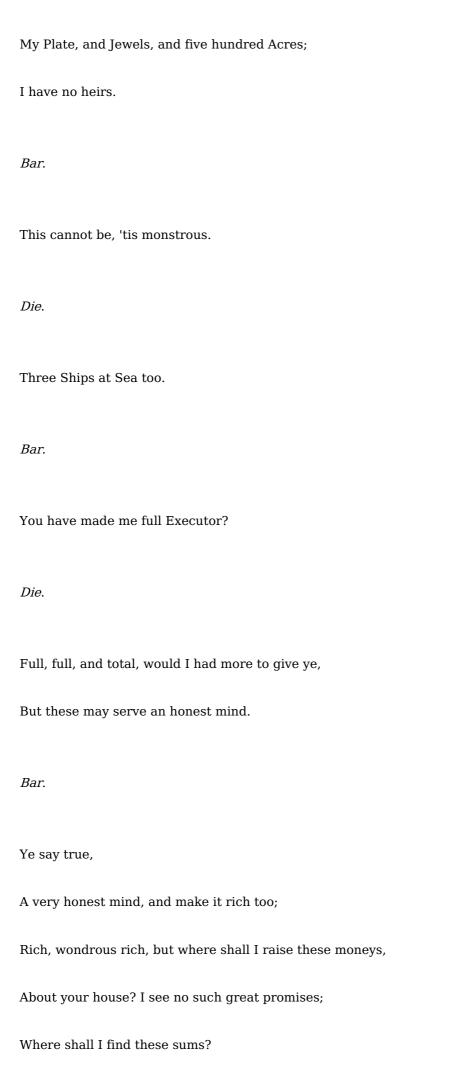


A meritorious thing.









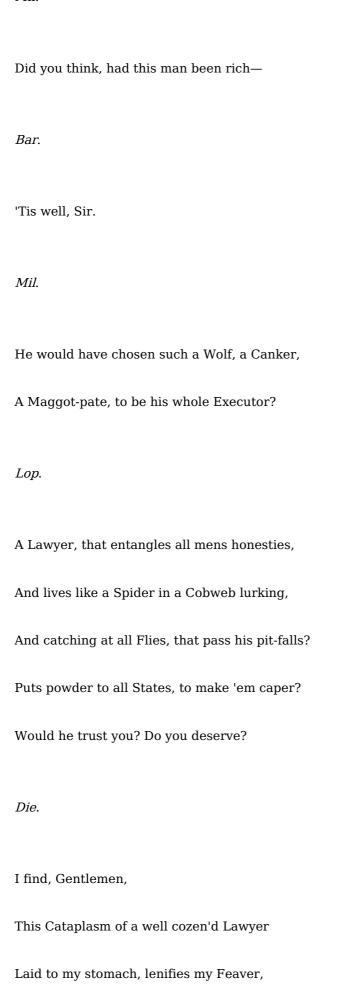
Even where you please, Sir,
You are wise and provident, and know business,
Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good, I am reasonable.
Bar.
Think good? will that raise thousands?
What do you make me?
Die.
You have sworn to see it done, that's all my comfort.
Bar.
Where I please? this is pack'd sure to disgrace me.
Die.
Ye are just, and honest, and I know you will do it,
Ev'n where you please, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar.
I am abused, betrayed, I am laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baffl'd, and boared, it seems.

No, no, ye are fooled.
Lop.
Most finely fooled, and handsomely, and neatly,
Such cunning Masters must be fool'd sometimes, Sir,
And have their Worships noses wiped, 'tis healthful,
We are but quit: you fool us of our moneys
In every Cause, in every Quiddit wipe us.
Die.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, some more drink, for my heart, Gentlemen.
This merry Lawyer—ha, ha, ha, ha, this Scholar—
I think this fit will cure me: this Executor—
I shall laugh out my Lungs.
Bar.
This is derision above sufferance, villany
Plotted and set against me.
Die.

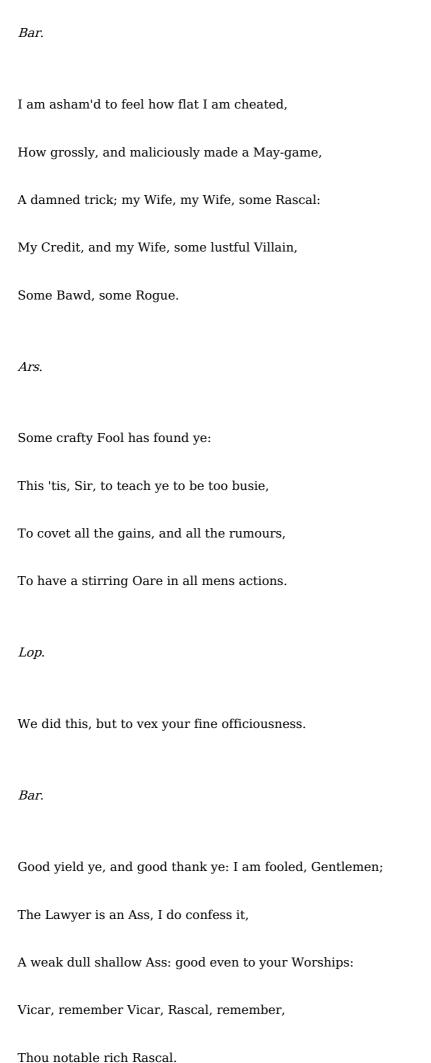
Faith 'tis Knavery,

In troth I must confess, thou art fool'd indeed, Lawyer.

Ars.



Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

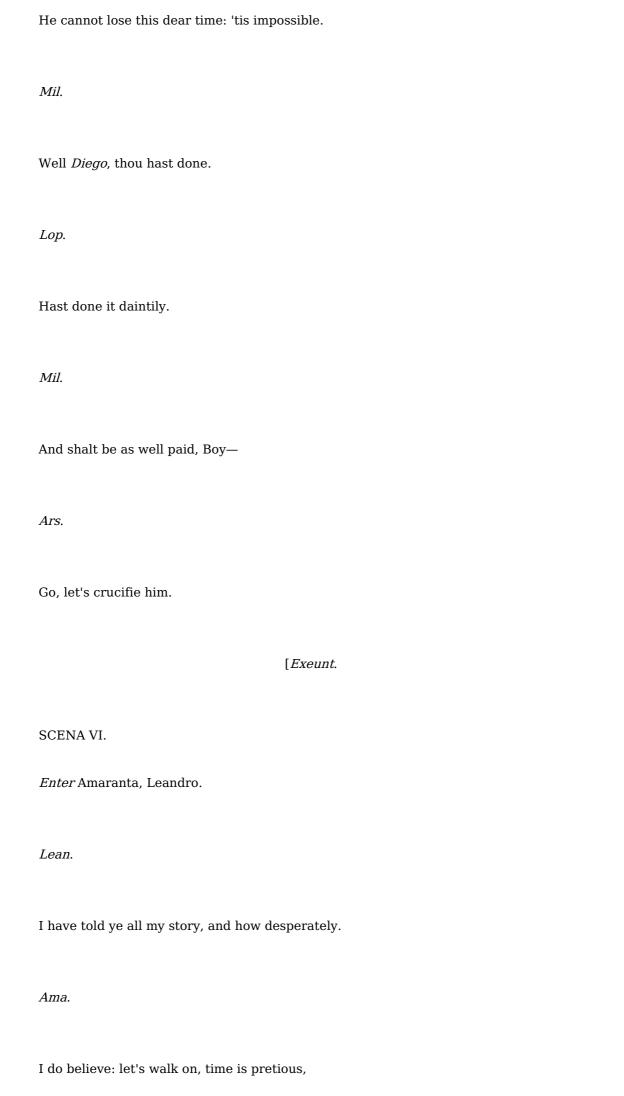


I do remember, Sir,
'Pray ye stay a little, I have ev'n two Legacies
To make your mouth up, Sir.
Bar.
Remember Varlets,
Quake and remember, Rogues;
I have brine for your Buttocks.
[Exit.
Lop.
Oh how he frets, and fumes now like a Dunghil!
Die.
His gall contains fine stuff now to make poysons,
Rare damned stuff.
Ars.
Ars.

Let's after him, and still vex him,

And take my Friend off: by this time he has prosper'd,

Die.

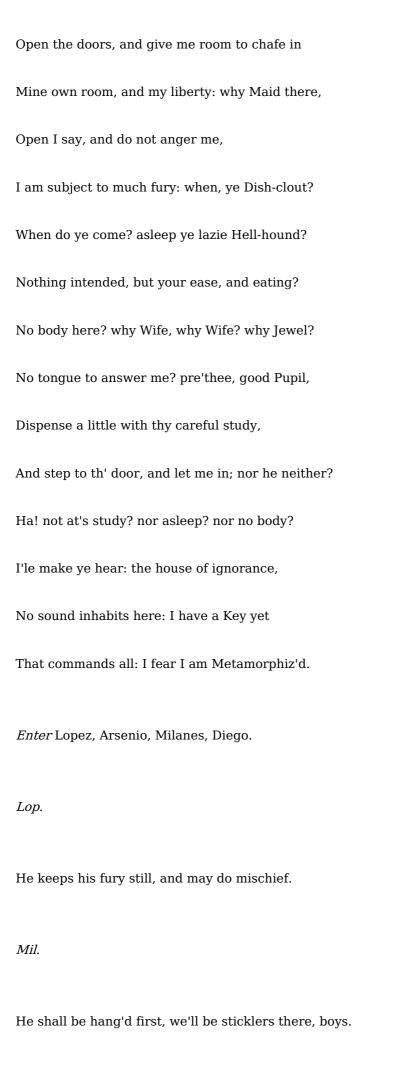


The open Air's an enemy to Lovers,
Do as I tell ye.
Lean.
I'le do any thing,
I am so over-[joy'd], I'le fly to serve ye.
Am.
Take your joy moderately, as it is ministred,
And as the cause invites: that man's a fool
That at the sight o'th' Bond, dances and leaps,
Then is the true joy, when the mony comes.
Lean.
You cannot now deny me.
Ama. Nay, you know not,
Women have crotchets, and strange fits.
Lean.
You shall not.

Ama.

Not to be spent in words, here no more wooing,

Hold ye to that and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny ye:
'Pray ye let's step in, and see a friend of mine,
The weather's sharp: we'll stay but half an hour,
We may be miss'd else: a private fine house 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.
Lean.
Do Lady,
Do happy Lady.
Ama.
All your mind's of doing,
You must be modester.
Lean.
I will be any thing.
[Exeunt.
SCENA VII.
Enter Bartolus.



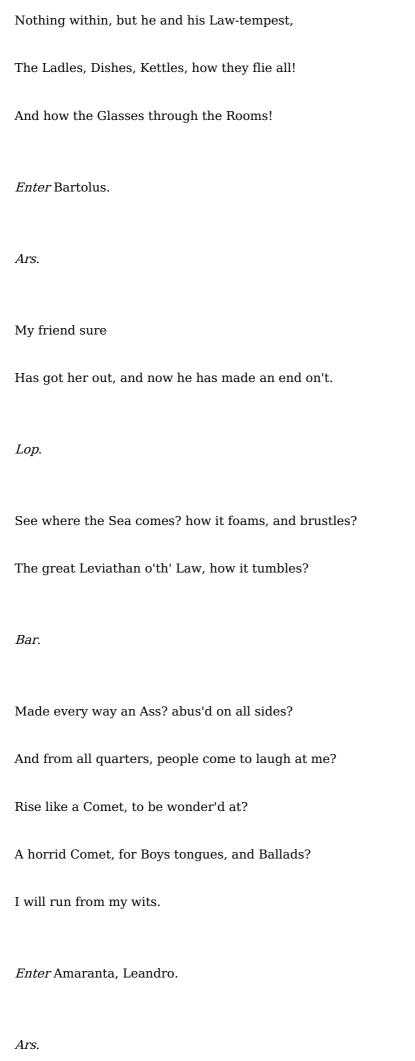
Die.

The hundred thousand Dreams now, that possess him
Of jealousie, and of revenge, and frailtie,
Of drawing Bills against us, and Petitions.
Lop.
And casting what his credit shall recover.
And casting what his credit shall recover.
Mil.
Let him cast till his Maw come up, we care not.
You shall be still secured. [A great noise within.
Die.
We'll pay him home then;
Hark what a noise he keeps within!
Lop.
Certain
H'as set his Chimneys o' fire, or the Devil roars there.
Die.
The Codives o'th' Law are broke loose Centlemen

Ars.

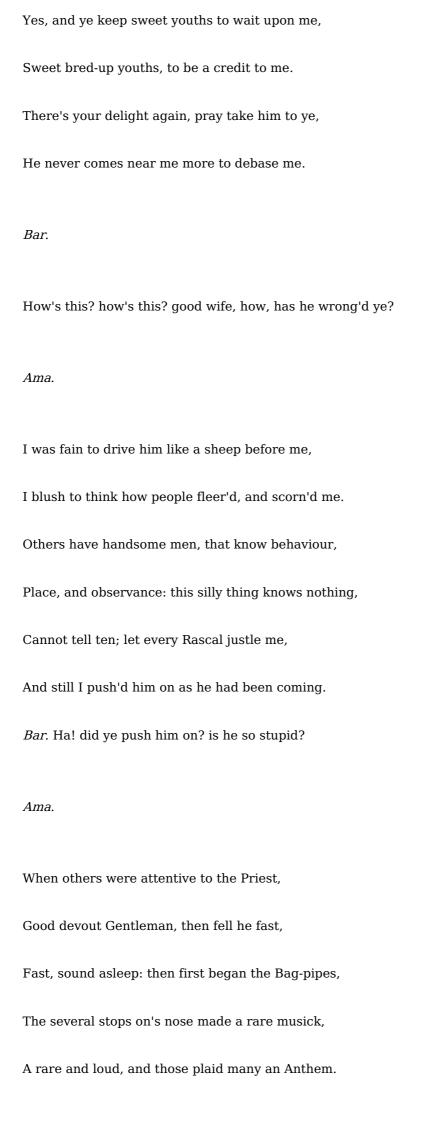
He's fighting sure.
Die.
I'le tell ye that immediately—
[Exit.
Mil.
Or doing some strange out-rage on himself.
Ars.
Hang him, he dares not be so valiant.
Enter
Diego.
Die.
There's no body at home, and he chafes like a Lyon,
And stinks withal. [Noise still.
Lop. No body?
Die.

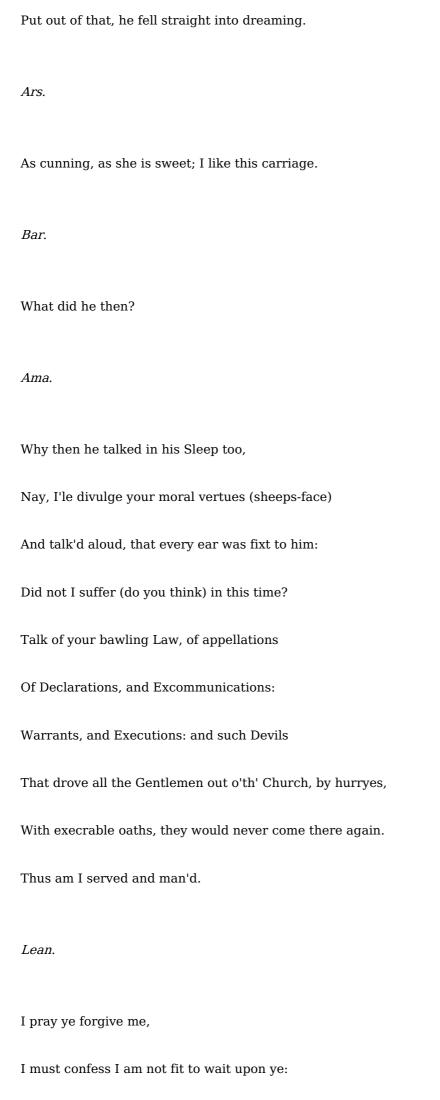
Not a Creature,



And from thy mony too, then thou wilt be quiet.
Mil.
Here she comes home: now mark the salutations;
How like an Ass my friend goes?
Ars.
She has pull'd his ears down.
Bar.
Now, what sweet voyage? to what Garden, Lady?
Or to what Cousins house?
Ama.
Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to Church, but thus I am scandal'd,
Use no devotion for my soul, but Gentlemen—
Bar.
To Church?
Amar.

Do, do, good Lawyer,





Ama.
To be an Asse,
A Lawyers Asse, to carry Books, and Buckrams.
Bar.
But what did you at Church?
Lop.
At Church, did you ask her?
Do you hear Gentlemen, do you mark that question?
Because you are half an Heretick your self, Sir,
Would ye breed her too? this shall to the Inquisition,
A pious Gentlewoman reproved for praying?
I'le see this filed, and you shall hear further, Sir.
Ars.
Ye have an ill heart.
Lop.
It shall be found out, Gentlemen,

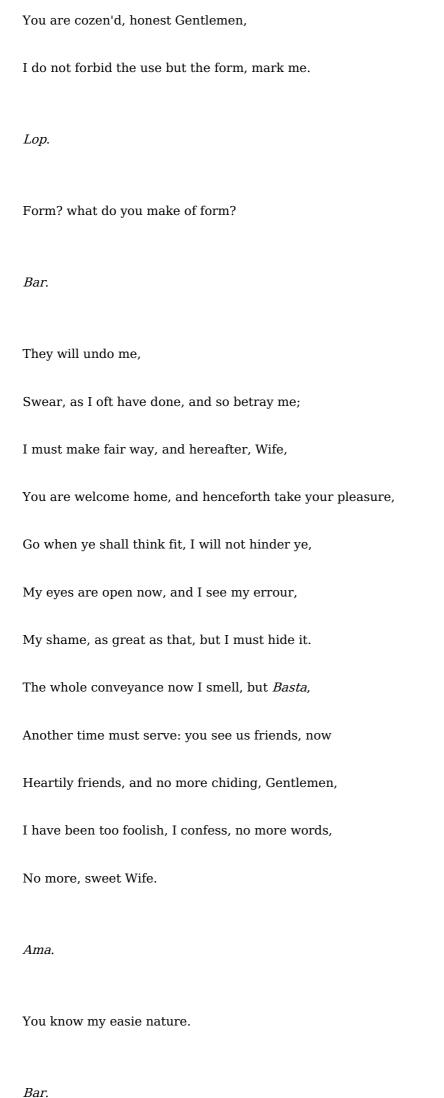
Alas, I was brought up—

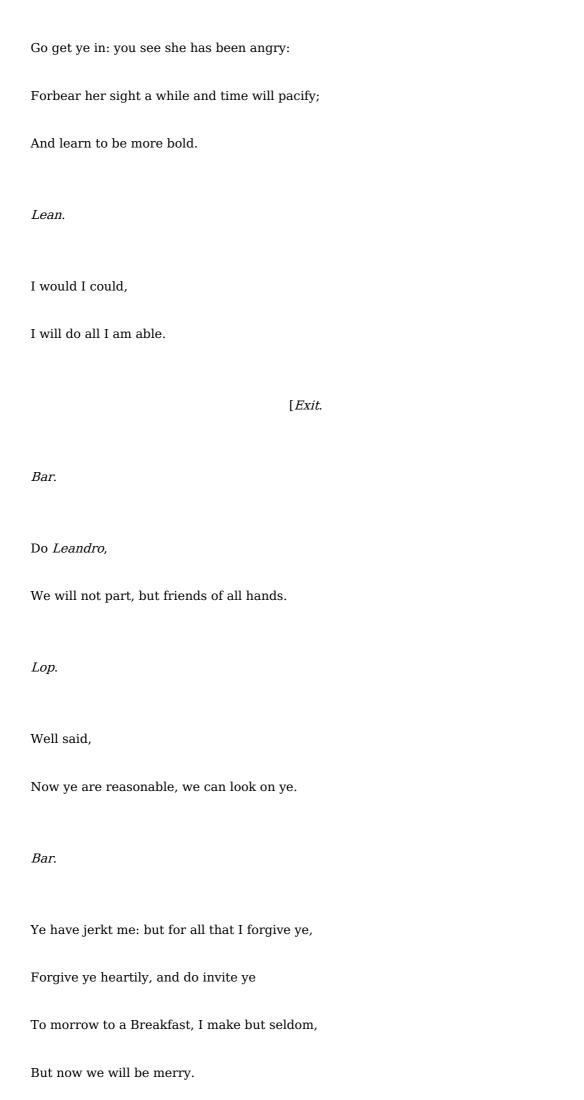
There be those youths will search it.

You are warm Signiour,
But a Faggot will warm ye better: we are witnesses.
Lop.
Enough to hang him, do not doubt.
Míl.
Nay certain,
I do believe h'as rather no Religion.
Lop.
That must be known too, because she goes to Church, Sir?
O monstrum infirme ingens!
Die.
Let him go on, Sir,
His wealth will build a Nunnery, a fair one,
And this good Lady, when he is hang'd and rotten,
May there be Abbess.

Die.

Bar.





Now ye are friendly,
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from ye.
And now we will come to ye.
Bar.
Give me your hands, all;
You shall be welcome heartily.
Lop.
We will be,
For we'll eat hard.
Bar.
The harder, the more welcome,
And till the morning farewell; I have business.
[Exit.
Mil.

Ars.

A suddain witty thief, and worth all service:

Farewel good bountiful Bartolus, 'tis a brave wench,

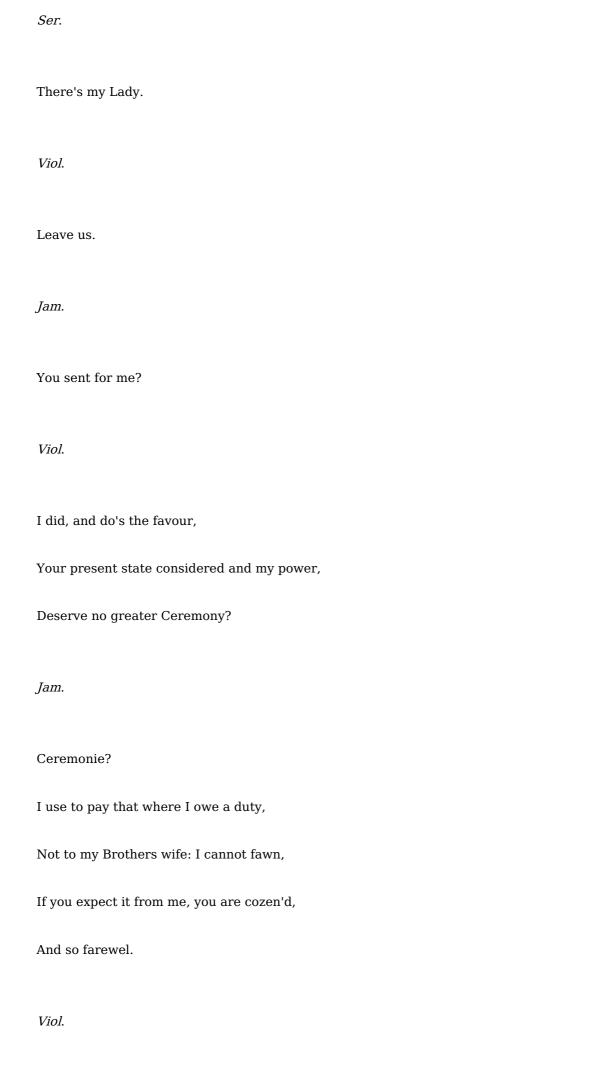
Go we'll all go, and crucifie the Lawyer.
Die.
I'le clap four tire of teeth into my mouth more
But I will grind his substance.
Ars.
Well <i>Leandro</i> ,
Thou hast had a strange Voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'st now in safe harbour.
Mil.
Let's go drink, Friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.
Lop.
A match, a match, 'twill whet our stomachs better.
[Exeunt.
Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Violante and Servant.

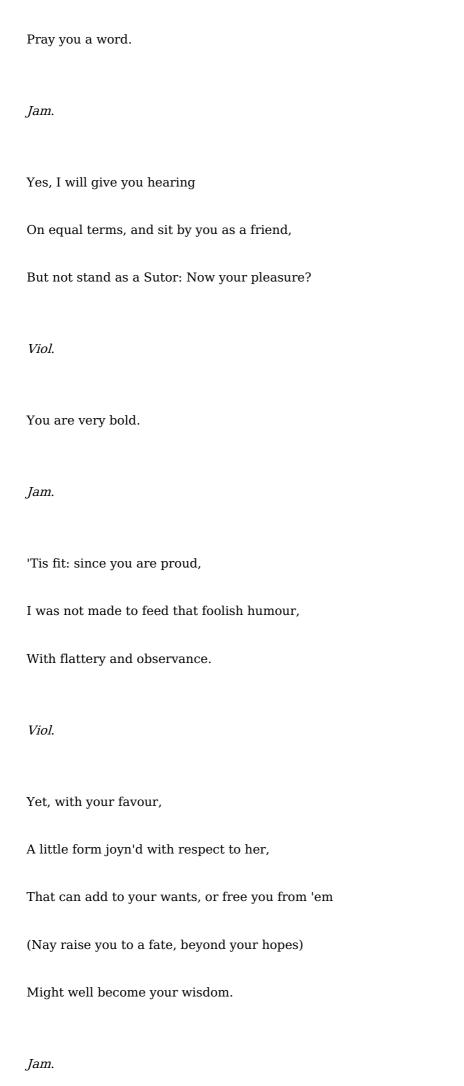
Madam, he's come. [Chair and stools out.
Viol.
Tis well, how did he look,
When he knew from whom you were sent? was he not startled?
Or confident? or fearful?
Ser.
As appear'd
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,
And car'd not what could follow.
Viol.
Tis the better,
Reach me a Chair: so, bring him in, be careful
That none disturb us: I will try his temper,
And if I find him apt for my employments,
Enter Jamie, Servant.
I'le work him to my ends; if not, I shall

Find other Engines.

Ser.



He bears up still; I like it.



It would rather

Write me a Fool, should I but only think

That any good to me could flow from you,

Whom for so many years I have found and prov'd

My greatest Enemy: I am still the same,

My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,

To your new cerus'd face, what I have spoken

Freely behind your back, what I think of you,

You are the proudest thing, and have the least

Reason to be so that I ever read of.

In stature you are a Giantess: and your Tailor

Takes measure of you with a Jacobs Staff,

Or he can never reach you, this by the way

For your large size: now, in a word or two,

To treat of your Complexion were decorum:

You are so far from fair, I doubt your Mother

Was too familiar with the Moor that serv'd her,

Your Limbs and Features I pass briefly over,

As things not worth description; and come roundly

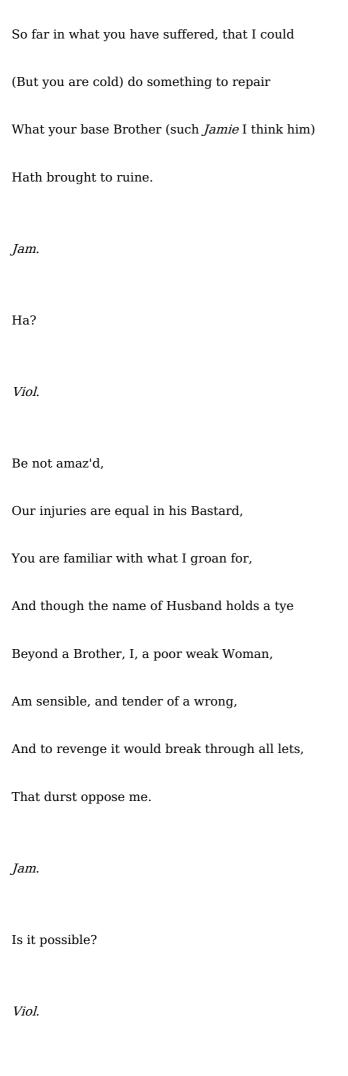
To your Soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.

Viol. I laugh at this, proceed.

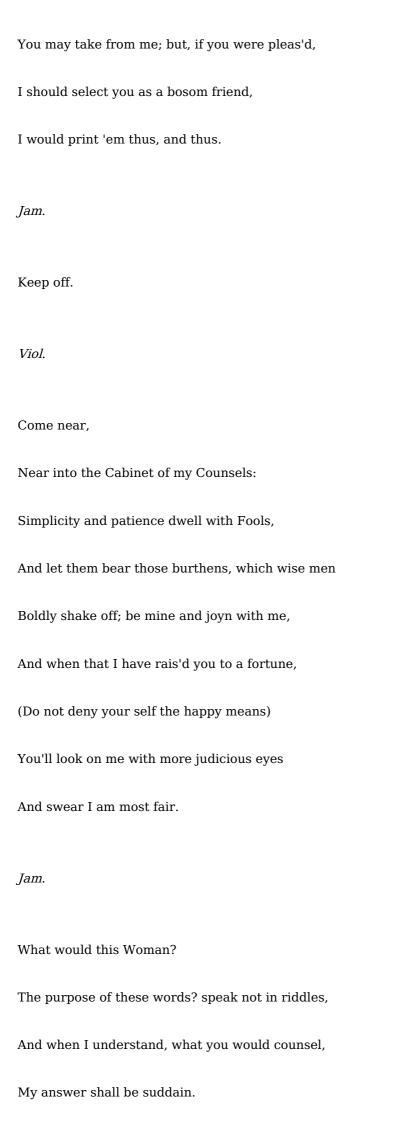
This Soul I speak of, Or rather Salt to keep this heap of flesh From being a walking stench, like a large Inn, Stands open for the entertainment of All impious practices: but there's no Corner An honest thought can take up: and as it were not Sufficient in your self to comprehend All wicked plots, you have taught the Fool, my Brother, By your contagion, almost to put off The nature of the man, and turn'd him Devil, Because he should be like you, and I hope Will march to Hell together: I have spoken, And if the Limning you in your true Colours Can make the Painter gracious, I stand ready For my reward, or if my words distaste you, I weigh it not, for though your Grooms were ready To cut my Throat for't, be assur'd I cannot Use other Language. Viol. You think you have said now, Like a brave fellow: in this Womans War

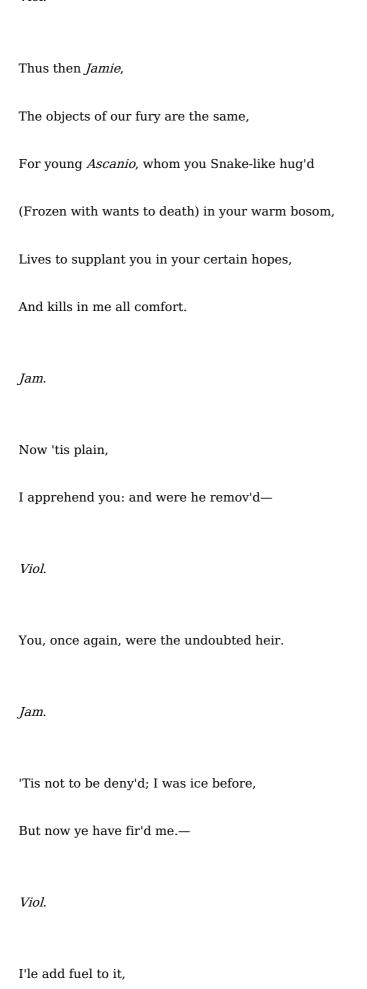
You ever have been train'd: spoke big, but suffer'd

```
Like a tame Ass; and when most spur'd and gall'd
Were never Master of the Spleen or Spirit,
That could raise up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.
Jam.
Yes, vile Creature,
Wer't thou a subject worthy of my Sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My banish'd hopes, thou now wer't dead; dead, woman;
But being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee, and contemn thee.
Viol.
This shews nobly,
I must confess it: I am taken with it,
For had you kneel'd and whin'd and shew'd a base
And low dejected mind, I had despis'd you.
This bravery (in your adverse fortune) conquers
And do's command me, and upon the suddain
I feel a kind of pity, growing in me,
For your misfortunes, pity some say's the Parent,
Of future love, and I repent my part
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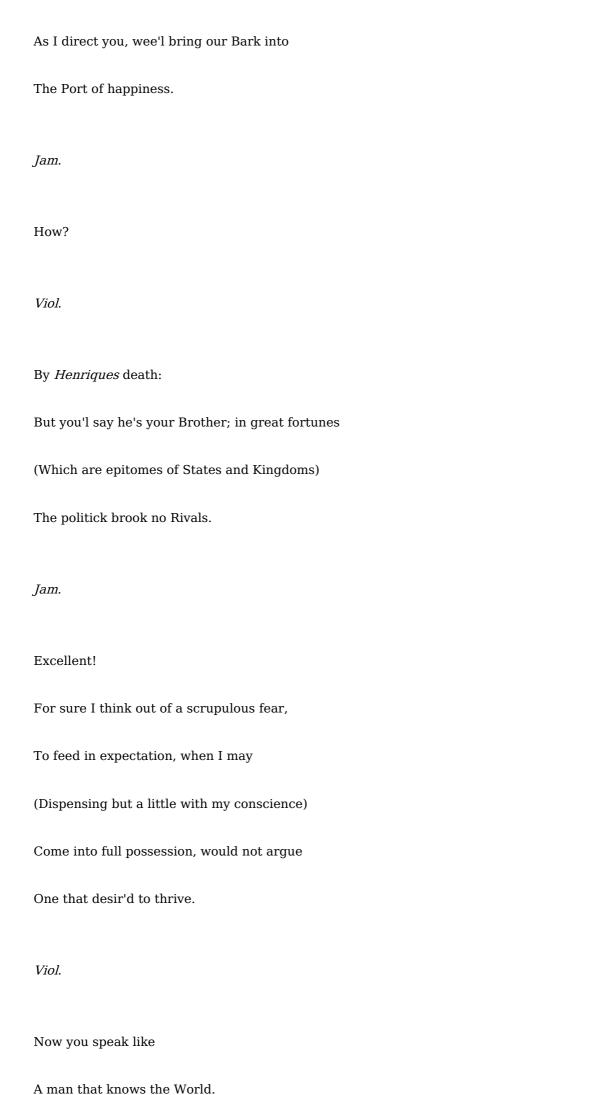


By this kiss: start not: thus much, as a stranger





And by a nearer cut, do you but steer



Suppose this done:

A dispensation.

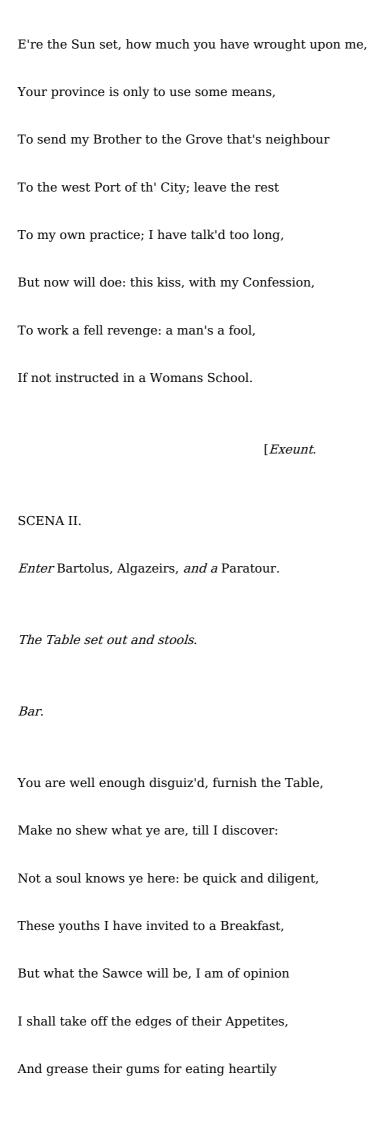
(If undiscovered) we may get for mony,

(As that you know buyes any thing in *Rome*)

And be married?
Jam.
True.
Or if it be known, truss up our Gold and Jewels,
And fly to some free State, and there with scorn—
Viol.
Laugh at the laws of <i>Spain</i> .
'Twere admirable.
Jam.
We shall beget rare children. I am rapt with
The meer imagination.—
Viol.
Shall it be done?
Jam.
Shall? 'tis too tedious: furnish me with means
To hire the instruments, and to your self

Say it is done already: I will shew you,

Viol.

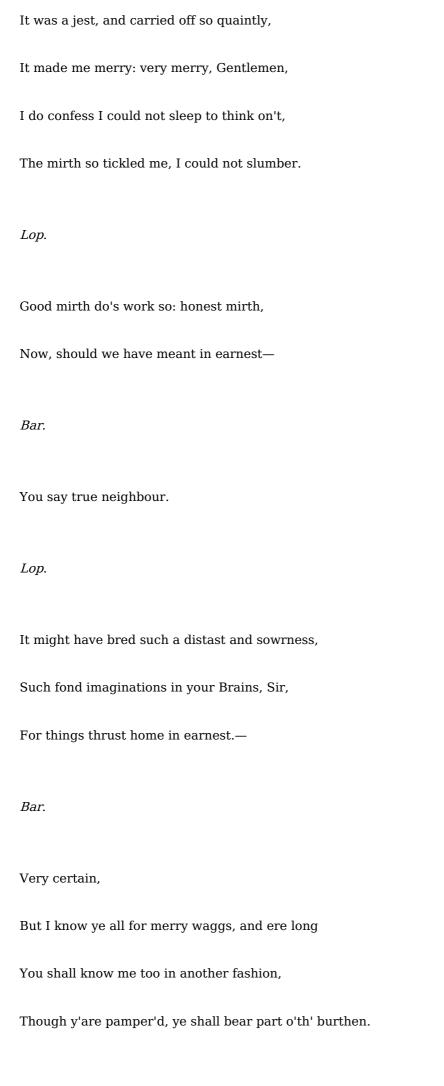




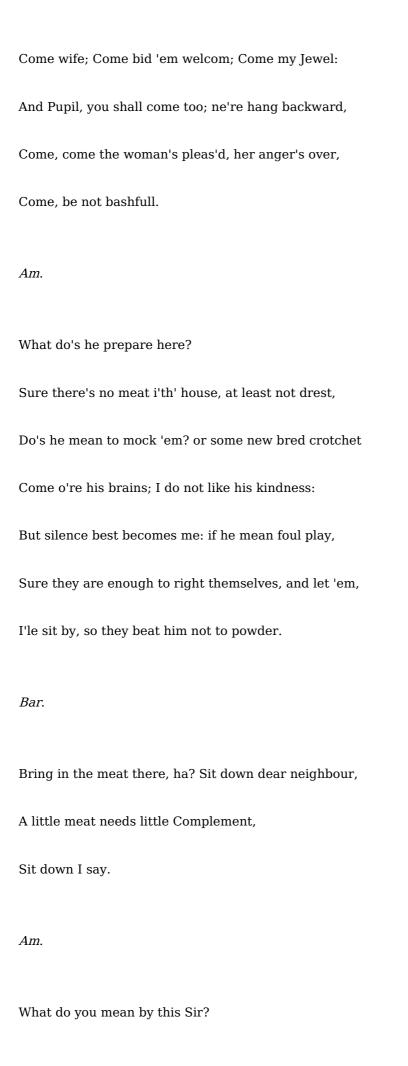
A poor reteiner to your worships bountie.
Bar.
And thou shalt have it fill'd my merry <i>Diego</i> ,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous <i>Diego</i> ,
Even fill'd till it groan again.
Die.
Let it have fair play,
And if it founder then.—
Bar.
I'le tell ye neighbours,
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bob'd me.
Lop.
No, no, by no means.
Bar.

I am come too Sir, to specifie my Stomach

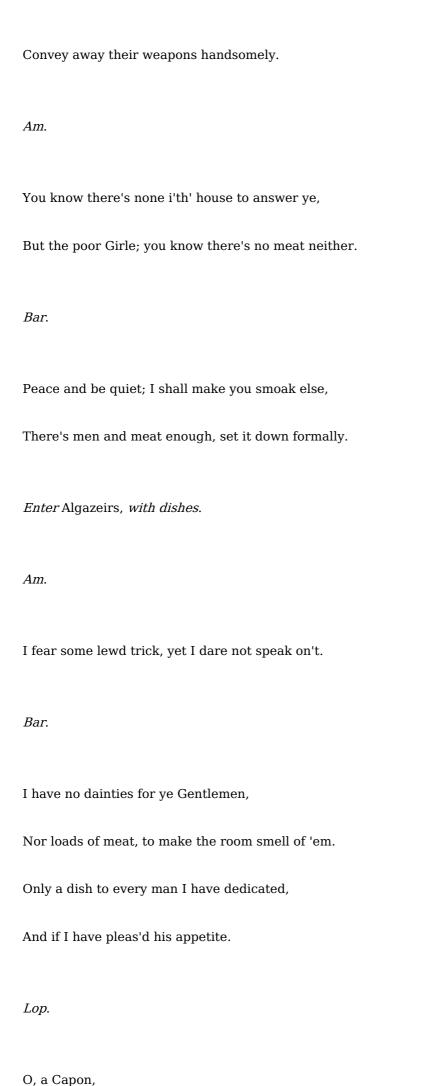
No, when I considered

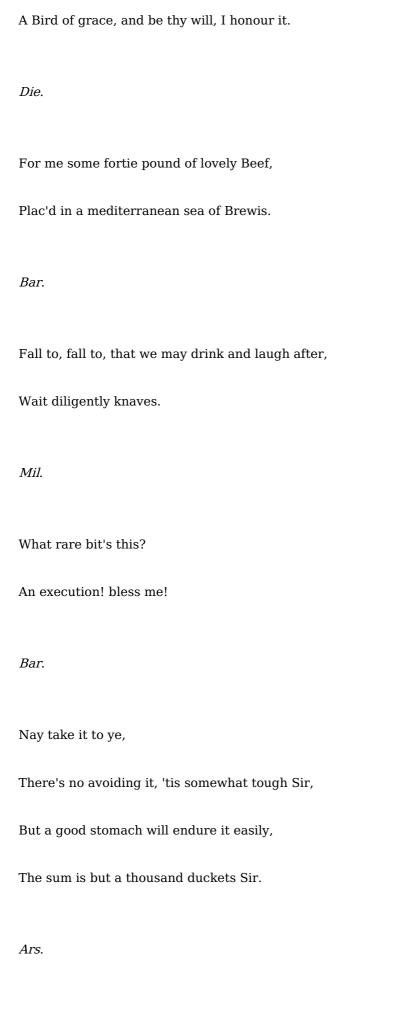


Enter Amaranta, and Leandro.



Bar.





A Capias from my Surgeon, and my Silk-man!

Your carefull makers, but they have mar'd your diet.
Stir not, your Swords are gone: there's no avoiding me,
And these are Algazeirs, do you hear that passing bell?
Lop.
A strong Citation, bless me!
Bar.
Out with your Beads, Curate,
The Devil's in your dish: bell, book, and Candle.
Lop.
A warrant to appear before the Judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' wall.
Bar.
Ye need not,
10 11000 1100,
Your fear I hope will make ye find your Breeches.
All.

We are betrai'd.

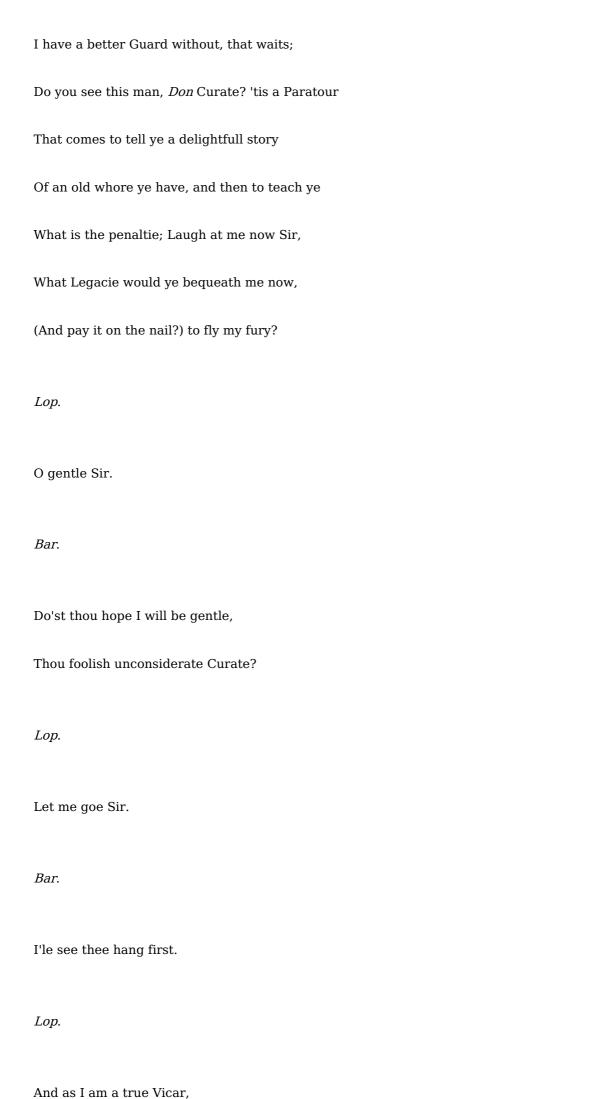
Bar.

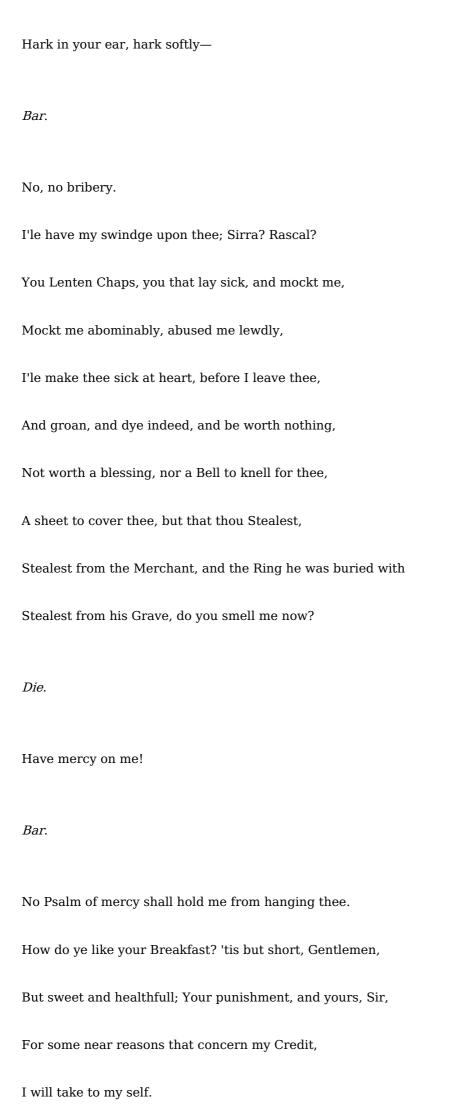
Bar. Invited do not wrong me, Fall to, good Guests, you have diligent men about ye, Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye, These will not see ye start; Have I now found ye? Have I requited ye? You fool'd the Lawyer, And thought it meritorious to abuse him, A thick ram-headed knave: you rid, you spur'd him, And glorified your wits, the more ye wronged him; Within this hour ye shall have all your Creditours, A second dish of new debts, come upon ye, And new invitements to the whip, Don Diego, And Excommunications for the learned Curate, A Masque of all your furies shall dance to ye. Ars. You dare not use us thus? Bar. You shall be bob'd, Gentlemen,

To prison, without pitie instantly,

Before ye speak another word to prison.

Stir, and as I have a life, ye goe to prison,





Am. Doe Sir, and spare not: I have been too good a wife, and too obedient, But since ye dare provoke me to be foolish— Lea. She has, yes, and too worthie of your usage, Before the world I justifie her goodness, And turn that man, that dares but taint her vertues, To my Swords point; that lying man, that base man, Turn him, but face to face, that I may know him. Bar. What have I here? Lea. A Gentleman, a free man, One that made trial of this Ladies constancie,

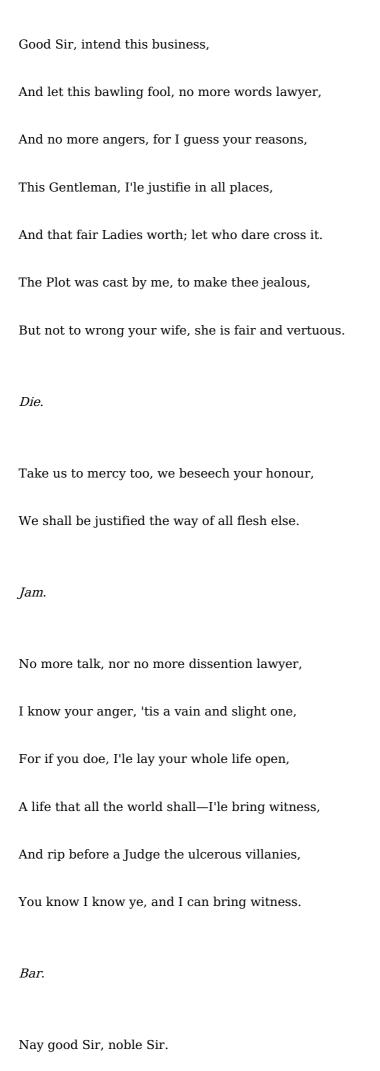
Enter Jamy and Assistant.

And found it strong as fate; leave off your fooling,

For if you follow this course, you will be Chronicled.

For a devil, whilst a Saint she is mentioned,
You know my name indeed; I am now no Lawyer.
Die.
Some comfort now, I hope, or else would I were hanged up.
And yet the Judge, he makes me sweat.
Bar.
What news now?
Jam.
I will justifie upon my life and credit
What you have heard, for truth, and will make proof of.
Assist.
I will be ready at the appointed hour there,
And so I leave ye.
Bar.
Stay I beseech your worship,
And do but hear me.

Jam.



Jam. Be at peace then presently, Immediatley take honest and fair truce With your good wife, and shake hands with that Gentleman; H'as honour'd ye too much, and doe it cheerfully. Lop. Take us along, for Heaven sake too. Bar. I am friends, There is no remedie, I must put up all, And like my neighbours rub it out by th' shoulders, And perfect friends; Leandro now I thank ye, And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to ye, But I am too mean henceforward for your Companie. Lea.

We will be friends too.

I shall not trouble ye.

Ars.

Nay Lawyer, you shall not fright us farther,
For all your devils we will bolt.
Bar.
grant ye,
The Gentleman's your Bail, and thank his coming,
Did not he know me too well, you should smart for't;
Goe all in peace, but when ye fool next, Gentlemen,
Come not to me to Breakfast.
Die.
I'le be bak'd first.
Bar.
And pray ye remember, when ye are bold and merry,
The Lawyers Banquet, and the Sawce he gave ye.
Jam.
Come: goe along; I have employment for ye,
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool ye,
For all, for every one.

Die.
All, all for any thing, from this day forward
I'le hate all Breakfasts, and depend on dinners.
Jam.
I am glad you come off fair.
Lea.
The fair has blest me.
[Exeunt.
[Exeunt.
SCENA III.
SCENA III.  Enter Octavi[o], Jacinta, [Ascanio].
SCENA III.  Enter Octavi[o], Jacinta, [Ascanio].  Oct.
SCENA III.  Enter Octavi[o], Jacinta, [Ascanio].  Oct.  This is the place, but why we are appointed

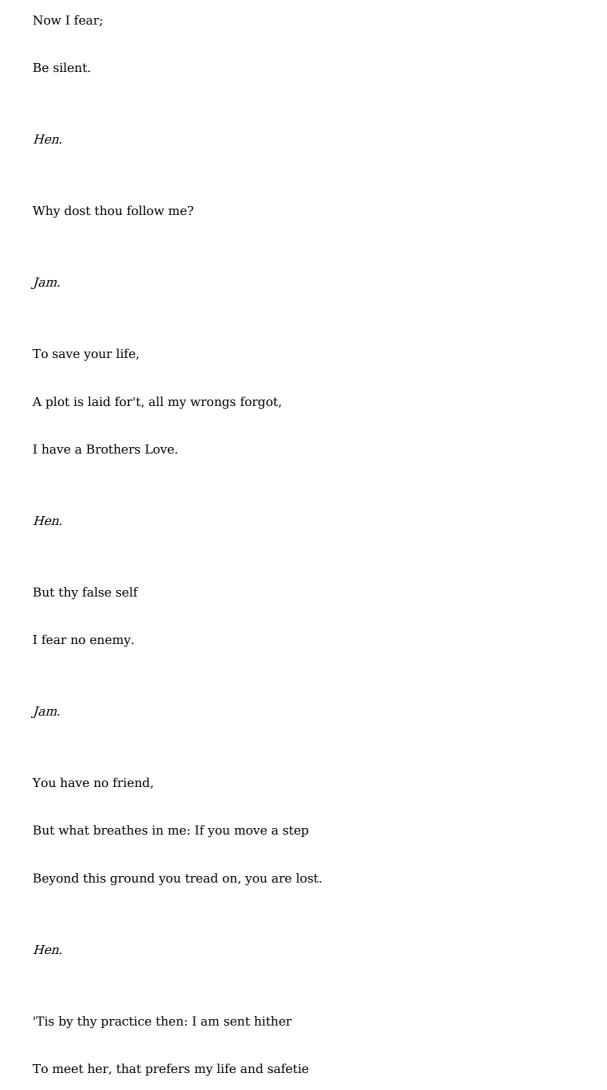
We are all your Servants.

Asc.

Had I assurance of a thousand lives,
And with them perpetuitie of pleasure,
And should lose all, if he prov'd only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.
Jac.
'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are,
And death concludes all misery.
Oct.
Undiscovered
Enter Henrique, Jamie.
We must attend him.
Asc.
Our stay is not long.
With him Don Henrique?
Jac.

Believ't he is too noble

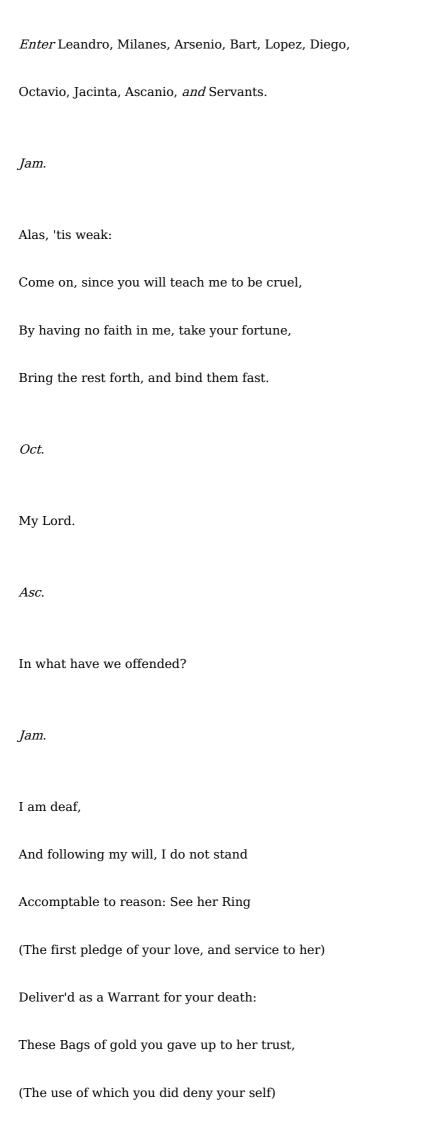
To purpose any thing but for our good.

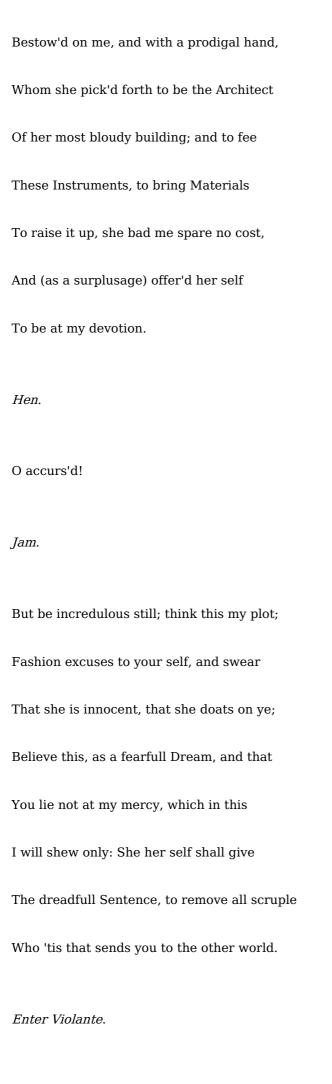


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Jam.
That you should be abus'd thus
With weak credulitie! She for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble Father,
Or that one Mother bare us, for whose love
You brake a contract to which heaven was witness,
To satisfie whose pride and wilfull humour
You have expos'd a sweet and hopefull Son
To all the miseries that want can bring him,
And such a Son, though you are most obdurate,
To give whom entertainment Savages
Would quit their Caves themselves, to keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger: This dissembling woman,
This Idol, whom you worship, all your love
And service trod under her feet, designs you
To fill a grave, or dead to lye a prey
For Wolves and Vulturs.
Hen.
'Tis false; I defie thee,
```

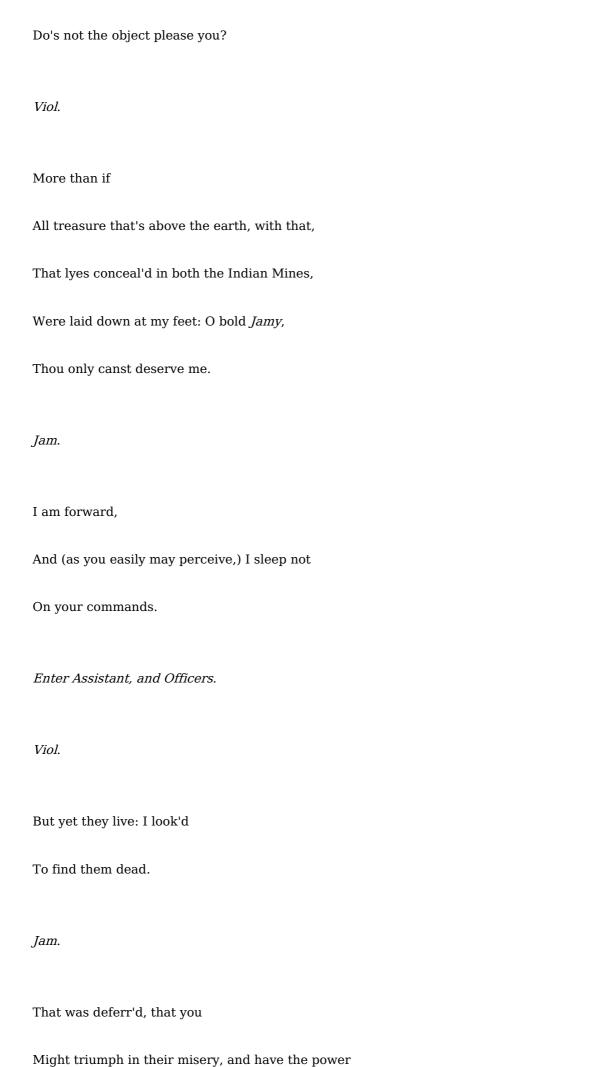
And stand upon my Guard.

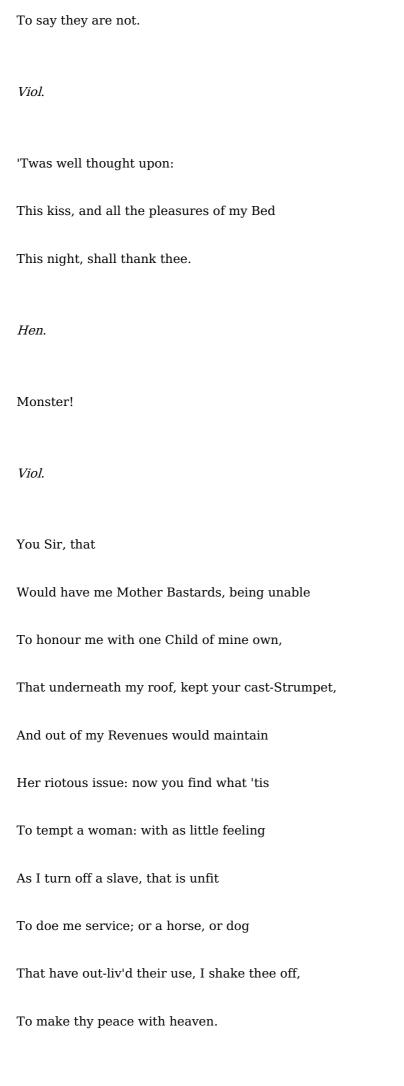
Before her own.



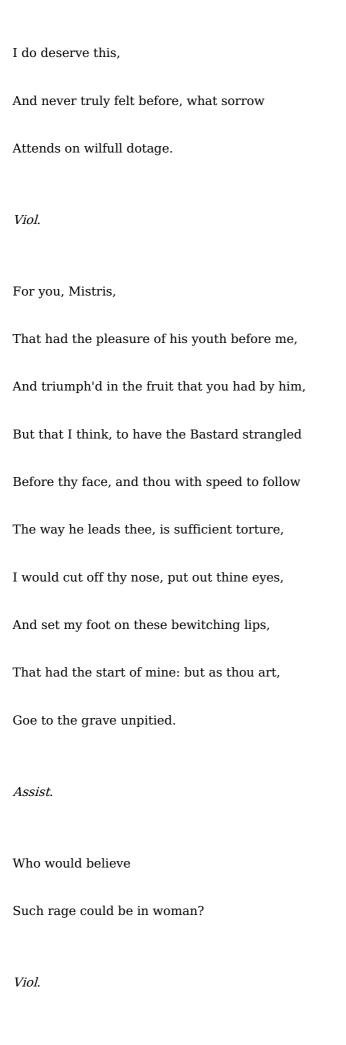


Appears my Violante? speak (my dearest)

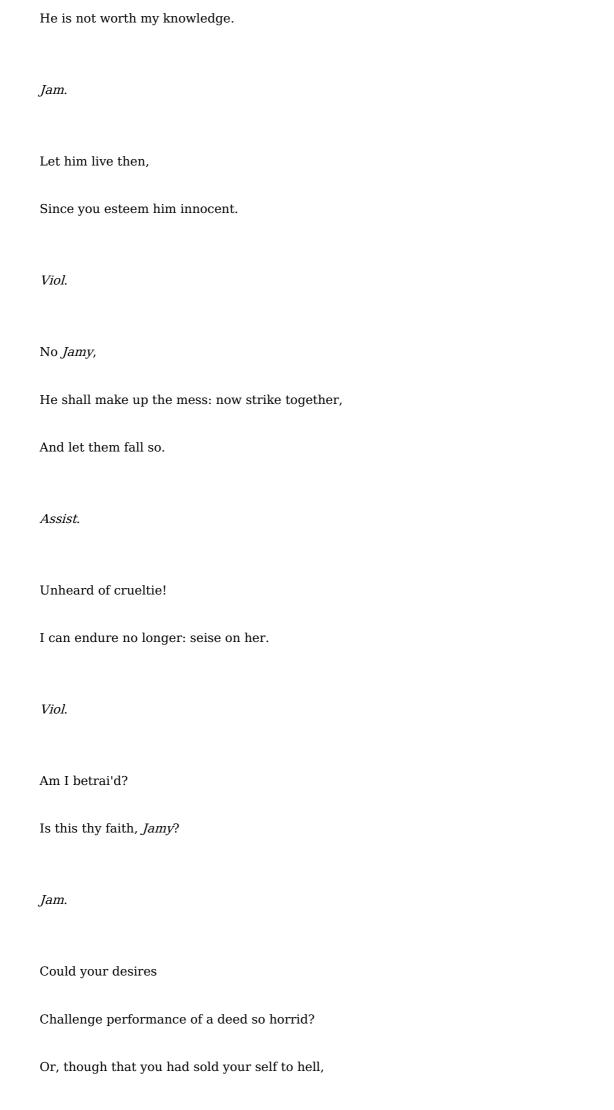




Hen.



For this fellow,

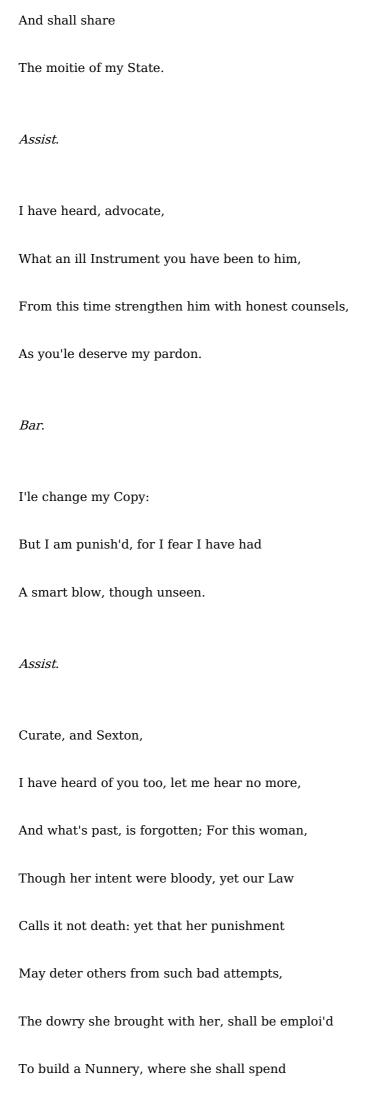


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I should make up the bargain? Live (dear Brother)
Live long, and happy: I forgive you freely;
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair Inheritance: and how e're harsh language
(Call'd on by your rough usage) pass'd my lips,
In my heart I ever lov'd you: all my labours
Were but to shew, how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld it self in this false Glass,
That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,
That if your State were mine, I would adopt him,
These are the Murtherers my noble friends,
Which (to make trial of her bloudy purpose)
I won, to come disguis'd thus.
Hen.
I am too full
Of grief, and shame to speak: but what I'le doe,
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;
And howsoever I have liv'd, I'le die
A much chang'd man.
```

Jam.

You could make satisfaction to this woman,
Our joyes were perfect.
Hen.
That's my only comfort,
That it is in my power: I ne're was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When grief would kill <i>Jacintha</i> .
Assist.
All is come out,
And finds a fair success: take her <i>Don Henrique</i> ,
And once again embrace your Son.
Hen.
Most gladly.
Assist.
Your Brother hath deserv'd all.
Hen.

Were it but possible



The remnant of her life.
Viol.
Since I have miss'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.
Assist.
The strict discipline
Of the Church, will teach you better thoughts. And Signiors,
You that are Batchelours, if you ever marry,
In Bartolus you may behold the issue
Of Covetousness and Jealousie; and of dotage,
And falshood in <i>Don Henrique</i> : keep a mean then;
For be assured, that weak man meets all ill, That gives himself up to a womans will.
[Exeunt.
Prologue.

To tell ye (Gentlemen,) we have a Play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to day,
The Name ye know, that's nothing to my Story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of Glory,
Of State, of Bitterness: of wit you'll say,
For that is now held wit, that tends that way,
Which we avoid: To tell ye too 'tis merry,
And meant to make ye pleasant, and not weary:
The Stream that guides ye, easie to attend:

To tell ye that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to goe thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is war.
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it self, and pray
Like a good Bark, it may work out to day,
And stem all doubts; 'twas built for such a proof,
And we hope highly: if she lye aloof
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,
Why let her work, only be you but still,
And sweet opinion'd, and we are bound to say,
You are worthy Judges, and you crown the Play.

Epilogue.

The Play is done, yet our Suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our friends,
Our noblest friends; if ought have faln amiss,
O let it be sufficient, that it is,
And you have pardon'd it. In Buildings great
All the whole Body cannot be so neat,
But something may be mended; Those are fair,
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

**APPENDIX** 

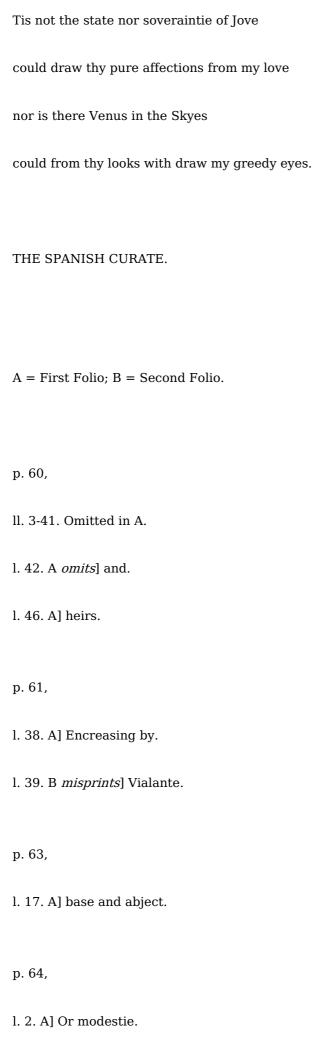
Ad Janum

Take Comfort Janus, never feare thy head

Which to the quick belongs, not to the dead

Thy wife did lye with one, thou being dead drunke

Thou are not Cuckold though shee bee a Punke.



l. 18. B misprints] whow.

p. 65,
l. 17. A] By this example.
l. 25. A] or of my.
p. 66,
l. 8. A] of mine own.
l. 26. A] Mirth, and Seek.
p. 68,
l. 2. A] have you.
p. 70,
l. 28. A] provoking it call.
p. 73,
l. 13. A] To me, of, that misery against my will.
p. 74,
l. 33. A <i>omits</i> ] as.
p. 75,
l. 18. A gives this line to <i>Lean</i> .

l. 31. A adds] exit lea. and gives

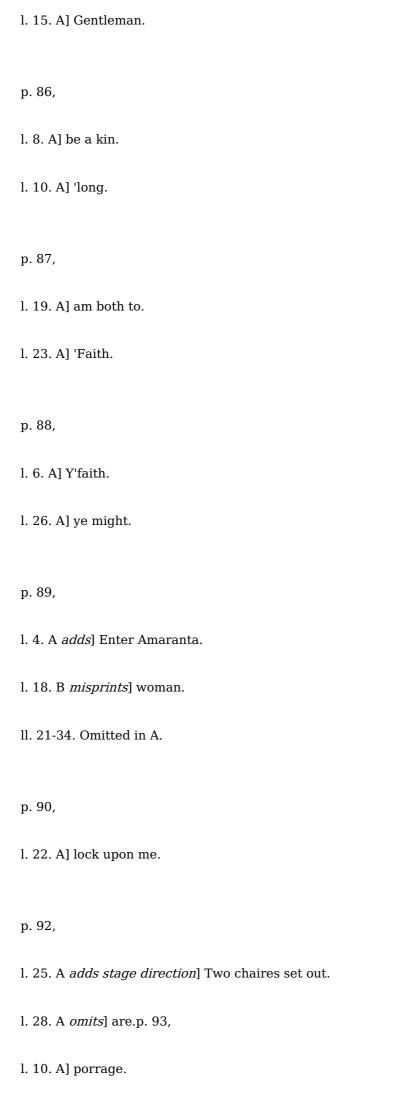
ll. 32 and 33 to Ars.

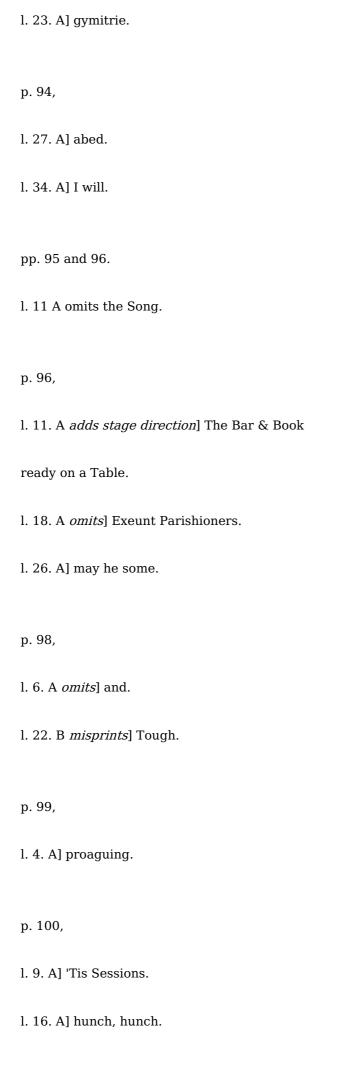
l. 31. A] wish that it.

p. 76,
l. 29. A comma has been substituted for a full-stop after weathers.
p. 77,
1. 25. A] look out it.
1. 39. A] has.
p. 79,
1. 3. A] often-times.
l. 15. B <i>prints</i> ] Dig.
l. 28. A <i>omits</i> ] to.
ll. 33 and 34. A gives these lines to Lea.
p. 80,
1. 22. B <i>misprints</i> ] yesterdy.
p. 82,
1. 9. A] still and the.
l. 16. A] jealousies.
p. 83,

l. 34. A *omits*] Exeunt Mil. Ars.

l. 3. B] More.





l. 8. A] at her.
l. 21. A] Had winck'd.
p. 102,
l. 29. A adds stage direction] Chess-boord and
men set ready.
p. 104,
l. 10. A <i>omits</i> ] Exit.
l. 27. A] That rakes.
l. 35. A] Jam. ( <i>char.</i> ).
l. 37. A omits stage direction.
l. 40. A omits stage direction.
p. 105,
l. 18. A <i>gives this line to</i> Lean.
p. 106,
l. 11. A] 'Pre.
l. 13. A omits stage direction.
l. 16. A] 'Would.
p. 107,

l. 32. A] and I thank.

l. 1. A] anger.
1. 2. A] Why none, Sir.
p. 110,
1. 3. B <i>misprints</i> ] Hne.
l. 17. B <i>misprints</i> ] barrneness.
l. 34. A] hath blasted.
p. 111,
l. 12. A] pontafles.
p. 113,
l. 5. A adds stage direction] Bed ready wine,
table Standish & Paper.
p. 114,
1. 9. A] If ye.
p. 115,
1. 29. A and B] Ars.
p. 116,
1. 25. A <i>omits</i> ] for.
p. 117,

l. 3. A adds stage direction] Diego

p. 118,
l. 14. A adds stage direction] Bed thrust out
p. 120,
l. 1. A] Nor preach not Abstinence.
1. 2. A] budge.
p. 122,
l. 15. A <i>prints</i> Doe you deserve <i>as</i> the beginning of Die's speech.
p. 123,
l. 16. A. <i>prints stage direction</i> ] Pewter
ready for noyse.
l. 19. B <i>misprints</i> ] joyn'd.
p. 124,
p. 124,
l. 10. A] 'pre'thee.
p. 125,
1. 9. A] brussels.
1. 34. A] fleere.

p. 126,

l. 39. A] has.

ready in Bed, wine, cup.

1. 3. A] I doe owe dutie.
l. 19. A <i>adds stage direction</i> ] A Table
ready covered with Cloath Napkins Salt Trenchers
and Bread.
l. 27. A] cerviz'd.
p. 132,
l. 7. A <i>omits</i> ] wee'l.
l. 12. A adds stage direction] Dishes covered
with papers in each ready.
p. 134,
l. 11. A has Bar written in the margin, not printed, in the copy collated.
1. 36. A] least none drest.
p. 137,
l. 9. A] concernes.
l. 27. A] gives this line to Lea.
p. 138,
l. 16. A] Has.
p. 139,

l. 5. B *misprints*] Octavia ... Arsenio.

p. 129,

l. 24. A] deserv'd well.

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