

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER  
JOHN**

**THE SCORNFUL  
LADY**

Francis Beaumont  
**The Scornful Lady**

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## Содержание

Persons Represented in the Play	5
Actus primus. Scena prima	6
Actus Secundus. Scena Prima	14
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# Francis Beaumont

## The Scornful Lady

### Persons Represented in the Play

*Elder Loveless, a Sutor to the Lady. Young Loveless, a Prodigal. Savil, Steward to Elder Loveless. Lady and ) Martha, )Two Sisters. Younglove, or Abigal, a waiting Gentlewoman. Welford, a Sutor to the Lady. Sir Roger, Curate to the Lady. (Captain ) (Travailer ) Hangers on to Young Loveless. (Poet ) (Tabaco-man ) Wenches. Fidlers. Morecraft, an Usurer. A Rich Widow. Attendants.*

## Actus primus. Scena prima

*Enter the two Lovelesses, Savil the Steward, and a Page.*

*Elder Love.* Brother, is your last hope past to mollifie *Morecrafts* heart about your Mortgage?

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

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

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

*El. Lo.* And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leave the Land. Make the boat stay, I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkness of the night and the roughness of the waters might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

*Savil.* Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home and marry, and propagate and govern in our Country, than to Travel and die without issue.

*El. Lo. Savil,* you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

*Yo. Lo.* Yonder's Mistres *Younglove*, Brother, the grave rubber of your Mistresses toes.

*Enter Mistres Younglove the waiting woman.*

*El. Lo.* Mistres *Younglove*.

*Young.* Master *Loveless*, truly we thought your sails had been hoist: my Mistres is perswaded you are Sea-sick ere this.

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

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

*El. Lo.* What critical minute was that?

*Young.* When her smock was over her ears: but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her heels.

*El. Lo.* I prethee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment; and then for *France*.

*Young.* I'll do't: hark hither, is that your Brother?

*El. Lo.* Yes, have you lost your memory?

*Young.* As I live he's a pretty fellow. [*Exit.*

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

*El. Lo.* Why she knows not you.

*Yo. Lo.* No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day she loves youth of Eighteen; she heard a tale how *Cupid* struck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindness would needs wear a Willow-garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the last Queens time once over: she was struck when they acted Lovers, and forsook some when they plaid Murthers. She has nine *Spur-royals*, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she her self pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest son, or her Mistres Husbands Clerk shall be, that Marries her, shall make her a joynture of fourscore pounds a year; she tells tales of the serving-men.

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

*Enter Lady and waiting women.*

*Lady.* Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed: what's the rest?

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

*Lady.* I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

*Yo. Lo.* Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

*Lady.* Sir I hope you are the master of your own occasions.

[*Exit Yo. Lo. and Savil.*]

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

*Lady.* It's a cold room this, Servant.

*El. Lo.* Mistris.

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

*El. Lo.* Mistris, another in my place, that were not tyed to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

*La.* *Younglove*, make a good fire above to warm me after my servants *Exordiums*.

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

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

*El. Lo.* Mistris, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man—

*La.* A *Simile* servant? This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes* and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to say, break into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you.

*El. Lo.* Mistris I came to see you.

*La.* That's happily dispatcht, the next.

*El. Lo.* To take leave of you.

*La.* To be gone?

*El. Lo.* Yes.

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

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

*La.* I? Never apter. Fast (good servant) fast.

*El. Lo.* 'Twas to intreat you to hear reason.

*La.* Most willingly, have you brought one can speak it?

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

*La.* You would stay at home?

*El. Lo.* Yes Lady.

*La.* Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your Mistris, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Dovers* dreadful cliffe, passing in a poor Water-house; the dangers of the merciless Channel 'twixt that and *Callis*, five long hours sail, with three poor weeks victuals.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me.

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

*El. Lo.* You wrong me much.

*La.* And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistris, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some *French* Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole year spent in Tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me much.

*La.* Louder yet.

*El. Lo.* You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers, move me not with toys: but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: was one kiss forc't from you in publick by me so unpardonable? Why all the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

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

*Elder Lov.* Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

*Lady.* And so you told 'em.

*Elder Lo.* I did, yet no sign of disgrace need to have stain'd your cheek: you your self knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

*Lady.* I did: But if a Maids heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

*Elder Lo.* But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hop'd that I should give away my freedom; and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband?

*Lady.* Believe me; if my Wedding-smock were on,  
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come,  
Were the Rosemary-branches dipt, and all  
The Hipochrist and Cakes eat and drunk off,  
Were these two armes incompast with the hands  
Of Bachelors to lead me to the Church,  
Were my feet in the door, were I *John*, said,  
If *John* should boast a favour done by me,  
I would not wed that year: And you I hope,  
When you have spent this year commodiously,  
In atchieving Languages, will at your return  
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,  
Than such a friend: More talk I hold not now  
If you dare go.

*Elder Lo.* I dare, you know: First let me kiss.

*Lady.* Farewel sweet Servant, your task perform'd, On a new ground as a beginning Sutor, I shall be apt to hear you.

*Elder Lo.* Farewel cruel Mistres. [*Exit Lady.*]

Enter Young Loveless, and Savil.

*Young Lo.* Brother you'l hazard the losing your tide to *Gravesend*: you have a long half mile by Land to *Greenewich*?

*Elder Lo.* I go: but Brother, what yet unheard of course to live, doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

*Young Lo.* Course? why Horse-coursing I think. Consume no time in this: I have no Estate to be mended by meditation: he that busies himself about my fortunes may properly be said to busie himself about nothing.

*Elder Lo.* Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolve and open; if you will shape none, I must inform you that that man but perswades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

*Young Lo.* Why live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

*Elder Lo.* I apprehend not that: you have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of 'em: and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

*Young Lo.* Why I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bet at Bowling-alleyes, or man Whores; I would fain live by others: but I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after the thought's taken.

*Elder Love.* I see you are ty'd to no particular imploiment then?

*Young Lo.* Faith I may choose my course: they say nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her liberality.

*Elder Lo.* Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolved you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your care *Savil* to see him fed and cloathed, not according to his present Estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

*Young Lo.* If it be refer'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation Jearsie-stockins, blew devils breeches, with the gards down, and my pocket i'th' sleeves, I'll n'er look you i'th' face again.

*Sa.* A comelier wear I wuss it is than those dangling slops.

*Elder Lo.* To keep you readie to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing, which at your best leasure together open and read.

*Enter Younglove to them with a Jewell.*

*Abig.* Sir, my Mistress commends her love to you in this token, and these words; it is a Jewell (she sayes) which as a favour from her she would request you to wear till your years travel be performed: which once expired, she will hastily expect your happy return.

*Elder Lo.* Return my service with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly over-joyed man would willingly utter, and you I hope I shall with slender arguments perswade to wear this Diamond, that when my Mistris shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Suitors, offer to forget me; you may cast your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me: She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her; as we see many men much swayed by the Grooms of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, than on others, but for that they know their secrets.

*Abi.* O' my credit I swear, I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Suitors.

*Elder Love.* I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids swear they found plasters in their beds.

*Abi.* I know, I know, and do not you fear the Suitors.

*Elder Lo.* Farewell, be mindfull, and be happie; the night calls me.

*[Exeunt omnes praeter Younglove.]*

*Abi.* The Gods of the Winds befriend you Sir; a constant and a liberal Lover thou art, more such God send us.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* Let'em not stand still, we have rid.

*Abi.* A suitor I know by his riding hard, I'll not be seen.

*Wel.* A prettie Hall this, no Servant in't? I would look freshly.

*Abi.* You have delivered your errand to me then: there's no danger in a handsome young fellow: I'll shew my self.

*Wel.* Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation: Are you the Lady of this house?

*Abi.* Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

*Wel.* Lady, I should be as proud to be a Servant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

*Abi.* Sir, it is not so hard to atchieve, but nature may bring it about.

*Wel.* For these comfortable words, I remain your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home?

*Abi.* She is no stragler Sir.

*Wel.* May her occasions admit me to speak with her?

*Abi.* If you come in the way of a Suitor, No.

*Wel.* I know your affable vertue will be moved to perswade her, that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

*Abi.* I will commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the household of good carriage and government; upon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithfull and not so coy. [*Exit Younglove.*]

*Wel.* What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted partie. This is right Court fashion: Men, Women, and all woo, catch that catch may. If this soft hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her Lady, there is hope she will be plyant. But who's here?

*Enter Sir Roger the Curate.*

*Roger.* Gad save you Sir. My Lady lets you know she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you?

*Wel.* Sir, my name calls me *Welford*.

*Roger.* Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. I'll try his wit.

*Wel.* I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred years Sir.

*Roger.* I knew a worshipfull and a Religious Gentleman of your name in the Bishoprick of *Durham*. Call you him Cousen?

*Wel.* I am only allyed to his vertues Sir.

*Roger.* It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

*Wel.* What's that, a Cross? there's a tester.

*Roger.* I mean the name which your God-fathers and God-mothers gave you at the Font.

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

*Roger.* *Roger.*

*Wel.* What room fill you in this house?

*Roger.* More rooms than one.

*Wel.* The more the merrier: but may my boldness know, why your Lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

*Roger.* Her own words were these: To know whether you were a formerly denyed Suitor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you she delights not in *Thalame: Hymen* and she are at variance, I shall return with much hast. [*Exit Roger.*]

*Wel.* And much speed Sir, I hope: certainly I am arrived amongst a Nation of new found fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit; if I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities: yet I fear, I should have betrayed my self to a needless charge then: here's the walking night-cap again.

*Enter Roger.*

*Roger.* Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

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

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

*Wel.* A Cobler, Sir?

*Roger.* No Sir, I inculcate Divine Service within these Walls.

*Wel.* But the Inhabitants of this house do often imploy you on errands without any scruple of Conscience.

*Rog.* Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles for eggs: but why move you that?

*Wel.* To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little to attend on me.

*Roger.* Most properly Sir.

*Wel.* I pray you doe so then: the whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

*Roger.* I doe Sir.

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

*Rog.* Your understanding is ingenious. [*Ex. severally.*]

*Enter young Loveless and Savil, with a writing.*

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

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

*Savil.* Sir, you forget who I am?

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

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

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

*Sa.* Nay then you stir my duty, and I must tell you?

*Young Lo.* What wouldst thou tell me, how Hopps grow, or hold some rotten discourse of Sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prethee farewell, and entertain my friends, be drunk and burn thy Table-books: and my dear spark of velvet, thou and I.

*Sa.* Good Sir remember?

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

*Sa.* Nay then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the lessons Sir, he left behind him.

*Young Lo.* Prethee expound the first.

*Sa.* I leave to maintain my house three hundred pounds a year; and my Brother to dispose of it.

*Young Lo.* Mark that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it?

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

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

*Sav.* Next it is my will, that he be furnished (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the obedience of my people.

*Young Lo.* Steward this is as plain as your old Minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or—you understand me Sir, proceed?

*Sav.* Next, that my Steward keep his place, and power, and bound my Brother's wildness with his care.

*Young Lo.* I'll hear no more of this *Apocrypha*, bind it by it self Steward.

*Sav.* This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you. Captains of Gallyfoists, such as in a clear day have seen *Callis*, fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths come to: they wear swords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyl'd end of a Pipe, for their Guerdon: then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco-Marchants, that set up with one Ounce, and break for three: together with a Forlorn hope

of Poets, and all these look like Carthusians, things without linnen: Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

*Young Lo.* I will either convert thee (O thou Pagan Steward) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

*Sav.* Good Sir.

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

*Sav.* Are you my Masters Brother?

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

*Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller, &c.*

*Sav.* Then God help us all I say.

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

*Cap.* Sir I will take your love.

*Sav.* Sir, you will take my Purse.

*Cap.* And study to continue it.

*Sav.* I do believe you.

*Trav.* Your honorable friend and Masters Brother, hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hugg you Sir.

*Sav.* Has given himself into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the pieces?

*Young Lo.* They are the Morals of the Age, the vertues, men made of gold.

*Sav.* Of your gold you mean Sir.

*Young Lo.* This is a man of War, and cryes go on, and wears his colours.

*Sav.* In's nose.

*Young Lo.* In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller Sir, knows men and manners, and has plow'd up the Sea so far till both the Poles have knockt, has seen the Sun take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their kinds, and had a *Flanders*-Mare leapt there.

*Sav.* 'Tis much.

*Tra.* I have seen more Sir.

*Sav.* 'Tis even enough o' Conscience; sit down, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a Living Sir, as this fellow could lie you out of, he has a notable gift in't.

*Young Lo.* This ministers the smoak, and this the Muses.

*Sav.* And you the Cloaths, and Meat, and Money, you have a goodly generation of 'em, pray let them multiply, your Brother's house is big enough, and to say truth, h'as too much Land, hang it durt.

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

*Capt.* Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely *Loveless*.

*Poet.* A serious look shall be a Jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

*Tra.* We will not talk wisely neither?

*Young Lo.* What think you Gentlemen by all this Revenue in Drink?

*Capt.* I am all for Drink.

*Tra.* I am dry till it be so.

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

*Young Lo.* It shall be so, we'l have it all in Drink, let Meat and Lodging go, they are transitory, and shew men meerly mortal: then we'l have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a fresh one: we'l keep no powdered flesh: all these we have by warrant, under the title of things necessary.

Here upon this place I ground it, The obedience of my people, and all necessaries: your opinions Gentlemen?

*Capt.* 'Tis plain and evident that he meant Wenches.

*Sav.* Good Sir let me expound it?

*Capt.* Here be as sound men, as your self Sir.

*Poet.* This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: In this word Necessary, is concluded all that be helps to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

*Young Lo.* Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by these words, The obedience of my people, you Steward being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

*Capt.* He is, he is.

*Young Lo.* Steward, attend us for instructions.

*Sav.* But will you keep no house Sir?

*Young Lo.* Nothing but drink Sir, three hundred pounds in drink.

*Sav.* O miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it! Good Sir keep some meat.

*Young Lo.* Get us good Whores, and for your part, I'll board you in an Alehouse, you shall have Cheese and Onions.

*Sav.* What shall become of me, no Chimney smoaking? Well Prodigal, your Brother will come home.

[*Exit.*

*Young Lo.* Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches, three hundred pounds in drink.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Lady, *her Sister* Martha, Welford, Younglove, *and others*.

*Lady*. Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good night.

*Wel*. Lady if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

*Lady*. A little sleep will ease that complement. Once more good night.

*Wel*. Once more dear Lady, and then all sweet nights.

*Lady*. Dear Sir be short and sweet then.

*Wel*. Shall the morrow prove better to me, shall I hope my sute happier by this nights rest?

*Lady*. Is your sute so sickly that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir as a stranger you have had all my welcome: but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.

*Welford*. So fair, and cruel, dear unkind good night. [*Exit* Lady. Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, I'll press your zeal so far.

*Roger*. O Lord Sir.

*Wel*. Do you love *Tobacco*?

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

*Wel*. Pray light it Sir. How do you like it?

*Rog*. I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings down Rheum!

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

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

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

*Rog*. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you: you shall understand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; even by that visible beast the Butler.

*Wel*. The Butler? certainly he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassock? The offence Sir?

*Rog*. Reproving him at Tra-trip Sir, for swearing; you have the total surely.

*Wel*. You told him when his rage was set a tilt, and so he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night.

*Rog*. Have patience Sir until our fellow *Nicholas* be deceast, that is, asleep: for so the word is taken: to sleep to dye, to dye to sleep, a very figure Sir.

*Wel*. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

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

*Wel*. Your comment Sir has made me understand you.

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

*Rog*. Sir be address, the graces do salute you with the full bowl of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

*Abig*. He's safe.

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

*Mar*. No, he out-snores the Poet.

*Wel*. Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

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

*Abig.* In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman so well indued with parts, should not be lost.

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

*Mar.* Will you sit down Sir, and take a spoon?

*Wel.* I take it kindly, Lady.

*Mar.* It is our best banquet Sir.

*Rog.* Shall we give thanks?

*Wel.* I have to the Gentlewomen already Sir.

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

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

*Mar.* Sure Sir, she would not eat you: but banish that imagination; she's only wedded to her self, lyes with her self, and loves her self; and for another Husband than herself, he may knock at the gate, but ne're come in: be wise Sir, she's a Woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

*Abig.* God pardon her, she'l do worse, would I were worthy his least grief, Mistris *Martha*.

*Wel.* Now I must over-hear her.

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

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

*Mar.* Well said old sayings.

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

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

*Wel.* My self for you, so please you. That smile has turn'd my stomach: this is right the old Embleme of the Moyle cropping of Thistles: Lord what a hunting head she carries, sure she has been ridden with a Martingale. Now love deliver me.

*Rog.* Do I dream, or do I wake? surely I know not: am I rub'd off? Is this the way of all my morning Prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but grass, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in Meditation, Vowes, and wooed her in *Heroical Epistles*? Did I expound the Owl, and undertook with labour and expence the recollection of those thousand Pieces, consum'd in Cellars, and Tabacco-shops of that our honour'd *Englishman Ni. Br.*? Have I done this, and am I done thus too? I will end with the wise man, and say; He that holds a Woman, has an Eel by the tail.

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

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

*Abig.* It should be some such good thing like your self then. [*Exeunt*.]

*Wel.* Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue. Good night Antiquity.

*Rog. Solamen Miseris socios habuisse Doloris:* but I alone.

*Wel.* Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me? and requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night, good Master *Roger*.

*Rog.* Good Sir, peace be with you. [*Exit Roger*.]

*Wel.* Adué dear *Domine*. Half a dozen such in a Kingdom would make a man forswear confession: for who that had but half his wits about him, would commit the Counsel of a serious sin to such a cruel Night-cap? Why how now shall we have an Antick? [*Enter Servant*. Whose head do

you carry upon your shoulders, that you jole it so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or have you seen the Celler? Where are my slippers Sir?

*Ser.* Here Sir.

*Wel.* Where Sir? have you got the pot Verdugo? have you seen the Horses Sir?

*Ser.* Yes Sir.

*Wel.* Have they any meat?

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

*Wel.* And no Provender?

*Ser.* Sir, so I take it.

*Wel.* You are merry Sir, and why so?

*Ser.* Faith Sir, here are no Oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in Porredge: the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat: yonder's a cast of Coach-mares of the Gentlewomans, the strangest Cattel.

*Wel.* Why?

*Ser.* Why, they are transparent Sir, you may see through them: and such a house!

*Wel.* Come Sir, the truth of your discovery.

*Ser.* Sir, they are in tribes like Jewes: the Kitchin and the Dayrie make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are intire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher than my knowledge: but this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drink Sir.

*Wel.* What of that Sir?

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

*Wel.* Sir, you bely the house.

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

*Wel.* I am glad on't Sir, for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue ti'd of these commendations. Light me the candle Sir, I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter young Loveless and his Comrades, with wenches, and two Fiddlers.*

Yo. Lo. Come my brave man of war, trace out thy darling,  
And you my learned Council, sit and turn boyes,  
Kiss till the Cow come home, kiss close, kiss close knaves.  
My Modern Poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

*Enter with Wine.*

Strike up you merry varlets, and leave your peeping,  
This is no pay for Fiddlers.

*Capt.* O my dear boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain  
Makes thee his *Hylas*, his delight, his solace.  
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty  
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our main potation

Five Marks in hatchments to adorn this thigh,  
Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight  
Thy battels.

*Yo. Lo.* Thou shalt hav't boy, and fly in Feather, Lead on a March you Michers.

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