The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The

Miseries of Inforst Marriage

By George Wilkins

Date of earliest known edition . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1607
(B.M., C 34.f. 42.)

Reproduced in Facsimile . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1913
The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The

Miseries of Enforced Marriage

By GEORGE WILKINS

1607

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII
The
Miseries of Enforced Marriage
By George Wilkins
1607

This facsimile is from the B.M. copy of the earliest known edition of 1607. Other impressions were issued in 1611, 1629 and 1637; it may thus be inferred that the play was popular. An adaptation by Mrs. Aphra Behn was published in 1677 under the title of "The Town Fop."

The article by Sir Sidney Lee in "The Dictionary of National Biography," narrates all that is known of the author, touching upon and discussing the question of Wilkins' connection as collaborateur with Shakespeare, Dekker, Day, Rowley and others, having especial regard to Wilkins' probable share in the early drafts of "Timon of Athens" and "Pericles."

The British Museum copy of this facsimile is in a very bad state, having been apparently much handled. The condition of the first and last portions of the book may be thus accounted for: many of the central pages are much cleaner and less blurred. The reproduction is, having regard to this fact, quite satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.
THE
Miseries of Inforst
MARIAGE.
As it is now playd by his Maisties
Servants.

Qui Alios, (seipsum) docet.
By George Wilkins.

LONDON
Printed for George Vincent, and are to be sold at his shop in
Woodstreet. 1667.
The Miseries of Incest
Marriage.

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Winstoe, and Barnley.

"But, Francis, now we are come to the house, what shall we make to be our busines?"
"Ilford. Tut, let us be Impudent enough, and good enough.
"Winstoe. We have no acquaintance here, but young Scarborow. Ilf. How no acquaintance: Angels guard me from thy company. I tell thee Winstoe thou art not worthy to wear guile Spurs, clean Linnen, nor good Cloaths.
"Winstoe. Why for Gods sake?
"Ilford. By this hand thou art not a man fit to Table at an Ordinary, keepe Knights company to Bawdy houses, nor Beggerty Taylor.
"Winstoe. Why then I am free from Cheaters, cleare from the Fox, and escape Curses?
"Ilf. Why doest thou think there is any Christians in the world?
"Winstoe. I and Iewes too, Brokers, Puritans, and Sergeant.
"Ilf. Or dost thou mean to begge after Charity, that goes in a cold state already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here.
"I tell thee Winstoe thou canst not live on this side of the world: Feed well, drink Tobacco, and be honored into the presence, but thou must be acquainted with all forces of men. I and so farre in to, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

"But, true, and then you shall be accompted a gallant of good credit.

"Ilf. But say, here is a scrape trencher attaced: How now, blow bottle, are you of the house?
"Clerke. I have heard of many blacke Jakes Sir, but never of a Blow Bottle.
"Ilf. Well Sir, are you of the house?
The Miseries

Clow. No Sir, I am twenty yarde without, and the house stands without me.

Bart. Prethee tells who owes this building.

Clow. He that dwells in it Sir.

Ifs. Who dwells in it then.

Clow. He that owes it.

Ifs. What is his name?

Clow. I was none of his God-father.

Ifs. Das matter Scarborow lie heere,

Clow. He give you a rime for that Sir, Sick men may lie, and dead men in their Granes,

Few else do lie abed at noone, but Drunkards, Punks, & knaves.

Ifs. What am I the better for thy answer?

Clow. What am I the better for thy question?

Ifs. Why nothing.

Clow. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborow.

Went. Sblud this is a philosophicall foole.

Clow. Then I that am a foole by Art, am better then you that are foole by nature.

Exit

Scur. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkshire.

Ifs. And well encountred my little Villaine of fifteen hundred yares. Stut what makest thou heere in this barren soyle of the North, when thy honest friends misse thee at London?

Scur. Faith Gallants tis the Countrey, where my Father liued, where first I saw the light, and where I am loved,

Ifs. Lou'd, I as Courtiers love Vurers, & that is just as long as they lend them mony. Now dare I lay.

Went, None of your Land good Knight, for that is laid to mortage already?

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

Went. Who lift to have a Lubberly load.

Ifs. Sirrah wag, this Rogue was son and heire to Antoy Newe, Now, and Blind Moms. And he must needs be a sourty Muliti-

ion, that hath two Fidlers to his Fathers: but tell me infayth, art thou not, nay I know thou art cald down into the country here, by some hoary Knight or other, who knowing thee a young Gentleman of good parts, and a great living, hith desired thee to see some pitty-
of infest Marriage.

full piece of his Workemanship, a Daughter I meant, but not, so? Scar. About some such preferment I came downe.

If. Preferment, a good word: And when do you commence into the Cuckolds order, the Preferment you speak of, when that we have Glues: when, when?

Scarb. Faith gallants
I have bin guest here but since last night.

If. Why, and that is time enough to make up a dozen marriages, as marriages are made up now ayes. For looke you Sir: the father according to the fashion, being sure you have a good living, and without Incumbrance, comes to you thus:—takes you by the hand thus:—wipes his long beard thus:—or turns up his Muchacho thus:—Walks some turns or two thus:—to shew his comely Gravity thus:—And having washed his foule mouth thus:—it last breaks out thus:—

Wcnt. O God: Let vs heare more of this?

If. Maister Scarborow, you are a young Gentleman, I knew your father well, hee was my worshipfull good Neighbour, for our Demeanes lay near together. Then Sir,—you and I must be of more mere acquaintance,— At which, you must make an eruption thus:—O God (sweet Sir)

Bart. Sir, the Knight would have made an excellent Zany, in an Italian Comedy.

If. Then hee goes forward thus: Sir, my selfe am Lord of some thousand a yeare, a Widdower, (maister Scarbrow) I have a couple of young Gentlewomen to my Daughters, a thousand a yeare will do well decided among them? Ha, will not Maister Scarbrow,— At which you out of your education must reply thus:—The Portion will deserve them worthy husbands; on which Tender he toones takes fire and sweates you are the Man; his hopes shot at, and one of them shall be yours.

Went. If I did not like her, should she sweate to the dinell, I would make him fast wine.

If. Then putting you and the young Puggs to in a close room together.

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

If. Where the young puppers, having the Leston before them.
The Miseries

old Fox, give the sonne halfe a dozen warme kifles, which after her fathers oath, takes such impression in thee, thou straight callst by Infa M Hawaii, how you: — When shee has the wit to aske, but Sir, will you marry me, and thou in thy Cock-Sparrow-humor replyst, (before God) as I am a Gentleman will I, which the Father ouer-hearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, Swear, hee is glad to see this: say he will have you contracted straight, and for an end make the priest of himselfe.

Thus in one houre, from a quick life,
Thou art borne in debt, and troubled with a wife.
Ifst. But can they Love one another to soone?
Ifst. Oh, it is no matter how aduates for love, tis well, and they can but make shift to be together.

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

Ifst. Oh the souer, for that and the Land together, tell the olde ladle, he will know the better how to deal with his Daughter?
The Wife and Auncient Fathers know this Rule,
Should both maids, the Child would be a Fool.

Come Wag, if thou hast gone no further then into the Ordinarie fashion, meete, see, and kisse, giue over: Mary not a Wife to have a hundred plaques for one pleasure: letts to London, there's variety: and change of pasture makes fat Calves.

Sea. But change of women bawld Knauer, Sir Knight.

Ifst. Wag and thou beest a Louer but three days, thou wilt bee Hattles, Sleplease, wides, Mad, Wretched, Miserable, and indeed, a starke Foele. And by that, thou hast beene married but three weekes, tho' thou shouldst wed a Cynthia rara avis, thou wou'dest be a man monstrous: A Cuckold, a Cuckold.

But. And why is a Cuckold monstrous, Knight?

Ifst. Why, because a man is made a Beast by being married?

Take but example thy selfe from the Moone, as soone as shee is delivered of her great belly, do she not poynt at the world with a payre of horns, as who should say, married men, some of ye are Cuckolds.

Scar. I confesse more Diuinely of their sex,
Being Maids, methinks they are Angels: and being Wives,
They are Soueraignes: Cordials that preferue our Lives.
of Incest and Marriage.

They are like our hands that feed us, this is clear;
They renew man, as spring renewes the yeare.

If. There were a wanton Wench that hearest shee, but thinkest
thee a Coxcom for saying to : Marry none of them, if thou wilt
have their true Characters, Ile give it thee,—Women are the
Purgatory of mens Puffles, the Paradice of their bodies, and the
Hele of their mindes; Marry none of them. Women are in Churches Saints, abroad Angels, at home Devils.
Here are married men now, know this : Marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by custome, sheu sharpe wit
Onely in speaking ill, and prachte it:
Against the beest of Creatures, devise women
Who are God's Agents heere, and the Heavenly eye
By which this Orbe hath her Maturity:
Beauty in women, get the world with Child,
Without whom, she were barren, faint, and wilds,
They are the items on which do Angels grow,
From whence Virtue is stild, and Arts do grow.

Enter Sir John Harcop and his Daughter Clare.

If. Let them be what Flowers they will, and they were Rules,
will plucke none of them for pricking my fingers. But fell, here comest a voice for vs : and I see, do what I can, as long as the world lasts, there will be Cuckolds inst. Do you heare Childs, heeres one
come to blend you together : he has brought you a kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands,

Tho thou hadst it Argues ere, be sure of this,
Women have sworn with more then one to kisse.

Har. Nay no parting Gentlemen : Hem.

West. Shet as he make Punkes of vs, that he Hems already

Har. Gallants,

Know old John Harcop keepes a Wine-seller,
Has Trueld, bin at Court, knowne Falshons,
And vnto all beare habit like your selves,
The shapes of Gentlemen and men of sort.
I have a health to give them ere they part.

West. Health Knight, nor as Drunkards give their heathnes
hope, to go together by the cares when they have done?

Har. My healths are welcome : welcome Gentlemen.
**The Miseries**

If. Are we welcome Knight, Infatth.

Hal. Welcome infantly Sir.

If. Prethee tell me ha' not thou bin a Whoremaster.

Hal. In youth I will my fill at Venus cup,

In bed of full drakins now I am faine to sip.

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

Doost thou heare that he is a good fellow of our flampe,

Make much of his 6ither.

Excuns.

Make Scarborow and Clare.

Scar. The Father, and the Gallants have left mee heare with a

Gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her I am a vilen,heaven
grant her life hath borrowed so much impudence of her sex,

but to speak to me first : for by this hand, I haue not so much steel of

Immodesty in my face, to Parle to a Wench whithout blushing.

Ile walke by her, in hope she can open her teeth. — Not a

word? — — Is it not strange a man should be in a womans com-
pany all this while and not hear her tongue. — Ile goe fur-

ther? — God of his goodnes : not a Sillable, I think if I should

ake vp her Cloaths to, she would say nothing to me. — With

what words tro dusa a man begin to woe. Gentlewoman pray you

what Is a Clocke?

Clar. Troth Sir, carrying no watch about me but mine eyes, I

answer you : I cannot tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell, Beauty I take the Addage for my

reply : You are naught to keepe sheepe.

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

Scar. Prethee tell me : Are you not a Woman ?

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

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

Clar. To dislinguishes betwixt himselfe and myselfe.

Scar. Why I am a Man.

Cla. Thats more then I know Sir.

Scar. To approve I am no lesse : thus I kisse thee.

Cla. And by that proofe I am a man too, for I have kist you.

Scar. Prethee tell me can you love?

Clar. O Lorde Sir, three or foure things : I Love my meate,

choife of Satures : Cloathes in the Fashion : and like a right woman:

I love to have my will.
of inforst Mariage.

Scar. What thinke you of me for a Husband?
Clar. Let me first know, what you think of me for a wife?
Scar. Truth: I thinke you are a proper Gentlewoman.
Clar. Do you but thinke so?
Scar. Nay I see you are a very perfect proper Gentlewoman.
Clar. It is great pity then I should be alone without a proper man. Scar. Your father saies I shall marry you.
Clar. And I say God forbid Sir: I am a great deale to young.
Scar. I loue thee by my troth.
Clar. O pray you do not so, for then you stray from the steps of Gentility, the fashion among them is to marry first, and loue after by lecture. Scarb. That I do loue thee, here by heauen I swear, and cal it as a witness to this kisse.
Clar. You will not enforce me I hope Sir?
Scar. Makes me this woman's husband, thou art my Clare; Accept my hart, and proove as Chast, as sayre.
Clare. O God, you are too hot in your gifts, should I accept them, we should have you plead nonage, some halfe a year hence: sue for reuersement, & say the deed was done vnder age.
Scar. Prethee do not Iest?
Cl. No (God is my record) I speake in earnest: & desirre to know Whether ye meane to marry me, yea or no.
Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my louing wife,
Clar. For better, for worse.
Scar. I, till death vs depart loue.
Clar. Why then I thanke you Sir, and now I am like to have that I long lookt for: A Husband.
How soone from our owne tongues is the word fed, Captuies our maiden-free dome to a head.
Scar. Clare your are now mine, and I must let you know, What every wife doth to her husband owe,
To be a wife, is to be Dedicate
Not to a youthfull course, wild, and unstedy;
But to the soule of vertue, obedience,
Studying to please, and never to offend.
Wives, have two eyes created, not like Birds
To roome about at pleasure, but for two sentinels,
To warth their husbands safety as their owne.
The Miseries

Two hands, ones to feed him, the other her selfe:
Two feet, and one of them is their husbands,
They haue two of euery thing, onely of one,
Their Chastity, that should be his alone,
Their very thoughts they cannot teares them one,
Maids being once made wiues, can nothing call
Rightly their owne; they are their husbands all:
If such a wife you can prepare to be,
Clare I am yours: and you are fit for me.

Clare. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a duty, so do men.
Men must be like the branch and barke to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Cloth them in Winter, tender them in age,
Or as Ewes love unto their Eanlings lives,
Such should be husbands custome to their wiues.
If it appeare to them they haue strayd amisse,
They onely must rebuke them with a kiffe,
Or Clock them, as Hens Chickens, with kind call,
Cover them under their wing, and pardon all:
No iarrings must make two beds, no strife deuide them,
Those betwixt whom a faith and troth is gien,
Death onely parts, since they are knit by heauen:
If such a husband you intend to be,
I am your Clare, and you are fit for me.

Scar. By heauen.

Clare. Aduise before you sweare, let me remember you,
Men never give their faith, and promise mariage,
But heauen records their oath: If they prove true,
Heaven smilès for joy, if not it weepes for you,
Vilelyse your hart, then with your wordes agree,
Yet let vs part, and leffe vs both be tree.

Scar. If ever man in swearing loue, sweare true,
My words are like to his: Heere comes your father.

Enter Sir John Harcop, Ilford, Wenloe, Bartley, and Butler.

Har. Now mai'ter Scarboroow.

Scar. Prepared to aske how you like that we haue done,
your daughters made my wife, and I your sonne.
of Inforest Mariage.

Har. And both agreed so.
Both. We are Sir,
Har. Then long may you live together, have store of sons.
If. Tis no matter who is the father.
Har. But some here is a man of yours is come from London.
But. And brought you Letters Sir.
Scar. What newes from London Butler.
But. The old newes Sir, the Ordinaries are full, some Citizens are bankrupts, and many Gentlemen beggers.
Scar. Clare here is an unwelcome Pursuivant,
My Lord and Guardian writes to me with speed,
I must returne to London.
Har. And you being Ward to him sonne Scarborow,
And know him great, it fits that you obey him.
Har. It due it due, for by an antient law,
We are borne free heires, but kept like slaves in awe,
Who are for London Gallants?
If. Switch and Spurre we will beare you company.
Scar. Clare I must leave thee, with what unwillingnes
Witness this dwelling Kiss e bupon thy lip,
And tho I must be absent from thine eye,
Be sure my hart doth in thy bosome lie,
Three yeares I am yet a ward, which time ile passe,
Making thy faith my constant Looking-glafe,
Till when.
Clar. Till when you please, where ere you live or lie,
Your loues here worne, your presence in my eie.

Execute

Enter Lord Faulconbridge, and Sir William Scarboro.
Huns. Sir William,
How old say you is your kin'sman Scarborow.
Will. Eightene my Lord, next Pentecost.
Lord. Bethinke you good Sir William,
I reckon thereabout my selfe, so by that account
There is full three Winter yet he must attend,
Vnder our awe, before he sue his Litery:
If not so?
Will. Not a daie lesse my Lord.
The Miseries

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

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

Lord. And yet Sir William being as he is,
Young, and vnseelde, tho of virtuous thoughts,
By Grasse disposition, yet our eyes
See daily presidents, hopeful Gentlemen,
Being trusted in the world with their owne will,
Divert the good is lookt from them to Ill,
Make their old names forgot, or not worth note
With company they keepe, such Revelling
With Panders, Parasites, Podgies of Knaues,
That they fell all, even their old fathers graues.
VWhick to prevent, wee may match him to a wife,
Marriage Restraines the scope of single life.

Will. My Lord speaks like a father for my Kinman.

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

Will. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord. Alfo I have appointed Doctor Baxter,
Chancellor of Oxford to attend me here
And see he is come. Good master Doctor.

Bav. My honourable Lord.

Will. I have possitt you with this businesse master Doctor

Baxt.
of Inforest Marriage.

Baxt. To see the contract twixt you honoured Niece and maister Scarbrow.

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

Bax. I saw him leave his horse as I came vp.

Lord. So, so.

Then he will be here forthwith: you Maister Baxter
Go Vither hether straight young Katherine,
Sir William, here and I will kepe this room till you returne.

Scar. My honourable Lord. 

Lord. Tis well done Scarbrow. 

Scar. Kind Vnckle.

wills. Thanks my good Couz.

Lord. You have bin welcome in your Country Yorkshire.

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

Lord. Twas well, twas very well, and in your absence,
your Vnkle heere and I, have bin bethinking
what gift betwixt vs we might bellow on you,
That to your house large dignity might bring,
With faire increase, as from a Christall spring.

Enter Doctor and Katherine.

Scar. My name is bound to your beneficence,
your hands hath bin to me like bounties purse,
Never shut vp, your felse my foster-Nurse:
Nothing can from your honor come; prove me so rude,
But Ie accept to shun Ingratitude.

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

Scar. My honourable Lord.

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

Scar. O but my Lord.

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

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

Lord. How Sawe-box.

Scar. O pardon me my Lord the unripenes of my yeares.
Too greene for government, is old in feares
To undertake that charge.

B:5

Lord.
The Miseries

Lord. Sir, Sir, I and Sir Knaue, then here is a mellowed experience
knowes how to teach you,
    Scar. O God.

Lord. O Iacke.

How both our cares, your Vnkle and my selfe,
Sought, studied, found out, and for your good,
A maid, a Niece of mine, both faire and chaft,
And must we stand at your discretion.
     Scar. O Good my Lord

Had I two soules, then might I have two wives,
Had I two faiths, then bad I one for her,
Having of both but one, that one is given
To Sir John Harcops daughter.

Lord. Ha, ha, what's that, let me heare that againe?
    Scar. To Sir John Harcops Cluze I have made an oath,

Part me in twaine, yet shees one halfe of both,
This hand the which I weare is halfe hers,
Such power hath faith and troth twixt couples young,
Death onely cuts that knot tide with the tongue.

Lord. And have you knit that knot Sir.
    Scar. Have done so much, that if I wed not her,

My marriage makes me an Adulterer,
In which blacke sheets, I swallow all my life,
My babes being Bastards, and a whore my wife.

Lord. Ha, if it even so, My secretary there,

Write me a Letter straight to Sir John Harcops,
He see Sir Iacke and if that Harcops dare,
Being my Ward, contract you to his daughter:    Enter secretary

My steward too, post you to Yorkshire,
Where lyes my younglers Land, and Sirrah,
Fell me his wood, make havocke, spoyle and waft.    Exit steward

Sir you shall know that you are Ward to me,
Ile make you poore enough: then mend your selfe.

Vill. O Cozen.

Scar. O Vnkle.

Lord: Contract your selfe and where you lift,
Ile make you know me Sir to be your guard.

Scar. World now thou seest what is to be a ward.

Lord
of infract Marriage.

Lord And where I meant myselfe to have disburst
Four thousand pound, uppon this marriage
Surround all your land to your owne wife,
And compass other portions to your hands,
Sir; He now yoke you still.

fear: And thouh indeed.

Hath And thought of they dare contraddle my will,
He make thee marry to my Chambermaid. Come couz.

Law: Faith Sir it fits you to be more aduised.

fear: Do not you flatter for preferment sir
will. O but good Coze.

fear: O but good winkle cou’d I command my love,
Or cancel oathes out of heauens brazen booke,
Ingroft by God’s own finger, then you might speake.
I had men that lawe to love as molt haue tinges
To leue a thousand women why, then you might speake.
Were love like duti lawful for every Wind,
To heare from place to place, were oathes but pusses,
Men might forswere themselves, but I do know,
The time being past with vs, the acts forgot,
The poore soule grones, and she forgets it not.

will. Yet heare your owne case?

fear: O tis to miserable:
That I a Gentleman should be thus storne
From mine owne right, and forfeit to be forsworne.

will. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To save: i.e. with advice, not with dispaire,
you are as wond, being so, the Law intends,
He is to haue your duty, and in his rule
Is both your marriage, and your heritage,
If you rebell against these Injunctions,
The penalty take hold on you, which for him selfe.
He that thus prosecutes, he wals your land;
Wea you where he thinkes fit, but if your wife
Haue of some violent humor match at your foute,
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To Merce your part, and in a sum so great,
That shall for ever keep your fortones weake,
Where otherwise if you be ruld by him.
The Miseries

Your house is rafid by matching to his kin.

Enter Falconbridge

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be crost by such a lache, he wed himselfe, and where he lift: Sirha Malapart, Ile hamper you, You that will have your will, come get you in; Ile make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her, Or with thy birth had bin thy murthere. 

Scar. Fate pity me, because I am inforst, For I have heard these marches have cost bloud, Where love is once begin and then withlood, 

Enter Lord and a Page with him.

'If. Boy, haft thou delinercd my Letter? 

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

'If. He had not a new suite on, had he? 

Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his Wardrobe Sir, but I saw a leane fellowe, with sunke eyes, and shamble legges, sigh pitifully at his chamber dore, and intreat his man to put his matter in mind of him. 

'If. O, that was his Taylor, I see now he will be blest he pro- suits by my counsell, he will pay no debts before he be arysted, nor then neither, if he can finde ere a beast that dare but be bayle for him, but he will seale it thist afternoon. 

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

'If. Good, good, now have I a Parsons Nose, and smelle thym comming in. Now let me number how many rooks I have halfe vndone already this Tearme by the first returne: foure by Dice, six by being bound with me, and ten by queanes, of which some be Courtiers, some Country Gentleman, and some Citi- zens Sonnes. Thou art a good Franke, if thou perselt thus, thou art still a Companion for Gallants, maist keepe a Catamite, take Phisick, at the Spring and the fall.

Enter VVentlo. 

went. Franke, newes that will make thee fat Frank. 

'If. Prethee rather giue mee somewhat will kepe me leane, I ha no mind yet to take Phiscke. 

went. Master Scarberrow is a married man. 

'If. Then heauen grant he may, as few married men do, make much of his wife.
of 

Vol. of inforst Marrige.

Wen. Why? wouldst haue him loue her, let her command al and make her his matter?

If. No no, they that do so, make not much of their wives, but giue them their will, and as the matter of eun.

Enter Fraile.

Bar. Honeft Fraile, valerous Freyke, a portion of thy want, but to helpe vs in this enterprise, and we may walk London this and cry pleasant at the Servants.

If. You may shift out one teares, and yet die in the Counter, there are the slabs new that hang upon honest Jof, I am Iof, and the least the leurly leabbes, but what's this your pot faceth over withall?

Bar. Maifter Seaborrow is a married man.

Wen. He has all his land in his owne hand.

Bar. His brothers and sisters portion.

Wen. Besides foure thousand pound in ready money with his.

If. A good talent by my faith, it might he pe many Gentlemen to pay their Tailours, and I might he one of them.

Wen. Nay, honest Frank, haft thou find a tricke for him, if thou haft not, looke here a line to direct thee. First draw him into bands for money, then to dice for it. Then take vp stuffe at the Mercers, straight to a punke with it. Then mortage his lande, and be drunk with that. So with them and the rest, from an Ancient Gentleman, make him a young begger.

If. What a Rogue is this, to read a lecture to me, and mine owne leffon too, which he knowes I am made perfect to a hundred four score and ninene. A cheating Fesall will teach me that he made them that have wore a spurious Hanke, Lodge and all of the, hackes this morning, bin fayne to pawne before night, and they that ha flanked like a huge Elephant, with a Catlle on their neckes, and remoued to their owne shoulders in one day with their fathers built up in feuen yeares, bin glad by roy meares, in so much time as a childe fuckes, to drinke bottle Ale, did a punke pay for. And that this Parat instruct me?

Wen. Nay but Franke.

If. A rogue that hath fed upon me, & the fruit of my wheele Poblen from a Pantlers chippings, and now I pull him unto good whilst to shift two suetes in a day, that could here build a patche that not out.
The Miseries

in a yeare, and fizes prayers when he had it : hence, how he prays.

Wen. Besides Frank, since his marriage, he flaukes me like a

cashierd Captaine effeminate, in which Melancholy, the leafte

drop of mirth, of which thou haft an Ocean, will make him, and

eall his ours for ever.

Ilf. Sayes mine owne Roge so, give mee thy hand then, weeke
doot, and thereas earnest. Strikes him. Sut you Chittiface,

that lookes worse then a Collier thorough a woorden window, an

Apeaertd of a whip, or a Knaues head, shooke seven yeares in

the weather vpon London-bridge. Do you Catechize me?

Wen. Nay but valorous Frank, he that knowes the secretes of all

harts, knowes I did it in kindness.

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

Bar. Sut friends, friends, all friends: Here comes young Scar-

borrow, shoulde he knew of this, all our disdignes were prevented.

Enter Scarborow.

Ilf. What, melancholy my young maister, my young married

man, God give your Worship joy.

Scar. loy, of what Frank?

Ilf. Of thy wealth, for I heare of few that haioy of heir wivues

Scar. Who weds as I have to inforced shets,

His care increaseth, but his comfort fleeth.

Ilf. Thou having so much witte, what a Deuill meantst thou to

marry?

Scar. O Frank not of it,

Marriage founds in mine care like a Bell,

Not rung for pleasure, but a dolefull knell.

Ilf. A common course, those men that are married in the Mor-

ning, to with themselves buried ere night.

Scar. I cannot love her.

Ilf. No newes neither, wivues know thats a generall fault amongst

their Husbands. Scar. I will not ly with her.

Ilf. Cetera volunt ssecle say still, If you will not, another will.

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

Ilf. As other women do, either to bee maintaine by you, or to

make you a Cuckold. Now sir, what come you for?

Enter Clowne.
of the Forest Marriage.

Clov. As men do in haste to make an end of their business.

If. What's your business?

Clov. My business is this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir.

If. The meaning of all this Sir. If by this is as much as to say Sir, my Mai. has sent into you, by this is as much as to say Sir, my master has him humbly commended unto you, and by this is as much as to say, my master craves your answer.

If. Give me your Letter. And you shall have this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir.

Clov. No Sir.

Lord. Why Sir?

Clov. Because as the learned hau'e very well instauid me, that superiors, noble men, and tho' many Gentlemen will hau'e to do with other mens business, yet from me know, the most part of these proue knaues for their labor.

Lord. You ha the Knaue, faith Franke.

Clov. Long may he bee hau'e to enjoy it. From Sir John Harcop in the County of Yorke Knight, by me his man, to you, by me your young master, by these presents greeting.

If. How canst thou by these good words?

Clov. As you by your good cloaths, took them up, I would never pay for em.

Sen. Thy master Sir John Harcop writes to me,

That I should entertain thee for my man,
His with as acceptable, thou art welcome fellow.
Oh, but thy master's Daughter, sends an Article
Which makes me think upon my present sinne,
Here the remembers me to keepe in minde
My promised faith to her, which I ha broke.
Here the remembers me I am a man,
Blackt ore with periury, whose sinfull breast,
Is Character'd like those curt of the goose.

If. How now my young Bully, how a young wench forty weeks after the loss of her Mayden head, crying out.

Sen. Trouble me not,
Give me Pen, Inke, and Paper, I will write to her,
O? but what shall I write?

No exciste, no exciste, why no excuse can serve
For him that I cures, and from his oath doth swear.
The Miseries

Or shall it be, my marriage was inconst,  
To the bed in them, not well in me to yee'ld,  
Wretched thee to whose marriage was compeld,  
Ready wrote that which my grace hath bred,  
Forgive me; Clare, for I am married:  
To weeds and do vice, but not to done forgot, or worse from thee.  
Deliter it into her, there is for thy paines,  
Would I soone could cleane these parted flaines.

Ces. Well, I could alter minglers from stilly mad into fair water: you have paid for my tears and mine eyes, that your acquaintance, and break out for you, let no man persuade me, I will cry, and every To vice between Shoreditch-church and York bridge, shall beare me witnesse.  

Exit.  

Ses. Gentlemen, I take my leave of you,  
She that I am married to, but not my wife,  
Will London leave, in Yorkshire lead our life.  

H. We must not leave you to my young Gallant,  
We three are sick in state, and your wealth must helpe to make vs whole againe.  

For this saying, is as true as old:  
Strife and envyt man and wife, makes such a flaw,  
How great foeries their wealth, twill have a thaw,  

Enter Sir John Harcop with his Daughter Clare, and two younger  
Brothers, Thomas, and John Scarborough.  

Har. Brothers, to him ere long shall be my sonne,  
By wedding this young gearde: You are welcome both,  
Nay kisse her, kisse so that she shall  
Be your Brothers wife, to kisse the cheeke be free.  

Tho. Kisse, Sut what else? thou art a good plump wench, I  
like you well, prestebee make haft and bring store of boyes, but thee  
sure they have good faces, that they may call me vnckle.  

Go. Glad of to faire a litter, I salute you.  

Har. Good, good yfaith, this kisings good yfaith,  
I lou'd to smack it too when I was young,  
But Mum: they have felt thy cheek Clare, let them hear thy sung.  

Clar. Such welcome as befits my Scarboroughs brothers,  
From the is his roth-plight wife be sure to have,  
And tho my tongue prove scant in any part,  
The bounds be sure are large, full in my hart.
of Inheritance and Marriage.

Th. Tut, that's not that we doubt on wench, but do you hear Sir John, what doe you thinke drue mee from London, and the lines of Court, thus farre into Yorkshire?

Har. I gesse to see this girl, shall he your sister.

Th. Faith, and I gesse parly too, but the man was, and I will not be to you, that your comming naye in this wife into our kindred, I might be acquainted with you before, and the after my brother had married your daughter, this brother might borrow some money of you.

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

Th. Since what else, they having interest in my blood, why should not I have interest in their coyness. Besides Sir, I since my younger brother, would be ashamed of my generation if I would not borrow in any man that would lend, especially of my affinate, only so I keep a Kalender. And look you Sir, thus I go over them. First over my Vnuckles, often are mine Aunts, then up to my Sister, thence straight downe to my Neices, to this Colin Thomas, and that Colin Jeffrey, looking the courteous clew given to none of their choices, even unto the third and fourth sametime of any that hath interest in our blood. All which do upon their long arms made by me dely and faithfully provided for appearance, and so they are, I hope we shall be, more indeed, truly, better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Har. You are a mete Gentleman.

Th. This the hope of monie makes me so, and I know none but Monie will do this to be led with it.

Th. From Oxford and Exon, from Serious Studies Expecting that my brother still had to wound
With you his best of choice, and to be good Knight.

Har. His absence shall not make our hands little mercie
Then if we had his presence. A day or two long,
Will bring him backe, when one the other meets,
At noone in Church, at night betweene the sheets
Weeke wash this chat with wine. Some wine: fill vp,
The sharner of the wit, is a full cup. And so to you Sir,

Th. Do and be glad to my new sister, but upon this condition, that she may have quiet duties, be retell a rights, hapless monent afternoones, bee glad to my brother, and lend me money when there he borrow it.
The Miseries

HARMONY

Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weak and we must bear with them,
Your frolickish looks, are only fit for men.

Theo. Well, I am contented, women must to the wall, so 'tis to
a feather bed. Fill up then.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. From London am I come, tho' not with pipe and Drum,
Yet I bring matter, in this poor paper,
Will make my young mistis, delighting in kisses,
Do all Maidens will, hearing of such an ill,
As to have left, the thing they wish most,
A Husband, a fair Husband, a pretty sweet Husband,
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas, And at last no, ho, ho, as I do.

Clav. Return'd so soon from London? What's the newes?

Clow. Oh mistis, I am sure all mine eyes are Demoniacall, I look into
mine eyes, mine eyes are Serena, plaine Serena, the Thames,
or the Ryuer of Fleet are nothing to en: Nay all the raine that
fell at Noah's flood, had not the discretion that my eyes have: that
drunke but up the whole world, and I had drown'd all the way be-
twixt this and London.

Clav. Thy newes good Robin.

Clow. My newes mistake, I'll tell you strange newes, the dust up-
on London way, being so great, that not a Lorde, Gentleman,
Knight, or Knave could travel, lest his eyes should be blowne
out: At last, they all agreed to have me to go before them, when I
looking but upon this Letter, did with this water, this very water,
lay the dust, as well as if it had rained from the beginning of April
to the last of May.

Clav. A Letter from my Scarborough, give it thy mistis.

Clow. But Mistis.

Clav. Prethee be gone,
I would not have my father nor this Gentlemen,
be witness of the comfort it doth bring.

Clav. Oh but mistis. Clav. Prethee be gone,
With this, and the glad newes, leave me alone. Exit Chlo.

THEO. Till your turne Knight, take your liquor, know I am boun-
tifull, I'll forgive any man any thing, that hee owes me, but his
drink, and that I'll be paid for.
of Infest Marriage.

Cl. Nay gentlemen the honesty of myrth
Consists not in Carousing with excess,
My father hath more welcomes then in wine:
Pray you no more.

Thb. Sayes my sister so, Ile be still by thee then. Do you hear, in
hope hereafter you'll lend me some money, now we are halfe drunk.
let's go to dinner. Come Knight. Exeunt. Mani: Chl.

Clar. I am glad your gone,
Shall I now open: no, Ile kisse it first,
Because his outside last did kisse his hand.
Within this fould, Ile call a sacred sheet,
Are writ blacke lines, when our white harts shall meet,
Before I ope this dore of my delight,
Methinkes I gess how kindly he doth write,
Of his true Love to me, as Chuck, Sweet-hart,
I prethce do not thinke the time too long,
That keepes vs from the sweetes of marriage rites,
And then he letts my name and kisses it,
Wishing my lips his sheet to write vpon,
With like desire methinkes as mine owne thoughts,
Aske him now heere for me to looke vpon,
Yet at the last thinking his love too flacke,
Ere it arrive at my defined eyes,
He hastens vp his message with like speed,
Even as I breake this ope, wishing to read:
Oh: what's here? Mine eyes are not mine owne? sure the are not,
Tho you ha bin my lamps this sixteen years, Let's fall the Let.
You do belie my Scarborow reading so;
Forgive him, he is married, that were ill:
What lying lights are these. Looke I ha no such Letter,
No wedded sillable of the leaft wrong.
Done to a Troth-plight Virgin like my selfe.
Beshrow you for your blindness: Forgive him, he is married.
I know my Scarborowes constancie to me,
It as firmes knit, as faith to Charity,
That I shall kisse him often, hug him thus,
Be made a happy and fruitful Mather
Of many prosperus children like to him.

And
The Miseries

And read I, he was married? Aske forgiveness?
What a blind Fool was I? yet heere's a Letter
To whom directed to? To my beloved Clare.
Why Law?
Women will read, and read not that they saw.
T'was but my fervent love misled mine eyes,
He once againe to the Inside, Forgive me, I am married:

William Scarborow. He has let his name too't to,
Opium? within the harts of men
Thy fealls are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter Thomas Scarborow.

Tho. Siffer, Gods precious; the cloths laide; the meate cooles;
we all stay, and your father calls for you.
Clar. Kind Sir, excuse me I pray you a little,
He but perute this Letter and come straight.
Tho. Pray you make halfe, the meate flaries for vs, and our stomacks
ready for the meare, for beleue this,
Drinke makes men hungry, or it makes them lie,
And he thats drunk on night, uth mornings dry,
and approved.

Clar. He was connected mine, yet he vniust
be married to another: what's my estate then?
I stetched rand, not fit for any man,
not being wonted is with plighted faiths,
You must help me to the consuelt of lone,
and so do me, and whoe shall marry me:
A confession in Adultery. (O God)

That such hard Fortune, should bend my youth.

To Youngs, brave, Rich, Honeste, Virtuous,
for all this, whoe shall marry mee
and this where hee in Adultery.

I cannot bepo to the path of pleasure
or whitch I was created, home vnto,
Let me but more to honest, rich or poor,
If I once wed yet I must live a while.
I must be made a heir, pet goall my will,
As named I have abhord, a fhameful
I have shewed, and now cannot with stand it
In my fettled am my fathers most child,
of Inforst Marriages.

In me he hath a hope, tho not his name
Can be increast, yet by my Issue
His land shall be posst, his age delighted.
And tho that I should vow a single life
To keep my soule vsnspotted, yet will he
Inforce me to a marriage:
So that my griefe doth of that waight confit,
It helps me nor to yeeld, nor to resist:
And was I then created for a Whore? A whore,
Bad name, bad act, Bad man makes me a scorn:
Then haue a Strumpet? Better be vnborne. Enter John Scarbovorw
Sister, Pray you will you come,
Your father and the whole meeting stayes for you.

Clare. I come, I come, I pray returne: I come.
John I must not goe without you.

Clare. Be thou my Vther, sooth Ie follow you
He writes here to forgive him, he is married:
False Gentleman: I do forgive thee with my hart,
Yet will I send an answere to thy letter,
And in so short words thou shalt weep to read them,
And hears my agent ready: Forgive me, I am dead.
Tis writ, and I will act it: Be judge you Mayds
Haue trusted the false promises of men.
Be judge you wiuues, the which have been inforst
From the white sheets you loued, to them ye loathed:
Whether this Axiome may not be assured,

Better one saine, then many be endured.
My armes imbracings, Kisses, Chastity,
Were his posseions: and whilst I live,
He doth but fleale those pleasures he enjoyes:
Is an Adultere: in his married ames,
And never goes to his defiled bed.
But God writes sin upon the Teasters led
Ile be a Wife now, help to safe his soule
Tho I haue lost his body, gane a slave
To his iniquities, and wite one same;
Done by this hand, ende many done by him.
Farwell the world, then farewell the needed ioyes
The Miseries

Till this I have hop't for, from that Gentleman,
Scarborrow, forgive me: thus thou hast lott thy wife,
Yet record would, though by an act too foule,
A wife thus did to cleanse her husbands foule.

Enter Sir John Harap.

Har. Gods precious, for his mercy, whereas this wench?
Must all my friends and guests attend on you?
Where are you Minion?

Clar. Scarborrow come close mine eyes, for I am dead.

Har. That sad voyce was not hers I hope:

Whose this, my daughter?

Clar. Your daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried,
Prayes Scarborrow to forgie her: she is dead.

Har. Patience good teares, and let my words haue way
Clar, my daughter, Help my servants there:
Lift up thine eyes, and looke upon thy father,
They were not borne to looke their light so soone,
| and he get thee for my comforter,
| And not to be the Author of my care.

Why speakest thou not? Some helpe my servants there:
What hand hath made thee pale? Or if thine owne,

What cause had? thou that wast thy fathers joy,

The Treasure of his age, the Cradle of his sleepe,
His all in all, I prether speake to me?

Thou art not hope for death, come backe againe,
Clar. my Clar. If death must needs haue one,
I am the fittest, father let me go,

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

Enter Thomas, and John Scarborow.

Tho. What means this outery?

To ouchful spectacle

Har. Thou wilt not, wilt not to be so fallen childe,
But kind and loving to thy aged father:

Awake, awake, to be thy falling sleepe,
Would I have a sense for grieue, nor dies to wepe.

When I read these, she sad contents doth tell me,

My Brother writ, he hath broke his faith to her,
And she replies, for him she hath killd her selfe.
of inforst Marriages.

Har. Was that the cause that thou hast toy'd thy letter,
With these red spots, these bleeders of beauty?
My child, my child, was pity in him,
Made thee to say' was not now to hawke a sonne,
That he deceived thee in a Mothers hopes.
Polecy, the blisse of marriage?
Thou hast no unt to answer no, or I,
But in red Letters writes: For him I die,
Cuts on his treacherous cunt, his youth, his blood,
His pleasures, Children, and possessions,
Bel's his days like winter, comfort else:
Restles his nights, his wants Remorseless,
And may his Corps be the Philistians stage,
Which plaid upon, flancks not to honored Age,
Or with diseases may lie and pine.
Till grecse wax blind his eyes, as grecse doth mine.

Exe

16b. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, were to be pitied.

Enter Scarborow, his wife Katherine, Ilford, Westle,
Barley and Butler.

Ilf. What ride by the gate, & not call, that were a shame of faith.

West. Weel, but tale of his Beere, kill'd his Daughter, and to
horse again, where's the good Knight here?

Scur. You bring me to my shame unwillingly.

Ilf. Sham'd at what, for deceiving of a wench, I ha not bluss'd,
that ha dunt to a hundred of em.

In wemens love he's wife, dought follow this,
Lowe one so long till her another kifte.
Where's the good Knight here?

le. O Brother, you are come to make your age
Sad mourner at a farall Tragedy.

Peruse this Letter first, and then this Corps.

Scur. O wronged Clare? Accursed Scarborow?

I write to her, that I was married,
She writes to me, forgive her she is dead.
I he balmeth body with my faithfull tears,
And he perpetuall mourner at thy Tomb.

I he sacrificeth this Committ into lighe,

Make
The Miseries

Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefits my parents gave,
Shall tune distempered to appease the wrath
For this blood shed, and I am guilty of.

Kar. Deere husband.

Scar. False woman, not my wife, tho married to me,
Look what thy friends, and thou art guilty of,
The murder of a creature, equal heauen
In her Creation, whose thoughts like fire,
Never lookt base, but euer did aspire
To blested benefits, till you and yours vnidid her,
Eye her, view, tho dead, yet she dus looke,
Like a fresh frame, or a new printed booke
Of the best paper, never lookt into,
But with one fullled finger, which did spot her,
Which was her owne too, but who was cause of it,
Thou and thy friends, and I will loath thee thort.

Enter Sir John Harcop.

Har. They do bely her that do say shees dead,
She is but lmaid to some by-gallery,
And I must ha her againe. Clare, where art thou Clare?

Scar. Here, laid to take her everlasting sleepe.

Har. A lyes that fayes fo,
Yet now I know thee, I do lie that fay it,
For she be a vilen like thy selfe,
A periurd Traitor, recreant, milcreant,
Dog, a dog, a dog, has dunt.


Har. O Sir John vilen, to be troth thy selfe
To this good creature, harmelesse, harmeles child,
This kernel hope, and comfort of my house,
Without Inforcement, of thine own accord,
Draw all her soule with compasse of an oth,
Take that oth from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her?

Scar. Shame on them were the cause of it.

Har. But barke what thou haft got by it,
Thy wife, is but a Strumpet, thy children Bastards,
of inforst Mariages.

Thy selfe a murderer, thy wife, accessory,
Thy bed a stewes, thy house a Brothell.

Scar. O, tis too true.
Har. I, made a wretched father childles.
Scar. I, made a married man, yet wvicles.
Har. Thou the cause of it.
Scar. Thou the cause of it.
Har. Curse on the day that ere it was begun,
For I an old man am, vn-done, vn-done.
Scar. For Charity have care vpon your father,
Leaft that his greefe, bring on a more mis hap,
This to my armes, my sorrow shall bequeath,
Tho I have lost her, to thy graue Ile bring,
Thou went my wife, and Ile thy Requiem sing:
Go you to the Country, Ile to London backe,
All ioyt now, since that my soules so blakc.

Ka. Thus am I left like Sea-toft-Marriners,
My Fortunes being no more then my distresse,
Vpon what shore foruer I am driven.
Be it good or bad, I must account it heauen,
Tho married, I am reputed not a wife,
Neglectcd of my Husband, scorned, despis'd,
And tho my love and true obedience
Lies prostrate to his backe, his headlesse eye,
Receivcs my servisces vnworthily.
I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,
But hope for better dayes when bad be gone,
You are my guide, whether must I, Butler?

But. Toward Wakefield, where my masters luing lies.
Ka. Toward Wakefield where thy master weele attend,
When things are at the worst, vs hopt theyle mend.

Enter Thoms, and John Scarborow.

Tho. How now Sifter, no further forward on your journey yet?
Ka. When greefe before one, who'd go on to grie ve,
I'd rather turne me backe to find some comfort.
John And that way sorowes hurtfuller then this,
My Brother having brought into a graue,
That murthered body whom he cal'd his wife,

And
The Miseries

And spent so many tears upon her Hease,
As would have made a Tyrant to relent,
Then kneeling at her Coffin, thus he vowed,
From thence he never would embrace your bed.

Tho. The more Fool he.

John Neuer from hence acknowledge you his wife,
When others strive to enrich their fathers name,
It should be his only ayme, to begger his,
To spend their means, and in his onely pride,
Which with a sigh confirmed, hees rid to London,
Vowing a courte, that by his life so foule
Men were should ioyne the hands, without the soule.

Kath. All is but griefe, and I am awrind forit.

John Well bring you on your way in hope that's strong.
Time may at length make strait, what yet is wrong. Exit.

Enter Iford, Wentloe, Bartley.

Went. Hees our owne, hees our owne, Come, lets make vse of
his wealth, as the Sunn of Ice : Melt it, melt it.

Iff. But art sure he will hold his meeting.

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

Iff. Why then so sure will I be arrested by a couple of Ser-
geants, and fall into one of the vnluckie Crankes about Cheap-
lide, cald Counters.

Bar. Withall, I haue provided M. Grype the Viusrer, whose
upon the instant will be ready to step in, charge the Sargeaunts
to keepe thee fast, and that now hee will haue his five hundred
pounds, or thou shalt rofe for it.

Went: When it followes, young Scarpour shall be bounde
for the one: then take vp as much more, we shaire the one half, &
help him to be drunke with the other.

Iff. Ha, ha, ha. Enter Scarpour.

Bar. Why, doef laugh Franke?

Iff. To see that wee and Viusers line by the fall of yong heirs
as swine by the dropping of Acorns. But hees come. Where be
these Rogues? Shall we ha no tendance here?

Scarb. Good day Gentlemen.

Iff. A thousand good dayes, my noble Bully, and as many
good fortunes as there were Grasshoppers in Egypt, and thats co-

tered
of inforst Mariages.

ured ower with good lucke: but Nouns, Pronouns, and Participles. Where be these Rogues here: what, shal we haue no Wine here? Enter Drawer.

**Drawer** Anon, anon, sir.

**Ips.** Anon, goodman Ralca! must wee stay your yeasure? gee'ts by and by, with apose to you.

**Scar.** O, do not hurt the fellow? Exit Drawer

**Ips.** Hert him, hang him, Scrape-trencher, Star-waren, Wine spiller, mettle-clancer, Rogue by generation. Why, dost heare Will? If thou doist not use these Grape-splillers as you doe their pottle-pots, quoit em down flayres three or foure times at a supper, theyle grow as saucry with you as Sergeants, and make bills more unconfucionable then Taylors. Enter Drawer

**Drawr.** Heres the pure and near grape Gent. I hate for you.

**Ipsford.** Fill vp: what ha you brought here, goodman roge?

**Drawer.** The pure element of Claret sir.

**Ips.** Haiyou se, and did not I call for Rhenish Thows the you Mangrell? wine in the 'Drarsers face.

**Scar.** Thou needst no wine, I prethee be more mild?

**Ips.** Be mild in a Tannerne, tis treason to the red Lettece, ene-

**my to their signe post, and slave to humor:**

Prethee, let's be mad,

Then fill our heads with wine, till every pate be drunke,

Then pille the sheet, lustell all you niece, and with a Dunke,

As thou wilt do now and then: Thanke me thy good

Michter, that brought the to it.

**Went.** Nay, he profits well, but the worst is he will not swear.

**Scar.** Do not belie me: If there be any good in me that's the best: Oathes are necessary for nothing, They passe out of a wide mouth, like smokke through a chimney, that flies all the way it goes. Went. Why then I think Tobacco be a kind of swearing, for it furis our nose pochily.

**Scar.** But come, lets drunke our felues into a flemacl also of sup

**per.** Ips. Agreed. Iet begin with a new health. Fill vp.

To them that make I and fly,

By wine, wheres, and a Dice.

To them, that only thrives,

By kising others Wines.
The Miseries

To them that pay for clothes,
With nothing but with Oathes:
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt:
This health my harts
But who their Taylors pay,
Borrow, and keep their day,
Wee hold him like this Glass,
A brainlesse empty Asse,
And not a mate for vs.
Drinke round my harts.

Wen. An excellent health.
Enter Drawer. Mayster Iford, there is a couple of strangers beneath desires to speake with you.

Ifs. What beards ha they? Gentleman-like-beards, or broker-like-beards?

Drawer. I am not so well acquainted with the Art of Face-mending sir: but they would speake with you.

Ifs. Ile goe downe to em.


Scar. Thus like a Feuer that doth shake a man

From strength to weaknesse, I consume my selfe:
I know this company, theyr custome vile,
Hated, abhord of good-men, yet like a childe
By reasons rule instructed how to know
Iuell from good, I to the worser go.

Why doe you suffer this, you vpper powers,
That I should surset in the sinne I taft,
haue fence to feele my mischies, yet make waft
Of heaven and earth:

My selfe will answer, what my selfe doth aske?
Who once doth cherish sinne, begets his shame,
For vice being fosterd oute, coms Impudence,
Which makes men count sinne, Custom, not offence,
When all like mee, their reputation blot,
Pursuing em'll, while the good's forgot.

Enter Iford led in by a couple of Sergeants, and Gripe the Vtnor.

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

If. I, me, and any man else, and a fall into your Clutches: Let go your tugging, as I am a Gentleman, I'll be your true prisoner.

Wen. How now: what's the matter Franker?

If. I am fallen into the hands of Sergiants, I am arrested.

Ast. How, arrest a Gentleman in our company?

If. Put vp, put vp, for sins take put vp, let's not all suppe in the Counter to night, let me speak with master Gripe the Creditor.

Grip. Well: what say you to me Sir?

If. You have arrested me here, master Gripe.

Gri. Not I Sir, the Sergiants have.

If. But at your last master Gripe: yet hear me, as I am a Gent.

Gri. I rather you could say as you were an honest man, and then I might beleive you.

If. Yet heare me.

Gri. Heare me no hearings, I lent you my mony for good will.

If. And I spent it for mere necessity, I confess I owe you five hundred pound, and I confess I owe not a penny to any man, but he would be glad to hate: my bond you have already master Gripe. If you will, now take my word.

Grip. Word me no wordes: Officers looke to your prisoner: If you cannot either make me present payment, or put me in security such as I shall like too.

If. Such as you shall like too: what say you to this young Gent. He is the widgen that wee must fixed upon.

Grip. Who young master Scarborrow, he is an honest Gentleman for ought I know, I were lost penny by him.

If. I would be ashamed any man should say to by me, that I have had dealings withall: But my inforced friends, wish peace you but to retire into some final distance, whilst I descend with a few words to these Gentlemen, and Ile commit my selfe into your hands immediately.

Ser. Well sir weele wait vpon you.

If. Gentlemen I am to proferre some conference, and in especialy to you master Scarborrow, our meeting here for you is not a bith proved to me thus aduerte, that in your companies I am Arrested: How ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations when men of ranke and note communicate that I Franker to thee, Gentleman whose Fortunes may transcend, to make an idle Gratuties
The Miseries

ties future, and heape satisfaction for any present extension of his friends kindnes, was Inforced from the Miter in Bredstreet, to the Counter with Poultrey: for mine owne part, if you shall thinke it meet, and that it shall accord with the state of genrity, to submit my selfe from the featherbed in the Maisters side, or the Flock bed in the Knights warde, to the straw bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heeles insted of guilt spurs, the armour of patience, and doote.

Went. Come, come, what a poxe need all this, this is Melis Flo-

va, the sweestest of the honye, he that was not made to fat Cattel, but to feed Gentlemen.

Bart. You weare good cloaths.

Wen. Ar ewell descended.

Bart. Keepe the best company.

Went. Should regard your credit.

Bart. Stand not vpont, be bound, be bound.

Wen. Ye are richely married.

Bart. Love not your wife.

Wen. Have flore of friends.

Bart. Who shall beyour heyre.

Wen. The some of some slave.

Bart. Some groome.

Wen. Some Horse-keeper.

Bart. Stand not vpont, be bound, be bound.

Scar. Well at your Importance, for once Ie stretch my purse

Whose borne to finke, as good this way as worse.

Went. Now speakes my Bully like a Gentleman of worth.

Bart. Of merit.

Went. Fit to be regarded.

Bar. That shall command our soules.

Went. Our swords.

Bart. Ourselves.

If. To feed vpon you as Pharoes leane kine did upon the fat.

Scar. Maister Gripe is my bond currant for this Gentleman.

If. Good security you Aegyptician Grasshopper, good security?

Gri. And for as much more kinde Maister Scarborrow.

Provided that men mortal as we are,

May have.

Scar. May have security.

Gripe
of infest Marriage.

Gr. Your bond with land covenanted, which may assure me of mine owne againe. Scbr. You shal be satisfied, and Ile become your debtor, for fuller hundred more then he doth owe you. This night we sup here, bear vs company, And bring your Counsel, Scriuener, and the mony with you, Where I will make as full assurance as in the Law you'd wish. Gr. I take your word Sir, And to discharge you of your prisoner,

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

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

Enter Thomas and John Scarborow,

Iob. Brother, you see the extremity of want 
Inforseth vs to question for our owne,
The rather that we see, not like a Brother 
Our Brother keepes from vs to spend on other.

Ths. True, he has in his hands our portions, the patrimony which our Father gave us, with which he lies fattinge himselfe with Sacke and sugar in the house, and we are faine to walke with lean purses abroad, Credit must be maintained which will not be without mony, Good cloaths must be had, which will not be without mony, Company must be kept which will not be without mony, all which we must haue, and from him we will have mony.

To. Besides, we have brought our sister to this Towne, That she her selfe haueing her owne from him,
Might bring her selfe in Court to be prested,
Under some Noble personage, or else that he Whose friends are great in Court, by his late match, 
As he is in nature bound, provide for her.

Ths. And he shall do it brother, tho we haue waited at his lodging, longer then a Taylours bill on a young Knight for an old reckoning,without speaking with him, Here we know he is, and we will call him to parle.

Tis. Yet let vs doot in mild and gentle tearmes, 
Faire words perhaps may sooner draw out owne, 
Then surfer courses by which his maleface grown. En.Draw

Dr. Anon, anon, looke downe into the Daphine thare,
Tho. Here comes a drawer we will question him.
The Miseries

Tho. Do you heare my friend, is not maister Scarborough here?

Draw. Here sir, what a jest is that, where should he bee else, I would have you well know my maister hopes to grow rich before he leaves him.

Tho. How long hath he continued here since he came hither.

Draw. Faith Sir not so long as Noahs floude, yet long enough to have drowned up the binnings of three Knights, as Knights goes now adays, some moneth or there abouts.

John. Time will confum to ruinate our house,

But what are they that keepe him company?

Draw. Pitch, Pitch, but I must not say so, but for your further satisfaction, did you ever see a young whelp and a Lyon plaie together.

John. Yes.

Draw. Such is maister Scarboroughs company.

Within Oliver.

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

Tho. I preth mee say heeres them would speake with him.

Draw. Ile do your message: Anon, anon there.

John. This foolc speakes wiser then he is aware,

young heires left in this towne where fins so ranke,

And prodigals gape to grow fat by them,

Are like young whelpes thrownne in the Lyons den,

Who play with them a whiile, at length devoure them.

Enter Scarborough.

Scar. Whose there would speake with me?

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

Scar. Well.

John. Tis not your ryot, that we heare you vse,

(With such as wast their goods, as Time the world

With a continual spending, nor that you keepe

The companie of a most leprous route,

Confumes your bodies wealth, infects your name

With such Plague-fores, that had you reasons eie,

Twould make you sicke, to see you visit them)

Hath drawne vs, but our wants to craue the dew

Our father gaue, and yet remaines with you.

Tho. Our Byrth-right good brother, this Towne craues main-


of inforced Marriage.

reinace, fike stockings must be had, and we would be loath our heritage shou'd be arraigned at the Vintners bar, and so condemned to the Vintners box, though while you did keep house, we had some Belly-timber at your Table, or so, yet we would have you think, we are your Brothers, yet no Lais to tell our patrimony for Porridge.

Scar. So, so, what hath your coming else?

To. With vs our sister joynes in our request, Whom we have brought along with vs to London, To have her portion, wherewith to provide, An honest service, or an honest bride.

Scar. So, then you two my Brothers, and the my sister, come not as in duty you are bound, to an elder brother, out of Yorkshire to see vs, but like leaches to sucke from vs.

To. We come compeld by want to craue our owne.

Scar. Sir, for your owne, then thus be satisfied, Both hers and yours were left in trust with me, And I will keepe it for ye: Must you appoint vs, Or what we please to like mixt with reprooche, You have bin to sawce both, and you shall know, He curbe you for it, aske why; I'll haue it for?

To. We do but craue our owne.

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

Tho. Our portions given vs by our fathers will.

To. Which here you spend.

Tho. Consume?

To. Woyes worse then ill.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Ifford.

Iff. Nay, nay, nay, Wil: prettily come away, we have a full gallon of Sacke flayes in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to the health of a friend of thine.

Scar. What doft thinke these are Franke?

Iff. They are Fidlers I thinke, if they be, I prethee send them into the next roome, and let them scrape there, and we'll send to them profenly.

Scar. They are my brothers Franke, come out of Yorkshire, To the Tauerne here, to ask their portions:

They
The Miseries

they call my pleasures, nyots, my company Lepros, & like a school boy, they would tutor me?

If. O, thou shouldst have done well to have bound them preti
tiles when they were young, they would have made a couple
of lawcy Taylers. Tho. Taylers?

If. I Birdlime: Taylers: Taylours are good men, and in the
Term time they were good Cloathes. Come, you must learn
more manners, stand at your Brothers backe, as to Shift a Trean-
cher neatly, and take a Cuppe of Sacke, and a Capons legge con-
tentedly.

Tho. You are a slave
That feeds upon my brother like a flie,
Posoning where thou dost succke.
Scar. You lie.

Io. O, to my griefe I speake it, you shall find,
Theres no more difference in a Tauern-haunter
Then is betweene a Spittle and a Begger.

Tho. Thou workst on him like Tempests on a ship.

Io. And he the worthy Trafficke that doth sinke.

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

Io. Liuesst like a Dog, by vomit,

Tho. Die a slave?

Here they drew, Wento, and Bartley come in, and the two Vintners
boys, with Clubbes. All set upon the two Brothers. Butler,
Scarborrows man comes in, stands by, sees them fight
takes part with neither.

Bus. Do, fight: I hope you all well, because you were my olde
masters sones, but Ie neither part you, nor be partaker with you.
I come to bring my maill, newes, he hath two lons borne at a birth
in Yorkshire, and I find him together by the ears with his brothers
in a Tauerne in London. Brother and brother at odds, it is naught:
soe, it was not thus in the days of charity. Whates this world lyke to?
Faith just like an Inne-keepers Chamber-pot, receivs all waters,
good and bad, It had need of much scouring. My old mafl. kept a
good house, and twenty or thirty tall swords and Buckler men a
bout him, and yfath his sone differs not much, he will have met-
tle to, tho he hath not store of Cutlers blades, he will have plenti-
of Vintners pots. His father kept a good house for honest men.
of inforest M arise.

his Tenants, that brought him in part, and his son keeps a bad de
house with Knaues that helpe to consume all. Tis but the change of
time: why should any man repyne at it: Crekitts, good li
uing, and lucky wormes, were wont to feede, sing, and rejoyce in
the fathers chimney, and nowe Carrion Crowes builds in the sons
Kitchen. I could be sorry for it, but I am too old to wepe. Well
then, I will go tel him newes of his of-springs.

Exe.
Enter the two brothers, Thomas and John Scambor" hurst, and sister.

Sis. A'as good Brothers, how came this mishance?

Tho. Our portions, our brother hath given vs our portions fitter,
hath he not?

Sis. He would not be so monstrous I am sure.

Is. Excute him not, he is more degenerate,
Then greedy Vipers that devoue their mother,
They eat on her but to preserve themselves,
And he consumes himselfe, and Beggars vs.
A Tarame is his lone, where amongst Staves,
He kills his substance, making pots the graves
To bury that which our forefathers gaue.
I ask him for our portions, told him that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,
Humbly we craved our owne, when his Reply
Was, he knew none we had, beg, flange, or else.

Sis. Als; what course is left for vs to live by then?

Tho. In troth fitter, we two to beg in the fields,
And you to betake your selfe to the old trade,
Filling of small Cans in the subushes.

Sis. Shall I be left then like a common road,
That every beast that can but pay his sole
May travel over, and like to Cammomil,
Flourish the better being trodden on. Enter Butler bleeding.

But. Well I will not curse him: he feedes now upon Sacke
& Anchovies with a posy to him: but if he be not flame before he
dies to eate Acornes, let me live with nothing but policies, and
my mouth be made a Cooking stroole for every soolde to see her
stable on.

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

But. Your brother meanes to lame as many as he can, that
when he is
is a beggar himselfe: many line with him in the Hospital. His wife lent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him that God had bless'd him with two sons: he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her, crosses mee as the pure, and sends mee to the Surgeons to seekke salue: I look at least he should have given me a brace of Angels for my paines.

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

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tel, he is your Brother & my master, I would be leath to Prophesie of him, but who sae doth curse his Children being Infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beats his man brings him newes of it, they maybe borne rich, but they shall live Slaues, be Knaues, and die Beggers.

Sift. Did he do so.

But. Gelle you, he bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, & lent mee to the Surgeons.

Sift. Why then I see there is no hope of him. Some husbandes are refpecles of their wives,
During the time that they are yffule.
But none with Infants bless'd, can nourish hate,
But love the mother for the childrens sake.

Is. But hee that is giuen ouer vnto sin,
I cprofled therewith without, and so within,
O Butler, we were yffue to one father?

But. And he was an honest Gentleman.

Is. Whose hopes were better then the sunne he left,
Should set so soon, vnto his houses shame.
He lives in Tauernes, spending of his wealth,
And here his Brothers and distressed Sister,
Not having any meanes to helpe vs with.

Tho. Not a Scots Bawbee (by this hand) to bleffe vs with.

Is. And not content to ryot out his owne,
But he denies our portions: suffres vs
In this strange Ayre, open to ev'ry wracke,
Who'll he in ryot swims to be in lacke.

But. The mores the pity.

Sift. I knew not what course to take me to,
Home? I faile would live: What shall I do?
of inforst Mariages.

But. Soolth, I tell you, your brother hath hurt vs,
We three will hurt you, and then go all to a spittle together.

Suf. I felt not at her, whose burden is too greeneous,
But rather lend a means how to replenishe vs.

But. Well I de putty you, and the reason because you Lie, you
wouldsfare live honest and want means for it, for I can tell you
'tis a strange heere to see a maid faire, poore, and honest, and to see
a Colier with a clean face. Maids heere do live (especially with-
out mainteance)

Like Mice going to a trap,
They bubble long at last they get a claw.
Your father was my good Bemwattor, and gave me a house whilst
I live to put my head in: for I would be both then to see my only
daughter, for want of means, turne punk, I have a drift to keepe
you honest. Have you a care to keepe your face for, yet you shall
not know of it, for women's tongues are like flies, they will holde
nothing, they have power to vent. You two will further me.

Isbn. In any thing good honest Butler,

The. It be to take a purse he be one.

But. Perhaps thou speakest righter then thou art aware of: well,
as chance is, I have receiv'd my wages: there is forty shillings for
you, Ile set you in a lodging, and tille you hear from vs, let that
provide for you, wee will first to the surgeons.
To keepe you honest, and to keepe you brave,
For once an honest man, will turne a K-aue.

Excur. Enter Scarborow having a Boy carrying a Torch with him, Ildew
Wentlo. and Earrey.

Scar. Boy, bear the Torch faire: Now am I arm'd to fight with
a Wind-mill, and to take the waill of an Emperor: Much drink,
no money: A heany head, and a light pace of heele.

Went. O, stand man?

Scar. I weare an excellent creature to make a Punk of. I should
downd with the least touch of a knaves fingers, thou hast made
a good night of this: What baft won Franke?

If. A matter of nothing, somne hundred pounds.

Scar. This is the hel of all gamblers: I thinke when they are at
play, the board caues up the money: For if there be five hundred
pound lost, there never but a hundred pounds wonne. Boy, take

The Miseries

the wall of any man, and yet by light, such deeds of darknes may not be. Put out the Torch.

Went. What doth mean by that Will?

Scar. To saue charge, and walke like a Fury with a fire-brande in my hand, every one goe by the light, & weel go by the smoke. Enter Lord Faulconbridge.

Scar. Boy, keepe the Wall: I will not budge for any man, by these Thumbs, and the paring of the Naylkes that flick in thy teeth not for a world.

Lord. Whose this young Scarborrow?

Scar. The man that the Mare rid on.

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

Scar. You should have brought me vp better.

Lord. That vice should thus transforme me man to a beast.

Scar. Go to, your name; Lorde, Ie talke with you when your out a debt and ha better c'loaths.

Lord. I pitty thee even with my very soule.

Scar. Put thy thr throat, I can drinke Muscadine and Egges, and Muld-sick, do you heare? you put a piece of turnd sluffe vp on me, but I will-

Lord. What will you do Sir?

Scar. Pisse in thy way, and thats no slander.

Lord. Your sober blood wil teach you otherwise.

Enter Sir William Scarborrow.

S. Will. My honoured Lord, your happily wel met,

Lord. I'll met to see your Nephew in this case,

More like a brute Beast, than a Gentleman.

S. Will. Fi. Nephew, shame you not thus to transform your self?

Scar. Can your nose smell a Torch.

If. Be not too wild, it is thinke Vnckle Scarborrow.

Scar. Why then is the more likely ris my Fathers brother.

Sir will. Shame to our name, to make thy selfe a Beast,

Thy body worthy borne, and thy youths brest
Tyld in due time for better discipline.

Lo. Thy selfe now married to a Noble house,
Riche in posessions, and Potterity,

Which should cal home thy vnflaid affections.

S. Will. Where thou makst havock.

Lo. Kynt, Goyle, and want,
of Inforest Mariages.

Sir wil. Of what thy father left.
Lor. And but without grace.
Sca. If send you shorter to heaven, then you came to the earth, do you Catechize? Do you Catechize?

He draws and strikes at them.

If. Hold, hold, do you draw upon your neckler?
Sca. Pox of that Lord,
Weelee meet at Miter, where weele sup downe forrow,
We are drunke to night, and so weele be to morrow.

Lo. Why now I see: what I hard of, I belewe'd not,
Your kinsman lyes.
S.wil. Like to a swine.

Lo. A perfect Esybia hee feeds on draffe,
And wax lowes in the mire, to make men laugh,
I pitty him.

Sir wil. No pitties fit for him,
Lor. Yet weelee aduse him.
S.wil. He is my kinsman.

Lo. Being in the pit where many do fall in,
We wil both comfort him, and countel him.

Exeunt

Amife within, crying, Fellow, follow, follow. Then enter Butler, Thomas and John Scarborow with money bagges.

Tho. What shall we do now Butler?

But. A man had better lyne a good handsome payre of gallows before his time, then be born to do these fucklings good, their mothers milke not wrung out of their nose yet, they knowe no more how to behaue themselves in this honest and needeful calling of Purse-taking, then I do to price flockings.

within. This way, This way, this way.

Both. Shut what shall we do now?

But. See if they do not quake like a trembling Asp, and look more miserable then one of the wicked Elders picturd in the painted cloth, should they but come to the credit to be assind for their valor, before a worshipfull bench, their very looks would hang em, and they were indigited but for sealing of Eggs.

within. Follow, follow, this way follow.


Butler. Squat hart squat, creeps mee into these Bullies,
The Miseries

Iye me as close to the ground as you would do to a wench.

Thos. How good Butler, show v. how.

But. By the Moone patronel of all purse-takers, who would be troubled with such Changelings, squat hart squat.

Thos. Thus Butler.

But. Ato licking, go, flatter not nowe, If the peering Rogues chance to goe over you, yet flatter not younger Brothers call you can and have no more forecast, I am ashamed of you, these are such whose elves had neede leave them money, even to make them read, wi hal, for by this hilles, they have not wit to butcher their fleeces without teaching, close, squat c'ose. Now if the lot of hanging, do fall to my share, so, then the Fathers old man drops for his young masters, If it chance it chances and when it chaunces, heaven and the Sheriff lend me a good rope, I wold not go vp the ladder twice for any thing, in the meantime preuentious, honest precautions do well, off with my skin, so you on the ground, and to this tree to escape the Gallows.

Witb. Follow, follow, follow.

But. Do follow, if I do not deceiue you, Ile bid a poxe of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter Sir John Harcop with two or three other with him.

Har. Up to this wood they tooke, search neare my friendes, I am this morne robd of three hundred pound.

But. I am sorry there was not louer to haue made even money now by the Devils hores, tis Sir John Harcop.

Har. Leave not what you see, nor tree volearcht, as sure as I was robd the theceus went this way.

But. Thiers Nobody I perceiue but may lie at sometime for one of them climbed this wayes.

1. Stand, I heare a voice, and heres an Owle in an Iuy bush.

But. You lie, its an old Serving man in a Nut-tree.

2. Sirrah, sir, what make you in that tree.

But. Gathring of Nuts, that such fools as you are may cracke the shels, and I eat the kernels.

Har. What fellowes that?

But. Sir John Harcop, my Noble Knight, I am gladde of your good health, you beare your Age faire, you keep a good house, I ha fed at your board, and bin drunkin in your butteary.
of inforst Mariages.

Har. But sirhe: what made you in that tree?  
My man and I at foot of yonder hill  
Were by three knaues rob'd of three hundred pound.

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

Har. Sirha, I say I ha'lost three hundred pound.

But. And I say sir, I wish all miserable knights might bee serned  
: For had you kept halfe a dozen tall fellowes, as a man of  
your coat should do, they would haue helpd now to keep your  
money.

Har. But tell me sir, why lurkt you in that tree?

But. Mary, I will tell you sir, Comming to the top of the hill  
where you (Right worshipfull) wer rob'd at the botomme, & see-  
ing some a licking together, my mind strait gave me they were  
knaues abroad. Now sir, knowing my selfe to be ole, tough,  
and vnwieldy, not being able to doe as I would, as muche as to  
say, Rescue you (right Worshipfull.) I like as honest man, one  
of the Kings liege people, and a good subject

Ser. A sayes well Sir.

Got me vp to the top of that tree: The tree (if it could speake)  
would bee me witnesse, that there I might see which way the  
knaues tooke, then to tell you of it, and you right worshipfullie  
to end hue to cry after em.

Har. Was it so.

But. Nay twas so Sir.

Har. Nay then I tell thee they tooke into this wood.

But. And I tell thee (setting thy worship knighthood aside)  
he lyes in his throat that lates fo: Had not one of them a white  
crocke? Did they not bind your worship knights oode by the  
thumbs? then fagoted you and the fool your man, back to back.

Man. He layes true.

But. Why then fo truly, came not they into this wood, but  
tooke over the Lawnes, & left Winno sleepe on the left hand.

Har. It may be so, by this they are out of reach.

Well, farewel Sir.

But, Ride with more men, good knight.

F 3
The Miseries

Har. It shall teach me wit. Exit Har. with followers.

But. So, if this bee not played a weapon beyond a Scholar's Prize, let me be lust at. Now to the next. Come out you on Hedge-hogs? Tho. O Butler, thou declurst to be chronicled for this.

But. Do not bely me, if I had my right I deserrst to be hanged for. But come, Downe with your dust, our mornings purchase. Tho. Heer tis, Thou haft played well, Thou deserrst two shares in it.

But. Three hundred pound: A pretty breakfast. Many a man works hard all his daisies and newer fees half the money. But come, Tho it be badly got, it shall be better bellow'd. But do ye hear Galants, I ha not taught you this trade to get your livings by. Vse it not, for if you doe, though I scapt by the Nottree, be sure you lope speed by the Rope: But for your paynes at this tyme, Theres a hundred pounds for you, how you shall bestow it, I leue you instructions. But do ye hear, Looke you goe not to your Gilles, your Punkses, and your Cock-tricks with it. If I hear you do: as I am an honest theefe, who I helpt you now out of the Bryers, Ile be a meanes yet to helpe you to the Gallowes. How the rest shall be employed I haue determined, and by the way Ile make you acquainted with it.

To steale is bad, but taken where is flore.

The faults the lesse, being don to helpe the poor. Exeunt.

Enter Ilford, went the Bartley. Iford having a letter in his hande.

Ilf. Sure I haifed my prayers, and liid vertuously a late, that this good fortunes befallne me. Looke Gallants: I am sent for to come downe to my Fathers buriall.

Ent. But dust meane to goe?

Ilf. Troth no, Ile go down to take possession of his land, let the cutry bury him & the wil: Ile stay here a while, to save charg at his funerall.

Bart. And how doest feel thy felle Franke, now thy father is dead? Ilf. As I did before, with my hands, how should I feel my felle else? But I teIly you newes Gallants.

Ent. What's that? Doest meane now to serve God?

Ilf. Faith partly, for I intend shortly to goe to Church, and from thence do faithfully serve one woman.

Ent.
of inforst Marriages.

Enter Butler.

But. Good, I ha met my flesh-hocks together.

But. What, Dost mean to be married?

Ilf. I Mungrell, Married.

But. Thats a bate for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly married.

But. Its impossible, for thou hast bin a whore mayster this seaven yeare.

Ilf. Tis no matter, I will now marry. And to som honest wo-

man to, and so from hence her vertues shall be a countenance to

my vices. But. What shal she be, prethee?

Ilf. No Lady, no widdow, nor no waiting gentlewoman, for

vnder protection

Ladies may lasted their husbands heads, Widdows will Wood-
cocks make, & chambermaids of servituue learn that, theye men

forfake. West. Who wilt thou wed then, preshe?

Ilf. To any myd, so she be fayre: To any myd, so she be rich
To any myd so she be young: and to any myde

But. So she be honest.

Ilf. Faith, its no great matter for her honesty, for in these
dayes, thats a Doyne out of request.

But. From these Crables will I gather sweetnesse: wherein Ile
imitate the Bee, that suckes her hony, not from the sweetest flow-

ers, but Timb the bitterest: So these having beene the means to
begger my mayster, shalbe the helpes to releue his brothers and

sister.

Ilf. To whom shall I now be a fitter?

But. Faire fall ye Gallants.

Ilf. Nay, and she be fayre she shall fall sure enough, Butler,
how if good Butler. But. Wilt you be made gallants?

But. I, but not willingly Cuckolds, tho we are now talking
about wives.

But. Let your wives agree of that after, will you first be rich-
ly married? All. How Butler: richly married?

But. Rich in beauty, rich in purse, riche in vertue, riche in all
things. But Mum, I defay nothing, I know of two or three rich
heyres. But Carse, my fiddlestick cannot play without Rozen:

The Miseries

If. Dost not know me Butler?

But. For Kes, drye Kes, that in summer habbin so liberal to fodder other mens cattle, and scarce have enough to keepe your owne in Winter. Mine are precious Cabinets, and must have precious Jewels put into them, and I know you to be merchants of Stockfish, and not men for my market: Then vaunt.

If. Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? Cannot a man have a little whose e-mayster in his youth, but you must upbraide him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is married, his wife shall finde in him? Why my fathers dead man was, who by his death has left me the better part of a thousand a yeare.

But. But, she of Lancashire has fifteen hundred.

If. Let me have her then, good Butler.

But. And then see the bright beauty of Leicestershire, has a thousand, nay thirteene hundred yeares, at least.

If. Or let me have her, honest Butler.

But. Besides, she the most delicate, sweet countenance, blacke browd gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, in substance equals the best of em.

If. Let me have her then.

But. Or 1.

Went. Or I, good Bur'ar.

But. You were best play the partes of right foole, and most desperate whore-maysters, and go together by the cares for these ye se see them. But they are the moste rare featured, well faced, excellent spoked, rare qualified, vertuous, and worthy to be admired gentlewoman,

All. And rich Butler?

But. (I that must be one, tho' they want all the rest) And rich Gallants, as are from the utmost parts of Asia, to throse present confines of Europe.

All. And why shoue helpe vs to them Butler?

But. Faith, its to be doubted, for precious pearle will hardly be bought without precious stones, and I think there is scarce one indifferent one to be found, betwixt you three; yet since there is some hope ye may prove honest, as by the death of your fathers you
of inforse Marriage.

Fathers you are proued rich, walke severally, for I knowing you all three to be contentious Tug-muttons will not trust you with the sight of each others beauty but will severally, talke with you, and since you have deignd in this needfull portion of wedlocke to bee rul'd by mee Butler, will most bountifullly provide wines for you generally.

But. Why that honestly said.

If. Godamercy.

But. You see this couple of abominable Woodcocks heart.

If. A pr'x on them absolute Coxcomes.

But. You heard me tel them, I had Intelligence to give of three Gentlewomen.

If. True.

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

If. Good.

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

If. Honest Butler.

But. Now sir, the being but lately come to this towne, and so nerely watcht by the jealous eyes of her friends, she being a Rich heyre, least she should be stolne away by some disolute Prodigt, or desperat eftated spend-thrift, as you ha bin Sir.

If. O but thats past Butler.

But. True I know, I intend now but to make vs of them, latter with them with hopefull promises, and make them needfull instruments.

If. To helpe me to the wench,

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

If. Good.

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

If. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happiness, if they should know either in enuy of your good, or hope of their owne advancement they'd make our labours knowne to the gentlewomans Venes, and so our benefit be frustrate.

If. Admirable Butler.
The Miseries

But. Which do you but this, being as you shall be brought into his company, and by my persuading your virtues, you get possession of her, one, one morning step to the resolver, or to make at fire, her some strewing prattle for money: for Money in these days, what will not be done, and what will not a man do for a rich wife, and with him make no more ado but marry her in his lodging and being married, lie with her and spare not.

If. Do they not see vs, do they not see vs, let me kiss thee, let me kiss thee Butler, let but this be done, and all the benefit requital and happiness I can promise thee for, shall be this, He be thy rich master, and thou shalt carry my purse.

But. Enough, meet me at her lodging some half an hour hence: harke she lies.

If. I hate.

But. Fail' not.

If. Will I flue.

But. I will but shift of these two Rhinoceros,

If. Wiggs, wingens, a couple of guls.

But. With some discourse of hope to write them two, and be with you straight.

If. Blest day, my love shall be thy cushion honest Butler.

But. So now to my tother Gallants.

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

But. Why looke you, I had at this sake for your good.

Bar. Hadst.

Bar. For you know the knight is but a scurvy-proud-prating-

Prodigall, licentious vnecessary.

Went. An Asse, an Asse, an Asse.

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

Bar. And he would ha had them at would be.

But. Hear me, tho he may lie to be an Ox, he had not now so much of the Goat in him, but only hopes for one of the three when indeed I ha but two, and knowing you to bee men of more vertue, and deere in my respect intend them to be yours.

Went. We shall honor thee.

Bar. But how Butler.

But. I am now going to their place of residence, esteem in the choicest place in the City, and at the signe of the Wolfe just against Gold smiths-row
of inforced Marriage.

where you shall meet me, but ask not for me, only walk too and fro and to avoid suspicion you may spend some conference with the Shop-keepers wives, they have seats built a purpose for such familiar entertainment, where from a bay window which is opposite, I will make you knowne to your desired beauties, commend the good parts you have.

West. Both mascio mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire, as women are some women so make you bee beloved where you shall sitte kille, then War, at length Wed, and at last bed my Noble harts.

Both. O Butler.

But. Wenches bona robes, blessed beauties, without colour or counterfet: Away, put on your best Cloaths, get you to the Barbers, Curle vp your hair, walke with the belt throuse you can, you shall see more at the Window, and I havowed to make you.

But. Wilt thou.

But. Both Fooles, and Ile want of my wit but Ile doot.

Bar. We will live together as felowes.

West. As Brothers.

But. As arrant knaves if I keepe you company.

O, the most wretched season of this time,
These men like Fish, do swim within one streame
Yet theye eat one another, making no Confence
To drinke with them theyd poyle, no offence,
Betwixt their thoughts and actions have control,
But headlong run, like an unbiachl Bowle,
Yet I will throw them on, but like to him,
At play knowes how to lose, and when to win.

Enter Thomas and John Scarborew.

And sit as I appointed: so, at wel,
you knowe your kues, and haue instructions howe to haue your felues: All, all is fit, play but your part, your flates from hence are firme.

Exit.

John. What shall I tearme this creature not a man,
Betwixt this Butler leads Ilfordur.

G 2

Ieas
The Miseries

Hees not of mortals temper but hees one,
Made all of goodnes, tho of flesh and bone,
O Brother, brother, but for that honest man.
As neere to misery had bin our breath,
As where the thundring pellet strikes is death,
Tho. I, my shift of shirts and change of cloths
knowt.

John. Well tel of him, like bels whose musick rings
One Coronation day for joy of Kings.
That hath prefered their steeples not like towles,
That summons living years for the dead soules.

Enter Butler and If; ord above.

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

If. A plague on thee, spit out.

But. But tis no matter Sir, May you heere in this upper cham-
ber, & Ile stay beneath with her, tis ten to one you shall hear them
take now, of the greatness of her poolltions, the care they have to
see her well bestowed, the admirab'enes of her vertues, all which
for all their comming, shall be but happines ordained for you, &
by my meanes be your inheritance.

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

But. Have I not promist to make you.

If. Thou haft.

But. Go to then, rest heere with patience, and be confident in
my trust, onely in my absence, you may praise God for the blest-
nes you haue to come, and say your prayers if you will, Ile but pre-
pare her hart for entertainement of your loue, dismisse them, for
your free accesse, and retourne straight.

If. Honest-blest-natural-friend, thou dealdest with mee like
a Brother: Butler,

Exit:
Sure heaven hath refered this man to weare Grey-hairs to do me
good, now wil I listen, listen close, and sucke in her Vncles words
with a rejoycing care,

Tho. As we were saying Brother,
Where shal we find a husband for my Neece.

If. Marry she shal find one heere th'o you little knowt, thanks,
thanks,
of

Thankes, honest Butler.

1o. She is left rich in Money, Plate, and Jewells.

1i. omit, comfort, comfort to my soule.

1iv. Hath all her manner houses richly furnished.

1i. Good, good, Ile find employment for them.

Win. But. Speake loud enough that he may heare you.

1o. I take her state to be about a thousand pound a yeare,

1i. And that which my father, hath left me, will make it about fifteen, hundred admirable.

1i. Indebt to no man, then must our natural care be,

As she is wealthy to see her married well.

1i. And that she shall be as well as the priest can, hee shall not,

Leaue our a word ont.

Tho. I thinke she has.

1i. What a Gods name.

1iv. About foure thousand pound in her great chest.

1i. And Ile find a vent fort hope.

1o. Shee is virtuous, and she is faire.

1i. And she were foule, being rich, I would be glad of her.

But. Pathe, pithe.

1o. Come, weele goe viji her, but with this care,

That no spend-thrift we do marry her. Exeunt

1i. You may chance be deceived olde gray-beardes, heares shee will spend some of it, thankes, thankes, honest Butler, now doe I see the happeinesse of my future estate, I walke as to morrow, being the day after my mariage, with my fourteen men in Liverie doakes after me, and step to the wall in some cheere streete of the Citty, tho I haue occasion to viji, that the Shop-keepers may take notice how many followers stand bare to mee, and yet in this latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turne my aforesaid fourteen into two Pages and two Coaches, I wil get me felle into grace at Court, runne head long into debt, and then looke courously upon the Citty, I wil walke you into the presence in the afternoone having put on a richer suit, then I wore in the morning, and call boy or sirrah, I wil ha the grace of some great Lady though I pay for, and as the next Triumphes runne a Tilt, when I runne my course though I breake not my launce, she may whisper to her felse, looking vppon my jewel, wel run my knight
The Miseries

I will now keep great horses, scorning to have a Queane to keep me, indeede I will practice all the Gallantry in vse, for by a Wyfe comes all my happines.

Enter Butler.

But. Now Sir, you ha heard her Vnckles, and how do you like them.
Il. O But, they ha made good thy words, & I am rauiwig with the.
But. And having seen & kiss the gentlewo, how do you like hir?
Il. O Butler beyond discourse, she's a Paragon for a Prince, then a sir Implement for a Gentleman, beyond my Element.
But. We'll then, since you like her, and by my meanes, she shall like you, nothing rests now but to have you married.
Il. True Butler, but withall to have her portion.
But. Tunt, that's sure yours when you are married once, for tis hir by Inheritance, but do you love her?
Il. O, with my soule.
But. Ha you sworne as much.
Il. To thee, to her, and ha ca'ld heauen to witnes.
But. How shall I know that.
Il. Butler, heere I protest, make vowes irreuocable.
But. Upon your knees.
Il. Upon my knees, with my hart, and soule I love her.
But. Will live with her.
Il. Will live with her.
But. Marry her and maintaine her.
Il. Marry her and maintaine hir.
But. For her for sakes all other women.
Il. Nay for her for sweare all other women.
Il. In all degrees of Loue.
But. In all degrees of Loue, either to Court, kisse, give private savours, or vse private meanes, Ile doe nothing that married men being close whoremistres do, so I may have her.
But. And yet you having bin an open whoremaster, I will not beleue you til I hear you sweare as much in the way of contract to her selfe, and call me to bee a witnesse.
Il. By heauen, by earth, by Hell, by all that man can sweare, I will, so I may have her.

But.
Thus at first sight, rash men to women swear,  
When such oaths broke, heaven greeues and sheeds a teare;  
But shee comes, ply her, ply her.  

Ilf. Kind Miftris, as I protested, so againe I vow, If I had not you.  
Siff. And I am not Sir so vncharitable,  
To hate the man that loves me.  
Ilf. Love me then.  

The which loves you as Angels love good men,  
Who with them to live with them euer,  
In that high blisse whom hell cannot disteuer.  
But. He fleale away and leaue them, so wise men do,  
Whom they would match, let them ha leaue to wo.  
Exit Butler  
Ilf. Miftris I know your worth is beyond my desert, yet by my prasing of your virtues, I would not haue you as women se to do, becaue I proud.  
Siff. None of my affections are prides children nor a kin to them  
Ilf. Can you love me then?  
Siff. I can for I love all the world but am in love with none.  
Ilf. Yet be in love with me, let your affections  
Combine with mine, and let our foules  
Like Turtles have a mutuall Simpathy,  
Who love so well, that they together. i.e.,  
Such is my life, who euer to expire,  
If it should beauo your love.  
Siff. May I beleue you?  
Ilf. Introue you may.  
Your lifes my life your death my dying day.  
Siff. Sir the commendations I have received from Butler of your birth and worth, together with the Judgement of mine owne eie, bids me beleue and love you.  
Ilf. O scale it with a knif,  
Blef brower my life had never joy till this.  

Enter Wenlo, and Tarnley beneath.  

Bart. Here aboue is the house sure.  
Wenlo. We cannot mistake it, for heres the signe of the Wolves and the Bay window.  

Enter Butler aboue.
The Miseries

But. What so close? Tis well, I ha shifted away your Vnecles Mistris, but see the spight Sir Francis, if you come couple of Smel-smockes, Wentloe and Barley, ha not sented after vs.

If. Apote on em, what Shall we do then Butler?

But. What but be married straight man.

If. I but how Butler.

But. Tut, I never fail at a dead lift, for to perfect your blisse, I haue provided you a Priest.

If. Where, prethe Butler where?

But. Where? But beneath in her Chamber. I haue filde his hands with Coine, and he shall tye you fast with wordes, he shall close your hands in one, and then doe clap your selfe into her sheetes and spare not.

If. O sweetee. (Exit Ilford with his Sister.

But. Downe, downe, tis the onely way for you to get vp.

Thus in this taske, for others good I toyle,
And the kind Gentlewoman weds her selfe,
Hauing bin scarcely wood, and ere her thoughts,
Haued learnd to love him, that being her husband,
She may releue her, brothers in their wantes,
She marries him to helpe her nearest kin,
I make the match, and hope it is no sinne.

Went. Sfat it is lucry Walking, for vs so neare the two Counters, would he would come once?

Bar. Mafle hees yonder: Now Butler.

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

both. Happy Butler.

but. They are yours, and you are theirs, meet me beneath I say.
By this they are wed, I and perhaps have bedded; Ex.wen & ban
Now follows: whether knowing thee is poore,
Heele swear he loued her as he swore before. Exit butler

Enter Ilford with Scarboroughes sister.

If. Ho Sirr Jahl, who would ha thought it, I perceiue now a wo-
man may be a maid, be married, and loose her maiden-head, and
all in halfe and an hower, and how doest like me now wench.

sister
of inforest Mariages.

Sif. As doth befit your servant and your wife,
That owe you love and duty all my life.

Iff. And there shall be no love lost, nor service
either, I do
d the service at board, and thou shalt do me service a bed: Nowe
must I as young married men use to do, kiss my portion out of my
yong wife. Thou art my sweet Rogue, my Lambe, my Pigfny, my
play-fellow, my pretty pretty any thing, come a bulfe prethee, fo
tis my kind hart, and wats thou what now?

Sif. Not till you tel me Sir,

Iff. I ha got thee with Childe in my Conscience, and lyke a
kind Husbande, methinkes I breede it for thee. For I am already
sicke at my stomacke and long extremely. Now must thou bee my
helpful Phyfition, and provide for me.

Sif. Even to my blood,
What's mine is yours, to gaine your peace or good.

Iff. What a kind soule is this, could a man haue found a greater
content in a wife, if he should ha fought thorough the worlde for
her: Pretty hart as I said, I long, and in good troth I do, and
methinkes thy first childe wilt bee borne without a nose, if I loose my
longing, tis but for a trifle too, yet methinkes it wilt do me no good
vnlesse thou effect it for me. I could take thy keyes my selte, go in
thy Clozet, and read over the deedes and cudioses of thy Land,
& in reading over them, reioice I had such blest fortune to haue so
fayre a wife with so much endowment, and then open thy Cheefes,
and view thy Plate, Jewels, Treasure. But a pox ont, al will doe
me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me.

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

Iff. Good gentle hart, Ile give thee another bulfe for that, for
that give thee a new gowne to morrow morning, by this hand do
thou but dreame what bulfe and what Fashion thou wilt haue it
on to night.

Sif. The land I can endow you with, is my Loe.
The riches I possesse for you, Loe,
A Treasure greater then is, Land or Gold,
It cannot be forfetted, and I if thee be told.

Iff. Loe I know that, and do answer thee Loe for. Loe in ab-
undance: but come prethee come, leis see these deedes and c-
The Miseries

vidences, this Mony, Plate and Jewels, with ha thy Childe I bare without ane note, if thou hast to carethe (pare not, why my heart
frappet you, I heard thy Vainless talk of thy riches, that on haft hundreds a yere, several Lord Flaps, Marmour Bowses. The hund-
sands of pounds in your great Chells, Jewel, Plate, and Rapes
in your little Box.
- Siff. And for that riches you did marry me.
1If. Truth I did as now adams Batchelers do (ware I could the
but indeed married thee for thy wealth.
-Siff. Sir I beseech you, lay nort your wife th were such,
So like false coine, being put vnto the touch,
Who bear a flour whin the outward show,
Of a true flampe, but truely are not so,
You wore me else, I gave the like to you,
Then as a ship being welded to the sea,
Dus either stytle or make even some mift I,
You being the hauen to which my hope must fle.
1If. True Chuckte I am thy hauen, and harbor too,
And like a ship I took thee, who brings home Treasure
As thou to me, the Merchant-venturer.
-Siff. Whate riches I am ballad with are yours.
1If. Thats kindly side now,
-Siff. It but with land, as I am but with earth,
Being your right of right, you must receive me,
I ha no other lading but my Love.
Which in abundant me I will ender you,
If other fraught you do expect my store,
Ile pay you teares, my riches, are no more.
1If. Howes this howes this I hope you do but left,
-Siff. I am Sifter to decayed Scarbrough.
1If. Ha.
-Siff. Whose in flance your Inducements did consume.
1If. Worse then an Ague.
-Siff. Which as you did beleive so they supposed,
T was Sitter for you; Selter then for another,
To keepe the Sitter, had vn-done the broder.
1If. I am guill by this hand. An old Coacher, and beguile;
where the pox now are my two Coaches, choice of houses, several
fates
of unforst Mariages.

sures, a plague on them, and I knowe not what: Doe you heare Puppet, do you thinke you shall not be damned for this, to Cole a Gentleman of his hopes, and compell your selfe into Matrimony with a man, whether hee will or no with you, I ha made a fayre match by faith, will any man buy my commodity out of my hand, as God saue me he shall have her for halfe the money she cost me.

Enter Wemlo, and Bartley.

went. O, ha we met you Sir.
Bart. What, turnd Micher, steale a wife, and not make your old friends acquainted with it.

Ifs. A pox on her, I would you had her.

went. Wel, God giue you joy, we can heare of your good fortune, now its done, tho we could not be acquainted with it aforhand.
Bart. As that you have two thousand pound a yeare.

went. Two or thrée manner houses.
Bart. A wife, faire, rich, and vertuous.

Ifs. Pretty infaith, very pretty.

went. Store of Gold.
Bart. Plate in abundance.

Ifs. Better, better, better.

went. And so many Oxen, that their horns are able to flore at the Cuckolds in your Country.

Ifs. Do not make me mad good Gentlemen, do not make me mad, I cou'd be made a Cuckold with more patience then induce this. Wee. Foe we shall have you turne proud now, grow respectfules of your Ancient acquaintance, why Butler told vs of it: Who was the maker of the match for you?

Ifs. A pox of his furtherance, Gentlemen as you are Christians, vex me no more, that I am married I confesse, a plague of the Fates, that wedding and hanging, comes by deslay, but for the riches she has brought, beare wittnes how I rewarde her.

Sifs. Sir.

Ifs. Whore, I and Iade, Witch. Ifacst, flinking-breath, crooked-nose, worse then the Deuill, and a plague on thee that ever I saw thee.

Bart. A Comedy, a Comedy.

Went. What the meaning of all this, is this the maske after thy marriage.
of inforst Mariages.

If. O Gentlemen, I am undone, I am undone, for I am married, I that could not abide a Woman, but to make her a whores, hated all Shee-creatures, eyre and poore, swore I would never marry but to one that was rich, and to be thus cunningly. Who do you thinke this is Gentlemen?

went. Why your wife, Who should it bee else?

If. Thats my misfortune, that marrying her in hope she was rich, she prooues to be the beggarly Sifter to the more beggarly Scabornio.

Bart. How?

Went. Ha, ha, ha.

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

Bart. Nay, do not weep.

went. He dus but counterfeit now to delude vs, he has all her portion of Land, Coyne, Plate, Jewels: and now dissembles thus least we should borrow some Money of him.

If. And you beknde Gentlemen lend me some, for having payd the Patet, I ha not so much left in the world, as will higher me a horse to carry me away from her.

Bart. But thou thus guld infath.

If. Are you sure you ha eyes in your head.

went. Why then, By her brothers letting one in my conscience, who knowing theee now to ha somewhat to take to, by the death of thy father, and that hee hath spent her portion, and his owne posessions, hath laid this plot, for thee to marry her, and so he to be rid of her himself.

If. Nay, thates without question, but Ile be revenged of em both, for you Minxe. Nay Slut, guie em me, or Ile kicke else.

Sift. Good, sweeze.

If. Sweete with a poxe, you linke in my nose, give me your Jewels & Nay Bracelets too.

Sift. O me, most miserable.

If. Out of my sight, I and out of my doores, for now, whatts within this house is mine, and for your brother He made this match, in hope to do you good,
And I weare this for which, shall draw his bloud.

went. A braue resolution. Exit with went, and Barley.

Bart. In which wele second thec.
The Miseries

If. Away, where, Out of my doores where.
Sift. O greefe, that pouerity should ha that power to teare
Men from themselves; tho they wed, bed, and swear.

Enter Thomas and John Scarborow, with Butler.

Tho. How now sister.
Sift. Vndone, vndone.
But. Why Mistris, how is't? how is't?
Sift. My husband has forsooke me.
But. O perjury.
Sift. Has take my Jewels, and my Bracelets from me.

Tho. Vengeance, I play'd the theefe for the mony that bought
em. Sift. Left me distrest, and thrust mee forth a doores.

Tho. Damnation on him, I will heere no more,
But for his wrong revenge me on my brother,
Degenerate, and was the caufe of all,
Helpen our portion, and I le see his fall.

Iob. O but Brother.

Tho. Perswade me not.
All hopes are shipwrekt, miserie comes on,
The comfort we did looke from him is frustrate,
All meanes, all maintenance, but griece is gone.
And all shall end by his destruction.

Iob. Ile follow and preuent, what in this heart may happen,
His want makes sharpe his sword, to greate the ill,
If that one brother shou'd another kill.

But. And what will you do Mistris?
Sift. Ile sit me downe, figh loud in head of wordes,
And wound my selfe with griece as they with swords.
And for the sustenance that I should eate,
Ile feed on griece, tis woes best rellisht meate.

But. Good hart I pitty you,
You shall not be so cruell to your selfe,
I haue the poore Seuingmans allowance,
Twelve pence aday to buy me sustenance,
One meate aday Ile eate, the tother fast,
To gine your wantes reliefe. And Mistris
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
Ile ha thin checkes, care you shall ha wet eyes.

Exeunt.
The Miseries

Enter Scarrborow.

What is prodigality? Faith like a Brush
That weares himselfe to florish others cloathes,
And having wore him that even to the stump,
Hees throwne away like a deformed lump.
Oh such am I, I haue spent all the wealth
My anceltors did purchase, made others braue
In shape and riches, and my fife a knaue.
For tho my wealth raiid some to paint their doore,
To shut against me, saying I am but poore:
Nay, even the greatest arme, whose hand hath graff,
My presence to the eye of Majesty, shrinckes back,
His fingeers cluch, and like to lead,
They are heavy to raise vp my state, being dead.
By which I find, spendthristes, and such am I,
Like trumpets florish, but are soule within,
And they like Snakes, know when to call their skin. Enter Tho.

Tho. Tune, draw, and dye, I come to kill thee.

Scar. What he that speakes? Like sicknesse: Oh ift you,
Sleepe full, you cannot mooure me, save you well.
Tho. Thynke not my fury flakkes so, or my bloud
Can coole it selfe to temper by refuall,
Tune or thou dyest.

Scar. Away.

Tho. I do not wish to kill thee like a slave,
That taps men in their cups, and broch their harts,
Eare with a warning piece they haue wakke their eares,
I would not like to powder shoothe thee downe,
To a flat graue, ere thou hast thought to frowne:
I am no Coward, but in manly tearnes,
And fayrest oppositions vow to kill thee.

Scar. From whence proceeds this heat.

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

Scar. Ha.

Tho. He hallow it in thine eares till thy soule quake to heare it,
That like a villain haft undone thy brothers.

Scar. Would thou were not to see me: yet farewel.

Tho. By nature, and her lawes make vs vs a kinne,
As neere as are these hands, or sin to sinne.

Draw and defend thy selfe, or Ie forget

Thou art a man.

Scar. Would thou were not my Brother?

Tho. I disclaime them.

Scar. Are wee not offpring of one parent wretch.

Tho. I do forget it, pardon me the dead,

I should deny the paines you bid for me.

My blood growes hot for vengeance, thou haft spent

My hies renewes that our parents purchaft.

Scar. O do not wracke me with remembrance on.

Tho. Thou haft made my life a Beggar in this world,

And I will make thee bankrupt of thy breath:

Thou haft bin so bad, the best I can give,

Thou art a Deuill, not with men to live.

Scar. Then take a Deuill payment.

Here they make a passe on another, when at Scarborowes baue,

comes in Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Iff. Hees here, draw Gentlemen.

Went.Bart. Die Scarborow.

Scar. Girt round with death.

Tho. How set upon by three, Sut fear not Brother, you Co-

wards, three to one, slaves, worse than Fenfers that wear long wea-

pons. You shall be fought withall, you shall be fought withall.

Here the Brothers ioyne, drue the rest out,

and returne.

Scar. Brother I thanke you, for you now haue bin

A patron of my life, forget the sinne

I pray you, which my loose and wailfull houres,

Haft made against your Fortunes, I repent eu,

And with I could new ioyoy and strengthe your hopes,

Tho with indifferont ruine of mine owne.

I have a many sinnes, the thought of which

Like finift Needle prick me to the soule,

But find your wronges, to be the sharpest poin.

If penitence your losses might repayre.

You should be rich in wealth, and in care.

Tho. I do beleue you Sir, but I must tell you,
The Miseries

Enil's the which are gainst an other done.
Repeance makes no satisfaction.
To him that seels the heart. Our Father Sir,
Left in your mort my petition: you half repent,
And suffered me (whilst you in your haste,
A drunken Taurine, spild my maintainence
Perhaps upon the ground with overthrowne cups,
Like birds in hardest winter halfe starued to flie)
And pickd vp any food, leaft I shou'd die.

sca. I pray thee let vs be at peace together.
Tho. At peace for what? For spending my inheritance,
By yonder sun that every soule has life by,
As fure as thou haft I felle fight with thee.

sca. I see not be moou'd vnnot.
Tho. Ile kill thee then, went thou now clapt
Within thy mother, wife, or childrens armes.

sca. Would it homicide? art so degenerat?
Then let my blood grow hot,
Tho. For it shall coole.

sca. To kill rather then bee kild is manhoods rule.

Enter John Scarborow.

Is. Stay let not your wraths meet.
Tho. Hart, what mak'st thou here?
Is. Say who are you, or you are not one,
That scarce can make a fit distinction
Betwixt each other. Are you not Brothers?

Tho. I renounce him.

sca. Shalt not need,
Tho. Give way,

sca. Have at them,
Is. Who flirs, which of you both hath strengthe within his arm
To wound his owne breft, whose so desperate,
To dam himselfe by killing of himselfe,
Are you not both one flesh?

Tho. Hart, give me way.

sca. Be not a bar betwixt vs, or by my sword
I'll meet thy grave out.
Isb. O do, for Gods sake do!

Isb.
of inforst Marriage.

Tis happy death, if I may die and you
Not murder one another, O do but harken,
When dust the Sunne and Moone borne in one frame
Contend, but they breed Earthquakes in mens harts:
When any starre prodigiously appears,
Tell it not fail of kings or fatal yeares.
And then if Brothers fight, what may men thinke,
Since growes so high, its time the world should sink:
scar. My hart growes coole againe, I wish it not.
Tho. Stop not my fury, or by my life I sweare,
I will reveale the robbery we ha done,
And take revenge on thce,
That hinders me to take revenge on him.
To. I yeild to that, but neare consent to this,
I shall then die as mine owne sinne affords,
Fall by the law, not by my Brothers swords.
Tho. Then by that light that guides me here I vow,
He straight to Sir John Harcop, and make knowne
We were the two that robbed him.
To. Prethly do.
Tho. Sin has his shame, and thou shalt ha thy due.
To. Thus have I shewne the nature of a Brother.
Tho you have prou'd unnaturall to me.
Hees gone in heare to publish out the theft,
Which want and your unkindnes forset vs to,
If now I die that death, and publieke shame.
Is a Cursure to your foule, blet to your name.
scar. O tis too true, there is not a thought I thinke,
But must pertake thy greeses, and drinke
A relish of thy sorrow and misfortune.
With weight of others tears I am ore borne,
That scarce am Atlas to hold vp mine owne,
And al too good for me, A happy Creature
In my Cradle, and haue made my selfe
The common curse of mankind by my life,
Yndone my Brothers, made them theeves for bread,
And begot pretty children to live beggers,
O conscience, how thou are slung to thinke vpont.
The Miseries

My Brothers unto shame must yield their blood,
My Babes at others throops beg her food,
Or else turne thee to, and he chouke forst,
Dye a Dogs death, be perchit up on a tree,
Hang betwixt heaven and earth, as fit for neither,
The curse of heaven that's due to reprobates,
Descends upon my Brothers, and my children,
And I am parent to it, I, I am parent to it.

Enter Butler.

But. Where are you Sir?

Scar. Why flarest thou, what's thy haft?

But. Here be folowe...family like flies to speake with you.

Scar. What are they?

But. Snakes I thinke Sir, for they come with flinges in their mouths, and their tongues are turned to teeth to: They claw Villanously, they hate eate up your honett name, and honourable reputation by railing against you, and now they come to deouere your possessions.

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

But. Mantichoras, monstrous beastes, enemies to mankinde, that hath double rowes of teeth in their mouths. They are Vluters, they come yawning for mony, & the Sheriff with them, is come to serue an extent vpon your Lande, and then cease on your bodie by force of execution, they ha begirt the house round.

Scar. So that the rooses our Auncellors did build
For their tones comfort, and their wives for Charity,
I dare not to looke out.

But. Besides Sir, heres your poore children.

Scar. Poore children they are indeede.

But. Come with fire and water; tears in their cyes, and burning greese in their haits, and desire to speake with you.

Scar. Heape sorowe upon sorrow? Tell me, are
My brothers gone to execution?
For what I did, for everey haynous sin,
Sits on his soule by whom it did begin.
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withal,
My children carry moisture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops, say father, thus must we.
of Incest Marriage.

Aske our reliefe, or die with infamy,
For you ha made vs beggers.Yet when thy tale has kild me
To give my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done by incest marriage:
My graue will then be welcome.

But. What shall we do sir?

Scar. Do as the deuill dus, hate panner mankind,
And yet I lie:for deuils sinners love,
When men hate men, tho good like some aboue.

Enter Scarborowes wife Katherine with two Children.

But. Your wives come in sir.

Sea. Thou lyest, I ha not a wife. None can be cait,
True man and wife, but these whom heauen instald. Say,

Kat. O my deere husband?

Sea. You are very welcome, peace: we ha complemet.

Who are you Gentlewoman.

Kat. Sir your distresed wife, and these your children.

Sea. Mine? Where, how begot:
Prove me by certayne instance thats deuine,
That I should call them lawfull, or thee mine;

Kat. Were we not marryed sir?

Sea. No, tho we heard the words of Ceremonie,
But had hands knit as felions that weare fetters
Forst upon them. For tell me woman,
Dicere my Loue with sighs intreat thee mine,
Did eufr I'm willing conference,
Speake words, make haife with teares that I did loue thee.
Or was I eufr
But glad to see thee as al Louers are.

No, no, thou knowst I was not.

Kat. O me.

But. The mores the pitty.

Scar. But when I came to Church, I did there stand
All water, whose forrest breach had drownrd my Land.
Are you my wife, or these my children?
Why tis imposible, for like the skies,
Without the sunnes light, looke at your eies.

Darke, Crowdy, stichke, and ful of heauines.
The Miseries

Within my Country there was hope to see
Me and my issue to be like our fathers,
Vpholders of our Country, at our life,
Which should have bin, if I had wed a wife.
Where now,
As dropping leaves in Autumn you looke at,
And I that should uphold you like to fail,
   Ka. Twas, nor, shall be my fault, Heaven bear me witness.
   Sea. Thou lyest; Trumpet thou lyest?
   Bu. O Sir.
   Sea. Peace Sawcie Jacke, Trumpet I say thou 'lyest,
For wife of mine thou art not, and their thy Bastards
Whom I begot of thee, with this vnrest,
That Bastards borne, are borne not to be Blest
   Ka. One me pourca! your wrath, but not on them.
   Sea. On thee, and them, for tis the end of lust,
To scourge it selfe, heaven lingering to be just:
Harlot,
   Ka. Husband.
   Sea. Bastardes.
   Child. Father.
   But. What hart not pitries this?
   Sea. Even in your Cradle, you were accurst of heaven,
Thou an A lutterelle in thy married armes.
And they that made the match, bawds to thy loft:
I, now you hang the head, shouldst ha done so before,
Then these had not bin Bastards, thou a whore.
   But. I cannot brooke no longer, Sir you doe not well in this.
   Sea. Haflue.
   But. Tis not the aime of gentry to bring forth,
Such harsh vnrellish'd fruit unto their wives,
And to their pretty pretty children by my troth.
   Sea. How rascall.
   But. Sir I must tel you, your progenitors
Two of the which these yeares were servant to,
Had not such misfits before their understanding,
Thus to behave themselves.
   Sea. And youle controule me Sir.
   But. I, I, will.
of inforest Marriage.

Scarr. You rogue,
But. I, tis I, will tell you tis vngently done
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children,
Wrong them, you wrong your selfe, are they not yours?
Scarr. Pretty, pretty Impudence in faith,
But. Her whom you are bound to love, to raie against,
These whom you are bound to keepe, to spurne like dogs,
And you were not my maistier, I would tell you.
Scarr. What slave.
But. Put vp your Bird-spit, but I fear it not,
In doing deeds so base, so wild as these,
Tis but a Kna, kna, kna.
Scarr. Roge.
But. Tis howsoever, tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these I throw off duty
Scarr. Good Butler.
But. Peace honest Mistris, I will say you are wronged,
Prove it upon him even in his blood, his bones,
His guts, his Maw, his Throat, his Intrals.
Scarr. You runnagate of threescore,
But. Tis better then a knaue of three and twenty.
Scarr. Patience be my Buckler,
As not to file my hands in villaines blood,
You knaue Slaue, trencher-grome:
Who is your maistier?
But. You if you were a maistier.
Scarr. Off with your coate then, set you forth a dore.
But. My cote sir.
Scarr. I your coat Slaue?
But. Shut when you hate, tis but a thred-bare coate,
And there tis for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Linery is so worthy borne,
And live so base a life, old as I am,
Ike rather be a begger then your man,
And there is your service for you.

Exit.
Scarr. Away, out of my doore: Away.
So, now your Champions gone, Minx thou hadst better ha gone
quick unto thy grave.

Kathe.
of inforest Marriage

Sc. You rogue.

But. I, tis ? will tell you tis unjustly done
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children,
Wrong them, you wrong yourself, are they not yours?

Sc. Pretty, pretty Impudence in faith,

But. Her whom you are bound to love, to ride against,
These whom you are bound to keep as fumes like dogs,
And you were not my maister, I would tell you.

Sc. What slave.

But. Put up your Birdy spit, but I fear it not,
In doing deeds so base, so vild as these,
Tis but a Kna, kna, kna.

Sc. Roge.

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

Sc. Good Butler.

But. Peace honest Mistress, I will say you are wronged,
Prove it upon him even in his blood, his bones,
His guts, his Maw, his Throat, his Intrals.

Sc. You, runagate of threescore,

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

Sc. Patience be my Buckler,

As not to file my hands in villaines blood;

You knave Slave, trencher, groome

Who is your maister?

But. You if you were a maister.

Sc. Off with your coate then, get you forth a dore.

But. My cote sir.

Sc. I your coat slave?

But. Sfor when you hate, tis but a thred-bare coat;
And there tis for you; know that I scorne.

To weare his Linery is so worthy borne,
And live so base a life, old as I am,
He rather be a begger then your man,
And therses your servitude for you.

Exit.

Sc. Away, out of my doore: Away.

So now your Champions gone, Minx thou hadst better be gone
quick into thy grave.

Kath.
The Miseries

Ca. O me, that am no cause of it.
Sca. Then haue subornd that slave to lift his hands against me.
Ka. O me, what shall become of me?
Sca. Ile teach you tricks for this, ha you a companion.
   Enter Butler.

But. My hart not suffer me to leave my honest Maistris and her
   pretty children.
Sca. Ile marke thee for a strumpet, and thy Baflards.
But. What will you do to them Sir.
Sca. The Deuill in thy shape come backe againe.
But. No, but an honest servaunt Sir will take this sote,
And weare it with this sword to sauegard these,
And pity them, and I am wo for you,
But will not suffer
The husband Viper-like to pray on them
That love him, and haue cherished him as these,
As they haue you.
Sca. Slauce.
But. I will not humour you,
Fight with you, and loose my life or these
Shall taft your wrong whom you are bound to love.
Sca. Out of my doores Slauce.
But. I will not, but will slay and weare this coat,
And do you seruice whether you will or no
Ile weare this sword to, and be Champion,
To fight for her in spight of any man.
Sca. You shall. You shall be my maistre Sir.
But. No, I desire it not,
Ile pay you duty euen vpon my knee,
But loose my life, ere these oppress Ile see.
Sca. Yes goodman Slauce, you shall be maister,
Lie with my wife, and get more Baflards, do, do, do.
Ka. O me.
Sca. Turnes the world upside downe, that men orebeare theyr
Maisters, It dus, it dus.
For even as Judas sold his Maister Chrift,
Men buy and sell their wives at highest price,
What wil you give me? what wil you give me? what wil you give me?
of inforest Mariages.

O, Misstress,
My soule weeps, tho mine eyes be dry,
To fee his fall and your aduersity,
Some meanes I have left, which Ile releue you with,
Into your chamber, and if comforthe be a kin
To such great greese, comfort your children.

Scarf. I thanke thee Butler, heauen when he please,
Send death vnto the troubled a blest ease. Exit with children.

But. Introth I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endless toyle I labour thus,
Tis but the old times Ancient conscience
That would do no man hurt, that makes me doot,
If it be sinne that I do pitty these,
If it be sinne I haue releueed his Brothers,
Have plaid the theefe with them to get their food,
And made a lucklesse marriage for his Sitter,
Intended for her good, heauen pardon me.
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were unhappy men,
For they causd all, and may heauen pardon them.

Enter Sir William Scarborow.

Sir Wil. Whose within here.
But. Sir William, kindly welcome.
Sir Wil. Where is my kinsman Scarborow ?
But. Sooth hees within sir, but not very well.
Sir Wil. His sicknesse ?
But. The hel of sicknes, troubled in his mind.
Sir Wil. I geffe the caufe of it,
But cannot now intend to visit him,
Great business for my soueraigne hafts me hence,
Onely this Letter from his Lord and Guardian to him,
Wholes inside I do geffe, tends to his good,
At my returne Ile fee him, so fairewel.

But. Whose inside I do geffe, turnes to his good,
He shall not fee it now then, for mens minds
Perplexed like his, are like Land-troubling-winds,
Who have no gracious temper.

Enter John Scarborow.

Thos. O Butler.
The Miseries

But. What's the fray now?

John. Helper strait, or on the tree of shame

We both shall perish for the robbery.

But. What if't be said man?

John. Not yet good Butler, only my brother Thomas

In spleene to me, that would not suffer him

To kill our elder brother, had undone us

Is riding now to sir John Harcop straight, to disclose it.

But. Hart, who would rob with Sucklings:

Where did you leave him?

John. Now taking horse to ride to Yorkshire.

But. Ile slay his journey, leaft I meet a hanging. 

Enter Scarborow.

Scar. Ile parley with the Devill: I, I will,

He gives his counsell freely, and the cause

He for his Clyents pleads, goes alwaies with them,

He in my cause shall deale then: and Ile aske him

Whether a Cormorant may have stuft Chefts

And see his brother stature: why heele say I,

The lease they give, the more I gaine thereby.

Enter Butler.

Their foules, their soules, their soules.

How now maysters? Nay, you are my maister?

Is my wines sheets warne? Dus she kisse well?

But. Good sir.

Scar. Foe, makst not strange for in these daies,

There's many men, he in theyr maysters sheeze,

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

But. There's one in ciuell habite, would speake with you.

Scar. In ciuell habite.

But: He is of feemly ranke sir, and calls himselfe

By the name of Doctor Baxter of Oxford.

Scar. That man vndid me, he did blossoms blow

Whole fruit proved poyson, the twas good in shew,

With him Ile parley, and disrobe my thoughts

Of this Wilde phrensey that becoms me not:

A table, candles, flooles, and all things sir,

I wold he comes to chide me, and Ile heare him,

With
of inforst Mariages.

With our lad conference we will call vp teares,
Teach Doctors rules, instruct succeeding yeares:
Vfyer him in:
Heauen spare a drop from thence wheres bounties throng
Gue patience to my soule, inflame my younge.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Good mayster Scarborow.
Sct. You are most kindly welcome, footyeares.
Doc. I have important businesse to deliver you.
Sct. And I have leysure to attend your hearing.
Doc. Sir, you know I married you.
Sct. I know you did so.
Doc. At which you promised both to God and men.

Your life vnto your spouse should like snow,
That falls to comfort, not to overthow,
And love vnto your spouse should be like
The dew of heauen, that hurts not tho it strike.
When heauen and men did witness and record
Twas an eternall oath, no idle word
Heauen being pleasd therewith, bleeth you with children;
And at heauens blessings, all good men rejoyce.
So that Gods chayre and foottoole, heauen and earth
Made offering at your nuptials as a knot
To minde you of your vow, O breake it not:

Sct. This very true.

Doc. Now sir, from this your oath and band,
Faiths pledge, and seal of conscience you haue run,
Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,
Iustice hath now in fute against your soule,
Angels are made the Iurors, who are witnesses
Vnto the oath you took, and God himselfe
Maker of marriage, he that sealde the deed,
As a firme leafe vnto you during life,
Sits now as judge of your transgression,
The world informes against you with this voyce,
If such sinnes reignge, what mortals can rejoyce.

Sct. What then ensues to me?

Doc. A heauy doome, whole executions
Now ferud vpon your conscience, that ever.
The Miseries

You shall feel plagues whom time shall not disfavour,
As in a map your eyes see all your life,
Bad word, worse deeds take oaths, and al the injuries,
You have done unto your soule, then comes your wife,
Full of woes drops, and yet as full of pity,
Who the speaks not, yest her eyes are swords,
That cut your heart-strings, and then your children.

scar. Oh, oho, oh.

doc. Who what they cannot say talke in their lookes,
You have made w's vp. but misfortunes bookes,
Whom other men may read in, when presently,
Taskt by your false, you are not like a Thee's,
Astonied being accused, but scorcht with greese.

scar. I, I, I.

dost. Here stands your winces tears.

scar. Where?

doc. And you cry for them, here lie your children's wants.

scar. Here?

dost. For which you pine in conscience borne,
And with you had bin better, or nere borne.

scar. Dus all this happen to a wretch like me.

doc. Both this and worse, your soule eternally
Shall lie in torment, thro' the body dy.

scar. I shall ha need of drinke then Butler,

doc. Nay all your sinnes are on your children laide,
For the offences that the father made.

scar. Are they Sir.

doc. Before they are.

scar. Butler.

but. 'Sir?

scar. Go fetch my wife and children better.

but. I will Sir.

scar. I he read a Letter to the Dost too, heca a Deuine? Heca a Deuine. But, I see his mind is troubled, and have made bold with
dume to read a Letter tending to his good, have made his Bro-
thers friends; both which I will conceale till better temper; He
sends me for his wife and children, shall I fetch em.

scar. Heca a Deuine, and this Deuine did marrie mee, ther

scar. good
of inforst Mariages.

good, thats good,

Doc. Master Scatborrow.
Scar. Ile be with you straight Sir.

But. I wil obey him,

If anything doth happen that is ill,

Heauen bear me record its against Butlers wil.

scar. And this Deuine did marry me,

Whose tongue should be the key to open truth,

As Gods Ambassadour.Deliuer, deliuer, deliuer.

Doc. Master Scatborrow.

scar. Ile be with you straight Sir,

Saluation to afflicated consciences,

And not give torment to contented minds,

Who should be lamps to comfort out our way,

And not like Firdrakes to lead men aflray,

I, Ile be with you straight Sir.

Enter Butler.

But. Heres your wife and children sir?

scar. Give way then,

I ha my lesson perfect, leave vs heere

But. Yes I wil go, but I will be so neere,

To hinder the mishap the which I feare.

scar. Now sir, you know this Gentlewoman?

Doc. Kind mistress Scatborrow,

Scar. Nay pray you keepe your feat, for you shaull heare;

The same affliction you ha taught me feare,

Due to your felle.

Doc. To me sir.

scar. To you sir,

You match me to this Gentlewoman.

Doc. I know I did sir.

scar. And you will lay she is my wife then.

Doc. I ha reason sir, because I married you.

scar. O that such tongues should ha the time to lie,

Who teach men how to live, and how to die,

Did not you know my soule had given my faith,

In contrasct to another, and yet you

Would joyns this Loome into vnlawfull twysts.

K 3
The Miseries

DOTT. SIR.

SCAR. BUT SIR,

You that can see a mote within my eie,
And with a Cassocke blind your owne defects,
I tell you this, tis better to do ill,
That's never knowne to us, then of felse will,
And these all these in thy seducing eye,
As scornful life make em be glad to die.

Doc. McScarborow.

Scar. Here will I write, that they which marry wise,
Unlawfull live with Strumpets al their liues.
Here will I tell the children that are born,
From wombes vnconsecrate, euen when their soule
Has her infusion, it registers they are soule,
And shrinks to dwell with them, and in my close,
I he blew the world, that such abortive men,
Knit hands without free tongues looke red like them.
Stand you and you, so acts most Tragical,
Heauen has dry eies, when sinne makes sinners fall.

Doc. Helpe maister Scarborow,

Child. Father.

Kar. Husband.

Scar. These for thy act should die, she for my Clare,
Whose wounds flaire thus upon me for revenge.
These to be rid from misery, this from sinne,
And thou thy felse that have a push among them,
That made heauens word a pack-horse to thy tongue.
Cotest scripture to make evils shine like good,
And as I send you thus with worms to dwell,
Angels applaud it as a deed done well.

Ent. Butler.

Ent. Stay him, slay him.

What will you do sir.

Scar. Make fast worms of slinking carkasses.

What hast thou to do with it?

Enter Lord and his wife, the two Brothers, and Sir William Scarborow

But. Look ke who are here sir.

Scar. Inurious villen that preventst me still.

But. They are your brothers and allyance Sir.

Scar.
Of Inforst Mariages.

Scar They are like full ordinance then, who once discharged,
A farre off give a warning to my soule,
That I had done them wrong.

far Wil, Kinsman.
Brother and Sister. Brother.
Ka Husband.
Child. Father.

Scar, Hark how their words like Bullets shoot methorow
And tell me I haue vndone em, this side might say.
We are in want, and you are the cause of it,
This points at me, ye are shame unto your house.
This tungs fake nothing, but her lookes do tell,
Shees married but as those that lie in hel:
Whereby all eies are but mistornutes pipe,
Fild full of wo by me, this feelest the stripe.

But Yet looke Sir,
Heres your Brothers hand in hand, whom I ha knitt fo.

Wife. And looke Sir heres my husbands hand in mine.
And I relive in him, and he in me.

far Wil, I say Coxe what is past, the way to blisse,
For they know best to mend, that know amisse.
Ka, Wee kneele. forget, and say if you but loue vs,
You gaue vs greece for future happines.

Scar. What saileth this to my Conscience?

But. Farce promet it of succeding joy to you.

Read but this Letter.

far Wil. Which tells you that your Lord & Guardians deare

Em. Which tells you that he knew he did you wrong,
Was greeued for, and for satisfaction
Hath gien you double of the wealth you had.

Bro. I trucst all our portions.
Wife. Gien me a dowry too.

But. And that he knew,
Your name was his, the punishment his due.

Scar. All this is certe,
Is heaven so gracius to sinners then?

But. It menis, and his gracious eies,
To give men liue not like inappering spies,
The Miseries

Sir. Your hand, yours, yours, to you my soule, to you a kisse,
Introth I am sorry I ha straid amisfe,
To whom shall I be thankefull. All silent:
None speake: whist: why then to God,
That giues men comfort as he giues his rod,
Your portions I seepaid, and I will love you,
You three ile live withall, my soule shall love you,
You are an honest seruant, tooth you are,
To whom, I these and all must pay amends,
But you I will admonish in coole tearmes,
Let not promotions hope, be as a string,
To tie your tongue, or let loose it to fling.

Doc. From hence it shall not Sir.

Sir. Then husbands thus shaal norishe with their wiues. Kisse

All. As thou and I will wench.

Brothers in brotherly loue thus link together,

All. Children and seruants pay their duty thus, bow and kneele.

And all are pleased.

All. We are.

Sir. Then if all these bee so,
I am new wed soends old mariage woe,
And in your eies so louingly being wed,
We hope your hands will bring vs to our bed.

FINIS: