The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The

Miseries of Inforst Marriage

By George Wilkins

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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
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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 Maiesties 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 Inforst
Marriage.

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Wensloe, and Barley.

Bart. But Franke, Franke, now we are come to the house, what shall we make to be our business?
Ilford. Tis, let us be Impudent enough, and good enough. We have no acquaintance here, but young Scamp.
Wens. How no acquaintance: Angels guard me from thy company. I tell thee Wensloe thou art not worthy to wear guilt Spurs, clean Linnen, nor good Cloaths.
Wens. 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 Beggers thy Taylor.
Wens. Why then I am free from Cheaters, cleare from the Fox, and escape Curses.
Ilford. Why dost thou think there is any Christians in the world?
Wens. I and Iewes too, Brokers, Puritans, and Sergants.
Ilford. Or dost thou meane to begge after Charity, that goes in a cold sole already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here. I tell thee Wensloe thou canst not live on this side of the world: feed well, drink Tobacco, and be honord into the presence, but thou must be acquainted with all sorts of men. I and so farre in to, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.
Bart. True, and then you shall be accompted a gallant of good credit.
Enter Cleme.
Ilford. But stay, here is a Scrape trencher ariue: How now blow bottle, are you of the house?
Clem. I have heard of many blacke Jacks Sir, but never of a Blow Bottle.
Ilford. Well Sir, are you of the house?
The Miseries

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

Bart. Prethere tels who owes this building.

Clow. He that dwells in it Sir.

If. Who dwells in it then.

Clow. He that owes it.

If. What's his name.

Clow. I was none of his God-father.

If. This matter Scarborow lies here.

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

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

If. What am I the better for thy answer?

Clow. What am I the better for thy question?

If. Why nothing.

Clow. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborow.

Went. Sblud this is a philosophicall foole.

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

Exit

Scar. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkshire.

If. And well incontinent my little Villaine of fifteene hundred a years, Sir what makest thou heere in this barren foyle of the North, when thy honest friends missthe thee at London?

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

If. 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 mortgage already.

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

Went. Who lift to have a Lubberly load.

If. Sirrah wag, this Rogue was son and heire to Antony Newe, Now, and Blind Moors. And he must needs be a scurly Multito- tion, 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, hath desired thee to see some pitty-
of inforest Marriage.

full piece of his Workmanship, a Daughter I mean, Ift 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 Gloces: when, when?

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

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

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

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

Bart. Sfut, 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 yeare, a Widdower, (maister Scarbrow) I have a couple of young Gentlewomen to my Daughters, a thousand yeare will do well decded among them? Ha, wilt not Maister Scarbrow, — At which, you out of your education must reply thus: — The Portion will desire them worthy husbands: on which Tinder he tooones takes fire and sweares you are the Man his hopes shot at, and one of them shall be yours.

Went. If I did not like her, shoulde hee sweare to the dwell, I would make him forsworne...

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

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

If. Where the young pupper, having the Letton before from...
The Miseries

old Fox, give the sonne halfe a dozen warme kiffes, which after her fathers oaths, takes such impression in thee, thou straight cauff by Infa Miftrefs, I love you: —— When shee has the wit to ask, but Sir, will you marry me, and thou in thy Cox-sparrow-humor replyest, I (before God) as I am a Gentleman will, which the Father overhearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, sweare, hee is glad to see this say he will have you contracted straight, and for aneet makes the priest of himselfe.

Thus in one hour, from a quest life,
Thou art home in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Hert. But can they Love one another to soone?

Ilf. Oh, it is no matter how aduates for love, its well, and they can but make shift to lie together.

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

Ilf. Oh the sooner, for that and the Land togethers, tell the olde ladde, he will know the better how to deal with his Daughter?

The Wife and Auncient Fathers know this Rule,
Should both wed Maids, the Child would be a Foure.

Come Wag, if thou hast gone no further then into the Ordinary fashion, meete, see, and kiffe, give over: Mary not a Wife to have a hundred plagues for one pleasure: lets to London, there is variety: and change of pasture makes fat Calues.

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

Ilf. Wag and thou beest a Lourer but three days, thou wilt bee Hardles, Sleeplesse,witnes, Mad, Wretched,Miserable, and indeed, a starke Foure. And by that, thou haft beene married but three weckes, tho thou shouldest wed a Cynthia rara avis, thou wouldest be a man monstrous: A Cuckold, a Cuckold.

Bur. And why is a Cuckold monstrous, Knight?

Ilf. 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, doe shee not poynt at the world with a payre of horns, as who should say, married men, some of ye are Cuckolds.

Sear. I confirme more Divine ly of their sex,
Being Maids, methinks they are Angels: and being Wives,
They are Soueraignes: Cordials that preserve our Lives,

They
of Inforest Marriage.

They are like our hands that feed us, this is clear,
They renew man, as spring renovates the year.

If. There were a wanton Wench that heares thee, but thinkes
thee a Coxcom for saying so: Marry none of them, if thou wilt
have their true Characters, I'll give it thee. — Women are the
Purgatory of mens Puffs, the Paradise of their bodies, and the
Heavens of their minds: Marry none of them. Women are in Chur-
ches, Saints, abroad Angels, at home Devils.

Here are married men now, know this: Marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by custome, shew sharpe wit
Oneley in speaking ill, and praife it:
Against the best of Creatures, despite women
Who are Gods. Agents here, 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 wilde,
They are the items on which do Angels grow,
From whence Vertue is stild, and Arts do flow.

Enter Sir John Harcory and his Daughter Clare.

If. Let them be what Flowers they will, and they were Roses, I
will plucke none of them for pricking my fingers. But soft, here
comes a voice for you: and I see, do what I can, as long as the world
lasts, there will be Cuckolds in us, Do you hear Child, heeres one
come to blend you together: he has brought you a kneading-tub,
if thou dost ask her at his hands,

The thou badst: Argues eyes, be sure of this,
Women have sworne with more then one to kiss.

Har. Nay no parling Gentlemen: Hee.

West. Shut up he make Punks of us, that he Hems already.

Har. Gallants,

Know old John Harcory keeps a Wine-seller,
Has Trowed, bin at Court, knowne Fashions,
And onto all beares habit like yourselves,
The shapes of Gentlemen and men of sort.
I have a health to give them ere they part.

West. Health Knight, not as Drunkards' give their healthes: I
hope, to go together by the cares when they have done?

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

II. Are we welcome Knight, Infayth.
Har. Welcome infayth Sir.
II. Prerthee tell me hast thou bin a Whoremaster.
Har. In youth I swilld my skill at Venus cup;
     In fed of full draughts now I am suare to sup.
II. Why then thou art a man fit for my company:
     Dooth thou hearre that he is a good fellow of our company,
     Make much of his bather.

Exeunt

Mastes Scarborow and Clar.

Scar. The Father, and the Gallants have left mee here with a Gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her I am a willed, heaven grant her life hath borrowed so much Impudence of her sex, but to speak to mee first: for by this hand, I have not so much steel of Immodesty in my face, to Parle to a Wench without blushing. He walke by her, in hope shee can open her teeth. — Not a word? — Is it not strange a man should be in a womans company all this while and not hearre her tongue. — Hee goe further? — God of his goodnes: not a sillable, I think if I shold ake vp her Cloaths to, shee would say nothing to me. — With what words to conclude a man begin to woe. Gentlewoman pray you what is a Clocke?

Clar. Troth Sir, carrying noe watch about me but mine eyes, I answer you: I cannot tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell, Beauty itake the Addage for my reply: You are naught to kepe sheep.

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

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

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

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

Clar. To distinguishe betwixt himselfe and my selfe.

Scar. Why I am a Man.

Clar. That is more then I know Sir.

Scar. To approove I am no felle: thus I kisse thee.

Clar. And by that preuoe I am a man too, for I have kisse you.

Scar. Prerthee tell me can you louse?

Clar. O Lorde Sir, three or foure things: I love my meate;
     choice of Suiters: 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. 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 sayes I shall marry you.
Clar. And I say God forbid Sir: I am a great deale to young.
Scar. I love 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 love after by leiture. Scarb. That I do love thee, here by heauen I swere, and call it as a wittnes to this kisse.
Clar. You will not enforce me I hope Sir?
Scar. Makes me this womans husband, thou art my Clare.
Accept my hart, and prooue as Chast, as sayre.
Clar. O God, you are too hot in your gifts, shoulde I accept them, we should have you plead nonage, some halfe a yeare hence: sue for reuethement, & say the deed was done under age.
Scar. Prethee do not Iest?
Clar. No(God is my record) I speak in earnest: & desirre to know
Whether ye meane to marry me, yea or no.
Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my loving wife,
Clar. For better, for worse.
Scar. I, till death vs depart lune.
Clar. Why then I thank ye Sir, and now I am like to hanue that I long lookt for: A Husband.
How soone from our owne tongues is the word fed,
Captuies our maiden-freedome 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 wistfully,
But to the soule of vertue, obedience,
Studying to please, and nether to offend.
Witnes, have two eyes created, not like Birds
To strow about at pleasure, but for two sentinels,
To watch their husbands safety as their owne,

Two
The Miseries

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

Clar. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a duty, so do men.
Men must be like the branch and barks to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Cloth them in Winter, tender them in age,
Or as Ewes love unto their Earlings lives,
Such should be husbands custome to their wives.
If it appeare to them they haue strait 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 iarres must make two beds, nor strife divde them,
Those betwixt whom a faith and trueth is giuen,
Death only 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,

Clar. Adurne before you sweare, let me remember you,
Men never giue their faith, and promise mariage,
But heauen records their oath: If they prove true,
Heauen smiles for joy, if not it weepes for you,
Vulde your hart, then with your wordes agree,
Yet let vs part, and leffe vs both be free.

Scar. If ever man in swearing lose, (wore true,
My wordes are like to his: Heere comes your father,

Enter Sir John Harcop, Iford, Wemloe, Bartley, and Butler.

Har. Now muster Scarboro.

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

Har.
of inforced Marriage.

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 news from London Butler.
But. The old newes Sir, the Ordinaries are full, some Citizens are bankrupts, and many Gentleman beggers.
Scar. Clare here is an unwelcome Pursuant,
My Lord and Guardian writes to me with speed,
I must returne to London.
Har. And you being Ward to him son Scarborow,
And know him great, it fits that you obey him.
Har. It dues it dues, 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 unwillings
Witness this dwelling kiss uppon thy lip,
And tho I must be absent from thine eye,
Be sure my hart doth in thy bosome lie,
Three yeres I am yet a ward, which time Ile passe,
Making thy faith my constant Looking-glasse,
Till when.
Clar. Till when you please, where ere you live or lie,
Your louses here worn, your presence in my cie.

Exeunt

Enter Lord Fauconbridge, and Sir William Scarborrow.

Hunsp. Sir William,
How old say you is your kinsman Scarborow.
Will. Eighteeny my Lord, next Pentecost.
Lord. Bethinke you good Sir William,
I reckon there about my selfe, so by that account
Theres full three Winters yet he must attend,
Under our awe, before he sue his Liuely:
If not so?
Will. Not a daie lesse my Lord.
The Miseries

Lord. Sir William you are his Vntle, and I must speake

That am his Guardians, would I had a son

Might merit commendations even with him.

Ite te! you what he is, he is a youth,

A Noble branch, increasing blessed fruit.

Where Caterpillar 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 liues by. Indeed he is one

All Emulate his vertues, hate him none.

Wills. His friends are proud, to hear this good of him.

Lord. And yet Sir William being as he is,

Young, and vnsetled, tho of virtuous thoughts,

By Graine disposition, yet our eyes

See daily presidents, hopeful Gentlemen,

Being trusted in the world with their owne will,

Disert the good is lookt from them to Ill,

Make their old names forgot, or not worth note

With company they keepe, such Reuelling

With Panders, Parasites, Podigies of Knaues,

That they fell all, even their old fathers graues.

Which to prevent, weele match him to a wife,

Marriage Restraines the scope of single life.

Wills. My Lord speaks like a father for my Kinsman.

Lord. And I haue found him one of Noble parentage,

A Niece of mine, my I haue broke with her,

Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure

As also for the good appears in him,

She is pleased of all thats hers to make him King.

Wills. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord. Also I haue appointed Doctor Baxter,

Chancellor of Oxford to attend me heere

And he is come. Good master Doctor.

Bax. My honourable Lord.

Wills. I haue pleased you with this businesse master Doctor
of inforct Marriage.

Baxt. To see the contract twixt you honoured Neece 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 heere forthwith: you Maister Baxter.

Go Vther hether straight young Katherine.

Sir William, here and I will keepe this roome til you returne.

Scar. My honourable Lord.

Lord. Tis well done Scarbrow.

Scar. Kind Vnckle.

will. 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 Vnckle heere and I, haue 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 Chriftall spring.

Enter Doctor and Katherine.

Scar. My name is bound to your benificence,
your hands hath bin to me like bounties pursf,
Neuer shut vp, your felle my foster-Nurfe:
Nothing can from your honor come, prove me so rude,
But ile accept to shew Ingratitude.

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

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 kiffe, and agree,
Your friends haue thought it fit, and it must be.

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

Lord. How Sawce-box.

Scar. O pardon me my Lord the unripenes of my yeares,
Too Greene for government, it old in feares.
To undertake that charge.
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 Vinele and my selfe,
Sought, studied, found out, and for your good,
A maid, a niece of mine, both faire and chast,
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 had 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 I have made an oath,
Part me in twaine, yet shees one halfe of both.
This hand the which I weare it is halfe hers,
Such power hath faith and troth twixt couples young,
Death onely cuts that knot tide with the tongue.

Lord. And haue you knit that knot Sir.
Scar. Haue 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 Harcop,
I se Sir Iacke and if that Harcop dare,
Being my Ward, contract you to his daughter.

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

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

Enter secretary

Will. O Cozen.
Scar. O Vinele.

Lord. Contract your selfe and where you lift,
Ile make you know me Sir to be your guard.
Scar. World now thou seeft what it is to be a ward.

Lord
of inforst Marriage.

Lord. And where I meant my selfe to have diubst
Foure thousand pound, upon this marriage
Surrendred up your land to your owne wife,
And compast other portions to your hands,
Sir t he now yoke you still.

fear. A yoke indeed.

Thou. And that of they dare contradict my will,
He make thee marry to my Chambermaid. Come cuoz.

fear. 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 vnuckle cou'd I command my love,
Or canell oaths out of heavens brazen booke,
Ingrust by Gods own finger, then you might speake.

Will. Men that lawe to love as molde have tenses.

fear. Thou a thousand women with, then you might speake.

Will. Were love like duft lawfule for evry Wind,
To beare from place to place, were oaths but puffes,

fear. Men might forswear themselues, but I do know,

Will. The tyme being past with vs, the satis forgot,

fear. The poore soule groans, and the forgets it not.

will. Yet heare your owne case?

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

will. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To subdue it with advice, not with dispaire,
you are his ward, being so, the Law intends,
He is to haue your duty, and in his rule
Is both your marriage, and your heritage,
If you rebell against these injunctions,
The penalty takes hold on you, which for him self,
He straight thus prosecutes; he valls your land,
Wed's you where he thinkes fit, but if your wife
Hauie of some violent humor matches your fate,
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To Merce your part, and in a sum so great,
That shall for ever keepe your fortunes weake,
Where other wife if you be ruld by him

will.
The Miseries

Your house is rais'd by matching to his kin.

Enter Falconbridge

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be crost by such a Jacke, he wed himselfe, and where he left: Surha 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 murtherer.

Scar. Fare pitty me, because I am inforst. For I have heard those matches haue cost bloud, Where love is once begun and then with flood.

Enter Iford and a Page with him.

"If. Boy, haft thou deliuered my Letter?"

Boy. I Sir, I saw him open the lips o'nt.

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

Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his Wardrobe Sir, but I saw a leane fellowe, with snaky eyes, and shamble legges, sigh pittifully at his chamber door, 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 proffits by my counsell, he will pay no debts before he be arrested, nor then neither, if he can finde ere a beast that dare but be bale for him, but he will seal it after noone.

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

"If. Good, good, now haue I a Parsons Nose, and smelly thyth comming in then. Now let me number how many rooks I haue halfe vndone already this Tearme by the first returns: foure by Dice, six by being bound with me, and ten by queanes, of which some be Courtiers, some Country Gentlemen, and some Civilians Sonsnes. Thou art a good Franke, if thou pergeth thus, thou art still a Companion for Gallants, maist kepe a Catamite, take Phisick, at the Spring and the fall.

Enter Vventoe.

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.

Wentle
of inforced Marriage.

Went. Why, wouldst have him love her, let her command at and make her his master?

If]. No, no, they that do so, make not much of their wives, but give them their will, and us the keeping of em.

Enter Bradley.

Bart. Honest Franke, valerous Franke, a portion of thy estate, but to help us in this enterprise, and we may walk London streets and cry pills at the Sergants.

If]. You may shift out one treason, and yet die in the Court, there are the scabbs now that hang upon honest Job, I am Job, and these are the featury scabbes, but what's this your pot for this other withall?

Bart. Master Scarborow is a married man.

Went. He has all his land in his own hand.

Bart. His brothers and sisters portions.

Went. Besides four thouand pound in ready money with his

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

Went. Nay, honest Frank, hast thou a trick for him, if thou hast not, looke heeres a line to direct thee. First draw him into bands for money, then to dice for it: Then take vp stuff at the Mercers, straight to a pank with it: Then mortgage his lande, and be drunken with that: so with them and there, from an Ancient Gentlemen, make him a young beggar.

If]. What a Roge is this, to read a lecture to me, and mine owne lesson too, which he knowes I have made perfect to five hundred score and ninetencen. A cheating rogue will teach me that he made them that have wore a spacious Parke, Lodge and all of them, backes this morning: bin fayre to pay me to night, and say that he shanked like a huge Elephant, with a Cistle on their neckes, and remoued them to their owne shoulders in one day which their fathers built vp in seven yeares. bin glad by my meane, in so much time as a childruckes, to drinke bottle Ale, in a pank pay for. And shall this Parke instruct me?

Went. Nay but Franke,

If]. A roge that hath fed upon me & the fruit of my wicket. Pulled from a Pandlers chippings, and now I pull him into good clothes to shift two futes in a day, that could here feel a patch. Linen case
The Miseries

in a year, and fayes prayers when he had it: hark, how he prays.

Went. Besides Franke, since his marriage, he flauks me like a
cashierd Captaine discontent, in which Melancholy, the laste
drop of mirth, of which you had an Ocean, will make him, and
all his ours for ever.

If. Sayes mine owne Rogue so, giue mee thy hand then, weeke
doe, and theres earnest. Strakes him. Sfit you Chittisface,
that looks worse then a Collier thorough a wooden window, an
Ape affraid of a whip, or a Knipes head, shooke seauen yeares in
the weather vpon London-bridge. Do you Catechize me?

Wen. Nay but valorous Franke, he that knowes the secrets of all
hurt, knowes I did it in kindnes.

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

But. Sfit: friends, friends, all friends: Here comes young Scar-
borrow, should he knew of this, all our dischene were prevented.

Enter Scarborow.

If. What, melancholy my young maiter, my young married
man, God giue your worship joy.

Scar. Joy, of what Franke?

If. Of thy wealth, for I heare of few that ha joy of heir wive

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

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

Scar. O Franke not of it,

Marriage losses in mine care like a Bell,
Not rung for pleasure, but a dolefull knell.

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

Scar. I cannot love her.

If. No newes neither, wivee know that a generall fault amongst
their Husbands. Scar. I will not ly with her.

If. Cetera vultus illecebr fay still, If you wil not, another wil.

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

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

Enter Clowne.
of inforst Marriag.

Clew. As men do in hasty, to make an end of their business.
If. What is your business?
Clew. My business is this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir,
If. The meaning of all this Sir. C. By this is as much as to say Sir, my Mai. has sent unto you. By this is as much as to say Sir, my matter has him humbly commended unto you, and by this is as much as to say, my matter craves your answer.
If. Give me your Letter. And you shall have this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir.
Clew. No Sir.
If ord. Why Sir?
Clew. Because as the learned have very well instructed me, let superiors, much aloof, and the many Gentlemen will have to do with other men's business, yet from me, know, the most part of them prostrate know for their labor.
Writ. You ha the Knaue yfaith Franke.
Clew. Long may bee due to enjoy it. From Sir John Harcop, in the County of Yorke Knight, by me his man, to your fellow, my young matter, by these presents greeting.
If. How canst thou by these good words?
Clew. As you by your good cloths, tooke them upon trust, & swore I would never pay them.
Sear. Thy matter Sir John Harcop writes to me,
That I should entertain thee for my man,
His wife is acceptable, thou art welcome fellow.
Oh! thy matter'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,
Blacke one with periury, whose sinfull breast,
Is Charactred like those curlf of the beast.
If. How now my young Bully, like a young wenche forty weeks after the losse of her Mayfen head, crying out.
Sear. Trouble me not,
Give me Pen, Inke, and Paper, I will write to her,
O! but what shall I write?
Mine owen excuse, why no excuse can serve
For him that liweares, and from his oke doth swatrus.

C2 C3
The Miseries

Of shall I say, my marriage was inform'd,
Twice had in them, not well in me to yeald,
Wretched the to whom marriage was compell'd,
Replied I, that which my grace hath bred,
For I me Clare, for I am married:
This accost and see, but not to none forgot, or warne from hence.
Deliver it unto her, the ears for thy pains,
Would I so one could cleane these perilling staines.

Go. Well, I could alter mine eyes from sighy mad into fair water: you have paid for my tears, and our eyes, full yoke base-roots; and break out for you, let no man pretend me, I will cry, and every To vie betwixt: Shoreditch-church and Yorkbridge, shall beare me witnesse.

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

Exe. We must not leave you to my young Gallant,
We three are sicke in state, and your wealth must helpe to make us whole again.
For this saying, is as true as old:
Streke must twixt man and wife, makes such a skaw,
How great to est their wealth, twill have a thaw,

Enter Sir John Harcon with his Daughter Clare, and two younger Brothers, Thomas, and John Scarbourn.

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

Tho. Kisl, Surl what else: thou art a good plump wench, I like you well, prethee make hast and bring store of boyes, but be sure they have good faces, that they may call me vnlke.

Exe. Glad of to faire a filer, I salute you.

Har. Good, good yfaith, this kissings 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 tongue.

Clar. Such welcome as befits my Scarbourns brothers,
From me his roth-plight wife be sure to have,
And tho my tongue proce scant in any part,
The bounds be sure are large, full in my heart.
of infest 

Tho. Tut, that's not that we doubt on wench, but do you hear Sir John, what do you think we may see from London, and the

Lines of Court, thus farre into Yorkshire?

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

Tho. Faith, and I gesse partly so too, but the maine was, and I will not be to you, that your coming nowe in this wise, into our

Kindred, I might be acquainted with you before, and then after my

brother did marry your daughter, this brother might borrow a

Trance of you.

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

Tho. SIR, what else, they having interest in my blood, why

Should not I have interest in their course. Besides Sir, I being a

Younger Brother, would be ashamed of my generation if I would

not borrow of any man that would lend, especially of my affines,

of whom I keepe a Kalender. And looke you Sir, thus I goe over

them. First on my Vnckles, often on mine Aunts, then up to my

Neckes. Straight downe to mine Nieces, to this Coten Thomas,

and to Coten Jeffray, leaving the courteous clow given to them

of their clowes, even unto the thirde and fourth remove of any

that hath interest in our blood. All which do upon their favours

made me delys and faithfully provide for appearance, and so

as they are, I hope we shall be, more indeed, norly better, and

more feoffingly acquainted.

Har. You are a merie Gentleman.

Tho. This hope of mine makes me so, and I know none but

friends to be fed with it.

Tho. From Oxford am I drawn, from serious studies

Expecting that my brother still had found

With you his best of choices, and it is good Knight.

Har. His absence shall not make our hands little merrie

Then if we had his presence. A day is long,

Will bring him backe, when one the other meets,

At noone in Church, meantime betweene the sheets;

Wetcle wash this chaste with wine. Some wine: fill vp,

The sharpest of the wit, is a full cup. And so to you Sir,

Tho. Do and be discourse to my new sister, but upon this condition, that she may have quiet days, in rest and rights, pleasant

afternoones, bee poyant to my brother, and lend me money when

sheerc I he borrow it.

--- Har.
The Miseries

Her. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weak and we must beare with them,
Your frolickke healths, are onely fit for men.

Thas. Well, I am contented, women must to the wal, tho it be to a feather-bed. Fill vp then.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. From London am I come, tho not with pipe and Drum,
Yet I bring matter, in this poore paper,
Will make my young mistyris, delighting in kisses,
Do as all Maidens will, hearing of such an ill,
A to have left, the thing they wither most,
A Husband, a Husband, a pretty sweet Husband,
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas, And at last ho, ho, ho, as I do.

Clow. Returnd so soonne from London? Whats the newes?

Clow. Oh mistyris, if euery one have seene Demonical cleare look into mine eyes, mine eyes are Severne, plaine Severne, the Thames, nor the Ryuer of Tyne are nothing to euine: Nay all the rayne that fell at Noahs floud, had not the discretion that my eyes have: that drinke but vp the whole world, and I ha drownd all the way between this and London.

Clow. Thy newes good Robbin.

Clow. My newes mistyris, Ile tell you strange newes, the dust vp on London way, being so great, that not a Lorde, Gentleman, Knight, or Knaue could travell, leath his eies should bee blowne out: At last, they all agreed to have me to go before them, when I looking but vp on this Letter, did with this water, this very water, lay the dust, as well as if it had rained from the beginning of Aprill to the last of May.

Clow. A Letter from my Scarborrow, give it thy mistyris.

Clo. But Mistyris.

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

Clo. Oh but mistyris. Clo. Prethee be gone,
With this, and the glad newes, leave me alone.

Tho. Thy newes Knight, take your liquor, know I am bountifull, Ile forgive any man any thing that hee owes mee, but his drinke, and that Ile be paid for.
of Incest Marriage.

C1. Nay Gentlemen the honesty of my youth
Consists not in Carousling with excess,
My father hath more welcomes then in wine:
Pray you no more.

Tho. Sayes my sister so, Ile be rule by thee then: Do you heare, in hope hereafter youle lend me some monye, now we are halfe drunk, let us go to dinner. Come Knight. Exeunt. Morte Clu.

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 wrote blacke lines, when our white harts shall meet,
Before I ope this dore of my delight,
Methinkes I geese how kindly he doth write,
Of his true Love to me, as Chuck, Sweet-hart,
I prethee do not thinke the time too long,
That keepes vs from the sweetes of marriage rites,
And then he lets my name and kisese 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 slacke,
Ere it arriue at my desider eyes,
He hauntes vp his missage with like speed,
Even as I brake this ope, willing to read:
Oh: what's here? Mine eyes are not mine owne? sure th'are not,
Tho you hab bin my lamps this sixtene yeares, Let's fell the Let.
You do belie my Scarbore reading so;
Forgive him, he is married, that were ill:
What lying lights are thefe. Looke I ha no such Letter,
No wedded sillable of the least wrong
Done to a Troth-plight-Virgin like my selfe.
Besthrow you for your blindenes: Forgive him, he is married.
I know my Scarbowes constancie to me,
Ias frome knit, as faith to Charity,
That I shall kisse him ofte, hug him thus,
Be made a happy and fruitful Mother.
Of many prosperous children like to him,
The Miseries

And read I, he was married? Askst forgiuences?  
What a blind Foole 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.  
Twas but my fervent lour misled mine eyes,  
He once againe to the Inside, Forgine me, I am married:  
william Scarbore. He has let his name too't to,  
O perjury? within the hearts of men  
Thy secrets are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.  

Enter Thomas Scarbore.

Tho. Sisler, God's 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, 
Be but perufe this Letter and come straight.  
Tho. Pray you make halfe, the meat sales 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 makes ore night,  
And mornings dry, 
Sorne and approved.  

Clar. He was conned mine, yet he vnuiest  
And married to another: what's my estate then?  
A stretched maid, not fit for any man,  
Not being violed is with plighted faiths,  
The eueries to me consirme this, 
I didde geth me, and who find many me:  
Shall I feare thine incie, (O God)  
That such hard fortune, should bende my youth.  

dam Young, Fayre, Rich, Honest, Virtuous,  

Tho. for all this, who are shall marry me  
I am that this where buck in Adoltery,  
I cannot steep into the path of pleasure  
As some wicked, was created, hence vnto,  
Let me but here to be nest, rich or poore,  
It not well yet I must bee a wife.  
I must be made after extrm goall my will,  
A name I have abhord, with a child  
I have elached, and now cannot with stand it  
In my feile, an my fathers only child,
of inforset Mariages.

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

John. I must not goe without you.
Clar. Be thou my Vnder, toth 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 answer to thy letter,
And in so short words thou shalt weep to read them,
And heare 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 wiuvs, the which have been inforst
From the white sheets you lou'd, to them ye loathed:
Whether this Axiome may not be assured,
Better one faine, then many be endured.
My armes imbracings, Kisses, Chastity,
Were his posessions: and whilst I live,
He doth but fleale those pleasures he enjoyes,
Is an Adultere: in his married armes,
And never goes to his defiled bed.
But God writes sin vpon the Teasters I.e.
Ile be a Wife now, help to faine his force.
Tho I have lost his body, give a flake.
To his iniquities, and with one fthane.
Done by this hand, ende many done by him.
Farewell the world, then fairewell the needded joyes.


The Miseries

Till this I haue hop't for, from that Gentleman, Scarborow, forgive me: thus thou haft lott thy wife, Yet record would, though by an act too soule, A wife thus did to cleane her husbands soule.

Enter Sir John Harcap.

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

Clav. Scarborow come close mine eyes, for I am dead.

Har. That fad voyce was not hers I hope:

Whose this, my daughter?

Clav. Your daughter,

That begs of you to see her buried,

Prayes Scarborow to forgive her: she is dead. Dyes.

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

Clav, my daughter, Help my servants there:

Lift vp thine eyes, and looke upong thy father,

They were not borne to looke their light so soone,

I did beg thee for my comforter,

And not to be the Author of my care.

Why speakest thou not? Some helpe my Seruants there:

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

What caufe had? thou that wast thy fathers joy,

The Treasure of his age, the Cradle of his sleepe.

Hast in all? I prether speake to me?

Thou shalt not hope for death, come backe againe,

Clav, my Clav, If death must needs have one,

I am the fittest, my heare let me go,

Thou dying whilst! I haue, I am dead with woe.

Enter Thomas, and John Scarborow.

Thos. What means this outery?

Th. O rashfull speectacle

Har. Thou wert not wont to be so fallen childe,

But kind and loving, to thy aged father:

Awake, awake! ye thy falling sleepe,

Would I had no fene for grieue, nor eyes to wepe.

Th. What Papers this, they 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 unforest Marriages.

Har. Was that the cause that thou hast dyd thy selfe
With these red spots, these blisters of beauty?
My child, my child, wait耐心 in him,
Made thee to saye, art now to toole a fire,
That he decreed thee in a Mothers hopes,
Pollency, the bliss of marriage?
Thou hast not sung to answere no, or I,
But in red Letters writes: For him I die.
Curse on his Traiterous tongue, his youth, his blood,
His pleasures, Children, and possessions,
Beall his days: like winter, comfortlesse:
Restles his nights, his wants Remorselesse,
And may his Corps be the Philistians stage,
Which plaid upon, flounds not to honored Age,
Or with diseases may he lie and pine,
Till greefe wax blind his eyes, as greefe doth mine.  

Exit

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

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

Ilf. What ride by the gate, & not call, that were a shamefayth.

Wcre. Weel, but talle of his Beere, kille his Daughter, and to
horse againe, where is the good Knight heare?

Scar. You bringe me to my shame unwillingly.

Ilf. Shamed at what, for deceiving of a wench, I ha not blushe,
that ha dunt to a hundred of em.

In womens love hee wife, doth follow this.
Looke one so long till her another kille.

Where is the good Knight heare?

lo. O Brother, you are come to make your eie
Sad mourner at a farall Tragedy.
Peruse this Letter first, and then this Corps.

Scar. O wronged Clare? Accursed Scarborow?
I writ to her, that I was married,
She writes to me, forgive her she is dead:
Ile balmeth thy body with my faithfull teares,
And be perpetuall mourner at thy Tombe,
Ile sacrifice this Committ into lightes.
The Miseries

Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefits my parents gave,
Shall turne diisempered 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,
Looke what thy friends, and thou art guilty of,
The mother of a creature, equald heaven
In her Creation, whose thoughts like fire,
Neuer lookt base, but euer did aspire
To blessed benefits, till you and yours vndid her,
Eye her, view, tho' dead, yet she dus looke,
Like a fresh frame, or a new printed booke
Of the best paper, neuer lookt into,
But with one 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 for.

Enter Sir John Harcop.

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

Scar. Here, laid to take her euerafting sleepe.

Har. A lyes that fayes so,
Yet now I know thee, I do lie that say it,
For if she be a wilen like thy selle,
A perjured Traitor, recreant, milcreant,
Dog, a dog, a dog, has dunt.

Scar. O Sir John wilen, to be troth thy selwe
To this good creature, harmelsthe, harmelies child,
This kernel hope, and comfort of my house,
Without Inforcement, of thine own accord,
Draw all her foule ith 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 strumpe, thy children Bastards,
Thy selfe a murderer, thy wife, accessary, 
Thy bed a steepe, thy house a Brothell.

Scar. O, tis too true.
Har. I, made a wretched father childles.
Scar. I, made a married man, yet wiules.
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, vndone, vndone.
Scar. For Charity haue care vpon your father,
Least that his greese, bring on a more mishap,
This to my armes, my sorrow shall bequeath,
Tho I haue loft her, to thy grave Ile bring,
Thou went my wife, and Ile thy Requiem sing:
Go you to the Country, Ile to London backe,
All yot now, since that my soules so blace.

Ka. Thus am I left like Sea-toft-Martiners,
My Fortunes being no more then my distress,
Vpon what shoreloeuer I am driuen,
Be it good or bad, I must account it heaven,
Tho married, I am reputed not a wife,
Neglected of my Husband, scorned, despised,
And tho my loue and true obedience
Lies prostrate to his becke, his heedles eye,
Receiues my services 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 matters huing hyes.
Ka. Toward Wakefield where thy misters weele attend,
When things are at the woef, tis hopt theye mend.
Enter Thomas, and John Scarprow.

Tho. How now sifter, no further forward on your journey yet?
Ka. When greesees before one, who'd go on to griece,
I'd rather turne me backe to find some comfort.
John And that way sorrowes himgsuller then this,
My Brother hauing brought into a grave,
That murdered body whom he cald his wife,
The Miseries

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

Tho. The more Fools be.

John Never from hence acknowledge you his wife,
When others strive to enrich their fathers name,
It should be his only ayme, to beggar his,
To spend their means, and in his onely pride,
Which with a sigh confirm'd, hee rid to London,
Vowing a course, that by his life so foule
Men were should joyn the hands, without the foule.

Kath. All is but griefe, and I am aind for it.

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

Enter Iford, Wentloe, Barley.

Went. Hees our owne, hees our owne, Come, lets make vs of
his wealth, as the sun of Ice. Melt it, melt it.

If. But art sure he will hold his meeting.

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

If. Why then so sure will I be arrestst by a couple of Ser-
geants, and fall into one of the vnlucky Crankes about Cheap-
side, calle Counters.

Bar. Withall, I haue proyided M. Grype the Viser, whose
upon the instant will be ready to Step in, charge the Sargeaunts
to keepe thee fast, and that now hee will have his five hundered
pounds, or thou shalt rot for it.

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

If. Ha, ha, ha. Enter Scarborow.

Bar. Why, dost laugh Franke?

If. To see that wee and Visers shine 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 Gent'lemen.

If. A thousand good dayes, my noble Bully, and as manye
good fortunes as there weet Grasshoppers in Egypt, and thers co-
ured
of inforst Mariages.

tered over with good lucke: but Nouns, Pronouns, and Par-
ticiples. Where be these Rogues here: what, shal we have no
Wine here? Enter Drawer.

Draver Anon, anon, sir.

If. Anon, goodman Rascal, must wee stay your leysure? gee'ts by and by, with apoxe to you.

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

If. Hurt him, hang him, Scrape-trencher, star-weren, Wine
spiller, mettle-blancer, Rogue by generation. Why, doest heare
Will? If thou dost not see these Grape-spillers as thou doest the
porle-pots, quoit ens down stayes three or four times at a supper,
theye grow as swaune with you as Sergeants, and make bills
more vanishingable then Taylors. Enter Drawer.

Draw. Heres the pure and neat grape Gent. I hate for you.

Iford. Fyll vp: what ha you brought here, goodman rogue?

Draver The pure element of Claret sir.

If. Hay you so, and did not I call for Rhenish Throns the
you Mungrell? wine in the Dravers face.

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

If. Be mild in a Tauerne, tis treason to the red Lettyce ene-
my to their signe post, and glaue to humor:

Prethee, lets be mad,

Then fill our heads with wine, till every pate be drukne,
Then pisse the street, Iustell all you not, and with a Dunke,
As you will do now and then: Thanke me thy good
Måyluer, that brought thee to it.

Went. Nay, he profits weel, but the worst is he will not hear.

Scar. Do not beleue me: If there be any good in me that is the
best: Oathes are necessary for nothing, They passe out of a wome
mouth, like smoke through a chimney, that flies all the way it
goes. Went. Why then I think Tobacco be a kind of sweeneing,
for it furs our nose pockily.

Scar. But come, lets drunk our selues into a stomack afor sup-

To them that make and fly,

By wine, wheres, and a Dice.

To them, that only thrive,

By kying 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 keepe their day,
Woe! hold him like this Glasse,
A brainlesse empty Asse,
And not a mone for us.
Drinke round my harts.

Wen. An excellent health.

Enter Drawer. Mayfler Iford, there is a couple of strangers beneath desiers to speake with you.

If. What beards ha they? Gentleman-like-beards, or brother-like-beards?

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

If. Ille goe downe to em.

Wen. Doe: and weel slay here and drinke Tobacco.

Scarb. Thus like a Feuer that doth shake a man

From strength to weaknesse, I consume my selfe:
I know this company, theyr custome vide,
Hated, abhor'd of good-men, yet like a childe

By reasons rule instructed how to know
Built from good, I to the worser go.

Why doe you suffer this, you upper powers,
That I should surfeit in the sinne I taste,

haue fence to feele my mischiefe, yet make waft
Of heaven and earth:
My selfe will aswer, what my selfe doth aske?

Who once doth cherish sinne, begets his shame,
For vice being fosterd once, coms Impudence,
Which makes men count sinne, Custom, not offence,
When all like mee, their reputation blot,

Pursuing emall, while the good's forgot.

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

Ser. Nay, never strive, we can hold you.

If.
of forest Marriage.

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 is the matter Franker?

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

Drar. How arrest a Gentleman in our company?

If. Put vp, put vp, for sins sake 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 face 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 believe you.

If. Yet hear me.

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

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

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

If. Such as you shall like too: what say you to this young Gent. He is the widge that we must feed upon.

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

If. I would be ashamed any man should say to by me, that I have had dealings withall: But my inforced friends, will please you but to retire into some fimal distance, whilst I discourse with a feveral words to these Gentlemen, and Ile commit my fettle into your hands immediately.

Ser. Well Sir we will wait vpon you.

If. Gentlemen I am to proferre some conference, and in especiall to you master Scarbrow, our meeting here for your mony hath proved to me thus aduerse, that in your company I am Arrested: How ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations when men of ranke and note communicate that I Frank ye life: Gentlemen whose Fortunes may transcend, to make ample Gratific
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 Pou'trey: for mine owne part, if you shall thinke it meet, and that it shall accord with the state of gentry, 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 heeleis insted of guilt spurs, the armour of patience, and doote.

Went. Come, come, what a pox need all this, this is Mellis Flo-
ra, the sweetest of the hony, he that was not made to fat Cattel, but
to feed Gentlemen.

Bart. You weare good cloaths.
Wen. Are well descended.
Bart. Keep the best company.
Went. Should regard your credit.
Bar. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.
Wen. Ye are richly married.
Bar. Love not your wife.
Wen. Haue flore of friends.
Bar. Who shall beyour heyre.
Wen. The forme of some slaue.
Bar. Some groome.
Wen. Some Horse-keeper.
Bart. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.
Scar. Well at your Importance, for once Ie stretch my purse
Whose borne to linke, 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. Ourselues.
iff. To feed vpon you as Pharoes leane kine did vpon the fat.
Scar. Maister Gripe is my bond currant for this Gentleman.
iff. Good security you Aegyptian Grashopper, good security?
Gri. And for as much more kinde Maister Scarborrow.
Provided that men mortal as we are,
May haue.
Scar. May haue security.

Grip
of inforst Marriage.

Gri. Your bond with land conuaid, which may assure me of mine owne againe. Scar. You shall be satisfied, and Ile become your debtor, for full five hundred more then he doth owe you. This night we sup heere, beare vs company, And bring your Counsell, Scrivener, and the mony with you, Where I will make as ful assurance as in the Law you'd wish.

Gri. I take your word Sir, And to discharge you of your prisoner.

11f. Why then letts 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. Extunt.

Enter Thomas and John Scarbrow.

10b. Brother, you see the extremity of want Inforcest vs to question for our owne, The rather that we see, not like a Brother Our Brother keepes from vs to spend on other.

Tho. True, he has in his hands our portions, the patrimony which our Father gaue vs, with which he lies fatting himselfe with Sacke and suger in the house, and we are faine to walke with lean purses abroad, Credit must be maintained which wil 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, al which we must haue, and from him we will haue mony.

I6. Besides, we have brought our sister to this Towne, That she her selfe havinge her owne from him, Might bring her selfe in Court to be preferd, Vnder some Noble personalge, or els that he Whose friends are great in Court, by his late match, As he is in naturall bound, provide for her.

Tho. And he shal do it brother, tho we have waited at his lodg- ing, longer then a Taylours bil on a young Knight for an old re- koning, without speaking with him, Here we know he is, and we will call him to parle.

I6. Yet let vs doot in mild and gentle tearsmes, Faire words perhaps may sooner draw owne, Then suffer courses by which his mischiefs grown. En, Drum

Dr. Anon, anon, looke downe into the Delphine there.
Tho. Here comes a drawer we wil question him.
The Miseries

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

Draw. Here sir, what a left is that, where should he be else? I would have you well know my maister hopes to grow rich before he leaues him.

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

Draw. Faith sir not so long as Noahs floude, yet long enough to have drown'd up the linings of three Knights, as Knights goes now adays, some moneth or there abouts.

John. Time will confum'd 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 Scarbrow's company.

Within Oliver.

Draw. Anon, anon, looke downe to the Pomgranate there:
Tho. I prethee say heeres them would speake with him.

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

John. This foolc speakes wifer 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 whelps thrown in the Lyons den,
Who play with them awhile, at length devoure them.

Enter Scarboro.

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 hear you use,

(With such as wast their goods, as Time the world
With a continuall 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 drowne vs, but our wants to craue the dew
Our father gaue, and yet remains with you.

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

teinance, like stockings must be had, and we would be loath our heritage should 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 Elanth to sell our patrimony for Porridge.

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

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

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

Io. We come compeld by want to crave 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 reproose, You have bin to fauey both, and you shall know, Ile curbe you for it, aske why; Ile haue it for?

Io. We do but crave our owne.

Scar. Your owne sir: whatts your owne?

Tho. Our portions given vs by our fathers will.

Io. Which here you spend.

Tho. Consume?

Io. Ways worse then ill.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Ilford.

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

Scar. What doth thinke these are Franke?

Ilf. They are Fidlers I thinke, if they be, I presty sende them into the next roome, and let them scrape there, and weill send to them presty.

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

Tho. They
The Miseries

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

If. O, thou shouldest have done well to have bound them preti- ties 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 wear good Cloathes. Come, you must learne more manner, stand at your Brothers backe, as to shift a Trachcher nearely, and take a Cuppe of Sacke, and a Capons legge contentedly.

Tho. You are a slave

That sees upon my brother like a fly,  
Porsoning where thou dost sucke.

Scar. You lie.

Io. O, to my grieves I speake it, you shall find,

There's no more difference in a Taurcne-haunter

Then is between a Spittle and a Begger.

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

Io. And he the worthy Traffike that doth sink.

Tho. Thou mak'st his name more loathsome then a grave.

Io. Liesth like a Dog, by vomit,

Tho. Died a slave?

Here they draw, Wemlo, and Bartley come in, and the two Vintners boyes, with Clubbes. All set upon the two Brothers. Butler,  
Scarborows 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 sonses, but he neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my mast. newes, he hath two lons borne at a birth in Yorkshire, and I find him together by the ears with his brothers in a Taurcne in London. Brother and Brother at odds, its naught: sure, it was not thus in the days of charity. Whats this world lyke to?

Faith iust like an Inne-keepers Chamber-pot, receives all waters, good and bad, I had need of much scouring. My old mast. kept a good house, and twenty or thirty tall swords and Buckler men about him, and by faith his sonses differ not much, he will have mettle to, tho he hath not store of Cutlers blades, he will have plentye of Vintners pots. His father kept a good house for honest men, his
of inforst Mariage.

his Tenants, that brought him in part, and his son keeps a badde house with Knaues that helpe to consume all. Tis but the change of time: why shoule any man repyne at it: Crekeits, good liuing, and lucky wormes, were wont to feede, sing, and reioyce in the fathers chimney, and nowe Carrion Crowes builds in the sons Kitchen. I could be folly for it, but I am too old to wepe. Well then, I will goe fel him newes of his of-springs.

Exit.

Enter the two brothers, Thomas and John Scarborow hurt, and sister.

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

Tho. Our portions, our brother hath giuen vs our portions fister, hath he not?

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

Tho. Execute him not, he is more degenerate.

Then greedy Vipers that devote their mother,

They eat on her but to preserue themselves,

And he consumes himselfe, and Beggers vs.

A Tamer is his lone, where amongst Slaves,

He kills his substance, making poes 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 came to our owne, when his Reply

Was, he knew none we had, beg, frame, or else.

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

Tho. In troth fister, we two to beg in the fields,

And you to betake you self to the old trade,

Filling of small Cans in the subhishes.

Sis. Shall I be left then like a common roade,

That euer beast that can but pay his tolle

May travel ouer, and like to Cammomil,

Flourish the better being trodden on.

Enter Butler bleeding.

But. Well I will not curse him: he feedes now vpon Sacke

& Anchones with a poxe to him: but if he be not faine before he
dies to eate Acornes, let me live with nothing but potlerd, and
my mouth be made a Cooking floole for euer floode to see her
tayl on.

Tho. How now Butler, what's the meaning of this?

But. Your brother meanes to laine as many as he can, ther

when he is
The Miseries

is a begger himselfe, many line with him in the Hospital. His wife lent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him, that God had blest him with two sonnes; he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her, crosses me at the gate, and endes mee to the Surgeons to secke some: I look at least he should have given me a brace of Angels for my pains.

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

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tel, he is your Brother & my master, I should be loath to Prophecie of him, but who seeth howe his Children being Infants, ban his wife lying in childbed, and beats his man brings him newes of it, they may bee borne rich, but they shall live Stasts, be Knauce, and die Beggers.

Sift. Did he do so.

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

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

Is. But hee that is giuen over vnto sin, Leprofed therewith without, and so within, O Butlers, we were ystule to one father?

But. And he was an honest Gentleman.

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

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

Is. And not content to ryot out his owne, But he denies our portions: suffers vs In this strange Ayre, open to every wracke,
Whilst he in ryot swims to be in lacke.

But. The more the pitty.

Sift. I know not what course to take me to,
Honeby faine would liue: What shall I do?
of unforest Mariages.

But. Soth Ile tell you, your brother hath hurt vs,
We three will hurt you, and then go all to a spittole together.
Sol. Left not ather, whose burden is to you greeneus,
But rather lend a meanes how to releave vs.

But. Well I awake you, and the matter because you liee, you
woulde faine live honest and want meanes for it, for I can tell you
this strange heere to see a mad jade, poore, and honest, to see
a Colner with a cleane face. Maides heere do lieue (especially with-
out mainentence)

Like Mice going to a trap,
They mumble long at last they get a clan.
Your father was my good Benetfather and gave me a house whilst
I live to put my head in : for I would be both then to see my one y
daughter, for want of meanes, turne punk, I have a drift to keepe
you honest. Have you a care to keepe your selfe yet you shall
not know of it, for womens tongues are like styes, they will holde
nothing, they have power to vent. You two will further me.

Iohn. In any thing good honest Butler.

The. It be to a pursel Ile be one.

But. Perhaps thou speakest righter then thou art aware of : wel,
as chance is, I have receiv'd my wages : there is forty shillings for
you, Ile let you in a Lodging, and till you heare from vs, let that
provide for you, weele first to the surgeons.

To keepe you honest, and to keepe you brave,
For once an honest man, will turne a Kauc.

Enter Scarrborow haung a Boy carrying a Torch with him, Ilford
Wentlo, and Earv.

Scarr. Boy, bear the Torch faire : Now am I arm'd to fight with
a Wind-mill, and to take the wall of an Emperor : Muche like,
no money : A heane head, and a light pane of heecles.

Went. O, stand man ?

Scarr. I ware an excellent creature to make a Punk of, I should
downe with the least touch of a knaves finger, thou halfe made a
good night of this : What haft won Franke?

Ilfr. A matter of nothing, some hundred pounds.

Scarr. This is the hel of al gussters I thynke when they are at
play, the board eateth vp 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 darkness may not be.

Put out the Torch.

Went. What do I mean by that word?

Scar. To save charge, and walk like a Fury with a fire-brande in my hand, everyone go 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 pearing of the Nayles shall stick in thy teeth not for a world.

Lord. Whose this young Scarborrow?

Scar. The man that the Mare did 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 to a beast.

Scar. Go to, your name's Lord, Ie talle with you when your out a debt and ha better oaths.

Lord. I pity thee euen with my very soule.

Scar. Pity ith thy throat, I can drinke Muscadine and Eggs, and Muld-sick, do you heare: you put a piece of turnd fluffe vp-on me, but I will.

Lord. Wha: will you do Sir?

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

Lord. Your sober blood wil teach you otherwise.

Enter Sir William Scarborrow.

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

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

More like a brute Beast, then a Gentleman.

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

Scar. Can your nose smell a Torch.

Ifs. Be not so wilde, it is thine Uncle Scarborrow.

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

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

Thy body worthy borne, and thy youths brent

Tylde in due time for better discipline.

Lo. Thy selfe new married to a Noble house,

Rich in possessions, and Pottery,

Which should call home thy unlawful affections.

S.will. Where thou makst havock.

Lo. By thy boyle, and wait.
of unforset Mariages.

Sir will. Of what thy father left.

Lo. And lust disgraft.

Scar. He send you thorter 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 vnckle?

Scar. Pox of that Lord,

Weele meet at Miter, where weele sup downe sorrow.

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

Lo. Why now I see: what I hard of, I beleu'd not,

Your kinsman liues.

Smil. Like to a swine.

Lo. A perfect Epythite hee feeds on draffe,

And wallows in the mire, to make men laugh,

I pity him.

Sir wil. No pitties fit for him.

Lo. Yet weele aduise him.

Sir wil. He is my kinsman.

Lo. Being in the pit where many do fall in,

We wil both comfort him, and counsell him.

A noise within, crying, Follow, follow, follow: Then enter Butler, Thomas and John Scarborow with money bagges.

Tho. What that 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 lufkings good, their mothers milke not whung out of their noze yet, they knowe no more how to behaue themselves in this honest and needful calling of Purse-taking, then I do to preece flockings.

within. This way, This way, this way.

Both. Shet what that we do now?

But. See if they do not quake like a trembling Asp-leafe, and look more miserable then one of the wicked Elders picturd in the painted cloth, should they but come to the credit to be arraing for their valor, before a worshiptful banch, their very looks would hang em, and they were indignted but for flealing of Egs.

within. Follow, follow, this way follow.


Butler. Squat hart squat, creep me into these Buttes.
The Miseries

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

Tho. How good Butler, how v. how.

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

Tho. Thus Butler.

But. I do luring, fo, flurre not nowe, If the peering Rogues chance to goe over you, yet flurre not younger Brothers call you can and have no more forecast, I am ashamed of you, these are such whose natures had neede leaue them money, even to make them really wi hal, for by this hites, they have not wit to batten their fleues without teaching, close, squat close. Now if the lot of hanging, so fall to my share, fo, then the Fathers old man drops for his young masters, If chance it chances, and when it chaunces, heaven and the Sheriffs send me a good rope, I would not go vp the la- ther twice for any thing, in the meantime precautions, honest precautions do well, off with my skin, so you on the ground, and I to this tree to escape the Gallows.

With. 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 rob'd of three hundred pound.

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

Har. Leave not a bush vnbeate, nor tree volearcht, as sure as I was rob'd the theues went this way.

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

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

But. You lie, tis an old Servingman 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 shells, 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 dreame in your buttry.
of inforst Mariages.

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

But. A shrewd losse ber!ady sir, but your good worship may
now see the fruit of being miserable: You will ride but with one
man to saue hors-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 ser-
ued to: For had you kept halfe a dozen tall fellowes, as a man of
your coat should do, they would have helpt 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 robd at the bottome,& see-
ing some a stuffing together, my mind strait gave me the were
knaues abroad. Now sir, I knowing my selfe to be olde, tough,
and vnwieldy, not being able to doe as I would, as much as to
say, Rescue you (right Worshippfull.) I like an 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 bace me witnesse, that there I might see which way the
knaues tooke, then to tell you of it, and you right worshippullie
to send hue to cry after em.

Har. Was it so.

But. Nay was so sir.

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

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

Man. He fayes true.

But. Why then so 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, farewell Sir.

But, Ride with more men, good knight.
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 Heggies? Tho. O Butler, thou deservest to be chronicled for this.

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

But. Three hundred pound: A pretty breakfast: Many a man workes hardeall his daies and never sees half the money. But come, Tho it be badly got, it shall be better bellow'd. But doe ye heare Gallants, I ha' not taught you this trade to get your hussings by. Vse it not, for if you doe, though I scap't by the Nuttree, be sure youe speed by the Rope: But for your paynes at this tyme, Ther's a hundred pounds for you, how you shall bestow it, Ile give you instructions. But do you heare, Looke you goe not to your Gilles, your Punkes, and your Cock-tricks with it. It I hear you do: as I am an honest theefe, tho I helpt you now out of the Bryers, Ile be a meanes yet to helpe you to the Gallowses. 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 store.

The faults the leffe, being don to helpe the pore. Exit fmt.

Enter Ilford, wentbe. Bartley. Ilford having a letter in his hande.

Ilf. Sure I ha' fed my prayers, and liud vertuously a late, that this good fortunes befall me. Looke Gallants: I am sent for to come downe to my Fathers burial.

Bart. But dust meane to goe?

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

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

Went. Whets that? Doft meane now to serve God?

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

Enter
ofinforst Mariages.

Enter Butler.

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

But. What, Dof meane to be married?

Ilf. I Mungrell, Married.

But. Thats a baye for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly married.

But. Its impossible, for thou hast bin a whomayler this feaune yeare.

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

But. What shall she be, priethee?

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

Ladyes may larde their husbands heads, Widdews will Wood-

But. Who wilt thou wed then, priethee?

To any myrd, so she be fayr: To any myrd, so she be rich

But. So she be honest.

Ilf. Faith, its no great matter for her honestye, for in these

dayes, thats a Dowrie out of reques.

But. From these Crabes will I gather sweetnesse: wherin Ie

But. Will you be made gallants?

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

But. Let your wives agree of that after, will you first be rich-

All. How Butler; richly married?

But. Rich in beauty, rich in purse, riche in vertue, riche in all

But. Ile say nothing, I know of two or three rich

But. My fiddlestick cannot play without Rozen: (Auane.
The Miseries

If. Dost not know me Butler?

But. For Kes, dryde Kes, that in summer hath so liberal to fodder other men's cattle, and scarce have enough to keep your own 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 vanish.

If. Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? Cannot a man habit a little whose 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 now, who by his death has left me the better part of a thousand a yeare.

But. Tur, she of Lancashire has fifteen hundred.

If. Let me have her then, good Butler.

But. And then see the bright beauty of Leystershire, has a thousand, nay thirteen hundred a yeare, at least.

If. Or let me have her, honest Butler.

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

If. Let me have her then.

Bart. Or I.

Went. Or I, good Bur'l.

But. You were best play the partes of right fooles, and most desperate whose-maysters, and go together by the cares for the ere ye see them. But they are the moste rare seótured, well faced, excellent spoke, 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 these present confines of Europe.

All. And wilt thou 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 inforest Marriage.

Fathers you are proued rich, walke severally, for I knowing you all three to be couteous Tug-moetons will not trust you with the sight of each others beawty but: will feruently, 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 wiuces for you generally.

All. Why that honestly said.

But. Why so, and now first to your Sir Knight.

If. Godlmercy.

But. You see this couple of abhominable Woodcocks heare.

If. A pox 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, shee being but lately come to this towne, and so neerely watcht by the jealous eyes of her friends, she being a Rich heyre, lest the shoul be stolne away by some dissolute Prodigal, or desperat estated spend-thrift, as you ha bin Sir.

If. O but thats past Butler.

But. True I know, & intend now but to make use of them, flatter 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 beeffectd, first by keeping close your purpose.

If. Good.

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

If. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happiness, if they should know either in any of your good, or hope of their owne advancement theyd make our labours knowne to the gentlemans Vnoks, and so our benefit be frustrate.

If. Admirable Butler.
The Miseries

But. Which desires 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 sleep to the corner, to make all sure, her home shuffling private 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, he with her and spare not.

Iff. Do they not see us, do they not see us, let me kiss thee, let me kiss thee Butler, let but this be done, and all the benefit equitall and happiness I can promise thee for, shall be this, lie 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.

Iff. I hate.

But. Fail not.

Iff. Will I hue.

But. I will but shift of these two Rhinoceros,

Iff. Wigens, wingens, a couple of guls.

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

Iff. 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 telesHouse,

But. Why looke you, I had all this take for your good.

Bar. Hadst.

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

Prodigall, licentious unnecessary.

Went. An Asse, an Asse, an Asse.

But. Now you heard me tell him I had three Wench's in store,

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

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

Went. We that honor thee.

Bar. But how Butler.

But. I am now going to their place of residence, situate in the choisest place in the City, and at the signe of the Wolfe just against Gold smiths-row where
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 entertainments, where from a bay window which is opposite, I will make you known to your desired beauties. commend the good parts you have.

Well. Both maids are mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire, as women are some woman to make you bee beloved where you shall first kill, then you, at length Wed, and at last bed my Noble harts.

Both. O Butler.

But. Wenches bona robes, blessed beauties, without colour of counterfeit: Away, put on your best Cloaths, get you to the Barbers, Curle up your hair, walke with the belt together, you shall see more at the Window, and I ha vowed to make you.

But. I will shou.

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

Bar. We wil live together as felowes.

Well. 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 they'd eat one another, making no Conscience.
To drinke with them they'd poyson, no ofence.
Buttwixt their thoughts and actions have control,
But head long run, like an unriviate Bowle,
Yet I will throw them on, but like to him,
At play knowes how to loose, and when to win.

Enter Thomas and John Scarborow.

And fit as I appointed: so, I goe, 
you knowe your kues, and haue instructions howe to bear your felowes: Al, al 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 Ifordyn.

| G2 | Fcees |
The Miseries

Hee's 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, may shift of shrits and change of cloths
knowt.

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

Enter Butler and Ilford above.

But. Gods preciour Sir, the hel Sir, even 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, say you heeres in this upper chamber.
& Ile lay beneath with her, tis ten to one you shall hear them
tale now, of the greatnes of her possessions, the care they have to
see her well bestowed, the admirab'ones of her vertues, all which
for all their comming, shall be but happiness ordained for you, &
by my meanes be your inheritance.

If. Then thou'st shift them away, and keepe from the sighte 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 blessed
nes you have to come, and say your prayers if you will, Ile but prepare
her hart for entertainment of your loue, dismise them, for
your free accesfe, and returne straight.

If. Honest-blest-natural-friend, thou dealest with mee like
a Brother: Butler,  
Exit:  
Sure heaven hath referred this man to weare Grey-hairs to do me
good, now wil I listen, listen close, and succe in her Vncles words
with a rejoycing care,

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

If. Marry she shal find one heere tho you little knowt, thanks,
thanks.
of inforest Marriage.

Thankes honest Butler.  
I. She is left rich in Money, Plate, and Jewels.  
II. Comfort, comfort to my soule.  
III. Hath all her manner houses richly furnished.  
IV. Good, good, Ile find imployment for them.  
With But. Speak loud enough that he may heare you.  
V. I take her fiate to bee about a thousand pound a yeare,  
VI. And that which my father, hath left me, will make it about fifteene, hundred admirable.  
VII. Indebt to no man, then must our natural care be,  
As she is wealthy to see her married well.  
VIII. And that she shall be as well as the priest can, hee shall not, Leave our a word unt.  
IX. I thinke she has.  
X. What a Gods name.  
XI. About four thousand pound in her great chest.  
XII. And Ile find a vent fort I hope.  
XIII. Shee is vertuous, and she is faire.  
XIV. And she were foule, being rich, I would be glad of her.  
But But, Buthe.  
XV. Come, weele go vifi: her, but with this care,  
That to not spend-thrift we do marry her.  
Extra.  
XVI. You may chance be deuicd old gray-beardes, heares hee  
will spend some of it, thankes, thankes, honest Butler, now doe I  
see the happinesse of my future ette, I walke me as tomorrow, being  
the day after my marriage, with my foureteen men in Lucerie  
doakes after me, and step to the wall in some cheere streete of the  
Citty, tho I ha no occasion to vs it, 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 foureteen into two Pages and two Coaches, I wil get  
me felle into grace at Court, runne head-long into debt, and then  
lookes curiously vpon the Citty, I wil walke you into the presence in  
the afternoone hauing put on a richer suit, then I wore in the mor-  
ning, and call boy or sirall, I will ha the grace of some great Lady  
though I pay fort, and at the next: Triumphes runne a Tilde, that  
when I runne my course, though I brake not my lansac: she may  
whisper to her selfe, looking vpon my Jewel, wel run my knight  

G.
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 Vneckles, and how do you lyke them.

II. O But, they ha made good thy words, & I am raifith with the.

But. And hauing seen & kill the gentlewo, how do you like hir?

II. O Butler beyonde discourse, thee's a Paragon for a Prince, then a ft Implement for a Gentleman, beyonde my Element.

But. We'll then, once you like her, and by my meanes, she shall like you, nothing refts now but to haue you married.

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

But. Tut, that's sure yours when you are maried once, for this hirs by Inheritance, but do you loue her?

II. O, with my soule.

But. Ha you sworne as much.

II. To thee, to her, and ha ca'd heauen to witnes.

But. How shal I know that.

II. Butler, heere I profeft, make vowes Irreuocable.

But. Vpon your knees.

II. Vpon my knees, with my hart, and soule I loue her.

But. Will lye with her.

II. Will lye with her.

But. Marry her and maintaine her.

II. Marry her and maintaine hir.

But. For her forsake all other women.

II. Nay for her I sweare all other women.

II. In all degrees of Loue.

But. In all degrees of Loue, either to Court, kiffe, gibe private favours, or vse private meanes, he doth nothing that married men being close whoremasters do, so I may haue her.

But. And yet you hauing bin an open whoremaster, I will not beleue you till I hear you sweare as much in the way of contract to her selfe, and call me to bee a witnesse.

II. By heauen, by earth, by Hell, by all that man can sweare, I will, so I may haue her.
of Inforest Marriage.

But. Enough.
Thus at first sight rash men to women swear,
When such oaths broke, heaven greeues and shed a teare:
But shees come, ply her, ply her. Enter Scaccabrones Sister.

If. Kind Mistres, as I protested, so againe I vow, faith I love you.

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

If. Love me then,
The which loves you as Angels love good men,
Who with them to live with them ever,
In that high blisse whom hell cannot differ ever,

But. The fleake away and leave them, so wise men do,
Whom they would match, let them ha-leave to wo. Exit Butler.

If. Mistres I know your worth is beyond my deere, yet by my prasing of your virtues, I would not have you as women vse to do, becme proud.

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

If. Can you love me then?

Sist. I can: for I love al the world but am in lone with none.

If. Yet be in lone with me, let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our soules
Like Turtles have a mutual Simpathy,
Who love so well, that they together lie,
Such is my life, who euer to expire,

If. Should looke your love.

Sist. May I believe you?

If. Introth you may,

Your lifes my life your death my dying day:

Sist. 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.

If. O seale it with a kisse,

Blest hower my life had never joy till this.

Enter Wenslo, and Bartley beneath.

Bart. Here about is the house sure.

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

Enter Butler above.
The Miseries

But. What so close? Tis well, I have shifted away your Vncles Mistres, but see the spight Sir Francis, if you name couple of Smel-smockes, Wentbe and Bartley, ha not sented after vs.

If. A poote 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 a dead lift, for to perfect your blisse, I have prouid you a Priest.

If. Where, prethe Butler where?

But. Where? But beneath in her Chamber. I hafile 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 sweete. (Exit Ilford with his Sister.)

but. Downe, Downe, tis the only way for you to get vp.

Thus in this taske, for others good I toyle,
And the kind Gentlewoman wedds her selfe,
Haue bin scarcey wood, and ere her thoughts,
Haue 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 finne.

But. Sfit it is securuy Walking, for vs so neare the two Counters, would he would come once?

Bar. Maflle hees yonder: Now Butler.

But. O Gallants are you here, I ha done wonders for you commended you to the Gentlewomen, who haung taken note of your good legs, and good faces, have 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 haue bedded; Ex.wen & bax.

Now follows whether knowing thee is poore, Heele I swer he lond her as he swore before. Exit Butler

Enter Ilford with Scarborowse sister.

If. Ho Sirrah, who would ha thought it, I perceive now a woman 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.
of Inforest Mariages.

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

If. And there shal be no love lost, nor service neither, Ile do thee service at board, and thou shalt do me service a bed: Nowe must I as your married wife to do, kisse my portion out of my yong wife. Thou art my sweet Rogue, my Lambe, my Pigmy, my play-fellow, my pretty pretty any thing, come a buffe prethee, so tis my kind hart, and wats thou what now?

Sift. Not till you tel me Sir,

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

Sift. Even to my blood,

What's mine is yours, to gaine your peace or good.

If. What a kind soule is this, could a man have found a greater content in a wife, if he should ha fought thorough the world for her: Prettie hart as I said, I long, and in good troth I do, and methinkes thy first childe will bee borne without a nose, if I loose my longing, tis but for a trifle too, yet methinkes it will do me no good vnlesse thou effect it for me. I could take thy keyes my selfe, go into thy Closet, and read over the deeds and coudences of thy Land, & in reading over them, I chosse I had such blesst fortune to haue to fayre a wife with so much endowment, and then open thy Chests, and survey thy Plate, Jewels, Treasure. But a pox on it, all will doe me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me.

Sift. Sir I wil shew you at the wealth I haue,

Of Coyne, of Jewels, or Possessions,

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

Sift. The land I can endow you with, is my Loue,

The riches I possess for you, is Loue,
A Treasure greater then is Land or Gold,
It cannot be forfeited, and in this neere be sold.

If. Loue I know that, and Ile answer thee Loue for. Loue in abundance: but come prethee come, let's see these deeds and e-
The Miseries

As it hath been in the title.
The Miseries of the Lords and gentlemen,
And of the Ermine.
The Miseries of the Lying.
The Miseries of the Deceitful.
The Miseries of the Treacherous.
The Miseries of the Knave.
The Miseries of the Coni."
of infest Mariages.

sues, a plague on them, and I knowe not what: Doe you heare
Puppet, do you thinke you shal not be damned for this, to Cofen
a Gentleman of his hopes, and compell your selue into Matrimo-
y with a man, whether hee wil or no with you, I ha made a sayre
match yfaith, wil 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 Wentlo, 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.
Ilf. A pox on her, I would you had her.
went. Wel, God giue you Ioy, we can heare of your good for-
tune, now tis done, tho we could not be acquainted with it afore-
hand. Bart. As that you have two thousand pound a yeare.
Went. Two or three manner houses.
Bart. A wife, faire, rich, and vertuous.
Ilf. Pretty infaith, very pretty.
went. Store of Gold.
Bart. Plate in abundance.
Ilf. Better, better, better.
went. And so many Oxen, that their hornes are able to store
all the Cuckolds in your Country.
Ilf. Do not make me mad good Gentlemen, do not make me
mad, I could be made a Cuckold with more patience, then endure
this. We. Foe we shal haue you turrie proud now, grow respect-
les of your Ancient acquaintance, why Butler told vs of it: Who
was the maker of the match for you?
Ilf. A pox of his furtheraunce, Gentlemen as you are Christi-
ans, vext me no more, that I am married I confesse, a plague of the
Fates, that wedding and hanging comes by desteny, but for the
riches she has brought, beare wittes how Jle rewarde her.
Sift. Sir.
Ilf. Whore, I and Iade, Witch. Ilfaect, flinking-breath, crook-
ked-nose, worst then the Deuill, and a plague on thee that ever I
law thee.
Bart. A Comedy, a Comedy.
Went. What the meaning of all this, is this the maske after
thy marriage.

H 2
Ilf.
of inferior Marriages.

Iff. O Gentlemen, I am undone, I am undone, for I am married, I that could not abide a Woman, but to make her a whore, hated all Shee-creatures, layre and poore; swore I would never marry but to one that was rich, and to be thus conniv'd at. Who do you thinke this is Gentlemen?

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

Iff. Thats my misfortune, that marrying her in hope she was rich, she proves to be the beggerly Sister to the more beggerly Scabboro.w.

Bart. How?

went. Ha, ha, ha.

Iff. 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 lest we should borrow some Money of him.

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

Bart. But art thou thus guld infaith.

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

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

Iff. Nay, that's without question, but Ile be revenged of em both, for you Minx. Nay Slut, giue em me, or Ile kicke else.

Sift. Good, sweete.

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

Sift. Ome, most miserable.

Iff. Out of my sight, I and out of my dooress, for now, what's 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 thee.
The Miseries

ff. 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 sweare.

Enter Thomas and John Scurbome, with Butler.
Tho. How now litter.
Sift. Vndone, vndone.
But. Why Misriss, hou ilt? hou ilt?
Sift. My husband has forsooke me.
But. O perjury.
Sift. Has taine my Jewels, and my Bracelets from me.
Tho. Vengeance, I playd the theefe for the mony that bought
em. Sift. Left me disbreft, 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 cause of all,
Helped our portion, and Ile see his fall.

Iob. O but Brother.
Tho. Perswade me nor.

All hopes are shipwrecke, miserie comes on,
The comfort we did looke from him is frustrate,
All meanes, all maintenance, but grieffe is gone.
And all shall end by his destruction.

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

But. And what will you do Misriss?
Sift. Ile set me downe, figh lound in head of wordes,
And wound my selfe with grieffe as they with swordes.
And for the suffenance that I should eate,
Ile feed on grieffe, tis woes best reliflie meate.

But. Good hart I pitty you,
You shall not be so cruel to your selfe,
I haue the poore Settlemans allowance,
Twelve pence aday to buy me suffenance,
One meate aday Ile eate, the toother fast,
To gue your wanes reliefe. And Misriss
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
Iel hath thin checkes, care you shall ha wet eyes.

Exeunt.
The Mysteries

Enter Scarborough.

What is prodigality? Faith like a Bush
That weares himselle to flourish others clothed,
And having wore his harte even to the stump,
Hee throwne away like a deformed lump.
Oh such am I, I haue spent all the wealth
My ancestors did purchase, made others braue
In shape and riches, and my selfe a knaue.
For tho my wealth raisd some to paint their doore,
To shut against me, sayling I am but poore:
Nay, even the greatest arme, whose hand hath graft,
My presence to the eye of Mæesty, shrinke back,
His fingers cluch, and like to lead,
They are heauy to raise vp my state, being dead.
By which I find, spendthrites, and such am I,
Like Trumpets florish, but are foule within,
And they like Snakes, know when to call their skin. Enter Thea.

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

Scar. What is he that speakes? Like sicknesse: Oh if you,
Sleepe still, you cannot moue mee, fare you well.

Tho. Thinke not my fury flakes 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,
Eate with a warning pece they haue wakke their eares,
I would not like to powder shoote thee downe,
To a flat grave, ere thou haft 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 still thy soule quake to heare it,
That like a villain haft undone thy brothers.

Scar. Would thou were not so neere me: yet farewell.

Tho. By nature, and her lawes make vs a kinne,

As
of inforst Marriage.

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 we not off-spring 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 hast spent
My liues renewes that our parents purchaft.

Scar. O do not wracke me with remembrance on.
Tho. Thou hast made my life a Begger in this world,
And I will make thee bankrupt of thy breath:
Thou hast bin so bad, the best I can give,
Thou are a Deuill, not with men to live.

Scar. Then take a Deuils payment.

Here they make a passe one uppon another, when at Scarborowes backe.
comes in Iford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Ilf. Hees here, draw Gentlemen.


Scar. Girt round with death.

Tho. How set upon by three, Sift scare not Brother, you Cowards, three to one, slaves, worse then Fenfers that wear long wea-
pons. You shall be fought withall, you shall be fought withall.

Here the Brothers ioyne, drive 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 looe and wastfull hours,
Hath made against your Fortunes, I repent em,
And with I could new ioyne and strenthe your hopes,
Tho with indifferent ruine of mine owne.
I have a many finnes, the thought of which
Like finisht Needles pricke me to the soule,
But find your wronges, to haue the sharpest point.
If penience your losies might repayte,
You should be rich in wealth, and i in care.

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

Eunims the which are gainst an other done.
Repeastance makes no satisfaction
To him that feeleth the smart. Our eather Sir,
Left in your slull my portion: you ha spent it,
And suffered me (whilfe you in) your houle,
A drunken Tauerne, spild my maintenance
Perhaps upon the ground with ouer thrown cups,
Like birds in hardest winter halfe starvd to die
And picke vp any food, leaft I should die.

Scat. I presume let vs bee at peace together.
Tho. At peace for what? For spending my inheritance,
By yonder fun that every soule bas life by,
As faire as thou haft I felle fight with thee.

Scat. Ide not be moosed wtooce.
Tho. Ile kill thee then, went thou now clapt
Within thy mother, wife, or childrens armes.

Scat. Wouldst homicide? art so degenerate?
Then let my blood grow hot.
Tho. For it shal croole.

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

Enter John Scarborow.

In. Stay let not your wrathes meet.
Tho. Hart, what makst thou here?
In. Say who are you, or you, are you not one,
That scarce can make a fit distinction
Betwixt each other. Are you not Brothers?
Tho. I renounce him.

Scat. Shalt not need.
Tho. Gue way.

Scat. Have at then,

In. Who flurs, which of you both hath strength 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.

Scat. Be not a bar betwixt vs, or by my sword
Ile mete thy grave out.

In. O do, for Gods fake do.
of inforeft Marriage.

Tis happy death, if I may die and you
Not murther one another, O do but harken,
When duc the Sunne and Moone borne in one frame
Contend, but they breed Earthquakes in mens harts:
When any starre prodigiously appeares,
Tell it not fail of kings or farall yeares.
And then if Brothers fight, what may men thinke,
Sine growes so high, tis time the world should sinke.

scar. My hart growes coole againe, I wish it not.
Tho. Stop not my fury, or by my life I swears,
I will reveale the robbery we ha done,
And take revenges on thee,
That hinders me to take revenges on him.

Jo. I yeild to that, but near 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 Iohn Hacop, and make knowne
We were the two that robd him.

Jo. Prethy do.
Tho. Sin has his shame, and thou shalt ha thy due.

Jo. Thus haue I shewn the nature of a Brother,
Tho you haue prou'd unnaturall to me.
Hees gone in heare to publish out the theft,
Which want and your vnkindnes foresaies to,
If now I die that death, and publicke shame,
Is a Cerfiue to your soule, but to your name.

scar. O tis too true, there is not a thought I thinke,
But must pertake thy greeues, and drinke
A relish of thy sorrow and misfortune.
With weight of others teares I am ore borne,
That scarrs am Atlas to hold vp mine owne,
And al too good for me. A happy Creature
In my Cradle, and haue made my selle
The common curse of mankind by my life,
Yndone my Brothers, made them theeres for bread,
And begot pretty children to live beggers,
O Conscience, how thou art flung to think thopont.
The Miseries

My Brothers unto shame must yield their blood,
My Babes at others shrines beg their food,
Or else return the seas to, and be choak'd for,
Die a Dogs death, be perchit upon a tree,
Hang betwixt heaven and earth, as fit for neither,
The curse of heaven shall due to reprobates,
Deseends 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 hast?

But. Heres fellows swarm like flies to speake with you.

Scar. What are they?

But. Snakes I think Sir, for they come with flinges in their mouths, and their tongues are turned to teeth to: They claw Villainously, they hade eate vp your honett name, and honourable reputation by railing against you, and now they come to devour your posessions.

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

But. Mantichoras, monstrous beastes, enemies to mankind, that ha double rows of teeth in their mouths. They are Villers, they come yawning for mony, & the Sheriff with them, is come to ferue an extent vpon your Landes, and then cease on your bodies by force of execution, they ha begirt the house round.

Scar. So that the rooffe cur: Anceftors did build
For their bones comfort, and theirs wifes 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; teares in their eies, and burning greefe in their harts, and desire to speake with you.

Scar. Heape sorrow vpon sorrow? Tell me, are
My brothers gone to execution? For what I did, for every haynous sin,
Sits on his foule by whom it did begin.
And so did theirs by me, Tell me withalls,
My children carry myriathe in their eyes,
Whole speaking drops, say father, thus must we.
of Incest Marriage.

Ask for our relief, or die with infamy,
For you made us beggars. Yet when thy tale has told me
to give my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done by incest marriage:
My grave will then be welcome.

But, What shall we do sir?

Scar. Do as the devil does, hate panther-kind,
And yet I lie: for devils sinners love,
When men hate men, tho' good like some above.

Enter Scarborough's wife Katherine with two children.

But. Your wives come in sir.

Sea. Thou lyest, I have not a wife. None can be cold,
True man and wife, but those whom heaven instald. Say,
Kath. O my dear husband?

Sea. You are very welcome, peace: we have complement.

Who are you Gentlewoman.

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

Sea. Mine? Where, how begot?

Prove me by certaine instance that's divine,
That I should call them lawful, or thee mine.

Kat. Were we not married sir?

Sea. No, tho' we heard the words of Ceremonie;
But had hands knit as felions that weare letters
Forst upon them. For tell me woman,
Did gres my Loue with sighs intreat thee mine,
Did euer I in willing conference,
Speake words, made halfe with teares that I did lose thee.
Or was I euer
But glad to see thee as all Lovers 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 forst breach had drownd my Land,
Are you my wife, or these my children?

Why is impossible, for like the skies,
Without the Sunnes light, so looke at your eies,
Darke, Crowdy, thicke, and ful of heavines,

Within
The Miseries

Within my Country there was hope to see
Me and my yslue to be like our fathers,
Upholders of our Country, at our life,
Which should ha bin, if I had wed a wife.
Where now,
As dropping leaes in Autunme you looke at,
And I that should uphold you like to tal,

Ka. Twas, nor, shall be my fault. Heaven bear me witnes.
Scæ. Thow lyest? Strumpe thou lyest?
Bu. O Sir.
Scæ. Peace lawcie Jacke, Strumpe I say thou lyest,
For wife of mine thou art not, and these thy Bastsers
Whom I begot of thee, with this vncest,
That Bastsers borne, are borne not to be Blest

Ka. One me pource! your wrath, but not on them.
Scæ. On thee, and them, for tis the end of lust,
To scourge itselfe, heauen lurging to be just:
Harlot.

Ka. Husband.
Scæ. Bastards.
Child. Father.

But. What hart not pitries this?
Scæ. Even in your Crad'e, you were accurst of heauen,
Thou an A bawdylike in thy married armes.
And they that made the match, bawds to thy lust:
I. now you hang the heade, should it ha done so before,
Then these had not bin Bastsers, thou a whore.

But. I cannot brooke no longer, Sir you doe not well in this

Scæ. Haflane.
But. Tis not the aime of gentry to bring forth,
Such harsh vnrightfull fruit unto their wives,
And to their pretty pretty children by my troth.

Scæ. How recal.
But. Sir I must tel you, your progenitors
Two of the which these yeares were servant to,
Had not such vnists before their understanding,
Thus to behave themselves.

Scæ. And youe controwle me sir

But. I, I, will.
of

Scarr. You rogue.

But. I, risis, will tell you this ungenly done
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children,
Wrong them, you wrong your selfe, are they not yours?

Sea. Pretty, pretty Impudence in faith,

But. Her whom your are bound to love, to raile against,
These whom you are bound to kepe, to spurre like dogs,
And you were not my master, I would tell you.

Scar. What slave.

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

Scar. Roge.

But. Tut howsoever, it is a dishonest part,
And in defence of these I throw off duty

Scar. 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.

Scar. You runnage of threescore,

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

Scar. Patience be my Buckler,
A snot to stile my hands in villains blood,
You knave Slave- trelcher-grome-
Who is your master?

But. You if you were a master.

Scar. Off with your coate then, get you from a dores.

But. My cote sir.

Scar. I your coat slave?

But. Tut when you hate, tis but a thred-bare coate;
And there is for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Livery is so worthy borne;
And live so base a life, old as I am;
He rather be a begger then your man,
And there is your service for you.

Scar. Away, out of my doore: Away.

So,now your Champions gone, Minx thou hadst better ha gone
quick unto thy grave.
of infrest Marriage.

Scar. You rogue.

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

Scar. Pretty, pretty Impudence in faith,

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

Scar. What slave.

But. Put vp your Bird-spit, but I scare it not,
In doing deeds so base, so wild as these,
Tis but a Kna, kna, kna.

Scar. Roge.

But. Tur howscoerer, tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these throw off duty

Scar. Good Butler.

But. Peace honest Mistris, I will say you are wronged,
Proue it upon him even in his blood, his bones,
His guts, his Maw, his Throar, his Intrals.

Scar. You, runnagate of threescore,

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

Scar. Patience be my Buckler,

As not to file my hands in villains blood;
You knave Slave, trencher, groome

Who is your maister?

But. You if you were a maister.

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

But. My cote sir.

Scar. I your coat slave?

But. Shut when you hate, tis but a thred-bare coat,
And there tis for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Livery is so worthy borne;
And live so base a life, old as I am,
He rather be a begger then your man,
And theres your seruice for you.

Exit

Scar. Away, out of my doore: Away.

So now your Championes gone, Minx thou hadst better be gone
quick unto thy grave.

Kate.
The Miseries

Ca. O me, that am no cause of it.
Sec. Then haue subordnd that flawe to lift his hands against me.
Ka. O me, what shall become of me?
Sec. Illeteach you tricks for this, ha you a companion.

Enter Butler.

But. My hart not suffer me to leave my honest Mistris and hir pretty children.
Sec. Ile marke thee for a strumpet, and thy Bastards.
But. What will you do to them Sir.
Sec. The Deuill in thy shape come backe againe.
But. No, but an honest servaunt Sir wil take this cote,
And weare it with this sword to sauegard these,
And pitty them, and I am wo for you,
But will not suffer
The husband Viper-like to pray on them
That love him, and haue chenish him as these,
As they haue you.
Sec. Slawe.
But. I will not humour you,
Fight with you, and loose my life or these
Shal taft your wrong whom you are bound to love.
Sec. Out of my doores slawe.
But. I will not, but wil 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.
Sec. You shall. You shall be my maister Sir.
But. No, I desire it not,
Ile pay you duty euen upon my knee,
But loose my life, ere these oppreft Ile see.
Sec. Yes goodman slawe, you shal be maister,
Lie with my wife, and get more Bastards, do, do, do.
Ka. O me.
Sec. Turnes the world upside downe, that men orebeare their Maisters, It dus, it dus.
For euen as Judas told his Maister Christ,
Men buy and sell their wives at higheste price.
What wil you giue me? what wil you giue me? what wil you giue me?

But.
of inforest Mariages.

O, Mistis,
My soule weeps, tho mine eyes be dry,
To see his fall and your aduersity,
Some means I have left, which Ile releeue you with,
Into your chamber, and if comfort be a kin
To such great greefe, comfort your children.

Send death unto 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 have releueed his Brothers,
Have plaid the theefe with them to get their food,
And made a lucklesse marriage for his Sister,
Intended for her good, heauen pardon me.
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were unhappy men,
For they caufed all, and may heauen pardon them.

Enter Sir William Scarbrow.

Sir Wil. Whose within heere.
But. Sir William, kindly welcome.
Sir Wil. Where is my kinsman Scarbrow?
But. Sooth hees within Sir, but not very well.
Sir Wil. His sickness?
But. The hel of sickness, troubled in his mind.
Sir Wil. I geffe the cause 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,
Whose inside I do geffe, tends to his good,
At my returne Ile see him, so farewell.

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

Enter John Scarbrow.

John. O Butler.  K.
The Miseries

But. What's the fray'gt now?

John. Help! He has the right, or on the tree of shame.

We both shall perish for the robbery.

But. What ill he had man?

John. Not yet good Butler, only my brother Thomas.

In spleen to me, that would not suffer him.

To kill our elder brother, bad 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. I'll stay his journey, lest I meet a hanging.

Enter Scarborowe.

Scar. I'll parley with the Devil: I, I will.

He gives his counsell freely, and the cause.

He for his Clients pleads, goes awaies with them.

He in my cause shall deale then: and I'll ask him.

Whether a Cormorant may have stilt Chefs.

And see his brother starnn: why heeles say I,

The lefle they give, the more I gaine thereby.

Enter Butler.

Their foules, their foules, their foules.

How now my master? Nay, you are my master?

Is my wines sheets warme? Dus the kiflle well?

But. Good sir.

Scar. Foe, mak't not strange for in these daies,

Theres many men, tie in their mysters sheets,

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

But. Theres one in civill habit sir, would speake with you.

Scar. In civill habit.

But: He is of feemly ranke sir, and cal's himselfe.

By the name of Doctor Baxter of Oxford.

Scar. That man vndid me; he did blossoms blow

Whose fruit prouded poyson, the twas good in shew,

With him I'll parley, and disrobe my thoughts

Of this wild phrensey that becoms me not:

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

I know he comes to chide me, and I'll heare him,

With
of unforst Mariages.

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

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Good master Scarborow.
Scn. You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.
Doc. I haue important businesse to deliver you.
Scn. And I haue leysure to attend your hearing.
Doc. Sir, you know I married you.
Scn. I know you did sir.
Doc. At which you promised both to God and men,
Your life vnto your spouse should like snow,
That falls to comfort, not to ouer throw,
And love vnto your yssue should be like
The dew of heauen, that hurts not tho' it strike;
When heauen and men did witnesse and record
Twas an eternall oath, no idle word
Heauen being pleas'd therewith, bleste you with children;
And at heauens blessings, all good men reioyce.
So that Gods chayre and footstoule, heauen and earth
Made offering at your nuptrials as a knot
To minde you of your vow, O breake it not?

Scn. This is 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,
Justice hath now in fute against your soule,
Angels are made the Inoits, who are witnesses
Vnto the oath you took, and God himselfe
Maker of marriage, he that seald the deed,
As a firmesleafe vnto you during life,
Sirs now as judge of your transgressions,
The world informs against you with this voyce,
If such sinnes raigne, what mortals can reioyce.

Scn. What then ensues to me?

Doc. A heavy doome, whole executions
Now seru'd vpon your conscience, that euer

K2

You
The Miseries

You shall feele plagues whom time shall not dissemble,
As in a map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds false oaths; and all the injuries,
You had done unto your soule, then comes your wife,
Full of woe drops, and yet as full of pity,
Who the speaks not, yet her eyes are swords,
That cut your hart-strings, and then your children.

Scar. Oh, oho, oh.

Doc. Who what they cannot say talke in their lookes,
You have made vs vp. but as misfortunes bookes,
Whom other men may read in, when pleasantly,
Task'd by your selfe, you are not like a Thee's,
Astonied being accused; but scorcht with greefe,

Scar. I, I, I.

Doc. Here stands your winces tears.

Scar. Where?

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

Scar. Here he?

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

Scar. Das 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 finnes 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. He read a Letter to the Doc't, too, hees a Devine; I heesa Devine. But, I see his mind is troubled, and have made bold with due to read a Letter tending to his good; have made his Brethres friendes: both which I will conceale til better temper: He sends me for his wife and children, shall 1 fetch em.

Scar. Heesa Devine, and this Devine did marry mee, then good
of inforst Mariages.
good, thats good,

*Doc.* Master Scarborrow.

*Scar.* Ile be with you straight Sir.

*But.* I wil obey him,

If anything doth happen that is ill,
Heauen beare me record ris against Butlers wil.

*scar.* And this Deuine did marry me,
Whole tongue should be the key to open truth,
As Gods Ambassador, Deliver, deliver, deliver.

*Doc.* Master Scarborrow.

*scar.* Ile be with you straight Sir,
Salutation to afflicted conficiences,
And not giue torment to contented minds,
Who should be lamps to comfort out our way,
And not like Firedrakes to lead men astray,
I, Ile be with you straight Sir.

Enter Butler.

*But.* Heres your wife and children Sir?

*scar.* Give way then,

I ha my lesson perfit, 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 master Scarborrow,

*scar.* Nay pray you keepe your feat, for you shall heare,
The same affliction you ha taught me feare,
Due to your felle.

*Doc.* To me sir.

*scar.* To you sir,

You matcht me to this Gentlewoman.

*Doc.* I know I did sir.

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

*Doc.* The reason Sir, because I married you.

*scar.* O that such tongues should ha the time to lie,
Who teach men how to line, and how to die,
Did not you know my soule had given my faith,
In contrast to another, and yet you
Would joynge this Loome into unlawful twislte.
The Miseries

Dott. Sir.

Scar. But sir,

You that can see a mote within my eye,
And with a Cassocke blind your owne defects,
Ile teach you this, tis better to do ill,
Thats never knowne to vs, then of selfe will,
And these all these in thy seducing eye,
As scorning life make em be glad to die.

Doc. Mr. Scarbrowser.

Scar. Here will I write, that they which marry winces,

Unlawfull lies with strumpets all their lives.
Here will I feale the children that are born,
From wombes vnconsecrate, euin when their soule
Has her infusion, it registers they are soule,
And shrinks to dwell with them, and in my close,
He shew the world, that such abortive men,
Knitt hands without free tongues looke red like them
Stand you and you, to acts most Tragicall,
Heauen has dry eies, when sinne makes sinners fall.

Doc. Help master Scarbrowser,

Child. Father.

Ka. Husband.

Scar. These for thy act should die, she for my Clare,
Whose wounds flare thus upon me for revenge.
These to be rid from misery, this from sinne,
And thou thy selfe shall haue a push amongst em,
That made heauens word a pack-horse to thy tonge,
Cotect scripture to make euis shine like good,
And as I tend you thus with wormes to dwell,
Angels applaud it as a deed done well.

But. Stay him, slay him.

What will you do sir.

Scar. Make fat wormes of flinking carkasses,

What haft thou to do with it.

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

But. Looke who are here sir.

Scar. Injurieous vilen that preventeth me still.

But. They are your brothers and allyance Sir.
of inforst Mariages.

Sear. They are like full ordainance then, who once discharged.

A farre off give a warning to my soule,

That I had done them wrong.

fr Wil. Kinman,

Brother and sister. Brother.

Ka. Husband,

Child. Father.

Sear. Harke how their words like Bullets shoot me thorow

And tel me I haue vndone em, this side might say,

We are in want, and you are the cause of it,

This points at me, you are shame unto your house,

This t'ong failes nothing but her lookes do tell,

Shees married but as those that live in hell:

Whereby all eies are but misfortunes pipe,

Fild full of wo by me, this feele the stripe.

But. Yet looke Sir,

Herees your Brothers hand in hand, whom I haue knitt for.

Wife. And looke Sir herees my husbands hand in mine.

And I retynce in him, and he in me.

fr Wil. I say Cofe what is past, the way to bliss.

For they know bess to mand, that know amule.

Ka. Wee kneele, forget, and say if you but loue vs,

You gauu vs greete for t'ature hapiness.

Sear. What saile this to my Conscience?

But. Fare promis of succeding joy to you,

Read but this Letter.

fr Wil. Which tells you that your Lord & Guardians dead.

But. Which tells you that he knew he did you wrong,

Was grecu'd fort, and for satisfaction

Hast yuen you double of the wealth you bad.

Bro. Truste all our portions.

Wife. Given me a dowry too.

But. And that he knew,

Your name was his, the punishment his due.

Sea. All this is cete,

Is heaven so gracious to sinners then?

But. Heaven is, and has his gracious eies,

To glue men like not like inraping spies,
The Miseries

Scar. Your hand, yours, yours, to you, my soule, to you a kisse.
Introth I am sorry I ha strayd amiss,
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 see paid, and I will love you,
You three Ile tene withal, my soule shall love you,
You are an honest servuant, sooth you are,
To whom, I these and all must pay amends,
But you I will ad monish 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 shal not Sir.

Scar. These husbands thus shal norish with their wiues. Kisse

Ilf. As thou and I will wench.

Brothers in brotherly love thus link together, Embrace.

Sea. Children and servuants pay their duty thus, bow and kneele.
And all are pleased.

All. We are.

Scar. Then if all these bee so,
I am new wed to ends old marriage woe,
And in your eies so lovingly being wed,
We hope your hands will bring vs to our bed.

FINIS: