

THE  
LADY OF  
PLEASURE:

A  
COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by her Ma-  
jesties Servants, at the private  
House in *Drury Lane*.

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Written by *James Shirly*.

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LONDON,  
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*,  
and *William Cooke*.

1637.

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# THE LADY OF PLEASURE.

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As it was Acted by her Majesties

Servants, at the private

House in *Drury Lane*.

Written by *James Shirley*.



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## Persons of the Comedy.

*Lord.*

*Sir Thomas Bornewell.*

*Sir William Sentlove.*

*Mr. Alex. Kickshaw.*

*Mr. John Littleworth.*

*Mr. Hairecut.*

*Mr. Fredericke.*

Steward to the Lady *Aretina*.

Steward to the Lady *Celestina*.

*Secretary.*

*Servants, &c.*

*Aretina*, Sir Thomas Bornwells Lady.

*Celestina*, a young Widow.

*Isabella.*

*Mariana.*

*Madam Decoy.*

Scene the Strand.



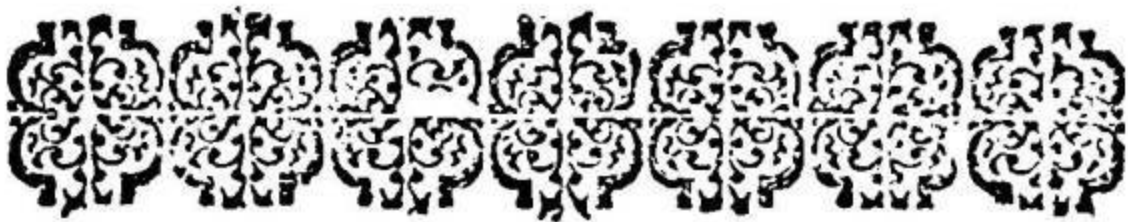
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
RICHARD LORD  
LOVELACE *of* Hurley.

My Lord,



*Cannot want encouragement to present a Poeme to your Lordship, while you possesse so noble a breast, in which so many seedes of honour, to the example and glory of your Name obtain'd, before your yeares a happy maturity. This Comedy fortunate in the Scene, and one that may challenge a place in the first forme of the Authors compositions, most humbly addresseth it selfe to your honour, if it meete your gracious acceptance, and that you repent not to be a Patron, your Lordshipps will onely crownes the imagination, and for ever by this favour oblige,*

My Lord  
*The most humble Services  
of your Honourer,*  
JAMES SHIRLY.



The Lady of Pleasure.

*The First Act.*

*Enter Aretina and her Steward.*



*tew.* Be patient Madam, you may have your pleasure.

*Are.* Tis that I came to towne for, I wo'd not  
Endure againe the countrey conversation,  
To be the Lady of sixe shires I the men

So neare the Primitive making, they retaine  
A sence of nothing but the earth, their braines  
And barren heads standing as much in want  
Of plowing as their ground, to heare a fellow  
Make himselfe merry and his horse with whisteling  
Sellingers round, to observe with what solemnitie  
They keepe their Wakes, and throw for pewter Candlestickes,  
How they become the Morris, whith whose bells  
They ring all into Whitson Ales, and sweate,  
Through twenty Scarffes and Napkins, till the Hobbyhorse  
Tire, and the maide Marrian dissolv'd to a gelly,  
Be kept for spoone meate.

*Ste.* These with your pardon are no Argument  
To make the country life appeare so hatefull,  
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd  
A blessing in that calme; would you be pleasd  
To thinke so, and the pleasure of a kingdome,  
While your owne will commanded what should move  
Delight, your husbands love and power joyned  
To give your life more harmony, you liv'd there,  
Secure and innocent, beloved of all,  
Praisd for your hospitality, and praid for,  
You might be envied, but malice knew  
Not where you dwelt, I wo'd not prophecy  
But leave to your owne apprehension  
What may succede your change.

*Are.* You doe imagine,  
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted,  
London past all defence, your Master should  
Doe well to send you backe into the countrie,

With title of Superintendent Baylie.

*Ste.* How Madam.

*Are.* Even so sir.

*Ste.* I am a Gentleman though now your servant.

*Are.* A country-gentleman,  
By your affection to converse with stuble,  
His tenants will advance your wit, and plumpe it so  
With beefe and bag-pudding.

*Ste.* You may say your pleasure,  
It becomes not me dispute.

*Are.* Complaine to the Lord of the soyle your master.

*Ste.* Y'are a woman of an ungovern'd passion, and I pittty you.

*Enter Sir Thomas Bornwell.*

*Bor.* How how? Whats the matter?

*Ste.* Nothing Sir.

*Bor.* Angry sweetehheart?

*Are.* I am angry with my selfe,  
To be so miserably restrained in things,  
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour  
To see me satisfied.

*Bor.* In what *Aretina*?  
Dost thou accuse me? have I not obeyd  
All thy desires, against mine owne opinion,  
Quitted the countrie, and removed the hope  
Of our returne, by sale of that faire Lordship

We liv'd in, chang'd a calme and retire life  
For this wild towne, composd of noise and charge.

*Are.* What charge more than is necessarie,  
For a lady of my birth and education?

*Bor.* I am not Ignorant, how much Nobilitie  
Flowes in your bloud, your kinsmen great and powerfull,  
I'th State, but with this lose not your memory  
Of being my wife, I shall be studious  
Madam to give the dignitie of your birth  
All the best ornaments which become my fortune  
But would not flatter it, to ruine both,  
And be the fable of the towne, to teach  
Other men losse of wit by mine, emploid  
To serve your vast expences. *Are.* Am I then  
Brought in the ballance? so Sir. *Bo.* Though you weigh  
Me in a partiall scale my heart is honest,  
And must take libertie to thinke you have  
Obeyed no modest counsell to effect,  
Nay study wayes of pride and costly ceremony,  
Your change of gaudy furniture and pictures,  
Of this Italian Master, and that Dutchmans.  
Your mighty looking-glasses like Artillery;  
Brought whom on Engins the superfluous plate,  
Anticke and novell, vanities of fires,  
Fourescore pound suppers for my Lord your kinsman,  
Banquets for tother Lady, aunt, and cozens,  
And perfumes that excede all traine of servants,  
To stifle us at home and shew abroad  
More motley than the French, or the Venetian,  
About your Coach whose rude Postillion  
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers  
And tradsmen curse your choaking up their stalls;  
And common cries pursue your Ladiship,  
For hindring o'their market. *Are.* Have you done sir.

*Bor.* I could accuse the gayetie of your wardrobe,  
And prodigall embroderies under which  
Rich Sattens, Plushes, cloath of Silver, dare  
Not shew their owne complexions, your jewells  
Able to burne out the Spectators eyes,  
And shew like Bonefires on you by the tapers,  
Something might here be spar'd, which safely of  
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth,  
Shines from the soule, and drawes up just admirers,  
I could urge something more: *Are.* Pray doe I like  
Your homilie of thrite. *Bo.* I could wish Madam  
You would not game so much. *Are.* A gamster too?

*Bor.* But are not come to that repentance yet,  
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit,  
You looke not through the subtiltie of Cards,  
And mysteries of Dice, nor can you save  
Charge with the boxe, buy petticotes and purles,  
And keepe your familie by the precious income,  
Nor doe I wish you should, my poorest servant  
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire  
Purchasd beneath my honour, you make play  
Not a Pastime but a tyrannie, and vexe  
Your selfe and my estate by't. *Are.* Good, proceed.

*Bor.* Another game you have, which consumes more  
Your fame than purse, your revells in the night,  
Your meetings cal'd the Ball, to which appeare,  
As to the Court of Pleasure, all your gallants,  
And Ladies thither bound by a Subpena  
Of *Venus*, and small *Cupids* high displeasure,  
Tis but the family of love translated  
Into more costly sinne, there was a play on't,  
And had the Poet not beene brib'd to a modest  
Expression of your Anticke gambolls in't,  
Some darkes had beene discovered, and the deeds too,  
In time he may repent and make some blush,

To see the second part danc'd on the Stage;  
My thoughts acquit you for dishonoring me  
By any foule act, but the vertuous know,  
Tis not enough to cleare our selves, but the  
Suspitions of our shame. *Are.* Have you concluded  
Your lecture? *Bor.* I ha done, and howsoever  
My language my appeare to you, it carries  
No other than my faire and just intent  
To your delights without curbe to their modestie  
And noble freedome. *Are.* Ile not be so tedious,  
In my reply, but without arte or elegance,  
Assure you I keepe still my first opinion,  
And though you vay'le, your avaritious meaning  
With hansome names of modesty, and thrift,  
I finde you would intrench and wound the liberty  
I was borne with, were my desires unpriviledged  
By example, while my judgement thought 'em fit,  
You ought not to oppose, but when the practise  
And tract of every honourable Lady,  
Authorise me, I take it great injustice,  
To have my pleasures circumscribed, and taught me,  
A narrow minded husband is a theefe  
To his owne fame, and his preferment too,  
He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world.  
While from the popular vote and knowledge men  
Rise to imployment in the state. *Bor.* I have  
No great ambition to buy preferment  
At so deare rate. *Are.* Nor I to sell my honour,  
By living poore and sparingly, I was not  
Bred in that ebbe of fortune, and my fate  
Shall not compell me too't. *Bor.* I know not Madam,  
But you pursue these wayes. *Are.* What wayes?

*Bor.* In the strict sence of honestie I dare  
Make oath, they are Innocent. *Are.* Do not divert,  
By busie troubling of your braine, those thoughts  
That should preserve em. *Bor.* How was that?

*Are.* Tis English.

*Bor.* But carries some unkinde sence.

*Enter Madam Decoy.*

*De.* Good morrow my sweete Madam.

*Are.* *Decoy* welcome, this visite is a favour.

*De.* Alas sweet Madam, I cannot stay, I came  
But to present my service to your Ladiship;  
I could not passe by your doore, but I must take  
The boldnesse to render my respects.

*Are.* You oblige me Madam, but I must  
Not dispence so with your absence.

*De.* Alas, the Coach Madam stayes for me at the doore.

*Are.* Thou shalt command mine, prethee sweete *Decoy*.

*De.* I wou'd waite on you Madam, but I have many  
Visits to make this morning I beseech.

*Are.* So you will promise to dine with me. *De.* I shall  
Present a guest. *Are.* Why then good morrow Madam.

*De.* A happy day shine on your Ladiship. *Exit.*

*Enter Steward.*

*Are.* Whats your newes sir? *St.* Madam two gentlemen.

*Are.* What gentlemen? Have they no names. *St.* They are  
The gentleman with his owne head of haire,  
Whom you commended for his horsemanship  
In Hide Parke, and becomming the saddle

The tother day. *Are.* What circumstance is this,  
To know him by. *St.* His names at my tongues end,  
He lik'd the fashion of your pearle chaine Madam,  
And borrowed it for his Jewelier to take  
A coppie by it. *Bor.* What cheating gallants this?

*St.* That never walkes without a Ladies buske,  
And playes with fannes Mr. *Alexander Kickshaw*,  
I thought I should remember him. *Are.* Whats the other?

*St.* What an unluckie memorie I have?  
The gallant that still danceth in the streete,  
And weares a grosse of Ribbon in his hat,  
That carries *Oringado* in his pocket,  
And Suger-plumbs to sweeten his discourse,  
That studies complement, defies all wit  
On blacke and censures playes that are not bawdy,  
Mr. *John Littleworth*. *Are.* They are welcome, but  
Pray entertaine them a small time, lest I  
Be unprovided. *Bor.* Did they aske for me?

*Ste.* No sir. *Bor.* It matters not, they must be welcome.

*Are.* Fie, how's this haire disordered? here's a curle,  
Straddle most impiously, I must to my closet. *Exit.*

*Bor.* Waite on em my Lady will returne agen,  
I have to such a height fulfill'd her humor,  
All applications dangerous, these gallants  
Must be received or shee will fall into  
A tempest, and the house be shooke with names  
Of all her kindred, tis a servitude,  
I may in time shake off.

*Enter Alexander and Littleworth.*

*Al. Lit.* Save you Sir *Thomas*.

*Bor.* Save you gentlemen. *Al.* I kisse your hand.

*Bor.* What day is it abroad?

*Lit.* The morning rises from your Ladies eye,  
If she looke cleare we take the happy omen  
Of a faire day. *Bo.* Sheele instantly appeare,  
To the discredit of your complement,  
But you expresse your wit thus. *Al.* And you modestie,  
Nor to affect praises of your owne.

*Bor.* Leaving this subject, what games now on foote?  
What exercise carries the generall vote?  
Oth towne now nothing moves without your knowledge.

*Al.* The cocking now has all the noise, Ile have  
A hundred peeces of one battle, Oh,  
These birds of *Mars*! *Lit.* *Venus* is *Mars* his bird too.

*Al.* Why and the pretty Doves are *Venusses*,  
To show that kisses draw the Charriot.

*Lit.* I am for that skirmish. *Bor.* When shall wee have  
More Booths and Bag-pipes upon Bansted downes,  
No mighty race is expected, but my Lady returnes.

*Enter Aretina.*

*Are.* Faire morning to you gentlemen,  
You went not late to bed by your early visit,  
You doe me honour. *Al.* It becomes our service.

*Are.* What newes abroad? you hold precious intelligence.

*Lit.* All tongues are so much busie with your praise,  
They have not time to frame other discourse,  
Will please you Madam? tast a Sugerplum.

*Bor.* What do's the Goldsmith thinke the Pearle is worth  
You borrowed of my Lady? *Al.* Tis a rich one.

*Bor.* She has many other toyes whose fashion you,  
Will like extremely, you have no intention  
To buy any of her Jewels. *Al.* Vnderstand me.

*Bor.* You had rather sell perhaps, but leaving this?  
I hope you'le dine with us.

*Al.* I came a purpose.

*Are.* And where were you last night? *Al.* I Madam? where  
I slept not, it had beene sin where so much  
Delight and beauty was to keepe me waking,  
There is a Lady Madam will be worth  
Your free societie, my conversation  
Nere knew so elegant and brave a soule,  
With most incomparable flesh and bloud,  
So spirited, so Courtly speakes the Languages,  
Sings, Dances, playes o'th Lute to admiration,  
Is faire and paints not, games too, keepes a table,  
And talkes most witty Satyre, has a wit  
Of a cleane Mercury.

*Lit.* Is shee married? *Al.* No.

*Are.* A Virgin? *Al.* Neither. *Lit.* What a widow? something  
Of this wide commendation might have beene  
Excusd, this such a prodigie? *Al.* Repent  
Before I name her, shee did never see  
Yet full sixteene, an age in the opinion  
Of wise men not contemptible, she ha's  
Mourned out her yeare too for the honest Knight  
That had compassion of her youth, and dy'd  
So timely, such a widow is not common,  
And now she shines more fresh and tempting

Then any naturall Virgin.

*Are.* Whats her name?

*Al.* Shee was Christened *Celestina*, by her husband  
The Lady *Bellamour*, this Ring was hers.

*Bor.* You borrowed it to coppie out the Posie.

*Al.* Are they not pretty Rubies? twas a grace  
She was pleasd to shew me, that I might have one  
Made of the same fashion, for I love  
All prettie formes. *Are.* And is she glorious?

*Al.* She is full of Jewels Madam, but I am  
Most taken with the bravery of her minde,  
Although her garments have all grace and ornament.

*Are.* You have beene high in praises. *Al.* I come short,  
No flattery can reach her. *Bor.* Now my Lady  
Is troubled as she feared to be eclipsd,  
This newes will cost me somewhat. *Are.* You deserve  
Her favour for this noble character.

*Al.* And I possesse it by my starres benevolence.

*Are.* You must bring us acquainted. *Bo.* I pray doe sir,  
I long to see her too, Madam I have  
Thought upon't and corrected my opinion,  
Pursue what wayes of pleasure your desires  
Incline you too, not onely with my state,  
But with my person I will follow you,  
I see the folly of my thrift, and will  
Repent in Sacke and prodigalitie  
To your owne hearts content.

*Are.* But doe not mocke.

*Bor.* Take me to your embraces gentlemen  
And tutor me. *Lit.* And will you kisse the Ladies?

*Bor.* And sing and dance, I long to see this beauty,  
I wood faine lose a hundred pounds at dice now,  
Thou sha't have another gowne and petticote,  
To morrow will you sell my running horses?  
We have no Greeke wine in the house I thinke,  
Pray send one of our footemen to the Merchant,  
And throw the hogsheads of March-beare into  
The kenell, to make roome for Sackes and Clarret,  
What thinke you to be drunke yet before dinner?  
We will have constant musicke and maintaine  
Them and their Fiddles in phantasticke liveries,  
Ile tune my voyce to catches, I must have  
My dyning roome enlarg'd to invite Embassadors,  
Wee'le feast the parish in the fields, and teach  
The Military men new discipline,  
Who shall charge all their new Artillerie  
With Oringes and Lemonds, boy to play  
All dinner upon our capons. *Al.* Hee's exalted.

*Bor.* I will doe any thing to please my Lady,  
Let that suffice and kisse oth same condition,  
I am converted, doe not you dispute  
But patiently allow the miracle. *Enter Servant.*

*Are.* I am glad to heare you sir in so good tune.

*Ser.* Madam the Painter. *Are.* I am to sit this morning.

*Bor.* Doe, while I give new directions to my Steward.

*Al.* With your favour we'le waite on you, sitting's but  
A melancholy exercise without  
Some company to discourse. *Are.* It does conclude

A Ladies morning worke, we rise, make fine,  
Sit for our Picture, and tis time to dine.

*Lit.* Praying's forgot. *Al.* Tis out of fashion. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Celestina and her Steward.*

*Cel.* Fie, what an aire this roome has. *St.* Tis perfum'd.

*Cel.* With some cheape stuffe is it your wisdomes thrift  
To infect my nostrils thus? Or i'st to favour  
The Gout in your worships hand? You are afraid  
To exercise your pen in your account Booke?  
Of doe you doubt my credit to discharge  
Your bills.

*St.* Madam, I hope you have not found  
My dutie with the guilt of sloath or jealousie,  
Vnapt to your command. *Cel.* You can extenuate  
Your faults with language sir, but I expect  
To be obeyed; What hangings have we here?

*St.* They are Arras Madam. *Cel.* Impudence I know't,  
I will have fresher and more rich, not wrought  
With faces that may scandalise a Christian  
With Iewish stories stufft with Corne and Camells,  
You had best wrap all my chambers in wild Irish,  
And make a nursery of Monsters here,  
To fright the Ladies comes to visite me.

*St.* Madam I hope. *Cel.* I say I will have other,  
Good Master Steward of a finer loome,  
Some silke and silver if your worship please,  
To let me be at so much cost Ile have  
Stories to fit the seasons of the yeare,  
And change as often as I please. *St.* You shall Madam.

*Cel.* I am bound to your consent forsooth, and is

My coach brought home?

*St.* This morning I expect it.

*Cel.* The inside as I gave direction,  
Of crimson plush. *St.* Of crimson Camell plush.

*Cel.* Ten thousand mothes consum't, shall I ride through  
The streets in penance wrapt up round in haire cloath,  
Sel't to an Alderman, twill serve his wife  
To goe a feasting to their country house,  
Or fetch a Merchants Nurse child, and come home  
Laden with fruite and Cheese-cakes; I despise it.

*St.* The nailes adorne it Madam, set in method  
And pretty formes. *Cel.* But single guilt I warrant.

*St.* No Madam. *Cel.* Another Solecisme, oh fie,  
This fellow will bring me to a Consumption  
With fretting at his ignorance, some Lady  
Had rather never pray, than goe to Church in't;  
The nailes not double guilt? to market wo't,  
Twill hackny out to Mile-end, or convey  
Your citie tumblers to be drunke with Creame  
And Prunes at Islington. *St.* Good Madam heare me.

*Cel.* Ile rather be beholding to my Aunt  
The Countesse for her mourning coach, then be  
Disparag'd so, shall any juggling tradsman  
Be at charge to shooe his running horse with gold,  
And shall my coach nailes be but single guilt?  
How dare these knaves abuse me so? *St.* Vouchsafe  
To heare me speake. *Cel.* Is my Sedan yet finish'd?  
And liveries for my men—Mules according  
As I gave charge. *St.* Yes Madam it is finish'd,  
But without tilting plumes at the foure corners,  
The scarlet's pure, but not embroidered.

*Cel.* What mischiefe were it to your conscience  
Were my coach lin'd with tissue, and my harnesse  
Cover'd with needleworke? if my Sedan  
Had all the story of the Prodigall,  
Embroidered with pearle. *St.* Alas good Madam,  
I know tis your owne cost, I am but your Steward,  
And wou'd discharge my duty the best way,  
You have beene pleas'd to heare me, tis not for  
My profit, that I manage your estate,  
And save expence, but for your honour Madam.

*Cel.* How sir, my honour? *St.* Though you heare it not,  
Mens tongues are liberall in your character,  
Since you began to live thus high, I know  
Your fame is precious to you. *Cel.* I were best  
Make you my governor; audacious Varlet,  
How dare you interpose your doting counsell?  
Mind your affaires with more obedience,  
Or I shall ease you of an office sir,  
Must I be limited to please your honour?  
Or for the vulgar breath confine my pleasures,  
I will pursue 'em in what shapes I fancie,  
Here, and abroad, my entertainments shall  
Be oftner, and more rich, who shall controule me?  
I live i'th strand, whether few Ladies come  
To live, and purchase, more than fame, I will  
Be hospitable then, and spare no cost  
That may engage all generous report  
To trumpet forth my bounty and my braverie,  
Till the Court envie, and remove, Ile have  
My house the Academy of wits, who shall  
Exalt with rich Sacke, and Sturgeon,  
Write Panegyricks of my feasts, and praise  
The method of my wittie superfluities,  
The horses shall be taught with frequent waiting  
Vpon my gates, to stop in their careere

Toward Charing-crosse, spight of the Coachmans fury.  
And not a tilter, but shall strike his plume,  
When he sailes by my window, my Balconie  
Shall be the Courtiers Idoll, and more gaz'd at,  
Than all the Pageantry at Temple barre,  
By countrey Clients. *St.* Sure my Ladie's mad.

*Cel.* Take that for your ill manners. *St.* Thanke you Madam,  
I would there were lesse quicksilver in your fingers. *Exit.*

*Cel.* There's more than simple honesty in a servant  
Requir'd to his full dutie, none should dare,  
But with a looke, much lesse a sawcie language  
Checke at their Mistresse pleasure, I'me resolv'd  
To pay for some delight, my estate will beare it,  
Ile reine it shorter when I please.

*Enter Steward.*

*St.* A gentleman  
Desires to speake with your Ladiship. *Cel.* His name?

*St.* He saies you know him not, he seemes to be  
Of qualitie. *Cel.* Admit him. Sir with me.

*Enter Hairecut.*

*Ha.* Madam I know not, how you may receive  
This boldnesse from me, but my faire intents  
Knowne, will incline you to be charitable.

*Cel.* No doubt sir. *Ha.* He must live obscurely Madam,  
That hath not heard what vertues you possesse,  
And I a poore admirer of your fame,  
Am come to kisse your hand. *Cel.* That all your businesse?

*Ha.* Though it were worth much travell, I have more  
In my ambition. *Cel.* Speake it freely sir.

*Ha.* You are a widow. *Cel.* So. *Ha.* And I a Bachelor.

*Cel.* You come a wooing sir, and would perhaps  
Shew me a way to reconcile thee two.

*Ha.* And blesse my starres for such a happinesse.

*Cel.* I like you sir the better, that you doe not  
Wander about, but shoote home to the meaning,  
Tis a confidence will make a man  
Know sooner what to trust to, but I never  
Saw you before, and I beleeve you come not  
With hope to finde me desperate upon marriage,  
If maides out of their ignorance of what  
Men, are refuse these offers, widowes may  
Out of their knowledge be allow'd some coynesse,  
And yet I know not how much happinesse  
A peremptorie answer may deprive me of,  
You may be some young Lord, and though I see not  
Your footmen and your groome, they may not be  
Farre off in conference with your horse, please you  
To instruct me with your title, against which  
I would not willingly offend. *Ha.* I am  
A gentleman, my name is *Hairecut* madam.

*Cel.* Sweete Mr. *Hairecut*, are you a Courtier?

*Ha.* Yes. *Cel.* J did thinke so by your confidence,  
Not to detaine you sir with circumstance,  
J was not so unhappy in my husband  
But that tis possible I may be a wife  
Agen, but I must tell you, he that winnes  
My affection shall deserve me. *Ha.* J will hope  
If you can love, J shanot present Madam  
An object to displease you in my person,  
And when time, and your patience shall possesse you  
With further knowledge of me, and the truth

Of my devotion, you will not repent  
The offer of my service. *Cel.* You say well.  
How long doe you imagine you can love sir?  
Is it a Quotidian, or will it hold  
But every other day? *Ha.* You are pleasant Madam.

*Cel.* Dost take you with a burning at the first,  
Or with a cold fit for you gentlemen  
Have both your Summer, and your Winter service.

*Ha.* J am ignorant what you meane, but J shall never  
Be cold in my affection to such beautie.

*Cel.* And twill be somewhat long ere J be warme in't.

*Ha.* If you vouchsafe me so much honour Madam,  
That J may waite on you sometimes, J shanot  
Despaire to see a change. *Cel.* But now J know  
Your minde, you shall not neede to tell it, when  
You come agen, J shall remember it.

*Ha.* You make me fortunate. *Enter Steward.*

*St.* Madam your kinswomen  
The Lady *Novice* and her sister are  
New lighted from their coach. *Cel.* I did expect e'm,  
They partly are my pupills, ile attend e'm.

*Ha.* Madam I have beene too great a trespasser  
Vpon your patience, ile take my leave,  
You have affaires, and I have some imployment  
Calls me to Court, I shall present agen  
A servant to you. *Cel.* Sir you may present, *Exit Ha.*  
But not give fire I hope, now to the Ladies  
This recreation's past, the next must be  
To read to them some Court Philosophie. *Exeunt.*



## *The second Act.*

*Enter sir Thomas Bornewell.*

Tis a strange humour I have undertaken  
To dance, and play, and spend as fast as she does,  
But I am resolv'd, it may doe good upon her,  
And fright her into thrift, nay ile endeavour  
To make her jealous too, if this doe not  
Allay her gamboling, shee's past a woman  
And onely a miracle must tame her.

*Enter Steward.*

*St.* Tis Mr. *Fredericke* my Ladies nephew. *Bo.* What of him?

*St.* Is come from the Universitie. *Bo.* By whose directions?

*St.* It seemes my Ladies. *Bo.* Let me speake with him  
Before he see his Aunt, I doe not like it.

*Enter Mr. Fredericke.*

Mr. *Fredericke* welcome I expected not  
So soone your presence, what's the hasty cause?

*Fr.* These letters from my Tutor will acquaint you.

*St.* Welcome home sweet Mr. *Fredericke.* *Fr.* Where's my Aunt?

*St.* Shee's busie about her painting, in her closet,  
The Outlandish man of Art, is copying out  
Her countenance. *Fr.* She is sitting for her picture.

*St.* Yes sir, and when tis drawne, she will be hang'd  
Next the French Cardinall in the dining roome,  
But when she heares you'r come, she will dismiss

The Belgicke gentleman to entertaine  
Your worship. *Fr.* Change of aire has made you witty.

*Bo.* Your Tutor gives you a hansom character  
*Fredericke*, and is sorry your Aunts pleasure  
Commands you from your studies, but I hope  
You have no quarrell to the liberall arts,  
Learning is an addition beyond  
Nobilitie of birth, honour of bloud  
Without the ornament of knowledge is  
A glorious ignorance.

*Fr.* I never knew more sweet and happy houres  
Than I emploid upon my bookes, I heard  
A part of my Philosophy, and was so  
Delighted with the harmony of nature,  
I could have wasted my whole life upon't.

*Bo.* Tis pittie a rash indulgence should corrupt  
So faire a Genius, shee's here, ile observe.

*Enter Aretina. Alexander. Littleworth. Steward.*

*Fr.* My most lov'd Aunt. *Are.* Support me, J shall faint.

*Lit.* What ailes your Ladship? *Are.* Is that *Fredericke*,  
In blacke. *Alex.* Yes Madam, but the doublets Sattin.

*Are.* The boy's undone. *Fre.* Madam you appeare troubled.

*Are.* Have J not cause? Was not J trusted with  
Thy education boy, and have they sent thee  
Home like a very scholler. *Alex.* Twas ill done  
How ere they usd him in the Vniversitie,  
To send him to his friends thus. *Fre.* Why sir, blacke  
(For tis the colour that offends your eyesight)  
Is not within my reading any blemish,  
Sables are no disgrace in Heraldry.

*Alex.* Tis comming from the Colledge thus, that makes it  
Dishonorable, while you ware it for  
Your father, it was commendable, or were  
Your Aunt dead, you might mourne and justifie.

*Are.* What lucke I did not send him into France,  
They would have given him generous education,  
Taught him another garbe, to weare his locke,  
And shape, as gawdie as the Summer, how  
To dance, and wagge his feather ala mode,  
To complement, and cringe, to talke not modestly  
Like J forsooth, and no forsooth, to blush  
And looke so like a Chaplaine, there he might  
Have learned a brazen confidence, and observ'd  
So well the custome of the countrey, that  
He might by this time have invented fashions  
For us, and beene a benefit to the Kingdome  
Preserv'd our Tailors in their wits, and sav'd  
The charge of sending into forraine Courts  
For pride and anticke fashions, observe,  
In what a posture he does hold his hat now.

*Fr.* Madam with your pardon, you have practisd  
Another dialect then was taught me when  
I was commended to your care and breeding,  
I understand not this, Latine or Greeke  
Are more familiar to my apprehension,  
Logicke was not so hard in my first lectures  
As your strange language. *Are.* Some strong waters, oh!

*Lit.* Comfits will be as comfortable to your stomacke Madam.

*Are.* I feare hee's spoild forever, he did name  
Logicke, and may for ought I know be gone  
So farre to understand it, I did alwayes  
Suspect they would corrupt him in the Colledge,

Will your Greeke sawes and sentences discharge  
The Mercer, or is Latin a fit language  
To court a mistresse in? Mr. *Alexander*  
If you have any charitie, let me  
Commend him to your breeding, I suspect  
I must employ my Doctor first, to purge  
The Vniversitie that lies in's head  
It alters his complexion. *Alex.* If you dare  
Trust me to serve him. *Are.* Mr. *Littleworth*  
Be you joynd in commission. *Lit.* I will teach him  
Postures and rudiments. *Are.* I have no patience  
To see him in this shape, it turnes my stomacke,  
When he has cast his Academicke skinne  
He shall be yours, I am bound in conscience  
To see him bred, his owne state shall maintaine  
The change, while hees my Ward, come hither sir.

*Fr.* What does my Aunt meane to doe with me?

*St.* To make you a fine gentleman, and translate you  
Out of your learned language sir, into  
The present Goth and Vandall, which is French.

*Bo.* Into what mischief wil this humour ebbe?  
Shee will undo the boy, I see him ruind,  
My patience is not manly, but I must  
Vse stratagem to reduce her, open wayes  
Give me no hope. *Exit.*

*St.* You shall be obey'd Madam. *Exeunt.*

*Fr.* Mr. *Steward*, are you sure we doe not dreame?  
Was't not my Aunt you talkt to. *St.* One that loves you  
Deare as her life, these cloathes doe not become you,  
You must have better sir. *Fr.* These are not old.

*St.* More sutable to the towne and time, we keepe

No Lent here, nor is't my Ladies pleasure you  
Should fast from any thing you have a minde to,  
Vnlesse it be your learning, which she would have you  
Forget with all convenient speed that may be,  
For the credit of your noble family.  
The case is alter'd since we liv'd i'th country,  
We doe not invite the poore o'th parish  
To dinner, keepe a table for the tenants,  
Our kitchen does not smell of beefe, the sellar  
Defies the price of malt and hops, the footmen  
And coachdrivers may be drunke like gentlemen  
With wine, nor will three Fidlers upon holidayes  
With aid of Bagge pipes, that cald in the countrey  
To dance, and plough the hall up with their hobnailes,  
Now make my Lady merry, wee doe feed  
Like princes, and feast nothing but princes,  
And are these robes fit to be seene amongst em.

*Fr.* My Lady keepes a court then, is Sir *Thomas*  
Affected with this state and cost. *Ste.* He was not,  
But is converted, and I hope you wo'not  
Persist in heresie, but take a course  
Of riot to content your friends, you shall  
Want nothing, if you can be proud and spend it  
For my Ladies honour, here are a hundred  
Peeeces, will serve you till you have new clothes,  
I will present you with a nag of mine  
Poore tender of my service please you accept,  
My Ladies smile more than rewards me for it,  
I must provide fit servants to attend you,  
Monsieures for horse and foote. *Fr.* I shall submit  
If this be my Aunts pleasure and be ruld,  
My eyes are open'd with this purse already,  
And Sacke will helpe to inspire me, I must spend it.

*St.*, What else sir? *Fr.* Ile begin with you, to encourage  
You, to have still a speciall care of me,

There is five peeces, not for your nag.

*St.* No sir, I hope it is not. *Fr.* Buy a Beaver  
For thy owne blocke, I shall be ruld, who does  
Command the wineseller? *St.* Who command but you sir?

*Fr.* Ile try to drinke a health or two, my Aunts  
Or any bodies, and if that foundation  
Stagger me not too much, I will commence  
In all the arts of London. *St.* If you finde sir  
The operation of the wine, exalt  
Your bloud to the desire of any femall  
Delight, I know your Aunt wonot deny  
Any of her chambermaides to practise on,  
She loves you but too well. *Fr.* I know not how  
I may be for that exercise, farewell *Aristotle*,  
Prethee commend me to the Library  
At Westminster, my bones I bequeath thither,  
And to the learned wormes that meane to visit 'em,  
I will compose my selfe, I beginne to thinke  
I have lost time indeed, come to the wineseller. *Exit.*

*Enter Celestina, Mardana, Isabella.*

*Ma.* But shall we not Madam expose our selves  
To censure for this freedome. *Cel.* Let them answer  
That dare mistake us, shall we be so much  
Cowards to be frighted from our pleasure,  
Because men have malicious tongues, and shew  
What miserable soules they have, no cozen,  
We hold our life and fortunes, upon no  
Mans charitie, if they dare shew so little  
Discretion to traduce our fames, we will  
Be guilty of so much wit to laugh at em.

*Is.* Tis a becomming fortitude. *Cel.* My starres  
Are yet kinde to me, for in a happy minute  
Be't spoke, I'me not in love, and men shall never

Make my heart leane with sighing, nor with teares  
Draw on my eyes the infamie of spectacles,  
Tis the chiefe principle to keepe your heart  
Vnder your owne obedience, jeast, but love not,  
I say my prayers yet, can weare good clothes,  
And onely satisfie my tailor for em.  
I wonot lose my priviledge.

*Ma.* And yet they say your entertainments are,  
Give me your pardon Madam, to proclaime  
Your selfe a widow, and to get a husband.

*Cel.* As if a Lady of my yeares, some beautie  
Left by her husband rich, that had mourn'd for him  
A twelve moneth too, could live so obscure i'th towne  
That gallants would not know her, and invite  
Themselves without her chargeable proclamations;  
Then we are worse than Citizens, no widow  
Left wealthy can be throughly warme in mourning,  
But some one noble bloud or lusty kindred  
Claps in, with his gilt coach, and Flandrian trotters,  
And hurries her away to be a Countesse.  
Courtiers have spies, and great ones with llarge titles,  
Cold in their owne estates, would warme themselves  
At a rich city bonfire.

*Is.* Most true Madam.

*Cel.* No matter for corruption of the bloud,  
Some undone Courtier made her husband rich,  
And this new Lord receives it backe againe.  
Admit it were my policie, and that  
My entertainments pointed to acquaint me  
With many sutors, that I might be safe,  
And make the best election, could you blame me?

*Ma.* Madam tis wisdom. *Cel.* But I should be

In my thoughts miserable to be fond  
Of leaving the sweet freedome I possesse,  
And court my selfe into new marriage fetters,  
I now observe mens severall wits, and windings,  
And can laugh at their follies. *Ma.* You have given  
A most ingenious satisfaction.

*Cel.* One thing ile tell you more, and this I give you  
Worthy your imitation from my practise,  
You see me merry, full of song and dancing,  
Pleasant in language, apt to all delights  
That crowne a publike meeting, but you cannot  
Accuse me of being prodigall of my favours  
To any of my guests, I doe not summon  
By any winke, a gentleman to follow me,  
To my withdrawing chamber, I heare all  
Their pleaes in Court, nor can they boast abroad  
And doe me justice, after a salute  
They have much conversation with my lippe,  
I hold the kissing of my hand a courtesie,  
And he that loves me, must upon the strength  
Of that, expect till I renew his favour.  
Some Ladies are so expensive in their graces,  
To those that honour 'em, and so prodigall  
That in a little time, they have nothing but  
The naked sinne left to reward their servants,  
Whereas a thrift in our rewards, will keepe  
Men long in their devotion, and preserve  
Our selves in stocke, to encourage those that honour us.

*Is.* This is an art worthy a Ladies practise.

*Cel.* It takes not from the freedome of our mirth,  
But seemes to advance it, when we can possesse  
Our pleasures with security of our honour,  
And that preservd, I welcome all the joyes  
My fancy can let in. In this I have given

The copie of my minde, nor doe I blush,  
You understand it. *Enter Celestinaes gentlewoman.*

*Is.* You have honord us.

*Gen.* Madam, Sir *William Sentlove's* come to waite on you.

*Cel.* There's one would be a client, make excuse  
For a few minuts. *Mar.* One that comes a woing?

*Cel.* Such a thing he would seeme, but in his guiltinesse  
Of little land, his expectation is not  
So valiant as it might be, he weares cloathes,  
And feeds with noblemen, to some I heare  
No better than a wanton emissarie,  
Or scout for *Venus* wild soule, which made tame,  
He thinkes no shame to stand court centinell,  
In hope of the reversion. *Mar.* I have heard  
That some of them are often my Lords tasters,  
The first fruits they condition for, and will  
Exact as fees for the promotion.

*Cel.* Let them agree, there's no account shall lie  
For me among their trafficke.

*Enter Gentlewo.*

*Gen.* Mr. *Hairecut* Madam  
Is new come in, to tender you his service.

*Cel.* Let him discourse a little with sir *William.* *Exit.*

*Ma.* What is this gentleman Mr. *Hairecut* Madam?  
I note him very gallant, and much courted  
By gentlemen of qualitie. *Cel.* I know not  
More than a trim gay man, he has some great office  
Sure by his confident behaviour,  
He would be entertaind under the title

Of servant to me, and I must confesse,  
He is the sweetest of all men that visite me.

*Is.* How meane you Madam?

*Cel.* He is full of powder,  
He will save much in perfume for my chamber,  
Were he but constant here; give e'm accesse.

*Enter Sir Will. Sentlove, Mr. Hairecut.*

*Sent.* Madam the humblest of your servants is  
Exalted to a happinesse, if you smile  
Vpon my visit.

*Ha.* I must begge your charitie  
Vpon my rudenesse Madam, I shall give  
That day up lost to any happinesse,  
When I forget to tender you my service.

*Cel.* You practise Courtship gentlemen. *Sent.* But cannot  
Find where with more desert to exercise it,  
What Ladie's this I pray? *Cel.* A kinswoman  
Of mine sir *William.* *Sent.* I am more her servant.

*Cel.* You came from Court, now I presume. *Ha.* Tis Madam  
The sphere I move in, and my destinie  
Was kinde to place me there, where J enjoy  
All blessings that a mortall can possesse,  
That lives not in your presence, and J should  
Fixe my ambition, when you would vouchsafe  
Me so much honour, to accept from me  
An humble entertainment there. *Cel.* But by  
What name shall I be knowne, in what degree  
Shall J be of kinred to you. *Hair.* How meane you Madam?

*Cel.* Perhaps you'le call me sister, I shall take it  
A speciall preferment, or it may be

J may passe under title of your Mistresse,  
If I seeme rich, and faire enough, to engage  
Your confidence to owne me. *Ha.* J would hope.

*Cel.* But tis not come to that yet, you will sir  
Excuse my mirth.

*Ha.* Sweet Madam. *Cel.* Shall J take  
Boldnesse to aske what place you hold in Court?  
Tis an uncivill curiositie,  
But you'le have mercie to a womans question.

*Ha.* My present condition Madam, carries  
Honour and profit, though not to be nam'd  
With that employment J expect i'th state  
Which shall discharge the first maturitie  
Vpon your knowledge, untill then I begge  
You allow a modest silence. *Cel.* I am charmd sir,  
And if you scape embassador, you cannot  
Reach a preferment, wherein I'me against you,  
But where's sir *William Sentlove*?

*Ha.* Give him leave  
To follow his nose Madam, while he hunts  
In view, hee'le soone be at a fault. *Cel.* You know him.

*Ha.* Know *Sentlove*? not a page but can decipher him,  
The waitingwomen know him to a scruple,  
Hee's cal'd the Blistermaker of the towne.

*Cel.* Whats that?

*Is.* The laundry Ladies can resolve you,  
And you may guesse, an arrant Epicure  
As this day lives, borne to a prettie wit,  
A Knight but no gentleman; J must  
Be plaine to you, your Ladiship may have

Vse of this knowledge, but conceale the author.

*Sen.* J kisse your fairest hand. *Mar.* You make a difference,  
Pray reconcile e'm to an equall whitenesse.

*Sent.* You wound my meaning Lady.

*Cel.* Nay sir *William*  
Has the art of complement. *Sent.* Madam, you honor me  
'Bove my desert of language. *Cel.* Will you please  
To enrich me with your knowledge of that gentleman.

*Sent.* Doe you not know him Madam. *Cel.* What is he?

*Sen.* A Camphire ball, you shall know more hereafter  
He shall tell you himselfe, and save my character,  
Till then, you see hee's proud.

*Cel.* One thing gentlemen  
I observe in your behaviour, which is rare  
In two that court one mistresse, you preserve  
A noble friendship, theres no gum within  
Your hearts, you cannot fret, or shew an envy  
Of one anothers hope, some would not governe  
Their passions with that temper. *Sent.* The whole world  
Shanot divorce our friendship. *Mr Hairecut*  
Would I had lives to serve him, he is lost  
To goodnesse does not honour him. *Ha.* My knight!

*Cel.* This is right playing at Court Shuttlecocke.

*Enter Gentlew.*

*Gen.* Madam, there is a gentleman desires  
To speake w'ee, one sir *Thomas Bornwell.* *Cel.* *Bornewell?*

*Gen.* He sayes he is a stranger to your Ladiship.

*Sen.* I know him. *Haire.* Your neighbour Madam.

*Sen.* Husband to the Lady, that so revells in the strand.

*Ha.* He has good parts they say, but cannot helpe  
His Ladies bias. *Cel.* They have both much fame  
Ith towne for severall merits, pray admit him.

*Ha.* What comes he for?            *Enter sir Thomas.*

*Bo.* Your pardon noble Lady, that I have  
Presum'd a stranger to your knowledge. *Cel.* Sir,  
Your worth was here before you, and your person  
Cannot be here ingratefull. *Bor.* Tis the bounty  
Of your sweet disposition Madam, make me  
Your servant lady by her faire example,  
To favour me—I never knew one turne  
Her cheeke to a gentleman that came to kisse her  
But sha'd a stinking breath, your servant gentlemen,  
*Will Sentlove* how ist? *Cel.* I am sorry *Coze*  
To accuse you, we in nothing more betray  
Our selves to censure of ridiculous pride,  
Then answering a faire salute too rudely,  
Oh it shewes ill upon a gentlewoman  
Not to returne the modest lip, if she  
Would have the world beleeve, her breath is not  
Offensive. *Bor.* Madam, I have businesse  
With you. *Sent.* His lookes are pleasant. *Cel.* With me sir?

*Bor.* I heare you have an ex'lent wit Madam,  
I see your faire. *Cel.* The first is but report,  
And doe not trust your eyesight for the last,  
Cause I presume y'are mortall and may erre.

*Ha.* He is very gamesome. *Bor.* Y'ave an ex'lent voyce;  
They say you catcht it from a dying Swan,  
Which joyn'd to the sweete harmony of your lute,

You ravish all mankind. *Cel.* Ravish mankind?

*Bo.* With their consent. *Cel.* It were the stranger rape,  
But there's the lesse inditement lies against it,  
And there is hope, your little honesties  
Cannot be much the worse, for men doe rather  
Beleeve they had a maiden head, then put  
Themselves to'th racke of memory, how long  
Tis since they left the burden of their innocence.

*Bo.* Why you are bitter Madam. *Cel.* So is physicke,  
I doe not know your constitution.

*Bo.* You shall if please you Madam. *Cel.* Y'are too hasty,  
I must examine what certificate  
You have, first to preferre you. *Bo.* Fine! certificate?

*Cel.* Vnder your Ladies hand, and seale. *Bor.* Go to,  
I see you are a wag. *Cel.* But take heede, how  
You trust too't. *Bor.* I can love you in my wedlocke,  
As well as that young gallant, oth first haire,  
Or the knight Bachelor, and can returne  
As amorous delight to thy soft bosome.

*Cel.* Your person and your language are both strangers.

*Bo.* But may be more familiar, I have those  
That dare make affidavit for my body.

*Cel.* D'ee meane your Surgeon? *Bor.* My Surgeon Madam?  
I know not how you value my abilities,  
But I dare undertake, as much, to expresse  
My service to your Ladiship, and with  
As fierce ambition, fly to your commands,  
As the most valiant of these, 'lay siege to you.

*Cel.* You dare not sir. *Bor.* How Madam? *Cel.* I will justifi't.

You dare not marry me, and I imagine  
Some here should I consent, would fetch a priest  
Out of the fire. *Bor.* I have a wife indeede.

*Cel.* And there's a statute not repeald I take it.

*Bor.* Yar'e in the right I must confesse y'ave hit,  
And bled me in a master veine. *Cel.* You thinke  
I tooke you on the advantage, use your best  
Skill at defence, Ile come up to your valour  
And shew another worke you dare not doe,  
You dare not sir be vertuous. *Bor.* I dare,  
By this faire hand I dare, and aske a pardon  
If my rude words offend thy innocence,  
Which in a forme so beautifull, would shine  
To force a blush in them suspected it,  
And from the rest draw wonder. *Ha.* I like not  
Their secret parly, shall I interrupt em?

*Is.* By no meanes sir. *Sent.* Sir *Thomas* was not wont  
To shew so much a Courtier. *Mar.* He cannot  
Be prejudiciall to you, suspect not  
Your owne deserts so much, hee's married.

*Bo.* I have other businesse Madam, you keepe musicke,  
I came to try how you can dance.

*Cel.* You did? Ile trie his humour out of breath,  
Although boast no cunning sir in revells,  
If you desire to shew your art that way,  
I can waite on you. *Bor.* You much honour me,  
Nay all must joyne to make a harmony.

*They dance.*

*Bor.* I have nothing now, Madam, but to beseech  
After a pardon for my boldnesse, you  
Would give occasion to pay my gratitude,

I have a house will be much honourd  
If you vouchsafe your presence, and a wife  
Desires to present her selfe your servant,  
I Came with the ambition to invite you,  
Deny me not, your person you shall trust  
On faire securitie. *Cel.* Sir, although I use not  
This freedome with a stranger, you shall have  
No cause to hold me obstinate. *Bor.* You grace me  
Sir *William Sentlove*— *Ha.* I must take my leave,  
You will excuse me Madam, Court attendances——

*Cel.* By any meanes. *Bor.* Ladies you will vouchsafe  
Your company. *Is. M.* We waite upon you sir. *Exeunt.*

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## *The third Act.*

*Enter Lord unready. Hairecut preparing his Periwigge, Table, and Lookingglasse.*

*Lor.* What houre ist? *Ha.* Bout three'a clocke my Lord.

*Bor.* Tis time to rise. *Ha.* Your Lordship went but late  
To bed last night. *Lor.* Twas early in the morning. *Enter Secre.*

*Sec.* Expect a while, my Lord is busie?

*Lor.* Whats the matter? *Sec.* Here is a Lady  
Desires accesse to you upon some affaires  
She saies may specially concerne your Lordship.

*Lor.* A Lady? What her name? *Sec.* Madam *Decoy.*

*Lor.* *Decoy?* prethee admit her. *Enter Decoy.*  
Have you businesse Madam  
With me? *Decoy.* And such I hope as will not be  
Offensive to your Lordship. *Lor.* I pray speake it.

*De.* I would desire your Lordships eare more private.

*Lor.* Waite i'th next chaber till I call, now Madam. *Exeunt.*

*De.* Although I am a stranger to your Lordship  
I wo'd not lose a faire occasion offer'd,  
To shew how much I honour, and would serve you.

*Lor.* Please you to give me the particular  
That I may know the extent of my engagement,  
I am ignorant by what desert you should

Be encouragd to have care of me. *De.* My Lord,  
I will take boldnesse to be plaine, beside  
Your other excellent parts, you have much fame  
For your sweet inclination to our sexe.

*Lor.* How dee meane Madam? *Dec.* I'that way your Lordship  
Hath honorably practisd upon some  
Not to be nam'd, your noble constancie  
To a mistresse hath deserv'd our generall vote,  
And I a part of woman kind have thought  
How to expresse my duty. *Lor.* In what Madam?

*Dec.* Be not so strange my Lord, I know the beauty  
And pleasures of your eyes, that handsome creature  
With whose faire life all your delight tooke leave,  
And to whose memory you have paid too much  
Sad tribute. *Lor.* Whats all this? *Dec.* This, if your Lordship  
Accept my service, in pure zeale to cure  
Your melancholy, I could point where you might  
Repaire your losse. *Lor.* Your Ladiship I conceive  
Doth trafficke in flesh marchandize. *De.* To men  
Of honour like your selfe, I am well knowne  
To some in court and come not with ambition  
Now to supplant your officer. *Lor.* What is  
The Lady of pleasure you preferre. *De.* A Lady  
Of birth and fortune, one upon whose vertue  
I may presume, the Lady *Aretina*.

*Lor.* Wife to sir *Thomas Bornwell*? *Dec.* The same sir.

*Lor.* Have you prepard her?

*De.* Not for your Lordship, till I have found your pulse,  
I am acquainted with her disposition  
She has a very appliable nature.

*Lor.* And Madam when expect you to be whipt

For doing these fine favors. *De.* How my Lord?  
Your Lordship does but jeast I hope, you make  
A difference betweene a Lady that  
Does honorable offices, and one  
They call a bawd, your Lordship was not wont  
To have such course opinion of our practice.

*Lor.* The Lady *Aretina* is my kinswoman.

*De.* What if she be my Lord? the nearer bloud  
The dearer sympathie. *Lor.* Ile have thee carted.

*De.* Your Lordship wonot so much staine your honour  
And education, to use a woman  
Of my qualitie.—*Lord.*—Tis possible you may  
Be sent off with an honorable convoy  
Of Halberdeers. *De.* Oh my good Lord!

*Lor.* Your Ladiship shall be no protection  
If thou but staist three minutes. *De.* I am gone,  
When next you finde rebellion in your bloud,  
May all within ten mile o'th court turne honest.

*Exit.*

*Lor.* I doe not finde that pronenesse since the faire  
*Bella Maria* died, my bloud is cold,  
Nor is there beautie enough surviving  
To highten me to wantonnesse, who waites?  
And what said my Lady? *Enter Hairecut.*

*Ha.* The silent language of her face my Lord  
Was not so pleasant, as it shewd upon  
Her entrance. *Lor.* Would any man that meetes  
This Lady take her for a bawde. *Ha.* She does  
The trade an honor, credit to the profession,  
We may in time see baldnesse, quarter noses,  
And rotten legges to take the wall of footclothes.

*Lor.* I ha thought better, call the Lady backe,  
I wonot lose this opportunitie,  
Bid her not feare, the favour is not common,  
And ile reward it. I doe wonder much  
*Will Sentlove* was not here to day.

*Ha.* I heard him say this morning, he would waite  
Vpon your Lordship.  
She is returnd sir.           *Enter Secre. and Decoy.*

*Sec.* Madam be confident my Lords not angry.

*Bor.* You returne welcome Madam, you are better  
Read in your art I hope then to be frighted  
With any shape of anger, when you bring  
Such newes to gentlemen, Madam you shall  
Soone understand how I accept the office.

*De.* You are the first Lord, since I studied carriage,  
That shew'd such infidelity and fury  
Vpon so kind a message, every gentleman  
Will shew some breeding, but if one right honourable  
Should not have noble bloud. *Lor.* You shall returne  
My complement in a letter to my Lady  
*Aretina*, favour me with a little patience,  
Shew her that chamber. *De.* Ile attend your Lordship.           *Ex.*

*Lor.* Write, Madam where your honour is in danger,  
My love must not be silent.           *Enter Sentlove and Kickshaw.*

*Sentlove and Kickshaw! Kic.* Your Lordship's busie.

*Lor.* Writing a letter, nay it shanot barre  
Any discourse. *Sec.*——Silent.

*Lo.* Though I be no Physitian, I may prevent a feaver in your bloud,  
And where have you spent the mornings conversation?

*Sent.* Where you would have given the best Barbary  
In your stable to have met on honorable termes.

*Lor.* What new beautie? You acquaint your selves  
With none but wonders. *Sent.* Tis too low a miracle.

*Lor.* Twill require a strong faith. *Secr.* Your bloud.

*Lor.* If you be innocent preserve your fame least this *Decoy*  
Madam betray it to your repentance.  
By what name is she knowne?

*Sent.* Aske *Alexander*, he knowes her? *Alex.* Whom?

*Sent.* The Lady *Celestina*.

*Lor.* He has a vast knowledge of Ladies, las poore *Alexander!*  
When dost thou meane thy body shall lie fallow?

*Al.* When there is mercy in a petticoate,  
I must turne pilgrime for some breath. *Lor.* I thinke  
Twere cooler travell if you examine it  
Vpon the hoofe through Spaine.

*Sent.* Through *Ethiopia*.

*Lor.* Nay lesse laborious to serve a prentiship  
In Peru, and dig gold out of the mine,  
Though all the yeare were dogdayes. *Sec.* To repentance.

*Lor.* In briefe, this Lady, could you fall from vertue,  
Within my knowledge will not blush to be a Bawde.

*Sent.* But hang't tis honorable journey worke,  
Thou art famous by't, and thy name's up. *Alex.* So sir,  
let me aske you a question my deare knight,

Which is lesse servile to bring up the Pheasant,  
And waite, or sit at table uncontrould  
And carve to my owne appetite? *Sent.* No more,  
Th'art witty, as I am—*Sec.* A bawd. *Sent.* How's that?

*Al.* Oh you are famous by't and your names up sir.

*Lor.* Be wise, and reward my caution, with  
Timely care of your selfe, so I shall not repent  
To be knowne your lovings kinsman and servant.  
Gentlemen, the Lady *Celestina*.  
Is she so rare a thing? *Alex.* If you'le have my  
Opinion my Lord, I never saw  
So sweete, so faire, so rich a peece of nature.

*Lor.* Ile shew thee a fairer presently, to shame  
Thy eyes and judgement, looke o'that.—So Ile subscribe  
Seale it, ile excuse your pen for the direction.

*Al.* *Bella Marias* picture; she was handsome.

*Sent.* But not to be compar'd.

*Lor.* Your patience gentlemen ile returne instantly. *Exit.*

*Al.* Whither is my Lord gone?

*Sec.* To a Lady i'th next Chamber. *Sen.* What is she?

*Sec.* You shall pardon me, I am his Secretary.

*Sen.* I was wont to be of his counsell, a new officer  
And I not know't? I am resolv'd to batter  
All other with the praise of *Celestina*  
I must retaine him. *Enter Lord.*

*Lor.* Has not that object

Convinc't your erring judgements.

*Al.* What this picture?

*Lor.* Were but your thoughts as capable as mine  
Of her Idea, you would with no thought  
That were not active in her praise above  
All worth and memory of her sexe. *Sent.* She was faire  
I must confess, but had your Lordship look'd  
With eyes more narrow and some lesse affection  
Vpon her face. *Alex.* I doe not love the copies  
Of any dead, they make me dreame of goblins,  
Give me a living mistresse, with but halfe  
The beauty of *Celestina*, come my Lord,  
Tis pittie that a Lord of so much flesh  
Should waste upon a ghost, when they are living  
Can give you a more honourable consumption.

*Sen.* Why doe you meane my Lord to live an Infidell?  
Doe, and see what will come ont, observe still  
And dote upon your vigills, build a chamber  
Within a rocke, a tombe, among the wormes,  
Not farre off, where you may in prooffe apocryphall  
Court em not devoure the pretty pile.  
Of flesh your mistresse carried to the grave,  
There are no women in the world, all eyes  
And tongue and lippes are buried in her coffin.

*Lor.* Why doe you thinke your selves competent Judges,  
Of beauty gentlemen? *Both.* What should hinder us?

*Al.* I have seene and tried as many as another  
With a mortall backe. *Lord.* Your eyes are bribd,  
And your hearts chain'd to some desires, you cannot  
Enjoy the freedome of a sence. *Alex.* Your Lordship  
Has a cleare eyesight, and can judge and penetrate.

*Lor.* I can, and give a perfect censure of  
Each line and point, distinguish beautie from  
A thousand formes, which your corrupted optiks  
Would passe for naturall. *Sent.* I desire no other  
Judge should determine us, and if your Lordship  
Dare venture but your eyes upon this Lady,  
Ile stand their justice, and be confident  
You shall give *Celestine* victorie,  
And triumph oers all beauties past and living.

*Al.* I dare my Lord venture a sute of clothes,  
You will be orecome. *Lor.* You doe not know my fortitude.

*Sent.* Nor frailtie, you dare not trust you selfe to see he.

*Lor.* Thinke you so gentlemen, I dare see this creature  
To make you know your errors, and the difference  
Of her, whose memory is my Saint, not trust  
My sences? J dare see, and speake with her,  
Which holds the best acquaintance to prepare  
My visit to her.

*Sent.* I will doo't my Lord.

*Al.* Shee is a Lady free in entertainements.

*Lor.* I would give this advantage to your cause,  
Bid him appeare in all the ornaments  
Did ever waite on beautie, all the riches  
Pride can put on, and teach her face more charme  
Then ever Poet drest up *Venus* in,  
Bid her be all the graces, and the queene  
Of love in one, Ile see her *Sentlove*, and  
Bring off my heart arm'd, but single thought  
Of one that is dead, without a wound, and when  
I have made your follie prisoner, ile laugh at you.

*Sent.* She shall expect you, trust me for knowledge.

*Lor.* I'me for the present somewhere else engagd,  
Let me heare from you. *Sent.* So I am glad hee's yet  
So neere conversion. *Alex.* I am for *Aretina*.

*Sent.* No mention of my Lord. *Alex.* Prepare his Lady,  
Tis time he were reduc'd to the old sport,  
One Lord like him more would undoe the court. *Exit.*

*Enter Aretina with a letter. Decoy.*

*De.* He is the ornament of your bloud Madam,  
I am much bound to his Lordship. *Are.* He gives you  
A noble character. *De.* Tis his goodnesse Madam.

*Are.* I wanted such an engine, my Lord has  
Done me a curtesie to disclose her nature,  
I now know one to trust, and will employ her.  
Touching my Lord, for reasons, which I shall  
Offer to your Ladiship hereafter, I  
Desire you would be silent, but to shew  
How much I dare be confident in your secrecie,  
I powre my bosome forth, I love a gentleman  
On whom there woo'not meet much conjuration  
To meet—your eare—

*De.* I apprehend you, and I shall  
Be happy to be serviceable, I am sorry  
Your Ladiship did not know me before now,  
I have done offices, and not a few  
Of the nobilitie, but have done feates  
Within my house, which is convenient  
for situation, and artfull chambers,  
And pretty pictures to provoke the fancie.

*Enter Littleworth.*

*Lit.* Madam all pleasures languish in your absence.

*Are.* Your pardon a few minutes sir—you must  
Contrive it thus. *Lit.* I attend, and shall account it  
Honour to waite on your returne. *Are.* He must not  
Have the least knowledge of my name, or person.

*De.* I have practisd that already for some great ones,  
And dare agen to satisfie you Madam;  
I have a thousand wayes to doe sweet offices.

*Lit.* If this Lady *Aretina* should be honest,  
I ha lost time, shee's free as aire, J must  
Have closer conference, and if I have art,  
Make her affect me in revenge. *De.* This evening?  
Leave me to manage things. *Are.* You will oblige me.

*De.* You shall commend my art, and thanke me after. *Ex.*

*Are.* I hope the revells are maintained within.

*Lit.* By sir *Thomas* and his Mistris. *Are.* How? his Mistris.

*Lit.* The Lady *Celestina*, I nere saw  
Eyes shoote more amorous enterchange. *Are.* Ist so?

*Lit.* He weares her favor with ore pride. *Ar.* Her favor?

*Lit.* A feather that he ravish'd from her fan.

*Lit.* And is so full of courtship, which she smiles on.

*Are.* Tis well. *Lit.* And praises her beyond all poetry.

*Are.* I'me glad he has so much wit. *Lit.* Not jealous!

*Are.* This secures me, what would make other Ladies pale

With jealousie, gives but a licence to my wandrings,  
Let him now taxe me if he dare——and yet  
Her beauti's worth my envie, and I wish  
Revenge upon it, not because he loves,  
But that it shines above my owne. *Enter Alex.*

*Al.* Deare Madam.

*Are.* I have it, you two gentlemen professe  
Much service to me, if I have a way  
To employ your wit and secrecie. *Both.* You'le honour us.

*Are.* You gave a high and worthy character  
Of *Celestina.* *Alex.* I remember Madam.

*Are.* Doe either of you love her? *Alex.* Not I Madam.

*Lit.* I wod not, if I might. *Are.* Shee's now my guest,  
And by a tricke invited by my husband  
To disgrace me, you gentlemen are held  
Wits of the towne, the Consulls that doe governe  
The Senate here, whose jeeres are all authenticke,  
The Tavernes and the Ordinaries are  
Made academies where you come, and all  
Your sinnes and surfets made the times example,  
Your very nods can quell a Theater,  
No speech or Poem good without your seale,  
You can protect scurrility, and publish  
By your authority beleev'd, no rapture  
Ought to have honest meaning. *Alex.* Leave our characters.

*Lit.* And name the employment. *Are.* You must exercise  
The strength of both your wits upon this Lady,  
And talke her into humblenesse or anger  
Both which are equall to my thought, if you  
Dare undertake this slight thing for my sake,  
My favour shall reward it, but be faithfull,

And seeme to let all spring from your owne freedome.

*Ale.* This all? We can defame her, if you please  
My friend shall call her whore or any thing,  
And never be endangered to a duell. *Are.* How's that?

*Al.* He can endure a cudgelling, and no man  
Will fight after so faire a satisfaction,  
But leave us to our Art, and doe not limit us.

*Are.* They are here, begin not till I whisper you.

*Enter Sir Thomas, Celestina, Marcana, Isabella.*

*Ar.* *Je vous prie Madam d'excuser l'importunité de mes affaires  
Qui m'ont fait offenser, par mon absence, une dame de la quelle  
l'ay receu tant d'obligation.*

*Cel.* *Pardonnez moy Madame; vous me faictes trop d'honneur.*

*Are.* *C'est bien de la douceur de vostre naturel que vous tenez  
Ceste language; mais j'espere que mon mary n'a pas  
Manqué de vous entretenir en mon absence.*

*Ce.* *En verité Monsieur nous a fort obligè.*

*Are.* *Il eut trop failly, s'il n'eust tasché de tout son pouvoir  
à vous rendre toutes fortes de services.*

*Cel.* *C'est de sa bontè qu'il nous a tant favorisé.*

*Ar.* *De la vostre plustost Madame que vous fait donner  
D'interpretation si benigne à ses efforts.*

*Cel.* *Je voy bien que la victoire sera tousjours à Madame, & de  
language, & de la courtesie.*

*Are.* *Vrayement Madame, que jamais personne a plus desirè,*

*L'honneur de vostre compagnie, que moy.*

*Cel. Laissans en je vous supplie, des compliments & permettoz  
à vostre servante de vous baiser les mains.*

*Are. Vous m'obligez trop.*

*Bo. I have no more patience, lets be merry agen  
In our owne language, Madam our mirth cooles,  
Our Nephew!           Enter Fredericke.*

*Are. Passion of my braine.*

*Fre. Save you gentlemen, save you Ladies. Are. I am undone.*

*Fre. I must salute, no matter at which end I begin.*

*Are. There's a complement.*

*Cel. Is this your nephew Madam?*

*Are. Je vous prie Madame d'excuser les habitz, & le rude  
Comportement de mon cousin. Il est tout fraichement  
Venu de l'université, ou on l'a tout gasté.*

*Cel. Excusez moy Madam, il est bien accomply.*

*Fre. This language should be French, by the motions  
Of your heads, and the mirth of your faces. Are. I am dishonor'd.*

*Fre. Tis one of the finest tongues for Ladies to shew their  
Teeth in, If you'le Latine I am for you, or Greek it,  
My tailor has not put me into French yet,  
Mille basia, basia mille.*

*Cel. Je ne vous entende pas monsieur,  
I understand you not sir. Fre. Why so?*

You and I then shall be in charity,  
For though we should be abusive, we ha the benefit  
Not to understand one another: where's my Aunt?  
I did heare musicke somewhere, and my braines  
Tun'd with a bottle of your capering claret  
Made haste to shew their dancing. *Lit.* Please you Madam,  
They are very comfortable. *St.* Alas Madam  
How would you have me helpe it, I did use  
All meanes I could, after he heard the musicke,  
To make him drunke in hope so to containe him,  
But the wine made him lighter, and his head  
Flew hi'ther, ere I mist his heeles.

*Ale.* Nay he spoke Latine to the Lady.

*Are.* Oh most unpardonable! get him off  
Quickly, and discretely, or if I live——

*St.* Tis not in my power, he swears I am  
An absurd sober fellow, and if you keepe  
A servant in his house to crosse his humour,  
When the rich sword and belt comes home, hee'le kill him.

*Are.* What shall I doe? Try your skill, Master *Littleworth.*

*Lit.* He has ne're a sword, sweet Mr. *Fredericke.*

*Bo.* Tis pittie Madam such a syen should  
Be lost, but you are clouded. *Cel.* Not I sir,  
I never found my selfe more cleare at heart.

*Bo.* I could play with a feather, your fan Lady,  
Gentlemen, *Aretina*, ta ra ra ra, come Madam.

*Fre.* Why my good tutor in election?  
You might have beene a scholler. *Lit.* But I thanke  
My friends they brought me up a little better,

Give me the towne wits, that deliver jeasts  
Cleane from the bow, that whistle in the aire,  
And cleave the pin at twelvescore, Ladies doe  
But laugh at a gentleman that has any learning.  
Tis sinne enough to have your clothes suspected,  
Leave us, and I will find a time to instruct you;  
Come here are sugar plumbes, tis a good *Fredericke*.

*Fre.* Why is not this my Aunts house in the strand?  
The noble Rendevous? Who laughes at me?  
Go, I will foot here, if I list, and talke  
Of Retoricke, Logicke, Latine, Greeke, or any thing,  
And understand em too, who sayes the contrary?  
Yet in a faire way I contemne all learning,  
And will be as ignorant as he, or he,  
Or any taffata, satten, scarlet, plush,  
Tissue, or cloath, a bodkin gentleman,  
Whose manners are most gloriously infected;  
Did you laugh at me Lady? *Cel.* Not I sir?  
But if I did shew mirth upon your question,  
I hope you wod not beate me little gentleman.

*Fr.* How little gentleman? you dare not say  
These words to my new cloathes, and fighting sword.

*Are.* Nephew *Fredricke!* *Fr.* Little gentleman,  
This an affront both to my bloud and person,  
I am a gentleman of as tall a birth  
As any boast nobility, though my clothes  
Smell o'the lampe, my coate is honourable,  
Right honourable, full, of or, and argent,  
A little gentleman! *Bor.* Coze you must be patient,  
My Lady meant you no dishonour, and  
You must remember shee's a woman.

*Fre.* Is she a woman, thats another matter,  
Dee heare, my uncle tells me what you are.

*Cel.* So sir. *Fr.* You cald me little gentleman. *Cel.* I did sir.

*Fre.* A little pinke has made a lusty ship  
Strike her topsaile, the Crow may beard the Elephant,  
A whelp may tame the Tiger, spight of all  
False decks and murderers, and a little gentleman  
Be hard enough to grapple with your Ladiship  
Top and top gallant; will you goe drinke uncle?  
Tother enchanted bottle, you and I  
Will tiple, and talke phylosophy.

*Bo.* Come Nephew,  
You will excuse a minutes absence Madam.  
Waite you on us. *St.* My duty sir.

*Are.* Now gentlemen. *Ex. all but Cel. & Alex. & Little.*

*Alex.* Madam I had rather you accuse my language  
For speaking truth, then vertue suffer in  
My further silence, and it is my wonder  
That you, whose noble carriage hath deserv'd  
All honour, and opinion should now  
Be guilty of ill manners. *Cel.* What was that  
You told me sir? *Lit.* Doe you not blush Madam?  
To aske that question. *Cel.* You amaze rather  
My cheeke to palenesse, what you meane by this?  
I am not troubled with the hickup gentlemen,  
You should bestow this fright upon me. *Lit.* Then  
Pride and ill memory goe together. *Cel.* How sir?

*Al.* The gentleman on whom you exercise  
Your thin wit, was a nephew to the Lady  
Whose guest you are, and though her modesty  
Looke calme on the abuse of one so neare  
Her bloud, the affront was impious. *Lit.* I am asham'd on't,  
You an ingenious Lady, and well mannerd?

He teach a Beare as much civility.

*Cel.* You may be master of the Colledge sir  
For ought I know. *Lit.* What Colledge? Of the Beares.

*Cel.* Have you a plot upon me? Dee possesse  
Your wits, or know me gentlemen. *Enter Bornevell.*

*Bor.* How's this?

*Al.* Know you? yes we doe know you to an atome.

*Li.* Madam we know, what stufte your soule is made on.

*Cel.* But doe not barke so like a mastive, pray,  
Sure they are mad, let your braines stand awhile  
And settle gentlemen, you know not me,  
What am I? *Lit.* Tha'rt a puppet, a thing made  
Of clothes and painting, and not halfe so handsome  
As that which plaid *Susanna* in the faire.

*Cel.* I heard you visited those canvas tragedies,  
One of their constant audience, and so taken  
With *Susan*, that you wish'd your selfe a rivall  
With the two wicked elders. *Al.* You thinke this  
Is wit now, come you are— *Cel.* What I beseech you?  
Your character will be full of salt and satyre,  
No doubt, what am I? *Al.* Why you are a woman.

*Cel.* And that's at least a bow wide of you knowledge.

*Al.* Wo'd be thought handsome, and might passe i'th country  
Vpon a market day, but miserably  
Forfeit to pride and fashions, that if heaven  
Were a new gowne, you'd not stay in't a fortnight.

*Cel.* It must be miserably out of fashion then,

Have I no sinne but pride? *Al.* Hast any vertue?  
Or but a good face to excuse that want?

*Cel.* You prais'd it yesterday. *Al.* That made you proud.

*Cel.* More pride? *Al.* You neede not to close up the praise,  
I have seene a better countenance in a Sibill.

*Cel.* When you wore spectacles of sacke, mistooke  
The painted cloath, and kist it for your mistresse.

*Al.* Let me aske you a question, how much  
Have you consum'd in expectation  
That I would love you. *Cel.* Why? I thinke as much  
As you have paid away in honest debts  
This seven yeare, tis a pretty impudence,  
But cannot make me angry. *Lit.* Is there any  
Man that will cast away his limbes upon her?

*Al.* You doe not sing so well as I imagind,  
Nor dance, you reele in your coranto, and pinch  
Your petticoate too hard, y'ave no good eare  
Toth' musicke, and incline too much one shoulder,  
As you were dancing on the rope, and falling,  
You speake abominable French, and make  
A courtsey like a Dairie maide, not mad?

*Lit.* Doe we not sting her hansomely. *Bor.* A conspiracie.

*Al.* Your state is not so much as tis reported  
When you conferre notes, all your husbands debts  
And your owne reconcild——but thats not it  
Will so much spoile your marriage. *Cel.* As what sir?  
Let me know all my faults. *Al.* Some men doe whisper  
You are not over honest. *Cel.* All this shall not  
Move me to more than laughter, and some pittie,  
Because you have the shapes of gentlemen,

And though you have beene insolent upon me,  
I will engage no friend to kicke or cudgell you  
To spoile your living, and your limbes together,  
I leave that to diseases that offend you,  
And spare my curse, poore silken Vermine, and  
Hereafter shall distinguish Men from Monkies.

*Bo.* Brave soule, you brace of horseleaches, I have heard  
Their barbarous language Madam, ya're too mercifull,  
They shall be silent to your tongue, pray punish e'm.

*Cel.* They are things not worth my character, nor mention  
Of any cleane breath, so lost in honesty  
They cannot satisfie for wrongs enough,  
Though they should steale out of the world at Tiburne.

*Lit.* We are hang'd already.

*Cel.* Yet I will talke a little to the pilchards,  
You two that have not twixt you both the hundred  
Part of a soule, course woollen witted fellowes,  
Without a nap, with bodies made for burdens,  
You that are onely stuffings for apparrell  
As you were made but engines for your Taylors  
To frame their clothes upon, and get them custome;  
Vntill men see you moove, yet, then you dare not  
Out of your guilt of being the ignobler beast  
But give a horse the wall, whom you excell  
Onely in dancing of the brawles, because  
The horse was not taught the French way, your two faces,  
One fat like Christmas, tother leane like Candlemas,  
And Prologue to a Lent, both bound together  
Would figure *Ianus*, and doe many cures  
On Agues and the greene disease by frightening,  
But neither can with all the characters  
And conjuring circles charme a woman, though  
Sha'd fourescore yeares upon her, and but one

Tooth in her head, to love, or thinke well of you;  
And I were miserable, to be at cost  
To court such a complexion, as your malice  
Did impudently insinuate, but I waste time  
And staine my breath in talking to such tadpoles.  
Goe home and wash your tongues in Barly water,  
Drinke cleane Tobacco, be not hot i'th mouth,  
And you may scape the Beadle; so I leave you  
To shame and your owne garters. Sir I must  
Entreate you for my honour doe not pennance em,  
They are not worth your anger, how I shall  
Acquit your Ladies silence.

*Bo.* Madam, I  
Am sorry to suspect, and dare revenge.

*Cel.* No cause of mine. *Bor.* It must become me to attend you home.

*Cel.* You are noble—farewell Mushroomes.

*Are.* Is she gone. *Li.* I thinke we peperd her.

*Al.* I am glad tis over,  
But I repent no service for you Madam.

*Enter servant with a letter.*

To me? from whence—a Iewell a good preface,  
Be happy the conclusion.

*Are.* Some love letter—*He smiles upont.*

*Lit.* He has a hundred Mistresses, you may  
Be charitable Madam I ha none,  
He surfets, and I fall away i'th kidnyes.

*Al.* Ile meete,  
Tis some great Lady questionlesse, that has

Taken notice, and would satisfie her appetite.

*Are.* Now Mr. *Alexander*, you looke bright o the suddaine,  
Another spirit's in your eye.

*Al.* Not mine Madam,  
Onely a summons to meete a friend.

*Ar.* What friend? *Lit.* By this Jewell, I know her not!

*Ar.* Tis a she friend, Ile follow gentlemen,  
We may have a game at Sant before you goe.

*Al.* I shall attend you Madam. *Li.* Tis our duty.

*Are.* I blush while I converse with my owne thoughts,  
Some strange fate governes me, but I must on,  
The wayes are cast already, and we thrive  
When our sinne feares no eye nor perspective. *Exit.*

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## *The fourth Act.*

*Enter two men leading Alexander, blinded, and goe off suddenly.*

*Al.* I am not hurt, my patience to obey em  
Not without feare to ha my throat cut else,  
Did me a curtesie whither ha they brought me?  
Tis devillish darke, the bottome of a well  
At midnight, with but two starres on the top,  
Were broad day to this darkenesse, I but thinke  
How like a whirlwinde these rogues caught me up  
And smothered my eyesight, let me see,  
These may be spirits, and for ought I know  
Have brought me hither over twenty steeples,  
Pray heaven they were not Bayliefes, thats more worth  
My feare, and this a prison, all my debts  
Reeke in my nostrill, and may bones beginne  
To ake with feare to be made dice, and yet  
This is too calme and quiet for a prison;  
What if the riddle prove I am robd; and yet  
I did not feele em search me? How now? musicke?

*Enter Decoy like an old woman with a light.*

And a light? What beldam's this, I cannot pray;  
What art? *De.* A friend, feare not young man I am  
No spirit. *Alex.* Off. *De.* Despise me not for age,  
Or this course outside, which I weare not out  
Of poverty; thy eyes be witnessse tis  
No cave or beggars cell tha'rt brought too, let  
That gold speake here's no want, which thou maist spend,  
And finde a spring to tire even prodigality  
If thou beest wise. *Alex.* The devill was a coyner  
From the beginning, yet the gold lookes currant.

*De.* Tha'rt still in wonder, know I am Mistresse of

This house, and of a fortune that shall serve  
And feed thee with delights, twas J sent for thee,  
The jewell and the letter came from me.  
It was my art, thus to contrive our meeting,  
Because J would not trust thee with my fame,  
Vntill J found thee worth a womans honor.

*Al.* Honour and fame? the devill meanes to have  
A care on's credit, though she sent for me,  
J hope, she has another customer  
To doe the tricke withall, J wod not turne  
Familiar to a witch. *De.* What saist? Canst thou  
Dwell in my armes to night, shall we change kisses,  
And entertaine the silent houres with pleasure?  
Such as old time shall be delighted with,  
And blame the too swifte motion of his wings  
While we embrace? *Al.* Embrace? She has had no teeth  
This twenty years, and the next violent cough  
Brings up her tongue, it cannot possibly  
Be sound at root, I doe not thinke but one  
Strong sneeze upon her, and well mean't would make  
Her quarters fall away, one kicke would blow  
Her up like gunpowder, and loose all her limbs;  
She is so cold, an *Incubus* wod not heate her,  
Her phlegme would quench a furnace, and her breath  
Would dampe a musket bullet. *De.* Have you sir  
Considerd. *Alex.* What? *De.* My proposition,  
Canst love? *Alex.* I could have done, whom doe you meane?  
I know you are pleased, but to make sport. *De.* Thou art not  
So dull of soule as thou appearst. *Alex.* This is  
But some device, my granam has some tricke in't:  
Yes I can love. *De.* But canst thou affect me.

*Al.* Although to reverence so grave a matron  
Were an ambitious word in me; yet since  
You give me boldnesse, I doe love you. *De.* Then  
Thou art my owne. *Al.* Has she no cloven foote?

*De.* And I am thine, and all that I command  
Thy servants, from this minute thou art happy,  
And fate in thee will crowne all my desires.  
I griev'd a proper man should be compeld  
To bring his body to the common market,  
My wealth shall make thee glorious, and the more  
To encourage thee, how ere this forme may fright  
Thy youthfull eyes, yet thou wo't find by light  
Of thy owne sense, for other light is banish'd  
My chamber, when our armes tie lovers knots,  
And kisses seale the welcome of our lippes,  
I shall not there affright thee, nor seeme old,  
With riveld veines, my skin is smooth and softe  
As *Ermines*, with a spirit to meete thine,  
Active and equall to the queene of Loves  
When she did court *Adonis*. *Al.* This doth more  
Confirme she is a devill, and I am  
Within his owne dominions, I must on,  
Or else be torne a peeces, I have heard  
These Succubi must not be crost. *De.* We trifle  
Too precious time away, Ile shew you a prospect  
Of the next chamber, and then out the candle.

*Al.* Have you no sacke i'th house, I would goe arm'd  
Vpon this breach. *De.* It shanot need. *Al.* One word  
Mother, have not you beene a Cat in your dayes?

*De.* I am glad you are so merry sir, you observe  
That bed. *Alex.* A very brave one. *De.* When you are  
Disrob'd, you can come thither in the darke,  
You shanot stay for me, come as you wish  
For happinesse. *Exit.*

*Al.* I am preferd, if I  
Be modest and obey, she cannot have  
The heart to doe me harme, and she were *Hecate*

Herselfe, I will have a strong faith, and thinke,  
I march upon a Mistris, the lesse evill,  
If I scape fire now, I defie the devill. *Exit.*

*Enter Fred. Littlew. Steward.*

*Fre.* And how dee like me now? *St.* Most excellent.

*Fre.* Your opinion Mr. *Littlewor.* *Lit.* Your French tailor  
Has made you a perfect gentleman, I may  
Converse now with you, and preserve my credit,  
De'e find no alteration in your body  
With these new clothes? *Fre.* My body altered? No.

*Lit.* You are not yet in fashion then, that must  
Have a new motion garbe, and posture too,  
Or all your pride is cast away, it is not  
The cut of your apparrell makes a gallant,  
But the geometricall wearing of your clothes.

*St.* Mr. *Littleworth* tells you right, you weare your hat  
Too like a citizen. *Lit.* Tis like a Midwife,  
Place it with best advantage of your haire,  
Is halfe your feather molted? this does make  
No shew, it should spread over like a Canopy,  
Your hot reind Monsieur weares it for a shade,  
And cooler to his backe, your doublet must  
Be more unbutton'd hereabouts, you'le not  
Be a sloven else, a foule shirt is no blemish,  
You must be confident, and outface cleane linnen  
Your doublet and your breeches must be allow'd  
No private meeting here, your cloak's too long,  
It reaches to your buttocke, and doth smell  
Too much of Spanish gravitie, the fashion  
Is to weare nothing but a Cape, a coate  
May be allowed a covering for one elbow,  
And some to avoid the trouble, choose to walke  
In quirpo thus. *St.* Your coat, and cloak's a brushing

In Long-lane Lumbard. *Fre.* But what if it raine?

*Lit.* Your belt about your shoulder is sufficient  
To keepe off any storme, beside a reede  
But wau'd discreetly, has so many pores,  
It suckes up all the raine that falls about one,  
With this defence, when other men have beene  
Wet to the skin through all their cloakes, I have  
Defied a tempest and walked by the Tavernes  
Drie as a bone. *St.* Because he had no money  
To call for wine. *Fr.* Why you doe walke enchanted,  
Have you such pretty charmes in towne? But stay,  
Who must I have to attend me? *Lit.* Is not that  
Yet thought upon. *St.* I have laid out for servants.

*Lit.* They are every where. *St.* I cannot yet be furnish'd  
With such as I would put into his hands.

*Fr.* Of what condition must they be, and how  
Many in number sir? *Lit.* Beside your fencing,  
Your singing, dancing, riding, and French-master,  
Two may serve domesticke to be constant waiters  
Vpon a gentleman, a foole, a pimpe.

*St.* For these two officers I have enquired,  
And I am promis'd a convenient whiskin,  
I could save charges, and employ the Pye wench  
That carries her intelligence in whitepots,  
Or tis but taking order with the woman  
That holds the ballads, she could fit him with  
A concubin to any tune, but I  
Have a designe to place a fellow with him  
That has read all Sir *Pandarus* workes, a Trojan  
That lies conceal'd, and is acquainted with  
Both citty and sub urbian fripperies  
Can fetch em with a spell at midnight to him,  
And warrant which are for his turne, can for

A neede supply the Surgeon too. *Fre.* I like  
Thy providence,—such a one deserves a livery twice a yeare.

*St.* It shanot need, a cast suite of your worships  
Will serve, he'le find a cloke to cover it  
Out of his share with those he brings to bed to you.

*Fre.* But must I call this fellow Pimpe? *Lit.* It is  
Not necessary, or *Jacke* or *Harry*,  
Or what hees knowne abroad by will sound better,  
That men may thinke he is a Christian.

*Fre.* But heare you Mr. *Littleworth*, is there not  
A method, and degrees of title in  
Men of this art. *Lit.* According to the honour  
Of men that doe employ em. An Emperour  
May give this office to a Duke, A King  
May have his Viceroy to negotiate for him,  
A Duke may use a Lord, the Lord a Knight.  
A Knight may trust a gentleman, and when  
They are abroad, and merry, gentlemen  
May pimpe to one another. *Fre.* Good, good fellowship!  
But for the foole now, that should waite on me,  
And breake me jeasts. *Lit.* A foole is necessary.

*St.* By any meanes. *Fre.* But which of these two servants  
Must now take place. *Lit.* That question Mr. *Fredericke*  
The schoole of Heraldry should conclude upon;  
But if my judgement may be heard, the foole  
Is your first man, and it is knowne a point  
Of state to have a foole. *St.* But sir the other  
Is held the finer servant, his employments  
Are full of trust, his person cleane, and nimble,  
And none so soone can leape into preferment  
Where fooles are poore. *Lit.* Not all, theres story for't,  
Princes have beene no wiser than they should be,  
Would any noble man, that were no foole

Spend all in hope of the Philosophers stone,  
To buy new Lordships in another countrey,  
Would Knights build Colledges, or gentlemen  
Of good estates, challenge the field and fight  
Because a whore wo'not be honest, come,  
Fooles are a family over all the world;  
We doe affect one naturally, indeede  
The foole is Leiger with us. *St.* Then the Pimpe  
Is extraordinary. *Fre.* Doe not you fall out  
About their places; here's my noble Aunt! *Enter Aretina.*

*Lit.* How doe you like your nephew Madam now?

*Are.* Well, turne about *Fredricke*, very well.

*Fre.* Am I not now a proper gentleman?  
The vertue of rich clothes! now could I take  
The wall of *Iulius Cesar*, affront  
Great *Pompeys* upperlip, and defie the Senate,  
Nay I can be as proud as your owne heart Madam,  
You may take that for your comfort; J put on  
That vertue with my clothes, and J doubt not  
But in a little time, J shall be impudent  
As any Page or Players boy, J am  
Beholding to this gentleman's good discipline,  
But J shall doe him credit in my practise,  
Your Steward has some pretty notions too  
In morall mischief. *Are.* Your desert in this  
Exceedes all other service, and shall bind me  
Both to acknowledge, and reward. *Lit.* Sweet Madam!  
Thinke me but worth your favour, J wo'd creepe  
Vpon my knees to honour you and for every  
Minute you lend to my reward, ile pay  
A yeare of serviceable tribute. *Are.* You  
Can complement. *Lit.* Thus still she puts me off,  
Vnlesse J speake the downe right word, she'le never  
Vnderstand me, a man would thinke that creeping

Vpon one's knees Were English to a Lady. *Enter Alex.*

*Ale.* How ist *Iacke*? Pleasures attend you Madam,  
How does my plant of honour? *Are.* Who is this?

*Al.* Tis *Alexander.* *Are.* Rich and glorious!

*Lit.* Tis *Alexander* the great. *Ale.* And my *Bucephalus*  
Waites at the doore. *Are.* Your case is alterd sir.

*Ale.* J cannot helpe these things, the Fates will have it,  
Tis not my land does this. *Lit.* But thou hast a plough  
That brings it in. *Are.* Now he lookes brave and lovely.

*Fre.* Welcome my gallant Macedonian.

*Al.* Madam, you gave your Nephew for my pupill,  
I rea'd but in a taverne, if you'le honour us,  
The Beare at the bridge foote shall entertaine you,  
A drawer is my Ganimed, he shall skinke  
Briske *Nectar* to us, we will onely have  
A dozen Partridge in a dish, as many Phesants,  
Quailes, Cockes and Godwits, shall come marching up  
Like the train'd band, a sort of Sturgeon  
Shall give most bold defiance to an army,  
And triumph ore the table. *Are.* Sir, it will  
But dull the appetite to heare more, and mine  
Must be excusd, another time I may  
Be your guest. *Ale.* Tis growne in fashion now with Ladies,  
When you please ile attend you; *Littleworth.*  
Come *Fredericke.* *Fre.* Weele have musicke, I love noise,  
We will out roare the Thames and shake the bridge boy. *Ex.*

*Lit.* Madam I kisse your hand, wod you wod thinke  
Of your poore servant, flesh and bloud is fraile,  
And troublesome to carry without helpe.

*Are.* A coach will easily convey it, or  
You may take water at strand bridge. *Lit.* But I  
Have taken fire. *Are.* The Thames will coole.

*Lit.* But never quench my heart, your charitie  
Can onely doe that! *Are.* I will keepe it cold  
Of purpose, *Lit.* Now you blesse me, and I dare  
Be drunke in expectation. *Are.* I am confident  
He knowes me not, and I were worse than mad  
To be my owne betrayer, here's my husband.

*Enter Born.*

*Bor.* Why, how now *Aretina*? What alone?  
The mystery of this solitude? my house  
Turne desart o'the sudaine, all the gamsters  
Blowne up? Why is the musicke put to silence?  
Or ha their instruments caught a cold, since we  
Gave e'm the last heate? I must know thy ground  
Of Melancholy. *Are.* You are merry, as  
You came from kissing *Celestina*. *Bor.* I  
Feele her yet warme upon my lip, she is  
Most excellent company, I did not thinke  
There was that sweetnesse in her sexe, I must  
Acknowledge twas thy cure to disinchant me  
From a dull husband to an active lover,  
With such a Lady, I could spend more yeeres,  
Than since my birth my glasse hath run soft minutes,  
And yet be young, her presence has a spell  
To keepe off age, she has an eye would strike  
Fire through an adamant. *Are.* I have heard as much  
Bestow'd upon a dull fac'd chambermaid  
Whom love and wit would thus commend, true beauty  
Is mock'd when we compare thus, it selfe being  
Above what can be fetch'd to make it lovely,  
Or could our thoughts reach some thing to declare  
The glories of a face, or bodies elegance,  
That touches but our sense, when beauty spreads  
Over the soule, and calls up understanding

To looke when thence is offer'd, and admire,  
In both I must acknowledge *Celestina*  
Most excellently faire, faire above all  
The beauties I ha seene, and one most worthy  
Mans love and wonder. *Bor.* Doe you speake *Aretina*,  
This with a pure sence to commend, or ist  
The mockery of my praise. *Aret.* Although it shame  
My selfe, I must be just, and give her all  
The excellency of women, and were I  
A man. *Bo.* What then? *Are.* I know not with what losse,  
I should attempt her love, she is a peece  
So angellically moving, I should thinke  
Frailty excusd to dote upon her forme,  
And almost vertue to be wicked with her. *Exit.*

*Bor.* What should this meane? this is no jealousie,  
Or she beleeves I counterfeit, I feele  
Something within me, like a heate, to give  
Her cause, would *Celestina* but consent,  
What a fraile thing is man, it is not worth  
Our glory to be chaste, while we deny  
Mirth and converse with women, he is good  
That dares the tempter, yet corrects his bloud. *Exit.*

*Celestina, Mariana, Isabella.*

*Cel.* I have told you all my knowledge since he is pleasd  
To invite himselfe he shall be entertaind,  
And you shall be my witnesses. *Mar.* Who comes with him?

*Cel.* Sir *William Sentlove*, that prepard me for  
The honourable encounter, I expect  
His Lordship every minute. *Enter Sentlove.*

*Sent.* My Lord is come. *Enter Lord Hairecut.*

*Cel.* He has honord me. *Se.* My Lord your periwig is awry?

*Lo.* You sir—— *While Hairecut is busie about his haire, Sentlove goes to Celestina.*

*Sent.* You may guesse, at the gentleman thats with him.  
It is his Barbar, Madam, dee observe  
And your Ladiship want a shaver. *Hai.* She is here sir,  
I am betraid *Sentlove* your plot, I may  
Have opportunity to be reveng'd. *Exit.*

*Sent.* She in the midst. *Lo.* She's faire, I must confesse,  
But does she keepe this distance out of state.

*Cel.* Though I am poore in language to expresse  
How much your Lordship honors me, my heart  
Is rich and proud in such a guest, I shall  
Be out of love with every aire abroad,  
And for his grace done my unworthy house,  
Be a fond prisoner, become anchorite,  
And spend my houres in prayer, to reward  
The blessing, and the bounty of this presence.

*Lor.* Though you could turne each place you move in, to  
A temple, rather than a wall should hide  
So rich a beauty from the world, it were  
Lesse want to lose our piety and your prayer,  
A throne were fitter to present you to  
Our wonder, whence your eyes more worth than all  
They looke on, should chaine every heart a prisoner.

*Sent.* Twas pretty well come off. *Lo.* By your example  
I shall know how to complement in this  
You more confirme my welcome. *Cel.* I shall love  
My lippes the better, if their silent language  
Perswade your Lordship but to thinke so truely.

*Lo.* You make me smile Madam. *Cel.* I hope you came not  
With feare that any sadnesse here should shake

One blossome from your eye, I should be miserable  
To present any object should displease you.

*Lo.* You doe not Madam. *Cel.* As I should account  
It no lesse sorrow, if your Lordship should  
Lay too severe a censure on my freedome.  
I wonot court a Prince against his justice,  
Nor bribe him with a smile to thinke me honest,  
Pardon my Lord this boldnesse, and the mirth  
That may flow from me, I beleeve my father  
Thought of no winding sheete when he begot me.

*Lor.* She has a merry soule, it will become  
Me aske your pardon Madam for my rude  
Approach so much a stranger to your knowledge.

*Cel.* Not my Lord so much stranger to my knowledge,  
Though I have but seene your person a farre off,  
I am acquainted with your character,  
Which I have heard so often, I can speake it.

*Lo.* You shall doe me an honor. *Cel.* If your Lordship will  
Be patient. *Lo.* And glad to heare my faults.

*Cel.* That as your conscience can agree upon em,  
How ever if your Lordship give me priviledge,  
Ile tell you whats the opinion of the world.

*Lo.* You cannot please me better. *Cel.* Y'are a Lord  
Borne with as much nobilitie as would  
Divided serve to make ten noble men  
Without a Herald, but with so much spirit,  
And height of soule, as well might furnish twenty.  
You are learnd, a thing not compatible now  
With native honour, and are master of  
A language that doth chaine all yeares, and charme  
All hearts, where you perswade, a wit so flowing

And prudence to correct it, that all men  
Beleeve they onely meete in you, which with  
A spacious memory make up the full wonders;  
To these you have knowne valour, and upon  
A noble cause, know how to use a sword  
To honors best advantage, though you were none;  
You are as bountifull, as the showers that fall  
Into the Springs greene bosome; as you were  
Created Lord of fortune, not her steward;  
So constant to the cause, in which you make  
Your selfe an advocate, you dare all dangers,  
And men had rather you should be their friend,  
Than justice or the bench, bound up together.

*Lor.* But did you heare all this. *Cel.* And more my Lord.

*Lor.* Pray let me have it Madam.

*Cel.* To all these vertues, there is added one,  
(Your Lordship will remember when I name it,  
I speake but what I gather from the voyce  
Of others) it is growne to a full fame  
That you have lov'd a woman. *Lo.* But one Madam?

*Cel.* Yes many, give me leave to smile my Lord,  
I shall not neede to interpret in what sence,  
But you have shewd your selfe right honorable,  
And for your love to Ladies have deserv'd,  
If their vote might prevaile a marble statue,  
I make no comment on the peoples text.  
My Lord I should be sorry to offend.

*Lor.* You cannot Madam, these are things we owe  
To nature for. *Cel.* And honest men will pay  
Their debts. *Lo.* If they be able, or compound.

*Cel.* She had a hard heart, would be unmercifull,

And not give day to men so promising,  
But you ow'd women nothing. *Lo.* Yes I am  
Still in their debt, and I must owe them love,  
It was part of my character. *Cel.* With your Lordships  
Pardon I onely said, you had a fame  
For loving women, but of late men say  
You have against the imperiall lawes of love,  
Restrained the active flowings of your bloud,  
And with a Mistris buried all that is  
Hop'd for in loves succession, as all beauty  
Had died with her, and left the world benighted!  
In this you more dishonor all our sexe  
Than you did grace a part, when every where  
Love tempts your eye to admire a glorious harvest,  
And every where as full blowne eares submit  
Their golden heads, the laden trees bow downe  
Their willing fruit, and court your amorous tasting.

*Lor.* I see men would dissect me to a fibre,  
But doe you beleeeve this? *Cel.* It is my wonder!  
I must confesse a man of nobler earth  
Then goes to vulgar composition,  
Borne and bred high, so unconfind, so rich  
In fortunes, and so read in all that summe  
Vp humane knowledge, to feed gloriously,  
And live at court, the onely spheare wherein  
True beauty moves, natures most wealthy garden,  
Where every blossome is more worth, than all  
The *Hesperian* fruite, by jealous Dragon watch'd  
Where all delights doe circle appetite,  
And pleasures multiply by being tasted,  
Should be so lost with thought of one, turne ashes.  
There's nothing left my Lord that can excuse you,  
Vnlesse you pleade, what I am asham'd to prompt  
Your wisdom too? *Lo.* What that? *Cel.* That you have plaid  
The Surgeon with your selfe. *Lo.* And am made Eunuch.

*Cel.* It were much pittie. *Lo.* Trouble not your selfe,  
I could convince your feares with demonstration  
That I am man enough, but knew not where  
Vntill this meeting beauty dwelt; the court  
You talk'd of must be where the queene of love is,  
Which moves but with your person, in your eye  
Her glory shines, and onely at that flame  
Her wanton boy doth light his quickning torch.

*Cel.* Nay now you complement, I would it did  
My Lord for your owne sake. *Lor.* You would be kind,  
And love me then. *Cel.* My Lord I should be loving  
Where I found worth to invite it, and should cherish  
A constant man. *Lor.* Then you should me Madam.

*Cel.* But is the ice about your heart fallen off,  
Can you returne to doe what love commands?  
*Cupid* thou shalt have instand sacrifice,  
And I dare be the Priest. *Lor.* Your hand, your lip,  
Now I am prooffe gainst all temptation.

*Cel.* Your meaning my good Lord. *Lor.* I that have strength  
Against thy voyce and beauty, after this  
May dare the charmes of womankind, thou art  
*Bella Maria* unprophaned yet,  
This Magicke has no power upon my bloud.  
Farewell Madam, if you durst be the example  
Of chaste as well as faire, thou wert a brave one.

*Cel.* I hope your Lordship meanes not this for earnest,  
Be pleas'd to grace a banquet. *Lo.* Pardon Madam.  
*Will Sentlove* follow, I must laugh at you.

*Cel.* My Lord I must beseech you stay, for honour  
For her whose memory you love best. *Lo.* Your pleasure.

*Cel.* And by that vertue you have now profest,

I charge you to beleeve me too, I can  
Now glory, that you have beene worth my triall,  
Which I beseech you pardon, had not you  
So valiantly recoverd in this conflict,  
You had beene my triumph, without hope of more  
Than my just scorne upon your wanton flame;  
Nor will I thinke these noble thoughts grew first  
From melancholy, for some femall losse,  
As the phantasticke world beleeves, but from  
Truth, and your love of Innocence, which shine  
So bright in the two royall luminaries  
At Court, you cannot lose your way to chastitie,  
Procede, and speake of me as honour guides you.  
I am almost tir'd, come Ladies weele beguile  
Dull time, and take the aire annother while.

*Exit Lord.*

*Exeunt.*

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## *The fifth Act.*

*Enter Aretina and Servant.*

*Are.* But hath Sir *Thomas* lost five hundred pounds  
Already? *Ser.* And five hundred more he borrow'd,  
The Dice are notable devourers Madam,  
They make no more of peeces, than of pebbles,  
But thrust their heapes together to engender,  
Two hundred more the Caster cries this gentleman,  
I am w'ee. I ha that to nothing sir, the Caster  
Agen, tis covered, and the table too,  
With summes that frighed me, here one sneakes out,  
And with a Martyrs patience, smiles upon  
His moneyes Executioner, the Dice,  
Commands a pipe of good Tobacco, and  
I'th smoke on't vanishes; another makes  
The bones vault ore his head, swears that ill throwing  
Has put his shoulder out of joynt, calls for  
A bone setter that lookes to'th boxe, to bid  
His master send him some more hundred pounds,  
Which lost, he takes tobacco, and is quiet;  
Here a strong arme throwes in, and in, with which  
He brusheth all the table, payes the Rookes  
That went their smelts a peece upon his hand,  
Yet swears he has not drawne a stake this seven yeare.  
But I was bid make haste, my master may  
Lose this five hundred pounds ere I come thither. *Exit.*

*Are.* If we both waste so fast, we shall soone finde  
Our state is not immortall, some thing in  
His other wayes appeare not well already. *Enter sir Thomas.*

*Bor.* Yee Tortoises, why make you no more haste,

Go pay to'th master of the house that money,  
And tell the noble gamsters, I have another  
Superfluous thousand pound, at night ile visit em.  
Dee heare? *Ser.* Yes and please you. *Bor.* Doo't ye drudges,  
Ta ra ra—*Aretina.* *Ar.* You have a pleasant humor sir.

*Bor.* What should a gentleman be sad? *Ar.* You have lost.

*Bor.* A transitory summe, as good that way  
As another. *Are.* Doe you not vexe within for't?

*Bor.* I had rather lose a thousand more, than one  
Sad thought come neere my heart fort, vexe for trash,  
Although it goe from other men like drops  
Of their life bloud, we lose with the alacrity,  
Wee drinke a cup of sacke, or kisse a Mistris,  
No money is considerable with a gamster,  
They have soules more spacious than Kings, did two  
Gamsters divide the Empire of the world  
Theyd make one throw for't all, and he that lost  
Be no more melancholy, then to have plai'd for  
A mornings draught, vexe a rich soule for dirt,  
The quiet of whose every thought is worth  
A Province. *Are.* But when Dice have consumd all,  
Your patience will not pawne for as much more.

*Bor.* Hang pawning, sell outright, and the feares over.

*Are.* Say you so? I'le have another coach to morrow  
If there be rich above ground. *Bor.* I forgot  
To bid the fellow aske my Jeweller,  
Whether the chaine of Diamonds be made up,  
I will present it to my Lady *Bellamour*,  
Faire *Celestina.* *Are.* This gowne J have worne  
Sixe dayes already, it lookes dull, ile give it  
My waiting woman, and have one of cloth  
of gold enbrodered, shooes and pantables

Will show well of the same. *Bor.* I have invited  
A covey of Ladies, and as many gentlemen  
To morrow to the *Italian* Ordinary,  
I shall have rarities, and regalli as  
To pay for Madam, musicke, wanton songs,  
And tunes of silken petticoates to dance to.

*Are.* And to morrow have I invited halfe the Court  
To dine here, what misfortune tis your company  
And ours should be devided? after dinner  
J entertaine e'm with a play. *Bor.* By that time  
Your play inclines to the Epilogue, shall we  
quit our *Italian* host, and whirle in coaches,  
To the Douch Magazine of sawce, the Stillyard,  
Where deale, and backragge, and what strange wine else,  
They dare but give a name too in the reckoning  
Shall flow into our roome, and drowne Westphalias,  
Tongues, and Anchoavis, like some little towne  
Endangered by a sluice, through whole fierce ebbe  
We wade and wash our selves into a boate,  
And bid our Coachmen drive their leather tenements  
By land, while we saile home with a fresh tide  
To some new randevous. *Are.* If you have not  
Pointed the place, pray bring your Ladies hither,  
J meane to have a Ball to morrow night,  
And a rich banquet for e'm, where we'le dance  
Till morning rise, and blush to interrupt us.

*Bor.* Have you no Ladies i'th next roome, to advance  
A present mirth? What a dull house you governe?  
Farewell, a wife's no company—*Aretina,*  
J've summ'd up my estate, and find we may have  
A month good yet. *Are.* What meane you? *Bo.* And Jde rather  
Be Lord one moneth of pleasures, to the height  
And rapture of our senses, than be yeares,  
Consuming what we have in foolish temperance,  
Live in the darke, and no fame waite upon us,

I will live so, posterity shall stand  
At gaze when I am mentioned. *Are.* A mon'th good,  
And what shall be done then. *Bor.* Ile over Sea,  
And traile a pike, with watching, marching, lying  
In trenches, with enduring cold, and hunger,  
And taking here and there a musketshot,  
I can earne every weeke foure shillings Madam,  
And if the bullets favour me to snatch  
Any superfluous limbe, when I returne  
With good friends, I despaire not to be enrold  
Poore Knight of Windsore; for your course Madam,  
No doubt you may doe well, your friends are great,  
Or if your poverty, and their pride cannot  
Agree, you neede not trouble much invention,  
To find a trade to live by, there are customers,  
Farewell, be frolicke Madam, if I live  
I will feast all my senses, and not fall  
Lesse than a *Phaeton* from my throne of Pleasure,  
Though my estate flame like the world about me.

*Are.* Tis very pretty. *Enter Decoy.*  
Madam *Decoy.* *De.* What melancholy *Exit.*  
After so sweet a nights worke? Have not I  
Shew'd my selfe Mistris of my art. *Are.* A Lady.

*De.* That title makes the credit of the act  
A story higher, y'ave not seene him yet,  
I wonder what hee'le say. *Are.* He's here.

*Ale.* Beare up *Enter Alexander and Fredericke.*  
My little *Mirmidan*, does not *Jacke Littleworth*  
Follow? *Fre.* Follow? He fell into the Thames  
At landing. *Alex.* The devill shall dive for him  
Ere I endanger my silke stockings for him,  
Let the Watermen alone, they have drags and engins,  
When he has drunke his Julip, I shall laugh  
To see him come in pickeld the next tide.

*Fre.* Hee'le never sinke, he has such a corke braine.

*Ale.* Let him be hang'd or drown'd alls one to me,  
Yet he deserves to die by water, cannot  
Beare his wine credibly. *Fre.* Is not this my Aunt?

*Ale.* And another handsome Lady, I must know her.

*Fre.* My blood is rampant too, I must court some body,  
As good my Aunt, as any other body.

*Are.* Where have you beene cozen? *Fre.* At the bridge,  
At the Beares foote, where our first health began  
To the faire *Aretina*, whose sweet company  
Was wished by all, we could not get a lay,  
a Tumbler, a Device, a *bona roba*  
For any money, drawers were growne dull;  
We wanted our true firkes and our vagaries;  
When were you in drinke Aunt? *Are.* How? *Fr.* Do not Ladies  
Play the good fellowes too? there's no true mirth  
Without e'm, I have now such tickling fancies,  
That Doctour of the chaire of wit, has read  
A precious lecture, how I should behave  
My selfe to Ladies, as now for example.

*Are.* Would you practise upon me? *Fre.* I first salute you,  
You have a soft hand Madam, are you so  
All over? *Are.* Nephew. *Fre.* Nay you should but smile,  
And then agen I kisse you; and thus draw  
Off your white glove, and start to see your hand  
More excellently white, I grace my owne  
Lip with this touch, and turning gently thus,  
Prepare you for my skill in Palmistry,  
Which out of curiosity no Lady  
But easily applies too, the first line  
I tooke with most ambition to find out,

Is *Venus* girdle, a faire semicircle  
Enclosing both the mount of *Sol* and *Saturne*,  
If that appeare, she's for my turne, a Lady  
Whom nature has prepar'd for the careere,  
And *Cupid* at my elbow, I put forward,  
You have this very line, Aunt.

*Are*. The boy's franticke.

*Fre*. You have a Couch or Palate, I can shut  
The Chamber doore, enrich a stranger when  
Your Nephew's comming into play. *Are*. No more.

*Fre*. Are you so coy to your owne flesh and bloud?

*Al*. Here take your playfellow, I talke of sport,  
And she would have me marry her.

*Fre*. Heres *Littleworth*. *Enter Littleworth wet*.  
Why how now Tutour? *Lit*. I ha beene fishing.

*Fr*. And what ha you caught? *Lit*. My belly full of water.

*Al*. Ha ha, wheres thy rapier? *Lit*. My rapier's is drown'd,  
And I am little better, I was up bi'th heeles,  
And out came a tun of water beside wine.

*Al*. 'T has made thee sober. *Lit*. Would you have me drunk  
With Water? *Are*. I hope your fire is quenched by this time.

*Fre*. It is not now, as when your worship walkd  
By all the tavernes *Jacke*, drie as a bone.

*Al*. You had store of fish under water *Jacke*.

*Lit*. It has made a poore *John* of me.

*Fre.* I doe not thinke but if we cast an angle  
Into his belly, we might find some Pilchards.

*Lit.* And boild by this time, deere Madam a bed.

*Al.* Carry but the water Spaniel to a grasseplot  
Where he may roule himselfe, let him but shake  
His eares twice in the Sunne, and you may grind him  
Into a posset. *Fre.* Come thou shalt to my bed  
Poore pickerell. *De.* Alas sweete gentleman.

*Lit.* I have ill lucke, and I should smell by this time,  
I am but new tane I am sure, sweet gentlewoman.

*De.* Your servant. *Lit.* Pray doe not plucke off my skin,  
It is so wet, unlesse you have good eyes  
You'le hardly know it from a shirt. *De.* Feare nothing.

*Are.* He has sacke enough, and I may find his humor.

*Exeunt.*

*Al.* And how ist with your Ladiship? you looke  
Without a sunshine in your face. *Are.* You are glorious  
In mind and habit. *Al.* Ends of gold and silver.

*Are.* Your other clothes were not so rich, who was  
Your tailor sir? *Al.* They were made for me long since,  
They have knowne but two bright dayes upon my backe,  
I had a humor Madam to lay things by,  
They will serve two dayes more, I thinke I ha gold enough  
To goe to'th Mercer, Ile now allow my selfe  
A suite a weeke as this, with necessary  
Dependances, Beaver, silke stockings, garters,  
And roses in their due conformitie,  
Bootes are forbid a cleane legge, but to ride in,  
My linnen every morning comes in new,  
The old goes too great bellies. *Ar.* You are charitable.

*Al.* I may dine w'ee sometime, or at the Court  
To meete good company, not for the table,  
My Clarke o'th Kitchins here, a witty Epicure,  
A spirit that to please me with whats rare  
Can flie a hundred mile a day to market,  
And make me Lord of Fish and Foule, I shall  
Forget there is a butcher, and to make  
My footmen nimble, he shall feede on nothing  
But wings of wildfoule. *Are.* These wayes are costly.

*Al.* Therefore Ile have it so, I ha sprung a mine.

*Are.* You make me wonder sir, to see this change  
Of fortune, your renew was not late  
So plentifull. *Al.* Hang durty land and Lordships,  
I wonot change one lodging I ha got  
For the Chamber of London. *Are.* Strange of such a sudden,  
To rise to this estate, no fortunate hand  
At dice could lift you up so, for tis since  
Last night, yesterday, you were no such Monarke.

*Al.* There be more games then dice. *Are.* It cannot be  
A Mistris, though your person is worth love,  
None possibly are rich enough to feed  
As you have cast the method of your riots,  
A Princesse, after all her Jewels must  
Be forc'd to sell her provinces. *Al.* Now you talke  
Of Jewels? What doe you thinke of this? *Are.* A rich one.

*Al.* You'le honour me to wear't, this other toy  
I had from you, this chaine I borrowed of you,  
A friend had it in keeping, if your Ladiship  
Want any summe, you know your friend and *Alexander.*

*Are.* Dare you trust my security. *Al.* There's gold,  
I shall have more to morrow.

*Are.* You astonish me, who can supply these?

*Al.* A deare friend I have,  
She promis'd we should meete agen i'th morning.

*Are.* Not that I wish to know  
More of your happinesse, then I have aready  
Heart to congratulate, be pleas'd to lay  
My wonder. *Al.* Tis a secret. *Are.* Which ile die  
Ere Ile betray. *Al.* You have alwayes wish'd me well,  
But you shall sweare not to reveale the partie.

*Are.* Ile lose the benefit of my tongue. *Alex.* Nor be  
Afraid at what I say, what thinke you first  
Of an old Witch, a strange ill favor'd hag  
That for my company last night, has wrought  
This cure upon my fortune? I doe sweat  
To thinke upon her name. *Are.* How sir a Witch?

*Ale.* I would not fright your Ladiship too much  
At first, but Witches are a kin to Spirits,  
The truth is—nay if you looke pale already,  
I ha done. *Are.* Sir I beseech you. *Ale.* If you have  
But courage then to know the truth, ile tell you  
In one word, my chiefe friend is the devill.

*Are.* What devill? How I tremble. *Ale.* Have a heart,  
Twas a shee devill too, a most insatiate  
Abominable devill with a taile  
Thus long. *Are.* Goodnesse defend me, did you see her?

*Al.* No twas i'th darke, but she appear'd first to me  
I'th likenesse of a Bedlam, and was brought  
I know not how, nor whither, by two Goblins,  
More hooded than a Hawke. *Are.* But would you venter  
Vpon a devill? *Al.* I for meanes. *Are.* How blacke  
An impudence is this? But are you sure

It was the devill you enjoy'd. *Al.* Say nothing,  
I did the best to please her, but as sure  
As you live, twas a Helcat. *Are.* Dee not quake?

*Al.* I found my selfe the very same i'th morning,  
Where two of her familiars had left me. *Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord is come to visite you. *Al.* No words,  
As you respect my safety, I ha told tales  
Out of the devills schoole, if it be knowne  
I lose a friend, tis now about the time  
I promis'd her to meete agen, at my  
Returne Ile tell you wonders, not a word. *Exit.*

*Are.* Tis a false glasse, sure I am more deform'd,  
What have I done, my soule is miserable. *Enter Lord.*

*Lor.* I sent you a letter Madam. *Are.* You exprest  
Your noble care of me my Lord. *Enter Bornwell, Celestina.*

*Bor.* Your Lordship  
Does me an honour. *Lor.* Madam I am glad  
To see you here, I meant to have kist your hand  
Ere my returne to Court. *Cel.* Sir *Thomas* has  
Prevaild to bring me to his trouble hither.

*Lor.* You doe him grace. *Bor.* Why whats the matter Madam?  
Your eyes are tuning *Lachrimæ.* *Are.* As you  
Doe hope for heaven withdraw, and give me but  
The patience of ten minutes. *Born.* Wonderfull!  
I wonot heare you above that proportion,  
Shee talkes of heaven, come, where must we to counsell?

*Ar.* You shall conclude me when you please. *Bo.* I follow.

*Lor.* What alteration is this? I that so late  
Stood the temptation of her eye, and voyce,

Boasted a heart, 'bove all licentious flame,  
At second veiw turne renegade, and thinke  
I was too superstitious, and full  
Of phlegme not to reward her amorous Courtship  
With manly freedome. *Cel.* I obey you sir.

*Bor.* Ile waite upon your Lordship presently.

*Lor.* She could not want a cunning to seeme honest  
When I neglected her, I am resolv'd,  
You still looke pleasant Madam. *Cel.* I have cause  
My Lord, the rather for your presence, which  
Hath power to charme all trouble in my thoughts.

*Lor.* I must translate that complement and owe  
All that is cheerefull in my selfe to these  
All quickning smiles, and rather than such bright  
Eyes should repent their influence upon me,  
I would release the aspects, and quit the bountie  
Of all the other starres; Did you not thinke me  
A strange and melancholy gentleman  
To use you so unkindly. *Cel.* Me my Lord?

*Lor.* I hope you made no loude complaint, I wod not  
Be tride by a Jury of Ladies. *Cel.* For what my Lord?

*Lor.* I did not meete that noble entertainment,  
You were late pleasd to shew me. *Cel.* I observd  
No such defect in your Lorship, but a brave  
And noble fortitude. *Lor.* A noble folly  
I bring repentance fort, I know you have  
Madam a gentle faith, and wonot ruine  
What you have built to honour you. *Cel.* Whats that?

*Lor.* If you can love, ile tell your Ladiship.

*Cel.* I have a stubborne soule else. *Lor.* You are all

Composd of harmony. *Cel.* What love de'e meane?

*Lor.* That which doth perfect both, Madam you have heard  
I can be constant, and if you consent  
To grace it so, there is a spacious dwelling  
Prepar'd within my heart for such a Mistrisse.

*Cel.* Your Mistris, my good Lord? *Lor.* Why my good Lady?  
Your sexe doth hold it no dishonour  
To become Mistris to a noble servant  
In the now court, Platonicke way, consider  
Who tis that pleades to you, my birth, and present  
Value can be no staine to your embrace,  
But these are shadowes when my love appeares,  
Which shall in his first miracle returne  
Me in my bloome of youth, and thee a Virgin,  
When I within some new *Elisium*  
Of purpose made and meant for us, shall be  
In every thing *Adonis*, but in his  
Contempt of love, and court thee from a *Daphne*  
Hid in the cold rinde of a bashfull tree,  
With such warme language, and delight, till thou  
Leape from that bayes into the queene of love,  
And pay my conquest with composing garlands  
Of thy owne mirtle for me. *Cel.* Whats all this?

*Lor.* Consent to be my Mistris *Celestina*,  
And we will have it Spring-time all the yeare,  
Vpon whose invitations when we walke,  
The windes shall play soft descant to our feete,  
And breathe rich odors to repure the aire,  
Greene bowers on every side shall tempt our stay,  
And Violets stoope to have us treade upon em.  
The red rose shall grow pale, being neere thy cheeke,  
And the white blush orecome with such a forehead,  
Here laid, and measuring with our selves some banke,  
A thousand birds shall from the woods repaire,

And place themselves so cunningly, behinde  
The leaves of every tree, that while they pay  
As tribute of their songs, thou shalt imagine  
The very trees beare musicke, and sweet voyces  
Doe grow in every arbour, here can we  
Embrace and kisse, tell tales, and kisse agen,  
And none but heaven our rivall. *Cel.* When we are  
Weary of these, what if we shift our Paradise?  
And through a grove of tall and even pine,  
Descend into a Vally, that shall shame  
All the delights of *Tempe*, upon whose  
Greene plush the graces shall be cald to dance  
To please us, and maintaine their Fairy revells,  
To the harmonious murmurs of a streame  
That gently falls upon a rocke of pearle,  
Here doth the Nymph forsaken Eccho dwell,  
To whom we'le tell the story of our love,  
Till at our surfet and her want of joy,  
We breake her heart with envy, not farre off  
A grove shall call us to a wanton river,  
To see a dying Swan give up the ghost,  
The fishes shooting up their teares in bubbles  
That they must lose the Genius of their waves,  
And such love linsey woolsey, to no purpose.

*Lor.* You chide me hansomely, pray tell me how  
You like this language. *Cel.* Good my Lord forbear.

*Lor.* You neede not flie out of this circle Madam,  
These widowes so are full of circumstance,  
Ile undertake in this time I ha courted  
Your Ladiship for the toy, to ha broken ten,  
Nay twenty colts, Virgins I meane, and taught em  
The amble, or what pace I most affected.

*Cel.* Y'are not my Lord agen, the Lord I thought you,  
And I must tell you now, you doe forget

Your selfe and me. *Lor.* You'le not be angry Madam.

*Cel.* Nor rude, though gay men have a priviledge,  
It shall appeare, there is a man my Lord  
Within my acquaintance, rich in worldly fortunes,  
But cannot boast any descent of bloud,  
Would buy a coate of armes. *Lor.* He may, and legges  
booted and spurr'd to ride into the countrey.

*Cel.* But these will want antiquitie: my Lord  
The seale of honour, whats a coate cut out  
But yesterday to make a man a gentleman?  
Your family as old, as the first vertue  
That merited an Escucheon, doth owe  
A glorious coat of armes, if you will sell now  
All that your name doth challenge in that ensigne,  
Ile helpe you to a chapman, that shall pay  
And powre downe wealth enough fort. *Lor.* Sell my armes?  
I cannot Madam. *Cel.* Give but your consent,  
You know not how the state may be enclind  
To dispensation, we may prevaile  
Vpon the Heralds office afterward.

*Lor.* Ile sooner give these arness to'th hangmans axe,  
My head, my heart, to twenty executions  
Than sell one atome from my name. *Cel.* Change that,  
And answer him would buy my honour from me.  
Honour that is not worne upon a flagge  
Or pennon, that without the owners dangers,  
An enemy may ravish, and beare from me,  
But that which growes and withers with my soule,  
Beside the bodies staine, think, thinke my Lord  
To what you would unworthily betray me,  
If you would not for price of gold, or pleasure,  
(If that be more your idoll) lose the glory  
And painted honour of your house—I ha done.

*Lor.* Enough to rectifie a Satires bloud,  
Obscure my blushes here. *Enter Sentlove and Hairecut.*

*Ha.* Or this or fight with me,  
It shall be no exception that I waite  
Vpon my Lord, I am a gentleman,  
You may be lesse and be a Knight, the office,  
I doe my Lord is honest sir, how many  
Such you have beene guilty of, heaven knowes.

*Sent.* Tis no feare of your sword, but that I wod not  
Breake the good lawes established against duells.

*Ha.* Off with your periwig, and stand bare. *Lor.* From this  
Minute ile be a servant to thy goodnesse,  
A Mistris in the wanton sence is common,  
Ile honor you with chaste thoughts, and call you so.

*Cel.* Ile study to be worth your faire opinion.

*Lor.* *Sentlove*, your head was usd to a covering,  
Beside a hat, when went the haire away.

*Sent.* I laid a wager my Lord with *Hairecut*,  
Who thinks I shall catch cold, that ile stand bare  
This halfe houre. *Ha.* Pardon my ambition  
Madam, I told you truth, I am a gentleman,  
And cannot feare that name is drown'd in my  
Relation to my Lord. *Cel.* I dare not thinke so.

*Ha.* From henceforth call my service duty Madam,  
That Pigges head that betraid me to your mirth,  
Is doing penance for't. *Sent.* Why may not I  
My Lord begin a fashion of no haire.

*Cel.* Doe you sweat sir William. *Sent.* Not with store of nightcaps.

*Enter Aretina, Bornwell.*

*Are.* Heaven has dissolv'd the clouds that hung upon  
My eyes, and if you can with mercy meet  
A penitent, I throw my owne will off,  
And now in all things obey yours, my nephew  
Send backe agen to'th colledge, and my selfe  
To what place you'le confine me. *Bor.* Dearer now  
Than ever to my bosome, thou shalt please  
Me best to live at thy owne choice, I did  
But fright thee with a noise of my expences,  
The summes are safe, and we have wealth enough,  
If yet we use it nobly? My Lord——Madam,  
Pray honour to night. *Are.* I begge your presence,  
And pardon. *Bor.* I know not how my *Aretina*  
May be disposd to morrow for the country.

*Cel.* You must not goe, before you both have done  
Me honour to accept an entertainment,  
Where I have power, on those termes I me your guest.

*Bor.* You grace us Madam. *Are.* Already  
I feele a cure upon my soule, and promise  
My after life to vertue, pardon heaven,  
My shame yet hid from the worlds eye.

*De.* Sweet Madam.                      *Enter Decoy.*

*Ar.* Not for the world be seene here, we are lost,  
Ile visite you at home; but not to practise  
What she expects, my counsell may recover her.

*Enter Alexander.*

*Al.* Wheres Madam? pray lend me a little money,  
My spirit has deceiv'd me, *Proserpine*  
Has broke her word. *Are.* Doe you expect to find  
The devill true to you. *Al.* Not too loud. *Are.* Ile voyce it  
Louder, to all the world your horrid sinne,  
Vnlesse you promise me religiously,  
To purge your foule blood by repentance sir.

*Al.* Then I'me undone. *Are.* Not while I have power  
To encourage you to vertue, ile endeavour  
To find you out some nobler way at Court  
To thrive in. *Al.* Doo't, and ile forsake the devill,  
And bring my flesh to obedience; you shall steere me,  
My Lord—your servant. *Lor.* You are brave agen.

*Al.* Madam your pardon. *Bor.* Your offence requires  
Humility. *Al.* Low as my heart. Sir *Thomas*  
Ile sup with you, a part of satisfaction.

*Bor.* Our pleasures coole, musicke, and when our Ladies  
Are tired with active motion, to give  
Them rest in some new rapture to advance  
Full mirth, our soules shall leape into a dance.

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*



## Transcriber's Note

The Table of Contents was generated.

"Supernitendent" changed to "Superintendent" (With title of Superintendent Baylie).

"Dutchmnas" and "Dutchmans" (Of this Italian Master, and that Dutchmans).

"siir" changed to "sir" (Yes sir, and when tis drawne).

"houour" changed to "honour" (Me so much honour, to accept from me).

End of second act: "Exunt" changed to "Exeunt".

"Am I not now a proper gentleman?" should not be attributed to "Are." but probably to "Fre." and has been changed.

"hre's" changed to "here's" (To be my owne betrayer, here's my husband).

"Issabella" changed to "Isabella" (Celestina, Mariana, Isabella).

"earness" changed to "earnest" (I hope your Lordship meanes not this for earnest).

The "Exit" at the end of the line "Madam \_Decoy\_. \_De.\_ What melancholy" probably refers to "Bor" two lines above.

"divell" changed to "devill" (Twas a shee devill too, a most insatiate).

"in" removed (I found my selfe the very same i'th morning).

"shat" changed to "shalt" (As tribute of their songs, thou shalt imagine, Than ever to my bosome, thou shalt please).

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