

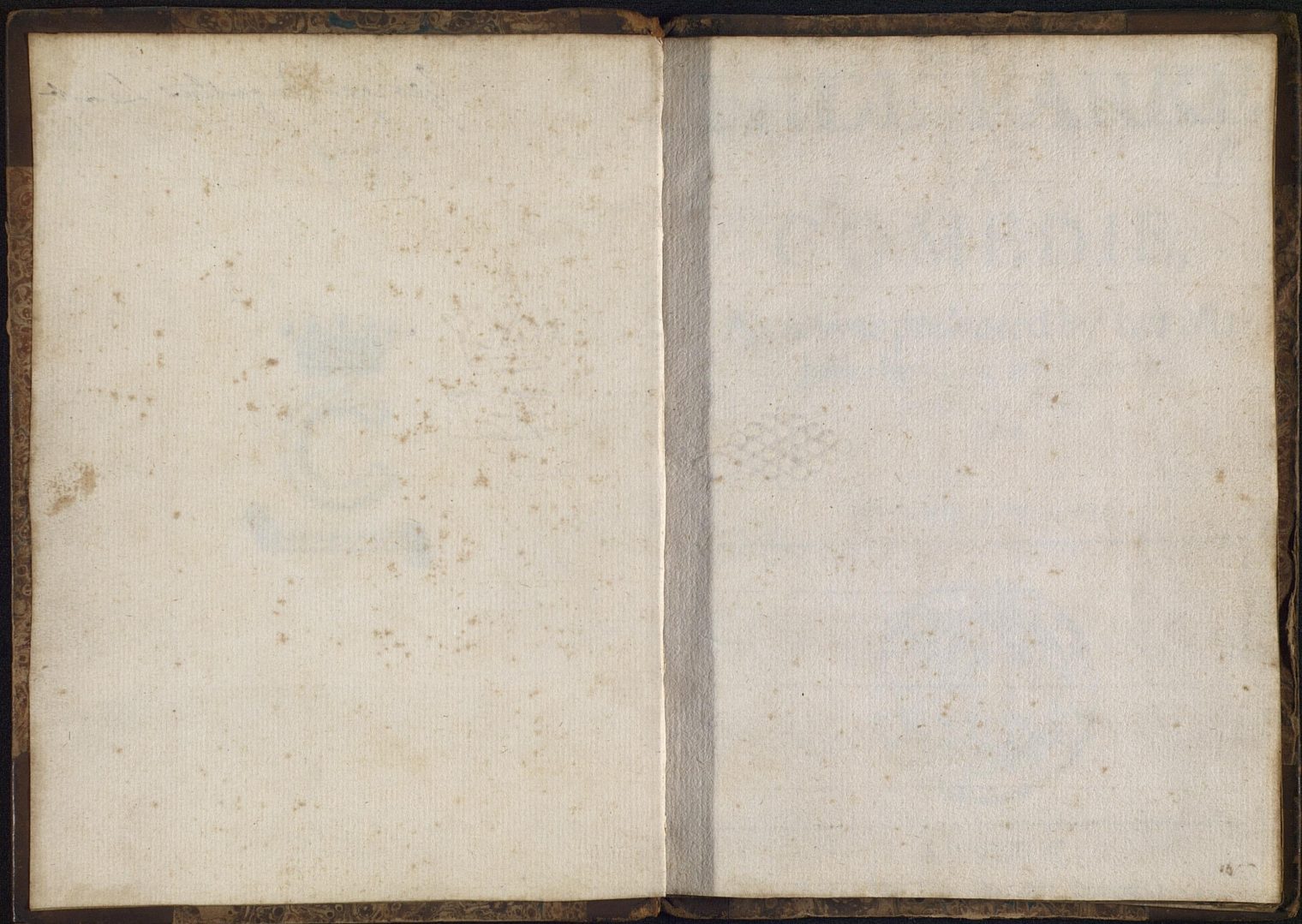
6318

18
7



George Augustus Lamb

387



HIDE' PARKE

A

9

COMEDIE,

As it was presented by her Ma-
jesties Servants, at the private
house in Drury
Lane.

Written by *James Shirly.*



LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Cotes,* for *Andrew Crooke,* 1637

HIDE PARKE

A
COMEDIE

As it was presented by her Ma-

ties Seruants, at the private
house in Dury
Lane.

Written by James Shirley



LONDON

1637

Printed by the City for Andrew Crooke



TO THE RIGHT HONO-
RABLE, HENRY EARLE OF HOL-

LAND, Knight of the most Noble
order of the Garter, one of his Majesties
most honourable Privie Councell, Chan-
cellor of the Vniversitie of
Cambridge, &c.

My Lord,

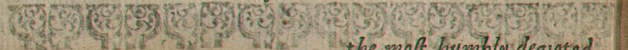


*His Comedie in the title, is a part of your Lordships
Command, which heretofore grac'd, and made happy
by your smile, when it was presented, after a long
silence, upon first opening of the Parke, is come a-
broad to kisse your Lordships hand. The Applause it
once receiv'd in the action, is not considerable with
that honour, your Lordship may give it in your acceptances, that was
too large, and might with some narrow and stoicall judgement
render it suspected: But this, depending upon your censure, (to me
above many Theaters) is able to impart a merit to the Poem, and pre-
scribe opinion. If your Lordship, retir'd from businesse into a calme,
and at truce with those high affaires, wherein your Counsell and spi-
rit is fortunately active, vouchsafe to peruse these unworty papers.
You not Onely give a life to the otherwise languishing numbers, but
quicken, and exalt the Genius of the Author, whose heart pointeth at
no greater ambition, than to be knowne*

My Lord

To your Name and honour

the most humbly devoted





Persons.

THe Lord Bonvile.
 Mr. Fairefield. } Amorous servants to
 Mr. Rider. } Mrs Caroll.
 Mr. Venture. }
 Mr. Lacy To Mrs Bonavent.
 Mr. Tryer To Mrs Julietta.
 Mr. Bonavent.
 Lords Page.
 Jocky.
 Servants.
 Runners.
 Mrs Caroll.
 Mrs Bonavent.
 Mrs Julietta sister to Fairefield.
 Waiting Woman.
 Milke Maide. &c.



HIDE PARKE

The First Act.

Enter Tryer and Lacy.



Tryer, And how and how?
 Lacy, The cause depends.
 Tr. No Mistresse.
 La. Yes, but no Wife.
 Tr. For now she is a Widdow.
 La. But I resolve
 Tr. What does shee say to thee.
 La. Shee sayes, I know not what she sayes, but I must take
 another course, and yet she is
 Tr. A creature of much sweetenesse, if all tongues
 Be just in her report, and yet tis strange
 Having sever yeares expected, and so much
 Remonstrance of her Husbands losse at Sea,
 She should continue thus.
 La. What if she should
 Renew the bond of her devotion
 For seven yeares more.
 Tr. You will have time enough,
 To pay in your affection.
 La. Ide make,
 A voyage to Cassandra's Temple first.

B

And

Hide Parke.

And marry a deform'd Maide, yet I must
Confesse she gives me a faire respect.

Tr. Has she,

A hope her Husband may be living yet?
I cannot tell; she may have a conceipt,
Some Dolphin has preserv'd him in the storme,
Or that he may be tenant to some Whale;
Within whose belly he may practise lent,
And feed on fish, till hee be vomited
Vpon some coast, or having scap'd the seas,
And billes of Exchange sayling, he might purpose
To foote it ore the Alpes in his returne,
And by mischance is fallen among the mife,
With whom perhappes he battens upon fleepe,
Beneath the Snow.

Tr. This were a Vagaty.

La. I know not what to thinke, or is she not
the worse for the coy Lady that lives with her.

Tr. Her Kinswoman?

La. Such a malicious peece,

(I meane to love) his pittie any place
But a cold Nunnery should be troubled with her,
If all maides were but her disciples, wee
Should have no generation; and the world
For want of Children in few yeares undone by't
Here's one can tell you more, is not that *Larvis*
The Widdowes servant.

Enter *Venture* and *Servant*.

Ven. Whether in such hast man?

Ser. I am commanded Sir to fetch a Gentleman.

Ven. To thy Mistresse? To give her a heate this morning.

Ser. I ha spied him; with your pardon — the servant goes

Tr. Good morrow Maister *Venture*. (to *Lacy*)

Ven. Franke Tryer.

Tr. You looke iocond and high,

Venus has bin propitious,

I dreamt last night thou wert a Bridegrome.

Hide Parke.

Ven. Such a thing may be, the windē blowes now
From a more happie coast,

La. I must leave you, I am sent for,

Tr. To thy Mistresse?

La. Without more ceremony, gentlemen my service — far- (well!

Ven. Ile tell thee, I have a Mistresse. Exit.

Tr. I beleeve it

Ven. And yet I have her not.

Tr. But you have hope.

Ven. Orrather certainty

Tr. Why, I heare she is

A very Tyrant over men.

Ven. Worse, worse,

The needle of a Diall never had

So many waverings, but she is touch'd,

And she Points onely this way now, true North;

I am her Pole.

Tr. And she your *Vrsa minor*,

Ven. I laugh to thinke how other of her Rivals
Will looke when I enjoy her.

Tr. Yare not yet contracted?

Ven. No she chang'd

Some amorous tokens, do you see this Diamond?
A toy she gave me.

Tr. Cause she saw you a Sparke.

Ven. Her flame of love is here, and in exchange
She tooke a chaine of Pearle.

Tr. Youle see it hang'd.

Ven. These to the wise are arguments of love,
And mutuall Promises.

Enter *Lord Bowile* and *Page*.

Tr. Your Lordship's welcome to Towne,
I am blest to see your honour in good health.

Lo. Prethee visit my Lodgings.

Tr. I shall presume to tender my humble service!

Ven. What's he?

Tr. A sprigge of the Nobilitie,

Hide Parke.

That has a spirit equall to his fortunes,
A gentleman that loves cleane Napery.

Ven. I guesse your meaning.

Tr. A Lady of pleasure, tis no shame for Men
Of his high birth to love a Wench, his honour
May priviledge more sinnes, next to a Woman
He loves a running horse, setting a side these recreations,
He has a Noble Nature, valiant, bountifull.

Ven. I was of his humour till I fell in love,
I meane for wenching, you may guesse a little,
By my legges, but Ile now be very honest,
And when I am married

Tr. Then you are confident
To carry away your Mistresse from em all.

Ven. From Ioue himselfe, though he should practise all
His shapcs to court her, tis impossible
She should put any trick upon me, I
Have wonne her very foulc.

Tr. Her body must
Needes be your owne then.

Ven. I have a brace of Rivals
Would they were here that I might Icer em,
And see how opportunely one is come,

Enter Master Rider.

Ile make you a little sport.

Tr. I ha bin Melancholy,
You will, expresse a favour in't.

Rid. M. Venture, The first man in my wish.

What gentleman is that?
Ven. A Friend of mine.

Rid. I am his servant, looke yee, we are friends
An't shall appeare, how ever things succeed
That I have lov'd you, and you cannot take
My Councell in ill part.

Ven. Whats the businesse?

Rid. For my part, I have

us'd

Hide Parke.

Vs'd no inchantment, philter, no devices
That are unlawfull, to direct the streame
Of her affection, it flowes naturally.

Ven. How's this? prethee observe.

Tr. I do and shall laugh presently.

Rid. For your anger

I weare a sword, though I have no desire
It should be guilty of defacing any
Part of your body, yet upon a just
And noble provocation, wherein
My Mistresse love, and honour is engaged,
I dare draw blood.

Tr. Ha, ha, ha!

Ven. A Mistresse love and honour? this is pretty.

Rid. I know you cannot

But understand me, yet I say I love you,
And with a generous breast, and in the confidence
You will take it kindly, I returne to that

I promis'd you, good councell, come leave off
The prosecution.

Ven. Of what I prethee?

Rid. There wilbe lesse affront then to expect
Till the last minute, and behold the victory

Another, you may guesse, why I declare this?
I am studious to preserve an honest friendshipp,

For though it be my glory, to be adorn'd
With trophies of her vanquisht love.

Ven. Whose love?

Tr. This sounds as if he Icer'd you!

Ven. Mushroompe!

Tr. What dee meane gentlemē? friends and fall out
About good Councell!

Ven. Ile put up a gaine

Now I thinke better on't:

Tr. Tis done discreetly,

Cover the nakednesse of your roole I pray,

B 3

Hide Parke.

Ven. Why lookē you Sir. If you bestow this Councell
Out of your love, I thanke you ; yet there is
No great necessitie, why you should be at
The cost of so much breath, thing's well considered.
A Ladies love is mortall, I know that,
And if a thousand men should love a woman
The dice must carry her, but one of all
Can wear the Garland.

Tr. Now you come to him?

Ven. For my owne part, I lov'd the Lady well,
But you must pardon me; if I demonstrate
There's no such thing as you pretend, and therefore
In quittance of your loving, honest Councell,
I would not have you build an ayry Castle,
Her Starres have pointed her another way,
This instrument will take her height.

Rid. Ha. *Shewes the Ring.*

Ven. And you may guesse what cause you have to triumph,
I would not tell you this, but that I love you,
And hope you will not runne your selfe into
The cure of Bedlam, hee that wearēs this favour
Hath sence to apprehend.

Rid. That Diamond.

Ven. Observe it perfectly, there are no trophies
Of vanquisht love; I take it, comming toward you,
It will be lesse affront, then to expect
Till the last minute, and behold the victory
Anothers.

Rid. That Ring I gave her.

Tr. Ha, ha, ha !

Ven. This was his gift to her, ha, ha, ha !
Have patience spleene, ha, ha !

Tr. The scene is chang'd !

Rid. She wonot use me thus, she did receive it
With all the circumstance of love.

Ven. I pittie him, my eyes runne ore, dost heare,
I cannot choose but laugh, and yet I pittie thee.

She

Hide Parke.

She has a Teering wit, and I shall love her
More heartily for this. What dost thinke ?
Poore Gentleman how he has foold himselfe.

Rid. Ile to her againe.

Ven. Nay, be not passionate !

A faith thou wert too confident, I knew
It could not hold, dost thinke I de say so much else ?
I can tell thee morē, but lose her memorie.

Rid. Were it more rich

*hee shewes a Chaine
of Pearle.*

Then that which Cleopatra gave to Anthony,
With scorne I would returne it.

Tr. She give you this Chaine ?

Rid. She shall be hang'd in chaines, ere I will keepe it.

Ven. Stay, stay, let my eye

Examine that ——— this Chaine ———

Rid. Who would trust woman after this ?

Ven. The very same

She tooke of me, when I receiv'd this Diamond.

Rid. Ha ha ! you doe but jest, she wonot foole

You o' this fashion, looke a little better, one may be like an-
other.

Ven. Tis the same.

Rid. Ha, ha, I would it were, that we might laugh

At one another, by this hand I will

Forgive her, prethee tell me — ha, ha, ha !

Tr. You will carry her

From love himselfe, though he should practise all

His shapēs to court her.

Rid. By this Pearle, o Rogue !

How I doe love her fort, be not dejected ;

A Ladies love is mortall, one of all

Must wear the Garland, do not foole your selfe

Beyond the cure of Bedlam.

Tr. She has fitted you

With a paire of fooles Coates, as hanfomly

As any Taylor, that had taken measure.

Ven. Give me thy hand.

Tr.

Hide Parke.

Tr. Nay lay your heads together
How to revenge it, and so gentlemen I take my leave.

Ven. She has abus'd us.

Rid. Let vs take his Councell,
Wee can be but what we are.

Ven. A paire of credulous fooles.

Rid. This other fellow *Fairefeild* has prevail'd:

Ven. Which if hee have

Rid. What shall we do?

Ven. I thinke we were best let him alone.

Rid. Dee heare? Weele to her againe, youle
Be rul'd by me, and tell her what wee thinke on her.

Ven. She may come to herselfe, and be asham'd on't.

Rid. If she would affect one of us, for my part
I am indifferent.

Ven. So say I too, but to give us both the canvas
Lets walke, and thinke how to behave our selves.

Exeunt.

Enter *Mistresse Bonavent*, and *Mistris Caroll*.

Car. What dee meane to do with him?

Bo. Thou art

To much a Tyrant, the seven yeares are past,
That did oblige me to expect my Husband
Engag'd to Sea, and though within those limits
Frequent intelligence hath reported him
Lost, both to me, and his owne life, I have
Bin carefull of my vow; and were there hope
Yet to embrace him, I would thinke another
Seven yeares no penance, but I should thus
Be held a cruell woman, in his certaine
Losse, to despise the love of all mankind.
And therefore I resolve, upon so large
A triall of his Constancy, at last
To give him the reward of his respects,
To me and

Ca. Marry him.

Bo. You have apprehended!

Ca. No marvaile if men raile upon you then,

And

Hide Parke.

And doubt whether a Widdow may be fav'd,
We Maides are thought the worse on, for your easines,
How are poore women overseene? We must
Cast a way our selves upon a whyning Lord
In charity, I hope my Cousens Ghost
Will meete, as you go to Church, or if
You scape it then, upon the Wedding night---

Bo. Fy, Fy.

Ca. When you are both a bed and candles out.

Bo. Nay put not out the candles.

Ca. May they burne blew then, at his second kisse

And fright him from---well I could say something
But take your course---he's come already.

Enter *Lacy*.

Put him off, but another twelue moneth, so, so,

Oh love into what foolish labyrinthes

Dost thou leade us! I would all women were

But of my minde, we would have a new world

Quickly, I will goe studie Poetry,

A purpose, to write verses in the praise

Of th' Amazonian Ladies, in whom only

Appare true valour (for the instruction

Of all posterity) to beate their husbands,

La. How you endear your servant.

Ca. I will not

Be guilty of more stay.

Enter *Mr. Fairefeild*.

Fa. Sweete Lady.

Ca. Y' are come in time Sir, to redeme me.

Fa. Why Lady.

Ca. You wilbe as comfortable as strong waters,
There's a Gentleman.

Fa. So uncivill to affront you?

Ca. I had no patience to heare him longer;

Take his offence before you question him.

Fa. And be most happy if by any service

You teach me to deserve your faire opinion.

Ca. It is not civill to eavesdrop him, but
I'me sure he talkes on't now.

Ca.

Hide Parke.

Fa. Of what?

Ca. Of Love, is any thing more ridiculous?
You know I never cherish that condition,
In you tis the most harsh displeasing discord,
But I hope you will be instructed better
Knowing how much my fancy goes against it,
Talke not of that and welcome.

Fa. You retaine
I see your unkind temper, will no thought
Softens your heart, disdain agrees but ill
With so much beauty; if you would perswade;
Me not to love you, strive to be lesse faire;
Vndoe that face, and so become a Rebelle,
To heaven and Nature.

Ca. You doe love my face then!
Fa. As heavenly prologue to your minde, I doe not
Dote like *Pigmalion* on the colouts!

Ca. No you cannot, his was a painted Mistris,
Or if it be the minde you so pretend
To affect, you encrease my wonder of your folly,
For I have told you that so often.

Fa. What?
Ca. My minde so opposite to all your Courtship,
That I had rather heare the tedious tales
Of *Hollinghead*, then any thing that trenches
On Love, if you come fraught with any
Cupids devises, keepe em for his whirligigges,
Or lande the next edition of his Messenger,
Or post with a mad packet, I shall but
Laugh at them, and pittie you.

Ca. That pittie
Ca. Doe not mistake me, it shall be a very
Miserable pittie without love!
Were I a man, and had but halfe that handsome nefe,
(For though I have not love, I have detraction)
Ere I would put my invention to the sweate
Of Complement, to court my Mistris hand
And call her smile blessing beyond a Sunne beame,

Fa. That pittie
Ca. Doe not mistake me, it shall be a very
Miserable pittie without love!
Were I a man, and had but halfe that handsome nefe,
(For though I have not love, I have detraction)
Ere I would put my invention to the sweate
Of Complement, to court my Mistris hand
And call her smile blessing beyond a Sunne beame,

Hide Parke.

Entreatē to waitē upon her, give her Rings
With wanton, or most lamentable Poesies,
I would turne thrasher.

Fa. This is a new doctrine,
From women.

Ca. 'Twill concernē your peacē, to have some faith in't.
Fa. You would not be neglected.

Ca. You neglect
Your selves, the Noblenesse of your birth and nature
By servile flattery of this jiggling,
And that coy Mistresse, keepe your priviledge
Your Masculine property.

Fa. Is there
So great a happinesse in nature!

Ca. Theres one
Just a your minde; can there be such happinesse
In nature, fye upon it if it were possible,
That ever I should be so mad to love,
To which I thanke my Starres I am not inclin'd,
I should not hold such servants worth my garters,
Though they would put me in security
To hang themselves, and ease me of their visits.

Fr. Y' are a strange gentlewoman! why, lookē you Lady?
I am not so enchanted with your vertues

But I do know my selfe, and at what distance
To looke upon such Mistresses,

I can be scurvily conditiond, you are
Ca. As thou dost hope for any good, rayle now
But a little.

Fa. I could provoke you,
Ca. To laugh, but not to lyē downe, why I prethee do!

Fa. Goe y' are a foolish creature, and not worth
My services.

Ca. A loud that they may hearē
The more the merrier, Ile tak't as kindly

As if thou hadst given me the Exchange, what all this cloud
Without a shower?

Fa. Y^e are most ingratefull !

Ca. Good, abominable peevish, and a wench
That would be beaten, beaten blacke and blew.
And then perhaps she may have colour for't,
Come, come, you cannot scold with confidence
Nor with grace, you should looke bigge and sweare
You are no gamster, practise Dice

And Cardes a little better, you will get
Many confusions and fine curses by't.

Fa. Is not she mad ?

Ca. To shew I have my reason

Ile give you some good Councell ; and be plaine w^o y^ee

None that have eyes, will follow the direction

Of a blinde guide, and what dee thing of *Cupid*?

Women are either fooles, or very wise

Take that from me, the foolish women are

Not worth your love, and if a woman know

How to be wise, she wonot care for you.

Fa. Do you give all this Councell without a Fee ?

Come, be lesse wild ! I know you cannot be

So hard of soule.

Ca. Prethee let my body alonē !

Fa. Why are you thus peremptory ? had

Your mother bin so cruell to mankinde,

This heresy to love, with you had bin unborne;

Ca. My mother was no maide.

Fa. How Lady?

Ca. She was married long ere I was borne, I take it,

Which I shall never be, that rules infallible,

I would not have you foold it h expectation,

A favour all my Sutors cannot boast of.

Goē home and say your praiers, I wonot looke

For thanks till seven yeare hence.

Fa. I know not what

To say, yes I will home and thinke a Satyre,

Was ever man Teer'd thus for his good will ?

Bon. The Licence wilbe soone dispatch.

Exit.

Lac.

Lac. Leave that

To my care Lady, and let him p^resume
Whom you intend to blesse with such a gift;
Seale on your lips the asurance of his heart,
I have more wings then *Mercury*, expect
Your servant in three minutes.

Ca. Take more time !

Youle over heate your selfe and catch a surfer.

La. My nimble Lady I ha busines; wee

Will have a Dialogue another time.

Ca. You do intend to marry him then.

Bon. I have promised

To be his wife, and for his more security

This morning.

Ca. How ? this morning ?

Bon. What should one

That has resolv'd lose time ? I do not love

Much ceremony, suits in love, should not

Like suits in Law, be rack'd from tearme to tearme.

Ca. You will joyne issue presently, without your councell;

You may be ore throwne; take heed, I have knowne wives

That have bin ore throwne in their owne case, and after

Non suited too, thats twice to be undone,

But take your course, some Widdowes have bin mortified.

Bon. And Maides do now and then meete with their match.

Ca. What is in your Condition makes you weary

Y^e are sicke of plenty and command, you have

Too too much liberty, too many servants,

Your Ieweles are your owne, and you would see

How they will shew upon your husbands wagtail;

You have a Coach now, and a Christian Livery

To waite on you to Church, and are not Catechise'd

When you come home, you have a waiting woman,

A Monkey, Squirrell, and a brase of Islands

Which may be thought superfluous in your family

When husbands come to rule. A pretty Wardrobe

A Tayler of your owne, a Doctor too

That

C 3

Hide Parke.

That knowes your body, and can make you sicke
It h spring, or fall, or when you have a minde to
Without controule, you have the benefite
Of talking loud and idle at your table
May sing a wanton dirty, and not be chidde,
Dance and goe late to bed, say your owne prayers,
Or goe to Heaven by your Chaplaine.

Bo. Very fine.

Ca. And will you lose all this? For I *Sisley*, take thee *John*,
To be my Husband; keepe him still to be your servant,
Imitate me, a hundred suiters cannot
Be halfe the trouble of one husband. I
Dispose my frownes, and favours like a Princessse
Deject, advance, undo, create againe
It keeps the Subjects in obedience,
And teaches em to looke at me with distance.

Bo. But you encourage some.

Ca. Tis when I ha nothing else to do for sport,
As for example.

Bo. But I am not now in tune to heare em, prethee

Lets withdraw.

Ven. Nay, nay, Lady we must follow yee.

The second Act.

Bonavent. listning.

M. Bon. Musicke and revelles? they are very merry

By your favour Sir.

Ser. Y are welcome.

Bon. Pray is this a dancing Schoole?

Ser. No dancing Schoole.

Bo. And yet some voyces sound like women.

Ser. Wilt please you

To taste a cup of Wine, tis this day free

As at a Coronation; you seeme

A Gentleman.

Bo. Prethee who dwels here?

Ser. The house this morning was a widdowes Sir!

Hide Parke.

But now her husbands, without circumstance

She is married.

Bo. Prethee her name.

Ser. Her name was Mistresse *Bonavent.*

Bo. How long since her husband dyed.

Ser. Tis two yeares since she had intelligence

He was cast away, at his departure he

Engag'd her to a seven yeares expectation

Which full expir'd this morning she became

A Bride.

Bo. What's the gentleman she has married.

Ser. A man of pretty fortune, that has bin

Her servant many yeares.

Bo. How dee meane wantonly, or does he serve for wages.

Ser. Neyther, I meane a Suitor.

Bo. Cry mercy, may I be acquainted with his name.

Ser. And his person too, if you have a minde too.

Maister *Lacy*, Ile bring you to him.

Bo. Mr. *Lacy*, may be tis he, would thou couldst helpe me to

A fight of this gentleman. I ha businesse with

One of his name, and cannot meete with him.

Ser. Please you walke in.

Bo. I would not bee intruder.

In such a day, if I might onely see him.

Ser. Follow me and Ile do you that favour.

Enter *Lacy*, and his *Bride*, *Rider*, and *Cavell*.

Venture, dancing. *Bon*, a loose.

Ven. Whose that peepes?

La. Peepes! whose that faith you shall dance.

M. B. Good Sir you must excuse me, I am a stranger.

La. Your tongue does walke our language, and your feete

Shall do as we do, take away his Cloake

And Sword, by this hand you shall dance *Monsieur*

No pardon me mye.

Ca. Well said Maister *Bridgrome*, the gentleman

May perhappes want exercise.

Bo. He will not take it well.

Ven.

Hide Parke.

Yes. The Bridegrom's merry!

La. Take me no takes, come choose your firke
For dance you shall.

M. B. I cannot, youle not compell me.

La. I ha fworne.

M. B. Tis an affront as I am a Gentleman,
I know not how to foote your Chamber jiggess.

La. No remedy, heres a Lady-longes for one vagarie
Fill a boule of Sack, and then to the Canaries.

M. B. You are circled with your friends, and do not well
To use this priviledge to a Gentlemans
Dishonour.

La. You shall shake your heeles.

M. B. I shall, Ladies tis this gentlemans desire
That I should make you mirth, I cannot dance.

I tell you that afore.

Bo. He seemes to be a Gentleman and a Souldier.

Ca. Good Mars be not so fullen, youle do more
With Venus privately.

M. B. Because this Gentleman is engag'd Ile try
Dance.

Will you excuse me yet.

La. Pray excuse me, yes any thing you'le call for.

Ca. This motion every morning will be wholesome
And beneficial to your body Sir.

M. B. So, so.

Ca. Your pretty lump requires it.

M. B. Wheres my sword, sir I have bin your hobby horse.

Ca. You danc't something like one.

M. B. Teere on my whimsy Lady.

Bo. Pray impute it.

No trespassse studded to affront you Sir,
But to the merry passion of a Bridegrome.

La. Prethee stay, weele to Hide Parke together.

M. B. There you may see with Moris dancers, for

You Lady I wish you more joy, so farewell.

La. Comes, ha tother wherle, lustily boyes!

They

Hide Parke.

They Dance in. Exeunt.

Enter Maister Fairefeild and his Sister Julietta.

Iu. You are resolv'd then.

Fa. I have no other care left,
And if I doo't not quickly my affection
May be too farre spent, and all physicke will
Be cast away.

Iu. You will shew a Manly fortitude.

Fa. When saw you Maister Tryer?

Iu. Not since yesterday!

Fa. Are not his visits frequent?

Iu. He does see me sometimes!

Fa. Come I I know thou lov'st him I and he will
Deserve it, hee's a pretty gentleman.

Iu. It was your Character, that first commended
Him to my thoughts!

Fa. If he be slow to answere it
Hee loses me againe, his minde more then
His fortune gain'd me to his praise, but
Trifle my pretious time.

Enter Tryer.

Farewell! al my good wishes stay with thee.

Iu. And mine attend you! Maister Tryer.

Tr. I come to kisse your hand.

Iu. And take your leave.

Tr. Onely to kis't againe!

Iu. You begin to be a stranger! in two mornings
Not one visit, where you profess affection.

Tr. I should be surfettted with happinesse
If I should dwell here.

Iu. Surfets in the Spring

Are dangerous, and yet I never heard,
A lover would absent him from his Mistris

Through feare to be more happy, but I allow
That for a Complement, and dispute not with you

A reason of your actions I y'are now welcome
And though you should be guilty of neglect,

My love would over-come any suspition.

Enter Servant and Page.

Tr. You are all goodnesse
 With me prethee admit him!
Pa. Sir, my Lord saw you enter, and desires
 To speake with you
Tr. His Lordship shall command, where is he?
Pa. Below Sir!
Tr. Say, I instantly waite on him?
 Shall I presume upon your favour Lady?
Is. In what!
Tr. That I may entreate him hither, you will honour me
 To bid him welcome, he is a gentleman
 To whom I owe all services, and in whose
 himselfe is worthy of your entertainment.
Is. If he be yours command me!
Tr. My Lord! excuse
Lo. Nay I prevent your trouble—Lady I am
 Your humble servant, pardon my intrusion
 I have businesse, only I saw you enter,
Tr. Your Lordship honours me.
Lo. What gentlewoman's this?
Tr. Wy
Lo. A Lady of pleasure, I like her eye, it has
 A pretty twirle, wot-will she bid one welcome.
Tr. Be confident my Lord, sweete Lady pray
 Assure his Lordship he is welcome,
Is. I want words.
Lo. Oh sweete Lady your lip in silence
 Speakes the best language.
Is. Your Lordship's welcome to this humble roofo!
Lo. I am confirm'd.
Tr. If your knew Lady, what
 Perfection of honour dwels in him,
 You would be studious with all ceremony
 To enter taine him! beside, to me
 His Lordship's goodnes hath so stow'd, you cannot
 study, what will oblige more then in his welcome!
Lo. Come, you Complement!

Is. Though I want both ability and language,
 My wishes shall be zealous to expresse me
 Your humble servant:
Lo. Come, that humble was
 But complement in you too.
Is. I woud not
 Be guilty of dissembling with your Lordship,
 I know words have more proportion
 With my distance to your birth and fortune.
 Then humble servant.
Lo. I doe not love these distancs.
Tr. You would have her be more humble, this will try her,
 If shee resist his siege, she is a brave one,
 I know hee'le put her too't, he that doth love
 Wisely, will see the triall of his Mistris,
 And what I want in impudence my selfe,
 Another may supply for my advantage,
 He frame excuse!
Lo. Franks thou art melancholy!
Tr. My Lord I now reflected on a businesse,
 Concernes me equall with my fortune, and
 It is the more unhappy that I must,
 So rudely take my leave.
Lo. What? not so soone
Tr. Your honours pardon,
Is. Are you sir in earnest!
Tr. Love will instruct you to interpret fairely,
 They are affaires that cannot be dispenced with,
 I leave this noble gentleman,
Is. Hee's a stranger,
 You wout use me well, and thew no care
 Of me, nor of my honour, I pray stay!
Tr. Thou hast vertue to secure all, I am confident,
 Temptations will shake thy innocence,
 No more then waves, that clime a Rocke, which soone
 Berray their weakenesse, and discover thee,
 More cleare and more impregnable
 How is this?

Hide Parke.

Tr. Farewell, I will not sin against your honours clemency
To doubt your pardon.

Lo. Well and there be no remedy I shall see you
Anon ith Parke, the Match holds, I am not willing
To leave you alone Lady.

Is. I have a servant.

Lo. You have many, in their number pray write me,
I shall be very dutifull.

Is. Oh my Lord!

Lo. And when I have done a fault I shall be instructed,
But with a smile to mend it.

Is. Done what fault?

Lo. Faith none at all, if you but thinke so,
Is. I thinke your Lordship would not willingly
Offend a woman.

Lo. I would never hurt em,
Thas bin my study still to please those women,
That fell within my conversation.

I am very tender hearted to a Lady,
I can denie em nothing.

Is. The whole sex is bound to you.

Lo. If they well considered things,
And what a stickler I am in their cause,
The common cause, but most especially.

How zealous I am in a Virgins honour,
As all true Knights should be, no woman could
Deny me hospitality, and let downe,

When I desire access, the rude Portcullice,
I have a naturall sympathy with faire ones,
As they do, I do! theres no handsome woman
Complains, that she has lost her maidenhead,

But I wish mine had bin lost with it.

Is. Your Lordship's merry!

Lo. Tis because you looke pleasant,
A very handsome Lodging, is there any
Accommodations that way.

Is. Ther's a garden,

Will please your Lordship tast the ayre on't.

Hide Parke.

Lo. I meant other conveniency, but if
You please Ile waite upon you thither.

Exeunt:

Pa. You and I had better stay, and in their absence
Exercise one another.

Wai. How meane you Page?

Pa. Ile teach you away that we may follow em,
And not remove from hence.

Wa. How prethee?

Pa. Shall I begge your lip?

W. I cannot spare it.

Pa. Ile give you both mine.

W. What meanes the Child?

Pa. Because I have no upper lip, dee scorne me?
I ha kist Ladies before now, and have
Beene sent for to their Chambers.

W. You, sent for!

Pa. Yes, and beene trusted with their Clossets too!
We are such pretty things, we can play at
All hid under a Fardingale; how long

Have you bin a waiting creature?

W. Nor a moneth yet.

Pa. Nay then I cannot blame your ignorancē,
You have perhappes your maidenhead.

W. I hope so.

Pa. Oh lamentable! away with it for shame,
Chaffer it with the Coachman, for the credit
Of your profession, do not keepe it long,

Tis fineable in Court.

W. Good Maister Page,

How long have you bin skild in those affaires?

Pa. Ere since I was in Breeches, and youle finde
Your honesty so troublesome.

W. How so?

Pa. When you have truck'd away your Maidenhead,
You have excuse lawfull, to put off gamesters,
For you may sweare, and give em satisfaction,

You have not what they lookt for, beside the benefit
Of being impudent as accasion serves,

Hide Parke.

A thing much in request, with waiting creatures,
We Pages can instruct you in that quality,
So you be tractable.

W. The boy is wild.

Pa. And you will leade me a Chase, ile follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caroll, Rider, and Venture.

Ca. Why, did you ever thinke, I could affect
Of all men living such a thing as you are.

What hope, or what encouragement did I give you
Because I tooke your Diamond, must you presently
Bound like a ston'd horse.

Rid. Shee's a very Colt!

Ca. Cause you can put your hat of like a dancèr,
And make a better legge, then you were borne to,
For to say truth your calfe is well amended,
Must this to overtake me, that I must

Strait fall in love w'e yee, one step to Church,
Another into the Sheets, more to a bargaine
Y'are wide a bow, and some thing over shot.

Ven. Then this is all that I must trust to, you
Will never ha me?

Ca. In my right minde, I thinke so
Why, prethee tell me what I should do with thee?

Ven. Can you finde nothing to do with me!

Ca. To finde any Monkey spiders, were an office
Perhappes you would not execute!

Ven. Y'are a gipsy!

And none of the twelve Sibills in a Tarverne,
Have such a tand complexion, there be Dogges
And Horses in the world.

Ca. They'le kepe you company!

Ven. Tell me of Spiders?

Ile wring your Monkeys necke off.

Ca. And then puzzle

Your braine to make an Elegie, which shall be sung

To the tune of the devill and the baker, good!

You have a pretty ambling wit in Sammer,

Dee let out, or keepe for your owne

Hide Parke.

Riding, who holdes your stirrop, while you jump
Into a jest, to the endangering
Of your ingenious quodlibets.

Rid. Come tha't said enough.

Ca. To him, you would have some.

Rid. Some testimony of your love, if it please you.

Ca. Indeed I have heard you are a pretious gentleman,
And in your younger could play at trap well.

Rid. Fare you well gentlewoman, by this light a devill,
Ile follow my old game of horse-rasing.

Ven. I could teare her Ruffe! I wo'd thou wort

A Whore then ide be reveng'd, and bring the Prèntices
To arraigne thee on Shroveruesday, a pox upon you.

Enter Fairefeild.

Ca. A third man, a third man, two faire gamesters.

Rid. For shame lets goe!

Ca. Will you stay gentleman; you ha no more wit
To venter, keepe your heads warme in any case,
There may be dregges in the bottome othe braine pan,
Which may turne to somewhat in seven yeares, and set
You up againe, now Sir.

Fa. Lady I am come to you.

Ca. It does appeare so.

Fa. To take my leave.

Ca. Tis granted Sir god buy.

Fa. But you must stay and heare a little more.

I promise not to trouble you with Courtship,
I am as weary as you can be displeas'd woot.

Ca. On these conditions, I would have the patience.

To heare the brasen head speake.

Fa. Whether, or how I purpose to dispose

My selfe hereafter, as I know you have

No purpose to enquire, I have no great

Ambition to discourse, but how I have

Studied your faire opinion, I remit

To you, and come now only to request

Th at you would grant, in lew of my true service

One boone at parting.

Hide Parke.

Ca. Forboone I proceede!

Fa. But you must sweare to performe truly what I shall desire, and that you may not thinke I come with any cunning to deceive you, You shall except what ere you would deny me, And after all Ile make request.

Ca. How's this?

Fa. But it concernes my life, or what can else Be neerer to me that you sweare.

Ca. To what?

Fa. When you have made exceptions and thought, What things in all the world you will exempt, From my petition, Ile be confident To tell you my desire.

Ca. This is faire play!

Fa. I would not for an Empire by a trick Oblige you to performe, what should displease you.

Ca. This is a very strange request; are you in earnest; Ere you begin shall I except? tis oddes

But I may include, what you have a minde to, then Wheres your petition?

Fa. I will runne that hazard.

Ca. You will, why looke you; for a little mirthes sake, And since you come so honestly, because You shannot say, I am compos'd of Marble, I doe consent.

Fa. Swear!

Ca. I am not come to that, Ile first set bounds to your request, and when I have left nothing for you worth my grant, Ile take a zealous oath to grant you any thing.

Fa. You have me at your mercy!

Ca. First, you shannot Desire that I should love you!

Fa. That's first, proceede!

Ca. No more but proceede, dee know what I say.

Fa. Your first exception forbid's to aske That you should love me.

Hide Parke.

Ca. And you are contented.

Fa. I must be so.

Ca. What in the name of wonder will he aske me, You shall not desire me to marry you.

Fa. That's the second.

Ca. You shall neither directly, nor indirectly wish me to lye with you, Have I not clip't the wings of your conceipt.

Fa. That's the third.

Ca. That's the third, is there any thing a young man would Desire of his Mis, when he must neither love, marry, nor lye

Fa. My suite is still untoucht. (with her.)

Ca. Suite! if you have another suite tis out of fashion, Ye cannot begge my state, yet I would willingly Give part of that to be rid on thee.

Fa. Not one Jewell.

Ca. You wo'd not have me spoyle my face, drinke poyson, Or kill any body.

Fa. Goodnesse forbid that I should wish your danger.

Ca. Then you wo'd not ha me ride through the Citty naked, As once a Princesse of England did through Coventry.

Fa. All my desires are modest.

Ca. You shall not begge my Parrat nor intreate me To fast, or weare a hayre smoeke.

Fa. None of these.

Ca. I wonot be confin'd to make me ready At tenne, and pray till dinner, I will play At gleeke as often as I please, and see Playes when I have a minde to'r and the races, Though men sho'd runne *Adamis* before me.

Fa. None of these trench on what I have to aske.

Ca. Why then I sweare—— stay You shannot aske me before company How old I am, a question most untoothsome, I know not what to say more, Ile not be Bound from spring garden, and the Sparagus, I wo' not have my tongue tyde up, when I've a minde to jeere my suitors, among which

Hide Parke.

Your worship shall not doubt to be remembred;
For I must have my hamor, I am sicke else;
I will not be compeld to heare your sonnets,
A thing before, I thought to advise you of,
Your words of hard concoction rude Poetry
Have much impayred my health, try fence another while
And calculate some prose according to
The elevation of our pole at London,
As sayes the learned Almanacke—but comē on
And speake your minde, I ha done, I know not what
More to except, if it be none of these
And as you say feazable on my part,
I sweare.

Fa. By what

Ca. For once a kisse, it may be a parting blow,
By that I will performe what you desire.

Fa. In few words thus receive it, by that oath
I binde you, never to desire my company
Hereafter, for no reason to affect me.
This I am sure was none of your exceptions.

Ca. What has the man sayd?

Fa. Tis cleere, I am confident
To your understanding.

Ca. You have made me sweare
That I must never love you, nor desire
Your company.

Fa. I know you will not violate,
What you have sworne, so all good thoughts possesse you.

Ca. Was all this circumstance for this? I never
Found any inclination to trouble him.

With too much love, why should he binde me from it,
And make me sweare, an oath that for the present,
I had no affection to him, had beene reasonable,
But for the time to come, never to love,
For any cause or reason, that may move me
Hereafter, very strange, I know not what to thinke on;
Although I never meant, to thinke well on him,
Yet to be limited, and be prescrib'd,

Hide Parke.

I must not doe it? twas a poore tricke in him,
But Ile goe practise something to forget it.

The third Act.

Enter Lord Borvile, Mistresse Iulietta, Fairefield,
with their Attendants.

Lo. Lady y'are welcome to the spring, the Parkē
Lookes fresher to salute you, how the birds
On every tree sing, with more cheerefullnesse
At your accessse, as if they prophcyed
Nature would dye, and resigne her providence
To you, sit onely to succede her.

In. You expresse

A Master of all Complement, I have
Nothing but plaine humilitie, my Lord
To answer you.

Lo. But ile speake our owne English,
Hang these affected straines, which we sometimes
Practise, to please the curiosity
Of talking Ladyes, by this lippe th'art welcome,
Ile sweare a hundred oathes upon that booke,
An't please you.

Enter Tryer.

Tr. They are at it.

In. You shall not need my Lord, I'me not incredulous,
I doe beleeve your honour, and dare trust
For more than this.

Lo. I wonot breakē my credit
With any Lady that dares trust me.

In. She had a cruell heart, that would not venture
Vpon the ingagement of your honour.

Lo. What? what durst thou venture now, and be plaine wo'me
In. There's nothing in the verge of my command
That should not serve your Lordship.

Lo. Speake, speake truth and flatter not,
Vpon what security?

In. On that which you propounded fir, your honour,
It is above all other obligation,

Hide Parke.

And he that's truly noble will not stainē it.

Lo. Vpon my honour will you lend me thē
But a nights lodging.

In. How sir.

Lo. She is angry
I shall obtainē, I know the tricke ont, had
She yeelded at the first it had beene fatall.

In. It seemes your Lordship speakes to onē you know not.

Lo. But I desire to know you better Lady.

In. Better I I should desire my Lord.

Lo. Better or worse, if you dare ventare one,
He hazard t'other.

In. Tis your Lordships mirth.

Lo. Y'are in the right, tis the best mirth of all.

In. Ile not beleēve my Lord you meane so wantonly.

As you professe.

Lo. Refuse me if I doe not

Not meane? I hope you have more Charity

Then to suspect, Ile not performe as much,

And more than I ha said, I know my fault.

I am too modest when I undertake,

But when I am to Act let me alone.

Tr. You shall be alone no longer

My good Lord.

Lo. Franck Tryer.

Tr. Which side holds your honour?

Lo. I am o' thy side Franck.

Tr. I thinke so! for

All the Park's against me, but 6. to 4.

Is oddes enough.

In. Is it so much against you?

Tr. Lady I thinke tis two, to one.

Lo. We were on even termes till you came hither.

I finde her yeelding, and when they doe run?

Tr. They say presently.

Lo. Will you venture any thing Lady?

Tr. Perhaps she reserves her selfe for the horse race.

In. There I may venture somewhat with his Lordship.

Hide Parke.

Lo. That was a witty one.

Tr. You will be doing!

La. You are for the footemen.

Tr. I runne with the Company.

Enter Rider, and Ventare.

Ven. Ile goe your halfe.

Ri. No thanke you Iacke, would I had tennē pēces more
On't.

Lo. Which side?

Ri. On the Irishman.

Lo. Done! Ile maintaine the English,

As many more with you, I love to cherish

Our owne Countrymen.

Ven. Tis done my Lord.

Tr. Ile rooke for once, my Lord Ile hold you twenty more.

Lo. Done with you too.

In. Your Lordship is very confident.

Lo. Ile lay with you too.

Tr. Lye with her hē meanes.

Lo. Come, you shall venture something,

What gold against a kisse, but if you lose,

You shall pay it formally downe upon my lippē.

Tr. Though she should winne, it would be held extortion
To take your money.

In. Rather want of modesty,

A great sinne if you observe the circumstance,

I see his Lordshippe has a disposition

To be merry, but proclaime not this free laye

To every one, some women in the world

Would hold you all day.

Lo. But not all night sweete Lady.

Ven. Will you not see 'em my Lord?

Lo. Franck Tryer, youle waite upon this gentlewoman,

I must among the gamesters, I shall quickly

Returne to kisse your hand.

Tr. How dee like this gallant.

In. Hee's one it becomes not mē to censure.

Tr. Dee not finde him coming, a wilde gentleman

You may in time convert him.
In. You made me acquainted with him to that purpose,
 It was your confidence, Ile do what I can,
 Because he is your noble Friend, and one
 In whom was hid so much perfection
 Of honour, for at first 'twas most invisible,
 But it begins to appeare, and I do perceive
 A glimring, it may breake out a flame,
 I shall know all his thoughts at our next conference,
 He has a secret to impart he sayes
 only to me.

Tr. And will you heare it?
In. Yes Sir, if it be honourable there is no harme in't,
 If otherwise you do not doubt my innocencie.

Tr. But do not tempt a danger.
In. From his Lordship.
Tr. I do not say from him.
In. From mine owne frailety.

Tr. I dare not conclude that but from the matter
 Of his discourse, on which there may depend
 A circumstance that may not prove so happy.

In. Now I must tell you Sir, I see your heart
 Is not so just as I deserve, you have
 Engag'd me to his conversation,
 Provok'd by jealous thoughts, and now your feare
 Betrayes your want of goodnes, for he never
 Was right at home, that dare suspect his Mistress,
 Can love degenerate in noble breasts,
 Collect the arguments, that could invite you
 To this unworthy tryall, bring them to
 My forehead, where you shall inscribe their names
 For virgins to blush at me, if I do not
 Fairely acquit my selfe.

Tr. May be not passionate.
In. I am not Sir so guilty to be angry,
 But you shall give me leave unlesse you will
 Declare, you dare not trust me any further,
 Not to breake off so rudely with his, Lordship.

I Will heare what he meanes to say to me,
 And if my councell may prevaile with you,
 You shannot interrupt us, have but patience
 Ile keepe the story for you, and assure
 My ends have no base mixture, nor my love
 To you could bribe me to the least dishonour,
 Much lesse a stranger, since I have gone so farre
 By your commission, I will proceede
 A little further at my perrill Sir:
Tr. I know thou art prooffe against a thousand Engines,
 Pursue what waies you please.

Enter Lacy, Mistris Bonavent. and Mistris Carol.
In. This morning married?
Tr. That your brothers Mistris.
In. She that Ieeres all within Gunshotte.
Tr. In the way of Suiters,
 She is reported such a tyrant.

In. My Brother. *Enter Master Fairefeild.*
Fa. Frank Tryer.
In. Brother do you know that gentlewoman?
Fa. Tis she, then you and I must seeme more familiar,
 And you shannot be angry.
La. What gentlewomans that?
Tr. She does not know thee.
Ca. Was this his reason, pray if you love me lets
 Walke by that gentleman.

La. Master Fairefeild.
Ca. Is that well trust gentleman one of them that run?
Bo. Your sweet heart.
Ca. Ha, ha, Ide laugh at that!
 If you allow a bushell of salt to acquaintance,
 Pray vouchsafe two words to a bargaine while you live,
 I scarce remember him, keepe in great heart.

Enter Master Bonavent.
La. Oh Sir you are very well met here.
M. B. We are met indeed, Sir thanke you for your musicke,
La. It is not so much worth.
M. B. I made you merry Master Bridegrome.

Hide Parke.

La. I could not choofe but laugh:
M. B. Be there any races here.
La. Yes Sir horfe and foote.
M. B. Youle give me leave to take my Course then?
Ca. This is the Captaine that did Dance.
M. B. Not fo nimble as your wit, pray let me askē you a que-
I heare that gentewoman's married. (stion.
Ca. Married without question Sir.
M. B. Dee think he has bin aforehand.
Ca. How dee meane.
M. B. In English has he plaid the forward gamester
And turnd up trump.
Ca. Before the Cards be shuffled?
I lay my life you meane a coate Card
Deale againe, you gave one to many
In the last trickē, yet Ile tell thee what I thinke.
M. B. What?
Ca. I thinke she and you might ha shewne more wit.
M. B. Why she and I?
Ca. She to ha kept her selfe a Widdow, and
You not to have asked me such a foolish question,
But if she had beene halfe so wise, as in
My conscience she is honest, you had mist
That excellent occasion, to shew
Your notable skill in dancing, but it pleas'd
The learned destinies to put things together,
And so we separate.
M. B. Fare yee well Mistris.
Ca. Come hither, go to that gentleman Mr. *Fairefeild*,
Bo. Prethee sweete heart who runnes?
La. An Irish and an English footeman!
Bo. Will they runne this way?
La. Iust before you, I must have a bet!
Bo. Nay, nay you shannot leave me. *Exit.*
Ca. Do it discretely, I must speake to him,
To ease my heart I shall burst else,
Weele expect em here, Cousen, do they runne naked?
Bo. That werē a most immodest sight,

Hide Parke.

Ca. Here have bin such fellows, Cousen.
Bo. It would fright the women!
Ca. Some are of opinion it brings us hither,
Harke what a confusion of tongues there is,
Let you and I venture a paire of Gloves
Vpon their feete, Ile take the Irish.
Bo. Tis done, but you shall pay if you lose.
Ca. Heres my hand, you shall have the Gloves if you winne!
Bo. I thinke they are started.
The Runners, after them the Gentlemen.
Omnes. A Teag, A Teag, make way for shame.
Lo. I hold any man forty peeces yet.
Ven. A hundred pound to ten, a hundred peeces to ten, will
No man take me?
M. B. I hold you Sir.
Ven. Well you shall see, a Teag a Teag hey!
Tr. Ha well run Irish.
Bo. He may be in a Boggē anon. *Exeunt.*
Ca. Can they tell what they doe in this Noisc,
Pray Heaven it do not breake into the Tombes
At Westminster, and wake the dead.
Enter Master Fairefeild and his Sister.
Fa. She's yonder still, she thinks thee a new Mistris.
Iu. I observe her.
Fa. How goe things Franke. *Enter Tryer.*
Prethee observe that creature.
Tr. She leeres this way.
Fa. I ha done such a strangē cure upon her,
Sh's sent for me, and I will entreate thee Franke
To be a witnes of my triumph, tis
Now in my power to punish all her leeres,
But Ile go to her, thou shalt keepe a distance
Only to heare, how most miraculously
I ha brought things about.
Tr. The cry returnes.
Omnes. Make way there, a Teag, a Teag, a Teag.
Enter Runners, and Gentlemen.
Ven. Forty, fifty, a hundred peeces to ten.

Hide Parke.

M. B. I hold you.

Ven. Well you shall see, you shall see.

M. B. This gentleman does nothing but talke, he makes good
No bet.

Ven. Talke? you prate, Ile make good what I please Sir.

M. B. Make the best you can o' that.

They switch, and draw, and Exeunt.

Enter Lord.

Bon. For heavens sake lets remove.

Ca. What for a naked weapon!

Exeunt.

Lo. Fight gentlemen, y' are fine fellowes, 'tis a noble cause,
Come Lady Ile discharge your feares,
A Cup of Sacke, and *Anthony* at the Rose
Will reconcile their furies.

Exeunt.

Enter Fairefeild, and Tryer.

Fa. I make a doubt whether I should go to her,
Vpon a single summons.

Tr. By any meanes.

Fa. What women are forbidden

They're mad to execute, she's here, be you
It'h reach of her voyce, and see how I will humable her.

Enter Caroll, and Rider.

Ca. But keepe at some fit distance.

Ri. You honour me, and shall

Command me any service.

Exit.

Ca. He has gone a strange way to worke with me.

Fa. Well advis'd, observe and laugh without a noise.

Ca. I am asham'd to thinke what I must say now.

Fa. By your leave Lady! I take it you sent for me?

Ca. You wounot be so impudent, I, send for you!

By Whom or when?

Fa. Your servant—

Ca. Was a villaine if he mention'd

I had any such desire, he told me indeed

You courted him to entreate me that I would

Be pleas'd to give you another audience,

And that you sware, I know not what confound you,

You would not trouble me above six words.

Hide Parke.

Fa. You are prettily dispos'd.

Ca. With much adoe you see I have consented,
What is't you would say?

Fa. Nay, what is't, you would say?

Ca. Be you no prompter to insinuate

The first word of your studied Oration,

He's out ons part, come, come Ile imagine it,

Was it not something to this purpose — Lady,

Or Mistresse, or what you will, although

I must confesse; you may with justice laugh at

My most ridiculous suite, and you will say

I am a foole.

Fa. You may say any thing.

Ca. To come a gen, whom you have so torment'd,

For nere was simple Camomile so trod on,

Yet still I grow in love, but since there is

No hope to thaw your heart, I now am desperate,

Oh give me, lend me but the silken tye,

About your legge, which some doe call a garter,

To hang my selfe, and I am satisfied, am not I a witch?

Fa. I thinke th'art past it,

Which of the furies art thou made already,

I shall depart the world, nere feare it Lady,

Without a necklace, did not you fend for me.

Tr. I shall laugh a loud sir.

Ca. What madnesse has

Posselt you? have I not sworne you know by what,

Never to thinke well of you, of all men

Living, not to desire your companie,

And will you still intrude, shall I be haunted

For ever, no place give me priviledge;

Oh man what art thou come to?

Fa. Oh woman!

How farre thy tongue and heart doe live asunder,

Come; I ha found you out, off with this vayle,

It hides not your complexion, I doe tell thee,

I see thy heart, and every thought within it,

A little peevishnesse to save your credit

Hide Parke.

Had not beene much amisse, but this over
Over doing the businesse it appears
Ridiculous, like my suite as you inferred,
But I forgive thee and forget thy trickes
And trillabubs, and will sweare to love thee
Hartily; wenches must ha their wayes.

Ca. Pardon me sir, if I have seem'd too light,
It was not rudenesse from my heart, but a
Disguise to save my honour if I found
You still incredulous.

Fa. I love thee better
For thy Vagaries.

Ca. In vaine I see I should dissemble w'ee,
I must confesse y'ave caught me, had you still
Pursued the common path, I had fled from you,
You found the constitution of women
In me, whose will, not reason is their law,
Most apt to doe, what most they are forbidden,
Impatient of curbes in their desires.

Fa. Thou sayest right.

Ca. Oh love I am thy Captive, but I am forsworne,
Am I not sir?

Fa. Nere thinke o' that.

Ca. Nere thinke on't.

Fa. Twas a vaine oath, and well may be dispenst with.

Ca. Oh sir, be more religious, I never
Did violate an oath in all my life,
Though I ha beene wilde, I had a care of that,
An oathe's a holy obligation,

And never dreaming of this chance, I tooke it
With true intention to performe your wishes,

Fa. Twas but a kisse, Ile give it thee agen.

Ca. But tis inrold in that high Court already.
I must confesse, I could looke on you now

With other eyes, for my rebellious heart
Is soft and capeable of loves impression,

Which may prove dangerous, if I cherish it.
Having forsworne your love.

Hide Parke.

Fa. Now I am fitted.
I have made twigges to ierke my selfe—well thought on
You shall absolve your selfe, your oath does not
Oblige you to performe what you excepted,
And among them, if you remember, you
Said you must have your humor you'd be sicke else,
Now if your humor be to breake your oath
Your obligation's void.

Ca. You have releev'd me
But do not triumph in your conquest sir,
Be modest in your victory.

Fa. Will not you
Fly off againe, now Y'are at large.

Ca. If you
Suspect it, call some witnesse of my vowes;
I will contract my selfe.

Fa. And I am provided,
Franke Tryer appeare, and shew thy Phisnomy,
He is a Friend of mine, and you may trust him.

Ca. What summe of money is it you would borrow?
Tr. I borrow?

Ca. This gentleman your friend has fully
Possst me with your wants, nay do not blush,
Debt is no sinne, though my owne monyes sir
Are all abroad, yet upon good security,
Which he answeres you can put in, I will
Speake to a friend of mine.

Fa. What security?
Ca. Your selves, and two sufficient Aldermen,
For men are mortall and may breake.

Fa. What meane you?
Ca. You shall have fifty pounds for forty weekes
To do you a pleasure.

Fa. Youle not use me thus?
Tr. Fare you well, you have miraculously brought things

Ca. You worke by stratagem and Ambusado. *Exit.*
Do you not thinke your selfe a proper gentleman,
Whom by your want of haire some hold a wit too?

Hide Parke.

You know my heart, and every thought within it
How I am caught, do I not melt like hony
It's dogge daies, why do you looke so staring.

Fa. Do not you love me for all this?

Ca. Would I had Art enough to draw your picture,
It would shew rarely at the exchange, you have
A medly in your face of many Nations;
Your Nose is Romane, which your next debauchment,
At Taverne with the helpe of pot or candlesticke
May turne to Indian flat, your lip is Austrian,
And you do well to bite it; for your Chinne
It does incline to the Bavarian poke,

But seven yeares may disguise it with a beard,
And make it more ill favoured; you have eyes
Especially when you goggle thus, not much
Vnlike a lewes, and yet some men might take em
For Turkes, by the two halfe Moones that rise about em,
I am an Infidell to use him thus.

Fa. Till now I never was my selfe, farewell
For ever wottan, not worth love or anger.

Ca. Dec heare one word,
I'de faine speake kindly to him,
Why dost not raile at me?

Fa. No, I will laugh at thee and at my selfe,
To have bin so much a foole, y'are a fine may game.

Ca. I shall foole too much, but one word more,
By all the faith and love of womankind,
Beleeve me now, it wonot out.

Fa. Farewell,
When next I dote upon thee be a Monster.

Ca. Harke fir the Nightingale, there is better lucke
Comming towards us.

Fa. When you are out of breath
You will give over, and for better lucke,
I do beleeve the bird, for I can leave thee,
And not be in love with my owne torment.

Ca. How fir.

Fa. I ha said, stay you and practife with the bird,

Hide Parke.

Twas Philomel they say, and thou wert one,
I should new ravish thee.

Exit.

Ca. I must to th' Coach and weepe, my heart will break else,
I'me glad he does not see me.

Exit.

The fourth Act.

Bonvile, Mistresse Fairefield.

Is. Whither will you walke my Lord? you may engage
Your selfe too farre and lose your sport.

Lo. I would
Goe farther for a little sport, you meane

The horse race, they're not come into the Park yet,
I might doe something else, and returne time

Enough to winne five hundred peeces,
Is. Your Lordship had no fortune in the last match,

I wish'd your confidence a happier successe.
Lo. We must loose sometimes — harke the Nightingale!

Is. You win my Lord I dare engage my selfe.
Lo. You make the *Amor* fortunate, this bird

Doth propesse good lucke.
Is. 'Tis the first time I heard it.

Lo. And I this spring, lets walke a little further.
Is. I am not weary but —

Lo. You may trust your person Lady.
Is. I were too much wicked to suspect your honour

And in this place.
Lo. This place, the place were good enough

If you were bad enough, and as prepar'd
As I, there have beene stories that some have

Strucke many deere within the Parke:
Is. Foule play,

If I did thinke your honour had a thought
To Venture at unlawfull game, I should

Ha brought lesse confidence. *Enter Tryer.*
Lo. Ha Tryer,

What does he follow us?
Is. To shew I dare

Be bold upon your vertue, take no notice

Hide Parke.

He wait him backe agen, my Lord walke forward. *Exit.*

Fr. Thus farre alone? yet why doe I suspect?
Hang jealousie tis naught, it breeds too many
Wormes in our braines, and yet she might ha suffered me,

Enter Lacy and Mistrisse Bonavent.

Master Lacy, and his bride!

Bo. I was wont to have one alwayes in my chamber.

La. Thou sha't have a whole quire of Nightingales.

Bo. I heard it yesterday warble so prettily.

La. They say tis luckie, when it is the first

Bird that salutes our eare.

Bo. Doe you beleeve it?

Tr. I am of his minde, and love a happy Augury!

La. Observe the first note alwayes

Cuckoo?

Is this the Nightingale?

Bo. Why doe you looke so?

La. Are not we married?

I wood not have beene a bachelour to have heard it!

Bo. To them they say tis farall.

Tr. And to married men

Cuckoo is no delightfull note, I shall

Be superstitious.

Bo. Lets walke a little further.

La. I waite upon thee, harke still ha ha ha! *Exit.*

Tr. I am not much in love with the broad ditty!

Enter Fairfield.

Fa. Frank Tryer, I ha beene seeking thee

About the Parke.

Tr. What to doe,

Fa. To be merry for halfe an hour, I finde

A scurvie Melancholy Creepe upon me,

He trye what sacke will doe, I ha sent my footman

Toth' Maurice for a bottle, we shall meete him,

He tell thee to'ther story of my Lady.

Tr. He waite on you.

Fa. But that she is my sister,

I de ha thee forsware women, but lets walke.

Hide Parke.

Enter Bonavent.

M. B. This way they marched, I hope they wonot leape

The pale, I do not know the disposition

Of my capring gentleman, and therefore two not

Be indiscretion to observe him, things

Must be a little better reconcil'd,

The Nightingale—this can preface no hurt,

But I shall lose my Pigeons, they are in view

Faire and faire off. *Exit.*

Enter Venture, and Rider.

Ven. He must be a Pegasus that beates me!

Ri. Yet your confidence may deceive you, you will ride

Against a Iockey, that has horse-manshippe.

Ven. A Iockey, a Iackanapes a horse-backe rather,

A Monkey or a Mastie dogge would shew

A Giant to him, and i were Alexander

I would lay the world upon my Mare, she shall

Run with the devill for a hundred peeces,

Make the match who will.

Ri. Not I, you shall excuse me,

Nor would I win his money.

Ven. Whose? *(pocket,*

Ri. The devils, my gold has burnt this 12. moneths in my

A little of his amongst, would scorch my thighes

And make such tinder of my linings, that

My breeches never after, would hold money,

But let these passe, wheres Lacy and his Bride?

Ven. They are walkt to heare the Nightingale!

Ri. The Nightingale? I ha not heard one this yeare!

Ven. Listen, and we shall heare one presently,

Cuckoo.

Ven. The bird speaks to you.

Ri. No tis to you.

Ven. Now do I suspect

I shall lose the race.

Ri. Despaire for a Cuckoo!

Ven. A Cuckoo wo't flatter,

His word will goe before a gentlemans

Hide Parke.

It's City? tis an understanding bird
 And seldome failes, a Cuckoo, He hedge in
 My money presently.
Ri. For shame be confident.
Ven. Will you goe halfe.
Ri. He goe it all, or any thing.
Ven. Hang Cuckoo's then.
 My Lord, *Bonvile, Lacy,* and his bride!
Enter Lo, Bon. Lacy, Mistris Fairefeild, Mistris Bone.
Lo. How now gentlemen?
Ven. Your honours servants.
Ri. Ladies, I kisse your hands.
Lo. You are the man, will run away with all
 The gold anon.
Ven. Your Iockey must fly else.
Ri. He hold your honour thirty peeces more.
Lo. Tis done.
Lu. Do you ride your selfe.
Ven. I shall have the Raines in my owne hand *Lady.*
Bo. Master Rider, saw you not my Conten. *Enter Caroll.*
 Cry mércy she is here, I thought y'ad follow'd us.
Lo. Your kinswoman,
 I shall be honoured to be your servant Lady.
Ca. Alas my Lord youle lose by't l
 What?
Ca. Honour me being my servant I her's a brace
 Of gentlemen will tell you as much.
Ven. But will say nothing for our credits.
Bo. You looke as you had wept.
Ca. I weepe! For what?
 Come toward the Lodge, and drinke a fillabub.
Bo. A match!
La. And as we walke, Iacke Venture thou shalt sing.
 The song thou madst of h horses.
Ven. You shall pardon me.
Ri. What among friends? my Lord if you'd speake to him.
Lo. A song by all meanes, prethee, let me
 Intreate it, what's the subject.

Hide Parke.

La. Of all the running hordes.
Ven. Horses and Mares put them together.
Lo. Lets ha't, come I heard you can sing rarely?
Ri. An excellent voyce.
La. A Ravishing tone.
Ven. Tis a very ballad my Lord, and a course tunc.
Lo. The better, why does any tunc become
 A gentleman so well as a ballad, hang
 Curiosity in musicke, leave those crotchets
 To men that get their living with a song,
 Come come beginne.

The Song.

Come Muses all that dwell nigh the fountaine,
 Made by the winged horses heele,
 Which fir'd with his rider over each Mountaine,
 Let me your galloping raptures feele.
 I doe not sing of fleas, or frogges,
 Nor of the well mouth'd hunting dogges.
 Let me be just all praises must,
 Be given to well breath'd lilian Thrust.
 2.
 Young Constable and kill deeres famous,
 The Cat the Mouse and Noddy Gray,
 With nimble Pegabrig you cannot shame us,
 With Spaniard nor with Spinola.
 Hill climbing white-rose, praise doth not lacke,
 Hansome Dunbar, and yellow Iack,
 But if I be just all praises must,
 Be given to well breath'd lilian Thrust.
 3.
 Sure Spurr'd sloven, true running Robin,
 Of young shaver I doe not say lesse,
 Strawberry Soame, and let Spider pop in,
 Fine Brackly and brave lurching Besse.
 Victorious too, was herring shotten,
 And spit in's arse is not forgotten.

Hide Parke.

But if I be just all honour must
Be given to well breath'd Iilian Thruff.

Lusty Gorge and gentlemen, harke yet,
To wining Mackarell fine mouth'd Freake,
Bay Tarrall that won the cup at Newmarket,
Thoundring tempest, black dragon eake.

Pretious sweetelippes, I doe not lose,
Nor Toby with his golden shoes,
But if I be just, all honour must,
Be given to well breath'd Iilian Thruff.

Lo. Excellent, how thinke you Lady?

Lu. I like it very well.

Ca. I never thought you were a Poet fir.

Ven. No no, I doe but dabble.

Ca. You can sing early too, how were these parts
Observ'd, invisible?

Ven. You may see Lady.

Lu. Good fir your pardon.

Ven. Doe you love singing, hum, la la.

Ca. Who would ha thought these qualities were in you,

Ven. Now or never.

Ca. Why I was cosend.

Ven. You are not the first I ha cosend, shall I wash

Your faces with the drops of Helicon, I ha fancies in my head.

Ca. Like Iupiter you want a Vulcan but

To cleave your skull, and out peepes bright Minerva.

Lu. When you returne He tell you more my Lord.

Ven. Give me a subject.

Bo. Prethee Cose doe.

Ca. Let it be how much you dare suffer for me.

Ven. Enough — hum, fa, la la.

Pa. Master Venter y^e are expected.

Lo. Are they come?

Pa. This halfe houre my Lord.

Lo. I must see the Mare, you will excuse this rudenesse,
Sirra stay you and waite upon these Ladies.

Enter Page.

Exeunt

Hide Parke.

Ven. Tis time to make me ready,

Ladies I take this leave in prose.

You shall see me next in other feete.

Ri. I wish your sillabub were nectar Lady.

Bo. We thanke you fir, and here it comes already.

Lu. So so, is it good milke?

Bo. Of a Red Cow.

Ca. You talke as you inclin'd to a consumption,

Is the wine good?

Milk, It comes from his excellence head.

Ca. My service to you Lady, and to him

Your thoughts préferre.

Bo. A health!

Ca. No deepe one? tis lawfull for gentlewomen

To wish well to their friends.

Lu. You have oblig'd me — the wishes of all happinesse

To him you heart hath choien.

Bo. Duty now

Requires I should be willing to receive it

As many joyes to you both, when you are married.

Ca. Married?

Lu. You have not vow'd to dye a virgin,

I know an humble servant of yours Lady?

Ca. Mine!

Lu. Would be sorry you should be a Nunne.

Ca. Dee thinke he loves me then?

Lu. I doe not thinke

He can dissemble where he does professe

Affection: I know his heart by mine;

Fairefield is my brother!

Ca. Your Brother? then the danger's not so great, but

Let us change our argument: with your pardon,

Come hither pretty one; how old are you?

Pa. I am young Lady, I hope you doe not take me for a

Dwarfe.

Bo. How yong I pray then?

Pa. Foure summers since my life was question'd,

And then a Jewry of yeares did passe upon me.

Hide Parke.

Ca. He is upon the matter then, fitteene.
 Pa. A game at Noddy.
 Ca. You can play your Cards already it seeme, come drinke
 A this fillabub!
 Pa. I shall spoyle your game Ladies, for if there be sack
 In't it may make you flush a three.
 Ju. The boy would seeme witty.
 Pa. I hope Ladies you will pardon me, my Lord
 Commanded me to waite upon you, and
 I can doe you no better service, than
 To make you laugh.
 Enter Fairefield and Tryer.
 Fa. They'r here, blesse you!
 Bo. Master Fairefield you are welcome.
 Fa. I presume so, but howsoever it skills not.
 Tr. I doe not come to borrow money.
 Ca. And yet all they that doe so are no fooles,
 Money or Lands make not a man the wifer,
 I know handsome gentlemen ha paun'd
 Their cloathes.
 Tr. He paine my skinn too with a woman.
 Ca. Wipe your mouth, here's to you fir!
 Tr. He pledge ye quicksilver, where's your Lord?
 Pa. He has left Virgo fir, to goe to Libra,
 To see the horsemen weighed.
 Tr. Lady my service!
 Ju. Brother, you interpose too farrē, my Lord
 Has us'd me honourably, and I must tell you
 Some body has made a fault.
 Bo. Master Fairefield!
 Fa. I kille your hand.
 Tr. My Lord and you have walk'd.
 Ju. Yes fir.
 Fa. My sifter shall excuse, here's to thee and thy creame boule.
 Mil. I thanke your worship.
 Fa. There is more honesty in thy petticoatē
 Than twenty fatten ones.
 Bo. Doe you know that?

Hide Parke.

Fa. I know by her pale, and she were otherwise
 T'would turne her milke, come hither let me kisse thee,
 Now I am confirm'd, he that shall marry thee
 Shall take thee a Virgin at my perill.
 Bo. Ha you such skill in Maidenheads.
 Fa. He know't by a kisse,
 Better then any Doctor by her urine,
 Be merry with thy Cow, farewell! comē Franke,
 That wit and good cloathes should infect a woman.
 Ju. He tell you more hereafter, pray lets heare
 Who winnes.
 Tr. Your servant Ladies.
 Enter Iockey and Gent.
 1 What dost thinke Iockey.
 2 The crack oth' field against you.
 Io. Let em crack Nuts.
 1 What weight.
 2 I thinke he has the heeles.
 3 Get but the start.
 Io. How ever if I get within his quarters let me alone.
 3 Mounts Chevall.
 Confused noyse of betting within, after that a souse.
 Ca. They are started.
 Enter Bonville, Rider, Bona, Try, Fairef.
 Ri. Twenty pounds to fiftene.
 Lo. Tis done we'e.
 Fa. Forty pounds to thirty.
 Lo. Done, done, He take all oddes.
 Tr. My Lord I hold as much.
 Lo. Not so.
 Tr. Forty pounds to twenty.
 Lo. Done, done.
 M. B. You ha lost all my Lord, and it were a Million.
 Lo. In your imagination, who can helpe it?
 La. Venture had the start and keeps it.
 Lo. Gentlemen you have a fine time to triumph,
 Tis not your oddes that makes you win.
 Within, venture, venture. Exennt. Men.

Hide Parke.

Iu. Shall we venture nothing oth' horses,
 What oddes against my Lord?
Ca. Silke flookings.
Iu. To a paire of persua'd gloves I take it.
Ca. Done!
Bo. And I as much.
Iu. Done with you both?
Ca. Ile have em' Spanish sent.
Iu. The stockings shalbe Scarlet, if you choose
 Your sent, Ile choose my colour.
Ca. Tis done, if *Venture*
 Knew but my lay it would halfe breake his necke now,
 And crying a *Iockey* hay.
Iu. Is the wind in that coast, harke the noyse,
 Is *Iockey* now?
Ca. Tis but a paire of gloves.
Within a Iockey. *Iu.* Still it holds.
 How ha you iped my Lord?
Lo. Won, won, I knew by instinct,
 The mare would put some tricke upon him.
Zo. Then we ha lost, but good my Lord the circumstance.
Lo. Great *Iohn* at all adventure and grave *Iockey*
 Mounted their severall Mares, I shan ot tell
 The story out for laughing, ha, ha, ha,
 But this in brieve *Iockey* was lost behind,
 The pitty and the scorne of all the oddes,
 Plaid bout my eares like Cannon, but lesse dangerous.
 I tooke all still, the acclamations was
 For *Venture*, whose disdainefull Mare threw dirt
 In my old *Iockeys* face, all hopes forsaking us,
 Two hundred peeces desperate, and two thousand
 Oathes sent after them, upon the suddaine,
 When we expected no such tricke, we saw
 My rider that was domineering ripe,
 Vault ore his Mare into a tender slough,
 Where he was much beholding to one shoulder,
 For saving of his necke, his beast recovered,
 And he by this time somewhat mortified,

Hide Parke.

Besides mortified, hath left the triumph
 To his Olympick Adversary, who shall
 Ride hither in full pompe on his *Bucephalus*
 With his victorious bagpipe.
Ca. I would faine see how *Venture* lookes.
Bo. Hee's here, ha, ha. *Enter Venture, and Rider.*
Ven. I told you as much before, you would not
 Beleeve the Cuckoo.
Ca. Why, how now fir!
Ven. And I had broke my necke in a cleane way,
 Twou'd nere ha griev'd me, Lady I am yours,
 Thus *Cesar* fell.
Lo. Not in a slough deere *Iacke*.
Ven. You shall heare further from me.
Ri. Come to Knightsbridge.
Ven. That Cuckoo was a witch Ile take my death on't. *Ex.*
Lo. Here comes the Conquerer *in triumph.*
A Bagpipe playing and Iockey,
Bonavent. Tryer, and Fairefeild.
 Lo from the Conquest of *Ierusalem*
 Returnes *Vespasian*, &c. ha, ha, mer mercy *Iockey*.
Io. I told you if came within his quarters,
Omnes. A *Iockey*, a *Iockey*.
Execunt all by Lacy, his Bride, Mistris
Caroll, Enter Bonavent. and the bagpipen.
M. B. This shall be but your earnest, follow me
 At pretty distance, and when I say draw,
 Play me a galliard, by your favour fir,
 Shall I speake a coole word with yee.
La. With all my heart.
M. B. You do owe me a dance if you remember,
 And I will have it now, no dispute, draw I
 That wonot serve your turne, come shake your heeles,
 You heare a tune, I will not change my toole
 For a case of Rapiers, keepe off at your perils
 I ha sworne.
Bo. For heavens sake some to part em.
La. Doft heare.

Hide Parke.

M. B. And you may heare the bagpipe is not dumbe,
Will you to this geere, or doe you meane to try
How this will scoure you, come, come, Ile have it.

La. Hold, I will!

He dances, meane time comes in my Lord and Tryer.

M. B. So, now we are on even tearmes, and if
You like it not, Ile use my tother instrument.

La. Th'art a brave fellow, come your wayes.

Lo. Hold! you shannot fight, ile understand
Your quarrell.

La. Good my Lord lets have one passe.

Bo. Your weapons shall runne through me,
And I must tell you sir, have beene injurious.

M. B. Good Lady why? in doing my selfe right.

Bo. In wronging me.

M. B. I am not sensible of that.

Bo. Could any shame be fastned upon him
Wherein I have no share.

M. B. I was provokt

By him if you remember, and was not
Borne so unequal to him I should suffer
His poore affront.

Bo. This was a day of peace,
The day wherein the holy priest hath tyed
Our hearts together, *Hymen's* Tapers yet
Are burning, and it cannot be a sinne
Lesse than a sacrilege, to extinguish them
With blood, and in contempt of heavens proceeding
Thus to conspire our separation
No Christian would prophane the marriage day,
And when all other wish us joyes, could you
Intrude your selfe to poyson all our mirth,
Blast in the very bud all our happinesse
Our hopes had layd up for us.

M. B. I was a stranger,

Bo. That makes ye more uncivill, we were merry
Which could not offend you.

M. B. I had no thought

Hide Parke.

To violatē your mirth.

Bo. What came you for?

With whom had ye acquaintancē, or what favour
Gave you accessē, at so unfit a time
To interrupt our calme and free delights;
You cannot plead any abuse, where you
Were never knowne, that should incite you to
Revenge it there, I take it you were never
His Rivall.

M. B. Tis confest!

Bo. What malice then

Prevail'd above your reason to pursuē us
With this injustice?

M. B. Lady, give me leave!

I were a villaine to be guilty of
The basenesse you accuse me? your servant
Shall quit me from intrusion, and my soule
Is my best witnesse, that I brought no malice
But unstay'nd thoughts into your rooffe, but when
I was made the common laughter, I had bin
Lesse than a man, to thinke of no returne
And had he beene the onely of my blood,
I would not be so much the shame of soldier
To have beene tam'd and suffered, and you are
Too hasty in your judgement, I could say
More, but tis dishonour to expostulate
These causes with a woman, I had reason
To call him to account, you know not all
My provocation, things are not with me as with another man?

Bo. How is that? the matter

May spread too farre, some former quarrell, tis
My best to reconcile em, sir I may
Be ignorant if any thing have past
Before this morning, I pray pardon me
But as you are a gentleman, let me
Prevaile, your differences may here conclude;
Las I am part of him now, and betweene
A Widdow and his wife, if I be thus

Hide Parke.

Divorc'd.

M. B. Ile be his servant.
Bo. Sir you shew
 A noble disposition, good my Lord
 Compose their differences, prethee meete his friendship.
M. B. I have satisfaction, and desire his love.
La. Th'ast done but like a gentleman, thy hand
 Ile love thee while I live.
Lo. Why so all friends.
M. B. I meete it with a heart, and for disturbing
 Your mirth to day.
La. No, no disturbance.
M. B. Then give me but the favour
 To shew I wish no sorrow to the bride,
 I have a small oblation, which she must
 Accept, or I shall doubt we are not friends,
 Tis all I have to offer at your Wedding.
Bo. Ha.
M. B. There's my hand to iustifie it at fit time,
 Peruse it, my Lord I shall be studious
 How to deserve your favour.
Lo. I am yours.
La. My Lord let me obtaine, youle honour me
 To night. *Mrs. Bon. Reads.*
 I was taken by a *Turkish* Pirate, and detain'd many yeares
 A prisoner in an Island, where I had dyed his Captive,
 Had not a worthy Merchant thence redeemed & furnished me,
 Blessed delivery. *Enter one with another Letter.*
Ca. To me? from *Venture* he is very mindfull, good,
 I shall make use of this.
Bo. Till then conceale me.
Ca. Excellent stuffe, but I must have another
 Name subscrib'd.
Lo. Will you walke Ladies.
Ca. Your servants waite upon you.
Ke. We humbly thanke your honour.
 2. A brave sparke.
 1. Sparke, he's the very Bonfire of Nobility.

Hide Parke.

The fift Act.

Enter Lacy, Mistresse Bonavent, Bonvile, Mistresse
 Fairefield, Mistresse Caroll, Tryer.

La. My Lord you honour us.
Bo. And what we want
 In honourable entertainement, we beseech
 Our duties may supply in your construction.
Lor. What needes this ceremonie.
La. Thou art welcome too *Franke Tryer.*
Tr. I give you thankes, and wish you still more joy fir.
Bo. Weele shew your Lordship a poore Gallery.
La. But where's my new acquaintance?
Bo. His Nagge outstript the Coaches,
 Hee'll be your guest anon, feare not! *Exit.*
Ca. While thy complement with my Lord, let you and I
 Change a few words.
Iu. As many as you please.
Ca. Then to the purpose
 Touching your brother, Lady,
 Twere tedious to repeate, he has beene pleas'd
 To thinke well of me, and to trouble you
 With the discourse how I have answered it
 Twere vaine, but thus how ere he seeme to carry it
 While you were present, I doe finde him desperate.
Iu. How!
Ca. Nay I speake no conjecture, I have more
 Intelligence than you imagine, you are his sister,
 And nature binds you to affect his safety,
 By some convenient Messenger send for him;
 But as you love his life doe not delay it;
 Alas I shall be sorry, any gentleman
 Should for my sake take any desperate course;
Iu. But are you serious?
Ca. Perhaps good counsell
 Applied while his despaire is greene may cure him,
 If not?

Hide Parke.

Iu. You make me wonder.

Ca. I know the inconsiderate will blame
Me for his death, I shall be rail'd upon
And have a thousand cruelties throwne on me,
But would you have me promise love and flatter him?
I would doe much to save his life, I could
Shew you a paper, that would make you bleed
To see his resolution, and what
Strange and unimitable wayes he has
Vow'd to pursue, I tremble to thinke on em.
There's not a punishment in fiction
And Poets write enough of hell, if you
Have read their story, but heele try the worst,
Were it not that I feare him every minute,
And that all halte were requisite to save him,
You should peruse his letter.

Iu. Letter? since we saw him.

Ca. Since, I must confesse, I wondred,
But you in this shall see I have no malice,
I pray send for him, as I am a gentlewoman
I have pure intention to preserve his life,
And cause I see the truth of his affliction,
Which may be yours or mine, or any bodies
Whose passions are neglected, I will try
My best skill to reduce him, here's *M. Tryer*!

Enter Tryer.

He now depends upon your charity,
Send for him by the love you beare a brother.

Tr. Will you not Chide my want of Manners gentlewomen
To interrupt your dialogue.

Iu. We ha done sir.

Ca. I shall be still your servant.

Iu. Here's a riddle; but I will doo't,
Shall I presume upon you for a favour.

Enter Lord.

Tr. You shall impose on me a greater trouble
My Lord, your care.

Lo. We misse you above Lady.

Hide Parke.

Iu. My Lord I waite upon you, I beseech
Your pardon but a minute — will you doe this,
It is an office he may thanke you for,
Beside my acknowledgement.

Tr. Yes Ile goe
And yet I doe not like to be sent off,
This is the second time.

Iu. Now I am for your Lordship,
What's your pleasure.

Lo. I would be your Echo Lady, and returne
Your last word — pleasure.

Iu. May you never want it.

Lo. This wonot serve my turne.

Iu. What my Lord?

Lo. This is the charity of some rich men,
That passing by some monument that stoopes
With age, whose ruines pleade for a repaire
Pitty the fall of such a goodly pile,
But will not spare from their superfluous wealth
To be the benefactor.

Ca. I acknowledge
That empty wishes are their shame, that have
Ability to doe a Noble worke,
And flye the Action.

Lo. Come! you may apply it,
I would not have you a gentlewoman of your word
Alone, they're deedes that crowne all, what you wish me
Is in your owne ability to give;

You understand me; will you at length consent
To multiply, weele point a place and time,
And all the world shall envie us.

Iu. My Lord!

Lo. Lord me no lords, shall we enjoy lippes upon's,
Why doe you looke as you still wondred at me,
Doe I not make a reasonable motion,
Ist onely in my selfe, shannot you share
The delight, or doe I appeare a Monster
Above all mankind; you shunne my embrace thus

Hide Parke.

There be some Ladies in the world ha drawne
Cuts for me, I ha beene talked on and commended,
How ere you please to value me.

In. Did they see you thus perfectly.

Lo. Not alwayes, 'twas

Sometimes a litle darker when they prais'd me,
I have the same activitie.

In. You are

Something, I would not name my Lord.

Lo. And yet you doe, you call me Lord, that's something
And you consider, all men are not borne to't.

In. T' were better not to have beene borne to honours,

Than forfeit em so poorely, he is truly

Noble, and best justifies his blood

When he can number the descents of vertue.

Lo. You'le not degrade me.

In. Tis not in my power

Or will my Lord, and yet you presse me strangely

As y' are a person, separate and distinct

By your high blood, above me and my fortunes

Thus low I bend, you have no noble title

Which I not bow to, they are Characters

Which we should read at distance, and there is

Not one that shall with more devotion

And honour of your birth, expresse her service,

It is my duty, where the king has seal'd

His favours, I should shew humility

My best obedience to his act.

Lo. So should

All handsome women that will be good subjects.

In. But if to all those honourable names,

That mark'd you for the peoples reverence,

In such a vitious age, you dare rise up

Example too of goodnesse, they which reach

Their knees a Complement, will give their heart,

And I among the number of the humblest

Most proud to serve your Lordship, and would refuse

No office or command, that should engage me

Hide Parke.

To any noble tryall, this addition

Of vertue is above all shine of State,

And will draw more admirers; but I must

Be bold to tell you fir, unlesse you prove

A friend to vertue were your honour centupled,

Could you pile titles till you reach the Clouds,

Were every petty Mannor you possesse

A Kingdome, and the bloud of many Princes

United in your veynes, with these had you

A person that had more attraction

Then Poefie can furnish, love withall,

Yet I, in such infinite distance am

As much above you in my innocence.

Lo. This becomes not.

In. Tis the first libertie

I ever tooke to speake my selfe, I have

Bin bold in the comparison, but find not

Wherein I have wrong'd vertue, pleading for it.

Lo. How long will you continue thus?

In. I wish

To have my last houre witnesse of these thoughts,

And I will hope before that time, to heare

Your Lordship of another minde.

Lo. I know not,

Tis time enough to thinke o' that hereafter.

He bee a convertite within these two daies,

Vpon condition you and I may have

One bout to night, no body heares.

In. Alas you plunge too farre, and are within this minute,

Further from heaven then ever.

Lo. I may live

To requite the curtesie.

In. Live my Lord to be

Your Countries honour and support, and thinke not

Of these poore dreames.

Lo. I find not desire to sleepe, and I were a bed wee,

In. Tis not improbable my Lord but you

May live to be an old man, and fill up

Hide Parke.

A seate among the grave Nobility,
When your colde blood shall starve your wanton thoughts,
And your slow pulse beate like your bodies knell,
When time hath snov'd upon your haire, oh then
Will it be any comfort to remember
The sinnes of your wild youth, how many wives,
Or virgins, y'ave dishonour'd? in their number,
Would any memory of me (should I
Be sinfull to consent) not fetch a teare,
From you perhaps a sigh to breake your heart,
Will you not wish then you had never mixt
With Atheists, and those men whose wits are vented
In oathes and blasphemy, now the pride of Gentlemen,
That strike at heaven, and make againe of thunder.

Lo. If this be true? what a wretched thing should I
Appere now, if I were any thing but a Lord,
I do not like my selfe, give me thy hand
Since there is no remedy, be honest! theres no harme
Pthis I hope, I wonot tell thee all
My minde at once, If I doe turne Carthusian,
And renounce flesh upon this, the devill is like
Toha the worst ont--but I am expected. *Exit.*

In. My Lord ile follow yee.
Enter Fairefeild, and Tryer.

Brother welcome?
Sir we are both obligd to you
A Friend of yours desires some privare conference.

Fa. With me?
In. He does not looke so desperate; how dee brother?

Fa. Well-- dost not see me?
He come to thee presently. *Exit.* *Enter againe*

Fa. What's the meaning?
Tr. Nay I know not, She is full of mysteries a late;

Shees here agen, there is some tricke in't,
In. Brother I sent for you, and I thinke twas time,

Pray harken to this gentlewoman, she will
Give you good counsell, you and I withdraw fir? *Exeunt.*

Tr. Whither you please. *In.* and *Try.*

Hide Parke.

Ca. Y'are a strangē gentleman,
Alas, what doe you meane? is it because
I have dealt justly with you, without flattery
Tould you my heart, youle take these wicked courtes?
But I am loath to chide, yet I must tell you
Y'are too, too blame, alas you know affection
Is not to be compeld, I have bin as kinde
To you as other men, nay I still thought
A little better of you, and will you
Give such example to the rest,
Because forsooth, I doe not love you,
Will you be desperate?

Fa. I will be desperate!
Ca. I were a fine credit for you, but perhappes

Youle go to hell to be reveng'd o me,
And teach the other gentlemen to follow yee,
That men may say 'twas long of me and raile at
My unkindnesse, is this all your Christianity?
Or could you not prosecute your impius purpose,
But you must send me word on't, and perplex
My conscience with your devilish devises
Is this a letter to be sent a Mistris?

Fa. I send a letter?
Ca. You were best deny your hand.

Fa. My names subscrib'd, who has done this? *Reades*
Rivers of hell I come, Charon thy Oare
Is needlesse, I will swim unto the shoare,
And beg of Pluto, and of Proserpine,
That all the damned torments may be mine,
With Tantalus Ile stand up to the chin
In waves, upon Ixions wheele Ile spin
The sisters thread, quaille Cerberus with my groanē,
And take no Phisicke, for the rowling stone
Ile hang my selfe, a hundred times a day.

Ca. There be short daies in hell.
Fa. And burne my selfe as often if you say
The word.
Ca. Alas not I.

Hide Parke.

Fa. And if I ever chance to come
Within the Confinnes of *Elizium*,
The amazed Ghosts shall bee agast to see,
How I will hang my selfe on every tree,
Heres a strange resolution.

Ca. Is it not? *Yours till his necke be
broke, Fairefeild.*

Whicher is fled your piety I but fir
I have no meaning to exasperate
Thoughts that oppose your safety, and to shew
I have compassion, and delight in no
Mans ruine, I will frame my selfe to love you.

Fa. Will you? why thanke you I

Ca. Heres my hand I will;
Be comforted, I have a stronger faith.

Fa. I see then you haue charity for an need.

Ca. Ile lose my humour to preserve a life,
You might ha met with some hard hearted Mistresse,
That would a suffred you to hang or drowne
Your selfe.

Fa. I might indeed.

Ca. And carried newes
To the distressed Ghosts, but I am mercifull,
But doe not you mistake me, for I do not
This out of any extraordinary

Former good will, only to save your life.

There be so many beames convenient,
And you may slip out of the world before
We are aware, beside you dwell to nere
The River, if you should be melancholy

After some tides, you would come in, and be

More talkt off then the Pilchards, but I ha done:

You sha' not go to hell for me, I now

Am very serious, and if you please

To thinke well of me instantly weele marry,

Ile see how I can love you afterward,

Shal's to the Priest?

Fa. By your good favour, no.
I am in no such tune.

Hide Parke.

Ca. You doe suspect
I icere still? by my troth I am in earnest,

Fa. To save my life you are content to marry me,

Yes

Ca. To save thy life, I will not be troubled with thee

How?

Fa. No Madam jeere all, I am now resolv'd,

Talke, and talke out thy heart, I wo' not lose

My selfe a scruple, ha you no more letters,

They're pretty mirth, wou'd I knew who subscrib'd

My name. I am so farre from hanging of my selfe;

That I will live yet to be thy tormenter, will you weare I

Vertue I thanke thee for't, and for the more

Security, Ile never dore againe;

Nor marry, nor endure the imaginations

Of your fraile sex; this very night I will out

Be fitted for you all, Ile geld my selfe,

'Tis something lesse then hanging; and when I shal I

Have carv'd away all my concupiscence,

Observe but how Ile triumph, nay Ile doo't,

And there were no more men in the world.

Ca. Sir, sir, as you love goodnes

Ile tell you all, first heare me, and then execute,

You wonot be so foolish, I doe love you.

Fa. I hope so, that I may revenge thy peccavines,

Ca. My heart is full, and modesty forbids

I should use many words, I see my folly,

You may be just, and use me with like cruelty,

But if you doe I can instruct my selfe,

And be as miserable indeed as I,

Made you in supposition, my thoughts

Point upon no sensuality, remit

What's past, and I will meete your best affection,

I know you love me still, do not refuse me

If I goe once more backe, you nere recover me.

Fa. I am as ticklish.

Ca. Then lets clapt up wisely,

While we are both i'th humor, I do finde

Hide Parke.

A grudging, and your last words sticke in my stomacke;
Say ist a Match? speake quickly, or for ever
Hereafter hold your peace.

Fa. Done!

Ca. Why done!

Fa. Seale and deliver.

Ca. My hand and heart, this shall suffice till morning.

Fa. Each others now by conquest, come lets to e'm

If you should false now.

Ca. Hold me not worth the hanging. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mis Fairefield, Tryer, Bonvile.

Lo. I knew not, she was thy Mistresse, which encouraged
All my discourfes.

Tr. My Lord y'ave richly satisfied me, and
Now I dare write my selfe, the happiest lover

In all the world, know Lady I ha tried you.

In. You have it seemes.

Tr. And I have found thee right

And perfect gold, nor will I change thee for
A Crowne imperiall.

In. And I have tryed you,
And found you droffe, nor doe I love my heart

So ill, to change it with you.

Tr. How's this?

In. Vnworthily you have suspected me,
And cherish'd that bad humor, for which know

You never must have hope to gaine my love,
He that shall doubt my vertue, out of fancy,

Merits my iust suspicion and disdain.

Lo. Oh sic Franke, practise jealousie so soone,
Distrust the truth of her thou lov'st, suspect

Thy owne heart sooner, what I have sayd I have
my pardon for, thou wert a wife for him

Whose thoughts were nere corrupted.

Tr. I was but a tryall and may plead for pardon.

In. I pray denie me not that liberty,
I will have prooffe too, of the man I choofe
My husband, beleeve me, if men be

Hide Parke.

At such a losse of goodnesse I will value
My selfe, and thinke no honour equall to
Remaine a Virgine.

Tr. I have made a trespasse

Which if I cannot expiate, yet let me
Dwell in your Charity.

In. You shall not doubt that.

Enter Fairefield, Mistresse Caroll, Lacy, Mistresse Bon.

Pray my Lord know him for your servant.

Fa. I am much honour'd.

Lo. You cannot but deserve more by the title of her brother.

La. An other couple.

Bo. Master Fairefield and my Cosen are contracted.

Ca. 'Tis time I thinke, sister ile shortly call you.

In. I ever wisht it.

Fa. Franke Tryer is melancholy, how hast thou sped?

Tr. No no I am very merry.

In. Our banes fir are forbidden.

Fa. On what termes?

La. My Lord you meet but a course entertainment,
How chance the musicke speakes not, shall us dance?

Enter Venture and Rider.

Ven. Rivers of hell I come!

Ri. Charon thy Oare is needeleffe, save you gallants!

Ven. I will swimme unto thy shoare, art not thou Hero?

Ca. But you are not *Leander* if you be not drown'd,

In the Hellepont. *(day*

Ven. I told thee I would drowne my selfe a hundred times a

Ca. Your letter did.

Ven. A ha?

Ca. It was a devillish good one.

Ven. Then I am come

To tickle the confines of *Elizium*,
My Lord I invite you to my wedding,

And all this good companie.

Lo. I am glad your shoulder is recovered,

When is the day?

Ven. Do thou set the time.

Hide Parke.

Ca. After to morrow, name it, this gentleman
And I shall be married i th morning, and you know
We must have a time to dine, and dance to bed.

Ven. Married?

Fa. Yes you may be a guest fir, and be welcome.

Ven. I am bob'd agen,

Ile bob for no more Eeles, let her take her course.

La. Oh for some Willow garlands. *Recorders.*

Enter Page and Master Bon.

Lo. This is my boy, how now sirra?

Pa. My Lord I am employ'd in a devise,

Roome for the melancholy wight,

Some doe call him willow Knight,

Who this paines bath undertakes,

To finde out lovers are forsaken,

Whose heads, because but little witted,

Shall with Garlands straight be fitted.

Speake who are tost on Cupids Billowes,

And receive the Crowne of willowes,

This way, that way, round about,

Keep your heads from breaking out.

La. This is excellent, nay nay Gentlemen

You must obey the Ceremony.

Ven. He tooke measure of my head.

Re. And mine.

Tr. It must be my fate too. *Ven. Now we both.*

M. Bo. And if you please to try, I doe not thinke

But this would fit you excellently.

La. Mine! What does he meane?

Bo. I prethee Master Lacy try for once,

Nay he, he has some conceipt.

La. For thy sake Ile doe any thing, what now?

M. B. Y'are now a Messe of willow gentlemen,

And now my Lord Ile presume to bid you welcome.

Fa. Is not this the gentleman made you dance?

La. My new acquaintance, where's thy beard?

M. Bo. I left it at the Barbers, it grew rancke,

And he has reap'd it.

Hide Parke.

La. Here, take thy toy agen.

M. B. It shannot neede.

Lo. You tell me wonders Lady, is this gentleman
Your Husband?

La. Ca. How I'er husband my Lord?

M. B. Yes indeede Lady, if you please you may

Call me your kinsman, seaven yeare and misfortune,

I confesse, had much disguis'd me, but I was

And by degrees may prove agen her husband

Bo. After a tedious absence, suppos'd death

Arriv'd to make me happy.

Ven. This is rare!

M. B. My Lord and Gentlemen,

Y'are no lesse welcome than before, M. Lacy droopē not.

La. This turne was above all expectation

And full of wonder, I congratulate

Your mutuall happinesse.

Ven. All of a brotherhood.

La. M. Bonavent, a my Conscience tis he!

Did fortune owe me this?

Ca. A thousand welcomes.

Bo. Equall joyes to thee, and Master Fairefield.

Lo. Nay then you but obey the ceremony.

La. I was not ripe for such a blessing, take her,

And with an honest heart I wish you joyes,

Welcome to life agen, I see a providence

In this, and I obey it.

Ven. In such good company twould never grieve

A man to weare the willow.

M. B. You have but chang'd

Your host, whose heart proclaimes a generall welcome.

Bo. He was discovered to me in the Parke,

Though I conceal'd it.

M. B. Every circumstance

Of my absence, after supper weele discourtse of,

I will not doubt your Lordship meanes to honour us.

Lo. Ile be your guest, and drinke a joviall health

To your new marriage, and the joyes of your

Hilde Parke.

Expected Bride, here after you may doe
As much for me, faire Lady will you write
Me in your thoughts, if I desire to be
A servant to your vertue, will you not
Frowne on me then?

U. Never in Noble waies;
No virgin shall more honour you.

Lo. By thy cure
I am now my selfe, yet dare call nothing mine,
Till I be perfect blest in being thine.

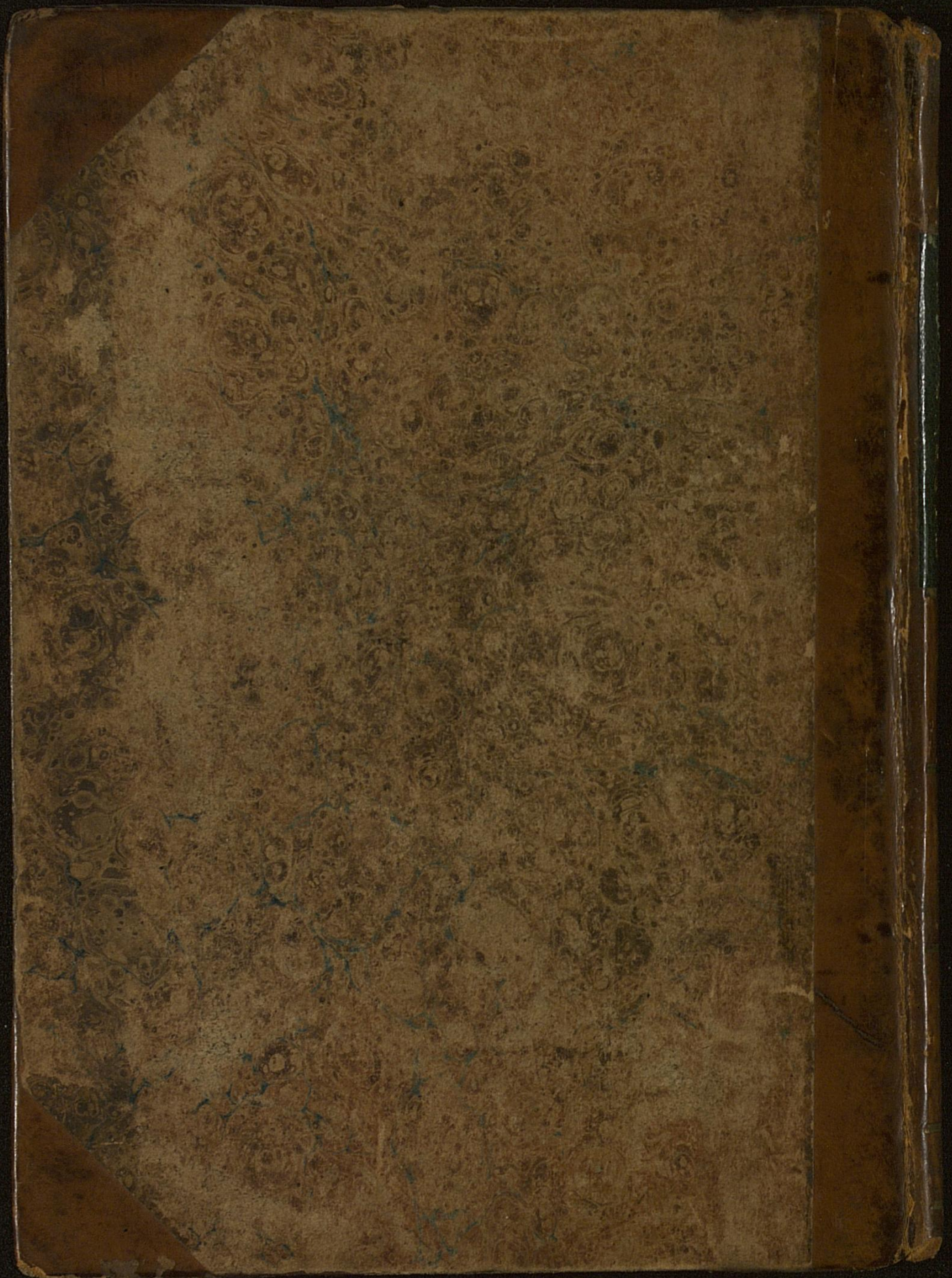
Excim.

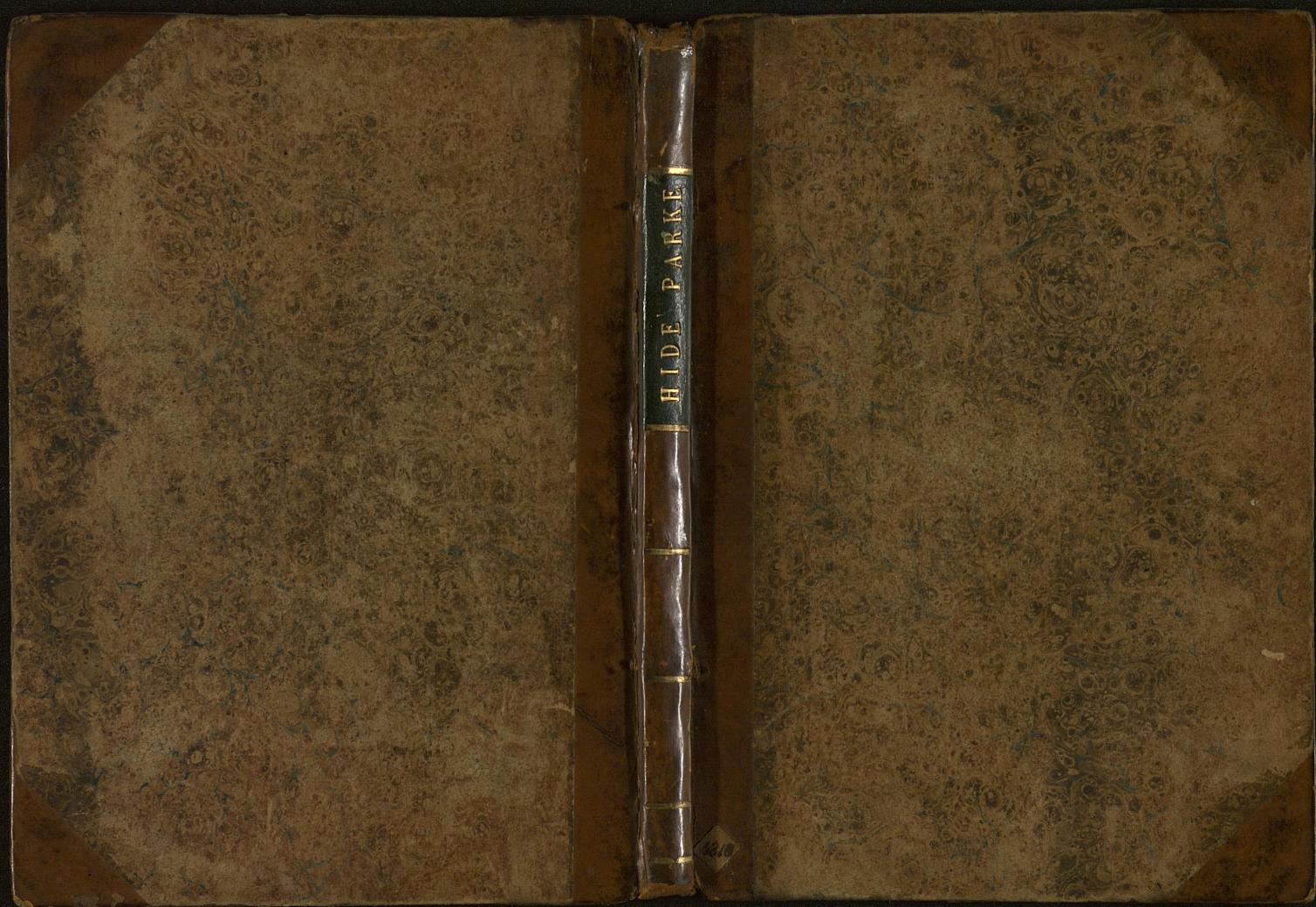
E J N J S

* PR RAR
3144
.H53
1637
348154

10/6

11





HIDE PARKE

210