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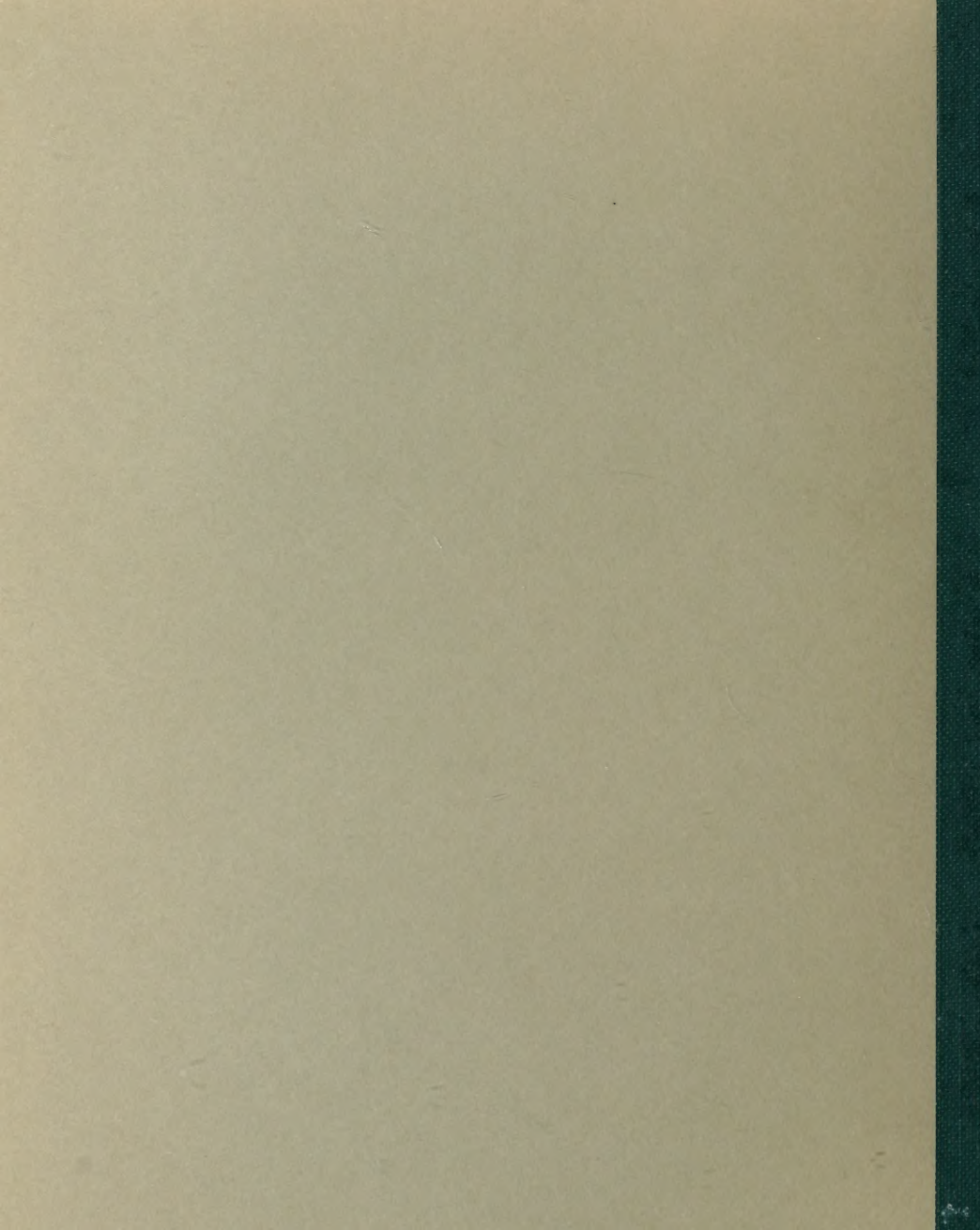
Ford, John  
The fancies

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THE  
FANCIES,  
Chast and Noble:

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PRESENTED BY THE  
QUEENES Maiesties Servants,  
At the PHOENIX in  
*Drury-lane.*

---

FIDE HONOR.

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LONDON,  
Printed by E. P. for Henry Seile, and are to be sold  
at his shop, at the Tygers Head in Fleetstreet,  
over-against Saint Dunstons  
Church. 1638.

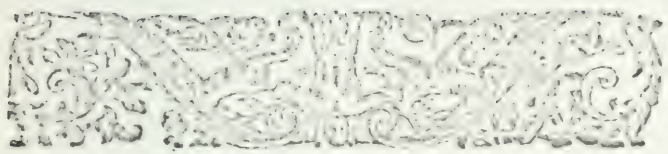
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TO  
THE RIGHT NOBLE  
Lord, the Lord RANDALL  
MACKDONNELL, Earle of  
*Antrim* in the Kingdome of Ireland,  
Lord Viscount *Dunluce*,

My Lord,

**P**RINCES, and worthy personages of your owne eminence, have entertained Poems of this Nature, with a serious welcome. The Desert of their Authours might transcend mine, not their Study of Service. A practice of Courtship to Greatnesse, hath not hitherto, in me, aim'd at any thrift: yet I have ever honored vertue, as the richest ornament to the Noblest Titles. Endeavour of being knowne to your Lordship, by such meanes, I conceive no Ambition; the extent being bounded by Humility

a ty

## The Epistle Dedicator e.

*ty : so neither can the Argument appeare ungracious ; nor the Writer , in that , without allowance. You enjoy ( my Lord ) the generall suffrage , for your freedome of merits : may you likewise please , by this particular presentment , amongst the number of such as I faithfully honor , those merits , to admit into your Noble constraction ,*

JOHN FORD.

To



To Master JOHN FORD, of  
the middle Temple, on his  
Bower of Fancies.

Follow faire Example, not report,  
Like wits of th' *Universitie*, or Court,  
To shew how I can write  
At mine owne charges, for the Times delight;  
But to acquit a debt,  
Due to right Poets, not the counterfeite.

These Fancies chaste and noble, are no strains  
Drop't from the itch of over-heated braines:  
They speake unblushing truth,  
The guard of *Beauty*, and the care of youth;  
Well relish't, might repayre  
An Academy, for the young, and faire.

Such labours (friend) will live; for though some  
*Pretenders* to the Stage, in hast pursue  
Those Laurels which of old  
Enrich't the *Muses*: yet I can be bold,  
To say, Their hopes are flery'd;  
For they but beg, what *Pens* approv'd deserv'd.

EDW. GREENFIELD.



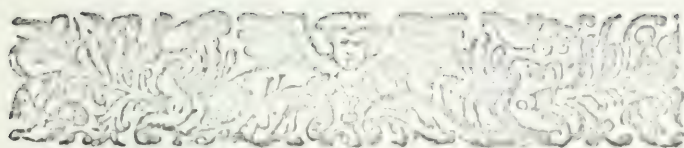
# THE SCENE, SIENA.

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## Prologue.

**T**HE Fancies! that's our Play; in it is shewne  
Nothing, but what our Author knowes his owne  
Without a learned theſt; no ſervant here  
To ſome faire Miſtris, borrowes for his care,  
His locke, his belt, his ſword, the fancied grace  
Of any pretty riſon; nor in place  
Of charitable friendſhip, is brought in  
A thriving Gameſter, that doth chance to win  
A luty ſumme, while the good hand doth ply him,  
And Fancies, this, or that, to him ſits by him.  
His free invention runnes but in conceit  
Of meere imaginations: there's the hight  
Of what he writes, which if traduc'd by ſome,  
'Tis well (he ſayes) he's ſure enough from home.  
For you, for him, for us, then this remaines;  
Fancie, your even opinions, for our paines.

Act.



ACT. I.

*Enter* TROYLO SAVELLI,  
*and* LIVIO.

TROYLO.



Oe, doe, bewilfull, desperate, tis manly,  
Build on your reputation, such a Fortune  
May furnish out your *Tables* in your *liveries*,  
Enrich your heirs, with purchase of a Patrimony  
Which shall hold out beyond the waile of riot,

Sticke Honours on your Heraldry, with titles  
As swelling and as numerous, as may likely  
Grow to a pretty volume, here's eternity,  
All this can reputation, marry can it,  
Indeed what not?

*Livio.* Such language from a Gentleman  
So noble in his quality as you are  
Deserves in my weake Iudgement rather pittie  
Then a contempt.

*Troylo.* Could'st thou consider *Livio*  
The fashion of the times, their study, practice,  
Nay, their ambitions, thou would'st soone distinguish  
Betwixt the abject lownesse of a poverty,  
And the applauded triumph of abundance.

## The FANCIES

Though compass by the meanest service, wherein  
Shall you betray your guilt to common censure,  
Waiving the private charge of your opinion  
By rising up to greatnesse, or at least  
To plenty which now buyes it,

*Livio* *Troylo-Sauelli*,

Playes merrily on my wants,

*Troy.* *Troylo-Sauelli*.

Speakes to the friend he loves, to his owne *Livio*,  
Looke prethee through the great Dukes Court in *Florence*,  
Number his favorites, and then examine  
By what steps some chiefe Officers in state  
Have reach't the height they stand in.

*Livio* By their meritts.

*Troylo* Right, by their meritts, well he merited  
Th' intendments o're the Gallies at *Ligorne*,  
Made grand collector of the customes there,  
Who led the Prince unto his Wives chaste bed,  
And stol himselfe by, in his night gowne, fearing  
The lest might be discovered: waste not handiome?  
The *Lady* knowes not yet on't  
*Livio*. Most impossible.

*Troylo*. He merited well to weare a robe of Chamber:  
Who train'd his Brothers daughter (scarce a girl)  
Into the Armes of *Mont-Angenterato*,  
Whiles the young Lord of *Telamon* her husband,  
Was packetted to France, to study courtship,  
Underforn both a colour of employment,  
Employment, yea of honour.

*Livio*. You are well read

In mysteries of state,

*Troylo*. Here in *Sienna*.

Bold *Julio de Mariana* Lord of *Camertine*,  
Held it no blenish to his blood and greatnesse,  
From a plaine Merchant with a thousand Ducats  
To buy his wife, my iustifie the purchases

procured



Procur'd it by a dispensation  
From Rome, allowed and warrant'd: twas thought  
By his Physicians, that she was a creature,  
Agreed best with the cure of the disease,  
It's present new infirmity then labour'd in.  
Yet these are things in prospect of the world,  
Advanc'd imploid, and eminent.

*Liv.* at best 'Tis but a goodly pandarism.

*Troy.* Shrewd business.

Thou child in thrift, thou foole of honesty,  
It's a disparagement for gentlemen,  
For friends of lower rank to doe the offices  
Of necessary kindnesse without fee,  
For one another, courtesies of course,  
Mirthes of society, when petty mushrooms,  
Transplanted from their dunghills spread on mountaines,  
And passe for Cedars by their servile flatteries  
On great mens vices?-- Pander-- th'art deceived.  
The word includes preferment,-- tis a title  
Of dignity, I could adde somewhat more else,

*Livio.* Adde any thing of reason.

*Troylo. Castamela.*

Thy beauteous sister like a precious Tissue;  
Not shapt into a garment fit for wearing,  
Wants the adornments of the Workemans cunning  
To set the richnesse of the piece at view,  
Though in her selfe all wonder. Come he tell thee,  
Away there may be (know I love thee *Livio*)  
To fix this Jewell in a Ring of gold,  
Yet lodge it in a Cabanet of Ivory,  
White pure, unpotted Ivorie, put case  
*Livio* himselfe shall keepe the key on't?

*Livio* Oh Sirs

Create me what you please of yours, doe this.  
You are another Nature,

*Troy.* Be then pliable.

# The FANCIES:

Enter *Ottavo*, and *Nitido*.

*Troylo*. Be then pliable  
To my first rules of your advancement ——— *See*.  
*Ottavo* my good Uncle, the great Marquesse  
Of our *Siema* comes as we could wish  
In private ——— Noble Sir

*Ott.* My bosomes Secretary,  
My dearest, best lov'd Nephew.

*Troylo*. We have beene thirsty  
In our pursuit ——— Sir her's a gentleman  
Desertfull of your knowledges and as covetous  
Of entertainment from it, you shall honour  
Your judgments, to intrust him to your favours,  
His merits will commend it.

*Ott.* Gladly welcome.  
Your own worth is a herald to proclaim it;  
For tast of your preferment, we admit you  
The chiefe provisor of our Horse.

*Livio*. Your bonnty  
Stiles me your ever servant.

*Troylo*. Hee's our owne,  
Surely, nay most perswadedly ——— my thanks Sir  
Owes to this just engagement.

*Ott.* Slacke no time  
To enter on your fortunes --- thou art carefull  
My *Troylo* in the study of a duty,  
His name is *Livio*!

*Li.* *Livio* my good Lord.

*Ott.* Again y'are welcome to us, be as speedy  
Deare Nephew as th'art constant ——— men of parts,  
Fit parts and sound are rarelie to be met with,  
But bring met with, therefore to be cherish'd,  
With love and with supportance, while I stand,  
*Livio* can no way fall ———

Yet once more welcome. *Exit. Ott. Page.*

*Troy.* An honourable liberality

Timely

Timely dispos'd without delay or question,  
 Commands a gratitude, is not this better  
 Then waiting three or foure months at liuory,  
 With cup and knee unto this chaire of state,  
 And to their painted Arras for a need  
 From Goodman Ulther, or the formall Secretary  
 Especially the Iugler with the purse,  
 That pales some shares, in all a yonger brother  
 Sometimes an elder, not well trim'd with head-piece,  
 May spend what his friends left in expectation,  
 Of being turn'd out of service for attendance  
 Or marry a waiting woman and be damb'd for't  
 To open laughter, (and what's worth) old beggerie,  
 What thinkes my *Livio* of this rise at first?  
 Is't not miraculous.

*Livio.* It seemes the bargaine,  
 Was driven before betweene yee.

*Troy.* Twas, and nothing  
 Could void it, but the peeuissh resolution:  
 Of yore dissent from goodnesse, as you call it,  
 A Thin, a threadbare honesty, a vertue  
 Without a living to't.

*Liv.* I must resolve  
 To turne my sister whore, speake a homeword,  
 For my old Batchelor--*Lord*, so, I't not so?  
 A trifle in respect of present meanes,  
 Here's all ———

*Troy.* Be yet more confident, the flauerie  
 Of such an abject office, shall not tempt  
 The freedome of my spirit, stand ingenious  
 To thine owne fate, and we will practise wisely  
 Without the charge of scandall.

*Liv.* May it prove so. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Secco with a Casting bottle, sprinkling his Hatte  
and Face, and a little looking glasse at his  
Girdle, setting his Countenance.*

*Secco.* Admirable incomparably admirable! to be the mi-  
nion, the darling, the delight of love, 'tis a very tickling to  
the marrow, a killing i'th blood, a bosoming the extasie, the  
rapture of virginity, soule and paradise of perfection -- ah--  
puppy of generation *Secco*, there are no more such men.

*Spa.* O yes, if any man, woman, or beast, have found,  
stoine, or taken up a fine, very fine male Barber, of the age  
of above or under eightene more or lesse.

*Sec.* *Spadone*, hold, what's the noise?

*Spa.* Urh ——— pay the cryer, I have bin almost lost  
my selfe in seeking you, heere's a letter from ———

*Sec.* Whom, whom my deare *Spadone*, whom?

*Spa.* Soft and faire, and you be so brieft, I'll retorne it  
whence it came, or lookè out a new owner, O yes.

*Sa.* Low, low, what dost meane, i't from the glory of  
beauty, *Morosa* the fairest faire, be gentle to me, here's a  
duccat, peake lowe prethe.

*Spa.* Give me ones, and take t'other, 'tis from the party,  
Golden newes believe it.

*Sec.* Honest *Spadone* divine *Morosa*.

*Spa.* Fairest faire, quoth a, so is an old rotten Codled  
mungrell, parcell Bawde, parcell midwife, all the marks  
are quite out of her mouth, not the stumpe of a tooth left in  
her head to mumble the curd of a Posset ——— *Seignor* 'tis  
as I told yee, all's right,

*Sec.* Right, just as thou could'st me, all's right,

*Spa.* To a very haire *Seignor mio*.

*Sec.* For which *Sirrah Spadone*, I will make thee a man,  
a man, dost heare? I say a man.

*Spa.* Th'art



*Spa.* Th'art a pucker'd foyst, a citterne headed gaw,  
gaw, a knacker, a snipper-snapper, twit mee with the decre-  
ments of my pendants, though I am made a gelding, and  
like a tame buck have lost my Dowlers, more a monster then  
a Cuckold with his horns teene, yet I thorne to be jeerd by  
any checker, aproved flabban of yee all, make me a man,  
I desie thee.

*Sec.* How now fellow, how now, rising ripe indeed?

*Spa.* Indeed? Th'art worles, a drie shaver, a copper be  
land-suds-monger.

*Sec.* Nay, nay, by my Marcellé faire eyes I meant n  
such thing.

*Spa.* Eyes in thy belly, the reverend Madam shal know  
how I have bene used, I will blow my nose in thy calling-  
bottle, breake the teeth of thy combs, poyson thy camphir  
Balls, slice out thy towel with thine owne razor, betallow  
thy tweecress, and mine in thy baton, make me a man?

*Sec.* Hold take another Duccar, as I love now cloathes.

*Spa.* Or cast old ones.

*Sec.* Yes or cast old ones, I intended no injury.

*Spa.* Good, we are piec'd againe, reputation, *Scizures*, is  
precious.

*Sec.* I know it is.

*Spa.* Old fores would not be rub'd.

*Sec.* For me never.

*Spa.* The Lady guardianelle, the mother of the *Fancies*,  
is resolv'd to draw with yee, in the whole some of matrimo-  
ny, suddenly.

*Sec.* Shee writes as much, and *Spadane*, when wee are  
married.

*Spa.* You will to bed no doubt.

*Sec.* We will revell in such variety of delights.

*Spa.* Doe miracles and get Babies.

*Sec.* Live so sumptuously.

*Spa.* In leather apd old fures.

*Sec.* Feed so deliciously.

*Spa.* On Pap and Bulbeefe.

*Sec.* Enjoy the sweetnes of our yeers.

*Spa.* Eighteene and threescore with advantage.

*Sec.* Turnle and wallow in abundance.

*Spa.* The pure christall puddle of pleasures.

*Sec.* That all the world should wonder.

*Spa.* A pox on them that envy yee.

*Sec.* How doe the beauties (my dainy knave) live, wish, thinke, and dreame, sirrah ha.

*Spa.* Fum'b'e one with another, on the gambos of imagination betweene their legs, eate they doe, and sleepe, game, laugh and lye downe, as beauties ought to doe, there's all.

*Sec.* Commend me to my choicest, and tell her, the mixture of her appointment shall be waited on, say to her, she shall find me a man *at all points*.

*Enter NITIDO.*

*Spa.* Why, there's another quarrell, man, once more in sight of my nose.

*Nit.* Away *Secco* away, my Lord calls, a' ha's a loose haire flatted from his fellows, a clip of your art is commanded.

*Sec.* *Nitido, Spadone* remember me. *Exit.*

*Nit.* Trudging betweene an old moyle, and a young Calfe, my nimble intelligencer, what, thou fatten'st apace on Capon still?

*Spa.* Yes crimpes, 'tis a gallant life to bee an old Lords *f mpe mbyem*, but beware of the porters lodge, for carrying tales out of the schoole.

*Nit.* What a terrible sight to a lib'd breech is a sow gelder?

*Spa.* Not so terrible as a crosse tree that never growes to a wag-halter-Page.

*Nit.* Good! witty rascalls, th'art a Satire I protest, but that the Nymphs need not feare the evidence of thy mortu-

lily, goe put on a cleane bib, and spinne among the Nuns,  
sing'em a bawdy song, all the children thou get'st, shall bee  
christened in wallaile bowles, and turn'd into a college of  
*wen Midwives*, farewell night-mare.

*Spa.* Very, very well, if I dye in thy debt for this crack-  
rope) let me be buried in a cole-tacke. The sic yee, (apes face)  
looke for't.

*Nat.* And still the Vrchin would, but could not doe. sing.

*Spa.* Marke the end on't, and laugh at last. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Romanello and Castamela.*

*Rom.* Tell me you cannot love me,

*Chast.* You importune

Too strict a resolution, as a gentleman  
Of commendable parts, and faire deserts,  
In every sweet condition that becomes  
A hopefull expectation, I doe honour  
Th' example of your youth, but Sir our fortunes  
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,  
Move you to conster gently my forbearance.  
In argument of fit consideration.

*Rom.* Why *Castamela*, I have shapt thy vertue  
(Even from our childish yeeres) into a dowry  
Of richer estimation, then thy portions  
Doubled an hundred times, can equal: now  
I cleereiy find, thy current of affection  
Labourst to fall into the guilt of riot,  
Not the free ocean of a soft content.  
You'd marry pompe and plenty, 'tis the Idoll  
(I must confesse) that creatures of the time,  
Bend their devotions to, But I have fashion'd  
Thoughts much more excellent of you.

*Cast.* Enjoy your own prosperity, I am resolv'd  
Never by any charge with me, to force  
A poverty upon, ee, want of love.

'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want.  
He not be your undoing.

*Rom.* Sure some dotage  
Of living stately, richly, lend a cunning  
To Eloquence. How is this piece of goodnesse  
Chang'd to ambition? oh you are most miserable  
In your desires, the female curse ha's caught yee.

*Cast.* Fie, fie, how ill this suits.

*Rom.* A Divell of pride,  
Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a starre,  
Whiles yee grape mole-hills.

*Cast.* Worse and worse I vow.

*Rom.* But that some remnant of an honest sence,  
Ebbes a full tide of blood to shame, all women  
Woud' I prostitute all honour to the luxurie of ease and titles.

*Cast.* *Romanello*, know  
You have forgot the noblenesse of truth,  
And fixt on scandall now.

*Rom.* A Dogge, a Parrot,  
A Monkey, a Carouch, a guarded lackey,  
A waiting woman with her lips seald up,  
Are pretty toys to please my Mistresse warron:  
This is a fiddle too, 'twill make it dance,  
Or che be sicke and whine.

*Cast.* This is unwill.  
I am not Sir your charge.

*Rom.* My grieve you are,  
For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

*Cast.* So is my chiefest opinion of your worthinesse,  
When such distractions tempt yee, you woud' prove  
A crull Lord, who dares being yet a servant,  
As you profess, to bait my best respects  
Of duty to your welfare, 'tis a madnesse  
I have not oft observed, possessie your freedome,  
You have no right in me, let this suffice:  
I wish your joyes much comfort.

*Enter*



*Enter LIVIO fresh suited.*

*Liv.* Sister, looke yee,  
How by a new creation off my Taylors,  
I've shooke off old mortality, the rags  
Of hom: spun Gentry (prethee sister marke it)  
Are cast by, and I now appeare in fashion  
Vnto men, and receiv'd, observe me sister,  
The consequence concernes you.

*Cast.* True good Brothers,  
For my well doing must consist in yours.

*Liv.* Heere's *Romanello*, a fine temper'd gallant:  
Of decent carriage, of indifferent meanes,  
Considering that his sister, new hoist up,  
From a lost merchantes warehousle, to the titles  
Of a great Lordis-bed, may supply his wants  
Not sunk in his acquaintance, for a scholler  
Able enough, and one who may subsist  
Without the helpe of friends, provide I alwayes.  
He flie not upon wedlocke without certainty  
Of an advancement, else a bachelor  
May thrive by observation on a little.  
As single life's no burthen, but to draw  
In yokes is chargeable, and will require  
A double maintenance, why I can live  
Without a wife, and purchase.

*Rom.* 'Tis a myserie?  
Y'ave lately found out *Lies*, or a cunning  
Conceal'd, till now for wonder?

*Livio.* Pish, believe it,  
Endevours and an active brain, are better  
Then patrimonies left by parents. Prove it.  
One thrives by chazaring; shalloy toiles and unthrifts,  
Are game knaves onely flie at: then a fellow  
Prelumes on his haire, and that his backe can tolle

For fodder from the City, lies : another  
 Reputed valiant, lives by the sword, and takes up  
 Quarrels or braves them, as the novice likes,  
 To guild his reputation, most improbable  
 A world of desperate undertakings, possibly,  
 Procures some hungry meales, some taverne surfers,  
 Some frippery to hide nakednesse : perhaps  
 The scrambling halfe a duccat now and then  
 To rore and noyse it with the rattling hostesse,  
 For a weekes lodging : these are pretty shifts,  
 Soules bankrupt of their royalty submit to.  
 Give me a man, whose practice and experience,  
 Conceives not barely the Philosophers stone,  
 But indeed ha's it, one whose *wit's* his *Indies*.  
 The poore is most ridiculous.

*Rom.* Y<sup>e</sup> are pleasant  
 In new discoveries of fortune ; use them  
 With moderation, *Livio*.

*Cast.* Such wilde language  
 Was wont to be a stranger to your custome ;  
 How ever, Brothers, you are pleas'd to vent it,  
 I hope for recreation.

*Li.* Name and honour.  
 What are they ? a meer sound without supportance,  
 A begging chastity, youth, beauty, handsomnesse,  
 Discourse, behaviour which might char'm attention,  
 And cun'te the gazers eyes into amazement ;  
 Are *Natures common bounties*. So are Diamonds  
 Uncut, so flowers unworne, so filke-wormes webs  
 Unwrought, soild unrefin'd, then all those glories  
 are of esteeme, when us'd and set at prices  
 There's no darke sence in this,

*Rom.* I understand not  
 The drift on't, nor how meant, nor yet to whom.

*Cast.* Pray Brother be more plaine.

*Liv.* First *Romanello*,

This

This for your satisfaction : if you waste  
More houres in courtship to this maid, my sister,  
Weighing her competency with your owne,  
You goe about to build without foundation ;  
So that care will prove void.

*Rom.* A sure acquittance,  
If I must be discharged.

*Liv.* Next *Castamela*,  
To thee (my owne lov'd Sister) let me say  
I have not beene so bountifull in shewing  
To Fame, the treasure, which this age hath open'd,  
As thy true value merits.

*Cast.* You are merry.

*Liv.* My jealousie of thy fresh blooming yeeres,  
Prompted a feare of husbanding too charily  
Thy growth to such perfection as no flattery  
Of art can perish now.

*Cast.* Here's talke in riddles.  
Brother, th'exposition ?

*Liv.* I'll no longer  
Chamber thy freedoms, we have beene already  
Thrifty enough in our lowe fortunes, henceforth  
Command thy liberty, with that thy pleasures.

*Rom.* Is't come to this ?

*Cast.* Yare wondrous full of curtesie.

*Livio.* Ladies of birth and quality are suitors  
For being knowne t'ee, I have promised, sister,  
They shall partake your company.

*Cast.* What Lady'es,  
Where, when, how, who ?

*Liv.* A day, a weeke, a month  
Spotted amongst such beauties, is a gaine  
On time, th'are young, wise, noble, faire, and chaste.

*Cast.* Chast ?

*Livio.* *Castamela* chaste, I would not hazard  
My hopes, my joyes of thee on dangerous traill.

*Yet*

Yet if (as it may chance) a neat cloath'd merriment  
 Passe without blash in tatling to the words,  
 Fall not too broad, 'tis but a pastime smil'd at  
 Amongst your selves in counsaile, but beware  
 Of being over-heard.

*Cass.* This is pretty.

*Em.* I doubt I know not what, yet must be silent.

*Enter* TROYLO, FLORIO, CLARELIA,  
 SILVIA and NITIDO.

*L.* They come as soon as spoke of--sweetest faire-ones,  
 My sister cannot but conceive this honour  
 Particular in your respects : *Deare sir*  
 You grace us in your favours.

*Troy.* Vertuous Lady.

*Fl.* We are your servants.

*Clar.* Your sure friends.

*Sil.* Society,

May fix us in a league.

*Cass.* All fitly welcome.

I find not reason (gentle Ladyes) whereon  
 To cast this debt of mine, but my acknowledgement  
 Shall study to pay thankfulnesse.

*Troy.* Sweet beauty,

Your Brother hath indeed beene too much churle  
 In this concealement from us all, who love him,  
 Of such desir'd presence.

*Sil.* Please to enrich us

With your wish'd amity.

*Fl.* Our coach attends :

We cannot be deny'd :

*Clar.* Command it *Nitido*.

*Nit.* Ladies, I shall, now for a lusty harvest.

'Twill prove a cheap year, should these barnes be fill'd once,

*Cass.* Brother one word in private.

*Em.* Phew——anon

I shall instruct at large.--we are prepar'd  
And easily intreated; 'tis good manners  
Not to be troublesome.

*Troy.* Thou art perfect *Livite*.

*Cast.* Whether--but--hee's my brother.

*Troy.* Faire, your arme.

I am your Usher Lady.

*Cast.* As you please sir.

*Liv.* I waite you to your coach,  
Some two houres hence.

I shall returne againe. *Exeunt.*

*Rom.* *Troylo-Sucelli,*

Next heire unto the marquess? and the Page too?

The Marquess's owne page. *Liquis* transform'd

Into a suddaine bravery, and alter'd

In Nature, or I dreame? amongst the Ladies,

I not remember I have seene one face.

There's cunning in these changes, I am resolute,

Or to pursue the trick on't, or lole labour. *Exeunt.*

## Actus II.

*Enter Flavio supported by Camillo,*  
*and Vespuci.*

*Flavia.* Not yet return'd.

*Cam.* Madam.

*Fla.* The Lord our husband,

We meane, unkind! foure houres are almost past,

(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glasse)

Since we broke company, was never (gentleman)

Poore Princessle us'd so?

*Ves.* With your gracious favour,

Peeres great in rank and place, ought of necessity

To attend on state employments.

*Cam.* For such duties,



Are all their toyle and labour, but their pleasures  
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers  
All sense of other travaile.

*Fla.* Trimly spoken.

When we were *common, mortall*, and a *subject*,  
As other creatures of heavens making are,  
(the more the pity) blesse us ! how we waited  
For the *hugé play* *don* when the *Pageants* flutter'd  
About the *City*, for we then were certaine,  
The *Madam courtiers*, would vouchsafe to visit us.  
And call us by our names, and eate our viands:  
Nay give us leave to sit at the upper end  
of our *owne Tables*, telling us how welcome  
They'd make us, when we came to *Court* : full little  
Dream't I at that time of the *wind* that blew me  
Up to the *Wethercocke of th' honours*, now  
Are thrust upon me, but we beare the burthen,  
Were't twice as much as tis, the next greiv feast,  
Wee'l grace the *Citizens* (poore soules) and see  
How they'll behave themselves, before *our presence*.  
You two shall wait on us.

*Yes.* With best observance,

And glory in our service.

*Com.* Wee are creatures

Made proud in your commands.

*Fla.* Beleeve't you are so :

And you shall find I's readier in your pleasures,  
Then you in *your* obedience, sie methinks  
I have an excellent humor to be pettish ;  
A little toyfome 'tis a pretty signe  
Of breeding, it's not firs ? I could, indeed la,  
Long for some strange *good things* now.

*Com.* Such newes, Madam,

Would over-joy my Lord your husband.

*Yes.* Cause

Bonfires and bell ringings

*Fla. I*

*Fla.* I must be with childe then,  
And't be but for the publique Jollity,  
Or lose my longings, which were mighty pitty.

*Cam.* Sweet fates forbid it.

*Enter Fabricio.*

*Fab.* Noblest Lady——

*Ves.* rudenesse  
Keepe off, or I shal --lawcy groome, learn manners.  
Goe swab amongst your Goblins.

*Fla.* Let him stay,  
The fellow I have seene, and now remember  
His name, *Fabricio*.

*Fab.* Your poore Creature Lady;  
Out of your gentlenesse, please you to consider  
The brieft of this petition, which containes  
All hope of my last fortunes.

*Fla.* Give it from him.

*Cam.* Here Madam-- marke *Vesfuch*, how the  
Wittol stares on his *sometime wife*! sure he imagines  
To be a cuckold, by consent, is purchase  
Of approbation in a state.

*Ves.* Good reason.  
The gaine repriev'd him from bankersours statute,  
And fil'd him in the charter of his freedome.  
*Shee* had seene the fellow, didst observe.

*Cam.* Most punctually.  
Could callum by his name too, why 'tis possible,  
*Shee* ha's not yet forget a' was *her husband*.

*Ves.* That were strange, oh 'tis a *precious trinket*.  
Was ever puppet so slipt up?

*Cam.* The tale  
Of *Venus Cat* (man) chang'd into a woman,  
Was embleme but to this, she turnes.

*Ves.* 'A stands just like *Affeen* in the painted cloth'

*Cam.* No more.

*Fla.* Friend we have read, and weighed the sum

Of what your *Scrivener*, which in effect  
 Is meant your counsell learned, ha's drawn for yee:  
 'Tis a faire hand in sooth, but the contents  
 Somewhat vnseasonable, for let us tell yee,  
 Y'ave beene a spender, a vaine spender, wasted  
 Your stocke of credit, and of Wares unthriftilly.  
 You are a faulty man, and should we urge  
 Our Lord as often for supplies, as shame,  
 Or wants drive you to aske, it might be construed  
 An impudence, which we desie. an Impudence,  
 Base in *base Women*, but in *Noble* sinfull.  
 Are yee not asham'd yet of your selfe?

*Fab.* Great Lady,

Of my misfortunes I am asham'd.

*Cam.* So, so,

This jeere twangs roundly, doe's it not *Vespuci*?

*Ves.* Why heere's a Lady worshipfull.

*Fla.* Pray gentlemen,

Retire awhile; *this fellow* shall resolve  
 Some doubts that stick about me.

*Ambo.* As you please. *Exeunt.*

*Fla.* To thee *Fabricio*, oh the change is cruell;  
 Since I find some small leisure, I must iustifie.  
 Thou art unworthy of the name of man:  
 These holy voves, which we by bonds of Faith,  
 Recorded in the register of Truth,  
 Were kept by me unbroken, no assaults  
 Of guifts of courtship from the great and wanton,  
 No threats, nor sence of poverty (to which  
 Thy riots had betray'd me) could betray  
 My warrantable thoughts, to impure folly.  
 Why wouldest thou force me miserable?

*Fab.* The scorne  
 Of rumor, is reward enough, to brand  
 My lewder actions, 'twas I thought impossible,  
 A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brooke

The

The last of my decayes,

*Fla.* Did I complaine?

My sleeps between thine arms, were even as sound,

My dreames as harmlesse, my contents as free,

As when the belt of plenty crown'd our bride bed.

Amongst some of a meane, but quiet fortune,

Distrust of what *they call their owne*, or Icalousie

Of those whom in *their bosomes* they possesse

VVithout controule, begers a felie unworthinesse;

For which feare, or what is worst desire,

Or pauptry gaine, they practise art, and labor to

*Pander their own wres*; those wives whose innocence

Stranger to language, spoke obedience onely,

And such a wife was *Flavia* to *Fabritio*.

*Fab.* My losse is irrecoverable.

*Fla.* Call not

Thy wickednesse thy losse; without my knowledge

Thou shouldst me, and in open court protestedst

A *precontract* unto another, falsly

To justifie a separation, wherein

Could I offend to be believ'd thy *Strumpet*,

In best sence an *Adulteresse*? so conceav'd

In all opinions, that I am shooké off,

Even from mine own blood, which although I boast

Not Noble, yet 'twas not meane, for *Rimanello*

Mine onely brother, thunnés me, and abhors

To owne me for his sister.

*Fab.* 'Tis confest,

I am the shame of mankind.

*Fla.* I live happy

In this *great Lords* love, now; but could his cunning

Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never

Beene sunder'd by th temptation of his *purchase*.

Introth *Fabritio*, I am little proud of

My unsought honours, and so farre from triumph,

That I am not more foole, to such as honour me,

## The FANCIES.

Then to my selfe, who hate this *antique carriage*!

*Fab.* You are an Angell rather to be worshipt,  
Then grossly to be talked with.

*Fla.* Keepe those Duccats;  
I shall provide you better: 'twere a bravery,  
Could you forget *the place* wherein y'ave render'd  
Your name for ever hatefull.

*Fab.* I will doo't,  
Doo't excellentest goodnesse, and conclude  
My dayes in silent goodnesse.

*Fla.* You may prosper  
In *Spain*, in *France*, or eliewhere, as in *Italie*.  
Besides, you are a scholer bred, however  
You interrupted study with commerce,  
He think of your supplies, mean time, pray, storm not  
At my behaviour t'ee, I have forgot acquaintance  
With mine owne--keepe your first distance ———

*Enter Julio, Camillo, Vespucci*  
*Camillo*, who is neere, *Vespucci*.

*Jul.* What, Our Ladies cast familier.

*Fla.* Oh my stomach  
Wambles at sight of-- sicke, sicke, I am sicke——  
I faint at heart--kisse me, nay prethee quickly,  
Or I shall fown--y'ave staid a sweet while from me.  
And this companion to ——— beishrew him.

*Iu.* Dearest,  
Thou art my health, my blessing--turne the banquerout  
out of my dores--sirrah, He have thee whipt.  
If thou comst here againe.

*Cam.* Hence, hence you vermine. *Exit Fa.*

*Iu.* How i'th my best of joyes?

*Fla.* Prettily mended.  
Now we have our owne Lord here: I shall never  
Endure to spare you long out of my sight.  
See what the thing presented.

*Iu.* A petition,

Belike



Belike for some new charity,

*Flu.* We must not

Be troubled with his needs, a *wanting creature*  
Is monstrous, is as ominous ———— sic, upon't.

Ditch the *filly Asshtraine* once for all,  
And send him with some pittance out o' th' countrey,  
Where we may heare no more of him.

*In.* Thy will shall stand a law, my *Flavin*,

*Flav.* You have beene

In private with *our fellow Peeres* now : shanoe we  
Know how the businesse stands sure in som countrey,  
*Ladies* are privy *Counsellors*, I warrant yee :  
Are they not thinke yee ? there the *Land* is (doublelle)  
Most *politickly* govern'd ; all the *women*  
Weare *swords* and *Breeches*, I have heard most certainly,  
Such sights were exc'llent.

*Inl.* Th'art a matchlesse pleasure :

Noe life is sweet without thee, in my heart  
Rigne Empreile, and be still thy *Lillo's Sovereigne*.  
My onely, precious deare:

*Flu.* VVee'l prove no lesse t'ee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Troilo and Livio.*

*Troy.* Sea sicke a shore still ? thou couldst rarely scape  
A *Calenture* in a long voyage, *Livio*,  
VVho in a short one, and at home art subject  
To such faint stomacke qualmes, no cordials comfort  
The businesse of thy thoughts, brought I see :  
VVhat ayles thee *may* be merry, hanging up jealousies.

*Liv.* VVho, I, I jealous ? no, no, heere's no cause  
In this place 'tis a nunnerie, a retirement  
For meditation, all the difference extant  
But puzzles, onely barre beliefs, not grounds in  
Rich services in place ! soft and faire lodgings,  
Varieties of recreations, exercise  
Of musique in all changes ? neate attendance ?

Princely

Princely, may royall furniture of garments?  
 Society of gardens, orchards, waterworkes,  
 Pictures for ravishing, that ranging eyes,  
 Might dwell upon a dotage of conceit,  
 Without a single wish for livelier substance?  
 The great world in a little world of *Fancie*,  
 Is here abstracted: noe temptation proper'd  
 But such as *fooles* and *mad folkes* can invite to?  
 And yet——

*Troy.* And yet your reason cannot answer  
 Th'objections of your senses, which argue danger.

*Li.* Danger? dishonour, *Troy*: were my sister  
 In safety from those charmes, I must confesse  
 I could live here for ever.

*Troy.* But you could not.  
 I can assure yee, for't were then scarce possible,  
 A dore might open'tee, hardly a loope-hole.

*Li.* My pretence then is usher to her ruine,  
 And losse of her: the fruit of my preferment.

*Troy.* Briefly partake a secret, but be sure  
 To lodge it in the inmost of thy bosome,  
 Where memory may not find it for discovery;  
 By our firme truth or friendship, I require thee.

*Li.* By our firme truth or friendship, I subscribe  
 To just conditions.

*Troy.* Our great *Uncle Marquess*,  
 Dittabled from his Cradle, by an impotence  
 In nature first, that impotence, since seconded  
 And rendred more inirme, by a fatal breach  
 Receiv'd in fight against the Turkish Gallies  
 Is made incapable of any faculty,  
 Of active manhood, more then what affections  
 Proper unto his Sex, must else distinguish:  
 So that no helpes of art can warrant life,  
 Should he transcend the bounds his weaknes limits.

*Li.* On, I attend with eagernesse.

*Troy.* 'Tis

*Troy.* 'Tis strange,

Such naturall defects at no time checks  
A full and free sufficiency of spirit;  
Which flows, both in to cleare and fixt a strength,  
That to confirme beliete (it seems) where nature  
Is in the body lame, she is supplid  
In fine proportion of the minde, a word  
Concludes all; to a man his enemy,  
He is a dangerous threatning: but to women,  
How ever pleasurable, no way cunning  
To shew abilities of friendship, other  
Then what his outward senses can delight in,  
Or charge and bounty court with.

*Liv.* Good, good——*Troy.*

Oh that I had a lusty Faith to credit it,  
Though none of all this wonder should be possible.

*Troy.* As I love honour, and an honest name,  
I fault not (my *Livio*) in one syllable,

*Liv.* Newes admirable; tis, 'tis so—pish I know it,  
Yet 'a has a kind heart of his owne to girles,  
Young, handiome Girles: yes, yes, lo 'a may,  
Tis granted--- a' wold now and then be piddling,  
And play the wanton, like a flie that dallies  
About a candles flame; then forch his wings,  
Drop downe, and creepe away, ha?

*Troy.* Hardly that too;

To looke upon fresh beauties, to discourse  
In an unbushing merriment of words,  
To eare them play or sing, and see them dance,  
To pule the time in pretty amorous questions,  
Read a chaste verse, of love, or prattle riddles,  
Is th'height of his temptations.

*Liv.* Send him joy on't.

*Troy.* His choice are not of the courtly trayne;  
Nor Citties practise; but the countiees innocence,  
Such as are gentle-borne, not meanelly; such,

## The FANCIES.

To whom both gawdinesse and apeline fashions  
Are monitrous; such as cleanelinesse and decency,  
Prompt to a vertuous envy, such as study  
A knowledge of no danger, but themselves.

*Liv.* Well, I have liv'd in ignorance: the ancients,  
Who charred of the golden age, fain'd trilles.  
Had they dream't this, they would have truth'd it heaven.  
I meane an earthly heaven: lesse it is not.

*Troy.* Yet is this Batchelor miracle not free  
From the epidemical head-ach.

*Liv.* The Yellowes.

*Troy.* Huge jealous fits, admitting none to enter  
But me, his page, and Barber, with an Eunuch,  
And an old guardiane, it is a favour  
Not common, that the licence of your visits,  
To your owne sister, now and then is wink't at.

*Liv.* But why are you his instrument, his Nephew?  
Tis ominous in nature.

*Troy.* Not in policy.  
Being his heire, I may take truce a little,  
With mine owne fortunes.

*Liv.* Knowing how things stand too.

*Troy.* At certaine seasons, as the humor takes him,  
A set of minicke are permitted peaceably,  
To cheare their solitainesse, provided  
Tis strangers, not acquainted neere the city,  
But never the same twice, pardon him that;  
Nor must their stay exceed an houre, or two  
At farthest; as at this wife wedding, wherfore  
His Barber is the master to instruct  
The lasses both in Song and Dance, by him  
Train'd up in either quality.

*Liv.* A caution happily studied.

*Troy.* Farther to prevent  
Suspition, a' has married his young Barber  
To the old Matron, and withall is pleased,

Report should mutter him a mighty man  
For th'game, to take off all suspicion  
Of insufficiency, and this strickt company  
A' eale his bower of *Fancies*.

*Liv.* Yes and properly,  
Since all his recreations are in *Fancy*.  
I'm infinitely taken——sister? marry  
Would I had sisters in a plenty, *Troylo*,  
So to bestow them all, and turne them *Fancies*.  
*Fancies*? Why 'tis a pretty name methinks.

*Troy.* Something remaines, which in conclusion shortly.  
*Song.*

Shall take thee fuller--- Hurke, the wedding jollity!  
With a Bride-cake on my life, to grace the nuptials!  
Perhaps the Ladies will turne Songsters.

*Liv.* Silence.

Enter *Secco*, *Castamela*, *Florin*, *Clarella*, *Silvia*,  
*Morosis*, and *Spadone*.

*Sec.* Passing neat and exquisite I procell faire creatures:  
These honours to our solemnity, are liberall and uncommon:  
my spouse and my selfe with our posterity, shall prostitute  
our services, to your bounties, that is not duckling?

*Mer.* Yes *honey suckle*, and doe as much for them one  
day, if things stand right as they should stand, Bill, Pigeon  
doe; thou'lt be my *Castamontaine*, and I thy sweet bryer,  
Honey, wee'l lead you to kind examples (pretty ones) believe  
it, and you shall find us, one in one, whiles hearts doe  
last.

*Sec.* Ever mine owne, and ever.

*Spa.* Well said old *Touch hole*.

*Liv.* All happinesse, all joy.

*Troy.* A plenteous issue,

A fruitful wombe——Thou hast a blessing *Seco*.

*Mer.* Indeed a' ha's Sir, if yee know all, as I conceive  
you know enough, if not the whole: for you have (I may  
say)



## The FANCIES.

fy) tried me to the quick, through and through, and most of my carriage, from time to time.

*Spi.* 'Twould wind-breake a moyle, or a ring'd mare, to vie burthens with her.

*Mor.* What's that you mumble, Gelding, they,

*Spi.* Nothing forsooth, but that y'are a bounding couple well met, and 'twere pity to part yee, though you hang together in a smoakie chimney.

*Mor.* 'Twere eene pitty indeed, *Spadone*, nay that's a foolish loving nature of thine own, and wilt thou wel to plaine dealings o' my conscience.

*Spi.* Think your Brideship---your Bawdship.

*Fls.* Our sister is not merry.

*Cl.* Sadnesse cannot  
Become a Bridall harmony.

*Sil.* At a wedding, free spirits are required.

*Troy.* You should dispence  
With serious thoughts, now Lady.

*Mor.* Well said Gentlefolks.

*Liv.* Fie *Cassamela* fie,

*Om.* A dance, a dance.

*Troy.* By a y meynes, the day is not compleat else.

*Cass.* Indeed Ile be excus'd,

*Troy.* By no meanes, Lady.

*Sec.* We are all suitors.

*Cass.* With your pardons, spare me  
For this time, grant me licence to looke on.

Command your pleasures, Lady,---every one hand

Your Partner---nay, *Spadone*, must make one.

These merriments are free.

*Spi.* With all my heart, I'me sure I am not the heaviest  
In the company.

Strike up for the honour of the Bride and Bridegroom.

*Dance.*

*Troy.* So, so, here's art in motion; on all parts,  
Yee have bestir'd yee nimbley,

*Mor. I*

*Mor.* I could dance now,  
 Eene till I dropt againe ; but want of practice  
 Denies the scope of breath or so , yet firrah,  
 My *Cattamontaine*, doe not I trip quickly,  
 And with a grace too, firrah.

*Sec.* Light as a feather.

*Spa.* Sure you are not without a stick of Licorice in your  
 pocket forsooth; you have I believe stout lungs of your owne,  
 you swim about so roundly without rubs ; 'tis a tickling sight  
 to be young still. *Enter NITIDO.*

*Nit.* Madam *Morosi*?

*Mor.* Childe.

*Nit.* To you in secret.

*Spa.* That care-wig leathers the troope now, He goe neer  
 to sic 'em.

*Liv.* My Lord upon my life.

*Troy.* Then we must sever.

*Mor.* Ladies and gentlemen, your cares.

*Spa.* Oh 'twas ever a wano on monkey --- a' will wriggle  
 into a *flaring hole* so cleanly --- and it had bin on my wed-  
 ding day, --- I know what I know.

*Sec.* Saist so *Spadone*?

*Spa.* Nothing, nothing, I prate sometimes beilde the pur-  
 pose, where son iecherous weeziil?

*Sec.* Lookes, lookes, lookes how dissions the little knave  
 is --- but ---

*Spa.* VVay? there's the brainse, *Buts* on onss fore-  
 head, are but scurvie *Buts*.

*Mor.* *Spadone*, discharge the fiddlers instantly.

*Spa.* Yes, I know my posture --- on monitions *Buts*. *Exit.*

*Mor.* Attend within, Sweeting, --- your pardons  
 Gentlemen ; to your recreations deare virgins :  
 Page have a care,

*Nit.* My duty reverend Madam.

*Troy.* *Livia* away --- sweet beauties.

*Cast.* Brother.

## The FANCIES.

*Liv.* Suddenly I shall returne, 'now for a round temptation.

*Mor.* One gentle word in private with your Ladiship. I shall Not hold you long. *Ex. severally Morose flaires Castamela.*

*Cass.* What meanes this huddle  
Of flying severall wayes thus? who ha's frighted 'em?  
They live not at devotion here, or pension!  
Pray quit me of distrust.

*Mor.* May it please your Goodnesse,  
You'll find him even in every point as honourable,  
As flesh and bloud can vouch him:

*Cass.* Ha, him? whom?  
What him?

*Mor.* He will not presse beyond his bounds,  
He will but chat and toy, and feele your——

*Cass.* Guard me,  
A powerfull *Genius*! feele——

*Mor.* Your hands to kisse them.  
Your faire, pure, white hands, what strange businesse is it?  
These melting twins of Ivory, but softer  
Then downe of Turtles, shall but feede the appetite——

*Cass.* A rape upon my eares.

*Mor.* The appetite  
Of his poore ravish't eye; should he swell higher  
In his desires, and soare upon ambition  
Of rising in humility, by degrees;  
Perhaps a' might crave leave to clap ——

*Cass.* Fond woman,  
In thy grave sinfull,

*Mor.* Clap or pat the dimples,  
Where *Love's tomb* he stands erected on your cheekes.  
Else pardon those slight exercises, *pretty one*,  
His Lordship is as harmelesse a weake implement,  
As ere young Lady trembled under.

*Cass.* Lordship!  
(Stead me my modest anger) 'tis belike then

Religious matron) some great mans prison,  
 Where Virgins honours suffer Martyrdome.  
 And you are their tormentor; let's lay downe  
 Our ru'd names to the insulters mercy!  
 Let's sport and smile on scandall (rare calamity,  
 What hast thou toyl'd me in?) you nam'd his Lordship,  
 Some galliant youth and fiery?

*Mor.* No, no deed la.

A very grave stale Batchelor (*my dainty one*)  
 There's the conceit: He's none of your hot rovers,  
 Who rulle at first dаш, and so disfigure  
 Your *Dresses*, and your sets of blush at once.  
 He's wife in yeeres, and of a temperate warmth;  
 Mighty in minnes and power: and withal liberall.  
 A wanton in his wishes, but else, farther,  
 A' cannot ——— cause ——— a' cannot.

*Cas.* Cannot, prethee,  
 Be plainer: I begin to like thee strangely.  
 What cannot?

*Mor.* You urge timely, and to purpose.  
 A' cannot doe---the truth is truth---does any thing,  
 (As one should say) that's any thing, put case  
 (I doe but put the case forsooth) a' finde yee.

*Cas.* My stars I thank yee, for being ignorant,  
 Of what *this old in mischiefe* can intend.  
 And so we might be merry, bravely merry.

*Mor.* You hit it--what else--the is cunning--look yee,  
 Pray lend your hand forsooth.

*Cas.* Why prethee take it.

*Mor.* You have a delicate moyst palme--umh--can yee  
 tell h that tickle? there.

*Cas.* And laugh if need were.

*Mor.* And laugh, why now you have it, what hurt pray  
 Perceive yee? there's all, all, goe to, you want tucring.  
 Are an apscholar, He neglect no paines  
 For your instruction.

*Cas.* Doe

*Cast.* Doe not, but his Lordship,  
What may his *Lordship* be?

*Mor.* No worle man  
Then marquettie of *Siena*, the great Master  
Of this inail familie, your matter found him,  
A bounteous benefactor, has advanc'd him,  
The gentleman o'th horse, in a short time  
He meanes to visit you *himselfe in person*,  
As kind, as loving, an old man.

*Cast.* Wee'l meet him  
With a full flame of welcome, i'th the Marquesse?  
No worle?

*Mor.* No worle I can assure your Ladiship,  
The onely free maintainer of *the Fancies*.

*Cast.* *Fancies*? How meane yee that.

*Mor.* The pretty soules  
Who are companions in the house, all daughters  
To honest vertuous parents, and right worshipfull.  
A kind of *chauffe collapsed Ladies*.

*Cast.* Chait too, and yet *collapsed*?

*Mor.* Onely in their fortunes.

*Cast.* Sure I must be a *Fancie* in the number.

*Mor.* A *Fancie* principall, I hope you'lle fashion  
Your entertainment, when the Marquesse courts you,  
As that I may stand blamelesse.

*Cast.* Free suspition. My Brothers rayser?

*Mor.* Meerely.

*Cast.* My supporter?

*Mor.* Undoubredly.

*Cast.* An old man and a lover?

*Mor.* True, there's the Musick, the content, the harmony.

*Cast.* And i my selfe a *Fancy*?

*Mor.* You are pregnant.

*Cast.* The chance is throwne, I now am fortunes minion,  
I will be bold and resolute.

*Mor.* Blessing on thee. *Exeunt.*



## Actus III.

Enter ROMANELLO.

*Rom.* Prosper me now my fate ; some better *gentle*  
 Then such a one, as waits on troubled passions,  
 Direct my courses to a noble issue.  
 My thoughts have wander'd in a labyrinth,  
 But if the clew I have laid hold on, faile nor,  
 I shall tread out the toyle of these darke paths  
 In sight of politike reaches--I am punish'd  
 In mine owne hopes, by her unluckie fortunes,  
 Whose fame is ruin'd ; *Elmira*, my lost sister!  
 Lost to report, by her unworthy husband,  
 Though hightned by a greatnes, in whole mixtures,  
 I hate to claime a part.——Oh welcome, welcome,  
 Deere boy ! thou keep'st time with my expectations  
 As justly, as the promise of my bounties  
 Shall reckon with thy service.

*Nit.* I have fashion'd the meanes of your admittance.

*Rom.* Pretious *Nitido*.

*Nit.* More, have bethought me of a shape, a quaint one,  
 You may appeare in, safe and unsuspected.

*Rom.* Th'art an ingenious boy.

*Nit.* Beyond all this ;  
 Have so contriv'd the feate, that at first sight,  
*Troylo* himielfe shall court your entertainment :  
 Nay, force you to vouchsafe it.

*Rom.* Th'alt out done all counsaile, and all cunning .

*Nit.* True, I have fir  
 Fadg'd nimbly in my practises : but surely,  
 There are some certaine clogs, some roguish staggers,  
 Somewhat shall I call em in the busines ?

*Rom.* *Nitido*,

E .

What

What faint now? deare heart beare up, what staggers.  
What clogs? let me remove 'em.

*Nit.* Am I honest?  
In this discovery?

*Rom.* Honest, pish is that all?  
By this rich purse, and by the twenty ducats  
Which line it, I will answer for thy honesty,  
Against all *Jealies*, and prove it perfect.  
Besides, remember, I am bound to secrecy.  
Thou'lt not betray thy selfe.

*Nit.* All feares are clear'd then.  
But if——

*Rom.* If what? out with't.  
*Nit.* If w'are discover'd,  
You'll answer I am honest still?

*Rom.* Doubt it?  
*Nit.* Not much; I have your purse in pawne fore.  
Now to the shape, and know the wits in *Florence*,  
Who in the great Dukes court, burlesques his complement,  
According to the change of meates in season,  
At every free Lords table,

*Rom.* Or free meetings  
In Tavernes, there a' sits at the upper end,  
And eates, and prates, a' cares not how nor what.  
The very quail of fashions, the very *bee* that  
Weares a *Stiletto* on his chinne.

*Nit.* You have him.  
Like such a thing must you appeare, and study  
Amongst the Ladies in a formall soppery,  
To vent some curiosity of language,  
Above their apprehensions, or your owne,  
Indeed beyond sence, you are the more *the person*.  
Now amorous, then scurvie, sometimes bawdy,  
*The same man* still, but evermore phantasticall;  
As being the *suppositor to laughter*:  
It hath sav'd charge in physick.

*Rom.* When

*Rom.* When occasion  
Offers it selfe (for where it do's or not,  
I will be bold to take it) I may turne  
To some one in the company; and changing  
My Method talke of state, and rayle against  
Th'imployment of the *time*, mislike the carriage  
Of places, and mislike that men of parts,  
Of merit, such as my selfe am, are not  
Thrust into *publike action*: 'twill set off  
A privilege I challenge from opinion,  
With a more lively current.

*Nit.* On my Modesty,  
You are some kin to him —— *Seignior Pregnant!*  
*Seignior Musbrumpo!*  
scape but into his anticke garbe, and trust me  
You'll fit it to a thought.

*Rom.* The time?

*Nit.* As suddenly  
As you can be transform'd, —— for the event,  
'Tis pregnant.

*Rom.* Yet my pretty knave, thou hast not  
Discover'd where faire *Cassandra* lives;  
Nor how, nor amongst whom.

*Nit.* Pish, it more *Queres?*  
Till your owne eyes informe, be silent, else  
Take backe your earnest, what turne woman? He,  
Be idle and inquisitive?

*Rom.* No more.  
I shall be speedily provided, aske for  
A note at mine owne lodging. *Exit.*

*Nit.* He not sayle yee,  
Assuredly, I wil not sayle you Seignior;  
My fine *inamorato* —— twenty ducats?  
Th'are halfe his quarters incombe —— love, oh love.  
What a pure madnesse art thou? I shall fit him,  
Fit, quit and split him too —— most bounteous sir.

# The FANCIES.

Enter *Troyle*.

*Troy.* Boy, thou art quicke and trustie,  
Be withall close and silent, and thy paines  
Shall meet a liberall addition.

*Nir.* Though sir,  
I'me but a child, yet you shall find me ———.

*Troy.* man  
In the contrivements ; I will speake for thee.  
Well 'adoes relish the disguise !

*Nir.* Most greedily  
Swallowes it with a licourish delight :  
Will instantly be shap't in't, instantly,  
And on my conscience, sir, the supposition  
Strengthened by supposition, will transforme him  
Into the *Alcibiades* I do's resemble.

*Troy.* Spend that, and looke for more boy.

*Nir.* Sir, it needs not :  
I have already twenty Ducats purfed  
In a gay castles, 'las sir, to you, my service  
Is but my duty.

*Troy.* Modestie in Pages  
Shewes not a vertue, boy, when it exceeds  
Good manners. Where must we meet ?

*Nir.* Sir at's lodging,  
Or neere about : he will make haste beleewe it.

*Troy.* Waite th' opportunity, and give me notice.  
I will attend.

*Nir.* If I misse my part, hang me.

*Exits.*

Enter *Vespasi* and *Camillo*.

*Ves.* Cometh'art caught *Camillo*.

*Cam.* Away, away,  
That were a jest indeed ; I caught ?

*Ves.* The Lady  
Does scatter glances, wheel'es her round, and smiles ;  
Seeks an occasion to aske how the minures

Each

Each houre have runne in progresse; then, thou kisset  
 All thy foure fingers, crossest and sight faintly:  
*Deere beauty*, if my watch keep faire *deorum*,  
 Three quarters have nere past the figure X.  
 Or as the time of day goes ———

*Cam.* So *Tessier*,

This will not doe: I reade it on thy forehead,  
 The graine of thy complexion require a reed.  
 Once 'twas a comely browne, riv'n now of love  
 A perfect greene and yellow; sure prognosticates  
 Of th'over flux o' th' gall, and *melancholy*,  
 Symptomes of *love* and *jealousie*, poore soule.  
 Quoth *she*, the *he*, why hang thy looks like bel-ropes  
 Out of the wheel: thou thinging downe thy eyes  
 Low at her feete, replid' it, because, *oh Sovereigne*  
 The great bell of my heart is crack'd, and never  
 Can ring in tune againe, till't be new cast  
 By one only skillfull foundry-man. ——— *longer*  
 She turn'd aside, wink'd, thou stood'st still and stard'st  
 I did observ't, be plaine, what hope?

*Vesp.* Shee loves thee;

Doates on thee: in my hearing told her Lord  
*Camillo* was the *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*  
 Of Courtship, and of complement all in  
*She* nick'd it there. I envy not thy fortunes;  
 For to say truth, th'art handsome, and deserv'st her.  
 Were she as great againe as she is.

*Cam.* I handsome?

Alas, alas, a creature of heavens making,  
 Ther's all! but firm, primitive is's beautie.  
 I doe confesse, I thinke the *grace-mistress*  
 May possibly be compair'd: I resolve to  
 To put in for a share; come what will, come what will.

*Vesp.* A pretty toy 'tis, since th'art open breasted.

*Camillo* I presume she is *wanted*,

And therefore meane to give *thy* when ever



I find the game on wing.

*Cam.* Let us consider,  
Shee's but a merchants leavings.

*Yes.* Hatch'd i'th countrey,  
And fledg'd i'th City.

*Cam.* 'Tis a common custome  
'Mong't friends (they are not friends else) chiefly gallants,  
To trade by turns in such like *fruite commodities*.  
The one is but a reversioner to tother.

*Yes.* Why 'tis the fashion man.

*Cam.* Most free and proper,  
One Surgeon, one apothecarie,

*Yes.* Thus then;  
When I am absent, use the gentlest memory  
Of my endowments, my unblemish't services  
To Ladies favours: with what Faith and secrecie,  
I live in her commands, whose speciall curtesies,  
Oblige me to particular engagements.  
He doe as much for thee.

*Cam.* With this addition

*Camillo* (*best of faires*) a man so bashfull,  
So simply harmelesse, and withall so constant,  
Yet resolute in all! true rights of honour;  
That to deliver him in perfect character,  
Wereto detract from such a solid vertue  
As raignes not in another soule--he is

*Yes.* The thing a *Mistresse* ought to wish her servant;  
Are we agreed?

*Cam.* Most readily on tother side,  
Unto the Lord her husband, ra'ke as courselly  
Of one another as we can.

*Yes.* I like it, so shall we titt her love, and his opinion.

Enter *Julio*, *Flavia*, and *Fabritio*.

*Julio* Be thankfull (fellow) to a noble Mistresse;  
Two hundred ducats are no trifling summe,

Nor

Nor common almes.

*Fla.* You must not leyster lazily,  
And speake about the towne my friend in tavernes;  
In gaming houses, nor sleeke after dinner  
To publike shewes, to interludes, in riot,  
To some lewd priue of baggage, trick't up gawdily,  
Like one of us; oh fie upon 'em giblets!  
I have bin told *they ride in coaches*, flaunt it  
In brave ries, so rich, that it is scarce possible  
How to distingui in one of these vile *naughtie packs*,  
From true and arrant Ladies-- they'le inveigle  
Your substance and your body, thinke on that,  
I say your body, looke to't.  
Is't not sound counsell?

*Ja.* 'Tis more, 'tis heavenly.

*Ves.* What hope *Camillo* now if this tune hold?

*Cam.* Hope faire enough, *I'esperes* now as ever:  
Why any Woman in her husbands presence  
Can say no lesse.

*Ves.* 'Tis true, and she hath leave here.

*Fab.* Madam, your care and charity at once  
Have so new moulded my resolves,  
That henceforth when e're my mention  
Falls into report,  
It shall requite this bounty, I am travelling  
To a new world.

*Ja.* I like your undertakings.

*Fla.* New world, where's that I pray? good if you light on  
A Parrot or a Monkey that has qualities  
Of a new fashion, thinke on me.

*Fab.* Yes, Lady

I, I shall thinke on you; and my deuotions  
Tendred where they are due in single merkenes,  
With purer flames will mount with free increase  
Of plenty, honors, full contents, full blessings,  
•ruth and affection twixt your Lord and you,

Sowith my humblest best leave, I turne from you.  
 Never as now I am to appeare before yce.  
 All joyes dwell here and lasting.

*Exit.*

*Fla.* Prithee sweetest

Hearke in your eare——be I rew't, the brim of your hat  
 Strucke in mine eye--*'Dissemble honest teares*  
*The griefes my heart does labour in——* smarts  
 Vnmeasurably.

*Jul.* A chance, a chance, 'twill off;  
 Suddenly off, forbear, this handkercher  
 But makes it worse.

*Cam.* Wincke madam with that eye.  
 The paine will quickly passe.

*Vesp.* Immediately,  
 I know it by experience.

*Fla.* Yes, I find it.

*Jul.* Spare us a little Gentlemen: speak freely. *Ex. Ca. Vc.*  
 What wer't thou saying decre si?

*Fla.* Doe you love me?  
 Answer in sober sadnesse, I'me your wife now;  
 I know my place and power.

*Jul.* What's this riddle?  
 Thou hast thy selfe reply'd to thine owne question,  
 In being marry'd to me, a sure argument  
 Of more then protestation.

*Fla.* Such it should be  
 Were you as other husbands: 'tis granted,  
 A woman of my state may like good cloaths,  
 Choyce dyets, many servants, change of merriments,  
 All these I doe enjoy; and wherefore not?  
*Great Ladies* should command their owne delights,  
 And yet for all this, I am us'd but homely,  
 But I am serv'd even well enough.

*Jul.* My *Flavia*  
 I understand not what thou would'st

*Fla.* Pray pardon me;

I doe confesse I'm foolish, very foolish;  
Trust me indeed I am, for I could cry  
Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour;  
You know I have a Brother.

*Io. Romanello,*  
An unkind Brother.

*Fla.* Right, right, since you bosom'd  
My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe  
As much as to come neere me. Oh, it mads me,  
Being but two; that we should live at distance;  
As if I were a Cat-away, and you  
For your part take no care on't, nor attempted  
To draw him hither.

*Io.* Say the man be peevish,  
Must I petition him?

*Fla.* Yea marry must ye,  
Or else you love not me; not see my Brother?  
Yes I will see him, so I will, will see him.  
You hear't,——oh my good Lord, deere gentle, prethee,  
You shan't be angrie; 'las I know poore Gentleman,  
A beares a troubled mind: but let us meete  
And talke a little, we perhaps may chide  
At first, shed some few teares, and then be quiet,  
There's all.

*Io.* Write to him, and invite him hither,  
Or goe to him thy selfe. Come, no more sadnesse,  
He doe what thou canst with.

*Fla.* And in requitall,  
Believee I shall say something that may settle  
A constancie of peace, for which I shal't thanke me. *Exit.*

*Enter SECCO and SPADONE.*

*Secco.* The rarest fellow, *Spadone*, to him of gambols, a  
talkes so humorously, does a not, to excellently. Oh, well, I  
O, my hope of possenty I could be in love with him.

*Spadone.* His tongue troubles like a Mill-dick: a  
kes the Lady sisters, as a tumbling Dog does young Rabbits.

hey here, dab there, your Madona; a has a catch at her too : There's a trick in the businesse; I am a dunce, else I say a shrewd one.

*Sec.* Iumpe with me, I smell a trick too, if I could tell what.

*Spa.* Who brought him in ? that would be knowne ?

*Sec.* That did signior *Troilo*; I saw the Page dart at the doore; tom, trick still, go to Wife, I must and I will have an eye to this geere.

*Spa.* A plaine cate, Roguery, Brokage and Roguery, or call me Bulchin-Fancies, quoth ad rather Frenzies. We shall all sore shortly : turne made ups, lie open to what comes first I my hand to't. That boy Page, is a naughty boy Page; let me feel your forehead, ha, oh, ha, yes—there,—there againe; I'm sorry for ye, a hand-saw cannot cure ye, monstrous and apparent.

*Sec.* What, what, what, what, what *Spadone*?

*Spa.* What what what what, nothing but Velvet tips you are of the first head yet : have a good hart man, a Cuckold though a be a Beatt, weares invisible hornes; else we might know a City Bull from a Countrey Calf,——villanous Boy still.

*Sec.* My Razer shall be my weapon, my Razer.

*Spa.* Why ? hee's not come to the honour of a Beard yet, he needs no shaving.

*Sec.* I will trim him and train him.

*Spa.* Nry she may doe well enough for one.

*Sec.* One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand: doe beyond Arithmetick *Spadone*, I speake it with some passion, I am a notorious Cuckold.

*Spa.* Grosse and ridiculous,——look ye, point blance I dare not sweare that this same Mountbancking new-come foyll, is at least a procurer in the businesse; if not a pretender himtselfe: but I thinke what I thinke.

*Sec.* Hee, *Troilo*, *Livio*, the Page, that hole-creeeping Page; all horn me sirrah; He forgive thee from my heart :

Doff



Doſt not thou drive a trade too in my bottom.

*Spa.* A likely matter, 'las I'm Metamorphos'd I, be patient you'll marre all else.

*Within.* Ha ha ha ha.

*Sec.* Now, now, now, now, the games rampant, rampant.

*Spa.* Leave your wild Rogarics, and learne to be a tame Antick, or Ile observe no longer.

*Within.* Ha ha ha ha.

*Enter* Troylo, Coddumela, Floria, Clarella Silvia.

*Morosa, and Romanello, like a Courtly Mountebanck.*

*Sil.* You are extremely buſie ſignior.

*Flo.* Courtlie,

With out a fellow.

*Cla.* Have a ſtabbing wit.

*Cat.* But are you all wits, when you preſſe on Ladies Of mild and eulie nature, ſo much ſatyre; So tart and keen as we doe taſte ye now? It argues a leane braine.

*Rom.* Gip to your beauties, You would be faire furrooth, you would be Monſters; Faire Women are ſuch, Monſters to be ſeen Are rare, and ſo are they.

*Troy.* Beare with him Ladies.

*Mor.* He is a ſoule-mouth'd man.

*Sec.* Where, birch— --Fox, treedle——Ja la la la——

*Mor.* How's that my Cat a Mountaine?

*Spa.* Hold her there Boy.

*Cla.* Were you ere in love ſine Signior?

*Rom.* Yes for ſports ſake;

But ſoone forgot it. He that rides a gallop Is quickly weary. I eſteem of Love As of a man in ſome huge place; it puzzles Reason, diſtracts the freedome of the ſoule, Renders a wiſe man foole, and a foole wiſe In's owne conceit, not elſe it yelds effects

Of plenty e travail, bitter, sweet; warre, peace;  
Thornes, roses; prayers, curses; longings, sursets;  
Despaire, and then a rope: oh my trim lover,  
Yes, I have loved a score at once.

*Spa.* Out stillion, as I am a man and no more, the Baboon  
Lies I dare sweare abominably.

*Sec.* Inhumanly, ——— keepe your bow close, *vixen*.

*Mor.* Beware your fingers if you be in earnest:  
You pinch too hard, go to, Ile pare your nailes for't.

*Spa.* She means your horns, there's a bob for you.

*Clu.* Sprance Signior, if a man may love to many,  
Why may not a faire Lady have like priviledge  
Of severall servants?

*Troy.* Answer that, the reason  
Holds the same weight.

*Mor.* Marry and so it does,  
Tho he would spit his gall out.

*Spa.* Marke that *Secco*.

*Sil.* De'e pompe for a reply?

*R.* The learned differ  
In that point; grand and famous Schollers often  
Have argued *pro* and *con*, and left it doubtfull;  
Volumes have been writ on't. If then great Clerkes  
Suspend their resolutions, 'tis a modestie  
For me to silence mine.

*Flo.* Dull and phlegmatick.

*Clu.* Yet Women sure in such a case are ever  
More secret then men are.

*Sil.* Yea and talke lesse.

*Rom.* That is a truth much fabled, never found  
You secret? when your Dresses shew your vanities;  
*Carnation* for your Points? there's a grosse babler:  
*Tawny*, hey ho, the pretty heart is wounded.  
A knot of *Willow* Ribbands she's forsaken?  
Another rides the Cock-horse, *green and azure*,  
Winde and cry wee hee like a Colt unbroken:

But

But desperate *Morose* is in his mind of such daies ;  
 When I hear spurs and cannon, there's a famine :  
 Yet love and judgement may help all this pudder.  
 Where are they ? not in females ?

*Flo.* In all sorts of men no doubt.

*Sil.* Else they were lots to choose.

*Clu.* To swear and flatter, sometimes ly for profit.

*Ro.* Not to forsake th, should love and judgement meet,  
 The old, the fool; the ugly and deform'd  
 Could never be beloved; for example,  
 Behold these two; this Madam and this shaver.

*Mor.* I doe desire thee; am I old or ugly ?

*Sec.* Tricks, knicks, device, now it troubles about.

*Rom.* Trouble let it be tripling, thou hast yet firme footing,  
 And needst not feare the Cuckolds livory.

There's good Philosophie here, take this for comfort,  
 No horned Beasts have teeth in either gummes :  
 But thou art tooth'd on both sides, tho the taile in't.

*Mor.* He's not jealous Sirrah.

*Rom.* That's his Fortune,  
 Women indeed more jealous are then Men ;  
 But men have more cause.

*Spa.* There a nail'd your forehead, 'twas a tough blow.

*Sec.* It smarte.

*Mor.* Pox on him, let him  
 Put's finger into any Gums of mine,  
 He shall finde I have teeth about me, sound ones.

*Sec.* You are a scurvie fellow, and I am made a Cokes,  
 an Ass; and this fine filthy Cokes a fine. *Where do me  
 no harme good Woman.* *Exit Secco and Spadone.*

*Spa.* Now now he's in, I must not leave him so.

*Troy.* *Morose*, what meanes this ?

*Mor.* I know not I,  
 He pinched me, called me names, most filthy names.  
 Will ye part hence Sir, I will see ye packing. *Exit.*

*Clu.* You were indeed too broad, too violent.

*Fls.* Here's nothing meant but mirth.

*Sil.* The Gentleman  
Hath been a little pleasant.

*Cl.* Somewhat bitter  
Against our sex.

*Cast.* For which I promise him  
A nere proves choise of mine.

*Rom.* Not I your choise.

*Troy.* So the protelted Signior.

*Rom.* Indeed.

*Exeunt MOROS &c*

*Cl.* Why you are mov'd Sir?

*Mor.* Hence, there enters  
A civilier companion for faire Ladies  
Then such a floven.

*Ro.* Beauties.

*Troy.* Time prevents us,  
Love and sweet thoughts accompany this presence.

*Enter Octavio, Secco whispering him, Livio  
and Nirido.*

*Ocl.* Enough, slip off, and on your life be secret. *Exit*  
A lovely day, young creatures. To you *Floria*; *Secco.*  
To you *Clarella*, *Silvia*, to all service:  
But who is this faire stranger?

*Li. Castamela,*  
My Sister, noble Lord.

*Oct.* Let ignorance  
Of what you were, plead my neglect of manners,  
And this soft touch excuse it, y'ave enriched  
This little family (most excellent Virgin)  
With th'honour of your company.

*Cast.* I finde them  
Worthily gracefull Sir.

*Li.* Are ye fortaken?

*Oct.* Here are no publique sights nor Courtly visitants,  
Which youth and active blood might stay in thought for.  
The

The companies are few, the pleasures single,  
And rarely to be brook'd, perhaps by any;  
Not perfectly acquainted with this custom,  
Are they not lovely one?

*Li.* Sir, I dare answer  
My sisters resolution. Free converse  
Amongst so many of her Sex, so vertuous,  
She ever hath prefer'd before the surquedry  
Of prostitution, or the vainer giddinesse  
Of popular attendants.

*Musick.*

*Cass.* Well playd Brother.

*Off.* The meaning of this Musicke.

*Mor.* Please your Lordship,  
It is the Ladies hower for exercise  
In Song and Dance.

*Off.* I dare not be the Author  
Of trewanting the time then, neither will I.

*Mor.* Walke on deere Ladies.

*Off.* 'Tis a taske of pleasure.

*Li.* Be now my Sister, stand a triall bravely:

*Mr.* Remember my instructions, ——— *Exit. Master*

*Off.* With pardon.

*Octa. and Cassa-*

*mela.*

You are not of the number I presume yet,  
To be enjoy'd to houres. If you please,  
We for a little while may sit as Iudges  
Of their proficience, pray vouchsafe the favour.

*Cass.* I am Sir in a place to be commanded,  
As now the present urgeth.

*Off.* No compulsion,  
That were too hard a word: where you are Sovereaigne.  
Your yea and nay is Law: I have a suit tee.

*Cass.* For what Sir?

*Off.* For your love.

*Cass.* To whom? I am not  
So weary of th'authority I hold

*Over*



Over mine owne contents in sleepes and wakings;  
That I doe resigne my liberty to any  
Who should controule it.

*Oct.* Neither I intend so,  
Grant me an entertainment.

*Cast.* Of what nature?

*Oct.* To acknowledge me your creature.

*Cast.* Oh my Lord.

You are too wise in yeeres, too full of counsaile  
For my greene inexperience.

*Oct.* Love *deare Maid*,  
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper  
For beauty to desire to be belov'd.  
I am not free from passion, tho' the current  
Of a more lively heate runnes slowly through me,  
My heart is gentle, and beleve *fresh Girl*:  
Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,  
Which may adorne thy rarities to be a tem;  
That beauty can, withhold this *Academy*.  
Of silent pleasures is maintain'd, but only  
To such a constant use.

*Cast.* You have belike then  
A Patent for concealing Virgins, otherwise  
Make plainer your intentions.

*Oct.* To be pleasant  
In practise of some outward fencies onely  
No more.

*Cast.* No, worse you dare not to imagine;  
Where such an awfull Innocencie, as mine is,  
Out-faces every wickednesse, your dotage  
Has lul'd you in. I feent your cruell mercies,  
Your falsest hath been tampering for my misery;  
Your old temptation; your flie-Devill — beate with  
A language which this place, and none but this, hath  
Infected my tongue with. The time will come too,  
When he (unhappy man) whom your advancement

Hath

Hath ruin'd by being Spawell to your fortunes,  
Will curse a train'd me hither.——*Livia*,  
*I* must not call him Brother; this one yet

Hath rent him off the ancestry he sprung from

*Oil*. The proffer of a noble courtessie  
*I*s checkt it seemes.

*Cass*. A courtessie? a bondage;  
You are a great man vicious, much more vicious,  
Because you hold a seeming to goe with charity  
Of pious nature, keeping in charity  
For sensuall in your owne Sepulchrey  
Even by your life time; yet a dead already.

*Oil*. How's this, come be more mild.

*Cass*. You chide me soberly,  
Then Sir *I* tune my voice to other Musiques;  
You are an eminent Statist, be a Father  
To such unfriended Virgins, as your bounty  
Hath drawn into a traine. *I* yet more powerful  
In meanes. A Batchelour, freed from the jealousies  
Of wants, convert this privacie or maintenance  
Into your own Court: let this (as you call it)  
Your *Academy* have a residence there;  
And there survey your charity your selfe:  
That when you shall bestow on worthy husbands  
With fitting portions, such as you know worthie;  
You may yeeld to the present age example  
And to posterity a glorious Chronicle:  
There were a worke of piety: the other is  
A scorne upon your Tomb-stone; where the Reader  
Will but expound, that when you liv'd you pander'd  
Your owne purse and your fame. *I* am too bold Sir,  
Some anger and some pittie hath directed  
A wandring trouble.

*Oil*. Be not known what passages  
The time hath lent, for once *I* can beare with yee.

*Cass*. He countenance the hazard of suspicion.

And be your guest a while.

*Off.* Be——but hereafter——

*I then want what——Livia.*

*Enter LIVIO and MOROSA.*

*Li.* My Lord.

*Cast.* Indeed Sir

I cannot part w<sup>e</sup> yet.

*Off.* Well then thou shalt not,

My precious *Castamela*——thou hast a Sister,

A perfect Sister *Livio*.

*Mor.* All is inck'd here

Good sense indeed.

*Li.* I'd speake with you anon.

*Cast.* It may be so.

*Off.* Come faire one.

*Li.* Oh I am cheated, *Exeunt omnes.*

### ACT. IIII.

*Enter LIVIO and CASTAMELA.*

*Li.* **P**rithee be serious.

*Cast.* **P**rithee interrupt not

The Paradise of my becharming thoughts,  
Which mount my knowledge to the spheare I move in,  
Above this uselesse tattle.

*Li.* Tattle? Sister,

Dee know to whom you talke this?

*Cast.* To the Gentleman

Of my Lords Horse, new slept into the Office:

'Tis a good place Sir, if you can be thankfull.

Demeane your carriage in it, so that negligence

Or pride of your preferment oversway not

The grace you hold in his esteem. Such fortunes

Drop not down every day; observe the favour

That

That rais'd you to this fortune.

*Li.* Thou mistak'st sure

What person thou hold'st speech with.

*Cast.* Strange and idle.

*Li.* It possible? why? you are turn'd a Mistress,  
A Mistress of the trimme; besetw me Lady  
You keepe a stately Port, but it becomes you not:  
Our Father's Daughter, if I am not farre off,  
Deighted in a softer humbler sweetnes:  
Not in a hey-de-gay or leuuey gallantry.  
You do not brave it like a thing oth' fashion;  
You Ape the humor faintly.

*Cast.* Love *deare Maid*

Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper  
For beauty to desire to be belov'd.

*Li.* Fine sport, you mind not me; will you yet heare me  
Madam?

*Cast.* Thou shalt not with for any full addition,  
Which may adorne thy rarities to boast em:  
That bounty can withhold——I know I shall not.

*Li.* And so you clapt the bargaine, the conceit on't  
Tickles your contemplation. 'Tis come out now,  
A Womans tongue I see, some time or other  
Will prove her Traytor: This was all I list'd,  
And here have found thee wretched.

*Cast.* We shall flourish.

Feed high hereafter, man, and no more be straightend  
Within the limits of an emptie patience:  
Nor tire our feeble eyes with gazing only  
On greatnes, which enjoyes the swidge of pleasures.  
But be our selves the object of their envie,  
To whom a service would have seem'd ambition.  
It was thy cunning *Licio*, I applaud it,  
Yeare nothing; He be thrifty in thy projects:  
Want misery? may all such want as thunke on't;  
Our footing shall stand firme.

Li. You are much witty.

Why *Cassianella*, this to me? you counterfeit  
Most palpable. I am too well acquainted  
With thy condition Sister; if the Marquisse  
Hath inter'd one unchaste, one wanton syllable,  
Provoking thy contempt: not all the flatteries  
Of his assurance to our hopes of rising,  
Can or shall save our souls.

Cass. Indeed not so Sir,  
You are beside the point, most gentle Signior,  
He no more your ward, no longer chamber'd,  
Nor mov'd up to the late of your Devotion:  
Trust me, I must not, will not, dare not; surely  
I cannot for my promise past; and sufferance  
Of former trials hath too strongly arm'd me:  
You may take this for answer.

Li. In such earnest?  
Hath goodness left thee quite? fool thou art wandring  
In dangerous foggies, which will corrupt the puritie  
Of every noble vertue dwelt within thee.  
Come home againe, home *Cassianella* Sister;  
Home to thine owne simplicitie and rather  
Then yeeld thy memorie up to the Witch-craft  
Of an abused confidence; be courted  
For *Romanello*.

Cass. *Romanello*.

Li. Scornst thou  
The name? thy thoughts I finde then are chang'd rebels  
To all that's honest, that's to truth and honour.

Cass. So Sir, and in good time.

Li. Thou art false suddainly  
Into a plurisie of faithlesse impudence;  
A whorish itch infects thy blood; a leprosie  
Of raging lust, and thou art made to prostitute  
The glory of thy Virgin dower basely  
For common sale. This toulentise must be purg'd,



Or thy diligence will sparkle to a pestilence,  
Which can even taint the very ayre about thee:  
But I shall studie Physick.

*Cast.* Learne good manners:  
I take it you are lawcie.

*Li.* Sawcie? strumpet  
Fathy desires: 'tis in my power to cut off  
The twitt thy life is spunne by.

*Cast.* Phew, you rave now:  
But if you have not perished all your reason,  
Know I will use my freedom; you (forsooth)  
I or change of fresh apparell, and the pocketting  
Of some well looking Duccats, were contented,  
Pussinglie pleas'd, yes marry were you (mark it)  
To expose me to the danger now you raile at.  
Brought me, nay forc'd me hither, without question  
Of what might follow, here you finde the issue:  
And I distrust not but it was ch'appointurment  
Of some succeeding fate that more concern'd me  
Then widdowed virginity.

*Li.* You are a gallant  
One of my old Lord *Fancies*. Peevish girle,  
Was't ever heard that youth could stand on sicknesse,  
A gray beard, wrinckled face, a shup up marrow,  
A toothlesse head, — a — this is but a merriment,  
Meerely but triall. *Romanello* loves thee,  
Has not abundance, true; yet cannot want.  
Returne with me, and I will leave these fortunes,  
Good Maid, of gentle nature.

*Cast.* By my hopes,  
I never plac'd affection on that Gentleman,  
Tho a deserv'd well I have told him often  
My resolution.

*Li.* Will you hence, and trust to  
My care of setting you a peace.

*Cast.* No surely,

Such treatie may breake off.

*Li.* Off bee't broken,  
He doe what thou shalt rue.

*Cas.* You cannot *Livio*.

*Li.* So confident? young Mistress mine, He do't. *Exit.*

*Enter TROYLO.*

*Troy.* Incomparable Maid.

*Cas.* You have been Counsellor  
To a strange Dialogue.

*Troy.* If there be constancie  
In protestation of a vertuous nature;  
You are secure, as the effects shall witnes.

*Cas.* Be noble, I am credulous, my language  
Hath prejudic'd my heart; I and my Brother  
Were parted at such distance; yet I glory  
In the faire race he runs: but feare the violence  
Of his disorder.

*Troy.* Little time shall quit him.

*Enter Secco leading Nitido in a Carrier with one hand, a Rod  
in his other; followed by Morosà, Silvia, Floris,*

*Chirella; Spadone behind laughing.*

*Sec.* The young Whelp is mad, I must thee the worme  
out of his breech: I have noos'd his neck in the Collar;  
and I will once turne Dog-leech. Stand from about me, or  
you'll finde me terrible and furious.

*Nit.* Ladies good Ladies, deare Madam *Morosà.*

*Flo.* Honest *Secco.*

*Sil.* What was the cause? what wrong has hee done  
to thee?

*Cl.* Why dost thou fright us so, and art so peremptory  
where wee are present fellow?

*Mor.* Honey-kind, Spouse, Catamountaine; ah the Child,  
the pretty poore Child; the sweet fac'd Child.

*Spa.* That very word halters the care-wig.

*Sec.* Off I say, or I shall lay bare all the naked truth to  
your faces: his foreparts have been so lully, and his pos-  
terions

sterions must do penance for't. Ventrills *whiskin* untruffe;  
away buries, out Maie-lagge in yole: Avaunt, thy turne  
comes next, avault thy turne come next; avault the Horns  
of my rage are advanced; hence or I shall gore ye.

*Spa.* Lash him soundly, let the little Ape shew trickes.

*Nic.* Helpe, or I shall be throtled.

*Mor.* Yes, I will helpe thee pretty heart, if my tongue  
cannot prevail my mayes shall. Barbarous minded man, let  
go, or I shall use my talions.

*Spa.* Well playd I do, good playd Beares match; to't to't.

*Sec.* Fury, where, baud, my Wife and the Devill.

*Mor.* Telpet, tuckard, pander, my husband &c a rascal.

*Spa.* Scould Coxcombe, baggage, Cuckold.

Crabed Age and Youth

Cannot jumpe together:

One is like good lucke,

T'other like foule weather.

*Troy.* Let us fall in now: What uncivill rudenesse  
Dares offer a disturbance to this company.  
Peace and delights dwell here, not *trankles* and outrage:  
Sirrah be sure you shew some reasons why  
You so forget your duty? quickly shew it,  
Or I shall tame your choller; what's the ground on't?

*Spa.* Humh how's that? how's that? is he there with  
a Wanion? Then doe I begin to dwindle,——O oh, the  
fit, the fit; the fits upon me now, now now now.

*Sec.* It shall out. First then know all Christian people  
*Jewes* and *Infidels*, lites and shies, by these presents, that  
I am a beast; see what I say, I say a very beast.

*Troy.* 'Tis granted.

*Sec.* Go to then, a horned beast: a goodly tall horn'd  
beast in pure verity a Cuckold: may I will tickle their  
Trangldidoes.

*Mor.* Ah thou base fellow! wouldst thou e-nestle it  
and it were so: but 'tis not so, and thou lyest and lowdly.

*Troy.* Patience *Merosa*, you are you say a Cuckold.

*Sec.* He

*Sec.* He justify my word; I scorn to eat em: this sucking  
 ing, forst hath been wringing in my old Cony borough.

*Mor.* The Boy, the Babe, the Infant; I spit at thee.

*Cust.* Fie *Secco* fie.

*Sec.* Appeare *Spadone*, my proofes are pregnant and  
 grasse: truth is the truth; I must and I will be divorced.  
*Spadone*, speake and exalt thy voice.

*Spa.* Who *I* speake, alas *I* cannot speake *I*.

*Nit.* As *I* hope to live to be a man.

*Sec.* Darnbe the prick of thy weason Pipe: where but  
 two he in a bed you must be Bodkin bitch-baby must ye.  
*Spadone*, am *I* a Cuckold or no Cuckold?

*Spa.* Why? you know *I* an ignorant unable trifle in  
 such busells; an Ouse, a simple Arcotote; an Innocent.

*Sec.* Nay nay nay, no matter for that; this Ramkin hath  
 cup'd my old rotten carrion Muxten.

*Mor.* Rotten in thy maw, thy guts and garbage.

*Sec.* *Spadone* speake aloud what *I* am.

*Spa.* *I* do not know.

*Sec.* What hast thou seen em doing together? doing.

*Spa.* Nothing.

*Mor.* Are thy mad braines in thy mazar now, thou  
 jealous Bedlam?

*Sec.* Didst not thou from time to time tell me as much?

*Spa.* Never.

*Sec.* Hoyday, Ladies and Signior *I* am abus'd, they are  
 agreed to scorne jeere and runne me out of my wits; by  
 consent this gelded hebet a hoy is a corrupted Pander:  
 the page a milke liverd Dildo; my Wife a Whore confest;  
 and *I* my selfe a Cuckold arrant.

*Spa.* Truly *Secco* for the antient good Woman; *I* dare  
 sweare point-blank; and the Boy surely, *I* ever said was  
 to any mans thinking, a very Chrifome in the thing you  
 wot, that's my opinion clearly.

*Cl.* What a wife goose-cap hast thou shew'd thy self?

*Sec.* Here in my fore-head it sticks, and stick it shall.

LAW

law I will have; I will never more tumble in sheets with thee; I will father no mis-begotten of thine; the Court shall trounce thee, the Citie cashier thee, diseases devour thee, and the Spittle confound thee. *Exit.*

*Cas.* The man ha's dream'd himselfe into a lunacie.

*Sil.* Alas poore *Nirido*.

*Nir.* Truly I am innocent.

*Mor.* Marry art thou, so thou art; the World sayes how vertuously I have carried my good name in every part about me, these thirtene yeares and odder; and at last to slip with a child; there are men, men enough, tough and lustie (I hope) if one would give their mind to the iniquitie of the flesh, but this is the life I ha' led with him a while since when a lies by me as cold as a dry stone.

*Troy.* This onely (Ladies) is a fit of noveltie,  
All will be reconcil'd, I doubt, *Spadone*;  
Here is your hand in this how ere deny'd.

*Spa.* Faithfully in truth forsooth.

*Troy.* Well, well enough—*Mirisa*, be less troubled;  
This little jarre is argument of loue,  
It will prove lasting; Beauties, attend yet. *Ex. Troy. Lr.*

*Spa.* Youngling, a word youngling: have not you scap'd the last lanternly? thinke me for't

*Nir.* I feare thy roguery, and I shall finde it.

*Spa.* It's possible, give me thy little fist, we are friends;  
henceforth, remember this whilst you live.

*And still the Prehis would, but could not doe:*

Pretty knave, and so forth: Come, touch on all hands.

*Nir.* Beshrew your fooles head; this was jest in earnest.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter ROMANELLO.*

*Rom.* I will converse with beasts; there is in mankind  
No sound society, but in woman (bless me)  
Nor faith nor reason: I may justly wonder  
What trust was in my Mother.

*Enter a Servant.*



Ser. A Caroch, sir,  
Stand w at the Gate.

Rom. Stand let it fill, and freeze there :  
Make sure the locks.

Ser. Too late, you are prevented.

*Enter Flavia, Camillo, and Vespuci.*

Fla. Brother, I come——

Rom. Vnlookt for ;——I but sojourn  
My selfe ; I keepe nor house, nor entertainments,  
French Cookes compos'd, Italian Collations ;  
Rich Persian suppers, with a traine of serives,  
Besitting exquisite Ladies, such as you are,  
Perfume not our low Roofes ; —the way lies open  
That there : ——Good day, great Madam.

Fla. Why d'yee slight me ?

For what one act of mine, even from my Childhood,  
Which may deliver my deserts inferiour  
Or to our Births or Familie ; is Nature  
Become, in your contempt of me, a Monster ?

Ves. What's this Camillo !

Cam. Not the straine in ordinary.

Rom. I'm out of tune to chop discourses——however,  
You are a Woman.

Fla. Pensive and unfortunate,  
Wanting a Brothers botome to dis-burthen  
More griefs, then female weaknesse can keep league with ;  
Let worst of malice, voyc'd in loud report,  
Spit what it dares invent against my actions ;  
And it shall never find a power to blemish  
My mention, other then becemes a patient :  
I not repine at lownesse ; and the Fortunes  
Which I attend on now, are as I value them,  
No *new creation* to a looser *liberty* :  
Your straungenes only may beget a change  
In wild opinion.

*Cam.*

*Cam.* Heere's another rang of fence, *Vespuci.*

*Ves.* Listen and observe,

*Rom.* A enot you may ye, (nay, wee'll be contented  
In pretence of your Viuers, once to prattle  
Some idle minutes) are you not inthron'd  
The Ladie Regent, by whose speciall influence  
*Julio* the Count of *Camerino* is order'd?

*Fla.* His Wife 'tis knowne I am; and in that title,  
Obedient to a service; else, of greatnesse  
The quiet of my wish was nere ambitious.

*Rom.* Hee loues you?

*Fla.* As worthily, as dearly.

*Rom.* And 'tis believ'd how practice quickly fashion'd  
A port of humorous anticknesse in carriage,  
Discourse, demeanour, gestures.

*Cam.* Put home roundly.

*Ves.* A ward for that blow.

*Fla.* Safety, of mine Honor,  
Instructed such deceit.

*Rom.* Your Honour?

*Fla.* Witnesse

This brace of sprightly Gallants, whose confederacie  
Presum'd to plot a siege.

*Cam.* *Ves.* Wee, Madam!

*Rom.* On; on,  
Some leysure serues us now.

*Fla.* Still as Lord *Julio*

Pursu'd his Contract with the man (oh pardon  
If I forget to name him) by whose puerity  
Of honest truth, I was renown'd in Marriage:  
These two, intrusted for a secret Courtship,  
By tokens, letters, message, in their turnes,  
Trusted their owne deuotions, as they term'd them,  
Almost unto an impudence; regardlesse  
Of him, on whose importance they relyed.

*Rom.* Dare not for both your liues to interrupt her.

*Fla.* Bayted thus to vexation, I assum'd  
A dulnesse of simplicity; till afterwards  
I oft to my Citie, Freedome, and now enter'd  
Into this present state of my Condition;  
(Concluding henceforth absolute security  
From their lascivious Villanies) I continued  
My former custome of ridiculous lightnesse;  
As they did their pursuit; t'acquaint my Lord, were  
I have ruin'd their best certainty of living;  
But that might yeeld suspicion in my nature;  
And woman may be vertuous without mischief,  
To such as tempt them.

*Rem.* You are much to blame sirs,  
Should all be truth is utterd.

*Fla.* For that Justice  
I did command them hither, for a privacie  
In conference 'twixt *Flavia* and her brother  
Needed no Secretaries such as these are:  
Now *Romanello*, thou art every refuge  
I file for right to; if I be thy Sister,  
And not a Bastard, answer their confession,  
Or threaten vengeance, with perpetuall silence.

*Cam.* My follies are acknowledg'd; y'are a Lady  
Who have outdone example: when I trespass  
In ought but duty, and respects of service,  
May hopes of ioyes forsake me.

*Ves.* To like penance  
I joyne a constant votarie.

*Rem.* Peace then  
Is ratified, — my Sister thou hast waken'd  
Intranc'd affection from its sleepe to knowledge  
Ofence more who thou art; no jealous frenzie  
Shall hazard a distrust: reigne in thy sweetnes,  
Thou only worthy Woman: these two Converts  
Record our hearty vnion, I have shooke off  
My thraldome Lady, and have made discoveries

Of famous Novels; but of those hereafter;  
Thus wee seale love, you shall know all and wonder.

Enter LIVIO.

*Liv.* Health and his hearts desire to *Romaneffe*;  
My welcome I bring with me; noblest Lady,  
Excuse an ignorance of your faire presence;  
This may be bold intrusion.

*Ela.* Not by me, Sir.

*Rom.* You are not frequent here as I remember,  
But since you bring your welcome with you, *Livio*,  
Be bold to use it; to the point.

*Liv.* This Lady,  
With both these Gentlemen, in happie hour  
May be partakers of the long liv'd amity;  
Our seales must liuke in.

*Rom.* So belike the Marquesse  
Stores some new grace, some speciall close employment,  
For whom your kind commends by deputation  
Please thinke on to oblige, and *Livio's* charity  
Descends on *Romane* so liberally, above my means to thank.

*Liv.* *Siena* sometimes  
Has beene inform'd how gladly there did passe  
A treatie of chaste loves with *Castamela*;  
From this good heart, it was in me an error  
Willfull and causelesse, tis confest, that hinder'd  
Such honourable prosecution,  
Even and equall; better thoughts consider,  
How much I wrong'd the gentle course which led yee  
To vowes of true affection; use of friendship.

*Rom.* Sits the wind there boy, leaving formall circumstance,  
proceed; you dally yet.

*Liv.* Then without plea,  
For countenancing what has beene injurious  
On my part, I am come to tender really  
My Sister a lou'd Wife t' yee; freely take her  
Right honest man, and as yee live together.

May your encrease of yeares prove but one spring,  
 One lasting flourishing youth; she is your owne,  
 My hands shall perfect what's requir'd to ceremony.

*Fla.* Brother, this day was meant a holyday,  
 For feast on every side.

*Rom.* The new-turn'd Courtier  
 Proffers most frankly; but withall leaves out  
 A due consideration of the narrowness:  
 Our short estate is bounded in, some *Politicks*  
 As they rise vp (like *Livio*) to perfection  
 In their owne competencies, gather also  
 Grave supplement of providence and wisdom;—  
 Yet he abates in his—you use a triumph  
 In your advantages, it smells of state:  
 We know you are no foole.

*Fla.* Sooth I beleeve him.

*Cam.* Else 'twere imposture.

*Ves.* Folly ranck, and fencelesse.

*Liv.* Enioyne an oath at large.

*Rom.* Since you meane earnest,  
 Receive in satisfaction; I am resolv'd  
 For single life; there was a time (was *Livio*)  
 When indiscretion blinded forecast in me;  
 But recollection, with your rules of thriftinesse,  
 Prevaild against all passion.

*Liv.* You'd be courted,  
 Courtship's the childe of coynesse *Romanello*;  
 And for the Rules 'tis possible to name them.

*Rom.* A single life's no burthen; but to draw  
 In yoakes is chargeable, and doth require  
 A double maintenance; *Livios* very words,  
 For he can live without a wife and purchase,  
 By'r Lady so you doe Sir, send you joy on't;  
 These rules you see are possible, and answer'd.

*Liv.* Full,—answer was late mate to this already,  
 My Sister's onely thine.

*Rom.*



*Rom.* Where lives the Creature  
Your pity stoopes to pit upon your ser vant?  
Not in a Nun'ry for a yeares probation?  
Fie on such coldnes, there are *BOYVERS OF FANCIES*  
Ravish'd from troops of Lusty Nymphs, and Virgins  
Call'd from the downie breasts of Queens their Mothers,  
In the *Turanian* Empire, far from Mortals:  
But these are tales; troth I have quite abandoned  
All loving humour.

*Liv.* Here is scorne in Riddles,

*Rom.* Were there another Marquisse in *Sienna*  
More potent then the same who is vice-gerent  
To the great Duke of *Florence*, our grand Master:  
Were the great *Duke* himselfe here, and would lift up  
My head to fellow pompe amongst his Nobles,  
By falshood to the honour of a Sister,  
Vrging me instrument in his *Seraglio*;  
Ide teare the Wardrobe of an outlide from him  
Rather then live a Pandar to his bribery.

*Liv.* So would the *hee* you talke to, *Romanello*,  
Without a note that's singular.

*Rom.* Shees a Countesse  
*Flavia*, shee; but she has an Earle her Husband,  
Though farre from our procurement.

*Liv.* *Cassandela*  
Is refus'd then.

*Rom.* Never design'd my Choyce,  
You know and I know (*Livia*) more I tell thee,  
A noble honestie ought to give allowance,  
When reason intercedes; by all that's manly,  
I range not in derision, but compassion.

*Liv.* Intelligence flies swiftly.

*Rom.* Pretty swiftly;  
We have compar'd the Copie with th' *Original*,  
And finde no disagreement.

*Liv.* So my Sister

Can be no wife for *Romanello*?

*Rom.* "No, no,

One noe once more and ever; — this your courtesie  
Foild me a second; — Sir, you brought a welcome,  
You must not part without it; scan with pittie  
My plainnesse, I intend nor gall, nor quarrell.

*Liv.* Far bee't from me to presse a blame, great Lady;  
I kisse your noble hands, and to these Gentlemen  
Present a civill parting; *Romanello*,  
By the next foot-Post thou wilt heare some newes  
Of alteration; if I lend, come to me.

*Rom.* Questionlesse, yea.

*Liv.* My thanks may quit the favor. *Exit.*

*Fla.* Brother his intercourse of conference,  
Appeares at once perplext, but withall sensible.

*Rom.* Doubts easily resolv'd; upon your vertues  
The whole foundation of my peace is grounded:  
He guard yee to your home, lost in one comfort  
Heere I have found another.

*Fla.* Goodnesse prosper it. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter OCTAVIO, TROYLO, SECCO, and NITIDO.*

*Oct.* **N**O more of these complaints and clamors;  
Have we nor enemies abroad,  
Nor waking Sycophants,  
Who peering through our actions, wait occasion  
By which they watch to lay advantage open  
To vulgar descent, but amongst our selves  
Some whom we call our owne must practise scandall  
(Out of a libertie of ease and fulnesse)  
Against our honour, we shall quickly order  
Strange reformation Sirs, and you will finde it.

*Troy.*

*Troy.* When Servants servants, slaves, once reach their gentle  
Of good opinion from a noble nature,  
They take upon them boldness to abuse  
Such interest, and Lord it o're their fellowes,  
As if they were exempt from that condition.

*Ol.* He is unfit to manage publique matters  
Who knowes not how to rule at home his household ;  
You must be jealous (puppie) of a Boy too ;  
Raise uprores, (bandie no'te) amongst young Maidens ;  
Keepe revels in your madnesse, use authoritie  
Of giving punishment ; a foole must fo'le ye ;  
And this is all but pastime, as you thinke it.

*Nic.* With your good Lordships favor, I lince, *Spadone*  
Confest it was a gullery put on *Secco*,  
For some revenge meant me.

*Troy.* He vow'd it truth  
Before the Ladies in my hearing.

*Ol.* Sirrah,  
He turne you to your shop agen and trinkets,  
Your sads and pan of small-cote ; take your damzell  
The grand old ragg, of beautes ; your deards head ;  
Try then what custome *reverence* can trade in ;  
Fiddle, and play your pranks amongst your neighbours,  
That all the towne may roare ye ; now ye simper  
And looke like a shav'd skull.

*Nic.* This comes of prating.

*Sec.* I am my Lord a worne, pray my Lord tread on  
me, I will not turne agen ; 't'as I shall never venture  
To hang my Pole out ; on my knees I begge it,  
My bare knees, I will downe unto my wife  
And doe what she wil have me, all I can doe ;  
Nay more, (if she wil have it) aske forgiveness,  
Be an obedient Husband ; never crosse her,  
Unlesse sometimes in kindness : Seignior *Troylo*,  
Speake one sweet word ; He sweare 'twas in my madnes,  
I said I knew not what, and that no creature

Was brought by you amongst the Ladies, *Nitido*  
He forswears thee too.

*Off.* Wait a while our pleasure;  
You shall know more anon.

*Sec.* Remember me now. *Exeunt.*

*Off.* *Troylo*, thou art my brothers sonne, and nereest  
In blood to me; thou hast beene next in counsell.  
Those ties of nature (if thou canst consider  
How much they doe engage) worke by instinct  
In every worthy or ignoble mention  
Which can concerne me.

*Troy.* Sir, they have and shall  
As long as I beare life.

*Off.* Henceforth the Stewardship  
My carefulnes, for the honour of our *Familie*  
Has undertooke, must yeeld the world account,  
And make cleare reckonings; yet we stand suspected  
In our even courses.

*Troy.* But when time shall wonder  
How much it was mistaken in the issue  
Of honourable, and secure contrivements.  
Your wisdoms crown'd with lawrels of a Iustice  
Deserving approbation will quite foyle  
The ignorance of popular opinion.

*Off.* Report is merry with my feates; my dotage  
Vndoubtedly the Vulgar voyce doth caroll it.

*Troy.* True Sir, but *Romanello's* late admission  
Warrants that giddy confidence of rumor  
Without all contradiction; now 'tis Oracle,  
And so receiv'd; I am confirm'd, the Lady  
By this time proves his scorne as well as laughter.

*Off.* And we with her his table-talk—she stands not  
In any firme affection to him.

*Troy.* None Sir,  
More then her wonted Noblenesse afforded  
Out of a civill custome.

*Off.* We

*Off.* We are resolute  
In our determination, meaning quickly  
To cause these clouds me off; the ordering of it  
Nephew is thine.

*Enter Livio.*

*Troy.* Your care and love commands me.

*Liv.* I come, my Lord, a Suiter.

*Off.* Honest *Livio*,  
Perfectly honest, reallie; no fallacies  
No flaws are in thy truth: I shall promote thee  
To place more eminent.

*Troy.* *Livio* deserves it.

*Off.* What suit? speake boldly.

*Liv.* Pray discharge my office,  
My mastership; 'twere better live a yeoman  
And live with men, then over-eye your houses,  
Whiles I my selfe am ridden like a jade. (man,

*Off.* Such breath sounds but ill manners; know young  
Old as we are, our Soule retaines a fire  
Active and quick in motion, which shall equall  
The daringst boyes ambition of true manhood  
That weares a pride to brave us.

*Troy.* He is my friend, Sir.

*Off.* You are wearie of our service, and may leave it.  
We can court no mans dutie.

*Liv.* Without passion,  
My Lord, d'ye thinke your Nephew here, your *Troy*'s  
Parts in your spirit as freely as your blood;  
'Tis no rude question.

*Off.* Had you knowne his Mother  
You might have sworn her honest; let him justifie  
Himselfe not base borne: for thy Sisters sake  
I doe conceive the like of thee; be wiser,  
But prate to me no more thus; — if the gallant  
Resolve on my attendance, ere he leave me,  
Acquaint him with the present service, Nephew.



I meant to imploy him in. *Exit.*

*Troy.* *Fie Livio,* wherefore  
Turn'd wild upon me to day.

*Liv.* Pretty Gentleman,  
How modestly you move your doubts? how tamely?  
Aske *Romanello*, he hath without leave  
Surveigh'd your *Bowres of FANCIES*, hath discovered  
The mystery of those *pure Nuns*; those chaste ones,  
Untouch'd forsooth; the holy Academic:  
Hath found a *Mothers daughter* there of mine too,  
And one who cald my *Father Father*, talks ont,  
Puffles in mirth on't; baffel'd to my face  
The glory of her greatnesse by it.

*Troy.* Truly.

(*Sery,*

*Liv.* Death to my sustenance, canst thou heare this mi-  
And answer't with a truly? 'twas thy wickednes  
False as thine owne heart tempted my credulity,  
That, her to ruine; she was once an innocent,  
As free from spot, as the blew face of heaven  
Without a cloud in't; she is now as fully'd  
As is that Canopie, when mists and vapours  
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence.

*Troy.* Sayes he so, *Livio*.

*Liv.* Yes, and't like your noblenes;  
He truly does to say; your breach of friendship  
With me, must borrow courage from your Vncle,  
Whiles your sword talks an answer; theres no remedy.  
I will have satisfaction, though thy life  
Come short of such demand.

*Troy.* Then satisfaction  
Much worthier then your sword can force, you shall have,  
Yet mine shall keepe the peace; I can be angry  
And brave alow'd in my reply; but honour  
Schooles me to sifter grounds, this as a gentleman  
I promise ere the minutes of the night  
I warne us to rest, such satisfaction (heare me

And

And credit it) as more you cannot wish for,  
So much not thinke of.

*Liv.* Not? the time is short,  
Before our sleeping houre: you vow.

*Troy.* I doe,  
Before we ought to sleepe.

*Liv.* So I intend to,  
But will I need which, what left the *Marquesse*  
In charge for me? He do't.

*Troy.* I will invite Count *Isilio*  
His Ladie, and her brother, with their company  
To my Lords Court at Supper.

*Liv.* Easie busines,  
And then.——

*Troy.* And then soone after, the performance  
Of my past vow waites on yee, but be certaine  
You bring them with y'e.

*Liv.* Yet your servant.

*Troy.* Nearer my friend, you'l find no lesse.

*Liv.* 'Tis strange, is't possible. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Costamela, Clavella, Floria, and Silvia.*

*Cost.* You have discours'd to me a lovely story,  
My heart doth dance to th' musique: 'twere a shame  
Should I in any riddle stand distastfull  
Where such a people such as you are, innocent  
Even by the intent of your yeares and language,  
Informe a truth; O talke it ore againe;  
Ye are ye say three daughters of one mother,  
That Mother only Sister to the *Marquesse*,  
Whose charge hath since her death (being left a widow)  
Here in this place prefer'd your education:  
Is't so?

*Clav.* It is even so, and howsoever  
Report may wander loosely in some scandall  
Against our privacies; yet we have wanted  
No gracefull meanes fit for our births and qualities,

To traine us up into a vertuous knowledge  
Of what, and who we ought to be.

*Flo.* Our Vncle  
Hath often to'd us, how it more concern'd him  
Before he shew'd us to the world, to render  
Our youths and our demeanors in each action  
Approv'd by his experience, then too early  
Adventure on the follies of the age,  
By prone temptations fatall.

*Sil.* In good deed is,  
We meane no harme.

*Cas.* Deceit must want a shelter  
Vnder a rooffe, that's covering to foules  
So white as breaths beneath it, such as these are ;  
My happines shares largely in this blessing,  
And I must thanke direction of the providence  
Which led me hither.

*Cl.* Aptly have you fil'd it,  
A providence for ever in chaste loves,  
Such majestie hath power, —our Kinsman *Troylo*  
Was herem his owne factor ; he will prove,  
Beleeve him Lady, every way as constant,  
As noble, we can baile him from the cruelty  
Of misconstruction.

*Flo.* You will finde his tongue  
But a just Secretary to his heart.

*Cas.* The Guardianesse  
(Deare Creatures) now and then, it seemes  
Makes bold to talke.

*Cl.* Sh'as waited on us  
From all our Cradles, will prate sometimes odly,  
However meanes but sport ; I am unwilling  
Our household should breake up, but must obey  
His wisdom, under whose command we live ;  
Sever our companies I'm sure we shall not ;  
Yet tis a pretty life this and a quiet.

*Enter*

*Enter Morosa, Sees his apron, Basket of water, Suffers, Combe, Towels, Razor, &c.*

*Sec.* Chuck, duckling, honey-croote, monkey all and every thing; I am thine ever and only, will never offend againe, as I hope to have cleane and get honour by't, heartily I aske forgiveness; bee gracious to thine *owne* flesh and blood, and kisse me home.

*Mor.* Look you provoke us no more, for this time you shall finde mercy; — wasn't that lacyching for thy braines a crowing? bee quies with them, but doe not hurt the great male-baby.

*Sec.* Enough, I am wite, and will be merry, — ha! flatteries, the Caroches will sodaine receive yee; a night of pleasure is toward, pray for good husbands a peeces, that may trim you featly, (dainty ones) and let mee come to trim them.

*Mor.* Loving hearts be quick as soone as ye can, time runs apace; what you must doe, doe nimely, and give your minds to't; young bloods stand tumbling? sit away, be ready for shame before-hand; husband, stand to thy tackling husband, like a man of merit: goe, goe, goe.

*Exit Morosa and Ladies.*

*Sec.* Will ye come away, lovers? shall I wait on ye? Am I at livery d'ye thinke.

*Enter Spadone ready to be trim'd, and Nardo.*

*Spa.* Here am I ready; what a murthering thou keep'st, I have but scour'd my hands, and carried my head to the time, honest *Seco*, neat *Seco*, precious barbarian, now thou look'st like a weath'ruptoll Tooth-drawer, would I might see thee on horsebacke, in the pompe once.

*Sec.* A Chaire, a Chaire, quick, quick.

*Nr.* Here's a chaire, a chaire politique, my fine boy, sit thee downe in triumph, and rise one of the new Worthies; thou'lt be a sweet youth anon sirrah.

*Spa.* So, to worke with a grace now, I cannot but highly be in love with the fashion of Country, which is never

compleat, till the *snip snap* of dexterity, hath mow'd off the excrements of slovenry.

*Sec.* Very commodiously deliver'd I protest.

*Nit.* Nay, the thing under your fingers is a *whelp* of *the wits* I can assure you.

*Spa.* I a whelp of the wits? no, no, I cannot barke impudently, and ignorantly enough; — oh, and a man of this Art had now and then *Soveraignty* over faire Ladies, you would tickle their *upper* and their *lower lips*, you'd lo sinouch and belaver their chopps.

*Sec.* We light on some cures for Ladies too, as occasion serves.

*Nit.* Yes, frizzle or poulder their haire, plane their eye-browes, set a napp on their cheekes, keepe secrets, and tell newes; that's all.

*Sec.* Winke fast with both your eyes, the ingredients to the composition of this ball, are most odorous Camphire, pure sops of *Venice*, oyle of sweet Almonds, with the spirit of Allome; they will search and smart throwdly, if you keep not the shop-windowes of your head close.

*Spa.* Newes? well remember d, that's part of your trade too (præthee doe not rub so roughly) and how goes the rattle oth' towne? what novelties stirring, ha?

*Sec.* Strange, and scarce to be credited; a gelding was lately seene to leape an old Mare; and an old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a white sheet for getting a wench of fittene with childe, here hard by, most admirable and portentous.

*Spa.* He never beleeve it, 'tis impossible.

*Nit.* Most certaine, some *Doctor Fawners* are of opinion that the Mare may cast a Foale, which the Master of their Hall conclude in spite of all loekies and their familiars, will carry every race before him, without spurre or switch.

*Spa.* O rare, a man might venture ten or twenty to one safely then, and nere be in danger o' the cheate; — this  
water



water me thinks is none of the sweetest; Camphire and soape of Venice say ye.

*Sec.* With a little *grecum album* for mundification.

*Nit.* *Grecum album* is a kinde of white perlum'd powder, which plaine Countrey people, I beleeve, call dog-muske.

*Spa.* Dog-muske, poxe o' the dog-muske; what dost meane to bleach my nose, thou giv' it such twitches to't? set me at liberty as soone as thou canst, gentle *Seco*.

*Sec.* Onely pare off a little superfluous downe from your chin, and all's done.

*Spa.* Pish, no matter for that; dispatch, I entreat thee.

*Nit.* Have patience man, 'tis for his credit to be neat.

*Spa.* What's that so cold at my throat, and scrubs so hard?

*Sec.* A kinde of Steele instrument ycleped a Razor, a sharp toole and a keene, it has a certaine vertue of cutting a throat, if a man please to give his mind to't; —hold up your muzzle Signior, —when did you take bawdily to my wife last? tell me for your owne good (Signior) I advise you.

*Spa.* I talke bawdily to thy wife? hang bawdry; good now mind thy busines, lest thy hand slip.

*Nit.* Give him kinde words you were best, for a toy that I know.

*Sec.* Confesse, or I shall marre your grace in whiffing Tobacco or squinting of sweet wines downe your gill; —you have beene offering to play the gulling we told yee of I suppose; —speak truth, (move the semicircle of your countenance to my left hand side) cut with the truth; would you have had a leap.

*Nit.* *Spauldore*, thou art in a lamentable pickle, have a good heart and pray if thou canst, I pittie thee.

*Spa.* I protest and vow friend *Seco*. I know no leaps, I.

*Sec.* Letcherously goatish and an Eunuch? this cur, and then—

*Spa.* Confound thee, thy leaps and thy cuts; I am no Eunuch, you finicall asse, I am no Eunuch; but at all points as well provided, as any he in *Italy*, and that thy Wife could have told thee: this your conspiracie, to thrust my head into a brazen tub of Kitchen-lee, huddle mine eyes in mud-soape, and then offer to cut my throat in the darke like a Coward? I may live to be reveng'd on both of yee.

*Mr.* Oh scurvy I thou art angry, feelle man whether thy weaton be not cracked first.

*Sec.* You must fiddle my braines into a jealousy, rub my temples with saffron, and burnish my forehead with the juyce of yellowes: have I sitted yee now sir?

*Enter Morosa.*

*Spa.* All's whole yet I hope?

*Mr.* Yes, sirrah; all is whole yet; but if ever thou dost speak treason against my sweeting and me once more, thou'lt finde a reguy bargaine on't; *deare*, this was handled like one of spirit and discretion: *Nitido* has pag'd is trimly too; no wording, but make ready and attend at Court.

*Sec.* Now we know thou art a man; we forget what hath past, and are fellowes and friends againe.

*Nit.* Wipe your face cleane; and take heed of a Razor.

*Sp.* The feare put me into a sweate; I cannot helpe it; I am glad I have my throat mine owne, and must laugh for Company, or be laught at. *Exit.*

*Enter Livio, and Troilo.*

*Liv.* You finde Sir, I have prov'd a ready servant, And brought th'exp. Gd guests, amidst these feastings, These costly entertainments; you must pardon My incivility that here sequesters Your cares from choise of musique, or discourse To a lesse pleasant parley; night drawes on, And quickly will grow old; it were unmanly For any Gentleman, who loves his honour,

To put it on the rack; here is small comfort  
 Of such a satisfaction as was promis'd,  
 Though certainly it must be had; pray tell me  
 What can appear about me to be us'd thus?  
 My soule is free from injuries.

(you,

*Troy.* My tongue from serious untruths, I never wrong'd  
 Love you too well to meane it now.

*Liv.* Not wrong'd mee?  
 (Blest Heaven!) this is the bandie of a patience  
 Beyond all sufferance.

*Troy.* If your owne acknowledgement  
 Quit me not fairely ere the houres of rest  
 Shall shut our eyes up, say I made a forfeit  
 Of what no length of yeares can once redeeme.

*Liv.* Fine whirles in tame imagination; on sir,  
 It is scarce mannerly at such a season,  
 Such a solemnitie (the place and presence  
 Consider'd) with delights, to mixe combustions.

*Troy.* Prepare for free contents, and give em welcome.

*Flourish.* Enter *Octavio, Iulio, Flavia, Romanello,*  
*Camillo and Iseppuci.*

*Off.* I dare not study words, or hold a complement  
 For this particular; this speciall favour.

*Iul.* Your bounty and your love, my Lord, must justly  
 Ingage a thankfulness.

*Fla.* Indeede  
 Varieties of entertainment heere  
 Have so exceeded all account of plentie,  
 That you have left (great Sir) no rarities  
 Except an equall welcome which may purchase  
 Opinion of a common Hospitality.

*Off.* But for this grace (Madam) I will lay open  
 Before your judgments which I know can rate 'em,  
 A Cabinet of Jewels, rich and lively,  
 The world can shew none goodlier; those I prize  
 Deare as my life; — Nephew —

K 2

*Troy.* Sir,

*Troy.* Sir, I obey you.— *Exit.*

*Flu.* Jewels, my Lord.

*Off.* No strangers eye ere view'd them,  
Valeffe your Brother *Romanello* haply  
Was wold unto a fight for his approvement:  
No more.

*Rem.* Not I, I doe protest; I hope Sir  
You cannot thinke I am a lapidarie;  
I skill in Jewels?

*Off.* 'Tis a proper quality  
For any Gentleman; your other friends  
May be are not so coy.

*Jul.* Who they, they know not  
A *Topaze* from an *Opall*.

*Cam.* We are ignorant  
In gems which are not common.

*Ves.* But his Lordship  
Is pleas'd (it seemes) to try our ignorance.  
For passage of the time, till they are brought,  
Pray looke upon a Letter lately sent me,  
Lord *Julio*, (Madam) *Romanello*, read  
A neweltie; 'tis written from *Borony*  
*Fabricio* once a Merchant in this Citie  
Is enter'd into orders, and receiv'd  
Amongst the Capuchins a fellow, newes  
Which ought not any way to be unpleasant,  
Certaine I can assure it.

*Jul.* He at last has  
B. shew'd himselfe upon a glorious service.

*Rem.* Most happie man, I now forgive the injuries  
Thy former life expos'd thee to.

*Lro.* Turne Capuchine,  
Hee, whiles I stand a Cypher and fill up  
Only an uselesse summe to be laid out  
In an unthrifty lendnesse, that must buy  
Both name and riot; Oh my fickle destinie!

*Rem*

*Ros.* Sister, you cannot taste this course but bravely,  
But thankfully.

*Fla.* Hee's now dead to the world  
And lives to heaven; a Saint's reward reward him;  
My onely lov'd Lord, all your fears are henceforth  
Consolid into a sweet and happie penance.

*Enter Troylo, Castamelo, Charolla, Florin, Silvia,  
and Moresu.*

*O.H.* Behold, I keepe my word, these are the Jewels  
Deserve a treasure; I can be prodigall  
Amongst my friends; examine well their lustre  
Do's it not sparkle? wherefore dwels your silence  
In such amazement?

*Liv.* Patience keepe within me,  
Leap not yet rudely into scorne of anger.

*Fla.* Beauties incomparable.

*Off.* *Romanello,*  
I have beene onely Steward to your pleasures;  
You lov'd this Lady once, what say you now to her?

*Cast.* I must not court you Sir.

*Rom.* By no means faire one,  
Enjoy your life of greatnesse; sure the spring  
Is past, the Boyvants Of *FANCIES* is quite wither'd  
And offer'd like a lottery to be drawne;  
I dur not venture for a blanke, excuse me,—  
Exquisite Jewels.

*Liv.* Hearke ye *Troylo.*

*Troy.* Spare me.

*Off.* You then renounce all right in *Castamelo*,  
Say *Romanello.*

*Ros.* Gladly.

*Troy.* Then I must not;  
Thus I embrace mine owne, my wife; confirme it.  
Thus when I faile (my dearest) to deserve thee  
Comforts and life shall faile me.

*Cast.* Like view I, for my part.



*Troy.* *Livio*, now my Brother, justly  
I have given satisfaction.

*Cast.* Oh excuse  
Our secretiey I have beene—

*Liv.* Much more worthy  
A better Brother, he a better Friend  
Then my dull braines could fashion.

*Rom.* Am I cosen'd.

*Old.* You are not *Romanello*; we examin'd  
On what conditions your affections fix'd,  
And found them meerely Courtship; but my Nephew  
Lov'd with a faith resolv'd, and us'd his policie  
To draw the Ladie into this societie,  
More freely to discover his sinceritie  
Even without *Livio's* knowledge, thus succeeded  
And prospered, he's my heire and she deserv'd him.

*Lul.* Storme not at what is past.

*Ela.* A fate as happie  
May crowne you with a full content.

*Old.* What ever  
Report hath talk'd of me abroad, and these  
Know they are all my neeces, are the daughters  
To my dead onely Sister, this their Guardianesse  
Since they first saw the World; indeed my Mistresses  
They are, I have none other; how brought up  
Their qualities may speake; now *Romanello*,  
And Gentlemen, for such I know yee all,  
Portians they shall not want both fit and worthy;  
Nor will I looke on fortune, if you like  
Court them and win them, here is free access,  
In mine owne Court henceforth; only for thee  
*Livio* I wish *Clarella* were allotted.

*Liv.* Most noble Lord, I am struck silent.

*Ela.* Brother, heere's noble choyce.

*Rom.* Frenzy, how didst thou seize me!

*Cl.* We knew you Sir, in *Pragnia's* posture.

*Elo.*

*Fl.* Were merry at the sight.

*Sil.* And gave you welcome.

*Mor.* Indeed forsooth, and so we didn't like ye.

*Off.* Enough, enough; now to shut up the night,  
Some meniall servants of mine owne are ready  
For to present a merriment; they intend  
According to th'occasion of the meeting,  
In severall shapcs to shew how love oreswayes  
All men of severall conditions; *Soldier,*  
*Gentry, foole, scholler, Merchant man, and Clowne:*  
A harmlesse recreation; take your places.——

*Dance.*

Your duties are perform'd henceforth, *Spentene,*  
Cast off thy borrow'd title: Nephew *Troilo,*  
His *Mother* gave thee suck; esteeme him kinne lly.  
Lights for the Lodgings, 'tis high time for rest;  
*Great men* may be mistooke when they meane best.

F I N I S.

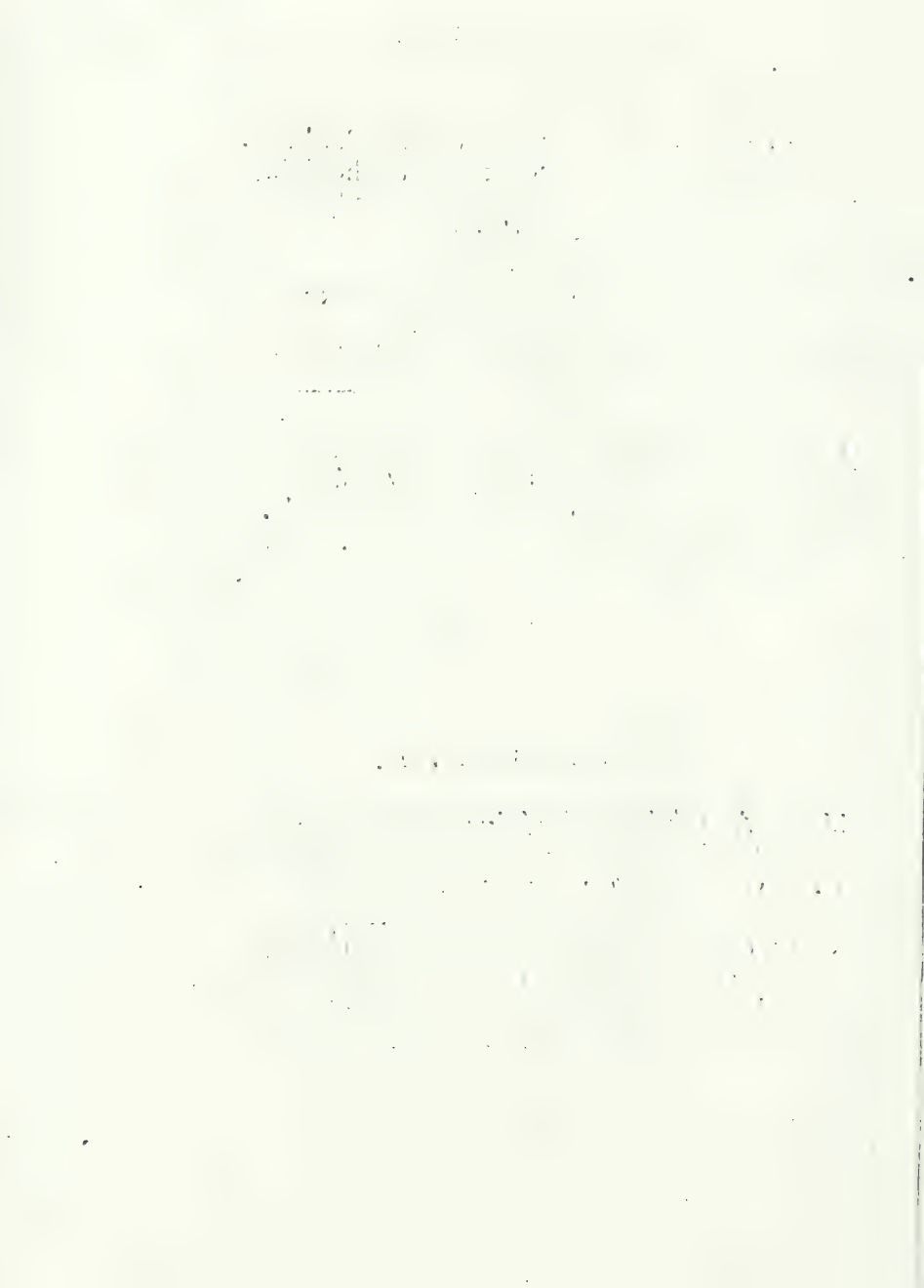
EPILOGUE.

*MOR.* **A** While suspected (*Gentlemen*) I looke  
For no new Law, being quitted by the Booke.

*CLA.* Our harmlesse pleasure's, free in every sort  
Actions of scandall; may they free report.

*CAST.* Distrust is base, presumption argueth wrongs:  
But now thoughts must prompt us noble tongues.

*FLA.* Fancie and Iudgement are a Poyes full matter:  
If we have er'd in one, right you the latter.



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1640

The fancies, chaste  
and noble: presented by  
the Queens Maiesties  
servants at the Phoenix  
in Drury-Lane.

H. Seile (1638)

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