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# A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

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A COMEDY BY  
PHILIP MASSINGER  
EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
AND NOTES BY  
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## INTRODUCTION

**A** *New Way to Pay Old Debts* is\* Massinger's most famous play. Whether it is his best is another question. He himself preferred *The Roman Actor*, and modern criticism would probably give pride of place to *The City Madam*. But the judgment of the theatre cannot be gainsaid. He was a prolific writer, and there are some twenty extant plays to his credit: only in this single instance, however, can we assert that he has held the stage for nearly two and a half centuries. Allowing for the natural ups and downs of popularity which affect any standard piece, his *New way* has flourished in the English theatre as no other Jacobean ma seems to have done. It was part of our permanent nabenal repertoire of established plays from 1780 until 1880. It was even more popular in America than in England in the i lae-teenth century: in our own time it has had some successful revivals, notably at the Old Vic in 1922; and a broadcast performance in 1948 received high praise.

To say that its author 'flourished' under James I and Charles I would be a heartless euphemism for the little we know of Philip Massinger's life. To judge from his own references, it was a continual struggle, not indeed against the picturesquely sordid poverty of some of the earliet Elizabethan playwrights and pamphleteers, but against the constant lack of means in which a man, born and bred a gentleman, might find himself involved by reason of the

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changing circumstances of the times in which he lived. He was born at Salisbury in 1583 or '84, 'generous',—the son of an Arthur Massinger who was Steward of the Household to Henry Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, and afterwards to William, the third Earl. Philip went to Oxford in 1602, but on his father's death in 1606 left without taking his degree, and settled in London to become, as he says, one of those 'whose necessitous fortunes made literature their profession'.

In later life he was wont to acknowledge, as in the dedication of this particular play, that he was 'born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family' of the Herberts. One cannot assert that this means he was actually brought up in the household at Wilton during his father's stewardship, but his plays reveal knowledge of the way of life in a noble household, and there is nothing unlikely in the suggestion that he may well have been a page, possibly to the Countess, 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother'. This is the relationship between young Tom Allworth and Lord Lovell, which he has so pleasantly depicted in this play—a relationship which in the Tudor period would probably have led to promotion as a gentleman waiter, and ultimately perhaps to some household office. But the decay of 'the gentlemanly profession of serving men', which had by then become a social fact,(1) may well have meant that for a young man like Massinger, unless he could afford to be 'at his ownfinding',(2) there was no opening of this kind. It is equally possible that, from the first, he may have nourished literary ambitions; or that, as a child of his time, he may have felt, in regard to service in a noble household, that there was 'no future in it'. Whatever

(1) For some account of social life, and the meaning of service, see the chapters: 'The National Background' by G. B. Harrison and 'The Social Background' by the present writer in *A Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

2) i.e. bad enough of an independent income upon which to support himself.

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the cause, from 1606 until his death in 1640,(1) he earned his living as one of the most prolific dramatists of the time, writing both independently and in collaboration with other producers of popular entertainment, from Dekker and Tourneur to such lesser Henslowe hacks as Field and Daborne.

Between 1606 and 1621 he is said to have written twelve plays, eight of which were sacrificed as pie-covers by Warburton's notorious cook. It was at this time, too, that he began to write in collaboration with John Fletcher. In 1623 he ceased to write for the King's Men, and produced several plays for the rival company, the Queen's Men. It is to this interlude that his *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* belongs, and the Queen's Men claimed that it was frequently played by them at the Phoenix. On the evidence, it looks as if it must have been the last piece he wrote for them, probably between July and December 1625. Its date is not known, and the Quarto—the only one—was not published until 1633, being entered on the Stationers' Register 10 November 1632. It cannot have been played by the Queen's Men at the Phoenix before December 1625, as they did not occupy the theatre before that date, but Massinger left them after Fletcher's death in August of that year, and a backwards time-limit appears to be provided for the writing by the reference to the siege of Breda which surrendered to the Spanish commander Spinola on 1 July 1625 (cf. I.ii.27-28). As a topical allusion this would belong appropriately to July-December 1625.

On its record, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* is an actor's play. Most people associate it entirely with Edmund Kean, actor of actors. Hazlitt considered Sir Giles one of Kean's

(1) He was buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, on 18 March 1640.

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'very best parts', and found the concluding scene 'quite overwhelming', while admitting that it would perhaps be as well if he would contrive not to frighten the ladies into hysterics. Because it has been extremely successful in the theatre, however, and attracted so many outstanding actors, it does not follow that we are obliged to rank it as great drama. Massinger has never suffered from the exaggerated praise which has been lavished on some of his contemporaries. If anything, his genuine merits have been under-rated, thanks to the mistaken ideas about the so-called 'decadence' of his blank verse which still seem to prevail in orthodox literary criticism. In consequence, we have not had *A New Way* imposed upon us as a masterpiece, and are not forced to write off an incredible deal of critical nonsense in order to examine it as a stage play. The real praise has always been reserved for the star-actor's playing of Sir Giles, and there are, in fact, only two questions which require an answer. Is it a good specimen of dramatic craftsmanship, and why has it been such a favourite in the theatre?

Criticism has, on occasion, been inclined to study it too seriously, and even Hazlitt, who knew it well in the theatre, has let himself be tricked into an elaborate literary analysis of the character of Sir Giles. Sir Giles is not a character—he is a gigantic theatrical opportunity—the ideal 'part to tear a cat in'. We are not really required to examine his nature, classify and explain his motives, or to ask, Is he a consistent and credible human being? The real question is, Does he make your flesh creep and the blood curdle? And Kean gave the only answer that matters when in the last scene 'ladies were carried out of the boxes in screaming hysterics; Lord Byron fell into a convulsive fit; and, yet more wonderful instance of his marvellous powers, a

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well-seasoned actress like Mrs. Glover, who played Lady Allworth, fainted away'.<sup>(1)</sup>

Theatrically speaking—and in this case it is the theatre which counts—we merely associate ourselves with Lord Essex, if we string together the old clichés—'monster of wickedness... stops at nothing... villain of the deepest dye', etc. etc., or add such modern epithets as thug, gangster, racketeer. When Kean returned home after his Drury Lane triumph in the part his wife asked, 'What did Lord Essex say?' 'Damn Lord Essex,' was Kean's reply, 'the *pit* ROSE at me.' This is the real substantive value of Sir Giles, that in the hands of such an actor as Kean he can demand the 'willing suspension of disbelief, and claim the plaudits of those connoisseurs of great acting, the gentlemen of the pit.

How did Kean play the part? There are innumerable contemporary descriptions: there is a remarkably fine head-and-shoulders oil sketch of him in it,<sup>(2)</sup> attributed to George Clint; and the Garrick Club possesses a painting, by this same artist, which shows the climax of the last scene when, with drawn sword, he rushes upon the group of his adversaries with the intent to revenge himself on the world by killing his daughter. His biographer, F. W. Hawkins (*Life*; 1869) has probably rather over-written actuality when he asserts that Mrs. Glover 'fainted outright on the stage, Mrs. Horn [Margaret] staggered to a chair and wept aloud at the appalling sight, and Munden, who sustained Marrall in a manner worthy of his leader, stood so transfixed with astonishment and terror that he was taken off by the armpits, his legs trailing and his eyes riveted with a species

(1) *Our Old Actors*, H. B. Baker: 1878.

(2) In the Victoria and Albert Museum: reproduced in colour in *The British Theatre*, Bernard Miles: 1948.

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of fascination on Kean's convulsed and blackened countenance.'

I fancy \ve ought not to take this account of the reactions of Kean's fellow players too literally, if only because they also may be presumed to have been acting for all they were worth, and because the behaviour attributed to them is what one would expect from the characters they were impersonating. Experience of the theatre teaches that there is nothing like a *bravura* display of this kind on the part of the star player for galvanizing everyone else into giving admirable supporting performances. Be this as it may, we have, however, one extremely illuminating anecdote, which helps to re-create and measure the intensity of passion which went into Kean's rendering of this scene. When he found himself finally defeated of all his ends he is said to have dragged open his shirt collar and torn it to ribbons, 'with face lurid, eyes distended, lips swollen and parted at the corners, teeth set and visage quivering'(1)

Hazlitt has written admirably of other parts of his performance, notably of his manner of stopping when running at his foes on the line' "I'm feeble, some widow's curse hangs on my sword", exactly as if his arm had been suddenly withered, and his powers shrivelled upon the instant.'O *Blackwood's* reviewer described his last act as 'the most terrific exhibition of human passion that has been witnessed on the modern stage';<sup>3</sup> and Doran, writing from memory of his delivery of the passage beginning 'Yes, as rocks are' (IV.i.113)says:

*I seem still to hear the words and the voice as I pen*

(1) This particular bit of business is said to have been derived from a quarrel he had actually witnessed. See Hawkins: I, p. 74.

(2) *The Examiner*: 14 Jan. 1816.

3) April 1818: III, pp. 79-80.

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*this passage; now composed, now grand as the foamy billows; softlike on the word'moon'<sup>9</sup>, creating a scene with the sound, and anon sharp, harsh, fierce in the last line, with a look upward from those matchless eyes, that rendered the troop visible, and their howl perceptible to the ear; the whole serenity of the man, and the solidity of his temper, being less illustrated by the assurance in the succeeding words than by the exquisite music in the tone with which he uttered the word 'brightness'.(1)*

Massinger was in no sense the outstanding dramatist of the period to which he belongs. Leaving aside modern argument as to the comparative merits of Webster, Ford, Middleton, and Heywood in tragedy, and of Middleton, Heywood and Jonson in the comedy of manners, the theatrical 'success story' of the time was the collaboration known as Beaumont & Fletcher, with its special product, tragi-comedy. These plays, moreover, held their own again on the London stage as soon as the theatres re-opened at the Restoration. Ben Jonson had his share of revivals, and so had Shakespeare, if at times in somewhat curious versions. But Massinger, though *A New Way* was toured in the provinces, and had a few revivals under Garrick's management, had to wait until 1781, when Henderson, Garrick's successor and a fine actor, put Sir Giles Overreach right into the stock star-repertoire. These circumstances should help us to understand why it is that *A New Way* has had the particular kind of success which is recorded of it, by helping us to see what kind of a play it really is.

It is easy enough to see why it would not have appealed to the sophisticated taste of the Restoration audience, when

(1) *Thfir Majesties, Servants*: 1860.

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the tragi-comedy of Beaumont & Fletcher, with its equivocal situations and more than a touch of the salacious, both in character and incident, could and did appeal. *A New Way* is much too serious and respectable—a middle-class version of the tragi-comedy formula. It is high-class melodrama, with distinct affinities with the sentimental drama of the eighteenth century—a remarkable anticipation, in fact, of the natural tastes of the predominantly middle-class audiences of the early nineteenth-century theatre. One calls it high class advisedly, because it is extremely well plotted and well written, in effective, easy blank verse: a highly finished, integrated piece of work, with everything handsomely symmetrical about it. There are three distinct issues, each with its conclusion of genuine theatrical interest: the rehabilitation of Wellborn, the romantic love of Margaret and Tom Allworth, and the uniting of Lady Allworth and Lord Lovell. But all three are fused into one main issue, which is the complete overthrow and undoing of Sir Giles. As worked out, the plot is one of the neatest and tautest pieces of justifiable deception of a villain in the history of English play-writing. There is surprise and suspense but no unattached sensationalism introduced for its own sake and the moment's excitement: no loose threads, lost sight of in an over-ingenious web of complications. Even the minor grotesques, such as Justice Greedy and Furnace, the irascible cook, used for comic relief, are strictly restrained in their antics and related to the main story. For control of episode, incident and character, it is text-book in its correctness.

Early seventeenth-century play though it is, *A New Way* is not a petering out of the Elizabethan impulse, it is far more truly an anticipation of the tastes and modes of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Cut it, as

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Kemble did, for length, and modestly, not excessively, for breadth, and it will be seen for what it is—a thoroughly romantic Regency-Victorian melodrama, packed with emotions and characters of the true colour: virtue in women as white as the driven snow, triumphantly rewarded; vice in the villain as black as damnation, and punished in the most edifying manner; young manhood in love, pure in word and deed; and finally the rake, tastefully clothed in the hopeful blue and silver of reformation<sup>(1)</sup> his wild-oat sowing tactfully abandoned before the play begins, as decently reclaimed as the most sentimental heart could desire. The play demands above all things the passion of the romantic actor: in Kean it found and attached to itself the greatest of them all.

Just as we may get a clearer appreciation of its qualities by putting the play forward to the period and the actor responsible for its most successful theatrical realization, so also we may do greater justice to the real qualities of Massinger's blank verse if we refuse to think of it as a falling-off from the great verse of Shakespearian tragedy, and regard its characteristics as features of a development in the use of the accepted dramatic medium of the early seventeenth century. What he succeeds in doing is to carry on the process of adapting dramatic blank verse for the use of easy, normal, familiar colloquy. Its possibilities had been illustrated in Chapman's early comedies, in much of the writing of Middleton and others, in Shakespeare's latest plays, and of course in Fletcher's work. It could be urged that it was a pity all these writers did not devote themselves to the development of prose as a dramatic medium for comedy: the fact

(1) In the 1824 acting edition Wellborn's first dress is a brown ragged jacket and breeches, but his second is blue and silver jacket and pantaloons. Lady Ailworth begins in green velvet and ends in white satin, trimmed with gold, and Margaret wear\* white satin throughout.

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remains, they did not do so, probably for the reason suggested by Middleton Murry, that 'another hundred years were needed to sweat the fat off English prose, and almost another hundred to give to it the grace and fertility of an organism in perfect condition'<sup>(1)</sup> Murry takes Massinger as an example of the artist who cannot fashion the new instrument in the given circumstances, and describes his blank verse as 'nearer to the norm of plain, lucid prose than any actual prose written in his time'. Writing out a verse passage as if it were prose, he commends it as excellent—'lucid, well shaped and sinewy'.

Examination of the verse of *A New Way* will show that it has great pace and is very flexible: it can be taken conversationally and speeded up or slowed down in delivery as required. One might note, for example, the way in which it slows down appropriately for Lovell in Act III Scene i at 1.20, and contrast this movement with its almost uncontrollable rush with Sir Giles in Act II Scene iii, 1.85. The end of Act IV Scene iii shows how ably he can handle this easy style both for vigour and irony (e.g. 11.105-115, 29-30); and Lady Allworth's speech in Act V (11.108-112) is another good example of how closely he can suit it to the varying purpose of the moment. The natural speech movement of this last is admirable.

Looking forwards thus in mood and manner, *A New Way* is at the same time soaked in theatrical tradition. Greedy is the Plautine parasite and glutton, Marrall a cross between the parasite and the intriguing servant, unamiably treated, recalling Brainworm, Merygreke and all their ancestors in the comedy of Europe. Plot and characters are as stock as the theatre can make them, but they are freshly and dexter-

(1) *The Problem of Style*-. (Chapter III). 1922.

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ously handled, and to reckon without the author's reliance on this stock material and his assumption of the audience's awareness of the fact that it is stock, is to misconceive of his methods and intentions. Cruickshank,<sup>^</sup>) for example, ignores theatrical tradition and its strength when he suggests that we may not sympathize with Margaret because she deliberately plots to deceive and outwit her father. The fact is, that this particular bit of plot mechanism is common form; and audiences have sympathized with the plotting lovers who contrive to deceive and trick the lady's father, ever since Plautus flourished in Republican Rome. As juvenile leads, whose business it is not to have characters but to play the parts assigned to them by comedy for over a thousand years, Margaret and young Allworth do precisely what is expected of them, but much more ingeniously and neatly and wittily than usual. Reality is not the touchstone, nor are moral judgments called for: the normal audience-reaction is delight in the irony of the double-meanings of everything that is said, and appreciation of the way Sir Giles, by reason of the vices of his character, is himself made the author of his own undoing: (IV.iii.71-130). It is one of the prettiest pieces of self-deception ever perpetrated by any villain.

In conclusion, it may be noted that *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* is a reasonably polite play. The occasional rudeness of some of our dramatic forefathers has undoubtedly been responsible, until fairly recent years, for keeping some of their work off the stage and limiting it to the study. But even the refined susceptibilities which insisted on the removal of Hamlet's obscene remarks in the play scene were satisfied by judicious John Kemble's few simple prunings of *A New*

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*Way*. Briefly, therefore, we may say in answer to the two questions asked, that the play, though not great drama, is high-class melodrama: that it is, moreover, an excellent piece of dramatic craftsmanship; and that it has held its position on the English-speaking stage by reason of these facts, and because it offers to the right actor one of the biggest opportunities there is for a tour de force in the kind best beloved of English popular audiences—a star performance in the romantic manner.

## THE TREATMENT OF THE TEXT

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*The text* has been taken from the only existing quarto.

*The copy used* is B.M. 664.e.79.

All *emendations* are recorded in the Notes.

Turned, dropped and transposed letters and literals have been silently corrected, also mistakes in the marginal speakers' names (as e.g. *Lad.* i.e. Lady [Allworth] for *Lov.* i.e. [Lord] Lovell: IV.L169).

*Spelling* has been modernized, but the original *punctuation* has been retained. The use of *capital letters* has been preserved throughout. (See *Note on Punctuation.*)

All the *original stage directions* are given in their own form. Additional directions are enclosed in square brackets. The Latin *act and scene numbering* (e.g. *Actus primus, Scena prima*) has been modernized.

The use of *italics* has been modified, and has not been preserved when it does not appear to serve any practical purpose.

*Names of the dramatis personae* have been stereotyped, except in the original stage directions.

## A NOTE ON PUNCTUATION

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In this otherwise modernized edition the punctuation of the Quarto and its use of capital letters are both retained, because I believe they are genuinely relevant to the delivery of the verse and consequently to the acting of the play. Modern punctuation is perhaps regaining nowadays some of the ground it lost in its more formal and 'logical' period, but it still ignores or distorts effects which are perfectly clear in a text such as this; and students have been familiar with the value and significance of the older method ever since **Dr.** Percy Simpson's *Shakespearian Punctuation* (1911) examined early seventeenth century poetic and dramatic pointing in detail. If we modernize we sacrifice flexibility, emphasis, tone, pace, contrast—and even at times subtleties of meaning—for the sake of a logical uniformity which the dramatist takes pains to avoid. The older method—which is not uniform—provides the author with an instrument which enables him to give indications of stress and rhythm which are not necessarily obvious now, unless producer's comments or typographical devices are used.

No editor wants to retain the unaccustomed capitals which apparently pepper a seventeenth-century page without keeping even to the 'rules' of eighteenth-century typography. But once it is realized that the use of a capital means author's emphasis, and the discarding of it a shift of emphasis, the case for retention seems unanswerable. When Marrall swears 'By my Religion', the capital stresses the last

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word; and Wellborn replies 'Thy religion!' stressing the first. Modern typography does not make this intended shift of stress clear. Contrast, and special significance, and what the producer would call colouring, are all indicated by the use of capitals. Colouring, particularly, springs to the eye, and in a passage like the following gives immediate caressing warmth and character value to the Cook's list of delicacies, when Furnace says

*Marry Sir, I have some Grouse, and Turkey chicken,  
Some Rails, and Quails, and my Lady willed me to ask you  
What kind of sauces best affect your palate.*

Contrast and clause-balance are clearly marked, at sight, when Lovell says to Allworth

*/ can make  
A fitting difference between my Foot-boy,  
And a Gentleman, by want compelled to serve me.*

In both these instances the unexpected capitals and commas combine to indicate accent and pause quite unmistakably. Modernized, the first becomes

*Marry, sir, I have some grouse and turkey chicken,  
Some rails and quails, and my lady willed me to ask you,  
What kind of sauces best affect your palate*

which is definitely less lively and natural by comparison.

It is characteristic of the old method that it makes much more use of the comma, where we use semi-colons and colons and mark sentence structure rather than meaning. If ideas connect and meaning flows, the seventeenth century goes for speed; and its light pointing with commas, or its absence of pointing, should keep us from over-formal and slow delivery of a line like the following

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*Which your Uncle Sir Giles Overreach observing,*  
that becomes, in modern typography,

*Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,*  
Speed is lost and undue emphasis given to the line

*And till she foreswore eating I performed it.*  
when it is written

*And, till she foreswore eating, I performed it.*

The producer who has had to wrestle with the difficulty of getting his actors, when necessary, to give a level unemphatic intonation to a complete blank verse line, will be the first to appreciate the real help given by the suggestion of the older method. Furnace, the irascible cook, is again better served by the speed and attack of

*Besides there came last night from the forest of Sherwood  
The fattest stag I ever cooked.*

than he is by the modern version, which reads

*Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,  
The fattest stag I ever cooked.*

There is a natural, more colloquial run to the following passage

*<sup>9</sup>Tis true your father loved him, while he was  
Worthy the loving, but if he had lived  
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off  
As you must do.*

than is given by the modern pointing, which puts a comma after 'Tis true,', a semi-colon after 'worthy the loving;' and

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a comma after 'off'. This light pointing, needless to say, achieves some of its happiest results in the impetuous utterances of Sir Giles. There are, indeed, a number of his speeches which are practically unpointed and to which one might apply Dr. Simpson's praise of the absence of stops in Ancient Pistol's leek-eating speech (*Henry V*, V.i.49-50). 'It is a pity to clog this disordered utterance with the puny restraint of commas.'

Commas that emphasize words and commas that make metrical pauses are extremely helpful to the actor, and are an outstanding feature of seventeenth-century dramatic pointing. 'Til have thee caged, and whipped,' has far more malevolent vigour than the modern 'caged and whipped'. Similarly, points can be hammered home with extra commas, with semi-colons for our commas, and with full stops for our colons:

*But to my story.  
You were then a Lord of Acres; the prime gallant;  
And I your under-butler; note the change now.  
You had a merry time oft. Hawks, and Hounds,  
With choice of running horses;*

The modern version is much less effectively scored:

*But to my story;  
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,  
And I your under-butler; note the change now:  
You had a merry time oft; hawks and hounds,  
With choice of running horses;*

There is much more indication of emphasis and balance of phrase in the following

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*A potent monarch, called the Constable,  
That does command a Citadel, called the Stocks;*

than in the modern

*A potent monarch called the constable,  
That does command a citadel called the stocks,*

For vigour, and clear indications of varying rhythms, the older method has the advantage every time, and these few examples illustrate only a tittle of the usages dealt with by Dr. Simpson, practically all of which can be found in this play.

For those who are likely to read the play aloud at sight the advantages of the old pointing will undoubtedly outweigh the strangeness. I cannot believe that the natural and varied speech rhythms which it indicates were the result of haphazard ideas or of careless typesetting, nor yet that its dramatic felicities were accidentally achieved. We are left therefore with the conclusion that the author used punctuation and capitals to indicate his intentions to the actor; and we shall find, if we follow these indications, that he had at his command a system at once more flexible and more useful to the poet or the dramatist than our own.

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A NEW WAY TO PAY  
OLD DEBTS  
A COMOEDIE

*As it hath beene often acted at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane, by the Queenes Maiefties feruants.*

The Author.

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PHILIP MASSINGER..

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LONDON,  
Printed by *E.p.* for Henry Seyle, dwelling in S.  
*Pauls* Church-yard, at the figne of the  
Tygers head. Anno. M. DC.  
XXXIII.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
ROBERT  
EARL OF CARNARVON  
*Master Falconer of England*

MY GOOD LORD,

Pardon I beseech you my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour, and protection, I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers *Italian* Princes, and Lords of eminent rank in *England*, have not disdained to receive, and read Poems of this Nature, nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your Honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement, to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain hereafter, I was born a devoted servant, to the thrice noble Family of your incomparable Lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your Lordship, which if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble Patron, and profess myself to be

*Your Honour's true servant*  
*Philip Massinger.*

TO THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR MASTER PHILIP  
MASSINGER, ON HIS COMEDY

*Called, A New Way To Pay Old Debts.*

*Tis a rare charity, and thou could'st not  
So proper to the time have found a plot:  
Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend, the age  
We wretches live in; that to come, the stage,  
The thronged audience that was thither brought  
Invited by your fame, and to be taught  
This lesson. All are grown indebted more,  
And when they look for freedom ran in score.  
It was a cruel courtesy to call  
In hope of liberty, and then, enthrall.  
The nobles are your bond-men Gentry, and  
All besides those that did not understand.  
They were no men of credit Bankrupts born  
Fit to be trusted with no stock, but scorn.  
You have more wisely credited to such,  
That though they cannot pay, can value much.  
I am your debtor too, but to my shame  
Repay you nothing back, but your own fame.*

Henry Moody. Miles.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

*You may remember how you chid me when  
I ranked you equal with those glorious men;  
Beaumont, and Fletcher: if you love not praise  
You must forbear the publishing of plays.  
The crafty Mazes of the cunning plot;  
The polished phrase; the sweet expressions; got  
Neither by theft, nor violence; the conceit  
Fresh, and unsullied; All is of weight,  
Able to make the captive Reader know  
I did but justice when I placed you so.  
A shamefast Blushing would become the brow  
Of some weak Virgin writer, we allow,  
To you a kind of pride; and there where most,  
Should blush at commendations, you should boast.  
If any think I flatter, let him look  
Off from my idle trifles on thy Book.*

Thomas Jay. Miles.

## DRAMATIS PERSONS

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<b>LOVELL</b>	An English Lord.
<b>SIR GILES OVERREACH</b>	A cruel extortioner.
<b>WELLBORN</b>	A prodigal.
<b>ALLWORTH</b>	A young gentleman page to Lord <b>LOVELL</b> .
<b>GREEDY</b>	A hungry Justice of peace.
<b>MARRALL</b>	A Term-driver. A creature of Sir <b>GILES OVERREACH</b> .
<b>ORDER</b> [Steward]	} Servants to the Lady <b>ALLWORTH</b> .
<b>AMBLE</b> [Usher]	
<b>FURNACE</b> [Cook]	
<b>WATCHALL</b> [Porter]	
<b>WILLDO</b>	A parson.
<b>TAPWELL</b>	An alehouse keeper.
Three Creditors	
<b>THE LADY ALLWORTH</b>	A Rich Widow.
<b>MARGARET</b>	<b>OVERREACH</b> his daughter.
Waiting woman	
Chambermaid	
<b>FROTH</b>	<b>TAPWELL'S</b> Wife.

[SCENE.—*The Country near Nottingham.*]

# ACT THE FIRST

---

## SCENE I

[Before TAPWELL'S House]

*Wellborn. Tapwell. Froth.*

**WELLBORN**

No bouze ? nor no Tobacco ?

**TAPWELL**

Not a suck Sir,  
Nor the remainder of a single can  
Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.

**FROTH**

Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught,  
Sir,  
Tis verity I assure you.

**WELLBORN**

Verity, you brache!  
The Devil turned precisian? Rogue what am I?

**TAPWELL**

Troth durst I trust you with a looking-glass,  
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,  
And take the name yourself.

**WELLBORN**

How! dog?

ACT I, SCENE 1

---

TAPWELL

Even so, Sir.

And I must tell you if you but advance, [10  
Your Plymouth cloak, you shall be soon instructed  
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,  
A potent monarch, called the Constable,  
That does command a Citadel, called the Stocks;  
Whose guards are certain files of rusty Billmen,  
Such as with great dexterity will hale  
Your tattered, lousy—

WELLBORN

Rascal, slave.

FROTH

No rage, sir.

TAPWELL

At his own peril, do not put yourself  
In too much heat, there being no water near  
To quench your thirst, and sure for other liquor, [20  
As mighty Ale, or Beer, they are things I take it  
You must no more remember, not in a dream Sir.

WELLBORN

Why thou unthankful villain dar'st thou talk thus?  
Is not thy house, and all thou hast my gift ?

TAPWELL

I find it not in chalk, and Timothy Tapwell  
Does keep no other register.

WELLBORN

Am not I He  
Whose riots fed, and clothed thee? wert thou not  
Born on my father's land, and proud to be  
A drudge in his house?

## ACT I, SCENE I

---

TAPWELL

What I was Sir, it skills not,  
What you are is apparent. Now for a farewell; [30  
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,  
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,  
My quondam master, was a man of worship,  
Old Sir John Wellborn, Justice of peace, and *quorum*,  
And stood fair to be *Gustos rotulorum*;  
Bore the whole sway of the shire; kept a great house;  
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but He dying,  
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,  
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn.

WELLBORN

Slave, stop, or I shall lose myself.

FROTH

Very hardly; [40  
You cannot out of your way.

TAPWELL

But to my story.  
You were then a Lord of Acres; the prime gallant;  
And I your under-butler; note the change now.  
You had a merry time oft. Hawks, and Hounds,  
With choice of running horses; Mistresses  
Of all sorts, and all sizes; yet so hot  
As their embraces made your Lordships melt;  
Which your uncle Sir Giles Overreach observing,  
Resolving not to lose a drop of 'em,  
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds, [50  
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.

WELLBORN

Some Curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,  
And you have studied it.

ACT I, SCENE I

---

TAPWELL

I have not done yet:  
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,  
You grew the common borrower, no man 'scaped  
Your paper-pellets, from the Gentleman  
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches  
In your gallantry.

WELLBORN

I shall switch your brains out.

TAPWELL

Where poor Tim Tapwell with a little stock  
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage, [60]  
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here;  
Gave entertainment.

WELLBORN

Yes, to whores, and canters,  
Clubbers by night.

TAPWELL

True, but they brought in profit,  
And had a gift to pay for what they called for,  
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor Income  
I gleaned from them, hath made me in my parish,  
Thought worthy to be Scavenger, and in time  
[I] may rise to be Overseer of the poor;  
Which if I do, on your petition Wellborn,  
I may allow you thirteen pence a quarter, [70]  
And you shall thank my worship.

WELLBORN

Thus you dog-bolt,  
And thus. *beats; and kicks him.*

TAPWELL

Cry out for help.

ACT I, SCENE I

---

WELLBORN

Stir and thou diest:  
Your potent Prince the Constable shall not save you.  
Hear me ungrateful hell-hound; did not I  
Make purses for you? Then you licked my boots,  
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean 'em.  
Twas I that when I heard thee swear, if ever  
Thou could'st arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst  
Live like an Emperor: 'twas I that gave it,  
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch.

TAPWELL

I must sir, [80]  
For from the tavern to the taphouse, all  
On forfeiture of their licences stand bound,  
Never to remember who their best guests were,  
If they grew poor like you.

WELLBORN

They are well rewarded  
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.  
Thou viper, thankless viper; impudent bawd!  
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help  
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar:  
Not leave one bone unbroken.

TAPWELL

Oh.

FROTH

Ask mercy.

*Enter Allworth.*

WELLBORN

'Twill not be granted.

ALLWORTH

Hold, for my sake hold. [90]  
Deny me, Frank? they are not worth your anger.

ACT I, SCENE I

---

WELLBORN

For once thou has redeemed them from this  
sceptre: *His Cudgel*

But let 'em vanish, creeping on their knees,  
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

FROTH

This comes of your prating husband, you presumed  
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue  
Though you are beaten lame for't.

TAPWELL

Patience Froth.

There's law to cure our bruises.

*They go off on their hands, and knees.*

WELLBORN

Sent to your mother ?

ALLWORTH

My Lady, Frank, my patroness! my all!  
She's such a mourner for my father's death, [100  
And in her love to him, so favours me,  
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.  
There are few such stepdames.

WELLBORN

'Tis a noble widow,  
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear  
From the least taint of infamy; her life  
With the splendour of her actions leaves no tongue  
To Envy, or Detraction. Prithee tell me;  
Has she no suitors?

ALLWORTH

Even the best of the shire, Frank,  
My Lord excepted. Such as sue, and send,  
And send, and sue again, but to no purpose. [110

## ACT I, SCENE I

---

Their frequent visits have not gained her presence;  
Yet she's far from sullenness, and pride,  
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her  
A liberal entertainment. I can give you  
A catalogue of her suitors' names.

**WELLBORN**

Forbear it,  
While I give you good counsel. I am bound to it;  
Thy father was my friend, and that affection  
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;  
Thou art a handsome, and a hopeful youth,  
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee, [120  
If I with any danger can prevent it.

**ALLWORTH**

I thank your noble care, but pray you in what?  
Do I run the hazard?

**WELLBORN**

Art thou not in love?  
Put it not off with wonder.

**ALLWORTH**

In love at my years?

**WELLBORN**

You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent,  
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;  
And with my finger can point out the North star,  
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided.  
And to confirm this true, what think you of  
Fair Margaret the only child, and heir [130  
Of Cormorant Overreach? does it blush? and start,  
To hear her only named? blush at your want  
Of wit, and reason.

## ACT I, SCENE I

---

**ALLWORTH**

You are too bitter Sir.

**WELLBORN**

Wounds of this nature are not to be cured  
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:  
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge,  
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,  
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear  
'Twill be concluded for impossible,  
That there is now, nor e'er shall be hereafter,  
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,  
But either loves a Wench, or drabs love him;  
Court-waiters not exempted.

**ALLWORTH**

This is madness.  
Howe'er you have discovered my intents,  
You know my aims are lawful, and if ever  
The Queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,  
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose  
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer  
There's such disparity in their conditions,  
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,  
And the base churl her father.

**WELLBORN**

Grant this true  
As I believe it; canst thou ever hope  
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father  
Ruined thy state?

**ALLWORTH**

And yours too.

**WELLBORN**

I confess it.

## ACT I, SCENE I

---

True I must tell you as a friend, and freely,  
That where impossibilities are apparent,  
Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.  
Canst thou imagine, (let not self-love blind thee)  
That Sir Giles Overreach, that to make her great  
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience, [160  
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too;  
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er  
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,  
And prosper in it.

**ALLWORTH**

You have well advised me.  
But in the mean time, you that are so studious  
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.  
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

**WELLBORN**

No matter, no matter.

**ALLWORTH**

Yes, 'tis much material:  
You know my fortune, and my means, yet something,  
I can spare from myself, to help your wants. [170

**WELLBORN**

How's this?

**ALLWORTH**

Nay be not angry. There's eight pieces  
To put you in better fashion.

**WELLBORN**

Money from thee?  
From a boy? a stipendiary? one that lives  
At the devotion of a stepmother,  
And the uncertain favour of a Lord?  
I'D eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind fortune

ACT I, SCENE I

---

Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;  
Though I am vomited out of an Alehouse,  
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,  
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this Canopy; [180  
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer.  
And as I in my madness broke my state,  
Without th' assistance of another's brain,  
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst  
Die thus, and be forgotten.

**ALLWORTH**

A strange humour.

*Exeunt.*

ACT I, SCENE II

[A Room in Lady ALLWORTH'S House]

*Order. Amble. Furnace. Watchall.*

**ORDER**

Set all things right, or as my name is Order,  
And by this staff of office that commands you;  
This chain, and double ruff, Symbols of power;  
Whoever misses in his function,  
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,  
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

**AMBLE**

You are merry  
Good Master Steward.

**FURNACE**

Let him; Ill be angry.

ACT I, SCENE II

---

AMBLE

Why fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve a'clock yet,  
Nor dinner taking up, then 'tis allowed  
Cooks by their places may be choleric.

[10

FURNACE

You think you have spoke wisely goodman Amble,  
My lady's go-before.

ORDER

Nay, nay; no wrangling.

FURNACE

Twit me with the Authority of the kitchen ?  
At all hours, and all places I'll be angry;  
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers,  
I will be angry.

AMBLE

There was no hurt meant.

FURNACE

I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.

ORDER

With whom?

FURNACE

No matter whom: yet now I think on't  
I am angry with my Lady.

WATCHALL

Heaven forbid, man.

ORDER

What cause has she given thee?

FURNACE

Cause enough Master Steward.  
I was entertained by her to please her palate,  
And till she forswore eating I performed it.  
Now since our master, noble Allworth died,

[20

ACT I, SCENE II

---

Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,  
And raise fortifications in the pastry,  
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries,  
Which if they had been practised at Breda,  
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it.

AMBLE

But you had wanted matter there to work on.

FURNACE

Matter? with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal [30]  
I had kept the Town, till doomsday, perhaps longer.

ORDER

But, what's this to your pet against my Lady?

FURNACE

What's this? Marry this, when I am three parts roasted,  
And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands,  
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,  
Or water-gruel; my sweat never thought on.

ORDER

But your art is seen in the dining-room.

FURNACE

By whom?  
By such as pretend love to her, but come,  
To feed upon her. Yet of all the Harpies,  
That do devour her, I am out of charity [40]  
With none so much, as the thin-gutted Squire  
That's stolen into commission.

ORDER

Justice Greedy:

FURNACE

The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him,  
It never thrives. He holds this Paradox,  
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:

## ACT I, SCENE II

---

His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,  
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.

**WATCHALL**

One knocks.

*Allworth knocks,*

**ORDER**

*and enters.*

Our late young master.

**AMBLE**

Welcome, Sir.

**FURNACE**

Your hand,

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

**ORDER**

His father's picture in little.

**FURNACE**

We are all your servants.

[50

**AMBLE**

In you he lives.

**ALLWORTH**

At once, my thanks to all.

This is yet some comfort. Is my Lady stirring?

*Enter the Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid.*

**ORDER**

Her presence answer for us.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Sort those silks well?

I'll take the air alone.

*Exeunt Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*

**FURNACE**

You air, and air,

But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?

To what use serve I?

ACT I, SCENE II

---

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Prithee be not angry,  
I shall ere long: For the mean time, there is gold  
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

**FURNACE**

I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

And as I gave directions, if this morning [60  
I am visited by any, entertain 'em  
As heretofore: but say in my excuse  
I am indisposed.

**ORDER**

I shall, Madam.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Do, and leave me.  
Nay stay you Allworth.

*Exeunt Order. Amble, Furnace; Watchall.*

**ALLWORTH**

I shall gladly grow here,  
To wait on your commands.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

So soon turned Courtier.

**ALLWORTH**

Style not that Courtship Madam, which is duty,  
Purchased on your part.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Well, you shall o'ercome;  
I'll not contend in words. How is it with  
Your noble master?

**ALLWORTH**

Ever like himself;  
No scruple lessened in the full weight of honour, [70

## ACT I, SCENE II

---

He did command me (pardon my presumption)  
As his unworthy deputy to kiss  
Your Ladyship's fair hands.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

I am honoured in  
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose  
For the Low Countries ?

**ALLWORTH**

Constantly good Madam,  
But he will in person first present his service.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

And how approve you of his course? you are yet,  
Like virgin parchment capable of any  
Inscription, vicious, or honourable.  
I will not force your will, but leave you free [80]  
To your own election.

**ALLWORTH**

Any form, you please,  
I will put on: but might I make my choice  
With humble Emulation I would follow  
The path my Lord marks to me.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Tis well answered,  
And I commend your spirit: you had a father  
(Blessed be his memory) that some few hours  
Before the will of Heaven took him from me,  
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties  
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:  
And, therefore what I speak, you are bound to hear [90]  
With such respect, as if he lived in me,  
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not

## ACT I, SCENE II

---

Son of my womb, you may be of my love,  
Provided you deserve it.

**ALLWORTH**

I have found you  
(Most honoured Madam) the best mother to me,  
And with my utmost strengths of care, and service,  
Will labour that you never may repent  
Your bounties showered upon me.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

I much hope it.  
These were your father's words. If e'er my Son  
Follow the war, tell him it is a school [100  
Where all the principles tending to honour,  
Are taught if truly followed: But for such  
As repair thither, as a place, in which  
They do presume they may with licence practise  
Their lusts, and riots, they shall never merit  
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly  
In a fair cause, and for the Country's safety  
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;  
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;  
To bear, with patience, the winter's cold, [110  
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint  
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger,  
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,  
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

**ALLWORTH**

There's no syllable  
You speak, but is to me an Oracle,  
Which but to doubt, were impious.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

To conclude;

## ACT I, SCENE II

---

Beware ill company, for often men  
Are like to those with whom they do converse,  
And from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:  
Not 'cause He's poor, that rather claims your pity, [120  
But that he's in his manners so debauched,  
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.  
Tis true your father loved him, while he was  
Worthy the loving, but if he had lived  
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off  
As you must do.

**ALLWORTH**

I shall obey in all things.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

You follow me to my chamber, you shall have gold  
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,  
As I hear from you.

**ALLWORTH**

I am still your creature.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT I, SCENE III

[The same]

*Overreach. Greedy. Order. Amble. Furnace. WatchalLMarrall.*

**GREEDY**

Not to be seen ?

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Still cloistered up? Her reason,  
I hope assures her, though she make herself

ACT I, SCENE III

---

Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,  
'Twill not recover him.

**ORDER**

Sir, it is her will,  
Which we that are her servants ought to serve it,  
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly welcome,  
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so;  
There came not six days since from Hull, a pipe  
Of rich Canary, which shall spend it self  
For my Lady's honour.

**GREEDY**

Is it of the right race?

[10

**ORDER**

Yes, Master Greedy.

**AMBLE**

How his mouth runs o'er!

**FURNACE**

I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship.

**GREEDY**

Honest Master Cook, thy hand, again. How I love  
thee:

Are the good dishes still in being? speak boy.

**FURNACE**

If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine  
Of beef well seasoned.

**GREEDY**

Good!

**FURNACE**

A pheasant larded.

**GREEDY**

That I might now give thanks for't.

ACT I, SCENE III

---

FURNACE

Other Kickshaws.

Besides there came last night from the forest of Sherwood  
The fattest stag I ever cooked.

GREEDY

A stag man?

FURNACE

A stag Sir part of it prepared for dinner, [20  
And baked in puff-paste.

GREEDY

Puff-paste too, Sir Giles!

A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!  
And red deer too Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!  
All business set aside; let us give thanks here.

FURNACE

How the lean Skeleton's rapt!

SIR GILES OVERREACH

You know we cannot.

MARRALL

Your Worships are to sit on a commission,  
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

GREEDY

Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such a dinner  
We may put off a commission: you shall find it  
*Henrici decimo quarto.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Fie Master Greedy.

Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner? [30  
No more for shame. We must forget the belly,  
When we think of profit.

GREEDY

Well, you shall o'er-rule me;

ACT I, SCENE III

---

I could e'en cry now. Do you hear Master Cook?  
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,  
And I, in thankfulness, will by your boy  
Send you a brace of three-pences.

FURNACE

Will you be so prodigal ? *Enter Wellborn.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Remember me to your Lady. Who have we here?

WELLBORN

You know me:

SIR GILES OVERREACH

I did once, but now I will not,  
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt thou beggar, [40.  
If ever thou presume to own me more;  
I'll have thee caged, and whipped.

GREEDY

I'll grant the warrant,  
Think of Pie-corner, Furnace.

*Exeunt Overreach. Greedy. Marrall.*

WATCHALL

Will you out Sir?  
I wonder how you durst creep in.

ORDER

This is rudeness,  
And saucy impudence.

AMBLE

Cannot you stay  
To be served among your fellows from the basket,  
But you must press into the hall?

FURNACE

Prithee vanish  
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstye,

ACT I, SCENE III

---

My scullion shall come to thee. *Enter Allworth.*

**WELLBORN**

This is rare:  
Oh here's Tom Allworth. Tom!

**ALLWORTH**

We must be strangers, [50  
Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

*Exit Allworth.*

**WELLBORN**

Better, and better. He contemns me too ?  
*Enter Woman and Chambermaid.*

**WAITING WOMAN**

Fob what a smell's here! what thing's this?

**CHAMBERMAID**

A creature  
Made out of the privy.  
Let us hence for love's sake,  
Or I shall swoon.

**WAITING WOMAN**

I begin to faint already.  
*Exeunt Woman and Chambermaid.*

**WATCHALL**

Will you know your way?

**AMBLE**

Or shall we teach it you,  
By the head, and shoulders ?

**WELLBORN**

No: I will not stir.  
Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch  
That dares attempt to force me. Why you slaves,  
Created only to make legs, and cringe; [60  
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;

ACT I, SCENE III

---

That have not souls only to hope a blessing  
Beyond black-jacks, or flagons; you that were born  
Only to consume meat, and drink, and batten  
Upon reversions: who advances ? who  
Shews me the way?

**ORDER**

My Lady. *Enter Lady. Woman. Chambermaid.*

**CHAMBERMAID**

Here's the Monster.

**WAITING WOMAN**

Sweet Madam, keep your glove to your nose.

**CHAMBERMAID**

Or let me,  
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant,  
You wrong yourself else.

**WELLBORN**

Madam, my designs  
Bear me to you.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Tome?

**WELLBORN**

And though I have met with  
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here, [70  
I hope from you to receive that noble usage,  
As may become the true friend of your husband,  
And then I shall forget these.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

I am amazed,  
To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think  
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,  
That I, who to the best men of this Country,  
Denied my presence since my husband's death,

## ACT I, SCENE III

---

Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?  
Thou Son of infamy, forbear my house, [80  
And know, and keep the distance that's between us,  
**Or**, though it be against my gentler temper, '  
I shall take order you no more shall be  
An eyesore to me.

**WELLBORN**

Scorn me not good Lady;  
But as in form you are Angelical  
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe  
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant  
The blood that runs in this arm, is as noble  
As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,  
And those rich clothes you wear; your men's observance, [90  
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues,  
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.  
You have a fair fame, and I know deserve it,  
Yet Lady I must say in nothing more,  
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn  
For your late noble husband.

**ORDER**

How she starts!

**FURNACE**

And hardly can keep finger from the eye  
To hear him named.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Have you aught else to say?

**WELLBORN**

That husband Madam, was once in his fortune  
Almost as low, as I. Want, debts, and quarrels [100  
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought  
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.

### ACT I, SCENE III

---

Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword  
That did on all occasions second his;  
I brought him on, and off with honour, Lady:  
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,  
And in his own hopes not to be buoyed up,  
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,  
And set him upright.

**FURNACE**

Are not we base Rogues  
That could forget this?

**WELLBORN**

I confess you made him [110]  
Master of your estate, nor could your friends  
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't.  
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind  
Made up of all parts, either great, or noble,  
So winning a behaviour, not to be  
Resisted, Madam.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

'Tis most true, He had.

**WELLBORN**

For his sake then, in that I was his friend,  
Do not contemn me.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

For what's past, excuse me,  
I will redeem it. Order give the Gentleman  
A hundred pounds.

**WELLBORN**

No Madam, on no terms: [120]  
I will nor beg, nor borrow six pence of you,  
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.  
Only one suit I make, which you deny not

ACT I, SCENE III

---

To strangers: and 'tis this.

*Whispers to her.*

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Fie, nothing else?

**WELLBORN**

Nothing; unless you please to charge your servants,  
To throw away a little respect upon me.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

What you demand is yours.

**WELLBORN**

I thank you, Lady.

*[Exit the Lady Allworth.]*

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit,

Is yet in supposition; I have said all,

When you please you may retire. Nay, all's forgotten, [130

And, for a lucky Omen to my project,

Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

**ORDER**

Agreed, Agreed.

**FURNACE**

Still merry Master Wellborn.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND

---

### SCENE I

[A Room in OVERREACH'S House]

*Overreach. Man all.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

He's gone I warrant thee; this Commission crushed him.

**MARRALL**

Your worship have the way on't, and ne'er miss  
To squeeze these unthrifths into air: and yet  
The chapfallen Justice did his part, returning  
For your advantage the Certificate  
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,  
(With your good favour) to the utter ruin  
Of the poor Farmer.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

'Twas for these good ends  
I made him a Justice. He that bribes his belly,  
Is certain to command his soul.

**MARRALL**

I wonder  
(Still with your licence) why, your Worship having  
The power to put this thin-Gut in commission,  
You are not in't yourself?

[10

ACT II, SCENE I

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Thou art a fool;  
In being out of Office I am out of danger  
Where if I were a Justice, besides the trouble,  
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,  
Run myself finely into a *Pramunire*,  
And so become a prey to the Informer.  
No, I'll have none oft; 'tis enough I keep  
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve [20  
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not.  
Friendship is but a word.

**MARRALL**

You are all wisdom.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I would be worldly wise, for the other wisdom  
That does prescribe us a well governed life,  
And to do right to others, as ourselves,  
I value not an Atom.

**MARRALL**

What course take you  
With your good patience to hedge in the Manor  
Of your neighbour Master Frugal ? as 'tis said,  
He will not sell, nor borrow, nor exchange,  
And his land lying in the midst of your many  
Lordships, [30  
Is a foul blemish.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I have thought on't, Marrall,  
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,  
And I the only Purchaser.

**MARRALL**

Tis most fit Sir.

ACT II, SCENE I

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I'll therefore buy some Cottage near his Manor,  
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences;  
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night  
Set fire on his barns; or break his cattle's legs.  
These Trespasses draw on Suits, and Suits expenses,  
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar Him.  
When I have harried him thus two, or three year, [40  
Though he sue *in forma pauper is*, in spite  
Of all his thrift, and care he'll grow behindhand.

**MARRALL**

The best I ever heard; I could adore you.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Then with the favour of my man of Law,  
I will pretend some title: Want will force him  
To put it to arbitrement: then if he sell  
For half the value, he shall have ready money,  
And I possess his land.

**MARRALL**

Tis above wonder!  
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not  
These fine arts Sir to hook him in.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Well thought on. [5t  
This varlet Marrall lives too long, to upbraid me  
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold,  
Nor hunger kill him ?

**MARRALL**

I know not what to think on't.  
I have used all means, and the last night I caused  
His host the Tapster to turn him out of doors;  
And have been since with all your friends, and tenants,

ACT II, SCENE I

---

And on the forfeit of your favour charged 'em,  
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from  
starving

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, Sir.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

That was something, Marrall, but thou must go further, [60  
And suddenly Marrall.

**MARRALL**

Where, and when you please Sir.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I would have thee seek him out, and if thou canst  
Persuade him that 'tis better steal, than beg.  
Then if I prove he has but robbed a Henroost,  
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.  
Do any thing to work him to despair,  
And 'tis thy Masterpiece.

**MARRALL**

I will do my best, Sir.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I am now on my main work with the Lord Lovell,  
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell;  
The minion of the people's love. I hear  
He's come into the Country, and my aims are  
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,  
And then invite him to my house.

[70

**MARRALL**

I have you.  
This points at my young Mistress.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

She must part with  
That humble title, and write honourable,

ACT II, SCENE I

---

Right honourable Marrall, my right honourable  
daughter;  
If all I have, or e'er shall get will do it.  
I will have her well attended, there are Ladies  
Of errant Knights decayed, and brought so low,  
That for cast clothes, and meat, will gladly serve her. [80  
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the City,  
To have their issue, whom I have undone,  
To kneel to mine, as bondslaves.

MARRALL

Tis fit state, Sir.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

And therefore, I'll not have a Chambermaid  
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,  
But such whose Fathers were Right worshipful.  
'Tis a rich Man's pride, there having ever been  
More than a Feud, a strange Antipathy  
Between us, and true Gentry. *Enter Wellborn.*

MARRALL

See, who's here, Sir.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Hence, monster; Prodigy.

WELLBORN

Sir your Wife's Nephew, [90  
She, and my Father tumbled in one belly.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Avoid my sight, thy breath's infectious, Rogue.  
I shun thee as a Leprosy, or the Plague.  
Come hither Marrall, this is the time to work him.

MARRALL

I warrant you, Sir.

*Exit. Over.*

ACT II, SCENE I

---

WELLBORN

By this light I think he's mad.

MARRALL

Mad? had you took compassion on yourself,  
You long since had been mad.

WELLBORN

You have took a course  
Between you, and my venerable Uncle,  
To make me so.

MARRALL

The more pale-spirited you,  
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply. [100

WELLBORN

By what?

MARRALL

By my Religion.

WELLBORN

Thy religion!  
The Devil's creed, but what would you have done?

MARRALL

Had there been but one tree in all the Shire,  
Nor any hope to compass a penny Halter,  
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,  
A Withe had served my turn to hang myself.  
I am zealous in your cause: pray you hang yourself,  
And presently, as you love your credit.

WELLBORN

I thank you.

MARRALL

Will you stay till you die in a ditch ? Or lice devour you ?  
Or if you dare not do the feat yourself, [110  
But that you'll put the state to charge, and trouble,

ACT II, SCENE I

---

Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?  
Or market Women with eggs that you may murder,  
And so dispatch the business.

WELLBORN

Here's variety  
I must confess; but I'll accept of none  
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

MARRALL

Why, have you hope ever to eat again?  
Or drink? Or be the master of three farthings?  
If you like not hanging, drown yourself, take some course  
For your reputation.

WELLBORN

'Twill not do; dear tempter, [120  
With all the Rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.  
I am as far as thou art from despair,  
Nay, I have Confidence, which is more than Hope,  
To live, and suddenly better than ever.

MARRALL

Ha! Ha! these Castles you build in the air  
Will not persuade me, or to give, or lend  
A token to you.

WELLBORN

I'll be more kind to thee.  
Come thou shalt dine with me.

MARRALL

With you.

WELLBORN

Nay more, dine *gratis*,

MARRALL

Under what hedge I pray you? Or at whose cost?

ACT II, SCENE I

---

Are they Padders? or Abram-men, that are your  
consorts? [130]

WELLBORN

Thou art incredulous, but thou shalt dine  
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant Lady,  
With me, and with a Lady.

MARRALL

Lady! what Lady?  
With the Lady of the Lake, or Queen of Fairies?  
For I know, it must be an enchanted dinner.

WELLBORN

With the Lady Allworth, knave.

MARRALL

Nay, now there's hope  
Thy brain is cracked.

WELLBORN

Mark there, with what respect  
I am entertained.

MARRALL

With choice no doubt of Dog-whips.  
Why dost thou ever hope to pass her Porter?

WELLBORN

Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine own eyes. [140]

MARRALL

Troth in my hope, or my assurance rather  
To see thee curvet, and mount like a Dog in a blanket  
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,  
I will endure thy company.

WELLBORN

Come along then. *Exeunt.*

ACT II, SCENE II

[A Room in Lady ALLWORTH'S House]

*Allworth. Waiting-woman. Chambermaid. Order. Amble.  
Furnace. Watchall.*

**WAITING WOMAN**

Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?

**CHAMBERMAID**

Or half an hour ?

**ALLWORTH**

I have told you what my haste is:  
Besides being now another's, not mine own,  
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,  
My duty suffers, if to please myself  
I should neglect my Lord.

**WAITING WOMAN**

Pray you do me the favour  
To put these few Quince-cakes into your pocket,  
They are of mine own preserving.

**CHAMBERMAID**

And this Marmalade;  
Tis comfortable for your stomach,

**WAITING WOMAN**

And at parting  
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

[10]

**CHAMBERMAID**

You are still before me. I move the same suit Sir.

*Kisses 'em severally.*

**FURNACE**

How greedy these Chamberers are of a beardless chin!  
I think the Tits will ravish him!

## ACT II, SCENE II

---

**ALLWORTH**

My service  
To both.

**WAITING WOMAN**

Ours waits on you.

**CHAMBERMAID**

And shall do ever.

**ORDER**

You are my Lady's charge, be therefore careful  
That you sustain your parts.

**WAITING WOMAN**

We can bear I warrant you.

*Exeunt Woman and Chambermaid.*

**FURNACE**

Here; drink it off, the ingredients are cordial,  
And this the true Elixir; It hath boiled  
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the Quintessence  
Of five Cocks of the game, ten dozen of Sparrows, [20  
Knuckles of Veal, Potato-roots, and Marrow;  
Coral, and Ambergris: were you two years elder,  
And I had a Wife, or gamesome Mistress  
I durst trust you with neither: You need not bait  
After this, I warrant you; though your journey's long,  
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow  
morning.

**ALLWORTH**

Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve  
To part from such true friends, and yet find comfort;  
My attendance on my honourable Lord  
(Whose resolution holds to visit my Lady) [30  
Will speedily bring me back.

*Knocking at the gate; Marrall and Wellborn within.*

## ACT II, SCENE II

---

MARRALL

Dar'st thou venture further?

WELLBORN

Yes, yes, and knock again.

ORDER

Tis he; disperse.

AMBLE

Perform it bravely.

FURNACE

I know my Cue, ne'er doubt me.

*They go off several ways.*

WATCHALL

Beast that I was to make you stay: most welcome,  
You were long since expected.

WELLBORN

Say so much  
To my friend I pray you.

WATCHALL

For your sake I will Sir.

MARRALL

For his sake!

WELLBORN

Mum; this is nothing.

MARRALL

More than ever,  
I would have believed though I had found it in my Primer.

ALLWORTH

When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,  
You'll pardon, and excuse me: for, believe me [40  
Though now I part abruptly, in my service  
I will deserve it.

ACT II, SCENE II

---

MARRALL

Service! with a vengeance!

WELLBORN

I am satisfied: farewell Tom.

ALLWORTH

All joy stay with you.

*Exit Allw[orth]. Enter Amble.*

AMBLE

You are happily encountered: I yet never

Presented one so welcome, as I know

You will be to my Lady.

MARRALL

This is some vision;

Or sure these men are mad, to worship a Dunghill;

It cannot be a truth.

WELLBORN

Be still a Pagan,

An unbelieving Infidel, be so Miscreant,

And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips. [50

*Enter Furnace.*

FURNACE

I am glad you are come, until I know your pleasure.

I knew not how to serve up my Lady's dinner.

MARRALL

His pleasure; is it possible?

WELLBORN

What's thy will?

FURNACE

Marry Sir, I have some Grouse, and Turkey chicken,

Some Rails, and Quails, and my Lady willed me

ask you

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,

## ACT II, SCENE II

---

That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

**MARRALL**

The Devil's entered this cook, sauce for his palate!  
That on my knowledge, for almost this twelvemonth,  
Durst wish but cheese-parings, and brown bread on  
Sundays.

[60

**WELLBORN**

That way I like 'em best.

**FURNACE**

It shall be done Sir.

*Exit Furnace.*

**WELLBORN**

What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?  
Shall we feed grafts?

**MARRALL**

I know not what to think;  
Pray you make me not mad.

*Enter Order.*

**ORDER**

This place becomes you not;  
Pray you walk Sir, to the dining-room.

**WELLBORN**

I am well here  
Till her Ladyship quits her chamber.

**MARRALL**

Well here say you?  
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought  
Yourself well in a Barn, wrapped up in Peas-straw.  
*Enter Woman, and Chambermaid.*

**WAITING WOMAN**

O Sir, you are wished for.

**CHAMBERMAID**

My Lady dreamt Sir of you.

## ACT II, SCENE II

---

WAITING WOMAN

And the first command she gave, after she rose [70]  
Was (her devotions done) to give her notice  
When you approached here.

CHAMBERMAID

Which is done on my virtue.

MARRALL

I shall be converted, I begin to grow  
Into a new belief, which Saints, nor Angels  
Could have won me to have faith in.

WAITING WOMAN

Sir, my Lady. *Enter Lady [Allworth].*

THE LADY ALLWORTH

I come to meet you, and languished till I saw you.  
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second  
To such a friend.

MARRALL

To such a friend! Heaven bless me!

WELLBORN

I am wholly yours, yet Madam, if you please  
To grace this Gentleman with a salute, [80]

MARRALL

Salute me at his bidding.

WELLBORN

I shall receive it  
As a most high favour.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Sir, you may command me.  
*[Advances to kiss Marrall, who retires.]*

WELLBORN

Run backward from a Lady? and such a Lady?

ACT II, SCENE II

---

MARRALL

To kiss her foot is to poor, me a favour;  
I am unworthy of . . . . . [*Offers to kiss her foot.*]

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Nay, pray you rise,  
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you  
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.

MARRALL

Your Ladyship's table? I am not good enough  
To sit at your Steward's board.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

You are too modest:  
I will not be denied. *Enter Furnace.*

FURNACE

Will you still be babbling; [90  
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still.  
My Art ne'er thought on.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Your arm, Master Wellborn:  
Nay keep us company.

MARRALL

I was never so graced.  
*Exeunt Wellborn. Lady. Amble. Marrall. Woman.*

ORDER

So we have played our parts, and are come off well.  
But if I know the mystery, why my Lady  
Consented to it, or why Master Wellborn  
Desired it, may I perish.

FURNACE

Would I had  
The roasting of his heart, that cheated him,  
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts,

ACT II, SCENE II

---

By Fire (for Cooks are Persians, and swear by it) [100  
Of all the griping, and extorting tyrants  
I ever heard, or read of, I ne'er met  
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

**WATCHALL**

What will you take  
To tell him so fellow Furnace ?

**FURNACE**

Just as much  
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.  
To have a usurer that starves himself,  
And wears a cloak for one and twenty years  
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the Hangman,  
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:  
But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants, [110  
Who must at his command do any outrage;  
Rich in his habit; vast in his expenses;  
Yet he to admiration still increases  
In wealth, and Lordships.

**ORDER**

He frights men out of their Estates,  
And breaks through all Law-nets, made to curb ill men,  
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.  
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never  
Lodged so unluckily.

**AMBLE**

Ha, ha; I shall burst.

*Enter Amble.*

**ORDER**

Contain thyself man.

**FURNACE**

Or make us partakers  
Of your sudden mirth.

ACT II, SCENE II

---

AMBLE

Ha, ha, my Lady has got [120]  
Such a guest at her table, this term-driver Marrall,  
This snip of an Attorney.

FURNACE

What of him man?

AMBLE

The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in  
Ram Alley,  
Where the Clerks divide, and the Elder is to choose;  
And feeds so slovenly.

FURNACE

Is this all?

AMBLE

My Lady  
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please Master  
Wellborn.  
As I live he rises, and takes up a dish,  
In which there were some remnants of a boiled capon,  
And pledges her in white broth.

FURNACE

Nay, 'tis like,  
The rest of his tribe.

AMBLE

And when I brought him wine, [130]  
He leaves his stool, and after a leg or two  
Most humbly thanks my worship.

ORDER

Rose already.

AMBLE

I shall be chid. *Enter Lady. Wellborn. Marrall.*

ACT II, SCENE II

---

FURNACE

My Lady frowns.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

You wait well.

Let me have no more of this, I observed your jeering.

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy

To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,

When I am present, is not your companion.

ORDER

Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

FURNACE

This refreshing

Follows your flux of laughter.

THE LADY ALLWORTH *[to Wellborn.]*

You are master.

Of your own will. I know so much of manners [140]

As not to inquire your purposes, in a word

To me you are ever welcome, as to a house

That is your own.

WELLBORN

Mark that.

*[Aside to Marrall]*

MARRALL

With reverence Sir,

And it like your Worship.

WELLBORN

Trouble yourself no farther,

Dear Madam; my heart's full of zeal, and service,

However in my language I am sparing.

Come Master Marrall.

MARRALL

I attend your Worship. *Exeunt Wellb[orri]. Mar[rall].*

## ACT II, SCENE II

---

THE LADY ALLWORTH

I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me  
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.  
Order, and Furnace come with me, I must give you [150]  
Further directions.

ORDER

What you please.

FURNACE

We are ready. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II, SCENE III

[The Country near THE LADY ALLWORTH'S House]

*Wellborn. Marrall.*

WELLBORN

I think I am in a good way.

MARRALL

Good Sir; the best way.

The certain best way.

WELLBORN

There are casualties

That men are subject to.

MARRALL

You are above 'em,

And as you are already Worshipful,

I hope ere long you will increase in Worship,

And be Right Worshipful.

WELLBORN

Prithee do not flout me.

ACT II, SCENE III

---

What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,  
You keep your hat off?

MARRALL

Ease, and it like your Worship?  
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,  
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast, [10  
Though it hail Hazel Nuts, as to be covered  
When your Worship's present.

WELLBORN

Is not this a true Rogue? *aside.*  
That out of mere hope of a future cozenage  
Can turn thus suddenly: 'tis rank already.

MARRALL

I know your Worship's wise, and needs no counsel:  
Yet if in my desire to do you service,  
I humbly offer my advice (but still  
Under correction) I hope I shall not  
Incur your high displeasure.

WELLBORN

No; speak freely.

MARRALL

Then in my judgment Sir, my simple judgment, [20  
(Still with your Worship's favour) I could wish you  
A better habit, for this cannot be,  
But much distasteful to the noble Lady.  
(I say no more) that loves you, for this morning  
To me (and I am but a Swine to her)  
Before th'assurance of her wealth perfumed you;  
You savoured not of amber.

WELLBORN

I do now then? *Kisses the end of his cudgel.*

ACT II, SCENE III

---

MARRALL

This your Batoon hath got a touch of it.  
Yet if you please for change I have twenty pounds here  
Which, out of my true love I presently [30]  
Lay down at your Worship's feet: 'twill serve to buy you  
A riding-suit.

WELLBORN

But where's the horse?

MARRALL

My Gelding  
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me  
Before your Worship shall be put to the trouble  
To walk afoot. Alas, when you are Lord  
Of this Lady's manor (as I know you will be)  
You may with the lease of glebe land, called Knave's-acre,  
A place I would manure, requite your vassal,

WELLBORN

I thank thy love: but must make no use of it,  
What's twenty pounds ?

MARRALL

Tis all that I can make, Sir. [40]

WELLBORN

Dost thou think though I want clothes I could not  
have 'em,  
For one word to my Lady?

MARRALL

As I know not that.

WELLBORN

Come I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.  
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be  
A gallant-minded Lady, after we are married  
(There being no woman, but is sometimes froward)

ACT II, SCENE III

---

To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced  
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on  
With a plain Riding-suit, and an ambling Nag.  
No, I'll be furnished something like myself. [50  
And so farewell; for thy suit touching KnaveVacre,  
When it is mine 'tis thine.

MARRALL

I thank your Worship. *Exit Wellb[orn].*  
How I was cozened in the calculation  
Of this man's fortune, my master cozened too  
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men,  
For that is our profession; well, well, Master Wellborn,  
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:  
Which, if the fates please, when you are possessed  
Of the land, and Lady, you *sans question* shall be.  
I'll presently think of the means.  
*Walk by musing. Enter Overreach, [speaking to one  
within],*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Sirrah, take my horse. [60  
I'll walk to get me an appetite 'tis but a mile,  
And Exercise will keep me, from being pursy.  
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring! perhaps  
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do  
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels  
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter  
So it be done, Marrall.

MARRALL

Sir.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

How succeed we  
In our plot on Wellborn?

ACT II, SCENE III

---

MARRALL

Never better Sir.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Has he hanged, or drowned himself?

MARRALL

No Sir, he lives.

Lives once more to be made a prey to you,

A greater prey than ever.

[70

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Art thou in thy wits?

If thou art reveal this miracle, and briefly.

MARRALL

A Lady Sir, is fallen in love with him.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

With him? what Lady?

MARRALL

The rich Lady AUworth.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Thou Dolt; how dar'st thou speak this?

MARRALL

I speak truth;

And I do so but once a year, unless

It be to you Sir, we dined with her Ladyship,

I thank his Worship.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

His Worship!

MARRALL

As I live Sir;

I dined with him, at the great Lady's table,

Simple as I stand here, and saw when, she kissed him. [80

And would at his request, have kissed me too,

But I was not so audacious, as some Youths are,

## ACT II, SCENE III

---

And dare do anything be it ne'er so absurd,  
And sad after performance.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Why thou Rascal,  
To tell me these impossibilities:  
Dine, at her table? and kiss him? or thee?  
Impudent Varlet. Have not I myself  
To whom great Countesses' doors have oft flew open,  
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death  
In vain to see her, though I came—a suitor; [90  
And yet your good Solicitorship, and rogue——  
Wellborn,  
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her.  
But that I know thee a Dog, that cannot blush  
This most incredible lie would call up one  
On thy buttermilk cheeks.

**MARRALL**

Shall I not trust my eyes Sir?  
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

You shall feel me, if you give not over Sirrah,  
Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled  
With a beggar's plot assisted by the aids [100  
Of serving-men, and chambermaids; for beyond these  
Thou never saw'st a Woman, or I'll quit you  
From my employments.

**MARRALL**

Will you credit this yet?  
On my confidence of their marriage I offered Wellborn  
(I would give a crown now, I durst say his worship)—aside.  
My nag, and twenty pounds.

ACT II, SCENE III

---

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Did you so Idiot? *Strikes him down.*  
Was this the way to work him to despair  
Or rather to cross me?

MARRALL

Will your worship kill me?

SIR GILES OVERREACH

No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

MARRALL

He's gone.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

I have done then: now forgetting,  
Your late imaginary feast, and Lady, [110  
Know my Lord Lovell dines with me tomorrow,  
Be careful nought, be wanting to receive him,  
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,  
Though they paint her, so she catch the Lord, I'll thank  
'em;  
There's a piece for my late blows.

MARRALL

I must yet suffer:  
But there may be a time—[*aside.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Do you grumble?

MARRALL

No Sir. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT THE THIRD

---

### SCENE I

[The Country near OVERREACH'S House]

*[Lord] Lovell. Allworth. Servants.*

LOVELL

Walk the horses down the hill: something in private,  
I must impart to Allworth. *Exeunt servi.*

ALLWORTH

O my Lord,  
What sacrifice of reverence, duty watching;  
Although I could put off the use of sleep,  
And ever wait on your commands [to] serve 'em;  
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,  
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,  
Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer;  
But still the retribution will fall short  
Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

LOVELL

Loving Youth;  
Till what I purpose be put into act,  
Do not o'erprize it, since you have trusted me  
With your soul's nearest, nay her dearest secret,  
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet locked,

[10

### ACT III, SCENE I

---

Treachery shall never open, I have found you  
(For so much to your face I must profess,  
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)  
More zealous in your love, and service to me  
Than I have been in my rewards.

**ALLWORTH**

Still great ones  
Above my merit.

**LOVELL**

Such your Gratitude calls 'em: [20  
Nor am I of that harsh, and rugged temper  
As some Great men are taxed with, who imagine  
They part from the respect due to their Honours,  
If they use not all such as follow 'em,  
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.  
I am not so conditioned: I can make  
A fitting difference between my Footboy,  
And a Gentleman, by want compelled to serve me.

**ALLWORTH**

'Tis thankfully acknowledged: you have been [30  
More like a Father to me than a Master.  
Pray you pardon the comparison.

**LOVELL**

I allow it;  
And to give you assurance I am pleased in't,  
My carriage and demeanour to your Mistress  
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me  
I can command my passions.

**ALLWORTH**

'Tis a conquest  
Few Lords can boast of when they are tempted. Oh!

ACT III, SCENE I

---

LOVELL

Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?  
By that fair name, I in the wars have purchased,  
And all my actions hitherto untainted,  
I will not be more true to mine own Honour, [40  
Than to my Allworth.

ALLWORTH

As you are the brave Lord Lovell,  
Your bare word only given, is an assurance  
Of more validity, and weight to me  
Than all the oaths bound up with imprecations,  
Which when they would deceive, most Courtiers  
practise:  
Yet being a man (for sure to style you more  
Would relish of gross flattery) I am forced  
Against my confidence of your worth, and virtues,  
To doubt, nay more to fear.

LOVELL

So young, and jealous?

ALLWORTH

Were you to encounter with a single foe, [50  
The victory were certain: but to stand  
The charge of two such potent enemies,  
At once assaulting you, as Wealth and Beauty,  
And those too seconded with Power, is odds  
Too great for Hercules.

LOVELL

Speak your doubts, and fears,  
Since you will nourish 'em in plainer language,  
That I may understand 'em.

ALLWORTH

What's your will;

### ACT III, SCENE I

---

Though I lend arms against myself, (provided  
They may advantage you) must be obeyed.  
My much-loved Lord, were Margaret only fair, |  
The cannon of her more than earthly form,  
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,  
And rammed with bullets of her sparkling eyes,  
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses  
Could batter none but that which guards your sight.  
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue  
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds  
Assault your hearing (such as if Ulysses  
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Sirens,  
Could not resist) the combat must grow doubtful, |  
Between your Reason, and rebellious Passions.  
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath,  
Like a soft Western wind, when it glides o'er  
Arabia, creating gums, and spices:  
And in the Van, the Nectar of her lips  
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,  
Well armed, and strongly lined with her discourse,  
And knowing manners, to give entertainment.  
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,  
To follow such a Venus.

**LOVELL**

Love hath made you |  
Poetical, Allworth.

**ALLWORTH**

Grant all these beat off,  
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it;  
Mammon in Sir Giles Overreach steps in  
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,  
To make her more remarkable, as would tire

ACT III, SCENE I

---

A Falcon's wings in one day to fly over.  
O my good Lord, these powerful aids, which would  
Make a mis-shapen Negro beautiful,  
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,  
That in herself is all perfection) must [90]  
Prevail for her. I here release your trust.  
'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,  
And sometimes with chaste eyes to look upon her.

LOVELL

Why shall I swear?

ALLWORTH

O by no means my lord;  
And wrong not so your judgment to the world  
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,  
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing  
Divers Great men are rivals for.

LOVELL

Suspend  
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it  
To Overreach house?

ALLWORTH

At the most some half hour's riding; [100]  
You'll soon be there.

LOVELL

And you the sooner freed  
From your jealous fears.

ALLWORTH

O that I durst but hope it. *Exeunt.*

ACT III, SCENE II

---

ACT III, SCENE II

[A Room in OVERREACH'S House.]

*Overreach. Greedy. Marrall.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Spare for no cost, let my Dressers crack with the  
weight  
Of curious viands.

**GREEDY**

*Store indeed's no sore, Sir.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

That proverb fits your stomach Master Greedy.  
And let no plate be seen, but what's pure gold,  
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter  
That it is made of, let my choicest linen  
Perfume the room, and when we wash the water  
With precious powders mixed, so please my Lord,  
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

**MARRALL**

Twill be very chargeable.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Avaunt you Drudge: [10  
Now all my laboured ends are at the stake,  
Is't a time to think of thrift? call in my daughter,  
[Exit Marrall.]

And Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,  
And plenty of 'em.

**GREEDY**

As I do indeed Sir,  
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.

ACT III, SCENE II

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I do confer that providence, with my power  
Of absolute command to have abundance,  
To your best care.

**GREEDY**

I'll punctually discharge it  
And give the best directions. Now am I  
In mine own conceit a Monarch, at the least [20  
Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked,  
For which I will eat often, and give thanks,  
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's pure  
justice. *Exit Greedy.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I[t] must be so: should the foolish girl prove modest.  
She may spoil all, she had it not from me,  
But from her mother, I was ever forward,  
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.  
Alone, and let your women wait without.

*[Enter] Margaret.*

**MARGARET**

Your pleasure Sir ?

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Ha, this is a neat dressing!  
These orient pearls, and diamonds well placed too! [30  
The Gown affects me not, it should have been  
Embroidered o'er, and o'er with flowers of gold,  
But these rich Jewels, and quaint fashion help it.  
And how below? since oft the wanton eye  
The face observed, descends unto the foot;  
Which being well proportioned, as yours is,  
Invites as much as perfect white, and red,  
Though without art, how like you, your new Woman

ACT III, SCENE II

---

The Lady Downfallen?

**MARGARET**

Well for a companion;  
Not as a servant.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Is she humble Meg?  
And careful too; her Ladyship forgotten ?

[40

**MARGARET**

I pity her fortune.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Pity her? Trample on her.  
I took her up in an old tamin gown,  
(Even starved for want of twopenny chops) to serve  
thee:  
And if I understand, she but repines  
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,  
I'll pack her to her Knight, where I have lodged him,  
Into the Counter, and there let 'em howl together.

**MARGARET**

You know your own ways, but for me I blush  
When I command her, that was once attended  
With persons, not inferior to myself  
In birth.

[50

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

In birth? Why art thou not my daughter?  
The blest child of my industry, and wealth?  
Why foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,  
That I have ran, and still pursue those ways  
That hail down curses on me, which I mind not,  
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself  
To the noble state I labour to advance thee,  
Or by my hopes to see thee honourable,

ACT III, SCENE II

---

I will adopt a stranger to my heir, [60]  
And throw thee from my care, do not provoke me.

MARGARET

I will not Sir; mould me which way you please.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

How interrupted? *Enter Greedy.*

GREEDY

Tis matter of importance.  
The cook Sir is self-willed and will not learn  
From my experience, there's a fawn brought in Sir,  
And for my life I cannot make him roast it,  
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it.  
And Sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling  
Tis not worth three-pence.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Would it were whole in thy belly  
To stuff it out; Cook it any way, prithee leave me. [70]

GREEDY

Without order for the dumpling?

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Let it be dumped  
Which way thou wilt, or tell him I will scald him  
In his own Caldron.

GREEDY

I had lost my stomach,  
Had I lost my mistress dumpling, I'll give thanks for't.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

But to our business Meg, you have heard who dines  
here? *Exit Greedy.*

MARGARET

I have Sir.

## ACT III, SCENE II

---

### SIR GILES OVERREACH

Tis an honourable man,  
A Lord, Meg, and commands a regiment  
Of Soldiers, and, what's rare is one himself;  
A bold, and understanding one; and to be  
A Lord, and a good leader in one volume, [80  
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up  
The Kingdom's glory. *Enter Greedy.*

### GREEDY

I'll resign my office,  
If I be not better obeyed.

### SIR GILES OVERREACH

'Slight, art thou frantic?

### GREEDY

Frantic 'twould make me a frantic, and stark mad,  
Were I not a *Justice ofpeace*, and *coram* too,  
Which this rebellious Cook cares not a straw for.  
There are a dozen of Woodcocks.

### SIR GILES OVERREACH

Make thyself  
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

### GREEDY

I am contented  
So they may be dressed to my mind, he has found out  
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em [90  
With toasts, and butter, my Father was a Tailor,  
And my name though a Justice, *Greedy Woodcock*,  
And ere I'll see my lineage so abused,  
I'll give up my commission.

### SIR GILES OVERREACH

Cook, Rogue obey him.  
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself,

ACT III, SCENE II

---

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no farther.

**GREEDY**

I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. *Exit Greedy.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

And as I said Meg, when this gull disturbed us;  
This honourable Lord, this Colonel  
I would have thy husband.

**MARGARET**

There's too much disparity [100  
Between his quality, and mine to hope it.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I more than hope't, and doubt not to effect it.  
Be thou no enemy to thyself, my wealth  
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.  
Now for the means to assure him thine; observe me;  
Remember he's a Courtier, and a Soldier  
And not to be trifled with, and, therefore when  
He comes to woo you, see you, do not coy it.  
This mincing modesty hath spoiled many a match  
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for. [110

**MARGARET**

You'll have me Sir, preserve the distance, that  
Confines a Virgin ?

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Virgin me no Virgins.  
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me,  
I will have you private, start not, I say private,  
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard  
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came  
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too.  
And therefore when he kisses you, kiss close.

ACT III, SCENE II

---

MARGARET

I have heard this is the strumpet's fashion Sir,  
Which I must never learn.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Learn any thing,  
And from any creature that may make thee great;  
From the Devil himself.

[120

MARGARET

This is but Devilish doctrine.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Or if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer  
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,  
But meet his ardour, if a couch be near,  
Sit down on't, and invite him.

MARGARET

In your house?  
Your own house Sir, for heaven's sake, what are you  
then?

Or what shall I be Sir?

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Stand not on form,  
Words are no substances.

MARGARET

Though you could dispense  
With your own Honour; cast aside Religion,  
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell; excuse me  
In worldly policy, this is not the way  
To make me his wife, his whore I grant it may do.  
My maiden Honour so soon yielded up,  
Nay prostituted, cannot but assure him  
I that am light to him will not hold weight  
When he is tempted by others: so in judgment

[130

ACT III, SCENE II

---

When to his lust I have given up my honour  
He must, and will forsake me.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

How? forsake thee?

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm [140]  
Shrunk up? or withered? does there live a man  
Of that large list I have encountered with.

Can truly say I ere gave inch of ground,  
Not purchased with his blood, that did oppose me?  
Forsake thee when the thing is done? he dares not.

Give me but proof, he has enjoyed thy person,  
Though all his Captains, Echoes to his will,  
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,  
And he himself in the head of his bold troop, [150]  
Spite of his Lordship, and his Colonelship,  
Or the Judge's favour, I will make him render  
A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him  
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour;  
I have said it. *Enter Marrall.*

**MARRALL**

Sir, the man of Honour's come  
Newly alighted.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

In; without reply

And do as I command, or thou art lost. *Exit Marg.*

Is the loud music I gave order for  
Ready to receive him?

**MARRALL**

Tis Sir.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Let 'em sound

A princely welcome, Roughness awhile leave me,

ACT III, SCENE II

---

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature [160]  
Must make way for me.

*Loud music. Enter Lovell Greed. Allw. Mar.*

LOVELL

Sir, you meet your trouble.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

What you are pleased to style so is an honour  
Above my worth, and fortunes.

ALLWORTH

Strange, so humble. [Aside.]

SIR GILES OVERREACH

A justice of peace my Lord. *Presents Greedy to him.*

LOVELL

Your hand good Sir.

GREEDY

This is a Lord; and some think this a favour;  
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling. [Aside.]

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Room for my Lord.

LOVELL

I miss Sir your fair daughter,  
To crown my welcome.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

May it please my Lord  
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly  
She shall attend my Lord.

LOVELL

You'll be obeyed Sir. *Exeunt omnes preter Over.* [170]

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Tis to my wish; as soon as come ask for her!  
Why, Meg? Meg Overreach, how! tears in your eyes!

[Enter Margaret.]

ACT III, SCENE II

---

Ha! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.  
Is this a time to whimper? meet that Greatness  
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis  
For me to say, *My honourable daughter*.  
And thou, when I stand bare, to say put on,  
Or father you forget yourself, no more,  
But be instructed, or expect, he comes.

*Enter Lovell Greedy. Allworth. Marrall. they salute.*  
A black-browed girl my Lord,  
*[Lord Lov ell kisses Margaret.]*

LOVELL

As I live a rare one. [180]

ALLWORTH

He's took already: I am lost. *[Aside.]*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

That kiss,  
Came twanging off I like it, quit the room: *The rest off.*  
A little bashful my good Lord, but you  
I hope will teach her boldness.

LOVELL

I am happy  
In such a scholar: but.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

I am past learning.  
And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember—  
*to his daughter. Exit Overreach.*

LOVELL

You see fair Lady, your father is solicitous.  
To have you change the barren name of Virgin  
Into a hopeful wife.

MARGARET

His haste my Lord,

ACT III, SCENE II

---

Holds no power o'er my will.

LOVELL

But o'er your duty.

[190

MARGARET

Which forced too much may break.

LOVELL

Bend rather sweetest:

Think of your years.

MARGARET

Too few to match with yours:

And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot, and wither.

LOVELL

Do you think I am old?

MARGARET

I am sure I am too young.

LOVELL

I can advance you.

MARGARET

To a hill of sorrow,

Where every hour I may expect to fall,

But never hope firm footing. You are noble,

I of a low descent, however rich;

And tissues matched with scarlet suit but ill.

O my good Lord I could say more, but that

I dare not trust these walls.

[200

LOVELL

Pray you trust my ear then. *Enter Over., listening.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!

And by their postures, a consent on both parts.

*Enter Greed.*

ACT III, SCENE II

---

**GREEDY**

Sir Giles, Sir Giles.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

The great fiend stop that clapper.

**GREEDY**

It must ring out Sir, when my belly rings noon.

The baked-meats are run out, the roast turned powder.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I shall powder you.

**GREEDY**

Beat me to dust I care not.

In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Marry and shall: you Barathrum of the shambles.

*strikes him.*

**GREEDY**

How! strike a *Justice ofpeace*? 'tis petty treason. [210

*Edwardi quinto*, but that you are my friend

I could commit you without bail or mainprize.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Leave your bawling Sir, or I shall commit you;

Where you shall not dine to-day, disturb my Lord,

When he is in discourse?

**GREEDY**

Is't a time to talk

When we should be munching?

**LOVELL**

Ha! I heard some noise.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Mum, villain, vanish: shall we break a bargain

Almost made up.

*Thrust Greedy off.*

ACT III, SCENE II

---

LOVELL

Lady, I understand you;  
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it,  
I'll be a careful pilot to direct [220  
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

MARGARET

So shall your Honour save two lives, and bind us  
Your slaves for ever.

LOVELL

I am in the act rewarded,  
Since it is good, howe'er you must put on  
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude  
Your subtle father.

MARGARET

I am prone to that.

LOVELL

Now break we off our conference. Sir Giles.  
Where is Sir Giles? *Enter Overreach, and the rest.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

My noble Lord; and how  
Does your Lordship find her?

LOVELL

Apt Sir Giles, and coming,  
And I like her the better.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

So do I too. [230

LOVELL

Yet should we take forts at the first assault  
'Twere poor in the defendant, I must confirm her  
With a love-letter or two, which I must have  
Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.

## ACT III, SCENE II

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

With all my soul, a towardly Gentleman,  
Your hand good Master Allworth, know my house  
Is ever open to you.

**ALLWORTH**

'Twas shut till now. *aside.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Well done, well done, my honourable daughter:  
Th'art so already: know this gentle youth,  
And cherish him my honourable daughter. [240

**MARGARET**

I shall with my best care. *Noise within as of a coach.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

A Coach.

**GREEDY**

More stops  
Before we go to dinner! o my guts!  
*Enter Lady, and Wellborn.*

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

If I find welcome  
You share in it; if not I'll back again,  
Now I know your ends, for I come armed for all  
Can be objected.

**LOVELL**

How! the Lady Allworth!

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

And thus attended!  
*Lovell salutes the Lady, the Lady salutes Margaret.*

**MARRALL**

No, I am a dolt;  
The spirit of lies had entered me.

ACT III, SCENE II

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Peace Patch,  
Tis more than wonder! an astonishment  
That does possess me wholly!

**LOVELL**

Noble Lady, [250  
This is a favour to prevent my visit,  
The service of my life can never equal.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

My Lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped  
You would have made my poor house your first Inn:  
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,  
Or too long dwell here having such ample cause  
In this unequalled beauty for your stay;  
And fearing to trust any but myself  
With the relation of my service to you,  
I borrowed so much from my long restraint, [260  
And took the air in person to invite you.

**LOVELL**

Your bounties are so great they rob me, Madam  
Of words to give you thanks.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Good Sir Giles Overreach. *salutes him.*  
How dost thou Marrall? liked you my meat so ill,  
You'll dine no more with me?

**GREEDY**

I will when you please  
And it like your Ladyship.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

When you please Master Greedy  
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied,  
And now my Lord, pray take into your knowledge

ACT III, SCENE II

---

This Gentleman, howe'er his outsiders coarse. *Presents*  
His inward linings are as fine, and fair, *Wellborn.* [270  
As any man's: wonder not I speak at large:  
And howsoe'er his humour carries him  
To be thus accoutred; or what taint soever  
For his wild life hath stuck upon his fame,  
He may ere long, with boldness, rank himself  
With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles  
Overreach  
If I am welcome, bid him so.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

My nephew.  
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have:  
Pray let it be mended. *Lovell conferring with Wellborn.*

**MARRALL**

Why Sir, what do you mean?  
This is rogue Wellborn, Monster, Prodigy. [280  
That should hang, or drown himself, no man of  
Worship,  
Much less your Nephew;

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Well Sirrah, we shall reckon  
For this hereafter.

**MARRALL**

I'll not lose my jeer  
Though I be beaten dead for't.

**WELLBORN**

Let my silence plead  
In my excuse my Lord, till better leisure  
Offer itself to hear a full relation  
Of my poor fortunes.

ACT III, SCENE II

---

LOVELL

I would hear, and help 'em.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Your dinner waits you.

LOVELL

Pray you lead, we follow.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Nay you are my guest, come dear Master Wellborn.

*Exeunt manet Greedy.*

GREEDY

Dear Master Wellborn! So she said; Heaven! heaven! [290

If my belly would give me leave I could ruminat

All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants.

To have him committed, from all prisons in the Shire,

To Nottingham gaol; and now dear Master Wellborn!

And my good nephew, but I play the fool

To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Are they set Marrall ?

*Enter Marrall.*

MARRALL

Long since, pray you a word Sir.

GREEDY

No wording now.

MARRALL

In troth, I must; my master

Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come in, [300

Than he expected, especially his nephew,

The table being full too, you would excuse him

And sup with him on the cold meat.

GREEDY

How! no dinner

After all my care?

ACT III, SCENE II

---

MARRALL

Tis but a penance for  
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

GREEDY

That was  
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in Commission  
Give place to a tatterdemalion ?

MARRALL

No bug words Sir,  
Should his Worship hear you ?

GREEDY

Lose my dumpling too ?  
And buttered toasts, and woodcocks ?

MARRALL

Come, have patience.  
If you will dispense a little with your Worship, [310  
And sit with the waiting women, you have dumpling,  
Woodcock, and buttered toasts too.

GREEDY

This revives me  
I will gorge there sufficiently.

MARRALL

This is the way Sir. *Exeunt.*

ACT III, SCENE III

[The Same]

*Overreach as from dinner.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

She's caught! O women! she neglects my Lord,  
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!  
The garments of her widowhood laid by,  
She now appears as glorious as the spring.  
Her eyes fixed on him; in the wine she drinks,  
He being her pledge; she sends him burning kisses,  
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.  
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;  
And if in our discourse he be but named  
From her a deep sigh follows, but why grieve I [10  
At this? it makes for me, if she prove his  
All that is her is mine, as I will work him.

*Enter Marrall.*

**MARRALL**

Sir the whole board is troubled at your rising.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

No matter, I'll excuse it, prithee Marrall,  
Watch an occasion to invite my Nephew  
To speak with me in private.

**MARRALL**

Who? the rogue,  
The Lady scorned to look on?

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

You are a Wag. *Enter Lady and Wellborn.*

**MARRALL**

See Sir she's come, and cannot be without him.

ACT III, SCENE III

---

THE LADY ALLWORTH

With your favour Sir, after a plenteous dinner,  
I shall make bold to walk, a turn, or two [20]  
In your rare garden.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

There's an arbour too  
If your Ladyship please to use it.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Come Master Wellborn. *Exeunt Lady and Wellborn.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Grosser, and grosser, now I believe the Poet  
Feigned not but was historical, when he wrote.  
Pasiphae was enamoured of a bull,  
This Lady's lust's more monstrous. My good Lord,  
Excuse my manners. *Enter Lovell, Margaret  
and the rest.*

LOVELL

There needs none Sir Giles,  
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases  
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

She shall seal to it my Lord, and make me happy. [30]

MARGARET

My Lady is returned. *Enter Wellb. and the Lad[y].*

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Provide my coach,  
I'll instantly away: my thanks Sir Giles  
For my entertainment.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

'Tis your Nobleness  
To think it such.

### ACT III, SCENE III

---

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

I must do you a further wrong  
In taking away your honourable Guest.

**LOVELL**

I wait on you Madam, farewell good Sir Giles.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Good Mistress Margaret: nay come Master Wellborn,  
I must not leave you behind, in sooth I must not.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Rob me not Madam, of all joys at once  
Let my Nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach, [40  
And (after some small conference between us)  
Soon overtake your Ladyship.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Stay not long Sir.

**LOVELL**

This parting kiss: [*Kisses Margaret*] you shall every  
day hear from me  
By my faithful page.

**ALLWORTH**

'Tis a service I am proud of.  
*Exeunt. Lovell. Lady. Allworth. Margaret. Marrall.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Daughter to your chamber. You may wonder  
Nephew,  
After so long an enmity between us  
I should'desire your friendship?

**WELLBORN**

So I do Sir  
'Tis strange to me.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

But I'll make it no wonder,

### ACT III, SCENE III

---

And what is more unfold my nature to you.  
We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen, [50]  
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand  
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet  
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom,  
As I must yield, with you I practised it.  
But now, I see you in a way to rise,  
I can and will assist you, this rich Lady  
(And I am glad oft) is enamoured of you;  
Tis too apparent Nephew.

**WELLBORN**

No such thing:  
Compassion rather Sir.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Well in a word,  
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen [60]  
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say  
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

**WELLBORN**

He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. *aside.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence  
In pawn, I will redeem 'em, and that no clamour  
May taint your credit for your petty debts,  
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,  
And go a free man to the wealthy Lady.

**WELLBORN**

This done Sir out of love, and no ends else.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

As it is Nephew.

**WELLBORN**

Binds me still your servant. [70]

ACT III, SCENE III

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

No compliments; you are staid for ere y've supped  
You shall hear from me, my coach Knaves for my  
Nephew:

To-morrow I will visit you.

**WELLBORN**

Here's an Uncle  
In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you  
That say you are hard-hearted.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

My deeds nephew  
Shall speak my love, what men report, I weigh not.

*Exeunt,*

*finis Actus tertii.*

## ACT THE FOURTH

---

### SCENE I

[A Room in the Lady ALLWORTH'S House]

*Lovell. Allworth.*

**LOVELL**

Tis well: give me my cloak: I now discharge you  
From further service. Mind your own affairs,  
I hope they will prove successful.

**ALLWORTH**

What is blest  
With your good wish my Lord, cannot but prosper,  
Let aftertimes report, and to your Honour  
How much I stand engaged, for I want language  
To speak my debt: yet if a tear, or two  
Of joy for your much goodness, can supply  
My tongue's defects I could.

**LOVELL**

Nay, do not melt:

This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.

[10

**SIR GILES OVERREACH** *within*

Is my Lord stirring?

**LOVELL**

Tis he, oh here's your letter: let him in.

*Enter Over. Greed. Mar.*

## ACT IV, SCENE I

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

A good day to my Lord.

**LOVELL**

You are an early riser,  
Sir Giles.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

And reason to attend your Lordship.

**LOVELL**

And you too Master Greedy, up so soon ?

**GREEDY**

In troth my Lord after the Sun is up  
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach  
That croaks for breakfast. With your Lordship's  
favour;

I have a serious question to demand  
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

**LOVELL**

Pray you use your pleasure.

[20

**GREEDY**

How far Sir Giles, and pray you answer me,  
Upon your credit, hold you it to be  
From your Manor-house, to this of my  
Lady Allworth's.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Why some four mile.

**GREEDY**

How! four mile? good Sir Giles.  
Upon your reputation think better  
For if you do abate but one half-quarter  
Of five you do yourself the greatest wrong  
That can be in the world: for four miles riding  
Could not have raised so huge an appetite



## ACT IV, SCENE I

---

A shield of Brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters ? [50

**GREEDY**

Why that was Sir, only to scour my stomach,  
A kind of preparative. Come Gentleman  
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing  
Alone, while I am here.

**LOVELL**

Haste your return.

**ALLWORTH**

I will not fail my Lord.

**GREEDY**

Nor I to line

My Christmas coffer. *Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

To my wish, we are private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter  
A certain portion, that were poor, and trivial:

In one word I pronounce all that is mine,

In lands, or leases, ready coin, or goods,

With her, my Lord, comes to you, nor shall you have  
One motive to induce you to believe,

I live too long, since every year I'll add

Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too. [60

**LOVELL**

You are a right kind father.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

You shall have reason

To think me such, how do you like this seat?

It is well wooded, and well watered, the Acres

Fertile, and rich; would it not serve for change

To entertain your friends in a Summer progress?

What thinks my noble Lord?

## ACT IV, SCENE I

---

LOVELL

Tis a wholesome air, [70]  
And well-built pile, and she's that's mistress of it  
Worthy the large revenue.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

She the mistress?  
It may be so for a time: but let my Lord  
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,  
I say ere long 'tis his.

LOVELL

Impossible.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

You do conclude too fast, not knowing me;  
Nor the engines that I work by, 'tis not alone  
The Lady Allworth's Lands, for those once Wellborn's,  
(As by her dotage on him, I know they will be,) [80]  
Shall soon be mine. But point out any man's  
In all the Shire, and say they lie convenient,  
And useful for your Lordship, and once more  
I say aloud, They are yours.

LOVELL

I dare not own  
What's by unjust, and cruel means extorted:  
My fame, and credit are more dear to me,  
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by  
The public voice.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

You run my Lord no hazard.  
Your reputation shall stand as fair  
In all good men's opinions as now:  
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill, [90]  
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours;

## ACT IV, SCENE I

---

For though I do contemn report myself,  
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender  
**O**f what concerns you, in all points of Honour,  
That the immaculate whiteness of your Fame,  
Nor your unquestioned integrity  
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint, or spot  
That may take from your innocence, and candour.  
All my ambition is to have my daughter  
Right honourable, which my Lord can make her. [100  
And might I live to dance upon my knee  
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,  
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.  
As for possessions, and annual rents  
Equivalent to maintain you in the port,  
Your noble birth, and present state requires,  
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,  
And take it on mine own: for though I ruin  
The Country to supply your riotous waste,  
The scourge of prodigals want shall never find you. [110

**LOVELL**

Are you not frighted with the imprecations,  
And curses, of whole families made wretched  
By your sinister practices?

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Yes, as rocks are  
When foamy billows split themselves against  
Their flinty ribs; or as the Moon is moved,  
When wolves with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.  
I am of a solid temper, and like these  
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword  
If called into the field, I can make that right,  
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong. [120

## ACT IV, SCENE I

---

Now for, these other piddling complaints  
Breathed out in bitterness, as when they call me  
Extortioner, Tyrant, Cormorant, or Intruder  
On my poor Neighbour's right, or grand incloser  
Of what was common, to my private use;  
Nay, when my ears are pierced with Widows' cries,  
And undone Orphans wash with tears my threshold;  
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm  
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity, [130  
Or the least sting of Conscience.

LOVELL

I admire  
The toughness of your nature.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

'Tis for you  
My Lord, and for my daughter, I am marble  
Nay more if you will have my character  
In little, I enjoy more true delight  
In my arrival to my wealth, these dark,  
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure  
In spending what my industry hath compassed.  
My haste commands me hence, In one word therefore  
Is it a Match?

LOVELL

I hope that is past doubt now. [140

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,  
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,  
Shall make me study aught but your advancement,  
One story higher. An Earl! if gold can do it.  
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith,

## ACT IV, SCENE I

---

Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,  
You may make choice of what belief you please,  
To me they are equal, so my Lord good morrow. *Exit.*

LOVELL

He's gone, I wonder how the Earth can bear  
Such a portent! I, that have lived a Soldier, [150  
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted  
To hear this blasphemous beast, am bathed all over  
In a cold sweat: yet like a mountain he  
Confirmed in Atheistical assertions,  
Is no more shaken, than Olympus is  
When angry Boreas loads his double head  
With sudden drifts of snow. *Enter Amble. Lady. Woman.*

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Save you my Lord.  
Disturb I not your privacy ?

LOVELL

No good Madam;  
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner.  
Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach [160  
Made such a plain discovery of himself,  
And read this morning such a devilish Matins,  
That I should think it a sin next to his;  
But to repeat it.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

I ne'er pressed my Lord  
On others' privacies, yet against my will,  
Walking, for health sake, in the gallery  
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made  
(So vehement, and loud he was) partaker  
Of his tempting offers.

## ACT IV, SCENE I

---

LOVELL

Please you to command  
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear [170  
Your wiser counsel.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Tis my Lord a woman's  
But true, and hearty; wait in the next room,  
But be within call: yet not so near to force me  
To whisper my intents.

AMBLE

We are taught better  
By you good Madam.

WAITING WOMAN

And well know our distance.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Do so, and talk not 'twill become your breeding.  
*Exeunt, Amble and Woman.*

Now my good Lord; if I may use my freedom,  
As to an honoured friend?

LOVELL

You lessen else  
Your favour to me.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

I dare then say thus;  
As you are Noble (howe'er common men [180  
Make sordid wealth the object, and sole end  
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree  
With those of eminent blood, (who are engaged  
More to prefer their Honours, than to increase  
The State left to 'em, by their Ancestors)  
To study large additions to their fortunes  
And quite neglect their births: though I must grant

ACT IV, SCENE I

---

Riches well got to be a useful Servant,  
But a bad Master.

LOVELL

Madam, 'tis confessed;  
But what infer you from it?

THE LADY ALLWORTH

This my Lord; [190

That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale  
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,  
And cannot bide the trial: so all wealth  
(I mean if ill-acquired) cemented to Honour  
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,  
Is but as rubbish poured into a river

(Howe'er intended to make good the bank)

Rendering the water that was pure before,

Polluted, and unwholesome. I allow

The heir of Sir Giles Overreach. Margaret. [200

A maid well qualified, and the richest match

Our North part can make boast of, yet she cannot

With all that she brings with her fill their mouths,

That never will forget who was her father;

Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's

(How wrung from both needs now no repetition)

Were real motive, that more worked your Lordship

To join your families; than her form, and virtues.

You may conceive the rest.

LOVELL

I do sweet Madam;

And long since have considered it I know [210

The sum of all that makes a just man happy

Consists in the well choosing of his wife

And there well to discharge it, does require

## ACT IV, SCENE I

---

Equality of years, of birth, of fortune,  
For beauty being poor, and not cried up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.  
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,  
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:  
But I come nearer.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Pray you do my Lord.

**LOVELL**

Were Overreach states thrice centupled; his daughter [220]  
Millions of degrees, much fairer than she is,  
(Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me)  
I would not so adulterate my blood  
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue  
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet  
And the other London-blue. In my own tomb  
I will inter my name first.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

I am glad to hear this: *aside.*  
Why then my Lord pretend you marriage to her?  
Dissimulation but ties false knots  
On that straight line, by which you hitherto [230]  
Have measured all your actions?

**LOVELL**

I make answer  
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,  
That since your Husband's death, have lived a strict,  
And chaste Nun's life, on the sudden given yourself  
To visits, and entertainments? think you Madam  
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours  
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn  
Being too reserved before, incur not censure?

ACT IV, SCENE I

---

THE LADY ALLWORTH

I am innocent here, and on my life I swear  
My ends are good.

LOVELL

On my soul so are mine [240  
To Margaret: but leave both to the event  
And since this friendly privacy does serve  
But as an offered means unto ourselves  
To search each other farther; you having shewn  
Your care of me, I, my respect to you;  
Deny me not, but still in chaste words Madam  
An afternoon's discourse.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

So I shall hear you. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE II

[Before TAPWELL'S House]

*Tapwell. Froth.*

TAPWELL

Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth.

FROTH

Mine! I defy thee, did not Master Marrall  
(He has marred all I am sure) strictly command us  
(On pain of Sir Giles Overreach displeasure)  
To turn the Gentleman out of doors ?

TAPWELL

'Tis true  
But now he's his Uncle's darling, and has got

## ACT IV, SCENE II

---

Master Justice Greedy (since he filled his belly)  
At his commandment, to do anything;  
Woe, woe to us.

**FROTH**

He may prove merciful.

**TAPWELL**

Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands: [10  
Though he knew all the passages of our house;  
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,  
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe  
him,

And then his information could not hurt us.

But now he is right Worshipful again,

Who dares but doubt his testimony? methinks

I see thee Froth already in a cart

For a close Bawd, thine eyes even pelted out

With dirt, and rotten eggs, and my hand hissing

(If I scape the halter) with the letter *R*. [20

Printed upon it.

**FROTH**

Would that were the worst:

That were but nine days' wonder, as for credit

We have none to lose; but we shall lose the money

He owes us and his custom, there's the hell on't.

**TAPWELL**

He has summoned all his Creditors by the drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers

On the pay day, and has found out such a new way

To pay his old debts, as 'tis very likely

He shall be chronicled for it.

**FROTH**

He deserves it

## ACT IV, SCENE II

---

More than ten Pageants. But are you sure his Worship [30  
Comes this way to my Lady's ?

*A cry within, brave Master Wellborn.*

**TAPWELL**

Yes I hear him.

**FROTH**

Be ready with your petition and present it  
To his good Grace.

*Enter Wellb. in a rich habit, Greed. Ord. Furn. three  
Creditors. Tapw. kneeling delivers his bill of debt.*

**WELLBORN**

How's this! petitioned too?  
But note what miracles, the payment of  
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes  
Can work upon these Rascals. I shall be  
I think Prince Wellborn.

**MARRALL**

When your Worship's married  
You may be, I know what I hope to see you:

**WELLBORN**

Then look thou for advancement.

**MARRALL**

To be known  
Your Worship's Bailiff is the mark I shoot at. [40

**WELLBORN**

And thou shalt hit it.

**MARRALL**

Pray you Sir dispatch  
These needy followers, and for my admittance  
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles.  
Whose service I am weary of I'll say something



ACT IV, SCENE II

---

Should an understanding judge but look upon him,  
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

**TAPWELL. FROTH**

Worshipful Sir.

**GREEDY**

No though the great Turk came instead of Turkeys,  
To beg any favour, I am inexorable:  
Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty Ale [70  
That hath destroyed many of the King's liege people  
Thou never hadst in thy house to stay men's stomachs  
A piece of Suffolk cheese, or Gammon of Bacon,  
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,  
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.  
For which gross fault, I here do damn thy licence,  
Forbidding thee ever to tap, or draw.  
For instantly, I will in mine own person  
Command the Constable to pull down thy Sign;  
And do it before I eat.

**FROTH**

No mercy?

**GREEDY**

Vanish. [80  
If I shew any, may my promised Oxen gore me.

**TAPWELL**

Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, Froth.*

**WELLBORN**

Speak; what are you?

**FIRST CREDITOR**

A decayed Vintner Sir,  
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me  
With trusting you with Muskadine and Eggs,

ACT IV, SCENE II

---

And five pound Suppers, with your after drinkings,  
When you lodged upon the Bankside.

**WELLBORN**

[I] Remember.

**FIRST CREDITOR**

I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you.  
And therefore Sir—

**WELLBORN**

Thou art an honest fellow:  
I'll set thee up again, see his bill paid, [90]  
What are you?

**SECOND CREDITOR**

A Tailor once, but now mere Botcher.  
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,  
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,  
I was removed from the Shopboard, and confined  
Under a Stall.

**WELLBORN**

See him paid, and botch no more.

**SECOND CREDITOR**

I ask no interest Sir.

**WELLBORN**

Such Tailors need not,  
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year  
They are seldom losers. O, I know thy face  
Thou wert my Surgeon: you must tell no tales.  
Those days are done. I will pay you in private. [100]

**ORDER**

A royal Gentleman.

**FURNACE**

Royal as an Emperor!

## ACT IV, SCENE II

---

He'll prove a brave master, my good Lady knew  
To choose a man.

**WELLBORN**

See all men else discharged  
And since *Old debts are cleared by a new way*,  
A little bounty, will not misbecome me;  
There's something honest Cook for thy good  
breakfasts,  
And this for your respect, take't, 'tis good gold  
And I able to spare it.

**ORDER**

You are too munificent.

**FURNACE**

He was ever so.

**WELLBORN**

Pray you on before.

**THIRD CREDITOR**

Heaven bless you.

**MARRALL**

At four a'clock the rest know where to meet me. [110  
*Exeunt Ord. Furn. Credit.*

**WELLBORN**

Now Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret  
You promised to impart?

**MARRALL**

Sir, time, nor place  
Allow me to relate each circumstance;  
This only in a word: I know Sir Giles  
Will come upon you for security  
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent  
**to**

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,

## ACT IV, SCENE II

---

Be you but rough, and say He's in your debt  
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land,  
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame) [120  
When you were defeated of it.

**WELLBORN**

That's forgiven.

**MARRALL**

I shall deserve 't then; urge him to produce  
The deed in which you passed it over to him,  
Which I know He'll have about him to deliver  
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,  
And present monies, I'll instruct you further,  
As I wait on your Worship, if I play not my prize  
To your full content, and your Uncle's much vexation,  
Hang up Jack Marrall.

**WELLBORN**

I rely upon thee.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV, SCENE III

[A Room in OVERREACH'S House]

*Allworth. Margaret.*

**ALLWORTH**

Whether to yield the first praise to my Lord's  
Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,  
That I yet live, my weak hands fastened on  
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of Despair,  
I yet rest doubtful.

### ACT IV, SCENE III

---

**MARGARET**

Give it to Lord Lovell.  
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.  
I make but payment of a debt, to which  
My vows in that high office registered,  
Are faithful witnesses.

**ALLWORTH**

Tis true my dearest,  
Yet when I call to mind how many fair ones [10  
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths  
To God, and Man to fill the arms of Greatness,  
And you rise up no less than a glorious star  
To the amazement of the world, that hold out  
Against the stern authority of a Father,  
And spurn at honour when it comes to court you,  
I am so tender of your good, that faintly  
With your wrong I can wish myself that right  
You yet are pleased to do me.

**MARGARET**

Yet, and ever, [20  
To me what's title, when content is wanting?  
Or wealth raked up together with much care,  
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,  
In being dispossessed of what it longs for,  
Beyond the Indian mines; or the smooth brow  
Of a pleased Sire, that slaves me to his will?  
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted  
By my obedience, and he see me great,  
Leaves to my soul nor faculties, nor power  
To make her own election.

**ALLWORTH**

But the dangers

ACT IV, SCENE III

---

That follow the repulse.

MARGARET

To me they are nothing: [30]

Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.

Suppose the worst, that in his rage he kill me,

A tear, or two, by you dropt on my hearse

In sorrow for my fate, will call back life

So far, as but to say that I die yours,

I then shall rest in peace, or should he prove

So cruel, as one death would not suffice

His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments

In mind, and body, I must waste to air,

In poverty, joined with banishment, so you share [40]

In my afflictions, (which I dare not wish you,)

So high I prize you; I could undergo 'em,

With such a patience as should look down

With scorn on his worst malice.

ALLWORTH

Heaven avert

Such trials of your true affection to me,

Nor will it unto you that are all mercy

Shew so much rigour: but since we must run

Such desperate hazards, let us do our best

To steer between 'em.

MARGARET

Your Lord's ours, and sure,

And though but a young actor second me [50]

In doing to the life, what he has plotted,

*Enter Overreach.*

The end may yet prove happy: now my Allworth.

ALLWORTH

To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

### ACT IV, SCENE III

---

**MARGARET**

I'll pay my Lord all debts due to his title,  
And when with terms, not taking from his Honour,  
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.  
But in this peremptory, nay commanding way,  
T'appoint a meeting, and without my knowledge;  
A Priest to tie the knot, can ne'er be undone  
Till death unloose it, is a confidence [60  
In his Lordship, will deceive him.  
*[Overreach listens, imagining he is unseen.]*

**ALLWORTH**

I hope better,  
Good Lady.

**MARGARET**

Hope Sir what you please: for me  
I must take a safe and secure course; I have  
A father, and without his full consent,  
Though all Lords of the land kneeled for my favour,  
I can grant nothing.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I like this obedience. *[Advancing]*  
But whatsoever my Lord writes, must, and shall be  
Accepted, and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,  
You shew yourself a true, and faithful servant  
To your good Lord, he has a jewel of you. [70  
How? frowning Meg? are these looks to receive  
A messenger from my Lord? what's this? give me it.

**MARGARET**

A piece of arrogant paper, like th'inscriptions  
*Overreach read the letter.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Fair mistress from your servant learn, all joys

### ACT IV, SCENE III

---

That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys;  
Therefore this instant, and in private meet  
A Husband, that will gladly at your feet  
Lay down his Honours, tendering them to you  
With all content, the Church being paid her due.  
Is this the arrogant piece of paper? Fool, [80]  
Will you still be one? in the name of madness, what  
Could his good Honour write more to content you?  
Is there aught else to be wished after these two,  
That are already offered? Marriage first,  
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?

**MARGARET**

Why Sir, I would be married like your daughter;  
Not hurried away i'th night I know not whither,  
Without all ceremony: no friends invited  
To honour the solemnity.

**ALLWORTH**

An't please your Honour,  
For so before to-morrow I must style you: [90]  
My Lord desires this privacy in respect  
His honourable kinsmen are far off,  
And his desires to have it done brook not  
So long delay as to expect their coming;  
And yet He stands resolved, with all due pomp:  
As running at the ring, plays, masques, and tilting  
To have his marriage at Court celebrated  
When he has brought your Honour up to London.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

He tells you true; 'tis the fashion on my knowledge  
Yet the good Lord to please your peevishness [100]  
Must put it off forsooth, and lose a night  
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.

ACT IV, SCENE III

---

Tempt me no farther, if you do, this good  
Shall prick you to him.

**MARGARET**

I could be contented,  
Were you but by to do a father's part,  
And give me in the Church.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

So my Lord have you  
What do I care who gives you since my Lord  
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.  
I know not Master Allworth how my Lord  
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse [110]  
Of gold 'twill serve this night's expense, to-morrow  
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time  
Use my ring to my Chaplain; he is beneficed  
At my Manor of Gotam, and called Parson Willdo  
Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

**MARGARET**

With your favour Sir, what warrant is your ring?  
He may suppose I got that twenty ways  
Without your knowledge, and then to be refused,  
Were such a stain upon me, if you pleased Sir  
Your presence would do better.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Still perverse? [120]  
I say again I will not cross my Lord,  
Yet I'll prevent you too. Paper and ink there?

**ALLWORTH**

I can furnish you.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I thank you, I can write then. *Writes on his book.*

### ACT IV, SCENE III

---

**ALLWORTH**

You may if you please, put out the name of my Lord  
In respect he comes disguised, and only write  
Marry, her to this Gentleman.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Well advised *Margaret kneels.*  
'Tis done, away my blessing Girl? thou hast it.  
Nay, no reply begone, good Master Allworth,  
This shall be the best night's work, you ever made.

**ALLWORTH**

I hope so Sir. *Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Farewell, now all's cocksure: [130]  
Methinks I hear already, Knights and Ladies,  
Say Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with  
Your Honourable daughter? has her Honour  
Slept well to-night? or, will her Honour please  
To accept this Monkey? Dog? or Paraquit?  
This is state in Ladies, or my eldest son  
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?  
My ends! my ends are compassed! then for Wellborn  
And the lands; were he once married to the widow,  
I have him here, I can scarce contain myself, [140]  
I am so full of joy; nay joy all over. *Exit the end of  
the fourth Act.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

---

### SCENE I

[A Room in the Lady ALLWORTH'S House]

*Lovell. Lady. Amble.*

THE LADY ALLWORTH

By this you know, how strong the motives were  
That did, my Lord, induce me to dispense  
A little with my gravity, to advance  
(In personating some few favours to him)  
The plots, and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.  
Nor shall I e'er repent (although I suffer  
In some few men's opinions for't) the action.  
For he, that ventured all for my dear Husband,  
Might justly claim an obligation from me  
To pay him such a courtesy: which had I  
Coyly, or over-curiously denied, [10  
It might have argued me of little love  
To the deceased.

LOVELL

What you intended Madam  
For the poor Gentleman, hath found good success,  
For as I understand his debts are paid,  
And he once more furnished for fair employment

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

But all the arts that I have used to raise  
The fortunes of your joy, and mine, young Allworth,  
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well  
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant, [20  
Than their years can promise; and for their desires  
On my knowledge they are equal.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

As my wishes  
Are with yours my Lord, yet give me leave to fear  
The building though well grounded: to deceive  
Sir Giles, that's both a Lion, and a Fox  
In his proceedings, were a work beyond  
The strongest undertakers, not the trial  
Of two weak innocents.

**LOVELL**

Despair not Madam:  
*Hard things are compassed oft by easy means,*  
And judgment, being a gift derived from Heaven, [30  
Though sometimes lodged ith' hearts of worldly men  
(That ne'er consider from whom they receive it)  
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.  
Which is the reason, that the politic,  
And cunning Statesman, that believes he fathoms  
The counsels of all Kingdoms on the earth,  
Is by simplicity oft over-reach[ed.]

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

May he be so, yet in his name to express it  
Is a good Omen.

**LOVELL**

May it to myself  
Prove so good Lady in my suit to you: [40  
What think you of the motion?

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

### THE LADY ALLWORTH

Troth my Lord  
My own unworthiness may answer for me;  
For had you, when that I was in my prime,  
My virgin flower uncropped, presented me  
With this great favour, looking on my lowness  
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth  
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing  
Far, far beyond my merit.

### LOVELL

You are too modest,  
And undervalue that which is above  
My title, or whatever I call mine. [50  
I grant, were I a Spaniard to marry  
A widow might disparage me, but being  
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find  
How it can taint my Honour; nay what's more,  
That which you think a blemish is to me  
The fairest lustre. You already Madam  
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish  
A Husband that deserves you: which confirms me,  
That if I am not wanting in my care  
To do you service, you'll be still the same [60  
That you were to your Allworth, in a word  
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,  
You being descended nobly and allied so,  
If then you may be won to make me happy,  
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be  
A solemn contract.

### THE LADY ALLWORTH

I were blind to my own good  
Should I refuse it, yet my Lord receive me

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

As such a one, the study of whose whole life  
Shall know no other object but to please you.

LOVELL

If I return not with all tenderness, [70  
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

There needs no protestation my Lord  
To her that cannot doubt, *Enter Wellborn.*  
You are welcome Sir.  
Now you look like yourself.

WELLBORN

And will continue  
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am  
Your creature Madam, and will never hold  
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

LOVELL

It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;  
You could not make choice of a better shape,  
To dress your mind in.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

For me I am happy [80  
That my endeavours prospered, saw you of late  
Sir Giles, your Uncle?

WELLBORN

I heard of him, Madam,  
By his minister Marrall, he's grown into strange  
passions  
About his daughter, this last night he looked for  
Your Lordship at his house, but missing you,  
And she not yet appearing, his wise-head  
Is much perplexed, and troubled.

ACT V, SCENE I

---

LOVELL

It may be *Enter Over, with distracted looks, driving Sweetheart, my project took. in Marrall before him.*

THE LADY ALLWORTH

I strongly hope.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Ha! find her Booby thou huge lump of nothing  
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

WELLBORN

May it please your Lordship [90]  
For some ends of mine own but to withdraw  
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,  
You may perhaps have sport.

LOVELL

You shall direct me. *steps aside.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

I shall sol-fa you Rogue.

MARRALL

Sir, for what cause  
Do you use me thus?

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Cause slave why I am angry,  
And thou a subject only fit for beating,  
And so to cool my choler, look to the writing  
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,  
That has slept in my cabinet these three years;  
I'll rack thy soul for't.

MARRALL

I may yet cry quittance, [100]  
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. *aside.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Lady, by your leave, did you see my Daughter Lady?

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

And the Lord her husband? Are they in your house?  
If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;  
And, as an entrance to her place of Honour,  
See your Ladyship on her left hand, and make  
courtsies

When she nods on you; which you must receive  
As a special favour.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

When I know, Sir Giles,  
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it  
But in the meantime, as I am myself, [110  
I give you to understand, I neither know,  
Nor care where her Honour is.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

When you once see her  
Supported, and led by the Lord her Husband  
You'll be taught better. Nephew.

**WELLBORN**

Sir.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

No more.

**WELLBORN**

Tis all I owe you.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Have your redeemed rags  
Made you thus insolent?

**WELLBORN**

Insolent to you? *in scorn.*  
Why what are you Sir, unless in your years,  
At the best more than myself?

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

His fortune swells him

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

Tis rank he's married.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

This is excellent!

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Sir, in calm language (though I seldom use it) [120]  
I am familiar with the cause, that makes you  
Bear up thus bravely, there's a certain buzz  
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear of a stolen marriage?  
In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been cozened.  
I name no parties.

**WELLBORN**

Well Sir, and what follows?

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Marry this; Since you are peremptory: remember  
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you  
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,  
And suddenly by Mortgage, or by Statute  
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you [130]  
Dragged in your lavender robes to the Gaol, you  
know me,  
And therefore do not trifle.

**WELLBORN**

Can you be  
So cruel to your Nephew? now he's in  
The way to rise: was this the courtesy  
You did me in pure love, and no ends else ?

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

End me no ends: engage the whole estate,  
And force your Spouse to sign it, you shall have  
Three, or four thousand more to roar, and swagger,  
And revel in bawdy taverns.

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

WELLBORN

And beg after:

Mean you not so?

SIR GILES OVERREACH

My thoughts are mine, and free.

[140

Shall I have security?

WELLBORN

No: indeed you shall not:

Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment,

Your great looks fright not me.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

But my deeds shall:

Outbraved?

*They both draw the servants enter.*

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Help murder, murder.

WELLBORN

Let him come on,

With all his wrongs, and injuries about him,

Armed with his cut-throat practices to guard him;

The right that I bring with me, will defend me,

And punish his extortion.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

That I had thee

But single in the field.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

You may, but make not

My house your quarrelling Scene.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Were't in a Church

[150

By heaven, and hell, I'll do't.

MARRALL

Now put him to

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

The shewing of the deed.

**WELLBORN**

This rage is vain Sir.

For fighting fear not you shall have your hands full,

Upon the least incitement; and whereas

You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,

If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience)

Either restore my land, or I'll recover

A debt, that's truly due to me, from you

In value ten times more than what you challenge.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase

[160]

The land left by thy father? that rich land,

That had continued in Wellborn's name

Twenty descents; which like a riotous fool

Thou didst make sale of? is not here inclosed

The deed that does confirm it mine?

**MARRALL**

Now, now:

**WELLBORN**

•I do acknowledge none, I ne'er passed o'er

Any such land, I grant for a year, or two,

You had it in trust, which if you do discharge,

Surrendering the possession, you shall ease

Yourself, and me, of chargeable suits in law,

[170]

Which if you prove not honest, (as I doubt it)

Must of necessity follow.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

In my judgment

He does advise you well.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Good! Good! conspire

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

With your new Husband Lady; second him  
In his dishonest practices; but when  
This Manor is extended to my use,  
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

Never: do not hope it.

**WELLBORN**

Let despair first seize me.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Yet to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give  
Thyself the lie, the loud lie: I draw out [180  
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear  
Thy hand, and seal, and make a forfeit of *Opens the box.*  
Thy ears to the pillory: see here's that will make  
My interest clear. Ha!

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

A fair skin of parchment

**WELLBORN**

Indented I confess, and labels too,  
But neither wax, nor words. How! thunderstruck?  
Not a syllable to insult with? my wise Uncle  
Is this your precious evidence? is this that makes  
Your interest clear

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!  
What prodigy is this what subtle devil [190  
Hath razed out the inscription the wax  
Turned into dust! the rest of my deeds whole,  
As when they were delivered! and this only  
Made nothing! do you deal with witches Rascal?  
There is a *statute* for you, which will bring  
Your neck in a hempen circle yes, there is.

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

And now 'tis better thought, for Cheater know  
This juggling shall not save you.

**WELLBORN**

To save thee  
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Marrall.

**MARRALL**

Sir.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony [200  
*flattering him.*

Help with an oath or two, and for thy master,  
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant.  
I know, you will swear anything to dash  
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art  
A public notary, and such stand in law  
For a dozen witnesses; the deed being drawn too  
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered  
When thou wert present will make good my title  
Wilt thou not swear this?

**MARRALL**

I? no I assure you.  
I have a conscience, not seared up like yours. [210  
I know no deeds.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Wilt thou betray me?

**MARRALL**

Keep him  
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue  
To his no little torment.

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Mine own Varlet  
Rebel against me?

**MARRALL**

Yes, and uncase you too.  
The Idiot; the Patch; the Slave! the Booby;  
The property fit only to be beaten  
For your morning exercise; your Football, or  
Th' unprofitable lump of flesh; your Drudge  
Can now anatomise you, and lay open  
All your black plots; and level with the earth [220  
Your hill of pride; and with these gabions guarded,  
Unload my great artillery, and shake,  
Nay pulverize the walls you think defend you.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

How he foams at the mouth with rage.

**WELLBORN**

To him again.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee  
Joint, after joint.

**MARRALL**

I know you are a tearer  
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then  
Come nearer to you, when I have discovered,  
And made it good before the Judge, what ways  
And devilish practices you used to cozen [230  
With an army of whole families, who yet live,  
And but enrolled for soldiers were able  
To take in Dunkirk.

**WELLBORN**

All will come out.

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

THE LADY ALLWORTH

The better.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

But that I will live, Rogue, to torture thee,  
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die,  
These swords that keep thee from me, should fix here  
Although they made my body but one wound,  
But I would reach thee.

LOVELL

Heaven's hand is in this,  
One Bandog worry the other. *aside.*

SIR GILES OVERREACH

I play the fool,  
And make my anger but ridiculous. [200  
There will be a time, and place, there will be cowards,  
When you shall feel what I dare do.

WELLBORN

I think so:  
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour  
To be honest, and repent.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

They are words I know not,  
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,  
*Enter Greedy and Parson Willdo.*

Shall find no harbour here, after these storms  
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome:  
There's comfort in thy looks, is the deed done?  
Is my daughter married? say but so my Chaplain  
And I am tame.

WILLDO

Married? yes I assure you. [250

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Then vanish all sad thoughts; there's more gold for thee.

My doubts, and fears are in the titles drowned  
Of my right honourable, my right honourable daughter.

**GREEDY**

Here will be feasting; at least for a month  
I am provided: empty guts croak no more,  
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind  
But bearing dishes.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Instantly be here? *Whispering to Willdo.*

To my wish, to my wish, now you that plot against me  
And hoped to trip my heels up; that contemned me;

*Loud music.*

Think on't and tremble; they come I hear the music. [260  
A lane there for my Lord.

**WELLBORN**

This sudden heat  
May yet be cooled Sir.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Make way there for my Lord.

*Enter Allworth and Margaret.*

**MARGARET**

Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with  
Your full allowance of the choice I have made  
As ever you could make use of your reason: *kneeling.*  
Grow not in passion: since you may as well  
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot  
Which is too strongly fastened, not to dwell  
Too long on words, this is my Husband.

ACT V, SCENE I

---

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

How!

**ALLWORTH**

So I assure you: all the rites of marriage [270]  
With every circumstance are past, alas Sir,  
Although I am no Lord, but a Lord's page,  
Your daughter, and my loved wife mourns not for it.  
And for Right honourable son-in-Law, you may say  
Your dutiful daughter.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Devil: are they married ?

**WILLDO**

Do a father's part, and say heaven give 'em joy.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Confusion, and ruin, speak, and speak quickly,  
Or thou art dead.

**WILLDO**

They are married.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Thou hadst better  
Have made a contract with the King of fiends  
Than these, my brain turns!

**WILLDO**

Why this rage to me? [280]  
Is not this your letter Sir? and these the words?  
Marry her to this Gentleman.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

It cannot:  
Nor will I e'er believe it: 'sdeath I will not,  
That I, that in all passages I touched  
At worldly profit, have not left a print  
Where I have trod for the most curious search

ACT V, SCENE 1

---

To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,  
Baffled, and fooled, and all my hopes, and labours,  
Defeated, and made void.

WELLBORN

As it appears,  
You are so my grave Uncle.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Village Nurses [290  
Revenge their wrongs with curses, I'll not waste  
A syllable, but thus I take the life  
Which wretched I gave to thee. *Offers to kill Margaret.*

LOVELL

Hold for your own sake  
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you  
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here  
Can leave no hope for peace, or rest hereafter  
Consider; at the best you are but a man,  
And cannot so create your aims, but that  
They may be crossed.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Lord, thus I spit at thee,  
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee [300  
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour  
Dares shew itself where multitude, and example  
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change  
Six words in private.

LOVELL

I am ready.

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Stay Sir,  
Contest with one distracted?

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

**WELLBORN**

You'll grow like him  
Should you answer his vain challenge.

**SIR GILES OVERREACH**

Are you pale?  
Borrow his help; though Hercules call it odds  
I'll stand against both, as I am hemmed in thus.  
Since like [a] Libyan Lion in the toil,  
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters 1310  
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place,  
Alone I can do nothing: but I have servants  
And friends to second me, and if I make not  
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,  
What I have spoke I will make good) or leave  
One throat uncut, if it be possible,  
Hell add to my afflictions. *Exit Overreach.*

**MARRALL**

Is't not brave sport?

**GREEDY**

Brave sport? I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach  
I do not like the sauce.

**ALLWORTH**

Nay, weep not dearest:  
Though it express your pity, what's decreed 1320  
Above, we cannot alter.

**THE LADY ALLWORTH**

His threats move me  
No scruple, Madam.

**MARRALL**

Was it not a rare trick  
(And it please your Worship) to make the deed  
nothing?

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

I can do twenty neater, if you please  
To purchase, and grow rich, for I will be  
Such a solicitor, and steward for you,  
As never Worshipful had.

**WELLBORN**

I do believe thee.  
But first discover the quaint means you used  
To raze out the conveyance ?

**MARRALL**

They are mysteries  
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals [330]  
Incorporated in the ink, and wax.  
Besides he gave me nothing, but still fed me  
With hopes, and blows; and that was the inducement  
To this Conundrum. If it please your Worship  
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me  
To urge you, or to drown, or hang, yourself,  
I'll do the like to him if you command me.

**WELLBORN**

You are a Rascal, he that dares be false  
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true [340]  
To any other: look not for reward,  
Or favour from me, I will shun thy sight  
As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity  
If thou keep thy ears, howe'er I will take order  
Your practice shall be silenced.

**GREEDY**

I'll commit him,  
If you'll have me Sir?

**WELLBORN**

That were to little purpose,  
His conscience be his prison, not a word

ACT V, SCENE I

---

But instantly be gone.

ORDER

Take this kick with you.

AMBLE

And this.

FURNACE

If that I had my cleaver here  
I would divide your Knave's head.

MARRALL

This is the haven,  
False servants still arrive at.      *Exit Mar. enter Over.*

THE LADY ALLWORTH

Come again.      [350]

LOVELL

Fear not I am your guard.

WELLBORN

His looks are ghastly.

WILLDO

Some little time I have spent under your favours  
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not  
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,  
And look to yourselves.

SIR GILES OVERREACH

Why is not the whole world  
Included in myself? to what use then  
Are friends, and servants? say there were a squadron  
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted  
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?  
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,      [360]  
*Flourishing his sword unsheathed.*

I'll fall to execution. Ha! I am feeble:  
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

And takes away the use oft; and my sword  
Glued to my scabbard, with wronged orphans' tears  
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure hangmen,  
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me  
Before the judgment-seat now they are new shapes  
And do appear like furies, with steel whips  
To scourge my ulcerous soul? shall I then fall  
Ingloriously, and yield? no spite of fate [370  
I will be forced to hell like to myself,  
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,  
Thus would I fly among you,

**WELLBORN**

There's no help;  
Disarm him first, then bind him.

**GREEDY**

Take a *Mittimus*,  
And carry him to *Bedlam*.

**LOVELL**

How he foams!

**WELLBORN**

And bites the earth.

**WILLDO**

Carry him to some dark room  
There try what Art can do for his recovery.

**MARGARET**

O my dear father! *They force Overreach off.*

**ALLWORTH**

You must be patient mistress.

**LOVELL**

Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,  
That when they leave Religion, and turn Atheists 1380  
Their own abilities leave 'em, pray you take comfort

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians  
In his distractions: and for your land Master Wellborn,  
Be it good, or ill in law, I'll be an umpire,  
Between you, and this, th'undoubted heir  
Of Sir Giles Overreach, for me, here's the anchor  
That I must fix on. *[Taking Lady Allworth's hand.]*

**ALLWORTH**

What you shall determine,  
My lord, I will allow of.

**WELLBORN**

Tis the language  
That I speak too; but there is something else  
Beside the repossession of my land, [390]  
And payment of my debts, that I must practise  
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost  
In my loose course; and 'till I redeem it  
Some noble way, I am but half made up  
It is a time of Action, if your Lordship  
Will please to confer a company upon me  
In your command, I doubt not in my service  
To my King, and Country, but I shall do something  
That may make me right again.

**LOVELL**

Your suit is granted,  
And you loved for the motion.

**WELLBORN**

Nothing wants then [400]  
But your allowance. *[Steps forward]*

### THE EPILOGUE.

*But your allowance, and in that, our all  
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,*

## ACT V, SCENE I

---

*Nor he that wrote the Comedy can be free  
Without your Manumission, which if you  
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due  
To the Poet's, and our labours, (as you may,  
For we despair not Gentlemen of the Play)  
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might  
To teach us action, and him how to write.*

FINIS.

## A NOTE ON THE SOURCES OF THE PLAY

It is generally agreed that Massinger must have derived the idea of the play, at least in part, from Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (c. 1607). The resemblances in plot are obvious, and there are, here and there, resemblances of phrase (see *Notes*, II.i. 17 and IV.ii.85). The earlier play has been preferred by some critics, on the grounds that it is altogether a livelier affair, moves more quickly, has more variety of amusing incident, and a racy humour that is lacking in Massinger. Its quick changes of situation are undeniably effective, but the minor characters, especially Dampit the attorney, are not well worked into the main story, and the whole, though admittedly vivacious and vigorous, is a rough-and-ready affair in comparison with *A New Way*. Comparison, however, is beside the point: the authors have different ends in view. Middleton sets out to give us a comedy of Jacobean middle-class manners—shop-keeper level: the plot can do as it pleases, so long as it works itself out to its ordained conclusion at the end of Act V. There is no star part for anyone: emotions are not roused nor played upon; and though it is not a particularly disreputable story it has none of the edifying quality nor the sentimental interest of Massinger's version.

But there is more behind *A New Way* than an early Jacobean comedy of manners, with a plot in which a miserly uncle is outwitted by a spendthrift nephew whom he has robbed of his inheritance. There is a contemporary real-life story, involving a scandal that caught the public imagination, which provides a much more effective rough sketch for the idea of the character and career of Sir Giles Overreach than do either or both of the misers in Middleton's play. It is highly probable that the sensational story of the malpractices and the downfall of Sir Giles Mompesson was what set Massinger to work to adapt the old play into something topically relevant for the theatre of 1625. Mompesson was publicly disgraced in 1621, and the play, apparently, cannot have been produced before December 1625 at the earliest. This discrepancy in dates has tempted at least one critic to try to antedate the play to 1621. A scandal of such notoriety, however, in pre-newspaper days, had a considerably longer life in the public memory than its modern equivalent has: more especially when, as in this case, it was kept in circulation in ballad and broadside, and when Mompesson's re-appearance on the public scene in 1624 must have revived the general interest.

## A NOTE ON THE SOURCES OF THE PLAY

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The facts are fully set forth in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. (V Mompesson was the same age as Massinger, and, like him, a native of Salisbury. The marriage of his sister-in-law to the half-brother of the King's unpopular favourite, George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, brought him to Villiers' notice. He was elected M.P. for Great Badwin in Wiltshire, and in 1616 he suggested to Villiers the idea of a special licensing commission for inns. As James I was only too willing to aid his own finances by restoring the obnoxious patents and monopolies which Elizabeth had been wise enough to relinquish, the idea proved acceptable, and Mompesson was appointed a commissioner and received a knighthood to improve his standing. Four-fifths of the fees were to be paid to the Exchequer, but the charges to be levied for licences and in fines were left almost entirely to the discretion of the commissioners. Mompesson in particular used his powers in the most outrageous manner. He made exorbitant charges for licences, re-licensed houses which had been closed as disorderly, exacted large fines for trivial offences, and in four years prosecuted nearly four thousand innkeepers for technical breaches of obsolete statutes. In 1618 he received a similar commission for the licensing of the manufacture of gold and silver thread. By 1620 his rapacity had become so notorious and public opinion against him was running so high that his conduct was investigated by a Committee of the House of Commons. He was declared guilty of the charges brought against him, was degraded from knighthood, and was condemned to a £10,000 fine and to the apparently incompatible penalties of life imprisonment and perpetual banishment. He managed to escape to France before he was sentenced, but he returned to England in 1621 and in 1624, and managed somehow to spend the rest of his life in obscurity among his Wiltshire kinsfolk. The tremendous focusing on him of public hatred may have been due in part to his personal character, but it was wholly deserved by his career of extortion and intimidation, and there can be little doubt that neither he nor his story were forgotten while the hated Villiers and the hated monopolies survived.

(1) See also Spedding's *Life of Bacon* (vol. 7), S. R. Gardiner's *History of England*, and R. H. Bald's study of the stage-history of the play, *The Amazing Career of Sir Giles Overreach* (1939).

## PRELIMINARY NOTES

*The Phoenix*, also known as *The Cockpit*, was situated in Drury Lane. It was opened in 1617 and pulled down in 1649. It was a small private playhouse, and was occupied by the company under the patronage of Queen Henrietta Maria from December 1625 until May 1636.

*Robert Dormer* (1610-43), the dedicatee, was the ward of Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, younger brother of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He married Montgomery's daughter in 1625, and was created Earl of Carnarvon in 1628. The office of Chief Avenor and Keeper of the King's Hawks and Falcons was hereditary, and he succeeded his grandfather in it at the age of six.

*Sir Henry Moody*, second baronet, of Garesdon, in Wiltshire, b. 1607, d.s.p. 1662, succeeded his father Henry (*m.* Deborah, dau. Walter Dunch of Avebury) c. 1632. He sold Garesdon and settled in New England. (See Wood, *Fasti* ii, 43; Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*; and Burke, *Extinct Baronetcies*, 1841.)

*Sir Thomas Jay*, of Netheravon, in Wiltshire, was one of the dedicatees of Massinger's *The Roman Actor* (1629), and may be the writer of the prefatory poem in that quarto signed T.I. He wrote and signed in full a set of prefatory verses for Massinger's play *The Picture* (1630). According to Shaw (*Knights of England*, II, 190) he was knighted at Wilton, 3 October 1625.

*The Scene* may be supposed to be set in the Nottinghamshire countryside, on the implications of the text. See the references to Sherwood Forest (I.iii.18), Nottingham gaol (III.ii.294), and Gotham, near Nottingham (IV.iii.114). That Massinger may have known the district is perhaps suggested by the fact that he dedicated *The Maid of Honour* to Sir Francis Foljambe who belonged to one of the families that had the patronage of the living of Gotham in their gift.

## NOTES

### ACT I, SCENE 1

1. *bonze*: i.e. booze, canting slang for drink, or a drinking bout. When Tapwell says 'Not a *suck*\ he is referring both to the liquor and the tobacco, as the early phrase for smoking was to '*drink tobacco*'.
3. *palVd*: stale, because left standing all night.
5. *brache*: (*arch.*) hound that hunts by scent: a term of abuse applied to women, now replaced by *bitch*.
6. *precisian*: synonymous with 'puritan' in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
11. *Plymouth cloak*: Qto. *plimworth cloke*: canting slang for a cudgel, especially of crab-tree, cf. Dekker, *Honest Whore* (Pt. 2.III.ii.): 'Shall I walk in a Plymouth cloak, that is to say like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a crab-tree cudgel in my hand?'
13. *Constable*: the office of village constable goes back to the time of Edward III. It was unpaid, and any householder was liable to be chosen for it by his fellow parishioners. He had to carry out the punishments inflicted by the magistrates; and the punishment for thieves and brawlers was the stocks.
25. *i/i chalk*: Tapwell's only form of record was the board on which, like all tapsters, he scored the amount of ale consumed by the customers.
29. *it skills not*: i.e. it does not matter: one of Massinger's favourite idioms: e.g. *Parliament of Love* (V.i.420) \*what I swore, it skills not'.
34. *Justice of the quorum*: quorum is used here not to indicate a specified number of unspecified members who must be present if business in a committee is to be transacted, but to indicate that old Wellborn was one of the more eminent Justices whose presence on the bench was necessary if the bench was to function.
35. *Custos rotulorum*: i.e. the keeper of the county's records of the J.P. sessions, who is the principal justice on the bench.

47. *Lordships*: estates.
50. *mortgages, statutes, and bonds*: securities for payment, in the form of:
- (1) *mortgages*, i.e. conveyances of real or personal property (cf. V.i.330).
  - (2) *statutes*, i.e. bonds or recognizances, which gave a creditor the power to hold the debtor's lands in default of payment.
  - (3) *bonds*, i.e. deeds, binding their maker and his heirs and executors.
54. *a token*: a tradesman's token, or small change coined by the traders to make up for the scarcity of small coins. The practice dates from Elizabeth's reign.
56. *paper pellets*: IOU's.
62. *canters*: those who speak the canting, or thieves', language: beggars.
63. *Clubbers by night*: footpads and highwaymen: robbers who use violence.
67. *Scavenger*: one of the minor functionaries of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century local government, who, unlike the Overseer, received an annual salary. His business was to see that roadways were kept clear of household rubbish, and that garbage piles did not endanger the health of the community.
68. *Overseer of the poor*: Poor Law guardian, appointed for a year at a time by the parishioners, to administer poor relief in the district. The office was unpaid, and was first instituted in 1601 (43 Eliz. c.2. *Statutes*).
71. *dog-bolt*: a blunt arrow: a common term of abuse in the sixteenth century.
75. *make purses for you*: collect money for you.
125. *transparent*: Qto. *transrent*.
136. *manumised*: set free from. Frank is so young that he is still a page, bound to fetch and carry.
137. *pantofle*: slipper.
141. *player's boy*: the boy-actors of the Elizabethan and Jacobean stage were apprenticed to the actors of the company, and stood in the same relationship of servant and learner as Frank does to his lord.

## NOTES

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142. *drabs*: sluts: harlots. The word, probably a canting term, was not known in English before the sixteenth century, according to *O.E.D.*
143. *court-waiters*: youths serving at court as pages.
- 171, *pieces*: coins, of any value, gold or silver.
173. *stipendiary*: a dependant, who takes wages or stipend.
180. *Canopy*: the open air, the canopy of heaven: cf. *Hamlet* (II.ii.) 'this most excellent canopy the air'.

### ACT I, SCENE II

2. *staff of office*: the white staff of a steward of household. The chain was also his symbol of office.
4. *misses in his function*: fails to perform his duties: cf. Sir John Harington's *Orders for Household Servants (Nugae Antiquae)* in 1566/92, where 'missing in his function' involved the offender in a graduated system of fines—e.g. 2d. for late rising, or for not having the table laid to time for dinner or supper, the cook being fined 6d. if either meal was late.
12. *go-before*: gentleman-usher, who precedes his master or mistress.
27. *Breda*: in the Netherlands. Besieged by Spinola, Spanish commander-in-chief who fought against Maurice of Nassau, from 26 Aug. 1624 to 1 July 1625, on which date the town surrendered, having endured almost incredible hardships.
29. *matter*: i.e. material; as the garrison was nearly starved.
30. *strike*: a measure, generally a bushel, so-called because the grain that was measured in it was levelled off by a strickel, a straight piece of wood.
32. *pet*: offence: first used in this sense towards the end of the sixteenth century.
34. *parboWd*: boiled thoroughly; not, as now, half-boiled.
35. *keeps her chamber*: remains in her own apartments instead of dining in the hall in state.
35. *panada*: bread pottage, boiled, and flavoured with sugar, nutmeg, etc.

## NOTES

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50. *picture in little*: the ordinary sixteenth or seventeenth century term for a miniature painting. Allworth is, as we would say, the very image of his father, though still a youth.
55. *spoon-meat*: soups, broths, gruels.
59. *cool*: Qto. *Cooke*: Coxeter's emendation is reasonable.
119. *warn*: Qto. *warn'd*.

### ACT I, SCENE III

8. *a pipe*: i.e. 126 gallons. Hull was one of the chief ports of the wine trade.
10. *race*: kind.
15. *chine*: in cookery, a joint, consisting of backbone and adjoining flesh.
16. *seasoned*: spiced.  
*larded*: garnished with strips of bacon-fat drawn through the flesh on a skewer.
17. *Kickshaws*: Qto. *Kukeshawes*: a corruption of Fr. *quelque choses*: i.e. trifles, delicacies.
25. *rapt*: cf. *Macbeth* (I.iii.142), 'Look how our partner's rapt': past participle of *rap=to* snatch (M.E. *raperi*), confused with p.p. of Lat. *rapere*, used of the mind seized by a sudden emotion.
43. *Pie-corner*: i.e. of the 'immortal pasty'; but alluding to the famous Pie-Corner near Giltspur Street, celebrated then for pies and pastry, and ever since 1666 as the place where the Great Fire of London stopped.
46. *from the basket*: i.e. from the broken bread and meat collected in great houses after the dinner and given to the poor at the gate.
60. *make legs*: to bow.
63. *black-jacks*: leather beer jugs.
65. *reversions*: legal term for anything left over: here applied to food.
107. *buoyed up*: Qto. *bung'd up*: the emendation was first made in Coxeter's 1761 edition. Can be accepted on the ground that

## NOTES

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it is used by Massinger in at least two other instances in connection with the image of shipwrecked fortunes, and in conjunction with the word *sunk* (1.106): cf. *Believe as you List* (Li.): and see *Gt. Duke of Florence* (Ill.i.22): 'all my hopes In her are sunk, never to be buoy'd up'.

### ACT II, SCENE I

2. *orft*: Qto. *out*.
17. *Prcemunire*: strictly, a writ issued for the offence of introducing and accepting any foreign jurisdiction in this country: used here in the sense of a legal predicament. In the seventeenth century the term was used to mean forfeiture of goods. Cf. Bullokar, *Eng. Expositor* (1616) quoted *O.E.D.*: 'Pre-munire, a punishment wherein the offender loseth all his goods for ever, and liberty during life'. Cf. also *Trick to catch the Old One* (Li.) 'He . . . splits upon the piles of a praemunire.'
41. *in forma pauperis*: as a pauper, unable to pay the fees of the court.
57. *'em*: Qto. *him*.
65. *the gallows*: until 1832, capital punishment was inflicted for cattle and horse stealing. Petty larceny (i.e. thefts of less than 12d. in value) was still capital in the seventeenth century.
79. *errant Knights*: not in the usual sense of 'wandering', but analogous with 'arrant thief', 'arrant rogue'. This latter form has now replaced 'errant' entirely, as a term of contempt.
106. *Withe*: or withy, a flexible willow branch: also, a halter (*obs.*). 'To be hanged in a withe' was the rebel's fate (see Bacon: *Essays*, Custom and Education).
130. *Padders*: foot-pads (canting slang).
130. *Abram-men*: The Abraham-man, as described by Dekker in his *Bell-man of London* (1608), 'swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose'. See Edgar's description of himself as 'Tom o' Bedlam' in *Lear*.

## NOTES

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135. *Lady of the Lake*: The enchantress Nimue: see *Morte d'Arthur* (IV.i.). In Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* she becomes Vivien.
142. *a Dog in a blanket*: referring to the boys' game of tossing one of their companions, or a dog, in a blanket. Marrall expects to see Wellborn 'curvet' (i.e. skip, dance) and 'mount' (i.e. leap) in the air, when the porter at the gate takes a whip to drive him off.

### ACT II, SCENE II

8. *Marmalade*: this preserve was formerly made from quinces. (Portuguese *marmelada*, from *marmelo*, quince.)
12. *Chamberers*: chamber-maids, waiting women.  
*chin*: Qto. *thinne*.
13. *Tits*: saucy girls, 'little minxes'.
18. *true Elixir*: the sovereign remedy for all ills, not the alchemist's *aurum potable* or supposed elixir of life.
- 20-22. *Cocks of the game . . . Ambergris*: many of the ingredients of Furnace's cordial—a drink which stimulates the circulation—were also used for aphrodisiacs.
24. *bait*: rest on the journey. The *double entendre* of Furnace's last three lines would not be lost on a contemporary audience, after the details of the elixir's ingredients.
54. *Turkey chicken*: i.e. young turkey.
55. *Rails*: land-rail, corn-crake: a delicacy.
89. *Steward's board*: the steward of the household had his own table at the serving of the servants' dinner, after the service of the master and mistress was finished.
108. *fourteen groats*: the groat remained in circulation till 1662 in England. It was originally worth fourpence, but in the seventeenth century not more than twopence.  
*bought of the Hangman*: the clothes of those he executed were the hangman's perquisite.
121. *term-driver*: *O.E.D.* queries, 'term-trotter', i.e. one who comes up to the law courts for the terms, to keep them only for the sake of formal qualifications.

## NOTES

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122. *snip*: or snippet, an insignificant piece; a term of contempt. Taken with \*term-driver' it suggests that Marrall was only a semi-qualified attorney, or legal agent.
123. *Ram Alley*: leading from Fleet Street to the Temple, and famous for its cook-shops.
129. *white broth*: capon gravy, sauce.

### ACT II, SCENE III

13. *cozenage*: defined by Cotgrave as 'claiming kindred for advantage or particular ends'; nowadays, *to beguile, cheat*.
27. *Amber*: i.e. ambergris, fashionable for perfume.
28. *Batoon*: batdn, fr. *baston* (Old Fr.), a stick.
38. *manure*: (*obs.* legal) to hold land, be tenant: also, to cultivate, fr. *manouevrer*.
54. *How I was*: Qto. *How was*.
60. s.d. *niasing*: ? musing, *walke*, the imperative of the prompter, is worth preserving, without prejudice: (cf. III.ii. s.d. 1. 218, and IV.iii. s.d. 1. 74).
62. *pursy*: short of breath.
106. *Idiot*: Qto. / *doe*, emended by Coxeter to *ideot*.

### ACT III, SCENE I

17. *guard*: adorn. The image is taken from the vocabulary of dress, where a *guard* means a trimming of braid, cloth, embroidery, laid on in the form of a band, strip or border.
65. *none*: Qto. *more*.
76. *battalia*: an army in line of battle (cf. V.i.361). A favourite word with Massinger for 'poetical' passages.

## NOTES

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### ACT III, SCENE II

43. *tamin*: a thin coarse woollen stuff. (Fr. *efamine*.)
48. *Counter*: there were two City prisons of this name, one in the Poultry and the other in Wood Street, Cheapside. It was the common term for a debtor's prison.
67. *Norfolk dumpling*: a dumpling made with nothing but dough and yeast.
85. *coram*: Greedy's malapropism for *quorum*.
91. *toasts and butter*: woodcocks, when properly cooked, are not drawn: a slice of toast is placed in the dripping pan to catch the entrails while the bird roasts and is kept well basted with melted butter. It is then served on the toast.
96. *collar of brawn*: brawn, made from the neck-piece of the wild boar.
169. *Greek wine*: probably muscadel.
177. *bare*: bare-headed.
180. *a black-brow\*d girl*: in affected depreciation of her beauty: as Master Silence calls his daughter 'a black ousel' (2. *Hen. IV.* m.ii.).
189. *His haste*: Qto. He hast.
199. *tissues matched with scarlet*: Tissues, i.e. silk interwoven with gold or silver thread, were by reason of their cost the prerogative of the nobility; scarlet may allude either to the highest civic dignity—the mayor and aldermen—of Margaret's rank in life, or else to the fine worsted cloth called scarlet which could be of any colour. The contrast, however, is the old accustomed one of Jacobean drama—the court versus the city.
206. *baked meats are run out*: have burst out of their piecrusts.  
*the roast turned powder*: have shrivelled and dried to nothing.
212. *main-prize*: the delivery of a prisoner on security being given for his appearance: frequently used in conjunction with *bail*.
229. *coming*: i.e. oncoming.
248. *Patch*: i.e. fool: cf. *Merchant of Venice* (II.v.46). 'The patch is kind enough.'
307. *bug*: threatening: cf. Dryden, *Sir Martin Mar-all*. 'Death is a bug-word.'

## NOTES

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### ACT III, SCENE III

23. *the poet*: i.e. Ovid.
25. *Pasiphae*: sister of Circe, wife of Minos, King of Crete, mother of Phaedra. She loved the pirate Tauros (The Bull'), and their offspring was the bull-headed monster, the Minotaur, whom Minos confined in the famous labyrinth, and who had to be fed with human flesh, till he was slain by Theseus.
41. *And (after)*: Qto. (*And after*)
47. *Welb.* So; Qto. Well.: so

### ACT IV, SCENE I

35. *fit*: i.e. give you fit or suitable punishment. Fanny Burney uses it in this sense as late as 1809; but according to *O.E.D.* it is now obsolete, except in Australia.
43. *token*: the ring he has just given him. A ring was the most usual token given to a subordinate to guarantee any delegated authority.
50. *a shield of Brawn*: the side or flitch of a boar.  
*Colchester oysters*: more famous in the sixteenth and seventeenth century than the Whitstable oysters.
51. *scour my stomach*: to clear it, as with an aperitif or appetiser. In Tudor usage the phrase meant 'cleanse' or 'purge'.
56. *Christmas coffer*: Greedy is referring to his own stomach, which he compares to the collecting box, generally made of earthenware, used by apprentices and servants at Christmas. When full the box was broken and the contents shared.
69. *Summer progress*: like royalty, noblemen were accustomed to visit all their houses in the country and spend some time in each during the summer months.
105. *port*: manner of living.
121. *piddling*: trifling.
124. *grand incloser . . . common*: notorious encloser of the common land of the village: a land-grabber.
155. *Olympus*: actually it was Parnassus that was generally described by the poets as 'double-headed\*.'

## NOTES

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203. *fill their mouths*: stop gossip.  
225. *scarlet*: here used to mean the colour; and contrasted with the *London-blue* worn by servants and prentice lads (cf. III.i.199).

### ACT IV, SCENE II

11. *passages*: occurrences, all that passed or took place.  
17. *in a cart*: bawds were 'carted', i.e. exposed to the public on a cart drawn through the streets.  
20. *the letter R*: for receiver.  
25. *by the drum*: a phrase, meaning \*by public announcement' (see O.E.D., *Drum*, *sb.* I.I.C.).  
45. *Fear me not*: this is known as the 'ethical dative': and means 'don't you fear Sir Giles!'  
52. *fosset*: a faucet or spigot: the peg which was drawn out of the vent of a barrel to let the ale run out more freely.  
74. *esculent*: anything eatable.  
75. *emolument*: lawyers and learned men earn their fees (*emolument*) by calling simple things like victuals, *esculent*: (cf. the humour of the use of *remuneration* in *Love's Labour's Lost* (III.i. 143)).  
85. *Muskadine*: wine made from muscat grapes, cf. *Trick to catch the Old One* (III.i.), 'I would forswear . . . muscadine and eggs at midnight\*'.  
86. *after drinkings*: drinking between and after meals.  
87. *Bankside*: the district in Southwark where the playhouses were situated.  
91. *Botcher*: a mere repairer of garments.  
94-5. *removed from the Shopboard and confined under a Stall*: presumably means that he had to give up his shop and use a stall such as those in markets—a mere trestle and canopy affair.  
121. *defeated*: i.e. cheated.  
127. *play...prize*: The imagery is drawn from fencing, in which 'to play a prize' means to give a public demonstration of one's skill.

## NOTES

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### ACT IV, SCENE III

13. *rise up no less*: Qto. *rise up lesse*.
96. *running at the ring*: a courtly exercise, in which the knight, riding at full speed, tried to carry off on the point of his spear a ring hanging from a pole.
114. *Gotam*: =Gotham, near Nottingham. Editors like to emend this to Got'em—the *h* in Gotham is silent—for the sake of an alleged pun, alluding to Sir Giles's rapacity.
130. *cocksure*: i.e. absolutely certain to succeed: no arrogance or conceit was originally implied by the word.
135. *Paraquit*: i.e. parakeet: according to Florio 'a little Parrot'.
136. *this is state in ladies*: this is how great ladies behave, receiving gifts of animals and birds as pets.

### ACT V, SCENE I

The Qto. reads *Actus quinti, Scena quinta*.

37. *over-reached*: Qto. *overreach*.
94. *Sol-fa you*: make you sing out: cf. *Romeo and Juliet* (IV.v.121) 'I'll re you, I'll fa you', says Peter to the musicians, as he threatens to lay his dagger about their pates.
100. *cry quittance*: be revenged.
119. *rank*: evident.
129. *by Mortgage*: Qto. *my Mortgage*.
131. *lavender robes*: to 'lay in lavender' was a common euphemism for pawning one's apparel.
176. *extended to my use*: the legal phrase for issuing a writ of execution by which lands or goods are seized when forfeited for an acknowledged debt.
183. *make a forfeit of thy ears to the pillory*: perjury could be punished by the pillory and the loss of both ears.
185. *indented*: with the crooked edge which shows where its duplicate was torn or cut off when the agreement was drawn up.
185. *labels*: the ribbon tabs which held the seals of the parties to the agreement.
186. *neither wax, nor words*: no seals nor writing.

## NOTES

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189. *makes your interest clear*: proves your title.  
195. *a statute*: the Act which made dealing with witches punishable by hanging.  
214. *uncase*: strip; literally, flay.  
219. *anatomise*: open; expose and dissect, cf. *Lear* (III.vi.80), 'Let them anatomise Regan'.  
221. *gabions*: wicker baskets filled with earth, used for defence in sieges.  
233. *to take in Dunkirk*: to take Dunkirk, conquer it. Cf. *Coriolanus* (I.ii.24).  
239. *Bandog*: originally *band-dog*, a tied-up watch-dog.  
257. *bearing dishes*: substantial dishes.  
315. *leave*: Qto. *leav'd*.  
329. *conveyance*: title deed of the property.  
335. *Conundrum*: Qto. *conumbrum*: a trick.  
343. *basilisk*: the serpent fabled to destroy by a look.  
354. *physical studies*: the study of physic, medicine.  
359. *lined through with shot*: supported by musketeers.  
362-66. cf. III.ii. 140-44, for dramatic irony.  
369. *ulcerous*: eaten up (with crimes) as with an ulcer.  
373. The Qto. gives this line to Wellborn.  
375. *Mittimus*: a writ authorising his confinement.  
376. *Bedlam*: the Bethlehem Hospital in London for lunatics.  
377. *dark room*: the usual treatment for lunatics: cf. the imprisonment of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*.

## EPILOGUE

*Manumission*: *lit.* the act of freeing from slavery: used for the applause given by hand-clapping: cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream* (V.ii.68), 'Give me your hands'; and *Tempest* (Epilogue) 'release me from my bands with the help of your good hands'.









