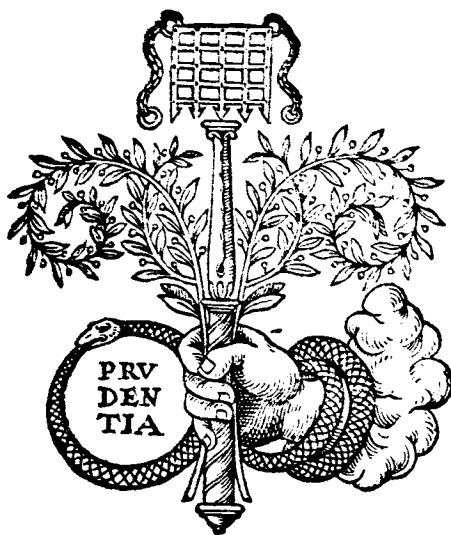


A  
W O M A N  
K I L D E  
with Kindnesse.

*Written by Tho: Heywood.*



L O N D O N  
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# The Prologue.

*I Come but like a Harbenger being sent,  
To tell you what these preparations meane :  
Looke for no glorious state, our muse is bent  
Vpon a barrein subiect : a bare sceane.  
We could afford this twig a Timber tree,  
Whose strength might boldly on your fauours build,  
Our Ruffet, Tiffew : Drone, a Hony-Bee,  
Our barrein plot, a large and spacious field.  
Our course fare, banquets : our thin Water, Wine :  
Our Brooke, a Sea : our Bats eyes, Eagles sight :  
Our Poets dull and earthy muse, Diuine :  
Our Ranens, Dones : our Crowes blacke fethers, white.  
But gentle thoughts when they may giue the foyle,  
Saue them that yeeld, and spare where they may spoyle.*

A 3





*Enter maister Iohn Frankesford, Sir Francis Acton, Mistris Acton,  
sir Charles Mountford, Maister Malbie, Maister Wendoll,  
and Maister Crumvell.*

*Francis.* Some musicke there, none lead the Bride a dance?

*Charles.* Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheetes?  
But thats the dance her Husband meanes to lead her?

*Wen.* Thats not the dance that euery man must dance  
According to the Ballad.

*Francis.* Musick ho,  
By your leaue Sister, by your Husbands leaue  
I should haue said, the hand that but this day  
Was giuen you in the Church Ile borrow Sound,  
This marriage musicke hoists me from the ground.

*Frank.* I, you may caper, you are light and free,  
Marriage hath yoakt my heeles, pray then pardon me.

*Francis.* Ile haue you dance to, Brother.

*Charles.* Maister Frankford,  
You are a happy man sir, and much ioy  
Succeede your marriage mirth, you haue a wife  
So qualified, and with such ornaments  
Both of the mind and body. First her Birth  
Is Noble, and her education such  
As might become the Daughter of a Prince,  
Her owne tongue speakes all tongues, and her owne hand  
Can teach all strings to speake in their best grace.  
From the shrill treble, to the hoar test base.  
To end her many praises in one word,  
Shes beauty, and perfections eldest Daughter,  
Onely found by yours, though many a hart hath sought her.

*Frank.*

## *A Woman*

*Frank.* But that I know your vertues and chaste thoughts,  
I should be iealous of your praise sir Charles.

*Cran.* He speakes no more then you approue.

*Malbie.* Nor flatters he that giues to her her due.

*Anne.* I would your praise could find a fitter theame,  
Then my imperfect beauty to speake on,  
Such as they be, if they my Husband please,  
They suffice me now I am married,  
His sweet content is like a flattering Glasse,  
To make my face seeme fairer to mine eye:  
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow,  
Will blast the Roses in my cheekes that grow.

*Francis.* A perfect wife already, meeke and patient,  
How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,  
Not married three houres since sister, tis good,  
You that beginne betimes thus, must needs proue  
Plyant and dutious in your husbands loue,  
Godamercies Brother wrought her to it already,  
Sweete Husband, and a curtesie the first day,  
Marke this, marke this, you that are Bachelers,  
And neuer tooke the grace of honest man,  
Marke this against you marry, this one phrase,  
In a good time that man both wins and woes,  
That takes his wife downe in her wedding shooes.

*Frank.* Your sister takes not after you sir Francis,  
All his wilde bloud your father spent on you,  
He got her in his age when he grew ciuill,  
All his mad tricks were to his land intaild,  
And you are heire to al: your sister, she  
Hath to her dower, her mothers modesty.

*Charles.* Lord sir, in what a happy state liue you,  
This morning, which to many seemes a burden, too  
Heauy to beare, is vnto you a pleasure.  
This Lady is no clog, as many are,  
She doth become you like a well made suite  
In which the Taylor hath vsd all his art:  
Not like a thicke Coate of vnseasond freeze,  
Forst on your backe in summer; shees no chaine

## *kild with Kindnes.*

To ty your necke, and curbs you to the yoake,  
But shees a chaine of gold to adorne your neck,  
You both adore each other, and your hands  
Methinkes are matches, theres equality,  
In this faire combination; you are both Schollers,  
Both young, both being descended nobly:  
Theres musick in this sympathy, it caries  
Confort and expectation of much ioy,  
Which God bestow on you, from this first day,  
Vntill your dissolution, thats for aye.

*Francis.* We keepe you here to long good brother *Frankford*,  
Into the hal. Away, go, cheare your guests?  
What, Bride, and Bride-groom both withdrawne at once?  
If you be mist, the guests wil doubt their welcome,  
And charge you with vnkindnes?

*Frank.* To preuent it,  
He leaue you here, to see the dance within.

*Anne.* And so wil I.

*Fran.* To part you it were sin.

*Frank.* Now gallants while the Towne Musicians  
Finger their frets within, and the mad lads  
And country lasses, euery mothers child  
With nose-gaies and Bridelaces in their hats,  
Dance al their Country measures rounds and Iigges,  
What shall we do? Harke, they are all on the hoygh,  
They toile like Mil-horsses, and turne as round;  
Marry not on the toe, I, and they Caper  
But without cutting, you shall see to morrow  
The hall floure peckt and dinted like a Millstone,  
Made with their high shooes, though their skill be small,  
Yet they tread heauy where their Hob-nailes fall.

*Char.* Well, leaue them to their sports, Sir *Francis Alton*  
He make a match with you, meet me to morrow  
At Cheuy-chase, He flie my Hawke with yours.

*Fran.* For what? for what?

*Char.* Why for a hundred pound.

*Fran.* Pawne me some gold of that.

*Char.* Here are ten angels,

## A Woman

He make them good a hundred pound to morrow  
Vpon my Hawkes wing.

*Fran.* Tis a match, tis done,  
An other hundred pound vpon your Dogs,  
Dare you Sir *Charles*?

*Char.* I dare, were I faine to loofe  
I durst do more then that: heeres my hand,  
The first courfe for a hundred pound.

*Fran.* A match.

*Wend.* Ten Angels on fir *Francis* *Actons* Hawk:  
As much vpon his Dogs.

*Gran.* I am for Sir *Charles Mountford*, I haue scene  
His hawke and Dog both tride? What clap you hands?  
Or ist no bargaine?

*Wendoll* Yes and stake them downe,  
Were they fife hundred they were all my owne.

*Fran.* Be stirring early with the Larke to morrow,  
He rise into my saddle ere the sunne  
Rise from his bed.

*Char.* If there you misse me, say  
I am no Gentleman: He hold my day.

*Fran.* It holds on all sides, come to night lets dance,  
Early to morow lets prepare to ride,  
We had neede be three houres vp before the Bride.

*Enter Nick and Jenking, Iacke slime, Roger Brickbat  
With countrie Wendes, and two or  
three Musicians.*

*Jenk.* Come *Nick*, take you *Ioane Minnier* to trace withal, *Iacke  
slime*, traueserfe you with *Sissy Milke-pale*, I will take *Jane trubbin*,  
& *Roger Brickbat* shall haue *Isbell Mooshy*, and now that they are  
busie in the parlor, come strike vp, weele haue a crash heere in  
the yard.

*Nick.* My humor is not compendious: dancing I possesse inot,  
though I can foote it, yet since I am false into the hands of *Sissy  
Milke-pale* I assent.

*Jenk.* Truly *Nick* though we were neuer brought vp like ser-  
uing Courtiers, yet we haue bin brought vp with seruing crea-  
tures

## kild with Kindnes.

tures, I and Gods creatures to: for we haue bin brought vp to serue  
Sheepe, Oxen, Horses, and Hogs, and such like, and though we  
be but country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing, we can  
do the Horse-tricke as well as seruingmen.

*Roger.* I, and the crosse-point too.

*Jenk.* Oh *Slime*: Oh *Brickbat*. Do not you know that compa-  
risons are odious, now we are odious our selues to, therefore there  
are no comparisons to be made betwixt vs.

*Nick.* I am to dame and not superfluous:

I am quarelloine, and not seditious:

I am peaceable, and not contentious:

I am breefe, and not compendious;

*Slime* foote it quickly, if the musicke ouercome not my melan-  
choly I shall quatrell, and if they sodainly do not strike vp, I shal  
presently strike thee downe.

*Jenk.* No quarelling for Gods sake: truly if you do I shal set a  
knaue betweene you.

*Slime.* I com to dance, not to quarel: come what shal it be? *Rogero*

*Jenk.* *Rogero*: no, we, will dance the beginning of the world.

*Sissy.* I loue no dance so well, as Iohn come kisse me now.

*Nick.* I, that haue ere now deserued a Cushion, call for the  
cushion dance. *Rogero.* For my part I like nothing so wel as

*Tomtyler.* *Jenk.* No weele haue the hunting of the Fox.

*Slime.* The hay, the hay, theres nothing like the hay.

*Nick.* I haue said, I do say, and I will say againe.

*Jenk.* Euery man agree to haue it as *Nick* saies.

All Content.

*Nick.* It hath bin, it now is, and it shall be.

*Sissy.* What maister *Nichlas*: what?

*Nick.* Put on your smocke a Monday.

*Jenk.* So the dance wil come cleanly off, come for Gods sake  
agree of something, if you like not that put it to the Musicians or  
Let me speake for al, and weele haue Sellengers round.

All That: that: that.

*Nick.* No I am resolut thus it shalbe,  
First take hands, then take you to your heeles.

*Jenk.* Why would you haue vs run away?

*Nick.* No but I would haue you shake your heeles,  
Musicke strike vp.

B 2

They

*A Woman*

*They dance, Nick dancing, speaks stately and seriously, there'st after the Country fashion.*

*Inter.* Hey lively my lasses, heres a turne for thee.

*Wind hornes. Enter Sir Charles, Sir Francis Melby, Cramwell, Wendoll, Faulkener, and Huntsmen.*

*Char.* So: well cast off, aloft, aloft, well flowne:  
O now she takes her at the fowle, and strikes her  
dovne to the earth, like a swift thunderclap,

*Wendol.* She hath stroke ten Angels out of my way.

*Fran.* A hundred pound from me.

*Char.* What Faulkener?

*Faulk.* At hand sir.

*Char.* Now she hath ceazd the Fowle, and gins to plume hir  
Rebeck her nor, rather stand stil and checke her,  
So: ceaze her gets, her Iesses, and hir bels.  
Away?

*Fran.* My Hawke kild to.

*Char.* I, but twas at the querre,  
Not at the mount like mine.

*Fran.* Iudgement my maisters.

*Cran,* yours mist her at the ferre.

*Wend.* I but our Merlin first hath plumd the fowle,  
And twice renewed her from the ruer to,  
Her bel; *Sir Francis* had not both one weight,  
Nor was one semitune aboue the other,  
Methinks these millaine bels do sound too full,  
And spoile the mounting of your Hawke.

*Char.* Tis lost.

*Fran.* I grant it not: mine likewise ceazd a fowle  
Within her talents, and you saw her pawfe  
Full of the feathers, both her petty singles,  
And her long singles, gript her more then other,  
The terrils of her legs were staine with blood;  
Not of the Fowle onely, she did discomfite,  
Some of her feathers, but she brake away,

Come,

*Kilde with Names.*

Come, come, your Hawke is but a risler.

*Fran.* How?

*Char.* I, and your Dogs are trindle taitles and Curs.

*Fran.* You stir my blood.

*Char.* you keepe not a good hound in all your kennell,  
Nor one good Hawke vpon your Perch.

*Fran.* How Knight?

*Char.* So Knight? you will not swagger Sir?

*Fran.* Why, say I did?

*Char.* Why sir, I say you would gaine as much by swagging  
As you haue got by wagers on your Dogs,  
you will come short in al things.

*Fran.* Not in this, now ile strike home.

*Char.* Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want my will.

*Fran.* All they that loue Sir Francis follow me.

*Char.* All that affect Sir Charles draw on my part.

*Cramwell.* On this side beaues my hand.

*Wendoll.* Here goes my hart.

*They deuide themselves.*

*Sir Charles, Cramwell, Faulkener, and Huntsman, fight against Sir Francis Wendall, his Faulkener, and Huntsman, and Sir Charles hath the better, and beats them away, killing one of Sir Francis his huntsmen.*

*Charles* My God: what haue I done? what haue I done?  
My rage hath plung'd into a Sea of blood,  
In which my soule lies drown'd poore Innocent,  
For whome we are to answere: Well tis done,  
And I remaine the victor? A great conquest;  
When I would giue this right hand, nay this head,  
To breath in them new life, whom I haue slaine.  
Forgiue me God, twas in the heat of blood,  
And anger quite remoues me from my selfe:  
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder:  
Yet I, and not my rage, must answere it.  
*Sir Francis* Altho he is fled the field,  
With him, all those that did pertake his quarrell,  
And I am left alone, with sorrow dumbe,  
And in my height of conquest, ouercome,

B 3

En-

*A Woman*

*Enter Lane.*

Oh God my Brother wounded among the dead,  
Vnhappy iest that in such earnest ends,  
The rumor of this feare, stretcht to my eares,  
And I am come to know if you be wounded.

*Char.* Oh sister, sister, wounded at the hart.

*Lane* My God forbid.

*Char.* In doing that thing which he ferbad,  
I am wounded sister.

*Lane* I hope not at the hart.

*Char.* yes, at the hart.

*Lane* Oh God: a surgion there.

*Char.* Cal me a surgeon sister for my soule,  
The sin of murder it hath pierst my hart,  
And made a wide wound there, but for these scratches,  
They are nothing; nothing.

*Lane.* Charles what haue you done?

*Sir Francis* hath great friends, and wil pursue you,  
Vnto the vnmort danger of the Law.

*Char.* My conscience is become my enemy,  
And wil pursue me more then *Alton* can.

*Lane* Oh, sweet Brother.

*Char.* Shall I flie from thee?

What *Lane* art weary of my company?

*Lane* Flie from your foe,

*Char.* you sister are my friend,  
And flying you, I shal pursue my end.

*Lane* your company is as my eye-ball deere,  
Being far from you no comfort can be neare:  
yet flie to saue your life, what would I care,  
To spend my future age in blacke despaire,  
So you were safe, and yet to liue one week,  
With out my Brother *Charles*, through euery cheeke  
My streaming teares would downwards run so ranke,  
Til they could set on either side a banke,  
And in the midst a Channell; so my face  
For two faine water Brookes, shal still find place.

*Char.* Thou shalt not weepe so much, for I wil stay  
In sight of dangers teeth: ile liue with thee:

*Kilde with Kindnes.*

Or ile not liue at al, I wil not sel  
My Country, and my fathers patrimony,  
No, thy sweet sight, for a vaine hope of life.

*Enter Shrieffe with Officers.*

*Shrief.* Sir *Charles*, I am made the vnrilling instrument  
Of your attach and apprehension:  
I am sorrie that the blood of innocent men  
Should be of you exacted. It was told me  
That you were garded with a trope of friends,  
And therefore I come armd.

*Char.* O maister *Shrieffe*  
I came into the field with man friends,  
But see they al haue left me, onely one  
Clings to my sad misfortune, my deere sister:  
I know you for an honest Gentleman,  
I yeeld my weapons, and submit to you,  
Conuey me where you please.

*Shrief.* To prison then:  
To answere for the liues of these dead men.

*Lane* Oh God? oh God?

*Char.* Sweet sister, euery straine  
Of sorrow from your hart augments my paine,  
your grieve abounds and hits against my brest.

*Shrief.* Sir will you go?

*Char.* Fuen where it likes you best.

*Enter Maister Franckeford in a studdie.*

*Frank.* How happy am I amongst other men,  
That in my meane estate embrace content:  
I am a Gentleman, and by my birth  
Comapnion with a King, a Kings no more:  
I am posselt of many faire reuenewes,  
Sufficient to maintaine a Gentleman:  
Touching my mind I am studdied in al Arts;  
The riches of my thoughts and of my time,  
Haue bin a good proficient, but the chiefe,  
Of al the sweet felicities on earth,  
I haue a faire, a chaste, and louing wife,  
Perfection al, al truth, al ornament,

*A Woman*

If man on earth may truly happy be,  
Of these at once possesse: sure I am he.

*Enter Nicholas.*

*Nicho.* Sir, theres a Gent. attends without to speak with you.

*Franck.* On horsebacke.

*Nick.* I on horsebacke.

*Franck.* Intreat him to alight, I will attend him :  
Knowest thou him *Nicke*?

*Nick.* I know him: his names *Wendoll* :  
It seemes he comes in hast, his horse is booted  
Up to the flanke in mire, himsefe al spotted  
And staine with plashing: sure he rid in feare  
Or for a wager: horse and man both sweat,  
Incre saw two in such a smoaking heat.

*Franck.* Intreat him in: About it instantly :  
This *Wendoll* I haue noted, and his carriadge  
Hath pleasd me much by obseruation :  
I haue noted many good deserts in him :  
Hees affable and seene in many things,  
Discourses well, a good companion ;  
And though of smal meanes, yet a Gentleman  
Of a good house, somewhat prest by want :  
I haue preferd him to a second place  
In my opinion, and my best regard.

*Enter Wendoll, Maister Franckesford, and  
Nicke.*

*Anne.* O maister *Franckesford*, maister *Wendoll* here,  
Brings you the strangest newes that ere you heard.

*Franck.* What newes sweet wife? what newes good M. *Wendoll*?

*Wend.* you knew the match made twixt Sir *Francis Acton* and  
Sir *Charles Mountford*.

*Franck.* True: with their Hounds and Hawkes?

*Wend.* The matches were both plaid.

*Franck.* Ha: and which won?

*Wend.* Sir *Francis* your wiues brother had the worst,  
And lost the wager.

*Franck.* Why the worse his chance;  
Perhaps the fortune of some other day,  
Wil change his lucke.

*Anne*

*kild with Kindnes.*

*Anne.* Oh, but you heare not all?

*Sir Francis* lost, and yet was loth to yeeld:  
In brieft the two Knights grew to difference;  
From words to blowes, and so to banding sides,  
Where valourous *Sir Charles* slew in his spleene,  
Two of your Brothers men: his Faulkeuer,  
And his good Huntsman, whom he lou'd so wel,  
More men were wounded, no more slaine out right,

*Franck.* Now trust me I am sory for the knight,  
But is my brother safe?

*Wendol.* Al whole and sound,  
His body not being blemisht with one wound :  
But poore *Sir Charles* is to the prison led,  
To answere at thallice for them thats dead.

*Franck.* I thanke your paines sir; had the news bin better,  
your wil was to haue brought it maister *Wendol*,  
*Sir Charles* will find hard friends, his case is heinous,  
And wil be most seuerely censurd on ;  
I am sory for him. Sir a word with you,  
I know you sir to be a gentleman  
In al things, your possibilities but meane,  
Please you to vse my table and my purse,  
They are yours?

*Wend.* O Lord sir, I shal neuer deserue it?

*Franck.* Oh sir, disparadge not your worth too much,  
you are ful of quality and faire deserr,  
Chuse of my men which shal attend on you,  
And he is yours, I wil allow you sir,  
your man, your gelding, and your table,  
Al at my owne charge, be my companion.

*Wen.* M. *Franckesford*, I haue oft bin bound to you  
By many fauors, this exceeds them all  
That I shal neuer merit your least fauour,  
But when your last remembrance I forget,  
Heauen at my soule exact that weighty debt.

*Franck.* There needs no protestation, for I know you.  
Vertuous, and therefore grateful: prethy *Nan*,  
vse him with al thy louingst curtesie.

*C*

*Anne*



## *A Woman*

*Anne* As far as modesty may wel extend,  
It is my duty to receiue your friend.

*Frank*, To dinner, come sir, from this present day,  
Welcome to me for euer : come away.

*Nick*. I do not like this fellow by no means,  
I neuer see him but my hart stil eernes,  
Zounds I could fight with him, yet know not why,  
The Deuil and he are al one in my eie.

*Enter Jenkin.*

*Jenk*. O *Nick*, what Gent. is that comes to lie at our house, my  
maister allowes him one to waite on him, and I beleue it will sal  
to thy lot.

*Nick*. I loue my Maister, by these hilts I do,  
But rather then Ile euer come to serue him,  
Ile tume away my maister.

*Enter Sissy.*

*Sissy*. *Nichlas*, where are you *Nichlas*, you must come in *Nichlas*  
and helpe the young Gentleman off with his boots.

*Nick*. If I p'ucke off his boots, Ile eat the spurs,  
And they shal sticke fast in my throat like burs.

*Exit.*

*Sissy*. Then *Jenk n*, come you?

*Jenk*. Tis no boot for me to deny it, my Maist. hath giuen me a  
coat here, but he takes paines himselfe to brush it once or twice  
a day with a holly-wand.

*Sissy*. Come, come, make hast, that you may wash your hands  
again, and helpe to serue in dinner.

*Jenk*. You may see my maisters, though it be afternoone with  
you, tis but earlie daies with vs, for we haue not dind yet : stay  
but a little, Ile but goe in, and helpe to bear vpp the first course  
and come to you againe presently.

*Exit.*

*Enter Malby, and Cramwell.*

*Mal*. This is the Sessions day, pray can you tell me  
How young *Sir Charles* hath sped : Is he acquit,  
O must he try the Lawes strict penalty?

*Cran*. Hees cleard of al, spight of his enemies,  
Whose earnest labors was to take his life,  
But in this sute of pardon, he hath spent.

Al

## *Kilde with Kindnes.*

Al the reuenewes that his father left him,  
And he is now turnd a plaine Country-man;  
Reformd in al things ; see sir, heere he comes.

*Enter Sir Francis and his keeper.*

*Keep*. Discharge your fees and you are then at freedome?

*Char*. Heere maister keeper, take the pore remainder,  
Of al the wealth I haue, my heauy soes  
Haue made my purse light, but alas to me,  
Tis wealth inough that you haue set me free.

*Mal*. God giue you ioy of your deliury,  
I am glad to see you abroad *Sir Charles*.

*Char*. The poorest knight in England *M. Malby*,  
My life hath cost me al the patrimony  
My father left his sonne ; wel, God forgieue them  
That are the Authors of my pennury.

*Enter Shafston.*

*Shaf*, *Sir Charles* a hand, a hand, at liberty :  
Now by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it :  
What want you? wherein may I pleasure you?

*Char*. Oh me? oh most vnhappy Gentleman?  
I am not worthy to haue friends stir vp,  
Whose hands may helpe me in this plunge of want :  
I would I were in heauen to inherit there,  
Thimortal birth-right which my sauior keeps,  
And by no vnthrifst can be bought and sold,  
For here on earth, what pleasures should we trust?

*Shaf*. To rid you from these contemplations,  
Three hundred pounds you shal receiue of me,  
Nay fiae for faile, come sir, the sight of Gold  
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,  
And wil reuiue your spirits, you shal hold law  
With your proud aduersaries. Tush, let *Frank* *Alton*  
Wage with Knighthood like expence with me,  
And he wil sinke, he wil : nay, good *Sir Charles*  
Applaud your Fortune, and your faire escape,  
From al these perils.

C 2

*Char.*

## A Woman

*Charles.* Oh Sir, they haue vndone me:  
Two thousand and five hundred pound a yeare  
My father at his death possest me of,  
All which the enuious *Aston* made me spend:  
And notwithstanding all this large expence,  
I had much ado to gaine my liberty:  
And I haue now onely a house of pleasure  
With some five hundred pounds, reserued  
Both to maintaine me and my louing sister.

*Shaf.* That must I haue: it lies conuenient for me,  
If I can fasten but one finger on him,  
With my ful hand Ile gripe him to the hart.  
Tis not for loue I proferd him this coyne,  
But for my gaine and pleasure: come *Sir Charles*,  
I know you haue need of mony, take my offer.  
*Char.* Sir I accept it, and remaine indebted  
Euen to the best of my vnable power:  
Come Gentlemen and see it tendred downe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wendol melancholy.*

*Wend.* I am a villan, if I apprehend  
But such a thought, then to attempt the deed:  
Slauic, thou art damnd without redemption;  
He driue away this passion with a song,  
A song, ha, ha, a song as if fond man  
Thy eies could swim in laughter, when thy soule  
Lies drencht and drown'd in red teares of blood.  
I'e pray, and see if God within my hart  
Plant better thoughts? why prayers are meditations,  
And when I meditate, oh God forgiue me  
It is on her diuine perfections.  
I will forget hir, I wil arme my selfe  
Not to entertaine a thought of loue to her,  
And when I come by chance into hir presence  
He ha'e these bals vntil my eye-strings cracke,  
From being puld and drawne to looke that way.

*Enter ouer the stage, Franckeford, his wife and  
Nick.*

O

## Kilde with Kindnes.

O, God? O God? with what a violence  
I am hurried to my owne destruction,  
There goest thou the most perfectst man  
That euer England bred a Gentleman,  
And shal I wrong his bed, thou God of Thunder,  
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,  
Thy great Almighty, and all Iudging hand,  
From speedy execution on a villain,  
A villain, and a Traitor to his friend.

*Enter Ienkin.*

*Ienk.* Did your worship cal?

*Wend.* He doth maintaine me, he allowes me largely  
Mony to spend?

*Ienk.* By my faith so do not you me, I cannot get a crosse of you

*Wen.* My gelding and my man.

*Ienk.* Thats Sorrel and I.

*Wend.* This kindnes growes of no alliance twixt vs.

*Ienk.* Nor is my seruice of any great acquaintance.

*F. Wend.* I neuer bond him to be by desert,  
Of a meere stranger, a poore Gentleman,  
A man by whom in no kind he could gaine.  
He hath plac't me in the height of al his thoughts,  
Made me companion with the best and chiefest  
In Yorke-shire: he cannot eat without me,  
Nor laugh without me, I am to his body  
As necessary as his digestion,  
And equally do make him whole or sicke,  
And shal I wrong this man? base man, ingrate,  
Hast thou the power strait with thy gory hands  
To rip thy Image from his bleeding hart?  
To scratch thy name from out the holy booke  
Of his remembrance, and to wound his name,  
That holds thy name so deere, or rend his hart  
To whom thy hart was ioynd and knit together,  
And yet I must, then *Wendol* be content,  
Thus villains, when they would cannot repent;

C 3

*Ienk.*

## A Woman

*Jenk.* What a strange humor is my new maister in, pray God he be not mad, if he should be so, I shold neuer haue any mind to serue him in Bedlam: It may bee he is madde for missing of me,

*Wend.* What *Jenkin*? wheres your Mistris?

*Jenk.* Is your worship married?

*Wend.* Why dost thou aske?

*Jenk.* Because you are my M. and if I haue a mistris, I wold be glad like a good seruant to do my duty to her.

*Wend.* I meane wheres Mistris *Frankesford*.

*Jenk.* Marry sir her husband is riding out of Towne, and shee went very louingly to bring him on his way to horse: doe you see sir here she comes, and here I go.

[*Wen.* Vanish.

*Enter Mistris Frankesford.*

*Anne* You are wel met sir, now introth my husband Before he tooke horse had a great desire To speake with you: we sought about the house, Hallowed into the fields, sent euery way But could not meet you, therefore he inioyned me To do vnto you his most kinds commends: Nay more, he wils you as you prize his loue, Or hold in estimation his kind friendship, To make bold in his absence and command Euen as himselfe were present in the house, For you must keepe his table, vse his Seruants, And be a present *Frankesford* in his absence.

*Wend.* I thanke him for his loue, Giue me a name you, whose infectious tongues Are tipt with gall and poison, as you would Thinke on a man that had your father slaine, Murdered thy children, made your wiues base strumpets, So cal me, cal me so? print in my face, The most stigmaticke title of a villaine, For hatching treason to so true a friend.

*Anne* Sir you are much beholding to my husbande, You are a man most deere in his regard.

*Wend.* I am bound vnto your husband and you to, I will not speake to wrong a Gentleman

Of

## kild with Kindnes.

Of that good estimation, my kind friend,  
I will not (Zounds I wil not) I may chuse,  
And I wil chose? Shall I be so missed?  
Or shal I purchase to my fathers crest  
The Motto of a villain: If I say  
I will not do it, what thing can inforce me?  
Who can compell me? What sad destiny  
Hath such command vpon my yeilding thoughts?  
I wil not? Ha: some fury pricks me on,  
The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheele,  
And hurry me to mischiefe: speake I must:  
Iniure my selfe, wrong hir, deceiue his trust.

*Anne* Are you not well sir, that you seeme thus troubled?  
There is sedition in your countenance?

[*Wend.* And in my hart faire Angel; chaste, and wise,  
I loue you; start not, speake not, answere not,  
I loue you: nay, let we speake the rest,  
Bid me to sweare, and I wil cal to record  
the hoast of Heauen.

*Anne.* The hoast of heauen forbid,  
Wendol should hatch such a disloyall thought.

*wend.* Such is my fate, to this sute I was borne:  
To weare rich pleasures Crowne, or fortunes scorned.

*Anne.* My husband loues you.

*wend.* I know it.

*Anne.* He esteemes you  
Euen as his braine, his eye-bal, or his hart.

*Wen.* I haue tried it.

*Anne.* His purse is you exchequer, and his table  
Doth freely serue you.

*wen.* So I haue found it.

*Anne.* Oh with what face of brasse, what brow of Steele,  
Can you vnblushing speake this to the face  
Of the espoused wife of so deare a friend:  
It is my husband that maintaines your state,  
Wil you dishonor him? I am his wife,  
That in your power hath left his whole affaires,  
It is to me you speake?

*Wends*

*A Woman*

*Wend.* O speake no more  
For more then this I know and haue recorded  
Within the red-leau'd table of my hart;  
Faure, and of al belou'd, I was not feareful  
Bluntly to giue my life into your hand,  
And at one hazard al my earthly meanes.  
Go, tel your husband he wil turne me off,  
And I am then vndone, I care not I,  
Twas for your sake : perchance in rage hee'l kil me,  
I care not, twas for you : say I incur  
The general name of villain through the world,  
Of traitor to my friend, I care not I,  
Beggery, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,  
For you Ile hazard all, what care I :  
For you Ile liue, and in your loue Ile dy.

*Anne* you moue me fir to passion and to pittie,  
The loue I beare my husband is as pretious  
As my soules health.

*Wend.* I loue your husband to,  
And for his loue I wil ingage my life,  
Mistake me not, the augmentation  
Of my sincere affection borne to you,  
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him,  
I will bee secret Lady, close as night,  
And not the light of one smal glorious star  
Shal shine heer in my forehead, to bewray  
That act of night.

*Anne.* What shal I say?  
My soule is wandring, and hath lost her way.

Oh maister Wendol : oh,  
*Wend.* Sigh not sweet saint.  
For euery sigh you breath, drawes from my hart  
A drop of blood.

*Anne.* I nere offended yet,  
My fault I feare, wil in brow be writ;  
Women that fal not quite bereft of grace,  
Haue their offences noted in their face.  
I blush and am asham'd, oh maister Wendol

Pray

*kild with Kindnes.*

Pray God I be not borne to curse your tongue,  
That hath enchanted me. This maze I am in,  
I feare will proue the laborinth of sin.

*Enter Nick.*

*Wend.* The path of pleasure, and the gate to blisse,  
Which on your lips I knocke at with a kisse.

*Nick.* Ile kil the rogue.

*Wend.* your husband is from home, your beds no blab:  
Nay looke not downe and blush.

*Nick.* Zounds Ile stab :

*I Nick,* was it thy chance to come  
Iust in the nicke, I loue my maister, and I hate that slaue,  
I loue my mistris, but these tricks I like not,  
My Master shal not pocket vp this wrong;  
Ile eat my fingers first, what saist thou merdle?  
Dost not the rascall *Wendol* go on legs  
That thou must cut off, hath he not Hamstrings  
That thou must hough? Nay mettall thou shalt stand  
To al I say, Ile henceforth turne a spy,  
And watch them in their close conueyances,  
I neuer lookt for better of that Rascal  
Since he came miching first into our house,  
It is that Sathan hath corrupted her,  
For she was faire and chaste, Ile haue an eie  
In al their gestures, thus I thinke of them,  
If they proceed as they haue done before,  
*Wendols* a knaue, my Mistris is a &c.

*Exit.*

*Enter Charles and Susan.*

*Char.* Sister, you see we are driuen to hard shift  
To keepe this poore house we haue left vsold,  
I am now inforced to follow husbandry,  
And you to milke, and do we not liue wel?  
Wel I thanke God.

*Susan.* O brother heeres a change,  
Since old Sir Charles died in our fathers house

*Char.* Al thinges on earth thus change, some vp, some downe,  
Contents a kingdome, and I weare that Crowne,

D

*Enter*

## A Woman

*Enter Shafston with a Sergeant.*

*Shaf.* God morrow, god morrow sir *Charls* what with your sister  
Plying your husbandry: Sergeant stand off,  
You haue a pretty house here, and a garden,  
And goodly ground about it, since it lies  
So neare a Lordship that I lately bought,  
I would faine buy it of you, I will giue you.

*Char.* O pardon me, this house successliuely  
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors  
Three hundred yeare, my great great Grandfather,  
He in whom first our gentle stile began,  
Dwelt here, and in this ground increast this Molehill  
Vnto that mountaine which my father left me,  
Where he the first of all our house begun,  
I now the last will end and keepe this house,  
This Virgin title neuer yet deflourd  
By any vnthrif of the *Mountfords* line;  
In breese I will not sel it for more gold  
Then you could hide or paue the ground withall.

*Shaf.* Ha, ha, a proud mind and a Beggars purse,  
Wheres my three hundred pounds beside the vse,  
I haue brought it to an execution  
By course of Law, what is my money ready?

*Char.* An execution sir, and neuer tell me,  
You put my bond in suite, you deale extreamely

*Shaf.* Sell me the land and Ile acquit you straight.

*Char.* Alas, alas, Tis all trouble hath left me  
To cherrish me and my poore sisters life,  
If this were sold our meanes should then be quite  
Raced from the Bed-roule of gentility:  
You see what hard shift we haue made to keepe it  
Allied still to our owne name, this palme you see  
Labor hath gloud within her siluer brow,  
That neuer tasted a rough winters blast  
Without a Maske or Fan, doth with a grace  
Defie cold winter and his stormes outface.

*Susan* Sir, we feed sparing and we labor hard,  
We lie vncasie, to referue to vs.

And

## kild with Kindnes.

And our succession this small plot of ground.

*Char.* I haue so bent my thoughts to husbandry,  
That I protest I scarcely can remember  
What a new fashion is, how silke or fatten  
Feeles in my hand: why pride is growne to vs  
A meere meere stranger: I haue quite forgot  
The names of all that euer waited on me,  
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,  
Once from whose echoing mouths I hard al the musicke  
That ere my hart desired: what should I say?  
To keepe this place I haue chang'd my selfe away.

*Shaf.* Arrest him at my suit, actions and actions,  
Shall keepe thee in perpetuall bondage fast,  
Nay more Ile sue thee by a laite appeale,  
And call thy former life in question,  
The keeper is my friend, thou shalt haue yrons  
And vsage such as Ile deny to dogs: Away with him.

*Char.* You are too tymorous, but trouble is my maister,  
And I will serue him truely wy kind sister:  
Thy teares are of no force to mollifie  
This flinty man, go to my fathers Brother,  
My kinsmen and allies, entreat them from me  
To ransome me from this iniurious man  
That seekes my ruine.

*Shaf.* Come Irons, Irons away,  
Ile see thee log'd far from the sight of day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Alton and Malby.*

*Susan.* My harts so hardned with the frost of griefe,  
Death cannot pierce it through, Tyrant too fel,  
So lead the Fiends condemned soules to hel.

*Fran.* Againe to prison, *Malby* hast thou seene,  
A poore slaue better torturd: shal we heare  
The musicke of his voice cry from the grate  
Meat for the Lord sake: no, no, yet I am not  
Thoroughly reueng'd: they say he hath a pretty wench  
Vnto his sister, shal I in mercy sake  
To him and to his kindred bribe the foole,

D 2

To

## A Woman

To shame her selfe by lewd dishonest lust,  
He profer largely, but the deed being done  
He smile to see her base confusion.

*Mal.* Methinks *Sir Francis* you are full reueng'd,  
For greater wrongs then he can profer you,  
See where the poore sad Gentlewoman stands.

*Fran.* Ha, ha, now I will flout her pouerty,  
Deride her fortunes, scoffe her base estate,  
My very soule the name of *Mountford* hates.  
But stay, my hart, or what a looke did flie  
To strike my soule through with thy piercing eie,  
I am enchanted, al my spirits are fled,  
And with one glance my enuious splene stroke dead.

*Susan.* Alton that seekes our blood. (Run away.)  
*Fran.* O chaste and faire.

*Mal.* *Sir Francis*, why *Sir Francis*, zounds in a trance,  
*Sir Francis*, what cheare man? Come, come, how ist?

*Fran.* Was she not faire, or else this Iudging eie  
Cannot distinguish beauty.

*Mal.* She was faire.

*Fran.* She was an Angel in a mortals shape,  
And nere descended from old *Mountfords* line.  
But soft, soft, let me cal my wits together,  
A poore, poore wench, to my great aduersary  
Sister, whose very soules denounce sterne warre  
One against other, how now *Franke* turnd foole,  
Or madman, whether, but no maister of  
My perfect sences and directest wits,  
Then why should I be in this violent humor  
Of passion, and of loue, and with a person  
So different euery way, and so oppos'd  
In al contractions and stil warring actions:  
Fie, fie, how I dispute against my soule,  
Come, come, He gaine her, or in her faire quest  
Purchase my soule free and immortal rest.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter 3. or 4. seruingmen, one with a Doyder and a Wooden knife, to  
take away all, another the salt and bread; another the  
Table-cloth and Napkins, another the carpes.  
Ienkin with two lights after them.*

## Kilde with Kindnes.

*Ienk.* So, march in order and retyre in battel ray, my maister  
and the guests haue supt already, als taken away, here now spred  
for the seruingmen in the hal, Butler it belongs to your office.

*But.* I know it Ienkin: what do you cal the Gentleman that  
supt there tonight?

*Ienk.* Who my maister?

*But.* No, no, maister *Wendol*, hee is a daily ghuest, I mean the  
Gentleman that came but this afternoone.

*Ienk.* His name is *M. Crammel*: Gods light, hark within there,  
my *M.* cals to lay more billets on the fire: Come, come, Lorde  
how wee that are in office here in the house are troubled: one  
spred the Carpet in the parlor, & stand ready to snuffe the lights,  
the rest be ready to prepare their stomacks. More lights in the  
hal there: come *Nicklas*.

*Nick.* I cannot eat, but had I *Wendols* hart,  
I would eat that, the rogue grows impudent:  
Oh I haue seene such vild notorious tricks  
Ready to make my eies dart from my head,  
He tel my maister, by this ayre I wil,  
Fal what may fal, He tel him: Here he comes.

*Enter Franckesford as it were brushing the crums from his cloths with  
a Napkin, and newly risen from supper.*

*Frank.* *Nicklas* what make you here? Why are not you  
At supper in the hal there with your fellowes.

*Nick.* Master I staid your rising from the boord,  
To speake with you.

*Frank.* Be brieft then gentle *Nicklas*,  
My wife and guests attend me in the parlor:  
Why dost thou pause? Now *Nicklas* you want mony,  
And vnthrif like would eat into your wages  
Ere you haue earnd it: here's fir halfe a crowne,  
Play the good husband and away to supper.

*Nick.* By this hand an honourable Gentleman, I will not see  
him wrongd: fir I haue serud you long, you enerrtaind me seuen  
yeres before your beard, you knew we fir, before you knew my  
mistris.

*Frank.* What of this good *Nicklas*.

## *A Woman*

*Nick.* I neuer was a make-bate or a knaue  
I haue no fault but one, I am giuen to quarrel,  
But not with women, I wil tel you maister  
That which wil make your hart leape from your brest,  
Your haire to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

*Frank.* What preparations this to disinal newes?

*Nick.* Sblood sir I loue you better then your wife,  
Ile make it good.

*Frank.* Thou art a knaue, and I haue much ado  
With wonted patience to containe my rage  
And not to breake thy pate: thou art a knaue,  
Ile turne you with your base comparifons  
Out of my dores.

*Nick.* Do, do,  
Theres not roomie for *Wendoll* and mee to,  
Both in one house: oh maister, maister,  
That *Wendol* is a villen.

*Frank.* I, faucy.

*Nick.* Strike, strike, do strike, yet heare me, I am no foole,  
I know a villen when I see him adt  
Deeds of a villen, maister, maister, that base slaue  
Inioyes my mistris, and dishonors you.

*Frank.* Thou hast kild me with a weapon whose sharpened point  
Hath prickt quite through and through my shining hart,  
Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my haire,  
Like mornings dew vpon the golden flowers,  
And I am plunged into a strange agony,  
What didst thou say? If any word that toucht  
His Credit or her repuration,  
It is as hard to enter my beleefe,  
As Diues into Heauen.

*Nick.* I can gaine nothing, they are two  
That neuer wrongd me, I knew before  
Twas but a thankles office, and perhaps  
As much as my seruice or my life is woorth,  
At this I know, but this and more,  
More by a thousand dangers could not hire me  
To smother such a heinous wrong from you,  
I saw, and I haue said.

*Frank*

## *Kilde with Kindnes.*

*Frank.* Tis probable, though blunt, yet he is honest,  
Though I durst pawne my life, and on their faith  
Hazard the dere saluation of my soule,  
Yet in my trust I may be too secure:  
May this be true: Oh may it: can it be:  
Is it by any wonder possible,  
Man, woman, what thing mortal may we trust,  
When friends and bosome wiues proue so vniust;  
What instance hast thou of this strange report?

*Nick.* Eyes, eies.

*Frank.* Thy eies may be decciud I tel thee,  
For should an Angel from the heauens drop down  
And preach this to me that thy selfe hast told,  
He should haue much ado to winne beleefe.  
In both their loues I am so confident.

*Nick.* Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?

*Frank.* No more, to supper, and command your fellows  
To attend vs and the strangers: not a word,  
I charge thee on thy life be secret then,  
For I know nothing.

*Nick.* I am dumbe, and now that I haue eas'd my stomacke  
I wil go fill my stomack

*Exit.*

*Frank.* Away, be gone:  
She is wel borne, descended Nobly,  
Vertuous her education, her repute  
Is in the general voice of all the country  
Honest and faire, her carriage, her demeanor  
In al her a tions that concerne the loue  
To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.  
Is al this seeming gold plaine Copper.  
But he; that *Judas* that hath borne my purse,  
And sold me for a sin, oh God, oh God;  
Shal I put vp these wrongs? no, shal I trust  
The bare report of this suspicious groome  
Before the dubble guilt, the wel hatch ore  
Of their two harts? No, I wil loose these thoughts;  
Distraktion I wil banish from my brow,  
And from my lookes exile sad discontent,

*Their*

## A Woman

Their wonted favors in my tongue shal flow,  
Till I know al, Ile nothing see me to know?  
Lights and a Table there wife, Maister *Wendol* and gentle  
Maister *Cranwell*.

*Enter Mistris Frankford, maister Wendoll, maister Cranwell, Nick  
and Jenkin, with Cards, Carpet, stooles and other ne-  
cessaries.*

*Fran.* O you are a stranger maister *Cranwel* you,  
And often balke my house: faith you are a Churle,  
Now we haue supt, a table and to cards.

*Jenk.* A pair of Cards *Nicklas*, and a carpet to couer the table,  
wheres *Sissy* with her Counters and her box, candles and candle  
sticks there, fie we haue such a householde of seruing creatures,  
vnles it be *Nick* and I, theres not one amongst them al can saye,  
boe to a goose: wel said *Nick*.

*They spread a Carpet, set downe lights and Cards.*

*Anne.* Come maister *Frankford*, who shal take my part.

*Frank.* Marry that wil I sweet wife.

*Wend.* No by my faith sir, when you are together I sit out, it must  
be Mistris *Frankford* and I, or else it is no match.

*Frank.* I do not like that match.

*Nick.* You haue no reason marry knowing al.

*Frank.* Tis no great matter neither, come M. *Cranwel* shal you  
and I take them vp?

*Cran.* At your pleasure sir.

*Frank.* I must looke to you M. *Wendol*, for you wil be playing  
falsc, nay so will my wife to.

*Nick.* I, I will be sworne she wil.

*Anne.* Let them that are taken playing falsc forget the set.

*Frank.* Content; It shal go hard but Ile take you.

*Cran.* Gentlemen what shal our game be?

*Wend.* Maister *Frankford* you play best at Noddy,

*Frank.* you shal not find it so: Indeed you shal not?

*Anne.* I can play at nothing so wel as dubble ruffe.

*Frank.* If maister *wendol* and my wife bee together, theres no  
playing against them at dubble hand.

*Nick.* I can tel you sir the game that maister *Wendol* is best at?

*Wend.*

## Kild with Kindnes.

*Wend.* What game is that *Nick*?

*Nick.* Marry sir, Knaue out of dores.

*Wend.* She and I, wil take you at Lodam.

*Anne.* Husband shal we play at Saint.

*Frank.* My Saints turne Deuill: no, weele none of Saint,  
your best at new Cut wife: youle play at that.

*Wend.* If you play at new cut, I am soonest hither of any heere  
for a wager.

*Frank.* Tis me they play on: wel you may draw out  
For al your cunning: twil be to your shame:  
Ile teach you at your new Cut, a new game,  
Come, come.

*Cran.* If you cannot agree vpon the game to post and paire.

*Wend.* We shal be soonest paires, and my good host,  
When he comes late home, he must kisse the post.

*Frank.* Who euer wins, it shal be to thy cost.

*Cran.* Faith let it be Vide-ruffe, and lets make honors.

*Frank.* If you make honors, one thing let me craue,  
Honor the King, and Queene: except the knaue.

*Wend.* Wel as you please for that, list who shal deale.

*Anne.* The least in sight: what are you maister *Wendol*,

*Wend.* I am a knaue.

*Nick.* Ile sweare it.

*Anne.* I a Queene?

*Frank.* A queene thou shouldst say? wel the Cards are mine,  
They are the grosest paire that ere I felt.

*Anne.* Shuffle, Ile cut, would I had neuer dealt?

*Frank.* I haue lost my dealing.

*Wend.* Sir the faults in me,

This Queene I haue more then my owne you see,  
Giue me the stocke.

*Frank.* My minds not on my game,  
Many a deale I haue lost, the mores your shame,  
you haue seru'd me a bad tricke maister *Wendol*?

*Wend.* Sir you must take your lot: to end this strife,  
I know I haue delt better with your wife.

*Frank.* Thou hast dealt falsly then.

*Anne.* Whats Trumpes.



*A Woman*

*Wend.* Harts, partner I rub.

*Frank.* Thou robbt me of my soule, of her chaste loue  
In thy false dealing, thou hast robd my hart,  
Booty you play, I like a looser stand,  
Hauing no hart, or here, or in my hand:  
I will giue ore the set, I am not well,  
Come who wil hold my Cards?

*Anne.* Not well sweet Maister Franckford,  
Alas, what ayle you: tis some sodaine qualme.

*Wend.* How long haue you bin so maister Frankford?

*Frank.* Sir I was lusty, and I had my health,  
But I grew ill when you began to deale.  
Take hence this table, gentle maister Cranwell  
You are welcome, see your chamber at your pleasure,  
I am sorry that this Megrim takes me so  
I cannot sit and beare you company,  
Ienkin some lights, and shew him to his chamber.

*Anne.* A night gowne for my husband quickly there,  
It is some rehwme or cold?

*Wend.* Now in good faith this Illnesse you haue got  
By sitting late without your gowne.

*Frank.* I know it maister *Wendol*,  
Go, go, to bed, least you complaine like me,  
Wife, prethy wife into my bed-chamber,  
The night is raw, and cold, and rheumatick,  
Leaue me my gowne and light, Ile walke away my fit.

*Wend.* Sweet sir good night.

*Frank.* My selfe good night.

*Anne.* Shall I attend you husband?

*Frank.* No, gentle wife thou catcht cold in thy head,  
Prethy begone sweet, Ile make hast to bed.

*Anne.* No sleepe will fasten on mine eies you know  
Vnill you come. *Exit.*

*Frank.* Sweet Nan I prethy go,  
I haue bethought me, get me by degrees  
The keyes of all my dores which I will mold  
In wax, and take their faire impression,  
To haue by them new keyes: This being compass,

*Kild with Kindnes.*

At a set houre a letter shalbe brought me,  
And when they thinke they may securely play,  
They are nearest to danger: Nick, I must rely  
Vpon thy trust and faithfull secrecy.

*Nick.* Build on my faith.

*Frank.* To bed then, not to rest,  
Care lodges in my braine, grieve in my brest. *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Charles, his sister, old Mount-  
ford, Sandy, Roder, and  
Tydy.*

*Mount.* You say my Nephew is in great distresse,  
Who brought it to him but his owne lewd life:  
I cannot spare a crosse: I must confesse  
He was me brothers sonne: why Niece, what then?  
This is no world in which to pittie men.

*Susan.* I was not borne a begger, though his extremes.  
Enforce this language from me, I protest  
No fortune of mine could lead my tongue  
To this base key. I do beseech you vncke,  
For the names sake, for Christianity,  
Nay for Gods sake to pittie his distresse:  
He is denied the freedome of the prison,  
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd,  
Plenty he hath of nothing but of yrons,  
And it remains in you to free him thence.

*Mount.* Money I cannot spare: men should take heed,  
He lost my kindred when he fell to need. *Exit.*

*Susan.* Gold is but earth: thou earth inough shalt haue  
When thou hast once tooke measure of thy graue:  
You know me maister *Sandy* and my sute.

*San.* I knew you Lady when the old man liud,  
I knew you ere your brother sold his land,  
Then you were mistress *Sue* trickt vp in Iewels,  
Than you sung well, plaid sweetly on the flute,  
But now I neither know you nor your sute.

*Su.* You maister *Roder* was my brothers tennant,

*A Woman*

Rentfree he placst you in that wealthy farme  
Of which you are posselt.

*Roder.* True he did,  
And haue I not there dwelt still for his sake :  
I haue some busines now, but without doubt  
They that haue hurld him in wil helpe him out.

*Susan.* Cold comfort stil: what say you chosen *Tydy*?

*Tydy.* I say this comes of roysting, swaggring,  
Call me not Cosen: each man for himselfe,  
Some men are borne to myrth and some to sorrow.  
I am no Cosen vnto them that borrow. *Exit.*

*Susan.* Oh charity why art thou fled to heauen,  
And lest al things on this earth vneuen,  
Their scoffing answeres I will nere returne,  
But to my selfe his griefe in silence mourne.

*Enter Sir Francis and Malby.*

*Fran.* She is poore, Ile therefore temp<sup>r</sup> her with this gold,  
Go *Malby* in my name deliuer it,  
And I wil stay thy answer.

*Mal.* Faire mistris as I vnderstand, your griefe  
Doth grow from want, so I haue here in store  
A meanes to furnish you, a bag of gold  
Which to your hands I freely tender you.

*Susan.* I thanke you Heauens, I thanke you gentle sir?  
God make me able to requite this fauor.

*Mal.* This Gold *Sir Francis Alton* sends by me,  
And prayes you &c.

*Susan.* *Alton*: oh God that name I am borne to curse,  
Hence Bawd: hence Broker: see, I spurne his gold,  
My honor neuer shal for gaine be sold.

*Fran.* Stay, Lady stay.

*Susan.* From you Ile posting hie,  
Euen as the Doves from feathered Eagles flie.

*Fran.* She hates my name, my face, how should I wo?  
I am disgract in euery thing I do.  
The more she hates me, and disdaines my loue,  
The more I am wrapt in admiration  
Of her diuine and chaste perfections.

Woo

*Kilde with Kindnes.*

Woo her with gifts, I cannot: for al gifts,  
Sent in my name she spurnes. With lookes I cannot,  
For she abhors my sight. Nor yet with letters,  
For none she wil receiue. How then? how then?  
Well I wil fasten such a kindnes on her,  
As shal orecome her hate and conquer it.  
*Sir Charles* her Brother lies in execution  
For a great sum of mony, and besides  
The appeale is sued stil for my Huntsmans death,  
Which onely I haue power to reuerse,  
In her Ile bury al my hate of him,  
Go seeke the keeper *Malby*, bring me to him:  
To saue his body I his debts wil pay,  
To saue his life, I his appeale wil stay.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Sir Charles in prison with yrons, his face bare, his garments all  
ragged and torne.*

*Char.* Of al on the earths face most miserable,  
Breath in the hellish dungeon thy laments,  
Thus like a slaue, ragd like a felon giued,  
That hurles thee heidlong to this base estate.  
Oh vnkind Vncle: oh my friends ingrate:  
Vnthankful kinsmen, *Mountfords* al too base  
To let thy name lie fettered in disgrace.  
A thousand deaths here in this graue I die,  
Feare, hunger, sorrow, cold, al threat my death,  
And ioyne together to depriue my breath,  
But that which most torments me, my dere sister  
Hath left to visite me, and from my friends  
Hath brought no hopeful answer, therefore I  
Diuine they wil not helpe my misery,  
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt,  
Attend their couetous thoughts, need make their graues,  
Vsurers they lue, and may they die like slaues.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* Knight, be of comfort for I bring thee freedome  
From al thy troubles.

*Char.*

*A Woman*

*Char.* Then I am doom'd to die,  
Death is the end of all calamity.

*Keep.* Live, your appeal is stay'd, the execution  
Of all your debts discharg'd, your creditors  
Even to the utmost penny satisfied,  
In signe whereof, your shackles I knock off,  
You are not left so much indebted to vs  
As for your fees, all is discharg'd, all paid,  
Go freely to your house, or where you please,  
After long miseries, embrace your ease.

*Char.* Thou gumblest out the sweetest musick to me,  
That euer Organ plaid: is this a dreame?  
Or do my waking senses apprehend  
The pleasing taste of these applausive newes?  
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends,  
My loving kinsmen, and my neare allies,  
Tongue I will bite thee for the scandal breath,  
Against such faithful kinsmen: they are all  
Compos'd of pittie and compassion,  
Of melting charity, and of moving ruth,  
That which I spake before was in my rage,  
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age:  
Bountious and free, the Noble Mountfords race,  
Nere bred a covetous thought, or humor base.

*Enter Susan.*

*Susan* I can no longer stay from visiting  
My woful brother, while I could I kept  
My haples tidings from his hopeful care.

*Char.* Sister how much am I indebted to thee  
And to thy trauel.

*Susan* What, at liberty?

*Char.* Thou see'st I am thanks to thy industry:  
Oh vnto which of all my courteous friends  
Am I thus bound, my vncle Mountford he,  
Euen of an infant lou'd me: was it he?  
So did my cozen Tydy: was it he?  
So maister Roder, maister Sandy to,  
Which of all these did this kinde doe.

*Susan*

*Kilde with Kindnes.*

*Susan* Charles, can you mocke me in your pouerty,  
Knowing your friends deride your misery,  
Now I protest I stand so much amaz'd  
To see your bonds free, and your yrons knockt off,  
That I am wrapt into a maze of wonder,  
The rather for I know not by what meanes,  
This happines hath chanc'd.

*Char.* Why by my vncle,  
My cosens, and my friends, who els I pray,  
Would take vpon them all my debts to pay.

*Susan.* O brother they are men all of flint,  
Pictures of Marble, and as void of pittie  
As chafed Beares: I begd, I sued, I kneeld,  
Laid open all your griefes and miseries,  
Which they derided: more then that, denied vs  
A part in their alliance, but in pride,  
Said that our kindred with our plenty died.

*Char.* Drudges to much: what did they; oh knowne euill  
Rich fly the poore, as good men shun the Deuill:  
Whence should my freedome come, of whom alieue,  
Sauing of those; haue I deseru'd so wel,  
Gesse lister, call to mind, remember me,  
These I haue rais'd, these follow the worlds guise  
Whom rich in honor, they in woe despise.

*Susan.* My wits haue lost themselves, lets aske the keeper.

*Char.* Gayler.

*Keep.* At hand sir.

*Char.* Of curtesie resolu me one demand?  
What was he took the burden of my debts  
From off my backe, staid my appeal to death,  
Dischard my fees, and brought me liberty?

*Keep.* A courteous knight, one calld sir Francis Aston.

*Susan.* Aston.

*Char.* Ha: Aston. Oh me, more distrest in this  
Then all my troubles: haile me backe;  
Dubble my yrons, and my sparing meales  
Put into halues, and lodge me in a dungeon  
More deepe, more darke, more cold, more comfortles.

By

By action freed, not all thy manacles  
Could fetter so my heeles, as this one word  
Hath thralld my hart, and it must now lie bound  
In more strict prison then thy stony laile:  
I am not free, I go but vnder baile.

*Keeper* My charge is done sir, now I haue my fees;  
As we get little, we wil nothing leefe. *Exit.*

*Char.* By *Alton* freed, my dangerous opposite,  
Why to what end? or what occasion? ha:  
Let me forget the name of enemy,  
And with indifference ballance this hy fauor; ha.

*Susan* His loue to me, vpon my soule tis so,  
That is the root from whence these strange thinges grow.

*Char.* Had this proceeded from my father he  
That by the law of nature is most bound  
In offices of loue, it had deserued  
My best impliment to requite that grace?  
Had it proceeded from my friends, or him,  
From them this action had deseru'd my life,  
And from a stranger more, because from such  
There is lesse execution of good deeds:  
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,  
More then a stranger both remoat in blood,  
And in his hart oppos'd my enemy,  
That this his bounty should proceed from him?  
Oh there I loose my selfe, what should I say?  
What thinke? what do? his bounty to repaie.

*Susan*, you wonder I am sure whence this strange kindnes  
proceeds in *Alton*, I wil tel you Brother,  
He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me giifts,  
Letters and tokens, I refus'd them al.

*Char.* I haue inough, though poor, my hart is set  
In one rich giift to pay backe al my debt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Frankeford and Nick with keyes, and a letter  
in his hand.*

*Frank.* This is the night, and I must play the tuch,  
To try two seeming Angels, whers my keyes?

*Nick.*

## Kilde with Kindnes.

*Nick.* They are made according to your mold in wax,  
I bad the Smith be secret, gaue him money,  
And there they are.

*Nick.* The Letter sir.

*Frank.* True take it, there it is,  
And when thou seest me in my pleasantst vaine  
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me.

*Nick.* Ile doote, make no more question but Ile doot. *Exit.*

*Enter Mistris Frankeford (Cranwell, Wendoll,  
and Ienkin.*

*Anne* Sirra, tis six a clocke already stroke,  
Go bid them spred the cloath and serue in supper.

*Ienkin* It shalbe done forsoth: mistris where is *Spig* got the but-  
ler, to giue vs out salt and trenchers.

*Wend.* We that haue bin a hunting all the day  
Come with prepard stomachs maister Frankeford,  
We wisht you at our sport.

*Frank.* My hart was with you, and my mind was on you;  
Fie maister Cranwel, you are stil thus sad:  
A floole, a floole, wheres Ienkin, and wheres *Nick*?  
Tis supper time at least an hower ago.  
Whats the best newes abroad?

*Wend.* I know none good.

*Frank.* But I know too much bad.

*Enter Butler, and Ienkin with a table-cloth, bread, trenchers,  
and salt.*

*Cran.* Methinkes sir you might haue that intrest  
In your wiues brother, to be more remisse  
In this hard dealing against poore Sir Charles,  
Who as I heare lies in Yorke castle, needy,  
And in great want.

*Frank.* Did not more weighty busines of my owne  
Hold me away, I would haue labourd peace  
Betwixt them, with al care, indeed I would sir.

*Anne.* Ile write vnto my brother earnestly  
In that behalf.

*Wend.* A charitable deed,

F

And

## *A Woman*

And will beget the good opinion  
Of all your friends that loue you maister Frankford.

*Frank.* That's you for one, I know you loue Sir Charles  
And my wife too well.

*Wend.* He deserves the loue  
Of all true Gentlemen, be your selues iudge.  
*Frank.* But supper he : now as thou louest me Wendol  
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,  
And frolicke it to night : sweet maister Cranwell,  
Do you the like; wife, I protest my hart  
was nere more bent on sweet alacrity :  
Where be those lazy knaues to serue in supper ?

*Enter Nick,*

*Nick.* Sir heres a letter.  
*Frank.* Whence comes it ? and who brought it ?  
*Nick.* A stripling that below attends your answer,  
And as he tels me it is sent from Yorke.

*Frank.* Haue him into the seller, let him tast a cup  
Of our March beere : go, make him drinke.

*Nick.* Ile make him drunke, if he be a Troyan.

*Frank.* My boots and spurs : wheres Ienkin ? God forgiue me  
How I neglect my busines, wife looke here,  
I haue a matter to be tride to morrow  
By eight a clock, and my Attorney writes me  
I must be there betimes with euidence,  
Or it wil go against me : wheres my boots ?

*Enter Ienkin with boots and spurs.*

*Anne.* I hope your busines craues no such dispatch,  
That you must ride to night.

*Wend.* I hope it doth.

*Frank.* Gods me : no such dispatch ?  
Ienkin my boots, wheres Nick, saddle my Roane,  
And the gray dapple for himselfe : Content ye,  
It much concernes me gentle maister Cranwell :  
And maister Wendoll in my absence vse  
The very ripest pleasure of my house.

*Wend.* Lord, maister Frankford wil you ride to night ?  
The waies are dangerous.

*Frank.*

## *Kilde with Kindnes.*

*Frank.* Therefore wil I ride,  
Appointed wel, and so shal Nick my man.

*Anne.* Ile call you vp by five a clock to morrow.

*Frank.* No by my faith wife, Ile not trust to that,  
Tis not such easie rising in a morning  
From one I loue so deerely : no by my faith,  
I shal not leaue so sweet a bed-fellow,  
But with much pain : you haue made me a sluggard  
Since I first knew you.

*Anne.* Then if you needs wil go  
This dangerous euening : maister Wendoll  
Let me intreat you beare him company.

*Wend.* With all my hart, sweet mistress : my boots there ?

*Frank.* Fie, fie, that for my priuare busines  
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble  
To the whole house : Nick ?

*Nick.* Anon sir.

*Frank.* Bring forth my gelding as you loue me sir,  
Vse no more words, a hand good matter Cranwel.

*Cran.* Sir God be your good speed.

*Frank.* Goodnight sweet Nan : nay, nay, a kisse, and part,  
Dissembling lips, you suit not with my hart.

*Wend.* How businesse, time, and houres, all gracious prouers  
And are the furtherers to my new borne loue.  
I am husband now in maister Franckfordes place,  
And must commaund the house, my pleasure is  
We will not sup abroad so publikely  
But in your priuate Chamber mistress Franckford.

*Anne.* O sir, you are too publike in your loue,  
And maister Franckfordes wife.

*Cran.* Might I craue fauour,  
I would intreat you I might see my Chamber,  
I am on the sodaine growne exceeding ill,  
And would be spard from supper.

*Wen.* Light their hoe ?  
See you want nothing sir, for if you do  
You iniury that good man, and wrong me to.

*Cran.* I will make bold : godnight.

## *A Woman*

*Wend.* How al conspire  
To make our bosome sweet and full intire,  
Come *Nim*, I prethy let vs sup within.  
*Anne.* O what a clog vnto the soule is sin,  
We pale offenders, are stil full of feare,  
Euery suspicious eie brings danger neare,  
When they whose cleare hart from offence are free,  
Dispise report, base scandals to outface,  
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

*Wend.* Fie, fie, you talke too like a Puritant.

*Anne.* you haue tempted me to mischiefe maister Wendol,  
I haue done I know not what: wel, you plead custome,  
That which for want of wit I granted erst,  
I now must yeeld through feare: Come, come, lets in  
Once ore shooes, we are strait ore head in siare.

*Wend.* My iocond soule is ioyfull aboue measure,  
He be profuse in Frankesfords richest treasure. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sissy, Ienkin, Butler, and other Seruingmen.*

*Ienk.* My mistris and M. Wendol my maister, sup in her chamber to night, *Sissy* you are preferd from being the cooke to bee chamber maid, of all the loues betwixt thee and me, tel me what thou thinkest of this.

*Sissy.* Mum, theres an old prouerbe, when the Cats away, the mouse may play.

*Ienk.* Now you talke of a Cat *Sissy*, I smel a Rat.

*Sis.* Good words Ienkin, least you be cald to answere them.

*Ienk.* Why God make my mistris an honest woman: are not these good words? pray God my new maister play not the knau with my old maister, is there any hurt in this? God send no villainy intended, and if they do sup together, pray God they doe not lie together: god keepe my mistris chaste, and make vs al his seruants, what harme is there in al this? Nay more, heere is my hand, thou shalt neuer haue my hart vnlesse thou say, Amen.

*Sis.* Amen I pray God I say,

*Enter Seruingmen.*

*Ser.* My mistris sends that you should make lesse noise, to lock vp the dores, and see the household al got to bed: you Ienkin for this,

## *Kild with Kindnes.*

his night are made the Potter, to see the gates shut in.

*Ienk.* Thus by little and little I creepe into office: Come to kennel my masters to kennell, tis eleuen a clocke already.

*Ser.* When you haue lockt the gates in, you must send vp the keyes to my mistris.

*Sis.* Quickly for Gods sake Ienkin, for I must carry them: I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more then both.

*Ienk.* To bed good Spiggot, to bed good honest seruing creatures, and let vs sleepe as snug as pigs in pease-straw. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Frankesford and Nick.*

*Frank.* Soft, soft, we haue tyed our geldings to a tree two flight shoot off, least by their thundring hoofes they blab our coming backe, Hearst thou no noise?

*Nick.* Heare, I heare nothing but the Owle and you.

*Frank.* So: now my waches handpoints vpon twelue, And it is dead midnight: where are my keyes?

*Nick.* Heere sir.

*Frank.* This is the key that opes my outward gate,  
This is the Hal dore, this my withdrawing chamber.  
But this, that dore thats Bawd vnto my shame:  
Fountaine and spring of al my bleeding thoughts,  
Where the most hallowed order and true knot  
Of nuptial sanctity hath bin prophand,  
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,  
Once my terrestrial heauen, now my earths hel,  
The place where sins in al their ripenes dwell:  
But I forget my selfe, now to my gate.

*Nick.* It must ope with farre lesse noise then Cripple-gate, or your plots dash.

*Frank.* So reach me my darke Lanthorne to the rest,  
Tread softly, softly.

*Nick.* I wil walke on Egges this pace.

*Frank.* A general silence hath surprizd the house,  
And this is the last dore, astonishment,  
Feare and amazement, play against my hart,  
Euen as a madman beats vpon a drum:  
O keepe my eies you heauens before I enter,  
From any sight that may transfix my soule,

*A Woman*

Or if there be so blacke a spectacle,  
Oh strike mine eyes starke blind, or if not so,  
Lend me such patience to digest my griefe,  
That I may keepe this white and virgin hand  
From any violent outrage, or red murder,  
And with that prayer I enter.

*Nick.* Heres a circumstance,  
A man may be made Cuckold in the time  
That hee is about it, and the case were mine  
As tis my masters, sblood that he makes me sweare,  
I would haue placst his action entred there,  
I would, I would.

*Frank.* Oh : oh.

*Nick.* Master, sblood, master, master.

*Frank.* oh me vnhappy, I haue found them lying  
Close in each others armes, and fast asleepe,  
But that I would not dam two precious soules  
Bought with my Sauours blood, and send them laden  
With al their scarlet sins vpon their backs  
Vnto a fearefull Iudgement, their two liues  
Had met vpon my rapier.

*Nick.* Sblood master haue you left them sleeping still? let me  
go wake them.

*Frank.* Stay, let me pause a while :  
Oh God, oh God, that it were possible  
To vndo things done, to cal back yesterday ;  
That time could turne vp his swift sandy glasse,  
To vntwile the daies, and to redeeme these howres :  
Or that the sunne  
Could rising from the West, draw his coach backward  
Take from the account of time so many minutes  
Till he had al these seasons cald againe,  
Those minutes and those actions done in them,  
Euen from her first offence, that I might take her  
As spotles as an Angel in my armes,  
But oh: I talke of things impossible,  
And cast beyond the moone, God giue me patience,  
For I wil in to wake them, *Exit.*

*Nick.*

*kild with Kindnes.*

*Nick.* Heres patience perforce,  
He needs must trot a foot that tyres his horse.  
*Enter Wendol running over the stage in a night-gorne, he after him with  
his sword drawn, the maid in her smocke strikes his hand, and clasps  
hold on him, he pauses a while.*

*Frank.* I thanke thee maid, thou like the Angels hand  
Halt staid me from a bloody sacrifice :  
Go villen, and my wrongs sit on thy soule  
As heavy as this griefe doth vpon mine :  
When thou recordst my many curtesies,  
And shalt compare them with thy trecherous hart,  
Lay them together, weygh them equally,  
Twill be reuenge inough, go, to thy friend  
A Iudas, pray, pray, least I liue to see  
Thee Iudas like, hang'd on an Elder-tree.

*Enter mistress Frankesford in her smocke, night-gorne, and  
night attyre.*

*Anne.* O by what word, what title, or what name  
Shal I intreat your pardon : pardon : oh,  
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace  
As Lucifer from heauen: to cal you husband,  
Oh me most wretched ; I haue lost that name  
I am no more your wife.

*Nick.* Sblood sir she founds.

*Frank.* Spare thou thy teares, for I wil weepe for thee ;  
And keepe thy countenance, for Ile blush for thee ;  
Now I protest I thinke tis I am tainted,  
For I am most asham'd, and tis more hard  
For me to looke vpon thy guilty face,  
Then on the suns cleare brow, what wouldst thou speake ?

*An.* I would I had no tongue, no eares, no eyes,  
No apprehension, no capacity,  
When do you spurne me like a Dog? when tread me  
Vnder your feet? when drag me by the haire?  
Though I deserue a thousand thousand fold,  
More then you can inflict: yet once my husband,  
For womanhood to which I am asham'd,

Though

*A Woman*

Though once an ornament, euen for his sake  
That hath redeemd our soules, marke not my face  
Nor hacke me with your sword, but let me go  
Perfect and vndeformed to my tomb.  
I am not worthy that I should preuaile  
In the least sute, no not to speake to you,  
Nor looke on you, nor to be in your presence :  
Yet as an abiect this one sute I craue,  
This granted I am ready for my graue.

*Frank.* My God with patience arme me : rise, nay rise,  
And Ile debate with thee : Was it for want  
Thou plaiedst the strumpet ? Wast thou not supplied  
With euery pleasure, fashion, and new toy,  
Nay euen beyond my calling.

*Anne.* I was.

*Frank.* Was it then dissability in me,  
Or in thine eie seemd he a properer man ?

*Anne.* Oh no.

*Frank.* Did I not lodge thee in thy bosome ? weare thee  
Here in my hart.

*Anne.* You did.

*Frank.* I did indeed, witnes my teares I did,  
Go bring my infants hether : oh *Nan*, oh *Nan*,  
If either feare of shame, regard of honor,  
The blemish of my house, nor my deere loue,  
could haue withheld thee from so lewd a fact :  
Yet for these infants, these young harmeles soules,  
On whose white browes thy shame is characterd,  
And growes in greatnes as they wax in yeares,  
Looke but on them, and melt away in teares.  
Away with them, least as her spotted body  
Hath sta'nd their names with stipe of bastardy,  
So her adultrous breath may blast their spirits,  
With her infectious thoughts : away with them ?

*An.* In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.

*Frank.* Stand vp, stand vp, I will do nothing rashly,  
I wil retire a while into my study,  
And thou shalt heare thy sentence presently.

*Exit,*  
*Anne,*

*Kilde with Kindnes.*

*Anne.* Tis welcome be it death : oh me, base strumpet,  
That hauing such a husband, such sweete children ;  
Must inioy neither : oh to redeeme my honor  
I would haue this hand cut off, these my breasts seard,  
Be rackt, strappadoe, put to any torment,  
Nay, to whip but this scandall out, I would hazzard  
The rich and deere redemption of my soule.  
He cannot be so base, as to forgiue me ?  
Nor I so shamelesse, to accept his pardon :  
Oh women, women, you that haue yet kept  
Your holy matrimoniall vow vnsaind,  
Make me your instance, when you tread awry,  
Your sins like mine will on your conscience lye.

*Enter Sissily, Spiggot, all the Seruing men, and Ienkes*  
*as newly come out of bed.*

*All.* Oh mistris, mistris, what haue you done, mistris ?

*Nick.* Sbloud what a Caterwauling keepe you here.

*Ienkes.* O Lord mistris, how comes this to passe, my maister  
is run away in his shirt, and neuer so much as cald mee to bring  
his cloathes after him.

*Anne.* See what guilt is, here stand I in this place,  
Ashamd to looke my seruants in the face.

*Enter maister Frankford and Cranwell, whom seeing she*  
*falls on her knees.*

*Frank.* My wordes are registred in heauen already,  
With patience hear me : Ile not martyr thee,  
Nor marke thee for a strumpet, but with vllage  
Of more humility torment thy soule,  
And kill thee, euen with kindnesse.

*Cran.* Maister Frankford.

*Frank.* Good maister Cranwell : woman, heare thy iudgment:  
Goe make thee ready in thy best attire,  
Take with thee all thy gownes, all thy apparrell,  
Leane nothing that did euer call thee mistris,  
Or by whose sight being left here in the house  
I may remember such a woman by,  
Chuse thee a bed and hangings for a Chamber,  
Take with thee euery thing that hath thy marke,

G

And



## *A Woman*

And get thee to my Mannor seven mile off,  
Where live, tis thine, I freely giue it thee,  
My Tennants by shall furnish thee with waynes  
To carry all thy stufte, within two houres,  
No longer will I limit thee my sight,  
Chuse which of all my seruants thou likest best,  
And they are thine to attend thee.

*Anne.* A milde sentence.

*Frank.* But as thou hopst for heauen, as thou beleeu'st  
thy names recorded in the booke of life,  
I charge thee neuer after this sad daie  
To see me, or to meete me, or to send  
By word, or writing, giuft, or otherwise  
To moue me, by thy selfe, or by thy friends,  
Nor challenge any part in my two children;  
So farewell Nan, for we will henceforth be  
As we had neuer seene, nere more shall see.

*Anne.* How full my hart is in my eyes appeares,  
What wants in words, I will supply in teares.

*Frank.* Come take your Coach, your stufte, all must along,  
Seruants and all make ready, all be gone,  
It was thy hand cut two harts out of one.

*Enter Sir Charles gentlemanlike, and his Sister gentle-  
woman like.*

*Susan.* Brother, why haue you triest me like a bride?  
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?  
forget you our estate, our pouerty?

*Charles.* Call me not brother, but imagine me  
Some barbarous Outlaw, or vnciuil Kerne,  
For if thou shutst thy eye, and onely hearst  
The words that I shall vtter, thou shalt iudge me  
Some staring Ruffin, not thy brother Charles  
Oh Susan,

*Susan.* Oh brother, what doth this strange language meane?

*Charles.* Dost loue me sister? Wouldst thou see me liue  
A bankrupt begger in the worlds disgrace,  
And die indebted to my enemies?

Wouldst

## *Kilde with Kindnes.*

Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge Beame  
In the worldes eye, a by-word and a scorne?  
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,  
And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.

*Susan.* By me: why? I haue nothing, nothing, left,  
I owe euen for the clothes vpon my backe,  
I am not worth, &c.

*Charles.* Oh sister say not so,  
It lies in you my downe-cast state to raise,  
To make me stand on euen pointes with the world:  
Come Sister, you are rich? Indee you are:  
And in your power you haue, without delaie,  
A stons five hundred pound backe to repaie.

*Susan.* Till now I had thought you loud me, by mine honor  
Which I had kept as spotlesse as the Moone,  
I nere was mistris of that single doite,  
Which I referud not to supply your wants:  
And do you think that I would hoord from you.  
Now by my hopes in heauen, knew I the meanes  
To buy you from the slavery of your debts,  
Especially from Aston whom I hate,  
I would redeeme it with my life or bloud.

*Charles.* I challenge it, and kindred set apart  
Thus Russian like I lay siede to your hart:  
What do I ow to Aston?

*Susan.* Why some five hundred pounds, toward which I swear  
In all the world I haue not one deniare.

*Charles.* It will not proue so: sister, now resolue me,  
What do you thinke, and speake your conscience?  
Would Aston giue might he enioy your bed?

*Susan.* He would not shrinke to spend a thousand pound,  
To giue the Mountfords name so deep a wound

*Charles.* A thousand pound, I bur five hundred owe,  
Grant him your bed, hees paid with interest so.

*Susan.* Oh brother:

*Charles.* O sister onely this one way,  
With that rich Iewell you my debts may pay,  
In speaking this my cold hart shakes with shame,

G 2

Nor

*11 WOMENS*

Nor do I wooe you in a Brothers name,  
But in a strangers: shall I die in debt  
To *Acton* my grand foe, and you still weare  
The pretious Jewell that he holds so deere?

*Susan.* My honor I esteeme as deere and pretious,  
As my redemption,

*Charles.* I esteeme you sister,  
As deere, for so deere prizing it.

*Susan.* Will Charles  
Haue me cut of my hands, and send them *Acton*:  
Rip vp my breast, and with my bleeding hart,  
Present him as a token.

*Charles.* Neither Iane:  
But heare me in my strange assertion,  
Thy honor and my soule are equall in my regard,  
Nor will thy Brother Charles surauue thy shame,  
His kindnesse like a burden hath surcharged me,  
And vnder his good deedes I stooping go,  
Not with an vpriight soule: had I remaind  
In prison stil, there doublelesse I had dyed:  
Then vnto him that freed me from that prison,  
Still do I owe that life: what moud my foe  
To infranchise me? Twas sister for your loue?  
With full five hundred pounds he bought your loue,  
And shall he not inioy it? Shall the waight  
Of all this heauy burden leane on me,  
And will not you beare part? you did pertake  
The ioy of my release, will you not stand  
In ioynt bond bound to satisfie the debt,  
Shall I be onely charged?

*Susan.* But that I know  
These arguments come from an honored mind,  
As in your most extremity of need,  
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate,  
Nay rather would ingage your vnstaund honor,  
Then to be held ingrate, I should condempn you.  
I see your resolution, and assent,  
So Charles will haue me, and I am content.

*Charles.*

*kild with 11 names.*

*Charles.* For this I trickt you vp.

*Susan.* But heres a knife,  
to saue mine honor, shall slice out my life.

*Charles.* I know thou pleasest me a thousand times  
More in that resolution then thy grant:  
Obserue her loue to sooth them in my suite,  
Her honor she will hazzard though not loose,  
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand  
Will pierce her hart: Oh wonder, that will chuse  
Rather then staine her bloud, her life to loose.  
Come, you sad sister to a wofull brother,  
This is the gate: Ile beare him such a present,  
Such an acquittance for the knight to seale  
As will amaze his senses, and surprize  
With admiration all his fantasies.

*Enter Acton and Malbie.*

*Susan.* Before his vnchast thoughts shal seize on me,  
Tis here shall my imprisoned soule set free.

*Acton.* How: Mountford with his sister hand in hand,  
What Miracles a foot?

*Malby.* It is a sight  
Begets in me much admiration.

*Charles.* Stand not amasd to see me thus attended,  
*Acton* I owe thee mony, and being vnable  
To bring thee the full summe in ready coyne,  
Loe for thy more assurance heres a pawne:  
My sister, my deere Sister, whose chaste honor  
I prise aboue a Million: here, nay take her,  
Shees worth your mony man, do not forsake her.

*Francis.* I would he were in earnest.

*Susan.* Impute it not to my immodesty,  
My Brother being rich in nothing else  
But in his interest that he hath in me,  
According to his pouerty hath brought you  
Me, all his store, whom howsoere you prise  
As forfeit to your hand, he valewes highly,  
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt  
For any Emperors ransome.

*Francis.* Sterne hart, relent

G 3

Thy

*A Woman*

Thy former cruelty, at length repent;  
Was euer knowne in any former age,  
Such honorable wrested curtesie,  
Lands, honors, liues, and all the world forgoe  
Rather then stand ingagde to such a foe.

*Charles.* Acton she is too poor to be thy Bride,  
And I to much opposd to be thy brother,  
There take her to thee, if thou hast the hart  
To ceize her as a Rape or lustfull prey,  
To blur our house that neuer yet was staine,  
To murder her that neuer meant thee harme,  
To kill me now whom once thou sauedst from death,  
Do them at once on her, all these relie  
And perish with her spotted chastity.

*Francis* You ouercome me in your loue sir Charles,  
I cannot be so cruell to a Lady  
I loue so deetely, since you haue not spard  
To engage your reputation to the world,  
Your sisters honor which you prize so deere,  
Nay, all the comforts which you hold on earth  
To grow out of my debt being your foe,  
Your honored thoughts, loe thus I recompence  
Your metamorphis'd foe, receiues your guilt.  
In satisfaction of all former wrongs,  
This Iewell I will weare, here in my hart,  
And where before I thought her for her wants  
Too base to be my Bride, to end all strife,  
I scale you my deere brother, her my wife.

*Susan.* You still excede vs, I will yeeld to fate,  
And learne to loue, where I till now did hate.

*Charles* With that inchantment you haue charmd my soule,  
And made me rich euen in those very words,  
I pay no debt but am indebted more  
Rich in your loue I neuer can be poore

*Francis.* Alas mine is yours, we are alike in state,  
Lets knit in loue what was opposd in hate:  
Come, for our Nuptials we will strait provide,  
Blest onely in our brother and faire bride.

*Exit*  
*Enter*

*Kild with Nines.*

*Enter Cranwell, Frankford, and Nick.*

*Cran.* Why do you search each roome about your house,  
Now that you haue dispatcht your wife away?

*Frank* O sir to see that nothing may be left  
That euer was my wiues, I loued her deetely,  
And when I do but thinke of her vnkindnesse,  
My thoughts are all in Hell, to avoyd which torment  
I would not haue a Bodkin or a Cuffe,  
A bracelet, necklace, or Rebato wier,  
Nor any thing that euer was hers,  
Left me, by which I might remember her,  
Secke round about?

*Nick.* Shroud master, heres her lute slonge in a corner,

*Frank.* Her Lute, oh God vpon this instrument,  
Her fingers haue run quicke diuision,  
Sweeter then that which now deuides our harts.  
These frets haue made me pleasant, that haue now,  
Frets of my hart-strings made, oh maister Cranwell,  
Ofte hath she made this melancholy wood,  
Now mute and dumbe for her disastrous chance,  
Speake sweetly many a note, sound many a straine,  
To her owne rauishing voyce which being well strung,  
What pleasant strange ayres haue they ioynly sung.  
Post with it after her, now nothings left,  
Of her, and hers, I am at once bereft.

*Nick.* Ile ride and ouertake her, do my message.  
And come backe againe.

*Cran.* Meane time sir, if you please,  
Ile to sir Francis Acton, and informe him  
Of what hath past betwixt you and his sister.

*Frank.* Do as you please how ill am I bestead  
To be a widower ere my wife be dead.

*Enter mistris Frankford, with Ienkin, her maid Sissie, her  
Coach-man, and three Carters.*

*Anne.* Bid my Coach stay, why should I ride in state?  
Being hurld so low downe by the hand of fate.  
A seat like to my Fortunes let me haue,

*Exit*

*On 17011111*

Earth for my chaire, and for my bed a graue.

*Ienks.* Comfort good mistris, you haue watered your Coach with teares a ready, you haue but two myle now to goe to your mannor, a Man cannot say by my olde Maister Franckford as he may say by me, that he wants maners, for he hath three or foure; of which this is one, that we are going to.

*Sissy.* Good mistris be of good cheere, sorrow you see hurtes you, but helpes you not, we all mourne to see you so sad.

*Carter.* Mistris I spy one of my Landlords men Come riding post, tis like he brings some newes.

*Anns.* Comes he from maister Franckford, he is wel come, So are his newes, because they come from him.

*Enter Nick.*

*Nick.* There.

*Anns.* I know the Lute, oft haue I sung to thee, We both are out of tune, both out of time.

*Nick.* Would that had beene the worst instrument that ere you played on: my maister commends him to ye, theirs all lye can find that was euer yours, he hath nothing left that euer you could claim to lay, but his own hart, & he could afford you that: Al that I haue to deliuer you is this, he prayes you to forget him, and so he bids your farwell.

*Anns.* I thanke him, he is kind and euer was, All you that haue true feeling of my grieve, That know my losse, and haue relenting harts, Gird me about, and help me with your teares; To wash my spotted sins, my Lute shall grone It cannot weepe, but shall lament my mone.

*Enter Wendell.*

*Wendell.* Pursued with horror of a guilty soule, And with the sharpe scourge of repentance lashed, I flye from my owne shadow: oh my stars What haue my parents in their liues deserud, That you should lay this penance on their sonne? When I but thinke of maister Franckfords loue, And lay it to my treason, or compare My murdering him for his releuing me, It strikes a terror like a lightnings flash, To seorch my bloud vp: thus I like the Owle

Ashamd

*And with a lute*

Ashamd of day, lue in these shadowy woods Afraid of euery kafe or murmuring blall, Yet longing to receiue some perfect knowledge How he hath dealt with her: Oh my sad fate, Here, and so far from home, and thus attended: Oh God, I haue deuor'd the truest Turtles That euer liud together, and being diuided In seuerall places, make their seuerall mone; She in the fieldes laments, and he at home. So Poets write that Orpheus made the trees, And stones to dance, to his melodious harp, meaning the rusticke and the barbarous Hinds, That had no vnderstanding part in them, So she from these rude Carters teares extracts, Making their slinty harts with grieve to rise, And draw Riuers from their rocky eyes.

*Anns.* If you returne vnto your maister say: Though not from me, for I am all vnworthy To blast his name with a strumpets tongue, That you haue seene me weepe, with my selfe dead: nay, you may say to, for my vow is past, Last night you saw me eate and drinke my last. This to your maister you may say and sweare, For it is writ in heauen and decreed here.

*Nick.* He say you wept, He sweare you made me sad, Why how now eyes; what now, whats here to do? I am gone, or I shall strait turne baby to.

*Wen.* I cannot weep, my hart is all on fire, Curst be the fruits of my vncleane desire.

*Anns.* Go breake this lute my Coaches whele, As the last musicke that I ere shall make, not as my husbands guift, but my farewell, To all earths ioy, and so your maister tell.

*Nick.* If I can for crying.

*Wen.* Griefe haue done, Or like a Madman I shall frantick run.

*Anns.* You haue beheld the wofullest wretch on earth, A woman made of teares, would you had words

H

To

*A Woman*

To expresse but what you see : my inward griefe  
No tongue can viter, yet vnto your power  
You may discribe my sorrow, and disclose  
To thy sad maister my abundant woes.

*Nick.* Ile do your commendations.

*Anne.* O no ;

I dare not so presume, nor to my children,  
I am disclaimd in both ; alas I am,  
Oh neuer teach them when they come to speake,  
To name the name of Mother : chide their tongue  
If they by chance light on that hated word :  
Tell them tis nought : for when that word they name,  
Poore pretty soules they harpe on their owne shame.

*Wen.* To recompence her wrongs, what canst thou do ?  
Thou hast made her husbandlesse, and childlesse to.

*Anne.* I haue no more to say : speake not for me  
Yet you may tell your maister what you see ?

*Nick.* Ile doot.

*Exit*

*Wen.* Ile speake to her, and comfort her in griefe,  
Oh but her wound cannot be cur'd with words :  
No matter though, Ile do my best goodwill,  
To wroke a cure on her whom I did kill.

*Anne.* So, now vnto my Coach, then to my home,  
So to my deathbed, for from this sad houre,  
I neuer will, nor eate, nor drinke, nor tast  
Of any Cates that may preserue my life :  
I neuer will nor smile, nor sleepe, nor rest,  
But when my teares haue washt my blacke soule white,  
Sweete Sauour to thy hands I yeeld my sprite.

*Wen.* Oh mistris Frankford ?

*Anne.* Oh for Gods sake fly,  
The Diuell doth come to tempt me ere I dye :  
My Coach : this sinne that with an Angels face,  
Courtied mine honor till hee sought my wracke.  
In my repentant eyes seemes vgly blacke.

*Exeunt all: the Carters whistling.*

*Ienk.* What my young maister that fled in his shirt, how come  
you by your clothes againe ? you haue made our house in a sweet  
pickle,

*Kild with Kindnesse.*

plekle, haue you not thinke you ? What shall I serue you still, or  
cleaue to the old house ?

*Wen.* Hence stauie, away with thy vnseasoned mirth,  
Vnlesse thou canst shed teares, and sigh, and houle,  
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaime on fate,  
Thou art not for my turne,

*Ienk.* Marry and you will not another will : farewell and be  
hangd, wold you had neuer come to haue kept this quiole with-  
in our doores, we shall ha you run away like a sprite againe.

*Wen.* Shes gone to death, I liue to want and woe,  
Her life, her sins, and all vpon my head,  
And I must now go wander like a Cain  
In torreine Countries, and remoted clymes,  
Where the report of my ingratitude  
Cannot be heard, Ile ouer, first to France,  
And so to Germany, and Italy,  
Where when I haue recovered, and by travell .  
Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumors  
May in their height abate, I will returne,  
And I deuine, how euer now dejected  
My worth and parts being by some great man praisd,  
At my returne I may in Court be raisd.

*Exit.*

*Enter sir Francis, sir Charlot, Cranwell, and Susan.*

*Francis.* Brother, and now my wife, I thinke these troubles  
Fall on my head, by Iustice of the heaueus,  
For being so strict to you in your extremities,  
But we are now attonde, I would my sister  
Could wish like happinesse, o'recome her griefes,  
As we haue ours,

*Susan.* You tell vs maister Cranwell wonderous things,  
Touching the patience of that gentleman,  
With what strange vertue he demeanes his griefe.

*Cran.* I told you what I was witness of,  
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

*Francis.* O that same villen Wendoll, it was his tongue  
That did corrupt her, she was of her selfe,  
Chast and deuoted well. Is this the house ?

*Cran.* Yes sir, I take it here your sister lies.

H 2

*Francis.*

## *A Woman*

*Francis.* My brother Frankford shoud too mild a spirit  
In the reuenge of such a loathed crime;  
Lesse then he did, no man of spyrte could do,  
I am so far from blaming his reuenge  
That I commend it; had it bin my case  
Their soules at once had from their breasts bin freed,  
Death to such deedes of shame is the due meede.

*Enter Ienkin and Sissie.*

*Ienk.* O my mistris, my mistris, my poore mistris.

*Sissie.* Alas that euer I was born, what shall I do, for my poor mistris.

*Charles.* Why, what of her?

*Ienk.* O Lord sir, she no sooner heard that her brother  
And his friends were come to see how she did,  
But she for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell  
Into a swoone, and we had much ado to  
Get life into her.

*Susan.* Alasse that she should beare so hard a fate,  
Pitty it is, repentance comes to late.

*Milton.* Is she so weake in body?

*Ienk.* O sir I can assure you thers no help of life  
In her, for she will take no sustenance, she hath plainly  
Starued her selfe, that now she is as leane  
As a lath, she euer  
Lookes for the good hower: many  
Gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to,  
Comfort her.

*Enters Mistris Frankford in her bed.*

*Malby.* How fare you mistris Frankford?

*Anne.* Sicke, sicke, oh sicke, giue me some aire I pray you.  
Tell me, oh tell me, wheres maister Frankford?  
Will not he daigne to see me ere I dye?

*Malby.* Yes mistris Frankford, diuers gentlemen,  
Your louing neighbors with that iust request,  
Haue moud and told him of your weake estate,  
Who though with much adoe to get beliefe.

Exami-

## *Kild with kindnesse.*

Examining of the generall circumstance,  
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence  
And hearing there withall the great desire  
You haue to see him ere you left the world,  
He gaue to vs his faith to follow vs,  
And sure he will be here immediatly.

*Anne.* You halfe reuiude me with those pleasing newes,  
Raife me a little higher in my bed.

Blush I not maister Frankford? blush I not sir Charles?  
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheeke?  
Is not my cryme there? tell me gentlemen?

*Charles.* Alasse good mistris, sicknesse hath not left you  
Bloud in your face enough to make you blush:  
Then sicknesse like a friend my fault would hide,

*Anne.* Is my husband come? My soule but tarries  
His ariue and I am fit for heauen.

*Charles.* I came to chide you, but my wordes of hate,  
Are turnd to pitty and compassionate grieve:  
I came to rate you, but my bralles you see,  
Melt into teares, and I must weepe by thee.

*Enter Frankford.*

Heres maister Frankford now.

*Fran.* Good morrow brother, good morrow gentlemen,  
God that hath laid this crosse vpon our heads,  
Might had he pleas'd haue made our cause of meeting  
On a more faire and a more contented ground,  
But he that made vs, made vs to this woe.

*Anne.* And is he come, methinks that voyce I know.

*Frank.* How do you woman?

*Anne.* Well, maister Frankford, well: but shall be better:  
I hope within this hower? will you vouchsafe  
Out of your grace and your humanity,  
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

*Frank.* That hand once held my hart in faster bonds  
Then now tis gripte by me: God pardon them  
That made vs first breake hold.

H 3

Anne.

## A Woman

*Anne.* Amen, amen,  
Out of my zeale to heauen whether I am now bound,  
I was so impudent to wish you here,  
And once more beg your pardon oh Good man.  
And father to my children pardon me.  
Pardon, oh pardon me, my fault so heynous is,  
That if you in this world forgine it not,  
Heaven will not cleare it in the world to come.  
Faintnesse hath so vsurpt vpon my knees,  
That kneele I cannot but on my harts knees,  
My prostrate soule lyes throwne downe at your feet,  
To beg your gracious pardon: pardon, O pardon me.  
*Frank.* As freely from the low depth of my soule,  
As my redeemer hath forgiven his death,  
I pardon thee, I will shed teares for thee,  
Pray with thee, and in meere pittie  
Of thy weake state, Ile wish to die with thee.

*All.* So do we all,

*Nick.* So will not I,

Ile sigh and sob, but by my faith not dye.

*Allan.* Oh maister Frankford all the neere alliance,  
I loose by her, shall be supplyd in thee,  
you are my brother by the neere way,  
Her kindred hath fallen off, but yours doth stay.

*Frank.* Euen as I hope for pardon at that day,  
When the great Iudge of Heaven in Scarlet sits,  
So be thou pardoned, though thy rash offence,  
Diuid our bodies, thy repentant teares  
Vnite our soules.

*Charles.* Then comfort mistris Frankford,  
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall,  
Then rouse your spirits, and cheere your fainting soule.

*Susan.* How is it with you?

*Allan.* How do you feele your selfe?

*Anne.* Not of this world.

*Frank.* I see you are not, and I weepe to see it,  
My wife the mother to my pretty Babes,  
Both these lost names I do restore thee back.

## And with kinneffe.

And with this kisse I wed thee once againe,  
Though thou art wounded in thy honord name,  
And with that griefe vpon thy death-bed liest,  
Honest in hart, vpon my soule thou diest.

*Anne.* Pardons on earth, soule, thou in heauen art free,  
Once more thy wife, dyes thus imbracing thee.

*Frank.* New married, and new widdowed, oh shees dead,  
And a cold graue must be our Nuptiall bed.

*Charles.* Sir be of good comfort, and your heauy sorrow,  
Part equally amongst vs, stormes deuicid  
Abate their force, and with lesse rage are guided.

*Gran.* Do maister Frankford, he that hath least part,  
Will find enough to drowne one troubled hart.

*Allan.* Peace with thee Nan: Brothers and Gentlemen,  
All we that can plead interest in her griefe -  
Bestowe vpon her body funterall teares;  
Brother, had you with threats and vsage bad,  
Punisht her sin, the griefe of her offence  
I had not with such true sorrow tucht her hart.

*Frank.* I see it had not, therefore on her graue,  
I will bestow this funeral Epitaph,  
Which on her Marble Tombe shall be ingraue'd,  
In Golden letters shall these words be fild,  
Heere lies she, whom her husbands kindnesse kild,

## FINIS.

# The Epilogue.

**A**n honest Crew, disposed to be merry,  
Came to a Tauerne by, and call'd for wine:  
The drawer brought it, smiling like a Cherry;  
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine:  
Tast it (quoth one) he did so, sic (quoth he)  
This wine was good, now 't runs too neare the Lee.

Another spt, to gine the wine his dew,  
And said vnto the rest, it drunke too flat,  
The third said, it was old: the fourth, too new,  
Nay quoth the fift, the sharpnesse likes me not:  
Thus gentlemen you see, how in one houre,  
The Wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sower.

Vnto this wine we do allude our play,  
Which some will indge too triniall, some too graue:  
You as our guests we entertaine this day,  
And bid you welcome to the best we haue:  
Excuse vs then: good wine may be disgrast,  
When euery seuerall mouth, hath sundry tast.

