

As this of happinesse. And here's an end  
Of both. Now both their states are equall. O  
That Man, with so much labour should aspire  
To worldly height; when in the humble earth,  
The world's condition's at the best! Or scorne  
Inferiour men; since to be lower then  
A worme, is to be higher then a King!  
*Bora.* Then fall and rise.

*Discharges.—Gives false fire.*

*Charl.* What villaines hand was that?  
Saue thee or thou shalt perish.

*They fight.*

*Bora.* Zownes vnsau'd I thinke.

*Fall.*

*Charl.* What? Haue I kill'd him? whatsoe'er thou beest  
I would thy hand had prosper'd. For I was  
Vnfit to liue, and well prepar'd to die.  
What shall I doe? accuse my selfe. Submit  
Me to the law, and that will quickly end  
This violent encrease of miserie.  
But t'is a murther to be accessarie  
To mine owne death. I will not. I will take  
This opportunitie to scape. It may  
Be Heau'n reserues me to some better end. *Exit CHARLEMONT.*

*Enter SNUFFE and SOQUETTE into the Churchyard.*

*Soqu.* Nay good Sir; I dare not. In good sooth I come of  
a generation both by Father and Mother, that were all as fruitfull as  
Coſtard-mongers wiues.

*Snu.* Tush then, a Timpanie is the greatest danger can be  
fear'd. Their fruitfulness turns but to a certaine kind of fleg-  
matique windie disease.

*Soqu.* I must put my vnderstanding to your trust Sir. I would  
be loath to be deceiu'd.

*Snu.* No, conceiue; thou sha't not. Yet thou shalt profit by  
my instruction too. My bodie is not eury day drawne dry wench.

*Soqu.* Yet mee thinkes Sir, your want of vse should rather make  
your body like a Well; the lesser t'is drawne, the sooner it growes  
dry.

*Snu.* Thou shalt try that instantly.

*Soqu.* But we want place and opportunity.

*Snu.* We haue both. This is the backe side of the House which  
the superstitious call Saint *Winifred's* Church; and is verily a  
conuenient vnfrequented place.—Where vnder the close Curtaines  
of the night—

*Soqu.* You purpose i' the darke to make me light.

*Pulles out a sheete, a haire, and a beard.*

But what ha' you there?

*Snu.* This disguise is for securitie sake wench. There's a talke  
thou know'st, that the Ghoast of olde *Montferrers* walks. In this  
Church he was buried. Now if any stranger fall vpon vs before  
our businesse be ended; in this disguise I shall be taken for that  
Ghoast; and neuer be call'd to examination I warrant thee. Thus  
wee shall scape both preuention and discouerie. How doe I looke  
in this habite wench?

*Soq.* So like a Ghost, that not withstanding I haue som fore-  
knowledge of you, you make my haire stand almost on end.

*Snu.* I will try how I can kisse in this beard.—O fie, fie, fie.  
I will put it off; and then kisse; and then put it on. I can doe  
the rest without kissing.

*Enter CHARLEMONT doubtfully with his sword drawne, is vpon  
them before they are aware. They runne out diuers waies,  
and leaue the disguise.*

*Charl.* What ha' wee heere? a Sheete? a haire? a beard?  
What end was this disguise intended for?  
No matter what. I'le not expostulate  
The purpose of a friendly accident.  
Perhaps it may accommodate my scape.—  
I feare I am pursued. For more assurance,  
I'le hide mee heere i' th Charnell house;  
This conuocation-house of dead mens sculles.—

*To get into the Charnell house, he takes holde of a Death's bead;  
it slips and staggers him.*

Death's head! deceiu'st my hold? Such is the trust to all mor-  
talitie.  
*Hides himselfe in the Charnell house.*