

Belfo. The Watch? Met with my wish. I must request th' assistance of your offices. *FRISCO runnes away.*
S'death; stay that villaine; pursue him. —*Exeunt.*

[IV. v.]

Enter SNUFFE importuning SOQUETTE.

Soqu. Nay, if you get me any more into the Churchyard.

Snu. Why *Soquette*? I neuer got thee there yet.

Soqu. Got me there? No. Not with childe.

Snu. I promis'd thee I would not; and I was as good as my word.

Soqu. Yet your word was better then than your deede. But, steale vp into the little matted chamber o' the left hand.

Snu. I prithee let it be the right hand; thou left'st me before and I did not like that.

Soqu. 'Precious quickly; So soone as my *Mistresse* shall be in bed I'll come to you. —*Exit SNUFFE.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, LEUIDULCIA and CATAPLASMA.

Cata. I wonder *Frisco* stayes so long.

Seba. *Mistresse Soquette*, a word with you. —*Whisper.*

Leui. If he brings word my Husband is i' bed; I will aduerture one nights liberty to lie abroad.—My strange affection to this Man!—T'is like that naturall sympathie which e'en among the sencelesse creatures of the earth, commands a mutuall inclination and consent: For though it seemes to be the free effect of mine owne voluntarie loue; yet I can neither restraine it, nor giue reason for't. But now t'is done; and in your power it lies to saue my honour; or dishonour me.

Cata. Enioy your pleasure (Madame) without feare. I neuer will betray the trust you haue committed to me. And you wrong your selfe, to let consideration of the sinne molest your conscience. Me thinkes t'is vniust, that a reproach should be inflicted on a woman for offending but with one; when t'is a light offence in Husbands to commit with many.

Leui. So it seemes to me.—Why how now *Sebastian*? making loue to that Gentlewoman? How many mistresses ha' you i' faith?

Seba. In faith; none. For I think none of 'em are faithfull, but otherwise, as many as cleane Shirts. The loue of a woman is

pleasingly, next morning to breakfast: but afterwards waxes fulsome and vnwholesome.

Cata. Nay by Saint *Winifred*; a woman's loue lasts as long as Winter fruit.

Seba. T'is true. Till new come in. By my experience no longer. —*Enter FRISCO running.*

Frisco. Some bodie's doing has vndone vs; and we are like pay dearely for't.

Sebast. Pay deare? for what?

Frisco. Wil't not be a chargeable reckoning, thinke you; when heere are halfe a dozen fellowes comming to call vs to accompt, with eu'rie man a seuerall bill in his hand, that wee are not able to discharge.

—*Knocke at the doore.*

Cata. Passion o' me. What bouncing's that? Madame! withdraw your selfe.

Leuid. *Sebastian* if you loue me, saue my honour. —*Exeunt.*

Seba. What violence is this? What seeke you? Zownes! you shall not passe.

Enter BELFOREST and the Watch.

Belfo. Pursue the Strumpet. Villaine giue mee way; Or I will make my passage through thy bloud.

Seba. My bloud will make it slipperie my Lord. T'were better you would take another way. You may hap fall else.

They fight. Both slaine. SEBASTIAN fall'es first.

Seba. I ha't ifaith.

—*Dies.*

While BELFOREST is staggering, enter LEUIDULCIA.

Leuid. O God! my Husband! my *Sebastian*! Husband! Neither can speake; yet both report my shame. Is this the sauing of my Honour? when Their bloud runnes out in riuers; and my lust The fountaine whence it flowes? Deare Husband! let Not thy departed spirit be displeas'd; If with adult'rate lips I kisse thy cheek. Heere I behold the hatefulnessse of lust;