

Title Page Attribution	Title	Date of Publication
Lording Barry	Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks	1611
Nathan Field	A Woman is a Weathercock	1612
Richard Brome	The Northern Lass	1632
Thomas Heywood and Richard Brome	The Late Lancashire Witches	1634
Beaumont and Fletcher	The Scornful Lady	1616
John Fletcher	The Coronation	1640
John Fletcher	Rule a Wife and Have a Wife	1640
James Shirley	The Lady of Pleasure	1637
James Shirley	Changes, or Love in a Maze	1632
James Shirley	The Humorous Courtier	1640
James Shirley	The Opportunity	1640
James Shirley	The Wedding	1633

Figure 1. A sequence of quarto play-books bound together after 1640. Oxford, Bodleian 4° T 38 Art

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Beaumont and Fletcher	<i>The Scornful Lady</i>	1651
Beaumont and Fletcher	<i>Cupid's Revenge</i>	1630
Francis Beaumont	<i>The Knight of the Burning Pestle</i>	early 1650s? [false date of 1635]
John Fletcher	<i>Monsieur Thomas</i>	1639
John Fletcher	<i>The Night Walker</i>	1640
John Fletcher	<i>The Coronation</i>	1640
Beaumont and Fletcher	<i>Thierry and Theodoret</i>	1649
Beaumont and Fletcher	<i>The Woman Hater</i>	1649

Figure 2. A sequence of quarto play-books bound together after 1651. Oxford, Wadham College A.34.25

much, that the Phisition if she fall sick vpon't shall want vtine to
finde the cause by: and she remedlesse die in her heresie: Farwell
old Adage, I hope to see the boyes make Pot guns on thee.

Abi. Th'art a vyle man; God blesse my issue from thee.

Eld. lo. Thou hast but one, and thats in thy left crupper, that
makes thee hobble so; you must be ground ith breech like a top,
youle nere spin well else: Farwell Fytchocke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not frange that euery womans will should tracke
out new waies to disturbe her selfe? if I should call my reason
to account, it cannot answere why I stoppe my selfe from
mine owne wish; and stoppe the man I loue from his; and eu-
ery houre repent againe, yet still go on. I know tis like a
man, that wants his naturall sleep, and growing dull, would glad-
ly giue the remnant of his life for two howers rest: yet through
his frowardnesse, will rather chuse to watch another man
drowns

The Scornfull Lady.

Drowfie as he, then take his owne repose. All this I know:
yet a strange peuishnes and anger, not to haue the power to doe
things vnexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine. I had
rather dye sometimes then not disgrace in publike him whom
people thinke I loue, and doo't with oaths, and am in earnest
then: O what are wee! Men, you must answer this, that dare
obey such things as wee command. How now? what newee?

Abi. Faith Madam none worth hearing.

Ent. Abi.

La. Is he not come? *Abi.* No truly.

La. Nor has he writ?

Abi. Neither. I pray God you haue not vndone your selfe:

La. Why, but what sayes hee?

Abi. Faith he talkes strangely:

La. How strangely?

Figure 3. Details from Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, *The Scornful Ladie* (London, 1616), British Library, C.34.c.5, H4r-v.

Actus 4. Scena prima.

Enter *Abigall solus.*

Abi. **A** Lasse poore Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee? to what scurvy Fortune? thou that hast beene a companion for Noble men, & at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Seruingman, mult begge for fauour to those that would haue crawl'd like Pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apprition of me: you that bee comming on, make much of fisteene, and so till fiue and twenty: vse your time with reuerence, that your profit may arise: it will not tarry with you *Ecce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfet eates our youth, plague of his Iron teeth, and draw v^m for't, h'as been a little bolder here then vvelcome: and now to say the truth I am fit for no man. Old men i^th house, of fittie, call me Gramam; and vwhen they are drunke, e'ene then, when *Ione* and my Lady are all one, not one vwill doe me reason. My little Leuite hath forsaken
G me,

Figure 4. Detail from Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, *The Scornful Ladie* (London, 1616), Huntington Library 60260, G1r.

that's the court-Ambler.

She trips about the stage

Gir. Has the Court nere a trot?

Pold. No, but a false gallop, Ladie.

Gir. And if she will not goe to bed

Cantat.

Bett. The knights come forsooth.

*Enter Sir Petronell, M. Touch-stone,
and Mistris Touchstone.*

Sir Petro. Faith, I was so intertaind in the Progressse with one
Count *Epernoum* a welch knight: wee had a match at *Baloone*
too, with my Lord *Whachum*, for foure crownes.

Gir. At *Baboone*? *Iesu!* you and I will play at *Baboone* in the
countrey? Knight.

Sir Pet. O sweet Lady: tis a strong play with the arme.

Gir. With arme, or legge, or any other member, if it bee a

Figure 5. Details from George Chapman, Ben Jonson and John Marston, *Eastward Hoe* (1605), Huntington Library 87481, B1r.