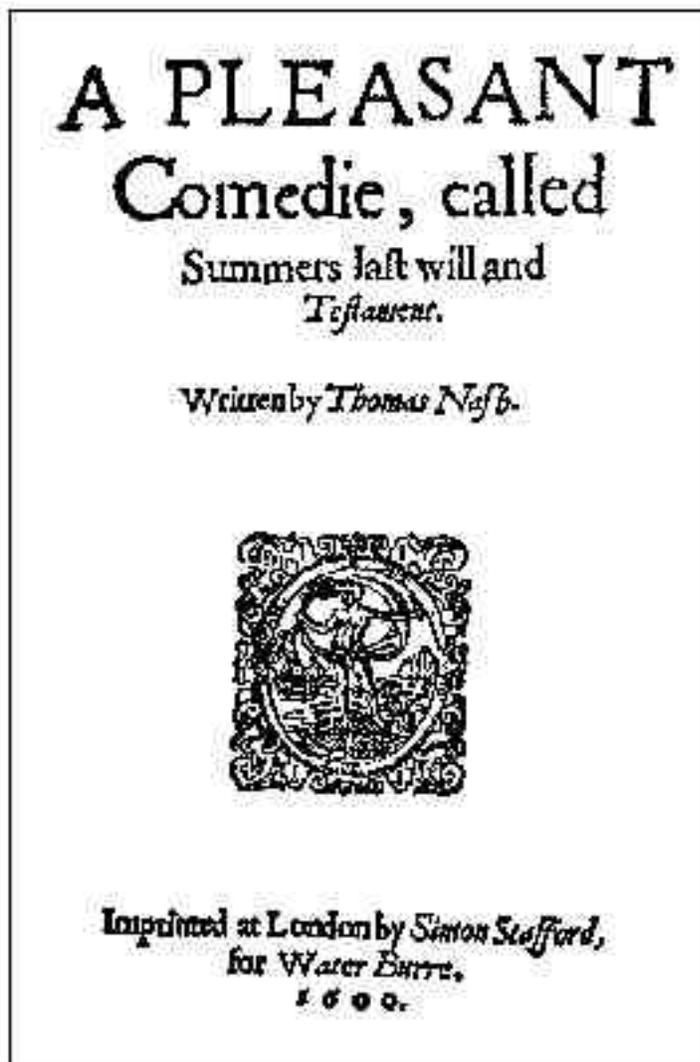


The Works of Thomas Nashe

Summers Last Will and Testament

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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.



A PLEASANT
Comedie, called
Summers last will and *Testament*.
Written by *Thomas Nash*.
Imprinted at London by *Simon Stafford*,
For *Water Burre*.
1600.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WILL SUMMER, *with Satyrs and Wood-nymphs.*
SUMMER,
AUTUMN,
WINTER,
VERTUMNUS,
VER, *with his Train.*
SOL, *with a Noise of Musicians.*
SOLSTITIUM, *with Shepherds.*
ORION, *with Huntsmen.*
HARVEST, *with Reapers.*
BACCHUS, *with Companions.*
SONS TO WINTER.
CHRISTMAS,
BACKWINTER,
Boy *with an Epilogue*
Morris dancers, *with the Hobby-Horse*
Three Clowns
Three Maids

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[*Enter Will Summers in his fool's coat but half on, coming out.*]

Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubem. There is no such fine time to play the knave in as the night. I am a Goose, or a Ghost, at least; for what with turmoil of getting my fool's apparel, and care of being perfect, I am sure I have not yet supped tonight. Will Summer's Ghost I should be, come to present you with Summer's last will and Testament. Be it so, if my cousin Ned will lend me his Chain and his Fiddle. Other stately paced Prologues use to attire themselves within; I, that have a toy in my head more than ordinary, and use ... [10] to go without money, without garters, without girdle, without a hat-band, without points to my hose, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much use of this word without in everything, will here dress me without. Dick Huntley cries, Begin, begin; and all the whole house, For shame, come away; when I had my things but now brought me out of the Laundry. God forgive me, I did not see my Lord before. I'll set a good face on it, as though what I had talked idly all this while were my part. So it is, *boni viri*, that one fool presents another; and I, a fool by ... [20] nature and by art, do speak to you in the person of the Idiot, our Playmaker. He, like a Fop & an Ass, must be making himself a public laughing-stock, & have no thank for his labor; where other Magisterij, whose invention is far more exquisite, are content to sit still and do nothing. I'll show you what a scurvy Prologue he had made me, in an old vein of similitudes; if you be good fellows, give it the hearing, that you may judge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.

At a solemn feast of the *Triumviri* in Rome, it was ... [30] seen and observed that the birds ceased to sing, & sat solitary on the house-tops, by reason of the sight of a painted Serpent set openly to view. So fares it with us novices, that here betray our imperfections: we, afraid to look on the imaginary serpent of Envy, painted in men's affections, have ceased to tune any music of mirth to your ears this twelve-month, thinking that, as it is the nature of the serpent to hiss, so childhood and ignorance would play the goslings, contemning and condemning what they understood not. Their censures we weigh not, whose ... [40] senses are not yet unswaddled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them. Whelps will bark before they can see, and strive to bite

before they have teeth. Politianus speaketh of a beast who, while he is cut on the table, drinketh, and represents the motions & voices of a living creature. Such like foolish beasts are we, who, whilest we are cut, mocked, & flouted at, in every man's common talk, will notwithstanding proceed to shame ourselves, to make sport. No man pleaseth all; we seek to please one. Didymus wrote ... [50] four thousand books, or, as some say, six thousand, of the art of Grammar. Our Author hopes it may be as lawful for him to write a thousand lines of as light a subject. Socrates (whom the Oracle pronounced the wisest man of Greece) sometimes danced. Scipio and Lelius by the seaside played at pebble-stone. *Semel insanivimus omnes*. Every man cannot, with Archimedes, make a heaven of brass, or dig gold out of the iron mines of the law. Such odd trifles as Mathematicians' experiments be, Artificial flies to hang in the air by themselves, ... [60] dancing balls, an egg shell that shall climb up to the top of a spear, fiery-breathing gourdes, *Poeta noster* professeth not to make. *Placeat sibi quisq; licebit*. What's a fool but his babble? Deep-reaching wits, here is no deep stream for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a never-meant meaning of everything, applying all things to the present time, keep your attention for the common Stage; for here are no quips in Characters for you to read. Vain glazers, gather what you will. Spite, spell backwards what you canst. As the Parthians fight, ... [70] flying away, so will we prate and talk, but stand to nothing that we say.

[At this point, Grossart adds "End of Prologue" and inserts a space.]

How say you, my masters, do you not laugh at him for a Cockscomb? Why, he hath made a Prologue longer than his Play; nay, 'tis no Play neither, but a show. I'll be sworn, the Jig of Rowland's God-son is a Giant in comparison of it. What can be made of Summers last will & Testament? Such another thing as *Gyllian* of Braynford's will, where she bequeathed a score of farts among'st her friends. Forsooth, because the plague reigns in most ... [80] places in this latter end of summer, Summer must come in sick: he must call his officers to account, yield his throne to Autumn, make Winter his Executor, with tittle-tattle Tom boy: God give you good night in Watling street. I care not what I say now, for I play no more than you hear; & some of that you heard too (by your leave)

was extempore. He were as good have let me had the best part; for I'll be revenged on him to the uttermost, in this person of Will Summer, which I have put on to play the Prologue, and mean not to put off till the play ... [90] be done. I'll sit as a Chorus, and flout the Actors and him at the end of every Scene: I know they will not interrupt me, for fear of marring of all: but look to your cues, my masters; for I intend to play the knave in cue, and put you besides all your parts, if you take not the better heed. Actors, you Rogues, come away, clear your throats, blow your noses, and wipe your mouths ere you enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough, when you are *non plus*. And this I bar, over and besides: That none of you stroke your beards to make action, ... [100] play with your cod-piece points, or stand fumbling on your buttons, when you know not how to bestow your fingers. Serve God, and act cleanly; a fit of mirth, and an old song first, if you will.

[Enter Summer, leaning on Autumn's and Winter's shoulders, and attended on with a train of Satyrs and wood-Nymphs, singing: Vertumnus also following him.]

Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore:

So fair a summer look for never more.

All good things vanish, less than in a day,

Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.

Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year;

The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear. ... [110]

What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?

O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source;

Streams, turn to tears your tributary course.

Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year;

The earth is hell, when thou leav'st to appear.

[The Satyrs and wood-Nymphs go out singing, and leave and Winter and Autumn, with Vertumnus, on the stage.]

WILL SUMMER: A couple of pretty boys, if they would wash their faces, and were well-breeched an hour or two.

The rest of the green men have reasonable voices, good to sing catches, or the great Jowben by the fires-side, in a ... [120] winter's evening. But let us hear what Summer can say for himself, why he should not be hissed at.

SUMMER: What pleasure always lasts? No joy endures:

Summer I was, I am not as I was;

Harvest and age have whitened my green head;

On Autumn now and Winter must I lean.
Needs must he fall, whom none but foes uphold.
Thus must the happiest man have his black day:
Omnibus una manet nox, & calcanda semel via lethi.
This month have I lain languishing abed, ... [130]
Looking each hour to yield my life and throne;
And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen,
On whom all seasons prosperously attend,
Forbad the execution of my fate,
Until her joyful progress was expired.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
And wisheth long to live to her content;
But wishes are not had when they wish well.
I must depart, my death-day is set down; ... [140]
To these two must I leave my wheaten crown.
So unto unthrifths rich men leave their lands,
Who in an hour consume long labor's gains.
True is it that divinest Sidney sung,
O, he is marred, that is for others made.
Come near, my friends, for I am near my end.
In presence of this Honorable train,
Who love me (for I patronize their sports),
Mean I to make my final Testament;
But first I'll call my officers to count, ... [150]
And of the wealth I gave them to dispose,
Known what is left, I may know what to give.
Vertumnus then, that turn'st the year about,
Summon them one-by-one to answer me;
First, Ver, the spring, unto whose custody
I have committed more than to the rest:
The choice of all my fragrant meads and flowers,
And what delights soere nature affords.

VERTUMNUS: I will, my Lord. Ver, lusty Ver, by the name
of lusty Ver, come into the court! Lose a mark in issues. ... [160]

[*Enter Ver with his train, over-laid with suits of green moss, representing
short grass, singing.*]

The Song.
Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant King,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.
The Palm and May make country houses gay,

Lambs frisk and play, the Shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit, ... [170]
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet spring.

WILL SUMMER: By my troth, they have voices as clear
as Crystal; this is a pratty thing, if it be for nothing but
to go a begging with.

SUMMER: Believe me, Ver, but thou art pleasant bent;
This humor should import a harmless mind:
Knowest thou the reason why I sent for thee?

VER: No, faith, nor care not whether I do or no. ... [180]
If you will dance a Galliard, so it is; if not,
Falangtado, Falangtado, to wear the black and yellow:
Falangtado, Falangtado, my mates are gone, I'll follow.

SUMMER: Nay, stay a while, we must confer and talk.
Ver, call to mind I am thy sovereign Lord,
And what thou hast, of me thou hast and hold'st.
Unto no other end I sent for thee,
But to demand a reckoning at thy hands,
How well or ill thou hast employed my wealth.

VER: If that be all, we will not disagree: ... [190]
A clean trencher and a napkin you shall have presently.

WILL SUMMER: The truth is, this fellow hath been a tapster
in his days.

[Ver goes in and fetcheth out the Hobby horse & the morris , who dance about.]

SUMMER: How now? Is this the reckoning we shall have?

WINTER: My Lord, he doth abuse you: brook it not.

AUTUMN: *Summa totalis*, I fear, will prove him but a fool.

VER: About, about, lively, put your horse to it, rein
him harder, jerk him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast, man;
fool, hold up your babble there.

WILL SUMMER: O brave hall! O, well said, butcher. ... [200]
Now for the credit of Worcestershire. The finest set of Morris-
dancers that is between this and Stretham; marry, methinks
there is one of them danceth like a Clothier's horse,
with a wool-pack on his back. You, friend with the
Hobby-horse, go not too fast, for fear of wearing out my
Lord's tile-stones with your hob-nails.

VER: So, so, so; trot the ring twice over, and away.
May it please my Lord, this is the grand capital sum;
but there are certain parcels behind, as you shall see.

SUMMER: Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much. ... [210]

VER: Content yourself, we'll have variety.

[*Here enter 3 Clowns and 3 Maids, singing this song, dancing.*]

Trip and go, heave and ho,
Up and down, to and fro,
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove
A Maying, a playing:
Love hath no gainsaying:
So merrily trip and go.

WILL SUMMER: Beshrew my heart, of a number of ill legs
I never saw worse dancers: how blest are you, that the ... [220]
wenches of the parish do not see you!

SUMMER: Presumptuous Ver, uncivil-nurtured boy,
Think'st I will be derided thus of thee?
Is this th' account and reckoning that thou mak'st?

VER: Truth, my Lord, to tell you plain, I can give you
no other account: *nam quae habui, perdidit*; what I had, I
have spent on good fellows; in these sports you have seen,
which are proper to the Spring, and others of like sort (as
giving wenches green gowns, making garlands for Fencers,
and tricking up children gay) have I bestowed all my flowery ... [230]
treasure, and flower of my youth.

WILL SUMMER: A small matter. I know one spent, in
less than a year, eight and fifty pounds in mustard, and
another that ran in debt, in the space of four or five year,
about fourteen thousand pound in lute-strings and gray
paper.

SUMMER: O monstrous unthrift, whoere heard the like?
The sea's vast throat in so short tract of time,
Devoureth nor consumeth half so much.
How well might'st thou have lived within thy bounds! ... [240]

VER: What talk you to me of living within my bounds?
I tell you, none but Asses live within their bounds: the
silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture that is eaten bare to
the very earth, & where there is nothing to be had but thistles,
will rather fall soberly to those thistles, and be hunger-starved,
than they will offer to break their bounds; whereas the
lusty courser, if he be in a barren plot and spy better
grass in some pasture near adjoining, breaks over hedge
and ditch, and to go, e'er he will be pent in, and not have
his belly full. Peradventure the horses lately sworn to be ... [250]
stolen carried that youthful mind who, if they had been
Asses, would have been yet extant.

WILL SUMMER: Thus we may see, the longer we live,
the more we shall learn; I ne'er thought honesty an
ass, till this day.

VER: This world is transitory; it was made of nothing,
and it must to nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will
of our high Creator (whose will it is, that it pass to
nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing. Gold
is more vile than men: Men die in thousands, and ten ... [260]
thousands, yea, many times in hundred thousands, in one
battle. If then the best husband be so liberal of his
best handy-work, to what end should we make much
of a glittering excrement, or doubt to spend at a banquet
as many pounds as he spends men at a battle? Methinks
I honor Geta, the Roman Emperor, for a brave-minded
fellow; for he commanded a banquet to be made him of
all meats under the Sun; which were served in after the
order of the Alphabet; and the Clerk of the kitchen,
following the last dish (which was two mile off from the ... [270]
foremost), brought him an Index of their several names:
Neither did he pringle when it was set on the board,
but for the space of three days and three nights never rose
from the Table.

WILL SUMMER: O intolerable lying villain, that was
never begotten without the consent of a whetstone!

SUMMER: Ungracious man, how fondly he argueth!

VER: Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold laid under our feet in the veins of the earth, but that we should contemn it, and tread upon it, and so consequently tread ... [280] thrift under our feet? It was not known till the Iron age, *donec facinus invasit mortales*, as the Poet says; and the Scythians always detested it. I will prove it, that an unthrift, of any, comes nearest a happy man, in so much as he comes nearest to beggary. Cicero saith, summum bonum consists in *omnium rerum vacatione*, that it is the chiefest felicity that may be, to rest from all labors. Now, who doth so much *vacare a rebus*? Who rests so much? Who hath so little to do, as the beggar? Who can sing so merry a note, ... [290] As he that cannot change a groat? *Cui nil est, nil deest*; he that hath nothing, wants nothing. On the other side, it is said of the Carl, *Omnio habeo nec quicquam habeo*: I have all things, yet want everything. *Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo*, saith Marcus Cato in Aulus Gellius, *at ego illis, quia nequent egere*: Many upbraid me, sayeth he, because I am poor, but I upbraid them, because they cannot live if they were poor. It is a common proverb, *Divesq; miserq;* a rich man, and a miserable; *nam natura paucis contenta*, none so ... [300] contented as the poor man. Admit that the chiefest happiness were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus, Alcidamas, & many of Socrates followers affirm; why, *paupertas omnes perdocet artes*, poverty instructs a man in all arts, it makes a man hardy and venturous; and therefore it is called of the Poets, *Paupertas audax*, valiant poverty. It is not so much subject to inordinate desires as wealth or prosperity. *Non habet unde suum paupertas pascat amorem*: poverty hath not wherewithal to feed lust. All the Poets were beggars: All Alchemists and all ..[310] Philosophers are beggars: *Omnia mea mecum porto*, quoth Bias, when he had nothing but bread and cheese in a leathern bag, and two or three books in his bosom. Saint Francis, a holy Saint, & never had any money. It is madness to dote upon muck. That young man of Athens (Aelianus makes mention of) may be an example to us, who doted so extremely on the image of Fortune that, when he might not enjoy it, he died for sorrow. The earth yields all her fruits together, and why should not we spend them together? I thank heavens on my ... [320] knees, that have made me an unthrift.

SUMMER: O vanity itself! O wit ill spent!
So study thousands not to mend their lives,
But to maintain the sin they most affect,
To be hell's advocates gainst their own souls.
Ver, since thou giv'st such praise to beggary,
And hast defended it so valiantly,
This be thy penance; Thou shalt nere appear,
Or come abroad, but Lent shall wait on thee;
His scarcity may counter-vail thy waste. ... [330]
Riot may flourish, but finds want at last.
Take him away, that knoweth no good way,
And lead him the next way to woe and want. [*Exit Ver.*]
Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray,
And from the means of life fetch their decay.

WILL SUMMER: Heigh ho. Here is a coil indeed
to bring beggars to stocks. I promise you truly, I was
almost asleep; I thought I had been at a Sermon. Well,
For this one night's exhortation, I vow (by God's grace)
never to be good husband while I live. But what is this to ... [340]
the purpose? Hur come to Powl (as the Welshman says)
and hur pay an halfpenny for hur seat, and hur heare the
Preacher talge, and a talge very well, by gis; but yet
a cannot make hur laugh: goe a Theater, and heare
a Queenes Fice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur
belly-full. So we come hither to laugh and be merry, and
we hear a filthy beggarly Oration in the praise of beggary.
It is a beggarly Poet that writ it; and that makes him so
much to commend it, because he knows not how to mend
himself. Well, rather than he shall have no employment ... [350]
but lick dishes, I will set him a work myself, to write in
praise of the art of stooping, and how there was never
any famous Thresher, Porter, Brewer, Pioneer, or Carpenter,
that had straight back. Repair to my chamber, poor
fellow, when the play is done, and thou shalt see what
I will say to thee.

SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Solstitium.

VERTUMNUS: Solstitium, come into the court.
[*Without*]: Peace there below! Make room for master Solstitium.

[*Enter Solstitium like an aged Hermit, carrying a pair of balances, with hour-glass in either of them; one hour-glass white, the other black: is brought in by a number of shepherds, playing upon Recorders.*]

SOLSTITIUM: All hail to Summer, my dread sovereign ... [360]
Lord.

SUMMER: Welcome, Solstitium; thou art one of them,
To whose good husbandry we have referred
Part of those small revenues that we have.
What hast thou gained us? What hast thou brought in?

SOLSTITIUM: Alas, my Lord, what gave you me to keep,
But a few days'-eyes in my prime of youth?
And those I have converted to white hairs;
I never loved ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire. ... [370]
To be in heaven, sure, is a blessed thing;
But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back
Cannot but be more labor than delight.
Such is the state of men in honor placed;
They are gold vessels made for servile uses,
High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales;
Neither to be so great to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me. ... [380]
Inter utrumq, tene, medio, tutissimus ibis.

SUMMER: What dost thou with those balances thou bear'st?

SOLSTITIUM: In them I weigh the day and night alike.
This white glass is the hour-glass of the day,
This black one the just measure of the night;
One more than other holdeth not a grain:
Both serve time's just proportion to maintain.

SUMMER: I like thy moderation wondrous well;
And this thy balance, weighing the white glass
And black with equal poise and steadfast hand, ... [390]
A pattern is to Princes and great men,
How to weigh all estates indifferently.
The Spirituality and Temporality alike;
Neither to be too prodigal of smiles,
Nor too severe in frowning without cause.
If you be wise, you Monarchs of the earth,
Have two such glasses still before your eyes;
Think as you have a white glass running on,
Good days, friends' favor, and all things at beck,
So, this white glass run out (as out it will), ... [400]

The black comes next; your downfall is at hand:
Take this of me, for somewhat I have tried;
A mighty ebb follows a mighty tide.
But say, Solstitium, had'st thou nought besides?
Nought but days'-eyes and fair looks gave I thee?

SOLSTITIUM: Nothing, my Lord, nor ought more did I ask.

SUMMER: But had'st thou always kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would have asked.

SOLSTITIUM: Deserts, my Lord, of ancient servitors,
Are like old sores, which may not be ripped up: ... [410]
Such use these times have got, that none must beg,
But those that have young limbs to lavish fast.

SUMMER: I grieve no more regard was had of thee:
A little sooner had'st thou spoke to me,
Thou had'st been heard, but now the time is past;
Death waiteth at the door for thee and me;
Let us go measure out our beds in clay;
Nought but good deeds hence shall we bear away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my hours,
And so return unto thy country bowers. ... [420]
[Here Solstitium goes out with his music, as he comes in.]

WILL SUMMER: Fie, fie, of honesty, fie: Solstitium
is an ass, perdy; this play is gallimaufry; fetch me
some drink, somebody. What cheer, what cheer, my
hearts? Are you not thirsty with listening to this dry sport?
What have we to do with scales and hour-glasses, except
we were Bakers or Clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other
men are addicted, but it is against my profession to use any
scales but such as we play at with a bowl, or keep any
hours but dinner or supper. It is a pedantical thing to
respect times and seasons; if a man be drinking with good ... [430]
fellows late, he must come home, for fear the gates be shut:
when I am in my warm bed, I must rise to prayers, because
the bell rings. I like no such foolish customs. Actors,
bring now a black jack, and a rundlet of Rhenish wine,
disputing of the antiquity of red noses; let the prodigal child
come out in his doublet and hose all greasy, his shirt hanging
forth, and nere a penny in his purse, and talk what a fine
thing it is to walk summerly, or sit whistling under a hedge
and keep hogs. Go forward in grace and virtue to
proceed; but let us have no more of these grave matters. ... [440]

SUMMER: Vertumnus, will Sol come before us?

VERTUMNUS: *Sol, Sol, ut, re, me, fa, sol,*

Come to church while the bell toll.

[Enter Sol, very richly attired, with a noise of Musicians before him.]

SUMMER: I, marry, here comes majesty in pomp,

Resplendent Sol, chief planet of the heavens:

He is our servant, looks he nere so big.

SOL: My liege, what crav'st thou at thy vassal's hands?

SUMMER: Hypocrisy, how it can change his shape!

How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!

How I have raised thee, Sol, I list not tell, ... [450]

Out of the Ocean of adversity.

To sit in height of honor's glorious heaven,

To be the eye-sore of aspiring eyes;

To give the day her life from thy bright looks,

And let nought thrive upon the face of earth,

From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles.

What hast thou done deserving such high grace?

What industry, or meritorious toil,

Can'st thou produce, to prove my gift well-placed?

Some service or some profit I expect: ... [460]

None is promoted but for some respect.

SOL: My Lord, what needs these terms betwixt us two?

Upbraiding ill beseems your bounteous mind:

I do you honor for advancing me.

Why, 'tis a credit for your excellence,

To have so great a subject as I am:

This is your glory and magnificence,

That, without stooping of your mightiness,

Or taking any whit from your high state,

You can make one as mighty as yourself. ... [470]

AUTUMN: O arrogance exceeding all belief!

SUMMER: My Lord, this saucy upstart Jack,

That now doth rule the chariot of the Sun,

And makes all stars derive their light from him

Is a most base insinuating slave,

The son of parsimony and disdain,

One that will shine on friends and foes alike,

That under brightest smiles hideth black showers,

Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes,
And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food. ... [480]

WINTER: No dung-hill hath so vile an excrement,
But with his beams he will forthwith exhale;
The fens and quagmires tith to him their filth;
Forth purest mines he sucks a gainful dross;
Green Ivy-bushes at the Vintners' doors
He withers, and devoureth all their sap.

AUTUMN: Lascivious and intemperate he is.
The wrong of Daphne is a well-known tale;
Each evening he descends to Thetis lap,
The while men think he bathes him in the sea. ... [490]
O, but when he returneth whence he came
Down to the West, then dawns his deity,
Then doubled is the swelling of his looks;
He over-loads his car with Orient gems,
And reins his fiery horses with rich pearl;
He terms himself the god of Poetry,
And setteth wanton songs unto the Lute.

WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth? ... [500]
Ill usury my favors reap from thee,
Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.

SOL: If Envy unconfuted may accuse,
Then Innocence must uncondemned die.
The name of Martyrdom offense hath gained,
When fury stopped a froward Judge's ears.
Much I'll not say (much speech much folly shows),
What I have done, you gave me leave to do.
The excrements you bred, whereon I feed,
To rid the earth of their contagious fumes, ... [510]
With such gross carriage did I load my beams;
I burnt no grass, I dried no springs and lakes,
I sucked no mines, I withered no green boughs,
But when, to ripen harvest, I was forced
To make my rays more fervent than I wont.
For Daphne's wrongs, and scapes in Thetis lap,
All Gods are subject to the like mishap.
Stars daily fall ('tis use is all in all)
And men account the fall but nature's course;

Vaunting my jewels, hasting to the West, ... [520]
Or rising early from the gray-eyed morn,
What do I vaunt but your large bountihood,
And show how liberal a Lord I serve?
Music and poetry, my two last crimes,
Are those two exercises of delight,
Wherewith long labors I do weary out.
The dying Swan is not forbid to sing.
The waves of Heber played on Orpheus' strings,
When he (sweet music's Trophy) was destroyed,
And as for Poetry, woods' eloquence, ... [530]
(Dead Phaeton's three sisters' funeral tears
That by the gods were to Electrum turned),
Not flint, or rocks of Icy cinders framed,
Deny the source of silver-falling streams.
Envy envieth not outcry's unrest:
In vain I plead; well is to me a fault,
And these my words seem the slight web of art,
And not to have the taste of sounder truth.
Let none but fools be cared-for of the wise;
Knowledge own children knowledge most despise. ... [540]

SUMMER: Thou know'st too much to know to keep the mean.
He that sees all things oft sees not himself.
The Thames is witness of thy tyranny,
Whose waves thou hast exhaust for winter showers.
The naked channel plains her of thy spite,
That laid'st her entrails unto open sight.
Unprofitably born to man and beast,
Which like to Nilus yet doth hide his head,
Some few years since thou let'st o'erflow these walks,
And in the horse-race headlong ran at race, ... [550]
While in a cloud thou hid'st thy burning face:
Where was thy care to rid contagious filth,
When some men wet-shod (with his waters) drooped?
Others that ate the Eels his heat cast up
Sickened and died, by them empoisoned.
Sleep'st thou, or keep'st thou then Admetus' sheep,
Thou driv'st not back these flowings to the deep?
SOL: The winds, not I, have floods & tides in chase:
Diana, whom our fables call the moon,
Only commandeth o'er the raging main; ... [560]
She leads his wallowing offspring up and down;
She waning, all streams ebb; in the year
She was eclipsed, when that the Thames was bare.

SUMMER: A bare conjecture, builded on perhaps:
In laying thus the blame upon the moon,
Thou imitat'st subtle Pythagoras,
Who, what he would the people should believe,
The same he wrote with blood upon a glass,
And turned it opposite gainst the new moon;
Whose beams, reflecting on it will full force, ... [570]
Showed all those lines, to them that stood behind,
Most plainly writ in circle of the moon;
And then he said, not I, but the new moon,
Fair Cynthia, persuades you this and that.
With like collusion shalt thou not blind me;
But for abusing both the moon and me,
Long shalt thou be eclipsed by the moon,
And long in darkness live, and see no light.
Away with him, his doom hath no reverse.

SOL: What is eclipsed will one day shine again: ... [580]
Though winter frowns, the Spring will ease my pain.
Time from the brow doth wipe out every stain. [*Exit Sol.*]

WILL SUMMER: I think the Sun is not so long in
passing through the twelve signs, as the son of a
fool hath been disputing here about had I wist. Out of
doubt, the Poet is bribed of some that have a mess
of cream to eat, before my Lord go to bed yet, to hold
him half the night with riff-raff of the rumming of
Eleanor. If I can tell what it means, pray God I may
never get breakfast more, when I am hungry. Troth, ... [590]
I am of opinion he is one of those Hieroglyphical writers that,
by the figures of beasts, planets, and of stones, express the
mind, as we do in A.B.C.; or one that writes under
hair, as I have heard of a certain Notary Histiaeus, who,
following Darius in the Persian wars, and desirous to
disclose some secrets of import to his friend Aristagoras,
that dwelt afar off, found out this means: He had
a servant that had been long sick of a pain in his
eyes, whom, under pretense of curing his malady, he
shaved from one side of his head to the other, and with ... [600]
a soft pencil wrote upon his scalp (as on parchment) the
discourse of his business, the fellow all the while imagining
his master had done nothing but 'noint his head with
a feather. After this, he kept him secretly in his tent, till
his hair was somewhat grown, and then willed him to go
to Aristagoras into the country, and bid him shave
him, as he had done, and he should have perfect remedy.

He did so; Aristagoras shaved him with his own hands,
read his friend's letter, and when he had done, washed
it out, that no man should perceive it else, and sent ... [610]
him home to buy him a night-cap. If I wist there were
any such knavery, or Peter Bales Brachigraphy, under Sol's
bushy hair, I would have a Barber, my host of the
Murrion's head, to be his Interpreter, who would whet his
razor on his Richmond cap, and give him the terrible cut,
like himself, but he would come as near as a quart-pot to
the construction of it. To be sententious, not superfluous,
Sol should have been beholding to the Barber, and not
the beard-master. Is it pride that is shadowed under this
two-legged Sun, that never came nearer heaven than ... [620]
Dubber's hill? That pride is not my sin, Sloven's Hall,
where I was born, be my record. As for covetousness,
intemperance, and exaction, I meet with nothing in a whole
year but a cup of wine, for such vices to be conversant
in. *Pergite porro*, my good children, and multiply the
sins of your absurdities, till you come to the full measure
of the grand hiss, and you shall hear how we will purge
rheum with censuring your imperfections.

SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Orion.

VERTUMNUS: Orion, Urion, Arion. ... [630]
My Lord thou must look upon;
Orion, gentleman dog-keeper, huntsman, come into the
court; look you bring all hounds, and no bandogs.
Peace there, that we may hear their horns blow.

[Enter Orion like a hunter, with a horn about his neck, all his after the same sort hallowing and blowing their horns.]

ORION: Sirra, wast thou that called us from our game?
How durst thou (being but a petty God)
Disturb me in the entrance of my sports?

SUMMER: 'Twas I, Orion, caused thee to be called.

ORION: 'Tis I, dread Lord, that humbly will obey.

SUMMER: How hap'st thou left'st the heavens, to hunt below? ... [640]
As I remember, thou wert Hireus' son,
Whom of a huntsman Jove chose for a star,
And thou art called the Dog-star, art thou not?

AUTUMN: Pleaseth your honor, heaven's circumference
Is not enough for him to hunt and range,
But with those venom-breathed curs he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds:
Each one of those foul-mouthed mangy dogs
Governs a day (no dog but hath his day)
And all the days by them so governed, ... [650]
The Dog-days hight; infectious fosterers
Of meteors from carrion that arise,
And putrefied bodies of dead men,
Are they engendered to that ugly shape,
Being naught else but preserved corruption.
'Tis these that, in the entrance of their reign,
The plague and dangerous agues have brought in.
They arre and bark at night against the Moon,
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streets.
They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruits; ... [660]
They are death's messengers unto all those
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.

ORION: A tedious discourse, built on no ground;
A silly fancy, Autumn, hast thou told,
Which no Philosophy doth warrantize,
No old received poetry confirms.
I will not grace thee by confuting thee;
Yet in a jest (since thou railest so gainst dogs)
I'll speak a word or two in their defense;
That creature's best that comes most near to men; ... [670]
That dogs of all come nearest, thus I prove;
First, they excel us in all outward sense,
Which no one of experience will deny;
They hear, they smell, they see better than we.
To come to speech, they have it questionless,
Although we understand them not so well:
They bark as good old Saxon as may be,
And that in more variety than we:
For they have one voice when they are in chase,
Another, when they wrangle for their meat, ... [680]
Another, when we beat them out of doors.
That they have reason, this I will allege,
They choose those things that are most fit for them,
And shun the contrary all that they may;
They know what is for their own diet best,
And seek about for't very carefully;
At sight of any whip they run away,
As runs a thief from noise of hue and cry;

Nor live they on the sweat of others' brows,
But have their trades to get their living with, ... [690]
Hunting and cony-catching, two fine arts:
Yea, there be of them, as there be of men,
Of every occupation more or less;
Some carriers, and they fetch; some watermen,
And they will dive and swim when you bid them;
Some butchers, and they worry sheep by night;
Some cooks, and they do nothing but turn spits.
Chrisippus holds dogs are Logicians,
In that, by study and by canvassing,
They can distinguish twixt three several things: ... [700]
As when he cometh where three broad ways meet,
And of those three hath stayed at two of them,
By which he guesseth that the game went not,
Without more pause he runneth on the third;
Which, as Chrisippus saith, insinuates
As if he reasoned thus within himself:
Either he went this, that, or yonder way,
But neither that, nor yonder, therefore this.
But whether they Logicians be or no,
Cynics they are, for they will snarl and bite; ... [710]
Right courtiers to flatter and to fawn;
Valiant to set upon the enemies,
Most faithful and most constant to their friends;
Nay, they are wise, as Homer witnesseth,
Who, talking of Ulysses' coming home,
Saith all his household but Argus, his Dog,
Had quite forgotten him; aye, and his deep insight,
Nor Pallas' Art in altering of his shape,
Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty years,
Could go beyond, or any way delude. ... [720]
That Dogs Physicians are, thus I infer;
They are nere sick, but they know their disease,
And find out means to ease them of their grief;
Special good Surgeons to cure dangerous wounds;
For stricken with a stake into the flesh,
This policy they use to get it out:
They trail one of their feet upon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about, where the wound is,
Till it be clean drawn out; and then, because
Ulcers and sores kept foul are hardly cured, ... [730]
They lick and purify it with their tongue;
And well observe Hippocrates old rule,
The only medicine for the foot is rest,
For if they have the least hurt in their feet,

They bear them up, and look they be not stirred:
When humors rise, they eat a sovereign herb,
Whereby what cloyes their stomachs they cast up;
And as some writers of experience tell,
They were the first invented vomiting.
Sham'st thou not, Autumn, unadvisedly ... [740]
To slander such rare creatures as they be?

SUMMER: We called thee not, Orion, to this end,
To tell a story of dogs' qualities.
With all thy hunting, how are we enriched?
What tribute payest thou us for thy high place?

ORION: What tribute should I pay you out of nought?
Hunters do hunt for pleasure, not for gain.
While Dog-days last, the harvest safety thrives;
The sun burns hot, to finish up fruits' growth;
There is no blood-letting, to make men weak; ... [750]
Physicians with their *Cataposia*,
Recipe Elinctoria
Masticatorum and *Cataplasmata*;
Their Gargarismes, Clysters, and pitched clothes,
Their perfumes, syrups, and their treacles,
Refrain to poison the sick patients,
And dare not minister till I be out.
Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drowned;
All lust is perilsome, therefore less used.
In brief, the year without me cannot stand, ... [760]
Summer, I am thy staff and thy right hand.

SUMMER: A broken staff, a lame right hand I had,
If thou wert all the stay that held me up.
Nihil violentum perpetuum,
No violence that liveth to old age,
Ill-governed star, that never bod'st good luck,
I banish thee a twelve-month and a day,
Forth of my presence; come not in my sight,
Nor show thy head, so much as in the night.

ORION: I am content, though hunting be not out, ... [770]
We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Toss up your bugle horns unto the stars.
Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars. [*Exit.*]

[Here they go out, blowing their horns, and hallowing, as they came in.]

ORION: I am content, though hunting be not out, ... [770]
We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Toss up your bugle horns unto the stars.
Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars. *[Exit.]*

[Here they go out, blowing their horns, and hallowing, as they came in.]

WILL SUMMER: Faith, this Scene of Orion is right
prandium caninum, a dog's dinner, which as it is without
wine, so here's a coil about dogs without wit. If I had
thought the ship of fools would have stayed to take in fresh
water at the Isle of dogs, I would have furnished it with a ... [780]
whole kennel of collections to the purpose. I have had a
dog myself, that would dream and talk in his sleep,
turn round like Ned fool and sleep all night in a porridge
pot. Mark but the skirmish between sixpence and the
fox, and it is miraculous how they overcome one another in
honorable courtesy. The fox, though he wears a chain,
runs as thou he were free, mocking us (as it is a crafty
beast) because we, having a Lord and master to attend on,
run about at our pleasures, like masterless men. Young
sixpence, the best page his master hath, plays a little and ... [790]
retires. I warrant he will not be far out of the way when
his master goes to dinner. Learn of him, you diminutive
urchins, how to behave yourselves in your vocation; take
not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be
waiting on my Lord's trencher. Shoot but a bit at butts;
play but a span at points. Whatever you do, *memento*
mori: remember to rise betimes in the morning.

SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Harvest.

VERTUMNUS: Harvest, by west and by north, by south
and southeast. ... [800]
Show thyself like a beast.
Goodman Harvest, yeoman, come in and say what you can:
room for the scythe and sickles here.

*[Enter Harvest with a scythe on his neck, & all his reapers with sickles, and great black bowl
with a posset in it born before him: they come in singing.]*

The Song

*Merry, merry, merry, cherry, cherry, cherry,
Trowl the black bowl to me,
Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry,
I'll trowl it again to thee:
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn
And we have bound,
And we have brought Harvest ... [810]
Home to town.*

SUMMER: Harvest, the Bailey of my husbandry,
What plenty hast thou heaped into our Barns?
I hope thou hast sped well, thou art so blithe.

HARVEST: Sped well or ill, sir, I drink to you on the same:
Is your throat clear to help us to sing *hooky, hooky*?
[Here they all sing after him.]
*Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And we have bound,
And we have brought harvest
Home to town. ... [820]*

AUTUMN: Thou Coridon, why answer'st not direct?

HARVEST: Answer? Why, friend, I am no tapster, to say
Anon, anon, sir; but leave you to molest me, goodman
tawny leaves, for fear (as the proverb says, leave is
light) so I mow off all your leaves with my scythe.

WINTER: Mock not and mow not too long you were best,
For fear we whet not your scythe upon your pate.

SUMMER: Since thou art so perverse in answering,
Harvest, hear what complaints are brought to me.
Thou art accused by the public voice, ... [830]
For an engrosser of the common store;
A Carl, that hast no conscience, nor remorse,
But dost impoverish the fruitful earth,
To make thy garners rise up to the heavens.
To whom givest thou? Who feedeth at thy board?
No alms, but unreasonable gain,
Disgests what thy huge iron teeth devour;
Small beer, course bread, the hinds and beggars cry,
Whilest thou withholdest both the malt and flour,
And giv'st us bran, and water (fit for dogs). ... [840]

HARVEST: Hooky, hooky, if you were not my Lord,
I would say you lie. First and foremost, you say I am
a grocer. A Grocer is a citizen: I am no citizen, therefore
no Grocer. A hoarder-up of grain: that's false;
for not so much but my elbows eat wheat every time
I lean on them. A Carl: that is as much to say as a
coney-catcher of good fellowship. For that one word
you shall pledge me a carouse: eat a spoonful of the
curd to allay your choler. My mates and fellows, sing
no more Merry, merry; but weep out a lamentable hooky, ... [850]
hooky, and let your Sickles cry.
Sick, sick, and very sick,
& sick, and for the time;
For Harvest your master is
Abused without reason or rhyme.
I have no conscience, I? I'll come nearer to you, and
yet I am no scab, nor no louse. Can you make proof
wherever I sold away my conscience, or pawned it?
Do you know who would buy it, or lend any money upon
it? I think I have given you the pose; blow your ... [860]
nose, master constable. But to say that I impoverish
the earth, that I rob the man in the moon, that I
take a purse on the top of Paul's steeple; by this straw
and thread I swear you are no gentleman, no proper man,
no honest man, to make me sing, O man in desperation.

SUMMER: I must give credit unto what I hear;
For other than I hear, attract I nought.

HARVEST: Aye, Aye, nought seek, nothing have:
An ill husband is the first step to a knave.
You object I feed none at my board. I am sure, if you ... [870]
were a hog, you would never say so; for, surreverence
of their worships, they feed at my stable table every day.
I keep good hospitality for hens & geese: Gleaners
are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty:
They rake me, and eat me to the very bones,
Till there be nothing left but gravel and stones,
and yet I give no alms, but devour all? They say, when
a man cannot hear well, you hear with your harvest ears;
but if you heard with your harvest ears, that is, with the
ears of corn which my alms-cart scatters, they would ... [880]
tell you that I am the very poor man's box of pity,
that there are more holes of liberality open in harvest's
heart than in a sieve, or a dust-box. Suppose you were
a craftsman or an Artificer, and should come to buy

corn of me, you should have bushels of me; not like the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one; what would you have more? Eat me out of my apparel if you will, if you suspect me for a miser.

SUMMER: I credit thee, and think thou wert belied. ... [890]
But tell me, had'st thou a good crop this year?

HARVEST: Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good, that when I jerted my whip and said to my horses but hay, they would go as they were mad.

SUMMER: But hay alone thou say'st not; but hay-ree.

HARVEST: I sing hay-ree, that is, hay and rye: meaning that they shall have hay and rye their belly-fulls if they will draw hard: so we say, wa, hay, when they go out of the way: meaning that they shall want hay if they will not do as they should do. ... [900]

SUMMER: How thrive thy oats, thy barley, and thy wheat?

HARVEST: My oats grew like a cup of beer that makes the brewer rich; my rye like a Cavalier that wears a huge feather in his cap but hath no courage in his heart, had a long stalk, a goodly husk, but nothing so great a kernel as it was wont; my barley even as many a novice is cross-bitten as soon as ever he peeps out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the blade, yet picked up his crumbs again afterward and bade: Fill pot, hostess, in spite of a dear year. As for my Peas and my Fetches, they are ... [910] famous, and not to be spoken of.

AUTUMN: Aye, aye, such country-buttoned caps as you Do want no fetches to undo great towns.

HARVEST: Will you make good your words, that we want no fetches?

WINTER: Aye, that he shall.

HARVEST: Then fetch us a cloak-bag, to carry away yourself in.

SUMMER: Plow-swains are blunt, and will taunt bitterly,
Harvest, when all is done, thou art the man, ... [920]
Thou doest me the best service of them all;
Rest from thy labors till the year renews,
And let the husbandmen sing of thy praise.

HARVEST: Rest from my labors, and let the husband-
men sing of my praise? Nay, we do not mean to rest
so; by your leave, we'll have a largess among'st you, e'er
we part.

ALL: A largess, a largess, a largess!

WILL SUMMER: Is there no man that will give them a
hiss for a largess? ... [930]

HARVEST: No, that there is not, goodman Lundgis; I see
charity waxeth cold, and I think this house be her
habitation, for it is not very hot; we were as good even put up
our pipes, and sing Merry, merry, for we shall get no money.
[Here they go out all singing.]
Merry, merry, merry, cherry, cherry, cherry,
Trowl the black bowl to me:
Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry
I'll trowl it again to thee:
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn and we have bound,
And we have brought harvest home to town. ... [940]

WILL SUMMER: Well, go thy ways, thou bundle of straw;
I'll give thee this gift, thou shalt be a Clown while
thou liv'st. As lusty as they are, they run on the score
with George's wife for their posset, and God knows who
shall pay goodman Yeomans for his wheat sheaf; they may
sing well enough, Trowl the black bowl to me, trowl
the black bowl to me; for, a hundred to one but they
will be all drunk e'er they go to bed; yet, of a slaving
fool that hath no conceit in anything but in carrying
a wand in his hand with commendation when he runeth ... [950]
by the highway-side, this stripling Harvest hath done
reasonable well. O, that somebody had had the wit to set
his thatched suit on fire, and so lighted him out: if I had
had but a jet ring on my finger, I might have done with
him what I list; I had spoiled him, I had took his apparel
prisoner; for, it being made of straw, & the nature of jet to
draw straw unto it, I would have nailed him to the pommel
of my chair, till the play were done, and then have carried

him to my chamber door and laid him at the threshold as
a wisp or a piece of mat to wipe my shoes on, every ... [960]
time I come up dirty.

SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Bacchus.

VERTUMNUS: Bacchus, Bacchu, Bacchum, god Bacchus, god fatback,
Baron of double beer and bottle ale,
Come in and show thy nose that is nothing pale.
Back, back there, god barrel-belly may enter.

[Enter Bacchus riding upon an Ass trapped in Ivy, himself dressed in Vine leaves and a garland
of grapes on his head: his companions having all Jacks in their hands and Ivy garlands on their
heads; they come in singing.]

The Song

*Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass,
In cup, in can, or glass.
God Bacchus, do me right, ... [970]
And dub me knight Domingo.*

BACCHUS: Wherefore did'st thou call me, Vertumnus? Hast
any drink to give me? One of you hold my ass while
I light; walk him up and down the hall, till I talk a word
or two.

SUMMER: What, Bacchus? Still *animus in patinis*, no
mind but on the pot?

BACCHUS: Why, Summer, Summer, how would'st do,
but for rain? What is a fair house without water coming
to it? Let me see how a smith can work, if he have not ... [980]
his trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife?
The grindstone alone? No, the moist element poured upon it,
which grinds out all gaps, sets a point upon it, & scours
it as bright as the firmament. So, I tell thee, give a soldier
wine before he goes to battle, it grinds out all gaps, it
makes him forget all scars and wounds, and fight in the
thickest of his enemies, as though he were but at foils
among'st his fellows. Give a scholar wine, going to his
book, or being about to invent, it sets a new point on his
wit, it glazeth it, it scours it, it gives him acumen. Plato ... [990]
saith, *vinum esse fomitem quendam, et incitabilem ingenij
virtutisque*. Aristotle saith, *Nulla est magna scientia absque
mixture dementiae*. There is no excellent knowledge without

mixture of madness. And what makes a man more mad in the head than wine? *Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen*: he that will do well must drink well. *Prome, prome, potum prome*: Ho, butler, a fresh pot. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda*: a pox on him that leaves his drink behind him; he *Rendovow*.

SUMMER: It is wine's custom to be full of words. ... [1000]
I pray thee, *Bacchus*, give us *vicissitudinem loquendi*.

BACCHUS: A fiddlestick! Ne'er tell me I am full of words. *Faecundi calices, quem non fecere disertum? Aut epi, aut abi*, either take your drink, or you are an infidel.

SUMMER: I would about thy vintage question thee:
How thrive thy vines? Had'st thou good store of grapes?

BACCHUS: *Vinum quasi venenum*, wine is poison to a sick body; a sick body is no sound body; *Ergo*, wine is a pure thing, & is poison to all corruption. Try-lill, the hunters hoop to you: I'll stand to it, Alexander was a brave man, ... [1010] and yet an arrant drunkard.

WINTER: Fie, drunken sot, forget'st thou where thou art?
My Lord asks thee, what vintage thou hast made?

BACCHUS: Our vintage was a vintage, for it did not work upon the advantage, it came in the vanguard of Summer, & winds and storms met it by the way, And made it cry, Alas and well-aday.

SUMMER: That was not well, but all miscarried not?

BACCHUS: Faith, shall I tell you no lie? Because you are my countryman & so forth; & a good fellow is a good fellow, ... [1020] though he have never a penny in his purse: We had but even pot luck, a little to moisten our lips, and no more. That same Sol is a Pagan and a Proselyte; he shined so bright all summer that he burned more grapes than his beams were worth, were every beam as big as a weaver's beam. *A fabis abstinendum*: faith, he should have abstained; for what is flesh & blood without his liquor?

AUTUMN: Thou want'st no liquor, nor no flesh and blood.
I pray thee may I ask without offense?
How many tuns of wine hast in thy paunch? ... [1030]

Methinks that, built like a round church,
Should yet have some of Julius Ceasar's wine:
I warrant, 'twas not broached this hundred year.

BACCHUS: Hear'st thou, dough-belly? Because thou talk'st,
and talk'st, & dar'st not drink to me a black jack, wilt
thou give me leave to broach this little kilderkin of my
corpse against thy back? I know thou art but a micher,
& dar'st not stand me. *A vous, mousieur* Winter, a frolic
upsy freeze, cross, ho, *super nagulun*.
[*Knocks the jack upon his thumb.*]

WINTER: Grammercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did, ... [1040]
For this time thou must pardon me perforce.

BACCHUS: What, give me the disgrace? Go to, I say,
I am no Pope, to pardon any man. *Ran, ran, tarra*,
cold beer makes good blood. S. George for England:
somewhat is better than nothing. Let me see, hast thou
done me justice? Why so: thou art a king, though there
were no more kings in the cards but the knave. Summer,
wilt thou have a demi culvering, that shall cry husty, tusty,
and make thy cup fly fine meal in the Element?

SUMMER: No, keep thy drink, I pray thee, to thyself. ... [1050]

BACCHUS: This Pupillonian in the fool's coat shall
have a cast of martins & a whiff [of tobacco]. To the health of
Captain *Rinocerotry*: look to it, let him have weight and
measure.

WILL SUMMER: What an ass is this! I cannot drink
so much, thou I should burst.

BACCHUS: Fool, do not refuse your moist sustenance;
come, come, dog's head in the pot, do what you
are born to.

WILL SUMMER: If you will needs make me a drunkard ... [1060]
against my will, so it is; I'll try what burden my belly
is of.

BACCHUS: Crouch, crouch on your knees, fool, when you
pledge god Bacchus.

[*Here Will Summer drinks, & they sing about him. Bacchus begins.*]

ALL: Mounsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpass,
In Cup, in Can, or glass.

BACCHUS: Ho, well shot, a toucher, a toucher; for
quaffing Toy doth pass, in cup, in can, or glass.

ALL: God Bacchus do him right,
And dub him knight. ... [1070]
[Here he dubs Will Summer with the black jack.]

BACCHUS: Rise up, Sir Robert Toss-pot.

SUMMER: No more of this, I hate it to the death.
No such deformer of the soul and sense,
As is this swinish damned-born drunkenness.
Bacchus, for thou abusest so earth's fruits,
Imprisoned live in cellars and in vaults,
Let none commit their counsels unto thee:
Thy wrath be fatal to thy dearest friends;
Unarmed run upon thy foemen's swords;
Never fear any plague before it fall: ... [1080]
Dropsies and watery tympanies haunt thee,
Thy lungs with surfeiting be putrefied,
To cause thee have an odious stinking breath;
Slaver and drivel like a child at mouth;
Be poor and beggarly in thy old age;
Let thy own kinsmen laugh, when thou complain'st,
And many tears gain nothing but blind scoffs.
This is the guerdon due to drunkenness;
Shame, sickness, misery, follow excess.

BACCHUS: Now on my honor, Sim Summer, thou art ... [1090]
a bad member, a dunce, a mongrel, to discredit so
worshipful an art after this order. Thou hast cursed me,
and I will bless thee: Never cup of Nipitaty in London
come near thy niggardly habitation. I beseech the gods
of good fellowship, thou may'st fall into a consumption with
drinking small beer. Every day may'st thou eat fish, and
let it stick in the mid'st of thy maw, for want of a cup
of wine to swim away in. Venison be *Venenum* to thee:
& may that vintner have the plague in his house that sells
thee a drop of claret to kill the poison of it. As many ... [1100]
wounds may'st thou have, as Caesar had in the Senate
house, and get no white wine to wash them with. And to
conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow, before thou

hast the fourth part of a dram of my juice to cheer up thy spirits.

SUMMER: Hale him away, he barketh like a wolf, It is his drink, not he, that rails on us.

BACCHUS: Nay, soft, brother Summer, back with that foot; here is a snuff in the bottom of the jack, enough to light a man to bed withal; we'll leave no flocks behind ... [1110] us, whatsoever we do.

SUMMER: Go drag him hence, I say, when I command.

BACCHUS: Since we must needs go, let's go merrily. Farewell, sir Robert Toss-pot; sing amain *Monsieur Myngo*, whilst I mount up my ass.

[*Here they go out singing Monsieur Myngo, as they came in.*]

WILL SUMMER: Of all gods, this Bacchus is the ill-favord'st misshapen god that ever I saw. A pox on him, he hath christened me with a new nickname of Sir Robert Toss-pot, that will not part from me this twelve-month. Ned fools' clothes are so perfumed with the beer he poured on ... [1120] me, that there shall not be a Dutchman within 20 mile but he'll smell out & claim kindred of him. What a beastly thing is it, to bottle up ale in a man's belly, when a man must set his guts on a gallon pot last, only to purchase the ale-house title of a boon companion? Carouse, pledge me and you dare; 'Swounds, I'll drink with thee for all that ever thou art worth. It is even as 2 men should strive who should run furthest into the sea for a wager. Methinks these are good household terms; Will it please you to be here, sir? I commend me to you; shall I be so bold as ... [1130] trouble you? Saving your tale, I drink to you. And if these were put in practice but a year or two in taverns wine would soon fall from six and twenty pound a tun, and be beggar's money, a penny a quart, and take up his Inn with waste beer in the alms tub. I am a sinner as others: I must not say much of this argument. Everyone, when he is whole, can give advice to them that are sick. My masters, you that be good fellows, get you into corners and soup [?] off your provender closely; report hath a blister on her tongue; open taverns are tell-tales. ... [1140] *Non peccat quicumq; potest peccasse negare.*

SUMMER: I'll call my servants to account, said I?
A bad account: worse servants no man hath.
Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris:
The proverb I have proved to be too true,
Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot servos.
And that wise caution of Democritus,
Servus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis:
Nowhere fidelity and labor dwells,
Hope young heads count to build on had I wist. ... [1150]
Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gain;
Except the Camel have his provender
Hung at his mouth, he will not travel on.
Tyresias to Narcissus promised
Much prosperous hap and many golden days,
If of his beauty he no knowledge took.
Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent.
Black discontent, thou urgest to revenge.
Revenge opes not her ears to poor men's prayers.
That dolt destruction is she without doubt, ... [1160]
That hails her forth and feedeth her with nought.
Simplicity and plainness, you I love;
Hence, double diligence, thou mean'st deceit.
Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground,
And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low;
If they be disappointed of their prey,
Most traitorously will trace their tails and sting.
Yea, such as, like the Lapwing, build their nests
In a man's dung, come up by drudgery,
Will be the first that, like that foolish bird, ... [1170]
Will follow him with yelling and false cries.
Well sung a shepherd (that now sleeps in skies)
Dumb swans do love, & not vain chattering pies.
In mountains, Poets say, Echo is hid,
For her deformity and monstrous shape:
Those mountains are the houses of great Lords,
Where Stentor with his hundred voices sounds
A hundred trumpets at once with rumor filled:
A woman they imagine her to be,
Because that sex keeps nothing close they hear; ... [1180]
And that's the reason magic writers frame,
There are more witches women than of men;
For women generally, for the most part,
Of secrets more desirous are than men,
Which having got, they have no power to hold.
In these times had Echo's first fathers lived,
No woman, but a man, she had been feigned.

(Though women yet will want no news to prate),
For men (mean men), the scum and dross of all,
Will talk and babble of they know not what, ... [1190]
Upbraid, deprave, and taunt they care not whom:
Surmises pass for sound approved truths:
Familiarity and conference,
That were the sinews of societies,
Are now for underminings only used,
And novel wits, that love none but themselves,
Think wisdom's height as falsehood slyly couched,
Seeking each other to o'erthrow his mate.
O friendship, thy old temple is defaced.
Embracing every [Hazlitt: envy] guileful courtesy ... [1200]
Hath overgrown fraud-wanting honesty.
Examples live but in the idle schools:
Sinon bears all the sway in princes' courts,
Sickness, be thou my soul's physician:
Bring the Apothecary death with thee.
In earth is hell, true hell felicity,
Compared with this world, the den of wolves.

AUTUMN: My Lord, you are too passionate without cause.

WINTER: Grieve not for that which cannot be recalled:
Is it your servants' carelessness you 'plain? ... [1210]
Tully by one of his own slaves was slain.
The husbandman close in his bosom nursed
A subtle snake, that after wrought his bane.

AUTUMN: *Servos fideles liberalitas facit;*
Where on the contrary, *servitutum*:
Those that attend upon illiberal Lords,
Whose covetize yields nought else but fair looks,
Even of those fair looks make their gainful use.
For, as in Ireland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind, ... [1220]
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapt,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will;
So make ill servants sale of their Lords' wind,
Which, wrapt up in a piece of parchment,
Blows many a knave forth danger of the law.

SUMMER: Enough of this; let me go make my will.
Ah, it is made; although I hold my peace,
These two will share betwixt them what I have.
The surest way to get my will performed

Is to make my executor my heir; ... [1230]
And he, if all be given him, and none else,
Unfallibly will see it well-performed.
Lions will feed, though none bid them go to.
Ill grows the tree affordeth nere a graft.
Had I some issue to sit in my throne,
My grief would die, death should not hear me groan;
But when perforce these must enjoy my wealth,
Which thank me not but enter't as a prey,
Bequeathed it is not, but clean cast away.
Autumn, be thou successor of my seat: ... [1240]
Hold, take my crown — look how he grasps for it!
Thou shalt not have it yet — but hold it too;
Why should I keep that needs I must forgo?

WINTER: Then (duty laid aside) you do me wrong;
I am more worthy of it far than he.
He hath no skill nor courage for to rule;
A weather-beaten bankrout ass it is
That scatters and consumeth all he hath;
Each one do pluck from him without control.
He is nor hot nor cold, a silly soul, ... [1250]
That fain would please each party, if so he might.
He and the spring are scholars' favorites.
What scholars are, what thriftless kind of men,
Yourself be judge, and judge of him by them.
When Cerberus was headlong drawn from hell,
He voided a black poison from his mouth,
Called Aconitum, whereof ink was made;
That ink, with reeds first laid on dried barks,
Served men a while to make rude works withal
Til Hermes, secretary to the Gods, ... [1260]
Or *Hermes Trismegistus*, as some will,
Weary with graving in blind characters
And figures of familiar beasts and plants,
Invented letters to write lies withal.
In them he penned the fables of the Gods,
The giants' war and thousand tales besides.
After each nation got these toys in use,
There grew up certain drunken parasites,
Termed Poets, which for a meal's meat or two
Would promise monarchs immortality; ... [1270]
They vomited in verse all that they knew,
Found causes and beginnings of the world,
Fetched pedigrees of mountains and of floods
From men and women whom the Gods transformed.

If any town or city they passed by
Had in compassion (thinking them mad men),
Forborne to whip them or imprison them,
That city was not built by human hands;
'Twas raised by music, like Megara walls;
Apollo, poets' patron, founded it ... [1280]
Because they found one fitting favor there:
Musaeus, Lynus, Homer, Orpheus,
Were of this trade, and thereby won their fame.

WILL SUMMER: *Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum.*

WINTER: Next them, a company of ragged knaves,
Sun-bathing beggars, lazy hedge-creepers,
Sleeping face upwards in the fields all night,
Dreamed strange devices of the Sun and Moon;
And they, like Gypsies, wand'ring up and down,
Told fortunes, juggled, nicknamed all the stars, ... [1290]
And were of idiots termed Philosophers:
Such was Pythagoras the silencer,
Prometheus, Thales, Milesius,
Who would all things of water should be made;
Anaximander, Anaximenes,
That positively said the air was God;
Zenocrates, that said there were eight Gods;
And Cratoniates, Alcmeon too,
Who thought the Sun and Moon & stars were gods;
The poorer sort of them, that could get nought, ... [1300]
Professed, like beggarly Franciscan Friars,
And the strict order of the Capuchins,
A voluntary wretched poverty,
Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard;
Yet he that was most vehement in these,
Diogenes, the Cynic and the dog,
Was taken coining money in his cell.

WILL SUMMER: What an old Ass was that! Methinks,
he should have coined Carrot roots rather; for as for
money, he had no use for't, except it were to melt, and ... [1310]
solder up holes in his tub withal.

WINTER: It were a whole Olympiades work to tell:
How many devilish, *ergo* armed arts,
Sprung all, as vices, of this Idleness;
For even as soldiers not employed in wars,
But living loosely in a quiet state,

Not having wherewithal to maintain pride,
Nay scarce to find their bellies any food,
Nought but walk melancholy and devise
How they may cozen Merchants, fleece young heirs, ... [1320]
Creep into favor by betraying men,
Rob churches, beg waste toys, court city dames,
Who shall undo their husbands for their sakes;
The baser rabble how to cheat and steal,
And yet be free from penalty of death.
So those word-warriors, lazy star-gazers,
Used to no labor but to louse themselves,
Had their heads filled with cozening fantasies;
They plotted how to make their poverty
Better esteemed of than high Sovereignty; ... [1330]
They thought how they might plant a heaven on earth,
Whereof they would be principal low gods;
That heaven they called contemplation,
As much to say as a most pleasant sloth,
Which better I cannot compare than this:
That if a fellow licensed to beg
Should all his lifetime go from fair to fair
And buy gape-seed, having no business else.
That contemplation, like an aged weed,
Engendered thousand sects, and all those sects ... [1340]
Were but as these times, cunning shrouded rogues:
Grammarians some, and wherein differ they
From beggars that profess the Peddler's French?
The Poets next, slovenly tattered slaves,
That wander and sell Ballads in the streets.
Historiographers others there be;
And they, like lazars by the highway-side,
That for a penny or a half-penny
Will call each knave a good-faced Gentleman,
Give honor unto Tinkers for good ale, ... [1350]
Prefer a Cobbler for the Black prince far,
If he bestow but blacking of their shoes;
And as it is the Spittle-houses' guise,
Over the gate to write their founders' names,
Or on the outside of their walls at least,
In hope by their example others moved
Will be more bountiful and liberal;
So in the forefront of their Chronicles,
Or *Peroratione operis*.
They learnings' benefactors reckon up: ... [1360]
Who built this college, who gave that Free-school,
What King or Queen advanced Scholars most,

And in their times what writers flourished;
Rich men and magistrates, whil'st yet they live,
They flatter palpably, in hope of gain.
Smooth-tongued Orators, the fourth in place
(Lawyers our commonwealth entitles them),
Mere swashbucklers and ruffianly mates,
That will for twelve pence make a doughty fray,
Set men for straws together by the ears. ... [1370]
Sky-measuring Mathematicians,
Gold-breathing Alchemists also we have,
Both which are subtle-witted humorists
That get their meals by telling miracles,
Which they have seen in travailing the skies;
Vain boasters, liars, make-shifts, they are all,
Men that, removed from their ink-horn terms,
Bring forth no action worthy of their bread.
What should I speak of pale physicians?
Who as *Fismenus non nasatus was* ... [1380]
(Upon a wager that his friends had laid)
Hired to live in a privy a whole year;
So are they hired for lucre and for gain,
All their whole life to smell on excrements.

WILL SUMMER: Very true, for I have heard it for a
proverb many a time and oft, *Hunc os foetidum*, fah, he
stinks like a physician.

WINTER: Innumerable monstrous practices
Hath loit'ring contemplation brought forth more,
Which 'twere too long particular to recite; ... [1390]
Suffice, they all conduce unto this end,
To banish labor, nourish slothfulness,
Pamper up lust, devise new-fangled sins.
Nay, I will justify there is no vice,
Which learning and vild knowledge brought not in,
Or in whose praise some learned have not wrote.
The art of murder Machiavel hath penned;
Whoredom hath Ovid to uphold her throne;
And Aretine of late in Italy,
Whose *Cortigiana* toucheth bawds their trade. ... [1400]
Gluttony Epicurus doth defend,
And books of th' art of cookery confirm,
Of which Platina hath not writ the least.
Drunkenness of his good behavior
Hath testimonial from where he was born;
That pleasant work *de arte bibendi*,

A drunken Dutchman spewed out few years since;
Nor wanteth sloth (although sloths' plague be want)
His paper pillars for to lean upon:
The praise of nothing pleads his worthiness; ... [1410]
Folly Erasmus sets a flourish on.
For baldness a bald ass I have forgot
Patched up a pamphletary periwig.
Slovenry Grobianus magnifieth;
Sodometry a Cardinal commends,
And Aristotle necessary deems.
In brief, all books, divinity except,
Are nought but tales of the devil's laws,
Poison wrapped up in sugared words,
Man's pride, damnation's props, the world's abuse; ... [1420]
Then censure (good my Lord) what bookmen are,
If they be pestilent members in a state.
He is unfit to sit at stern of state
That favors such as will o'erthrow his state;
Blessed is that government where no art thrives,
Vox populi, vox Dei;
The vulgar's voice, it is the voice of God.
Yet Tully saith, *Nom est consilium in vulgo, non ratio,*
non discrimen, non differentia;
The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense. ... [1430]
Themistocles, having spent all his time
In study of philosophy and arts,
And noting well the vanity of them,
Wished, with repentance for his folly past,
Some would teach him th' art of oblivion:
How to forget the arts that he had learned.
And Cicero, whom we alleged before
(As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
Despised learning, loathed eloquence.
Naso, that could speak nothing but pure verse, ... [1440]
And had more wit than words to utter it,
And words as choice as ever Poet had,
Cried and exclaimed in bitter agony
When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind.
Discite, qui sapitis, non haec quae scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi.
You that be wise and ever mean to thrive,
O study not these toys we sluggards use,
But follow arms and wait on barbarous wars.
Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters; ... [1450]
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes;
They seek to lay the curse of God on you,

Namely, confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built,
Accursed were in the world's infancy.
Latin, it was the speech of Infidels.
Logic hath nought to say in a true cause.
Philosophy is curiosity;
And Socrates was therefore put to death
Only for he was a Philosopher. ... [1460]
Abhor, contemn, despise those damned snares.

WILL SUMMER: Out upon it, who would be a scholar? Not
I, I promise you; my mind always gave me this learning
was such a filthy thing, which made me hate it so as
I did; when I should have been at school, construing
Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi Batte, I was close under a hedge,
or under a barn wall, playing at span-Counter, or jack-
in-a-box. My master beat me, my father beat me, my
mother gave me bread and butter; yet all this would not
make me a squitter-book. It was my destiny; I thank ... [1470]
her as a most courteous goddess, that she hath not
cast me away upon gibberish. O, in what a mighty
vein am I now against Horn-books! Here, before
all this company, I profess myself an open enemy to Ink
and paper. I'll make it good upon the Accidence body
that in speech is the devil's *Pater noster*. Nouns and
pronouns I pronounce you as traitors to boy's buttocks;
Syntaxis and Prosodia, you are tormenters of wit, & good
for nothing but to get a school-master two pence a week.
Hang copies; fly out, phrase books; let pens be turned ... [1480]
to pick-tooths; bowls, cards, & dice, you are the true
liberal sciences; I'll nere be Goose-quill, gentlemen, while I
live.

SUMMER: Winter, with patience unto my grief,
I have attended thy invective tale;
So much untruth wit never shadowed:
Gainst her own bowels thou Arts' weapons turn'st;
Let none believe thee that will ever thrive;
Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists;
He errs alone, in error that persists. ... [1490]
For thou gainst Autumn such exceptions tak'st,
I grant his over-seer thou shalt be:
His treasurer, protector, and his staff;
He shall do nothing without thy consent;
Provide thou for his weal and his content.

WINTER: Thanks, gracious Lord; so I'll dispose of him,
As it shall not repent you of your gift.

AUTUMN: On such conditions no crown will I take.

I challenge Winter for my enemy:

A most insatiate miserable carl, ... [1500]

That, to fill up his garners to the brim,

Cares not how he endammageth the earth

What poverty he makes it to endure!

He over-bars the crystal streams with ice,

That none but he and his may drink of them;

All for a foul Back-winter he lays up;

Hard craggy ways and uncouth slippery paths

He frames, that passengers may slide and fall;

Who quaketh not that heareth but his name?

O, but two sons he hath, worse than himself, ... [1510]

Christmas the one, a pinch-back, cut-throat churl,

That keeps no open house, as he should do,

Delighteth in no game or fellowship,

Loves no good deeds and hateth talk,

But sitteth in a corner turning Crabs

Or coughing ore a warmed pot of Ale:

Back-winter th' other, that's his none sweet boy,

Who like his father taketh in all points;

An elf it is, compact of envious pride,

A miscreant, born for a plague to men, ... [1520]

A monster that devoureth all he meets.

Were but his father dead, so he would reign;

Yea, he would go goodnear to deal by him

As Nabuchedonozor's ungracious son

Evilmerodach by his his father dealt,

Who when his sire was turned to an Ox,

Full greedily snatched up his sovereignty,

And thought himself a king without control.

So it fell out, seven years expired and gone,

Nabuchodonozor came to his shape again ... [1530]

And dispossessed him of the regiment,

Which my young prince no little grieving at,

When that his father shortly after died,

Fearing lest he should come from death again,

As he came from an Ox to be a man,

Willed that his body, spoiled of coverture,

Should be cast forth into the open fields,

For Birds and Ravens to devour at will,

Thinking if they bare every one of them,

A bill full of his flesh into their nests, ... [1540]
He would not rise to trouble him in haste.

WILL SUMMER: A virtuous son, and I'll lay my life on't,
he was a Cavalier and a good fellow.

WINTER: Pleaseth your honor, all he says is false.
For my own part, I love good husbandry,
But hate dishonorable covertize.
Youth nere aspires to virtue's perfect growth,
Till his wild oats be sown; and so the earth,
Until his weeds be rotted with my frosts,
Is not for any seed or tillage fit. ... [1550]
He must be purged that hath surfeited;
The fields have surfeited with Summer fruits;
They must be purged, made poor, oppressed with snow,
Ere they recover their decayed pride.
For over-barring of the streams with Ice,
Who locks not poison from his children's taste?
When Winter reigns, the water is so cold,
That it is poison, present death to those
That wash or bathe their limbs in his cold streams.
The slipperier that ways are under us, ... [1560]
The better it makes us to heed our steps,
And look ere we presume too rashly on;
If that my sons have misbehaved themselves,
A God's name let them answer't fore my Lord.

AUTUMN: Now I beseech your honor it may be so.

SUMMER: With all my heart: Vertumnus, go for them.
[*Exit Vertumnus.*]

WILL SUMMER: This same Harry Baker is such a
necessary fellow to go on arrants, as you shall not find in
a country. It is pity but he should have another silver
arrow, if it be but for crossing the stage with his cap on. ... [1570]

SUMMER: To weary-out the time until they come,
Sing me some doleful ditty to the Lute,
That may complain my near-approaching death.
The Song
Adieu, farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is,
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys,

None from his darts can fly;
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us. ... [1580]
Rich men, trust not in wealth,
God cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade.
All things to end are made,
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour,
Brightness falls from the air, ... [1590]
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come, the bells do cry.
I am sick, I must die: ... [1600]
Lord, have mercy on us.
Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness:
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Haste therefore each degree,
To welcome destiny: ... [1610]
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage,
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.

SUMMER: Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me.

WILL SUMMER: Lord, have mercy on us, how lamentable 'tis!

[*Enter Vertumnus with Christmas and Backwinter.*]

VERTUMNUS: I have dispatched, my Lord; I have brought you them you sent me for. ... [1620]

WILL SUMMER: What say'st thou? Hast thou made a good batch? I pray thee, give me a new loaf.

SUMMER: Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest, Accompanied with some music, or some song? A merry Carol would have graced thee well; Thy ancestors have used it heretofore.

CHRISTMAS: Aye, antiquity was the mother of ignorance; this latter world, that sees but with her spectacles, hath spied a pad in those sports more than they could.

SUMMER: What, is't against thy conscience for to sing? ... [1630]

CHRISTMAS: No, nor to say, by my troth, if I may get a good bargain.

SUMMER: Why, thou should'st spend, thou should'st not care to get. Christmas is god of hospitality.

CHRISTMAS: So will he never be of good husbandry. I may say to you, there is many an old god that is now grown out of fashion. So is the god of hospitality.

SUMMER: What reason can'st thou give he should be left?

CHRISTMAS: No other reason, but that Gluttony is a sin, & too many dung-hills are infectious. A man's belly was ... [1640] not made for a powdering beef tub; to feed the poor twelve days & let them starve all the year after would but stretch out the guts wider than they should be, & so make famine a bigger den in their bellies than he had before. I should kill an ox & have some such fellow as Milo to come and eat it up at a mouthful; or, like the Sybarites, do nothing all one year but bid ghestes against the next year. The scraping of trenchers you think would put a man to no charges. It is not a hundred pound a year would serve the scullions in dish-clouts. My house stands upon vaults; ... [1650] it will fall if it be over-loden with a multitude. Besides, have you never read of a city that was undermined and destroyed by moles? So say I keep hospitality, and a whole fair of beggars bid me to dinner every day, what with making legs, when they thank me at their going-

away, and settling their wallets handsomely on their backs, they would shake as many lice on the ground as were able to undermine my house, and undo me utterly. It is their prayers would build it again, if it were over-thrown by this vermin, would it? I pray, who begun feasting and ... [1660] gourmandize first, but Sardanapalus, Nero, Heligabulus, Commodus, tyrants, whoremasters, unthrifths? Some call them emperors, but I respect no crowns but crowns in the purse. Any man may wear a silver crown that hath made a fray in Smithfield & lost but a piece of his brain-pan; and to tell you plain, your golden crowns are little better in substance and many times got after the same sort.

SUMMER: Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!

AUTUMN: Who treadeth not on stars when they are fallen?
Who talketh not of states when they are dead? ... [1670]
A fool conceits no further than he sees;
He hath no sense of ought but what he feels.

CHRISTMAS: Aye, aye, such men as you come to beg at such fools' doors as we be.

AUTUMN: Thou shut'st thy door; how should we beg of thee?
No alms but thy sink carries from thy house.

WILL SUMMER: And I can tell you, that's as plentiful alms for the plague as the sheriff's tub to them of Newgate.

AUTUMN: For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st;
The worms will curse thy flesh another day, ... [1680]
Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.

CHRISTMAS: What worms do another day I care not,
but I'll be sworn upon a whole Kilderkin of single Beer,
I will not have a worm-eaten nose like a Pursuivant while
I live. Feasts are but puffing-up of the flesh, the purveyors
for diseases; travel [travail?], cost, time, ill-spent. O, it were a trim
thing to send, as the Romans did, round about the world
for provision for one banquet. I must rig ships to Samos
for Peacocks, to Paphos for Pigeons, to Austria for Oysters,
to Phasis for Pheasants, to Arabia for Phoenixes, to Meander ... [1690]
for Swans, to the Orcades for Geese, to Phrygia for Woodcocks,
to Malta for Cranes, to the Isle of Man for Puffins, to
Ambracia for Goats, to Tartole for Lampreys, to Egypt for
Dates, to Spain for Chestnuts; and all for one feast!

WILL SUMMER: O sir, you need not; you may buy them at London better cheap.

CHRISTMAS: *Liberalitas liberalitate perit*: love me a little and love me long: our feet must have wherewithal to feed [fend] the stones; our backs walls of wool to keep out the cold that besiegeth our warm blood; our doors must have ... [1700] bars, our doublets must have buttons. Item, for an old sword to scrape the stones before the door with, three half-pence; for stitching a wooden tankard that was burst -- These Water-bearers will empty the conduit and a man's coffers at once. Not a Porter that brings a man a letter, but will have his penny. I am afraid to keep past one or two servants, lest, hungry knaves, they should rob me; and those I keep I warrant I do not pamper up too lusty; I keep them under with red Herring and poor John all the year long. I have dammed up all my chimneys for ... [1710] fear (though I burn nothing but small coal) my house should be set on fire with the smoke. I will not deny, but once in a dozen year, when there is a great rot of sheep, and I know not what to do with them, I keep open house for all the beggars, in some of my out-yards; marry, they must bring bread with them: I am no Baker.

WILL SUMMER: As good men as you, and have thought no scorn to serve their prenticeships on the pillory.

SUMMER: Winter, is this thy son? Hear'st how he talks?

WINTER: I am his father; therefore may not speak, ... [1720] But otherwise I could excuse his fault.

SUMMER: Christmas, I tell thee plain, thou art a snudge,
And wer't not that we love thy father well,
Thou should'st have felt what 'longs to Avarice.
It is the honor of Nobility
To keep high days and solemn festivals;
Then to set their magnificence to view
To frolic open with their favorites,
And use their neighbors with all courtesy;
When thou in hugger-mugger spend'st thy wealth. ... [1730]
Amend thy manners, breathe thy rusty gold:
Bounty will win thee love, when thou art old.

WILL SUMMER: Aye, that bounty would I fain meet, to borrow money of; he is fairly blest now a-days that

'scapes blows when he begs. *Verba dandi & reddendi*
go together in the Grammar rule: there is no giving but
with condition of restoring:

Ah, *Benedicte*.

Well is he hath no necessity
Of gold ne of sustenance; ... [1740]
Slow good hap comes by chance;
Flattery best fares;
Arts are but idle wares;
Fair words want giving hands;
The Lento begs that hath no lands;
Fie on thee, thou scurvy knave
That hast sought and yet goest brave;
A prison be thy death-bed,
Or be hanged all save the head.

SUMMER: Back-winter, stand forth. ... [1750]

VERTUMNUS: Stand forth, stand forth; hold up your head, speak out.

BACK-WINTER: What, should I stand? Or whether should I go?

SUMMER: Autumn accuseth thee of sundry crimes,
Which here thou art to clear, or to confess.

BACK-WINTER: With thee or Autumn have I nought to do;
I would you were both hanged face-to-face.

SUMMER: Is this the reverence that thou ow'st to us?

BACK-WINTER: Why not? What art thou? Shalt thou always live?

AUTUMN: It is the veriest dog in Christendom.

WINTER: That's for he barks at such a knave as thou. ... [1760]

BACK-WINTER: Would I could bark the sun out of the sky;
Turn Moon and stars to frozen Meteors;
And make the Ocean a dry land of Ice;
With tempest of my breath turn up high trees;
On mountains heap up second mounts of snow,
Which, melted into water, might fall down,
As fell the deluge on the former world.
I hate the air, the fire, the Spring, the year,
And whatsoe'er brings mankind any good.
O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits! ... [1770]

Would I with thunder presently might die,
So I might speak in thunder, to slay men.
Earth, if I cannot injure thee enough,
I'll bite thee with my teeth, I'll scratch thee thus;
I'll beat down the partition with my heels,
Which, as a mud-vault, severs hell and thee.
Spirits, come up; 'tis I that knock for you,
One that envies the world far more than you;
Come up in millions; millions are too few
To execute the malice I intend. ... [1780]

SUMMER: *O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!*
Not raging Hecuba, whose hollow eyes
Gave suck to fifty sorrows at one time,
That midwife to so many murders was,
Used half the execrations that thou dost.

BACK-WINTER: More I will use, if more I may prevail;
Back-winter comes but seldom forth abroad,
But when he comes, he pincheth to the proof;
Winter is mild, his son is rough and stern.
Ovid could well write of my tyranny, ... [1790]
When he was banished to the frozen Zone.

SUMMER: And banished be thou from my fertile bounds.
Winter, imprison him in thy dark Cell,
Or, with the winds, in bellowing caves of brass;
Let stern Hippotades lock him up safe,
Ne'er to peep forth, but when thou, faint and weak,
Want'st him to aid thee in thy regiment.

BACK-WINTER: I will peep forth, thy kingdom to supplant:
My father I will quickly freeze to death,
And then sole Monarch will I sit, and think ... [1800]
How I may banish thee, as thou dost me.

WINTER: I see my downfall written in his brows:
Convey him hence to his assigned hell.
Fathers are given to love their sons too well. [*Exit Back-winter.*]

WILL SUMMER: No, by my troth, nor mothers neither;
I am sure I could never find it. This Back-winter
plays a railing part to no purpose; my small learning
finds no reason for it, except as a Back-winter or an
after-winter is more raging tempestuous and violent than
the beginning of Winter, so he brings him in stamping ... [1810]

and raging as if he were mad, when his father is a jolly mild quiet old man, and stands still and does nothing. The court accepts of your meaning; you might have writ in the margent of your play-book, Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Back-winter shall tumble, for fear of raying his clothes; or set down, "Enter *Back-winter*, with his boy bringing a brush after him, to take off the dust if need require." But you will nere have any wardrobe wit while you live. I pray you hold the book well, we be not *non plus* in the ... [1820] latter end of the play.

SUMMER: This is the last stroke my tongue's clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you perform;
My crown I have disposed already of.
Item, I give my withered flowers and herbs
Unto dead cor[p]ses, for to deck them with;
My shady walks to great men's servitors,
Who in their masters' shadows walk secure,
My pleasant open air and fragrant smells
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round, ... [1830]
My heat and warmth to toiling laborers,
My long days to bondmen and prisoners,
My short nights to young married souls,
My drought and thirst to drunkards' quenchless throats,
My fruits to Autumn, my adopted heir,
My murmuring springs, musicians of sweet sleep,
To murmuring male-contents, with their well-tuned cares,
Channeled in a sweet-falling quaterzaine,
Do lull their ears asleep, list'ning themselves.
And finally, O words, now cleanse your course, ... [1840]
Unto Eliza, that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining I bequeath,
To wait upon her till she be returned.
Autumn, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
Be pressed and serviceable at her beck,
Present her with thy goodliest-ripened fruits;
Unclothe no arbors where she ever sat;
Touch not a tree thou think'st she may pass by;
And, Winter, with thy writhen frosty face, ... [1850]
Smooth up thy visage, when thou look'st on her;
Thou never look'st on such bright majesty:
A charmed circle draw about her court,
Wherein warm days may dance, & no cold come;
On seas let winds make war, not vex her rest;

Quiet enclose her bed, thought fly her breast.
Ah, gracious Queen, though Summer pine away,
Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay;
First droop this universal's aged frame,
Ere any malady thy strength should tame; ... [1860]
Heaven raise up pillars to uphold thy hand,
Peace may have still his temple in thy land.
Lo, I have said: this is the total sum.
Autumn and Winter, on your faithfulness
For the performance I do firmly build.
Farewell, my friends; Summer bids you farewell,
Archers and bowlers, all my followers,
Adieu, and dwell with desolation;
Silence must be your master's mansion;
Slow-marching thus, descend I to the fiends. ... [1870]
Weep, heavens, mourn, earth; here Summer ends.
[*Here the Satyrs and Wood-nymphs carry him out, singing as he came in.*]

The Song.

Autumn hath all the Summer's fruitful treasure;
Gone is our sport, fled is poor Croyden's pleasure;
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace;
Ah, who shall hide us from the Winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease;
From winter, plague, & pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.
London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn;
Trades cry, Woe worth that ever they were born; ... [1880]
The want of Term is town and Cities' harm;
Close chambers we do want, to keep us warm,
Long banished must we live from our friends;
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague, & pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.

WILL SUMMER: How is't? How is't? You that be of the
graver sort, do you think these youths worthy of a *plaudit*
for praying for the Queen, and singing of the Litany?
They are poor fellows I must needs say, and have
bestowed great labor in sowing leaves and grass, and ... [1890]
straw and moss upon cast suits. You may do well
to warm your hands with clapping, before you go to
bed, and send them to the tavern with merry hearts.
Here is a pretty boy comes with an Epilogue, to get
[*Enter a little boy with an Epilogue.*]
him audacity. I pray you sit still a little, and hear him

say his lesson without book. It is a good boy; be not afraid; turn thy face to my Lord. Thou and I will play at pouch tomorrow morning for a breakfast. Come and sit on my knee, and I'll dance thee, if thou can'st not endure to stand. ... [1900]

The Epilogue

Ulysses, a Dwarf, and the prolocutor for the Graecians, gave me leave, that am a Pygmy, to do an Embassy to you from the Cranes; Gentlemen (for Kings are no better), certain humble Animals, called our Actors, commend them unto you; who, what offense they have committed I know not (except it be in purloining some hours out of time's treasury, that might have been better employed), but by me (the agent for their imperfections), they humbly crave pardon, if happily some of their terms have trod awry, or their tongues stumbled ... [1910] unwittingly on any man's content. In much Corn is some Cockle; in a heap of coin here and there a piece of Copper; wit hath his dregs as well as wine; words their waste, Ink his blots, every speech his Parenthesis; Poetical fury, as well Crabs as Sweetings for his Summer fruits. *Nemo sapit omnibus horis*. Their folly is deceased, their fear is yet living. Nothing can kill an Ass but cold; cold entertainment, discouraging scoffs, authorized disgraces, may kill a whole litter of young Asses of them here at once, that have traveled thus far in impudence, only in ... [1920] hope to sit a-sunning in your smiles. The Romans dedicated a Temple to the fever quartain, thinking it some great God because it shook them so; and another, to ill-fortune in *Exquillis*, a Mountain in Rome, that it should not plague them at Cards and Dice. Your Graces' frowns are to them shaking fevers, your least disfavours the greatest ill-fortune that may betide them. They can build no Temples, but themselves and their best endeavors, With all prostrate reverence, they here dedicate and offer up wholly to your service. *Sic bonus, O, faelixque tuis*. To ... [1930] make the gods merry, the celestial clown Vulcan tuned his polt-foot to the measures of Apollo's Lute and danced a limping galliard in Jove's starry hall. To make you merry, that are the Gods of Art and guides unto heaven, a number of rude Vulcans, unwieldy speakers, hammer-headed clowns (for so it pleaseth them in modesty to name themselves) have set their deformities to view, as it were in a dance here before you. Bear

with their wants, lull melancholy asleep with their
absurdities, and expect hereafter better fruits of their industry. ... [1940]
Little creatures often terrify great beasts; the Elephant
flyeth from a Ram, the Lion from a Cock and from
fire; the Crocodile from all Sea-fish; the Whale from the
noise of parched bones; light toys chase great cares.
The great fool Toy hath marred the play; good night,
Gentlemen; I go. [*let him be carried away.*]

WILL SUMMER: Is't true, Jackanapes, do you serve
me so? As sure as this coat is too short for me, all the
points of your hose for this are condemned to my pocket,
if you and I ere play at span-Counter more. *Valete*, ... [1950]
spectatores; pay for this sport with a *plaudit*, and the next
time the wind blows from this corner, we will make you
ten times as merry.

*Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non
intelligor ulli.
FINIS*

APPENDIX I

Glossary

(FS means found in Shakespeare, NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

accidence (n): the part of Grammar which treats of the Accidents or inflections of words: a book of the rudiments of grammar. FS (1-MWW); Nashe Almond for a Parrot, Will Summers. OED contemp citation: 1509 Hawes Past. Pleas

arre (v): listed in OED, not defined, probably snarl.

bailey/bayley (n): bailiff.

bandog (n): dog tied or chained up on account of its ferocity -- usually a mastiff or bloodhound. (1-2H6); Lyly Endymion; Pasquil Countercuff; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1560 Thersites in Hazl. Dodsl. I. 399 The

bandog Cerberus from hell ... 1577 Harrison England.

bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gl; Kyd

Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.

beshrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31); Nashe Summers; many others.

blear/bleere (v): confuse, hoodwink. FS (Shrew); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Summers.

canvas (v): discuss. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers.

carl (n): countryman, possibly slave, miser; after 1500, fellow of low birth. FS (1-Cymb); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Arden; Nashe Summers.

cheap [better cheap] (adv): at a better rate. NFS. Cf. Fam Vic; Nashe Summers.

cheer (n): provender, food. FS (20); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Arden, Nobody/Somebody; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene's Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.

clout (n): cloth. FS (3: R&J, Lear, Hamlet); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

cockle (n): degenerate form of barley, weed. FS (LLL, Corio); Nashe Summers.

cockscorb (n): fool's cap. FS (MWW); Oxford Interrogatory (1583); (anon.) Loctrine, Dodypoll; Nashe Strange News, Penniless, Astrophel, Summers; Jonson Cynthia.

conduce (v): lead toward, tend toward. FS (1-T&C); Nashe Summers.

cony catch/catching (v): catch "conies" [rabbits] or dupes; cheat, gull. FS (4-Shrew, MWW); Nashe Summers; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody. **cony-catcher** (n): one who catches "conies" or dupes; a cheat, sharper, swindler. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

culvering (n): drinking vessel? Cf. Nashe Summers.

fetch (n): vetch. trick, stratagem. FS (1-Ham). Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Summers; Chettle Kind Hart.

galliard (n): lively dance, featuring a leaping step. FS (5-H5, 12th); Peele Wives; Harvey poem (lampooning Oxford, V&A); Nashe Summers; (anon.) Dodypoll, Penelope; Jonson Revels.

gallimaufry (n): stew, hash, ridiculous medley. FS (2-MWW, WT); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Chettle Kind Hart; Nashe Summers.

gape-seed [buy] (v): In sarcastic phrases, to stare gapingly at a fair or market, instead of transacting useful business. NFS. Cf. (1598) Florio Anfanare; (1600) Nashe Summers (1st 2 OED citations).

gheste: not in OED, not explained by McKerrow.

glozers (n): specious, over-expansive flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; Greene's Groat.

goodnear (a): very near. Cf. Nashe Summers.

guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Ironside, Leic Gh

hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

horse [hobby horse] (n): prostitute, loose woman. FS (6-LLL, Ado, WT, Ham, Oth); Greene Cony; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Summers; Jonson Revels; Chapman D'Olive.

hugger-mugger (n): secrecy. FS (Ham); Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1553 Becon Reliques of Rome; 1590 in Acc. & Pap. relating to Mary Q. of Scots; 1601 Holland Pliny II. 563 Say that this is done in secret and hucker mucker.

jackanape (n): quasi-proper name of a man using tricks or displaying qualities, of an ape; one who is ape-like in tricks or behavior; a ridiculous upstart, impertinent fellow; coxcomb. FS (4-H5, MWW, AWEW, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; 1573 G. Harvey Letter-Bk.; Greene Upstart; Nashe Saffron Walden, Summers. 1st OED citations: 1534 Lett. & Pap. Hen. VIII; 1555 Harpsfield Divorce Hen.

jerted (v): jerked. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers, Lenten Stuff. OED also cites: 1566 Drant Horace

kilderkin (n): cask for liquid. NFS. Cf. Nashe Penniless. Nashe uses it in Summers in its traditional sense of cask for

liquid. OED cites 2 unusual uses: Peele Edw. I: Then ... draw us a fresh pot from the kinder-kind of thy knowledge; Nashe Summer's: To broach this little kilderkin of my corpse.

lazar (n): leper. FS (5-H5, T&C, Ham); Nashe Summers.

lerry/lurry (n): cant formula. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. OED also cites: 1589 R. Harvey Pl. Perc. (1590) 16 Why haue you not taught some of those Puppes their lerrie? 1602 Middleton Blurt iii. iii. F, ... neuer goe to a cunning woman, since men can teach vs our lerrie.

mate (n): companion, mate. FS (Shrew, Lear); Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers.

micher/mycher (n): niggard, one who pretends poverty. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers (OED missed 1st citation).

Mingo (n): a name for a drunkard, possibly from Saint Domingo (patron saint of toppers).

Murrion (n): Moor, blackamoor. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

noise/noyse [of musicians] (n): company or band of musicians. FS (2H4); (anon.) Fam Vic; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1558 in Nichols Progr. Q. Eliz. I. 39 Nere unto Fanchurch was erected a scaffold richely furnished, whereon stode a noyes of instrumentes.

plow-swain (n): based on swain, country or farm laborer, shepherd; countryman, rustic. FS (12); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Greene Orl Fur; Kyd Cornelia; Spenser FQ; Nashe Summers.

pupillonian (v): per Grosart, one who cries like a peacock. The only other OED citation seems to confirm this. 1623 Cockeram, Pupillate, to cry like a Peacocke. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

nipitaty (n): strong, good ale. NFS. Cf. Nashe Strange News, Summers.

orient (a): shining like the dawn, bright red. FS (2-Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh. OED contemp citation: 1578 Lyte Dodoens ii. ix. 158 The floures ...be of an excellent shining or orient redde.

pad/paddock (n): (1) dialect for "toad". FS (Mac). (2) hidden danger. NFS. Used in Nashe Will Summers, either meaning could apply.

pamphletary (a): relating to pamphlets; of the nature of a pamphlet. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers (Only OED citation until 1815).

peradventure (adv): by chance. FS (14); Q. Eliz. letters; Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Pasquil Return; Harvey 4 letters, Pierce's Super; Nashe Unf Travl, Menaphon, Almond, Summers, Astrophel; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Leic Gh.

perilsome (a): fraught with peril. NFS. Cf. Nashe Ch Tears (first OED citation); Summers.

pingle (v): pick at one's food (per OED, first use in this sense). NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. Nashe Unfor Trav uses "pinglingly".

polt foot (n): club foot. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Intro to Watson Hek; Greene Menaphon; Nashe Almond, Summers.

poor John/Jack: dried hake. FS (2-R&J;, Tempest); Nashe Penniless. 1st OED entry in 1667.

pratty (a): pretty

prolocutor (n): spokesman. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

Pupillonian (v): per Grosart, one who cries like a peacock. The only other OED citation seems to confirm this. 1623 Cockeram, Pupillate, to cry like a Peacocke. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

ring (n): possible bawdy double meaning (with connection to "hobby-horse", above. FS (Errors, Titus, Lear); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Jew/Malta; Nashe Summers; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Pasquil Countercuff; (anon.) Dodypoll, Leic Gh; Chapman d'Olive.

rot of sheep (n): plant known as marsh pennywort, rot-grass, sheep-rot. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

rumming of Eleanor: reference to Skelton's Eleanor Rummynge.

rundlet (n): small barrel, cask. NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie; Nashe Summers.

scales (n): ninepins or skittles. Cf. Nashe Summers.

snudge (n): niggard. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers.

span-counter (n): a game in which players try to throw their "counters" closest to the target. FS (1-2H6); Nashe Will Summers.

squitter-book (n): scribbler, a copious but worthless writer. NFS. Cf. Nashe Unfor Trav, Summers (1st 2 OED citations). See also Nashe Saffron Waldon "squittering" (1st OED citation).

summerly (a): in a manner befitting summer. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. Only OED citation until 1839.

surreverence (adv): with respect to (contemptuously). Cf. Warner, Alb. England (1586, 1st OED citation); Nashe

Summers. Used in different sense in Nashe Strange News and Lenten Stuff.

toys (n): antics, games. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

trencher (n): serving plate or dish [usually with connotation of trencher-knight or freeloader]. FS (7-2H6, TGV, R&J, A&C, Tempest, Corio, Timon); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Greene Cony; (anon.) Weakest, Mucedorus, Ironside; (disp.) Cromwell; Dekker Hornbook; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity.

trowl/troll (v): pass, hand over. NFS. Cf. (1575) Gammer Gurton; Porter Angry Woman; Nashe Summers; Dekker Gentle Craft.

weeds (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; (anon.) Loctrine, Mucedorus, Dodypoll; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bac, James IV; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers.

wist (v): knew. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Lyly Euphues.

writhen (a): coiled (branches), twisted. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Arden

Glossary: Proper Names

Baker, Harry: (McKerrow) possibly the name of the actor who played Vertumnus. Cf. Nashe Summers.

Didymus: From Agrippa, "Didimus wrote thereof [of the art of grammar] fowre thousand books, or as some saie, sixe thousande." Cf. Nashe Summers; Interestingly, Didymus is the name of a suitor (the most difficult to identify) in (anon.) Willobie His Avisa.

Hipotades: a name for Aeolus, the West Wind.

Vertumnus: god of the changing year. Major character in Golding Ovid (Book XIV).

Latin Translations

Listed in order of appearance in the text.

Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubem.

"I cast a cloud over the sins and deceptions of the night" (Horace)

boni viri

"Good men"

Semel insanivimus omnes.

"All of us have been mad at some time" (Mantuanus)

Poeta noster

"Our Poet"

Placeat sibi quisq; licebit.

"Everyone may please himself" (Ovid)

Omnibus una manet nox, & calcanda semel via lethi.

"One night awaits all, and must tread death's path once" (Horace)

Summa totalis

"The sum of all"

nam quae habui, perdidit

"For all who I have ruined" (adapted from Terence)

donec facinus invasit mortales

"Till crime corrupted men"

Summum bonum

"The greatest good"

Omnium rerum vacatione

"Resting from all labors"

Cui nil est, nil deest

"He that hath nothing, wants nothing." (Terence)

Omnio habeo nec quicquam habeo

"I have all things, yet want everything."

Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo, at ego illis, quia nequent egere

"Many upbraid me, because I am poor, but I upbraid them, because they cannot live if they were poor." (Cato)

Divesque miserque

"A rich man, and miserable"

Nam natura paucis contenta

"None so contented as the poor man."

Paupertas omnes perdocet artes

"Poverty instructs a man in all arts."

Paupertas audax:

"Valiant poverty." (Horace)

Non habet unde suum paupertas pascat amorem
"Poverty hath not wherewithal to feed lust." (Ovid)

Omnia mea mecum porto
"All my possessions I carry with me"

Inter utrumque tene, medio, tutissimus ibis.
"Stay between the two, you are safest in the middle" (Ovid)

Pergite porro
"Contrive"

Nihil violentum perpetuum
"No violence that liveth to old age"

Prandium caninum
"Adog's dinner"

Animus in patinis
"His mind is on his dinner" (Terence)

Vinum esse fomitem quendam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque
"Wine is a sort of kindling and tinder to the brain and the faculties"

Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiae
"There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness."

Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen
"He that will do well must drink well"

Prome, prome, potum prome
"Ho, butler - a fresh pot!"

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda
"Now is the time for drinking and for beating the ground with unrestrained feet" (Horace)

Vicissitudinem loquendi.
"A conversational interchange"

Faecundi calices, quem non fecere disertum?
"Eloquent cups, whom have they not made a good speaker?"

Aut epi, aut abi
"Either take your drink, or you are an infidel."

Vinum quasi venenum

"Wine is poison to a sick body"

A fabis abstinendum

"Abstaining from beans" (one of Pythagoras' precepts)

Non peccat quicumq; potest peccasse negare.

"The man that denies that he has sinned does not sin" (Ovid)

Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris

"Flee from the people you believe are faithful and you will be safe" (Ovid)

Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot servos.

"As many enemies as we have at home as we have servants" (Seneca)

Servus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis

"A slave is a necessary possession, but not a pleasant one"

Servos fideles liberalitas facit

"Generosity makes servants faithful"

Servitutem

"Slavery"

Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum

"Ill rumor, than which nothing is swfter" (Virgil)

Fismenus non Nastutus

"A character without a nose" (i.e. no sense of smell)

Hunc os foetidum (probably should read "Huic")

"This stinking mouth" (epithet of the Devil)

Cortigiana

"The Courtesan"

De Arte Bibendi

"On the Art of Drinking"

Non est consilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen, non differentia

"The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense." (Cicero)

Discite, qui sapitis, non naec quae scimus inertes, Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi

" You that be wise and ever mean to thrive, O study not these toys we sluggards use, But follow arms and wait on barbarous wars." (Ovid)

Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi batte

"Pound my son, my boy, beat it!" (perhaps a crude joke)

Liberalitas liberalitate perit

"Generosity dies through generosity"

Verba dandi et reddendi

"The word 'give' and the word 'return'."

O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!

"Oh unheard-of reprobate, oh voice of the damned!"

Nemo sapit omnibus horis

"Nobody knows all hours" (Pliny)

Sic bonus, O, Faelixque tuis

"Be good to your friends, and bring them good fortune" (Virgil)

Valete, spectatores

"Farewell, spectators"

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli.

"I am a barbarian here, for nobody understands me" (Ovid)

Sources

The passage from (670-735) about the nature of dogs, seems to have come from an unknown English translation of the *Pyrrhoniae Hypotyposes of Sextus Empiricus*. The translation is also used in Greene. The Nashe translation was apparently inaccurate (McKerrow 428-29).

Length: 16,302 words

Place, Date of Performance

McKerrow places the performance in a private home (my Lord's tile stones), theorizing that the allusion in Line 1879 to Lambeth suggests that it was performed for the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift). He further deduces that the year was 1592. (McKerrow, . 417-18). References to Queen Elizabeth indicate that she would have been present at the performance, although there is no evidence that she was at Croyden in 1592. With disagreement between Collier, Fleay and Nicholson, there seems to be general agreement that it was performed by one of the Children's companies. (McKerrow, 418-19).

Suggested Reading

McKerrow, Ronald B. (ed.). *The Works of Thomas Nashe, III*. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1966.
Nicholl, Charles. *A Cup of News: the life of Thomas Nashe*. London & Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984.

APPENDIX II: Connections

Weigh ... Balance, Death, Scales

Brooke Romeus (524-25): For pity and for dread well nigh to yield up breath.

In even balance paced are my life and eke my death,

Lyly Endy (V.3) ENDY: Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Midas (I.1) MELLA: The balance she holdeth are not to weigh the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe.

Love's Met. (III.2): make amends I cannot, for the gods holding the balance / in their hands, what recompense can equally weigh with their punishments?

Marlowe T1 (V.1.41-42) GOVERNOR: Your honors, liberties and lives were weighed

In equal care and balance with our own,

Shakes Rich3 (V.3): And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Corio (I.6): If any think brave death outweighs bad life

2H6 (II.2.200-201): in justice equal scales, ... whose rightful cause

Similar phrases in TA; John; MND (3.2.131-33), Ado; 2H4; Ham; AWEW; MM

Greene Fr Bac. (III.1.95-98) MARG: ... that Margaret's love

Hangs in th'uncertain balance of proud time; / That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?

Anon. Willobie (VIII.8): I weigh not death, I fear not hell,

Nashe Summers (40): Their censures we weigh not, whose / senses are not yet unswaddled.

(388-93): I like thy moderation wondrous well;

And this thy balance, weighing the white glass

And black with equal poise and steadfast hand,

A pattern is to Princes and great men, / How to weigh all estates indifferently.

Oxford Letter (July 1600, to Rbt. Cecil): ... ought in equal balance, to weigh lighter than myself .

Geneva Bible Job 31.6 Let God weigh me in the just balance,

I am that I am

Brooke Romeus (2886): To make me other than I am, how so I seem to be.

Oxford Letter (10-30-84, to Lord Burghley): I am that I am ...

Poem: I am not as I seem to be, Nor when I smile I am not glad;

Lyly MB (II.3) SILENA: Though you be as old as you are, I am as young as I am;

(IV.2) SILENA: Because I did, and I am here because I am.

Shakes Edw3 (II.1) WARWICK: I am not Warwick as thou think'st I am,

Sonnet (122): I am that I am

12th-(III.1.141) Viola: I am not what I am.

Oth (I.1.65) Iago: I am not what I am.

Lear. (I.2) Edmund: I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Anon. Dodypoll (III.5) LUCILIA: I know not what I am nor where I am,

Nashe Summers (124): SUMMER: Summer I was, I am not as I was;

Geneva Bible: Ex. 3.14. 1 Cor. 15.10 But by the grace of God, I am that I am.

Queen Elizabeth Identified

Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth motto: semper eadem (always the same)

Edwards Dam&Pith EUB: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth! . . . (1758-60)

SONG: The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!

Long may she govern in honor and wealth,

Void of all sickness, in most perfect health!

Which health to prolong, as true friends require,

God grant she may have her own heart's desire,

Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith.

The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queen Elizabeth! . . . (1768-74)

Nashe Summers (132-38): SUMMER: And died I had indeed unto the earth,

But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen, / On whom all seasons prosperously attend,

Forbad the execution of my fate, / Until her joyful progress was expir'd.

For her doth Summer live, and linger here, / And wisheth long to live to her content;

(1841-58) SUMMER: Unto Eliza, that most sacred Dame,

Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name,

All my fair days remaining I bequeath, ... To wait upon her till she be return'd.

Anon. Willobie Always the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLI, XLIII, LXII, LXXII)

Leic. Gh. (87): I by a Queen did live, and was advanced.

(92-99): And, for that, lost his life; I, my renown, / Till sacred Cynthia to the kingdom came,

That gave new life to my late-dying fame. / That peerless Queen of happy memory,

Who late like Deborah this kingdom swayed, / Now triumphs in the jasper-coloured sky,

In star-embroidered vesture richly rayed, / She, she restored my honor then decayed,

(149-52) : By the Queen's help, my power, and threatening looks,

I ruled the pawns, the bishops, knights and rooks.

Thus did I play at chess, and won the game, / Having the Queen my puissance to support;

See also 291-93, 298-301, 571, 608-612, 646, 651-52, 655-61, 670, 711-12, 715, 776-77, 1096,
1250-54, 1271-73, 1284, 1285-87, 1313-15, 1649, 168-69, 1691-96, 1714-16, 1749-50, 1783-85,
1996-98, 2124, 2135-38.

Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same,

Life ... Linger[ing]

Brooke Romeus (1924): You haste away my lingering death and double all my woe.

Gascoigne ... (V.3.55) ANT: Shall linger life within thy luckless breast,

Supposes (II.1) DULIPO: ... I shall be sure to linger and live in hope one fortnight longer:

Oxford poem (Framed in): My life, though ling'ring long, / is lodg'd in lair of loathsome ways

Anon. Locrine (IV.1.87): I, being conqueror, live a lingering life,

Mucedorus (I.4.16) SEGASTO: Accursed I in lingering life thus long!

(III.1.50) MUCE: I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Nashe Summers (137) SUMMER: For her doth Summer live, and linger here,

Shakes Cymb (V.5) CORNELIUS: She did confess she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,

Should by the minute feed on life and lingering / By inches waste you

Lusty Ver

Gascoigne *Jocasta* (IV.1.362) CHORUS: When tract of time returns the lusty Ver,
Nashe *Summers* (159) VER: I will, my Lord.

Ver, lusty Ver, by the name of lusty Ver, come into the court! ...

Shakes *Tempest* (II.1) GONZ: How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

(number) "several"

Nashe *Summer* (700) They can distinguish twixt three several things: An unusual construction, using "several" in a somewhat legalistic way, preceded by a number. This construction is common to Shakespeare, being used 12 times in 10 plays; and it is also used in Oxford's letters of October 30, 1984' June 30, 1591; and January 11, 1597.

It is not found in the other scanned plays, although Dr. Dodypoll has a similar phrase.

Man in Desperation (song)

Nashe *Summers* (853) by this straw / and thread I swear you are no gentleman, no proper man, no honest man, to make me sing, O man in desperation.

Peele *Old Wives* (4-5) FRANTIC: and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill / fortune to the tune of O man in desperation.

Fool ... School

Edwards *Dam&Pith* (39) ARIS: ... And thus I assure you: though I came from school
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool,

Anon. *Willobie* (XXVI.5): Your gravest men with all their schools
That taught you thus were heath-fools.

Shakes *Much Ado* (V.2): 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous

Nashe *Summers* (1450-55): Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters;
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes; / They seek to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely, confusion of languages, / Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built,
Accursed were in the world's infancy.

Geneva Bible: The Nashe allusion is clearly built on Genesis 11.4-9 of the Bible; the Willobie Biblical foundation is not clear; it would be built on the similarity to Nashe, and its probable amusing derivative in *Much Ado*.

Beer, small

Shakes 2H6 (IV.2) CADE: ... and I will make it felony / to drink small beer: ...

2H4 (II.2) HAL: Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Oth (II.1) IAGO: To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Greene *Cony-Catching*: Never went a cup of small beer so sorrowfully down an ale-knight's belly

Nashe *Summers* (838): Small beer, course bread, the hinds and beggars cry, ...
(1096): fall into a consumption with / drinking small beer.

Penniless: was but one single single kilderkin of small beer, and surfeit four times a day, with sour Ale and small Beer:

Strange Newes (1592, To the most copious carminist of our time, and famous persecutor of Priscian, his very friend, Master Apis lapis): ... and live to see the confusion of both your special

enemies, Small Beer and Grammar rules.

All hail ... Sovereign

Lyly Campaspe (II.1) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.

Endymion (II.2) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!

(V.2) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?

Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.

Anon. Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: Ñ All hail unto my gracious sovereign!

STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say

"all hail" and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.

EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!

Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'All hail!'

Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd.

MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.

Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.

Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...

TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.

Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.

Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase "all hail" and that

Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play *The Agony and the Betrayal*.

Note that if Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas

the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also

with ironic overtones.

Clay ... Grave/Deeds

Nashe Summers (417) SUMMER: Let us go measure out our beds in clay; nought but good deeds hence shall we bear away.

Shakes H5 (V.8) King Henry 5: Do we all holy rites;

Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum;' / The dead with charity enclosed in clay:

Ham (V.1) HAMLET: O, a pit of clay for to be made / For such a guest is meet.

Lucrece (87): Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

Geneva Bible: Seems to be 1 Kings & 1 or 2 Chronicles?

Flattering ... base, insinuating sycophant

Greene James IV (V.6.37) K. SCOTS: Ah, flattering brood of sycophants, my foes!

Shakes IH6 (II.4.35): base insinuating flattery

Titus (IV.2.38): basely insinuate.

Anon. Woodstock (I.1.148) WOODSTOCK: Lulled and secured by flattering sycophants;

(I.3.218) LANCASTER: Be thus outbraved by flattering sycophants?

Ironside (I.1.157) USKATAULF: Base, vild, insinuating sycophant,

(II.3.226) CANUTUS: Gross flattery, all-soothing sycophant,

Nobody: A major theme, based especially on the character named Sycophant, who appears to be

identified in several speeches as a composite of Sir Christopher Hatton (Exchequer) and Lord

Cobham (the Cinque Ports, see above).

Notable are speeches such as: (510-11) SOMEBODY: Those subtle sly insinuating fellows

Whom Somebody hath sent into the country

(1639) **QUEEN**: You are welcome; what new flatteries
Are a coining in the mint of that smooth face?

Nashe Summers (472-280) **SUMMER**: My Lord, this saucy upstart Jack,
That now doth rule the chariot of the Sun, / And makes all stars derive their light from him
Is a most base insinuating slave, / The son of parsimony and disdain,
One that will shine on friends and foes alike,
That under brightest smiles hideth black showers,
Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes,
And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food.

Wit ... Will

Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.

Oxford poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.2) **MENECEUS**: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will.
CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe.

Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,
(LXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire:

Lyly MB (I.3) **SPERANTUS**: He hath wit at will.

Kyd Sp Tr (IV.3.307) **HIERON**: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will,

Shakes TGV (II.6.12) **PRO**: And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.

LLL (II.1.49-50) **MARIA**: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...

12th (I.5.29) **FESTE**: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!

Hamlet (I.5.44-46) **GHOST**: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.

Corio (II.3.27-28) **3 CIT**: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...

Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;

Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) **EDR**: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.

Willobie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,

(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,

Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:

(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?

(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their
shows:

Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.

Nashe Summers (498-99) **WINTER**: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

Scatology ... Dunghill

Harvey (1593): Pierce's Supererogation (in an apparent reference to Oxford) ... there is a cap of
maintenance, called Impudency: and what say to him, that in a super-abundance of that same odd
capricious humour, findeth no such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip these
golden Asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing, leave
them on the dung-hill for carrion?

Anon Ironside (I.1.222-29) LEOFRIC: Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods
to see each base-born groom promoted up, / each dunghill brat arreared to dignity,
(III.5.1-3) CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards!
Look how a dunghill cock, not rightly bred, / doth come into the pit with greater grace,
Weakest (XVI.158) BRABANT: Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Greene Alph (V.3.64) AMURACK: Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?
(V.3.70) ALPH: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'
Shakes 1H6 (I.3): Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
2H6 (I.3): Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
(IV.10): Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
LLL (V.1): Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.
KING JOHN: Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
MWW (I.3): Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
2H4 (V.3): Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
H5 (IV.3): Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
AsYou (I.1): which his animals on his dunghills are as much
LEAR (III.7): Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
(IV.6): Out, dunghill!
Nashe Summers (449): How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
Anon. Willobie (XII.1): Thou beggar's brat, thou dung-hill mate,
Thou clownish spawn, thou country gill,
My love is turned to wreakful hate, / Go hang, and keep thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong, / I hope to see thee beg, ere long.
Cromwell (I.2.68) CROM: And from the dunghill minions do advance
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.100) D'OLIVE: raked like old rags out of dunghills / by candlelight,

Religious Prohibitions: Usury

Note: Carroll especially (Greene's Groatsworth) emphasizes the physical details of the usurer's dress: details in Groatsworth and Shakespeare (but not in the other examples shown below) such as the chain and furred robe strengthen the argument that Roberto's father is was purposely drawn on Lord Burghley. The ascendant merchant class had less distaste for usury than the old land-owning class; and Burghley (fur-robed and wearing the gold chain of office) had expressed a view that usury was an acceptable practice.

Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.63-): The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, / Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel; / Where usurers are choked with melting gold
Disp. Greene's Groat (48-58): The other was a scholar, ...his sinful neighbor Refers to usury (per Carroll, p. 44) as follows: "for he had good experience in a Noverint, and by the universal terms therein contained had driven many a young gentleman to seek unknown countries
(114-17): ... Roberto, knowing his father and most of the company to be execrable usurers,
inveighed mightily against that abhorred vice, insomuch that he urged tears from divers of their eyes, and compunction in some of their hearts.
(855-57): 6 Oppress no man, for the cry of the wronged ascendeth to the ears of the Lord; neither delight to increase by Usury, lest thou lose thy habitation in the everlasting Tabernacle.
(946-48): I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer,

(Carroll explains that this means that the "best of them ... will prove" [or perhaps has turned out to be] an usurer., and explains that this passage refers to Lodge, who inveighed against usury. This seems to reverse the obvious meaning (the best ... of you all, will never [not] prove [be] an usurer. Carroll seems to be twisting and turning to make the sentence fit Shakespeare, known to have become a usurer.)

Shakes 1H6 (III.1) GLOUC: Thou art a most pernicious usurer,

MV (III.1) SHYLOCK: He was wont to / call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him / look to his bond.

R&J (III.3) FR LAWRENCE: Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed / Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:

MUCH ADO (II.1) BEN: What fashion will you wear the garland of?

about your neck, like an usurer's chain? ...

MM (III.2) POMPEY: Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Lear (III.2) FOOL: ... When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion: ...

(IV.6) LEAR: ... The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear . Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

Corio (I.1) 1 CITIZEN: ... crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act / established against the rich, ...

Timon (II.2) APE: Poor rogues and / usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

FOOL: I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: ...

(III.5) ALCI: Banish your dotage; banish usury, / That makes the Senate ugly.

(IV.3) TIMON: Pity not honour'd age for his white beard: / He is an usurer: ...

Lov. Comp. (6): Like usury, applying wet to wet,

Cymbeline (III.3) BELARUS: Did you but know the city's usuries

And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court / Is hard to leave as keep; ...

WT (IV.4) AUTOLY: Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's

wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a

burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and / toads carbonadoed.

(IV.4) DORCAS: Bless me from marrying a usurer!

TNK (IV.3.33-34) DAUGHTER: bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of lead and usurers' grease,

Sonnet 6: That use is not forbidden usury, / Which happies those that pay the willing loan;

Sonnet 134: Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use / And sue a friend come debtor for my sake;

Chettle Kind Harts: There is an occupation of no long standing about London called broking or brogging, whether ye will; in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law, and bolster usury: if any man be forced to bring them a pawn, they will take no interest, not past twelve pence a pound for the month; marry they must have a groat for a monthly bill: which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no advantage can be taken for the usury.

Nashe Summers (501-02): SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth? / Ill usury my favors reap from thee,

Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.

(885-87) HARVEST: ... not like / the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one

Peele Old Wives (386) FRIAR: The miserable and most covetous usurer.

Munday Huntington (IX.93-94): LITTLE JOHN: Fiftly, you never shall the poor man wrong, / Nor spare a priest, a usurer, or a clerk.

Anon. Nobody (148-49) CORNWELL: ... he's an honest subject

That hates extortion, usury, and such sins

(1567) SICOPHANT: ... Loves usury and extortion.

(1136-37) CORNWELL: Here are, my liege, bonds, forfeit by poor men,

Which he released out of the usurers' hands,

Geneva Bible: usury condemned in many Biblical passages: Ex. 22.25; Lev. 25.36,37; Neh.

5.7,10; Ez. 18.8, 13, 17; Deut. 23.19,20; Matt. 25.27; Pss. 15.5; Prov. 28.8; Isa.24.2; Luke 19.23

Corn ... Blast

Golding Ovid Met (V.601-02): The stars and blasting winds did hurt,

the hungry fowls did eat / The corn to ground:

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.453-54) BAILO: Is like a tender flower, that with the blast

Of every little wind doth fade away.

Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.17-18) ISA: An eastern wind, ..., / Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;

(III.13.12-07-8) HIER: But suffer'd thy fair crimson-color'd spring

With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?

Greene Orl Fur (V.1.63-64) SACREPANT: Parched be the earth, to drink

up every spring: / Let corn and trees be blasted from above:

Lyly Love's Met (I.2)NISA: Of holly, because it is most holy, which lovely green

neither the sun's beams nor the wind's blasts can alter or diminish.

(IV.1.194-97) MELOS: May summer's lightning burn our autumn crop,

And rough winds blast the beauty of our plains,

Anon. Ironside (IV.1.82-83) EDMUND: A sunshine day is quickly overcast.

A springing bud is killed with a blast.

Nashe Summers (660-61) AUTUMN: They vomit flames, / and blast the ripened fruits;

(1770) BACK-WINTER: O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!

Shakes Hamlet (III.4.64-65): Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother

Geneva Bible Gen. 41.5-7 ... seven ears of corn grew on one stalk, rank and goodly ... seven thin

ears, & blasted with the East wind, sprang up after them: ... and the thin ears devoured the seven

rank and full ears. Gen. 41.22-24 (similar version of above)

Dogs ... Vomit

Shakes 2H6 (I.3) York: So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard; / And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it.

H5 (3.7.64-65) Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement, / et la truie lavee au boubier.

Pasquil Return (5) PAS: that he turned bace like a dog to his own vomit

Nash Summers (660) [the dogs of Orion]: They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruits; ...

(736-40) [of dogs]: When humors rise, they eat a sovereign herb,

Whereby what cloyes their stomachs they cast up;
And as some writers of experience tell, / They were the first invented vomiting.

Geneva Bible Prov. 26.11 As a dog turneth again to his own vomit,

2 Peter 2.22 But it is come unto them, according to the true proverb, The dog is returned to his own vomit

Knight ... Carpet, Trencher

Golding Ovid Met. (XII.673): Was by that coward carpet knight bereaved of his lyfe, ...

(XIII.123): Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght

Edwards Dam&Pith (46) Aristippus: The king feeds you often from his own trencher.

Anon Fam. Vic. (844-45)ARCH: Meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis court

Than a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the camp.

Mucedorus (Epi.): And weighting with a Trencher at his back,

Ironside (III.6.5): ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag carriers, ye sword and buckler carriers,

Penelope (XXX.3): These trencher flies me tempt each day,

(XXXV.5): Than taking down such trencher-knights.

Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) SUFFOLK: Obscure and lowly swain, ...

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.

TGV(IV.4) LAUNCE: ... and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he

steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:

LLL (V.2) BIRON: ... Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, / That smiles his cheek in years ...

... Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

Much Ado (V.2) BENEDICK: ... Troilus the first employer of panders, and / a whole bookfull of these quondam carpet-mongers, ...

12th (III.4) TOBY: He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; ...

Tempest (II.2) CALIBAN: ... Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ...

R&J (I.5) First Servant: Where's Potpan, ... He / shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!

Timon (I.1) Old Athenian: And my estate deserves an heir more raised

Than one which holds a trencher.

(III.6) TIMON: ... You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, ...

A&C (III.13) ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment / Of Cneius Pompey's; ...

Corio (IV.5) CORIO: Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

Nashe Summers (793): take / not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my Lord's trencher.

Munday Huntington (XIII.246) LEICESTER: This carpet knight sits carping at our scars, ...

Man-in-the-Moon

Shakespeare and the anonymous author of Arden seem to be indulging in a small joke at Lyly's expense: contrast with the romanticism of the concept in Lyly's Endymion: The Man in the Moon.

Anon. Arden (IV.2.22-29): FERRYMAN: Then for this once let it be . midsummer moon, but yet my wife has another moon.

FRANKLIN: Another moon?

FERRYMAN: Aye, and it has influences and eclipses.

ARDEN: Why then, by this reckoning you sometimes play the man / in the moon.

FERRYMAN: Aye, but you had not best to meddle with that moon

lest I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush.

Shakes MND: (V.1.250-252) MOON: All that I have to say, is,
to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon;
this thornbush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Nashe Summers (861-62) HARVEST: ... But to say that I impoverish
the earth, that I rob the man in the moon,

Munday Huntington (VIII.173-74) FITZ: By this construction,
she should be the Moon, / And you would be the man within the Moon.

Burden ... Heavy

Edwards D&P (157) STEPH: This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.

Marlowe T1 (III.2.239) THER: Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,

Edw2 (V.4.63) MORT: #Suscepi that provinciam [very heavy burden], ...

Anon. Woodstock (II.2.106) WOODSTOCK: a heavy burthen has thou taken from me.

Willobie (XLV.3): A heavy burden wearieth one,

Nashe Summers (874): are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty:

Shakes Hamlet (III.1.58): O heavy burden!

Geneva Bible Ps 38.4 (mine iniquities) ... as a weighty burden they are too heavy for me.

Taunt ... Bitter

Anon. Woodstock (II.1.132) KING: and every hour with rude and bitter taunts

Shakes 3H6 (II.6) RICHARD: Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Rich3 (I.3) Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty / With those gross taunts I often have endured.

Lyly Love's Met (II.1) CUPID: Pride in the beautiful,

bitter taunts in the witty, incredulity in all.

Nashe Summers (919) SUMMER: Plow-swains are blunt, and will / taunt bitterly,

Goliath ... Weaver's beam (spec. ref. to weaver's beam)

Anon. Ironside (V.2.202) EDM: Were he Goliath, I the little king,

I would not fear, him on his knees to bring; / but he hath rather cause to doubt of me,

I being big and far more strong than he.

Shakes Edw3 (IV.6) PHILIP: An arm hath beat an army; one poor David / Hath with a stone
foil'd twenty stout Goliaths; MWW (IV.1.22): I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam.

Nashe Summers (1025) BACCHUS: ... were every beam as big as a weaver's beam.

Geneva Bible 2 Sam. 21.19 Goliath the Gittite: the staff of whose spear was like a weavers
beam.

See also 1 Chron. 20.5, same text and 1 Sam 17.7.

Serpent ... Curse

Golding Ovid Met. (Ep. 473-74): The earth accursed for his sake, did never / after more
Nashe Summers (1164-65) SUMMERS: Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground,
And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low;
Shakes Oth (IV.2.17) Emilia: Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse, ...
Geneva Bible Gen. 3.14 Then the Lord God said to the serpent, ... upon thy belly thou shalt go,
and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life

Dumb swans ... Chattering pies

Nashe Summers (1173): Dumb swans do love, & not vain chattering pies.
Sidney Astrophel&Stella (54): Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove.

Dust to dust/Nothing to nothing

Watson Heck (C) Resolv'd to dust entomb'd here lieth Love,
Shakes Rich2 (V.3) GLOUC: Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased / With being nothing.
Ham (V.1) HAMLET: Alexander was buried, / Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth
Nashe Summers (256-259) VER: This world is transitory; it was made of nothing, and it must to
nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will of our high Creator (whose will it is, that it pass to
nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing.
Anon. Locrine (III.1.39) THRAS: Yielded his life and honor to the dust.
Willobie (VIII.8): You were my friend, you were but dust,
L Gh. (2118): Thus, our well-pampered flesh is turned to dust;
(2130-31): Yet now the ragged staff ..., / Is broken, and in dust the bears do lie.
(2222): Till all flesh turn to dust and slimy clay.
(2224): Of this great peer that sleepeth in the dust,
Geneva Bible Gen. 3.19 Thou art dust, and to dust shalt thou return.
Eccles. 3.20 All was of the dust, and all shall return to the dust.

Biblical Flood

Golding Ovid Met (I.309-72): Relates the story.
(VII.455-56): To ancient Ceramb: who such time as old Deucalion's flood
Upon the face of all the Earth like one main water stood,
Anon. Willobie (V.3): Was earth consumed with wreakful waves?
Shakes JC (I.2.152-3) CASSIUS: Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods,
When went there by an age since the great flood ...
12th (III.2): Since before Noah was a sailor.
As You (V.4.35-37) There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark.
Here comes a pair of very strange beasts.
Nashe Summers (1273): Fetched pedigrees of mountains and of floods
(1766-67) Which, melted into water, might fall down, / As fell the deluge on the former world.
Geneva Bible Genesis 7.1-24

Lust ... Idleness

Golding Ovid Met. (Epi. 113-14): Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idleness Is chiefest
nurse and cherisher of all voluptuousness,

Watson Hek (XVIII): A Labyrinth of doubts; an idle lust;
Nashe Summers (1314) WINTER: Sprung all, as vices, of this Idleness; ...
Anon. Willobie (L.4): If wandering rages have possess / Your roving mind at random bent;
If idle qualms from too much rest; / Fond fancies to you lust have sent:
Cut off the cause that breeds your smart, / Then will your sickness soon depart.
Note: Idleness the mother of all foolish wanness. David being idle fell to strange lust.
Queritur Egistus, quare sit factus Adulter.
Geneva Bible (located by Willobie note) 2 Sam. 11.2-4 ... David arose out of his bed, and walked upon the Kings palace: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. ... Then David sent messengers, and took her away ...

Quiet ... State

Golding Ovid Met. (II.482): My lot (quoth he) hath had enough of this unquiet state
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.460) CHORUS: What careful toil to quiet state it brings,
(II.2) CHORUS: Of our estate that erst in quiet stood.
(IV.1.317) CREON: A quiet end of her unquiet state.
Watson Hek I (XCVI): live secure and quiet in estate,
Anon. Ironside (I.1.28) CANUTUS: I plant you in your former quiet states.
Nashe Summers (1316) WINTER: But living loosely in a quiet state,

Tongues ... Filed/Smooth

Brook Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,
Gascoigne Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy / sugared tongue,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): ... the plague of this court! / Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Sapho (II.4) SYB: whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him enchanted.
Greene James IV (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...
Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.
Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place
Anon. Willobie (I.10): A filed tongue which none mislikes.
Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised
if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch.
(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, #Report shall never whet her tongue / upon Canutus to eternize thee.
Geneva Bible Ps. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their lips.

Repent ... Folly -- Correct. Sent text says James IV

Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,
Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,
Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

Death ... Worms

Brooke Romeus (2893-95) My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
But (God I praise) I feel no worm that gnaweth me,
Golding Ovid Met. (IX.817): And Libyan worms whose stinging doth enforce continual sleep,
Oxford poem (The Forsaken Man): Where earthly worms on me shall feed,
Lyly Campaspe (III.5.54-55): APELLES: the feeding canker of my ear, the never-dying worm of my heart,
Midas (II.1) SOPHRONIA: love a worm which seeming to live in the eye, dies in the heart.
(V.2) PETULUS: He means you are the last of the stock alive; the rest the worms have eaten.
DELLO: A pox of those saucy worms, that eat men before they be dead.
Shakes 2H6 (III.2) SALIS: The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
Rich3 (I.3.221) The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
As You (III.2.65): Thou worm's-meat.
Hamlet (IV.3) HAM: Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us
HAM: A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a / king, and ...
MM (III.1.16-17): For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork / Of a poor worm.
V&A (154): Death,-- / 'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm,
Nashe Summers (1595-96) SONG: Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave, ...
(1679-81) AUTUMN: For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st;
The worms will curse thy flesh another day, / Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.
Anon. Willobie (XIII.2): ... and therein find / That gnawing worm that never lins
L. Gh. (2121): We fed on joys, but now for worms are food,
Cromwell (V.5.131) CROMWELL: The land of Worms, which dying men discover,
Geneva Bible Job 24.20 ... The worm shall seal his sweetness:
Isaiah 51.8 the worm shall eat them

Gross head

Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.168): Is such a dolt and grosshead, as he shows himself to be
Brooke Romeus (2626): Than either I do mind to say, or thy gross head can deem.
Gascoigne Supposes (II.1) DULIPO: Out upon me, what a gross-headed fool am I?
Marprelate (#4): Again, none would be so gross-headed as to gather,
Nashe Summers (1668) SUMMER: Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.158) MUG: that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

Wither ... Herb

Anon. Loctrine (IV.2.8) HUMBER: Sowed Aconitum mongst these withered herbs?
Oxford letter (3-14-96): I perceive all my hopes but fucate and my haps to wither in the herb.
Nashe Summers (1825) SUMMER: Item, I give my withered flowers and herbs
Unto dead cor[p]ses, for to deck them with;
Geneva Bible Job 8.12 Though it were in green and not cut down, yet shall it wither before any other herb. Jere 12.4 How long shall the land mourn, and the herbs of every field wither, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein?. Pss 37.2 For they shall soon be cut down like grass, and shall wither as the green herb.

Smooth-faced

Golding Ovid Met. (VIII.570): Ne let that fair smooth face of thine beguile thee, ...
Lyly Love's Met. (I.2) ERIS: It is not your fair faces as smooth as jets ...
Shakes Rich3 (V.5) RICHMOND: Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
John (II.1) BASTARD: That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
LLL (V.2) KATHERINE: I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Anon. Woodstock (IV.1) BUSH: we have left that smooth-faced flattering Greene ...
Ironsides (IV.1.101) EDMUND: ... not to believe that smooth-face forged tale.
Troub. Raigne K. John (XI.42): A smooth-facte Nunne is all the Abbots wealth.
Nobody (1640) QUEEN: Are coining in the mint of that smooth face?
Leic. Gh. (889): With my fair words and smooth-faced flattering.
Nashe Summers (1850-51): And, Winter, with thy writhen frosty face,
Smooth up thy visage, when thou look'st on her;

Born to Woe ... Man

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (III.2.170-73) CHORUS: O blinded eyes, O wretched / mortal wights,
O subject slaves to every ill that lights, / To scape such woe, such pain, such shame and scorn,
Happy were he that never had been born.
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.248-49: ORL: The woe of man, that first-created curse, / Base female sex,...
Shakes Rich2 (III.4) RICH: Come, ladies, go, / To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look / Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Anon. Willobie (LXII.3): If ever man were born to woe, / I am the man;
Penelope (LI.1): But ah me wretch (born but to woe),
Leic. Gh (855-57) Man's most sweet joys are mixed with some sour pains,
And none doth live, of high or low degree, / In life or death, that can from woe be free.
Nashe Summers (1880) Song: Trades cry, Woe worth that ever they were born;
Geneva Bible Jer.15.10; Matt. 26.24; Mark 14.21

Repent ... Folly:

Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
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APPENDIX III: Language, Vocabulary

Distinctive Words, Phrases :

disgests, weary-out/time (v), wheaten crown, word-warriors (n)

Note: Two Noble Kinsmen opens with scenes of crowning with wheaten garlands, and has quite a few repetitions of the phrase.

Compound Words (*surely unusual):

141 words (11 verbs, 81 nouns, 46 adj, 3 adv, 1).

after-winter (n), ale-house (n), alms-cart (n), Atlas-like (a), Back-winter (n), barrel-belly (n), beard-master* (n), belly-full (n), blood-letting (n), brain-pan (n), brave-minded (a), cared-for (v), cloak-bag (n), clock-keepers (n), cod-piece (n), coney-catching (n), counter-vail (v), country-buttoned (a), cross-bitten (v), cut-throat (a), damned-born (a), day's-eyes (n), death-bed (n), death-day (n), deep-reaching (a), demi-coloring (n), dish-clouts (n), dog-days (a, n), dog-keeper (n), Dog-star (n), dough-belly (n), dung-hill (n), dust-box (n), eggshell (n), eye-sore (n), face-to-face (adv), fiery-breathing (a), fires-side (n), foul-mouthed (a), fraud-wanting* (a), free-school (n), frost-bitten (v), gape-seed (n), God-son (n), going-away (n), good-faced (a), goodliest-ripened (a), gold-breathing (a), goose-quill (n), gray-eyed (a), gross-headed (a), half-penny (n), hammer-headed (a), handy-work (n), hat-band (n), hedge-creepers (n), highway-side (n), hoarder-up (n), hobby-horse (n), hob-nails (n), horn-book (n), horse-race (n), hour-glass (n), house-tops (n), hugger-mugger (n), hunger-starved* (a), husband-men (n), ill-favord'st (a), ill-fortune (n), ill-governed (a), ill-spent (a), ink-horn (n), ivy-bushes (n), jack-in-a-box (n), laughing-stock (n), low-built (a), make-shifts (n), male-contents (n), morris-dance[r] (n), mud-vault (n), near-approaching (a), never-meant (a), new-fangled (a), night-cap (n), nut-tree (n), one-by-one (adv), out-yards (n), over-bar (v), over-barring (n), overcome (v), overflow (v), overgrown (v), over-laid (a), over-load[en] (v), over-seer (n), overthrow (v), pebble-stone (n), pick-teeth (n), pinch-back (a), play-book (n), plow-swains* (n), polt-foot* (n), puffing-up (n), quart-pot (a), riff-raff (n), school-master (n), sea-fish (a), serpent-like (a), silver-falling* (a), sky-measuring (a), slow-marching (a), smooth-tongue (a), span-counter (n), spittle-house (n), squitter-book* (n), star-gazers (n), subtle-witted (a), sun-bathing (a), sweet-falling (a), tell-tales (n), tile-stones (n), tittle-tattle* (n), toss-pot (n), try-lill (?), twelve-month (n), two-legged (a), uncivil-nurtured* (a), venom-breathed (a), water-bearers (n), weary-out* (v), weather-beaten (a), well-aday, well-breeched (a), well-known (a), well-performed (a), well-placed (a), wet-shod (adv), well-tuned (a), wood-nymphs (n), wool-pack (n), word-warriors* (n), worm-eaten (a)

Words beginning with "con" (*surely unusual):

34 words (14 verbs, 16 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv, 1 conj).

conceit (n, v*), conclude (v), condemn[ing] (v), condition (n), conduce (v), conduit (n), confer (v), conference (n), confess (v), confirm (v), confusion (n), [un]confuted (a), confuting (v), conjecture (n), conscience (n), consent (n), consequently (conj), constable (n), constant (a), construction (n), construing (v), consume (v), consumption (n), contagious (a), contemning (v), contemplation (n), contempt (n), content (a, n, v), continually (adv), contrary (n), control (n), conversant (a), convert (v), convey (v)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual):

20 words (12 verbs, 6 nouns, 2 adj).

disagree (v), disapointed (v), disclose (v), [dis]content (n), discouraging (a), discourse (n), discredit (v), disdain (n), disease (n), disfavors (n), disgests* (v), disgrace (n), dishonorable (a), dispatch (v), dispersed (v), dispose (v), dispossess (v), disputing (v), distinguish (v), disturb (v)

Words beginning with "mis": 6 words (1 verb, 3 nouns, 2 adj).

misbehave (n), miscarried (v), miscreant (n), miserable (a), mishap (n), misshapen (a)

Words beginning with "over" (*surely unusual):

8 words (5 verbs, 2 nouns, 1 adj). over-bar* (v), over-barring (n), overcome (v), overgrown (v), over-laid (a), over-load (v), over-seer (n), over-throw (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 8 words (4 verbs, 2 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).

prefer (v), presence (n), present[ly] (v, a, adv), preserved (a), presume (v), presumptuous (a), pretense (n), prevail (v)

Words beginning with "re": 33 words (21 verbs, 13 nouns, 2 adj).

recalled (v), received (a), recite (v), record (n), recover (v), refer(v), reflecting (v), refrain (v), refuse (v), regard (v, n), regiment (n), remaining (v), remedy (n), remember (v), remorse (n), remove (v), renews (v), repair (v), repent (v), repentance (n), reply (v), report (n), represent (v), require (v), respect (v, n), resplendent (a), restoring (n), retire (v), return (v), revenge (v, n), revenues (n), reverence (n), reverse (n)

Words beginning with "un","in" (* surely unusual):

54 words (verbs, nouns, adj, adv, 1 conj, 2 prep).

increase (v), indeed (conj), index (n), indifferently (adv), industry (n), infancy (n), infect (v), infectious (a), infer (v), infidel (n), injure (v), innocence (n), innumerable (a), inordinate (a), insatiate (a), insight (n), insinuate (v), insinuating (a), instruct (v), intemperance (n), intemperate (a), intend (v), interpreter (n), interrupt (v), into (conj), intolerable (a), invective (n), invent (v), invention (n)
unadvisedly (adv), unarmed (a), uncertain (a), uncivil-nurtured* (a), unclothe (v), uncondemned (a), unconfuted (a), uncouth (a), undo (v), unfallibly (adv), unfit (a), ungracious (a), unprofitably (adv), unreasonable, unrest (n), unswaddled (a), until (conj), unto (prep), unthrifts* (n), untruth (n), unwieldy (a), unwittingly (adv), under (prep), undermine (v), underminings (n), understood (v)

Words ending in "able": 10 words (1 noun, 7 adj, 2 adv).

constable (n), [dis]honorable (a), innumerable (a), intolerable (a), lamentable (a), miserable (a), palpably (adv), [un]reasonable (a), serviceable (a), unprofitably (adv)

Unorthodox Words ending in "ize": 3 words (3 verbs). covetize, gourmandize, warrantize

Words ending in "less": 6 words (1 noun, 5 adj).

careless[ness] (n), harmless (a), masterless (a), quenchless (a), questionless (a), thriftless (a)

Words ending in "ness": 19 words (19 nouns).

baldness (n), bitterness (n), brightness (n), business (n), carelessness (n), covetousness (n), darkness (n), drunkenness (n), faithfulness (n), happiness (n), idleness (n), madness (n), mightiness (n), plainness (n), sickness (n), slothfulness (n), wantonness (n), witness (n), worthiness (n)

Words ending with "ship": (3 words, [ap]prenticeship dating from early 16th c per OED.)

fellowship, prenticeship, worship

Gerund/gerundive (words ending in "ing") Summary:

Total words (excluding "being"): 192

Total words used as a verb: 68

Total words used as an adjective: 44

Total words used as a noun: 80

1 use of "being" as a noun, 4 as an adjective.

Infinitives:

Use of the simple infinitive: 220

Use of the passive infinitive: 6

Use of "to be" as active infinitive: 12 (with noun, adv, or present participle)

Infinitive as subject of dependent clause: 4

Double/double infinitives, not included in figures above: 2 (i.e., to help us to sing)

Reflexives: attire themselves, bathes him, behave yourselves, build (no temple but) themselves, carry away yourself, I commend me, content yourself, dog myself, louse themselves, love none but themselves, making himself a ..., to mend himself, misbehaved themselves, profess myself, repent you, save themselves, sees not himself, shame ourselves, show thyself, terms himself, thought himself