BEN. JOHNSONII * VERA EFIGIES
DOCTISSIMI POETARVM ANGLORVM

Ro. Vaughan fecit.

Johnsoni typus, ecce qui suoris
Antistes sacri, Enthel, Camenis,
Et Scenae veteris novator auda
Vim legi ingenii recens Sapulti.
Vetere minus aut minus positus
Antique reparator munus artis,
Cui solus similis, Figuravit.

O could there be an art found out that might
Produce his shape so lively as to write so well.
BEN
JONSON

Edited by C. H. Herford
and Percy Simpson

VOLUME III

A Tale of a Tub
The Case is Altered
Every Man in His Humour
Every Man out of His Humour

OXFORD
At the Clarendon Press
1927
Printed in England
At the Oxford University Press
By John Johnson
Printer to the University
P R E F A C E

T H E present volume is a first instalment of the text, which we hope to complete in four more volumes. A critical introduction to the text as a whole and a commentary will be given in the last three volumes.

The frontispiece, taken from a rare print in the Hope Collection, is reproduced by permission of the Visitors of the Ashmolean Museum.

In editing The Case is Altered we gratefully record our obligation to the late Duke of Devonshire for permission to collate the Kemble copy, formerly at Chatsworth.

Our debt to Dr. W. W. Greg is very heavy. The original conclusion of Every Man out of his Humour is missing from the only copy of the First Quarto as yet traced in England. Dr. Greg placed at our disposal the rotographs used for the Malone Society's reprint of the play, and gave permission to use the Society's text. He also communicated to us privately the solution of a difficult problem in The Case is Altered. He has given a convincing explanation (quoted on pp. 95–6) of the two states of the second title-page of the Quarto, showing that Johnson's name was added to it, and not, as is generally
Preface

Some corrections of our earlier volumes and some additional notes are printed at the end of this volume. For a number of these we are indebted to Dr W W Greg, Mr W J Lawrence, Professor H B Charlton, Dr R F Patterson, and Mr T Harbottle.

For help in the work of collation we are indebted to Mrs Simpson, and the readers and staff of the Clarendon Press deserve our warm thanks for their skill and patience, especially in coping with the complicated critical apparatus of the last play.

Oriel College, Oxford.

12 February 1927
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES

VOLUME III

ROBERT VAUGHAN’S PORTRAIT OF JONSON Frontispiece

This engraving is undated, and three states of the plate are recorded. It was first issued as a separate print (1) The original state has the underline ‘Are to be sold in Popes head alley at the white horse by Geo Humble’ A beautiful impression, here reproduced, has been inserted in Henry Holland’s Basilvologa A Booke of Kings (1618), no 150 in the Hope Collection at Oxford, a copy made up with many extra prints by its former owner, T W Jackson. The date of the print can be fixed approximately. The earliest recorded engravings of Robert Vaughan are in a book entitled The Pourtratures of Nine Moderne Worthies, which was entered on the Stationers’ Register to Henry Holland on March 30, 1622. George Humble, bookseller and print-seller, traded at the sign of the White Horse in Pope’s Head Alley from 1610 to 1627, in 1627 he changed his address to Pope’s Head Palace. The poetaster Abraham Holland, who composed the verses below the portrait, died on February 18, 1626. The engraving was probably issued early in Charles I’s reign, and it was certainly not later than 1627 (2) Humble is last heard of in 1632 at a date which we have not traced the engraving was reissued by the print-seller William Peake, who had a shop on Snow Hill near Holborn Conduit. The underline was altered to ‘Are to be Sold by William Peake’ The collector Thomas Grenville inserted one of these prints in his large-paper copy of the Jonson First Folio (1616), now in the British Museum. His note on the copy is preserved in it, and he states ‘I have added to my Copy the head by Vaughan’ (3) The print finally appears as a frontispiece to the small quarto collection, Ben Jonson’s Execration against Vulcan With divers Epigrams, published by John Benson early in 1640, and again as the frontispiece to the first volume of the 1640 Folio. In both these editions the underline
List of Illustrations and Facsimiles

has been erased In the copies examined better impressions of the plate are found in the Execration than in the Folio.

An idealized redrawing of this portrait was engraved by William Elder for a frontispiece to the 1692 Folio of Jonson’s Works. In this the verses are anonymous. The sixth and seventh lines are mispunctuated in all the issues; there should be a comma after ‘audax’ and a full stop after ‘politus’.

A TALE OF A TUB the title-page in the 1640 Folio page 7

THE CASE IS ALTERED, 1609

The earlier title-page
The later title-page

There are two states of the later title-page; the first is anonymous; the second, which is here reproduced, has the author’s name inserted, ‘Written by BEN Jonson’, but the insertion is badly centred and gives a less-balanced page.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

The title-page in the Quarto, 1601 page 195
The title-page in the Folio, 1616 page 297
The title-page in the Folio, 1640 page 299

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR

The title-page in the First Quarto
The title-page in the Second Quarto
The title-page in the Third Quarto
The title-page of the 1616 Folio, with ornamental border
The plain title-page in the 1616 Folio page 419
The title-page in the 1640 Folio page 420
THE TEXT: INTRODUCTORY NOTES

The text of this edition is conservative and ignores unnecessary variants. The early texts are generally sound, Jonson wrote a clear hand, and he edited much of his work. All this leaves little scope to the conjecturalist, and the misreadings of an editor have no further significance than to show that he was unfit for his task. To substitute 'affected Courtier' for 'affecting Courtier' in the character of Briske prefixed to Every Man out of his Humour is either sheer carelessness in copying or ignorance of Elizabethan English, and nothing is gained by noticing it in a critical edition. On the other hand, the modernizings of the 1692 Folio, which sometimes reflect changing seventeenth-century usage, have an historical value, and variants of spelling and punctuation in the Quartos and Folio often give a clue to Jonson's own practice. Any reading which appears to have this justification will be preserved.

The readings of Peter Whalley, who made the first serious attempt to edit Jonson in 1756, and of William Gifford, whose elaborate edition in 1816 did much for the poet's reputation, are sometimes judicious and often interesting; a selection of these will be given.

No problem arises in editing the first two plays in this volume. They depend on a single text, A Tale of a Tub first appeared in the 1640 Folio. A few passages, perhaps marginal additions made by Jonson in the manuscript, are confused, and there are a number of misprints, but the text as a whole is clear. The Case is Altered was first printed in a bad Quarto in 1609. Here an editor has to correct many misprints and to adjust the verse, but the pioneer work was done by Whalley and Gifford, and their corrections are usually sound. The present text is more conservative than Gifford's, but accepts most of his readjustments.

The two Humour plays, on the other hand, bring us face to face with two authoritative texts issued in Quarto and in Folio, and with the interesting problem of revision by the author. The original text of Every Man in his Humour
was printed only in the Quarto of 1601. A few corrections can be made in it from the later Folio text, but they are trivial or obvious, such as the correction of ‘friends’ to ‘fiends’ in III iv 6. Errors in punctuation and verselining are frequent, but the text is substantially sound. The revised Folio version of 1616, in which the play was rewritten, is very carefully printed. The most noteworthy error is the false rhyming of ‘fame’ and ‘come’ in V v 80–1, and this could be easily cured even if the 1601 Quarto and the 1640 Folio did not read ‘some’ and ‘come’.

In *Every Man out of his Humour* Jonson did not rewrite, he revised his early version. He worked over the Quarto text, submitted it to a close scrutiny, and retouched it in detail. Occasionally he makes a point a little clearer for the actor, but usually he strengthens or improves the phrasing. The underlying spirit of the changes is not so much the attitude of a practical playwright as a distant approach to Pope’s standard of correctness.

We regard the 1616 Folio as the final authority for all the works which it contains—the plays up to *Cainline*, the *Epigrams* and the *Forest*, and the masques up to *The Golden Age Restored*. In the textual introduction to *Every Man out of his Humour* we give our reasons for this high estimate of the Folio. We find in it clear traces of Jonson’s own proof-correcting, and in the critical introduction that will precede the commentary we shall complete the evidence by a survey of all the plays in this memorable volume, the first collected edition of the works of an Elizabethan playwright.

The 1640 Folio was published three years after Jonson’s death, and its complicated history does not concern us at this stage, for the first volume is a reprint of its predecessor, with occasional corrections which may be Jonson’s. The second volume is the sole authority for all the later plays except *The New Inn*, for the later masques beginning with *The Masque of Christmas*, the *Underwoods*, and the prose works. The dates of the contents range from 1631, when *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Devil is an Ass*, and *The Staple

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1 See Appendix V in vol 1, pp 358–70
of News were first published, to 1641, the date in the imprint of The Sad Shepherd and The Discoveries

It remains to explain the symbols and abbreviations used in the critical apparatus and such technical points as the scene arrangements

A Tale of a Tub

$F = \text{the Folio of 1640, the sole authority for the text}$
$F_3 = \text{the Folio of 1692}$

The Case is Altered

$Q = \text{the Quarto of 1609, the sole authority for the text}$

Every Man in his Humour

$Q = \text{the Quarto of 1601, the sole authority for the original version of the play acted in 1598}$
$F_1 = \text{the Folio of 1616, in which the revised version first appeared}$
$F_2 = \text{the Folio of 1640, a reprint of the text of 1616}$
$F_f = \text{readings common to the Folios of 1616 and 1640}$
$F_3 = \text{the Folio of 1692}$

Every Man out of his Humour

$Q_1 = \text{the original Quarto of 1600, published by William Holme}$
$Q_2 = \text{a reissue of this Quarto by William Holme in 1600, set up from the first Quarto}$
$Q_3 = \text{the third Quarto, published by Nicholas Ling, set up from the second Quarto, and dated 1600}$
$Q_q = \text{readings in which all three Quartos agree}$
$F_1 = \text{the Folio of 1616, set up from the first Quarto}$
$F_2 = \text{the Folio of 1640}$

1 The Folio of 1640 differs from its predecessor by using 'j' and 'v for 'i' and 'u'. But by a peculiarity not uncommon when this modern usage began, it keeps the capital 'I' and 'V' on title-pages and for proper names. Thus, in A Tale of a Tub it prints 'In January' (I i 83), 'John Clay' (I iv 30), but 'Justice Bramble' (I i 93).
$F_f$ = readings common to the Folios of 1616 and 1640
$F_3$ = the Folio of 1692

Throughout the volume

$W$ = Whalley's edition of 1756
$G$ = Gifford's edition of 1816
$om$ = an earlier reading omitted from a later text
$not\ in\ Q$ (or $Qq$) = a new reading first found in the Folio text

**Printer's and Author's Corrections**

These are indicated by the formula 'corr $Q$' or 'corr $F$' Thus, in *The Case is Altered*, I v 30, the printer set up 'Maximilian of Vicenza', he corrected it to 'Maximilian of Vicenza'. The corrected reading is in the text, and the note in the critical apparatus is 'Maximilian of Vicenza corr $Q$ Maximilian of Vicenza $Q$ originally.' As an example of an author's correction we may take *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV viii 110 the 1616 Folio at first reproduced a reading found in all the Quarto's, 'My selfe shall manfrede it for them', Jonson corrected this to 'My selfe shall undertake for them', and this is also the reading in the Folio of 1640. The note in the critical apparatus is, 'undertake corr $F_1$, $F_2$ manfrede it $Qq$, $F_1$ originally'

**Stage Directions**

In the Folio of 1616 Jonson pruned severely the lavish stage directions given in the Quarto's. He liked the look of a clean page in which the text stood out clear. In the Quarto's exits and short stage directions are printed at the end of a speech wherever the space allows. Longer stage directions, such as the entrance of several characters, or a detailed notice such as 'Enter Fallace running, at another doore, and claps it too' in *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV ii 80, are centred in the text and take up a line. The brief notes appended to a speech are indicated by the formula 'add $Qq$', the fuller stage directions by ' $Qq$ in
Thus, in Every Man out of his Humour, IV vi 140, the First Quarto prints '**Exeunt**' in a line by itself after the speech, the Second and Third Quartos print '**Exit**' at the end of the last line of the speech. The critical note is 'After 140 Exeunt Q1 Qq 2, 3 add Exit to 140'.

**Scene-Numbering and Scene-Location**

In the Folio of 1616 Jonson adopted the system of scene-division which he found in the early texts of Plautus and Terence. The entrance of a new character marks a new scene, and the names of all the characters taking part in it are given in the heading. To take an extreme example in Gifford's text the third act of Sejanus has only two scenes, in the Folio there are six. In the two Roman plays, Sejanus and Catiline, no scene-numberings are given, only the acts are numbered. But Jonson numbers the scenes in his other plays.

The habit of definitely locating the scene is a modern pedantry. In the revised Every Man in his Humour Jonson appended to the list of characters the laconic notice '**THE SCENE LONDON**'. In Every Man out of his Humour he dispensed even with this, but in Elizabethan fashion he incorporated in the text any necessary references when the place of action had to be indicated. 'the Scene is the country still, remember' (I iii 198), 'we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle isle in Paules, and that, the west end of it' (II vi 183-4), 'Conceue him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough' (V iii 92-3).

Gifford's modern renumbering of the scenes and his elaborate locations are cited in the critical apparatus.
A TALE OF A TUB
THE TEXT

Two entries in Herbert's Office Book relate to the performance of this play in 1633:

R for allowing of The Tale of the Tub, Vitru hoop's parte wholly strucke out, and the motion of the tubb, by commande from my lorde chamberlin, exceptions being taken against it by Inigo Jones, surveyor of the kings workes, as a personal injury unto him May 7, 1633,—2l 0 0

The Tale of the Tub was acted on tuesday night at Court, the 14 Janua, 1633, by the Queenes players, and not likte

Malone, Variorum Shakspeare, 1821, iii, pp 232, 236

There is possibly an allusion to this play in the gibe which Chapman penned in his last illness upon the work of his old friend and colleague. After alluding to Ben's fire and the writings lost in it, he continues:

Some pore thinge wright new, a Riche Caskett Ben All of riche Jems t'adorne most learned men or a Reclaime of most facete supposes To teach full-habited men to blowe their noses make the king merrie

Ashmole MS 38, p 17

A Tale of a Tub, in the form in which it has come down to us, consists therefore of (1) the original play, written about 1596 or 1597, clear traces of which survive in the extant text, (2) the 1633 reissue of this discarded work, in which Jonson inserted his satire on Inigo Jones and—in all probability—recast the original prose passages in verse form, (3) the final touches of revision forced upon him by the Censor. As much as he could save of Vitruvius Hoop was clumsily attached to In and In Medlay, and it is possible that the flat and colourless epitome of the play, which now constitutes the 'motion', replaced something more pungent, of which Inigo may have had reason to complain.

The sole authority for the text is the Folio of 1640-1, in

1 See vol 1, pp 275-307
which *A Tale of a Tub* is printed on pages 65–113, signatures I–P, Q, of the later group of plays beginning with *The Magnetic Lady*. The following copies have been collated for the present reprint: two copies in the British Museum with press-marks C 39 k 9, C 28 m 12, the Douce copy in the Bodleian with press-mark Douce I 303, a copy in the Library of All Souls College, Oxford, and two copies in the possession of the editor. Two copies belonging to Professor W. Bang were collated by Dr Hans Scherer for his edition of the play in *Materialien zur Kunde des alteren Englischen Dramas*, vol xxxix, 1913. Dr Florence M. Snell edited the play for a Yale thesis in 1915 from the Yale Library copy. Mr George van Santvoord has kindly checked the doubtful readings of this edition.

While the sheets of the Folio were passing through the press a number of corrections were made in the text. To show the nature of these corrections, which are marred occasionally by the blundering of the printer, a full list is appended for *A Tale of a Tub*.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sig</th>
<th>I 12</th>
<th>11 19-21</th>
<th>IONE IOYCE,</th>
<th>IONE, IOYCE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>MADGE PARNEL,</td>
<td>MADGE, PARNEL</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>KATE,</td>
<td>KATE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I 3</td>
<td>1 16</td>
<td>keepe,</td>
<td>keepe</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 11</td>
<td>errand,</td>
<td>errand</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 12</td>
<td>Squire,</td>
<td>Squire</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 20</td>
<td>spirit her sonne</td>
<td>spirither, sonne</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 28</td>
<td>would</td>
<td>would</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 29</td>
<td><em>Tripoly</em></td>
<td><em>Tripoly</em></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 31</td>
<td>morning,</td>
<td>morning,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 33</td>
<td>y-styl’d</td>
<td>y-styl’d</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I 4v</td>
<td>1 32</td>
<td>As I may say, Mr</td>
<td>As I may say, Mr</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Tobias Turfe</em>,</td>
<td><em>Tobias Turfe</em>,</td>
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<td>uuppin-ions</td>
<td>uppinions</td>
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<td>1 20</td>
<td>married</td>
<td>married</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>K 3v</td>
<td>1 29</td>
<td>me</td>
<td>me</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L</td>
<td>1 75</td>
<td>Hine</td>
<td>Hine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L 4v</td>
<td>1 38</td>
<td>was — Well,</td>
<td>was Well,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 41</td>
<td>from me?</td>
<td>from me</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 6</td>
<td>Sir, speake</td>
<td>Sir, speake</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 Pages 70–79 are duplicated.
2 A miscorrection, inserting the comma at the wrong point and disturbing the type.
3 A miscorrection; 'speake' was correct.
Three errors or inconsistencies in the use of names remain uncorrected in ii 1 38 and 56 'Sc' and 'Ite' are prefixed to speeches, and in v x 95 'Giles' is found in place of 'Miles' 'Sc' may mark a stage cancel of a lost speech of Scriben, and 'Ite' be the name of a character in the first draft, overlooked by the editor and the printer, just as 'Old' in 2 Henry IV, i ii 138, is a clue to the cancelled name of Oldcastle, the original Falstaff.

The dialect of A Tale of a Tub is a curious study. Aubrey in his notes on Jonson (Aubrey MS 8 54, of the Bodleian) has this statement: 'He tooke a Catalogue from Mr. Lacy (the Player) of the Yorkshire Dialect—'twas his Hint for Clownery to his Comedy called,—The Tale of a Tub. This I had from Mr. Lacy.' Lacy was a Yorkshireman and one of the King's players. Aubrey repeats the statement in a short notice of his in the same manuscript, fol 20. But this is evidently a confusion of the present play with The Sad Shepherd, which has some northern forms.

Gill's Logomotia Anglicana, 1621 (second edition), has a perfunctory discussion of dialect in chapter vi. The account of southern dialect is as follows:

Australes usurpant u, pro i, ut hu, pro hi ille v, pro f, vt, vil, pro fil implèo to vech pro fech asfèro & contra f, pro v vt fineger, pro vineger acetum, ficar, pro vicar

1 A miscorrection there should be no stop
vicarius  Habent & o  pro a  ut ronk,  pro rank rancidus, aut luxurians, adrect, substantivum etiam significal ordinies in acre, aut alios  Pro s substituunt z ut zing pro sing cano  & Ich, pro J ego cham, pro J am sum  chil, pro J wil volo  chi vor yi, p/o J warrant you, certum do in ai etiam post diphthongi dialysin, a, odiosé producunt ut, to pai solvo, dài illi

The substitution of v and z for f and s was no doubt regularly observed by the actors. A quaint passage in Samuel Rowlands's *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine*, 1600 (Satire iv), comments on two contemporary actors.

What meanses *Singer* then?

And *Pope* the Clowne, to speake so Boorish, when They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage?

But oftener than not the printer keeps the normal spelling, or he prints it along with the dialect form see ' vive feet' (i iii 19), 'Feet, vrom ' (ib 20), 'vull of favour' (iii v 45), or 'search' (iii 1 22) and 'zearch'd' (ib 23). These inconsistencies have not been interfered with in the reprint to have adjusted them would have cumbered the critical apparatus with a mass of trivial corrections and obscured importanit variants.

'Che' and 'Cham' are used sparingly, and 'Che vote 'hun' is found in ii ii 70 'Him' most frequently appears as 'un' or 'hun'. The old prefix of the past participle is kept in 'y-styl'd' (i 1 33), 'yvound' (iii 1 26). Confusions of the prefix appear in 'praforme' (i 1 75, ii 25), 'parzent' (i iv 18, 53), 'puicepts' (iii 1 41), 'perpoitons' (iv Scene interloping 46), 'subperiors' (ii ii 51), 'surveie' (ib 53), 'upstantiall' (ii 1 20), 'disgriev'd' (iv 1 33), 'revise' for 'advise' (ii ii 44, v vii 28), 'ia'tempt' (iii 1 80), 'Returney' (iv 1 58), 'satisfied' appears as 'sussified' (ii 1 59, iii viii 38), and 'suscepted' and 'suspicion' as 'respected' (iii 1 17), 'dispected' (ib 21) and 'consption' (ib 30), and the clipped form 'douty' occurs once (i iii 24), though Turfe uses 'authority' elsewhere (i iv 55, ii ii 38).
A TALE
OF
A TUB

A COMEDY composed

By

Ben. Johnson.

Caul—Insecto et insectior nunc.

LONDON,
Printed M DC XL
The Persons that act.

CHAN HUGH, Vicar of Pancrace, and
SQUIRE TVB, Captaine Thums
Of Totten-Court, or Squire
TRIPOLY
BASKET HILTS, His man, and Governour
JVST PREAMBLE, Of Maribone, alias
BRAMBLE
MILES METAPHOR, His Clarke
LADY TVB, Of Totten, the Squres
Mother
POL-MARTEN, Her Huisher
DIDO WISPE, Her Woman
TOBIE TVRFE, High Constable of Kentish
Towne

DA SIBIL TVRFE, His Wife
Mrs AWDREY TVRFE, Their Daughter the Bride
JOHN CLAY, Of Kilborne, Tile-maker, the
appointed Bride-grome
IN-AND-IN MEDLAY, Of Islington, Cooper and
Headborough
RASI CLENCH, Of Hamsted, Farrier, and
petty Constable
TO-PAN, Tinker, or Mettal-man of
D' OGE SCRIBEN, Belsise Thvdborough
BALL PUPPY, Of Chalcot, the great Writer
FATHER ROSIN, The high Constables man
IONE, JOYCE, The Minstrell, and His
MADGE, PARNEL, 2 Boyes
GRISELL, KATE
BLACK IACK, Maid of the Bridall

Maids of the Bridall

The Lady Tubs Butler

2 Groomes

The Scene, Finsbury-hundred
PROLOGVE.

No State-affaires, nor any politque Club,
"Pretend wee in our Tale, here, of a Tub
But acts of Clownes and Constables, to day
Stufse out the Scenes of our ridiculous Play
5 A Coopers wit, or some such busie Sparke,
Illumining the high Constable, and his Clarke,
And all the Neighbour-hood, from old Records,
Of antick Proverbs, drawne from Whitson Lord's,
And then Authorities, at Wakes and Ales,
10 With countrey precedents, and old Wives Tales,
Wee bring you now, to shew what different things
The Cotes of Clownes, are from the Courts of Kings
II

A TALE
OF
A TUB.

Act I. Scene I.

Sir Hugh Tub Hils

Hug N

Ow o' my faith, old Bishop Valentine,

You' ha' brought us nipping weathert

Februere

Doth cut and sheare, your day, and diocese
Are very cold. All you Parishioners,

As well your Layicks, as your Quiristers,

Had need to keepe to their warme Fether beds,

If they be sped of loves this is no season,

To seeke new Makes in, though Sir Hugh of Pancrace,

Be hithe1 come to Totten, on intelligence,

To the young Lord o' the Mannor, Squire Tripoly,

On such an errand as a Mistris is

What, Squire! I say? Tub, I should call him too

Sir Peter Tub was his father, a Salt-peeter-man,

Who left his Mother, Lady Tub of Totten-

Court, here, to revell, and keepe open house in,

With the young Squire her sonne, and's Governour Basket-

Hils, both by sword, and dagger Domine,

Armiger Tub, Squire Tripoly, Expergisere

I dare not call aloud, lest she should heare me,

And thinke I conjur'd up the spirit, her sonne,

1 1 Scene I — Totten Court Before Lady Tub's House, G 6 keepe
corr F keepe, F originally 11 errand corr F errand, F originally
12 Squire! corr F Squire, F originally Tub,] Tub F 20 spirit,
her] spirither, F in an attempt to correct to spirit, her
A Tale of a Tub

In Priests-lack-latine O shee is jealous
Of all man-kind for him Tub Chanon, is't you?
Hug The Vicar of Pancrace, Squire Tub! wa'ho!'
Tub I come, I stoop unto the call, Sir Hugh!
Hug He knowes my lure is from his Love faire Awdrey,
Th'high Constables Daughter of Kentish Towne, here, Mr
Tobias Turfe Tub What newes of him? Hug He has
wak'd me,
An hour before I would, Sir And my duty,
To the young worship of Totten-Court, Squire Trippoly,
Who hath my heart, as I have his your Mrs
Is to be made away from you, this morning,
Saint Valentine's day there are a knot of Clowns,
The Counsell of Finsbury, so they are y-styl'd,
Met at her Fathers, all the wise o' th'hundred,
Old Rasi' Clench of Hamsted, petty Constable,
In-and-In Medlay, Cooper of Islington,
And Headborough, with lowd To-Pan the Tinker,
Or Mettall man of Belsise, the Third-borough
And D'ogenes Scriben, the great Writer of Chalcot
Tub And why all these? Hug Sir to conclude in
Counsell,
A Husband, or a Make for Mrs Awdrey,
Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd downe, Clay of
Kilborne,
A tough young fellow, and a Tile-maker
Tub And what must he doe? Hugh Cover her, they
say
And keepe her warme Sir Mrs Awdrey Turfe
Last night did draw him for her Valentine,
Which chance, it hath so taken her Father, and Mother,
(Because themselves drew so, on Valentine's Eve
Was thirty yeare) as they will have her married
To day by any means, they have sent a Messenger
To Kilborne, post, for Clay, which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipfull Tripoly,
The Squire of Totten and my advise to crosse it
Tub What is't Sir Hugh? Hugh Where is your
Governour Hils?
Basquet must doe it Tub Basquet shall be call'd
Hils, can you see to rise? Hul Cham not blind Sir
With too much light, Tub Open your tother eye,
And view if it be day. Hul Che can spy that
Ar's little a hole, as another, through a Milstone
Tub Hec will ha' the last word, though he talke Bilke for't
Hugh Bilke? what's that? Tub Why nothing, a word
signifying
Nothing, and borrow'd here to expresse nothing
Hugh A fine device! Tub Yes, till we heare a finer
What's your device now, Chanon Hugh? Hugh In
private
Lend it your eare, I will not trust the ayre with it,
Or scarce my Shirt, my Cassock sha' not know it,
If I thought it did, Ile bake it Tub That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, Hugh Is't worth it?
Let's heare it first Hugh Then hearken, and receive it
This 'tis Sir, doe you relish it? Tub If Hils
Be close enough to carry it, there's all
Hul It 's no sand? nor Butter milke? If 't be,
Ich' am no zive, or warting pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'casions If you trust me, zo
If not, praforme it your zelves 'Cham no mans wife,
But resolute Hils you'll vind me i' the Buttry
Tub A testie Clowne but a tender Clowne, as wooll
And melting as the Weather in a Thaw
Hee'll weepe you, like all April But he'ull roare you
Like middle March afore He will be as mellow,
And tipsie too, as October And as grave,
And bound up like a frost (with the new yeare)
A Tale of a Tub

In January, as rigid, as he is rusticke
Hug You know his nature, and describe it well,
Ile leave him to your fashioning Tub Stay, Sir Hugh,
Take a good Angell with you, for your Guide
And let this guard you home-ward, as the blessing,
To our devise Hug I thanke you Squires-worship,
Most humbly (for the next, for this I am sure of)
O for a Quire of these voices, now,
To chime in a mans pocket, and cry chinke!
One does not chirpe it makes no harmony
Grave Justice Bramble, next must contribute,
His charity must offer at this wedding
Ile bid more to the Bason, and the Bride-ale,
Although but one can beare away the Bride
I smile to thinke how like a Lottery
These Weddings are Clay hath her in possession,
The Squire he hopes to circumvent the Tile-Kill
And now, if Justice Bramble doe come off,
'Tis two to one but Tub may loose his botome

Act I. Scene II.

Clench Medlay Scribeon Pan Puppy

Cle Why, 'tis thirty yeare, eene as this day now
Zin Valentines day, of all dayes cursin'd, looke you,
And the same day o' the moneth, as this Zin Valentine,
Or I am vowly deceiv'd - Med That our High Constable,
Mr Tobias Turfe, and his Dame were married
I thinke you are right But what was that Zin Valentine?
Did you ever know 'un, Good-man Clench? Cle Zin Valentine,
Hee was a deadly Zin, and dwelt at High-gate,
As I have heard, but 't was avore my time
Hee was a Cooper too, as you are, Medlay,
A Tale of a Tub

An In-an'-In A woundy, brag young vellow
As th' port went o' hun, then, and i' those dayes

Scri Did he not write his name, Sim Valentine?
Vor I have met no Sim in Finsbury bookes,
And yet I have writ 'hem sixe oi seven times over

Pan O, you mun looke for the nine deadly Sims,
I' the Church bookes, D'oge, not the'high Constables,
Nor i' the Counties Zure, that same Zin Valentine,
Hee was a stately Zin 'an' hee were a Zin,
And kept brave house Cle At the Cock and Hen, in

High-gate
You ha' 'fresh'd my rememory well in't! neighbour Pan
He had a place, in last King Harre's time,
Of sorting all the young couples, joyning 'hem,
And putting 'hem together, which is, yet,
Praform'd, as on his day—Zin, Valentine,
As being the Zin o' the shire, or the whole Countie
I am old Rivet still, and beare a braine,
The Clench, the Varrier, and true Leach of Hamsted

Pan You are a shrewd antiquity, neighbour Clench!
And a great Guide to all the Parishes!
The very Bel-wether of the Hundred, here,
As I may zay Mr Tobias Turfe,
High Constable, would not misse you, for a score on us,
When he doe 'scourse of the great Charty to us

Pup What's that, a Horse? Can 'scourse nought but a Horse?
I neere read o' hun, and that in Smith-veld Chartie
I' the old Fabrians Chronicles nor I thinke
In any new He may be a Giant there,
For ought I know Scri You should doe well to study
Records, Fellow Ball, both Law and Poetry

Pup Why, all's but writing, and reading, is it Scriben?
A Tale of a Tub

An't be any more, it's meere cheating zure
Vlat cheating all your Law, and Poets too
  Pan Mr High Constable comes  Pup Ile zay't avore 'hun

ACT I. SCENE III.

Turfe Clench Medlay Scriben Puppy Pan

Tur What's that, makes you'all so merry, and lowd,
  Sirs, ha?
I could ha' heard you to my privie walke
Cle A Controversie, 'twixt your two learn'd men here
Annubal Puppy sayes, that Law and Poetry
Are both flat cheating, All's but writing and reading,
He sayes, be't verse or prose  Tur I thinke in consience,
He do' zay true ? Who is't doe thwart 'un, ha ?

Med Why my friend Scriben, and't please your worship
Tur Who D'oge ? my D'ogenes ? a great Writer, maire !

Hee'll vace mee down, mee my selfe sometimes,
That verse goes upon veete, as you and I doe
But I can gi' 'un the hearing, zit me downe ,
And laugh at 'un, and to my selfe concludes,
The greatest Clarkes, are not the wisest men

Ever Here they're both ! What Sirs, disputin,
And holdin Arguments of verse, and prose ?
And no greene thing afore the Door, that shewes,
Or speakes a wedding ?  Scr Those were verses now,
Your worship spake, and run upon vive feet

Tur Feet, vrom my mouth, D'oge ? Leave your 'zurd
  uppinnions
And get me in some boughes  Scr Let 'hem ha' leaves first
There's nothing greene but Bayes, and Rosemary

Pup And they're too good for strewings, your Maids say
Tur You take up 'dority still, to vouch against me

All the twelve smocks i' the house, zur, are your Authors
A Tale of a Tub

Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot
Some Holly and Ivie, to make vine the posts
Is't not Sonne Valentines day ? and Mrs Awdrey,
Your young Dame to be married ? I wonder Clay
Should be so tedious Hee's to play Sonne Valentine 1
And the Clowne sluggard's not come fro' Kilborne yet ?

Med  Do you call your Son i' Law Clowne, and't please your worship ?

Tur  Yes, and vor worship too, my neighbour Medlay
A Midlesex Clowne, and one of Finsbury
They were the first Colon's o' the kingdom here
The Primitory Colon's, my D'ogenes sayses
Where's D'ogenes, my Writer, now ? What were those
You told me, D'ogenes, were the first Colon's
O' the Countrey ? that the Romans brought in here ?

Scr  The Colonies Sir, Colonies is an Inhabitant
A Clowne originally as you'd zay a Farmer,
A Tiller o' th' Earth, ere sin' the Romans planted
Their Colonie first, which was in Midlesev

Tur  Why so, I thanke you heartily, good D'ogenes,
You ha' zertified me I had rather be
An ancient Colon, (as they zay) a Clowne of Midlesev
A good rich Farmer, or high Constable
I'd play hun 'gaine a Knight, or a good Squire ,
Or Gentleman of any other Countie
I' the Kindome Pan Out cept Kent, for there they landed
All Gentlemen, and came in with the Conquerour,
Mad Iulus Caesar, who built Dover Castle
My Ancestor To-Pan, beat the first Kettle-drum,
Avore 'hun, here vrom Dover on the March
Which peice of monumentall copper hangs
Up, scourd, at Hammer-smith yet , for there they came
Over the Thames, at a low water marke,
Vore either London, I, or Kingston Bridge—
I doubt were kursind Tur Zee, who is here John Clay!
Zonne Valentine, and Bride-groome ha' you zeene
Your Valentine-Bride yet, sin' you came? John Clay?

ACT I: SCENE IV.

Clay (Puppy) To them

Cla No wusse Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard
Puppy ha' scarce unswadled my legges yet
Tur What? wispes o' your wedding day, zonne? This
is right
Originous Clay and Clay o' Kilborne too!
I would ha' had bootes o' this day, zure, zonne John
Cla I did it to save charges we mun dance,
O' this day, zure and who can dance in boots?
No, I got on my best straw-colour'd stockins,
And swaddeld 'em over to zave charges, I
Tur And his new shamois Doublet too with points,
I like that yet and his long sawsedge-hose,
Like the Commander of foure smoking Tile-kils,
Which he is Captaine of, Captaine of Kilborne
Clay with his hat turn'd up, o' the leere side, too
As if he would leape my Daughter yet ere night,
And spring a new Turfe to the old house

Enter the Maids of the Bridall

Looke, and the wenches ha' not wound un out,
And doe parzent un, with a van of Rosemary,
And Bayes, to vill a Bow pot, trim the head
Of my best vore-horse wee shall all ha' Bride-laces,
Or points, I zee, my Daughter will be valiant,
And prove a very Mary Ambry i' the busines
Cle They zaid, your worship had sur'd her to Squire Tub
Of Totten-Court here, all the hundred rings on't
Tur A Tale of a Tub, Sir, a meere tale of a Tub

1 iv 7 O'F3 OF 8 -colour'd] -coloured F 22 Ambry W Ambry
F, F3
A Tale of a Tub

Lend it no eare I pray you The Squire Tub
Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,
And has a Lady Tub too to his Mother.
Ile deale with none o' these vine silken Tubs
John Clay, and Cloath breech for my money, and Daughter
Here comes another old Boy too, vor his colours
Will stroake downe my wives udder of purses, empty
Of all her milke money, this Winter Quarter,
Old Father Rosin, the chiefe Minstrell here
Chiefe Minstrell too of High-gate she has hu'd him
And all, his two Boyes for a day and a halfe,
And now they come for Ribbanding, and Rosemary,
Give 'hem enough Girles, gi' 'hem enough, and take it
Out in his tunes anon Cle I'll ha' Tom Tiler,
For our John Clay's sake, and the Tile kilns, zure
Med And I the jolly Joyner, for mine owne sake
Pan Ile ha' the joviall Tinker for To-Pans sake
Tur Wee'll all be jovy this day, vor sonne Valentine,
My sweet sonne John's sake Scri There's another
reading now
My Mr reads it Sonne, and not Sinne Valentine
Pup Nor Zim And hee is i' the Night He is high
Constable
And who should reade above un, or avore 'hun ?
Tur Sonne John shall bid us welcome all, this day
Wee'll serve under his colours Leade the troop John,
And Puppy, see the Bels ring Presse all noises
Of Finsbury, in our name, D'ogenes Scriben
Shall draw a score of warrants vor the busines
Do's any wight parzent hir Majesties peison,
This Hundred, 'bove the high Constable? All No, no
Tur Use our Authority then, to the utmost on't
A Tale of a Tub

Act I. Scene V.

Hugh Preamble
Metaphor

Hugh So, you are sure Sir to prevent 'hem all,
And throw a block i' the Bride-grooms way, John Clay,
That he will hardly leape or Pre I conceive you,
Sir Hugh, as if your Rhetoricke would say,
Whereas the Father of her is a Turfe,
A very superficies of the earth,
Hee aimes no higher, then to match in Clay,
And there hath pitch'd his rest Hugh Right Justice
Bramble

You ha' the winding wit, compassing all

Pre Subtile Sir Hugh, you now are i' the wrong,
And erre with the whole Neighbour hood, I must tell you,
For you mistake my name Justice Preamble
I write my selfe, which with the ignorant Clownes, here,
(Because of my profession of the Law,
And place o' the peace) is taken to be Bramble
But all my warrants Sir, doe run Preamble
Richard Preamble Hugh Sir I thanke you for't
That your good worship, would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus—

Pre You are my learned, and canonick neighbour
I would not have you stray, but the incorrigible
Knot-headed beast, the Clownes, or Constables,
Still let them graze, eat Sallads, chew the Cud
All the Towne musicke will not move a log

Hug The Beetle and Wedges will, where you will have 'hem

Pre True, true Sir Hugh, here comes Miles Metaphore,
My Clarke Hee is the man shall carry it, Chanon,
By my instructions Hug Hee will do't ad unguem,
Miles Metaphore Hee is a pretty fellow

1 v Scene III —Maribone A Room in Justice Preamble's House G Hugh Metaphor one line in F 13 here, F3 here F
Pre I love not to keepe shadowes, or halfe-wits,
To foile a busines Metaphore I you ha' seene
A King ride forth in state Met Sir that I have
King Edward our late Leig, and soveraigne Lord
And have set done the pompe Pre Therefore I ask'd you
Ha' you observ'd the Messengers o' the Chamber?
What habits they were in? Met Yes, Minor Coats
Unto the Guard, a Dragon, and a Grey-hound,
For the supporters of the Armes Pre Well mark'd,
You know not any of 'hem? Met Here's one dwels
In Marbione Pre Ha' you acquaintance with him,
To borrow his coat an houre? Hugh Or but his badge,
'Twill serve A little thing he weares on his brest
Pre His coat, I say, is of more authority
Borrow his coat for an house •I doe love
To doe all things compleately, Chanon Hugh,
Borrow his coat, Miles Metaphore, or nothing
Met The Taberd of his office, I will call it,
Or the Coat-Armour of his place and so
Insinuate with him by that Trope— Pre I know
Your powers of Rhetorick, Metaphore Fetch him off
In a fine figure for his coat I say
Hugh Ile take my leave Sir of your worship too
Bycause I may expect the issue anone
Pre Stay my diviner Counsell, take your fee,
Wee that take fees, allow 'hem to our Counsell,
And our prime learned Counsell, double fees
There are a brace of Angels to support you
I' your foot-walke this frost, for feare of falling,
Or spraying of a point of Matrimony,
When you come at it Hugh I' your worship's service,
That the exploit is done, and you possest
Of Mrs Awdry Turfe— Pre I like your project

1 v 37 Unto] Vnto F 40 hum, F3 hum ? F 49-51 Verse as in G wrongly divided in F Insinuate Trope— | Pre Metaphore |
Fetch 59 spraying] Query, spraying 60 it ] it, W
Hug And I, of this effect of two to one,
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainst the Squire,
And his halfe bottome here, of halfe a peice
Which was not worth the stepping ore the stile for
His Mother has quite marr'd him Lady Tub,
She's such a vessell of \( \textit{fæces} \) all dry'd earth!
\( \textit{Terra damnata} \), not a drop of salt!
Or Peeter in her! All her Nitie is gone

**Act I. Scene VI.**

*Lady Tub*  *Pol-Marten*

**Lad** Is the Nag ready *Marten?* call the Squire
This frosty morning wee will take the aire,
About the fields for I doe meane to be
Some-bodies *Valentine, t' my Velvet Gowne,*
This morning, though it be’but a beggar man
Why stand you still, and doe not call my sonne?

**Pol** Madam, if he had couched with the Lambe,
He had no doubt beene stirring with the Larke
But he sat up at Play, and watch’d the Cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest
Late Watchers are no early Wakers, Madam,
But if your Ladiship will have him call’d—

**Lad** Will have him call’d? Wherefore did I, Sir, bid him
Be call’d, you Weazell, Vermin of an Huisher?

You will returne your wit to your first stile
Of *Marten Polcat*, by these stinking tricks,
If you doe use 'hem I shall no more call you
*Pol-marten*, by the title of a Gentleman,
If you goe on thus— *Pol* I am gone *Lad* Be quick then,
I' your come off and make amends you Stote!
Was ever such a Full mart for an Huisher,
To a great worshipfull Lady, as my selfe,
Who, when I heard his name first, *Martin Polcat,*
A stinking name, and not to be pronounc’d

*Pol-marten goes out.*
Without a reverence, in any Ladies presence,
My very heart eene earn’d, seeing the Fellow
Young, pretty and handsome, being then I say,
A Basket-Carrier, and a man condemn’d
To the Salt-peeter workes, made it my suit
To Mr Peeter Tub, that I might change it,
And call him as I doe now, by Pol marten,
To have it sound like a Gentleman in an Office,
And made him mine owne Fore-man, daily waiter,
And he to serve me thus! Ingratitude!
Beyond the Coursenyes yet of any Clownage,
Shewen to a Lady! what now, is he stirring?
Pol Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready
Lad And comes he then? Pol No Madam, he is gone
Lad Gone? whither? aske the Porter Where’s he
gone?
Pol I met the Porter, and have ask’d him for him,
He sayes he let him forth an hour agoe
Lad An houre agoe! what busines could he have,
So early? where is his man, grave Basket Hills?
His Guide, and Governour? Pol Gone with his Master
Lad Is he gone too? O that same surly knave,
Is his right hand and leads my sonne amisse
He has carried him to some drinking match, or other
Pol marten, I will call you so againe,
I’am friends with you now Goe get your horse, and ride
To all the Townes about here, where his haunts are,
And crosse the fields to meet, and bring me word,
He cannot be gone farre, being a foot
Be curious to inquiere him and bid Wispe
My woman come, and waite on me The love
Wee Mothers beare our Sonnes, we ha’ bought with paine,
Makes us oft view them, with too carefull eyes,
And over-looke ’hem with a jealous feare,
Out-fitting Mothers

\textit{1 vi 25-6 Without a reverence}] \textit{A marginal note in F, which prints}
In any Ladies the Fellow as one line \textit{Text from W In any lady's}
presence without a reverence G \textit{55 bought] brought W}
ACT I. SCENE VII.

Lady Tub Wispe

Lad How now Wispe? Ha' you
A Valentine yet I'm taking th' aire to choose one
Wis Fate send your Ladiship a fit one then
Lad What kind of one is that? Wis A proper man,
5 To please your Ladiship Lad Out o' that vanity,
That takes the foolish eye Any poore creature,
Whose want may need my almes, or courtesie,
I rather wish, so Bishop Valentine,
Left us example to doe deeds of Charity,
10 To feed the hungry, cloath the naked, visit
The weake, and sicke, to entertaine the poore,
And give the dead a Christian Funerall,
These were the workes of piety he did practise,
And bad us imitate, not looke for Lovers,
15 Or handsome Images to please our senses
I pray thee Wispe, deale freely with me now
Wee are alone, and may be merry a little
Tho' art none o' the Court glories, nor the wonders
For wit, or beauty i' the Citie tell me,
20 What man would satisfie thy present phansie?
Had thy ambition leave to choose a Valentine,
Within the Queenes Dominion, so a subject
Wis Yo' ha' gr' me a large scope, Madam, I confesse,
And I will deale with your Ladiship sincerely
25 I'll utter my whole heart to you I would have him,
The bravest, richest, and the properest man
A Taylor could make up, or all the Poets,
With the Perfumers I would have him such,
As not another woman, but should spite me!
30 Three Citie Ladies should run mad for him
And Countri-Madams infinite Lad You'd spare me,

1 vii 10 naked,] naked, F, F3 29 me! corr F me F originally
And let me hold my wits? Wis I should with you—
For the young Squire, my Masters sake dispense
A little, but it should be very little
Then all the Court-wives I'd ha' jealous of me,
As all their husbands jealous of them
And not a Lawyers Pusse of any quality,
But lick her lips, for a snatch in the Terme time Lad Come,
Let's walke we'll heare the rest, as we goe on
You are this morning in a good veine, Dido
Would I could be as merry My sonnes absence
Troubles me not a little though I seeke
These wayes to put it off, which will not helpe
Care that is entred, once into the brest,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest

A TALE OF A TUB

ACT II. SCENE I.

Turfe Clay Medlay Clench To Pan Scriben Puppy
<To them

D Turfe Awdrey Maids>

Tur

Onne Clay, cheare up, the better leg avore
This is a veat is once done, and no more

Cle

And then 'tis done vor ever, as they say

Med

Right ! vor a man ha' his houre, and a dog his day

Tur

True neighbour Medlay, yo' are still In-and-In

Med

I would be Mr Constable, if 'ch could win

Pan

I zay, John Clay, keepe still on his old gate

Wedding, and hanging, both goe at a rate

Tur

Well said To-Pan you ha' still the hap to hit
The naile o' the head at a close I thinke there never

Marriage was manag'd with a more avisement,
Then was this marriage, though I say't, that should not,
Especially 'gain mine owne flesh, and blood,
My wedded Wife Indeed my Wife would ha' had

1 vii 36 jealous] jealous too W Query, jealous II 1 Scene I —
The fields near Pancras G 6 'ch] 'ch' F to never] ne ver F
All the young Batchelers and Maids, forsooth,
O' the zixe Parishes hereabout. But I
Cry'd none, sweet Sybil none of that geare, I
It would lick zalt, I told her, by her leave
No, three, or voure our wise, choise honest neighbours

Upstantiall persons men that ha' borne office
And mine owne Family, would bee enough
To eate ouir dinner What? Deare meate's a theife
I know it by the Butchers, and the Mercat-volke,
Hum drum I cry No halfe-Oxe in a Pie

A man that's bid to Bride-ale, if hee ha' cake,
And drinke enough, hee need not veare his stake

Cle Tis right he has spoke as true as a Gun, beleive it
Tur Come Sybil, come Did not I tell you o' this?
This pride, and muster of women would marre all?

Sixe women to one Daughter, and a Mother!
The Queene (God save her) ha' no more her selffe

D Tur Why, if you keepe so many, Mr Turse,
Why, should not all present our service to her?

Tur Your service? good! I thinke you'll write to her shortly,

Your very loving and obedient Mother

[Tur] Come, send your Maids off, I will have 'hem sent
Home againe wife I love no trainses o' Kent,
Or Christendome, as they say Sc Wee will not back,
And leave our Dame Mad Why should her worship lack

Her tale of Maids, more then you doe of men?

Tur What, mutiny Madge? Io Zend back your
C'gons agen

And wee will vollow All Else wee'll guard our Dame

Tur I ha' zet the nest of waspes all on a flame

D Tur Come, you are such another Mr Turse

A Clod you should be call'd, of a high Constable
To let no musicke goe afore your child,
To Church, to cheare her heart up this cold morning
A Tale of a Tub

You are for Father Rosin, and his consort
Of fidling Boyes, the great Feates, and the lesse
Bycause you have entertain'd 'hem all from High-gate
To shew your pompe, you'ld ha' your Daughter, and Maids
Dance ore the fields like Faes, to Church, this frost?
Ile ha' no rondels, I, i' the Queenes pathes,
Let 'un scrape the Gut at home, where they ha' fill'd it
At after-noone D Turfe Ile ha' 'hem play at dinner

She is i' th' right, Sir, vor your wedding dinner
Is starv'd without the Musicke Med If the Pies
Come not in piping hot, you ha' lost that Proverbe

I yield to truth wife are you suxstited?
A right good man! when he knowes right, he loves it

And he will know't, and shew't too by his place
Of being high Constable, if no where else

ACT II. SCENE II.

Hils bearded, booted and spur'd

Well over-taken, Gentlemen! I pray you,
Which is the Queenes High Constable among you?
The tallest man who should be else, doe you thinke?

It is no matter what I thinke, young Clowne
Your answer savours of the Cart How? Cart?
And Clowne? Doe you know whose teame you speake to?
No nor I care not Whose Jade may you be?
Three-kotted coard! Hils Doe you mutter? Sni, snorle
this way,
That I may heare, and answer what you say,
With my schoole-dagger, 'bout your Costard Sir
Looke to't, young growse Ile lay it on, and sure,

52 Fares] Fairus F3 Church, F3 Church F where] Query, when 56 Ite } Clench W 11 6 And] and F
Take't off who's wull  

Hil  Goe too  I will not bate him an ace on't

15 What  Rowle powle  Maple-face  All fellowes?

Pup  Doe you heare friend, I wou'd wish you, vor your good,

Tie up your brenal'd Bitch there, your dun rustie
Pannyer-hilt poinard  and not veixe the youth
With shewing the teeth of it  Wee now are going

20 To Church, in way of matrimony, some on us
Tha' rung all in a'ready  If it had not,
All the horne beasts are grazing i' this close,
Sould not ha' pull' me hence, till this Ash-plant
Had rung noone o' your pate, Mr Broome-beard

25 Hil  That would I faine zee, quoth the blind George
Of Holloway  Come Sir  Awd  O their naked weapons!

Pan  For the passion of man, hold Gentleman, and Puppy

Cla  Murder, O Murder!  Awd  O my Father, and Mother!

Dur  Husband, what doe you meane?  Sonne Clay
for Gods sake—

30 Tur  I charge you in the Queens name, keepe the peace
Hil  Tell me o' no Queene, or Keysar  I must have
A legge, or a hanch of him, ere I goe  Med  But zir,
You must obey the Queens high Officers

Hil  Why must I, Good-man Must?  Med  You must,
an' you wull

35 Tur  Gentleman, I'am here for fault, high Constable—

Hil  Are you zo? what then?  Tur  I pray you Sir put up
Your weapons, doe, at my request  Foi him,
On my authority, he shall lie by the heelles,

Verbatim continente, an' I live

40 Dur  Out on him for a knave, what a dead fright
He has put me into  Come Awdrey, doe not shake
Awd  But is not Puppy hurt? nor the tother man?

Cla  No Bun', but had not I cri'd Murder, I wusse—
Pup  Sweet Good-man Clench, I pray you revise my Mr
A Tale of a Tub

I may not sit i' the stocks, till the wedding be past
Dame, Mrs Awdrey I shall breake the Bride-cake else

Cle Something must be, to save authority, Puppy

D Tur Husband— Cle And Gossip— Awd Father—

Tur 'Treat mee not

It is i' vaine If he lye not by the heelees,
Ile lie there for 'hun Ile teach the Hine,
To carry a tongue in his head, to his subperiors

Hil This 's a wise Constable! where keepes he schoole?

Cle In Kentish Towne, a very surveve man

Hil But as surveve as he is, Let me Sir tell him,

He sha' not lay his man by the heelees for this
This was my quarrell And by his office leave,
If't carry 'hun for this, it shall carry double,
Vor he shall carry me too Tur Breath of man!

Hee is my chattell, mine owne' hueed goods
An' if you doe abet 'un in this matter,
Ile clap you both by the heelees, ankle to ankle

Hilt You'll clap a dog of waxe as soone, old Blunt?

Come, spare not me, Sir, I am no mans wife
I care not, I, Sir, not three skips of a Lowse for you,
And you were ten tall Constables, not I

Tur Nay, pray you Sir, be not angry, but content
My man shall make you, what amends you'll aske 'hun

Hil Let 'hun mend his manners then, and know his

betters
It's all I aske 'hun and 'twill be his owne,
And's Masters too, another day Che vore 'hun

Med As right as a Club, still Zure this angry man
Speakes very neere the marke, when he is pleas'd

Pup I thanke you Sir, an' I meet you at Kentish Towne,
I ha' the courtesie o' (the) hundred for you

Hil Gramercy, good high Constables Hine But hear you?

Mass Constable, I have other manner o' matter,
To bring you about, then this And so it is,
A Tale of a Tub

I doe belong to one o’ the Queenes Captaines,
A Gent’man o’ the Field, one Captaine Thum’s

I know not, whether you know ’hun, or no It may be
You doe, and’t may be you doe not againe

Tur No, I assure you on my Constable-ship,
I doe not know ’hun Hul (Nor I neither i’ faith)
It skils not much, my Captaine, and my selfe,

Having occasion to come riding by, here,
This morning, at the corner of Saint John’s wood,
Some mile o’ this Towne, <we> were set upon
By a sort of countrey fellowes that not onely
Beat us, but rob’d us, most sufficiently,

And bound us to our behaviour, hand and foot,
And so they left us Now, Don Constable,
I am to charge you in her Majesties name,
As you will answer it at youf apperill,
That forth-with you raise Hue and Cry i’ the Hundred,

For all such persons as you can dispect,
By the length and breith, o’ your office vor I tell you,
The losse is of some value, therefore looke to’t

Tur As Fortune mend me, now, or any office
Of a thousand pound, if I know what to zay,

Would I were dead, or vairr hang’d up at Tiburne,
If I doe know what course to take, or how
To turne my selfe, just at this time too, now,
My Daughter is to be married Ile but goe
To Pancridge Church, hard by, and returne instantly,

And all my Neighbour-hood shall goe about it

Hul Tut, Pancridge me no Pancridge, if you let it
Slip, you will answer it, and your Cap be of woull,
Therefore take heed, you’ll feele the smart else, Constable

Tur Nay, good Su stay Neighbours! what thinke you o’ this?

D Tur Faith, Man— <Tur> Odd prettious woman,
hold your tongue,
And mind your pigs o' the spit at home, you must
Have Ore in every thing Pray you Sir, what kind
Of fellowes were they? Hii Theev's kind, I ha' told you
	Tur I meane, what kind of men? Hii Men of our make
	Tur Nay, but with patience, Sir, we that are Officers
Must 'quire the speciall markes, and all the tokens
Of the despected parties, or perhaps—else,
Be nere the nere of our purpose in 'prehending 'hem
Can you tell, what 'parrell any of them wore?
	Hii Troth no there were so many o' hun, all like
So one another Now I remember me,
There was one busie fellow, was their Leader,
A blunt squat swad, but lower then your selfe,
He' had on a Lethe Doublet, with long points
And a paire of pin'd-up breech's, like pudding bags
With yellow stockings, and his' hat turn'd up
With a silver Claspe, on his lee'se side D Tur By these
Markes it should be John Clay, now blesse the man!
	Tur Peace, and be nought I thinke the woman be
phrensick
	Hii John Clay? what's he, good Mistris? Awd He
that shall be
My husband— Hii How! your husband, pretty one?
	Awd Yes, I shall anone be married That's he
Tur Passion o' me, undone! Pup Blesse Masteis sonne!
Hii O you are well 'prehended know you me Sir?
Clay No's my record I never saw you avore
Hii You did not? where were your eyes then? out at
washing?
	Tur What should a man say? who should he trust
In these dayes? Harke you John Clay, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth, and shame the Divell
Cle Vaith doe my Gossip Turfe zaies well to you John
Med Speake man, but doe not convesse, nor be avraid
Pan A man is a man, and a beast's a beast, looke to't
D Tur I' the name of men, o1 beasts! what doe you
doe?
Hare the poore fellow out on his five wits,
And seven senses? Doe not wepe John Clay
I sweare the poore wretch is as guilty from it,
As the Child was, was borne this very morning.

Cla No, as I am a kyrsin soule, would I were hang'd
If ever I—alasse I! would I were out

Of my life, so I would I were, and in againe—

Pup Nay, Mrs Awdrey will say nay to that
No In-and-out? an you were out o' your life,
How should she doe for a husband? who should fall
Aboord o' her then? (Ball? He's a Puppy?)

No, Hanuball has no breeding well! I say little,
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better)

Awd Come Father, I would wee were married I am a cold

Hil Well, Mr Constable, this your fine GIoome here,
Bride-gioome, or what Gromo me else, soere he be,

I charge him with the felone, and charge you
To carry him back forwirth to Paddington,
Unto my Captaine, who staies my returne there
I am to goe to the next Justice of peace,
To get a warrant to raise Huy and Cry,

And bring him, and his fellows all afofe 'hun
Fare you well Sir, and looke to 'hun I charge you,
As yo'll answer it. Take heed, the busines
If you defeire, may prejudicial you

More then you thinke-for, zay I told you so

Tur Here's a Bride ale indeed! Ah zonne Iohn, zonne Clay!

I little thought you would ha' prov'd a pce
Of such false mettall Cla Father, will you beleve me?
Would I might never stirre i' my newe shoes,
If ever I would doe so voule a fact

Tur Well Neighbours, I doe charge you to assist me
With 'hun to Paddington Be he a true man, so
The better for 'hun I will doe mine office,
A Tale of a Tub

An' he were my owne begotten a thousand times

_Why, doe you heare man? Husband? Mr_, 179

_Turfe._

What shall my Daughter doe? _Puppy, stay here_  

_Awd._ Mother, Ile goe with you, and with my Father

ACT II.  SCENE III.

_Puppy.  Awdrey._

_Hilts._

_Pup._ Nay, stay sweet Mrs _Awdrey._ here are none

But one friend (as they say) desires to speake

A word, or two, cold with you How doe you veele

Your selfe this frosty morning?  _Awd._ What ha' you

To doe to aske, I pray you?  I am a cold

_Pup._ It seemes you are hot, good Mrs _Awdrey._

_Awd._ You lie, I am as cold as Ice is  

_Pup._ Nay, you ha' coold my courage  

I am past it,  

I ha' done feeling with you  _Awd._ Done with me?

I doe defie you  

So I doe, to say

You ha' done with me  

you are a sawcy _Puppy._

_Pup._ O you mistake!  I meant not as you meane

_Awd._ Meant you not knavery, _Puppy?_  _(Pup)_ No

not I

_Clay._ meant you all the knavery, it seemes,

Who rather, then he would be married to you,

Chose to be wedded to the Gallowes'first

_Awd._ I thought he was a dissembler, he would prove

A slippery Merchant i' the frost  

Hee might

Have married one first, and have beeene hang'd after,

If hee had had a mind to't  But you men,

_Fie on you._ _Pup._ Mrs _Awdrey._ can you vind,

I' your heart to fancie _Puppy?_ me poore _Ball?_

_Awd._ You are dispos'd to jeere one, Mr _Hanniball_
Pitty o' me! the angry man with the beard!

Hil Put on thy hat, I looke for no despect

Where's thy Master? Pup Marry, he is gone

With the picture of despare, to Paddington

Hil Pr'y thee run after 'hun, and tell 'hun he shall

Find out my Captaine, lodg'd at the red-Lyon

In Paddington, that's the Inne Let 'un aske

Vor Captaine Thum's, And take that for thy paines

He may seeke long enough else Hie thee againe

Pup Yes, Sir you'll looke to Mrs Bride the while?

Hil That I will prethee haste Awd What Puppy?

Hil Sweet Mrs Bride, Hee'll come againe presently

Here was no subtle device to get a wench

This Chanon has a brave pate of his owne!

A shaven pate! And a right monger, y' vaith!

This was his plot! I follow Captaine Thum's?

Wee rob'd in Saint Iohn's wood? I' my tother hose!

I laugh, to thinke what a fine foolcs finger they have

O' this wise Constable, in prickung out

This Captaine Thum's to his neighbours you shall see

The Tisle-man too set fire on his owne K'il,

And leap into it, to save himselfe from hanging

You talke of a Bride-ale, here was a Bride-ale broke,

I' the nick Well I must yet dispatch this Bride,

To mine owne master, the young Squire, and then

My taske is done Gep'woman! I 'have in sort

Done you some wrong, but now Ile doe you what right

I can It's true, you are a proper woman,

But to be cast away on such a Clowne-pipe

As Clay, me thinkes, your friends are not so wise

As nature might have made 'hem, well, goe too

There's better fortune comming toward you,

An' you doe not deject it Take a voole's.

Counsell, and doe not stand i' your owne light

It may prove better then you thinke for Looke you
A Tale of a Tub

Awd  Alas Sir, what is't you would ha' me doe?
I'd faine doe all for the best, if I knew how

Hil  Forsake not a good turne, when 'tis offered you,
Faire Mistris Awdrey, that's your name, I take it

Awd  No Mistris, Sir, my name is Awdrey

Hil  Well, so it is, there is a bold young Squire,
The blood of Totten, Tub, and Tripoly—

Awd  Squire Tub, you meane? I know him he knowes me too

Hil  He is in love with you and more, he's mad for you

Awd  I, so he told me in his wits, I thinke
But hee's too fine for me, and has a Lady

Tub  to his Mother  Here he comes himselfe

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Tub  Hillis Awdrey

Tub  O you are a trusty Governour!  Hill  What ailes you?

You doe not know when yo' are well, I thinke
You'd ha' the Calfe with the white face, Sir, would you?
I have her for you here, what would you more?

Tub  Quietnes, Hillis, and heare no more of it

Hill  No more of it, quoth you? I doe not care,
If some on us had not heard so much of't,
I tell you true, a man must carry, and vetch,
Like Bungy's dog for you  Tub  What's he?  Hill  A Spaniel
And scarce be spit i' the mouth for't  A good Dog
Deserves, Sir, a good bone, of a free Master
But, an' your turnes be serv'd, the divell a bit
You care for a man after, ere a Lard of you
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scab'd Squire
To th' mangy Knight, when both met in a dish
Of butter'd vish  One bad, there's nere a good,
And not a barrell better Hering among you
A Tale of a Tub

Tub Nay Hils! I pray thee grow not fram-pull now
Tuine not the bad Cow, after thy good soape
Our plot hath hitherto tane good effect
And should it now be troubled, or stop'd up,
'Twould prove the utter ruine of my hopes
I pray thee haste to Pancridge, to the Chanon
And gi' him notice of our good success,
Will him that all things be in readinesse
Faine Awdrey, and my selfe, will crosse the fields,
The nearest path Good Hils, make thou some haste,
And meet us on the way Come gentle Awdrey
Hil Vaith, would I had a few more gances on't
An' you say the word, send me to Iericho
Out-cept a man were a Post-horse, I ha' not knowne
The like on't, yet, an' he had kind words,
'Twould never irke 'hun But a man may breake
His heart out i' these dayes, and get a flap
With a fox-taile, when he has done And there is all
Tub Nay, say not so Hils hold thee, there are
Crownes—
My love bestowes on thee, for thy reward
If Gold will please thee, all my land shall drop
In bounty thus, to recompence thy merit
Hil Tut, keepe your land, and your gold too Sir I
Seeke neither-nother of 'hun Learne to get
More you will know to spend that zum you have
Early enough you are assur'd of me
I love you too too well, to live o' the spoyle
For your owne sake, were there no worse then I
All is not Gold that glisters Ile to Pancridge
Tub See, how his love doth melt him into Teares!
An honest faithfull servant is a Jewell
Now th' adventurous Squire hath time, and leisure,
To aske his Awdrey how she do's, and heare
A gratefull answer from her Shee not speakes

\[\text{Note:} \quad \text{G:} \quad 41 \text{neither-nother}\]
\[\text{F, F}_3 \quad 45 \text{were there}\]
Hath the proud Tir'an, Frost, usurp'd the seate
Of former beauty in my Loves faire cheek,
Staining the roseat tincture of her blood,
With the dull die of blew-congealing cold?
No, sure the weather dares not so presume
To hurt an object of her brightnesse Yet,
The more I view her, shee but lookes so, so
Ha? gi' me leave to search this mysterie!
O now I have it Bride, I know your grieue,
The last night's cold, hath bred in you such horror
Of the assigned Bride-groomes constitution,
The Kilborne Clay-pit, that frost-bitten marle,
That lumpe in courage, melting cake of Ice,
That the concite thereof hath almost kill'd thee
But I must doe thee good wench, and refresh thee

Awd You are a merry man, Squire Tub, of Totten
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds
Tub Thou sayest true, sweet, I' ha' beene too slack in deeds

Awd Yet, I was never so straight lac'd to you, Squire
Tub Why, did you ever love me, gentle Awdrey?
Awd Love you? I cannot tell I must hate no body,
My Father sayses Tub Yes, Clay, and Kilburne, Awdrey,
You must hate them Awd It shall be for your sake then
Tub And for my sake, shall yield you that gratuitie

Awd Soft, and faire, Squire, there goe two word's to a bargaine
Tub What are those Awdrey? Awd Nay, I cannot tell

My Mother said, zure, if you married me,
You'd make me a Lady the first weeke and put me
In, I know not what, the very day Tub What was it?
Speake gentle Awdrey, thou shalt have it yet
Awd A velvet dressing for my head, it is,
They say will make one brave I will not know
Besse Moale, nor Margery Turne up I will looke
Another way upon 'hem, and be proud
   Tub   Troth I could wish my wench a better wit,
But what she wanteth there, her face supplies
There is a pointed lustre in her eye
Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart
And thence it is, I first receiv'd the wound,
That ranckles now, which only shee can cure
Faine would I worke my selfe, from this conceit,
But, being flesh, I cannot  I must love her,
The naked truth is  and I will goe on,
Were it for nothing, but to crosse my Rivall's
Come Awdrey  I am now resolv'd to ha' thee

ACT II. SCENE V.

Preamble Metaphore Tub Awdrey

Pre  Nay, doe it quickly, Miles, why shak'st thou man?
Speake but his name  Ile second thee my selfe
Met  What is his name?  Pre  Squire Tripoly or Tub
Any thing—  Met  Squire Tub, I doe arrest you
5 I' the Queens Majesties name, and all the Councels
Tub  Arrest me, Varlet?  Pre  Keppe the peace I charge you
Tub  Are you there, Justice Bramble?  where's your warrant?

Pre  The warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole table, wherefore I would pray you
10 Be patient Squire, and make good the peace
Tub  Well, at your pleasure, Justice  I am wrong'd
Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?
Pre  He is a Purs'yvant at Armes, Squire Tub
Met  I am a Purs'yvant, see, by my Coat elsce

15 Tub  Well Purs'yvant, goe with me  Ile give you baile
Pre  Sir he may take no baile  It is a warrant,
In speciall from the Counsell, and commands
Your personall appearance  Sir, your weapon

11 v 13 Purs'yvant F3  Pursy'vant F
A Tale of a Tub

I must require And then deliver you
A Prisoner to this officer Squire Tub,
I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Then as your friend, and neighbour Let my person
Be sever'd from my office in the fact,
And I am cleare Here Purs'yvant, receive him
Into your hands, And use him like a Gentleman

Tub I thank you Sir But whither must I goe now?

Pre Nay, that must not be told you, till you come
Unto the place assign'd by his instructions
Ile be the Maidens Convoy to her father,
For this time, Squire Tub I thank you Mr Bramble
I doubt, or feare, you will make her the ballance
To weigh your Justice in Pray yee doe me right,
And lead not her, at least out of the way
Justice is blind, and having a blind Guide,
She may be apt to slip aside Pre Ile see to her

Tub I see my wooing will not thrive Arrested!
As I had set my rest up, for a wife?
And being so faire for it, as I was Well, fortune,
Thou art a blind Bawd, and a Beggar too,
To crosse me thus, and let my onely Rivall
To get her from me That's the spight of spights
But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
O' th' Court, am sent for thither by the Councell!
My heart is not so light, as 't was i' the mornig

Act II. Scene VI.

Hils Tub Metaphor

Hil You meane to make a Hoiden, or a Hare
O' me, t' hunt Counter thus, and make these doubles
And you meane no such thing, as you send about?
Where's your sweet-heart now, I marle? Tub Oh Hils!

Hil I know you of old! nere halt afore a Crippe

[Notes and corrections: officer, F Officer, F3 Tub, Tub F, F3 Unto F 38 was Well corr F was — Well F originally 41 me corr F me? F originally II vi 2 O' F3 O F make F3 makes F]
Will you have a Cawdle? where's your griefe, Sir? speake

Met Doe you heare friend? Doe you serve this

Gentleman?

Hil How then, Sir? what if I doe? peradventure yea
Peradventure nay, what's that to you Sir? Say

Met Nay, pray you Sir, I meant no harme in truth
But this good Gentleman is arrested Hil How?
Say me that againe Tub Nay Basket, never storme,
I am arrested here, upon command
From the Queenses Councell, and I must obey!

Met You say Sir very true, you must obey
An honest Gentleman, in faith! Hil He must?

Tub But that which most tormenteth me, is this,
That Justice Bramble hath got hence my Awdrey

Hil How? how? stand by a little, sirrah, you

20 With the badge o' your brest Let's know Sir what you are?

Met I am Sir (pray you doe not looke so terribly)
A Purs'yvant Hil A Purs'yvant? your name Sir?
Met My name Sir— Hil What is't? speake? Met

Mules Metaphor,

And Justice Preambles Clarke Tub What sayes he?

Hil Pray you,

25 Let us alone You are a Purs'yvant?

Met No faith, Sir, would that I might never stirre from you,
I'is made a Purs'yvant against my will

Hil Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my will
Shall make you nothing, instantly Met Put up

30 Your frightfull Blade, and your dead-doing looke,
And I shall tell you all Hil Speake then the truth,
And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth

Met My Master, Justice Bramble, hearing your Master,
The Squire Tub, was comming on this way,

35 With Mrs Awdrey, the high Constables Daughter,
A Tale of a Tub

Made me a Purs'vyant and gave me warrant
To arrest him, so that hee might get the Lady,
With whom he is gone to Pancrudge, to the Vicar,
Not to her Fathers This was the device,
Which I beseech you, doe not tell my Master

Tub O wonderfull! well Basket, let him rise
And for my free escape,forge some excuse
Ile post to Paddington, t' acquaint old Turfe;
With the whole busines, and so stop the marriage

Hul Well, blesse thee I doe wish thee grace, to keepe
Thy Masters secrets, better, or be hang'd

Met I thanke you, for your gentle admonition
Pray you, let me call you God father hereafter
And as your God-sonne Metaphore I promise,
To keepe my Masters privities, seald up

I' the vallies o' my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be truss'd up at Tiburne shortly

Hul Thine owne wish, save, or choake thee, Come away

ACT III. SCENE I.

Turfe Clench Medlay To-Pan Scriben Clay

Passion of me, was ever man thus cross'd?
All things run Arsie-Varsie, upside downe
High Constable! Now by our Lady o' Walsingham,
I had rather be mark'd out Tom Saavinger
And with a shovell make cleane the high wayes,
Then have this office of a Constable,
And a high Constable! The higher charge
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it
Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vize me what to doe
How wee shall beare us in this Huy and Cry
We cannot find the Captaine, no such man
Lodg'd at the Lion, nor came therither hurt
The morning wee ha’ spent in privie search,
And by that meanes the Bride-ale is differr’d,

The Bride, shee’s left alone in Puppie’s charge,
The Bride groome goes under a paire of sureties,
And held of all as a respected person
How should we bussle forward? Gi’ some counsell,
How to bestirre our stumps i’ these crosse wayes

Cle Faith Gossip Turfe, you have, you say, Remission,
To comprehend all such, as are dispected
Now, would I make another privie search
Through this Towne, and then you have zearch’d two towns

Med Masters, take heed, let’s not vind too many

One’s enough to stay the Hang-mans stomack
There is John Clay, who is yvound already,
A proper man A Tile-man’ by his trade
A man as one would zay, moulded in clay
As spruce as any neighbours child among you

And he (you zee) is taken on conspition,
And two, or three (they zay) what call you ’hem?
Zuch as the Justices of Coram nobis
Grant— (I forget their names, you ha’ many on ’hem,
Mr High Constable they come to you )

I ha’ it at my tongues end—Cunni-borrogues,
To bring him straight avore the zessions house

Tur O you meane warrens, neighbour, doe you not?
Med I, I, thick same! you know ’un well enough
Tur Too well, too well, wou’d I had never knowne ’hem

Wee good Vree holders cannot live in quiet,
But every houre new purcepts, Huy’s and Cry’s,
Put us to requisitions night and day
What shud a man zay, shud we leave the zearch?
I am in danger, to reburse as much

As he was rob’d on, I, and pay his hurts
If I should vollow it, all the good cheare

III 1 45 hurts ] hurts, F, F3
A Tale of a Tub

That was provided for the wedding dinner,
Is spoil'd, and lost Oh there are two vat pigs,
A zindging by the vier Now by Saint Tony,
Too good to eate, but on a wedding day,
And then, a Goosc will bid you all, Come cut me
Zun Clay, zun Clay (for I must call thee so)
Be of good comfort, take my Muckinder,
And dry thine eyes If thou beest true, and honest,
And if thou find'st thy conscience cleare vrom it
Pluck up a good heart, wee'll doe well enough
If not, confesse a truths name But in faith
I durst be sworne upon all holy booke,
John Clay would nere commit a Robberne
On his owne head Cla No, Truth is my rightfull Judge
I have kept my hands, here hence, fro' evill speaking,
Lying, and slandering, and my tongue from stealing
He doe not live this day can say, John Clay
I ha' zeene thee, but in the way of honesty
Pan Faith neighbour Medlay, I durst be his burrough,
He would not looke a true man in the vace
Cla I take the towne to concord, where I dwell,
All Kilburne be my witnesse, If I were not
Begot in bashfulnesse, brought up in shamefac'tnesse
Let 'un bring a dog, but to my vace, that can
Zay, I ha' beat 'hun, and without a vault,
Or but a cat, will sweare upon a booke,
I have as much as zet a vier her tale,
And Ile give him, or her a crowne for 'mends
But to give out, and zay, I have rob'd a Captaine
Receive me at the latter day, if I
Ere thought of any such matter, or could mind it—
Med No John, you are come of too good personage,
I thinke my Gossip Clench, and Mr Turfe
Both thinke, you would ra'tempt no such voule matter
Tur But how unhappily it comes to passe!
Just on the wedding day! I cry me mercy
I had almost forgot the Huy and Cry
Good neighbour Pan, you are the Third-burrow,
And D'ogenes Scriben, you my learned Writer,
Make out a new purcept—Lord, for thy goodnesse,
I had forgot my Daughter, all this while,
The idle knave hath brought no newes from her
Here comes the sneaking Puppy, What's the newes?
My heart! my heart! I feare all is not well,
Some thing's mishap'd, that he is come without her

**A TALE OF A TUB**

**ACT III. SCENE II.**

Puppy Da Turfe

Pup Oh, where's my Master? my Master? my Master?
D Tur Thy Master? what would'st with thy Master, man?

There's thy Mr Tur What's the matter Puppy?
Pup Oh Master! oh Dame! oh Dame! oh Master!
D Tur What sai'st thou to thy Master, or thy Dame?

Med Luck grant he bring not newes he shall be hang'd
Cle The world forfend, I hope, it is not so well
Cla Oh Lord! oh me! what shall I doe? poore John!
Pup Oh John Clay! John Clay! John Clay! Cla Alas, That ever I was borne! I will not stay by't,

For all the Tiles in Kilburne D Tur What of Clay?
Speake Puppy, what of him? Pup He hath lost, he hath lost

Tur For luck sake speake, Puppy, what hath he lost?
Pup Oh Awdrey, Awdrey, Awdrey! D Tur What of my daughter Awdrey?
A Tale of a Tub

Pup I tell you Awdrey—doe you understand me?
Awdrey, sweet Master! Awdrey, my dear Dame—
Tur Where is she? what’s become of her, I pray thee?
Pup Oh the serving-man! the serving-man! the
serving-man!
Tur What talk’st thou of the serving-man? where’s 20
Awdrey?
Pup Gone with the serving-man, gone with the serving-
man
D Tur Good Puppy, whither is she gone with him?
Pup I cannot tell, he bad me bring you word,
The Captaine lay at the Lion, and before
I came againe, Awdrey was gone with the serving-man,
I tell you, Awdrey’s run away with the serving-man
Tur ’Od ’socks! my woman, what shall we doe now?
D Tur Now, so you helpe not, man, I know not, I
Tur This was your pompe of Maids I told you on’t
Sixe Maids to vollow you, and not leave one
To wait upo’ your Daughter I zaid, Pride
Would be paid one day, her old vi’pence, wife
Med What of John Clay, Ball Puppy? Pup He hath
lost—
Med His life for velonie? Pup No, his wife by
villanie
Tur Now, villaines both! oh that same Huy and Cry!
Oh neighbours! oh that cursed serving man!
O maids! O wife! But John Clay, where’s he?
How! fled for veare, zay yee? will he slip us now?
Wee that are sureties, must require ’hun out
How shall wee doe to find the serving man?
Cocks bodikins! wee must not lose John Clay
Awdrey, my daughter Awdrey too! let us zend
To all the townes, and zeeke her, but alas,
The Huy and Cry, that must be look’d unto
A Tale of a Tub

Act III. Scene III.

To them

Tub

Tub What, in a passion Turfe? Tur I good Squire

Tub

Were never honest Varmers thus perplext

Tub Turfe, I am privie to thy deepe unrest

The ground of which, springs from an idle plot,

5 Cast by a Sutor, to your daughter Awdrey—

And thus much, Turfe, let me advertise you,

Your daughter Awdrey, met I on the way,

With Justice Bramble in her company

Who meanes to marry her at Pancridge Church

10 And there is Chanon Hugh, to meet them ready

Which to prevent, you must not trust delay,

But winged speed must crosse their sile intent

Then hie thee, Turfe, haste to forbid the Banes

Tur Hath Justice Bramble got my daughter Awdrey?

15 A little while, shall he enjoy her, zure

But O the Huy and Cry! that hinders me

I must pursue that, or neglect my journey

Ile ene leave all and with the patient Asse,

The over-laden Asse, throw off my burden,

20 And cast mine office, pluck in my large cares

Betimes, lest some dis-judge 'hem to be hornes

I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoofe,

And ease my pasternes Ile no more High Constables

Tub I cannot choose, but smile, to see thee troubled

25 With such a bald, halfe hatched circumstance!

The Captaine was not rob'd, as is reported,

That trick the Justice craftily deviz'd,

To breake the mariage with the Tile-man Clay

The Huy, and Cry, was meerely counterfeit.

30 The rather may you judge it to be such,

Because the Bride-groome, was describ'd to be

III 17 pursue] prsue F
A Tale of a Tub

One of the theefe, first I the velonie
Which, how farre 'tis from him, your selves may guesse
'Twas Justice Bramble's vetch, to get the wench

Tur And is this true Squire Tub? Tub Beleeve me 35

Turfe,
As I am a Squire or lesse, a Gentleman

Tur I take my office back and my authority,
Upon your worships words Neighbours, I am
High Constable againe where's my zonne Clay?
He shall be zonne, yet, wife, your meat by leasure

Draw back the spits D Tur That's done already man

Tur Ile breake this marriage off and afterward,
She shall be given to her first betroth'd
Looke to the meate, wife looke well to the rost

Tub Ile follow him aloofe, to see the event

Pup Dame, Mistris, though'I doe not turne the spit,
I hope yet the Pigs-head D Tur Come up, Jack-sauce

It shall be serv'd in to you Pup No, no service,
But a reward for service D Tur I still tooke you

For an unmannerly Puppy will you come,
And vetch more wood to the vier, Mr Ball?

Pup I wood to the vier? I shall pisse it out first
You thinke to make me ene your oxe, or asse,
Or any thing Though I cannot right my selfe
On you, Ile sure revenge me on your meat

ACT III. SCENE IV.

La Tub Pol-Marten Wispe

(To them)

Puppy

Pol Madam, to Kentish Towne, wee are got at length,
But, by the way wee cannot meet the Squire
Nor by inquiry can we heare of him
Here is Turfe's house, the father of the Maid

III iii 38 Upon] Vpon F III iv Scene ii—The Same [i.e Kentish Town] before Turfe's House G La Tub Puppy one line in F
Lad Pol-Marten, see, the streets are strewd with herbes,
And here hath beene a wedding, Wispe, it seemes!
Pray heaven, this Bridallis be not for my sonne!
Good Marten, knock knock quickly Aske for Turfe
My thoughts misgive me, I am in such a doubt——
Pol Who keepes the house here? Pup Why the doore, and wals
Doe kepe the house Pol I aske then, who's within?
Pup Not you that are without Pol Looke forth, and speake
Into the street, here Come before my Lady
Pup Before my Lady? Lord have mercy upon me
If I doe come before her, shee will see
The hand-som'est man in all the Towne, pardee!
Now stand I vore her, what saith velvet she?
Lad Sirrah, whose man are you? Pup Madam, my Masters
Lad And who's thy Master? Pup What you tread on, Madam
Lad I tread on an old Turfe Pup That Turfe's my Master
Lad A merry fellow! what's thy name? Pup Ball Puppy
They call me at home abroad, Hanniball Puppy
Lad Come hither, I must kisse thee, Valentine Puppy
Wispe! ha' you got you a Valentine? Wis None,
Madam,
He's the first stranger that I saw Lad To me
Hee is so, and such Let's share him equally
Pup Helpe, helpe good Dame A reskue, and in time
In stead of Bils, with Colstaves come, in stead of Speares, with Spits,
Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me, and my wits
A Lady, and her woman here, their Huisher eke by side,
(But he stands mute) have plotted how your Puppy to divide
ACT III. SCENE V.

D Turfe  Maids

D Turfe  How now? what noise is this with you, Ball
Puppy?

Pup  Oh Dame! And fellowes o' the Kitchen! Arme,
Arme, for my safety, if you love your Ball
Here is a strange thing, call'd a Lady, a Mad-dame
And a device of hers, yclept her woman,
Have plotted on me, in the Kings high-way,
To steale me from my selfe, and cut me in halfes,
To make one Valentine to serve 'hem both,
This for my right-side, that my left hand love

D Tur  So sawcy, Puppy! to use no more reverence
Unto my Lady, and her velvet Gowne?

Lad Turfe's wife, rebuke him not. Your man doth please me
With his conceit. Hold there are ten old nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, halfe-Valentine

Pup  I thanke you right-side could my left as much,
'Twould make me a man of marke young Hanniball!

Lad  Dido shall make that good, or I will for her
Here Dido Wispe, there's for your Hanniball
He is your Countrey-man, as well as Valentine

Wis  Here Mr Hanniball my Ladies bounty
For her poore woman, Wispe Pup Brave Carthage Queene!

And such was Dido I will ever be
Champion to her, who Juno is to thee

D Tur  Your Ladiship is very welcome here
Please you, good Madam, to goe nere the house

Lad  Turfe's wife, I come thus farre to seeke thy husband,
Having some busines to impart unto him
Is he at home?  D Tur  O no, and't shall please you

A Tale of a Tub

He is posted hence to Pancridge with a witnesse
30 Young Justice Bramble has kept levell coyle
Here in our Quarters, stole away our Daughter,
And Mr Turfe's run after, as he can,
To stop the marriage, if it will be stop'd

    Pol Madam, these tydings are not much amisse !

35 For if the Justice have the Maid in keepe,
You need not feare the mariage of your sonne

    Lad That somewhat easeth my suspititious brest
Tell me, Turfe's wife, when was my sonne with Awdrey ?
How long is't, since you saw him at your house ?

    Pup Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth

    D Tur What meane you by that Sir ?     Pup Rumpe,

40 and taile's all one
But I would use a reverence for my Lady
I would not say surreverence, the tale
Out o' your mouth, but rather take the rumpe

    D Tur A well bred youth ! and vull of favour you are

    Pup What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my wordz ? This Puppy is a voole !
Great Hanniball's an Asse , he had no breeding
No Lady gay, you shall not say,

45 That your Val Puppy, was so unlucky,
In speech to faile, as t' name a taile,
Be as be may be, 'vore a faire Lady

    Lad Leave jesting, tell us, when you saw our sonne

    Pup Marry, it is two houres agoe     Lad Sin' you saw
him ?

    Pup You might have scene him too, if you had look'd up
For it shind, as bright as day     Lad <I> meane my sonne

    Pup Your sunne, and our sunne are they not all one ?

    Lad Foole, thou mistak'st , I ask'd thee, for my sonne

    Pup I had thought there had beene no more sunnes, then

60 one
I know not what you Ladies have, or may have

    Pol Did'st thou nere heare, my Lady had a sonne ?

iii v 56 I W 58 sonne cor F sonne ! F originally
A Tale of a Tub

Pup She may have twenty, but for a sonne, unlesse
She meane precisely, Squire Tub, her zonne,
He was here now, and brought my Mr word
That Justice Bramble had got Mrs Awdrey
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell
Lad Marten, I wonder at this strange discourse
The foole it seemes tels true, my sonne the Squire
Was doubtlesse here this morninge For the match,
Ile smother what I thinke, and staying here,
Attend the sequell of this strange beginning
Turfe's wife, my people, and I will trouble thee
Untill we heare some tidings of thy husband
The rather, for my partie Valentine

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Turfe Awdrey Clench Medlay
Pan Scriben

Tur Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this Justice, as becomes a Constable,
And a high Constable next our Saint George,
Who rescued the Kings Daughter, I will ride,
Above Prince Arthur Cle Or our Shore-ditch Duke
Med Or Pancridge Eaile Pan Or Bevis, or Sir Guy,
Who were high Constables both Cle One of Southampton—
Med The tother of Warwick-Casle Tur You shall
worke it
Into a storie for me, neighbour Medlay,
Over my Chimney Scri I can give you Sir,
A Roman storie of a petty-Constable,
That had a Daughter, that was call'd Virginia,
Like Mrs Awdrey, and as young as she,
And how her father bare him in the busines,
A Tale of a Tub

15 'Gainst Justice Appius, a Decemvir in Rome,
And Justice of Assise Tur That, that good D'ogenes!
A learned man is a Chronikell! Scr I can tell you
A thousand, of great Pompei, Caeser, Trajan,
All the high Constables there Tur That was their place.

20 They were no more Scr Dictator, and high Constable
Were both the same Med High Constable was more, tho'!

He laid Dick Tator by the heeles Pan Dick Toter!
H' was one o' the Waights o' the Citie I ha' read o' hun
He was a fellow would be drunke, debauch'd—

25 And he did zet un i' the stocks indeed
His name <was> Vadran, and a cunning Toter
Awd Was ever silly Maid thus posted off?
That should have had three husbands in one day,
Yet (by bad fortune) am possesse of none?

30 I went to Church to have beene wed to Clay,
Then Squire Tub he seiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me but he mist his aime,
And Justice Bramble (nearest of the three)
Was well nigh married to me, when by chance,

35 In rush'd my Father, and broke off that dance
Tur I, Girle, there's nere a Justice on 'hem all,
Shall teach the Constable to guard his owne
Let's back to Kentish-Towne, and there make mercy,
These newes will be glad tidings to my wife

40 Thou shalt have Clay, my wench That word shall stand
Hee's found by this time, sure, or else hee's drown'd
The wedding dinner will be spoil'd make haste
Awd Husbands, they say, grow thick, but thin are sowne

I care not who it be, so I have on!

45 Tur I safe say you zo? Perhaps you shall ha' none, for that
Awd Now out <up>on me! what shall I doe then?
Med Sleepe Mistris Awdrey, dreame on proper men
Act III. Scene VII.

Hugh Preamble

Metaphore

 Hugh O bone Deus! have you seen the like?
Here was, Hodge hold thine care, faire, whilst I strike
Body o’ me, how came this gear about?

Pre I know not, Chanon, but it falls out crosse
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance
Of these events, it was impossible,
Being so close, and politickly carried,
To come so quickly to the eares of Turfe
O Priest, had but thy slow delivery
Beene nimble, and thy lazie Latine tongue
But run the formes ore, with that swift dispatch,
As had beene requisite, all had beene well!

 Hugh What should have beene, that never lov’d the
Friar,
But thus you see th’old Adage verified,
Multa cadunt inter—you can gessish the rest
Many things fall betweene the cup, and lip
And though they touch, you are not sure to drinke
You lack’d good fortune, wee had done our parts
Give a man fortune, throw him i’ the Sea
The properer man, the worse luck Stay a time,
Tempus edax—In time the stately Oxen, &c
Good counsels lightly never come too late

Pre You Sir will run your counsels out of breath

 Hugh Spurre a free horse, hee’ll run himselfe to death

Sancti Evangelistae! Here comes Miles!

Pre What newes man, with our new made Purs’yvant?

Met A Pursuyvant? would I were, or more pursie,
And had more store of money, or lesse pursie,
And had more store of breath you call me Pursyvant!
But, I could never vant of any purse

III vii Scene iv — Another part of the same [i.e. Pancras] G

Hugh Metaphore one line in F 10 tongue] tongue, F, F3
A Tale of a Tub

I had, sin' yo' were my God-fathers, and God-mothers,  
And ga' me that nick-name Pre What now's the matter?

Met Nay, 'tis no matter I ha' beene simply beaten  
Hugh What is become o' the Squire, and thy Prisoner?

Met The lines of blood, run streaming from my head,  
Can speake what rule the Squire hath kept with me

Pre I pray these Miles relate the manner, how?

Met Be't knowne unto you, by these presents, then,  
That I Miles Metaphore, your worship's Clarke

Have ene beene beaten, to an Allegory,  
By multitude of hands Had they beene but
Some five or sixe, I' had whip'd 'hem all, like tops  
In Lent, and hurl'd 'hem into Hoblers-hole,
Or the next ditch I had crack'd all their costards,

As nimbly as a Squirrel will crack nuts  
And flourish'd like to Hercules, the Porter,
Among the Pages But, when they came on
Like Bees about a Hive, Crowes about carrion,  
Flies about sweet meats, nay, like water-men

About a Fare then was poore Metaphore  
Glad to give up the honour of the day,  
To quit his charge to them, and run away  
To save his life, onely to tell this newes

Hugh How indirectly all things have falne out!

I cannot choose but wonder what they were  
Reskued your rival from the keepe of Miles  
But most of all I cannot well digest,  
The manner how our purpose came to Turfe

Pre Miles, I will see that all thy hurts be drest

As for the Squires escape, it matters not  
Wee have by this meanes disappointed him,  
And that was all the maine I aimed at  
But Canon Hugh, now muster up thy wits,  
And call thy thoughts into the Consistory

III viii 32 What F3 What, F 35 run W ran F 46 flourish'd]
furnished F Porter, F3 Porter F
A Tale of a Tub

Search all the secret corners of thy cap,
To find another quent devised drift,
To disappoint her marige with this Clay,
Doe that, and Ile reward thee jovially

Hug Well said Magister Justice If I fit you not
With such a new, and well-laid stratagem,
As never yet your eares did heare a finer,
Call me, with Lilly, Bos, Fur, Sus; atq, Sacerdos

Pre I heare, there's comfort in thy words yet, Chanon
Ile trust thy regulars, and say no more

Met Ile follow too And if the dapper Priest
Be but as cunning, point in his devise,
As I was in my lie my Master Preamble
Will stalke, as led by the nose with these new promises,
And fatted with supposes of fine hopes

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

Turfe D Turfe L Tub Pol-mart<en> Awd<rey>
Pup<py>

Tur Well Madam, I may thanke the Squire your sonne
For, but for him, I had beene over-reach'd

D Tur Now heavens blessing light upon his heart
Wee are beholden to him, indeed, Madam

Lad But can you not resolve me where he is ?
Nor about what his purposes were bent ?

Tur Madam, they no whit were concerning me
And therefore was I lesse inquisitive

Lad Faire maid, in faith, speake truth, and not dissemble
Do's hee not often come, and visit you ?

Awd His worship now, and then, please you, takes paines
To see my Father, and Mother But for me,
I know my selfe too meane for his high thoughts
To stoop at, more then asking a light question,
To make him merry, or to passe his time

Lad    A sober Maid! call for my woman Marten
Pol    The maids, and her halfe-Valentine have pli'd her
With court'sie of the Bride-Cake, and the Bowlie,
As she is laid awhile    Lad    O let her rest!

We will crosse ore to Can[ter]bury, in the interim,
And so make home    Farewell good Turfe, and thy wife
I wish your daughter joy    Tur    Thankes to your Ladiship,
Where is John Clay now? have you seene him yet?

D Tur    No, he has hid himselfe out of the way,

For feare o' the Huy and Cry    Tur    What, walkes that shadow

Avore 'un still? Puppy goe seeke 'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call 'un forth    We'll once more to the Church,
And try our vortunes    Luck, sonne Valentine

Where are the wise-men all of Finsbury?

Pup    Where wise-men should be, at the Ale, and
Bride-cake
I would this couple had their destinee,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way
Man cannot get the mount'nance of an Egge-shell,
To stay his stomack    Vaih, vor mine owne part,
I have zup'd up so much broth, as would have cover'd
A legge o'Beefe, ore head and eares, t' the porridge pot
And yet I cannot sussifie wild nature
Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner

I am with child of a huge stomack, and long,
Till by some honest Midwife-peice of Beefe,
I be deliver'd of it    I must goe now,
And hunt out for this Kilburne Calfe, John Clay
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way
ACT III. SCENE IX.

To them

Chanon Hugh, like Captaine Thumbs

Hug (Thus as a beggar in a Kings disguise,
Or an old Crosse well sided with a May-pole,
Comes Chanon Hugh, accoutred as you see
Disguis'd Soldado like marke his devise.
The Chanon, is that Captaine Thum's, was rob'd

These bloody scars upon my face are wounds,
This scarfe upon mine arme shewes my late hurts
And thus am I to gull the Constable

Now have among you, for a man at armes)

Friends by your leave, which of you is one Turfe?

Tur Sir, I am Turfe, if you would speake with me

Hug With thee Turfe, if thou beest High Constable

Tur I am both Turfe, Sir, and High Constable

Hug Then Turfe, or Scuwfe, high, or low Constable

Know, I was once a Captaine at Saint Quintins,
And passing crosse the wayes over the countrie,
This morning betwixt this and Hamsted-Heath,
Was by a crue of Clownes rob'd, bob'd, and hurt
No sooner had I got my wounds bound up,
But with much paine, I went to the next Justice,

One Mr Bramble here, at Maribone
And here a warrant is, which he hath directed
For you one Turfe, if your name be Tobre Turfe,
Who have let fall (they say) the Huy, and Cry
And you shall answer it afore the Justice

Tur Heaven, and Hell, Dogges, Divils, what is this?

Neighbours, was ever Constable thus cross'd?

What shall we doe? Med Faith, all goe hang our selves
I know no other way to scape the Law

Pup News, newes, O newes— Tur What, hast thou found out Clay?

III ix 1-9 *Aside not marked in F 2 May-pole, F3 May-pole F
A Tale of a Tub

Pup  No Sir, the newes is that I cannot find him
Hug  Why doe you dally, you dam'd russet coat,
     You Peasant, nay you Clowne, you Constable,
     See that you bring forth the suspected partie,
     Or by mine honour (which I won in field)
     Ile make you pay for it, afore the Justice
Tur  Fie, fie, O wife, I am now in a fine pickle
     He that was most suspected is not found,
     And which now makes me thinke, he did the deed,
     He thus absents him, and dares not be scene
     Captaine, my innocence will plead for me
     Wife, I must goe, needs, whom the Divell drives
     Pray for me wife, and daughter, pray for me
     Hug  Ile lead the way (Thus is the match put off,
     And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it,
     My Captaine-ship shall cost him many a crowne)

D Tur  So, wee have brought our egges to a faire Market
     Out on that villaine Clay would he doe a robbery?
     Ile nere trust smooth'fac'd Tile-man for his sake
Awd  Mother, the still Sow eats up all the draffe
     Pup  Thus is my Master, Toby Turfe, the patterne
     Of all the painefull a'ventures, now in print
     I never could hope better of this match
     This Bride-ale  For the night before to day,
     (Which is within mans memory, I take it)
     At the report of it, an Oxe did speake,
     Who dy'd soone after. A Cow lost her Calfe
     The Belwether was flead for't. A fat Hog
     Was sing'd, and wash'd, and shaven all over, to
     Looke ugly 'gainst this day  The Ducks they quak'd,
     The Hens too cackled  at the noise whereof,
     A Drake was scene to dance a headlesse round
     The Goose was cut 1' the head, to heare it too
     Brave Chant-ut-cleare, his noble heart was done,
     His combe was cut  And two or three o' his wives,
     Or fairest Concubines, had their necks broke,
A Tale of a Tub

Ere they would zee this day To marke the verven
Heart of a beast, the very Pig, the Pig,
This very mornin, as hee was a rosting,
Cry'd out his eyes, and made a show as hee would
Ha' bit in two the spit, as he would say,
There shall no rost-meat be this dismall day
And zure, I thinke, if I had not got his tongue
Betweene my teeth, and eate it, he had spoke it
Well, I will in, and cry too, never leave
Crying, untill our maids may drive a Buck
With my salt teares at the next washing day

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Preamble Hugh Turfe Metaphor

Pee out those fellowes, Ile ha' none come in,
But the High Constable, the man of peace,
And the Queenes Captaine, the brave man of warre
Now neighbour Turfe, the cause why you are call'd,
Before me by my warrant, but unspecified,
Is this, and pray you marke it thoroughly!
Here is a Gentleman, and as it seemes,
Both of good birth, faire speech, and peaceable,
Who was this morning rob'd here in the wood
You for your part a man of good report,
Of credit, landed, and of faire demeanes,
And by authority, high Constable,
Are notwithstanding touch'd in this complaint,
Of being carelesse in the Huy and Cry
I cannot choose but grieve a Soldiers losse
And I am sory too for your neglect,
Being my neighbour, this is all I object
Hug This is not all, I can alledge far more,
And almost urge him for an accesorie
Good Mr Justice gi' me leave to speake,
For I am Plaintiff
Let not neighbour-hood
Make him secure, or stand on priviledge

Pre  Sir, I dare use no partiality
Object then what you please, so it be truth

Hug  This more and which is more, then he can answer,
Beside his letting fall the Huy, and Cry,
He doth protect the man, charg'd with the felonie,
And keepes him hid I heare, within his house,
Because he is affied unto his Daughter

Tur  I doe defie 'hun, so shall shee doe too
I pray your worship's favour, le' me have hearing
I doe convesse, 'twas told me such a velonie,
And't not disgriev'd me a little when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to Church, to marry Awdrey

And who should marry her, but this very Clay,
Who was charg'd to be the chief theife o' hun ali
Now I (the halter stick me, if I tell
Your worship's any leazins) did forsc-thinke 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away

I thought, I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit,
Or i' mine Oven  Nay, i' the Towne-pound
I was zo sure o' hun  I'd ha' gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did start  But now, I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can looke at 'un Would you ha' more?

Hug  Yes, I will have Sir what the Law will give me
You gave your word to see him safe, forth comming,
I challenge that  But, that is forfeited,
Beside, your carelessnesse in the pursuit,
Argues your slacknesse, and neglect of dutie,

Pre  He speakes but reason Turfe  Bring forth the man,
And you are quit  But otherwise, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his losse,
And thinke your selfe befriended, if he take it

Without a farther suit, or going to law
Come to a composition with him, Turse
The Law is costly, and will draw on charge
    Tur Yes, I doe know, I vurst mun vee a Returney,
And then make legges to my great man o' Law,
To be o' my counsell, and take trouble-pees,
And yet zay nothing vor me, but devise
All district meanes, to ransackle me o' my money
A Pest'lence prick the throats o' hun I doe know hun
As well az I waz i' their bellies, and brought up there
What would you ha' me doe? what would you aske of me?
    Hug I aske the restitution of my money,
And will not bate one penny o' the summe
Four score, and five pound I aske, besides,
Amendment for my hurts, my paine, and suffering
Are losse enough for me, Sir, to sit downe with,
Ile put it to your worship, what you award me,
Ile take, and gi' him a generall release
    Pre And what say you now, neighbour Turfe? Tur
I put it
Ene to your worships bitterment, hab, nab
I shall have a chance o'the dice for't, I hope, let 'hem ene
    run And—
    Pre Faith then Ile pray you, 'cause he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day
    Hug Saint Valentines day, I will, this very day,
Before Sunne set my bond is forfeit else
    Tur Where will you ha'it paid? Hug Faith, I am a
stranger
Here i' the countrey Know you Chanon Hugh,
The Vicar of Pancrace? Tur Yes, wee—who not him?
    Hug Ile make him my Attorney to receive it,
And give you a discharge Tur Whom shall I send for't?
    Pre Why, if you please, send Metaphore my Clarke
And Turse, I much commend thy willingnesse,
It's argument of thy integrity
**A Tale of a Tub**

**Tur** But, my integrity shall be my zelxe still  
Good Mr *Metaphore*, give my wife this key,

90 And doe but whisper it into her hand  
(She knowes it well inow) bid her, by that  
Deliver you the two zeal'd bags o' silver,  
That lie i' the corner o' the cup-bord, stands  
At my bed-side, they'are viftie pound a pheece,

95 And bring 'hem to your Master  
**Met** If I prove not  
As just a Carrner as my friend *Tom Long* was,  
Then call me his curtall, change my name of *Miles*,  
To *Guile's, Wile's, Pile's, Bile's*, o1 the foulest name  
You can devise, to crambe with, for ale

100 **Hug** Come hither *Miles*, bring by that token, too,  
Faire *Awdrey*, say her father sent for her  
Say *Clay* is found, and waits at *Pancrace* Church,  
Where I attend to marry them in haste  
For (by this means) *Miles* I may say't to thee,

105 Thy Master must to *Awdrey* married be  
But not a word but mum goe get thee gone,  
Be warie of thy charge, and keepe it close  
**Met** O super-dainty Chanon! Vicar in coney,  
Make no delay, *Miles*, but away

110 And bring the wenche, and money  
**Hug** Now Sir, I see you meant but honestly,  
And, but that busines calls me hence away,  
I would not leave you, till the sunne were lower  
But Mr *Justice*, one word, Sir, with you

115 By the same token, is your Mistris sent for  
By *Metaphore* your Clarke, as from her Father  
Who when she comes, Ile marry her to you,  
Vnwritten to this *Turfe*, who shall attend  
Me at the parsonage *This was my plot*

120 Which I must now make good, turne Chanon, againe,  
In my square cap *I humbly take my leav*  
**Pre** Adieu, good Captaine  
Trust me, neighbour *Turfe*,  
He seemes to be a sober Gentleman

*iv 1 99 crambe] crambo W  108 in coney] incony G*
But this distresse hath somewhat stir'd his patience
And men, you know, in such extremities,
Apt not themselves to points of courtesie,
I am glad you ha' made this end
You stood my friend
I thanke your Justice-worship, pray you be
Prezent anone, at tending o' the money,
And zee me have a discharge
Vor I ha' no craft
I' your Law quiblins
Pre Ile secure you, neighbour

The Scene interloping.

Medlay Clench Pan Scriben

Med Indeed, there is a woundy luck in names, Sirs,
And a maine mysterie, an' a man knew where
To vind it My God sires name, Ile tell you,
Was In-and-In Shittle, and a Weaver he was,
And it did fit his craft for so his Shittle
Went in, and in, still this way, and then that way
And he nam'd me, In-and-In Medlay which serves
A Joyners craft, bycause that wee doe lay
Things in and in, in our worke But, I am truly
Architectonicus professor, rather
That is (as one would zay) an Architect

Cle As I am a Varrier, and a Visicarie
Horse-smith of Hamsted, and the whole Towne Leach—

Med Yes, you ha' done woundy cures, Gossip Clench

Cle An' I can zee the stale once, through a Urine-hole,
Ile give a shrew'd ghesse, be it man, or beast
I cur'd an Ale-wife once, that had the staggerers
Worse then five horses, without rowelling
My God-phere was a Rabian, or a Jew,
(You can tell D'oge !) They call'd un Doctor Rash

Scr One Rash was a great Arabick Doctor

Cle Hee was King Harry's Doctor, and my God-phere

Pan Mine was a merry Greeke, To-Pan, of Twyford

The Scene interloping] Scene II—The Country near Maribone G

Urine] Urine F
A joviall Tinker, and a stopper of holes,
Who left me mettall-man of Belsise, his heire
Med But what was yours D'oge? Scr Vaith, I cannot tell
If mine were kyrsind, or no But, sure hee had
A kyrsin name, that he left me, Drogenes
A mighty learned man, but pest'lenece poore
Vor, h' had no house, save an old Tub, to dwell in,
(I vnd that in records) and still he turn'd it
I' the winds teeth, as't blew on his back-side,
And there they would lie rowting one at other,
A weeke, sometimes Med Thence came A Tale of a Tub,
And the virst Tale of a Tub, old D'ogenes Tub
Scr That was avore Sir Peter Tub, or his Lady
Pan I, or the Squire their sonne, Tripoli Tub
Cle The Squire is a fine Gentleman! Med He is more
A Gentleman and a halfe, almost a Knight,
Within zixe inches That's his true measure
Cle Zure, you can gage 'hun Med To a streake, or lesse
I know his d'ametries, and circumference
A Knight is sixe diameters, and a Squire
Is vive, and somewhat more I know't by compass,
And skale of man I have upo' my rule here,
The just perportions of a Knight, a Squire,
With a tame Justice, or an Officer, rampant,
Upo' the bench, from the high Constable
Downe to the Head-borough, or Tithing-man,
Or meanest Minister o' the peace, God save 'un
Pan Why, you can tell us by the Squire, Neighbour,
Whence he is call'd a Constable, and whaffore
Med No, that's a booke-case Scriben can doe that
That's writing and reading, and records Scr Two words,
Cyning and Staple, make a Constable
As wee'd say, A hold, or stay for the King
Cle All Constables are truly John's for the King,
A Tale of a Tub

What ere their names are, be they Tony, or Roger
Med And all are sworne, as vingars o' one hand,
To hold together 'gainst the breach o' the peace,
The High Constable is the Thumbe, as one would zay,
The hold-fast o' the rest Pan Pray luck he speed
Well i' the busines, betweene Captaine Thums,
And him Med Ile warrant 'un for a great
I have his measures here in Rithmetique,
How he should beare un selfe in all the lines
Of's place, and office Let's seeke 'un out

ACT III. SCENE II.

Tub Hilts

<To them>

Metaphor

Tub Hilts, how do'st thou like o' this our good dayes
worke?
Hil As good ene nere a whit, as nere the better
Tub Shall we to Pancridge, or to Kentish-Towne, Hilts?
Hil Let Kentish-Towne, or Pancridge come to us,
If either will I will goe home againe
Tub Faith Basket, our success hath beene but bad,
And nothing prospers, that wee undertake,
For we can neither meet with Clay, nor Awdrey,
The Chanon Hugh, noTurfe the Constable
We are like men that wander in strange woods,
And loose our selves in search of them wee seeke
Hil This was because wee rose on the wrong side
But as I am now here, just in the mid-way,
Ile set my sword on the pommell, and that line
The point valles too, we'll take whether it be
To Kentish-Towne, the Church, or home againe
Tub Stay, stay thy hand here's Justice Brambles Enter
Metaphor

Clarke,
The unlucky Hare hath crost us all this day
Ile stand aside whilst thou pump' st out of him
20 His busines, Hils, and how hee's now employ'd

Hil  Let mee alone, Ile use him in his kind

Met  Oh for a Pad-horse, Pack horse, or a Post-horse,
To beare me on his neck, his back, or his croupe!
I am as weary with running, as a Mil-horse
That hath led the Mll once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath beene out of his body
I could get up upon a pannier, a pannell,
Or, to say truth, a very Pack-sadle,
Till all my honey were turn'd into gall,

And I could sit in the seat no longer
Oh <for> the legs of a lackey now, or a foot-man,
Who is the Surbater of a Clarke curiant,
And the confounder of his treslesse dormant
But who have we here, just in the nick?

Hil  I am neither nick, nor in the nick therefore

You lie Sir Metaphor Met Lye? how? Hil Lye so Sir

Met  I lye not yet i' my throat  Hil Thou ly'st o' the ground

Do' st thou know me? Met Yes, I did know you too late

Hil  What is my name then? Met Basket Hil Basket? what?

Met Basket, the Great— Hil The Great? what? Met

Lubber—

I should say Lover, of the Squire his Master

Hil  Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,
Thou Scrape-hill Skoundrell, and thou skum of man,
Uncivill, orenge-tawny-coated Clarke

Thou cam'st but halfe a thing into the world,
And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds
Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,
Travailed'st to Hamsted Heath, on a Ash-we'n'sday,
Where thou didst stand sixe wekees the Jack of Lent,
A Tale of a Tub

For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee,
To make thee a purse Seest thou this, bold bright blade?
This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave,
As minc’d meat for a pie Ile set thee in earth
All save thy head, and thy right arme at liberty,
To keepe thy hat off, while I question thee,
What? why? and whether thou wert going now
With a face, ready to breake out with busines?
And tell me truly, lest I dash’t in peeces

Met Then Basket put thy smiter up, and heare,
I dare not tell the truth to a drawne sword

Hil ’Tis sheath’d, stand up, speake without feare, or wit

Met I know not what they meane, but Constable Turfe
Sends here his key, for monies in his cubbard,
Which he must pay the Captaine, that was rob’d
This morning Smell you nothing? Hil No, not I,
Thy breeches yet are honest Met As my mouth
Doe you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,
I thinke all’s knavery For the Chanon whisper’d
Me in the eare, when Turfe had gi’n me his key,
By the same token to bring Mrs Awdiey,
As sent for thither, and to say John Clay
Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
Forth for my Master, who is to be married,
When she comes there The Chanon has his rules
Ready, and all there to dispatch the matter

Tub Now on my life, this is the Chanon’s plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy discouse to Basket
Wilt thou be true, and Ile reward thee well,
To make me happy, in my Mistris Awdrey?

Met Your worship shall dispose of Metaphore,
Through all his parts, ene from the sole o’ the head,
To the crowne o’ the foot, to manage of your service

Tub Then doe thy message to the Mistris Turfe,
Tell her thy token, bring thy money hither,
And likewise take young Awdrey to thy charge
Which done, here, Metaphore, wee will attend,
And intercept thee And for thy reward,
You two shall share the money, I the Maid.
If any take offence, Ile make all good

Met But shall I have halfe the money Sir, in faith?
Tub I on my Squire-ship, shalt thou and my land
Met Then, if I make not, Sir, the cleanliest scuse
To get her hither, and be then as carefull
To keepe her for you, as't were for my selfe
Downe o' your knees, and pray that honest Miles
May breake his neck ere he get ore two stiles

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tub Hlts

Tub Make haste then we will wait here thy returne
This luck unlook'd for, hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppiest with a darke melancholly
In happy time, we linger'd on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound,
Which are the essence of my soules content

Hl This heartlesse fellow, shame to serving men,
Staine of all livories, what feare makes him doe!
How sordid, wretched, and unworthy things,
Betray his Masters secrets, ope the closet
Of his devises, force the foolish Justice,
Make way for your Love, plotting of his owne
Like him that digs a trap, to catch another,
And falls into't himselfe! Tub So wou'd I have it
And hope 'twill prove a jest to twit the Justice with

Hl But that this poore white-liver'd Rogue should do't?
And meerely out of feare? Tub And hope of money, Hlts
A valiant man will nible at that bait
Hl Who, but a foole, will refuse money proffer'd?
Tub And sent by so good chance Pray heaven he speed
A Tale of a Tub

Hil If he come empty-handed, let him count
To goe back empty-headed, Ile not leave him
So much of braine in’s pate, with pepper and vinegar,
To be serv’d in for sawce, to a Calves head

Tub Thou serv’st him rightly, Hilts Hil Ile seale az 25 much
With my hand, as I dare say now, with my tongue,
But if you get the Lasse from Dargison,
What will you doe with her? Tub Wee’l thinke o’ that
When once wee have her in possession, Governour

Act IV. Scene IV.

Puppy Metaphore Awdrey

Pup You see wee trust you, Mr Metaphore,
With Mrs Awdrey pray you use her well,
As a Gentle woman should be us’d For my part,
I doe incline a little to the serving-man,
Wee have been of a coat—I had one like yours
Till it did play me such a sleevelesse errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine armes in,
And then I threw it off Pray you goe before her,
Serving man-like and see that your nose drop not
As for example you shall see me maike,
How I goe afore her So doe you sweet Miles
She for her owne part, is a woman cares not
What man can doe unto her, in the way
Of honesty, and good manners So farewell
Faire Mrs Awdrey Farewell Mr Miles
I ha’ brought you thus farre, onward o’ your way
I must goe back now to make cleane the roomes,
Where my good Lady has beene Pray you commend mee
To Bride groome Clay, and bid him beare up stiffe

Met Thankee you good Hanniball Puppy, I shall fit

iv iii 21 empty-handed F3 empty-headed F iv iv Another
part of the same [i.e the Country near Kentish Town] G 11 Miles ] Miles, F
The leg of your commands, with the straight buskins
Of dispatch presently Pup Farewell fine Metaphore
  Met Come gentle Mistris, will you please to walke?
  Awd I love not to be led I'd goe alone
25 Met Let not the mouse of my good meaning, Lady,
Be snap'd up in the trap of your suspition,
To loose the taile there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the Cat of misconstruction
  Awd You are too finicable for me, speake plaine Sir

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Tub Awdrey Hilts Metaphore

Lady Pol-marten

Tub Welcome againe my Awdrey welcome Love
You shall with me, in faith deny me not
I cannot brook the second hazzard Mistris
  Awd Forbeare Squire Tub, as mine owne mother sayes,
5 I am not for your mowing Youle be flowne
Ere I be fledge Hil Hast thou the money Miles?
  Met Here are two bags, there's fiftie pound in each
  Tub Nay Awdrey, I possesse you for this time
Sirs, Take that coyne betweene you, and divide it
10 My pretty sweeting give me now the leave
To challenge love, and marriage at your hands
  Awd Now, out upon you, are you not asham'd?
What will my Lady say? In faith I thinke
She was at our house And I thinke shee ask'd for you
15 And I thinke she hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thanke her Ladiship, and I thinke she meanes
Not to goe hence, till she has found you How say you?
  Tub Was then my Lady Mother at your house?
Let's have a word aside Awd Yes, twenty words
20 Lad 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to Totten,
And turne to Kentish-Towne, againe, my journey
And see my sonne Pol-marten with his Awdrey
Erewhile we left her at her fathers house
And hath he thence remov'd he in such haste!
What shall I doe? shall I speake faire, or chide?
Pol Madam, your worthy sonne, with dutious care,
Can governe his affections Rather then
Breake off their conference some other way, *
Pretending ignorance of what you know
Tub And this is all, faire Awdrey I am thine
Lad Mine you were once, though scarcely now your own
Hil 'Slid my Lady! my Lady! Met Is this my Lady bright?
Tub Madam, you tooke me now a little tardie
Lad At prayers, I thinke you were what, so devout
Of late, that you will shrive you to all Confessors
You meet by chance? Come, goe with me, good Squire,
And leave your linnen I have now a busines,
And of importance, to impart unto you
Tub Madam, I pray you, spare me but an houre,
Please you to walke before, I follow you
Lad It must be now, my busines lies this way
Tub Will not an houre hence, Madam, excuse me?
Lad Squire, these excuses argue more your guilt
You have some new device now, to project,
Which the poore Tile-man scarce will thanke you for
What? will you goe? Tub I ha't, tane a charge upon me,
To see this Maid conducted to her Father,
Who, with the Chanon Hugh, staies her at Pancrace,
To see her married to the same John Clay
Lad Tis very well, but Squire take you no care
Ile send Pol-marten with her, for that office
You shall along with me, it is decreed
Tub I have a little busines, with a friend Madam
Lad That friend shall stay for you, or you for him
Pol-marten, Take the Maiden to your care,
Commend me to her Father Tub I will follow you
Lad Tut, tell not me of following Tub Ile but speake
A word Lad No whispering you forget your selfe,
60 And make your love too palpable A Squire?
And thinke so meanely fall upon a Cow-shard?
You know my mind Come, Ile to Turfe's house,
And see for Dido and our Valentine
Pol-marten, looke to your charge, Ile looke to mine
Pol (I smile to thinke after so many proffers
This Maid hath had, she now should fall to me
That I should have her in my custody
Twere but a mad trick to make the essay,
And jumpe a match with her immediately
70 She's faire, and handsome and shee's rich enough
Both time, and place minister faire occasion
Have at it then) Faire Lady, can you love?
Awd No Sir, what's that? Pol A toy, which women use
Awd If't be a toy, it's good to play withall
Pol Wee will not stand discoursing o' the toy
The way is short, please you to prov't Mistris?
Awd If you doe meane to stand so long upon it,
I pray you let me give it a short cut, Sir
Pol It's thus, faire Maid Are you dispos'd to marry?
80 Awd You are dispos'd to aske Pol Are you to grant?
Awd Nay, now I see you are dispos'd indeed
Pol (I see the wench wants but a little wit,
And that defect her wealth may well supply)
In plaine termes, tell me, Will you have me Awdrey?
Awd In as plaine termes, I tell you who would ha' me
John Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands,
I like not him besides, hee is a thiefe
And Justice Bramble, he would faine ha' catch'd me
But the young Squire, hee, rather then his life,
90 Would ha' me yet, and make me a Lady, hee sayes,
And be my Knight, to doe me true Knights service,
Before his Lady Mother Can you make me
A Lady, would I ha' you? Pol I can gi' you
A silken Gowne, and a rich Petticoat
And a french Hood (All fooles love to be brave
I find her humour, and I will pursue it)

A C T  III.  S C E N E  · V I .

L ady  D Turfe  Squire Tub  Hulis
(To them)

P u p p y  C l a y

L ad  And as I told thee, shee was intercepted
By the Squire here, my sonne and this bold Ruffin
His man, who safely would have carried her
Unto her Father, and the Canon Hugh,
But for more care of the security,
My Huisher hath her now, in his grave charge

D Tur  Now on my faith, and holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your worship She's a Girle,
A foolish Girle, and soone may tempted be
But if this day passe well once ore he head,
Ile wish her trust to her selfe For I have beene
A very mother to her, though I say it

T ub  Madam, 'tis late, and Pancridge is r' your way
I thinke your Ladinship forgets your selfe

L ad  Your mind runs much on Pancridge Well, young

Squire,
The black Oxe never trod yet o' your foot
These idle Phant'sies will forsake you one day
Come Mrs Turfe, will you goe take a walke
Over the fields to Pancridge, to your husband?

D Tur  Madam, I had beene there an houre agoe
But that I waited on my man Ball Puppy
What Ball I say? I thinke the idle slouch
Be falne asleepe r' the barne, he stayes so long
Pup Sattin, 't the name of velvet-Sattin, Dame!
The Divell! O the Divell is in the barne
Helpe, helpe, a legion—Spirit Legion,
Is in the barne! in every straw a Divell

<D> Tur Why do' st thou bawle so Puppy? Speake,
what ailes thee?

Pup My name's Ball, Puppy, I ha' seen the Divell
Among the straw O for a Crosse! a Collop
Of Friar Bacon, or a conjuring stick
Of Doctor Faustus! Spirits are in the barne

Tub How! Spirits in the barne? Basket, goe see

Hil Sir, an' you were my Master ten times over,

And Squire to boot, I know, and you shall pardon me
Send me 'mong Divels? I zee you love me not
Hell be at their game Ile not trouble them

Tub Goe see, I warrant thee there's no such matter

Hil An' they were Giants, 't were another matter

But Divells! No, if I be torn in pieces,
What is your warrant worth? Ile see the Feind
Set fire o' the barne, ere I come there

D Tur Now all Saints bless us, and if he be there,
He is an ugly spright, I warrant Puppy As ever

Held flesh-hooke, Dame, or handled fire-forke rather
They have put me in a sweet pickle, Dame
But that my Lady-Valentine smels of muske,
I should be asham'd to presse into this presence

Lad Basket, I pray-thee see what is the miracle!

Tub Come, goe with me Ile lead Why stand'st thou

man?

Hil Cocks preitious Master, you are not mad indeed?
You will not goe to hell before your time?

Tub Why art thou thus afraid? Hil No, not afraid
But by your leave, Ile come no neare the barne

<D> Tur Puppy! wilt thou goe with me? Puppy How?
go with you?
A Tale of a Tub

Whither, into the Barne? To whom, the Divell?
Or to doe what there? to be torne 'mongst 'hum?
Stay for my Master, the High Constable,
Or In-and-In, the Head-borough, let them goe,
Into the Barne with warrant, seize the Feind,
And set him in the stocks for his ill rule
'Tis not for me that am but flesh and blood,
To medle with 'un, Vor I cannot, nor I wa' nbt
Lad  I pray thee Tripoly, looke, what is the matter?
Tub    That shall I Madam Hil Heaven protect my
Master
I tremble every joynt till he be back
Pup    Now, now, even now they are tearing him in peeces
Now are they tossing of his legs, and armes,
Like Loggets at a Peare-tree Ile to the hole,
Peepe in, and looke whether he fiues or dies
Hil    I would not be i' my Masters coat for thousands
Pup    Then pluck it off, and turne thy selfe away
O the Divell! the Divell! the Divell! Hil Where
man? where?
D Tur   Alas that ever wee were borne So neere too?
Pup    The Squire hath him in his hand, and leads him
Out by the Collar D Tur O this is John Clay
Lad    John Clay at Pancrace, is there to be married
Tub    This was the spirit revcld i' the Barne
Pup    The Divell hee was was this he was crawling
Among the Wheat-straw? Had it beene the Barley,
I should ha' tane him for the Divell in drinke,
The Spirit of the Bride-ale But poore John,
Tame John of Clay, that sticks about the bung hole—
Hil    If this be all your Divell, I would take
In hand to conjure him But hell take me
If ere I come in a right Divels walke,
If I can keepe me out on't Tub Well meant Hilis
Lad    But how came Clay thus hid here i' the straw,
When newes was brought, to you all, hee was at Pancridge,
A Tale of a Tub

And you beleev'd it? 
D Tur Justice Brambles man
Told me so, Madam And by that same token,
And other things, he had away my Daughter,
And two seal'd bags of money Lad Where's the Squire?
Is hee gone hence? 
Tub H' was here Madam, but now
Clay Is the Huy and Cry past by?
Pup I, I, Iohn Clay
Clay And am I out of danger to be hang'd?
Pup Hang'd Iohn? yes sure, unlesse, as with the Proverbe,
You meane to make the choice of your own gallowes
Cla Nay, then all's well, hearing your newes Ball Pupy,
You ha' brought from Paddington, I ene stole home here,
And thought to hide me, in the Barne ere since
Pup O wonderfull! and newes was brought us here,
You were at Pancridge, ready to be married
Cla No faith, I nere was furder then the Barne
D Tur Haste Puppy Call forth Mistris Dido Wispe,
My Ladies Gentle-woman, to her Lady,
And call your selfe forth, and a couple of maids,
To waite upon me we are all undone!
My Lady is undone! her fine young sonne,
The Squire is got away Lad Haste, haste, good Valentine
D Tur And you Iohn Clay, you are undone too! All!
My husband is undone, by a true key,
But a false token And my selfe's undone,
By parting with my Daughter, who'll be married
To some body, that she should not, if wee haste not
Act V. Scene I.

Tub Pol-marten

Tub Pray thee good Pol marten, shew thy diligence,

And faith in both Get her, but so disguis'd,
The Chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest I will expect thee here.

Pol You shall Squire Ile performe it with all care,
If all my Ladies Ward robe will disguise her
Come Mistris Awdrey Awd Is the Squire gone?

Pol Hee'll meet us by and by, where he appointed
You shall be brave anone, as none shall know you

Act V. Scene II.

Clench Medlay Pan Scriben

To them

Tub Hils

Cle I wonder, where the Queenes High Constable is

I veare, they ha' made 'hun away Med No zure, The

Justice

Dare not consent to that Hee'll zec'un forth coming

Pan He must, vor wee can all take corpulent oath,

Wee zaw 'un goe in there Scr I, upon record

The Clock dropt twelve at Maribone Med You are

right, D'oge

Zet downe to a minute, now 'tis a'most vomre

Cle Here comes Squire Tub Scr And's Goveinour,

Mr Basket

Hils, doe you know 'hun, a valiant wise yellow

Az tall a man on his hands, as goes on veet

Blesse you Mass' Basket Hul Thanke you good D'oge

Tub Who's that?
A Tale of a Tub

Hil D'oge Scriben, the great Writer Sir of Chalcot
Tub And, who the rest? Hil The wisest heads o' the hundred
Medlay the Joyner, Head-borough of Islington,
Pan of Belsize, and Clench the Leach of Hamsted
The High Constables Counsell, here of Finsbury
Tub Prezent me to 'hem, Hilts, Squire Tub of Totten
Hil Wise men of Finsbury make place for a Squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, Tub of Totten
Squire Tub, my Master, loves all men of vertue
And longs (as one would zay) till he be one on you
Cle His worship's wel'cun to our company
Would 't were wiser for 'hun Pan Here be some on us,
Are call'd the witty men, over a hundred,
Syr And zome a thousand, when the Muster day comes
Tub I long (as my man Hilts said, and my Governour)
To be adopt in your society
Can any man make a Masque here i' this company?
Pan A Masque, what's that? Scr A mumming, or a shew
With vizards, and fine clothes Cle A disguise, neighbour,
Is the true word There stands the man, can do't Sir
Medlay the Joyner, In-and-In of Islington,
The onely man at a disguise in Midlesex
Tub But who shall write it? Hil Scriben, the great Writer
Syr Hee'll do't alone Sir, He will joyne with no man,
Though he be a Joyner in designe he calis it,
He must be sole Inventor In-and-In
Drawes with no other in's project, hee'll tell you,
It cannot else be feazeable, or conduce
Those are his ruling words? Pleaze you to heare 'hun?
Tub Yes Mr In-and-In, I have heard of you,
Med I can doe nothing, I Cle Hee can doe all Sir

v ii 26 my man corr F I man F originally 29 shew ] Shew, F3
35 man,] man F, F3 36 Joyner ] Joyner, F, F3 it, F3 it F
37 In-and-In F3 In-and-In F
A Tale of a Tub

Med They'll tell you so     Tub I'd have a toy presented,
A Tale of a Tub, a storie of my selfe,  
You can express a Tub     Med If it conduce 45
To the designe, what ere is feazeable
I can express a Wash-house (if need be)
With a whole pedigree of Tubs     Tub No, one
Will be enough to note our name, and family.
Squire Tub of Totten, and to shew my adventures 50
This very day     I'd have it in Tubs-Hall,
At Totten-Court, my Ladie Mothers house,
My house indeed, for I am heir to it

Med     If I might see the place, and had survey'd it,
I could say more     For all Invention, Sir, 55
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature,
A world of things, concurre to the designe,
Which make it feazible, if Art conduce

Tub     You say well, witty Mr In-and-In
How long ha' you studied Ingine?     Med Since I first 60
Joyn'd, or did in-lay in wit, some vorty yeare

Tub     A pretty time! Basket, goe you and waite
On Master In-and-In to Totten-Court,
And all the other wise Masters, shew 'hem the Hall
And taste the language of the buttery to 'hem, 65
Let 'hem see all the Tubs about the house,
That can raise matter, till I come—which shall be
Within an hour at least     Cle It will be glorious,
If In-and-In will undertake it, Sir
He has a monstrous medlay wit o' his owne 70

Tub     Spare for no cost, either in boords, or hoops,
To architect your Tub     Ha' you nere a Cooper
At London call'd Vitruvius? send for him,
Or old John Haywood, call him to you, to helpe

Scr     He scones the motion, trust to him alone 75
A Tale of a Tub

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lady (Tub) Tub D Tur<fe>. Clay Puppy Wispe

<To them>

Preamble Turfe

Lad O, here's the Squire! you slip'd us finely sonne!
These manners to your Mother, will commend you,
But in an other age, not this well Tripoly,
Your Father, good Sir Peter (rest his bones)

Would not ha' done this where's my Huisher Martin?
And your faire Mis Awdrey? Tub I not see 'hem,
No creature, but the foure wise Masters here,
Of Finsbury Hundred, came to cry their Constable,
Who they doe say is lost D Tur My husband lost?

And my fond Daughter lost, I feare mee too
Where is your Gentleman, Madam? Poore John Clay,
Thou hast lost thy Awdrey Cla I ha' lost my wits,
My little wits, good Mothei, I am distracted

Pup And I have lost my Mistris Dido Wispe,

Who frownnes upon her Puppy, Hanniball
Losse! losse on every side! a publike losse!
Losse o' my Master! losse of his Daughter! losse
Of Favour, Friends, my Mistris! losse of all!

Pre What Cry is this? Tur My man speaks of some losse

Pup My Master is found Good luck, and't be thy will,
Light on us all D Tur O husband, are you alive?
They said you were lost Tur Where's Justice Brambles Clarke?

Had he the money that I sent for? D Tur Yes,
Two houres agoe, two fifty pounds in silver,

And Awdrey too Tur Why Awdrey? who sent for her?

D Tur You Master Turfe, the fellow said Tur Hee lyed

I am cozen'd, rob'd, undone your man's a Thiefe,
A Tale of a Tub

And run away with my Daughter, Mr Bramble,
And with my money Lad Neighbour Turfe have patience,
I can assure you that your Daughter is safe,
But for the monies I know nothing of
Tur. My money is my Daughter, and my Daughter
She is my money, Madam Pre I doe wonder
Your Ladiship comes to know any thing
In these affaires Lad Yes, Justice Preamble
I met the maiden i' the fields by chance,
I' the Squires company my sonne How he
Lighted upon her, himselfe best can tell
Tub I intercepted her, as comming hither,
To her Father, who sent for her, by Miles Metaphore,
Justice Preambles Clarke And had your Ladiship
Not hindred it, I had paid fine Mr Justice
For his young warrant, and new Purs'yyvant,
He serv'd it by this morning Pre Know you that Sir?
Lad You told me, Squire, a quite other tale,
But I beleev'd you not, which made me send
Awdrey another way, by my Pol-marten
And take my journey back to Kentish Towne,
Where we found John Clay hidden i' the barne,
To scape the Huy and Cry, and here he is
Tur John Clay age'n! nay, then—set Cock a hoope
I ha' lost no Daughter, nor no money, Justice
John Clay shall pay Ile looke to you, now John
Vaithe out it must, as good at night, as morning
I am ene as vull as a Pipers bag with joy,
Or a great Gun upon carnation day!
I could weep Liones teares to see you John
'Tis but two viftie pounds I ha' ventur'd for you
But now I ha' you, you shall pay whole hundred
Run from your Burroughs, sonne faith ene be hang'd
An' you once earth your selfe, John, i' the barne,
A Tale of a Tub

I ha' no Daughter vor you Who did verret 'hun?
    D Tur My Ladies sonne, the Squire here, vetch'd 'hun out
Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
65 We thought the Devill was i' the barne, and no body
Durst venture o' hun    Tur I am now resolv'd,
Who shall ha' my Daughter    D Tur Who?
    Tur He best deserves her
Here comes the Vicar Chanon Hugh, we ha' vound
John Clay agen! the matter's all come round

ACT V. SCENE IV.

To them

Chanon Hugh

Hugh Is Metaphore return'd yet?    Pre All is turn'd
Here to confusion we ha' lost our plot,
I feare my man is run away with the money,
And Clay is found, in whom old Turf is sure
5 To save his stake    Hug What shall wee doe then Justice?
    Pre The Bride was met i' the young Squires hands
Hug And what's become of her?    Pre None here can tell
Tub Was not my Mothers man, Pol-marten, with you?
And a strange Gentlewoman in his company,
10 Of late here, Chanon?    Hug Yes, and I dispatch'd 'hem
Tub Dispatch'd 'hem! how doe you meane?    Hug
Why married 'hem
As they desir'd, But now    Tub And doe you know
What you ha' done, Sir Hugh?    Hug No harme, I hope
Tub You have ended all the Quarrell Awdrey is
married
15 Lad Married! to whom?    Tur My Daughter Awdrey
married,
A Tale of a Tub

And she not know of it! D Tur Nor her Father, or Mother!

Lad Whom hath she married? Tub Your Pol-marten,
Madam

A Groome was never dreamt of Tur Is he a man?

Lad That he is Turfe, and a Gentleman, I ha' made him
D Tur Nay, an' he be a Gentleman, let her shift

Hug She was so brave, I knew her not, I sweare,

And yet I married her by her owne name
But she was so disguis'd, so Lady-like,
I thinke she did not know her selfe the while!
I married 'hem as a meere paire of strangers

And they gave out themselves for such Lad I wish 'hem
Much joy, as they have given me hearts ease

Tub Then Madam, Ile intreat you now remit
Your jealousie of me, and please to take
All this good company home with you, to supper

Wee'll have a merry night of it, and laugh

Lad A right good motion, Squie, which I yeeld to
And thanke them to accept it Neighbour Turfe,
Ile have you merry, and your wife And you,
Sir Hugh, be pardon'd this your happy error,
By Justice Preamble, your friend and patron

Pre If the young Squie can pardon it, I doe

Act V. Scene V.

Puppy Dido Hugh

Pup Stay my deare Dido, and good Vicar Hugh,
We have a busines with you In short, this
If you dare knit another paire of strangers,
Dido of Carthage, and her Countrey-man,
Stout Hanniball stands to't I have ask'd consent,
And she hath granted Hug But saith Dido so?

v iv 35 error,] error F Error F3 v v 2 this ] this F
A Tale of a Tub

Did. From what Ball-Hanny hath said, I dare not goe
Hug. Come in then, Ile dispatch you A good supper
Would not be lost, good company, good discourse,
But above all where wit hath any source

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Pol-marten. Awdrey Tub Lady (Tub)

(To them)

Preamble Turfe D Turfe Clay

Pol. After the hoping of your pardon, Madam,
For many faults committed Here my wife,
And I doe stand, expecting your mild doome

Lad. I wish thee joy Pol-marten, and thy wife
As much, Mrs Pol-marten Thou hast trick’d her
Up very fine, me thinkes Pol For that I made
Bold with your Ladiships Wardrobe, but have trespass’d
Within the limits of your leave—I hope

Lad. I give her what she weares I know all women

Pol. I am extremely pleas’d with thy good fortune
Welcome good Justice Preamble, And Turfe,
Looke merrily on your Daughter She has married
A Gentleman Tur So me thinkes I dare not touch her,

She is so fine yet I will say, God bless her

D Tur. And I too, my fine Daughter I could love her
Now, twice as well, as if Clay had her

Tub. Come, come, my Mother is pleas’d I pardon all,
Pol-marten in, and waite upon my Lady

Welcome good Ghosts see supper be serv’d in,
With all the plenty of the house, and worship
I must conferre with Mr In-and-In,
About some alterations in my Masque,
A Tale of a Tub

Send Hills out to me  Bid him bring the Council
Of Finsbury hither  I'll have such a night
Shall make the name of Totten-Court immortal
And be recorded to posterity

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Tub Medlay Clench Pan Scriben Hills

Tub O Mr In-and-In, what ha' you done?
Med Survey'd the place Sir, and design'd the ground,
Or stand-still of the worke  And this it is
First, I have fixed in the earth, a Tub,
And an old Tub, like a Salt-Peeter Tub,
Preluding by your Fathers name Sir Peeter,
And the antiquity of your house, and family,
Originall from Salt Peeter Tub Good yfaith,
You ha' shewne reading, and antiquity here, Sir
Med I have a little knowledge in designe,
Which I can varie Sir to Infinito
Tub Ad Infinitum Sir you meane  Med I doe
I stand not on my Latine, I'll invent,
But I must be alone then, joyn'd with no man
This we doe call the Stand still of our worke
Tub Who are those wee, you now joyn'd to your selfe?
Med I meane my selfe still, in the plurall number,
And out of this wee raise our Tale of a Tub
Tub No, Mr In-and-In, my Tale of a Tub
By your leave, I am Tub, the Tale's of me,
And my adventures! I am Squire Tub,
Subjectum Fabulae. Med But I the Author
Tub The Worke-man Sir! the Artificer! I grant you
So Skelton Lawreat, was of Elinour Rumming
But she the subject of the Rout, and Tunning
Cle He has put you to it, Neighbour In-and-In
Pan Doe not dispute with him, he still will win,

That pays for all. Scr. Are you revis'd o' that?
A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat

Med. Now, Sir this Tub, I will have capt with paper
A fine old Lanterne-paper, that we use

Pan. Yes every Barber, every Cutler has it

Med. Which in it doth containe the light to the busines
And shall with the very-vapour of the Candle,

Drive all the motions of our matter about
As we present 'hem. For example, first
The worshipfull Lady Tub Tub Right worshipfull,
I pray you, I am worshipfull my selfe

Med. Your Squire-ship's Mother, passeth by (her Huisher,
Mr Pol-marten bareheaded before her)
In her velvet Gowne Tub But how shall the Spectators,
As it might be, I, or Hils, know 'tis my Mother?
Or that Pol-marten there that walkes before her?

Med. O weee doe nothing, if we cleare not that

Cle. You ha' seene none of his workes Sir? Pan. All
the postures
Of the train'd bands o' the Countrey Scr. All their

colours

Pan. And all their Captaine scr. All the Cries o' the
Citie
And all the trades i' their habits Scr. He has his whistle
Of command Seat of authority!

And virge to'interpret, tip'd with silver! Sir,
You know not him Tub Well, I will leave all to him

Med. Give me the briefe o' your subject Leave the
whole
State of the thing to me Hul. Supper is ready, Sir.
My Lady calls for you Tub He send it you in writing

Med. Sir, I will render feazible, and facile,
What you expect Tub Hils, be't your care,
To see the Wise of Finsbury made welcome
A Tale of a Tub

Let 'hem want nothing Iz old Rosin sent for?  
Hil Hee's come within Scrn, Lord! what a world of  
busines  
The Squire dispatches  
Med Hee is a lea1ned man  
I thinke there are but vew o' the Innes o' Court,  
Or the Innes o' Chancery like him Cle Care to fit 'un  
then  
The rest follow

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Iack Hilts

Iac Yonder's another wedding, Master Basket,  
Brought in by Vicar Hugh  
Hil What are they, Iack?  
Iac The High Constables Man, Ball Hanny, and Mrs  
Wispes,  
Our Ladies woman  
Hil And are the Table merry?  
Iac There's a young Tile maker makes all laugh,  
He will not eate his meat, but cryes at th' boord,  
He shall be hang'd  
Hil He has lost his wench already  
As good be hang'd  
Iac Was she that is Pol-marten,  
Our fellowes Mistris, wench to that sneake-htohn  
Hil I faith, Black Iac3, he should have beene her Bride-  
groome  
But I must goe to waite o' my wise Masters  
Iack, you shall waite on me, and see the Maske anone  
I am halfe Lord Chamberlin, 1' my Masters absence  
Iac Shall wee have a Masque? Who makes it?  
Hil  
In-and-In,  
The Maker of Islington Come goe with me  
To the sage sentences of Finsbury

v vii 58 (stage-dir) out out F  
v viii Scene IV —The same  
[1 e Totten-Court] A Room in the House G 2 What F3 3 what F  
Wispes Wispe G 14 In-and-In,] In-and-In F, F3 15 Maker]  
Master F3
Act V. Scene IX.

2 Groomes

Gro 1 Come, give us in the great Chaire, for my Lady,
And sett it there and this for Justice Bramble
Gro 2 This for the Squire my Master, on the right hand
Gro 1 And this for the High Constable  Gro. 2 This
his wife
5 Gro 1 Then for the Bride, and Bride-groome, here,
Pol-marten
Gro 2 And she Pol-marten, at my Ladies feet
Gro 1 Right  Gro 2 And beside them Mr Hanniball
Puppy
Gro 1 And his shee Puppy, Mrs Wispe that was
Here's all are in the note  Gro 2 No, Mr Vicar
10 The petty Chanoon Hugh  Gro 1 And Cast-by Clay
There they are all  Tub Then cry a Hall, a Hall '
'Tis merry in Tottenham Hall, when beards wag all
Come Father Rosen with your Fidle now,
And two tall-toters  Flourish to the Masque

Act V. Scene X.

Lady Preamble before her Tub Turfe D Turfe
Pol-marten Awdrey Puppy Wispe Hugh Clay
All take their Seats Hills waits on the by

Lady Neighbours, all welcome  Now doth Tottenham Hall
Shew like a Court and hence shall first be call'd so
Your witty short confession Mr Vicar,
Within hath beene the Prologue, and hath open'd
5 Much to my sonnes device, his Tale of a Tub
Tub Let my Masque shew it selfe  And In-and-In,

v 1x ] Scene v —Another Room in the same, with a curtain drawn
across it G  5 Bride-groome, here,] Bride-groome, here F  Bride-
groom here, F3  v x (Heading) Lady ] Lady F, F3  Pol-marten ]
Pol-marten, F Pol-marten, F3  4 Within] Within, F3
The Architect, appeare    I heare the whistle
Med       Thus rise I first, in my light linnen breeches,
         To run the meaning over in short speeches
Here is a Tub, A Tub of Totten-Court
An ancient Tub, hath call'd you to this sport
His Father was a Knight, the rich Sir Peeter,
Who got his wealth by a Tub, and by Salt Peeter
And left all to his Lady Tub, the mother
Of this bold Squire Tub, and to no other
Now of this Tub, and's deeds, not done in ale,
Observe, and you shall see the very Tale

The first Motion.

Med Here Chanon Hugh, first brings to Totten-Hall
The high Constables councell, tels the Squire all,
Which, though discover'd (give the Divell his due)
The wise of Finsbury doe still pursue
Then with the Justice, doth he counterplot,
And his Clarke Metaphore, to cut that knot
Whilst Lady Tub, in her sad velvet Gowne,
Missing her sonne, doth seek him up and downe

Tub With her Pol-marten bare before her    Med Yes,
I have exprest it here in figure, and Mis-
tris Wispe her woman, holding up her traine
Tub I' the next page, report your second straine

The second Motion.

Med Here the high Constable, and Sages walke
To Church, the Dame, the Daughter, Bride maids
	
talke,
Of wedding busines, till a fellow in comes,
Relates the robbery of one Captaine Thum's
Chargeth the Bride-groome with it    Troubles all,
A Tale of a Tub

And gets the Bride, who in the hands doth fall
Of the bold Squire, but thence soone is tane
By the sly Justice, and his Clarke profane
In shape of Pursuyvant, which he not long
Holds, but betrays all with his trembling tongue
As truth will breake out, and shew, &c

Tub O thou hast made him kneele there in a corner,
I see now there is simple honour for you Hills!
Hil Did I not make him to confesse all to you?
Tub True, In-and-In hath done you right, you see
Thy third I pray thee, witty In-and-In
Cle The Squire commends 'un He doth like all well
Pan Hee cannot choose This is geare made to sell

Hil Ha'
peace
Loud
musick

The third Motion.

Med The carefull Constable, here drooping comes,
In his deluded search, of Captain Thum's
Puppy brings word, his Daughter's run away
With the tall Serving-man He frights Groome Clay,
Out of his wits Returneth then the Squire,
Mocks all their paines, and gives Fame out a Lyar
For falsely charging Clay, when 'twas the plot,
Of subtile Bramble, who had Awdrey got,
Into his hand, by this winding device
The Father makes a reskue in a trice
And with his Daughter, like Saint George on foot,
Comes home triumphing, to his deare Hart root,
And tell's the Lady Tub, whom he meets there,
Of her sonnes courtesies, the Batchelor
Whose words had made 'hem fall the Huy and Cry
When Captaine Thum's comming to aske him, why
He had so done? he cannot yeeld him cause
But so he runs his neck into the Lawes

v x 47-8 s d musick ] musick F 56 this] his F3 59 root,] root F, F3 64 he cannot] He cannot F, F3
The fourth Motion.

Med The Lawes, who have a noose to crack his neck,
As Justice Bramble tells him, who doth peck
A hundreth pound out of his purse, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto Captaine Thum's
Thum's is the Vicar in a false disguise
And employes Metaphore, to fetch this prize
Who tells the secret unto Basket-Hilts,
For feare of beating This the Squire quilts
Within his Cap, and bids him but purloine
The wench for him they two shall share the come
Which the sage Lady in her 'foresaid Gowne
Breaks off, returning unto Kentish-Towne,
To seeke her Wispe, taking the Squire along,
Who finds Clay John, as hidden in straw throng

Hil O, how am I beholden to the Inventer,
That would not, on record against me enter
My slacknesse here, to enter in the barne,
Well In and-In, I see thou canst discerne!

Tub On with your last, and come to a Conclusion

The fift Motion.

Med The last is knowne, and needs but small infusion
Into your memories, by leaving in
These Figures as you sit I, In-and-In,
Present you with the show First of a Lady
Tub, and her sonne, of whom this Masque here,
made I
Then Bride-groome Pol, and Mistris Pol the Bride
With the sub-couple, who sit them beside

Tub That onely verse, I alter'd for the better, ēuforia
gratía

v. s. enter] enter ¹ F originally missett or corrected to enter ⁹² ēuforia] Grammar requires ēuforias
A Tale of a Tub

Med. Then Justice Bramble, with Sir Hugh the Chanon
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not stan' on,
Or the lost Clay, with the recovered Giles
Who thus unto his Master, him 'conciles,
On the Squires word, to pay old Turfe his Club,
And so doth end our Tale, here, of a Tub

The end

EPILOGUE

Squire TVB

This Tale of mee, the Tub of Totten-Court,
A Poet, first invented for your sport
Wherein the fortune of most empty Tubs
Rowling in love, are shewne, and with what rubs,
W'are commonly encountered when the wit
Of the whole Hundred so opposeth it
Our petty Chanon's forked plot in chiefe,
She Justice arts, with the High Constables briefe,
And brag Commands, my Lady Mothers care,
And her Pol-martens fortune, with the rare
Fate of poore Iohn, thus tumbled in the Caske,
Got In-and-In, to gi't you in a Masque
That you be pleas'd, who come to see a Play,
With those that heare, and marke not what wee say
Wherein the Poets fortune is, I feare,
Still to be early up, but nere the neare

FINIS
THE CASE IS ALTERED
The play was twice entered on the Stationers’ Register in 1609.

26th January
Entred for their Copye vnder thandes of master Segar deputy to Sir George Bucke and of thwardens a booke called, The case is altered vjd

Arber, Transcript III, 400

20 July
Entred for their cotic by direction of master Waterson warden a booke called the case is altered whiche was Entred for H Walley and Richard Bonyon the 26 of January Last vjd

Ibid, 416

Bonian and Walley were in partnership from 1608 to 1610. They published Troilus and Cressida and The Masque of Queens early in 1609 (the latter was entered on the Register on February 22), and The Faithful Shepherdess either in 1609 or 1610.

Sutton went into partnership with Barrenger in 1609. On March 3 they published Barnaby Rich’s Short Survey of the Realm of Ireland. The Case is Altered was the second book published by the partners.

The play was issued in quarto with two distinct title-pages

1) Ben Jonson, His Case is Altered. As it hath beene sundry times Acted by the Children of the Blacke-friers [Device] At London Printed for Bartholomew Sutton, dwelling in Paules Church-yard neere the great north doore of S Paules Church 1609.

2) A Pleasant Comedy, called The Case is Alterd. As it hath beene sundry times acted by the children of the Black-friers Written by Ben Jonson [Device] London, Printed for Bartholomew Sutton, and William Barrenger, and are to be sold at the great North doore of Saint Paules Church 1609.

Collation A–K in fours, with the title on A and the text beginning at A2.
The first title-page is in the British Museum copy with press-mark 644 b 54, the second is the commoner form and corresponds with the running title *A pleasant Comedy, called The Case is Alter'd*. The other Museum Copy originally contained both titles, but the earlier has been stolen from it in recent years.

The Kemble copy, formerly in Chatsworth Library, presents a striking variant of the second title-page, it omits the words ‘Written by Ben Jonson,’ though in all other respects there is exact correspondence, e.g. in the turned ‘r’ of ‘sundry’ and in the broken lines above and below the printer’s device. What is the history of this change of title?

Early in 1609 Jonson had published with Bonian and Walley *The Masque of Queens*, the text of this masque, encumbered with a series of scholarly notes, shows an accuracy which could have been ensured only by Jonson’s presence at the printing-house when the work was being set up in type. Bonian and Walley no doubt hoped to publish something more of Jonson’s, but *The Case is Alter’d* is the only work which they managed to secure, and even this Sutton took over from them. The printing of this is so vile that it is certain that Jonson did not see it through the press.

In our critical introduction to the play we noted the absence of Jonson’s name from the second title-page in the Kemble copy, and we assumed that Jonson had intervened to force this omission upon the printer. Dr W W Greg has sent us a very valuable correction. The words ‘Written by Ben Jonson’ were added, not deleted. The spacing of the page is more regular without the author’s name, and this particular line is badly centred. The original title ‘Ben Jonson, his Case is Alter’d’ was cancelled because Barrenger, who is not mentioned in the entries in the Stationers’ Register, had taken a share in the venture and his name had to appear in the imprint. In the cancel a more normal wording of the title was
adopted, but the printer, having removed Ben's name from the beginning, forgot to put it in at the end. After a few copies had been struck off—only one is recorded—the error was discovered in the printing-office, and the name was unskilfully inserted.

The printer has not been traced. The device of a fleur-de-lis set in a frame, with the motto 'In Domino confido', appears in a variety of forms recorded in Dr R B McKerrow's *Printers' & Publishers' Devices*, nos 263 to 272. The pattern here employed is no 269, with the broad bud of the flower actually touching the leaf on the left and with the F of 'CONFIDO' so badly cut that it looks like a T. John Wolfe had used the device, but it is not known into whose hands it passed after his death in 1601. Dr McKerrow traces it again in *The Tragedy of Thierry and Theodoret*, printed by T Walkley in 1621.

*The Case is Altered* is a rare example of a Jonson text which may be described as thoroughly bad. The following copies have been collated for the text of the present edition:

- British Museum copy, with press-mark 644 b 54, wanting sig K (= A in the list below)
- British Museum copy, T 492 (9), wanting all leaves after sig H 4 (= 3)
- Bodleian Copy, Malone 225 (= C)
- Dyce copy with inlaid title-page (= D)
- Dyce copy with T Jolley's book-plate (= E)
- Dyce copy loosely bound with MS verses at end, badly cropped and with torn title-page (= F)
- The Kemble copy, formerly at Chatswoth, now in the Henry E Huntington Library (= G)

The sheets of the Quarto were much corrected in passing through the press. The following is a list of the corrections:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sig A 4v</th>
<th>B 1</th>
<th>I v 11</th>
<th>I v 30</th>
<th>I v 36</th>
<th>I v 40</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>I v</td>
<td>II</td>
<td>Maxilhan of Vicenzia</td>
<td>valient, D</td>
<td>well D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4v</td>
<td>B</td>
<td></td>
<td>D</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dost C, D, F</td>
<td>Maximilhan of Vicenza</td>
<td>the rest</td>
<td>valent</td>
<td>Well the rest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sig B</td>
<td>p. 40</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Impeprim D</td>
<td>Impeprim the rest</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 43</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Capricio D</td>
<td>Capricio the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 13</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Angeles D</td>
<td>Angeles, the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 4</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>him om D</td>
<td>(Inserted in the rest)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>p. 13</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>meane D</td>
<td>meane, the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>p. 16</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>sence D</td>
<td>sence the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>p. 17</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>weakes D</td>
<td>weakes the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>p. 18s</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Angell D</td>
<td>Angell the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>p. 71</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>No p. 4</td>
<td>No the rest</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>B 2v</td>
<td>p. 90</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Angell D</td>
<td>Angell the rest</td>
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<tr>
<td>vii</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>heading Sebast, D</td>
<td>Sebast the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vii 4s</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Martino D</td>
<td>Martino the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vii 6</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>nought D</td>
<td>nought, the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vii 17</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>crost D</td>
<td>crost, the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B 3</td>
<td>vii 25</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>there D</td>
<td>his the rest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B 4v</td>
<td>ix 33</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>prayer D</td>
<td>deprayer the rest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ix 37</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>presently D</td>
<td>presently the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ix 40</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Maddame D</td>
<td>Maddame, the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ix 56</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>my D</td>
<td>mine the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 57</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>sound D, G</td>
<td>sound, the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>C 1</td>
<td>ix 98</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>ranged 1 L</td>
<td>ranged the rest</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 4</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Pav A, E and (?) F</td>
<td>Pav the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 15</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>well, A, C, E</td>
<td>well the rest</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 16</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>returned A, E</td>
<td>return'd the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ix 17</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>heauly A, E</td>
<td>heauly, the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 18</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>want nothing 1, E</td>
<td>want nothing the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 19</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>all 1, E</td>
<td>all the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 25</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>soule, B, C, D, F</td>
<td>soule 1, E</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ix 26</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Rsceue hu 1, E</td>
<td>Receive him the rest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>C 2</td>
<td>ix 27</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>absence A, E</td>
<td>absence the rest</td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 30</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>you 1, E</td>
<td>you the rest</td>
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<td>ix 31</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>Faith A, E</td>
<td>Faith the rest</td>
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<td>ix 36</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>meane A, E</td>
<td>meane the rest</td>
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<td>ix 37</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>good A, E</td>
<td>good, the rest</td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 45</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>Satrapas A, E</td>
<td>Satrapas the rest</td>
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<td>ix 47</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>no A, E</td>
<td>not the rest</td>
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<tr>
<td>ix 48</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>go A, E</td>
<td>go the rest</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>C 3</td>
<td>II 166</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>Tho G</td>
<td>The the rest</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>C 4</td>
<td>II 49</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>(Inserted in the rest)</td>
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<tr>
<td>C 4</td>
<td>II 53</td>
<td>A, E</td>
<td>Thought the rest</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dv</td>
<td>II 46</td>
<td>B, C, E</td>
<td>ceremony the rest</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>II 58</td>
<td>D, F, G</td>
<td>Jealous</td>
<td>Jealous B, C, E</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sig</td>
<td>D²v</td>
<td>E 4</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>F ³</td>
<td>F ⁴v</td>
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<td>11</td>
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<td>1v</td>
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<td></td>
<td>vi</td>
<td>v 27</td>
<td>1  67</td>
<td>11 31</td>
<td>11 42</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>19</td>
<td></td>
<td>Chamont, B, C, D, E, F, G</td>
<td>Signior A</td>
<td>Abroad, A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Chamont A</td>
<td>Signior the rest</td>
<td>Abroad the rest</td>
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</table>

**The Case is Altered**
In the critical apparatus of the text these corrections are indicated thus 'doo's *corr Q* doste, *Q originally*.' But it is necessary to tabulate them here lest they should be lost sight of in the mass of minor corrections required to adjust the wrong punctuation, the jumbled sentences, and the dislocated verse in which the Quarto abounds. Even after his efforts to revise, the printer left in the text 'Capriccio' (iv v 43) and 'reluolue' (iv vii 40). Perhaps his commonest error is to interchange two stops in the same sentence; thus at iv xi i he printed originally

Come on false substance; shadow to Chamont.

Had you none else to worke vpon but me,

Seeing his error, he corrected the first line to

Come on false substance, shadow to Chamont

but he seldom adjusted errors of this kind. Minor proofs of his incompetence, such as turned letters and the use of wrong founts, are frequent; these are ignored in this edition except where the original printer himself corrected them. So are inconsistencies in the catchwords, only the errors of these are noted.

Mr W C Hazlitt wrongly stated, both in his *Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays* and in his *Bibliographical Collections, Second Series*, p. 320, that *The Case is Altered* was reprinted in the Folio of 1692. Mr H C Hart (The *Works of Ben Jonson*, i, p. xxviii) even added that the reprint was careless. The play was not reprinted till 1756, when Whalley included it in his edition. He modernized the text and made a few perfunctory corrections. Gifford was the first to attempt a critical recension, accusing Whalley of negligence and of 'even adding to the blunders of the original'—a charge wholly unjustified—
he concluded complacently, 'In revenge, I have given a double portion of attention to it.' Gifford's most marked improvement of the text was to distribute the verse correctly in this he has been followed by all later editors, the passages are indicated in the critical apparatus of the present text by the formula 'Prose in Q.' In addition he carried through the numbering of acts and scenes, localized the latter, inserted stage directions freely, and tinkered the false French of Pacue. He interfered with the text far less than might be expected from his ominous statement that he had paid special attention to it. He expands colloquial forms like 'let's,' 'hem,' 'ha,', he generally substitutes 'O lord' and 'Odso' for 'O God' and 'Godso,' but it is only occasionally that he alters a word, e g in v i 7 'wooin trickes' appears as 'coying tricks,' and in iv iii 45 he inserts a 'voila' to touch up the French.

The play has been four times reprinted in recent years—separately as an acting copy for the students of the University of Chicago, who performed this comedy on May 17, 1902, and also by Mr. H. C. Hart, who lived to complete only two volumes of his projected edition for Methuen's Standard Library, and by Professor F. Schelling, who has edited the plays for the Everyman Library. All three editions are based on the Quarto, but frequently accept Gifford's corrections. In 1917 Dr. W. E. Selin issued a careful reprint of the Quarto from the copy in the collection of Mr. W. A. White, of New York (‘Yale Studies in English’, no. lvi). With this text he collated the Bodleian and British Museum copies, and the Kemble copy, then at Chatsworth, and records many of the printer's variants. The present edition is a revised text, as conservative as it is possible to make it. It is a reissue of the Quarto with just that minimum of correction which is required to give effect to the printer's good intentions, unfortunately, from the condition of the text, the minimum looks persistently like a maximum. The Case is Altered is thus in glaring contrast to all Jonson's other works except The English Grammar.
published after his death in the Folio of 1640, the technical form of which baffled the printer

The Quarto marks the acts and scenes inaccurately as far as the opening of the fourth act. Sometimes it prefixes a list of the characters taking part in the scene; this is the method in the manuscripts of Plautus and Terence, and Jonson adopted it in the plays which he himself sent to press. But the Quarto also heads scenes in the usual way (e.g. I vi), sometimes it follows up the enumeration of characters by marking entrances and exits afterwards (e.g. I 1, where 'Juniper, Onon, Antony Baladino' probably come from Jonson's own manuscript, while the stage direction at II 2, 3, 'Enter Onon in haste', is a playhouse annotation), sometimes the printer makes nonsense by prefixing 'Enter' to the list of characters (e.g. I v, 'Enter Juniper, Antonio, Sebastian, Vincentio, Balthasar and Christophero', where Juniper, Antonio, and Valentine, who is ignored, are on the stage already, Sebastian, Martino, Vincentio, and Balthasar actually enter, and Christophero enters later at I 8).

Jonson's own method was to mark a new scene in nearly every case where a new character enters. The Quarto shows sufficient traces of this method to suggest that it was in the manuscript, but it has been disturbed, perhaps by stage requirements. Thus, in Act I, if scenes IV and V are to be retained, as marked in the Quarto, they must be preceded by II and III, which are not marked. It has been decided to adopt this system in the reprint and so bring The Case is Altered into harmony with Jonson's other plays.

In one important point the Quarto has been wrongly altered by most modern editions. The fourth act is correctly marked. Gifford carried on the third act to the end of IV 11. But Maximilian's return opens a new phase of the plot and is an excellent starting-point for the new act. Modern editors seem disposed to shrink from a short act as an anomaly, hence even in Hamlet they are content to start the fourth act 'at a time when', as Johnson puts it,
there is more continuity of action than in almost any other of the scenes.'

Mr Crawford noted that the following lines from this play were quoted in Bel-vedère or the Garden of the Muses, compiled by A M and published in 1600, nine years before the play was printed:

On page 128 'Of Covetousnes, Avarice'
Gold, that makes all men false, is true it selve (=II I 31)
The more we spare, the more we hope to haue (=II I 66)
To haue gold, and to haue it safe, is all (=III V 28)

On page 67 'Of Nobilitie'
He is not noble, but most basely bred,
That ransacks tombes, and doth deface the dead (=II I 45-6)

A M adapted his quotations freely, to make them even five-feet lines

1 Notes and Quer es, 10th Series, xi, pp 41-2
BEN IONSON

HIS

CASE IS ALTERD.

A it h th been si dry ti Acted by the
Children f h Black -frier.

AT LOND N

Print d for rth oh ew s to , dwelling in P ul
Ch re y rd cere the grea orth doore of S.
P e Church. 09.
A Pleasant Comedy

CALLED:

The Cse i Alerd.

A ith thbe esindry time & byh chi dre of the lck-frie.

Written by B. Io n o.

LONDON,
Printed for Bartholo e S tuo, dwilli r r 0 g r, and are to be sold at the r tN rth-d or of S in Pule Ch rch. 1.
The Persons of the Play.

Covnt Ferneze
Lord Paulo Ferneze, his son
Avrelia
Phœnixella
Camillo Ferneze, supposed Gasper
Maximilian, general of the Milanese
Chamont, a soldier of France, friend to Gasper
Angelo, friend to Paulo
Francisco Colonna
Jacques de Prie, supposed a beggar (Melvyn, steward to Chamont’s father)
Rachel de Prie, supposed his daughter (Isabel, sister to Chamont)
Antonio Ballardino, pageant poet to the City of Milan
Peter Onion, groom of the hall to Count Ferneze
Ivner, a cobbler
Christophero, steward to Count Ferneze
Sebastian Martino
Vincentio
Balthasar
Valentine, servant to Colonna
Nuncio
Pacve, page to Gasper
Finio, page to Camillo
Page to Paulo
Sewer
Servingsmen
Soldiers

The Scene
Milan.

A list of characters was first given by Whalley
Coloma W Coloma, Colomea, or Coloma in Q
A pleasant Comedy called, the

Case is Alterd.

Actus primi, Scæna prima.

Sound after a flourish, Juniper a Cobler is discovered,
sitting at worke in his shoppe and singing

Juniper, Onon, [Antony Baladino]

You wofull wights give eare a while,
And marke the tenor of my stile, Enter Onon
Which shall such trembling hearts unfold in hast
As seldome hath to fore bene told.
Such chances rare and dolefull newes Onon Fellow Juniper 5
peace a Gods name
As may attempt your wits to muse Onon Gods so, heere man A pox a God on you
And cause such trickling teares to passe,
Except your hearts be flint or brasse Onon Juniper, Juniper 10
To heare the newes which I shall tell,
That in Castella once befell
Sbloud, where didst thou leaie to corrupt a man in the midst of a verse, ha?

Onon Gods lid man, sentence is ready to go vp man, you 15
must slip on your coate and come in, we lacke waiters pitifully

Juniper A pitiful hearing, for now must I of a merry
Cobler become (a) mourning creature

Onon Well youle come

Juniper Presto Go to, a word to the wise, away, flie, vanish

Exit Onon

Lye there the weedes that I disdain to weare

1 1 stage dir Sound flourish,] Sound 5 flourish Q Antony] 22 Stage dir at 19 in Q
Enter Antonio Balladino

Anto God saue you Maister Juniper
Imn What Signor Antonio Balladino, welcome sweet Ingle

Anto And how do you sir?

Imn Faith you see, put to my shifts here as poore retainers be oftentimes Sirrah Antony ther's one of my fellowes mightely enamored of thee, and I faith you slauie, now you're come I'le bring you together, it's Peter Onion, the groome of the hal, do you know him?

Anto No not yet, I assure you

Imn O he is one as right of thy humour as may be, a plaine simple Rascal, a true dunce, marry he hath bene a notable vilaine in his time he is in loue, sirrah, with a wench, & I haue prefered thee to him, thou shalt make him some pretie Paradox or some Aligory, how does my coate sit? well?

Anto I very well

Enter Onion

Oni Na<y> Gods so, fellow Juniper, come away

Imn Art thou there mad slawe, I come with a powder

Sirrah fellow Onion, I must haue you peruse this Gentleman well, and doe him good offices of respect and kindnesse, as instance shall be gien

Anto Nay good maister Onion what do you meane, I pray you sir, you are to respectue in good faith

Onion I would not you should think so sir, for though I haue no learning, yet I honour a scholer in any ground of the earth sir Shall I request your name sir?

Anto My name is Antonio Balladino

Oni Balladino? you are not Pageant Poet to the City

of Millaine sir, are you?
The Case is Alterd

Anto I supply the place sir when a worse cannot be had sir

Oni I crie you mercy sir, I loue you the better for that sir, by Iesu you must pайдon me, I knew you not, but I'd pray to be better acquainted with you sir, I haue seene 35 of your works

Anto I am at your seruice good Maister Onon, but concerning this maiden that you loue sir what is she?

Onon O did my fellow Iuniper tell you? marry sir, she is as one may say, but a poore mans child indeede, and for mine owne part I am no Gentleman borne I must confesse, but my mind to me a kingdome is truly

Anto Truly a very good saying

Onon 'Tis somewhat stale, but that's no matter

Anto O 'tis the better, such things euer are like bread, 15 which the staler it is, the more holesome

Onon This is but a hungry comparision in my judgement

Anto Why, I'le tell you, M Onon, I do vse as much stale stuffe, though I say it my selfe, as any man does in that kind I am sure Did you see the last Pageant, I set forth?

Onon No faith sir, but there goes a huge report on't

Anto Why, you shall be one of my Mecen-asses, I'le give you one of the booles, O you'le like it admirably

Oni Nay that's certaine, I'le get my fellow Iuniper to read it

Anto Reade it sir, I'le reade it to you

Onon Tut then I shall not chuse but like it

Anto Why looke you sir, I write so plaine, and kepe that old Decorum, that you must of necessitie like it, mary you shall haue some now (as for example, in plaiers) 60 that will haue every day new trickes, and write you nothing but humours indeede this pleases the Gentlemen but the common sort they care not for't, they know not what to make on't, they looke for good matter, they, and are not edified with such toyes
Onion You are in the right, I'll not give a halfepenny to see a thousand on 'hem. I was at one the last Tearme, but & euer I see a more rogush thing, I am a peec of cheese, & no onion, nothing but kings & princes in it, the foole 70 came not out a 1ot

Anto True sir, they would haue me make such plaies, but as I tell hem, and they'lle guie me twenty pound a play, I'lle not raise my vaine

Onion No, it were a vaine thing, and you should sir

Anto Tut guie me the penny, guie me the peny, I care not for the Gentlemen I, let me haue a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it

Onion Indeed that's right, you are in print already for the best plotter

Anto I, I might as well ha bene put in for a dumb shew too

Oni I marry sir, I maile you were not, stand aside sir a while <Exit Antonio>

<Scæne 3.>

Enter an armd Sewer some halfe-dozen in mourning coates following, and passe by with service

Enter Valentine

Onion How now friend, what are you there? be vncouered. Would you speake with any man here?

Valen I, or else I must ha' returnd you no answer

Oni Friend, you are somewhat to peremptory, let's 5 craue your absence nay neuer scorne it, I am a little your better in this place

Valen I do acknowledge it

Onion Do you acknowledge it? nay then you shall go forth, Ile teach you how <you> shall acknowledge it another time, go to, void, I must haue the hall purg'd, no setting vp of a rest here, packe, begone.
Valen I pray you sir is not your name Onon?
Onon Your friend as you may vs e him, and M Onon, say on
Valen M Onon with a murraine, come come put off this Lyons hide, your eares haue discouered you, why Peter do not I know you Peter?
Onon Gods so, Valentine.
Valen O can you take knowledge of me now sir?
Onon Good Lord, sirra, how thou art altred with thy trauell.
Valen Nothing so much as thou art with thine office, but sirra Onon, is the Count Ferneze at home?

[Exit Anthony]

Onon I Bully, he is aboue, and the Lord Paulo Ferneze, his son, and Maddam Aurelia, & maddam Phœnixella, his daughters, But O Valentine?

Valen How now man, how dost thou?
Onon Faith sad, heauy, as a man of my coate ought to be
Valen Why man, thou wert merry enough euens now
Onon True, but thou knowest

All creatures here sorrowing, upon this wretched earth, Sometimes haue a fit of mourning, as well as a fit of mirth.

O Valentine, mine old Lady is dead, man
Valen Dead
Onon I faith
Valen When dyed she?
Onon Mary, to morrow shall be three months, she was seene going to heauen they say, about some fiue weekes agone! how now? trickling teares, ha?

Valen Faith thou hast made me weepe with this newes
Onon Why I have done but the parte of an Onon, you must pardon me

1 iii 23 sirra Onon,] sirra, Onon Q
Scæne 4.

Enter the Sewer, passe by with service againe, the seruing-
men take knowledge of Valentine as they goe  Iuniper
salutes him

Iun. What Valentine ? fellow Omon, take my dish I
prithee You rogue sirrah, tell me, how thou dost, sweet
Ingle

Valen. Faith, Iuniper, the better to see thee thus frolicke

Iun. Nay, slid I am no changling, I am Iuniper still,
I keepe the pristinate ha, you mad Hieroglyphick, when shal
we swagger ?

Valen. Hieroglyphick, what meanest thou by that ?

Iun. Meane ? Gods so, ist not a good word man ? what ?

stand vpon meaning with your freinds ? Puh, Absconde

Valen. Why, but stay, stay, how long has this sprightly
humor haunted thee ?

Iun. Foe humour, a foolish naturall gift we haue in the
Æquinoctiall

Valen. Naturall, slid it may be supernaturall, this ?

Iun. Valentine, I prithee ruminate thy selfe welcome
What fortuna de la Guerra ?

(Valen O how pittfully are these words forc't As
though they were pump't out on's belly)

Iun. Sirrah Ingle, I thinke thou hast seene all the strange
countries in Christendome since thou wentst ?

Valen. I haue seene some Iuniper

Iun. You haue seene Constantinople ?

Valen. I, that I haue

Iun. And Jerusalem, and the Indies, and Goodwine Sands,
and the tower of Babylon, and Venice and all

\footnotesentry{\textit{Scene 4} | Scene 2 | Q | Stage dir. Sewer] sewer Q | 1 Valen
\textit{time} | Valentine Q | 2 prithee You] prithee you Q | 3 Stage dr. inserted
in Q after still in l | 5 | 5 still,] still Q | 6 I keepe a new line in Q
pristinate W | pristmate Q | 7 swagger ?] swagger Q | 8 that ?] that
Q | 10 freinds ? Puh] freinds Puh Q | 17 Guerra ?] Guerra Q
18-19, 27-28 Aides not marked in Q | Jonson s use of brackets for this
purpose has been adopted in the text | 18 As begins a new line in Q}
Valen I all, (no marle and he haue a nimble tong, if he practise to vault thus from one side of the world to another)

Iun I O it's a most heauenly thing to trauel, & see countries, especially at sea, and a man had a pattent not to so be sicke

Valen O sea sicke Iest, and full of the scurvye

Scæne 5.

Enter [Iuniper, Antono,] Sebastian, Martino, Vincentio, Balthasar [and Christophoro]

Seba Valentine? welcome I faith, how dost sirra?

Mart How do you good Valentine?

Vincen Troth, Valentine, I am glad to see you

Balth Welcome sweet rogue

Sebast Before God he neuer'lookt better in his lite 5

Balth And how ist man? what, Alla Coragio

Valen Neuer better gentlemen I faith

Iun I S'will here comes the steward

<Enter Christophoro>

Christ Why how now fellowes, all here? and nobody to weight aboue now they are ready to rise? looke vp one to or two Signor Francesco Colonna's man how doo's your good maister? Eevent Iuniper, Martino, Vincentio

Valen In health sir, he will be here anon

Christo Is he come home, then?

Valen I sir, he is not past sixe miles hence, he sent me before to learne if Count Ferneze were here and returne him word

Christo Yes, my Lord is here, and you may tel your maister he shal come very happily to take his leaue of Lord Paulo Ferneze who is now instantly to depart with other noble gentlemen, vpon speciall seruice
The Case is Alterd

Valen  I will tell him sir
Christo  I pray you doe, fellowes make him drinke  

<Exit>

Valen  Sirs, what service ist they are imployed in ?

Sebast  Why against the French, they meane to haue

a fling at Millaine againe they say

Valen  Who leads our forces, can you tell ?

Sebast  Maisry that do's Signior Maximilian, he is aboue,

now

Valen  Who, Maximilian of Vicenza ?
Balt  I he, do you know him ?
Valen  Know him ? O yes he's an excellent braue soldier

Balt  I so they say, but one of the most vaine glorious

men in Europe

Valen  He is indeed, maistry exceeding valient

Sebast  And that is rare

Balt  What ?
Sebast  Why to see a vaine glorious man valient

Valen  Well he is so I assure you Enter Iumper

Iump  What no further yet, come on you precious rascall,
sir Valentine, Ile give you a health I faith, for the heauens

you mad Capriccio, hold booke and line <Exeunt>

Scæne 6.

Enter Lord Paulo Fereze, his boy following him

Pau  Boy
Boy  My Lord

Pau  Sirrah go vp to Signior Angelo,

And pray him (if he can) deuise some meanes,
The Case is Alterd

To leave my father, and come speake with me

Boy I will my Lord

Pau Well, heauen be auspicious in the event,

For I do this against my Genius,

And yet my thoughts cannot propose a reason,

Why I should feare, or faint thus in my hopes,

Of one so much endeared to my love

Some sparke it is, kindled within the soule

Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sense,

That propagates this tymorous suspect,

His actions never carried any face

Of change, or weakness then I injury him,

In being thus cold conceited of his faith,

O here he comes Enter Angelo <with the boy>

Ang How now sweet Lord, what's the matter?

Pau Good faith his presence makes me halfe ashamed

Of my strayd thoughts Boy, bestow your selfe Exit Boy

Where is my father, Signior Angelo?

Ang Marry in the gallery, where your Lordship left him

Pau Thats well Then Angelo I will be briefe,

Since time forbids the use of circumstance

How well you are receu'd in my affection,

Let it appeare by this one instance, onely

That now I will deliver to your trust,

The dearest secrets, treasure in my bosome

Deare Angelo, you are not euer man,

But one, whom my election hath design'd,

As the true proper object of my soule

I vrg not this t'insinuate my desert,

Or supplie your tri'd temper, with soft phrases,
True friendship lothes such oyley complement
But from th’aboundance of that loue, that flowes
Through all my spirits, is my speech enforc’d

_Ang_ Before your Lordship do proceed too far,
Let me be bould to intimate thus much,

That what so ere your wisedome hath t’expose,
Be it the weightiest and most rich affaire,
That euer was included in your breast,
My faith shall poise it, if not—

_Pau_ O no more,
Those words haue rapt me with their sweet affects,

So freely breath’d, and so responsible
To that which I endeavoure’d to extract,
Arguynge a happy mixture of our soules

_Ange_ Why were there no such _sympathy_ sweete Lord,
Yet the impressure of those ample favours,

I haue deriu’d from your vnmatched spirit,
Would bind my faith to all obseruances

_Pau_ How 1 favours _Angelo_, 6 speake not of them,
They are meere paintings, and import no merit
Lookes my loue well? thereon my hopes are plac’t

_Faith, that is bought with favours, cannot last_ *Enters Boy*

_Boy_ My Lord

_Pau_ How now?

_Boy_ You are sought for all about the house, within,
The _Count_ your father calls for you

_Pau_ God, what crosse euents do meet my purposes?
Now will he violently fret and grieue
That I am absent  
_Boy_, say I come presently *Exit Boy*

_Sweet Angelo_, I cannot now insist
Vpon particulars, I must serue the time

The maine of all this is, I am in loue

_Ange_ Why starts your Lordship?

_Pau_ I thought I heard
The Case is Alterd

My father comming hitherward, list, ha?

    Ange I heare not any thing,

It was but your imagination sure

    Pau No

    Ange No, I assure your Lordship

    Pau I would worke safely

    Ange Why, has he no knowledge of it then?

    Pau O no, no creature yet pertakes it*but* your selfe

In a third person, and beleeue me friend,
The world contains not now another spirit,
To whom I would \急需e\ it  Harke, harke,

\{ Servants \{ Signor Paulo \{ Lord Fernese \} within

    Ange A pox vpon those brazen throated slaues,

What are they mad, trow?

    Pau Alas, blame not them,

Their services are (clock-like) to be set,
Backward and forward, at their Lords command
You know my father's wayward, and his humour
Must not receive a check, for then all objects,
Feede both his griefe and his impatience,
And those affections in him, are like powder,
Apt to enflame with every little sparke,
And blow vp reason, therefore Angel, peace

\{ Count Why this is rare, is he not in the garden?

within \{ Christ I know not my Lord

    Count See, call him!

    Pau He is comming this way, let's withdraw a little,

Exeunt

\{ Servants Signor Paulo, Lord Fernese, Lord

Paulo
Scene 7.

Enter Count Ferneze, Maximilian, Aurelia, Phoenixella, Sebast<ian,> Balthasar

Count Where should he be, trow? did you looke in the armory?

Sebast No my Lord.

Count No', why there? o who would keepe such drones?

Exeunt Sebast and Baltha

How now, ha ye found him?

Enter Martino

Mart No my Lord

Count No my Lord,

5 I shall haue shortly all my family

Speake nought, but no my Lord Where is Christophero?

Enter Christophero

Looke how he stands, you sleepy knaue,

Exit Martino

What is he not in the Garden?

Christo No my good Lord

Count Your good Lord, o how this smels of fennell

Enter Sebast Baltha

10 You have bene in the garden it appeares, well, well

Balth We cannot find him my Lord

Sebast He is not in the armory

Count He is not, he is no where, is he?

Maxi Count Ferneze

15 Count Signior

Maxi Preserue your patience honorable Count

Count Patience? a Saint would loose his patience to be crost,

As I am with a sort of motly braines,

See, see, how like a nest of Rookes they stand, Enter Omon

20 Gaping on one another! Now Diligence,

What news bring you?

Ont Ant please your honour
The Case is Altered

Count Tut, tut, leave pleasing of my honour Diligence, You double with me, come

Oni How does he find fault with Please his Honour? 25 S'wounds it has begun a seruingmans speech, euer since I belonged to the blew order I know not how it may shew, now I am in blacke, but - - -

Count What's that, you mutter, sir? will you proceed?

Oni Ant like your good Lordship . . . 30

Count Yet more, Gods precious

Oni What, do not this like him neither?

Count What say you sir knaue?

Oni Mary I say your Lordship were best to set me to schoole againe, to learne how to deliver a message 35

Count What do you take exception at me then?

Oni Exception? I take no exceptions, but by Gods so your humours - - -

Count Go to, you are a Raskall, hold your tongue

Oni Your Lordships poore servant, I

Count Tempt not my patience

Oni Why I hope I am no spirit, am I?

Maxi My Lord, command your Steward to correct the slae

Oni Correct him? S'bloud come you and correct him and you have a minde to it Correct him, that's a good rest I faith, the Steward and you both, come and correct him

Count Nay see, away with him, pull his cloth ouer his eares

Oni Cloth? tell me of your cloth, here's your cloth, nay and I mourn a minute longer, I am the rottenest Onion that euer spake with a tongue They thrust him out

Maxi What call (you) your hind's (name) count

Fernese

Count His name is Onon Signiori
Maxi  I thought him some such sawcy companion
Count  Signior Maximillian
Maxi  Sweet Lord
Count  Let me intreat you, you would not regard
60 Any contempt flowing from such a spirit,
So rude, so barbarous
Maxi  Most noble Count
Vnder your fauour - - -
Count  Why Ile tell you Signior,
Heele bandy with me word for word, nay more,
Put me to silence, strike me perfect dumb ,
65 And so amaze me, that oft[en]times I know not,
Whether to check or cherish his presumption
Therefore good Signior
Maxi  Sweet Lord satisfie your selfe, I am not now to
learn how to manage my affections, I haue obseru’d, and
70 know the difference betweene a base wretch and a true
man, I can distinguish them , the property of the wretch
is, he would hurt and cannot, of the man, he can hurt, and
will not
<Aurelia smiles >
Count  Go to, my merry daughter, ò these lookes,
75 Agree well with your habit, do they not ?

�除e 8.>

Enter Jumper

Jumpe  Tut, let me alone  By your fauour, this is the
Gentleman I thinke  Sir, you appeare to be an honorable
Gentleman, I understand, and could wish (for mine owne
part) that things were conden’t otherwise then they are
5 but (the world knowes) a foolish fellow, somewhat proclue,
and hasty, he did it in a preudicate humour , mary now
upon better computation, he wanes , he melts , his poore
eyes are in a cold sweat  Right noble Signior, you can have
The Case is Altered

but compunction, I loue the man, tender your compassion

Maxe Doth any man here vnderstand this fellow? 10

Iump O God sir, I may say frustra to the comprehension of your intellention

Maxe Before the Lord, he speakes all riddle, I thinke I must haue a comment ere I can conceiue him

Count Why he sues to have his fellow Onon pardon'd, 15 And you must grant it Signior

Maxe O with all my soule my Lord, is that his motion?

Iump I sir, and we shall retort these kind favours with all allacrity of spirit, we can sir, as may be most expedient, as well for the quality as the cause, till when in spight of this complemente I rest a poore Cobler, servaunt to my honorable Lord here your friend, and Iumper Exit

Maxe How, Iumper?

Count I Signior

Maxe He is a sweete youth, his tongue has a happy turne when he sleepe.

Count I, for then it rests

〈Scene 9.〉

Enter Paulo Ferneze, Francisco Colonna, Angelo, Valentine

O Sir you're welcome,

Why God be thanked you arc found at last

Signior Colonna truly you are welcome,
I am glad to see you sir so well return'd

Fran I gladly thanke your honour, yet indeed 5 I am sory for such cause of heaumesse,

As hath posset your Lordship in my absence

Count O Francisco, you knew her what she was!

Fran She was a wise and honorable Lady

Count I was she not! well, wepe not she is gone

1 viii 13-14 Two lines in Q, divided at thinke 22 here] here, Q friend,] friend Q 23 How,] How Q 27 Begins ix 1 in Q rests] rests, Q 1 ix Stage dir Colonna] Colonna Q Coloma W Colonna G 1 you re] your Q 3 Colonna G Colona Q Colona W 4 return'd] returned Q 8 Francisco,] Francisco Q 10 well,] well Q
The Case is Alterd

Pass(<1>ons duld eye can make two gueues of one,
Whom death marke(<s>) out, vertue, nor bloud can saue
Princes, as beggers, all must feed the graue

Max Are your horse ready Lord Paulo ?

Pau I signior, the(<y>) stay for vs at the gate

Max Well tis good Ladies I will take my leaue of you,
be your fortunes as your selues, faire Come let vs to horse
Count Fornexe I beare a spirit full of thanks for all your
honorable courtesies

Count Sir I could wish the number and value of them
more in respect of your deseruings But Signior Maxim-
millian, I p(r)ay you a word in priuate

Aur I faith brother, you are fitted for a generall yonder
Beshrow my heart (if I had Fortunatus hat here) and
I would not wish my selfe a man and go with you, only
t'enjoy his presence

Pau Why, do you love him so well sister ?

Aur No by my troth, but I haue such an odde pretty
apprehension of his humour me thinks that I am eene
tickled with the conceite of it O he is a fine man

Ang And me thinks another may be as fine as he

Aur O Angelo, do you thinke I do vrge any comparison
against you ? no, I am not so ill bred, as to be a deprauer
of your worthines beleue me, if I had not some hope of
your abiding with vs. I should never desire to go out of
black whilst I lued but learne to speake i' the nose, and
turne puritan presently

Ang I thanke you Lady I know you can flout

Aur Come doe you ask it so ? I faith you wrong me

Fran I, but Maddame,

1    2  12 marke[s] marks W  bloud] bloud Q  14 Paulo ]] Paulo,
  15 signior,] signior Q they W  16-18 Dividet in Q at
you and horse 17 be] Be Q selues[,] selues ? Q horse ]
horse Q 21 Maximillian,] Maximillian Q 22 pray W I pay
begins a new line in Q They walk aside add Q 23 faith brother,]
Faith brother Q yonder ] yonder, Q 24 Beshrow begins a new
line in Q 13] If Q Fortunatus] Fortunatus Q 27 Why,] Why Q
sister ?] sister Q 30 he] Ohe Q, beginning a new line 32 Angelo]
Angelo W Angelo Q do vrge] urge Q any] my W 33 deprauer
corr Q prauer Q originally 37 presently corr Q presently Q
originally 40 Maddame, corr Q Maddame Q originally
Thus to disclaine in all the affects of pleasure,
May make your sadnesse seeme to much affected,
And then the proper grace of it is lost

_Phœnix_ Indeed sir, if I did put on this sadnesse
Onely abroad, and in Society,
And were in priuate merry, and quick humor'd,
Then might it seeme affected and abhord
But as my lookes appeare, such is my spirit,
Drown'd vp with confluence of griefe, and melancholy,
That like to riuers run through all my vaines,
Quenching the pride and feuerour of my bloud

_Max_ My honorable Lord? no more
There is the honour of my bloud ingag'd,
For your sonnes safety

_Count_ Signior, blame me not,
For tending his security so much,
He is mine onely sonne, and that word onely,
Hath with his strong, and repercussiue sound,
Strooke my heart cold, and given it a deepe wound

_Max_ Why but stay, I beseech you, had your Lordship
ever any more sonnes then this?

_Count_ Why, haue you not knowne it _Maximilian_?
_Max_ Let my Sword faile me then
_Count_ I had one other yonger borne then this,
By twise so many howeres as would fill
The circle of a yeare, his name _Camillo_,
Whome in that blacke, and fearfull night I lost,
(Tis now a nineteene yeares agone at least,
And yet the memory of it sits as fresh
Within my braine as twere but yesterday)
It was that night wherein the great _Chamoun_,
The generall for _France_, surpris'd _Vicenza_
Me thinks the horror of that clamorous shout

1 1a. affects C H Herford affects Q 44 _Phœnix_ Phœnix Q
56 mine corr Q my Q originally 57 repercussiue] repercussiue Q
sound, corr Q sound Q originally 60 this ?] this Q 61 Why,]
Why Q 64 howeres] how es Q 71 France, surpris'd _Vicenza_]
_France_ surprised _Vicenza_, Q
The Case is Altered

His soldi"ers gaueld, when they atta"nd the wall,
Yet tinges in mine eare, me thinkes I see
With what amazed lookes, distracted thoughts,
And minds confus'd, we, that were citizens,
Confronted one another every street
Was fild with bitter selfe tormenting cries,
And happy was that foote, that first could presse

The flowri" champaigne, bordering on Verona
Heere I (impoy'd about my dear wiuws safety,
Whose soule is now in peace) lost my Camillo
Who sure was murdered by the barbarous Souldiers,
Or else I should have heard—my heart is great

Sorrow is faint, and passion makes me sweat

Max Grieue not sweet Count, comfort your spir(1)ts
you have a sonne a noble gentleman, he stands in the face
of honour For his safety, let that be no question I am
maister of my fortune, and he shall share with me Fare-
well my honorable Lord Ladies once more adieu for your
selfe maddam, you are a most rare creature, I tell you so,
be not proud of it, I loue you come Lord Paulo to horse

Pau Adieu good Signior Francesco farewell sister

Sound a tucket, and as they passe every one severally de-
part, Maximilian, Paulo Ferneze, and Angelo remaine

Ang How shall we rid him hence?

Pau Why well enou unh sweet Signior Maximilian,
I haue some small occasion to stay
If if may please you but take horse afore,
Ile ouer take you, ere your troopes be rang'd

Max Your motion doth fast well Lord Ferneze I go

Exit Max
〈Scæne io.〉

Pau Now if my loue, faire Rachel, were so happy,
But to looke forth See fortune doth me grace,

Enter Rachel

Before I can demand How now my loue?
Where is your father?

Rach Gone abroad my Lord

Pau Thats well

Rach I but I feare heele presently returne

Are you now going my most honor'd Lord?

Pau I my sweet Rachel

(Ang Before God, she is a sweet wench)

Pau Rachel I hope I shall not need to vrge,
The sacred purity of our affects,
As if it hung in triall or suspence
Since in our hearts, and by our mutuall vowes,
It is confirmd and seald in sight of heauen
Nay doe not weep, why starte you? feare not, Loue,
Your father cannot be return'd so soone,
I prithee doe not looke so heauily,
Thou shalt want nothing

Rach No? is your presence nothing?

I shall want that, and wanting that, want all
For that is all to me

Pau Content thee sweet,

I haue made choise here of a constant friend,
This gentleman, one, (on) whose zealous loue
I doe repose more, then on all the world,
The Case is Altered

Thy beauteous selfe excepted and to him,
Haue I committed my deere care of thee,

25 As to my genius, or my other soule
Receive him gentle loue, and what deflects
My absence proves, his presence shall supply
The time is envious of our longer stay
Farewell deere Rachel


Rach Most deere Lord, adew,

30 Heauen and honour crowne your deeds, and you

Exit Rachel

Pau Faith tell me Angelo, how dost thou like her?

Ang Troth well my Lord, but shall I speake my mind?
Pau I prithee doe
Ang She is deriud too meanely to be wife

To such a noble person, in my judgement

Pau Nay then thy judgement is to meane, I see
Didst thou neare read in difference of good,
Tis more to shine in vertue then in bloud?

Enter Iaques

Ang Come you are so sententious my Lord

40 Pau Here comes her father How dost thou good

Iaques?

Ang God saue thee Iaques

Iaq What should this meane? Rachel open the dore

Exit Iaques

Ang Sbloud how the poore slaeue lookes, as though
He had bene haunted by the spirit Lar,

45 Or seene the ghost of some great Satrapas
In an vnsauory sheet

Pau I muse he spake not, belike he was amazd
Comming so suddenly and vnprepard? Well lets go

Exeunt

1 x 25 soule corr Q soule, Q originally 26 Receive him
loue, deflects corr Q Rsceme hi loue deflects, Q originally
27 absence corr Q a bscence Q originally 29 Rach ] Rach Q 30
Stage div centred in Q 31 Faith corr Q Faith Q originally Angelo,
Angelo W Angelo Q 32 mind ?] mind Q 36 meane corr Q
meene Q originally 37 good, corr Q good Q originally 38
bloud ?] bloud Q 43 looke[s] looks aghast G 45 Satrapas corr
Q Satrapas Q originally 47 not corr Q no Q originally 48
go corr Q go Q originally
The Case is Altered

Actus secundi Scæna prima.

Enter Iaques solus

So now enough my heart, beat now no more,
At least for this afeirt  What a could sweat
Flow'd on my browes, and ouer all my bosome  
Had I not reason? to behold my dore
Beset with vnthrifs, and my selfe abroad? 
Why Iaques? was there nothing in the house
Worth a continuall eye, a vigelent thought,
Whose head should neuer nod, nor eyes once wincke? 
Looke on my coate, my thoughts, worne quite thred bare,
That time could neuer couer with a nappe,
And by it learne, neuer with nappes of sleepe,
To smother your concepts of that you keepe
But yet, I maruell, why these gallant youths
Spoke me so faire, and I esteemd a beggar? 
The end of flattery, is gaine, or lechery
If they seeke gaine of me, they thinke me rich,
But that they do not  For their other object
Tis in my handsome daughter, if it be
And by your leaue, her handsomnesse may tell them
My beggery counterfeits, and, that her neatnesse,
Flowes from some store of wealth, that breakes my coifers,
With this same engine, loue to mine owne breed
But this is answered  Beggers will keepe fine,
Their daughters, being faue, though themselves pine
Well then, it is for her, I, 'tis sure for her
And I make her so briske for some of them,
That I might liue alone once with my gold
O 'tis a sweet companion? kind and true!
A man may trust it when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife? o wondrous pelfe,
" That which makes all men false, is true it selfe"
But now this maid, is but suppos’d my daughter
For I being Steward to a Lord of France,
Of great estate, and wealth, call’d Lord Chammount,
He gone into the warres, I stole his treasure,
(But heare not, any thing) I stole his treasure,
And this his daughter, being but two yeares old,
Because it lou’d me so, that it would leave
The nurse her selfe, to come into mine armes,
And had I left it, it would sure haue dyed
Now herein I was kinde, and had a conscience,
And since her Lady mother that did dye
In child-bed of her, lou’d me passing well,
It may be nature fashion’d this affection,
Both in the child and her but hees ill bred,
That ransackes tombes, and doth deface the dead
I’le therefore say no more * suppose the rest,
Here haue I chang’d my forme, my name and hers,
And liue obs(c)urely, to enjoy more safe
My deeuest treasure But I must abroad

Rachel
Enter Rachel
Rach What is your pleasure sir?
Iaq Rachel I must abroad
Lock thy selfe in, but yet take out the key,
That whosoeuer peepes in at the key-hole,
May yet imagine there is none at home
Rach I will sir
Iaq But harke thee Rachel say a theefe should come,
And misse the key, he would resolue indeede
None were at home, and so breake in the rather
Ope the doore Rachel, set it open daughter,
But sit in it thy selfe and talke alowd,
As if there were some more in house with thee
Put out the fire, kill the chimneyes hart,
That it may breath no more then a dead man
The more we spare my child, the more we gaine

Exeunt
Scène 2.

Enter Christophero, Inumper and Onion

*Christ* Why sayes my fellow *Onion*? come on

*Oni* All of a house sir, but no fellowes, you are my Lords Steward, but I pray you what thinke you of loue, sir?

*Christ* Of loue *Onion*? Why it's a very honourable humor

*Oni* Nay if it be but worshipfull I care not

*Inup* Go to, it's honorable, checke not at the conceit of the Gentleman

*Oni* But in truth sir, you shall do well to think well of loue for it thinkes well of you, in me, I assure you

*Chris* Gramercy fellow *Onion* I do thinke well, thou art in loue, art thou?

*Oni* Partly sir, but I am asham'd to say wholy

*Chris* Well, I will further it in thee to any honest woman, or maiden, the best I can

*Inup* Why now you come neere him sir, he doth vaile, he doth remunerate, he doth chaw the cud in the kindnesse of an honest imperfection to your worship

*Chris* But who is it thou louest fellow *Onion*?

*Oni* Mary a poore mans daughter, but none of the honestest, I hope

*Chris* Why, wouldst thou not haue her honest?

*Oni* O no, for then I am sure she would not haue me

'Tis Rachel de Prie

*Chris* Why, she hath the name of a very vertuous mayden

*Inup* So she is sir, but the fellow talkes in quiddits, he

*Chris* What wouldst thou haue me do in the matter?

*Oni* Do nothing sir, I pray you, but speake for me

*Chris* In what maner?
The Case is Altered

Oni My fellow Iumper can tell you sir

Iump Why as thus sir Your worship may commend
him for a fellow fit for consanguinity, and that he shaketh
with desire of procreation, or so

Chris That were not so good, me thinkes

Iump No sir, why so sir? what if you should say to her,
corroborate thy selfe sweete soule, let me distinguish thy
pappes with my fingers, diuine Mumps, pretty Pastorella? lookest thou so sweet and bounteous? comfort my friend

here

Chris Well I perceiue you wish, I should say something
may do him grace, and further his desires, and that be sure
I will

Oni I thanke you sir, God saue your life, I pray God sir

Iump Your worship is too good to liue long youle
contaminate me no servuce?

Chris Command thou wouldest say, no good Iumper

Iump Health and wealth sir Exeunt Onio and Iumper

Chris This wench wil I soliciite for my selfe,

Making my Lord and maister pruy to it,
And if he second me with his consent,
I will procede, as having long ere this,
Thought her a worthy choyce to make my wife Exit

Scæne 3.

Enter Aurelia, Phænixella

Avre Roome for a case of matrons colour’d blacke,
How motherly my mothers death hath made vs?
I would I had some girles now to bring vp,
O I could make a wench so vertuous,
She should say grace to euery bit of meate,
And gape no wider then a wafers thicknesse
And she should make French cursies, so most low,
The Case is Altered

That every touch should turne her ouer backward

Phærus. Sister, these words become not your attire,

Nor your estate our vertuous mothers death
Should print more deep effects of sorrow in vs,
Then may be worn out in so little time

Aure. Sister, (i' faith you take too much Tobacco,
It makes you blacke within, as you are without,
What true-stich sister? both your sides alike?
Be of a sleigher worke for of my word,
You shall be sold as deere, or rather deerer
Will you be bound to customes and to rites?
Shed profitable tares, weep for advantage,
Or else, do all things, as you are enclynd

Eate when your stomache serues (saith the Physitian)
Not at eleven and sive So if your humour
Be now affected with this heauinesse,
Guite me the reines and spare not, as I do,

In this my pleasurablie appetite
It is Praecisianisme to alter that

With austere judgement, that is giuen by nature
I wept you saw too, when my mother dyed
For then I found it easier to do so,
And fitter with my moode, then not to wepe

But now tis otherwise, another time
Perhaps I shall haue such deepe thoughts of her,
That I shall weep a fresh, some tweluemonth hence,
And I will weep, if I be so dispos'd,
And put on blacke, as grimly then, as now,
Let the minde go still with the bodies stature,

Judgement is fit for Judges, give me nature

II 131' W 17 deere,] deere Q deerer Q 21 Eate]
Eat W Hate Q 23 heauinesse,] heauinesse Q 24 mo] rt W
25 appetite,] appetite, Q
Scæne 4.

[Enter] Aurelia, Phœnixella, Francisco, Angelo

Fram. See Signior Angelo here are the Ladies,
Go you and comfort one, I'll to the other

Ang. Therefore I come sir, I'll to the eldest
God save you Ladies, these sad moods of yours,
That make you choose these solitary walkes,
Are hurtfull for your beauties

Aure. If we had them

Ang. Come, that condition might be for your hearts,
When you protest faith, since we cannot see them
But this same heart of beauty, your sweet face,

Is in mine eye still

Aure. O you cut my heart

With your sharpe eye

Ang. Nay Lady, thats not so,
Your heart's to hard

Aure. My beauties hart ?

Ang. O no

I meane that regent of affection, Maddam,
That tramples on al loue with such contempt

(In this faire breast

Aur. No more, your drift is sauour'd,
I had rather seeme hard hearted

Ang. Then hard fauour'd,
Is that your meaning, Lady ?

Aur. Go too sir

Your wits are fresh I know, they need no spur

Ang. And therefore you wil ride them

Aur. Say I doe,

They will not tire I hope ?

Ang. No, not with you,

Hark you sweet Lady (They walk aside)

Aur G
The Case is Alterd

Fran Tis much pitty Maddam,
You should haue any reason to retaine
This signe of griefe, much lesse the thing disigne

Phæ Griefes are more fit for Ladies then their pleasures

Fran That is for such as follow nought but pleasures
But you that temper them so wel with vertues,
Vsing your griefes so, it would prooue them pleasures
And you would seeme in cause of griefes & pleasures
Equally pleasant

Phæ Sir so I do now
It is the excesse of either that I strue
So much to shun in all my proou'd endeavours
Although perhaps vnto a generall eye,
I may appeare most wedded to my griefes,
Yet doth my mind forsake no tast of pleasure,
I meant that happy pleasure of the soule,
Deuine and sacred contemplation
Of that eternall, and most glorious blisse,
Proposed as the crowne vnto our soules

Fran I will be silent, yet that I may serue
But as a Decade in the art of memory
To put you stil in mind of your owne vertues
(When your too serious thoughts make you too sad)
Accept me for your servaunt honor'd Lady

Phœn Those cerimonies are too common signior Francis,
For your vncommon grauitie, and judgement,
And fits them onely, that are nought but cerimony

\(<\text{Angelo and Aurelia come forward}>\)

Ang Come, I will not sue, stalely to be your servaunt,
But a new tearme, will you be my refuge?

Aur Your refuge, why sir?

Ange That I might fly to you, when all else faile me

Aur And you be good at flying, be my Plouer
Ang Nay take away the P
Aur Tut, then you cannot fly
Ang Ile warrant you Ile borrow Cupids wings
Aur Masse then I feare me youle do strange things

55 I pray you blame me not, if I suspect you,
Your owne confession simply doth detect you
Nay and you be so great in Cupids bookes,
'Twill make me Iealous you can with your lookes
(I warrant you) enflame a womans heart,

60 And at your pleasure take loues golden dart,
And wound the brest of any vertuous maide
Would I were hence good faith I am afraied,
You can constraine one ere they be aware,
To run mad for your loue!
Ang O this is rare

Scæne 5.

Aurelia, Phænixella, Francisco, Angelo, Count

Count Close with my daughters gentlemen 'tis well done,
Tis like your selues nay lusty Angelo,
Let not my presence make you bauke your sport,
I will not breake a minute of discourse

Twixt you and one of you faire Mistresses

Ang One of my mistresses? why, thinks your Lordship
I haue so many?

Count Many, no Angelo
I do not thinke th'ast many some fourteene
I here thou hast, even of our worthiest dames,

10 Of any note, in Millaine

Ang Nay good my Lord fourteene it is not so

Count By'th [the] Masse that ist, here are their names
to shew,
Fourteene, or fiftene t'one  Good Angelo,
You need not be ashamed of any of them,
They are gallants all

Ang   Sblood you are such a Lord  Exit Ang 15

Count  Nay stay sweet Angelo, I am dispos'd
A little to be pleasant past my coustome,
He's gone, he's gone? I haue disgrast him shrewdly
Daughters take heed of him, he's a wile youth,
Looke what he sayes to you beleue him not,
He will sweare loue to every one he sees
Francisco, gue them councell, good Francisco,
I dare trust thee with both, but him with neither

Fran  Your Lordship yet may trust both them with him

Count  Well goe your waies, away

Ex(e)unt <Aurelia, Phanirella Francisco>

Scæne 6.

Count  Christopher<o>

Count  How now Christopher<o>, what news with you?

Christ  I haue an humble suit to your good Lordship

Count  A suit Christopher<o>? what suit I prithee?

Christ  I would crave pardon at your Lordships hands,

If it seeme vaine or simple in your sight

Count  Ile pardon all simplicity, Christopher<o>,

What is thy suit?

Christ  Perhaps being now so old a bachelor,
I shall seeme halfe vnsure, to bend my selfe

In strict affection to a poore yong maide

Count  What? is it touching loue Christopher<o>?

Art thou despost to marry, why tis well

Christo  I, but your Lordship may imagine now
That I being steward of your honours house,
If I be married once, will more regard
The maintenance of my wife and of my charge,
Then the due discharge of my place and office
  Count  No, no, Christopher<o>, I know thee honest
  Christo  Good faith my Lord, your honour may suspect it,
But——
  Count  Then I should wrong thee, thou hast ever been
Honest and true, and wilt be still I knowe
  Chris  I but this marriage alters many men
And you may fear, it will do me my Lord,
But ere it do so, I will undergoe
Ten thousand several deaths
  Count  I know it man
Who wouldst thou have I prithee?
  Rachel de prèe,
If your good Lordship, graunt me your consent
  Count  Rachel de prèe? what the poore beggers daughter?
Shees a right handsome made, how poore soeuer,
And thou hast my consent, with all my heart
  Chris  I humbly thanke your honour Ile now ask her father
  Count  Do so Christofero, thou shalt do well
  Exit <Christofero>
Tis strange (she being so poore) he should affect her,
But this is more strange that my selfe should loue her
I spide her, lately, at her fathers doore,
And if I did not see in her sweet face
Gentry and noblenesse, nere trust me more
But this perswasion, fannie wrought in me,
That fannie being created with her lookes,
For where loue is he thinke<is> his basest object
Gentle and noble I am farre in loue,
And shall be forc'd to wrong my honest steward,
For I must sue, and seeke her for my selfe,
How much my dutie to my late dead wife,
And my owne deere renowne, so cre it swaies
Ile to her father straight  
Louve hates delays  
Exit

Scæne 7.

Enter Onion, Iuniper, Valentine, Sebastian, Balthasar, Martino

Onion  Come on Ifaith, lets to some exercisce or other my hearts  fetch the hilts  Fellow Iuniper, wilt thou play?
Exit Martino

Iun I cannot resolue you  tis as I am fitted with the ingenuity, quantity, or quality of the cudgell

Valen  How dost thou bastinado the poore cudgell with 5 tearmes?

Iun  O Ingle, I haue the phrases man, and the Anagrans and the Epitaphs, fitting the mistery of the noble science

Oni  Ile be hangd & he were not misbegotten of some fencer

Sebast  Sirrah Valentine, you can resolue me now, haue they their maisters of defence in other countries as we haue here in Italy?

Valen  O Lord, I, especially they in I'opiu, there they performe their prizes and chalenges, with as great cerimony as the Italian or any nation else

Balt  Indeed? how is the manner of it (for gods loue) good Valentine?

Iun  Ingle, I prithee make recourse vnto vs, wee are thy friends and familiars  sweet Ingle

Valen  Why thus sir

Oni  God a mercy good Valentine, nay go on

Iun  Silentium bonus socius Onionus, good fellow Onion
be not so ingenious, and turbulent so sir? and how?
25 how sweete Ingle?

Valen Marry, first they are brought to the publicke Theater

Ium What? ha' they Theater(s) there?

Valen Theaters? I and plaies to both tragedy and comedy, & set forth with as much state as can be imagined!

Ium By Gods so, a man is nobody, till he has travelled

Sebast And how are their plaies? as ours are? extemporall?

Valen O no! all premeditated things, and some of them very good I faith, my master vsed to visite them often when he was there

Balth Why how, are they in a place where any man may see them?

Valen I, in the common Theaters, I tell you. But the sport is at a new play to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confus'd mixture of judgement, pow'r'd out in the throng there, as ridiculous, as laughter it selfe one saies he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing. And sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five yeare at a Parliament time or so, will be as deepe myr'd in censuring as the best, and sweare by Gods foot so he would neuer stirre his foote to see a hundred such as that is

Oni I must trauell to see these things, I shall nere think well of my selfe else

Iump Fellow Onon, I le beare thy charges and thou wilt but pilgrimize it along with me, to the land of Viopa

Sebast Why but me thinkes such rookes as these should

Valen Not a whit! the rankest stinkard of them all, will take upon him as peremptory, as if he had writ himselfe

in artibus magister

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Sebast. And do they stand to a popular censure for any thing they present?

Valen. I euer, euer, and the people generally are very acceptiuue and apt to applaud any meritable worke, but there are two sorts of poisons that most commonly are infectious to a whole auditory.

Balth. What be they?

Iump. I come lets know them.

Oni. It were good they were noted.

Valen. Marry, one is the rude barbarous crue, a people that haue no braines, and yet grounded judgements, these will hisse any thing that mounts aboue their grounded capacities. But the other are worth the observation, I faith.

Oni. What be they? What be they?

Valen. Faith a few Caprichous gallants.

Iump. Caprichous stay, that words for me.

Valen. And they haue taken such a habit of dislike in all things, that they will approve nothing, be it neuer so concerted or elaborate, but sit disperst, making faces, and spitting, wagging their vpright eares, and cry filthy, filthy. Simply vttering their ownne condition, and vsing their wayed countenances in stead of a vice, to turne the good aspects of all that shall sit neere them, from what they behold.

Enter Martino with Judgels.

Oni. O that's well sayd, lay them downe, come sirs who plaiues? fellow Iumper, Sebastian, Balthasar. Some body take them vp, come.

Iump. Ingle Valentine?

Valen. Not I sir, I professe it not.

Iump. Sebastian.

Sebast. Balthasar.

Balth. Who? I.

Oni. Come, but one bout. Ile give hem thee, I faith.

The Case is Alterd

Ovm Foe he, alas he cannot play a whit, man
Iump That's all one no more could you in statu quo
95 prius Martino, play with him, every man has his beginning
and conduction
Mart Will you not hurt me fellow Onion?
Ovm Hurt thee, no? and I do, put me among pot-hearsbs,
and chop me to peeces, come on?
100 Iump By your favor sweet bullies give them roome,
back, so Martino, do not looke so thin vpon the matter
⟨They play a bout⟩

Ovm Ha, well plaid, fall ouer to my legge now! so, to
your guard againe, excellent, to my head now, make home
your blow spare not me, make it home, good, good againe
⟨Martino breaks his head⟩

105 Sebast Why how now Peter?
Valen Gods so, Onion has caught a bruise
Iump Couragio! be not caprichous! what?
Ovm Caprichous? not I, I scorn to be caprichous for
a scrach, Martino must haue another bout, come

110 Val Seb Balth No, no, play no more, play no more
Ovm Foe, tis nothing, a philip, a deuse, fellow Iumper
prithee get mee a Plantan, I had rather play with one that
had skil by halfe
Mart By my troth, fellow Omon, twas against my will

115 Ovm Nay that's not so, twas against my head But
come, weele ha one bout more
Iump Not a bout, not a stroke
Omnes No more, no more  ⟨Exit Martino⟩

Iump Why Ile give you demonstration, how it came
120 Thou openest the dagger to falsifie ouer with the back sword
trick, and he interrupted, before he could fall to the close
The Case is Altered

Oni No, no, I know best how it was, better then any man here, I felt his play presently for looke you, I gathered vpon him thus, thus do you see? for the double locke, and tooke it single on the head

Valen He sayes very true, he tooke it single on the head

Sebast Come lets go Enter Martino with a cob web

Mar Here fellow Onion, heres a cob-web

Oni How? a cob-web Martino, I will haue another bout with you! S'wounds do you firt breake my head, and then 130 giue me a plaister in scorne? come, to it, I will haue a bout

Mart God's my witnesse

Oni Tut! your witnesse cannot serue

Iunup S'bloud! why what, thou art not lunatike, art thou? and thou bee'st, auido Mephistopiles Say the 135 signe shoud be in Aries now or it may be for all vs, where were your life? Answere me that

Sebast Hee sayes well, Onion

Valen I indeed doo's he

Iunup Come, come, you are a foolish Naturalist, go, get a white [a] of an egge, and a little flax, and close the breach of the head, it is the most conducible thing that can be Martino, do not insinuate upon your good fortune, but play an honest part and beare away the bucklers

Event


Enter Angelo solus

Ange My yong and simple friend, Paulo Fernese, Bound me with mighty solemn conjurations, To be true to him, in his loue to Rachel, And to solicite his remembrance still, In his enforced absence, much, I faith True to my friend in cases of affection?

[Note: The page number is 139, and the text is from a play titled "The Case is Altered" by an unknown author. The text is in the language of Shakespearean English, and it contains a scene from Act 3, Scæne 1, of the play.]
In womens cases? what a rest it is?
How silly he is, that imagines it!
He is an asse that will keepe promise stricktly

In any thing that checkes his private pleasure,
Chiefly in love S'bloud am not I a man?
Haue I not eyes that are as free to looke?
And bloud to be enflam'd as well as his?
And when it is so, shall I not pursue

Mine owne loues longings, but preferre my friends?
I tis a good foole, do so, hang me then
Because I swore? alas, who doo's not know,
That louers perjuries are ridiculous?
Haue at thee Rachel Ile go court her sure

For now I know her father is abroad Enter Iaques
S'bloud see, he is here, o what damn'd lucke is this?
This labour's lost, I must by no meanes see him
Tau, dery, dery Exit

Scene 2.

Iaques, Christophero

Iaqs Mischief and hell, what is this man a spirit?
Haunts he my houses ghost, still at my doore?
He has beene at my doore, he has beene in,
In my deere doore pray God my gold be safe

Enter Christophero

5 Gods pitty, heres another Rachel, ho Rachel

Chris God saue you honest father

Iaqs Rachel, Gods light, come to me, Rachel, Rachel!

Exit

Chris Now in Gods name what ayles he? this is strange!
He loues his daughter so, Ile lay my life,

That hee's afraid, haung beene now abroad,
I come to seeke her loue vnlawfully Enter Iaques

III 16 then then Q 17 swore? swore, Q 23 tau dery,
in Q as part of the stage dir Exit Exit singing G III 11 I man man?
spirit ? spirit, Q 2 ghost,] ghost Q
The Case is Altered

(Iaq Tis safe, tis safe, they haue not rob’d my treasure)

Chris Let it not seeme offensice to you sir

(Iaq Sir, Gods my life, sir, sir, call me sir?)

Chris Good father here me

Iaq You are most welcome sir, (I meant almost) and would your worship speake?

Would you abase your selfe to speake to me?

Chris Tis no abasing father, my intent

Is to do further honour to you sir

Then onely speake which is to be your sonne

Iaq (My gold is in his nostrels, he has smelt it, Breake breast, breake heart, fall on the earth my entrailes, With this same bursting admiration)

He knowes my gold, he knowes of all my treasure,) How do you know sir? whereby do you guesse?

Chris At what sir? what is (s)t you meane?

Iaq I aske, An’t please your Gentle worship, how you know? I meane, how I should make your worship know That I haue nothing— To give with my poore daughter? I haue nothing

The very aire, bounteous to everie man, Is scant to me, sir

Chris I do thinke good father,

You are but poore

(Iaq He thinks so, harke, but thinke’s so

He thinkes not so, he knowes of all my treasure)

Chris Poor man he is so ouerjoy’d to heare

His daughter may be past his hopes bestow’d, That betwixt feare and hope (if I meane simply) He is thus passionate

Enter Iaques

Iaq Yet all is safe within, is none without

No body breake’s my walles?
The Case is Alterd

Chris What say you father, shall I haue your daughter?
Iaq I haue no dowry to bestow vpon her
Chris I do expect none father
Iaq That is well,
Then I beseech your worship make no question
Of that you wish, tis too much fauour to me
Chris I leaue him now to gie his passions breath,
Which being setled, I will fetch his daughter
I shall but moue too much, to speake now to him
Exit Christophero

Iaq So, hee’s gone, would all were dead and gone,
That I might live with my deere gold alone

Scæne 3.

Iaques, Count

Count Here is the poore old man
(Iaq Out o’ my soule another, comes he hither?)
Count Be not dismayd old man, I come to cheere you
Iaq (To me my heauen,
5 Turne ribs to brasse, turne voice into a trumpet,
To rattle out the battels of my thoughts,
One comes to hold me talke, while th’other robbes me ) Exit
Count He has forgot me sure what should this meane?
He feares authority, and my want of wife
10 Will take his daughter from him to defame her
He that hath naught on earth but one poor daughter,
May take this extasie of care to keepe her Enter Iaques
Iaq (And yet tis safe they meane not to use force,
But fawning cunning I shall easly know
15 By his next question, if he thinke me rich)
Whom see I? my good Lord?
Count Stand vp good father,
I call thee not (good) father for thy age,

III iii 2, 4-7, 13-15, 20-2 Aside not marked in Q 14 cunning G. comming Q 15 rich ] rich, Q 16-17 Stand age, one line in Q 17 good W
The Case is Alterd

But that I gladly wish to be thy sonne,  
In honour'd marriage with thy beauteous daughter

\textit{Iaq} (O, so, so, so, so, so, this is for gold,  
Now it is sure, this is my daughters neatnesse,  
Makes them beleeue me rich) No, my good Lord,  
Ile tell you all, how my poore haplesse daughter
Got that attire she weares from top to toe  
\textit{Count} Why father, this is nothing  
\textit{Iaq} O yes, good my Lord  
\textit{Count} Indeed it is not  
\textit{Iaq} Nay sweet Lord pardon me, do not dissemble,
Heare your poore beads-man speake, tis requisite
That I (so huge a beggar) make account
Of things that passe my calling she was borne
To enjoy nothing vnderneath the sonne
But that, if she had more then other beggars,
She should be enuied I will tell you then
How she had all she weares, her warme shooes (God wot)
A kind maide gaue her, seeing her go barefoot
In a cold frosty morning, God requite her,
Her homely stockings

\textit{Count} Father, Ile heare no more, thou mou'zt too much
With thy too curious answere for thy daughter,
That doth deseire a thousand times as much
Ile be thy Sonne in law, and she shall weare
Th'attire of Countesses

\textit{Iaq} O good my Lord,
Mocke not the poore, rememberes not your Lordship,
That pouerty is the precious gift of God,
As well as riches? tread vpon me, rather
Then mocke my poorenes

\textit{Count} Rise I say
When I mocke poorenes, then heauens make me poore

\textit{Enter Nuntius}

III iii 19 honour'd] honoured Q 28 me,] me Q 32 To envy]
T'enjoy Q 33 beggars,] beggars Q 41 much ] much, Q 45
God,] God Q 46 riches ?] riches, Q Kneels added in G
Scene 4.

Nuncio, Count

N

Vn  See heres the Count Fernese, I will tell him
The haplesse accident of his braue sonne,
That hee may seeke the sooner to redeeme him
God saue your Lordship

Count You are right welcome sir

5 Nun I would I brought such newes as might deseue it

Count What, bring you me ill newes?

Nun Tis ill my Lord,

Yet such as vsuall chance of warre affoords,
And for which all men are prepar'd that vse it,
And those that vse it not, but in their friends,
Or in their children

10 Count Ill newes of my sonne,
My deere and onely sonne, Ile lay my soule
Ay me accurs'd, thought of his death doth wound me,
And the report of it will kill me quite

Nun Tis not so ill my Lord

15 Count How then?

Nun Hee's taken prisoner, and that <1>s all

Count That <1>s enough, enough

I set my thoughts on loue, on seruile loue,
Forget my vertuous wife, feele not the dangers,
The bands and wounds of mine owne flesh and bloud,
And therein am a mad man therein plagu'd,
With the most iust affliction vnder heauen
Is Maximilian taken prisoner to?

Nun Nay good my Lord, he is return'd with prisoners

20 Count Ist possible, can Maximilian
Returne, and view my face without my sonne,
For whom he swore such care as for himselfe?
The Case is Altered

Nun  My Lord no care can change the euent of war

Count  O! in what tempests do my fortunes sail
Still wrackt with winds more foul and contrary,
Then any northe'n gust, or Southeine flawe,
That euer yet inforc't the sea to gape,
And swallow the poore Marchants traffique vp
First in Vicenza, lost I my first sonne,
Next here in Millaine my most deere lou'd Lady
And now my Paulo, prisoner to the French,
Which last being printed with my other grieues,
Doth make so huge a volume, that my biest
Cannot containe them      But this is my loue
I must make loue to Rachel! Heauen hath throwne
This vengeance on me most undeservedly
Were it for nought but wronging of my steward

Nun  My Lord since onely mony may redresse
The worst of this misfortune, be not grieued,
Prepare his ransome, and your noble sonne
Shall greet your cheered eyes, with the more honour

Count  I will prepare his ransome  gratious heauen
Grant his imprisonment may be his worst,
Honor'd and soouldier like imprisonment,
And that he be not manacled and made
A drudge to his proude foe   And here I vow,
Neuer to dreame of seeme les amorous toyes,
Nor aime at <any> other joy on earth,
But the fruition of my onely sonne
Scæne 5.

Enter Jaques with his gold and a scutile full of horse-dung

Jaq He’s gone I knew it, this is our hot louer! I will beleue them! I! they may come in Like simple woers, and be arrant theeues, And I not know them! tis not to be told, What serene villanies, men will do for gold O it began to haue a huge strong smell, With lying so long together in a place, Ile give it vent, it shall ha shift inough, And if the duell, that enuies all goodnesse, Haue told them of my gold, and where I kept it, Ile set his burning nose once more a worke, To smell where I remou’d it, here it is Ile hide and couer it with this horse-dung Who will suppose that such a precious nest Is crownd with such a dunghill excrement? In, my deere life, sleepe sweetly my deere child ,, Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten, ,, And thats enough Rot all hands that come neere thee, Except mine owne Burne out all eyes that see thee, Except mine owne All thoughts of thee be poyson To their enamor’d harts, except mine owne Ile take no leaue, sweet Prince, great Emperour, But see thee every minute King of Kings, Ile not be rude to thee, and turne my backe, In going from thee, but go backward out, With my face toward thee, with humble curtesies None is within None ouerlookes my wall To haue gold, and to haue it safe, is all

Exit
The Case is Altered


Enter Maximilian, with soldiers, Chamoun, Camillo
Ferneze, Paeue

(Maximilian turns to Camillo)

Max Lord Chamoun t and your valient friend there,
I cannot say welcome to Millane you thoughts and that
word are not musical, but I can say you are come to
Millane

Pac Mort diew

Cha Garsoone

Max Gentlemen (I would cal an Empeour so) you are
now my prisoners, I am sorry, marry this, spit in the face
of your fortunes, for your usage shall be honorable

Cam Wee know it signior Maximilian,
The fame of al your actions sounds nought else,
But perfect honour from her swelling cheeks

Max It shall do so still I assure you, and I will give you
reason there is in this last action (you know) a noble
gentleman of our party, & a right valient, semblably is
prisoner to your general, as your honor'd selfe's to me,
for whose safety, this tongue hath given warrant to his
honorable father, the Count Ferneze You conceuе me

Cam I signior

Max Well, then I must tell you your ransomes be to redeeme him, what thinke you? your answer?

Cam Marr drinking with my Lord's leave here I say signior,
This free & ample offer you haue made,
Agrees well with your honour, but not ours
For I thinke not but Chamoun [is] aswell borne

As is Ferneze, then if I mistake not,
He scornes to haue his worth so vnderprised,
That it should neede an adiunct, in exchange
Of any equall fortune  Noble Signior,
I am a souldier, and I loue Chamount,
Ere I would bruse his estimation,
With the least ruine of mine owne respect,
In this vild kind, these legs should rot with irons,
This body pine in prison, till the flesh
Dropt from my bones in flakes, like withered leaues,
In heart of Autumnne, from a stubborne Oke

Maxi Mounsieur Gasper (I take it so is your name)
misprise me not, I wil trample on the hait, on the soule of
him that shall say, I will wrong you  what I purpose, you
cannot now know, but you shall know, and doubt not to
your contentment  Lord Chamount, I will leaue you,
whilst I go in and present my selfe to the honorable Count,
till my regression so please you, your noble feete may
measure this priuate, pleasant and most princely walke
Souldiers regard them and respect them  <Exit>

Pac O ver bon  excellenta gull, he tak'a my Lord
Chamount for Mounsieur Gaspra, & Mounsieur Gaspra for
my Lord Chamont, ô dis be braue for mak'a me laugh'a,
ha, ha, ha, ô my heart tickla

Cam  I but your Lordship knowes not what hard fate
Might haue pursued vs, therefore howsoere
The changing of our names was necessary,
And we must now be carefull to maintaine
This error strongly, which our owne devise
Hath thrust into their ignorant conceits,
For should we (on the taste of this good fortune)
Appeare our selues, 'twould both create in them
A kind of jealousie, and perchaunce inuert
Those honourable courses they intend
The Case is Altered

Cha True my deere Jasper but this hangby here, 60
Will (at one time or other) on my soule
Discouer vs A secret in his mouth
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but tis out
But sirra <Pacue>, if I may but know
Thou vetterst it

Pac Vetter vat Mounsieur?
Cha That he is Jasper, and I true Chamont
Pac O pardone moy, fore my tongue shall put out de
secreta, shall breede de cankra in my mouth
Cha Speake not so loud Pacue
Pac Foe, you shall not heare foole, for all your long care
Reguard Mounsieur you be [de] Chamont, Chamont be Gaspra

Enter Count Fernese, Maximilian, Francesco,
Aurelia, Phænella, Fino

Cha Peace, here comes Maximilian
Cam O belike
That is the Count Fernese, that old man
Cha Are those his daughters, trow?
Cam I sure, I thinke they are
Cha Fore God the taller is a gallant Lady
Cam So are they both beleue me

〈Scæne 2.〉

Max True my honorable Lord, that Chamont was the
father of this man
Count O that may be, for when I lost my sonne,
This was but yong it seemes
Fran Faith had Camillo liu'd,
He had beene much about his yeares, my Loid

IV 1 66 Vetter] Uttera G Vettera ? Q 67 Chamont corr Q Chamont Q originally 68-9 de secreta, shall] Query, read de secreta, de secreta shall Shall begins a new line in Q 70 Cha] Count Q Cam G 71 eare ] eare, Q 72 de om G, who reads de fool in 71 74-5 O man one liue in Q 75 That is G that's Q IV 11 4 liu'd,] liu'd Q
Count: He had indeed, well, speake no more of him
Max: Signior perceiue you the errore? twas no good
office in vs to stretch the remembrance of so deere a losse
Count Ferneze, let sommer sit in your eye, looke cheerfully
sweete Count, will you do me the honour to confine this
noble spirit within the circle of your armes?
Count: Honor'd Chamont reach me your valiant hand,
I could have wisht some happier accident
Had made the way vnto this mutuall knowledge,
Which either of vs now must take of other,
But sure it is the pleasure of our fates,
That we should thus be wrack't on Fortunes wheele,
Let vs prepare with steeled patience
To tread on torment, and with mindes confirm'd
Welcome the worst of enu
Max: Noble Lord, tis thus I haue here (in mine honour)
set this gentleman free, without ransome, he is now himselfe,
his valour hath deseru'd it, in the eye of my judgement
Monsieur Gasper you are deere to me fortuna non mutat
genus: But to the maine, if it may square with your
Lordships liking, and his loue, I could desire that he were
now instantly imploied to your noble Generall in the
exchange of Ferneze for your selfe, it is the businesse that
requires the tender hand of a friend
Count: I, and it would be with more speed effected,
If he would vndertake it
Max: True my Lord Monsieur Gasper, how stand you
affected to this motion?
Cha: My duty must attend his Lordships will
Max: What says the Lord Chamont?
Cam: My will doth then appr[ri]oue what these haue
vrg'd
Max: Why there is good harmony, good musicke in this
Monsieur Gasper, you shall protract no time, onely I will
grue you a bowle of rich wine to the health of your Generall,
The Case is Alterd

another to the success of your journey, and a third to the
loue of my sword  Passe

Exeunt all but Aurelia and Phœnixella

Aure  Why how now sister, in a motley muse  
Go to, thers somewhat in the wind, I see
Faith this browne study suites not with your blacke,
Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours

Phœn  Good faith me thinkes that this young Lord

Chamont

Fauours my mother, sister, does he not  

Aure  A motherly conceite, a blind excuse,
Blinder then Loue himselfe  Well sister, well

Cupid hath tane his stand in both your eyes,

The case is alterd

Phœn  And what of that  

Aure  Nay nothing  But a Saint,
Another Bridget, one that for a face
Would put downe Vesta, in whose lookes doth swim
The very sweetest creame of modesty,
You to turne tippet  fie, fie, will you give
A packing penny to Virginity  
I thought you’d dwell so long in Cypres Ile,
You’d worship Maddam Venus at the length,
But come, the strongest fall, and why not you  

Nay, do not frown

Phœn  Go, go, you foole  Adieu  

Aure  Well I may rest, or so  but Cupid knowes
My taking is as bad, or worse then hers
O Mounsieur Gasper  if thou bee st a man,
Be not afraid to court me, do but speake,
Challenge thy right and weare it  for I sweare
Till thou arruist, nere came affection here

Exit

iv 11 43 Aure  Anre  Q  sister  Q  sister  Q  sister  Q  47-8 Prose in Q
48 he not] henot  Q  49 motherly] motherly  Q  50 Loue] loue  Q
51-2 One line in Q  53 nothing] nothing but Q  Saint  Q
Saint  Q  55 swim] swim  Q  56 modesty] modesty  Q  58
Virginity  Q  Virginity  Q  65 Gasper  Q  Gasper  Q
The Case is Altered

Act IV Scene 3

Enter Pacue, Finno

Fin Come on my sweet fincall Pacue, the very prime of Pages, heres an excellent place for vs to practise in, no body sees vs here, come lets to it. Enter Onyon

Pac Contenta Reguarde, vou le Premier

Onn Sirra Finno?

Pac Mort dieu le pesant

Onn Didst thou see Valentine?

Finno Valentine? no

Onn No?

Fin No Sirrah Onyon, whither goest?

Onn O I am vext, he that would trust any of these lying travellers

Finno I prithee stay good Onyon

Pac Mounsieur Onyon, vene ca, come hidera, Ie vou

Prey By gar me ha see two, tree, foure hundra towsand of your Cousan hang Lend me your hand, shall prey for know you bettra

Onn I thanke you good signior Parla vou (O that I were in an other world, in the Ingries, or some where, that I might haue roome to laugh)

Pac A we fort boon stand! you be deere now, me come, Boon iour Mounsieur Vnder the arme

Fin God morrow good signior

Pac By gar, be mush glad for see you

Fin I returne you most kind thanks sir

Onn How? how? Sbold this is rare!

Pac Nay, shall make you say rare by and by, reguard Mounsieur Finno The shoulder
The Case is Alterd

Fin Signior Pacue
Pac Dieu vou gard Mounsieur
Fin God saue you sweet signior
Pac Mounsieur Onon ? is not fort bein ?
Oni Beane, quoth he ? would I were in debt of a pottle of beanes I could do as much
Fin Welcome signior, whats next ?
Pac O here, Voi[d] de grand admiration, as should meet perchance Mounsieur Finuo
Fin Mounsieur Pacue
Pac Iesu ? by Gar who thinke wee shall meete here ?
Fin By this hand I am not a little proud of it, sir
Oni This trick is onely for the [the] chamber, it cannot be cleanly done abroad
Pac Well what say you for dis den ? Mounsieur
Fin Nay pray, sir
Pac Par ma foys vou bein encounters ¹
Fin What doe you meane sir, let your gloue alone
Pac Comen se porte la sante ?
Fin Faith exceeding well sir
Pac Trot, be mush foys for heire
Fin And now ist with you sweet signior Pacue ²
Pac Fat comme vou voyer
Oni Yong gentlemen, spirits of bloud, if eue1 youle tast of a sweet piece of mutton, do Onon a good turne now
Pac Que que, paulla Mounseir, what ist ?
Oni Faith teach me one of these tricks
Pac O me shall doe presently, stand you deere, you signior deere, my selfe is here so fort bein, now I paule to Mounseir Onon, Onon pratla to you, you speaka to me, so, and as you parle chang the bonet, Mounseir Onon

¹"finuo" ²"pauce"
The Case is Altered

60 Om Mounsieur Fino
Fin Mouns(1)eur Pacue
Pac Pray be couera
Oni Nay I beseech you sir
Fin What do you meane?
65 Pac Pardon moy, shall be so
Oni O God sir
Fin Not I in good faith sir
Pac By gar you must
Oni It shall be yours
70 Fin Nay then you wrong me
Oni Well and euer I come to be great
Pac You be big enough for de Onion already
Oni I meane a great man
Fin Then thou’dst be a monster
75 Oni Well God knowes not what fortune may doe, command me, vse me from the soule to the crowne, and the crowne to the soule meaning not onely from the crowne of the head, and the sole of the foot, but also the foote of the mind and the crownes of the purse, I cannot stay now yong gentlemen but—time was, time is, and time shall be

Exeunt

(Scæne 4.)

Enter Chamount, Camillo

Cha Sweet Jasper I am sorry we must part,
But strong necessity enforceth it
Let not the time seeme long vnto my friend,
Till my returne, for by our loue I sweare

(The sacred spheare wherein our soules are knit)
I will endeavouer to affect this busines
With all industrious care and happy speed

Cam My Lord these circumstances would come well,
To one less capable of your desert

iv iii 60 Mounsieur] Mousieur Q  64 meane ?] meane Q  65
so ] so, Q  66 Om ] Om Q  69 Om ] Om Q  70 me ] me Q  71
great ] great Q (but colon doubtful)  72 already ] already, Q  iv iv
Scene 4 ] SCENE ii Another Room in the Same Q  4 returne, ] returne Q
The Case is Altered

Then I in whom your merrit is confirm’d
With such authenticall and grounded proues
Cha Well I will vse no more *Gasper adiew*
Cam Farewell my honor’d Lord
Cha Commend me to the Lady, my good *Gasper*
Cam I had remembred that, had not you vrgd it
Cha Once more adiew sweet *Gasper*
Cam My good Lord
Exit *Camillo*

Cha Thy vertues are more precious then thy name,
Kind gentleman I would not sell thy loue,
For all the earthly obiects that mine eyes
Haue ever tasted Sure thou art nobly borne,
How ever fortune hath obscurd thy birth
For natuie honour sparkles in thine eyes
How may I blesse the time wherein *Chamont*
My honor’d father did surprize *Vicenza*,
Where this my friend (known by no name) was found,
Being then a child and scarce of power to speake,
To whom my father gaue this name of *Gasper*,
And as his owne respected him to death,
Since when wee two haue shard our mutuall fortunes,
With equall spirits, and but deathes rude hand,
No violence shall dissolve this sacred band

*Scæne 5.*

Enter *Jumper* in his shop singing to him *Onon*

Onon Fellow *Jumper*, no more of thy songs and sonets,
sweet *Jumper*, no more of thy hymnes and madrigals, thou
sing’t, but I sigh

Jumper Whats the matter Peter ha? what, in an Academy
still, still in sable, and costly black array? ha?
Oni Prithee rise, mount, mount sweet Juniper, for I goe
downe the wind, and yet I puffe for I am vext

Iuni Ha Bully? vext? what intoxicate? is thy braine
in a quintessence? an Idea? a metamorphosis? an
Apology? ha rogue? Come this loue feeds vpon thee,
I see by thy cheekes, and drinkes healthes of vermillon
tears, I see by thine eyes

Oni I confesse Cupids carouse, he plaies super negulum
with my liquor of life

Iuni Tut, thou art a goose to be Cupids gull, go to, no
more of this contemplations, & calculations, mourne not,
for Rachels thine owne

Oni For that let the higher powers worke but sweet
Juniper, I am not sad for her, and yet for her in a second
person, or if not so, yet in a third

Iuni How second person? away, away, in the crotchets
already, Longitude and Latitude? what second? what
person? ha?

Oni Juniper, Ile bewray my selfe before thee, for thy
company is sweet vnto me, but I must entreat thy helping
hand in the case

Iuni Tut? no more of this surquedry, I am thine owne,
ad vnguem, vpsie freeze, pell mell come, what case?
what case?

Oni For the case it may be any mans case, aswell as
mine, Rachel I meane, but Ile medle with her anon, in the
meane time, Valentine is the man hath wroongd me

Iuni How? my Ingle wrong thee, ist possible?

Oni Your Ingle, hang him infidell, well and if I be not
35 reuengd on[e] him, let Peter Onion (by the infernall Gods)
be turned to a lekke or a scalion! I spake to him for a ditty
for this handkercher

Iuni Why, has he not done it?
The Case is Alterd

Done it, not a verse by this hand

Omon O in diebus illis, O preposterous, wel come be blith, the best inditer of them ali somtimes dul, fellow Omon, pardon mine Ingle he is a man, has impeccherctions and declinations, as other men haue, his muse somtimes cannot curuet nor prognosticat and come of, as it should, no matter, Ile hammer out a paraphrase for thee my selfe

Omon No sweet Iumper, no, danger doth breed delay, loue makes me chollerickes, I can beare no longer

Iump Not beare what my mad Meridian slaue not beare what

Omon Cupids burden, tis to heavie, to tollerable and as for the handkerchire and the posie, I will not trouble thee but if thou wilt goe with me into her fathers backside, old Jaques backside, and speake for me to Rachel, I will not be ingratitude, the old man is abroad and all

Iump Art thou sure on't

Omon As sure as an obligation

Iump Lets away then, come we spend time in a vaine circumference, trade I cashire thee til to morrow, fellow Omon for thy sake I finish this workiday

Omon God a mercy, and for thy sake Ile at any time make a holiday

Ex(e)unt
<Scæne 6.>

Enter Angel[i]o, Rachel

Ang Nay I prithee Rachel, I come to comfort thee, Be not so sad

Rach O signior Angelo,
No comfort but his presence can remove
This sadnesse from my heart

Ang Nay then y'are fond,

And want that strength of judgement and election, That should be attendant on your yeares and forme Will you, because your Lord is taken prisoner, Blubber and weep and keepe a peeuish stirre, As though you would turne turtle with the newes? Come, come, be wise Sblood say your Lord should die And you goe marre your face as you begin, What would you doe trow? who would care for you? But this it is, when nature will bestow Her gifts on such as know not how to use them You shall haue some that had they but one quarter Of your faire beauty, they would make it shew A little otherwise then you do this, Or they would see the painter twice an hower, And I commend them I, that can use art,

With such judicious practise

Rach You talk [c]dly, If this be your best comfort keepe it still, My senses cannot feede on such sower cates

Ang And why sweet heart?

Rach Nay leave good signior

Ang Come I haue sweeter vyands yet in store
The Case is Altered 159

Iun. I in any case Mistres Rachel 〈Within〉 25
Ang. Rachel?  
Rach. Gods pitty signior Angelo, I here my father, away
for Gods sake
Ang. S'bloud, I am bewitcht, I thinke, this is twice now,
I haue been serued thus  Exit 30
Rach. Pray God he meet him not

〈Scene 7.〉

Enter Onon and Iumper

Onn. O braue! she's yonder, O terrible! shee's gone
Exit Rachel

Iun. Yea! so nimble in your Dilemma's, and your
Hyperbole's? Hay my loue, O my loue, at the first sight?
By the masse
Onn. O how she skuddled, O sweet scud, how she tripped, 5
O delicate trip and goe

Iun. Come thou art enamored with the influence of her
profundity, but sirrah harke a little
what ist?

Iun. What wilt thou say now, if Rachel stand now, and
play hity tity through the keyhole, to behold the equipage
of thy person?
Onn. O sweet equipage, try good Iumper, tickle her,
talke, talke, O rare!

Iun. Mistris Rachel (watch then if her father come)
Rachel? Madonna? Rachel? No
Onn. Say I am here, Onon or Peter or so

Iun. No, Ile knock, weele not stand vpon Horizons, and
tricks, but fall roundly to the matter.

iv vi 25 case Mistres] case mistres Q Within G 26-9
Apparently defective verse 29 Ang ] Ang Q bewitcht W
betwixt Q now corr Q now Q originally 30 Exit ] Exit Q
iv vii Stage dir Enter Iumper in Q at vi 25 braue!] braue Q
terrible ] terrible Q Exit Rachel ] Exit Rachel Q (at vi 31)
3 Hyperbole's?] Hyperbole's Q loue, O] loue? Q] Q sight?] sight
Q? rare Q 16 A new line after come in Q
Well said sweet Juniper Horizons? hang hem! knock, knock

Who's there? father? <Within>

Father no, and yet a father, if you please to be

Well said Juniper, to her againe, a smack or two more of the mother

Do you here? sweet soule, sweet Radamant, sweet Machauell? one word Melpomine, are you at leasure?

At leasure? what to doe? <Within>

To doe what, to doe nothing, but to be liable to the extasie of true loues exigent, or so, you smell my meaning?

Smell, filthy, fellow Juniper filthy? smell? O most odious

How filthy?

Filthy, by this finger! smell? smell a rat, smel a pudding, away, these tricks are for truls, a plaine wench loues plaine dealing, ile vpon <her> my selfe, smel to <a>

march paine wench?

With all my heart, Ile be legitimate and silent as an apple squire, Ile see nothing, and say nothing

Sweet hart, sweet hart?

And bag pudding, ha, ha, ha?

What Rachel my girle, what Rachel? <Within>

Gods lid?

What Rachel?

Here I am <Within>

What takehell calls Rachel O treason to my loue

It's her father on my life, how shall wee entrench and edifie our selues from him?

O conni-catching Cupid

Whose father?] father Q 23, 30 Within G 24 no,] no? Q

mother] mother Q 28 Radamant,] radamant? Q 29 Machauell? Q Machavel G Melpomine,] Melpomine? Q leasure?] leasure Q 33 meaning?] meaning Q 36 filthy?] filthy Q

finger?] finger? Q 38 away,] away Q 39 her W a G 40 wench? wench Q 42 an apple-] anapple- Q 45 girle,] girle Q Rachel Q

Rachel, Q 46 lid?] lid? Q 47 Rachel?] Rachel, Q 48 am] am Q
Scæne 8.

Enter Iaques

Iaq How, in my back side? where? what come they for?

Onion gets up into a tree

Where are they, Rachel? theeuws, theeuws

(He sees Iuniper)

Stay villaine slaeue Rachel? vntye my dog

Nay theife thou canst not scape

Iuni I pray you sir

(Ont A-h'h' pitifull Onion, that thou hadst a rope)

Iaq Why Rachel when I say? let loose my dog,

Garlique my mastrieue, let him loose I say

Iuni For Gods sake here me speake, keepe vp your cur

(Ont I feare not Garlique, heele not bit Onion his kinsman, pray God he come out, and then theile not smell me)

Iaq Well then deliever, come deliever slaeue

Iuni What should I deliever?

Iaq O thou wouldst haue me tell thee, wouldst thou shew me thy hands, what hast thou in thy hands?

Iuni Here be my hands

Iaq Stay, are not thy fingers ends begrimed with durt? no, thou hast wipt them

Iuni Wipt them?

Iaq I thou villaine, thou art a subtile knaue put off thy shewes, come I will see them, give me a knife here

Rachel, Ile rip the soles

(Ont No matter, he's a cobler, he can mend them)

Iuni What are you mad, are you detestable, would you make an Anatomy of me, thinke you I am not true

Ortographie?
For Gods sake be not so inuolable, I am no ambuscido, what predicament call you this, why do you intimate so much?

I can feele nothing
(But Lady but Onion feeles something)

Soft sir, you are not yet gon, shake your legs, come, and your armes, be breifie, stay let me see these drums, these kilderkins, these bombard slops, what is it crams hem so?

Nothing but haire
Thats true, I had almost forgot this rug, this hedghogs nest, this haymow, this beares skin, this heath, this firbush

O let me goe, you teare my haire, you revolue my braines and understanding

(Heart, thou art somewhat eas'd, halfe of my feare
Hath tane his leaue of me, the other halfe
Still keepes possession in dispight of hope,

Vntill these amorous eyes, court my faire gold
Deare I come to thee ) Fiend, why art not gone?
Auida my soules vexation, Sathan hence!
Why doest thou stare on me, why doest thou stay?
Why por'st thou on the ground with theeuishe eyes?

What see'st thou there, thou curre? what gap'st thou at?
Hence from my house! Rachel, send Garlick forth

I am gone sir, I am gone, for Gods sake stay

Packe, and thanke God thou scap'st so well away
(If I scape this tree, destines, I deifie you)

I cannot see by any Characters

Writ on this earth, that any fellon foote

Hath tane acquaintance of this hallow'd ground

14 30 much?) much Q 32, 42-6, 54 Aside not marked in Q 35 so?) so Q 39 firbush corr Q firbush Q originally 40 teare corr Q teare, Q originally my corr Q my Q originally haire, corr Q haire Q originally revolue corr Q revolue Q originally 42 eas'd., eas'd Q 43 me W my Q 46 Friend G friend Q 47 hence Q hence Q 51 house Q house, Q Garlick Q garlick Q 53 Packe]

'e' visible in the Bodleian copy of Q, in other copies the space of a dropped letter 57 hallow'd] hallowed Q ground corr Q ground, Q originally
None sees me knees do homage to your Lord

<He kneels and uncovers the treasure>

Tis safe, tis safe, it lyes and sleepe's so soundly,
Twould do one good to looke on't  If this blisse 60
Be gien to any man that hath much gold,
Justly to say tis safe, I say tis safe
O what a heauenly round these two words dance
Within me and without me  First I thinke hem,
And then I speake hem, then I watch their sound, 65
And drinke it greedily with both mine eares,
Then thinke, then speake, then drinke their sound againe,
And racket round about this bodies court
These two sweet words tis safe stay I will feed
My other sences, o how sweet it smels

(Oni I mar'le he smels not Onon, being so neere it )

Iaq Downe to thy graue againe, thou beauteous Ghost,
Angels men say, are spirits  Spirits be
Inuisible, bright angels are you so ?
Be you inuisible to every eye,
Sawe onely these  Sleepe, Ile not breake your rest,
Though you breake mine  Deare Saints adieu, adieu

<He rises >

My feete part from you, but my soule dwels with you  Exit

Oni Is he gone ? o Fortune my friend, and not fortune my foe,
I come downe to embrace thee, and kisse thy great toe 80

Scene 9.

Enter Iumpier <as Onion comes down from the tree>

Iump Fellow Onion ? Peter ?

Oni Fellow Iumpier

<iump> What's the old panurgo gone ? departed ?

Cosmografiaed, ha ?
The Case is Altered

Omi O I, and harke sirrah Shall I tell him? no

Iump Nay, be briefe and declare, stand not vpon conondrums now, thou knowest what contagious speeches I haue sufferd for thy sake and he should come againe and inuent me here

Omi He saies true, it was for my sake, I will tell him Sirra Iumper? and yet I will not

Iump What sayest thou sweete Omon?

Omi And thou hadst smelt the sent of me when I was in the tree, thou wouldest not haue said so but sirra, The case is alterd with me, my heart has guen loue a box of the eare, made him kicke vp the heele I faith

Iump Sayest thou me so, mad Greeke? how haps it? how chances it?

Omi I cannot hold it, Iumper, haue an eye, looke, haue an eye to the doore The old prouerb's true, I see gold is but mucke Nay Gods so Iumper, to the doore, an eye to the maine chance, here you slaue, haue an eye

(He remoues the dung, and shows him the gold)

Iump O inexorable! o infallible! o intricate, deuine, and superficcall fortune!

Omi Nay, it will be sufficient anon, here, looke heere

Iump O insolent good lucke! How didst thou produce th'intelligence of the gold mynerals?

Omi Ile tell you that anon, heere, make shift, conuey, cramme Ile teach you how you shal call for Garlike againe I faith

Iump S'bloud what shall we do with all this? we shall nere bring it to a consumption

Omi Consumption? why weelee bee most sumptuously attr'd, man

Iump By this gold, I will haue three or foure most stigmaticall suits presently

iv ix 5 sirrah Sirrah Q 8 sake sake Q 9 here—} here Q 11 Sirra begins a new line in Q 14 sirra Sirra Q 18 chances it 2] chances it Q 20 doore doore, the Q 21 Iumper, Iumper Q 22 Stage adv suppl. by G 23 intricate, intricate Q 24 fortune fortune Q 27 gold mynerals 7] gold' mynerals Q 29 Ile teach begins a new line in Q Garlike garlike Q
The Case is Alterd

Onu Ile go in my foot-cloth, Ile turne Gentleman

Iump So will I

Onu But what badge shall we giue, what cullison?

Iump As for that lets vse the infidelity and commiseration of some harrot of armes, he shall giue vs a gudgeon

Onu A gudgeon? a scut<h>eon thou wouldst say, man.

Iump A scutcheon or a gudgeon, all is one

Onu Well, our armes be good enough, lets looke to our legges

Iump Content, weele be roggings

Onu Rachel, we retire Garlike God boy ye

Iump Farewell sweete Iaques

Onu Farewell sweete Rachel, sweeet dogge adiew Ereunt

〈Scæne 10.〉

Enter Maximilian, Count Ferneze, Aurelia, Phænxella, Pacue

Max Nay but sweet Count

Count Away, Ile heare no more,

Neuer was man so palpably abused,
My sonne so basely marted, and my selfe
Am made the subject of your mirth and scorne

Max Count Ferneze you tread to hard upon my patience, do not persist I advise your Lordship

Count I will persist, and vnto thee I speake

Thou Maximilian thou hast injur'd me

Max Before the Lord

Aur Sweet signior

Phæ O my father

Max Lady let your father thank your beauty

Pac By gar me shall be hang for tella dis same, me tella madamoyselle, she tell her fadera

IV 12 42 gudgeon corr Q gupgeon Q originally 47 Rachel]
Rachel Q Garlike] garlike Q IV x Scæne 10 ] Scæne x A Room in count Ferneze's House G Enter] Enter Q Pacue] Pache Q 6 Do not begins a new line in Q 12 Max ] Max Q c v Pacue Q 13 Me tella begins a new line in Q
15 Count The true Chamount set free, and one left here
Of no descent, clad barely in his name
Sirrah boy come hither, and be sure, you speake
The simple truth
Pac O pardone moy mounssieur,
Count Come leaue your pardons, and directly say,
20 What villaine is the same, that hath vsurpt
The honor'd name and person of Chamount?
Pac O Mousieur, no point villaine, braue Cheualier,
Mousieur Gasper
Count Mousieur Gasper,
25 On what occasion did they change their names,
What was their policy, or their pretext?
Pac Me canno tell, par ma foy Mousieur
Max My honorable Lord
Count Tut tut, be silent
Max Silent? Count Fernese, I tell thee if Amurath the
great Turke were here I would speake, and he should here me
Count So will not I
Max By my fathers hand, but thou shalt Count, I say
till this instant, I was neuer toucht in my reputation here
35 me, you shall knowe that you haue wrongd me, and I wil
make you acknowledge it, if I cannot my sword shall
Count By heauen I will not, I will stop mine eares,
My sences loath the sauour of thy breath,
Tis poyson to me, I say I will not heare
40 What shall I know? tis you haue iniurd me
What will you make? make me acknowledge it?
Fetch forth that Gasper, that lewd counterfeitt <Exit Pacue>
Ile make him to your face approue your wrongs

IV x 15 Count corr Q Count Q originally 17-18 Sirrah Q
one line in Q 17 speake corr Q speake Q originally 18 simple corr
Q sim ple Q originally 19 Count ] Count Q say, ] The comma is blurred
in some copies 20 same, ] same Q vsurpt ] vsurpt, Q 21 Chamount ?
Chamouni Q 24-6 Prose in Q 24 Mousieur ] Monusieur Q
26 pretext corr Q pretext Q originally 27 canno corr Q ccanno Q
originally 28 Lord corr Q Lord, Q originally 34-5 here
me, ] here me Q 38 loath corr Q loath Q originally sauour
savour W Sauour Q breath, ] breath Q 40 know ? ] know, Q
me ] me, Q 41 will you corr Q willy ou Q originally it ? it Q
The Case is Altered

〈Scæne ii.〉

Enter serving-men with Camillo

〈Count〉 Come on false substance, shadow to Chamont

Had you none else to worke vpon but me,
Was I your fittest project? well confesse,
What you intended by this secret plot,
And by whose policy it was contriu’d
Speake truth, and be intreated courteously,
But double with me, and resolue to prove
The extremest rigor that I can inflict

Cam  My honor’d Lord, heare me with patience

Nor hope of fauour, nor the feare of torment,
Shall sway my tongue, from vttring of a truth

Count  Tis well, proceed then

Cam  The morne before this battell did begin,

Wherein my Lord Chamount and I were tane,
We vow’d one mutuall fortune, good or bad,
That day should be imbraced of vs both,
And viging that might worst succeede our vow,

We there concluded to exchange our names

Count  Then Maximilian tooke you for Chamount?

Cam  True noble Lord

Count  Tis false, ignoble wretch,

Twas but a complot to betray my sonne

Max  Count, thou lyest in thy bosome, Count

Count  Lye?

Cam  Nay I beseech you honor’d gentlemen,

Let not the vntimely ruine of your loue

Follow these sleight occur〈r〉ents, be assur’d

Chamonts returne will heale these wounds againe,

And breake the points of your too piercing thoughts

---

Stage dir in Q after x 42 1 substance, corv Q substance
Q originally Chamont corr Q Chamont, Q originally 4 secret
corr Q secret Q originally plot, plot Q duv c w in Q 5
contriud 9 patience 17 worst]
worst W 19 Chamont?] Chamount Q 20, 23 Count ] Count Q
25 loue] loue, Q 26 assur’d] assured Q
Count  Retorne? I when? when will Chamount retorne?

30 Heele come to fetch you, will he? I tis-like,
You'd haue me thinke so, that's your policy
No, no, yong gallant, your deuice is stale,
You cannot feed me with so vaine a hope

Cam  My Loard, I feede you not with a vaine hope,

35 I know assuredly he will retorne,
And bring your noble sonne along with him

Max  I, I dare pawne my soule he will retorne

Count  O impudent division? open scorne?
Intollerable wrong? is't not inough,

That you haue plaide vpon me all this while,
But still to mocke me, still to rest at me?
Fellowes, away with him  Thou ill bred slaue,
That sets no difference twixt a noble spirit,
And thy owne slauish humour, do not thinke

40 But ile take worthy vengeance on thee, wretch!

Cam  Alas, these threats are idle, like the wind,
And breed no terror in a guiltlesse mind

Count  Nay, thou shalt want no torture, so resolue,
Bring him away

45 Cam  Welcome the worst, I suffer for a friend,
Your tortures will, my loue shall never end  Exeunt

Manent Maximillian, Aurelia, Phænixella, [Pacue]

Phæn  Alas poore gentleman, my fathers rage
Is too extreame, too sterne and violent!
O that I knew with all my strongest powers,

50 How to remoue it from thy patient breast,
But that I cannot, yet my willing heart
Shall minister in spight of tyranny
To thy misfortune  Something there is in him,
That doth enforce this strange affection,

60 With more then common rapture in my breast
For being but Gasper, he is still as deare
To me, as when he did Chamount appeare Exit Phænixella
Aure But in good sadnesse Signior, do you thinke Chamount will returne?
Max Do I see your face, Lady?
Aure I sure, if loue haue not blinded you
Max That is a question, but I will assure you no, I can see, and yet loue is in mine eye well, the Count your father simply hath dishonor'd me and this steele shall engraeue it on his burgonet
Aure Nay, sweet Signior
Max Lady, I do preferre my reputation to my life, but you shall rule me, come let's march Exit Maximilian
Aure Ile follow Signior, δ sweet Queene of loue, Soueraigne of all my thoughts, and thou faire Fortune, Who (more to honour my affections) Hast thus translated Gasper to Chamount!
Let both your flames now burne in one bright speare, And gue true light to my aspiring hopes,
Hasten Chamounts returne, let him affect me, Though father, friends, and all the world reject me Exit

〈Act 5. Scæne 1.〉

Enter Angelo, Christopher〈o〉

Ange Sigh for a woman, would I fould mine armes, Rauie in my sleepe, talke idly being awake, Pine and looke pale, make loue-walkes in the night, To steale cold comfort from a day-starres eyes?
Kit, thou art a foole, wilt thou be wise? then lad Renounce this boy-gods nice idolatry,
Stand not on complement, and woong trickes,
Thou louest old Jaques daughter, doest thou?
The Case is Altered

Chris

\[10\] Ange  Come, come, I know't, be rul'd and shee's thine owne
Thou'\(\text{l}\)t say her father Iaques, the old begger,
Hath pawnd his word to thee, that none but thou,
Shalt be his sonne in law

\[15\] Chris  He has
Ange  Wilt thou beleue him, and be made a Rooke,
To waite on such an antique wethercocke?
Why he is more inconstant then the sea,
His thoughts, Cameleon-like, change every minute
No Kit, worke soundly, steale the wench away,
Wed her, and bed her, and when that is done,

\[20\] Then say to Iaques, shall I be your sonne?
But come, to our deviice, where is this gold?

\[25\] Chris  Heere Signior Angelo
Ange  Bestow it, bid thy hands shed golden drops,
Let these bald french crownes be vncouered,
In open sight, to do obeysance
To Iaques staring eyes when he steps forth,
The needy begger will be glad of gold
So, now keepe thou aloofe, and as he treades
This gilded path, stretch out his ambling hopes,

\[30\] With scattering more & more, & as thou go'st,

\[35\] Cry Iaques, Iaques
Chris  Tush, let me alone

\[40\] Ange  \(\text{And}\) first ile play the ghost, Ile cal him out,
Kit  keep aloofe

\[45\] Chris  But Signior Angelo,
Where wil your selfe and Rachel stay for me,

\[50\] After the rest is ended?

\[55\] Ange  Masse, that's true,
At the old Priory behinde S Foyes

Chris Agreed, no better place, ile meete you there
  \textit{He retires, dropping the gold}

Ange Do good foole, do, but ile not meet you there

Now to this geere, Iaques, Iaques, what Iaques?

\{within\} Iaq Who cal\(s\) who's there?

Ange Iaques

\{within\} Iaq Who cal\(s\)

Ange Steward, he comes, he comes Iaques

\textit{\langle Scæne 2. \rangle}

Enter Iaques

Iaq What voice is this?

No body here, was I not cal\(d\)? I was

And one cri
de Iaques with a hollow voyce,

I was decei\(u\)'d, no I was not decei\(u\)'d,

See see, it was an Angell cal\(d\) me forth,

Gold, gold, man making gold, another starre,

Drop they from heauen? no, no, my house I hope

Is haunted with a Fairy My deere Lar,

My houshold God, my Fairy, on my knees

\begin{align*}
  \text{Christ} & \quad \text{Iaques} \\
  \text{Iaq} & \quad \text{Exit Christhero}
\end{align*}

Iaq My Lar doth call me, o sweet voyce,

Musicall as the sphæares, see, see, more gold

\{within\} Chris Iaques

Iaq What Rachel, Rachel, lock my doore,

Enter Rachel

Looke to my house

\{within\} Chris Iaques

Iaq Shut fast my doore,

A golden crowne, Iaques shall be a king

Ange To a foole\'s paradise that path will bring

Thee and thy houshold Lar
<Scæne 3.>

*Rach* What means my father?
I wonder what strange humor

*Ange* Come sweete soule,
Leaue wondring, start not, twas I laid this plot
To get thy father forth

*Rach* O *Angelo*

5 *Ange* O me no oo's, but heare, my Lord your loue,
*Paulo Fereneze,* is returnd from warre,
Lingers at *Pont Valerio,* and from thence
By post at midnight last, I was conjur'd
To man you thither, stand not on replies,

A horse is saddled for you, will you go,
And I am for you, if you will stay, why so

*Rach* O *Angelo,* each minute is a day
Till my *Fereneze* come, come, weelee away [sir]  

<Exit>

*Ange* Sweete soule I guesse thy meaning by thy lookes,

15 At *Pont Valerio* thou thy loue shalt see,
But not *Fereneze* Steward fare you well
You wait for Rachel to, when can you tell?  

Exit

<Scæne 4.>

Enter Iaues

*Iaq* O in what golden circle haue I dans't?
*Millaune* these od'rous and enfloured fields
Are none of thine, no heres *Elision,*
Heere blessed Ghosts do walke, this is the Court

And glorious palace where the God of gold
Shines like the sonne, of sparkling maiesty,
O <my> faire fethered, my red-brested birds,

V 111 1-4 Prose in Q 1 father?] father, Q 6 Fereneze,
Fereneze Q 7 Valerio W Valeria Q 12, 13 Prose in Q
13 come, come] come, come Q sir om G Exit G 15 Pont] pont
Q 16 Fereneze] Fernere, Q 17 Exit] Exeunt Q Exit hastily G
V iv 2 Millaune] Millaine Q 7 my W
The Case is Alterd

Come flye with me, Ile bring you to a quier,
Whose consort being sweetned with your sound,
The musique will be fuller, and each hower
These eares shall banquet with your harmony, â, â, â

<He counts over the gold, and goes slowly to the hiding-place
of his treasure>

<Scâne 5.>

Enter Chrissophero>

Chris. At the old priorie, behind Saint Foyes,
That was the place of our appointment sure
I hope he will not make me loose my gold,
And mock me to. Perhaps they are within. Ile knock

Iaq. O God, the case is alterd 5

Christ. Rachel? Angelo? Signior Angelo?


Why Rachel? O thou theeuish Canibal,
Thou eat'st my flesh in stealing of my gold

Chris. What gold?

Iaq. What gold? Rachel call help, come forth, 10
Ile rip thine entrailes, but ile haue my gold
Rachel. why comes thou not? I am vndone,
Ay me she speakes not, thou hast slaine my child. Exit

Chris. What is the man possest trow? this is strange,

Rachel. I see is gone with Angelo 15

Well, <well,> ile once againe vnto the priory,
And see if I can meete them. Exit Christophero>

Iaq. Tis too true, Enter Iaques.

Th'hast made away my child, thou hast my gold
O what Huenna cald me out of dores?
The thief is gone my gold's gone, Rachel's gone,

Al's gone I saue I that spend my cries in vaine,

But ile hence too, and die or end this paine. Exit
Enter Juniper, Onion, <in rich Suits, Juniper drunk,>

Finio, Valentine

Jun. Swo<und>, let me goe, hay catso, catch him aliu, I call, I call, boy, I come, I come sweet heart

Oni. Page hold my rapier, while I hold my freind here

Valen. O heer 's a sweet metamorphosis, a cupple of buzzards turn'd to a pare of peacocks

Jun. Signior Onion, lend me thy boy to vnhang my rapier

Oni. Signior Juniper for once or so, but troth is, you must inueigle, as I have done, my Lords page here, a poor folower of mine

Jun. Hei ho, your page then sha'not be super intendent vnpon me? he shall not be addicted? he shall not be incident? he shall not be incident, shall he?

Fin. O sweet signior Juniper

Jun. Sbloud stand away princocks 1 do not aggrauate my toy

Valen. Nay good Maister Onion

Oni. Nay and he haue the heart to draw my bloud, let him come

Jun. Ile slice you Onion, Ile slice you

Oni. Ile cleave you Juniper

Valen. Why hold, hold, hough? what do you meane?

Jun. Let him come Ingle, stand by boy, his allebaster

Fin. Why heare you sweet signior, let not there be any

V vi Scene 6] Scene 6 The street before count Ferneze's House G
Enter Valentine ] Enter Juniper and Onion, richly dressed and drunk, followed by Finio and Valentine G 1 Q begins a new line after aliu 2 boy,] boy Q 7 rapier corr Q rapier (perhaps rapier ) Q originally 9 here,] here Q 14 Stage dir in Q at 15 foynes ] foynes Q 16 Iuni ] Iuni Q princocks 1 ] princocks Q 18 Maister] Maister Q 21 you ] you Q
contention, betwenee my Maister & you, about me, if you want a page sir, I can helpe you to a proper stripling

_Ium_ Canst thou? what parentage? what ancestry?

what genealogy is he?

_Fin_ A french boy sir

_Ium_ Has he his French linguist? has he?

_FIN_ I, sir

_Ium_ Then transport him, her's a crusado for thee

_On_ You will not imbecell my servaunt with your beneuole-

lence, will you? hold boy, there's a portmantu for thee

_FIN_ Lord sir

_On_ Do take it boy, its three pounds ten shillings, a portmantu

_FIN_ I thanke your Lordship

_EXIT FINIO

_Ium_ Sirrah Ningle thou art a traueller, and I honour thee

I prithee discourse! cherish thy muse! discourse!

_Valen_ Of what sir?

_Ium_ Of what thou wilt Sbloud! hang sorrow!

_On_ Prthy Valentine asoile me one thing

_Valen_ Tis pitty to soile you sir, your new apparell

_On_ Masse thou saist true, aparel makes a man forget himself

_Tun_ Begin, find your tongue Ningle

_Val_ (Now will I gull these ganders rarely) Gentle-

men hauing in my peregrination through Mesopotamia

_Ium_ Speake legilly, this gam's gone, without the great mercy of God, heres a fine tragedy indeed Thers a Keisars royall By Gods bid, nor King nor Keisar shall?

_Ranged with a new line in Q_
Scene 7.

Enter Finno, Paucen, Balt<hasar,> Martino

Balt  Where? where? Finno, where be they?
Iun  Go to, ile be with you anon
Oni  O her's the page signor Jumper
Iun  What sayth monsier Onon, boy?
5 Fin  What say you sir?
Iuni  Tread out boy
Fin  Take vp, you meane sir
Iun  Tread out I say, so, I thanke you, is this the boy?
Pac  We mounsieur
10 Iuni  Who gawe you that name?
Pac  Gaue me de name, vat name?
Oni  He thought your name had been we, yong gentle-
man, you must do more then his legges can do for him,
beare with him sir
15 Iuni  Sirrah give me instance of your cariage, youle
serue my turne, will you?
Pac  What turne? vpon the toe?
Fin  O signior no
Iuni  Page will you follow me, ile give you good exhibition
20 Pac  By gar, shall not alone follow you, but shall leade
you to
Oni  Plague boy, he soothes his humour, these french
villaines ha pockie wits
Iuni  Here! disarme me! take my semitary
25 Valen  O rare, this would be a rare man, and he had a
little trauell  Balthasar, Martino, put off your shooes, and
bid him coble them
The Case is Alterd

Iuni Freinds, friends, but pardon me for fellows, no more in occupation, no more in corporation, tis so pardon me, the case is alterd, this is law, but ile stand to nothing

Pac Fat so me tinke

Iuni Well then God saue the dukes Maiesty, is this any harme now? speake, is this any harme now?

Oni No, nor good neither, sbloud!

Iuni Do you laugh at me? do you laugh at me? do you laugh at me?

Valen I sir, we do

Iump You do indeed?

Valen I indeed sir

Iuni Tis sufficient, Page carry my purse, dog me! Erut

Oni Gentlemen leaue him not, you see in what case he is, he is not in aduersity, his purse is full of money, leaue him not!

〈Scane 8.〉

Enter Angelo with Rachel

Ang Nay gentle Rachel?

Rach Away! forbeare! vngentle Angelo,

Touch not my body, with those impious hands,

That like hot Irons seare my trembling heart,

And make it hisse, at your disloyalty

Was this your drift? to see Fernitez name? Enter Chamount,

Was he your fittest stale, o wild dishonor! Paulo Fernitez

(Pau Stay noble sir)

Ange Sbloud how like a puppet do you talke now?

Dishonor? what dishonor? come, come, foole,

Nay then I see y'are peeuish S'heart dishonor?

To haue you to a priest and marry you,

And put you in an honorable state?
Rach  To marry me? o heauen, can it be,
15 That men should live with such vnfeeling soules,
Without or touch of conscience or religion,
Or that their warping appetites should spoile
Those honor'd forms, that the true seale of friendship
Had set vpon their faces?

Ange  Do you heare?
20 What needs all this? say, will you haue me, or no?

Rach  I'le haue you gone, and leaue me, if you would

Ange  Leaue you? I was accurst to bring you hither,
And make so faire an offer to a foole
A pox vpon you, why should you be coy,
25 What good thing haue you in you to be proud of?
Are y' any other then a beggars daughter?
Because you haue beauty? O Gods light a blast

(Pau  I Angelo)

Ange  You scornesfull baggage,
30 I lou'd thee not so much, but now I hate thee

Rach  Vpon my knees, you heauenly powers, I thanke you,
That thus haue tam'd his wild affections

Ange  (This will not do, I must to her againe)

Rachel, o that thou sawst my heart, or didst behold
35 The place from whence that scalding sigh euented

Rachel, by Iesu I love thee as my soule,

Rachel, sweet Rachel

Rach  What, againe returnd
Vnto this violent passion?

Ange  Do but heare me,

By heauen I loue you Rachel

Rach  Pray forbeare,
40 O that my Lord Ferneze were but here

Ange  Sbloud and he were, what would he do?
Pau This would he do base villaine

(He flings Angelo off)

Rach My deere Lord,

Pau Thou monster, euen the soule of trechery!

O what dishonord title of reproch,
May my tongue spit in thy deserued face?
Me thinkes my very presence should inuer't
The steeled organs of those traytalous eyes,
To take into thy heart, and pierce it through
Turn'st thou them on the ground? wretch, dig a graue,
With their sharp points, to hide thy abhorred head!
Sweet love, thy wrongs haue beene too violent
Since my departure from thee, I perceiue
But now true comfort shall againe appeare,
And like an armed angell guard thee safe
From all th' assaults of couer'd villany
Come Mounsieur, let vs go, & leaue this wretch
To his despaire

Ange My noble <Lord> Ferneze

Pau What, canst thou speake to me, and not thy tongue,
Forc't with the torment of thy guilty soule,
Breake that infected circle of thy mouth
Like the rude clapper of a crazed bell?
I, <I,> that in thy bosome lodg'd my soule,
With all her traine of secrets, thinking them
To be as safe, and richly entertain'd
As in a Princes court, or tower of strength,
And thou to proue a traitor to my trust,
And basely to expose it, o this world!

Ange My honorable Lord

Pau The very owle,
Whom other birds do stare & wonder at,
Shall hoot at thee, and snakes in every bush

v vix 42 Stage dir Flings him off G 46 inuer't] inuer't Q 50
thy] th' Q head ] head, Q 55 couer'd] couered Q 56-7
Come despaire one line in Q 56 let vs] let us G let's Q 57
Lord G 58 What,] What Q 59 soule,] soule Q 61 bell ? bell Q
62 I, I G 64 entertain'd] entertained, Q 68-9 The very
wonder at, one line in Q
Shall deafe thine eares with their—

    Cha                Nay good my Lord,

Glue end vnto your passions

    Ange              You shall see,

I will redeeme your lost opinion

    Rach              My Lord beleue him

    Cha              Come, be satisfied,

75 Sweet Lord you know our haste, let vs to horse,
The time for my engag’d returne is past,
Be friends againe, take him along with you

    Pau          Come signor Angelo, hereafter proue more true

    Exeunt

〈Scæne 9.〉

Enter Count Ferneze, Maximillian, Francesco

    Count  Tut Maximillian, for your honor’d selfe,
I am perswaded, but no words shall turne
The edge of purposd vengeance on that wretch,
Come, bring him forth to execution

    Enter Camillo bound, with Servants

5 Ile hang him for my sonne, he shall not scape,
Had he an hundred luyes  Tell me vile slaeue,
Think’st thou I loue my sonne ?  is he my flesh ?
Is he my bloud, my life ?  and shall all these
Be torturd for thy sake, and not reueng’d ?

10 Trusse vp the villaine

    Max My Lord, there is no law to confirme this action
Tis dishonorable

    Count Dishonorable ? Maximillian ?
It is dishonorable in Chamount,

15 The day of his prefixt returne is past,
And he shall pay for it

*Cam*  My Lord, my Lord,
Vse your extreamest vengeance, Ile be glad
To suffer ten times more, for such a friend

*Count*  O resolute and peremptory wretch!
*Fran*  My honor'd Lord, let us intreat a word
*Count*  Ile heare no more, I say he shall not live,
My selfe will do it  Stay, what forme is this
Stands betwixt him and me, and holds my hand?
What miracle is this?  tis my owne fancy,
Carues this impression in me, my soft nature,
That euer hath retain'd such foolish pity,
Of the most abject creatures misery,
That it abhorres it  What a child am I
To haue a child?  Ay me, my son, my son

**<Scæne io.>**

*Enter Christophero*

*Chris*  O my deere loue, what is become of thee?
What vniust absence layest thou on my brest,
Like waights of lead, when swords are at my backe,
That run me through with thy unkind flight?
My gentle disposition waxeth wild,
I shall run frantike, o my loue, my loue

**<Scæne ii.>**

*Enter Iaques.*

*Iaq*  My gold, my gold, my life, my soule, my heauen,
What is become of thee?  see, ile impart
My miserable losse to my good Lord,
Let me haue search my Lord, my gold is gone

*Count*  My sonne, Christophero, thinkst thou it possible,
I euer shall behold his face againe?

Chris O father wher's my loue, were you so carelesse
To let an vnthrift steale away your child?

Iaq I know your Lordship may find out my gold,

10 For Gods sake pitty me, justice, sweet Lord

Count Now they haue yong Chamount, Christophoro,
Surely they neuer will restore my sonne?

Chris Who would haue thought you could haue beene
so carelesse
To loose your onely daughter?

Iaq Who would thinke,

15 That looking to my gold with such hares eyes,
That euer open, I euen when th(e)y sleepe,
I thus should loose my gold? My noble Lord,
What saies your Lordship?

Count O my sonne, my sonne

Chris My dearest Rachel

Iaq My most hony gold.

20 Count Heare me Christophoro

Chris Nay heare me Iaques

Iaq Heare me most honor'd Lord

Max What rule is here?

Count O God that we should let Chamount escape

Chris I and that Rachel, such a vertuous mayd,
Should be thus stolne away

Iaq And that my gold,

25 Being so hid in earth, should bee found out

Max O confusion of languages, & yet no tower of Babel!

Enter Aurelia, Phænixella

Fran Ladies, beshrew me, if you come not fit
To make a tangling consort, will you laugh
To see three constant passions?

v xi 6 againe ?] againe Q 8 child ?] child Q 11 Chamount,
Christophoro.] Chamount ? Christophoro ? Q 12 sonne ?] sonne Q
13-14 Christophoro's speech as prose in Q 14 daughter ?] daughter Q
16 they W 17-18 I thus Lordship as prose in Q 17 gold?
in Q 26 Stage dir after 22 in Q 29 passions ?] passions Q
Max  Stand by, I will vrg)e them  sweet Count, will you 30 be comforted?

Count  It cannot be

But he is handled the most cruelly,

That euer any noble prisoner was

Max  Steward, go chere my Lord

Chris  Well.  If Rachel tooke her flight willingly?

Max  Sirrah, speake you touching your daughters flight

Iaq  O that I could so soone forget to know

The thiefe againe, that had my gold, my gold

Max  Is not this pure?

Count  O thou base wretch, 1e drag thee through the 40 streets,

And as a monster, make thee wondred at,

How now?

Enter Balthasar, and whispers with him

Phœn  Sweet Gentleman, how too vnworthily

Art thou thus tortured braue Maxmillian,

Pitty the poore youth, and appease my father

Count  How, my sonne returnd?  O Maxmillian,

Francisco, daughters bid him enter here

Dost thou not mocke me?

〈Scene 12.〉

Enter Chamount, 〈Paulo〉 Fer, eze, Rachel, Angelo

〈Count〉 O my deere Paulo welcome

Max  My Lord Chamount?

Cha  My Gasper

Chris  Rachel

Iaq  My gold Rachel? my gold?

Count  Some body bid the beggar cease his noise

Chris  O signior Angelo, would you deceuue

Your honest friend, that simply trusted you?

v  xi. 30 them  j them, Q  comforted  j comforted Q  31-2 One
line in Q  34 Lord } Lord Q  36 flight } flight? Q  39 Ranged
with 38 in Q  pure  j pure Q  42 Ranged with 41 in Q  How now?
how now Q  Stage drs after 40 in Q  43 Gentleman, Gentleman  j Q
44 tortured  j tortured, Q  45 father  j father Q  48 With xi 1 in
Q  v xi 1-2 Divided in Q after welcome, Gasper, gold
Well Rachel I am glad tho'art here againe
Ang I faith she is not for you steward
Iaq I <do> beseech you madam urge your father
Phæ I will anon, good Iaques be content

Aur Now God a mercy, Fortune, and sweet Venus,
Let Cupid do his part, and all is well
Phæ Me thinks my heart's in heaven with this comfort
Cha Is this the true Italian courtesie,
Fernese were you tortured thus in France?

By my soules safety
Count My most noble Lord?
I do beseech your Lordship

<He kneels, Chamont raises him>

Cham Honor'd Count,
Wrong not your age with flexure of a knee,
I do impute it to those cares and griefes,
That did torment you in your absent sonne

Count O worthy gentlemen, I am ashamed
That my extreme affection to my sonne,
Should give my honour so vncur'd a maim,
But my first sonne, being in Vicenza lost
Cha How in Vicenza? lost you a sonne there?
About what time my Lord?

Count O the same night,
Wherein your noble father tooke the towne
Cha How long's that since my Lord? can you remember?
Count Tis now well nie vpon the twentieth yeare
Cha And how old was he then?
Count I cannot tel,

Betweene the yeares of three and foure, I take it
Cha Had he no speciall note in his attire,
Or otherwise, that you can call to mind?
The Case is Alterd

Count I cannot well remember his attire,
But I haue often heard his mother say
He had about his necke a tablet,
Gien to him by the Emperour Sigismund,
His Godfather, with this inscription,
Vnder the figure of a siluer Globe
In minimo, mundus

Cha How did you call
Your sonne my Lord?

Count Camillo Lord Chamount

Cha Then <now> no more my Gasper, but Camillo,
Take notice of your father gentlemen,
Stand not amazd, here is a tablet,
With that inscription, found about his necke
That night, and in Vicenza by my father,
(Who being ignorant, what name he had,
Christned him Gasper) nor did I reveale
This secret till this hower to any man

Count O happy revelation! ò blest hower!

O my Camillo!

Phæ O strange my brother!

Fran Maximilian!

Behold how the aboundance of his ioy
Drownds him in teares of gladnesse

Count O my boy!

Forgiue thy fathers late austerity

Max My Lord, I deliuered as much before, but your
honour would not be perswaded I will hereafter giue more 55
observance to my visions, I drempt of this
Iaq  I can be still no longer, my good Lord,
Do a poore man some grace mongst all your ioyes

Count  Why what's the matter Iaques?

Iaq  I am robd,

60 I am vndone my Lord, robd and vndone
A heape of thirty thousand golden crownes,
Stolne from me in one minute, and I feare
By her confedracy, that cals me father,
But she is none of mine therefore sweet Lord,

65 Let her be tortur'd to confess the truth

Max  More wonders yet

Count  How Iaques, is not Rachel then thy daughter?

Iaq  No, I disclaime in her, I spit at her,
She is a harlot, and her customers,

70 Your sonne, this gallant, and your steward here,
Haue all beene partners with her in my spoile,
No lesse then thirty thousand

Count  Iaques, Iaques,
This is impossible, how shouldst thou come
To the possession of so huge a heape

75 Being always a knowen begger?

Iaq  Out alas,
I haue betrayed my selfe with my owne tongue,
The case is alterd

Count  (Some) one stay him there

Max  What, means he to depart? Count Ferneze, vpon
my soule [this begger,] this begger is a counterfart  vrge

80 him  Didst thou loose gold?

Iaq  O no I lost no gold

Max  Said I not true?
The Case is Alter'd

Count How? didst thou first loose thirty thousand crowns,
And now no gold? was Rachel first thy child,
And is shee now no daughter? Sirra Iaques,
You know how farre our Millaine lawes extend,
For punishment of liars

Iaq I my Lord!
(What shall I doe? I haue no starting hols!)
Mounsieur Chamount stand you my honor'd Lord
Cha For what old man?
Iaq Ill gotten goods ne'er thruee,
I plaid the thiefe, and now am robd my selfe
I am not as I seeme, Iaques de pree,
Nor was I borne a begger as I am
But sometime steward to your noble father
Cha What Melun, that robd my fathers treasure, stole my sister?
Iaq I, I, that treasure is lost, but Isabell
Your beautious sister here suruuiues in Rachel
And therefore on my knes,

Max Stay Iaques stay! the case still alters?
Count Fare Rachel sister to the Lord Chamount?
Ang Steward your cake is dow, as well as mine
Pau I see that honours flames cannot be hid,

Max Then sirra tis true, you haue lost this gold?
Iaq I worthy signior, thirty thousand crownes

Count Masse who was it told me, that a couple of my men, were become gallants of late?

Fran Marry twas I my Lord, my man told me
Enter Onion and Juniper

Max How now, what pagent is this?
Jun Come signior Onion, lets not be ashamed to appeare. Keepe state! looke not ambiguous now!
Oni Not I while I am in this sute

Jun Lordings, equuivalence to you all
Oni We thought good, to be so good, as see you gentlemen

Max What? mounsieur Onion?
Oni How dost thou good captaine?

Count What, are my hinds turnd gentlemen?
Oni Hinds sir? Sblood and that word will beare action, it shall cost vs a thousand pound a piece, but wee be reuenged

Jun Wilt thou sell thy Lordship Count?

Count What? peasants purchase Lordships?
Jun Is that any Nouels sir?
Max O transmutation of elements, it is certified you had pages

Jun I sir, but it is knowen they prouded ridiculous, they did pilfer, they did purloine, they did procrastinate our purses, for the which wasting of our stocke, we haue put them to the stocks

Count And thither shall you two <go> presently,
These be the villaines, that stole Iaques gold,

Away with them, and set them with their men

Max Onion you will now bee peeld
Fran The case is alterd now
Oni Good my Lord, good my Lord
The Case is Alterd

Iuni Away scoundrel! dost thou feare a little elucution? shall we be confiscate now? shall we droope now? shall we be now in helogabolus?

Omi Peace, peace, leave thy gabling!

Count Away, away with them, whatis this they prate?

Exeunt <Servants> with Iumper and Onon

Keepe the knaues sure, strickt inquisition
Shall presently be made for Iaques gold,

To be disposed at pleasure of Chamount

Cha She is your owne Lord Paulo, if your father

Give his consent

Ang How now Christofero? The case is alterd

Chris With you, as well as me, I am content sir

Count With all my heart! and in exchange of her,

(If with your faire acceptance it may stand)

I tender my Aurelia to your loue

Cha I take her from your Lordship, with all thanks,

And bresse the hower wherein I was made prisoner

For the fruition of this present fortune,

So full of happy and vnlookt for ioyes

Melun, I pardon thee, and for the treasure,

Recouer it, and hold it as thine owne.

It is enough for me to see my sister

Lieve in the circle of Fernezes armes,

My friend, the sonne of such a noble tather,

And my unworthy selfe rapt aboue all,

By being the Lord to so diuine a dame

Max Well, I will now sweare the case is alterd Lady fare you well, I will subdue my affections Maddam (as for you) you are a profest virgin, and I will be silent My honorable Lord Fernese, it shall become you at this time not be frugall, but bounteous, and open handed, your

\[\text{v xiii 29 scoundrell}^1 \text{scoundrell}^2 \text{Q} \quad 30-1 \text{shall we be confiscate and Shall we be now begin new lines in} \text{Q} \quad 31 \text{helogabolus}^1 \text{helogabolus}^2 \text{Q} \quad 32 \text{gabling}^1 \text{gabling}^2 \text{Q} \quad 33 \text{prate}^2 \text{prate, Q} \quad \text{Stage dir Servants}^1 \text{G} \quad 36 \text{Chamount} \text{Chamount} \text{Q} \quad 41 \text{heart}^1 \text{heart}^2 \text{Q} \quad 50 \text{sister}^1 \text{sister}^2 \text{Q} \quad 56 \text{affections} \text{affections, Q} \quad 57 \text{silent} \]
fortune hath been so to you. Lord Chamunt, you are now no stranger, you must be welcome, you haue a faire, amiable and splendi(us) Lady but signior Paulo, signior Camillo, I know you valiant, be louing Lady I must be better knowne to you. Signiors for you, I passe you not though I let you passe, for in truth I passe not of you Louers to your nuptials, Lordings to your dances March faire al, for a faire March, is worth a kings ransome.

Exeunt

The end.
EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

The Original Version of 1598,
from the Quarto of 1601
THE TEXT

This play is extant in two forms—the original version issued in Quarto in 1601, and the revised version of the 1616 Folio. Two entries relating to the Quarto are found in the Stationers’ Register in 1600. On August 4, ‘Every man in his humour / a booke’ is entered along with As You Like It, King Henry the Fifth, and Much Ado about Nothing as one of ‘My lord chamberlens mens plaies’, the publication of which was ‘to be staid.’ The company was responsible for this entry, probably, as Mr A W Pollard suggests,¹ in order to secure the copyright and checkmate a possible pirate. Ten days later it was entered for Cuthbert Burby and Walter Burre.

I4 Augusti

Master Burby
Walter Burre

Entred for yeir copie vnder the handes of
master Pasvill (=Pasfield) and ye Wardens
a booke called Every man in his humour vjd
(Arber’s Transcript, iii 169)

The play appeared next year with Burre’s imprint

Collation A², B–L⁴, M², with the title on A, The
number and names of the Actors’ on A², and the text
beginning on B.

The copies in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the
Dyce Library have been collated in preparing the present
text. Three printers’ variants have been noted.

| iii iii 56 | abruptly | BM C 34 c 59, Bodl Malone 229, 213, Dyce copies |
| iv iii 109 | the      | BM C 34 c 59, other copies |
| v iii 12   | message  | BM copies |
|            |          | Bodleian & Dyce copies |

Purely typographical errors, such as turned letters and
the use of a wrong fount, have been silently corrected. A
few textual corrections have been introduced from the
Folio version (marked ‘F’ in the critical notes).

¹ See Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates, pp 45–6
There have been three reprints of the Quarto. The first, which is not very accurate, was issued by Dr Carl Grahan in the *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, 1902, vol xxxviii, and was made from the two Museum copies. Dr W W Greg edited a sound text in Bang's *Materialien zur Kunde des alteren englischen Dramas*, 1905, vol x, from the Bodleian copy, checked with one copy in the British Museum. Dr H Holland Carter edited the Quarto and Folio texts in parallel columns for the *Yale Studies in English*, 1921, no lxi. His text of the Quarto was taken from a copy belonging to Mr William Augustus White, and checked with a second copy in the same collection. He records three variants which are not found in the five copies collated for the present edition: 'stockada' for 'stockado' in I iii 219, 'Phæbus' in roman, instead of italic, ibid 229, and 'wound' not followed by a comma in III ii 79. In this last example Dr Carter notes that the paper of one copy is worn, by a curious coincidence this defect is found also in one of the Dyce copies.
EVERY MAN IN
his Humor.

As it hath beene sundry times
publickly acted by the right
Honorable the Lord Ch umberlame his servants.

Written by Ben. Johnson.

Quod non dant procres, abit Historie.
Hand tamen iunudas vati, quem pulpita pascut.

Imprinted at London for Walter Burre, and are to
be sold at his shoppe in Pauls Church-yard.

1601.
The number and names of the Actors.

Lorenzo senior
Prospero Senior & the Doctor
Thorello brother in law of Pros. & in law of the Count
Stephano or Stephano, both the same
Doctor Clement
Bobadilla
Misco
Cob

Guilliano
Lorenzo junior
Biancha
Hesperida
Peto
Matheo
Pizco
Tib
E V E R Y M A N
in his Humor.

A C T V S P R I M V S, S C E N A P R I M A.

Enter Lorenzo di Pazzi Senior, Musco

Now trust me, here's a goodly day toward Musco,
Call vp my sonne Lorenzo bid him rise
Tell him, I haue some businesse to imploy him in
Mus I will, sir, presently
Lore se But heare you, sirrah,
If he be at study, disturbe him not
Mus Very good, sir
Lore se How happy would I estimate my selfe,
Could I (by any meane) retyre my sonne,
From one vayne course of study he affects?
He is a scholler (if a man may trust
The lib'rall voyce of double toung'd report)
Of deare account, in all our Academies
Yet this position must not breede in me
A fast opinion, that he cannot erre
My selfe was once a student, and indeede
Fed with the selfe-same humor he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle Poetrie
But since, Experience hath awaikt my spirit's, Enter Stephano
And reason taught them, how to comprehend
The soueraigne use of study What, cousin Stephano?
What newes with you, that you are here so earely?
Steph Nothing but eene come to see how you doe, vncle
Lore se That's kindly done, you are welcome, cousin
Every man in his Humor

Steph I, I know that sir, I would not haue come else
how doeth my cousin, vnkle?

Lore se Oh well, well, goe in and see, I doubt hee’s
scarce stirring yet.

Steph Vnkle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, and he haue
e’re a booke of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I
would fayne borrow it.

Lor Why I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?
Step No wusse, but ile practise against next yeare
I haue bought me a hawke, and bels and all, I lacke no-
thing but a booke to keepe it by.

Lor Oh most ridiculous.

Step Nay looke you now, you are angrie vnkle, why you
know, and a man haue not skill in hawking and hunting now
a daies, ile not give a rush for him, hee is fai no gentlemans
company, and (by Gods will) I scorne it I, so I doe, to bee a
consort for euerie *hum-drums*, hang them *scroiles*, there’s
nothing in them in the world, what doe you talke on it?
a gentleman must shew himselfe like a gentleman, vnkle
I pray you be not angrie, I know what I haue to do I trow,
I am no nouice.

Lor Go to, you are a prodigal, and selfe-wild foole,
Nay neuer looke at me, it’s I that speake,
Take’t as you will, ile not flatter you.
What? haue you not meanes now to wast.

That which your friends haue left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a *Buzzard*,
And know not how to keepe it when you haue done?
Oh it’s braue, this will make you a gentleman,
Well Cosen well, I see you are e’ene past hope.

Of all reclame, I so, now you are told on it,
You looke another way.

Step What would you haue me do trow?

Lor What would I haue you do? mary
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thrue,

That I would haue you do, and not to spend.
Your crownes on euery one that humors you
I would not haue you to intrude your selfe
In euery gentlemans societie,
Till their affections or your owne desert,
Do worthily invite you to the place
For he thats so respectlesse in his course,
Oft sels his reputation vile and cheape
Let not your carriage, and behaviour taste
Of affectation, lest while you pretend
To make a blaze of gentlie to the world
A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,
And you be left like an vsauorie snuffe,
Whose propertie is onely to offend
Cosen, lay by such superficiall formes,
And entertaine a perfect reall substance,
Stand not so much on your gentility,

Enter a servingman

But moderate your expences (now at first)
As you may keepe the same proportion still
Beare a low saile soft whos this comes here

Ser Gentlemen, God saue you

Step Welcome good friend, we doe not stand much vpon
our gentilitie, yet I can assure you mine vnclle is a man of a
thousand pounde land a yeare, hee hath but one sonne in
the world, I am his next heire, as simple as I stand here, if
my cosen die I haue a faire liuing of mine owne too beside

Ser In good time sir

Step In good time sir, you do not flout, do you?

Ser Not I sir

Step And you should, here be them can perceiue it, and that quickly too. Go too, and they can guie it againe
soundly, and need be

Ser Why sir let this satisfie you. Good faith I had no
such intent

Step By God, and I thought you had sir, I would talke with you

Ser So you may sir, and at your pleasure
Step And so I would sir, and you were out of mine
vncles ground, I can tell you

Lor Why how now cosen, will this nere be left ?

Step Horson base fellow, by Gods lid, and't were not for
shame, I would

Lor se What would you do ? you peremptorie Asse,
And yowle not be quiet, get you hence

You see, the gentleman contaynes himselfe
In modest limits, giuing no reply
To your vnseason'd rude comparatues ,
Yet yowle demeane your selfe, without respect
Eyther of duty, or humanity

Goe get you in fore God I am asham'd    Exit Steph
Thou hast a kinsmans interest in me

Ser I pray you, sir, is this Pazzì house ?

Lor se Yes marie is it, sir

Ser I should enquire for a gentleman here, one Signior

Lorenzo di Pazzì , doe you know any such, sir, I pray
you ?

Lore se Yes, sir or else I should foiget my selfe

Ser I crye you mercy, sir, I was requested by a gentleman
of Florence (hauing some occasion to ride this way) to
deliever you this letter

Lor se To me, sir ? What doe you meane ? I pray you
remember your curt'sy

To his deare and most elected friend, Signior Lorenzo di Pazzì
What might the gentlemans name be, sir, that sent it ? Nay,

pray you be couer'd

Ser Signior Prospero

Lore se Signior Prospero ? A young gentleman of the
family of Strozzi, is he not ?

Ser I, sir, the same Signior Thorello, the 11ch Florentine

merchant, married his sister

Lore se You say very true Musco    Enter Musco

Mus Sir

Lore se Make this Gentleman drinke, here
I pray you goe in, sir, and’t please you _Exeunt_
Now (without doubt) this letter’s to my sonne
Well all is one Ile be so bold as reade it,
Be it but for the _styles_ sake, and the _phrase_,
Both which (I doe presume) are excellent,
And greatly varied from the vulgar forme,
If _Prospero’s_ invention gaue them life
How now? what stuffe is here?

_Sirha_ Lorenzo, _I muse we cannot see thee at Florence_  
S’blood, I doubt, Apollo hath got thee to be _his_ Ingle, _that thou_  
commest not abroad, to visit thine old _friends_ well, _take heed_  
of _him_ , _hee may doe somewhat for his household servants, or_  
so, _But for his Retayners, I am sure, I have knowne some of_  
them, _that have followed him, three, foure, fine yeere together,_  
scoining the world with _their_ bare _heeles_ , & _at length_ bene glad  
for a shift, (though no clean shift) to _lye_ a whole winter, _in_  
halfe a sheete, _cursing_ Charles wayne, and _the rest of the_  
_starres_ not intolerably _But (quis contra duos?) well, Sirha,_  
sweete villayne, _come and see me_ , _but spend one minute_ in my  
company, and _’tis enough_ I _thynke_ _I haue a world of good_  
I _estis_ for _thee_  _oh sirha, I can shew thee two of the most perfect,_  
rare, & _absolute true Gulls_ , _that ever thou saw’st, if thou wilt_  
come  
S’blood, _muent some famous memorables_ lye, or other,  
to flapy _thy_ _father in the mouth withal thou hast bene father_  
of a thousand, _in thy dayes, thou couldst be no Poet else any_  
scurvy _rogish excuse will serve_ , _say thou com’st but to fetch_  
wollel _for thine Inke-horne_  _And then too, thy Father will say_  
thy _wis_ are a _wooll-gathering_ _But it’s no matter, the worse,_  
the _better_  _Any thing is good enough for the old man_ _Sirha,_  
how _if thy Father should see this now? what would he thinke_  
of _me?_ _Well, (how euer I write to thee) I reverence him in my_  
soule, _for the generall good all Florence delvers of him_  
Lorenzo, _I commure thee (by what, let me see) by the depth of our_  
loue, _by all the strange sights we have seene in our dayes, (I or_  
noights eyther) to come to me to Florence this day_  _Go to, you_  
shall come, and _let your Muses goe spinne for once_ _If thou_  
_wilt not, s’hart, what’s your gods name? Apollo? I, Apollo_
If this melancholy rogue (Lorenzo here) do not come, graunt, that he doe turne Foole presently, and never hereafter, be able to make a good jest, or a blanke verse, but hue in more penurie of wit and Invention, then eyther the Hall-Beadle, or Poet

Well, it is the strangest letter that ever I read
Is this the man, my sonne (so oft) hath prays'd
To be the happiest, and most preetious wit
That ever was familiar with Art?

Now (by our Ladies blessed sonne) I sweare,
I rather thinke him most unfortunate,
In the possession of such holy gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit
Why what unhallow'd ruffian would haue writ,

With so prophanè a pen, vnto his friend?
The modest paper eene lookes pale for griefe
To feel the virgin-cheeke defil'd and stand
With such a blacke and criminal inscription

Well, I had thought my son could not haue strai'd,

So farre from judgement, as to mait himselfe
Thus cheapely, (in the open trade of scorne)
To geering follie, and fantastique humour
But now I see opinion is a foole,

And hath abus'd my sences Musco Enter Musco

Sir
What is the fellow gone that brought this letter?
Yes sir, a prettie while since
And wher's Lorenzo?
In his chamber sir

He spake not with the fellow, did he?
No sir, he saw him not
Then Musco take this letter, and deliver it

Unto Lorenzo but sirra, (on your life)
Take you no knowledge I haue open'd it

O Lord sir, that were a jest indeed
Exit Mus
I am resolu'd I will not crosse his journey
Nor will I practise any violent meane,  
To stay the hot and lustie course of youth
For youth restrained straight growes impatient,
And (in condition) like an eager dogge,
Who (ne’re so little from his game withheld)
Turnes head and leapes vp at his masters throat
Therefore ile studie (by some milder drift)
To call my sonne vnto a happier shrift

Exit

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Lorenzo rumor, with Musco

Mus Yes sir, (on my word) he open’d it, & read the contents
Lor vu It scarce contents me that he did so But Musco didst thou obserue his countenance in the reading of it, whether hee were angrie or pleasde?
Mus Why sir I saw him not reade it
Lou No? how knowest thou then that he open’d it?
Mus Marry sir because he charg’d mee (on my life) to tell no body that he open’d it, which (vnlesse he had done) he wold neuer feare to haue it reueald
Lou Thats true well Musco hee thee in againe,
Least thy protracted absence do lend light,

Enter Stephan o

To darke suspition Musco be assur’d
Ile not forget this thy respectuie loue

Step Oh Musco, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha-callum doublet, he brought mine vnclle a letter euen now?
Mus Yes sir, what of him?
Step Where is he, canst thou tell?
Mus Why he is gone
Step Gone? which way? when went he? how long since?
Mus Its almost halfe an houre ago since he rid hence
Step Horson Scanderbag rogue, oh that I had a horse, by Gods lidde i’d fetch him backe againe, with heauie and ho
Mus Why you may haue my masters bay gelding, and you will
Step But I haue no boots, thats the spite on it
Mus Then its no boot to follow him Let him go and
30 hang sir
Step I by my troth, Musco, I pray thee help to trusse me a little, nothing angeres mee, but I haue waited such a while for 'him all vnlac'd and vntrust yonder, and now to see hee is gone the other way
35 Mus Nay I pray you stand still sir
Step I will, I will oh how it vexes me
Mus Tut, neuer vexe your selfe with the thought of such a base fellow as he
Step Nay to see, he stood vpon poynts with me too
40 Mus Like inough so, that was, because he saw you had so fewe at your hose
Step What? Hast thou done? Godamercy, good Musco
Mus I marle, sir, you weare such ill-faouerourd course stockings, havung so good a legge as you haue
45 Step Fo, the stockings be good inough for this time of the yeere, but Ile haue a payre of silke, e're it be long I thinke, my legge would shewe well in a silke hose
Mus I afoire God would it rarely well
Step In sadnesse I thinke it would I haue a reasonable
50 good legge
Mus You haue an excellent good legge, sir I pray you pardon me, I haue a little haste in, sir
Step A thousand thankes, good Musco Exit <Musco>
What, I hope he laughes not at me, and he doe——
55 Lo vun Here is a style indeed, for a mans sences to leape ouer, e're they come at it why, it is able to breake the shinnes of any old mans patience in the world My father reade this with patience? Then will I be made an Eunuch, and learne to sing Ballads I doe not deny, but my father may haue as much patience as any other man, for hee vses to take phisicke, and oft taking phisicke, makes a man a
very patient creature. But, Signior Prospero, had your swaggering Epistle here, arrived in my fathers hands, at such an hour of his patience, (I mean, when he had tane phisicke) it is to bee doubted, whether I should have read sweete villayne here. But, what? My wise cousin, Nay then, we furnish our feast with one Gull more toward a messe, hee writes to mee of two, and here’s one, that’s three, Ifayth Oh for a fourth now, Fortune, or neuer Fortune.

Step Oh, now I see who he laught at hee laught at some body in that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me, I would haue told mine vnkle.

Lo vn Cousin Stephan. good morrow, good cousin, how fare you?

Step The better for your asking, I will assure you I have beene all about to seeke you, since I came I saw mine vnkle, & ifaith how haue you done this great while? Good Lord, by my troth I am glad you are well cousin.

Lor vn And I am as glad of your comming, I protest to so you, for I am sent for by a private gentleman, my most speciall deare friend, to come to him to Florence this morning, and you shall go with me cousin, if it please you, not els, I will enjouye you no further then stands with your owne consent, and the condition of a friend.

Step Why cousin you shall command me and’t were twice so farre as Florence to do you good, what doe you thinke I will not go with you? I protest.

Lo vn Nay, nay, you shall not protest.

Step By God, but I will sir, by your leave ile protest more to my friend then ile speake of at this time.

Lo vn You speake very well sir.

Step Nay not so neither, but I speake to serue my turne.

Lo vn Your turne? why cousin, a gentleman of so faire sort as you are, of so true cariage, so speciall good parts, of so deare and choice estimation, one whose lowest condition beares the stampe of a great spirit, nay more,
a man so grac'd, guilded, or rather (to vse a more fit Metaphor) tinfoyld by nature, (not that you haue a leaden constitution, couze, although perhaps a little inclining to that temper, & so the more apt to melt with pittie, when you fall into the fire of rage) but for your lustre onely, which reflects as bright to the world as an old Ale wuies pewter againe a good time, & will you now (with nice modestie) hide such reall ornaments as these, and shadow their glorie as a Millaners wife doth her wrought stomacher, with a smoakie lawne or a blacke cipresse? Come, come, for shame doe not wrong the qualitie of your desert in so poore a kind but let the Idea of what you are, be portraied in your aspect, that men may reade in your looks, Here within this place is to be seene, the most admirable rare & accomplisht worke of nature, Cousin what think you of this? Step Marry I do thinke of it, and I will be more melancholie, and gentlemanlike then I haue beene, I doe ensure you.

Lo vvi Why this is well now if I can but hold vp this humor in him, as it is begun, Catso for Florence, match him & she can, Come cousin

Step Ile follow you

Lo vvi Follow me? you must go before

Step Must I? nay then I pray you shew me good cousin

Exeunt

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Signior Matheo, to him Cob

Mat I thinke this be the house what howgh?
Cob Who's there? oh Signior Matheo God giue you good morrow sir

Mat What? Cob? how doest thou good Cob? doest thou inhabit e here Cob?

Cob I sir, I and my lineage haue kept a poore house in our daies

119-20 One line in Q
Mat Thy lineage monsieur Cob? what lineage, what lineage?

Cob Why sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely mine ancestor came from a kings loynes, no worse man, and yet no man neither, but Herring the king of fish, one of the monarchs of the world I assure you I doe fetch my pedegree and name from the first redde herring that was eaten in Adam, & Eues kitchin his Cob was my great, great, mighty great grandfather

Mat Why mightie? why mightie?

Cob Oh its a mightie while agoe sir, and it was a mightie great Cob

Mat How knowest thou that?

Cob How know I? why his ghost comes to me every night

Mat Oh vnscourie rest the ghost of a herring Cob

Cob I, why not the ghost of a herring Cob, as well as the ghost of Rashero Baccono, they were both broild on the coales you are a scholler, vpsolue me that now

Mat Oh rude ignorance Cob canst thou shew me, of a gentleman, one Signior Bobadilla, where his lodging is?

Cob Oh my guest sir, you meane?

Mat Thy guest, alas? ha, ha

Cob Why do you laugh sir? do you not meane signior Bobadilla?

Mat Cob I pray thee advise thy selfe well do not wrong the gentleman, and thy selfe too I dare be sworne hee scornes thy house hee He lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house? Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst give it him

Cob I will not give it him Masse I thought (somewhat was in it) we could not get him to bed all night Well sir, though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench and't please you to go vp sir, you shall find him with two cushions vnder his head, and his cloake wrapt about him, as though

Mat Cob Q

bench Q
he had neither won nor lost, and yet I warrant hee ne're
cast better in his life then hee hath done to night

Mat Why, was he drunke ?

Cob Drunk sir ? you heare not me say so, perhaps he
swallow’d a tauerne token, or some such devise sir, I haue
nothing to doe withal I deale with water and not with
wine Give me my tankard there, ho God be with you sir,
its sixe a clocke I should haue caried two turnes by this,
what ho ? my stopple, come

Mat Lie in a waterbearers house, a gentleman of his
note ? well are tell him my mind

Cob What Tib, shew this gentleman vp to Signior
Bobadilla oh and my house were the Brazen head now,
faith it would eene crie moe fooles yet you should haue
some now, would take him to be a gentleman at the least,
alas God helpe the simple, his father ‘s an honest man,
a good fishmonger, and so forth and now doth he creep
and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants
about the towne, such as my guest is, (oh my guest is a fine
man) and they flout him inunciblie He vseth every day
to a Marchants house (where I serue water) one M Thorells,
and here ‘s the rest, he is in loue with my masters sister,
and cal’s her mistres and there he sits a whole afternoone
sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile,
(a poxe on them, I cannot abide them) rascally verses,
Poetrie, poetrje, and speaking of Enterludes, ’t will make
a man burst to heare him and the wenches, they doe so
geree and tife at him , well, should they do as much to me,
Ild forsweare them all, by the life of Pharaoh, there ‘s an
oath how many waterbearers shall you heare swear such
an oath ? oh I haue a guest (he teacheth me) he doth sweare
the best of any man christned By Phœbus, By the life
of Pharaoh, By the body of me, As I am <a> gentleman, and
a soldier such daintie oathes , & withall he doth take this
same filthie roaguish Tabacco the finest, and cleanliest , it
wold do a man good to see the fume come forth at his
nostrils well, he owes me fortie shillings (my wife lent him so out of her purse, by sixpence a time) besides his lodging, I would I had it I shall haue it he saith next Action Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care will kill a cat, vptailles all, and a poxe on the hangman Exit

Bobadilla discouers himselfe on a bench, to him Tib

Bob Hostesse, hostesse
Tib What say you sir?
Bob A cup of your small beere sweet hostesse
Tib Sir, ther's a gentleman below would speake with you
Bob A gentleman, (Gods so) I am not within
Tib My husband told him you were sir
Bob What ha plague? what meant he?
Mat Signior Bobadilla Matheo within
Bob Who's there? (take away the bason good hostesse)
come vp sir
Tib He would desire you to come vp sir, you come into a cleanly house here
Mat God saue you sir, God saue you Enter Matheo
Bob Signior Matheo, is't you sir? please you sit downe
Mat I thanke you good Signior, you may see, I am somewhat audacious
Bob Not so Signior, I was requested to supper yester-night by a sort of gallants where you were wisht for, and drunke to I assure you
Mat Vouchsafe me by whom good Signior
Bob Marrie by Signior Prospero, and others, why hostesse, a stoole here for this gentleman
Mat No haste sir, it is very well
Bob Bodie of me, it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open mine eyes yet, I was but new risen as no you came how passes the day abroad sir? you can tell
Mat Faith some halfe hour to seuen now trust me you haue an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and priuate
Bob I sir, sit downe I pray you Signior Matheo (in any
Every man in his Humor

115 case) possess no gentlemen of your acquaintance with notice of my lodging

Mat  Who I sir? no
Bob  Not that I neede to care who know it, but in regard I would not be so popular and generall, as some be

120 Mat  True Signior, I conceuue you
Bob  For do you see sir, by the hart of my selfe (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag’d, as your selfe, or so) I would not extend thus farre

125 Mat  O Lord sir I resolue so
Bob  What new booke haue you there? what? Go by Hieronimo

Mat  I, did you euer see it acted? is’t not well pend?
Bob  Well pend I would faine see all the Poets of our time pen such another play as that was, they’ll prate and swagger, and keele a stirre of arte and deuises, when (by Gods so) they are the most shallow pittifull fellowes that live upon the face of the earth againe

Mat  Indeede, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke Oh eyes, no eyes but fountaines fraught with teares, there’s a concert Fountaines fraught with teares Oh life, no life, but huely forme of death is’t not excellent? Oh world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs, O Gods mee confusde and fild with murther and misdeeds Is’t not simply the best that euer you heard? Ha, how do you like it?

Bob  Tis good
Mat  To thee the purest object to my sence,
The most refined essence heauen couers,

135 Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happie state of true deserving louners
If they prove rough, unpolish’t, harsh and rude,
Haste made that waste, thus mildly I conclude

Bob  Nay proceed, proceed, where’s this? where’s this?

Mat  This sir, a toy of mine owne in my nonage but

140 i 139–41 Three lines in Q misdeeds | Is’t heard? | Ha,
when will you come and see my studie? good faith I can shew you some verie good thinges I haue done of late that boote becomes your legge passing well sir, me thinks

Bob So, so, it's a fashion gentlemens vse

Mat Masse sir, and now you speake of the fashion, Signior Prosperos elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly this other day I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion & workmanship was most beautifull and gentlemanlike, yet hee condemned it for the most pide and ridiculous that euer 160 he saw

Bob Signior Giuliano, was it not? the elder brother?

Mat I sir, he

Bob Hang him Rooke, he? why he has no more judgement then a malt horse By S George, I hold him the most 165 peremptorie absurd clowne (one a them) in Christendome I protest to you (as I am a gentleman and a soldier) I ne're talk't with the like of him he ha's not so much as a good word in his bellie, all iron, iron, a good commoditie for a smith to make hobnailes on

Mat I, and he thinkes to carrie it away with his manhood still where he comes he brags he will giue mee the bastinado, as I heare

Bob How, the bastinado? how came he by that word trow?

Mat Nay indeed he said cudgill me, I tearmd it so for the more grace

Bob That may bee, for I was sure it was none of his word but when, when said he so?

Mat Faith yesterday they say, a young gallant a friend 180 of mine told me so

Bob By the life of Pharaoh, and't were my case nowe, I should send him a challenge presently the bastinado? come hither, you shall challenge him, ile shew you a tricke or two, you shall kill him at pleasure, the first stockado if 185 you will, by this ayre
Mat  Indeed you haue absolute knowledge in the mistery, I haue heard sir
Bob  Of whom ? of whom I pray ?
Mat  Faith I haue heard it spoken of diuers, that you haue verie rare skill sir
Bob  By heauen, no, not I, no skill in the earth some small science, know my time, distance, or so, I haue profest it more for noblemen and gentlemens use, then mine owne practise I assure you Hostesse, lend vs another bedstaffe here quickly looke you sir, exalt not your point aboue this state at any hand, and let your poyneard maintaine your defence thus give it the gentleman So sir, come on, oh twine your bodie more about, that you may come to a more sweet comely gentlemanlike guard , so, indifferent Hollow your bodie more sir, thus now stand fast on your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time oh you disorder your point most vilely
Mat  How is the beaing of it now sir ?
Bob  Oh out of measure ill, a well experienced man would passe vpon you at pleasure
Mat  How meane you passe vpon me ?
Bob  Why thus sir , make a thrust at me , come in vpon my time , controll your point, and make a full carriere at the bodie the best practis’d gentlemen of the time terme it the passado, a most desperate thrust, beleue it
Mat  Well, come sir
Bob  Why you do not manage your weapons with that facilitie and grace that you should doe, I haue no spirit to play with you, your deaith of judgement makes you seeme tedious
Mat  But one veny sir
Bob  Fie veney, most grosse denomination, as euer I heard oh the stockado while you live Signior, note that Come put on your cloake, and weele go to some priuate place where you are acquainted, some tauerne or so, & weele send for one of these fencers, where he shall breath you at
my direction, and then 'le teach you that tricke, you shall kill him with it at the first if you please why 'le learne you by the true judgement of the eye, hand and foot, to controll any mans point in the world, Should your adversaries confront you with a pistoll, 'twere nothing, you should (by the same rule) controll the bullet, most cernaine by Phæbus vnles it were haile-shot what mony haue you about you sir?

Mat Faith I haue not past two shillings, or so
Bob Tis somewhat with the least, but come, when we haue done, weele call vp Signior Prospero, perhaps we shall meet with Cordon his brother there

Exeunt

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Thorello, Giuliano, Piso

Tho Piso, come hither there lies a note within vpon my deske, here take my key it's no matter neither, where's the boy?
Piso Within sir, in the warehouse
Thor Let him tell ouer that Spanish gold, and weigh it, and do you see the deliuerie of those wares to Signior Bentuole 'le be there my selfe at the receipt of the money anon

Piso Verie good sir
Tho Brother, did you see that same fellow there?
Giu I, what of him?
Tho He is e'ene the honestest faithfull servaunt, that is this day in Florence, (I speake a proud word now) and one that I durst trust my life into his hands, I haue so strong opinion of his loue, if need were

Giu God send me never such need but you said you had somewhat to tell me, what is't?
Tho Faith brother, I am loath to vitter it, As fearing to abuse your patience, But that I know your judgement more direct, Able to swaye the nearest of affection

1 i.ii 227 'twere] t'were Q
Every man in his Humor

Guu Come, come, what needs this circumstance?
Tho I will not say what honor I ascribe
Vnto your friendship, nor in what deare state
25 I hold your loue, let my continued zeale,
The constant and religious regard,
That I haue euer caried to your name,
My cariage with your sister, all contest,
How much I stand affected to your house
30 Guu You are too tedious, come to the matter, come to
the matter
Tho Then (without further ceremony) thus
My brother Prospero (I know not how)
Of late is much declin’d from what he was,
35 And greatly alterd in his disposition
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne’re trust me, if I was not proud of him
Me thought he bare himselfe with such obseruance,
So true election and so faire a forme
40 And (what was chiefe) it shewd not borrow’d in him,
But all he did became him as his owne,
And seemd as perfect, proper, and innate,
Vnto the mind, as collor to the blood,
But now, his course is so irregular,
45 So loose affected, and depriv’d of grace,
And he himselfe withall so farre falne off
From his first place, that scarce no note remaines,
To tell mens judgements where he lately stood,
Hee’s growne a stranger to all due respect,
50 Forgetfull of his friends, and not content
To stale himselfe in all societies,
He makes my house as common as a Mart,
A Theater, a publike receptacle
For giddie humor, and diseased riot,
55 And there, (as in a Tauerne, or a stewes,)
He, and his wilde associates, spend their houres,
In repetition of lasciuious ists,

1 iv 40 borrow’d] borrowed Q
Sweare, leape, and dance, and reuell night by night,
Controll my seruants and indeed what not?

**Guile** Faith I know not what I should say to him so 60
God saue mee, I am eene at my wits end, I haue tolde him
inough, one would thinke, if that would serue well, he
knowes what to trust to for mee let him spend, and spend,
and domineere till his hart ake & he get a penye more of
me, Ille guie him this eare

**Tho** Nay good Brother haue patience

**Guile** S'blood, he mads me, I could eate my very flesch
for anger I marle you will not tell him of it, how he
disquiets your house

**Tho** O there are diuers reasons to disswade me,
But would your selfe vouchsafe to travaile in it,
(Though but with plaine, and easie circumstance,)
It would, both come much better to his sence,
And sauer lesse of grieue and discontent
You are his elder brother, and that title
Confirmes and warrants your authoritie
Which (seconded by your aspect) will breed
A kinde of duty in him, and regard
Whereas, if I should intamiate the least,
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,
Heape worse on ill, reare a huge pile of hate,
That in the building, would come tottring downe,
And in the ruins, bury all our loue
Nay more then this brother, (if I should speake)
He would be ready in the heate of passion,
To fill the eares of his familiars,
With oft reporting to them, what disgrace
And grosse disparagement, I had propos'd him
And then would they straight back him, in opinion,
Make some loose comment vpon euery word,
And out of their distracted phantasies,
Contrive some slander, that should dwell with me
And what would that be thinke you? mary this,
They would give out, (because my wife is fayre,
95 My selfe but lately married, and my sister
Heere sojourning a virgin in my house)
That I were jealous nay, as sure as death,
Thus they would say and how that I had wrongd
My brother purposely, thereby to finde
100 An apt pretext to banish them my house

Giu Masse perhaps so
Tho Brother they would, beleue it so should I
(Like one of these penurious quack-saluers,)
But trie experiments vpon my selfe,
105 Open the gates vnto mine owne disgrace,
Lend bare-ribd enuie, oportunitie,
To stab my reputation, and good name

Enter Boba(dilla) and Matheo

Mat I will speake to him
Bob Speake to him ? away, by the life of Pharoah you
110 shall not, you shall not do him that grace the time of daye
to you Gentleman is Signior Prospero stirring ?
Giu How then ? what should he doe ?
Bob Signior Thorello, is he within sir ?
Tho He came not to his lodging to night sir, I assure you
115 Giu Why do you heare ? you
Bob This gentleman hath satisfied me, Ile talke to no
Scauenger
Giu How Scauenger ? stay sir stay
Tho Nay Brother Giuliano
120 Giu S'blood stand you away, and you loue me
Tho You shall not follow him now I pray you,
Good faith you shall not
Giu Ha ? Scauenger ? well goe to, I say little, but, by
125 this good day (God forgive me I should sweare) if I put it
vp so, say I am the rankest — that euer pist S'blood
and I swallowe this, Ile neere drawe my sworde in the sight

1 1v 102 would,] would Q 103 quack-saluers] quack-saluers Q
106 oportunitie,] oportunitie Q
of man againe while I liue, Ile sit in a Barne with Madge-
oulet first Scauenger? 'Hart and Ile goe neere to fill that
huge tumbrell slop of yours with somewhat and I haue
good lucke, your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so 130

Tho Oh do not fret your selfe thus, neuer thinke on't

Giu These are my brothers consorts these, these are his
Cumrades, his walking mates, hees a gallant, a Cauelero
too, right hangman cut God let me not liue, and I could
not finde in my hart to swinge the whole nest of them, one 135
after another, and begin with him first I am grieu'd it
should be said he is my brother, and take these courses, well
he shall heare on't, and that tightly too, and I liue Ifaith

Tho But brother, let your apprehension (then)
Runne in an easie current, not transported 140
With heady rashnes, or deououring choller,
And rather carry a perswading spirit,
Whose powers will pearce more gently, and allure
Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclame,
To a more sodaine and resolu'd assent

Giu I, I, let me alone for that I warrant you Bell rings

Tho How now? oh the bell rings to breakefast
Brother Giuliano, I pray you go in and beare my wife
company Ile but glue order to my servants for the
dispatche of some busines and come to you presently 150
Exit Giul<iano>

Enter Cob.

What Cob? our maides will haue you by the back (Ifaith)
for comping so late this morning

Cob Perhaps so sir, take heede some body haue not them
by the belly for walking so late in the euening Exit

Tho Now (in good faith) my minde is somewhat easd, 155
Though not reposed in that securtie,
As I could wish, well, I must be content
How e’re I set a face on’t to the world,
Would I had lost this finger at a vente(r),

160 So Prospero had ne’re lodg’d in my house,
Why’t cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young reuellers,
That any woman should be honest long
Is’t like, that factious beauty will preserve

165 The soueraigne state of chastitie vnscard,
When such strong motuues muster, and make head
Against her single peace: no, no beware
When mutuall pleasure swayes the appetite,
And spirits of one kinde and qualitie,

170 Do meete to parlee in the pride of blood
Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had answer’d their affections all the world
Should not perswade me, but I were a cuckold
Mary I hope they haue not got that start

175 For opportunity hath balkt them yet,
And shall do still, while I haue eyes and eares
To attend the imposision of my hart,
My presence shall be as an lion Barre,
Twixt the conspiring motions of desire,

180 Yea evry looke or glaunce mine eye objects,
Shall checke occasion, as one doth his slaue,
When he forgets the limits of prescription

Enter Biancha, with Hesperida

Bia Sister Hesperida, I pray you fetch downe the Rose
water aboue in the closet Sweete hart will you come in to
185 breakfast?

Tho And she haue ouer-heard me now?
Bia I pray thee (good Musse) we stay for you
Tho By Christ I would not for a thousand crownes
Bia What ayle you sweete hart, are you not well, speake

190 good Musse
Tho Troth my head akes extremely on a suddaine

1 iv 164 Is’t] I’st Q 185 breakfast?] breakfast Q
Bia  Oh Iesu!
Tho  How now? what?
Bia  Good Lord how it burnes? Musse keepe you warme, good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withall for Gods sake sweete heart, come in out of the ayre
Tho  How simple, and how subtill are her answeres?
A new disease, and many troubled with it
Why true, she heard me, all the world to nothing
Bia  I pray thee good sweet heart come in, the ayre will do you harme in troth
Tho  Ile come to you presently, it will away I hope
Bia  Pray God it do
Tho  A new disease? I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poore mortals Plague,
For like a pestilence it doth infect
The houses of the braine first it begins
Solely to worke upon the fantasie,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
As soone corrupts the judgement, and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memorie,
Still each of other catching the infection,
Which as a searching vapor spreads it selfe
Confusedly through every sensuie part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the blacke poison of suspect
Ah, but what error is it to know this,
And want the free election of the soule
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strue,
(Euen in despight of hell) my selfe to be,
And shake this feauer off that thus shakes me

I iv 200 me.] me Q 205-17 Quoted in England's Parnassus, 1600, p. 143, with these variants (206) term'd, poore mortall plaine (207) the pestilence (213) taking like infection (217) Be farre 220 Well] well Q
ACTVS SECVNDVS,
SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Musco disguised like a soldier

Musco S'blood, I cannot chuse but laugh to see my selfe translated thus, from a poore creature to a creator, for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or else my profession looses his grace, and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous as the Fico oh sir, it holds for good policie to haue that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most deare to vs. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my master intends to follow his sonne drie-foot to Florence, this morning now I knowing of this conspiracie, and the rather to insinuate with my young master, (for so must wee that are blew waiters, or men of service doe, or else perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeares end, and who weares motley you know ) I haue got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, & intercept him in the midway if I can but get his cloake, his purse, his hat, nay any thing so I can stay his iourny, Rex Regum, I am made for ever faith well, now must I practise to get the true garbe of one of these Launce-knights my arme here, and my Gods so, young master and his cousin

Enter Lo<renzo> vu<mor> and Step<hano>

Lo vu So sir, and how then?
Step Gods foot, I haue lost my purse, I thinke
Lo vu How lost your purse? where when had you it?

Step I cannot tell, stay
Mus S'lid I am afeard they will know me, would I could get by them
Lo vu What haue you it?
Step No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I
Lo uu Nay do not weep, a poxe on it, hang it let 30
it go

Step  Oh it's here, nay and it had beene lost, I had not
car'd but for a 1et ring Marina sent me

Lo uu A 1et ring ? oh the poesie, the poesie ?

Step  Fine ifaith  Though fancie sleepe, my loue is deepe  35
meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet shee loued
mee dearly -

Lo uu Most excellent

Step  And then I sent her another, and my poesie was ,
The deeper the sweeter, Ile be vudg'd by Saint Peter  40

Lo uu How, by S Peter ? I do not conceiue that

Step  Marrie, S Peter to make vp the meeter /

Lo uu Well, you are beholding to that Saint, he help't
you at your need , thanke him, thanke him

Mus  I will venture, come what will Gentlemen, 45
please you change a few crownes for a verie excellent
good blade here , I am a poore gentleman, a soldier, one
that (in the better state of my fortunes) scornd so meane
a refuge, but now its the humour of necessitie to haue it so
you seeme to be gentlemen well affected to martiall men, 50
els I should rather die with silence, then liue with shame
how e're, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speakes,
not my selfe  this condition agrees not with my spirit

Lo uu Where hast thou seru'd ?

Mus  May it please you Signior, in all the provinces of 55
Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmata, Poland, where not ?  I haue
beene a poore seruitor by sea and land, any time this xiii
yeares, and follow'd the fortunes of the best Commaunders
in Christendome  I was twise shot at the taking of Aleppo,
once at the reliefe of Vienna , I haue beene at America in the 60
galleyes thrise, where I was most dangerously shot in the
head, through both the thighes, and yet being thus maim'd
I am voide of maintenance, nothing left me but my scarres,
the noted markes of my resolution

Step  How will you sell this Rapier friend ?  65

ii 1 65 Step ] Step, Q
Mus Faith Signior, I referre it to your owne judgement, you are a gentleman, giue me what you please
Step True, I am a gentleman, I know that, but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?
Mus I assure you the blade may become the side of the best prince in Europe
Lo uu I, with a velvet scabberd
Step Nay and’t be mine it shall haue a velvet scabberd, that is flat, I’d not weare it as ’tis and you would giue me an angell
Mus At your pleasure Signior, nay it’s a most pure Toledo
Step I had rather it were a Spaniard but tell me, what shall I giue you for it? and it had a siluer hilt—
Lo uu Come, come, you shall not buy it, holde there’s a shilling friend, take thy Rapier
Step Why but I will buy it now, because you say so what shall I go without a rapier?
Lo uu You may buy one in the citie
Step Tut, I’d buy this, so I will, tell me your lowest price
Lo uu You shall not I say
Step By Gods lid, but I will, though I giue more then ’tis worth
Lo uu Come away, you are a foole
Step Friend, I’le haue it for that word follow me!
Mus At your service Signior Exeunt

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Lorenzo senior

Lore My labouring spirit being late opprest
With my sonnes follie, can embrace no rest,
Till it hath plotted by aduise and skill,
How to reduce him from affected will
To reasons manage, which while I intend,
My troubled soule beginnes to apprehend
A farther secret, and to meditate
Vpon the difference of mans estate
Where is deciphered to true judgements eye
A deep, conceal'd, and precious mysterie
Yet can I not but worthily admire
At natures art who (when she did inspire
This heat of life) plac'd Reason (as a king)
Here in the head, to haue the marshalling
Of our affections and with soueraignty
To sway the state of our weake emperie
But as in divers commonwealthes we see,
The forme of gouernment to disagree
Euen so in man who searcheth soone shall find
As much or more varietie of mind
Some mens affections like a sullen wife,
Is with her husband reason still at strife
Others (like proud Arch-traitors that rebell
Against their soueraigne) practise to expell
Their liege Lord Reason, and not shame to tread
Vpon his holy and annointed head
But as that land or nation best doth thrive,
Which to smooth fronted peace is most proclue,
So doth that mind, whose faire affections rang'd
By reasons rules, stand constant and vnchang'd,
Els, if the power of reason be not such,
Why do we attribute to him so much?
Or why are we obsequious to his law,
If he want spirit our affects to awe?
Oh no, I argue weakly, he is strong,

Enter Musco

Albeit my sonne haue done him too much wrong

Mus My master nay faith haue at you I am flesht now I haue sped so well Gentleman, I beseech you respect the estate of a poor soldier, I am asham'd of this base course of life (God's my comfort) but extremitie prouokes me to't, what remedie?

Loren I haue not for you now
Every man in his Humor

Mus By the faith I beare vnto God, gentleman, it is no
ordinarie custome, but onely to preserue manhood I pro-
test to you, a man I haue bin, a man I may be, by your
sweet bountie

Lor I pray thee good friend be satisfied

Mus Good Signior by Iesu you may do the part of
a kind gentleman, in lending a poore soldier the price of two
50 cans of beerte, a matter of small value, the King of heauen
shall pay you, and I shall rest thankfull sweet Signior

Loren Nay and you be so importunate—

Mus Oh Lord sir, need wil haue his course I was not
made to this vile vse, well, the edge of the enemie could
55 not haue abated me so much it's hard when a man hath
serued in his Princes cause and be thus Signior, let me
deriue a small peece of siluer from you, it shall not be guen
in the course of time. By this good ground, I was faine
to pawne my rapier last night for a poore supper, I am
60 a Pagan els sweet Signior

Loren Believe me I am rapte with admiration,
To thinke a man of thy exterior presence,
Should (in the constitution of the mind)
Be so degenerate, infirme, and base

65 Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a seruile kinde of life?
Why were thy education ne're so meane,
Hauing thy limbes a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselues to thy election

Nay there the warres might still supply thy wants,
Or servuice of some vertuous Gentleman,
Or honest labour, nay what can I name,
But would become thee better then to beg?
6 But men of your condition feede on sloth,
7 As doth the Scarabe on the dung she breeds in,
Not caring how the temper of your spirits
Is eaten with the rust of idlenesse
Now afore God, what e're he be, that should

11 11 58 time By] time, by Q
Releeue a peison of thy qualitie,
While you insist in this loose desperate course,
I would esteeme the sinne not thine, but his

Mus Faith signior, I would gladly finde some other
course if so

Loren I, you'd gladly finde it, but you will not seeke it

Mus Alasse sir, where should a man seeke? in the 85
warres, there's no assent by desart in these dayes, but
and for service would it were as soone purchast as wisht for
(Gods my comfort) I know what I would say

Loren What's thy name?

Mus Please you Portensio

Loren Portensio

Say that a man should enteitaine thee now,
Would thou be honest, humble, iust and true?

Mus Signior by the place and honor of a soildier

Loren Nay, nay, I like not these affected othes,

Speake plainly man what thinkst thou of my words?

Mus Nothing signior, but wish my fortunes were as
happy as my service should be honest

Loren Well follow me, ile proue thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy word

Mus Yes sir straight, ile but garter my hose, oh that
my bellie were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with
laughing S'lid, was there euer scene a foxe in yeares to
betray himselfe thus? now shall I be posscest of all his
determinations, and consequently [and] my young master
Well, hee is resolud to proue my honestie faith and I am
resolued to proue his patience oh I shall abuse him
intollerablly this small piece of service will bring him
cleane out of loue with the soldier for euer It's no matter,
let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot giue
him the slip at an instant why this is better then to haue
staid his iourney by halfe Well, ile follow him oh how
I long to be imploed
SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Prospero, Bobadilla, and Matheo

Mat Yes faith sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you too

Pros Oh I came not there to night

Bob Your brother deliuered vs as much

Pros Who, Giuliano?

Bob Giuliano? Signior Prospero, I know not in what kinde you value me, but let me tell you this as sure as God I do hold it so much out of mine honor & reputation, if I should but cast the least regard vpon such a dunghill of flesh, I protest to you (as I haue a soule to bee saued) I ne’re saw any gentlemanlike part in him and there were no more men living vpon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him by Phæbus

Mat Troth nor I, he is of a rusticaull cut, I know not how he doth not carrie himselfe like a gentleman

Pros Oh Signior Matheo, that’s a grace peculiar but to a few, quos æquos amant Iupiter

Mat I vnderstand you sir

Enter Lorenzo junior, and Step(hano)

Pros No question you do sir Lorenzo, now on my soule welcome, how doest thou sweet raskall? my Genius? S’blood I shal loue Apollo, & the mad Thespian girles the better while I liue for this, my deare villaine, now I see the[e]s some spirit in thee Sirra these be the[y] two I writ to thee of, nay what a drowsie humor is this now? why doest thou not speake?

Lo Io Oh you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter

Pros Why, was’t not rare?

Lo Io Yes ile be sworne I was ne’re guiltie of reading the like, match it in all Plinies familiar Epistles, and ile
haue my judgement burnd in the eare for a rogue, make much of thy vaine, for it is inimitable But I marle what Camell it was, that had the caniage of it? for doubtlesse he was no ordinarie beast that brought it

Pros Why?

Lo Lu Why sayest thou? why doest thou thinke that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, (the sober time of the day too) would haue taine my father for me?

Pros S'blood you rest I hope?

Lo Lu Indeed the best use we can turne it to[0], is to make a rest on't now but ile assure you, my father had the prouing of your copy, some howre before I saw it

Pros What a dull slaeue was this? But sirrah what sayd he to it yfaith?

Lo Lu Nay I know not what he said But I haue a shrewd gesse what he thought

Pro What? what?

Lo Lu Mary that thou art a damn'd dissolute villaine, and I some graine or two better, in keeping thee company

Pros Tut that thought is like the Moone in the last quarter, twill change shortly but sirra, I pray thee be acquainted with my two Zanies heere, thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them if thou hearst them once, but what strange piece of silence is this? the signe of the 55 dumbe man?

Lo Lu Oh sir a kinsman of mine, one that may make ou Musque the fuller and he please, he hath his humor sir

Pros Oh what ist? what ist?

Lo Lu Nay ile neyther do thy judgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare thy apprehension ile leaue him to the mercy of the time, if you can take him so

Pros Well signior Bobadilla signior Matheo I pray you know this Gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, & one that will wel deserue your affection I know not your name?
signior, but I shalbe glad of any good occasion, to be more familiar with you

Step My name is signior Stephano, sir, I am this Gentlemans cousin, sir his father is mine vnkle, sir I am some-
what melancholie, but you shall commaund me sir, in whatsoever is incident to a Gentleman

Bob Signior, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, embrace it as a most high favour, for (by the host of Egypt)
but that I conceive you, to be a Gentleman of some parts

I loye few words you haue wit imagine

Step I truely sir, I am mightily giuen to melancholy

Mat Oh Loird sir, it’s your only best humor sir, your true melancholy, breedes your perfect fine wit sir I am melan
cholie my selfe duers times sir, and then do I no more but take your pen and paper presently, and write you your halfe score or your dozen of sonnets at a sitting

Lo uu Masse then he vtters them by the grosse

Step Truely sir, and I loye such things out of measure

Lo uu I faith, as well as in measure

Mat Why I pray you signior, make vse of my studie, it’s at your seruice

Step I thanke you sir, I shalbe bolde I warrant you, haue you a close stoole there?

Mat Faith sir, I haue some papers there, toyes of mine owne doing at idle houres, that you’le say there’s some sparkes of wit in them, when you shall see them

Prosp Would they were kindled once, and a good fire made, I might see selfe loue burnd for her heresie

Step Cousin, is it well? am I melancholie inough?

Lo uu Oh I, excellent

Prosp Signior Bobadilla? why muse you so?

Lo uu He is melancholy too

Bob Faith sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of seruice was periform’d to morow, being S Marks day

shalbe some ten years

Lo uu In what place was that seruice, I pray you sir?
Bob Why at the beleagring of Ghibelletio, where, in lesse then two hours, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their liues vpon the breach ile tell you gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure that 105 euer I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of Tortosa last yer by the Genowayes, but that (of all other) was the most fatall & dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a souldier

Step So, I had as liefe as an angell I could sweare as well as that gentleman

Lo wi Then you were a seruitor at both it seems

Bob Oh Lord sir by Phaeton I was the first man that entred the breach, and had I not effected it with resolution, 115 I had bene slaine if I had had a million of liues

Lo wi Indeed sir?

Step Nay & you heard him discourse you would say so how like you him?

Bob I assure you (vpon my saluation) 'tis true, and your 120 selfe shall confesse

Pros You must bring him to the racke first

Bob Observe me judically sweet signior they had planted me a demy culuer, iust in the mouth of the breach, now sir (as we were to ascend) their master gunner 125 (a man of no meane skill and courage, you must thinke) confronts me with his Linstock ready to give fire, I spying his intendement, discharg'd my Petrinell in his bosome, and with this instrument my poore Rapier, ran violenty vpon the Moores that guarded the ordinance, and put them 130 pell-mell to the sword

Pros To the sword? to the Rapier signior

Lo wi Oh it was a good figure obseru'd sir but did you all this signior without hurting your blade?

Bob Without any impeach on the earth you shall 135 perceiue sir, it is the most fortunate weapon, that euer rid on a poore gentlemen thigh shall I tell you sir, you
Every man in his Humor

talke of Morglay, Excaliber, Durindana, or so tut, I lend no credit to that is reported of them, I know the vertue of mine owne, and therefore I dare the boldier maintaine it

Step I marle whether it be a Toledo or no?
Bob A most perfect Toledo, I assure you signior
Step I haue a countriman of his here
Mat Pray you let's see sir yes faith it is

Bob This a Toledo? pish
Step Why do you pish signior?
Bob A Fleming by Phæbus, ile buy them for a guilder a peece and ile haue a thousand of them

Lo vu How say you cousin, I told you thus much

Pros Where bought you it signior?
Step Of a scruuy rogue Souldier, a pox of God on him, he swore it was a Toledo
Bob A prouant Rapier, no better

Mat Masse I thinke it be indeed

Lo vu Tut now its too late to looke on it, put it vp, put it vp
Step Well I will not put it vp, but by Gods foote, and ere I meete him——

Pros Oh it is past remedie now sir, you must haue patience

Step Horson conny-catching Raskall, oh I could eate the very hilts for anger

Lo vu A signe you haue a good Ostrich stomach Cousin
Step A stomach? would I had him here, you should see and I had a stomachke

Pros It's better as 'tis come gentlemen shall we goe?

Enter Musco

Lo vu A miracle cousin, looke here, looke here
Step Oh, Gods lid, by your leaue, do you know me sir?

Mus I sir, I know you by sight

Step You sold me a Rapier, did you not?
Mus Yes marry did I sir
The Quarto of 1601

Step You said it was a Toledo ha?
Mus True I did so
Step But it is none
Mus No sir, I confesse it, it is none
Step Gentlemen beare witnesse, he has confest it By
Gods lid, and you had not confest it
Lo uu Oh cousin, forbeare, forbeare
Step Nay I haue done cousin
Pros Why you haue done like a Gentleman, he ha's 180
confest it, what would you more?
Lo uu Sirra how doost thou like him?
Pros Oh its a pretsious good foole, make much on him I
can compare him to nothing more happily, then a Barbers
vrginals, for every one may play vpon him
Mus Gentleman, shall I intreat a word with you?
Lo uu With all my heart sir, you haue not another Toledo
to sell, haue yee?
Mus You are pleasant, your name is signior Lorenzo as
I take it
Lo uu You are in the right S'bloud he meanes to cate-
chize me I thinke
Mus No sir, I leaue that to the Curate, I am none of that
coate
Lo uu And yet of as bare a coate, well, say sir
Mus Faith signior, I am but servuant to God Mars
extraordinarie, and indeed (this brasse varnish being washt
off, and three or foure other tricks sublated) I appeare
yours in ruersion, after the decease of your good father,
Musco
Lo uu Musco, s'bloud what winde hath blowne thee
hither in this shape?
Mus Your Easterly winde sir, the same that blew your
father hither
Lo uu My father?
Mus Nay neuer start, it's true, he is come to towne of
purpose to seeke you

175 180 185 190 195 200 205
Lo ui Sirra Prospero what shall we do sirra, my father is come to the city

Pros Thy father where is he?
Mus At a Gentlemans house yonder by Saint Anthonyes, where he but stayes my returne, and then——
Pros Who’s this? Musco?
Mus The same sir

Pros Why how comst thou trans-muted thus?
Mus Faith a devise, a devise, nay for the loue of God, stand not here Gentlemen, house your selues and ile tell you all
Lo ui But art thou sure he will stay thy returne?

Mus Do I liuc sir? what a question is that?
Pros Well wee’le proroge his expectation a little
Musco thou shalt goe with vs Come on Gentlemen nay I pray thee (good raskall) droope not, s’hart and our wits be so gowty, that one old plodding braine can out-strip vs all,

Lord I beseech thee, may they lie and starue in some miserable spittle, where they may never see the face of any true spirit againe, but bee perpetually haunted with some
church-yard Hobgoblin in secula seculorum

Mus Amen, Amen

Exeunt

ACTVS TERTIVS.
SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Thorello, and Piso

Pis He will expect you sir within this halfe houre
Tho Why what’s a clocke?
Pis New striken ten
Tho Hath he the money ready, can you tell?
Pis Yes sir, Baptista brought it yesternight
Tho Oh that’s well fetch me my cloake Exit Piso

Stay, let me see, an howier to goe and come,
I that will be the least and then 'twill be
An houre, before I can dispatch with him,
Or very neare well, I will say two houres,
Two houres ha things never dremp't of yet
May be contri'ed, I and effected too,
In two houres absence well I will not go
Two houres, no fleeing opportunity
I will not give your trecherie that scope
Who will not judge him worthy to be rob'd,
That sets his doores wide open to a theefe,
And shewes the felon, where his treasure lyes
Againe, what earthy spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruite of beauties golden tree,
When leaden sleepe seales vp the dragons eyes
Oh beauty is a Project of some power,
Chiefely when opportunitie attends her
She will infuse true motion in a stone,
Put glowing fire in an Icie soule,
Stufle peasants bosoms with proud Caesars spleene,
Powre rich deuice into an empty braine'
Bring youth to follies gate there traine him in,
And after all, extenuate his sinne
Well, I will not go, I am resolu'd for that
Goe cary it againe, yet stay yet do too, Enter Piso
I will deferre it till some other time

Piso Sir, signior Platano wil meet you there with the bond

Tho That's true by Iesu I had cleane forgot it
I must goe, what's a clocke
Pis Past ten sir
Tho 'Hart, then will Prospero presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts
I am a Iew, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolue
My braine (me thinkes) is like an hower-glasse,
And my imaginations like the sands,
Runne dribling foorth to fill the mouth of time,
Still chaung'd with turning in the ventricle
What were I best to doe? it shalbe so
Nay I dare build vpon his secrecie

Piso

Piso Sir

Tho Yet now I haue bethought me to, I wil not
Is Cob within?

Pis I thinke he be sir

Tho But hee'le prate too, there's no talke of him

No, there were no course vpon the earth to this,
If I durst trust him, tut I were secure,
But there's the question now, if he should prooue,
Ramarum plenus, then, s'blood I were Rootk

The state that he hath stood in till this present,
Doth promise no such change what should I feare then?

Well, come what will, ile tempt my fortune once'

Piso, thou mayest deceive mee, but I thinke
Thou louest mee Piso

Piso Sir, if a servants zeale and humble duetie

May bee term'd loue, you are possest of it'

Tho I haue a matter to impart to thee,
But thou must be secret, Piso

Pis Sir for that

Tho Nay heare me man, thinke I esteeme thee well,
To let thee in thus to my private thoughts,

Piso, it is a thing, sits neerer to my crest,
Then thou art ware of if thou shouldest reveale it

Pis Reveale it sir?

Tho Nay, I [do] not think thou wouldst,
But if thou shouldest

Pis Sir, then I were a villaine

Disclaime in me for euer if I do

Tho He will not sweare he has some meaning sure,
Else (being vrg'd so much) how should he choose,
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He is no puritan, that I am certaine of
What should I thinke of it? verge him againe,
And in some other forme I will do so
Well Piso, thou hast sworne not to disclose,
I you did sweare?

Pis Not yet sir, but I will,
So please you

Tho Nay I dare take thy word
But if thou wilt sweare, do as you thinke good,
I am resolu'd without such circumstance

Pis By my soules safetie sir I here protest,
My tongue shall ne're take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in compasse of your trust

Tho Enough, enough, these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firme as brasse

Piso come hither nay we must be close
In managing these actions So it is,
(Now he ha's sworne I dare the safelie speake,)
I haue of late by diuers observations——
But, whether his oath be lawfull, yea, or no, ha?
I will aske counsel ere I do proceed

Piso, it will be now too long to stay,
Wee'le spie some fitter time soone, or to morrow

Pis At your pleasure sir

Tho I pray you search the bookes against I returne
For the receipts twixt me and Platano

Pis I will sir

Tho And heare you if my brother Prospero
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen
Ere I come backe let one straight bring me word

Pis Very well sir

Tho Forget it not, nor be not [you] out of the way

Pis I will not sir

Tho Or whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger or els faile not to send me word

115    Pis Yes sir
    Tho Haue care I pray you and remember it
    Pis I warrant you sir
    Tho But Pis, this is not the secret I told thee of
    Pis No sir, I suppose so

120    Tho Nay beleeeue me it is not
    Pis I do beleeeue you sir
    Tho By heauen it is not, that’s enough
Marrie, I would not thou shouldst vter it
To any creature living, yet I care not

125    Well, I must hence Pis conceuie thus much,
    No ordinarie person could haue drawne
So deepe a secret from me, I meane not this,
But that I haue to tell thee this is nothing, this
    Pis, remember, silence, buried here

130    No greater hell then to be slaeue to feare    Exit Tho
    Pis Pis, remember, silence, buried here
    Whence should this flow of passion (trow) take head ha
Faith ile dreame no longer of this running humor,
For feare I sinke, the violence of the streame

135    Alreadie hath transported me so farre,
    That I can feele no ground at all but soft,    Enter Cob
Oh it’s our waterbearer somewhat ha’s crost him now
    Cob Fasting dayes what tell you me of your fasting
dayes would they were all on a light fire for mee they
say the world shall be consum’d with fire and brimstone in
the latter day but I would we had these ember weekes, and
these villanous fridaries burnt in the meane time, and then
    Pis Why how now Cob, what moues thee to this choller

140 ha

    Cob Collier sir swounds I scorne your coller, I sir, <I> am no colliers horse sir, neuer ride me with your coller, and you doe, ile shew you a iades tricke
Pis Oh you'le slip your head out of the coller why 150
Cob you mistake me

Cob Nay I haue my rewme, and I be angrie, as well as another, sir

Pis Thy rewme, thy humor man, thou mistakest 155
Cob Humor ? macke, I thinke it bee so indeed what is this humor ? it's some rare thing I warrant

Piso Marrie ile tell thee what it is (as tis generally receiued in these daies) it is a monster bred in a man by selfe loue, and affectation, and fed by folly 160
Cob How ? must it be fed ?

Pis Oh I, humor is nothing if it be not fed, why, didst thou never heare of that ? it's a common phrase, Feed my humor 165

Cob Ile none on it humor, auaunt, I know you not, be gon Let who will make hungry meales for you, it shall not bee I Feed you quoth he ? s'blood I haue much adoe to feed my self, especially on these leane rascall daies too, and't had beene any other day but a fasting day a plague on them all for mee by this light one might haue done God good seruice and have dron'd them al in the floud two or three hundred thousand yeares ago, oh I do stomackle them 170 hugely I haue a mawe now, and't were for sin Beuisses horse

Pis Nay, but I pray thee Cob, what makes thee so out of loue with fasting daies ? 175

Cob Marrie that, that will make any man out of loue with them, I thinke their bad conditions and you wil needs know First, they are of a Flemmish breed I am sure on't, for they haue vn more butter then all the daies of the weeke beside Next, they stinke of fish miserably Thirdly, they'le keep a man deuoutly hungry all day, & at night send him supperlesse to bed 180

Pis Indeed these are faults Cob

Cob Nay and this were all, 'twere something, but they are the onely knowe enemies to my generation A fasting

\[\text{III 1 151 angrie,] angrie Q 179 Next} \]
185 day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore Cobbles they smoake for it, they melt in passion, and your maides too know this, and yet would haue me turne Hannibal, and eat my owne fish & blood * my princely couze, feare nothing, I haue not the heart to deuoure you, 
190 and I might bee made as rich as Goliab oh that I had roome for my teares, I could weep salt water enough now to preserue the lives of ten thousand of my kin but I may curse none but these filthy Almanacks, for and’t were not for them, these daies of persecution would ne’re bee knowne Ile be hang’d and some Fishmongers sonne doe not make on ‘hem, and puts in more fasting daies then hee should doe, because he would wtter his fathers dried stockfish

Pis ’Soule peace, thou’lt be beaten like a stockfish else here is Signior Maetheo
200 Now must I looke out for a mes- senger to my Master Exeunt Cob & Piso

SCENA SECVNDA.

Pros Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good iest, and exceedingly well caried

Lo u I and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?
5 Pros Yes faith, but was’t possible thou should’st not know him?

Lo u Fore God not I, and I might haue beene 10ind patten with one of the nine worthies for knowing him S’blood man, he had so writhe himselfe into the habit of one of your poore Disparuiew’s here, your decayed, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round such as haue vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your Prouost & his half dozen of halberders do what they can, and haue translated begging out of the olde hackney pace, to a fine easy amble, 15 and made it runne as smooth of the toung, as a shoue-groat

III 1 196 on ’hem, ] on ’them Q 198 ’Soule ] S’oule Q
shilling. Into the likenes of one of these leane Pirgo's, had hee moulded himselfe so perfectly, obseruing euerie tricke of their action, as varying the accent swearing with an Emphasis. Indeed all with so speciall and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seene him) thou wouldst haue sworne he might haue beene the Tamberlaine, or the Agamemnon of the rout.

Pros Why Musco who would haue thought thou hadst beene such a gallant?

Lo vu I cannot tell, but (vnles a man had ruggled begging all his life time, and beene a weauer of phrases from his infancie, for the apparrelling of it) I thinke the world cannot produce his Riuall.

Pros Where got'st thou this coat I mar'le?

Mus Faith sir, I had it of one of the deuils neere kinsmen, 30 a Broker.

Pros That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold, a craftie knaue needs no broker.

Mus True sir, but I need a broker, Ergo no crafty knaue.

Pros Well put off, well put off.

Lo vu Tut, he ha's more of these shifts.

Mus And yet where I haue one, the broker ha's ten sir.

Enter Piso

Piso Francisco Martino ne're a one to bee found now, what a spite's this?

Pros How now Piso is my brother within?

Pis No sir, my master went forth e'ene now but Signior Giuliano is within Cob, what Cob is he gone too?

Pros Whither went thy master? Piso canst thou tell?

Piso I know not, to Doctor Clements, I thinke sir Cob

Exit Piso

Lo vu Doctor Clement, what's he? I haue heard much 45 speech of him.

Pros Why, doest thou not know him? he is the Gonfa-

III. 11 16 shilling Into] shilling, into Q 22 of] on Q 29 mar'le Q 47 Gonfalonere] Gonfationere Q
Ioniere of the state here, an excellent rare civilian, and a
great scholler, but the onely mad merry olde fellow in
Europe I shewed him you the other day

Lo u I remember him now, Good faith, and he hath
a very strange presence me thinkes, it shewes as if he stoode
out of the ranke from other men I haue heard many of his
ests in Padua they say he will commit a man for taking
the wall of his horse

Pros I or wearing his cloake of one shoulder, or any thing
indeede, if it come in the way of his humor

Pis Gasper, Martino, Cob S'hart, where should they be
trow ?

Enter Piso

Bob Signior Thorello's man, I pray thee vouchsafe vs the
lighting of this match

Pis A pox on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe ?

Francisco, Cob Exit

Bob Body of me here's the remainder of seuen pound,
since yesterday was seuennight It's your right Trinidad
did you neuer take any, signior ?

Step No truly sir, but i'le learene to take it now, since
you commend it so

Bob Signior beleue me, (upon my relation) for what I tel
you, the world shall not improue I haue been in the Indies
(where this herbe growes) where neither my selue, nor a dozen
Gentlemen more (of my knowledge) haue receuued the taste
of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space of one and
twente weekes, but Tabacco onely Therefore it cannot be
but 'tis most diuine Further, take it in the nature, in the
ture kinde so, it makes an Antidote, that (had you taken the
most deadly poysenous simple in all Florence) it should
expell it, and clarifie you, with as much ease, as I speak
And for your greene wound, your Balsamum, and your ——
are all meere gulleis, and trash to it, especially your
Trinidad your Newcotian is good too I could say what

III 11 67 sir, ] sir ? Q 77 Florence rt] Florence, it Q 79 wound
one Dyce copy owing to a defect in the paper 81 Newcotian] Nicotian F
I know of the vertue of it, for the exposing of rewmes, raw humors, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind, but I professe my selue no quack-saluer only thus much by Hercules I doe holde it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in Europe) to be the most soueraigne, and pretious herbe, that euery the earth tendied to the vse of man

Lo uu Oh this speech would haue done rare in a pothecaries mouth

Enter Piso and Cob

Pis I close by Saint Anthomies Doctor Clements
Cob Oh, Oh
Bob Where's the match I gaue thee?
Pis S'blood would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at Sancto Domingo

Cob By gods deynes I marke what pleasure or felicitie they haue in taking this rogish Tabacco it's good for nothing but to choake a man, and fill him full of smoake, and imbers there were foure died out of one house last weeke with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yester-night, one of them (they say) will ne're scape it, he voyded a bushell of soote yester day, vpward and downward By the stockes, and there were no wiser men then I, I'll haue it present death, man or woman, that should but deale with a Tabacco pipe, why, it will stifle them all in th'end as many as vse it, it's little better then rats bane

Enter Piso

All Oh good signior, hold, hold
Bob You base cullion, you
Pis Sir, here's your match, come, thou must needes be talking too
Cob Nay he wil not meddle with his match I warrant you well it shall be a deere beating, and I lue
Bob Doe you prate?
Lo uu Nay good signior, will you regard the humor of a foole? away knaue
Every man in his Humor

Pros Piso get him away Exit Piso, and Cob
Bob A horson filthy slaue, a turd, an excrement Body of Cesar, but that I scorne to let forth so meane a spirit, I'd haue stab'd him to the earth

Pros Mary God forbid sir
Bob By this faire heauen I would haue done it
Step Oh he sweares admirably (by this faire heauen ) (Body of Cesar ) I shall neuer doe it, sure (vpon my saluation) no I haue not the right grace

Mat Signior will you any ? By this ayre the most diuine Tabacco as euer I drunke
Lo vu I thanke you sir
Step Oh this Gentleman doth it rarely too, but nothing like the other By this ayre, as I am a Gentleman by

Phæbus Exit Bob and Mat
Mus Master glaunce, glaunce Signior Prospero
Step As I haue a soule to be saued, I doe protest ,
Pros That you are a foole
Lo vu Cousin will you any Tabacco ?

Step I sir vpon my saluation
Lo vu How now cousin ?
Step I protest, as I am a Gentleman, but no soouldier indeede
Pros No signior, as I remember you seru'd on a great horse, last generall muster
Step I sir that's true cousin may I sweare as I am a soouldier, by that ?
Lo vu Oh yes, that you may
Step Then as I am a Gentleman, and a soouldier, it is
diuen Tabacco
Pros But soft, where's signior Matheo ? gone ?
Mus No sir, they went in here
Pros Oh let's follow them signior Matheo is gone to salute his mistresse, sirra now thou shalt heare some of his verses, for he neuer comes hither without some shreds of poetrie Come signior Stephano, Musco
Step Musco ?
where ? is this Musco ?
Lo u I, but peace cousin, no words of it at any hand
Step Not I by this faire heauen, as I haue a soule to be
saued, by Phæbus
Pros Oh rare 1 your cousins discourse is simply suted, all
in oathes
Lo u I, he lacks no thing but a little light stuffe, to draw
them out withall, and he were rarely fitted to the time

Actus Tertius, Scena Tertia.
Enter Thorello with Cob

Tho Ha, how many are there, sayest thou ?
Cob Marry sir, your brother, Signior Prospero
Tho Tut, beside him what strangers are there man ?
Cob Strangers ? let me see, one, two, masse I know not
well, there's so many
Tho How ? so many ?
Cob I, there's some fiue or sixe of them at the most
Tho A swarme, a swarme,
Spight of the Deuill, how they sting my heart 1
How long hast thou beene comming hither Cob ?
Cob But a little while su
Tho Didst thou come running ?
Cob No sir
Tho Tut, then I am familiar with thy haste
Bane to my fortunes what meant I to marrie ?
I that before was rankt in such content,
My mind attir'd in smoothe silken peace,
Being free master of mine owne free thoughts,
And now become a slave ? what, neuer sigh,
Be of good cheare man for thou art a cuckold,
'Tis done, 'tis done nay when such flowing store,
Plentie it selfe falls in my wiues lappe,
The Cornu-copiae will be mine I know But Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure

25 My sister and my wife would bid them welcome, ha?

Cob  Like ynough yet I heard not a word of welcome

Tho  No, their lips were seal’d with kisses, and the voice

Drown’d in a flood of joy at their arriuall,

Had lost her motion, state and facultie

30 Cob, which of them was’t that first kist my wife?

(My sister I should say) my wife, alas,

I feare not her  ha? who was it sayst thou?

Cob  By my troth sir, will you haue the truth of it?

Tho  Oh I good Cob I pray thee

35 Cob  God’s my judge, I saw no body to be kist, vnlesse

they would haue kist the post, in the middle of the ware-

house, for there I left them all, at their Tabacco with a poxe

Tho  How? were they not gone in then e’re thou cam’st?

Cob  Oh no sir

39 Tho  Spite of the Deuill, what do I stay here then?

Cob, follow me  Exit Tho

Cob  Nay, soft and faire, I haue egges on the spit, I

cannot go yet sir now am I for some diuers reasons ham-

mering, hammering reuenge oh for three or foure gallons

45 of vineger, to sharpen my wits  Reuenge, vineger reuenge,

russet reuenge, nay, and hee had not lyne in my house,

'twould never haue greeu’d me, but being my guest, one

that ile bee sworne, my wife ha’s lent him her smocke off

her backe, while his owne shirt ha beene at washing

50 pawnd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him sold

almost all my platters to buy him Tabacco, and yet to see

an ingratitude wretch strike his host, well I hope to

raise vp an host of furies for’t here comes M Doctor

Enter Doctor Clement, Lorenzo sen<ior,> Peto

Clem  What’s Signior Thorello gone?

55 Pet  I sir

Clem  Hart of me, what made him leaue vs so abruptly?
How now sirra, what make you here? what wold you haue, ha?

*Cob.* And't please your worship, I am a poore neighbour of your worship.

*Clem.* A neighbour of mine, knaue?

*Cob.* I sir, at the signe of the water-tankerd, hard by the greene lattice I haue paide scot and lotte there any time this eightene yeares.

*Clem.* What, at the greene lattice?

*Cob.* No sir to the parish mary I haue seldome scap't scot-free at the lattice.

*Clem.* So but what busines hath my neigbour?

*Cob.* And't like your worship, I am come to craue the peace of your worship.

*Clem.* Of me, knaue? peace of me, knaue? did I e're hurt thee? did I euer threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

*Cob.* No god's my comfort, I meane your worship's warrant, for one that hath wrong'd me sir his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine haue them bound to a treaty of peace, and I could by any means compasse it.

*Loren.* Why, doest thou goe in danger of thy life for him?

*Cob.* No sir, but I goe in danger of my death euery hour by his meanes, and I die within a twelue moneth and a day, I may sweare, by the lawes of the land, that he kil'd me.


*Cob.* Mary sir both blacke and blew, colour ynough, I warrant you I haue it here to shew your worship.

*Clem.* What is he, that gaue you this sirra?

*Cob.* A Gentleman in the citie sir.

*Clem.* A Gentleman? what call you him?

*Cob.* Signior Bobadilla.

*Clem.* Good. But wherefore did he beate you sirra? how began the quarrel twixt you? ha speake truly knaue, I goe aduise you.

*Cob.* Marry sir, because I spake against their vagrant Tabacco, as I came by them for nothing else.
Every man in his Humor

Clem Ha, you speake against Tabacco? Peto, his name

Pet What's your name sirra?

Cob Oliuer Cob, sir, set Oliuer Cob, sir

Clem Tell Oliuer Cob he shall goe to the iayle

Pet Oliuer Cob, master Doctor sayes you shall go to the iayle

Cob Oh I beseech your worship for gods loue, deare master Doctor

Clem Nay gods pretious and such drunken knaues as you are come to dispute of Tabacco once, I haue done away with him

Cob Oh good master Doctor, sweete Gentleman

Lore Sweete Oliuer, would I could doe thee any good, master Doctor let me intreat sir

Clem What? a tankard-bearer, a thread-bare rascall, a begger, a slaeue that neuer drunke out of better then pisspot mettle in his life, and he to depraue, and abuse the vertue of an herbe, so generally receyu'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweete Ladies, the cabbins of souldiers Peto away with him, by gods passion, I say, goe too

Cob Deare master Doctor

Loren Alasse poore Oliuer

Clem Peto I and make him a warrant, he shall not goe, I but feare the knaue

Cob O diuine Doctor, thankes noble Doctor, most dainty Doctor, delicious Doctor Exeunt Peto with Cob

Clem Signior Lorenzo Gods pitty man, be merry, be merry, leaue these dumpes

Loren Troth would I could sir but enforced mirth (In my weake judgement) ha's no happy birth

The minde, being once a prisoner vnto cares,
The more it dreams on ioy, the worse it fares
A smyling looke is to a heaune soule,
As a guilt bias, to a leade bowle,
Which (in it selfe) appeares most vile, being spent

96 sir, set] sir set Q
121 man, be] man, | Be Q (as verse)
124 ha's] h'as Q
To no true vse, but onely for ostent

Clem Nay but good Signior heare me a word, heare me a word, your cares are nothing, they are like my cap, soone put on, and as soone put off. What? your sonne is old enouhgh, to gouveene himselfe, let him runne his course, it’s the onely way to make him a stay’d man if he were an vnthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard or a licentious liuer, then you had reason you had reason to take care, but being none of these, Gods passion, and I had twise so many cares, as you haue, I’d drowne them all in a cup of sackle come, come, I muse your parcell of a soouldier returns not all this while

Exeunt

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter Giuliano, with Bianca

Giu Giul Well sister, I tell you true and you’le finde it so in the ende

Bio Alasse brother, what would you haue me to doe? I cannot helpe it, you see, my brother Prospero he brings them in here, they are his friends

Giu His friends? his f[r]iends s’blood they do nothing but haunt him vp and downe like a sorte of vn-lucky Sprites, and tempt him to all manie of villany, that can be thought of, well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the deuill with some of them, and’t were not more for your husbands sake, then anything else, I’d make the house too hot for them, they should say and sweare, Hell were broken loose, e’re they went. But by gods bread, ’tis no bodies fault but yours for and you had done as you might haue done, they should haue beene damn’d e’re they should haue come in, e’re a one of them

Bio God’s my life, did you euer heare the like? what a strange man is this? could I keepe out all them think you? I should put my selfe against halfe a dozen men? should I? Good faith you’d mad the patient’s body in the world, to heare you talke so, without any sense or reason

iii iv 6 fiends ❋ friends ❁ Q
Every man in his Humor

Enter Matheo with Hesperida, Bobadilla, Stephano, Lorenzo, Prospero, Musco

Hesp Servant (in troth) you are too prodigall
Of your wits treasure, thus to powre it fourth
Upon so meane a subject, as my worth?

Mat You say well, you say well
Guil Hoyday, heare is stuffe
Lu I Oh, now stand close, pray God she can get him to reade it

Pros Tut, feare not, I warrant thee, he will do it of himselfe with much impudencie

Hesp Servant, what is that same I pray you?
Mat Mary an Elegie, an Elegie, an odde toy
Guil I to mocke an Ape with all, Oh Iesu
Bia Sister, I pray you lets heare it

Mat Mistresse Ile reade it if you please
Hesp I pray you doe servant
Guil Oh heares no foppery, sblood it freates me to the galle to thinke on it

Pros Oh, I, it is his condition, peace we are farely ridde of him

Mat Fayth I did it in an humor, I know not how it is, but please you come neare signior, this gentleman hath judgement, he knowes how to censure of a——I pray you sir, you can judge

Step Not I sir, as I haue a soule to be saued, as I am a gentleman

Lu I Nay its well, so long as he doth not forswear himselfe

Bob Signior you abuse the excellencie of your mistresse, and her fayre sister, Fye while you liue auoyd this prolixity

Mat I shall sir, well, Incepere dulce

Lu I How, Incepere dulce? a sweete thing to be a Foole indeede
Pros What, do you take Incipere in that sense?
Lo uu You do not? Sblood this was your villainy to gull him with a motte.
Pros Oh the Benchers phrase Pauca verba, Pauca verba.
Mat Rare creature let me speak without offence, Would God my rude words had the influence To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine, Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine
Lo uu S'hart, this is in Hero and Leander?
Pros Oh I peace, we shall have more of this
Mat Be not unkinde and faire, mishapen stuffe Is of behaviour boisterous and rough
<Pros> How like you that signor? Sblood he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel and there be any brayne in it!
Mat But observe the Catastrophe now, And I in dutie will exceede all other, As you in bewtie do excell loves mother
Lo uu Well I do have him free of the brokers, for he utters no thing but stolne remants
Pros Nay good Critique forbeare
Lo uu A pox on him, hang him filching rogue, steale from the deade? its worse then sacrilege.
Pros Sister what haue you heare? verses? I pray you lets see
Bia Do you let them go so lightly sister?
Hes Yes sayth when they come lightly
Bia I but if your servant should heare you, he would take it heauely
Hes No matter, he is able to beare
Bia So are Asses
Hes So is hee
Pros Signior Matheo, who made these verse? they are excellent good.
Mat Oh God sir, its your pleasure to say so sir  
Fayth  
I made them extempore this morning

Pros How extempore?

Mat I would I might be damnd els aske signior  
Bobadilla He sawe me write them, at the (poxe on it)

the Miter yonder

Mus Well, and the Pope knew hee curst the Miter, it were enough to haue him excommunicate all the Tauerns in the towne

Step Cosen how do you like this gentlemans verses?

Lo u  Oh admirable, the best that euer I heard!

Step By this fayre heauen[s], they are admirable,  
The best that euer I heard

Enter Giuliano

Giu I am vext, I can hold neuer a bone of me still, sblood  
I think they meane to build a Tabernacle heare, well?

Pros Sister you haue a simple seruant heare, that  
crownes your beytie with such Encomions and Desuases, you  
may see what it is to be the mistresse of a wit, that can  
make your perfections so transeparent, that every bleare  
eye may looke thorough them, and see him drowned ouer  
head and eares, in the deepe well of deisc  
Sister Briancha  
I meruaile you get you not a seruant that can rime and do  
trickes too  

Giu Oh monster? impudence it selfe, trickes?

Bra Trickes, brother? what trickes?

Hes Nay, speake I play you, what trickes?

Bra I, neuer spare any body heare  
but say, what trickes?

Hes Passion of my heart? do trickes?

Pros Sblood heares a tricke vied, and reuied  
why you  
monkies you? what a catterwailing do you keepe? has he  
not giuen you rymes, and verses, and trickes

Giu Oh see the Diewell?

Pros Nay, you lampae of virginitie, that take it in snuffe
so come and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant, youle be begd else shortly for a concealement go 125 to, rewarde his muse, you cannot giue him lesse then a shilling in conscience, for the booke he had it out of cost him a teston at the least, how now gallants, Lorenzo, signor Bobadalla 3 what all sonnes of scilence 3 no spirite 3

Guil Come you might practise your Ruffian trickes some- 130 where else, and not heare I wisse this is no Tauerne, nor no place for such exploites

Pros Shart how now 3

Guil Nay boy, neuer looke askaunce at me for the matter, ile tell you of it by Gods bread, I, and you and 135 your companions mend your selues when I haue done

Pros My companions

Guil I your companions sir, so I say 3 Sblood I am not affrayed of you nor them neyther, you must haue your Poets, & your cauleerees, & your foolest follow you vp and 140 downe the citie, and heare they must come to domiueur and swagger 3 sirha, you Ballad_singer, and Slops your fellow there, get you out, get you out 91 (by the will of God) Ile cut of your eares, goe to

Pros Sblood stay, lets see what he dare do cut of his 145 eares, you are anasse, touch any man heaie, and by the Lord ile run my rapier to the hilts in thee

Guil Yea, that would I fayne see, boy They all draw, enter

Boba Oh Iesu Piso, Matheo murder Piso and some more of the house to part them, the women 150 make a great cry 1

Hes Helpe, helpe, Piso

Lo wu Gentleman, Prospero, forbeare

I pray you

Bob Well sirrah, you Holofernes by my hand I will pnick thy flesh full of holes with my rapier for this, I will by this good heauen nay let him come, let him come, gentlemen by the body of S George ile not kill him

The(y) offer to fight 155 againe and are parted

iii iv 129 signor] signior Q spirite 2] spirite Q 133 now 3]
now Q 135 bread,] bread ? Q 138 sir] sir Q say 1] say ? Q
144 eares,] eares Q 153 Holofernes] Holofermus Q
Every man in his Humor

Piso Hold, hold, forbear 
Gui You whorsen bragging coystryll Enter Thorello
Tho Why, how now? what's the matter? what stirs is heare,
Whence springs this quarrell, Piso where is he?
Put vp your weapons, and put of this rage
My wife and sister they are cause of this,
What, Piso? where is this knaue?

Piso Heare sir
Pros Come, lets goe this is one of my brothers auncient humois, this
Steph I am glad no body was hurt by this auncient humor

Exeunt Prospero, Lorenzo in Musco, Stephano, Bobadilla, Matheo

Tho Why how now brother, who enforst this braule?
Gui A soite of lewd rakehelles, that care neither for God nor the Duell And they must come heare to read Ballads and Rogery, and Trash, Ile marre the knot of them ere I sleepe perhaps especially signior Pithagoras, he thats al manner of shapes and Songs and sonnets, his fellow there.

Hes Brother indeede you are to violent,
To sudden in your courses, and you know
My brother Prosperos temper will not beare

Any reprooche, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace he should receiue,
Would wound him in opinion and respect

Gui Respect? what talke you of respect mongst such as ha' neyther sparke of manhhood nor good manners, by

Hes I am ashamed to heare you respect? Exit

Hes Yes there was one a ciuill gentleman,
And very worthely deemeand himselfe
   Tho  Oh that was some loue of yours, sister
   Hes  A loue of mine? in fayth I would he were
No others loue but mine -
   Bray  Indeed he seemd to be a gentleman of an exceeding
fayre disposition, and of very excellent good partes  
Exeunt Hesperida, Branca

Tho  Her loue, by Iesu  my wifes minion,  
Fayre disposition? excellent good partes? 
S'hart, these phrases are intollerable,
Good partes? how should she know his partes? well,  
well
It is too playne, too cleare  Piso, come hether
What are they gone?
   Pr  I sir they went in
   Tho  Are any of the gallants within?
   Pr  No sir they are all gone
   Tho  Art thou sure of it?
   Pr  I sir I can assure you
   Tho  Piso what gentleman was that they prays'd so?
   Piso  One they call him signior Lorenzo, a fayre young
gentleman sir
   Tho  I, I thought so  my minde gauie me as much
Sblood ile be hangd if they haue not hid him in the house,  
Some where, ile goe seach, Piso go with me,
Be true to me and thou shalt finde me bountifull  Exeunt

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Cob, to him Tib

Cob  What Tib, Tib, I say
   Tib  How now, what cuckold is that knockes so hard?
Oh husband ist you, what's the newes?
   Cob  Nay you haue stonnd me I fayth, you haue

---

190
195
200
205
210
giv'en me a knocke on the forehead, will sticke by me cuckold? Swoundes cuckold?  
Tib Away you foole, did I know it was you that knockt?  
Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list  
Cob May I? swoundes Tib you are a whore  
Tib S'hart you lie in your throte  
Cob How the lye? and in my throte too? do you long to be stab'd, ha?  
Tib Why you are no soildier?  
Cob Masse thats true, when was Bobadilla heare that  
Rogue, that Slawe, that fencing Burgullian? ile tickle him  
I faith  
Tib Why what's the matter?  
Cob Oh he hath basted me rarely, sumptuously but  
I haue it heare will sause him, oh the doctor, the honestest  
old Trojan in all Italy, I do honoui the very flea of his dog  
a plague on him, he put me once in a villainous filthy feare  
marry it vanisht away like the smooke of Tobacco but  
I was smookt soundly first, I thanke the Diuell, and his  
good Angell my guest well wife or Tib (which you will)  
get you in, and locke the doore I charge you, let no body  
in to you not Bobadilla himselfe, nor the diuell in his  
likenesse, you are a woman, you haue flesh and blood  
enough in you, therefore be not tempted, keepe the doore  
shut vpon all cummers!  
Tib I warrant you there shall no body enter heare  
without my consent  
Cob Nor with your consent sweete Tib, and so I leaue you  
Tib Its more then you know, whether you leaue me so  
Cob How?  
Tib Why sweete  
Cob Tut sweete, or soure, thou art a flower,  
Keepe close thy doore, I aske no more  

Exeunt
SCENA SEXTA.

Enter Lorenzo vn[ior] Prospero, Stephano, Musco

Lo vn Well Musco performe this businesse happily, and thou makest a conquest of my loe foreuer ~

Pros I fayth now let thy spirites put on their best habit, but at any hand remember thy message to my brother for thers no other meanes to start him

Mus I warrant you sir, feare nothing, I haue a nimble soule that hath wakt all my imaginatue forces by this time, and put them in true motion what you haue possesse me withall, Ile discharge it amply sir Make no question

Evat Musco

Pros Thats well sayd Musco fayth sirha how dost thou aproue my wit in this deuise ?

Lo vn Troth well, howsoeuer , but excellent if it take

Pros Take man why it cannot chuse but take, if the circumstances miscarrie not, but tell me zealously dost thou affect my sister Hesperida as thou pretendest ?

Evat Prospero by Iesu

Pros Come do not protest, I beleue thee I fayth she is a virgine of good ornament, and much modestie, vnlesse I conceiued very worthely of her, thou shouldest not haue her /

Lo vn Nay I thinke it a question whether I shall haue her for all that .

Pros Sblood thou shal't haue her, by this light thou shalt 

Lo vn Nay do not sweare

Pros By S Marke thou shalt haue her ' ile go fetch her presently, poynnt but where to meete, and by this hand ile bring her /

III vi 1–5 As verse in Q, divided happily, | And for ever, | I fayth habit, | But brother | For him | him ? Q 5 nothing, | nothing Q 6 withall, | withall ? Q 9 thou | thou, Q 11 how- | how- | howsoeuer ? Q 12 protest, | protest Q 17 protest, | protest Q 24 shalt !] shalt Q 28 her ] her ? Q
Lo vu Hold, hold, what all policie dead? no preuention
30 of mischiefs stirring?

Pros Why, by what shall I sweare by? thou shalt haue
her by my soule

Lo vu I pray the(e) haue patience, I am satisfied
Prospero omit no offered occasion, that may make my
35 desires compleate, I beseech thee

Pros I warrant thee  

Exeunt

ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Lorenzo senior, Peto, meeting Musco

Peto Was your man a soouldier sir?

Lo I a knaue, I tooke him vp begging vpon the way,
This morning as I was cumming to the cittie,
Oh? heare he is, come on, you make fayre speede
5 Why? where on Gods name haue you beene so long?

Mus Mary (Gods my comfort) where I thought I should
haue had little comfort of your worships seruice

Lo How so?

Mus Oh God sir, your cumming to the cittie, & your
10 entretaynment of me[n], and your sending me to watch,
indeede, all the circumstances are as open to your sonne as
to your selfe

Lo How should that be? vnlesse that villaine Musco
Haue told him of the letter, and discouered
15 All that I strictly chargd him to conceal? tis soe

Mus I fayth you haue hit it tis so indeede'

Lo But how should he know thee to be my man?

Mus Nay sir, I cannot tell, vnlesse it were by the
blacke arte? is not your sonne a scholler sir?

20 Lo Yes, but I hope his soule is not allied
To such a diuuelish practis if it were,
I had lust cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation
But where didst thou finde them Portensio?

Mus Nay sir, rather you should aske where the (y) found me? for ile be sworne I was going along in the streete, thinking nothing, when (of a suddayne) one calles, Signor Lorenzos man another, he cries, shoulder and thus halfe a dozen of them, till they had got me within doores, where I no sooner came, but out flies their rapiers and all bent 30 agaynst my brest, they swore some two or three hundreth oathes, and all to tell me I was but a dead man, if I did not confesse where you were, and how I was imploied, and about what, which when they could not get out of me (as Gods my judge, they should have kild me first) they 35 lockt me vp into a roome in the toppe of a house, where by great miracle (hauing a light hart) I slidde downe by a botomme of packthread into the streete, and so scapt but maister, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt vp there were a great many merchants 40 and rich citizens wiues with them at a banquet, and your sonne Signor Lorenzo, has poyned one of them to meete anone at one Cobs house, a waterbearers, that dwelles by the wall now there you shall be sure to take him for fayle he will not 45

Lo Nor will I fayle to breake this match, I doubt not,
Well go thou along with maister doctors man,
And stay there for me, at one Cobs house sayst thou?

Exit

Mus I sir, there you shall haue him when, can you tell? Much wench, or much sonne sblood when he has 50 stayd there three or foure houres, trouelling with the expectation of somewhat, and at the length be deliuered of nothing oh the sport that I should then take to look on him if I durst, but now I meane to appeare no more afore him in this shape I haue another tricke to act yet, oh 55
that I were so happy, as to light vpon an ounce now of this
doctors claire God saue you sir

_Peto_ I thanke you good sir
_Mus_ I haue made you stay somewhat long sir

60 _Peto_ Not a whit sir, I pray you what sir do you meane ?
you haue beene lately in the warres sir, it seemes
_Mus_ I marry haue I sir
_Peto_ Truth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of
wine of you if it please you to accept it

65 _Mus_ Oh Lord sir
_Peto_ But to heare the manner of you(r) sciuises, and
your deuises in the warres, they say they be very strange,
and not like those a man reades in the Romane histories
_Mus_ Oh God no sir, why at any time when it please you,
70 I shall be ready to discourse to you what I know and
more to somewhat
_Peto_ No better time then now sir, weele goe to the
_Meeremaide, there we shall haue a cuppe of ncate wine,
I pray you sir let me request you

75 _Mus_ Ile follow you sir, he is mine owne I sayth _Exeunt_

<SCENA SECVND A.>

_Enter Bobadilla, Lorenzo vu<mor,> Matheo, Stephano_

_Mat_ Sigmor did you euer see the like cloune of him,
where we were to day signor Prosperos brother ? I thinke
the whole earth cannot shew his like by Iesu

_Lo_ We were now speaking of him, signor Bobadilla
telles me he is fallen foule of you two

_Mat_ Oh I sir, he threatned me with the bastinado

_Bo_ I but I think I taught you a trick this morning for
that You shall kill him without all question if you be so
minded

10 _Mat_ Indeede it is a most excellent tricke
Bo  Oh you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you
are too dull, too tardie—oh it must be done like lightning,
hay?
Mat  Oh rare
Bob  Tut tis nothing and't be not done in a—
Luvi  Signior did you neuer play with any of our
maisters here?
Mat  Oh good sir
Bob  Nay for a more instance of their preposterous
humor, there came three or foure of them to me, at a gentle-
mans house, where it was my chance to bee resident at that
time, to intreate my presence at their scholes, and withall
so much importund me, that (I protest to you as I am
a gentleman) I was ashamed of their rude demeanor out of
all measure—well, I tolde them that to come to a publique
schoole they should pardon me, it was opposite to my
humor, but if so they would attend me at my lodging,
I protested to do them what right or fauour I could, as
I was a gentleman, &c
Luvi  So sir, then you tried their skill
Bob  Alasse soone tried you shall heare sir, within two
or three dayes after, they came, and by Iesu good signior
beleeue me, I grac't them exceedingly, sheward them some
two or three trickes of preuention, hath got them since
admirable credit, they cannot denie this, and yet now they
hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for
no other reason on the earth
Luvi  This is strange and vile as euer I heard
Bob  I will tell you sir, vpon my first comming to the
citie, they assaulted me some three, foure, fiue, six, of them
together as I haue walked alone, in divers places of the citie,
as vpon the exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie
where I haue druen them afore me the whole length of a
streete, in the open view of all our gallants, pittyng to
hurt them beleeue me, yet all this lenety will not depresse
that I were so happy, as to light vpon an ounce now of this
doctors claire God saue you sir

Peto I thanke you good sir

Mus I haue made you stay somewhat long sir

Peto Not a whit sir, I pray you what sir do you meane?
you haue beene lately in the warres sir, it seems

Mus I marry haue I sir

Peto Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of
wine of you if it please you to accept it

Mus Oh Lord sir

Peto But to heare the manner of you scuises, and
your deuises in the warres, they say they be very strange,
and not like those a man reade in the Romane histories

Mus Oh God no sir, why at any time when it please you,
I shall be ready to discourse to you what I know and
more to somewhat

Peto No better time then now sir, weele goe to the
Meeremaide, there we shall haue a cuppe of neate wine,
I pray you sir let me request you

Mus Ile follow you sir, he is mine owne I sayth

Exeunt

<SCENA SECUNDA.>

Enter Bobadilla, Lorenzo uiniors, Matheo, Stephano

Mat Signor did you euer see the like cloune of him,
where we were to day signior Prosperos brother? I thinke
the whole earth cannot shew his like by Iesu

Lo We were now speaking of him, signior Bobadilla
telles me he is fallen foule of you two

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Bo I but I think I taught you a trick this morning for
that You shall kill him without all question if you be so
minded

Mat Indeede it is a most excellent tricke
Bo Oh you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too dull, too tardie oh it must be done like lightning, hay?

Mat Oh rare

Bob Tut tis nothing and't be not done in a——

Lo uu Signior did you neuer play with any of our maisters here?

Mat Oh good sir

Bob Nay for a more instance of their preposterous humor, there came three or foure of them to me, at a gentle- mans house, where it was my chance to bee resident at that time, to intreate my presence at their scholes, and withall so much importund me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was ashamd of their rude demeanor out of all measure well, I tolde them that to come to a publique schoole they should pardon me, it was opposite to my humor, but if so they would attend me at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or fauour I could, as I was a gentleman, &c

Lo uu So sir, then you tried their skill

Bob Alasse soone tried you shall heare sir, within two or three dayes after, they came, and by Iesu good signior beleue me, I grac't them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three trickes of preuertion, hath got them since admirable credit, they cannot denies this, and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other reason on the earth

Lo uu This is strange and vile as euer I heard

Bob I will tell you sir, vpon my first comming to the citie, they assaulted me some three, foure, fiue, six, of them together as I haue walckt alone, in divers places of the citie, as vpon the exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie where I haue druen them afor me the whole length of a streete, in the open view of all our gallants, pittyng to hurt them beleue me, yet all this lenety will not depresse
Every man in his Humor

their spleane they will be doing with the Pismier, raising a hill, a man may spurne abroade with his foote at pleasure by my soule I could have slayne them all, but I delight not in murder I am loth to beare any other but a bastinado for them, and yet I hould it good policie not to goe disarmed, for though I be skilfull, I may be suppressed with multitudes

Lo wid I by Iesus may you sir, and (in my conceite) our whole nation should sustayne the losse by it, if it were so

Bob Alasse no what's a peculier man, to a nation?

not seene

Lo wid I but your skill sir

Bob Indeede that might be some losse, but who respects it? I will tel you Signior (in priuate) I am a gentleman, and liue here obscure, and to my selve but were I known to the Duke (observer me) I would vndertake (vpon my heade and life) for the publique benefit of the state, not onely to spare the intire lives of his subiects in generall, but to saue the one halfe nay three partes of his yeerely charges, in houlding warres generally agaynst all his enemies, and how will I do it thinke you?

Lo wid Nay I know not, nor can I conceive

Bo Marry thus, I would select 19 more to my selve, throughout the land, gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong & able constitution, I would chuse them by an instinct, a trick that I haue & I would teach these 19 the special tricks, as your Punto, your Reuerso, your Stoccato, your Imbroccato, your Passado, your Montaunto, till they could all play very neare or altogether as well as my selve This done, say the enemie were forty thousand strong we twenty wold come into the field the tenth of March, or therabouts, & would challenge twenty of the enemie, they could not in their honor refuse the combat wel, we would kil them challenge twentie more, kill them,
The Quarto of 1601

twentie more, kill them, twentie more, kill them too, and thus would we kill every man, his twentie a day, thats so twentie score, twentie score, thats two hundreth, two hundreth a day, fiue dayes a thousand fortie thousand, fortie times fiue, fiue times fortie, two hundreth dayes kills them all, by computation, and this will I venture my life to performe, provided there be no treason practised upon vs.

Lo vu Why are you so sure of your hand at all times?
Bob Tut, neuer miss thrust upon my soule.

Lo vu Masse I would not stand in signior Giuliano's state, then, and you meete him, for the wealth of Florence.
Bob Why signior, by Iesu if hee were heare now I would not draw my weapon on him, let this gentleman doe his mind, but I wil bastinado him (by heauen) & euer I meete him.
Mat Fayth and ile haue a fling at him.

Enter Giuliano and goes out agayne.

Lo vu Looke yonder he goes I thinke.
Guu Sblood what lucke haue I, I cannot meete with these bragging rascalls.
Bob Its not he is it?
Lo vu Yes fayth it is he.
Mat Ile be hangd then if that were he.
Lo vu Before God it was he you make me sweare.
Step Vpon my saluation it was hee.
Bob Well had I thought it had beene he he could not haue gone so, but I cannot be induc'd to beleue it was he yet.

Enter Giuliano.

Guu Oh gallant haue I found you? draw, to your tooles, draw, or by Gods will ile thresh you.
Bob Signior heare me!
Guu Draw your weapons then.

iv 11 88 musse thrust F mistrust Q 90 then, and] then , | And Q 100 he ] he? Q 107 draw,] draw Q 109 me ] me? Q
Every man in his Humor

Bob Signior, I never thought on't till now. I have a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a waterbearer, this gentleman saw it, signior Matheo. Matheo runnes away

Giu The peace? Sblood, you will not draw?

He beats him and desarmes him

Lo vu Hold signior hold, under thy favour forbear

Giu Prate agayne as you like this you whoreson cowardly rascall, youle contrule the poynt you? your consort hee is gone? had he stayd he had shard with yow infayth

Exit Giuliano

Bob Well gentlemen beare witnesse I was bound to the peace, by Iesu

Lo vu Why and though you were sir, the lawe alowes you to defend your selfe, thats but a poore excuse

Bob I cannot tell, I never sustayned the like disgrace (by heauen) sure I was strooke with a Plannet then, for I had no power to touch my weapon

Exit

Lo vu I like inough, I haue heard of many that haue beeene beaten under a plannct, goe get you to the Surgions, sblood and these be you tricks, your passados, & your Mountauntos, ile none of them oh God that this age should bring forth such creatures? oh come cosen

Step Masse ile haue this cloke

Lo vu Gods will its Giulianos

Step Nay but tis mine now, another might haue tane it vp aswell as I, ile weare it, so I will

Lo vu How and he see it, heele challenge it, assure your selfe

Step I but he shall not haue it, ile say I bought it

Lo vu Advise you cosen, take heede he gieue not you as much

Exeunt
<SCENA TERTIA.>

Enter Thorello, Prospero, Biancha, Hesperida

Tho Now trust me Prospero you were much to blame, T'incense your brother, and disturb the peace Of my poore house, for there be sentinelles, That euery minute watch to give alaromes Of ciuill warre, without adiectioll Of your assistance and occasion

Pros No harme done brothar I warrant you since there is no harme done, anger costs a man nothing and a tall man is never his owne man til he be angry to keep his valure in obscuritie, is to kepe himselfe as it were in 10 a cloke-bag what is a musition vnlesse he play? what is a tall man vnlesse he fight? for indeede all this my brother stands vpon absolutely, and that made me fall in with him so resolutely

Bia I but what harme might haue come of it?

Pros Might? so might the good warme cloathes your husband weares be poysond for any thing he knowes, or the wholesome wine he drunke euyn now at the table'

Tho Now God forbid O me? now I remember, My wife drunke to me last, and changd the cuppe, And bad me ware this cursed sute to day See, if God suffer murder vndiscovered? I feele me ill, give me some Mithredate, Some Mithredate and yole, good sister fetch me, O, I am sicke at hart I burne, I buine, If you will saue my life goe fetch it mee'

Pros Oh strange humor, my very breath hath poysond him

Hes Good brother be content, what do you meane?
The strength of these extreme concetti will kill you

iv 11 2 brother,] brother Q peace[ peace, Q 4 alaromes] alaromes, Q 5 adiectioll adiectioll Q 9 angry ] angry, Q 10 obscuritie,] obscuritie Q 21 day ] day Q 27 humor,] humor Q 29 meane?] meane, Q 30 you ] you Q
Bia Beshrew your hart blood, brother Prospero,  
For putting such a toy into his head  
Pros Is a fit simile, a toy? will he be poysond with a simile? Brother Thorello, what a strange and vaine imagination is this? For shame be wiser, of my soule theres no such matter  
Tho Am I not sicke? how am I then not poysond?  
Am I not poysond? how am I then so sicke?  
Bia If you be sicke, your owne thoughts make you sicke.  
Pros His ienloucie is the poyson he hath taken  

Enter Musco like the doctors man  

Mus Signior Thorello my maister doctor Clement salutes you, and desires to speake with you, with all speede possible  
Tho No time but now? well, ile waite vpon his worship  
Pizo, Cob, ile seeke them out, and set them sentinelles till I returne  
Pizo, Cob, Pizo  

Pros Musco, this is rare, but how gotst thou this apparrel of the doctors man?  

Mus Marry sir My youth would needes bestow the 50 wine of me to heare some martiall discourse, where I so marshald him, that I made him monstruous drunke, & because too much heate was the cause of his distemper, I stript him starke naked as he lay along a sleepe, and borrowed his sewt to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaung a rustie armoure, and an olde browne bill to watch him, till my returne which shall be when I haue paund his apparrell, and spent the monie perhappes  

Pros Well thou art a madde knaue Musco, his absence will be a good subiect for more mirth I pray the(e) 60 returne to thy young maister Lorenzo, and will him to meete me and Hesperida at the Friery presently for here tell him the house is so storde with ienloucie, that there is no roome for loue to stand vpright in, but ile vse such
means she shall come thether, and that I thinke will meete
best with his desires  Hye thee good Musco

Mus  I goe sir

Enter Thorello, to him Pizo

Tho  Ho Pizo, Cob, where are these villaines troe?
Oh, art thou there? Pizo harke thee here
Marke what I say to thee, I must goe forth,
Be carefull of thy promise, keepe good watch,
Note every gallant and obserue him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistrisse,
If she would shew him roomes, the least is stale,
Follow them Pizo or els hang on him,
And let him not go after, marke their looks,
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him,
But prayse his legge, or foot, or if she say,
The day is hotte, and bid him feele her hand,
How hot it is, oh thats a monstrous thing
Note me all this, sweete Pizo, marke their sighes,
And if they do but whisper breake them off,
Ile beare thee out in it wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true sweete Pizo?

Pi  Most true sir

Tho  Thankes gentle Pizo where is Cob now? Cob?

Exit Thorello

Bia  Hees euver calling for Cob, I wonder how hee employs
Cob soe'

Pros  Indeede sister to aske how he employs Cob, is
a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easie for you to be satisfied in but this ile assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd indeede and oftentimes your husband hauntes her house, marry to what end I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you

iv in stage dir Thorello,] Thorello Q 75 lookes,] lookes 'Q
77 other] other Q  82 whisper] wisper Q  86 Cob now?] Cob?
now Q  92 you,] you Q
95 thinke convenient but I haue knowne fayre hides haue foule hartes eare now, I can tell you

Bia Neuer sayd you truer then that brother! Pizo fetch your cloke, and goe with me, ile after him presently I would to Christ I could take him there I sayth

Exeunt Pizo and Biancha

Pros So let them goe this may make sport anone Now my fayre sister Hesperida ah that you knew how happy a thing it were to be fayre and bewtyfull

Hes That toucheth not me brother

Pros Thats true thats euen the fault of it, for indeede bewtye stands a woman in no stead, vnles it procure her touching but sister whether it touch you or noe, it touches your bewties; and I am sure they will abide the touch, and they doe not a plague of al ceruse say I, and it touches me to in part, though not in thee. Well, theres a deare and respected friend of mine sister, stands very strongly affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeale in his hart, in honor of your perfections; I haue already engaged my promise to bring you where you shal heare him conferme much more then I am able to lay downe fo1 him Signior Lorenzo is the man what say you sister, shall I intreate so much fauour of you for my friend, as to[o] direct and attend you to his meeting? Vpon my soule he loues you extremly, approve it sweete Hesperida will you?

Hes Fayth I had very little confidence in mine owne constancie if I durst not meete a man but brother Prospero this motion of yours sauours of an olde knight adventurers servant, me thinkes

Pros Whats that sister?

Hes Marry of the squire

Pros No matter Hesperida if it did, I would be such an one for my friend, but say, will you goe?
Hes Brother I will, and blesse my happy starres

Enter Clement and Thorello

 Clem Why what villainie is this? my man gone on a false message, and runne away when he has done, why what trick is there in it trow? I 2 3 4 and 5

Tho How is my wife gone foorth, where is she sister?

Hes Shees gone abrode with Pizzo

Tho Abrode with Pizzo? oh that villain durs me,

He hath discouer'd all vnto my wife,

Beast that I was to trust him whither went she?

Hes I know not sir

Pros Ile tell you brother whither I suspect shees gone

Tho Whither for Gods sake?

Pros To Cobs house I beleue but keepe my counsayle

Tho I will, I will, to Cobs house doth she haunt Cobs?

Shees gone a purpose now to cuckold me,

With that lewd rascal, who to winne her fauour,

Hath told her all

Clem But did you mistresse see my man bring him a message?

Pros That we did maister doctor

Clem And whither went the knaue?

Pros To the Tauerne I thinke sir

Clem What did Thorello give him any thing to spend for the message he brought him? if he did I should commend my mans wit exceedingly if he would make himselfe drunke, with the joy of it Farewell Lady keepe good rule you two, I beseech you now by Gods marie my man makes mee laugh!

Tho What a madde Doctor is this? come sister lets away

Exit

Pros Exit Exeunt
SCENA QUARTA.

Enter Matheo and Bobadilla

Mat I wonder signior what they will say of my going away ha?

Bob Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman, quick, wary, respectfull of natures fayre linaments, and thats all

Mat Why so, but what can they say of your beating?

Bob A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kinde of grosse batterie used, layd on strongly borne most paciently, and thats all

Mat I but would any man haue offered it in Venice?

Bob Tut I assure you no you shall haue there your Nobilis, your Gentelesse, come in brauely vpon your reverse, stand you close, stand you ferme, stand you fayre, saue your retractor with his left legge, come to the assaulto with the right, thrust with braue steele, defie your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was bewitcht by Iesu but I will be reuengd

Mat Do you heare, 1st not best to get a warrant and haue him arrested, and brought before doctor Clement?

Bob It were not amisse, would we had it

Enter Musco

Mat Why here comes his man, lets speake to him

Bob Agreed, do you speake

Mat God saue you sir

Mus With all my hart sir!

Mat Sir there is one Guiliiano hath abused this gentleman and me, and we determine to make our amends by law, now if you would do vs the fauour to procure vs a warrant for his arrest of your maister, you shall be well considered I assure <you>, I fayth sir.

iv iv stage div Bobadillo] Bobadillo Q 4 Divided in Q gentleman | Quick, natures, | Fayre 18 heare,] heare Q 19 Clement?] Clement Q 20 amisse,] amisse Q 24 sir!] sir Q
Sir you know my service is my living, such favours as these gotten of my maister is his onely preferment, and therefore you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

How is that?

Fayth sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be of great accompt yet be what he will, if you will lay me downe five crownes in my hand, you shall haue it, otherwise not.

How shall we do signior you haue no monie?

Not a crosse by Iesu

Nor I before God but two pence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and cakes let's guie him some pawn.

Pawne we haue none to the value of his demaunde

Oh Lord man, ile pawne this iewell in my eare, and you may pawne your silke stockins, and pull vp your bootes, they will neare be mist.

Well and there be no remedie ile step aside and put them of.

Do you heare sir, we haue no store of monie at this time, but you shall haue good pawns, looke you sir, this Iewell, and this gentlemans silke stockins, because we would haue it dispatcht ere we went to our chambers.

I am content sir, I will get you the warrant presently, what's his name say you (Guilliano)

I, I, Guilliano

What manner of man is he?

A tall bigge man sir, he goes in a cloake most commonly of silke russet layd about with russet lace.

Tis very good sir

Here sir, heres my iewell

And heare are stockins

Well gentlemen ile procure this warrant presently, and appoynt you a varlet of the citie to serue it, if
Every man in his Humor

65 youle be vpon the Realto anone, the varlet shall meete you there

Mat Very good sir, I wish no better

Exeunt Bobadilla and Matheo

Mus This is rare, now will I goe pawne this cloaue of the doctors mans at the brokers for a varlets sute, and be the

70 varlet my selfe, and get eyther more pawnes, or more money

of Giuliano for my arrest

Exit

ACTVS QUINTVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Lorenzo seniour

Lo se Oh heare it is, I am glad I haue found it now,

Ho who is within heare? Enter Tib

Tib I am within sir, whatts your pleasure?

Lo se To know who is within besides your selfe

Tib Why sir, you are no constable I hope?

Lo se O feare you the constable? then I doubt not,

You haue some guests within deserue that feare,

Ile fetch him straight

Tib A Gods name sir

10 Lo se Go to, tell me is not the young Lorenzo here?

Tib Young Lorenzo, I saw none such sir, of mine

honestie

Lo se Go to, your honestie flies too lightely from you

Theres no way but fetch the constable

Tib The constable, the man is mad I think

Claps to the doore

Enter Pizo, and Bianca

Pizo Ho, who keepes house here?

Lo se Oh, this is the female copes-mate of my sonne;

Now shall I meete him straight

Bia Knoccke Pizo pray thee

20 Piz Ho good wife

Tib Why whatts the matter with you? Enter Tib

iv. iv 67 sir,] sir Q v 1 21 you?] you Q
Why woman, grieues it you to ope your doore? Belike you get something to kepe it shut?

What meane these questions pray ye?

So strange you make it? is not Thorello my tryed husband here?

Her husband?

I hope he needes not to be tryed here.

No dame he doth it not for need but pleasure.

Neyther for neede nor pleasure is he here.

This is but a devise to balke me with all, Soft whoes this?

Enter Thorello.

Oh sir, haue I fore-stald your honest market? Found your close walkes? you stand amazd now, do you?

I rayth (I am glad) I haue smokt you yet at last;

Whats your well trow? In come lets see her,

Fetch forth your huswife, dame, if she be fayrer In any honest judgement then my selie,

Ile be content with it but she is chaunge,

She feedes you fast, she soothes your appetite,

And you are well your wife an honest woman,

Is meate twice sod to you sir, A<h> you trecher

She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Out on thy more then strumpets impudencie, Stealst thou thus to thy hauntes? and haue I taken,

Thy baud, and thee, and thy companion,

This hoary headed lecher, this olde goate,

Close at your villanie, and wouldst thou scuse it,

With this stale harlots rest, accusing me?

Oould incontinent, dost thou not shame,

When all thy powers unchastitie is spent,

To haue a minde so hot, and to entise

And feede the intisements of a lustfull woman?

Out I defie thee I, desemling wretch

Defie me strumpet? aske thy paunder here,

Can he denie it? or that wicked elder?

v 1 29 doth] both Q 43 thus F this Q 44 thy F thee Q 46 companion,] companion Q 47 goate,] goate Q 56 elder] elder Q
Lo sen Why hear ye signior
Tho Tut, tut, neuer speake,
Thy guiltie conscience will discouer thee

Lo se What lunacie is this that haunts this man?

Enter Giuliani

Giu Oh sister did ye see my cloke?
Bra Not I, I see none
Giu Gods life I haue lost it then, saw ye Hesperida?
Tho Hesperida? Is she not at home?

Giu No she is gone abroade, and no body can tell me of it at home

Tho Oh heauen, abroade? What light? a harlot too?
Why? why? harke you, hath she? hath she not a brother?
A brothers house to keepe? to looke unto?

But she must fling abroade, my wife hath spoild her,
She takes right after her, she does, she does,
Well you goody baud and

Enter Cob

That make your husband such a hoddy dody,
And you young apple squire, and olde cuckold maker,

Ile haue you euery one before the Doctor,
Nay you shall answere it, I chardge you goe

Lo se Marry with all my hart, ile goe willingly how haue I wrongd my selfe in comming here

Bi Go with thee? ile go with thee to thy shame,

Tho Marry young lust in olde, and olde in young here,
Thy wifes their baud, here haue I taken them

Cob Why whats the matter? whats here to doe?
Tho What Cob art thou here? oh I am abusd,
And in thy house, was neuer man so wrongd

Cob Slid in my house? who wrongd you in my house?

Tho Marry young lust in olde, and olde in young here,
Thy wifes their baud, here haue I taken them

Cob Doe you here? did I not charge you keepe your dores shut here, and do you let them lie open for all commers, do you scratch?
Lo se  Friend haue patience, if she haue done wrong in 90
this let her answerc it afore the Magistrate

Cob  I, come, you shall goe afore the Doctor

Tib  Nay, I will goe, eile see and you may be alowd to beate
your poore wife thus at everv cuckoldly knaues pleasure, the
Duell and the Fox take you all for me why doe you not 95
go now ?

Tho  A bitter queane, come weele haue you tamd  Exeunt

<SCENA SECVDNA.>

Enter Musco alone

Mus  Well of all my disguises yet now am I most like my
selfe, beeing in this varlets suit, a man of my present
profession neuer counterfetes till he lay holde upon a
deber, and sayes he rests him, for then he brings him to
al manner of vnrest, A kinde of little kings we are, bearing 5
the diminitue of a mace made like a young Hartechocke
that alaways carrieth Pepper and salte in it selfe, well I know
not what danger I vsnder go by this exploite, pray God
I come well of

Enter Bobadilla and Matheo

Mat  See I thinke yonder is the varlet 10

Bob  Lets go in quest of him

Mat  God saue you friend, are not you here by the
appointement of doctor Clements man ?

Mus  Yes and please you sir, he told me two gentlemen
had wild him to procure an arest vpon one signior Guilliano 15
by a warrant from his maister, which I haue about me

Mat  It is honestly done of you both, and see where hee
coms you must arest, vpon him for Gods sake before hee
beware

v 1 90 patience p patience Q 93 alowd aloud Q 96 now ?
now Q 97 come come Q Execunt Execunt Q
quest inquest Q 13 Clements man ?] Clements man Q 145 3 T
Enter Stephano

20 Bob Beare backe Matheo!
Mus Signior Guilliano I arest you sir in the Dukes name
Step Signior Guilliano? am I signior Guilliano? I am one signior Stephano I tell you, and you do not well by
Gods [s]lid to arest me, I tell you truely, I am not in your
25 maisters bookes, I would you should well know I and
a plague of God on you for making me afayd thus
Mus Why, how are you deceived gentlemen?
Bob He weares such a cloake, and that deceived vs,
but see here a coms, officer, this is he

Enter Guilliano

30 Gui Why how now signior gull are you turnd a
flincher of late, come deliuer my cloake
Step Your cloake sir? I bought it euen now in the
market
Mus Signior Guilliano I must arest you sir
35 Gui Arrest me sir, at whose suite?
Mus At these two gentlemens
Gui I obey thee varlet, but for these villaines
Mus Kepe the peace I charge you sir, in the Dukes
name Sir

40 Gui Whats the matter varlet?
Mus You must goe before maister doctor Clement sir,
to answere what these gentlemens will object agaynst you,
harke you sir, I will vs you kindely.
Mat Weele be even with you sir, come signior Bobadilla,
weele goe before and prepare the doctor varlet looke to
him'

Bob The varlet is a tall man by Iesu

Exeunt Bobadilla and Matheo

Gui Away you rascalles, Signior I shall haue my cloake
Step Your cloake I say once agayne I bought it, and
50 ile keepe it

v 11 20 Matheo [Matheo 3 Q 29 but] But begins a new line in Q
30 turnd a]a turnd Q 31 flincher] fitcher F 37 villaines] villaines
Q 47 stage dir at 46 in Q 48 Signior begins a new line in Q
Giu You will keepe it?
Step I, that I will
Giu Varlet stay, heres thy fee, arrest him
Mus Signior Stephano I arrest you.
Step Arrest me? there take your cloake, ile none of it.
Giu Nay that shall not serve your turne, varlet, bring
him away; ile goe with thee now to the doctors, and carry
him along.
Step Why is not here your cloake? what would you
haue?
Giu I care not for that
Mus I pray you sir
Giu Neuer talke of it, I will haue him answere it
Mus Well sir then ile leaue you, ile take this gentlemans
woorde for his appearance, as I haue done yours.
Giu Tut ile haue no woordes taken, bring him along to
answere it
Mus Good sir I pite the gentlemans case, heres your
monie agayne.
Giu Gods bread, tell not me of my monie, bring him away I say!
Mus I warrant you, he will goe with you of himselfe
Giu Yet more adoe?
Mus I haue made a fayre mashe of it.
Step Must I goe?

Exeunt

<SCENA TERTIA.>

Enter doctor Clement, Thorello, Lorenzo se<nior>, Biancha,
Pizo, Tib, a servant or two of the Doctors.
Clem Nay but stay, stay, give me leaue, my chayre
sirha? you signior Lorenzo say you went thether to meete
your sonne
Lo se I sir
Clem But who directed you thether?
Lo se That did my man sir
Clem Where is hee ?
Lo se Nay I know not now, I left him with your clarke,
and appoynted him to stay here for me \\
10 Clem About what time was this \\
Lo se Marry betweene one and two as I take it
Clem So, what time came my man with the message to
you Signior Thorello ?
Tho After two sir
Clem Very good, but Lady how that you were at Cobs
ha ?
Bia And please you sir, ile tell you my brother
Prospero tolde me that Cobs house was a suspected place
Clem So it appeares me thinkes , but on
Bia And that my husband vsed thether dayly ,
Clem No matter, so he vse himselfe well \\
Bia True sir, but you know what growes by such haunts
oftentimes \\
Clem I, ranke fruited of a zealoue brayne Lady but did
you finde your husband there in that case, as you suspected ?
Tho I found her there sir
Clem Did you so ? that alters the case , who gaue you
knowledge of your wiues beeing there ?
Tho Marry that did my brother Prospero \\
30 Clem How Prospero, first tell her, then tell you after ?
where is Prospero ?
Tho Gone with my sister sir, I know not whither
Clem Why this is a meare tricke, a devise , you are
gulled in this most Grosly alasse poore wench wert thou
beaten for this, how now sirha whats the matter ? \\
Enter one of the Do<ctors> men
Ser Sir theres a gentleman in the court without desires
to speake with your worship
Clem A gentleman ? whats he ?
The Quarto of 1601

Ser A Souldier, sir, he sayeth

Clem A Souldier ? fetch me my armour, my sworde, quickly, a souldier speake with me, why when knaues,—come on, come on, hold my cap there, so, glue me my gorget, my sword, stand by, I will end your matters anone, let the souldier enter, now sir what haue you to say to me ?'

Enter Bobadilla and Matheo

Bob By your worships fauour

Clem Nay keepe out sir, I know not your pretence, you send me word sir you are a souldier, why sir you shall bee answered here, here be them haue beeene amongst souldiers Sir your pleasure

Bob Fayth sir so it is this gentleman and my selfe haue beeene most violently wronged by one signior Giuliano, a gallant of the citie here, and for my owne part I protest, beeing a man in no sorte giuen to this filthy humor of quarreling, he hath asaulted me in the way of my peace dispyoyld me of mine honor, disarmd me of my weapons, and beaten me in the open streetes when I not so much as once offered to resist him —

Clem Oh Gods precious is this the souldier ? here take my armour quickly, twill make him swoone I feare, he is so not fit to look on't, that will put vp a blow

Enter Servant

Mat Andt please your worship he was bound to the peace

Clem Why, and he were sir, his hands were not bound, were they ?'

Ser There is one of the varlets of the citie, has brought two gentlemen here vpon arest sir

Clem Bid him come in, set by the picture now sir, what ? signior Giuliano ? ist you that are arested at signior freshwaters suit here

v in 41 quickly,] quickly Q 43 sword ,] sword Q by,] by Q
45 stage dir Bobadilla] Bobadillo[ Q 52 Giuliano,] Giuliano Q
53 The comma after here doubtful or missing in some copies
Every man in his Humor

Giu Ifayth maister Doctor, and heres another brought at my suite

Clem What are yo(u) sir?

Step A gentleman sir, oh vnclce?

Clem Vnclce? who, Lorenzo?

Lo se I Sir

Step Gods my witnesse [my] vnclce, I am wrongd here monstrously, he chargeth me with stealing of his cloake, & would I might never stir, if I did not finde it in the street by chance'

Giu Oh did you finde it now? you saide you bought it ere while

Step And you sayd I stole it, nay now my vnckle is here I care not.

Clem Well let this breath a while, you that haue cause to complayne there, stand foorth, had you a warrant for this arrest?

Bob I andt please your worship

Clem Nay do not speake in passion so, where had you it?

Bob Of your clarke sir

Clem Thats well and my clarke can make warrants, and my hand not at them', where is the warrant? varlet haue you it?

Mus No sir your worshippes man bid me doe it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge'.

Clem Why signior Giuliano, are you such a noice to be arrested and never see the warrant?'

Giu Why sir, he did not arrest me

Clem No? how then?

Giu Marry sir he came to me and sayd he must arrest me and he would vse me kindly, and so foorth'

Clem Oh Gods pittie, was it so sir, he must arrest you give me my long sword there helpe me of, so, come on sir varlet, I must cut of your legges sirha, nay stand vp, 105 ile vse you kindly, I must cut of your legges I say

v iii 73 sir Q 74 sir,] sir Q 82 while ] while Q 87 arrest ] arrest Q 94 it, it, Q 95 gentlemen,] gentlemen Q

104 vp,] vp Q
Mus Oh good sir I beseech you, nay good maister doctor, oh good sir
Clem I must do it, there is no remedie,
I must cut of your legges sirha
I must cut of your eares, you rascal I must do it,
Mus Oh for God sake good Maister Doctor
Clem Well rise, how doest thou now? doest thou feele
thy selfe well? hast thou no harme?
Mus No I thanke God sir and your good shippe
Clem Why so, I sayd I must cut of thy legges, and I must
cut of thy armes, and I must cut of thy head but I did not
do it so you sayd you must arrest this gentleman, but you
did not arrest him you knaue, you slaue, you rogue, do you say you must arrest? sirha away with him to the ayle,
ile teach you a tricke for your must
Mus Good M Doctor I beseech you be good to me
Clem Marry a God away with him I say
Mus Nay sblood before I goe to prison, ile put on my olde brasen face, and disclaime in my vocation ile discover, thats flat, and I be committed, it shall be for the committing of more villainies then this, hang me, and I loose the least graine of my fame
Clem Why? when knaue? by Gods marry, ile clappe thee by the heeles to
Mus Hold, hold, I pray you
Clem Whats the matter? stay there
Mus Fayth sir afore I goe to this house of bondage, I haue a case to vnfolde to your worchippe which (that it may appeare more playne vnto your worships view) I do thus first of all vn-case, & appeare in mine owne proper nature, servaunt to this gentleman and knowne by the name of Musco
Lo se Ha? Musco
Step Oh uncle, Musco has beene with my cousin and I all this day.

Clem Did not I tell you there was some deuise?

Mus Nay good M Doctor since I have layd my selfe thus open to your worship, now stand strong for me, till the progresse of my tale be ended, and then if my wit do not deserve your countenance. Slight throw it on a dogge, and let me goe hang my selfe.

Cle Body of me a merry knaue, give me a boule of Sack Signior Lorenzo, I bespeak your patience in particular, marry your eares in generall. Here knaue, Doctor Clement drinkes to thee.

Mus I pledge M Doctor and’t were a sea to the bottome.

Cle Fill his boule for that, fil his boule so, now speak freely.

Mus Indede this is it will make a man speake freely. But to the poynt, know then that I Musco (beeing somewhat more trusted of my maister then reason required, and knowing his intent to Florence) did assume the habit of a poore souldier in wants, and minding by some meanes to intercept his iorney in the mid way, twixt the grandg and the city, I encountred him, where begging of him in the most accomplisht and true garbe (as they tearme it) contrarie to al expectation, he reclaimd me from that bad course of life, entertayned me into his service, imploied me in his busines, posset me with his secrets, which I no sooner had receuied, but (seeking my young maister, and finding him at this gentlemens house) I reveale all most amply this done, by the deuise of signior Prospero, and him together, I retournd (as the Rauen did to the Arke) to mine olde maister againe, told him he should finde his sonne in what maner he knows, at one Cobs house, where indeede he never ment to come now my maister he to maintayne the rest, went thereth, and left me with your worship Clarke, who being of a most fine supple disposition (as most of your
clarkes are) proffers me the wine, which I had the grace to accept very easily, and to the tauerne we went there after much ceremonie, I made him drunke in kindenesse, stript him to his shurt, and leaung him in that coole vayne, departed, frolickke, courtier like, hauing obtayned a suit; which suit fitting me exceedingly well, I put on, and vsurping your mans phrase & action, caried a message to Signior Thorello in your name which message was meereley deuused but to procure his absence, while signior Prospero might make a conueiance of Hesperida to my maister.

Clem  Stay, fill me the boule agayne, here, twere pitie of his life would not cherish such a spirit I drinke to thee, fill him wine, why now do you perceuue the tricke of it?

Tho  I, I perceuue well we were all abused.

Lo se  Well what remedie?

Clem  Where is Lorenzo, and Prospero, canst thou tell?

Mus  I sir, they are at supper at the Meeremaid, where I left your man.

Clem  Sirha goe warne them hether presently before me and if the hower of your fellowes resurrection be come, bring him to. But forwarde, forwarde, when thou hadst beene at Thor[r]ellos

Evit servant

Mus  Marry sir (comming along the streete) these two gentlemen meet me, and very strongly supposing me to be your worshipes scribe, entreated me to procure them a warrant, for the arrest of signior Giuliano, I promist them upon some paire of silke stockins or a iewell, or so, to do it, and to get a varlet of the citie to serue it, which varlet I appoynted should meete them vpon the Realto at such an houre they no sooner gone, but I in a meere hope of more gaine by signior Giuliano, went to one of Satans old Ingles a broker, & there paund your mans liuerie for a varlets suite, which here with my selue, I offer vnto your worshipes consideration.
appeare? Well since there is such a tempest towarde, ile be 240 the porpus, ile daunce wench be of good cheare, thou hast a cloake for the rayne yet, where is he? S'hart how now, the picture of the prodigal, go to, ile haue the calfe drest for you at my charges.

Lo se Well sonne Lorenzo, this dayes worke of yours hath much deceuued my hopes, troubled my peace, and stretcht my patience further then became the spirite of dutie —

Cle Nay Gods pitie signior Lorenzo you shalurge it no more, come since you are here, ile haue the disposing of all, but first signior Giuliano at my request take your cloake 250 agayne!

Giu Well sir I am content

Cle Stay now let me see, oh signior Snow-luer, I had almost forgotten him, and your Genius there, what doth he suffer for a good conscience to? doth he beare his crosse 255 with patience?

Mu Nay they haue scarce one cros between them both to beare!

Clem Why doest thou know him, what is he? what is he?

Musi Marry search his pocket<s> sir, and the<i>le shew you he is an Author Sir

Cle Dic mihi musa virum are you an Author sir, give me leave a little, come on sir, ile make verses with you now in honor of the Gods, and the Goddesses for what you dare 265 extempore, and now I beginne

Mount the<i> my Phlegon muse, and testifie,

How Saturne sitting in an Ebon cloud,

Disrobd his podex, white as snow,

And through the welkin thundred all aloud! 270

Theres for you sir

Pros Oh he writes not in that height of stile *

Clem No weele come a steppe or two lower then *

* *

v 111 240 appeare? J appeare Q 243 go to,] go to Q 249 more,] more Q 253 Snow-luer,] Snow-luer Q 256 patience?] patience Q 267 Phlegon muse,] Phlegonmuse Q 270-1 One line in Q 271 Theres] theres Q
Every man in his Humor

From Cadagup and the bankes of Nile,

Whose once breeds your monstrous Crocodile,

Now are we purposed for to fetch our stile

Pros Oh too farre fetcht for him still maister Doctor

Clem I, say you so? lets intreat a sight of his vaine then

Pros Signior, maister Doctor desires to see a sight of your vaine, nay you must not denie him

Clem What, al this verse? body of me he carries a whole realme, a common wealth of paper in his hose, lets see some of his subjects

Unto the boundlesse ocean of thy bewtie,

Runnes this poor ruer, chargd with streames of zeale,

Returning thee the tribute of my dutie

Which here my youth, my plaints, my loue reveale

Good! is this your owne inuention?

Mat No sir, I translated that out of a booke, called Delia

Clem Oh but I wold see some of your owne, some of your owne

Mat Sir, heres the beginning of a sonnet I made to my mistresse

Clem That that who? to Madona Hesperida, is she your mistresse?

Pros It pleaseth him to call her so, sir

Clem In Sommer time when Phoebus golden rayes

You translated this too? did you not?

Pros No this is inuention, he found it in a ballad

Mat Fayth sir, I had most of the conceite of it out of a ballad indeede

Clem Conceite, fetch me a couple of torches, sirha, I may see the conceite quickly! its very darke!

Giu Call you this poetry?

Lo this Poetry? nay then call blaspemie, religion, Call Duels, Angels, and Sinne, poietie

vv 277 Doctor Q vv 278 so Q so, Q then then Q Q
281 What, what, Q verse Q verse, Q 288 Good Q Good Q Q 294
Hesperida, Hesperida Q 295 mistresse Q mistresse Q 297
Phoebus Phoebus Q 302-3 As verse, dvided at sirha, | in Q 303
quickly Q quickly Q darke Q darke Q
Let all things be preposterously transchanged. 

Lo se Why how now sonne? what? are you startled now?
Hath the brize prickt you? ha? go to, you see,
How abjectly your Poetry is ranckt,
In generall opinion.

Lo vi Opinion, O God let grosse opinion
Sinck & be damnd as deepe as Barathrum
If it may stand with your most wisht content,
I can refell opinion, and approve
The state of poesie, such as it is,
Blessed, æternall, and most true deuine
Indeede if you will looke on Poesie,
As she appears in many, poore and lame,
Patcht vp in remnants and olde worne ragges,
Halfe starud for want of her pecuilar foode,
Sacred inuention, then I must conferme,
Both your conceite and censure of her merrite
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the maestie of arte,
Set high in spirite with the precious taste
Of sweete philosophie, and which is most,
Crownd with the rich traditions of a soule,
That hates to haue her dignitie prophaned,
With any relish of an earthly thought

Oh then how proud a presence doth she beare
Then is she like her selfe, fit to be seene
Of none but graue and consecrated eyes
No1 is it any blemish to her fame,
That such leane, ignorant, and blasted wits,
Such brainlesse guls, should vther their stolne wares
With such aplauses in our vulgar eares
Or that their stubberd lines haue currant passe,
From the fat judgements of the multitude,

But that this barren and infected age,
Should set no difference twixt these empty spirits,
And a true Poet then which reuerend name,
Nothing can more adorne humanitie. Enter with torches

Clem. I Lorenzo, but election is now gouerd altogether
by the influence of humor, which instead of those holy
flames that should direct and light the soule to eternitie,
hurles foorth nothing but smooke and congested vapours,
that stiffe her vp, & bereaue her of al sight & motion. But
she must haue store of Ellebore guen her to purge these
grosse obstructions. oh thats well sayd, give me thy torch,
come lay this stuffe together. So, give fire there, see, see,
how our Poets glory shines brighter, and brighter, still, still
it increaseth, oh now its at the highest, and now it declines
as fast you may see gallants, Suc transit gloria mundi.

Well now my two Signior Out-sides, stand forth, and lend
me your large cares, to a sentence, to a sentence first you
signior shall this night to the cage, and so shall you sir,
from thence to morrow morning, you signior shall be
carried to the market crosse, and be there bound and so
shall you sit, in a large motlie coate, with a rodde at your
girdle, and you in an olde suite of sackcloth, and the ashes
of your papers (saue the ashes sirha) shall mourne all day,
and at night both together sing some ballad of repentance
very pitteously, which you shall make to the tune of Who
list to leade and a souldiers life. Sirha bilman, imbrace you
this torch, and light the gentlemen to their lodgings, and
because we tender their safetie, you shall watch them to
night, you are prouded for the purpose, away and looke
to your charge with an open eye sirha.

Bob Well I am armd in soule agaynst the worst of
fortune.

Mat Fayth so should I be, and I had slept on it

Pe I am armd too, but I am not like to sleepe on it.

v v. 349 Ellebore] Ellebore, Q 355 Out sides] out sides Q 365
bilman] bil man Q
The Quarto of 1601

Mus Oh how this pleaseth me -

Exeunt <Bobadilla, Matheo, and Piso>

Clem Now Signior Thorello, Giuliano, Prospero, Blancha 375

Ste p And not me sir

Clem Yes and you sir I had lost a sheepe and he had not bleated I must haue you all friends but first a worde with you young gallant, and you Lady

Giu Wel brother Prospero by this good light that shines 380 here I am loth to kindle fresh coles, but and you had come in my walke within these two houres I had guen you that you should not haue clawne of agayne in hast, by Iesus I had done it, I am the arren(t)st rogue that ever breadth else, but now beshrew my hart if I beare you any malice in the earth -

Pros Fayth I did it but to hold vp a rest and helpe my sister to a husband But brother Thorello, and sister, you have a spice of the yealous yet both of you, (in your hose I meant,) come do not dwell vpon your anger so much, 390 lets all be smoth foreheaded once agayne -

Tho He playes vpon my forehead, brother Giuliano, I pray you tell me one thing I shall aske you is my foreheade any thing rougher then it was wont to be?

Giu Rougher ? your forehead is smoth enough man 395

Tho Why should he then say be smoth foreheaded, Vnlesse he rested at the smothnesse of it ?

And that may be, for horne is very smoth,

So are my browses ? by Iesus, smoth as horne ?

Bia Brother had he no haunt thether in good fayth ?

Pros No vpon my soule -

Bia Nay then sweet hart nay I pray the(e) be not angry, good faith ile neuer suspect thee any more, nay kisse me sweet musse

Tho Tell me Blancha, do not you play the woman with me ?
Every man in his Humor

Bia What's that sweete hart?
Tho Dissemble?
Bia Dissemble?

Tho Nay doe not turne away but say I fayth was it not a match appoynted twixt this old gentleman and you?
Bia A match?

Tho Nay if it were not, I do not care do not wepe. I pray thee sweete Biancha, nay so now, by Iesus I am not jealous, but resolved I haue the faythfulst wife in Italie.

For this I finde where sealeous is fed,
Hornes in the minde, are worse then on the head
See what a drove of hornes flye in the ayre,
Wing'd with my cleansed, and my credulous breath.

Watch them suspiciouse eyes, watch where they fall,
See see, on heads that thinke they haue none at all
Oh what a plentuous world of this will come,
When ayre raynes hornes, all men be sure of some

Clem Why thats well, come then what say you, are all agreed? doth none stand out?

Pros None but this gentleman to whom in my owne person I owe all dutie and affection but most seriously intreate pardon, for whatsoever hath past in these occur-
rants, that might be contrarie to his most desired content

Lo Fayth sir it is a vertue that persues
Any saue rude and uncompos'd spirites,
To make a fayre construction, and indeede
Not to stand of, when such respectue meanes
Inuite a generall content in all.

Clem Well then I coniure you all here to put of all discontentment, first you Signior Lorenzo your cares, you, and you, your sealeous you your anger, and you your wit sir and for a peace offering, heres one willing to be sacri-
fised vppon this aulter say do you approve my motion?
The Quarto of 1601

Pros  We doe, ile be mouth for all.

Clem  Why then I wish them all joy, and now to make our euening happinesse more full this night you shall be all my guestes where weele enjoy the very spirite of mirth, and carouse to the health of this Heroick spirite, whom to honor the more I do inuest in my owne robes, desiring you two Guilliano, and Prospero, to be his supporters, the trayne to follow, my selfe will leade, vsherd by my page here with this honorable verse Claudite ram ruos pueri, sat prata biberunt.

FINIS.

v v 440 doe,] doe Q 446 supporters,] supporters, Q 448 puer,] puer Q
EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

The Revised Version
from the Folio of 1616.
THE TEXT

A minute collation of the Folio text of Every Man in his Humour shows that it was set up from a copy of the 1601 Quarto which Jonson had worked over with manuscript corrections to prepare it for the press. The evidence is microscopic, but it is cumulative. In estimating it, it should be remembered that the Folio of 1616 was printed with scrupulous care, especially in the matter of punctuation, which Jonson rather elaborated. The following peculiarities are common to the two texts. As a rule, the Folio prints a question with the note of interrogation, but in a few passages it follows the Quarto in using a full stop.

Sweete hart will you come in to breakfast
(Quarto, sig D 3 Cf II iii 35–6)
but did you all this signior without hurting your blade.
(Sig E 4 Cf III i 150–1)
Musco, s’bloud what winde hath blowne thee hither in this shape
(Sig F Cf III ii 40–1)
are you not here by the appoyntment of doctor
Clemants man
(Sig K 4 Cf IV xi 12–13)

In the following passages the Quarto wrongly inserts a note of interrogation, and is copied by the Folio.

Step No truly sir ? (Sig G Cf III v 74)
Mat Here sir, heres my iewell ? (Sig K 2 Cf IV ix 64)
Step A gentleman sir ? (Sig L 2 Cf V iii 3)

In III v 84–5, ' that (had you taken the most deadly poysonous simple in all Floience, it should expell it'), the Quarto omitted the second bracket, the Folio revised the passage, but also omitted the bracket.

In three prose passages the Quarto wrongly prints a
semblance of metrical form, which the Folio reproduces

What Cob? our maides will haue you by the back (I faith)
For comming so late this morning
(Sig D 2 verso Cf ii iii I-2)

Well Musco performe this businesse happily,
And thou makest a conquest of my loue for euer,
(Sigg H 3 verso, H 4 Cf iv v I-3)

Nay I know not how, I left him with your clarke,
And appoynted him to stay here for me
(Sig L Cf v i 8-9)

Slight though these clues are, they seem to prove that the printer of the Folio had before him a printed copy of the 1601 text interlined with corrections in Jonson's handwriting, and not a new manuscript

The text of 1640 is substantially a reprint of the earlier Folio. Occasionally it makes a correction, as in v v 81 'all may be sure of some', where the 1616 Folio misprinted 'fame'. At iii ii 52 'At Justice Clements house here, in Colman-street' the word 'here' is inconsistent with the stage arrangement presupposing that the first two scenes are laid at the Windmill Tavern, and the 1640 text omits it but such a discrepancy counts for little on the Elizabethan stage, where a change of locality is often indicated in this way. But 'here' may simply mean 'The Old Jewry' as in iii iii 119, where the 1640 Folio makes no alteration. Other changes are the superlative 'he sweares most admirable' in iii v 132, where the 1616 text has 'sweares admirably', and 'how chance that you were' in v i 15-16 for 'how that you were'. The punctuation is corrected from time to time and deliberate changes in it are recorded in the critical apparatus, and a few have been adopted in the text. The errors of the 1640 in this respect have not been recorded, they are chiefly errors of omission. But it may be noted that the 1640 editor or press-corrector
had carefully studied Jonson's own method, and attempted
to harmonize a number of passages which he thought in-
consistent with it. In this he did not always succeed,
he was apt to misread a lightly stopped sentence, which the
actor was meant to deliver 'tripplingly on the tongue.'
For instance the 1616 Folio uses such natural pointing as
this 'What aile you sweet heart, are you not well, speake
good Musse' (ii iii 40-1) The 1640 Folio spoils the
effect by making one sentence into three 'What aile you
Sweet-heart? are you not well? speake good Musse'

Other examples are iii iii 133-5

when I meant

So deepe a secret to you, I meane not this,
But that I haue to tell you, this is nothing, this

Kately is in a breathless hurry, but he marks time with an
emphatic pause in the text of 1640

But that I have to tell you, this is nothing, this

Or when Down-right at last catches Bobadill (iv vii 130-1),
the 1616 Folio prints 'haue I found you? Come, draw, to
your tooles draw, gipsie, or Ile thresh you.' He pauses
after 'tooles' to give Bobadill time to draw, but the
methodical 'draw, gipsie,' of the 1640 text leaves Down-
right as limp and dilatory as his victim There is too a very
interesting punctuation of Jonson's which the 1640 Folio
frequently misses both in this and other plays—his use of
the apostrophe to mark a sequence of two lightly pro-
nounced syllables 1 The following examples from the 1616
text illustrate this practice

If he be'at his booke, disturb him not—Well sir (i 1 5)
Ah, but what miserie' is it, to know this? (ii iii 70)
Nay, rather then 't shall learne
No bawdie song, the mother'her selfe will teach it!
(ii v 23-4)

Carry' in my cloke againe Yet, stay Yet, doe too
(iii iii 40)

Wherein, my 'imaginations runne, like sands (ib 50)

1 See vol ii, pp 430-1
In the first, third, or fourth of these examples the 1640 Folio omits the apostrophe, in the second and fifth it attempts a press-correction, 'what mis'rie is it', and 'my 'imaginations'.

To decry the 1640 text, as Gifford did, shows a lack of critical insight, but we may be thankful that one-half of Jonson's work was printed in the earlier authoritative Folio.

The 1616 recension of this play has been reproduced four times by Professor W. Bang in his excellent reprint of the Folio, of which the first part, containing the plays, from *Every Man in his Humour* to *Cynthia's Revels*, appeared at Louvain in 1905, by Dr G. A. Smithson in Gayley's *Representative English Comedies*, vol. 11, 1913—a text with modernizing touches and some misprints (e.g. 'pinch your flesh, full of holes' in iv 11 132), by Percy Simpson in a critical edition of the play published by the Clarendon Press in 1919, and by Dr H. Holland Carter in the parallel text of Quarto and Folio already noticed.

1 See page 194.
Every Man in His Humour.

A Comedie.

Acted in the yeere 1598. By the then Lord Chamberlaine his Servants

The Author B. I.

Iuven.

Haud tamen insedet varia, quem pulchrae postume

London,
Printed by William Stansby.

M. DC. XVI.
EVERY MAN
IN HIS
HUMOUR.
A Comedy.

Acted in the yeere 1598. By the th n
Lord Chamberlaine
his Servants.

Th Author B. I.

Juven.
Haud ramus invideo vate, quem pulpere pasrint.

LONDON,
Printed by Richard Bishop.

M. DC. XL.
TO THE MOST
LEARNED, AND
MY HONOR'D
FRIEND,

Mr. Cambden, Clarentiavx.

SIR,

There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteeme all office, done you in this kind, an improper, so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authoritie of their ignorance, to the crying downe of Poetry, or the Professors. But, my gratitude must not leave to correct their error, since I am none of those, that can suffer the benefits confer'd upon my youth, to perish with my age. It is a fraile memorie, that remembers but present things. And, had the favour of the times so conspir'd with my disposition, as it could have brought thence forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, & number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you, to accept this, such, wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush, nor of my studies, repent you to have beene the instructor. And, for the profession of my thankefulnesse, if am sure, it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse.

Your true lover,

Ben Jonson

Clarentiavx not in F1 originally 5 Poetry F2 6 error
error F2 18 Jonson] Johnson F2
The Persons of the Play.

Kno'well, *An old Gentleman*  
Ed Kno'well, *His Sonne*  
Brayne-worme, *The Father's man*  
Mr Stephen, *A countrey Gull*  
Downe-right, *A plaine Squier*  
10 Well bred, *His halfe Brother*  
IVst Clement, *An old merry Magistrat*  

<table>
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<td>Tib, <em>His Wife</em></td>
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<td>Cap Bobadill, <em>A Paulesman</em></td>
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THE SCENE

LONDON.

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6–7 countrey Gull] country-Gull F2  
25 Servants &c added by G  
After The Scene F2 inserts the Actor-list and the note on the first performance given in F1 at the end of the play
PROLOGUE.

Though neede make many Poets, and some such
As art, and nature haue not betterd much,
Yet ours, for want, hath not so lou'd the stage,
As he dare serue th'ill customes of the age
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himselfe must lustily hate
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceede
Man, and then shoote vp, in one beard, and weede,
Past threescore yeeres or, with three rustic swords,
And helpe of some few foot-and-halfe-foote words,
Fight ouer Yorke, and Lancasters long iarres
And in the tyring-house bring wounds, to scarres
He rather prayes, you will be pleas'd to see
One such, to day, as other playes should be
Where neither Chorus wafts you oere the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes downe, the boyes to please,
Nor nimble squibbe is seene, to make afeard
The gentlewomen, nor roul'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders, nor tempestuous drumme
Rumbles, to tell you when the storme doth come,
But deedes, and language, such as men doe vse
And persons, such as Comedie would chuse,
When she would shew an Image of the times,
And sport with humane follies, not with crimes
Except, we make 'hem such by louing still
Our popular errors, when we know th'are ill
I meane such errors, as you'll all confesse
By laughing at them, they deserue no lesse
Which when you heartily doe, there's hope left, then,
You, that haue so grac'd monsters, may like men

3 stage,] stage originally in F1
**Act I. Scene I.**

**Knowell, Brayne-Worme, Mr. Stephen**

A Goodly day toward! and a fresh morning! Brayne-Worme,
Call vp your yong master bid him rise, sir
Tell him, I haue some businesse to employ him
Brayne-worme, I will sir, presently Knowe But heare you, sirah,
If he be’at his booke, disturbe him not Brayne Well sir
Knowe How happie, yet, should I esteeme my selfe
Could I (by any practise) weane the boy
From one vaine course of studie, he affects
He is a scholler, if a man may trust

10 The liberall voice of fame, in her report
Of good accompt, in both our universities,
Either of which hath fauour’d him with graces
But their indulgence, must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot erre

My selfe was once a student, and, indeed,
Fed with the selfe-same humour, he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetrie,
That frutlesse, and vnprofitable art,
Good vnto none, but least to the professors,

Which, then, I thought the mistresse of all knowledge
But since, time, and the truth haue wak’d my judgement,
And reason taught me better to distinguish,
The vaine, from th’vsefull learnings Cossin Stephen!
What newes with you, that you are here so early?

25 Stephen Nothing, but eene come to see how you doe, vncele
Knowe That’s kindly done, you are wel come, cousse
Stephen I, I know that sir, I would not ha’ come else
How doe my cousin Edward, vncele?
Knowe O, well cousse, goe in and see I doubt he be

30 scarce stirring yet

1 1] A Street Enter Knowell at the door of his House G 5 be’at] be at F2 23 Cossin] Coussin F2 28 doe] does F2
STE Vncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an' he haue ere a booke of the sciences of hawking, and hunting? I would faine borrow it

K N O Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

S T E P No wusse, but I'll practise against next yeere vncle. I haue bought me a hawke, and a hood, and bells, and all, I lacke nothing but a booke to keepe it by

K N O O, most ridiculous

S T E P Nay, looke you now, you are angrie, vncle why you know, an' a man haue not skill in the hawking, and hunting-languages now a dayes, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied then the Greeke, or the Latine. He is for no gallants companie without 'hem. And by gads lid I scorne it, I, so I doe, to be a consort for every hum-drvm, hang 'hem scroyles, there's nothing in 'hem, i' the world. What doe you talke on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keepe companie with none but the archers of Finsbume or the citizens, that come a ducking to Islington ponds. A fine rest if faith! Sild a gentleman mun show so himselfe like a gentleman. Vncle, I pray you be not angrie, I know what I haue to doe, I trow I am no noisce

K N O You are a prodigall absurd cocks combe. Goe to Nay neuer looke at me, it's I that speake

Tak't as you will sir, I'll not flatter you

Ha' you not yet found meanes enow, to wast
That, which your friends haue left you, but you must
Goe cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keepe it, when you ha' done?

O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well cosen, well! I see you are eene past hope
Of all reclaime. I, so, now you are told on it,
You looke another way. S T E P What would you ha' me doe?
Kno What would I haue you doe? I'll tell you kinsman,
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I haue you doe and not to spend
Your coyne on every bable, that you phansie,
Or every foolish braine, that humors you

I would not haue you to inuade each place,
Nor thrust your selfe on all societies,
Till mens affections, or your owne desert,
Should worthily inuade you to your ranke
He, that is so respectlesse in his courses,

Oft sells his reputation, at cheape market
Nor would I, you should melt away your selfe
In flashing brauerie, least while you affect
To make a blaze of gentrie to the world,
A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,

And you be left, like an unsauorie snuffe,
Whose propertie is onely to offend
I'd ha' you sober, and containe your selfe,
Not, that your sayle be bigger then your boat
But moderate your expences now (at first)

As you may keepe the same proportion still
Nor, stand so much on your gentilitie,
Which is an aerie, and meere borrow'd thing,
From dead mens dust, and bones and none of yours
Except you make, or hold it Who comes here?

Act I. Scene II.

Servant, Mr Stephen, Kno'well,
Brayne-Worme

Aue you, gentlemen
Nay, we do' not stand much on our gentilitie,
friend, yet, you are wel-come, and I assure you, mine vnkle here is a man of a thousand a yeare, Middlesex land

11 77 brauerie| brav'ne F2 80 unsauorie| unsav'ry F2 83 then|
than F2 87 aerie| ayrie F2 11 4 here] here, some copies of F1
hee has but one sonne in all the world, I am his next here s
(at the common law) master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cossen die (as there's hope he will) I have
a prettie living o' mine owne too, beside, hard-by here
Serv In good time, sir
Step In good time, sir? why! and in very good time, sir
You do not flout, friend, doe you?
Serv Not I, sir
Step Not you, sir? you were not best, sir, an' you
should, here bee them can perceive it, and that quickly
to goe to And they can giue it againe soundly to, and is
neede be
Serv Why, sir, let this satisfie you good faith, I had
no such intent
Step Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talke with
you, and that presently
Serv Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at
your pleasure
Step And so I would sir, good my saucie companion! an' you were out o' mine vncles ground, I can tell you,
though I doe not stand vpon my gentilitie neither in't
Caso Cossen! cossen! will this neie be left?
Step Whorson base fellow! a mechanicall servuing-
man! By this cudgell, and't were not for shame, I
would
Caso What would you doe, you peremptorie gull?
If you can not be quiet, get you hence
You see, the honest man demeanes himselfe
Modestly to'ards you, giuing no replie
To your vnseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion
And, still you huffe it, with a kind of carriage,
As voide of wit, as of humanitie
Goe, get you in, fore heauen, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsmans interest in me

117 cossen] cousen F2 will]] will ) F2 10 very] a very some
copies of F2 15 and] an' F2 26 Cossen] cossen ] Cousin
Cousin F2 37 fore] fore F2

X 2
I pray you, sir, is this master KNOWELL's house?

KNOW. Yes, marie, is it sir.

SERV. I should enquire for a gentleman, here, one master EDWARD KNOWELL do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

KNOW. I should forget my selfe else, sir.

SERV. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercie sir. I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the citie, as I rode out at this end o' the towne, to deliver you this letter, sir.

KNOW. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your coult'sie (To his most selected friend, master EDWARD KNOWELL) What might the gentlemen's name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be couel'd.

SERV. One master WELL-BRED, sir.

KNOW. Master WELL-BRED! A yong gentleman?

SERV. The same sir, master KITELY married his sister the rich merchant i' the old Iewrie.

KNOW. You say very true BRAINE-WORME,

BRAY. Sir.

SERV. Make this honest friend drinke here. pray you goe in.

This letter is directed to my sonne.
Yet, I am EDWARD KNOWELL too, and may With the safe conscience of good manners, vse The fellowes error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will breake it ope (old men are curious)
Be it but for the stiles sake, and the phrase,
To see, if both doe answere my sonnes praises,
Who is, almost, crowne the idolater
Of this yong WELL-BRED what haue we here? what's this?

Why, NED, I beseech thee, hast thou for-sworne all thy friends i' the old Iewrie? or dost thou think vs all Iewes that

11 om F2 39 you 54, 69 yong] young F2 64 error]
inhabit there, yet? If thou dost, come ouer, and but see our
frinerie change an olde shirt, for a whole smocke, with vs
Doe not conceve that antipathy betweene vs, and Hogs-den,
as was betweene Iewes, and hogs flesh. Leave thy vigilant 75
father, alone, to number ouer his greene apricots, evening, and
morning, o’ the north-west wall. An’ if had beene his sonne, I
had sau’d him the labor, long since, if, taking in all the yong
wenches, that passe by, at the back-dore, and codd’ling every
kernell of the frut for ’hem, would ha’ serv’d. But, pr’y thee, so
come ouer to me, quickly, this morning, I haue such a present
for thee (our Turkie compane never sent the like to the Grand-
Signior). One is a Rimer sir, o’ your owne batch, your
owne leun, but doth think himselfe Poet-maier, o’ the towne
willing to be shoune, and worthy to be seen. The other—I 85
will not venter his description with you, till you come, because
I would ha’ you make hether with an appetite. If the worst of
’hem be not worth your tomyne, draw your bill of charges, as
unconscionable, as any Guild hall verdict will give it you,
and you shall be allow’d your viaticum

Froth the wind-mill

From the Burdello, it might come as well,
The Spitte or Pigt-hatch. Is this the man,
My sonne hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choysest braine, the times hath sent vs foorth?
I know not what he may be, in the arts,
Nor what in schooles but surely, for his manners,
I judge him a prophaune, and dissolute wretch
Worse, by possession of such great good guifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit
Why, what unhawllow’d ruffian would haue writ,
In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend!
Why should he thinke, I tell my Apri cotes?
Or play th’ Hesperian Dragon, with my frut,
To watch it? Well, my sonne, I had thought
Y’ had had more judgement, t’haue made election

11 72 there, yet? If] there Yet if F3 78 labor] labor, F2 83
owne] owne F1 87 hether] liether F2 95 hath] have F3 99 guifts]
gifts F2 105 I’had] I had F3
Of your companions, then t'haue tane on trust,
Such petulant, geering gamsters, that can spare
No argument, or subject from their rest
110 But I perceive, affection makes a foole
Of any man, too much the father  
B r a y n e - w o r m e ,
B r a y  Sir
K n o  Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?
B r a  Yes, sir, a pretie while since
115 K n o  And, where's your yong master?
B r a  In his chamber sir
K n o  He spake not with the fellow! did he?
B r a  No sir, he saw him not
K n o  Take you this letter, and deluer it my sonne,
120 But with no notice, that I haue open'd it, on your life
B r a  O lord, sir, that were a rest, indeed!
K n o  I am resolu'd, I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent meane, to stay
The vnbridled course of youth in him for that,
125 Restrain'd, growes more impatient, and, in kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne're so little from his game with-held,
Tuines head, and leapes vp at his holders throat
There is a way of winning, more by loue,
130 And urging of the modestie, then feare
Force workes on seruile natures, not the free
He, that's compell'd to goodnesse, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit where others drawne
By softnesse, and example, get a habit
135 Then, if they stray, but warne 'hem and, the same
They should for vertu'haue done, they'll doe for shame

110 then not originally in F1 than F2 108 geering] jeering
111 Brayne-worme, Brayn-worm F2 (but of 58)
sonne, sonne F1 sonne, F2 123 means] means F3 125 in
kind] in-kind originally in F1 130 then] than F2
Act I. Scene III.

EDW KNO’WELL, BRAYNE-WORME,
Mîr STEPHEN

Did he open it, sayest thou?  Brave Yes, o' my word sir, and read the contents Knowle That scarce contents me. What countenance (pr’y thee) made he, i’ the reading of it? was he angrie, or pleas’d? Brave Nay sir, I saw him not reade it, nor open it, I assure your worship. Knowle No, how know’st thou, then, that he did either? Brave Marie sir, because he charg’d me, on my life, to tell nobodie, that he open’d it which, vnsesse hee had done, to hee would never feare to haue it reueal’d.Knowle That’s true well I thanke thee, Brave-Worme. Step O, Brave-Worme, did’st thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha’-call-him doublet! he brought is mine vnCLE a letter e’en now. Brave Yes, master Stephen, what of him? Step O, I ha’ such a minde to beate him—— Where is hee? canst thou tell? Brave Faith, he is not of that mind he is gone, master StepheN. Step Gone? which way? when went he? how long since? Brave He is rid hence. He tooke horse, at the streete dore. Step And, I staid i’ the fields! horson scander-bag rouge! ò that I had but a horse to fetch him backe againe. Brave Why, you may ha’ my m’rs gelding, to saue your longing, sir.

1 iii] Misnumbered Scene II iv F1  Scene II — A Room in Knowell’s House G 12 BRAYNE-WORME] BLAYNE WORME F1 10 letter] lettler some copies of F1 22 he?] he! Ff
STEP But, I ha' no bootes, that's the spight on't

BRAY Why, a fine wispe of hay, rould hard, master

STEP No faith, it's no boote to follow him, now let him eene goe, and hang 'Pray thee, helpe to trusse me,

a little He dos so vexe me——

BRAY You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, master STEPHEN Best, keepe vn-brac'd, and walke your selfe, till you be cold your choller may foundic you else

STEP By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't How dost thou like my legge, BRAYNE-WORME?

BRAY A very good legl I master STEPHEN I but the woollen stocking do's not commend it so well

STEP Foh, the stockings be good enoough, now summer

is comming on, for the dust Ile haue a paire of silke, again' winter, that I goe to dwell i' the towne I thinke my legge would shew in a silke-hose

BRAY Beleeue me, master STEPHEN, rarely well

STEP In sadnesse, I thinke it would I haue a reason-

able good legge

BRAY You haue an excellent good legge, master STEPHEN, but I cannot stay, to praise it longer now, and I am very sore for't

STEP Another time wil serue, BRAYNE-WORME

Gramercie for this

E KN Ha, ha, ha!

STEP Sild, I hope, he laughs not at me, and he doe——

E KN Here was a letter, indeede, to be intercepted by a mans father, and doe him good with him! Hee cannot but

thinke most vertuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the carefull Costar'-monger of him in our familiar Epistles Well, if he read this with patience, Ile be gelt, and troll ballads for Mr. JOHN TRYNDELE, yonder, the rest of my
mortalitie. It is true, and likely, my father may haue as much patience as another man, for he takes much physicke and, oft taking physicke makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master W E L - B R E D, had arru'd at him, in such a minute of his patience, then, we had knowne the end of it, which now is doubtfull, and threatens——What! my wise cossen! Nay, then, Ile furnish our feast with one gull more to’ard the messe. He writes to me of a brace, and here’s one, that’s three. O, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou’lt vse thine eyes, I intreate thee——

S T E P  O, now I see, who hee laught at. Hee laught at some-body in that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me——

E K N  How now, coussen, S T E P H E N, melancholy?

S T E P  Yes, a little. I thought, you had laught at me, cossen.

E K N  Why, what an’ I had cousse, what would you ha’ done?

S T E P  By this light, I would ha’ told mine vnkle

E K N  Nay, if you wold ha’ told your vnkle, I did laugh at you, cousse.

S T E P  Did you, indeede?

E K N  Yes, indeede

S T E P  Why, then——

E K N  What then?

S T E P  I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E K N  Why, bee so gentle cousse. And, I pray you let me intreate a courtesie of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i’ the old Iewrie to come to him. It’s but crossing over the fields to Moore-gate. Will you beare me companie? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, cousse.

S T E P  Sii, that’s all one, and ’t were you shall com-
mand me, twice so farre as More-gate to doe you good, in such a matter. Doe you thinke I would leaue you? I pro-
est—

E K N    No, no, you shall not protest, cousse
S T E P    By my fackins, but I will, by your leaue, Ile
protest more to my friend, then Ile speake off, at this time
E K N    You speake very well, cousse
S T E P    Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me but
I speake, to serue my turne
E K N    Your turne, cousse? Doe you know, what you
say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estima-
tion, to talke o' your turne i' this companie, and to me,
alone, like a tankard-bearer, at a conduit! Fie! A wight,
that (hetherto) his every step hath left the stampe of a great
foot behind him, as every word the sauour of a strong spirit!
and he! this man! so grac'd, guilded, or (to vse a more fit
metaphore) so tin-folded by nature, as not ten house-wiues
pewter (again' a good time) shew's more bright to the world
then he! and he (as I said last, so I say againe, and still shall
say it) this man! to conceale such reall ornaments as these,
and shaddow their gloie, as a Millaners wife do's her
wrought stomacher, with a smokie lawne, o1 a black
cypresse? O cousse! It cannot be answer'd, goe not about
it. D r a k e s old ship, at Detford, may sooner circle the
world againe. Come, wrong not the qualitie of your desert,
with looking downward, couz, but hold vp your head, so
and let the Idea of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your face,
that men may reade i' your physnomie, (Here, within this
place, is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplish'd monster, or
miracle of nature, which is all one) What thinke you of this,
couss?
S T E P    Why, I doe thinke of it, and I will be more
prowd, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, then I haue
beene; I'le ensure you
E K N    Why, that's resolute master S T E P H E N! Now,
if I can but hold him vp to his height, as it is happily begunne, it will doe well for a suburbe-humor we may hap haue a match with the citie, and play him for fortie pound

Come, couss

STEP I'le follow you

EKN Follow me? you must goe before

STEP Nay, an' I must, I will Pray you, shew me, good cousin

Act i. Scene iii.

Mr. Matthew, Cob

I thinke, this be the house what, hough?

Cob Who's there? O, master Matthew! gi' your worship good morrow

Matthew What! Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? do'st thou inhabite here, Cob?

Cob I, sir, I and my linage ha'kept a poore house, here, in our dayes

Matthew Thy linage, Monsieur Cob, what linage? what linage?

Cob Why sir, an ancient linage, and a princely Mine ance'trie came from a Kings belly, no worse man and yet no man neither (by your worship's leaue, I did lie in that) but Herring the King of fish (from his belly, I proceed) one o' the Monarchs o' the world, I assure you The first red herring, that was broil'd in Adam, and Eve's kitchin, doe I fetch my pedigree from, by the Harrots bookes His Cob, was my great-great-mighty-great Grand-father

Matthew Why mightie? why mightie? I pray thee

Cob O, it was a mightie while agoe, sir, and a mightie great Cob

Matthew How know'st thou that?

Cob How know I? why, I smell his ghost, euer and anon

1 iii 134 suburbe-humor] Suburb-humour F2 1 iv ] Scene 1.1 —
The Lane before Cob's House G
MAT Smell a ghost? ó unsavoury rest! and the
ghost of a herring COB!
COB I sir, with favour of your worship's nose, Mr.
MATHEW, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well
as the ghost of rashier-bacon?
MAT ROGER BACON, thou wouldst say?
COB I say rashier-bacon! They were both bloy'd o' the
coles? and a man may smell broyld-meate, I hope? you
are a scholler, vpsolue me that, now
MAT O raw ignorance! COB, canst thou shew me
of a gentleman, one Captayne BOBADILL, where his
lodging is?
COB O, my guest, sir! you meane
MAT Thy guest! Alas! ha, ha
COB Why do you laugh, sir? Doe you not meane
Captayne BOBADILL?
MAT COB, 'pray thee, advise thyselfe well do not
wrong the gentleman, and thy selfe too I dare bee sworne,
hee scornes thy house hee! He lodge in such a base,
obscure place, as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition
so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if tho'uldst gi'it
him
COB I will not giue it him, though, sir Masse, I thought
somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed, all night! 
Well, sir, though he lye not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench
an't please you to goe vp, sir, you shall find him with two
cushions vnder his head, and his cloke wrapt about him,
as though he had neither wun nor lost, and yet (I warrant)
he ne're cast better in his life, then he has done, to night
MAT Why? was he drunke?
COB Drunke, sir? you heare not me say so Perhaps,
hee swallow'd a tauerne-token, or some such deuice, sir
I haue nothing to doe withall I deale with water, and not
with wine! Gi'me my tankard there, hough God b'w'you,
sir! It's sixe a clocke! I should ha' carried two turnes, by
this! What hough? my stopple? come
1 iv 31 coles?] coles, F2 52 then] than F2
MAT Lye in a water-bearers house! A gentleman of his 60 haunings! Well, I'll tell him my mind

COB What TIB, shew this gentleman vp to the Captayne O, an' my house were the Brasen head now! faith, it would eene speake, Mofooles yet. You should ha' some now would take this MATTHEW to be a gentle-65 man, at the least! His father's an honest man, a worship-
full fish-monger, and so forth, and now dos he creepe, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants about the towne, such as my guest is (δ, my guest is a fine man) and they flout him invincibly! Hee vseth every day to 70 a Merchants house (where I serue water) one mastei KITELY's, i' the old Iewery, and here's the rest, he is in loue with my masters sister, (mistris BRIDGET) and calls her mistris and there hee will sit you a whole after-noone some-times, reading o' these same abominable, 75 vile, (a poxe on 'hem, I cannot abide them) rascally verses, poyetrie, poyetrie, and speaking of entenludes, 'twill make a man burst to heare him! And the wenches, they doe so geere, and ti-he at him—well, should they do so much to me, lld for-sweare them all, by the foot of PHARAOH 80 There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you heare sweare such an oath? δ, I haue a guest (he teaches me) he dos sweare the legiblest, of any man christned! By S' GEORGE, the foot of PHARAOH, the body of me as I am (a) gentleman, and a soouldier such daintie oathes! 85 and withall, he dos take this same filthy rougish tobacco, the finest, and cleanliest! it would doe a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels! Well, he owes mee fortie shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixe-pence a time) besides his lodging I would I had it! I shall ha'it, 90 he saies, the next Action Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, vp-tailes all, and a louse for the hang man

1 iv 85 a F2
Act I. Scene v.

Bobadill, Tib, Matthew

Hostesse hostesse

Tib What say you, sir?

Bob A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostesse

Tib Sir, there's a gentleman, below, would speake with you

Bob A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within

Tib My husband told him you were, sir

Bob What a plague—what meant he?

Mat Capitaine Bobadill?

Bob Who's there? (take away the bason, good hostesse) come vp, sir

Tib He would desire you to come vp, sir You come into a cleanly house, here

Mat 'Saue you, sir 'Saue you, Captayne

Bob Gentle master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you sit downe

Mat Thanke you, good Capitaine, you may see, I am some what audacious

Bob Not so, sir I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunke to, I assure you

Mat Vouchsafe me, by whom, good Capitaine

Bob Mary, by yong Well-bred, and others Why, hostesse, a stoole here, for this gentleman

Mat No haste, sir, 'tis very well

Bob Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes, yet, I was but new risen, as you came how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell

Mat Faith, some halfe hour to seuen now trust mee, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private!

i v | Scene iv —A Room in Cob's House G downe ] down? F2 16 sit] to sit F2
BOB I, sir, sit downe, I pray you Master MAT\-THEW (in any case) possesse no gentlemen of our acquaint-
ance, with notice of my lodging

MAT Who? I sir? no

BOB Not that I need to care who know it, for the Cabbin is conuenient, but in regard I would not be too popu-
lar, and generally visited, as some are

MAT True, Captaine, I conceive you

BOB For, doe you see, sir, by the heart of valour, in me, (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engag'd, as your selfe, or so) I could not extend thus farre

MAT O Lord, sir, I resolue so

BOB I confesse, I loue a cleanly and quiet priuacy, aboue all the tumult, and roare of fortune. What new booke ha' you there? What! Goe by, HIERONYMO!

MAT I, did you euer see it acted? is't not well pend?

BOB Well pend? I would faine see all the Poets, of these times, pen such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keepe a stir of arte and deuices, when (as I am a gentleman) reade 'hem, they are the most shallow, pittifull, barren fellowes, that liew upon the face of the earth, againe!

MAT Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke! O eyes, no eyes, but fountaynes fraught with teares! There's a conceit! fountaines fraught with teares! O life, no life, but huely forme of death! Another! O world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs! A third! Confus'd and fil'd with murder, and misdeeds! A fourth! O, the Muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that euer you heard, Captayne? Ha? How doe you like it?

BOB 'Tis good

MAT To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven couers,
Send I these lines, wherein I doe commence
The happy state of turtle billing love:s
If they prove rough, vn-polish't, harsh, and rude,  
Hast made the wast  Thus, mildly, I conclude

B o B  Nay, proceed, proceed  Where's this?
M a T  This, sir? a toy o' mine owne, in my nonage  the
infancy of my Muses! But, when will you come and see my
studie? good faith, I can shew you some very good things,
I haue done of late——That boot becomes your legge,
passing well, Captayne, me thinkes!

B o B  So, so, It's the fashion, gentlemen now vse
M a T  Troth, Captayne, an' now you speake o' the
fashion, master W E L L - B R E D's elder brother, and I, are
fall'n out exceedingly this other day, I hapned to enter
into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for
fashion, and worke-man-ship, was most peremptory beauti-
full, and gentlemanlike! Yet, he condemn'd, and cry'd it
downe, for the most pyed, and ridiculous that euer he saw
B o B  Squire D o w n e - r i g h t? the halfe brother?
was't not?
M a T  I sir, he

B o B  Hang him, rooke, he! why, he has no more
judgement then a malt-horse By S G e o r g e, I wonder
you'd loose a thought vpon such an animal the most
peremptory absurd clowne of chriṣtendome, this day, he is
holden I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, and a
souldier, I ne're chang'd wordes, with his like By his
discourse, he should eate nothing but hay  He was borne
for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He ha's not so
much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and
rustie prouerbes! a good commoditie for some smith, to
make hob-nailes of

M a T  I, and he thinkes to carry it away with his man-
hood still, where he comes He brags he will gr' me the
bastinado, as I heare

B o B  How! He the bastinado! how came he by that
word, trow?
MAT Nay, indeed, he said cudgell me, I term'd it so, for my more grace

BOB That may bee For I was sure, it was none of his word But, when when said he so?
MAT Faith, yesterday, they say a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so

BOB By the foot of PHARAOH, and't were my case now, I should send him a chartel, presently. The bastinado! A most proper, and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great CARANZA. Come hither. You shall chartel him. I'll shew you a trick, or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure. The first stoccata, if you will, by this ayre.

MAT Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mysterie, I haue heard, sir

BOB Of whom? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

MAT Troth, I haue heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and vn-in-one breath vtter-able skil, sir

BOB By heauen, no, not I, no skil i' the earth some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I haue profess it more for noblemen, and gentlemens vse, then mine owne practise, I assure you. Hostesse, accommodate vs with another bed-staffe here, quickly. Lend vs another bed-staffe. The woman do's not understand the wordes of Action. Looke you, sir. Exalt not your point aboue this state, at any hand, and let your poynard maintayne your defence, thus (give it the gentleman, and) leauo vs) so, sir. Come on O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keepe your due proportion of time—Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly!

MAT How is the bearing of it, now, sir?

BOB O, out of measure ill! A well-experienc'd hand would passe vpon you, at pleasure.

1v 125 then] than F2 132 sweet comely] sweet comely, F2

445 3 Y
Mat How meane you, sir, passe vpon me?
Bob Why, thus sir (make a thrust at me) come in, vpon
the answere, controll your point, and make a full carreere,
at the body. The best-practis'd gallants of the time, name
it the passada a most desperate thrust, beleue it!
Mat Well, come, sir.
Bob Why, you doe not manage your weapon with any
facilitie, or grace to inuite mee. I haue no spirit to play with
you. Your dearth of judgement renders you tedious.
Mat But one venue, sir.
Bob Venue! Fie. Most grosse denomination, as euer
I heard. O, the stiocata, while you liue, sir. Note that
Come, put on your cloke, and wee'll goe to some private
place, where you are acquainted, some tauerne, or so——
and haue a bit——Ile send for one of these Fencers, and hee
shall breath you, by my direction, and, then, I will teach
you your tricke. You shall kill him with it, at the first, if
you please. Why, I will learne you, by the true judgement
of the eye, hand, and foot, to controll any enemies point i'
the world. Should your aduersarie confront you with
a pistoll, 'twere nothing, by this hand, you should, by the
same rule, controll his bullet, in a line except it were
hayle-shot, and spred. What money ha' you about you,
Mat Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.
Bob 'Tis somewhat with the least. But, come. We
will haue a bunch of redish, and salt, to tast our wine,
and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach.
and then, wee'll call vpon yong W E L-B R E D. Perhaps
wee shall meet the C O R I D O N, his brother, there and
put him to the question.

150 hand,] hand, F2 166 redish] radish F2
Act II. Scene 1.

KITLEY, CASH, DOWNE-RIGHT

THOMAS, Come hither,
There lies a note, within upon my deske,
Here, take my key. It is no matter, neither
Where is the Boy? CASH Within, sir, t' the ware-house

KIT Let him tell ouer, straight, that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Doe you
See the deliuerie of those siluer stuffes,
To M' Lever. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grogran's, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon

CASH Good, sir

KIT Doe you see that fellow, brother DOWNE-RIGHT?

DOW I, what of him?

KIT He is a jewell, brother

I tooke him of a child, vp, at my dore,
And christned him, gave him mine owne name, THOMAS,
Since bred him at the Hospital, where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I haue made him my Cashier,
And gu'n him, who had none, a suiname, CASH
And find him, in his place so full of faith,
That, I durst trust my life into his hands

DOW So, would not I in any bastards, brother,
As, it is like, he is although I knew

My selfe his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?

KIT Faith, I am very loath, to utter it,
As fearing, it may hurt your patience
But, that I know, your judgement is of strength,
Against the neerenesse of affection—

D ow What need this circumstance? pray you be
direct

K i t I will not say, how much I doe ascribe

Vnto your friendship, nor, in what regard
I hold your loue but, let my past behauiour,
And vsage of your sister, but confirme
How well I'auе beene affected to you—

D ow You are too tedious, come to the matter, the

mater

K i t Then (without further ceremonie) thus
My brother W Е L L - B R Е D, sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition

When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne’re trust me, if I were not prou'd of him
Me thought he bare himselfe in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetnesse in his carriage,
And (what was chiefe) it shew'd not borrowed in him,

But all he did, became him as his owne,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possesst
As breath, with life, or colour, with the bloud
But, now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depru'd of grace,

And he himselfe withall so farre falne off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell mens judgements where he lately stood
Hee's growne a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetfull of his friends, and not content

To stale himselfe in all societie,
He makes my house here common, as a Mart,
A Theater, a publike receptacle
For giddie humour, and diseased riot,
And here (as in a tauerne, or a stewes)
He, and his wild associates, spend their hours, 
In repetition of lascivious jests, 
Sware, leape, drinke, dance, and reuell night by night, 
Controll my seruants and indeed what not?

Dow 'Sdeynes, I know not what I should say to him, 
1 the whole world! He values me, at a crickt three-70 
farthings, for ought I see. It will never out o' the flesh 
that's bred i' the bone! I have told him enough, one would 
think, if that would serve. But, counsel to him, is as good, 
as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knowes 
what to trust to, for GEORGE. Let him spend, and spend, 75 
and domineere, till his heart ake, an' hee thinke to bee 
relieu'd by me, when he is got into one o'your citie pounds, 
the Counters, he has the wrong sow by the eare, ifaith 
and claps his dish at the wrong mans door. I'll lay my hand 
o' my halfe-peny, e're I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll so 
assure him.

KIT Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus

Dow 'sdeath, he mads me, I could eate my very spur- 
lethers, for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why doe 
you not speake to him, and tell him how he disquiects your 85 
house?

KIT O, there are divers reasons to disswade, brother 
But, would your selfe vouchsafe to trauaile in it, 
(Though but with plaine, and easie circumstance) 
It would, both come much better to his sense, 90 
And savour lesse of stomack, or of passion 
You are his elder brother, and that title 
Both gues, and warrants you authoritie, 
Which (by your presence seconded) must breed 
A kinde of dutie in him, and regard 
Whereas, if I should intimate the least, 
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect, 
Heape worse on ill, make vp a pile of hatred 
That, in the rearing, would come tottering downe,
And, in the ruine, burie all our loue
Nay, more then this, brother, if I should speake
He would be readie from his heate of humor,
And ouer-flowing of the vapour, in him,
To blow the eares of his familiars,

With the false breath, of telling, what disgraces,
And low disparadgments, I had put vpon him
Whilst they, sir, to relieue him, in the fable,
Make their loose comments, vpon every word,
Gesture, or looke, I vse, mocke me all ouer,

From my flat cap, vnto my shining shooes
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'syes,
Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me
And what would that be, thinke you? mary, this
They would giue out (because my wife is faire,

My selfe but lately married, and my sister
Here soiourning a virgin in my house)
That I were iealous! nay, as sure as death,
That they would say And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to finde

An apt pretext, to banish them my house

D o w  Masse perhaps so They're like inough to doe it
K i t  Brother, they would, beleue it so should I
(Like one of these penurious quack-saluers)
But set the bills vp, to mine owne disgrace,

And trie experiments vpon my selfe
Lend scorne and enuie, opportunitie,
To stab my reputation, and good name——
Act II. Scene II.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, DOWNERIGHT, KITELY

I will speake to him—

BOB  Speake to him? away, by the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not, you shall not doe him that grace. The time of day, to you, Gentleman o’ the house Is Mr Wellbred stirring?

DOW  How then? what should he doe?

BOB  Gentleman of the house, it is to you is he within, sir?

KIT  He came not to his lodging to night sir, I assure you

DOW  Why, doe you heare? you

BOB  The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me, Ile talke to no scavenger

DOW  How, scavenger? stay sir, stay?

KIT  Nay, brother DOWNERIGHT

DOW  'Heart! stand you away, and you loue me

KIT  You shall not follow him now, I pray you, broth’t,

Good faith you shall not I will ouer-rule you

DOW  Ha? scavenger? well, goe to, I say little but, by this good day (god forgive me I should swcain) if I put it vp so, say, I am the rankest cow, that eu’ri pis’ Sdeynes, 20 and I swallow this, Ile ne’le draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street againe, while I lue, Ile sit in a bayne, with Madge-howlet, and catch mice first Scavenger? ’Heart, and Ile goe neere to fill that huge tumbrill-slop of yours, with somewhat, and I haue good lucke your GARA-25 GANTV a breech cannot carry it away so

KIT  Oh doe not fret your selfe thus, neuer thinke on’t

DOW  These are my brothers consorts, these! these are his Cam’rades, his walking mates! hee’s a gallant, a Cavaliere too, right hang-man cut! Let me not lue, and I could 30

11 13 Sir, stay?] Sir stay F2 19 god] God F2 21, 25, 30

and] an corrected copies of F2
not finde in my heart to swinge the whole ging of'hem, one
after another, and begin with him first I am grieu'd, it
should be said he is my brother, and take these courses
Wel, as he brewes, so he shall drinke, for George, againe
35 Yet, he shall heare on't, and that tightly too, and I liue,
Ifaith

Kit But, brother, let your reprehension (then)
Runne in an easie current, not ore-high
Carried with rashnesse, or deuouring choller,
40 But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will worke more gently, and compose
Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclame
More winning, then enforcing the consent

Dow I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you

Bell rings Kit How now? oh, the bell rings to breakefast

46 Brother, I pray you goe in, and beare my wife
Companie, till I come, Ile but giue order
For some dispatch of businesse, to my seruants

Act II. Scene III.

[To them]

Kitely, Cob, Dame Kitely

Wel, Cob? our maides will haue you by the back
(Ifaith) for comming so late this morning
Cob Perhaps so, sir, take heed some body hate not them
by the belly, for walking so late in the eveneing

Kit Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
Though not repos'd in that securitie,
As I could wish But, I must be content
How e're I set a face on't to the world,
Would I had lost this finger, at a venter,

10 So well-bred had ne're lodg'd within my house

[31 ging] gang F3  34 he brewe] hee brewes corrected copies of
F2 so he shall F1 so shall he F2  43 then] than F2
Bridget is added by Dr G A Smithson, but she need not enter at 34
2 Ifaith] ifaith F2 for] For Ff, beginning a new line 7 content ]
content, G 8 world,] world G 9 venter] venture F3
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and yong reuellers,
That any woman should be honest long
Is’t like, that factious beautie will preserve
The publike weale of chastitie, vn shaken,
When such strong motuues muster, and make head
Against her single peace? no, no Beware,
When mutuall appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kinde, and qualitie,
Come once to parlee, in the pride of bloud
It is no slow conspiracie, that followes
Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had answerd their affections all the world
Should not perswade me, but I were a cuckold
Mary, I hope, they ha'not got that start
For oportunitie hath balkt 'hem yet,
And shall doe still, while I haue eyes, and cares
To attend the impositions of my heart
My presence shall be as an iron barre,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire
Yea, euerie looke, or glance, mine eye ejects,
Shall checke occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription

DAME Sister BRIDGET, pray you fetch downe the
rose-water aboue in the closet Sweet heart, will you come in, to breakfast?

KITE An' shee haue ouer-heard me now?
DAME I pray thee (good MYSSE) we stay for you
KITE By heauen I would not for a thousand angells
DAME What aile you sweet heart, are you not well, speake good MYSSE

KITE Troth my head akes extremely, on a sudden
DAME Oh, the lord!
KITE How now? what?
Dame Alas, how it burnes? Mvsse, keepe you warme, good truth it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled with all! for loues sake, sweet heart, come in, out of the aire

Kiete How simple, and how subtilly are her answeres?

A new disease, and many troubled with it!

Why, true shee heard me, all the world to nothing

Dame I pray thee, good sweet heart, come in, the aire will doe you harme, in troth

Kiete The aire! shee has me! the wind! sweet heart!

Ile come to you presently 't will away, I hope

Dame Pray heauen it doe

Kiete A new disease? I know not, new, or old,

But it may well be call'd poore mortalls plague

For, like a pestilence, it doth infect

The houses of the braine  First, it begins

Solely to worke vpon the phantasie,

Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,

As soone corrupts the judgement, and from thence

Sends like contagion to the memorie

Still each to other giving the infection

Which, as a subtile vapor, spreads it selfe,

Confusedly, through every sensiue part,

Till not a thought, or motion, in the mind,

Be free from the blacke poysen of suspect

Ah, but what miserie' is it, to know this?

Or, knowing it, to want the mindes erection,

In such extremes? Well, I will once more struie,

(In spight of this black cloud) my selfe to be,

And shake the feauer off, that thus shakes me

11 11 53 harme, in F2 harme in, F1 56 Dame F2 Dow F1
66 vapor] vapour F2 70 miserie' is] mis're is F2
Act II. Scene III.

Brayne-worme, Ed Knowell,
Mr Stephen

Shad, I cannot choose but laugh, to see my selfe translated thus, from a poore creature to a creator, for now must I create an intolerable sort of lyes, or my present profession looses the grace and yet the lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the Fico. O sir, it holds for good politicke euer, to haue that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most deare to vs. So much, for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my yong, drie foot, ouer More-fields, to London, this morning. Now I, knowing, of this hunting match, or rather conspiracie, and to insinuate with my yong master (for so must we that are blew-waiters, and men of hope and service, doe, or perhaps wee may weare motley at the yearnes end, and who weares motley, you know) haue got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lye in ambushado, and intercept him, in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing, to cut him off, that is, to stay his iourney, Veni, vidi, vici, I may say with Captayne Caesar, I am made for euer, ifaith. Well, now must I practice to get the true garb of one of these Lance knights, my arme here, and my—yong master! and his cousin, Mr Stephen, as I am true counterfeitt man of warre, and no souldier!

E Kn So sir, and how then, couss? St E sfoot, I haue lost my purse, I thinke. E Kn How? lost your purse? where? when had you it? St E I cannot tell, stay. Br E Shad, I am afeard, they will know mee, would I could get by them,
Every Man in his Humour

E K N What? ha' you it?
S T E P No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I
E K N Nay, doe not weepe the losse, hang it, let it goe
S T E P Oh, it's here no, and it had beene lost, I had
35 not car'd, but for a set ring mistris M A R Y sent me
E K N A set ring? oh, the poesie, the poesie?
S T E P Fine, ifaith! Though fancie sleep, my loue is
deepe Meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet shee
loued me dearely
40 E K N Most excellent!
S T E P And then, I sent her another, and my poesie was
The deeper, the sweeter, Ile be read'd by S t P E T E R
E K N How, by S t P E T E R? I doe not conceue that!
S T E P Mary, S t P E T E R, to make vp the meeter
45 E K N Well, there the Saint was your good patron, hee
help't you at your need thanke him, thanke him
B R A Y I cannot take leaue on 'hem, so I will venture,
come what will Gentlemen, please you change a few
crownes, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am
50 a poore gentleman, a soildier, one that (in the better state
of my fortunes) scorn'd so meane a refuge, but now it is
the humour of necessitie, to haue it so You seeme to
be gentlemen, well affected to martiaall men, else I should
rather die with silence, then liue with shame how ever,
vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not my selfe
This condition agrees not with my spirit—
E K N Where hast thou seru'd?
B R A Y May it please you, sir, in all the late warres of
Bohema, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir?
60 I haue beeene a poore seruitor, by sea and land, any time
this fourteene yeeres, and follow'd the fortunes of the best
Commanders in christendome I was twice shot at the
taking of Alepo, once at the reliefe of Vienna, I haue beeene
at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatique gulfe, a gentleman-
65 slawe in the galleys, thrice, where I was most dangerously

II iv 47 st dir at l 46 in F r
54 then] than F2 53 I should f r sshould I g2
shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maym'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scarres, the noted markes of my resolution

STEP How will you sell this rapier, friend?

BRAV Y Generous sir, I referre it to your owne judgement, you are a gentleman, give me what you please

STEP True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend but what though? I pray you say, what would you aske?

BRAV Y I assure you, the blade may become the side, or thigh of the best prince, in Europe

EKN I, with a velvet scabberd, I thinke

STEP Nay, and't be mine, it shall haue a velvet scabberd, Coulss, that's flat I'de not weare it as 'tis, and you would give me an angell

BRAV Y At your woiships pleasure, sir, nay, 'tis a most so pure Toledo

STEP I had rather it were a Spaniard! but tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a siluer hilt

EKN Come, come, you shall not buy it, hold, there's a shilling fellow, take thy rapier

STEP Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow I scorne to be out bidden What, shall I walke with a cudgell, like Higgitt Bottom? and may haue a rapier, for money?

EKN You may buy one in the citie

STEP Tut, Ile buy thus i' the field, so I will, I haue a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier Tell me your lowest price

EKN You shall not buy it, I say

STEP By this money, but I will, though I give more then 'tis worth

EKN Come away, you are a foole

STEP Friend, I am a foole, that's granted but Ile haue it, for that words sake Follow me, for your money

BRAV Y At your seruice, sir
Act II. Scene v.

Knowell, Brayneworme

I cannot loose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my sonne nor leave t'admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth,
Within the kingdom, since my selfe was one
When I was yong, he liu'd not in the stewes,
Durst haue conceu'd a scorne, and vtter'd it,
On a grey head, age was authoritie
Against a buffon and a man had, then,
A certaine reuencienc pai'd vnto his yeeres,
That had none due vnto his life So much
The sanctitie of some preual'd, for others
But, now, we all are fall'n, youth, from their feare
And age, from that, which bred it, good example
Nay, would our selues were not the first, euen parents,
That did destroy the hopes, in our owne children
Or they not learn'd our vices, in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customes, with their milke
Ere all their teeth be borne, or they can speake,
We make their palats cunning! The first wordes,
We forme their tonguues with, are licentious restes!
Can it call, whore? crie, bastard? o, then, kisse it,
A wittie childe! Can't sweare? The fathers dearling!
Gue it two plums Nay, rather then 't shall learne
No bawdie song, the mother'her selfe will teach it!
But, this is in the infancia, the dayes
Of the long coate when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this I, it is like
When it is gone into the bone alreadie
No, no This die goes deeper then the coate,
Or shirt, or skin It staines, vnto the luer,
And heart, in some And, rather, then it should not,
Note, what we fathers doe! Looke, how we lue!
What mistresses we keepe! at what expense,
In our sonnes eyes! where they may handle our gifts,
Heare our lasciuious courtships, see our dalliance,
Tast of the same prouoking meates, with vs,
To ruine of our states! Nay, when our owne
Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice!
Bate 'hem with the yong chamber-maid, to seale!
And teach 'hem all bad wayes, to buy affliction!
This is one path! but there are millions more,
In which we spoile our owne, with leading them
Well, I thanke heauen, I never yet was he,
That travaail'd with my sonne, before sixteene,
To shew him, the Venetian cortezans
Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made
To my sharpe boy, at twelue repeating still
The rule, Get money, still, Get money, Boy,
No matter, by what means, Money will doe
More, Boy, then my Lords letter Neither haue I
Drest snailes, or mushromes curiously before him,
Perfum’d my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem,
Preceding still, with my grey gluttonie,
At all the ordinaries and only fear’d
His palate should degenerate, not his manners
These are the trade of fathers, now! how euer
My sonne, I hope, hath met within my threshold,
None of these household precedents, which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth, to their precipice
But, let the house at home be nere so cleane-
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay, dust, and cob-webs
If he will lue, abroad, with his companions,
In dung, and leystalls, it is worth a feare
Nor is the danger of conversing lesse,
Then all that I haue mention’d of example
Bray My master, nay, faith haue at you. I am flesht now, I haue sped so well. Worshipfull sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poore souldier, I am asham'd of this base course of life (god's my comfort) but extremitie prouokes me to't, what remedie?

Know I haue not for you, now.

Bray By the faith I beare vnto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinarie custome in me, but only to preserve manhood I protest to you, a man I haue beene, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

Know 'Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Bray Good sir, by that hand, you may doe the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poore souldier the price of two cannes of beere (a matter of small value) the king of heauen shall pay you, and I shall rest thankfull sweet worship——

Know Nay, and you be so importunate.

Bray Oh, tender sir, need will haue his course. I was not made to this vile vse! well, the edge of the enemie could not haue abated mee so much. It's hard when a man hath seru'd in his Princes cause, and be thus—Honorable worship, let me deriue a small piece of siluer from you, it shall not bee giuen in the course of time, by this good ground, I was faine to pawne my rapier last night for a poore supper, I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else sweet honor.

Know Beleeue me, I am taken with some wonder, To thinke, a fellow of thy outward presence. Should (in the frame, and fashion of his mind) Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!

Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?

To practise such a seruile kind of life?

Why, were thy education ne'ie so meane,

Hauing thy limbs, a thousand fainier courses

Offer themselves, to thy election.
Either the warres might still supply thy wants,
Or seruice of some vertuous gentleman,
Or honest labour nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better then to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle, on the dung shee breeds in,
Not caring how the mettall of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idlenesse
Now, afore me, what e’re he be, that should
Relieue a person of thy qualitie,
While thou insist’s in this loose desperate course,
I would esteeme the sinne, not thine, but his

BRAY Faith sir, I would gladly finde some other course,
if so——

KN O I, you’d gladly finde it, but you will not seeke it
BRAY Alas sir, where should a man seeke in the
warres, there’s no ascent by desert in these dayes, but——
and for seruice, would it were as soone purchast, as wisth
for (the ayre’s my comfort) I know, what I would say

KN O What’s thy name?
BRAY Please you, FITZ SWORD, sir
KN O FITZ SWORD?

Say, that a man should entertayne thee now,
Would’st thou be honest, humble, iust, and true?

BRAY Sir, by the place, and honor of a soludier
KN O Nay, nay, I like not those affected othes,
Speake plainly man what think’st thou of my wordes?

BRAY Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as
happy, as my seruice should be honest

KN O Well, follow me, Ile proue thee, if thy deedes
Will carie a proportion to thy words

BRAY Yes sir, straight, Ile but garter my hose O that
my belly were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with
laughing! never was bottle, or bag-pipe fuller S’lid, was there euer seen a foxe in yeeres to betray himselfe thus?
now shall I be possesse of all his counsell, and, by that
coud, my yong master. Well, he is resolu'd to proue my
honestie, faith, and I am resolu'd to proue his patience. Oh
140 I shall abuse him intollerably. This small piece of service,
will bring him cleane out of loue with the souldier, for euer.
He will neuer come within the signe of it, the sight of
a cassock, or a musket-rest againe. Hee will hate the
musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter,
145 let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot giue
him the slip, at an instant why, this is better then to have
staid his journey. I well, Ile follow him. Oh, how I long to
be employed.

Act III. Scene I.

Matthew, Well-bred, Bobadill, Ed
Knowell, Stephen

Ye faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you, too

Wel. Oh, I came not there to night.

Bob. Your brother deluered vs as much.

Wel. Who? my brother Downe-right.

5 Bob. He. Mr. Well-bred, I know not in what
kind you hold me, but let me say to you this as sure as
honor, I esteeme it so much out of the sunne-shine of
reputation, to through the least beame of reguard, vpon
such a

Wel. Sir, I must heare no ill wordes of my brother.

Bob. I, protest to you, as I haue a thing to be sau'd
about me, I neuer saw any gentleman-like part.

Wel. Good Captayne, faces about, to some other
discourse.

15 Bob. With your leaue, sir, and there were no more men
living vpon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him,
by George.
Matroth, nor I, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how he doth not carry himselfe like a gentleman of fashion—

Wel Oh, Mr Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, quos aequus amavit Iupiter.

Mat I understand you sir.

Wel No question, you doe, or you doe not, sir. Ned Yong, Knowell! by my soule welcome, how doest thou sweet spirit, my Genius? S'lid I shall loue Apollo, and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my deare furie now, I see there's some loue in thee! Sirra, these bee the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowsie humour is this now? why doest thou not speake?)

E Kn Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel Why, was't not rare?

E Kn Yes, Ile bee sworne, I was ne're guiltie of reading the like, match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and Ile haue my judgemen buin'd in the care for a rogue make much of thy vaine, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camell it was, that had the carriage of it? for doubtlesse, he was no ordinarie beast, that brought it!

Wel Why?

E Kn Why, saiest thou? why doest thou thinke that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could haue mis-tane my father for me?

Wel S'lid, you rest, I hope.

E Kn Indeed, the best vse wee can turne it to[o], is to make a rest on't, now but Ile assure you, my father had the full view o' you flourishing stile, some houre before I saw it.

Wel What a dull slaue was this? But, sirrah, what so said hee to it, Ifaith?

E Kn Nay, I know not what he said but I haue a shrewd gesse what hee thought.

Wel What? what?
E KN May, that thou art some strange dissolute yong fellow, and I a graine or two better, for keeping thee companie

W E L Tut, that thought is like the moone in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly but, sirrha, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's, here, thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem if thou hear'st 'hem once goe my wind-instruments Ile wind 'hem vp—but what strange piece of silence is this? the signe of the dumbe man?

E KN Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your musique the fuller, and he please, he has his humour, sir

W E L Oh, what ist? what ist?

E KN Nay, Ile neither doe your judgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension Ile leaue him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him, so

W E L Well, Captaine B O B A D I L L, M r. M A T T H E W, pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserue your affection I know not your name sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion, to render me more familiar to you

S T E P My name is M r. S T E P H E N, sir, I am this gentlemen's owne cousin, sir, his father is mine vnckle, sir, I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman

To Kno'well B O B Sir, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, but for M r. W E L-B R E D's sake (you may embrace it, at what height of fauour you please) I doe communicate with you and conceiue you, to bee a gentleman of some parts, I loue few woides

E KN And I fewei, sir I haue scaife inow, to thanke you

To Master Stephen M A T But are you indeed, sir? so guien to it?

S T E P I, truely, sir, I am mightily guien to melancholy
MAT Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy my selfe divers times, sir, and then doe I no more but take pen, and paper presently, and overflow you halfe a score, or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

(E KN Sure, he utters them then, by the grosse.)

STEP Truely sir, and I loue such things, out of measure.

E KN I faith, better then in measure, I'll undertake.

MAT Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my studie, it's at your service.

STEP I thanke you sir, I shall bee bold, I warrant you, haue you a stoole there, to be melancholy upon?

MAT That I haue, sir, and some papers there of mine owne doing, at idle houres, that you'll say there's some sparkes of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

WEL Would the sparkes would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem, I might see selfe loue burn t for her heresie.

STEP Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E KN Oh I, excellent!

WEL Captaine BODILL why muse you so?

E KN He is melancholy, too.

BOB Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of service, was perform'd to morrow, being St MARKES day shall bee some ten yeeres, now.

E KN In what place, Captaine?

BOB Why, at the beleag'ring of STRIGONUM, where, in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their huces upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure, that euer I beheld, with these eies, except the taking in of ——what doe you call it, last yeere, by the Genoways, but that (of all other) was the most fatall, and dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes.
before the face of the enemie, as I am a gentleman, 

125  ST E P 'So, I had as life, as an angell, I could sweare as well as that gentleman  

E K N Then, you were a seruitor, at both it seemes! at Strigonum? and what doe you call'?

BOB Oh lord, sir? by S G E O R G E, I was the first man, that entred the breach and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had beene slaine, if I had had a million of lues.

E K N 'Twas pittie, you had not ten, a cats, and your owne, is faith. But, was it possible?

135 (M A T 'Pray you, marke this discourse, sir  
ST E P So, I doe.)

BOB I assure you (vaupon my reputation) 'tis true, and your selfe shall confesse.

E K N You must bring me to the racke, first.

140 BOB Obserue me judically, sweet sir, they had planted mee three demi-culuerings, iust in the mouth of the breach, now, sir (as we were to giue on) their master gunner (a man of no meane skill, and marke, you must thinke) confronts me with his linstock, readie to giue fire, I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petrionel in his bosome, and with these single armes, my poore rapier, ranne violently, vpon the Moores, that guarded the ordinance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

W E L To the sword? to the rapier, Captaine?

150 E K N Oh, it was a good figure obseru'd, sir! but did you all this, Captaine, without hurting your blade?

BOB Without any impeach, o' the earth you shall perceue sir. It is the most fortunate weapon, that euer rid on poore gentlemans thight shal I tell you, sir? you talke of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so? tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem, I know the vertue
of mine owne, and therefore I dare, the boldlier, main taine it
  S T E P  I mar'le whether it be a Toledo, or no?
  B O B  A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir
    G 160
  S T E P  I haue a countriman of his, here
  M A T  Pray you, let's see, sir yes faith, it is!
  B O B  This a Toledo? pish
  S T E P  Why doe you pish, Captaine?
  B O B  A Fleming, by heauen, Ile buy them for a guilder, 165
a piece, an' I would haue a thousand of them
  E K N  How say you, cousin? I told you thus much?
  W E L  Where bought you it, Mr. S T E P H E N ?
  S T E P  Of a scuruiue rogue souldier (a hundred of lice goe
with him) he swore it was a Toledo
    G 170
  B O B  A poore prouant rapier, no better
  M A T  Masse, I thinke it be, indeed! now I looke on't,
better
  E K N  Nay, the longer you looke on't, the worse Put
it vp, put it vp
    G 175
  S T E P  Well, I will put it vp, but by—(I ha' forgot the
Captaynes oath, I thought to ha' sworne by it) an' ere
I meet him
  W E L  O, it is past helpe now, sir, you must haue
patience
  S T E P  Horson connie-catching raskall! I could eate
the very hults for anger!
  E K N  A signe of good digestion! you haue an ostrich
stomack, cousin
  S T E P  A stomack? would I had him here, you should 185
see, an' I had a stomack
  W E L  It's better as 'tis come, gentlemen, shall we goe?
Act III. Scene II.

E Knowell, Brayneworme, Stephen, Wellbred, Bobadill, Matthew

A Miracle, cousin, looke here! looke here!

Step Oh, gods lid, by your leaue, doe you know me, sir?

Bray I sir, I know you, by sight

Step You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Bray Yes, marie, did I sir

Step You said, it was a Toledo, ha?

Bray True, I did so

Step But, it is none?

Bray No sir, I confesse it, it is none

Step Doe you confesse it? gentlemen, beare witnesse, he has confest it. By gods will, and you had not confest it

EKN Oh cousin, forbeare, forbeare

Step Nay, I haue done, cousin

WEL Why you haue done like a gentleman, he ha's confest it, what would you more?

Step Yet, by his leaue, he is a raskall, vnder his favour, doe you see?

EKN I, by his leaue, he is, and vnder favour a prettie piece of ciuitie! Sirra, how doest thou like him?

WEL Oh, it's a most pretious foole, make much on him I can compare him to nothing more happily, then a drumme, for every one may play vpon him

EKN No, no, a childes whistle were farre the fitter

Bray Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

EKN With me, sir? you haue not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Bray You are concepited, sir, your name is Mr.

KNOWELL, as I take it?
You are 1' the right, you meane not to proceede in the catechisme, doe you?

No sir, I am none of that coat

Of as bare a coat, though, well, say sir

Faith sir, I am but scruant to the drum extra-ordinaire, and indeed (this smokie varnish being washt off, and three or four patches remou'd) I appease your worship's in reveersion, after the decease of your good father,

E KN B R A Y N E-W O R M E

S'light, what breath of a coniurer, hath blowne thee hither in this shape?

The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning the same that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you

My father

Nay, neuer start, 'tis true, he has follow'd you ouer the field's, by the foot, as you would doe a hare 1' the snow

Sirra, W E L-B R E D, what shall we doe, sirra? my father is come ouer, after me

Thy father? where is he?

At Justice C L E M E N T S house here, in Colman-street, where he but staies my retorne, and then

Who's this? B R A Y N E-W O R M E?

The same, sir

Why how, 1' the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted, thus?

Faith, a devise, a devise nay, for the loue of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here, withdraw, and Ile tell you all

But, art thou sure, he will stay thy retorne?

Doe I liue, sir? what a question is that?

Wee'le prorogue his expectation then, a little

B R A Y N E-W O R M E, thou thatt goe with vs. Comc on,
g gentlemen, nay, I pray thee, sweet N E D, droope not 'heart, and our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding braine can out-strip vs all, would we were eene prest, to make porters of, and serue out the remnant of our daies, in Thames-street, or at Custome-house key, in a ciuill warre, against the car-men

B R A Y  A M E N, A M E N, A M E N, say I

Act III. Scene III.

KITELY, CASH.

W hat saies he, T H O M A S ? Did you speake with him? C A S He will expect you, sir, within this halfe houre K I T Has he the money readie, can you tell? C A S Yes, sir, the money was brought in, last night K I T O, that's well fetch me my cloke, my cloke Stay, let me see, an houre, to goe and come, I, that will be the least and then 'twill be An houre, before I can dispatch with him, Or very neere well, I will say two houres Two houres? ha? things, neuer dreamt of yet, May be contriu'd, I, and effected too, In two houres absence well, I will not goe Two houres, no, fleering oportunitie, I will not give your subtiltie that scope

Who will not judge him worthie to be rob'd, That sets his doores wide open to a thiefe, And shewes the fellon, where his treasure lies? Againe, what earthie spirit but will attempt To taste the fruit of beauties golden tree,

When leaden sleepe seales vp the Dragons eyes? I will not goe Businesse, goe by, for once No beautie, no, you are of too good caract, To be left so, without a guard, or open!
Your lustre too'll enflame, at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth strawes,
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leape you, with his burden!
You must be then kept vp, close, and well-watch'd,
For, giue you opportunitie, no quick sand
Deuoures, or swallowes swifter! He that lends
His wife (if she be faire) or time, or place,
Compells her to be false I will not goe
The dangers are to many And, then, the dressing
Is a most mayne attractiue! Our great heads,
Within the citie, neuer were in safetie,
Since our wiuues wore these little caps I'le change 'hem,
I'le change 'hem, streight, in mine Mine shall no more
Weare three pild akornes, to make my hornes ake
Nor, will I goe I am resolu'd for that
Carry' in my cloke againe Yet, stay Yet, doe too
I will deferre going, on all occasions
Cash Sir Snare, your scruiener, will be there with
th'bonds
Kite That's true! foole on me! I had cleane forgot it,
I must goe What's a clocke? Cash Exchange time, sir
Kite 'Heart, then will Wmiddbred presently be here, too,
With one, or other of his loose consorts
I am a knaue, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolue
My braine (me thinke) is like an houre-glassse,
Wherein, my imaginations runne, like sands,
Filling vp time, but then are turn'd, and turn'd
So, that I know not what to stay upon,
And lesse, to put in act It shall be so
Nay, I dare build vpon his secrecie,

55 He knowes not to deceuie me THOMAS? CASH Sir
KITE Yet now, I haue bethought me, too, I will not
THOMAS, is COB within? CASH I thinke he be, sir
KITE But hee'll prate too, there's no speech of him
No, there were no man o' the earth to THOMAS,

60 If I durst trust him, there is all the doubt
But, should he haue a chinke in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for euer talke for th'Exchange
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change! what should I feare then?

65 Well, come what will, Ile tempt my fortune, once
THOMAS—you may deceuie me, but, I hope
Your loue, to me, is more—— CASH Sir, if a servants
Duetie, with faith, may be call'd loue, you are
More then in hope, you are possess'd of it

70 KITE I thanke you, heartily, THOMAS, Gi' me your hand
With all my heart, good THOMAS I haue, THOMAS,
A secret to impart, vnto you—but
When once you haue it, I must seale your lips vp
(So faire, I tell you, THOMAS) CASH Sir, for that——

75 KITE Nay, heare me, out Thinke, I esteeme you,
THOMAS,
When, I will let you in, thus, to my pruiate
It is a thing sits, neerer, to my crest,
Then thou art ware of, THOMAS If thou should'st
Reuereale it, but—— CASH How? I reuereale it? KITE
Nay,

80 I doe not thinke thou would'st, but if thou should'st
'Twere a great weakenesse CASH A great trecherie
Gie it no ocher name KITE Thou wilt not do't, then?
CASH Sir, if I doe, mankind disclaime me, euer
KITE He will not sweare, he has some reseruation,
The Folio of 1616

Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure
Else (being vrg'd so much) how should he choose,
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
H'is no precision, that I am certaine of
Nor rigid Roman catholike. Hee'll play,
At Fayles, and Tick-tack, I haue heard him say, what should I thinke of it?
vige him againe,
And by some other way? I will doe so
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworne not to disclose,
Yes, you did sweare? Cas Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you—— Kit No, Thomas, I dare take thy word
But, if thou wilt sweare, doe, as thou think'st good,
I am resolu'd with out it, at thy pleasure
Cas By my soules safetie then, sir, I protest
My tongue shall ne're take knowledge of a word,
Delivered me in nature of your trust
Kit It's too much, these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firme as rock
Thomas, come hither, neere we cannot be
Too privat, in this businesse. So it is,
(Now, he ha's sworne, I dare the safelie enter)
I haue of late, by divers observations
(But, whether his oath can bind him, yca, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha? say you?
I will aske counsell, ere I doe proceed)
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
Ile spie some fitter time soone, or to morrow
Cas Sir, at your pleasure? Kit I will thinke
And, Thomas,
I pray you search the bookes against my returne,
For the receipts 'twixt me, and Traps Cas I will, sir
Kit And, heare you, if your mistris brother, W e l
B r e d,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come backe, let one straight bring me word
   C a s    Very well, sir    K i t    To the Exchange, doe you heare?
119 Or here in Colman-street, to Justice C l e m e n t s
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way
   C a s    I will not, sir    K i t    I pray you haue a care on't
Or whether he come, or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else, faile not to send me word
   C a s    I shall not, sir    K i t    Be't your speciall businesse
125 Now, to remember it    C a s    Sir    I warrant you
   K i t    But, T h o m a s, this is not the secret, T h o m a s,
I told you of    C a s    No, sir    I doe suppose it
   K i t    Beleeue me, it is not    C a s    Sir    I doe beleeue you
   K i t    By heauen, it is not, that's enough    B u t, T h o m a s,
130 I would not, you should vtter it, doe you see?
To any creature liuing, yet, I care not
Well, I must hence    T h o m a s, conceiue thus much
It was a tryall of you, when I meant
So deepe a secret to you, I meane not this,
135 But that I haue to tell you, this is nothing, this
But, T h o m a s, keepe this from my wife, I chaise you,
Lock'd vp in silence, mid-night, buried here
No greater hell, then to be slaeue to feare
   C a s    Lock'd vp in silence, mid-night, buried here
140 Whence should this floud of passion (twrow) take head? ha?
Best, dreame no longer of this running humour,
For feare I sinke! the violence of the streame
Alreadie hath transported me so farre,
That I can feel no ground at all! but soft,
145 Oh, 'tis our water-bearer somewhat ha's crost him, now
Act III. Scene III.

COB, CASH

Fasting dayes? what tell you me of fasting dayes? S'lid, would they were all on a light fire for me. They say, the whole world shall bee consum'd with fire one day, but would I had these ember-weekes, and villanous fridays burnt, in the meane time, and then——

CAS Why, how now COB, what moues thee to this choller? ha?

COB Collar, master THOMAS? I scorne your collar, I sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry, and draw water. An' you offer to ride me, with your collar, or to halter either, I may hap shew you a jades trick, sir.

CAS O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman COB, you mistake me.

COB Nay, I haue my rewme, & I can be angiie as well as another, sir.

CAS Thy rewme, COB? thy humour, thy humour? thou mistak'st.

COB Humour? mack, I thinke it be so, indeed what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

CAS Mary, Ile tell thee, COB It is a gentleman-like monster, bred, in the speciall gallantrie of our time, by affectation, and fed by folly.

COB How? must it be fed?

CAS Oh I, humour is nothing, if it bee not fed. Didst thou neuer heare that? it's a common phrase, Feed my humour.

COB Ile none on it. Humour, auant, I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungrie meales for your monster-ship, it shall not bee I. Feed you, quoth he? S'lid, I ha' much adoe, to feed my selfe; especially, on these leane rascally dayes, too, and't had beene any other day, but a fasting-day (a plague on them all for mee) by this
light, one might haue done the common-wealth good service, and haue drown'd them all to the fload, two or three hundred thousand yeeres agoe. O, I doe stomack them hugely! I haue a maw now, and't were for Sir B e v i s his horse, against 'hem.

C a s. I pray thee, good C o b, what makes thee so out of loue with fasting-dayes?

C o b. Mary that, which will make any man out of loue with 'hem, I thinke their bad conditions, and you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemmish breed, I am sure on't, for they rauen vp more butte[r] than all the dayes of the weeke, beside, next, they stinke of fish, and lekke-

porridge miserably. thirdly, they'le keepe a man deuoutly hungrie, all day, and at night send him supperlesse to bed.

C a s. Indeed, these are faults, C o b.

C o b. Nay, and this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only knowne enemies, to my generation. A fasting-

day, no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore cobs they smoke for yt, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion and your maides too know this, and yet would haue me turne H a n n i b a l, and eate my owne fish, and bloud. My princely couz, fear nothing, I haue not the hart to deouore you, & I might be made as rich as King C o p h e t v a. O, that I had 10ome for my teares, I could weep salt-water enough, now, to preserve the luies of ten thousand of my kin. But I may curse none but these filthie Almanacks, for an't were not for them, these dayes of persecution would ne're be knowne. Ile bee hang'd, an' some Fish mongers sonne doe not make of 'hem, and puts in more fasting-dayes then he should doe, because hee would vtter his fathers dried stock-fish, and stinking conger.

C a s. S'light, peace, thou'lt bee beaten like a stock fish, else here is M r. M a t t h e w. Now must I looke out for a messenger to my master.
Act III. Scene v.

Wellbred, Ed Knowell, Brayneworme, Bobadill, Matthew, Stephen, Thomas, Cob

Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good rest, and exceedingly well carried

Exceedingly well carried 1

E Know I, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Well Yes faith, but was't possible thou should'st not 5 know him? I forgive M' Stephen, for he is stupiditie it selfe 1

Exceedingly well carried

E Know 'Fore god, not I, and I might haue been 10yn'd patten with one of the seuen wise masters, for knowing him, He had so writhe himselfe, into the habit of one of your poor Infanterie, your decay'd, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round such as haue vowed to sit on the skirts of the citie, let your Prouost, and his half-dozen of halberdeirs doe what they can, and haue translated begging out of the old hackney pace, to a fine easie amble, 15 and made it runne as smooth, of the tongue, as a shoue great shilling. Into the likeness of one of these Reformado's had he moulded himselfe so perfectly, obseruing every tricke of their action, as varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed all, with so speciall, and exquisite a grace, 20 that (hadst thou seene him) thou would'st haue sworne, he might haue beene Sereant-Major, if not Lieutenant Coronell to the regiment

Well Why, Brayneworme, who would haue thought thou hadst beene such an artificer?

Exceedingly well carried

E Know An artificer! An architect! except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and beene a weauer of

III v Bobadill] Bobadill F2 5 faith,] faith, F2 8 god]
God F2 and' F2 13 let misprinted like F3 14 halberdeirs] Halberders F2 16 smooth,] smooth F2 of] on F3 19 as]
as, F2 21 would'st] wouldst F2 22-3 Lieutenant-Coronell] Lieutenant-Collonell F2
language, from his infancy, for the clothing of it! I neuer saw his ruull

30 Where got'st thou this coat, I mar'le?
   Of a Hounds-ditch man, sir One of the deuil's
   neere kinsmen, a broker
   That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold, for, a
   craftie knaue needs no broker
35 True sir, but I did need a broker, Ergo
   (Well put off) no craftie knaue, you'll say
   Tut, he ha's more of these shifts
   And yet where I haue one, the broker ha's ten,
   sir

40 Francis, Martin, ne're a one to be found,
   now? what a spite's this?
   How now, Thomas? is my brother Kitely,
   within?
   No sir, my master went forth eene now but
45 master Downeright is within Cob, what Cob?
   is he gone too?
   Why, whither went your master? Thomas, canst
   thou tell?
   I know not, to Justice Clements, I thinke,
   sir Cob
   Justice Clement, what's he?
   Why, doest thou not know him? he is a citie-
   magistrate, a Justice here, an excellent good Lawyer, and
   a great scholler but the onely mad, merrie, old fellow in

55 Europe! I shew'd him you, the other day
   Oh, is that he? I remember him now Good
   faith, and he ha's a very strange presence, mee thinkes, it
   shewes as if hee stood out of the ranke, from other men
   I haue heard many of his restes! the universite They
   say, he will commit a man, for taking the wall, of his horse
W E L I, or wearing his cloke of one shoulder, or servin
of god any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his
humour

C A S G A S P E R, M A R T I N, C O B ' heart, where Cash goes
should they be, trow?

B O B Master K I T E L Y's man, 'pray thee vouchsafe vs
the lighting of this match

C A S Fire on your match, no time but now to vouch-
safe? F R A N C I S C O B

B O B Bodie of me! here's the remainder of seuen
pound, since yesterday was seuen-night 'Tis your right
Trinidad! did you never take any, master S T E P H E N?

S T E P No truely, sir, but I'le learne to take it now,
since you commend it, so

B O B Sir, beleue mee (vpon my relation) for what I tell
you, the world shal not reprooue I have been in the Indies
(where this herb growes) where neither my selfe, nor
a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge) haue receuued
the tast of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space so
of one and twentye weekes, but the fume of this simple onely
Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most diuine! Further, take
it in the nature, in the true kind so, it makes an antidote,
that (had you taken the most deadly poysenous plant in all
Italy) it should expell it, and clarifie you, with as much ease, s;
as I speake And, for your greene wound, your Balsamum,
and your S t I O H N's woort are all meie gulleries, and trash
to it, especially your Trinidad your Nicotian is good too
I could say what I know of the vertue of it, for the expulsion
of rheumes, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a
thousand of this kind, but I professe my selfe no quack-
saluer Only, thus much, by H E R C V L E S, I doe hold it,
and will affirme it (before any Prince in Europe) to be the
most soueraigne, and precious weede, that euer the earth
tendred to the use of man

III v 62 of one] on one F 3 63 god] God F 2 65 s d out] out, F 2
67 'pray] pray F 2 70 FRANCIS ] FRANCIS, F 2 74 sir F 2 sir F 2 Fr
84 (had] had F 2 85 Italy] Italy, Ff 86 Balsamum, ] Balsamum F 2
87 St JOHN's woort] St JOHN's-woort F 2 88 especially] especially, F 2
This speech would ha' done decently in a tabacco-traders mouth,

At Justice Clements, he is in the middle of Colman-street

O, oh?

Where's the match I gaue thee? Master Kiteless man?

Would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at St. Domingo! I had forgot it

By gods mee, I marle, what pleasure, or felicite they haue in taking this rogueish tabacco! it's good for nothing, but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke, and embers there were foure dyed out of one house, last weke, with taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yester-

night, one of them (they say) will ne're scape it he voided a bushell of soot yester-day, vpward, and downward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men then I, I'd haue it present whipping, man, or woman, that should but deale with a tabacco-pipe, why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it, it's little better then rats-bane, or rosaker

Oh, good Captayne, hold, hold

You base cullion, you

Sir, here's your match come, thou must needs be talking, too, tho'art well enough seru'd

Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you well it shall be a deare beating, and I live

Doe you prate? Doe you murmer?

Nay, good Captayne, will you regard the humour of a foole? away, knaue

Get him away

A horson filthie slave, a dung-worme, an excrement! Body o' Caesar, but that I scorne to let forth so meane a spirit, I'd ha' stab'd him, to the earth
Wel Mary, the law forbids, sir
Bob By Pharoh's foot, I would have done it
Step Oh, he sweares admirably! (by Pharoh's foot) (body of Caesar) I shall never do it, sure (upon mine honor, and by Saint George) no, I ha' not the right grace
Mat Master Stephen, will you any? By this aire, the most duine tabacco, that ever I drunke!
Step None, I thanke you, sir. O, this gentleman do's it, rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this aire, as I am a gentleman by——
Bray Master, glance, glance! Master WELL-BRED! Master Stephen is practis.
Step As I have somewhat to be saued, I protest
Wel You are a foole. It needs no affidavit
Ekn Cousin, will you any tabacco?
Step I sir! upon my reputation——
Ekn How now, cousin!
Step I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soildier, indeed
Wel No, Master Stephen? as I remember your name is entred in the artillerie garden?
Step I sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soildier, by that?
Ekn Oh yes, that you may. It's all you haue for your money
Step Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soildier, it is: duine tabacco!
Wel But soft, where's Mr Matthew? gone?
Bray No, sir, they went in here
Wel O, let's follow them. Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistris, in verse. Wee shall ha' the happy, to heare some of his poetrie, now. Hee neuer comes vn furnish'd Brayneworme?
Step Brayneworme? Where? Is this Brayneworme? 
I, cousin, no words of it, upon your gentilitie
Not I, body of me, by this aire, S George,
and the foot of Pharaoh
Rare! your cousins discourse is simply drawn out with oathes
'Tis larded with 'hem. A kind of French dressing, if you love it.

Act III. Scene VI.

Kiteley, Cob

How many are there, sayest thou?
Mary sir, your brother, master Wellbred—
Tut, beside him. What strangers are there, man?
Strangers? let me see, one, two, masse I know not well, there are so many
How? so many?
I, there's some fiue, or sise of them, at the most
A swarme, a swarme,

Spight of the devill, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide, and large. But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?
A little while, sir
Did'st thou come running?

Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes, what meant I to marry?
That before was rankt in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,

Being free master of mine owne free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What? neuer sigh,
Be of good cheere, man for thou art a cuckold,
'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when such flowing store,
Plentie it selfe, falls in my wifes lap,

The Cornu-copæ will be mine, I know. But, Cob,
What entertainement had they? I am sure
My sister, and my wife, would bid them welcome! ha?
  Cob Like enough, sir, yet, I heard not a word of it
  Kit No, their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the
  voyce
Drown'd in a floud of joy, at their aruall,
Had lost her motion, state, and facultie
Cob, which of them was't, that first kist my wife?
(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas,
I fear not her; who was it, say'st thou?
  Cob By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?
  Kit Oh I, good Cob I pray thee, heartily
  Cob Then, I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bride-well, then your worship's company, if I saw any bodie to be kist, vnlesse they would haue kist the post, in the middle of the ware-house, for there I left them all, at their tabacco, with a poxe
  Kit How? were they not gone in, then, e'the thou cam'st?
  Cob Oh no sir
  Kit Spite of the deuill! what do I stay here, then?
Cob, follow me
  Cob Nay, soft and faire, I haue egges on the spit, I cannot goe yet, sir. Now am I for some fiue and fiftie reasons hammering, hammering revenge. oh, for three or foure gallons of vineger, to sharpen my wits. Revenge, vineger revenge.
  Cob Nay, and must draw revenge. nay, and hee had not lyen in my house, 't would never haue grieu'd me, but being my guest, one, that Ile be sworne, my wife ha's lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt ha's beene at washing, pawn'd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him, sold almost all my platters, to buy him tabacco, and he to turne monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawfull host! well, I hope to raise vp an host of furie for't. here comes Justice
Clement
Act III. Scene VII.

Clement, Knowell, Formall, Cob

What's master Kitely gone? Roger?

For I, sir

Clem 'Hart of me!' what made him leave us so abruptly! How now, sirra? what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob And't please your worship, I am a poore neighbour of your worships.

Clem A poore neighbour of mine? why, speake poore neighbour.

Cob I dwell, sir, at the signe of the water-tankard, hard by the greene lattice. I haue paid scot, and lot there, any time this eightene yeeres.

Clem To the greene lattice?

Cob No, sir, to the parish mary, I haue seldom scap't scot-free, at the lattice.

Clem O, well! what businesse ha's my poore neighbour with me?

Cob And't like your worship, I am come, to craue the peace of your worship.

Clem Of mee knaue? peace of mee, knaue? did I e're hurt thee? or threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

Cob No, sir, but your worships warrant, for one that ha's wrong'd me, sir his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine haue them bound to a treatie of peace, an'

my credit could compasse it, with your worship.

Clem Thou goest farre inough about for't, I'am sure.

Knowel Why, doest thou goe in danger of thy life for him?

friend?

Cob No sir, but I goe in danger of my death, every hour, by his meanes. an' I die, within a twelue-moneth.
and a day, I may sweare, by the law of the land, that he kill'd me


COB  Mary, and't please your worship, both black, and 35 blew, colour enough, I warrant you, I haue it here, to shew your worship

CLEM  What is he, that gave you this, sirra?

COB  A gentleman, and a soldierr, he saies he is, o' the citie here

CLEM  A soldierr o' the citie? What call you him?

COB  Captayne BOBADIL

CLEM  BOBADIL? And why did he bob, and beate you, sirrah? How began the quarrell betwixt you? ha? speake truely knaue, I advice you

COB  Mary, indeed, and please your worship, onely because I speake against their vagrant tabacco, as I came by 'hem, when they were taking on't, for nothing else

CLEM  Ha? you speake against tabacco? FORMAL, his name

FORM  What's your name, sirra?

COB  OLIVER, sir, OLIVER COB, sir

CLEM  Tell OLIVER COB, he shall goe to the 1ayle,

FORM

FORM  OLIVER COB, my master, Iustice CLEMENT, saies, you shall goe to the 1ayle

COB  O, I beseech your worship, for gods sake, deare master Iustice

CLEM  Nay, gods pretyous and such drunkards, and tankards, as you are, come to dispute of tabacco once, I haue done! away with him

COB  O, good master Iustice, sweet old gentleman

KNO  Sweet OLIVER, would I could doe thee any good Iustice CLEMENT, let me intreat you, sir

CLEM  What? a thred-bare rascal! a begger! a 65 iii vii 31 sweare,[sware F2 35 and't] an't F2 58 he,[ he F2 44 you ha? F2 you? ha F1 46 and] an't F2 48 on't,] on't, F2 57 gods] Gods F2 59 and such] an'such F2 64 good ] good F2
slaue that neuer drunke out of better then pisse-pot mettle
in his life! and he to depraue, and abuse the vertue of an
herbe, so generally receiued in the courts of princes, the
chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabbins
of soldiers! Roger, away with him, by gods preitious
—I say, goe too
   C O B  Deare master Justice, Let mee bee beaten againe,
I haue deseru'd it but not the prison, I beseech you
   K N O  Alas, poore O L I V E R!
75  C L E M  Roger, make him a warrant (hee shall not
go) I but feare the knaue
   F O R M  Doe not stinke, sweet O L I V E R, you shall not
go, my master will guue you a warrant
   C O B  O, the Lord maintayne his worship, his worthy
worshep
   C L E M  Away, dispatch him How now, master
   K N O  'WEL! In dumps? In dumps? Come, this be-
comes not
   K N O  Sir, would I could not feele my cares
80  C L E M  Your cares are nothing! they are like my cap,
sone put on, and as soone put off! What? your sonne is
old inough, to gouerne himselfe but let him runne his course,
it's the onely way to make him a stay'd man! If he were an
vnthrifte, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liuer, then
you had reason, you had reason to take care but, being
none of these, mirth's my witnesse, an' I had twise so many
cares, as you haue, I'd drowne them all in a cup of sacke
Come, come, let's trie it! I muse, your parcell of a soldiuer
returns not all this while

III vii 66 then] than F2 77 stinke,] stink F2
Act III. Scene I.

Downe-right, Dame Kiteley

Well sister, I tell you true and you'll finde it so, in the end

Dame Alas brother, what would you haue mee to doe? I cannot helpe it you see, my brother brings 'hem in, here, they are his friends

 Dow His friends? his fiends S'lad, they doe nothing but haunt him, vp and downe, like a sort of vnluckie sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villanie, that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devill with some of 'hem, and 't were not more for your husbands sake, then any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'hem they should say, and sweare hell were broken loose, e're they went hence. But by gods will, 'tis no bodies fault, but yours for, an' you had done, as you might haue done, they should haue beene perboy'd, and bak'd too, evry mothers sonne, e're they should ha' come in, e're a one of 'hem

Dame God's my life! did you euer heare the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keepe out all them, thinke you? I should put my selfe, against halfe a dozen men? should I? Good faith, you ld mad the patient'st body in the world, to heare you talke so, without any sense or reason!

iv 1] Scene 1 —A Room in Kiteley's House  G  1 so.] so F2 5 here,] here , F2 7 hant] haunt F2 11 then] than F2 12 'hem F2  hem F1 15 perboy'd] parboil'd F3 17 in,] in F2
Act III. Scene II.

Mrs Bridget, Mr Matthew, Dame Kitely, Dovneright, Welbred, Stephen, Ed Knowell, Bobadil, Brayneworme, Cash

Servant (in troth) you are too prodigall
Of your wits treasure, thus to powre it forth,
Vpon so meane a subiect, as my worth?
Mat You say well, mistris, and I meane, as well
Down Hoy-day, here is stuffe!
Well O, now stand close pray heauen, shee can get
him to reade He should doe it, of his owne naturall
impudence
Brad Servant, what is this same, I pray you?
Matt Mary, an Elegie, an Elegie, an odde toy
Down To mock an ape withinall O, I could sow vp his
mouth, now
Dame Sister, I pray you let’s heare it
Down Are you rime-giuen, too?
Matt Mistris, Ile reade it, if you please
Brad Pray you doe, servant
Down O, here’s no fopperie! Death, I can endure the
stocks, better
Ekn What ayes thy brother? can he not hold his
water, at reading of a ballad?
Well O, no a rime to him, is worse then cheese, or a
bag-pipe But, marke, you loose the protestation
Matt Faith, I did it in an humour, I know not how it
is but, please you come neere, sir This gentleman ha’s
judgement, hee knowes how to censure of a——pray you
sir, you can judge
Step Not I, sir vpon my reputation, and, by the foot
of Pharaoh

iv II 11 sow] sew F3 21 then] than F2 22 loose] lose F2
23 an] a F
The Folio of 1616

Well O, chide your cossen, for swearing
E Kn Not I, so long as he do's not forswear himselfe
Bob Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation
of your deare mistris, and her faire sister Fie, while you
liue, auid this prolixtie
Matt I shall, sir well, Incipere dulce
E Kn How! Incipere dulce? a sweet thing to be a 35
foole, indeed
Well What, doe you take Incipere, in that sense?
E Kn You doe not? you? This was your villainie, to
gull him with a motte
Well O, the Benchers phrase pauca verba, pauca 40
verba
Matt Rare creature, let me speake without offence,
Would god my rude wordes had the influence.
To rule thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine 45
E Kn This is in Hero and Leander
Well O, I peace, we shall have more of this
Matt Be not vnknde, and faire, mishapen stuffe
Is of behaournge boystious, and rough
Well How like you that, sir?
E Kn S'light, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feele
and there be any braine in it
Matt But obserue the catastrophe, now,
And I in dutie will exceede all other,
As you in beautie doe excell loues mother
E Kn Well, Ile haue him free of the wit-brokers, for
hee vieters nothing, but stolne remnants
Well O, forgiue it him
E Kn A filtching rogue? hang him And, from the
dead? it's worse then sacrilege
Well Sister, what ha’ you here? verses? pray you, lets
see Who made these verses? they are excellent good!

IV ii 29 cossen] coussen F2 37 Incipere G Insipere F1
Would] The W has got out of position in some copies of F1 and is
printed before Matt in 42 47 I I F2 48 fere]] ans, F2
49 rough ] rough F2 60 then] than F2
M A T O, master W E L-B R E D, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning, I made 'hem, 65 extemore, this morning

W E L How? extemore?

M A T I, would I might bee hang'd else, aske Captayne B O B A D I L L He saw me write them, at the—(poxe on it) the starre, yonder

B R A Y Can he find, in his heart, to curse the starres, so?

E K N Faith, his are even with him they ha' curst him ynough alreadie

S T E P Cosen, how doe you like this gentlemans verses?

E K N O, admirable! the best that euer I heard, cousse!

S T E P Body o' CAESAR! they are admirable!
The best, that euer I heard, as I am a souldier

D O W I am vext, I can hold ne're a bone of mee still!

Heart, I thinke, they meane to build, and breed here!

W E L Sister, you have a simple seruant, here, that crownes your beautie, with such encomions, and devises you may see, what it is to be the mistris of a wit! that can make your perfections so transparent, that euerie bleare eye 85 may looke through them, and see him drown'd ouer head, and eares, in the deepe well of desire. Sister K I T E L Y, I maruaile, you get you not a seruant, that can rime, and doe tricks, too

D O W N Oh monster! impudence it selfe! tricks?

D A M E Tricks, brother? what tricks?

B R I D Nay, speake, I pray you, what tricks?

D A M E I, neuer spare any body here but say, what tricks?

B R I D Passion of my heart! doe tricks?

W E L S'light, here's a trick vyed, and reuyed! why, you munkies, you? what a catter-waling doe you keepe? ha's hee not guien you rimes, and verses, and tricks?
Dow O, the fiend!

Wel Nay, you, lampe of virginity, that take it in snuffe so! come, and cherish this tame poetical fune, in 100 your servant, you'll be begg'd else, shortly, for a conceale-ment goe to, reward his muse. You cannot give him lesse then a shilling, in conscience, for the booke, he had it out of, cost him a teston, at least. How now, gallants? Mr. Matthew? Captayne? What? all sonnes of silence? 105 no spirit?

Dow Come, you might practise your ruffian-tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wusse, this is no tauerne, nor drinking-schole, to vent your exploits in.

Wel How now! whose cow ha's calu'd?

Dow Mary, that ha's mine, sir. Nay, Boy, neuer looke askance at me, for the matter, I'll tell you of it, I, sir, you, and your companions, mend your selues, when I ha' done?

Wel My companions?

Dow Yes sir, your companions, so I say, I am not 115 afraid of you, nor them neither your hang-phies here. You must haue your Poets, and your potlings, your soldado's, and foolado's, to follow you vp and downe the citie, and here they must come to domineere, and swagger Sirrha, you, ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out, 120 get you home or (by this steele) Ile cut off your eares, and that, presently.

Wel S'light, stay, let's see what he dare doe cut off his eares? cut a whetstone. You are an asse, doe you see? touch any man here, and by this hand, Ile runne my rapier 125 to the hilt in you.

Dow Yea, that would I fame see, boy.

Dame O Ises! murder Thomas, Gaspar!

Brid Helpe, helpe, Thomas.

E Kn Gentlemen, forbeare, I pray you.

Bob Well, sirrah, you, Holofernes by my hand, I will pinch your flesh, full of holes, with my rapier for.
this, I will, by this good heauen. Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of Saint George, Ile not kill him.

C A S H Hold, hold, good gentlemen
D o w You whorson, bragging coystrill!

Act III. Scene III.

K I T E L Y

W hy, how now? what’s the matter? what’s the stirre here?

Whence springs the quarrell? T H O M A S ! where is he?

Put vp your weapons, and put off this rage.

M y wife and sister, they are cause of this,

What, T H O M A S ? where is this knaue?

C A S H Here, sir

W E L Come, let’s goe this is one of my brothers ancient humours, this

S T E P I am glad, no body was hurt by his ancient humour

K I T E Why, how now, brother, who enforst this brawle?

D o w A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for god, nor the deuill! And, they must come here to reade ballads, and rogery, and trash! Ile marre the knot of 'hem ere I sleepe, perhaps especially B o b, there he that’s all manner of shapes! and Songs, and sonnets, his fellow.

B R I D Brother, indeed, you are too violent,

To sudden, in your humour and, you know

My brother W E L-B R E D S temper will not beare

Anie reprofe, chiefly in such a presence,
Where evey slight disgrace, he should receive,
Might wound him in opinion, and respect

D o w n Respect? what talke you of respect 'mong such,

iv iii 3 rage ] rage, F2 13 god ] God F2 15 trash some copies of F2 21 reproofe ] repoofe F2
As ha' nor sparke of manhood, nor good manners?  
'Sdeynes I am asham'd, to heare you! respect?  
  B R I D  Yes, there was one a ciuill gentleman,  
And very worthily demean'd himselfe!  
  K I T E  O, that was some loue of yours, sister!  
  B R I D  A loue of mine? I would it were no worse,  
            brother!  
You'lld pay my portion sooner, then you thinke for  
  D A M E  Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an  
exceeding faire disposition, and of verie excellent good  
parts!  
  K I T E  Her loue, by heauen! my wifes minion!  
Faire disposition? excellent good parts?  
Death, these phrases are intollerable!  
Good parts? how should shee know his parts?  
His parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!  
It is too plaine, too cleere  T H O M A S, come hither  
What, are they gone?  C A S H  I, sir, they went in  
My mistris, and your sister——  
  K I T E  Are any of the gallants within?  
  C A S H  No, sir, they are all gone  
  K I T E  Art thou sure of it?  
  C A S H  I can assure you, sir  
  K I T E  What gentleman was that they prais'd so,  
T H O M A S?  
  C A S H  One, they call him master K N O ' W E L L, a  
handsome yong gentleman, sir  
  K I T E  I, I thought so! my mind gaue me as much  
Ile die, but they haue hid him i' the house,  
Somewhere, Ile goe and search goo with me, T H O M A S  
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.
Act III. Scene III.

COB, TIB

What TIB, TIB, I say

TIB How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? O, husband, is't you? what's the newes?

COB Nay, you haue stonn'd me, Ifaith! you ha' giu'n me a knock o' the forehead, will stick by me! cuckold?

'Slid, cuckold?

TIB Away, you foole, did I know it was you, that knockt? Come, come, you may call me as bad, when you list

COB May I? TIB, you are a whore

TIB You lye in your throte, husband

COB How, the lye? and in my thiote too? doe you long to bee stab'd, ha?

TIB Why, you are no souldier, I hope?

COB O, must you be stab'd by a souldier? Masse, that's true! when was BOBADILL here? your Captayne? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullian? Ile tickle him, ifaith

TIB Why, what's the matter? trow!

COB O, he has basted me, rarely, sumptuously! but I haue it here in black and white, for his black, and blew shall pay him O, the Justice! the honestest old braue Trojan in London! I doe honour the very flea of his dog A plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy feare, mary, it vanisht away, like the smoke of tabacco, but I was smok't soundly first I thanke the deuill, and his good angell, my guest Well, wife, or TIB (which you will) get you in, and lock the doore, I charge you, let no body in to you, wife, no body in, to you those are my wordes

Not Captayne BOB himselfe, nor the fiend, in his likenesse, you are a woman, you haue flesh and bloud enough in you,
to be tempted therefore, keepe the doore, shut, vpon all commers  

T i B I warrant you, there shall no body enter here, without my consent  
C o B Nor, with your consent, sweet T i B, and so I leaue you  
T i B It’s more, then you know, whether you leaue me so  
C o B How?  
T i B Why, sweet  
C o B Tut, sweet, or sowre, thou art a flowre,  
Keepe close thy dole, I aske no more

**Act III. Scene V.**

E d K n o’w e l l, W e l l-b r e d, S t e p h e n,  
B r a y n e - w o r m e  

W ell B r a y n e - w o r m e, peforme this businesse, happily, and thou makest a purchase of my loue, for-euer  

W e l Ifaith, now let thy spirits vse their best faculties  
But, at any hand, remember the message, to my brother f o i, there’s no other meanes, to staite him  

B r a y I warrant you, sir, feare nothing I haue a nimble soule ha’s wak’t all forces of my phant’sie, by this time, and put ’hem in true motion What you haue possesst mee withall, Ile discharge it amply, sir Make it no question  

W e l Forth, and prosper, B r a y n e - w o r m e. Faith, N e d, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this devise?  

E K n Troth, well, howsoeuer but, it will come excellent, if it take  

W e l Take, man? why, it cannot choose but take if the circumstances miscarrie not  
But, tell me, ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister B r i d g e t, as thou pretend’st?  

E K n Friend, am I worth believe?  

 iv iv 38 then] than F 2  
Windmill Tavern G  
beginning a new line  
But F 2 but F 1  
iv v ] Scene III — A Room in the
B r a y n e - w o r m e, F 2  
2 and] And F j  
3 for-euer ] for ever F 2 for-euer, F 1  
6 meanes,] means F 2  
8 ha s, has F 2
Every Man in his Humour

W E L Come, doe not protest. In faith, she is a maid of 
20 good ornament, and much modestie and, except I con-
cen'd very worthily of her, thou shouldest not haue her.
E K N Nay, that I am afraid will bee a question yet, 
whether I shall haue her, or no?
W E L Sid, thou shalt haue her, by this light, thou shalt
25 E K N Nay, doe not sweare
W E L By this hand, thou shalt haue her. Ile goe fetch 
her, presently. Point, but where to meet, and as I am an 
honest man, I'll bring her.
E K N Hold, hold, be temperate.
30 W E L Why, by—what shall I sweare by? thou shalt 
haue her, as I am—
E K N 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied and doe 
beleeue, thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my 
desires compleat.
W E L Thou shalt see, and know, I will not

Act III. Scene VI.

FORMALL, KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME

W As your man a souldier, sir?
K N O I, a knaue, I tooke him begging o' the way, 
This morning, as I came ouer More-fields!
O, here he is! yo' haue made faire speed, beleue me
5 Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus—
B R A Y Mary, peace be my comfort, where I thought 
I should haue had little comfort of your worship's service.
K N O How so?
B R A Y O, sir! your comming to the citie, your enter-
10 tainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, 
all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employ-
ment, are as open to your sonne, as to your selfe!
The Folio of 1616

Kno How should that be! vnlesse that villaine,
    Brayne-worme,
Haue told him of the letter, and discover'd
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceale? 'tis so!
    Bray I am, partly, o' the faith, 'tis so indeed
    Kno But, how should he know thee to be my man?
    Bray Nay, sir, I cannot tell, vnlesse it bee by the
black art! Is not your sonne a scholler, sir?
    Kno Yes, but I hope his soule is not allied
Vnto such hellish practise if it were,
I had just cause to weepe my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation
But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?
    Bray You should rather aske, where they found me,
sir, for, Ile bee sworne I was going along in the street,
thinking nothing, when (of a suddain) a voice calls, Mr
    Kno-well's man, another cries, soouldier and thus, halie
a dosen of 'hem, till they had cal'd me within a house where
I no sooner came, but they seem'd men, and out flue al their
rapiers at my bosome, with some three or foure score oathes
to accompanie 'hem, & al to tel me, I was but a dead man,
if I did not confesse where you were, and how I was im-
ployed, and about what, which, when they could not get
out of me (as I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made
an Anatomie o' me, first, and so I told 'hem) they lockt
mee vp into a roome i' the top of a high house, whence, by
great miracle (hauing a light heart) I slid downe, by a
bottom of pack-thred, into the street, and so scapt. But,
sir, thus much I can assere you, for I heard it, while I was
lockt vp, there were a great many rich merchants, and
braue citizens wiuws with 'hem at a feast, and your sonne,
    Mr Eward, with-drew with one of 'hem, and has
pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-
bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there, your worship
shall be sure to take him, for there he preyes, and faile he will not
K N O Nor, will I faile, to breake his match, I doubt not
Goe thou, along with Iustice C L E M E N T's man,
And stay there for me At one C o b s house, sai'st thou?
B R A Y I sir, there you shall haue him Yes? Invisible?
Much wench, or much sonne! 'Slight, when hee has
staid there, three or foure houres, travellling with the
expectation of wonders, and at length be deliuer'd of aire
o, the sport, that I should then take, to looke on him, if I
durst! But, now, I meane to appeare no more afore him in
this shape I haue another trick, to act, yet O, that I were
so happy, as to light on a nuptson, now, of this Iustices
nouice Sir, I make you stay somewhat long
F o r m Not a whit, sir 'Pray you, what doe you meane?
sir?
B R A Y I was putting vp some papers
F o r m You ha' beene lately in the warres, sir, it seemes
B R A Y Mary haue I, sir, to my losse and expence of
all, almost——
F o r m Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of
wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——
B R A Y O, sir——
F o r m But, to heare the manner of your seruices, and
your deuices in the warres, they say they be very strange,
and not like those a man reades in the Romane histories, or
sees, at Mile-end
B R A Y No, I assure you, sir, why, at any time when it
please you, I shall be readie to discourse to you, all I know
and more too, somewhat
F o r m No better time, then now, sir, wee'll goe to the
wind-mill there we shall haue a cup of neate grist, wee call
it I pray you, sir, let mee request you, to the wind-mill
B R A Y Ile follow you, sir, and make grist o' you, if I
haue good lucke
Act III. Scene vii.

Matthew, Ed Kno'well, Bobadill, Stephen, Downeright

Sir, did you ever taste the like clowne of him, where we were to day, Mr. Welle's half brother? I thinke, the whole earth cannot shew his parallell, by this day-light.

E Kn We were now speaking of him Captayne? Bobadill tells me, he is fall'n foule o'you, too.

Mat O, I, sir, he threatened me, with the bastinado.

Bob I, but I thinke, I taught you preuention, this morning, for that—you shall kill him, beyond question if you be so generously minded.

Mat Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

Bob O, you doe not give spirit enough, to your motion. You are too tardie, too heauie? it must be done like lightning, hay?

Mat Rare Captaine!

Bob Tut, 'tis nothing, and t be not done in a—puindo!

E Kn Captaine, did you ever proue your selfe, vpon any of our masters of defence, here?

Mat O, good sir! yes, I hope, he has.

Bob I will tell you, sir. Upon my first comming to the citie, after my long travaile, for knowledge (in that mysterie only) there came three, or foure of 'hem to me, at a gentle-mans house, where it was my chance to be resident, at that time, to intreat my presence at their scholes, and with-all so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was asham'd of their rude demeanor, out of all measure well, I told 'hem, that to come to a publike...
schoole, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour, but, if so they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to doe them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth

E K N So, sir, then you tried their skill?

B o b Alas, soone tried! you shall heare sir. Within two or three daies after, they came, and, by honestie, faire sir, beleue mee, I grac't them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three tricks of preuention, haue purchas'd 'hem, since, a credit, to admiration! they cannot dene this and yet now, they hate mee, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth

E K N This is strange, and barbarous! as euer I heard!

B o b Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They haue assaulted me some three, foure, fiue, sixe of them together, as I haue walkt alone, in duiers skirts i' the towne, as Turne-bull, White-chappell, Shore-ditch, which were then my quarters, and since vpon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie where I haue druen them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pittyng to hurt them, beleue mee. Yet, all this lenitie will not ore-come their spleene they will be doing with a pismier, raying a hill, a man may spurne abroad, with his foot, at pleasure. By my selfe, I could haue slaine them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to beare any other then this bastinado for 'hem yet, I hold it good politie, not to goe disarm'd, for though I bee skilfull, I may bee oppress'd with multitudes.

E K N I, beleue mee, may you sir and (in my conceit) our whole nation should sustaine the losse by it, if it were so

B o b Alas, no what's a peculiar man, to a nation? not

E K N O, but your skill, sir!
BOB Indeed, that might be some losse, but, who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seale, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to my selfe but, were I knowne to her Maiestie, and the Lords (observe mee) I would under-take (upon this poore head, and life) for the publique benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lues of her subjectes in generall, but to saue the one halfe, nay, three parts of her yeerely charge, in holding warr, and against what enemie soever. And how would I doe it, thinke you?

E KN Nay, I know not, nor can I conceuie.

BOB Why thus, sir I would select nineteene, more, to my selfe, throughout the land, gentlemen they should bee of good spirit, strong, and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character, that I have and I would teach these nineteene, the speciall rules, as your Punto, your Reuerso, your Stoccata, your Imbrocata, your Passada, your Montanto till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as my selfe. This done, say the enemie so were fortie thousand strong, we twentie would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts and we would challenge twentie of the enemie, they could not, in their honour, refuse vs, well, we would kill them challenge twentie more, kill them, twentie more, kill them, twentie more, kill them too, and thus, would wee kill, every man, his twentie a day, that’s twentie score, twentie score, that’s two hundred, two hundred a day, five dayes a thousand, fortie thousand, fortie times five, five times fortie, two hundred dayes kills them all vp, by computation. And this, will I venture my poore gentleman-like carcasse, to performe (prouided, there bee no treason practis’d upon vs) by faire, and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

E KN Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captaine, at all times?
B o B  Tut, neuer misse thrust, vpon my reputation with you
E K N  I would not stand in D o w n e r i g h t s state, 100 then, an’ you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London
B o B  Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman doe his mind but, I will bastinado him (by the bright sunne) where-euer I meet him
M a T  Faith, and Ile haue a fling at him, at my distance
E K N  Gods so’, looke, where he is yonder he goes
D o w  What peeuish luck haue I, I cannot meet with these bragging raskalls?
110  B o B  It’s not he? is it?
E K N  Yes faith, it is he
M a T  Ile be hang’d, then, if that were he
E K N  Sir, keepe your hanging good, for some greater matter, for I assure you, that was he
S t e p  Vpon my reputation, it was hee
B o B  Had I thought it had beene he, he must not haue gone so but I can hardly be induc’d, to beleue, it was he, yet
E K N  That I thinke, sir But see, he is come againe!
120  D o w  O, P h a r o a h s foot, haue I found you? Come, draw, to your tooles draw, gipsie, or Ile thresh you
B o B  Gentleman of valour, I doe beleue in thee, heare me——
D o w  Draw your weapon, then
B o B  Tall man, I neuer thought on it, till now (body of me) I had a warrant of the peace, serued on me, euen now, as I came along, by a water-bearer, this gentleman saw it,
M’ M a t h e w
129  D o w  ’Sdeath, you will not draw, then?
B o B  Hold, hold, vnder thy fauour, forbeare
D o w  Prate againe, as you like this, you whoreson
foist, you  You'll control the point, you? Your consort is gone? had he staid, he had shar'd with you, sir

BOB  Well, gentlemen, beare witnesse, I was bound to the peace, by this good day

EKN  No faith, it's an ill day, Captaine, never reckon it other but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you, to defend your selfe that'll prove but a poore excuse

BOB  I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in faire sort I neuer sustain'd the like disgrace (by heauen) sure I was strooke with a plannet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon

EKN  I, like inough, I haue heard of many that haue beene beaten vnder a plannet goe, get you to a surgen 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your passada's, and your mountanto's, Ile none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that Nature should bee at leisure to make 'hem! Come, cousse

STEP  Masse, Ile ha' this cloke

EKN  Gods will, 'tis DOWNE-RIGHT'S

STEP  Nay, it's mine now, another might haue tane vp, aswell as I Ile weare it, so I will

EKN  How, an' he see it? hee'll challenge it, assure your selfe

STEP  I, but he shall not ha' it, Ile say, I bought it

EKN  Take heed, you buy it not, too deare, cousse

Act III. Scene VIII.

Kitely, Welbred, Dame Kit Bridget, Brayneworne, Cash

Now, trust me brother, you were much to blame,
T'incense his angel, and disturb the peace,
Of my poore house, where there are sentinells
That every minute watch, to guie alarmses,
Of cuiill warie, without adiection
Of your assistance, or occasion

Well No harme done, brother, I warrant you since there is no harme done Anger costs a man nothing and a tall man is neuer his owne man, till he be angrie To keepe his valure in obscuritie, is to keepe himselfe, as it were, in a cloke-bag What's a musician, vnlesse he play? what's a tall man, vnlesse he fight? For, indeed, all this, my wise brother stands vpon, absolutely and, that made me fall in with him, so resolutely

Dame I, but what harme might haue come of it, brother?

Well Might, sister? so, might the good warme clothes, your husband weares, be poysion'd, for any thing he knowes or the wholesome wine he drunke, euens now, at the table

Kite Now, god forbid O me Now, I remember, My wife drunke to me, last, and chang'd the cup And bade me weare this cursed sute to day See, if heau'n suffer murder vndiscouer'd!

I feele me ill, grue me some mithridate,

Some mithridate and oile, good sister, fetch me, O, I am sicke at heart! I burne, I burne If you will saue my life, goe, fetch it me

Well O, strange humour! my verie breath ha's poysion'd him

Bride Good brother, be content, what doe you meane? The strength of these extreme conceits, will kill you

Dame Beshrew your heart-bloud, brother Wellbred, now,

For putting such a toy into his head

Well Is a fit simile, a toy? will he be poysion'd with a simile? Brother Kiteely, what a strange, and idle imagination is this? For shame, bee wiser O' my soule, there's no such matter
Kite Am I not sicke? how am I, then, nor poyson’d?
Am I not poyson’d? how am I, then, so sicke?
Dame If you be sicke, your own thoughts make you so sicke
Well His jealousie is the poyson, he ha’s taken
Bray Mr. Kity, my master, Iustice Clement, He comes
disguised, is’d like Iustice Clements man
salutes you, and desires to speake with you, with all
possible speed
Kite No time, but now? when, I thinke, I am sicke?
very sicke! well, I will wait vpon his worship Thomas,
Cob, I must seeke them out, and set ’hem sentinells, till
I returne Thomas, Cob, Thomas
Well This is perfectly rare, Brayneworme!
but how got’st thou this apparell, of the Iustices man?
Bray Mary sir, my proper fine pen man, would needs
bestow the grist o’me, at the wind-mil, to hear some martial
discourse, where so I marshal’d him, that I made him
drunke, with admiration! & because, too much heat was
the cause of his distemper, I stript him starke naked, as he
lay along asleepe, and borrowed his sute, to deliver this
counterfeit message in, leaving a rustie armor, and an
old browne bill to watch him, till my returne which shall
be, when I ha’ pawn’d his apparell, and spent the better
part o’ the money, perhaps
Well Well, thou art a successfull merry knave,
Brayneworme, his absence will be a good subiect for
more mirth: I pray thee, returne to thy yong master, and
will him to meet me, and my sister Bridget, at the
tower instantly for, here, tell him, the house is so stor’d
with jealousie, there is no room for loue, to stand upright
in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger
prison, say, and, then the tower, I know no better airc
nor where the libertie of the house may doe vs more present
seruice Away
Kite Come hether, Thomas Now, my secret’s ripe,
And thou shalt haue it lay to both thine eares

iv vii 41 ha’s] has F2
71 hether] hither F2
Harke, what I say to thee  I must goe forth, THOMAS
Be carefull of thy promise, keepe good watch,
Note every gallant, and obserue him well,
That enters in my absence, to thy mistris
If she would shew him roomes, the rest is stale,
Follow 'hem, THOMAS, or else hang on him,
And let him not goe after, marke their lookes,
Note, if shee offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy, about him,
But praise his legge, or foot, or if shee say,
The day is hot, and bid him feele her hand,
How hot it is, o, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good THOMAS, marke their sighes,
And, if they doe but whisper, breake 'hem off
Ile beare thee out in it  Wilt thou doe this?
Wilt thou be true, my THOMAS? CAS As truth's selfe,
sir
KITE Why, I beleue thee where is COB, now?
COB?
DAME Hee's euer calling for COB! I wonder, how hee
employes COB, so!
WELL Indeed, sister, to aske how hee imploies COB,
is a necessarie question for you, that are his wife, and a
thing not very easie for you to be satisfied in  but this Ile
assure you, COB's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and,
often-times, your husband hants her house, mary, to what
end, I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you
thinke convenient  But, I haue knowne, faire hides haue
foule hearts, e'er now, sister
DAME Neuer said you truer then that, brother, so
much I can tell you for your learning THOMAS, fetch
your cloke, and goe with me, Ile after him presently  I
would to fortune, I could take him there, ifaith  I'd
returne him his owne, I warrant him
WELL So, let 'hem goe  this may make sport anon

IV viii 96 house,] house, F2  97 end,] end, F2  100 then]
Now, my faire sister in-law, that you knew, but how happie
a thing it were to be faire, and beautifull?

BRID That touches not me, brother

WELL That's true, that's even the fault of it for, indeede, beautie stands a woman in no stead, vnlesse it procure her touching. But, sister, whether it touch you, or no, it touches your beauties, and, I am sure, they will abide the touch, an' they doe not, a plague of all ceruse, say I and, it touches mee to in part, though not in the——

Well, there's a deare and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly, and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bone-fires of zeale, at his heart, in honor of your perfections I haue alreadie engag'd my promise to bring you, where you shall heare him confirme much more. NED KNOWELL is the man, sister. There's no exception against the partie. You are ripe for a husband, and a minutes losse to such an occasion is a great trespass in a wise beautie. What say you sister? On my soule hee loues you Will you give him the meeting?

BRID Faith, I had very little confidence in mine owne constancie, brother, if I durst not meet a man but this motion of yours, sauours of an old knight adventurers servant, a little too much, me thinkes

WELL What's that, sister?

BRID Mary, of the squire

WELL No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend, but see! who is return'd to hinder vs?

KITE What villanie is this? call'd out on a false message. This was some plot! I was not sent for BRIDGET, sister. Where's your sister? BRID I thinke shee be gone forth,

KITE How! is my wife gone forth? whether for gods sake?

BRID Shee's gone abroad with THOMAS
Every Man in his Humour

KITE Abroad with THOMAS? oh, that villaine dorses me
140 He hath discouer'd all vnto my wife!
Beast that I was, to trust him whither, I pray you,
Went she? BRID I know not, sir WELL Ile tell you, brother,
Whither I suspect she's gone KITE Whither, good brother?
WELL To COBS house, I beleue but, kepe my
145 counsaile
KITE I will, I will to COBS house? doth shee hant COBS?
Shee's gone a' purpose, now, to cuckold me,
With that lewd raskall, who, to win her favoure,
Hath told her all WELL Come, hee's once more gone
150 Sister, let's loose no time, th' affaire is worth it

Act III. Scene IX.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, Brayne-Worme

[To them]

I Wonder, Captayne, what they will say of my going away? ha?

BOB Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman? quick, warie, respectfull of natures faire lineaments and that's all?

MAT Why, so! but what can they say of your beating?

BOB A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of grosse batterie vs'd, laid on strongly, borne most paciently and that's all
10 MAT I, but, would any man haue offered it in Venice? as you say?

BOB Tut, I assure you, no you shall haue there your

IV ix] Scene vii —A Street G Brayne-worme ] Brayne-worme, Ff
Nobilis, your Gentelesza, come in brauely vpon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firme, stand you faire, saue your retricato with his left legge, come to the assalto with the is right, thrust with braue steele, defie your base wood! But, wherefore doe I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by I V P I T E R fascinated but I will be vn witch'd, and reueng'd, by law

M A T Doe you heare? 1st not best to get a warrant, and haue him arrested, and brought before Iustice C L E M E N T?

B O B It were not amisse, would we had it

M A T Why, here comes his man, let's speake to him.

B O B Agreed, doe you speake

M A T Saue you, sir

B R A Y With all my heart, sir

M A T Sir, there is one D o w n E R I G H T, hath abus'd this gentleman, and my selfe, and we determine to make our amends by law, now, if you would doe vs the fauour, to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall bee well considered, I assure you, sir

B R A Y Sir, you know my service is my living, such fauours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preterment, and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place

M A T How is that, sir?

B R A Y Faith sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be, of great accompl yet, bee what hee will, if you will lay mee downe a brace of angells, in my hand, you shall haue it, otherwise not

M A T How shall we doe, Captayne? he asks a brace of angells, you haue no monie?

B O B Not a crosse, by fortune

M A T Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine, and redish let's 45 find him some pawne

445 3
Every Man in his Humour

Bobb Pawne? we haue none to the value of his demand
Mat O, yes I'll pawne this iewell in my eare, and
you may pawne your silke stockings, and pull vp your
bootes, they will ne're be mist. It must be done, now
Bobb Well, an' there be no remedie Ile step aside, and
pull 'hem off
Mat Doe you heare, sir? we haue no store of monie
at this time, but you shall haue good pawnes looke you,
sir, this iewell, and that gentlemen's silke stockings, because
we would haue it dispatcht, e're we went to our chambers
Bray I am content, sir, I will get you the warrant
presently, what's his name, say you? Downe-right?
Mat I, I, George Downe-right
Bray What manner of man is he?
Mat A tall bigge man, sir, hee goes in a cloke, most
commonly, of silke russet, laid about with russet lace
Bray 'Tis very good, sir
Mat Here sir, here's my iewell
Bobb And, here, are stockings
Bray Well, gentlemen, Ile procure you this warrant
presently, but, who will you haue to serue it?
Mat That's true, Captaine that must be consider'd
Bobb Bodie o'me, I know not! 'tis service of danger!
Bray Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o'
the citie, a serieant Ile appoint you one, if you please
Mat Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better
Bobb Wee'll leave it to you, sir
Bray This is rare! now, will I goe pawne this cloke
of the Iustice's mans, at the brokers, for a varlets sute, and
be the varlet my selfe, and get either more pawnes, or
more monie of Downe-right, for the arrest

iv ix 49, 55 silke stockings [silke-stockings F2 62 silke russet]
silke-russet F2 64 iewell ] iewell? Ef 65 stockings] my
stockings W presently, presently, F2 69 danger! F2
danger? F1 71 serieant ] serjeant, F2
Act IIII. Scene x.

Knowel, Tib, Cash, Dame Kiteley, Kiteley, Cob

Oh, here it is, I am glad I have found it now
Ho? who is within, here?
Tib I am within sir, what's your pleasure?
KnO To know, who is within, besides your selfe
Tib Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?
KnO O' feare you the constable? then, I doubt not,
You have some guests within, deserve that feare,
Ile fetch him straight Tib O' gods name, sir
KnO Goe to Come, tell me, Is not yong Knowel,
here?
Tib Yong Knowel? I know none such, sir, o' mine to honesti'
KnO Your honesti? dame, it flies too lightly from you
There is no way, but, fetch the constable
Tib The constable? the man is mad, I thinke
Cash Ho, who keepes house, here?
KnO O, this is the female copes mate of my sonne
Now shall I meet him straight Dame Knock,
Thomas, hard
Cash Ho, good wife? Tib Why, what's the matter
with you?
Dame Why, woman, grieues it you to ope' your doore?
Belike, you get something, to keepe it shut
Tib What meane these questions, 'pray yee?
Dame So strange you make it? is not my husband,
here?
KnO Her husband! Dame My tryed husband,
master Kiteley
Tib I hope, he needes not to be tryed, here
Dame No, dame he do's it not for need, but pleasure
25 Tib Neither for need, nor pleasure, is he here
Kno This is but a deuice, to balke me withall
Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my sonne, disguised?
Dame O, sir, haue I fore-stald you honest market?
Found your close walkes? you stand amaz'd, now, doe you?
I faith (I am glad) I have smokt you yet at last!
31 What is your iewell trow? In come, let's see her,
(Fetch forth your huswife, dame) if she be fauer,
In any honest judgement, then my selfe,
Ile be content with it but, shee is change,
35 Shee feedes you fat, shee soothes youi appetite,
And you are well? your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir? O, you trecher!
Kno Shee cannot counterfeit thus palpably
Kite Out on thy more then strumpets impudence!
40 Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and, haue I taken
Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,
Pointing to old Kno'well
This horne-headed lether, this old goat,
Close at your villaine, and would'st thou 'scuse it,
44 With this stale harlots iest, accusing me?
To him O, old incontinent, do'st not thou shame,
When all thy powers in chastitie is spent,
To haue a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feede th'enticements of a lustfull woman?
Dame Out, I defie thee, I, dissembling wretch
40 Kite Defie me, strumpet? aske thy pandai, here,
Can he denie it? or that wicked elder?
Kno Why, heare you, sir Kite Tut, tut, tut
neuer speake
Thy guiltie conscience will discouer thee
Kno What lunacie is this, that hants this man?
50 Kite Well, good-wife BA'D, Cobs wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddie-doddie,
And you, yong apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker,
Ile ha' you euery one before a Jistice
Nay, you shall answere it, I charge you goe

K N o  Marie, with all my heart, sir  I goe willingly
Though I doe tast this as a trick, put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and iustly
And halfe forgive my sonne, for the deuice

K I T E  Come, will you goe?  D A M E  Goe? to thy
shame, beleue it

C O B  Why, what's the matter, here? What's here to doe?
K I T E  O, C O B, art thou come? I haue beene abus'd,
And i' thy house  Neuer was man so, wrong'd!
C O B  Slid, in my house? my master K I T E L Y? Who
wrongs you in my house?

K I T E  Marie, yong lust in old, and old in yong, here
Thy wife's their bawd, here haue I taken 'hem

C O B  How? bawd? Is my house come to that? Am I
priefe'rd thether? Did I charge you to keepe your doreces shut,
I s'be l? and doe you let 'hem lie open for all commers?

K N o  Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy
wife,
This's madnessse, in thee  C O B  Why? is there no cause?

K I T E  Yes, Ile shew cause before the Jistice, C O B
Come, let her goe with me  C O B  Nay, shee shall goe

T I B  Nay, I will goe  Ile see, an' you may bee allow'd to
make a bundle o' hempe, o' your right and lawfull wife thus, at
euery cuckoldly knaues pleasure  Why doe you not
go?  K I T E  A bitter queane  Come, we'll ha' you tam'd

iv  75, 70, yong] young F2
madnesse,] madness F2
73 thether] thither F2
76
Act III. Scene xi.


Well, of all my disguises, yet, now am I most like my selfe, being in this Serjeants gowne. A man of my present profession, neuer counterfeit, till hee layes hold upon a debtor, and sayes, he rests him, for then hee brings him to all manner of vnrest. A kinde of little kings wee are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a yong artichoke, that alwaies carries pepper and salt, in it selfe. Well, I know not what danger I vnder-goe, by this exploit, pray heauen, I come well of.

M A T T See, I thinke, yonder is the varlet, by his gowne.
B O B Let's goe, in quest of him.
M A T T 'Saue you, friend, are not you here, by appointment of Justice C L E M E N T S man?
B R A Y Yes, an't please you, sir, he told me tw o gentle-
m en had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I haue about me) to be serv'd on one D O W N E-R I G H T.
M A T T It is honestly done of you both, and see, where the partie comes, you must arrest, serve it vpon him, quickly, afore hee bee aware.
B O B Beare backe, master M A T T H E W.
B R A Y Master D O W N E-R I G H T, I arrest you, 't the queenes name, and must carry you afore a Justice, by vertue of this warrant.
S T E P Mee, friend? I am no D O W N E-R I G H T, I am master S T E P H E N, you doe not well, to arrest me, I tell you, truely I am in nobodies bonds, nor booke, I, (I) would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making mee thus afraid afore my time.
B R A Y Why, now are you deceived, gentlemen?
Bob He weares such a cloke, and that deceiued vs
But see, here a comes, indeed! this is he, officer

Down Why, how now, signior gull! are you turn'd
flitcher of late? come, deliver my cloke

Step Your cloke, sir? I bought it, euen now, in open 35
market

Bray Master Downe-right, I haue a warrant
I must serue vpon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen

Down These gentlemen? these rascals?

Bray Keepe the peace, I charge you, in her Maiesties 40
name

Down I obey thee What must I doe, officer?

Bray Goe before master Justice Clement, to
answere what they can object against you, sir I will use
you kindly, sir

Matt Come, let's before, and make the Justice,
Captaine——

Bob The varlet's a tall man! afore heauen!

Down Gull, you'll gi'me my cloke?

Step Sir, I bought it, and Ile keepe it 50

Down You will

Step I, that I will

Down Officer, there's thy fce, arrest him

Bray Master Stephen, I must arrest you

Step Arrest mee, I scorne it There, take your cloke, 55
I'le none on't

Down Nay, that shall not serue your turne, now, sir
Officer, I'le goe with thee, to the Justices bring him along

Step Why, is not here your cloke? what would you
haue?

Down I'le ha' you answere it, sir

Bray Sir, Ile take your word, and this gentlemans,
too for his apperance

Down I'le ha' no words taken Bring him along
Every Man in his Humour

65 B R A Y Sir, I may choose, to doe that I may take bayle
D O W N 'Tis true, you may take baile, and choose, at another time but you shall not, now, varlet Bring him along, or I'll swinge you
B R A Y Sir, I pitty the gentlemans case Here's your
70 money againe
D O W N 'Sdeynes, tell not me of my money, bring him away, I say
B R A Y I warrant you he will goe with you of himselfe, sir
75 D O W N Yet more adoe?
B R A Y I haue made a faire mash on't
S T E P Must I goe?
B R A Y I know no remedie, master S T E P H E N
D O W N Come along, afore mee, here I doe not loue your hanging looke behind
S T E P Why, sir I hope you cannot hang mee for it
Can hee, fellow?
B R A Y I thinke not, sir It is but a whipping matter, sure!
80 S T E P Why, then, let him doe his worst, I am resolute

Act V. Scene 1.

C L E M E N T, K N O W E L, K I T E L Y, D A M E
K I T E L Y, T I B, C A S H, C O B, S E R V A N S

N Ay, but stay, stay, give me leaue my chaire, sir I ha
You, master K N O W E L, say you went thither to meet your sonne
K N O I, sir

5 C L E M But, who directed you, thither?
K N O That did mine owne man, sir
C L E M Where is he?
K N O Nay, I know not, now, I left him with your clarke and appointed him, to stay here for me

V 1 Colman Street — A Hall in Justice Clement’s House
And Ff in Ff beginning a new line, as if versi
The Folio of 1616

CLEM My clarke? about what time, was this?
KNO Mary, betweene one and two, as I take it
CLEM And, what time came my man with the false message to you, master KITELY?
KITE After two, sir
CLEM Very good but, mistris KITELY, how that is you were at COBS? ha?
DAME An’ please you, sir, Ile tell you my brother, WELBRED, told me, that COBS house, was a suspected place——
CLEM So it appeares, me thinkes but, on
DAME And that my husband vs’d thither, daily
CLEM No matter, so he vs’d himselfe well, mistris
DAME True sir, but you know, what growes, by such hants, often-times
CLEM I see, ranke fruits of a jealous braine, mistris 25 KITELY but, did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?
KITE I found her there, sir
CLEM Did you so? that alters the case Who gave you knowledge, of your wiuces being there?
KITE Marie, that did my brother WELBRED
CLEM How? WELBRED first tell her? then tell you, after? where is WELBRED?
KITE Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither
CLEM Why, this is a meeie trick, a deuice, you are 35 gull’d in this most grosly, all! alas, poore wench, wert thou beaten for this?
TIB Yes, most pitifully, and’t please you
COB And worthyly, I hope if it shall proue so
CLEM I, that’s like, and a piece of a sentence How now, sir? what’s the matter?
SER Sir, there’s a gentleman, i’the court without, desires to speake with your worship
CLEM A gentleman? what’s he?
SER A soildier, sir, he saies
CLEM. A souldier, take downe my armoi, my sword, quickly a souldier speake with me! why, when knaues? come on, come on, hold my cap there, so, giue me my gor-get, my sword stand by, I will end your matters, anon—

Let the souldier enter, now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Act v. Scene ii.

<To them>

BOBADILL, MATTHEW

BY your worships fauour—

CLEM. Nay, keepe out, sir, I know not your pretence, you send me word, sir, you are a souldier—why, sir, you shall bee answer'd, here, here be them haue beene amongst souldiers Sir, your pleasure.

BOB. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman, and my selfe, haue beene most vncluilfull wrong'd, and beaten, by one DOWNE-RIGHT, a course fellow, about the towne, here, and for mine owne part, I protest, being a man, in no sort, giuen to this filthie humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted mee in the way of my peace, dispoil'd mee of mine honor, dis-arm'd mee of my weapons, and rudely, laud mee along, in the open streets when, I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

CLEM. O, gods precious! is this the souldier? here, take my armour of quickly, 'twill make him swoone, I feare, hee is not fit to looke on't, that will put vp a blow.

MATTHEW. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

CLEM. Why, and he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

SER. There's one of the varlets of the citie, sir, ha's brought two gentlemen, here, one, vpon your worships warrant.
Clem My warrant?
Ser Yes, sir. The officer say's, procur'd by these two
Clem Bid him, come in. Set by this picture. What,
Mr. Downe-right! Are you brought at Mr. Fresh-
Waters suite, here!

Act V. Scene III.

Downe-right, Stephen, Brayne-Worme (To them)

I Faith, sir And here's another brought at my suite
Clem What are you, sir?
Step A gentleman, sir, o', vnclé!
Clem Vnclé? Who? Master Knö'well?
Knö I, sir! This is a wise kinsman of mine
Step God's my witnesse, vnclé, I am wrong'd here
monstrously, hee charges me with stealing of his cloke, and
would I might neuer stirre, if I did not find it in the street,
by chance
Dow O, did you find it, now? you said, you bought it, 10
erewhile
Step And, you said, I stole it, nay, now my vnclé is
here, I'll doe well enough, with you
Clem Well, let this breath a while, you, that haué
cause to complaine, there, stand forth! had you my 15
warrant for this gentlemans apprehension?
Bob I, an't please your worship
Clem Nay, doe not speake in passion so where had
you it?
Bob Of your clarke, sir
Clem That's well! an' my clarke can make warrants,
and my hand not at'hem! Where is the warrant? Officer,
haue you it?
Bob No, sir, your worship's man, master Formal,
bid mee doe it, for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge

Clem Why, master Downe-right, are you such a nouice, to bee scru’d, and neuer see the wantant?

Down Sir He did not serue it on me.

Clem No? how then?

Down Mary, sir, hee came to mee, and said, hee must serue it, and hee would vse me kindly, and so——

Clem O, gods pittie, was it so, sir? he must serue it?

gie me my long-sword there, and helpe me of, so Come on, sir vailet, I must cut off your legs, sirrha nay, stand vp, Ile vse you kindly, I must cut off your legs, I say

Bray O, good sir, I beseech you, nay, good master Justice

Clem I must doe it, there is no remedie. I must cut off your legs, sirrha, I must cut off your eares, you rascall, I must doe it, I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head

Bray O, good your worship

Clem Well, rise, how doest thou doe, now? doest thou feele thy selfe well? hast thou no haine?

Bray No, I thanke your good worship, sir

Clem Why, so! I said, I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy armes, and I must cut off thy head, but, I did not doe it so, you said, you must serue this gentleman, with my warrant, but, you did not serue him You knaue, you slauce, you rogue, doe you say you must? sirrha, away with him, to the mayle, Ile teach you a trick, for your must, sir

Bray Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me

Clem Tell him he shall to the mayle, away with him, I say

Bray Nay, sir, if you will commit mee, it shall bee for committing more then this I will not loose, by my travaile, any graine of my fame certaine

V in 34 long-sword] long sword F2 of] off F2 35 st du not in some copies of F2 long-sword] long sword F2 37 beseech| beseech F1 53 must,] must F2 57 then] than F2 loose] lose F2 58 fame] fame, F3
CLEM. How is this?
KNOW. My man, BRAYNE-WORME!
STEP. O yes, vncll BRAYNE-WORME ha's beene with my cossen EDWARD, and I, all this day
CLEM. I told you all, there was some deuice!
BRAY. Nay, excellent Iustice, since I haue laid my selfe thus open to you, now, stand strong for mee both with 65 your sword, and your ballance
CLEM. Bodie o' me, a merry knaue! Give me a bowle of sack. If hee belong to you, master KNOWELL, I bespeake your patience
BRAY. That is it, I haue most need of Sir, if you'll 70 pardon me, only, I'll glorne in all the rest, of my exploits
KNOW. Sir, you know, I loue not to haue my fauours come hard, from me. You haue your pardon though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsell with my sonne, against me
BRAY. Yes, faith, I haue, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning, for your selfe first, as BRAYNE-WORME, after, as FITZ-SWORD I was your reform'd souldier, sir 'Twas I sent you to COBS, vpon the errand, without end
KNOW. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so, as I should not know thee?
BRAY. O, sir, this ha's beene the day of my metamorphosis! It is not that shape alone, that I haue runne through, to day I brought this gentleman, master 85 KITELY, a message too, in the forme of master Iustices man, here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship while master WEL-BRED might make a conueiance of mistris BRIDGEO, to my yong master
KITEL. How! my sister stolne away?
KNOW. My sonne is not married, I hope!
BRAY. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as loue, a priest, and three thousand pound (which is her portion) can make
'hem and by this time are readie to bespeak their wedding
supper at the wind-mill, except some friend, here, preuent
'hem, and invite 'hem home

Clem Marie, that will I (I thanke thee, for putting me
in mind on't) Sirrah, goe you, and fetch 'hem hither, vpon
my warrant. Neither friends haue cause to be sorrie, if
I know the yong couple, aright. Here, I drinke to thee, for
thy good newes. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done
with my man Formall?

Bray Faith, sir, after some ceremonic past, as making
him drunke, first with storie, and then with wine (but all in
kindnesse) and stripping him to his shirt. I left him in that
coole vaine, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these
two, pawn'd his liuerie for that varlets gowne, to serue it in,
and thus haue brought my selfe, by my actiuite, to your
worships consideration.

Clem And I will consider thee, in another cup of sack
Here's to thee, which haung drunkne of, this is my sentence
Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my
judgement, but deserues to bee pardon'd for the wit o' the
offence. If thy master, or anie man, here, be angrie with
thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him for't
How now? what noise is that!

Ser Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem Bring him in, bring him in. What! drunke in
armes, against me? Your reason, your reason for this

Act v. Scene III

To them

I

Beseech your worship to pardon me, I happen'd into ill
companie by chance, that cast me into a sleepe, and stript
me of all my clothes—

Clem Well, tell him, I am Justice Clement, and

V. 111 thee,] thee F2 102 Formall ?] Formall F1
now? now! F2 that!] that ? F2
doe pardon him but, what is this to your armour! what may that signify?

FORM And't please you, sir, it hung vp i' the roome, where I was stript, and I borrow'd it of one o' the drawers, to come home in, because I was loth, to doe penance through the street, i' my shirt

CLEM Well, stand by a while. Who be these? O, the yong companie, welcome, welcome Gi' you ioy Nay, mistris BRIDGET, blush not, you are not so fresh a bride, but the newes of it is come hither afore you Master Bridegroome, I ha' made your peace, give mee your hand so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roofe

Act v. Scene v.

ED KNO'WEL, WEL-BRED, BRIDGET To them

We are the more bound to your humanitie, sir

CLEM Only these two, haue so little of man in 'hem, they are no part of my care

WELL Yes, sir, let mee pray you for this gentleman, hee belongs, to my sister, the bride

CLEM In what place, sir?

WELL Of her delight, sir, bellow the staaires, and in publike her poet, sir

CLEM A poet? I will challenge him my selfe, presently, at extempore

Mount vp thy Phlegon muse, and testifie,
How SATVRNE, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrob'd his podex white as wocne,
And, through the welkin, thundred all aloud

WELL Hee is not for extempore, sir. Hee is all for the 15 pocket-muse, please you command a sight of it

CLEM Yes, yes, search him for a tast of his veine
Every Man in his Humour

W E L You must not deny the Queene's Justice, Sir, under a writ o' rebellion

C L E M What! all this verse? Bodie o' me, he carries a whole realme, a common-wealth of papier, in's hose! let's see some of his subject's!

Vnto the boundlesse Ocean of thy face,
Runnes this poore ruer charg'd with streames of eyes

25 How? this is stolne!

E K N A Parodie! a parodie! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it abserber then it was

C L E M Is all the rest, of this batch? Bring me a torch, lay it together, and glue fire Clense the air! Here was enough to have infected, the whole citie, if it had not beene taken in time! See, see, how our Poets glorie shines! brighter, and brighter! still it increases! o, now, it's at the highest and, now, it declines as fast You may see Sic transit gloria mundi

35 K N O There's an embleme for you, sonne, and your studies!

C L E M Nay, no speech, or act of mine be drawne against such, as professe it worthily They are not borne euene yeere, as an Alderman! There goes more to the making of a good Poet, than a Sherifie, Mr. K I T E L Y You looke vpon me! though, I liue i' the citie here, amongst you, I will doe more reuereence, to him, when I meet him, then I will to the Major, out of his yeere! But, these papier-pedlers! these inke-dablers! They cannot expect reprehension, or reproch They have it with the fact

E K N Sir, you haue sau'd me the labour of a defence

C L E M It shall be discourse for supper, betweene your father and me, if he dare vnder-take me! But, to dispatch away these, you signe o'the Souldier, and picture o' the Poet (but, both so false, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my dore till midnight) while we are at supper, you two shall
penitently fast it out in my court, without, and, if you will, you may pray there, that we may be so merie within, as to forgive, or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, because, we tender your safetie, shall watch you, he is 55 prouded for the purpose. Looke to your charge, sir.

**STEP** And what shall I doe?

**CLEM** O! I had lost a sheepe, an he had not bleated! Why, sir, you shall give Mr. Downe-right his cloke and I will intreat him to take it. A trencrer, and a napkin, so you shall haue, the butticle, and keepke Cobb, and his wife companie, here, whom, I will intreat first to bee reconcil'd and you to endeoure with your wit, to keepe 'hem so.

**STEP** Ile doe my best.

**Cobb** Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receiue thee as my deare, and mortall wife, againe.

**Tib** And, I you, as my louing, and obedient husband.

**CLEM** Good complement! It will bee their bridale night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest, to put of all discontent. You, Mr. Downe-right, 70 your anger, you, mastre Knowerell, your cares, master Kiteley, and his wife, their jealousie For, I must tell you both, while that is fed, Hornes 't the mind are worse then o' the head.

**Kite** Sir, thus they goe from me, kisse me, sweet heart. 75 See, what a drove of hornes flye, in the ayre, Watch'd with my clensed, and my credulous breath! Watch 'hem, suspicious eyes, watch, where they fall See, see! on heads, that thinke th'haue none at all! 80 O, what a plenteous world of this, will come!

When ayre raynes hornes, all may be sure of some I ha' learned so much verse out of a jealous mans part, in a play.

**CLEM** 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night wee'll dedicate to friendship, loue, and laughter. Master bride-groome, 85 take your bride, and leade, every one, a fellow. Here is my

v v 74 then] than F2 75 from me,] from me, F2 sweet heart] sweet-heart F2 81 some Q, F2 fame F1 86 leade,] leade F2
Every Man in his Humour

Braune-Worme! to whom all my addresses
ship shall have then reference. Whose aduentures,
7, when our grand-children shall hear to be made a
doubt not, but it shall find both spectators, and e

THE END.
This Comœdie was first Acted, in the yeere 1598.

By the then L. Chamberlayne
his Servants

The principall Comœdiæans were

Will Shakespeare
Avg Philips
Hen Condel
Will Slye
Will Kempe

| Ric Burbadge | IoH Hemings |
| Tho Pope    | Chr Beeston |
| IoH Dvke    |

With the allowance of the Master of Revells
EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.
THE TEXT.

The play of *Every Man out of his Humour* was entered in the Stationers' Register by its first publisher, William Holme, on April 8, 1600. The entry is as follows:

8 Aprilis

William holme

Enter'd for his copie vnder the handes of master Harsnet and master wyndet warden
A Comical Satyre of every man out of his humour

Arber, Transcript, iii 159

The tangled history of this publication has been brilliantly elucidated by Dr W W Greg in an article in *The Library* for December 1920, vol 1, pp 153–160, and in two supplementary notes in vol 11, p 49, and vol 111, p 57. He was the first to distinguish between the first and second Quartos.

Holme issued the first Quarto in 1600. The collation, A to R in fours, is in detail—Blank leaf A Title-page A 1
The names of the actors A 1 verso The Characters A 11 to A 14 verso The play B to R 14, with the original conclusion R 11 to R 14. "Strictly speaking," says Dr Greg, "only signatures H, P, Q, R are proper quarto, the rest being of that puzzling size (it might be called "bastard quarto") which is commonly folded in fours, and agrees in size and shape with a normal quarto, but according to wire and water marks should be an octavo."

The printer was probably Adam Islip. Mr F S Ferguson (quoted by Dr Greg) has pointed out that the headpiece before the Characters and the Induction on signatures A 3 and B 1 was used by Islip near the date of the present play, for instance in Holland's *Pliny* in 1601. The device on the title-page, which ought to settle the question, unfortunately is not identified. In the centre is a vase of flowers Flanking it on either side like heraldic supporters are two satyr-like figures, apparently male and female, with pairs of butterfly wings on each shoulder, amply sprouting tails,
feet that curl into huge tendons. The whole breathes a hazy suggestion of the Metamorphoses.

Three copies are known—one in the British Museum (34, 1, 29), wanting the preliminary blank leaf and the two leaves of the original ending, a fine copy wanting only the preliminary leaf in the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, and a complete copy with the head lines cropped in the public Library of Boston in America. A scholarly reprint by Mr. F. P. Wilson and Dr. Greg was issued by the Malone Society in 1920.

This was the first Humour play which Jonson committed to the press. His new venture in drama was appreciated, and the edition sold out within the year and Holme had reprinted at once. The title-page of this second quarto, verbally reproducing that of its predecessor, has been a snare to bibliographers. When the British Museum acquired its copy of the first Quarto in 1908, the difference between the two texts was not recognized.

The collation of the second Quarto, A to Q in fours, is in slight—Title-page A, The Characters A 1 to A 11. The play 11 verso to Q 11 (‘FINIS’) The original conclusion is on 11 verso to Q 11 verso. The reprint is on the whole very exact, but it shows traces of being set up in a hurry. We may assume that Holme’s stock of the first edition was running low or that he had actually sold out. Two compositors, who used slightly different founts of type, worked simultaneously on the reprint, the first setting up sheets A to H, the second sheets I to Q. By dint of various economies, minutely abutted by Dr. Greg, they saved a sheet. The first compositor set up the title-page on signature A, and thus saved two pages at the start by dropping the preliminary blank leaf of the first edition. He saved another page over the Characters, compressing them into three pages. Up to the end of sheet E he printed thirty-seven lines to a page where the original had thirty-six lines. By saving one line on thirty-six successive pages he had then caught up the original and was two leaves to the good. So he ‘followed
copy' with thirty-six lines to the end of sheet H. As the last page of the original was blank, the second compositor had only to save three pages. He did it by small economies where the original was lavish over printing headings and stage directions, and by tucking in lines which had been turned over. By the end of M 3 verso he had saved his first page, he saved his second by the end of O 1, and his third by the end of Q 2. The rest of the original he reproduced page for page.

The printer was Peter Short, whose device is on the title-page. It is a book surrounded by beams of light, above it two outspread wings rest on a background of cloud, and at the top is a figure pointing downwards to the book. The motto, taken from Psalm lvi ii, 'Et vsque ad nubes veritas tua', is on the frame, and below are the initials 'PS'.

Of this edition two copies have been used: one in the Bodleian (Malone 229), and one in the Dyce collection at South Kensington. An exact reprint by Professor W Bang and Dr W W Greg was issued in Professor Bang's Materialien zur Kunde des alteren englischen Dramas, Band xvi, in 1907.

The third Quarto, also dated 1600, was printed for Nicholas Ling. It follows the second Quarto page for page and line for line, except that by a printer's error sheet N is wrongly imposed, so that two pages of the text of Act v, scene 1 have changed places. This Quarto is merely a bad reprint of its predecessor. It copies such obvious errors of the earlier text as 'Pastpius' (Characters, 35), 'makes' for 'wakes' (ibid, 54), 'sleeps' for 'steeps' (Induction, 167), 'after' for 'alter' (ibid, 277), 'gard' for 'regard' (I i 49), 'world' for 'word' (III iv 86), and adds numerous mistakes of its own—'Frenchfield' for 'Frenche-fied' (I iii 195), 'ratifide' for 'rarefi'd' (II iii 84), 'rogue' for 'tongue' (II iii 219) It ventures occasionally on a correction, as in deleting the repeated 'one and twentieth.'

1 No. 278 in McKerrow's Printers and Publishers' Devices
2 See the critical apparatus at v 1 21
of i iii 50, 51, substituting 'inward' for 'innated' in ii
iii 55, and 'Shotmakers' for 'Shotmarkes' in v iv i.
The last is ingenious, it assumes that the letter i was mis-
placed, but here the correct reading is 'Shot-sharkes'.
None of the special errors here noted are found in the first
Quarto.

Ling's device is on the title-page, a ling entwined in the
tendrils of a honeysuckle, the whole set in a fancy border
On either side below are the initials 'N L':

A reprint by Professor Bang and Dr Greg was issued in
the Materialien, Band xvii.

The play next appeared in the Folio of 1616. From this
edition in its corrected form the present text is taken. The
editor's own copy has been collated with the two copies in
the British Museum and the two copies in Bodley. The
title-page appears in two forms, one in an ornamental
border and one in plain type. The imprint varies in both
forms. The fuller imprint is

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY

for John Smithwicke

M. DC. XVI.

But Smethwick's name is not in all copies. Thus, the plain
title-page of the Grenville copy in the British Museum and
the title-page with ornamental border of the Douce copy in
Bodley have simply 'London, Printed by William Stansby,
M DC XVI'.

The curt imprint of the third Quarto, 'London, Printed
for Nicholas Linge, 1600', resembles that of the famous
(or infamous) group of Shakespeare Quartos printed in 1619.
A normal imprint at this date specifies the printer and the

1 McKirrow's Devices, 301
publisher, and the publisher's address, or it gives at least the publisher and his address, as in Holme's first Quarto—'Printed for William Holme, and are to be sold at his Shop at Sarjeants Inne gate in Fleetstreet 1600.' Was Ling's Quarto authorized, and was it correctly dated? There is no record in the Stationers' Register of any transfer of copyright by Holme to Ling, and Ling continued in business till 1607, Holme till 1615. The date '1600' on the imprint makes one a little uneasy. It is not impossible in view of the literary importance of the play, but, if Holme had sold out two issues, why did he boggle at a third? There is a gap in the evidence here—*hiatus valde deflendus*. The full imprint of the play in the 1616 Folio states that it was 'Printed by William Stansby for Iohn Smithwicke.' On November 19, 1607 Ling's copyrights were transferred to Smethwick. Sixteen books are specified, they include works by Drayton, Lodge, Greene, Shakespeare, Nashe and Munday, but not *Every Man out of his Humour*. In 1638 Smethwick assigned the copyright of the play to Richard Bishop, who published it in the 1640 Folio. The entry runs:

28° Aprilis 1638

Master Bishop Assigned ouer vnto him by vertue of a note vnder the hand and scale of master Smeth-\(w\)cke and subscribed by Master Bourne warden all the Right and interest in a play called *Every man out of his humour* by Ben Johnson vjd

*Arber, Transcript, iv 417*

The text of the Folio of 1616 was set up from a copy of the carefully printed first Quarto. A few passages are decisive on this point. The Folio follows the first Quarto in reading in iii vi 89, 90, 'hauling no better a cloke for it, then he has neither', in iv vii 82, 'bee still a fashion behinde with the world', in v iv 1, where Buffone, entering the tavern, calls for the drawers, 'where be these shot-sharkes?' and in v viii 49, 50, Fallace's contemptuous question to Macilente, 'Your intents?' why, what may your intents bee, for gods
sake'. In these passages the second and third Quartos read 'having no better a cloake than he has for it neither', 'be still a Fashion behind the world', 'where be these Shotmarkes?' (Quarto 2), 'where be these Shotmakers?' (Quarto 3), and 'what may your intent be for Gods sake?'

Textually this play is of great importance. It is the first play of which we have parallel texts, Quarto and Folio, and both were scrupulously edited. An exceptionally full collation has therefore been recorded in the critical apparatus, even at the risk of overloading it, to show how minutely Jonson worked over his 'copy' in his anxiety to produce it in a form which satisfied his fastidious judgement. In our reprint of the remaining plays included in the 1616 Folio the critical apparatus will be shortened. But we regard this Folio as authoritative for all the texts contained in it, and the proof that this is so is given once for all.

The most important changes are, of course, the actual alterations of the text. Perhaps the most interesting example occurs in the flattering address to Queen Elizabeth which rounded off the 'Catastrophe or Conclusion, at the first Playing'. In the Quarto, printed during the last years of the Queen's life, Marciante, who came to the Court 'with a purpos'd resolution to maligne at any thing that should front him', was suddenly, 'against expectation, and all steele of his Malice', struck dumb by the wonder of Elizabeth's presence.

In her Graces

All my malitious Powers haue lost their stings

Envy is fled my Soule at sight of her

Giving a new turn to the old convention of praying for the sovereign at the end of a play, Jonson makes him say on his knees,

I implore,

O Heauen that Shee (whose Figure hath effected

This change in me) may never suffer Change

In her Admi'd and happie Gouernment

1 Minute variations of spelling are not noticed here and in later examples. The text is quoted from the earlier Quarto.
Public opinion forced Jonson to cancel this hyperbole, but he printed it characteristically as an appendix. To have retained it in this form in print thirteen years after her death would have been grotesque. In the Folio 'may neuer suffer Change' was softened to 'may suffer most late change', echoing the prayer of Horace to the god on earth, Augustus

Serus in caelum redeas diuque
Laetus intersis populo Quirini

These textual changes are improvements, with perhaps two exceptions. Puntarvolo says in the Quarto at ii iii 243-4, 'I doe intend this yeere of Iubile to trauaile' the date of performance is 1598, and this periphrasis for '1600' suits the speaker. The text of 1616, instead of simply cutting out the words 'of Iubile', reads very perversely 'this yeere of Iubile, comming on'. One of Fallace's outbursts has the point completely blunted. Originally she said, 'By the Bible of heauen (beast that I am to say it) I haue not one friend i' the world besides my husband' (iv i 19-21). This is attenuated to 'By the faith of a Gentle woman (beast that I am to say it)'. The mincing oaths of 'a comfit-maker's wife', which was the City standard of good breeding, excited the contempt of Hotspur, who demanded 'good mouth-filling' terms from Lady Percy. The revision makes Fallace insipid and silly perhaps, for that very reason, she is true to type. But the context calls for something stronger.

In a few passages the verse is readjusted by filling in incomplete lines. Thus in Act ii, scene iv, ll 17, 18, the Quartos read

Deli Dispatch, take heed your mistresse see you not
Fido I warrant you sir

Exit Fido

The Folio completes the second line with 'Ile steale by her softly'. In line 26 'What means this Signior Deliro?' becomes 'What means this, signior DELIRO?' all this

1 Odes, I ii 45-6
2 Henry IV, Part I, iii 1 250-60
A speech of Falstaff in the Quartos (II iv 146-50) has an irregular line:

Alas, you 'tis simple, you you cannot change,
Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with Wonder
No, no, not you I did but cast an amorous eye c'en now

Vpon a pare of Gloues that somewhat likt me,

The Folio emends

No, no, not you 'tis pitty o' your naturall
I did but cast an amorous eye, c'en now,

And in II v 44 Macilente's 'Good Heauen give me patience' becomes

Good heauen, give me patience, patience, patience

Corrections such as these might have been made by any careful reviser when they caught his eye on the printed page. But Jonson went much farther. He worked over the entire text with microscopic care, systematically revising spelling, type, and punctuation. He substituted capitals for italic in the names of the characters and of persons mentioned in the text, he cut down the lavish use of italic for peculiar words, and the still more lavish use of initial capitals. He replaced the light stopping of the Quartos by an elaborate system of punctuation, designed to mark clearly the structure of the sentence. Noteworthy points in it, as compared with the laxer pointing of the Quartos, are the enclosing of adverbial phrases within commas, the use of the interjection (as in IV 1 29-41) and the hyphen. Jonson affects such spellings as 'out-side', 'vn-did', 'fore-head', 'holy day', 'in-auspicious'.

Two short passages are added for comparison. Act III, scene v, ll. 8-15, and Act IV, scene viii, ll. 16-25.

**Quarto I**

Fast Why do you see sir? Fas I Why, do you see, they say I am Phantastical why true, I know it, & I pursue my Humor stil in con-

**Folio I**

Fast Why do you see sir? Fas Why, do you see, they say I am Phantastical why, true, I know it, and I pursue my humour
tempt of this censorious age
S’light & a man should do
nothing but what a sort of
stale judgements about this
town wil approve in him, he
were a sweet Asse, I’d beg
him yfaith I ne’re knew any
more find fault with a fashion,
then they that knew not how
to put themselues into’t

Fasti O, the most Celestiall, and full of wonder and
delight that can bee imagin’d Signior, beyond all
thought and apprehension of Pleasure A man lies there
in that deuine Rapture, that
he will thinke himselfe i’the
third Heauen for the time,
and loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoever, when hee
shall behold such glorious
(and almost immortall) beauties, heare such Angelicall
and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and
Ambrosian spirits, whose wits
as sudaine as Lightning, and
humorous as Nectar, Oh it
makes a man all Quintessence and Flame,

still, in contempt of this cen-
sorious age S’light, and a
man should doe nothing, but
what a sort of stale judg-
ements about this towne will
approve in him, he were a
sweet asse Il’d beg him
yfaith I ne’re knew any
more find fault with a fashion,
then they that knew not how
to put themselues in to’t

Fasti O, the most cele-
stiall, and full of wonder, and
delight, that can bee im-
agin’d, signior, beyond all
thought, and apprehension of
pleasure! A man liues there,
in that diuine rapture, that
hee will thinke himselfe i’ the
ninth heauen for the time,
and lose all sence of mor-
talitie whatsoever, when he
shall behold such glorious
(and almost immortall) beauties, heare such angelicall and
harmonious voyces, discourse
with such flowing and ambro-
sian spirits, whose wits are as
suddaine as lightning, and
humorous as nectar, Oh it
makes a man all quintessence,
and flame.

In the critical apparatus, therefore, typographical
peculiarities of the Quarto texts, such as the modern use of
‘u’ and ‘v’, ‘i’ and ‘j’, are recorded, and most of the
variations in spelling and punctuation

Finishing touches of correction were added while the
Folio was passing through the press. They prove beyond
question that Jonson supervised the printing. They
include all possible forms of correction—punctuation, the
use of special type, and changes in the text. The first eight
pages of the Induction (ll. 1–292)—a portion of the play which, in Jonson's eyes, would be specially important for its exposition of the doctrine of the humours—yield a number of these final corrections. Thus, in lines 62–4 the printer had set up

Let envious Censors with their broadest eyes
Looke through and through me, I pursue no fauour
Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,

Jonson corrected to 'censors, with their broadest eyes,' and quickened the actor's delivery of the following line by substituting commas after 'me' and 'fauour.' He adjusted the use of italics, using them for 'Metaphore' and 'Counters' (ibid., 103, 45). He bracketed the parenthetic clause '(understand you?)' in iv iii 36. He altered 'howerly' to 'hourely' in the Induction, 34, because 'houre' is there a monosyllable.

One change on pages 82 and 83 of the Folio (containing lines 18–60, 61–102) corrected a printer's error in the setting up of the verse. Jonson liked his lines to be marshalled in even column, and he kept strictly to the verse arrangement when a speech did not begin the line. Originally the printer set up line 76

Nay doe not turne, but answer
M i i Answere? what?

When this was adjusted to a single line, the page was a line short (with 43 lines) and did not balance the opposite page (with 44 lines). To secure uniformity, a stage direction between lines 50 and 51, 'Here hee makes aduise to the People,' was cancelled. Even so a second error remained at line 86 on page 83, and this had to wait for correction till the reprint of 1640.

Jonson also revised a few readings

my soule
Was neuer ground into such oyly colours,
To flatter vice and daube iniquitie

(Ind., 13–15)
was improved by reading 'my language', 'you doe me some wrong to make that publike, which I imparted to you in priuate' (IV vi 36–8) was changed to 'make occasions publike', and the curious verb 'to manfrede' was wisely dropped for 'to undertake' in IV vii 110. In IV ii 90–2 the Folio read originally, as the Quartos did, 'and give him warning of my husbands intent' Jonson inserted in proof 'malitious' before 'intent', and the printer, in order to adjust the spacing, altered 'and tell' and 'heauens' to '& tel' and 'heuens' A significant change was made at the end of the dedication to the Court 'By your true Honorer, BEN JONSON' became 'By your Honorer'.

The play was not printed again till the 1640 Folio appeared after Jonson's death. This edition follows the text of 1616, but does not reproduce all its press corrections. This is the clearest evidence we have that there was more than one state of the 1616 proofs. Some minor variants from the earlier text are not without significance. Such a correction as the following must be Jonson's: in II iv 33, 34 the 1616 Folio states that no living man

I doe not say, is not,
But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse

The comma inserted after 'But,' in 1640 to put the emphasis on 'cannot' is clearly not a printer's correction. The 1616 Folio greatly modified the oaths of the Quartos, the 1640 Folio carries this practice farther by changing 'S'heart' or 'S'blood' to a mild 'Why' or 'What' or 'Oh' (as in I ii 32, 186, 197) or by omitting them altogether (ibid., 133). The two chief alterations in the text are in the Induction, 114, where the line 'O, 'tis more then most ridiculous' is given its full ten syllables by reading 'O, it is more', and in II iv 2, 3—

1 Thus, p. 145 of the First Folio, including IV iv 110—v 23, was uncorrected in the copy used
2 For example, in the Characters, 29, 'Dam him' for 'God dam me'
Welcome (good MACILENTE) to my house,
To sojourn even for ever,

where the last line appears in the confused form 'To sojourn at my house for ever'

For the text of 1640 two copies in the possession of the editor—one a large-paper copy with a few final press-corrections—have been collated with the copies in Bodley and the British Museum.
The Comical Satyre of EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.

As it was first composed by the A. to B.

Gosling, one that hath bee P lickely Spoken or Added.

With the severall Character of every Person.

Non aliena meo prescripsi pede t si proprius fies
Te capere magis & decess repetita placitum.

LONDON,

Printed for Will. Holme, and are to be sold at his Shop at Sarjeants Inn gate in Fleetstreet
1600.
The Comical Satyre of
EVERY MAN
OUT OF HIS
HUMOR.

AS IT WAS FIRST COMPOSED
by the Author B.I.

Containing more than hath been pбликely Spoken or Acted...

With the several Character of every Person.

Non aliusa copressipect
*'spros *stes
To caprent magis * & decies repetita placbunt.

LONDON,
Printed for William Holme, and are to be sold at his Shoppe
at Saracens inn-gate in Fleetstreet.

1607.
The comical Satyre of
EVE R Y M A N
O U T O F H I S
H U M O R.

As it was first composed by the Author P. I.

Containing more then hath been publicly
spoken or acted.

With the seuerall Character of euerie person.

Non aliena te press pede | * si propius stes
Te captent magis | * & decies repetita placabit.
Everyman, or, Every Man Out of His Humour

A Comical Satyre

Acted in the yeere 1599

By the true Travell of a Comical Satyre

The Author E. S

Published in London by S. Kneeland

1616

Title-page of the 1616 Folio, with ornamental border
Every
MAN OUT
OF HIS
HUMOUR.

A Comicall Satyre.

Acted in the yeere 1599. By the then
Lord Chamberlaine his
Servants

The Author B. I.

Non aliena meo presi pede | * si propius siet,
Te cepisti magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANS ▷
for John Smithwicke.

M. DC. XVI.
EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.

A Comical Satyre.

First Acted in the yeere 1599. By the then Lord CHAMBERLAINE his Servants With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

The Author B. I.

HOR
Non aeternae praesidium:\nSi preces fier,
Te capiunt magis: & doces repetita placet etc.

LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD BISHOP
M. DC XL.
TO THE NOBLEST
NOVRCERIES OF HUMA-
NITY, AND LIBERTY,
IN THE KINGDOME:

The Innes of Court.

I understand you, Gentlemen, not your houses and a worthy succession of you, to all time, as being borne the Judges of these studies. When I wrote this Poeme, I had friendship with divers in your societys, who, as they were great Names in learning, so they were no lesse Examples of luung Of them, and then (that I say no more) it was not despis'd. Now that the Printer, by a doubled charge, thinkes it worthy a longer life, then commonly the ayre of such things doth promise, I am carefull to put it a servuant to their pleasures, who are the inheri-
ters of the first fauour borne it. Yet, I command, it lye not in the way of your more noble, and use-full studies to the publike. For so I shall suffer for it. But, when the gowne and cap is off, and the Lord of liberty raignes, then, to take it in your hands, perhaps may make some Bencher, tinted with humanity, reade and not repent him.

By your Honorer,

BEN JONSON 25
# The Names of the Actors

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**Cordatus**

**Mitis**

---

*The Names of the Actors* In Qq Asper, The Presenter is followed by Macilente Saviolina Sordido His Hind in one line afterwards they differ only in the use of type. 5 Puntarvolo, Large paper F2, Qq Puntarvolo Ff 6 Seruingmen, two corr F1 Seruingmen 2 Ff, Qq 7 Notary add G 10-11 Cinedo, his corr F1 Cinedo his Ff, Qq 13 Fido, their Servant corr F1 Fido their Servant Ff, Qq 17 Nine corr F1 Hinde Ff Hind Qg, F3 18 Rustici corr F1 in Qq, Ff 'Rustici' ranged with Shift at the head of A Groome &c
Asper his Character

He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controuling the worlds abuses One, whom no servile hope of gaine, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a Parasite, either to time, place, or 5 opinion

Macilente

A Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and travailed, who (wanting that place in the worlds account, which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into such an envious apoplexy, 10 with which his judgement is so dazed, and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happinesse in another

Pvntarvolo

A Vaine glorious Knight, ouer-Englishing his travels, and 15 wholly consecrated to singularity, the very Iacobs staffe of complement a Sir, that hath liv'd to see the revoluution of time in most of his apparell Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his owne praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himselfe, to the floutage of his owne family He 20 deales upon returns, and strange performances, resouling (in despieth of publike derision) to stick to his owne particular fashion, phrase, and gesture

Carlo Buffyone

A Publike, scurrilous, and prophane Iester, that (more 25 swift then Circe) with absurd simile's will transforme any person into deformity A good Feast-hound, or Banket-

1-116 Headed by W The Character of the Persons In Q3 the body of the type is roman ingeniosus ingeniosis Q1 eager, Q3 3 feare, F2 3-4 abuses One] abuses One Qq 5 danger] Daunger Q1 either] ether F2 (corr in Large paper) 10 enuous] enuous Q1 11 dazeled,] dazeled Qq 12 violently] violently Q2 14 Pvntarvolo] Puntarvolo F2 (corr in L p) 17 Sr] Sr Qq revolution] revolution Qr 18 enough] enough F2, F3 19 palpably] palpable F2, F3 20 him- selfe, Ff himselfe Qq 2, 3 24 Buffyone ] Buffone F2 25 Publike, scurrilous] Publike, scurrilous Q1, with the comma ill- pointed hence Pubh-scurrilous Qq 2, 3 26 then] than Qq, F2 (so in 32, 51) absurd] obsurd Q3
beagell, that will sent you out a supper some three mile off, and sweare to his Patrons (Dam him) hee came in Oares, when hee was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue, that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palat, and will swell vp more sacke at a sitting, then would make all the Guard a posset. His religion his rayling, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproch.

**Fas tidivs Briske.**

A Neat, spruce, affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in fashion, practiseth by his glasse how to salute, speakes good remnants (notwithstanding the Base-violl and Tabacco) sweares tersely, and with variety, cares not what Ladies fauour he belyes, or great Mans Familiarity a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. Hee will borrow another mans horse to praise, and backs him as his owne. Or, for a neede, on foot can post himselfe into credit with his marchant, only with the gingle of his spurre, and the jerke of his wand.

**Deliro**

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common Counsell for his wealth a fellow sincerely besotted on his owne wife, and so rapt with a concert of her perfections, that he simply holds himselfe unworthy of her. And in that hood-winkt humour, lues more like a suter then a husband, standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence inumper to her, every morning, before shee rises, and wakes her, with villainous-out-of-tune musick, which shee out of her contemp (though not out of her judgement) is sure to dislike.
Fallace

Deiro’s wife and Idoll a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerse as he is officious Shee does as perfectly upon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest

Saviolina

A Court Lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admir’d by her selfe, and one more, her servant Briske

Sordido

A Wretched hob-nail’d Chuffe, whose recreation, is reading of Almanacks, and felicity, foule weather One that neuer pray’d, but for a leane dearth, and euer wept in a fat harvest

Fungoso

The sonne of Sordido, and a student one that has reuel’d in his time, and followes the fashion a farre off, like a spe He makes it the whole bent of his endeuors, to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched father, to put him in the Courtiers cut at which he earnestly aimes, but so unluckily, that he still 75 lights short a sute

Sogliardo

An essentiall Clowne, brother to Sordido, yet so enamour’d of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it, though he buyes it He comes vp evry Terme to learne to take Tabacco, so and see new Motions He is in his kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laught at

59 Idoll ] Idoll, Qq 59 officious Shee] officious, shee Qq 64 selfe,] selfe Qq 72 off,] off Qq 73 endeuors,] endeuors Qq 79 haue it,] haue it Qq 80 Tabacco,] Tabacco Qq 1, 2
Every Man out of his Humour

SHIFT

A Thred-bare Sharke  One that neuer was Souldier, yet
85 values upon lendings  His profession is skeldring and
odling, his banke Poules, and his ware-house Pict-hatch
Takes vp single testons upon othes, till Doomes day  Falls
under executions of three shillings, and enters into five-groat
bonds  He way-layes the reports of services, and commes them
without booke, damming himselfe he came new from them, when
all the while he was taking the dyet in a bawdy house, or lay
pawnd in his chamber for rent, and victuals  He is of that
admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old
acquaintance, that he neuer saw in his life before  He usurps
95 upon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he neuer did, only
to get him a name  His chiefe exercises are, taking the Whiffe,
squiring a Cockatrice, and making privy searches for Impar ters

CLOSE, and ORANGE

An inseparable case of Coxcombs, City borne, The Gemini
or Twins of joppery  that like a pare of wooden foyles,
are fit for nothing, but to practis'd upon  Being well
flatter'd, they'll lend money, and repent when they ha' done
Their glory is to inuite Players, and make suppers  And in
company of better ranke (to avoide the suspect of insufficiency)
will enforce their ignorance, most desperately, to set upon the
understanding of any thing  Orange is the more humorous
of the two (whose small portion of wyce being squeeze'd out)
Cloue serves to sticke him, with commendations
The Author's friend, A man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his Plot. Of a discreet, and understanding judgement, and has the place of a Moderator.

Mitis

Is a person of no action, and therefore we have reason to afford him no Character.

112 discreet,] discreet-Oq 115 reason] Reason Oq 116 afford] afford Oq 1, 2 afforde Q3 afford F2 After 116 Oq add It was not neere his thoughts (thought Q3) that hath publisht (published Qq 2, 3) thus, either to traduce the Author, or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar and sufficient deserts of the Actors, but rather (whereas many Censures flutter'd about it) to give all leave, and leisure, to judge with Distinction.
After the second Sounding.

GREX.

CORDATVS, ASPER, MITIS

Nay, my deare ASPER,
MIT Stay your mind
ASP Away
Who is so patient of this impious world,
5 That he can checke his spirit, or reine his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead vnfeeling sense,
That heauens horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth, crackt with the weight of sinne,
Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heads

10 Blacke rau'rous ruine, with her saile-stretcht wings,
Ready to sinke vs downe, and couer vs
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And haue his lips seal'd vp? not I my language
Was neuer ground into such oyly colours,

15 To flatter vice and daube iniquitie
But (with an armed, and resolved hand)
Ile strip the ragged follies of the time,
Naked, as at their birth    COR (Be not too bold

Title] HUMOVR Ff    HUMOR Qq (so in the running title)    Induction
After Sounding] Inductio, sono secundo Qq    The Stage    After
sounding G CORDATVS, ASPER] ASPER, Cordatus Qq    I Nay,) Cord
Nay Qq    2 mind    FR mind, Qq mind    F2 7 heauens] heanens
Q3 10 ruine,] Ruine Qq    11 downe,] downe Qq    13 language
corr FR soule Qq, Ff    17 time,] time Qq    18 Naked,] Naked Qq
(Bo] Be Qq    bold ] bold, Qq r, 2
A s p  You trouble me) and with a whip of steele,
Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs
I feare no mood stamp't in a privyate brow,
When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publicke vice
I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries
No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud
The easie flexure of his supple hammes
Tut, these are so innate, and popular,
That drunken custome would not shame to laugh
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe 'hem
And yet, not one of these but knowes his workes,
Knowes what damnation is, the deuill, and hell,
Yet, hourly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,
Puffing their soules away in per'yrous aire,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts

M i t  Forbeare, good A s p e r, be not like your name
A s p  O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,
And (with the words of H e r c u l e s) invade
Such crimes as these I that will not smell of sinne,
But seeme as they were made of sanctitie I
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut shorter then their eye-browes I when the conscience
Is vaster then the ocean, and deuoures
More wretches then the Counters  M i t  Gentle A s p e r, 45
Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence

Ind  19 me)] me, Qq  steele,) steele Qq  21 private] private
Ql  23 vice ] vice, Qq 2, 3  24 luxuries corr Ff  luxuries, Qq,
Ff  28 hammers ] hammers Qq  29 innate,] innate Qq  31 but]
not Ff, Ff  'hem ] 'hem Qq ('em F3 passim)  34 Yet,] Yet Qq
hourly corr Ff, Ff  howerly Qq, Ff  35 per'yrous] pen'yrous Qq 2,
3  37 Forbeare,) Forbeare Qq  39 invade] invade Qq 2, 3  40
these I] these, Qq  41 sanctitie ] corr Ff  Sanctitie ! Ff  Sanctitie
Qq  43, 45 then] than Qq, Ff (but see 44)  43 eye-browes ! Ff
eye-browes, Qq 2 ee-browes, Qq 3  44 then corr Ff than Qq,
Ff  ocean corr Ff Ocean Qq, Ff  45 Counters Qq, corr Ff, F2
Counters Ff
Of your strong thoughts

C O R Vnlesse your breath had

power

To melt the world, and mould it new againe,

50 It is in vaine, to spend it in these moods

A S P I not obseru’d this thronged round till now

Gracious, and kind spectators, you are welcome,

A P O L L O, and the M V S E S feast your eyes

With gracefull objects, and may our M I N E R V A

55 Answere your hopes, vnto their largest striaine

Yet here, mistake me not, iudicious friends

I doe not this, to begge your patience,

Or seruilely to fawne on your applause,

Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit

Let me be censur’d, by th’austerest brow,

Where I want arte, or judgement, taxe me freely

Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,

Looke through and through me, I pursue no fauour,

Onely voucsafe me your attentions,

60 And I will guie you musicke worth your eares

O, how I hate the monstrousnesse of time,

Where every seruile imitating spirit,

(Plagu’d with an itching leprosie of wit)

In a meere halting fury, striues to fling

70 His vlc’rous body in the Thespian spring,

And streight leap’s forth a Poet! but as lame

As V u L C A N, or the founder of Cripple-gate

M I T In faith, this Humour will come ill to some,

You will be thought to be too peremptorie

Ind 50 vaine,) vaine Qq a stage-direction 'Here he makes adresse to the People', but it was cancelled see p 416 51 now] now Qq 52 Gracious] Gratious F2 54 objects,) objects, Qq M I N E R V A] M inerva Q1 M inerua Q3 56 not,) not Qq iudicious] iudicious Qr friends]) friends Qq 57 this,) this Qq 59 merit ] merit F2 61 judgement] judgement Q1 62 envious] envious Qq 2, 3 censors, corr F1, F2 Censors F1 Cratches Qq eyes, corr F1, F2 eies Qq eyes F1 63 me, corr F1, F2 me, Qq, F1 fauour, corr F1, F2 fauour F1 fauor Qq 66 O,) O Qq 67 seruile] servile Qr 71 Poet ') Poet Qq 72 Cripple-gate corr F1, F2 Cripple-gate F1 Cripplegate Qq 73 faith,) faith Qg Humour] Humor Qq and so usually, but in 75 Qr prints first 'Humor' and then 'Humour' 74 peremptorie Qq, corr F1, F2 peremptory F1
Every Man out of his Humour

Asp This Humour? good, and why this Humour, 75
Mitis?
Nay, do not turne, but answere Mit Answere? what?
Asp I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
To guie these ignorant well-spoken dayes,
Some taste of their abuse of this word Humour

Cord O, doe not let your purpose fall, good Asper,
It cannot but arriue most acceptable,
Chiefly to such, as haue the happinesse,
Daily to see how the poore innocent word
Is rackt, and tortur'd Mit I, I pray you procede

Asp Ha? what? what is't? Cord For the abuse
of Humour

Asp O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts
Why, Humour (as 'tis ens) we thus define it
To be a quality of aire or water,
And in it selfe holds these two properties,
Moisture, and fluxure As, for demonstration,
Powre water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne
Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne, or trumpet)
Flowes instantely away, and leaues behind
A kind of dew, and hence we doe conclude,
That what soe're hath fluxure, and humiditie,
As wanting power to containe it selfe,
Is Humour So in every humane body
The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Every Man out of his Humour

Receive the name of Humours. Now thus farre
It may, by Metaphore, apply it selfe
Vnto the generall disposition

As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confuctions, all to runne one way,
This may be truly said to be a Humour

But that a rooke, in wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-pild ruffe,
A yard of shooeteye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a Humour!
Oh, 'tis more then most ridiculous

CORD He speakes pure truth now, if an Idiot
Haue but an apish, or phantastickke straine,
It is his Humour. A SP Well I will scourge those apes,
And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirrour,
As large as is the stage, whereon we act

Where they shall see the times deformitie
Anatomiz'd in every nerue, and sinnew,
With constant courage, and contempt of feare

MIT ASPER, (I urge it as your friend) take heed,
The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,

And men are grewne impatient of reproofe A SP Ha, ha
You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,

Ind. 102 Humours] Humors Qq 103 may,] may Qq Metaphore,
corr. F1, F2 Metaphore, F1 Metaphore Qq 104 disposition]
disposition, Qq 107 powers,] powers Qq 108 confuctions,] con-
fuctions Qq 109 Humour] Humor, Qq 110 rooke, corr. F1
Rooke, F1 Rooke Qq rooke F2 111] by F2, F3 112 shooeteye corr
F1 shoe-tie Qq 1, 2 shoe-tie Q3 shoo-tye F2 113 Humour]
Humour, Q1 Humor, Qq 2, 3 114 'tis it is F2, F3 then]
than Qq, F2 115 truth now, corr. F1, F2 truth now Q1, F1
truth Now Q2 truth Now Q3 Idiot] Ideot Qq 116
Haue] Have Q1 apish,] Apish Qq 117 Humour] Humor Qq 2, 3
Well,] Well Qq apes, corr. F1, F2 Apes, F1 apes, Qq 1, 2
Apes, Q3 118 mirrour, F1 mirror Qq 1, 2, mirror, Q3 119
stage,] stage Qq act ] act, Qq 120 deformitie corr. F1, F2 de-
formitie, Q1 deformity, Qq 2, 3, F1 121 Anatomiz'd Anatomiz'd
Qq 2, 3 nerue,] Nerve Q1 Nerue Qq 2, 3 123 ASPER, F2
ASPER corr. F1 ASPER F1 originally ASPER Qq 124 urge Q1
125 ASP Ha, ha a separate line in Qq 126 yond'] yound' F2
This earth, these men, and all had mou’d alike
Doe not I know the times condition?
Yes, Mitias, and their soules, and who they be,
That eyther will, or can except against me
None, but a sort of foole, so sicke in taste,
That they contemne all phisicke of the mind,
And, like gald camels, kicke at every touch
Good men, and vertuous spirits, that lothe their vices,
Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,
And with the feruour of their shining grace,
Make my braine fruitful to bring forth more objects,
Worthy their serious, and intentue eyes
But why enforce I this? as fainting? No
If any, here, chance to behold himselfe,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
For, if he shame to haue his follies knowne,
First he should shame to act ’hem my strict hand
Was made to ceaze on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such sponge natures,
As looke vp euerie idle vanitie

Cord Why this is right Furor Poeticus!

Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
Will yet conceive the best, or entertaine
This supposition, that a mad-man speakes

Asp What? are you ready there? Mitias sit
downe
And my Cordatus Sound hough, and begin

Ind 127 men,] men, F2 129 Yes, corr F1, F2 Yes Qq, F1
Mitias,] Mitias, Qq 1 2 Mitias, Qq 13 be, corr F1, F2 be Qq, F1
eyther corr F1 either Qq, Ff will, will Qq, F2 against] ’gainst
F2 me ] me Qq 131 None,] None Qq 133 And, camels,
corr F1, F2 And camels [Camels Qq Qq, F1
touch Q1 touch, Qq 2 3 135 love] love Q1 136 feruour] fervor
Q1 feruor Qq 2 3 137 objects,] objects Qq 138 serious,] serious
Qq 139 this? corr F1, F2 this, Qq, F1 No corr F1, F2 no
F1 no Qq 140 any, here, corr F1, F2 any here Qq, F1 142
For, corr F1, F2 For Qq, F1 haue] have Q1 144 ceaze]
sieze F2 vice,] vice, Qq 145 Squeeze corr F1, F2 Crush
Qq, F1 humour] Humor Qq natures corr F1, F2 soules Qq,
Q1 147 Why] Why, F2 Poeticus ] Poeticus Qq 151
downe ] downe, Qq 152 hough] hoe Qq begin ] begin Qq

445 3
434 Every Man out of his Humour

I leave you two, as censors, to sit here
Observe what I present, and liberally
155 Speake your opinions, upon every Scene,
As it shall passe the view of these spectators
Nay, now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin
And M I T I S, note me, if in all this front,
You can espy a gallant of this marke,

160 Who (to be thought one of the judicious)
Sits with his arms thus wreath'd, his hat pull'd here,
Cryes meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
Will shew more seueral motions in his face,
Then the new London, Rome, or Ninwuh,

163 And (now and then) breaks a drie bisquet 1est,
Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his owne laughter  C O R D  Why ? will that
Make it be sooner swallow'd ?  A S P E R ?
Or if it did not, yet as H O R A C E sings,

170 " Ieunus rard stomachus vulgarra temnut,
" Meane cates are welcome still to hungry guests
  C O R D  'Tis true, but why should we obserue 'hem,
  A S P E R ?
  A S P O I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies,
Th'are more infectious then the pestilence

175 And therefore I would give them pills to purge,
And make 'hem fit for faire societies
How monstrous, and detested is't, to see
A fellow, that has neither arte, nor braine,
Sit like an A R I S T A R C H V S, or starke-asse,

180 Taking mens lines, with a tabacco face,
In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wryed lookes
(In nature of a vice) to wrest, and turne
The good aspect of those that shall sit neere him,
F1om what they doe behold ! O, 'tis most vile

MIT Nay, ASPER

ASP Peace, MITIS, I do know your thought
You'll say, your guests here will except at this
Pish, you are too timorous, and full of doubt
Then, he, a patient, shall reject all physicke,
'Cause the physician tells him, you are sick

Or, if I say, That he is vicious,
You will not heare of vertue* Come, y'are fond
Shall I be so extraugant to thinke,
That happy judgements, and composed spirits,
Will challenge me for taxing such as these?

I am asham'd COD Nay, but good pardon vs
We must not beare this peremptorie saile,
But vse our best endeouors how to please

ASP Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts,
And I will mixe with you in industrie

To please, but whom? attentive auditors,
Such as will ioyn their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their understanding parts
For these, Ile prodigiously spend my selfe,
And speake away my spirit into ayre,

For these, Ile melt my braine into inuenion,
Come new conceits, and hang my richest words
As polisht jewels in their bounteous eares
But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience,
If I dwell here, they'll not begin, I see

Ind 182 wrest,) wrest Qq 184 behold! O,) behold? O Qq 185
Nay,) Nay Qq 186 Peace,) Peace Qq 188 thought,) thought Qq
187 guests here] audience Qq this,) this, Qq 188 Pish,) Pish
Qq i, 2 doubt ] doubt Qq 189 he,) he Qq 190 physicke,
Physicke Qr Physicke Qq 2, 3 190 physician] physitian Qq i, 2
Physitian Q3 him,) him Qq 191 say,) say Qq 192 vertue Come)
vertue come, Qq (Come F2) 193 extraugant] extravagant Qr
thinke,) thinke Qq 194 judgements,) judgements Qr 195 judgements
Qq 2, 3 spirits,) spirits Qq 198 endeouors] endeouors Qr 199
Why,) Why Qq i, 2 201 please,) please, Qq 202 attentive] attentive
Qr 202 ioyn] jine Qr 206 these,) these F2 inuenion] in-
vention Qr 208 jewels] jewels Qq 2, 3
Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe
With some familiar, and by-conference,
Ile haste them sound Now gentlemen, I goe
To turne an actor, and a Humorist,

Where (ere I doe resume my present person)
We hope to make the circles of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter if we faile,
We must impute it to this onely chance,
"Arte hath an enemy cal’d Ignorance"

CORD How doe you like his spirit, MITIS?
MIT I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident
CORD Why, doe you suspect his merit?
MIT No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie
CORD O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if
he had no enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most
wretched at this instant
MIT You haue seene his play, CORDATVS? pray
you, how is’t?
CORD Faith sir, I must refraine to judge, only this
I can say of it, ’tis strange, and of a particular kind by it
selfe, somewhat like Vetus Comedia a worke that hath
bounteously pleased me, how it will answere the generall
expectation, I know not
MIT Does he obserue all the lawes of Comedie in it?
CORD What lawes meane you?
MIT Why, the equall diuision of it into Acts, and Scenes,
according to the Terentian manner, his true number of
Actors, the furnishing of the Scene with GREX, or
CHORVS, and that the whole Argument fall within
compass of a dayes businesse

Ind 212 familiar,] familiar Qq 213 sound Now gentlemen,]
sound now gentlemen (Gentlemen Q3) Qq 219 Exit add Qq Exit
Asper add F2, F3 224 enuie Qr 225 desert,] desert, F2 228 haueQr have Qr play,] play Qq pray you,] pray you, Qq
230 judge] judge Qr 231 particular] particular Qq 232 somewhat]
some what F2 235 observe] observe Qr 237 Why,] Why Qq
diuation] deuision Qq Acts,] Acts Qq 239 GREX,] GREX Qq 241
businesse] efficiencie Qq
Cord, O no, these are too nice observations.
Mit They are such as must be receiued, by your favouyr, or it cannot be authentique.
Cord, Troth, I can discerne no such necessity.
Mit No. 245
Cord, No, I assure you, Signior. If those lawes you speake of, had beene deliuered vs, ab initio, and in their present vertue and perfection, there had beene some reason of obeying their powers but 'tis extant, that that which we call Comedie, was at first nothing but a simple, and continued Song, sung by one only person, till Svasario inuented a second, after him Epicharmus a third, Phormus, and Chionides deuersed to haue foure Actors, with a Prologue and Chorus, to which Cra...255
Tinvs (long after) added a fift, and sixt, Evpolis
more, Aristophanes more then they every man in the dignitie of his spirit and judgament, supplyed some-
thing. And (though that in him this kinde of Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it chang'd since, in Menander, Philemon, Cecilius, Plautvs, and the rest, who haue utterly excluded the Chorus, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liberty, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times, wherein they wrote. I see not then, but we should enjoy the same licence, or free power, to illustrate and heghten our inuention as they did, and not bee tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a few (who are nothing but forme) would thrust vpon vs. 260

Ind 242 observations] observations Qt 243 received,] received
Qt received Qt 2, 3 245 Troth.] Troth Qt 247 you, Signior. If you signior, if Qt 248 initio.] Initio, Qt 251 simple,] simple
Qt, F2 252 Song[Satyre Qt 253 inuented] inuented Qt third,] Qt third, Qt 254 deuised] deuised Qt 254, 262 haue] have Qt 256
fitt, Ff fitt Qt Fifth F3 sixt] Sixth F3 257 more,] more, Qt then] than Qt 2, 3, F2 every] every Qt 258 judgement,] judgement Qt 258-9 some thing Fr, copying the hyphen of Qt, where the word is divided at the end of a line somthing Qt 259 And] and Qt 265 times,] times Qt 266 then,] then Qt 268 inuention] invention Qt did,] did
Qt bee] to be Qt 268
Every Man out of his Humour

MIT Well, we will not dispute of this now but what's his Scene?
COR Marry, Insula Fortunata, Sir
MIT O, the fortunate Island? masse, he has bound
himselfe to a strict law there
COR Why so?
MIT He cannot lightly alter the Scene, without crossing
the seas
COR He needs not, having a whole Island to run through,
I thinke
MIT No? how comes it then, that in some one Play
we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms, past ouer
with such admirable dexteritie?
COR O, that but shewes how well the Authors can
trauaile in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension
of their auditorie. But leauing this, I would they would
begin once this protraction is able to sowre the best-
settled patience in the Theatre
MIT They haue answered your wish Sir they sound
COR O, here comes the Prologue. Now sir! if you
had staid a little longer, I meant to haue spoken your
prologue for you, I faith

The third sounding.

PROLOGVE.

PROL Mary, with all my heart, Sir, you shall doe it
yet, and I thanke you
COR Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?
PROL You could not haue studied to ha' done me
Every Man out of his Humour

a greater benefit at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessity haue beene out

CORD  Why, but doe you speake this seriously?
PROL  Seriously! I (wit's my helpe doe I) and esteeeme my selfe indebted to your kindnesse for it
CORD  For what?
PROL  Why, for vndertaking the prologue for me
CORD  How? did I vndertake it for you?
PROL  Did you! I appeale to all these gentlemen, whether you did or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now, but 'twill not serue
CORD  'Fore me, but it must serue and therefore speake your prologue

PROL  And I doe, let me die poysnon'd with some venemous hisse, and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-penny roome againe

MIT  He has put you to it, sir
CORD  Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good faith I can speake no prologue, howsoever his weake wit has had the fortune to make this strong vse of me, here before you but I protest

CARLO BUUFFONE

CARL  Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations away, come, I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies Boy, fetch me a glasse, quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome, gue 'hem a health here I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yond' sack-buts mouth they

Ind 298 haue] have QI 300, 304 Why.] Why Qq 301 wit's] God's Qq helpe] help, F2 306 gentlemen, Ff gentlemen QI Gentlemen Qq 2, 3 307 Come,] Come, come, F2, F3 309 me,] God Qq 313 roome] roome, Qq 2, 3 againe] againe Exit QI in Q2'gaine Exit ' as the first line of sig Biw, 'a-' only in the catch-word on sig B11 verso Q3 omits this line 315 Sdeath, om F2, F3 317 me,] me QI mee Qq 2, 3 318 protest——] protest, Qq CARLO BUUFFONE] Enter Carlo Buuffone, with a Boy Qq (boy QI) (margin) Stage direction not in Qq 319 leaue] leave QI 322 'hem] hum Q3 mar le] Qq 2, 3 mar'le Qr, Ff 323 yond'] yon'd Qq, Ff
might well thinke hee'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play
325 vpon him too

CORD Hang him, dull blocke

CARL O good words, good words, a well-timberd fellow,
he would ha' made a good columne, and he had beene
thought on, when the house was a building O, art thou
330 come? well said, give mee boy, fill, so Here's a cup of
wine sparkles like a diamond Gentlewomen (I am sworne
to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of
a bad prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health
here, Canarie, the very Elix't, and spirit of waine This is
335 that our Poet calls Castalian liquor, when hee comes abroad
(now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good meale
among Players, where he has Caninium appetitum mary,
at home he keepes a good philosophicall diet, beanes and
butter milke an honest pure Rogue, hee will take you off
three, foure, fiae of these, one after another, and looke
vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed C E R-
B E R V S (he do' not heare me I hope) and then (when his
belly is well ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little) he sailes
away withall, as though he would worke wonders when
340 he comes home He has made a Play here, and he calls it,
Every Man out of his humour Sblood, and he get me out
of the humour hee has put mee in, Ile trust none of his
Tribe againe, while I lue Gentles, all I can say for him,
is, you are welcome I could wish my bottle here amongst
345 you but there's an old rule, No pledging your owne health
Mary, if any here be thirsty for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play, in at their eares

Exit

GREX.

MIT What may this fellow be, CORDATVS?
COR Faith, if the time will suffer his description, Ile 355 giue it you. He is one, the Author calls him CARLO BVO FONE, an impudent common iester, a violent rayler, and an incomprehensible Epicure, one, whose company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none, hee will sooner lose his soule then a iest, and prophane euon the most holy 360 things, to excite laughter no honorable or reuerend personage whatsoever, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of varietie, by his adult'rate simile's

MIT You paint forth a monster

COR He will preferre all Countries before his natuie, and thinkes he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliever his affectionate conceit of forraigne Atheistical policies but stay—Observe these, hee'le appeare himselfe anon

MIT O, this is your envious man (MACILENTE)
I thinke
COR The same, sir

Ind 351 Mary[,] mary Q1 marye Q2 marie Q3 thirsty] thirst
F2 play[,] play QQ After 353] GREX add FF 355 descrip
discription Q3 356 you He] you he QQ one[,] one,
Q3 357 iester[,] iester Qr 358 Epicure ], Epicure QQ 360 lose] loose QQ then] than QQ, F2 iest, Q2, FF iest, Qr iest, Q3
Act I. Scene I.

Macilente

Viri est, fortuna caecitatem facile ferre
Tis true, but, Stoique, where (in the vast world)
Doth that man breathe, that can so much command
His bloud, and his affection? well I see,
I strue in vaine to cure my wounded soule,
For every cordiall that my thoughts apply,
Turnes to a cor'siue, and doth eate it farder
There is no taste in this Philosophie,
Tis like a potion that a man should drink,

But turns his stomacke with the sight of it
I am no such pild Cinique, to beleue
That beggary is the onely happinesse,
Or (with a number of these patient ffooles)
To sing My minde to me a kingdome is,

When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode
I looke into the world, and there I meet
With object, that doe strike my bloud-shot eyes
Into my braine where, when I view my selfe,
Hauing before obseru'd, this man is great,

Mighty, and fear'd that, lou'd, and highly fauour'd
A third, thought wise and learned a fourth, rich,
And therefore honor'd a fifth, rarely featur'd
A sixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes
When I see these (I say) and view my selfe,

I wish the organs of my sight were crackt,
And that the engine of my grieue could cast
Mine eye-balls, like two globes of wild-fire, forth,
To melt this vnproportion'd frame of nature
Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixed my heart,
And often (i' the strength of apprehension)
Made my cold passion stand vpon my face,
Like drops of dew on a stiffe cake of yce

G R E X.

C O R  This alludes well to that of the Poet,
Inudus suspirat, gemi, incutit & dentes,
Sudat frigidus, invuens quod odi
M I T   O peace, you breake the Scene

M A C I  Soft, who be these?
I'le lay me downe a while till they be past

G R E X.

C O R  Signior, note this gallant, I pray you
M I T   What is he?
C O R  A tame Rooke, youle take him presently

List

ACT I. SCENE II.

S O G L I A R D O, C A R L O B V F F O N E,
MACILENTE

N Ay looke you C A R L O this is my Humour now!
I haue land and money, my friends left me well, and
I will be a Gentleman, whatsoever it cost me

C A R  A most gentleman-like resolution

Missing in some copies of Fr, in which these words should end page 90
Every Man out of his Humour

5 S o G Tut, and I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your taylors needle, I goe through but, for my name, Signior, how thinke you? will it not serue for a gentlemans name, when the Signior is put to it? Ha?

C a R Let me heare how is't?

10 S o G Signior Insulso Sogliardo me thinke it sounds well

C a R O excellent 'tut, and all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman I know many Sogliardos gentlemen

15 S o G Why, and for my wealth I might be a Justice of Peace

C a R I, and a Constable for your wit

S o G All this is my Lordship you see here, and those Farmes you came by

20 C a R Good steps to gentility too, mary but S o G L I-
A R D O, if you affect to be a gentleman indeede, you must obserue all the rare qualities, humours, and complements of a gentleman

S o G I know it, Signior, and if you please to instruct,

25 I am not too good to learne, Ile assure you

C a R Inough sir Ile make admirable use the proec-
tion of my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here Ile bethinke me, for you sir

S o G Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and 30 thanke you, and thinke on you

G R E X.

C o R D Is not this purely good?

M a c I L Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard hine as this,
Every Man out of his Humour

Be rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull
That may be seene through? wherefore should he haue
land,
Houses, and lordships? O, I could eate my entrails, 35
And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow

C A R First (to be an accomplisht gentleman, that is,
a gentleman of the time) you must glue o're house-keeping
in the countrey, and liue altogether in the city amongst
gallants, where, at your first apperance, 'twere good you
turn'd foure or fiue hundred acres of your best land into
two or three trunks of apparel (you may doe it without going
to a conurier) and be sure, you mixe your selfe stil, with such
as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least
popular, studie their carriage, and behauiour in all, 45
leare to play at Primero and Passage, and (euer when you lose)
ha' two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man
else sweares but aboue all, protest in your play, and
affirme, Vpon your credit, As you are a true gentleman (at
every cast) you may doe it with a safe conscience, I warrant 50
you

S O G O admirable rare! he cannot choose but be
a gentleman, that ha's these excellent gifts more, more, I
beseech you

C A R You must endeouer to feede cleanly at your 55
Ordinarie, sit melancholy, and picke your teeth when
you cannot speake and when you come to Playes, be
humorous, looke with a good startch't face, and ruffle your
brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your owne
ests, or else as the Noblemen laugh That's a speciall grace 60
you must obserue

1 11 35 entrails] intrails F2 37 gentleman, that] Gentleman
that Q3 40 apparance] appearance F2 42 apparel (you] apparell,
you Q2 r, 2 apparell, you Q3 43 conurer)] Conurer Qq 44 sure,]
sure Qq 45 carriage, Ff carriage Qr carriage Qq 2, 3 behauiour
behauior Qq 2, 2 all, corr Ff, F2 all Qq, Fr 46 loose] loose
Qq 47 pecular] pecular Qr 48 all,] all, Q2 49 true om
Qq 2, 3 50 cast] 50 cast) Qq 52 choose] chuse Qq, F2 55 en-
deuour] endeuour Qr 59 boot,] boot, Qq 2, F2 60 ists] ists
Qr laugh That's] laugh, that's Qq
Sog I warrant you, sir
Car I, and sit o'the stage, and fliout prouded, you haue a good suit
65 Sog O, I'le haue a suit only for that, sir
Car You must talke much of your kinred, and allies
Sog Lies¹ no Signior, I shall not neede to doe so, I haue kinred i'the city to talke of I haue a niece is a marchants wife, and a nephew, my brother Sordidos sonne, of the Innes of Court
Car O, but you must pretend alliance with Courtiers and great persons and euer when you are to dine or suppe in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chaine (though it be copper it's no matter) to bring you letters, feign'd from such a Noble man, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, To their worshipfull, right rare, and noble qualified friend or kinsman, Signior Insulso Soghiardo, gue your selfe stile enough And there (while you intend circumstances of newes, or enquery of their health, or so) one of your familiars (whom you must carry about you still) breaks it vp (as 'twere in a rest) and reades it publikly at the table at which, you must seeme to take as unpardonable offence, as if he had torne your Mistris colours, or breath'd vpon her picture, and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would aduance a challenge vpon it presently
Sog Stay, I doe not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted, but I'le tell you what's my humour now I will doe this I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or so, and there such a letter, as you talke of (broke open and

¹ The number in the superscript indicates a marginal note or annotation.
all) shall be left O, the Taylor will presently glue out what I am, vpon the reading of it, worth twentie of your Gallants

CAR But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your mans negligence

SOG O, so I will, and beat him too I'le haue a man for the purpose

MACIL You may, you haue land and crownes O partiall fate!

CARL Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gallant, at the first, fine pyed liueries, laid with good gold lace, there's 'no losse, in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, when they lacke victuals

SOG By'r Ladie, that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man in debt

CAR Debt? why, that's the more for your credit sir it's an excellent policy to owe much in these daies, if you note it

SOG As how good Signior? I would faine be a Polititian

CAR O! looke where you are indebted any great summe, your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, then if hee were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to giue you the least cause of offence, lest he loose his money I assure you (in these times) no man has his servuant more obsequious and pliant, then gentlemen their creditors to whom if (at any time) you pay but a moitie, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptedly, then if you gave 'hem a new-yeares gift

SOG I perceiue you, sir I will take vp, and bring my selve in credit sure

CAR Mary this, alwaies beware you commerce not with

1 11 92 am. am Qq it. it Qq r, 2 100 liueries.] Liueries Qq 103 By'r] Byr Qq r, 2 Bir Qq Ladie.] Ladie Qq r, 3 Lady Qq 110 O[1] O, Qq 111 observes] observes Q1 112, 115, 117 then] than Qq r, 2, F2 bound] bound Q3 113 lest] least Qg 114 loose] lose F2 money] money Qq r, 2 115 servuant] servant Qr 116 creditors] creditours F2 if [at] if at Qq, Ff 117 moitie,] moity Qq r, 2 moetie Qq 3 acceptedly] acceptably F3 119 you, sir] you sir, Qq vp] up Qr 121 this.] thus, Qq r, 2
Every Man out of his Humour

bankrupts, or poore needie Ludgathians they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stirre, nor how they play fast and loose with a poore gentlemen's fortunes, to get their owne Mary, these rich fellowes (that ha' the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses) they are ten times more placable, they, either feare, hope, or modestie, restrains them from offering any outrages but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a penny more in arrerage for them, and you list your selfe

Sog No? how should I keepe 'hem' then?

Car Keepe 'hem' Sbloud let them keepe themselves, they are no sheepe; are they? What? you shall come in houses, where plate, apparrell, jewells, and diuers other pretie commodities lye negligently scattered, and I would ha' those Mercuries follow me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers for nothing

Sog That's not so good, me thinkes

Car Why, after you haue kept 'hem a fortnight, or so, and shew'd 'hem ynoough to the world, you may turne 'hem away, and keepe no more but a boy, it's ynoough

Sog Nay, my humour is not for boyes, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any', and Ile give coats, that's my humour but I lacke a callisen

Car Why, now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile bring you where you shall ha' your choice for money

Sog Can you, sir?

Car O, I you shall haue one take measure of you, and make you a Coat of armes, to fit you of what fashion you will
Sog  By word of mouth, I thanke you, Signior, Ile be once a little prodigall in a humour, 1'faith, and haue a most prodigious coat

Mac I  Torment and death 1 breake head and braine 155 at once,

To be deliver'd of your fighting issue
Who can endure to see blinde Fortune dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this dustie turfe?
This clo'd? a whorsone puck-fist? O god, god, god, god, &c
I could runne wild with grieue now, to behold
The ranknesse of her bountyes, that doth breed
Such bull-rushes, these mushrompe gentlemen,
That shoot vp in a night to place, and worship

Car  Let him alone, some stray, some stray
Sog  Nay, I will examine him before I goe, sure

Car  The Lord of the soile ha's al wefts, and straies
here? ha's he not?

Sog  Yes, sir

Car  Faith, then I pitty the poore fellow, he's falne into
a fooles hands

Sog  Sirrah, who gaue you commission to lye in my
lordship?

Mac I  Your lordship?

Sog  How? my lordship? doe you know me, sir?

Mac I  I doe know you, sir

Car  S'heart, he answeres him like an eccho

Sog  Why, who am I, Sir?

Mac I  One of those that fortune fauours

Car  The Periphrasis of a foole, Ile observe this better

Sog  That fortune fauours? how meane you that, 180
friend?

11 152 mouth,] mouth Qq you ] you Qq 153 humour,
1'faith] Humor in faith Qq 155 death ] death, Qq once,] once
Qq 1, 2 159 god, god,] God, God, Qq 160 now,) now
Qq 163 place,] place Qq 165 Nay,] Nay Qq goe,) goe Qq
166 wefts,) wefts Qq 168 Yes,) Yes Qq, F2 169 Faith,) Faith
Qq, F2 174 me,] me Qq 175 you,) you Qq 176 S'heart, om
F2, F3 177 I,) I Qq 178, 180 fauors] fauors Qq 180 that,)
that Qq

445 3  Gg
Every Man out of his Humour

Mac I. I meane simply, That you are one that liues not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits.

I. I haue better meanes, I tell thee, then to take such base courses, as to liue by my wits. Sbloud, doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?

Mac I. Me thinkes, Iester, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha? does he know me?

Mac I. Though yours bee the worst vse a man can put his wit to, of thousands, to prostitute it at every tauerne and ordinarie, yet (mee thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broad side at this, and haue beene readie with an Apologie, able to sinke this hulke of ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his contempt.

Car. Sbloud 'tis M a c i l e n t e! Signior, you are well encountred, how is't? O, we must not regard what hee saies man, a trout, a shallow foole, he ha's no more braine.

Then a butter-flie, a meere stuf suit, he looks like a mustie bottle, new wickerd, his head's the corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd, Signior.

Mac I. You are? Gramerie, good I a n v s.

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

Car. Gods precious, come away man, what doe you meane? and you knew him as I doe, you'd shun him, as you'd doe the plague?

Sog. Why, sir?

Car. O, hee's a black fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholler, or a Souldier?

Car. Both, both, a leane mungrell, he lookes as if he

111 182 simply ] simply. Qq 185 I I, I Qq meanses,

meanses Qq then] than Qq, F2 (So in 200, 217) 186 Sbloud, Fr

Sbloud Qq 1, 2 Sbloud Q3 What F2, F3 188 thinkes,] thinkes Qq 192 to,] too Qg 195 hulke] bulk F3 197 Sbloud Qr, Fr

Sboud Q2 Sblood Q3 Oh F2, F3 M ac i l e n t e ] M ac i l e n t e Qq 198 O,) O Qq 202 return'd,] return'd Qg 203 Gramerie,] Gramerie Qq 207 and] an' F2 209 Why,] Why Qg 211 Scholler,] Scholler Qq
were chap-falne, with barking at other mens good fortunes
'ware how you offend him, he carries oile and fire in his pen,
will scald where it drops his spirit's like powder, quick, 215
violent hee'le blow a man vp with a jest I feare him
worse then a rotten wall do's the cannon, shake an hour
after, at the report Away, come not neere him

S o g For Gods sake let's be gone, and he be a Scholler,
you know I cannot abide him, I had as leeue see a Cocka
trice, specially as cockatrices goe now
C a r What, you'le stay, signior this gentleman
S o g l i a r d o and I, are to visit the knight P v n t a r
v o l o, and from thence to the citie, wee shall meet there.
M a c i I, when I cannot shun you, we will meet 225
'Tis strange of all the creatures I haue seene,
I enuie not this B v f f o n, for indeede
Neither his fortunes, nor his parts deserue it
But I doe hate him, as I hate the deuill,
Or that brasse-visag'd monster Barbarisme
O, 'tis an open-throated, black mouth'd curre,
That bites at all, but eates on those that feed him
A slaeue, that to your face will (serpent-like)
Creepe on the ground, as he would eate the dust,
And to your backe will turne the taile, and sting 235
More deadly then a scorpion Stay, who's this
Now for my soule, another minion
Of the old lady Chance's I'le observe him
Act I. Scene III.

Sordido, Macilente, Hine

O Rare! good, good, good, good, good, good! I thanke my Starres, I thanke my Starres for it

Maci Said I not true? doth not his passion speake Out of my diuination? O my senses,

5 Why loose you not your powers, and become Dull'd, if not deadded with this spectacle?
I know him, 'tis Sordido, the farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that swine was here

Sord Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I would wish,

10 as I would wish

Maci See how the strumpet Fortune tickles him,
And makes him sowne with laughter, δ, δ, δ

Sord Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeere. Let mee see, what haruest shall we haue? Iune,

15 Iuly, August?

Maci What is't, a Prognostication rap's him so?

Sord The xx, xxi, xxii, daies, raine and winde, O good, good! the xxiiij, and xxiiij, raine and some winde, good! the xxv, raine, good still! xxvi, xxvij, xxviiij, winde and

20 some raine, would it had beene raine and some winde well 'tis good (when it can be no better) xxix, inclining to raine inclining to raine? that's not so good now xxx, and xxi, winde and no raine no raine? S'lid stay, this is worse and worse what saies he of S Swinths? turne

25 back, looke, S Swinths no raine?

Maci O, here's a precious durtty damned rogue,
Every Man out of his Humour

That farts himselfe with expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers,
And he is rich for it, an elder brother
His barnes are full! his reekes, and mowes well trod!
His garner's cracke with store! O, tis well, ha, ha, ha.
A plague consume thee, and thy house

Sord O here, S Swinens, the xv day, variable
weather, for the most part raine, good, for the most part raine
Why, it should raine fortie daies after, now, more or lesse, it was a rule held, afore I was able to hold a plough,
and yet here are two daies, no raine, ha? it makes me muse
Weele see how the next moneth begins, if that bee better
September, first, second, third, and fourth daies, rainy, and blustering, this is well now fift, sixt, seventh, eight, and ninth, rainy, with some thunder, I mary, this is excellent, the other was false printed sure the tenth, and eleuenth, great store of raine, O good, good, good, good the twelth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, raine, good still fifteenth, and sixteenth, raine, good still seventeenth, and eighteenth, raine, good still, nine
teenth, and twentieth, good still, good still, good still, good still, one and twentieth, some raine, some raine? well, we must be patient, and attend the heauens pleasure, would it were more though the one and twentieth, two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great tempest of raine, thunder, and lightning

O good againe, past expectation good!
I thanke my blessed angell, neuer, neuer,
Laid I penny better out, then this,
To purchase this deare booke not deare for price,
And yet of me as dearely priz’d as life,
Since in it, is contain’d the very life,
Bloud, strength, and sinnewes of my happinesse

Blest be the houre, wherein I bought this booke,
His studies happy, that compos’d the booke,
And the man fortunate, that sold the booke
Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to me,
As I am pow’d, and confident in thee

H . A

Ha, ha, ha! God pardon me! ha, ha!
Is’t possible that such a spacious villaine
Should live, and not be plagu’d? or lies he hid
Within the wrinkled bosome of the world,

Where heauen cannot see him? Sbloud (me thinkes)
’Tis rare, and strange, that he should breathe, and walke,
Feede with digestion, sleepe, enjoy his health,
And (like a borst’rous whale, swallowing the poore)
Still swimme in wealth, and pleasure! is’t not strange?

Vnlesse his house, and skin were thunder-prooue,
I wonder at it! Me thinkes, now, the hecticke,
Gout, leprosie, or some such loth’d disease
Might light vpon him, or that fire (from heauen)
Might fall vpon his barne, or mice, and rats

Eate vp his grame, or else that it might rot
Within the hoary reekes, e'ne as it stands
Me thinkes this might be well, and after all
The deuill might come and fetch him I, 'tis true!
Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,
And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selve,
Peace, foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
"Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit
S O R D Who brought this same, sirha?"
H I N E Mary, sir, one of the Justices men, he saies 'tis
a precept, and all their hands be at it
S O R D I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh,
Deeper then i' their letters. They haue sent me
Pils wrapt in paper here, that should I take 'hem,
Would poison all the sweetnesse of my booke,
And turne my honey into hemlocke juyce
But I am wiser then to serue their precepts,
Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a deuice,
To charge me bring my graine vnto the markets
I, much, when I haue neither barne nor garner,
Nor earth to hide it in, I'lle bring it, till then,
Ech corne I send shall be as big as Paules
O, but (say some) the poore are like to starue
Why let 'hem starue, what's that to me? are bees
Bound to keepe life in drones, and idle moths? no
Why such are these (that terme themselves the poore,
Only because they would be pitted,
But are indeed a sort of lazie beggers)
Licencious rogues, and sturdie vagabonds,
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plentious yeere)
Like snakes, in heat of summer, out of dung,
And this is all that these cheape times are good for
Whereas a holsome, and penurious dearth
Purges the soile of such vile excrements,
And kils the vipers vp  HINE O, but master,
Take heed they heare you not  SORD Why so ?
HINE They will exclaime against you  SORD I,
their exclaimes
Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a mountaine !
Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud my selfe,
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leape,
Knocking my head against my roofe, with ioy
To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes
Sirrah, goe, hie you home, and bid your fellowes,
Get all their flailes readie, again' I come  HINE I will,
Sir
SORD I'le instantly set all my hines to thrashing
Of a whole reece of corne, which I will hide
Vnder the ground, and with the straw thereof
I'le stuffe the out-sides of my other mowes
That done, I'le haue 'hem emptie all my garners,
And i' the friendly earth bury my store,
That, when the searchers come, they may suppose
All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied
And, to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,
(Which else would still be baying at my dore)
Each market day, I will be seene to buy
Part of the purest wheat, as for my houshold
Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,
Every Man out of his Humour

Twill yeeld me treble gaine, at this deare time,  
Promisd in this deare booke I haue cast all  
Till then I will not sell an eare, I'le hang first  
O, I shall make my prizes as I list,  
My house and I can feed on pease, and barley,  
What though a world of wretches starue the while?  
"He that will thrue, must thinke no courses vile"

G R E X.

Cor Now, Signior, how approue you this? haue the Humorists exprest themselves truly or no?  
Mit Yes (if it be well prosecuted) 'tis hitherto happy ynough but me thinks, MACILENTE went hence too soone, hee might haue beene made to stay, and speake somewhat in reproofe of SORDID O's wretchednesse, now at the last  
Cor O, no, that had beene extremely improper, besides, he had continued the Scene too long with him, as't was, being in no more action  
Mit You may enforce the length, as a necessary reason, but for propriety, the Scene would very well haue borne it, in my judgement  
Cor O, worst of both why, you mistake his Humour utterly then  
Mit How? do I mistake it? is't not enuie?  
Cor Yes, but you must vnderstand, Signior, he enuies him not as he is a villaine, a wolfe i' the common-wealth, but as he is rich, and fortunate, for the true condition of enuie is, Dolor aleneae felicitatis, to haue our eyes con-

1 111 139 game.], game Qq 140 all.], all. Qq 142 O.], O Qq 143 pease.], Pease Qr Peas Qq a, 3 barley.], barley, F2 144 starue. Qq 145 Exit. add Qq 146 Now.], Now Qq 149 thinks.], thinks Qq 150 stay.], stay Qq i, 2 153 O.], O Qq beene. Qq bin Qq improper.], improper, F2, F3 154 besides.], besides Qq him.], him Qq 156 length.], length Qq 157 propriety.], propriety Qq would.], wold Qq 158 judgement.], judgement Qr 159 O.], O Qq why.], why Qq Humour.], Humor Qr humor Qq a, 3 161 is't] is it Q3 enuie.], Envie Qq 162 vnderstand.], vnderstand Qq 163 1'.], in Q3 164 rich.], rich Qq 165 enuie.], envie, Qr enuy, Qq 2, 3 18,], is Qq felicitatis.], felicitatis Qq
tinually fixt vpon another mans prosperitie, that is, his chiefe happiness, and to grieue at that. Whereas, if we make his monstrous, and abhord actions our object, the grieue (we take then) comes neerer the nature of hate, than enue, as being bred out of a kinde of contempt and loathing, in our selues.

MI T So youe infer it had beene hate, not enue in him, to reprehend the humour of SORDIDO?  

CORD Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe: but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loues in himselfe, therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himselfe made in a speech there (if you markt it) where he saies, I enuie not this BVFON, but I hate him.

MI T Stay, sir I enuie not this BVFON, but I hate him why might he not as well haue hated SORDIDO, as him?

COR No, sir, there was subject for his enue in SORDIDO, his wealth. So was there not in the other. He stood possed of no one eminent gift, but a most odious, and fiend-like disposition, that would tuine charitie it selfe into hate, much more enue, for the present.

MI T You haue satisfied mee, sir, O, here comes the Foole and the Iester, againe, methinkes.

COR 'twere pitty they should be parted, sir.

MI T What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to.

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166 is.] is Qq 167 Whereas,] Whereas Qq, F2 168 monstrous,] monstrous Qq actions] actions, Qq object] object Qr 169 hate,] Hate Qq hate F2 then] than Qq, F2 170 loathing,] loathing Qq 172 enue] Envie Qr 173 humour] humor Qq 175 himselfe] himselfe, Qq r 2 176 another,] another Qq himselfe, Qq 179 markt] marke Qq 2, 3 181 Stay,] Stay Qq I enue] enue L p F2 (the I not catching the ink) 182 SORDIDO, Sordido Qq 184 No,] No Qq subject] subject Qr enue] envie Qr 185 other] He other, he Qq (hee Qq 2, 3) 186 odious Qq 187 fiend-like] friend-like Q3 188 enue,] Envie Qr Enue Qq 2, 3 After 188 Qq add Enter Carlo Buffone, Sogirardo, Fastidius Briske, Cimeno [ACTVS SCVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA (AClUS Secundus, Qr) 189 mee, sir, O,] me sir, O Qq 190 Iester, againe,] Iester againe Qq 191 parted,] parted Qq 2, 2 patted Q3
Every Man out of his Humour

Cor No, sir, this is one Monsieur Fastidious Briske, otherwise cal'd the fresh Frenchified courtier 195
Mit A humorist too?
Cor As humorous as quick-siuer, doe but observe him, the Scene is the country still, remember

Act II. Scene I.

Fast Briske, Cinedo, Carlo Buffone, Sogliardo

Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, and give us word
Cine I will, sir
Fast How lik'st thou my boy, Carlo?
Carlo, well, well He looks like a colonell of the 5
Pigmies horse, or one of these motions, in a great antique clock he would shew well vpon a habberdashers stall, at a corner shop, rarely
Fast S'heart, what a damn'd witty rogue's this? how he confounds with his simile's?
Carlo Better with simile's, then smiles and whither were you riding now, Signior?
Fast Who, I? what a silly 1est's that? whither should I ride, but to the court?
Carlo O, pardon me, sir, twentie places more your hot-house, or your whore-house——
Fast By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in Elizium, here

1 191 No.] No Qq 195 Frencheified] Frenchfield Q3 II 1 ]
Act II, Scene I — The Country before Puntarvolo's House G
Cinedo] Fast Cinedo Qq 3 will,] will Qq Exit add Qq 1, 2
5 O.] O Qq well He] wel, he Qq 1, 3 wel he Qq 2 a colonell of the] the colonel of a Qq 2, 3 6 motions,] motions Qq antique]
antick Q3 8 shop,] shop Qq 9 S'heart, om F2, F3 10 simile's] similes Q3 11 simile's,] simile's Qq 1, 2 similes Q3 then] than Qq, F2 whither] whether Q3, F3 12 now,] now Qq
13 Who,] Who Qq 1est's] jest's Qr whither] whether F3 14 ride,] ride Qq 15 O.] O Qq me,] me Qq 16 your whore-
house——] your—— Qq 17 soule,] soule Qq 1, 2 18 Elizium,] Elizium Qq 1, 2 Elizium Q3
Every Man out of his Humour

Carl Hee's gone now, I thought he would flie out presently. These be our nimble spirited Catso's, that ha' their easions at pleasure, will run over a bog like your wild Irish no sooner started, but they'll leape from one thing to another, like a squirrel, heigh dance! and doe tricks i' their discourse, from fire to water, from water to aire, from aire to earth, as if their tongues did but e'en lickle the foure elements ouer, and away

Fast Sirrha, Carl, thou neuer saw'st my grey-hobbie yet, didst thou?

Carl No ha' you such a one?

Fast The best in Europe (my good villaine) thoul't say, when thou seest him

Carl But when shall I see him?

Fast There was a noble man i' the court offered me pound for him, by this light a fine little fiery slave, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent! with the very sound of the spurre

Carl How? the sound of the spurre?

Fast O, it's your only humour now extant, sir a good gingle, a good gingle

Carl Sbloud, you shall see him turne morris-dancer, he ha's got him bels, a good sute, and a hoboy-horse

Sogl Signior, now you talke of a hoboy-horse, I know where one is, will not be grieved for a brace of angels

Fast How is that, Sir?

Sogl Mary, sir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobbyhorse, it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it———

Carl That should not say it) on, on

Sogl He did dance in it, with as good humour, and as

11 1 20-sprightly Catso's.] -sprightly Catso's QuQ there Qr
22 Irish } Irish, Qg r, 2 23 another,} another Qg heigh dance ] heigh, Daunce, Qg 24' } in Q3 25 e'en } eu'n Q2 euen Qr
 27 Sirrha,] Sirra Qr q1, 3 Sirrah Q2 28 yet,] yet F2
29 No } No Q2 No, Q3 34 him,] him Qg slave] slave Qr 35 runs] turnes Q3 excellent ] excellent, Qg 38 humour] humor Qg extant,] extant Qg 40 Sbloud, F1 Sbloud Qg r, 2 Sblood Q3 om F2, Fg 44 that,] that Qg 45 Mary, sir,] Mary sir Qg r, 2 Mary sir, Q3 46 it———} it Qg 48 it,] it Qg humour, Q3, Ff humour Qg r, 2 So Qg spell here and in 5r
good regard, as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, being no
gentleman I haue danc’t in it my selfe too

C A R L Not since the humour of gentilitie was vpon
you? did you?

S O G L Yes, once, mary, that was but to shew what
a gentleman might doe, in a humour

C A R L O, very good

G R E X.

M I T Why, this fellowes discourse were nothing, but for
the word Humour

C O R O, beare with him, and he should lacke matter,
and words too, ’twere pittifull

S O G Nay, looke you, sir, there’s ne’re a gentleman
’th the countrey has the like humours, for the hobby-horse,
as I haue, I haue the method for the threding of the
needle and all, the

C A R How, the method?

S O G I, the leigertie for that, and the wigh-hie, and the
daggers in the nose, and the truelaes of the egge from finger
to finger, all the humours incident to the quality The
horse hangs at home in my parlor I’le keepe it for a
monument, as long as I liue, sure

C A R Doe so, and when you die, ’twill be an excellent
trophie, to hang ouer your tombe

S O G Masse, and I’le haue a tombe (now I thinke on’t)
’tis but so much charges

C A R Best build it in your life time then, your heires
may hap to forget it else

50 55 60 65 70 75
Sog Nay, I meane so, Ile not trusst to them
Car No, for heires, and executors, are growne damnably
carelesse, specially, since the ghosts of testators left walk-
ing how like you him, Signior?
Fast 'Fore heauens, his humour arrides me exceed-
ingly
Car Arrides you?
Fast I, please me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the
court, and at my lodging, with your refin'd chose spirit,
that it makes me cleane of another garbe, another sheafe,
I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar
phrase, 'tis against my genus
Sog Signior Carlo

GREX.

Cor This is right to that of Horace, Dum vitant
90 stulti vita, in contraria currunt so this gallant, labouring
to avoid popularitie, falls into a habit of affectation, ten
thousand times hatefuller then the former

Car Who, hee? a gull, a foole, no salt in him i' the
earth, man hee looks like a fresh salmon kept in a tub,
hee'le be spent shortly His braine's lighter then his
feather already, and his tongue more subiect to lie, then
that's to wag he sleepes with a muske-cate euery night,
and walkes all day hang'd in pomander chaines for pence
he ha's his skin tan'd in cuet, to make his complection
100 strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting in the sense

II 176 Nay,] Nay Qg 77 heires,] heires Qr heires Q2, F2
Heires Q3 executors,] executors Qg i, 2 Executors, Q3 damn-
ably] damnable Q2 damnable Q3 78 specially,] specially Qg i,
3 specially Q2 79 him,] him Qg 80 heauens,] heauens Qg
humour] Humor Qr humor Qg 2, 3 84 court,] court Qr Court
Qg 2, 3 lodging,] lodging Qg 85 sheafe] straine Qg 86 how]' how,
Qg i, 2 how Q3 88 CARLO] Caria Qg 2, 3 90 vita,] vita
Qg currunt] currunt Q3 gallant,] gallant Qg 91 affectation,]
Affectation Qg i, 2 92 hatefuller] more hatefull Qg then] than
Qg, F2 (so 95-6) 93 Who,] Who Qg gull, a foole,] gull ? a foole?
Qg 94 earth,] earth Qg tub,] tub, Qg i tubbe Q2, 3 95
shortly His] shortly, his Qg 96 subiect] subject Qr 99 in om Q3
of his sweet lady A good emptie puffe, he loues you well, Signor

S O G L There shall be no loue lost, sir, I'le assure you

F A S T Nay, C A R L O, I am not happy i' thy loue, I see pr'y thee suffer me to enjoy thy company a little (sweet mischiefe) by this aire, I shall envy this gentlemans place in thy affections, if you be thus private, yfaith How now? is the knight arriu'd?

C I N E D O

C I N E No, sir, but 'tis guest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners

F A S T His hounds! by M I N E R V A an excellent figure, a good boy

C A R L You should glie him a french crowne for it the boy would finde two better figures i' that, and a good figure of your bounty beside

F A S T Tut, the boy wants no crownes

C A R L No crowne speake i' the singular number, and wee'le beleuee you

F A S T Nay, thou art so caprichiously conceited now Sirra (damnation) I haue heard this knight P V N T A R- v o l o, reported to bee a gentleman of exceding good humour, thou know'st him pr'ythee, how is his dis position? I ne're was so fauour'd of my starres, as to see him yet Boy, doe you looke to the hobby?

C I N E I, sir, the groome has set him vp

F A S T 'Tis well I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his—Nay, good wickednesse, his humour, his humour
C A R L Why, he loues dogs, and hawkes, and his wife, he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great horse, hee will taint a staffe well at tilt when he is mounted, he lookes like the signe of the George, that’s all I know, saue, that in stead of a dragon, he will brandish against a tree, and breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

F A S T O, but this is nothing to that’s deliuerd of him. They say he has dialogues, and discourses betweene his horse, himselfe, and his dogge and that he will court his owne lady, as shee were a stranger neuer encounter’d before.

C A R L I, that he will, and make fresh loue to her euery morning this gentleman has beene a spectator of it, Signor Insulso.

S O G L I am resolute to keepe a page say you sir?

C A R L You haue seene Signor Puntaruolo accost his lady?

S O G L O, I sir.

F A S T And how is the manner of it, pr’ythee, good Signor?

S O G L Faith sir, in very good sort, he has his humours for it, sir as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting gentlewoman, shee lookes out, and then shee speaks, and then shee speaks—very pretty vfaith, gentlemen.

F A S T Why, but doe you remember no particulars, Signor?

S O G L O, yes sir first, the gentlewoman, shee lookes out at the window.
After the trumpet has summon'd a parle? not before?

No, sir, not before and then saies he—ha, ha, ha, ha, &c

What saies he? be not rapt so

Saies he—ha, ha, ha, ha, &c

Nay, speake, speake

Ha, ha, ha, saies he God saue you, saies he ha, ha, &c

Was this the ridiculous motive to all this passion?

Nay, that, that comes after, is—ha, ha, ha, ha, &c

Doubtlesse, he apprehends more then he vnters, this fellow or else

List, list, they are come from hunting stand by, A cry of hounds within close vnder this tarras, and you shall see it done, better then I can shew it

So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the observation else

Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head

O, with-draw, with-draw, it cannot bee but a most pleasing object

Act II. Scene II.

Puntarvolo, Huntsman, Gentlewoman

Forrester, guie winde to thy horne. Inough, by this, the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed. Depart, leaue the dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deserv'd, the horne, and thanks.

Nay, Nay Qg 166 ha, saies Qg, corr Fl, F2 ha,Saies Fi you, saies he ] you, Qg 169 after,] after Qg 169 Qg, Fl 159 Qg, Qg 170 Doubtlesse,] Doubtlesse Qg then] then Qg, F2 (so 174) 173 done,] done Qg 179 O, with-draw, with draw] O withdraw, withdraw Qg 180 object] object Qg II 11 Act GENTLEWOMAN ] Enter Puntarvolo, a Huntsman with a greyhound (Puntarvolo Q1, Grashound Qq 2, 3) Qg, without change of scene To the rest add Fl 1 Forrester Pun Forrester Qg Inough, Fl Inough, Qg 1, 2 Inough Q3 Enough, F2 this,] this Qg 2 enclosed] inclosed F2 3 deserv'd,] deserv'd, Qg 1, 2
5 CARL I, mary, there's some taste in this
FAST Is't not good?
S O G L Ah, peace, now aboue, now aboue!
PVNT Stay mine eye hath (on the instant) through
the bountie of the window, receu'ed the forme of a Nymph
I will step forward three pases of the which, I will barely
retire one, and (after some little flexure of the knee) with
an erected grace salute her (one, two, and three) Sweet
lady, God saue you
G E N T No, forsooth I am but the waiting gentil-
woman
CARL He knew that before
PVNT Pardon me Humanum est errare
CARL He, learn'd that of his chaplaine
PVNT To the perfection of complement (which is the
20 Diall of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your
beauties) are requir'd these three specials the gnomon, the
puntilio's, and the superficies the superficies, is that we
call, place, the puntilio's, circumstance, and the gnomon,
ceremony in either of which, for a stranger to erre, 'tis
easie and facile, and such am I
CARL True, not knowing her horizon, he must needes
erre which I feare, he knowes too well
PVNT What call you the lord of the castle? sweet face
G E N T The lord of the castle is a knight, sir, Signior

30 PVNTARVOLO
PVNT PVNTARVOLO? O
CARL Now must he ruminate
FAST Does the wench know him all this while, then?
CARL O, doe you know me, man? why, therein lies
the sirrup of the rest, it's a project, a designement of his owne, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking, or hunting, as a jugge after a play.

S O G L  I, e'en like your jugge, sir
P V N T  'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice of what yeeres is the knight, faire damsell
G E N T  Faith, much about your yeeres, sir
P V N T  What complexion, or what stature beares he?
G E N T  Of your stature, and very neere upon your complexion.

P V N T  Mine is melancholy
C A R L  So is the dogges, jest
P V N T  And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue

What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

G E N T  O, the most courteous knight in Christian land, sir

P V N T  Is he magnanimous?
G E N T  As the skin betweene your browes, sir
P V N T  Is he bountifull?
C A R L  'Slud, he takes an inventory of his owne good parts.

G E N T  Bountifull? I, sir, I would you should know it, the poore are seru'd at his gate, early, and late, sir

P V N T  Is he learned?
G E N T  O, sir, he can speake the French, and Italian

P V N T  Then he is trouail'd?
G E N T  I, forsooth, he hath beene beyond-sea, once, or twice.
Every Man out of his Humour

Carl As far as Paris, to fetch over a fashion, and come back againe

Pvnt Is he religious?

Gent Religious? I know not what you call religious, but hee goes to church, I am sure

Fast S'lid, me thinkes, these answeres should offend him

Carl Tut, no, he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacity, that speaks 'hem

Pvnt Would I might see his face

Carl Shee should let down a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in't

Pvnt Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified? doth the castle containe him?

Gent No, sir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

Pvnt His lady? what, is shee faire? splendidious?

and amiable?

Gent O, Lord, sir!

Pvnt Pr'y thee, deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building

Carl That he may erect a new dyall of complement, with his gnomons, and his puntiho's

Fast Nay, thou art such another Cinque now, a man had need walke vprightly before thee

Carl Heart, can any man walke more vprightly then hee does? Looke, looke, as if he went in a frame, or had a sute of wanescot on and the dogge watching him, lest he should leape out on't

Fast O, villain!

Carl Well, and e'er I meet him in the city, I'le ha'
him joyned, l’le pawne him in east-cheape, among the butchers else

F A S T  Peace, who be these, C A R L O ?

Act II. Scene III.

S O R D I D O , F V N G O S O , L A D Y

Y ooder’s your god-father, doe your duty to him, sonne
S O G  This, sir ? a poore elder brother of mine, sir, a yeoman, may dispand some seuen or eight hundred a yeere that’s his son, my nephew, there
P V N T  You are not ill-come, neighbour S O R D I D O , yet though I haue not yet said, well-come what, my god-sonne is growne a great proficient by this ?
S O R D  I hope he will grow great one day, sir
F A S T  What does he studie ? the law ?
S O G L  I sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be to but a yeoman
C A R L  What call you your nephew, signior ?
S O G L  Mary, his name is F V N G O S O
C A R L  F V N G O S O ? O, he lookt somwhat like a spunge in that pinckt yellow doublet, me thought well, is make much of him, I see he was never borne to ride vpon a moile
G E N T  My lady will come presently, sir
S O G L  O, now, now
P V N T  Stand by, retire your selues a space nay, pray you, forget not the use of your hat, the aire is piercing

Returnd above

Sordido & Fungoso with-draw to the other part of the stage, while the lady is come to the window

Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso Qq without change of scene To the rest add Ff 1 Yonders] Sord Yonders Qr Sord Yonders Qq 2, 3 him,) him Qq 2 This,) This Qq mine,) mine Qq 4 nephew,) nephew Qq 5 ill-come,) ill-come Qr il-come Qq 2, 3 6 said,) said Qq well-come] welcom Qr welcom Qq 2, 3 13 Mary,) Mary Qq 15 yellow not in Qq doublet,) doublet Qq 2 presently,) presently Qq st dir Returnd above ] Enter Gent above add Qq 19 O.] O Qq 20 st dir ] Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage, meane time the Ladre is come to the window (line, Lady Q3)

Qq in text after 21
Every Man out of his Humour

Fast What? will not their presence preuaile against the current of his humour?
Carl O, no it's a meere floud, a torrent, carries all afore it

Pvnt What more then heavenly pulchritude is this?
What magazine, or treasure of bliss?
Daze, you organs to my optique sense,
To view a creature of such eminence

O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond sphere,
A brighter starre then Vemys doth appeare!

Fast How? in verse!
Carl An extasie, an extasie, man
Lady Is your desire to speake with me, sir knight?

Carl He will tell you that anon, neither his braine,
nor his body, are yet moulded for an answere

Pvnt Most debonaire, and luculent lady, I decline mee
low, as the basis of your altitude

GREX.

Cornd He makes congies to his wife in geometrical proportions

Mit Is't possible there should be any such Humouist?
Cornd Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is

Pvnt I haue scarce collected my spirits, but lately
scatter'd in the admiration of your faine, to which (if the
bounties of your minde be any way responsible) I doubt not,
but my desires shall finde a smooth, and secure passage
I am a poore knight eriant (lady) that hunting in the
adjacent forrest, was by aduenture in the pursuit of a hart,
brought to this place, which hart (deare Madame) escaped
by enchantment the evening approching (my selfe, and
servant wearied) my suit is, to enter your faire castle, and
refresh me
Every Man out of his Humour

LADY Sir knight, albeit it be not vsuall with me (chiefly in the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those innated vertues, and faire parts, which so strue to expresse themselues, in you, I am resolu’d to enterteine you to the best of my vnworthy power which I acknowledge to bee nothing, valew’d with what so worthy a person may deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

P V N T Most admir’d lady, you astonish me!
C A R L What? with speaking a speech of your owne penning?

F A S T Nay, looke, pr’y thee peace
C A R L Fox on’t I am impatient of such fopperie
F A S T O, let’s heare the rest
C A R L What? a tedious chapter of courtship, after sir L A N C E L O T, and queene G V E V E N E R away. I mar’le in what dull cold nooke he found this lady out? that (being a woman) shee was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his humour thus: ’Slud I thinke he feeds her with porridge, I shee could ne’re haue such a thick braine else.

S O G L Why, is porridge so hurtfull, signor?
C A R L O, nothing vnder heauen more prejudiciall to those ascending sublime powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call, acumen ingenii, then your grosse fare why, I’le make you an instance you r city wiu’es, but obserue ’hem you ha’ not more perfect true fooles’ the world bred, then they are generally, and yet you see (by the finenesse and delicacy of their diet, diving into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larkes, sparrows,.

II in [55 innated] inward Q3 55 parts, parts Qg 1, 3 partes Q2 themselves,] themselues Qg 57 entertaine] entreteime Q7 58 power ] power, Qq 1, 2 61 st dir. She departs and Puntarvolo sonne (Puntarvolo Q1) Qq in text after 60 61 me ]] me Qq 64 Nay,] Nay Qg looke,] looke, Q3 66 O,] O Qg 68 GVEVENER F1 Guevener Q1, F3 Guevener Q2, 3 GUEVENER F2 Guenever Q away ] away Qg 1, 3 awake Q2 71 humour] Humor Qr ’Slud] Sblood Qg 72 porridge,] porridge F2, F3 74 Why,] Why Qg 75 prejudiciall] prejudicall Qr 77, 80 then] than Qg, F2 77 why,] why Qg 791’the]’the Q2 in the Q3 bred,] bred Qg 1, 2 breddde, O3
potato-pies, and such good vianduous meats) how their wits are refind’d, and raref’d and sometimes a very quintessence of conceit flowes from ’hem, able to drowne a weake apprehension.

FAST Peace, here comes the lady.

LADY Gods me, here’s company turne in againe.

FAST S’light, our presence has cut off the conuoy of the rest.

CARL All the better, I am glad on’t for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let’s discover, and salute the knight.

PUNT Stay who be these that addresse themselves towards vs? what, CARLO? now, by the sincerity of my soule, welcome, welcome gentlemen and how doest thou, thou grand scourge, or, second vntrusse of the time?

CARL Faith, spending my mettall, in this reeling world (here and there) as the sway of my affection carries me, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman pheuterer, as I doe now, or one of Fortunes moiles, laden with treasure, and an empty cloke-bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

PUNT Peace, you, ban-dogge, peace what briske Nimfadoro is that in the white virgin boot there?

CARL Mary, sir, one, that I must entreat you take a very particular knowledge of, and with more then ordinary respect Monsieur FASTIdivs.

PUNT Sir, I could wish that for the time of your voucheasft abiding here, and more reall entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill, and these my orchards were those of the Hesperide’s.
F A S T  I possesse as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of the Indies, and I pray you, believe it

C A R L  I have a better opinion of his faith, then to thinke it will be so corrupted

S O G L  Come, brother, I'll bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and good fellowes, such as shall doe you more grace, then

S O R D  Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance.

Doe you take heed, lest

S O G L  Husht my brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding to the boore, the clowne but I request you in priuate, sir

F V N G  By heauen, it's a very fine suite of clothes!

G R E X.

C O R  Doe you obserue that, signor? there's another humour has new crackt the shell

M I T  What? he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he?

C O R  O, you forestall the rest.

F V N  I marle what it might stand him in!

S O G  Nephew?

F V N  'Fore mee, it's an excellent suite, and as neatly becomes him. What said you, vnclе?

S O G  When saw you my neece?

F V N  Mary, yester-night I supt there. That kinde of boot does very rare too!

S O G  And what newes heare you?

F V N  The guilt spurre and all! would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. Say you, vnclе?

F 111 112 wish,] wish Qg 113 you,] you Qg 116 Come,] Come Qg
119 stage dir add Qg after 120 lest——] least ——— Qg
121 brother,] Brother Qg education,] education Qg clowne]
Clowne, Qg 123 priuate,] priuate Qg r, 2 priuate Q3
heauen[,]Q3 it's]it is Q3 clothes[]cloathes Qg 126 humour
humor Qg 2, 3 128 O,] O Qg 129 mar'le] marl'e
F2 131 mee[,] mee F2 God Qg it's]it is Q3
132 you,] you Qg 134 Mary,] Mary Qg 135 too [] too Qg 137
all [] all Qg 138 'tis]it is Q3 you, vnclе?] you? Qg
S O G  Your minde is carried away with somewhat else
140  I ask what newes you heare ?

F V N  Troth, we heare none  In good faith, I was neuer
so pleas'd with a fashion, daies of my life ! O (and I might
haue but my wish) I'd aske no more of god now, but such
a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose,
such a boot, and such a

S O G  They say, there's a new Motion of the city of

Ninuueh, with I o n a s, and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-
bridge ? you can tell, cousin ?

F V N  Here's such a word of question with him, now
150  Yes, I thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture
would he would once be satisfi'd  Let me see, the doublet,
say fifty shillings the doublet, and betwene three or foure
pound the hose, then bootes, hat, and band  some ten
or eleuen pound would doe it all, and suit me for the heauens

S O G  I'll see all those deuices, and I come to London
once

F V N  Gods s'lid, and I could compass it, 'twere rare
harke you, vnCLE

S O G  What saies my nephew ?

F V N  Faith vnCLE, I'd ha' desir'd you to haue made
a motion for me to my father in a thing, that—walke aside
and I'll tell you, sir, no more but this  there's a parcell
of law-bookes, (some twenty pounds worth) that lie in a
place for little more then halfe the money they cost , and
165  I thinke for some twelue pound, or twenty marke, I could
go neere to redeeme 'hem , there's P L O W D E N , D I A R,
B R O O K E , and F I T Z - H E R B E R T , divers such, as
I must haue ere long and you know, I were as good saue five or sixe pound as not, vnclle I pray you, moue it for me

S o g That I will when would you haue me doe it? 170 presently?

F v n O, I, I pray you, good vnclle God send mee good luck, Lord (and't be thy will) prosper it O, my starres, now, now, if it take now, I am made for euer

F a s t Shall I tell you, sir? by this aire, I am the most '75 beholding to that lord, of any gentleman living, hee does vse mee the most honorably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed, then can be vter'd with any opinion of truth

P v n t Then, haue you the count G r a t i a t o ?

F a s t As true noble a gentleman too, as any breathes, 180 I am exceedingly endear'd to his loue by this hand (I pro-
test to you, signior, I speake it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but) there's hee, and the count F r v g a l e, signior I l l v s t r e, signior L v c v l e n t o, and a sort of 'hem, that (when I am at court) they doe share me 185 amongst 'hem Happy is he can enjoy me most priuate I doe wish my selfe sometime an ubiquitarie for their loue, in good faith

C a r l There's ne're a one of these, but might lie a weeke on the rack, ere they could bring forth his name, 190 and yet he powres them out as familiarly, as if he had seene 'hem stand by the fire I' the presence, or ta'ne tabacco with them, ouer the stage, i' the lords roome

P v n t Then you must of necessity know our court
Every Man out of his Humour

195 starre there? that planet of wit, M A D D O N A S A V I O-
L I N A?

F A S T O, lord sir! my mistris
P V N T Is shee your mistris?

F A S T Faith, here be some slight favours of hers, sir,
that doe speake it, shee is as this scarfe, sir, or this ribband
in mine eare, or so, this feather grew in her sweet fanne
sometimes, though now it be my poore fortunes to weare
it, as you see, sir slight, slight, a foolish toy

P V N T Well, shee is the lady of a most exalted, and
205 ingenious spirit

F A S T Did you euer heare any woman speake like her?
or enrichit with a more plentifulfull discourse?

C A R L O, villainous! nothing but sound, sound, a
meere echo, shee speaks as shee goes tird, in cob-web
lawne, light, thin good enough to catch flies withall

P V N T O, manage your affections

F A S T Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blas-
pheme, one day—

P V N T Come, regard not a iester it is in the power of
215 my purse, to make him speake well, or ill, of me

F A S T Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my credit, and
judgement) shee has the most harmonious, and musicall
straine of wit, that euer tempted a true eare, and yet to
see, a rude tongue would profane heauen, if it could

220 P V N T I am not ignorant of it, sir

F A S T Oh, it flows from her like nectar, and shee doth
gue it, that sweet, quick grace, and exornation in the
composure, that (by this good aire, as I am an honest man,

H 115 195 SAVIOLINA] Saviolina Q1 197 O, lord] O Lord Qq
197, 198 mistris] mistresse Qq 199 hers.] hers Qq 200 is ] is, Qq
scarfe,] Scarfe Qq 202 fortunes[ fortune Qq 2, 3 203 it,] it Qq
see,] see Qq slight, a] slight, a Qr 205 ingenuous] ingenious Qq
207 enrichit] enrich F2, F3 208 O,] O Qq 209 echo,] Echo,
Qq 2, 3 cob-web] Cobweb Qq 212 blasphem,] blaspheme Qq
213 day]— day — Qq r, 3 daie --- 214 iester ] iester, Qr
iester, Qr iester Q3 215 purse,] purse Qq well, or ill,] well or
ill Qq 216 credit,] Credit Qq 217 harmonious,] Harmonious Qq
218 true] true Q3 219 tongue] rogue Q3 would] will Qq
heauen, if it could ] Heauen Qq 220 it,] it Qq 223 (by this good
aire,] (By this good Heauen) Qq 223-4 as I am but) not in Qq
would I might neuer stirre, sir, but) shee does obserue as pure a phrase, and use as choise figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be it the Arcadia

**Carl** Or rather in Greene's workes, whence she may steale with more security

**Sord** Well, if ten pound will fetch 'hem, you shall haue it, but I'lle part with no more

**Fvang** I'lle trie what that will doe, if you please

**Sord** Doe so and when you haue 'hem, studie hard

**Fvang** Yes, sir, And I could studie to get forty shillings more now! well, I will put my selfe into the fashion, as farre as this will goe presently

**Sord** I wonder it raines not! the Almanack saies wee should haue store of raine, to day

**Pvnt** Why, sir, to morrow I will associate you to couit my selfe, and from thence to the city, about a businesse, a proiect I haue, I will expose it to you, sir **CarlO**, I am sure, has heard of it

**Carl** What's that, sir?

**Pvnt** I doe intend, this yeere of Iubile, comming on, to trauaile and (because I will not altogether goe vpon ex pense) I am determined to put forth some fieue thousand pound, to be paid me, fieue for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my wife, and my dog, from the Turkes court in Constantinople. If all, or either of vs miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone if we be successfull, why, there will be fieue and twenty thousand pound, to entertaine time withall Nay, goe not neigbour **Sordido**, stay to night, and helpe to make our societie the fuller Gentlemen, frolick **CarlO**? what? dull now?
Every Man out of his Humour

Carl I was thinking on your project, sir, and you call

Is this the dog goes with you?

Pvent This is the dogge, sir

Carl He do' not goe bare foot, does he?

Pvent Away, you traitor, away

Carl Nay, afore god, I speake simply, he may pricke

his foot with a thorne, and be as much as the whole venter

is worth. Besides, for a dog that neuer trouaual'd before, it's

a huge journey to Constantinople. I'll tell you now (and

he were mine) I'd haue some present conference with

a physicion, what antidotes were good to give him, pre-

servations against poison for (assure you) if once your

money be out, there'll be divers attempts made against the

life of the poore animal.

Pvent Thou art still dangerous

Fast Is signior Deliro's wife your kinswoman?

Sogl I, sir, shee is my neece, my brothers daughter

here, and my nephewes sister

Sord Doe you know her, sir?

Fast O, God sir, Signior Deliro, her husband, is

my marchant.

Feng I, I haue seene this gentleman there, often

Fast I crie you mercy, sir let me craue your name,

pray you

Feng Fengos, sir

Fast Good signior Fengoso, I shall request to

know you better, sir

Feng I am her brother, sir

Fast In faire time, sir
Every Man out of his Humour

Pvnt Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct
Fast Nay, pray you, sir, we shall meet at signior
Deliro's often
Sogl You shall ha' me at the Heralds office, sir, for
some weeke or so, at my first comming vp
Come, Carlo

Grex.

Mit Me thinkes, Cordatvs, he dwelt somewhat
too long on this Scene, it hung i' the hand
Cor I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and
'thaue made the humours perspicuous enough
Mit True, as his subject lies but hee might haue
altered the shape of his argument, and explicated 'hem
better in single Scenes
Cor That had beeone single indeed why be they not
the same persons in this, as they would haue beeene in
those and is it not an object of more state, to behold the
Scene full, and relieued with varietie of speakers to the end,
then to see a vast emptie stage, and the actors come in (one
by one) as if they were dropt downe with a feather, into the
300 eye of the spectators

Mit Nay, you are better traded with these things then
I, and therefore I'lle subscribe to your judgement, mary,
you shall give mee leave to make objections

Cor O, what else it's the speciall intent of the 305
author, you should doe so for thereby others (that are
present) may as well be satisfied, who happily would object
the same you doe

283 Come,] Come Qq 284 Nay, you Qq 285
286 Heralds] Heralds Q3 office,] office Qq 287 so,] so F2
Cor Come,] Come Qq Execunt add Qq 288
Cor hun'g Q2 1' in Q3 291 'haue] to haue Q3
Cor humours] Humors Qq 292 subject] Subject Qr 293
Cor his not in Qq 297 object] object Qr 299 then Q3, F3
Cor than Qq 1, 2, F2 300 feather,] feather Qq
Cor 301 spectators] Audience Q3 302 then] than Qq, F2
Cor 303 judgement] judgement Qr mary,] mary Qq 1, 2
Cor marry Q3 304 objections] objections Qr 305
Cor Q3 O,] O Qq 306 author,] Author Qq
Cor 307 happily] haply F3 object] object Qr 308 the
Cor Q3
Mit So, sir but when appeares Macilente againe?

Cor Mary, hee stales but till our silence give him leaue here hee comes, and with him signior Deliro, a merchant, at whose house hee is come to sojourn. Make your owne observation now, onely transferre your thoughts to the city, with the Scene, where, suppose they speake.

Act II. Scene III.

Deliro, Macilente, Fido, "Fallace"

I'le tell you by and by, sir
Welcome (good Macilente) to my house,
To sojourn euen for euer if my best
In cates, and ev ery sort of good intready
May moue you stay with me Maci I thanke you, sir
And yet the muffled fates (had it pleas'd them)
Might haue suppli'd me, from their owne full store,
Without this word (I thanke you) to a foole
I see no reason, why that dog (call'd Chaunce)
Should fawne vpon this fellow, more then me
I am a man, and I haue limmes, flesh, bloud,
Bones, sinewes, and a soulue, as well as he
My parts are euery way as good as his,
If I said better why, I did not lic.
Every Man out of his Humour

Nath’lesse, his wealth (but nodding on my wants)  
Must make me bow, and crie (I thanke you, sir)  
D E L I Dispatch, take heed your mistris see you not  
F I D O I warrant you, sir I’le steale by her softly  
D E L I Nay, gentle friend, be merry, raise your lookes  
Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)  
You are the man most welcome in the world  
M A C I (I thanke you, sir,) I know my cue, I thinke  
F I D O Where wil you haue ’hem burne, sir?  
D E L I With more perfumes and herbes  
Here, good F I D O  
What? shee did not see thee?  
F I D O No, sir  
D E L I That’s well  
Strew, strew, good F I D O, the freshest flowres, so  
M A C I What means this, signior D E L I R O? all this censing?  
D E L I Cast in more frankincense, yet more, well said  
O, M A C I L E N T E, I haue such a wife!  
So passing faire, so passing farre vnkind,  
But of such worth, and right to be vnkind,  
(Since no man can be worthy of her kindnesse)  
M A C I What can there not?  
D E L I No, that is sure as death,  
No man alue I I doe not say, is not,  
But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse!  
Nay, it is certaine, let me doe her right  
How, said I? doe her right? as though I could,  
As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vter  

15 Nath’lesse,] Nath’lesse Qq  
16 (I thanke you, sir]) I thanke you Siv Qq (sir Qq)  
17 mistris[mistresse] Qq  
18 you Qq  
19 Nay, friend.] Nay friend Qq  
22 (I you, sir,)] I you Siv Qq (sir, Qq)  
23 cue,] cue Qq  
23-5 F3 divides at sir? | DELI see thee? | FIDO No, sir]  
24 No Qq  
25 flowres[flowers Qq  
26 this,] this Qq all this censig?  
27 not in Qq  
28 O Qq wife,] wife, Qq  
29 farre vnkind] faire  
30 unf-unkind W 30 But] And  
33 alue | alue Qq say, is not ] say  
34 But] But, F2 kindnesse] kind  
35 Nay,] Nay Qq 17 that Qq right] Right Qq 36  
36 How,] How Qq
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
That sit (as high as I can looke) within her!

MACI This is such dotage, as was neuer heard

DELI Well, this must needs be granted MACI

Granted, quoth you?

DELI Nay, MACILENTE, doe not so discriedit

The goodnesse of your judgement to deny it,
For I doe speake the very least of her

And I would craue, and beg no more of heauen,
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To utter first in fit termes, what she is,
And then the true ioyes I conceive in her

MACI Is't possible, shee should deserue so well,

As you pretend? DELI I, and shee knowes so well
Her owne deserts, that (when I strue t'enioy them)
Shee weighs the things I doe, with what shee merits
And (seeing my worth out-weigh'd so in her graces)
Shee is so solemne, so precise, so froward,

That no obseruance I can doe to her,
Can make her kind to me if shee find fault,
I mend that fault, and then shee saies, I faulted,
That I did mend it Now, good friend, advise me,
How I may temper this strange splene in her

MACI You are too amorous, too obscureous,
And make her too assur'd, shee may command you
When women doubt most of their husbands loues,
They are most louing Husbands must take heed
They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wives,

But use them like their horses, whom they feed
Not with a manger-full of meat together,
But halfe a pecke at once and keepe them so
Still with an appetite to that they give them
He that desires to have a loving wife,
Must bridle all the shew of that desire
Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindnesse,
As if loue wrought it, but considerate duty
"Offer no loue-rites, but let wifes still seeke them,
"For when they come vnsought, they seldom like them

DELI Beleeue me, MACILENTE, this is gospell
O, that a man were his owne man so much,
To rule himselfe thus I will strue i' faith,
To be more strange and careless yet, I hope
I haue now taken such a perfect course,
To make her kind to me, and Iue contented,
That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,
And haue no need to fight with my affections
Shee (late) hath found much fault with every roome
Within my house, one was too big (shee said)
Another was not furnisht to her mind,
And so through all all which, now, I haue alter'd
Then here, shee hath a place (on my back-side)
Wherein shee loues to walke, and that (shee said)
Had some ill smels about it Now, this walke
Haue I (before shee knowes it) thus perfum'd
With herbes, and flowres, and laid in diuers places,
(As 'twere on altars, consecrate to her)
Perfumed gloues, and delicate chaine's of amber,
To kepe the aire in awe of her sweet nostrils
This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her
Behold, shee comes FALL Here's a sweet stinke indeed

11 iv 67 once ] once, Qq 71 amorous,] amorous, Qq 72
duty ] Duty Qq 1, 3 Duty Qq 2 74 seldom] seldom Qq 3
75 me,] me Qq 76 O,] O Qq 77 thus ] thus, Qq 78 i'faith,] i'faith
Qq 1 79 i'faith Qq 1 2 78 yet,] yet Qq 78 me,] mee Qq 2 86 which,
now,] which Qq 87 here,] here Qq 88 back-side] back-side Qq 7 89 Now,] Now Qq 91
side Qq 2 3 88 walke ] walke, Qq 2 3 89 Now,] Now Qq 91
herbes,] herbes Qq 1, 2 herbes Qq 3 89 flowers] flowers Qq, Fq 92 places,
places Qq 92 altars,] Altars Qq 94 nostrils] nostrils Qq 1, 3
nosthris Qq 2 96 Behold,] Behold Qq Enter Fallace Qq (after
'comes ')
What, shall I euer be thus crost, and plagu'd?
And sicke of husband? O, my head doth ake,
As it would cleaue asunder with these sauours,
100 All my room's alter'd, and but one poore walke
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fea'ld
(My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the plague

DEL1 Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too sweet?

105 Thou said'st of late, it had sowre aires about it,
And found'st much fault, that I did not correct it

FALL Why, and I did finde fault, sir? DEL1 Nay,
deare wife,
I know, thou hast'said, thou hast lou'd perfumes,
No woman better FALL I, long since perhaps,
110 But now that sense is alter'd you would haue me
(Like to a puddle, or a standing poole)
To haue no motion, noi no spirit within me
No, I am like a pure, and sprightly ruer,
That moves for euer, and yet still the same,

115 O fire, that burnes much wood, yet still one flame

DEL1 But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden,
Smelling on roses, and on purple flowres,
And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
Is nothing chang'd FALL Why, those were growing
flowres,

120 And these, within my walke, are cut and streuw'd

DEL1 But yet they haue one sent FALL I! haue they so?

In your grosse judgemen If you make no difference
Every Man out of his Humour

Betwixt the send of growing floweres, and cut ones, 125
You haue a sense to taste lamp-oyle, yfaith
And with such judgement haue you chang’d the chambers, Leaung no roome, that I can joy to be in,
In all your house and now my walke, and all, You smoke me from, as if I were a foxe,
And long, belike, to drue me quite away
Well, walke you there, and I’le walke where I list

De Li What shall I doe? δ, I shall neuer please her,
Mac I Out on thee, dotard! what starre rul’d his birth?

That brought him such a starre? blind Fortune still Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vsse them
How long shall I liue, ere I be so happy,
To haue a wife of this exceeding forme?

De Li Away, with ’hem, would I had broke a joynt;
When I deuis’d this, that should so dislike her
Away, beare all away Fall I, doe for feare
Ought that is there should like her O, this man,
How cunningly he can conceale himselfe!

As though he lou’d? nay, honour’d, and ador’d?

De Li Why, my sweet heart? Fall Sweet heart!

δ! better still!

And asking, why? wherefore? and looking strangely,
As if he were as white as innocence
Alas, you’r simple, you you cannot change,
Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with wonder
No, no, not you! ’tis pitty o’ your naturalls
I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,
Vpon a paire of gloues, that somewhat lik't me,
And straight he noted it, and gaue command,
All should be ta'ne away D E L I Be they my bane then
What, sirra, F I D O, bring in those gloues againe,
You tooke from hence F A L L S'body, sir, but doe not,
Bring in no gloues, to spite me if you doe
D E L I Ay, me, most wretched, how am I misconstru'd?
M A C I O, how shee tempts my heart-strings, with her eye,
To knit them to her beauties, or to breake?
What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make
Me such a woman?, but a man, a beast,
That hath no blisse like to others Would to heauen
(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
To some faire water-Nymph, that (set vpon
The deepest whirle-pit of the rau'nos seas,)
My adamantine eyes might head-long hale
This iron world to me, and drowne it all

G R E X.

C O R Behold, behold, the translated gallant
M I T O, he is welcome

II Iv 149 amorous eye] amorouseye F I eye,] eye Q I cie Qq 2, 3
now,] now Qq 150, 155 gloues,] Gloues Qq 151 command,] com-
maund Qq 152 then ] then Qq 153 What,] What Qq againe,] againe Qq Enter Fido add Qq 154 S'body,] S'body Qq om F2, F3
sir,] sirra Qq not,] not Qq 155 you] ye Q 3 156 Ay,] Ay Qq
157 -strings,] -strings Qq eye,] eye Q I 160 man,] man, Qq
161 hath] hath Q 3 heauen] God Qq 163 (set] set Qq 164
whirle-pit] whirlepit Qq seas,] Seas, Qq 165 adamantine] ada-
mantine F2, F3 head-long] headlong Qq
in Bridges Suite add Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

Act II. Scene V.

FVNGOSO

To the rest

S Aue you brother, and sister, saue you, sir, I haue commendations for you out i’ the countrey (I wonder they take no knowledge of my sute ) mine uncle S oglardos in towne Sister, me thinkes, you are melancholy why are you so sad? I thinkes you tooke me for master? Fastidious Riske, (sister) did you not? F ALL Why should I take you for him? F VNG Nay, nothing.--I was lately in master Fastidious his company, and, me thinkes, we are very like D E LI You have a faire sute, brother, ’gve you joy on’ t to ride in F VNG Faith, good ynough to ride in, brother, I made it in F ALL O, now I see the cause of his idle demand, was his new suit D E LI Pray you good brother, trie, if you can change 15 her mood F VNG I warrant you, let mee alone I’le put her out of her dumps Sister, how like you my suit? F ALL O, you are a gallant in print now, brother F VNG Faith, how like you the fashion? it’s the last 20 edition, I assure you F ALL I cannot but like it, to the desert F VNG Troth, sister, I was faine to borrow these spurres,
I ha’ left my gowne in gage for ’hem, pray you lend me an
angell

FALL Now, beshrow my heart, then
FVNG Good truth, I’le pay you againe at my next ex-
hibition I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it
would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion

FALL I care not
FVNG I had spurre of mine owne before, but they were
not ginglers Monsieur FASTIDIVS will be here anon, sister
FALL You 1est ?
FVNG Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then)
and that I’ld be loth to say, in truth
FALL When did you see him ?
FVNG Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at sir
FVNTARVOLO’s nay, sweet sister

MACI I faine would know of heauen now, why yond
foole

Should weare a suit of sattin ? he ? that rooke ?
That painted jay, with such a deale of out-side ?
What is his inside trow ? ha, ha, ha, ha
Good heauen, giue me patience, patience, patience

A number of these popenjayes there are,
Whom, if a man conferre, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want ,
Lord, lord, what things they are 1
FALL Come, when will you pay me againe, now ?

FVNG O god, sister 1

MACI Here comes another

11 v 24 ’hem] them Q3 26 Now,) Now Qq heart,) heart Qq
27 truth,) truth Qg 32 anon,) anon Qq 1, 2 anon Q3 34 lest)
jest Q1 39 PVNTARVOLO’S] Puntarvolo’s Q1 nay,) nay Qq 42
jay,) Jay Qq 1, 2 out-side] outside Qg 43 ha, ha ] ha, ha, ha,
ha Q3 heauen,) Heuen Qq 1, 2 heauen Q3 patience patience,
patience )patience, Qg 46 Whom,) Whom Qq 48 lord] Lord Qg
49 againe,) againe Qq 50 god, sister 1) God Sister Qq good, sister 1
F2 F3 After 50) Enter Fastidius Briske in a new suite (suit Q1)
Every Man out of his Humour 489

Act II. Scene VI.

Fastidious Briske

Saue you, signior Deliro, how do’st thou, sweet lady?
Let mee kisse thee

FVNG How? a new sute? Ay me
Deliro And how do’s master Fastidious Briske?

Fast Faith, lieue in court, signior Deliro, in grace, I thanke god, both of the noble masculine, and feminine I must speake with you in priuate, by and by
Deliro When you please, sir
Fall Why looke you so pale, brother?

FVNG S’lid, all this money is cast away, now
MacI I, there’s a newer edition come forth
FVNG Tis but my hard fortune! well, I’le haue my sute chang’d, I’le goe fetch my taylor presently, but first I’le devise a letter to my father Ha’ you any pen, and inke, sister?

Fall What would you doe withall?

FVNG I would use it S’light, and it had come but foure daies sooner, the fashion

Fast There was a countesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day, i’ the presence did me more good by that light, then—and yesternight sent her coach twise to my lodging, to intreat mee accompany her, and my sweet mistris, with some two, or three nameless ladies more O, I haue beene

II VI] Act Briske not in Qq, which mark no change of scene To the rest add Ff 1 Saue you[,] Fast Saue you Qq thou[,] thou Qq 4 master] Master Qq 5 Faith,] Faith Qq court,] court Qr Court Qq 2, 3 Deliro[,] Deliro, Qq 6 grace,] grace Qq god] God Qq masculine,] Masculine Qq 7 priuate,] priuate Qq 1, 3 priuat Qq 8 please[,] please Qq 9 pale,] pale Qq 10 S’lid,] S’lid Qq 1, 2 Slid Qq away[,] away Qq 12 fortune [,] fortune Qq 14 pen, and inke[,] pen and inke Qq 17 S’light,] S’light Qq and] an F2, F3 18 sooner,] sooner Qq Exit add Qq 20 day, 1 day Qq 1, 2 day in Qq 3 did[,] did Qr it did Qq 2, 3 by that light[,] by Isau Qq 21 then,— then, Qq than— F2, F3 22 mistris] mistresse Qq
grac't by 'hem beyond all aime of affection this's her
garter my dagger hangs in and they doe so commend, and
approve my apparell, with my judicious wearing of it, it's
above wonder

**F A L L** Indeed sir, 'tis a most excellent sute, and you doe
weare it as extraordinary

**F A S T** Why, I'lle tell you now (in good faith) and by
this chaire, which (by the grace of god) I intend presently
to sit in, I had three sutes in one yeere, made three great
ladies in loue with me I had other three, vn-did three
gentlemen in imitation and other three, gat three other
gentlemen widdowes of three thousand pound a yeere

**D E L I** Is't possible ?

**F A S T** O, beleue it, sir, your good face is the witch,
and your apparell the spells, that bring all the pleasures of
the world into their circle

**F A L L** Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier !

**M A C I** Well, would my father had left mee but a good
face for my portion yet, though I had shar'd the unfortun-
ate wit that goes with it, I had not car'd I might haue
past for somewhat i' the world then

**F A S T** Why, assure you, signior, rich apparell has
strange vertues it makes him that hath it without means,
esteeemed for an excellent wit he that enjoyes it with
means, puts the world in remembrance of his means
it helps the deformities of nature, and gues lustre to her
beauties, makes continuall holy-day where it shines, sets
the wits of ladies at worke, that otherwise would be idle
furnisheath your two-shilling ordinarie, takes possession of
your stage at your new play, and enricheth your oares, as
scorning to goe with your scull

**M A C I** Pray you, sir, adde this, it gues respect to your

---

|| vi 24 'hem] them, Q3 this's] this' Qr this is Qg 2, 3 25
commend[,] commend Qq 26 judicious] judicious Qr 30 Why[,] Qg 31 god] God Qg intend] intend Qq 33 vn-did] vn-did
Qg 34 three[,] three F2 35 gentlemen widdowes] Gentlemen,
Widdowes Qg r, e Gentlewomen, Widdows Q3 37 O, O Qq 41 it] Qq 44 i'] in Q3 45 you,] you Qq 47 enjoyes] enjoyes Qr 50
holy day] Holiday Qg 55 you,] you Qq
fooles, makes many theeues, as many strumpets, and no fewer bankrupts

F A L L Out, out, vnworthy to speake, where he breatheth

F A S T What's he, signior ?
D E L I A friend of mine, sir
F A S T By heauen I wonder at you, citizens, what kinde of creatures you are !

D E L I Why, sir ?
F A S T That you can consort your selues, with such poore seame- rent fellowes

F A L L He saies true
D E L I Sir, I will assure you (how ever you esteeme of him) he's a man worthy of regard

F A S T Why ? what ha's he in him, of such vertue to be regarded ? ha ?

D E L I Mary, he is a scholler, sir
F A S T Nothing else ?
D E L I And he is well trauail'd
F A S T He should get him clothes, I would cherish those good parts of trauaile in him, and preferre him to some nobleman of good place

D E L I Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for ever (in my friends right) and, I doubt not, but his desert shall more then answere my praise

F A S T Why, and he had good clothes, I'ld carry him to court with me to morrow

D E L I He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him

F A S T You say well, sir faith, signior D E L I R O, I 85 am come to haue you play the Alchymist with me, and

II vii 57 bankrupts| Bankrups Q3 58 speake,] speake Qq 62 you,] you Qq 63 are '] are ? Qq 64 Why,] Why Qq 65 selues,] selues Qq 68 Sir,] Sir Qq 70 him,] him Qq 72 Mary,] Mary Qr Marry Qq 2, 3 scholler,] Scholler Qq 75, 81 clothes] cloths Qq 1, 2 cloathes Q3 76 trauaile] trauell Qq 79 and,] not,] and not Qq 80 then] than Qq, F2 81 and] an' F2, F3 82 court] the Court Qq 83 those,] those Qq 85 well,] well Qr wel Qq 2, 3 faith,] faith Qq
change the species of my land, into that mettall you talke of

DELI With all my heart, sir, what summe will serue you?

FAST Faith, some three, or four hundred

DELI Troth, sir, I haue promist to meet a gentleman this morning, in Paules, but vpon my returne I’le dispatch you

FAST I’le accompany you thither

DELI As you please, sir, but I goe not thither directly

FAST ’Tis no matter, I haue no other desigment in hand, and therefore as good goe along

DELI I were as good haue a quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall no’re bee rid of him (bring mee a cloke there, one) Still, vpon his grace at court, am I sure to bee visted, I was a beast to give him any hope Well, would I were in, that I am out with him, once, and -- Come, signior MACILENTE, I must conferre with you, as wee goe Nay, deare wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods looke not like winter thus Here, take my keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before thee, choose any obiect that delights thee If thou wilt eate the spirit of gold, and drinke dissolu’d pearle in wine, ’tis for thee

FAST So, sir

DELI Nay, my sweet wife

FAST Good lord! how you are perfum’d! in your termes, and al! pray you leave vs

DELI Come, gentlemen

FAST Adiew, sweet lady

FAST I, I! Let thy words euer sound in mine eares,

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II vi 87 change] chaunge Qq 1, 3 89 heart[,] heart Qq 90 Faith[,] Faith Qq three[,] three Qq four hundred] foure score pound Qq 91 Troth, sir[,] Troth Sir Qq 1, 2 Troth sir, Qq 3 92 morning[,] morn ing Qq 95 please[,] please Qq 100 there[,] there Qq Still[,] Still Qq court[,] the Court Qq am I] I am F2, F3 102 in[,] in Qq 1, 2 him[,] him Qq and -- -- Come[,] and -- -- Come Qq 103 you[,] you Qq 104 Nay[,] Nay Qq thee[,] thee Qq 105 Here[,] Here Qq 1, 2, F2 Heere Qq 107 object] object Qq 109 So[,] So Qq 110 Nay[,] Nay Qq 111 lord[,] Lord Qq perfumed 1 in] perfumed in Qq 112 termes[,] tearmes Qq al'] all Qq 113 Come[,] Come Qq 114 Exeunt all but Fallow add Qq 115 I, I I, I, Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

and thy graces disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady above other ladies, that enjoyes so absolute a gentleman to her servant! A countesse give him her hand to kiss? ah, foolish countesse! he's a man worthy (if a woman may speake of a mans worth) to kiss the lips of an empress.

F V N G What's master FASTIDIVS gone, sister?
F A L L I, brother (he has a face like a Cherubin!)
F V N G Gods me, what lucke's this? I haue fetcht my taylor and all which way went he, sister? can you tell?
F A L L Not I, in good faith (and he has a body like an angell!)
F V N G How long is't since he went?
F A L L Why, but e'en now did you not see him? (and a tongue able to rauish any woman I'the earth!)
F V N G O, for gods sake (I'll please you for your paines) but e'en now, say you? Come, good, sir S'lid, I had forgot it too. Sister, if any body askes for mine vnkle S O G L I-
A R D O, they shall ha' him at the Herald's office, yonder by Paules.
F A L L Well, I will not altogether despair I haue heard of a citizens wife, has beene belou'd of a courtier, and why not I? heigh, ho' well, I will into my priuate chamber, locke the dore to mee, and thinke ouer all his good parts, one after another.
Mit Well, I doubt, this last Scene will endure some
grievous torture

Cor How? you feare 'twill be rackt, by some hard
construction?

Mit Doe not you?

Cor No, in good faith vnlesse mine eyes could light
mee beyond sense I see no reason, why this should be
more liable to the racke, then the rest you'le say, perhaps,
the city will not take it well, that the marchant is made here
150 to dote so perfectly vpon his wife, and shee againe, to bee
so Fastidiously affected, as shee is?

Mit You haue vtter'd my thought, sir, indeed

Cor Why (by that proportion) the court might as wel
take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much
more pretext, by how much the place transcendts, and goes
before in dignitie and vertue but can you imagine that any
noble, or true spirit in court (whose sinowe, and altogether
vn-affected graces, very worthily expresse him a courtier)
will make any exception at the opening of such an emptie
trunke, as this BRISKE is! or thinke his owne wouth
empeacht, by beholding his motley inside?

Mit No sir, I doe not

Cor No more, assure you, will any graue, wise citizen,
or modest matron, take the object of this folly in DELIRO,
165 and his wife but rather apply it as the foile to their owne
vertues For that were to affirme, that a man, writing of
Every Man out of his Humour 495

NERO, should meane all Emperors or speaking of MACHIAVEL, comprehend all States men, or in our SORDIDO, all Farmars, and so of the rest then which, nothing can be vttier'd more malicious, or absurd Indeed, there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd decyphers, I confesse, that will extort strange, and abstruse meanings out of any subject, be it neuer so conspicuous and innocently deliuer'd But to such (where e're they sit conceal'd) let them know, the author defies them, and their writing-tables, and hopes, no sound or safe judgement will infect it selfe with their contagious comments, who (indeed) come here only to peruert, and poison the sense of what they heare, and for nought else

MIT Stay, what new Mute is this, that walkes so suspiciously

COR O, mary this is one, for whose better illustration, we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle isle in PAULES, and that, the west end of it

MIT So, sir, and what followes

COR Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the vnclasping

MIT As how, what name doe you gie him first

COR He hath shift of names, sir, some call him APPELION, some Signior WHIFFE, mary, his maine standing name is CAVALIER SHIFT the rest are but as cleane shirts to his natures

MIT And what makes he in PAULES, now

COR Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a Siquis, or two, wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one

II vi 167 Emperors] Emperours Qq 168 MACHIAVEL] Machiavell Q1 169 then], than Qq, F2 170 malicious, or] malicious and Qq Indeed,] Indeed Qq 171 decyphers] decypherets F2 172 strange,] straunge Qq 173 subject] Subject Q1 175 author] Authour Qq -tables] -table Q3 176 judgement] judgement Q1 178 peruerit,] pervert Q1 peruerit Qq 2, 3 180 this,] this Qq After 181] Actus TERTIVS, SCENA PRIMA (ACTUS TERTIUS, Q1 TERTIVS Q3) | Enter Cavalier Shift, with two Signisses in his hand (Cavalier Q1) Qq 182 illustration,] Illustration, Q3 185 So,] So Qq 186 Faith,] Faith Qg humour] Humor Qq 189 names,] names Qq 190 mary,] marry Qq 191 CAVALIER] Cavalier Qq 192 natures] Natures Qq 193 PAULES] PAULES Qq 194 Troth,] Troth Qg Siguys,] Siguys Qg
of 'hem take, he may hull vp and downe i' the humorous
world, a little longer

MIT It seemes then, he beare a very changing saile 

COR O, as the wind, sir here comes more

Act III. Scene I.

Shift, Orange, Clove

This is rare, I haue set vp my bills, without discouery

ORAN What? Signior Whiffe? what fortune
has brought you into these west parts?

SHIFT Troth, signior, nothing but your rhueum, I
haue beene taking an ounce of tabacco hard by here, with
a gentleman, and I am come to spit priuate, in Paules
Saue you sir

ORAN Adieu, good Signior Whiffe

CLOVE Master Applejohn? you are well met
when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those
good wenchers? ha?

SHIFT Faith, sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a few
humours, and occasions but when you please, sir

CLOVE Farewell, sweet Applejohn I wonder,
there are no more store of gallants here!
Every Man out of his Humour

G R E X.

MIT What be these two, signior?
COR Mary, a couple sir, that are meere strangers to the whole scope of our play, only come to walke a turne or two, 't his Scene of Paules, by chance

ORAN Saue you, good master CLOVE
CLOVE Sweet master ORANGE

G R E X.

MIT How? CLOVE, and ORANGE?
COR I, and they are well met, for 'tis as drie an ORANGE as euer grew nothing, but Salutation, and, O god, sir, and, It pleases you to say so, Sir, one that can laugh at a rest for company with a most plausible, and extemporall grace, and some houre after, in priuate, ask you what it was the other, monsieur CLOVE, is a more spic't youth he will sit you a whole afternoone sometimes, in a booke-sellers shop, reading the Greeke, Italian, and Spanish, when he understands not a word of either if he had the tongues, to his sutes, he were an excellent linguist

CLOVE Doe you heare this reported, for certainty?
ORAN O god, sir

III 1 17 Mary,] Mary Qr Marry Qg 2, 3 strangers] strangurers Qg 1, 2 18 two,] two Qg 19 Paules,] Paules Qg chance chaunce Qg St dir after 19] They walke together Qg 20 Saue] 'Save F2 24 nothing,] nothing Qg 24-5 Salutation, and, O god, sir, and,] Salutation, and O God sir, and Qg 25 so,] so Qg 26 est] 1est Qr 27 after, in priuate,] after in priuate Qg 28 monsieur] mounsiuer F2 32 tongues,] Tongues Qg 34 reported,] reported Qg 35 god, sir] good sir Qg god, sir. F2
Act III. Scene II.

P v n t a r v o l o, C a r l o

Sirrah, take my cloke and you sir knaue, follow mee closer. If thou losest my dogge, thou shalt die a dogs death, I will hang thee

C a r l Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane slaue, he loues a dog well, I warrant him, I see by his lookes, I masse hee's somewhat like him. S'lud poison him, make him away with a crooked pinne, or somewhat, man, thou maist haue more security of thy life and so sir, what? you ha' not put out your whole venter yet? ha' you?

P v n t No, I doe want yet some fifteene, or sixteene hundred pounds but my lady (my wife) is out of her humour, shee does not now goe.

C a r l No? how then?

P v n t Mary, I am now enforc't to guie it out, vpon the returne of my selfe, my dogge, and my cat.

C a r l Your cat? where is shee?

P v n t My squire has her there, in the bag. Sirrah, looke to her. How lik'st thou my change, C a r l o?

C a r l Oh, for the better, sir, your cat has nine lues, and your wife ha' but one.

P v n t Besides, shee will never bee sea-sicke, which will saue mee so much in conserves when saw you signor S o g l i a r d o?

C a r l I came from him but now, he is at the Heralds office yonder he requested me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two for him in Paules, against his cognisance was ready.

P v n t What? has he purchast aimes, then?
Every Man out of his Humour

CARL I, and rare ones too of as many colours, as e're you saw any fools coat in your life I'le goe looke among yond' bills, and I can fit him with legs to his armes.

PVNT With legs to his armes! Good I will goe with you, sir. They goe to looks upon the bills.

ACT III. SCENE III.

FASTIDIUS, DELIRO, MACILENTE

Come, let's walke in Mediterraneo I assure you, sir, I am not the least respected among ladies, but let that passe doe you know how to goe into the presence, sir?

MACI Why, on my feet, sir.

FAST No, on your head, sir for 'tis that must beare you out, I assure you as thus, sir. You must first haue an especial care so to weare your hat, that it oppress not confusedly this your predominant, or fore-top. be cause (when you come at the presence dore) you may, with once or twice stioking vp your fore-head thus, enter, with 10 your predominant perfect that is, standing vp stiffe

MACI As if one were frighted?

FAST I, sir.

MACI Which indeed, a true feare of your mistress should doe, raither then gumme water, or whites of egges isn't not so, sir?

FAST An ingenious observation give mee leaue to craue your name, Sir.

DELI His name is, MACILENTE, sir.

FAST Good signior MACILENTE if this gentle man, signior DELIRO, furnish you (as he saies he will) with clothes, I will bring you, to morrow by this time, into

III 11 30 saw] say F2 31 yond'] yond Qq 2, 3 and] an F2 armes——] Armes Qq 33 you,] you Qq St dir Qq in text after 33

III 11 ACT MACILENTE r Enter Fastidious, Deliro, and Macilente Qq, without change of scene] Come] Fast Come Qq Mediterraneo the Mediterraneum Qq you,] you Qq sir,] sir Qq I, 2 3 presence,]

Presence Qq sir?] sir F2 4 feet,] feet Qq sir?] F2 5 head,] head Qq 6 thus, sir] thus sir Qq 8 predominant,] Predominant Qq 9 may,] may Qq 10 fore-head] Forehead Qq enter,

enter Qq 13 I] I Qq 14 mistress] Mistresse Qq 15 then] than Qq, F2 16 so,] so Qq 18 name,] name Qq 19 is,] is Qq, F2

MACILENTE,] Macilente Qq 22 you,] you Qq time,] time Qq I, 2

v b 2
the presence of the most divine, & acute lady in court
you shall see sweet silent rhetorique, and dumbe eloquence
speaking in her eye, but when shee speakes he1 selfe, such
an anatomie of wit, so sinewiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the
goodliest modell of pleasure that euer was, to behold. Oh!
shee strikes the world into admiration of her—(δ, δ, δ) I
cannot expresse 'hem, beleue me!

Macb O, you1 onely admiration is your silence, sir

Pvnt 'Foilz god, CARLO, this is good, let's reade
'hem againe

If there be any lady, or gentlewoman of good carriage,
that is desvrous to entertaine (to her private vses) a
yong, straight, and vpright gentleman, of the age of five,
or sixe and twenty at the most who can serve in the
nature of a gentleman usher, and hath little legges of
purpose, and a blacke satten sute of his owne, to goe
before her in which sute (for the more sweetning)
now lies in lauauender and can hide his face with her
fanne, if neede require or sit in the cold at the stave
foot for her, as well as another gentleman. Let her
subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect
shall be gienen

Pvnt This is aboue measure excellent! ha?
CARLO No, this, this! here's a fine slave

If this city, or the suburbs of the same, doe affoord
any young gentleman, of the first, second, or third head, more or lesse, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that (to bee as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertaine the most gentlemanlike use of tabacco as first, to give it the most exquisite perfume then, to know all the delicate sweet formes for the assumption of it as also the rare corollarie, and practice of the Cuban ebolution, EVRIPVS, and Whiffe, which hee shall receive, or take in, here at London, and evaporate at Vxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specify the place, or ordinarne where hee uses to eate, and lie, and most sweet attendance, with tabacco, and pipes of the best sort, shall be minstred.

S T E T Q VÆS O C A N D I D E L E C T O R

PVNT Why this is without paralell, this
CARL Well, I le marke this fellow for S oglia D o's vse presently
PVNT Or rather, S oglia D o, for his vse
CARL Faith, either of 'hem will serue, they are both good properties I le designe the other a place too, that we may see him
PVNT No better place, then the Mitre, that wee may bee spectators with you, CARLO Soft, behold, who enters here Signior S oglia D o saue you

III 111 48 young Qq, cor F1 yong F1 originally, F2 50 to] into
F2, F3 54 then Q1 then delicate delicate Q2 55 for] of Q3 56
corollarie,] Corollarie Q1 Corollary Qq 2, 3 57 Whiffe Qq, cor F1,
F2 whiffe F1 originally receive,] receive Qq 58 vn,] in Qq evaporate] evaporate Q1 59 farther] farther F2 63 eate,] eat Qq lie,]
LIE, Q1 lie, Qq 2, 3 attendance,] attendance Qq 64 sort,] sort Qq
66 PVNT not in Qq, where Puntarlo reads the bill Why] why Qq 72
without] without, F2 69 S oglia D o,] S oglia D o Qq S oglia D o F2
70 Faith,] Faith Qq 73 place,] place Qq then] than Qq, F2 74 you,]
you Qq 75 saue] God saue Qq Enter Sog add Qq (S oglia D o Q3)
Act III. Scene III.

To them

SOGLIARDO

S. Aue you, good sir PVNTARVLO, your dogge's
in health, sir, I see how now, CARLO?

CARL. Wee haue ta'ne simple paines, to choose you out
followers here

PVNT. Come hither, signior

CLOSE. Monsieur ORANGE, yond' gallants observe
vs, pr'y thee let's talke fustian a little, and gull 'hem
make 'hem beleue we arc great schollers

ORANG. O lord, sir

CLOSE. Nay, pr'y thee let's, beleue me, you haue an
excellent habit in discourse

ORANG. It pleases you to say so, sir

CLOSE. By this church, you ha' la nay, come, begin

ARISTOTLE. In his Daemonologia, approves SCALIGER
for the best Navigator in his time and in his Hypercritiques,
he reports him to be Heautontimoromenos you understand
the Greeke, sir?

ORANG. O god, sir

MACIL. For societies sake he does O, here be a couple
of fine tame Farratts.

CLOSE. Now, sir, whereas the Ingenuitie of the time,
and the soules Synderis are but Embrions in nature, added
to the panch of Esquiline, and the Inter-vallum of the
Zodiack, besides the Eclipticke line being optick, and not
mentall, but by the contemplative & theorike part thereof,
doth demonstrate to vs the vegetable circumference, and the ventositie of the Tropicks, and whereas our intellectual, or mincing capreall (according to the Metaphysicks) as you may reade in Plato's Histromastix --- You conceuie me, sir?

O R A N G O lord, sir
C L O V E Then comming to the pretty Animall, as Reason long since is fled to animals, you know, or indeed for the more modellizing, or enamelling, or rather diamondizing of your subject, you shall perceuie the Hypothesis, or Galaxia (whereof the Meteoris long since had their mutuall inceptions and notions) to be meerely Pythagoricall, Mathematicall, and Aristocraticall --- For looke you, sir, there is euer a kinde of concinnitie and species --- Let vs turne to our former discourse, for they marke vs not

F A S T Masse, yonder's the knight P V N T A R V O L O
D E L I And my cousin S O G L I A R D O, me thinke
M A C I I, and his familiar that haunts him, the devil with the shining face

D E L I Let 'hem alone, obserue 'hem not
S O G L Nay, I will haue him, I am resolute for that By this parchement, gentlemen, I haue beene so toil'd among the Harrots yonder, you will not beleuee, they doe speake i' the strangest language, and glue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you knew

C A R L But ha' you armes? ha' you armes?
S O G L Yfaith, I thanke them, I can write my selfe
gentleman now, here’s my pattent, it cost me thirtie pound, by this breath

55   PVNT A very faire coat, well charg’d, and full of armorie

Sogl Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you have seen a coat haue, how like you the crest, sir?

PVNT I understand it not well, what is’t?

60   Sogl Mary, sir, it is your Bore without a head

Rampant

PVNT A Boore without a head, that’s very rare!

Carl I, and rampant too troth, I commend the Heralds wit, hee has decyphered him well A swine without a head, without braine, wit, any thing indeed, ramping to gentilitie You can blazon the rest, signior? can you not?

Sogl O, I, I haue it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking

70   Carl Let’s heare, let’s heare

PVNT It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, & ridiculous escutcheon, that ever this eye survied’d  Saeue you, good monsieur Fastidivs

Carl Silence, good knight on, on

75   Sogl Gyrony, of eight pieces, Azvrf and Gvles, betweene three plates, a Chevron, engrailed checkey, or, Vert, and Ermines, on a cheefe Argent betweene two Ann’lets, sables, a Bores head, Proper

Carl How’s that? on a cheefe Argent?
Every Man out of his Humour

Sogl On a cheesef Argent, a Bores head Proper, between two Ann'lets sables
Carl S'lud, it's a hogs-cheeke, and puddings in a pewter field this
Sogl How like you 'hem, signior?
Pvnt Let the word bee, Not without mustard, your crest is very rare, sir
Carl A fying pan, to the crest, had had no fellow
Fast Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little, signior, I will salute the knight
Carl Come, lap't vp, lap't vp
Fast You are right well encountred, sir, how do's your faire dog?
Pvnt In reasonable state, sir what citizen is that you were consorted with? a marchant of any worth?
Fast 'Tis signior Deliro, sir
Pvnt Is it he? Saue you, sir
Deli Good sir Pvntarvolo
Macio, what copie of foole would this place minister, to one endew'd with patience, to obserue it?
Carl Nay, looke you sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood, and habit, to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your gentilitie, and scorne every man Speake nothing humbly, neuer discourse vnder a nobleman, though you ne're saw him but riding to the Starre chamber, it's all one Loue no man Trust no man Speake ill of no man

III IV 81 head Proper, corr F1, F2 head, Proper F1 originally head PROPER Qq 82 st dir Qq begin at 84 and abbreviate 'Fast, 'Punt,' Carl,' 'Sogl,' ('Car,' 'Del,' Qq 2, 3) Puntarvolo, corr F1, F2 Puntarvolo F1 originally four] foure Qq, F2 83 hogs-cheeke corr F1, F2 Hogs-cheeke F1 originally Hogs Cheeke Qq 85 'hem,] them Qq 86 word] world Qq 2, 3 mustard,] mustard, Qq 87 rare,] rare Qq 88 pan,] corr F1, F2 pan Qq F1 crest Q3, corr F1, F2 crest F1 Crest Qq 1, 2 89 little,] little Qq 92 encountred,] encountered Qq 94 state,] state sir, Qq 95 marchant] merchant Qq, F2 96 Deliro,] Deliro Qq 97 you,] you Qq 98 Pvntarvolo] Puntarvolo Q1 99 O,] O Qq minerster,] minister Qq 100 patience,] Patience Qq 101 Nay,] Nay Qq, F2 102 mood,] mood Qq 103 habit,] habite Qq 106 ne'rej] neuer Q3 107 man Trust,] man, Trust Qq man Speake] man, Speake Q2 man, speake Q3
Every Man out of his Humour

to his face nor well of any man behind his backe Salute fairly on the front, and wish 'hem hang'd vpon the turne
Spread your selve vpon his bosome publikey, whose heart you would eate in priuate These be principles, thinke on 'hem, I'le come to you againe presently
P V N T Siria, keepe close, yet not so close thy breath will thaw my ruffe
S O G L O, good cousin, I am a little busie, how do's my neece? I am to walke with a knight, here

Act III. Scene V.

To them

F V N G O, Taylor

O He is here, looke you sir, that's the gentleman T A I L What, he i' the blush-colour'd sattin?
F V N G I, he sir though his sute blush, hee blushes not, looke you, that's the sute, sir I would haue mine, such a 5 sute without difference, such stuffe, such a wing, such a sleeue, such a skirt, belly, and all, therefore, pray you observe it Haue you a pare of tables?
F A S T Why, doe you see, sir? they say I am phantastical why, true, I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious age S'light, and a man should doe nothing, but what a sort of stale judgements about this towne will approue in him, he were a sweet asse I'd beg him yfaith I ne're knew any more find fault with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselves

III 118 face face, Qq 111 priuate priuat, Qr 112 'hem] them F3 After 112 Exit Car Sogardo mires with Punt and Fast Qq 113 close close, close, close, Qq 114 thaw] draw F3, 115 O] O Qq 116 neece neece, Qq knight knight Qq Enter Fung with his Tailor add Qq III v Act Tailor Qq continue the scene To them add F 1 O] Fung O Qq 2 What,] What Qq 3 sir] sir Qq not,] not Qg 4 sute,] Sute Qr sute Qg 2, 3 6 belly,] Belly Qq r, 2 belly Q3 8 Why,] Why Qg see,] see Qg 9 why,] why Qg humour] Humor Qq still,] still Qr still Qg 2, 3 10 age] age Qg S'light,] S'light Qg, F2 and] an' F2 11 nothing,] nothing Qg 12 asse ] Asse, Qg 13 yfaith yfaith Qq fault] more fault F3 14 then Qg, F1 than F2
Every Man out of his Humour

in to't For mine owne part, so I please mine owne appetite. 15
I am carelesse what the fustie world speakes of me. Puh
FVNG Doe you marke, how it hangs at the knee there?
TAIL I warrant you, sir
FVNG For gods sake, doe, note all doe you see the
collar, sir? 20
TAIL Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir
FVNG Pray heau'n, it doe not, you'le make these
linings serue? and helpe me to a chapman for the out-side,
will you?
TAIL I'le doe my best, sir you'le put it off presently? 25
FVNG I, goe with mee to my chamber, you shall haue
it but make haste of it, for the loue of a customer, for I'le
sit i' my old sute, or else lie a bed, and reade the Arcadia, till
you haue done.
CARL O, if euer you were strucke with a rest, gallants, 30
now, now I doe vsh the most strange pece of militarie
profession, that euer was discouer'd in Insula Paulina
FAST Where? where?
PVNT What is he, for a creature?
CARL A pimpe, a pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, 35
the rarest superficies of a humour, hee comes euerymorning
to emptie his lungs in Paules here and offers vp some fiue,
or sixe Hecatomb's of faces, and sighes, and away againe.
Here he comes, nay, walke, walke, be not seene to note him,
and we shall haue excellent sport.

III v 15 in to't into't Q1, F2 into it Qq 2, 3 16 me Puh me,
puh Qq 1, 2 me, puh Q3 17 marke,[marke Qq 18 you,] you
Qq 19 gods sake,[Gods sake Qq 20 collar,] Coller Qq 21
stitch,[stitch Qq 22 heau'n,] God Qq 23 for to Q3 24 out-side]
outside Qq 25 best,] best Qq 26 chamber,] chamber Qq 27
it -- ] it, Qq a customer] Christ Qg 28 bed,] bed Qg 29 After 29]
Exit with tailor (Tailor Q3) Enter Car Qq 30 CARL Caol Q3
O,] Qq 1 est] jest Qr 34 he,] he Qg 36 humour] Humor Qr
humor Qq 2, 3 37 here ] here, Qg fine,] fine Qg 38 faces,]
faces Qq 39 nay,] nay Qq 40 Enter Shift (Shift Q3) | Walkes by,
and uses action to his Rapier add Qq
Act III. Scene VI.

Shift

P V N S 'Lid, hee vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue blowne vp the church
C A R O, you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires ere hee depart
F A S T See, now he is expostulating with his rapier! looke, looke
C A R L Did you euer, in your daes, obserue better passion ouer a hilt?
P V N T Except it were in the person of a cutlers boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour, I should thinke it impossible
C A R L See, againe, he claps his sword o' the head, as who should say, well, goe to
F A S T O violence! I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, being so prouokt
C A R L With that, the moody squire thump't has brest,
And rear'd his eyen to heauen, for reuenge
S O G L Troth, and you be good gentlemen, let's make 'hem friends, and take vp the matter, betwene his rapier, and him
C A R L Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the matter, for this rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a hanger on, and the good gentleman would happily be rid of him
F A S T By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected, I'll aske him
M A C I O, here's rich stuffe, for lifes sake, let vs goe
A man would wish himselfe a senselesse pillar,
Rather then view these monstrous prodigies

III vi Act  Shift ] Qg continue the scene To them add Ft 1 S'lid[,] S'lid Qg 3 O[,] O Qg 5 See[,] See Qg rapier 1 looke
Rapier, Looke Qg 7 euer[,] euer Qg daes[,] daes Qg x 2 dayes Qg 14 violence 1 violence, Qg 17 eyen] Eye F3 heauen,] Heauen Qt heauen Qg 2, 3 18 and] an' F2, F3 good not in Qg 19 matter[,] matter Qg rapier[,] Rapier Qg 20 him] he Qg 22 matter[,] matter , F2 26 O[,] O Qg lifes] Christ Qg goe ] goe, Qg 28 then] than Qg, F2
Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines fact—

Fast Signior
Shift At your service
Fast Will you sell your rapier?
Carl Sbloud, he is turn'd wild vpon the question, hee
lookes as hee had seene a serjeant
Shift Sell my rapier? now fate blesse me
Pvnt Amen
Shift You ask't me, if I would sell my rapier, sir?
Fast I did indeed
Shift Now, lord haue mercy vpon me
Pvnt Amen, I say still
Shift S'bud sir, what should you behold in my face,
sir, that should moue you (as they say, sir) to aske me, sir, if
I would sell my rapier?
Fast Nay (let me pray you, sir) bee not mou'd I protest, I would rather haue beene silent, then any way
offensive, had I knowne your nature
Shift Sell my rapier? 'ods lid! Nay, sir (for mine owne part) as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so,
I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling
foule, but (sell my rapier?) I will tell you sir, I haue seru'd
with this foolish rapier, where some of vs dare not appeare
in haste, I name no man but let that passe (Sell my rapier?) death to my lungs This rapier, sir, has travauil'd
by my side, sir, the best part of France and the low Countrey
I haue seene Vlishing, Brill, and the Haghe, with this rapier,
Every Man out of his Humour

sir, in my lord of Leysters time and (by gods will) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would——Looke you sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here, if you haue any disposition to trauell, for the sight of seruice, or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to duers officers and commandes in the low Countries, that shall for my cause doe you all the good offices, that shall pertaine or belong to gentlemen of you——Please you to shew the bountie of your minde, sir, to impart some ten groates, or halfe a crowne to our se, till our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and we shall thinke our selfe——Sbould! sell my rapier?

Sogl I pray you, what said he, signior, hee's a proper

Fast Mary, he tells me, if I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his se, or so

Pvnt Breake his head, and gue it him

Carl I thought he had beene playing o' the Iewes

75 trump, I

Sif My rapier? no sir my rapier is my guard, my defence, my reueneu, my honoure (if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you) and I will maintaine it, where there is a graine of dust, or a drop of water (Hard is the choise when

80 the valiant must eat their armes, or clem ) Sell my rapier? no, my deare, I will not bee duoroc't from thee, yet, I haue euer found thee true as steele——and (you cannot impart

III vi 57 sir, om Q3 gods] Gods Qq 55 would——] would——Qq 56 Looke you] Looke you Qq 2, 3 59 sort] good sort Qq 60
If Qq 61 seruice] seruice Qq one] One Qq 62 letters] letters, T2 commanders] Commanders Qq 6, offices,] offices Qq 65 minde] mind Qq 66 groates] groates Qq 67 selfe——] selfe —Qq 68 Sbould!] Sbould, Qq i, 2 Sbould Qq 3 What, F2
69 you, you Qq he,) he Qq signior, Qr, Fr, Signior? Qq 2, 3
signior? F2 71 Mary,] Mary Qr Marie Qq 2, 3 Mary Fr, 2
If Qq i, 2 72 vse,] vse Qq 80 ] so—F2 73 head,] head F2
74 been] been Qr Qq 82 ben Qq 83 bin Qq 84 o'] on Qq 75 trump,] Trump Qq 77 honour] Honor Qq 3 impart,) impart Qq i, 2 78 secret,]
secret Qq and] and I and I Qr 79 dust,] dust Qq i, 2 water
(]H]ard] water (hard Qq 88 armes,) Armes Qq 81 no,] no Qq
duoroc't] duoroc't Qq 82 duoroc'd F2 thee,) thee Qq yet,) yet, F2
82 steele——] Steele Qq i, 2 steele Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

sir? Saue you gentlemen (neuerthelesse if you haue a fancie to it, sir)

Fast Pr'y thee away is Signior Deliro departed? 85
Car Ha'you seene a pimp out-face his owne wants better?
Sog I commend him, that can dissemble 'hem so well
Pvnt True, and haung no better a cloke for it, then he has neither
Fast Gods precious, what mischievous lucke is this! adiew gentlemen
Pvnt Whither? in such haste, Monsieur Fasti-
divs!
Fast After my marchant, signior Deliro, sir 95
Car O hinder him not, hee may hap lose his tide,
a good flounder i'faith
Oran Harke you, signior Whiffe, a word with you
Carl How? signior Whiffe?
Oran What was the difference betweene that gallant
that's gone, and you, sir?
Shift No difference he would ha' guin mee fines
pound for my rapier, and I refus'd it, that's all
Clove O, was't no otherwise? wee thought you had
beene vpon some termes
Shift No other then you saw, sir
Clove Adieu, good Master Apple-Iohn
Carl How? Whiffe, and Apple-Iohn too?

III vi 83 sir ?] Sir) Qq i, 2 sir) Q3 84 Saue] God saue Qq
1t.] it Qq 87 better ?] better Qq i, 2 88 him,) him Qq 2, 3
can] he can Q3 'hem] them Qq 89-90 for it, then he has Fr for
it, than he has Qr, F2 (it Qr) 80 he has for it Qq 2, 3 (then Q3)
91 this! this Qr this? Qq 2, 3 93 Fastidives! Fastidives? Qq
95 marchant] Merchant Qq i, 2 Marchant Q3 merchant F2 Deli-
ro,) Deliro Qq 96 lose) loose Qq i, 2 97 Exit add Qq (for
95 98 Oran] Oren Qq, who spell 'Orenge' up to 101 you,
s gnuer) you Sig Qq 99 st dir in Qq at 98-9 100 gallant
young gallant Qq 101 you,) you Qq sir? Q3, F2 sir Qq i, 2,
Fr 104 was't] was it Qq 105 beene] ben Qq 106 then)
than Qq, F2 saw,) saw Qq 107 Adieu,) Adieu Qr 108 Qq
2, 3 Apple-Iohn] Apple Iohn Qq Exeit Oren & Cloue add
Qq (Clou Q3) 108 Apple-Iohn] Apple Iohn Qq 2, 3 Apple
Ioan Qi
Every Man out of his Humour

Heart, what'll you say if this be the appendiv, or labell to both yond' indentures?

PVNT It may be

C A R L Resolve vs of it, I A N V S, thou that look'st every way or thou H E R C V L E S, that hast travailed all countries

PVNT Nay, C A R L, spend not time in inuocations now, 'tis late

C A R L Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir

SHIFT Sir, my name is C A V A L I E R S H I F T I am knowne sufficiently in this walk, sir

C A R L S H I F T? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it

SHIFT True, sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent Tabbaconist) to give me the stile of signior

W H I F F E as I am a poore esquire about the towne here, they call mee Master A P P L E-I O H N Varietie of good names does well, sir

C A R L I, and good parts, to make those good names out of which I imagine yond 'bils to be yours

SHIFT Sir, if I should deny the manuscripts, I were worthie to be banisht the middle I'le, for euer

C A R L I take your word, sir this gentleman has subscrib'd to 'hem, and is most desirous to become your pupil Mary you must vs expedition Signior Insulso

S O G L In good time, sir, nay, good sir, house your head do you profess these sleights in tabacco?
Every Man out of his Humour 513

SHIFT I, doe more then professe, sir, and (if you please to bee a practitioner) I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any ordinarie, theatre, or the tilt-yard, if need be, i' the most popular assembly that is

Pvnt But you cannot bring him to the whiffle, so soon?

SHIFT Yes, as soone, sir hee shall receive the first, second, and third whiffle, if it please him, and (vpon the recent) take his horse, drinke his three cups of Canarve, and expose one at Hounsloew, a second at Stanes, and a third at Bagshot

Carl Baw-waw

Sogl You will not serue mee, sir, will you? I'll giue you more then countenance

SHIFT Pardon me, sir, I doe scorne to serue any man

Carl Who? he serue? Sbloud he keepes high men, and low men, he, he has a faire luuing at Fullam

SHIFT But in the nature of a fellow, I'll bee your follower, if you please

Sogl Sir, you shall stay, and dine with mee, and if wee can agree, weele not part in haste I am verie bountifull to men of qualitie Where shall we goo, signior?

Pvnt Your Miter is your best house

SHIFT I can make this dogge take as many whiffes as I list, and hee shall retaine, or efume them, at my pleasure

Pvnt By your patience, follow me, fellows

Sogl Sir, Pvntarvolo

Pvnt Your Miter is your best house

SHIFT I can make this dogge take as many whiffes as I list, and hee shall retaine, or efume them, at my pleasure

Pvnt By your patience, follow me, fellows
Pardon mee, my dogge shall not cate in his company, for a million

Nay, bee not you amaz'd, signor Whiffe, what e're that stiffeneckt gentleman say's

No, foi you doe not know the humour of the dogge, as wee doe where shall we dine, Caryl? I would faine goe to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman

So you may, were you neuer at any yet?

No faith, but they say, there resorts your most choyse gallants

True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in among'st 'hem, they all stand vp and stare at him, as he were some vnknowne beast, brought out of Affrick but that'll bee help't with a good adventurous face. You must be impudent ynoough, sit downe, and vse no respect, when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'll thinke you haue travailed though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, & discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, discharge a good full oth, and offer a great wager, 'twill be admiralbe

I warrant you, I am resolute come, good signor, there's a poore French crown, for your ordinarie

It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullic of coine before

III vi 166-7 companie, companie Qq r 2 company Qq3, T2 167 Exit Puntarvolo with his followers, add Qq (Punt Qq 2, 3 fellows Qq3)
Nay, Nay Qq amaz'd, amaz'd Qq 170 humour] Humor Qq
dogge, corr Fr, F2 Dogge, Fr dog Qr Dog Qq 2, 3 dine,
dine Qq 172 ordinaries, Ordinaries Qq r 2 173 any] none Qq
say, say Qq r 2 174 stranger] straunger Qq r 2 176 beast ] beast Qq Affrick corr Fr, F2 Affrick, Fr Affricke, Qq 179 adventurous] adventorous Qr face You corr Fr, F2 face, you Qr, Fr face, you Qq 2, 3 180 respect,] respect, Qr respect Qq 2, 3 183 travailed'] travael'd Qq argu, day, corr Fr, F2 argue day Qq, Fr 187 resolute come,] resolute, come Qq 188 crowne,] crowne Qq 190 Exeunt add Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

GREX.

MIT I troueull with another objection, signior, which I feare will bee enforc'd against the author, ere I can be deliuer'd of it.

COR What's that, sir?

MIT That the argument of his Comœdie might haue bene of some other nature, as of a duke to be in loue with a countesse, and that countesse to be in loue with the dukes sonne, and the sonne to loue the ladies waiting maid some such crosse wooing, with a clowne to their seruingman, better then to be thus neere, and familiarly allied to the time.

COR You say well, but I would faine heare one of these autumnne-judgements define once, Quid sit Comœdia? If he cannot, let him content his selfe with Ciceron's definition (till hee haue strength to propose to his selfe a better) who would haue a Comœdie to be Imitatio vitae, Speculum consuetudinis, Imago veritatis, a thing throughout pleasant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners if the maker haue fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why—be you (that are for them) silent, as I will bee for him, and give way to the actors.

III vi 191 objection,] objection Qr objection Qg 2, 3 194 that,]
that Qg 195 Comœdie] Comedie Qg, F2 (so 206) 196 bene
ben Qr been Q2 ben Q3 198 waiting maid] waiting-maid F2
200 then] than Qg, F2 neere,] neere Qg 203 -judgements] -judgments Qg 2, 3 Qud sit] Qud sit Q3 Comœdia] Comedia F2 204
Ciceronis] Cicero's F2 207 veritatis,] veritatis, Qg pleasant,
pleasant Qg 210 him,] him, F2 why—] why, Qg
Act III. Scene VII.

Sordido, Nine

Ay, gods-precious, if the weather and season bee so respectlesse, that beggars shall live as well as their betters, and that my hunger, and thirst for riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst with pouctie, that my sleepes shall be broken, and their hearts not broken, that my coffers shall bee full, and yet care, theirs emptie, and yet merry! Tis time, that a crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud cannot beare this crosse.

Grex.

MIT What, will he hang himselfe?

COR Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

MIT Beshrow me, he will be out of his humour then, indeed.

Sor Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem? one saies, darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as christall, another saies, tempestuous blasts, and stormes, and 'twas as calme as a milke-bowle, heere bee sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with. You skie-staring cockes-combs you, you fat braines, out vpon you, you are good for nothing but to sweat night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare! You learned men, and haue not a legion of deuls, a vostre service! a vostre service? by heauen,
Every Man out of his Humour 517

I thinke I shall die a better scholler then they but soft, how now, sirra

HINE Here's a letter come from your sonne, sir 25
SORD From my sonne, sir? what would my sonne, sir? some good newes, no doubt

Sweet, and deare father (desiring you first to send The mee your blessing, which is more worth to me then gold, or siluer) I desire you likewise to be advertised, 30 that this Shrouetide (contrary to custome) we use alwaies to haue reveuls, which is indeed dancing and makes an excellent shew, in truth, especially if wee gentlemen bee well attir'd, which our seniors note, and thinke the better of our fathers, the better we are maintain'd, and that they shall know if they come vp, and haue any thing to doe in the law Therefore, good father, these are (for your owne sake, as well as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not want, that which is fit for the setting vp of our name, in the honor-40 able volume of gentilitie. that I may say to our calumniators, with T U L I E, Ego sum ortus domus meae, tu occasus tuae And thus (not doubting of

III vni 23 then] than Qq 1, 2, F2 they l] they, Qq 1, 2 they Q3 24 now,) now Qq, sirra j sirah Qq 1, 2 sirah? Q3 Enter a Hind with a letter Qq, centred in Q1, appended in Qq 2, 3 25 HINE] Hind Qq sonne,) Sonne Qq 1, 2 sonne Q3 (so twice in 26) 27 newes,) newes Qq 28 margin The letter ] corr F1, F2 not in F1 originally in Qq added as a stage direction to 27 in F3 printed as a heading to the letter Sweet, corr F1 Sweet Qq, F1 originally, F2 father, F1 father, Qq 1, 2 29 then] than Qq, F2 30 gold, corr F1 Gold Qq 1, 2 gold Q3, F1 originally, F2 32 dancing corr F1 Dauncing, Q1 Dancing, Q2 dancing, Q3, F1 originally, F2 33 shew, in truth, corr F1 shew in truth, Qq, F1 originally, F2 37 law Therefore, corr F1 Law therefore Qq 2, 3 law therefore, F1 originally, F2 38 sake, Qq, corr F1 sake Qq 1, 2, F1 originally, F2 39 you that] you, that Qq want,] want Qq, F2 41 name,) name Qq honorable] honourable Qq 1, 2, F2 41 gentilitie corr F1 Gentilitie, Qq 1, 2 Gentility, Q3 gentilitie, F1 originally, F2 42 calumniators,) Calumniators Qq 1 Columnators Qq 2, 3 Ego tuae] EGO TVAE Qq 43 occasus] OCCASSVS Q3
your fatherly benevolence) I humbly aske you blessing,
and pray god to blesse you Yours, if his owne

How's this! Yours, if his owne? is he not my sonne, except
he be his owne sonne? Belike, this is some new kind of
subscription the gallants vse. Wel! wherefore doest thou
stay, knaue? Away goe Here's a lettre indeede! reuels?
and benevolence? is this a weather to send benevolence?
or is this a season to revell in? Slied the deuil and all takes
part to vexe me, I thinke! this letter would never haue
come now else, now, now, when the sunne shines, and the
aire thus cleere Soule, if this hold, we shall shortly haue
an excellent crop of corne spring out of the high waises the
streets, and houses of the towne will be hid with the rank-
nesse of the fruits, that grow there, in spight of good
husbandry Goe to, I'll preuent the sight of it, come as
quickly as it can, I will preuent the sight of it I haue this
remedie, heauen Stay, I'll trie the paine thus a little, o,
nothing, nothing Well now! shall my sonne gaine a
benevolence by my death? or any body be the better for my
gold, or so forth? No Alue, I kept it from 'hem, and
(dead) my ghost shall walke about it, and preserue it,
my son and daughter shall starue eie they touch it I haue
hid it as deep as hel, from the sight of heauen, and to it I

Falls off
goe now

III vii 44 you] your F3 45 god] God Qq Yours owne corr
Fr Yours owne Qq, F1, F2 in Q1, in F1 originally, in
F2 a separate line 46 this! corr Fr, F2 this! Qq, I'x 47
sonne?] Sonne Qq r, a Belike, corr Fr Belike Qq, I'x kind Qq
r, a, corr Fr, F2 kinde Q3, I'x 48 Wel! corr I'x, I'x 2 Well, Qq
Wel, Fr 49 stay,] stay, Qq Exit Hind add Qq after 'goe' Qq 2,
3 begin a new line at Here's' indeed! corr I'x, I'x 2 indeed Qq
Fr 50 and benevolence] and benevolence Qq r, a 52 me I
thinks! me I think Qq mee I thinke Qq 2, 3 54 Soule,
Soule Q 55 wais ] wais, Qq 57 fruits,] fruits Qq there, Q3, corr
Fr there Qq r, a, Fr originally, F2 58 to,] to Qr 60 remedie,
heauen Stay,] remedie Heauen stay, Qq 61 Well now! corr
Fr, F2 Well now Qq r, a Wel, now Q3 Well now, I'x originally,
F2 63 gold] Gold Qq No Alue, Qq, I'x corr I'x, I'x 2 No Alue
Qq 2, 3 No, alue, Fr originally 04 about it,] about it Qq pri-
serue it, corr Fr preserue it, Qq, Fx originally, I'x 2 65 st dnu
sterue Qq touch it corr Fr touch it, Qq, I'x originally, I'x 2 66
hel, corr Fr Hell Qq hell I'x originally, F2 67 st dnu add Qq r, 2
after 67 in Q1
Act III. Scene VIII.

R v s t i c i

R v s t 1 Aye me, what pittifull sight is this! help, To him help, help
R v s t 2 How now? what's the matter?
R v s t 1 O, here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get him againe
R v s t 2 Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a justice, 'tis chance medley, o' my word
R v s t 3 How now, what's here to doe?
R v s t 4 How comes this?
R v s t 2 One has executed himselfe, contrary to order
of law, and by my consent he shall answer't
R v s t 5 Would he were in case, to answere it
R v s t 1 Stand by, he recouers, give him breath
S o r d Oh
R v s t 5 Masse, 'twas well you went the foot-way, 15 neighbour
R v s t 1 I, and I had not cut the halter
S o r d How! cut the halter? Aye me, I am vndone, I am vndone
R v s t 2 Mary, if you had not beene vndone, you had beene hang'd, I can tell you
S o r d You thred-bare horse bread-eating rascals, if you would needes haue beene meddling, could you not haue vntied it, but you must cut it? and in the midst too! Aye me
R v s t 1 Out on me, 'tis the catterpiller S o r d i d o!
how cursed are the poore, that the viper was blest with this good fortune?

R v s t 2 Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to
30 the curse of the poore?

R v s t 3 I, and to saue so wretched a caytife?

R v s t 4 Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him

R v s t 2 Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou
maist hang thy selfe too

R v s t 5 Neuer maist thou be sau'd, that sau'd so
darn'd a monster

S o r d i d What curscs breathe these men! how have my deeds
Made my lookes differ from another mans,
That they should thus detest, and lothe my life!

40 Out on my wretched humour, it is that
Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eyes
Pardon me (gentle friends) I'lle make faire mends
For my foule errors past, and twenty-fold
Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them

My barnes, and gainers shall stand open still
To all the poore that come, and my best graine
Be made almes-bread, to feed halfe famisht mouthes
Though hitherto amongst you I haue liu'd,
Like an vnsauourie muck-hill to my selfe,

50 Yet now, my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,
Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vscs
Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing
My life, and soule together O, how deeply
The bitter curses of the poore doe pierce!

55 I am by wonder chang'd, come in with me
And witnesse my repentance now I proue,

"No life is blest, that is not grac't with loue
Every Man out of his Humour 521

R V S T 2 O miracle! see when a man ha's grace!
R V S T 3 Had't not beene pitty, so good a man should
have beene cast away?
R V S T 2 Well, I'le get our clarke put his conuersion
in the Acts, and Monuments
R V S T 4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a Martyr
R V S T O god, how he wept, if you mark't it! did you
see how the teares trill'd?
R V S T 5 Yes, beleue me, like master vicars bowles
upon the greene, for all the world
3 or 4 O neighbour, god's blessing o' your heart, neigh-
bour, 'twas a good gratefull deed

GRESX.

COR How now, MITIS? what's that you consider so 70
seriously?

MIT Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the
warping condition of this greene, and soggy multitude
but in good faith, signior, your author hath largely out-
stript my expectation in this Scene, I will liberally confesse.
75 it For, when I saw SORDIDO so desperately intended,
I thought I had had a hand of him, then

COR What? you suppos'd he should haue hung him-
selhe, indeed?

MIT I did, and had fram'd my objection to it ready, 80
which may yet be very fitly vrg'd, and with some necessity

III vIII 58 grace'] grace Qq 59 pitty,] pite Qq 60 haue beene]
haue ben Qq i, 2 61 conuersion] conversion Qq 62 Acts, and
Monuments] Chronicle Qq 63 Martyr] vertuous man Qq 64
Rvst] Rust 2 F2 the number is accidentally omitted in Qq, FI
god Qr God Qq 2, 3 wept,] wept Qq it!] it Qq 65 Yes,]
Yes Qq me,] mee, Qq master] master Qr maisters Q2 masters
Q3 (corrected to master) 68 god's] God's Qq 2, 3 o' not in Qq
heart,] heart Qq neighbour] neighbor Q3 69 Exeunt add Qq
70 now,] now Qq 72 me,] me Qq i, 3 mee Qq 2 73 greene]
greene Qq, F2 soggy] foggy W A Craige conj s v soggy in N E D
multitude ] multitude, F2 74 faith,] faith Qq i, 2 fayth Q3 out-
stript] outstript Qq i, 2 ouer-slipt Q3 76 For,] For Qq 77
hum,] him Qq 78 himselfe,] himselfe Qq, F2 80 did,] did, Qq
objection] objection Qq i, 2
for though his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, and exten-
ded not to death, yet the intent and horror of the obiect, was more then the nature of a Comæde will in
85 any sort admit

Cor I? what thinke you of Pla v t vs, in his
Comæde, called Cistellaria, there? where he brings in
A L C E S I M A R C H V S with a diawne sword ready to kill
himselfe, and as hee is e'ne fixing his brest vpon it, to bee
90 restrain'd from his resolu'd outrage, by S i l e n i v m, and
the bawd is not his authoritie of power to giue our Scene
approbation?

Mit Su, I haue this only euasion left me, to say, I
thinke it bee so indeed, your memorie is happier than mine
95 but I wonder, what engine hee will vse to bring the rest out
of their humours!

Cor That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your
imagination withall Let you mind keepe companie with
the Scene still, which now remoues it selfe from the countrey,
100 to the court Here comes M a c i l e n t e, and signior
B r i s k e, freshly suted, lose not your selfe, for now the
Epitasis, or busie part of our subject, is in act
Act III. Scene IX.

MACILENTE, BRISKE, CINEDO, SAVIOLINA

Fast. Well, now, signior MACILENTE, you are not onely welcome to the court, but also to my mistris with-drawing chamber. Boy, get me some tabacco, I'lle but goe in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently, sir.

MAC I What's that he said? by heauen, I maikth him not.

My thoughts, and I, were of another world.
I was admiring mine owne out-side here,
To thynke what priuilege, and palme it beaies.
Here, in the court! Be a man ne're so vile.
In wit, in judgement, manners, or what else,
If he can purchase but a silken couer,
He shall not only passe, but passe regarded.
Whereas, let him be poore, and meanely clad,
Though ne're so richly parted, you shall haue.
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his beefe,
Or how to rince his clammy guts in beere)
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat,
And kicke him downe the starres.
Such is the state
Of vertue, in bad clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha,
That ramenent should be in such high request!
How long should I be, ere I should put off.

III ix Act | SAVIOLINA | SCENA TERTIA | Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco Qq | SCENE III.—An Apartment at the Court | Enter Macilente, Fastidious Briske, both in a new suit, and Cinedo with tobacco G | Macilente F2 1 Well, now,] Well now Qq 3 mistris] mistresse Qq r, 2 with-drawing] with drawing Qq Boy.] Boy Qq 4 presently, presently Qq 5 Exit add Qq 0 heauen,] heauen Qq not ] not, Qq 7 thoughts,] thoughts Qq, F1 1,] I Qq world ] world, Qq 8 out-side] outside Qq 9 priuilege,] priuilege Qq 10 Here,] Here Qq court ] court Qq 11 judgement.] So Qq, Fj spell here manners] in manners Qq 14 Whereas,] Whereas Qq poore,] poore Qq 16 beefe,] Beefe Qq 18 shoulders,] shoulders Qq 20 vertue,] vertue Qq clothes ]] clothes ]] Clothes, Qq 1, 2 clothes, Qq 21 request ]] request 3 Qq 22 be,] be Qq
To the lord Chancellors tombe, or the Shriues posts? 
By heauen (I thinke) a thousand, thousand yeere 
25 His grauitie, his wisedome, and his faith, 
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suruie him) 
These I could well endure to reverence, 
But not his tombe no more then I'd commend 
The chappell organ, for the guilt without, 
30 Or this base viol, for the varnishd face 

Fast I feare I have made you stay somewhat long, 
sir, but is my tabacco readie, boy?

Cine I, sir 

Fast Give me, my mistris is upon comming, you shall 
35 see her presently, sir, (Tab) you'll say you never accosted 
a more piercing wit This tabacco is not dryed, boy, or else 
the pipe's defectuue Oh, your wits of Italie are nothing 
comparable to her! her bianc's a verie quierer of tests 
and she do's dart them abroad with that sweete loose, and 
40 judicall ayme, that you would—here she comes sir

She is seen and goes in againe

Macci 'Twas time, his invention had beene bogd else 
Savi Give me my fancke there 
Macci How now, Monsieur Briste? 

Fast A kind of affectionate reverence strikes mee with 
45 a cold shruiering (me thinkes)

Macci I like such tempers well, as stand before their 
mistresses with feare and trembling, and before their maker, 
like impudent mountaines 

Fast By this hand, I'd spend twentye pound my
vaulting-horse stood here now, she might see me doe but one so
tricke?

MACI Why, do's she loove actuitie?
CINE Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be
dancing a galliard, as she comes by
FAS T I eyther O, these stirring humours make ladies 55
mad with desire shee comes My good GENIUS em-
bolden me, boy, the pipe quickly
MACI What? will he guie her musicke?
FAS T A second good morrow to my faire mistresse
SAVI Faire servuant, I'le thanke you a day hence, when 60
the date of your salutation comes forth
FAS T How, like you that answere? is't not admirable?
MACI I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire
trifles, sir
FAS T Troth, sweet ladie, I shall (Tab) be prepar'd to
guie you thanks for those thankes, and (Tab) studie more
officious, and obsequious regards (Tab) to your faire
beauties (Tab) mend the pipe, boy
MACI I ne're knew tabacco taken as a parenthesis,
before
FAS T Fore god (sweete ladie) beleue it, I doe honour
the meaneest rush in this chamber, for your loue
SAVI I, you need not tell mee that, sir, I doe thinke,
you doe prize a rush, before my loue
MACI Is this the wonder of nations?
FAS T O, by this ayre, pardon me, I said, for your loue,
by this light but it is the accustomed sharpness of your
ingenuitie, sweete mistresse, to—— Masse your violl's new
strung, methinkes

M A C I Ingenuitie I see his ignorance will not suffer
him to slander her, which he had done most notably, if he
had said wit, for ingenuitie, as he meant it

F A S T By the soule of musicke, ladie (hum, hum)
S A V I Would we might heare it once

F A S T I doe more adore, and admiere you (hum, hum)

predominate perfections, then (hum, hum) cuei I shall haue

power, and facultie to expresse (hum)

S A V I Upon the violl de Gambo, you meane ?

F A S T It's miserably out of tune, by this hand

S A V I Nay, rather by the fingers

M A C I It makes good harmonie with her wit

F A S T Sweet ladie, tune it Boy, some tabacco

M A C I Tabacco againe ? he do's count his mistresse with
verie exceeding good changes

F A S T Signior M A C I L E N T E, you take none, sir ?

(Tab)

M A C I No, vnlesse I had a Mistresse, signior, it were a
great indecorum for me to take tabacco

F A S T How like you her wit ? (Tab)

M A C I Her ingenuitie is excellent, sir

F A S T You see the subject of her sweet fingers, thec ?

(Tab) Oh, shee tickles it so, that (Tab) shee makes it laugh
most diuinely, (Tab) I'le tell you a good rest now, and your
selfe shall say it's a good one I haue wish my selfe to be

that instrument (I thinke) a thousand times, and not so few,

by heauen (Tab)

III 19 78 ingenuitie,] Ingenuitie Qq mistresse,) Mistresse Qq 79
strung,) strung Qq 80 st dir, He between] Takes downe the
Viooll Qq in text after 79 Ingenuitie ] Ingenuitie, Qq Ingenuitie, F2
81 her,) her, Qq 82 wit,) Wit Qq ingenuitie] Ingenuitie
Qq 83 musicke,) Musicke Qq 85 adore,) adore Qq 86 pre-
dominant] predominate Q3 perfections,) perfections Qq r, 2 then
Ff than Qq 87 power,) power Qq 88 Gambo,) Gambo Qq
90 Nay,) Nay Qq r, 2 92 ladie,) Ladie Qq Boy,) Boy Qq r, 2
95 none,) none Qq 97 Mistresse,) mistresse Qq 100 excellent,
] excellent Qq 101 subject] subject Qq fingers, corr Ff, F2 fingers
Qq, Ff originally 102 Oh,) Oh Qq 103 rest] jeast Qq r, 2 jest
Q3 106 heauen] Heauens Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

MACI Not unlike, sir but how? to be cas’d vp, and hung by on the wall?

FAST O, no, sir, to be in vse I assure you, as your judicious eyes may testifie (Tab)

SAVI Here, servaut, if you will play, come

FAST Instantly, sweet ladie (Tab) In good faith, here’s most divine tobacco!

SAVI Nay, I cannot stay to dance after you pipe

FAST Good! nay, deare ladie, stay by this sweete smoake, I thinke your wit be all fire (Tab)

MACI And, hee’s the Salamander belongs to it

SAVI Is your tabacco perfum’d, servaut? that you sweare by the sweet smoke?

FAST Still more excellent! (before heauen, and these bright lights) I thinke (Tab) you are made of ingenuitie, I (Tab)

MACI True, as you discourse is abominable!

FAST Will your ladiship take any?

SAVI O, peace I pray you, I loue not the breath of a woodcocks head

FAST Meaning my head, ladie?

SAVI Not altogether so, sir, but (as it were fatall to their follies that thinke to grace themselves with taking tabacco, when they want better entertainment) you see your pipe beares the true forme of a woodcocks head

FAST O admirable simile!

SAVI 'Tis best leauing of you in admiration, sir
Arc these the admired lady-wits, that having so good a plainsong, can runne no better division uppon it? S'heart, all her rests are of the stampe, (March was fiftene yeres ago) Is this the Comet, Monsieur Fastidius, that your gallants wonder at so?

Fast Hart of a gentleman, to neglect mee afore presence thus! Sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the Muses, I was never in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too. Report it not for a million, good sir, let me be so farre endear'd to your loue.

G R È X.

Mit What followes next, signior Cordatus? this gallants humour is almost spent, me thinkes, it ebbes apace, with this contrarie breath of his mistresse.

Cor O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a generall drought of humour among all our actors, and then, I feare not but his wil fall as low as any. See, who presents himselfe here!

Mit What, i' the old case?

Cor Yfaith, which makes it, the more pitifull, you understand where the Scene is?
Every Man out of his Humour 529

Act III. Scene I.

Fallace Fungoso

Why, are you so melancholy, brother?

Fungo I am not melancholy, I thanke you, sister.

Fall Why are you not merrie then? there are but two of vs in all the world, and if wee should not bee comforts one to another, god helpe vs.

Fungo Faith, I cannot tell, sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats, to make his sonne a gentleman and yet when he has cut 'hem, he will see his sonnes throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his owne throat. I must bee the first head of our house, and yet he will not gue me the head till I bee made so. Is any man term'd a gentle-

15 man that is not always i' the fashion? I would know but that.

Fall If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I thanke I haue as much cause to bee melancholy, as one for I'lle be sworn, I liue as little in the fashion, as any woman in London. By the faith of a Gentlewoman, (beast that I am to say it) I ha' not one friend i' the world besides my husband. When saw you master Fastidivs Briske, brother?

Fungo But a while since, sister, I thanke I know not well in truth. By this hand, I could fight with all my heart, me thankes.

IV 1 Act Fungoso] Actus Quartus, Scena Prima] Enter Fungoso, Fallace following him Qq (Actus Quartus Qq 1, 2) ACT IV, scene I — A Room in Deliro's House G 1 Why,) Fall Why Qq melancholy. melancholy Qr melancholy Q2 melancholy. melancholy Qr melancholy Q2 melancholy, Q3 you, you Qq 4 all om Q3 5 one to] to one Qq ano-[ther, god corr Fr ano-] god Fr originally god] God Qq, F2 6 tell,) tell Qq 8 throats.] throats Qq 9 his] is some copies of Q3 13 the head] the head, Qq 16 that,] that Qq 1, 2 17 one] one, Qq any one F3 18 sworn.] sworn Qq 19 By] Gentlewoman,] By the Bible of heauen Qq 20 ha'] have Qq 21 master] Master Qr 23 since,] since Qq thunke ] thunke, Qq 24 By this hand,) By Gods lid Qq 3 heart,) heart Qq 1, 2
FALL Nay, good brother, be not resolute
FVNG I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answere neyther
FALL Oh, sweete FASTIDIVS BRISKE! ô fine courtier! thou art hee mak'st me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband! and how miserable a dame shee is, that hath neyther husband, nor friend t' the court! O, sweet FASTIDIVS! ô fine courtier! How comely he bowes him in his court'sie! how full hee hits a woman betweene the lips when hee kisses! how vpright hee sits at the table! how daintily he carues! how sweetly he talks, and tels newes of this lord, and of that lady! how cleanly he wipes his spoone, at euyer spoon-full of any whit-meat he eates, and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him, still! O, sweet FASTIDIVS! ô fine courtier!

Act III. Scene II.

DELIRO, MUSICIANS, MACIEN TE, FVNGOSO

S Ee, yonder shee is, gentlemen Now (as cuer you'll beare the name of musicians) touch your instruments sweetly, shee has a delicate eare, I tell you play not a false note, I beseech you

Musi. Feare not, signior DELIRO
Every Man out of his Humour

DELI O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing Lord, how my imagination labours with the successs of it. Well said, good yfaith! heauen grant it please her I'lle not be seen, for then shee'le be sure to dislike it.

FA LL Hey---da! this is excellent! I'lle lay my life, this is my husbands dotage I thought so; nay, neuer play peeke-boe with me, I know, you doe nothing but studie how to anger me, sir.

DELI Anger thee, sweet wife? why didst thou not send for musicians to supper last night, thy selve?

FA LL To supper, sir? now, come vp to supper, I beseech you as though there were no difference between supper time, when folkes should be merry, and this time, when they would be melancoly? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more judgement to please her.

DELI Be pleas'd, sweet wife, and they shall ha' done and would to fate, my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

MAC I Saue you, lady, where is master DE LI RO?

DELI Here, master MACILENTE you are welcome from court, sir, no doubt you haue beeene grac't exceedingly of master BRISKESMistris, and the rest of the ladies, for his sake?

MAC I Alas, the poore phantastick' hee's scarce knowne.

IV II 6O.] O QQ thing ] thing, QQ 7 it Well] it well QQ it! Well F2 8 yfaith corr F1, F2 yfaith, QQ, FI originally grant] grant QQ her corr F1, F2, her, QQ r, 2, F2 originally her QQ 10 Hey--- da ] Hey da, Qr Heyda, Q2 Heyda, Q3 excellent ] excellent, QQ r, 2 excellent Q3 life,] life QQ i1 dotage ] dotage, QQ r, 2 so, nay,] so, nay QQ 12 peeke-boe] boe-peepe F2, F3 know,] know QQ 13 me,] me QQ r, 2 mee Q3 14 why, why, QQ 2, 3 15 musicians] Musitians QQ r, 2 night,] night QQ 16 supper, sir? now,] Supper sir? now (Sir 2 QQ 2, 3) QQ supper,] Supper QQ 18 time, corr F1, F2 time QQ, FI originally 19 would] should F2, F3 20 judgement] judgement some copies of QQ 21 pleas'd,] pleas'd QQ done ] done, F2 22 fate,] Christ QQ After 23 Exit Musitians Enter Macilenete QQ 24 Saue you, lady,] God saue you Ladie, QQ 25 you are] you'r QQ 26 court, corr F1, F2 the Court QQ the court, F1 doubt] doubt F2 27 Mistris corr F1 Mistresse QQ mistris FI originally, QQ ladies,] Ladies QQ 29 phantastick' Queen's, QQ
To any lady there, and those that know him,
Know him the simplest man of all they know
Deride, and play vpon his amorous humours,
Though he but apishly doth imitate
The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies pumps,
Holding the cloth for them, praising their wits,
And seriule obseruing every one,
May doe them pleasure fearefull to be seene
With any man (though he be no're so worthy)
That's not in grace with some, that are the greatest
Thus courtiers doe, and these he counteifeits
But sets not such a sightly carriage
Upon their vanities, as they themselves,
And therefore they despise him for indeed
Hee's like the Zanu, to a tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh

F A L L Here's an vnthankfull spitefull wretch! the
good gentleman vouchsaft to make him his companion
(because my husband put him into a few rags) and now see,
how the vnude rascall back-bites him!

D E L L Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem, then? say you?

M A C I Faith, like a pawne, at Chesse fills vp a 100me,
that's all
F A L L O monster of men! can the earth beare such
an enious caytiffe?

D E L I Well, I repent me, I e're credited him so much
but (now I see what he is, and that his masking vizor is off)
I le forbeare him no longer. All his lands are morgag'd to
Every Man out of his Humour

me, and forfeited besides, I haue bonds of his in my hand, for the receit of now fifty pound, now a hundred, now two so hundred still, as he has had a fan but wagg’d at him, he would be in a new suite. Well, I’le salute him by a Sergeant the next time I see him, yfaith, I’le suite him.

MACI Why, you may soone see him, sir, for hee is to meet signior PVNTARVOLO at a Notaries, by the 65 Exchange, presently where he meanes to take vp, vpon returne——

FALL Now, out vpon thee, I V D A S, canst thou not be content to back-bite thy friend, but thou must betray him? wilt thou seeke the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you, sir, get your liuing by the counsell of traytors?

DELI Deare wife, haue patience.

FALL The house will fall, the ground will open, and swallow vs I’le not bide here, for all the gold, and fille 75 in heauen.

DELI O, good MACILENTE, let’s follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end.

MACI Now pease, and not peace, feed that life, whose head hangs so heaurly ouer a womans manger.

FALL Helpe me, brother ’ods body, and you come here, I’le doe my selfe a mischiefe.

DELI Nay, heare me, sweet wife, vnsesse thou wilt haue mee goo, I will not goe.

iv 11 59 hand corr Fr, F2 hand Qg, Fr originally 60 fifty[ xx Qg a hundred] xxx Qg two hundred] xxv Qg 61 still, corr Fr, F2 still Qg, Fr originally 63 see him, corr Fr, F2 see him Qg, Fr originally 64 him,] him Qg 65 PVNTARVOLO] Puntarvolo Qg 1, 2 PUN TARVOL, F2 65-6 Notaries, by the Exchange, presently corr Fr, F2 Notaries by the Exchange presently, Qg, Fr originally 66 vp[,] vp Qg 67 returne——] returne Qg 68 Now,] Now Qg thee,] thee Qg 69 back-bite] backbite Qg 1, 2 must] wilt Qg 2, 3 71 you, sir,] you Sir Qg 1, 2 you sir Qg 75 here, corr Fr, F2 here Qg, Fr originally gold, corr Fr Gold Qg 1, 2, Fr originally gold Q3, F2 76 Ext add Qg 77 Qg 78 Ext add Qg 79 pease] Peace Qg peace,] Peace Qg 80 Ext add Qg st dir Deliro wife corr Fr, F2 not in Fr originally Enter Fallace running, at another dore, and claps it too (doore, to Q3) Qg in text SCENE II —Another Room in the same Enter Fallace and Fungoso running, she claps to the door G (cf 103) 81 me[,] me Qg 1, 2 ’ods body,] Gods body Qg and] an’ F2 83 me[,] me Qg 84 Within add Qg
FALL Tut, you shall ne're ha' that vantage of me, to say, you are vndone by me. I'll not bid you stay, I Brother, sweet brother, here's foure angels, I'll give you toward your sute for the loue of gentry, and as euer you came of christen creature, make haste to the water side (you know where Master FASTIDIVS vses to land) and give him warning of my husbands malitious intent, & tell him of that leane rascals trechery. O heuens! how my flesh rises at him! nay, sweet brother, make haste you may say, I would haue writ to him, but that the necessite of the time would not permit. He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me and commend me, to him, good brother, say, I sent you.

FVNG Let me see, these foure angels, and then, for the shillings more I can boirow on my gowne in Fetter-lane. Well, I will goe presently, say on my sute, pay as much money as I haue, and sweare my selfe into credit with my taylor, for the rest.

DELI O, on my soule you wiong her, MACILEMNER, Though shee be foward, yet I know shee is honest.

MACI Well, then haue I no judgement would any woman (but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into that immodest and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible.

DELI If you love me, forbear, all the arguments't the world shall neuer wrest my heart to bcleeeue it.
GREX.

Cor How like you the decyphering of his dotage?
Mit O, strangely! and of the others enue too, that
labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man, and his
wife Stay, here comes the knight aduenturer
Cor I, and his scriuener with him

Act III. Scene III.
Pvntarvoło, Notarie, Carlo,
Servants

I Wonder, Monsieur Fastidivs comes not! but,
Notarie, if thou please to draw the indentures the
while, I will gue thee thy instructions
Nota With all my heart, sir, and I'le fall in hand
with 'hem presently
Pvnt Well then, first, the summe is to be vnderstood
Nota Good, sir
Pvnt Next, our severall appellations, and character of
my dog, and cat, must be knowne shew him the cat, sirrah
Nota So, sir
Pvnt Then, that the intended bound, is the Turkes
court in Constantinople the time limited for our returne,
a yeere and that if either of vs miscarry, the whole venter
is lost These are generall, conceiu'st thou? or if either of
vs turne Turke
Nota I, sir
Pvnt Now for particulars That I may make my

IV 11 112 strangely | strangely, Qq 113 labours] labors Qv
man,] man Qq, Fv 111 Act Servants] Scena Tertia [Enter
Puntarvolo, Notarie, with Servungen (Puntarvolo Qq 1, 2 Servi-
genmen Q1) Qq Scene IV—Puntarvolo's Lodgings [Enter Puntarvolo,
Notary, and Servants with the dog and cat G 1 I wonder,] Punt I
wonder Qq Monsieur[ Mounsieur Fv but,] but Qq 3 thy in-
structions] the Theorèe Qq 4 heart,] heart Qq 5 with'hem Fv
presently] presently Fv 6 first,] first, Qq 7 Good,] Good Qv
dog,] Dog Qq 1, 2, Fv Dogge Q3 cat,] Cat Qq 3 cat,] Cat Qq
cat Fv 10 So,] So Qq 11 bound] Point Qq 13 venter] Ven-
ture Fv 14 generall,] Generall, Qq 16 I,] I Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

troubles by sea or land, to my best liking, and that (hiring a coach for my selfe) it shall bee lawfull for my dog, or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

Not Very good, sir.

PVN That I may choose to glue my dogge, or cat fish, for feare of bone's, or any other nutriment, that (by the judgement of the most autenticall physicians, where I trauaile) shall be thought dangerous.

Not Well, sir.

PVN That (after the receit of his monie) he shall neyther in his own person, nor any other, eyther by direct or indirect meanes, as magick, witchcraft, or other such exoticke artes, attempt, practise, or complot anie thing, to the prejudice of mee, my dogge, or my cat. Neyther shall I use the helpe of any such sorceries, or enchantments, as vnctions, to make our skinnes impenetrable, or to trauaile unusible by vertue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charme about my dogges necke, secretly conuey'd into his coller (vnderstand you?) but that all be performed, sincerely, without fraud, or imposture.

Not So, sir.

PVN That (for testimonie of the performance) my selfe am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dogge a Gracian hare's lip, and my cat the traine, or taile of a Thracian rat.

Not 'Tis done, sir.
Every Man out of his Humour

PVN 'Tis said, sir, not done, sir. but forward That upon my returne, and landing on the Tower-wharfe, with the aforesaid testimonie, I am to receive five for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth

NOT Well, sir

PVN Prouided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse, or so any other casuall event, so that the whole course of the adventure bee hindered, thereby, that then, he is to returne, and I am to receive the prenominated proportion, vpon faire and equall termes

NOT Verie good, sir, is this all?

PVN It is all, sir and dispatch them, good NOTARIE

NOT As fast as is possible, sir

PVN O, CARLO welcome saw you Monsieur BRIEKE

CAR Not I did he appoint you, to meet here?

PVN I, and I muse he should be so tardie hee is to take an hundred pounds of mee in venter, if he maintaine his promise

CAR Is his houre past?

PVN Not yet, but it comes on apace

CAR Tut, be not jealous of him he will sooner breake all the commandements, then his houre, vpon my life, in such a case trust him

PVN Me thinkes, CARLO, you looke verie smooth! ha?

IV 11 44 said, sir, corr FR, F2 said Sir, Qq said, sir FR originally done, sir ] done sir, Qr done sir, Qq 2, 3 45 returne,] returne Qq Tower-wharfe,] Tower wharfe Qq i, 2 Towre wharfe, Q3 48 Well,] Well Qq 49 PVN ] Puiue Q1 that Qq 2, 3, corr FR, F2 That Qr, FR originally departure, corr FR, F2 departure Qq, FR originally 52 hindered, corr FR hindered Qq hindered FR originally, F2 55 good,] good Qq sir, corr FR, F2 sir, Qq, FR originally 56 all,] all Qq sir ]Sir, Q2 sir, Q3 them,] them Qq 57 possible,] possible Qq Exit Enter Carlo add Qq 58 O,] O Qq, F2 CARLO corr FR, F2 Carlo, Qq CARLO, FR originally Monsieur] Mounseir Q3 Mounseur F2 60 you,] you Qq 62 venter] venture Q3 Venture F3 66 jealouse] jealous Qq i, 2 him corr FR, F2 him, Qq, FR originally 67 the commandements] the ten Commandements Qi the ten Commandements Q2 the tenne Commandements Q3 then] than Qq, F2 houre, corr FR Houre, Qq houre, FR originally, F2 life,] life Qq 69 thinkes,] thinkes Qq smooth! corr FR, F2 smooth? Qq i, 2, FR originally smoothe Q3
Every Man out of his Humour

70  CAR  Why, I come but now from a hot house, I must needes looke smooth
    PVN  From a hot-house 1
    CAR  I, doo you make a wonder on't? why it's your only physicke  Let a man sweate once a weeke in a hot-
75 house, and be wel rub'd, and frosted, with a good plumpet juicie wench, and sweet linnen  hee shall ne're ha' the poxe
    PVN  What, the French poxe?  
    CAR  The French poxe! our poxe  S'bloud we have 'hem in as good forme as they, man what?
80  PVN  Let mee peish, but thou aie a salt one 1 was your new-created gallant there with you?  SIGLIADE
    CAR  O, porpuse 1 hang him, no hee's a lieger at Horne's ordinarie yonder  his villanous GANIMEDE, and
85 he ha' beene droning a tabacco pipe there, cuer sin' yester-
day noone
    PVN  Who? signior TRIPARITE, that would give my dogge the Whiffe 2
    CAR  I, hee  They haue hn'd a chamber, and all priuate to practise in, for the making of the Patoun, the
90 Recent reciprocall, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant  I brought some dozen, or twenty gallants this
morning to view 'hem (as you'd doe a piece of Perspective) in at a key-hole  and there wee might see SIGLIADE
sit in a chaire, holding his snowt vp like a sow vnder an
95 apple-tree, while th' other open'd his nostrils with a pokings-
sticke, to give the smoke a more free delierie  They had
spit some three, or fouiescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore
we came away

1  Why Qq 1, 2, F2  72 hot-house 1] Hothouse 2 Qq 1, 2  75 rub'd ] rub’d Qq 1 roted,] froted Qq
76 juicet] juicie Q3 linnen ] linnen, Qr 1 Linnen, Qq 2, 3 h1']
h F2  77 What. 2 Qq 78 our poxe ] our Poxe Qq 51 your] yorr Qr  82 O, porpuse ] O Porpuse Qq 83 GANIMEDE,
] Ganymede Qq GANIMILDL 1,2  84 been] been Qr 1 ben Q2
bin Q3  88 hee They] hee they Qq 1, 2 he thay Q3 chamber,
corr Ft, F2 chamber Qq, Ft originally  89 priuate 1] priuate Qq 1, 2
gt dozen,] deosen Qq  93 -hole ] -hole, Qq 97, 99 three,] three
Qq, F2  98 away Qq, corr Ft, F2 away Ft originally
Every Man out of his Humour

PVNT How sp. three, or fourescore ounces?
CARL I, and preseru'd it in porrengers, as a barber does his bloud, when he opens a veine
PVNT Out, Pagan how dost thou open the veine of thy friend?
CARL Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i'the world? ha? S'lid I ne're relisht it yet
PVNT Thy humour is the more dangerous
CARL No, not a whit, Signior Tut, a man must keepe time in all I can oyle my tongue when I meet him next, and looke with a good slicke fore-head, 'twill take away all soyle of suspicion, and that's ynoough what Lyncevs can see my heart? Pish, the title of a friend, it's a vaine idle thing, only venerable among foole's you shall not have one that has any opinion of wit affect it

Act III. Scene III.

Deliro, Macilente

S Aue you, good sir PVNTARVOL0
PVNT Signior Deliro! welcome
DELI Pray you, sir, did you see Master Fastidious Briske? I heard he was to meet your worship here
PVNT You heard no figment, sir, I doe expect him at euer pulse of my watch
DELI In good time, sir
CARL There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the Patricians of Sparta, mary his wit's after tenne i' the hundred

IV 111 99 How? corr Fr How! Qg, Fr, F2 101 bloud,] Blood Qg x, 2 opens] pricks Qg 102 Out, Pagan ] Out Pagan, Qq open] pricke Qg 106 humour] Humor Qg dangerous] daungerous Qg x, 2 107 No,] No Qg wht,] whit Qg 108 all Qq next,] next, F2 109 fore-head] forehead Qq IV iv Act Macilente ] Enter Deliro, and Macilente (Deliro Qq 2, 3) Qq, without change of scene Qq after, Qq 2, 3 add to, 111 113 To them not in Qq 1 Saeue you ] Deli' Saeue you Qg PVNTARVOL0] Puntarvol0 Qq 3 you,] you Qg 5 PVNT] Prunt Q1 figment,] Pigment Qg 5-6 at every watch] every minute my Watch strikes Qq 7 time,] time Qq 9 hundred } hundred F2
A good bloud-hound, a close-mouth'd dogge, he followes the sent well, mary he's at a fault now, me thinkes

P V N T I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue

C A R L O, I cannot abide these limmes of sattin, or rather Satan indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darknesse) all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of blankes, readie to swallow vp as manie poore vn-thrifts, as come within the verge

P V N T So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

C A R L O, (dam' me) Immortalitie! I'll not meddle with him, the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction

P V N T How, C A R L O? ha, what is he, man?

C A R L A scholler, M A C I L E N T E, doe you not know him? a lanke raw-bon'd anatomic, he walkes vp and downe like a chag'd musket, no man dares encounter him that's his rest there

P V N T His rest? why has he a forked head?

C A R L Pardon me, that's to be suspended, you are too quicke, too apprehensive

D E L I Tieth (now I thinke on't) I'll deferre it till some other time

M A C I Not, by any means, signior, you shall not lose this opportunitie, he will be here presently now

D E L I Yes faith, M A C I L E N T E, 'tis best. For looke you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that—

M A C I Your wife? now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your owne spirits. Should I (if I had a wife) suffer my selfe to be thus passionately carried (to and fro) with the streame of her humour? and
Every Man out of his Humour

neglect my deepest affaires, to serue her affections? S'light
I would geld my selfe first

DELI O but, signior, had you such a wife as mine is,
you would—

MACI Such a wife? Now hate mee, sir, if euer I dis-45
cern'd any wonder in your wife, yet, with all the speculation
I haue I haue seene some that ha' beene thought fairer
then she, in my time, and I haue seene those, ha' not been
altogether so tall, esteem'd properer women, and I haue
seen lesse noses grow vpon sweeter faces, that haue done 50
verie well too, in my judgement but in good faith, signior,
for all this, the gentlewoman is a good pretie proud hard-
faour'd thing, mary not so peerelessly to bee doterd vpon,
I must confesse nay, be not angrie

DELI Well, sir, (how euer you please to forget you 55
selfe) I haue not deseru'd to bee thus plai'd vpon, but hence-
forth, pray you forbeare my house, for I can but faintly
endure the sauour of his breath at my table, that shall thus
iade me for my courtesies

MACI Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is 60
no proper woman, and, by my life, I suspect her honestie,
that's more, which you may likewise suspect (if you please )
doe you see? Ile vrge you to nothing, against your appetite,
but if you please, you may suspect it

DELI Good, sir

MACI Good sir? Now horne vpon horne pursue thee,
thou blinde egregious dotard

CARL O, you shall heare him speake like enuie Signior
Every Man out of his Humour

Maiilente, you saw monsieur Briste lately?
70 I heard you were with him at court

Maiilente, Briste, I was with him

Carl And how is he respected there? (I know you deal ingenuously with vs) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

75 Maiilente Faith I, his cuet and his casting-glasse,
I haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest
And there, his Sensors gave him good sleight lookes,
After their garbe, smile, and salute in French
With some new compliment

80 Carl What, is this all?

Maiilente Why say, that they should shew the frothie foole,
Such grace, as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt
Why, all their Graces are not to doe grace

85 To vertue, or desert but to ride both
With their guilt spurrees quite breathlesse, from themselves
'Tis now esteem'd Precisianisme in wit,
And a disease in nature, to be kind
Toward desert, to loue, or secke good names

90 Who feeds with a good name? who thrives with louing?
Who can provide feast for his owne desires,
With serving others? ha, ha, ha
'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings prou'd,
(If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd

95 Carl How like you him? is't not a good spitfoul slauae?
ha?

Pvnt Shrewd, shrewd
Carl Dam'me, I could eat his flesh now divine
sweet villaine.
Every Man out of his Humour

M A C I Nay, pr'y thee leave what's he there?

C A R L Who? this i'the starcht beard? it's the dull stiffe knight P V N T A R V O L O, man, hee's to trauaile now presently hee has a good knottie wit, marry he caries little o't out of the land, with him

M A C I How then?

C A R L He puts it forth in venter, as hee does his monie, vpon the returme of a dogge, and cat

M A C I Is this he?

C A R L I, this is hee, a good tough gentleman hee looke's like a shield of brawne, at Shrouetide, out of date, and readie to take his leaue or a drie poule of ling vpon Easter-eve, that has furnisht the table, all Lent, as he has done the citie this last vacation

M A C I Come, you're neuer leaue your stabbing simile's I shall ha' you ayming at me with 'hem by and by, but——

C A R L O, renounce me then pure, honest, good devill, I loove thee aboue the loue of women I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now! gods so, looke here, man, Sir D A G O N E T, and his squire!

Act III. Scene V.

S O G L I A R D O, SHIFT

S aue you, my deare Gallanto's nay, come approch, good C A V A L I E R pr'y thee (sweet knight) know this gentleman, hee's one that it pleases mee to vse as my good friend, and companion, and therefore doe him good offices I beseech you, gentles, know him, know him all ouer

Sog and Shift Qq add to iv 119, without change of scene To them add Ff 1 Saue you, Sog Saue you Qq Gallanto's Qq, corr F1 Gallanto's F1 originally, F2 approach Qq, F2 4 friend,] friend Qq 5 you,] you Qq gentles Gentiles F3 know him all ouer not in Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

Pvnt Sir (for signior Sogliardo's sake) let it suffice, I know you

Sogli Why (as I am true gentleman) I thanke you, knight, and it shall suffice Harke you, sir Pvntrio volo, you'd little thinke it, he's as resolute a piece of flesh, as any is in the world

Pvnt Indeed, sir?

Sogli Vpon my gentilitie, sir Carlo, a word with you Doe you see that same fellow, there?

15 Carlo What? Cavalier Shift?

Sogli O, you know him, crie you 'mercy' before me, I thinke him the tallest man, living within the walls of Europe.

Carlo The walls of Europe! take heed what you say, signior, Europe's a huge thing within the walls

Sogli Tut, (and 'twere as huge againe) I'd justifie what I speake S'lid, he swagger'd e'en now in a place, where we were I never saw a man doe it more resolute

Carlo Nay, indeede swaggering is a good argument of resolution Doe you heare this, signior?

Maciel I, to my griefe O, that such muddy flags, For every drunken flourish, should attechieue The name of manhood whilst true perfect valour (Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd!

30 Heart, I doe know now (in a faire just cause) I dare doe more then he, a thousand times Why should not they take knowledge of this? ha?

And guie my worth allowance before his?

IV v 8 (as I am true gentleman) Fr (as I am a gentleman) I 2, 13 by Icesu, Qq 8, 9 you, you Qq 9 PVNIARVIOI Ptnuy olo Qq 1, 2 flesh, flesh Qq any is corr Fr any's Qq, I t originally any I-2 12 Indeed,] Indeed Qq r, 2 Indecele Qq 1 3 gentilitie,] Gentilitie Qq 14 you corr Fr you, Qq, Fr originally, I 2 fellow,] fellow Qq 16 O,] O Qq 3 him, corr Fr him, Qq, Fr originally, I 2 mc] God Qq 17 man,] man Qq 19 say,] say Qq 21 and,] an I 2 justifie] justifie Qq r, 2 S'lid,] S'lid Qq 1, 2 place, corr I r place Qq, Fr originally, F 2 24 Nay,] Nay Qq r, 2 26 O | O Qq flags,] Flags Qq 27 flourish] flourish Qr 28 manhood corr Fr Manhood, Qq manhood, Fr originally, I 2 29 despis'd | despis'd Qq 30 Heart] Sbold Qq 1] just] just Qq r, 2 31 then] than Qq r, 2, F 2 he,] hee, Qq r, 2 hee Qq 3
Every Man out of his Humour

Because I cannot swagger! Now the poxe
Light on your Picket-hatch prowess

Sogl Why, I tell you, sir, he has beene the only Bid-
stand that ever kept New market Salisbury-plaine, Hockley
i' the hole, Gads-Hill, all the high places of any request
he has had his mares and his geldings, he, ha' been worth
fortie, threescore, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' 40
sprung you over hedge, and ditch, like your grey-hound, he
has done five hundred robberies in his time, more or lesse,
I assure you

Pvnt What? • and scapt?

Sogl Scapt! yfaith I • he has broken the jayle when 45
he has beene in yrons, and yrons, and bee out, and in
again, and out, and in, fortie times, and not so few, he

Maci A fit trumpet, to proclame such a person

Carl But can this be possible?

Shift Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man gues his 50
affections to it

Sogl Good Pylades, discourse a robberie, or two,
to satisfy these gentlemens of thy worth

Shift Pardon me, my deare Orestes Causes
have their quddits, and 'tis ill resting with bell-ropes

Carl How? Pylades, and Orestes?

Sogl I, he is my Pylades, and I am his Orestes
how like you the conceit?

Carl O, it's an old stale enterlude deuice No, I'le gue
you names my selfe, looke you, he shall be your I V D A S, 60
and you shall bee his Elder tree, to hang on

Maci Nay, rather, let him be capitaine P o d, and this
his Motion, for he does nothing but shew him

IV v 34 swagger] swagger Qg 36 Why,] Why Qg you,] you
Qg 36-7 Bid-stand] Bidstand Qg 2, 3 37 euer] euer was,
Qg Salisbury-plaine] Salisbury Plaine Qg 39 geldings,] Geld-
ings Qg 41 hedge, and ditch.] hedge and ditch Qg 47 grey-hound,]
Greyhound Qg grey-hound, F2 45 sayle] sayle Q3 47 times,]
times Qg 48 trumpet,] Trumpet Qg 50 Why,] why Qr Why
Q2 nothing.] nothing Qg 52, 56 Pylades,] Pylades Qg robber-
ene,] Robbere,] Robberie Qg 54 me,] me Qg r, 3 mee Q2 55 iesting]
jesting Qg r, 2 60 selfe,] selfe Qg 61 tree,] tree Qg 62 Nay,
Nay Qg r, 2
C A R L Excellent or thus, you shall see H O L D E N,
65 and hee your Camel
S H I F T You do not meane to ride, gentlemen?
P V N T Faith, let me end it for you, gallants you shall
be his Countenance, and he your Resolution
S O G L Troth, that's pretty how say you, Cavalier,
70 shalt be so?
C A R L I, I, most voices
S H I F T Faith, I am easily yeelding to any good im-
pressions
S O G L Then give hands, good Resolution
75 C A R L Masse, he cannot say, good Countenance, now
(properly) to him againe
P V N T Yes, by an irony
M A C I O, sir, the countenance of Resolution should, as
he is, be altogether grim, and vnpleasant

Act III. Scene VI.

P A S T I D I V S B R I S K E

Ood hours make musicke with your mirth, gentlemen,
and keepe time to your humours how now, C A R L O?
P V N T Monsieur B R I S K E! many a long looke have
I extended fo1 you, sir
5 F A S T Good faith, I must crave pardon, I was inuite
this morning ere I was out of my bed, by a bene of ladies, to
a banquet whence it was almost one of I L E R C V L L S
labours for me, to come away, but that the respect of my
promise did so preuaile with me I know they'll take it very

iv v 64 thus,] thus, Qq 66 ride,] ride Qq 67 lath [ Faith Qq
you,] you Qq 69 Troth,] Troth Qq you ] you Qq 72 Faith,]
Faith Qq easily] easily Qq 1, 2 74 hands,] hands Qq 75
Masse,] Masse Qq say,] say Qq Countenance,] Countenance Qq
78 O,] Qq 79 he is, be] hee Qq altogether] altogether Qr grim,]
grim Qq iv vi Act BRISKE] Enter Briske Qq added to
v 79 without change of scene To them corr F1, F2 not in Qq, F1
originally 1 Good] Fast Good Qq hours,] hours, 1 2 mirth,]
mirth Qq 2 time] times Qq 2, 3 humors] Qq 8 labours] Labors Qq 1, 2
me,] me Qq 1, 2 mee Q3 9 me ] me Qq
ill, especially one, that gaued me this bracelet of her hair to
but ouer-night, and this pearle another gaued me from her
fore-head, mary, shee what are the writings ready?

PVNT I will send my man to know Sirrah, goe you to
the Notaries, and learne if he be readie leave the dog, sir

FAST And how does my rare qualified friend, SOGL I
ARDO oh, signior MACILENTE by these eyes, I saw
you not, I had saluted you sooner else, o' my troth I hope,
sir, I may presume vpon you, that you will not divulge my
late checke, or disgrace (indeed) sir

MACI You may, sir

CARL S'heart, he knowes some notorious rest by this
gull, that hee hath him so obsequious

SOGL Monsieur FASTIDIVS, doe you see this
fellow there? does he not looke like a clowne? would you
thinke there were any thing in him?

FAST Any thing in him? beshrow me, I the fellow
hath a good ingenious face

SOGL By this element, he is as ingenous a tal man, as
euer swagger'd about London he, and I, call Countenance,
and Resolution, but his name is CAVALIER SHIFT

PVNT CAVALIER, you knew signior CLOG, that
was hanged for the robbery, at Harrow o' the hill?

SOGL Knew him, sir? why, 'twas hee gaued all the
directions for the action

PVNT How? was it your project, sir?

SHIFT Pardon me, Countenance, you doe me some
wrong to make occasions publike, which I imparted to you
in prieate

Sogl  Gods will! here are none but friends, Resolution

Shift  That's all one, things of consequence must
have their respects where, how, and to whom Yes, sir,
hee shewed himselfe a true LOG in the coherence of that
affaire, sir for, if he had manag'd matters as they were
corroborated to him, it had beene better for him by a fortie,
or fiftie score of pounds, sir, and he himselfe might ha' liu'd
(in despight of fates) to haue fed on wood-cocks, with the
rest but it was his heauie fortune to sink, poore LOG,
and therefore talke no more of him

Pvnt  Why, had he more aiders, then?

Sogl  O god, sir! I, there were some present there, that
were the nine Worthies to him, yfaith

Shift  I, sir, I can satisifie you at more convenient
conference but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconcil'd
my selfe to other courses, and professe a living out of my
other qualities

Sogl  Nay, he has left all now (I assure you) and is
able to live like a gentleman, by his quality By this dogge,
hee has the most rare gift in tabacco, that euer you knew

Carl  S'heart, hee keepes more adoe with this monster,
then euer Bankes did with his horse, or the fellow with
the elephant

Maci  He will hang out his picture shortly, in a cloth,
you shall see

Sogl  O, hee do's manage a quarrell, the best that euer
you saw, for termes, and circumstances
Every Man out of his Humour

Fast Good faith, signior, (now you speake of a quarrell)
I'lle acquaint you with a difference, that happened betweene
a gallant, and my selfe—sir P v n t a r V o l o, you know
him if I should name him, signior L v c v l e n t o

P v n t L v c v l e n t o! what in-auspicious chance to
interpos'd it selfe to your two loues?

Fast Faith, sir, the same that sundred A g a m e m-
N o n, and great T h e t i s sonne, but let the cause escape,
sir Hee sent mee a challenge (mxt with some few braues)
which I restor'd, and in fine we met Now indeed, sir, (I 75
must tell you) he did offer at first very desperately, but
without judgement for looke you, sir I cast my selfe into this
figure now he, comes violently on, and withall advancing
his rapier to strike, I thought to have tooke his arme (for
he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure 80
he could not recover his guard) Sir, I mist my purpose in his
arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ran him close by the left
cheek, and through his haire He againe, lights me here
(I had on, a gold cable hatband, then new come vp, which
I wore about a murrey F r e n c h hat I had) cuts my hatband 85
(and yet it was massie, gold-smithes worke) cuts my
brimmes, which by good fortune (being thicke embroidered
with gold-twist, and spangles) disappointed the force of the
blow Neuertheless, it graazed on my shoulder, takes me
away sixe purles of an I t a l i a n cut-worke band I wore (cost 90
me three pound in the exchange, but three daies before)

iv vi 66 faith,] faith Qg signior,] Signior Qg i, 2 67 differ-
ence,] difference Qg 68 gallant,] Gallant Qg selfe—sir] selfe sir
Qg selfe—sir F 71 to] betwixt Qg 72 Faith,] Faith Qg
chaunce Qg i, 2 73 escape,] escape Qg 75 indeed,
sir.] indeed sir Qg i, 2 indeede sir Q3 76 desperatly
Qr, F2 77 judgement,] judgement Qg i, 2 you,] you Qg 83
sir, I Q3 84 hatband,] hatband Qg i, 2 which,]
(] Qg 87 embroidered] embroidered F2 88 gold-twist,] gold
twist Qg 89 Neuerthesse,] Neuerthesse Qg shoulders
Qg 2, 3 90 wore (cost] wore, cost Qg 91 pound,] pounds Qg
exchange,] exchaungne Qr Exchange Qg 2, 3 before ] before Qg
Every Man out of his Humour

Pvnt This was a strange encounter!

Fast Nay, you shall heare, sir, with this wee both fell out, and breath'd. Now (vpon the second signe of his assault) I betooke me to the former manner of my defence, he (on the other side) abandon'd his body to the same danger, as before, and followes me still with blowes. But I (being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before mee of his left side) made a kind of stramavoun, ranne him vp to the hilts, through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet must the skin. Hee (making a reverse blow) falls vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had throwne off the hangers a little before) strikes off a skirt of a thick-lac't sattin doublet I had (lin'd with some foure taffatacs) cuts off two panes, embrodered with pearle, rends through the drawings out of tissee, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Carl I wonder he speakes not of his wrought shirt!

Fast Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd; but (exc I proceed) I must tell you, signior, that (in this last encounter) not having leisure to put off my siluer spuries, one of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my boot, and (being Spanish leather, and subject to teare) overthrows me, rends me two pane of silke stockings (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach colour, and another) and strikes me some halfe inch deep into the side of the calfe, Hee (seeing the bloud come) presently takes horse, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peecce of my wrought shirt)——

Carl O! comes it in there?

Fast Rid after him, and (lighting at the court-gate,
both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into
the presence was not this businesse well carried?

MACI  Well? yes, and by this we can gesse what
apparell the gentleman wore

PVNT  'Fore valour, it was a designdment begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowesse, and ended with more humanitie How now, what saies the Notar\n
SERV He saies, he is ready, sir, he stases but your
worships pleasure

PVNT  Come, we will goe to him, Monsieur Gentle-
men, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

SOGL  You shall entreat me, sir come Resolution

SHIFT  I follow you, good Countenance

CARL  Come, signor, come, come

MACI  O, that there should be fortune

To clothe these men, so naked in desert
And that the iust storme of a wretched life, Beasts 'hem not ragged, for their wretched soules, And, since as fruitless, euen as black as coales

GREX

MIT  Why, but signior, how comes it, that FVNGOSO appear'd not with his sisters intelligence, to BRISKE?

COR  Mary, long of the euill angels that she gauie him, who have indeed tempted the good simple youth, to follow
the taille of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends. Behold, here hee comes, very worshipfully attended and with good varietie

Act III. Scene VII.

Fungoso, Taylor, Shoo-Maker, Haberdasher

Gramecie, good shoo-maker, I'le put to strings my selfe. Now, sir, let me see, what must you have for this hat?
Haber Here's the bill, sir.
Fung How does't become me? well?
Tail Excellent, sir, as euery you had any hat in your life.
Fung Nay, you'll say so, all.
Haber In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man in this town can serue you, and will maintayne fashion as long ne're trust me for a greatclose.
Tail Do's it apply well to my suit?
Fung Exceeding well, sir.
Fung How like'st thou my suit, haberdasher?
Haber By my troth, sir, 'tis very racyly well made, I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell, on.
Tail Nay, we have no aite to please our friends, we.
Fung Here, haberdasher, tell this same.
Haber Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.
Every Man out of his Humour 553

FVNG Nay (beleeue me) I thinke I haue as good a body in clothes, as another
TAIL You lack points, to bring your apparell together, sir

FVNG I'le haue points anon how now? is't right?
HABE Faith, sir, 'tis too little, but upon farther hopes——Good morrow to you, sir
FVNG Farewell, good haberdasher Well, now master SNIFF, let mee see your bill

GREG.

MIT Me thinkes he discharges his followers too thicke
COR O, therein he saucily imitates some great man
I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keepes this 30
taylor, in place of a page, to follow him still

FVNG This bill is very reasonable, in faith (harke you, master SNIFF) Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnisht at this present, as I could wish I were, but——If you'le doe mee the favoure to take part in hand, you shall 35
haue all I haue, by this hand——
TAIL Sir
FVNG And, but give mee credit for the rest, till the
beginning of the next terme
TAIL O lord, sir
FVNG 'Fore god, and by this light, I'le pay you to the

iv v 20 clothes,] cloaths Q1 cloaths Q2 clothes Q3 21 points,]
points Qq 21-2 together, sir ] together Qq 1, 3 together Qq 24
Faith, sir,] Faith sir Qq ] hopes——] hopes Qq 25 you,] you
Qq] After 25 Exit Haberdasher Q1 Qq 2, 3 add to 25 26 Fare-
well,] Farewell Qq ] haberdasher ] Haberdasher, Qr Haberdasher
Qq 2, 3 Well,] well Qq master] master Qr 27 SNIFF,] SNIFF Qq
29 O,] O Qr 30 you,] you Qq 31 taylor, ] page,] Taylor
Page Qq still om Qq 2, 3 32 reasonable, ] reasonable Qq faith
(harke you,] faith, harke you Qr faith hearke you Qq 34
Hearke you Q3 33 master] master Qr SNIFF,] SNIFF Q1 SNIFF,
Qq 2, 3 Troth, sir,] Troth sir Qq ] altogether] altogether Q2 34
were,] were Qq 36 haue,] hane Qq thus hand——] Ir u Qq 38
And,] And Qq 40 lord,] Lord Qq 41 god,] God Qq light,]
Every Man out of his Humour

vtmest, and acknowledge my selfe verie deeply engag'd to you, by the courtesie

TAI L Why, how much haue you there, sir?

F V N G Mary I haue here foure angels, and fifteene shillings of white monie it's all I haue, as I hope to be blest.

TAI L You will not faile me, at the next tearme, with the rest

F V N G No, and I doe, pray heauen, I be hang'd Let me neuer breathe againe, vpon this mortall stage, as the philosopher calls it. By this aire, and (as' I am a gentleman) I'le hold

G R E X.

G O R D He were an yron-hearted fellow, in my judge-ment, that would not credite him vpon this volley of othes

TAI L Well, sir, I'le not sticke with any gentleman for a trifle you know what 'tis, remaines?

F V N G I, sir, and I give you thankes in good faith O fate! how happie am I made in this good fortune! Well, now I'le goe seek out Monsieur B R I S K I 'Ods so, I haue forgot ribband for my shoes, and points S'lid, what lucke's this! how shall I doe? Master S N I P P I, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points, and ribband as I am an honest man, I haue ytterly disurnsh'd my selfe,

iv vii 42 engag'd| engag'd F 2 44 you | you Qq the courtesie]
this hand Qq 44 Why | Why Qq there | there Qq 30 monie | money, Qq haue,] haue Qq I hope] 'hope Qq 15 blest] saw'd Qq 48 me,] mee Qq 1, 3 me Qq 2 tearme.] tearme Qq 1, 2 Term Qq 49 No] No Qq 1, 2 No Qq 3 and] an F 2 heauen | God Qq 51 breath] breath Qq againe,] againe Qq 54 fellow,] fellow Qq judgement] judgement Qq 1, 2 55 this volley of these monstrous Qq his volley of F 2, F 3 56 Well,] Well Qq 57 'tis] 'tis Qq 58 I] I Qq faith ] faith Qq 2 3 59 late | God Qq God, Qq 2, 3 fortune | fortune ] fortune Qq 1, 2 60 Monsieur] Monsieur Qq 1 'Ods] Gods Qq 61 shoes,] shoes, Qq 1 shoes, Qq 2 S'lid | S'lid Qq 62 this ] this Qq 1] we Qq 1 Master] Master Qq 63 points,] points Qq 1 Points Qq 2 poiyns Qq 3 ribband ] Ribband, Qq 1, 2 Rybband Qq 3 Ribbands F 3 64 as I man | by Iesu Qq selfe,] selfe Qq
in the default of memorie, pray' le'me be beholding to you, it shall come home 1' the bill, beleue me

TAIL Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready mony, but I'le take vp, and send you some by my boy, presently What colour'd ribband would you haue?

FVNG What you shall thinke meet 2 your judgement, 70 sir, to my sute

TAIL Well, I'le send you some presently

FVNG And points too, sir?

TAIL And points too, sir

FVNG Good lord! how shall I studie to deserue this 75 kindnesse of you, sir? Pray, let your youth make haste, for I should haue done a businesse an hour since, that I doubt I shall come too late Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my sute

GREX.

COR Doe you obserue the plunges, that this poore 80 gallant is put to (signior) to purchase the fashion?

MIT I, and to bee still a fashion behinde with the world, that's the sport

COR Stay 0 here they come, from seal'd, and deliuer'd
**Every Man out of his Humour**

**Act III. Scene VIII.**

**P v n t a r v o l o, F a s t i d i u s B r i s k e, S e r v a n t s, C a r l o, S o g l i a r d o, M a c i l e n t e, S h i f t**

**F v n g o s o**

Well, now my whole venture is forth I will resolve to depart shortly.

Fast Faith, sir P v n t a r v o l o, go to the court, and take leave of the ladies first.

5 P v n t I care not, if it be this afternoones labour.

Where is C a r l o?

Fast Here he comes.

C a r l Faith, gallants, I am persuading this gentleman to turne courtier. He is a man of faire revenue, and his estate will beare the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the minde, or so, why, they are as nature lent him 'hem, pure, simple, without any artificiall drug or mixture of these two thred-bare beggarly qualities, learning, and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate, and genuine. Now, for the life it selfe.

Fast O, the most celestiall, and full of wonder, and delight, that can be imagin'd, signifieth, beyond all thought, and apprehension of pleasure! A man liues there, in that
diuine rapture, that hee will thinke himselfe to the ninth heauen for the time, and lose all sense of mortalitie whatsoeuer, when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such angelicall and harmonious voyces, discourse with such flowing and *ambrosian* spirits, whose wits are as suddaine as lightning, and humorous as *nectar*, Oh it makes a man al *quintessence*, and *flame*, & lifts him vp (in a moment) to the verye christall crowne of the skie, where (houering in the strength of his imagination) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *Insulae Fortunatae*, A D O N I S gardens, *Tempe* or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of *poesie*) to bee meere *umbrae*, and imperfect figures, conferr'd with the most essentiaall felicite of you of court.

**MACI** Well, this *Encomion* was not extemporall, it came too perfectly off.

**CARL** Besides, sir, you shall neuer need to goe to a hot house, you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or losing your monie at *primero*, as well as in all the stoues in *Sweden*. Mary this, sir, you must euer be sure to carry a good strong perfume about you, that your mistresse dogge may smell you out amongst the rest, and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be out for you may haue a pipe of tabacco, or a base viol shall hang o' the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The trickes your *Resolution* has taught you in tabacco, (the *whiffe*, and those sleights) will stand you in verie good ornament there.

**FAST** I, to some perhaps but, and hee should come to my mistresse with tabacco (this gentleman knowes)
shee'ld reply vpon him, yfaith O, (by this bright sunne) shee has the most acute, readie, and facetious wit, that——
50 tut there's no spirit able to stand her You can report it, signior, you haue seene her

P V N T Then can hee report no lesse, out of his judgement, I assure him

MACI Troth, I like her well enough, but shee's too selfe-
55 conceited, me thinkes

FAST I indeed, shee's a little too selfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admir'd ladie in the world

P V N T Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her
60 other excellencies

MACI Why, it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought

FAST Easily, sir? then are all impossibilities easie

MACI You conclude too quicke vpon me, signior, what
65 will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse nothing more possible?

FAST Mary, I will say, I will both applaud, and admire you for it

69 P V N T And I will second him, in the admiration

MACI Why, I'll shew you, gentlemen CARLO, come

They whisper

S O G L Good faith, I haue a great humor to the court

what thinkes my Resolution shall I aduenture?

---

iv vni 458 him,] him Qq O,] Oh, QR Oh Qq 2, 3 45-50 that——
tut] that 8 tut Q3 50 there s no] there sno Q3 1t, it Qq 52
lesse,] lesse Qq judgement judgement Qq 2, 2 51 Troth,] Troth Qq
55 -conceited,] -conceited Qq 57, 59 humour] Humor Qq 57 most-
to-be-admir'd] most to be admir'd Qq 59 Indeed,] Indeed Qq 61
Why,] Why QR why Qq 2, 3 her,] her Qq 63 Easily,] Easily Qq
64 me,] me Qq signior,] signior, f2 65 say,] say Qq per-
spicuously] conspicuously Qq 2, 3 66 possible?] possible Qq 67
Mary,] Marry QR Mary Qq 2, 3 I will for it italics ed in Qq
applaud] applaud you Qq 69 him,] him Qq in the admiration not
in Qq 70 Why,] Why Qq you,] you Qq] gentlemen] Gentlemen,
QR Gentlemen Qq 2, 3 CARLO] Carlo Qq 71 hither] hither QR
They whisper] Maciente, Carlo, Puntarvolo, and Briske, whisper Qq in
text after 71 72 faith,] faith Qq] humor Qq] Humour f1] court
] Court, Qq 73 Resolution?] Resolution, Qq 2, 3
Shift Troth, Countenance, as you please, the place is a place of good reputation, and capacitie.

Soglo, my trickes in tabacco (as Carlo sayes) will shew excellent there.

Shift Why, you may goe with these gentlemen now, and see fashions and after, as you shall s correspondence.

Soglo You say true. You will goe with me, Resolution? 80

Shift I will meet you, Countenance, about three or foure of clocke, but, to say to goe with you I cannot, for (as I am Apple-IOHN) I am to goe before the Cocatrice you saw this morning, and therefore pray', present mee excus'd, good Countenance.

Soglo Farewell, good Resolution, but faile not to meet.

Shift As I liue.

Pvnt Admarably excellent!

Macie If you can but perswade Sogliardo to court, there's all now.

Carlo Let me alone, that's my taske.

Fast Now, by wit, Macilente, it's aboue measure excellent 'twill be the onely court-exploit that euer prou'd courtier ingenious.

Pvnt Upon my soule, it puts the ladie quite out of her humour, and we shall laugh with judgement.

Carlo Come, the gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe with you, afoire I mou'd it.

Macie Why then, gallants, you two, and Carlo, goe afore to prepare the rest. Sogliardo, and I will come some while after you.

iv viii 74 Troth,] Troth Qq 75 reputation,] Reputation Qq 76 O,] O Qq 2, 3 78 Why,] Why Qq 79 fashions ] fashions, Qq 80 me,] me Qq 81 you,] you Qq 82 of clocke,] aclock, F2 cannot,] cannot, Qq 2, 3 83 Apple-IOHN] Apple Iohn Qq 84 pray', Ff pray, Qq 85 excus'd,] excus'd Qq 86 Farewell,] Farewell Qq 87 Exit Shift add Q1 After 87 They breake silence Q1 They breake silence Exit Shift Qq 2, 3 88 Admarably] Admarably Fi excellent ] excellent Qq 90 court] the Court Qq 92 Now, by wit.] Now by Iesu Qq 93 court-exploit] Courtly exploit Qq 94 prou'd] proou'd Q2 95 soule,] soule Qq 96 humour] Humor Qq judgement] judgement Qq 98 mou'd] mouu'd Q2 99 then,] then Qq two,] two Qq Carlo,] Carlo Qq 100 iest] jeast Q1 jest Q2 Sogliardo,] Sogliardo Qq
CARL Pardon me, I am not for the court
PVNT That's true CARLO comes not at court, indeed Well, you shall leave it to the facultie of monsieur
BRISKE, and my selfe, vpon our hues we will manage it happily CARLO shall bespeak supper, at the Mitre, against we come backe where we will meet, and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the success
CARL I, but will you all promise to come?
PVNT My selfe shall undertake for them he that failes, let his reputation lyce vnder the lash of thy tongue
SOGL Gods so', looke who comes here!
SOGL What, nephew!
FVNG Vnkle, god saue you, did you see a gentleman,
one Monsieur BRISKE? a courtier, he goes in such a suite as I doe
SOGL Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such a suite
FVNG Another suite!
SOGL How now, nephew?
FAST Would you speake to me, sir?
CARL I, when he has recovered himselfe, poore poll
PVNT Some Rosa-solis
MACI How now, signior?
FVNG I am not well, sir
MACI Why, this it is, to dogge the fashion
CARL Nay, come gentlemen, remember your affaires, his disease is nothing but the fluxe of apparell

IV viii 102 the court corr Fr, F2, the Court Qg court I originally 103 court, corr Fr, F2 the Court Qg court I originally 104 indeed ]indeed Qg 2,3 Well]well Qg facultie]facultie Qg mon- sieur]Monsieur Q1 105 selfe,] selfe, Qg, F2 100 suppr,] suppr Qr Supper Qq 2, 3 Mitre, corr Fr, F2, 1-2 Miter Q1 Mitre Qg 2, 3 Miter, Fr originally 109 come Qg 110 vnder the corr Fr, F2 manfrede it Qg, Fr originally 112 so'] so I 2 here]here Qr here? Qq 2, 3 After 112 Luter I ungoso Qq 113 nephw']
Nephew? Qg 114 god] God Qg, I 2 115 courtier corr I I, I 2 Courtier Qg, Fr originally 117 gentleman,] Gentleman Qg 119 st dir swounes] Swounes Q3 120 now ] now Qg 121 me ] mee Qr me Qq 2, 3 123 recovered] recovered Qq 2, 3 recovered I 2 himselfe, corr Fr, F2 himselfe Qg, I I originally 124 now,] now Qg 125 well,] well Qg 126 Why,] Why Qg dogge] dogg I 3 127 Nay,] Nay Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

PVNT Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the cat safe
I'le be the dogs Guardian my selfe

Sogl Nephew, will you goe to court with vs? these
gentlemen, and I are for the court nay, be not so melan-
choly

Fving By gods lid, I thinke no ma in christendome
has that rascally fortune that I haue

MACI Faith, your sute is well enough, signior

Fving Nay, not for that, I protest, but I had an
errand to Monsieur FASTIDIVS, and I haue forgot it

MACI Why, goe along to court with vs, and remem-
ber it, come Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and SO-
GLIARDO and I will take another we shall be there
instantly

FAST Content good sii, vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

PVNT Farewell, CARLO, remember

CARL, I warrant you would I had one of Kemps 145
shooes to throw after you

PVNT Good Fortune will close the eyes of our iest, feare
not and we shall frolick

GREX.

MIT This MACILENTE, signior, begins to bee more
sociable on a suddaine, mee thinkes, then hee was before 150
there's some portent in't, I beleuec

COR O, hee's a fellow of a strange nature Now do's hee
(in this calme of his humour) plot, and store vp a world of
malicious thoughts in his braine, till hee is so full with 'hem,
that you shall see the very torrent of his enuiue brake forth like a land-floud and, against the course of all those affections oppose it selfe so violently, that you will almost have wonder to thinke, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receive so quick, and strong an alteration

MIT I mary, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt al this while for I must tel you, signior (though I was loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine owne private discourse, how he should properly call it, Every man out of his Humour, when I saw all his actois so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?

COR Why, therein his art appeares most full of lustre, and approcheth neerest the life especially, when in the flame, and height of their humours, they are laid flat, it sils the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut downe by degrees, when it might bee feld in a moment and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride, and fulnesse, were, as not to have it grow.

MIT Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talke of.

COR To helpe your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter then a pace of owles and by this, suppose Puntavolo, Briski, Fungoso, and the dogge arriued at the court gate, and going vp to the great chamber Macilente, and Sogliardo, we'll leave them on the water, till possibilitie and naturall means may land them. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.

IV viii 155 enuiue Enuiue Q1 forthe Q2 Q4 156 like a land-
floud not in Qg and Q2 and Qg Q4 158 wonder Q2 2, 3 thinke, thinke Qg 159 quick, quick Qg Q2 2, 3 Q2 Q4 160 mary, marry Qg that, that Qg 161 you, you Qg Q4 160 private Q2 164 Humour Q2 165 pursuue, pursuue Qg humours] Humors Qg Q4 2, 2 humours Q3 165 Why, Why Qg 167 life, Qg especially, especially Qg 168 flume, flume Qg humours,] Humors Qg 170 lopt, lopt Qg 17 to 17, to 17, Qg pride,] pride Qg, 173 were ] were Qg 174 Well,] Well Qg Q4 175 fall, fall Qg 176 then than Qg Q4 2, 2 Q4 Qg Q4 Qg Q4 Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg Qg 177 Puntavolo] Puntavolo Qg Q1, 2 dogge,] Dog, Qg Qg 1, 5 great Q3 179 Macilente,] Macilente Qg 180 water,] wet Qg Qg 181 till] till Qg 181 the om Qg expectation } expectation Qg,
Act V. Scene 1.

Puntarvolo, Fastidious Briske, Fungoso, Groome, Macilente, Sogliardo

Come, gentle Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast Who, I, sir?

Punt No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dogge, he is no competent attendant for the presence.

Fast Masse, that's true indeed, knight, you must not carry him into the presence.

Punt I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.

Fast Why, you were best leave him at the porter's lodge.

Punt Not so his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to bee forth-comming.

Fast Slight, how'll you doe then?

Punt I must leave him with one, that is ignorant of his qualitie, if I wil haue him to be safe. And see! Here comes one that will carrie eoales, ergo, will hold my dogge. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dogge to thy prudent care?

Groom You may, if you please, sir.

Punt Pray thee, let me find thee here at my returne.

V I Act 1 Sogliardo] Actus Quintvs, Scena Prima | Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidious Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog (Actus Quintus, Qq 1, 2)
Qq ACT V | Scene 1 — The Palace Stairs | Enter Puntarvolo, with his dog, followed by Fastidious Brisk and Fungoso G 1 Come,]
Punt Come Qq gentles] Lordings Qg Gentile, F3 Signior, I Signior Qg 2 Who, I,] Who I Qq 2, 2 Who, I Qg 6 Masse,] Masse Qq indeed.]
see, Qq 1, 2 see Q3 Here] Heres Q2 17 that] that Q2 After
19 Enter a Groome with a basket Qq 20 may,] may Qq please,]
please Qq 21-93 Q3 transposes Nsv verso (21 'Punt Pray thee'—57 'her Fanne, when') and Nsv (57 'she laughs'—93 'make it appeare')
See above, p 409 21 Pray thee, corr F1 Pray thee Qq, F1 originally, F2
Every Man out of his Humour

it shall not be long, till I will ease thee of thy employment, and please thee. Forth, gentle

F A S T Why, but will you leave him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge, upon the fellow?

P V N T Charge? no, there were no policie in that that were to let him know the value of the gemme he holds, and so, to tempt fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honestie be sweet, as it shall be short.

G R O O Yes, sir.

P V N T But harke you gallants, and chiefly Monsieur B R I S K E. When we come in eye-shot; or presence of this ladie, let not other matters carrie us from our project but (if we can) single her forth to some place——

F A S T I warrant you.

P V N T And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuice induce it selfe with good circumstance. On

F V N G Is this the way? good truth, here be fine hangings.

G R O O Honestie sweet, and short? mary it shall, sir, doubt you not for even at this instant if one would give mee twenty pounds, I would not deliver him, there's for the sweet but now, if any man come offer me but two pence, he shall have him, there's for the short, now Shd, what a mad humorous gentleman is this to leave his dogge with me? I could run away with him now, and he were worth any thing.

M A C I Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted ladie, most naturally, and like your selfe.

V 1 22 case] Ease Qq employment[employment]lmployment Qg 2, please[Please Qq Forth Qg] Forth Qg gentles Qg Gentiles I j 25 charge[charge Qg 26 no, Qq cor T i no, I t i originally, I t 2 th t that, Qg 28 tempt[tempt Qg 29 sweet as it shall be short, sweet and short Qg 30 yes,] Yes Qg 1, 2 yes Qg 2, 3 B r i s k e Qg 3 B r i s k e Qg 3 shoot I t i shot Qg 3, other] others Qg 2, 3 project] Project Qg 1, 2 place I place Qg 37 circumstance Qg 37 circumstance on Qg 38 truth truth Qg After 38 L a c u n P u n t a v o l o B r i s k e, langsoo Qg 39 Honestie sweet, Honestie Qg 39 Honestie shall, shall Qg 39 Qg 12 sweet cor I t I t originally, 1 t 2 -3 two pence two pence Qg 43 short, cor I t I t originally, 1 t 2 Shd S blood Qg 45 me?] me Qg 1, 2 now now Qg and] an I t 15 thing I th I thing well, I pray God send him quickly again. [Enter Maci-lente and Sogluardo Qg 47 on.] on Qg 48 naturally, Naturally Qg
Every Man out of his Humour

Sogl Faith, and you say the word, I'll begin to her in tabacco.

Macio, fie on't no You shall begin with, How does my sweet ladie? or, Why are you so melancholy, Madame? though she be very merrie, it's all one; be sure to kiss your hand often enough, pray for her health, and tell her, how more then most favre she is. Screw your face at' one side thus, and protest, let her fleeere, and looke a skaunce, and hide her teeth with her fanne, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing) 'tis most court-like, and well.

Sogl But shall I not vse tabacco at all?

Macio, by no meanes, ’twill but make your breath suspected, and that you vse it onely to confound the ranke

Sogl Nay, I'le be aduis'd, sir, by my friends.

Macio Gods my life see, where sir P V N T A R S dog is.

G room I would the gentleman would returne for his fellower here, I'le leaue him to his fortunes else.

Macio S’heart, 'twere the onely true rest in the world to poison him now ha? by this hand, I'le doe it, if I could but get him of the fellow Signior Soglardo, walke aside, and thinke vpon some deuice, to entertaine the ladie with.

Sogl So I doe, sir.

Macio How now, mine honest friend? whose dog keeper art thou?

Groom Dogge-keeper, sir? I hope I scorne that yfaith.
566 Every Man out of his Humour

MACI Why dost thou not keepe a dogge?

GROO Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not. I thinke this be sweet and short. Make me his dogge-keeper.

MACI This is excellent, above expectation. Nay stay, sir, you'll bee trauailing, but I'le give you a dramme shall shorten your voyage here. So sir, I'le be bold to take my leaue of you. Now to the Turkes court in the devils name, for you shall never goe o' gods name SOGLIARDO, come.

SOGL I ha't yfaith now, will sting it.

MACI Take heed ye lease ye not, signior, eie you come there preserce it.

GREX.

CORD How like you this first exploit of his?

MITIS O, a piece of true enuie but I expect the issue of the other devie.

CORD Here they come, will make it appeare.

Act V. Scene II.

SAVIOLINA, PVNIARVOLO, FASIDIUS
BRISKI, FVNGO SO,
MACILFIU, SOGLIARDO

To them

Why, I thought, sir PVNIARVOLO, you had bin gone your voyage?

PVNT Deare, and most amiable ladie, your diunc
Every Man out of his Humour

beauties doe bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would

S A V I 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir but how might we do to have a sight of your dogge, and cat?

F A S T His dogge is in the court, ladye

S A V I And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir?

P V N T Troth, madame, shee hath sore eyes, and shee doth keepe her chamber mary I haue left her vnder sufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her

S A V I I'le give you some water for her eyes when doe you goe, sir?

P V N T Certes, sweet ladye, I know not

F A S T He doth stay the rather, madame, to present your acute judgement with so courtly, and wel-parted a gentleman, as yet your lady-ship hath neuer scene

S A V I What's hee, gentle Monsieur B R I S K E not that gentleman?

F A S T No ladye, this is a kinsman to iustice Silence

P V N T Pray' sir, give me leave to report him he's a gentleman (ladie) of that rare and admirable facultie, as (I protest) I know not his like in Europe hee is exceedingely valiant, an excellent scholler, and so exactly travaile'd, that hee is able in discourse, to deliver you a modell of any princes court in the world 'speakes the languages with that purtie of phrase, and facultie of accent, that it breeds astonishment his wit, the most exuberant, and 30 (above wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the con-caue of this eare

v 1 6 court-like spoken, sir ] Courtlike spoken sir, Qq 7 dogge,]
Dog Qq 8 F A S T ] Fact Q3 dogge is] Dogge's Qg 9 how dare]
howdare F2 10 you,] you Qq 11 Troth, madame.] Troth Madame
Qq 12 doth] dooth Qq 2, 3 13 guard,] guard Qg followers]
Hinds Qg 15 goe,] goe Qq i, 2 go Q3 16 Certes,] Certes Qg 17
F A S T ] Fact Q3 rather,] rather Qg 18 acute] Acute Qq judgement[ judgement Qq i, 2 19 lady-ship] Ladiship Qg 20 Monsieur
Monsieur Qq 2, 3 22 to] of Qg 23 sir,) sir Q3 he's corr F1,
F2 hee's Qg h's F1 originally 24 facultie] facultie Qq 26 an]
and F3 travaile'd] travel'd F3 29 phrase] Phrase Qq i, 2 Phrase
Q3 accent] Accent Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

Fast 'Tis most true, ladie marie, he is no such excellent proper man

Pvent His travailes haue chang'd his complexion, madame

Savio, sir Pventarvolo, you must thinke, every man was not borne to haue my scuants briskes feature

Pvent But that which transcends all, ladie, hee doth so peerelessly imitate any manner of person for gesture, action, passion, or whatsoever——

Fast I, especially a rusticke, or a clowne, madame, that it is not possible for the sharpest sighted wit (in the world) to discerne any sparkes of the gentleman in him, when he does it

Savio, Monsieur brisk, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compasse of your owne not find the sparkes of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman?

Vng No in truth (sweet ladie) I beleue you cannot

Savio Doe you beleue so? why, I can find sparkes of a gentleman in you, sir

Pvent I, he is a gentleman, madame, and a ruffian

Vng Indeed, I thinke I haue seen your ladyship at our revels

Savio Like enough, sir but would I might see this wonder you talke of may one haue a sight of him, for any reasonable summe?

Pvent Yes, madame, he will arrive presently

Savio What, and shall we see him clowne it?

Fast I faith (sweet ladie) that you shall see, here he comes
Every Man out of his Humour

This is he pray observe him, ladie
Beshrew me, he clownes it properly indeed
Nay, marke his courtship
How does my sweet ladie? hote, and moyst?
beautiful and lustie? ha?
Beautifulfull, and it please you, s, but not lustie
O ho, ladie, it pleases you to say so in truth and
how does my sweet ladie? in health? Bona roba, quæso, que 70
nouelles? que nouelles? sweet creature
O excellent why gallants, is this hee that
cannot bee decipher’d? they were verie bleare-witted,
yfaith, that could not discerne the gentleman in him
But, doc you, in earnest, ladie?
Doe I, sir? why, if you had any true court-
judgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power
that forms his countenance, you might perceive his
counterfeiting as cleere, as the noone-day Alas—Nay, if
you would haue tryed my wit, indeed, you should neuer so
haue told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a
true clowne indeede, and then haue scene if I could haue
decipher’d him
Fore god, her ladiship sayes true (knight) but
does he not affect the clowne most naturally, mistresse?
O, shee cannot but affirme that, out of the
bountie of her judgemen
Nay, out of doubt hee does well, for a gentleman,
to imitate, but I warrant you, he becomes his natural
carriage of the gentleman, much better then his clownerie
FAST 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladiship should see so farre into him?

PVENT I, is't not?

SAVI Faith, as easily as may be, not decipher him, quoth you?

FVNG Good sadnesse, I wonder at it!

MACI Why, has she decipher'd him, gentlemen?

PVENT O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration!

MACI Is't possible?

FAST Shee hath gather'd most infallible signes of the gentleman in him, that's certaine

SAVI Why, gallants, let mee laugh at you, a little was this your deuice, to trie my judgemen in a gentleman?

MACI Nay, ladie, doe not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of perspicacie aboue others. What if hee should bee no gentleman now, but a clowne indeed, ladie?

PVENT How thinke you of that? would not your ladiship bee out of your humour?

FAST O, but shee knowes it is not so

SAVI What if he were not a man, yee may as well say? nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser then you are taken for

MACI In good faith, ladie, hee is a verie perfect clowne, both by father, and mother that I'll assure you

SAVI O, sir, you are verie pleasurable

MACI Nay, doe but looke on his hand, and that shall resolue you looke you, ladie, what a palme here is

Sogl Tut, that was with holding the plough

MACI The plough! did you discern any such thing in him, madame?

VII 91 strange,[ straunge Oq r, 2 strange Q3 92 him ][ him Qq 93 not ][ not Qq 94 Faith,[ Faith Qq 95 it ][ Qq 97 has ]
hath Q3 98 O ] O Qq admiration I ] Admiration Qq 100 gather-
er'd] guien Qq 102 Why,] Why Qq 1, 2, ] you,] you Qq 103 judgement] judgement Qq 1, 2 104 Nay,] Nay Qq 105 perspicacie] Perspicacie Qq 106 indeed ] indeed Qg 108 humou] Humour Q4 2, 3 111 Nay,] nay Qq 112 so,] so Qq 113 then] than Qq, 1 114 were Q3 115 father,] Father Qq 115 O,] O Qq 117 you,] you Qq 120 him,] him Qq r, 2
Every Man out of his Humour

Fast Faith no, she saw the gentleman as bright, as at noon-day, she shee decipher'd him at first

Mac I Troth, I am sorrie your ladships sight should be so suddeinly strooke

Savi O, you're goodly beagles!

Fast What, is she gone?

Sogl Nay, stay, sweet ladie, que nouvelles? que nouvelles?

Savi Out, you foole, you

Fvang Shee's out of her humour yfaith

Fast Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen

Pvnt Come, on mine honour wee shall make her blush

in the presence my spleene is great with laughter

Mac I Your laughter wil be a child of a feeble life, I beleeue, sir Come, signior, your lookes are too detected, mee thinkes why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

Fvang By gods will, this sute frets me at the soule I'll haue it alter'd to morrow, sure

Act V. Scene III.

Shift

Fastidivs, Puntarvolo, Sogliardo, To him

Fungoso, Macilenre

I am come to the court, to meete with my Countenance

Sogliardo poore men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Wel Need may insult vpon a man, but it shall never make him despare of

V 11 121 the] thes Q3 bright,] bright Qq 122 -day,] -day Qq shee] he Qq 123 Troth,] Troth Qq 124 strooke] struck F2 125
goodly] good Q3 127 Nay, stay,] Nay stay Qq ladie,] Ladie, Qq r, 2 Lady, Qq nouvelles?] Nouelles, Qq nouvelles?] Nouelles Qq
1, 2 Nouelles Q3 129 foole,] foole Qq Exit Sauv add Qq
130 humour] Humor Qq 131 hot,) hot Qq r, 2 hote Q3 132 wee
shall] wee le Qq r, 2 wee le Q3 134 life,] life Qq 135 beleue,]
beleeue Qq Come,] Come Qq detected,] detected Qq r, 2 detected
Q3 137 gods will,] Gods will Qq 138 morrow,] morrow Qq Exeunt
add Qq v 111 Act Macilenre ] Enter Shift Qq, without change
of scene Scene III - The Palace Stairs | Enter Shift G To him
add Ff 1 1 Shift I Qq court,] Court Qq 3 Wel ] Wel, Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

5 consequence The world will say, tis base tush, base! 'tis base to live under the earth, not base to live above it, by any means

Fast The poore ladie is most miscarily out of her humour, yfaith

10 P V N T There was neuer so witty a test broken, at the tilt of all the court-wits christen'd

M A C I O, this applause taints it, fouly

S O G L I thinke, I did my part in courting. O! Resolution!

15 P V N T Aye me, my dogge

M A C I Where is hee?

Fast Gods precious, goe seeke for the fellow, good signior

P V N T Here, here I left him

20 M A C I Why, none was here when we came in now, but Cavalier Shift, enquire of him

Fast Did you see sir P V N T A R V O L O's dogge here, Cavalier, since you came?

Shift His dog sir? he may looke his dog, sir, I saw none of his dog, sir

M A C I Upon my life, he hath stolne your dogge, sir, and beene hir'd to it by some that have ventur'd with you: you may gesse by his peremptoric answers

P V N T Not vnlike, for he hath beene a notorious

30 thiefe by his owne confession SIRAH, where is my dogge?

Shift Charge mee with your dogge, sir? I ha' none of your dog, sir

v 111 5 consequence] Consequence Qq 1, 2 base] base, Qq 1, 2 base, Qq 3 After 7 Enter Puntarvolo Fastidious, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilene Qq 8 Fast] Fast Qq 3 9 humour, Humour Qq 4 10 rest] leas Qq 1 jest Qq 2 broken ] broken Qq 11 tilt] Tilt, Qq 12 it,] it Qq 14 fouly] towly Qq 1 , thinke[,] thinke Qq 0 2 Qq 0 Qq 0 Qq 17 st dir He] Fungoso ] Sends away Fungoso (sends Qq) Qq in text 18 after 18 precious] precious Qq 20 Why,] Why Qq 22 Puntarvolo's] Puntarvolo Qq here,[] here Qq 25 Cavalier| Cavalier Qq 24 dog, sir,] I Dog sir I Qq saw] see Qq 25 dog,] Dog Qq 26 life[,] life Qq 31 dogge[,] Dog Qq 27 beene hir'd] ben hir'd Qq 28 benhir'd Qq 3 you] you, Qq 32 wher's Qq 32 dog,] Dog Qq 33 ha' none] ha non Qq 32 dog,
Every Man out of his Humour

PVT Villaine, thou lyest
SHIFT Lie, sir? S'bloud, y' are but a man, sir
PVT Rogue, and thief, restore him
SGL Take heed, sir PVTARVOLo, what you doe
heele beare no coales, I can tell you (o' my word)
MACI This is rare
SGL It's mar'le hee stabs you not by this light, he
hath stab'd forty, for forty times lesse matter, I can tell you, of
my knowledge
PVT I wil make thee stoope, thou abject
SGL Make him stoope, sir! gentlemen, pacifie him or
hee'le be kill'd
MACI Is he so tall a man?
SGL Tall a man? if you loue his life, stand betwixt
'hem make him stoope!
PVT My dogge, villaine, or I will hang thee thou
hast confess robberies, and other fellonious acts, to this
gentleman thy Countenance—
SGL I'le beare no witnesse
PVT And, without my dogge, I will hang thee, for them
SGL What? kneele to thine enemies?
SHIFT Paidon me, good sir, god is my witnesse, I neuer
did robberie in all my life
FNG O, sir PVTARVOLo, youi dogge lies Fungoso
return'd
giving vp the ghost in the wood-yard
MACI Heart! is he not dead, yet?
PVT O, my dog, born to disastrous fortune! pray
you conduct me, sir

VIII 34 Lie,] Lie Qq S'bloud,] S'blood Qg om F2 man,] man
Qg 35 Rogue,] Rogue Qg 36 heed,] heed Qq PVNTARVOLo,]
Puntarvolo Qq doe ] doe, Qg 37 coales,] coales Qq 0'] of Qg
word ]] word Q 3 40 forty,] forte Qq 42 abject] Abject Qq x, 2
43 stoop,] stoupe Qg gentlemen,] Gentlemen Qq him,] Qq
46 life,] life Qg 48 dogge,] Dog Qr dog Qq 2, 3 49 acts,] acts Qg
50 Countenance—] Countenance Qr Countenance Qq 2, 3 52 And
dogge,] And Dog Qq 53 st du Qq in test after 52 enemies
enemie Qq 54 me] mee Qr mee Qq 2, 3 God] God Qq witnesse,]
Iudge Qg 56 st dir Fungoso return'd ] Fungo return'd F3 Enter
Fungoso add Qq at 55 O,] O Qq PVNTARVOLo] Puntarvolo Qq
58 Heart!] S'blood Qr S'bloud Qq 2, 3 dead,] dead Qq 59 dog,]
Dogge Qq 60 me,] me Qq Exit Punt with Fung add Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

Sogl How? did you neuer doe any robberie, in your life?
MacIo, this is good so he swore, sir
Sogl I, I heard him And did you sweare true, sir?
Shift I, (as I hope to be forgiven, sir) I ne're rob'd any
man, I neuer stood by the high-way-side, sir, but only said
so, because I would get my selfe a name, and be counted a
tall man
Sogl Now out, base vnloaco Thou my Resolution? I thy Countenance? By this light, gentlemen, he hath con-
70 fest to mee the most inexorable companie of robberies, and
damn'd himselfe that he did 'hem, you neuer heard the like
out skoundrell, out, follow me no more, I command thee
out of my sight, goe, hence, speake not I wil not heare thee
away camouccho

75 MacIo, how I doe feed vpon this now, and fat my
selfe! here were a couple vunexpectedly dishumour'd well,
by this time, I hope, sir Puntarvolo and his dog are
both out of humour to travaile Nay, gentlemen, why doe
you not seeke out the knight, and comfort him? our supple
80 at the Mitre must of necessitie hold to night, if you lose your
reputations
Fast 'Fore god, I am so melancholy for his dogs disas-
ter, but I'll goe
Sogl Faith, and I may goe too, but I know, I shall be
85 so melancholy
MacIo Tush, melancholy? you must forgot that now,
and remember you lie at the mercy of a furie CarIo
will racke your sinewes asunder, and haile you to dust, if you
come not

v 11 61 robberie, robbeie Qq 1, 2 7 robbery Q, O O Qq
swore,] swore Qq 6, I, I] I Q3 true,] true Qq 04 I hope to be
forguenn,] God shall have part of my soul Qq 05 man, I, man I, Qq
high-way-side,] high way side Qr high way side Qq 2, 3 (of name,]
nome Qq 1, 2 68 out,] out Qq 09 light,] light Qq 72 skound-
drell,] skoundrell Qq 7 more,] more Qq command] command Q, 3,
F2 thee ] thee, Q3 73 thec ] thec, Qq 70 selfe ] selfe Qq
selfe? Qq 2, 3 dishumour d] dishumour'd Qq 77 time, I hope,] time
I hope Qq Puntarvolo Qq 75 humour] Humour Qq
travaile ] travaile Qq travel I 3 Nay,] nay Qq 1, 2 nay, Q 3
8, god,] God Qq 84 Faith,] Faith Qq know,) know Qq 08 dust,]
dust Qq Exeunt add Qq
GREX.

MITO, then their feare of Carlo, belike, makes them 90 hold their meeting
Cor I, here he comes conceive him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough

Act V. Scene III.

CARLO, DRAWER, GEORGE

Holla where be these shot-sharkes?
DRAW By and by you're welcome, good master
BUFFONE
CARLO Where's GEORGE? call me GEORGE hither, quickly
DRAW What wine please you haue, sir? I'le draw you that's neat, master BUFFONE
CARLO Away NEOPHITE, do as I bid thee, bring my deare GEORGE to me Masse, here he comes
GEORGE Welcome, master CARLO
CARLO What! is supper ready, GEORGE?
GEORGE, sir, almost will you haue the cloth laid, master CARLO?
CARLO O, what else? are none of the gallants come, yet?
GEORGE None yet, sir
CARLO Stay, take mee with you, GEORGE let mee haue a good fat loyne of porke laid to the fire, presently
GEORGE It shall, sir
CARLO And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest

V iii 90 O,] O Qq CARLO,] Carlo Qq 93 and 'tis enough om Q3
v iv Act GEORGE | SCENA TERTIA | Enter Carlo Qq SCENE IV —
A Room at the Mitre | Enter Carlo Qg | Holla] Carl Holla Qq
shot-sharkes] shot-sharkes Q3 Shotmarkes Q2 Shotmakers Q2
Enter Drawer add Qg (Drawer Q3) 2 you're] you are Q3 welcome,
welcome Qq 4 hither,] hither Qg 6 haue,] haue Qq 7 neat,
neat Qq master om Q3 8 bid thee,] bid, Qg 9 Masse,] Masse
Qq Enter George add Qg 10 Welcome,] Welcome Qg master
Master Q3 (so 13) 11 What! is] What's Qq 12 I,] I Qg cloth
cloth Qr 14 else?] else Qq come,] come Qq 15 yet,] yet Qg
16 you,] you Qq 17 fire,] fire Qq 18 shall,] shall Qq
shaft you haue, out of the butt you wot of away, you know
my meaning, GEORG E, quicke

GEOR Done, sir

CARL I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, as I
doe to know our gallants successe at court now is that leane
bald-rib MACILENT E, that salt villaine, plotting some
mischieuous deuice, and lyes a soking in their fiothy
humours like a drye crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp
could the pummise but hold vp his eyes at other mens
happiness in any reasonable proportion S'lid, the slawe
were to be lou'd next heaven, above honour, wealth, rich
fate, appacell, wenches, all the delights of the belly, and the
groime, whatever

GEOR Here, master CARLO

CARL Is't right, Boy?

GEOR I, sir, I assure you 'tis right

CARL Well said, my deare GEORG E, depart Come,
my small gymblet, you in the false scabberd, away, so
Now to you, sir Burgeomaster, let's taste of your bountie

G R E X.

MITT What, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine,
alone?

COR You will perceiue that, sir

CARL I mary, sir, here's punctile O, GEORG I, I
could bite off his nose for this, now Sweet rogue, he has
drawne Nectar, the very soule of the grape I'll wash my

v iv 20 haue,] haue Qq 21 meaning,] meaning Qq 22 Done,]
Done Qq Exit add Qq 23 L S'bloud, I Qq 24 court, the Court
Qq 25 bald-rib] lend rib Q3 26 soking soking QI 27
humours] Humors Qq 28 pummise ] Keeks Qq 29 vp his, vp's Qq
29 happiness ] hppinessse Qq proportion ] proportion Qq S'lid,]
S'lid Qq 'Slid, 1 2 30 lou'd] loucd Qq 31 Be gives] add Ql
om Qq 2, ; 32 Here ] Here QI master, ] master (3 35
I,) I Qq 36 st dir He puts] Puts Qq drawer, ] Drawer Qq
dore ] done Q3 said,] said Ql 37 away so | away, so Qq
38 you,] you Qq 39 What] what Qq 2, ; wine, ] Wine Qr wine
Qq 41 will] shall Qq th at, ] that Qq He drinks] add Qq 42
mary,] marry Qr mary Qq 2, ; Qq O,] Q Qq 1, his, thy Qq this,]
this Qq 44 grape I] Grape Qq
temples with some on’t presently, and drinke some halfe a score draughts, ’twill heat the braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but crackers, and fire-worke, to night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here. Hee sets the two cups asunder, and first drinks with the one, and pledges with the other.

**G R E X.**

CO R This is worth the observation, signior.

CAR L 1 *Cup* Now, sir, here’s to you, and I present you with so much of my loue.

2 *Cup* I take it kindly from you, sir, and will returne you the like proportion, but withall, sir, remembring the merry night wee had at the countesses, you know where, sir.

1 By heauen, you put me in minde now of a very necessarie office, which I will propose in your pledge, sir the health of that honorable countesse, and the sweet lady that sate by her, sir.

2 I doe vaile to it with reverence. And now, signior, with these ladies, I’ll be bold to mixe the health of your divine Mistris.

1 Doe you know her, sir?

2 O lord, sir, I and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drugg in the world.

1 Good faith, sir, you doe honour me in’t exceedingly.

**G R E X.**

MIT Whom should he personate in this, signior?

CO R Faith, I know not, sir, obserue, obserue him.

1 Cracker,] Crackers Qq worke,] worke Qq 48 So, sir I]

So sir, Qq here,] here Qq foll st dir in text in Qq 50 1 *Cup* Qq 1, 2 1 cap Qq 3 Now, sir,] Now sir, Qq 52 you, sir, and]

you Sir (Drinks) And Qq you sir (Drinks) And Qq 2, 3 53

withall,] withall Qq 55 countesses,] Countesses, Qq where,] where Qq 55 heauen,] Iesu Qq put] doe put Qq 56 pledge,] pledge Qq 58 her,] her Qq 59-55 Qq provi as one paragraph 59 reuerence And] reuerence (Drinks) 2 And Qq now,] now Qq 61 Mistris]

Mistresse Qq 62 her,] her Qq 63 lord, sir, I ] Lord sir, I, Qq 64

precious] precious Qq 66 faith,] faith Qq 68 Faith,] Faith Qq not,] not Qq sir,] sir, F 2

445 3
2 If it were the basest filth, or mud that runnes in the
70 channell, I am bound to pledge it, respectively, sir. And
now, sir, here is a replenish bowle, which I will reciprocally
turne vpon you, to the health of the count F R V G A L E

1 The count F R V G A L E S health, sir? I'le pledge it on
my knees, by this light

75 2 Will you, sir? I'le drinke it on my knee, then, by the
light

G R E X.

M I T Why, this is strange!
C O R Ha’ you heard a better drunken dialogue?

2 Nay, doe no right, sir

80 1 So I doe, in good faith

2 Good faith you doe not, mine was fuller

1 Why, beleue me, it was not

2 Beleue me, it was and you doe lie

1 Lie, sir?

85 2 I, sir

1 S’wounds!

2 O, come, stab if you have a mind to it

1 Stab? dost thou thinke I dare not?

C A R L Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, what means
this? nay, looke, for shame respect your reputation.

V 1v 69–76 Qg print as one paragraph 69 filth,] filth Qg 70 it,
respectively, sir [it by God sir (Drinks)] Qg 71 now,] now Qg 72 is
againe Qg bowle,] bowle sir, Qg 73—2 reciprocally turne [reciprocally
returne Qg 72 you,] you Qg 73 health,] health Qg 74 knees,]
knees Qg by this light] by Jesu Qg 75 you,] you Qg knees Qg
by the light by the Lord (Drinkes) Qg 77 Why,] Why Qg
strange!] strange Qg straunge Qg 2 3] 78 heard] hard Qg 79–
90 Qg print as one paragraph 79 right,] right Qg 80 do,] doe Qg
r, 2] do Q3 S2 Why, beleue me,] Why by Jesu Qg 83 Beleue me,]
By Jesu Qg was ] was, Qg 84 Lie, sir?] I swe sir Qg 85 I, I Qg
86 S’wounds!] S’wounds you Rascal Qg (rascal Qg) 88–9 not? CARL not?
[In his owne person] Q1 not? (In his owne person) Qg 2, 3] 89 foll st dir not in Qg you | you Qg 90 this?
this, Qg 91 Nay,] nay Qg Overturees Wine, Pot, Cuppe, and all (Overturees Q1 wine, pot Q3 Cups, Q2, cup, Q3) Qg in text after 90
Act v. Scene v.

MACILENTE, CARLO, GEORGE

Why, how now CARLO! what humour's this?
CARLO O, my good Mischief! art thou come?

Where are the rest? where are the rest?
MACI Faith, three of our ordinance are burst
CARLO How comes that?
MACI Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd
CARLO But did not the traine hold?
MACI O, yes, and the poore lady is irrecoverably
blowne vp.
CARLO Why, but which of the munition is miscarried?
MACI Inprimis, sir PVNTARVOLO next, the
COVNTENANCE, and RESOLUTION
CARLO How? how for the loue of wit?
MACI Troth, the Resolution is prou'd recreant, the 15
Countenance hath chang'd his copie and the passionate
knight is shedding funerall teares ouer his departed dogge
CARLO What's his dogge dead?
MACI Poison'd, 'tis thought mary, how, or by whom,
that's left for some cunning woman here o' the Banke-side 20
to resolue. For my part, I know nothing, more then that
wee are like to haue an exceeding melancholy supper of it
CARLO S'lfe, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily
merry, I had drunke off a good preparatiue of old sacke here
but will they come, will they come?

MACI They will assuredly come mary, CARLO (as

V V Act  GEORGE ] Enter Macilente Qq, without change of scene
1 Why,] Mac Why Qq (Mae Q1) CARLO'] CARLO Q1 CARLO, Qq
2, 3 humour's] Humor's Qq 2 O,] O Qq Mischief i] Mischief,
Qq 1, 2 Mischef, Qz 4 Faith,] Faith Qq 6 Faith,] Faith Qq 1, 2
8 O,] O Qq 12 PVNTARVOLO Puntarvolo Qq 14 wit] God Qq
15 Troth,] Troth Qq prou'd] prou'd Qq 16 copie] Cappie, Qq
17 knight] Knight, Qq 19 Poison'd,] Poison'd Qq mary ] mary
Qr marry Qq 2, 3 21 resolve ] resolve Qq then] than Qq, F2
24 merry,] merry Qq 1, 3 merrie Qz 26 mary,] marry Qr
mary Qq 2, 3
thou lou’st me) run over ’them all freely to night, and especially the knight, spare no sulphurous rest that may come out of that sweatie forge of thine but ply ’them with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverine, or any thing what thou wilt

**CARL** I warrant thee, my deare case of petrionels, so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou’lt second me.

**MACI** Why, my good Germane tapster, I will

**CARL** What, GEORGE Lomtero, Lomtero, &c

**GEOR** Did you call, master CARLO?

**CARL** More nectar, GEORGE Lomtero, &c

**GEOR** Your meat’s ready, sir, and your company were come.

**CARL** Is the loyne of porke enough?

**GEOR** I, sir, it is enough.

**MACI** Porke? heart, what dost thou with such a greasie dish? I thinke thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on’t, it lookes so like a glew-pot.

**CARL** True, my raw-bon’d-rogue, and if thou would’st farce thy leane ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged lathes) rub out so many doublets as they doe but thou know’st not a good dish, thou O, it’s the only nourishing meat in the world. No maruaile though that saucie, stubborne generation, the Iewes, were foibidden it for what they ha’ done, well pampet’d with fat porke, that durst murmure at their maker out of garlicke, and onions S’light, fed with it, the whorson strumell-patcht,
goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha' Gigantomachiz'd
Well said, my sweet G E O R G E, fill, fill

G R E X.

MIT This sauors too much of prophanation
C O R O, servetur ad unum, quals ab incepto processent, & sibi constet The necessitie of his vaime compels a toleration
for, barre this, and dash him out of humour, before his time.

C A R L 'Tis an Axiome in naturall philosophie, What comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, convert quicke to nourishment, and doth sooner essentuate Now nothing in flesh, and entrailes, assimulates or resembles man more, then a hog, or swine

M A C I True, and hee (to requite their courtesie) often times d'offeth his owne nature, and puts on theis, as when hee becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunke as a sow but to your conclusion

C A R L Mary, I say, nothing resembling man more then a swine, it followes, nothing can be more nourishing for indeed (but that it abhorres from our nice nature) if we fed one vpon another, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thrue much better I referre mee to your vsurious Cannibals, or such like but since it is so contrary, porke, porke, is your only feed

M A C I I take it, your deuil is of the same diet, he would ne're ha' desir'd to bee incorporated into swine else O, here comes the melancholy messe vpon 'hem C A R L o, charge, charge
Every Man out of his Humour

80 C A R L 'Fore god, sir P V N T A R V O L O, I am sorry for your heaviness body a me, a shrewd mischance! why, had you no unicorns horne, nor bezoars stone about you? ha?

Act V. Scene VI.


S I r, I would request you, be silent M A C I Nay, to him againé

C A R L Take comfort, good knight, if your cat ha' recovered her catarrhe, feare nothing, your dogges mischance may be holpen

F A S T Say how (sweet C A R L O) foi so god mend mee, the poore knights mones draw mee into fellowship of his misfortunes But be not discourag'd, good sir P V N T A R V O L O, I am content your adventure shall be perform'd vpon your cat

M A C I I beleuee you, muske-cod, I beleuee you, for rather then thou would'st make present repayment, thou would'st take it vpon his owne bare returne from C a l i c e

C A R L Nay, 'ds life, hee'd bee content (so hee were well rid out of his company) to pay him fiue for one, at his next meeting him in P a u l e s But for your dogge, sir P V N T A R, if hee bee not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine, a quack-saluer, shall put life in him againe, that's certaine

F V N G O, no, that comes too late
Every Man out of his Humour

MACI Gods precious, knight, will you suffer this? 20
PVNT Drawer, get me a candle, and hard waxe, presently
Sogl I, and bring vp supper, for I am so melancholy
CARL O, signior, where's your Resolution?
Sogl Resolution? hang him rascal. O, CARLO, if 25 you love me, doe not mention him
CARL Why, how so? how so?
Sogl O, the arrant'st crocodile that ever Christian was acquainted with. By my gentrie, I shall thinke the worse of tabacco while I live, for his sake I did thinke him to be as 30 tall a man.
MACI Nay, BVFFONE, the knight, the knight
CARL S' lud, hee looks like an image carued out of boxe, full of knots his face is (for all the world) like a dutch purse, with the mouth downeward, his beard the tassels and hee 35 walkes (let mee see) as melancholy as one o' the Masters side in the Counter. Doe you heare, sir PVNTAR?
PVNT Sir, I doe entreat you no more, but enjoyne you to silence, as you affect your peace
CARL Nay, but deare knight, understand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha' you doe this now, Flea me your dogge presently (but in any case keepe the head) and stiffe his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholomew faire
PVNT I shall be suddaine, I tell you
CARL Or if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a lesse dog, and clap into the skin, here's a slaeue about the towne here, a Iew, one Yohan, or a fellow that makes

v vi 20 precious,] precious Qq 2r precious Q3, 21 Drawer,
Drawer, Qq candle,] Candle Qq waxe,] waxe Qq 24 O,] Ah Qq 25 O,] O Qq 26 me,] me Qr Q 28 O,] O Qq 29 mv gentrie] 1esu Qq 30 lue,] lue Qq 32 Nay,] Nay Qq 33 S' lud] Sblood Qq 34 dutch] Dutch Qq 35 wieldward,] downward Q2 beard] beard's Qq 37 heare,] heare Qq 38 more,] more Q3 enjoyne] enjoyne Qq r, 2 39 Nay,] Nay Qq knight,] Knight Qq 42 Flea] Fleay Q3 44 you] ye Q3 Bartholomew] Bartholomew F3 faire——] faire Qq, F2 45 suddaine,] suddaine Qq r, 2 sodaine Q3 46 that,] that get] guie Qq 2, 3 47 dog,] dog Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

perrukes, will giew it on artificially, it shall ne’re be dis-
cern’d, besides, ’twill be so much the warmer for the hound
to trauailie in, you know

MACI Sir PVNTARVOLO, ’death, can you bee so patient?

CARL Or thus, sir you may haue (as you come
through Germany) a familiar, for little or nothing, shall turne
it selfe into the shape of your dogge, or any thing (what you
will) for certaine hours——’ods my life, knight, what doe
you meane? youle offer no violence, will you? hold, hold

PVNT ’Sdeath, you slauae, you bandog, you

CARL As you loue wit, stay the enraged knight,
gentlemen.

PVNT By my knighthood, he that stirres in his rescue,
dies Drawer, be gone

CARL Murder, murder, murder

PVNT I, are you howling, you wolfe? Gentlemen, as
you tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my
reuenge be perfect Sirha, BFFONE, lie downe, make
no exclamations, but downe downe, you curre, or I will
make thy bloud flow on my rapier hitls

CARL Sweet knight, hold in thy furie, and ’fore heauen,
I’le honour thee more, then the Turke do’s MAHOMET

PVNT Downe (I say) Who’s there?

COS Here’s the Constable, open the dores

CARL Good MACILENTE

PVNT Open no dore, if the ADALANTADO of
Spaine were here, he should not enter One helpe me
Every Man out of his Humour

with the light, gentlemen you knocke in vaine, sir officer

C A R L  Et tu Brute !

P V N T  Sirha, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine so

eyes, by heauen

C A R L O, O

C O N S  Open the dore, or I will breake it open

M A C I  Nay, good Constable, haue patience a little, you

shall come in presently, we haue almost done

P V N T  So, now, are you out of your humour, sir ?

Shift, gentlemen

Act V. Scene VII.

C O N S T A B L E, O F F I C E R S ,

D R A W E R S

L A Y hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

F A S T  Lay hold on me, sir ! for what ?

C O N S  Mary, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your

companions

F A S T  My riot ! master Constable, take heed what you 5
doe  C A R L O, did I offer any violence ?

C O N S  O, sir, you see he is not in case to answere you,

and that makes you so paramaptorie

F A S T  Peramptorie, s'life I appeale to the drawers, if

I did him any hard measure

G E O R  They are all gone, there's none of them will bee

laid any hold on

V v I 77 vaine, ] vaine Q q 79 Brute ] Brute Q q 80 Sirha ]

Sirha Q q 81 eyes, corr Fr eyes Q q, Fr originally, F 2 82

st dir He seales ] They seale Q q 84 Nay, ] Nay Q q Constable, ] Con-

stable Q q 86 humour, sir ; ] humor sir Q t humour sir Q q 2, 3

87 Shift, ] Shift Q q st dir disperse ] Exeunt Q q v vii Act

Drawers ] Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske Q q, without

change of Scene To them ] so F 2 in Fr at l l not in Q q 1 Lay]

Const Lay Q q r, 2 Const Lady Q 3 2 me, sir ! me sir ! Q q r, 2

me ! Q 3 3 Mary, ] Mary Q q here, ] here Q q 5 master Con-

stable ] God's my judge Q q (judge Q 3 ) 6 doe ] doe, Q q CARLO, ]

Carlo, Q 1 Carlo Q 2 Carlo Q 3 (as the heading of a speech, the word

beginning a new line) O Q q 8 paramaporte Q q r, 2, Fr

paramaporte Q 3 paramaporte F 2 10 Enter George add Q q 11

there's none ] there's none Q q 12 on ] oh, Q 3
C O N S  Well, sir, you are like to answer me till the rest can be found out
15  F A S T  Slid, I appeale to G E O R G E, here
      C O N S  Tut, G E O R G E was not here away with him to the C O U N T E R, sirs Come, sir, you were best get your selfe drest somewhere
      G E O R  Good lord, that master C A R L O could not take
20  heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if hee bee angrie
      D R A W  A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our hands, would they were choakt withat for me
      M A C I  What, are they gone; sirs?
      G E O R  O, here's master M A C I L E N T E
26  M A C I  Sirha, G E O R G E, doe you see that concealement there? that napkin vnder the table?
      G E O R  Gods so', signior F V N G O S O!
      M A C I  Hee's good pawne for the reckoning, bee sure
30  you keepe him here, and let him not goe away till I come againe, though hee offci to discharge all Ile returne presently
      G E O R  Siriah, we haue a pawne fo1 the reckoning
      D R A W  What? of M A C I L E N T E?
35  G E O R  No, looke vnder the table
      F V N G  I hope, all be quiet now if I can get but forth of this street, I care not, masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable gone?
      G E O R  What? master F V N G O S O?
40  F V N G  Was't not a good deuice this same of me, sirs?
Everie Man out of his Humour

GEOR Yes faith, ha' you beene here all this while?

FVNG O god, I good sir, looke, and the coast be cleere, I'd faire be going

GEOR Al's cleere, sir, but the reckoning, and that you must cleare, and pay before you goe, I assure you

FVNG I pay? Slight, I eate not a bit since I came into the house, yet

DRAW Why, you may when you please, sir, 'tis all readie below, that was bespoken

FVNG Bespoken? not by me, I hope?

GEOR By you, sir? I know not that but 'twas for you, and your companie, I am sure

FVNG My companie? S'lid, I was an invited guest, so I was

DRAW Faith, we haue no thing to doe with that, sir, 55 they're all gone but you, and we must be answer'd, that's the short and the long on't

FVNG Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me

GEOR What, and haue such apparell? doe not say so, signior, that mightily discrredits your clothes

FVNG As I am an honest man, my taylor had all my monie this morning, and yet I must be faire to alter my sute too good sus, let me goe, 'tis friday night, and in good 65 truth I haue no stomacke in the world, to eate anie thing

DRAW That's no matter, so you pay, sir

FVNG Pay? gods light, with what conscience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

GEOR Yes, sir, I did see you drinke once

Vvni 42 god[,] God Qg sir[,] sirs Qg looke[,] looke Qg, F2 and
an' F2 44 cleere[,] cleere Qg cleare Qg 2, 3 45 cleare[,] cleare Qg
47 house[,] house Qg 48 Why[,] Why Qg x, 2 please[,] please Qg
sir, om F3 49 below[,] below Qg 51 By you[,] By you Qq for
you[,] for you Qq 53 S'lid[,] S'lid Qg 55 Faith[,] Faith Qg F2
no thing[,] nothing Qg that[,] that Qg 57 the long[,] they long Q3
59 then[,] than F2 63 As I am an honest man, my] By Iesu the Qg
65 night[,] night , Qg 66 world[,] world Qg 67 matter[,] matter Qg
pay[,] pay Qg 68 Pay? om F3 , gods] Gods Qg 70 Yes,]
Yes Qg
Every Man out of his Humour

F V N G  By this cup, (which is siluer) but you did not, you
doe mee infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once, indeed, 
but I did not drinke

D R A W  Well sir, if you can satisfie our master, it shall 
75 bee all one to vs (by and by)

G R E X.

C O R D  Lose not your selfe now signior .


M A C I L E N T E, D E L I R O, F A L L A C E

T\, sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that,
but I will now make my loue to you most transparent, in 
spight of any dust of suspition, that may bee raysed to cloud 
it and henceforth, since I see it is so against your humour,
5 I will neuer labour to perswade you

D E L I  Why, I thanke you, signior, but what's that you 
tell mee may concerne my peace so much ?

M A C I  Faith, sir, 'tis thus Your wifes brother, signior 
F V N G O S O, being at supper to night at a tauerne, with 
10 a sort of gallants, there happened some dissuion amongst 
'hem, and he is left in pawne for the reckoning now, if euer 
you looke that time shall present you with a happie occasion 
to doe your wife some gracious and acceptable service, take 
hold of this opportunitie, and presently goe, and redeeme 
15 him , for, being her brother, and his credit so amply engag'd 
as now it is, when she shall heare (as hee cannot him selfe,

v vii 72 once] once Qq 74 our] my Qq master] Maister Qq r, 3 
75 (by and by) By and by One calls George within | Exeunt Qq 
(calls Qq) 76 Lose] Loose Qq your] you F3 v viii Act 
F A L L A C E Enter Macilente and Deliro Qq, without change of scene 
Scene V — A Room in Deliro's House | Enter Macilente and Deliro Qq 
Tut,] Maci Tut Qq 3 cloud] dimme Qq 4 henceforth,] hence-
forth Qq since] since Q3 humour] Humor Qq 6 Why,) Why Qq 
you,] you Qq 8 Faith,) Faith Qq sir,) sir Qr 14 
Faith,] brother,] brother 
Qq lether, F2 signior] seignior F2 9-10 tauerne, 
gallants,
Tauerne 1 Gallants Qq 11 now,] now Qq 12 a] an F3 14 
goe,) go Qq 15 for,] for Qq engag'd] engaged Qq
but hee must out of extremitie report it) that you came, and ordered your selfe so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow madde of your affections.

DELI Now, by heauen, MACILENTE, I acknowledge my selfe exceedingly indebted to you, by this kinde tender of your loue, and I am sorrie to remember that I was euer so rude, to neglect a friend of your importance bring mee shooes, and a cloke there, I was going to bed, if 25 you had not come, what tauerne is it?

MACI The Mitre, sir

DELI O, why FIDO, my shooes Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly.

FALL Come, I mar'le what piece of nightwork you 30 haue in hand now, that you call for your cloke, and your shooes! what, is this your Pandar?

DELI O, sweet wife, speake lower, I would not he should heare thee for a world.

FALL Hang him rascal, I cannot abide him for his 35 trecherie, with his wide quick set beard there Whither goe you now with him?

DELI No whither with him, deare wife, I goe alone to a place, from whence I will returne instantly Good MACILENTE, acquaint not her with it by any meane, it may 40 come so much the more accepted, frame some other answere I'l come backe immediately.

FALL Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you goe, stay, till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

MACI Heare you, mistresse DE LI RO

V viii 17 out of] of Og 2, 3 came,) came Og 19 why,) Slud Og 21 Now, heauen,) Now heauen Og 24 rude,) rude Og importance,) worth, Og 25 shooes,) shooes Og bed,) bed Og 26 come,) come, F2 27 Mitre,) Miter Qr Mitre Og 2, 3 28 O,) O, Og 29 Enter FALLACE add Og 30 mar'le] mar'le Og 2, 3 31 your cloke,) your cloke Qr your cloake Og 2, 3 a Cloke F3 32 shooes 1]

shooes Og Pandar] Pandor Og 33 O,) O Og 36 Whither,) Whither Og 38 whither,) whether Og 39 MACILENTE,) MACILENTE Og 40 not,) nor F2 41 answere,) answere, Og 42 EXIT DE LI RO add Og 43 and retained here in F2, F3 44 stay,) stay Og 45 you,) you Og
FaLL So sir, and what say you?
MacI Faith ladie, my intents will not deserve this
slight respect, when you shall know 'hem
FaLL Your intents? why, what may your intents bee,
50 for gods sake?
MacI Troth, the time allowes no circumstance, ladie,
therefore know, this was but a deuice to remoue your
husband hence; and bestow him securely, whilst (with more
conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath
55 happened to Monsieur B里斯ke nay comfort, sweet ladie.
This night (being at supper) a sort of young gallants com-
mittted a riot, for which he (onely) is apprehended and
carried to the Counter, where if your husband, and other
creditours should but haue knowledge of him, the poore
gentleman were vndone for euer.
FaLL Aye me! that he were
MacI Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any pre-
sent meanes for his deliuerie, doe not forslow it A bribe to
the officer that committed him, will doe it.
65 FaLL O god, sir, he shall not want for a bribe pray
you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visit him
presently?
MacI No, ladie, I shall doe you better seruice, in
protracting your husbands returne, that you may goe with
70 more safetie.
FaLL Good truth, so you may farewell, good sir
Lord, how a woman may be mistaken in a man? I would
haue sworne vpon all the testaments in the world, he
had not lou'd master B里斯ke Bring me my keyes

V VIII 49 intents bee.] intents be Qr intent be Qq 2, 3 50 gods]
Gods Qq, F2 51 Troth.] Troth Qq circumstance.] circumstance
Qq 52 remove] remoue Q2 53 whilst] whil'st Qq 2, 3 55
Monsieur] Mounseur Qr B里斯ke—] B里斯ke, Qq comfort,
comfort Qq 56 supper) Qq, F2 supper F1 58 husband,] Husband
band Qq r, 2 husband Q3 59 creditours] Creditors Qq 61 me!]
me, Qq 63 forslove] foreslow Q2, F2 65 god,] God Qq bribe ]
bribe, Q3, F2 67 presently?] presently Qq, F2 68 No,] No Qq
seruice,] seruice Qq 70 safetie ] safetie? Qq r, 2 After 70 Exi
Qq 71 truth.] truth Qq may farewell,] may, farewell Qq 72
Lord,] Lord Qq 73 testaments] Testaments Qq world,] world Qq
74 master] maister Qr
Every Man out of his Humour

there, maide Alasse, good gentleman, if all I haue r' this 75 earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his service

GREX.

MIT * How MACILENTE sweates i' this busines, if you marke him

COR I, you shall see the true picture of spight anon here comes the pawne, and his redeemer 80

Act v. Scene ix.

DELIRO, FVNGOSO, DRAWERS,
MACILENTE .

<To them>

COME, brother, be not discourag'd for this, man, what ?

FVNG No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you, brother, I have done imitating any more gallants either in purse or apparell, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so

DELI You say well This is all, i' the bill here ? is't not ?

GEOR I, sir

DELI There's your monie, tell it and brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you 10

FVNG I will studie to deserve it in good truth, and I liue

DELI What, is't right ?

GEOR I, sir, and I thank you

FVNG Let me haue a capons legge sau'd, now the 15 reckoning is paid

v vili 75 there, maide Alasse,] there maid Alasse Qq (mayd Q3)
76 Exit add Qq 78 him ] him ? Qq x, 2 him Q3 79 anon ] anone, Qr anon, Qq 2, 3 80 pawne,] Pawne Qq v ix Act MACILENTE ] Enter Deliro, Fungoso, Drawer following them Qq, without change of scene SCENE VI — A Room at the Mitre | Enter Deliro, Fungoso, and George G DELIRO MACILENTE one line in F2 the arrangement in Fx suggests the marginal note 'To them ' as in iv vili, v 11 i Come,] Deli Come Qq this,] this Qq man,] man, F2 2 FVNG ] Drawer Qq 1, 2 Draw Q3 3 you, brother,] you Brother Qq x, 2 4 gentleman,] Gentleman Qq 5 carriage,] carriage Qq 6 all,] all Qq 8 I,] 1 Qq 11 and,] an' F2 13 What,] What Qq 14 I,] I Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

GEOR You shall, sir
MACI Where's signior DELIRO?
DELI Here, MACILENTE

20 MACI Harke you, sir, ha' you dispatcht this same?
DELI I marie haue I
MACI Well then, I can tell you newes, BRISKES I' the Counter
DELI I' the Counter?

MACI 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stirre here to night. Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindnesse done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possess her, and out of his mouth too, that I' the meane time you may clap your action on BRIESKE, and your wife (being in so happie a moode) cannot entertaine it ill, by any means.

DELI 'Tis verie true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.
MACI Thinke? why 'tis past thought, you shall neuer meet the like opportunitie, I assure you.

DELI I will doe it. Brother, pray you goe home afore, this gentleman, and I haue some priuate businesse, and tell my sweet wife, I'le come presently.

FVNG I will, brother.
MACI And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?) made you a man of good reckoning, redeem'd that you neuer were possesst of, credit, gaue you as gentleman like terms as might be, found no fault with your comming behind the fashion, nor nothing.

FVNG Nay, I am out of those humours now.
MACI Well, if you be out, keepe your distance, and be not made a shot-clog any more. Come, signior, let's make haste.
Act V. Scene x.

Fallace, Fast Briske

Master Fastidious, what pitty is't to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sowe a place

Grex.

Cor As vpon her lips, do's shee meane?
Mit O, this is to be imagin'd the Counter, belie?

Fast Troth, faire lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the 5 Fates, and next of the Constable, to haue it so but, I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

Fall Nay, you shall bee comforted in mee, more then this, if you please, sir I sent you word by my brother, sir, 10 that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no.

Fast No, beleue it, sweet creature, your brother gaue me no such intelligence.

Fall O, the lord 1

Fast But has your husband any such purpose?

Fall O sweet master Briske, yes and therefore be presently dischag'd, for if he come with his actions vpon you (lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeere, he kept a poore man in Ludgate once, twelue yeere, for sixteene shillings Where's your keeper? for loues sake call

v x Act Briske | Enter Briske and Fallace Qq, without change of scene Scene vii—The Counter | Enter Fallace and Fastidious
Briske G 1 O Master] Fallace  O maister Qq 2 are,] are Qq 2, 3
sowe F2, corr F2 soure Qq sower F2 originally and kisses him
(kisse Q3) Qq (after 2 in Q1, added in Qq 2, 3) 3 lips,] lips Qq 4
Counter,] Counter Qq 5 Troth,] Troth Qq 6 Constable,] Constable Qq so ] so, Qq but,] but F2 8 visitation] visit F2
mee,] me Qq then] than Qq, F2 10 please,] please Qq brother,]
Brother Qq 1, 2 brother Q3 12 no ] no ? Qq 13 No,] No Qq
15 O,] O Qq lord] Lord Qq 17 sweet master] God Maister Qq
18 dischag'd,] dischag d, Qq 19 lord] Lord Qq 20 yeere ] year
Qq 21 keeper ?] keeper, Qq loues sake] Gods loue Qq 445 3 Q Q
him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast No, sweet mistris, why are you in this passion?

Fall O lord, Master Fastidius, if you knew how I tooke vp my husband to day, when hee said hec would arrest you, and how I rail’d at him that persuadéd him to’t, the scholer there, (who on my conscience loues you now) and what care I tooke to send you intelligence by my brother, and how I gauè him foure souesaignes for his paines, and now, how I came running out hither without man or boy with me, so soone as I heard on’t, you’d say, I were in a passion indeed your keeper, for gods sake O, Master Briske (as ’tis in Euphues) Hard is the choise,

when one is compelled either by silence to die with griefe, or by speaking to live with shame

Fast Faire lady, I conceive you, and may this kisse assure you, that where adversitie hath (as it were) contracted, prosperitie shall not gods me! your husband

Fall O, me!

Act v. Scene xi.

Deliro, Macilente, Fallace,

Fast Briske

I’is’t thus!

Maci Why, how now, signior Deliro? has the wolfe seene you? ha? hath Gorgons head made marble of you?

Deli Some Planet strike me dead

Maci Why, looke you, sir, I told you, you might haue
suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd, and ha' sau'd this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this fraile lumpe of flesh is subject vnto. Nay, why doe you not dote now, signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some enchantment, deceipto visus, or so, ha? if you could perswade your selfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent faith, trie what you can do, signior, it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

**F A L L** Sweet husband

**D E L I** Out lascivious strumpet

**M A C I** What? did you see, how ill that stale vaile became him afore, of sweet wife, and deare heart? and are you falne iust into the same now? with sweet husband Away, 20 follow him, goe, keepe state, what? Remember you are a woman, turne impudent gh' him not the head, though you gh' him the horns Away. And yet mee thinkes you should take your leave of Enfans-perdus here, your forlorn hope. How now, Monsieur **B R I S K E**? what? friday 25 night? and in affliction too? and yet your Pulpamenta? your delicate morcel? I perceue the affection of ladies and gentlewomen, pursues you wheresoever you goe, Monsieur.

**F A S T** Now, in good faith (and as I am gentle) there 30 could not haue come a thing, 't this world, to haue distracted me more, then the wrinckled fortunes of this poore spinster.
MACI  O, yes, sir. I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, beleue it. Signior DELIRO has entred three actions against you, three actions, Monsieur, mary, one of them (I'le put you in comfort) is but three thousand, and the other two, some five thousand a piece, trifles, trifles.

FASTO, I am vndone.

MACI  Nay, not altogether so, sir, the knight must haue his hundred pound repair'd, that'll helpe too, and then six-score pound for a diamond, you know where. These be things will weigh, Monsieur, they will weigh.

FASTO, heauen. I.

MACI  What, doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a countesse, to haue her coach sent for you, to hang poinards in ladies garters, to weare braceltes of their haire, and for evey one of these great favours to giue some slight iewell of fiue hundred crownes, or so, why 'tis nothing. Now, Monsieur, you see the plague that treads o' the heelies of your fopperie well, goe your waies in, remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward quickly, to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend sir P V N TA R S hundred pound for him. Away, good pondersman, goe.

Why, here's a change! Now is my soule at peace.

I am as emptie of all enuie now, As they of merit to be enuied at. My humour (like a flame) no longer lasts. Then it hath stufte to feed it, and their folly,

v xi 33 O, yes,] O yes Qq 35 actions, Monsieur,] Actions Moun- seur Qq mary,] mary Qr marry Qq 2, 3 36 thousand] thousand mark Qq 37 two,] two Qq a peace] pound together Qq 38 O] O God Qq 39 Nay,] Nay Qq so,] so Qq sir,] sir, F2 40-r sixe-score pound] sixescore pound Qq 1, 2 sixscore pound Qq 3 Six-score Pounds F3 41 diamond,] Diamond Qq where ] where? Qq 42 weigh, Monsieur,] weigh Monsieur, Qq 43 O, heauen] O 1esu Qq 44 What,] What Qq 45 her] hir Qq 46 pomards] Pomards Q3 49 Now, Monsieur] Now Mounsieur Qq 50 fopperie ] fopperie, Qq in,] in, Qq 51 quickly,] quickly Qq 53 Away,] Away Qq pomander] Pomando Qq 3 Exit Briske Qq (in Qq after 'Away:', in Qq 2, 3 after 53) 54 Why,] Why Qq change ] change Qq peace] peace, Qq 55 enuie] Envie Qq 56 of] om. Q3 enuied] envied Qq 1, 2 at ] at, Qq 1, 2 57 humour] Humor Qq 8 Then] Than Qq, F2 17,] 17, F2 folly] vertue Qq
Being now rak't vp in their repentant ashes,
Affords no ample subject to my spleene
I am so farre from malicing their states,
That I begin to pity 'hem It grieues me
To thinke they haue a being I could wish
They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,
So heauen were pleas'd but let them vanish, vapors
Gentlemen, how like you it has't not beene tedious

G R E X.

C O R  Nay, we ha' done censuring, now
M I T  Yes, faith
M A C  How so?
C O R  Mary, because wee'le imitate your actors, and be 70
out of our Humours Besides, here are those (round about
you) of more abilitie in censure then wee, whose judgements
can give it a more satisfying allowance we'le refer you to
them
M A C  I 's't e'en so? Wel, gentlemen, I should haue 75
gone in, and return'd to you, as I was A S P E R at the first
but (by reason the shift would haue beene somewhat long,
and we are loth to draw your patience farder) we'e intreat
you to imagine it And now (that you may see I will be
out of humour for companie) I stand wholly to your kind 80
approbation, and (indeed) am nothing so peremptorie as I
was in the beginning Mary, I will not doe as P L A V T V S,

v x i 59 their repentant ashes] embers of their Follie Qq (Folly Q3)
60 Affords no] Affordsno Q3 subject] Subject Qq 1, 2 spleene]
Spirit, Qq speene F2 62 'hem It] 'hem 't Qr them 't Qq 2, 3
grieues] grieves Qq 63 being] being, Qq 65 vanish,] vanish Qq
66-87 are Jonson's final recension, the third state of the text The play
originally ended with an address to Queen Elizabeth, most of which is
preserved on pp 599-600, and with the final criticism of the Grex, ll 66-87
above This was cancelled, and a verse address to the audience, continuing
Asper's speech (ll 54-65), concluded the play These alternative endings
of Qq are printed in Appendix X 66 Gentlemen,] M A C  How now
sirs? Qq (Sirs? Qr) beene] ben Qq 1, 2 bene Q3 67 censor-
ing,] censoring Q3 68 Yes,] Yes Qq 70 Mary,] Mary Qq 71
Humours] Humors Qq 1, 2, 3, 67 then Q3, F1 than
Qq 1, 2, F2 75 Wel,] Wel, Qr 76 you,] you Qq 78 farder]
any farder Qq 80 humour] Humor Qq my Humor Q3 82
Mary,] Mary Qr Marie Qq 2, 3 Plautvs,] Plautus Qq
Every Man out of his Humour

in his Amphytryo, for all this (Summi Iouis causa, Plaudiue) begge a Plaudiue, for gods sake, but if you (out of the 85 bountie of your good liking) will bestow it, why, you may (in time) make leane Macilente as fat, as Sir John Falstaffe

THE END.

v l 83 Amphytryo,] Amphytryo Qq 84 Plaudiue,] Plaudiue Qq
gods] Gods Qq, F2 86 fat,] fat Qq 87 FalStaffe] Fallstaffe
Qq i, 2 Fall-staffe Q3 Fal-staffe l, 2 After 87 Exeunt | Non ego
ventosae plebis suffragia venor Qq THE END add Ff

Additional notes

ii iv 161 Q3 reads Would to Cod

iii 1 33 Lingnist Q3 originally

v ii 75 doe you Qq F1 you doe F2

v l 27 percevye, corr F1, F2 percevye Qq, F1 originally

ladies corr F1, F2 Ladies, Qq ladies, F1 originally
Which, in the presentation before

Queen E. was thus varied,

By Macilente

Neuer till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content but in her graces,
All my malicious powers have lost their stings
Envy is fled my soul, at sight of her,
And she hath chac'd all black thoughts from my bosome,
Like as the sunne doth darknesse from the world
My stream of humour is runne out of me
And as our cities torrent (bent t' infect
The hallow'd bowels of the siluer Thames)
Is checkt by strength, and clearnesse of the riuuer,
Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore,
So, in the ample, and vnmeasur'd fluod
Of her perfections, are my passions drown'd
And I haue now a spirit as sweet, and cleere,
As the most rarefi'd and subtle aire
With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
(Yet humble as the earth) doe I implore,
O heauen, that shee (whose presence hath effected
This change in me) may suffer most late change
In her admir'd and happie gouernement
May still this Iland be call'd fortunate,
And rugged treason tremble at the sound
When Fame shall speake it with an emphasis

Which varied not in Qq The Epilogue at the presentation before Queene Elizabeth F2 1 object] Object Qq 2 graves] Graces Qq 3 malicious] malitious Qq stings] stings Qq 4 soule] Soule Qq 7 humour] Humor Qq me] me Qq 8 as om Q3 10 strength] strength Qq riuuer] Ruers Q3 11 shore] shore Q3 12 So] So Qq ample] ample Qg, F2 14 sweet] sweet Qq, F2 15 aire] Aire Qq 17 He knees] add Qq 18 heauen] Heauen Qq presence] Figure Qq 19 suffer most late] neuer suffer Qg
Let forraime politie be dull as lead,
And pale miasme come with halfe a heart,
When he but lookes vpon her blessed soile
The throat of warre be stopt within her land,
And turtle-footed peace dance fayrie rings
About her court where, never may there come
30 Suspect, or danger, but all trust, and safetie
Let flatterie be dumbe, and enuie blind
In her dread presence death himselfe admireth her
And may her vertues make him to forget
The vse of his ineuitable hand
35 Flie from her age, Sleepe time before her throne,
Our strongest wall falls downe, when she is gone

24 politie] Pollicie Qq 25 heart.] heart Qq 26 soile ] Soile Qq
28 dance] daunce Qq 29 court where.] Court , where Qq 30
Suspect.] Suspect Qq danger] Daunger Qq trust.] Trust Qq 32
death] Death Qq Death F2 35 age] Age Qq Age F2 Sleepe]
sleep F2 time] Time Qq Time F2 36 downe.] downe Qq After
36 Here the Trumpets sound a flourish in which time Macilente converts
himselfe to them that supply the place of GREX, and speaks (flourish,
Q1) Qq, continuing with ll 66–87 on pp 597–8
This Comical Satyre was first acted in the year 1599.

By the then Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.

The principall Comedians were,

Ric Burbadge \left\{ Ioh Hemings
Avg Philips \left\{ Hen Condel
Wilsly \left\{ Tho Pope

With the allowance of the Master of Revels
APPENDIX X

1 THE ORIGINAL CONCLUSION IN THE QUARTOS

The original conclusion was printed in the Quartos with the following preface—

"IT had another Catastrophe or Conclusion, at the first Playing which (Διέξεσθαι τοῦ βασιλισσαν προσωποποιεῖσθαι) many seem'd not to relish it, and therefore 'twas since alter'd yet that a right-ei'd and solide Reader may perceive it was not so great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it, we request him but to looke downe vpon these following Reasons ."

1 There hath been President of the like Presentation in divers Playes and is yeerely in our Cittie Pageants or shewes of Triumph

2 It is to be concei'd, that Macilente being so strongly possesst with Enuie, (as the Poet heere makes him) it must bee no slegt or common Obiect, that should effect so suddaine and straunge a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane Out of his Humor

3 If his Imagination had discours't the whole world over for an Obiect, it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthie Figure, than that of her Majesties which his Election (though boldly, yet respectuely) vs'd to a Morall and Mysterious end

4 His greedinesse to catch at any Occasion, that might expresse his affection to his Soueraigne, may worthily plead for him

5 There was nothing (in his examin'd Opinion) that could more neare or truly exemplifie the power and strength of her Inuvaluable Vertues, than the working of so perfect a

2 Διέξεσθαι προσωποποιεῖσθαι Qg 1, 2 DIA TO TEN BASILISSAN PROSO-
POPOESTHAI Q3
4 alter'd] altered Q3 -eιδ'] -eyd Q3 Reader]
Reader Q3 13, 17 Obiect Q3 Object Qg 1, 2 13 suddaine]
sodaine Q3 14 straunge] strange Q3 Out of his Humour] out
of his Humour Q3 16 discours't] discours't Q3 21 Occasion] occa-
sion Q3 23 Opinion] opinion Q3 25 Inuvaluable] inuvaluable Q3
than] then Q3
Miracle on so oppos'd a Spirit, who not only persisted in his Humor, but was now come to the Court with a purpos'd resolution (his Soule as it were new drest in Enuie) to maligne at any thing that should front him, when sodainly (against expectation, and all steele of his Malice) the verie wonder of so her Presence strikes him to the earth dymbe, and astonisht From whence rising and recovering heart, his Passion thus viters it selfe

Maci Blessed, Duine, Vnblemisht, Sacred, Pure,
Glorious, Immortall, and indeed Immense,
O that I had a world of Attributes,
To lend or adde to this high Majestie
Neuer till now did Object greet mine eyes

26 Miracle] Miracle Q3 Spirit] Spirit Q3 27 Court] Court,
Q3 34 Blessed] Blesse Q3 35 Glorious, Immortall Qr Glorious
immortall Qq 2, 3 38 Followed by the rest of the address to Elizabeth
(pp 599–600, ll 1–36) and by ll 66–87 of the Folio text (pp 597–8)

2 THE REVISED CONCLUSION IN THE QUARTOS

After cancelling the address to Queen Elizabeth, Jonson concluded the play as follows after ‘but let them vanish, vapors’ (p 597, l 65) —

And now with Aspers tongue (though not his shape)
Kind Patrons of our sports (you that can judge,
And with discerning thoughts measure the pace
Of our strange Muse in this her Maze of Humor,
You, whose true Notions doe confine the formes
And nature of sweet Poesie) to you
I tender solemne and most duteous thankes,
For your stretcht patience and attentive grace
We know (and we are pleas’d to know so much)
The Cates that you have tasted were not season'd
For every vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd
To banket pure and apprehensive cares
Let then their Voices speake for our desert,
Be their Applause the Trumpet to proclaime

Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,
And the greene spirits of some tainted Few,
That (spight of pietie) betray themselves
To Scorne and Laughter, and like guiltie Children,
Publish their infame before their time,

By their owne fond exception Such as these
We pawnne 'hem to your censure, till Time, Wit,
Or Obseruation, set some stronger seale
Of judgemen't on their judgements, and Intreat
The happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe,

(So many as have sweet minds in their breasts,
And are too wise to thinke themselves are taxt
In any generall Figue, or too vertuous
To need that wisdomes imputation)
That with their bountcous Hands they would confime

This, as their pleasures Patient which so sign'd,
Our leane and spent Endeavours shall renue
Their Beauties with the Spring to smile on you

FINIS.
CORRECTIONS TO VOLUMES I & II

1 p 26, l 13 For Whitehall read Hampton Court

1 p 26 For Nathaniel Field read Nathan Field

1 p 29, n 1 8 For Shippinge read Snippinge

1 p 30, n 2 The inscription should run ‘The Testimony of my Affection & Obseruance to my noble Friend Sir Robert Townsehend wch I desire may remayne wth him, & last beyond Marble’

1 p 45, l 27 ‘Alchemist’ Transfer the note to Epicoene, l 20

1 p 53 Delete ll 18–22 ‘Charis’ was in 1608’ the part of Charis in the masque would be played by a boy

1 p 61, ll 30–1 For ‘Mime’ (cxl) read ‘Mime’ (cxxxix) For Honest Man’ (cxxxix) read Honest Man’ (cxl)

1 p 64, ll 5–6 For This edition read The two opening sections consisting of the Plays and the Epigrams

1 p 67, l 32 For Duplessis and Mornay read d’Aubigne and Duplessis-Mornay (F. C. Danchin in Les Langues Modernes, March 1926, p 176 n.)

1 p 70, l 21 Transfer the note-number to l 17

1 p 77, l 16 For Poetry read Poesy

1 p 83, l 5 For Charles read Henry

1 p 85, ll 16–17 For the Triple Tun read the Three Tuns (So also p 112, l 7)

1 p 90, ll 5–8 Delete the sentence ‘His momentary arrest, a few months later The date of this is October 1628

1 p 99, l 7 For unfinished read unprinted

1 p 107, ll 17–18 Saint-Amant’s quotation is from his Albion in 1644, written on his second visit to London

1 p 110, l 32 For 1663 read 1632

1 p 135 Conv 108 For Martia read Martalls

1 p 139 Conv 232 For earle read now earle

1 p 146 Conv 504 cr note For Lang read F. Cunningham

1 p 160 Conv 164 n For Nathaniel Field read Nathan Field

1 p 167 Conv note on 361, l 1 For March 7, 1617 read January 4, 1618

1 p 168 Conv note on 393, l 1 For five read four

1 p 169 Conv note on 411, l 5 For eight read seven Delete ‘Negromansy’

1 p 194, l 18 Delete who was the authority to license plays

1 p 203, ll 7–11 A more exact text of the warrant is in British Museum Additional MS 11402, fol 108 It is probably from this that the transcript quoted in the text was taken
For Mo read My
For neuer read newer
For 1629 read 1628
Delete Mabbe's Celestina
For MS 3 D read MS 3 D 1387
For Blackfriars read the Cockpit
It contains no work read The two opening sections
of the Plays and the Epigrams contain no work
For humanists read humorists
For cue read cee
For early in 1600 read in the winter of 1599
For Palgrave read Palsgrave
For Quarto read Follo
For Eumolpius read Encolpius
For that year read 1610
For exhaustibly read inexhaustibly
For N Tomkis's read T Tomkis's
For 1614 read 1615
Delete and Fletcher
'A second stroke of paralysis' Delete 'second' Jonson was
'stucken with the Palsey in the Ycare 1628' (1 p 213), evidently
after the Attorney-General's examination of him on October 26,
at that date he went to 'St Robert Cottons house as he often doth'
(ib, p 242)
For Centau read Cyclops
For Henry's read Arthur's
Delete the note the scandal about Lady Ann (not Dorothy)
Cornwallis arose later
For 1605 read 1606
For Harington's read Haddington's
For stories read stores
For materializing read neutralizing
For Stevens read Steevens
For 'A Game of Chess' read 'A Game at Chess'
For worthy read unworthy
For French read Latin
For 'A Consolation' read 'John Binsley's A Consola-
tion'
For John Webb read Joseph Webb
ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUMES I & II

An important article on The Riddle of Jonson's Chronology, by Dr W W Greg, appeared in The Library, vol vi, No 4, March 1926, pp 340–7. It is the first systematic attempt to grapple with the problem as a whole, and it discusses the disputable dates in the Folio of 1616. The conclusion is that 'about 1620 Jonson abandoned his former habit of using Calendar dates' (i.e. beginning the year on January 1) 'and adopted the Legal reckoning' (i.e. beginning the year on Lady Day). No solution of the problem is free from difficulty. Dr Greg himself admits that 'Completely consistent Jonson's practice certainly was not', and his theory requires us to believe that Jonson disturbed the chronological arrangement of the masques in the 1616 Folio, placing Mercury Vindicated before The Golden Age Restored for purely literary effect, the last 'supplying an appropriate ending for the collection'.

We shall discuss the question later in reference to the 1616 Folio.

One puzzling date in the 1640–1 Folio seems to have been cleared up. We hesitated over the date of Pan's Anniversary. Mr W J Lawrence points to Thomas Cooke's bill of January 1620 as decisive on the point. A Prince's masque was given at Court on January 17, 1619–20, and repeated on the following Shrove Tuesday (Calendar of Venetian State Papers, 1620, pp 138, 190). 'If this was not Pan's Anniversary,' Mr Lawrence asks, 'what other masque of Jonson's could it have been?'

1 129 Lang's paper announcing his discovery of the Sibbald transcript of the Conversations with William Drummond was dated January 9, 1832. Dr R F Patterson points out that the first notice of the manuscript is found in Scott's Kenilworth in the 1831 edition of the Waverley Novels, vol xxi, p x, where Scott, quoting Ashmole about the poisoning of the Earl of Leicester, has this foot-note:

'As his Antiquities of Berkshire, vol 1 p 149 The tradition as to Leicester's death was thus communicated by Ben Jonson to Drummond of Hawthornden: 'The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness, which she, after his return from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died' 'Ben Jonson's Information to Drummond of Hawthornden, MS —Sir Robert Sibbald's Copy'.

1 140 The vision of Jonson's son, immediately after his death of the plague, appearing to him 'of a Manhe shape & of yt Grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection', should have been illustrated from Saint Augustine's discussion in the De Civitate Dei, xxi, ch 14, of the question 'An infantes in ea sunt resurrectuti habitudine corporis

1 Vol ii p 324 2 Appendix III, ix (i. p 235) 3 The Irish Statesman, August 15, 1925
quam habitu erant aetatis accessu?' He decides that children will rise again with their bodies fully developed

*Jonson's Increased Pension* (1 245)
The term 'original warrant' is incorrect. The Rawlinson MS, which is reproduced, is the first draft called the Attorney-General's Bill, submitted to the King for signature, after he had signed it, it was renamed the King's Bill (Anson, *Law and Custom of the Constitution*, 1892, 11 45 n).

*Memoranda of the Immortal Ben* (1 188-9)
Sir E K Chambers suggests that the document is an eighteenth-century fake. It 'does not contain anything which could not be conveyed or perverted from obvious sources, and the distribution of emphasis between Jonson's exploits as a poet and as a toper respectively can hardly have proceeded from his own mind.' The document is of slight importance, but it seems to echo traditional gossip and even to convey some scraps of Jonson's talk crudely reported in the first person. The reference to 'honest Ralf', the drawer at the Swan tavern (otherwise known only from Aubrey's manuscript and from G Powell's *The Treacherous Brothers*, 1690, sig A2 verso), seems genuine. The account which follows of Ben drinking bad wine at the Devil has some point, as if Ralf's death put an end to 'lyric feasts' at the Swan.

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1 *The Library*, vol vi, no 2, September 1925
2 See vol 1, p 180