THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF THOMAS DEKKER NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873
CONTENTS

VOLUME THE FIRST

Memoir of Thomas Dekker
A Pleasant Comedie of the Gentle Craft
The Comedie of Old Fortunatus
Satiro-mastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet
The Magnificent Entertainment given to King James
Notes and Illustrations

VOLUME THE SECOND

The Honest Whore
The Whore of Babylon
Westward-Hoe
Notes and Illustrations
CONTENTS.

VOLUME THE THIRD

Northward-Hoe
The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt
The Roaring Girle
London Triumphant
If this be not a good play the Divell is in it
Notes and Illustrations

VOLUME THE FOURTH

The Virgin Martir
Britannia’s Honor
Londons Tempe
A Tragi-comedy: called Match mee in London
The Wonder of a Kingdom
The Sun’s Darling
The Witch of Edmonton
Notes and Illustrations.
Memoir of

THOMAS DEKKER

THOMAS DEKKER was one of those unfortunate poets to whom the Muse is a cruel stepmother. The little that we know of his life suggests a painful and continual struggle with poverty, in which he often succumbed, and from which he never arose victorious. His stores of wisdom and his wealth of imagination were for forty years lavished on the world, but with little or no reward to himself. He wrote continually under the bitter stress of want, and was often compelled to seek friendly aid to release him from the walls of a debtor's prison. A wretched hand-to-mouth existence, a career made fordid by the constant necessity of writing for daily bread, seems to have been his lot from first to last, relieved perhaps by occasional glimpses of happiness and repose, such as he
must have enjoyed when composing some of the choicest of the long series of dramas which constitute his chief title to fame.

That he was born in the metropolis we may infer from a prose tract of his own, (1) where, apostrophising London, he says,—“O, thou beautifullest daughter of the two united Monarchies! from thy womb received I my being; from thy breasts my nourishment.” The exact date of his birth is uncertain; in a tract dated February, 1637, he speaks of “my three-score years,” (2) but the expression is a vague one, and may mean any age from sixty on towards seventy. Indeed, in the (unique) tract entitled “Warres, Warres, Warres,” of date almost ten years earlier (1628), Dekker had already spoken of himself as an old man; (3) and in the Dedication to his Tragi-

1 *The Seuen deadly Sinnes of London* (1606). The passage cited will be found not far from the close of “The Induction to the Booke.”

2 *English Villanies Seven Severall Times Preft to Death*. In his Dedication of this tract to the Middlesex justices of the Peace, he says:—“I preach without a Pulpit: this is no Sermon, but an Epistle Dedicatory, which dedicates these Discoveries, and my three score yeares devotedly yours in my best service.”

3 “For my heart danceth spightly, when I see
*(Old as I am)* our English gallantry.”
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

Comedy, called Match mee in London (1631), to Lodowick Carlell, he pathetically says: "I haue beene a Priest in APOLLO'S Temple, many yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours being cleare and aboue mine, shall much honour mee, if you but listen to my old Tunes." (4) This is hardly the language of a man who has only juft passed his fiftieth year; though Dekker, with such a weight of sorrow, if not of years, on his shoulders, might well feel old before his time. (5)

4 Vol. IV, p. 133.
5 It is curious to compare with the above lament the expression of a similar one written at the age of fifty-five (1864) by our greatest living poet:—

"A Dedication.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, though he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself, and after praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming leafless days,
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdum lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower."
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

Another reason for fixing the date of his birth somewhat earlier than the "three-score years" of 1637 would seem to imply, is that his earliest acknowledged publication (6) had already appeared in 1600, and that we hear of him in Henflowe’s Diary as a writer for the theatre as early as 1597. (7) We may safely assume him to have been born, therefore, somewhere in the second decade of Elizabeth’s reign; not earlier probably than 1570, and certainly not later than 1577.

We learn from the registers of St. Saviour's, Southwark, that the person who probably was Dekker's father, was buried there in 1594; and from the registers of St. Giles, Cripplegate (where Henflowe's and Alleyn's theatre, the Fortune, for which Dekker wrote, was situate), that Thomas Dycker, gent., had a daughter Dorcas christened there on 27th Oct., 1594, and that Thomas Decker, yeoman, had a daughter

6 The Comedie of Old Fortunatus.

7 "Lent unto Thomas Dowton, the 8 of Jenewary 1597, twenty shillings, to by a booke of Mr. Dickers. xxviii." Diary of Philip Henflowe, From 1591 to 1609. from the Original Manuscript preserved at Dulwich College, London: Printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1845.
Memoir of Thomas Dekker. xi

Anne christened there on 14th Oct., 1602. Neither of these might be our poet, and it was not usual to designate an author "yeoman." Thomas Dekker had a daughter Elizabeth buried there in 1598, and a son of Thomas Dekker was buried at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, on 19th April in the same year. The widow of old Thomas Dekker, who died in 1594, was living in Maid Lane, Southwark, near the Globe Theatre, in 1596. (7)

We have said that Dekker began to write for the stage as early as 1597. His first attempts, however, in most of which he seems to have been associated with others, have not been preserved. (8)

7 Collier's Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature (Lond. 1865), I, 195.

8 Henflowe records payments to Dekker and Chettle "in earnest of their booke called Troyelles and crefida," on the 7th and 16th April, 1599. On the 2nd May, 1599, a payment of five shillings was made to Dekker "in earnest of a Boocke called oreftes fures," a play in which he does not appear to have had any coadjutor. In May, 1599, there are two payments to Dekker and Chettle for "the tragedie of Agamemnone." In July and Auguft, 1599, he is mentioned in connexion with a play called the "stepmothers tragedy," and on 1st August, 1599, he receives forty shillings "for a booke called beare a braine."
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

His two earliest extant dramatic productions, The Shomaker's Holiday and The Comedie of Old Fortunatus — the first anonymous (9) and

In September, 1599, various payments are made to Dekker, Jonson, and Chettle, and "another gentleman," on account of a play called "Robert the second, Kinge of Scottes tragedie."

In January, 1599—1600, Dekker receives a payment for a play called Truth's Supplication to Candlelight; in the following month payments are made to Dekker, Haughton, and Daye, for the The Spanish Moor's Tragedy [by some supposed to be identical with the play entitled Luft's Dominon, first printed in 1657, and ascribed to Marlowe]. In March, 1599—1600, Chettle, Dekker, Haughton, and Daye, received payment for a play called The Seven Wife Masters. All these pieces appear to have remained in manuscript, and to have perished.

9 The absurdity of attributing this play to Barten Holiday (as in the Library Catalogue of the British Museum, in Lowndes, and elsewhere) must surely have arisen from some blundering binder having lettered one of the later editions "The Shoemakers."—HOLIDAY. The date of the first edition alone should have prevented the perpetuation of such a piece of futility. Barten Holiday was born in 1593, and must have been, indeed, an infant prodigy to have produced such a play as The Shoemaker's Holiday at the age of seven. Dekker's authorship of this play is corroborated by the following entry in Henflowe's Diary:—"Lent unto Samewell Rowley and Thomas Dowton, the 15 of July, 1599, to bye a Booke of Thomas Dickers, called the gentle Craft the some of iij!"
the second signed with his name at the end (10) —were published in 1600. With a single exception, to be mentioned presently, he probably never surpassed these earlier works, either in the lighter or the graver strain. The Shoemaker's Holiday, both in the scenes of wild fun and buffoonery, and in the tender love-story that runs through it like a silver thread, has all the charm of a Waverley novel, and possesses the very highest interest as an historical picture of manners. Simon Eyre is inimitable: there is no better type of jovial honest merriment in the whole range of English literature. He is as original and well-sustained a character as Falstaff himself. Of the Comedie of Old Fortunatus, Hazlitt might well say that it has "the idle garrulity of age, with the freshness and gaiety of youth still upon its cheek and in its heart." The songs in these two pieces are exquisitely beautiful, and the Prologues to

10 Tho. Dekker.—The name is thus spelt in all the existing autograph signatures of the poet, and (we believe without exception) in all the original editions of those pieces of which he was the sole author. To this form we have ourselves uniformly adhered. By his contemporaries, by his publishers, and by his critics and annotators, the name of Dekker has been spelt with almost as many variations as that of his illustrious contemporary Shakespeare: —e.g., Decker, Deckers, Dickers, Dekker, Deker, Dekkers, Deckar, Dekkar, &c.
both contain some pleasant flattery of Queen Elizabeth, before whom they were performed.

The Comedie of Old Fortunatus received a German drees in the present century. The translator, Dr. Schmidt, makes the following observations on its style and versification:—


'Doch Herr, dass es nicht ende jämmerlich!'
In dem Augenblick ift er (ohne es zu wissen) und daran zu
glauben, wirklicher Profet, wie Lichtenberg versichert,
dafs der gewohnlichfte Mensch wenigstens drei Mal im
Jahr einen genialen Augenblick habe. Fortuna, Tugend,
Lafer, Ampedo, Orleans, dagegen kommen in ihrer Feier-
lichkeit niemals heraus aus den künftlich gemessenen
Worten."(11)

His next published play was *Satiro-maßix, or
The vntrussing of the Humorous Poet*. As a per-
sonal satire of considerable pungency directed
against the supposed arrogant pretensions of Ben
Jonson, it seems to have enjoyed great popularity.
In reading it now, more than two centuries after
the grave has closed over both the combatants,
it is impossible to suppress a feeling of sorrowful
wonder that two men so gifted should have
prostituted their genius to the expression of such
narrow jealousies and hatreds.

(11) *Fortunatus und seine Söhne, eine Zaubertragödie
von Thomas Decker. Aufgeführt im Jahr 1600 vor der
Königin Elisabeth. Aus dem Englischen von Dr. Fr.
Wilh. Val. Schmidt, &c. Mit einem Anhang ähnlicher
Märchen dieses Kreifes, und einer Abhandlung über die
Geschichte von Fortunatus.* Berlin, 1819. A German
edition (English text) of *The Shoemaker's Holiday* ap-
peared a few years ago, with some interesting notes. The
title is as follows:—"The Shoemaker's Holiday, or The
Gentle Craft. Nach einem Drucke aus dem Jahre 1618
neu herausgegeben von Hermann Fritsche Lehrer am
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

"Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme
That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
Before the stony face of Time,
And look'd at by the silent stars:
That strain to make an inch of room
For their sweet selves, and cannot hear
The fullen Lethe rolling doom
On them and theirs and all things here."

That Dekker received provocation no one will deny. Unworthy personalities had been directed against him by his brother poet and former collaborator.(12) The Poetaster had been flung like a fire-brand among the wits and witlings, among the poets and the smaller fry who only aspired to that name. Dekker was chosen as the champion of all these, and acquitted himself of the

12 "On p. 155 of 'Henslowe's Diary,' occurs the following entry:—

'Lent unto Wm Borne, ales birde, the 10 of auguste 1529, to lend unto Bengemyne Johnstone, and thomas Dekkers, in earnefte of ther booke they are writtinge, called pagge of plimothe, the fome xxxxt.'

This tragedy was founded upon an event of comparatively recent occurrence. The play has been lost, but the story has come down to us. The event happened in February, 1591, and it appears that Ben Jonson and Dekker had finished their tragedy in September, 1599, when the last payment of £6 was made to them."—Shakespeare Society's Papers, vol. II. (1845), p. 79.
Memoir of Thomas Dekker. xvii

office in a most effective manner. The elder Disraeli in his Quarrels of Authors has given the following account of the business, which we quote as containing some just and careful criticism:

"This quarrel is a splendid instance how genius of the first order, lavishing its satirical powers on a number of contemporaries, may discover among the crowd, some individual who may return with a right aim the weapon he has himself used, and who will not want for encouragement to attack the common assailant: the greater genius is thus mortified by a victory conceded to the inferior, which he himself had taught the meaner one to obtain over him. . . . . .

One of the 'screaming grasshoppers held by the wings,' boldly turned on the holder with a scorpion's bite; and Dekker, who had been lashed in The Poetaster, produced his Satiromastix, or the untrussing of the humorous Poet. Dekker was a subordinate author, indeed; but, what must have been very galling to Jonson, who was the aggressor, indignation proved such an inspirer, that Dekker seemed to have caught some portion of Jonson's own genius, who had the art of making even Dekker popular; while he discovered that his own laurel-wreath had been dextrously changed by the Satiromastix into a garland of 'flinging nettles.'

In The Poetaster Crispinus is the picture of one of those impertinent fellows who resolve to become Poets, having an equal aptitude to become anything that is in fashionable request. When Hermogenes, the finest singer in Rome, refused to sing, Crispinus gladly seizes the occasion, and whispers the lady near him—'Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing, I beseech you.' This character is

b
marked by a ludicrous peculiarity which turning on an individual characteristic, must have assisted the audience in the true application. It is probable that Dekker had some remarkable head of hair, and that his locks hung not like 'the curls of Hyperion'; (13) for the jeweller's wife admiring among the company, the persons of Ovid, Tibullus, &c., Crispinus acquaints her that they were poets, and since she admires them, promises to become a poet himself. The simple lady further inquires, 'if when he is a poet his looks will change? and particularly if his hair will change, and be like those gentlemen's?' 'A man,' observes Crispinus, 'may be a poet, and yet not change his hair.' 'Well!' exclaims the simple jeweller's wife, 'we shall see your cunning; yet if you can change your hair, I pray do it.'

The Satiromastix may be considered as a parody on The Poetaster. Jonson, with classical taste, had raised his scene in the court of Augustus: Dekker, with great unhappiness, places his in that of William Rufus. The interest of the piece arises from the dexterity with which Dekker has accommodated those very characters which Jonson has satirised in his Poetaster. This gratified those who came every day to the theatre, delighted to take this mimetic revenge on the Arch Bard. . . . Some censured Dekker for barrenness of invention, in bringing on those characters in his own play whom Jonson had stigmatised; but 'it was not improper,' he says, 'to set the same dog

(13) If the rude woodcut on the title-page of Dekker's Dream be meant, as seems likely, for the vera effigies of our poet, it corroborates the above observation; for he is there represented with very shaggy locks indeed.
upon Horace, whom Horace had set to worry others.' Dekker warmly concludes his spirited prefatory address 'To the World' with defying the Jonsonians.

In Dekker's Satiromastix Horace junior is first exhibited in his study, rehearsing to himself an Ode: suddenly the Pindaric rapture is interrupted by the want of a rhyme; this is satirically applied to an unlucky line of Ben Jonson's own. One of his fons, Asinius Bubo, who is blindly worshipping his great idol, or his Ningle, as he calls him, amid his admiration of Horace, perpetually breaks out into digressive accounts of what sort of a man his friends take him to be. For one Horace in wrath prepares an epigram; and for Crispinus and Fannius, brother bards, who threaten 'they'll bring your life and death on the stage, as a bricklayer in a play,' he says, 'I can bring a prepared troop of gallants, who, for my sake, shall distaste every unseasoned line in their fly-blown comedies.' 'Ay,' replies Asinius, 'and all men of my rank!' Crispinus Horace calls 'a light voluptuous reveller,' and Fannius 'the lightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet.' Both enter, and Horace receives them with all friendship. The scene is here conducted not without skill. To the complaints of the querulous satirist, Crispinus replies with dignified gravity, at which the galled Horace winces. Fannius too joins, and shows Ben the absurd oaths he takes, when he swears to all parties that he does not mean them. Horace is awkwardly placed between these two friendly remonstrants, to whom he promises perpetual love.

Captain Tucca, a dramatic personage in Jonson's Poetaster, and a copy of his own Bobadil, is here continued with the same spirit; and as that character permitted from the extravagance of its ribaldry, it is now
made the vehicle for those more personal retorts, exhibiting the secret history of Ben, which perhaps twitted the great bard more than the keenest wit, or the most solemn admonition which Dekker could ever attain. Jonson had cruelly touched on Dekker being out at elbows, and made himself too merry with the hishrionic tribe: he who was himself a poet, and had been a Thespian!

The greatness of Ben’s genius is by no means denied by his rivals; and Dekker makes Fannius reply with noble feelings, and in an elevated strain of poetry."

In the following year (1603) a play was published anonymously, of which Dekker is supposed to have written the principal portion, his assistants being Haughton and Chettle. This is entitled The Comodie of Patient Grisil (14). From internal evidence there is little doubt that he had a share in it; though, as the printed copy is entirely silent as to the authorship, which only rests on some vague entries in Henslowe’s Diary, (15) this play has not been

14 The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grisill. As it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord high Admirall) his servants. London. Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to be solde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultry. 1603.

15 December 19th 1599, and again 26th Dec. payments were made to Dekker, Chettle and Haughton, and on 28th Dec. a separate payment to Dekker.
included in the present collection. The following Song, however, has decidedly the ring of Dekker about it:—

Art thou poore yet hast thou golden Slumbers:
   Oh sweet content!
Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed?
   Oh punishment.
Doest thou laugh to see how fools are vexed?
To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers.
   O sweet content, o sweet &c.
Worke apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour beares a louely face,
Then hey noney, noney: hey noney, noney.

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring,
   O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine owne teares,
   O punishment.
Then hee that patiently want's burden beares,
No burden beares, but is a King, a King.
   O sweet content, &c.
Worke apace, apace, &c.

The following pretty lullaby Song was probably also written by Dekker:—

Golden slumbers kisse your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Care is heavy therefore sleepe you,
You are care and care must keep you:
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

In 1604 appeared the first part of that beautiful play which most critics have agreed in considering as Dekker's masterpiece. As Mr. Swinburne has said in regard to one of the finest plays of Ford, "it is somewhat unfortunate that its very title should sound so strangely in the ears of a generation whose ears are the chastest part about them." (16) Although the name of Dekker stands alone on the title-page of all the editions of The Honest Whore, an entry in Henlowe's Diary, corroborated by some internal evidence, would seem to imply that in the composition of at any rate the first part of the play he received some aid from Thomas Middleton, with whom he is known to have written conjointly on two other occasions. Mr. Dyce has accordingly assumed a joint author-

16 Fortnightly Review, July, 1871, p.43. By the bye, it is curious and worthy of mention, as indicative of a contemplated change of title afterwards abandoned, that sheet E of the singularly correct and interesting edition of 1605, has the head-line of The Converted Courtizan throughout.
ship in both parts, and has included them in his edition of Middleton's works, though he admits that that writer's share in the play was probably insignificant. (17)

Considering, however, that the year before, when Middleton contributed a speech of only sixty lines to his *Magnificent Entertainment given to King James*, (1603) Dekker had gone out of his way to acknowledge the obligation, (18) I should be inclined to think the aid given in the present case was of a very limited character, and was probably confined to a few suggestions on the general conduct and groundwork of the play; that at any rate it did not extend far enough to cast a doubt on Dekker's creation and authorship of those beautiful scenes and characters of which Hazlitt has spoken.

17 "Of *The Roaring Girl*, I believe that Middleton wrote by far the greater portion; but of the two other plays which he produced in conjunction with Dekker—the First and Second Parts of *The Honest Whore*—I have no doubt that his share is comparatively small."—Dyce's *Account of Middleton and his Works*, Lond. 1840 (Vol. I., lvi.).

18 "If there be any glorie to be won by writing these lynes, I doe freelie beflow it (as his due) on Tho. Middleton, in whose braine they were begotten, though they were deliuered here: *Quæ nos non fecimus itjs, vix ea nostra voco*."—p. 321.
with so much enthusiasm. I am most anxious to establish this point in the reader's mind, more especially because in the plays which Dekker afterwards avowedly wrote in conjunction with Webster, Middleton, Massinger, and Ford, it has been the fashion from the time of Langbaine down to that of Gifford and Dyce, to attribute to him all the coarse and careless scenes, and to assign all the tender and poetical passages to his collaborators, and thus to rob him of some of his chief claims to our consideration as a dramatic writer.(19)

The Second part of The Honest Whore does

19 "Thomas Dekker," says old Gerard Langbaine, "was more famous for the contention he had with Ben Jonson for the Bays, than for any great Reputation he had gained by his own Writings. Yet even in that age, he wanted not his Admirers nor his Friends amongst the Poets: in which number I reckon the Ingenious Mr. Richard Brome; who always styled him by the title of Father. He clubb'd with Webster in writing Three Plays; and with Rowley and Ford in another: and I think I may venture to say, that these Plays as far exceed those of his own Brain, as a platted Whipcord exceeds a single Thread in strenght. Of those which he writ alone I know none of much esteem, except The Unruffling of the Humorous Poet, and that chiefly on account of the Subject of it, which was the witty Ben Jonson. Of Fortunatus I can give no other account than that I once barely saw it, and
not seem to have been printed until 1630; (20) at any rate no earlier edition is known to exist. As, however, the two plays succeed each other in proper and natural sequence, we have departed in this instance from our otherwise uniform chronological order of arrangement.

Of The Honest Whore Hazlitt, in his Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, writes in the following terms:—

"Old honest Dekker's Signior Orlando Friscobaldo I shall never forget! I became only of late acquainted with

(that it) is printed in quarto."—GERARD LANGBAINE: Account of the English Dramatic Poets, Oxford, 1691, p. 121.

What are we to think of the value of a man's criticism who pronounces so sweeping a judgment on works that he admits he has never read.

20 The text is very corrupt, as is also that of the later editions of the first part. Into the first edition of this (1604) some serious errors had crept, which were corrected in the excellent edition of 1605 (one of the most immaculate of Elizabethan plays in regard to accuracy of printing, and evidently superintended by the author himself). The later editions, however, repeated all the errors of the first, and gathered a good many more by the way (especially that of 1635). Mr. Dyce was the first to point out the existence and peculiarities of the edition of 1605, which appears to be of extraordinary rarity. It has, of course, formed the basis of our own text.
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

this last-mentioned worthy character; but the bargain between us is, I trust, for life. We sometimes regret that we had not sooner met with characters like this, that seem to raise, revive, and give a new zest to our being. . . . .
The execution is, throughout, as exact as the conception is new and masterly. There is the least colour possible used; the pencil drags; the canvas is almost seen through: but then, what precision of outline, what truth and purity of tone, what firmness of hand, what marking of character! The words and answers all along are so true and pertinent, that we seem to see the gestures, and to hear the tone with which they are accompanied. So when Orlando, disguised, says to his daughter, 'You'll forgive me,' and she replies, 'I am not marble, I forgive you;' or again, when she introduces him to her husband, saying simply, 'It is my father,' there needs no stage-direction to supply the relenting tones of voice or cordial frankness of manner with which these words are spoken. It is as if there were some fine art to chisel thought, and to embody the inmost movements of the mind in every-day actions and familiar speech. Simplicity and extravagance of style, homeliness and quaintness, tragedy and comedy, interchangeably set their hands and seals to this admirable production. We find the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry. The stalk grows out of the ground; but the flowers spread their flaunting leaves in the air. The mixture of levity in the chief character bespeaks the bitterness from which it seeks relief; it is the idle echo of fixed despair, jealous of observation or pity. The sarcasm quivers on the lip, while the tear stands concealed on the eyelid. This 'tough senior,' this impracticable old gentleman, softens into a little child; this choke-pear melts in the mouth like marmalade. In spite of his resolute pro-
essions of misanthropy, he watches over his daughter with kindly solicitude; plays the careful housewife; broods over her lifeless hopes; nurtures the decay of her husband's fortune, as he had supported her tottering infancy; sates the high-flying Matheo from the gallows more than once, and is twice a father to them. The story has all the romance of private life, all the pathos of bearing up against silent grief, all the tenderness of concealed affection: there is much sorrow patiently borne, and then comes peace. Bellafront, in the two parts of this play taken together, is a most interesting character. It is an extreme, and I am afraid almost an ideal case. She gives the play its title, turns out a true penitent, that is, a practical one, and is the model of an exemplary wife. The change of her relative position, with regard to Hippolito, who, in the first part, in the fanguine enthusiasm of youthful generosity, has reclaimed her from vice, and in the second part, his own faith and love of virtue having been impaired with the progress of years, tries in vain to lure her back again to her former follies, has an effect the most striking and beautiful. The pleadings on both sides, for and against female faith and constancy are managed with great polemical skill, assisted by the grace and vividness of poetical illustration. As an instance of the manner in which Bellafront speaks of the miseries of her former situation, I might give the lines in which she contrasts the different regard shewn to the modest or the abandoned of her sex.

Perhaps this sort of appeal to matter of fact and popular opinion, is more convincing than the scholastic subtleties of the Lady in Comus. The manner too in which Infelice, the wife of Hippolito, is made acquainted with her husband's infidelity, is finely dramatic; and in the scene where she convicts him of his injustice, by taxing
herself with incontinence first, and then turning his most
galling reproaches to her into upbrairings against his own
conduct, she acquits herself with infinite spirit and address.
The contrivance by which, in the first part, after being
supposed dead, she is restored to life, and married to Hippolito,
though perhaps a little far-fetched, is affecting and
romantic. There is uncommon beauty in the Duke her
father's description of her sudden illness.

Candido, the good-natured man of this play, is a charac-
ter of inconceivable quaintness and simplicity. His pa-
ience and good-humour cannot be disturbed by anything.
The idea (for it is nothing but an idea) is a droll one, and
is well supported. The sudden turn of the char-
acter of Candido, on his second marriage, is, however,
as amusing as it is unexpected.

"Matheo, the 'high-flying' husband of Bellafront, is
a masterly portrait, done with equal ease and effect. He
is a person almost without virtue or vice, that is, he is in
strictness without any moral principle at all. He has no
malice against others, and no concern for himself. He is
gay, profligate, and unfeeling, governed entirely by the im-
pulse of the moment, and utterly reckless of consequences.
His exclamation, when he gets a new suit of velvet, or a
lucky run on the dice, 'Do we not fly high,' is an answer
to all arguments. Punishment or advice has no more effect
upon him, than upon the moth that flies into the candle.
He is only to be left to his fate. Orlando saves him from
it, as we do the moth, by snatching it out of the flame,
throwing it out of the window, and shutting down the
casement upon it."

In comparing the genius of Dekker and Web-
ster, he adds:—
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.  xxix

"Dekker has, I think, more truth of character, more instinctive depth of sentiment, more of the unconscious simplicity of nature. He excels in giving expression to certain habitual, deeply-rooted feelings, which remain pretty much the same in all circumstances, the simple uncompounded elements of nature and passion."

The Whore of Babylon, which followed in 1607, is perhaps the worst and least interesting of Dekker's dramatic pieces. The allegory is without fitness or beauty, the introduction of Queen Elizabeth, under the name of Titania, is clumsily managed; the personification of Time, Truth, and Plain-dealing is equally so. There is no dramatic unity or interest, no insight into character, no beauty of dialogue. The speeches are either bald and prosaic, or swell into turgid bombast. The introduction of the Spanish Armada is at once heavy and ridiculous. That this dull effusion of loyalty may have given pleasure at the time, is likely enough; but no one will read it now except for the sake of its antiquarian interest. The only scenes in any way relieved from the general insipidity are those in which Plain-dealing describes to Truth the fashions of the city; and here and there throughout the play one comes on a line or two of poetry flashing out for a moment in the darkness.

In the same year (1607) appeared the three
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

plays written conjointly by Dekker and Webster, viz., Westward Hoe, Northward Hoe, and Sir Thomas Wyatt. The first two have little to distinguish them from the ordinary comedies of the time; and the latter, whatever merit it may have possessed in its original form, has been so mutilated by the transcriber or by the printer as to possess scarcely any value.

In his next dramatic production, The Roaring Girle (1611), Dekker was associated with Middleton, who, as we have seen, in the opinion of Mr. Dyce, wrote the larger share of this play. Middleton's name is printed first on the title-page, if that be any criterion, and the Preface is signed by him: it is certain, however, that there are many places where the hand of Dekker may clearly be recognized.

In 1612 Dekker was employed to write the Mayoralty Pageant, which he entitled Troia Nova Triumphans: London Triumphing. In the same year appeared his play entitled If it be not good, the Diuell is in it; to which much the fame remarks apply as we have already made respecting The Whore of Babylon. The beginning of this play (observes Langbaine) seems to be written in imitation of Machiavel's novel, Belphegor, where Pluto summons the devils to council.
From 1613 to 1616 we learn, on the authority of Oldys, that Dekker was in King's Bench Prison. In connexion with this circumstance, an interesting letter has been preserved in the archives of Dulwich College. Mr. Payne Collier, in his "Memoirs of Alleyn," writes as follows:—

"By the autumn of 1616, the construction of Dulwich College, which Alleyn named "The College of God's gift," must have been considerably advanced, and ready for the reception of some of the objects of the founder's bounty. At this date Alleyn received a letter from one of Shakespeare's most popular and distinguished contemporaries,—Thomas Dekker. He was a playwright of great celebrity some years before the death of Queen Elizabeth, and had written most of his pieces for companies with which Alleyn and Henlowe were connected. Like many of his class, he seems to have been a man of careless habits, as regarded his pecuniary affairs, living from hand to mouth, by turns affluent and needy, and supplying his pressing wants by the produce of his prolific pen. At the date of the following communication he was a prisoner in the King's Bench; and it was, no doubt, intended to induce Alleyn to make him a present in return for some enclosed verses "in praise of charity," and in celebration of the benevolent work which was now approaching completion. The verses themselves have not survived, but the letter containing them has:—

"To my worthy and worll. freind Edw. Allin Esquier, at his house at Dullidge.

"Sr

"Out of that respect wch I ever caryed to yo\r
Worth (now heightned by a Pillar of yo\r owne erefting)
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

doe I send theis poore testimonies of a more rich Affection. I am glad (yf I bee the First) that I am the first to Consecrate to Memory (yf at least you so embrace it) So noble and pious a Work, as This, yo're last and worthieft is. A passionate desire of expressing gladnes to See Goodnes so well delivered having bin long in labour in the world made mee thus far to venture. And it best becomes mee to Sing any thing in praife of Charity, because, albeit I have felt few handes warme thorough that complexion, yet imprisonment may make me long for them. Yf any thing in my Eulogium (or Praise) of you and yo're noble Act bee offensive, lett it be excused because I live amongst the Gothes and Vandalls, where Barbarousnes is predominant. Accept my will howsoever And mee

"Ready to doe you any service"

"THO. DEKKER."

"King's Bench Sept. 12. 1616."

It is to be regretted that Dekker's tribute to Alleyn has shared the fate of many things he and his contemporaries composed. Few things in the long and honourable annals of Dulwich College would possess greater interest. We need entertain little doubt that Alleyn took steps to relieve his old friend's necessities; and as it is stated that Dekker was released from prison in the very year his letter bears date, it may not be too much to suppose that Alleyn had a hand in his liberation. (21)

21 Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, Founder of Dulwich
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

A subsequent undated letter from Dekker to Alleyn, existing among the papers at Dulwich, may here be added:—

"Sr.

"I give you thanks for the last remembrance of your love. I write nowe, not poetically, but as an orrator, not by waye of declamation, but by petition, that you would be pleased, upon my loyninge lynes, to receave a yong man (foun to a worthie yeoman of Kent here prifoner) able by his owne meanes to mayntayne himselfe, whose fortunes will answere itt. Hee is a yonge man loyninge you, beinge of your name, and desiers no greater happines than to depend upon [you]. You shall doe mee much honor if you thinke him fitt to serue you as a servaunt, and him much love, because of your name, to receave. The yonge man is of good parts, both of bodie and mynd. I knowe you respect such a one, and I would not (upon that reputation I hold with you) offer a servaunt to bee unworthy of your attendance. If you please to receave him upon my commendation and your owne tryall, I shall thinck my selfe beholden to you, and you as I hope, no waye repent the receavinge of such a servaunt of your owne name. Soe I rest

"Your loyninge freind

"THO. DEKKER."

When Dekker before made an appeal to

Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

Alleyn's known liberality, and sent him some laudatory verses, he was in confinement in the King's Bench, and we see that he was again a prisoner when he introduced a young man to Alleyn's notice as a servant. The expression, "I give you thanks for the last remembrance of your love," warrants the conclusion that Alleyn had sent pecuniary assistance to Dekker on more than one previous occasion. Respecting the date of the letter, we can give no information, and the back of the sheet having been torn off, the address has been lost; but, considering its contents and the place where it was found, there can be no doubt at all on the latter point. (22)

After his release from prison, Dekker appears to have been occupied with some of his innumerable prose pamphlets. His name is not connected with any new play until 1622, when The Virgin-Martyr, written conjointly with Massinger, appeared. Gifford has endeavoured to claim for Massinger nearly all the serious passages of this play, and to fasten on Dekker the stigma of having contributed all the coarser scenes. Other critics have judged very differently. The reader shall hear both sides of the question, and form his own opinion.

(22) Memoirs of Alleyn, pp. 185, 186.
"It should be observed," says Gifford, "in justice to our old plays, that few or rather none of them, are contaminated with such detestable ribaldry as the present one. To "low wit," or indeed to wit of any kind, it has not the slightest pretension; being, in fact, nothing more than a loathsome footerkin engendered of filth and dulness. It was evidently the author's design to personify Luft and Drunkenness in the characters of Hircius and Spungius, and this may account for the ribaldry in which they indulge. That Massinger is not free from dialogues of low wit and buffoonery (though certainly he is much more so than his contemporaries) may readily be granted; but the person who, after perusing this execrable trash, can imagine it to bear any resemblance to his style and manner, must have read him to very little purpose. It was assuredly written by Dekker, as was the rest of this act, in which there is much to approve.

On the passage beginning—

DOR. My booke and taber (vol. iv. p. 26),

he observes:

"What follows, to the end of the scene, is exquisitely beautiful. What pity that a man so capable of interesting our best passions (for I am persuaded that this also was written by Dekker) should prostitute his genius and his judgment to the production of what could only disgrace himself, and disgust his reader.

And he concludes:

"With a neglect of precision which pervades all the arguments of Mr. Monck Mason, he declares it is easy to distinguish the hand of Dekker from that of Massinger,
yet finds a difficulty in appropriating their most characteristic language. . . . With respect to the scenes between the two buffoons, it would be an injury to the name of Massinger to waste a single argument in proving them not to be his. In saying this I am actuated by no hostility to Dekker, who in this Play has many passages which evince that he wanted not talents to rival, if he had pleased, his friend and associate."

To this Mr. Kingsley rejoins:—

"Every pains has been taken to prove that the indecent scenes in the play were not written by Massinger, but by Dekker: on what grounds we know not. "We are aware of no canons of internal criticism which will enable us to decide, as boldly as Mr. Gifford does, that all the indecency is Dekker's, and all the poetry Massinger's."(23)

A recent writer on the "Minor Elizabethan Dramatists," observes:—

"To prove how much finer, in its essence, his genius was than the genius of so eminent a dramatist as Massinger, we only need to compare Massinger's portions of the play of *The Virgin Martyr* with Dekker's. The scene between Dorothea and Angelo, in which she recounts her first meeting with him as a "sweet-faced beggar-boy," and the scene in which Angelo brings to Theophilus the basket of fruit and flowers which Dorothea has plucked in Paradise, are inexpressibly beautiful in their exquisite

23 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Plays and Puritans*. (Milt-
ccellanies, 1859, vol. ii. p. 114.)
Memoir of Thomas Dekker. xxxvii

subtlety of imagination and artless elevation of sentiment.” (24)

But a still better and earlier authority has settled the question. In his Specimens of the Elizabethan Dramatists, Charles Lamb extracts the scene between Angelo and Dorothea, and says:

“This scene has beauties of so very high an order that, with all my respect for Massinger, I do not think he had poetical enthusiasm capable of furnishing them. His associate Dekker, who wrote Old Fortunatus, had poetry enough for anything. The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pieties of this play have a strength of contrast, a raciness, and a glow in them, which are above Massinger. They set off the religion of the rest.”

In 1628 and 1629 Dekker was, for two successive years employed to write the Mayoralty Pageants. Britannia’s Honor and London’s Tempe are the rarest, though certainly far from the best of his pieces. In 1631 appeared the Tragi-Comedy called, Match mee in London, the plot of which is thus sketched in Genestfe’s History of the Stage:—

“Tormiella is the daughter of Malevento—her father had promised her to Gazetto—she elopes from Cordova with Cordolente—they are married—he is a citizen and

shopkeeper of Seville—Malevento and Gazette follow them to Seville—the King’s Procurer tells him of Tormiella—he visits her in disguise, and falls in love with her—he sends for her to court; and makes her one of the Queen’s attendants—the Queen is offended and jealous of Tormiella—the King endeavours to debauch Tormiella—she continues firm in her attachment to her husband—at the conclusion, the King restores her to Cordolente, and is reconciled to the Queen. There is an underplot—Don John, the King’s brother, wants to obtain the crown—in the last scene he renounces his ambitious views, and gains the King’s pardon. The title seems to be a challenge to match Tormiella in London, if one can—the King concludes the play with saying that Tormiella has no parallel."

In 1632 Dekker prefixed some commendatory verses to Richard Brome’s comedy of *The Northern Lasse*.

**TO MY SONNE BROME AND HIS LASSE.**

Which, then of Both shall I commend?
Or Thee (that art my Sonne and Friend)
Or Her, by Thee begot? A Girle
Twice worth the Cleopatren Pearle.
No: ’tis not fit for Me to Grace
Thee, who art Mine; and to thy Face.

Yet I could say, the merriest Mayd
Among the Nine, for Thee has layd
A Ghyrlond by; and Iieres to see
Pied Ideots teare the Daphnean Tree;
Putting their Eyes out with those Boughes
With which Shee bids me deck thy Browes.
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.  xxxix

But what I bring shall crowne thy Daughter
(My grand child) who (though full of laughter)
Is Chast and Witty to the Time;
Not Lumpish Cold, as is her Clime
By Phæbus Lyre, Thy Northern Laffe
Our Southern proudest Beauties passe:
Be Louiall with thy Braynes (her mother)
And helpe her (Dick) to such Another.

THO. DEKKER.

Of The Wonder of a Kingdom, published in 1636, the German critic(25) already quoted speaks as follows:


“Nicht blofs erbleichen junge Rosenwangen,
Dem Geist auch droht's, dass er sich überlebe!"

Hazlitt, however, speaks of the character of Iacomo Gentili in this play as “that truly ideal character of a magnificent patron.”

The two remaining plays of Dekker, written in conjunction with Ford—The Sun’s Darling

25 Dr. Schmidt, ubi supra.
and *The Witch of Edmonton*—were not published until some years after his death—the former in 1656, and the latter in 1658.

Of *The Sun's Darling* Gifford writes as follows:

"I know not on what authority Langbaine speaks [we have seen in another case on what a slender one]; but he expressly attributes the greater part of this moral masque to Ford. As far as concerns the last two acts, I agree with him; and a long and clear examination of this poet's manner enables me to speak with some degree of confidence. But I trace Dekker perpetually in the other three acts, and through the whole of the comic part. I think well of this poet, and should pause before I admitted the inferiority of his genius—as far, at least, as imagination is concerned—to that of Ford; but his rough vigour and his irregular metre generally enable us to mark the line between him and his more harmonious coadjutor."

He remarks thus on *The Witch of Edmonton*:

"It is very easy to sneer at the supernatural portions of this play—which I consider creditable to the talents and feelings of both poets. I believe in witchcraft no more than the critics; neither, perhaps, did Ford and Dekker, but they dealt with those who did; and we are less concerned with the visionary creed of our forefathers than with the skill and dexterity of those who wrote in conformity to it, and the moral or ethical maxims which they enable us to draw from it."
"The serious part of this drama is sweetly written. The character of Susan is delineated in Ford's [?] happiest manner; pure, affectionate, confiding, faithful, and forgiving; anxious as a wife to prove her love, but fearful to offend, there is a mixture of warmth and pudency in her language, particularly in the concluding scene of the second act, which cannot fail to please the most fastidious reader. Winnifride is only second to her unfortunate rival; for, though highly culpable before marriage, she redeems her character as a wife, and insensibly steals upon our pity and regard. Even Katherine, with any other sister, would not pass unnoticed.

Carter is no unfair representative of the respectable yeoman (freeholder) of those days; and his frank and independent conduct is well contrasted with that of Banks, a small farmer, as credulous and ignorant as his labourers, positive, overbearing, and vindictive. The character of Sir Arthur Clarington is sustained with care and ability. Terrified, but not reclaimed from his profligacy by the law, he is everywhere equally odious, and ends the same mean, heartless, avaricious wretch he showed himself at first.

"Of the two plays," says Mr. Swinburne, "which bear conjointly the names of Ford and Dekker, *The Sun's Darling* is evidently, as Gifford calls it, a 'piece of patchwork' hastily stitched up for some momentary purpose; I suspect that the two poets did not work together on it, but that our present text is merely a recast by Ford of an earlier masque by Dekker: probably, as Mr. Collier has suggested, his lost play of *Phaeton*, for which we might be glad to exchange the 'loop'd and window'd nakedness' of this ragged version. In those parts which are plainly
remnants of Dekker's handiwork there are some scattered lines of great sweetness, such as those of lament for the dead spring. For the latter scenes, as Gifford observes, it is clear that Ford is in the main responsible; the intrusion in the fifth act of political satire and adulation is singularly pernicious and infelicitous. In the opening-scene, also, between Raybright and the Priest of the Sun, I recognize the moral tone and metrical regulation of Ford's verse. Whatever the original may have been—and it was probably but a thin and hasty piece of work—it has doubtless suffered from the incongruous matter loosely sewn on to it; and the masque as it stands is too lax and incoherent in structure to be worth much as a specimen of its slight kind, or to shew if there was anything of more significance or value in the first conception.

*The Witch of Edmonton* is a play of rare beauty and importance both on poetical and social grounds. It is perhaps the first protest of the stage against the horrors and brutalities of vulgar superstition; a protest all the more precious for the absolute faith in witchcraft and devilry which goes hand in hand with compassion for the instruments as well as the victims of magic. . . . Victor Hugo could hardly show a more tender and more bitter pity for the forlorn and grovelling agonies of outcast old age and reprobate misery, than that which fills and fires the speech of the wretched hag from the first scene where she appears gathering flicks to warm herself, starved, beaten, lamed and bent double with blows, pitiable and terrible in her fierce abjection, to the last moment when she is led to execution through the roar of the rabble. In all this part of the play I trace the hand of Dekker; his intimate and familiar science of wretchedness, his great and gentle spirit of compassion for the poor and suffering,
with whom his own lot in life was so often cast, in prison and out. The two chief soliloquies of Mother Sawyer, her first and last invocations of the familiar, are noble samples of his passionate dramatic power; their style has a fiery impulse and rapidity quite unlike the usual manner of his colleague. . . . The part of Susan is one of Dekker's most beautiful and delicate studies; in three short scenes he has given an image so perfect in its simple sweetness as hardly to be overmatched outside the gallery of Shakespeare's women. The tender freshness of his pathos, its plain frank qualities of grace and strength, never showed themselves with purer or more powerful effect than here; the afterscene where Frank's guilt is discovered has the same force and vivid beauty. The interview of Frank with the disguised Winnifreda in this scene may be compared by the student of dramatic style with the parting of the same characters at the close; the one has all the poignant simplicity of Dekker, the other all the majestic energy of Ford. The rough buffoonery and horseplay of the clown and the familiar we may probably set down to Dekker's account; there is not much humour or meaning in it, but it is livelier and less offensive than most of Ford's attempts in that line.” (26)

The precise date of Dekker's death is as uncertain as that of his birth; but “we hear nothing of him,” says Mr. Collier, “after 1638, and he is supposed to have died before the Civil Wars.”

The only portrait of Dekker known to exist

26 Fortnightly Review. Art. on JOHN FORD by A. C. Swinburne, July 1871, pp. 55—57.
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

is in a rude woodcut on the title-page of Dekker his Dreame: Lond. 1620.

Mr. Halliwell, in the preface to his reprint (1860) of this pamphlet, says: “There can be but little doubt that the woodcut on the title-page contains a genuine portrait of Dekker; and, as such, it is of great interest.”

Some brief notices of a few of Dekker’s prose productions, extracted from Mr. Payne Collier’s Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language, may be not without interest here:—

The (unique) tract entitled Warres, Warres, Warres, 1628, 12mo, is dedicated to Hugh Hammerley, Lord Mayor, and to the two Sheriffs of London and Middlesex for the year; and Dekker states that, as City Poet, he had been employed to write the pageant for Hammerley’s Mayoralty, and he seems to have been not a little proud of it. He says, “What I offered up then was a Sacrifice ex officio. Custome tooke my Bond for the Performance; and on the day of the Ceremony I hope the debt was fully discharged.” If it were ever printed it has not survived.

The Ravens Almanacke (1609) is subscribed “T. Deckers,” which was probably the printer’s, certainly not the author’s, mode of spelling his
Memoir of Thomas Dekker. xlv

name. There is a good "song sung by an olde Woman in a Medowe."

Of the Double PP, 1606, 4to, published ano-

nymously, a presentation copy, with Dekker's autograph, is in existence. It has little but its rarity to recommend it; it is a violent, and, as far as we can understand the allusions, not very witty attack upon the Catholics, provoked by the Gunpowder Plot of the year preceding its publication.

The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London. 1606. 4to.

This tract was one of those which Dekker produced on the spur of his necessities, and he makes it a boast on his title-page that it only cost him a week's work. . . . As if deter-

mined not to lose any credit, or perhaps profit, by this production, Dekker not only placed his name prominently on the title-page, but he, somewhat unusually, subscribed it at the end, thus:—

"Dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis."

Finis

Tho. Dekker.*

The Jupiter and Dii were, perhaps at this time a bailiff and his followers, in search of the author for the non-payment of some debt.

The Guls Horne-booke, 1609, B. L. 4to.

This is unquestionably the most entertaining,
and, exclusive of his plays, perhaps the best of Dekker’s numerous works in verse and prose. It is full of lively descriptions of the manners of the beginning of the reign of James I., including accounts of, or allusions to, most of the popular and fashionable amusements. The work is entirely prose, and is divided into eight chapters, which are introduced by a Proemium.

A writer, already quoted, has well summed up the character and career of Dekker in these words:—

“A man whose inborn sweetness and gleefulness of soul carried him through vexations and miseries which would have crushed a spirit less hopeful, cheerful, and humane. He was probably born about the year 1575; commenced his career as player and playwright before 1598; and for forty years was an author by profession, that is, was occupied in fighting famine with his pen. The first intelligence we have of him is characteristic of his whole life. It is from Henslowe’s Diary, under date of February, 1598: ‘Lent unto the company, to discharge Mr. Decker out of the counter in the poultry, the sum of 40 shillings.’ Oldys tells us that ‘he was in King’s Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616;’ and the antiquary adds ominously, ‘how much longer I know not.’ Indeed, Dr. Johnson’s celebrated condensation of the scholar’s life would stand for a biography of Dekker:—

‘Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.’

“This forced familiarity with poverty and distress does not seem to have imibited his feelings or weakened the
force and elasticity of his mind. He turned his calamities into commodities. If indigence threw him into the society of the ignorant, the wretched, and the depraved, he made the knowledge of low life he thus obtained serve his purpose as dramatist or pamphleteer. Whatever may have been the effect of his vagabond habits on his principles, they did not stain the sweetness and purity of his sentiments. There is an innocence in his very coarseness, and a brisk, bright good-nature chirps in his very scurrility. In the midst of distresses of all kinds, he seems, like his own Fortunatus, 'all felicity up to the brims;' but that his content with Fortune is not owing to an unthinking ignorance of her caprice and injustice is proved by the words he puts into her mouth.” (27)

It is a sad story of genius allied to misfortune; of a man of the rarest gifts and insight, whom the iron tyranny of circumstance prevented from being wise for himself. Even the guerdon of Fame—that fallacious consolation and hope of the disappointed—seemed as if it were to evade him. The renewed impulse towards the study of our earlier poets has at last awakened a long-flumbering curiosity; but more than two centuries were to elapse after Thomas Dekker was laid in his grave before his immortal contributions to the English drama were destined to be placed within the reach of general readers.

27 Atlantic Monthly, 1867. § Minor Elizabethan Dramatists.
Memoir of Thomas Dekker.

The text has been reprinted verbatim et literatim from the original editions; the spelling and punctuation, and even the character of the type as far as possible, have been preserved. A few Notes and Illustrations (elucidative of difficult passages, and embodying the researches of Malone, Steevens, Reed, Collier, Dilke, Gifford, Fairholt, Dyce, and others) have been added to each volume; but the bickerings of rival editors have been carefully eliminated. Only a few of the notes are entirely original, but those borrowed from the sources above indicated, have in many cases been considerably altered, corrected, abridged, or amplified. This general acknowledgment will doubtless be deemed sufficient.
THE
SHOMAKERS
Holiday.

OR
The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life of Simon
Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Maior
of London.

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent
Maieftie on New-yeares day at night last, by
the right honourable the Earle of Notingham,
Lord high Admirall of England, his fervants.

Printed by Valentine Sims dwelling at the foote of Adling
hill, neere Bainards Castle, at the signe of the White
Swanne, and are there to be sold.
1600.
[There are three later editions of *The Shoemakers' Holiday* published in Dekker's lifetime, bearing date 1610, 1618, and 1631 respectively. The present text has been formed by a careful collation of these with the first edition. Some of the verbal differences are indicated in footnotes.]
To all good Fellowes, Professors of the Gentle Craft; of what degree foeuer.

Inde Gentlemen, and honest boone Companions, I present you here with a merrie conceited Comedie, called, the Shoemaker's Holyday, acted by my Lorde Admiralls Players this present Christmaffe, before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highnesse graciously accepted; being indeede no way offensiuue. The Argument of the play I will set downe in this Epistle: Sir Hugh Lackie Earle of Lincolne, had a yong Gentleman of his owne name, his nere kinsman, that loued the Lorde Maiors daughter of London; to preuent and croffe which loue, the Earle caused his kinsman to be sent Coronell of a companie into France: who resigned his place to another gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the house of Symon Eyre in Tower streete, who serued the Maior and his houshold with shooes. The merriements that passed in Eyres house, his comming to be Maior of London, Lacies getting his loue, and other accidents; with two merry Three-mens songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life; which, with all other blessings I heartily wish you.

Farewell.
The first Three-mans

Song.

O the month of Maie, the merrie month of Maie,
So frolicke, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene:
O and then did I vnto my true loue say,
Sweete Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Queene.

N

Ow the Nightingale, the prettie Nightingale,
The sweetest finger in all the Forrest quier:
Intreates thee sweete Peggie, to heare thy true loues tale,
Loe, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O I spie the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,
See where she sitteth, come away my joy:
Come away I prithee, I do not like the Cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggie and I kisse and toy.

O the month of Maie, the merrie month of Maie,
So frolike, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene:
And then did I, vnto my true loue say,
Sweete Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Queene.
The second Three-mans

Song.

This is to be sung at the latter end.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good speeded:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
Nor helpes good hearts in neede.

Trowle the boll, the jolly Nut-browne boll,
And here kind mate to thee:
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hughes soule,
And downe it merrily.

Downe a downe, hey downe a downe,
Hey derie derie down a down, Clofe with the tenor boy:
Ho well done, to me let come,
Ring compass gentle joy.

Trowle the boll, the Nut-browne boll,
And here kind, &c. as often as there be men to drinke.

At last when all have drunke, this verse.
Cold's the wind, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good speeded:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
Nor helpes good hearts in neede.
The Prologue as it was pronounced
before the Queenes
Maieftie.

As wretches in a storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heav'n,
Make Prayers the anchor of their conquer'd hopes,
So we (deere Goddesse) wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassalls (through mistrust and feare,
To sink into the bottome of disgrace,
By our imperfit pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our failes of hope do strike,
Dreading the bitter stormes of your dislike.
Since then (ynhappy men) our hap is such,
That to our felues our felues no help can bring,
But needes must perish, if your faint-like eares
(Locking the temple where all mercy fits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.
Oh graunt (bright mirror of true Chastitie)
From those life-breathing stars your sun-like Eyes,
One gratious smil: for your celestall breath
Must send vs life, or sentence vs to death.
A pleasant Comedie of
the Gentle Craft.

Enter Lord Maior, Lincolne.

Lincolne.

My Lord Maior, you haue sundrie times
Feasted my selfe, and many Courtiers more,
Seldome, or neuer can we be so kind,
To make requitall of your curtesie:
But leauing this, I heare my cosen Lacie
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Maior. True my good Lord, and she loues him
so wel,
That I mislike her boldnesse in the chace.

Lincol. Why my lord Maior, think you it then a
shame,
To ioyne a Lacie with an Otleys name?

L. Maior. Too meane is my poore girle for his high
birth,
Poore Cittizens must not with Courtiers wed,
Who will in silkes, and gay apparrell spend
More in one yeare, then I am worth by farre,
Therefore your honour neede not doubt my girle.

Lincolne. Take heede my Lord, aduiue you what
you do,
A verier vnthrift liues not in the world,
Then is my cosen, for Ile tel you what,
A pleasant Comedie of

Tis now almost a yeare since he requested
To travell countries for experience,
I furnished him with coyne, billes of exchange,
Letters of credite, men to waite on him,
Solicited my friends in Italie
Well to respect him: but to see the end:
Scant had he iornied through halfe Germanie,
But all his coyne was spent, his men cast off,
His billes imbezeld, and my iolly coze,
Asham'd to shew his bankrupt presence here,
Became a Shoomaker in Wittenberg,
A goodly science for a gentleman
Of such discreet: now judge the rest by this.
Suppose your daughter haue a thousand pound,
He did confume me more in one halfe yeare,
And make him heyre to all the wealth you haue,
One twelue moneth's rioting wil waste it all,
Then seeke (my Lord) some honest CITIZEN
To wed your daughter to.

L. MAIOR. I thanke your Lordship,
Wel Foxe, I understand your subtletie,
As for your nephew, let your lordships eie
But watch his actions, and you neede not feare,
For I haue my daughter farre enough,
And yet your cofen Rowland might do well
Now he hath learn'd an occupation,
And yet I scorne to call him sonne in law.

LINCOLNE. I but I haue a better trade for him,
I thanke his grace he hath appointed him,
Chief of colonell of all those companies
Mustred in London, and the shires about,
To serue his highnesse in those warres of France:
See where he comes: Louel what newes with you?

Enter Louell, Lacie, and Askew.

LOUELL. My Lord of Lincolne, tis his highnesse will,
That presently your cofen ship for France
With all his powers, he would not for a million,
But they should land at Deepe within foure daies.

*Linc.* Goe certifie his grace it shall be done:

*Exit Louell.*

Now cofen Lacie, in what forwardnesse
Are all your companies?

*Lacie.* All wel prepar’d,
The men of Hartfordshire lie at Mile end,
Suffolke, and Essex, traine in Tuttle fields,
The Londoners, and those of Middlesex,
All gallantly prepar’d in Finsbury,
With frolike spirits, long for their parting houre.

*L. Maior.* They haue their impref, coates, and
furniture,
And if it please your cofen Lacie come
To the Guild Hall, he shall receiue his pay,
And twentie pounds besides my brethren
Will freely giue him, to approue our loues
We beare vnto my Lord your vncle here.

*Lacie.* I thanke your honour.

*Lincoln.* Thankes my good Lord Maior.

*L. Ma.* At the Guild Hal we wil expect your
comming.

*Exit.*

*Lincolne.* To approue your loues to me? no
subtiltie

Nephew: that twentie pound he doth bestow,
For ioy to rid you from his daughter Rosé:
But cofens both, now here are none but friends,
I would not haue you caft an amorous eie
Upon so meane a proieect, as the loue
Of a gay wanton painted citizen,
I know this churle, euens in the height of scorne,
Doth hate the mixture of his bloud with thine,
I pray thee do thou so, remember coze,
What honourable fortunes wayt on thee,
Increase the kings loue which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes, I haue no heire but thee:
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,
Thou start from the true byas of my loue.

*Lacie.* My Lord, I will (for honor (not defire
Of lands or livings) or to be your heire
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall adde glorie to the Lacies name.

Lincoln. Coze, for those words heres thirtie Portugues,
And Nephew Askew, there's a few for you,
Faire Honour in her loftiest eminence
Staies in France for you till you fetch her thence,
Then Nephewes, clap swift wings on your disignes,
Be gone, be gone, make haste to the Guild Hall,
There presently Ile meete you, do not stay,
Where honour becomes, shame attends delay. Exit.

Askew. How gladly would your vnclae haue you
gone?

Lacie. True coze, but Ile ore-reach his policies,
I haue some serious businesse for three dayes,
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,
You therefore cofen with the companies
Shall haste to Douer, there Ile meete with you,
Or if I stay past my prefixed time,
Away for France, weele meete in Normandie,
The twentie pounds my Lord Maior giues to me
You shall receive, and these ten portugues,
Part of mine vnclae thirtie, gentle coze,
Haue care to our great charge, I know your wisedom
Hath tride it felse in higher conquence.

Askew. Coze, al my felse am yours, yet haue this
care,
To lodge in London with al fecresie,
Our vnclae Lincoln hath (besides his owne)
Many a jealous eie, that in your face
Stares onely to watch meanes for your disgrace.

Lacie. Stay cofen, who be these?

Enter Symon Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firk, Jane, &
Rafe with a pcece.

Eyre. Leaue whining, leaue whining, away with
this whimpering, this pewing, these blubbrings, and these wet eies, Ile get thy husband discharged, I warrant thee sweete Jane: go to.

_Hodge._ Master, here be the captains.

_Eyre._ Peace Hodge, hysht ye knaue, hysht.

_Firke._ Here be the cavaliers, and the coronels, maister.

_Eyre._ Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, stand by with your pishery pasherie, away, I am a man of the best presence, Ile speake to them and they were Popes, gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders: braue men, braue leaders, maie it please you to give me audience, I am Simon Eyre, the mad Shoomaker of Tower streete, this wench with the mealy mouth that wil neuer tire, is my wife I can tel you, heres Hodge my man, and my foreman, heres Firke my fine firking journey-man, and this is blubbered Jane, al we come to be futers for this honest Rafe keepe him at home, and as I am a true shoomaker, and a gentle-man of the Gentle Craft, buy spurs your self, and Ile find ye bootes these seuen yeeres.

_Wife._ Seuen yeares husband?

_Eyre._ Peace Midriffe, peace, I know what I do, peace.

_Firke._ Truly maister cormorant, you shal do God good seruice to let Rafe and his wife stay together, shees a yong new married woman, if you take her husband away from her a night, you undoo her, she may beg in the day time, for hees as good a workman at a pricke and awle, as any is in our trade.

_Jane._ O let him stay, els I shal be vndone.

_Firke._ I truly, she shal be laid at one side like a paire of old shooes else, and be occupied for no vse.

_Lacie._ Truly my friends, it lies not in my power, The Londoners are preste, paide, and set forth By the Lord Maior, I cannot change a man.

_Hodge._ Why then you were as good be a corporall, as a colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell you true, I thinke you doe more then you
can answere, to press a man within a yeare and a
day of his marriage.

Eyre. Wel said melancholy Hodge, gramercy my
fine foreman.

Wife. Truly gentlemen, it were il done, for such
as you, to stand so stiffly against a poore yong wife:
considering her case, she is newly married, but let that
passe: I pray deale not roughly with her, her husband
is a yong man and but newly entred, but let that
passe.

Eyre. Away with your pisherie pisherie, your pols
and your edipolls, peace Midaffe, silence Cisy Bum-
trincket, let your head speake.

Firk. Yea and the hornes too, master.

Eyre. Too soone, my fine Firk, too soone: peace
scoundrels, fee you this man? Captaines, you will
not release him, wel let him go, he is a proper shot, let
him vanis, peace Jane, drie vp thy teares, theile
make his powder dankish, take him braue men,
Hector of Troy was a hackney to him, Hercules and
Termagant scoundrelles, Prince Arthurs Round table,
by the Lord of Ludgate, nere fed such a tall, such a
dapper swordman: by the life of Pharo, a braue
resolute swordman, peace Jane, I say no more, mad
knaues.

Firk. See, fee Hodge, how my master raues in
commendation of Rafe.

Hodge. Raph, thou'rt a gull by this hand, an thou
goest not.

Askew. I am glad (good master Eyre) it is my hap
To meete so resolute a fouliour.
Truust me, for your report, and loue to him,
A common flight regard shall not respect him.

Lacie. Is thy name Raph?

Raph. Yes sir.

Lacie. Give me thy hand,
Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman:
Woman, be patient, God (no doubt) wil send
Thy husband sffe againe, but he must go,
His countries quarrel sayes, it shall be so.  

_Hodge._ Thart a gull by my stirrup, if thou dost not goe, I wil not haue thee strike thy gimblet into these weake vessels, pricke thine enemies Rafe.

_Enter Dodger._

_Dodger._ My lord, your vnclen on the Tower hill,  
Stayes with the lord Mayor, and the Aldermen,  
And doth request you with al speede you may  
To haften thither.  

_Askew._ Cousin, come let vs go.

_Lacy._ Dodger, runne you before, tel them we come,  
This Dodger is mine uncles parasite,  
The arrantit varlet that e're breathd on earth,  
He sets more discord in a noble house,  
By one daies broching of his pick-thanke tales,  
Then can be salu'd againe in twentie yeares,  
And he (I feare) shall go with vs to France,  
To prie into our actions.

_Askew._ Therefore coze,  
It shall behooue you to be circumspext.

_Lacy._ Feare not good cofen: Raph, hie to your colours.

_Raph._ I must, because there is no remedie,  
But gentle maister and my louing dame,  
As you haue awaies beeene a friend to me,  
So in mine absence thinke uppon my wife.

_Jane._ Alas my Raph.

_Wife._ She cannot speake for weeping.

_Eyre._ Peace you crackt groates, you mustard tokens, disquiet not the brave souladier, goe thy waies Raph.

_Jane._ I I, you bid him go, what shal I do when he is gone?

_Firk._ Why be doing with me, or my fellow Hodge, be not idle.

_Eyre._ Let me see thy hand Jane, this fine hand, this white hand, these prettie fingers must spin, must card, must worke, worke you bombaste cotten-candle-
queane, worke for your liuing with a pox to you: hold thee Raph, heres fiue fixpences for thee, fight for the honour of the Gentle Craft, for the gentlemen Shoemakers, the courageous Cordwainers, the flower of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlem, Fleetstreete, Towerstreete, and white Chappell, cracke me the crownes of the French knaues, a poxe on them, cracke them, fight, by the lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Rafe, here's three two pence, two carry into France, the third shal wash our soules at parting (for sorrow is drie) for my fake, Firke the Baja mon cues.

Hodge. Raph, I am heavy at parting, but heres a shilling for thee, God send thee to cramme thy flops with French crownes, and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Raph. I thanke you maister, and I thanke you all: Now gentle wife, my louing louely Jane,
Rich men at parting, giue their wiues rich gifts,
Jewels and rings, to grace their lillie hands,
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for womens heele:
Here take this pair of shooes cut out by Hodge,
Stich by my fellow Firke, seam'd by my selfe,
Made vp and pinckt, with letters for thy name,
Weare them my deere Jane, for thy husbands fake,
And euerie morning when thou pull'ft them on,
Remember me, and pray for my returne,
Make much of them, for I haue made them so,
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Sound drumme, enter Lord Maior, Lincolne, Lacy, Askew, Dodger, and fooldiers, They passe ouer the stage, Rafe falles in amongst them, Firke and the rest cry farewell, &c. and so Exeunt.

Enter Rafe alone making a Garland.

Rafe. Here sit thou downe vpon this flowry banke,
And make a garland for thy Ladies head,
These pinkes, these roses, and these violets,
These blushing gilliflowers, these marigoldes,
The faire embrodery of his coronet,
Carry not halfe such beauty in their cheekes,
As the sweete countnaunce of my Lacy doth.
O my moست vnkinde father! O my starres!
Why lowrde you so at my natuuity,
To make me love, yet liue rob'd of my love?
Here as a theefe am I imprisoned
(For my deere Lacies sake) within those walles,
Which by my fathers cost were builded vp
For better purposes: here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament (I know)
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter Sibil.

Sibil. Good morrow yong Mistris, I am sure you
make that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of
the Haruest.

Rofe. Sibil, what news at London?

Sibil. None but good: my lord Mayor your
father, and maister Philpot your vnkle, and maister
Scot your coofin, and mistris Frigbottom by Doctors
Commons, doe all (by my troth) send you most hearty
commendations.

Rofe. Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love?

Sibil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth, I scant
knew him, here a wore a scarffe, and here a scarfe, here
a bunch of fethers, and here pretious stones and
iweells, and a paire of garters: O monstrous! like one
of our yellow filke curtayns, at home here in Old-ford
house, here in maister Bellymounts chamber, I stoode
at our doore in Cornehill, looke at him, he at me
indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word,
mary gup thought I with a wanion, he paft by me as
prowde, mary foh, are you growne humorous thought
I? and so shut the doore, and in I came.

Rofe. O Sibill, how dost thou my Lacy wrong?
My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,
No doue was euere halfe so milde as he.

Sibil. Milde I yea, as a bushele of stampt crabs, he looke vpon me as sowre as veriuice: goe thy wayes thought I, thou maist be much in my gaftkins, but nothing in my neather stockes: this is your fault mistris, to loue him that loues not you, he thinkes fororne to do as he's done to, but if I were as you, Ide cry, go by Ieronimo, go by, Ide set mine olde debts against my new driblets, and the hares foot against the goose giblets, for if euere I sigh when sleepe I should take, pray God I may loose my mayden-head when I wake.

Rofe. Will my loue leave me then and go to France?

Sibil. I knowe not that, but I am sure I see him stalke before the fouldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth, let him goe fricke-vp yong mistris.

Rofe. Get thee to London, and learne perfectly, Whether my Lacy go to France, or no:
Do this, and I wil giue thee for thy paines, My cambricke apron, and my romish gloues, My purple flockings, and a flomacher, Say, wilt thou do this Sibil for my sake?

Sibil. Will I quoth a? at whole suite? by my troth yes, Ile go, a cambricke apron, gloues, and a paire of purple flockings, and a flomacher, Ile sweat in purple mistris for you, ile take any thing that comes a Gods name, O rich, a Cambricke apron; faith then have at vp tailes all, Ile go, Jiggy, Joggy to London, and be here in a trice yong Mistris. 

Exit. 

Rofe. Do fo good Sibill, meane time wretched I Will fit and sigh for his loft companie.

Exit.

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shooe-maker.

Lacy. How many shapes haue gods and kings detuifde,
Thereby to compasse their desired loues?
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,
the Gentle Craft.

To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
That thus disguis'd, I may vnknowne posseffe,
The onely happie presence of my Rose:
For her haue I forlooke my charge in France,
Incurd the kings displeasure, and sir'd vp
Rough hatred in mine vnkle Lincolnes breif:
O loue, how powerfull art thou, that canst change
High birth to basenesse, and a noble mind,
To the meane semblance of a shooemaker:
But thus it must be, for her cruell father,
Hating the single vnion of our soules,
Hath secretly conueyd my Rose from London,
To barre me of her presence, but I trust
Fortune and this disguise will surder me
Once more to view her beautie, gaine her sight,
Here in Towerstreete with Eyre the shooe-maker,
Meane I a while to worke, I know the trade,
I learnt it when I was at Wittenberge:
Then cheere thy hoping sprites, be not dismaide,
Thou canst not want, do fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is liuing for a man.  

Exit.

Enter Eyre making himselfe readie.

Eyre. Where be these boyes, these girles, these drabbes, these scoundrels, they wallow in the fat brewisse of my boitie, and liche vp the crums of my table, yet wil not rife to see my walkes cleansed: come out you powder-beefe-queanes, what Nan, what Madge-mumble-crust, come out you fatte Midrisske-swag-belly whores, and sweepe me these kennels, that the noysome stench offende not the nose of my neighbours: (1) what Firke I say, what Hodge? open my shop windowes, what Firke I say.

Enter Firke.

Firke. O Master, if you that speake bandog and

(1) The later Editions read "that the noysome filth offend not the noses of neighbours."
Bedlam this morning, I was in a dreame, and mused what mad-man was got into the street so earely, haue you drunk this morning that your throat is so cleere?

\textit{Eyre.} Ah well said \textit{Firke}, well said \textit{Firke}, to worke my fine knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest.

\textit{Firke.} Let them wash my face that will eate it, good Master send for a Soufe-wife, if you will haue my face cleaner.

\begin{center}
\textit{Enter Hodge.}
\end{center}

\textit{Eyre.} Away flouen, auant scoundrell, good morrow \textit{Hodge}, good morrow my fine Fore-man.

\textit{Hodge.} O Master, good morrow, y'are an earely stirrer, heere's a faire morning, good morrow \textit{Firke}, I could haue slept this houre, heer's a braue day to-wards.

\textit{Eyre.} O haft to worke my fine Fore-man, haft to worke.

\textit{Firke.} Master, I am drie as dust to heare my fellow \textit{Roger} talke of faire weather, let vs pray for good leather, and let Clownes and Plow-boyes, and thoshe that worke in the fields pray for braue daies, wee worke in a drie shoppe, what care I if it raine?

\begin{center}
\textit{Enter Eyres wife.}
\end{center}

\textit{Eyre.} How now dame \textit{Margerie}, can you see to rife? trip and go, call up the drabs your maides.

\textit{Wife.} See to rife? I hope tis time enough, tis early enough for any Woman to bee seene abroad, I maruell how many wiues in Tower street are vp so soone: Gods me tis not noone, heeres a yawling.

\textit{Eyre.} Peace Margerie, peace, wher's \textit{Cisy} \textit{Bum-trinkel} your maid? s she hath a priuie fault, shee sarts in her sleepe, call the queane vp, if my men want shooe threed, Ile swinge her in a stirrop.

\textit{Firke.} Yet that's but a drie beating, heere's stille a signe of drought.
Enter Lacy singing.

Lacy. Der was een boere van Gelderland, Frolick ti byen,
He was als dronke he cold nyet stand,
up solce se byen,
Tap eens de canneken drinck schone mannekyn.

Firke. Maister, for my life yonders a brother of the Gentle Craft, if hee beare not Saint Hughes bones Ile forfeit my bones, hee's some vplandish workeman, hire him good maister, that I may learne some gibble gabble, 'twill make vs worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace Firke, a hard world, let him passe, let him vanish, we haue iournymen enow, peace my fine Firke.

Wife. Nay nay y'are best follow your mans counsell, you shall see what will come on't, we haue not men enow, but wee must entertaine euery butterboxe; but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, fore God if my maister follow your counsell hee'lle confume little beefe, he shall be glad of men, and he can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. Afore God a proper man, and I warrant a fine workeman: Maister farewell, dame adue, if such a man as he cannot find worke, Hodge is not for you.

 Offer to goe.

Eyre. Stay my fine Hodge.

Firke. Faith and your foreman goe, dame you must take a journey to seeke a new iournyman, if Roger re- moue, Firke followes, if Saint Hughes bones shall not be set a worke, I may pricke mine awle in the wals, and goe play: fare ye wel maister, God buy dame.

Eyre. Tarrie my fine Hodge, my briske foreman, stay Firke peace pudding broth, by the Lord of Ludgate I loue my men as my life, peace you gallimafrey,
Hodge if hee want worke Ile hire him, one of you to him, say he comes to vs.

Lacy. Goeden dach meester, ende v bro oak.

Firke. Nailes if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choak, and you friend Oake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. Paw, paw, ich beene den shoemaker.

Firke. Den shoemaker quoth a, and hearke you shoemaker, haue you all your tooles, a good rubbing pin, a good stopper, a good dreffer, your foure forts of Aules, and your two balles of waxe, your paring knife, your hand and thum-leathers, and good Saint Hughes bones to smooth vp your worke.

Lacy. Paw, paw, bee niet bor beard, ik hab all de dingen, byour mack shooes groot and cleane.

Firke. Ha, ha, good master hire him, heele make me laugh so that I shall worke more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heere you friend, haue you any skill in the mystery of Cordwainers?

Lacy. Ick weet niet wat you leg ich verstabo you niet.

Firk. Why thus man, Ich verste v niet, quoth a.

Lacy Paw, paw, paw, ick can dat well doen.

Firke. Yaw, yaw, he speakes yawing like a Jack daw, that gapes to be fed with cheefe curdes, O heele giue a villainous pull at a can of double beere, but Hodge and I haue the vantage, wee must drinke first, because wee are the eldest Iourneymen.
Eyre. What is thy name?
Eyre. Giue me thy hand, thou art welcome, Hodge, entertaine him, Firke bid him welcome, come Hans, run wise, bid your maids, your trulli-bubs, make ready my fine mens breakfasts: to him Hodge.
Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, vfe thy selfe friendly, for we are good fellows, if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a Gyant.
Firke. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou Gargantua, my master keeps no Cowards, I tell thee: hoe, boy, bring him an heele-blocke, heers a new journeyman.

Enter Boy.


Exit Boy.

Eyre. Quicke snipper snapper, away Firke, scowrre thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Caftillian liquor.

Enter Boy.

Come my laft of the fues, give mee a Can, haue to thee Hans, here Hodge, here Firke, drinke you mad Greekes, and worke like true Troyans, and pray for Simon Eyre the Shoomaker, heere Hans and th'art welcome.
Firke. Lo dame, you would haue loft a good fellow that will teach vs to laugh, this beere came hoping in well.
Wife. Simon, it is almonst feuen.
Eyre. Ift fo dame clapper dudgeon, ift feuen a clocke, and my mens breakfast not readie? trip and go you fowlt cusger, away, come you madde Hiperbo-reans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after
my fine Firke, to worke, to worke a while, and then to breakfast.

Firke. Soft, yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master haue no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeymen.

Exit.

Hollowing within. Enter Warner and Hammon, like hunters.

Hammon. Cofen beate every brake, the game's not farre,
This way with winged feet he fled from death,
Whilst the pursuing hounds senting his steps,
Find out his high way to destruction.
Besides, the Millers boy told me euen now,
He saw him take foile and he hallowed him:
Affirming him so embost,
That long he could not hold.

Warner. If it be so,
Tis best we trace these meddowes by Old-Ford.

A noise of hunters within, enter a boy.

Hammon. How now boy, where's the Deere? I speak, sawst thou him?

Boy. O yea, I saw him leape through a hedge, and then ouer a ditch, then at my Lord Maiors pale ouer he skipt mee, and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there boy, there boy, but there he is a mine honestie.

Ham. Boy God a mercie, Cofen lets away,
I hope we shall find better sport to day.

Exeunt.

Hunting within, enter Rose and Sibill.

Rose. Why Sibill, wilt thou prove a Forrester?

Sibill. Upon some no. Forrester go by: no faith mistris, the Deere came running into the Barne, through the Orchard and ouer the pale, I wot well, I look't as pale as a new cheefe to see him, but whip saies goodman Pinclose, vp with his flaile, and our Nicke
with a prong, and downe he fell, and they vpon him, and I vpon them, by my troth wee had such sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat wee cut, fled him, vnhorned him, and my Lord Maior shall eate of him anon when he comes.

_Hornes found within._

_Rose._ Hark, hearke, the hunters come, y'are best take heed,
They'll haue a sayng to you for this deed.

_Enter Hammon, Warner, huntfmen, and boy._

_Ham._ God saue you faire Ladies.
_Sibill._ Ladies, O groffe!
_War._ Came not a Bucke this way?
_Rose._ No, but two Does.
_Ham._ And which way went they? faith wee'll hunt at thos.
_Sibill._ At thos? vpon some no: when, can you tell?
_War._ Vpon some, I.
_Sibill._ Good Lord!
_War._ Zounds then farewell.
_Ham._ Boy, which way went he?
_Boy._ This way sir he ran.
_Ham._ This way he ran indeed, faire Mistris _Rose_,

Our game was lately in your orchard seene.

_War._ Can you advize which way he tooke his flight?
_Sibill._ Follow your nose, his hornes will guide you right.
_War._ Th'art a mad wench.
_Sibill._ O rich!
_Rose._ Trust me, not I,
It is not like that the wild forrest deere,
Would come fo neere to places of refort,
You are deceu'd, he fled some other way.

_War._ Which way my fugar-candy, can you shew?
_Sibill._ Come vp good honnisops, vpon some, no.
A pleasant Comedie of

Rose. Why do you stay and not pursue your game?
Sibill. Ile hold my life their hunting nags be lame.
Ham. A deere, more deere is found within this place.
Rose. But not the Deere (sir) which you had in chace.
Ham. I chac'd the deere, but this deere chaseth me.
Rose. The strangest hunting that euer I see,
But where's your parke?

She offers to go away.

Ham. Tis here: O stay.
Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stray.
War. They wrangle wench, we are more kind than they.
Sibill. What kind of heart is that (deere heart) you seeke?
War. A Hart, deere heart.
Sibill. Who euer saw the like?
Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?
Ham. My heart is lost.
Rose. Alacke good Gentleman.
Ham. This poore lost heart would I wish you might find.
Rose. You by such luck might prove your heart a hind.
Ham. Why Lucke had horses, so haue I heard some say?
Rose. Now God and't be his will send luck into your way.

Enter L. Maior, and Servants.

L. Ma. What M. Hammon, welcome to Old Ford.
Sibill. Gods pittikins, hands off sir, heeres my Lord.
L. Ma. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

Ham. Tis true my Lord.

L. Ma. I am foresee for the fame.

What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother in law.

L. Ma. Y'are welcome both, fith Fortune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,

Untill you haue refreshed your wearied limbes.

Go Sibill couer the boord, you shall be guest.

To no good cheere, but euen a hunters feast.

Ham. I thanke your Lordship: cousen, on my life,

For our lost venison I shall find a wife. Exeunt.

L. Ma. In gentlemen, Ile not be absent long.

This Hammon is a proper gentleman,

A citizen by birth, fairely allide,

How fit a husband were he for my girle?

Well, I will in, and do the best I can,

To match my daughter with this gentleman. Exit.

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firk.

Skip. Eek fal pow wat leggen Hans,

dis skip dat comen from Candy is alwool,

by gots laerament, ban sugar, riuet, al-

monds, Cambrirke, end alle dingen tow-

land towland ding, nempt it Hans,

nempt it bor b meelter, daer be bils ban laden,

your meelter Symon Eyre fal hae
good copen, wat leggen pow Hans?

Firke. What seggen de reggen de copen, flopen,

laugh Hodge laugh.

Lacie. Mine lieuer broder Firke,

bringt meelter Eyre lot det signe vn
A pleasant Comedie of

Swannckin, dare fal you finde dis skip-
per end me, wat leggen pow broder
Firke? doot it Hodge come Skipper.

Exeunt.

Firke. Bring him qd. you, heeres no knauerie, to bring
my maister to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3.
hundred thousand pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle,
a bable Hodge.

Hod. The truth is Firke, that the Marchant owner
of the Ship dares not shew his head, and therfore this
Skipper that deales for him, for the loue he beares to
Hans, offers my maister Eyre a bargaine in the commo-
dities, he shal haue a reasonable day of payment, he
may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer
himselfe.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my ma-
ster twenty porpentines as an earne peenne.

Hod. Portegues thou wouldst say, here they be
Firke,
hark, they gingle in my pocket like S. Mary Queries
bels.

Enter Eyre and his Wife.

Firk. Mum, here comes my Dame and my Maaster,
shelle scold on my life, for loytering this Monday, but
al's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our
holyday.

Wife. You sing sir fauce, but I beforw your heart,
I feare for this your singeing we shal smart.

Firk. Smart for me dame, why dame, why ?

Hod. Maister, I hope yowle not suffer my Dame to
take downe your Journeymen.

Firk. If she take me downe, Ile take her vp, yea
and take her downe too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace Firke, not I Hodge, by the life of
Pharao, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every
haire whereof I value at a Kings ransomke, she shal
not meddle with you, peace you bumbaift-cotten-candle
queane, away Queene of Clubs, quarrel not with me
and my men, with me and my fine Firke, ile firke you
if you do.

Wife. Yea yea man, you may vs me as you
pleas : but let that passe.

Eyre. Let it passe, let it vanish away: peace, am
I not Simon Eyre? are not these my braue men?
brave Shoomakers, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft?
Prince am I none, yet am I nobly borne, as being the
sole sonne of a Shoomaker, away rubbish, vanish, melt,
melt like kitchen fluffe.

Wife. Yea, yea, tis well, I must be cald rubbish,
kitchen-fluffe, for a sort of knaues.

Firke. Nay dame, you shall not weepe and waile
in woe for me: master Ile stay no longer, heere's a
vennentorie of my shop tooles: adue master, Hodge
farewell.

Hodge. Nay stay Firke, thou shalt not go alone.

Wife. I pray let them go, there be more maids
than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fooles
than Firke.

Firke. Foole's nailes if I tarrie now, I would my
guts might be turned to shoo-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turnd to
a Turk, and set in Finsburie for boyes to shoot at:
come Firke.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaues, you armes of my trade,
you pillars of my profession, What, shall a tittle tattles
words make you forake Simon Eyre? auaunt Kitchin-
fluffe, rippe you browne bread tannikin, out of my
fight, mowe mee not, haue not I tane you from selling
Tripes in Eastcheape, and set you in my shop, and
made you haile fellow with Simon Eyre the Shooma-
maker? and now doe you deale thus with my Journey-men? Looke you powder-beefe queane on the
face of Hodge: heeres a face for a Lord.

Firke. And heere's a face for any Lady in Christen-
dome.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, auaunt boy, bid the Tapf-
ter of the Bores head fill me a doozen Cannes of beere for my journymen.

_Firke._ A doozen Cans? O braue, _Hodge_ now Ile stay.

_Eyre._ And the knaue fils any more than two, hee payes for them: a doozen Cans of beere for my Journemen, heere you mad _Mesopotamians_, wash your liuers with this liquour, where bee the odde ten? no more Madge, no more, well said, drink & to work: what work doft thou _Hodge_? what work?

_Hod._ I am a making a paire of shooes for my Lord Maiors daughter, mistresse _Rose_.

_Firke._ And I a paire of shooes for _Sibill_ my Lords maide, I deale with her.

_Eyre._ _Sibill_? fie, defile not thy fine workemanly fingers with the feet of Kitchin flussfe, and bastling ladles, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling, put grosse worke to _Hans_: yarde and feme: yarde and feme.

_Firke._ For yarking and feaming let me alone, & I I come toot.

_Hod._ Well master all this is from the bias, doe you remember the Shippe my fellow _Hans_ told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan? here be the Portigues to giue earneft, if you goe through with it, you cannot choose but be a Lord at least.

_Firke._ Nay dame, if my master proue not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.

_Wife._ Yea like enough, if you may loyter and tipple thus.

_Firke._ Tipple Dame? no we haue beene bargainning with Skellum Scanderbag: can you Dutch speaken, for a Shippe of Silke Cipresse, laden with Sugar Candy.

Enter the boy with a velvet coat, and an Aldermans gowne, _Eyre_ puts it on.

_Eyr._ Peace _Firk_, silence tillt tattle: _Hodge_, ile go
through with it, heers a seale ring, and I haue fent for a'garded gown and a damaske casocke, see where it comes, looke heere Maggy, helpe me *Firk*, apparrell me *Hodge*, silke and fatten you mad Philistines, silke and fatten.

*Firk.* Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dogge in a doublet, all in beaten damaske and veluet.

*Eyr.* Softly *Firke*, for rearing of the nap, and wearing thread-beare my garments: how dost thou like mee *Firke*? how do I looke my fine *Hodge*?

*Hod.* Why now you looke like your selfe master, I warrant you, ther's few in the citie, but will giue you the wall, and come vpon you with the right worshipfull.

*Firk.* Nailes my master lookes like a thread-beare cloake new turn'd, and dreft: Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth? dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

*Eyr.* How faist thou Maggy, am I not brisk? am I not fine?

*Wife.* Fine? by my troth sweet heart very fine: by my troth I never likt thee so well in my life sweet heart. But let that passe, I warrant there bee many women in the citie haue not such handsome husbands, but onely for their apparell, but let that passe too.

**Enter Hans and Skipper.**

*Hans.* Godden day mester, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandize, de commodity ben good, nempt it mester, nempt it.

*Eyr.* God a mercy *Hans*, welcome Skipper, where lies this ship of marchandize?

*Skip.* De skip beene in rouere: dor be van sugar, ciuit, Almonds, Cambricke, and a towfand towfand tings, gots facrament, nempt it mester, yo fal heb good copen.

*Firk.* To him maister, O sweet maister, O sweet wares, Prunes, Almonds, Suger-candy, Carret roots,
Turnips, O braue fatting meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but your self.

_Eyre._ Peace _Firke_, come Skipper, Ile goe aaboard with you, _Hans_ haue you made him drinke?

_Skip._ Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale ge drunke.

_Eyre._ Come _Hans_ follow me: Skipper thou shalt haue my countenance in the citie.      _Exeunt._

_Firke._ Yaw heb veale ge drunke, quoth a: they may well be called butter-boxes, when they drinke fat veale, and thicke beere too: but come Dame, I hope youle chide vs no more.

_Wife._ No faith _Firke_, no perdy _Hodge_, I do feele honour creepe vpon me, and which is more, a certaine rising in my flesh, but let that passe.

_Firke._ Rising in your flesh do you feele say you? I you may be with child, but why should not my master feele a rising in his flesh, having a gowne and a gold ring on, but you are such a threw, youle soone pull him downe.

_Wife._ Ha, ha, prethee peace, thou makst my worship laugh, but let that passe: come ile goe in _Hodge_, prethee goe before me, _Firke_ follow me.

_Firke._ _Firke_ doth follow, _Hodge_ passe out in state.      _Exeunt._

_Enter Lincolne and Dodger._

_Lincoln._ How now good _Dodger_, whats the newes in France?

_Dodg._ My Lord, vpon the eighteenth day of May, The French and English were prepared to fight, Each side with eager furie gaue the signe Of a moft hot encounter, fiue long houres Both armies fought together: at the length, The lot of victorie fell on our sides, Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day dide, Four thoufand English, and no man of name, But Captaine _Hyam_, and young _Ardington_, Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

_Lin._ But _Dodger_, prethee tell me in this fight,
How did my cozen Lacy beare himselfe?

_Dod._ My Lord, your cozen Lacy was not there.

_Lin._ Not there!

_Dod._ No, my good Lord.

_Lin._ Sure thou mistakest,

I saw him shipt, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesse of the farewells which he gaue,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adew:

_Dodger_ take heed.

_Dodg._ My Lord I am aduised

That what I speake is true; to proue it so,
His cozen Askew that supplide his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himselfe hither.

_Lin._ Ift euen so,

Dares he so carelessly venture his life,
Upon the indignation of a King!
Hath he despis'd my loue, and spurned those favours
Which I with prodigall hand powr'd on his head?
He shall repent his rashnesse with his soule,
Since of my loue he makes no estimate,
Ile make him wish he had not knowne my hate,
Thou haft no other newes?

_Dodg._ None else, my Lord.

_Linc._ None worse I know thou haft: procure the

_King_
To crowne his giddie browes with ample honours,
Send him chiefe Colonell, and all my hope
Thus to be daught! but tis in vaine to grieue,
One euill cannot a worse releue:
Upon my life I haue found out this plot,
The old dog Loue that fawnd vpon him so,
Loue to that puling girle, his faire cheekt _Rose_,
The Lord Maiors daughter hath distracted him.
And in the fire of that loues lunacie,
Hath he burnt vp himselfe, consum'd his credit,
Loft the Kings loue, yea and I feare his life,
Onely to get a wanton to his wife:

_Dodger_, it is so.
A pleasant Comedie of

Dodd. I feare so, my good Lord.
Linc. It is so, nay sure it cannot be.

I am at my wits end Doddger.
Dodd. Yea my Lord.
Len. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes haunts,
Spend this gold for thy pains, go seeke him out,
Watch at my Lord Maiors, there (if he liue)
Doddger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him:
Prethee be diligent. Lucy, thy name
Liu'd once in honour, now dead in shame:
Be circumspect. Exit.

Dodd. I warrant you my Lord. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, and Master Scot.

L. Ma. Good master Scot, I haue beeene bold with you,
To be a witnesse to a wedding knot,
Betwixt young master Hammon and my daughter.
O stand aside, see where the louers come.

Enter Hammon and Rosse.

Rosse. Can it be possible you loue me so?
No, no, within those eye-balls I espie,
Apparant likelyhoods of flatterie,
Pray now let go my hand.

Ham. Sweet mistres Rosse,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose deuoted soule
Sweares that I loue thee deerer than my heart.

Rosse. As deere as your owne heart? I judge it right.
Men loue their hearts best when th' are out of sight.

Ham. I loue you by this hand.

Rosse. Yet hands off now:
If flesh be fraile, how weak and frail's your vow?

Ham. Then by my life I sweare.
the Gentle Craft.

Ros. Then do not brawle,
One quarrell looseth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus?

Ham. In faith you iest.

Ros. Loue loues to sport, therefore leaue loue you're beit.

L. Ma. What? square they master Scot?

Scot. Sir, never doubt,
Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Ros. be not so strange in fanyying me,
Nay never turne aside, shun not my sight,
I am not growne so fond, to fond my loue,
On any that shall quit it with disdain,
If you will loue me, so: if not, farewell.

L. Ma. Why how now louers, are you both agreed?

Ham. Yes faith my Lord.

L. Ma. Tis well, give me your hand, give me yours daughter.

How now, both pull backe, what meanes this, Girle?

Ros. I meane to liue a maide.

Ham. But not to die one, pawfe ere that be said.

L. Ma. Will you still crosse me? still be obstinate?

Ham. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
If she can liue an happie virgins life,
Tis far more blessed than to be a wife.

Ros. Say sir I cannot, I haue made a vow,
Who euer be my husband, tis not you.

L. Ma. Your tongue is quicke, but M. Hammon know,
I bade you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you have me pule, and pine,
and pray,
With lovely Lady mistris of my heart,
Pardon your seruant, and the rimer play,
Rayling on Cupid, and his tyrants dart?
A pleasant Comedie of

Or shall I undertake some martiall spoile,
Wearing your gloue at Turney, and at Tilt,
And tell how many gallants I vnhorft,
Sweet, will this pleasure you?

Rofe. Yes, when wilt begin?

What loue-rimes man? fie on that deadly sinne.

L. Ma. If you will haue her, Ile make her agree.

Ham. Enforced loue is worse than hate to me,

There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,

To her will I, it is not wealth I seeke,
I haue enough, and will prefer her loue

Before the world : my good Lord Maior adew,

Old loue for me, I haue no lucke with new. Exit.

L. Ma. Now mammet you haue well behau'd your selfe.

But you shall curfe your coynesse if I liue:

Who's within there? see you conuey your mistris

Straight to th' old Ford, Ile keepe you straite enough,

Fore God I would haue sworne the puling girle

Would willingly accepted Hammons loue;

But banish him my thoughts, go minion in. Exit Rofe.

Now tell me master Scot, would you haue thought

That master Symon Eyre the Shoomaker

Had beene of wealth to buy such merchandize?

Scot. 'Twas well my Lord, your honour, and my selfe,

Grew partners with him, for your billes of lading

Shew that Eyres gainses in one commoditie

Rife at the leaft to full three thousand pound,

Besides like gaine in other merchandize.

L. Ma. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now.

For I haue sent for him to the Guild Hall,

Enter Eyre.

See where he comes: good morrow master Eyre.

Eyre. Poore Simon Eyre, my Lord, your shoo-

maker.
the Gentle Craft.

L. Ma. Well well, it likes your selfe to terme you so, 
    Enter Dodger.

Now M. Dodger, what's the newes with you?

Dodg. Ide gladly speake in priuate to your Honor.

L. Ma. You shall, you shall: master Eyre, and M.
    Scot,
I haue some businesse with this gentleman,
I pray let me intreat you to walke before
To the Guild hall, Ile follow presently,
Maister Eyre, I hope ere noone to call you Sherife.

Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might
call me king of Spaine, come master Scot.

L. Ma. Now master Dodger, what's the newes you
    bring?

Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me greets your
    Lordship,
And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Inform him where his nephew Lacy keepes.

L. Ma. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France?

Dod. No I assure your Lordship, but disguif'd
Lurkes here in London.

L. Ma. London? ist euen so?
It may be; but vpon my faith and soule,
I know not where he liues, or whether he liues,
So tell my Lord of Lincolne: lurke in London?
Well master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,
Be but the meanes to rid him into France,
Ile giue you a dozen angells for your paines,
So much I loue his honor, hate his nephew,
And prethee so informe thy Lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leaue. 
    Exit Dodger.

L. Ma. Farewell good master Dodger.

Lacie in London? I dare pawne my life,
My daughter knowes thereof, and for that cause,
Denied young Master Hammon in his loue,
Well, I am glad I sent her to old Forde,
Gods Lord tis late, to Guild Hall I must hie,
I know my Brethren stay my companie. (2) 
    Exit.

(2) lacke my companie. 1631.
Enter Firke, Eyres wife, Hans and Roger.

Wife. Thou goest too fast for me Roger. O Firke.

Firke. I forsooth.

Wife. I pray thee run (doe you heare) run to Guild Hall, and learne if my husband master Eyre will take that worshipfull vocation of M. Sherife vpon him, hie thee good Firke.

Firke. Take it? well I goe, and he should not take it, Firke sweares to forswear him, yes forsooth I goe to Guild Hall.

Wife. Nay when? th'art two compendious and tedious.

Firke. O rare, your excellénce if full of eloquence, how like a new Cart wheele my dame speakes, and she lookes like an old mustie Ale-bottle going to scalding.

Wife. Nay when? thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firke. God forbid your Worship should fall into that humour, I run. Exit.

Wife. Let me see now Roger and Hans.

Ro. I forsooth dame, (mistris I should say) but the old terme so stickes to the roofe of my mouth, I can hardly licke it off.

Wife. Euen what thou wilt good Roger, Dame is a faire name for any honest Christian, but let that passe, how dost thou Hans?

Hans. Me tanck you vro.

Wife. Well Hans and Roger, you see God hath blest your maister, and perdie if euer he come to be M. Sherife of London, (as we are all mortall) you shall see, I will haue some odde thing or other in a corner for you, I will not bee your backe friend, but let that passe, Hans, pray thee tye my shoe.

Hans. Yaw ic fal vro.

Wife. Roger, thou knowest the length of my foote, as it is none of the biggest, so I thanke God it is handsome enough, prethee let me haue a paire of shooes made, Corke good Roger, woodden heele too.
Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou acquainted with neuer a Fardingale-maker, nor a French-hood maker, I must enlarge my bumme, ha, ha, ha, how shall I looke in a hood I wonder? perdie odly I thynke.

Roger. As a Cat out of a Pillory, very wel I warrant you Mistresse.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grasse, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good haire?

Roger. Yes forfooth, at the Poulterers in Gracious streete.

Wife. Thou art an vngracious wag, perdye, I meane a false haire for my perewig.

Roger. Why Mistris, the next time that I cut my beard, you shall have the shuings of it, but mine are all true haieres.

Wife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a maske.

Roger. So you had need to hide your wicked face.

Wife. Fie vpon it, how costly this world's calling is, perdie, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deal with it: is not Firke come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it passe and vanish as my husbands worship faies.

Hans. Ick bin vrolick, lot see you soo.

Roger. Mistris, will you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. O fie vpon it Roger, perdy, these filthy Tobacco pipes are the most idle flauering bables that euer I felt: out vpon it, God bless vs, men looke not like men that vse them.

Enter Raph being lame.

Roger. What fellow Raph? Mistresse looke heere, James husband: why how now, lame? Hans make much of him, hee's a brother of our Trade, a good workeman, and a tall Souldier.

Hans. You be welcome broder.

Wife. Pardie I knew him not, now dost thou good Raph?
I am glad to see thee well.

Raph. I would God you saw me dame as well
As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust mee I am forrie Raph to see thee
impotent, Lord how the warres haue made him Sun- burnt: the left leg is not well, 'twas a faire gift of
God, the infirmitye took not hold a little higher,
considering thou cam'st from France, but let that passe.

Raph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice
To heare that God hath blest my master so
Since my departure.

Wife. Yea truly Raph, I thanke my maker: but
let that passe.

Roger. And firra Raph, what news, what news in
France?

Raph. Tell me good Roger first what newes in
England?
How does my Jane? when didst thou see my wife?
Where liues my poore heart? sheele be poore indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Rog. Limbes? hast thou not hands man? thou
shalt never see a shoomaker want bread, though he
have but three fingers on a hand.

Raph. Yet all this while I heare not of my Jane.

Wife. O Raph your wife, perdie wee know not
what's become of her: she was here a while, and
because she was married, grew more flately than
became her, I checkt her, and so forth, away she flung,
ever returned, nor said bih nor bah: and Raph you
know, ka me, ka thee, And so as I tell ye, Roger is
not Firke come yet?

Roger. No forsooth.

Wife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I
heare shee liues in London: but let that passe. If
shee had wanted, shee might have opened her cafe
to me or my husband, or to any of my men, I am
sure there is not any of them perdie, but would have
done her good to his power. Hans, looke if Firke
bee come.

Hans. Yaw ic fal vro. Exit Hans
Wife. And so as I said: but Raph, why dost thou weep? thou knowest that naked we came out of our mothers womb, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke God for all things.

Roger. No faith, Jane is a stranger heere, but Raph pull vp a good heart, I know thou haft one, thy wife man is in London, one told me he saw her a while agoe very braue and neat, wee’le ferret her out, and London hold her.

Wife. Alas poore foule, hee’s overcome with sorrow, he does but as I doe, weep for the losse of any good thing: but Raph, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipfull towards thee.

Raph. I thanke you dame, since I want limbs and lands,
Ile trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands. (3)

Enter Hans and Firke running.

Firke. Runne good Hans, O Hodge, O Misfris; Hodge heauie vp thine eares, mistresse smugge vp your looke, on with your best apparell, my master is choosen, my master is called, nay condemned by the cry of the Countrie to be sheriff of the Citie, for this famous yeare now to come: and time now being, a great many men in black gowmes were aibt for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their sitts about his eares prefently, and they cried I, I, I, I, and so I came away, wherefore without all other grieue, I doe salute you misfris Shrieue.

Hans. Yaw, my meester is de groot man, de Shrieue.

Roger. Did not I tell you Misfris, now I may boldly say, good morrow to your worship.

Wife. Good morrow good Roger, I thanke you my good people all, Firke, hold vp thy hand, heer’s a three pennie piece for thy tydings.

(3) Ile to God, my good friends, and to these my hands.

1600—1610.
A pleasant Comedie of

Firk. Tis but three halfe pence, I think: yes, tis three pence, I smell the Rose.

Hodge. But Misfris, be rul'd by me, and do not speake so pulingly.

Firk. 'Tis her worship speaks so and not she, no faith misfris speake mee in the old key, to it Firk, there good Firk, ply your businesse Hodge, Hodge with a full mouth: Ile fill your bellies with good cheare till they cry twang.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chaine.

Hans. See mine lieuer broder, heere compt my meester.


Eyre. See here my Maggy, a Chaine, a gold Chaine for Simon Eyre, I shall make thee a lady, heere's a French hood for thee, on with it, on with it, dreffe thy browes with this flap of a shoulde of mutton, to make thee looke louely: where be my fine men? Roger, Ile make over my shop and tooles to thee: Firk, thou shalt be the foreman: Hans, thou shalt haue an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaues as your maister Sim Eyre hath beene, and you shall liue to be Sherifes of London: how dost thou like mee Margerie? Prince am I none, yet am I princely borne, Firk, Hodge, and Hans.

All 3. I forsooth, what fayes your worship misfris Sherife?

Eyre. Worship and honour ye Babilonian knaues, for the Gentle Craft: but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden by my Lord Maior to dinner to old Foord, hees gone before, I must after: come Madge, on with your trinkets: now my true Troians, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some deuice, some odde crochets, some morris, or such like, for the honour of the gentle Shoo-makers, meet mee at old Foord, you know my mind: come Madge,
away, shut vp the shop knaues, and make Holliday.

Exeunt.

Firke. O rare, O braue, come Hodge, follow me
Hans,
Wee’le be with them for a Morris dance. Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife in a French hood,
Sibill and other Servants.

L. Maior. Trust me you are as welcome to old
Foord, as I myselfe.
Wife. Truely, I thanke your Lordship.
L. Maior. Would our bad cheere were worth
the thanks you giue.
Eyre. Good cheere my Lord Maior, fine cheere, a
fine house, fine walles, all fine and neat.
L. Ma. Now by my troth, Ile tell thee maister
Eyre,
It does me good and all my Brethren,
That such a mad-cap fellow as thy selfe
Is entred into our societie.
Wife. I but my Lord hee must learne now to
put on grauitie.
Eyre. Peace Maggy, a fig for grauitie, when I goe
to Guild Hall in my Scarlet gowne, i’le looke as de-
murely as a Saint, and speake as grauely as a Justice
of Peace, but now I am here at old Foord, at my
good Lord Maiors house, let it goe by, vanish
Maggy, i’le be merrie, away with flip flap, these
fooleries, these gulleries: what hunny? Prince am I
none, yet am I Princely borne: what fayes my Lord
Maior?
L. Ma. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thousand
pound,
I had an heart but halfe so light as yours.
Eyre. Why what should I doe my Lord? a pound
of care payes not a dram of debt: hum, let’s be
merrie whiles wee are young, old Age, sacke and fugar
will steale vpon vs ere we be aware.
A pleasant Comedie of

L. Ma. Its well done, Mistris Eyre, pray giue
good counsell to my daughter.

Wife. I hope mistris Rose will haue the grace
to take nothing that's bad.

L. Ma. Pray God she doe, for ifaith mistris Eyre,
I would bestow vpon that peeuiish girl.
A thousand markes more than I meane to giue her,
Upon condition she'd be rul'd by me.
The Ape still crosseth me: there came of late
A proper gentleman of faire reuewes,
Whom gladly I would call Sonne in law:
But my fine Cockney would haue none of him,
Youle proue a Cockscome for it ere you die,
A Courtier or no man must pleafe your eye.

Eyre. Bee rul'd sweet Rose, th'art ripe for a man:
marrie not with a boy that has no more hair on his
face than thou hast on thy cheekes: a Courtier, wath,
goe by, stand not vpon pithery patherie; thofe filken
fellowes are but painted Images, outsides, outsides
Rose, their inner linings are torme: no my fine moufe,
marrie me with a Gentleman Grocer like my Lord
Maior your father, a Grocer is a sweet trade, plums,
plums: had I a sonne or daughter shoule marrie out
of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he
shoule pack: what, the gentle trade is a living for a
man through Europe, through the world.

A noyfe within of a Taber and a Pipe.

L. Ma. What noyfe is this?

Eyre. O my Lord Maior, a crue of good fellowes
that for loue to your honour, are come hither with a
Morrifdance: come in my Mesopotamians cheerily.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Raph, Firke, and other Shoome-
makers in a morris: after a little dancing the
Lord Maior speaks.

L. Ma. Maifter Eyre, are all these Shoemakers?

Eyre. All Cordwainers my good Lord Maior.

Rose. How like my Lacie lookes yond Shoemaker.

Hans. O that I durft but speake vnto my loue!
L. Ma. Sibill, go fetch some wine to make these drinke,
You are all welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordship.

Roze takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.

Roze. For his sake whose faire shape thou repre-

sentest,
Good friend I drinke to thee.

Hans. Ic be dancke good frister.

Eyres Wife. I see mistris Roze you do not want judgement, you haue drunke to the properest man I keepe.

Firke. Here be some haue done their parts to be as proper as he.

L. Ma. Well, vrgent businesse calls me backe to London:
Good fellowes, first go in and taft our cheare,
And to make merrie as you homeward goe,
Spend these two angels in beere at Stratford Boe.

Eyre. To these two (my mad lads) Sim Eyre addes another, then cheerily Firke, tickle it Hans, and all for the honour of Shoomakers.

All go dancing out.

L. Ma. Come maister Eyre, let's haue your com-
pany.

Execut.

Roze. Sibill, what shall I doe?

Sibil. Why what's the matter?

Roze. That Hans the shoemaker is my loue Lacy,
Disguised in that attire to find me out,
How should I find the meanes to speake with him?

Sib. What mistris, neuer feare, I dare venter my maidenhead to nothing, and thats great oddes, that Hans the Dutchman when we come to London, shal not onely see and speake with you, but in spight of all your Fathers pollicies, steale you away and marrie you, will not this please you?

Roze. Do this, and euuer be assured of my loue.

Sibil. Away then, and follow your father to London,
left your absence cause him to suspect somethings:
To morrow if my counsell be obaide,
Ile bind you prentise to the gentle trade.

Enter Jane in a Sembler's shop working, and Hammon
muffled at another doore, he stands aloofe.

Ham. Yonders the shop, and there my faire loue fits,
Shee's faire and louely, but she is not mine.
O would she were, thrice haue I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand beene moistened with her hand,
Whilst my poore famisht eyes do feed on that
Which made them famishe: I am infortunate,
I still loue one, yet no bodie loues me,
I mufe in other men what women see,
That I so want? fine mistres Rofe was coy,
And this too curious, oh no, she is chast,
And for she thinkes me wanton, she denies
To cheare my cold heart with her funny eyes,
How prettily she workes, oh prettie hand!
Oh happie worke, it doth me good to stand
Unseen to see her, thus I oft haue stood,
In frostie eueninges, a light burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, only to eye her,
One onely looke hath seem'd as rich to me
As a Kings crowne, such is loues lunacie:
Muffeled Ile passe along, and by that try
Whether she know me.

Jane. Sir, what if you buy?
What if you lacke sir? callico, or lawne,
Fine cambricke shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

Ham. That which thou wilt, not fell, faith yet ile trie:

How do you sell this handkercher?

Jane. Good cheape.

Ham. And how these ruffles?

Jane. Cheape too.

Ham. And how this band?

Jane. Cheape too.

Ham. All cheape, how fell you then this hand!
**the Gentle Craft.**

**Fane.** My hands are not to be fole.
**Ham.** To be giuen then, nay faith I come to buy.
**Fane.** But none knowes when.
**Ham.** Good sweet, leve worke a little while, lets play.
**Fane.** I cannot liue by keeping holliday.
**Ham.** Ile pay you for the time which shall be lost.
**Fane.** With me you shall not be at so much cost.
**Ham.** Looke how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.
**Fane.** It may be so.
**Ham.** Tis so.
**Fane.** What remedy ?
**Ham.** Nay faith you are too coy.
**Fane.** Let go my hand.
**Ham.** I will do any taske at your command,
I would let go this beautie, were I not
In mind to disobey you by a power
That controules Kings : I loue you.

**Fane.** So, now part.
**Ham.** With hands I may, but neuer with my heart,
In faith I loue you.

**Fane.** I beleue you doe.
**Ham.** Shall a true loue in mee breed hate in you ?
**Fane.** I hate you not.
**Ham.** Then you must loue.
**Fane.** I doe, what are you better now ? I loue not you.
**Ham.** All this I hope is but a womans fray,
That meanes come to me, when she cries, away :
In earnest mistris I do not iest,
A true chaft loue hath entred in my breest,
I loue you dearely as I doe my life,
I loue you as a husband loues a wife,
That, and no other loue my loue requires,
Thy wealth I know is little, my desires
Thirst not for gold, sweet beautious Fane what's mine,
Shall (if thou make my felse thine) all be thine,
Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life, or death?
Mercy or crueltie lies in thy breath.

_Fane._ Good sir I do beleue you loue me well:
For tis a feely conquest, feely pride,
For one like you (I mean a gentleman)
To boaste, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,
Such and such women to his amorous lure:
I thinke you do not so, yet many doe,
And make it euen a very trade to wooe,
I could be coy, as many women be,
Feed you with fun-shine smiles, and wanton lookes,
But I detest witch-craft; say that I
Doe constantly beleue you, constant haue.

_Qam._ Why doest thou not beleue me?

_Fane._ I beleue you,
But yet good sir, because I will not greeue you,
With hopes to taste fruit which will neuer fall,
In simple truth this is the fumme of all,
My huf band liues, at least I hope he liues,
Preft was he to these bitter warres in France,
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
I haue but one heart, and that heart's his due,
How can I then beftow the fame on you?
Whilest he liues, his I liue, be it neere to poore,
And rather be his wife, than a kings whore.

_Ham._ Chast and deare woman, I will not abuse thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me,
Thy huf band preft for France, what was his name?

_Fane._ Rafe Damport.

_Ham._ Damport, heres a letter sent
From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,
A gentleman of place, here he doth write,
Their names that haue beeene slaine in euerie fight.

_Fane._ I hope deaths scroll contains not my loues name.

_Ham._ Can you not read?

_Fane._ I can.

_Ham._ Perufe the fame.
the Gentle Craft.

To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest; see here.

Jane. Aye me, hee's dead,
Hee's dead, if this be true my deare hearts flaine.

Ham. Haue patience, deare loue.

Jane. Hence, hence.

Ham. Nay sweet Jane,
Make not poore sorrow proud with these rich teares,
I mourn thy husbands death because thou mournst.

Jane. That bill is forgde, tis signde by forgerie.

Ham. Ile bring thee letters sent besides to many
Carrying the like report: Jane tis too true,
Come, weep not: mourning though it rife from loue,
Helpes not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourne.

Jane. For Gods sake leaue me.

Ham. Whither dost thou turne?
Forget the dead, loue them that are aliuie.

His loue is faded, trie how mine will thriue.

Jane. Tis now no time for me to think on loue.

Ham. Tis now best time for you to thinke on loue,
because your loue liues not.

Jane. Though he be dead, my loue to him shal
not be buried:
For Gods sake leaue me to my selfe alone.

Ham. 'Twould kill my soule to leave thee drownd
in mone:
Answere me to my sute, and I am gone,
Say to me, yea, or no.

Jane. No.

Ham. Then farewell: one farewell will not serue.
I come againe, come drie these wet cheekes,
tell me faith sweete Jane, yea, or no, once more.

Jane. Once more I say no, once more begone
I pray, else will I goe.

Ham. Nay then I will grow rude by this white
hand,
Untill you change that cold no, here ile stand,
Till by your hard heart.

Jane. Nay for Gods loue peace,
My sorrowes by your presence more increase,
Not that you thus are present, but all grieve
Desires to be alone, therefore in briefe
Thus much I say, and sayeing bid adew,
If euer I wed man it shall be you.

_Ham._ Oh blessed voice, deare _Jane_, ile urge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

_Jane._ Death makes me poore.  _Exit._

_Enter_ Hodge at his shop boord, _Rafe, Firke, Hans_,
_and a boy at worke._

_All._ Hey downe, a downe dery.

_Hodge._ Well said my hearts, plie your worke to day, wee loytered yesterday, to it pell mell, that we may liue to be Lord Maiors, or Aldermen at least.

_Firke._ Hey downe a downe dery.

_Hodge._ Well said ifaith, how faist thou _Hans_, doth not _Firke_ tickle it ?

_Hans._ Yaw meister.

_Firke._ Not so neither, my organe pipe squeaks this morning forvant of licoring : hey downe a downe dery.

_Hans._ Forward _Firke_, tow best vn iolly yongster hort
I mester ic bid yo cut me vn paire vanpres vor mester iffres boots.

_Hodge._ Thou shalt _Hans._

_Firke._ Meister.

_Hodge._ How now, boy ?

_Firke._ Pray, now you are in the cutting vaine, cut me out a paire of counterfeits, or else my worke will not passe currant, hey downe a downe.

_Hod._ Tell me firs, are my cozen M. Priscillaes shooes done ?

_Firke._ Your cozen ? no master, one of your aunts, hang her, let them alone.

_Rafe._ I am in hand with them, she gaue charge that none but I should do them for her.

_Firke._ Thou do for her ? then twill be but a lame
the Gentle Craft.

doing, and that she loues not: 
Rafe, thou mightst haue
sent her to me, in faith I would haue yearkt and firkt
your Priscilla, hey downe a downe dery, this geere will
not hold.

Hodge. How faist thou Firke! were we not merry
at Old-Ford?

Firke. How merry? why our buttockes went Igggy
joggy like a quagmire: well sir Roger Oatemeale, if I
thought all meate of that nature, I would eate nothing
but Bag puddings.

Raph. Of all good fortunes, my fellow Hans had
the best.

Firke. Tis true, because mistris Rafe dranke to
him.

Hodge. Well, well, worke apace, they say seuen of
the Aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firke. I care not, ilter be none.

Rafe. No nor I, but then my M. Eyre will come
quickly to be L. Maior.

Enter Sibill.

Firke. Whoope, yonder comes Sibill.

Hodge. Sibill, welcome ifaih, and how doft thou
madde wench?

Firke. Sib whoore, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy sweet Firke: good Lord, Hodge,
what a delicious shop you have got, you tickle it
ifaih.

Rafe. God a mercy Sibill for our good cheere at
old Ford.

Sibill. That you shal have Rafe.

Firke. Nay by the maffe, we had tickling cheere
Sibill, and how the plague doft thou and mistris Rafe,
and my L. Maior! I put the women in firft.

Sibill. Well Godamercy: but gods me, I forget
my selfe, where's Hans the Flemming?

Firke. Hearke butter-boxe, now you must yelp
out some spreken.

Hans. Vat begaie gon vat vod gon Frister.
A pleasant Comedie of

Sibill. Marry you must come to my young misfiris, to pull on her fhooes you made laft.

Hans. Var ben your egle fro, vare ben your mistris?

Sibill. Marrie here at our London house in Cornhill.

Firke. Will no bodie serue her turne but Hans?

Sibill. No sir, come Hans I stand vpon needles.

Hod. Why then Sibill, take heed of pricking.

Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a tricke in my budget, come Hans.

Hans. Yaw, yaw ic fall meete yo gane.

Exit Hans and Sibill.

Hodge. Goe Hans, make haft againe: come, who lackes worke?

Firke. I master, for I lacke my breakefaft, tis munching time, and past.

Hodge. Ift so, why then leaue worke Raph, to breakefaft, boy looke to the tooles, come Rafe, come Firke.

Exit. a Servingman.

Ser. Let me see now, the signe of the Laft in Tower-street, mas yonders the house: what haw, whoes within?

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. Who calls there, what want you sir?

Ser. Marrie I would haue a pare of fhooes made for a Gentlewoman against to Morrow morning, what, can you do them?

Rafe. Yes sir, you shall hane them, but what length's her fotte?

Ser. Why, you must make them in all parts like this fhooe, but at any hand faile not to do them, for the Gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.
Rafe. How by this shoee must it be made? by this? are you sure sir by this?

Ser. How, by this am I sure, by this? art thou in thy wits? I tell thee I must haue a paire of shooes, doft thou marke me? a paire of shooes, two shooes, made by this very shoee, this same shoee, against to morrow morning by foure a clocke, doft vnderstand me, canst thou do it?

Rafe. Yes sir, yes, I, I, I can do't, by this shoee you say: I should know this shoee? yes sir, yes, by this shoee, I can do't, foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watling-street, enquire for one maister Hammon, a Gentleman, my maister.

Raph. Yea sir, by this shoee you say.

Ser. I say maister Hammon at the golden Ball, hee's the Bride-groome, and those shooes are for his bride.

Raph. They shall be done by this shoee; well, well, maister Hammon at the golden shoee, I would say the golden Ball, wel, very well, but I pray you sir, where must maister Hammon be married?

Ser. At Saint Faith's Church vnder Paules: but what's that to thee? prethee dispatch those shooes, and so farewell. Exit.

Raph. By this shoee said he, how am I amazd
At this strange accident? vpon my life,
This was the very shoee I gaue my wife
When I was prest for France; since when, alas,
I neuer could heare of her. 'Tis the same,
And Hammons bride no other than my Jane.

Enter Firke.

Firke. Snailes Raph thou haft lost thy part of three pots, a countrieman of mine gaue me to breakefast.

Raph. I care not, I haue found a better thing.

Firke. A thing? away; is it a mans thing or a womans thing?
A pleasant Comedie of

Raph. Firke, dost thou know this shooe?
Firke. No by my troth, neither doth that know me: I haue no acquaintance with it, tis a meere stranger to me.
Raph. Why then I doe; this shooe I durft be sworne
Once couered the instep of my Jane:
This is her fize, her breadth, thus trod my loue,
These true-loue knots I prickt, I hold my life,
By this old shooe I shal find out my wife.
Firke. Ha, ha old shooe that wert new, how a murren came this ague fit of foolishnesse vpon thee?
Raph. Thus Firke euen now here came a seruing-man,
By this shooe would he haue a new paire made,
Against to morrow morning for his mistris,
That's to be married to a gentleman,
And why may not this be my sweet Jane?
Firke. And why maieft not thou be my sweet Asse?
ha, ha.
Raph. Well, laugh and spare not, but the truth is this,
Against to morrow morning Ile prouide
A lufty crew of honest shoomakers,
To watch the going of the bride to Church:
If she proue Jane, Ile take her in dispite
Of Hammon and the Deuill, were he by,
If it be not my Jane, what remedy?
Hereof I am sure, I shall liue till I die,
Although I neuer with a woman lie.
Firke. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates? Well God sends fooles fortune,
and it may be hee may light vpon his matrimony by such a deuice, for wedding and hanging goes by def-
tinie. Exit.
Enter Hans and Rosé arme in arme.

Hans. How happie am I by embracing thee,
O I did feare such crose mishaps did raigne,
That I should neuer see my Rosé againe.

Rosé. Sweet Lacy, since faire opportunitie,
Offers her selfe to further our escape,
Let not too ouer-fond esteeeme of me,
Hinder that happie houre, inuenet the meanes,
And Rosé will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh how I surfeet with exceffe of joy,
Made happie by thy rich perfection:
But since thou payst sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling loue on loue, let me once more
Like to a bold-fac'd debtor craue of thee,
This night to steale abroad, and at Eyres house,
Who now by death of certaine Aldermen,
Is Maior of London, and my maister once,
Meete thou thy Lacy, where in spight of change,
Your fathers anger, and mine vncles hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh God, what will you do mistris! shiff for
your selfe, your father is at hand, hee's comming, hee's
comming, master Lacy hide your selfe in my mistris,
for Gods sake shiff for your selues.

Hans. Your father come, sweet Rosé, what shall I
doe?
Where shall I hide me! how shall I escape?

Rosé. A man, and want wit in extemitie,
Come come, be Hans still, play the shoomaker,
Pull on my shooe.

Enter Lord Maior

Hans. Mas and that's well remembred.

Sibill. Here comes your father.

Hans. For ware metreffe, 'tis vn good skow, it fall
vel sute, or ye fal neit betallen.
A pleasant Comedie of

Rofe. O God it pincheth me, what will you do?
Hans. Your fathers presence pincheth, not the shooe.
L. Ma. Well done, fit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.
Hans. Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well, for ware tis vn good skoo, tis gi mait van neits leither, fe euer mine here.

Enter a Prentise.

L. Maior. I do beleue it, whats the newes with you?
Pren. Please you the Earle of Lincolne at the gate is newly lighted, and would speake with you.
L. Ma. The Earle of Lincolne come speake with me?
Well, well, I know his errand: daughter Rofe
Send hence your shoomaker, dispatch, haue done:
Sib make things handsome, sir boy follow me. Exit.
Hans. Mine vnclie come: O what may this portend?
Sweet Rofe, this of our loue threatens an end.
Rofe. Be not dismaid at this, what ere befall,
Rofe is thine owne, to witnesse I speake truth,
Where thou appoints the place, Ile meet with thee;
I will not fixe a day to follow thee,
But prefently fteale hence: do not replie,
Loue which gaue strenght to beare my fathers hate,
Shall now adde wings to further our escape. Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior and Lincolne.

L. Maior. Beleue me on my credit I speake truth,
Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
I haue not seene him: It seem'd strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he staied behind;
Neglecting the high charge the king imposed.
Linc. Trust me (sir Roger Otley) I did thinke
Your counsell had giuen head to this attempt,
Drawne to it by the loue he beares your child,
Here I did hope to find him in your house,
But now I see mine error, and confess
My judgement wrong'd you by conceiving so.

L. Ma. Lodge in my house, say you I trust me my
    Lord,
I love your nephew Lacy too too dearely,
So much to wrong his honour: and he hath done so,
That first gave him advice to stale from France.
To witnesse I speake truth, I let you know
How careful I have been to kepe my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him,
Not that I scorne your nephew, but in love
I bear your honor, left your noble blood,
Should by my meane worth be dishonour'd.

Linc. How far the churlis tongue wanders from
    his heart,
Well, well sir Roger Oiley, I beleue you,
With more than many thankes for the kind love,
So much you teeme to beeke me: but my Lord,
Let me request your helpe to seeke my nephew,
Whom if I find, I'll straight imbarke for France;
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies in my breast.

Enter Sibill.

Sibill. O Lord, helpe for Gods sake my mistris,
Oh my young mistris.

L. Ma. Where is thy mistris? what's become of
    her?

Sibill. Shee's gone, shee's fled.

L. Ma. Gone? whither is she fled?

Sibill. I know not forthoof, shee's fled out of doores
    with Hans the Shoomaker, I saw them scud, scud,
    scud, apace, apace.

L. Ma. Which waie? what John? where be my
    men? which waie?

Sibill. I know not and it please your worship.

L. Ma. Fled with a shoomaker, can this be true?
Sibil. O Lord sir, as true as you are L. Maior.(4)

Lin. Her loue turned shoomaker, I am glad of this.

L. Ma. A Flemming butter-boxe, a shoomaker.
Will she forget her birth? requite my care
With such ingratitude? scorn'd the young Hammon,
To loue a honnkin, a needy knaue?
Well let her flie, ile not flie after her,
Let her statute if she will, she's none of mine.

Lin. Be not so cruell sir.

Enter Firke with shooes.

Sibill. I am glad shee's scapt.

L. Ma. Ile not account of her as of my child,
Was there no better obieect for her eyes,
But a foule drunken lubbery swill-bellie,
A shoomaker, that's braue.

Firke. Yea forsooth 'tis a verie braue shooe, and
as fit as a pudding.

L. Ma. How now, what knaue is this, from whence
commest thou?

Firke. No knaue sir, I am Firke the shoomaker,
lustie Rogerschiefe lusty journey-man, and I come
hither to take vp the prettie legge of sweet misfri;
Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good
health as I was at the making hereof, I bid you fare-
well, yours

Firke.

L. Ma. Stay, stay, sir knaue.

Lin. Come hither shoomaker.

Firke. Tis happie the knaue is put before the
shoomaker, or else I would not haue vouchsafed to
come backe to you, I am moued, for I turre.

L. Ma. My Lord, this villaine calls vs knaues by
craft.

Firke. Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call
one knaue gently is no harne: fit your worship
merrie! Sib your young misfri. T'le fo bob them,
now my maister M. Eyre is Lord Maior of London.

(4) as true as Gods in heauen. 1600.
L. Ma. Tell me sirra, whose man are you?

Firke. I am glad to see your worship so merrie, I haue no maw to this geere, no stomacke as yet to a red petticoat.

Lin. He meanes not sir to wooe you to his maid, But onely doth demand whose man you are.

Firke. I sing now to the tune of Rogero, Roger my fellow is now my maister.

Linc. Sirra knowest thou one Hans a shoemaker?

Fir. Hans Shoemaker, oh yes, stay, yes I haue him, I tell you what, I speake it in secret, mistris Rose and he are by this time, no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another, with Can you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that Hans, Ile so gull these diggers.

L. Ma. Knowest thou then where he is?

Firke. Yes forsooth, yea marry.

Lin. Canst thou in fadness?

Firke. No forsooth, no marry.

L. Ma. Tell me good honest fellow where he is, And thou shalt see what Ile bestow of thee.

Firke. Honest fellow, no sir, not so sir, my pro-

fession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for seeing, I loue feeling, let me feel it heere, aurium tenus, ten peecees of gold, gemnum tenus, ten peecees of siluer, and then Firke is your man in a new paiere of stretchers.

L. Ma. Here is an angell, part of thy reward, Which I will giue thee, tell me where he is.

Firke. No point, shall I betray my brother? no, shal I proue Judas to Hans? no; shal I crie treafon to my corporation? no, I shall be firkt and yerkt then, but giue me your angell, your angell shall tell you.

Lin. Doe so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firke. Send Simpson Sib away.


Firke. Pitchers haue eares, and maids haue wide mouthes: but for Hans praunce, vpon my word to morrow morning hee and young mistris Rose goe to this geere, they shall be married together by this rush,
or else turne Firke to a firkin of butter to tan leather withall.

L. Ma. But art thou sure of this?

Firke. Am I sure that Paules-steeple is a handful higher than London stone? or that the pissing Conduit leaks nothing but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lofty Firke? Gods nailes do you thinke I am so base to gull you?

Lincoln. Where are they married? dost thou know the Church?

Firke. I never goe to Church, but I know the name of it, it is a swearing Church, stay a while, 'tis, I by the mas; no, no, tis I by my troth, no nor that, tis I by my faith, that that, tis I by my Faiths Church vnder Paules Cronce, there they shall bee knit like a paire of fockings in matrimonie, there theye be in cony.

Linc. Upon my life my Nephew Lacy walkes, In the disguise of this Dutch Shoomaker.

Firke. Yes forfooth.

Linc. Doth he not honest fellow?

Firke. No forfooth I thinke Hans is no body but Hans, no spirit.

L. Ma. My mind misgiues me now tis so indeed.

Linc. My Cosen speaks the language, knowes the trade.

L. Ma. Let me request your company my Lord, Your honorable presence may, no doubt, Refrain their head-strong rashness, when my selfe Going alone, perchance may be ore-borne: Shall I request this fauour?

Lin. This, or what else.

Firk. Then you must rife betimes, for they meane to fall to their hey passe, and repasse, pindy pandy, which hand will you haue, very early.

L Ma. My care shall euery way equall their haft, This night accept your lodging in my house, The earlier shal we stir, and at Saint Faiths Preuent this giddy hare-braind Nuptiall,
the Gentle Craft.

This trafficke of hot loue shall yeeld cold gaines,
They ban our loues and weele forbid their baines.  

Exit.

Lin. At Saint Faiths Church thou faist !
Firk. Yes, by their troth.
Lin. Be secret on thy life.  

Exit.

Firk. Yes when I kisse your wife, ha, ha, heres no craft in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shooes to Sir Rogers worship, whilst Rose his daughter be cony-catcht by Hans: soft now, these two gulles wil be at Saint Faithes Church to morrow morning to take maister Bridegroome, and mistris Bride napping, and they in the meane time shall chop vp the matter at the Sauoy: but the best sport is, Sir Roger Otley will find my fellow lame Raphs wife going to marrie a Gen-
man: and then heele flop her in fhead of his Daughter; O braue, there will bee fine tickling sport: soft now, what haue I to do? O I know, now a meffe of shoemakers meate at the Wooll-facke in Iuy lane, to cozen my Gentleman of lame Raphs wife, that's true, alacke alacke, girles hold out tachke, for now smockes for this iumbling shall go to wracke.  

Exit.

Enter Eyre, his wife, Hans and Rose.

Eyre. This is the morning then, stay my bully, my honest Hans, is it not ?

Hans. This is the morning that must make vs two happie or miserable, therefore if you——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ands Hans, and these et ceteraes, by mine honor Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee: come feare nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre Lord Maior of London? feare nothing Rose, let them say all what they can, daintie come thou to mee, laugheft thou?

Wife. Good my Lord stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why my sweete Ladie Madgy, thinke you

Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch iourneyman?

No vah. Fie I scorne it, it shall neuer be cast in my
teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou hadst neuer couered thy Saracens head with this French flappe, nor loaded thy bumme with this farthingale, tis trafh, trumperie, vanitie, Simon Eyre had neuer walkt in a red petticoate, nor wore a chaine of Gold but for my fine Journeymans Portuges, and shall I leaue him? No: Prince am I none, yet beare a Princely minde.

Hans. My Lord, 'tis time to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my Pie-crust eaters, my Buffe-ierkin varlets, that doe walke in blacke gownes at Simon Eyre's heeles, take them good Ladie Madgy, trip and go, my browne Queene of Perriwigs, with my delicate Rose, and my jolly Rowland to the Sauoy, fee them linkt, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling cling together, you Hamborow Turtle Doues, Ile beare you out, come to Simon Eyre, come dwell with me Hans, thou shalt eate mincd pies, and marchpane. Rose, away cricket, trip and goe, my Lady Madgy to the Sauoy. Hans, wed, and to bed, kisse and away, go vanishe.

Wife. Farewell my Lord.

Rose. Make haft sweet loue.

Wife. Sheede faine the deed were done.

Hans. Come my sweet Rose, faster than Deere weele run.

They goe out.

Eyre. Goe, vanishe, vanishe, auant I lay: by the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a Lord Maior, it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a carefull life. Well Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his maieftie is welcome, hee shall haue good cheere, delicate cheere, princely cheere. This day my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shal haue fine cheere, gentlemanlike cheere. I promised the mad Cappadosians, when we all fered at the Conduit together, that if euer I came to bee
Maior of London, I would feast them all, and i'le doot, i'le doot by the life of Pharaoh, by this beard Siem Eyre will be no flincher. Besides, I haue procured, that vpon ev'ry Shrouetuesday at the sound of the Pancake bell, my fine dapper Assirian lads shall clap vp their shop windowes, and away, this is the day, and this day they shall doot, they shall doot: boyes, that day are you free, let maisters care, and prentises shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Raph, and five or six Shoomakers, all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodge. Come Rafe, stand to it Firke: my masters, as wee are the braue bloods of the Shoomakers, heires apparrant to Saint Hugh, and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellowes: thou shalt haue no wrong: were Hammon a King of Spades, he should not delue in thy close without thy sufferance: but tell me Rafe, art thou sure tis thy wife?

Rafe. Am I sure this is Firke? This morning when I strokt on her schoes, I lookt vpon her, and she vpon mee, and sighed, askt me if euer I knew one Rafe. Yes said I: for his sake said she (teares standing in her eyes) and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold: I tooke it: my lame leg, and my trauell beyond sea made me vnknowne, all is one for that, I know's shee's mine.

Firke. Did shee giue thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold: shees thine owne, tis thy wife, and shee loues thee, for ile stand toot, there's no woman will giue gold to any man, but she thinkes better of him than shee thinkes of them shee giues filuer to: and for Hammon, neither Hammon nor Hangman shall wrong thee in London: Is not our old Master Eyre Lord Maior? Speake my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon his man, Jane, and others.

Hodge. Peace my bullies, yonder they come.
Rafe. Stand toot my hearts, Firk, let me speake first.

Hodge. No Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so earely?

Ham. Unmannerly rude flaue, what's that to thee?

Firk. To him sir? yes sir, and to me, and others: good morrow Jane, how dost thou? good Lord, how the world is changed with you, God be thanked.

Ham. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my loue?

All. Villaines: downe with them, cry clubs for prentifes.

Hod. Hold, my hearts: touch her Hammon? yea and more than that, weele carrie her away with vs. My maisters and gentlemen, neuer draw your bird spits, shooamakers are steele to the backe, men euer inch of them, all spirit.

All of Hammons side. Well, and what of all this?

Hod. Ile shew you: Jane, doost thou know this man? tis Rafe I can tell thee: nay, tis he in faith, though he be lam'd by the warres, yet looke not strange, but run to him, fold him about the necke and kisse him.

Jane. Liues then my husband? oh God let me go, Let me embrace my Rafe.

Ham. What means my Jane?

Jane. Nay, what meant you to tell me was he slaine?

Ham. Pardon me deare loue for being misled, Twas rumord here in London thou wert dead.

Firk. Thou feest he liues: Lasse, go packe home with him? now M. Hammon, wheres your mistris your wife?

Serv. Swounds M. fight for her, will you thus lose her?

All. Downe with that creature, clubs, downe with him.

Hodge. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold foole: firs he shall do no wrong,
Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

Firke. Yes sir, she must sir, she shall sir, what then?

Hod. Hearke fellow Rafe, follow my counsell, set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman.

Jane. Whom should I choose? whom should my thoughts affect?

But him whom Heauen hath made to be my loue,
Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds,
Makes thee more beautifull than all his wealth,
Therefore I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owners hand,
And euer after be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a ragge Jane, the laws on our side,
hee that sows in another mans ground forfeits his haruest, get thee home Raph, follow him Jane, hee shall not haue so much as a buske point from thee.

Firke. Stand to that Rafe, the appurtenances are thine owne, Hammon, looke not at her.

Seru. O swounds no.

Firke. Blew coate be quiet, weeie giue you a new liuerie else, weeie make Shroue Tuesday Saint Georges day for you: looke not Hammon, leare not, Ile firke you, for thy head now, one glance, one sheepes eye, any thing at her, touch not a ragge, left I and my brethren beate you to clowtes.

Ser. Come maister Hammon, there is no striving here.

Ham. Good fellowes, heare me speake: and honest Rafe,

Whom I haue injure most by louing Jane,
Marke what I offer thee: here in faire gold,
Is twentye pound, Ile giue it for thy Jane,
If this content thee not, thou shalt haue more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, Rafe, make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claime in her,
And let her be my wife?
All. No do not Raph.

Raph. Sirra Hammon Hammon, doft thou thinke a shooe-maker is so bafe, to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity? take thy gold, choake with it: were I not lame, I would make thee eate thy words.

Firke. A shoomaker fell his flesh and blood, oh indignitie!

Hodg. Sirra, take vp your pelsse, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one pennie, but in liew, of that great wrong I offered thy Jane,
To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound,
Since I haue faild of her, during my life,
I vow no woman else shall be my wife:
Farewell good fellowes of the Gentle trade,
Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made.

Exit.

Firke. Touch the gold creature if you dare, y'are best be trudging: here Jane take thou it, now lets home my hearts.

Hodge. Stay, who comes here? Jane, on againe with thy mafke.

Enter Lincolne, L. Maior, and servuants.

Lin. Yonders the lying varlet mockt vs so.

L. Ma. Come hither sirra.

Firke. I sir, I am sirra, you meane me, do you not?

Linc. Where is my Nephew married?

Firke. Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it: they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good Planet, Mars in Venus.

L. Ma. Villaine, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose,
This morning should be married at Saint Faiths,
Wee haue watcht there these three houres at the leaft,
Yet see we no such thing.

Firke. Truely I am sorry fort, a Bride's a prettie thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose, yonder's the Bride
and Bridegroome you looke for I hope: though you be Lords, you are not to barre, by your authoritie, men from women, are you?

_L. Ma._ See see my daughter’s maskt.

_Lin._ True, and my nephew,

To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

_Firke._ Yea truely, God helpe the poore couple, they are lame and blind.

_L. Ma._ Ile eafe her blindnesse.

_Lin._ Ile his lameness cure.

_Firke._ Lye downe sirs, and laugh, my fellow _Raph_ is taken for _Rowland Lacy_, and _Jane_ for mistris damaske Rose, this is all my knauerie.

_L. Ma._ What haue I found you minion?

_Lin._ O base wretch,

Nay hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be waft off: where are thy powers!
What battells haue you made! O yes I see,
Thou foughtst with shame, and shame hath conquer’d thee;

This lameness with not serue.

_L. Ma._ Unmask your selfe.

_Lin._ Lead home your daughter.

_L. Ma._ Take your nephew hence.

_Raph._ Hence, swounds, what meane you? are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me, wher’s _Hammon_?

_L. Ma._ Your wife?

_Lin._ What _Hammon_?

_Raph._ Yea my wife, and therefore the proudeft of you that laies hands on her first, Ile lay my Crutch crosse his pate.

_Firke._ To him lame _Raph_, here’s braue sport.

_Raph._ Rose call you her? why her name is _Jane_, looke here selfe, do you know her now?

_Lin._ Is this your daughter?

_L. Ma._ No nor this your nephew:

My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abfu’d,
By this base craftie varlet.
A pleasant Comedie of

Firke. Yea forlooth no varlet, forlooth no bafe, forlooth I am but meane, not craftie neither, but of the Gentle Craft.

L. Ma. Where is my daughter Rose? where is my child?

Lin. Where is my Nephew Lacy married?

Firke. Why here is good lac’d mutton as I promist you.

Lin. Villaine Ile haue thee punisht for this wrong.

Firke. Punish the Iourneyman villaine, but not the Iourneyman Shoomaker.

Enter Dodger.

Dodg. My Lord, I come to bring vnwelcome newes,
Your Nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose,
Earely this morning wedded at the Sauoy,
None being present but the Lady Mayreffe:
Besides I learnt among the Officers,
The Lord Maior vowes to stand in their defence,
Gainst any that shall seek to crosse the match.

Lin. Dares Eyre the Shoomaker vphold the deed?

Firke. Yes sir, Shoomakers dare stand in a womans quarrel
I warrant you, as deepe as another, and deeper too.

Dod. Besides his Grace to day dines with the Mayor,
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,
And beg a pardon for your Nephews fault.

Lin. But Ile preuent him, come Sir Roger Otley,
The King will do vs iustice in this cause,
How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,
I will disioyne the match, or lose my life. Exeunt.

Firke. Adue Monsieur Dodger, farewell fooles,
ha, ha.

Oh if they had staid I would haue so lamb’d them
with flouts, O heart, my Codpeece-point is ready to flye in peeces every time I thinke vpon mistris Rose,
but let that passe, as my Ladie Mayreffe faies.
Hodge. This matter is answer'd: come Raph, home with thy wife, come my fine Shoemakers, lets to our masters the new Lord Mayor, and there swagger this Shrove Tuesday, Ile promife you wine enough, for Madge keeps the Seller.

All. Oh rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firke. And Ile promife you meat enough for simpering Susan keeps the Larder, Ile lead you to victuals my braue fouldiers, follow your Captaine, O braue, harke, harke. Bell rings.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the Pancake bell, tri-lill my hearts.

Firke. O braue, oh sweet bell, O delicate Pancakes, open the doores my hearts, and shut vp the windowes, keepe in the house, let out the Pancakes, oh rare my hearts, let's march together for the honour of S. Hugh, to the great new hall in Gracious streete corner, which our master the new Lord Maior hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellowes that will dine at my Lord Maiors cost to day!

Hodge. By the lord, my Lord Maior is a most braue man, how shall Prentifes be bound to pray for him and the honor of the Gentlemen Shoemakers? lets feed and bee fat with my Lordes bountie.

Firke. O muficall Bell still; O Hodge, O my brethren; there's cheere for the heauens, venison pasties walke vp and downe piping hot like Seriants: Beefe and brewes comes marching in drifettes, fritters and pancakes come trowling in in wheele-barrowes, hens and orenges hopping in Porters baskets, collops and egges in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes quauering in in malt shouels.

Enter more Prentifes.

All. Whoop, looke here, looke here.

Hodge. How now mad lads whither away so fast?

1 Pren. Whither? why to the great new Hall, know
you not why? the Lord Maior hath bidden all the
prentifes in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh braue Shoomaker, oh braue Lord of in-
comprehensible good fellowship, whoo, hearke you,
the Pancake-Bell rings. Cast vp Caps.

Firk. Nay more my hearts, euerie Shroue-tuesday
is our yeare of Jubile : and when the Pancake-Bell
rings, we are as as free as my Lord Maior, wee may
shut up our shoppes and make holiday: I’le haue it
cal’d Saint Hughs Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saint Hughs Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for euer.

All. Oh braue; come come my hearts, away,
away.

Firke. O eternall credit to vs of the Gentle Craft,
march faire my hearts, O rare. Exeunt.

Enter the King and his traine over the stage.

King. Is our Lord Maior of London such a gal-
Iant?

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your
Land,
Your Grace will thinke when you behold the man,
Hees rather a wild Russian than a Maior:
Yet thus much Ile ensure your Majestie,
In all his actions that concerne his state,
He is as serios, prouident, and wise,
As full of grauitie amongst the graue,
As any Maior hath been these many yeares.

King. I am with child till I behold this huffecap,
But all my doubt is when we come in presence,
His madnesse will be daftt cleane out of counte-
nance.

Noblem. It may be so, my Liege.

King. Which to preuent,
Let sone one give him notice ’tis our pleasure,
That he put on his wonted merriment :
Set forward. All. On afore. Exeunt.
Enter Eyre, Hodge; Firke, Raph, and other Shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come my fine Hodge, my iolly Gentlemen Shoemakers, soft, where be these Caniballes, these varlets my officers, let them all walke and wait vpon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but Shoemakers, none but the liuerie of my Companie shall in their fattin hoods wait vpon the trencher of my Soueraigne.

Firke. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. No more Firke, come liuely, let your fellow prettisues want no cheere, let wine be plentifull as beere, and beere as water, hang these penny pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent Lambes skinnes, up knaes, auant, looke to my gueifs.

Hodge. My Lord, we are at our wits end for roome, those hundred Tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then couer me those hundred Tables againe and againe, till all my iolly prettisues be feasted: auoyd Hodge, runne Raph, friske about my nimble Firke, carowle mee fadome healths to the honour of the shoemakers, doe they drinke liuely Hodge? do they tickle it Firke?

Firke. Tickle it? some of them haue taken their liquor standing so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meat they would eat it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat? where's this swag-belly, this greasie kitchinfluffe cooke, call the varlet to me: want meat? Firke, Hodge, lame Rafe, runne my tall men, beleauger the Shambles, begger all East-cheape, ferue me whole Oxen in Chargers, and let Sheepe whine vpon the tables like Pigs, for want of good fellowes to eat them. Want meat? vanishe Firke, auant Hodge.

Hodge. Your Lordship mistakes my man Firke, he meanes their bellies want meat, not the boords, for they haue drunke so much they can eat nothing.
A pleasant Comedie of

Enter Hans, Rose, and Wife.

Wife. Where is my Lord?
Eyre. How now Lady Maggy?
Wife. The Kings most excellent Maiestie is new come, he sends me for thy honor, one of his most worshipfull Peeres bad me tell thou must be merrie, and so forth : but let that passe.

Eyre. Is my Soueraigne come! vanish my tall Shoomakers, my nimble brethren, looke to my guests the prentizes: yet slay a little, how now Hans, how lookes my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me, I know your honour easily may obtaine, Free pardon of the King for me and Rose, And reconcile me to my Uncles grace.

Eyre. Have done my good Hans, my honest Journeyman, looke cheerily, I'lle fall vpon both my knees until they be as hard as horne, but I'll get thy pardon.

Wife. Good my Lord haue a care what you speake to his Grace.

Eyre. Away you Illington whitepot, hence you hopper-arse, you Barly pursding full of maggots, you broild Carbonado, auant, auant, auoyd Mephitophiles: shall Sim Eyre learne to speake of you Lady Maggy? vanish mother Mineuer-Cap, vanish, goe, trip and goe, meddle with your platters and your piphers pasherie, your fleues and your whirligigs, goe, rub out mine ally: Sim Eyre knowes how to speake to a Pope, to Sultan Solyman, to Tamberlaine and he were here: and I shall melt, shall I droope before my Soueraigne? no, come my Lady Maggy, follow me Hans, about your businesse my fro-like freebooters: Firke, friske about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London.

Firke. Hey for the honour of the Shooemakers.

Exeunt.
A long flourish or two, enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife, Lacy, Rose; Lacy and Rose kneele.

King. Well Lacy, though the fact was very soule, Of your reuolting from our Kingly loue, And your owne dutie, yet we pardon you, Rise both, and Mistris Lacy, thanke my Lord Mayor For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre. So my deare Liege, Sir Eyre and my brethren the Gentlemen Shoemakers shall fet your sweet Maiesties image cheeke by ile by Saint Hugh, for this honour you have done poore Simon Eyre, I beseech your Grace pardon my rude behauiour, I am a handi-crafts man, yet my heart is without craft, I would be forrie at my soule that my boldnesse should offend my King.

King. Nay, I pray thee good Lord Mayor, be euen as merry As if thou wert among thy Shoemakers, It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Saith thou me so my sweet Diodesian? then humpe, Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne, by the Lord of Ludgate my Liege, I'le be as merrie as a Pie.

King. Tell me in faith mad Eyre, how old thou art?

Eyre. My Liege, a very boy, a stripling, a yonker, you see not a white haire on my head, nor a gray in this beard, ev'ry haire I assure thy Maiestie that stickes in this beard, Sir Eyre valews at the King of Babilons ranfome, Tamar Chams beard was a rub-bing brufh too't, yet I'le shave it off, and fluffe tennis balls with it to please my bully King.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My Liege, I am fix and fifty yeare old, yet I can cry humpe, with a found heart, for the honour of Saint Hugh: marke this old wench my King, I danc't the shaking of the sheets with her fix and thirtie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to get two or three yong
Lord Mayors ere I die: I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still: care and cold lodging brings white haires. My sweet Maiesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy Nobles, it will make thee looke always young like Apollo, and cry humpe: Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne.

King. Ha, ha, say Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like?

Noblem. Not I my Lord.

Enter Lincolne and Lord Mayor.

King. Lincolne what newes with you?
Lin. My gracious Lord haue care vnto your selfe, For there are Traitors here.
All. Traitors, where? who?
Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my Officers? I'le spend my soule ere my King feele harme.
King. Where is the Traitor, Lincolne?
Lin. Here he stands.
King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy: Lincolne speake, What canst thou lay vnto thy Nephewes charge?
Lin. This my deare Liege, your Grace to do me honour,
Heapt on the head of this degenerous boy, Desertlese fauours, you made choyce of him, To be Commander ouer powers in France,
But he:
King. Good Lincolne, prethee pause a while,
Euen in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speake, I know how Lacy did neglect our loue, Ran himselfe deeply (in the highest degree) Into vile treason.
Lin. Is he not a Traitor?
King. Lincolne, he was, now haue we pardoned him,
'Twas not a base want of true valours fire That held him out of France, but loues desire.
Lin. I will not beare his shame vpon my backe.
King. Nor shalt thou Lincolne, I forgiue you both.
Lin. Then good my Liege forbid the boy to wed
One whose meane birth will much disgrace his bed.
King. Are they not married?
Lin. No my Liege.
Both. We are.
King. Shall I diuorce them then? O be it farre,
That any hand on earth should dare vntie
The sacred knot knit by Gods Maiestie;
I would not for my Crowne disjoyne their hands,
That are conioynd in holy nuptiall bands:
How failest thou Lacy, wouldest thou loose thy Rose?
Hans. Not for all Indians wealth, my Soueraigne.
King. But Rose I am sure her Lacy would forgoe.
Rose. If Rose were askt that question, she'd say no.
King. You heare them Lincolne.
Lin. Yea my Liege I do.
King. And canst thou finde ith heart to part these
two?
Who sekes besides you to diuorce these louers?
L. Ma. I do (my gratious Lord) I am her father.
King. Sir Roger Oteley, our laft Mayor I thinke.
Nob. The same my Liege.
King. Would you offend Loues lawes?
Well you shall haue your wills: you fued to me
To prohibit the match: Soft, let me see,
You both are married, Lacy art thou not?
Hans. I am dread Soueraigne.
King. Then vpon thy life,
I charge thee not to call this woman wife.
L. Ma. I thanke your Grace.
Rose. O my most gracious Lord.
King. Nay Rose never wooe me, I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a Batchelor,
Yet I beleue I shall not marrie you.
Rose. Can you diuide the body from the soule,
Yet make the body liue?
King. Yea, so profound?
I cannot Rose, but you I must duide,
Faire maid this Bridegroome cannot be your Bride,
Are you pleaf'd Lincolne? Otley, are you pleaf'd?

Both. Yes my Lord:

King. Then must my heart be eu'd,
For credit me, my conscience liues in paine,
Till thefe whom I diuorc'd be ioyned againe:
Lacy giue me thy hand, Rose lend me thine,
Be what you would be: kiffe now: so, that's fine,
At night (Louers) to bed: now let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony?

L. Ma. Will you then take from me my childe
    perforce?

King. Why tell me Otley shines not Lacy's name,
As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames
Of any Citizen?

Lin. Yea but my gracious Lord,
I doe mislike the match farre more than he,
Her bloud is too too base.

King. Lincolne no more,
Doft thou not know, that loue respefts no bloud?
Cares not for difference of birth or state,
The maid is young, well borne, faire, vertuous,
A worthy Bride for any Gentleman:
Besides your Nephew for her sake did floope
To bare necessitie; and as I heare,
Forgetting honours and all Courtly pleasures,
To gaine her loue became a shoomaker:
As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeeme it: Lacy kneele thee downe,
Arisie Sir Rowland Lacy: tell me now,
Tell me in earneft Otley, canft thou chide?
Seeing thy Rose a Lady and a Bride.

L. Ma. I am content with what your Grace hath
done.

Lin. And I my Liege since there's no remedy.

King. Come on then, all shake hands, I'le haue
    you friends
Where there is much loue all discord ends:
What faies my mad Lord Mayor to all this loue?  

Eyre. O my Liege, the honour you haue done to my fine Journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these fauours which you haue showne to me this day in my poore house, will make Simon Eyre liue longer by one dozen of warme Summers more than he shoulde.  

King. Nay my mad Lord Mayor, (that shall be thy name)

If any grace of mine can length thy life,  
One honour more I'le doe thee, that new building,  
Which at thy cost in Cornehill is erected,  
Shall take a name from vs, wee'le haue it call'd,  
The Leadan Hall, because in digging it,  
You found the lead that couereth the fame.

Eyre. I thanke your Maiesty.  

Wife. God blesse your grace.  

King. Lincoln, a word with you.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and more Shoomakers.

Eyre. How now my mad knaues? Peace, speake softly, yonder is the King.  

King. With the old troope which there we keepe in pay,

We will incorporate a new supply:  
Before one Summer more passe ore my head,  
France shall repent England was injured,  
What are all thofe?  

Hans. All Shoomakers my Liege,  
Sometimes my fellowes, in their companies  
I liu'd as merry as an Emperor.  

King. My mad Lord Mayor, are all these Shoomakers?  

Eyre. All Shoomakers my Liege, all Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Troyans, courageous Cordwainers, they all kneele to the Shrine of holy Saint Hugh.  

All. God faue your Maiesty all shoomakers.  

King. Mad Simon, would they any thing with vs?  

Eyre. Mum, mad knaues not a word, I'le doo't I
warrant you. They are all Beggers my Liege, all for themselves and I for them all, on both my knees doe intreat, that for the honour of poore Simon Eyre, and the good of his Brethren these mad knaues your Grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leaden hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy and fell Leather there two dayes in a weeke.

King. Mad Sim, I grant your fute, you shall haue Patent
To hold two market dayes in Leaden-Hall, Mondayes and Fridays, those shall be the times:
Will this content you?

All. Jesus bleffe your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of these my poore brethren Shoomakers, I moft humblie thanke your Grace. But before I rife, seeing you are in the giuing veine, and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boone more.

King. What is it my Lord Mayor?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to tafit of a poore Banquet, that's sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall vndoe thee Eyre only with this, (5) Alreadie haue I beene too troublesome, Say, haue I not?

Eyre. O my deare King, Sim Eyre cannot say so; vpon a day of shrouing which I promit to all the merrie Prentifes of London: for an't please you when I was prentife (6) I bare the water-tankard, and my coat Sits not a whit the worfe vpon my backe:
And then vpon a morning, some mad boyes (It was Shroue-tuesday, euem as 'tis now) Gawe me my breakfast, and I swore then by the

(5) only with feasts. 1600.

(6) O my deere King Sim Eyre was taken vnawares vpon a day of shrouing which I promit long ago to the prentifes of London: for andt please your Highnes, in time past, &c. 1600.
Stopple of my Tankard, if euuer I came to be Lord Mayor of London, I would feast al the Prentises. This day my Liege I did it, and the flaues had an hundred Tables fiue times couered, they are gone home and vanisht.
Yet adde more glorie to the Gentle Trade, Taste of Eyres Banquet, Simon's happie made.

King. I will taste of thy Banquet, and will say, I haue not met more pleasure on a day;
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thankes to you all,
Thankes my kinde Lady Mayrse for our cheere:
Come Lords a while let's reuell it at home,
When all our spors, and banquetings are done
Warres must right wrongs which Frenchmen haue begun. (7) Exeunt.

(7) The later Editions read:
When all our words and banquetings are done,
We must right wrongs which Frenchmen haue begun.

FINIS.
THE

Pleasant Comedie of

Old Fortunatus.

As it was plaied before the Queenes
Maiestie this Christmas, by the Right
Honourable the Earle of Notting-
ham, Lord high Admirall of Eng-
land his Servants,

LONDON

Printed by S. S. for William Aspley, dwelling in
Paules Church-yard at the signe of the
Tygers head. 1600.
The Prologue at Court: Enter two old men.

1. Are you then trauelling to the temple of Eliza?
2. Euen to her temple are my feeble limmes trauelling. Some call her Pandora: some Gloriana, some Cynthia: some Delphoebe, some Astra: all by severall names to expresse severall loues: Yet all those names make but one celestiall body, as all those loues meete to create but one foule.

1. I am one of her owne countrie, and we adore her by the name of Eliza.
2. Blessed name, happie countrie: Your Eliza makes your land Elizium: but what doe you offer?

1. That which all true Subjects should: when I was young, an Armed hand; now I am crooked, an up-right heart: But what offer you?
2. That which all strangers doe: two eyes strucke blinde with admiration: Two lips (proud to found her glorie:) Two hands held vp full of prayers and praises: What not, that may expresse loue? what not, that may make her beloved?

1. How long itt since you last beheld her?
2. A just yeere: yet that yeere hath feemd to me but one day, because her glorie hath beene my howrely contemplation, and yet that yeere hath feemd to me more then twice seuen yeres, because so long I haue beene absfent from her. Come therefore, good father, lets goe faster, leaft we come too late: for see, the Tapers of the night are already lighted, and stand brightly burning in their starrie Candlestickes: See howe gloriously the Moone shines vpon vs. Both kneele.

1. Peace foole: tremble, and kneele: The Moone faist thou?
Our eyes are dazled by Elizae's beams,
See (if at least thou dare see) where shee sits:
This is the great Panthaeon of our Goddesse,
And all those faces which thine eyes thought starrs,
Are Nymphes attending on her deitie.
Prithie begin, for I want power to speake.

2. No, no, speake thou, I want words to begin.

Weepes.

1. Alacke what shal I do? com'st thou with me,
And weeps now thou behold'st this Maiestie?
2. Great land-lady of hearts, pardon me.
1. Blame not mine eyes, good father, in these teares.
2. My pure loue shines, as thine doth in thy feares:
I weep for ioy to see so many heads
Of prudent Ladies, clothed in the liuerie
Of siluer-handed age, for seruing you,
Whilst in your eyes youthes glory doth renewe:
I weep for ioy to see the Sunne looke old,
To see the Moone mad at her often change,
To see the Starres onely by night to shine,
Whilst you are still bright, still one, still diuine:
I weep for ioy to see the world decay,
Yet see Eliza flourishing like May:
O pardon me your Pilgrim, I haue measurd
Many a mile to find you: and haue brought,
Old Fortunatus and his family,
With other Cipnous (my poore countrie men)
To pay a whole yeeres tribute: O vouchsafe,
Dread Queene of Fayries, with your gracious eyes,
T'accept theirs and our humble sacrifice.

1. Now ile beg for thee too: and yet I need not:
Her sacred hand hath euermore beene knowne,
As foone held out to straungers as her owne.
2. Thou doest incourage me: Ile fetch them in,
They haue no princely gifts, we are all poore,
Our offerings are true hearts, who can with more?

Exeunt.
OF Lountries sweete war, our timerous Muse doth sing,
And to the boosome of each gentle deare,
Offence her Artles tunes, borne on the wing
Of sacred Poefy. A benumming feare,
(That your nice foules, cloyd with dilicious founds,
Will loath her lowly notes) makes her pull in
Her fainting pineons, and her spirit confounds
Before the weake voice of her song begin.
Yet since within the circle of each eye,
(Being like so many Suns in his round Sphire)
No wrinkle yet is seene, sheele dare to flie,
Borne vp with hopes, that as you oft do reare
With your faire hands, those who would els finke
down,
So some will deigne to smile, where all might frown:
And for this smal Circumference must fland,
For the imagind Sur-face of much land,
Of many kingdomes, and since many a mile,
Should here be meafurd out: our mufe intreats,
Your thoughts to helpe poore Art, and to allow,
That I may serue as Chorus to her scences,
She begs your pardon, for sheele send one foorth,
Not when the lawes of Poefy doe call,
But as the storie needes, your gracious eye
Gives life to Fortunatus historie.  

Exit.
THE COMEDIE OF

Olde Fortunatus.

Enter Fortunatus meanely attired, hee walkes ere he speake once or twice about cracking Nuts.

Fortunatus.

O, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Echo within. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Fortun. There boy.

Echo. There boy.

Fort. And thou bee'ft a goodfellow, tel me how cal'ft this wood.

Echo. This wood.

Fort. I this wood, & which is my best way out.

Echo. Best way out.

Fort. Ha, ha, ha, thats true, my best way out, is my best way out, but how that out will come in, by this Maggot I know not, I see by this we are all wormes meate: well, I am very poore and verie patient, Patience is a vertue: would I were not vertuous, thats to say, riot poore, but full of vice, (thats to say, ful of chinckes) Ha, ha, so I am, for I am so full of chinckes, that a Horfe with one eye may looke through and through me, I haue fighed long, and that makes me windie: I haue fafted long, and that makes me chaft, marie I have praied little, and that makes mee I still daunce in this coniuring circle: I haue wandred long,
The Comedie of

and that makes me wearie; but for my wearinesse, anon
Ile lie down, in stead of fasting ile feede vpon Nuts,
and in stead of fighing will laugh and bee leane,
Sirra, Eccho.

Eccho. Sirra Eccho.
Fort. Heres a Nut.
Eccho. Heres a Nut.
Fort. Cracke it
Eccho. Cracke it.
Fort. Hang thy selfe.
Eccho. Hang thy selfe.
Fort. Th'art a knaue, a knaue.
Eccho. A knaue, a knaue.
Fort. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Eccho. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Fortunat. Why so, two fowles laugh at one an-
other, I at my tittle tattle gammer eccho, and shee at
me. Shortly there will creepe out in print some filthie
booke of the old hoarie wandring Knight, meaning
me: would I were that booke, for then I should be
sure to creepe out from hence: I should bee a good
fooldiour, for I trauerse my ground rarely, marrie I see
neither enemie nor friends, but Popiniayes, and Squir-
rels, and Apes, and Owles, and Dawes, and Wagtailes,
and the spite is that none of these graffe-eaters can
speake my language, but this foole that mocks me, and
sheares to haue the last word (in spite of my teeth)
I, and shee shall haue it because she is a woman,
which kind of cattell are indeede all Eccho, nothing
but tongue, and are like the great bell of S. Michaels
in Cyprus, that keepses most rumbling when men
would most sleepe. Eccho, a poxe on thee for mock-
ing me.

Eccho. A poxe on thee for mocking me.

Fortunat. Why so, Snip snap, this warre is at an
end, but this wildernese is world without end, to see
how trauere can transforme: my teeth are turn'd into
Nutcrackers, a thousand to one I breake out shortly, for
I am full of nothing, but waxing kernels, my tongue
Olde Fortunatus.

-speakes no language but an Almond for Parrat, and
cracke me this Nut: If I hop three daies more vp and
downe this cage of Coockooes nefts, I shall turne wilde
man Sure, and be hyred to throw Squibs among the
CÔminaltie vpon some terrible day. In the meane
time to tell truth here will I lie. Farwell foole.

Echô. Farwell foole.

Fort. Are not these comfortable words to a wise
man? All haile Signior tree, by your leaue ile sleepe
vnder your leaues, I pray bow to me, and ile bend to
you, for your backe and my browes must, I doubt,
haue a game or two at Noddie erre I wake againe:
downe great heart, downe. Hey, ho, well, well.

He łyes downe and sleepe: Enter a Gardiner, a
Smith, a Monke, a Ŝeþeard all crown'd, a Nymph
with a Globe, another with Fortunes wheele, then
Fortune: After her fowre Kings with broken
Crownes and Scepters, chained in siluer Gines and
led by her. The foremost come out singing. Fortune
takes her Chaire, the Kings lying at her feete, shee
treading on them as shee goes vp.

The Song.

Fortune smiles, cry holyday,
Dimples on her cheekes doe dwell,
Fortune frownes, cry wellada,
Her loue is heauen, her hate is hell:
Since heauen and hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes doe lowre,
Since heauen and hell her power obey,
When shee smiles, crie holy day.
Holy-day with ioy we cry
And bend, and bend and merily,
Sing Hymnes to Fortunes deitie,
Sing Hymnes to Fortunes deitie.
Let vs sing, merrily, merrily, merrily,
With our fong let heauen refund,
Fortunes hands our heads haue crown'd,
Let vs sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

1. King. Accursfed Queene of chaunce, what had we done,
Who hauing sometimes like young Phaetons,
Ryd in the burnisht Charriot of the Sun,
And sometimes beene thy minions, when thy fingers
Weau'd wanton love-nets in our curled hayre,
And with sweete iugling kisstes warm'd our cheeke's:
Oh how haue we offended thy proud eyes,
That thus we should be spurnd and trod vpon,
Whilst those infecte d limmes of the sicke world,
Are fixt by thee for scharres in that bright Sphere,
Wherein our Sunne like Radiance did appeare.

All the Kings.
Accursfed Queene of chaunce, damn'd forceresse.

The rest.
Most powr'full Queene of chaunce dread soueraigne-

Fort. No more: curse on: your cries to me are Muficke,
And fill the sacred roundure of mine eares,
With tunes more sweete then mowing of the Spheres:
Curse on: on our celestiall browes doe fit
Un-numbred smилиes, which then leaps from their thron,
When they see Peasants daunce and Monarches groane.
Behold you not this Globe, this golden bowle,
This toy cal'd worlde at our Imperiall feete?
This world is Fortunes ball wherewith the sports.
Sometimes I strike it vp into the ayre,
And then create I Emperours and kings:
Sometimes I spurne it: at which spurne crawles out
That wild beast multitude: curfe on you fooles,
Tis I that tumble Princes from their thrones,
And gild false browes with glittering diadems,
Tis I that tread on neckes of Conquerours,
And when like Semi-gods they haue beeene drawne,
In Iuorie Charriots to the capitoll,
Circled about with wonder of all eyes,
The shouts of every tongue, loue of all hearts,
Being swolne with their owne greatnesse, I haue prickt
The bladder of their pride, and made them die,
As water bubbles (without memorie)
I thrust base cowards into Honours chaire,
Whilst the true spirited Souldiour stands by
Bare headed, and all bare, whilst at his skarres
They skoffe, that nere durft view the face of warres.
I set an Ideots cap on vertues head,
Turne learning out of doores, clothe wit in ragges,
And paint ten thousand Images of Loame,
In gawdie silken colours: on the backes
Of Mules and Asses I make asses ride,
Onely for sprovt, to see the Apish world
Worship such beasts with found idolatrie.
This Fortune does, and when this is done,
She fits and smiles to heare some curfe her name,
And some with adoration crowne her fame.

Monck. True center of this wide circumference,
Sacred commandeffe of the deffinies,
Our tongues shall onely found thy excellence.

The rest. Thy excellence our tongues shall onely
found.

The second King.

Thou painted strumpet, that with honied smiles,
Openeth the gates of heauen and criest, Come in,
Whose glories being seene, thou with one frowne,
(In pride) lower then hell tumbled vs downe.

All Kings. Euer for euer wil we banne thy name.
The Comedie of

Fort. How sweete your howlings rellish in mine eares? She comes downe.
Stand by; now rife, behold, here lies a wretch,
To vex your soules, this beggar ile aduaunce
Beyond the swayne of thought, take instruments,
And let the raptures of choice Harmonie,
Through the hollow windings of his eare,

Musicke a while, and he waketh.

Carrie their sacred sounds, & wake each fence,
To stand amaz'd at our bright Eminence.

Fortunat. Oh, how am I transported? Is this earth?
Or blest Elizium?

Fortune. Fortunatus, rife.

Fort. Dread Goddesse, how should such a wretch as I
Be knowne to such a glorious deitie?
Oh pardon me: for to this place I come,
Lead by my fate, not folly; in this wood
With weareie sorowe haue I wandered,
And three times seene the sweating Sun take rest,
And three times frantick Cynthia naked ride,
About the rustie high-waies of the skies
Stucke full of burning Starres, which lent her light
To court her Negro paramour grim night.

Fortune. This trauell now expires: yet from this circle,
Where I and these with faire troopes abide,
Thou canst not stir, unlesse I be thy guide.
I the worlds Empresse am Fortune my name,
This hand hath written in thicke leaues of steele
An euerlausting booke of changelesse Fate,
Shewing whoes's happie, who vnfortunate.

Fort. If euerie name (dread Queene) be there writ down,
I am sure mine stands in Caracters of blacke,
Though happines her selfe lie in my name,
I am forrowes heire, and eldest sonne to shame.
The Kings. No, we are sons to shame, and sorrow heires.

Fortune. Thou shalt be one of Fortunes minions:
Behold these foure chain'd like Tartarian slaues,
These I created Emperours and Kings,
And these are now my basest vnderlings:
This sometimnes was a Germane Emperour,
Henry the fift, who being first depo'd,
Was after thrust into a dungeon,
And thus in siluer chaines shall rot to death.
This Frederick Barbarossa Emperour
Of Almaine once: but by Pope Alexander
Now spurn'd and trod on when he takes his horse,
And in these fetters shall he die his slaue.
This wretch once wore the diademe of Fraunce,
(Lewes the meeke,) but through his childrens pride,
Thus haue I caufed him to be famished.
Here stands the verie foule of miferie
Poore Baiazet old Turkish Emperour,
And once the greatest Monarch in the East;
Fortune her selfe is said to view thy fall,
And grievues to see thee glad to lisse vp crommes
At the proud feete of that great Scithian swaine,
Fortunes best minion, warlike Tamberlaine:
Yet must thou in a cage of Iron be drawne
In triumph at his heelles, and there in grieue
Dash out thy braines.

The third King. Oh miserable me.

Fortune. No teares can melt the heart of destinie:
These haue I ruin'd and exalted those:
These hands haue conquerd Spaine, these browes
fill vp
The golden circle of rich Portugall.
Viriat a Monarch now, but borne a shepherd.
This Primislaus (a Bohemian king)
Last day a Carter: this Monke Gregorie
Now lifted to the Papall dignitie,
Wretches, why gnaw you not your fingers off,
And teare your tongues out, seeing your felues trod downe,
The Comedie of

And this Duch Botcher wearing Munsters crowne
John Leyden borne in Holland poore and base,
Now rich in Emperie and Fortunes grace.
As these I haue aduanc'd, fo will I thee.
Six gifts I spend vpon mortalitie,
Wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life, and riches,
Out of my bountie: one of these is thine,
Choose then which likes thee best.

Fortunat. Oh most diuine:
Gieue me but leaue to borrow wonders eye,
To looke (amaz'd) at thy bright maieftie,
Wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life and riches.

Fortune. Before thy soule (at this deepe Lotterie)
Draw foorth her prize, ordain'd by destinie,
Know that heres no recanting a firtt choice.
Choose then discreetly (for the lawes of Fate,
Being grauen in steele, must stand inuiolate.)

Fortunat. Daughters of Joue and the vnblemisht night,
Most righteous Parce, guide my Genius right,
Wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life, and riches.

Fortune. Staie, Fortunatus, once more heare me speake,
If thou kisse wisedomes cheeke and make her thine,
Sheele breath into thy lips diuinitie,
And thou (like Phebus) shalt speake Oracle,
Thy heauen-inspired foule, on wisedomes wings,
Shall flie vp to the Parliament of Joue,
And read the Statutes of eternitie,
And see what's past, and learne what is to come.
If thou lay claime to strength, Armies shall quake,
To see thee frowne: as Kings at mine doe tie,
So shall thy feete trample on Emperie;
Make Health thine object, thou shall be strong profe,
Gainst the deepe searching darts of surfetting,
Be euer merrie, euer reuelling.
Olde Fortunatus.

Wish but for beautie, and within thine eyes,
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheekes ile mixe such white and red,
That Joue shall turne away young Ganimede,
And with immortall armes shall circle thee.
Are thy desires long life? thy vitall thread
Shal be stretcht out, thou shalt behold the chaunge
Of Monarchies, and fee those children die,
Whose great great Graundfires now in cradles lie.
If through Golds sacred hunger thou dost pine,
Those gilded wantons which in swarmes doe runne,
To warme their flender bodies in the sunne,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feete,
As those are; so shall these be infinite.
Awaken then thy soules best faculties,
And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of Fate,
Which striues to bleffe thy name of Fortunate.

The Kings. Old man, take heede, her smiles wil
    murder thee.

Th' other. Old man, sheele crowne thee with
    felicitie.

Fort. Oh, whither am I wrap't beyond my selfe?
More violent conflicts fight in e'rie thought,
Than his whose fatall choice Troyes downfall wrought.
Shall I contraf my selfe to wisedomes loue?
Then I lose riches: And a wiseman poore,
Is like a sacred booke thats neuer read,
To himselfe he liues, and to all els seemes dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded foole,
Then of a thredebare Saint in wisedomes schoole.
I will be strong: then I refuse long life,
And though mine arme should conquer twentie worlds,
Theres a leanne-fellow beates all conquerours:
The greatest strength expires with losse of breath.
The mightieft (in one minute) floope to death.
Then take long life, or Health: should I doe so,
I might grow vgly, and that tedious Scrole
Of Months and yeeres, much miserie may enrole:
The Comedie of

Therefore ile beg for beautie; yet I will not,
That fairest cheeke hath oftestimes a foule
Leaprous as sinne it selfe; then hell more foule.
The wifedome of this world is Idiotifme,
Strength a weake reede: Health sicknesse enemie,
(And it at length will haue the victorie.)
Beautie is but a painting, and long life
Is a long iorney in December gon,
Tedious and full of tribulation.
Therefore dread sacred Empresse make me rich,

Kneele downe.

My choice is store of gold; the rich are wife.
He that vpon his backe rich garments weares,
Is wife, though on his head grow Midas eares.
Gold is the strength, the sinnewes of the world,
The Health, the foule, the beautie most diuine,
A maske of Gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaviens phisicke, lifes restorative,
Oh therefore make me rich: Not as the wretch,
That onely serues leane banquets to his eye,
Has Gold, yet starues: is famister in his store:
No, let me ever spend, be never poor.

Fortune. Thy latest words confine thy destinie,
Thou shalt spend euer, and be never poor:
For prooffe receiue this purfe: with it this vertue,
Still when thou thrusts thy hand into the flame,
Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,
Currant in any Realme where then thou breathest;
If thou canst dribble out the Sea by drops,
Then shalt thou want: but that can nere be don,
Nor this grow emptie.

Fortanat. Thankes, great deitie.

Fortune. The vertue ends when thou and thy
fonnes end.

This path leades thee to Cyprus, get thee hence;
Farewel, vaine couetous foole, thou wilt repent,
That for the loue of droffe thou haft despised
Wifedomes diuine embrace, she would haue borne thee
On the rich wings of immortalitie;
But now goe dwell with cares and quickly die.

The Kings. We dwell with cares, yet cannot quickly die.

Exit all singing, manet Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. But now goe dwell with cares and quickly die! How quickly! if I die to morrow, ile be merrie to day: if next day, ile be merrie to morrow: goe dwell with cares! Where dwells care? Hum ha, in what house dwells care, that I may choose an honester neighbor? In princes courts! No, among faire Ladies, neither, theres no care dwells with them: but care how to be most gallant. Among gallants then? Fie, fie, no: care is afraid sure of a guilt Rapier, the sent of Muske is her prision, Tobacco choakes her, rich attire preffeth her to death. Princes, faire Ladies and gallants, haue amongst you then, for this wet eide wench Care dwelles with wretches: they are wretches that feel want, I shall feel none if I be neuer poore, therefore care I casheire you my companie. I wonder what blind Gossip this minx is that is so prodigall, she should be a good one by her open dealing: her name's Fortune: Its no matter what she is, so she does as she faies. Thou shalt spend ever, and bee neuer poore: Maffe, yet I feel nothing here to make mee rich, heres no sweete Musicke with her fluer found. Trie deeper: ho God be here: Ha, ha, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, good, iuft ten. Its gold fure, its fo heauie, trie againe, 1, 2, &c. Good againe, iuft ten, and iuft ten. Ha, ha, ha, this is rare: a leather mint, admirable: an Indian mine in a Lambs skinne, miraculous: Ile fill three or foure bagges full for my fonnes, but keepe this for my selfe. If that leanie tawnie face. Tobacconist death, that turnes all into fmoke, must turne me so quickly into ashes, yet I will not mourne in ashes, but in Musicke, hey old lad be merrie. Heres riches, wisdome, strength, health, beautie, and long life. (If I die not quickly, Iweete purfe I kiss thee, Fortune, I adore thee, Care, I despife thee, death, I desife thee.
Enter Ampedo, Shaddow after him, both sad: Andolocia after them.

Andelo. S'hart, why how now: two knights of the post?

Shad. I, master, and we are both forsworne, as all such woodden knights be, for we both tooke an oath (mary it was not corporall) you may see by our cheekes, that we would not fast twenty foure hours to amend, and we haue tausted no meate since the clocke told two dozen.

Andel. That lackes not much of twenty foure, but I wonder when that halfe faced Moone of thine wil be at the ful.

Sha. The next quarter, not this, when the signe is in Taurus.

Andel. Ho thats to say, when thou eat'st bull biefe. But Shadow, what day is to day?

Shad. Fasting day.

Andel. What day was yeyster-day?

Shad. Fasting day too.

Andel. Will to morrow be so too?

Shad. I, and next day too.

Andel. That will be rare, you flawe:

For a leane dyet makes a fat wit.

Shad. I had rather be a foole & weare a fat pare of cheekes.

Andel. Now am I prowder of this pouertie, which I know is mine owne, then a wayting gentlewoman is, of a frizled groatefworth of haire, that neuer grewe on her head: Sirrha Shadow, now we can all three weare like puritans at one bare word: this want makes vs like good bowlers, we are able to rub out and shift in every place.

Shad. Thats not so, we haue shifted our felues in no place this three moneths: marrie, we rub out in euery corner, but here followes no amendement either of life or of liuerie.

Andel. Why, brother Ampedo, art thou not yet
tir'd with riding post! Come, come, light from this
logger-headed Jade, and walke afoote, and talke with
your poore friends.

Shad. Nay by my troth he is like me: if his belly
be emptie, his heart is full.

Andélo. The famine of Gold gnawes his couetous
stomacke, more then the want of good victuals: Thou
haft lookest very deuiliishly ever since the good Angel
left thee: come, come, leaue this broad brim fashions,
becaufe the world frownes vpon thee, wilt not thou
smile vpon vs?

Ampe. Did but the bitternes of mine owne for-
tunes
Infect my taste, I could paint ore my cheekes
With ruddy-coloured smiles: tis not the want
Of costly dyet or desire of gold,
Inforce this rupture in my wounded brest.
Oh no, our Father (if he liuie) doth lie
Under the Iron foote of miferie,
And (as a Doue gript in a Faulcons claw)
There pant' th for life being most asfur'd of death.
Brother, for him my soule thus languisheath.

Shad. Tis not for my old Master that I languish.

Amped. I am not enamoured of this painted Idoll,
This strumpet world; for her most beautious lookes
Are poysned baits, hung vpon golden hookes.
When fooles doe swim in wealth, her Cynthiaan beames
Will wantonly daunce on the filuer streams:
But when this quinteide age sees vertue poore,
And by a little forke fits shiuering,
Begging at all, relieu'd at no mans doore,
She smiles on her (as the Sunne shines on fire)
To kill that little heate, and with her frowne
Is proud, that she can treade poore vertue downe:
Therefore her wrinkled brow makes not mine fowre,
Her gifts are toyes, and I deride her power.

Shad. Tis not the crab-tree fac'd world neither
that makes mine fowre.

Andelo. Her gifts toyes: wel brother vertue, we

H 2
haue let slip the ripe plucking of those toyes so long, that wee florish like Apple trees in September, (which hauing the falling sicknes) beare neither fruit nor leaues.

Shad. Nay by my troth, master, none florish in these withering times, but Auncient bearers and trumpetters.

Andelo. Shaddow, when thou proweest a substance, then the tree of vertue and honestie, and such fruit of heauen shall florish vpon earth.

Shad. True, or when the Sunne shines at midnight, or women flie, and yet they are light enough.

Andelo. Twas neuer merie world with vs, since purfes and bags were inuented, for now men set lime twiggis to catch wealth: And gold, which ryseth like the sunne out of the East Indies, to shine vpon every one, is like a Conie taken napping in a Purfnet, and siffers his glistring yellow face deitie to be laps vp in Lambskins, as if the innocencie of those leather prifons, should dispence with the Cheuerillij confciences of the Iron harted Jaylers.

Shad. Snudges may well be called Jaylers: for if a poore wretch steale but into a debt of tenne pound, they leade him straight to execution.

Andel. Doth it not vex thee, Shaddow, to flalke vp and downe Cyprus, and to meete the out-side of a man, laps all in Damaske, his head and beard as white as milke, onely with coniuring in the snowie circles of the field Argent, and his nose as red as Scarlet, onely with kissing the ruddie lippes of Angels, and such an Image to weare on his thumbe, three mens liuings in the shape of a seale Ring, whilst my brother vertue here,

Shad. And you his brother Vice.

Andel. Most true, my little leane Iniquitie, whilst wee three, if we should starue, cannot borrow fife shillings of him neither in word nor deede: does not this vexe thee, Shaddow?

Shad. Not me; it vexes me no more to see suc'
a picture, then to see an Asse laden with riches, because I know when hee can beare no longer, he must leave his burthen to some other beast.

Andel. Art not thou mad, to see money on Goldsmithes stalles, and none in our purfes?

Shad. It mads not me, I thanke the destinies.

Andel. By my pouertie, and thats but a threed-bare oath, I am more then mad, to see filkes and veluets, lie crowding together in Mercers shops, as in prifons, onely for feare of the smell of waxe (they cannot abide to see a man made out of waxe) for these Satten commodities have such smooth con-

Shad. So is not Shaddow: I am out of my wits, scie fat gluttons feede all day long, whilst I that am leane, fast every day: I am out of my wits, to see our Famaogofo fooles, turne halfe a shop of wares into a suite of gay apparrell, onely to make other Ideots laugh, and wise men to crie who's the foole now? I am mad, to see Souldiours beg, and cowards braue: I am mad, to see Schollers in the Brokers shop, and Dunces in the Mercers: I am mad, to see men that have no more fashion in them then poore Shaddow, yet must leape thrice a day into three orders of fashions:

Andel. Why, now Shaddow, I see thou haft a sub-

Amped. The sonnes of Fortunatus had not wont, Thus to repine at others happines:

But fooles haue alwaies this loose garment wore,
Being poore themselves, they wish all others poore,
Fie, brother Andelocia, hate this madnes,
Turne your eyes inward, and behold your soule,
That wants more then your body: burnish that
With glittering Vertue: and make Ideots grieue,
To see your beautious mind in wisedome shine,
As you at their rich pouertie repine.

Enter Fortunatus gallant.

And. Peace, good vertue, Shad. here comes another Shadow.

Shad. It should be a Camelion: for he is all in colours.

Amp. Oh, tis my Father. With these teares of joye,
My loue and duetie greete your faire returne:
A double gladness hath refreft my foule;
One, that you liue, and one, to see your fate
Lookes freshely howfoeuer poore in flate.

And. My father Fortunatus, & thus braue?

Sha. Tis no wonder to see a man braue, but a wonder how he comes braue.

Fortunat. Deere Andelocia and sonne Ampedo,
And my poore seruant Shaddow: plume your spirits
With light-wingd mirth: for Fortunatus hand
Can now powre golden showers into their laps,
That sometimes fcorn’d him for his want of gold.
Boyes, I am rich, and you shall ne’re be poore;
Weare gold, fpend gold, we all in gold will feede,
Now is your father Fortunate indeede.

Andel. Father, be not angrie, if I let open the windowes of my mind: I doubt for all your bragging,
you’ll prooue like most of our gallants in Famagosta,
that haue a rich outside, & a beggerly insdie, and like
Mules weare gay trappings, and good Velvet foote-
clothes on their backes, yet champe on the Iron bitte
of penurie, I meane, want coyne: You gild our eares
with a talke of Gold, but I pray dazell our eyes with
the maiestie of it.

Fort. First will I wake your fences with the found
Of golds sweete muficke: tell me what you heare?

Amp. Believe me, Sir, I heare not any thing.
Andel. Ha, ha, ha. S'hart, I thought as much, if I heare any gingling, but of the purse strings that goe flip, flap, flip, flap, flip, flap, would I were turnd into a flip-flap, and solde to the Butchers.

Fort. Shadow: Ie trie thine eares, harke, dost rattle!

Shad. Yes, like three blew Beanes in a blew bladder, rattle bladder, rattle: your purse is like my bellie, th'ones without money, th'other without meate.

Fort. Bid your eyes blame the error of your eares: You misbeleeuing Pagans, see, heres gold, Ten golden pieces: take them, Ampedo. Hold, Andelocia, here are ten for thee.

Ampc. Shadow, theres one for thee, prouide thee foode.

Fort. Stay, boy: hold, Shad. here are ten for thee.

Shad. Ten master? then defiaunce to Fortune, & a Fig for famine.

Fort. Now tell me, wags, hath my purse gold or no?

Andel. Wee the wags haue gold, Father; but I think there is not one Angell more wagging in this sacred Temple; why this is rare: Shaddow, fiue will serue thy turne, give me th'other fiue.

Shad. Nay, soft master, liberalitie dyed long agoe: I see some rich beggers are neuer well, but when they be crauung: My ten Duckets are like my ten fingers, they will not ieopard a iojnt for you: I am yours, and these are mine if I part from them, I shall neuer haue part of them.

Amp. Father, if heauen haue blest you once againe,

Let not an open hand disperse that store; Which gone, lifes gone; for all treade downe the poore.

Fort. Peace, Ampedo: talke not of pouertie, Diddaine, my boyes, to kisse the tawnie cheekes Of leane necessitie: make not inquirie, How I came rich: I am rich, let that suffice;
There are fowre leathern bags tryst full of gold:
Those spent, ile fill you more: goe lads, be gallant:
Shine in the streetes of Cyprus like two starres,
And make them bow their knees that once did spurne you;

For to effect such wonders gold can turne you:
Braue it in Famagotha, or els where,
Ile trauell to the Turkish Emperour:
And then ile reuell it with Preifier John,
Or banquet with great Cham of Tartarie,
And trie what frolick Court the Souldan keepes;
Ile leaue you presently: teare off these rags.
Glitter, my boyes, like Angola, that the world
May (whilst our life in pleasures circle romes)
Wonder at Fortunatus and his ponnes.

Ander. Come, Shaddow: now wee'le feast it royally.

Shad. Doe, master, but take heede of beggerie.

Exeunt.

Mysick sounds: Enter vice with a gilded face, and
hornes on her head: her garments long, painted be-
fore with siluer halfe moones, increasing by little and
little, till they come to the full: in the midst of them
in Capitall letters this written: CRESCIT
EVNDO: her garment painted behind with foole:
faces & diuels heads: and underneath it in the
midst this written, Ha, Ha, He: she and others
wearing gilded visards, and attirde like devils,
bring out a faire tree of Gold with apples on it:
after her comes Vertue, a coxscambe on her head, all
in white before, and this written about the middle:
Sibi sapit: her attire behind painted with Crownes,
and Laurell garlands, stuck full of starres, held out
by hands, thrust out of bright cloudes, and among
them this written: Dominabitur aetris: Shee and
other Nymphes all in white with coxcombs on
their heads, bring a tree with greene and withered
leaves mingled together, and little fruit on it: after
Olde Fortunatus.

her Fortune, one bearing her Wheele, another her Globe; and last, the Priest.

Fortune. You ministers of Vertue, Vice, and Fortune,
Teare off this upper garment of the earth,
And in her naked bosome sticke these trees.
Vertue. How many kingdoms have I measured,
Onely to find a Climat, apt to cherish
These withering branches? but no ground can prooue
So happy; (ay mee) none doe vertue loue;
Ile trie this foyle; if here I like wise fade,
To heauen ile flie, from whence I tooke my birth,
And tel the Gods, I am banished from the earth.

Vice. Vertue, I am sworne thy foe: if there thou plant,
Here opposite to thine, my tree shall florish,
And (as the running wood-bind) spread her armes,
To choke thy withering boughes in their embrace,
Ile drive thee from this world: were Vertue fled,
Vice as an Angell should be honoured.

Fort. Servants of this bright diuell & and that poore Saint,
Applie your taske whilst you are labouring:
To make your paines seeme short our priest shall sing.

The song: whilst he sings, the rest set the trees into the earth.

Priest, Vertues branches wither, vertue pines,
O pittie, pittie, and alacke the time,
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glorie shines,
Her gilded boughs above the Cedar clime,
Vice hath golden cheekes, O pittie, pittie,
She in every land doth monarchize.
Vertue is exile from every Cittie,
Vertue is a foole, Vice onely wise.
O pittie, pittie, Vertue weeping dies.
Vice laughs to see her faint (alacke the time)
This sinckes: with painted wings the other flies,
The Comedie of

Alacke that best should fall, and bad should clime,
O pittie, pittie, pittie, mourne, not fing,
Vice is a Saint, Vertue an vnderling.
Vice doth florish, Vice in glorie shines,
Vertues braunches wither, Vertue pines.

Fun. Florish or wither, Fortune cares not which,
In eithers fall or height our Eminence
Shines equall to the Sunne: the Queene of chance
Both vertuous foules and vicious doth aduance.
These shadowes of your selues shal (like your selues),
Strive to make men enamoured of their beauties,
This groue shall be our temple; and henceforth
Be consecrated to our deities.

Vue. How few will come and kneel at vertues shrine?

Fun. This contents vertue, that she is cal'd diuine.

Fun. Poore Vertue, Fortune grieues to see thy lookes
Want cunning to intice: Why hang these leaues,
As loose as Autumnnes haire (which euery wind,
In mockerie blowes from his rotten browes ?)
Why like a drunkard art thou pointed at?
Why is this Motley-fcorne set on thy head?
Why stands thy Court wide open, but none in it?
Why are the Christall pauements of thy temple,
Not worne, not trod vpon? All is for this,
Because thy pride is to weare bafe attire,
Because thine eyes flame not with amorous fire.

Vue. Vertue is fairest in a poore aray.

Fun. Poore foole, tis not this badge of puritie,
Nor Sibi fapit, (painted on thy breasf,)
Allures mortalitie to seeke thy loue.
No: now the great wheele of thy Globe hath runne,
And met his first point of creation.
On Crutches went this world but yefter-day,
Now it lies bed-rid, and is growne so old,
That its growne young; for tis a child againe,
A childish foule it hath, tis a meere foole:
And fooles and children are well pleas'd with toyes:
So must this world, with shewes it must be pleased,
Then Vertue, buy a golden face like Vice,
And hang thy bosome full of siluer Moones,
To tell the credulous world, As those increase,
As the bright Moone swelles in her pearled Spheare,
So wealth and pleasures them to heauen shall reare.

**Vert.**  Vertue abhorres to weare a borrowed face.
**Vice.**  Why haft thou borrowed then that Idiots hood?
**Vert.**  Fooles plac'd it on my head that knew me not,
And I am proud to weare the scorne of fooles.

**Fort.**  Mourne in that pride & die, all the world hates thee.
**Vert.**  Not all, ile wander once more through the world:
Wisedome I know hath with her blessed wings
Fled to some bosome: if I meete that breft,
There ile erect my temple, and there rest.
Fortune nor Vice, shall then ere haue the power,
(By their loose eyes) to intice my Paramour;
Then will I cast off this deformitie,
And shine in glorie, and triumph to see
Your conquerd at my feete, that tread on me.

**Fort.**  Vertue begins to quarrell: Vice, farewell.
**Vice.**  Stay, Fortune, whilst within this Groue we dwel,
If my Angelicall and Saint-like forme
Can win some amorous foole to wanton here,
And taste the fruite of this alluring tree,
Thus shall his fawcie browes adorned bee,
To make vs laugh.

**Makes horns.**

**Fort.**  It will be rare: adiew,
**Ver.**  Foule hel-bred fiend, Vertue shall strive with you,
If any be enamoured of thine eyes,
Their loue must needes beget deformities.
Men are transformed to beasts, feasting with sinne;
The Comedie of

But if (in spite of thee) their foules I winne,
To taste this fruite, though thou disguise their head,
Their shapes shall be re-metamorphos'd.

Vice. I dare thee doe thy worst.
Ver. My best ile trie.
Fort. Fortune shall judge who winnes the soue-raigntie.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. The world to the circumference of heauen,
Is as a small point in Geometric,
Whose greatnes is so little, that a lesse
Cannot be made: into that narrow roome,
Your quicke imaginations we must charme,
To turne that world: and (turn'd) againe to part it
Into large kingdomes, and within one moment,
To carrie Fortunatus on the wings
Of actiue thought, many a thousand miles.
Suppose then since you last beheld him here,
That you haue faild with him vpon the seas,
And leapt with him vpon the Asian shores,
Beene feastled with him in the Tartars palace,
And all the Courts of each Barbarian kings:
From whence (being cald by some vnluckie starre,)
(For happines never continues long,)
Helpe me to bring him backe to Arragon:
Where for his pride (Riches make all men proude)
On flight quarrell, by a couetous Earle,
Fortunes deere minion is imprifoned;
There thinke you see him fit with folded ammes,
Teares dropping downe his cheekes, his white haires torne,
His legges in rustie fetters, and his tongue
Bitterly cursing that his squint-eide foule
Did not make choice of wifedomes sacred loue,
Fortune (to triumph in vnconstancie,)
From prifon bailes him, (libertie is wild)
For being fet free, he like a lustie Eagle,
Cuts with his ventrous feathers through the skie,
And lights not till he find the Turkish court.
Thither transport your eyes, and there behold him,
Reuelling with the Emperour of the East,
From whence (through feare) for safegard of his life,
(Flying into the armes of vgly night,)
Suppose you see him brought to Babylon;
And that the Sunne (clothed all in fire) hath rid
One quarter of his hot celestiall way
With the bright morning, and that in this instant,
He and the Soldan meete, but what they say,
Listen you, the talke of Kings none dare bewray.

Exit.

Enter the Souldan, his Noblemen, and Fortunatus.

Sould. Art thou that Fortunatus, whose great name,
Being carried in the Charriot of the winds,
Haft fild the Courts of all our Asian kings,
With loue and enuie, whose deere presence tyes
The eyes of admiration to thine eyes?
Art thou that Joue that in a shower of gold
Appearedst before the Turkish Emperour?

Fortunat. I am that Fortunatus, mightie Souldan.

Sould. Where is that purse which threw abroad
such treasure?

Fort. I gauie it to the Turkish Soliman,
A seconde I beftowed on Prefter Iohn,
A third the great Tartarian Cham receiued;
For with these Monarches haue I banquetted,
And rid with them in triumph through their courts,
In chriftall Charriots drawne by Unicorunes.
England, Fraunce, Spaine, and welthy Belgia,
And all the rest of Euros bleffed daughters,
Haue made my couetous eye rich in th' embrace
Of their celestiall beauties; now I come,
To fee the glorie of faire Babylon.
Is Fortunatus wel-come to the Soldan?
For I am like the Sunne, if Joue once chide,
My gilded browes from amorous heauen I hide.
Sould. Most welcome, and most happie are mine
armes
In circling such an earthly deitie;
But will not Fortunatus make me blessed
By sight of such a purse?
Fort. Ere I depart,
The Soldan shall receive one at my hands:
For I must spend some time in framing it,
And then some time to breathe that vertuous spirit
Into the heart thereof, all which is don
By a most sacred inspiration.
Sould. Welcome, most welcome to the Soldans
court;
Stay here and be the king of Babylon,
Stay here, and I will more amaze thine eyes
With wondrous sights, then can all Asia:
Behold yon towre, there stands mine Armourie,
In which are Corslets forg'd of beaten gold,
To arme ten hundred thousand fighting men,
Whose glittering squadrons when the Sunne beholds,
They seeme like to ten hundred thousand Ioues,
When Ioue on the proude backe of thunder rydes,
Trapt all in lightning flames: there can I shew thee
The ball of gold that set all Troy on fire;
There shalt thou see the skarfe of Cupids mother,
Snatcht from the soft moyft Iuorie of her arme,
To wrap about Adonis wounded thigh,
There shalt thou see a wheele of Titans care,
Which dropt from heauen when Phaeton fir'd the
world:
Ile giue thee (if thou wilt) two filuer Doues
Compof'd by Magicke to diuide the ayre,
Who (as they flie) shall clap their filuer wings,
And giue straunge musicke to the Elements;
Ile giue thee els the fanne of Proserpine,
Which in reward (for a sweete Thracian song,) The black-browd Empressle threw to Orpheus,
Being come to fetch Euridice from hell.
Olde Fortunatus.

Fort. Hath euer mortall eye beheld these wonders?

Sould. Thine shall behold them, and make choice of any,

So thou wilt glie the Souldan suche a purfe.

Fort. By Fortunes blessed hand (who christned me)

The mightie Souldan shal haue suche a purfe,

Prouided I may see these prizelesse wonders.

Sould. Leaue vs alone: neuer was mortal eare

Exeunt Nobles.

Acquainted with the vertue of a Jewell,

Which now ile shew, (out-valuing all the rest.)

Fort. It is impossible.

Sould. Behold this Casket,—Draw a Curtaine.

Fettered in golden chaines, the Lock pure gold,

The key of sollide gold, which my selfe keepe,

And heres the treasure thats contained in it.

Takes out the Hat.

Fort. A couer felt Hat! is this the precious Jewel?

Sould. Ile not exchange this, for ten Diadmens.

On paine of death, none listen to our talke.

Fort. What needes this solemne coniuration!

Sould. O, yes, for none shall understand the worth

Of this inestimable ornament,

But you: and yet not you, but that you sware

By her white hand, that lent you suche a name,

To leaue a wondrous purfe in Babylone.

Fort. What I haue sware, I will not violate,

But now vscover the vertues of this Hatte.

Sould. I thinke none listen; if they doe, they die.

Fort. None listen: tell: what needes this iealousie?

Sould. You see tis poore in shew; did I want Jewels,

Gold could beget them, but the wide worlds wealth

Buyes not this Hat; this clapt vpon my head,

I (onely with a wish) am through the ayre,

Transported in a moment ouer Seas,
And our lands to any secret place;
By this I steale to every Princes court,
And heare their priuate counsels and preuent
All daunders which to Babylon are meant.
By helpe of this I oft see annies ioyne,
Though when the dreadfull Aluarado founds,
I am distant from the place a thousand leagues,
Oh, had I such a purse and such a Hat,
The Souldan were, of all, most fortunate.

Fort. Oh, had I such a Hat, then were I braue.
Wheres he that made it?

Sould. Dead, and the whole world
Yeelds not a workman that can frame the like.

Fort. No does? by what trick shal I make this mine?

Aside. Me thinkes, me thinkes, when you are borne o're Seas,
And our lands, the heauinesse thereof
Should waigh you downe, drowne you, or breake your necke.

Sould. No, tis more light then any Hat beside:
Your hand shal peise it.

Fort. Oh, tis woudrous heauie.

Sould. Fie, ya're deceau'd: trie it vpon your head.

Fort. Would I were now in Cyprus with my fons.

Exit.

Sould. Stay, Fortunatus, fly, I am vndone.
Treason, Lords, treason, get me wings, ile flie
After this damn'd Traytor through the ayre.

Enter Nobles.

Nob. Who wrongs the mightie king of Babylon?

Sould. This Fortunatus, this fiend wrongs your king.

Nob. Locke the Court gates, where is the diuell hid?

Sould. No gates no grates of Iron imprison him,
Like a Magician breakes he through the clouds,
Bearing my soule with him, for that Iewell gon,
I am dead, and all is droffe in Babylon.
Flie after him, tis vaine, on the winds wings,
Heele ride through all the Courts of earthly kings.
   Nobl. What is the Iewell that your grace hath loft ?
   Sould. He dies that troubles me: call me not king;
   For ike consume my life in sorrowing.       Exeunt.

Enter Andelocia very gallant, and Shaddow.

Andel. Shaddow! what haue I lost to day at dice?
Shad. More then you will win againe in a month.
Andel. Why sir, how much comes it to ?
Shad. It comes to nothing, Sir, for you haue lost your wits, and when a mans wittes are lost, the man is like twentie poundes worth of Tobacco, which mounts into th' aire, and proues nothing but one thing.
Andelo. And what thing is that, you Asfe ?
Shad. Marrie sir, that he is an asfe that melts so much money in smoke.
Andel. Twere a charitable deed to hang thee a smoking.
Shad. I should neuer make good bacon, because I am not fat.
Andel. Ile besworne thy wit is leane.
Shad. Its happie I haue a leane wit: but master, you haue none; for when your money tript away, that went after it, and euer since you haue beene mad; here com's your brother; borrowe a dramme of him.

Enter Ampedo.

If his be not mouldie: for mens wits in these daies,
Are like the Cuckoo, bald once a yeere, and that makes Motley so deere, and fooles so good cheape.
Andel. Brother, all haile.
Shad. There's a ratling salutation.
Andel. You must lend me some more money:
Nay neuer looke so straunge, and you will come off, so:
if you will barre me from square play, doe: come
come, when the old traveller my Father comes home, like a young Ape, full of fantastick tricke, or a painted Parrot stuke full of outlandish feathers, heele leade the world in a string, and then (like a hot shot) Ile charge and discharge all.

_Shad._ I would be loth, master, to see that day: for he leades the world in a string that goes to hanging.

_And._ Take heede I turne not that head into the world, and leade you so?

_Brother wilt be:_ Hay any ends of Gold or Siluer?

_Amp._ Thus wanton reuelling breedes beggerie. Brother, twere better that you still liue'd poore. Want would make wisedome rich: but when your Coffers Swell to the brim, then royt sets vp sayles, And like a desperate vnskild Mariner Driues your vnsteddie fortunes on the point Of wracke ineuitable; of all the wealth, Left (by our Father, when he left vs laft) This little is vnspent, and this being wasted, Your ryot ends; therefore consume it all, Ile liue; or dying, find some buriall. Thanks for my crownes.

_Andel._ Shaddow, I am villainous hungrie, to heare one of the seuen wise Masters talke thus emptily.

_Shad._ I am a villaine, master, if I am not hungrie.

_Andel._ Because ile saue this gold, sirra Shaddowe, weele feede our felues with Paradoxes.

_Shad._ Oh rare: what meat's that?

_Andel._ Meate, you gull: tis no meate: a dish of Paradoxes is a feaste of strange opinion, tis an ordinarie that our greatest gallants haunt nowadaies, because they would be held for Statefmen.

_Shad._ I shall neuer fill my belly with opinions.

_And._ In despite of sway-bellies, gluttons, & sweet mouth'd Epicures, Ile haue thee maintaine a Paradox in commendations of hunger.

_Shad._ I shall neuer haue the stomacke to doo't.
And. Seeft thou this Crusado? do it, & turne this into a feast.

Shad. Couetousnesse and lecherie are two diuels, they‘le tempt a man to wade through deepe matters: Ile doo‘t though good cheare coöspire my death, for speaking treafon against her.

Andel. Fall to it then with a full mouth.

Shad. Oh famine, inspire me with thy miserable reaftons.

I begin, master.

Amp. O miserable inuocation.

Andel. Silence.

Shad. Theres no man but loues one of these three beaftes, a Horfe, a Hound, or a Whore; the Horfe by his goodwill, has his head euuer in the mauner; the Whore with your ill will has her hand euuer in your purfe; and a hungrie Dogge eates durtie puddings.

Andel. This is profound, forward: the conclusion of this now.

Shad. The conclusion is plaine: For since all men loue one of these three monsters, being such terrible eaters, therefore all men loue hunger.

Amp. A very leane argument.

Shad. I can make it no fatter.

Andel. Procede, good Shaddow; this fats me.

Shad. Hunger is made of Gun-powder.

Andel. Giue fire to that opinion.

Shad. Stand by, left it blow you vp: hunger is made of Gun-powder, or Gun-powder of hunger; for they both eate through stone walles; hunger is a grindstone, it sharpens wit, hunger is fuller of loue then Cupid, for it makes a man eate himselfe; hunger was the first that euuer open‘d a Cookes shop; Cookes the first that euuer made fawce; fawce being lickerish, lickes vp good meate; good meate preferues life; Hunger therefore preferues life.

Amp. By my consent thou shouldest still liue by hunger.

Shad. Not fo, hunger makes no man mortall.
hunger is an excellent Phisition: for hee dares kill any body: hunger is one of the seuen liberall sciences.

Andel. O learned? Which of the seuen?

Shad. Musick, for sheele make a man leape at a crust: but as few care for her fixe tisters, so none loue to daunce after her pipe: Hunger, master, is hungrie and couetous; therefore the Crufado.

Andel. But haft thou no sharer reasons then this?

Shad. Yes one: the dagger in Cyprus had never stabd out such fixe penie pipes, but for hunger.

And. Why, you dolt, these pies are but in their minority.

Shad. My belly and my purfe haue beene twentie times at daggers drawing, with parting the little vrchins.

Enter Fortunatus.

Ampe. Peace, Idiot, peace, my Father is return'd.

Fort. Touch mee not, boyes, I am nothing but ayre, let none speake to me, till you haue marke my weel.

Shad. Now speake your mind.

Ampe. Villaine, why haft thou chalkt my Fathers backe?

Shad. Onely to marke him, & to trie what colour aire is of.

Fort. Regard him not, Ampedo: Andelocia, Shaddowe: view me, am I as you are, or am I tranform'd?

And. I thought trauel would turne my father, mad man or foole.

Ampe. How should you be tranform'd I see no chaunge.

Shad. If your wits be not planet strucken, if your braines lie in their right place, you are well inough; for your body is little mended by your fetching fegaries.

Andel. Mee thinkes, father, you looke as you did, onely your face is more withered.
Fort. That's not my fault, age is like love, it cannot be hid.

Shad. Or like Gun-powder a fire, or like a fool, or like a young nounce new come to his lands: for all these will shew of what house they come: now sir, you may amplifie.

Fort. Shaddow, turne thy tongue to a shaddow, be silent: Boyes be proud, your Father hath the whole world in this compasse, I am all felicitie, vp to the brimmes. In a minute am I come from Babylon, I haue beene this half howre in Famagofta.

And. How? in a minute, father? Ha, ha, I see trauellers must lie.

Shad. Tis their destine : the Fates doe so conspire.

Fort. I haue cut through the ayre like a Falcon; I would haue it seeme strange to you.

Shad. So it does, Sir.

Fort. But tis true: I would not haue you believe it neither.

Shad. No more we doe not, Sir.

Fort. But tis miraculous & true: desire to see you, brought me to Cyprus; ile leaue you more Gold, and goe visite more Countries.

Sha. Leaue us gold inough, and weele make all Countries come vist vs.

Amp. The frostie hand of age now nips your bloud, And shrowes her snowie flowers vpon your head, And giue you warning that within few yeeres, Death needes must marrie you; those short liues minutes, That dribble out your life, must needes be spent, In peace not trauell: rest in Cyprus then. Could you suruaie ten worlds, yet you must die; And bitter is the sweete thats reapt thereby.

And. Faith father, what pleasure haue you met by walking your stations?

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I haue reueld with kings, daunc'd with Queenes, dallied with Ladies, worn strange attires, seene fantasticoes, conuerst with
humorists, beene rauisht with diuine raptures of Dorick, Lidian and Phrigian harmonies, I haue spent the day in triumphes, and the night in banquetting.

Andel. Oh rare: this was heauenly.
Shad. Me thinkes twas horrible.
Andel. He that would not be an Arabian Phenix to burne in these sweete fires, let him liue like an Owle for the world to wonder at.
Amp. Why, brother, are not all these vanities?
Fort. Vanities! Ampedo, thy soule is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous to mount vp to the incomprehensible glorie, that trauell lifts men to.
Shad. My olde masters soule is Corke and feathers, and being so light doth easily mount vp.
Ande. Sweeten mine eares, good father, with some more.
Fort. When in the warmth of mine owne countries armes
We yawn’d like struggards, when this small Horizon
Imprison’d vp my body, then mine eyes
Worshipt these clouds as brightest; but, my boyes,
The glistening beams which doe abroad appeare,
(In other heauens) fire is not halfe so cleare.
Shad. Why, sir, are there other heauens in other countries?
Andel. Peace, interrupt him not vpon thy life.
Fort. For still in all the Regions I haue seene,
I scorn’d to crowd among the muddie throng
Of the rancke multitude, whose thicke ned breath,
Like to condensed Fogs doe choake that beautie,
Which els would dwell in every kingdoms cheeke.
No, I still boldly stept into their Courts,
For there to liue tis rare, O tis diuine;
There shall you see faces Angelicall,
There shall you see troops of chaste Gooddesse,
Whose star-like eyes haue power, (might they still shine)
To make night day, and day more christalline.
Neere these you shall behold great Heroes,
White headed Councillors and Jouiall spirites,
Standing like fierie Cherubins to gard
The Monarch, who in God-like glorie sits.
In midst of these, as if this deitie
Had with a looke created a new world;
The flanders by, being the faire workemanship.

Andel. Oh how my foule is rapt to a third heauen.
Ile trauell sure, and liue with none but kings.

Shad. Then Shaddow must die among knaues;
and yet why fo? in a bunch of Cards, knaues waite
upon the kings.

And. When I turne king, then shalt thou waite
on me.

Shad. Well, theres nothing impossible: a dog has
his day, and so haue you.

Amp. But tell me, father, haue you in all courts
Beheld such glorie, so maieftical?
In all perfection! no way blemished!

Fort. In some Courts shal you see ambition
Sit piecing De·dalus old waxen wings,
But being clapt on, and they about to flie,
Euen when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the Sunne of maiestie,
And downe they tumble to destruction:
For since the heauens strong armes teach kings to stond,
Angels are plac'd about their glorious throne,
To gard it from the srokes of Traitrous hands.
By trauell, boyes, I haue seene all these things,
Fantafticke complement stalkes vp and downe,
Trickt in out-landish Fethers, all his words,
His lookes, his oathes, are all ridiculious,
All apish, childish, and Italianate.

Enter Fortune: after her three destinies working.

Shad. I know a medicine for that maladie.

Fort. By trauell, boyes, I haue seene all these
things.

Andel. And these are sightes for none, but gods &
kings.
Shad. Yes, and for Christen creatures, if they be not blind.

Fort. In these two hands doe I gripe all the world. This leather purfe, and this bald woollen Hat Make me a Monarch: heres my Crowne and Scepter. In progresse will I now goe through the world, Ile cracke your shoulders, boyes, with bags of gold Ere I depart; on Fortunes wings I ride, And now fit in the height of humane pride.

Fortune. Now, foole, thou liest; where thy proud feete doe tread Thefe shal throw downe thy cold & breathlesse head.

Fort. O sacred deitie, what sinne is don, That deaths Iron sif should wrestle with thy sonne?

Fortune. Thou art no sonne of Fortune, but her flaeue: Thy Cedar hath aspir'd to his full height. Thy Sunne like glorie hath aduaunc'd her selfe Into the top of prides Meridian, And downe amaine it comes. From beggerie I plum'd thee like an Ostrich, like that Ostrich Thou haft eaten Metals, and abusde my giftes, Haft plaid the Ruffian, wafted that in ryots, Which as a blessing I bestowed on thee.

Fort. Forgiue me, I will be more prouident.

Fortune. No, endlesse follies follow endlesse wealth. Thou haft thy fancie, I must haue thy fate, Which is, to die when th'art most fortunate. This inckie thread thy ugly finnes haue fpun, Blacke life, blacke death; faster, that it were don.

Fort. Oh, let me live, but till I can redeeme.

Fortune. The destinies denie thee longer life.

Fort. I am but now lifted to happines.

Fortune. And now I take most pride to cast thee downe. Hadst thou chosen wisedome, this blacke had beene white,

And deaths sterne browe could not thy soule afright.
Fort. Take this againe: giue wisedome to my fonnes.

Fortune. No, foole, tis now too late: as death strikes thee,
So shall their ends suddren and wretched bee.
Ioues daughters (righteous destinies) make haste,
His life hath wafteful full beene, and let it waste.

Exeunt.

Andel. Why the pox doest thou sweate so?

Shad. For anger to see any of Gods Creatures
haue such filthie faces as these Semsters had that went
hence.

Andel. Semsters! why, you asle, they are destinies.

Shad. Indeede, if it bee ones destinie to haue a
filthie face, I know no remedie but to goe Mafkt and
crie, Woe worth the Fates.

Amp. Why droopes my father? these are onely
shaddowes,
Raizd by the malice of some enemie,
To fright your life, o're which they haue no power.

Shad. Shaddowes? I defie their kinred.

Fort. O Ampedo, I faint; helpe me, my fonnes.

Andel. Shaddow, I pray thee runne and call more
helpe.

Shad. If that desperate Don Dego death hath
tane vp the Cudgels once, heres neuer a Fencer in
Cyprus dare take my old masters part.

Andel. Runne, villaine, call more helpe.

Shad. Bid him thanke the destinies for this. Exit.

Fort. Let me shrincke downe, & die betweene
your armes,
Helpe comes in vaine. No hand can conquer Fate,
This inflant is the laft of my lifes date.
This Goddesse (if at leaft thee be a goddesse)
Names her selle Fortune: wandring in a wood,
Halfe famisht, her I met. I haue, quoth thee,
Sixe gifts to spend vpon mortalitie,
Wisedome, strenght, health, beautie, long life and
riches.
Out of my bountie one of these is thine.

Amp. What benefit did from your choyce arise?

Fort. Listen, my sonnes: In this small compasse

lies,

Infinite treasure: this shee gaue to-mee,
And gaue to this, this vertue, Take (quoth shee)
So often as from hence thou drawst thy hand,
Ten golden peacees of that kingdomes coyne,
Where er' thou liu'st, which plenteous sure shall laft,
After thy death, till thy sonnes liues doe waste.

Andel. Father, your choice was rare, the gift
diuine.

Fort. It had beene so, if riches had beene mine.

Amp. But hath this golden vertue neuer faild?

Fort. Neuer.

Andel. O admirable: heare's a fire
Hath power to thaw the very heart of death,
And glue ftones life, by this most sacred death,
See brother, heres all India in my hand.

Fort. Inhere you (my Sonnes) that golden land.

This Hat I brought away from Babylon,
I robd the Souldan of it, tis a prize
Worth twentie Empires. In this Jewell lies.

Andel. How, father? Jewell? call you this a
Jewell? It's course Wooll, a bald fashion, and greasie
to the brim; I haue bought a better Felt for a
French crowne forte times: Of what vertuous blocke
is this Hat, I pray!

Fort. Set it vpon thy head, and with a wish,
Thou in the moment on the winds swift wings,
Shalt be transported into any place.

Andel. A withing Hat, and a golden mine?

Fort. O Andelocia, Ampedo, now death
Sounds his third fommons: I must hence: these
Jewels
To both I doe bequeath; diuide them not,
But vshe them equally: neuer bewray
What vertues are in them; for if you doe,
Much shame, much griefe, much danger followes you.

Peruse this booke: farwell: behold in me
The rotten strength of proud mortalitie.  

*Dyes.*

*Amp.* His soule is wandring to the Elizium shades.

*Andel.* The flowre thats fresh at noone, at Sun-set fades.

Brother, close you downe his eyes, because you were his eldeft; and with them close vp your teares, whilst I (as all yonger brothers doe) shift for my selfe: let vs mourne, because hees dead, but mourne the lesse, because he cannot reuie: the honour we can doe him, is to burie him royally, lets about it then, for ile not melt my selfe to death with scalding sighes, nor drop my soule out at mine eyes, were my father an Emperour.

*Amp.* Hence, hence, thou stopp't the tide of my true teares.

True griefe is dumbe, though it hath open eares.

*Andel.* Yet God send my griefe a tongue, that I may have good utterance for it: Sob on, brother mine, whilst you sigh there, ile sit & read what Storie my father has written here.

*They both fall asleepe: Fortune and a companie of Satyres enter with Musick, and playing about Fortunatus body, take them away; They gone, Shadow enters running.*

*Shad.* I can get none, I can find none: where are you, master? Have I tane you napping? and you too? I see sorrowes eye-lids are made of a Dormouse skin, they seldom open, or of a misers purs, that's alwaies shut: So ho, master.

*Andel.* Shaddow, why how now? whats the matter?

*Shad.* I can get none Sir, tis impossible.

*Amp.* What is impossible? what cant not get.

*Shad.* No helpe for my old master.
The Comedie of

Andel. Haft thou beene all this while calling for helpe?

Sha. Yes sir: he scorns all Fumatunga when he was in his huffing, and now he lies puffing for wind, they say they scorne him.

Amp. The poison of their scorne infects not him; He wants no helpe. See where he breathles lies:
Brother, to what place haue you borne his body?

Andel. I beare it? I toucht it not.

Amp. Nor I: a leaden slumber preft mine eyes.

Shad. Whether it were lead or lattin that hast downe those winking cafemets, I knowe not, but I found you both snorting.

Amp. And in that sleepe (me thought) I heard the tunes
Of fullen passions apt for Funerals,
And saw my Fathers liueleffe body borne
By Satyres: O I ffeare that deitie
Hath stolne him hence, that Snudge his destinie.

And. I ffeare hees ryfen againe, diidst not thou meete him?

Shad. I sir? doe you thinke this white and red durst haue kift my sweete cheekes, if they had seene a ghost! But, master, if the destinies, or Fortune, or the Fates, or the Fayries haue stolne him, never indite them for the Felonie: for by this meanes the charges of a Tombe is faud, and you being his heyres, may doe as many rich Executors doe, put that money in your purses, and giue out that he dyed a begger.

Andel. Away, you Roague, my Father die a begger?

Ile build a Tombe for him of maffie Gold.

Shad. Methinkes, master, it were better to let the memory of him shine in his owne vertues (if hee had any) than in Alablaster.

Andel. I shall mangle that Alablaster face, you whorson vertuous vice.

Shad. He has a Marble heart, that can mangle a face of Alablaster.
Andel. Brother, come, come, mourne not, our
Father is but stept to agree with Charon for his boate
byre to Elizium. See, heres a Storie of all his tra-
uels; this booke shall come out with a new Addition:
Ile treade after my Fathers steps; ile goe measure the
world, therefore]lets share these Jewels, take this or
this.

Amp. Will you then violate our Fathers Will?

Andel. A puritane? keepe a dead mans Will?
Indeed in the old time, when men were buried in soft
Church-yardes, that their Ghosts might rise, it was
good: but, brother, now they are imprisond in strong
Brick and Marble, they are saft: feare not: away,
away, these are fooleries, gulleries, trumperies; heres
this or this, or I am gon with both.

Amp. Doe you as you please, the sinne shall not be
mine.

Fooles call those things prophane, that are diuine.

Andel. Are you content to weare the Jewels by
turnes? Ile haue the purse for a yeere, you the Hat,
and as much gold, as youle aske; & when my
purfourship ends, ile resigne, and cap you.

Amp. I am content to beare all discontents. Exit.

Andel. I should serue this bearing Asfe rarely now,
if I should load him, but I will not, though conscience
bee (like Phyficke) feldome vfed, (for io it does leaft
hurt) yet ile take a dram of it: this for him, and some
gold: this for me: for hauing this mint about me,
I shall want no wishing Cap: gold is an Eagle,
that can flie to any place, and like death, that dares
enter all places.

Shaddow, wilt thou trauell withme ?

Sha. I shal neuer fadge with the humor because I
cannot lie.

And. Thou dolt, weele visit all the kings courts in
the world.

Shad. So we may, and returne dolts home, but
what shal we learne by trauaile?

Andel. Fashions.
Shad. Thats a beastly diseaue: me thinkes its better staying in your owne countrie.

Andel. How? In mine owne countrie? like a Cage-birde and fee nothing?

Shad. Nothing? yes you may see things enough, for what can you see abroad that is not at home? The same Sunne calls you vp in the morning, and the same man in the Moone lights you to bed at night, our fields are as greene as theirs in summer, and their frosts will nip vs more in winter: Our birds sing as sweetly & our women are as faire: In other countries you shall haue one drinke to you, whilst you kiss your hand, and ducke, heele poyston you: I confesse you shall meete more fooles, and asses, and knaues abroad then at home (yet God be thanked we haue prettie flore of all) but for Punctes, wee put them downe.

And. Prepare thy sprites, for thou shalt goe with me,

To England shall our starres direct our course,
Thither the prince of Cyprus (our kings sonne)
Is gon to see the louely Agripyne,
Shaddow, weele gaze vpon that English dame,
And trie what vertue gold has to inflame.
First to my brother, then away lets flie,
Shaddow must be a Courtier ere he die. Exit.

Shad. If I must, the Fates shall bee serv'd: I haue seene many clownes Courtiers, then why not Shaddow? Fortune, I am for thee. Exit.

Enter Orleans melancholike, Galloway with him, a boy
after them with a Lute.

Orle. Be gone: leaue that with me, and leaue me to my selfe, if the King ask for me, sweare to him I am fiche, and thou shalt not lie, pray thee leaue me.

Boy. I am gon, Sir. Exit.
Orle. This musick makes me but more out of
tune.
O, Agripyna.

Gall. Gentle friend, no more.
Thou faies lone is a madnes, hate it then,
Euen for the names fake.

Orle. O, I love that madnes,
Euen for the names fake.

Gall. Let me tame this frenzy,
By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
By telling thee shees daughter to a king,
By telling thee the king of Cyprus sonne
Shines like a Sunne, betweene her lookes and thine,
Whilst thou seem'st but a starre to Agripyne:
He loues her.

Orle. If he doe : why so doe I.

Gall. Loue is ambitious and loues maiestie.

Orle. Deere friend, thou art deceiued, loues voice
    doth fing
As sweetely in a begger as a king.

Gall. Deere friend, thou art deceyu'd : O bid thy foule

Lift vp her intellecual eyes to heauen,
And (in this ample booke of wonders) read,
Of what celestiall mold, what sacred essence,
Her selfe is formd, the search whereof will drive
Sounds musicall among the iarring spirits,
And in sweete tune fet that which none inherits.

Orle. Ile gaze on heauen if Agripyne be there :
If not : Fa, La, la, Sol, la, &c.

Gall. O, call this madnes in, fee from the windowes
Of evey eye Derision suuffs out cheekes,
Wrinkled with Idiot laughter : evey finger
Is like a Dart flot from the hand of scorne,
By which thy name is hurt, thine honour torne.

Orle. Laugh they at me, sweete Galloway ?

Gall. Euen at thee.

Orle. Ha, ha, I laugh at them, are not they mad,
That let my true true forrow make them glad
I daunce and sing onely to anger griefe,
That in that anger, he might smite life downe
With his Iron fit : good heart, it seemeth then,
They laugh to see griefe kill me : O, fond men,
You laugh at others teares, when others smile,
You teare your felues in peeces : vile, vile, vile,
Ha, ha, when I behold a fwarne of fooles,
Crowding together to be counted wise,
I laugh because sweete Agripine's not there,
But weepe because shee is not any where,
And weepe because whether shee be or not,
My loue was euer and is still forgot : forgot, forgot,
forgot.

Gall. Draw backe this streame, why should my Orleans mourne ?

Orle. Looke yonder, Galloway, doest thou see that Sunne ?
Nay good friend, stare vpon it, marke it well,
Ere he be two howres elder, all that glorie
Is baništ heauen, and then (for griefe) this skie,
That's now so iocund, will mourne all in blacke,
And shall not Orleans mourne ? Alacke, alacke.

O what a Sausage tyrannie it were
To enforce care, laugh and woe : not shed a teare ?
Dead is my loue, I am buried in her scorne,
That is my Sun-set, and shall I not mourne ?
Yes by my troth I will.

Gall. Deere friend forbearre,

Beautie (like forrow) dwelthed euery where.
Race out this strong Idea of her face,
As faire as hers shineth in any place.

Orle. Thou art a Traytor to that white and red,
Which sitting on her cheekes (being Cupids throne)
Is my hearts soueraigne : O when shee is dead,
This wonder (Beautie) shal be found in none.
Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
In loue with nothing but deformitie.
O faire Deformitie, I muse all eyes
Are not enamord of thee: thou didst neuer
Murder mens hearts, or let them pine like wax,
Melting against the Sunne of thy destinie,
Thou art a faithfull nurse to Chastitie,
Thy beautie is not like to Agryynes,
For cares, and age, and sickenesse hers deface,
But thine's eternall: O Deformitie,
Thy fairenes is not like to Agryynes,
For (dead) her beautie will no beautie haue,
But thy face lookes most lovely in the graue.

Enter Prince of Cyprus and Agryyne.

**Gall.** See where they come together hand in hand.
**Orle.** O, watch sweete Galloway, when their hands doe part,
Betweene them, shalt thou find my murdred heart.
**Cypr.** By this then it seemes a thing impossible, to know when an English Lady loues truely.
**Agrip.** Not so, for when her soule steales into her heart, and her heart leapes vp to her eyes, and her eyes drop into her hands, then if shee say, Heres my hand, shees your owne, else neuer.
**Cyp.** Heres a paire of your prifoners, lets try their opinion.
**Agrip.** My kind prifoners well encountred, the Prince of Cyprus here and my selue haue beene wrangling about a question of loue: my Lord of Orleans, you looke leane, and likest a louer; Whether is it more torment to loue a Lady and never enioy her, or alwaies to enioy a Lady, whome you cannot choose but hate?

**Orle.** To hold her euer in mine armes whome I loath in my heart, were some plague, yet the punishment were no more then to be enioyned to keepe povson in my hand, yet never to taste it.
**Agri.** But say you should be compeld to swalow the povson?
The Comedie of

Ork. Then a speedy death would end a speeding miferie: But to loue a Lady and neuer enjoy her, oh it is not death, but worfe then damnation; Tis hell, tis.

Agrip. No more, no more, good Orleans, nay then I see my prisoner is in loue too.

Cypr. Me thinkes, fouldiers cannot fal into the fashion of loue.

Agrip. Me thinkes, a Souldier is the moost faithfull louer of all men els: for his affection stands not vpon complement: his wooing is plaine home-spun fluffe; theres no outlandifh thred in it, no Rethoricke: a Souldier cafts no figures to get his mistris heart, his loue is like his valour in the field, when he payes downe-right blowes.

Gall. True, Madam, but would you receiue such paiment?

Agrip. No, but I meane, I loue a Souldier beft, for his plaine dealing.

Cypr. Thats as good as the first.

Agrip. Be it fo, that goodnesse I like: for what Lady can abide to loue a Spruce filken face Courtier, that stands euery morning two or three howres learning how to looke by his Glasse, how to speake by his Glasse, how to sigh by his glasse, how to court his Mistris by his Glasse. I would wish him no other plague, but to haue a Mistris as brittle as glasse.

Gall. And that were as bad as the horne plague.

Cypr. Are any louers posseft with this madnes?

Agrip. What madman are not possift with this loue? yet by my troth, wee poore women doe but smile in our sleeves to see all this topperi: yet we all desire to see our louers attirde gallantly, to heare them sing sweetely, to behold them daunce comely and such like; but this apith monkie fashion of effeminate nicenesse, out vpon it: Oh, I hate it worfe then to be counted a scould.

Cypr. Indeede men are most regarded, when they leaft regard themselfes.
Gall. And women most honored, when they shew most mercy to their louers.

Orle. But if it not a miserable tyrannie, to see a Lady triumph in the passions of a foule languishing through her crueltie?

Cypr. Me thinkes it is.

Gall. Me thinkes tis more then tyrannie.

Agrip. So thinke not I; for as there is no reason to hate any that loue vs, so it were madnes to loue all that doe not hate us; women are created beautifull, onely because men should wooe them; for twere miserable tyrannie to inioyne poore women to wooe men: I would not heare of a woman in loue for my fathers kingdome.

Cypr. I neuer heard of any woman that hated loue.

Agrip. Nor I: but we had all rather die then con

fesse wee loue; our glorie is to heare men figh whilst we smile, to kil them with a frowne, to strike them dead with a sharpe eye, to make you this day weare a Feather, and to morrow a ficke nightcap: Oh, why this is rare, there's a certaine deitie in this, when a Lady by the Magicke of her lookes, can turne a man into twentie shapes.

Orle. Sweete friend, she speakes this but to torture mee.

Gall. Ile teach thee how to plague her: loue her not.

Agrip. Poore Orleans, how lamentably he lookes: if hee stay, heele make me surely loue him for pure pittie. I must send him hence, for of all forties of loue, I hate the French; I pray thee, sweet prizoner, intreate Lord Longauile to come to me presentely.

Orle. I will: and estemme my felie more then happie, that you will imploy me. Exit.

Agrip. Watch him, watch him for Gods fake, if hee figh not or looke not backe.

Cypr. He does both: but what misterie lyes in this?
The Comedie of  

_Agrip._ Nay, no misterie, tis as plaine as Cupids forehead: why this is as it should be: And esteeme my selfe more then happie, that you will imploie me: my French prisoner is in loue ouer head and eares.  

_Cypr._ Its wonder how he scapes drowning.  

_Gall._ With whom thinke you?  

_Agrip._ With his keeper, for a good wager: Ah, how glad is he to obey? And how proud am I to command in this Empire of affection? Ouer him and such Spungy-liuerd youthes, (that lie soaking in loue) I triumph more with mine eye, then euer he did ouer a Souldier with his fword. If not a gallant victorie for me to subdue my Fathers enemy with a looke ? Prince of Cyprus, you were best take heede, how you encounter an English Lady.  

_Cypr._ God blesse me from louing any of you, if all bee so cruell.  

_Agrip._ God blesse me from suffring you to loue me, if you be not so formable.  

_Cypr._ Wil you command me any service, as you haue done Orleans?  

_Agrip._ No other service but this, that (as Orleans) you loue me, for no other reason, but that I may torment you.  

_Cypr._ I wil: conditionally, that in all companie I may call you my tormenter.  

_Agrip._ You shall: conditionally, that you neuer beg for mercy. Come, my Lord of Galloway.  

_Gall._ Come, sweete Madam. 

_Exeunt._

Manet Cyprys.

_Cypr._ The Ruby-colourd portals of her speach Were clofde by mercy: but vpon her eye, (Attir'd in frownes) fat murdring crueltie.  

Enter Agrip. and lisens.

Shees angrie, that I durft so high aspire.  
O, shee disdaines that any straungers brest
Olde Fortunatus.

Should be a Temple for her deitie:
Shees full of beautie, full of bitternes.
Till uow, I did not dally with loues fire:
And when I thought to try his flames indeede,
I burnt me euen to cinders: O, my starres,
Why from my natuie shore did your beames guide me,
To make me dote on her that doth deride me?

She kneels: he walkes musing.

Agri. Hold him in this mind, sweete Cupid, I conjure thee. O, what musique these hey-hoes make! I was about to cast my litle litle selfe into a great loue trance for him, fearing his hart had been flint: but since I see tis pure virgin wax, he shall melt his belly full: for now I know how to temper him. Exit.

Cypr. Neuer beg mercy? yet be He spies her,
my tormenter.
I hope shee heard me not: doubtlese shee did:
And now will she infult vpon my passions,
And vex my constant loue with mockeries.
Nay, then ile be mine owne Physician,
And out face loue, and make her thinke that I
Mournd thus, because I saw her standing by.
What newes, my Lord of Cornewall?

Enter Cornewall.

Cornew. This faire Prince,
One of your Countrie-men, is come to Court,
A lustie gallant braue in Cyprus Ile,
With fiftie bard Horsees prawncing at his heeles,
Backt by as many strong limb Cypriots.
All whom he keepes in pay: whose offred seruice,
Our king with Armes of gladnes hath embrac'd.

Cypr. Borne in the Ile of Cyprus! whats his name?

Cornew. His seruants call him Fortunatus sonne.

Cypr. Rich Fortunatus sonne? Is he ariu'd?
The Comedie of

Enter Longauile, Galloway, and Chester with Jewels.

Longa. This he bestowed on me.
Chester. And this on me.
Galloway. And this his bounteous hand inforc’d mee take.
Longa. I prize this Jewell at a hundred Markes,
Yet would he needes beslow this gift on me.
Cypr. My Lords, whose hand hath beene thus pro-
digal?
Galloway. Your countrieman my Lord, a Cypriot.
Longa. The gallant fure is all compact of gold,
To euery Lady hath he giuen rich Jewels,
And sent to euery servuant in the Court
Twentie faire English Angels.
Cypr. This is rare.

Enter Lincolne.

Lincolne. My Lords, prepare your selues for re-
ueling,
Tis the kings pleasure that this day be spent
In royall pastimes, that this golden Lord,
(For to all that behold him, christen him)
May taft the pleasures of our English court.
Here comes the gallant, shining like the Sunne.

Trumpets sound: Enter Athelstane, Anneloia, Agri-
pyne, Orleans, Ladies, and other attendants, In-
fultado a Spanish Lord : Musicke sounds within.

Andel. For these your royall favours done to me,
(Being a poore straunger) my best powres shall proue,
By Acts of worth, the foundnes of my loue.
Athelstane. Herein your loue shall beft set out it selfe,
By slaying with vs: if our English Ile
Hold any obiect welcome to your eyes,
Olde Fortunatus.

Doe but make choice, and claime it as your prize.

The King and Cyprus conferre aside.

Ande. I thanke your grace: would he durst kepe his word,
I know what I would claime: Tush, man, be bold,
Were she a Saint, shee may be wonne with gold.

Cypr. Tis straunge I must confesse, but in this pride,
His Father Fortunatus (if he liue)
Consumes his life in Cyprus: still he spends,
And still his Coffers with abundance swell,
But how he gets these riches none can tell.

The King and Agripyne conferre aside.


Cypr. But what intic’de young Andelociaes soule
To wander hither?

Andel. That which did allure,
My foueraignes sonne, the wonder of the place.

Agr. This curious heape of wonders, (which an Empresse
Gaue him) he gaue me, and by Venus hand,
The warlike Amorato needes would sweare,
Hee left his countrie Cyprus for my loue.

Athelst. If by the foueraigne Magicke of thine eye,
Thou canst enchant his lookes to keepe the circles
Of thy faire cheekes, be bold to trie thy charmes,
Feede him with hopes, and find the royall veine,
That leads this Cypriot to his golden mine.

Here’s Musicke spent in vaine, Lords, fall to dauncing.

Cypr. My faire tormentor, will you lend a hand?

Agr. Ile try this strangers cunning in a daunce.

Andel. My cunning is but small, yet whoo’le not proue

To shame himselfe for such a Ladies loue?

Orle. These Cypriots are the diuels that torture me.
He courts her, and shee smiies, but I am borne,
To be her beauties slaue, and her loues scorne.

And. I shall never haue the face to aske the question twice.

Agr. What’s the reason? Cowardlynes or pride?
Andel. Neither: but tis the fashion of vs Cypriots, both men and women, to yeeld at first assault, and we expect others should doe the like.

Agrip. Its a signe, that either your women are very black, & are glad to be sped, or your men very fond, & wil take no denial.

Andel. Indeede our Ladies are not so faire as you.

Agrip. But your men more ventrous at a breach then you, or els they are all daustardly fouldiers.

Andel. Hee that fightes vnder these sweete colours, & yet turns coward, let him bee shot to death with the terrible arrowes of faire Ladies eyes.

Athelst. Nay Inseultado, you must not denie vs. Inseultad. My Corocon es muy pesada, my Anima muy a-tormentada, No per los Cielos: La piede de Espagnoll, no hace musica in Tierra Inglesa.

Cypr. Sweete Inseultado let vs fee you daunce. I haue heard the Spanish daunce is full of state.

Inseultad. Verdad Signor: la dansa spagnola, es muy alta,


Maeistica, y para Monarcas: vuestra Inglesa,
Baxa, Fantastica, y muy humilde.

Agrip. Doth my Spanish prisoner denie to daunce? Hee has sworne to me by the croffe of his pure Toledo, to bee my servuant: by that oath (my Castilian prisoner) I conjure you to shew your cunning, though all your body bee not free, I am sure your heeles are at libertie.

Inseultad. Nolo quire contra dezir: vuestra oio hace conquesto a su prisionero: Oyres, la pauyne Hispanola, sea vuestra musica y gravidad, y maieslad: Paie, daaime Tabacca, Toma my capa, e my espada. Mas alta, Mas alta: Desuiaios, Desuiaios, Companiersos, Mas alta, Mas alta.

Hee daunces.

Athelst. Thankes, Inseultado.

Cypr. Tis most excellent.

Agrip. The Spaniards daunce, is as his deedes bee, full of pride.
Olde Fortunatus.

Athelst. The day growes old, & what remains unseen,
Shall be consum'd in banquets, Agripyne,
Leaue vs a while, if Andelocia please,
Goe beare our beautious daughter companie.

And. Fortune I thanke thee : now thou smil'st on me.

Exeunt Agrip. and Andel. and Ladies.

Athel. This Cipriot beares a gallant princely mind.

My Lord, of what birth is your country-man?

Thinke not, sweete Prince, that I propound this ques-
tion,

To wrong you in your loue to Agripyne:

Our fauours grace him to an other end.

Nor let the wings of your affections droope,

Becaufe thee feemes to shun loues gentle lure.

Believe it on our word, her beauties prize

Onely shall yeeld a conquest to your eyes.

But tell me whatts this Fortunatus sonne?

Cypr. Of honourable bloud, and more renownd

In forreigne kingdomes (whither his proud spirit,

Plum'd with ambitious fethers, caries him)

Then in his native Countrie, but last day

The father and the sonnes were through their riots,

Poore and disdaine of all, but now they glister,

More bright than Midas: if some damned fiend

Fed not his bags, this golden pride would end.

Athelst. His pride weele somewhat tame, & curb

the head

Of his rebellious prodigalitie:

He hath inuited vs, and all our Peeres,

To feast with him to morrow, his prouision,

I understond may entertaine three kings.

But Lincolne, let our Subiects secretly

Be chargde on paine of life that not a man

Sell any kind of Fewell to his seruants.

Cypr. This pollicy shall clip his golden wings,

And teach his pride what tis to strive with kings.

Athelst. Withdraw awhile: Exeunt.

Manet Athelstane.
The Comedie of

Athele. None fild his hands with Gold, for we set spies,
To watch who fed his prodigalice;
He hung the Marble bosome of our Court,
As thicke with glifring Spangles of pure gold,
As ere the spring hath flowered the earth with flowers.
Unlefe he melt himselfe to liquid gold,
Or be some God, some diuell, or can transport
A mint about him, (by inchanted power)
He cannot raine such showers: with his owne hands
He threw more wealth abroad in evry streeete,
Then could be thurst into a Chariot:
Hees a Magician sure, and to some fiend,
His foule (by infernall covenants) has he sold,
Alwaies to swimme vp to the chin in gold.
Be what he can be, if those doting fires,
Wherein he burns for Agripinaes loue,
Want power to melt from him this endlesse Myne,
Then (like a flae) weele chaine him in our Tower,
Where tortures shall compel his sweating hands
To caft rich heapes into our treaforie.

Musicke founding still: A curtaine being drawne,
where Andelocia lies sleeping in Agripines lap,
Shee has his purse, and her selfe and another Lady
Tye another (like it) in the place, and then rife
from him.

Agrip. I haue found the sacred spring that neuer

ebs.
Leaue vs: Exit Lady. But ile not shew't your
maieftie,
Till you haue sworne by Englands royall crowne,
To let me keepe it.
Athele. By my Crowne I sweare,
None but faire Agripyne the Jem shall weare.
Agrip. Then is this mine: fee Father, here's the
fire,
Whose gilded beames still burne, this is the Sunne,
That euer shines, the tree that neuer dies,
Here growes the Garden of Hesperides,
The out-side mocks you, makes you thinke tis poore,
But entring it, you find eternall store.

_Athelst._ Art sure of this? How didst thou drive it out?

_Agrip._ Feare not his waking yet, I made him drinke
That soporiferous Juice which was compoud,
To make the Queene (my Mother) rellish sleepe,
When her last sicknes sommond her to heauen.
He sleepe profoundely: when his amorous eyes
Had finge their wings in Cupids wanton flames,
I fet him all on fire, and promisfull loue:
In pride whereof, he drew me forth this purfe,
And swore, by this he multiplyed his gold.
I trieand found it true: and secretly
Commaunded Musicke with her siluer tongue,
To chime soft lullabies into his soule,
And whilst my fingers wantond with his hayre,
(T'intice the sleepe Juicce to charme his eyes)
In all points was there made a purfe, like his,
Which counterfet is hung in place of this.

_Athelst._ More then a seconde kingdome haft thou won.
Leaue him, that when he wakes he may suspect,
Some els has robd him, come deere Agripyne,
If this strange purfe his facred vertues hold,
Weele circle England with a waft of Gold. _Exeunt._

_Musicke still: Enter Shaddow very gallant, reading a Bill, with emptie bags in his hand singeing._

_Shad._ These English occupiers are mad Troians: let a man pay them neuer so much, theile giue him nothing but the bag. Since my master created me stewart ouer his fiftie men, and his one and fiftie horfe, I haue rid ouer much businesse, yet neuer was gald, I thanke the desinies: Musicke? O delicate warble: O these Courtiers are most sweete triumphant
creatures. Seignior, Sir, Monfieur: sweete Seignior: this is the language of the accomplishment: O delicious strings: these heavenly wyre-drawers haue stretcht my master euene out at length: yet at length he must wake: master?

Andel. Wake me not yet, my gentle Agripyne.

Shad. One word Sir, for the billets, and I vanishe.

And. Theres heauen in these times: throw the musicians

A bounteous largeffe of three hundred Angels.

Andelocia starts up.

Shad. Why, sir, I haue but ten pound left.

And. Ha, Shaddow! where's the Princesse Agripyne?

Shad. I am not Apollo, I cannot reveale.

Andel. Was not the princesse here, when thou cam't in?

Shad. Here was no Princesse but my princely felse.

Andel. In faith?

Shad. No in faith, Sir,

Andel. Where are you hid? where stand you wantoning? Not here! gone in faith? haue you giuen me the flip! well, tis but an amorous tricke and so I embrace it: my horse, Shaddow, how fare my horse?

Shad. Upon the best Oates my vndersteward can buy.

An. I meane, are they lusty, sprightly, gallant, wanton, fiery?

Shad. They are as all horses are, Caterpillers to the Commonwealth, they are euer munching: but Sir, for these billets, and these fagots and bauins?

Andel. S'hart what billets, what fagots? doest make mee a Woodmonger?

Shad. No sweete Seignior, but you haue bid the King and his Peeres to dinner, and he has commanded that no Woodmonger sell you a stick of wood, and that no Collyer shall cofen you of your measure, but must tie vp the mouth of their Sackes, leaft their Coales kindle your choler.
Andel. Ift possible? Ift true, or haft thou learnt of the English gallants to gull?
Shad. Hees a gulf that would be taught by such guls.

Andel. Not a sticke of wood? Some child of enuie has buz'd this stratagem into the kings eare, of purpofe to disgrace me: I haue inuited his maiestie, and though it cost me a Million, ile feaft him. Shadow, thon shalt hyre a hundred or two of Carts, with them poft to all the Grocers in London, buy vp all the Cynammon, Cloues, Nutmegs, Licorish and all other spices, that haue any ftrong heart, and with them make fires to prepare our Cookerie: Ere Fortunatus fonne looke red with shame, Heele dresse a Kings feaft in a spiced flame.

Shad. This diuice, Sir, will bee somewhat a kin to Lady Pride, twill aike coft.
And. Fetch twentie Porters, ile laid all with gold.
Shad. First, master, fil these bags.
And. Come then, hold vp, how now? trickes, new crochets, Madam Fortune? Drie as an Eele-skin? Shaddow, take thou my Gold out.

Shad. Why Sir, here's none in.
Andel. Ha, let me fee: O heres a baftard cheeke,
I fee now tis not mine; tis counterfet,
Tis fo: slaeu thou haft robd thy master.

Sha. Not of a peny, I haue beene as true a steward.

And. Vengeance on thee and on thy stewardship.

Yet wherefore curse I thee? thy leaden foule
Had neuer power to mount vp to the knowledge
Of the rich misterie clofte in my purse.
Oh no, ile curse myfelfe, mine eyes ile curse,
They haue betrayd me, I will curse my tongue,
That hath betrayd me: Ile curse Agrippyne,
Shee hath betrayd me. Sirens ceafe to fing,
Your charmes haue tane effect, for now I fee,
All your enchantments were, to cofen me.

Musicke ceafeth.

Shad. What shally I doe with this ten pound, Sir?
The Comedie of

Andel. Goe buy with it a Chaine and hang thy felle.
Now thinke I on my Fathers propheticie.
Tell none (quothe) the vertue, if you doe,
Much shame, much grieue, much danger follows you.
With teares I credit his diuinitie.
O fingers, were you vpright Justices,
You would teare out mine eyes: had not they gazde
On the fraile colour of a painted cheeke,
None had betraied me: henceforth ile defie
All beautie, and will call a louely eye,
A Sun whose scorching beames burne vp our ioyes,
Or turne them blacke like Ethiopians.
O women, wherefore are you borne mens woe,
Why are your faces fram’d Angelicall?
Your hearts of spunges, soft and smooth in sheu,
But toucht, with poyfon they doe ouer-flow.
Had sacred wisedome beeene my Fathers Fate,
He had died happie, I liu’d fortunate.
Shaddow, beare this to beautious Agripyne,
With it this message, tell her, ile reprooue
Her couetous finne the leffe, because for gold,
I see that moft mens foules too cheape are sold.

Sha. Shal I buy these spicies to day or to morrow?
And. To morrow? I, to morrow thou shalt buy them.
To morrow tell the Princesse I wil loue her,
To morrow tell the king, ile banquet him,
To morrow, Shaddow, will I giue thee gold,
To morrow pride goes bare and luft acold.
To morrow will the rich man seede the poore.
And vice to morrow vertue will adore,
To morrow beggers shall be crowned kings,
This No-time, morrowes-time, no sweetnes fings:
I pray thee hence; beare that to Agripyne.

Shad. Ile goe hence, because you send me: but ile goe weeping hence, for grieue that I must turne villaine as many doe, and leaue you when you are vp to the eares in aduerfitie.

Exit.
Andel. Shee hath robd me, and now ile play the thiefe,
I steale from hence to Cyprus, for blacke shame
Here (through my riots) brands my loftie name.
Ile fell this pride for helpe to beare me thither,
So pride and beggerie shall walke together:
This world is but a Schoole of villanie,
Therefore ile rob my brother, (not of gold,
Nor of his vertues, vertue none will steale :)
But (if I can,) ile steale his wishing Hat.
And with that, wandring round about the world,
Ile search all corners to find miserie,
And where shee dwels, ile dwell, languish and die.

Exit.

Chorus. Gentels, if ere you haue beheld the passions,
The combats of his soule who being a king,
By some usurping hand hath beene deposed
From all his royalties : euen such a soule,
Such eyes, such heart swolne big with sighes and teares,
The flar-croft sonne of Fortunatus weares.
The thoughts crownd him a Monarch in the morn,
Yet now hees bandied by the Seas in scorne,
From waue to waue : his golden treasures spoyle
Makes him in desperate language to intreate,
The winds to spend their furie on his life :
But they (being milde in tyrannie) or scorning
To triumph in a wretches funerall,
Toffe him to Cyprus. O what treacherie
Cannot this Serpent gold intice vs to?
He robs his brother of the Souldans prize,
And hauing got his wish (the wishing Hat)
He does not (as he voud) seeke miserie,
But hopes by that to win his purfe againe,
And in that Hope from Cyprus is he fled.
If your swift thoughts clap on their wonted wings,
In Genoway may you take this fugitive,
Where hauing cozened many Jewellers,
To England backe he comes, step but to court,
And there (disguizde) you find him bargoning
For Jewels with the beautious Agripyne,
Who wearing at her side the vertuous purse,
He clapses her in his armes, and as a Rauen,
Griping the tender-hearted Nightingale,
So flies he with her (wishing) in the ayre,
To be transported to some wildernessse:
Imagine this the place: see here they come.

*Enter Andelocia and Agripyne.*

Since they themselfes haue tongues, mine shall be
dumbe.

*Exit.*

*Enter Andelocia with the wishing Hat on: Agripyna in his hand.*

*Agrip.* What diuell art thou that affrightest me thus,
Haling a Princesse from her fathers court,
To spoyle her in this sauage wildernessse?

*Andel.* Indeed the diuell and the pick-purse should
alwaies flie together, (for they are sworne brothers:)
but Madam Couetoufnes, I am neither a diuell as you
call me, nor a Jeweller as I call my selfe, no, nor a
Jugler, yet ere you and I part, weelee haue some leger-
dimain togethers: do you know me?

*Agrip.* I am betrayed: this is the Cypriot.
Forgiue mee, twas not I that changde thy purse,
But Athelstane my father, send me home,
And heres thy purse againe: here are thy Jewels,
And I in satisfaction of all wrongs.

*Andel.* Talke not you of satisfaction, this is some
recompence that I haue you, tis not the purse I
regard: put it off, and ile mince it as smale as pie
meate: the purse? hang the purse: were that gon,
I can make another, and another, and another,
I and another: tis not the purse I care for, but
the purser: you, I you, Ist not a shame that a
kings daughter, a faire Lady, a Lady not for Lords,
but for Monarches, shoule for gold fell her loue, and
when shee has her owne asking, and that there stands
nothing betweene, then to cheate your sweete heart? O fie, fie, a shee cony-catcher? You must be dealt foundly with.

_Agrip._ Inioyne what paines thou wilt, and ile endure them,
so thou wilt send me to my fathers court.

_Ande._ Nay gods lid, y’ are not gon so: set your heart at rest, for I haue set vp my rest, that except you can runne swifter then a Hart, home you goe not: what paines shall I lay vpon you? Let me see: I could serue you now but a slipperie touch: I could get a young King or two, or three of you, and then send you home, and bid their grand-fire king nurfe them: I could pepper you, but I will not.

_Agrip._ O, doe not violate my chaftitie.

_Ande._ No, why I tell you I am not giuen to the flesh, though I sauor (in your nose) a little of the diuell, I could run away else, and flarue you here.

_Agrip._ If I must die, doome me some easier death.

_Ande._ Or tranforme you (because you loue picking) into a Squirell, and make you picke out a poore liuing here among the Nut trees: but I will not neither.

_Agrip._ What will my gentle Andelocia doe?

_Ande._ Oh, now you come to your old byas of cogging.

_Agrip._ I pray thee Andelocia, let me goe:
Send me to England, and by heauen I sware,
Thou from all kings on earth my loue shalt beare.

And._ Shall I in faith ?

_Agrip._ In faith, in faith thou shalt.

_Ande._ Here, god a mercie: now thou shalt not goe.

_Agrip._ Oh God.

_Ande._ Nay doe you heare Lady? crye not y’ are best: no nor curse me not: if you thinke but a crabbed thought of me, the spirit that caried you in mine armes through the ayre, will tell me all: there-
fore set your Sunday face vpont. Since you’re loue me, ile loue you, ile marrie you, and lie with you, and beget little Juglers: marie home you get not: England you're say is yours: but Agripyne, loue me, and I will make the whole world thine.

Agrip. I care not for the world, thou murdrest me, Betweene my sorrow, and the scalding Sunne I faint, and quickly will my life be done, My mouth is like a Furnace, and drie heate Drinks vp my bloud. Oh God, my heart will burst, I die, vnlesse some moysture quench my thirst.

Andel. S' hart now I am worse then ere I was before:
For halfe the world I would not haue her die.
Heres neither spring nor ditch, nor raine; nor dew, Nor bread nor drinke: my louely Agripyne,
Be comforted, fee here are Apple trees.

Agrip. Clime vp for Gods fake, reach me some of them.

Andel. Looke vp, which of these Apples likes thee best?

Agrip. This hath a withered face, tis some sweete fruit.
Not that, my sorowes are too sawre already.

Andel. Come hither, here are Apples like gold.

Agrip. O, I for Gods fake, gather some of these.
Ay me, would God I were at home againe.

Andel. Stand farder, leaft I chance to fall on thee.

Eates one.

Agrip. O England, shal I ne’re behold thee more?

Andel. Agripyna, tis a most Sugred delicious taft in ones mouth, but when tis downe, tis as bitter as gall.

Agrip. Yet gather some of them. Oh, that a Princeffe
Should pine for foode: were I at home againe,
I shoul disdaine to stand thus and complaine.
And. Heres one Apple that growes highest, 
Agripyna, and I could reach that, ile come downe. 
Hoe flands fishyngh with his girdle for it.

Agrip. Make haft, for the hot Sun doth scald my 
cheeke.

Andel. The funne kisse thee? hold, catch, put on 
my Hat, I will haue yonder highest Apple, though 
I die for't.

Agrip. I had not wont be Sun-burnt, wretched 
mee.

O England, would I were againe in thee.

Exit. He leapes downe.

And. Swounds Agripyna, slay, O I am vndone, 
Sweete Agripyna, if thou hearest my voice, 
Take pittie of me, and returne againe.
Shee flies like lightning: O she heares me not, 
I wish myselfe into a wildernesse,
And now I shall turne wilde: here I shall famish, 
Here die, here curling dye, here rauing die, 
And thus will wound my brest, and rent mine hayre. 
What hils of Flint are growne vpon my browes? 
O me, two forked hornes, I am turn'd beast, 
I haue abuzde two blessings, welth and knowledge, 
Wealth in my purse, and knowledge in my Hat, 
By which being borne into the Courts of kings, 
I might haue seene the wondrous workes of Joue, 
Acquirde Experience, Learning, Wifedome, Truth, 
But I in wildernesse tottered out my youth, 
And therefore must turne wild: must he a beast, 
An vgy beast: my body hornes must beare, 
Because my foule deformitie doth weare.
Liues none within this wood? If none but I 
Liue here (thankes heauen) for here none els shal 
die.

He lies downe and sleepeas under the tree: Enter 

Fortune, Vice, Vertue, the Priest: Satyres with 

Musicke, playing as they come in before Fortune. 

They play awhile.
*The Comedie of*

**Fortune.** See where my new-turnd diuel has built his hel.

**Vice.** Vertue, who conquers now? the foole is tane.

**Vert.** O sleepie sinne.

**Vice.** Sweete tunes wake him againe.

_Musicke awhile, and then cease._

**Fort.** Vice ssets too heauie on his drowzy soule, Musicks sweete concord cannot pierce his eare. Sing and amongst your Songs, mix bitter scorne.

**Vert.** Thole that teare Vertue, must by Vice be torne.

_The Song._

1. **Verse.** Vertue stand aside: the foole is caught, Laugh to see him, laugh aloud to wake him, Follies nets are wide, and neatly wrought, Mocke his hornes, and laugh to see Vice take him.

**Quire.** Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne, Who's the foole? the foole, he wears a horne.

_Ander. Wakens and stands up._

2. **Verse.** Vertue stand aside, mock him, mock him, mock him Laugh aloud to see him, call him foole. Error gaue him sucke, now forrowes rocke him, Send the riotous beast to madnes schoole.

**Quire.** Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne, Who's the foole? the foole, he weares a horne.

3. **Verse.** Vertue stand aside: your schoole he hates. Laugh aloud to see him, mocke, mocke, mock him. Vanitie and hell keepe open gates, Hees in, and a newe nurse (Despaires) must rocke him.
Olde Fortunatus.

Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
Foole, foole, foole, foole, foole, weare still the horne.

When they have done singing, Vice and Vertue hold
Apples out to him, Vice laughing, Vertue grieving.

Andel. O me, what hell is this? fiends, tempt me not.
Thou glorious diuell hence. O now I see,
This fruit is thine, thou hast deformed mee:
Idiot auoide, thy gifts I loath to tast.
Away: since I am entred madnes Schoole,
As good to be a beast, as be a foole.
Away, why tempt you me? some powrefull grace
Come and redeeme me from this hideous place.

Fort. To her hath Andelocia (all his life)
Sworne fealtie, woudst thou forsake her now?

Andel. Whose blessed tongue names Andelocia?

Fort. Hers, who (attended on by destinies)
Shortned thy Fathers life, and lengthens thine.

Andel. O sacred Queene of chance, now shorten mine,

Else let thy deitie take off this shame.

Fort. Wooe her, t'was shee that set it on thy head.

Andel. She laughs to see me metamorphofed. Rifes.

Vert. Wooe me, and ile take off this vgly scorne.

Vice. Wooe me, and ile clap on another horne,

Andel. I am befet with anguish, shame and death.

O bid the Fates worke fast, and stop my breath.

Fort. No Andelocia, thou must liue to see
Worfe torments (for thy follies) light on thee.
This golden tree, which did thine eyes intice,
Was planted here by Vice: loe, here stands Vice:
How often haft thou sued to win her grace?

Andel. Till now, I never did behold her face.

Fort. Thou didst behold her at thy fathers death,
When thou in scorne didst violate his will,
Thou didst behold her, when thy straucht-out arme
Catcht at the highest bough, the loftiest vice,
The fairest Apple, but the fowlest price.
Thou didst behold her, when thy lickerish eye
Fed on the beautie of faire Agripyne,
Becaufe th' adit gold, thou thoughtst al women thine.
When look'ft thou off from her? for they whose soules
Still reuell in the nights of vanitie,
On the faire cheekes of Vice still fixe their eye.
Becaufe her face doth shine, and all her bosome
Beares siluer Moones, thou waft enamord of her.
But hadst thou vpward lookt, and seen these shames,
Or viewd her round about, and in this glasse
Seene Idiots faces, heads of duels and hell,
And read this ha, ha, he, this merrie storie,
Thou wouldst haue loath'd her: where, by louing her,
Thou beart this face, and wearst this vugly head,
And if shee once can bring thee to this place,
Lowd founds these ha, ha, he, sheele laugh apace.

Andel. O, re-transforme me to a glorious shape,
And I will learne how I may loue to hate her.

Fort. I cannot re-transforme thee, wooe this woman.

Andel. This woman! wretched is my state, when I,
To find out wisedome, to a foole must flie.

Fort. Foorle, cleere thine eyes, this is bright Arete,
This is poore Vertue, care not how the world
Doth crowne her head, the world laughs her to scorne,
Yet *Sibi sapit*, Vertue knowes her worth.
Runne after her, sheele give thee these and these
Crownes and Bay-garlands: (honours victories:)
Serue her, and shee will fetch thee pay from heauen,
Or giue thee some bright office in the starres.

Ande. Immortall Arete, Vertue diuine, Kneels.
O smile on me, and I will still be thine.

Vert. Smile thou on me, and I will still be thine:
Though I am iealous of thy Apoflasie,
Ile entertaine thee: here, come taft this tree,
Here's Phyficke for thy sicke deformitie.

Andel. Tis bitter: this fruit I shall ne're digest.

Vert. Trie once againe, the bitterness soone dies.
Olde Fortunatus.

Vice. Mines sweete, taft mine.
Vert. But being downe tis sower,
And mine being downe has a delicious taste.
The path that leades to Vertues court is narrow,
Thornie and vp a hill, a bitter iorney,
But being gon through, you find all heau'nyly sweetes,
The entrance is all flintie, but at th' end,
To towres of pearle and christall you ascend.

Ande. O delicate, O sweete Ambrosian relish,
And see, my ugliness drops from my browes,
Thankes beautious Arete: O had I now
My Hat and purse againe, how I would shine,
And gild my foule with none but thoughts divine.

Fort. That shall be tride, take fruit from both
thee trees,
By helpe of them, winne both thy purse and Hat,
I will instruct thee how, for on my wings
To England shalt thou ride; thy vertuous brother
Is (with that Shadow who attends on thee,)
In London, there ile set thee presently.
But if thou lose our favours once againe,
To taste her sweetes, those sweetes must prooue thy
baine.

Vert. Vice, who shall now be crownd with victorie?
Vice. Shee that triumphes at laft, and that must I.

Exeunt.

Enter Athelstanne, Lincolnne with Agripynne, Cyprus,
Galloway, Cornewall, Chester, Longauile and
Montroffe.

Athel. Lincolne, how set't thou her at libertie?
Lincol. No other prifon held her but your court,
There (in her chamber) hath shee hid her selfe
These two daies, onely to shake off that feare,
Which her late violent rapture caft vpon her.

Cypr. Where hath the beautious Agripyna been?
Agryp. In heauen or hel, in or without the world,
I know not which, for as I oft haue seene
(When angrie Thamesis hath curld her lockes,)

Digitized by Google
A whirle-wind come, and from her frizeld browes,
Snatch vp a handful of those sweatie pearles,
That floode vpon her forhead, which awhile,
Being by the boyfrtous wind hung in the ayre,
At length hath flung them downe and raizd a storme.
Euen with such furie was I wherryed vp,
And by such force held prisoner in the cloudes,
And throwne by such a tempeft downe againe.

Cornew. Some soule is dam'd in hell for this black deede.

Agrip. I haue the purfe safe, and anon your grace
Shall heare the wondrous historie at full.

Cypr. Tel me, tormenter, shall faire Agripyne,
Without more difference be now christend mine?

Agrip. My choice must be my Fathers faire con-

sent.

Athelst. Then shall thy choyce end in this Cypru

s prince.

Before the Sunne shall fixe times more arise,
His royall marriage will we solemnise.
Proclaime this honord match, come Agripyne,
I am glad th' art here, more glad the purfe is mine.

As they are all going in: Enter Andelocia and Shad-
dowe, like Irish Coster-mongers, Agripyna, Longau-
yle, and Montroffe play listening to them, the rest
Exeunt.

Both. Buy any Apples, feene Apples of Tamafo,
feene Tamafo peepins: peeps feene, buy Tamasco peepins.

Agrip. Damafo apples? good my Lord Mont-

roffe,
Call yonder fellowes.

Montr. Sirra Coster-monger.

Shad. Who cals: peeps of Tamafo, feene peeps:
I fat tis de sweetestl apple in de world, tis better den de Pome water, or apple John.

Andel. By my trat Madam, tis reet Tamasco peepins, looke here els.
Olde Fortunatus.

Shad. I dare not say, as de Irishman my countryman say, tast de goodnesse of de fruit: No sayt tis farie teere misiris, by Saint Patrickes hand tis teere Tamasco apple.

Agrip. The fairest fruit that euer I beheld, Damaesco apples, wherefore are they good?

Longa. What is your price of halfe a score of these?

Both. Halfe a score, halfe a score? dat is does many meeter.

Longa. I, I, ten, half a score, thats five and five.

Andel. Feeue and feeue? By my trat and as Creeze faue me la, I cannot tell, what be de price of feeue and feeue, but tis tree crowne for one Peepin, dat is de preez if you take em.

Shad. I fat, tis no less for Tamasco.

Agrip. Three crownes for one? what wondrous vertues haue they?

Shad. O, tis feene Tamasco apple, and shall make you a great teale wise, and make you no foole, and make feene memorie.

Andel. And make dis fash be more faire and amiable, and make dis eyes looke alwaies louely, and make all de court & countrie burne in desire to kisse di none sweete countenance.

Montr. Apples to make a Lady beautifull?
Madam thats excellent.

Agrip. These Irishmen,
Some say, are great dissembleres, and I feare,
These two the badge of their owne countrie weare.

Andel. By my trat, and by Saint Patrickes hand, and as Creez faue me la, tis no dissembler: de Irish man now and den cut di countrie-mans throate, but yet in sayt hee loue di countrie-man, tis no dissembler: dis feene Tamasco apple can make di sweete countenance, but I can take no less but three crownes for one, I weare out my naked legs and my footes, and my tods, and run hidder and didder to Tamasco for dem.
**The Comedie of**

*Shad.* As Creez faue me la, hee speakes true: Peeps feene.

*Agrip.* Ile trie what power lies in Damafco fruit.

*Here are ten crownes for three.* So fare you well.

*Montr.* Lord Longauyle, buy some.

*Longa.* I buy † not I:

Hang them, they are toyes, come Madam, let vs goe. *Exeunt.*

*Both.* Saint Patricke and Saint Peter, and all de holy Angels look vpon dat fath and make it faire.

*Enter Montrosse softly.*

*Shad.* Ha, ha, ha, shees sped, I warrant.

*Andel.* Peace, Shaddow, buy any peepins, buy.

*Both.* Peeps feene, feene Tamafo apples.

*Montr.* Came not Lord Longauyle to buy some fruit †

*Andel.* No fat, master, here came no Lords nor Ladies, but di none sweete selfe.

*Montr.* Tis well, fay nothing, heres fix crownes for two:

You fay the vertues are to make one strong.

*Both.* Yes fat and make sweete countenance & strong too.

*Montr.* Tis excellent, here : farwell, if these proue, Ile conquer men by strength, women by loue. *Exit.*

*Enter Longauyle.*

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha, why this is rare.

*Shad.* Peace, master, here comes another foole.

*Both.* Peepes feene, buy any peepes of Tamafo †

*Longa.* Did not the Lord Montrosse returne to you †

*Both.* No fat, sweete master, no Lord did turne to vs: Peepes feene.

*Longa.* I am glad of it: here are nine crownes for thee:

What are the vertues besides making faire †

*Andel.* O, twill make thee wondrous wife.
Shad. And dow shall bee no more a foole, but sweete face and wife.

Longa. Tis rare, farwell, I neuer yet durft wooe.
None loues me: now ile trie what these can doe.

Exit.

Andel. Ha, ha, ha, So, this is admirable, Shaddow, here end my torments in Saint Patrickes Purgatorie, but thine shall continue longer.

Shad. Did I not clap on a good false Irish face?
Andel. It became thee rarely.
Shad. Yet thats lamentable, that a false face should become any man.

Andel. Thou art a gull, tis all the fashion now, which fashion because weele keepe, step thou abroad, let not the world want fooles: whilst thou art commencing thy knauerie there, ile proceeede Doctor Dodipoll here: that done, thou Shaddow and I will fat our felues to behold the transformation of these fooles: goe flie.

Shad. I feare nothing, but that whilst wee striue to make others fooles, we shall weare the Coxcombes our felues, Pips fine &c. Exit Shaddow.

Enter Ampedo.

Andel. S'hart, here's my brother whome I haue abuzde:
His presence makes me blu[f, it strikes me dead,
To thinke how I am metamorphosed.
Feene peepins of Tama[co &c.

Amp. For shame cast off this Maske.
Andel. Wilt thou buy any pips?

Amp. Mocke me no longer
With idle apparitions: many a land
Haue I with wearie feete and a sicke soule
Measurd to find thee: and when thou art found,
My greatest griefe is, that thou art not loft:
Yet lost thou art, thy fame, thy welth are loft,
Thy wits are loft, and thou haft in their stead,
With shame and cares, and misery crownd thy head.
That Shaddow that pursues thee, fild mine eares
With sad relation of thy wretchedness,
Where is the purse, and where my wishing Hat?

Amp. Where? and where are you created Constable, you stand so much upon Interrogatories? the purse is gone, let that fret you, and the Hat is gone, let that mad you: I runne thus through all trades to ouer-take them, if youle bee quiet, follow me, and helpe, if not, flye from me, and hang your selfe: wilt thou buy any pippins?  Exit.

Amp. O, how I grieue, to see him thus transformd?
Yet from the circles of my jealous eyes,
He shall not start, till he haue reposest
Those vertuous Jewels, which found once againe,
More cause they ne're shall giue me to complaine,
Their worth shall be consum'd in murdring flames,
And end my grieue, his ryot, and our shames.  Exit.

Enter Athelflone, Agripyn, Montooffe and Longauyle with horns, Lincolne and Cornwall.

Athelf. In spite of forcerie trie once againe,
Trie once more in contempt of all dam'd spels.

Agrip. Your maieftie fights with no mortall power.
Shame and not conquest, hangs vpon his strife.
O, touch me not, you addde but paine to paine,
The more you cut, the more they grow againe.

Lincol. Is there no art to conjure dounwe this scorne?
I ne're knew Phisicke yet aganst the horne.

Enter Cyprus.

Athelf. See, prince of Cyprus, thy faire Agripyn
Hath turnd her beautie to deformitie.

Cypr. Then I defie thee, Loue, vaine hopes, adew,
You haue mockt me long; in scorne ible now mocke you.

I came to see how the Lord Longauyle
Was turnd into a monster, and I find
An obieft, which both strikes me dumbe and blind.
To morrow should haue beene our marriage morne,
But now my bride is shame, thy bridegrome scorne.
O tell mee yet, is there no Art, no charmes,
No desperate Physicke for this desperate wound?
   Athelst. Al meanes are tride, but no meanes can
be found.
   Cypr. Then England, farwell : haplesse maide, thy
flars,
Through spitefull influence set our hearts at warres.
I am inforst to leaue thee, and resigne
My loue to grieue.

Enter Orleans and Galloway.

   Agrip. All grieue to Agripyne.
   Cypr. Adew, I would say more, had I a tongue
Able to helpe his master: mightie king,
I humbly take my leaue, to Cyprus I,
My fathers Sonne, muft all such shame defie.    Exit.
   Orle. So doth not Orleans, I defie all thofe,
That loue not Agripyne, and him defie,
That dares but loue her halfe so well as I.
O pardon me, I haue in forrowes Jayle,
Beene long tormented, long this mangled bofome
Hath bled, and neuer durft expofe her wounds,
Till now, till now, when at thy beautious feete,
I offer loue and life, O caſt an eye
Of mercy on me, this deformed face
Cannot affright my foule from louing thee.
   Agri. Talk not of loue, good Orleans, but of hate.
   Orle. What sentence will my loue pronounce on
me?
   Gall. Will Orleans then be mad? O gentle friend.
   Orle. O gentle, gentle friend, I am not mad:
Hees mad, whose eyes on painted cheekes doe doate,
O Galloway, such read beauties booke by roate.
Hees mad, that pines for want of a gay flowre,
Which fades when grief doth blaft, or ficknes lowre,
Which heate doth wither, and white ages froft
Nips dead: such fairenes, when tis found, tis loft.
I am not mad, for louing Agripyne,
The Comedie of

My loue lookes on her eyes, with eyes diuine,
I doate on the rich brightnes of her mind,
That sacr’d beautie strikes all other blind,
O make me happie then, since my desires
Are set a burning by loues purest fires.

Athelf. So thou wilt beare her far from England
fight
Injoy thy wishes.

Agrip. Locke me in some caue,
Where staring wonders eye shall not be guiltie
To my abhorred lookes, and I will die
To thee, as ful of loue as miferie.

Athelf. I am amazde and mad, some speckled
foule
Lies pawnd for this in Hell, without redemption,
Some fiend deludes vs all.

Cornw. O vniust Fates,
Why doe you hide from vs this misterie?

Lincol. My Lord Montrosse, how long haue your
browes worn
This fashio? these two feather-springs of horne?

Montr. An Irish kerne fold me Damasco apples,
Some two howres since, and (like a credulous foole)
Hee swearing to me that they had this power,
To make me strong in body, rich in mind,
I did beleue his words, taasted his fruit,
And since haue been attirde in this disguize.

Longa. I feare that villaine hath beguild me too.

Cornw. Nay before God he has not cozend you,
You haue it soundly.

Longa. Me he made beleue,
One apple of Damasco would inspire
My thoughts with wisedome, and vpon my cheekes
Would cast such beautie, that each Ladies eye,
Which lookt on me, shoulde love me prefently.

Agrip. Desire to looke more faire, makes me more
fowle,
Those apples did intice my wandring eye,
To be enamord of deformitie.
Olde Fortunatus.

Atheisf. This prooues that true, which oft I haue heard in schooles,
Those that would seeme most wise, doe turne most fooles.

Lincol. Here's your best hope, none needes to hide his face,
For horned foreheads swarme in every place.

Enter Chester bringing Andelocia like a French Doctor.

Atheisf. Now Chester, what Physitons haft thou found?

Chester. Many, my leige, but none that haue true skil
To tame such wilde diseases: yet here's one,
A Doctor and a Frenchman, whome report
Of Agripynes grieue hath drawne to court.

Atheisf. Cure her, and Englands treasorie shall stand,
As free for thee to vs, as rayne from heauen.

Monstr. Cure me, and to thy Coffers I will send,
More gold from Scotland then thy life can spend.

Logna. Cure Longauile, and all his wealth is thine.

Ande. He Monsieur Long-villaine gra tanck you:
Gra tanck your mafeestie a great teale artely by my trat:
where be dis Madam Princeza dat be so mushe tormenta?
O Jehu: one, 2: an tree, 4 & 5, ffez horne: Ha, ha, ha,
pardona moy prea wid al mine art, for by my trat, me can no point fhoose but laugh,
Ha, ha, ha, to marke how like tree bul-beggera, dey stand.
Oh, by my trat and fat, di diuela be whorefon, fcuruie, paltry, ill fauores knaue to mocke de Madam, and gentill-home fo:
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lincol. This Doctor comes to mocke your maiestie.

Ande. No by my trat la, but me loua mufha
muha merymant: Come Madam, prea-artely f tand
f ill, and letta mee feele you: dis horne, O tis prettie
horne, dis be facile, easie for pull de vey, but Madame
dis O be grand, grand horne, difficult, and very
depe, tis perilous, a grand Laroone. But Madam,
prea be patient, we shall take it off vell.
Athe.  Thrice haue we pard them off, but with fresh paine,
In compasse of a thought they rise againe.
  Andel.  Its true, tis no easie mattra, to pull horne off, tis easie for pull on, but hard for pull off, some horne bee so good fellow, hee will still inhabit in de mans pate, but tis all one for tat, I shall snap away all dis: Madam trust dis downe into your little belly.
  Agrip.  Father, I am in feare to taste his physicke. Firt let him worke experiments on those.
  Andel.  Ile sawe you for your infidelitie.  Aside. In no place can I spie my wishing Hat.
  Longa.  Thou learned Frenchman, trie thy skill on me, More vgly then I am, I cannot be.
  Montr.  Cure me, and Montrosse welth shall all be thine.
  Andel.  Tis all one for dat: shall doe presently, Madam prea marke me: Monfieur, shamp dis in your two shaps, fo, now Monfieur Long-villaine, dis fo: nowe dis, feare noting, tis efhelent medycyne: fo, now cram dis into your guts, and belly: So, now snap away dis whoreson fower diuela; Ha, ha, Is no point good?

Puts Gallowayes hornes off.

Athe:st.  This is most strange.
Waft painefull Longauyle?
  Longa.  Eafe tooke them off, and there remaines no paine.
  Agrip.  O trie thy sacred Physicke on me.
  Andel.  No by my trat, tis no possibla, tis no possibla, al de mattra, all de ting, all de substante, all de medycyne, be among his and his belly: tis no possibla, till me prepare more.
  Athes:st.  Prepare it then, and thou shalt haue more gold
From Englands Coffers, then thy life can waft.
  Andel.  I must buy many coftily tings dat grow in Arabia, in Asia, and America, by my trat tis no possibla, till another time, no point.
**Olde Fortunatus.**

**Agrip.** There's nothing in the world, but may for gold
Be bought in England, hold your lap ile rayne
A shower of Angels.

**Andel.** Fie, fie, fie, fie, you no credit le dockature?
Ha, but vel, tis all one for tat: tis no mattera for gold:
Vel, vel, vel, vel, me haue some more, prea
fay noting, shall bee presently prepara for your homes.
Shee has my purfe, and yonder lies my Hat,
Worke braine, and once more make me fortunat.
Vel, vel, vel, vel, be patient Madam, presently, pre-
ently, be patient, mee haue two, tree, fourre and five
medicines for de horne: presently Madam, stand you
der, prea wid all mine art, stand you all der: and fay
noting, so: nor looke noting dis vey: so, presently,
presently Madam, snip dis horne off wid de rushes &
anoder ting by and by, by and by, by and by, prea
looke none dis vey, and fay noting. _Get his Hat up._

**Athesf.** Let no man speake, or looke, upon his life.
Doctor, none here shall rob thee of thy skill.

**Andel.** So, taka dis hand: winck now prea artely
wid your two nyes: why so.
Would I were with my brother Ampedo.

*Exit with her.*

**Agrip.** Helpe, Father, helpe, I am hurried hence perforce.

**Athesf.** Draw weapons, wheres the princessse, fol-
low him,
Stay the French Doctor, stay the Doctor there.

**Cornwall and some other run out, and enter presently.**

**Cornew.** Stay him, sh'art who dare stay him? tis the diuell
In likenesse of a Frenchman, of a Doctor.
Looke how a rascal Kyte having swept vp
A Chicken in his clawes, so flies this hell-hound
In th' ayre with Agripyne in his armes.

**Orle.** Mount every man vp on his swiftest horse.
Flie feuerall waies, he cannot beare her farre.

Gall. These paths weele beate.

Excunt Gall. and Orleans.

Lincol. And this way shall be mine.

Cornw. This way, my Leige, ile ride.

Athesl. And this way I:

No matter which way, to seeke miserie. Exit Athelsl.

Loga. I can ride no way, to out-runne my shame.

Montr. Yes, Longauile, lets gallop after too,

Doubtlesse this Doctor was that Irish dulell,

That cozend vs, the medicine which he gaue us,

Tasted like his DamaSCO villanie.

To horse, to horse, if we can catch this fiend,

Our forked shame shall in his heart bloud end.

Longa. O how this mads me, that all tongues in

fcorne,

Which way so ere I ryde, cry, Ware the horne.

Excunt.

Enter Andelocia, with Agripyne, Ampedo and Shaddow.

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia pittie me,

Take off this infamie, or take my life.

Andel. Your life? you thinke then that I am a

true Doctor indeede, that tie vp my liuing in the

knots of winding sheetes: your life? no, keepe your

life, but deliuer your purfe: you know the theifes falu-
tation, Stand & deliuer, So, this is mine, and these

yours: Ile teach you to liue by the sweate of other

mens browes.

Shad. And to strieue to be fairer then God made

her.

Andel. Right, Shaddow: therefore vanish, you

haue made me turne Iugler, and crie hey-passe, but your

horses shall nct repasse.

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia.

And. Andelocia is a Nettle: if you touch him

gently, heele stinge you.

Shad. Or a rofe, if you pul his sweete stalke heele

prick you.
Olde Fortunatus.

Andel. Therefore not a word, goe, trudge to your Father: sigh not for your purse, money may be got by you, as well as by the little Welshwoman in Cyprus, that had but one horne in her head, you have two; and perhaps you shall cast both: as you vfe me, marke those words well, as you vfe me, nay, y'are best flie, ile not endure one word more. Yet flay too, because you intreate me so gently, and that ile make some amends to your Father, although I care not for any King in Christendome, yet hold you, take this Apple, eate it as you goe to court, and your hornes shall play the cowards and fall from you,

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia.

Andel. Nay away, not a word.

Shad. Ha, ha, ha, &c. Ware hornes.

Exit Agrip. weeping.

Andel. Why doest thou laugh, Shaddow?

Shad. To see what a horne plague followes coueteousnesse and pride.

Amp. Brother, what misteries lie in all this!

Andel. Trickes, Ampedo, trickes, deuifes, and mad Herogliphickes, mirth, mirth, and melody. O, there's more musicke in this, then all the Gammoth ares, and Sol Fa Res, in the world; here's the purse, and here's the Hat: because you shal be sure ile not start, weare you this you know his vertue; if danger be set you, flie & away: A sort of broken-shind limping legd Jades runne hobling to seeke vs: Shaddow, weele for all this haue one fit of mirth more, to make vs laugh and be fat.

Shad. And when we are fat, master, weele doe as all gluttons doe, laugh and lie downe.

Andel. Hiet hee to my chamber, make ready my richest attire, ile to Court presently.

Shad. Ile goe to Court in this attire, for apparell is but the shaddow of a man, but shaddow is the substance of his apparell. Exit Shaddow.

Andel. Away, away, and mete me presently.

Amp. I had more neede to cry, away to thee.
Away, away with this wilde lunacie,
Away with ryots.

Ander. Away with your puritie, brother, y'are an
Asle, why doth this purfe spit out gold but to be spent?
why liues a man in this world, to dwell in the Suburbs
of it, as you doe? Away forren simplicitie, away:
are not eyes made to see faire Ladies? hearts to loue
them? tongues to court them, & hands to feele
them? Out your Stocke, you flone, you logs end:
Are not legs made to daunce, and shall mine limp vp
and downe the world after your cloth-stockin-heeles?
you haue the Hat, keepe it, anon ile visit your ver-
tuous countenance againe, adew, pleasure is my sweete
mistris, I weare her loue in my Hat, and her foule in
my heart: I haue sworne to bee merry, and in spite
of Fortune and the blacke-browd destinies, ile never
be fad.

Amped. Goe, foole, in spite of mirth, thou shalt be
fad.
Ile burie halfe thy pleasures in a graue
Of hungrie flames, this fire I did ordaine
To burne both purfe and Hat: as this doth perish,
So haile the other; count what good and bad
They both haue wrought, the good is to the ill,
As a small Pible to a mightie hill.
Thy glorie and thy mischieves here shall burne,
Good gifts abuzde to mans confusion turne.

Enter Longaule, and Montrofe with Souldiers.

Longa. This is his brother: Souldiers, bind his
armes.

Montr. Bind armes and legs, and hale the fiend
away.

Amp. Vnciuill: wherfore must I taste your spite?

Longa. Art thou not one of Fortunatus fones?

Amped. I am, but he did neuer doe you wrong.

Longa. The diuell thy brother has, villaine, looke
here.
Olde Fortunatus.

Montr. Where is the beautious purse and wishing Hat?

Amped. My brother Andelocia has the pursé, This way heele come anon to passe to court, Alas, that sinne should make mens hearts so bold, To kill their soules for the base thirst of gold. The wishing Hat is burnt.

Montr. Burnt? Souldiers bind him. Tortures shall wring both hat and pursé from you, Villaine, ile be reueng’d for that base scorne, Thy hell-hound brother clapt vpon my head.

Longa. And so will Longauyle.

Away with him.

Montr. Drag him to yonder towre, there shackle him, And in a paires of Stockes, locke vp his heeles, And bid your wishing Cap deliuer you. Giue vs the pursé and Hat, weele set thee free, Els rot to death and starue.

Amp. Oh tyranny, you need not scorne the badge which you did beare:

Beasts would you be, though hornes you did not weare.

Montr. Drag hence the cur: come noble Longauyle, One’s fure, and were the other fiend as saft, Their pride should cost their liues: their pursé and Hat Shall be both ours, weele share them equally.

Longa. That will be some amends for airming me.

Enter Andelocia and Shaddow after him.

Montr. Peace, Longauyle, yonder the gallant comes.

Longa. Y’are well encountred.

Andel. Thankes, Lord Longauyle.

Longa. The king expects your presence at the court.

Andel. And thither am I going.
Shad. Pips fine, fine apples of Tamasco, ha, ha, ha.
Montr. Wert thou that Irishman that costend vs?
Shad. Pips fine, ha, ha, ha, no not I: not Shadow.
Andel. Were not your Apples delicate and rare?
Longa. The worst that ere you fold; Sirs, bind him fast.
Andel. What, wil you murder me? helpe, help, some helpe.
Shad. Helpe, helpe, helpe. Exit Shadow.
Montr. Follow that Dog, and stop his balling throate.
Andel. Villaines, what means this barbarous trechery?
Longa. We meane to be reueng'd for our disgrace.
Montr. And stop the golden current of thy waft.
Andel. Murder, they murder me, O call for helpe.
Long. Thy voice is spent in vain, come, come, this purs,
This wel-spring of your prodigalitie.
Andel. Are you appointed by the king to this?
Montr. No, no, rise, spurne him vp: know you who's this?
Andel. My brother Ampedo? Alas, what fate
Hath made thy vertues so unfortunate?
Amp. They ryot and the wrong of these two Lords,
Who (caufelesse) thus do starue me in this prision.
Longa. Striue not y'are best, villaines, lift in his legs.
Andel. Traitors to honor, what doe you intend?
Longa. That ryot shall in wretchednesse haue end.
Question thy brother with what cost hees fed,
And so assure thou shalt be banquetted.
Exeunt they two.

Amp. In want, in miserie, in woe and care,
Poore Ampedo his fill hath furfeted:
My want is famine, bolts my miserie,
My care and woe shoulde be thy portion.
Andel. Giue me that portion, for I haue a heart
 Shall spend it freely, and make bankrowt
 The proudest woe that euer wet mans eye.
 Care with a mischiefe ? wherefore should I care ?
 Haue I rid side by side by mightie kings,
 Yet be thus bridled now ? Ile teare these fetters.
 Murder, cry murder, Ampedo, alowd.
 To beare this scorne our Fortunes are too proud.
  Amp. O folly, thou hast powre to make flesh glad,
 When the rich foule in wretchednesse is clad.
  Ande. Peace, foole, am not I Fortunes minion ?
 These bands are but one wrinkle of her frowne,
 This is her Euening maske, her next mornes eye
 Shall ouer-shine the Sunne in maiestie.
  Amp. But this sad night will make an end of me.
 Brother, farwell, grieue, famine, sorrow, want,
 Haue made an end of wretched Ampedo.
  Andel. Where is the wishing Hat ?
  Amp. Confum'd in fire.
  Ande. Accursed be those hands that did destroy it,
 That would redeeme vs, did we now enjoy it.
  Amp. Wanton, farwel, I faint, deaths frozen hand
 Congeales lifes little Riuier in my breft.
 No man before his end is truely blest.  Dyes.
  Andel. O miserable, miserable foule.
 Thus a foule life makes death to looke more foule.

 Enter Longauyle and Montroffe with a halter.

 Longa. Thus shall this golden purse diuided be,
 One day for you, another day for me.
  Montr. Of daies anon, say, what determine you,
 Shall they haue libertie, or shall they die ?
 Long. Die fure : and see, I thinke the elder's dead.
  And. I, murderers, he is dead, O sacred wisdom,
 Had Fortunatus beene enamored
 Of thy celestiall beautie, his two fonnes
 Had shind like two bright Sunnes.
 Longa. Pul hard, Montroffe.
Andel. Come you to strangle me? are you the hangman?
Hell-hounds y' are dam'd for this impietie.
Fortune, forgiue me, I defereue thy hate,
My selfe haue made myselfe a reprobate:
Vertue, forgiue me, for I haue transgress
Against thy lawes, my vowes are quite forgot,
And therefore shame is falne to my sinnes lot.
Riches and knowledge are two gifts diuine.
They that abuse them both as I haue done,
To shame, to beggerie, to hell must runne.
O conscience hold thy sting, cease to afflict me.
Be quicke, tormentors, I desire to die.
No death is equal to my miserie.
Cyprus, vaine world, and Vanitie farwell.
Who builds his heauen on earth, is sure of hell.
Lon. He's dead: in some deepe vault lets throw
their bodies.
Montr. First let us see the purfe, Lord Longauyle.
Longa. Here tis, by this weele fill this towre with gold.
Montr. Frenchman, this purfe is counterfeit.
Longa. Thou lyest.
Scot, thou haft cozend me, giue me the right,
Els shall thy bosome be my weapons graue.
Montr. Villaine, thou shalt not rob me of my due.

They fight: Enter Athelstane, Agripyno, Orleans,
Galloway, Cornewall, Chester, Lincolne, and
Shaddow with weapons at one dore: Fortune,
Vice, and their attendants at another dore.

All. Lay hands upon the murderers, strike them downe.

Fortune. Surrender vp this purfe for this is mine.
All. Are these two duiels, or some powers diuine?
Shad. O see, fee, O my two maisters, poore Shaddowes substances; what shall I doe? whose body shall Shaddow now follow?
Olde Fortunatus.

Fort. Peace, Ideot, thou shalt find rich heapes of
fooles,
That will be proud to entertaine a Shaddow.
I charme thy babbling lips from troubling me.
You need not hold them, see, I smite them downe
Lower then hell: base foules, fincke to your heauen.

Vice. I doe arrest you both my prisoners.

Fort. Stand not amazde, you gods of earth, at this,
Shee that arresteth these two foules is Vice,
They haue broke Vertues laws, Vice is her seruante,
Her Jayer and her executioner.
Looke on those Cypriots, Fortunatus sones,
They and their Father were my minions,
My name is Fortune.

All. O dread deitie.

Fort. Kneele not to me: if Fortune lift to frowne,
You need not fal downe, for sheele spurne you downe,
Arise, but foules, on you icle triumph thus.
What haue you gaine by being couetous?
This prodigall purfe did Fortunes bounteous hand
Bestow on them, their ryots made them poore,
And fet these markes of miserable death,
On all their pride, the famine of base gold
Hath made your foules to murders hands be fold,
Onely to be cald rich. But Ideots see
The vertues to be fled, Fortune hath caufd it so,
Those that will all deuowre, must all forgoe.

Athesf. Most sacred Goddesse.

Fortune. Peace, you flatterer.

Thy tongue but heapes more vengeance on thy head.
Fortune is angrie with thee, in thee burns
A greedie couetous fire, in Agripyne
Pride like a Monarch reuels, and those finnes
Haue lead you blind-fold to your former shames,
But Vertue pardond you, and so doth Fortune.

Athesf. and Agrip. All thankes to both your sacred
deities.

Fort. As for these Mettall-eaters, these base thieues,
Who rather then they would be counted poore,
Will dig through hell for gold, you were forgien
By Vertues generall pardon; her broade seale
Gauue you your liues, when shee tooke off your hornes.
Yet hauing scarce one foote out of the Jayle,
You tempt damnation by more desperate meanes,
You both are mortall, and your paines shall ring
Through both your eares, to terrifie your soules,
As plesse the Judgement of this mortall king.

_Athelst._ Faire Empresse of the world, since you resigne
Your power to me, this sentence shall be mine,
Thou shalt be torturd on a wheele to death,
Thou with wild horsees shalt be quartered.

_Vice._ Ha, ha, weake Judge, weake judgement, I reuerse
That sentence, for they are my prisoners,
Embalme the bodies of those Cypriots,
And honour them with princely buriall,
For those doe as you please, but for these two,
I kisse you both, I loue you, y' are my minions.
Untie their bands, Vice doth repriue you both,
I set you free.

_Both._ Thankes, gracious deitie.

_Vice._ Beg gon, but you in libertie shall find
More bondage then in chaines, foole, get you hence,
Both wander with tormented conscience.

_Longa._ O horrid Judgement, thats the hell indeede.

_Mon._ Come, come, our death ne're ends if conscience bleede.

_Both._ O miserable, miserable men. _Exeunt._

_Fortune._ Fortune triumphes at this, yet to appeare,
All like my selfe, that which from those I tooke,
King Athelstane I will beftow on thee,
And in it the old vertue I infuse:
But, king, take heede how thou my gifts doest vse.
England shall ne’re be poore, if England triue,
Rather by vertue, then by wealth to triue.
Olde Fortunatus.

Enter Vertue, crownd: Nymphes and kings attending on her, crownd with Olive branches and lawrels, musicke sounding.

Vice. Vertue ? alas good foule, thee hides her head.

Vert. What enuiusious tongue said, Vertue hides her head ?

Vice. Shee that will driue thee into banishment.

Fort. Shee that hath conquerd thee: how dar'st thou come,
Thus trickt in gawdy Feathers, and thus garded,
Which crowned kings and Mufes, when thy foe
Hath trod thus on thee, and now triumphes so ?
Where's vertuous Ampedo ? See, hees her flaue,
For following thee this recompence they haue.

Vert. Is Ampedo her flaue ? why that's my glorie.
The Idiots cap I once wore on my head,
Did figure him, those that (like him) doe muffle
Vertue in clouds, and care not how shee shine,
Ile make their glorie like to his decline :
He made no vfe of me, but like a misr,
Lockt up his wealth in rustie barres of sloth :
His face was beautifull, but wore a maske,
And in the worlds eyes seemd a Blackamore.
So perisf they that so keepe vertue poore.

Vice. Thou art a folee to striue, I am more strong,
And greater then thy selfe, then Vertue flie,
And hide thy face, yeeld me the victorie.

Vert. Is Vice higher then Vertue ? that's my glorie,
The higher that thou art, thou art more horrid,
The world will loue me for my comlynesse.

Fortu. Thine owne selfe loues thy selfe: why on the heads
Of Agripyne, Montrofle and Longauyle,
(English, Scot, French) did Vice clap vgly hornes,
But to approue that English, French and Scot,
And all the world els, kneele and honour Vice,
But in no Countrie, Vertue is of price?
Vert. Yes, in all Countries Vertue is of price,
In euery kingdome some diuiner brefet
Is more enamord of me then the rest.
Haue English, Scot, and French bowd knees to thee?

Why that's my glorie too, for by their shame,
Men will abhor thee and adore my name.

Fortune, thou art too weake, Vice th' art a foole,
To fight with me, I suffred you awhile,
To eclipse my brightnes, but I now will shine,
And make you sweare your beautie's bafe to mine.

Fort. Thou art too insolent, see here's a court
Of mortall Judges, lets by them be tride,
Which of vs three shall most be deifie.

Vice. I am content.
Fort. And I.
Vert. So am not I.

My Judge shall be your sacred deitie.

Vice. O miserable me, I am vndon.

Exit Vice and her traine.

All. O stop the horrid monster.
Vert. Let her runne.

Fortune, who conquers now?

Fort. Vertue, I see,
Thou wilt triumph both ouer her and me.

All. Empresse of heauen and earth.

Fort. Why doe you mocke me?

Kneele not to me, to her transfer your eyes,
There fits the Queene of Chance, I bend my knees,
Lower then yours: dread goddesse, tis most meete,
That Fortune fall downe at thy conqu'ring feete.

Thou facred Empresse that commandst the Fates,
Forgiue what I haue to thy handmaid don,
And at thy Chariot wheeles Fortune shall run,
And be thy captiue and to thee refigne
All powers which heau'ns large Patent haue made mine.
Vert. Fortune th'art vanquisht: sacred deitie,
O now pronounce who winnes the victorie,
And yet that sentence needes not, since alone,
Your vertuous presence Vice hath ouer-throwne,
Yet to confirme the conquest on your side,
Looke but on Fortunatus and his sones
Of all the welth those gallants did possesse,
Onely poore Shaddow is left comfortlesse,
Their glorye's faded and their golden pride.

Sha. Onely poore Shaddow tels how poore they died.

Vert. All that they had, or mortall men can haue,
Sends onely but a Shaddow from the graue.
Vertue alone liues still, and liues in you,
I am a counterfeit, you are the true,
I am a Shaddow, at your feete I fall,
Begging for thefe, and thefe, my selfe and all.
All these that thus doe kneele before your eyes,
Are shaddowes like my selfe, dread Nymph it lyes
In you to make vs substances. O doe it,
Vertue I am sure you loue, thee woes you to it.
I read a verdict in your Sun-like eyes,
And this it is: Vertue the victorie.

All. All loudly cry, Vertue the victorie.

Vert. Vertue the victorie: for ioy of this,
Those selfe fame himnes which you to Fortune fung
Let them be now in Vertues honour rung.

The Song.

Vertue smiles: crie hollyday,
Dimples on her cheekes doe dwell,
Vertue frownes, crie wellada,
Her loue is Heauen, her hate is Hell.
Since heau'n and hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes doe lowre.
The Comedie of Olde Fortunatus.

Since heau’n and hell her power obey,  
Where shee smiles, crie hollyday.  
    Hollyday with ioy we crie,  
    And bend, and bend, and merily,  
Sing hymnes to vertues deitie:  
Sing hymnes to Vertues deitie.

As they all offer to goe in, Enter the two old men.
THE EPILOGUE AT COURT.

1. Nay stay, poore pilgrims, when I entred first
   The circle of this bright celestiall Sphaere,
   I wept for ioy, now I could weepe for feare.

2. I feare we all like mortall men shall proue
   Weake (not in loue) but in expressing loue.

1. Let every one beg once more on his knee,
   One pardon for himselfe, and one for mee,
   For I intic'd you hither: O deere Goddesse,
   Breathe life in our nombd spirits with one smile,
   And from this cold earth, we with liuely soules
   Shal rife like men (new-borne) and make heau'n found
   With Hymnes fung to thy name, and praiers that we
   May once a yeere so oft enjoy this fight,
   Til these yong boyes change their curld locks to white,
   And when gray-winged Age fits on their heads,
   That so their children may supply their Steads,
   And that heau'ns great Arithmetician,
   (Who in the Scales of Nomber weyes the world)
   May fill to fortie two, and one yeere more,
   And fill adde one to one, that went before,
   And multiply fourte tennes by many a ten:
   To this I crie Amen.

   All. Amen, amen.

1. Good nyght (deere mistris) those that wish thee
   harme,
   Thus let them floope vnder destructions arme.

   All. Amen, Amen, Amen.

   Exeunt.

FINIS.

Tho. Dekker.
Satiro-maftix.

OR

The vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.

As it hath bin presented publikely, by the Right Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants; and priuatly, by the Children of Paules.

By Thomas Dekker.

Non recito cuiquam nisi Amicis idq; coactus.

LONDON,
Printed for Edward VVhite, and are to bee solde at his shop, neere the little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1602.
Dramatis personae.

1. William Rufus.
2. Sir Walter Terill.
4. S. Quintilian Shorthose.
5. Sir Adam Prickshaft.
7. Crispinus.
8. Demetrius Fannius.
11. Asinius Bubo.
12. Peter Flash.
13. Cæleſtine.
15. Ladies.

Ad Detraſtorem.

Non potes in Nugas dicere pluram meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi.—Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: Nos hæc nouimus efse nihil.
To the World.

Orld, if was once resolu'd to bee round with thee, because if know it is thy fashion to bee round with every bodie: but the winde shifting his point, the Veine turn'd: yet because thou wilt sit as Judge of all matters (though for thy labour thou wear'st Midas's eares, and art Monstrum horrendum, informe: Ingens cui lumen ademptum; whose great Poliphemian eye is put out) if care not much if I make descriptio (before thy Vincentia) of that terrible Poetomachia, lately commenc'd betweene Horace the second, and a band of leane-witted Poetafters. They haue bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serve them, but (for want of Chopins) haue stalk't upon Stages.

Horace hal'd his Poetafters to the Barre, the Poetafters untruff'd Horace: how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully, (World) leave it to the furie: Horace (questiones) made himselfe beleuee, that his Burgonian wit might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take vp the joyles against him: It's likely, if he had not so beleu'd, he had not bin so deceu'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon: And if before Apollo himselfe (who is Coronator Poetarum) an
Inquisition should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry: all mount Helicon to Bun-hill, it would be found on the Poetafers side Se defendendo. Notwithstanding the Doctors think otherwise. I meete one, and he runnes full But at me with his Satires hornes, for that in vntrussing Horace I did onely whip his fortunes, and condition of life, where the more noble Reprehension had bin of his mindes Deformitie, whose greatnes if his Criticall Lynx had with as narrow eyes, observ'd in himselfe, as it did little spots upon others, without all disputation: Horace would not have left Horace out of Every man in's Hymour. His fortunes? why does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his Arraignement and fee. A second Cat-a-mountaine mewes, and calle sa Barren, because my braines could bring foorth no other Stigmaticke than Tucca, whome Horace had put to making, and begot to my hand: but I wonder what language Tucca would have spoke, if honest Capten Hannam had bin borne without a tongue? If not as lawfull then for mee to imitate Horace, as Horace Hannam? Besides, If I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what Test jo euer) hee had bin out-fac'd, and out-veyed by a settled former approbation: neyther was it much improper to set the same dog upon Horace, whom Horace had set to worrie others.

I could heere (even with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations: but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the divinest part of true Poesie) that (howsoever the limmes of my naked lines may bee and I know have bin, tor-tur'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring
To the World.

the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our new Horace; neyther should this ghost of Tucca, haue walkt vp and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was rais'd vp (in print) by newe Exorcismes. World, if thy Hugenes will beleue this: doe, if not, I care not: for I dedicate my booke not to thy Greatnes, but to the Greatnes of thy scorne: Defying which, let that mad Dog Detraction bite till his teeth bee wore to the stumps: Enuy feede thy Snakes so fat with poyfon till they burst: World, let all thy Adders shooe out their Hidra-headed-forked Stinges, Ha, ha, Nauci; if none will take my part, (as I desire none) yet I thanke thee (thou true Venfusian Horace) for these good wordes thou giu'ft me: Populus me fibylat at mihi plaudo. World farewell.

Malim Conuiuis quam placuisse Cocis.
The Vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.

Enter two Gentlewomen strewing of flowers.

1. Ome bedfellow come, strew apace, strew, strew: in good troth tis pitty that these flowers must be trodden vnder feete as they are like to bee anon.

2. Pitty, alacke pretty heart, thou art sorry to see any good thing fall to the ground: pitty? no more pitty, then to see an Innocent Mayden-head deliuered vp to the ruffling of her new-wedded husband. Beauty is made for vse, and hee that will not vse a sweete foule well, when she is vnder his fingers, I pray Venus he may neuer kisste a fair and a delicate, soft, red, plump-lip.

1. Amen, and that's torment enough.

2. Pitty? come foole, fling them about luftily; flowers neuer dye a sweeter death, than when they are smoother'd to death in a Louers bosome, or else paue the high wayes, ouer which these pretty, impring, setting things, call'd bridies, muft trippe.

1. I pray thee tell mee, why doe they vse at wed-dings to furnith all places thus, with sweete hearbes and flowers?

2. One reason is, because tis —— a most sweet thing to lye with a man.

1. I think tis a O more more more more sweet to lye with a woman.
2. I warrant all men are of thy minde: another reason is, because they sticke like the scutchions of madame chastity, on the fable ground, weeping in their stalkes, and wincking with their yellow-funke eyes, as loathe to beholde the lamentable fall of a Maydenhead: what fenceless thing in all the house, that is not nowe as melancholy, as a new set vp Schoolemaster?

1. Troth I am.
2. Troth I thinke thou mournst, because th'asst mist thy turne, I doe by the quiuer of Cupid: you see the torches melt themselues away in teares: the instruments weare their heart stringes out for sorrow: and the Siluer Ewers weepe most pittifull Rosewater: fiue or fixe payre of the white innocent wedding gloues, did in my fight choose rather to be torn in peeces than to be drawne on; and looke this Rosemary, (a fatall hearbe) this dead-mans nose-gay, has crept in amongst these flowers to decke th' inuisible coarfe of the Bride's Maydenhead, when (oh how much do we poore wenches suffer) about eleuen or twelue, or one a clock at midnight at furtheft, it descends to purgatory, to giue notice that Caelestine (hey ho) will neuer come to lead Apes in hell.

1. I see by thy sighing thou wilt not.
2. If I had as many Mayden-heads, as I have hayres on my head, Ide venture them all rather then to come into so hot a place; prethy sere thou, for my little armes are weary.

1. I am sure thy little tongue is not.
2. No faith that's like a woman bitten with fleas, it neuer lyes stil: fye vpont, what a miserable thing tis to be a noble Bride, there's such delayes in risinge, in fitting gowynes, in tyring, in pinning Rebatoes, in poaking, in dinner, in supper, in Reuels, & last of all in curling the poore nodding fidlers, for keeping Miftris Bride so long vp from sweeter Reuels; that, oh I could neuer endure to put it vp without much bickering.
the Humorous Poet.

1. Come th'art an odde wench, hark, harke, musicke? nay then the Bride's vp.

2. Is she vp? nay then I see she has been downe: Lord ha mercy on vs, we women fall and fall still, and when we haue husbands we play upon them like Virginall Jackes, they must ryse and fall to our humours, or else they'll never get any good straines of musicke out of vs; but come now, haue at it for a mayden-head.

As they flre, enter Sir Quintilian Shorthofe with Peeter Flash and two or three seruingmen, with lights.

Sir quin. Come knaues, night begins to be like my felse, an olde man; day playes the theefe and steales vpon vs; O well done wenches, well done, well done, you haue couered all the stony way to church with flowers, tis well, tis well, ther's an Emblemme too, to be made out of these flowers and stones, but you are honest wenches, in, in, in.

2. When we come to your yearaes, we shal leare what honestly is, come pew-fellow. 

Sir quin. Is the musicke come yet? so much to do! Ift come?

Omnes. Come sir.

Sir quin. Haue the merry knaues pul'd their fiddle cafes ouer their instruments eares?

Flash. As soone as they entred our gates, the noyse went, before they came nere the great Hall, the faint hearted villiacoes founded at leaft thrice.

Sir quin. Thou shouldst haue reuiev'd them with a Cup of burnt wine and fugar; sirra, you, horfe-keeper, goe, bid them curry theyr strings: Is my daughter vp yet?

Flash. Vp sir? she was seene vp an houre agoe.

Sir quin. Shee's an early sturrer, ah sirra.

Flash. Shee'l be a late sturrer soone at night sir.

Sir Quint. Goe too Peeter Flash, you haue a good
fodaine flash of braine, your wittes husky, and no
maruaile, for tis like one of our Comedians beardes,
fill ith stubble: about your bufines and looke you be
nymble to flye from the wine, or the nymble wine will
catch you by the nose.

Flash. If youre wine play with my nose Sir, Ile
knocke's coxcombe.

Sir quin. Doe Peeter, and weare it for thy labour;
Is my Sonne in Law Sir Walter Terell ready yet?

Omnes. Ready Sir. Exit another.

Sir Quin. One of you attend him: Stay Flash,
where's the note of the guestes you haue inuited?

Flash. Here Sir, Ile pull all your guestes out of my
bosome; the men that will come, I haue crosst, but all
the Gentlewomen haue at the tayle of the last letter
a pricke, becaufe you may read them the better.

Sir Quin. My spectacles, lyght, lyght, knaues: Sir
Adam Prickshaft, thou haft crosst him, heele come.

Flash. I had much a doe sir, to draw Sir Adam
Prickshaft home, becaufe I tolde him twas early, but
heele come.

Sir quin. Justice Crop, what will he come?
Flash. He took phificke yesterday sir.

Sir quin. Oh then Crop cannot come.

Flash. O Lord yes, sir yes, twas but to make more
roome in his Crop for your good cheare, Crop will
come.

Sir quin. Widdow Mineuer.
Flash. Shee's prickt you see sir, and will come.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan ap Rees, oh hee's crosst
twffe, fo, fo, fo, then all these Ladies, that fall downe-
wardes heere, will come I see, and all these Gentlemen
that stand right before them.

Flash. All wil come.

Sir quin. Well sayd, heere, wryte them out agen,
and put the men from the women; and Peeter, when
we are at Church bring wine and cakes, be light &
nimble good Flash, for your burden will be but
light.
Enter Sir Adam a light before him.

Sir Adam Prickeshaft. God morrow, god morrow: goe, in, in, in, to the Bridegrome, tase a cup of burnt wine this morning, twill make you flye the better all the day after,

Sir Adam. You are an early flyrre Sir Quintilian Shorthose.

Sir qui. I am so, it behoues me at my daughters wedding, in, in, in; fellow put out thy torch, and put thy felfe into my buttery, the torch burnes ill in thy hand, the wine will burne better in thy belly, in, in.

Flash. Ware there, roome for Sir Adam Prickeshaft: your Worship— Exit.

Enter Sir Vaughan and Misfris Mineuer.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan and Widdow Mineuer, welcome, welcome, a thousand times: my lips Misfris Widdow shall bid you God morrow, in, in, one to the Bridegrome, the other to the Bride.

Sir Vaughan. Why then Sir quintilian Shorthose, I will step into misfris Bride, and Widdow Mineuer, shall goe vpon M. Bridegroome.

Mineuer. No pardon, for by my truely Sir Vaughan, Ile ha no dealings with any M. Bridegroomes.

Sir quin. In widdow in, in honest knight in.

Sir Vaug. I will vther you misfris widdow.

Flash. Light there for Sir Vaughan; your good Worship—

Sir Vaug. Drinke that shilling Ma. Peeter Flash, in your guttes and belly.

Flash. Ile not drinke it downe sir, but Ile turne it into that which shall run downe, oh merrily!

Exit Sir Vaughan.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, and others with Ladies, lights before them.

Sir quin. God morrow to these beauties, and Gen-
tlemen, that haue Vspered this troope of Ladyes to my daughters wedding, welcome, welcome all; musick? nay then the bridegroome's comming, where are these knaues heere?

*Flashe.* All here sir.

*Enter Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Celestine, Mineuer, and other Ladies and attendants with lights.*

*Terill.* Good morrow Ladies and fayre troopes of gallants, that haue depof'd the drowsy King of sleep, to Crowne our traine with your rich presences, I salute you all;
Each one share thanks from thanks in generall.

*Crif.* God morrow M. Bride-groome, misfris Bride.

*Omnis.* God morrow M. Bride-groome.

*Terill.* Gallants I shal intreate you to prepare, For Maskes and Reuels to defeate the night, Our Soueraigne will in perfon grace our marriage.

*Sir quin.* What will the king be heer?

*Terill.* Father he will.

*Sir quin.* Where be these knaues? More Rosemary and gloues, gloues, gloues: choose Gentleman; Ladyes put on soft skins vpon the skin of softer hands; so, so: come misfris Bride take you your place, the olde men first, and then the Batchelors; Maydes with the Bride, Widdows and wiuas together, the priest's at Church, tis time that we march thether.

*Terill.* Deare Blunt at our returne from Church, take paines to step to Horace, for our nuptiall songs; now Father when you please.

*Sir quin.* Agreed, set on, come good Sir Vaughan, must we lead the way?

*Sir Vau.* Peeter you goe too faste for Misfris pride: so, gingerly, gingerly; I muse why Sir Adam Pricke-shaft sticks so short behinde?

*Sir quin.* He follows close, not too faste, holde vp knaues,
Thus we lead youth to church, they vs to graues.

Exeunt.

Horrace sitting in a study behinde a Curtaine, a candle by him burning, books lying confusedly: to himself.

Hor. To thee whose fore-head swells with Roses, Whose most haunted bower Giues life & sent to every flower, Whose most adored name incloses, Things abstruse, deep and divine, Whose yellow tresses shine, Bright as Eoan fire.
O me thy Priest inspire.
For I to thee and thine immortall name, In—in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortall name— In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming:
In sacred raptures swimming,
Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, Pux, hath, shame, proclaim, oh—
In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaim, not—
O me thy Priest inspyre!
For I to thee and thine immortall name, In flowing numbers fild with spright and flame, Good, good, in flowing numbers fild with spright & flame.

Enter Asinius Bubo.

Asini. Horace, Horace, my sweet ningle, is always in labour when I come, the nine Muses be his midwives I pray Jupiter: Ningle.

Hor. In flowing numbers fild with spright and flame,
To thee.

Asini. To me? I pledge thee sweet Ningle, by Bacchus quaffing boule, I thought th' adst drunke to me.
Hor. It must haue been in the deveine lycur of Pernassus, then in which, I know you would scarce haue pledg'd me, but come sweet roague, fit, fit, fit.

Asini. Our head and eares yfaith! I haue a facke-full of newes for thee, thou shalt plague some of them, if God send vs life and health together.

Hor. Its no matter, empty thy facke anon, but come here first honest roague, come.

Asini. Ist good, Ist good, pure Helicon ha?

Hor. Dam me ift be not the best that euer came from me, if I have any judgement, looke sir, tis an Epithalamium for Sir Walter Terrel's wedding, my braines haue giuen assault to it but this morning.

Asin. Then I hope to see them flye out like gun powder ere night.

Hor. Nay good roague marke, for they are the best lynes that euer I drew.

Asin. Heer's the best lease in England, but on, on, Ile but tune this Pipe.

Hor. Marke, to thee whose fore-head swells with Roses.

Asin. O sweet, but will there be no exceptions taken, because fore-head and swelling comes together?

Hor. Push away, away, its proper, besides tis an elegancy to say the fore head swells.

Asin. Nay an't be proper, let it stand for Gods love.

Hor. Whose most haunted bower,
Gives life and sent to every flower,
Whose most adored name incloses,
Things abstrufe, deep and divine.
Whole yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire.

Asini. O pure, rich, ther's heate in this, on, on.

Hor. Bright as Eoan fire,
O me thy Priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortall name ... marke this.

In flowing numbers fild with spryte and flame.

Asini. I mary, ther's spryte and flame in this.
Hor. A pox, a this Tobacco.

Asin. Wod this case were my last, if I did not marke, nay all's one, I haue always a confort of Pypes about mee, myne Ingle is all fire and water; I markt, by this Candle (which is none of Gods Angels) I remembe, you started backe at sprite and flame.

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortall name, In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame, To the Loues mighti'est King, Himen & Himen, does our chase muse sing.

Asin. Ther's musicke in this; Hor. Marke now deare Asinius.

Let thes virgins quickly fee thee, Leading out the Bride, Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide, Yet with kisses will they fee thee, To vntye theyr Virgin zone, They grieue to lye alone.

Asin. So doe I by Venus.

Hor. Yet with kisses wil they fee thee, my Muse has marcht (deare rogue) no farder yet: but how ist? How ist? nay prethee good Asinius deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how?

Asin. If I haue any judgement:

Hor. Nay look you Sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour'd conceits, oh the end shall be admirable! but how ist sweet Bubo, how, how?

Asin. If I have any Judgement, tis the best stufle that euer dropt from thee.

Hor. You ha seene my Acrofticks?

Asi. Ile put vp my pypes and then Ile fee any thing.

Hor. Th'aft a Coppie of mine Odes to, haft not Bubo?

Asi. Your odes? O that which you spoke by word a mouth at th' ordinary, when Musico the gull cryed Mew at it:

Hor. A pox on him poore braineles Rooke: and you remember, I tolde him his wit lay at pawne with
The untrussing of

his new Sattin sute, and both would be loft, for not fetching home by a day.

Asi. At which he would faine ha blusht but that his painted cheeke would not let him.

Hor. Nay sirra the Palinode, which I meane to stitch to my Reuels, shall be the best and ingenious piece that euer I swete for; stay roague, Ile fat thy spleane and make it plumpe with laughter.

Asi. Shall I? sayth Ningle, shall I see thy secrets?

Hor. Puh my friends.

Asi. But what fardle's that? what fardle's that?

Hor. Fardle, away, tis my packet; heere lyes in-tomb'd the loues of Knights and Earles, heere tis, heere tis, heere tis, Sir Walter Terils letter to me, and my anfwere to him: I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious Angels, whome I ador'd, as subiectes doe their Soueraignes: the honest knight Angles for my acquaintance, with such golden baines—but why doost laugh my good roague? how is my anfwere, prethee, how, how?

Asi. Anfwere, as God iudge me Ningle, for thy wit thou mayft anfwer any Iuflice of peace in England I warrant; thou writ't in a most goodly big hand too, I like that, I read't as leageably as some that have bin sau'd by their neck-verfe.

Hor. But how doft like the Knights inditing?

Asi. If I haue any iudgement; a pox ont, heer's worshipfull lynes indeed, heer's stuffe: but sirra Ningle, of what fashion is this knights wit, of what blocke?

Hor. Why you see; wel, wel, an ordinary In-genuity, a good wit for a knight, you know how, before God I am haunted with some the most pitty-full dry gallants.

Asini. Troth fo I think; good peececs of lantskip, fhow beft a far off.

Hor. I, I, I, excellent sumpter horses, carry good cloaths; but honset roague, cone, what news, what newes abroad? I haue heard a the horses walking a' the top of Paules.
the Humorous Poet. 195

Afû. Ha ye? why the Captain Tucca rayles vpon you most preposterously behinde your backe, did you not heare him?

Ho. A pox upon him: by the white & soft hand of Minerva, Ile make him the most ridiculous: dam me if I bring not's humor ath stage: &—scuruuy lymping tongu'd captaine, poore greasie buffe Ierkin, hang him: tis out of his Element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt Afinius to bee stab'd with his dudgion wit: sirra, Ile compose an Epigram vpon him, shall goe thus—

Afû. Nay I ha more news, ther's Crispinus & his Iorneyman Poet Demetrius Faninus too, they sweare they'll bring your life & death vpon'th stage like a Bricklayer in a play.

Hor. Bubo they must presse more valiant wits than theyr own to do it: me ath stage? ha, ha. Ile starue theire poore copper-lace work masters, that dare play me: I can bring (& that they quake at) a prepar'd troope of gallants, who for my sake shal distaste every vnfalted line, in their fly-blowne Co-medies.

Afû. Nay that's certaine, ile bring 100 gallants of my ranke.

Hor. That fame Crispinus is the filliest Dor, and Faninus the lightest cob-web-lawne pееce of a Poet, oh God!

Why shoulde I care what euer Dor doth buz
In credulous eares, it is a crowne to me,
That the beft judgements can report me wrong'd.

Afû. I am one of them that can report it:

Hor. I thynke but what they are, and am not mooued.

The one a light voluptuous Reueler,
The other, a strange arrogating pufe,
Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Afin. Slid do not Criticus Reuel in thefe lynes,
ha Ningle ha? Knocking.

Hor. Yes, they're mine owne.
Cris.  Horrace.

Dem.  Flaccus.

Cris.  Horrace, not vp yet;

Hor.  Peace, tread softly, hyde my Papers; who's
     this so early?

Some of my rookes, some of my guls?

Cris.  Horrace, Flaccus.

Hor.  Who's there? stray, treade softly: Wat
     Terill on my life: who's there? my gowne sweete
     roague, fo, come vp, come in.

Enter Crispinus and Demetrieus.

Cris.  God morrow Horrace.

Hor.  O, God saue you gallants.

Cris.  Asinius Bubo well met.

Asin.  Nay, I hope so Crispinus, yet I was ficke a
     quarter of a yeare a goe of a vehement great tooth-
     atch: a pox ont, it bit me vilye, as God sa me la I
     knew twas you by your knocking so soone as I saw
     you; Demetrieus Fannius, wil you take a whiffe this
     morning? I haue tickling geare now, heer's that will
     play with your nose, and a yype of mine owne scowr-
     ing too.

Dem.  I, and a Hodghead too of your owne, but
     that will never be scowred cleane I seare.

Asin.  I burnt my yype yesternight, and twas neuer
     vsde since, if you will tis at your service gallants, and
     Tobacco too, tis right pudding I can tell you; a Lady
     or two, tooke a yype full or two at my hands, and
     praizde it for the Heauens, shall I fill Flannius?

Dem.  I thanke you good Asinius for your loue,
     I sildome take that Phificke, tis enough
     Hauing so much foole to take him in snuffe.

Hor.  Good Bubo read some booke, and giue vs
     leaue. . . .

As.  Leaue haue you deare Ningle, marry for read-
     ing any book Ile take my death vpont (as my Ningle
     fayes) tis out of my Element: no faith, ever since I felt
     one hit me ith teeth that the greatest Clarke's are not
the wifest men, could I abide to goe to Schoole, I was at As in presenti and left there: yet because Ile not be counted a worfe foole then I am, Ile turne ouer a new leafe.

Asinius reads and takes Tobacco.

_Hor._ To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde Roses, and doe striue to dreine,
Out of myne Inke all gall; that when I wey
Each fillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searching eyes
Looke through & through me, caruing my poore labours
Like an Anatomy: Oh heauens to see,
That when my lines are meafr'd out as straigh
As even Parallels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in theyr eye,
That cannot take proportions.

_Crif._ Horrace, Horrace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues,
Proves not your gilt, for could we write on paper,
Made of these turning leaues of heauen, the cloudes,
Or speake with Angels tongues: yet wiffe men know,
That some would shake the head, tho Saints should sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with stings.

_Hor._ Tis true.

_Crif._ Doe we not see fooles laugh at heauen?
and mocke

The Makers workmanship; be not you grieu'd
If that which you molde faire, ypright and smooth,
Be skrewed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankcles not: for innocence
May with a feather brushe off the foulest wrongs.
But when your daftard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter Coare.

*Hor.* Criphinus.

*Cri.* Say that you haue not sworne vnto your Paper,
To blot her white cheekes with the dregs and bottome
Of your friends priuate vices: say you sweare
Your loue and your allegiance to bright vertue
Makes you descend so low, as to put on
The Office of an Executioner,
Onely to strike off the swolne head of sinne,
Where ere you finde it standing,
Say you sweare;
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your lashing ieftes make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none. Court Citty, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike; yet Court, nor Citty,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you; great pitty.

*Dem.* If you sweare, dam me. Faninus, or Criphinus,
Or to the law (*Our kingdomes golden chaine*)
To Poets dam me, or to Players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you:
I wonder then, that of fiew hundred, foure
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man?

*Hor.* Deare Faninus.

*Dem.* Come, you cannot excuse it.

*Hor.* Heare me, I can—

*Dem.* You must daube on thicke colours then to hide it.

*Cri.* We come like your Phisitions, to purge
Your sicke and daangerous minde of her diseafe.

*Dem.* In troth we doe, out of our loues we come,
And not reuenge, but if you strike vs still,
We must defend our reputations:
Our pens shall like our swords be alwayes sheath'd,
Vnlesse too much prouockt, Horace if then
They draw bloud of you, blame vs not, we are men:
Come, let thy Muse beare vp a smoother sayle,
Tis the easieest and the basest Arte to raile.

_Hor._ Deliuer me your hands, I love you both,
As deare as my owne soule, prooue me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorne of men.

_Both._ Enough, we are friends.

_Cri._ What reads Asinius?

_Afi._ By my troth heer's an excellent comfortable
booke, it's moost sweeet reading in it.

_Dem._ Why, what does it smell of Bubo?

_Afi._ Mas it fmls of Rose-leaues a little too.

_Hor._ Then it must be a sweett booke, he would
faine perfume his ignorance.

_Afi._ I warrant he had wit in him that pen'd it.

_Crif._ Tis good yet a foole will confesse truth.

_Afi._ The whoorfon made me meete with a hard
file in two or three places as I went ouer him.

_Dem._ I beleue thee, for they had need to be very
lowe & easie Stiles of wit that thy braines goe ouer.

_Enter Blunt and Tucca._

_Blu._ Wher's this gallant? Morrow Gentlemen:
what's this dewife done yet Horace?

_Hor._ Gods fo, what meane you to let this fellow
dog you into my Chamber?

_Blu._ Oh, our honest Captayne, come, prethee let
vs see.

_Tuc._ Why you baftards of nine whoores, the Mufes,
why do you walke heere in this gorgeous gallery of
gallant inuention, with that whoorefon poor lyme &
hayre-rafcall? why—

_Crif._ O pace good Tucca, we are all fwayne
friends,

_Tuc._ Sworne, that Iudas yonder that walkes in
Rug, will dub you Knights ath Poiffe, if you serue
vnder his band of oaths, the copper-fact raical wil for
a good supper out fwayne twelue dozen of graund
Iuryes.
Blun. A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?
Horr. By Iefu within this houre, faue you Captayne Tucca.
Tuc. Dam thee, thou thin bearded Hermaphro-dite, dam thee, Ile saue my selfe for one I warrant thee, is this thy Tub Diogines?
Hor. Yes Captaine this is my poore lodging.
Asin. Morrow Captaine Tucca, will you whistle this morning?
Tuc. Art thou there goates pizzell; no godamercy Caine I am for no whiffs I, come hether sheep-skin-weauer, s'foote thou lookst as though th' adit beg'd out of a layle: drawe, I mean not thy face (for tis not worth drawing) but drawe neere: this way march, follow your commander you scoundrel: So, thou must run of an errand for mee Mephostophiles.
Hor. To doe your pleasure Captayne I will, but whether.
Tuc. To hell, thou knowst the way, to hell my fire and brimstone, to hell; dost stare my Sarfens-head at Newgate? dost gloat? Ile march through thy dunkirkes guts for shooting iestes at me.
Hor. Deare Captaine but one word.
Tuc. Out bench-whistler out, ile not take thy word for a dagger Pye: you browne-bread-mouth flinker, ile teach thee turne me into Bankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am a Jugler, and can shew trickes.
Hor. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.
Tuc. No you stau'd rascall, thou't bite off mine eares then, you must haue three or foure suites of names, when like a lowse Pediculous vermin th'at but one suite to thy backe: you must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy tytle's longer a reading then the Stile a the big Turkes: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus.
Hor. Captaine I know vpon what euen bafes I fland, and therefore—
Tuc. Bafes I wud the roague were but ready for me.

Blun. Nay prethee deare Tucca, come you shall shake—

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile shake the gull-groper out of his tan’d skinne.

Crisp. & Deme. For our fake Captaine, nay prethee holde.

Tuc. Thou wrongst heere a good honest rascall Crispinus, and a poore varlet Demetrius Fanninus (bretheren in thine owne trade of Poetry) thou sayst Crispinus Sattin dublet is Reauel’d out heere, and that this penurious sneaker is out of elboes, goe two my good full mouth’d ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart captaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes vnder your feete, to keepe them from aking.

Omnes. Can you have any more?

Tuc. Saist thou me fo, olde Coale come? doo’t then; yet tis no matter neither, Ile haue thee in league firft with these two rowly powlies: they shal be thy Damons and thou their Pithyafe; Crispinus shall giue thee an olde caft Sattin suite, and Demetrius shall write thee a Scene or two, in one of thy strong garlicke Comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conffience for’t, and sweare tis thine owne olde lad, tis thine owne: thou neuer yet fels’t into the hands of fattin, didst I?

Hor. Neuer Captaine I thanke God.

Tuc. Goe too, thou shalt now King Gorboduck, thou shalt, because Ile ha thee damn’d, Ile ha thee all in Sattin: Aesper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus, Crispinus shal doo’t, thou shalt doo’t, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo’t.

Asi. Mine Ingle weare an olde caft Sattin suite?

Tuc. I wafer-face your Ningle.
The untrussing of

_Aji._ If he carry the minde of a Gentleman, he'll scorne it at's heeles.
_Tuc._ Mary mufle, my man a ginger-bread, wilt eate any small coale?
_Aji._ No Captaine, wod you should well know it, great coale shall not fill my bellie.
_Tuc._ Scorne it, do'st scorne to be arrested at one of his olde Suites!
_Hor._ No Captaine, Ile weare any thing.
_Tuc._ I know thou wilt, I know th'art an honest low minded Pigmey, for I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a Plaier's old cast Cloake, like a Slie knaue as thou art: and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horat: thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the Stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and festeft it home lowlie, didst not? _Responde_, didst not?
_Blun._ So, fo, no more of this, within this houre—
_Hor._ If I can found retreate to my wits, with whome this leader is in skymbish, Ile end within this houre.
_Tuc._ What wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not writ Finis yet Jacke? what will he bee fifteene weekes about this Cockatrice's egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not laide yet?
_Blunt._ Not yet he swears hee will within this houre.
_Tuc._ His wittes are somewhat hard bound: the Puncte his Mufe has fore labour ere the whoore bee deliuered: the poore saffron-cheeke Sun-burnt Gipfie wantes Phiscie; giue the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten Pilles: ten shillings my faire Angelica, they'll make his Mufe as yare as a tumbler.
_Blu._ He shall not want for money if heele write.
_Tuc._ Goe by Ieronimo, goe by; and heere, drop the ten shillings into this Bason; doe, drop, when Jacke? hee shall call me his Maece nas: besides, Ile dam vp's Ouen-mouth for rayling at's: So, ift right Jacke? ift isterling? fall off now to the vanward of yonder foure Stinkers, and aske alowde if wee shal
the Humorous Poet. 203

goethe the Knight shall defray Iacke, the Knight when it comes to Summa totalis, the Knyght, the Knight.

Blu. Well Gentlemen, we'll leaue you, shall we goe Captaine? good Horrace make some hast.

Hor. Ile put on wings.

Asin. I never fawe mine Ingle so dasht in my life before.

Cris. Yes once Asinius.

Ah. Mas you say true, hee was dasht worfe once going (in a rainy day) with a speech to 'th Tilt-yard, by Gods lyd has call'd him names, a dog would not put vp, that had any discreation.

Tuc. Holde, holde vp thy hand, I ha seene the day thou didst not scorne to holde vp thy golles; ther's a Souldiers Spur-royall, twelue pence: Stay, because I know thou canst not write without quick-filuer: vp agen, this goll agen, I giue thee double presse-money: Stay, because I know thou haft a noble head, ile deuide my Crowne, 6 royall Porrex, ther's a tepton more; goe, thou and thy Mufe munch, doe, munch; come my deare Mandrake, if Skeldring fall not to decay, thou shalt flourish: farewell my sweet Amadis de Gaule, farewell.

Hor. Deare Captaine.

Tuc. Come Iacke.

Dem. Nay Captaine stay, we are of your band.

Tuc. March faire then:


Asin. Ningle lets goe to some Tauerne, and dine together, for my stomache rifes at this fcuruy leather Captaine.

Hor. No, they haue choakt me with mine owne disgrace,
Which (fooles) ile spit againe euene in your face. Exeunt.

Enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose, Sir Adam, Sir Vaugham, Mineuer with servingmen.

Sir quinti. Knaues, Varlets, what Lungis, giue me a dozen of floooles there.
The vntrussing of

Sir Vau. Sefu pleffe vs all in our fiue fences a peece, what meane yee sir Kintilian Sorthose to stand so much on a dozen stooles, heere be not preeches inuffe to hyde a dozen stooles, vnlesse you wiife some of vs preake his finnes.

Sir quin. I say sir Vaughan no shinne shal be broken heer, what lungis, a chayre with a stronge backe, and a soft bellie, great with childe, with a cushion for this reuerend Lady.

Mineu. God; neuer gaue me the grace to be a Lady, yet I ha beene worshipht in my conscience to my face a thousand times, I cannot denye sir Vaughan, but that I haue all implements, belonging to the vocation of a Lady.

Sir Vaughan. I truft mistris Mineuer you haue all a honest oman shud haue?

Min. Yes perdie, as my Coach, and my fan, and a man or two that ferue my turne, and other things which Ide bee loath euery one shoulde see, becaufe they shal not be common, I am in manner of a Lady in one point.

Sir Vaug. I pray mistris Mineuers, let vs all see that point for our better vnderstanding.

Mi. For I ha some thinges that were fetcht (I am sure) as faire as some of the Low Countries, and I payde sweetly for them too, and they tolde me they were good for Ladies.

Sir qui. And much good do't thy good heart faire widdow them.

Min. I am fayre enough to bee a Widdow, Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vau. In my soule and conscience, and well favoured enough to bee a Lady: heere is sir Kintilian Sorthose, and heere is sir Adam Prickshaft, a fentleman of a very good braine, and well headed; you see he shootes his bolt sildome, but when Adam lets goe, he hits: and heere is sir Vaughan ap Rees, and I beleuee if God sifud take vs all from his mercy, as I hope hee will not yet; we all three loue you, at the
bottome of our bellyes, and our hearts: and therefore mistris Mineuer, if you pleafe, you shall be knighted by one of vs, whom you fall desire to put into your deuice and minde.

Min. One I must haue sir Vaughan.

Sir quin. And one of vs thou shalt haue widdow.

Min. One I must haue, for now every one see kes to crow ouer me.

Sir Vaug. By Sefu and if I finde any crowing ouer you, & he were a cocke (come out as farre as in Turkeys country) tis posisible to cut his combe off.

Min. I mufe why sir Adam Prickshaft flyes so farre from vs.

Sir Adam. I am in a browne stude, my deare, if loue should bee turned into a beast, what beast hee were fit to bee turned into.

Sir quinti. I thinke Sir Adam an Asse, because of his bearing.

Min. I thinke (fauing your reuereuce) Sir Adam a puppy, for a dog is the most louing creature to a christiaan that is, vnles it be a childe.

Sir Ad. No, I thinke if loue should bee turn'd away, and goe to serue any beast, it must bee an Ape, and my reaſon——

Sir Vaug. Sir Adam, an Ape? ther's no more reaſon in an Ape, than in a very plaine Monkey; for an Ape has no tayle, but we all know, or tis our duty to know, loue has two tailes; In my judgment, if loue be a beast, that beast is a buce of Reddis; for a buce of Reddis is wife meate without Mutton, and so is loue.

Mi. Ther's the yawning Captaine (fauing your reuereuce that has such a fore mouth) would one day needes perfwade me, that loue was a Rebato; and his reaſon was (fauing your reuereuce) that a Rebato was worne out with pinning too often; and so he faid loue was.

Sir Vaug. And Master Captaine Tucca sayd wifely too, loue is a Rebato indeede: a Rebato muſt
be poaked; now many women weare Rebatoes, and
many that weare Rebatoes——
   Sir Adam. Must be poak't.
   Sir Vau. Sir Adam Prickshaft has hit the cloute.

Musicke.

Sir qui. The Musicke speakes to vs, we'll haue a
daunce before dinner.

Enter Sir Walter Terrill, Cælestone, Blunt, Crispinus,
   and Demetrius, every one with a Lady.

All. The King's at hand.
Ter. Father the King's at hand.
Musicke talke lowder, that thy filuer voice,
May reach my Soueraignes eares.

Sir Vaug. I pray doe so, Musitons bestir your
fingers, that you may haue vs all by the eares.

Sir qui. His Grace comes, a Hall varlets, where
be my men? blow, blow your colde Trumpets till
they fweate; tickle them till they found agen.

Blun. Beft goe meete his Grace.

All. Agreed.

Sir Vaug. Pray all stand bare, as well men as
women: Sir Adam is best you hide your head for feare
your wife braines take key-colde: on afore Sir Kinti-
lian; Gentlemen fall in before the Ladies, in seemely
order and fashion; so this is comelye.

Enter Trumpets sounding, they goe to the doore, and
meete the King and his Train, and whilst the
Trumpets found the King is welcom'd, kisst the
Bride, and honors the Bridegrome in dumbe shew.

King. Nay if your pleasures shrinke at sight of vs,
We shall repent this labour, Mistris Bride
You that for speaking but one word to day,
Must loose your head at night; you that doe stand
Taking your laft leau of virginity;
You that being well begun, must not be Maide:
Winne you the Ladies, I the men will wooe,
Our felfe will leade my blushing Bride with you.
Sir Vaughan. God blesse your Maiestye, and fende you to be a long King William Rufus ouer vs, when he sees his times & pleasures.

King. Wee thanke you good Sir Vaughan, wee will take your meaning not your words.

Sir quaint. Lowde Muficke there.

Sir Vau. I am glad your Maiestye will take any thing at my hands; my words I trust in Sefu, are fspoken betwene my soule and body together, and haue neither Felonies nor treasons about them, I hope.

King. Good words, Sir Vaughan, I prethee give vs leaue.

Vaug. Good words sir Vaughan! thats by interpretation in english, you'r beff giue good words sir Vaughan: god and his Anfells blesse me, what ayles his maiestye to be so tedious and difficult in his right mindes now, I holde my life that file rascall-rymer Horace hath puzd and puzd aboue a hundred merie tales and lyce, into his great and princely eares: by god and he vse it, his being Phoebus prieft cannot faue him, if hee were his Sapline too ide preafe vpon his coxcomb: good lord blesse me out of his maiesties celler: King Williams, I hope tis none offences to make a supplication to god a mightie for your long life: for by thefe I haue no meaning in't in all the world, vnles rascalls be here that will haue your grace take shalke for shees, and vnlesse Horace has sent lyce to your maiestye.

King. Horace, what's he sir Vaughan?

Vaug. As hard-fauourd a fellow as your maiestie has seene in a sommers day: he does' pen, an't pleafe your grace, toyes that will not pleafe your grace: tis a Poet, we call them Bardes in our Countrie, finges ballads and rymes, and I was mightie fealous, that his Inke which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your maiestie, and so lifted vp your hye and princely coller.

King. I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger, If as thou faift our high and princely choller
Be vp, wee'll tread it downe with daunces; Ladies
Loose not your men; faire measures must be tread,
When by so faire a dauncer you are lead.

*Vaugh.* Mitris Minuer:

*Miur.* Perdie sir Vaughan I cannot daunce.

*Vaugh.* Perdie by this Minuer cappe, and acording to his masefties leaue too, you fall be put in
among theife Ladies, & dauncere long I tref in
god, the faking of the feetes.

*They daunce a straine, and whilst the others kepe on,*
*the King and Celestine stay.*

*Kin.* That turne faire Bride shews you must turne
at night,
In that sweet daunce which steales away delight.

*Cael.* Then pleasure is a thiefe, a fit, a feauer:

*Kin.* True, he's the thiefe, but women the receiuer.

*Another change; they fall in, the rest goe on.*

*Kin.* This change sweet Maide, faies you must
change your life,
As Virgins doe.

*Cael.* Virgins nere change their life,
She that is wiud a maide, is Maide and wife.

*Kin.* But she that dyes a Maide;—

*Cael.* Thrice happy then.

*Kin.* Leads Apes in hell.

*Cael.* Better leade Apes then men.

*At this third change they end, and she meetes the King.*

*Kin.* Well met,

*Cael.* Tis ouertaken.

*Kin.* Why faire sweet?

*Cael.* Women are ouertaken when they meete;

*King.* Your bloud speakes like a coward.

*Cael.* It were good,
If euer Maiden blush, had such a bloud.

*Kin.* A coward bloud, why whom should maidens
feare?
the Humorous Poet.

Cæ. Men, were Maides cowards, they'd not come so nere,
My Lord the Measur’e’s done, I pleade my duetie.

Kin. Onelie my heart takes measur’e of thy beautie.

Sir quin. Now by my hose I fweare, that’s no deepe oath,
This was a fine sweet earth-quake gentlie moou’d,
By the soft winde of whispring Silkes : come Ladies,
Whose ioynts are made out of the dauncing Orbes,
Come, follow me, walke a colde measur’e now ;
In the Brides Chamber ; your hot beautie’s melt,
Take euerie one her fan, giue them their places,
And waue the Northerne winde vpon your faces.

Celestine and all the Ladys doing obeysfance to the
King, who onely kiffes her, Exeunt, Short-hoje
manning them, the Gallants stand aloofe.

Kin. Sir Walter Terrill,

Ter. My confirmed Leige.

Ki. Beautie out of her bountie, thee hath lent
More then her owne with liberall extent.

Ter. What meanes my Lord ?

Kin. Thy Bride, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little subiects ;
Kneele at thy feete, obay in euerie thing,
So euerie Father is a priuate King.

Ter. My Lord, her beauty is the poorest part,
Chieflie her vertues did endowe my heart.

Kin. Doe not back-bite her beauties, they all shine,
Brighter on thee, because the beames are thine,
To thee more faire, to others her two lips
Shew like a parted Moone in thine Eclipse ;
That glaunc[e, which louers mongst themselfes dewise,
Walkes as inuincible to others eies :
Guie me thine eare.

Ter. What meanes the King ?

Dem. Tis a quaint straine.
Ter. My Lord.

King. Thou darst not Wat.

Ter. She is too course an obie& for the Court.

Kin. Thou darst not Wat: let to night be to
morrow,

Ter. For she's not yet mine owne.

Kin. Thou darst not Wat?

Ter. My Lord I dare, but—

Kin. But I see thou darst not.

Ter. This night.

King. Yea, this night, tush thy minde repaires not,
The more thou talk’st of night, the more thou darst
not;
Thus farre I tend, I wod but turne this sphere,
Of Ladies eyes, and place it in the Court,
Where thy faire Bride shoulde for the Zodiacke shine,
And every Lady else fit for a signe.
But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy sweet blooud
Rebels, th’art iealous Wat; thus with proude reveus
To emmulate the masking firmament,
Where Starres dance in the filuer Hall of heauen,
Thy pleasure shoulde be seafoned, and thy bed
Relish thy Bride, But, but thou darst not Wat.

Ter. My Lord I dare.

Kin. Speake that agen.

Ter. I dare.

King. Agen kinde Wat, and then I know thou
darst.

Ter. I dare and will by that ioynyt holy oath,
Which she and I swore to the booke of heauen.
This very day when the surueying Sunne,
Riz like a witnes to her faith and mine,
By all the loyalty that subiects owe
To Maiesty, by that, by this, by both,
I sweare to make a double guarded oath,
This night vntainted by the touch of man,
She shall a Virgin come.

Kin. To Court? Ter. To Court.

I know I tooke a woman to my wife,
And I know women to be earthly Moones,
That neuer shine till night, I know they change
Their Orbes (their husbands) and in sickish hearts,
Steale to their sweete Endimions, to be cur'd
With better Phisicke, sweeter dyet drinkes,
Then home can minifter; all this I know
Yet know not all, but giue me leaue O King,
To boaste of mine, and faie that I know none;
I haue a woman but not such a one.

_Kin._ Why, she's confirmed in thee; I now approoue her,
If constant in thy thoughts who then can moove her?

_Enter_ Sir Quintilian.

_Sir qui._ Wilt pleaze your Highnes take your place
within,
The Ladies attend the Table.

_Kin._ I goe good Knight; Wat thy oath.
_Ter._ My Lord,
My oath's my honour, my honour is my life,
My oath is constant, so I hope my wife. Exeunt.

.Enter Horace in his true attyre, Asinius bearing his Cloake.

_Asi._ If you flye out Ningle, heer's your Cloake; I
thinke it raines too.

_Ho._ Hide my shouldres in't.

_Asi._ Troth fo' th'adft neede, for now thou art in
thy Pee and Kue; thou haft such a villanous broad
backe, that I warrant th'art able to beare away any
mans iefles in England.

_Hor._ It's well Sir, I ha strength to beare yours mee
thinkes; fore God you are growne a piece of a Critift,
since you fell into my hands; ah little roague, your
wit has pickt vp her crumbs prettie and well.

_Asi._ Yes faith, I finde my wit a the mending hand
Ningle; troth I doe not thinke but to proceede Poet-
after next Commencement, if I haue my grace per-
feclie: euerie one that confer with me now, stop their
noze in merriment, and sweare I smell somewhat of
Horace; one calles me Horaces Ape, another Horaces
Beagle, and such Poeticall names it paffes. I was but
at Barbers laft day, and when he was rencing my face,
did but crie out, fellow thou makft me Conniue too
long, & fayes he fayes hyee, Master Asinius Bubo, you
haue eene Horaces wordes as right as if he had spit
them into your mouth.

Hor. Well, away deare Asinius, deliuer this letter
to the young Gallant Drufo, he that fell fo strongly in
love with mee yefternight.

Asin. It's a sweete Muske-cod, a pure spic'd-gull;
by this feather I pittie his Ingenuities; but haft writ
all this since Ningle? I know thou haft a good run-
ning head and thou liftest.

Hor. Foh come, your great belly'd wit muft long
for euerie thing too; why you Rookt, I haue a set of
letters readie flarcht to my hands, which to any fresh
suited gallant, that but newlie enters his name into
my rowle, I fend the next morning, ere his ten a
clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with clapping
my hand to't, that my Nouice shall fartz, ho and his
haire fland an end, when hee sees the fodaine flafh of
my writing: what you prettie Diminitiue roague, we
muft haue falfe fiers to amaze these fpangle babies,
these true heires of Ma. Justice Shallow.

Asn. I wod alwaies haue thee fauce a foole thus.

Hor. Away, and flay: here be Epigrams vpon
Tucca, divulge thefe among the gallants; as for
Crifpinus, that Crifpin-asfe and Fanniue his Play-
drefter; who (to make the Mufes beleue, their fub-
fefts eares were flarud; and that there was a dearth of
Poefie) cut an Innocent Moore i'th middle, to ferve
him in twice; & when he had done, made Poules-
worke of it, as for thefe Twynnes, thefe Poet-apes:
Their Mimicke trickes shall ferve
the Humorous Poet.

With mirth to feast our Mufe, whilst their owneftarue.

Asin. Well Ningle Ile trudge, but where's the Randeuow?

Hor. Well thought off, mari at Sir Vaughans lodging the Welsh knight, I haue compos'd a loue-letter for the gallants worship, to his Rosamond: the secon, Mistris Minuer, because she does not thinke fo soundly of his lame Englishe as he could wish; I ha gull'd his Knight-ship heere to his face, yet haue given charge to his wincking vnderstanding not to perceiue it: nay Gods fo, away deare Bubo.

Asi. I am gone. 

Hor. The Mufes birdes the Bees were hiu'd and fled,
Vs in our cradle, thereby prophecying;
That we to learned eares should sweetly sing,
But to the vulger and adulterate braine,
Should loath to profittle our Virgin straine.
No, our sharpe pen shal keep the world in awe,
Horace thy Poezie, wormwood wreathes shal weare,
We hunt not for mens loues but for their feare. Exit.

Enter Sir Adam and Minuer.

Min. O Sir Adam Prickshaft, you are a the bow hand wide, a long yard I assure you: and as for Suitors, truelie they all goe downe with me, they haue all one flat answere.

Sir Adam. All Widdow! not all, let Sir Adam bee your first man still.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quin. Widdow, art ftole from Table? I Sir Adam,
Are you my riuall? well, flye faire y' are best;
The King's exceeding merrie at the banquet,
He makes the Bride blufh with his merrie words
That run into her eares; ah he's a wanton,
Yet I dare truft her, had he twentie tongues,
And euerie tongue a Stile of Maiestie.
Now Widdow, let me tell thee in thine eare,  
I loue thee Widdow, by this ring; nay weare it.  
*Mineu.* Ile come in no rings pardie, Ile take no  
golde.  
*Sir Ada.* Harke in thine eare, take me, I am no  
golde.

*Enter Sir Vaughan and Peter Flash.*  
*Sir Vau.* Master Peter Flash, I will grope about  
Sir Quintilian, for his terminations touching and con-  
sidering you.  
*Flash.* I thanke your Worship, for I haue as good  
a stomacke to your Worship as a man could wish.  
*Sir Vau.* I hope in God a mightie, I shall fil your  
stomack Master Peter: What two vpon one Gentlemen; Mistris Minier, much good doo't you Sir  
Adam.  
*Sir quin.* Sir Vaughan, have you din'd well Sir  
Vaughan?  
*Sir Vau.* As good seere as would make any hun-  
grie man (and a were in the vilest prison in the world)  
eate and hee had anie stomacke: One word Sir  
Quintilian in hugger mugger; heere is a Gentleman  
of yours, Master Peter Flash, is teesrous to haue his  
blew coate pul'd ouer his eares; and . . . .  
*Flash.* No, Sir, my petition runs thus, that your  
worshippe would thrust me out of doores, and that I  
may follow Sir Vaughan.  
*Sir Vau.* I can tell you Master Flash, and you  
follow mee I goe verie faste, I thinke in my conscience,  
I am one of the lightest knights in England.  
*Flash.* It's no matter Sir, the Flashes haue euer  
bin knowne to be quicke and light enough.  
*Sir quin.* Sir Vaughan, he shall follow you, he shall  
dog you good Sir Vaughan.

*Enter Horace walking.*  
*Sir Vau.* Why then Peter Flash I will set my foure  
markes a yeare, and a blew coate vpon you.
**Fla.** Godamercy to your worship, I hope you shall never repent for me.

**Sir Vau.** You beare the face of an honest man, for you blushing passing well Peter, I will quench the flame out of your name, and you shall he christned Peter Salamander.

**Peter Flash.** The name's too good for me, I thanke your worship.

**Sir Vau.** Are you come Master Horace, you sent mee the Coppie of your letters countenance, and I did write and read it; your wittes truelie haue done verie valliantlie: tis a good inditements, you haue put in enough for her ha you not?

**Hor.** According to my instructions.

**Sir Vau.** Tis passing well, I pray Master Horace walke a little beside your selfe, I will turne vpon you incontinent.

**Sir quin.** What Gentleman is this in the Mandilian, a soldyer?

**Sir Vau.** No, tho he has a very bad face for a fouldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as euer any Scholler went to cuffses for; tis a Gentleman Poet, he has made rimes called Thalamiums, for M. Pridegroome, on vrd widdow.

**Sir qui.** Is this he? welcome Sir, your name? pray you walke not so flatelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name Sir?

**Hor.** Quintus, Horacius, Flaccus.

**Sir Quint.** Good Master Flappus welcome.

*He walkes vp and downe.*

**Sir Vau.** Miftiris Miniuer, one vrde in your corner heere; I desire you to breake my armes heere, and read this Paper, you shal feele my mindes and affections in it, at full and at large.

**Mini.** Ile receiue no Loue libels perdy, but by word a mouth.

**Sir Vaughan.** By Se Fu tis no libell, for heere is my hand to it.
Mini. Ile ha no hand in it Sir Vaughan, Ile not deale with you.

Sir Vau. Why then widdow, Ile tell you by word a mouth my deuices.

Mi. Your deuices come not neere my mouth Sir Vaughan perdy, I was vpon a time in the way to marriage, but now I am turn'd a tother side, I ha fowrned to leade a single and simple life.

Sir Adam. She has anfwer'd you Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Tis true, but at wrong weapons Sir Adam; will you be an Asle Misiris Minuiers ?

Min. If I be you shall not ride me.

Sir Vaug. A simple life ! by Sefu tis the life of a foole, a simple life !

Sir qui. How now Sir Vaughan !

Sir Vaug. My braines has a little fine quawme come vnder it, and therefore Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian, and misiris Minuier caps God bo'y.

All. Good Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaug. Maister Horace, your inuentions doe her no good in the Vnuierfalities; yet heere is two shillings for your wittes ; nay by Sefu you shall take it if't were more: yonder bald Adams, is put my nose from his ioynt; but Adam I will be euen to you: this is my cogitations, I will indite the Ladies & Minuier caps to a dinner of Plumbes, and I shall desire you M. Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlie :

Sir Vaug. Right, to spitte bitterlie vpon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire; you fall eate downe Plumbes to sweeten your mouth, and heere is a good Anfell to defend you: Peter Salamander follow me.

Flash. With hue and crie and you will Sir.

Sir Vau. Come M. Horace, I will goe pull out the Ladies.

Ho. And Ile set out my wits, Baldnes the Theame ? My words shall flow hye in a silver streame. Exeunt.
Enter Tucca brushing off the crumbs.

Tuc. Wher’s my most costly and sumptuous Shorthose?

Sir Quint. Is the King risen from table Captaine Tucca?

Tuc. How! risen! no my noble Quintilian, kings are greater men then we Knights and Caualliers, and therefore must eate more then lesser persons; God-ameroy good Diues for these crummes: how now! has not Frier Tucke din’d yet? he falles so hard to that Oystler-pye yonder.

Sir quin. Oystler-pye Captaine! ha, ha, he loues her, and I loue her and feare both shall goe without her.

Tuc. Doft loue her, my finest and first part of the Mirrour of Knighthood! hange her she lookes like a bottle of ale, when the corke flyes out and the Ale fomes at mouth, shee lookes my good button-breech like the signe of Capricorne, or like Tiborne when it is couer’d with snow.

Sir quin. All’s one for that, she has a vizard in a bagge, will make her looke like an Angell; I wod I had her, vpon condition, I gaue thee this chaine manlie Tucca.

Tuc. I? saif thou so Friskin? I haue her ath hip for some causes, I can found her, she’ll come at my becke.

Sir quin. Wod I could found her too Noble commandier.

Tuc. Thou shalt doo’t; that Lady ath Lake is thine Sir Tristram, lend mee thy chaine, doe, lend it, Ile make her take it as a token, Ile lincke her vnto thee; and thou shalt weare hergloue in thy Worshipfull hatte like to a leather brooch; Nay and thou mistrusts thy coller, be tyed in ’t still.

Sir quin. Mistrust Captaine? no, heere tis, giue it her if she ’ll take it, or weare it thy selfe if shee’l take mee, Ile watch him well enough too.

Tuc. No more, Ile shoote away yonder Prickshaft,
and then belabour her, and flye you after yonder Cucko: doft heere me my noble Gold-finch? —

Sir qui. No more.

Tuc. How doft thou my smug Belimperia? how doft thou? hands off my little bald Derricke, hands off: harke hether Susanna, beware a these two wicked Elders, shall I speake well or ill of thee?

Min. Nay, eene as you please Captaine, it shal be at your choice.

Tuc. Why well said, my nimble Short-hose.

Sir quin. I heare her, I heare her.


Sir Ada. Wod I were as sure to lye with her, as to loue her.

Tuc. Haue I found thee my learned Dunce, haue I found thee? If I might ha my wil, thou shouldst not put thy spoone into that bumble-broth (for indeede Ide taste her my selfe) no thou shouldst not: yet if her beautie blinde thee, she's thine, I can doun't, thou heards't her say eene now, it should bee at my choice.

Sir Ada. She did so, worke the match and Ile bestow——

Tuc. Not a silke point vpon mee, little Adam shee shall be thy Eve, for lesse then an Apple; but send, bee wife, send her some token, shee's greedie, shee shall take it, doe, send, thou shalt sticke in her (Prickelhaft) but send.

Sir Adam. Heer's a purfe of golde, thinke you that wil be accepted?

Tuc. Go to, it shall bee accepted, and twere but siluer, when that Flea-bitten Short-hose steppes hence: vanish too, and let mee alone with my Grannam in Gutter-Lane there, and this purfe of golde doe, let me alone.
the Humorous Poet.

Sir quin. The King, gods Lord, I doe forget the King;
Widdow, thinke on my wordes, I must be gone
To waite his rising. Ile returne anone.

Sir Ad. Stay Sir Quintilian, Ile be a waiter too.

Sir quint. Widdow wee'll truft that Captaine there with you.  

Exeunt.


Min. Discouer me? discouer what thou canst of me.

Tuc. What I can? thou knowst what I can discouer, but I will not lay thee open to the world.

Min. Lay me open to the world?

Tuc. No I will not my moldie decay'd Charing-crosse, I will not.

Mi. Hang thee patch-pannell, I am none a thy Charing-crosse: I fcorne to be Crosse to such a scab as thou makst thy selfe.

Tuc. No, tis thou makst me so, my Long Meg a Westminister, thou breeth a scab, thou—

Min. I? dam thee filthie Captaine, dam thy selfe.

Tuc. My little deuill a Dow-gate, Ile dam thee, thou knowst my meaning) Ile dam thee vp; my wide mouth at Bishops-gate.

Min. Wod I might once come to that damming.

Tuc. Why thou shalt, my sweet dame Annis a cleere thou shalt, for Ile drowne my selfe in thee; I, for thy loue, Ile sinke, I, for thee.

Min. So thou wilt I warrant, in thy abhominable finnes; Lord, Lord, howe many filthy words haft thou to anfwere for.

Tuc. Name one Madge-owlet, name one, Ile anfwer for none; my words shall be foorth comming at
all times, & shall answer for them selyes; my nimble Cat-a-mountaine: they shall Sifle Bum-trincket, for Ile giue thee none but Suger-candie words, I will not Puse: goody Tripe-wife, I will not.

Min. Why dost call mee such horrible vnsgodlie names then?

Tuc. Ile name thee no more Mother Red-cap vpon paine of death, if thou wilt Grimalkin, Maggot-a-pye I will not.

Min. Wod thou shouldst wel know, I am no Maggot, but a meere Gentlewoman borne.

Tu. I know thou art a Gentle, and Ile nibble at thee, thou shalt be my Cap-a-maintenance, & Ile carrie my naked sword before thee, my reuerend Ladie Lettice-cap.

Mi. Thou shalt carry no naked swords before me to fright me, thou—

Tuc. Go too, let not thy tongue play so hard at hot-cockles; for, Gammer Gurton, I meane to bee thy needle, I loue thee, I loue thee, because thy teeth stand like the Arches vnder London Bridge, for thou'rt not turne Satyre & bite thy husband; No, come my Cub, doe not fcorne mee because I goe in Stag, in Buffe, heer's veluet too; thou seeist I am worth thus much in bare veluet.

Min. I fcorne thee not, not I.

Tuc. I know thou dost not, thou that see that I could march with two or three hundred linkes before me, looke here, what? I could shew golde too, it that would tempt thee, but I would not make my felfe a Gold-smithes flall I; I fcorne to goe chain'd my Ladie athen Hospitall, I doe; yet I will and must bee chain'd to thee.

Min. To mee? why Master Captaine, you know that I haue my choife of three or foure payre of Knights, and therefore haue small reason to fye out I know not how in a man of war.

Tuc. A man a warre? come thou knowst not what a worshipfull location tis to be a Captaines wife:
three or foure payre of Knights? why doft heare Ioane-a-bedlam, Ile enter into bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt, when the next action is layde uppon me, thou shalt be Ladified.

Min. You know I am offered that by halfe a dozen.

Tuc. Thou shalt little Minuier, thou shalt, Ile ha this frocke turn'd into a foote-cloth: and thou shalt be carted drawne I meane, Coacht, Coacht, thou shalt ryde Iigga-Iogge; a Hood shall flap vp and downe heere, and this shipskin-cap shall be put off.

Min. Nay perdie, Ile put off my cap for no mans pleasure.

Tuc. Wut thou be proude little Lucifer? well, thou shalt goe how then thou wilt Maide-marian; come busse thy little Anthony now, now, my cleane Cleopatra; so, so, goe thy waies Alexis secrets, th'asf a breath as sweet as the Rose, that growes by the Beare-garden, as sweete as the proud'it head a Garlicke in England: come, wut march in, to the Gentle folkes?

Min. Nay trulie Captaine you shall be my leader.

Tuc. I say Mary Ambree, thou shalt march formoft,

Because Ile marke how broad th'art in the heeles.

Min. Perdie, I will be fet ath laft for this time.

Tuc. Why then come, we'll walke arme in arme,

As tho we were leading one another to Newgate.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, with papers, laughing.

Cris. Mine's of a fashion, cut out quite from yours.

Dem. Mine has the sharpest tooth, yonder he is.

Blu. Captaine Tucca. All hold vp papers.

Tuc. How now? I cannot stand to read supplications now.

Cris. They're bitter Epigrams compos'd on you

By Horace.
The untrussing of

Dem. And dispersd amongst the gallants
In feuerall coppies, by Asinius Bubo.

Tuc. By that liue Eele f read, Lege Legito, read
thou Jacke.

Bhu. Tucca's growne monstrous, how rich f that I
feare,

He's to be seene for money evry where.

Tuc. Why true, shall not I get in my debts; nay
and the roaue write no better I care not, farewell
blacke Jacke farewell.

Cri. But Captaine heer's a nettle.

Tuc. Sting me, doe.

Cri. Tucca's exceeding tall and yet not hye,
He fights with skill, but does most vilye lye.

Tuc. Right, for heere I lye now, open, open, to
make my aduerfarie come on; and then Sir, heere
am I in's bosome: nay and this be the worst, I shal
hug the poore honest face-maker, Ie loue the little
Atheif, when he writes after my commendation, an-
other whip? come yerke me.

Dem. Tucca will bite, how? growne Satiricall,
No, he bites tables, for he feedes on all.

Tuc. The whore'son clouen-foote dewill in mans
apparell lyes,
There flood aboue forty dishes before me to day,
That I nere toucht, because they were empty.

Min. I am witnes young Gentlemen to that.

Tuc. Farewelle tinckers, I smel thy meaning
Screech-owle, I doe, tho I stop my nose: and Sirra
Poet, we'll haue thee vntrust for this; come, mother
Mum-pudding, come.

Exeunt.

Trumpets found a florish, and then a fennate: Enter
King with Cælestone, Sir Walter Terrill, Sir
Quintilian, Sir Adam, Blunt and other Ladies and
attendants: whilst the Trumpets found the King
takes his leaue of the Bride-groome, and Sir Quin-
tilian, and last of the Bride.

Kin. My song in parting doth this burden beare
The Humorous Poet.

A kisse the Ditty, and I set it heere.
Your lips are well in tune, strung with delight,
By this faire Bride remember soone at night;
Sir Walter.

Ter. My Leige Lord, we all attend,
The time and place.

Kin. Till then my leave commend.

They bring him to the doore; Enter at another doore
Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Ladies, I am to put a verie easie suite
upon you all, and to desire you to fill your little pellies
at a dinner of plums behinde noone; there be Suckets,
and Marmilads, and Marchants, and other long white
plummes that faire would kisse your delicate and
sweet lippes; I indite you all together, and you espe-
cially my Ladie Pride; what doe you faie for your
felles? for I indite you all.

Cal. I thanke you good Sir Vaughan, I will come.

Sir Vau. Say Sentlewomen will you stand to me
too?

All. Wee'll fit with you sweet Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. God a mightie pleffe your faces, and
make your peauties laft, when wee are all dead and
rotten:—you all will come.

Lady. All will come.

Sir Vaug. Pray God that Horace bee in his right
wittes to raile now.

Exit.

Cris. Come Ladie, you shall be my dauncing
guest.

To treade the maze of musike with the rest.

Dem. Ile lead you in.

Dicach. A maze is like a doubt:
Tis easie to goe in, hard to get out.

Blun. We follow close behinde.

Philo. That measure's best.

Now none markes vs, but we marke all the rest.

Exeunt.
Exeunt all save Sir Quintilian, Cælestine, and Sir Walter Terrill.

Ter. Father, and you my Bride; that name to day
Wife comes not till to-morrow: but omitting
This enterchange of language; let vs thinke
Upon the King and night, and call our spirits
To a true reckoning: first to Arme our wittes
With compleat fleele of Judgement, and our tongs
With found artillery of Phrases: then
Our Bodies must bee motions; moouing first
What we speake: afterwards, our very knees
Must humbly seeme to talke, and fute out speech;
For a true furniht Cortyer hath such force,
Though his tongue fainted, his very legs discouerse.

Sir quin. Sonne Terrill, thou haft drawne his picture right,
For hee's noe full-made Courtier, nor well strung,
That hath not euer ioynt flucke with a tongue.
Daughter, if Ladies say, that is the Bride, that's she,
Gaze thou at none, for all will gaze at thee.

Cæl. Then, ô my father must I goe? O my husband
Shall I then goe? O my selfe, will I goe?

Sir quin. You must.

Ter. You shall.

Cæl. I will, but give me leauue,
To say I may not, nor I ought not, say not
Still, I must goe, let me intreate I may not.

Ter. You must and shall, I made a deede of gift,
And gaue my oath vnto the King, I swore
By thy true constancy.

Cæl. Then keep that word
To sweare by, O let me be constant still.

Ter. What shal I cancell faith, and breake my oath?

Cæl. If breaking constancie, thou breakst them both.

Ter. Thy constancie no euill can pursue.
the Humorous Poet.

Cal. I may be constant still, and yet not true.
Ter. As how?
Cal. As thus, by violence detain'd,
They may be constant still, that are constrain'd.
Ter. Constrain'd? that word weighs heavy, yet
my oath
Weighes downe that word; the kinges thoughts are at
oddes,
They are not even ballanst in his brest;
The King may play the man with me; nay more,
Kings may vsurpe; my wife's a woman; yet
Tis more then I know yet, that know not her,
If she should prooue mankinde, twere rare, fye, fye,
See how I loole my selfe, amongst my thoughts,
Thinking to finde my selfe; my oath, my oath.
Sir quin. I swear another, let me see, by what,
By my long stocking, and my narrow skirtes,
Not made to fit vpon, she shall to Court.
I haue a tricke, a charme, that shall lay downe
The spirit of lust, and keep thee vndeflawred;
Thy husbands honor sau'd, and the hot King,
Shall haue enough too. Come, a tricke, a charme.

Exit.

Cal. God keep thy honour safe, my bloud from
harme.
Ter. Come, my sicke-mindied Bride, Ile teach thee
how,
To relifh health a little: Tasth this thought,
That when mine eyes seru'd loues commishion,
Vpon thy beauties I did seise on them,
To a Kings vs; cure all thy griefe with this,
That his great seale was grauen vpon this ring,
And that I was but Steward to a King. Exeunt.

A banquet set out: Enter Sir Vaughan, Horace, Afi-
nius Bubo, Lady Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, Mif-
tris Minuier and Peter Flash.

Sir Vaugh. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are almost
all welcome, to this sweet nuncions of Plums.

Q
The untrussing of

Dicach. Almost all Sir Vaughan why to which of vs are you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a piece of welcome.

Sir Vaug. My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come, I am forrie my Lady Pride is not among you.

Aji. Slid, he makes hounds of vs Ningle, a brace quoth a

Sir Vaug. Peter Salamanders draw out the pictures of all the ioynt ftooles, & Ladies fit downe vpon their wooden faces.

Flash. I warrant Sir, Ile give euerie one of them a good ftoole.

Sir Vau. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray to God, and desire in hipocritnes that bald Sir Adams were heer, then, then, then begin to make your railes at the pouertie and beggerly want of haire.

Hor. Leave it to my judgment.

Sir Vau. M. Bubo fit there, you and I wil thinke vpon our ends at the Tables : M. Horace, put your learned bodie into the midst of these Ladies ; fo tis no matter to speake graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

Afini. Mas I thanke my definie I am not past grace, for by this hand full of Carrawaies, I could neuer abide to say grace.

Dica. Mistris Miniuer, is not that innocent Gentleman a kinde of foole?

Min. Why doe you aske Madam?

Dicach. Nay for no harme, I aske because I thought you two had been of acquaintance.

Min. I thinke he's within an Inch of a foole.

Dicach. Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare Gentleman, wod you heard what Mistris Miniuer faies of you.

Philo. Why what faies she Madam Dicache.

Dica. Nay nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.
Philo. Your wish and mine are twinnes, I wish so too, for then I shoulde be sure to lead a merrie life.

Asini. Yes faith Ladie, Ide make you laugh, my bolts now and then shoulde be soone shot; by these comfits, weed let all slide.

Petu. He takes the sweetest oathes that euer I heard a gallant of his pitch sweare; by these Comfits, & these Carrawaeies, I warrant it does him good to sweare.

Asin. Yes faith tis meate and drinke to me. I am glad Ladie Petula (by this Apple) that they please you.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamanders wine, I beseech you Master Asinius Bubo, not to sweare so deelely, for there comes no fruit of your oathes; heere Ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you shal all drinke of one cup.

Asi. Peter I prethee fill me out too.

Flash. Ide fling you out too and I might ha my will, a pox of all fooles.


Hor. Who, the balde Knight Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. The same M. Horace, he that has but a remnant or. parcell of haire, his crowne is clipt and par'd away; me thinkes tis an excellent quallitie to bee balde; for and there stucke a nose and two nyes in his pate, he might weare two faces vnder one hood.

Asi. As God faue me la, if I might ha my will, Ide rather be a balde Gentleman then a hairy; for I am sure the best and tallest Yeomen in England haue balde heads: me thinkes haire is a scurrie losifie commodity.

Hor. Bubo, herein you blaze your ignorance.

Sir Vau. Pray stopt and fill your mouthes, and giue M. Horace all your eares.

Hor. For, if of all the bodies parts, the head Be the most royall: if discoursfe, wit, Judgement, And all our understanding faculties, Sit there in their high Court of Parliament, Enaeting lawes to fway this humorous world:

Q 2
This little Ile of Man: needes must that crowne,
Which stands upon this suprême head, be faire,
And helde invaluale, and that crowne’s the Haire:
The head that wants this honour stands awry,
Is bare in name and in authority.

Sir Vau. He meanes balde-pates Mistris Miniuers.

Hor. Haire, tis the robe which curious nature weaves,
To hang upon the head: and does adorn,
Our bodies in the first houre we are borne:
God does beflow that garment: when we dye,
That (like a soft and silken Canopie)
Is still spread over vs; In spight of death
Our haiire growes in our grave, and that alone
Lookes fresh, when all our other beautys gone.
The excellence of Haire, in this shines cleere,
That the foure Elements take pride to weare
The fashion of it: when Fire most bright does burne,
The flames to golden lockes do striue to turne;
When her lasciviuous armes the Water hurles,
About the shoares waft, her sleeke head she curles:
And rorid cloudes being suckt into the Ayre,
When downe they melt, hangs like fine siluer haiare.
You see the Earth (whose head so oft is shorne)
Frighted to feele her lockes so rudely torne,
Stands with her haiire an end, and (thus afaide)
Turnes every haiire to a greene naked blade.
Besides, (when strucke with griefe) we long to dye,
We spoile that most, which most does beautifie,
We rend this Head-tyre off. I thus conclude,
Cullors set cullors out; our eyes judge right,
Of vice or vertue by their opposite:
So, if faire haiire to beauty ad such grace,
Baldnes must needes be ugly, vile and base.

Sir Vau. True M. Horace, for a bald reafon, is a reafon that has no hairies vpon’t, a fcuruy scalded reafon.

Mi. By my truely I neuer thought you could ha pickt such strange things out of haiire before.
the Humorous Poet.

_Afni._ Nay my Ningle can tickle it, when hee comes too't.

_Mn._ Troth I shall neuer be enameld of a bareheaded man for this, what shift so euer I make.

_Sir Vau._ Then Mifris Minuer S. Adams Prick-shaft must not hit you; Peter take vp all the cloathes at the table and the Plums.

_Enter Tucca and his boy._

_Tuc._ Sawe thee my little worshipfull Harper; how doe yee my little cracknels? how doe ye?

_Sir Vau._ Welcome M. Tucca, fit and shooe into your belly some Suger pellets.

_Tuc._ No, Godamercy Cadwallader, how doe you Horace?

_Ho._ Thankes good Captaine.

_Tu._ Wher's the Serling: thou carriest about thee? O haue I found thee my scowring-sticke; what's my name Bubo?

_Afni._ Wod I were hang'd if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.

_Tuc._ No Fye'ft; my name's Hamlet reuenge; thou haist been at Parris garden haft not?

_Hor._ Yes Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.

_Sir Vau._ Then M. Horace you plaide the part of an honesf man.

_Tuc._ Death of Hercules, he could neuer play that part well in's life, no Fulkes you could not: thou call'st Demetrius Iormeyman Poet, but thou putst vp a Supplication to be a poore Iormeyman Player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face vpon't: thou haft forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took't mad Ieronimoes part, to get seruice among the Mimickes: and when the Stagerites banisht thee into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dft Ban-dog (villanous Guy) & euer since biteft therefore I aske if th'asft been at Parris-garden, becaufe thou haist such a good mouth; thou baipt well, read, lege, faue thy felfe and read.
The untrustfng of

Hor. Why Captaine these are Epigrams compos'd
on you.

Tuc. Goe not out Farding Candle, goe not out,
for trufty Damboys now the deed is done, Ile pledge
this Epigram in wine, Ile swallow it, I, yes.

Sir Vau. God bleffe vs, will he he be drunke with
nittgrams now.

Tuc. So, now arife sprite ath Buttry; no Herring-
bone Ile not pull thee out, but arife deere Eccho rife,
rife deuil or Ile conjure thee vp.

Min. Good Master Tucca lets ha no coniuring
heere.

Sir Vau. Vddes bloud you scald gouty Captaine,
why come you to set encombrances heere betweene
the Ladies.

Tuc. Be not so tart my precious Metheglin, be not
(my old whore a Babilon, fit faft.)

Min. O Iesu if I know where abouts in London
Babilon stands.

Tuc. Feede and be fat my faire Calipolis, stir not
my beauteous wriggle-tailes, Ile disease none of you,
Ile take none of you vp, but onely this table-man, I
must enter him into some filthy fincke point, I must.

Hor. Captaine, you doe me wrong thus to disgrace
me.

Tuc. Thou thinkft thou maift be as sawcy with
me as my Buffe Ierkin, to fit vpon me, doft ?

Ho. Dam me, if euer I traduc'd your name,
What imputation can you charge me with ?

Sir Vau. Sblud, I, what cophurations can you lay
to his farge ? answer, or by Sefu Ile canuas your cox-
combe Tucky.

Min. If they draw sweet hearts, let vs shift for
our felues.

Tuc. My noble swaggerer, I wil not fall out with
thee, I cannot my mad Cumrade, finde in my heart
to fed thy bloud.

Sir Vau. Cumrade ? by Sefu call me Cumradeagaine,
and ile Cumrade ye about the finnes and shoulers ;
ownds, what come you to smell out heere? did you not dine and feede horribly well to day at dinner, but you come to munch heere, and giue vs winter-plummes? I pray depart, goe marfe, marfe, marfe out a doo res.

Tuc. Adew Sir Eglaniour, adew Lute-stringe, Curtin-rod, Goose-quill; heere, giue that full-nof'd Skinker, these rimes; & harke Ile tagge my Codpeece point with thy legs, spout-pot Ile empty thee.

Afin. Doft threaten mee? Gods lid Ile binde thee to the good forbearing.

Sir Vau. Will you amble Hobby-horfe, will you trot and amble?

Tuc. Raw Artichocke I shall sauce thee. Exit.

Min. I pray you Master Tucca, will you send me the fiue pound you borrowed on me; O you cannot heare now, but Ile make you heare me and feele me too in another place, to your shame I warrant you, thou shalt not conny-catch mee for fiue pounds; he tooke it vp Sir Vaughan in your name, hee swore you sent for it to Mum withall, twas fiue pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

Sir Vaughan. Ownds, fiue pound in my name to Mum about withall.

Min. I, to Mum withall, but hee playes mum-budget with me.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamander, tye vp your great and your little sword, by Sefu Ile goe sing him while tis hot. Ile beate fiue pound out of his leather pilch: Master Horace, let your wittes inhabite in your right places; if I fall fanomely vpone the Widdow, I haue some coffin Garman at Court, shall beget you the reuer- sion of the Master of the Kings Reuels, or else he his Lord of Mis-rule nowe at Christmas: Come Ladyes, whoreson Straling Captaine, Ile pound him. Exeunt.

Manet Horace and Afinius.

Hor. How now, what ail'ft thou, that thou look'ft so pale?

Afin. Nay, nothing, but I am atraide the Welsh
Knight has giuen me nothing but purging Comfits: this Captaine stickeis pockily in my stomack; read this scroule, he faies they'r rimes, and bid me giue them you.

Hor. Rimes! tis a challenge sent to you.
Asin. To me?
Hor. He faies heere you divulg'd my Epigrams.
Asin. And for that dares he challenge me?
Hor. You see he dares, but dare you answere him?
Asin. I dare answere his challenge, by word of mouth, or by writing, but I scorne to meete him, I hope he and I are not Paralels.

Hor. Deere Bubo, thou shalt answere him; our credites
Lye pawn'd vpon thy refolution,
Thy vallor must redeeme them; charge thy spirts,
To waite more close, and neere thee: if he kill thee
Ile not furuiue; into one Lottery
We'll cast our fates; together liue and dye.

Asin. Content, I owe God a death, and if he will make mee pay't against my will, Ile say tis hard dealing.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Adam, Tucca, with two pistols by his sides, his boy laden with swords and bucklers.

Tuc. Did Apollonies Freeze gowne watchman (boy, dost heare Turkie-cockes tayle, haue an eye behinde, leaft the enemie assault our Rere-ward) on procede Father Adam; did that fame tiranicall-tongu'd rag-a-muffin Horace, turne bald-pates out so naked?

Sir Ada. He did, and whipt them so with nettles, that
The Widdow swore that a bare-headed man,
Should not man her: the Ladie Petula
Was there, heard all, and tolde me this.

Tuc. Goe too. Thy golde was accepted, it was, and she shall bring thee into her Paradice, she shall small Adam, she shall.

Sir Ada. But how? but how Capten?
Tuc. Thus, goe, couer a table with sweet meates, let all the Gentlewomen, and that fame Pasquil's mad-cap (mother Bee there) nibble, bid them bite: they will come to gobble downe Plumes; then take vp that paire of Basket hiltes, with my commission, I meane Criphilus and Fannius; charge one of them to take vp the Bucklers, against that hayre-monger Horace, and haue a bout or two, in defence of balde-pates: let them cracke euerie crowne that has haire on't: goe, let them lift vp baldenes to the skie, and thou shalt see, twill turne Minuiers heart quite against the haire.

Sir Ada. Excellent, why then M. Tucca——

Tuc. Nay, whir, nymble Prickshaft; whir, away, I goe vpon life and death, away, flie Scanderbag flie.

Exit.

Enter Asnius Bubo, and Horace aloofe.

Boy. Arme Captaine, arme, arme, arme, the foe is come downe.

Tucca offers to shooe.

Asi. Hold Capten Tucca holde, I am Bubo, & come to anwer any thing you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, dofst summon a parlie my little Drum-sticke? tis too late; thou seest my red flag is hung out, Ile fill thy guts with thine owne carrion carcas, and then eate them vp in fleed of Sawfages.

Asi. Vfe me how you will; I am resolute, for I ha made my Will.

Tuc. Wilt fight Turke-a-ten-pence? wilt fight then?

Asi. Thou shalt finde Ile fight in a Godly quarrell, if I be once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou shalt not want fire, Ile ha thee burnt when thou wilt, my colde Cornelius: but come: Ref-

pice funem; looke, thou feest; open thy selfe my little Cutlers Shoppe, I challenge thee thou flender Gentle-

man, at foure sundrie weapons.

Asi. Thy challenge was but at one, and Ile answere but one.
Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and my Capten.

Tuc. Well said Cockrell out-crowe him: art hardy noble Huon? art Magnanimious? ick trelcher; looke, search least some lye in ambush; for this man at Armes has paper in's bellie, or some friend in a corner, or else hee durst not bee so cranke.

Boy. Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-fitted Morter-treader, come my most damnable fastidious rascall, I haue a fuite to both of you.

Asi. O holde, most pittifull Captaine holde.

Hor. Holde Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

Tuc. A Gentleman or an honest Cittizen, shall not Sit in your pennie-bench Theaters, with his Squirrell by his side cracking nuttes; nor sneake into a Tauerne with his Mermaid; but he shall be Satyr'd, and Epigram'd vpon, and his humour must run vpo'th Stage: you'll ha Every Gentleman in's humour, and Every Gentleman out on's humour: wee that are heads of Legions and Bandes, and feare none but these same shouder-clappers, shall feare you, you Serpentine rascall.

Hor. Honour'd Capten.

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad Hora-

Hor. Art not famous enough yet, my mad Horasonatus, for killing a Player, but thou must eate men aliue? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy Patrons? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecenas?e?

Hor. Captaine, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong.

So close vnto your heart: deare Captaine thinke I writ out of hot bloud, which (now) being colde, I could be pleasd (to please you) to quaffe downe, The poyson'd Inke, in which I dipt your name.

Tuc. Saift thou so, my Palinodecall rimester?

Hor. Henceforth Ile rather breath out Solacisms. (To doe which Ide as soone speake blasphemie)

Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth,
Beleeue it noble Capten; it to me
Shall be a Crowne, to crowne your actes with praize,
Out of your hate, your loue Ile stronglie raize.

Tuc. I know now th'aft a number of these Quid-dits to binde men to' th peace: tis thy fashion to flirt Inke in euerie mans face; and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen: yet to giue out abroad, that he was glad to come to com-position with me: I know Monsieur Machiavell tis one a thy rules; My long-heel'd Troglodite, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them, all those hot oathes, to which, thy selfe gau't voluntarie fire, (when thou waft the man in the Moone) that thou wouldst neuer squib out any new Salt-peter Iestles against honest Tucca, nor those Maligo-tasters, his Poetasers; I could Cinocephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowst thou haft broke those oathes in print, my excellent infernall.

Ho. Capten.

Tuc. Nay I smell what breath is to come from thee, thy anfwer is, that there's no faith to be helde with Heritickes & Infidels, and therfore thou sweare'ft anie thing: but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I henceforth will bee Alexander and Lodwicke, the Gemini: sworne brothers, thou shalt be Perithous and Tucca Thefes; but Ile leaue thee 'i'th lurch, when thou mak'ft thy voyago into hell: till then, Thine-affuredly.

Hor. With all my foule deare Capten.

Tuc. Thou'lt shoote thy quilles at mee, when my terrible backe's turn'd for all this, wilt not Porcupine? and bring me & my Heliconistes into thy Dialogues to make vs talke madlie, wut not Lucian?

Hor. Capten, if I doe——

Tuc. Nay and thou doft, hornes of Lucifer, the Parcell-Poets shall Sue thy wrangling Muse, in the Court of Pernassus, and neuer leave hunting her, till she pleade in Forma Pauperis: but I hope th'aft more grace: come: friendes, clap handes tis a bargaine;
The untrussing of

amiable Bubo, thy fist must walke too: so, I loue thee, now I see th'art a little Hercules, and wilt fight; Ile Sticke thee now in my companie like a sprig of Rosemary.

Enter Sir Rees ap Vaughan and Peter Flash.

Fla. Draw Sir Rees he's yonder, shall I vpon him?

Sir Vau. Vpon him? goe too, goe too Peter Salamander; holde, in Gods name holde; I will kill him to his face, because I meane he shall anwer for it; being an eye-witnes; one vrde Capten Tucky.

Tuc. Ile giue thee ten thousand words and thou wilt, my little Thomas Thomafius.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, tis best you giue good vrdes too, leaff I beate out your tongue, and make your vrde nere to bee taken more; doe you heare, fiue pounds, fiue pounds Tucky.

Tuc. Thou shalt ha fiue, and fiue, and fiue, and thou wantfl money my Iob.

Sir Vau. Leaue your fetches and your fegaries, you tough leaether-Ierkins; leaue your quondaries, and trickes, and draw vpon me y'are best: you connycatch Widdow Miniuer-caps for fiue pounds, and say tis for me to cry Mum, and make mee run vp and downe in dishonors, and discredites; is 't not true, you winke-a-pipes rascall? is not true?

Tuc. Right, true, guilty, I remember 't now; for when I spake a good word to the Widdow for thee my young Sampson ——

Sir Vau. For fiue pounds you cheating scab, for 5. pounds, not for me.

Tuc. For thee o Cæsar, for thee I tooke vp fiue pounds in golde, that lay in her lap, & said Ide giue it thee as a token from her: I did it but to smell out how she flood affected to thee, to feele her; I, and I know what she said, I know how I carried away the golde.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, I ha not the mercy to fall vpon
him now: M. Tucky, did widdow Miniuers part
quietly from her golde, because you lyed, and said it
was for me?

Tuc. Quietly, in peace, without grumbling; made
no noife. I know how I tempted her in thy behalfe,
my little Trangdo.

Sir Vau. Capten Tucky, I will pay back her 5. £
(vnles you be damn’d in lyes) & hold you, I pray you
pocket vp this; by the croffe a this fword & dagger,
Capten you shall take it.

Tuc. Doft sweare by daggers? nay then Ile put vp
more at thy hands then this.

Flash. Is the fray done sir?

Sir Vau. Done Peter, put vp your fmeeter.

Tuc. Come hether, my foure-fac’d Poet; fling
away that beard-brush Bubo, casheere him and harke:
Knight attend: So, that raw-head and blody-bones
Sir Adam, has fee’d another brat (of those nine commen
wenches) to defend baldnes and to raile againft haire:
he’ll haue a fling at thee, my noble Cock-Sparrow.

Sir Vau. At mee I will hee fling the cudgels of his
witte at mee?

Tuc. And at thy button-cap too; but come, Ile
be your leader, you shall stand, heare all, and not be
seene; cast off that blew coate, away with that flawne,
and follow, come:

Hor. Bubo, we follow Captaine.

Sir Vau. Peter, leaue comming behinde me, I pray
any longer, for you and I muft part Peter.

Flash. Sounds Sir, I hope you will not serue me
fo, to turne me away in this cafe.

Sir Vau. Turne you into a fooles coate; I meane
I will go folus, or in solitaries alone; ouns y-are
beft giue better words, or Ile turne you away indeed;
where is Capten Tucky? come Horace; get you
home Peter.

Flash. Ile home to your cost, and I can get into
the Wine-Seller.

Hor. Remember where to meete mee.
Afin. Yes Ile meete ; Tucca should ha found I dare meete.  
Ho. Dare defend baldnes, which our conquering Mufte  
Has beaten downe so flat ! Well, we will goe,  
And see what weapons theyr weake wittes doe bring ;  
If sharpe, we'll spred a large and nobler wing ;  
Tucca, heere lyes thy Peace : warre roares agen ;  
My Swoord shall neuer cutte thee, but my pen.  
Exit.  

Enter Sir Adam, Crispinus, Fannius, Blunt, Minuier,  
Petula, Philocalia and Dicace.  

Ladies. Thankes good Sir Adam.  
Sir Ada. Welcome red-cheekt Ladies,  
And welcome comely Widdow ; Gentlemen,  
Now that our forry banquet is put by,  
From thealeing more sweete kiffes from your lips  
Walke in my garden : Ladyes let your eyes  
Shed life into these flowers by their bright beames,  
Sit, Sit, heere 's a large bower, heere all may heare,  
Now good Crispinus let your praize begin.  
There, where it left off Baldnes.  

Cris. I shall winne  
No praise, by praiing that, which to deprauue,  
All tongues are readie, and which none would haue.  
Blu. To prooue that best, by strong and armed reaeson,  
Whose part reaeson feares to take, cannot but prooue,  
Your wit's fine temper, and from these win loue.  
Min. I promise you has almoast converted me, I pray bring forward your bald reaasons M. Poet.  

Cri. Mistris you giue my Reaons proper names,  
For Arguments (like Children) shoule be like,  
The subieçt that begets them ; I must strue,  
To crowne Bald heads, therefore must baldlie thrue ;  
But be it as it can : To what before,  
Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more,  
If a Bare head (being like a dead-mans scull)
Should beare vp no praife els but this, it sets
Our end before our eyes; should I dispaire,
From giuing Baldnes higher place then haire?  
   Mini. Nay perdie, haire has the higher place.
   Cri. The goodliest & most glorious strange-built wonder,
Which that great Architec’t hath made, is heauen;
For there he keepes his Court, It is his Kingdome,
That’s his best Master-piece; yet tis the rooфе,
And Seeling of the world: that may be cal’d
The head or crowne of Earth, and yet that’s balde,
All creatures in it balde; the louely Sunne,
Has a face flecke as golde; the full-cheekt Moone,
As bright and smooth as siluer: nothing there
Weares dangling lockes, but sometime blazing Starres,
Whose flaming curles, fet realmes on fire with warres.
Descend more low; looke through mans fue-folde fence,
Of all, the Eye, beares greatest eminence;
And yet that’s balde, the haires that like a lace,
Are stich vnto the liddes, borrow those formes,
Like Pent-houses to faue the eyes from formes.
   Sir Adam. Right, well said.
   Cri. A head and face ore-growne with Shaggie drosse,
O, tis an Orient pearle hid all in Mosse,
But when the head’s all naked and vn-crown’d,
It is the worlds Globe, even, smooth and round;
Baldnes is natures But, at which our life,
Shootes her laft Arrow: what man euer lead
His age out with a staffe, but had a head
Bare and vn-couer’d? hee whose yeares doe rife,
To their full height, yet not balde, is not wise.
The Head is Wifedomes house, Haire but the thatch,
Haire? It’s the basest stubble; in fcorne of it,
This Proverbe sprung, he has more haire then wit:
Marke you not in derision how we call,
A head growne thicke with haire, Bush-naturall?
   Mini. By your leaue (Master Poet) but that Bush-
naturall, is one a the trimmeft, and moft intanglingfet beautie in a woman.

_Crif._ Right, but beleue this (_pardon me moft faire_)
You would haue much more wit, had you leffe haire:
I could more wareie you to tell the proofes,
(As they paffe by) which fight on _Baldnes_ side,
Then were you taskt to number on a head,
The haires: I know not how your thoughts are lead,
On this strong Tower shall my opinion rest,
_Heades thicke of haire are goode, but balde the beft._

_Whilst this Paradox is in speaking, Tucca Enters_
_with Sir Vaughan at one doore, and secretly placeth_
_him: then Exit and brings in Horace muffled,
_placing him: Tucca fits among them._

_Tuc._ Th' art within a haire of it, my sweete _Wit_
_whether wilt thou_? my delicate Poeticall Furie, th' aft
hit it to a haire.

_Sir Vaughan steps out._

_Sir Vau._ By your fauour Master Tucky, his balde
reasons are wide aboue two hayres, I besees you pardon mee Ladies, that I thruf in so malepartly among you, for I did but mych heere, and see how this cruell Poet did handle bald heads.

_Sir Ad._ He gaue them but their due Sir Vaughan;
Widdow did he not?

_Mini._ By my faith he made more of a balde head,
than euer I shall be able: he gaue them their due
truely.

_Sir Vauh._ Nay vds bloud, their due is to bee a the right haire as I am, and that was not in his fingers to giue, but in God a Mighty: Well, I will hyre that humorous and fantastical Poet Master Horace, to breake your balde pate Sir Adam.

_Sir Ada._ Breake my balde pate?

_Tuc._ Doft heare my worshipfull block-head?

_Sir Vaug._ Patience Captaine Tucky, let me abfolue him; I meane he shal pricke, pricke your head or
fconce a little with his goose-quils, for he shal make
another Thalimum, or crose-stickes, or some Polinod-
dyes, with a fewe Nappy-grams in them that shal lift
vp haire, and set it an end, with his learned and
harty commendations.

Hor. This is excellent, all will come out now.

Dica. That same Horace me thinkes has the most
ungodly face, by my Fan; it lookes for all the world,
like a rotten ruffet Apple, when tis bruiz’d: Its better
then a spoonfull of Sinamon water next my heart,
for me to heare him speake; hee foundes it so i’ th
nose, and talkes and randes for all the world, like the
poore fellow vnder Ludgate: oh fye vpon him.

Min. By my troth sweet Ladies, it’s Cake and
pudding to me, to fee his face make faces, when hee
reads his Songs and Sonnets.

Hor. Ile face some of you for this, when you shal
not budge.

Tuc. Its the slinckingst dung-farmer—foh vpon
him.

Sir Vau. Foh! oundes you make him vrfe than
olde herring: foh! by Sefu I thinke he’s as tidy, and
as tall a Poet as euer drew out a long verse.

Tuc. The best verse that euer I knew him hacke
out, was his white necke-verse: noble Ap Rees thou
wouldst spoke to laye thy lippes to his commendations,
and thou smeldst him out as I doe, hee calleth thee
the burning Knight of the Salamander.

Sir Vaugh. Right, Peter is my Salamander; what
of him? but Peter is neuer burnt: howe now? fo, goe
too now.

Tucca. And sayes because thou Clipst the Kinges
English.

Sir Vaughan. Oundes mee? that’s treason: clip? horibble treasons, Sefu holde my handes; clip? he
baites moufe-trappes for my life.

Tucca. Right little Twincker, right: hee sayes be-
cause thou speake’st no better, thou canst not keepe a
good tongue in thy head.
The untrussing of

**Sir Vaug.** By God tis the best tongue, I can buy for loue or money.

**Tuc.** He shootes at thee too Adam Bell, and his arrowes sticke sheere ; he calles thee bald-pate.

**Sir Vaugh.** Oundes make him prooue these intollerabilities.

**Tuc.** And askes who shall carry the vineger-bottle ! & then he rimes too't, and fayes Prickshaft: nay Mi- niuer hee cromples thy Cap too; and —

**Cri.** Come Tucca, come, no more; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him, whom does he not wrong?

**Tuc.** Mary himselfe, the vglie Pope Boniface, pardons himselfe, and therefore my judgement is, that presently he bee had from hence to his place of execution, and there bee Stab'd, Stab'd, Stab'd.

*He flaps at him.*

**Hor.** Oh gentlemen, I am flaine, oh flae art hyr'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me ?

**Ladies.** Oh God !

**Sir Vaugh.** Ounds Capten, you haue put all Poetrie to the dint of sword, blow winde about him: Ladies for our Lorde's sake you that haue smocks, teare off peeces to shoote through his oundes: Is he dead and buried? is he? pull his nose, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

**Tu.** If he be not dead, looke heere; I ha the Stab and pippin for him: if I had kil'd him, I could ha plea'd the great foole with an Apple.

**Cris.** How now? be well good Horace, heer's no wound;

Y'are flaine by your owne feares; how dost thou man ?
Come, put thy heart into his place againe;
Thy out-side's neither peir'ft, nor In-side flaine.

**Sir Vau.** I am glad M. Horace, to see you walking.

**Ho.** Gentlemen, I am blacke and blewe the breadth of a groate.

**Tuc.** Breadth of a groate ? there's a tefton, hide thy infirmities, my scuruy Lazarus; doe, hide it, leaft
it prooue a sabb in time : hang thee desperation, hang thee, thou knowst I cannot be sharpe set against thee: lookee, feele (my light-vptailes all) feele my weapon.

Mi. O most pittifull as blunt as my great thumbe.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Poules; tis not like thy Aloe, Cicatrine tongue, bitter: no, tis no flabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: doft roare bulchin? doft roare? th' ait a good rounciuall voice to cry Lanthorne & Candle-light.

Sir Va. Two vrds Horace about your eares: how chance it passes, that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building Symneys, and laying downe Brickes, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but railes; your Mufe leans vpon nothing but filthy rotten railes, such as stand on Poules head, how chance?

Hor. Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. You lye sir varlet sir villainne, I am sir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Master Peter Salamanders face as vrse as mine? Gentlemen, all and Ladies, and you say once or twice Amen, I will lap this little Silde, this Booby in his blankets agen.

Omnes. Agree’d, agree’d.

Tuc. A blanket, these crackt Venice glasse shall fill him out, they shall toffe him, holde faft wag-tailes: so, come, in, take this bandy with the racket of patience, why when? doft flampe mad Tamberlaine, doft flampe? thou thinkst th’ ait Morter vnder thy feete, doft?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho.

Hor. O holde most sacred beauties.

Sir Vau. Hold, silence; the puppet-teacher speakes.

Ho. Sir Vaughan, noble Capten, Gentlemen, Critpinus, deare Demetrius & redeeme me, Out of this infamous —— by God by Iefu ——

Cri. Nay, sweare not so good Horace, now these Ladies,

Are made your executioners: prepare,
To suffer like a gallant, not a coward;
Ile trie t'vnloose, their hands, impossible.
Nay, womens vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why, would you make me thus the ball of
scorne ?

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because th' ait entred
actions of assault and battery, against a companie of
honourable and worshipfull Fathers of the law: you
wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillers of land,
and if thou beest bound too't (as I hope thou shalt
bee) thou't prooue a skip-Jacke, thou't be whipt. Ile
tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelpe,
that Arrogance, and Impudence, and Ignoraunce, are
the essentiaall parts of a Courtier.

Sir Vau. You remember Horace they will puncke,
and pincke, and pumpe you, and they catch you by
the coxcombe: on I pray, one lafh, a little more.

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, becaufe thou cryest ptooh
at worshipfull Cittizens, and cal'ft them Hat-caps,
Cuckolds, and banckrupts, and modest and vertuous
wiues punckes & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why,
becaufe th' ait arraigned two Poets against all lawe
and conscience; and not content with that, haft turn'd
them amongst a company of horrible blacke Fryers.

Sir Vau. The same hand still, it is your owne
another day, M. Horace, admonitions is good meate.

Tuc. Thou art the true arraign'd Poet, and shouldst
have been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers,
these charitable Copper-lac'd Christians, that fetcht
thee out of Purgatory, (Players I meane) Theaterians
pouch-mouth, Stage-walkers; for this Poet, for this,
thou muft lye with these foure wenches, in that
blanket, for this —

Hor. What could I doe, out of a iust reuenge,
But bring them to the Stage? they enuy me
becaufe I holde more worthy company.

Deme. Good Horace, no; my cheekes do bluufh
for thine,
As often as thou speakest so, where one true
And nobly-vertuous spirit, for thy best part
Loues thee, I wish one ten, euen from my heart.
I make account I put vp as deepe share
In any good mans loue, which thy worth earnes,
As thou thy selfe; we enuy not to see,
Thy friends with Bayes to crowne thy Poesie.
No, heere the gall lyes, we that know what fluffe
Thy verie heart is made of; know the faltke
On which thy learning growes, and can giue life
To thy (once dying) bafneses; yet must we
Dance Antickes on your Paper.

_Hor._ Fannisius.

_Cri._ This makes vs angry, but not envious,
No; were thy warpt foule, put in a new molde,
Ide weare thee as a Iewell fet in golde.

_Sir Vau._ And Iewels Master Horace, must be
hang'd you know.

_Tuc._ Good Pagans, well saide, they haue sowed vp
that broken seame-vent lyse of thine, that Demetrius is
out at Elbowes, and Crispinus is falne out with Sattin
heere, they haue; but bloate herring doft heere?

_Hor._ Yes honour'd Captaine, I haue eares at will.

_Tuc._ Ift not better be out at Elbowes, then to bee
a bond-flaue, and to goe all in Parchment as thou
doft?

_Horace._ Parchment Captaine? tis Perpetuana I
asseure you.

_Tuc._ My Perpetuall pantaloone true, but tis wact
ouer; th'art made out of Wax; thou must anwere for
this one day; thy Muse is a hagler, and weares
cloathes vpon best-be-trufl: th'art great in some bodies
books for this, thou knowest where; thou wouldst bee
out at Elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that thou
layest about thee with a Bill for this, a Bill—

_Ho._ I confesse Capten, I followed this suite hard.

_Tuc._ I know thou didst, and therefore we have
Hiren heere, speake my little dish-washers, a verdit
Pisse-kitchins.

_Omnès._ Blancket.
Sir Vau. Holde I pray, holde, by Sefu I haue put vpon my heade, a fine deuice, to make you laugh, tis not your foole Cap Master Horace, which you couer'd your Poetasters in, but a fine tricke, ha, ha, is iumbling in my braine.

Tuc. Ile beate out thy braines, my whorson hansom dwarme, but ile haue it out of thee.

Omnes. What is it good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. To conclude, tis after this manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to bee more hye and tall as God a mightie made him, we'll carry his terrible person to Court, and there before his Mafeolie Dub, or what you call it, dip his Muse in some licour, and christen him, or dye him, into collours of a Poet.

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super Super-excellent Rueellers goe, pro-ceede you Masters of Arte in kifing these wenches, and in daunces, bring you the quiuering Bride to Court, in a Maske, come Grumboll, thou shalt Mum with vs; come, dogge mee skneakes-bill.

Hor. O thou my Muse!

Sir Vau. Call vpon God a mighty, and no Mufes, your Muse I warrant is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with your Muse now, therefore I pray marfe, marfe, marfe, oundes your Moose? Exeunt.

Cri. We shal haue sport to see them; come bright beauties,
The Sunne floops low, and whispers in our eares,
To haftten on our Maske, let's crowne this night,
With choife composed wreathes of sweet delight.

Exeunt.

Enter Terrill and Cælestine sadly, Sir Quintilian
flurring and migling a cup of wine.

Ter. O Night, that Dyes the Firmament in blacke,
And like a cloth of cloudes dofst stretch thy limbes;
Vpon the windy Tenters of the Ayre:
O thou that hang'ft vp upon the backe of Day,
Like a long mourning gowne: thou that art made
Without an eye, becaufe thou shou'dft not see
A Louers Reuels: nor participate
The Bride-gromes heauen; δ heauen, to me a hell:
I haue a hell in heauen, a blessed curse;
All other Bride-gromes long for Night, and taxe
The Day of lazie flouth; call Time a Cripple,
And say the houres limpe after him: but I
With Night for euer banisht from the skie,
Or that the Day would neuer sleepe: or Time,
Were in a swound; and all his little Houres,
Could neuer lift him vp with their poore powers.

Enter Cælestone.

But backward runnes the course of my delight;
The day hath turn'd his backe, and it is night:
This night will make vs odde; day made vs eueuen,
All else and dam'd in hel, but I in heauen.

Cæ. Let loose thy oath, so shal we still be euen.
Ter. Then am I dam'd in hel, and not in heauen.

Cæ. Must I then goe? tis easie to say no,
Muft is the King himselfe, and I must goe;
Shall I then goe? that word is thine; I shall,
Is thy commaund: I goe becaufe I shal;
Will I then goe? I aske my selfe; δ ill,
King, faies I must: you, I shal; I, I will.

Ter. Had I not fworne.

Cæ. Why didst thou sweare?

Ter. The King

Sat heauy on my resolucion,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath,

Cæ. An oath? why, what's an oath? tis but the smoke,

Of flame & bloud; the blister of the spirit,
Which rizeth from the Steame of rage, the bubble
That shootes vp to the tongue, and scaldes the voice, 
(For oaths are burning words, thou warf'rt but one, 
Tis frozen long agoe: if one be numbred, 
What Countrimen are they? where doe they dwell, 
That speake naught else but oathes?)

**Ter.** They're men of hell. 
An oath! why tis the trafficke of the soule, 
Tis law within a man; the seale of faith, 
The bond of evry conscience; vnvo whom, 
We set our thoughts like hands: yea such a one 
I swore, and to the King: A King containes 
A thousand thousand; when I swore to him, 
I swore to them; the very haires that guard 
His head, will rife vp like sharpe witnessses 
Against my faith and loyalty: his eye 
Would straight condemne me: argue oathes no more, 
My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

**Enter Sir Quintilian with the cup.**

**Cæ.** Must I betray my Chastity? So long 
Cleane from the treason of rebelling luft; 
O husband! O my Father! if poore I 
Must not liue chaste, then let me chaste ly die. 

**S. qui.** I, heer's a charme shall keep thee chaste, 
come, come, 
Olde Time hath left vs but an ourse to play 
Our parts; begin the Scene, who shall speake first? 
Oh, I, I play the King, and Kings speake first; 
Daughter stand thou heere, thou Sonne Terrill there, 
O thou standst well, thou lean'st against a poast, 
(For thou't be posted off I warrant thee:) 
The King will hang a horne about thy necke, 
And make a poast of thee; you stand well both, 
We neede no Prologue, the King entring first, 
He's a most gracious Prologue: mary then 
For the Catastrophe, or Epilogue, 
Ther's one in cloth of Siluer, which no doubt,
Will please the hearers well when he steps out;
His mouth is fil'd with words: see where he stands;
He'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part; suppose who enters now,
A King, whose eyes are set in Siluer; one
That blusheth golde, speakes Musicke, dancing
walkes,
Now gathers neerer takes thee by the hand,
When straighth thou thinkst, the very Orbe of heauen,
Mooues round about thy fingers, then he speakes,
Thus—thus—I know not how.
   Cæl. Nor I to answer him.
   Sir Quint. No girlie know'st thou not how to an-
answer him?
Why then the field is lost, and he rides home,
Like a great conquerour; not answer him?
Out of thy part already? foyle the Scene?
Disfranckt the lynes? disarm'd the action?
   Ter. Yes, yes, true chastity is tongued so weake,
Tis ouer-come ere it know how to speake.
   Sir qui. Come com, thou happy close of evcry
wrong,
Tis thou that canst dissolve the hardest doubt;
Tis time for thee to speake, we are all out.
Daughter, and you the man whom I call Sonne,
I must confesse I made a deedde of gift;
To heauen and you and gaue my childe to both:
When on my blessing I did charme her foule,
In the white circle of true Chaftity,
Still to run true, till death: now Sir if not,
She forseyts my rich blessing, and is Fin'd
With an eternall curse; then I tell you,
She shall dye now, now whilst her foule is true.
   Ter. Dye!
   Cæl. I, I am deaths eccho.
   Sir quin. O my Sonne,
I am her Father; eevry teare I shed,
Is threescore ten yeere olde: I weepe and smile
Two kinde of teares: I weepe that she must dye,
The vntrussing of

I smile that she must dye a Virgin: thus
We joyful men mocke teares, and teares mocke vs.
Ter. What speakes that cup?
Sir quin. White wine and poison.
Ter. Oh:
That very name of poison, poisons me;
Thou Winter of a man, thou walking graue,
Whose life is like a dying Taper: how
Canst thou define a Louers labouring thoughts?
What hast thou but death? what taste but earth?
The breath that purles from thee. is like the Steame
Of a new-open'd vault: I know thy drift,
Because thou art travelling to the land of Graues,
Thou couetst company, and hether bringst,
A health of poison to pledge death: a poison
For this sweete spring; this Element is mine,
This is the Ayre I breath; corrupt it not;
This heauen is mine, I bought it with my soule,
Of him that felles a heauen, to buy a soule.

Sir quin. Well, let her goe; she's thine thou cal'st
her thine,
Thy Element, the Ayre thou breath'st; thou know'st
The Ayre thou breath'st is common, make her so:
Perhaps thou'rt say; none but the King shall weare
Thy night-gowne, she that laps thee warme with louse;
And that Kings are not common: Then to shew,
By consequence he cannot make her so,
Indeede she may promoote her shame and thine,
And with your shames, speake a good word for mine:
The King shining so cleare, and we so dim,
Our darke disgraces will be seene through him.
Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
What man would pledge a King in his own wife?

Ter. She dies: that sentence poisons her: O life!
What flaue would pledge a King in his owne wife?
Cal. Welcome, δ poysyon, phisicke against lust,
Thou holesome medicine to a constant bloud;
Thou rare Apothecary that canst keepe,
My chastity preferu'd, within this boxe;
Of tempting duft, this painted earthen pot,
That flands vpon the flall of the white soule,
To set the shop out like a flatterer;
To draw the custumers of Sinne: come, come,
Thou art no poison, but a dyet-drinke,
To moderate my bloud: White-innocent Wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death? oh no,
For thou thy selfe art poifon'd, take me hence,
For Innocence, shall murder Innocence. Drinkes.

Ter. Holde, holde, thou shalt not dye, my Bride,
my wife,
O stop that speedy messenger of death;
O let him not run downe that narrow path,
Which leads vnto thy heart; nor carry newes
To thy remouing soule, that thou must dye.

Cæl. Tis done already, the Spirituall Court,
Is breaking vp; all Offices discharge'd,
My soule remoues from this weake standing house,
Of fraile mortallity; Deare Father, bleffe
Me now and euer: Dearer Man, farewel,
I joyntly take my leave of thee and life,
Goe, tell the King thou haft a constant wife.

Ter. I had a constant wife, Ile tell the King;
Vntill the King—what dost thou smile? art thou
A Father?

Sir quin. Yea, smiles on my cheekes arise,
To see how sweetly a true virgin dyes.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Philocalia, Dicache,
Petula, lights before them.

Cref. Sir Walter Terrill gallants are all ready,
Ter. All ready.
Dem. Well said, come, come, wher's the Bride?
Ter. She's going to forbid the Banes agen.
She'll dye a maide; and see she keeps her oath.

All the men. Faire Cælestone!

Ladies. The Bride!

Ter. She that was faire,
Whom I cal'd faire and Cælestone.
Omnès. Dead!
Sir quin. Dead, she's deathes Bride, he hath her maidenhead.
Cri. Sir Walter Terrill.
Omnès. Tell vs how.
Ter. All cease,
The subiect that we treate of now is Peace.
If you demand how: I can tell: if why,
Aske the King that; he was the cause, not I.
Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow,
Aske the King why, and then Ile tell you how:
Nay giue your Reuels life, tho she be gone,
To Court with all your preparation;
Leade on, and leade her on; if any aske
The mistery, fay death presents a maske,
Ring peales of Muficke, you are Louers belles,
The losse of one heauen, brings a thousand hels.

Exeunt.

Enter an arm'd Sewer, after him the service of a
Banquet: the King at another doore meetes them,
they Exeunt.

Kin. Why fo, even thus the Mercury of Heauen,
Vthers th' ambrosiate banquet of the Gods,
When a long traine of Angels in a ranke,
Serue the first course, and bow their Christall knees,
Before the Siluer table; where Ioues page
Sweet Ganied filles Nectar: when the Gods
Drinke healthes to Kings, they pledge them; none
but Kings
Dare pledge the Gods, none but Gods drinke to
Kings.
Men of our house are we prepar'd?

Enter Servants.

Ser. My Leige,
All waite the presence of the Bride.
Kin. The Bride?
Yea, euerie fenceles thing, which she beholdes,
the Humorous Poet.

Wil looke on her agen, her eyes reflection,
Will make the walles all eyes, with her perfection:
Observe me now, because of Maskes and Reuels,
And many nuptiall ceremonies: Marke,
This I create the Presence heere the State,
Our Kingdomes feate, shall fit in honours Pride,
Like pleasures Queene, there will I place the Bride:
Be gone, be speedy, let me see it done. Exeunt.

A King in Loue, is Steward to himselfe,
And neuer scornes the office, my selfe buy,
All glances from the Market of her eye.

Soft Musick, chaire is set under a Canopie.

Kin. Sound Musicke, thou sweet fuieter to the ayre,
Now wooe the ayre agen, this is the houre,
Writ in the Calender of time, this houre,
Musicke shall spend, the next and next the Bride;
Her tongue will read the Musicke-Lecture: Wat
I loue thee Wat, because thou art not wise;
Not deep-read in the volume of a man,
Thou neuer fawft a thought, poore foule thou thinkft,
The heart and tongue is cut out of one peece,
But th'art deceau'd, the world hath a false light,
Fooles thinke tis day, when wise men know tis night.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quint. My Leige they're come a maske of gallants,

King. Now —— the spirit of Loue vsers my bloud.

Sir quin. They come.
The Watch-word in a Maske is the bolde Drum.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula,
Dicache, all maskt, two and two with lights like maskers: Cælesteine in a chaire.

Ter. All pleasures guard my King, I heere present,
My oath vpon the knee of duety: knees
Are made for Kings, they are the subjects Fees.

King. Wat Terrill, th'art ill suited, ill made vp,
The untrussing of

In Sable collours, like a night peece dyed,  
Com'ft thou the Prologue of a Maske in blacke;  
Thy body is ill shapt; a Bride-groome too?  
Looke how the day is drest in Siluer cloth,  
Laide round about with golden Sunne-beames: so  
(As white as heauen) shou'd a freth Bride-groome goe.  
What? Cælestine the Bride, in the same taske?  
Nay then I see ther's mistery in this maske,  
Prethee refolue me Wat?  

Ter. My gracious Lord,  
That part is hers, she actes it; onely I  
Present the Prologue, she the misterie.  

Kin. Come Bride, the Scene of blushing entred  
first,  
Your cheekes are setled now, and past the worst;  

Vnmaskes her.

A mistery? oh none plaies heere but death,  
This is deaths motion, motionles; speake you,  
Flatter no longer; thou her Bride-groome; thou  
Her Father speake,  

Sir quint. Dead.  

Ter. Dead.  

Kin. How?  

Sir quin. Poyfon'd.  

King. And poyfon'd?  

What villaine durft blaspheme her beauties, or  
Prophane the cleare religion of her eyes.  

Ter. Now King I enter, now the Scene is mine,  
My tongue is tipt with poifon: know who speakes,  
And looke into my thoughts; I blufh not King,  
To call thee Tyrant: death hath set my face,  
And made my bloud bolde: heare me spirits of men,  
And place your eares uppon your hearts; the day  
(The fellow to this night) saw her and me,  
Shake hands together: for the booke of heauen,  
Made vs eternall friends: thus, Man and Wife,  
This man of men (the King) what are not kings?  
Was my chiefe guest, my royall guet, his Grace  
Grac'd all the Table, and did well become
The upper end, where fate my Bride: in briefe,
He tainte her chafte eares; she yet vnknowne,
His breath was treason, tho his words were none.
Treafton to her and me, he dar'd me then,
(Vnder the couert of a flattering smile,)
To bring her where she is not as she is,
Aliue for luft, not dead for Chaftity:
The resolution of my foule, out-dar'd,
I swore and taxt my faith with a bad oath;
Which I maintaine; heere take her, she was mine,
When she was liuing, but now dead, she's thine.

Kin. Doe not confound me quite; for mine owne guilt,
Speakes more within me then thy tongue containes;
Thy sorrow is my shame: yet herein springs,
Joy out of sorrow, boldnes out of shame;
For I by this haue found, once in my life,
A faithfull subiecf, thou a constant wife.

Cael. A constant wife.

Kin. Am I confounded twice?
Blasted with wonder.

Ter. O delude me not.
Thou art too true to liue agen, too faire
To be my Cælesteine, too constant farre
To be a woman.

Cael. Not to be thy wife,
But first I pleade my duetie, and salute
The world agen.

Sir quin. My King, my Sonne, know all,
I am an Actor in this misterie,
And beare the chiefest part. The Father I,
Twas I that ministred to her chafte bloud,
A true fomniferous potion, which did steale
Her thoughts to sleepe, and flattere'd her with death:
I cal'd it a quick poison'd drug, to trie
The Bride-grooms loue, and the Brides constancie.
He in the passioun of his loue did fight,
A combat with affection; so did both,
She for the poison stroue, he for his oath:
Thus like a happie Father, I haue won,
A constant Daughter, and a louing Sonne.

Kin. Mirrour of Maidens, wonder of thy name,
I giue thee that art giuen, pure, chast, the same
Heere Wat: I would not part (for the worlds pride)
So true a Bride-groome, and so chast a Bride.

Cri. My Leige, to wed a Comicall euent,
To presupposed tragick Argument:
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadful Poet take degree.

Kin. Dreadfull in his proportion or his pen?
Cri. In both, he calles himselfe the whip of
men.

Kin. If a cleare merrit stand vpon his prais, Reach him a Poets Crowne (the honour'd Bayes)
But if he claime it, wanting right thereto,
(As many bastard Sonnes of Poesie doe)
Race downe his vfurpation to the ground.

True Poets are with Arte and Nature Crown'd.
But in what molde fo ere this man bee caft,
We make him thine Crispinus, wit and judgement,
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soule I know,
Will not goe arm'd in passion gainst thy foe:
Therefore be thou our selfe; whilst our selfe fit,
But as spectator of this Scane of wit.

Cri. Thankes royall Lord, for these high honors
done,
To me vnworthie, my minde's brightest fires
Shall all consume themselves in purest flame,
On the Alter of your deare eternall name.

Kin. Not vnnder vs, but next vs take thy Seate,
"Artes nourished by Kings make Kings more great,
Vse thy Authority.

Cri. Demetrius.
Call in that selfe-creating Horace, bring
Him and his shadow forth.

Dem. Both shall appeare,
"No black-eyed star must flicke in vertues Spheare."
Enter Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. Ounds did you see him, I pray let all his Mafelesties moft excellent dogs, be set at liberties, and have their freedoms to smell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

Sir Vaugh. Whom? the Composer, the Prince of Poets, Horace, Horace, he's departed: in Gods name and the Kings I large you to ring it out from all our eares, for Horaces bodie is departed: Master hue and crie shall—God bleffe King Williams, I crie you mercy and ask forgiuences, for mine eyes did not finde in their hearts to looke vpon your Ma-jeftie.

Kin. What news with thee Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. Newes? God tis as vre newes as I can defire to bring about mee: our vnhansome-fac'd Poet does play at bo-peepes with your Grace, and cyes all-hidde as boyes doe.

Officers. Stand by, roome there, backe, roome for the Poet.

Sir Va. He's reprehended and taken, by Sefu, I rejoyce very neere as much as if I had discouer'd a New-found Land, or the North and East Indies.

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures under his cloake, and a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo pul'd in by th' horns bound both like Satyres, Sir Adam following, Miftres Minuuer with him, wearing Tuccaes chaine.

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad Bull in by' th horns; So, baite one at that flake my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that flake Gurnets-head.

King. What bufe fellow's this?

Tuc. Saue thee, my moft gracious King a Harts faue thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great Sultane Soliman, I
The untrussing of

corne to be thus put off or to deliuer vp this sconce I wud.

Sir. Sir Vaughan, what's this iolly Captaines name?

Sir. Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has done God and his Country as good and as hot Serviuce (in conquering this vile Monfier-Poet) as euer did S. George his horse-backe about the Dragon.

Tuc. I sweate for't, but Tawfoone, holde thy tongue Mon du, if thou't praife mee, doo't behinde my backe: I am my weighty Soueraigne one of thy graines, thy valiant vassaille; aske not what I am, but read, turne ouer, vnclafpe thy Chronicles: there thou shalt finde Buffe-Ierkin; there read my points of war; I am one a thy Mandilian-Leaders; one that enters into thy royall bands for thee; Pantius Tucca; one of thy Kingdomes chiefeft quarrellers; one a thy moft faithfull—fy—fy—fy—

Sir Vau. Drunkenrs I holde my life.

Tuc. No whirligig, one of his faithfull fighters; thy drawer & royall Tamor Cham.

Sir Vau. Goe too, I pray Captaine Tucca, giue vs all leaue to doe our busines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that Beare-whelp when thou wut.

Sir Vau. Horace and Bubo, pray send an anfwere into his Mafefties eares, why you goe thus in Ouids Morter-Morphefs and strange fashions of apparell.

Tuc. Cur why?

Asini. My Lords, I was drawne into this beastly fuite by head and shoulders onely for loue I bare to my Ningle.

Tuc. Speake Ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why——

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world;
And turne my Muse into a Timonift, Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,
Which like a plague runs through the soules of men:
I did it but to ——

Tu. But to bite every Motley-head vice by'th nose,
you did it Ningle to play the Bug-beare Satyre, &
make a Campe royall of fashion-mongers quake at
your paper Bullets; you Naftie Tortois, you and your
Itchy Poetry breake out like Christmas, but once a
yeare, and then you keepe a Reuelling, & Araigning
& a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were
Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you?

Cri. Horace.

Sir Vaughan. Silence, pray let all vrdes be strangeld,
or held fast betweene your teeth

Cri. Vnder controule of my dreade Soueraigne,
We are thy Judges; thou that didst Arraigne,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation;
Should I but bid thy Muse stand to the Barre,
Thy selfe against her wouldst giue evidence:
For flat rebellion gainst the Sacred lawes
Of diuine Poesie: heerein most she misst,
Thy pride and scorne made her turne Satyrist,
And not her lous to vertue (as thou Preachst)
Or should we minisiter strong pilles to thee:
What lumps of hard and indigested flutte,
Of bitter Satirisme, of Arrogance,
Of Selfe-loue, of Detraction, of a blacke
And stinking Insolence should we fetch vp?
But none of these, we giue thee what's more fit,
With stinging nettles Crowne his stinging wit.

Tuc. Wel said my Poeticall huckster, now he's in
thy handling rate him, doe rate him well.

Hor. O I beseech your Maiestie, rather then thus
to be netled, Ie ha my Satyres coate pull'd over mine
ears, and be turn'd out a the nine Muses Seruice.

Asin. And I too, let mee be put to my shiftes with
myne Ningle.

Sir Vau. By Sefu so you shall M. Bubo; flea off
this hairie skin M. Horace, fo, fo, fo, vntruffle, vn-
truffle.
The vntrussing of

Tuc. His Poeticall wreath my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Ooh——

Sir Va. Nay, your oohs, nor your Callin-oes cannot serue your turne; your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fierie inuention: and therefore to preferue your head from aking, this Biggin is yours, —— nay by Sefu you shall bee a Poet, though not Lawrefyed, yet Nettlefyed, so:

Tuc. Sirra stincker, thou’rt but vntruff’d now, I owe thee a whipping still, and Ile pay it: I haue layde roddes in Pisse and Vineger for thee: It shall not bee the Whipping a’th Satyre, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Beare, but of a counterfeit Iugler, that steales the name of Horace.

Kin. How? counterfeit? does hee vsurpe that name?

Sir Va. Yes indeede ant plesse your Grace, he does sup vp that abominable name.

Tuc. Hee does O King Cambifes, hee does: thou haft no part of Horace in thee but’s name, and his damnable vices: thou haft such a terrible mouth, that thy beard’s afraide to peepe out: but, looke heere you staring Leuiathan, heere’s the sweete vilage of Horace; looke perboyld-face, looke; Horace had a trim long-beard, and a reasounable good face for a Poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes) Horace did not skrue and wriggle himselfe into great Mens famyliarity, (impudentlie) as thou dooft: nor weare the Badge of Gentlemens company, as thou dooft thy Taffetie sheeues tackt too onely with some pointes of profit: No, Horace had not his face punct full of Oylet-holes, like the couer of a warming-pan: Horace lou’d Poets well, and gauę Coxcombes to none but foolees; but thou lou’ft none, neither Wifemen nor foolees, but thy selfe: Horace was a goodly Corpulent Gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheeckt Scrag as thou art: No, heere’s the Copye of thy countenance, by this will I learne to
make a number of villainous faces more, and to looke scruuliely vpon'th world, as thou doft.

_Cri._ Sir Vaughan will you minifter their oath?

_Sir Vau._ Master Asinius Bubo, you shall sweare as little as you can, one oath shall damme vp your Innocent mouth.

_Afin._ Any oath Sir, Ile sweare any thing.

_Sir Va._ You shall sweare by Phæbus (who is your Poets good Lord and Master,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace, to giue you poesies for rings, or hand-kerchers, or kniues which you understaned not, nor to write your Loue-letters; which you (in turning of a hand) set your markes vpon, as your owne: nor you shall not carry Lattin Poets about you, till you can write and read English at moft; and laftlyc that you shall not call Horace your Ningle.

_Afin._ By Phæbus I sweare all this, and as many oathes as you will, so I may trudge.

_Sir Vau._ Trudge then, pay your legs for Fees, and bee dißarg'd.

_Tuc._ Tprooth . . runne Red-cap, ware horns there. _Exit Afi._

_Sir Va._ Now Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for your oath must be (like your wittes) of many collours; and like a Brokers booke of many parcels.

_Tuc._ Read, read; th'inuenty of his oath.

_Hor._ Ile sweare till my haire stands vp an end, to bee rid of this sting, oh this sting.

_Sir Vau._ Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

_Tuc._ Vpon him: Inprimis.

_Sir Vaugh._ Inprimis, you shall sweare by Phæbus and the halfe a score Muses lacking one: not to sweare to hang your selfe, if you thought any Man, Ooman or Silde, could write Playes and Rimes, as well-fauour'd ones as your selfe.

_Tuc._ Well sayd, haft brought him toth gallowes already?

_Sir Vaugh._ You shall sweare not to bumbaft out a
new Play, with the olde lynings of Ieftes, stolen from
the Temples Reuels.

_Tuc._ To him olde Tango.

_Sir Va._ Morowever, you shall not sit in a Gallery,
when your Comedies and Enterludes have entred
their Actions, and there make vile and bad faces at
euerie lyne, to make Sentlemen haue an eye to you,
and to make Players atraide to take your part.

_Tuc._ Thou shalt be my Ningle for this.

_Sir Vau._ Besides, you must forswere to venter on
the stage, when your Play is ended, and to exchange
curtezies, and complements with Gallants in the
Lordeis roomes, to make all the house rife vp in
Armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he,
that's he, that pennes and purges Humours and diseases.

_Tuc._ There boy, agen.

_Sir Vau._ Secondly, when you bid all your friends
to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to say: your
_Wits and necessities, alias diffus, to the rifling of your_Muse: alias, your Muse's vp-fitting: alias a Poet Whit-
_fon-Ale_; you shall sweare that within three dayes
after, you shall not abroad, in Booke-binders shops,
brag that your _Vise-royes_ or _Tributorie-Kings_, haue
done homage to you, or paide quarterage.

_Tuc._ Ile buffle thy head Holofernes.

_Sir Vaugh._ Moreouer and _Inprimis_, when a Knight
or Sentlemen of vrship, does give you his passe-port, to
trauaile in and out to his Company, and gives you
money for Gods sake; I truft in Seifu, you will sweare
(tooth and nayle) not to make scald and wry-mouth
Ieftes vpon his Knight-hood, will you not?

_Hor._ I neuer did it by Parnasius.

_Tuc._ Wut sweare by Parnasius and lye too, Doctor
Doddipol.

_Sir Va._ Thirdly, and last of all fauing one, when
your Playes are mife-liket at Court, you shall not crye
Mew like a Puffe-cat, and say you are glad you write
out of the Courtiers Element.

_Tuc._ Let the Element alone, tis out a thy reach.
Sir Vau. In brieflynes, when you Sup in Tauernes, amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your Manners in too much fawce, nor at Table to fling Epigrams, Embleames, or Play-speeches about you (lyke Hayle-fonies) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the Shot, vpon payne to fit at the upper ende of the Table, a' th left hand of Carlo Buffon: sweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine Mufes.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the Mufes (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernassius, I sweare all this.

Tuc. Beare witnes.

Cris. That fearefull wreath, this honour is your due,

All Poets shall be Poet-Apes but you;
Thanks (Learnings true Mecenas, Poesies king)
Thanks for that gracious eare, which you haue lent,
To this most tedious, most rude argument.

Kin. Our spirits haue well been feasted; he whose pen
Draws both corrupt, and cleare bloud from all men:
(Careles what veine he prickes) let him not raue,
When his owne sides are strucke, blowes, blowes, doe craue.

Tuc. Kings-truce, my noble Hearbe-a-grace; my Princely sweet-William, a boone—Stay firft, Ift a match or no match, Lady Furniuall Ift?

Sir Ad. & Sir quint. A match?

Mini. I, a match, since he hath hit the Mistris so often i'th fore-game, we'll eene play out a rubbers.

Sir Ada. Take her for me.

Sir quin. Take her for thy selfe, not for me.

Sir Vau. Play out your rubbers in Gods name, by Sefu Ie neuer boule more in your Alley, Iddow.

Sir Quin. My Chaine.

Sir Adam. My Purfe.

Tuc. Ile Chaine thee presently, and giue thee ten pound and a purfe: a boone my Leige: . . . . daunce
8 my delicate Rufus, at my wedding with this reverend Antiquary; is it done? what thou?

Kin. I'll give thee Kingly honour: Night and Sleep,

With silken Ribands would tye vp our eyes,
But Mistris Bride, one measure shall be led,
In scorne of Mid-nights haft, and then to bed.

Exit.
EPILOGUS.

Gentlemen, Gallants, and you my little Swaggerers that fight lowe: my tough hearts of Oake that stand too't so valliantly, and are still within a yard of your Capten: Now the Trumpets (that set men together by the eares) haue left their Tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, beare witnes all you Gentle-folkes (that walke i'th Galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of Courtiers, Ladies, & Cittizens, when once (in an assembly of Friers) I railde vpon them: that Hereticall Libertine Horace, taught me so to mouth it. Besides, twas when stiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Deuill & his Angels: But now, Kings-truce, the Capten Summons a parlee, and deliuers himselfe and his prating company into your hands, vpon what composition you wil. Are you pleade? and Ile dance Friskin for ioy, but if you be not, by'th Lord Ile see you all — heere for your two pence a peice agen, before Ile loose your company. I know now some be come hyther with cheekes swole as big with hisses, as if they had the toot-ach: vds-foote, if I stood by them, Ide bee so bold as — intreate them to hisse in another place. Are you aduiz'd what you doe when you hisse? you blowe away
Horace's reuenge: but if you set your hands and Seales to this, Horace will write against it, and you may haue more sport: he shall not loose his labour, he shall not turne his blanke verfes into waft paper: No, my Poetafters will not laugh at him, but will vntrufe him agen, and agen, and agen. Ile tell you what you shall doe, cast your little Tucca into a Bell: doe, make a Bell of me, and be al you my clappers, vpon condition, wee may haue a lustie peale, this colde weather: I haue but two legs left me, and they are both yours: Good night my two penny Tenants Good night.

FINIS.
THE
MAGNIFICENT
Entertainment:

Given to King James, Queene Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, upon the day of his Majesty's Tryumphant Passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable City (and Chamber) of London, being the 15. of March. 1603.

As well by the English as by the Strangers: With the speeches and Songes, delivered in the several Pageants.

Mart. Templa Deis, mores populis dedit, etiam ferro,
   Astra suis, caelo stylera, fera Iouii.

Tho. Dekker.

Imprinted at London by T. C. for Tho. Man the younger. 1604.
A DEVICE

(proiested downe, but till now not
publisht,) that should have serv'd
at his Maiesties first accessse to
the Cittie.

The sorrow and amazement, that like an
earthquake began to shake the distempered
body of this Island (by reason of our late
Soueraigns departure,) being wisely and
miraculously prevented, and the feared wounds of a
civil sword, (as Alexander's fury was with Muficke)
being stopt from bursting forth, by the sound of
Trumpets that proclaimed King James: All mens eyes
were presently turned to the North, standing even stone
still in their Circles, like the points of so many Geome-
trical needles, through a fixed & Adamantine desire
to behold this 45. yeares wonder now brought forth
by Tyme: their tongues neglecting all language else,
faue that which spake zealous prayers, and vnceasable
wishes, for his most speedy and longd-for arriuall. Infor-
much that the Night was thought vnworthy to be
crownd with sleepe, and the day not fit to be lookt
upon by the Sunne, which brought not some fresh
tydings of his Maiesties more neare and neerer ap-
proach.

At the length Expectation (who is euer waking) and
that so long was great, grewe neare the time of her deliuerie, Rumor comming all in a sweate to play the Midwife, whose first comfortable words were, that this Treasure of a Kingdome (a Man Ruler) hid so many yeares from vs, was now brought to light, and at hand.

Martial. *Et populi vox erat vna, Venit.*

And that he was to be conducted through some utter part of this his Citie, to his royall Castle the Tower, that in the age of a man (till this very minute) had not bene acquainted nor borne the name of a Kings Court. Which Entrance of his (in this maner) being fam'd abroad, Because his louing Subjects the Citizens would giue a taste of their dutie and affection: The Device following was suddeinly made vp, as the first seruice, to a more royall and serious ensuing Entertainment; And this (as it was then purposed) shoule bene performed about the Barres beyond Bishops-gate.
through the City of London.

The Device.

Saint George, Saint Andrew, (the Patrons of both Kingdomes) having along time lookt upon each other, with countenances rather of meere strangers, then of such neare Neighbours, vpon the present aspect of his Maiesties approach toward London, were (in his sight) to issue from two severall places on horsebacke, and in compleat Armour, their Brestes and Caparisons suited with the Armes of England and Scotland, (as they are now quartered) to testifie their leagued Combination, and newe sworne Brother-hood. These two armed Knights, encounterling one another on the way, were to ride hand in hand, till they met his Maiestie. But the strangenesse of this newly-begotten amitie, flying ouer the earth, It calles vp the Genius of the Cittie, who (not so much mazde, as wondring at the Noueltie) Intercepts their Passage.

And moost aptly (in our Judgement) might this Domesticum Numen (the Genius of the place) lay iust clayme to this preheminence of first bestowing Salutations and welcomes on his Maiestie, Genius being held (Inter fictos Deos), to be God of Hospitallitie and Pleasure: and none but such a one was meet to receive so excellent and princely a Guest.

Or if not worthy, for those two former respects: Yet being Deus Generationis, and having a power as well ouer Countries, hearbs and trees, as ouer men, and the Cittie having now put on a Regeneration, or new birth; the induction of such a Person, might (without a Warrant from the court of Critijus) passe very currant.

To made a false florish here with the borrowed weapons of all the old Maisters of the noble Science of Poesie, and to keepe a tyrannicall coyle, in Anatomizing Genius, from head to foote, (only to shew how nimbly we can carue vp the whole mese of the Poets) were to play the Executioner, and to lay our Cities houehold God on the rack, to make him confesse, how
many paire of Latin sheets, we haue shaken & cut into shreds to make him a garment. Such feates of Actitudine are stale, and common among Schollers, (before whome it is protested we come not now (in a Pageant) to Play a Maisters prize) For Nunc ego ventosæ Plebis suffragia venor.

The multitude is now to be our Audience, whose heads would miserably runne a wooll-gathering, if we doo but offer to breake them with hard words. But suppose (by the way) contrary to the opinion of all the Doctors) that our Genius (in regarde the place is Feminine, and the person it selfe, drawne Figura Humana, sed Ambiguo sexu) shoulde at this time be thrust into womans apparrrell. It is no Schisme: be it so: our Genius is then a female, Antique; and reverend both in yeares and habit: a Chaplet of mingled floweres, Inter wouen with branche of the Plane Tree (crowning her Temples: her haire long and white: her Vesture a loose roabe, Changeable and powdred with Starres: And being (on horsebacke likewise) thus furnished, this was the tune of her voyce.
Genius Locj.

Stay: wee conjure you, by that Potent Name,
Of which each Letter's (now) a triple charm:
Stay; and deliver us, of whence you are,
And why you beare (alone) th'o'lfent of Warre,
When all hands else reare Oliue-boughs and Palme:
And Halyonean daies affure all's calme.
When every tongue speakes Musick: when each Pen
(Du'd and dyde blacke in Galle) is white agen,
And dipt in Nectar, which by Delphick fire
Being heated, melts into an Orphean-quire.
When Troyes proud buildings shew like Fairies-bowers,
And Streets (like Gardens) are perfum'd with Flowers:
And Windowes glasse onely with wondring eyes;
(In a Kings looke such admiration lyes !)
And when soft handed Peace, so sweetly thrives,
That Bees in Souldiers Helmets build their Hives:
When Ioy a tip-toe stands on Fortunes Wheele,
In silken Robes: How dare you shine in Steele?
The Kings Entertainment

Saint George.

Ladie, What are you that so question vs ?

Genius.

I Am the places Genius, whence now springs
A Vine, whose yongest Braunch shall produce Kings:
This little world of men; this precious Stone,
That sets out Europe: this (the glass alone),
Where the neat Sunne each Morne himselfe attires,
And gildes it with his repercussive fires.
This Jewell of the Land; Englands right Eye:
Altar of Loue; and Spheare of Maestie:
Greene Neptunes Minion, but whose Virgin-waie,
Ifis is like a Cristall girdle cast.
Of this are we the Genius; here haue I,
Slept (by the favour of a Deity)
Fortie-four Summers and as many Springs,
Not frighted with the threats of forraine Kings.
But hold vp in that gowned State I haue,
By twice Twelue-Fathers politique and grave:
Who with a sheathed Sword, and silken Law,
Do keepe (within weake Walles) Millions in awe.

I charge you therefore say, for what you come ?
What are you ?
   Both. Knights at Armes.
   S. George. Saint George.
   Saint Andrew. Saint Andrew.
For Scotlandes honour I.
   S. George. For Englands I
Both sworne into a League of Vnitie.

Genius.

Clap my hands for Joy, and feate you both
Next to my heart: In leaves of purest golde,
This most auspicious love shall be enrol'd.
Be ioynde to vs: And as to earth we bowe,
through the City of London. 275

So, to those royall feet, bende your steeld braz.
In name of all these Senators, (on whom
Vertue builds more, than these of Antique Rome)
Shouting a cheerefull welcome: Since no clyme,
Nor Age that has gon or e the head of Time,
Did e re catt vp such Ioyes, nor the like Summe
(But here) shall stand in the world, yeaeres to come,
Dread King, our hearts make good, what words do want,
To bid thee boldly enter Troynouant.

Rerum certa salus, Terrarum gloria Cæsar! Mart.
Sospite quo, magnos credimus eſse Deos:
Dilexere prius pueri, Iuvenesque senesque,
Idem.
At Nunc Infantes te quoque Cæsar amant.

This should have beene the first Offering of the Citties Loue: But his Maiestie not making his Entrance (accor-ding to expectation) It was (not utterly throwne from the Alter) but layd by.
By this time imagine, that Poets (who drawe speaking Pictures) and Painters (who make dumbe Poesie) had their heads & hands full; the one for natuie and sweet Inuenition; the other for liuely ILLUstration of what the former shoule deuise: Both of them emouloosely con-
tending (but not striuing) with the propret and bright-
teft Colours of Wit and Art, to set out the beautie of
the great Triumphant day.

For more exact and formall managing of which
Businesse, a Select number both of Aldermen and
Commoners (like so many Romane Ædiles) were
(Communi Confilio) chosen forth, to whose discretion,
the Charge, Contriuings, Proiects, and all other De-
pendences, owing to so troublesome a worke, was
entirely, and Iudicially committed.

Many dayes were thrifitily consumed, to molde the
bodies of these Tryumphes comely, and to the honour
of the Place: & at last, the stuffe whereof to frame
them, was beaten out. The Soule that should giue
life, & a tongue to thiss Entertainment, being to breathe
out of Writers Pens. The Limmes of it to lye at the
hard-handed mercy of Mychanitiens.

In a moment therefore of Time, are Carpenters,
Ioyners, Caruers, and other Artificers sweating at their
Chizzells.

Vir. Accingunt Omnes operi.

Not a finger but had an Office: He was held vn
worthy euer after to fuche the Hony dew of Peace,
that (against his comming, by whom our Peace weares a
triple Wreath) would offer to play the Droane. The
Streets are furueyed; heigthes, breadths, and distances
taken, as it were to make Fortifications, for the Solem-
nities. Seauen pieces of ground, (like so many fieldes
for a battaile) are plotted foorth, vpon which these
through the City of London. 277

Arches of Triumph must shew themselues in their glorie: aloft, in the ende doe they advance their proude fore-heads.

Virg:—Circum pueri, Innuptœque Puellœ,
Sacra Canunt, funemq; manu contingere gaudent.

Euen childre (might they haue bin suffred) would gladly haue spent their little strength, about the Engines, that mounted vp the Frames: Such a fire of loue and ioy, was kindled in every brest.

The day (for whose sake, these wonders of Wood, clymde thus into the clowdes) is now come; being so earely vp by reason of Artificial Lights, which wakened it, that the Sunne ouer slept himselfe, and rose not in many hours after, yet bringing with it into the very bosome of the Cittie, a world of people. The Streets seemde to bee paued with men: Stalles in stead of rich wares were set out with children, open Casements fild vp with women.

All Glasse windowes taken downe, but in their places, sparkeled so many eyes, that had it not bene the day, the light which reflected from them, was sufficient to haue made one: hee that shoulde have compared the emptie and vntroden walkes of London, which were to be seen in that late mortally-destroying Deluge, with the throngedstreetes now, might haue belieued, that vpon this day, began a new Creation, & that the Citie was the onely Workhouse wherein sundry Nations were made.

A goodly and ciuil order was obserued, in Martialling all the Companies according to their degrees: The first beginning at the upper end of Saint Marks Lane, and the last reaching aboue the Conduit in Fleetstreete: their Seats, being double-railde: vpon the upper part wheron they leaned, the Streamers, Ensignes, and Bannerets, of each particular Company decently fixed: And directly against them, (euen quite through the body of the Citie, so hie as to
The Kings Entertainment

Temple-Barre a single Raile (in faire distance from the other) was likewise erected to put off the multitude. Amongst whose tongues (which in such Conforts never lye still,) tho there were no Musicke, yet as the Poet sayes:

Mart. *Vox diversa sonat, populorum est vox tamen un.*

Nothing that they speake could bee made any thing, yet all that was spoken, founded to this purpose, that still his Maiestie was comming. They haue their longings: And behold, A farre off they spie him, richly mounted on a white Iennet, vnder a rich Canopy, sustaine by eight Barons of the Cinqueports; the Tower seruing that morning but for his with-drawing Chamber, wherein hee made him ready: and from thence stept presently into his Citie of London, which for the time might worthily borrow the name of his Court Royall: His passage alongst that Court, offering it selfe for more State) through seuen Gates, of which the first was erected at Fanchurch.

Thus presenting it selfe.

It was an vpright Flat-square, (for it contained fiftie foote in the perpendicular, and fiftie foote in the Ground-lyne) the uppere roofoe thereof (one distinct Grices) bore vp the true moddells of all the notable Houses, Turrets, and Steeples, within the Citie. The Gate vnder which his Maiestie did passe, was 12. foote wide, and 18. foote hie: A Posterne likewise (at one side of it) being foure foote wide, and 8. foote in heith: On either side of the Gate, stood a great French Terme, of stone, advanced vpon wodden Pedestalls; two half Pilasters of Ruftick, standing ouer their heads. I could shooe more Arrowes at this marke, and teach you without the Carpenters Rule how to mesure all the proportions
belonging to this *Fabrick*. But an excellent hand being at this instant curiously describing all the feuen, and bestowing on them their faire prospectuie limmes, your eye shall hereafter rather be delighted in beholding those Pictures, than now be wearied in looking vpon mine.
The Personages (as well Mutes as Speakers) in this Pageant, were these: viz.

1. The highest Person was The Brittayne Monarchy.
2. At her feet, sat Divine Wisdome.
4. At his right hand was placed a Personage, figuring, The Counsell of the City.
5. Under all these lay a person representing Thamesis the River.

Sixe other persons (being daughters to Genius) were announced above him, on a spreading Ascent, of which the first was,
1. Gladness.
2. The second, Veneration.
3. The third, Promptitude.
4. The fourth, Vigilance.
5. The fifth, Loving affection.
6. The sixth, Vanity.

Of all which personages, Genius and Thamesis were the only Speakers: Thamesis being presented by one of the children of her Maiesties Revels: Genius by M. Allin (servant to the young Prince) his gratulatory speech (which was delivered with excellent Action, and a well tuned audible voice) being to this effect:

That London may be proud to behold this day, and therefore in name of the Lord Maior and Aldermen, the Council, Commoners and Multitude, the heartiest Welcome is tendered to his Maiestie, that ever was bestowed on any King, &c.

Which Banquet being taken away with sound of Musick, there, ready for the purpose, his Maiestie made his entrance into this his Court Royall: under this first Gate, upon
through the City of London. 281

the Battlements of the worke, in great Capitalls was inscribed, thus:

L O N D I N I V M.

And vnder that, in a smaller (but not different) Caracter, was written,

C A M E R A  R E G I A:
The Kings Chamber.

Too short a time (in their opinions that were glewed there together so many houres, to behold him) did his Maiestie dwell vpon this first place: yet too long it seemed to other happy Spirits, that higher vp in these Elizian fields awaited for his presence: he fets on therefore (like the Sunne in his Zodiacke) bountifullly dispersing his beames amongst particular Nations: the brightnesse and warmth of which, was now spent first vpon the Italians, & next vpon the Belgians: The space of ground, on which their magnificent Arches were builded, being not vnworthy to beare the name of the great Hall to this our Court Royal: wherein was to be heard & seene the sundry languages & habits of Strangers, which vnder Princes Roofes tender excellent harmony.

In a paire of Scales doe I weigh these two Nations, and finde them (neither in hearty loue to his Maiestie, in aduancement of the Cities honor, nor in forwardnesse to glorifie these Triumphes) to differ one graine.

To dispute which haue done best, were to doubt that one had done well. Call their inuentions therefore Twynnes: or if they themselues doe not like that name, (for happily they are emulous of one glory) yet thus may we speake of them.

—— Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diuersa tamen, Qualem decet esse fororum.  Ouid.
Because, whosoever (fixis oculis) beholds their proportions,

Vir. Expleri mentem nequit, ardefcitq; tuendo.

The street, upon whose breast, this Italian Gracious Jewell was wore, was never worthy of that name which it carries, till this hour: For here did the Kings eye meete a second Obiec, that inticed him by tarrying to give honor to the place. And thus did the quaintnesse of the Engine seeme to discouer it selfe before him.
through the City of London. 283

The Italians Pageant.

The building tooke vp the whole bredth of the Street, of which, the lower part was a Square, garnished with four great Columns: In the midst of which Square, was cut out a fayre and spacious high Gate, arched, being twenty seuen foot in the perpendicular lyne, and eyghteen at the ground lyne: over the Gate, in golden Caracters, these verses (in a long square) were inscribed:

Tu Regere Imperio populos Iacobe memento,
Hæ tibi erunt Artes, Paciæ, imponere morem,
Parcre Subiecit, et debellare superbos.

And directly above this, was advanced the Armes of the Kingdome, the Supporters fairely cut out to the life: over the Lyon (some pretty distance from it) was written,

IACOBO REGI MAGN.

And above the head of the Unicorn, at the like distance, this,

HENRICI VII. ABNEP.

In a large Square erected above all these, King Henry the seuenth was royally seated in his Imperiall Robes, to whom King James (mounted on horsebacke) approches, and receyues a Scepter, ouer both their heads these words being written,

HIC VIR, HIC EST.

Betweene two of the Columns, (on the right hand) was fixed vp a Square table, wherein, in liuely and excellent colours, was lim’d a woman, figuring Peace, her head securely leaning on her left hand, her body modestly bestowed (to the length) upon the earth: In her other hand, was held an Olive branch, the Ensigne of Peace, her word was out of Virgil, being thus,
Deus nobis hae oitae fecit.

Beneath that piece, was another square Table, reaching almost to the Bases of the two Columnes: In which, 2. (seeming) Sea personages, were drawne to the life, both of them lying, or rather leaning on the bosome of the earth, naked; the one a woman, her backe onely seene; the other a man, his hand stretching and fastning it selfe vpon her shouder: the word that this dead body spake, was this,

I Decus, I Nostrum.

Upon the left-hand side of the Gate, betwenee the other two Columnes, were also two square Tables: In the one of which were two persones portrayed to the life, naked, and wilde in lookes, the word,

Expeitant solo Trinobanti.

And over that, in another square, carying the same proportion, stode a woman vpright, holding in her hand a Shield, beneath whom was inscribed in golden Characters,

Spes d fidesima rerum.

And this was the shape and front of the first great Square, whose top being flat, was garnished with Pelasters, and vpon the roose was directed a great Padecall, on which stood a Person carved out to the life (a woman) her left hand leaning on a sword, with the poynt downward, and her right hand reaching forth a Diadem, which shee seemde by bowing of her knee and head, to beftow vpon his Majestie.

On the foure corners of this upper part, stode foure naked portraytures (in great) with artificiall Trumpets in their hands.

In the Arch of the Gate, was drawne (at one side) a companie of Palme trees, young, and as it were but newly springing, ouer whose branches, two naked winged Angels, flying, held forth a Scroll, which seem’d to speake thus,

Spes altera.

On the contrarie side, was a Vine, spreading it selfe into many branches, and winding about Olive, and
through the City of London. 285

Palme trees: two naked winged Angels hanging like-
wife in the Ayre over them, and holding a Scroll be-
tweene them, fILD with this inscription,

Vxor tua, sicut vitis abundans,
Et filii tui, sicut palmites Oliuarum.

If your imaginations (after the beholding of these
objects) will suppose, that his Maestie is now gone to
the other side of this Italian Trophee; doe but cast
your eyes backe, and there you shall finde just the
same proportions, which the fore-part, or Brest of our
Arch carrieth, with equal number of Columnes, Pede-
tals, Pilasters, Lim'd pieces, and Carued Statues.
Ouer the Gate, this Disfichon presents it selfe.

Nonne tuo Imperio fatis est Iacobe potiri?
Imperium in Mufas, Aemule quaeris? Habes.

Vnder which verses, a wreath of Lawrell seem'd
to be ready to be let fall on his Maieflies head, as hee
went vnnder it, being held betweene two naked An-
tique women, their bodies stretching (at the full
length) to compass ouer the Arch of the Gate. And
aboue those verses, in a faire Azure table, this inscrip-
tion was advanc'd in golden Capitals:

EXPECTATIONI ORBIS TERRARVM,
REGIB. GENITO NUMEROSISS.
REGVM GENITORI FAELICISS.
REGI MARTIGENARVM AVGVSTISS.
REGI MVSRVM GLORIOSISS.

Itali flatuertnt lreatiae & cultus Signum.

On the right hand of this backe-part, betweene two
of the Columnes was a square table, in which was
drawne a Woman, crown'd with beautifull and fresh
flowres, a Caduceus in her hand: All the notes of a
plenteous and lively Spring being caried about her,
the foule that gaue life to this speaking picture, was:

——— Omnis feret omnia Tellus.
Above this piece, in another square, was portrayed a Tryton, his Trumpet at his mouth, seeming to utter this much,

Dum Calum stellas.

Upon the left hand of this back-part, in most excellent colours, Antikely attir'd, stood the 4. kingdoms, England, Scotland, France and Ireland, holding hands together; this being the language of them all,

Concordes stabili Fatorum Numine.

The middle great Square, that was aduanounced over the Freeze of the Gate, held Apollo, with all his Ensignes and properties belonging vnto him, as a Sphere, Bookes, a Caduceus, an Octoedron, with other Geometricall Bodies, and a Harpe in his left hand: his right hand with a golden Wand in it, poynting to the battel of Lepanto fought by the Turks, (of which his Maiestie hath written a Poem) and to doe him Honour, Apollo himselfe doth here seeme to take vpon him to decribe: his word,

Fortunate Puer.

These were the Mutes, and properties that helpt to furnish out this great Italian Theater: vpon whose Stage, the sound of no voice was appointed to be heard, but of one, (and that, in the presence of the Italians themselfes) who in two little opposite galleries under & within the Arch of the gate, very richly and neatly hung, delivered thus much Latine to his Maiestie:
The Italians speach.

Salve, Rex magne, salve. Salutem Maiestati tuae
Itali, salutem cum Amo esti, salices sub Te
futuri, precamur. Ecce hic Omnes, Exigui munere,
pauculi Numero: Sed magni erga Maestatem tuam
animi, multi obsequi. At nec Atlas, qui Caelum susti-
net, nec ipsa Caeli convexus, altitudinem attingant merito-
rum Regis optimi; Hoc est, eius, quem de Teipso
expressisti doctissimo (Deus!) et admirabili penicillo:
Beatissimos populos, ubi & Philosophus regnat, & Rex
Philosophatur. Salve, Rex nobilissime, salve, viue,
Rex potentissime, feliciter. Regna, Rex sapientissime,
feliciter, Itali optamus omnes, Itali clamamus omnes:
Omnes, omnes.

Having hoysted vp our Sailes, and taken leave of
this Italian shore, let our next place of casting anker,
be vpon the Land of the 17. Provinces; where the
Belgians, (attired in the costly habits of their own
native Countrie, without the fantastecke mixtures of
other Nations) but more richly furnish'd with love,
stand ready to receyue his Maiestie: who (according
to their expecation) does most gratiously make him-
selde & his Royall traine their Princely ghefts. The
houfe which these Strangers haue builded to enter-
taine him in, is thus contriu'de.
The Pageant of the Dutch-men,
by the Royall Exchange.

The Foundation of this, was (as it were by Fate) layd neere vnto a royall place; for it was a royall and magnificent labour: It was bounded in with the houses on both sides the street, so prouedly (as all the rest also did) did this extend her body in breth. The passage of State, was a Gate, large, ascending eighteen foot high, aptly proportion'd to the other lymmes, and twelve foot wyde, arched; two lesser Posternes were for common feet, cut out and open'd on the sides of the other.

Within a small Freeze, (and kissing the very forhead of the Gate) the Aedifice spake thus,

Vnicus à Fato surgio non Degener Hæres.

Whil't lifting vp your eye to an upper larger Freeze, you may there be enriched with these golden Capitalls,

IACOBO, ANGL. SCOT. FRANC. HIBERN.
REGI OPT. PRINC. MAX. BELGAE ded.

But bestowing your sight vpon a large Azure Table, lyned quite through with Caracters of gold, likewise you may for your paynes receive this inscription,

ORBIS RESTITVTOR. PACIS FVND. RELIG.
PROPVG. D. IAC. P. F. REGI. P. P.
D. ANNAE REGIAE CONIVG. SOR. FIL.
NEPTI, ET D. HENRICO I. FIL. PRINC.
IVVENT.
IN PVBL. VRBIS ET ORBIS LAETITIA,
SECVLIQVE FAELICITAT. XVII. BELGIAE
PROV. MERCATORES BENIGNE REGIA
HAC IN VRBE EXCEPTI, ET
S. M. VESTRAE OB ANTIQ. SOCIALE FOE-
DVS, ET D. ELIZ. BENEFICENT. DEVOTI.
through the City of London. 289

FAVSTA OMNIA ET FOELICIA AD IMPERII AETERNITAT. PRECANTVR.

Aboue which (being the heart of the Trophee) was a spacious square roome, left open, Silke Curtaines drawne before it, which (vpon the approch of his Maiestie) being put by, 17. yong Damsels, (all of them sumptuously adorned, after their countrey fashion,) sat as it were in so many Chaires of State, and figuring in their persons, the 17. Provinces of Belgia, of which every one caried in a Scutchion (excellently pencilde) the Armes and Coate of one.

Aboue the upper edge of this large Square Roome, and ouer the first Battlement, in another front, aduanc’d for the purpose, a square Table was fastened upright, in which was drawne the liuely picture of the King, in his Imperial Robes; a Crowne on his head, the Sword and Scepter in his handes: vpon his left side stood a woman, her face fixed vpon his, a burning hart in her right hand, her left hanging by, a Heron standing close vnto her: vpon his other side stood upright (with her countenance directed likewise vpon him) another woman, winged, and in a Freeze beneath them, which tooke vp the full length of this Square: this inscription set out it selfe in golden wordes:

— *Vtseque Satellite Tutus.*

Suffer your eyes to be wearied no longer with gazing vp so high at those Sun-beams, but turne the aside to looke below through the little Posternes: whose State sweld quickly vp to a greatnes, by reason of 2. Columnes, that supported them on either side. In a Table, ouer the right-hand Portall, was in perfect colours, drawne a Serpèt, purfude by a Lion: betweene them, Adders and Snakes, chasing one another, the Lion scornfully casting his head backe, to behold the violence of a blacke storme, that heauen powred
downe, to ouertake them: the sound that came from all this, was thus:

— Sequitur gravis Ira feroce.

The opposite body to this (on the other side, and directly over the other Portall, whose pompe did in like maner leane vpon, and vphold it felfe by two mayne Columnes) was a square piece, in which were to be seene, Sheepe browzing, Lambs nibbling, Byrds flying in the Ayre, with other arguments of a serene and vntroubled seaon, whose happinesse was proclaymed in this maner,

— Venit alma Cicuribus Aura.

Directly aboue this, in a square Table, were por-
trayed two Kings, reuerently and antiquely attyrde,
who seem’d to walke vpon these golden lines,

Nascitur in nostro Regum par Nobile Rege
Alter Iesiades, Alter Amoniades.

From whome, leade but your eye, in a straight line,
to the other side, (ouer the contrary Posterne) and there in a second upperr Piicture, you may meeete with two other Kings, not fully fo antique, but as rich in their Ornaments; both of them, out of golden letters, com-
posing these wordes,

Lucius ante alios, Edwardus, & indel ACOBVS
Sextus, & hic janxit, sextus & ille fidem.

And these, were the Nerues, by which this great
Triumphall Body was knit together, in the inferiour
parts of it, vpon the shoulders whereof, (which were garnished with rowes of Pilasters, that supported Lions, räpant, bearing vp Banners) there stood another lesser Square, the head of which wore a Coronet of Pilasters
also; and aboue the, vnpon a Pedestal, curiously closed in betweene the tayles of two Dolphins, was advanced a Woman, holding in one hand, a golden Warder, and poynting with the fore-finger of the other hand vp to heauen. She figur’d Diviné Provisiuné, for so at her feete was written.

Prouida Mens Cæli.

Somewhat beneath which, was to bee seene an Imperiall Crowne, two Scepters being fastened (crosswise) vnto it, and deliuering this speach,

——Sceptra hac concredidit vni.

At the elbowes of this upper Square, flood vpon the foure corners of a great Pedestall, foure Pyramides, hollow, and so neatly contriu’d, that in the night time (for anger that the Sunne would no longer looke vpon these earthly beauties) they gaue light to themselues, and the whole place about them: the windowes, from whence these artificiall beames were throwne, being cut out in such a fashion, that (as Ovid, describing the Palace of the Sunne, sayes)

Clara micante Auro, Flammaeq; imitante Pyropo,

So did they shine afarre off, like Crysolites, and sparkled like Carbuncles: Betweene those two Pyramids that were lifted vp on the right hand, flood Fortitude; her Piller resting it selfe vpon this golden line,

Perfero curarum pondus, Discrimina temno.

Betweene the two Pyramids on the other side, Justice challenged her place, being knowne both by her habit and by her voyce, that spake thus,

Auspice me Dextra folium Regale perennat.
Wee haue held his Maiestie too long from entring this third Gate of his Court Royall; It is now hie time, that those eyes, which on the other side ake with rolling vp and downe for his gladsome prefence, shold injoy that happinesse. Beholde, hee is in an instance passed thorough; The Obiefts that there offer them-selues before him, being these:

Our Belgick Statue of Triumph, weares on her backe, as much riches, as she caried vpon her brest, being altogether as glorious in Columnes, standing on Tiptoe, on as lostie and as proude Pyramides; her walke encompa'lt with as strong and as neate Pilasters: the colours of her garments are as bright, her adorne-ments as many: For,

In the square Field, next and lowest, ouer one of the Portals, were the Dutch Countrey people, toyling at their Husbandrie; women carding of their Hemp, the men beating it, fuch excellent Art being expref in their faces, their ftoopings, bendings, fweatings, &c. that nothing is wanting in them but life (which no colours can giue) to make them bee thought more than the works of Paynters.

Lift vp your eyes a little aboue them, and beholde their Exchange; the countenaunces of the Marchants there being fo liuely, that bargaines feeme to come from their lippettes.

But in stead of other speach, this is onely to bee had,

PIO INVICTO,
R. IACOBO,

QVOD FEL. EIVS AVSPICIIS VNIVERSVM BRIT. IMPERIVM PACAT, MARE TVTVM PORTVS APERIT.

Ouer the other Portall, in a square (proportion'd, to the bignes of those other) men, women, & childre (in Dutch habits) are busie at other workes: the men
Weauing, the women Spinning, the children at their Hand-loomes, &c. Above whole heads, you may with little labour, walke into the Mart, where as well as the Froe, as the Burger, are buying and selling, the praiue of whose industrie (being worthy of it) stands publisht in gold, thus,

**QVOD MVTVIS COMMERCIIIS, ET ARTIFI-
CVM NAVTARVMQVE SOLERTIA CRE-
CAT, DESIDIA EXVLAT, MVTVAQVE AMI-
CITIA CONSERVETVR.**

Just in the midst of these foure Squares, and directly over the Gate, in a large Table, whose feete are fastned to the Freeze, is their fishing & shipping liuely and sweetely set downe: The Skipper (euen though he be had tugging at his Net) loudly singing this:

**Quod Celeb: hoc Emporium prudenti industria suos,**
**Quouis Terrarum Negotiatores emittat, externos**
**Humaniter admittat, foris famam, domi diuitias augeat.**

Let vs now clime vp to the upper battlementes; where, at the right hand Time standes: at the left (in a direct line) his daughter Truth; vnder her foote is written, Sincera.
And vnder his,

**Durant.**

**Sincera Durant.**

In the midst of these two, three other persons are rancked together, Art, Sedulitie, and Labour: beneath whom, in a Freeze rouing along the whole breadth of that Square, you may find these wordes in gold.

**Artes, Perfecit, Sedulitate, Labor.**

As on the foreside, so on this, and equall in heighth
to that of *Divine Providence*, is the figure of a Woman
aduanced: beneath whom, is an imperiall Crowne,
with branches of Oliue, fixed (crosse-wife) vnto it, and
giues you this word.

*Sine Cæde at Sanguine.*

And thus haue we bestowed vpon you, all the dead
Cullours of this Picture, (wherein notwithstanding,
was left so much life) as can come from Art. The
speaking instrument, was a Boy, attyred all in white
Silke, a wreath of Lawrell about his temples: from
his voyce came this found.

Sermo ad Regem.

Q

*Vae tot Sceptr a tenes forti, Rex maxime, dextra,*

Prouida Mens summi Numinis ulla dedit.

*Aespice ridentem per gaudia Plebis Olympum,*

Reddentem et planfus ad sua verba fuos,

*Tantus honos paucis, primi post secula mundi*  
*Obigit, et paucis tantum vnus incubuit,*

*Nam Regere imperijs populum felicibus vnum,*

*Arduares, magnis res tamen apta viris.*

*At non vnanimes nutu compescere gentes,*

*Non homines penfum, sed labor ille Dei,*

*Ille ideæ ingentes qui temperet orbis habenas,*

*Adiungit longas ad tua fœna manus.*

*Et menti de mente sua producit, et Artem*  
*Regniandi, regnum qui dedit ulla, docet.*

*Crescentes varijs Cumulat virtutibus annos,*

*Quas inter pietas, culmina summa tenet.*

*Hac proauos reddis patriæ, qui barbara Gentis*  
*Flexère inducit Numine, corda fere.*

*Hac animos trahas rigidos, subigisq; rebelles,*

*Et leue persuades quod trahis spfe ingum,*
Illi fida comes terram indignata profanum,
   Aut nunc te tanto Rege reuersa Themis.
Assidat et robusta foror, ingentibus ausis
   Pro populo carum tradere prompta caput.
Quin et Regis amor, musae et dilectus Apollo,
   Regali gaudent subedere plebria manu.
Aurea et uertas solerti nata labore,
   Exhibet aggestas Ruris et urbis opes.
Sunt huc dona Poli, certa que prodita fama
   Miratum ut veniat, venit uterq ; ulius.
Venimus et Belgæ, patrijs Gens exul ab oris
   Quos fuit tenero mater Elisa finu.
Matri færatum, Patri duplicamus amorem,
   Pofimus et famili posses sauroe frui.
Sic Deum Panthaeci tibi proferat alitis æuum,
   Sceptra per Innumerous qui tibi tradit Auos.
Sic Regina tua pars altera, et altera proles,
   Spes populi longum det, capiatq ; decus.

Whilst the tongnes of the Strangers were implored in extolling the gracious Aspect of the King, and his Princely behauiour towards them, his Maiefty (by the quicknes of Time, and the earneftnesse of expectation, whose eyes ran a thousand wayes to finde him) had won more ground, and was gotten so far as to S. Mildred's Church in the Poulterie: close to the side of which, a Scaffold was erected; where (at the Citties cost) to delight the Queene with her owne country Musicke, nine Trumpets, and a Kettle Drum, did very sprightly & actuely found the Danish march: Whose cunning and quicke stops, by that time they had toucht the laft Ladyes eare in the traine, behold, the King was aduauanced vp so hie as to Cheapeside: into which place (if Loue himselfe had entered, and seene so many gallant Gentlemen, so many Ladyes, and beautifull creatures, in whose eyes glaunces (mixt with modest looks) seemed to daunce courtly Meares in their motion) he could not haue choosen, to haue given the Roome any other name, then, The Presence Chamber.
The stately entrance into which, was a faire Gate in height 18. foote. In breadth 12. The thickness of the passage under it, being 24. Two Posterns stood wide open on the two sides, either of them being 4. foote wide, and 8. foote high. The two Portals that jetted out before these Posternes, had their sides open foure severall wayes, and served as Pedestalles (of Rusticke) to support two Pyramides, which stood upon foure great Balles, and foure great Lions: the Pedestalles, Balles, and Pyramides, deworming in their full upright height, from the ground line to the top, iust 6o. foote. But burying this Mechanicke Body in silence, let us now take note in what fashion it stood attyred. Thus then it went appareled.
The Deuice at
Soper-lane end.

Within a large Compartiment, mounted above
the forehead of the Gate, ouer the Freeze,
in Capitalles was inscribed this Title:

NOVA FÆLIX ARABIA.

Vnder that shape of Arabia, this Iland being fi-
gured: which two names of New, and Happie, the
Countrey could by no merit in it selfe, challenge to
be her due, but onely by meanes of that secret influ-
ence accompanying his Maiestie wherefoever hee goes,
and working such effectes.

The most worthy personage aduaunced in this place,
was Arabia Britannica, a Woman, attyred all in White,
a rich Mantle of Greene caft about her, an imperiall
Crowne on her head, and a Scepter in one hand, a
Mound in the other; vpon which she fadly leaned: a
rich Veyle (vnder the Crowne) shadowing her eyes, by
reason that her countenaunce (which till his Maiesties
approach, could by no worldly obie&ct be drawne to
looke vp) was penfiuely deiected: her ornamentes
were markes of Chafletie and Youth: the Crowne,
Mound, and Scepter, badges of Soueraignty.

Directely vnder her in a Cant by her selfe, Fame
stood vpright: A Woman in a Watchet Roabe, thickly
set with open Eyes, and Tongues, a payre of large
golden Winges at her backe, a Trumpet in her hand, a
Mantle of sundry cullours trauering her body: all
these Ensignes desplaying but the propertie of her swiftnesse, and aptnesse to diuerse Rumors.

In a Descent beneath her, being a spacious Concaue roome, were exalted fiue Mounts, swelling vp with different ascensions; vpon which fante the fiue Sences, drooping: Viz.

1 Auditus, Hearing.
2 Vifus, Sight.
3 Tactus, Feeling.
4 Olfactus, Smelling.
5 Gustus, Taste.

Apparelled in Roables of distincullours, proper to their natures; and holding Scutchions in their handes: vpon which were drawne Herogliphicall bodyes, to express their qualities.

Some prettie distaunce from them (and as it were in the midst before them) an artificiall Lauer or Fount was erected, called the Fount of Arate (Vertue.) Sundry Pipes (like veines) branching from the body of it: the water receiuing libertie but from one place, and that very slowly.

At the foote of this Fount, two personages (in greater shapes then the rest) lay sleepeing: vpon their brestes stucke their names, Detraictio, Obliuio: The one holdes an open Cuppe; about whose brim, a wreath of curled Snakes were winding, intimating that whatsoeuer his lippes touche, was poysoned: the other helde a blacke Cuppe couerd, in token of an envious desire to drowne the worth and memorie of Noble persons.

Vpon an Ascent, on the right hand of these, stood the three Charites or Graces, hand in hand, attyred like three Sisters.
through the City of London.

Aglia. Brightnesse, or Maiestie.
Thalia, Figuring Youthfulnes, or florishing.
Euphrosine, Cheerfulnes, or gladnes.

They were all three Virgins: their countenaunces laboring to smother an innated sweetnes and chearefulnes, that appareled their cheekes; yet hardly to be hid: their Garmentes were long Roabes of fundry coloures, hanging loose: the one had a Chaplet of fundry Flowers on her head, clustard heere and there with the Fruites of the earth. The seconde, a Garland of eares of Corne. The third, a wreath of Vinebranches, mixt with Grapes and Oliues.

Their haire hung downe ouer their shoulders loose, and of a bright cullour, for that Epithite is properly bestowed vpon them, by Homer in his Himne to Apollo.

PVLCHRICOMÆ CHARITAES.

The Bright Hayrde Graces.

They helde in their handes pensild Shields: vpon the first, was drawne a Rose: on the seconde, 3. Dyce: on the third, a branch of Mirtle.

Figuring

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Pleasantnesse.} \\
\text{Accord.} \\
\text{Florishing.}
\end{align*}\]

In a direct line against them, stonde the three Howres, to whom in this place we giue the names of Loue, Justice, and Peace: they were attyred in loose Roabes of light cullours, paynted with Flowers: for fo Ouid apparrels them.
The Kings Entertainment
Conueniunt piæs incinæae vestibus Hora.

Winges at their feete, expressing their swiftnesse, 
because they are Lackies to the Sunne: _lungere equos _
_Tytn velocibus imperat Horis._ Ouid.

Each of them helde two Goblets; the one full of 
Flowers (as Ensigne of the _Spring_,) the other full of 
rypened Figgles, the Cogniscance of _Summer_.

Upon the approch of his Maiestie (sad and solemne 
Musicke hauing beaten the Ayre all the time of his 
absence, and now ceasing,) _Fame_ speakes.

_Fama._

Turne into Ice mine eye-balls, whilst the sound 
Flying through this brazen trump, may back rebound 
To stop _Fames_ hundred tongues, leauing them mute, 
As in an vntoucht Bell, or stringlesse Lute, 
For _Vertues_ Fount, which late ran deepe and cleare, 
Drie, and melts all her body to a teare. 
You _Graces_! and you houres that each day runne 
On the quicke errands of the golden Sunne, 
O say! to _Vertues_ Fount what has befell, 
That thus her veines shrinke vp.

_Charites Hora._

Wee cannot tell.

_Euphrosine._

Behold the fiue-folde guard of _Sence_ which keepes 
The sacred streame, fit drooping: neere them sleepe 
Two horred Monsters: _Fame_ I fummon each _Sence_, 
To tell the caufe of this strange accidence. 
Heereupon _Fame_ founding her Trumpet; _Arabia _
_Britannica_, lookeareth cheerfully vp, the fences are start-
led: Detraction and Oblivion throw off their iron
flumber, busily bestowing all their powers to fill their
 cups at the Fount with their olde malitious intention to
fucke it drie; But a strange and heauenly musickse sud-
dainly striking through their eares, which causing a
wildnes and quicke motion in their lookes, drew them
to light vpon the glorious presence of the King, they
were suddainly thereby daunted and funke downe;
The Fount in the same moment of Tyme, flowing fresh
and abundantly through seuerall pipes, with Milke,
Wine, and Balme, whilst a person (figuring Circum-
spanlion) that had watcht day and night, to giue note
to the world of this blessed Tyme, which hee foresawe
would happen, stept forth on a mounted Stage ex-
tended 3o. foote in length from the maine building, to
deliuer to his Maieftie the interpretation of this dumbe
Mysterie.

This Presenter was a Boy, one of the Chorifters,
belonging to Paules.

His Speech.

Great Monarch of the West, whose glorious Stem,
Doth now support a triple Diadem,
Weying more thã that of thy grand Grandfire Brute,
Thou that maist make a King thy substittute,
And doest besides the Red-rose and the white,
With the rich flower of France thy garland dight,
Wearing aboue Kings now, or those of olde,
A double Crowne of Lawrell and of gold,
O let my voyce passe through thy royall eare,
And whisper thus much, that we figure here,
A new Arabia, in whose spiced neft
A Phænix liu'd and died in the Sunnes breft,
Her losse, made fight, in teares to drowne her eyes,
The Eare grew deafe, Taftelike a sick-man lyes,
Finding no relish: euery other Sence,
Forgat his office, worth and excellence,
Whereby this Fount of Vertue gan to freeze,
Threatned to be drunke by two enemies,  
Snakie Detraction, and Oblivion,  
But at thy glorious presence, both are gone,  
Thou being that sacred Phenix, that doest rise,  
From th'ashes of the first: Beaumes from thine eyes  
So virtuall shining, that they bring,  
To Englands new Arabia, a new Spring:  
For ioy whereof, Nymphes, Sences, Houres, & Fame,  
Eccho loud Hymnes to his imperiall name.

At the shutting vp of this Speech, his Maiestie (being readie to goe on,) did most graciously feede the eyes of beholders with his presence, till a Song was spent: which to a loude and excellent Musicke (composed of Violins & an other rare Artificiall Instrumet, wherein besides fundrie feueral sounds effus'd (all at one time) were also sensibly distinguisht the chirpings of birds, was by two Boyes (Choristers of Paules) delivered in sweete and rauishing voyces.

_Cant._

_Troynouant_ is now no more a Citie:  
O great pittie! is't not pittie?  
And yet her Towers on tiptoe stand,  
Like Pageants built on Fairie land,  
And her Marble armes,  
Like to Magicke charmes,  
binde thousands fast vnto her,  
That for her wealth & beauty daily wooe her,  
yet for all this, is't not pittie?  
_Troynouant_ is now no more a Cittie.

2

_Troynouant_ is now a Sommer Arbour,  
or the nest wherein doth harbour  
The Eagle, of all birds that fly,  
The Soueraigne, for his piercing eie
through the City of London.

If you wisely marke,
Tis beseides a Parke,
Where runnes (being newly borne)
With the fierce Lyon, the faire Vnicorne,
or else it is a wedding Hall,
Where four great Kingdomes holde a Festivall.

3

Troynouant is now a Bridall Chamber,
whose rooffe is gold, floore is of Amber,
By vertue of that holy light,
That burns in Hymen's hand, more bright,

Than the filuer Moone,
or the Torch at Noone,

Harke what the Echoes say!

Brittain till now nere kept a Holiday:
for Ioue dwells heere: And tis no pittie,

If Troynouant be now no more a Cittie.

Nor let the scurie of any wrestling comment upon
these words,

Troynouant is now no more a Cittie.

Enforce the Authors inuention away frō his owne
clear straighte and harmelesse meaning: all the scope
of this fiction stretching onely to this point, that Lon-
don (to doo honour to this day, wherein springs vp all
her happines) beeing raughish with vnutterable ioyes,
makes no account (for the present) of her ancient title,
to be called a Cittie, (becauze that during these try-
umphes, shee puts off her formall habite of Trade and
Commerce, treading euene Thrift it selfe vnnder foote,
but now becomes a Reueller and a Courtier. So that,
albeit in the end of the first Stanza tis said,

Yet for all this, is't not pittie

Troynouant is now no more a Cittie.
By a figure called Castigation or the mender, here followes presently are prooofe; wherein tytles of Sommer Arbor; The Eagles nest, a wedding Hall, &c. are throwne vpon her, the leaft of them being at this time by vertue of Poeticall Heraldrie, but especiallie in regard of the State that now vpholds her, thought to be names of more honour, than that of her owne. And this short Apologie, doth our verse make for it selfe, in regard that some, (to whose setled judgement and authoritie the cenfure of these Deuises was referred,) brought though not bitterly the life of those lines into question: But appealing with Machatas to Phillip, now these reasons haue awakend him: let vs followe King James, who hauing passed vnder this our third gate, is by this time, graciously receaung a gratulatorie Oration from the mouth of Sir Henry Mountague, Recorder of the Citie, a square lowe gallorie, set round about with pilasters, beeing for that purpose erected some 4. foote from the ground, and ioyned to the front of the Crosfe in Cheape; where likewise stood all the Aldermen, the Chamberlaine, Towne-clarke, and Counfell of the Citie.

The Recorders Speech.

High Imperiall Maiestie, it is not yet a yeere in dayes since with acclamation of the People, Citizens, and Nobles, auspitioufully heere at this Crosfe was proclaimed your true succeSSION to the Crowne. If then it was joyous with Hats, hands, and hearts, lift vp to heauen to crie King James, what is it now to see King James? Come therefore O worthieft of Kings as a glorious Bridegroome through your Royall Chamber: But to come neerer, Adest quem querimus. Twentie and more are the Soueraignes wee haue serued since our conqueft, but Conquerour of hearts it is you and your Posteritie, that we haue vowed to loue and wish to serue whilst London is a Citie. In pledge whereof my Lord Maior, the Aldermen, and Commons of this
Citie, wishing a golden Reigne unto you, present your Greatnes with a little cup of gold.

At the end of the Oration three Cups of gold were giuen (in the name of the Lord Maior, and the whole Body of the Citie,) to his Maiestie, the young Prince, and the Queene.

All which but aboue all (being gifts of greater value) the loyall hearts of the Citizens, being louingly receaued; his Grace was (at least it was appointed he should haue beene) met on his way neere to the Croffe, by Syluanus drest vp in greene Iuie, a Cornet in his hand, being attended on by foure other Syluans in Iuie likewise, their bowes and quiuers hanging on their shoulders, and winde Instruments in their hands.

Upon sight of his Maiestie, they make a stand, Syluanus breaking forth into this abrupt passion of ioy.

Syluanus.

Stay Syluans, and let the loudest voyce of Musicke proclayme it (euen as high as Heauen) that hee is come.

Alter Apollo redit, Nouus En, iam regnat Apollo.

Which aclamation of his was borne vp into the ayre, and there mingled with the breath of their musical Instruments: whose sound beeing vanished to nothing, Thus goes our Speaker on.

Syluanus.

Moist happie Prince, pardon me, that being meane in habite, and Wilde in apparance, (for my richest Huorie is but leaues, and my flatelieft dwelling but in the woodes,) thus rudely with piping Syluans. I presume to intercept your royall passage. These are my walkes: yet stand I heere, not to cut off your way, but to giue it a full and a bounteous welcome, beeing a
Messenger sent from the Lady Eirene my Mistresse, to
deliver an errand to the best of all these Worthies,
your royall selfe. Many Kingdomes hath the Lady
sought out to abide in, but from them all, hath shee
beene most churlishly banished: not that her beautie
did deserve such vnkindnes, but that (like the eye of
Heauen) hers were too bright, and there were no
Eagles breeding in those nests, that could truly beholde
them.

At last heere she ariued, Definiie subscribice to this
Warrant, that none but this Land should be her In-
heritance. In contempt of which happens, Enuie
shoothes his impoisoned slings at her heart, but his Ad-
ders (being charmed) turne their daeaneous heads
vpon his owne bosome. Those that dwell far off, pine
away with vexing to see her prosper, because all the ac-
quaintance which they haue of her, is this, that they
know there is such a goodly Creature as Eirene, in the
world, yet her face they know not: whilst all those that
heere sleepe vnder the warmth of her wings, adore her
by the sacred & Celestiall name of Peace, for number
being (as her blessings are) infinite.

Her daughter Euporia (well knowne by the name of
Plentie, is at this present with her, (being indeede
neuer from her side) vnder yonder Arbour they sit,
which after the daughters name is called, Hortus Eupo-
riae (Plenties Bower:) Chaft are they both, and both
maydens in memorie of a Virgine, to whom they
were nurfe children: for whose sake (because they
were bound to her for their life,) mee, haue they
charged to lay at your imperiall feete, (being your
hereditatie due) the tribute of their loue: And with it
thus to say.

That they haue languished many heauie moneths
for your presence, which to them would haue beene,
(& proud they are that it shall be so now,) of the fame
operation and influence, that the Sunne is to the
spring, and the spring to the earth: hearing therefore
what trebble preferment you haue bestowed vpon this
day, wherein besides the beames of a glorious Sunne, two other cleare and gracious flarres shine cheerefullie on these her homely buildings: Into which (because no dutie should bee wanting) the she hath given leaue even to Strangers, to bee Sharers in her happines, by sufferinge them to bid you likewise welcome. By mee (once hers now your vaasile,) the see entreates, and with a knee sinking lower than the ground on which you tread, doo I humbly execute her pleasure, that ere you passe further, you would deigne to walke into yonder Garden; the Hesperides liue not there but the Muses, and the Muses no longer than under your protection. Thus farre am I sent to conduct you thether, prostrately begging this grace, (since I dare not, as being vnworthie, lackey by your royall side) in that yet these my greene Followers and my selfe may bee ioyfull fore-runners of your expected approch, away Sylvanus.

And being (in this their returne) come neare to the Arbor, they gaue a signe with a short florish from all their Cornets, that his Maiestie was at hand: whose princely eye whilest it was delighting it selfe with the quaint obieeet before it, a sweete pleasure likewise courted his eare in the shaple of Musike, sent from the voyces of nine Boyes (all of them Queristers of Paules) who in that place presentinge the nine Muses fang the dittie following to their Viols and other Instruments.

But, least leaping too bluntly into the midst of our Garden at first, we deface the beautie of it, let vs send you round about it, and survey the Walles, Allies, and quarters of it as they lye in order.

This being the fashion of it.

The passages through it were two gates, arched and grated Arbor-wise, their heighth being 16. foote, their breadth 10. from the rooffe, and 10 on the sides, downe to the ground, Cowcumbres, Pompions, Grapes, x 2
and all other fruits growing in the land, hanging artificially in clusters: Betweene the two gates, a payre of stayres were mounted with some 20 assents: at the botomme of them (on two pillers) were fixed two Satiers carued out in wood; the sides of both the gates, being strengthened with foure great French frames standing vpon pedestals, taking vp in their full height 20. foote.

The upper part also caried the proportion, of an Arbor, being close with their round tops, the midst whereof was exalted aboue the other two, Fortune flanding on the top of it. The garnishments for the whole Bower, being Apples, Peares, Cheriës, Grapes, Roses, Lillies, and all other both fruits and flowers most artificially molded to the life. The whole frame of this somer banqueting house stood (at the ground line) vpon 4 foote; the Perpendicular stretching it selfe to 45. Wee might (that day) have called it, The Musike roome, by reason of the chaunge of tunes, that danced round about it; for in one place were heard a noyse of cornets, in a second, a confort, the third, (which farte in sight) a fet of Viols, to which the Muses fang.

The principall persons aduancte in this Bower, were, Eirene (Peace) and Euporia (Plenty) who fate together.

Eierene.

Peace: Was richly attired, her upper garment of carnation, hanging loose, a Robe of White vnder it, powdred with Starres, and girt to her: her haire of a bright colour, long, and hanging at her back, but interwoven with white ribbands, and Jewels; her brows were encompassed with a wreath compounded of the Oliue, the Lawrell, & the Date tree: In one hand shee held a Caduceus, (or Mercuries rod, the god of eloquence :) In the other, ripe eares of corne gilded: on her lap fate a Doue: All these being ensignes, and furnitures of Peace.
Euporie.

Plenty: Her daughter fate of the left hand, in changable colours, a rich mantle of Gold trauersing her bodie: her haire large and loosely spreadding ouer her shoulders: on her head a crowne of Poppy & Mustard seede; the antique badges of Fertilitie & Abundance, In her right hand a Cornucopia, filde with flowers, fruits, &c.

Chrusos.

Directly vnder these, fate Chrusos, a person figuring Gold, his dressing, a tinsell Robe of the colour of Gold.

Argurion.

And close by him, Argurion, Siluer, all in white tinsell; both of them crownde, and both their hands supporting a Globe, betweene them, in token that they commaundd ouer the world.

Pomona.

Pomona, the goddesse of garden fruits; fate at the one side of Gold and Siluer: attirde in greene, a wreath of frutages circling her temples: her armes naked: her haire beautifull, and long.

Ceres.

On the other side fate Ceres, crowned with ripened eares of Wheate, in a loose straw-coloured roabe.
In two large descents (a little belowe them) were placde at one end,
The nine Muses.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Clio.} \\
\text{Euterpe.} \\
\text{Thalia.} \\
\text{Melpomene.} \\
\text{Terpsicore.} \\
\text{Eraoe.} \\
\text{Polyhymnia.} \\
\text{Vrania.} \\
\text{Calliope.}
\end{align*}
\]

With musickall in-
strumentes in their
hands, to which they
fung all the day.

At the other end.

The 7 liberal
Arts.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Grammar.} \\
\text{Logique.} \\
\text{Rhetorique.} \\
\text{Musick.} \\
\text{Arithmetick.} \\
\text{Geometry.} \\
\text{Astrology.}
\end{align*}
\]

Holding shields in
their hands, expressing
their feueral offices.

Upon the verie vpper edge of a faire large Freeze,
running quite along the full breadth of the Arbor,
and just at their feete were planted rankes of artificiall
Artichocks and roses.

To describe what apparrrell these Arts, and Muses
wore, were a hard labour, and when it were done, all
were but idle. Few Taylors know how to cut out
their garments: they have no Wardrob at all, not a
Mercer, nor Merchant, though they can all write and
read verie excellently well, will suffer them to bee great
in their bookes. But (as in other countries) so in this
of ours, they goe attirde in such thin clothes, that the
winde euerie minute is readie to blowe through them:
happy was it for them, that they tooke vp their
lodging in a summer arbour, and that they had so
much musick to comfort them, their ioies (of which
they do not euerie daie taft,) being notwithstanding
now infinitelie multiplied, in this, that where before
they might haue cryed out till they grew horse, & non
would heare them, now they sing.
through the City of London. 311

Aderitque vocatus Apollo.

Chorus in full voices answering it thus.

Ergo alacris Sylvas, & cætera rura voluptas
Panaque pastoreque tenet, Driadaque puellas,
Nec Lupus insidias pecori, nec retia Cersus
Villa dolum meditantur, amat bonus otia Daphnis;
Ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera iactant
Intus montes: ipsæ iam carmina Rupes,
Ipsæ sonant Arboris, Deus, Deus ille!

Sylvanus (as you may perceive by his office before)
was but sent of an errand; there was another of a
higher calling, a Trauailer, and one that had gon
ouer much grownd, appointed to speake to his
Maiefty, his name Vertumnus, the maister Gardner,
and husband to Pomona: To tell you what cloathes
hee had on his backe were to doo him wrong, for hee
had (to say truth) but one suite: homelie it was, yet
meet and fit for a Gardener: In fleade of a hat, his
browes were bound about with flowers, out of whose
thicke heapes, here and there peeped a queene apple,
a cherie, or a peare, this boon-grace hee made of
purpose to keepe his face from heate, (because he
desired to looke louelie) yet the sunne found him out,
and by casting a continuall eye at him, whilst the old
man was dressing his arbours, his cheekes grew tawnie,
which colour for the better grace, he himselfe inter-
preted blushing. A white head he had, & sunne-
burnt hands: in the one he held a weeding hooke,
in the other a grafting knife: and this was the tenor
of his speech. That he was bound to give thanks to
heauen, In that the arbour and trees which growing in
that fruitfull Cynthiaen garden, began to droop and
hang downe their greene heades, and to vncurie their
crisped forlocks, as fearing and in some sort, feeling
the sharpenesse of Autumnnian malice, are now on the
sudden by the deuine influence apparelled with a
fresh and more liuely verdure than euer they were
before. The nine Muses that could expect no better entertainement than said banishment, having now louely and amiable faces: Arts that were threatened to be trod vnder foot by Barbarisme, now (euen at sight of his Maieflie who is the Delian Patron both of the Muses & Arts) being likewise advanced to most high preferment whilst the very rurall & Syluane troopes dancd for ioy: the Lady therfore of the place Eirene, (his mistris) in name of the Prætor, Consuls & Senators of the City, who carefully prune this garden, (weeding out al hurtful & idle branches that hinder the growth of the good,) and who are indeede, Ergatai Pistoi, faithfull Laborers in this peice of ground, Shee doth in al their names, (& he in behalfe of his Lady) offer them selues, this Arbor, the bowers & walkes, yea her children gold & siluer, with the louing & loyall harts of all those the Sons of peace, standing about him, to be disposde after his royal pleasure. And so wishing his happie Arrival, at a more glorious bower, to which he is now going, yet welcoming him to this, & praying his Maieflty not to forget this poore Arbor of his Lady, Musicke is commanded to cary all their praieres for his happie reignes, with the loud Amen of all his Subjectts as hie as heauen.

Cant.

Shine Titan shine.
Let thy sharpe raies be hurld
Not on this vnder world,
For now tis none of thine.

These first 4. lines were sung by one alone, the single lines following, by a Chorus in full voices.

Chor. No, no tis none of thine.

But in that sphære,
Where what thine armes infolde,
through the City of London.

Turnes all to burnisht gold,
Spend thy guilt arrowes there,
Chor. Doe, doe, shoote onelie there.

3

Earth needes thee not:
Her childbed daies are done,
And Shee another Sunne,
Faire as thy selfe has got.
Chor. A new new Sunne is got.

4

O this is hee!
Whose new beames make our Spring,
Men glad and birdes to Sing,
Hymnes of praife, ioy, and glee.
Sing, Sing, O this is hee!

5

That in the North
First rizing: shonne (fo far)
Bright as the morning Starre,
At his gaie comming forth.
Chor. See, fee, he now comes forth.

6

How soone iories varie?
Here staide hee still! O then
Happie both place and men,
But here hee lift not tarrie.
Chor. O griefe! hee lift not tarrie.

7

No, no, his beames,
Muft equall deuide,
Their heate to Orbes beside,
Like nourishing siluer streames.

Chor.  Ioies slide awaie like streames.

Yet in this lies
Sweete hope: how far foesuer,
Hee bides, no cloudes can feuer,
His glorie from our eyes.

Chor.  Drie, drie, your weeping eies.

And make heauen ring,
His welcomes shawted loudelie,
For Heauen it selfe lookes proudly,
That earth has such a King.

Chor.  Earth has not such a King.

His Maiestie dwelt here a reasonable long time,
giving both good allowance to the song & Musick,
and liberally bestowing his eye on the workemanship
of the place: from whence at the length departing,
his next entrance was, as it were, into the closet or
rather the priuie chamber to this our Court royall:
through the windowes of which he might behold the
Cathedrall Temple of Saint Paule: vpon whose lower
batelements an Antheme was sung, by the Quiristers
of the Church to the musick of loud instruments:
which being finisht, a latine Oration was Viua voce
deliuiered to his grace, by one of maister Mulcasters
Schollers, at the dore of the free-schole fownded by
the Mercers.
Oratio habita, & ad Regem, & coram
Rege præ schola Paulina.

(ːː)

B euis ero, ne ingratus sim, Rex serenissime, licet, & planè, & plenè putem Regem tam prudentem, in tam profusa suorum iatitia, ita se hodie patientia contra taedium armuisfe, ne ullius tædij ipsum posset cadere. A Edificium hoc magno sumpto suo extruimus Dominus Johannes Collettus Ecclesiae Paulinae Decanus, sub Henrico septimo, maiestatis tuae prudentiissimo abauo, erudientia pueritiae consecravit, ut huius scholae infantia tuo in Regnum Anglicanum iure coetanea existat. Tanta magnificentia conditum parique magnificentia dotatum fidelissima Mercorum huius urbis primaria semper, hodie etiam Prætoriae societati tuendum testamento moriens commendavit. Quae societas, & mortuorum fundatoris spe, & nostræ educationis studio fidem suam sanctissime esoluit. Hic nos cum multis aliis erudimus, qui communi nomine totius pueritiae Anglicanae, a Domino Rege, licet sponte sua ad omnia optima fatis incitato, humillimè tamen contendimus, ut quemadmodum sua atatis ratione, in omni re adultioribus prospicit, ita in summae spei Principis Henrici gratiam tenerioribus, parique cum ipso etate pueris, in scholorum cura velit etiam consulere. Virgo enim obsequium, sceptri obedientia & parit, & praet inquit preceptum tuum. Quique metu didicit iuuennis parere pueroque, grandibus imperiiis officiosus erit. Habent schola Anglicanae multa, in quibus Regiam maiestatis corrofitionem efflagitant, ne inde in Academias implumes eulent unde in Rempublicam implumiores etiam è prima nuditate emittuntur. Quod malum à Preceptore nostro accepimus: qui annos tam quatuor supra quinquaginta
publice, priuatumque erudienda puertiae praefuit, & haec scholarum errata, cum aliquo etiam dolore suo, & passim, & sparsim deprehendit. Nostra haec schola fundatorem Collettum hominem tam pium; tutores Merceros homines tam fidus consequuta, quam est felix, si placet, Domino etiam Regi, quod Regibus Angliae, ad summam apud suos charitatem saepissime profuit, huic Merc erorum principi societati, fratrem se, & consciem adscribere, Quantum huic urbi ornamentum, quantum societati honestametum, Quantum scholae nostrae emolumentum? Quantu setiam Regi ipsi honos inde accederet, mauult, qui hoc vult alias inter alia per otium Regi suo apperire, quam hodie cum tadio & prater aream eidem explicare. Omnipotens Deus Iesus Christus & cum eo, ac per eum nosler, et Pater, et Deus serenisimum Regem Iacobum, honoratissimam Reginam Annam, nobilissimum Principem Henricum, reli quamque Regiae stirpis ad omnia summa natam sobolem diu nobis ita incolumes tueatur, ut cum huius vita fecundissimum curriculum confeceritis, beatissimam vita caelestis aeternitatem consequamini. Dixi.
Our next Arch of triumph, was erected aboue the Conduit in Fleetstreet, into which (as into the long and beauteous gallery of the Citie) his Maieftie being entered; a farre off (as if it had beeene some swelling Promentory, or rather some incantated Castle guarded by tenne thousand harmelesse spirits) did his eye encounter another Towre of Pleasure.

Presenting it selue.

Fourefcore and ten foote in height, and fiftie in breadth; the gate twentie foote in the perpendicular line, and fourteene in the ground line: The two Poflernes were anfwerable to these that are set downe before: ouer the pofternes riz vp in proportionable meafures, two turrets, with battlementes on the tops: The middeft of the building was laid open to the world, and great reafon it fhand be fo, for the Globe of the world, was there feeene to mooue, being fild with all the degrees, and flates that are in the land; and these were the mechanicall and dead limmes of this carued bodie. As touching those that had the vfe of motion in it, and for a neede durft haue fpoken, but that there was no fluffe fit for their mouthes.

The principall and worthieft was Astrea, (Juftie) fitting aloft, as being newly descended from heaven, gloriously attirde; all her garments being thickely flrewed with flatres; a crowne of flatres on her head; a Siluer veile couering her eyes. Hauing tolde you that her name was Juftie; I hope you will not put mee to decribe what properties she held in her hands, fithence euyry painted cloath can informe you.

Directly vnder her, in a Cant by her selue, was Arate (vertue) inthronde, her garments white, her head crowned, and vnder her Fortuna: her foote
treading on the Globe, that moude beneath her: Intimating, that his Maiesties fortune, was aboue the world, but his vertues aboue his fortune.


Inuidia.

Envy, vnhandsomely attirde all in blakke, her haire of the same colour, filleted about with snakes, stooed in a darke and obscure place by her selfe, neere vnto Vertue, but making shew of a fearefulnesse to approach her and the light: yet fill & anon, casting her eyes, sometimes to the one side beneath, where on feuerall Greeks fate the foure cardinall vertues:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{In habiliments, fitting to their natures.} \\
\text{Viz.} \quad \{ & \text{Iustitia.} \\
& \text{Fortitudo.} \\
& \text{Temperantia.} \\
& \text{Prudentia.} \}
\end{align*}
\]

And sometimes throwing a distorted and repining countenance to the other opposite seate, on which, his Maiesties foure kingdomes were advanced.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Viz.} \quad \{ & \text{England.} \\
& \text{Scotland.} \\
& \text{France.} \\
& \text{Ireland.} \}
\end{align*}
\]

All of them, in rich Robes and Mantles; crownes on their heads, and Scepters with penfild scutchions in their hands, lined with the coats of the particular kingdomes: for very madnessse, that she beheld these glorious objects, she stooed feeding on the heads of Adders.

The foure Elements in proper shapes, (artificially and aptly expressing their qualities) vpon the approch of his Maiestie, went round in a proportionable and euen circle, touching that cantle of the Globe, (which was open) to the full view of his Maiestie, which being
done, they bestowed themselves in such comely order, and stood so, as if the Eronie had beene held vp on the tops of their fingers.

Upon distinct Ascensions, (neatly raisde within the hollow wombe of the Globe) were placed all the states of the land, from the Nobleman to the Ploughman, among whom there was not one word to bee heard, for you must imagine as Virgil saith:

Ægl. 4. Magnus ab integro fedorum nascitur ordo.
Iam redit at * virgo redeunt Saturnia regna. Afram.

That it was now the golden world, in which there were few parts.

All the tongues that went in this place, was the tongue of Zeale, whose personage was put on by W. Bourne, one of the servants to the young Prince.

And thus went his speach.

The populous Globe of this our English Ile, Seemde to moue backward, at the funerall pile, Of her dead female Maiestie. All states From Nobles downe to spirits of meaner Fates, Mooude opposite to Nature and to Peace, As if these men had bin Th’ Antipodes, But see, the vertue of a Regall eye, Th’ attractiue wonder of mans Maiestie, Our Globe is drawne in a right line agen, And now appeare new faces, and new men. The Elements, Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire, (Which euer clipt a naturall desire, To combat each with other, being at first,) Created enemies to fight their worl, See at the peacefull presence of their King, How quietly they moude, without their fling: Earth not deououring, Fire not defacing,
Water not drowning, & the Ayre not chas'ing:
But proping the queint Fabrick that heere stands,
Without the violence of their wrathfull hands.
   Mirror of times, lo where thy Fortune fits,
Aboue the world, and all our humaine wits,
   But thy hye Vertue aboue that: what pen,
Or Art, or braine can reach thy vertue then?†
At whose immortall brightnes and true light,
Enuiest infectious eyes haue lost their fight,
Her snakes (not daring to shoot-forth their slings
Gainst such a glorious obieci) downe the slings
Their forkes of Venome into her owne mawe,
Whilst her ranke teeth the glittering poisons chawe,
For tis the property of Enuiest blood,
   To dry away at every kingdomes good,
Especially when shee had eyes to view,
These foure maine vertues figurde all in you,
Justice in causes, Fortitude gainst foes,
Temprance in spleene, and Prudence in all those,
And then fo rich an Empyre, whose sayre brest,
Contaynes foure Kingdomes by your entrance blest
By Brute diuided, but by you alone,
All are againe vnited and made One,
Whose fruitfull glories shine fo far and euen,
They touch not onely earth, but they kisse heauen,
From whence Astraee is descended hither,
Who with our laft Queenes Spirit, fled vp thither,
Fore-knowing on the earth, shee could not reft,
Till you had lockt her in your rightfull brest.
And therefore all Estates, whose proper Arts,
Lieue by the breath of Majestie, had harts
Burning in holy Zeales immaculate fires,
With quenchles Ardors, and vnstaind desires,
To see what they now see, your powerful Grace,
Reflecting joyes on every subjects face.
These paynted flames and yellow burning Stripes,
Vpon this roab, being but as showes and types,
Of that great Zeale. And therefore in the name
Of this glad Citie, whither no Prince euer came,
through the City of London.

More lou'd, more long'd for, lowely I intreate,
You'd be to her as gracious as y' are great:
So with reuerberate shoutes our Globe shall ring,
The Musicks close being thus: God faue our King.

If there be any glorie to be won by writing these
lynes, I do freelie bestow it (as his due) on Tho. *Middleton*, in whose braine they were begotten, though they were deliuered heere: *Quae nos non fecimus ipse, vix ea nostra voco.*

But hauing peiced vp our wings now againe with
our owne feathers: suffer vs a while to be pruning
them, and to lay them smooth, whilst this song, which
went foorth at the sound of Hault-boyes, and other
lowde instruments, flyes along with the trayne.

*Cant.*

Where are all these Honors owing?
Why are seas of people flowing?
   Tell mee, tell me Rumor,
   Though it be thy Humor
   More often' to be lying,
Than from thy breath to haue trueth flying:
   Yet alter, now that fashion,
   And without the streame of passion,
   Let thy voyce swim smooth and cleare,
When words want gilding, then they are most deere.

Behold where Ioue and all the States,
Of Heau'n, through Heau'ns seauen filuer gates,
   All in glory riding
   (Backs of Clowds bestriding)
   The milky waie do couer,
Which starry Path being measur'd ouer,
   The Deities conuent,
   In Ioues high Court of Parliament.
   Rumor thou doest loose thy aymes,
This is not Ioue, but One, as great, King IAMES.

And now take we our flight vp to Temple-bar, (the
other ende of this our Gallery) where by this time, his Majestie is vpon the pouyt of giuing a gratious and Princely Fare-wel to the Lord Major, and the Cittie. But that his eye meeting a seauenth beautifull object, is invited by that, to delay awhile his (lamented) departure.

The Building being set out thus.

The Front or Surface of it was proportioned in euery respeckt like a Temple, being dedicated to Ianus, as by this inscription over the Ianus head may appear.

Iano Quadri fronti
Sacrum.

The height of the whole Aedifice, from the ground line to the top, was 57. foote, the full bredth of it 18. foote : the thicknes of the Passage 12.

The personages that were in this Temple, are these.

1. The principall person, Peace.
2. By her stood, Wealth.
3. Beneath the feet of Peace, lay Mars (War) groueling.
4. And vpon her right hand (but with some little descent) was seated Quiet, the first hand-maid of Peace.
5. Shee had lying at her feete, Tumult.
6. On the other side was the seconde hand-mayd, Libertie at whose feete lay a Catte.
7. This person trod vpon Seruitude.
8. The third handmaid was Safety.
9. Beneath her was Danger,
10. The fourth attendant was, Felicitie :
11. At her feete, Unhappines.

Within the Temple was an Altar, to which, vpon the approch of the King, a Flamin appeares, and to him, the former Genius of the Cittie.
through the City of London.

The effect of whose speech was, that whereas the Flamin came to performe rites there, in honour of one Anna a goddesse of the Romaines, the Genius vowes, that none shall doe Sacrifice there, but himselfe, the offering that he makes being, the Heart of the Citie, &c.

And thus haue wee (lowely and aloofe) followed our Soueraigne through the seauen Triumphal gates of this his Court Royall, which name, as London received at the ryfing of the Sunne; so now at his going from her (euen in a moment) She lost that honour: And being (like an Actor on a Stage) stript out of her borrowed Majestie, she resignes her former shape & title of Citie; nor is it quite lost, considering it went along with him, to whom it is due: For such Vertue is begotten in Princes, that their verie preence hath power to turne a Village to a Citie, and to make a Citie appeare great as a Kingdome. Behold how glorious a Flower, Happinesse is, but how fading. The Minutes (that lackey at the heele of Time) run not faster away then do our joyes. What tongue could haue exprest the raptures on which the soule of the Citie was carried beyond it selfe, for the space of manie houres? What wealth could haue allurde her to haue closde her eies, at the comming of her King, and yet See, her Bridegrome is but flept from her, and in a Minute (nay in shorter time, then a thought can be borne) is she made a Widdow. All her consolation being now, to repeate ouer by roate those Honors, which lately she had perfectely by hart: And to tell of those joyes, which but euen now, shee reallie behelde; yet thus of her absente, beloued, do I heare her gladly and heartily speaking.

Infretas dum Fluvii Current: dum montibus umbrae,

virg. Lustrabvnt Conueda, Polus dum sidera pascit.

Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudefque mane-bunt.

Y 2
The Pageant in the Strond.

The Citie of Westminster and Duchy of Lancaster, perceiving what preparation their neighbor citie made to entertain her Soueraigne; though in greatnes they could not match her, yet in greatnes of Loue and Duetie, they gaue testimonie, that both were equall. And in token they were so, hands and hearts went together: and in the Strond, erected vp a Monument of their affection.

The Invention was a Rayne-bowe, the Moone, Sunne, and the seauen Starres, called the Pleiades, being aduaunced betweene two Pyramides: Eletra (one of those seauen hanging in the aire, in figure of a Comet) was the speaker, her words carrying this effect.

That as his Majestie had left the Citie of London, happy, by deliueringe it fr6 the noyse of tumult: so he would crowne this place with the like joyes; which being done, shee reckons vp a number of blessings, that will follow vpon it.

The worke of this was thought vpon, begun and made perfect in xij. daies.

As touching those fiue which the Citie builded, the Arbor in Cheap-side, and the Temple of Janus, at Temple-bar, were both of them begun and finisht in five weekes. The rest were taken in hande, first in March laft, after his Majestie was proclaymed, vpon which, at that time, they wrought till a Moneth after S. James his day following, and then gaue ouer by reasone of the sicknes: At this second setting vpon the, six weekes more were spent.

The Citie elected fixteene Comitties, to whom the Mannaging of the whole busines was absolutely referred: of which number, foure were Aldermen, the other graue Commoners.
through the City of London.

There were also Committies appoynted as Over-feers, and Serueyors of the workes.

Artificum Operariumque in hoc tam celebri apparatu, fumma.

fumma.

The Citie imploied in the Framing, building, and setting vp of their fiue Arches, these officers and worke-men.

A Clarke that attended on the Committies.
Two officers that gaue Summons for their meetings. &c.
A clarke of the Workes.
Two master-Carpenters.
Painters.
Of which number, those that gaue the maine direction, and vndertook for the whole busines, were only these seauen.

\[
\begin{align*}
&\{\text{William Frielfield.} \\
&\text{George Mosse.} \\
&\text{John Knight.} \\
&\{\text{Paul Ifacfon.} \\
&\text{Samuell Goodrick.} \\
&\text{Richard Wood.} \\
&\text{George Heron.} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Caruers.

Ouer whom, Stephen Harrison Joyner was appoynted chiefe; who was the sole Inuentor of the Architecture, and from whom all directions, for so much as belonged to Caruing, Joyning, Molding, and all other worke in those fiue Pageants of the Citle (Paynting excepted) were set downe.

Ioyners. 80
Carpenters. 60
Turners. 6
Laborers to them. 6
Sawyers. 12
Laborers during all the time, and for the day of the Triumph. 70
Besides these, there were other Artificers, As:
Plommers, Smythes, Molders.

To the Reader.

Reader, you must understand, that a regard, being had that his Majestie should not be wearied with tedious speeches: A great part of those which are in this Booke set downe, were left unspoken: So that thou doest here receive them as they should have been delivered, not as they were. Some errors wander up and downe in these sheetes, vnder the Printers warrant: which notwithstanding may by thy authoritie be brought in, and receive their due Correction.

FINIS.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The Shoemaker's Holiday.

On what authority is this play sometimes ascribed to Barton Holiday and to others? That Dekker was the author, even if Henloew's testimony were wanting, is, as will be seen, abundantly proved by internal evidence.

The original edition of this comedy, as also that of Old Fortunatus, is printed in black letter.

PAGE 20.

wher's Cinly Bumtrinket your maid?

The same term is used by Richard Brome in the Beggars' song, in the comedy of The Jovial Crew. Dekker also uses it in Satiromastix (p. 220).

PAGE 81.

The Comedie of Old Fortunatus.

Hazlitt says that this play "has the idle garrulity of age, with the freshness and gaiety of youth till upon its cheek and in its heart." The plan is founded on an old German romance, which was reprinted and translated a great many times during the sixteenth century. Dekker has preferred the original names and the main outline of the story.

PAGE 83.

Some cal her Pandora.

From the evils Pandora is said to have brought on mortals, and the sense in consequence generally attached to her name, this seems a somewhat equivocal compliment; but Dekker alludes only to her name, which signifies all-accomplished, and
perhaps to the corresponding description of her in the "Theogony" of Hesiod. Gloriana, Cynthia, Belphoebe, and Aftrea, were undoubtedly appellations applied to Elizabeth by the Poets of her time, although there is probably no other instance in which she is praised under the name of Pandora.

**Page 87.**

*Patience is a vertue: would I were not vertuous, thats to say, not poore, but full of vice, (thats to say, full of chinckes). Ha, ha, so I am, for I am so full of chinckes, that a Horfe with one eye may looke through and through me.*

This is probably an allusion to a line found in Lyly's Grammar:

*Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.*

As by chinks, in the first instance, money is meant, and the holes in his dress in the second.

**Page 89.**

*My tongue speakes no language but an Almond for Parrot, and cracke me this Nut.*

It is somewhat difficult to affix any precise meaning to these phrases, which, however, occur not unfrequently in the writings of the time. There is a scarce black letter work named "An Almond for a Parrot;" and a play called "Crack me this Nut," was performed at the Rose Theatre in 1595. This latter is also one of the titles of a pamphlet of Lyly's.

**Page 93.**

*Fortune her selfe is said to view thy fall.*

We should probably read "sad" here instead of "said."

**Page 95.**

*If through Golds sacred hunger thou dost pine.*

This is the *Auri sacra fames* of Virgil (see Æn. III. 57); the word "sacred" being of course used in the sense of accursed.

**Page 95.**

*a wiseman poore,*

*Is like a sacred booke thats never read,*

*To himselfe he liues, and to all els feemes dead.*

*This age thinks better of a gilded foole,*

*Then of a throughbare Saint in wisedomes schoole.*

Our poet may here allude to a passage in the Book of Ecclesi-
after, ix. 14, sqq. "The poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

**Page 96.**

_thou wilt repent_

That for the love of drosse thou ha' despised
Wisedomes divine embrace.

It is evident that many of the sentiments in this scene were drawn by our poet from the choice made by Solomon in the beginning of his reign, of wisdom, in preference to riches, or honour, or power over his enemies, or length of life, as recorded in the First Book of Kings; and it should be remembered to their honour that many noble images and illustrations were derived from the same divine source by the dramatic poets of that age.

**Page 96.**

_Gold is the strength, the sinnewes of the world._

"No wonder," says Campbell, who quotes this Scene in his Specimens, "poor Dekker could, rie a degree above the level of his ordinary genius in describing the blessings of Fortunatus's inexhaustible purse: he had probable felt but too keenly the force of what he expresses in the misanthropy of Ampedo,

"I'm not enamour'd of this painted idol," &c.

**Page 97.**

_yet I feele nothing here to make mee rich,_
_here's no sweete Musicke with her siluer sound._

"Music with her siluer sound" is a quotation from a poem by Richard Edwards, in _The Paradise of Dainty Devices_, 1576, 1597. The stanza containing these words is also quoted in Romeo and Juliet, towards the end of the fourth act. A similar expression "Musicke with her siluer tongue" occurs again in the _Comedy of Old Fortunatus_. Dekker seems indeed to have had a special fondness for this phrase, for we read also in _Satiro-maflx._

"Musicke talke lowder, that thy siluer voice," &c.

**Page 124.**

_Whether it were lead or lattin that haft downe those winking casements._

The word _lattin_, which occurs in act 1. of _The Merry Wives of Windsor_ has been differently explained by the commentators.
Theobald supposes it to have been the old orichalc; Malone that it was made of copper and calimini, and Steevens, who quotes the passage in the text, seems inclined to think it tin. Chaucer says in *The Frankeleines Tale*:

"And this was, as the bookes me remember,
The colde frostie feton of December.
Phebus waxe old and hewed like *laton*,
That in his hote declination
Shone as the burned gold with stremes bright:
But now in Capricorne adoun he light,
*When as he shone ful pale, I dare wel sain.*"

**Page 125.**

*what shall we learne by travaile*  
**Ancl.** *Fashions.*  
**Shad.** *Thats a beastly disease.*

"Infected with the fashions" is one of the disorders of Petruchio's horse, as described by Biondello in act 3. of *Taming of the Shrew*. "It is so called in the West of England," says Grey, "but by the best writers on farriery, *farces* or *farcy*. "Steevens, among other instances of its use by the old writers, adduces the passage in the text.

**Page 125.**

*when my pursuorship ends, ile religne, and cap you.*

*Cap you,* from the context, must mean, *take from you the cap.* In the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the host threatens to *cap* Ralph, unless his reckoning be immediately paid, which is resented by the honest citizen as an unpardonable indignity.

**Page 129.**

*O Deformitie,*

*Thy fairenes is not like to Agrigynes,*

*For (dead) her beautie will no beautie have,*

*But thy face lookes most lonely in the grave.*

In the original the word in parenthesis is misprinted *dread.* For the very obvious correction made in the text I have the high authority of Charles Lamb, who says of the scene which these lines close:—"The humour of a frantic lover is here done to the life. Orleans is as passionate an inamorato as any which Shakespeare ever drew. He is just such another adept in love's reasons. He talks 'pure Biron and Romeo,' he is almost as
poetical as they, quite as philosophical, only a little madder."
*Specimens* (1808) p. 62-63.

**PAGE 133.**

*With fiftie bard Horces prawncing at his heelles.*

"Bard," *i.e.* *barbed* or adorned with trappings. So in Heywood's Foure Prentices of London:

"Shall our *bar'd horfes* climb yon mountain tops," &c.

**PAGE 136.**

*la pauyne Hispanola.*

The pavan, which is here spoken of, is said in the *Alchemyst* of Ben Jonson, to be a Spanifh dance. It is also mentioned in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*. It seems to have been a majestick and stately dance, and isparticularly described by Sir John Hawkins in a note on *Twelfth Night*.

**PAGE 147.**

*But I in wildernesse tottred out my youth.*

"Wildnesf" is probably the correct reading.

**PAGE 151.**

*The path that leads to Vertues court is narrow,*
*Thornie and vp a hill, a bitter iorney,*
*But being gon through, you find all heav’nly sweetes,*
*The entrance is all fliinte, but at th’end,*
*To towers of pearle and chri$tall you ascend.*

One is irresistibly reminded in reading these fine lines of a similar passage in Tennyson's *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

**PAGE 155.**

*whilst thou art commensfng thy knauerie there, ile proceede Doctor Dodipoll here.*

A comedy called "The Wisdom of Dr. Dodipoll," was printed in 1600: it is to this that Dekker alludes, as also in *Satiro-mastix*, p. 262, "Wut fweare by Parnassius and lye too, Doctor Doddipol?"

**PAGE 159.**

*to marke how like tree bul-beggara day stand.*

Bull-beggar and bull-bear were words of the same meaning as the modern *bug-bear*. Gable Harvey in his *Four Letters and certain Sonnets*, uses both. "He was proved a filly *bull-bear*; a very puff of wind; a thing of nothing."

"Some odd wits for-
footh will needs be accounted terrible bull-beggars, and the only kill-cows of their age.” See also Pierce’s Supererogation.

Page 160.

Puts Gallowayes horns off.

This stage-direction is evidently an error. For Galloway we should doubtles read Montrose and Longavile.

Page 175.

May still to fortie two, and one yeere more,

So the original; but there is very little doubt we should read “add.” As Elizabeth succeeded to the Crown only in November, 1558, and the present play was printed in 1600, it seems certain that she could not have reigned more than forty-two years.

Page 177.

Satiro-mastix.

This play is an answer to Ben Jonson’s Poetaster, which had been brought out at the Blackfriars by the children of the Queen’s chapel in the previous year. Marston and Dekker had, it seems, persisted for some years in ridiculing Jonson on the stage, till he found it necessary to draw up the Poetaster, in which, together with the untrussing, the whipping, and the stinging, he anticipated and answered many of the accusations subsequently brought against him in the Satiro-mastix. As Marston and Dekker had headed the cabal against him, he introduced them under the respective names of Crispinus and Demetrius; Marston is very distinctly marked: Dekker might, perhaps, have “fat still unquestioned”—at least with posterity—had not the justice of the satire filled him with rage, and induced him to appropriate the character of Demetrius to himself in an angry recrimination. He was (apparently to his own satisfaction) put forward by the rest as their defender. Jonson must have been aware of this, for he makes one of the players say of Dekker, “his doublet’s a little decayed, otherwife he is a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town here; we have hired him to abufe Horace, and bring him in in a play.”

Dekker, being both a rapid and a popular writer, the choice of a champion was not injudicious. The Satiro-mastix was produced in 1602. Jonson had played with his subject; but Dekker writes in downright passion, and foams through every page. He makes no pretensions to invention, but takes up
the characters of his predecessor, turns them the *seamy side without*, and produces a coarse and ill-wrought caricature. Tucca who, in Jonson’s hands, is amusing with all his insolence and rapacity, degenerates with Dekker into a mere candidate for Tyburn. Nor is this the worst. In transferring the scene from the court of Augustus to England, Dekker has the inconceivable folly to fix on William Rufus, a rude and ignorant soldier, whom he ridiculously terms “learning’s true Mæcenas, poesy’s king,” for the champion of literature, when his brother, Henry I., who aspired to the reputation of a scholar, would have entered into his plot with equal facility.—*Gifford, Memoir of Ben Jonson.*

“William Rufus, ‘learning’s true Mæcenas, poesy’s king,’ it may be presumed, was the ignorant William Shakespeare, “skilled in the hawking and hunting languages;” so that Dekker’s selection appears to have been peculiarly appropriate. The wits of Elizabeth were not asleep.

In this comedy Shakespeare is King William, and Lyly is Sir Vaughan ap Rees; the remark of Tucca, “be not so tart my precious Metheglin,” identifies Lyly with Amorphus, reminding us of the Metheglin and Pythagorical breeches in *Cynthia’s Revels*, which, I hold, are satirical allusions to the transmigrations through Sir Hugh Evans and Captain Fluellen; whilst in the remark, “you nafty Tortois, you and your itch poetry break out like Christmas, but once a year,” we have probably the germ of Caliban.”


**Page 179.**

*Non pokes in Nugas dicere plura meas,*
*Ipse ego quam dixi.—Qui se miratur, in illos*
*Virus habe: Nos hac nouimus esse nihil.*

This is from Martial. Epig. lib. XIII. 2, *In Detractorem.*

**Page 181.**

*Monstrum horrendum, informe: Ingens cui lumen ademptum.*
*Virgil, Aen. III, 658.*

**Page 183.**

*Populus me fibilat, at mihi plauto.*

Horace, Satir. lib. I. 1. 66.
SATIRO-MASTIX.

PAGE 184.
To this play the author prefixed a lift of Errata (which have, of course, been corrected in the present edition), with the following address, Ad Lectorem: "In stead of the Trumpets sounding thrice, before the Play begin: it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them in stead of a hisse, a gentle correction."

PAGE 212.
These true heires of Ma. Justice Shallow.
The two plays of Shakespeare, in which the character here alluded to, appears—i. e., the Second Part of K. Henry IV. and The Merry Wives of Windor—were brought out in 1600—1602. The allusion in the text seems to prove that the famous justice had already become a household word.

PAGE 214.
One word Sir Quintilian in hugger mugger.
In hugger-mugger—i. e., in private, secretly. The phrase occurs in Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 5.
"we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger t'inter him."

PAGE 216.
Misfris Minuer caps.
This expression, which recurs frequently in the Satiro-mastix, is used by Simon Eyre as a term of reproach in The Shoomakers. Holiday (vide ante, p. 72): "Vanish mother Mineuer-Cap, trip and goe."

PAGE 218.
Mother Mumblecrust.
This name, which is applied by Eyre to his wife in The Shoomakers Holiday, is given in Ralph Roister Doister to one of the principal characters: it is also used in the Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grisell, 1603.

PAGE 221.
Th'all a breath as sweet as the Rose, that grows by the Beare-garden.
The promixity of the Hope, while yet a bear-garden to the
Rose, may be gathered from the above passage. The atmosphere at the Rose was, it would seem, impregnated with the effluvia from the Hope. — Collier.

PAGE 229.

TUC. Thou hast been at Parris Garden hast not?

HOR. Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide Zulsiman there.

Paris Garden was at an early date employed as a theatre for dramatic representations, and it seems to have been of an hexagonal shape. Zulsiman was a character in some play which has not survived.

PAGE 229.

My name's Hamlet revenge.

This is the second allusion in Satiro-maffix to the writings of Shakespeare. The earliest known edition of Hamlet bears date 1603; but it seems to have been acted some time before it found its way into print.

PAGE 231.

Ile tagge my Cofpeece point with thy legs.

This expression occurs also in The Shoemakers Holiday (supra, p. 68): “My Codpeece-point is ready to flye in peecees every time I thinke vpon mistris Rose.”

PAGE 251.

Smiles on my cheekes arise,

To see how sweetly a true virgin dyes.

“The beauty and force of this scene,” says Charles Lamb, “are much diminished to the reader of the entire play, when he comes to find that this solemn preparation is but a sham contrivance of the father’s, and the potion which Cæleslina swallows nothing more than a sleeping draught, from the effects of which she is to awake in due time, to the surprise of her husband, and the great mirth and edification of the king and his courtiers. As Hamlet says, they do but ‘poison in jest.’ The sentiments are worthy of a real martyrdom, and an Appian sacrifice in earnest.”

But as Terrill and his bride both believed the sacrifice to be real, we cannot concur in these strictures of the gentle Elia.

PAGE 257.

Save thee, my most gracious King a Harts save thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great Sultane Soliman, &c.
Compare the final scenes of *The Shomakers Holiday*, where Simon Eyre talks in much the same way to the King. "Sim Eyre knowes how to speake to a Pope, to Sultan Solyman, to Tamberlaine, and he were here." Both Eyre and Tucca ask of their Sovereign the boon of his presence to grace a banquet. The difference is that the *bonhonnir* of the former is genuine and natural, and that of the latter assumed and artificial.

**Page 265.**

*Epilogue.*

In the Epilogue to Dekker's *Satiro-mastix*, Tucca addresses the audience generally as "two penny tenants," having previously told them, "I'll see you all here for your two-pence a-piece again, before I'll lose your company," as if the price had been, for some reason, temporarily lowered to that rate. This play was performed before 1602, by the Lord Chamberlain's servants and by the Children of St. Pauls. In the body of it, Tucca speaks degradingly of "penny-bench theatres," where "a gentleman or an honest citizen" might fit "with his squirrel by his side cracking nuts;" which agrees with a passage in his Gull's Horn-Book, 1609, where he remarks, "your grounding and gallery commoner buys his sport for a penny," as if the admission to the yard, where people stood, and to the gallery, where they sat, were the same.

**Page 267.**

*The Magnificent Entertainment, &c.*

With this is usually found at the end: B. Jon: [Ben Jonson] his Part of King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertain-ment through his Honorable Civie of London, Thursday the 15 of March 1603. So much as was presented in the first and last of their Triumphall Arch's. Printed at London by V. S. for Edward Blount, 1604.

Of Dekker's portion another edition exists, "Edinburgh, Printed by Thomas Finlaien and are to be sold at Niddries wynde heide. Anno Dom. 1604. with Licence."

**Page 274.**

*Where the neat Sunne each Morn he himselfe attires,*

*And gilds it with his repercusiue fires.*

This is a word of very uncommon occurrence. It is used in Fanshawe's translation of the Lusiad:
"Whose repercussive lyre shall have the fate
To be renowned more than fortunate."

Dekker uses the word again in his Pageant of Troia Nova Triumphans (vol. III., p. 243).

PAGE 282.

Gracious-street.

See also The Shoemakers Holiday, p. 69: "the great new hall in Gracious streete corner." The present name, Gracechurch-street, is but little more correct than the corrupted appellation of Dekker's time. St. Bennet Grafs-church, at the south-west corner of Fenchurch-street, was so called from its vicinity to the Grafs-market, formerly held close by. The customs or duties of this market, in the reign of Edward III., are printed in Stow's Survey, ed. 1603, p. 214.

PAGE 290.

Alter Iesiades, alter Amoniades.

Iesiades, i.e., Solomon, the grandson of Jesse. It is almost needless to observe how much the King admired this agnomen, or how often it was attributed to him. In the Preface to his Works, by Bishop Montacute, we read "God hath given us a Solomon, and God above all things gave Solomon wisdom," &c. Amoniades probably signifies Apollo, the son of Jupiter (Ammon).

PAGE 293.

The Mart, where as well the Froe, as the Burger, are buying
and selling.

Froe is the Dutch word for a woman. It is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in Wit at Seven Weapons, Act. V.

"Buxom as Bacchus' froes, revelling, dancing,
Telling the musick's numbers with their feet."

PAGE 294.

Sermo ad Regem.

Gifford is at a loss to know where Dekker got these Latin verses—"perhaps," he says, "from his own store; for he had a smattering of Latin, which he is somewhat too fond of showing."
Page 297.

A woman in a watchet robe.

Watchet is a light blue-colour. The word is Saxon, and is used by Milton and Dryden.

Page 302.

Troy-quant is now no more a Citie.

The name of Troyquant here given to London, and also in a Pageant by Dekker, entitled Troia Nova Triumphans (1612), is derived from the once popular fable of Geoffry of Monmouth, who declares that Brute, a lineal descendant of Aeneas, "the grandson of Jupiter, by his daughter Venus, builded this citie about the year of the world 2885," (or 1008 years before the nativity of Christ), and named it Trinovantum, Troy-quant, (or New Troy), in remembrance of Troy, from whence he came, calling the country Britain after his own name.

Page 314.

One of maister Mulcaster's Schollers.

Dr. Richard Mulcaster, then Master of St. Paul's School, "a native of Carlisle, was educated at Eton, whence he was sent to King's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A., 1553-4, but afterwards removed to Oxford, and was elected a Student of Christ Church; proceeded M.A. and became eminent for his skill in Greek. After spending more than five years at Oxford, he made so great a proficiency in several forts of learning, that he was unanimously chosen master of the school erected in 1561 in the parish of St. Laurence, Pountney, by the Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylor's of that City. In 1596 he succeeded one Jo. Harrison in the Chief Mastership of St. Paul's School in London, and soon after had the rich patronage of Stamford Rivers in Essex bestowed on him by Queen Elizabeth. He died there 15th April 1611, having resigned Paul's School three years before."—Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses.

Page 317.

I hope you will not put me to describe what properties shee held in her hands, sithence every painted cloth can informe you.

Properties, i.e., ensigns proper to her character—a theatrical term. Sithence is "since." Painted cloth was cloth or canvas painted in oil with a variety of devices and verses interperfed.
Scepters with pensild scutchiors in their handes.
i.e. (not having pensils, small flags, but) painted; so in an earlier passage of this pageant: "They held in their handes pensild Shieldes; vpon the first was drawne a Rose," &c.

where, on seuerall greeces, faye the foure cardinall virtues.
This word, used in several places by Shakespeare, was variously spelt, grice, greece, greefe, grieze, grize, grife, &c.; and seems to be formed from grefus, or contracted from degrees. It signified a step, or a flight of steps. See Lydgate's Warres of Troy (ed. 1555):—

"She gan anone by greeces to affende
Of a Touret in to an hye pynacle."

that cantle of the globe which was open to the full view of his Maiestie.
Cantle, or cantel, signifies portion, piece, or parcel.
"'Cant,' which occurs ante p. 317:—"Directly vnder her in a Cant by herselfe" is a contraction of this, and means a niche or corner, like the Dutch kant, from which both words are probably derived.

And stood so, as if the Eronie had beene hold vp on the tops of their fingers.
ADDITIONAL NOTES.

PAGE 181.

Horace hal'd his Poestairs to the Barre.

Alluding to the trial of the Poestairs, which takes place before Augustus and his poetical jury of Virgil, Ovid, Tibullus, etc., in Ben Jonson's play.

Ib.

Horace made himselfe believe, that his Burgonian wit might desperately challenge all commers.

Dekker alludes here to the bastard of Burgundy, who considered himself unmatchable, till he was overthrown in Smithfield by Woodville Earl Rivers.

ERRATA.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
<th>LINE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>329</td>
<td>20 for probable, read probably.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>339</td>
<td>6 for bonhonnie, read bonhomie.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

END OF FIRST VOLUME.