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

VOLUME THE SECOND

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873
THE
Honest Whore,
With,
The Humours of the Patient Man,
and the Longing Wife.

Tho: Dekker.

LONDON
Printed by V. S. for John Hodgetts, and are to
be solde at his shop in Paules
church-yard. 1604.
[Of the first part of The Honest Whore there are other editions bearing date 1605, 1615, 1616, and 1635. That of 1605 is the most correct, and has formed the basis of the present text. Of the second part no earlier impression than that of 1630 is known to exist.]
THE HONEST' WHORE.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter at one doore a Funerall, a Coronet lying on the Hearfe, Scutchins and Garlands hanging on the sides, attended by Gasparo Trebatzi, Duke of Milan, Castruchio, Sinezio, Fioratto Fluello, and others at another doore. Enter Hipolito in discontented appearance: Matheo a Gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him backe.

Duke.

Ehold, yon Commet shewes his head againe Twice hath he thus at crosse-turnes throwne on us
Prodigious lookes: Twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, hee's turn'd wilde;
Go on in Gods name. All. On afore there ho.

Duke. Kinflmen and friends, take from your manly
sides
Your weapons to keepe backe the desperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito. I pry thee deare Matheo.
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Mathew. Come y'are mad.

Hip. I do arrest thee murderer: set downe.

Villaines set downe that sorrow, 'tis all mine.

Duke. I do beseech you all, for my bloods fake

Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath

Joyne in confederacy with your weapons points;

If hee proceed to vex us, let your swords

Seek out his bowels: funerall grieue loathes words.

All. Set on.

Hip. Set downe the body.

Mat. O my Lord!

Y'are wrong: 'tis open streete: you see shee's dead.

Hip. I know she is not dead.

Duke. Franticke yong man,

Wilt thou beleefe thefe gentlemen? pray speake:

Thou dost abufe my child, and mocke the teares

That here are thred for her: If to behold

Thofe roses withered, that set out her cheekes:

That paire of flares that gave her body light,

Darkned and dim for ever: All thofe rivers

That fed her veins with warme and crimfon flames

Frozen and dried up: if thefe be signes of death,

Then is shee dead. Thou unreligious youth,

Art not afham'd to emptie all thefe eyes

Of funerall teares (a debt due to the dead)

As mirth is to the living: Sham't thou not

To have them flare on thee: hark, thou art curft

Even to thy face, by those that sorce can speake.

Hip. My Lord.

Duke. What wouldst thou have? is she not dead?

Hip. Oh, you ha kild her by your cruelty.

Du. Admit I had, thou kill'st her now againe;

And art more favage then a barbarous Moore.

Hip. Let me but kiffe her pale and bloodlesse lip.

Duke. O fie, fie, fie.

Hip. Or if not touch her, let me look on her.

Mat. As you regard your honour.

Hip. Honour! l'moake.

Mat. Or if you lov'd her living, spare her now.

Duke. I, well done sir, you play the gentleman:
Steale hence: 'tis nobly done; away: Ile joyne
My force to yours. to flop this violent torment:
Paffe on. \textit{Exeunt with Funerall.}
\textit{Hip.} Mathao thou dost wound me more.
\textit{Mat.} I give you phyllick noble friend, not wounds.
\textit{Duke.} O well said, well done, a true gentleman:
Alack, I know the sea of lovers rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide: it beats
And beares downe all respectes of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes, forget her gallant youth.
\textit{Hip.} Forget her?
\textit{Duke.} Na, na, be but patient:
For why deathes hand hath fued a strict divorce
Twixt her and thee: what's beautie but a coarese?
What but faire fand-duft are earths purest formes:
Queenes bodies are but trunks to put in worms.
\textit{Mathao.} Speake no more sentences, my good
Lord, but slip hence; you fee they are but fits, Ile
rule him I warrant ye. I, fo, tread gingerly, your
Grace is heere somewhat too long already. S'blood
the jelt were now, if having tane some knockes o'th
pate already, he should get loofe againe, and like a
mad Oxe, toffe my new blacke cloakes into the
ekennell. I must humour his Lordship: my Lord
\textit{Hipolito,} is it in your stomacke to goe to dinner?
\textit{Hipolito.} Where is the body?
\textit{Mathao.} The body, as the Duke spake very wisely,
is gone to be worm'd.
\textit{Hipolito.} I cannot refi Ile meet it at next turne,
I'Ile see how my love lookes.
\textit{Mathao holds him in his armes.}
\textit{Mathao.} How your love lookes! worfe then a
scare-crow, wrattle not with me: the great fellow gives
the fall for a ducat.
\textit{Hipolito.} I shall forget my selfe.
\textit{Mathao.} Pray do so, leave your selfe behind your
selfe, and go whither you will. S'foot, do you long to
have bafe rogues that maintaine a saint \textit{Antonies} fire
in their noxes (by nothing but two peny Ale) make
The Honest Whore.

ballads of you if the Duke had but so much mettle in him, as is in a coblers awle, he would ha beene a vex talk thing: he and his traine had blowne you up, but that their powder has taken the wet of cowards; you'le bleed three pottles of Aligant, by this night, if you follow 'em, and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have Surgeons roll thee up like a babe in swadling clouts.

Hippolito. What day is to day, Mathaeo? Mathaeo. Yea mary, this is an easie question: why to day is. let me fee, Thureday. Hippolito. Oh, Thureday. Mathaeo. Here's a coile for a dead commodity, sfoote women when they are alive are but dead commodities, for you shall have one woman lie upon many mens hands.

Hippolito. She died on monady then. Mathaeo. And that's the most villonous day of all the week to die in: and she was well, and eat a mess of water-grewel on monady morning.

Hipp. I, it cannot be, Such a bright taper shoulde burne out so soon.

Mat. O yes my Lord, so soon: why I ha knowne them, that at dinner have beene as well, and ha so much health, that they were glad to pledge it, yet before three a clock have beene found dead drunke.

Hipp. On thureday buried, and on monady died, Quick hafe birladie: sure her waving sheete Was laid out fore her body, and the worms that now must feast with her, were even besoke, And solemly invited like strange guests.

Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed my Lord, and like your Jeasler or yong Courrier, will enter upon any mans trencher without bidding.

Hipp. Curr be that day for ever that rob'd her Of breath, and me of bliffe, henceforth let it stand Within the Wizards booke (the kalendar) Markt with a marginall finger, to be chozen By theeves, by villaines, and black murderers,
The Honest Whore.

As the best day for them to labour in.
If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,
Athenisme, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjurie,
Slander, (the beggars finne) lies, (fittie of fools)
Or any other damned impieties,
On Monday let 'em be delivered:
I swear to thee Matthew, by my soul,
Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glew
Mine eie-lids downe, because they shall not gaze
On any female cheeke. And being lockt up
In my close chamber, there I'll meditate
On nothing but my Infallibles end,
Or on a dead mans scull draw out mine owne.

Mat. You'll doe all thesee good worke now every
Monday, because it is so bad: but I hope upon tue-
day morning I shall take you with a wench.

Hip. If ever whilst fraile blood through my veins runne,
On womans beames I throw affecion,
Save her that's dead: or that I loosely fie
To th' shore of any other wafting eie,
Let me not prosper heaven. I will be true,
Even to her dust and ashes: could her tombe
Stand whilst I liv'd, so long that it might rot,
That shold fall downe, but the be ne're forgot.

Mat. If you have this strange monster, Honestie,
in your belly, why so Jig-makers and Chroniclers shall
pickle something out of you: but and I smell not you
and a bawdy house out within these ten daies, let my
noze be as big as an English bag-pudding: I'll follow
your Lordship though it be to the place aforesaided.

Exit.

Enter Fufingo in some fantastick Seapuice at one
doore, a Porter meets him at another.

Fuf. How now Porter, will she come I
Porter. If I may trufl a woman sir, she will come.
The Honest Whore.

Fuft. There's for thy paines, godamercy, if ever I stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, Porter, thou shalt earne my money before anie Clarisseme in Millane; yet so god sa me thee's mine owne fitter body and soule, as I am a christian Gentleman; farewell, Ie ponder till shee come: thou haft beene no bawd in fetching this woman, I affure thee.

Porter. No matter if I had fir, better men than Porters are bawdes.

Fuft. O God sir, many that have borne offices. But Porter art fure thou wentst into a true house!

Porter. I thinke so, for I met with no thieves.

Fuft. Nay, but art fure it was my fitter Viola.

Porter. I am fure by all supercifictions it was the party you ciphered.

Fuft. Not very tall.

Porter. Nor very low, a midling woman.

Fuft. 'Twas she 'faith, 'twas she, a pretty plump cheek like mine.

Porter. At a bluff, a little very much like you.

Fuft. Gods so, I would not for a ducat she had kickt up her heeles, for I ha spent an abamination this voyage, marie I did it amongst fallers and gentle-men: there's a little modicum more, porter, for making thee fly, farewell honest porter.

Porter. I am in your debt sir, God preserve you. Exit.

Enter Viola.

Fu. Not so neither, good porter; gods lid, yonder she coms. Sifter Viola, I am glad to fee you flirring: it's newes to have me here, ift not fitter?

Viola. Yes truft me; I wondere who should be fo bold to fend for me: you are welcome to Millan brother.

Fuft. Troth sifter I heard you were married to a very rich chuffe; and I was very forry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me fend: for you
know we Millaners love to strut upon Spanish leather.
And how does all our friends?!

Viola. Very well; you ha travelled enough now,
I trow, to fowe your wilde oastes.

Fust. A pox on em; wilde oastes, I ha not an oate
to throw at a horse; tooth fister I ha fowde my oastes,
and reap't 200 duckets if I had 'em here, marry I must
entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty till the
ship come, by this hand Ile discharge at my day, by
this hand.

Viola. Theare are your old oastes.

Fust. Why fister do you thinke Ile forfware my
hand?!

Viola. Well, well you shall have them: put your
felfe into better fashions, because I must employ you
in a ferious matter.

Fust. Ile sweate like a horse if I like the matter.

Viola. You ha caft off all your old swaggering
humours.

Fust. I ha not faid a league in that great fith-
pond (the sea) but I caft up my very gall.

Viola. I am the more forry, for I must employ a
true swaggerer.

Fust. Nay by this yron fister, they shall fnd I
am powder and touch-boxe, ifthey put fire once
into me.

Viola. Then lend me your eares.

Fust. Mine eares are yours deare fister.

Viola. I am married to a man that haz wealth
enough, and wit enough.

Fust. A Linnen Draper I was told fister.

Viola. Very true, a grave Citizen, I want nothing
that a wife can with from a husband: but heere's the
spite, hee haz not all things belonging to a man.

Fust. Gods my life, hee's a very mandrake, or elfe
(God bleffe us) one a thefe whiblins, and that's worfe,
and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your
body fister, are ballards by a flatute.

Vio. O you runne over me too faill brother; I have
heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry, is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print, for all things else, save only in this, no tempest can move him.

Puff. Sld, would he had beene at sea with us, he should ha beene mov'd, and mov'd agen, for Ile be sworne la, our drunken ship ree'd like a Dutchman.

Viola. No losse of goods can increas in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance sowre, the stubburnes of no servant make him, he has no more gall in him than a Dove, no more fling than an Ant: Musitian will he never be, (yet I finde much mutchke in him) but he loues no frets, and is so free from anger that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that vertue which all womens tongues have (to anger their husbands) Brother mine can by no thunder, turne him into a sharpnese.

Puff. Belike his blood, fister, is well brewd then.

Viola. I protest to thee, Puffigo, I love him most affectionately, but I know not ——— I ha such a tickling within mee ——— such a strange longing; nay, verily I doe long.

Puffigo. Then y're with child fister, by all signes and tokens; nay, I am partly a Phyitian, and partly something else. I ha read Albertus Magnus, and Aristotles Emblemes.

Viola. Y'are wide astrrow band still brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to have my patient husband eate up a whole Porcupine, to the intent, the bristling quills may sticke about his lips like a fleemish mutchaco, and be shot at me: I shall be leaner than the new Moone, unlese I can make him horne mad.

Puff. Scoote halfe a quarter of an houre does that: make him a cuckold.

Viola. Puh, he would count such a cut no unkindnese.

Puff. The honefter Citizen he; then make him drunk and cut off his beard.
The Honest Whore.

Viola. Fie, fie, idle, idle, hee's no Frenchman, to fret at the losse of a little scalde hair. No brother, thus it shall bee, you must be secret.

Fu. As your Mid-wife I protest filter, or a Barber-surgeon.

Viola. Repaire to the Tortoise here in S. Christopher's strete, I will fend you mony, turne your selue into a brave man: instead of the armes of your mistresse, let your sword and your military scarfe hang about your nekke.

Fu. I must have a great Horfe-mans French feather too filter.

Viola. O, by any means, to shew your light head, elfe your hat will fit like a coxcombe: to be briefe, you must be in all points a most terrible wide-mouth’d swaggerer.

Fu. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Viola. Repart then to our shop, and (in my husbands presence) kisse me, snatch rings, jewels, or any thing, so you give it backe agen brother in secret.

Fu. By this hand filter.

Viola. Swear as if you came but new from kniything.

Fu. Nay, Ile swear after 400, a yeare.

Viola. Swagger worfe then a Lievetenant among fresh-water fouliders, call me your love, your ingle, your cofen, or fo; but filter at no hand.

Fu. No, no, it shall be cozen, or rather coze, that’s the gulling word betwenee the Citizenues wives and their mad-caps, that man’em to the garden; to call you one a mine Aunts, filter, were as good as call you arrant whore: no, no, let me alone to cozen you rarely.

Viola. H’z heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fu. The best in Millan I warrant.

Viola. Take up wares, but pay nothing, rifle my bofome, my pocket, my purfe, the boxes for mony to dice withall; but brother, you must give all backe agen in secret.
The Honest Whore.

Festigo. By this welken that heere roares I will, or else let me never know what a secret is: why sister do you thinke Ile cunny-catch you, when you are my cozen! Gods my life, then I was a stanke Asse, if I fret not his guts, beg me for a foole. 
Viola. Be circumspect, and do so then, farewell. 
Festigo. The Tortoys sister! Ile slay there, forty duckets. Exit.
Viola. Thither Ile send: this law can none deny, Women must have their longings, or they die. Exit.

Gaspardo the Duke, Doctor Benedict, two servants.

Duke. Give charge that none do enter, lock the doores; And fellowes, what your eyes and eares receive, Upon your lives truft not the gadding aire, To carry the least part of it: the glasse, the houreglasse.

Doctor. Here my Lord. 
Duke. Ah, 'tis neere spent. But Doctor Benedict does your Art speake truth! Art sure the soporiferous streame will ebbing, And leave the Critall banks of her white body (Pure as they were at first) just at the houre! 
Doctor. Just at the houre my Lord. 
Duke. Uncertaine her: Softly, see Doctor what a coldish heate Spreads over all her body.
Doctor. Now it workes: 
The vitall spirits that by a fleepie charme Were bound up fast, and threw an icie ruft On her exterior parts, now gin to breake; Trouble her not my Lord. 
Duke. Some ffooles: you call'd For mufick, did you not? Oh ho, it speakes, It speakes, watch firs her waking, note thofe fands. Doctor fit downe: A Dukeclome that shoulde wey Mine owne downe twice, being put into one scale, And that fond desperat boy Hipolito.
The Honest Whore.

Making the weight up, should not (at my hands)
Buy her ith tother, were her state more light
Than hers, who makes a dowry up with almes.
Doctor Ile starve her on the Appenine
Ere he shall marry her: I must confesse,
Hippolito is nobly borne, a man,
Did not mine enemies blood boile in his veins,
Whom I would court to be my son-in-law
But Princes whose high spleens for empery fwell,
Are not with easie Art made parallel.

2 Ser. She wakkes my Lord.
Duke. Look Doctor Benedicte?
I charge you on your lives maintaine for truth,
What ere the Doctor or my felle averre,
For you shall heare her hence to Bergamo.

Inf. Oh God, what fearefull dreams?
Doctor. Lady.
Inf. Ha.

Why Infelicia, how ilt now, ha speake!
Inf. I'me well, what makes this Doctor here? I'me well.
Duke. Thou wert not so even now, sicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midit of fealing;
And when a cup crown'd with thy lovers health
Had toucht thy lips, a fencible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
To see such beautie alter.
Inf. I remember
I fate at banquet, but felt no such change.
Duke. Thou haft forgotten then how a messenger
Came wildly in with this unfavorisy newes,
That he was dead.
Inf. What messenger? who's dead?
Inf. I saw no messenger, heard no fuch newes.
Doctor. Truft me you did sweet Lady.
Duke. La you now.
2 Ser. Yes indeed Madam.
The Honest Whore.

Duke. La you now, tis well, good knaves.
Inf. You ha flaine him, and now you'le murder me.
Duke. Good Infelica vex not thus thy selfe,
Of this the bad report before did strike
So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen up.
Inf. It is untrue,
'Tis moft untrue, O moft unnaturall father!
Duke. And we had much to doe by Arts best
  cunning,
To fetch life back againe.
Doctor. Moft certaine Ladie.
Duke. Why la you now, you'le not beleeve me,
  friends
Sweate we not all! had we not much to do?
2 Ser. Yes indeede, my Lord, much.
Duke. Death drew such fearefull pictures in thy face,
That were Hipolito alive ajen,
I'de kneele and woo the noble gentleman
To be thy husband, now I fore repent
My sharpenesse to him, and his family;
Nay, do not weep for him, we all must die:
Doctor, this place where he so oft hath feene
His lively presence, hurts her, does it not?
Doctor. Doublesse my Lord it does.
Duke. It does, it does:
Therefore sweet girle thou shalt to Bergamo.
Inf. Even where you will, in any place there's
  woe.
Duke. A coach is ready, Bergamo doth stand
In a moft wholesome aire, sweet walkes, there's deere,
I, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,
Which like some goddesse in the Cyprian groves,
Thine owne faire hand shall strike; firs, you shall
  teach her
To stand, and how to shoote, I, the shall hunt:
Cast off this sorrow. In girle, and prepare
This night to ride away to Bergamo.
Inf. O moft unhappy maide. 

Exit.
The Honest Whore.

Duke. Follow her close.
No words that she was buried on your lives,
Or that her ghost walkes now after shee's dead;
Ile hang you if you name a funerall.

1 Ser. Ile speake Greeke, my Lord, ere I speake that deadly word.

2 Ser. And Ile speake Welch, which is harder then Greek.

Duke. Away, look to her; Doctor Benedic!,
Did you obverse how her complexion altered
Upon his name and death, O would t'were true.

Doctor. It may my Lord.


Doctor. And you may have your wish: say but the word,
And 'tis a strong Spell to rip up his grave:
I have good knowledge with Hipolito;
He calls me friend, Ile creepe into his bosome,
And fling him there to death; poison can do't.

Duke. Performe it; Ile create thee halfe mine heire.

Doctor. It shall be done, although the fact be foule.

Duke. Greatnelfe hides fin, the guilt upon my foule

Enter Castruchio, Pioratto, and Fluello.

Cafi. Signior Pioratto, signior Fluello, shall be merry! shall play the wags now!

Flu. I, any thing that may beget the child of laughter.

Cafi. Truth I have a pretty sportive conceit new crept into my braine, will move excellent mirth.

Flu. Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where shall the fecane of mirth lie?

Cafi. At signior Candidi's house, the patient man, nay the monfrous patient man; they say his blood is immoveable, that he has taken all patience from a man, and all constancie from a woman.

Flu. That makes so many whores now a daies.

Cafi. I, and so many knaves too.
The Honest Whore.

Pio. Well sir.

Cafi. To conclude, the report goes, he's so milde, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can move him: now do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vex, and as mad as an English cuckold.

Flu. O, twere admirable mirth, that: but how wilt be done Signior!

Cafi. Let me alone, I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will fling him yfaith, if he have but a thimbleful of blood in's belly, or a spleene not so big as a taverne token.

Pio. Thou stirre him! thou move him! thou anger him! alas, I know his approved temper; thou vex him! why hee haz a patience above mans injuries: thou maist sooner raze a spleene in an Angell, than rough humour in him: why Ile give you insistance for it. This wonderfully temper'd signior Candido upon a time invited home to his house certaine Neapolitane Lords, of curious taste, and no meane pallats, conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheere fitting for such honourable trencher-men. Shee (just of a womans nature, covetous to try the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at laft to get the f aft of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurniacht, not onely of dainty, but of ordinary dines. He (according to the mildnesse of his breaf) entertained the Lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time (as much as a Citizien might do): to conclude, they were hungry Lords, for there came no meate in; their stomackes were plainly gull'd, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could have feiz'd a man) there was matter enough yfaith to vexe any Citizien in the woeld, if he were not too much made a foolie by his wife.

Flu. I,ile swere foote: sfoot, had it beene my cafe, I shou'd ha plaid mad tricks with my wife and family: sifl, I would ha spitted the men, strew'd the maides, and bak't the mistresse, and so served them in.

Pio. Why twould ha tempted any blood but his,
The Honest Whore.

And thou to vexe him! thou to anger him
With some poore shallow jest!

Cajt. Sbloud Signior Pioratto (you that disparage
my conceit) Ile wage a hundred dukats upon the head
on't, that it moves him, frets him, and galles him.
Pio. Done, 'tis a lay, joyne gols on't: witnes sig-
nior Fluello.

Cajt. Witnesse: 'tis done:
Come, follow me: the house is not farre off,
Ile thrust him from his humour, vex his breaft,
And win a hundred dukats by one jest. Exeunt.

Enter Candido's wife, George, and two Prentices in
the shop.

Wife. Come, you put up your wares in good order
here, doe you not think you, one piece caft this way,
another that way? you had need have a patient master
indeed.

George. I, Ile be sworne, for we have a curtif mit-
trefle.

/Wife. You mumble, do you mumble? I would
your master or I could be a note more angry: for two
patient folkes in a house spoil all the servants that
ever shall come under them.

I Prent. You patient! I, so is the devill when hee
is horne-madde.

Enter Cafruchio, Fluello, and Pioratto.

All three. Gentlemen, what do you lack? what if
you buy?

See fine Holland, fine cambrickes, fine lawnes.

George. What if you lackes?

a Prentife. What if you buy?

Cajt. Where's signior Candido thy Master?

George. Faith signior, he's a little negotiated, he'll
appear presently.

Cajt. Fellow, let's see a lawne, a choice one sirra,

George. The best in all Millan, Gentlemen, and
this is the peece. I can fit you Gentlemen with fine
callicoes too for dublets, the onely sweet fashion now,
most delicate and courtly, a meeke gentle callico, cut
upon two double affable taffetaes, ah most neate, feate,
and unmatchable.

Flu. A notable voluble tongde villaine.
Pio. I warrant this fellow was never bogot without
much prating.

Cafl. What, and is this the faift thou?

George. I, and the purest the that ever you fingerd
since you were a gentleman: looke how even she is,
looke how cleane she is, ha, as even as the brow of
Cynthia, and as cleane as your fohnes and heires when
they ha fpent all.

Cafl. Puh, thou talk'fl, pox on't 'tis rough.

George. How is the rough? but if you bid pox
on't fir, twil take away the roughnesse presently.

Flu. Ha signior; haz he fitted your French
curfe!

George. Looke you Gentleman, here's another, com-
pare them I pray, compar Virgilium cum Homero,
compare Virgins with Harlots.

Cafl. Puh, I ha seene better, and as you terme
them, evener and cleaner.

George. You may see further for your mind, but
trute me, you shall not find better for your body.

Enter Candido.

Cafl. O here he comes, let's make as tho we
paffe,

Come, come, we'll try in some other shop,

Cand. How now; what's the matter?

George. The gentlemen find fault with this lawne,
fall out with it, and without a caufe too.

Cand. Without a caufe!

And that makes you to let 'em paffe away:
Ah: may I crave a word with you gentlemen?

Flu. He calls us.

Cafl. Makes the better for the iefl.
The Honest Whore.

Cand. I pray come neare, y'are very welcome gallants,
Pray pardon my mans rudeneffe, for I feare me
Ha's talkt above a Prentifc with you, Lawnes!
Looke you kind gentlemen this! no :-I this:
Take this upon my honelf-dealing faith,
To be a true wease, not too hard, nor flack,
But cene as farre from falshood, as from black.
Caft. Well, how doe you rate it?
Cand. Very conscionably, 18.s. a yard.
Caft. That's too deare; how many yards does the
whole piece containe thinke you?
Cand. Why some 17 yards, I thinke, or there abouts,
How much would serue your turne! I pray,
Caft. Why let me see—would it were better too,
Cand. 'Trith, tis the best in Millan at few words.
Caft. Well: let me have then a whole peny-worth.
Cand. Ha, ha: y'are a merry Gentleman.
Caft. A pennorth I say.
Cand. Of Lawne!
Caft. Of lawne! I of lawne, a pennorth, sblood
doll not heare! a whole pennorth, are you deafe?
Cand. Deafe! no Sir: but I must tell you,
Our wares do feldom meete such customers.
Caft. Nay, and you and your lawnes be so
Queanith,
Fare you well.
Cand. Pray stay, a word, pray Signior: for what
purpofe is it I befeech you?
Caft. 'Sblood, what's that to you: Ile have a
penny-worth.
Cand. A penny-worth! why you shall: Ile serve you
preftely.
2. Fren. Sfoot a penny-worth Mi:treffe!
Mid. A penny-worth! call you thefe gentlemen?
Caft. No, no: not there.
Cand. What then kinde Gentleman, what at this
corner here?
Caft. No nor there neither.
The Honest Whore.

Ile have it just in the middle, or else no.

Can. Just in the middle: ha-you shall too: what?

Have you a single penny?

Caf. Yes here's one.

Cand. Lend it me I pray.

Flu. An excellent followed jest.

Wife. What will he spoile the lawne now?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. I, that patience makes a fool of you: Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other Citizen to have made a kind gull on, besides my husband.

Cand. Pray Gentlemen take her to be a woman,

Do not regard her language.—O kinde foule:

Such words will drive away my customers.

Wife. Customers with a murren: call you these customers?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. Pox a your patience.

George. Soot mistrefle, I warrant these are some cheating companions.

Cand. Look ye Gentleman, there's your ware,

I thank you, I have your money: heare, pray know my shop, pray let me have your custome.

Wife. Custome quoth a.

Cand. Let me take more of your money.

Wife. You had need so.

Flu. Harke in thine eare, th'as loft an hundred

duckats.

Caf. Well, well, I know't: 'tis possible that Homo

Should be no man, nor woman: not once mov'd;

No not at such an injure, not at all!

Sure he's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Flu. Come, come, y'are angry tho you smother it:

Y'are vext faith—confesse.

Cand. Why Gentlemen

Should you conceit me to be ext or mov'd?

He haz my ware, I have his money for't,

And that's no Argument I am angry: no:

The best Logitian cannot proue me so.
The Honest Whore.

Flu. Oh, but the hatefull name of a penny-worth of lawne,
And then cut out i'th middle of the peece:
Pah, I gueffe it by my selfe, would move a lambe
Were he a Linnen-draper-twound i'faith.
Can. Well, give me leave to answere you for that:
We're fet here to please all custumers,
Their humours and their fancies -offend none:
We get by many, if we leefe by one.
May be his minde flood to no more then that,
A penie-worth serves him, and 'mongst trades tis found,
Denie a penyworth, it may crosse a pound.
Oh, he that meanes to thrive, with patient eye
Muft pleafe the devill if he come to buy.

Flu. O wondrous man, patient'bove wrong or woe,
How bleff were men, if women could be fo.
Can. And to exprefs how well my breast is pleaf'd,
And safisfied in all : George fill a beaker. Exit George.
Ile drinke unto that Gentleman, who lately
Blefrowned his monie with me.
Wife. Gods my life,
We shall haue all our gains drunke out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawne.

Enter Geo.

Can. Here wife, begin you to the Gentleman.
Wife. I begin to him !
Can. George fillt up againe :
Twass my fault, my hand frooke. Exit George.

Flu. How strangely this doth show !
A patient man link't with a waftipsh throw.
Flu. A filver and gilt beaker: I have a trick to work upon that beaker, fure 'twill fret him, it cannot chufe but vexe him. Sig. Caflruchio, in pittie to the I have a conceit, will savy thy 100 duckats yet, 'twill doo't, and worke him to impatience.
Can. Sweete Fluell, I shoule be bountiful to that conceit.
Flu. Well 'tis enough. Enter George.
The Honest Whore.

Can. Here Gentlemen to you, I wish your custome, y'are exceeding welcome.

Can. I pledge you Sig. Candido; here you, that must receive a 100 Ducats.

Piero. I'le pledge them deep faith Casstruchio.

Signor Fiuello.

Flu. Come: play't off to me, I am your last man.

Cand. George supply the cup.

Flu. So, fo, good honest George,

Heere Signor Candido, all this to you.

Cand. O you must pardon me, I use it not.

Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Cand. Yes, but not that:

Great love is showne in little.

Flu. Blurt on your sentences,—Sfoot you shall pledge me all.

Cand. Indeed I shall not.

Flu. Not pledge me! S'blood, I'le carry away the beaker then.

Cand. The beaker? oh! that at your pleasure sir.

Flu. Now by this drinke I will.

Caf. Pledge him, he'll do't else.

Flu. So: I ha done you right on my thumb nail,

What will you pledge me now?

Cand. You know me sir, I am not of that fin.

Flu. Why then farewell: I'le beare away the beaker by this light.

Cand. That's as you please, tis very good.

Flu. Nay it doth please me, and as you say, tis a very good one.

Farewell Signor Candido.

Pio. Farewell Candido.

Cand. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Caf. Heart not mov'd yet?

I thinke his patience is above our wit. Exeunt.

George. I told you before Miitreffe, they were all cheaters.
The Honest Whore.

Wife. Why foole, why husband, why mad-man, I hope you will not let 'em fneake away so with a silver and gilt beaker, the beft in the houfe too: go fellowes make hue and cry after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lie still, all will be well:
Come hither George, hye to the Confable,
And in calme order with him to attach them,
Make no great firre, becaufe they're gentlemen,
And a thing partly done in merriment,
'Tis but a fize above a jeft thou know'lt,
Therefore purfue it mildly, go be gone,
The Confable's hard by, bring him along,—make haft againe.

Wife. O y'are a goodly patient Woodcock, are you not now? (Exit George.
See what your patience comes to: everie one faddles you, and rides you, you'll be shortly the common stone-horse of Millan: a woman's well holp't up with fuch a meacocke; I had rather have a husband that would swaddle me thrice a day, then fuch a one, that will be gul'd twice in halfe an houre: Oh I could burne all the wares in my fhop for anger.

Cand. Pray were a peacefull temper, be my wife,
That is, be patient: for a wife and husband
Share but one foule between them: this being knowne,
Why should not one foule then agree in one? (Exit.

Wife. Hang your agreements: but if my beaker be gone.—

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, Piorallo, and George.

Cand. Oh, here they come.

George.—The Confable fir, let 'em come along with me, becaufe there shou'd be no wondering: he ftaies at dore.

Caj. Confable goodman Abram.

Fl. Now Signor Candido, Sblood why doe you attach us?
The Honest Whore.

Caf. Sheart ! attach us !
Cand. Nay sweare not gallants,
Your oathes may move your foules, but not move
me,
You have a silver beaker of my wives.
Flu. You say not true : 'tis gilt.
Cand. Then you say true.
And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.
Caf. I hope y'are not angry fur.
Cand. Then you hope right, for I am not angry.
Flu. No, but a little mov'd.
Cand. I mov'd ! 'twas you were mov'd, you were
brought hither.
Caf. But you (out of your anger and impatience)
Caus'd us to be attacht.
Cand. Nay you misplace it.
Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
And not of any wrath : had I shoune anger,
I should have then pursu’d you with the law,
And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings
Do build their anger upon feeblest grounds,
The more’s the pittie ; many loose their lives
For scarce so much coine as will hide their palme :
Which is most cruel, those have vex’d spirits
That pursue lives, in this opinion ref’d,
The losse of Millions could not move my brief.
Flu. Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost
deale,
Such a meek spirit can blestle a Common-weale.
Cand. Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time,
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.
Caf. I never heard a carter yet say nay
To such a motion. I le not be the first.
Pia. Nor I.
Flu. Nor I.
Cand. The Constable shall beare you company.
George call him in, let the world say what it can,
Nothing can drive me from a patient man.

Exeunt.
Enter Roger with a floole, cushion, looking-glass and chafing-dish, those being set down, he pulls out of his pocket, a viol with white cullor in it; and two boxes, one with white, another red painting, he places all things in order and a candle by them, singing with the ends of old Ballads as he does it.
At last Bellafront (as he rubs his cheek with the cullors) whistles within.

Ro. Anon forsooth.
Bell. What are you playing the rogue about?
Ro. About you forsooth: I'me drawing up a hole in your white filke flocking.
Bell. Is my glasse there? and my boxes of complexion?
Ro. Yes forsooth: your boxes of complexion are here I thinke: yes 'tis here: her's your two complexions, and if I had all the four complexions, I should nere set a good face upon't, some men I fee are borne under hard-favoured planets as well as women: zounds I looke worfe now then I did before, and it makes her face glister moft damnably, ther's knavery in dawbing I hold my life, or else this is onely female Pomatum.

Enter Bellafronte not full ready, without a gowne, she fits dwone, with her bodkin curles her hairre, colours her lips.

Bell. Where's my ruffe and poker you block-head?
Ro. Your ruffe, your poker, are ingendring together upon the cup-bord of the Court, or the Court cup-bord.
Bell. Fetch 'em: Is the pox in your hammes, you can goe no fascer?
Ro. Woo'd the pox were in your fingers, unleffe you could leave flinging; catch. Exit.
Bell. He catch you, you dog by and by: do you grumble?
She fings.
The Honest Whore.

Cupid is a God, as naked as my naile,
Ile whip him with a rod, if he my true love faile.
Ro. There's your ruffe, shall I poke it?
Bell. Yes honest Ro. no flay: prithee good boy, hold here,
Downe, downe, downe, downe, I fall downe and arise, downe
I never shall arise.
Ro. Troth M. then leave the trade if you shall never rile.
Bell. What trade Goodman Abram?
Ro. Why that of downe and arise or the falling trade.
Bell. Ile fall with you by and by.
Ro. If you doe I know who shall smert for't:
Troth Mistrefse, what doe I looke like now?
Bell. Like as you are: a panderly Sixpenny Raffall.
Ro. I may thanke you for that: infaith I looke like an old Proverbe, Hold the candle before the devill.
Bell. Uds life, Ile flick my knife in your guts and you prate to me so: what? She sings.
Well met, pug, the pearle of beauty: umh, umh.
How now knave, you forget your duty, umh, umh,
Marry must sir, are you grown so dainty; fa, la, la, &c.
Is it you sir? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leera la.
Pox on you, how doft thou hold my glasse?
Ro. Why, as I hold your doore: with my fingers.
Bell. Nay pray thee sweete honie Ro. hold up handiomely. Sing pretty wantons warble, &c. We shall ha guests to day. I lay my little maiden-head, my nofe itches so.
Ro. I laid fo too laft night, when our Fleas twig'd me.
Bell. So, Poke my ruffe now, my gowne, my gowne, have I my fall?
Where's my fall Roger?

One knocks.
The Honest Whore.

Ro. Your fall forsooth is behind.
Bell. Gods my pittikins, some foole or other
knocks.
Ro. Shall I open to the foole mitreffe?
Bell. And all thefe bables lying thus away with
it quickly, I, I, knock, and be damnd, whofoever you
be. So, give the fresh Salmon line now; let him
come a foaro, hee shall serve for my brekefaft, tho
he go against my stomacke.

Roger fetch in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.

Flu. Morrow coz.
Caf. How does my sweet acquaintance?
Flu. Save thee little Marmofet: how doft thou
good pretty rogue?
Bell. Well, Godamercy good pretty raecall.
Flu. Roger, some light I pray thee.
Ro. You shall Signior, for we that live here in
this vale of misere, are as darke as hell.
Exit for a candle.

Caf. Good Tobacco, Fluello?
Flu. Smell. (Enter Roger.
Pio. It may be tickling geere: for it plaiies with
my nofe already.
Ro. Here's another light Angell, Signior.
Bell. What? you pyed curtal, what's that you are
neighing?
Ro. I say God send us the light of heaven, or some
more Angels.
Bell. Goe fetch some wine, and drinke halfe
of it.
Ro. I must fetch some wine gentlemen and drinke
halfe of it.
Flu. Here Roger.
Caf. No let me send prithee.
Flu. Hold you cankerworne.
Ro. You shall send both, if you please Signiors.
Pio. Stay, what's best to drinke a mornings??
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The Honst Whore.

Ro. Hypocras sir, for my mistres, if I fetch it, is most desire to her.

Flu. Hypocras! ther then, here's a tefton for you, you snake.

Ro. Right sir, heres iijs. vj.d. for a pottle and a manchet. 

Ex. Call. Her's moft Herculanian Tobacco, ha-tome acquaintance!

Bell. Fah, not I, makes your breath fitneke, like the pilfe of a Foxe. Acquaintance, where flupt you last night?

Call. At a place sweete acquaintance where your health dance'd the Canaries yfaith: you should ha' bin there.

Bell. I there among your Punkes, marry, fah, hang'em: I scorn't: will you never leave fucking of eggs in other folk's hens neat's?

Call. Why in good troth, if you'le trust me acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board, ask Fluelo.

Flu. No faith Coz, none but cocks, signior Mala-
veiia drunk to thee.

Bell. O, a pure beagle; that horf-leach there!

Flu. And the knight, S. Oliver Lollio swore he would beflow a taffata petticoate on thee, but to breake his faft with thee.

Bell. With me! He choake him then, hang him Mole-catcher, it's the dreaming fit fnothy-nofe.

Pio. Well, many tooke that Lollio for a foole, but hee's a fubtil foole.

Bell. I, and he has fellowes: of all filthy dry-
fited knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Call. Why wench, is he scabbed?

Bell. Hang him, hee'll not live to be so honest, nor to the credite to have scabbes about him, his betters have 'em: but I hate to weare out any of his course
Knight-hood, because he's made like an Aldermans night-gowne, fac'd all with connys before, and within
nothing but Fox: this sweet Oliver will eate Mutton
till he be ready to burft, but the leane jawde-flawe will
not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

Flo. Plague him, let him beneath the falt, and let
him not touch a bit, till every one has had his
full cut.

Flo. Lord Ella, the Gentleman-Usher came into
us too, marry 'twas in our cheefe, for he had bin to
borrow money for his Lord, of a Citizen.

Caf. What an Asse is that Lord, to borrow money
of a Citizen!

Bell. Nay, Gods my pitty, what an Asse is that
Citizen to lend monie to a Lord!

Enter Matheo and Hipolito, who saluting the Com-
pany, as a stranger walks off. Roger comes in
fady behind them, with a phottle pot, and flands
aloof off.

Matheo. Sawe you Gallants, signior Fluellio, exceed-
ingly well met, as I may say.

Fluelio. Signior Matheo, exceedingly well met too,
as I may say.

Ma. And how fares my little pretty Millesse ?

Bell. Ee'ne as my little pretty servant; sees three
court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them:
how now? why the devill fland'lt thou fo ? Art in a
trance ?

Re. Yes forfooth.

Bell. Why do'nt not fill out their wine ?

Re. Forfooth 'tis fill out already: all the wine
that the signior has bellow'd upon you is calf away, a
Porter rame a little at me, and so fac'd me downe that
I had not a drop.

Bell. I'me a curt if to let such a withered Artichocke
faced-Rascall grow under my nofe: now you looke
like an old he-cat, going to the gallows: Ile be
hang'd if he ha not put up the mony to cony, a,tch
us all.

Re. No truely forfooth, tis not put up yet.
Bell. How many Gentlemen hast thou served thus?
Ro. None but five hundred, besides prentisés and serving-men.
Bell. Doft thinke Ile pocket it up at thy hands?
Ro. Yes forsooth, I feare you will pocket it up.
Bell. Fie, fie, cut my lace good servant, I shall ha the mother presently, I'me so vexed at this horfe-plumme.
Flu. Plague, not for a scail'd pottle of wine.
Ma. Nay, sweet Bellafronde, for a little pigs-wash!
Cal. Here Roger, fetch more, a miscance. Y'faith Acquaintance.
Bell. Out of my sight, thou ungodly puritanical creature.
Ro. For the tother pottle! yes forsooth. Exit.
Bell. Spill that too: what Gentleman is that, servant! your Friend?
Ma. Gods so a floole, a floole, if you love me mitreffe, entertaine this Gentleman respettively, and bid him welcome.
Bell. Hee's very welcome, pray Sir fit.
Hisp. Thankes Lady.
Flu. Count Hipolito, ift not! cry you mercie signior, you walke here all this while, and we not heard you! let mee beflow a floole upon you, beseech you, you are a ftranger heere, we know the fashions ath' house.
Cal. Please you be heere my Lord. Tobacco.
Hisp. No good Cafiruchio.
Flu. You have abandond the Court I fee my Lord since the death of your Mitreffe, well the was a delicate piece-beseech you sweete, come let us ferve under the collors of your acquaintance still: for all that, pleae you to meete here at my lodging of my coz, I shall beflow a banquet upon you.
Hisp. I never can deferve this kindnesse fir.
What may this Ladie be, whom you call coz?
Flu. Faith fir a poore gentlewoman, of paffing
The Honest Whore.

good carriage, one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an Attorney's house.

Hipp. Is she married?

Flu. Ha, as all your Puncs are, a Captain's wife, or else never saw her before my Lord?

Hipp. Never trust me a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad when you know her as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest Ape under the pole. A skinne, your tattan is not more soft, nor lawne whiter.

Hipp. Belike then thee's some faire curtezan.

Flu. Troth as all your belte faces are, a good wench.

Hipp. Great pittie that thee's a good wench.

Mau. Thou shalt ha' faith mistresse: How now signiors, what, whispering! did not I lay a wager I should take you within seven daies in a house of vanity.

Hipp. You did, and I befrew your heart, you have won.

Mau. How do you like my mistresse?

Hipp. Well, for such a mistresse: better, if your mistresse be not your maister.

I muft breake manners gentlemen, fare you well.

Mau. S'foot you shall not leave us.

Bddl. The gentleman likes not the taft of our company.

Omn. Befeech you stay.

Hipp. Trust me my affaires becken for me, pardon me.

Mau. Will you call for me halfe an houre hence here?

Hipp. Perhaps I shall.

Mat. Perhaps? fah! I know you can fware to me you wil.

Hipp. Since you will preffe me on my word, I will.

Bddl. What fullen picture is this fervant?

Mat. It's Count Hypolito, the brave Count.

Flu. As gallant a spirit, as any in Millan you fweet.

Jew. Flu. Oh he's a moft essentiaall gentleman, cos.
The Honest Whore.

CUFF. Did you never hear of Count Hipolito acquaintance?

Bell. Marie mufe a your Counts, and be no more life in 'em.

Ma. He's so malcontent! sirra Bellasfrante, & you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the Count with us: thou shalt sit at the upper end punch.

Bell. Punch, you fouc'd gurnet!

Mat. Kings truce: come, Ie beftow the supper to have him but laugh.

Cuff. He betraies his youth too grossly to that tyrant malancholy.

Mat. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman! Some whore! what sweet Jewell ift?

Pie. Wou'd she heard you.

Flue. Troth fo wud I.

Cuff. And I by heaven.

Bell. Nay good fervant, what woman?

Ma. Pah.

Bell. Prithee tell me; a buffe and tell me: I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench: good rogue who?

Ma. By th' Lord I will not, must not, faith mittreffe: ift a match firs! this night, at Th' antilop: I, for there's bett wine, and good boyes.

Omm. It's done at Th' antilop.

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Ma. Cannot! by th' Lord you shall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not: shalll!

Flue. Why then put it off till Fryday: wut come then cox?

Bell. Well. Enter Roger.

Ma. Y'are the waspishest Ape. Roger, put your mittreffe in minde to fup with us on Friday next: y'are bett come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waftcoat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steales out at the back gate of her sweet knights lodging.

Bell. Go, go, hang your felfe.

Cuff. It's dinner time Matheo, thal's hence!
The Honest Whore.

Omn. Yes, yes, farewell wench. Exeunt.
Bell. Farewell boyes: Roger what wine sent they for?

Ro. Bastard wine, for if it had beene truly begotten, it wud not ha beene a shame’d to come in, here’s vis. to pay for nursing the bastard.

Bell. A company of rookes! O good sweet Roger, run to the Poulterers, and buy me some fine larkes.

Ro. No woodcocks?
Bell. Yes faith a couple, if they be not deere.

Ro. Ile buy but one, ther’s one already here. Exit.

Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Is the gentleman (my friend) departed mistrelle?
Bell. His back is but new turn’d sir.
Hip. Fare you well.
Bell. I can direct you to him.
Hip. Can you I pray.
Bell. If you please stay, he’ll not be absent long.
Hip. I care not much.
Bell. Pray fit forfooth.
Hip. I’me hot.

If I may use your roome, Ile rather walke.

Bell. At your best pleasure whew-fome rubbers there.
Hip. Indeed Ile none;—indeed I will not, thanks.
Pretty-fine lodging. I perceive my friend Is old in your acquaintance.
Bell. Troth sir, he comes
As other Gentlemen, to spend spare hours;
If your selfe like our rooife (such as it is)
Your owne acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hip. Say I did like; what welcome should I find?
Bell. Such as my present fortunes can afford.
Hip. But would you let me play Mathew’s part?
Bell. What part?
The Honest Whore.

Hip. Why imbrace you: dally with you, kisse:
 Faith tell me, will you leave him and love me?
 Bell. I am in bonds to no man sir.
 Hip. Why then,
 Y'are free for any man: if any me,
 But I must tell you Lady, were you mine,
 You should be all mine: I could brooke no sharers,
 I should be covetous, and sweep up all.
 I should be pleasures usurer: 'faith I should.
 Bell. O fate!
 Hip. Why sigh you Lady? may I know?
 Bell. 'Tis never bin my fortune yet to sangle
 Out that one man, whose love could fellow mine.
 As I have ever wifht it: O my Stars!
 Had I but met with one kind gentleman,
 That would have purchas'd sin alone, to himselfe,
 For his owne private use, although scarce proper;
 Indifferent handkeche: mertly leg'd and thyed:
 And my allowance reasonable-yea,
 According to my body-by my troth,
 I would have beene as true unto his pleasures,
 Yea, and as loyall to his afternoones,
 As ever a poore gentlewoman could be.
 Hip. This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,
 And scarce a day old in this subtle world:
 'Twere prettie Art, good bird-lime, cunning net,
 But come, come, 'faith-confesse: how many men
 Have drunke this selfe-fame protetration,
 From that red ticing lip?
 Bell. Indeed not any.
 Hip. Indeed? and blufh not!
 Bell. No, in truth not any.
 Hip. Indeed! intruth!—how warily you sweare.
 'Tis well: if ill it be not: yet had I
 The ruffian in me, and were drawe before you
 But in light collors, I do know indeed,
 You could not sweare indeed, But thunder oathes
 That should shake heaven, droune the harmonious
 sphers,
 And pierce a foule (that lov'd her Makers honour)
The Honest Whore.

With horror and amazement.

Bell. Shall I sweare ?
Will you beleve me then ?

Hisp. Worst then of all,
Our sins by custome, feeme (at laft) but small.
Were I but o're your threshold, a next man,
And after him a next, and then a fourth,
Should have this golden hook, and lascivious baite,
Throwne out to the full length, why let me tell you:
I ha feene letters fent from that white hand,
Tuning fuch muficke to Mathes eare.

Bell. Mathes ! that's true, but beleve it, I
No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,
But straight mine eie conveid you to my heart.

Hisp. Oh, you cannot faie with me, why, I know Lady,
This is the common passion of you all,
To hooke in a kind gentleman, and then
Abufe his coine, conveying it to your lover,
And in the end you fhw him a french trick,
And fo you leave him, that a coach may run
Betweene his legs for breth.

Bell. O by my foule !
Not I : therein lie prove an honest whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.

Hisp. If any be dispos'd to truf your oath,
Let him : He not be he, I know you feigne
All that you (peake), I : for a mingled harlot,
Is true in nothing but in being falfe.
What ! fhall I teach you how to loath yourfelf ?
And mildly too : not without fene or reafon.

Bell. I am content, I would faine loath my felfe
If you not love me.

Hisp. Then if your gracious bioud be not all wafted,
I fhall alway to do't.
Lend me your finence, and attention,—You have no
foule,
That makes you weigh fo light : heavens treafure
bought it :
And halfe a crowne hath fold it :—for your body
The Honest Whore.

Is like the common-thore, that full receives
All the townes filth. The sin of many men
Is within you, and thus much I suppose,
That if all your committers flood in ranke,
They'd make a lane, (in which your shame might dwell)
And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, shall I urge it more, there has beene knowne
As many by one harlot, maym'd and dimembred,
As would ha' stuff an Hopitall: this I might
Apply to you, and perhaps do you right:
O y'are as base as any beast that beares,
Your body is ee'ne hir'd, and so are theirs.
For gold and sparkling jewels, (if he can)
You'll let a Jew get you with Christian:
Be he a Moore, a Tartar, tho his face
Looke uglier then a dead mans skull.
Could the devill put on a humane shape,
If his purse shake out crownes, up then he gets,
Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
So that y'are crueler then Turkes, for they
Sell Christians only, you fell your felves away.
Why thofe that love you, hate you: and will terme you
Lickerish damnation; with themselves halfe sunke
After the fin is laid out, and ee'ne curfe
Their fruitleffe riot (for what one begets
Another poisons) lust and murder hit,
A tree being often stooke, what fruit can knit?
Bell. O me unhappy I

Hip. I can vex you more;
A harlot is like Dunkirk, true to none,
Swallows both English, Spanish, fullsome Dutch,
Back-doord Italian, laft of all the French,
And he ficks to you faith: gives you your diet,
Brings you acquainted, firl with monifer Doctor
And then you know what follows.
Bell. Misery.
Ranke, flinking, and moft loathfome misery.

Hip. Me thinks a toad is happier then a whore,
That with one poifon swels, with thousands more
The other flocks her veins: harlot, fie, fie,
You are the miserable creatures breathing,
The very flaves of nature: marke me elfe,
You put on rich attires, others eyes weare them,
You eat, but to supply your blood with sin:
And this strange curfe ee'ne haunts you to your graues.
From fooles you get, and spend it upon flaves:
Like Beares and Apes, y'are baited and fhed tricks
For money; but your Bawd the sweetneffe licks.
Indeed you are their Journey-women, and do
All bafe and damn'd workes they lift let you to:
So that you ne're are rich; for do but fhew me,
In prefent memory, or in ages past,
The faireft and moft famous Courtezan,
Whofe flefs was deareft: that rais'd the price of fin,
And held it up; to whofe intemperate bofome,
Princes, Earles, Lords, the worft has bin a Knight,
The meanef't a Gentleman, have offred up
Whole Hecatombs of fighs, and rain'd in fhowres
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at laft
Difeafes fuckt her marrow, then grew fo poore,
That she has beg'd ee'ne at a beggars doore.
And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this Idoll,
From coaf't to coaf't, has leapt on foraine fores,
And had more worship, then the outlandifh whomes:
When severall Nations have gone over her,
When for each severall City she has feene,
Her maidenhead has bin new, and bin fold deare:
Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknowne,
And undefan'd; backe comes fhe to her owne,
And there both miserably lives and dies,
Scorn'd even of thofe that once ador'd her eyes,
As if her fatall-circle'd life thus ran,
Her pride shou'd end there, where it firit began.
What do you weephe to heare your story read?
Nay, if you spoile your cheeks, Ile read no more.
Bell. O yes, I pray proceed:
Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep indeed.
Hip. To gives thofe teares a relifh, this I adde,
The Honest Whore.

F're like the Frenes, scatter'd, in no place certain,
Your dayes are tedious, your houres burdenforme:
And we're not for full suppers, midnight Revels,
Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drowne,
And bury quite in you all vertuous thoughts,
And on your eye-lids hang so heavily,
They have no power to looke so high as heaven,
You'd fit and muf on nothing but defaire,
Curfe that devill Luft, that do burnes up your blood,
And in ten thousand thivers breake your glaffe
For his temptation. Say you taste delight,
To have a golden Gull from Rize to Set,
To meat you in his hot luxurious armes,
Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dreame
Of Warrants, Whips, and Beadles, and then start
At a dores windy creake: think every Weezle
To be a Constable, and every Rat
A long tail'd Officer: Are you now not slaves?
Oh you have damnation without pleasure for it!
Such is the state of Harlots: To conclude,
When you are old, and can well paint no more,
You turne Bawd, and are then worfe then before:
Make use of this: farewell.

Bell. Oh, I pray stay.

Hip. I see Matheco comes not: time hath bard me,
Would all the Harlots in the towne had heard me.

Exit.

Bell. Stay yet a little longer, no: quite gone!
Curst be that minute (for it was no more,
So soone a maid is chang'd into a whore)
Wherein I first fell, be it for ever blacke.
Yet why should sweet Hipolito shun mine eyes;
For whose true love I would become pure-honest,
Hate the world's mixtures, and the smiles of gold!
Am I not faire? why should he fle me then?
Faire creatures are defir'd, not scorn'd of men.
How many Gallants have drunk healths to me,
Out of their dagger'd armes, and thought them blest,
The Honest Whore.

Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigall feast
And does Hippolito defteft my love
Oh, sure their needlefle lufts but flattred me,
I am not pleafing, beauteous nor young.
Hippolito hath fpied forne ugly blemish,
Eclipsing all my beauties; I am foule:
Harlot! I, that’s the spot that taints my foule:
His weapon left here? O fit instrument!
To let forth all the poison of my flesh!
Thy Master hates me, cause my blood hath rang’d:
But when ‘tis forth, then he’ll beleive I’m changed.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing? Enter Hip.
Bell. Either love me,

Or cleave my boosome on thy Rapiers point:
Yet doe not neither; for thou then deftroy’d!
That which I love thee for (thy vertues) here, here
Th’art crueller, and kill me with disdain’d;
To die fo, sheds no blood, yet ‘tis warre paine. Exit
Not speake to me! not looke! not bid farewell! Hip.
Hated! this must not be, some meanes Ile try.
Would all Whores were as honest now, as I. Escunt.

SCENA VII.

Enter Candido, his wife, George, and two pretifies in
the shop: Fusigo enters, walking by.

Geor. See Gentlemen, what you lack! a fine Hol-
land, a fine Cambrick, fee what you buy.
1. Pres. Holland for shirts, Cambrick for bands,
what if you lack?

Fus. Sfoot, I lack ’em all, nay more, I lack monie
to bue ’em: let me fee, let me looke againe: maffe
this is the shop; What Coz! sweet Coz! how doft

1 What! has he left his weapon here behind him
And gone forgetfull? O fit instrument.—1604.
2 Or spilt my heart upon thy Rapiers point.—1604.
3 Not speake to me! not bid farewell? a forne!—1604.
The Honest Whore.

"I faith, since last night after candlelight I we had good sport I faith, had we not? and when that's laugh agen?"

_Wife._ When you will, Cozen.

_Fufl._ Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian: I see yonders thy husband.

_Wife._ I, there's the sweet youth, God blefe him.

_Fufl._ And how ift Cozen? and how, how ift thou squall?

_Wife._ Well, Cozen, how fare you?

_Fufl._ How fare I? Troth for fixpence a meale, wench, as well as heart can wiff, with Calves chaldrons, and chitterlings, besides, I have a Punc after fupper, as good as a rofted Apple.

_Cand._ Are you my wives Cozen?

_Fufl._ I am sir, what haft thou to do with that?

_Cand._ O, nothing but y'are welcome.

_Fufl._ The Divels dung in thy teeth: Ile be welcome whether thou wilt or no, I: What ring's this Coz? very pretty & fantafical I faith, lets fee it.

_Wife._ Puh! nay you wrench my finger.

_Fufl._ I ha tworne Ile ha', and I hope you will not let my oathes be crackt in the ring, will you? I hope sir, you are not malicolly at this for all your great lookes: are you angry?

_Cand._ Angry! not I sir, nay if she can part So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

_Geor._ Suffer this, sir, and suffer all, a whorfon Guill, to--

_Cand._ Peace George, when she has reapt what I have fowne,

She'll say, one graine taftes better of her owne,
Then whole sheaves gather'd from anothers land:
Wit's never good, till bought at a deare hand.

_Geor._ But in the meane time she makes an Asse of some body.

2. _Pren._ See, see, fee, sir, as you turne your back, they do nothing but kiffe.

_Cand._ No matter, let 'em: when I touch her lip,
The Honest Whore.

I shall not feele his kisles, no nor misle
Any of her lip: no harme in kisling is.
Looke to your businesse, pray, make up your wares.

Fust. Troth Coze, and weel remembered, I would thou
wouldst give me five yards of Lawne, to make my Punch
some falling bands a the fashion, three falling one upon
another: for that's the new edition now: the's out of
linnen horribly too, troth the' as never a good smock
to her back neither, but one that has a great many
patches in't, and that I'me fain to weare my selfe for
want of shift too: prithee put me into wholesome
naperie, and beftow some clean commodities upon us.

Wife. Reach me those Cambricks, and the Lawnes
hither.

Cana. What to do, wife? to lavifh out my goods
upon a foole?

Fust. Foole! Sneales eate the foole, or I'lle fo bat-
ter your crowne, that it shall scarce go for five shil-
lings.

2. Pren. Do you heare sir? ye are beft be quiet, and
say a foole tells you so.

Fust. Nailes, I think fo9 for thou tellst me.

Cana. Are you angry sir, because I nam'd the
foole?

Trust me, you are not wife, in mine owne houfe,
And to my face to play the Antick thus:
If you'll needs play the madman, chooie a flage
Of letter compalle, where few eyes may note
Your actions errour: but if still you mife,
As here you do, for one clap, ten will hifte.

Fust. Zwoundes Coze, he talkes to me, as if I
were a fcuruy Tragedian.

2. Pren. Sirra George, I ha thought upon a device,
how to breake his pate, beat him boundly, and fhip
him away.

Geor. Do0't.

2. Pren. Ile go in, passe through the houfe, give
some of our fellow Prentices the watch-word when
they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in
The Honest Whore.

by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilfe we cudgell the Gull out of his coxcombe.

Geor. Doo't: away, doo't.
Wife. Mufl I call twice for these cambricks and lawnes?
Cand. Nay fee, you anger her, George prithee dispatch.

2. Prem. Two of the choiceft pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

Cand. Go fetch them prefently. Exit 1 Prentife.

Fufl. I, do, make hafl, sirra.
Car. Why were you fuch a flanger all this while, being my wives cozen

Fufl. Stranger! no sir, I'me a naturall Milaner borne.

Can. I perceive flill it is your natural guife to miftake me, but you are welcome sir, I much with your acquaintance.

Fufl. My acquaintance! I forne that i'faith; I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold three and fifty times double: you know who I meane, Coz, the pofts of his gate are a painting too.

Enter the 2. Prentife.

2. Prem. Signior Pandulfo the Marchant, defires conference with you.

Can. Signior Pandulfo! Ile be with him ftraight, Attend your mi'ris and the Gentleman. Exit.

Wife. When do you fwear those pieces?

Fufl. I, when do you fwear those pieces?

Omn. Prefently sir, prefently, we are but charging them.

Fufl. Come sirra: you Flat-cap, where be thes whites?

Geor. Flat-cap: harke in your ear sir, y'are a flat foole, an Asle, a Gull, and I'll thrum you: do you fee this cambrick sir?

Fufl. Shoot Cuz, a good jeft, did you heare him! he told me in my ear, I was a flat foole, an Asle,
The Honest Whore.

a Gull, and Ile thrum you: do you see this Cambrick sir?

Wife. What, not my men, I hope!

Fufl. No, not your men, but one of your men if it be.

1. Pr. I pray sir, come hither, what say you to this? here's an excellent good one.

Fufl. I marry, this likes me well, cut me off some halfe score yards.

2. Pren. Let your whores cut, you're an impudent coxcombe, you get none, and ye Ile thrum you.—A very good Cambrick sir.

Fufl. Agen, agen, as God judge me: Sfoot Cuz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

3. Pren. A word I pray sir, you must not be angry, Prentifes have hot bloods, young fellows,—What say you to this piece? Look ye, 'tis so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thrid, that a Lady may weare it.

Fufl. Sfoot I think so, if a Knight marry my Punck, a Lady shall weare it: cut me off so yards: th'art an honest lad.


Omn. Gull, we'll thrum you.

Fufl. O Lord fist, did you not heare something cri thump? zounds your men here make a plaine Aisle of me.

Wife. What, to my face so impudent?

Geo. I, in a caule so honifie, we'll not suffer
Our Maisters goods to vanishe mony leffe.

Wife. You will not suffer them.

2. Pren. No, and you may blufh,
In going about to vex so mild a brest,
As is our Maisters.

Wife. Take away those pieces.

Cozen, I give them freely.

Fufl. I'll have, and I'll take 'em as freely.

Omn. We'll make you lay 'em downe againe more freely.
The Honest Whore.

Wife. Help, help, my brother will be murdered.

Enter Cam.


Geor. He calls us Flatcaps, and abuses us.

Cand. Why, first! do such examples flow from me?

Wife. They are of your keeping sir, alas poor brother.

Fuft. I faith they ha peppered me, sifter: look, doth not spin! call you these Prentises? I lie nere play at cards more when clubs is trump: I have a goodly coxcomb, sifter, have I not?

Cand. Sister and brother, brother to my wife.

Fuft. If you have any skill in Heraldry, you may soon know that, break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

Cand. A Surgeon, run, a Surgeon: Why then wore you that forged name of Cozen?

Fuft. Because it’s a common thing to call Coz, and Ningle now adayes all the world over.

Cand. Cozen! A name of much deceit, folly, and

fin,

For under that common abused word,

Many an honest tempered Citizen

Is made a monster, and his wife train’d out

To foule adulterous action, full of fraud.

I may well call that word, A Cities Bawd.

Fuft. Troth brother, my sister would needs ha me take upon me to gull your patience a little: but it has made double Gulles on my coxcomb.

Wife. What, playing the woman! blabbing now you foole?

Cand. O my wife did but exercise a jest upon your wit.

Fuft. Sfoot, my wit bleeds for’t, me thinks.

Cand. Then let this warning more of fence afford,

The name of Cozen is a bloody word,

Fuft. Ille nere call Coz againe whilst I live, to
have such a coyle about it: this should be a Coronation day; for my head runs Claret lustily.

Exit. Enter an Officer.

Cand. Go with the Surgeon to have great respect.
How now, my friend, what, do they fit to day?

Offi. Yes sir, they expect you at the Senate-house.

Can. I thanke your paines, Ile not be last man there.

Exit Offi.

My gowne, George, go, my gowne. A happy land,
Where grave men meet each caufe to understand,
Whose confficences are not cut out in bribes,
To gull the poore mans right: but in even scales,
Peize rich and poore, without corruptions veyles.
Come, where's the gowne?

Geor. I cannot find the key sir.

Cand. Request it of your Miftrefs.

Wife. Come not to me for any key.

Ile not be troubled to deliver it.

Cand. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needfull trouble, but for my gowne.

Wife. Mothes swallow downe your gowne:
You fet my teeth on edge with talking on't.

Cand. Nay prithee, sweet, I cannot meet without it,
I shold have a great fine fet on my head.

Wife. Set on your coxcomb: tufh, fine me no fines.

Cand. Beleeve me (sweet) none greets the Senate-house,
Without his robe of reverence, that's his Gowne.

Wife. Well then y'are like to crosse that custome once,
You get nor key, nor gowne, and so depart:
This trick will vex him fure, and fret his heart.

Exit.

Cand. Stay, let me see, I must have some deuce,
My cloake's too short: fye, fye, no cloke will do't:
It must be something fahioned like a gowne,
With my armes out: oh George, come hither George:
I prithee lend me thine advice.

Geor. Troth sir, were it any but you, they would breake open cheift.

Can. O no, break open cheift! that's a theeves office:
Therein you counself me against my bloud:
T'would shew impatience that, any meeke means
I would be glad to embrace. Maffe, I have got it:
Go, step up, fetch me downe one of the Carpets,
The faddest colour'd Carpet, honest George,
Cut thou a hole i'th'middle for my necke,
Two for nine armes, nay prithee look not strange.

Geo. I hope you do not thinke sir, as you mean.

Can. Prithee about it quickly, the house chides me:

Warly George, softly, take heed of eyes, Exit George.
Out of two evils hee's accounted wife,
That can pick out the leaft; the Fine impos'd
For an un-gowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes, the Carpet not 'bove fourre.
Thus have I chosen the leffer evil yet,
Prefery'd my patience, foy'd her desperate wit.

Geo. Here, sir, here's the Carpet. Enter George.

Can. O well done, George, wee'l cut it just i' th' midift:

Tis very well I thank thee, helpe it on.

Geo. It must come over your head, sir, like a wenches peticoat.

Can. Th'art in the right, good George, it must indeed.

Fetch me a night-cap: for Ile gird it clofe,
As if my health were queazy: 'twill shew well
For a rude careleffe night-gowne, wil't not think'ft?

Geo. Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gowne, being girt and pleated.

Can. I, and a night-cap on my head.

Ge. That's true sir, Ile run and fetch one, and a saya.

Ex. Ge.
The Honest Whore.

Cass. For thus they cannot chuse but confest it,
One that is out of health, takes no delight,
Weares his apparel without appetite,
And puts on needlele raiment without forme.

Enter Geo.

So, so, kind George, be secret now: and prithee do not laugh at me till I'me out of sight.

Geo. I laugh not I sir.

Cand. Now to the Senate-house:

Methinkes, I'd rather weare, without a frowne,
A patient Carpet, then an angry Gowne.

Geo. Now, looks my M. just like one of our carpet knights, only he's somewhat the honefter of the two.

Enter Candidoes wife.

Wife. What, is your Master gone?

Geo. Yes forsooth, his backe is but new turn'd.

Wife. And in his cloake? did he not vex and sweare?

Geo. No, but he'll make you sweare anon: no, indeed, he went away like a lambe.

Wife. Key sinke to hell; still patient, patient still.

I am with child to vex him: prithee George,
If e're thou look'st for favour at my hands,
Uphold one jest for me.

Geo. Against my master.

Wife. Tis a meere jest in fayth: say wilt thou doo't?

Geo. Well, what if?

Wife. Here, take this key, thou know'st where all things lie.

Put on thy M a s t e r s beft apparell, Gowne,
Chaine, Cap, Ruffe, every thing, be like himselfe,
And gainst his comming home, walke in the shop,
Payne the fame carriage, and his patient looke,
Twill breed but a jest thou know'st, fpeake, wilt thou?

Geo. Twill wrong my masters patience.

Wife. Priythee George.

Geo. Well, if you'll save me harmefle, and put me under covert barne, I am content to please you, provided it may breed no wrong against him.
The Honest Whore.

Wife. No wrong at all: here take the Key, be gone:
If any vex him, this: if not this, none. Exeunt.

SCENA VIII.

Enter a Bawd and Roger.

Bawd. O Roger, Roger, where's your mistris, where's your mistris! there's the finest, neatest Gentleman at my house, but newly come over: Oh where is she, where is she, where is she?

Roger. My mistris is abroad, but not amongst 'em: my mistris is not the whore now that you take her for.

Bawd. How! is she not a whore! do you go about to take away her good name, Roger! you are a fine Pandar indeed.

Roger. I tell you, Madona Finger-locke, I am not fad for nothing, I ha not eaten one good meate this three and thirty days: I had wont to get sixteen pence by fetching a potte of Hypocras: but now those days are past. We had as good doings, Madona Finger-locke, she within dores, and I without, as any poore young couple in Millan.

Bawd. Gods my life, and is she chang'd now!

Roger. I ha lost by her fqueenmishfenele, more then would have builded twelve bawdy houses.

Bawd. And had the no time to turn honest but now! what a vile woman is this! twenty pound a night, Ile be fwarn, Roger, in good gold and no silver: why here was a time, if she should ha pickt out a time, it could not be better! gold enough flurring; choice of men, choice of hare, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, every thing: it cannot sink into my head, that she shoulde be such an Ass. Roger, I never believe it.

Roger. Here she comes now. Enter Belfronte.

Bawd. O Iweet Madona, on with your loote gowne,
The Honest Whore.

your felt and your fether, there's the sweeteft, pro-pret, gallante[ed] Gentleman at my house, he smells all of Muske and Amber greece, his pocket full of crownes, flame-coloured doublet, red satin hose, Carnation rail stockings, and a leg and a body, oh!

Bell. Hence, thou our fexes monster, poyfonous Bawd,

Lufts Faclor, and damnations Orator,
Goffip of hell: were all the Harlots fimes
Which the whole world contains, numbred together,
Thine farre exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art bafeft.
What ferpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is detefable: for thou livft
Upon the dregs of Harlots, guard'lt the dore,
Whilft couples goe to dauncing: O course devill!
Thou art the bailards curfe, thou brandit his birth,
The lechers French disease: for thou dry-fuckt him:
The Harlots poyfon, and thine owne confusion.

Baw. Mary come up with a pox, have you no body to raile againft, but your Bawd now!

Bell. And you, knave Pandar, kinfman to a Bawd.

Reg. You and I Madona, are Cozens.

Bell. Of the fame blood and making, neere allied,
Thou, that flave to fixpence, bafe mettal'd villain.

Reg. Sixpence? say that's not fo: I never tooke under two flillings fou're-pence, I hope I knowmy fe. fee.

Bell. I know not againft which moft to inveigh:
For both of you are damn'd fo equally.
Thou never flar'lt for oathes, swear'lt any thing,
As if thy foule were made of thoe-leather.

God damn me, Gentlemen, if she be within,
When in the next roome she's found dallying.

Reg. If it be my vocatia to swerae, every man in his vocatia: I hope my betterse swear and dam themselves, and why shou'd not I?

Bell. Roger, you cheat kind Gentlemen.

Reg. The more gulle they.

Bell. Slave, I catheer thee.
The Honest Whore.

Baw. And you doe castrate him, he shall be entertain'd.

Rog. Shall I then blurt a your service.

Bell. As hell would have it, entertain'd by you!

I dare the divell himselfe to match those two. Exit.

Baw. Mary gov, are you grown so holy, so pure, so honest with a pox!

Rog. Scourie honest Punch! but stay Madona, how must our agreement be now! for you know I am to have all the comnings in at the hall dore, and you at the chamber dore.

Ba. True Rog. except my vailes.

Rog. Vailes, what vailes?

Ba. Why as thus, if a couple come in a Coach, and light to lie downe a little, then Roger that's my fee, and you may walk abroad; for the Coach-man himselfe is their Pandar.

Ro. Is a fo' in truth I have almost forgot, for want of exercife: But how if I fetch this Citizens wife to that Gull, and that Madona to that Gallant, how then!

Ba. Why then, Roger, you are to have fixpence a lane, so many lanes, so many fixpences.

Ro. Ift fo' then I fee we two shall agree and live together.

Ba. I Roger, so long as there be any Tavernes and bawdy houses in Millain.

Exeunt.

SCENA IX.

Enter Belfronzte with Lute, Pen, inke, and paper being placed before her.

Song.

The Courtiers flattering Jewels,
(Templations ofly fuels)
The Lawyers ill got monies,
That suck up poor Bets Honeyes:
The Citizens fond's ryot,
The gallant colly dyed:
The Honest Whore.

Silks and Velvets, Pearles and Ambers,
Shall not draw me to their Chambers.
Silks and Velvets, &c. Shee writes.

Oh 'tis in vaine to write: it wil not please,
Inke on this paper would ha but pretented
The foule blacke spots that flick upon my foule,
And rather make me loathsome, then wroght
My loves impression in Hipolitoes thought.
No, I must turne the chaffe leaves of my breft,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my refl.
Hipolito, beleeeve me I will be
As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,
And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter Matheo, Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto.

Mat. You, goody Puncke, subaudi Cockatrice, O yere a sweet whore of your promise, are you not think you I how well you came to supper to us last night; mew, a whore and breake her word I say you may blush, and hold downe your head at it well enough: Sfoot, aske thefe Gallants if we slaid not till we were as hungry as Sergeants.

Flu. I, and their Yeomen too.

Castr. Nay faith Aquaintance, let me tell you, you forget your selfe too much: we had excellent cheere, rare vintage, and were drunke after supper.

Pior. And when wee were in our Woodcocks (wheete Rogue) a brace of Gullies, dwelling here in the City, came in, and paid all the shot.

Mat. Pox on her, let her alone.

Bell. O, I pray doe, if you be Gentlemen:
I pray depart the house: bechrew the doore
For being fo easly intreated: faith,
I lent but little ear unto your talke,
My minde was busied otherwise in troth,
And fo your words did unregarded paffe:
Let this suffice, I am not as I was.
The Honest Whore.

Flu. I am not what I was! no Ile be tworne thou art not: for thou wert honeft at five, and now th'art a Punicke at fifteene: thou wert yesteryday a simple whore, and now th'art a cunning Conny-catching baggage to day.

Bell. T'le say Ime worfe, I pray forsake me then,

I doe desire you leave me, Gentlemen.
And leave your selves: O be not what you are,
(Spend-thrifts of foule and body)
Let me persuade you to forsake all Harlots,
Worfe then the deadliest poysons, they are worfe:
For o're their soules hangs an eternall curfe,
In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish,
Th'are feldome blest with fruit; for ere it blossoms,
Many a woman confounds it.
They have no issue but foule ugly ones,
That run along with them, e'ne to their graves:
For fead of children, they breed ranke diseases,
And all you Gallants can bestow on them,
Is that French Infant, which ne'er acts, but speakes:
What shallow sonne and here then, foolish gallant,
Would waife all his inheritance, to purchase
A filthy loath'd diseafe: and pawne his body
To a dry evill: that ufurie's worst of all,
When th'Intreft will eate out the Principall.

Mat. Soot: the gullies em the belt: this is alwaies
her fashion, when she would be rid of any company
that thee cares not for, to enjoy inme alone.

Flu. What's here? Instructions, Admonitions, and
Caveats! Come out, you scabbard of Vengeance.

Mat. Fluello, t'urne your hounds when they foile,
you shall not spurne my Punicke, I can tell you my
blood is vex't.

Flu. Pox a your blood: make it a quarrell.

Mat. Y'are a slave, will that serve turne!

Omnes. Sblood, hold, hold.

Cafl. Matheo, Fluello, for shame put up.

Bell. O how many thus
Mov'd with a little folly, have let out
The Honest Whore.

Their foules in brothell houses, fell downe and died
Just at their harlots foot, as twere in pride.

**Flu.** Mathao, we shall meet.

**Mat.** I, I, any where, saving at Church:
Pray take heede we meete not there.

**Flu.** Adue Damnation.

**Castr.** Cockatrice, farewell.

**Fla.** There's more deceit in women, then in hell.

**Mat.** Ha, ha, thou dost gull em so rarely, so
naturally: if I did not thinke thou hadst beene in
earnest: thou art a sweete Rogue for't yfaith.

**Bell.** Why are not you gone too, signior Mathao?
I pray depart my house: you may beleewe me,
In troth I have no part of harlot in me.

**Mat.** How is this?

**Bell.** Indeed I love you not: but hate you worfe
Then any man, because you were the first
Gave money for my foule: you brake the Ice,
Which after turnd a puddle: I was led
By your temptation to be miserable:
I pray secke out some other that will fall,
Or rather, I pray secke out none at all.

**Mat.** Is't possible to be imposible! an honest
whore! I have heard many honeft Wenches turne
Strumpets with a wet finger, but for a Harlot to turne
honel, is one of Hercules Labours. It was more
easie for him in one night to make fifty queanes, then
to make one of them honeft againe in fifty yeares.
Come, I hope thou doft but jell.

**Bell.** Tis time to leave off jetting, I had almoft
Jetted away salvation: I shall love you,
If you will foone forsafe me.

**Mat.** God be with thee.

**Bell.** O tempt no more women:
Shunne their weighty curfe,
Women (at beft) are bad, make them not worfe
You gladly seeke our Sexes overthrow:
But not to raife our States for all your wrongs:
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompence,
To marry with me?

Mat. How! marry with a Puncke, a Cockatrice, a Harlot! marry foh, Ile be burnt thowrow the nofe firft.

Bell. Why la! these are your othes: you love to undoe us,

To put heaven from us, whilst our best hours waffe:
You love to make us lewd, but never chaffe.

Mat. Ile heare no more of this: this ground upon,
Th'art damn'd for altering thy religion. Exit.

Bell. Thy Luft and Sinne speake so much:
Go thou my ruine,
The firft fall my soule tooke; by my example
I hope few maidsens now will put their heads
Under mens girdles: who leaf trufte, is moft wife:
Mens othes doe caft a mift before our eyes,
My beft of wit, be ready, now I goe,
By fome device to greet Hipolito.

SCENA X.

Enter a fervant setting out a Table, on which he places
a Scull, a Picture, a Booke, and a Taper.

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now muft I
to my hutwifry: would I had beene created a Shoemaker,
for all the Gentle-craft are Gentlemen every
Monday by their Coppie, and scorne (then) to worke
one true flitch. My matter means fure to turne me
into a fludent, for heere's my Booke, here my Deake,
here my Light, this my clofe chamber, and heere my
Puncke: fo that this dull drowfie firft day of the weeke,
makes me halfe a Priest, halfe a Chaundler, halfe a
Painter, halfe a Sexton, I and halfe a Bawd: for all
this day my office is to doe nothing but keepe the
doore. To prove it, look you, this good face and
yonder gentleman (fo foone as ever my backe is
turnd) will be naught together. Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Are all the windows shut?

Ser. Clofe fir, as the fift of a Courtier that hath
flood in three reigne.
The Honest Whore.

*Hip.* Thou art a faithful servant, and observ’st
The Kalender, both of my solemn vows,
And ceremonious sorrow: Get thee gone,
I charge thee on thy life, let not the found
Of any woman’s voice pierce through that doore.

*Ser.* If they doe (my Lord) thee pierce some of them:
What will your Lordship have to breakfast?

*Hip.* Sighs.

*Ser.* What to dinner?

*Hip.* Tears.

*Ser.* The one of them (my Lord) will fill you too full
of wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper?

*Hip.* That which now thou canst not get me, the
confiance of a woman.

*Ser.* Indeed that’s harder to come by then ever
was Odum.

*Hip.* Prethee away.

*Ser.* Ile make away my selfe prefently, which few
servants will doe for their Lords; but rather helpe to
make them away: Now to my doore-keeping, I hope
to picke something out of it.

*Exit.*

*Hip.* My Infidell face, her brow, her eie,
The dimple on her cheeke: and such sweet skill,
Hath from the cunning workmans pencill flowne,
These lips looke freth and lively as her owne,
Seeming to move and speake. Las! now I see,
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion: here ‘tis read,
False colours laft after the true be dead.

Of all the Roos graffed on her checkes,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the Musicke set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman’s excellence,
In her white bofome; look! a painted boord,
Circumscribes all: Earth can no blisse afford.
Nothing of her but this! this cannot speake,
It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasing: here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin: hence then idle Art,
The Honest Whore.

True love's best pictur'd in a true-loves heart.
Here art thou drawne sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here!
Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemies:
Las! say it were: I need not feare him now:
For all his braves, his consumellous breath,
His frownes (tho dagger-pointed) all his plot,
(Tho ne're fo mischievous) his Italian pilles,
His quarrels, and (that common fence) his law,
See, see, they're all eaten out; here's not left one:
How cleane they're pickt away! to the bare bone!
How mad are mortals then to reare great names
On tops of swelling houfes! or to weare out
Their fingers ends (in durt) to scrape up gold!
Not caring fo (that lumpter-horse) the backe
Be hung with gowy trappings, with what course
Yea rags most beggarly, they cloath the foule:
Yet (after all) their Gaynesse lookes thus foule.
What fooles are men to build a garth tombe,
Onely to fave the carcasse whilft it rots,
To maintain't long in flinking, make good carrion,
But leave no good deeds to preerves them found,
For good deeds keep men sweet, long above ground,
And must all come to this; fooles, wife, all hither,
Must all heads thus at last be laid together:
Draw me my picture then, thou grave neate workeman,
After this fashion, not like this; these colours
In time kifing but aire, will be kif off:
But here's a fellow; that which he layes on,
Till doomes day, alters not complextion:
Death's the best Painter then: They that draw shapes,
And live by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes.
They come but neere the life, and there they flay,
This fellow draws life too: his Art is fuller,
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his servant.

Ser. Here's a person would speake with you Sir.
Hmph. Hah!
The Honest Whore.

Ser. A Parfon, sir, would speake with you.

Hipp. Vicar t

Ser. Vicar t no sir, has too good a face to be a Vicar yet, a youth, a very youth.

Hipp. What youth t of man or woman t locke the dores.

Ser. If it be a woman, mary-bones and Potato pies keepe me for medling with her, for the thing has got the breeches, 'tis a male-variet fure my Lord, for a womans tayler ne're meafer'd him.

Hipp. Let him give thee his message and be gone.

Ser. Hee fayes hee's Signior Mathaoes man, but I know he lies.

Hipp. How doft thou know it t

Ser. Cure has here a beard : 'tis his boy I thinke, sir, whofo-e're paid for his nurling.

Hipp. Send him and keepe the dore. Reads.

Pata fi liceat mihi,
Fingeres arbitrio mei,
Temperem Zephyro lev i vela.

Ide saile were I to chooie, not in the Ocean,
Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feele no bruize.

Enter Bellafront like a Page.

How t from Mathao t

Bell. Yes my Lord.

Hipp. Art sick t

Bell. Not all in health my Lord.

Hipp. Keep off.

Bell. I do:

Hard fate when women are compeld to wooe.

Hipp. This paper does speake nothing.

Bell. Yes my Lord,

Matter of life it speakes, and therefore writ
In hidden character, to me instrucfion

\ My Maifter gives, and (leffe you pleafe to flay
Till you both meet) I can the text diplay.

Hipp. Do fo ; read out.

Bell. I am already out:
The Honest Whore.

Looke on my face, and read the strangest story!

*Hip.* What villain, ho? *Enter his servant.*

*Ser.* Call you my Lord?

*Hip.* Thou slave, thou haft let in the devil.

*Ser.* Lord bleffe us, where? hee's not cloven my Lord that I can see: besides the divell goes more like a Gentleman than a Page, good my Lord! Doon couragio.

*Hip.* Thou haft let in a woman, in mans shape.

And thou art damn'd for't.

*Ser.* Not damn'd I hope for putting in a woman to a Lord.

*Hip.* Fetch me my rapier,—do not: I shall kill thee.

Purge this infected chamber of that plague,

That runnes upon me thus: Slave: thrust her hence.

*Ser.* Alas my Lord, I shall never be able to thrust her hence without helpe: come Mer-maid you must to Sea again.

*Bell.* Here me but speake, my words shall be all musicke:

Hearre me but speake.

*Hip.* Another beates the door,

Tother Shee-devill, looke.

*Ser.* Why then hell's broke loose.

*Exit.*

*Hip.* Hence, guard the chamber: let no more come on,

One woman serves for man's damnation.
Behrew thee, thou dost make me violate,
The chaste and most sanctimonious vow,
That e're was entred in the court of heaven:
I was on meditations spotlesse wings,

Upon my journey thither; like a storme

Thou beatst my ripened cogitations,
Flat to the ground: and like a theefe dost fland,
To steal devotion from the holy land.

*Bell.* If woman were thy mother; if thy heart,

Be not all Marble (or if't Marble be)

Let my teares soften it, to pitie me,

I do beseech thee do not thus with scorne,

Destroy a woman.
The Honest Whore.

**Hipp.** Woman I befeech thee,
Get thee some other suit, this fits thee not:
I would not grant it to a kneeling Queene,
I cannot love thee, nor I must not: See,
The copy of that obligation,
Where my foule's bound in heaue penalties.

**Bell.** She's dead you told me, she'll let fall her suit.

**Hipp.** My vows to her, fled after her to heaven,
Were thine eyes cleare as mine, thou mightst behold her,
Watching upon yon battlements of Starres,
How I obserue them: shoul'd I breake my bond,
This boord would rive in twaine, these wooden lippes,
Call me most perjur'd villaine, let it suffice,
I ha fet thee in the path; if't not a signe
I love thee, when with one so most most deare,
Ie have thee fellowes! All are fellowes there.

**Bell.** Be greater then a King, fave not a body,
But from eternall shipw racke keepe a foule,
If not, and that againe, finnes path I tread,
The grieue be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

**Hipp.** Staie and take Phisick for it, read this booke,
Aske counsell of this head what's to be done,
He'le strike it dead that 'tis damnation,
If you turne Turke againe, oh do it not,
Tho heaven cannot allure you to doe well,
From doing ill let hell fright you: and learne this,
The foule whose boosome Luft did never touch,
Is Gods faire Bride, and maidens foules are such:
The foule that leaving Chastities white shore,
Swims in hot sensuall streames, is the divels whore.

**Ser.** No more knaves my Lord that weare smocks:
heeres a letter from Doctour Benedick: I would not enter his man, tho he had haires at his mouth, for feare he should be a woman, for some women have beards, mary they are halfe witches. Slid you are a sweet youth to weare a cod-peece, and have no pins to sticke upon it.
The Honest Whore.

Hip. I'll meet the Doctor, tell him, yet to night
I cannot: but at morrow rising Sunne
I will not faile: goe woman, fare thee well. Exeunt.

Bell. The lowest fall can be but into hell:
It does not move him I must therefore fly
From this undoing Cittie, and with tears
Wash off all anger from my fathers brow,
He cannot sure but joy, seeing me new borne,
A woman honest first, and then turne whore,
Is (as with me) common to thousands more:
But from a trumpet to turne chaste, that found
Has oft beene heard, that woman hardly found. Exit.

11. SCE. Enter Fufigo, Crambo, and Poli.

Fu. Hold up your hands gentlemen, here's one,
two, three: (nay I warrant they are found Pilots, and
without flawes. I had them of my fitter (and I know
the uxes to put nothing that's crackt) foure, five, fixe,
feaven, eight and nine, by this hand bring me but a
peece of his blood, and you shall have nine more: I'll
lurke in a Taverne not farre off, and provide supper to
cloze up the end of the Tragedy: The Linnen-Drapers
remember, stand to't, I befeeche you, and play your
parts perfectly.

Cra. Looke you signior, this not your gold that wee
weigh.

Fuft. Nay, nay, weigh it and spaire not, if it lacke
one graine of corne, I'll give you a b↑hell of wheate
to make it up.

Cram. But by your favour signior, which of the
servants is it, because we'll punish jestly.

Fuft. Mary 'tis the head man, you shall taft him
by his tonge, a prettie tall prating fellow, with a Tu-
calonian beard.

Poli. Tucalonian! very good.

Full. Gods life, I was ne'r so thumbed since I
was a Gentleman: my coxcombe was dry beaten, as if
my haire had beene hemp.
The Honest Whore.

Cram. We'll dry beate some of them.

Full. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cried out murder, very manfully: I have her consent (in a manner) to have him peppered: else Ile not do't, to win more then ten cheaters do at a riffing: breake but his pate, or fo, only his mazer, because Ile have his head in a cloth as well as mine, he's a Linnen Draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine Action of Batterie against him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the Lawyers would end it.

Cram. No more to doe, but inflince your selfe 'th Taverne, provide no great cheare, a couple of Capons, some Fefants, Plovers, an Oringeado-pie, or so: but how bloodie foere the day be, fally you not forth.

Full. No, no, nay if I stir, some bodie shall flinke: Ile not budge: Ile lie like a dog in a manger.

Cram. Wel, wel, to the Taverne, let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough, your belly full.

Full. Thats all, so god fa me, I thirst after, blood for blood, bump for bump, nofe for nofe, head for head, plaister for plaister, and so farewell: what shall I call your names because Ile leave word, if any such come to the Barre !

Cram. My name is Corporall Crambo. Exeunt.

Poh. And mine, Lieutenant Poh. 

Cram. Poh is as tall a man as ever opened Oifter:

I would not be the Divell to meete Poh, Farewell.

Full. Nor I, by this light, if Poh be such a Poh. Exeunt.

Enter Candies's wife in her Shop, and the two Prentises.

Wife. What a clocke now !

2. Prent. Tis almost twelve.

Wife. That's well,
The Senate will leave wording presently:
But is George ready?


Wife. Now as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him,
With the like awe as if he were your master,
Let not your looks betray it with a smile,
Or jeering glances to any customer,
Keepe a true setted countenance; and beware
You laugh not whatfoe't you heare or fee.

2. Pren. I warrant you mistress, let us alone for
keeping our countenance: for if I lift, there's never a
foole in all Milaine shall make me laugh, let him play
the foole, never fo' like an asse, whether it be the fat
Court foole, or the leane City foole.

Wife. Enough then, call downe George.


Enter George.

Wife. Be ready with your legs then, let me see
How courtise would become him: gallantly!
Beshrew my bloud, a proper seemely man,
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

Geo. I thank you Missis, my back's broad enough,
now my Master's gown's on.

Wife. Sure, I should thinke twere the leaf of sin,
To mistake the Master, and to let him in.

Geo. Twere a good Comedy of Errors that isfaith.


Enter Candido, and Exit presently.

Wife. You all know your tasks: God's my life!
What's that he has got on's backe I who can tell?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man,
What, has he loft his cloake too!
This is the maddest fashon that ere I saw.
What said he George when he passed by thee?
The Honest Whore. 63

Geor. Troth mistris nothing: not so much as a Bee, he did not hum: not so much as a bawd, he did not hem: not so much as a Cuckold, he did not ha: neither hum, hem, nor ha, only flared me in the face, puffed along, and made haste in, as if my lookes had wroth with him, to give him a stoole.

Wife. Sure hee's vex't now, this trick has mov'd his spleene, Hee's angerd now, because he utted nothing: And wordlesse wrath breaks out more violent, May be hee'll strive for place, when he comes downe: But if thou lovest me George, afford him none.

Geo. Nay let me alone to play my masters prize, as long as my mistris warrants me: I am sure I have his best clothes on, and I sorne to give place to any that is interiour in apparell to me, that's an Axiome, a Principle, and is observ'd as much as the fashion; let that periwade you then, that He shoulde with him for the upper hand in the shop, as long as this chaine will maintaine it.

Wife. Spoke with the spirit of a Maister, though with the tongue of a Prentife.

Enter Candido like a Prentife. Why how now mad-man, what in your tricki-coats! Candid. O peace good mistris.

Enter Crambo and Poli. See what you lacke, what is't you buy? pure Callicoes, fine Hollands, choie Cambrickes, neate Lawnes: fee what you buy: pray come neare, my maister will use you well, he can afford you a penny-worth.

Wife. I that he can, out of a whole peace of Lawne ifaith.

Ille untie em all in a trice, Ille vex you ifaith: boy, 
take your cloke, quick, come.     Exit.
    Cand. Be covered George, this Chaine and wedel
gowne
Bare to this coate: then the world's upside downe.
    George. Umh, umh, hum.
    Cram. That's the shop, and there's the fellow.
    Poh. I but the master is walking in there.
    Cram. No matter, we'll in.
    Poh. Sbloud, dost long to lie in Limbo?
    Cram. And Limbo be in hell, I care not.
    Cand. Looke you, Gentlemen, your choice: Cam-
brickes?
    Cram. No sir, some shirting.
    Cand. You shall.
    Cram. Have you none of this strip'd Canvas for
doublets?
    Cand. None strip'd sir, but plaine.
    2 Fren. I think there be one piece strip'd
within.
    Geo. Step sirra and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.
    Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, Ile make but one
spreading, here's a piece of cloth, fine, yet shall
weare like iron, tis without fault, take this upon my
word, tis without fault.
    Cram. Then tis better than you sirra.
    Cand. I, and a number more: O that each foule
Where but as spotulfe as this innocent white,
And had as few brakes in it.
    Cram. Twould have some then:
There was a fray here last day in this shop.
    Cand. There was indeed, a little flea-biting.
    Poh. A Gentleman had his pate broke:
Call you that but a flea-biting?
    Cand. He had so.
    Cram. Zounds do you stand to it? He strikes him.
    Geo. Sfoot, clubs, clubs, prentices, downe with em,
Ah you rogues, strike a Citizen in's shop?
    Cand. None of you stirre I pray, forbeare good
George.
The Honest Whore.

Cram. I bejeech you sir, wee mislooke our markes,

cDeliver us our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds sir, cry clubs.

Cand. I say you shall not, pray be patient,

Give them their weapons: sirs, y'are best be gone,

I tell you here are boyes more tough then Beares:

Hence, let more fifts doe walke about your ears.

Both. We thank you sir. Exeunt.

Cand. You shall not follow them:

Let them alone pray, this did me no harme,

Truth I was cold, and the blow made me warme,

I thanke em for't: besides, I had decreed

To have a veine prickt, I did meane to bleed:

So that there's monie fav'd: they are honest men,

Pray use 'em well, when they appeare agen.

George. Yes sir, we'll use 'em like honest men.

Cand. I, well said George, like honest men, tho

they be arrant knaves, for that's the phrase of the

Cite; helpe to lay up these wares.

Enter his wife with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he stands.

Off. What in a Prentices coat?

Wife. I, I, mad, mad, pray take heed.

Cand. How now! what news with them?

What make they with my wife?

Officers, is she attach'd? Looke to your wares.

Wife. He talkes to himselfe: oh he's much gone

indeed.

Off. Pray plucke up a good heart, be not so feare-

full:

Sirs hearkye, we'll gather to him by degrees.

Wife. I, I, by degrees I pray: Oh me!

What makes he with the Lawne in his hand?

He'll teare all the ware in my shop.

Off. Feare not, we'll catch him on a sudden.

Wife. You had need do so, pray take heed of your

warrant.

Off. I warrant mistris: Now signior Candide.
The Honest Whore.

Cand. Now sir, what news with you sir?
Wife. What news with you he faies? Oh hee's far gone!

Off. I pray feare nothing, let's alone with him,
Signior, you looke not like your felie me thinkes,
(Steale you a tother side,) y'are chang'd, y'are alred.
Cand. Chang'd sir, why true sir, is change strange,
tis not the fashion unlesse it alter. Monarkes turne to beggars, beggars creepe into the nefts of Princes,
mailers ferue their Prentices. Ladies their serving-
men, men to turne to women.

Off. And women turne to men.
Can. I, and women turne to men, you say true,
ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world.

Off. Have we caught you sir?
Cand. Caught me! well, well, you have caught me.

Wife. He laughs in your faces.
George. A rescue (prentisies) my masters catch-
pold.

Off. I charge you keepe the peace, or have your legs gartered with yrons, we have from the Duke a warrant strong enough for what we doe.
Cand. I pray reft quiet, I desire no rescue.
Wife. La, he defires no rescue, las poore heart,
He talkes against himselfe.
Cand. Well, what's the matter?

Off. Looke to that arme,
Pray make sure worke, double the cord.
Cand. Why, why?
Wife. Look how his head goes, should he get but loose,
Oh twere as much as all our lives were worth.

Off. Feare not, we'll make all sure for our owne saftetie.
Cand. Are you at leisire now? well, what's the matter?
Why doe I enter into bonds thus? ha!

Off. Because y'are mad, put feare upon your wife.
The Honest Whore.

Wife. O I, I went in danger of my life every minute.
Cand. What, am I mad say you, and I not know it?
Off. That prooves you mad, because you know it not.
Wife. Pray talke to him as little as you can,
You see he’s too farre spent.
Cand. Bound with firstrong cord,
A fisters threeed yfaith had beene enough,
To lead me any where; wife, doe you long?
You are mad too, or else you doe me wrong.
George. But are you mad indeed maister?
Cand. My wife saies so,
And what she saies George, is all truth you know:
And whither now, to Bethlem monasterie, hast thou whither?
Off. Faith ee’n to the mad-men’s pound.
Can. A God’s name, till I feele my patience found.
Exit.

Ge. Come we’ll see whither he goes, if the maister be mad, we are his servants, and must follow his steps, we’ll be mad-caps too: farewel mistris, you shall have us all in Bedlam.
Exeunt.
Wife. I thinke I have fittedy you now, you and your cloths,
If this move not his patience, nothing can,
I’le sweare then I have a Saint, and not a man.

SCENA X III.

Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluellen, Castruchio, Pioratito.

Du. Give us a little leave; Doctor, your newes.
Doe. I sent for him my Lord, at laft he came,
And did receive all speche that went from me,
As gilded pilles made to prolong his health:
My credit with him wrought it: for some men
Swallow even empty hooks, like foolest that feare

v 2
The Honest Whore.

No drowning where tis deeper, caufe tis clearer:
In th'end we eat and eat: a health I dranke
To Infelices sweete departed soule,
This traine I knew would take.

Du. Twas excellent.
Doil. He fell with such devotion on his knees.

To pledge the name.

Du. Fond superstitious foolie!
Doil. That had he beene inflam'd with zeal of prayer,
He could not poure't out with more reverence:
About my neck he hung, wept on my cheeke,
Kist it, and swore he would adore my lippes,
Because they brought forth Infelices name.

Du. Ha, ha, alack, alacke.

Doil. The Cup he lift up high, and thus he said;
Here noble maid: drinks, and was poison'd.

Du. And died!
Doil. And died, my Lord.

Du. Thou in that word
Haft p eccentric mine aged houres out with more yeares,
Then thou haft taken from Hesperite.
A noble youth he was, but leifer branches
hindring the greater's growth, must be lopt off,
And seede the fire: Doctor we're now all thine,
And use us so: be bold.

Doil. Thankes gracious Lord:
My honored Lord:

Du. Hum.

Doil. I doe befeech your grace to bury deepe,
This bloodie act of mine.

Du. Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor, looke you to't: me it shall not move,
The'yre curt that ill do, not that ill doe love.

Do. You throw an angry forehead on my face:
But be you please'd backward thus far to looke,
That for your good, this evil I undertooke.

Du. I, I, we confer so:

Doil. And onely for your love.
The Honest Whore.

Du. Confess: 'tis true.
Doct. Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
To thrust me from your presence: nor believe
(As Princes have quick thoughts) that now my finger
Being dipp'd in blood, I will not spare the hand,
But that for gold (as what can gold not do?)
I may be hir'd to worke the like on you.
Du. Which to prevent.
Doct. 'Tis from my heart as far.
Du. No matter Doctor, cause he fearles sleep,
And that you shall stand clear of that supposition,
I banish thee for ever from my Court.
This principle is old, but true as Fate,
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate. Exit.
Do. If so 'tis then Duke, your stately principle,
With one as stately, the Doctor thus shall quit,
He fails himselfe that digs anothers pit:
How now! where is he 't will he not meet me.!

Enter the doctors man.

Doctors man. Meet you sir, he might have met
with three Fencers in this time, and have received
lefe hurt then by meeting one Doctor of Philocele:
Why sir, he has walkt under the old Abbey wall yonder
this hour, till hee's more cold then a Citizens
countrie house in Januere, you may smell him behind
for: la you, yonder he comes.
Do. Leave me. Enter Hippolito.
Do. man. Ith lurch if you will. Exit.
Do. O my most noble friend!
Hip. Few but your selfe,
Could have intic'd me thus, to trust the Aire:
With my cloke fight: you sent for me, what news!
Do. Come, you must doff this blacke, die that
pale cheek
Into his owne colour, goe, attire you selfe
Fesh as a Bridegroome when he meets his Bride,
The Duke has done much treason to thy Love,
The Honest Whore.

Tis now reveal'd, tis now to be reveng'd:
Be merrie, honour'd friend, thy Lady lives.

_Hip._ What lady?

_Do._ Infallic, she's reviv'd,
Reviv'd: Alack! death never had the heart,
To take breath from her.

_Hip._ Umm: I thanke you sir,
Phisick prolongs life, when it cannot save:
This helps not my hopes, mine are in their grave,
You doe some wrong to mocke me.

_Do._ By that love
Which I haue ever borne you, what I speake
Is truth: the maiden lives, that funeral,
Dukes teares, the mourning, was all counterfeit:
A sleepe draught confused the world and you:
I was his minister, and then chambr'd up,
To stop discov'rery.

_Hip._ O treacherous Duke!

_Do._ He cannot hope so certainly for blisse,
As he beleevs that I have poison'd you:
He woo'd me too't, I yeelded, and confirm'd him.
In his moost bloody thoughts.

_Hip._ A very deuell!

_Do._ Here did he cloely coach to Bergamo,
And thither

_Hip._ Will I ride, floc'd Bergamo
In the Low Countries of blacke hell, Ile to her.

_Do._ You shall to her, but not to Bergamo:
How Pasion makes you flye beyond your selfe:
Much of that weare journeie I ha cut off,
For the by letters hath intelligence,
Of your suppos'd death, her owne interment,
And all those plots, which that false Duke her father
Has wrought against you: and she'll meete you.

_Hip._ O when?

_Do._ Nay fee: how covetous are your desires,
Earely to morrow morne.

_Hip._ O where good father?
The Honest Whore.

Doc. At Bethlem monasterie: are you pleas'd now?

Hip. At Bethlem monasterie! the place well suit,
It is the Schoole where tho'fe that lose their wits,
Practise againe to get them: I am sicke
Of that disease, all Love is lunatike.

Doc. Wee'll fleaze away this night in some disguise:
Father Ansesimo, a most reverend Friar,
Expect our comming, before whom wee'll lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yeeld in bands
Of holy wedlocke to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such Happinesse,
That to beleve it, is impossible.

Doc. Let all your joyes then die in misbeliefe,
I will reveale no more.

Hip. O yes good father,
I am so well acquainted with despair,
I know not how to hope: I beleive all.

Doc. Wee'll hence this night, much must be done,
much said:
But if the Doctor faile not in his charmes,
Your Lady shall ere morning fill these arms.

Hip. Heavenly Phisitian! far thy fame shall
spread,
That maketh two Lovers speak when they be dead.

Exeunt.

Candid's wife, and George: Pioratto meets them.

Wife. O watch good George, watch which way the
Duke comes.
Geo. Here comes one of the butter-flies, ask him.

Wife. Pray sir, comes the Duke this way?
Pio. He's upon comming misbris.

Wife. I thanke you sir: George, are there many
mad folkes where thy maister lies?

Geo. O yes, of all countries some, but especially
mad Greeks they swarme: troth misbris, the world is
altered with you, you had not wont to stand thus with
a paper humbly complaining: but you're well enough
erv'd: provender prickt you, as it does many of our
Cittie-wives besides.

Wife. Doft thinke George we shall get him forth?
George. Truly mistris I cannot tel, I thynke you'll
hardly get him forth: why tis strange! Sfoot I have
knowne manywomen that have had mad rascalls to their
husbands, whom they would belabour by all means
possible to keepe em in their right wits, but of a woman
to long to turne a tame man into a madman, why the
divell himselfe was never ufd fo by his dam.

Wife. How does he talke George? ha! good
George tell me.

George. Why youre best goe fee.

Wife. Alas, I am afraid.

George. Afraid! you had more need be ashamed,
he may rather be afraid of you.

Wife. But George, hee's not darke mad, is he? he
does not rave, he is not horne-mad, George, is he?

George. Nay I know not that, but he talkes like
a justice of peace, of a thousand matters, and to no
purpose.

Wife. Ile to the Monastery: I shall be mad till
I enjoy him, I shall be sicker untill I see him, yet when
I doe see him, I shall weepe out mine eyes.

George. I, Ide faine fee a woman weepe out her
eyes, that's as true as to say, a mans cloake burns,
when it hangs in the water: I know you'll weepe mistri,
but what fates the painted cloth?

Trust not a woman when she cries,
For shee pumpe water from her eyes:
With a wet finger, and in faster showers,
Then Aprill when he raines downe flowers.

Wife. I but George, that painted cloth is worthy
to be hanged up for lying, all women have not teares
at will, unlefe they have good caufe.

George. I but mistris how easilly will they finde a
caufe, and as one of our cheesfe-trenchers layes very
learnedly:

The Honest Whore.
The Honest Whore.

As out of wormwood Base sucke Honey,
As from poore Clients Lawyers firke money.
As Parsley from a roiled sunny:
So, tho' the day be n't so funny,
If wves will have it raine, done, then it drives,
The calme husbands make the flormest wves.

Wife.  Tame George, but I ha done forming now.
Geo.  Why that's well done: good mistris, throw
aside this fashin of your humour, be not fo fantastical
in wearing it: florme no more, long no more.  This
longing has made you come short of many a good
thing that you might have had from my maitre: Here
comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Floratto, Sincsi.

Wife.  O I befeech you pardon my offence,
In that I durft abuse your Graces Warrant,
Deliver forth my husband, good my Lord.
Duke.  Who is her husband?
Flu.  Candido my Lord.
Duke.  Where is he?
Wife.  Hee's among the lunatickes,
He was a man made up without a gall,
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
His meeke blood into fury, yet like a moniter,
I often beate at the most conflant rocke
Of his unhaken patience, and did long
To vex him.
Duke.  Did you so?
Wife.  And for that purpose,
Had warrant from your Grace, to carry him
To Bethlem Monastery, whence they will not free him,
Without your Graces hand that fent him in.
Duke.  You have longd faire, tis you are mad I feare,
Its fit to fetch him thence, and kepe you there:
If he be mad, why would you have him forth?
Geo.  And pleae your Grace, hee's not flarte mad,
but only talkes like a yong Gentleman, somwhat fan-
tastically, that's all: there's a thound about your
Court, City, and Country madder then he.
The Honest Whore.

Duke. Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.
Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawne my Lord.
Duke. Get pen and inke, get pen and inke.

Enter Caesar and Hierarchus.

Caef. Where is my Lord the Duke?
Duke. How now! more mad men?
Caef. I haue strange newes my Lord.
Duke. Of what? of whom?
Caefr. Of Infelic, and a marriage.
Duke. Ha! where with whom?
Caef. Hipolito.
Geo. Here my Lord.
Duc. Hence with that woman, void the roome.
Flu. Away, the Duke's next.
Geo. Whoop, come mirths, the Duke's mad too.
Duc. Who told me that Hipolito was dead? Exeunt.
Caefr. He that can make any man dead, the doctor: but my Lord, hee's as full of life as wilde-fire, and as quicke: Hipolito, the Doctor, and one more rid hence this evening; the Inne at which they light is Bethlem monastry: Infelic comes from Bergamo and meets them there; Hipolito is mad, for he means this day to be married, the after noone is the houre, and Frier Anselmo is the knitter.
Duc. From Bergamo it is possible it cannot be.

It cannot be.

Caef. I will not sweare my Lord.
But this intelligence I tooke from one,
Whose braines worke in the plot.
Duke. What's he?
Caef. Mathaeos.
Flu. Mathaeos knowes all.
Pier. Hee's Hipolito's bofome.
Duke. How farre stands Bethlem hence?
Omn. Six or seven miles.
Duc. It is not married till the afternoone:
Stay, lay, lets worke out some prevention: how!
This is most strange, can none but mad-men serve
To dreffe their wedding dinner? all of you
Get presently to hort, diguise your selves.
Like Countrie Gentlemen,
Or riding Citizens, or so: and take
Each man a severall path, but let us meete
At Bethlem monastery, some space of time
Being spent betweene the arrivall each of other,
As if we came to see the Lunatickes.
To horse, away, be secret on your lives.
Love must be punisht that unjustly thrives.  

Exeunt.

Riu. Be secret on your lives! Castruchio,
Y'are but a fowre fanieell; honest Lord,
Good Lady: Zounds their love is just, tis good,
And I'll prevent you tho I swim in blood.  

Exit.

Enter Frier Anfelsmo, Hipolito, Mathaes, Infelica.

Hip. Nay, nay, resolve good father, or deny.
Anf. You preffe me to an aet, both full of danger,
And full of happines: for I behold
Your fathers frowns, his threats, nay perhaps death
To him that dare doe this: yet noble Lord,
Such comfortable beams break through these clouds
By this blest marrige, that your honor'd word
Being pawn'd in my defence, I will tie fast
The holy wedding knot.

Anf. Of fon! wifely to feare, is to be free from feare.

Hip. You have our words, and you shall have our lives,
To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Mat. I, I, chop em up, and away.
Anf. Stay, when it fit for me, and safest for you,
To entertaine this buftineffe!

Hip. Not till the evening.
Anf. Be it fo, there is a Chappell stands hard by,
Upon the west end of the Abbey wall,
Thither convey your selves, and when the Sunne
Hath turn'd his backe upon this upper world,
I'le marrie you: that done, no thundering voice
Can breake the facred bond, yet Ladie, here you are 
molt safe.
Info. Father, your love's most deere.

Mat. I, well saide, locke us into some little roome
by our selves, that we may be mad for an houre or two.

Hip. O good Mathew no, lets make no noife.

Mat. How ! no noife! doe you know where you
are ! sfoot amongst al the mad-caps in Millan : so that
to throw the house out at window will be the better;
& no man will suspe\(\text{c}\)t that we lurke heere to fleale
mutton : the more sober we are, the more scurvy tis.
And tho the Frier tell us, that here we are sateft, I
am not of his minde, for if those lay here that had loft
their monie, none would ever looke after them, but
heere are none but tho\(\text{e}\) that have loft their wits, so
that if hue and cry be made, hither they'll come, and
my rea\(\text{son}\) is, because none goes to be married till he
be flanke mad.

Hip. Muffle your selves, yonders Fluelllo.

Enter Fluelllo.

Mat. Zounds!

Flu. O my Lord, these cloakes are not for this
raine, the tempe\(\text{st}\) is too great : I come sweating to
tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why what's the matter!

Flu. What's the matter! you have matter\(\text{d}\) it
faire: the Duke's at hand.

Omens. The Duke!

Flu. The very Duke.

Hip. Then all our plots are turn'd upon our heads;
and we are blown up with our own underminings.
Sfoot, how comes he ! what vilaine durft betraie our
being here?

Flu. Cafrachio told the Duke, and Mathew here
told Cafrachio.

Hip. Would you betraie me to Cafrachio!

Mat. Sfoothe, he damn'd himself to the pit of hell,
if he spake on't agen.

Hip. So did you sweare to me : fo were you damn'd.

Mat. Fox on 'em, and there be no faith in men, if a
man shall not beleue o\(\text{the}\)s : he tooke bread and falt
by this light, that he would never open his lips.

_Hip._ Oh God, oh God.

_Anf._ Son be not desperate, haue patience, you shall
trip your enemie downe by his owne flights: _How far
is the Duke hence!_

_Flu._ He's but new set out, _Castruchio, Fioratto and
Sinesi_ come along with him: you have time enough
yet to pruenuent them, if you have but courage.

_Anf._ Ye shall fleale secretly into the Chappell,
And presently be married: _if the Duke
Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes,
You shall scape hence like Friers._

_Hip._ O blest disguise! O happy man!

_Anf._ Talke not of happinesse till your clo'd hand
Have her by'th forehead, like the lock of Time:
Be nor too low, nor haftly, now you clime
Up to the Tower of bliss, onely be wary
And patient, that's all: _if you like my plot,
Build and dispatch: if not farewell, then not._

_Hip._ O yes, we doe applaud it: we'll dispute
No longer, but will hence and execute.

_Fluello_ you'll stay here, let us be gone,
The ground that frighted Lovers tread upon,
Is stacke with thornes.

_Anf._ Come then, away, tis meete, _Exeunt._

To escape thoose thorns, to put on winged feet.

_Mat._ No words I pray _Fluello_, for it stands us upon.

_Flu._ Oh sir, let that be your lesion:
Alas poore Lovers! on what hopes and feares,
Men toifie themselves for women: When she's got
The beft in her that which pleatheth not.

_Enter to _Fluello, the Duke, Castruchio, Fioratto, and Sinesi from severall doores muffled._

_Du._ Who's there?

_Cas._ My Lord.

_Du._ Peace; send that Lord away.

A Lordship wil spoile all, lets be all fellowes.

What's he?
The Honest Whore.

Cst. Flutello, or cleft Sincu by his little legs.
Omnes. All friends, all friends.
Du. What, met upon the very point of time?
Is this the place?
Pio. This is the place my Lord.
Du. Dream you on Lordships! come no more Lords I pray:
You have not seen these Lovers yet?
Om. Not yet.
Duke. Cafrochio, art thou sure this wedding feast
Is not till afternoone?
Cst. So it is given out my Lord.
Du. Nay, nay, 'tis like, thieves must observe their hours,
Lovers watch minutes like Astronomers,
How shall the interim hours by us be spent?
Flu. Lets all goe see the madmen.
Om. Make content. Enter Towne like a sweeper.
Du. O here comes one, question him, question him.
Flu. Now honest fellow, dost thou belong to the house?
Tow. Yes forsooth, I am one of the implements, I
sweep the mad-men's rooms, and fetch straw for 'em,
and buy chains to tie 'em, and rods to whip 'em, I was
a mad wag my selfe here once, but I thank father An-
farne, he laft me into my right minde agen.
Du. Anfarno is the Frier must marry them,
Question him where he is.
Cst. And where is father Anfarne now?
Tow. Marrie he's gone but eene now.
Du. I, well done, tell me, whither is he gone?
Tow. Why to God a mighty.
Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow's a fool, talks idely.
Pio. Sirra are all the mad folks in Millan brought
hither?
Tow. How all! ther's a question indeed: why if
all the mad folkes in Millan should come hither,
there would not be left ten men in the Cittie.
Du. Few Gentlemen or Courtiers here, ha.
The Honest Whore.


tow. O yes, abundance, abundance, lands no sooner fall into their hands, but straight they run out a their wits: Citizens sons & heirs are free of the house by their fathers copy: Farmers sons come hither like geese (in flocks) & when they ha fold all their corn fields, here they sit and pick the strawes.

Srt. Me thinkes you should have women here aswell as men.

tow. O I, a plague on 'em, ther's no ho with 'em, they're madder then March hares.

flu. Are there no Lawyers amongst you?

tow. O no, not one: never any Lawyer, we dare not let a Lawyer come in, for he'll make 'em mad faster then we can recover 'em.

Du. And how long if e're you recover any of these?

tow. Why according to the quantitie of the Moone thats got into 'em, an Aldermans fonne will be mad a great while, a very great while, especially if his friends left him well, a whore will hardly come to her wits agen: a puritane there's no hope of him, unleffe he may pull downe the Steeple, and hang himselfe i'th bell-ropes.

flu. I perceive all sorts of fish come to your net.

tow. Yes intruth, we have blockes for all heads, we have good store of wild-Oates heere: for the Courtier is mad at the Citizen, the Citizen is mad at the Countrie man, the Shoemaker is mad at the Cobler, the Cobler at the Carman, the puncke is mad that the marchants wife is no whore, the marchants wife is mad that the Funck is so common a whore: gods fo, here's father Anselmo, pray say nothing that I tel tales out of the Schoole.

Omm. God blesse you father.

Ansel. I thanke you gentlemen. Enter Anselmo.

Cafl. Pray may we see some of tho wretched foules, That here are in your keeping!
The Honest Whore.

Anf. Yes, you shall.
But gentlemen, I must difarme you then,
There are of mad-men, as there are of tame,
All humoured not alike: we have here some,
So apieth and phantasticke, play with a feather,
And tho’ twould grieve a soule to see Gods image
So blemisht and deface’d, yet doe they act
Such antickes and such pretty fruancies,
That spite of Sorrow they will make you smile:
Others agen we have like hungry Lions,
Fierce as wilde Bulls, untameable as flies,
And these have oftentimes from strangers sides
Snatcht rapiers suddenly, and done much harme,
Whom if you’ll see, you must be weaponlesse.

Omn. With all our hearts.

Anf. Here, take these weapons in,
Stand off a little pray, so, so, tis well:
He shew you here a man that was sometimes
A very grave and wealthy Citizen,
Has serv’d a pretenship to this misfortune,
Beene here seven yeares, and dwelt in Bergamo.

Duke. How fell he from his wits?

Anf. By loffe at Sea;
He stand aside, question him you alone,
For if he spy me, hee’ll not speake a word,
Unless hee’s througly vext. Discover an old man
wrapped in a net.

Flu. Alas poore soule!

Cajl. A very old man.


1. Mad. God speed the Plough, thou shalt not speed me.

Rico. We see you old man, for all you dance in a net.

1. Mad. True, but thou wilt daunce in a halter,
and I shall not see thee.

Anf. O, do not vex him pray.

Cajl. Are you a Fisherman father?

1. Mad. No, I am neither fish nor fishe.
The Honest Whore.

Flu. What do you with that net then!

1. Mad. Doft not fee foole! there's a freth Salmon in't: if you step one foot furder, you'll be over shoos, for you fee I am over head and ears in the salt-water: and if you fall into this whirle-poole where I am, y'are drown'd: y'are a drown'd Rat. I am shirving here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught, for my Net breakes still, and breakes, but I lie break some of your neckes and I catch you in my clutches.

Stay, stay, stay, stay, where the wind! where the wind! where the wind!

Ommers. Ha, ha, ha.

1. Mad. Do you laugh at Gods creatures! do you mock old age, you Rogues! Is this gray beard and head counterfeit that you cry, ha, ha, ha? Sirra, art not thou my eldeft sonne?

Flor. Yes indeed father.

1. Mad. Then th'art a foole, for my eldeft fon had a polt-foot, crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a peare colour'd beard: I made him a Scholler, and he made himselfe a foole. Sirra, thou there: hold out thy hand.

Du. My hand, wel, here tis.

1. Mad. Looke, looke, looke, looke: has he not long nailes, and thort haire?

Flu. Yes, monitrous thort haire, and abhominable long nailes.

1. Mad. Ten-peney nailes, are they not?

Flu. Yes ten-peney nailes.

1. Mad. Such nailes had my secon boy: kneele downe thou varlet, and aske thy father blessing: Such nailes had my middlemost son, and I made him a Promoter: and he scrapt, and scrapt, and scrapt, til he got the devel and all: but he scrapt thus and thus and thus and it went under his legs, til at length a
companie of Kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all all, all, all. If you love your lives, looke to your felves: fee, fee, fee, fee, the Turkes Gal-lies are fighting with my ships, Bownce goes the guns: oooh! cry the man: romble, romble goe the waters: Alas, there; tis funke, tis funke: I am undone, I am undone, you are the damn'd Pirates have undone me: you are by the Lord, you are, you are, flop 'em, you are. 

Anf. Why how now firra! must I fall to tame you!

1. Mad. Tame me! no, Ile be madder then a roasted Cat: fee, fee, I am burnt with gunpowder, these are our close fights.

Anf. Ile whip you if you grow unruly thus.

1. Mad. Whip me! out you toad! whip me: what justice is this, to whip me because I am a beggar! Alas! I am a poore man: a very poore man: I am fam'ed, and have had no meate by this light, ever since the great flood, I am a poore man.

Anf. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meat.

1. Mad. I, I pray do: for looke you, here be my guts: these are my ribs—you may looke through my ribs—fee how my guts come out: these are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh!

Anfd. Take him in there.

Omn. A very pitteous sight.

Caf. Father, I fee you have a busie charge.

Anf. They must be uide like children, pleased with toyes,

And anon whipt for their unruliness:
Ile shew you now a pare quite different
From him that's gone: he was all words, and these
Unlefte you urge em, feldome spend their speech,
But fave their tongues: la you, this hitherto.
Fell from the happy quietnes of minde,
About a maiden that he lov'd, and died:
He followed her to Church, being full of teares,
And as her body went into the ground,
He fell flarke mad. This is a married man,
Was jeolous of a faire, but as some say,
A very vericious wife, and that spoil'd him.
The Honest Whore.

2. Mad. All these are whoremongers, & lay with my wife: whore, whore, whore, whore, whore.

Flu. Observe him.

2. Mad. Gaffer Shoemaker, you pul'd on my wives pumps, and then crept into her pantoffles: lie there, lie there: this was her Tailer; you cut out her loose-bodied Gowne, and put in a yard more then I allowed her, lie there by the Shoemaker: O master Doctor! are you here? you gave me a Purgation, and then crept into my wives chamber, to feel her pulses, and you said, and she said, and her maide said, that they went pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat: Doctor, Ile put you amone into my wives Urinall; heigh, come aloft Jacke: this was her schoole-maister, and taught her to play upon the Virginals, and fill his Jacks leapt up, up: you prick'd her out nothing but bawdy lessons, but Ile pricke you all, Fidler-Doctor: Tayler-shoemaker: shoemaker, Fidler, Doctor, Tayler: fo, lie with my wife ajen now.

Captn. See how he notes the other, now he feeds.


3. Mad. Ile not giue thee a bit.

2. Mad. Give me that flap-dragon.

3. Mad. Ile not give thee a spoonfull: thou liest, its no Dragon, its a Parrot, that I bought for my sweet heart, and Ile keepe it.


2. Mad. Here's a rope for Parrot.

3. Mad. Eate it, for Ile eate this.

2. Mad. Ile shooe at thee, and thou't give me none.


2. Mad. Ile run a tilt at thee, and thou't give me none.

3. Mad. Wut thou'll doe and thou dar't.

The Honest Whore.

3. Mad. Oho! I am flaine! murder, murder, murder, I am flaine, my braines are beaten out.
Anf. How now you villains! bring me whips: Ile whip you.
3. Mad. I am dead, I am flaine, ring out the bell, for I am dead.
Duke. How will you doe now firra? you ha kill'd him.
2. Mad. Ile answert at Seffions: he was eating of almond Butter, and I long'd for't: the child had never been delivered out of my belly, if I had not kill'd 'him, Ile answert at Seffions, to my wife may be burnt itch hand too.
Anf. Take 'hem in both: bury him, for he's dead.
3. Mad. Indeede, I am dead, put me I pray into a good pit hole.

Enter Bellafronte mad.

Anf. How now hufwife, whither gad you?
Flu. Tis Bellafronte.
Fir. Tis the puncke by'th Lord.
Duke. Father, what's the I pray!
Anf. As yet I know not,
She came in but this day, talkes little idely,
And therefore has the freedome of the house.
Bell. Doe not you know me! nor you, nor you, nor you!
Omn. No indeed.
Bell. Then you are an Asfe, and you an Asfe, and you are an Asfe, for I know you.
Anf. Why, what are they! come, tell me, what are they?
Bell. They are Fish-wives, will you buy any Gudgeons! gods fanty, yonder come Friers, I know them too: how doe you Frier!

Enter Hippolito, Matho, and Infalici disguisfd in the habites of Friers.
Anf. Nay, nay, away, you must not trouble Friers
The Honest Whore.

The Duke is here, speake nothing.
Bell. Nay indeed you shall not goe: we'll run at barley-breake first, and you shall be in hell.
Mat. My puncke turn'd mad whore, as all her fellows are!
Hip. Say nothing, but feal hence, when you spie time.
Anf. I'll locke you up, if you're unruly, fie.
Bell. Fie, marrie so: they shall not goe indeed till I ha tolde 'em their fortunes.
Duke. Good father, give her leave.
Bell. I pray, good father, and I'll give you my blessing.
Anf. Well then, be briefe, but if you are thus unruly, I'll have you lockt up saft.
Fie. Come, to their fortunes.
Bell. Let me see, 1, 2, 3, and 4. I'll begin with the little Frier first; hear's a fine hand indeed, I never saw Frier have such a daintie hand: hear's a hand for a Ladie; hear's your fortune.
You love a Frier better than a Nun.
Yet long you'll love no Frier, nor no Friers fonne.
Bow a little, the line of life is out, yet I am afraid,
For all yare holy, you'll not die a maid: God give you joy.
Now to you Frier Tucke.
Mat. God fend me good lucke.
Bell. You love one, and one loves you:
You are a false knave, and she's a Jew,
Here is a Diall that false ever goes.
Mat. O your wix drops!
Bell. Troth so does your nose:
Nay lets shake hands with you too:
Pray open, here's a fine hand:
Ho Frier ho, God be here,
So he had need: you'll keepe good cheare,
Here's a firet table, but a frozen breast,
For you'll starve those that love you best.
Yet you have good fortune, for if I am no liar,
The Honest Whore.

Then you are no Frier, nor you, nor you no Frier,
Ha, ha, ha, ha. 

Du. Are holy habits clokes for villanie!

Draw all your weapons.

Hyp. Dye, draw all your weapons,
Duke. Where are your weapons I draw.

Omn. The Frier has guld us of 'em.

Mat. O rare tricke! 

You ha learm'd one mad point of Arithmetick.

Hyp. Why sweels your spleene so hie I against what bofom

Would you your weapons draw, hers, tis your daughters:

Mine, tis your fonnes.

Du. Sonne?

Mad. Sonne, by yonder Sunne.

Hyp. You cannot flled blood here but tis your owne,

To spill your owne blood were damnation:

Lay smooth that wrinkled brow, and I will throw

My felfe beneath your feet:

Let it be rugged full and flinted ore,
What can come forth but sparkles that will burne
Your felfe and us t she's mine, my claimes most good,
She's mine by marriage, tho she's yours by blood.

I have a hand (deare Lord) deepe in this act,
For I foresaw this ftorne, yet willingly

Put forth to meet it: Oft have I secre a father
Washing the wounds of his deare fonne in tears,
A fonne to curfe the fword that strucke his father,
Both flaine i' th quarre of your families,

Those scars are now tane off: And I befeech you
To seale our pardon, all was to this end,
To turne the ancient hates of your two house

To fresh greene friendship, that your Loves might looke

Like the Springs forehead, comfortably sweet:

And your ext foules in peacefull union meete,

Their blood will now be yours, yours will be theirs
And happineffe shall crowne your silver haires.
The Honest Whore.

Bu. You see (my Lord) there is now no remedy.

Om. Befeech your Lordship.

Du. You befeech faire, you have me in place fit

To bridle me, rife Frier, you may be glad

You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad,

Since Fate hath conquerd, I must rest content,

To strive now, would but add new punishment:

I yeeld unto your happineffe, be bleft,

Our families shall henceforth breath in rest.

Om. O happy change!

Du. Yours now is my content,

I throw upon your joyes my full content.

Bel. Am not I a good girlie, for finding the Frier in the weel? Gods so, you are a brave man: will not you buy me some sugar plums, because I am so good a fortune teller.

Du. Would thou hast wit (thou pretty foule) to aske,

As I have will to give.

Bel. Prettie foule, a prettie foule is better then a pretty bodie: doe not you know my prettie foule? I know you: Is not your name Mathew?

Mat. Yes lamb.

Bel. Baa Lamb! there you lie, for I am mutton: looke fine man, he was mad for me once, and I was mad for him once, and he was mad for her once, and were you never mad? Yes I warrant, I had a fine jewell once, a verie fine jewell, and that naughty man stole it away from me, a very fine and a rich jewell.

Du. What jewell pretty maide?

Bel. Maide, say that's a lie: O 'twas a very rich jewell, called a Maiden head, and had not you it leer.

Mat. Out you mad affe! away.

Du. Had he thy Maiden-head?

He shall make thee amends, and marrie thee.

Bel. Shall he? O brave Arthur of Bradley then?
The Honest Whore.

Du. And if he bear the mind of a gentleman, I know he will.
Mat. I think I rissed her of some such paltry jewell.
Du. Did you then marry her, you see the wrong
Has led her spirits into a lunacie.
Mat. How, marry her my Lord! sowecco marry a madwoman: let a man get the tamest wife he can come by, she'll be mad enough afterward, doe what he can.
Du. Nay then, father Anselmo here shall do his best,
To bring her to her wits, and will you then?
Mat. I cannot tell, I may choose.
Du. Nay then Law shall compell: I tell you sir, So much her hard fate moves me, you should not breath.
Under this aire, unlesse you married her.
Mat. Well then, when her wits stand in their right place,
I'll marry her.
Bell. I thank you Grace: Mathew, thou art mine:
I am not mad, but put on this disguise,
Onely for you my Lord: for you can tell
Much wonder of me, but you are gone: farewell.
Mathew, thou didst first turne my foulle blace,
Now make it white again: I doe protest,
I'm pure as fire now, chaste as Cynthia's breath.
Hip. I durst be sworne Mathew she's indeed.
Mat. Cony-catcht, guld, must I faile in your flie-boat,
Because I helpt to rear your maine-mast first!
Plague found you for't, tis well.
The Cockolds flampe goes currant in all nations,
Some men ha hornes giv'n them at their creations,
If I be one of those, why so: tis better
To take a common wench, and make her good,
Than one that fimpers, and at first will scarce
The Honest Whore.

Be tempted forth over the threshold doore,
Yet in one fennight, sounds, turnses arrant whore:
Come wench, thou shalt be mine, give me thy gols,
We'll talke of legs hereafter: fee my Lord,
God give us joy.

Oms. God give you joy.

Enter Candido's wife, and George.

Geo. Come mistris, we are in Bedlam now, mas and fee, we come in pudding time, for here's the Duke.

Wife. My husband good my Lord.

Duke. Have I thy husband?  

Coff. Its Candido my Lord, he's here among the lunaticks: father Anfelm, pray fetch him forth: this mad woman is his wife, and tho' she were not with child, yet did she long molt sifeully to have her husband mad: and because thee would be sure he should turne Jew, she placed him here in Bethlem, yonder he comes.

Enter Candido with Anfelm.

Duke. Come hither Signior, are you mad?

Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why I know that.

Cand. Then may you know I am not mad that know You are not mad, and that you are the Duke:

None is mad here but one. How do you wife?

What do you long for now? pardon my Lord:

She had lof her childes nose else: I did cut out Penyworths of lawne, the lawne was yet mine owne:

A carpet was my gowe, yet 'twas mine owne:

I wore my mans coate, yet the cloth mine owne:

Had a crackt crowne, the crowne was yet mine owne, 

She sayne for this I me mad: were her words true, 

I should be mad indeed: O foolish skill!

Is patience madneffe? Ile be a mad-man still.
The Honest Whore.

Wife. Forgive me, and let ex your spirit no more.

Duke. Come, come, we'll have you friends, joyne hearts, joyne hands.

Cand. See my Lord, we are even,
Nay rise, for ill deeds kneele unto none but heaven.

Duke. Signior, me thinkes patience has laid on you Such heavy weight, that you should loath it.

Cand. Loath it!

Duke. For he whose breast is tender, blood so coole,
That no wrongs heate it, is a patient foole:
What comfort do you finde in being so calm?

Cand. That which greene wounds receive from sovereign balme,

Patience my Lord: why is the foule of peace:
Of all the vertues is neer'it kin to heaven.
It makes men looke like gods: the best of men
That ere were earth about him, was a userer,
A soft, meeke, patient, humble, tranquill spirit,
The first true Gentleman that ever breath'd,
The flock of Patience then cannot be poore:
All it desires, it has, what Monarch more?
It is the greatdest enemy to Law
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And fo chaines up Lawyers and Womens tongues.
Tis the perpetuall prisoners liberty:
His walkes and orchards: tis the bond-flaves freedom,
And makes him seeme proud of each yron chaine,
As tho he ware it more for state then paine:
It is the beggars musick, and thus sings,
Although their bodies beg, their foules are kings.
O my dread Liege! It is the rap of hisse
Reares us aloft; makes men and Angels kife.
And last of all, to end a houshold strife,
It is the hony gainst a walfish wife.
The Honest Whore.

_Duke_. Thou giv'st it lively colours: who dare say
Hec's mad, whose words march in so good array?
Twere sinn all women should such husbands have,
For every man must then be his wife's slave.
Come therefore, you shall teach our Court to shine,
So calm a spirit is worth a golden Mine,
Wives (with meeke husbands) that to vex them long,
In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong.

_Escunt._

FINIS.
THE SECOND PART OF THE HONEST WHORE,

WITH THE HVMORS of the Patient Man, the Impatient Wife: the Honest Whore, perswaded by strong Arguments to turne Curtizan againe: her braue refuting those Arguments.

And lastly, the Comicall Passages of an Italian Bridewell, where the Scæne ends.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDON,
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An. Dom. 1630.
THE HONEST WHORE.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter at one doore Beraldo, Carolo, Fontinell, Astolfo, with Servaingmen, or Pages attending on them; at another doore enter Lodouico, meeting them.

Lodouico. Good day, Gallants.

Omnes. Good morrow, sweet

Lodouico. How doest thou Carolo.

Carolo. Faith as the Physicions doe in a Plague, see the World sicke, and am well my selfe.

Fontinell. Here's a sweet morning, Gentlemen.

Lod. Oh, a morning to tempt you from his Ningle Gained, which is but to glue Dary Wench's greene gowns as they are going a milking; what, is thy Lord stirring yet?

Astolfo. Yes, he will not be horf this hour, fare.
The Honest Whore.

Beraldo. My lady sweares he shall, for she longs to bee at Court.
Carolo. Oh, we shall ride swich and spurre, would we were there once.

Enter Bryan the Footman.

Lod. How now, is thy Lord ready?
Bryan. No so crees sa mee, my Lady will haue some little Tyng in her pelly first.
Caro. Oh, then they're to breakefast.
Lod. Footman, does my Lord ride y' th Coach with my Lady, or on horsebacke?
Bry. No foot la, my Lady will haue me Lord sheet wid her, my Lord will sheet in de one side, and my Lady sheet in de toder side.

Exit.  
Lod. My Lady sheet in de toder side: did you euer here a Rafcall talke so like a Pagan? Is't not strange that a fellow of his stature, should bee seene here so long in Italy, yet speake so from a Christian?

Enter Anthonio, Georgio, a poore Scholler.

Aftol. An Irishman in Italy! that so strange! why, the nation haue running heads.

Exchange Walk.

Lod. Nay Carolo, this is more strange, I ha bin in France, theres few of them: Mary, England they count a warme chimney corner, and there they swarm like Crickets to the creuce of a Brew-house; but Sir, in England I haue noted one thing.

Ommes. What's that, what's that of England?
Lod. Mary this Sir, what's he yonder!
Bert. A poore fellow would speake with my Lord.

Lod. In England, Sir, troth I euer laugh when I thinke on't: to fee a whole Nation shoule be mark't i'th forehead, as a man may say, with one Iron: why Sir, there all Costermongers are Irishmen.
The Honest Whore.

Caro. Oh, that's to shew their Antiquity, as coming from Eve, who was an Apple-wife, and they take after the Mother.

Omnès. Good, good, ha, ha.

Led. Why then, should all your Chimney-sweepers likewise be Irishmen! I answer that now, come, your wit.

Caro. Faith, that's soone answer'd, for S. Patricke you know keepes Purgatory, hee makes the fire, and his Country-men could doe nothing, if they cannot sweene the Chimneys.

Omnès. Good aye.

Led. Then, Sir, haue you many of them (like this fellow) (especially tho't of his hair) Footmen to Noblemen and others, and the Knaues are very faithfull where they love, by my faith very proper men many of them, and as active as the cloudes, whirre, hah.

Omnès. Are they fo!

Led. And stout! exceeding stout; Why, I warrant, this precious wild Villaine, if hee were put to't, would fight more desperatly then sixteene Dunkerkers.

Afio. The women they say are very faire.

Led. No, no, our Country Bona Robaes, oh! are the fuglful delicious Rogues.

Afio. Oh, looke, he has a feeling of them.

Led. Not I, I protest, there's a sayng when they commend Nations: It goes, the Irishman for his hand, Welshman for a leg, the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for beard.

Irón. I faith, they may make swabbers of them.

Led. The Spaniard, let me fee, for a little foot (I take it) the Frenchman, what a pox hath he? and fo of the rest.

Are they at breakfast yet! come walk.

Afio. This Ledouio, is a notable tongued fellow.

Irón. Discourse's well.

Berc. And a very honest Gentleman.

Afio. Oh! hee's well valued by my Lord.
The Honest Whore.

Enter Bellafront with a Petition.

Fro. How now, how now, what's the?  
Bert. Let's make towards her.  
Bell. Will it be long, sir, ere my Lord come forth?  
Afl. Would you speake with my Lord!  
Lad. How now, what's this, a Nurses Bill? hath any here got thee with child, and now will not keepe it?  
Bell. No sir, my businesse is vnto my Lord.  
Lad. Hee's about his owne wife now, hee'll hardly dispatch two carres in a morning.  
Afl. No matter what he failes, faire Lady, hee's a Knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.  
Fro. My Lord will passe this way presently.  
Bert. A pretty plumpe Rogue.  
Afl. A good lusty bopping baggage.  
Bert. Doe you know her?  
Lad. A pex on her. I was sure her name was in my Table-booke once. I know not of what cut her dye is now, but she has beene more common then Tobacco: this is the that had the name of the Honest Whore.

Owen. Is this she?  
Lad. This is the Backamore that by washing was turned white: this is the Briding Preece now known: this is thee that (if any of her religion can be fained) was fained by my Lord Friends.  
Afl. She has beene a goodly creature.  
Lad. She has bin' that's the Epitaph of all Whores. I'm well acquainted with the poore Gentleman her Husband, Lord! what fortunes that man has overreached! She knowes not me, yet I have beene in her company, I scarce know her, for the beauty of her checke hath (like the Moore) suffred strange Eclipses since I beheld it: her wweetin are like Medlars, (so sooner ripe but rotten.)  
A woman lye was made, but is spent all.
The Honest Whore.

Yet man is oft proued, in performance worft.

Omnes. My Lord is come.

Enter Hypolito, Infeliche, and two waiting women.

Hyp. We ha wafted halfe this morning: morrow
Lodovico.

Lod. Morrow Madam.

Hyp. Let's away to Horfe.


Beda. I doe befeech your Lordship, let your eye
read o're this wretched Paper.

Hyp. I'm in haft, pray the good woman take some
after time.

Infe. Good Woman doe.

Bf. Oh last! it does concern a poore mans life.

Hyp. Life! sweet heart! Seat your selfe, I'll but
read this and come.

Lod. What flockings haue you put on this morning,
Madam; if they be not yellow, change them; that
paper is a Letter from some Wench to your Husband.

Infe. Oh sir, that cannot make me jealous.

Hyp. Your busines, sir, to me!

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hyp. Preferently sir; are you Matheos wife.

Beda. That most vnfortunate woman.

Hyp. I'm forry thef e tormes are fallen on him, I
loue Mathao.

And any good shall doe him, hee and I
Haue fealed two bonds of friendship, which are strong
In me, how euer Fortune does him wrong;
He speakes here hee's condemned. Is't fo?

Bf. Too true.

Hyp. What was he whom he killed! Oh, his
name's here; old Iacomone, fonne to the Florentine
Iacomo, a dog, that to meet profit, would to the very
eyelids waide in blood of his owne children. Tell
Mathao, the Duke my father hardly shall deny his
signed pardon, 'twas a fair fight, yes if rumors tongue
go true, so writes he here.
To morrow morning I return from Court,
Pray be you here then. Ile haue done fir straight:
But in troth say, are you Mathews wife?
You haue forgot me.
Bel. No, my Lord.
Hip. Your Turner
That made you smooth to run an euen byas,
You know I loued you when your very foule
Was full of discord: art not a good wench still?
Bel. Vmph, when I had left my way to heauen,
you shewed it:
I was new borne that day. Enter Lodouico.
1od. S'foot, my Lord, your Lady asks if you haue
not left your Wench yet? When you get in once, you
neuer haue done: come, come, come, pay your old
score, and fend her packing, come.
Hip. Ride softly on before, Ile overtake you.
Lod. Your Lady sweares she'll haue no riding on
before, without ye.
Hip. Prethee good Lodouico.
Lod. My Lord pray haften.
Hip. I come: to morrow let me see you, fare you
well: commend me to Mathews: pray one word more:
Does not your father liue about the Court?
Bel. I thinke he does, but such rude spots of
flame
Stick on my cheeke, that he scarce knowes my name
Hip. Orlando Friscabaldo, Is't not?
Bel. Yes my Lord.
Hip. What does he for you?
Bel. All he shoulde: when Children
From duty start, Parents from loue may swarne.
He nothing does: for nothing I deferue.
Hip. Shall I ioyne him vnto you, and restore you
to wonted grace?
Bel. It is impossible. Exit Bellaf.
Hip. It shall be put to tryall: fare you well:
The Honest Whore.

The face I would not looke on! ture then 'twas rare,
When in despit of griefe, 'tis still thus faire.
Now, sir, your businesse with me.

Ant. I am bold to expresse my loue and duty to
your Lordship in thes few leaues.

Hip. A Booke!

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hip. Are you a Scholler?

Ant. Yes, my Lord, a poore one.

Hip. Sir, you honor me.

Kings may be Schollers Patrons, but faith tell me,
To how many hands beides hath this bird flowne,
How many partners share with me?

Ant. Not one in troth, not one: your name I held
more deare,
I'm not (my Lord) of that low Character.

Hip. Your name I pray?

Ant. Antonio Georgio.

Hip. Of Milan?

Ant. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Ile borrow leaue

To read you o're, and then we'll talke: till then
Drinke vp this gold, good wits should loue good wine,
This of your loues, the earnest that of mine.
How now, sir, where's your Lady, not gone yet?

Enter Bryan.

Bryan. I fart di Lady is runne away from dee, a
mighty deale of ground, she fent me backe for dine
owne sweet face, I pray dee come my Lord away, wut
tow goe now!

Hip. Is the Coach gone?
Saddle my Horfe the forrell.

Bryan. A pox a de Horfe nofe, he is a lowfy raf-
cally fellow, when I came to gird his belly, his scurly
guts rumbled, di Horfe farted in my face, and dow
knowelf, an Irishman cannot abide a fart, but I haue
faddled de Hobby-horfe, di fine Hobby is ready, I
pray dee my good sweet Lord, wit tow goe now, and
I will runne to de Deuill before dee!

Hip. Well, sir, I pray lets fee you Master Scholler.

Bry. Come I pray dee, wut come sweet face?

Goe.      

Exeunt.

Enter Lodouico, Carolo, Asfolpho, Bercaldo.

Lod. Gods fo, Gentlemen, what doe we forget?

Onnes. What?

Lod. Are not we all enioynd as this day, Thursday is't not? I as that day to be at the Linen-drapers hous e at dinner?

Car. Signior Candido, the patient man.

Asfo. Afore Ioue, true, vpon this day hee's married.

Berc. I wonder, that being so flung with a Waspe before, he dares venture againe to come about the eauses amongst Bees.

Lod. Oh 'tis rare fucking a sweet Hony-combe; pray Heauen his old wife be buried deepe enough, that the rife not vp to call for her daunce, the poore Fidlers Instruments would cracke for it, shee'd tickle them: at any hand let's try what mettle is in his new Bride, if there be none, we'll put in some; troth it's a very noble Citizen, I pity he should marry againe, hee walke alone, for it is a good old fellow.

Caro. I warrant, the Wives of Millan would gue any fellow thousand Duckets, that could but haue the face to beg of the Duke, that all the Citizens in Millan might be bound to the peace of patience, as the Linen-draper is.

Lod. Oh fy vpon't, 'twould vndoe all vs that are Courtiers, we should haue no whoe with the wenches then.

Enter Hipollito.

Onnes. My Lord's come.

Hip. How now, what news?

Onnes. None.

Lod. Your Lady is with the Duke her Father.
The Honest Whore.

_Hip._ And we'll to them both presently, whoe's that?

_Enter Orlando Friscobaldo._

_Ommes._ Signior Friscobaldo.

_Hip._ Friscobaldo, oh! pray call him, and leaque me, wee two haue butinesse.

_Car._ Ho Signior! Signior Friscobaldo.

The Lord _Hippolito._

_Orla._ My Noble Lord: my Lord _Hippolito!_ the Dukes Sonne! his braue Daughters braue Husband! how does your honor Lordship! does your Nobility remember to poore a Gentleman as Signior Orlando Friscobaldo! old mad Orlando!

_Hip._ Oh sir, our friends! they ought to be vnto vs as our Jewels, as dearely valued, being locked vp, & vnfeene, as when we weare them in our hands. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood, for all Times sickle has gone ouer you, you are Orlando full.

_Orla._ Why my Lord, are not the fields mown and cut downe, and stript bare, and yet weare they not pide coates againe? tho my head be like a Leeke, white: may not my heart be like the blade, greene?

_Hip._ Scarce can I read the Stories on your brow, Which age hath writ there, you looke youthfull full.

_Orla._ I eate Snakes, my Lord, I eate Snakes. My heart shall neuer haue a wrinkle in it, fo long as I can cry Hem with a cleare voice.

_Hip._ You are the happier man, sir.

_Orla._ Happy man! Ie give you (my Lord) the true picture of a happy man; I was turning leaues ouer this morning, and found it, an excellent Italian Painter drew it. If I haue it in the right colours, Ile befoew it on your Lordship.

_Hip._ I slay for it.

_Orla._ He that makes gow. his wife, but not his whore,

He that at noone-day walkes by a priston doore,
The Honest Whore.

He that 'ith Sunne is neither beame nor moate,
He that's not mad after a Petticoate,
He for whom poore mens curfes dig ho graue,
He that is neither Lords nor Lawyers flae,
He that makes This his Sea, and That his Shore,
He that in's Coffin is richer then before,
He that counts Youth his Sword, and Age his Staffe,
He whose right hand carues his owne Epitaph,
He that upo'n his death-bead is a Swap,
And Dead, no Crow, he is a happy man.

_Hip._ It's very well, I thanke you for this Piicture.

_Ora._ After this Piicture (my Lord) doe I strieue to
    haue my face drawne:
For I am not couetous,
Am not in debt,
Sit neither at the Dukes side,
Nor he at his feete.
Wenching and I haue done, no man I wrong,
No man I feare, no man I fee;
I take heed how farre I walke, because I know
yonders my home.
I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing
away faue a winding fheeete:
But like a good man, to leaue Orlando behind me.
I fowedleaues in my Youth, and I reape now Bookes
in my Age.
I fill this hand, and empty this, and when the bell
shalt toll for me, if I proue a Swan, & go finging
to my nefft, why fo?
If a Crow I throw me out for carrion, & pick out mine
eyes.
May not old Frisicabalo (my Lord) be merry now! ha?

_Hip._ You may, would I were partner in your
mirth.

_Ora._ I haue a little,
Haue all things;
I haue nothing; I haue no wife, I haue no child, haue
no chick, and why shoulde not I be in my focun-
dare!
The Honest Whore.

_Hip._ Is your wife then departed?

*Orla._ She's an old dweller in those high Countries, Yet not from me,
Here, she's here: but before me, when a Knaue and a Queane are married, they commonly walke like Serjeants together: but a good couple are seldom parted.

_Hip._ You had a Daughter too sir, had you not?

*Orla._ Oh my Lord! this old Tree had one Branch, (and but one Branch growing out of it) It was young, it was faire, it was straight; I prunide it daily, dreeft it carefully, kept it from the winde, help'd it to the Sunne, yet for all my skill in planting, it grew crooked, it bore Crabs; I hewed it downe, What's become of it, I neither know, nor care.

_Hip._ Then can I tell you whatts become of it;
That Branch is witherd.

*Orl._ So 'twas long agoe.

_Hip._ Her name I thinke was Bellafont, she's dead.

*Orlando._ Ha? dead?

_Hip._ Yes, what of her was left, not worth the keeping.

Even in my sight was throwne into a Graue.

*Orl._ Dead! my laft and best peace goe with her,
I see deaths a good trencherman, he can eat course homely meat, as well as the daintiester.

_Hip._ Why, Friscabalbo, was the homely!

*Orla._ O my Lord! a Strumpet is one of the Deuils Vines; all the finnes like fo many Poles are flukee vpright out of hell, to be her props, that the may spread vpon them. And when she's ripe, everey Slaue has a pull at her, then must she be preft. The yong beautifull Grape fets the teeth of Luft on edge, yet to taste thatlickrith Wine, is to drinke a mans owne damnation. Is she dead?

_Hip._ Shee's turned to earth.

*Orla._ Wod she were turn'd to heauen; Vmh, is she dead! I am glad the world has lost one of his Idols; no Whore-monger will at midnight beat at the
doore; In her graue sleepe all my shame, and her
owne; and all my sorrowes, and all her fynes.

_Hip._ I'm glad you are _wax_, not marble; you are
made
Of mans best temper, there are now good hopes
That all these heapes of ice about your heart,
By which a fathers love was frozen vp.
Are thawed in these sweet showres fetcht from your
eyes,
We are ne'er like Angels till our passion dyes,
She is not dead, but liues vnder worfe fate,
I thinke she's poore, and more to clip her wings,
Her Husband at this houre lies in the Tayls,
For killing of a man, to faue his blood,
Toyn all your force with mine: mine shall be showne,
The getting of his life perfuerus your owne.

_Orla._ In my daughter you will say! does she live
then? I am sore I waited teares vpon a Harlot, but
the best is I have a handkercher to drinke them vp,
lope can wash them all out agen.
Is she poore?

_Hip._ Trust me, I thinke she is.

_Orla._ Then she's a right Strumpet; I ne'rr knew
any of their trade rich two yeeres together; Sues can
hold no water, nor Harlots hoord vp money; they
have many vents, too many fouses to let it out;
Tawernes, Taylors, Bawds, Panders, Fidlers, Swag-
gerers, Pooles and Knaues, doe all waite vpon a
common Harlots trencher: she is the Gally-pot to
which these Drones flye: not for love to the pot, but
for the sweet bucket within it, her money, her money.

_Hip._ I almost dare pawne my word, her boosome
gives warmth to no such Snakes; when did you see
her?

_Orla._ Not feenteene Summers.

_Hip._ Is your hate so old?

_Orla._ Older; it has a white head, and shall never
dye till she be buried,
The Honest Whore.

Her wrongs shall be my bedfellow.

Hip. Worke yet his life, since in it liues her fame.

Orla. No, let him hang, and halfe her infamy departs out of the world: I hate him for her; he taught her first to taste poyfon; I hate her for her selfe, because she refused my Phyficke.

Hip. Nay but Friscabaldo.

Orla. I detest her, I defie both, she's not mine, she's

Hip. Heare her but speake.

Orla. I love no Maremaides, I le not be caught with a quail pipe.

Hip. Y'are now beyond all reason.

Orla. I am then a Beaffe, Sir, I had rather be a beast, and not dishonor my creation, then be a doing father, & like Time, be the destruction of mine owne broode.

Hip. Is't dotage to relieve your child being poore?

Orla. Is't fit for an old man to keepe a whore?

Hip. 'Tis charity too.

Orla. 'Tis foolery; relieve her!

Were her cold limbes stretche out vpon a Beere,
I would not fell this durt vnder my nailes
To buy her an hours breath, nor giue this haire,
Vielle it were to choke her.

Hip. Fare you well, for Ile trouble you no more.

Exeunt

Orla. And fare you well Sir, goe thy waies, we haue few Lords of thy making, that loue wenches for their honesty; Las my Girle! art thou poore! poverty dwells next doore to defaire, there's but a wall betwene them; despaire is one of hells Catch-poles; and left that Deuill arrest her, Ile to her, yet the shall not know me; she shall drinke of my wealth, as beggers doe of running water, freely, yet neuer know from what Fountains head it flowes. Shall a filly bird picke her owne breit to nourish her yong ones and can a father fee his child flauue! That were hard; The Pelican does it, and shall not I. Yes, I will victual the Campe for her, but it shall be by some
The Honest Whore.

A stratagem; that knaue there her husband will be hanged I feare. Ile keepe his necke out of the nooze if I can, he shall not know how.

Enter two Serving-men.

Orl. How now knaues, whither wander you?
1. To feeke your Worship.

Orl. Stay, which of you has my purfe, what money have you about you?

2. Some fifteene or sixteene pounds, sir.

Orl. Glue it me, I think I have some gold about me; yes, it's well; leave my Lodging at Court, and get you home. Come sir, tho I never turned any man out of doores, yet I'me be so bold as to pull your Coat over your cares.

1. What doe you meant to doe sir?

Orl. Hold thy tongue knaue, take thou my Cloake, I hope I play not the paltry Merchant in this bartering; bid the Steward of my house, sleepe with open eyes in my absence, and to looke to all things, whatsoever I command by Letters to be done by you, fee it done. So, does it fit well?

2. As if it were made for your Worship.

Orl. You proud Variets, you need not bee ashamed to weare blue, when your Master is one of your fellows; away, doe not fee me.

Both. This is excellent. Exit.

Orl. I should put on a worfe suit too; perhaps I will. My Vizard is on, now to this maske. Say I should shawe off this Honor of an old man, or tye it vp shorter: Well, I will spoyle a good face for once. My beard being off, how should I looke! even like A Winter Cuckoo, or unfetherd Owle;
Yet better lose this haire, then lose her foule. Exit.

Enter Candido, Lodouico, and Carolo. Lodouico other Guesst, and Bride with Frontifes.

Cand. O Gentlemen, fo late, y'are very welcome, pray sit downe.
The Honest Whore.

Lod. Carole, did 't ere see such a nest of Caps?
Asto. Me thinks
It's a most ciuill and most comely sight.
Lod. What does he'ith middle looke like?
Asto. Troth like a spire steeple in a Country Village ouerpeering so many thatcht houses.
Lod. It's rather a long pipe staffe against so many bucklers without pikes; they fit for all the world like a paire of Organs, and he's the tall great roaring pipe 'ith middlet.
Asto. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Cand. What's that you laugh at, Signiors?
Lod. Troth shall I tell you, and aloude I cle tell it, We laugh to see (yet laugh we not in scorne) Amongst so many Caps that long Hat wore.
Lodo. Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in Milan, and therefore I love it, for the blocke was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a haire.
Cand. Indeed you are good obferuers, it shewes strange.

But Gentlemen, I pray neither contemne, Nor yet deride a ciuill ornament; I could build so much in the round Caps praife, That love this hye roote, I this flat would raife.
Lod. Prethee sweet Bridegrome don't.
Cand. So all these guestes will pardon me, Ile don't.

Omnes. With all our hearts.
Cand. Thus then in the Caps honor,
To every Sex and flate, both Nature, Time,
The Countries lawes, yea and the very Cline Doe allot distinct habits, the spruce Courtier Iets vp and downe in silke: the Warrior Marches in buffe, the Clowne plods on in gray: But for these ypper garments thus I say, The Sea-man has his Cap, par'd without brim, The Gallants head is featherd, that fits him; The Soldier has his Murren, women ha Tires; Beasts haue their head-peesces, and men ha theirs.
The Honest Whore.

Lod. Proceed.

Cand. Each degree has his fashion, it's fit then,
One should be laid by for the Citizen,
And that's the Cap which you see wears not bye,
For Caps are Emblems of humility;
It is a Citizen's badge, and first was worn
By'th Romanes; for when any Bondman's turn
Came to be made a Freeman: thus 'twas laid,
He to the Cap was call'd; that is, was made
Of Rome a Freeman, but was first close shorn,
And so a Citizen's hair is still short worn.

Lod. That close shawing made Barbers a Com-
pany,
And now every Citizen vies it.

Cand. Of Geometricke figures the most rare,
And perfect'd are the Circle and the square,
The City and the Schoole much build upon
These figures, for both have proportion.
The City Cap is round, the Schollers square,
To shew that Government and learning are
The perfect limbs 'th body of a State:
For without them, all's disproportionate.
If the Cap had no honor, this might reare it,
The Reuerend Fathers of the Law doe weare it.
It's light for Summer, and in cold it fits
Close to the scull, a warme house for the wits;
It shewes the whole face boldly, 'tis not made
As if a man to looke on't were afraid,
Nor like a Drapers shop with broad darkie shed,
For hee's no Citizen that hides his head.
Flat Caps as proper are to Citizen Gownes,
As to Armors Helmets, or to Kings their Crownes.
Let then the City Cap by none be t'commd,
Since with it Princes heads have beene adorn'd.
If more the round Caps honor you would know,
How would this long Gowne with this steeple how?

Omn. Ha, ha, ha: most vile, most vgly.

Cand. Pray Signior pardon me, 'twas done in jest.

Bride. A cup of claret wine there.
The Honest Whore.

1. Wine; yes forthoof, wine for the Bride.
   Car. You ha well set out the Cap, sir.
   Lod. Nay, that's flat.
   Long. A health.
   Lod. Since his Cap's round, that shall goe round.
   Be bare,
For in the Caps praine all of you haue share
   The Bride hits the Prentice on the lips.
   Lod. The Bride's at cuffs.
   Cand. Oh, peace I pray thee, thus far off I stand,
   I spied the error of my seruants,
   She call'd for Claret, and you fill'd out Sacke;
   That cup give me, 'tis for an old mans backe,
   And not for hers. Indeed 'twas but mistaken, aske
   all these else.
   Omnes. No faith, 'twas but mistaken.
1. Nay, she tooke it right enough.
Here, Miftiris Bride, pledge me there.
   Bride. Now Ile none.
   Exit Bride.
   Cand. How now!
   Lod. Looke what your Miftiris ayles.
1. Nothing, sir, but about filling a wrong glasse,
   a fcury tricke.
   Cand. I pray you hold your tongue, my seruant
   there tells me she is not well.
   Omnes. Step to her, step to her.
   Lod. A word with you; doe ye heare? This
   wench (your new wife) will take you downe in your
   wedding shooes, vnleast you hang her vp in her wed-
   ding garters.
   Cand. How, hang her in her garters!
   Lod. Will you be a tame Pidgeon still? shall your
   backe be like a Tortoys shell, to let Carts goe over it,
   yet not to breake? This Shee-cat will have more
   lines then your last Puffe had, and will scratch worfe,
   and mouze you worfe: looke toot.
   Cand. What would you haue me doe, sir?
   Lod. What would I haue you doe? Swear, brawle, fling; for fighting it's no matter, we
ha had knocking Pusses enow already; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The Morall of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife; be you like an Orange to her, let her cut you neuer so faire, be you sowre as vinegar; will you be ruled by me?

_Cand._ In any thing that's ciuill, honest, and iust.

_Lod._ Haue you euer a Prentices suit will fit me?

_Cand._ I haue the very fame which my felfe wore.

_Lod._ Ile fend my man for't within this halfe hour, and within this two houres Ile be your Prentice: the Hen shall not ouercrowe the Cocks, Ile sharpen your fpurres.

_Cand._ It will be but some left, sir.

_Lod._ Onely a left: farewell, come _Carolo. Exeunt._

_Omnes._ We'll take our leaues, Sir, too.

_Cand._ Pray conceite not ill of my wiues sodaine rifting. This young Knight, Sir _Lodo_ nico, is deepe feene in Philicke, and he tells me, the difeafe call'd the Mother, hangs on my wife, it is a vehement heauing and beating of the Stomacke, and that swelling did with the paine thereof crampe vp her arme, that hit his lips, and brake the glasse: no harme, it was no harme.

_Omnes._ No, _Signior_, none at all.

_Cand._ The straightest arrow may flye wide by chance.

But come, we'll close this brawle vp in some dance.

_Exeunt._

_Enter_ Bellafront and Matheo.

_Bell._ Oh my sweet Husband, wert thou in thy grave, and art alieue agen? O welcome, welcome.

_Mat._ Doest know me? my cloake prethee lay't vp. Yes faith, my winding sheete was taken out of Lauender, to be flucke with Rosermay, I lacke but the knot
here, or here; yet if I had had it, I should ha made
a wry mouth at the world like a Playfe: but sweetest
villaine, I am here now, and I will talke with thee
foone.

Bel. And glad am I th'art here.

Mat. Did thefe heeles caper in shackles? A my
little plumpe rogue, Ile beare vp for all this, and flye
hye. *Catso Catso.*

Bel. *Matheo?*

Mat. What fayef, what fayef? O braue fresh
ayre, a pox on thfe Grates and gingling of Keyes,
and rattling of Iron. Ile beare vp, Ile flye hye wench,
hang Toffe.

Bel. *Matheo,* prethee make thy prifon thy glaffe,
And in it view the wrinkles, and the scarres,
By which thou wert disfigured, viewing them, mend
them.

Mat. Ile goe visit all the mad rogues now, and the
good roaring boyes.

Bel. Thou doest not heare me?*

Mat. Yes faith doe I.

Bel. Thou haft beene in the hands of misery, and
tane strong Phylicke, prethee now be found.

Mat. Yes. S'foot, I wonder how the inside of a
Tauerne lookes now. Oh when shall I bizle, bizle?*

Bel. Nay fee, th'art thirstly still for poyson, come, I
will not have thee swagger.

Mat. Honest Apes face.

Bel. 'Tis that sharpened an axe to cut thy thraote.
Good Loue, I would not haue thee fell thy subflance
And time (worth all) in thofe damned shops of Hell;
Thofe Dying houfes, that fland neuer well,
But when they fland moft ill, that foure-squared
finne
Has almost lodg'd vs in the beggers Inne.
Befides (to speake which euen my foule does grieue)
A fort of Rauens haue hung vpon thy fleeue,
And fed vpon thee: good Mat. (if you please)
The Honest Whore.

Scorne to spread wing amongst so base as these;
By them thy fame is speckled, yet it showes
Cleare amongst them; so Crowes are faire with
Crowes.

Custome in sinne, giues sinne a louely dye.
Blackneffe in Mores is no deformity.

Mat. Belfront, Belfront, I protest to thee, I
sware, as I hope my soule, I will turne ouer a new
leaue, the prifon I confesse has bit me, the best man
that fayles in such a Ship, may be lowly.

Bd. One knockes at doore.

Mat. Ile be the Porter: they shall see, a fayle
cannot hold a braue spirit, Ile fye hye.    Exiit.

Bd. How wilde is his behauior! oh, I feare
He's fpoild by prifon, he's halfe damned comes
there.

But I must fit all stormes: when a full fayle
His fortunes fpered, he loued me: being now poore,
Ile beg for him, and no wife can doe more.

Enter Matheo, and Orlando like a Servvingman.

Mat. Come in pray, would you speake with me,
sir?

Orl. Is your name Signior Matheo?

Mat. My name is Signior Matheo.

Orl. Is this Gentlewoman your wife, sir?

Mat. This Gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

Crf. The Deflinies fip a strong and even thread
of both your ioues: the Mothers owne face, I ha not
forgot that, I'm an old man, sir, & am troubled with a
whorefon falt rheume, that I cannot hold my water.

Gentlewoman, the laft man I ferued was your Father.

Bd. My Father? any tongue that sounds his
name,

Speakes Musick to me: welcome good old man.

How does my father? lives he? has he health?

How does my father? I so much doe shame him,
The Honest Whore.

So much doe wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

Orl. I can speake no more.

Mat. How now old Lad, what doest cry?

Orl. The rhewme still, sir, nothing else; I should be well seafond, for mine eyes lye in brine: looke you, sir, I have a suite to you.

Mat. What is't, my little white pate?

Orl. Troth, sir, I have a mind to ferue your Worship.

Mat. To ferue me! Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may say—

Orl. Nay looke you, sir, I know when all finnes are old in vs, and goe vpon Crutches, that Coutouffelie doeth but then lie in her Cradle; 'Tis not so with me. Letchery loues to dwell in the fairest lodging, and Coutouffelie in the oldest buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head, sir, is no Inne for such a gofflip. If a Scuillingman at my yeeres be not flored with bisket enough, that has fayled about the world to ferue him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him East-home; Ill pitty but all his daies should be failling daies: I care not so much for wages, for I haue scraped a handful of gold together; I haue a little money, sir, which I would put into your Worships hands, not so much to make it more.

Mat. No, no, you say well, thou sayest well; but I must tell you: How much is the money, sayest thou?

Orl. About twenty pound, Sir.

Mat. Twenty pound? Let me see: that shall bring thee in, after ten per centum, per annum.

Orl. No, no, no, sir, no: I cannot abide to have money ingender: yse vpon this siluer Lechery, yse; if I may haue meat to my mouth, and rags to my backe, and a flock-bed to snotr vpon, when I die, the longer liuer take all.

Mat. A good old Boy, yfaith, if thou feruest me,
thou shalt eat as I eat, drinke as I drinke, lye as I lye, and ride as I ride.

Orl. That's if you have money to hire horses.

Mat. Front. What doest thou thinke on't? This good old Lad here shall serve me.

Bel. Alas, Mathet, wilt thou load a backe
That is already broke?

Mat. Peace, pox on you, peace, there's a tricke
in't, I flye hye, it shall be so, Front. as I tell you: give me thy hand, thou shalt serve me 
yfaith: wel-
come: as for your money——

Orl. Nay, looke you sir, I haue it here.

Mat. Peh, keepe it thy felle, man, and then th'art
fure 'tis safe.

Orl. Safe! and 'twere ten thousand Duckets, your Worship should be my cash-keeper; I haue heard
what your Worship is, an excellent dunghill Cocke, to
scatter all abroad: but Ile venture twenty pound on's
head.

Mat. And didst thou serve my Worshipfull Father-
in-law, Signior Orlando Frisabalde, that mad man
once?

Orl. I served him so long, till he turned me out of
doores.

Mat. It's a notable Chuffe, I ha not seene him
many a day.

Orl. No matter and you ne'er see him: it's an
arant Grandy, a Churle, and as damnd a cut-throat.

Bel. Thou villain, curb thy tongue, thou art a
Judas,
To fell thy Masters name to slander thus.

Mat. Away Affe, he speakes but truth, thy father is
a——

Bel. Gentleman.

Mat. And an old knaue, there's more deceit in him
then in sixteene Poticaries: it's a Deuill, thou maust
beg, flure, hang, damme; does he lend thee so much
as a cheefe?
The Honest Whore.

Ori. Or so much as a Gammon of Bacon, Hee’ll give it his Dogs firft.
Mat. A layle, a layle.
Ori. A lew, a lew, fir.
Mat. A Dog.
Ori. An English Maffiffe, fir.
Mat. Pox rot out his old flinking garbage.
Bd. Art not ashamed to strike an abfent man thus †
Art not ashamed to let this wild Dog barke, And bite my Father thus † Ile not indure it; Out of my doores, baie flauæ.
Mat. Your dores a vengeance † I shall liue to cut that old rogues throat, for all you take his part thus.
Ori. He shall liue to see thee hangd firft.

Enter Hippolito.

Mat. Godsfo my Lord, your Lordship is moft wel-
come,
I'm proud of this, my Lord.
Hip. Was bold to fee you.
Is that your wife †
Mat. Yes fir.
Hip. Ile borrow her lip.
Mat. With all my heart, my Lord.
Ori. Who's this, I pray fir †
Mat. My Lord Hippolito: what's thy name †
Ori. Pacheco.
Mat. Pacheco, fine name; Thou feest Pacheco, I keepe company with no Scoundrels, nor baie fel-
lowes.
Hip. Came not my Footman to you †
Bd. Yes my Lord.
Hip. I lent by him a Diamond and a Letter,
Did you receive them †
Bd. Yes my Lord, I did.
Hip. Read you the letter?
The Honest Whore.

Bel. O're and o're tis read.
Hip. And faith your answer?
Bel. Now the time's not fit,
You see, my Husbands here.
Hip. Ile now then leave you,
And choose mine house; but ere I part away,
Harke, you remember I must have no nay.
Matho, I will leave you.
Mat. A glaffe of wine.
Hip. Not now, Ile visit you at other times.
Y'are come off well then?
Mat. Excellent well, I thank your Lordship: I
owe you my life, my Lord; and will pay my best
blood in any service of yours.
Hip. Ile take no such deare payment, harke you
Matho, I know, the prison is a gulf, if money ruine
low with you, my purse is yours: call for it.
Mat. Faith my Lord, I thanke my flares, they
send me done so me; I cannot finke, so long as these
bladders hold.
Hip. I will not see your fortunes ebe, pray try.
To starue in full barnes were fond modestly.
Mat. Open the doore, sirra.
Hip. Drinke this, and anon I pray thee give thy
Miftress this. Exit.
Orl. O Noble Spirit, if no worse guests here
 dwell,
My blue coate fits on my old shoulders well.
Mat. The onely royall fellow, he's bounteous as
the Indies, what's that he said to thee, Bellafront?
Bel. Nothing.
Mat. I prethee good Girle!
Bel. Why I tell you nothing.
Mat. Nothing! it's well: trickes, that I must be
beholden to a scald hot-liued gotish Gallant, to stand
with my cap in my hand, and vaile bonnet, when I ha
spred as lofty fayles as himselfe, wid I had beene
hanged. Nothing! Tacheo, brush my cloake.
Orl. Where is't, sir?
Mat. Come, wee'll flye hye.

Nothing? there is a whore still in thine eye. Exit.

Ori. My twenty pounds flyes high, O wretched woman,

This varlot's able to make Lucrece common.

How now Mifris! has my Master dyed you into this

faded colour!

Bel. Fellow, be gone I pray thee, if thy tongue

itch after talke so much, seeke out thy Master, th'art a

fit instrumen for him.

Ori. Zownes, I hope he will not play upon me!

Bel. Play on thee! no, you two will flye toge-

ther,

Because you are rousing arrowes of one feather.

Would thou wouldest leave my house, thou ne'r shalt

Please me weare thy nets ne'r so hye,

Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.

Th'art ranke with poyfon, poyfon temperd well,

Is food for health; but thy blacke tongue doth swell

With venom, to hurt him that gauze thee bread,

To wrong men absent, is to spurne the dead.

And so didst thou thy Master, and my Father.

Ori. You have small reason to take his part; for

I haue heard him say hee hundred times, you were

as arrant a whore as euer flipp'd; tiffany neckcloathes

in water-flarch upon a Saturday 'ith afternoone.

Bel. Let him say worse, when for the earths

offence

Hot vengeance through the marble clouds is druen,

Is't fit earth shoot agen those darts at heaven?

Ori. And so if your Father call you whore you'll

not call him old knawe: Friscabaldo, she carries thy

mind vp and downe; she's thine owne fleh, blood,

and bone; troth Mifris, to tell you true, the fire-

workes that ran from me vpone lines against my good

old Master, your father, were but to try how my

young Master, your Husband loued such squibs: but

it's well knowne, I loue your father as my felse; I'll

eride for him at mid-night, runne for you by Owle-
light: Ile dye for him, drudge for you; Ile flye low,
and Ile flye hye (as my Master saries) to doe you good,
if you'll forgive me.

Bel. I am not made of marble: I forgive thee.

Orl. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good
stone-cutter might cut you: I hope the twenty pound
I deliver'd to my Master, is in a sure hand.

Bel. In a sure hand I warrant thee for spending.

Orl. I see my yong Master is a mad-cap, and a
bonus focius, I loue him well, Misfris: yet as well as I
loue him, Ie not play the knaue with you; looke you,
I could cheate you of this purse full of money; but I
am an old Lad, and I fcome to cunny-catch: yet I ha
been Dog at a Cony in my time.

Bel. A purse, where hadst it?

Orl. The Gentleman that went away, whispred in
mine eare, and charged me to give it you.

Bel. The Lord Hippelette!

Orl. Yes, if he be a Lord, he gaue it me.

Bel. 'Tis all gold.

Orl. 'Tis like so: it may be, he thinkest you want
money, and therefore bestowes his almes brawely,
like a Lord.

Bel. He thinkest a filuer net can catch the poore,
Here's baite to choake a Nun, and turne her whore.
Wilt thou be honest to me?

Orl. As your nailes to your fingers, which I thinke
never deceuied you.

Bel. Thou to this Lord shalt goe, commend me to
him,
And tell him this, the Towne has held out long,
Because (within) 'twas rather true, then strong.
To fell it now were base; Say 'tis no hold
Built of weake fluffe, to be blowne vp with gold.
He shall beleuue thee by this token, or this;
If not, by this.

Orl. Is this all?

Bel. This is all.

The Honest Whore.

Bel. A Starre may shoote, not fall.

Exit Bellafront.

Ori. A Starre! nay, thou art more then the moone, for thou hast neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thornes. Is't possible the Lord Hipolito, whose face is as quill as the outside of a Dedicatory Booke, should be a Muttonmuger! A poore man has but one Ewe, and this Grady Sheep-biter leaues whole Flockes of fat Weathers (whom he may knocke downe), to devoure this. Ile truf neither Lord nor Butcher with quicke flesh for this tricke; the Cuckoo I see now sings all the yeere, though every man cannot heare him, but Ile fpoyle his notes; can neither Love-letter, nor the Devils common Pick-lockes (Gold) nor Precious Stones make my Girle draw vp her Perculis: hold out full, wench.

All are not Bawds (I see now) that keepe doores, Nor all good wenches that are markt for Whores.

Enter Candido, Lodouico like a Prentice.

Lod. Come, come, come, what do yee lacke, sir! what doe ye lacke, sir! what is't ye lacke sir! is not my Worship well suited? did you euer see a Gentleman better disguifed?

Cand. Neuer, beleue me, Signior.

Lod. Yes: but when he has bin drunke, there be Prentices would make mad Gallants, for they would spend all, and drinke, and whore, and fo forth; and I see we Gallants could make mad Prentices. How does thy wife like me? Nay, I must not be so fawcy, then I fpoyle all: pray you how does my Mistris like me?

Cand. Well: for she takes you for a very simple fellow.

Lod. And they that are taken for such, are com-
monly the arrantest knaues: but to our Comedy come.

**Cand.** I shall not act it, chide you say, and fret,
And grow impatient: I shall never doo't.

**Lod.** S'blood, cannot you doe as all the world
does it counterfeit.

**Cand.** Were I a Painter, that should live by draw-
ing nothing but Pictures of an angry man, I should
not earne my colours; I cannot doo't.

**Lod.** Remember y'are a Linnen Draper, and that
if you give your wife a yard, she'll take an ell: give
her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a
nayle.

**Cand.** Say I should turne to Ice, and nip her louse
Now 'tis but in the bud.

**Lod.** Well, say she's nipt.

**Cand.** It will to ouercharge her heart with griefe,
That like a Cannon, when her fighes goe off,
She in her duty either will recouyle,
Or breake in pieces and to dye: her death,
By my vnkindnesse might be counted Murther.

**Lod.** Dye! neuer, neuer; I doe not bid you beat
her, nor glue her blacke eyes, nor pinch her fides: but
croffe her humours. Are not Bakers armes the skales
of Iustice! yet is not their bread light! and may not
you I pray bridle her with a sharpe bit, yet ride her
gently!

**Cand.** Well, I will try your pills, doe you your
faithfull seruice, and bee ready full at a pinch to
helpe me in this part, or else I shall be out cleane.

**Lod.** Come, come, Ile prompt you.

**Cand.** Ile call her forth now, shall I?

**Lod.** Doe, doe, bravely.

**Cand.** Luke, I pray bid your Mitris to come
hither.

**Lod.** Luke, I pray bid your Mitris to come hither.

**Cand.** Sirra, bid my wife come to me: why, when

**Luke.** Prefently, sir, she comes.—within——
The Honest Whore.

Loe. La you, there's the echo, she comes.

Enter Bride.

Bride. What is your pleasure with me?

Cand. Mary wife,
I have intent, and (you see) this stripping here,
He bears good will and liking to my trade,
And means to deal in Linnen.

Loe. Yes indeed, sir, I would deal in Linnen, if
my Miltris like me so well as I like her.

Cand. I hope to find him honest, pray good wife
looke that his bed and chamber be made ready.

Bride. Y'are best to let him hire mee for his
maide. I looke to his bed! looke too't your selfe.

Cand. Even so
I swear to you a great oath.

Loe. Swear, cry Zoundes.

Cand. I will not, goe to wife, I will not.

Loe. That your great oath?

Cand. Swallow these gudgeons.

Loe. Well said.

Bride. Then fast, then you may choose.

Cand. You know at Table
What trickes you played, swaggard, broke glases!

Fie,

Fie, fie, fie: and now before my Prentice here
You make an affe of me; thou (what shall I call
thee?)

Bride. Even what you will.

Loe. Call her errant whore.

Cand. Oh fie, by no means, then she'll call me
Cuckold, firrah, goe looke to' th shop: how does
she now?

Loe. Excellent well, Ile goe looke to the shop, sir.
Fine Cambricks, Lawnes, what doe you lacke.

Exit Lodouico.

Cand. A curf Cowes milke I ha drunke once
before,
And 'twas so ranke in taste, Ile drinke no more.
Wife, Ile tame you.
The Honest Whore.

Orla. From a poore Gentlewoman, Madam, whom I serve.

Infz. And what's your business?

Orla. This, Madam: my poore Mistres has a waft piece of ground, which is her owne by inheritance, and left to her by her mother; There's a Lord now that goes about, not to take it cleane from her, but to inclose it to himselfe, and to ioyne it to a piece of his Lordships.

Infz. What would she have me doe in this?

Orla. No more, Madam, but what one woman should doe for another in such a case. My Honourable Lord, your Husband would doe any thing in her behalfe, but shee had rather put her selfe into your hands, because you (a woman) may doe more with the Duke your Father.

Infz. Where lyes this Land?

Orla. Within a fentes call of this place; my Mistres, I think, would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would serve his turne, so my Master would yeeld too: but she cannot abide to heare that the Lord should meddle with it in her life time.

Infz. Is she then married? why flirres not her Husband in it?

Orla. Her Husband flirres in it under hand: but because the other is a great rich man, my Master is loth to be feene in it too much.

Infz. Let her in writing draw the cause at large: And I will moue the Duke.

Orla. Tis fet downe, Madam, here in blacke and white already: worke it so, Madam, that the may keepe her owne without disturbage, grievance, molestation, or medling of any other; and she beftowes this purfe of gold on your Ladyship.

Infz. Old man, I pleade for her, but take no fees.

Give Lawyers them, I swim not in that flood, Ile touch no gold, till I haue done her good.
The Honest Whore.

Orl. I would all Proctors Clearkes were of your minde, I should law more amongst them then I doe then; here, Madam, is the furuey, not onely of the Mannor it selfe, but of the Grange house, with every Medow pasture, Plough-land, Cony-borough, Fith-pond, hedge, ditch, and buth that flands in it.

Infæ. My Husbands name, and hand and feale at armes to a Loue-letter! Where hadst thou this writing?

Orla. From the forefaid party, Madam, that would keepe the forefaid Land out of the forefaid Lords fingers.

Infæ. My Lord turnd Ranger now?

Orl. Y'are a good Huntrelle, Lady, you ha found your Game already: your Lord would faine be a Ranger, but my Mitris requestes you to let him runne a courfe in your owne Parke, if you'll not doo't for love, then doo't for money; she has no white money, but there's gold, or elle she prays you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be fre the note will not be rooting other mens pastures.

Infæ. This very purse was wouen with mine owne hands,

This Diamond on that very night, when he Vntyed my Virgin girdle, gaue I him:
And must a common Harlot thare in mine?
Old man, to quit thy paines, take thou the gold.

Orl. Not I, Madam, old Sruingmen want no money.

Infæ. Cupid himselfe was fre his Secretary,
These lines are eu'n the Arrows Loue let flies,
The very Ickke dropt out of Venus eyes.

Orla. I doe not thinke, Madam, but hee fetcht off some Poet or other for thofe lines, for they are parlous Hawkes to flye at wenches.

Infæ. Here's honied poyson, to me he ne'r thus writ,
But Luft can fet a double edge on wit.

Orla. Nay, that's true, Madam, a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.
The Honest Whore.

Infæ. Oathes, promisés, preferments, Jewels, gold, What fnares should breake, if all thése cannot hold? What creature is thy Milbris?

Orl. One of thése creatures that are contrary to man; a woman.

Infæ. What manner of woman?

Orl. A little tiny woman, lower then your Ladyship by head and shoulders, but as mad a wenches as ever unlace a petticoat: thése things should I indeed have deliuered to my Lord your Husband.

Infæ. They are deliuered better: Why should she send backe thése things?

Orl. Ware, ware, there is knavery.

Infæ. Strumpets like cheating gamblers will not win

At first; thése are but baits to draw him in.

How might I learme his hunting houres?

Orl. The Irish Footman can tell you all his hunting houres, the Parke he hunts in, the Doe he would strike, that Irish Shackatory beates the bush for him, and knowes all; he brought that Letter, and that Ring; he is the Carrier.

Infæ. Knowest thou what other gifts have past betwene them?

Orl. Little S. Patrick knowes all.

Infæ. Him Ile examine prefently.

Orl. Not whilest I am here, sweet Madam.

Infæ. Be gon then, & what lyes in me command.

Exit Orl.

Enter Bryan.

Infæ. Come hither sirra, how much cost thése Satins, and cloth of Siluer, which my husband sent by you to a low Gentlewoman yonder?


Infæ. She there, to whom you carried letters.

Bry. By dis hand and bod dow fast true, if I did fo, oh how I know not a letter a de Book ysaat la.
The Honest Whore.

Infæ. Did your Lord neuer send you with a Ring, 
Sir, let with a Diamond?

Bry. Neuer, sa crees sa me, neuer; he may runne 
at a towland rings yfaat, and I neuer hold his stirrop, 
till he leape into de saddle. By S. Patrick, Madam, 
I neuer touch my Lords Diamond, nor euer had to 
doe, yfaat la, with any of his precious stone.

Enter Hipollito.

Infæ. Are you so close, you Bawd, you pandring 
slave?

Hip. How now! why Infalize! what's your quar-
rell?

Infæ. Out of my sight, base varlet, get thee gone.

Hip. Away you rogue.

Bry. Shall we loot, fare de well, fare de well. Ah 
marragh frolat boddah bruen.

Exit.

Hip. What, growne a fighter! prethee what's the 
matter!

Infæ. If you'll needs know, it was about the 
clocke: how workes the day, my Lord, (pray) by your 
watch!

Hip. Left you cuffe me, Ile tell you prefently: I 
am neere two.

Infæ. How, two! I am scarce at one.

Hip. One of vs then goes falle.

Infæ. Then fure 'tis you, 
Mine goes by heaucens Diall, (the Sunne) and it goes 
true.

Hip. I thinke (indeed) mine runnes somewhat too 
faile.

Infæ. Set it to mine (at one) then.

Hip. One! 'tis past:
'Tis past one by the Sunne.

Infæ. Faith then belike, 
Neither your clocke nor mine does truely strike,
And since it is uncertaine which goes true, 
Better be falsne at one, then falsne at two.

Hip. Y'are very pleasent, Madam.
The Honest Whore.

Infa. Yet not merry.
Hip. Why Infa, what should make you fad? slew
Infa. Nothing my Lord, but my false watch, pray tell me.

You see, my clocke, or yours is out of frame,
Must we upon the Workman lay the blame,
Or on ourselves that keep them? 

Hip. Faith on both.
He may by knavery spoile them, we by sloth,
But why talke you all riddle thus I read
Strange Comments in those margines of your lookes:
Your cheekes of late are (like bad printed Bookes)
So dimly charactred, I scarce can spell,
One line of love in them. Sure all's not well.

Infa. All is not well indeed, my dearest Lord,
Locke vp thy gates of hearing, that no found
Of what I speake may enter.

Hip. What means this?

Infa. Or of my owne tongue must my selfe betray,
Count it a dreame, or turne thine eyes away,
And thinke me not thy wife. She kneels.

Hip. Why dost thou kneele?

Infa. Earth is finnes cushion: when the sicke soule feeleth her felle growing poore, then the turns begger, ceyes and kneele for helpe: Hipollito (for husband I dare not call thee) I have solne that J ewell of my chaste honour (which was onely thine) and given it to a flawe.

Hip. Hah!

Infa. On thy pillow adultery & lust haue sleepd, thy Groome
Hath climbed the vnlawfull tree, and pluckt the sweets,
A villaine hath vpurned a husbands sheetes.

Hip. S'death, who, (a Cuckold) who?

Infa. This Irish Footman.

Hip. Worse then damnation, a wilde Kerne, a Frogge, a Dog: whom I scarce spurne. Longed you for Shamocke I were it my fathers father (heart)
The Honest Whore.

Ile kill him, although I take him on his death-bed
gasping 'twixt heaven and hell; a shag-haired Cur!
Bold Strumpet, why hangest thou on me? thinkst Ile
be a Bawde to a Whore, because she's Noble?

Infa. I beg but this,
Set not my shame out to the worlds broad eye,
Yet let thy vengeance (like my fault) foare yse,
So it be in darkned cloudes.

Hip. Darkned! my homies
Cannot be darkned, nor shall my revenge.
A Harlot to my flawe! the act is base,
Common, but foule, so shall not thy disgrace:
Could not I feed your appetite? oh women
You were created Angels, pure and faire;
But since the first fell, tempting Deiuls you are,
You should be mens bliffe, but you prove their rods.
Were there no women, men might liue like gods;
You ha beene too much downe already, rife.
Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my bed,
Ile with no Strumpets breath be poyfoned.
As for your Irish Lubrican, that spirit
Whom by preposterous charms thy lust hath raised
In a wrong Circle, him Ile damme more blacke
Then any Tyrants foule.

Infa. Hipolito?

Hip. Tell me, didnst thou baite Hookes to draw
him to thee, or did he bewitch thee?

Infa. The flawe did woo me.

Hip. Two woees in that Skreche-owles language?
Oh who would truft your corcke-heeld sex? I thinke
to fete your lust, you would loue a Horfe, a Beare, a
croaking Toade, fo your hot itching veines might
haue their bound, then the wild Irish Dart was
throwne. Come, how I the manner of this fight.

Infa. 'Twas thus, he gau me this battery firft.
Oh I

Miftake, beleue me, all this in beaten gold:
Yet I held out, but at length thus was charm'd.
What! change your Diamond wenche, the act is base,
The Honest Whore.

Common, but foule, so shall not your disgrace:
Could not I feed your appetite! Oh Men,
You were created Angels, pure and faire,
But since the first fell, worse then Deuils you are.
You should our shields be, but you prove our rods.
Were there no Men, Women might live like gods.
Guilty my Lord?

*Hip.* Yes, guilty my good Lady.

*Infu.* Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun
my bed,
With no whores leaunings Ibe poypioned.     *Exit.*

*Hip.* O're-reach'd so finely? 'Tis the very Dia-

And Letter which I sent: this villany
Some Spider closely weaves, whose poysond bulke
I must let forth. Who's there without?

*Servant.* My Lord calls.—within.—

*Hip.* Send me the Footman.

*Sr.* Call the Footman to my Lord. *Bryan, Bryan.*

*Enter* Bryan.

*Hip.* It can be no man else, that Irish Judas,
Bred in a Country where no venom prospers,
But in the Nations blood hath thus betrayed me.
Slauce, get you from your servuice.

*Bry.* Faat meanect thou by this now?

*Hip.* Question me not, nor tempt my fury, villaine,
Couldst thou turne all the Mountaines in the land,
To hills of gold, and give me: here thou flayest
not.

*Bry.* I faat, I care not.

*Hip.* Prate not, but get thee gone, I shall send else.

*Bry.* I, do predy, I had rather haue thee make
a scabbard of my guts, and let out all de Irish pudd-
ings in my poore belly, den to be a falsk knowe to
de I faat, I wil never fee dyne owen sweet face more.

*A mawhid deer a gra, fare de well, fare de well, I wil
goe fleale Cowes agen in Ireland.*     *Exit.*
The Honest Whore.

HBP. He's damn'd that rais'd this whirlwind, which hath blowne
Into her eyes this jealousie: yet Ile on,
Ile on, flood armed Deuils flaring in my face,
To be pursu'd in flight, quickens the race,
Shall my blood streames by a wifes luft be bard?
Fond woman, no: Iron grows by firokes more hard,
Lawlefe desires are feas scorniong all bounds,
Or sulphur which being ran'd vp, more confounds,
Struggling with mad men, madness nothing tames,
Winds rafbling with great fires, incenfe the flames.

Exit.

Enter Matheo, Belfront, and Orlando.

Btl. How now, what ayles your Mafler?
Orl. Has taken a yonger brothers purgle, forsooth,
and that workes with him.
Btl. Where is his Cloake and Rapier?
Orl. He has giuen vp his Cloake, and his Rapier
is bound to the Peace: If you looke a little higher,
you may see that another hath entred into hatband for
him too. Sixe and foure haue put him into this
sweat.
Btl. Where's all his money?
Orl. 'Tis put ouer by exchange: his doublet was
going to be translated, but for me: if any man would
ha lent but halfe a ducket on his beard, the hair of
it had flut a paire of breeches by this time; I had
but one poore penny, and that I was glad to nipple out,
and buy a holly-wand to grace him thorow the streee.
As hap was, his bootes were on, and them I duftled,
to make people think he had beene riding, and I had
runne by him.
Btl. Oh me, how does my sweet Matheo?
Mat. Oh Rogue, of what deuilish stulfe are these
Dices made off? the parings of the Deuils cornes of his
toes, that they runne thus damnable.
Btl. I prethee vex not.
Mat. If any handye craftsman was euere suffred to
keep shop in hell, it will be a Dice-maker; he's able
to vndoe more soules then the Deuill; I plaid with
mine owne Dice, yet loft. Ha you any money?

Bel. Las I ha none.

Mat. Must haue money, must haue some, must
haue a Cloake, and Rapier, and things: will you goe
set your limetwigs, and get me some birds, some
money?

Bel. What limetwigs should I set?

Mat. You will not then? Must haue cahes and
pictures: doe ye heare, (frailty) shall I walke in a
Plimouth Cloake, (that's to say) like a rogue, in my
hose and doublet, and a crabtree cudgell in my hand,
and you swimme in your Sattins! must haue money,
come.

Orl. Is't bed-time, Master, that you vndoe my
Mistris!

Bel. Vndoe me? Yes, yes, at these riddles
I haue beene too often.

Mat. Helpe to fle, Packes.

Orl. Fleaing call you it!

Mat. Ile pawne you by th Lord, to your very eye-
browes.

Bel. With all my heart, since heauen will haue me
poore,

As good be drown'd at sea, as drown'd at shore.

Orl. Why heare you, sir? ye faith doe not make
away her Gowne.

Mat. Oh it's Summer, it's Summer; your onely
fashion for a woman now, is to be light, to be light.

Orl. Why, pray sir, employ some of that money
you haue of mine.

Mat. Thine? Ile starue sir, Ile beg sir? when I
touch a penny of that, let these fingers ends rot.

Orl. So they may, for that's past touching. I
saw my twenty pounds fye hie.

Mat. Knowest thou neuer a damn'd Broker about
the City?

Orl. Damn'd Broker? yes, fue hundred.
The Honesty Whore.

Mat. The Gowne flood me in aboue twenty Duckets, borrow ten of it, cannot lieve without filuer.

Orie. Ile make what I can of it, fir, Ile be your Broker,
But not your dam'd broker: Oh thou scurvy knaue, What makes a wife turne whore, but such a slaeue?

Exeit.

Mat. How now little chicke, what aylest, weeping For a handful of Taylors shreds? pox on them, are there not filkes enow at Mercers?

Bdl. I care not for gay feathers, I.

Mat. What doeft care for then? why doeft grieue?

Bdl. Why doe I grieue? A thousand sorrowes strike
At one pooke heart, and yet it liues. Matheo,
Thou art a Gamester, prethee throw at all,
Set all vpon one cast, we kneele and pray,
And strugge for life, yet must be cast away.
Meet misery quickly then, split all, fell all,
And when thou haft fold all, spend it, but I befeech thee
Build not thy mind on me to coyne thee more,
To get it wouldst thou haue me play the whore?

Mat. 'Twas your profesion before I married you.

Bdl. Vmh! it was indeed: if all men should be branded
For sinnen long since laid vp, who could be faued?

The Quarter day's at hand, how will you doe
To pay the Rent, Matheo?

Mat. Why doe as all of our occupation doe against Quarter daies: breake vp house, remove,
Shiff your lodgings, pox a your Quarters.

Enter Lodouico.

Lod. Where's this Gallant?

Mat. Signior Lodouico! how does my little Mirror of Knight-hood! this is kindly done yfaith: welcome by my troth.

Lod. And how doeft, frolicke! Saue you faire
Lady. Thou lookest smug and brauely, Noble Mat.

Mat. Drinke and feed, laugh and lie warme.

Lod. Is this thy wife?

Mat. A poore Gentlewoman, sir, whom I make vfe of a nights.

Lod. Pay custome to your lips, sweet Lady.

Mat. Borrow some shells of him, some wine, sweet heart.

Lod. Ile fend for't then yfaith.

Mat. You fend for't? Some wine I prethee.

Bel. I ha no money.

Mat. S'blood, nor I; What wine loue you, Signior?

Lod. Here, or Ile not stay, I protest; trouble the Gentlewoman too much!

Exit Bellafront.

And what newes flies abroad, Mathew?

Mat. Troth, none. Oh Signior, we ha beene merry in our daies.

Lod. And no doubt shall agen.

The Divine powers never shoot Darts at men Mortall, to kill them.

Mat. You say true.

Lod. Why shoule we grieue at want? Say the world made thee

Her Minnion, that thy head lay in her lap,

And that the danc't thee on her wanton knee,

She could but gie thee a whole world: that's all,

And that all's nothing; the worlds greatest part

Cannot fill vp one corner of thy heart.

Say the three corners were all filld, alas!

Of what art thou poisefl, a thinne blowne glassie:

Such as by Boyes is put into the aire.

Were twenty Kingdomes thine, thou'dst liue in care:

Thou could'lt not sleepe the better, nor liue longer,

Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.

If then thou want'ft, thus make that want thy pleasure,

No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

Mat. I am the most wretched fellow: sure some left-handed Priest christned me, I am fo vnlukey: I am never out of one puddle or another, still falling.
Enter Bellafront, and Orlando.

Mat. Fill out wine to my little finger.
With my heart ye faith.

Lod. Thankes, good Matheo.

To your owne sweet selfe.

Orl. All the Brokers hearts, sir, are made of flint,
I can with all my knocking, strike but five sparykes of
fire out of them, here's five duckets, if youle take
them.

Mat. Giue me them: an euill conscience gnaw
them all, moths and plagued hang vpon their lowe
wardrobes.

Lod. Is this your man, Matheo? An old Seruing-
man.

Orl. You may giue me t'other halfe too, sir:
That's the Begger.

Lod. What haft there, gold?

Mat. A sort of Rascalles are in my debt, (God
knowes what) and they feed me with bits, with
crummes, a pox choke them.

Lod. A word, Matheo: be not angry with me,
Believe it that I know the touch of time,
And can part copper (tho it be gilded o're)
From the true gold: the failes which thou doest
spread,

Would thow well, if they were not borrowed.
The found of thy lowe fortunes drew me hither,
I giue my selfe vnto thee, prethee vfe me,
I will bestow on you a faite of Sattin,
And all things else to fit a Gentleman,
Because I love you.

Mat. Thankes, good Noble Knight.

Lod. Call on me when you please,
Till then farewell. Exit.

Mat. Haft angled? haft cut up this freth Salmon?

Orl. Wuld haue me be so base?

Mat. It's base to speale, it's base to be a whore:
Thou't be more base, Ile make thee keepe a doore.

**Exit.**

**Orl.** I hope he will not sneake away with all the money, will he?

**Bcl.** Thou feest he does.

**Orl.** Nay then it's well. I set my braine upon an upright Laft; tho' my wits be old, yet they are like a withered pippin, wholsome. Looke you, Misris, I told him I had but five dukets of the (Knaue) Broker, but I had eight, and kept these two for you.

**Bcl.** Thou shouldst haue given him all.

**Orl.** What, to fie his?

**Bcl.** Like waues, my misery driues on misery.

**Exit.**

**Orl.** Sell his wives cloathes from her backe! does any Poulterers wife pull chickins alue? He Riots all abroad, wants all at home: he Dices, whore, swaggers, sweares, cheats, borrowes, pawnes: Ile geue him hooke and line, a little more for all this.

Yet sure 'th end he'll delude all my hopes,
And shew me a French trice danc'd on the ropes.

**Exit.**

**Enter at one door Lodouico and Carolo; at another Bots, and Misris Horfleach; Candido and his wife appear in the Shop.**

**Lod.** Hift, hift, Lieutenant Bots, how do't, man?

**Car.** Whither are you ambling, Madam Horfleach?

**Horf.** About worldly profit, fir: how doe your Worships?

**Bots.** We want tooles, Gentlemen, to furnish the trade: they weare out day and night, they weare out till no mettle bee left in their backe; wee heare of two or three new Wenches are come vp with a Carrier, and your old Goshawke here is flying at them.

**Lod.** And faith, what flesh haue you at home?
The Honest Whore.

Hor. Ordinary Dishes, by my troth, sweet men, there's few good i'th Cittie; I am as well furniht as any, and tho' I say it, as well custom'd.

Bots. We haue meates of all sorts of dressing; we haue fiew'd meat for your Frenchman, pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roast'd, for Don Spaniardo.

Led. A pox on't.

Bots. We haue Poulterers ware for your sweet bloods, as Doue, Chickin, Duce, Teale, Woodcocke, and so forth: and Butchers meat for the Citizen: yet Muttons fall very bad this yeere.

Led. Stay, is not that my patient Linnen Draper yonder, and my fine young finag Mifris, his wife?

Car. Sirra Grannam, Ile giue thee for thy fee twenty crownes, if thou canst but procure me the wearing of yon velvet cap.

Hor. You'd weare another thing besides the cap. Y'are a Wag.

Bots. Twenty crownes I' we'll share, and Ile be your pully to draw her on.

Led. Doo't presently; we'll ha some sport.

Hor. Wheele you about, sweet men doe you fee, Ile cheapen wares of the man, whilst Bots is doing with his wife.

Led. Too't: if we come into the shop to doe you grace, we'll call you Madam.

Bots. Pox a your old face, giue it the badge of all scruy faces, a Mafque.

Cand. What is't you lacke, Gentlewoman? Cambricke or Lawnes, or fine Hollands? Pray draw neere, I can sell you a penny-worth.

Bots. Some Cambricke for my old Lady.

Cand. Cambricke? you shall, the purest thred in Millian.

Led. and Car. Saue you, Signior Candido.

Led. How does my Noble Master? how my faire Mifris?
The Honest Whore.

Cand. My Worshipfull good Servant, view it well, for 'tis both fine and even.

Car. Cry you mercy, Madam, tho' mask'd, I thought it should be you by your man. Pray, Signior, shew her the belt, for she commonly deals for good ware.

Cand. Then this shall fit her, this is for your Ladyship.

Bots. A word, I pray, there is a waiting Gentlewoman of my Ladies: her name is Rhyma, saies she's your Kinswoman, and that you should be one of her Aunts.

Wife. One of her Aunts? troth sir, I know her not.

Bots. If it please you to bestow the poore labour of your legs at any time, I will be your connoy thither.

Wife. I am a Snailie, sir, feldorne leaue my houfe, I'ft please her to visit me, she shall be welcome.

Bots. Doe you heare? the naked troth is: my Lady hath a yong Knight, her fonne, who loves you, y'are made, if you lay hold vpon: this Jewell he sends you.

Wife. Sir, I returne his love and Jewell with scorne; let goe my hand, or I shall call my husband. You are an arrant Knaue.

Exit. Lod. What, will she doe?

Bots. Doe? they shall all doe if Bots sets vpon them once, she was as if she had profeft the trade, squeueamish at first, at laft I f ewed her this Jewell, said, a Knight sent it her.

Lod. Is't gold, and right stones?

Bots. Copper, Copper, I goe a fishing with these bates. She nibbled, but wud not swallow the hooke, because the Cunger-head her husband was by; but shee bids the Gentleman name any afternoon, and she'll meet him at her Garden house, which I know.
The Honest Whore.

Lod. Is this no lie now?
Bots. Dam me if—
Lod. Oh prethee stay there.
Bots. The twenty crownes, sir.
Lod. Before he has his worke done? but on my
Knighly word he shal pay't thee.

Enter Aftolpho, Beraldo, Fontinell, and the Irish
Footman.

Aft. I thought thou hadst beene gone into thine
owne Country.

Bry. No fast la, I cannot goe dis foure or tree
dayes.
Berr. Looke thee, yonders the shop, and that's the
man himselfe.

Fyn. Thou shalt but cheapen, and doe as we
told thee, to put a left vpon him, to abuse his pa-
tience.

Bry. I saat, I doubt my pate shall be knocked :
butsa crees sa me, for your shakes, I will runne to any
Linnen Draper in hell, come preddy.

Omnes. Saue you Gallants.
Lod. and Car. Oh, well met!

Cand. You'll gue no more you say? I cannot
take it.

Horf. Truly I'll gue no more.

Cand. It must not fetch it. What wud you haue,
sweet Gentlemen?

Aft. Nay, here's the Customer.


Lod. The Garden-house you say? wee'll boul out
your roguey.

Cand. I will but lay these parcels by— My
men are all at Custome-house vnloading Wares, if
Cambricke you wud deale in, there's the beet, all
Millan cannot sample it.

Lod. Doe you heare? r. 2. 3. S'foot, there came in
The Honest Whore.

4. Gallants, fure your wife is flit vp, and the 4th. man
I hold my life, is grafting your Warden tree.
   Cand. Ha, ha, ha: you Gentlemen are full of
   Ief.
If she be vp, she's gone some wares to show,
I have above as good wares as below.
   Lod. Haue you fo! nay then ——
   Cand. Now Gentlemen, is't Cambricks?
   Bry. I præde now let me haue de beft wares.
   Cand. What's that he faies, pray Gentlemen?
   Lod. Mary he faies we are like to haue the beft
   wares.
   Cand. The beft wares! all are bad, yet wares doe
   good,
And like to Surgeons, let sicke Kingdomes blood.
   Bry. Faat a Deuill prætef tow fo, a pox on dee, I
   prædeee let me fee fome Hollen, to make Linnen
   flirts, for feare my body be lowe.
   Cand. Indeed I vnderstand no word he speakes.
   Car. Mary, he faies, that at the fiege in Holland
there was much bawdry vfed among the Souldiers, tho
they were lowe.
   Cand. It may be fo, that's likely, true indeed,
In every garden, fir, does grow that weed.
   Bry. Pox on de gardens, and de weedes, and de
fooles cap dere, and de cloutes; heare! doe not make a
Hobby-horfe of me.
   Omnes. Oh fie, he has torne the Cambricke.
   Cand. 'Tis no matter.
   Afto. It frets me to the foule.
   Cand. So doe! not me.
My Cusrollers doe offt for remants call,
These are two remants, now, no loft at all.
But let me tell you, were my Servants here,
It would ha coft more. —— Thank you Gentel-
men,
If ye you well, pray know my hop agen.   Exit.
   Omnes. Ha, ha, ha; come, come, let's goe, let's
go.
   Exsunt.
The Honest Whore.

Enter Matheo (braue) and Bellafront.

Mat. How am I suited, Front? am I not gallant, ha?

Brd. Yes, sir, you are suited well.

Mat. Exceeding passing well, and to the time.

Brd. The Taylor has plaid his part with you.

Mat. And I have plaid a Gentlemans part with my Taylor, for I owe him for the making of it.

Brd. And why did you so, sir?

Mat. To kepe the fashion; its your onely fashion now of your best ranke of Gallants, to make their Taylors waiete for their money, neither were it wisedome indeed to pay them vpon the first edition of a new suite: for commonly the suite is owing for, when the lynings are wore out, and there's no reasone then, that the Taylor should be paid before the Mercer.

Brd. Is this the suite the Knight bestowed vpon you?

Mat. This is the suite, and I need not shame to weare it, for better men then I would be glad to have suites bestowed on them. It's a generous fellow,—but—pox on him—we whole Pericranions are the very Limbecks and Stillitories of good wit, and file hie, must drue liquor out of flake gaping Oylers. Shallow Knight, poore Squire Timache: he make a wild Cataine of forty such: hang him, he's an Afe, he's alwaies fobet.

Brd. This is your fault to wound your friends still.

Mat. No faith, Front, Lodovico is a noble Slauonian: its more rare to see him in a womans company, then for a Spaniard to goe into England, and to chalenge the English Fencers there.—One knockes,—See—La, fa, fol, la, fa, la, ruffle in Silkes and Satins: there's mulfique in this, and a Taffety Petticoate, it make both file hie,—Cato.
Enter Bellafront, after her Orlando, like himselfe, with four men after him.

Bel. Matheo! 'tis my Father.
Mat. Ha, Father! It's no matter, hee findes no tattered Prodigals here.
Ori. Is not the doore good enough to hold your blue Coates! away, Knaues. Weare not your cloathes thred-bare at knees for me; beg Heauvens blessing, (not mine.) Oh cry your Worship mercy, sir, was somewhat bold to talke to this Gentlewoman, your wife here.
Mat. A poore Gentlewoman, sir.
Ori. Stand not, sir, bare to me; I ha read oft That Serpents who creepe low, belch ranker poison Than winged Dragons doe, that flie aloft.
Mat. If it offend you, sir! 'tis for my pleasure.
Ori. Your pleasure be't, sir; vnh, is this your Palace?
Bel. Yes, and our Kingdome, for 'tis our content.
Ori. It's a very poore Kingdome then; what, are all your Subjects gone a Seepe-hearing! not a Maid! not a Man! not fo much as a Cat! you keepe a good houfe belike, iust like one of your profession, every roome with bare walls, and a halfe-headed bed to vault vpon (as all your bawdy-houses are.) Pray who are your Vpholsters! Oh, the Spiders, I see, they beflow hangings vpon you.
Mat. Bawdy-houfe! Zounds sir——
Bel. Oh sweet Matheo, peace. Vpon my knees I doe befeech you, sir, not to arraigne me For finnes, which heauen, I hope, long since hath pardoned.
Those flames (like lightning flashes) are so spent,
The heate no more remains, then where ships went, Or where birds cut the sire, the print remains.
Mat. Pox on him, kneele to a Dog!
Bel. She that's a Whore,
Lies gallant, fares well, is not (like me) poore,
The Honest Whore.

I ha now as small acquaintance with that sinn,  
As if I had never knowne it; that, never bin.

Orl. No acquaintance with it! what maintaines  
thee then? how doest thou then? has thy husband any
Lands? any Rents comming in, any Stocke going,
any Ploughs logging, any Ships failing? hast thou
any Wares to turne, so much as to get anngle penny by?
Yes, thou haft Ware to sell,

Knaues are thy Chapmen, and thy Shop is Hell.

Mat. Doe you heare, sir?

Orl. So sir, I do heare, sir, more of you than you
dreame I do.

Mat. You sile a little too bie, sir.

Orl. Why, sir, too bie?

Mat. I ha suffred your tongue, like a hard Catar
tra, to runne all this while, and ha not slopt it.

Orl. Well, sir, you talke like a Gamefter.

Mat. If you come to bark at her, because she's a
poore rogue; look you, here's a fine path, sir, and
there, there the doore.

Bel. Mathes?  

Mat. Your blue Coates flow for you, sir.

I loue a good honest roaring Boy, and so——

Orl. That's the Deuill.

Mat. Sir, sir, Ile ha no fowes in my house to
thunder Auant; the shall lie and be maintained
when you, like a keg of multy Sturgeon, shall flinke.
Where? in your Coffin. How? be a multy fellow,
and lowlie.

Orl. I know she shall be maintained, but how? she
like a Queane, thou like a Knaue; she like a Whore,
ths like a Thife.

Mat. Thife? Zounds Thife?

Bel. Good deareft Mat. —— Father.

Mat. Pox on you both, Ile not be braged: New
Sattin scornes to be put downe. with bare bawdy
Velvet. Thife?

Orl. I Thife, th'art a Murtherer, a Chester, a Whore-
monger, a Pot-hunter, a Borrower, a Begger——
The Honest Wharf.

_Bdt._ Dear Father.

_Mat._ An old Aife, a Dog, a Churle, a Chuffe, an 
Vfurer, a Villaine, a Moth, a mastyne Mule, with an 
old velvet foot-cloth on his backe, fir.

_Bdt._ Oh me!

_Orl._ Varlet, for this Ile hang thee.

_Mat._ Ha, ha, alas.

_Orl._ Thou keepest a man of mine here, under my 
note.

_Mat._ Under thy beard.

_Orl._ As arrant a smell-smocke, for an old Mutton- 
munger, as thy selfe.

_Mat._ No, as your selfe.

_Orl._ As arrant a purle-taker as ever cried, Stand, 
yet a good fellow, I confesse, and valiant, but he'll 
bring thee to th' Galloues; you both have rob'd of late 
two poore Country Peders.

_Mat._ How's this? how's this? dost thou flie hee? 
rob Pedlers? beare witnes Fromt, rob Pedlers! my 
man and I a Thifie.

_Bdt._ Oh, fir, no more.

_Orl._ I Knaue, two Pedlers, hue and cry is vp, Warr 
rants are out, and I shall fee thee clime a Ladder.

_Mat._ And come downe againe as well as a Brick-
layer, or a Tyler. How the vengeance knowes he 
this? If I be hanged, Ile tell the people I married 
old Friscabaldes Daughter, Ile frico you, and your 
your old carkas.

_Orl._ Tell what thou canst; if I stay here longer, I 
shall bee hang'd too, for being in thy company; there-
fore, as I found you, I leaue you.

_Mat._ Kneele, and get money of him.

_Orl._ A Knaue and a Queane, a Thieve and a 
Strumpet, a couple of Beggers, a brace of Baggages.

_Mat._ Hang vp on him. I, I, fir, fare you well; we 
are so: follow close—we are Beggers—in Satin—to 
him.

_Bdt._ Is this your comfort, when so many yeeres 
You ha left me frozen to death?
Orl. Freeze still, flame still.
Bdt. Yes, so I shall: I must: I must and will.
If as you say I'm poor, relieve me then,
Let me not sell my body to base men.
You call me Strumpet, Heaven knows I am none:
Your cruelty may drive me to be one:
Let not that flame be yours, let not the flame
Of common Whore live longer than my name.
That cunning Bawd (Necessity) night and day
Plots to whose me; drive that flag away,
Left being at lowest ebbe, as now I am,
I sinke for ever.
Or]. Lowest ebbe, what ebbe!
Bdt. So poor, that (tho to tell it be my shame)
I am not worth a dish to hold my meat;
I am yet poorer, I want bread to eat.
Or]. It's not seen by your cheeks.
Mat. I think she has read an Homely to tickle
to the old rogue.
Or]. Want bread! there's Sattin: bake that,
Mat. S'blood, make Patties of my cloathes!
Or]. A faire new Cloake, sew that; an excellent
gift Rapier.
Mat. Will you eat that, sir?
Or]. I could feast ten good fellows with those
Hangers.
Mat. The pox you shall.
Or]. I shall not (till thou beggest,) thinke thou
art poor;
And when thou beggest, I'll feed thee at my doore,
As I feed Dogs, (with bones) till then beg, borrow,
Pawne, steal, and hang, turne Bawde, when that
Whore,
My heart-strings sure would crack, were they strained
more.
Mat. This is your Father, your damn'd—confusion
light upon all the generation of you; he can
come bragging hither with four white Hennings (at's
tail) in blue Coates without roes in their bellies, but
I may flame ere he glue me so much as a cob.
The Honest Whore.

Bel. What tell you me of this? alas.
Mat. Goe trot after your Dad, doe you capitulate, Ile pawne not for you, Ile not fleale to be hanged for such an hypocriticall close common Harlot: away, you Dog —— Braue yfaith! Vds foot, Gie me some meate.
Bel. Yes, Sir. 

Mat. Goodman flaece, my man too, is gallop'd to the Deuill athe t'other side: Pachao, Ile checo you. Is this your Dau's day? England (they say) is the onely hell for Horfes, and onely Paradies for Women: pray get you to that Paradies, because y'are called an Honest Whore; there they liue none but honest Whores with a pox: Mary here in our City, all our sex are but foot-cloth Nags: the Mafter no sooner lights, but the man leapes into the faddle.

Enter Bellafront.

Bel. Will you sit downe I pray, sir?
Mat. I could teare (by' th Lord) his fleth, and eate his midriffe in falt, as I eate this: —— must I choske —— my Father Friscabaldo, I shall make a pittifull Hog loue of you Orlando, if you fall once into my fingers —— Here's the fauoreste meat: I ha got a flo-macke with chafing. What Rogue should tell him of thofe two Peillers? A plague choake him, and gnaw him to the bare bones: come fill.

Bel. Thou sweateft with very anger, good sweet, vex not, 'las, 'tis no fault of mine.
Mat. Where didst buy this Mutton? I neuer felt better ribbes.

Bel. A neighbour fent it me.

Enter Orlando.

Mat. Hah, neighbour! soh, my mouth flinke, you whore, doe you beg victuals for me? Is this Sattin doublet to bee bumbafted with broken meat?

Takes up the floote.
The Honest Whore.

Orl. What will you doe, sir?
Mat. Beat out the brainses of a beggerly —

Exit Bellafront.

Orl. Beat out an Asses head of your owne; away, Misris. Zownds, doe but touch one haire of her, and Ile so quult your cap with old Iron, that your coxcombe shall ake the worke these feuen yeeres fot't: Does he looke like a rostled Rabbet, that you must haue the head for the brains?
Mat. Ha, ha: Goe out of my doores, you Rogue, away, foure markes trudge.
Orl. Foure markes! no, sir, my twenty pound that you ha made fie hie, and I am gone.
Mat. Muft I be fed with chippings! y'are beft get a clap-dih, and lay y'are Proctor to fome Spittlehoufe. Where haft thou beene, Puches! come hither my little Turky-cocke.
Orl. I cannot abide, sir, to fee a woman wrong'd, not I.
Mat. Sirra, here was my Father-in-law to day.
Orl. Piff, then y'are full of Crownes.
Mat. Hang him, he would ha thuff crownes vpon me, to haue falne in againe, but I fcorne caft-clothes, or any mens gold.
Orl. But mine: how did he brooke that (sir?)
Mat. Oh: twore like a dozen of drunken Tinkers; at laft growing foule in words, he and foure of his men drew vpon me, sir.
Orl. In your houfe! wud I had bin by.
Mat. I made no more adoe, but fell to my old locke, and fo thraffed my blue Coates, and old crab-tree-face my father-in-law, and then waft like a Lion in my grate.
Orl. Oh Noble Master!
Mat. Sirra, he could me to of the robbing the two Pedlers, and that warrants are out for vs both.
Orl. Good, sir, I like not thofe crackers.
Mat. Crackhalter, wut fet thy foot to mine!
Orl. How, sir! at drinking.
The Honest Whore.

Mal. We'll pull that old Crow my Father: rob thy Master. I know the house, thou the servants: the purchase is rich, the plot to get it easie, the Dog will not part from a bone.

Orl. Pluck't out of his throat then: Ile snaile for one, if this can bite.

Mal. Say no more, say no more, old cole, meet me anon at the signe of the Shipwrecke.

Orl. Yes, sir.

Mal. And dost heare, man!—the Shipwrecke. Exeunt.

Orl. Th'art at the Shipwrecke now, and like a swimmer Bold (but vnexpert) with those wanes doest play, Whose dalliance (whorelike) is to cauf thee away.

Enter Hipollito and Bellafront.

Orl. And here's another Vessel, (better fraught, But as ill man'd) her sinking will be wraught, If rescue come not: like a Man of warre Ile therefore brauely out: somewhat Ile doe, And either faue them both, or perish too. Exeunt.

Hip. It is my fate to be bewitched by those eyes.

Bcl. Fare! your folly.

Why should my face thus mad you? as, those colours Are wound vp long agoe, which beauty spred, The flowers that once grew here, are withered. You turn'd my blacke foule white, made it looke new, And should I finne, it ne'erp should be with you.

Hip. Your hand, Ile offer you faire play: When first We met i'th Lists together, you remember You were a common Rebell; with one parlee I won you to come in.

Bcl. You did.

Hip. Ile try.

If now I can beate downe this Chaffity With the fame Ordnance; will you yeeld this Fort,
The Honest Whore.

If with the power of Argument now (as then)
I get of you the conquest: as before
I turnd you honest, now to turne you whore,
By force of strong perfwation:
Bell. If you can,
I yeld.
Hipp. The allarm's strucke vp; I'm your man.
Bell. A woman giues defiance.
Hipp. Sit.
Bell. Beginne:
'Tis a braue battaile to encounter sinne.
Hipp. You men that are to fight in the same warre,
To which I'm prest, and pleade at the fatne barre,
To winne a woman, if you wud haue me speed,
Send all your wishes.
Bell. No doubt y'are heard, proceede.
Hipp. To be a Harlot, that you stand vp
The very name's a charme to make you one;
Harlotta was a Dame of fo diuine
And rauishing touch, that she was Concubine
To an English King: her sweet bewitching eye
Did the Kings heart-stringes in such love-knots tye,
That euen the coyest was proud when she could heare
Men say, Behold; another Harlot there;
And after all her women that were faire
Were Harlots cal'd, as to this day some are:
Besides her dailiante the so well does mix,
That she's in Latine call'd the Meretrix.
Thus for the name; for the profession, this,
Who liues in bondage, liues lac'd, the chiefes blisse
This world below can yeeld, is liberty:
And who (than whores) with loofer wings dare flie:
As Juno's proud bird spreads the fairest tale,
So does a Strumpet hoist the loftiest saile.
She's no mans flaue; (men are her flaues) her eye
Moues not on wheelies screwd vp with jealowtie.
'She (Horst, or Coacht) does merry journeys make,
Free as the Sunne in his gilt Zodiacke:
As brauely does she shine, as falt she's driuen,
The Honest Whore.

But stales not long in any house of Heauen:
But shifts from Signe, to Signe, her amorous prizes
More rich, being when she’s downe, then when she
rises.
In brief, Gentlemen haunt them, Soldiers fight for
them.
Few men but know them, few or none abhorre them:
Thus (for sport fake) speake I, as to a woman,
Whom (as the worst ground) I would turne to com-
mon:
But you I would enclose for mine owne bed.
Bel. So shoulde a husband be dishonoured.
Hyp. Dishonoured I not a whit: to fall to one
(Besides your husband) is to fall to none,
For one no number is.
Bel. Faith, shoulde you take
One in your bed, would you that reckoning make?
'Tis time you sound retreate.
Hyp. Say, haue I wonne,
Is the day ours?
Bel. The battaille’s but halfe done,
None but your selfe haue yet sounded alarmes,
Let vs strike too, else you dishonour armes.
Hyp. If you can win the day,
The glorie’s yours.
Bel. To prove a woman shoulde not be a whore,
When she was made, she had one man, and no more,
Yet she was tied to lawes then, for (even than)
'Tis fai’d, she was not made for men, but man.
Anon, t’increas earths brood, the law was varied,
Men shoulde take many wiuces: and tho they married
According to that As, yet ‘tis not knowne,
But that those wiuces were onely tied to one.
New Parliaments were since: for now one woman
Is shared betweene three hundred, say she’s common:
Common I as spotted Leopards, whom for sport
Men hunt, to get the flesh, but care not for’t.
So spread they Nets of gold, and tune their Calls,
To inchaunt silly women to take falls:
Swearing they are Angels, (which that they may win),
They'll hire the Deuill to come with false Dice in.
Oh Sirens fultle tunes! your selves you flatter,
And our weake fex betray, fo men loue water;
It fernes to wafh their hands, but (being once foule),
The water downe is powdered, caft out of doores,
And euen of fuch base vie doe men make whores.
A Harlot (like a Hen) more sweetnes reapes,
To picke men one by one vp, then in heapes:
Yet all fees but confounding. Say you should taste me,
I ferue but for the time, and when the day
Of warre is done, am caщеed out of pay:
If like lame Soldiers I could beg, that's all,
And there's what Render-vous, an Hoftiall.
Who then would be a mans flawe, a mans woman?
She's halfe (aru'd the fift day that feeds in Common.

Hyp. You should not feed fo, but with me alone.

Bo. If I drinke poiſon by sleath, is't not all one?
Is't not ranke poiſon still? with you alone!
Nay fay you fpide a Curtezan, whose soft fide
To touch, you'd fell your birth-right for one kiffe,
Be rack'd, he's won, y'are fated: what follows this?
Oh, then you curfe that Bawd that toadly you in,
(The Night) you curfe your luft, you loath the fin,
You loath her very fighth, and ere the day
Arife, you rife glad when y'are fpone away,
Euen then when you are drunke with all her sweets,
There's no true pleafure in a Strumpets sheete.
Women, whom Luft fo prostitutus to fale,
Like Dancers vpon ropes; once feeene, are fale.

Hyp. If all the threds of Harlots lyues are fpun,
So coorse as you would make them, tell me why
You fo long loued the trade?

Bo. If all the threds
Of Harlots lyues be fine as you would make them,
Why doe not you perfwade your wife turne whore,
And all Dames eile to fall before that fin?
Like an ill husband (tho I knew the fame,
The Honest Whore.

To be my vndoin) followed I that game.
Oh when the worke of Lust had earn'd my bread,
To taffe it, how I trembled, left each bit,
Ere it went downe, shoulde choke me (chewing it !)
My bed feem'd like a Cabin hung in Hell,
The Bawde Hells Porter, and the lickorish wine
The Pander fetch'd, was like an easie Fine,
For which, me thought I leat'd away my foule,
And oftentimes (even in my quaffing bowle)
Thus said I to my selfe, I am a whore,
And haue drunke downe thus much confusion more.

Hip. It is a common rule, and 'tis most true,
Two of one trade neuer loue: no more doe you.

Why are you harpe 'gainst that you once profest ?

Bdt. Why doate you on that, which you did once detest ?

I cannot (seeing she's wonen of such bad (tuffe)
Set colours on a Harlot base enough.
Nothing did make me, when I loued them best,
To loath them more then this: when in the street
A faire yong modest Damself I did meet,
She seem'd to all a Doue (when I pall'd by)
And I (to all) a Rauen: euer eye
That followed her went with a bashful glance,
At she each bold and teering countenance
Darted thorth fcorne: to her (as if she had bin
Some Tower unvanquished) would they vaile,

'Gainst me twolne Rumor hoisted eueri faile.
She (crown'd with reuerend praiies) pass'd by them,
I (tho with face maskt) could not scape the hem,
For (as if Heauen had set strange markes on Whores,
Because they should be pointing (locks to man)
Dreft vp in ciuileft shape a Curtizan,
Let her walke Saint-like, notelesse, and vnknownue,
Yet she's betraily by some tricke of her owne.
Were Harlots therefore wise, they'd be fold deare:
For men account them good but for one yeere:
And then like Almanackes (whose dates are gone)
They are throwne by, and no more lookt vpon.
The Honest Whore.

Who're therefore backward fall, who will lunch forth
In seas so foule, for ventures no more worth!
Lufts voyage hath (if not this course) this croffe,
Buy ne'r so cheape, your Ware comes home with
lofe.

What, shall I found retreat! the battaille's done:
Let the world judge which of vs two haue won.

_Hip._ I !

_Bel._ You 't may then as cowards doe in fight,
What by blowes cannot, shall be fauned by flight. _Exit._

_Hip._ Flie to earths fixed Center: to the Caues
Of everlafting horror, Ile pursue thee,
(Tho' loaden with finnes) even to Hells brazen
doores.

Thus wifet men turne fooles, doting on whores. _Exit._

_Enter_ the _Duke, Lodovico, and Orlando: after them_
_Infelice, Carlolo, Affolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell._

_Orl._ I befeech your Grace (tho your eye be so
piercing) as vnder a poore blue Coate, to call out an
honest Father from an old Scroungman: yet good my
Lord discover not the plot to any, but onely this Gen-
telman that is now to be an Actor in our enuising
Comedy.

_Duke._ Thou haft thy wifh, Orlando, passe vn-
knowne,
_Sfora_ shall onely goe along with thee.
To see that Warrant serued vpon thy Sonne.

_Lod._ To attach him vpon felony, for a. Pedlers:
is't not so?

_Orl._ Right, my Noble Knight: those Pedlers
were two Knaues of mine; he fleece'd the men before,
and now he purposeth to flea the Master. He will rob
me, his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold, but this
shall hang him by'th gills, till I pull him on shore.

_Duke._ Away: ply you the businesse.

_Orl._ Thankes to your Grace: but my good Lord,
for my Daughter.

_Duke._ You know what I haue saied.
The Honest Whore.

Orl. And remember what I have sworn: She's more honest, on my soul, then one of the Turk's Wenchies, watch'd by a hundred Eunuch's.

Lod. So she had need, for the Turk's make them whores.

Orl. He's a Turk that makes any woman a Whore, he's no true Christian I'm sure. I commit your Grace.

Duke. Infelice.

Inf. Here, sir.

Lod. Signior Friseabaldus.

Orl. Frisking a-gain, Pacheco! 

Lod. Vds io, Pacheco? we'll haue some sport with this Warrant: 'tis to apprehend all suspeeted persons in the house: Besides, there's one Bots a Pander, and one Madam Horfleach a Bawde, that haue abus'd my friend, those two Coneyes will we ferret into the purfenet.

Orl. Let me alone for dabbing them o'th necke: come, come.

Lod. Doe ye heare, Gallants! meet me anon at Mathews.


Duke. Th'old Fellow sings that note thou didst before.

Onely his tunes are, that she is no Whore,
But that she sent his Letters and his gifts,
Out of a Noble Triumph o're his Luf,
To shew the trampled his Assaults in duft.

Inf. 'Tis a good honest servant, that old man.

Duke. I doubt no leffe.

Inf. And it may be my husband,

Because when once this woman was vnmaskt,

He leuell all her thoughts, and made them fit:
Now he'd marre all a-gain, to try his wit.

Duke. It may be so too, for to turne a Harriot

Honest, it must be by Strong Antidots,

Tis rare, as to see Panthers change their spots,

And when she's once a Starre (fixed) and shines bright,
The Honest Whore.

Tho 'twere impiety then to dim her light,
Because we see such Tapers seldom burne.
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,
To change her to a blazing Starre agen,
And it may be, *Hipollito* does no more.
It cannot be, but y'are acquainted all
With that fame madnesse of our Sonne-in-law,
That dotes so on a Curtizan.

*Omnès.* Yes, my Lord.

*Car.* All the City thinkes he's a Whoremonger.

*Asf.* Yet I warrant, he'll sweare, no man markes him.

*Ber.* 'Tis like so, for when a man goes a wenching,
is as if he had a straung stinking breath, every one smells him out, yet he feeleth it not, tho it be rancker then the sweat of sixtenee Bearewarders.

*Duke.* I doubt then you haue all those flinking breaths,
You might be all smelt out.

*Car.* Troth my Lord, I think we are all as you ha bin in your youth when you went a Maying, we all lose to heare the Cuckoo sing vpon other men's Trees.

*Duke.* It's well yet you confesse: but Girle, thy bed
Shall not be parted with a Curtizan—— 'tis strange,
No frowne of mine, no frowne of the poore Lady,
(My abused child, his wife) no care of fame,
Of Honor, Heauen, or Hell, no not that name
Of Common Strumpet, can affright, or woo
Him to abandon her; the Harlot does vn doe him,
She has bewitched him, robd him of his shape,
Turnd him into a beast, his reaason's lost,
You fee he lookes wild, does he not!

*Car.* I ha noted new Moones
In's face, my Lord, all full of change.

*Duke.* He's no more like vnto *Hipollito*,
Then dead men are to liuing——neuer sleepe,
Or if he doe, it's dreames: and in those dreames
The Honest Whore.

His armes worke, and then cries — Sweet —
what's her name,
What's the drabs name?
Aft. In troth, my Lord, I know not,
I know no drabs, not I.
Duke. Oh, Bellafront!
And catching her faft, cries, My Bellafront.
Car. A drench that's able to kill a Horse, cannot
kill this disease of Smock-smelling, my Lord, if it
have once eaten deepe.
Duke. He try all Phthiske, and this Medicine first:
I have directed Warrants strong and peremptory
(To purge our City Milan, and to cure
The outward Parts, the Suburbs) for the attaching
Of all those women, who (like gold) want weight,
Cities (like Ships) should have no idle freight.
Car. No, my Lord, and light wenches are no idle
freight,
But what's your Graces reach in this?
Duke. This (Carola.) If she whom my Son doates
on,
Be in that Muster-booke enrol'd, he'll blame
Euer t'approach one of such noted name.
Car. But say the be not?  
Duke. Yet on Harlots heads
New Lawes shall fall so heavy, and such blowes
Shall gie to those that haunt them, that Meditatio
(If not for feare of Law) for love to her,
If he love truely, shall her bed forbear.
Car. Attach all the light heeles in the City, and
clap'em vp! why, my Lord, you diue into a Well
unsavourable: all the Whores within the walls, &
without the walls? I would not be he should meddle
with them for ten such Duke-domes; the Army that
you speake on, is able to fill all the prisons within this
City, and to leave not a drinking room in any
Tauerne beside.
Duke. Those onely shall be caught that are of
note,
Harlots in each street flow:
The fish being thus i’th net, our selfe will fit,
And with eye most feuer dispoze of it.—come,
Girl.

Car. Aaigne the poore Whore.
Aft. Ile not misse that Selions.
Font. Nor I.
Br. Nor I.
Tho I hold yp my hand there my selfe. Exeunt.

Enter Matheo, Orlando, and Lodouico.

Mat. Let who will come (my Noble Shauileir) I
can but play the kind Hoast, and bid ye welcome.
Lod. We’ll trouble your house (Matheo) but as
Dutchmen doe in Tavernes (drinke, be merry, and be
gone.)
Orl. Indeed if you be right Dutchmen, if you fall
to drinking, you must be gone.
Mat. The worl is, my wife is not at home; but
we’ll flie hie (my generous Knight) for all that: there’s
no Muchke when a woman is in the comfort.
Orl. No, for she’s like a pare of Virginals,
Alwaies with Tackes at her taile.

Enter Aftolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Lod. See, the Couy is sprung.
Omnes. Saeue you Gallants.
Mat. Happily encounterd, sweet bloods.
Lod. Gentlemen, you all know Signior Candido,
the Linnen Draper, he that’s more patient then a
browne Baker, vpon the day when he heates his
Ouen, and has forry Scolds about him.
Omnes. Yes, we know him all, what of him ?
Lod. Wud it not be a good fit of mirth, to make a
piece of English clothe of him, and to stretch him on
the Tainters, till the thredes of his owne naturall humor
cracke, by making him drinke healths, Tobacco, dance,
fing bawdy songes, or to run any bias according as we
thinke good to cast him ?
The Honest Whore.

Car. 'Twere a Moriss dance worth the seeing.

Aft. But the old Fox is so crafty, we shall hardly hunt out of his den.

Mat. To that traine I ha giuen fire already; and the hook to draw him hither, is to see certaine pieces of Lawne, which I told him I haue to sell, and indeed haue fuch; fetch them downe, Eucheo.

Ori. Yes, sir, I'm your Watere-spaniell, and will fetch any thing: but Ile fetch one dish of meat anon, shall turne your stomacke, and that's a Con-
stable. Exit.

Enter Boots whering Mifris Horbleach.

Omnæs. How now? how now?

Car. What Gally-foil is this?

Lod. Peace, two dishes of stewed prunes, a Bawde and a Pander. My worthy Lieutenant Bots; why, now I see th'art a man of thy word, welcome; wel-
come Mifris Horbleach: Pray Gentlemen, salute this reverend Matron.

Horf. Thanks to all your Worshipes.

Lod. I bade a Drawer fend in wine too: did none come along with thee (Grannam) but the Lieutenant?

Horf. None came along with me but Bots, if it like your Worship.

Bots. Who the pox should come along with you but Bots?

Enter two Vintners.

Omnæs. Oh braue! march faire.

Lod. Are you come? that's well.

Mat. Here's Ordnance able to facke a City.

Lod. Come, repeat, read this Inuertory.

1. Vint. Imprimis, a pottle of Greeke wine, a pottle of Peter fa meene, a pottle of Charnico, and a pottle of Leattica.

Lod. Y'are paid?


Mat. So shall some of vs be anon, I feare.
The Honest Whore.

Bots. Here's a hot day towards: but a round, this is the life out of which a Soldier sucks sweetnesse, when this Artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground: Cannon, Demy-cannon, Saker, and Bafalisk.

Lod. Give fire, Lieutenant.

Bots. So, so: Must I venture first upon the breach to you all, Gallants: Bots sets upon you all.

Omnes. 'Tis hard (Bots) if we pepper not you, as well as you pepper us.

Enter Candido.

Lod. My noble Linnen Draper! Some wine! Welcome old Lad.

Mat. Y'are welcome, Signior.

Cand. Thefe Lawnes, sir!

Mat. Prefently, my man is gone for them: we ha rigged a Fleet, you fee here, to faile about the world.

Cand. A dangerous Voyage, failing in such Ships.

Bots. There's no calling our board yet.

Lod. Because you are an old Lady, I will have you be acquainted with this graue Citizen, pray blow your lips upon him, and bid him welcome.

Horf. Any Citizen shall be most welcome to me:

—— I have vfed to buy ware at your shop.

Cand. It may be so, good Madam.

Horf. Your Prentices know my dealings well; I trust your good wife be in good case: if it please you, beare her a token from my lips, by word of mouth.

Cand. I pray no more forsooth, 'tis very well, indeed I loue no sweet meats: — She's a breath flinkes warfare then fifty Polecats. Sir, a word, is she a Lady!

Lod. A woman of a good house, and an ancient, there's a Bawde.

Cand. A Bawde! Sir, Ile steale hence, and see your Lawnes some other time.

Mat. Steale out of such company! — Paches! my
The Honest Whore.

man is but gone for em: Lieutenant Bots, drinke to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to flie hie.

Omnis. Swagger: and make him doo't on his knees.


Bots. Gray-beard, Goats pizzle: 'tis a health, haue this in your guts, or this, there: I will sing a bawdy song, sir, because your vergis face is melancholly, to make liquor goe downe glib: will you fall on your maribones, and pledge this health, 'tis to my Misfris, a whore?

Cand. Here's Ratsbane vpon Ratsbane: Master Bots, I pray, sir, pardon me: you are a Soldier, preffe me not to this feruice, I am old, and shoot not in such pot-gunnes.

Bots. Cap, Ile teach you.

Cand. To drinke healths, is to drinke sicknesse:

Gentlemen, pray refuce me.

Bots. Zounds, who dare?

Omnis. We shall ha stabbing then?

Cand. I ha reckonings to caft vp, good Master Bots.

Bots. This will make you caft em vp better.

Led. Why does your hand shake so?

'Cand. The paffie, Signiors, danceth in my blood.

Bots. Pipe with a pox, sir, then, or Ile make your blood dance——

Cand. Hold, hold, good Master Bots, I drinke.

Omnis. To whom?

Cand. To the old Countesse there.

Horf. To me, old Boy! this is he that neuer drunke wine: once aen too't.

Cand. With much adoe the poifon is got downe,

Tho I can scarce get vp; neuer before

Dranke I a whores health, nor will neuer more.

Enter Orlando with Latuses.

Mat. Haft bin at Gallowes!
The Honest Whore.

Ori. Yes, sir, for I make account to suffer to day.
Mat. Looke, Signior: here’s the Commodity.
Cand. Your price? Mat. Thus.
Cand. No: too deare: thus.
Mat. No: O fie, you must flie higher: yet take em home, trifles shall not make vs quarrell, we’ll agree, you shall haue them, and a penniworth, Ile fetch money at your shop.
Cand. Be it so, good Signior, send me going.
Mat. Going? a deepe bowle of wine for Signior Candido.
Ori. He wud be going.
Cand. Ile rather slay, then goe so: flop your Bowle.

Enter Constable and Bilmen.

Lad. How now?
Bots. Is’t Shrouse-tuesday, that these Ghosts walke.
Mat. What’s your businesse, Sir?
Const. From the Duke: you are the man wee looke for, Signior, I haue Warrant here from the Duke, to apprehend you vpon felony for robbing two Pedlers: I charge you i’th Dukes name goe quickly.
Mat. Is the winde turn’d well: this is that old Wolfe, my Father-in-law: seek out your Miftris, Sirra.
Ori. Yes, Sir: as shafts by piecing are made strong, So shall thy life be straightened by this wrong. Exit.
Omnes. In troth we are forry.
Mat. Braue men must bee crost, it’s but Fortunes Dice rouing against me: Come, sir, pray vfe me like a Gentleman, let me not be carried through the streets like a Pageant.
Const. If these Gentlemen please, you shall goe along with them.
Omnes. Bee’t fo: come.
Const. What are you, sir?

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The Honest Whore.

Bots. I, Sir? sometimes a figure, sometimes a cipher, as the State has occasion to call vp her accounts: I'm a Soldier.

Conf. Your name is Bots, is't not?

Bots. Bots is my name, Bots is knowne to this Company.

Conf. I know you are, Sir: what's thes?

Bots. A Gentlewoman, my Mother.

Conf. Take em both along.

Bots. Me! SIRR.

Billmen. And SIRR.

Conf. If he swagger, raise the street.

Bots. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, whither will you drag vs?

Lod. To the Garden house. Bots, are we even with you?

Conf. To Bridewell with em. Exeunt.

Bots. You will answer this. Exeunt.

Conf. Better then a challenge, I have warrant for my worke, sir.

Lod. We'll goe before. Exeunt.

Conf. Pray doe.

Who, Signior Candido, a Citizen of your degree conforted thus, and revelling in such a house?

Cand. Why, Sir? what house I pray?

Conf. Lewd, and defamed.

Cand. Is't so? thankes, sir: I'm gone.

Conf. What have you there?

Cand. Lawnes which I bought, sir, of the Gentleman that keepes the house.

Conf. And I have warrant here, to search for such stolne Ware: these Lawnes are stolne.

Cand. Indeed!

Conf. So he's the Thief, you the Receiuer: I'm sorry for this chance, I must commit you. Exeunt.

Cand. Me, Sir, for what?

Conf. These Goods are found vpon you, and you must answерт.

Cand. Must I so?
The Honest Whore.

Cont. Most certaine.
Cand. Ile fende for Bayle.
Cont. I dare not: yet because you are a Citizen of worth, you shal not be made a pointing flocke, but without Guard passe onely with my selfe.
Cand. To Bridewell too?
Cont. No remedy.
Cand. Yes, patience: being not mad, they had mee once to Bedlam,
Now I'm drawne to Bridewell, louing no Whores.
Cont. You will buy Lawne ——
Exeunt.

Enter at one doore Hipollito; at another, Lodouico,
Aftolfo, Carolro, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Lod. Yonder's the Lord Hipollito, by any meanes leave him and me together: Now will I turne him to a Madman.
Omnes. Save you, my Lord.  Exeunt.
Lod. I ha strange newes to tell you.
Hip. What are they?
Lod. Your Mare's 1st pound.
Hip. How's this?
Lod. Your Nightingale is in a Limebush.
Hip. Ha!
Lod. Your Puritanicall Honest Whore fits in a blue gowne.

Hip. Blue Gowne!
Lod. She'll chalke out your way to her now: the beets chalke.

Hip. Where, who dares?
Lod. Doe you know the Brice-house of Castigation, by the River side that runnes by Milan: the Schoole where they pronounce no letter well but Ol

Hip. I know it not.
Lod. Any man that has borne Office of Constable, or any woman that has faile from a Horfe-load to a Cart-load, or like an old Hen that has had none but rotten egges in her net, can direct you to her: there you shall see your Puncke amongst her back-friends,
there you may haue her at your will, for there she
beates Chalke, or grindes in the Mill, with a whip
deadle, deadle, deadle, deadle; ah little monkey.

_Hip._ What Rogue durt ferr that Warrant, know-
ing I loued her !

_Lod._ Some Worshipfull Rascall, I lay my life.

_Hip._ Ile beat the Lodgings downe about their
eares

That are her Keepers.

_Lod._ So you may bring an old house ower her head.

_Hip._ Ile to her ——

Ile to her, flood armed Fiends to guard the doores.

_Exit._

_Lod._ Oh me ! what Monsters are men made by
whores !
If this false fire doe kindle him, there's one Faggot
More to the bonfire, now to my Bridewell Birds,
What Song will they sing !

_Exit._

_Enter Duke, Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell, three
or foure Masters of Bridewell: Infallice._

_Duke._ Your Bridewell ! that the name ! for beauty,
strength,
Capacity and forme of ancient building,
(Belides the Riuers neighbourhood) few houses
Wherein we keepe our Court can better it.

1. _Majer._ Hither from foraigne Courts haue
Princes come,
And with our Duke did Acts of State Commence,
Here that great Cardinall had first audience,
(The graue Campayne,) that Duke dead, his Somne
(That famous Prince) gaue free possefion
Of this his Palace, to the Citizens,
To be the poore mans ware-houe : and endow'd it
With Lands to th valew of seuen hundred marke,
With all the bedding and the furniture,
Once proper (as the Lands then were) to an Hospitall
Belonging to a Duke of Sauzy. Thus
The Honest Whore.

Fortune can toss the World, a Princes Court
Is thus a prison now.

Duke. 'Tis Fortunes sport:
These changes common are: the Wheel of Fate
Turns Kingdoms vp, till they fall desolate.
But how are these seven hundred Markes by'th yeere
Imploide in this your Work-house?

1. Master. Warre and Peace
Feed both upon those Lands: when the Iron doors
Of warre burst open, from this House are sent
Men furnish'd in all Martiall Complement.
The Moone hath arrow'd her Bow scarce drawn to'th head,
(Like to twelve fine Arrows) all the Moneths,
Since 1600. Soldiers went aboard:
Here Providence and Charity play such parts,
The House is like a very Schoole of Arts,
For when our Soldiers (like Ships driven from Sea,
With ribs all broken, and with tatter'd sides,)
Cast anchor here again, their ragged backs
How often doe we cover'd that (like men)
They may be sent to their owne Homes agen.
All here are but one swarme of Bees, and Frie's
To bring with weared thighs honey to the Hive.
The sturdy Beggar, and the lazy Lowne,
Gets here hard hands, or lac'd Correction.
The Vagabond grows flay'd, and learns to obey,
The Drone is beaten well, and sent away.
As other prisons are, (some for the Thieves,
Some, by which undone Credit gets reliefe
From bridled Debtors; others for the poor)
So this is for the Bawd, the Rogue, the Whore.

Car. An excellent Teeme of Horfe.

1. Master. Nor is it feene,
That the whip draws blood here, to cool the Spleene
Of any rugged Bench: nor does offence
Feel smart on falsefull, or rash evidence:
But pregnant testimony forth must fland,
Ere Justice leave them in the Beadles hand,
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The Honest Whore.

As Iron, on the Anuill are they laid,
Not to take blowes alone, but to be made
And fashioned to some Charitable vie.

Duke. Thus wholsom't Lawes spring from the
worst abuse.

Enter Orlando before Bellafront.

Bel. Let mercy touch your heart-flings (gracious
Lord)
That it may sound like musike in the ear
Of a man desperate, (being 'th hands of Law.)

Duke. His name!  

Bel. Matheo.

Duke. For a robbery! where is he?

Bel. In this House.

Exit Bel. & one of the Masters of Bridewell.

Duke. Fetch you him hither——

Is this the Party?

Orl. This is the Hen, my Lord, that the Cocke
(with the Lordly combe) your Sonne-in-law would
crow over, and tread.

Duke. Are your two Servants ready?

Orl. My two Pedlers are pack'd together, my good
Lord.

Vice (like a wound launc'd) mends by punishment.

Infe. Let me be gone, my Lord, or stand vnseene;
'Tis rare when a Judge strikes, and that none dye,
And 'tis vnfit then, women shou'd be by.
1. Master. We'll place you, Lady, in some privat
roome.

Infe. Pray doe so.

Orl. Thus nice Dames swear, it is vnfit their eyes
Sould view men caru'd vp for Anatomies,
Yet they'll see all, so they may stand vnseeene,
Many women sure will flinke behind a Skreen.

Enter Lodouico.

Lod. Your Sonne (the Lord Hipollito) is entred.
The Honest Whore.

Duke. Tell him we wish his presence. A word
Sforfa:
On what wings flew he hither?—
Lod. Thee, I told him—his Larke whom he loued,
was a Bridewell Bird, he's mad that this Cage should
hold her, and is come to let her out.
Duke. 'Tis excellent: away, goe call him hither.
Exit. Lod.

Enter one of the Gournours of the House, Bellafort.
* after him with Matheo, after him the Constable.
Enter at another doore, Lodouico and
Hipollito: Orlando steps forth and
brings in two Pedlars.

Duke. You are to vs a stranger (worthy Lord)
'Tis strange to see you here.

Hip. It is most fit,
That where the Sunne goes, Attomyes follow it.
Duke. Attomyes neither shape, nor honour beare:
Be you your selfe, a Sunne-beame to shine cleare.
Is this the Gentleman? Stand forth & heare
Your accusation.

Mat. Ile heare none: I flie hie in that: rather
then Kites shall seize vpon me, and picke out mine
eyes to my face, Ile strike my tallons through mine
owne heart first, and spit my blood in theirs: I am
here for shriuing thofe two fooles of their sinfull
carke: when thofe Jack-dawes haue caude over me,
then mutt I cry guilty, or not guilty; the Lawe has
worke enough already, and therefore Ie put no worke
of mine into his hands, the Hangman shall ha't first,
I did pluck thofe Ganders, did rob them.
Duke. 'Tis well done: to confesse.

Mat. Confesse and be hanged, and then I flie hie,
is't not so? that for that a gallowes is the worst rub
that a good Bowler can meet with: I stumled against such
a poft, elfe this night I had plaid the part of a true
Sonne in these daies, vndone my Father-in-law, with
him wud I ha run at leape-frogge, and come ouer
his gold, tho I had broke his necke for't: but the poore Salmon Trout is now in the Net.

_Hip._ And now the Law must teach you to flie him.

_Mat._ Right, my Lord, and then may you flie low; no more words, a Moufe, Mum, you are flop'd.

_Bet._ Be good to my poore husband, deare my Lords.

_Mat._ Aste, why shouldst thou pray them to be good to me, when no man here is good to one another?

_Duke._ Did any hand worke in this theft but yours?

_Mat._ O, yes, my Lord, yes: the Hangman has neuer one Sonne at a birth, his Children alwaies come by couples: Tho I cannot guie the old dog, my Father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall bee fure of a Choke-peare.—Yes, my Lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine Pedlers, and that was my wife.

_Bet._ Alas, I?

_Orl._ O everlaﬆing, supernaturall superlatiue Villaine!

_Omn̄es._ Your wife, Matheo?

_Hip._ Sure it cannot be.

_Mat._ Oh, Sir, you loue no quarters of Mutton that hang vp, you loue none but whole Mutton; she fet the robbery, I perform'd it; she spur'd me on, I gallop'd away.

_Orl._ My Lords.

_Bet._ My Lords, (fellow guie me speach) if my life

May ransom thee, I yeeld it to the Law,
Thou hurt'ft thy foule (yet wipst off no offence)
By callng blots upon my Innocence:
Let not these spare me, but tell truth: no, see
Who slips his necke out of the misery,
Tho not out of the mishief: let thy Servant
That soared in this bafe Acf, accuse me here,
Why should my Husband perish, he goe cleare?

_Orl._ A god Child, hang thine owne Father.
The Honest Whore.

Duke. Old fellow, was thy hand in too!  
Orl. My hand was in the Pye, my Lord, I confesse it: my Mitris I see, will bring me to the Gallowes, and fo leave me; but Ile not leave her fo: I had rather hang in a womans company, then in a mans; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be letten in, for all the Deuils are afraid to haue any women come amongst them, as I am true Thiefe, she neither contented to this fellony, nor knew of it.  
Duke. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife?  
Mat. It is my humor, Sir, 'tis a foolish Bag-pipe that I make my selfe merry with: why should I eate hempe-feed at the Hangmans thirteene-pence halfpenny Ordinary, and haue this whore laugh at me as I swing, as I totter?  
Duke. Is she a Whore?  
Mat. A fixe-penny Mutton Pafly, for any to cut vp.  
Orl. Ah, Toad, Toad, Toad.  
Mat. A Barbers Citerne for euery Seruingman to play vpon, that Lord, your Sonne, knowes it.  
Hip. I, sir, am I her Bawd then?  
Mat. No, sir, but she's your Whore then.  
Orl. Yea Spider, doest catch at great Flies?  
Hip. My Whore!  
Mat. I cannot talke, sir, and tell of your Rems, and your rees, and your whirligigs, and deuices: but, my Lord, I found em like Sparrowes in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me, I tooke em in bed, was ready to kill him was vp to flab her ——  
Hip. Close thy tanke lawes: pardon me, I am vexed,  
Thou art a Villaine, a malicious Deuill,  
Deepe as the place where thou art loft, thou lyest,  
Since I am thus far got into this storne,  
Ile thorow, and thou shalt see Ile thorow vntoucht,  
When thou shalt perish in it.
Enter Infelicc.

Infa. 'Tis my cue
To enter now: roome, let my Prize be plaid,
I ha lurk'd in Cloudes, yet heard what all haue said,
What I layre more can prove, she has wrong'd my bed,
Then her owne husband, she must be punished;
I challenge Law, my Lord, Letters, and Gold,
And Jewels
From my Lord that woman tooke.

Hip. Against that blacke-mouthed Deuill, against
Letters, and Gold,
And against a jealous Wife I doe vphold,
Thus farre her reputation, I could sooner
Shake the Appenine, and crumble Rockes to dust,
Then (tho lowes flowre rayned downe) tempt her to
luft.

Bel. What shall I say?

Hee discouers himselfse.

Orl. Say thou art not a Whore, and that's more
then fifteene women (amongst fayne hundred) dare
fware without lying: this shalt thou say, no let mee
fay't for thee; thy Husband's a Knave, this Lord's an
honest Man; thou art no Funcke, this Lady's a right
Lady. 

Faasheo is a Thiefe as his Master is, but old
Orlando is as true a man as thy Father is: I ha fene
you flie bie, fir, & I ha fene you flie low, fir, and to
kepe you from the Gallowes, fir, a blue Coat haue I
worne, and a Thiefe did I turne, mine owne men are
the Pedlers, my twenty pound did flie bie, fir, your
wives Gowne did flie low, fir: whither flie you now,
fir? you ha scap'd the Gallowes, to the Deuill you flie
next, fir. Am I right, my Liege?

Duke. Your Father has the true Phisicion plaid.

Mat. And I am now his Patient.

Hip. And be fo still,
'Tis a good signe when our cheekes blush at ill.
The Honest Whore.

Cont. The Linnen Draper (Signior Candido)
He whom the City tarmes the Patient man,
Is likewise here for buying of those Lawnes
The Pedlers loft.

Inf. Alas good Candido. Exit Constable.
Duke. Fetch him: and when these payments vp
are call,
Weigh out your light Gold, but let's haue them last.

Enter Candido, and Constable.

Duke. In Bridewell, Candido !
Cand. Yes, my good Lord.
Duke. What make you here ?
Cand. My Lord, what make you here ?
Duke. I'm here to saue right, and to drue wrong
hence.
Cand. And I to beare wrong here with patience.
Cand. So they doe say, my Lord,
Yet bought I them vpon a Gentlemans word,
And I imagine now, as I thought then,
That there be Theues, but no Theeues Gentlemen.
Hip. Your Credit's crack'd being here.
Cand. No more then Gold.
Being crack'd which does his estimation hold.
I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad ?
They made me pledge Whores healths, but am I bad,
Because I'm with bad people ?
Duke. Well, stand by,
If you take wrong, wee'll cure the injury.

Enter Constable, after them Bots, after him two Beadle,
one with Hampe, the other with a Beetle.

Duke. Stay, say, what's he ? a prisonner ?
Cont. Yes, my Lord.
Hip. He feemes a Soldier ?
Bots. I am what I feeme, Sir, one of Fortunes
Baflards, a Soldier, and a Gentleman, and am brought
in here with Master Constables band of Bilmen, be-
cause they face mee downe that I live (like thofe that
keepe Bowling-alleys) by the finnes of the people, in
being a Squire of the body.

*Hip.* Oh, an Apple-squire.

*Bots.* Yes, sir, that degree of scurvy Squiers, and
that I am maintained by the best part that is com-
monly in a woman, by the worst players of thofe parts,
but I am knowne to all this company.

*Lord.* My Lord, 'tis true, we all know him, 'tis
Lieutenant *Bots.*

*Duke.* *Bots,* and where ha you ferued, *Bots*?

*Bots.* In most of your hottest Services in the Low-
countries: at the *Groyne* I was wounded in this thigh,
and halted vpon't, but 'tis now found. In *Cleaveland*
I milt but little, hauing the bridge of my nofe broken
downe with two great flones, as I was scaling a Fort:
I ha beene tryed, Sir, too, in *Gelderland,* and scap'd
hardly there from being blown vp at a Breach: I was
fired, and lay 'th Surgeons' hands for't, till the fall of
the leafe following.

*Hip.* All this may be, and yet you no Soldier.

*Bots.* No Soldier, sir! I hope these are Services
that your proudest Commanders doe venture vpvn,
and neuer come off sometymes.

>Duke.* Well, sir, becaufe you say you are a Soldier,
I e' ye you like a Gentleman: make roome there,
Plant him amongst you, we shall haue anon
Strange Hawkes fie here before vs: if none light
On you, you shall with freedome take your flight :
But if you proue a Bird of bafer wing,
We'll e' ye you like such Birds, here you shall linge.

*Bots.* I wish to be tryed at no other weapon.

*Duke.* Why, is he furnish'd with these implements?

1. *Master.* The Pander is more dangerous to a
State,
Then is the common Thiefe, and tho our lawes
Lie heauier on the Thiefe, yet that the Pander
May know the Hangmans rufe shou'd fit him too,
Therefore he's fet to beat Hempe.

Duke. This does favour
Of Justice, basest Slaves to basest labour.
Now pray, fet open Hell, and let vs see
The Shee-Deuils that are here.

Inf. Me thinkes this place
Should make euem Lais honest.

1. Master. Some it turns good,
But (as some men whose hands are once in blood,
Doe in a pride spill more) fo, some going hence,
Are (by being here) lost in more impudence:
Let it not to them (when they come) appeare,
That any one does as their Judge fit here:
But that as Gentlemen you come to see,
And then perhaps their tongues will walke more free.

Duke. Let them be marshall'd in: be couerd all,
Fellowes, now to make the Scene more Comicall.

Car. Will not you be finelit out, Bots.

Bots. No, your brasseft whores haue the worst noxes.

Enter two of the Masters: a Constable after them, then
Dorathea Target, braue, after her two Beadles,
th'one with a wheel, the other with
a blue Gewme.

Lod. Are not you a Bride, fortooth 1

Dor. Say yee 1

Car. He wand know if thefe be not your Bridesmen.

Dor. Vuh, yes, sir: and looke yee, doe you see
the Bride-laces that I glue at my wedding, will ferue
to tye Rosemary to both your Coffins when you come
from hanging—Scab 1

Orl. Fie, Puncke, fie, fie, fie.

Dor. Out you stale stinking head of Garlick, fooh,
at my heeles.

Orl. My head's clouen.
The Honest Whore.

Hip. O, let the Gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.
Afl. Nay to doe penance.
Car. I, I, goe Puncke, goe to the Croffe and be whipt.
Dor. Mary mew, mary muffle, mary hang you good-
man Dog: whipt? doe yee take me for a bafe Spittle
whore? in troth Gentlemen, you weare the cloathes of
Gentlemen, but you carry not the mindes of Gentle-
men, to abufe a Gentlewoman of my fashion.
Lod. Fashion! pox a your fashions, art not a
whore?
Dor. Goodman Slaue.
Duke. O fie, abuse her not, let vs two talke,
What mought I call your name, pray?
Dor. I'm not afhamed of my name, Sir, my name
is Mistris Doll Target, a Weterne Gentlewoman.
Lod. Her Target against any Pike in Millan.
Duke. Why is this wheele borne after her?
1. Master. She must fpine.
Dor. A coorse thred it shal be, as all threds are.
Afl. If you fpin, then you'll earne money here
too?
Dor. I had rather get halfe a Crowne abroad,
then ten Crownes here.
Orl. Abroad! I think th'o.
Info. Doeff thou not weepes now thou art here?
Dor. Say yee! weepes! yes forsooth, as you did
when you loft your Maidenhead: doe you not heare
how I weep?
Sings.
Lod. Farewell Doll.
Dor. Farewell Dog.
Exit.
Duke. Past shame: past penitence, why is that
blue Gowne?
1. Master. Being stript out of her wanton loose
attire,
That Garment she puts on, bafe to the eye,
Onely to cloath her in humility.
The Honest Whore.

Duke. Are all the rest like this t
1. Master. No, my good Lord.
You see, this Drab swells with a wanton reyne,
The next that enters has a different straine.
Duke. Variety is good, let's see the rest.

Exit Master.

Bots. Your Grace fees I'm found yet, & no Bullets hit me.
Duke. Come off so, and 'tis well.

Omes. Here's the second Meffe.

Enter the two Masters, after them the Constable, after him Penelope Whore-hound, like a Citizen's wife, after her two Beadles, one with a blue Gowne, another with Chalke and a Mallet.

Pen. I ha wrought many a costly Gowne, but I was neuer thus guarded with blue Coats, and Beadles, and Constables, and ———

Car. Alas faire Miftris, spoyle not thus your eyes.

Pen. Oh sweet sir, I feare the spoiling of other places about me that are dearer than my eyes; if you be Gentlemen, if you be men, or euer came of a woman, pitty my cafe, stand to me, fickle to me, good sir, you are an old man.

Orl. Hang not on me, I prethee, old Trees beare no fuch fruit.

Pen. Will you bayle me, Gentlemen t

Lod. Bayle thee, art in for debt t

Pen. No — is my JUDGE, sir, I am in for no debts, I payd my Taylor for this Gowne, the last five shillings a weke that was behind, yesterday.

Duke. What is your name, I pray t


Bots. A very honest woman, as I'm a Soldier, a pox Bots ye.

Pen. I was neuer in this pickle before, and yet if I goe amongst Citizens wiuces, they ieere at me: if I
The Honest Whore.

goe among the Loose-bodied Gownes, they cry a pox
on me, because I goe ciuilly attreyed, and sware their
trade was a good trade, till such as I am tooke it out
of their hands: good Lieutenant Bots, speake to these
Captaines to bayle me.

1. Master. Begg'ing for bayle still? you are a trim
godlipp, goe glue her the blue Gowne, let her to her
chare, worke Huwife, for your bread, away.

Pen. Out you Dog, a pox on you all, women are
borne to curle thee, but I shall liue to see twenty such
flat-caps flaking Dice for a penny-worth of Pippins:
out, you blue-eyed Rogue.

Ommes. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Euen now she wept, and praid, how does
the curfe?

1. Master. Seeing me: if still she had flaid, this
had beene worfe.

Hip. Was she euer here before?

1. Master. Five times at leaft,
And thus if men come to her, haue her eyes
Wrung, and wept out her bayle.

Ommes. Bots, you know her?

Bots. Is there any Gentleman here, that knowes
not a Whore, and is he a haire the worfe for that?

Duke. Is she a City-dame, she's so attreyed?

1. Master. No, my good Lord, that's onely but
the vaile
To her loose body, I haue seene her here
In gayer Masking Suits, as feuerall Sawces
Glue one Dih feuerall Taffles, so change of Habits
In Whores is a bewitching Art: to day
She's all in colours to befot Gallants,
Then in modest blakke, to catch the Citizen,
And this from their Examinations drawne,
Now shall you see a Monfter both in shape
And nature quite from thefe, that fieds no teare,
Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plaine ramping Beare,
Many fuch Whales are caft vpon this Shore.

Ommes. Let's see her.
The Honest Whore.


Ori. Keep your ground, Bots.

Bots. I doe but trauerfe to spy advantage how to arme my selfe.

Enter the two Masters first, after them the Constable; after them a Beadle beating a Bason, then Catryna Bountinall, with Misfris Horleach, after them another Beadle with a blue head guarded with yellow.

Cat. Sirra, when I cry hold your hands, hold, you Rogue-Catcher, hold: Bawd, are the French Chil-blaines in your heeles, that you can come no faster I are not you (Bawd) a Whores Ancient, and must not I follow my Colours?

Hor. O Misfris Katherine, you doe me wrong to accuse mee here as you doe, before the right Worshipfull: (I am knowne for a motherly honest woman, and no Bawd.)

Cat. Mary foh, honest I burnt at fourtene, feuen times whipt, fixe times carted, nine times duck’d, search’d by some hundred and fifty Constables, and yet you are honest I Honest Misfris Horleach, is this World, a World to keepe Bawds and Whores honest I How many times haft thou giuen Gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot I how many twelve-penny Fees, nay two shillings Fees, nay, when any Embattailours ha beene here, how many halfe crowne Fees haft thou taken I how many Carriers haft thou bribed for Country Wenchnes I how often haue I rinfy thy lungs in Aqua utie, and yet you are honest I

Duke. And what were you the whilest I

Cat. Mary hang you, Master Slaue, who made you an examiner I

Lod. Well said, belike this Deuill spares no man.

Cat. What art thou prethee I

Bots. Nay what art thou prethee I
The Honest Whore.

Cat. A Whore, art thou a Thiefe?
Bots. A Thiefe, no, I defie the calling, I am a Soldier, have borne Armes in the Field, beene in many a hot Skirmish, yet come off found.
Cat. Sound with a pox to yee, yee abominable Rogue! you a Soldier? you in Skirmishes? where? amongst pottle pots in a Bawdy-house! Looke, looke here, you Madam Wormeaten, doe you not know him?
Horf. Lieutenant Bots, where have yee beene this many a day?
Bots. Old Bawd, doe not discredit me, seeme not to know me.
Horf. Not to know yee, Master Bots! as long as I have breath, I cannot forget thy sweet face.
Duke. Why, doe you know him? he faies he is a Soldier.
Cat. He a Soldier? a Pander, a Dog that will licke vp fixe pence: doe yee heare, you Master Swines inout, how long is't since you held the doore for me, and cried too't agen, no body comes, yee Rogue you?
Omnus. Ha, ha, ha, y'are smelt out agen, Bots.
Bots. Pox ruyne her nofe for't, and I be not re-enged for this — vm yee Bitch.
Led. Dee yee heare yee, Madam? why does your Ladiship swagger thus! y'are very braue, me thinkes.
Cat. Not at your coif, Master Gods-head, is any man here bleare-eyed to see me braue?
Ath. Yes, I am,
Because good Cloathes vpon a Whores backe
Is like faire painting vpon a rotten wall.
Cat. Mary maffe Master Whoremaster, you come vpon me with sentences.
Ber. By this light has small fence for't.
Led. O fie, fie, doe not vex her.
And yet me thinkes a creature of more fcuruy conditons
Should not know what a good Petticoate were.
Cat. Mary come out,
The Honest Whore.

Y'are so busie about my Petticoate, you'll creepe vp
to my placket, and yee cood but attaine the honour,
but and the outides offend your Rogueships, looke
ot the lining, 'tis Silke.

Duke. 1'st Silke'tis lined with than!  

Cat. Silke! I Silke, Master Slaue, you wud bee
glad to wipe your nofe with the skirt on't: this 'tis to
come among a company of Cods-heads that know not
how to vie a Gentlewoman.

Duke. Tell her the Duke is here.

1. Master. Be model, Kate, the Duke is here.

Cat. If the Deuill were here, I care not: feth for-
ward, yee Rogues, and glue attendance to your places,
let Bawds and Whores be fad, for Ie sing and the
Deuill were a dying.  
    Exeunt.

Duke. Why before her does the Bason ring?

1. Master. It is an emblem of their revelling,
The whips we vfe lets forth their wanton blood,
Making them calme, and more to calme their pride,
In stead of Coaches they in Carts doe ride.
Will your Grace fee more of this bad Ware?

Duke. No shut vp shop, wee'll now breake vp the
faire,

Yet ere we part—you, sir, that take vp upon yee
The name of Soldier, that true name of worth,
Which, action not vaine boating beft sets forth,
To let you know how farre a Soldier's name
Stands from your title, and to let you fee,
Soldiers must not be wrong'd where Princes be:
This bee your sentence.

Omnes. Defend your felfe, Bots.

Duke. Firft, all the priuat sufferance that the
houfe
Inflicts vpon Offenders, you (as the bafeft)
Shall vndergoe it double, after which
You shall bee whipt, fir, round about the Citty,
Then banisht from the Land.

Bots. Befeech your Grace.

Duke. Away with him, fee it done, Panders and
Whores
The Honest Whore.

Are Citty-plagues, which being kept alie,
Nothing that lookes like goodnes ere can thrive.
Now good Orlando, what say you to your bad Sonne-
in-law?

Orl. Mary this, my Lord, he is my Sonne-in-law,
and in law will I be his Father: for if law can pepper
him, he shall be so parboild, that he shall flinke no
more i’th nofe of the Common-wealth.

Bd. Be yet more kinde and mercifull, good
Father.

Orl. Doest thou beg for him, thou precious mans
meat, thou? has he not beaten thee, kickt thee, trod
on thee, and doest thou fawne on him like his Span-
niell? has hee not pawnd thee to thy Petticoate, fold
thee to thy smock, made thee leap at a cruff, yet
wooden haue me faue him?

Bd. Oh yes, good Sir, women shall learne of me,
To loue their husbands in greatest misery,
Then shew him pitty, or you wracke my felwe.

Bd. Haue yee eaten Pigeons that y’are fo kinde-
hearted to your Mate? Nay, y’are a couple of wilde
Beares, I haue yee both baitcd at one flake: but as
for this Knaue, the Gallowes is thy due, and the Gal-
lowes thou shalt haue, Ile haue iustice of the Duke,
the Law shal haue thy life, what, doest thou hold him?
let goe his hand: if thou doest not forfake him, a
Fathers everlafting blesting fall vpoun both your heads:
away, goe, kife out of my sight, play thou the Whore
no more, nor thou the Thiefe ajen, my house shall be
thine, my meate shall be thine, and so shall my wine,
but my money shall bee mine, and yet when I die,
(so thou doest not die he) take all,
Yet good Matheo, mend.
Thus for joy weepes Orlando, and doth end.

Duke. Then heare, Matheo: all your woes are
flayed
By your good Father-in-law: all your Ills
Are cleare purged from you by his working pills.
Come Signior Candido, thefe greene yong wits
The Honest Whore.

(We see by Circumstance) this plot hath laid,
Still to provoke thy patience, which they finde
A wall of Brashe, no Armour's like the minde;
Thou hast taught the City patience, now our Court
Shall be thy Sheare, where from thy good report,
Rumours this truth vnto the world shal sing,
A Patient man's a Patterne for a King. Exeunt.

FINIS.
THE
WHORE OF
BABYLON.

As it was acted by the Princes Servants.

Vexat Censura Columbas.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDON
Printed for Nathaniel Butter.
1607.
DRAMMATICIS

persona.

Tithania the Faire Queene: vnder whom is figured our late Queene Elisabeth.

Campeius a Scholler. Paridel a Doctor.

Th' Empresse of Babylon: vnder whom is figured Rome.

Lectori.

The Generall scope of this Drammaticall Poem, is to set forth (in Tropicall and shadowed colours) the Greatnes, Magnanimity, Constancy, Clemency, and other the incomparable Heroical vertues of our late Queene And (on the contrary part) the inueterate malice, Treafons, Machinations, Vnderminings, & continual blody stratagems, of that Purple whore of Roome, to the taking away of our Princes lives, and utter extirpation of their Kingdomes. Wherein if according to the dignity of the Subiect, I have not given it Lufter, and (to use the Painters rhetorick) doe so faile in my Depths & Heightnings, that it is not to the life, let this excuse me; that the Pyramids upon whose top the glorious Raigne of our deceasde Soueraigne was mounted, stands yet so high, and so sharply pointed into the clouds, that the Art of no pen is able to reach it. The frame of her Vertues is so immeasurable, that the farther they are waded into, the farther is it to the bottom.

In sayling upon which two contrary Seas, you may obferve, on how direft a line I have steered my course: for of such a scantling are my words set downe, that neither the one party speakes too much, nor the other (in opposition) too little in their owne defence.
And whereas I may, (by some more curious in censure, then found in judgement) be Critically taunted, that I fail the account of time, and set not down Occurrents, according to their true succession, let such (that are so nice of flemack) know, that I write as a Poet, not as an Historian, and that these two doe not live under one law. How true Fortunes dyall hath gone whose Players (like so many clocks, have struck my lines, and told the world how I have spent my hours) I am not certaine, because mine eare is blocke within reach of their Larums. But of this my knowledge cannot fail, that in such Comforts, many of the Instruments are for the most part out of tune, And no maruaille; for let the Poet set the note of his Numbers, even to Apolloes owne Lyre, the Player will have his owne Crochets, and sing false notes, in distaste of all the rules of Musick. It fares with these two, as it does with good Suffs and a badde Tayler: It is not mard in the weareing, but in the cutting out. The labours therefore of Writers are as unhappie as the children of a beutifull woman, being spoild by ill nurces, within a month after they come into the world. What a number of throwes doe we endure care we be delivered? and yet even then (tho that heavenly issue of our braine be never so faire and so well lynd,) is it made lame by the bad handling of them to whome it is put to learning to goe: if this of mine bee made a cripple by such means, yet dispise him not for that deformity which stuck not upon him at his birth; but fell upon him by mis-fortune, and in recompence of such favour, you shall (if your Patience can suffer so long) heare now how himselfe can speake.
PROLOGUE.

The Charmes of silence through this Square be throwne,
That an vn-vide Attention (like a Jewell)
May hang at every eare, for wee present
Matter aboue the vulgar Argument:
Yet drawne so liuely, that the weakefiest eye,
(Through those thin vailes we hang betweene your fight,
And this our peice) may reach the mistery:
What in it is most graue, will most delight.
But as in Lantship, Townes and Woods appeare
Small a farre off, yet to the Optick fence,
The minde shewes them as great as those more neere;
So, winged Time that long ageo flew hence
You must fetch backe, with all those golden yeares
He stole, and here imagine still hee flands,
Thrusting his siluer Locke into your hands.
There hold it but two howres, It shall from Graues
Raze vp the dead: vpon this narrow floore
Swell vp an Ocean, (with an Armed Fleece)
And lay the Dragon at a Doues soft feetes.
These Wonders sit and see, sending as guides
Your Judgement, not your passions: passion slides,
When Judgement goes vright: for tho the Mufe
Thats thus insipr'de) a Nouell path does tread,
Shes free from foolifh boldnes, or base dread.
Loe; icorne the icornes and Enuies ranckling tooth,
For this is all fhee does, the wakens Truth.
HE draws a Curtaine, discovering Truth in sad clothes: unaground: her hair disheueld, & sleeing on a Rock: Time (her father) attired likewise, in black, and all his properties (as Sitho, Howre-glasfe and Wings) of the fame Cullor, using all means to waken Truth, but not being able to doe it, he sits by her and mourns. Then enter Friers, Bishops, Cardinals before the Hearse of a Queen, after it Counsellors, Pettitioners, & Ladies, all these left having scarfes before their eyes, the other singing in Latin. Truth suddenly awakens, & beholding this sight, shews (with her father) arguments of Joy, and Exeunt, returning presently: Time being shiffted into light Cullors, his properties likewise alurred into siluer, and Truth Crowned, (being cloathed in a robe spotted with Starres) meete the Hearfe, and pulling the veiles from the Counsellors eyes, they woun-dering a while, and seeming astonished at her brightnes, at length embrace Truth and Time, & depart with them: leaving the rest going on.

This being done, Enter Titania (the Farie Queene) attended with those Counsellors, and other perfons fittting her estate: Time and Truth meete her, prefenting a Booke to her, which (kissing it) shee receives, and shewing it to those about her, they draw out their swords, (embracing Truth) vowing to defend her and that booke: Truth then and Time are sent in, and returne presently, driving before them those Cardinals, Friers, &c. (that came in before) with Images, Crosier flames &c. They go, certaine grave learned men, that had beene banished, are brought in, and pre- fented to Titania, who shews to them the booke, which they receive with great signes of gladness, and Exeunt Omnes.
THE WHORE
of Babylon.

Empresse of Babylon: her Canopie supported by 4.
Cardinals: 2. persons in Pontificall roobes on
either hand, the one bearing a sword, the other the
keys: before her 3. Kings crowned, behind her
Friars, &c.

Emp. This was, in pompe, in peace, in
god like splendor,
With adoration of all dazeled
ies,
Should breath thus long, and grow so full of daies,
Be fruitfull as the Vine, in sonnes and daughters,
(All Emperors, Kings, and Queens) that (like to
Cedars
Vspring from the breast of Lybanus,
Or Oliues nurft vp by Ierusalem)
Heightened our glories, whilst we held vp them:
That this vaft Globe Terreftriall should be cantled,
And almost three parts ours, and that the nations,
Who suspicion draw out of this aires,
The Whore of Babylon.

With vnierfall Aues, showtes, and cries,
Should vs acknowledge to be head suprême
To this great body (for a world of yeares :)
Yet now, when we had made our Crowne compleat,
And clos'd it strongly with a triple arch,
And had inrich'd it with those pretious jewels
Few Princes euer see (white haires) euen now
Our greatnese hangs in ballance, and the flampe
Of our true Soueraignty, clipt, and abas'd.

1. King. By whom dread Empresse 1
Emp. Aske thefe holy Fathers :
Aske thofe our oat-calf fonnes : a throne vnfurped
Our chaire is counted, all our tyles floene.

2. King. What blaspemye dare speake fo 1
Emp. All our roabes,
Our veftments, (reuerend, yet pontificall :)
This sword, thofe keyes, (that open kingdoms hearts
To let in sweet obedience) All, but borrowed.

3. King. What foule aboute the earth ...
Emp. Our royall signet,
With which, we, (in a mothers holy loue)
Hauie sign'd fo many pardons, is now counterfeit :
From our mouth flow riuers of blaspemye
And lies ; our Babylonian Sinagogues
Are counted Stewes, where Fornications
And all vnclennesse Sodomitically,
(Whofe leprous touch'd vs never) are now daily act'd :
Our Image, which (like Romane Cafar's) flamp'd
In gold, through the whole earth did currant passe ;
Is now blanch'd copper, or but guiled braffe.

3. King. Can yonder rooffe, thats nailed fo fast with
flarres,
Couver a head fo impious, and not cracke 1
That Sulphure boyling o're celeftiall fires,
May drop in whizing flakes (with skalding vengeance)
On such a horrid finne 1

1. King. No mortall bosome
Is fo vnfrancified.

2. King. Who ift bright Empresse,
The Whore of Babylon.

That feeds so vicerous, and so ranke a Spleene!

Emp. A woman.

Omn. Woman! who?

Emp. The Fairie Queene:

Five Summers have scarce drawn their glimmering nights
Through the Moons siluer bowe, since the crownd heads
Of that adored beast, on which we ride,
Were strucke and wounded, but so heal'd againe,
The very scarres were hid. But now, a mortall,
An unrecouerable blow is taken,
And it must bleed to death.


Emp. Heauen suffer it, and sees it, and giues ayre,

Whilst eu'n our Empires heart is cleft in funder:
That strumpet, that enchantresse, (who, in robes white as is innocence, and with an eye able to tempt (learne murther to her bed)
Calles her feile Truth, has sotne faire Truths attire,
Her crowne, her sweet songs, counterfeit her voyce,
And by prestigious trickes in forcerie,
Has rais'd a bafe impollor like Truths father:
This subtile Curtizan fets vp againe,
Whom we but late baniht, to lie in caues,
In rockes and defart mountaines.

2. King. Feare her not, shee's but a shadow.

Emp. O tis a cunning Spider,
And in her nets so wraps the Fairie Queen,
That thee fuckes eu'n her breast: Sh'as writ a booke,
Which thee callles holy Spels.


Emp. The pole of heauen must first in funder breake,

For from the Fairie shores this Witch hath drien
All such as are like thefe (our Sooth-Saiers)
And cal'd falle Sers home, that of things past,
Sing wonders, and diuine of things to come:
The Whore of Babylon.

Through whose bewitching tongues runne golden chaines,
To which ten thousand eares so fast are bound,
As spirits are by spells; that all the Tones
Of harmony, that Babylon can found,
Are charmes to Adders, and no more regarded,
Than are by him that's dease, the sike mans groanes.
Schee, they, Titanis, and her Fairie Lords,
Ye s even her vaffaire elues, in publick sorne
Defame me, call me Whore of Babylon.

Omn. O vnheard of prophanation!

Empr. Give out I am common: that for lust, and hire
I prostitute this body: that to Kings
I quaffe full bowlies of strong enchanting wines,
To make them dote on me.

Omn. Let's heare no more.

Emp. And that all Potentates that tread on earth,
With our abhominations should be drunke,
And be by vs vndone.

Omn. Weele heare no more.

3. King. You haue thrue fturie whips into our hands.

1. King. Say but the word, and weele turne home your wrongs,
In torne and bloody collours.

2. King. All her bowers,
Shall like burnt offerings purge away (in fire)
Her lands pollution.

Omn. Let's to armes.

Emp. Stay: heare me:
Her kingdom weares a girdle wrought of waues,
Set thicke with ppretious flones, that are so charm'd,
No rockes are of more force: her Fairies hearts,
Lie in enchanted towers (impregnable)
No engine scales them. Therefore goe you three,
Draw all your faces sweetly, let your browes
Be fleck'd, your cheekes in dimples, glie out smiles,
Your voyces string with siluer, wooe (like lourers)
The Whore of Babylon.

Sware you haue his of pearle: shew her the world,
And say shee shall haue all, so shee will kneele
And doe vs reverence: but if shee grow nice,
Dissemble, flatter, floupe to liche the duff
Shee goes vpon, and (like to serpents) crepe
Vpon your bellies, in humilitie;
And beg shee would but with vs ioyne a league,
To wed her land to ours: our blessing, goe.

3. King. When mines are to be blowne vp, men
dig low.

All three. And so will wee.

Emp. Proper: till this bonne fet
The beames that from vs shoot, feeme counterfet.

Exeunt.

Manent 4. Cardinals, and certaine Priests.

1. Card. This phyfick cures not me.
2. Card. Nor me.
3. Card. Nor vs.

1. Card. It is not strong of payfon, to fetch vp
That bak't within: my gall is ouerflowne,
My blood growne ranke and fowle: An inflamation
Of rage, and madness so burnes vp my liuer,
That eu'n my heart-stringes cracke (as in a furnace)
And all my nereus into my eye-balles shrinke,
To shoot those bullets, and my braines at once
Against her foule that ha's halfe dam'd vs: falls
Fetch't he, and naere to heauen, light on no ground,
But in hel's bottome, take their first rebound.

2. Card. Such are our falles: we once had moun-
taine-growth,
With Pines and Cedars.


1. Card. I could be glad to loofe the diuine office
Of my creation, to be turn'd into
A dogge, so I might licke vp but her blood,
That thrusfs vs from our vineyards.

3es. So could all.

4. Card. Revenge were milke to vs.
The Whore of Babylon.

1. Card. And it shall.

But how! wee will not (as the head suprême
Ouer all nations, counsellcth) liche the dust
The Faerie treads on, nor (like serpents) creepe
Upon our bellies in humilitie:
This were (with Fencers) safely to giue ground,
When the first bowt may speed: or to found parly,
Whilst they within, get swords to cut our throats:
No, weele at one blow strike the heart through.

Tres. How!


2. Card. How (reuerend Com) then?
1. Card. Thus—let's consulf . . . nay you shall heare.

You know that all the springs in Fairie land
Ran once to one head: from that head, to vs:
The mountaine and the valley paid vs fruit;
The field her corne, the country felt no heat
But from our fires: Plenty full spread our boards,
And Charitie tooke away. We flept not forth
But with a god-like adoration
All knees bowed low vnto vs: why was this!
Why were our gardens Eden? why our bowers
Built like to those in Paradis? I shall tell you,
It was because the Law most mytically,
Was not made common: therefore was not vile;
It was because in the great Prophets Phanes
And hallowed Temples, we were Choristers:
It was because (wife Pylos) we from rockes,
And gulfes infernall, safely set on shore
Mens foules at yonder hauen: or (beeing shipwrackt)
Strong lines forth calle we, sufferinge none to sinke
To that Abiff, which some hold bottomliffe.
The Whore of Babylon.

But now our very graues
Cannot safe dead mens bones from shame and bruizes:
The monumentall marble Vrnes of bodies
(Laid to rest long agoe) unreuerently
Are turned to troughes of water now for jades:
Vast Charnel-houses, where our fathers heads
Slept on the cold hard pillowes of the earth,
Are emptied now, and chang'd to drinking rooms,
Or vaults for bafer office.

2. Card. What's therefore to be done?
1. Card. This must be done:
This shall be done: They hunted vs like wolves,
Out of their Fairie forrests, whipt vs away
(As vagabonds) mockt vs, and faind our fall
Could not be dangerous, because we bore
Our gods vpon our backes: now must we whip them,
But wifeler.

Tres. How?

1. Card. Thus: those that fill our rooms,
Hold Beacons in their eies (blazing with fire
Of a hot-seeming zeale) to watch our entrance,
And to arm all against vs: these we must quench:
They are counted wels of knowledge, puyfom these wells:
They are the kingdoms musicke, they the Organs,
Vato whose found her Anthems now are sung,
Set them but out of tune, alls out of square,
Pull downe the Church, and none can it reipaire,
But & that builds it: this is the faggot band
That binds all fast: vndoo's, vndoe the land—
Card. omn. Most certaine.

1. Card. You therefore (the best confort of the foule)
Shepheards (whose flocks are men, lambs, Angels,) you
That hold the rooife of yon Starre-chamber vp,
From dropping downe to grinde the world to dust,
You shall to Fairie land.
The Whore of Babylon.

Card. omnes. A joyfull voyage.

1. Card. Tho' they there the holy Hymnes, as yet
Haue not their voyces cleere, the streme of ceremony
Is scarcely settled, trouble it more: bayte hookes
To take some, some to choke: cast out your net
At first, for all the t'rie: let vs spread fayles
To draw vnto our thores the Fairie whales.
That Truth, whole standard-bearer Babylon,
And all we are, is not cleane driven from thence,
Whilste we send you: there lie liues, but liues
A widowe; fifps not forth, dares not be seene
During her moneth of mourning: here we write you
How, and with whom to finde her: what shee bids,
That doe: your hire's above.

Card. omnes. We know it well.

1. Card. And when you see those Fairie fishermen
Rowe in your streames, when they grow cold in working,
And weary of their owne waters, that the fayles
(Which flitty beare them vp) flag and hang low,
And that (like reedes, playing with a pair of winds,)
They promife facill piace, then, then shake
The trees by the root, then'll make the branches blow,
And drop their mellowed fruits, even at your feet,
Gather them they are our owne, then is the houre
To weane those fowles of blace Apostats
From her (their flepdsme) and to make them take,
A blessing from our reverend mothers hands,
Be happie goe.

Card. Omnes. Wee shall remember you,
In all our kneelings.

1. Card. Stay: ere you shift Ayre,
Sprinkle your felles all ore with sacred droppes,
Take Periagits, Pentacles, and potent Charmes
To conjure downe fowle fiends, that will be rayzed
To vex you, tempt you, and betray your bloud,
About your necks hang hallowed Amulets,
The Whore of Babylon.

That may Conferue you from the plagues of Error
Which will strike at you.

Sacr. Omn. Were obey most holy fathers.

1. Car. And heare you,

If clymbing vp to this haught enterprize
The foot slip, and (ith' fal) with death you meet . . .

Sacr. Omn. O glorious ladder!

1. Car. A Saints winding sheet,

Farewell: Mount all the engines of your wit
When darts are sent from all parts, some muft hit.

Exeunt Sacr.

There is a fellow to whome, because he dare
Not be a flaua to greatness, nor is molded
Of Court dow (flattering) but (should it thunder)
To his father, doing ill, (would speake ill) our Empresse,
Hath given this name. (Plaine dealing): this plaine dealing
Haue I shipped hence, and is long since arrived
Upon the fairy strond: from him I expect,
Intelligence of all Occurrences,
He for the names sake, shall perhaps be welcome,
Into that Harlots Company (whom the fairyes
Thinke honest, and sweare deeply, she is Truth.
That Strumpet by inticement heele bring ouer.

2. Card. It came to me in letters (two dayes since
That this plaine dealing ferues the fairy Queene,
And will no more be seene in Babylon.

1. Card. How no more seene in Babylon, tis but
one loft,

If Babylon subscribe to our wife-doome,
Shee shall lodge Double-Dealing in his roome. Exeunt.

Titania, Fidely, Florimell, Elifron, Petitioners.

Tita. Wee thought the fates would haue clode
vp our eyes,

That wee should see haue seene this day-flarre rife:
How many plots were laid to barre vs hence,
(Euen from our Cradle I) but our Innocence
Your wifedome (fairy Feeres) and aboue all,
The Whore of Babylon.

That Arme that cannot let a white foule fall,
Hath held vs vp, and lifted vs thus hie,
Euen when the Arrowes did mo fot thickly schie:
Of that bad woman (Babilons proud Queene,
Who yet (we heare) sies with Inuenomed Spleene.

Fid.  Whole poyfon, shal (like Arrowes not vp-right)
When forth it burles, to her owne downfall light.

Tita.  Truth be my witnes (whome we haue imployed,
To purge our Aire that has with plagues destroyed
Great numbers, flutting them in darksome shades)
I seeke no fall of hirs, my Spirit wades,
In Clearer streames; her bloud I would not sied,
To gaine that triple wreath that binds her head,
The mine sееe would let forth, I know not why,
Only through rancke luft after Souereignty.

Flor.  Enough it is for me, if with a hand,
(Vaultained and vnambitious) fairy land
I Crowne with Oliue branches: all those wounds,
Whose goary mouthes but lately flaine our Rounds,
Bled yet in me: for when great (a) Elfline (a) Hen. 7.
(Our grandfire) fild this throne, your bowers did shine
With fire-red fleete, and not with Fairies cies,
You heard no musicke then, but shriekes and cries,
Then armed Vrchns, and flearme houtheold Elues,
Their fatall pointed swords turnd on themselues.
But when the royall Elfline fat crowned,
These ciuil woes in their own depth lay drowned.
He to immortall shades beinge gone,
(Fames minion) great King (b) Oberon (b) Hen. 8.
Titaniaes royall father, liuely springs,
Whose Court was like a campe of none but Kings.
From this great conquering Monarchs glorious stemme,

Three (in direct line) wore his Diadem:
(c) A King first, then a paire of (d) Queenes, of whom,

(c) Edw. 6.
The Whore of Babylon.

Shee that was held a downe-caft, by Fates doome,
(d) Q. Mar. & Q. Elia.
Sits now aboue their hopes: her maiden hand,
Shall with a silken thred guide Fairie land.
Omn. And may thee guide it,
Fid. Euen till flooping time
Cut for her (downe) long yeeres that shee may climbe
(With eafe) the highest hill old age goes o're,
Or till her Fairie subiefts (that adore
Her birth-day as their beeing) shall complaine,
They are weary of a peacefull, golden raigne.

1. King. Which, that they neuer shall, your flately
towers
Shall keepe their ancient beauty: and your bowers
(Which late like prophaneTemple's empty flood,
The tops defac'd by fire, the flooers by blood,)
Shall be fill'd full of Choristers to sing
Sweet heavenly fongs, like birds before the Spring:
The flowers we set, and the fruits by vs fowne,
Shall cheere as well the stranger as our owne.
We may to strange shores once our felues be druuen,
For who can tell vnnder what point of heauen
His grave shall open neither shall our oakes,
Trophies of reuerend Age, fall by our stroaks,
Nor shall the brier, or hawthorne (growing vnder)
Feare them, but fie to them, to get from thunder,
And to be safe from forraine wild-fire balles,
Weele build about our waters wooden walles.
Omn. On which weele spend for you our latest
lies.

Titan. Fairies I thank you all, Stay who comes
here

Enter Parthen.

Flor. Parthenophill, a Fairie Peere.

Titan. Parthenophill.

Parth. Bright Empresse, Queene of maides
To vs your Lords, amiddl your Fairie shades:
Three Princes (to themselues they fylue) are come,
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From whence, they’ll vs not learne, and doe intreat
Faire, and a free access.
Tian. What is their businesse? 
Parth. The splendor of your glories, which a farre
Shines (as they say, and truly say) as brightly
As here at hand, hither them drawes, protestings
All faith and seruice to you, and requestings
That they the tribute of their loues may pay,
At your mosst sacred feet.
Tian. Allow them entrance.
Parth. They in a Fairie maske, the argument
Of this their dutie, gladly would present.
Tian. As beld them please.

The Hault-boyes sounding, Titania in dumbe shew
sends her Lords to fetch them in, who enter bare
headed the three Kings quently attired like
Majuers following them, who doing
honour to her, intrest to dance with
her maides, and doe so: This
done they discover.

Tian. Your painted cheeks being off, your owne
discouers,
You are no Fairies.
All three. No: but wounded louers.
Tian. How! louers! what! would you deflower
my bed,
And strike off a poore maiden-head? 
We know you not: what are you! and from whence?
3. King. The (a) land of whom the sunne so
 enamor’d is,
(a) Spaine
He lends them his complexion, gives me birth,
The Indian and his gold are both my flaues,
Vpon my fword (as on the Axell tree)
A world of kingdoms mooke: and yet I write
Non sufficient: that lustie sonne of Iove.
That twelue times shewed himselfe more then a man,
Reard vp two pillars for me, on whose Capitals
The Whore of Babylon.

I stand (Colophus-like) striding oer seas,
And with my head knock at the rooffe of Heauen :
Hence come I, this I am, (O most divine)
All that I am is yours, be you but mine.

2. King. The country (a) at whose breast, hundreds of kings

Haue royally bin fed, is nurce to me :
The god of grapes is mine, whose bounteous hand
In clusters deals his gifts to every land :
My Empire beares for greatnes, pollicy,
State, skill in Arts and Armes, sole soueraigne:
Of this Globe vninerfall. All her Princes
Are warriours borne: whose battels to be told,
Would make the hearers souldiers: 'tis a land
Of breath so sweet, and of aspect so faire,
That to behold her, and to conquer her,
(In amorous combats,) great king Oberon,
Your awefull father, oft has thither come,
Like to a bridegrome, or a Reuelles,
And gone ajen in goodly triumphs home.
From hence I spring, (fairest and most divine)
All that this is, is yours, be you but mine.

3. King. Be you but mine, and doubly will I treble
Their glories, and their greatnesse: like to thunder
My voyce farre off, shakes kingdomes; whilst mine owne
Stands on Seauen (b) hills, whose towers, and pinnacles,
And reuerend Monuments, hold in them fuch worth,
And are so facred, Emperours and Kings,
(Like barefoote pilgrims) at her feet doe fall,
Bowing to her trible crowne imperiaall.
The language which shee speakes, goes through the world,
To proue that all the world should floope to her,
And (faue your selfe) they doe; you thinke you leave
A rich inheritance, if to your sones,
Our fluent tongue you leave, (nor need they more)
Who speake and spend it well, cannot be poore:
On many nations necks, a foot to fet,
If it be glorious, then may you be great.
   1. King. We are all pleads, fo' please you be the bride,
Of three, we care not which two be deni'd.
   2. King. For we are brethren, and those sacred breafts
From whence we draw our nourishment, would runne Nefer to you (sweete as the food of life:)
Our aged mother twentie times an hower,
Would breath her wholesome kisses on your cheeke,
And from her own cup you shou'd drinke that wine
Which none but Princes taft, to make you looke
With cheerefull countenance.
   3. King. You haue a (a) sonne, (a) The Irifh.
Rebellious, wild, ingratitude, poore, and yet
Apollo from's owne head cuts golden lockes,
To haue them grow on his: his harp is his,
The darts he shoots are his: the winged meffenger
That runnes on all the errands of the gods,
Teaches him swiftnes; hee'l outstrip the windes:
This child of yours is (by adoption)
Our mothers now, her blessing he receuies;
And tho' (as men did in the golden Age)
He liue ith' open fields, hiding his head
In dampfis caus, and woods, (fometimes for feare),
Yet doe we succour him. This your loft sheep,
We home agen will bring, to your owne fold,
Humbly to graze vpon your Faierie plaines,
Proudied, that you low them with such feed,
On which your whole land wholefomeiy may feed.
Tuan. We know you now: O what a deale of pains
Would you (as others of this wing haue taken)
To be in Faierie land called Souraignes!
Thankes for it: rashly nothing must we doe:
When kingdoms marrie, heaven it selfe stands by
To giue the bride: Princes in tying such bands,
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Should vse a thousand heads, ten thousand hands:
For that one Acte giues like an enginious wheele
Motion to all, sets all the State a going,
And windes it vp to height, or hurles it down,
The leaft blast turns the scale, where lies a crowne:
Weele therefore take aduice. If thefe thinke fit
We shoulde be yours, you ours, weligne to it:
Your counsell Fairie Lords: Fidelis speake.

Fid. Would you (my royal miltris) haue those chriftal
Faire, double-leauned dooress, where light comes forth
To cheere the world, neuer to open more?
Would you haue all your slumbers turn'd to dreams,
Frightfull and broken! would you see your Lords
(In stead of fitting at your Counsell boards)
Locking their graue, white, reuerend heads in fleele!
If so, you cannot for all Fairie land
Find men to fit you better.

Titan. Florimell,
Breathes there in you Fidelies spirit?

Flor. No Lady.

3. King. No nor in any breft that's found: true Counsellor,
Already you speake mufeke: you are strung
With golden chords: Angels guide on your tongue.

Flor. Thefe potent, politicke, and twin-borne States,
Would to their mitred fortunes tie our fates:
Our Fairie groues are greene, our temples stand
Like goodly watch-towers, wafting passengers
From rockes, t'arrieue them in the Holy land:
Peace (here) eats fruits, which her own hand hath fown,
Your lambes with lyons play: about your throne,
The Palme, the Lawrell, and the abundant Vine
Grow vp, and with your roses doe entwine.
But if thefe gripe your Scepter once,

Titan. What then?

Flor. Vultures are not more raunous than thefe men,
Confusion, tyranny, vproares will shake all,
Tygres, & wolves, and beares, will fill your seat,
In nothing (but in miferie) youl be great:
Those black and poisonous waters that bore down
In their rough torrent, Fairie townes and towers,
And drownd our fields in Marianne's daies,
Will (in a mercileffe inundation)
Cover all againe: red Seas will flow againe:
The Deuill will roare againe: if these you loue,
Be (as the Serpent) wise then, tho a Doue.
2. King. This hee that speakes in muscke:
Titan. Are you all,
Of this opinion Lordes?
Omni. All, all.
All 3. Let hence.
Titan. Stay: Princes are free-borne, & haue free
wills,
This are to vs, as vallies are to hills,
We may, be counseled by them, not controld:
Our words are our Law.
Ellys. Bright Souereigne.
Titan. Y'are too bold.
3. King. I knew the fort would yeld.
2. King. Shee's ours.
Titan. You would Combine a League, which these
would breake.
1. King. A League!
Titan. Nay heare me speake,
You court me for my loue, you I imbrace
As maides doe Suiters, with a smilinge face
as you doe me: receive our anfwere then —-
I cannot love you ——what I such hardy men
And flie for one repulce! I meane as yet:
As yet I'm not at leisure: But I swere
Euen by my birth-day, by the crowne I weare,
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By thosc sweet waters, which into vs powre
Health, that no sicknes taints, by that bleft flower
Vpon whose rofeal flake our peace does grow,
I sware I will my loue ou you beflow,
When one day comes, which now to you Ile name.

1. King. The time! O blefted time!
2. King. Balme to our sorrow.
3. King. Name that moft happie houre.

Tita. May be to morrow:
Marke els and iudge whether it may or no:
When Lambe of ours, are kild by wolves of yours,
Yet no bloud fuckt: when Heauen two Suns endures:
When Soules that reft in vnder-groundes,
Heare Anthems fung, and prayfe the foundes:
When drops of water are fo fpilt,
That they can washe out murders guilt:
When Surgeons long fince dead and gone,
Can cure our woundes, being cald vpon:
When from yon towers I heare one cry,
You may kill Princes lawfullly:
When a Court has no Parafite,
When truth fpokes false, and fallhood right:
When Confcience goes in cloth of gold,
When Offices are guen, not fold:
When merchant wuies hate colly clothes,
When ther's no lies in tradfmens oathes:
When Farmers by deere yeeres do leee,
And Lawyers sware to take no fees:
(And that I hope will neuer, neuer bee)
But then (and not till then) I sware,
Shall your bewitching Charmes sleepe in mine eare.
Away.


1. King. Derided to our faces!
2. King. Bafuld!
3. King. Made foolels!
1. King. This must not be.
Omn. It shal be not be
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3. King. Revenge:
Fie to our Empres boforne, there sucke treason,
Sedition, Herezies confederacies,
The violation of al sacred leagues.
The combination of all leagues vniust,
The difpenation for sacramentall oathes,
And when ye are fwoine with theis, returne againe,
And let their poyfon raine downe here in showres:
Whole heards of bulls laden with hallowed curfes,
With Interdicitions, excommunications,
And with vnbinding Subiecfts fealties,
And with large pattsens to kil Kings and Queens
Drie roaring hither, that vpon their hornes
This Empire may be toft.

2. King. Shee shall bee torne,
Euen ioynt from ioynt : to have her baited wel,
(If we cannot) wee will vn-kennell hell :
1. King. Will not you home with vs?
3. King. No : here Ile lurke,
And in a Douse-like shape rauen vpon Douses :
Ile sucke allegiance from the common bref,
Poyfon the Courtier with ambitious drugs,
Throw bane into the cups where learning drankes,
Ile be a Saint, a Furie, Angell, Deuill,
Or'e Seas, on this side Seas ; Deuils forreners,
With Deuils within hel freedome, Deuils in Vaults.
And with Church Deuill, be it your foules health,
To drinke downe Babylonian Stratagemes.
And to forge three-forkt thunderbolts at home,
Whilst I melt Sulphure here : If the sweet bane
I lay bee swalowed, oh ! a Kingdome burfts,
But if the poyfoned hooke be spied, then ley
Eightie eight Legiones, and take open armes,
The Guidon shall be mine, Ile beare the Standard.

Omn. Twill bee a glorious warre.
1. King. Farewel.
3. King. Bee gon,
Who cleaues a Realmes head, needs more swords
then one.}

Execut.
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Fidel, Florimell, Parthenaphill, Elsiron.

Flory. These euill Spirits are vext, & tho they vanish
Like hideous dreams, yet haue they left behind them,
Throbs, and heart akings, in the generall boosome,
As omynous bodings. Fairy Lackeyes.--


Flory. Fli Sirra throug the Ayre and neuer rest
(On paine to be into an vchvin turnd)
Till thou haft fast vpoun the highest gates,
Of our great't Cities. The's a warning pceee.
Away.

Fidel. Theis to the Spirits that our waters kepe,
Charge them that none rost there, but those whose nets,
Are cast out of our Fairy gundolets.
Away.

Elsyr. Theis to the keepers of thosc royall woods
Where Lyons, Panthers, and the kingly heardes
Feede in one company; that if wild Boares,
Mad Buil, or rauing Beares, breake in for prey,
Hoping to make our grouses their wilderness,
Ours may like fouldiers bid them battoile. Fli.

Parth. These to the Shepheards on our Fairie downs
To warne them not to sleepe, but with sweet Layes
And Jolly pipings driue into fat pature.
Their goodly flocks: Wolues are abroad say, Fly.

Tithania and her maids standing aloft.

Fidel. Place Prouidence, (because she has quick eye:
And is the beft at kenning) in our Nauey,
Courage shall wait on her.

Flor. No: shees moft fit
To goe with vs.
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Omn. Let her in Counfell fit.

Fid. 'Tis said: and least they breake into our walkes
And kil our fairie deare, or change themselues
Into the shape of Fawnes, being indeed Foxes,
Range all the forrest danger to preuent,
Forefight beats forme backe, when most Imminent.
Omn. Away then.

Exeunt.

Manent Titania, and her maides.

Titani. Wife Pilots & firmest pillars! how it agrees,
When Princes heads sleepe on their counsels knees:
Deepe rooted is a flate, and growes vp hie,
When Prudencie, Zeale, and Integritie
Husband it well: Theis fathers twill be said
(One day) make me a grandame of a maid.
Meane time my farewell to such gaudy lures
As here, were thrown vp't haue me quite ore-thrown,
I charge you maids, entertaine no desires,
So irreligious and vnfanclified:
Oh they ha snakes sleeky tongues, but hearts more rugged
Then is the Russian Beare: our Fairie bowres
Would turne to Arabian defarts, if such flowers,
(Mortall as killing Hemlocke) here should grow,
Which to preuent, he haue you vow.

Aur. We vowe
By the white balles in bright Titaniæs eies
We their enchantments skorne.

Titan. It does suffice:
To bind it fure, Strew all your meades with charmes,
Which if they doe no good, shall doe no harme.

Aur. Here comes your new fworne servaunt.

Enter Plaine dealing.

Titan. Now Sirra, where haue you bin?

Plain. Where haue I bin? I haue bin in the brauest prifon —
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Titan. What prison! A braue prison! Can there be a braue prison?

Plain. All your fine men liue and die there, it's the Knights ward, and therefore must needs be braue: some call it an Ordinarie, but I say tis a prison, for most of our gallants that are serv'd every day with woodcocks there, lie there in a manner upon Execution: they dare not pepe out of doors for feare of Seriecants.

Titan. What are those Seriecants?

Plain. Doe not you know (mistrefe) what Seriecants are: a number of your courtiers are deare in their acquaintance: why they are certaine men, with which, that neuer bring people to bed, but when they are fore in labour, that no body else can deliver them.

Titan. Are there such places in our kingdom, as Ordinaries, what is the true fashion of them, what is their order?

Plain. They are out of all true fashion: they keep no order.

Titan. Where about in Fairie land stand they?

Plain. In your great cittie: and here's the picture of your Ordinarie.

Titan. When Master Painter please we shall have it: come Sir.

Plain. Your gallants drink here right worshipfully, eat most impudently, dice most swearingly, sware most damnably, quarrell most desperately, and sup vp most cowardly. Suppose I were a young country gentleman, and that I were to come in (like an afe) among 'em, new cast into the bonds of fattin.

Titan. What then?

Plain. Mary then doe all the gylt rapiers turne their Tobacco faces in the roome upon me, and they puffe, they gaze on a fresh man like so many stale Oysters at a full tyde: then is there no salt to throw upon them, and to make them leave gaping, but this; to cast off his cloake, having good cloathes vnderneath, single out some in the roome worfe accouftred
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then himselfe, with him to walke boldly vp and downe
frutting, laugh alowd at any thing, talke alowde of
nothing, so they make a noife, it is no matter.

Titan. You are growne firra an obseruer since you
came out of Babylon.

Plain. Troth mistrefte, I left villains and knaues
there, & find knaues and fooles here: for your Or-
dinary is your Ile of Gulles, your ship of fooles, your
hoptall of incurable madmen: it is the field where
your captaine and braue man is cal’d to the last
reckoning, and is overthrown horse and foot: it is
the onely schoole to make an honest man a knaue:
for Intelligeners may heare enough there, to fet
twenty a begging of lands: it is the stranget Cheffe-
board in the world.

Titan. Why?

Plain. Because in some games at Cheffe, knights
are better then pawns, but here a good pawne is
better then a knight.

Titan. Afoard our thores such wonders?

Plain. Wonders? why this one little Cocke-pit,
(for none come into it, but those that have furs) is
able to shew all the follie of your kingdome, in a few
Apes of the kingdome.

Titan. Haue we not in our Land Phyfitions
To purge these red impofumes?

Plain. Troth yes mistrefte; but I am Plaine deal-
ing, and must speake truth, thou haft many Phyfitions,
sume of them found men, but a number of them more
ficke at heart, then a whole parish full of Patients: let
them cure themselves first, & then they may better
know how to heale others: then haue you other
fellowes that take vp them: to be Surgeons, and by
letting out the corruption of a State, and they let it
out Ile be sworne; for some of them in places as big
as this, and before a thouand people, rip vp the
bowels of vice in such a beastly manner, that (like
women at an Execution, that can endure to fee men
quartred alieue) the beholders learne more villany then
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they knew before: others likewise there be of this confort last named, that are like Beadles bribed, they whip, but draw no blood, and of these I haue made a Rime.

Titan. Let's heare it.

Plain. Tho'fe that doe jerke these times, are but like fleas,
They bite the skinne, but leap from the disease.

Titan. Ile haue you Sir (because you haue an eye so sharply pointed) to looke through and through that our great Citie, and like death, to spare the liues of none, whosoe conscience you find sickly and going.

Plain. If I giue you the copie of the Cities countenance, Ile not flatter the face, as painters do; but fiew al the wrinkles of it.

Titan. Doe so, you shall no more to Babylon,
But liue with vs, and be our Officer.

Plain. Haue I any kinred in your Court? is there any one of my name an officer? if there bee, part vs; because it will not bee good, to haue two of the Plain-dealings in one office, they'l bee beggars if they doe.


Plain. Nay, nay, I haue heard of her, she dwelles (they say) at the signe of the Holy Lambe.

Titan. Wee built her vp a lodging at our cost,
To haue her labour in our Vineyards:
For till shee came, no Vines could please our tafte,
But of her fining. Set your hand to hers,
Liue with her in one howse, fetch from our Court
Maintenance to serue you all: t'will be to her
A comfort to haue you fill by her sides,
Shee has such prettie and delightfull songs,
That you will count your fores labour light,
And time well spent only to heare her sing.
Away looke no more minutes.
Pl. Not a minute:
Ile set more watches then a clockmaker. Exit.

Elfron. Paridel.

Titan. Whats yonder man that kneecles? 
Elf. Tis (a) Paridel (a) Doctor Parry.
Titan. Our doctor? 
Par. The most wretched in your land.
The most in foule deiected; the most base, 
And most vnfruitful weede, vnles 
You by your heavenly Influence change his vilenes 
Into a vertuall habit fit for vie.

Tita. Oh: we remember it; you are condemnd? 
Elf. To Death.
Par. Deferedly.
Tita. You had your hand 
Not couloured with his bloud.
Elf. No decreft Lady 
Upon my vowed Loyalty. 
Par. The law 
Hath fastned on me only for attempt, 
It was no actual nor commenced violence 
That brought death with it, but intent of ill.

Tita. We would not faue them, that delight to kill, 
For fo we wound our felues: bloud wrongly spilt 
Who pardons, hath a share in halfe the guilt. 
You strooke, our lawes not hard, yet what the edge 
Of Injustice could take from you, mercy gives you 
(Your life.) You have it signed, rize. 
Par. May yon Clouds 
Mutter themselves in Armies, to confound 
Him that shall with you dead, hurt, or vncrednd.

Parthenophil with Campeius.

Par. To run in debt thus basely for a life, 
To spend which, had beene glory! O most vile! 
The good I reape from this superfluous grace, 
Is but to make my selfe like Cafars horse,
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To kneele whilst he gets vp: my backe muft beare
Till the chine crack, yet fill with fenuile feare
Muft lay more loadses on me, and prefle me done.
When Princes giue life, they fo bind men to 'em,
That truffling them with too much, they vndo 'em.
Who then but I, from steps fo low would rife?
Great fortunes (earnd thus) are great Slaueries:
Snatcht from the common hangmans hands for this?
To haue my mind feele torture I now I fee,
When good dayses come, (the Gods fo feldome giue them.)
That tho we haue them, yet we fcarce beleue them.
Heart how art thou confinde † and bard of roome,
Thart quicke enough, yet liueft within a tombe.

Tita. His name.

Parth. (a) Campeius: Deeply learnt.

(a) Ed. Campion.

Tit. We heare fo:
But with it heare (from some whom we haue weied
For judgement and experience) that he caries
A foule within him framde of a thoufand wheeles,
Yet not one fleddy.

Parth. It may be the rumor
That thus spreades ouer him, flowes out of hate.

Tita. Believe vs no: of his, and tothers fate,
The threedes are too vnlike, to haue that woven.

Camp. To gaine her crowne Ie not kneele thus.

Tita. Belides
The haruest which he seekes is reapde already:
We haue beftowed it.

Parth. Here then dies our fute.

Tita. Now fhall you trie with what impatience
That bay tree will endure a little fire,
My Lord, my Lord,
Such swelling spirites hid with humble lookes,
Are kingdoms poyfons, hung on golden hookes.

Parth. I hope heele proue none fuch.

Tita. Such men oft proue
Valleyes that let in rivers to confound
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The hills above them, tho' themselves lie drounde,
My Lord, I like not calme and cunning seas
That to have great ships taken or difrest,
Suffer base gallyes to creep ore their breast,
Let course harts weare course skins: you know our will.

Parth. Which (as a doome diuine) I shall fulfill.
Camp. Thrown downe, or raised!
Parth. All hopes (for this) are gone,
Some planet stands in opposition.

Tita. Now Doctor Paridell.

Pari. An humble suite,
I am growne bold finding fo free a guier,
Where beggers once take almes, they looke for't ever.

Tita. You ha beene sworne our fervant long.

Parry. Tenne yeares.
Tita. And we shou'd wrong you; since you take
va giuing

To let you goe with life, that should want living,
What is it we can grant you.

Parry. I ha beene by two great Fayries in your land,
( Opprest I dare not say) but fo beaten downe,
And funcke fo low now with my last disgrace,
That all my happy thoughts lie in the dust,
Aham'd to looke vp yet: most humbly therefore
Begge I your gratiousleave that I may vary,
This native Aire for Forren.

Tita. Oh you would trauell,
You may, you have our leave: Challenge our hand.

Parry. Stormes are at Sea, when it is calme at
land. Exit.

Fiddil Florimell.

Fiddil. The Sea-God hath vpon your maiden

foares,

(On Dolphins backes that pittie men difrest)

In safetie fet a people that implores
The Whore of Babylon.

The Soueraigne mercie flowing from your brefe.

Tita. What people are they?

Fidd. Neighbours: tis the nation,

The Netherlanders.

With whome our Faries enterchange commerce,
And by negottiation grewne so like vs,
That halfe of them are Fayries: th' other halfe
Are hurtfull Spirits, that with sulphurous breath
Blaft their corne fields, deface their temples, cloth
Their townes in mourning, poyson hallowed founts,
And make their goodliest Citties stand (like tombs)
Full of dead bodies, or (like pallaces,
From whence the Lords are gone) all desolate.
They haue but 17. daughters young and faire,
Vowed to liue vestalls, and to know the touch
Of any forced or vnreuerend hand.
Yet Luft and Auarice (to get their dowers)
Lay barbarous feidge against their chastitie,
Threaten to ruin them, to make their bodies
The temples of polution, or their beds,
Graues where their honors shall lie buried,
They pray to haue their virgins wait on you,
That you would be their mother, and their nurse,
Their Guardian and their Governour: when Princes
Haue their liues giuen 'em, fine and golden threds
Are drawne and spun (for them) by the good fates,
That they may lift vp others in low states.

Titi. Else let our selfe decline; give them our prefence:
In myfery all nations should be kin,
And lend a brothers hand, vnder them in. Exeunt.
Stood here my foes (disreft) thus would I grieue them,
Not how they ha bin, but how I might relieue them.

Parthenophil.

Parth. Your good deeds (matchleffe Fayrie) like
the Sun,
(Rising but onely in this poynt of heauen,
The Whore of Babylon.

Spred through the world, So that a Prince (made wretched,
By his vnhappy father, that lies flaine
By barbarous swords, and in his goary wounds,
Drownes all the hopes of his pottertie)
Hether, is like an orphan come (from farre)
To get reliefe and remedie gainst those,
That would defeat him of his portion.

Tita. Pittie and we had talke before you came,
She hath not taken yet her hand from ours,
Nor shall thee part, vntill those higher powers
Behold that Prince: good workes are theirs, not ours;
Goe: bid him trust his misery in our hands,
Great trees I see do fall, when the shrub stands.

Exeunt.

Fidelis Florimell the states of the countries,
Parthenophill Effyon, the Prince of Portugal.
To the States.

Auxilio tuto dimittam, opibusque Isuabo.
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disp.

Exeunt.

The third King to the King of Portugal.

3. King. Stands my beard right? the gowne I must looke grauc,
White haires like fluer cloudes a priviledge haue,
Not to be search'd, or be suspeected fowlie:
Make away those 2. turne coates. Suite me next
Like to a Sattin diuell (brauely) file
Your fayles shape: be here immediatly.
So: excellent: a subtle machine: alls fit,
This very cap makes my head swell with wit.
Mongst fouldiers, I haue plaid the fouldier,
Bin mutinous, raid at the State, curid peace:
They walke with croffe-armes, gaping for a day,
Haue vnder-shorde their eie-lids (like trap windows.)
To keep them open, and with yawning eares,
Lie liftning on flocke boilers, till rebellion

Enter
The Whore of Babylon.

Beat vp her drum: this lards me fat with laughter,
Their fwords are drawn halfe way, & all those throats
That are to bleed are mark'd: and all those doores,
Where ciuill Massacres, murders (di'd in graine)
Spoile, riflings, and sweet rauishments shall enter,
Haue tokens flamp'd on them (to make 'em knowne)
More dreadfull then the Bils that preach the plague.
From them, with oyl'd hammers (lap'd in femile blew)
I Role, and fil'd out wine of Babylon,
To liue things (made of clods) poore countrey fots,
And drunke they are: whole shires with it do reele,
Poylons run smooth, because men sweetnes feele.
Now to my schoole-men, Learnings fort is strong,
But poorely man'd, and cannot hold out long
When golden bullets batter... Yonders one...
Y'are a poore scholler!

Campell. Yes.
3. King. What read you?
Camp. A booke.
3. King. So learned yet so young?
Camp. Yee may fee, sir.
3. King. You feede some discontent?
Camp. Perhaps I ha cause.
3. King. What troubles you?
Camp. You trouble me: pray leaue me.
Camp. Say yee?
Camp. Are you a Doctor? your hands Sir, pray why?
3. King. You know me not.
Camp. Do you know your selfe? your busines?
Are you a scholler?
3. King. Judge of that by these.
Camp. Oh Sir, I haue feene many heads vnder fuch wool.
222 The Whore of Babylon.

That scarce had braines to line it: if y'are a scholler,
Mee thinks you should know manners, by your leave Sir.

3. King. Pray leave your name behind you.
Camp. Name, Campeius.

3. King. Campeius! vmh: Campeius! a lucky planet

strikes out this houre: Campeius! Babylon,
His name hath in her tables: on his forehead,
Our Queene hath set her marke: it is a mould
Fit to call mischeife in: none sooner rent
A Church in two, then Schollers discontent.
I must not loose this Martines nee, —once more Y'are happily met.

Camp. This bur stil hang on mee!
And you Sir.

3. King. Tell me pray, did you neuer taft— I'me bold— did you nee're taft.
Those cleere & redolent fountains that do norith,
In viue and fresch humiditie those plants
That grow on thother side (our opposites)
Those that to vs here, are th' Antipodes,
Cleane againft vs in grounds—you feele me— lay
Ne're drunke you of that nectar.

Camp. Neuer.

3. King. Neuer!
I wish you had, I gather from your eyes,
What your diſeafe is, I ha bin your felfe,
This was Campeius once (tho not fo learn'd)
For I was bred (as you) in Fairy Land,
A Country! well, but tis our country: and fo,
Good to breed beggers: Shee flares Arts: fatt fools,
Shee fets vp drinking roomes, & pulls downe schools.

Camp. So Sir.

3. King. No more but fo Sir! this diſcourage
Pallats not you.

Camp. Yes.
3. King. Nothing hath pass'd me
I hope, against my countrey, or the State,
That any you can take hold of.
Camp. If they could,
Tis but mine I, to your no.
3. King. Y'are to fowre:
Unmellow'd: you stand here in the shade,
Out of the warmth of those blest ripening beames,
Goe to... I grieue that such a blofome...
Camp. Sir,
I know you not: this thing which you haue rais'd,
Affrights me: schollers of weake temper need
To feare (as they on Sunbankes lie to read)
Adders i'th higheft graffe: thefe leaues but turn'd,
Like willow flickes hard rub'd may kindle fire,
Cities with fparkes as small haue oft beene burn'd.
3. King. Doe you take me for a hangman?
Camp. I would be loath,
For any harft tune that my tongue may warble,
To haue the instrum't vansmung.
3. King. You shall not:
Welfare unto you.
Camp. And to you. A word Sir:
Bred in this countrey!?
Camp. I am no bird
To breake mine own neaft downe: what flight eueuer
Your words make through this ayre (tho it be trobled)
Myne eare Sir, is no reaching Fowling piece
What pafties through it, kills: you may proceed,
Perhaps you would wound that, I wish should bleed.
You haue th' advantage now,
I put the longest weapon into your hands.
3. King. It shall guard you:
You draw me by this line: let's priuate walke.
Camp. This paths vnbruz'd: goe on Sir.
The Dragons that keep learnings golden tree,
As you now haue, I fought with, conquered them,
The Whore of Babylon.

Got to the highest bough, eat of the fruit,
And gathered of the feauen-fold leaves of Art,
What I desir'd; and yet for all the Moones
That I have seen waxe old, and pine for anger,
I had outwatched them: and for all the candles
I wafted out on long, and frozen nights,
To thaw them into day; I fill'd my head
With books, but scarce could fill my mouth with bread:
I had the Muses smile, but moneyes frowne,
And never could get out of such a gowne.

Camp. How did you change your starre?

3. King. By changing Aire:
The god of waues walsh of my pouertrie,
I fought out a new funne beyond the seas,
Whose beams begat me gold.

Camp. O me dull ass!
I am nail'd downe by wilfull beggerie,
Yet feele not where it enters: like a horse
My hoofes are par'd to'th quicke (even till they bleed)
To make me runne from hence, yet this Tortois shell,
(My countrey) lies so heavy on my backe,
Pressing my worth downe, that I slowly creep
Through safe and flimie waies.

3. King. Countrey!

Camp. Shee hangs
Her owne brats at her backe, to teach them begge,
And in her lap fets strangers.


Camp. I was not borne to this, not school'd to this,
My parents spent not wealth on me to this,
I will not stay here long.


Camp. Being hence,
Ile write in gall and poyfon gainst my nurce
This Faire land, for not rewarding merit:
If ever I come backe Ile be a Calthrop
To pricke my countries feet, that tread on me.

3. King. O Yee's vnkind, hard-hearted!

Camp. In disposition
The Whore of Babylon.

I dare for latine, hebrew, and the greece,
Challenge an vnuiertie; yet, (O euill hap!)
Three learned languages cannot fet a nap
Vpon this thred-bare gowne: how is Arte curs'd!
Shee ha's the sweetest lymbes, and goes the worl:
Like common Fidlers, drawing downe others meate
With lickorish tunes, whilst they on scraes do eate.

3. King. Shake then thefe feruile fetters off.
Camp. But how?
3. King. Play the mules part, now thou haft suckt
a dam
Drie and vnholome, kick her fides.
Camp. Her heart... her very heart...
Would it were dried to duft, to strew vpon
Th'Inuenomed paper vpon which I le write.
3. King. Know you the Court of Babylon?
Camp. I haue read,
How great it is, how glorious, and would venter
A foule to get but thither.
3. King. Get then thither;
You venture none, but faue a foule going thither:
The Queene of Babylon rides on a beast,
That carries vp seauen heads.
Camp. Rare.
3. King. Each head crown'd. Enter his man like a
Camp. O admirable! Sayler with rich attires under
3. King. Shee with her owne hand his arme.
Will fil thee wine out of a golden bowle.
There's Angels to conduet thee. Get to sea,
Steale o're, behold, here's one to waft thee hence,
Takeleave of none, tell none, th'art made, farewell.
Camp. Thus to meet heauen, who would not wade
through hell!

Exeunt Campeius and Sayier, manet 3. King,
enter Sayler prefently.

3. King. To sea off this hypocritie, tis time,
Leaft worn too long, the Foxes skinne be known:

Q
The Whore of Babylon.

In our dissembling now we must be braue,
Make me a courter: come! Aftes I see,
In nothing but in trappings, different be
From footecloth nags, on which gay fellows ride,
Saue that such gallants gallop in more pride.
Away. Stow vnder hatches the light stuffe:
Tis to be worn in Babylon.—Exit Sayler. At this
groue
And much about this howre, a fiaue well moulded,
In profound, learned villany, gave oath

Enter Conjurer.

To meet me: Art thou come! Can thy blacke Arte
This wonder bring to passe!

Con. See, it is done.


Con. This virgin waxe,
Burie I will in flamie putred ground,
Where it may piece-meale rot: As this consumes,
So shall thee pine, and (after languor) die.
These pinnes shall sticker like daggers to her heart,
And eating through her breast, turne there to gripings
Cramp-like Convulsions, shrinking vp her nerues,
As into this they eate.

3. King. Thou art fam'd for euer,
If these thy holy labours well succeed,
Statues of molten brasse shall reare thy name,
The Babylonian Empresse shall thee honour.
And (for this) each day shall thou goe in chains.
Where wilt thou burie it?

Con. On this dunghill.

3. King. Good:
And bind it down with most effectuell charmes,
That who so ever with unhallowed hands,
Shall dare to take it hence, may raue and die.

Con. Leave me.

3. King. Farewell and proper: be blinde you
skies,
You looke on things vnlawfull with fore eies. Exit.
The Whore of Babylon.

Dumbe shewe. The Hault-boys found, and whilst her is burying the picture, Truth and Time enter, Fideli, Parthenophil, Elfron, and a Guard following aloof. They disfouer the fellow, he is taken, the picture found, her knees for mercy, but they making signs of refusall, he snatcheth at some weapon to kill himselfe, is prevented, and led away.

Trumpet. The Empres, Cardinall, &c.

Emp. Who sets those tunes to mocke vs stay them.
Omn. Peace.
1. King. Peace there.
1. Card. No more: your mulicke must be dombe.
Emp. When those Cielertall bodies that doe moue, Within the sacred Spheres of Princes boomes Go out of order, tis as if youn Regiment, Weare all in vp-roare: heauen shoulde then be vext, Me thinkes such indignation should resembel, Dreadfull ecliplies, that portend dire plagues To nations, fall to Empries, death to Kings, To Cities deuastation, to the world, That vniuerall hot calamity Of the last horror. But our royall bloud, Beates in our veins like seas strugling for bounds, Aetna burns in vs: bearded Comets hoote Their vengeance through our eyes: our breath is lighting, Thunder our voyce; yet, as the idle Cannon, Strikes at the Aures invulnerable breast) Our darts are philipp'd backe in mockery, Wanting the poynets to wound.
1. King. Too neere the heart, (MoSt royall Empresse) these diitempers fit, So please you, weele againe aseyle her bewtie In varied shapes, and worke on fuller Charmes,
Again loues poysoned arrowes weele let file.

Emp. No: proud spirits once denying, still deny.

1. Car. Then be yourselfe, (a woman) change those
ouvertures
You made to her of an vnusuall peace,
To an vnusde defance: give your revenge.
A full and swelling faile, as from your greatnes
You tooke, in veyling to her: you haue beeue
Too cold in punishement, too soft in chyding,
And like a mother (caufe her yeares are greene)
Have winck't at Errors, hoping time, or counsell,
Or her owne guilt (fuing how she goes awry.)
Would streighten all—you find the contrarie.

Emp. What follows?

1. Card. Sharp chastizment, leave the Mother
And be the stepdame; wanton her no more
On your Indulgent knee, signe no more pardons
To her Off-fallings and her flyings out,
But let it be a meritorious Act:
Make it a ladder for the foule to clime,
Lift from the hindges all the gates of heauen;
To make way for him that shal kill her.

Omn. Good.

1. Card. Glue him an office in your Starr-chamber,
Or els a Saints place and Canonize him;
So Sanctifie the arme that takes her life,
That fylly soules may go on pilgrimage,
Only to kisse the Instrument (that strikes)
As a moft reuerent relique.

Emp. Be it so.

1. King. In that one word she expires.

Emp. Her fayrie Lordes
(That play the Pilots nowe, and fleere her kindome
In fowlest weather) as white bearded corne
Bowes his proud head before th' imperiall windes,
Shall fo ly grousling (heere) when that day comes.

1. Ki. And that it shall come fates themselfes
prepare.
The Whore of Babylon.

_Emp._ True, but old Lyons hardly fall into the snare.

1. _King._ Is not the good and politique Satyrang (Our leagued brother, and your vassaile sworne) Euen now (this very minute) fucking clofe Their fairest bofomes if his traynes take well; They haue strange workings (down-wards) into hel.

_Emp._ That Satiran is this hand: his braines a forge.

Still working for vs, he's the trew fet clocke By which we goe, and of our houres doth keepe The numbered strokes, when we lye bound in sleepe.

1. _Card._ Beseides such voluntaries as will serue Vnder your holy cullors and forfake The Fairie standard, all such fugitives Whole heartes are Babylonized: all the Mutiners All the damb'd Crew, that would for gold teare off. The deuils beard; all schollers that doe eate The bread of sorrow, want, and discontent, Wife Satyrang takes vp, preselles, apparels, Their backes like Innocent Lambes, their mindes like wolves,
Rub of e'ethere tongues with poifon, which they spet Against their owne annointed; their owne Country, Their very parent. And thus shippes 'em hither. To make em yours.

_Emp._ To vfe.

1. _Card._ Only to imploie them As Bees whilist they haue flings, & bring thighs laden With hony, hiue them, when they are droanes, defroy them.

1. _King._ The earneft which he giues you (adored Empresse.) Are three fit engines for vs.

_Emfr._ Are they wrought ?

2. _King._ They are: and wait in Court your utmost pleasure.

Out of your Cup made wee them drunke with wines, To found their hearts, which they with such devotion
230 The Whore of Babylon.

Receiv'd downe, that euen whilst Bacchus swom
From lippe to lippe, in mid'st of taking healths,
They tooke their owne damnation, if their bloud
(As thofe grapes) fresh'd not forth, to effect your
good.

Emp. Let vs behold these fire-workes, that must
run
Upon short lines of life: yet wil We vs fe them,
Like instruments of musick, play on them,
A while for pleasure, and then hang them by,
Who Princes can vpbrayd, tis good they die.
For as in building sumptuous pallaces,
We climb by bafe and flender scaffoldings,
Till wee haue razed the Frame: and that being done,
(To grace the worke) we take the Scaffolds downe,
So mutt we thefe: we know they loue us not,
But Swallow-like when their owne summers past,
Here seeke for heat: or like flight Traualers,
(Swolne with vaine-glory, or with lust to fee)
They come to obferue fashions and not mee.

1. King. As Traualers vs them then, till they be
gone,
Looke Cheerfully; backs turn'd, no more thought
upon.

Emp. What are they that fly hither (to our bofome)
But such as hang the wing, such as want neafts;
Such as haue no found feathers: birds so poore,
They fcarce are worth the killing: with the Larke
(The morning's fawkner) so they may mount hie,
Care not how bafe and low their rilings be;
What are they but lean Hungry Crowes that tyre
Upon the mangled quarters of a Realme?
And on the houfe-tops of Nobilitie
(If there they can but fit) like fatall Rauens,
Or Skrich-Owles croake their fails and hoarly bode,
Nothing but scaffoldes and unhallowed graues

1. King. Fitter for vs: yet fit they here like doues.

Emp. True: like corrupted Churchmen they are
doues,
The Whore of Babylon.

That haue eate carrion: home weele therefore send
These busie-working Spiders to the walls
Of their owne countrey, when their venomous bags
(Which they hall stuffe with scandaless, libels, treasons)
Are full and vpon burling: let them there
Weaue in their politike loomes nets to catch flies;
To vs they are but Pothecky drugs,
Which we will take as Phyficall pilis, not food:
Ve them as lancets to let others bloud,
That haue soule bodies, care not whom you wound,
Nor what parts you cut off, to kepe this found.

Omn. Here come they.

Campeius, Parydell, and *Lupus. *Lopes
Emp. Welcome: rife, and rife vp high
In honours and our favours: you haue thrulf
Your armes into our cofers, haue you not?
All 3. Yes sacred Emprefle.
Camp. And into our owne,
Haue rayned downe floweres of gold.
Emp. You shall deffende it:
You see what Ocean can replenifh you,
Be you but duteous tributarie streams:
But is your temper right? are not the edges
Of your sharpe spirits rebated? are you ours?
Doe not your hearts finke downe yet? will you on?
All 3. Stood death ith' way.
Lup. Stood hell.
Emp. Nobly refolu'de:
But listen to vs, and obserue our counsell:
Backe mull we send you to the Fairie Land,
Danger goes with you; here's your fafort: listen.
Chufe words to sayle by; if the wayward seas
Grow stormie, houer, kepepe aloofe: if scaries,
Shipwracks, and death lie tumbling on the waues,
And will not off, then on: be venturous,
Conquerr hard got are sweet and glorious.
Being landed, if suphtion caft on you
Her narrow eyes, turne your felues then to Moles,
The Whore of Babylon.

Worke vnder ground, and vndermine your countrey,
Tho you call earth vp but a handfull high,
To make her stumble: if that bloud-hound hunt you,
(That long-eard Inquisition) take the thickets,
Clime vp to Hay-mowes, liue like birds, and eate
The vndeflowered corne: in hollow trees
Take such provision as the Ant can make:
Fie with the Batt vnder the eues of night,
And shift your neasts: or like to Ancreffes,
Clofe vp your fellues in artificiall wals:
Or if you walke abroad, be wrapt in clouds,
Haue change of haires, of sie-brows, halt with
soldiers,
Be shaven and be old women, take all shapes
To escape taking: But if the ayre be cleere,
Fie to the Court, and vnderneath the wings
Of the Eagle, Faulcon, or some great bird houer,
Oakes and large Beech-trees many beasts doe couer.
He that first singes a Dirge tun'de to the death
Of that my onely foe the Fairie Queene,
Shal be my loue, and (clad in purple) ride
Vpon that scarlet-coloured beast that beares
Seuen Kingdomes on seuen heads.

Camp. If all the Spels
That wit, or eloquence, or arts can fet:
If all the sleights that bookemen vfe in schooles
Be powrefull in such happenells, 'tis mine.

Rep. What phyficke can I dare onely to grow
(But as I merit (hall) vp in your eye.

Emp. Weele erecl ladders for you strong and high,
That you shall clime to starrie dignitie.

Both. We take our leave dread Empresse. Exeunt.

Emp. Fare you well:
Our benediction goe along with you—
Our maleficition and your foules confusion
Like shuer'd towers fall on your luckeleffe heads,
And wedge you into earth low as the deepe
Where are the damned, if our worlde you fire,
Since desperately you're ride and dare afpire.
The Whore of Babylon.

1. King. But is this all? shall we thus bend our finesw
Only to emptie quitters, and to shoot
Whole sheaves of forked arrows at the Sunne,
Yet never hit him.

2. Car. And the marke so-faire!
Com. Nay, which is more, suppose that all these torrents
Which from your sea of Greatness, you (for your part)
And all those stragling floods which we have drained
With full and stiff winds to the Fairie Stronds,
Should all break in at once, and in a deluge
Of Innovation, rough rebellion, factions,
Of massacres, and pale destruction
Swallow the kingdom vp, and that the blood
Euen of Titania’s heart should in deepe crimson
Dye all these waters: what of this? what share
Is yours? what land shall you recover?

1. King. All.
Com. All!

1. King. I, all:
Betweene the Transfueraries that doe run
Upon this croffe staffe, a dull eye may find
In what degree we are, and of what height
Your selfe (our brightest Ariadne) is,
Being vnderneath that Tropicke: as those jewels
Of night and day are by alternate course
Worne in Heauens fore-head, so when Deaths Winter
comes,
And shortens all those beames of Maiestie,
Which in this oblique and Zodiacall Sphere
Moue with Titania now, shall looke their heat,
Where must the next Sun rise but here? from whence
Shall Fairie land get warmth? meerely from hence.
Let but the taper of her life burne out,
We have such torches ready: in her land
To catch fire from each other, that the flames
Shall make the frighted people thinke earth burns,
And being dazled with our Copes of Starres,
The Whore of Babylon.

We shall their temples hallow with such ease,
As 'twere in solemn gay procession.

Com. Some lyne sea cards, that know not the seas
tall,
Nor scarce the colour: by your charmes I gather
You have seene Fairie land—but in a Map:
Can tell bow't stands: but if you giue't a fall,
You must get bigger bones: for let me whisper
This to your ear: though you bait hookes with gold,
Ten thousand may be nibbling, when none bites,
And those you take for Angels, you'll find Sprites.
Say that Titania were now drawing short breath,
(As that's the Conc and Button that together
Claspes all our hopes) out of her ashes may
A second Phœnix rise, of larger wing, *K. James.*
Of stronger talent, of more dreadfull beake,
Who swooping through the ayre, may with his beating
So well command the winds, that all those trees
Where fit birds of our hatching (now fled thither)
Will tremble, & (through feare fruicke dead) to earth,
Throw thofe that fitt and sing there, or in flockes
Drive them from thence, yea and perhaps his talent
May be so bonie and so large of gripe,
That it may shake all Babylon.

Emp. All Babylon!

Com. Your pardon: but who'le swear this may not
be?

Emp. How the preuention?

Com. Thus; to fell downe their Q. is but one
strokes;
Our axe must cleaue the kingdom, that's the Oake.

Emp. The manner.

Com. Ease; whilest our thunderbolts
Are anuilling abroad, call Satyr'an home,
He in his fadome metes vaft Argesies,
Huge Galeaffes, and such woldden Castles,
As by enchantment of the waters moue:
To his, marry yours and ours; and of them all
Create a braue Armada, such a Fleece,
The Whore of Babylon.

That may breake Neptune backe to carry it:
Such for varietye, number, puissance,
As may fetch all the Fairie Land in turves,
To make a greene for you to walke vpon
In Babilon.


Com. Now when the volley of those murdring shot
That are to play first on Titaniaes breast,
And (yet) leane on their refts, goe off and kill her,
So that the very Atuerrado giuen,
Sounds the least hope of conquest; then, then shew
Your warlike Pageants dancing on the waues,
Yours is the Land, the Nation are your flaues.

Omn. Counfell from Heauen!

Emp. None this shall ouer-whelme:
Braue voyage! Rig out ships, and fetch a Realme.

Exeunt.

Parydell and Palmio.

Pal. You ariue on a blest shore. The freight
you bring
Is good: it will be bought vp of vs all
With our deere blouds: be confant, doe not warpe
In this your zeale to Babilon.

Paryd. Greate Palmio,
To you I haue vnladen euon my foule,
The wings from home that brought me had fell
feathers,
Some you haue puld off: my owne countrey graffe
Was to my feet sharpe needels (Rucke vprright)
I tred on downe-beds now.

Pal. But are your countreymen
(I meane those that in thought with vs feast richly)
Fed with the course bread of affliction still!

Paryd. Still father Palmio still, and to relieue
them
I dare doe what I told you.

Pal. Noble valour!
The Whore of Babylon.

Pary. Thankes Sir.
Gent. Met happily, I look'd for you.
Pary. Deere countryman the party we late held
About the land that bred vs, as how order
Was rol'd of ceremonie (the rich robe of order)
How Truth was freckled, spotted, nay made leaprous:
How Injustice—
Gent. Come, no more.
Pary. Euen now (as then)
You ward blowes off from her, that at all weapons
Strikes at your head: but I repent we drew not
That dialogue out to length, it was so sweet.
Gent. At houres more opportune we shal: but
countryman
I heard of late the musicke of my soule,
And you the instrument are made that sounds it:
'Tis gien me, that your selfe hath feael'd to heauen
A bond of your devotion, to goe forth
As champion of vs all, in that good quarrell,
That hath cost many liues.
Pary. What need we vse
Circumgryations, and such wheelings Sir,
Beleeue it, to recouer our sicke Nurfe
Ie kill the noblest foster-child she keepes.
Gent. I know what bird you meane, & whom you
hate,
But let him stand to fall: no Sir, the Deere
Which we all hope you'l strlke, is euen the pride
And glory of the Forrest: So, or not.
Pary. My vowses are flowne vp, and it must be
done,
So this may be but settled.
Gent. Doe you stagger?
Pary. All winds are not yet layd.
Gent. Haue you looked out
For skilfull coaters, that know all the founds,
The flats, and quicke fans, and can safely land
you
Out of all touch of danger
The Whore of Babylon.

Par. I have met many,
And like a comfort they hold several tunes
Gen. But make they musique
Par. Faith a little jarring:
Sometimes a freezing or so: yet reverend Palmio,
And Anthroy a Corderio keepe the fireame
In which I swim: the Nuntio Ragassoni
Plies me with wholesome phisick: so the Nuntio,
My honored Friend Campeggio makes it cleere,
That it is lawfull.
Gen. Where at stick you then?
Par. At a small rocke, (a dispensation.)

Ragazzoni, Palmio, Campeggio, & the Albonays.

Gen. You cannot want for hands to helpe you forward:
In such a noble worke your friends are neere;
Deere Countriman, my sword, my flete, and honor,
Are for your vfe, goe on; and let no heate
Thaw your strong resolution, I shall see you,
Before you take to Sea.

Par. You shall.
Gen. My dweetie.

Pol. This is the worthy Gentleman, to whome
I with your loue endeer'd: we have some conference.

Par. Borne Sir in Fairy Land!
Alb. No marry Sir—An Albanois.

Par. Then for proximitie
Of Countries, let vs enterchange acquaintance,
I wish'd for your embracements, for your name
Is crown'd with titles of integritie,
Judgement and Learning: let me vpon their Bafas
Erect a piller, by which Babylon,
And all we may be strengthened.

Alb. I pray be apert and plaine.

Par. Then thus Sir; by the way of Argument
I would a question put, to taft your cenure,
Because I doe not foundly relish it.

Alb. Propone it Sir, Ile folue it as I can.
The Whore of Babylon.

**Pla.** Why? is shee spotted?

**Tru.** All ouer, with strange vgrooves, all ouer,

**Pla.** Then she has got the pox, and lying at my holt Gryncums, since I left her company: how soever it be thou and I will live honest together in one howle, because my court mistris will haue it so: I haue beene a Trauailler a great while, plaine dealing hath leapt from country to country, till he had scarce a paire of foales to carrie him.

**Tru.** Why? in what Countries haue you beene?

**Pla.** In more then I had mind to say in; I haue beene amongst the Turkes too, the Turkes made as much of poore plaine dealing, as those whom we call Christianns.

**Tru.** What man is that great Turke? I never saw him:

**Pla.** Nor euer shalt: why the great Turke is a very little fellow; I haue seene a feurly little bad paltry Christiann, has beene taken for the greatest Turke there.

**Tru.** Where had you bin, when now you met with me.

**Plain.** Looking vp and downe for thy selfe: and yet I lie too, now I remember, I was in the citie: our mistreffe would needs haue me goe thither, to see fashions: I could make an excellent Taylor for Ladies and gentlemen, and fooles, for I haue seene more fashions there, then a picture drawer makes skurvy faces, the first two yeares of his trade: its the madded circle to coniure in, that euer raiz'd spirit.

**Truth.** Tell me good kinseman, what in the citie saw you?

**Plain.** What did I see? why Ile tell thee cozen; I saw no more confidence in most of your rich men, then in Tauerne faggots: nor no more sobernes in poore men, then in Tauerne spiggots: I see that citizens fine wiues vndo their husbands (by their pride) within a yeare after they are married; and within halfe a yeare after they be widdowes, knights
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... vndo them: they'le give a 100 pound to be dubb ladies, and to ride in a coach, when they haue scarce another hundred pound left to keep the horses. But cozen Truth, I met in one street a number of men in gowns, with papers in their hands, what are all thofe?

Truth. Oh! they are the fonnes of Iustice; they are thofe
That beat the kingdom louell, keep it smooth
And without rubs: they are the poore mans captaine,
The rich mans fouldier, and cal'd Lawiers.

Plain. Lawiers 1 doest know any of them?

Truth. A few.

Plain. I wondred what they were, I asked one of them if they were going to foot-ball, yes saide he, doe you not fee thofe country fellowes, we are against them; and who do you thinke shall winne, saide I, oh saide he, the gownes, the gownes.

Enter Time.

Time. Follow me Truth; Plaine dealing follow me.

Exit.

Plain. He charges like a Constable; come, wee are his watch: follow me? Is our Time mad? O braue mad Time.

Exeunt.

Dumb show. A cause suddenly breakes open, and out of if comes Falshood, (attir'd as Truth-is) her face spotted, shee sticks vp her banner on the top of the Cauze; then with her foot in severall places strikes the earth, and vp riseth Campeius; a Frier with a boxe: a gentleman with a drawn sword, another with rich goutes in a boxe, another with a bridell, Time, Truth with her banner, and Plain-dealing enter & stand aloofe beholding all.

Time. See there's the Cauze, where that Hyena lurkes,
That counterfets thy voyce, & calleth forth men
To their destruction.

Plain. How full of the small poxe slee is, what
ayles slee to slamp thus! is the whore mad! how
now! Yea do you rise before Doomes day; father
Time, what conduit-pipes are these, that breake out of
the earth thus!

Time. The conduit-heads of treason, which conuey
Conspiracies, scandals, and ciuill discord,
'Massacres, poxpoisings, wrackes of faith and fealtie
Through Fairies hearts, to turne them into cloues:
See Truth, see fonne, the snake flips off his skinne,
A scholler makes a ruffian.

Plain. Now must that ruffian cuffe the scholler, if
I were as he.

Time. And see, that shape which earst shew'd
reuerend,
And wore the outward badge of sanctitie,
Is cloath'd in garments of hypocrisy.

Plain. See, see, father, he has a tacek in a boxe:
whats that?

Time. A wild beast, a mad bull, a bull that roares,
To fright allegiance from true subiects bosoms;
That Bull must bellow, at the Flamin gate:
His gate, that tends the flockes of all those sheep,
That graze in the fayl pastoure of the land,
Beeing all inclos'd: that bull will on his backe
Bear all.

Plain. Whither! whither!

Time. To hell: tis saide to heaven
That will but fit him, till with hooffe or horse,
He goare the annointed Faine.

Plain. Such Bulls have I seene sent out of Babylon,
to runne at people: I should once haue rid vpon one
of them, but he that beg'd my office, broke his necke
by the bargaine, and fau'd me a labour: whats he
with the sword, a matter of the noble Science?

Truth. A noble villaine: fee, he pulls down
heauen
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With imprecations, if that blade he sheath not,
In our sweet mistresse breath.

Plain. O rogue! what good cloathes hee weares,
And yet is a villaine!

Time. I, doe: clap hands vpon't, that poyfoned
Gloue,
Shall strike thee dead to death, with the strong sent
Of thy discovered treafon.

Plain. Whatso that horfe-courfer with the bridile?

Time. A flawe, that since he dares not touch
her head,
Would worke vpon her hand:—— laugh and conspir;
The higher villaines climbe, they fall the higher.

Plain. Stay father, now the Armie comes forward:
Shee takes downe the flagge, belike their play is done;
What will shee beare the collours? thou haft colour
enough in thy face already, thou need'st no more:
did ye euer fee a more lowlie band? there's but two
rapiers in the whole regiment: now they murther, now
they double their files: marke how their hands juggle,
and lay about; this is the maine battell: O well flonift
Ancient! the day is their's; see, now they found
retrait: whither march they now?

Execut.

Tim. To death; their falles, thus Time and Truth
proclaime,
They shall like leaues drop from the Tree of shame.
Lest follow them.

Plain. To the gallowes! not I; what doe we
know, but this freckled face queane, may be a
witch.

Time. Shee is so; shee's that damned forceresse,
That keepes the enchanted towers of Babylion.
This is the Truth; that did bewitch thee once.

Plain. Is this speckled toade shee? Shee was
then in mine eye,
The goodliest woman that euer wore part of
Sattin:
To see what these female creatures are, when they
deale with 2. or 3. Nations; how quickly they were
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carbuncles & rich stones if now thee is more vgly then a bawd.

Truth. Shee look'd so then; fairenes it selfe doth
cloath her
In mens eyes, till they see me, and then they loath
her.

Time. Loose no more minutes, come, lets follow
them.

Plain. With hue and crie, now I know her: this
villanous drab is bawd, now I remember, to the Whore
of Babylon; and weele never leaue her, till thee be
carted: her face is full of those red pimples with
drinking Aquavitae, the common drinke of all bawdes:

Exeunt.

Titania, Elizbon, Florimel, a gentleman standing
aloofe, and Ropus.

Titan. What comes this paper for?

Fid. Your hand.

Titan. The cause!

Fidel. The Moone that from your beames did
borrow light,
Hath from her fliuer bow shot pitchy clowds
T'ecclips your brightnes: heauen tooke your part,
And her forpriz'd; A jurie of bright flarres,
Haue her vnworthy found to shine agen:
Your Fairies therefore on their knees intreat,
Shee may be pul'd out from the firmament,
Where thee was plac'd to glitter.

Titan. Must we then
Strike chofe whom we haue lou'd if albeit the children,
Whom we haue nourisht at our princely breast,
Set daggers to it, we could be content
To chide, not beat them, (might we vfe our will,
Our hand was made to faue, but not to kill.

Flor. You must not (caufe hee's noble) spare his
blood.

Titan. We should not, for hee's noble that is
good.
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Fist. The fall of one, like multitudes on yce,
Makes all the rejt, (of footing) be more nyce:
But if by ventring on that glassie floore
Too farre, he sinkes, and yet rife with no more harme,
Ten thousand to like danger it doth arme:
All mercy in a Prince, makes vile the state,
All justice makes even cowards desperate.

Titan. In neither of these feasts, spread we our
fayles,
But are the impartiall beam between bothi scales;
Yet if we needs must bow, we would incline
To that where mercy lies, that scale's divine:
But so to faue were our owne breast to wound,
Nay (which is more) our peoples: for their good,
We must the Surgeon play, and let out blood.
Every Peeres birth flickes a new starre in heauen,
But falling by Luciferan inolence,
With him a Constellation drops from thence.
Give me his Axe—how soon the blow is giuen?

Witness: so little we in blood delight,
That doing this worke, we wish we could not write.
Let's walke my Lords. Florimel?

Flor. Madame.

Titan. Stay:
Not one arm'd man amongst us you might now
Be all old-beaten fouldiers: truth I thanke ye;
If I were now a jewel worth the flealing,
Two theesues might bind you all.

Omn. With much adoe.

Titan. I marry I commend you gentleman.
Pray Sir come neere, looke you, hee's well provided
For all rough wethers: Sir, you may be proud,
That you can giue armes better then these Lords,
I thanke you yet, that if a forme shold fall,
We could make you our shelter. A good word?
This would goe through fitch: had I heart to kill
I'de with no better weapon; but our dayes
Of quarreleng are past; Shall we put vp Sir,
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We ha put vp wrongs ere now, but this is right,
Nay we are not falling yet.

Flor. It did vs good
To see how your Maiestick prefence dawnted
The filly gentleman.

Tita. The fillie gentleman !

Fid. He knew not how to stand, nor what to
speake.

Tita. The filly gentleman ! know you him Lords !
Where is hee !

Flor. Gotten hence poore wretch with flame.

Tita. That wretch hath sworne to kill me with
that sword.

Omn. How !

Fid. The traytor.

Flor. Locke the Court gates.

Omn. Guard her person.

Tita. You guard it well. Alacke ! when louers
wooe,
An extreme joy and feare, them so apall,
That ouer much loue, fiewes no loue at all.
Zeale sometimes ouer-does her part—it's right—
When the frais done, Cowards criе whers the Flight.

Florimell.

Flor. The wolfes in his own snare: O damned
flaue !

I had like to ha made his heart my ponyards graue.
How got you to this knowledge !—blessed heauen !

Tita. It came vnto me strangely: from a window,
Mine eyes tooke marke of him; that he would shoot
Twas told me, and I tried if he durft doo't.

Is Kopus here, our Doctor !

Kop. Gratious Lady.

Tita. You have a lucky hand since you were ours,
It quickens our taft well; fill vs of that
You laft did minifter: a draught, no more,
And give it fire, euен Doctor how thou wilt.
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Rep. I made a new extraction, you shall never Rellish the like.

Tyta. Why, shall that be my last!

Ro. Oh my dear Mistres!

Exit Rosus. Enter Parthenophile.

Tyta. Go, go, I dare fware thou lou'lt my very heart.

Parth. This scaly Serpent Is throwne (as he deferues) upon the Sword Of Justice; and to make these tydings twinnes, I bring this happy newes, Campetus, (A Snake that in my boosome once I warm'd :) The man for whome ——,

Tyta. Oh, wee remember him.

Parth. This Owle, that did not loue your sacred light, Stole o're the Seas by darkness, and was held In Babilon a bird of noble flight: They tourn'd him to a Goshawke, fether'd him Arm'd him with tallents, & then gau'e him bels, And hither charg'd him fly, he did: and soar'd O're all your goodlyest woods, and thickest groues, Inticing birds that had the skill in song, To learne harf notes: and those that fail'd in voice, He taught to pecke the tender blossomes off, To fpoyle the leauy trees, and with sharpe bills To mangle all the Golden eares of corn. But now hee's tan'e.

Tyta. Good sheapeheards ought not care, How many foxes fall into the Snares.

Enter Elfyron.

Eff. Your cuilli Doctor, Doctol Paridell Cafts Anchor on your shores againe, being freighted With a good venture, which he faiies, your felfe Must onely haue the fight of. Exit.
The Whore of Babylon.

Tyta. Bring him hither:
Lord Florimell, pray call Fiddi to va.

Florimell, Fideli, Ropus.

Tyta. Sure 'tis too hot.
Fid. Oh rogue!
Tyta. Set it to coole.
Fid. Hell and damnation, Dinels.
Flor. What's that?
Fid. The damned'lt treason! Dog: you whorsen
dog;
O bleffed mayd: let not the toad come neere her:
What's this! If't be his brewing, touch it not——
For 'tis a drench to kill the strongest Deuill,
That's Druncke all day with brimstone: come fucke,
Weezell,
Sucke your owne teat, you —— pray, Thou art
prefer'd.
Tyta. From what? From whome?
Fid. Looke to that Glister-pipe:
One crowne doe's serue thy tournes, but heere's a
theefe,
That muft haue 50000. crownes to steale
Thy life: Here 'tis in blacke and white—thy life,
Sira thou Vrinal, Tynoco, Gama,
Andrada, and Ibarra, names of Diuels,
Or names to fetch vp Diuels: thou knowest these
Scar-crowes.
Rop. Oh mee! O mercy, mercy! I confesse.
Fid. Well sayd, thou shalt be hang'd then.
Tyta. Haue we for this
Heap'd favours on thee.

Shue reade the letter. Enter Gard.

Fid. Heape halters on him: call the Guard: out
polecat:
He smels, thy conscience flincks Doktor goe purge
Thy soule, for 'tis diseas'd. Away with Ropus.
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Omn. Away with him: foh.
Rop. Here my tale but out.
Fid. Ther's too much out already.
Rop. Oh me accurfed! and moft miferable.

Exit with Guard.

Tyta. Goodnes of vertue! is my bloud fo fweet,
That they would pay fo deere fort.
Fid. To fucke Lambes,
What would not Wolves doe, he that this paper writte,
Had neuer meaning we shoulde finger it.
Tyta. Our mercy makes them cruell, hunt out thofe Leopards:
Their own spots will betray them: they build caues
Euen in our parkes: to them, him, and the reft,
Let death be fent, but fent in fuch a shape,
As may not be too frightfull. Alack! what glorie
Is it to buffet wretches bound in giues!
The debt is derely paid that's payd with lues
Oh! leaue vs all.

Enter Eifiron and Paridell.

Fid. More Doctors! if this doe
Afwell as tother, beft to hang him too. Escufter.

Tyta. Florimell! Stay,
But giue vs liberty.
Pari. This is the bleffed day for which (through want
Of thofe bright rayes that fparkle from your eyes)
My frozen foule hath languifh'd Goddesfe compleate,
If you, a wretch fo meane, will bid to fpake,
I fhall vnclafpe a booke whose very firft line,
(Being not well pointed) is my doome to death:
But if your facred judgement (on the Margin,)
Controwlte all wrifting comments, All your subiects
The Whore of Babylon.

Will fold me in their bosomes.

Tyta. Give your minde.

Par. A Pilgrim haue I been on forren shores,
(Your gracious hand allow'd it) in my wandring,
With Monsters I encountred of strange shape,
Some that fucked poyson vp, and spat it foorth,
Upon your land: some, that shot forked flinges,
At your most God-like person: all were Gyants,
Fighting against the heauen of your blest raigne:
With thefe (oh pardon me!) with thefe I held
A politicke league, the lines of all their treafons,
(Drawne from one damned circle) met in mee,
My heart became the Center, and the point
Was this — I dare not tell it.

Tyta. Speake!?

Pari. To kill you.

Tyta. How durft you (being our subiect) wade
so far?!

Par. Your ear of mercy. I became a sponge
To drinke vp all their mischiefe, and lay drownd'd
In their infected waters, (with much loathing,)
Onely that I before you might wring out
This their corruption, and my selfe make cleere,
And now (immortall maid) I'me not vnlike
A casket wherein papers flutt with danger,
Haue close beene lockt, but thofe tane out, the
dchef
Serves to good wfe, fo may my loyall breft:
For from their flintie hearts what sparkes I got,
Were but to fire themselues.

Tyta. I praise your plotte,
You make vs now your debter, but a day
Will come, when we shall pay. My Lord, we want
your Arme.

Pary. Vnh! I feare ——

Tyta. Doctor, weele haue (Sir) other Dialogues.

Exeunt.

Pary. O shallow foole, thou haft thy selfe vndone,
Shees hardnede and thou melted at one funne. Exit.
The Whore of Babylon.  

Enter Como, and the three Kings.

Como. Our eyes have lufted for you, and your prefence
Comes as the light to day, showers to the spring,
Or health to ficke men.

1. King. Our bloud ranne all to water, yea our soules
Stroue all (at once) t'expire, (when it was blowne
Hither from Faierie land, that all the darts
Which ours heere, and your arme delievered there,
Fell either short, or lighted vpon yce)
Left you had loft bloud in the enterprize.

I fawe the dogges brought forth; and fet them on,
Till the Diuell parted them; but pluckt off none,
I kept aloofe out of the reach of paws:
Better to fight with Lions then with lawes.
What drummes are thefe ℡

2. King. Musicke of heauen.

Como. The dancers reuell in steele.

1. King. These march to fill our Flete.

3. King. From whence weele march with proud victorious feete,
And walke on Fayeries hearts, their beaten waies
With their owne heads weele paye, whilft ours with bayes,
And oake (the conquering soouldiers wreath) we crowne:
These hooks, or none, must pull their Cities downe,
Inuation is the fire: See, Se, i'th Ayre
Angels hang beckoning vs to make more haste,
Vengeance deferd growes weake, and runs to waste.
Whats this ℡

Enter a Herrauid before one: sounds once, and slays.

Como. Ere we take shipp, we must to Court.
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Omn. Away.


The Herold reads.

Herald. It is the Imperiall pleasure, decree, pre-emptory edict, and dreadful command (upon paine of a curie to be denounced vpon him that is disobedient) from her who hath power given her to make the backes of stubborne Kings her foote-floodes, and Emperours her vassalles: the mother of Nations; the triple-crowned head of the world; the purple-rider of the glorious beast; the moft high, moft fupreme, and moft adored Emprefse of Babilon; that no Captaine Generals of Armies, Generals of Squadrongs, Admirals, Colonels, Captaines, or any other Officers of her magnificent, incomparable, formidable, and invincible Armada, which is ordaind to swallow vp the kindeome of Faery, shall presume to set one foote on ship-bord, till her facred hand hath bleffed the enterprize by fealing them all on the forehead, and by bowing their knees before the Beast. Sound, goe on. - Exeunt.

Dumb shew: Emprefse on the Beast.

Emp. Feels the base earth our weight: it com-

mon Aire
We suck in and respire? doe seruile clowdes,
(Whofe azure wings fspread ouer graves and tombe) Our glorious body circumvolue: dare night
Caft her black-nets into dayes criftall streames,
To draw vp darkness on our golden beames: And vs t' eclipse, why is not Babilon
In a contorted chaire made all of flarres,
Wound vp by wheeles as high, nay boue the thrones Supernall, which with loues owne feate fland evne, That we might ride heere as the Queene of heauen. And with a fpurne from our controwling foote,
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That should like thunder shake th' ethereal floor,
Of life and heaven them both at once bereave,
That thither vp dare clime without our leave.

Com. You doe: you ride there now this is your

Sphere,
Earth is all one with heaven when you are heere.

3. King. Yet ther's a hell on earth or if not hell,
Diuels there are or worse then Diuels, that roare
Onely at you.

Emp. At vs? what, dare they roare?

3. King. Your pardon, and lie tell it.

Emp. Tell: We feare
No spots, the orbe we shine in is so cleere.

3. King. Thus then: the Faiery Adders hiffe:
they call you
The superflitious Harlot: purple whore:
The whore that rides on the rose-coloured beast:
The great whore, that on many waters fitteth,
Which they call many Nations: whilst their Kings,
Are slaves to fate your luft, and that their bloud,
(When with them you have done) serues as a flood,
For you to drinke or thwimme in.

Omn. O prophanee!

Emp. Goe on: the searching small wounds is no
paine.

3. King. These cowards thus when your back's
turnd (that strike)
Follow their blowe and sweare, that where you claime,
Supremacie monarchall over Kings,
Tis but your tirannous pride, and not your due.

Emp. But what your selues guie, what haue we
from you?
You say we are your mother, and if so,
Must not fones kneele! they pay but what they owe.

3. King. They say the robes of purple which you
weare,
Your scarlet veiles, and mantles are not guien you
As types of honour and regality,
But dyed so deepe with bloud vpon them spilt,
The Whore of Babylon.

And that (all or'c) y'are with red murder gilt.
The drinke even in that golden cup, they sware
Is wine sophificated, that does runne
Low on the lees of error, which in tafe,
Is sweete and like the neate and holome ioyce
Of the true grace, but tis ranke poyson downe.

Omn. Haue we not all it tafted?

Emp. Nay, ytter all.

Out of their lips you fee flowes naught but gall.

3. King. What can my breath doe more, to blast your cheeke,

And leaue them glowing as red gads of steele!
My tongue's already blifred founding this,
Yet must I whisper to your sacred care:
That on your brow (they sday) is wright a name
In letters miitia, which they interpret
Confusion, by great Babylon they meane
The Cittie of Confusion.

Emp. View our forhead!

Where are we printed with such Characters?
Point out these markes: Which of you all can lay
A finger on that Moale which marketh our face!

3. King. They say you can throw mists before our eyes,

To make us thinke you faire.

Omn. Damned blasphemies.

Com. You shall with rods of iron scourge these treasons.

1. King. The Mace is in your hand, grinde them to duft.

2. King. And let your blowes be found.

3. King. For they are iuft.

Emp. Lets heare with what lowde throats our thunder speakes,

Repeate our vengeunce o're, which to beate Kings
Muft now flie o're the seas with linnen winges.

Com. Our Galeons, Galeaffes, Zabraes, Gallies,
Ships, Pynaces, Pataches, huge Caruiles,
For number, rib and belly are so great,
The Whore of Babylon.

That should they want a Sea neere Faery land
Of depth to beare them vp, they in their wombs
Might swim with a sea thither: here are breifes
Of your imperiall Armies.

Emp. Reade them loude:
Thuder ner'e speakes, but the voice crackes a clowde.

Com. In the fift Squadron twelve great Galeons:
Floate like twelue mooing Castles: Zabraes two,
Habilimented gloriously for warre,
With Souldiers, Seamen, shot, and ordinance:
This Squadron flout Molyna does command:
Who of the maine is Captaine Generall.
The second Squadron braue Recauld leads,
Being Admirall to foureteene Galeons.
Flores de Valles guides the third, the fourth
Followes the filken streames of the haughty
Pedro de Valles that tryed warriour.
Oynendo in the fift front cries a Charge.
Bretandona brings vp the Lewantines
With his fift Squadron: Gomes de Molyna
Waltes vp the feauen like the God of warre,
The eighth obayes Mendona: and the ninth
Fierce Vigo de Mongada: all these Squadrons,
For vessell, numbred are one hundred thirte
The fight of Souldiers, Marriners, and Slaues
Twentie nine thousand, eight hundred thirtee three.
Peeces of braffe for battery thefe,
Six hundred thirte: adde to thefe Gallions
Twentie Cartules, and Salues ten: which make
The whole Armada, eightcore lufliie faile.
Add to all thefe your Generals of Armies,
Your Captaines, Enigne bearers, (which in role,
Are eightcore and eleuen) the Voluntaries,
With officers and feruants, then the Regiments
That are in pay: to thefe, all men of orders,
All ministers of iuffice; and to thefe
Supplies of forces that must second vs,
And last that hoit of starres which from the Moone
Will fall to guide vs on: thefe totald vp,

2

S
You shall a hundred thousand swordes behold
Brandish’t at once, whose ———— flandes
Men will seeme borne with weapons in their handes.

Emp. Goe: cut the falt sone with your mooned kneeles,
And let our Galeons feelie even child-birth panges,
Till their great bellies be delivered
On the soft Faery hoares: captiue their Queene,
That we may thus take off her crowne, whilst the Kneeles to these glorious wonders, or be trampled
To death for her contempt: burne, batter, kill.
Blow vp, pull downe, ruine all, let not white haires,
Nor red cheekes blunt your wrath, snatch babes from brents,
And when they crie for milke, let them fucke bloud,
Turne all their fieldes to lakes of gellyed goare,
That Sea-men one day fayling by the land
May fay, there Faery kyngdome once did fland.

Omn. They shall.

3. King. Tis done already.

Emp. To be sure
You all are ours, bow and adore the beast,
On whom we ride.

Omn. We fall beneath his feete.

Emp. Be blest, obedience is in sonnes most sweete,
O strange, to you he floopes as you before him,
Humility, he bowes whilst you adore him:
To kindle lustie fires in all your bloud,
A health to all, and as our cup goes rownd,
Draw neere, weele marke you for our choiven flocke:
Who builds on hearets confirm’d, builds on a rocke:
The seale of heauen: who on their foreheads weare it,
We choo* for counfaile: on their hands who bear it,
We marke for Action: Heere, a health to all.

Omn. Braue health! to pledge it, see Kings prostrate fall.

Emp. On.

Kneels.

All. On.
The Whore of Babylon.

3. King. Sing warre thy loud and loftiefl notes.
We winne; our ships meete none but fister-boates.
Exeunt.

Enter Paridell and his kin$man.

Pari. What if I shew you a foundation,
Firme as earthes fixed Center & a strong warrant,
To strike the head off, an Iniunction
That bids me doo't: A dispensation
For what I doe: A pardon sign'd, that gius
Indulgence plenarie, and full remission
(For any criminal breach of the highefl Law)
After 'tis done: say more, a voice as cleere
As that of Angels, which proclaims the a€t,
Good, honourable, meritorious,
Lawfufl, and pyous, what if I shew you this?

Cos. Come, come, you cannot, then let riotous
heires
Beg patiences to kill fathers: graunt but this
Murder may be a faire Monopoly,
And Princes stab'd by Acts of parliament:
Who f'ld dare that thing meritorious call,
Which feindes themselfeues count diabolicall!

Pari. Your coldnes makes me wonder: why
should you
Ronne vp to' th necke, from drowning to saue her,
That treades vpon your head, your throat, to smake
you?

Cos. Say you should wound me: should I (in
revenge)
Murder my selfe? for what can be the clofe
But death, dishonour: yea, damnation
To an a€t so base, say fo impossible.

Pari. Impossible; the parting of the ayre,
Is not more easie: looke vpon the Court,
Through narrowe sights, and shees the fairest marke,
And soone hit of any: like the Turke
Shee walks not with a fanifarie-Guard,
Nor (as the Ruffian with fowle big-bond slaves.)
The Whore of Babylon.

Strutting on each side with the sclicing Axe,
Like to a payre of hangmen: no alas:
Her Courts of Guard are Ladies, & (sometimes)
Shee's in the garden with as small a trayne,
As is the Sun in heauen: and our Acceffe,
May then as easly be as that of Clyents,
To Lawyers out of terme-time.

Cox. Grant all this:
Nay, say the blow were giuen: how would you escape?
Pari. Oh sir, by water.—
Cox. I but—
Pari. Nay good cozen.—
Cox. You leape as short at safety, as at flarres.
By water: why the gates will all be lockt,
Wayters you must haue none.
Pari. Heare me.
Cox. Heare me,
You must not haue a man, and if you kill
With powder, ayre betrayes you.
Pari. Powder! no sir,
My dagge shall be my dagger: Good sweete Cozen,
Mark but how smooth my pathes are: looke you sir.
Cox. I haue thought vpon a courfe.
Pari. Nay, nay, heare mine,
You are my marke, suppose you are my marke,
My leuell is thus lowe, but ere I rife,
My hand's got vp this hie: the deere being strucke,
The heard that stand about so frighted are,
I shall haue leave to scape, as does a pirate,
Who hauing made a shot through one more strong,
All in that shipp runne to make good the breach,
Whilst th' other failes away. How like you this?
Cox. As I like paper harnesse.
Pari. Ha, well, pawe then:
This bow shall stand vnvent, and not an arrow
Be shot at her vntill we take our ayme
In S. Iagoes parke; a rare, rare Altar!
The fitt't to sacrifie her bloud vpon:
It shall be there: in S. Iagoes parke:
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Ha coz! it shall be there: in the meanest time,
We may keepe followers (nine or ten a pece)
Without fustipation: numbers may worke wonders:
The florne being sudden too: for were the guard
A hundred strong about her, looke you sir,
All of vs well appoynted—Cafe of dags
To each man, see you! you shoote there, we heere,
Unleffe fo ne spirts put the bullets by,
Ther's no escape for her: say the dags faile,
Then to our swordes.—Come, ther's no mettle in you.

Cos. No mettle in me! would your warres were honest,
I quickly would finde Armour: what's the goade
So sharpe, that makes you wildly thus to runne
Vpon your certaine ruine!

Pari. Goad! sharp ponyards,
Why should I spare her bloud?

Cos. She saue you yours.

Pari. To ha tan'e it had bin tyran, her owne lips
Confess I strucke her lawes not hard: I ha spent
My youth, and meanses in feruing her: what reape I?
Wounds (difcontents) what gius she me! good words,
(Sweet meates that rotte the eater:) why, last day
I did but begge of her the maistership
Of Santa Cataryna, twas denied me.

Cos. She keepe you to a better.

Pari. I tuth, thats not all:
My bonds are yonder seald; And the must fall.

Cos. Well coz, ile hence.

Pari. When shall I see you?

Cos. Hah.

Soone: very foone: sooner than you expect,
Let me but breath, and what I meane to doe,
I shall resolue you.

Pari. Fare you well.

Cos. Adue.— Exit.

Tytania, Elyfyon, Parthenophil, Parydel, Florimell.

Flor. Newes; thundring newes sweete Lady:

Enuy, Ambition,
The Whore of Babylon.

Theft sacrilegious, and base treason, lay
Their heads and handes togethers, at one pull
To heave you from your throne: that mannish woman
- Diuell,
That luftfull bloudie Queene of Babylon,
Hath (as we gather ripe intelligence)
Rigd an Armd flete, which even now beats the waues,
Boaftling to make their wombes our Cities graves.

Tyta. Let it come on: our Generall leades above them,
Earth-quakes may kingdoms mooue, but not remooue them.

Fidel.

Fid. He yonder, he that playes the fiend at sea,
The little Captaine that's made all of fire,
Sweares (Flemming-like) by twenty thousand Diuels,
If our tongues walke thus, and our feete fland full,
So many huge ships neere our coasts are come,
An Oyfter-boate of ours will scarce finde roome.
He sweares the windes haue got the sailes with childe,
With such big bellies, all the linnen's gone,
To finde them linnen and in Babylon,
That ther's not one ragge left.

Tyta. Why swells this flete? f

Fid. Thus they giue out, that you fent forth a Drake.

Which from their riuers beate their water-fowle,
Tore fluer feathers from their fairest Swannes,
And pluckt the Halcions wings that roue at sea,
And made their wilde-duckes vnder-water diue,
So long, that some neuer came vp alue.
This Sea-pie Babylon, her bug-Bearre calles,
For when her ballards cry, let the nurfe cry
But this, the Drake comes, they ruth prefently,
For him they le cudgel vs: will you ha the troth? f
That scarlet-whore is thirstie and no bloud,
But yours, and ours (sweete maide) can doe her good.
The Whore of Babylon.

Tyta. That drake shall out againe: to counsel Lords.

Fid. Come, come, short counsel: better get long swordes.

Flor. Good Lady dread not you, what eere befall.

Fid. Weel'e die first, yours is the last funeral:
Away, away, away.

Omn. Poste, poste, call messengers, poste with all speed.

Exeunt.

Tyta. How? feare!
Why should white bosome feare a Tyrants Arme?
Tyrants may kill vs, but not doe vs harme.
Are we your prisoners that you garde vs thus?

Exeunt. Manet Paridell.

Stay, and you too, we are alone: when last
We entertayn'd your speeche (as we remember)
Clove trains and dangerous you did discover
To fire which you were praid.

Pari. I was.

Tyta. And yeelded.
Albeit it were against our life.

Pari. Most true:—my reasons,——

Tyta. We forget them not: at that time
Here was but one, (true) but one counseller,
Who flood aloofe, heard nothing; and though a bloud
Of courser veins therf ours, would have beene flird
Into a fea tempefluous to boyle vp,
And drowne the Pilate that durft faile fo farre,
Yet of our princely grace (tho twas not fittt,
Nor flood with wildome) did we silence it.
Theefe heaped favours, notwithstanding (Doctor)
Tis in our eare: the hammers lie not still,
But that new clubs of iron are forging now,
To bruise our bones, and that your felle doe knowe,
The very Anuile where they worke.

Pari. I.

Tyta. Heare vs,
Because tis thought some of thoses worfer spirits,
And most malignant that at midnight rise
To blast our Faery circles by the Moone,
Are your Familiars.

Par. Madam.

Tyta. Sir anone.
Thee therefore I conjure (if not by faith,
Oathed allegiance, nor thy conscience,
Perhaps this ranckling vicereteth them)
Yet by thy hopes of blisse, tell, and tell true,
Who if't must let vs bloud !

Par. O vnhappy man ;
That thou shouldest breathe this long: mirrour of
women,
I open now my bref euen to the heart,
My very foule pants on my lips: none, none,
I know of none.

Tyta. Well: none: rife and take heed,
They are no common droppes when Princes bleede.
What houre is this: does not my larum strike ?
This watch goes false.

Par. This watch goes true.

Tyta. All's naught, —
What houre is this ?

Par. Thy last houre, O heavens, furder
The worke you haue begun: where art thou heart ?

Tyta. Oh we see't: Doctor wind vp the wheele,
    tis done.

Par. Tis done.

Tyta. How now ? what strucke thee done ? thy
    lookes are wilde:
Why was thine armed hand reard to his height ?
What blacke worke art thou doing ?

Par. Of damnation vpun my felse.

Tyta. How ?

Par. Your wordes haue split my heart in thousand
    fliuers,
Heere, heere that flickes which I feare will not out.
Better to die than lieue suspected. Had not your
    bright eyes.
The Whore of Babylon. 265

Turnd backe vpon me, I had long ere this
Layen at your feete a bloudie sacrificce.

Tyta. Staind Altars pleafe not vs : why doeft thou
weep e ?
Thou mak'lt my good thoughts of thee now decyne,
Who loues not his owne bloud, will ne're spare mine,
Why doeft thou weep e ?

Pari. When on your face I looke,
Me thinkes I fee thofe Virtues drawne aliue
Which did in Elflynne the feauenth furuie,
(Your fathers father, and your grandfather),
And then that you should take me for a Serpent
Gnawing the branches of that glorious tree,
The griefe melts eu'en my soule, O pardon me.

Tita. Contraft thy spirites togither, be compos'd ;
Take a full man into thee, for beholde
All thefe blacke cloudes we cleere : looke vp, tis day,
The funne thines on thee fill ; weel'e reade : away—

Pari. O matchlesse ; im'e all poylon, and yet the
Turnes all to goodnes by wife tempering me.

Tita. If thou prouft copper—well ; this makes vs
strong
As towers of flint. All traytors are but waues,
That beate at rockes, their own blowes digge their
graues.

Parridell manet.

Pari. For not dooing am I damde : how are my
spirits
Halde, tortured, and growne wilde ? on leaues eternall
Vowes haue I writ fo deepe, fo haue and them vp,
So texted them in characters capitall,
I cannot race them but I blot my name
Out of the booke of fence : mine oath flands filde
On your court-roles. Then keepe it, vp to heauen
Thy ladder's but thus hie : courage, to kill
Ten men I should not freeze thus : yet her murder
The Whore of Babylon.

Cannot be named bloud-shed, for her Fairies
Are all of faith, and fealty affoyled,
The balm that her annoyted is wafted off,
Her crowne is now not hers; ypon the paine
Of a blacke curfe, no more mufh I obey her.
I clime to heaven by this, clime then and flay her.

Tyt. A tyrants strange, but iuft end! — Reade.
Ran mad for sleepe, and died. Princes that plume
Their foules in ranke and godleffe appetites
Mufh fecke no refh but in the armes of Sprites.

Pa. Nothing to read that (if my nerves should shrink
And make mine arme reuolt) I might haue colour
To viurp this walke of hers: what this? see, fee
An Angel throws this iron into my hand,
My warrant signd from Babylon to kill her,
Endorfed, the laft will of Faridell. — Reade.

*Le concede sua Benedizione, plenaria indulgensa,
E remissione di tutti li peccati—tutti li peccati—
*The very wordes of Cardinal Como
his letter sent to Parry.

All, all my finnes are paid off, paying this,
Tis done, tis done, All you blest powers I charme,
Now, now, knit all your finewes to this arme.

As he offers to step to her, he faies fodorly, uppon the
approch of Fidely, Florinel, Parthenophil, Eifron, the
Ladies, a Guard, and the Doctors Cosen.

Omn. You ha prou'd your felle a loyll gentle-
man.

Fid. The hand of Angels guide vs: Shees not
heere.
The Queen's kild; treason: Wenches, raife the
Court.

Omn. Walke feue rall waies firl.
Fid. Waies; shees murdered: treason.

Tyt. Treason; a sword. What traytor dare I who I
where?

Fio. A guard: the damned serpent, fee, lurkes
heere.
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Fid. Sure heeres some neft they breed in: paw him fail
This Woolfe, this Toade (marke, he swelles red with poyfon.)
This learned knawe is sworne to murder thee.
Pari. I defe any man that speakes it.
Fid. Hah:——
Defe this noble, honest gentleman,
Defe him, he shal spit it on thy face,
Thy beard scald Doctore.
Pari. And doest thou betray me? Sait thou so?
Cos. And will feale my speech with blood.
Pari. My no against his yea; My no is as good.
Fid. Better, his yeas goe naked, and your noes
Very well clokd: off, come, truth naked goes,
And heres his naked truth.—Shewes his drawn dagger.
Tyta. Againe.
Pari. Oh me:——
Now nothing but your mercy me can faue.
Tyta. It must not: Princes that would safely liue,
May grieve at traytors falles but not forgive.
Let him be fommond to the barre of shame.
Pari. Tis welcome, a blacke life, ends in blacke
fame.
Omn. Away with him.
Earth. Now to the busines,
We haue one foote.
Fid. I, I, looke to the head.
The hangman cures those members.
Tita. What is done?
Fler. This (laced Lady:) we with either hand
Have raised an Armie both by sea and land.
Your goodly ships beare the most royall freight,
That the world owes (true hearts:) their wombes are full,
Of noble spirits, each man in his face
Shewes a Kings daunting looke, the fouldiers fland
So thickly on the decke, so brauely plum'd;
(The Silken streamers wavie or'e their heads)
That (seeing them) you would judge twere Pentecost,
And that the iollie youngflers of your townes,
Had flockt togethers in gay multitudes,
For May-games, and for summer merriments,
They looke fo cheerely : In such little roome
So many Fairies neuer dwelt at once,
Neuer fo many men were borne fo foone,
The drum that gaue the call, could not be heard
For Juftling armours: er' the call was done,
It was fo ringd about with groves of pikes,
That when they brake on both fides to give way,
The beating of the drum was thunders noise,
Whifft coates of fteele claft fo on coates of fteele,
Helmets on helmets that theyltrucke out fire,
Which shewed like lightning, or thofe flames that flie
From the huge Cyclops-hammer, when they sweate
To forge fones thunder: And in fuch a heate
With quicknes ruth they armed forth, captaines fwore,
Harnefle was faire the cloathes they daily wore.
Men fafter came to fight then to a feaft.

Fid. Nay, women fued fo vs they might be pref.
Parth. Old grannads that on crutches beare vp age,
Full nimby buckled Armours on their fonnes,
And when twas on, the clapt him on his backe,
And fpeak thus, runne my boye, fight till th'art dead,
Thy bloud can neuer be more brauely fhe'd.

Tita. How are the numbers you haue leuied ?
Fid. What your sea-fores are, this briefe doth fpeak.

Elf. We haue rais'd double walls to fence your land.
The one the bodie of a fanding Camp,
Whofe tents by this are pitcht in Beria,
On the shores point, to barre the foe from footing.

Tita. Ouer that Camp at Beria* we create

You Florimell Lieutenant Generall ;

Elf. The other is to guarde your royall perfon.

Tita. Whofe charge is yours: the sea Fiddii, yours.

Elf. The fanding camp of horfemen and of foote,
The Whore of Babylon.

These numbers fill. Launces 253. Horfemen 769. Footemen 22000. The mouing Army, which attends on you,

Time. We do not raise our hopes on points of speares.
A handfull is an hoot, in a good fight,
Lambes may beate Lions in a warre not right.
The Generall of all armies be our leader,
Be full of courage Lorde as y'are in yeares.
For this be sure weele not out-liue our peeres.

Pilai. Weele al liue, but will first have them bith cares.

Tytia. Goe on, your conduct be the prosperous hand,
Make you the sea good, weele not loose the land.
Your Queene will to the field, it shall be said,
Once fouldiers to their Captaine had a Maide.

Exeunt.

Truth and Plaine-dealing, leading fouldiers with drum and colours, Time meeting them.

Time. You sweate well in this harvest.

Plai. Nay, when we come to binde vp the whore of Babilons Punckes and Pynaces in sheaes, weele sweate worse.

Time. Haue you beftowed the other banedes?

Tru. I haue.

Time. Incorporate this to you then: tis the mandate.

Of your Lieutenant Generall. You fight
In your great Faieries quarrell, and Truthes right,
Stand therefore too't.

Volu. I will haue no wounds on my shoulders,
I scorn to run,
Or to cry out of warlike kybes in the heele.

Time. Goe (thou upost God-like maide) & buckle on
The Whore of Babylon.

The bref-plates fetcht from thine owne Armoury,
Let every foulnder weare one, on each leader
Beftowe a guiding-flaffe, and a strong shield
That may as faithfull be to his good fword
As thou art to his heart: head all the speares
With gold of Angell-proof. Sit like a doue
Upon the Horfmans helme, and on his face
Fan with thy fluer wings sweete victorie,
Goe, beate thy drum, that men may know thy march,
Spread thine owne colours (Truth) fo let them thine,
Soldiers may fwear thel'le follow none but thine.
Away.

Tru. I fte, fwit as the winged windes.  Exit.
Plai. To day is workiday with me for all I have
my belt clothes on, what doe you let me to?
Time. Goe thou and fweepe th' abuses from the
camp.
Plai. Conscience has left no broonies big enough
to doe that cleane.
Time. Then purge the tents of all infectious aires.
Plai. Yonder's one infection new broke out, if it
be not fport from running, will choake vs all.
Time. Name it, ite minifter the remedy.
Plai. Time may do it, this tis: A Broker and his
wife that dropt out of the Hangmans budget but laft
day, are now eating into the Camp, and are victualers
to it: their very Cannes have hoopes of gold lace
now, that bangd Captaines jerkins all o're but yester-
day: 15. Lieutenants have eaten vp their buffe Jer-
kins with cheefe and muflard: Nay this villain of
fourecore ith hundred has fet vp three Armourers
shops with harniffe caps, and pewter coates, that are
linde cleane out with Ale: the Rogue lies evey night
upon as many fethers which grew in foulnders hats, as
will vndooe four hundred Schoolemafters to hire
them for their boyes to goe a feasting.
Time. Breede fuch diforders mongif the foulnders?
Plai. They fwarne like lyce: nay his wife tickets
it too, for three Muskateeres came but to drinke
The Whore of Babylon.

Tabacco in her cabin, and she fired their flasks and tuch-boxes.

Time. Goe ridde the Camp of these, and al like thefe.

Plai. If any foule rvere ile cahereere him too.

Time. You will scarce leave two in the Army then.

Plai. What shall I doe with those Pyoners yonder?

Tt. You know the ground, lead them to cast vp trenches. Away.

Plai. They are by this time leading one another, for when I left them, I left them all casting, ile now goe see what it comes to.

Exit.  

Time. Ile fle hence to the fleet of Babylon.

And from their tacklings and their maine-mast tops, Time shal howe vengeance through his bow of fleele, Wedge-like to split their Naue to the keele.

Ile cut their Princes downe as blades of graffe,
As this glaffe, fo the Babilonian power,
The higher shall runne out to fill the lower.  

Exit.

The Sea fight.

3. Ki. The sulphurous Aima belcheth on our ships,
Cut Cables, or the whole fleet drowned in fire.

1. King. Holla.
1. Ki. What Hulkes ar these, that are on fire?
3. Ki. The Duel's: the sea's on fire, the Duel fure takes Tabacco.

1. King. Wher's Medyna?
2. King. Close vnder hatches, dares not shew his head.
3. King. Damnation on such liuerd Generals.
Wher's braue Recalde?
2. King. Who?
3. King. Our Admiral:
272  The Whore of Babylon.

The Admirall of our Naue, wife Recalde.

2. King.  Our flowte and braue Recalde keepes his bed.

3. King.  All poxes fire him out; Pedro de Valdes
Hauing about him 50. Canons throttes,
Stretch wide to barke is boarded, taken.

2. King.  Taken!

3. King.  Without resitance: Pyamentely funken,
Oquendo burnt, Mongada drown'd or faigne.

1. King.  The ship of all our medicaments is lost.

3. King.  Dogges eate our medicaments, such are
our wounds

We more flall Sextons neede than Surgeons.

2. King.  What course is best?

3. King.  The best to get the day,
Is to hoise sayles vp, and away.

Omn.  Away, away, hoise sailes vp and away.

3. King.  A world of men and wealth lost in one
day.  

Exeunt.

Florimell followed by Captaines, Marriners and Gunners
with Linflocks.

Flor.  Shoot, shoot, they answer; braue: more
Linlocks: shoot:
This fratagem dropt downe from heauen in fire.

Omn.  Board, board, hoyle more sailes vp, they flie,
shoot, Shoot.  

Exeunt.

Titania in the Camp.

Tita.  We neuer held a royal Court till now:
(Warriours) would it not seeme most glorious,
To haue Embassadors to greete vs thus!
Our chaire of state, a drum: for sumptuous robes
Ruffling about vs, heads cas'd vp in globes
Of bright reflecting fleele: for reuellers
(Treading soft meaures) marching fouldeiers.
Tryst me, I like the martiall life life fo well,
The Whore of Babylon.

I could change Courts to campes, in fieldes to dwell.
Tis a braue life: Me thinke's it beft becomes
A Prince to march thus, betweene guns and drummes.
My fellow fouldiers I dare sweare you'lle fight,
To the laft man, your Captaine being in fight.

Volu. To the laft leafl mans little finger.

They shoote. A selle goes off.

Fid. What flames through all our blood your breath inspires.
Tita. For that we come not: no breft heere wants fires.
Twas kindled in their cradles, strength, courage, zeale,
Meete in each bosome like a three-fold floud,
We come with yours to venture our owne bloud.
For you and we are fellowes; thus appeares it,
The fouldier keeps the crowne on, the prince weares it.
Of all men you we hold the moft moft deere,
But for a fouldier I had not beene heere.

Fid. Doe not their gunnes offend you?
Tita. How? we are tried,
Wh' im'e borne a fouldier by the fathers side.
The Cannon (thunders Zany) plays to vs,
Soft mufikes tunes, and more mellidious:
And me more rarely like, because all these,
That now can speake the language of fterne warre,
Could not speake fwords, or guns, nay fcarce could go,
Nay were not borne, but like to new fowne graine
Lay hid i'th mold, when we went to be crown'd,
Tho' now th'are tal corne fields, couering the ground.

Plaine Dealing.

Plai. Roome, roome, newes, newes, the yongest
newes that ever was brought forth among men at Armes: a woman (fweete miftris) is brought to bed of a man childe it the Camp: a boy that lookes as if he would shotte off already: the bed they haue swaddled him in, is the peece of an old torne Ancient: his blankets are two soildiers Mandilians: his cradle is the hollow backe-peece of a rufie Armour: his head lies in a Murren thats quilted to kepe him warme, the first thing that ever he laid hold on, was a truncheon, on which a Captaine leand to looke vpon him, hee'le bee a warriour I warrant. A Can of beere is set to his mouth already, yet I doubt hee'le proue but a victualler to the Camp: A notable fat double-chind bulchyn.

Tyta. A child borne in our Camp! goe giue him fame,
Let him be Beria cald, by the Campes name.

Plai. Thats his name then: Beria; in fleede of a Midwife, a Captaine shall beare him to the Fount, and if there be any women to followe it, they shal either traile pikes, or shotte in Caliuers; who would sweate thus to get gollips for an other mans child? but fathers themselfes are guld fo sometimes, farewell miftris.

Exit.

Time, Florimell, Captaines, Souldiers.

Tita. With rosues vs you crowne, your selle with palme.

Flor. Had we al woundes, your words are soue-raigne balme.

Tyta. Are those clowdes spreft that froue to dimme our light?

Flor. And druen into the gloomie caues of night.

Gyta. Our handes be heau'd vp for it.

Time. Theres good cause.

We're bound to doe so by the higher lawes.
The Whore of Babylon.

Those roaring Whales came with devouring wombes
To swallow vp your kingdoms: foolish heires;
When halfe of them scarce knew where it did stand,
Vnder what Zenith, did they share your land.
At dice they plaid for Fairyies; at each call
A Knight at leaft was loft: what doe you fet?
This Knight cries one (and names him) no, a Lord
Or none, tis done, he throwes and sweeps the bord,
His hatte is full of Lords vp to the brimme,
The sea threw next at all, won all and him,
Would you these Gamesters fee now?

Fid. See now! where?
The'll scarce fee vs, the laft fight cost to deere.

Ti. Bid you me do it, tis done, Time takes such pride,
To waite on you, heele lackie by your side.
Those daies of their Arriall, battaile, flight,
And ignominious shipwackes (like loft Arrowses)
Are out of reach: of them the world receaues
But what Times booke fiewes turning back the leaues,
But if you'll fee this Concubine of Kings,
In her maiesticke madness with her fonnies,
That houre is now but numbring out in fand,
These minutes are not yet run through Times hand.
For you and for your Fairyies sweete delight
Time shall doe this.

Tyla. Twill be a glorious sight.
Time. Vnfeene you shall both fee and heare these wonders.

On the greene Mount of Truth: let the Armie mowe,
And meete you in the vale of Oberon,
Your captuies are sent thither: quicke as thought
You shall flie hence vpoin my aërie winges,
Time at one instant fees all Courts of Kings.

Exeunt.
The Whore of Babylon.

Time descending: Enter the Empresse, three Kings, and four Cardinals.

Emp. Hence: sling me not: ye are Scorpions to my brest.
Diveses to my bloud: he dies that speakes.
3. King. Ye are madde.
Amb. Ye are madde.
4. Card. 0 falles not heauen!
Emp. Be silent:
Be damned for your speech: as ye are for Aet,
You are all blacke and clofe conspirators
In our disgrace.
3. King. You lie:
4. Card. O horrible!
Emp. Thou saist all's lost.
3. King. Drownd, burnt, split upon rockes, cast ouer bord,
Throates cut by Kernes, whose haires like elfe-lockes hang.
2. King. One of those shamrock-eaters at one breakefaft,
Slit fourescore wesand-pipes of ours.
1. King. Of yours.
Oquendo burnt, Piementelli Slaine,
Pedro de Valdes tane.
1. Card. Could dwarfs beate Gyants?
Drownd at the same time; or which was worfer taken,
The same day made 1000. prisoners.
Yet not a cherry flone of theirs was funke.
Not a man slaine nor tane, nor drownd.
Emp. O damnd!
Com. O pittie her.
3. K. Let her taffe al.
The Whore of Babylon.

Emp. Fall thunder,
And wedge me into earth, flisse as I am:
So I may be but deafe, turne me into
A speckled Adder: O you Mountaines fall,
And couer me, that of me, memory
May never more be found.


Emp. Earth, Ie fucce all thy venome to my brest,
It cannot hurt me so as doe my sonnes,
My disobedient, desperate, damned sonnes,
My heauy curfe shall strike you.

Com. Oh kneele downe!
Kneele downe and begge a pardon, leaft her curfe.—

1. King. I thats the blocke, wee must kneele, or doe worfe.

Com. Lift vp your sacred head: your children come,
Vpon their knees to take a mothers doome.

Emp. O Syrian Panthers! you spend breath moft sweete,
But you are spotted or'e, from head to feete,
This neck ile yoke,—this throate a flaires ile make,
By which ile climbe—like stubble thou shalt burne,
In my hot vengeance.

2. King. Vengeance I deie.
I shall fall from thee, since thou makft my brest
Thy fcorne, true Kings fuch bafenes will deteft.
Ladies will I call, and they shall make thee,
But ferveant of mine Empire: they shall thrft
A ring into thy noftils.

Emp. Come let me kiffe thy checke: I did but lief.

Tyta. Marke: those that moft adore her, moft are flau'd,
She neuer does grow base, but when shees brau'd:


Emp. No, yes: leade the way,
The Whore of Babylon.

Neuer was day to me thus Tragiçall,
Great Babylon thus lowe did neuer fall.
    Tita. Thankes Time for this; lanch forth to
    Oberons vayle
We are neere shore: your hands to strike our faile.

Exit.

FINIS.
VVEST-VVARD
H O E.

As it hath beene diuers times Acted
by the Children of Paules.

Written by Tho: Decker, and
John Webster.

Printed at London, and to be sold by John Hodgetts
dwelling in Paules Churchyard.
1607.
VVEST-VVARD HOE

SCENE LONDON.

Altus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Mrs. Birdlime and Taylour.

Birdlime. Stay Taylour, This is the House, pray thee looke the gowne be not ruffled: the Jewels and Precious Stones, I where to finde them ready present.ly. Shee that must weare this gowne if she will receive it, is Master Justiniano's wife (the Italian Marchant) my good old Lord and Maister, that hath beene a Tytler this twenty yeere, hath fent it. Mum Taylor, you are a kinde of Bawd. Taylor, if this Gentlewomans Husband shoulde chance to bee in the way now, you shall tell him that I kepe a Hot-house in Gunpowder Alley (neere crouched Fryers) and that I haue brought home his wifes foule Linnen, and to colour my knaury the better, I haue heere three or foure kindes of complexion, which I will make shewe of to fell vnto her: the young Gentlewman hath a good Citty wit, I can tell you, shee hath red in the Italian Courtyer, that it is a speciall ornament to gentlewomen to haue skill in painting.

Taylour. Is my Lord acquainted with her?

Bird. O, I.

Taylour. Faith Mrs. Birdlime I doe not com-
mend my Lordes choyce so well: now me thinkes he wrr: better to set vp a Dairy, and to kepe halfe a lcore of luful wholefome honest Countrey Wenches.

Bird. Honest Countrey Wenches, in what hun-
dred shal a man find two of that fimple vertue?

Tay. Or to loue some Lady, there were equality
and coherence.

Bird. Taylor, you talk like an affe, I tel thee ther
is equality enouff betweene a Lady and a Citty dame,
if their haire be but of a colour: name you any one
thing that your cittizens wife coms short of to your
Lady. They haue as pure Linnen, as choyce paint-
ing, loue greene Geefe in spring, Mallard and Teale
in the fall, and Woodcocke in winter. Your Citi-
zens wife learns nothing but fopperies of your Ladie,
but your Lady or Iuifice-a-peace Madam, carries high
wit from the Citty, namely, to receiue all and pay all:
to awe their Husbands, to check their Husbands, to
controule their husbands; nay, they haue the tricke
ont to be fick for a new gowne, or a Carcanet, or a
Diamond, or fo: and I wis this is better wit, then to
leare how to weare a Scotch Farthingale: nay more.

Enter Prentife.

Here comes one of the servants: you remember
Taylor that I am deafe: obeye that.

Taylor. I thou art in that like one of our young
Gulles, that will not vnderstand any wrong is done
him, because he dares not anfwer it.

Bird. By your leave Batcheller: is the gentle-
woman your Miftris flirring?

Prent. Yes she is moouing.

Bird. What fayes he?

Taylor. Shee is vp.

Bird. Where is the Gentleman your Maifter, pray
you?

Per. Wher many women defire to have their hus-
bands, abroad.

Bird. I am very thicke of hearing.
West-ward Hoe.

Pren. Why abroad! you smell of the Bawd.

Bird. I pray you tell her heres an olde Gentlewoman would speake with her.

Pren. So.

Tay. What, will you be dease to the gentlewoman when shee comes to?

Bird. O no, shee acquainted well enowth with my knauery.

Enter the Marchants Wife.

She comes.

How do you sweet Ladie!

Ma. Wife. Ladie.

Bird. By Gods me I hope to call you Lady eare you dye, what miftris do you sleepe well on nights.

M. Wife. Sleepe, I as quietely as a Clyent haung great bufineffe with Lawyers.

Bir. Come, I am come to you about the old suit: my good Lord and maifter hath sent you a velvet gowne heare: doe you like the colour! three pile, a pretty fantasifcal trimmng, I would God you would say it by my troth. I dreamt last night, you lookt fo prettily, so sweetly, me thought fo like the wife! Lady of them al, in a velvet gowne.

M. Wife. Whats the forepart?

Bird. A very pretty stuffe, I know not the name of your forepart, but tis of a haire colour.

M. Wife. That it was my hard fortune, beeing fo well brought vp, haung fo great a portion to my marriage, to match fo vnluckily! Why my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparel, well, I shall vndergoe a strange report in leaung my husband.

Bird. Truth, if you respet your credit, neuer thinke of that, for beauty coutes rich apparell, choyce dyet, excellent Phyticke. No German Clock nor Mathematicall Ingin whatsoeuer, requires fo much reparation as a womans face: and what meanes hath your Husband to allow sweet Doctar Glitter-pipe, his pention. I haue heard that you haue threfcore
Smocks, that cost three poundes a Smocke, will thef se
smockes euer hold out with your husband? no, your
linnen and your apparell must turne over a new leafe
I can tell you.

Jay. O admirable Bawd? O excellent Birdlime?
Bird. I haue heard he loued you before you were
marryed intyrely, what of that? I haue euer found it
most true in myne owne experience, that they which
are most violent dotards before their marryage are
most voluntary Cuckoldes after. Many are honest,
either because they haue not means or because they
haue not opportunity to be dishonest, and this Italian
your Husbands Countryman, holds it impossible any
of their Ladies should be excellent witty, and not
make the vtermost vse of their beauty, will you be a
foole then?

M. Wife. Thou dost persuade me to ill, very well.

Bird. You are nice and peevish, how long will you
holde out thinke you, not so long as Oftend.

Enter Iustiniano the Marchant.

Passion of me, your husband? Remember that I
am deafe, and that I come to tell you complexioun:
truely Mi'ris I will deale very reasonably with you.

Iufl. What are you? Say ye?

Bird. I fortooth.

Iufl. What my most happy wife?

Ma. Wife. Why your Jealousy?

Iufl. Jealousy: in faith I do not feare to looke
that I haue lost already: What are you?

Bird. Please your good worship I am a poor
Gentlewoman, that cast away my felle vppon an un-
thirftie Captaine, that liues now in Ireland, I am
faine to picke out a poore living with selling com-
plexion, to kepe the frailtie (as they say) honest.

Iufl. What he? complexion to? you are a bawd.

Bird. I thanke your good worship for it.

Iufl. Do not I know these tricks,
West-ward Hoe.

That which thou makest a colour for thy finne,
Hath beene thy first vndoing of painting, painting.

Bird. I haue of all forts forfooth. Heere is the
burned powder of a Hogs Jaw-bone, to be laide with
the Oyle of white Poppy, an excellent Puls to kill
Morphew, weede out Freckles, and a most excellent
ground-worke for painting; Heere is Ginmony likewhile
burnt, and pulverized, to be mingled with the iuyce of
Lymmons, sublimate Mercury, and two spoonefuls of
the flowers of Brimstone, a most excellent receite to
cure the flushing in the face.

Inuirt. Doe you heare, if you haue any businesse to
dispatch with that deafe goodnesse there, pray you
take leue: opportunity, that which most of you long
for (though you neuer bee with Child) opportunity. Ie
finde some idle businesse in the mean time, I wil, I
will in truthe, you shall not neede feare me, or you may
speake French, most of your kinds can vnderstand
French: God buy you.

Being certaine thou art falle: sleepe, sleepe my braine,
For doubt was onely that, which fed my paine.

Exit Inuirt.

M. Wife. You see what a hel I liue in, I am re-
solvd to leaue him.

Bird. O the most fornat Gentewoman, that will
be fo wife, and fo, fo prouident, the Caroche shal
come.

M. Wife. At what houre?

Bird. Inuirt when women & vntners are a cunur-
ing at midnight. O the entertainment my Lord wil
make you, sweet Wines, lufty dyet, perfumed linnen,
soft beds, O most fornat Gentewoman.

Enter Inuirtiano.

Inuirt. Haue you done? haue you dispaect? tis
well, and in troth what was the motion?

M. Wife. Motion, what motion?

Inuirt. Motion, why like the motion in law, that flayes
for a day of hearing, yours for a night of hearing.
Come lets not haue April in your eyes I pray you,
it shewes a wanton month followes your weeping!  
Loure a woman for her teares? Let a man loue  
Oiffers for their water, for women though they shoulde  
weepe licour enough to serve a Dyer, or a Brewer,  
yet they may bee as stale as Wenches, that traualle  
every seconde tyde betweene Graues ende, and Bil-  
ingfate.

Ma. Wife. This madness shewes very well.

Iust. Why looke you, I am wonderous merry, can  
any man dicerne by my face, that I am a Cuckold?  
I have known many lufecket for men of this misfor-  
tune; when they haue walke thorow the freetes, weare  
their hats ore their eye-browes, like pollitue pent-  
houfes, which commonly make the hop of a Mercer,  
or a Linnen Draper, as dark as a roome in Bedlam.  
His cloak throding his face, as if he were a Neopo-  
litan that had loft his beard in April, and if he walk  
through the freet, or any other narrow road (as tis  
rare to mette a Cuckold) hee duckes at the pen-  
thoufes, like an Antient that dares not flourishe at the  
oath taking of the Preitor, for feare of the signe-postes!  
Wife, wife, do I any of thefe? Come what newes  
from his Lordship? has not his Lordships vertue once  
gone against the hair, and couteed corners.

M. Wife. Sir, by my foule I will be plaine with  
you.

Iust. Except the forehead deere wife, except the  
forehead.

Ma. Wife. The Gentleman you spake of hath  	often folcited my loue, and hath receuied from me  
moat chaft denial.

Iust. I, I, prouoking resistlance, tis as if you come  
to buy wares in the Citty, bid mony fort, your Mer-  
cer, or Gold-smith fayes, truely I cannot take it, lets  
his customer passe his taff; next, nay perhaps two,  
or three, but if he finde he is not prone to returne of  
himselfe, he calls him backe, and backe, and takes his  
mony: to you my deere wife, (O the policy of women,  
and Tradifmen: theife bite at any thing.)
Westward Hoe.

M. Wife. What would you haue me do? all your plate and most part of your Jewels are at pawn, besides I heare you haue made ouer all your estate to men in the Towne here? What would you haue me do? would you haue mee turne common finner, or fell my apparell to my waftcoat and become a Landreffe?

Isft. No Landreffe deere wife, though your credit would goe farre with Gentlemen for taking vp of Linnen: no Landreffe.

M. Wife. Come, come, I will speake as my misfortune prompts me, jealiouse hath vndone many a Citizzen, it hath vndone you, and me. You married me from the service of an honorable Lady, and you knew what matches I nought haue had, what would you haue me to do? I would I had neuer seene your eies, your eies.

Isft. Very good, very good.

M. Wife. Your prodigality, your diceing, your riding abroad, your comforting your selfe with Noble men, your building a summer house hath vndone vs, hath vndone vs? What would you haue me doe?

Isfti. Any thing: I haue fold my Houfe, and the wares int: I am going for Stoad next tide, what will you do now wife?

Ma. Wife. Haue you indeed?

Isft. I by this light als one, I haue done as some Citizzen at thirty, and most heires at three and twenty, made all away, why doe you not aske me now what you shall doe?

Ma. Wife. I haue no counsell in your voyaige, neither shall you haue any in mine.

Iuft. To his Lordship: wil you not wife?

Ma. Wife. Euen whether my misfortune leads me.

Iufti. Goe, no longer will I make my care thy prifon.

M. Wife. O my fate; well sir, you shall anfwere for this finne which you force mee to; fare you well, let not
the world condemne me, if I seeke for mine owne maintenance.

Iust. So fo.

M. Wife. Do not send me any letters; do not seeke any reconcilement. By this light Ile receive none, if you will send mee my apparell fo, if not chose, I hope we shall neare meet more. Exit Ma. Wife.

Iust. So farewell the acquaintance of all the mad Deuils that haunt Jealouie, why should a man bee such an affe to play the antick for his wiues appetite! Imagine that I, or any other great man haue on a velvuet Night-cap, and put cafe that this night-cap be to little for my eares or forehead, can any man tell mee where my Night-cap wringes me, except I be such an affe to proclame it! Well, I do play the foole with my misfortune very handfomely. I am glad that I am certaine of my wiues dishonesty: for a secret trumpet, is like mines prepar'd to ruine goodly buildings. Farewel my care, I haue told my wife I am going for Stoad: thats not my course, for I refolute to take some shape vpon me, and to liue disguised heere in the Citty; they say for one Cuckolde to knowe that his friend is in the like head-ake, and to giue him counsell, is as if there were two partners, the one to bee arrrested, the other to baile him: my efflate is made over to my friends, that doe verily beleue, I meane to leave England. Haue amongst you Citty dames! You that are indee the fittest, and most proper persons for a Comedy, nor let the world lay any imputation vpon my disguife, for Court, Citty, and Country, are meereely as masks one to the other, enuied of some, laught at of others, and fo to my comical businesse.

Exit Iustiniano.

Enter Maisler Tinterhooke, his Wife, Maisler Monopoly, a Scriuener and a Cafhaire.

Ten. Moll.

Moll. What would hart?
Westward Hoe.

Tenter. Wheres my Caisaier, are the summes right?
Are the bonds feald?
Servant. Yea sir.
Tent. Will you haue the bags feald?
Mono. O no sir, I must disburs instandy: we that
be Courtiers haue more places to send mony to, then
the diuell hath to send his spirits: theres a great deale
of light gold.
Tent. O sir, twill away in play, and you will stay	ill
to morrow you shall haue it all in new souere-
ignes.
Mony. No, in-troth tis no matter, twill away in
play, let me see the bond? let me see when this
mony is to bee paid? the tenth of August. The
first day that I must tender this mony, is the first of
Dog-daies.
Scriue. I feare twill be hot playing for you in Lon-
don then.
Tnt. Scriuener, take home the bond with you.
Will you stay to dinner sir? Haue you any Parridge
Moll?
Moll. No in-troth hart, but an excellent pickeld
Goole, a new feruice: pray you stay.
Mono. Sooth I cannot: by this light I am so infi-
nitly, so unboundedly beholding to you?
Tent. Well Signior, I leue you; My cloake
there?
Moll. When will you come home hart?
Tent. Introth selfe I know not, a friend of yours
and mine hath broke.
Moll. Who sir?
Tent. Master Iustiniano the Italian.
Moll. Broke sir.
Tent. Yea sooth, I was oффred forty yestreday vpon
the Exchange, to affure a hundred.
Moll. By my troth I am sorry,
Tent. And his wife is gone to the party.
Mol. Gone to the party? O wicked creature?
WEST-WARD Hoe.

TMT. Farewell good master Monopoly, I pre-thee visit mee often.
Mono. Little Moll, send away the fellow?
Servant. Heere forfooth.
Moll. Go into Bucklers-bury and fetch me two ounces of preferred Melounes, looke there be no Tobacco taken in the shoppe when he weighs it.
Sir. I forfooth.
Mono. What doe you eate preferred Melounes for Moll?
Moll. In troth for the shaking of the hart, I have heere sometime such a shaking, and downwards such a kind of earth-quake (as it were.)
Mono. Doe you heare, let your man carry home my mony to the ordinary, and lay it in my Chamber, but let him not tell my holt that it is mony: I owe him but forty pound, and the Rogue is hafty, he will follow me when he thinks I have mony, and pry into me as Crowes perch vpon Carion, and when he hath found it out, prey vpon me as Heraldes do vpon Funerals.
Mol. Come, come, you owe much mony in Towne: when you have forfeited your bond, I shall neare fee you more.
Mono. You are a Monky, Ile pay him for's day: Ile fee you to morrow to.
Moll. By my troth I love you very honestly, you were neuer the gentleman offered any vnciility to me, which is strange methinks in one that comes from beyond Seas, would I had gien a Thoufand pound I could not loue thee so.
Mono. Do you heare, you shall faine some fcuruy dyfesafe or other, and go to the Bath next spring.

Enter Mistris Honifuckle, and Mistris Wafer.
Ile meete you there.
Hony. By your leave sweet mistris Tenterhooke.
West-ward Hoe.

Moll. O, how doft partner!

Mono. Gentlewomen I stayed for a most happy wind, and now the breath from your sweet, sweet lips, should set me going: good mistres Honisfickle, good mistres Wafer, good mistres Tenterhooks, I will pray for you, that neither riualshippe in loues, pureneise of painting, or riding out of town, not acquainting each other with it, be a cause your sweet beautyes do fall out, and raile one upon another.

Wafer. Raile sir, we do not vfe to raile.

Mono. Why mistres, railing is your mother tongue as well as lying.

Hony. But, do you thinke we can fall out?

Mono. In troth beauties (as one spake seriously) that there was no inheritance in the amity of Princes, to thinke I of Women, too often interviewes amongst women, as amongst Princes, breeds enuy oft to others fortune, there is only in the amity of women an estate for will, and every puny knowes that is no certain inheritance.

Wafer. You are merry sir.

Mono. So may I leave you most fortunat gentlewoman. Exit.

Moll. Loue shews heare.

Waf. Tenterhooks, what Gentleman is that gone out, is he a man?

Hony. O God and an excellent Trumpetter, He came lately from the vniuersity, and loues Citty dames only for their victuals, he hath an excellent trick to keepe Lobsters and Crabs sweet in summer, and calls it a deuite to prolong the dayes of the-fish, for which I do suspeéct he hath bene Clarke to some Noblemans kitchen. I have heard he never loues any Wench, tell shee bee as stale as Frenchmen eate their wilde foule, I shall anger her.

Moll. How stale good Mistres nimble-wit!

Hony. Why as stale as a Country Ofles, an Exchange Sempiter, or a Court Landreffe.

Moll. He is your cousin, how your tongue runs!
Westward Hoe.

Hony. Talk and make a noife, no matter to what purpose, I have learn'd that with going to puritan Lectures, I was yesterday at a banquet, will you discharge my ruffles of some wafers, and how doth thy husband Waf? Waf. Faith very well. Hony. He is just like a Torchbearer to maskers, he wears good cloathes, and is rankt in good company, but he doth nothing: thou art faine to take all, and pay all. Mol. The more happy the, would I could make such an of, of my husband to. I heare say he breeds thy child in his teeth euerie yeare. Waf. In faith he doth. Hony. By my troth tis pitty but the fool should haue the other two pains incident to the head. Waf. What are they? Hony. Why the head-ake and horse-ake. I heard say that he would have had thee nurst thy Childe thy selfe to. Waf. That he would truely. Hony. Why there is the policy of husbands to keepe their Wives in. I doe affirme you if a Woman of any markeable face in the World, give her Child sucke, looke how many wrinkles be in the Nipple of her breast, so many will bee in her forhead by that time twelue moneth: but firrs, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret: we two learne to write. Mol. To write. Hony. Yes beleue it, and wee have the finest Schoole master, a kind of Precision, and yet an honest knaue to: by my troth if thou beest a good wench let him teach thee, thou mayst send him of any arrant, and trueth him with any secret; nay, to see how demurely he will beare himselfe before our husbands, and how iocund when their backes are turn'd. Mol. For Gods loue let me fee him. Waf. To morrow weele send him to thee: til then
Westward Hoe.

sweet Tenterhook we leave thee, wishing thou maist have the fortune to change thy name often.

Mol. How! change my name!

Waf. I, for thecues and widdowes love to shift many names, and make sweet vfe of it to.

Mol. O you are a wag indeed. Good Wafcr re-

member my school matter. Farewel good Hon-

y suckle.


Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter Boniface a prentice brushing his Masters cloake and Cappe. fingering.

Enter Master Honysuckle in his night-cap brushing himselfe.

Hom. Boniface, make an ende of my cloaue and Cap.

Bon. I have dispatch em Sir: both of them lye flat at your mercie.

Hom. Fore-god me thinke my joynts are nim-

bler every Morning since I came ouer then they were before. In France when I rye, I was so stiffe, and so starke, I would ha fowrned my Legs had bene woodden pegs: a Conftable new choen kept not such a peripat-

tetical gate: But now I ame as Lymer as an Antient that has flourith in the raine, and as Aclieu as a Nor-

dfolk tumbler.

Bon. You may fee, what change of pasture is able to doe.

Hom. It makes fat Calues in Rummy Marsh, and bune knowes in London: therefore Boniface keepe your ground: Gods my pitty, my forehead has more cromples, then the back part of a counsellors gowne, when another rides vpon his necke at the barre:
Westward Hoe.

Boniface take my helmet: give your mistress my night-cap. Are my Antlers swollen so big, that my bigger pinches my browes. So, request her to make my head-piece a little wider.

Bon. How much wider sir.

Hony. I can allow her almost an inch: go, tell her so, very near an inch.

Bon. If the bee a right Citizen's wife, now her Husband has given her an inch, sheele take an ell, or a yard at least.

Exit.

Enter Signior Justiniano the Merchant, like a writyng Mechanical Pedant.


Justi. Salve tu quoq.: Jubeo te saluere plurimum.

Hon. No more Plurimums if you love me, lattein whole-meates are nowe mine'd, and serude in for English Gallimaffries: Let vs therefore cut out our vp-landish Neates tongues, and talke like regenerate Britains.

Juft. Your worship is welcome to England: I powrd out Orifons for your arrual.

Hony. Thanks good maister Parenthesis: and Que nouvelles: what newses flutter abroad doe Jack-dawes dung the top of Paules Steepe full.

Juft. The more is the pitty, if any dawes do come into the temple, as I feare they do.

Hony. They say Charing-croffe is false downe, since I went to Rochell: but thats no such wonder, twas old, and toddd away (as moft part of the world can tel.) And ther it lack vnder-propping, yet (like great fellows at a wraffling) when their heelles are once flying vppe, no man will fawe em; downe they fall, and there let them lye, tho they were bigger then the Guard: Charing-croffe was olde, and old things muft shrinke afwell as new Northern cloth.
Westward Hoe.

Iust. Your worship is in the right way verily: they must so, but a number of better things between Westminster bridge and temple barre both of a worshipfull, and honorable erection, are false to decay, and have suffered putrefaction, since Charing fell, that were not of halfe so long standing as the poore wry-neckt Monument.

Hony. Whole within there! One of you call vp your misfries! tell her heeres her wryting Schoolemaster. I had not thought maister Parentheses you had bin such an early flirrer.

Iust. Sir, your vulgar and four-penny-pen-men, that like your London Semplices keepe open shop, and ell learning by retail, may keepe their beds, and lie at their pleasure: But we that edife in private, and traffick by whole sale, must be vp with the lark, becaufe like Country Atturneys, wee are to thuffle vp many matters in a for-enoonie. Certes maister Hemi-fuckle, I would sing Laus Deo, so I may but pleasa al those that come vnder my fingers: for it is my duty and function, Perdy, to be fervent in my vocation.

Ho. Your hand: I am glad our City has so good, so necessarry, and so laborious a member in it: we lacke painfull and expert pen-men amongst vs. Maister Parentheses you teach many of our Merchants sir, do you not?

Iust. Both Wives, Maides, and Daughters: and I thanke God, the very worl of them lye by very good mens sides: I picke out a poore liuing amongst em: and I am thankefull for it.

Ho. Trust me I am not forry: how long haue you exerciz’d this quality?

Iust. Come Michael-tide next, this thirteene yeare.

Ho. And how doe my wife profit vnder you sir? hope you to do any good upon her.

Iust. Maister Hemi-fuckle I am in great hope shee shall fructify: I will do my best for my part: I can do no more then another man can.
Westward Hoe.

Hony. Pray sir, ply her, for she is capable of any thing.
Jusl. So far as my poore talent can stretch, it shall not be hidden from her.
Hony. Does she hold her pen well yet?
Jusl. She leanes somewhat too hard vpon her pen yet sir, but practise and animadversion will breake her from that.
Hony. Then she grubs her pen.
Jusl. Its but my paines to mend the neb agen.
Hony. And where abouts is shee now maifter Parenthesis? She was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me she was past her letters.
Jusl. Truely sir she tooke her letters very suddenly: and is now in her Minoms.
Hony. I would the were in her Crotchets too maifter Parenthesis: ha-ha, I must talke merily sir.
Jusl. Sir for long as your mirth bee voyde of all Squirrility, tis not vmt fit for your calling: I trust ere few daies bee at an end to haue her fall to her ioyning: for she has her letters ad vnguem: her A. her great B. and her great C. very right D. and E. dillicate: her double F. of a good length, but that it straddels a little to wyde: at the G. very cunning.
Hony. Her H. is full like mine: a goodly big H.
Jusl. But her double LL. is wel: her O. of a reasonable size: at her p. and q. neither Marchantes Daughter, Aldermans Wife, young countrey Gentle-woman, nor Courtiers Mifris, can match her.
Hony. And how her v.
Jusl. You sir, She fetches vp you beft of al; her singe you she can fashion two or three waies: but her double you, is as I would with it.
Ho. And faith who takes it faster; my wife, or mifris Tenterhook?
Jusl. Oh! Your wife, by ods: sheele take more in one hower, then I can fasten either vpon mifris Ten-
Westward Hou.

terhooke, or misiris Wafer, or Misiris Flapdragon (the Brewers wife) in three.

Enter Iudith, Homysuckle his wife.

Hony. Do not thy cheakes burne sweete chuckaby, for wee are talking of thee.

Iud. No goodnesse I warrant: you haue few Cittizens speake well of their wifes behind their backs: but to their faces theile cog worfe and be more supplicant, then Clyents that fue in forma paper: how does my maister? troth I am a very trewant: haue you your Ruler about you maister? for look you, I go cleane awry.

Iudith. A small fault: most of my schollers do so: looke you sir, do not you thinke your wife will mend: marke her dashes, & her strokes, and her breakings, and her bendings.

Hony. She knows what I haue promit her if shee doe mende: nay by my fay Iud, this is well, if you would not slie out thus, but kepe your line.

Iud. I shal in time when my hand is in: haue you a new pen for mee Maister, for by my truly, my old one is stark naught, and wil caft no inck: whether are you going lamb?

Hony. To the Cuflome-houfe: to the Change, to my VVare-houfe, to diuers places.

Iud. Good Cole tarry not past eleuen, for you turne my flomak then from my dinner.

Hony. I wil make more haft home, then a Stipendary Switzer does after hees paid, fare you well Maister Parenthes.

Iud. I am so troubled with the rheume too: Moufe whats good fort?

Hony. How often haue I tolde you, you must get a patch. I must hence. Exit.

Iud. I thinke when all's done, I must follow his counfell, and take a patch, I haue had one long ere this, but for disfiguring my face: yet I had noted that
a maifickie patch vpon some womens Temples, hath bin the very rheuwme of beauty.

Inft. Is he departed? Is old Nellor marcht into Troy!

Iud. Yes you mad Greeke: the Gentlemans gone.

Inft. Why then clap vp coppy-books: downe with pens, hang vp incchornes, and now my sweete Homi-fuckte, see what golden-winged Bee from Hybla, flies humming, with Crura thymo plena, which he wil empty in the Hieue of your boforme.

Iud. From whom.

Inft. At the skirte of that fheete in blacke worke is wrought hys name, breake not vp the wildfoule, till anon, and then feed vpon him in pruicate: theres other irons i'th fire: more fackes are comming to the Mill. O you sweet temptations of the fones of Adam, I commendee you, extol you, magnifie you: Were I a Poet by Hipocrеne I sweare, (which was a certayne VVell where all the Mufes waitred) and by Pernaftus eke I sweare, I would rime you to death with praises, for that you can bee content to lye with olde men all night for their mony, and walk to your gardens with young men i'th day time for your pleasure: Oh you delicat damnations: you do but as I wud do: were I the proprefl, sweeteft, plumpt, Cherry-cheekt, Corral-lipt woman in akingdome, I would not daunce after one mans pipe.

Iud. And why?

Inft. Especially after an old mans.

Iud. And why, pray!

Inft. Especially after an old Citizens.

Iud. Still, and why.

Inft. Marry becaufe the Suburbes, and thofe without the bars, haue more priuileadge then they within the freedome: what need one woman doate vpon one Man? Or one man be mad like Orlando for one woman.

Iud. Troth tis true, considering how much flefh is in euery Shambles.
Wes-ward Hoe.

Juft. Why should I long to eate of Bakers bread only, when there is much Sifting, and bolting, and grinding in every corner of the City; men and women are borne, and come running into the world faster than Coaches doe into Cheap-side vpon Symon and Iuder day: and are eaten vp by Death faster, then Mutton and porridge in a terme time. Who would pin their hearts to any Sleeue: this world is like a Mynt, we are no sooner cast into the fire, taken out again, hamered, flampt, and made Currant, but presently we are changd: the new Moody (like a new Drab) is catcht at by Dutch, Spanish, Welsh, French, Scotch, and Englifh: but the old crackt King Harry groates are shouled vp, feele bruizing, and battring, clipping, and melting, they fmoake fort.

Jude. The worlds an Arrant naughty-pack I see, and is a very fcuruy world.

Juft. Scuruy! worfe then the conscience of a Broome-man, that carres out new ware, and brings home old shoes: a naughty-packe! Why there is no Minute, no thought of time passes, but some villany or other is a brewing: why, even now, now, at holding vp of this finger, and before the turning downe of this, some are murdring, some lying with their maides, some picking of pockets, some cutting purses, some cheating, some weyng out bribes. In this City some wise are cuckolding some Husbands. In yonder Village some farmers are now-now ground the Iaw-bones of the poore: therefore sweete Scholler, fugred Mitris Honi-fuckel, take Summer before you, and lay hold of it! why, even now must you and I hatch an egge of iniquity.

Jude. Troth maifter I thinke thou wilt prove a very knaue.

Juft. Its the fault of many that fight vnnder this band.

Jude. I shall loye a Puritans face the worfe whilst I liue for that Copyy of thy countenance.
Westward Hoe.

Lust. We are all wethercocks, and must follow the winde of the present: from the byas.

Jud. Change a bowl then.

Lust. I will so; and now for a good casting: there's the Knight, sir Goatling Worme.

Jud. Hees a Knight made out of waxe.

Lust. He took vp Silkes vppon his bond I confesse: nay more, hees a knight in print: but let his knighthood be of what stamp it will, from him come I, to intreat you, and Mistress Wafer, and mistresse Tenterhook, being both my schollers, and your honest pew fellows, to meet him this afternoon at the Rheneish-wine-house th' Still Yard. Captaine Whirlpool will be there, young Lynsflock the Alder-mans Son and Heire, there too, will you steale forth, & taft of a Dutch Bun, and a Keg of Sturgeon.

Jud. What excuse shall I coyne now?

Lust. Few excuses: You must to the pawne to buy Lawne: to Saint Martins for Lace; to the Garden: to the Glass house; to your Gossip's: to the Powlers: else take out an old ruffe, and go to your Sempiters: excuses? Why, they are more ripe then medlers at Christmas.

Jud. I cle come. The hower.

Lust. Two: the way-through Paulses: every wench take a piller, there clap on your Masks: your men will bee behind you, and before your prayers be halfe down, be before you, & man you out at feueall doores. Youle be there?

Jud. If I breath.

Exit.

Lust. Farewell. So: now I must goe fet the tother Wrenches the selfe same Copy. A rare Scholemaister, for all kind of handes, I. Oh: What strange curtes are powred downe with one bleeing? Do all stear on the heele? Haue all the art to hood-winke wife men thus? And (like those builders of Babelis Tower) to speake vnknowne tongues. Of all (faue by their husbands) underlood:
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Well, if (as I say bout the Elme does twine)
All wive's love clipping, there's no fault in mine.
But if the world lay speeches, even the dead
Would rise, and thus cry out from yawning graves,
Women make men, or Fools, or Beasts, or Slaves.

Exit.

Scena 2. Enter Earle and Mistris Birdlime.

Earle. Her answer! talk to the music: Will she come?

Bird. Oh my sides ake in my loines, in my bones!
I have more need of a pot of lark, and lie in my bed
and sweate, than to talk in music: no honest woman
would run hurrying vp & down thus and vndoe her
selfe for a man of honour, without reason! I am so
lame, every foot that I set to the ground went to my
hart. I thought I had bin at Mum-chance my bones
ratled so with launting! had it not bin for a friend in
a corner.

Takes Aquavitae.

I had kickt vp my heele.

Earle. Minister comfort to me, Will she come.

Bird. All the Cakes of comfort that I can put
you into is this, that the jealous wittal her husband,
came (like a mad Oxe) belowing in whilst I was ther.
Oh I ha loit my sweet breath with trotting.

Earle. Death to my hart! her husband! What
faith he?

Bird. The freeze-erkin Rascal out with his purse,
and call'd me plaine Bawd to my face.

Earle. Affliction to me, then thou speakest not
to her?

Bird. I spake to her, as Clients do to Lawiers
without money (to no purpose) but I spake with
him, and hammer him to, if ever he fall into my
clutches: I make the yellow-hammer her husband
knowe, (for all hees an Italian) that there's a difference
betwenee a coggin Baud and an honest motherly
gentlewoman. Now, what cold whetstones ly ouer
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your stomacher! wil you have some of my Aqua! Why my Lord.

_Earl._ Thou hast kild me with thy words.

_Bird._ I see bashful lourers, and young bullockes are knockt down at a blow: Come, come, drinke this draught of Cynamon water, and plucke vp your spirits: vp with em, vp with em. Do you hear, the whiting mop has nibled.

_Earl._ Ha!*

_Bird._ Oh! I thought I should fetch you: you can Ha at that: Ile make you Hem anon. As I'me a finner I think youll find the sweetest, sweeetest bed-fellow of her. Oh! she lookes so fugredly, so fin-pringly, so girly, so amorously, so amiably. Such a redde lippe, such a VWhite foreheade, such a blacke eie, such a full cheeke, and such a goodly little nose, nowe thees in that French gowne, Scotch fals, Scotch bum, and Italian head-tire you fent her, and is such an intyinge thee-witch, carrying the charmses of your Jewels about her. Oh!

_Earl._ Did she recieue them? speake: Heres is golden keyes

Tvnock thy lips. Did she vouchsafe to take them?

_Bird._ Did she vouchsafe to take them, thers a question: you shall find she did vouchsafe: The troth is my Lord, I gave her to my houfe, there she put off her own clothes my Lord and put on yours my Lord, prouided her a Coach, Searcht the middle Ille in Pawles, and with three Elizabeth twelve-pences preft three knaues my L. hird three Liueries in Long-lane, to man her: for al which fo God mend me, I'me to paie this night before Sun-fet.

_Earl._ This shoure shall fil them al:

Raine in their laps, what golden drops thou wilt.

_Bird._ Alas my Lord, I do but reuence it with one hand, to pay it away with another, I'me but your Baily.

_Earl._ Where is she?

_Bird._ In the greene velvet Chamber; the poore
Wes-ward Hoe.

finneful creature pants like a pigeon vnder the hands of a Hawke, therefore vfe her like a woman my Lord: vfe her honestly my Lorde, for alas shees but a Nouice, and a verie greene thinge.

Earl. Farewell: Ile in vnto her.

Bird. Fie vpont, that were not for your honor: you know gentlewomen vfe to come to Lords chambers, and not Lords to the Gentlewomens: Ide not have her thinke you are such a Rank-ryder: walke you heere: Ile becken, you shal see ile fetch her with a wet finger.†

Earl. Do so.

Bird. Hyft! why sweet heart, misfiris Infiniana, why prettie soule tred softlie, and come into this roome: here be rufhes, you neede not fear the creaking of your corke shooes.

Enter Misfiris Infiniana.

So, wel saide, theres his honour. I haue busines my Lord, very now the marks are set vp. Ile get me 12. score off, and glue Ayme. Exit.

Earl. Yare welcome: Sweet y'are welcome.

Bleefe my hand

With the soft touch of yours: Can you be Cruell
To one so Profirate to you† Euen my Hart,
My Happines, and State lie at your feet:
My Hopes me flattered that the field was woon,
That you had yeilded, (tho you Conquer me)
And that all Marble scales that bard your eies
From throwing light on mine, were quite tane off,
By the Cunning Womans hand, that Workes for me,
Why therefore do you wound me now with frownes†
Why do you flie me? Do not exercise
The Art of woman on me† T'ine already
Your Captie: Sweet! Are these you hate, or feares.

Misy. Luft. I wonder luft can hang at such white haires.

Earl. You give my loue ill names, It is not luft:
Lawlefe defires wel tempred may seem Luft
Westward Hoe.

A thousand mornings with the early Sunne,
Mine eies have from your windowes watcht to fleale
Brightness from those. As oft vpon the daisies
That Consecrated to devotion are,
Within the Holy Temple have I flood disguif'd,
Waiting your presence: and when your hands went
Vp towards heauen to draw some bleeding down,
Mine (as if all my Nerves by yours did moue,)
Beg'd in dum Signes some pitty for my Loue,
And thus being feastfull onely with your fight,
I went more pleased then fickmen with fresh health,
Rich men with Honour, Beggers do with wealth.
Mift. Iuft. Part now so pleaf'd, for now you more
Injoy me.
Earl. O you do with me Phiscke to destroy me.
Mift. Iuft. I haue already leapt beyond the bounds
Of modesty, In piecing out my wings
With borrowed feathers / but you sent a Sorceres
So perfect in her trade, that did fo liuely
Breath forth your passionate Accents, and could
drawe
A Louer languishing so piercingly,
That her charmes wrought vpon me, and in pitty
Of your sick hart which she did Counterfeit,
(Oh thieves a subtle Beldam!) See I cloath'd
My limbes (thus Player-like in Rich Attayres.)
Not fitting mine estate, and am come forth,
But why I know not!
Earl. Will you Loue me?
Mift. Iuft. Yes,
If you can cleare me of a debt thats due
But to one Man, Ile pay my hart to thee.
Earl. Whose that?
Earl. Vmh.
Mift. Iuft. The sumes fo great
I know a kingdome cannot answere it,
And therefore I befeech you good my Lord,
To take this gilding off, which is your owne,
And henceforth cease to throw out golden hookes
Westward Hoe.

To choke mine honor: tho my husbands poore,
Ile rather beg for him, then be your Whore.
Earl. Gainst beauty you plot treason, if you
suffer tears to do violence to so faire a Cheeke. That
face was nere made to looke pale with want. Dwell
heere and be the Soueraigne of my fortunes. Thus
shall you goe atiring.
Mist. Luft. Till luft be tir'd. I must take leaue
my Lord.
Earl. Sweet Creature say,
My Cofers shall be yours, my Seruants yours,
My selfe will be your Seruant, and I sweare
By that which I hould deare in you, your beauty
(And which Ile not prophane) you shall live heere
As free from base wrong, as you are from blackeneffe,
So you will deigne, but let mee injoy your fight,
Anwere mee will you.
Mist. Luft. I will thinke vpont.
Earl. Vnleffe you shall perceiue, that al my thoughts,
And al my actions bee to you devoted,
And that I very iustly carie your ioue,
Let me not taff it.
Mist. Luft. I wil thinke vpont it.
Earl. But when you find my merits of full weight,
wil you accept their worth.
Mist. Luft. Ile thinke vpont.
Ide speake with the old woman.
Earl. She shall come,
Ioyes that are borne vnlookt for, are borne dumb.
Exit.
Mist. Luft. Pouerty, thou bane of Chaftity,
Poison of beauty, Broker of Mayden-hendes,
I see when Force, nor Wit can scale the hold,
Wealth must. Sheele here be won, that defies golde.
But lines there such a creature: Oh tis rare.
Enter Birdlime.

To finde a woman chaft, thats poore and faire.
Bird. Now lamb I has not his Honor dealt like an
honest Nobleman with you. I can tel you, you shal
not find him a Templar, nor one of these cogging Cattem pear-coloured-beards, that by their good wils would have no pretty woman scape them.

*Misiris luft.* Thou art a very bawd: thou art a Diuel.

Caft in a reuerend shape; thou stale damnation!
Why haft thou me intil from mine owne Paradice,
To steale fruit in a barren wildernes.

*Bird.* Bawde and diuel, and stale damnation!
Wil womens tonges (like Bakens legs) neuer go straight.

*Misiris luft.* Had thy Circæan Magick me transform Into that fenfull shape for which thou Coniurft,
And that I were turn'd common Venturer,
I could not loue this old man.

*Bird.* This old man, vmh: this old man † doe his hoarye haires glitte in your flamacke † yet methinkes his siluer haires shoulde mooue you, they may ferue to make you Bodkins: Does his age grieue you † fool? Is not old wine wholesalemefte, olde Pippines sooth-fommeft, old wood burne brighteft, old Linnen wafh whiteft, old fouldiers Sweet-hart are freuete, and olde Louers are foundeft. I ha tried both.

*Misiris luft.* So wil not I.

*Bird.* Youd haue some yong perfum'd beardless Gallants board you, that spits al his braines out ats tongues end, wud you not?

*Misiris luft.* No, none at al, not anie.

*Bird.* None at al † what doe you make there then † why are you a burden to the worlds conscience, and an eie-fore to wel giuen men, I dare pawne my gowne and all the beddes in my house, and al the gettings in Michaelmas terme next to a Tauerne token, that thou shalt neuer be an innocent.

*Misiris luft.* Who are fo †

*Bird.* Fools † why then you are fo precize: your husbands down the wind, and wil you like a haglers Arrow, be down the weather. Strike whils the iron is
hot. A woman when there be roses in her cheekes, 
Cherries on her lippes, Cituet in her breath, Iuory in 
her teeth, Lyllyes in her hand, and Lickorish in her 
heart, why shees like a play. If new very good com-
pany, very good company, but if stale, like old Jeronimo: 
goe by, go by. Therefore as I said before, strike. Be-
side: you must thinke that the commodite of beauty was 
not made to lye dead vpon any young womans hands: if 
your husband have given vp his Cloake, let another take 
measure of you in his Jerkin: for as the Cobler, in the 
night time walks with his Lanthorne, the Merchant, and 
the Lawyer with his Link, and the Courtier with his 
Torch: So every lip has his Lettice to himselfe: the 
Lob has his Laff, the Collier his Dowdy, the 
Wetterme-man his Pug, the Seruing-man his Punke, 
the student his Nun in white Fryers, the Puritan his 
Sifter, and the Lord his Lady: which worshipfull 
vocation may fall vpon you, if youle but strike 
whilest the Iron is hot.

Mist. Mist. Witch: thus I breake thy Spels: Were 
I kept braue, 
On a Kings coat, I am but a Kings flawe. Exit. 

Bird. I see, that as Frenchmen loute to be bold, 
Flemings to be drunke, Welchmen to be cald Brit-
tons, and Iriihmen to be Coflermongers, fo, Cockynes, 
(especiallly Shee-Cocknies) loue not Aqua-vite when 
tis good for them.

Enter Monopoly.

Mo. Saw you my uncle? 

Bird. I saw him euin now going the way of all 
fleth (thats to say) towards the Kitchin: heeres a 
letter to your worship from the party.

Mono. What party? 

Bird. The Tenterhook your wanton.

Mono. From her? Fewh! pray thee fretche me no 
more vpon your Tenterhook: pox on her? Are there 
no Pottecaries ith Town to send her Phifeck-bils to,
but me: Shees not troubled with the greene ficknelfe full, is the.

**Bird.** The yellow saundia, as the Doctor tells me: troth shees as good a peat: she is alane away so, that shees nothing but bare skin and bone: for the Turtle fo mornes for you.

**Men.** In blacke.

**Bird.** In blacke you shall find both black and blew if you look under her eyes.

**Mo.** Well: finng our her ditty when I'me in tune.

**Bird.** Nay, but will you send her a Box of Mithridatam and Dragon water, I mean some restorative words. Good Master Monopoly, you know how welcome yare to the Citty, and will you maister Monopoly, keepe out of the Citty; I know you cannot, would you saw how the poor gentlewoman lies.

**Mo.** Why how lies she.

**Bird.** Troth as the way lies our Gods-hill, very dangerous: you would pitty a woman's case if you saw her: write to her some treatise of pacification.

**Men.** Ile write to her to morrow.

**Bird.** To morrow: sheele not sleepe then but tumble, and if she might haue it to night, it would better please her.

**Mo.** Perhaps Ile doot to night, farewell.

**Bi.** If you doot to night, it would better please her then to morrow.

**Mo.** Gods fo, doth heare, I'me to sup this night at the Lyon in Shoredich with certen gallants: canst thou not draw forth some dilicate face, that I ha not seen, and bring it thither, wut thou.

**Bird.** All the painters in London shall not fit for colour as I can; but we shall have some swaggering.

**Mo.** All as ciuil (by this light) as Lawyers.

**Bird.** But I tell you, shees not so common as Lawyers, that I meane to betray to your Table: for as I'me a Sinner, shees a Knights Cozen; a Yorkshire gentilwoman, and only speakes a little broad, but of very good carriage.
Westward Hoe.

**Mono.** Nay, that's no matter, we can speake as broad as she! but wut bring her?

**Bird.** You shall call her Cozen, do you see: two men shall waite vpon her, and Ile come in by chance: but shall not the party bee there?

**Mono.** Which party?

**Bird.** The writer of that simple hand.

**Mon.** Not for as many Angels as there be letters in her Paper: Speake not of mee to her, nor our meeting if you loue mee: wut come?

**Bird.** Mum, Ile come.

**Mono.** Farewell.

**Bird.** Good Master Monopoly, I hope to see you one day a man of great credite.

**Mo.** If I be, Ile build Chimnies with Tobacco but Ile smoake fome: and be sure Bird. Ile srike wooll vpon thy back.

**Bird.** Thanks sir, I know you wil, for all the kinred of the Monopolies are held to be great Fleecers.

**Exit.**

**Enter for Goslin: Lynstoke, Whirlepool, and the three Citizens wives maskt, Judith, Mabell, and Clare.**

**Gos.** So draw those Curtaines, and lets see the pictures under em.

**Lyn.** Welcome to the Stilliard faire Ladies.

**All 3.** Thanks good master Lynsflocke.

**Whirl.** Hans: some wine Hans.

**Enter Hans with cloth and Buns.**

**Hans.** Yaw, yaw, you fall hebben it mether:

Old vine, or new vine?

**Gos.** Speake women.

**Iud.** New wine good sir Goslin: wine in the musf, good Dutchman, for musf is belt for vs women.

**Hans.** New vine! vell: two pots of new wine.

**Exit Hans.**

**Iud.** An honest Butterbox: for if it be old, there's none of it coms into my belly.
Westward Hoe.

Mab. Why Tenterhooke pray thee lets dance friskin, & be mery.
Lin. Thou art so troubled with Monopolies, they so hang at thy heart stringes.
Cla. Foa a my hart then.

Enter Hans with Wine.

Iud. I and mine too, if any Courtier of them all set vp his gallowes there: wench wie him as thou dost thy pantables, corne to let him kiffe thy heele, for he feedes thee with nothing but Court holy bread, good words, and cares not for thee: sir Goulin, will you taft a Dutch whatch you callum.
Mab. Heere maister Lyslooke, halfe mine is yours.
Bun, Bun, Bun, Bun.

Enter Parenthesis.

Par. Which roome? where are they? wo ho, ho, ho, so, ho, boies.
Gov. Sfoot whose that? lock our roome.
Par. Not till I am in: and then lock out the diuell tho he come in the shape of a puritan.
All 3. Scholemaister, welcome! welcome in troth!
Par. Who would not bee scratcht with the bryers and brambles to haue such burs sticking on his breeches: Save you gentlemen: O noble Knight.
Gov. More wine Hans.
Par. Am not I (gentlemen) a Ferret of the right haire, that can make three Conies bolt at a clap into your purfenets? ha! little do their 3. husbands dreame what coppies I am letting their wives now? wert not a rare Ief if they should come sneaking vppon vs like a horrible noife of Fidlers.
Iud. Troth Ide not care: let em come: Ide tell em, weede ha none of their dull Musicke.
Mab. Heere mistris Tenterhooke.
Clar. Thanks good mistris Wafer.
Westward Hoe.


Ommi. Vds foot, throw a pot ats head!

Par. O Lord! O Gentlemen, Knight, Ladies, that may bee, Cittizens wiuers that are. shiff for your felues, a paire of your husbands heads are knocking together with Hans his, and inquiring for you.

Ommi. Keppe the doore lockt.

J ud. Oh I, do, do: and let sir Goslin (because he has bin in the low Countries) sware gotz Sacrament, and driue e'm away with broken Dutch.

Pa. Heres a wench has simple Sparkes in her: shees my pupile Gallants: Good-god! I see a man is not sure that his wife is in the Chamber, tho' his owne fingers hang on the Padlocke: Trap-doors, false Drabs, and Spring-lockes, may cozen a Couy of Constables. How the silly Husbands might heere ha beene guld with Flemish mony: Come: drinke vp Rhene, Thames and Meander dry, Theres Nobody.

J ud. Ah thou vnгодly maillter.

Par. I did but make a false fire, to try your valor, because you cryed let em come. By this glasse of womans wine, I would not ha seene their Spirits walke heere, to bee dubd deputy of a Ward, I, they would ha Chronicled me for a Foxe in a Lambe skin: But come: Is this merry Midcomer night agreed vpont! when shal it be? where shal it be?

Lynf. Why faith to morrow at night.

While. Weele take a Coach and ride to Ham, or fo.

Tent. Ofie vpont: a Coach! I cannot abide to be iolting.

Mab. Yet most of your Cittizens wiuers loue iolting!

Gos. What say you to Black-wall, or Lime-houfe?

J ud. Every roome there smels to much of Tar.

Lynf. Lets to mine hoff Dogbolls at Brainford then, there you are out of eyes, out of cares, private
roomes, sweet Lynnen, winking attendance, and what cheere you will!

Omm. Content, to Brainford!

Mar. I, I, lets go by water, for sir Gostin I haue heard you say you loye to go by water.

Jud. But wenches, with what griles shall we slide with some clerly excuses, out of our husbands suspicion, being gone Weftward for smelts all night.

Par. Thats the blocke now we all flumble at: Winde vp that sprine well, and all the comforts in tune.

Jud. Why then goodman scraper tis wound vp, I haue it. Sirra Wafter, thy childes at nurse, if you that are the men could procure some wife as ye that could keepe his countenance.

Par. Nay if he be an Asse he will keepe his countenance.

Jud. I, but I meane, one that could set out his tale with audacity, and say that the child were sick, and near flagger at it: That last should serve all our feet.

Whir. But where will that wife Asse be found now!

Par. I see I'me borne fill to draw Dun out at mine for you: that wife beast will I be. Ile bee that Asse that shall grone vnder the burden of that abominate ly. Heauen pardon me, and pray God the infant be not punished for. Let me see: Ile break out in some filthy shape like a Thrafter, or a Thatcher, or a Sowgelder, or something: and speak dreamingly, and swear how the child pukes, and eates nothing (as perhaps it does not) and lies at the mercy of God, (as all children and old folkes doe) and then scholler Wafter, play you your part.

Mar. Feare not me, for a veny or two!

Par. Where will you meet ith morning!

Gos. At some Tauerne neare the water-side, thats private.
**Westward Hoe.**

Par. The Grey-hound, the Greyhound in Blackfryers, an excellent Rendezvous.

Lin. Content the Greyhound by eight!

Par. And then you may whip forth two first, and two next, on a sudden, and take Boate at Bridewell Dock most privately.

Omni. Beet so: a good place!

Par. I'll go make ready my rustical properties: let me see schoffer he you home, for your child shall bee ficed within this halfe howre. **Exit.**

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**Enter Birdlime.**

Idl. Tis the vprightest dealing man! Gods my pitty, whose yonder?

Bird. I'me bold to press my selfe vnder the Culors of your company, hearing that Gentlewoman was in the roome: A word milris?

Clar. How now, what faies he?

Gos. Zounds what the? a Bawd, bith Lord If not!

Mab. No indeed, sir Goslin thees a very honest woman, and a Mid-wife.

Clar. At the Lyon in Shoreditch! And would he not read it? nor write to me! Ile poyson his Supper?

Bird. But no words that I bewrayd him.

Clar. Gentlemen I must be gone. I cannot stay in faith: pardon me: Ile meeet to morrow: come Nurfe, cannot tarry by this element.

Gos. Mother, you: Grannam drinke ere you goe.

Bird. I am going to a womans labour, indeede sir, cannot stay. **Exit.**

Aub. I hold my life the'blacke-beard her husband whifles for her.

Idl. A reckoning: Breake one, breake all.

Gos. Here Hant, draw not, Ile draw for all as Ime true knight.
Westward Hoe.

Iud. Let him: amongst women this does stand for law, the worthieast man (tho he be foole) must draw. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius Scena Prima.

Enter maister Tenterhooks and his wife.

Tent. What booke is that sweet hart?
Maist. Tent. Why the booke of bonds that are due to you.

Tent. Come, what doe you with it! Why do you trouble your selfe to take care about my businesse?
Maist. Tent. Why sir, doth not that which concerns you, concern me. You told me Monopoly had discharged his bond, I finde by the booke of accounts here, that it is not cancel'd. Eare I would suffer such a cheating companion to laugh at me, I'd see him hanged I. Good sweete hart as ever you loved me, as euer my bedde was pleasing to you, arrest the knaue, we were neuer beholding to him for a pin, but for eating vp our victuals. Good Moufe enter an action against him.

Tent. In troth loue I may do the gentleman much disเครดit, and besides it may be other actions may fall very heavy upon him.
Maist. Tent. Hang him, to see the dishonesty of the knaue.

Tent. O wife, good woods: A Courtier, A gentleman.

Maist. Tent. Why may not a Gentleman be a knaue, that were strange infaith: but as I was a saying, to see the dishonesty of him, that would neuer come since he received the mony to visit vs you know. Maister Tenterhook he hath hung long vpoun you. Maister Tenterhooks as I am vertuous you shall arrest him.

Tent. Why, I know not when he will come to Towne.
Westward Hoe.

Mist. Te. Hees in town: this night he sups at the Lyon in Shoaredich, good husband enter your action, and make haft to the Lyon prently, theres an honest fellow (Sergeant Ambush) will doe it in a trice, he neuer salutes a man in Curtesie, but he catches him as if he would arrest him. Good hart let Seriant Ambush ly in waite for him.

Tent. Well at thy entreaty I will doe it. Gue me my Cloake there, buy a linck and meet me at the Counter in Woodtreeete; bule me Moll.

Mist. Tent. Why now you loye me. Ile goe to bed sweet hart.

Tent. Do not sleep till I come Moll. Exit Tent. Mist. Tent. No lamb, baa sheep, if a woman will be free in this intricate laborinth of a husband, let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shal not be much troubled with him. By my foote my Husband hath a hand as dry as his braines, and a breath as strenge as six common gardens. Wel my husband is gon to arrest Monopoly. I have dealt with a Sargeant priuately, to intreate him, pretending that he is my Aunts Son, by this means that I see my young gallant that in this has plaid his part. When they owe mony in the City once, they deale with their Lawyers by atturary, follow the Court though the Court do them not the grace to allow them their dyet. O the wit of a woman when she is put to the pinch.

Exit Mistris Tenterhook.

Enter maister Tenterhooks, Sergeant Ambush, and yeoman Clutch.

Tent. Come Sergeant Ambush, come yeoman Clutch, yons the Tauerne, the Gentleman will come out prently: thou art resolute.

Amb. Who I, I carry fire & sword that fight for me, hear, and heare. I know most of the knaues about London, and most of thb Theeces to, I thanke God, and good intelligence.
Westward Hoe.

Ten. I wonder thou dost not turne Broker then.

Amb. Pew; I haue bin a Broker already; for I was first a Puritan, then a Banquerout, then a Broker, then a Fencer, and then Sergeant, were not these Trades woulde make a man honest! I peace the doore open, wheele about yeoman Clutch.

Enter Whirlpoole, Linstocke, and Monopoly unbraft.

Mono. And eare I come to fup in this Tauerne againe. Theres no more attendance then in a Iaile, and there had bin a Punk or two in the company then we should not have bin rid of the drawers: now were I in an excellent humor to go to a vaiting house, I wold break downe all their Glasse-windowes, hew in peeces all their joyne flooles, tear filke petticotes, ruffle their Periwigges, and spoyle their Painting, O the Gods what I could do: I could vndergo fiftie bawds by this darknes, or if I could meete one of these Varlets that were Pannier-ally on their baks (Sergeants) I would make them scud so fast from me, that they should think it a shorter way betweene this and Ludgate, then a condemned Cutpurfe thinkes it between Newgate and Tyburne.

Lynft. You are for no action to night.

Whirl. No Ile to bed.


Whirl. Faith we are all heated.

Mono. Captain Whirlpoole when wilt come to Court and dine with me?

Whirl. One of these daies Franke, but Ile get mee two Gaulets for feare I lose my fingers in the dishes, their bee excellent flauers I heare in the most of your vnder offices! I protest I haue often come thither, fat downe, drawne my knife, and eare I could say grace all the meat hath bin gone. I haue risen, and departed thence as hungry, as euer came Coun-
Westward Hoe.

trey Attornay from Westminister! Good night honest Franke, doe not swagger with the watch Franke.

Exeunt.

Tenter. So now they are gone you may take him.
Amb. Sir I arrest you!
Mono. Arrest me, at whose suite you varlets?
Cloak. At maister Tenterhooks.
Mono. Why you varlets dare you arrest one of the Court.
Amb. Come will you be quiet sir?
Mo. Pray thee good yeoman call the gentlemen backe againe. Theres a Gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, because I dare not carry it over the fields, Ile discharge it presently.
Amb. Thats a trick sir, you would procure a reskue.
Mono. Catchpole do you see, I will have the haire of your head and beard shaued off for this, and eare I catch you at Grays Inne by this light law.
Amb. Come will you march.
Mono. Are you Sergeants Christians? Sirra thou lookest like a good pittyfull raifall, and thou art a tall man to it seemes, thou haft backt many a man in thy time I warrant.
Amb. I haue had many a man by the backe sir.
Mono. Wel saide in-truth, I loue your quality, las tis needfull every man should come by his own: but as God mend me gentlemen I haue not one croffe about me, onely you two. Might not you let a Gentleman passe out of your handes, and say you faw him not! Is there not such a kinde of mercy in you now and then my Maiesters, as I liue, if you come to my lodging to morrowe morning, Ile giue you fiue brace of Angelles? good yeoman perwade your graduat heere: I know some of you to be honest faithfull Drunkards, respe\ Chúng a poore Gentleman in my cafe.
Tent. Come, it wil not serue your turne, Officers looke to him, vpon your perril.
Westward Hoe.

Mono. Do you heare sir, you see I am in the hands of a couple of Rauens here, as you are a Gentleman lend me forty shillings, let me not liue if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and never plead Conscience.

Tent. Not a penny, not a penny: God night sir.

Exit Tent.

Mono. Well, a man ought not to swear by anie thing in the hands of Sergeants but by siluer, and becaufe my pocket is no lawful Juftice to Minifter any such oath vnto me, I will patientely encounter the Counter. Which is the deareft ware in Prifon Sergeant! the knights ward!

Amb. No sir, the Maiflers side.

Mono. Well the knight is abowe the maifler though his Table be worfe furnifht: Ile go thether.

Amb. Come sir, I must vfe you kindly the Gentlemans Wife that hath arrested you.

Mono. I what of her.

Amb. She faies you are her Antes fonne.

Mono. I, am I.

Amb. She takes on fo pittifullly for your Arrefting, twas much against herwil (good Gentlewman) that this affliction lighted vpon you.

Mono. She hath reafon, if she respeft her poore kindred.

Amb. You shall not go to prifon.

Mono. Honest Sergeant, Conflagnable Officer, did I forget my self euen now, a vice that flickes to me alwaies when I am drunke to abufe my beft friends: where didst buy this buffe? Let me not liue but Ile glie thee a good fuite of durance. Wilt thou take my bond Sergeant? Wheres a Sruener, a Sruener good Yeoman! you shall haue my fword and hangers to paiie him.

Amb. Not fo Sir: but you shall be prifoner in my house: I do not thinke but that your Cofin will viif you there i'th morning, and take order for you.

Mono. Well said; waft not a moft treacherous part
Westward Hoe.

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to arrest a man in the night, and when he is almost drunk, when he hath not his wits about him to remember which of his friends is in the subsidy: Come did I abuse you, I recant, you are as necessary in a city as Tumblers in Norfolke, Sumners in Lancashire, or Rake-hols in an Armie.

Enter Parenthesis like a Collier, and a Boy.

Jt. Buy any small Coale, buy any small Coale.

Bo. Collier, Collier!

Jt. What saith boy.

Bo. Ware the Pillory.

Jt. O boy the pillory affurres many a man that he is no cuold, for how impossible were it a man should thrust his head through so small a Loope-hole if his foreheade were brauncht boy!

Bo. Collier: how came the goose to be put upon you, ha?

Jt. Ile tell thee, the Tearme lying at Winches
ter in Henry the Thirds days, and many French Women comming out of the Isle of Wight thither (as it hath alwaies beene seene) though the Isle of Wight could not of long time neither in due Foxes nor Lawyers, yet it could brook the more dreadful Cockatrice, there were many Punkes in the Towne (as you know our Tearme is their Tearme) your Farmers that would spend but three pence on his ordinarie, would launche halfe a Crowne on his Leachery: and many men (Calues as they were) would ride in a Farmers foule bootes before breakefast, the commonst finner had more fluttering about her, then a fresh punke hath when the comes to a Towne of Garrion, or to a university. Captains, Schollers, Servinman, Iurors, Clarkes, Towneisnmen, and the Blacke
guaarde vied, all to one Ordinarye, and most of them were caled to a pitfull reckoning, for before two returnes of Michaelmas, Surgeons were full of buff-
nes, the care of moost secrecie grew as common as
Lice in Ireland, or as scabbes in France. One of my
Tribe a Collier carried in his Cart 40. maim'd fould
diors to Salisbury, looking as pitifully as Dutchmen
firt made drunke, then carried to bee-heading.
Every one that mette him cried, ware the Goole
Collier, and from that day to this, thers a record to be
seene at Croiden, howe that pitiful waftage which
in deede was vertue in the Collier, that all that time
would carry no Coales, laid this Imputation on all the
polderity.

Boy. You are ful of tricks Collier.

Infl. Boy where dwels maister Wafer?

Boy. Why heare ! what would it ! I am one of his
luvinals?

Infl. Hath he not a child at nurfie at More-
docks?

Boy. Yes, dofl thou dwel there?

Infl. That I do, the Child is wonderous sickie: I
was wild to acquaint thy maister and Misfris with it.

Boy. Ile vp and tel them prettily.

Infl. So, if at fould fail, I could turne Collier.
O the villany of this age, how full of secrecie and
silence (contrary to the opinion of the world) haue I
ever found moost women. I haue fat a whole after-
moone many times by my wife, and lookt upon her
eyes, and felt if her pulse haue beat, when I haue
nam'd a suspected lone, yet all this while haue not
drawn from her the leafl scruple of confession.
I haue laine awake a thousand nights, thinking the wold
have revealed somewhat in her dreames, and when
she has begunne to speake any thing in her fleeppe, I
haue log'd her, and cried I sweete heart. But when
wil your loue come, or what did hee say to thee over
over the flatl Or what did he do to thee in the
Garden-chamber? Or when wil he sende to thee any
letters, or when wil thou sende to him any mony, what
an idle coxcombe jealoucie wil make a man.
West-ward Hoe.

Enter Wafer and his wife.

Well, this is my comfort that here comes a creature of the same head-peece.

Mist. Wafer. O my sweet Child, wheres the Collier? 

Iust. Here forfooth.

Mist. Wafer. Run into Bucklers burry for two ounces of Draggon water, some Sperma caty and Treakle. What is it sick of Coliar? a burning Feauer? 

Iust. Faith mistris I do not know the infirmity of it: wil you buy any smal Coale, say you? 

Wafer. Prethee go in and empty them, come be not so impatient. 

Mist. Wafer. I, I, I, if you had ground fort as I haue done you wold haue bin more natural. Take my riding hat, and my kirtle there: Ile away presently.

Wafer. You wil not go to night, I am sure. 

Mist. Wafer. As I liue but I wil. 

Wafer. Faith sweet hart I haue great busines to night, flay til to morrow and Ile goe with you. 

Mist. Wafer. No sir I wil not hinder your busines. I see how little you respevt the fruits of your owne bodye. I shal find some bodye to beare me company. 

Wafer. Wel, I wil deferre my busines for once, and go with thee. 

Mist. Wafer. By this light but you shal not, you shal not hit me ith teeth that I was your hindrance, wil you to Bucklers burry sir? 

Wafer. Come you are a foole leaus your weeping. 

Exit. Wafer.

Mist. Wafer. You shal not go with me as I liue. 

Iust. Puple. 

Mist. Wafer. Excellent maitler.

Iust. Admirable Mistris, howe happie be our Engliwhomen that are not troubled with Jealous husbands; why your Italians in general are so Sun-burnt with thefe Dog-daies, that your great Lady there thinkes her husband loues her not if hee bee not Jealous: 

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what confirmes the liberty of our women more in England, then the Italian Prouterbe, which failes if there were a bridge over the narrow Seas, all the women in Italy would shew their husbands a Million of light paire of heelles, and flie over into England.

_Misl. Waf._ The time of our meeting! Come!

_Juft._ Seaven.

_Misl. Waf._ The place.

_Juft._ In Blacke Friers, there take Water, keepe a loofe from the shore, on with your Masks, vp with your fails, and _West-ward Hot._

_Misl. Waf._ So.

_Juft._ O the quick apprehension of women, the'sle groape out a mans meaning prefently, wel, it refts now that I discouer my selfe in my true shape to these Gentlewomen's husbands: for though I haue plaide the foole a little to beguile the memory of mine owne misfortune, I would not play the knaue, though I be taken for a Banquerout, but indeed as in other things, so in that, the worlde is much deceived in me, for I haue yet three thousand pounds in the hands of a sufficient friend, and all my debts discharged. I haue received here a letter from my wife, directed to _Stode_, wherein shee most repentantly intreateth my return, with protestation to gyue me assured tryall of her honesty. I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but I will put it to the test, there is a great strife betwene beautie, & Chalitie, and that which pleaseth many is newer free from temptation: as for Jealousie, it makes many Cuckoldes, many fooles, and many Banquerouts: It may haue abused me and not my wives honesty: I'll try it: but first to my secure and doting Companion. 

_Exit._

_Enter Monopoly and Mistris Tenterhooke._

_MONO._ I befeech you Mistris Tenterhooke,

_Before God Ile be sicke if you will not be merry._

_Mill. Tent._ You are a sweet Beagle.

_MONO._ Come, because I kept from Towne a little,
West-ward Hoe.

let mee not liue if I did not heare the sicknes was in Towne very hot: In troth thy hair is of an excellent colour since I saw it. O those bright trelles like to threads of gold.

Misl. Tent. Lye, and ashes, suffer much in the city for that comparison.

Mono. Heres an honest Gentleman wil be here by & by, was borne at Foolham; his name is Gofling Glo-worms.

Misl. Tent. I know him, what is he?

Mono. He is a Knight: what aild your husband to be so hasty to arrest me.

Misl. Tent. Shall I speak truly? Shall I speak not like a woman.

Mono. Why not like a woman.

Misl. Tent. Because womens tongues are like to clacks, if they go too faist they never goe true, twas I that got my husband to arrest thee, I haue.

Mono. I am beholdung to you.

Misl. Tent. For sooth I could not come to the speech of you I think you may be spoken with all now.

Mono. I thanke you, I hope youl haile me Cofin $

Misl. Tent. And yet why should I speak with you, I protest I love my husband.

Mono. Tutsh let not any young woman loue a man in yeares to well.

Misl. Tent. Why $

Mono. Because heele dye before he can require it.

Mono. I haue acquainted Wafer and Honyf uncle with it, and they allow my wit for't extremally.

Enter Ambush.

O honest Sergeant.

Amb. Welcome good mistris Tenterhooke.

Misl. Tent. Sergeant I must needs have my Cofin go a little Way out of Town with me, and to secure thee, here are two Diamonds, they are worth two hundred pound, keepe them til I returne him.

v 3
Amb. Well tis good securitie.

Mift. Tent. Do not come in my husbandes sight in the meane time.

Enter Whirls, Glo-worme, Gosling, Linflocke, Miftris Honysfuckle, and Miftris Wafer.

Amb. Welcom Gallants.

Whirl. How now Monopoly Arrested?

Meno. O my little Honysfuckle art come to visit a Prisoner?

Mift. Hon. Yes faith as Gentlemen visit Merchants, to fare wel, or as Poets young quaint Revelers, to laugh at them. Sirha if I were some foolish Iustice, if I would not beg thy wit neuer truist me.

Mift. Tent. Why I pray you?

Mift. Hon. Becaufe it hath bin conceald al this while, but come hal we to boat, we are furnifht for attendants as Ladies are, We have our fooles, and our Vifers.

Sir Gos. I thanke you Madame, I shall meete your wit in the clofe one day.

Mift. Waf. Sirra, thou knoweft my husband keeps a Kennell of hounds?

Mift. Hon. Yes.

Whirl. Doth thy husband loue venery?

Mift. Waf. Venery?

Whirl. I, hunting, and venery are words of one sigification.

Mift. Waf. Your two husband, and hee haue made a match to go find a Hare about Buly Caufy.

Mift. Tent. Theile keepe an excellent house till we come home againe.

Mift. Ho. O excellent, a Spanish dinner, a Pilcher, and a Dutch supper, butter and Onions.

Lynfl. O thou art a mad wench.

Mift. Tent. Sergeant carry this ell of Cambrick to miftris Bird, tel her but that it is a rough tide, and that she fears the water, she shoule haue gone with vs.

Sir Gos. O thou haft an excellent wit.
Whirl. To Boot bay!

Mist. Hon. Sir Godin! I doe take it your legs are married.

Sir Gos. Why mistris?

Mist. Hon. They looke so thin vpon it.

Sir Gos. Euer since I meafurd with your husband, I haue thrunk in the calfe.

Mist. Hon. And yet you haue a sweet tooth in your head.

Sir Gos. O well dealt for the Calues head, you may talke what you will of legs, and ridding in the small, and swelling beneath the garter. But tis certain when lank thiges brought long flockings out of fashion, the Couriers Legge, and his fender tilting flaffe grew both of a bignesse. Come for Brainford.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Birdlime and Luce.

Bird. Good morrow mistris Luce: how did you take your ref to night? how doth your good worship like your lodging? what will you haue to breakfast?

Luce. A poxe of the Knight that was here last night, he promiss to haue sent me some wilde foule: hee was drunk Ile be fleded else.

Bird. Why do not you think he will fend them?

Luce. Hang them: tis no more in fashion for them to keepe their promisses, then tis for men to pay their debts. He will lie faster then a Dog trots: what a filthy knocking was at doore last night: some puny Inn-a-court-men, Ile hold my contribution.

Bird. Yes in troth were they, cituill gentlemen without beards, but to say the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking: took them a side & said to them: Gentlemen this is not well, that you should come in this habit, Cloakes and Rapiers, Boots and Spurs, I protest to you, thofe that be your Ancientes
in the house would haue come to my house in their Caps and Gownes, civilly, and modestly. I promise you they might haue bin taken for Citizens, but that they talke more liker fooles. Who knocks there vp into your Chamber. Enter master Honisuckle. Who are you, some man of credit? that you come in mused thus.

Honi. Whose above?
Bird. Let me see your face first. O master Honisuckle, why the old party: the old party.
Honi. Pew I will not go vp to her: no body else?

Enter Christian.

Bird. As I liue will you give me some Sacke? whereas Opportunity.
Honi. What doft call her?
Bird. Her name is Christian, but mislris Lucre cannot abide that name, and so she calls her Opportunity.
Honi. Very good, good.
Bird. Half a shilling, bring the rest in Aqua vitae.
Come shals go to Noddy.
Honi. I and thou wilt for halfe an hower.
Bird. Heere are the Cardes? deale, God fend mee Duces and Aces with a Court Card, and I shall get by it.
Honi. That can make thee nothing.
Bird. Yes if I haue a coate Card turne vp.
Honi. I shew four games?
Bird. By my troth I must shew all and little enough to, five games: play your single game, I shall double with you anone.
Pray you lend me some silver to count my games?
How now is it good Sack?

Enter Christian.

Chri. Theres a gentleman at doore would speake with you.
Westward Hoe. 327

Ho. Gods to, I will not be seen by any means.

Enter Tenterhook.

Bird. Into that closet then! What another muffer?

Ten. How dost thou misstress Birdlime?

Bird. Master Tenterhooke the party is abode in the dining Chamber.

Ten. Aboue.

Bird. All alone!

Honi. Is he gone vp! who wait I pray thee!

Bird. By this sacker I will not tell you! say that you were a contray Gentleman, or a Citizen that hath a young wife, or an Inn of Chauncery Man, should I tell you! Pardon me; this Sacke tastes of Horse flethe, I warrant you the leg of a dead horse hangs in the But of Sacke to keepe it quicke!

Hony. I befeech thee good Misstress Birdlime tell me who it was.

Bird. O God sir we are sworne to secrecy as well as Surgeons.

Come drinke to me, and lets to our game.

Tenterhooke and Luce aboue.

Ten. Who am I?

Luce. You, pray you vnblind me, Captaine Whirlpool, no maister Lynslock: pray vnblind me you are not sir Gozling Glo-worme, for he weares no Ringes of his fingers! Maister Fress-leather, O you are George the drawer at the Miter, pray you vnblinde mee, Captaine Puckflre, Maister Counterpaine the Lawier, what the diuel meane you, beflower your heart you have a very dry hand, are you not mine host Dog-bolt of Brainford, Misstress Birdlyme, maister Honyfuckle, Maister Wafer.

Ten. What the laft of al your Clients?

Luce. O how dost thou good Coffin.
West-ward Hoe.

Tent. I you haue many Cofins.

Luce. Faith I can name many that I do not know, and supposse I did know them what then! I will suffer one to keepe me in diet, another in apparel; another in Philick; another to pay my house rent. I am iuilk of the Nature of Alamy; I wil suffer euer plodding foole to spend monie vpon me, marrie none but some worthe friend to injoy my more retir'd and vie-full faithfullnes.

Tent. Your loue, your loue.

Luce. O I, tis the curfe that is laid vppon our qualitie, what wee gleane from others we lauifh vpon some trothleffe welsac'd younger Brother, that Loues vs onely for maintainance.

Tent. Haft a good tearme Luce? Luce. A pox on the Tearme, and now I thinke ont, faies a gentleman laft night let the pox be in the Towne feuuen yeare, Westminifter neuer breeds Cobwebs, & yet tis as catching as the plagu, though not al fo general, there be a thousand bragging Jackes in London, that wil protest they can wreft comfort from me when (I sweare) not one of them know wheather my palme be moistle or not. In troth I loue thee: You promiset me feuen Elles of Cambrick. Wafer knocks and enters. Whole that knocks?

Honi. What, more Sacks to the Myl, Ile to my old retirement.

Bird. How doth your good worship. Paffion of my hart, what shiff shall I make. How hath your good wor. done, a long time?

Waf. Very well God amercy.

Bird. Your good worship. I thinke be riding out of towne.

Waf. Yes beleue me, I loue to be once a wecke a horfebacke, for methinks nothing fets a man out, better than a Horfe.

Bird. Tis certen, nothing fets a woman out better than a man.

Waf. What, is miift. Luce aboue?
West-ward Hoe.

Bird. Yes truely.

Waf. Not any company with her.

Bird. Company? Shall I say to your good worship and not lie, she hath had no company (let me see how long it was since your Wor. was heare) you went to a Butchers feast at Cuckolds-hauen the next day after Saint Lukes day. Not this fortnight, in good truth.

Waf. Alasfe, good foule.

Bird. And why was it? Go to, go to, I think you know better than I. The wench asketh every day, when will M. waf fer be heere; And if Knightes aske for her, shee cries out at flayre-bed, As you loue my life let em not come vp, Ile do my selfe vyolence if they enter: Haue not you promised her somwhat?

Waf. Faith, I think she loues me.

Bird. Loues: Wel, wud you know what I know, then you wud say somwhat. In good faith thees very poore, all her gowns are at pawne: she owes me fiew pound for her dyet, besides 40. sh. I lent her to redeem two halfe silke Kirtles from the Brokers, And do you think she needed be in debt thus, if thee thought not of Some-body.

Waf. Good honest Wench.

Bird. Nay in troth, thees now entering into bond for 5. pounds more, the Scrivener is but new gon vp to take her bond.

Waf. Come, let her not enter into bond, Ile lend her 5. pound, ile pay the rest of her debts, Call downe the Scrivener?*

Bird. I pray you when he comes downe, stand muffled, and Ile tell him you are her brother.

Waf. If a man haue a good honest wench, that liues whooly to his vie, let him not see hir want.

Exeunt Bird. and enter above.

Bird. O mist. Luce, mist. Luce, you are the most unfortunate gentlewoman that ever breathde: your young wild brother came newly out of the Countrey, he calleth me Bawd, sweares I keep a Bawdy house,
faies his sister is turned whore, and that he will kill, 
& flay any man that he finds in her company.

_Text_. What connuayance wilt you make with me
mistress _Birdlime_.

_Luce_. O God let him not come vp, tis the
fawggringit wild-oats.

_Bird_. I have pacified him somewhat, for I told
him, that you were a Scrivener come to take a band
of her, now as you go forth say she might have had
so much mony if she had pleased, and say, she is an
honest Gentlewoman and al wil be wel.

_Text_. Inough, farewell good Luce.

_Bird_. Come change your voice, and muffle you.

_Luce_. What trick should this be, I have neuer a
brother, Ile hold my life some franker customer is
come, that thee fildes him off fo smoothly.

_Enter Tenterhooke and Birdlime._

_Text_. The Gentlewoman is an honest Gentlewoman
as any is in London, and should have had thrice as
much mony uppon her single bond for the good report
I heare of her.

_Waf_. No sir hir friends can furnish her with
mony.

_Text_. By this light I should know that voice,
_Wafer_, od'fsoote are you the Gentlewoman's Brother?

_Waf_. Are you turnd a Scrivener _Tenterhooke_?

_Bird_. I am spoild.

_Waf_. Tricks of mistress Birdlyme by this light.

_Enter Honyfuckle._

_Hony_. Hoick Couert, hoick couert, why Gentle-
men, is this your hunting?

_Text_. A Confort, what make you here _Hony-
fuckle_?

_Hony_. Nay what make you two heare, O ex-
cellent mistress _Bird_. thou haft more trickes in thee
West-ward Hoe.

then a Punke hath Vnckles, cofins, Brothers, Sons or Fathers: an infinit Company.

Bird. If I did it not to make your good worshipps merry, never beleue me, I wil drinke to your worship a glass of Sack.

Enter Iustiniano.

Iug. God faue you.

Hony & Waf. MaiSTER Iustiniano welcome from Stead.

Iug. Why Gentlemen I never came there.

Ten. Neuer there! where haue you bin then?

Iug. Mary your daily guest I thanke you.

Omn. Ours.

Iug. I yours.

I was the pedant that learnt your wiuues to write, I was the Colliar that brought you newes your childe was sicke, but the truth is, for ought I knowe, the Child is in health, and your wiuues are gone to make merry at Brainford.

Waf. By my troth good wenches, they little dreame where we are now.

Iug. You little dreame what gallants are with them.

Ten. Gallants with them! Ide laugh at that.

Iug. Foure Gallants by this light, Mai. Monopoly is one of them.

Ten. Monopoly? Ide laugh at that in faith.

Iug. Would you laugh at that! why do ye laugh at it then, they are ther by this time, I cannot sty to glue you more particular intelligence: I have receiued a letter from my wife heare, if you will cal me at Putney, Ile beare you company.

Ten. Od's foot what a Rogue is Sergeant Ambush, Ile vndo him by this light.

Iug. I met Sergeant Ambush, and wild him come to this house to you prefently, so Gentlemen I leaue you! Bawd I have nothing to say to you now; do not thinke to much in so dangerous a matter for in womens
Westward Hoe.

matters tis more dangerous to stand long deliberating, then before a bataile. Exit Iust.

Wsf. This fellowes pouerty hath made him an arrant knave.

Bird. Will your worship drinke any Aquavitae?
Ten. A pox on your Aquavitae. Monopoly, that my wic urged me to arrest gon to Brainford. Enter
Ambush. Heres comes the varlet.
Amb. I am come sir to know your pleasure.
Ten. What hath Monopoly paid the mony yet?
Amb. No sir, but he sent for mony.
Ten. You haue not carryd him to the counter, he is at your house still.
Amb. O Lord I sir as melancholike, &c.
Ten. You lie like an arrant varlet, by this candle I laugh at the jest.
Bird. And yet hees ready to cry.
Ten. Hees gone with my wife to Brainford, and there bee any Law in England Ile tickle ye for this.
Amb. Do your worft, for I haue good security & I care not, besides it was his coffin your wifes plesure that he should goe along with her.
Ten. Hoy day, her coffin, wel sir, your security.
Amb. Why sir two Diamonds here.
Ten. O my hart: my wifes two Diamonds, Wel, youle go along and iutifie this.

Enter Lucs.

Amb. That I wil sir.
Lucs. Who am I?
Ten. What the Murrion care I who you are, hold off your Fingers, or Ile cut them with this Diamond.
Lucs. Ile fee em ifaith,
So, Ile keepe these Diamonds tell I haue my filke gowne, and six els of Cambricke.
Ten. By this light you shall not.
Lucs. No, what do you think you haue Fops in hand, fue me for them.
Westward Hoe.

Waf. and Honz. As you respect your credit let's go.

Ten. Good Luce as you loue me let me haue them, it stands upon my credit, thou shalt haue any thing, take my purfle.

Luce. I will not be crost in my humour sir.

Ten. You are a dam'd filthy punke, what an unfortunate Rogue was I, that euer I came into this house.

Bird. Do not spurne any body in my house you were best.

Ten. Well, well.

Bird. Excellent Luce, the getting of these two Diamonds maie chaunce to saue the Gentlewomens credit; thou heardst all.

Luce. O I, and by my troath pittye them, what a filthy Knaue was that betrayed them.

Bird. One that put me into pittifull feare, master Justiniano here hath laied lurking like a sheep-biter, and in my knowledge hath drawne thefe gentlwomen to this misfortune: but Ie downe to Queene-hiue, and the Watermen which were wont to carrie you to Lambeth Marsh, shal carry mee thither: It may bee I may come before them; I thinke I shal pray more, what for feare of the water, and for my good succeffe then I did this tweluemonth.

Scene 2 Enter the Earle and three Servingmen.

Earl. Haue you perfum'd this Chamber?

Omn. Yes my Lord.

Ear. The banquet?

Omn. It stands ready.

Ear. Go, let musicke

Charme with her excellent voice an awfull silence

Through al this building, that her sphaery soule

May (on the wings of Ayre) in thousand formes

Inuisibly flie, yet be injoy'd. Away.

Ser. Does my Lorde meane to Coniure that hee

drawes this strange Characters.
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Wes-ward Hose.

2. Ser. He does: but we shall see neither the Spirit that rifes nor the Circle it rifes in.

3. Ser. Twould make our hair stand vp an end if wee thoulde, come foole come, meddle not with his matters, Lords may do any thing.

Exeunt.

Ear. This night shall my desires be amply Crownd,
And al those powers, that taft of man in vs,
Shall now aspire that point of happines,
Beyond which, sensual eies never looke, (sweat
pleasure I!)

Delicious pleasure! Earths Supreamest good,
The spring of blood, tho it dry vp our blood.
Rob me of that, (tho to be drunke with pleasure,
As ranke exceffe even in best things is bad;
Turnes man into a beast) yet that being gone,
A horse and this (the goodliest shape) al one.
We feed: weare rich attires: and friere to cleaue
The stars with Marble Towers, fight batailles: Spend
Our blood to buy vs names: and in Iron bold
Will we eate roots, to imprison fugitive gold:
But to do thus, what Spell can vs excite,
This the strong Magick of our appetite:
To feast which richly, life it felte vnadoes,
Whoo'd not die thus to fee, and then to chose
Why even thofe that flarue in Voluntary wants,
And to advance the mind, keepe the fleth poore,
The world Injoying them, they not the world,
Wud they do this, but that they are proud to fucke
A sweetnes from such fowrenes: let em fo,
The torrent of my appetite shall flow
With happier streame. A woman! Oh, the Spirit
And extraft of Creation! This, this night,
The Sun shal enuy. What cold checks our blood?
Her bodie is the Chariot of my foule,
Her eies my bodies light, which if I want,
Life wants, or if poulfe, I vndo her;
Turne her into a duiel, whom I adore,
By scorching her with the hot fleeme of luft.
Tis but a minutes pleasure: and the finne
**West-ward Hoe.**

Scarce acted is repeat. Shun it than:
O he that can Abitaine, is more than man!
Tuff. Refoule'st thou to do ill: be not precise
Who writes of Virtue best, are fluppies to vize, Musick
The musicke sounds allarum to my blood,
Whats bad I follow, yet I see whats good.

*While the song is heard.* The Earle draws a Curten,
and fits forth a Banquet: he then Exit, and Enters
premptly with Parenthesis attired like his wife
maskt: leads him to the table, places him in a
chair, and in dumbe signes, Courts him, til the
song be done.

*Ear.* Fayre! be not doubly maskt: with that and
night,
Beautie (like gold) being vt'd becomes more bright.

*Par.* Wil it please your Lordship to sit. I shal
receive small pleasure if I see your Lordship stand.

*Ear.* Witch, hag, what art thou proud damnation?

*Par.* A Marchants wife.

*Ear.* Fury who raisd thee vp, what com'th thou
for?

*Par.* For a banquet.

*Ear.* I am abuff'd, deluded: Speake what art
thou?

Vds death speake, or ile kil thee: in that habit
I looke to find an Angel, but thy face,
Shewes th'art a Diuel.

*Par.* My face is as God made it my Lord: I am
no diuel vnleffe women be dyes, but men find em
not so, for they daily hunte for them.

*Ear.* What art thou that doft cozen me thus?

*Par.* A Marchants wife I say: Justinianos wife. She,
whome that long burding piece of yours, I meaned that
Wicked mother Birdlyme caught for your honor. Why
my Lord, has your Lordshippe forgot how ye courted
me laft morning.

*Ear.* The diuel I did.
Westward Hoe.

Par. Kift me laft morning.
Ear. Succubus, not thee.
Par. Gave me this jewel laft morning.
Ear. Not to thee Harpy.
Par. To me vpon mine honetlie, fware you would build me a lodging by the Thames side with a water-gate to it: or els take mee a lodging in Cole-harbor.
Ear. I fware fo.
Par. Or keep me in a Laborinth as Harry kept Rofamond wher the Minotaure my husband shoul not enter.
Ear. I sware fo, but Gipole not to thee 1
Par. To me vpon my honour, hard was the siege, which you laied to the Christal wals of my chastity, but I held out you know: but because I cannot bee too flony harted, I yeelded my Lord, by this token my Lord (which token lies at my heart like lead) but by this token my Lord, that this night you should commit that finne which we al know with me.
Ear. Thee 1
Par. Do I looke vgl, that you put thee vppon me: did I give you my hand to horne my head, thats to say my husband, and is it com to thee: is my face a flithyer face, now it is yours, then when it was his: or haue I two faces vnder one hooede. I confesse I haue laied mine eyes in brine, and that may change the coppy. But my Lord I know what I am.
Ear. A Sorceresse, thou shalt witch mine cares no more,
If thou canst pray, doot quickly for thou dieft.
Par. I can prae but I will not die, thou lieft:
My Lord there drops your Ladie; And now know, Thou vnfeazonable Lecher, I am her husband Whom thou wouldst make whore, read: the speakes there thus,
Valeffe I came to her, her hand should free
Her Chaittie from blemishe, proud I was
Of her braue mind, I came, and seeing what flauerie
Pouertie, and the frailtie of her Sex
Westward Hoe.

Had, and was like to make her Subject to,
I begd that she would die, my suit was granted,
I poison'd her, thy lust there strikes her dead,
Hornes feard, plague worse, than sticking on the head.

_Ear._ Oh God thou hast undone thy selfe and me,
None like to match this piece, thou art to bloudie,
Yet for her sake, whom Ie embalm with teares,
This Act with her I bury, and to quit
Thy loffe of such a Jewel, thou shalt share
My living with me, Come imbrac.

_Par._ My Lord.

_Earl._ Villaine, dambd mercifull slave, Ile torture thee
To euery ync of flesh: what ho: helpe whose there?

_Enter Servingmen._

Come hither: heres a murderer, bind him. How now, What noise is this.

_Enter the 1. Servingmen._

_Ser._ My Lord there are three Cittizens face mee downe, that heres one maister _Parenthesis_ a schoolemaister with your Lordship and desire he may be forthcomming to em.

_Par._ That borrowed name is mine. Shift for your felues:
Away, shift for your felues; fly, I am taken.

_Ear._ Why should they flye thou Skreech-owle.

_Par._ I wil tel thee,
Tho'se three are partners with me in the murder,
We four commixt the poision, shift for your felues.

_Ear._ Stops mouth, and drag him backe: intreat em enter.

_Enter the three Cittizens._

O what a conflict feele I in my bloud,
I would I were lesse great to be more good:
V'are welcome, wherefore came you I guard the
dores:
When I behold that obieCt, al my fences
Reuolt from reaason, he that offers flight,
Drops downe a Coarfe.
All 3. A Coarfe?
1. Ser. I a coarfe, do you scorn to be worms meat
more then she?
Par. See Gentlemen, the Italian that does scorn,
Beneath the Moone, no bafenes like the horne,
Has pow'r'd through all the veines of you chaft
bofome,
Strong poision to preferue it from that plague,
This feetly Lord: he doted on my wife,
He would haue wrought on her and plaide on me.
But to pare off these brims, I cut off her,
And guld him with this lie, that you had hands
Dipt in her blood with mine, but this I did,
That his flaind age and name might not be hid.
My Act (tho vild) the world shall crowne as luft,
I shall dye cleere, when he liues foild with luft:
But come: rife Moll. Awake sweete Moll, th'as
played
The woman rarely, counterfetted well.
1. Ser. Sure th'as nine liues.
Par. See, Lucrece is not slaine,
Her eyes which luft calld Suns, haue their first
beames,
And all these frightments are but idle dreames:
Yet (afore loue) he had her knife prepar'd
To let his bloud forth ere it should run blacke?
Do not these open cuts now, coole your back?
Methinks they should: when Vice fees with broad
eyes
Her vgy forme, she does hirself despise.
Ear. Mirror of dames, I looke vpon thee now,
As men long blind, (having recovered sight)
Amaez: scarce able are to endure the light:
Welf-ward Hoe.

Mine owne shame strikes me dumb: henceforth the booke.
Ile read shal be thy mind, and not thy looke.

_Hony._ I would either wee were at Brainsford to see our wiues, or our wiues heere to see this Pageant.

_Ten._ So would I, I stand ypon thornes.

_Ear._ The iewels which I gau ye: weare: your fortunes,
Ile raise on golden Pillars: fare you well,
Luft in old age like burnt straw, does euen choake
The kindlers, and consume, in flincking Swoake.

_Exit._

_Par._ You may follow your Lord by the smoake,
Baidgers.

_Sir._ If fortune had favord him, wee might have followed you by the hornes.

_Par._ Fortune favours foole, your Lords a wife
Lord: So: how now? how? This is that makes me fat now, it not Rats-bane to you Gentlemen, as pap was to _Nefor_, but I know the inuible fins of your wiues hang at your eye-lides, and that makes you so heauy headed.

_Tent._ If I do take em napping I know what Ile do.

_Honi._ Ile nap some of them.

_Tent._ That villaine _Monopoly_, and that sir _Gostin_
treads em all.

_Weat._ Wud I might come to that treading.

_Par._ Ha ha, sown I: come Moll: the booke of the sedge of _Oftend_, writ by one that dropt in the ac-
tion, will never fell so well, as a report of the sedge between this _Graue_, this wicked elder and thy felle,
an impreffion of you two, wold away in a May-morn-
ing: was it euer heard that such tyings, were brought away from a Lord by any wench but thee Moll, with-
out paying, vnlesse the wench connycatcht him? go thy wiues: if all the great Turks Concubins were but like thee, the ten-penny-infidell shoule neuer neede
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**Weft-ward Hoe.**

keep so many geldings to ney ouer em : come shal this Weletterne voyage hold my harts

*All 3.* Yes, yes.

*Par.* Yes, yes : Sfoot you speake as if you had no harts, & look as if you were going westward indeede : to see how plaine dealing women can pull downe men : Moll youle helpe vs to catch Smelts too ?

*Mfl. Iffl.* If you be pleasd.

*Par.* Neuer better since I wore a Smock.

*Honi.* I fear our cares haue giuen vs the bag.

*Wafir.* Good. Ie laugh at that.

*Par.* If they haue, would wheres might give them the Bottle ; come march whilft the women double their files : Married men fee, thers comfort ; the Moones vp : fore Don Phæbus, I doubt we shall haue a Froft this night, her hornes are so sharp : doe you not feele it bite.

*Tenr.* I do, Ime fure.

*Par.* But weele fit vpon one anothers skirts ith Boate, and lye close in straw, like the hoary Courtier. Set on to Brainford now : where if you meete fraile wiuers,

Nere sweare gainst hornes, in vaine dame Nature thrues.  

*Exeunt.*

**Actus Quintus Scena Prima.**

*Enter Monopoly, Whirlpool, Lynflack, and their wiuers, Iudyth, Mobell, and Clare, their Hats off.*

*Mono.* Why Chamberlin ? will not these Fidlers be drawn forth ? are they not in tune yet ? Or are the Rogues a fraild ath Statute, and dare not trauell so far without a pacific-port ?

*Whir.* What Chamberlin ?


*Enter Chamberlin.*

*Cham.* Anon sir, heere sir, at hand sir.
Westward Hoe.

Mono. Wheres this nofe! what a lowfe Townes this! Has Brainford no musick int.

Cham. They are but roving sir, and theile scrape themselfes into your company prefently.

Mono. Plague a their Cats guts and their scraping; doft not see women here, and can we thinkt thou be without a noife then?

Cha. The troth is sir, one of the poore infruments caught a fore mishance laft night: his moft bafe bridge fell downe, and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that.

Whir. When they come, lets haue em with apox.

Cham. Well sir, you shall sir.

Mo. Stay Chamberlin: wheres our knight sir Gos-lin! wheres sir Goslin.

Cham. Troth sir, my master, and sir Goslin are guzling: they are dabling together fathom deepe: the Knight hath drunke so much Helth to the Gentleman yonder, on his knees, that hee has almost loft the vie of his legs.

Iud. O for loue, let none of em enter our roome, f.e.

Mob. I wud not haue em caſt vp their accounts here, for more then they meante to be drunke this tweluemonth.

Cla. Good Chamberlin keepe them and their Helthes out of our company.

Cham. I warrant you, their Helthes shall not hurt you.

Mo. I, well said: they're none of our guinge: let em keep their owne quarter: Nay I told you the man would foske him if hee were ten Knights: if he were a Knight of Gold theyd fetch him ouer.

Cla. Out vpom him!

Whir. Theres a Liefentnent and a Captaine amongst em too.

Mo. Nay, then booke to haue some body lie on the earth for: Its ordinary for your Liefentnent to be drunke with your Captaine, and your Capten to caſt with your Knight.
Westward Hoe.

Cla. Did you neuer hear how for Fabian Scarrow (even such another) tooke me vp one night before my husband being in wine.

Mab. No indeede, how was it?

Cla. But I thinke I tooke him downe with a witneffe.

Iud. How! Good Tenterhooke.

Cla. Nay Ile haue all your eares take part of it.

Omn. Come, on then.

Cla. He vfd to frequent me and my Husband diuerfe times; And at last comes he out one morning to my husband, and fayes, maister Tenterhooke faies he, I must trouble you to lend mee 200 pound about a commoddy which I am to deale in, and what was that commoddy but his knighthood.

Omn. So.

Cla. Why you shall Maister Scarrow faies my good man: So within a little while after, Maister Fabian was created Knight.

Mone. Created a Knight! thats no good heraldry: you must say dubd.

Cla. And why not Created pray.

Omn. I wel done, put him downe as owne weapon.

Cla. Not Created, why al things have their being by creation.

Lyn. Yes by my faith if.

Cla. But to returne to my tale.

Whirl. I mary: marke now.

Cla. When he had climbd vp this costly ladder of preferment, he disburses the mony backe agen very honorably: comes home, and was by my husband invited to supper: There fupt with vs beffides, another Gentleman incident to the Court, one that hadde bespoke me of my husband to help me into the banqueting house and fee the reuelling: a young Gentleman, and that wagge (our schoolemaister) maister Pa-renthofis, for I remember he said grace, methinks I fee him yet, how he turnbd vp the white a’th eie, when he
came to the last Gaspé, and that he was almost past Grace.

Mab. Nay he can doot.

Cla. All supper time, my New-minted knight, made Wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran downe his throat so fast, that before my Chamber-maid had taken halfe vp, he was not scarce able to fland.

Mono. A generall fault at Citizens tables.

Cla. And I thinking to play vpun him, askt him, Sir Fabian Scarrrow quoth I, what pretty Gentle-woman wil you raife vp now to flal her your Lady ! but he like a foul-mouthd man, swore zounds Ile flal neuer a puncke in England. A Lady, theres two many already: O fie Sir Fabian (quoth I) will you cal her that shal bee your wife such an odious name I and then he fets out a throat & swore ajen (like a flink ing breadth knight as he was) that women were like hores.

Sch. and Mab. O filthy knaue.

Cla. Theyde break ouer any hedge to change their pastoure, tho it were worfe: Fie man fie, (faies the Gentlewoman.)

Mono. Very good.

Cla. And he brittling vp his beard to raile at her too, I cut hym ouer the thumbs thus: why sir Fabian Scarrrow did I incenfe my husband to lend you so much mony vpun your bare worde, and doe you backbite my friends, and me to our faces ! I thought you had more perfeuerance; if you bore a Knightly and a degenerose mind you would forne it: you had wont to be more delormable amongst women: Fie, that youle be fo humorforme: here was Nobodie fo egregious towards you sir Fabian! and thus in good fadnes, I guae him the beft worde I coulde picke out to make him afhamd of his doings.

Whirl. And how tooke he this Correction.

Cla. Verie heavily: for he fept pretfentlie vpont: & in the morning was the forrieft Knight, and I
Wastward Hoe.

warrant is so to this daie, that liues by bread in England.

Mono. To see what wine and women can do, the one makes a man not to haue a word to throw at a Dogge, the other makes a man to eat his owne words, tho they were never so filthy.

Whirl. I see these Fiddlers cannot build vp their bridge, that some Musick may come ouer vs.

Lynst. No faith they are drunke too, what shals do therefore.

Mono. Sit vp at Cards al night I

Mab. Thats Servingmans fashion.

Whirl. Drinke burnt wine and Egs then I

Iud. Thats an exercize for your sub-burbe wenches.

Cla. No no, lets let vp our polet and so march to bed, for I begin to wax light with hauing my Natural sleep puld out a mine cies.

Omn. Agreed : beet fo, the facke polet and to bed.

Mono. What Chamberlain I I must take a pipe of Tobacco.


Mab. Ile rather loue a man that takes a purfe, then him that takes Tobacco.

Cla. By my little finger Ile breake al your pipes, and burne the Cafie, and the box too, and you drawe out your flinking smoake afore me.

Mono. Prethee good mitris Tenterhooke, Ile ha done in a trice.

Mab. Do you long to haue me swoune I

Mono. Ile vfe but halfe a pipe introth.

Cla. Do you long to see me lie at your feet I

Mono. Smell toot : tis perfum'd.

Cla. Oh God I Oh God I you anger me : you fir my bloud : you moue me : you make me spoile a good face with frowning at you : this was euer your fashion, fo to smoake my Husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye : hee was a moate
Weft-ward Hoe.

in it me thought a month after: pray spanle in another roome: fie, fie, fie.

Me. Well, well, come, weele for once feed hir humor.

Jut. Get two roomes off at least if you loue vs.

Mab. Three, three, maister Lynstocke three.

Lin. Stooke weele dance to Norwich, and take it there, if youle stay till we returne agen? Heres a fir, youle ill abide a fiery face, that cannot endure a smoaky nofe.

Me. Come letts satisfie our appetite.

Whi. And that wil be hard for vs, but weele do our beft.

Exant.

Cla. So; are they departed? What firing may wee three thinke that thefe three gallants harp vpon, by bringing vs to this finfull towne of Brainford? ha!

Jut. I know what firing they would harpe vpon, if they could put vs into the right tune.

Mab. I know what one of em buzd in mine cäre, till like a Theefe in a Candle, he made mine cares burne, but I swore to say nothing.

Cla. I know as verily they hope, and brag one to another, that this night theile row westward in our husbands whiries, as wee hope to bee rowd to London to morrowe morning in a pare of oares. But wenches lets bee wife, and make Rookes of them that I warrant are now letting purfenets to cony-catch vs.

Both. Content.

Cla. They shall know that Cittizens wiuws haue wit enough to out flrip twenty fuch guls; tho we are merry, lets not be mad: be as wanton as new married wiuws, as fantaflicke and light headed to the eye, as fether-makers, but as pure about the heart, as if we dwelt amongst em in Black Fryers.

Mab. Weele eate and drinke with em.

Clar. Oh yes: eate with em as hungerly as fouldiers: drinke as if we were Froes: talke as freely as Leftors, but doe as little as mifers. Who (like dry
Nursetes) haue great brestes but giue no milke. It were better we should laugh at their popin-jayes, then liue in feare of their prating tongues: tho we lye all night out of the City, they shall not find country wenches of vs: but since we haue brought em thus far into a foole's Paradise, leave em in: the left shal be a flock to maintain vs and our pewfellowes in laughing at christnings, cryings out, and vpfitting this 12. month: how fay you wenches, haue I set the Sadle on the right horfe.

Boath. O twill be excellent.

Mab. But how shall we shift em off?

Cla. Not as ill debters do their Creditors (with good wordes) but as Lawyers do their Cliyents when their ouerthrown, by some new knauish tricke: and thus it shal bee: one of vs mufte difemble to be suddenely very sick.

Iud. Ile be so.

Clar. Nay, tho we can all dissemble well, yet Ile be so: for men are so jealous, or rather enuious of one anothers happinesse (Especially in this out of towne golfipings) that he who shall misse his hen, if hee be a right Cocke indeede, will watch the other from treading.

Mab. Thats certaine, I know that by my felfe.

Cla. And like Efpes Dog, vnlefs himselfe might eate hay, wil lie in the manger and flarue: but heele hinder the horfe from eating any: besides it will be as good as a Welch hooke for you to keepe out the other at the Stauses end: for you may boldly fland upon this point, that vnlefs euer ymans heelees may bee tript vp, you corre to play at football.

Iud. Thats certaine: peace I heare them spitting after their Tobacco.

Cla. A chaire, a chaire, one of you keepe as great a coyle and calling, and as if you ran for a midwife: tho'ther holde my head: whylift I cut my lace.

Mab. Paflion of me I mailer Monopoly, mailer Linflakes and you be men, help to daw mijiris Tender-
Westward Hoe.

Hooke: O quickly, quickly, hees sicke and taken with an Agony.

Enter as she ceyes Monopoly, Whirlpool, and Lynchoke.


Clare. O maistre Monopoly, my spirts will not come at my calling; I am terrible and ill: Sure, sure, I'm struck with some wicked planet, for it hit my very hart: Oh I feel my self worse and worse.

Mono. Some burnt Sack for her good wenches: or profite drink, poxe a this Rogue Chamberlin, one of you call him: how her pulses beate: a draught of Cynamon water now for her, were better than two Tankerdes out of the Thames: how now? Ha.

Cla. Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill.

Mono. I'me accurt to spend mony in this Towne of iniquity: thers no good thing euer comes out of it: and it flands vppon such mushy ground, by reason of the Riuere, that I cannot see how a tender woman can do well int. Sfoot! Sick now! cast down now tis come to the puf.

Cla. My mind misgives me that als not found at London.

Whirl. Poxe on em that be not founde, what need that touch you?

Cla. I feare youle neuer carry me thither.

Omni. Puh, puh, say not so.

Cla. Pray let my cloathes be vterly vndone, and then lay mee in my bed.

Lyn. Walke vp and downe a little.

Cla. O maistre Lynchoke, tis no walking will serve my turne: haue me to bed good Sweete Mistris Honi-fucke, I doubt that olde Hag Gillian of Brainesford has bewitcht me.

Mono. Looke to her good wenches.

Mab. I fo we will, and to you too: this was excel-

Exeunt.
Westward Hoe.

Whirl. This is strange.

Lynfl. Villanous spiteful luck: no matter, th'other two hold byas.

Whirl. Peace, marke how hees nipt: nothing greeues mee so much as that poore Pyramus here must haue a wall this night betweene him and his Thicke.

Mono. No remedy truftier Troylus: and it greeues mee so much, that youle want your falle Creffida to night, for heeres no sir Pandarus to vther you into your Chamber.

Lynfl. Ile fomon a parlee to one of the Wenches, and see how all goes.

Mono. No whispring with the common enimy by this Iron: he sees the Duell that fees how all goes amongst the women to night: Nay Sfoot! If I stand piping till you dance, damme me.

Lyn. Why youle let me call to em but at the key-hole.

Mono. Puh, good maister Lynflolke, Ile not stand by whilst you gie Fire at your Key-holes! Ile hold no Trencher till another sees: no stirrup till another gets vp: be no doore-keeper. I ha not beene so often at Court, but I know what the back-sde of the Hangings are made of. Ile trut none vnder a pece of Tapistry, viz. a Courerlet.

Whirl. What will you say if the Wenches do this to gull us?

Mono. No matter, Ile not be doubly guld, by them and by you: goe, will you take the leaf of the next chamber and doe as I do.

Both. And what's that?

Mono. Any villanier in your company, but nothing out on't will you sit vp, or lie by'te.

Whirl. Nay lie sure, for lying is most in fashion.

Mono. Troth then; Ile haue you before mee.

Both. It shall be youries.

Mono. Yours ifaith: Ile play Janus with two faces & looke a quinte both wayes for one night.
Westward Hoe.

Lyn. Well Sir, you shall be our dore-keeper.

Men. Since we must swim, let's leap into one

down, Weele either be all naught, or els all good. Execunt.

Enter a noyse of Fidlers, following the Chamberlyn.

Cham. Come, come, come, follow mee, follow

mee. I warrant you ha' lost more by not falling into

a found last night, than euer you got at one Iob since

it pleased to make you a noyse: I can tell you, gold is

no money with hem: follow me and rum as you goe;

you shall put someting into their eares, whilst I pro-

guide to put someting into their bellies. Followe close

and rum ——————

Execunt.

Enter Sir Gozlin and Bird-lime puld along by him.

Goz. What kin art thou to Long-Meg of West-

minster? th'art like her.

Bird. Some-what a like Sir at a bubble, nothing a

kin Sir, sauing in height of minde, and that she was a

goodly Woman.

Goz. Mary Anbree, do not you know me? had

not I a fight of this sweete Phisnomy at Renish-wine

houfe! ha laft day ith Stilliard ha! wether art bound

Galley-foift! wether art bound! whence com'th thou

female yeoman—a the gard?

Bird. From London Sir.

Goz. Doft come to keepe the dore Asapart.

Bird. My reparations hether is to speake with the

Gentlewoman here that drunke with your worshippe at

the Dutch-houfe of meeting.

Goz. Drunke with mee, you lie, not drunke with

me: but 'faith what wou'dst with the Women? they

are a bed: art not a mid-wife! one of hem told mee

thou wert a night woman.
Westward Hoe.

Mufick within: the Fidlers.

Bird. I ha brought some women a bed, in my time Sir.

Goz. I and some yong men too, ha'nt not Pandora 1 howe now! where's this noyfe.

Bird. Ile commit your worship.

Goz. To the Stockes I art a Juftice I shalt not commit mee: dance firfl 'faith, why scrapers, appeare vnder the wenches Comicall window, byth' Lord! Vds Daggers I cannot finne be fet a thore once in a raigne vpon your Country quarters, but it muf: haue fiding I what fet of Villaines are you, you perpetuall Ragamuffins!

Fid. The Towne Confort Sir.

Goz. Confort with a pox I cannot the shaking of the sheets be danc'd without your Town piping I nay then let al hel rore.

Fid. I befeech you Sir, put vp yours, and we'ele put vp ours.

Goz. Play you louzie Hungarians: fee, looke the Mai-pole is fet vp, weele dance about it: kepe this circle Maquerelle.

Bird. I am no Mackrell, and ile kepe no Circles.

Goz. Play, life of Pharao play, the Bawde shall teach mee a Scotch ligge.

Bird. Bawd! I deffe thee and thy ligges whatfoever thou art: were I in place where, Ide make thee prowe thy wordes.

Goz. I wud prowe 'hem Mother beft be trufl: why doe not I know you Granam I and that Suger-loafe I ha! doe I not Magera.

Bird. I am none of your Megges, do not nickname me fo: I will not be nickt.

Goz. You will not: you will not: how many of my name (of the Glouormes) haue paid for your fur'd Gownes, thou Womans broker.

Bird. No Sir, I fcorne to bee beholding to any
Westward Hoe.

Gloworme that liues ypon Earth for my surre: I can keepe my selue warme without Glowormes.


Bird. Wud you shoulde well know it, I am no sining Woman.

Gos. Howle then! sfoote singe, or howle, or Ile break your Etrich Eghell there.

Bird. My Egge hurts not you, what doe you meane to florish fo.

Gos. Sing Madge, Madge, sining Owlet.

Bird. How can I singe with such a fowre face—I am haunted with a caugh and cannot singe.

Gos. One of your Instrumentes Mowntibankes, come, here clutch: clutch.

Bird. Alas, Sir, I'me an olde woman, and knowe not how to clutch an instrument.

Gos. Looke marke too and fro as I rub it: make a noyse: its no matter: any hunts vp, to waken vice.

Bird. I shall neuer rub it in tune.

Gos. Will you scrape?

Bird. So you will let me go into the parties, I will fawe, & make a noyse.

Gos. Doe then: shatt into the parties, and part hem: that my leane Lene.

Bird. If I must needs play the Poole in my olde dayes, let mee haue the biggest instrument, because I can hold that beft: I shall cough like a broken winded horfe, if I gape once to singe once.

Gos. No matter cough out thy Lungs.

Bird. No Sir, tho I me olde, and worme-eaten I me not fo rotten ——— Coughs.

A SONG.

Will your worship be ridde of me now.

Gos. Faine, as rich-mens heyres would bee of their gowtye dads: thats the hot-houfe, where your
Weft-ward Hoe.

parties are sweating: amble: goe, tell the Hee parties
I have sent 'hem a Maife to their shippe.

Bird. Yes fortooth Ie do your errand.  
Exe.

Goes. Half mufly still by thundring loute: with
what wedge of villanie might I cleave out an howe
or two! Fidlers, come: strike vp. march before mee,
the Chamberlaine shall put a Crowne for you into his
bill of items: you shall sing bawdie fongs vnnder every
window ith Towne: vp will the Clowmes flart, downe
come the Wenches, wee'll set the Men a fighting, the
Women a scolding, the Dogs a barking, you shall go
on fiding, and I follow dancing Lantara: curry your
instruments: play and away.
Exe.

Enter Tenter-hooke, Honey-fuckle, Wafer, Parenthesia,
and his wife with Ambushed and Chamberlayn.

Hony. Serieant Ambushed, as th'art an honest fellow,
scowte in some backe roome, till the watch-word be
given for fallying forth.

Amb. Duns the Moufe.

Tent. — A little low-woman faift thou,—in a Velvet-
cappe and one of him in a Beauer! brother Honey-
fuckle, and brother Wafer, earke—they are they.

Wafl. But art fure their husbands are a bed with
'them?

Chaf. I thinke fo Sir, I know not, I left 'hem to-
gether in one roome: and what diuifion fell amongst
'hem, the fates can defcouver not I.

Tent. Leave vs good Chamberlaine, we are fome
of their friends: leave vs good Chamberlaine: be
merry a little: leave vs honest Chamberlaine—Exe.
Wee are abuzd, wee are bought and fold in Brainford
Market: neuer did the fickleffe of one belyed nurfe-
child, flicke fo cold to the heartes of three Fathers:
ever were three innocent Cittizens fo horrifyly, fo
abominably wrung vnnder the withers.

Both. What shall wee do I how shall we helpe our
felues?
Westward Hoe.

Hony. How shall we pull this thorne out of our foote before it rancle?

Tent. Yes, yes, yes, well enough; one of vs stay here to watch: doe you see: to watch: have an eye, have an eare. I and my brother Wafer, and Maist. Iustitiane, will set the towne in an insurrection, bring hither the Constable, and his Billmen, breake open vpon hem, take 'em in their wickednesse, and put 'em to their purgation.

Both. Agreeed.

Par. Ha, ha, purgation.

Tent. Wee'le haue 'em before some Countrey Iustice of Coram (for we scorne to be bound to the Peace) and this Iustice shal draw his Sword in our defence, if we finde 'em to be Malefactors wee'le ticle 'em.

Hony. Agreeed: doe not say, but doo't come.

Par. Are you mad! do you know what you doe! whether will you runne!

All 3. To set the Towne an an vprore.

Par. An vprore! will you make the Towne-men think, that Londoners neuer come hither but vpon Saint Thomas's night? Say you shal rattle vp the Constable: thrash all the Countrey together, hedge in the house with Flayles, Pike-flaues, and Pitch-forkes, take your wives napping, these Witterne Smelts nibling, and that like so many Vulcans, every Smith shal discover his Venus dancing with Mars, in a net! wud this platter cure the head-ake.

Tent. I, it wood.

All 3. Nay it thud.

Par. Negre Negro, no no, it shall bee proud vnso you, your heads would ake worfe: when women are proclaymed to bee light, they sirue to be more light, for who dare disprove a Proclamation.

Tent. I but when light Wius make heany huftions, let the husbandes play mad Hamlet; and crie reuenge, come, and weeke do so.
Wesward Hoe.

Mist. Iust. Pray stay, be not so heady at my intreaty.

Par. My wife intreats you, and I intreat you to haue mercy on your selues, though you haue none over the women. Ie tell you a tale: this last Christmas a Citizen and his wife (as it might be one of you) were inuited to the Reuells one night at one of the Innes a Court: the husband (hauing businesse) trufts his wife thither to take vp a room for him before: thet did so: but before thee went; doubts a rising, what blockes her husband would stumble at, to hinder his entrance. It was consulted vpon, by what token, by what trick, by what banner, or brooch he should bee knowne to bee hee when hee was at the Gates.

All 3. Very good.

Par. The croud he was told would be greater, their clamors greater, and able to droune the throats of a house of fiswius: he himselfe therefore devises an excellent watch-word, and the signe at which he would hang out himselfe, shoulde be a horne: he would wind his horne, and that should give hem warning that he was come.

All. 3. So.

Par. The torchmen and whistlers had an Item to receive him: he comes, rings out his horne with an allarum, enters with a shoue, all the house rifes (thinking some howgelder preth in) his wife blufts, the company lefted, the simple man like a beggar going to the flocks laught, as not being fencible of his owne disgrace & hereupon the punyes set downe this decree that no man shal after come to laugh at their reuells (if his wife be entred before him) vnles he cary his horne about him.

Waf. Ite not trouble them.

Par. So if you trumpet a broad and preach at the market croffe, you wiuies flame, tis your owne flame.

All. What shal we doe then!
Pur. Take my counsel, I'll ask no fee for: bar out hoist: banish mine hoists, beat away the Chamberlain, let the others walk, enter you the chambers peaceably, locke the dores gingerly, looke vpon your wives wofully, but vpon the cuiil-doers, most wickedly.

Tent. What shall we reap by this.

Par. An excellent haruest, this, you shall have the poore mouse-trapt-guilty-gentlemen call for mercy; your wives you shall see kneeling at your feet, and weeping, and wringing, and bluthing, and cursing Brainford and crying pardona moy, pardona moy, pardona moy, whilst you have the choise to fland either as Judges to condemn 'em, beaules to torment 'hem, or confessors to abfolue 'hem. And what a glory will it be for you 3. to kisse your wives like forgetfull husbands, to exhort and forgive the young men like pitiful fathers; then to call for oares, then to cry hay for London, then to make a Supper, then to drowne all in Sacke and Sugre, then to goe to bed, and then to rise and open shop, where you may affe any man what he lacks with your cap off, and none shall perceiue whether the brims wring you.

Tent. Weele raise no towns.

Hony. No, no, let's knock first.

W. I that's best I'll fomon a parle.—knocks.

Cla. Whole there! haue you stoke-fish in hand that you beat so hard: who are you?

Tent. Thats my wife; let Justiniano speake for all they know our Tongues.

Cla. What a murren aile these colts, to keepe such a kicking? Monopoly.

Par. Yes.

Cla. Is M. Lynstock vp too, and the Captaine.

Par. Both are in the field: will you open your door?

Cla. O you are proper Gamsters to bring false dice with you from London to cheat your felues. It
possible that 3 shallow women should gul 3. such Gallants.

Tent. What means this.

Cla. Haue we defded you vpon the walls all night to open our gates to you uth morning. Our honest husbands they (lilly men) lie praying in their beds now, that the waters vnder vs may not be rough, the tilt that courers vs may not be rent, & the shawe about our feete may kepe our pretty legs warme. I warrant they walk vpon Queen-huie (as Leander did for Hero) to watch for our landing, and should we wrong such kind hearts? wud we might ever be trobled with the tooth-ach then.

Tent. This thing that makes foole of vs thus, is my wife.

Knocks. Mab. I, I knock your bellies full, we hugg one another a bed and lie laughing till we tickle againe to remember how wee fent you a Bat-fowling.

Waf. An Almond Parrat: that's my Mabes voice, I know by the found.

Par. Sfoote you ha spoild halfe already, & yonle spoile al, if you dam not vp your mouths villanie! nothing but villany, Ime afraid they haue smelt your breaths at the key hole, & now they set you to catch Flounders, whilte in the meane time, the concupiscentious Malefactors make 'em ready & take London napping.

Al 3. Ile not be guld to.

Ten. Shew your felves to be men, and breake open dores.

Par. Breake open dores, and shew your felves to be beasts: if you break open dores, your wifies may lay flat burglary to your charge.

Hony. Lay a pudding; burglarie.

Par. Will you then turne Coridons because you are among clowns! that it be paid you haue no braines being in Brainford.

M. Parenthesis we will enter and fet vpon 'em.
Wost-ward Hou.

Par. Well do so: but enter not so that all the country may cry shame of your doings: knocke 'hem downe, burst open Erebus, and bring an old house over your heads if you do.

Wof. No matter, weele beare it of with head & shoulders.

Mab. You cannot enter indeed ia, gods my pititi-ki our 3 huf bands fomon a parlee; let that long old woman either creepe vnder the bed or elle stand vp-right behind the painted cloth.

Exit.

Wof. Doe you heare: you Mabed:

Mab. Lets never hide our heads now, for we are descouered.

Hony. But all this while, my Hony-suckle appeares not.

Par. Why then two of them have pitcht their tents there & yours lies in Ambuscado with your enemy there.

Hony. Stand vpon your gard there, whilst I batter here.

Mono. Who's there?

Par. Hold, Ile speake in a small voice like one of the women; here's a friend: are you vp? rize, rize; firr, furre.

Mono. Vds foote, what Weasel are you? are you going to catch Quailles, that you bring your pipes with you. Ile see what troubled Ghost it is that cannot sleepe.


Mono. Amen, for the last time I sawe you, the Diuell was at mine elbow in Buffe, what I 3 mery men, & 3. mery men, & 3. merry men be we too.

Hon. How do's my wife M. Monop.

Mono. Who? my ouerthwart neighbour: passing well: this is kindly don: Sir Goslin is not far from you: wee'le ioyne our Armies prefently, here be rare fields to walke in-Captaine rize, Captain Lynflock beflr your flumps, for the Phileftins are vpon vs.

Exit.
Westward Hoe.

Tent. This Monopoly is an arrant knaue, a cogging knaue, for all hees a Courtier, if Monopoly bee sufferd to ride vp and downe with other mens wiues, hee le vn-do both City and Country.

Enter the three wiues.

Par. Mol, maske thy selfe, they shall not know thee.

All 3. How now sweet hearts, what make you here.

Waf. Not that which you make here.

Tent. Mary you make Bulls of your husbands.

Cla. Buzzards do we not out you yellow infirmi- ties: do al flowers shew in your eyes like Colum- bines.

Waf. Wife what faies the Collier is not thy Soule blacker then his coales how does the child? howe does my fleshe and bloud wife?

Mab. Your fleshe and bloud is very well recoverd now moue.

Waf. I know tis: the Collier has a fack-full of newes to empty.

Tent. Clare Where be your two ringes with Dia- monds?

Clare. At hand sir, here with a wet finger.

Tent. I dreamt you had losst hem—what a pro- phane varlet is this shouder clapper, to lye thus vpon my wife & her ringes.

Enter Monopoly, Whylpoole and Lynstock.

All 3. Saue you gentlemen;

Tent. Hon. Waf. And you and our wiues from you.

Mona. Your wiues haue faude themselues for one.

Tent. Maift. Monopoly, the I meet you in his Ger- many, I hope you can vnderstand broken English, haue you dischargd your debt.
Westward Hoe.

Mono. yes Sir: with a duble charge, your Harpy
that fet his ten commandements vpon my backe had
2. Dyamondes to faue him harmles.
Tent. of you Sir.
Mono. Me Sir, do you think there be no dyamond
courtiers.

Enter Ambushe.

Tent. Sargent Ambush issue forth, Monopoly Ile cut
off your conuoy maist, Sargent Ambush, I charge you
as you hope to receaue comfort from the smell of
Mauce speake not like a Sargent, but deale honestely, of
whome had you the dyamondes.
Amb. Of your wife Sir if Ine an honest man.
Cla. Of me you peuter-buttoned rafcall.
Mono. Sirra you that liue by nothing but the carion
of poultry.
Cla. Schoole Maieter harke heither.
Mono. Where are my Iems and pretious flones that
were my bale.
Amb. Forth comming Sir tho your mony is not,
your crediter has hem.
Par. Excellent; peace, why M. Tenterhooke, if the
dyamondes be of the reported value, Ile paiue your
mony receaue 'em, keepe 'hem till Maiet. Monopoly be
fatter ith purfe: for Maiet. Monopoly I know you wil
not be long empty Maiet. Monopoly.
Cla. Let him haue 'hem good Tenterhooke, where
are they.
Tent. At home, I lockt 'hem vp.

Enter Birdlame.

Bird. No indeed for-tooth, I lockt 'hem vp, &
thos are they your wife has, and thos are they your
husband (like a bad liuer as he is) would haue guen
to a neice of mine, (that lies in my houfe to take phi-
fick) to haue committed fleshly treafon with her.
Westward Hoe.

Text. I at your house—you old—

Bird. You perdy, and that honest batchiler, never call me old for the matter.

Jud. Motherly woman hees my husband and no Batchelers buttons are at his doublett.

Bird. las, I speake Innocently and that leane gentleman set in his flaffe there: But as Ime a finner, both I and the yong woman had an eye to the mayne chance, & tho they brought more a bout them than capten Candishs voyiage came to, they should not, nor could not (vnes I had bin a naughtie woman) have entred the fraytes.

All 3. Haue we smelt you out foxes.

Cla. Doe you come after vs with hue and cry when you are the theeues your Selues.

Jud. Murder I see cannot be hid, but if this old Sybhill of yours speake oracles, for my part, Ie be like an Almanacke that threatens nothing but soule wether.

Text. That bawd has bin dambd. 500 times, and is her word to be taken.

Par. To be dambd once is enough, for any one of her coate.

Bird. Why Sir, what is my coat that you sitt thus upon my Scirts.

Par. Thy Coat is an ancient Coat, one of the feauen deadly finnes, put thy coat first to making; but do you heare, you mother of Iniquity, you that can loofe and find your cares when you lift go, faile with the rest of your baudie-traffikers to the place of fixe-penny Sinfulnesse the subverbes.

Bird. I scorne the Sinfulnesse of any subverbes in Chriſtendom tis wel knowne I haue vp-rizers, and downe-lyers within the Citty, night by night, like a prophanne fellow as thou art.

Par. Right, I know thou haft, Ie tell you Gentle-folkes, thers more refort to this Fortune-teller, then of forierte wiues married to old husbands, and of
Westward Hoe.

Greene-sicknesse Wenches that can get no husbands to the houfe of a wife Woman. Shee has tricks to keepe a vaulting houfe vnder the Lawes nofe.

Bird. Thou doft the Lawes nofe wrong to bely mee fo.

Par. For either a cunning woman has a Chamber in her houfe or a Phiition, or a picture maker, or an Attorney, because all these are good Clokes for the raine. And then if the female party that's cliented above-staires, be yong. Shees a Squires daughter of lowe degree, that lies there for phiscke, or comes vp to be placed with a Countesse: if of middle age, shees a Widow, and has futes at the terme or fo.

Jud. O fie vpon her, burne the witch out of our company.

Cla. Let's hem her out off Brainford, if shee get not the faster to London.

Mab. O no, for Gods sake, rather hem her out off London and let her keepe in Brainford till.

Bird. No you cannot hem me out of London; had I known this your rings should ha bin post er-I wud ha toucht 'hem: I will take a paire of Oares, and leave you.

Par. Let that ruine of intemperance bee rakt vp in dust and ashes, and now tell me, if you had rayfed the Towne, had not the tiles tumbled vpon your heads: for you see your Wiues are chaft, thefe Gentlemen ciuill, all is but a merriment, all but a May-game; the has her Diamonds, you shall haue your money, the child is recouered, the falfe Collier discovered, they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Bird-lime; and therefore let the Hares-head againft the Goofe-gibles, put all instruments in tune, and every husband play musick vpon the lips of his Wife whilst I begin firft.

Omni. Come wenches bee't fo.

Cla. Mist. Tufliniana ift you were afham'd all this while of shewing your face, is the your wife Schoolemaister.
Westward Hoe.

Par. Looke you, your Schoole-master has bin in France, and loth here, no more Parentheses now, but Justiniano, I will now play the Merchant with you. Looke not strange at me, nor at mee, the story of vs both, shall bee as good as an olde wifes tale, to cut off our way to London.

Enter Chamberlain.

How now! Cham. Alas Sir, the Knight yonder Sir Goslin almost his throat cut by Powliteres and Townsmen and rascalls, & all the Noife that went with him poore fellowes haue their Fiddle-cases puld ouer their eares.

Omn. Is Sir Goslin hurt? Cham. Not much hurt Sir, but he bleedes like a Pig, for his crowne's crackt.

Jud. Then has he beene twice cut ith head since we landed, once with a Pottle-pot and now with old iron.

Par. Gentlemen haften to his rescue some, whilst others call for Oares.

Omn. Away then to London.

Par. Farewell Brainford.

Gold that buyes health, can neuer be ill spent,
Nor howres laid out in harmelesse meryment.

Exeunt.

Finis All. Quint.

SONG.

O Ares, Oares, Oares, Oares:
To London hay, to London hay:
Hoist up saxes and lets away,
for the safest bay
For vs to land is London shores.
Wea-ward Hoe.

Oaers, Oaers, Oaers, Oaers:
Quickly shall we get to Land,
If you, if you, if you,
Lend us but halfe a hand.
O lend us halfe a hand.  

Exeunt.

FINIS.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 5.
He joyne
My force to yours, to fief this violent torrent:
The old editions read "torment?" but see the ensuing speech
of the Duke for a justification of the very obvious correction
made, which has the high authority of Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 6.
you're blest three bottles of Aligant.
_i.e._, a red wine of Alicant, in the province of Valencia. Our
early writers commonly spelt the word thus.

PAGE 10.
I ha read _Albertus Magnus and Aridhotel's Emblemes._
In Doddley's Old Plays, and in Mr. Dyce's Edition of Mid-
dleton, the word "Emblemes" is altered to _Problems._ An ab-
surd book called _The Problems of Aridhotel, with other Philo-
sophers and Physicians_, was published in 1595.

PAGE 11.
_Cons that's the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wives and their
madcaps, that man 'en to the garden._
All the editions, except that of 1605, read "old dames" in-
stead of _madcaps._

PAGE 12.
if I fret not his guts, beg me for a foole.
"By the old common law there is a _writ de idioas inquirendo_,
to inquire whether a man be an idiot or not; which must be
tried by a jury of twelve men, and if they find him _purus idioas_,
the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be
granted by the sovereign to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them. This power, though of late very rarely exerted, is still alluded to in common speech by that usual expression of begging a man for a fool.”—Blackstone’s Commentaries, vol. I., p. 303.

PAGE 12.

Ah, 'tis mere spent.

All the old editions read “meere.” The correction was made by Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 12.

Softly, see Doctor: what a coldish haste
Spreads over all her body.

This reading is peculiar to the edition of 1605. The first edition and all the later editions have, "Softly sweet Doctor."

PAGE 12.

throw an icie rugh
On her exterior parts.

Mr. Dyce suggests "cruft," instead of red, as probably the true reading; but he has not ventured to introduce this emendation into the text.

PAGE 13.

sicknes sole hand
Laid hold on that even in the midst of feasting,
And when a cup crown’d with thy lovers health
Had toucht thy lips, a sensible cold dew
Stood on thy cheeks, as if that death had swept
To see such beauties alter.

So the excellent edition of 1605. The other editions instead of "midst" read death, a corruption perpetuated in Dodson’s Old Plays. The word, says Nares in his Glossary, "is but awkwardly applied to the height or meridian of festing, which surely has nothing dead in it." Perhaps the misprint arose from the compositor’s eye having caught the word death in the next line but two.

In the last line of the above passage also, all the editions except that of 1605 read, "altered" instead of alter.
PAGE 14.

*La you now, 'tis well good knazes.*
So the edition of 1605. All the other editions, "'tis well God knows I"

PAGE 14.

*Doctor this place where she so oft hath gone*
*His lively presence, hurts her does it not?*
Ed. 1605, "'hurts." Other editions, "haunts."

PAGE 16.

*A solace not so bad as a tavern token.*

"During the reign of Queen Elizabeth very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of trade, victualers and other tradesmen were therefore permitted without any restriction, to coin small money or tokens, as they were called, which were used for change. These tokens were very small pieces, and probably at first coined chiefly by tavern-keepers; from whence the expression a tavern-token might have been originally derived."—Reed. "That most of them would travel to the taverns may be easily suppofed, and hence, perhaps, the name. Their usual value seems to have been a farthing." Gifford, note on Ben Jonson's Works, I, 30.

PAGE 22.

Blurt on your sentences.
An exclamation of contempt, equal to—a fig for.

PAGE 22.

I ha done you right on my thumb nails.
In Naft's *Pierce Penniless*, 1595, a marginal note explains the words "drinke super nalgulum" to be "a detile of drinking new come out of Fraunce, which is, after a man hath turned vp the bottome of the cup, to drop it on his nalle and make a pearle with that is left, which if it shel and he cannot make stand on, by reason there's too much, he must drinke againe for his penance."

PAGE 23.

a woman's well half 't up with such a monacock: I had rather have a husband that would swaddle me thrice a day.
Monacock is a timorous, daftardly creature. Swaddle is to strap, to beat soundly.
PAGE 23.

goodman Abrum.

A sort of cant term: Bellafront applies it to Roger at page 26.

PAGE 25.

Where's my ruffe and pocke.

This instrument, of which mention is frequently made in the Elizabethan writers, is sometimes called a puffing and at others a pudding stick. It was used to adjust the plaits of ruffs, which were then generally worn by the ladies. Stowe says, that these puffing sticks were made of wood or bone until about 1574, when they began to be made of steel, that they might be used hot. The "chafing-dish," mentioned in the text, was for the purpose of heating them.

PAGE 26.

Marry maffe le, are you grown so dainety.

An expression of contempt which frequently occurs in our early writers. It is used again at page 32 of this play.

PAGE 26.

Sing pretty oonents moudle.

The word "Sing" is probably a stage-direction, referring to the ballad Bellafront commences.

PAGE 27.

Gods my pitthina.

A corruption of God's my pity, an expression of which Bellafront afterwards makes use in this scene (page 29). Shakespeare puts ads:pitthina into the mouth of Imogen (Cymbeline, act iv. sc. 2.)

PAGE 27.

Here's another light Angell, Signior.

Roger alludes to the candle with which he has returned. Compare Dekker's Satiro-maffix (vol. I, p. 193). "I markt, by this Candle (which is none of God's Angeli)".

PAGE 28.

Hepcrau.

A beverage composed generally of red wine, but sometimes of white, with spices and sugar,—drained through a woollen bag.
PAGE 28.

danc'd the Canaries.

A quick and lively dance, frequently mentioned by our early writers. By the example in the opera Dido and Aeneas, set to music by Purcell, the air appears to have been a very sprightly movement of two refrains, with eight bars in each. (See Hawkins's History of Music, iv. 391).

PAGE 29.

this sweet Olfurer will esate Hutton till he be ready to burn.

"This epithet," remarks Gifford, "almost always accompanies the mention of this gentle rival of the mad Orlando in fame."

II.

set him beneath the fall.

This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were feasted at their meals. The tables being long, the salt-cellar—of a very large size—was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of a boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependants or inferior relations of the master of the house.

II.

Roger comes in sadly behind them, with a pocket pot, and Flaunts aloof off.

"This expression," says Mr. Dyce, "is twice used by Middleton in Michaelmas Term, and its repetition here is a slight confirmation, if any were needed, of the correctness of Henley's statement" (i.e., that Middleton wrote part of the present play). But see Dekker's Where of Babylon (sp. p. 211) for a similar phrase-direction: "Titania and her maids flaunting aloof." See also The Roaring Girls [Vol. III., p. 308], a play certainly written by Dekker and Middleton in conjunction: "Laxton muffled a loofe off." It was probably nothing more than a common phrase of the time.
A Porter seems a little at me.

Spelt in the first two editions "little"! which Mr. Dyce suggests is probably a misprint for tilt, though he has not ventured to make the emendation in the text.

PAGE 32.

Ye are both come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waistcoat.

Is. e., as Nares explains in his Glossary, in that alone, without a gown or upper dress. The lower women of Bellafront’s claps were generally so attired, and were hence called waistscoaters.

PAGE 33.

Bastard wine.

Henderson, in his History of Wines, observes; “That this was a sweetish wine, there can be no doubt; and that it came from some of the countries which border the Mediterranean, appears equally certain.” He supposes it approached to the muscadel wine in flavour, and was made from a bastard species of muscadine grape.

In.

Ro. Ille buie but one, ther’s one already here.

He means Hippolito: woodcock was a cant term for a foolish fellow.

PAGE 39.

Foolish enters, walking by.

It must be remembered that the shops in London (and of London only our author thought) were formerly "open," and resembled booths or stalls at a fair.

PAGE 40.

And how, how oft thou squall?

“This word,” says Mr. Dyce, “which seems to be equivalent to wench, is by no means common: Middleton uses it several times; and its occurrence here is another proof that he was concerned in the composition of the prefent drama.”
the posts of his gate are a painting too.
i.e., he will soon be sheriff. At the door of that officer large posts, on which it was customary to flick proclamations, were always set up.

II.

you Flat-cap, where be these whites?
The citizens of London, both masters and journeymen, continued to wear flat round caps long after they had ceased to be fashionable, and were hence in derision termed flat-caps.

the Fine impa'd
For an un-crowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes.

A cruzado is a Portuguese coin, struck under Alphonse V, about 1457, at the time when Pope Calixtus sent thither a bull for a crusade against the infidels. It had its name from a croc which it bears on one side, the arms of Portugal being on the other. It varied in value at different times.

I am with child to vex him.
i.e., I long greatly: compare Dekker's Shomakers Holiday.

You, goody Puncke, lubaudi Cockatrice.

In Middleton's Family of Love, Mr. Dyce has pointed out, occurs the expression—"Love, lubaudi luft,"—"another parallelism which sheet the hand of Middleton in the present play."

Indeed that's harder to come by then ever was Oftend.
The siege of this place is frequently alluded to in our old writers. It was taken by the Marquis of Spinola on the 8th September, 1604, after it had held out three years and ten weeks. Vide infra Wiffward Hoe (p. 284): "how long will you holde out thinke you, not so long as Oftend."
Page 57.

mary-bones and Potato pies hope me for wading with her.

Potatoes were formerly esteemed a strong provocotive: see the long and instructive note of Collins (i.e., Steevens) appended to Troilus and Cressida—Malone's Shakespeare (by Bowell), viii. 450.

Is.

Fata si licent wikhi, &c.

From Seneca,—Cedippus, 388.

Page 62.

There a good Comedy of Errors that is faith.

An allusion probably to Shakespeare's play of that name.

Page 63.

Nay let me alone to play my masters prize.

A quibble. In the art of fencing there were three degrees— a Master's, a Provost's, and a Scholar's, for each of which a prize was played publicly.

Page 64.

this chaine and walled Gowne.

Barret, in his Aesoprius, explains the word "gown" as synonymous with "purse," or "well." A walled gown is therefore one ornamented with purfes or fringe. They are often mentioned in our old writers.

Page 72.

what fayes the painted cloth?

Cloth or canvas painted in oil with a variety of devices, and veries interpersed: see Note on Dekker's Magnificent Entertainment (supra, Vol. I, p. 337).

Page 76.

he tooke bread and salt by this light, that he would never open his lips.

Bread and salt, according to ancient custom, were eaten by those who took oaths.
Towne was the name of the actor who played this part; there were two performers so called,—John and Thomas Towne; see Collier's History of English Dram. Poet. I, 318, 351.

PAGE 85.

Heigh, come aloft Jacke.

The exclamation of a master to an ape that had been taught to tumble and play tricks.

16.

This was her schools-master, and taught her to play upon the Virginals, and fill his jack leapt vp, vp.

The virginals was an instrument of the spinnet kind: for a correct description of it see Nares' Glossary. In a note on the Second Part of this drama Steevens cites from Lord Bacon: "In a virginal as soon as ever the jack falleth and toucheth the string, the sound ceaseth."

16.

Here's an almond for Parrat.

A proverbial expression by no means uncommon. It occurs in Skelton, and is the title of a pamphlet by Nafi. See also Dekker's Old Fortunatus (Vol. I, p. 89), and the note thereupon p. 328.

16.

A rope for Parrat.

Another proverbial expression. Taylor, the water poet, has an epigram beginning—

"Why doth the Parrat cry a Rope, a Rope? Because hee's cag'd in prifon out of hope."

PAGE 85.

We'll run at barley-break first, and you shall be in hell.

Barley-break, or the laft couple in hell, was a game played by six people, three of each sex, who were coupled by lot. See Gifford's Meafinger I, 104 (ed. 1813).
374

PAGE 87.

O brave Arthur of Bradley.

An allusion to the old ballad of that name, which is printed in 'An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in pills,' 1661.

PAGE 97.

S. Patrick's you know keeps Purgatory.

Saint Patrick’s Purgatory was a cavern in the southern part of the county of Donegall, much frequented by pilgrims.

B.

Footmen to Noblemen and others.

When this play was written many English “noblemen and others” had Irish running footmen in their service. So in Cupid’s Whirligig (1616), “Come thou hast such a running wit, ’tis like an Irish foot boy.” In Brathwait’s Strappado for the Devil (1615), “For see those thin breech Irish lackies runne,” and in Dekker’s English Villanies, for several times prett to death (1632), “The Devil’s foot-man was very nimble of his heeles, for no wild Irishman could outrunne him.”

B.

fight more desperately then fasten Dunkerke.

i.e., privateers of Dunkirk. So Shirley, —“was taken at sea by Dunkirks.” Works II, 428.

B.

our Country Bona Robae.


PAGE 99.

What flockings have you put on this morning, Madam? if they be not yellow, change them.

Lodovico means, it is time for you to be jealous: “Since Citizens wives fitted their husbands with yellow hoes, is not within
the memory of man." Dekker's *Owles Almanacks*, 1618. The word "yellows" was frequently used for jealousy.

PAGE 103.

*I ate Snakes, my Lord, I ate Snakes.*

A supposed receipt for restoring youth.

*It.*

*He that makes gold his wife, but not his whors, &c.*

"The turn of this," says Charles Lamb, "is the same with Iago's definition of a deferring woman: 'She that was ever fair and never proud,' &c. The matter is superior."

PAGE 109.

*It is safer a long pike staff against so many bucklers without pikes.*

The ancient bucklers had a prominent spike, and sometimes a pike in the centre of them.

*It.*

*The Souldier has his Murram.*

i.e., *marrien* or *morion*, a head-piece or cap of steel. Ten-nyson uses the word

"shone
Their morions, washed with morning, as they came."

PAGE 110.

*How would this long Crown with this steeple shone?*

Of such hats Stubbes speaks in the *Anatomy of Abuse*, 1585.

'Sometimes they use them sharp on the crowne, pearking up like the spere or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, some more, some less, as please the phantasies of their unconstant mindes.'

PAGE 112.

*the defense call'd the Mother.*

i.e., hysterical passion.

PAGE 113.

*I should ha made a wry mouth at the world like a Playfe.*

The wrymouth of the place was a favourite allusion with our old writers: see, for example, Nast's *Lenden Stuff* (1599): "None
won the day in this bat the herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages fainted with Vive le Roy, God save the King,—save only the playe and the butt, that made my mouthes at him, and for their mocking have my mouthes ever since."

PAGE 113.

Oh when shall I hate, hate?

Or, as it is sometimes spelt, kenite. He means to say, When shall I have an opportunity to drink to excess?

PAGE 127.

she praise you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other men's pastures.

To prevent swine from doing mischief, it is usual to put rings through their nostrils.

PAGE 128.

That Irish Shackatology boasts the bush for him.

i.e., hound. So in The Wandering Jew—"for Time, though he be an old man, is an excellent footman: no Shackatology comes neere him, if hoe once get the fart, hee's gone, and you gone too."

PAGE 131.

a shag-haired Cur?

Shakespeare bestows the same epithet on a kern of Ireland in the Second Part of King Henry VI, act iii, sc. 1.

Shall not thy disgrace.

Old edition "shall thy disgrace," but see Inselice's repetition of the passage in the next page.

As for your Irish Lubrican.

Compare Drayton's Nimphidia:

"By the Mandrake's dreadfull groanes,

By the Lubrican's sad moanes."

As thou hate Hookes.

Old ed. "Hawkes." The emendation was made by Mr. Dyce.
Two woes in that Skrech-owles language!
A play on the word which expresses the note of the owl, as in Tenyson:—
"Not a whit of thy tu-whoo,
There to woo to thy tu-whit."

Ib.
then the wild Irish Dart was thrown.
An allusion to the darts carried by the Irish running footmen.

Ib.
but at length thus was charm'd.
Old ed. "this." The correction is made on the authority of Mr. Dyce.

Page 132.
a Country where no venom prospers.
Saint Patrick, according to the legend, having purged Ireland from all venomous creatures.

Page 134.
shall I walk in a Pimouthe Cloake.

"That is," says Ray in his Proverbs (1742, p. 238), "a cane or staff; whereof this is the occasion. Many a man of good extraction, coming home from far voyages, may chance to land here, and, being out of sorts, is unable for the present time and place to recruit himself with clothes. Here (if not friendly provided) they make the next wood their draper's shop, where a staff cut out serves them for a covering. For we use when we walk in cuirpo to carry a staff in our hands, but none when in a cloak."

Page 143.
It make a wild Cataine of forty such.
i.e., forty such shallow knights, &c., would go to the composition of a dexterous thief. See the Merry Wives of Windfor, act ii, sc. 1. "I will not believe such a Catalan." A Cathayan came to signify a sharper, because the people of Cathaia (China) were famous for their thieving.
J ha suffered your tongue, like a bard Cater tras, to runne all this while

Properly, barred, &c., a sort of sale dice frequently mentioned by our early writers. See note in Chapman's Dramatic Works (Vol. 1, p. 342). The following passage from The Art of Juggl

ging, or Legerdemaine, by S. R. (4to, 1612), will sufficiently ex
plain the terms used in the text: 'First you must know a langret,
which is a die that simple men have seldom heard of, but often see

em to their cost; and this is a well-favoured die, and seemeth

good and square, yet it is forged longer upon the cater and tras

than any other way: and therefore it is called a langret. Such

be also called bard cater tras, because commonly the longer end

will of his owne fway drawe downwards, and turne vp to the tie

five sixes sixes or ace. The principal use of them is at Novum,

for so longe a paire of bard cater tras be walking on the board,

so long can ye not cast five nor nine, unless it be by great chance,

that the roughness of the table, or some other stoppe, force them
to play, and run against their kind: for without cater or tras

ye know that five or nine can never come.'

Hartotta was a Dame of so divine

And ravishing touch, that she was Connubine

To an English King:

Arloita (from whence the word harlot is thus fancifully derived)

was not the connubine of an English monarch, but mistres to

Robert Duke of Normandy, the father of William the Con

queror.

when in the street

A faire yong modest Damself did I meete, &c.

"This simple picture of Honour and Shame," says Charles Lamb,

"contrasted without violence, and expressed without immodesty,
is worth all the strong lines against the Harlot's profession, with

which both parts of this play are offensively crowded."

two dishes of flesh'd prunce

A dish very common in brothels.
Here's Ordinance able to suke a City.

So Falstaff, on a similar occasion, in the First Part of Henry IV., says, "There's that will suke a city."

Is.

a potte of Greke wyne, a potte of Peter sa meene, a potte of Charnico, and a potte of Leatxia.

"Peter sa meene" is one of the several disguises under which the word Pedro-Ximenes is found in our early writers. (See inter alia Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, Part I.) The Pedro-Ximenes receives its name from a grape which is said to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called Pedro Simon (corrupted to Ximen, or Ximenes), and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines, resembling very much the Malmsey of Poxarate. A wine called Charnico, or Charnaco, is mentioned by Shakspeare. According to Steevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood which bear the name of Charnaco; the one situated about a league and a half above the town of Lisbon, the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-named territory.

Leatxia (in the old edition misprinted "Ziattia") is a not uncommon form (see Philotheismia, 1635, p. 48) of the word Alatico, or red muscatine, which is produced in the highest perfection at Montepulcianio, between Siena and the Roman state; at Monte Catini, &c., and of which the name (it is obliquely derived from ύλατας) in some measure expresses the rich quality. It has a brilliant purple colour, and a luscious aromatic flavour.

Enter Confessors and Bishops.

i.e., watchmen, who carried bills (a sort of pikes with hooked points), which were anciently the weapons of the English foot-soldiers.

If't Shrove-tuesday that these Confits walks.

On Shrove Tuesday it appears that an official search was made by the peace-officers for brothel-keepers and women of ill-
fame, who were either forthwith carted, or confined during the feast of Lent. Demolishing houses of bad fame was also one of the amusements of the apprentices on Shrove Tuesday. Sensuality says, in Mikromégalos, "But now welcome a cart, or a Shrove Tuesday's tragedy."

PAGE 165.

Your Puritanical Honest Whore sīth in a blue gowne.

A blue gown was the habit in which a strumpet did penance. See Richard Brome's Northern Loffs, 1633 (Works, vol. iii).

"All the good you intended me was a lockram coif, a blue gown, a wheel," &c. The wheels, as well as the blue gown, are mentioned in subsequent scenes of this comedy.

PAGE 166.

there she bastes chaffe, or grinds in the Mill.

To beat chalk, grind in mills, raise sand and gravel, and make lime, were among the employments assigned for vagrants who were committed to Bridewell. See Orders appointed to be executed in the Citie of London, for setting rogues and idle persons to works, and for relief of the poore. Printed by Hugh Singleton.

Th.

Your Bridewell? that the name?

We have here a curious specimen of the licence which our early writers used to allow themselves of introducing facts and circumstances peculiar to one country into another. Everything here said of Bridewell is applicable to the House of Correction which goes by that name in London. Changing the names of the duke and his son to those of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., all the events mentioned will be found to have happened in the English Bridewell. The situation of the place is also the same.

In the time of Henry VIII. princes were lodged there; part of it having been built in the year 1522, for the reception of Charles V., whose nobles resided in it. In 1528 Cardinal Campeius had his first audience there; and after Henry's death, Edward VI., in the seventh year of his reign (1552), gave to the citizens of London this his palace for the purposes above mentioned. To complete the parallel, it was endowed with land, late belonging to the Savoy, to the amount of 700 marks a-year, with all the
bedding and furniture of that hospital. There is also the like
anachronism in the First Part of this play, concerning Bethlem
Hospital.

PAGE 177.

— is my Judge, sir.

Probably "God is my Judge," a blank being left in the old
copy to avoid the prophanationem nominis Dei, as Baillard terms
it in his Epigramm.

PAGE 191.

PROLOGUE.

The charmes of silence through this Square be thrown,
That an unwise audience (like a Joviall)
May hang at every ear.

The Fortune theatre in Golden or Golding Lane, in the parish
of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where this play was performed, was a
square building, both in its external frame, and also in the
inside.

PAGE 216.

Doctor Parry.


PAGE 217.

Ed. Campion.

See Froude's History of England.

PAGE 245.

Ske takes down the flaggs, bethike their play is done.

The external furniture of a playhouse in Dekker's time con-
sisted merely of the sign, which was exposed on some obvious
part of the building, and the flag which was hoisted at the top of
it to give distant notice of the performances. When the per-
formance was concluded, the flag was removed.

PAGE 254.

her magnificent, incomparable, and invincible Armada.

The Invincible Armada—the famous Spanish Armament, so
called—consisted of 130 ships of war, besides transport ships, 
&c., 2650 great guns, 20,000 soldiers, 11,000 sailors, and 2,000 volum-
teers, under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and 180 priests and monks. It arrived in the Channel July 10, 1588, and was defeated the next day by Drake and Howard. Ten fire-ships having been sent into the enemy’s fleet, they cut their cables, put to sea, and endeavoured to return to their rendezvous between Calais and Gravelines. The English fell upon them, took many ships, and Admiral Howard maintained a running fight from the 25th July to the 29th, obliging the shattered fleet to bear away for Scotland and Ireland, where a storm dispersed them, and the remainder of the armament returned by the North Sea to Spain. The Spaniards lost fifteen capital ships in the engagement, and 5,000 men; seventeen ships were left or taken on the coast of Ireland, and upwards of 5,000 men were drowned, killed, or taken prisoners. Some afterwards reached home in the most shattered condition, under the Vice-Admiral Recalde; others were shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows; and of those which reached the shore many of the crew were barbarously murdered, from an apprehension that in a country where there so many disaffected Catholics it would have been dangerous to shew mercy to so great a number of the enemy.

PAGE 269.

Launce 252. Horsemen 769.
Footmen 22000. The morning Army, which attends on you,
Is thus made up: of horsemen 80 of foot. Launces 481.

This ridiculously bauld array of figures shows that Dekker was definite in that admirable fertility of description which enabled Homer to make even a catalogue of ships poetical.

PAGE 281.

you shall tell him that I harpe a Hot-house in Gunpowder Ally.

A hot-house meant properly a bagnio; but it also meant a brothel; for brothels were often kept under the pretence of their being hot-houses.—‘‘He, sir! a tapster, sir! parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whole house was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now he professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.”—Shakespeare’s Measure for Measure, act ii. sc. i.
Page 281.

Shoes hath red in the Italian Courtier.

Thomas Hoby's translation of Castiglione's famous *Courtier* appeared in 1510 in 1561.

Page 286.

which commonly make the shop of a Mercer, or a Linnen Draper, as dark as a room in Bellam.

Our old writers have frequent allusions to the roguery of tradesmen in darkening their shops, that customers might be unable to detect the badness of their goods. So Brome: "What should the city do with honesty? . . . . Why are your wares gummed, your shops dark," &c.—*The City Wit*, act i. sc. 1. And Middleton:

"thou shop-wares you vent
With your deceiving lights," &c.

*Any thing for a Quiet Life*, act ii. sc. 2.

It.

like an Antient that dares not flouris at the oath taking of the Pretor.

ancient, i. e., flag, standard. So afterwards, act ii. sc. 1

"I'm as limber as an ancient that has flourished in the rain," &c.

the pretor, i. e., the Lord Mayor.

Page 292.

But sirra, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret.

"Sirrah, I say." Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2.

"Julia. Why, Ile tell thee, sirrah.

Doriphe. No, sirrah, you shan't tell me." *The Two Merry Muses*, 1620.

And in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, Erinsa says to Gianetta, "But harke, sirra, tell me one thing; if it fall out, &c.

A female was sometimes addressed "sirrah," long after our author's days; in Eberge's *Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676, old Bellair says to Harriet, "Adon, sirrah, I like thy wit well," act ii. sc. 1.
In the north of Scotland persons in the lower ranks of life frequently use the word "Sir," when speaking to two or three women.

PAGE 293.

In France when I rise, Sir.
Rise, or ris, was formerly often used for rise.

PAGE 296.

so long as your heart be void of all Squirlility.
A corrupt form of quirkility, sometimes found in our old writers.

PAGE 297.

Cyreus that see in forma paper.

Our early dramatists took a pleasure in making their characters use such terms of law: as Rowley: "I, by my troth, he is now but a Knight under Forma Paprize." When you see me you know me, 1632.

1b.

How often have I told you, you must get a patch.

"Even as blacke patches are not for pride, some to
stay the Rume, and some to
hide the fash, &c."—Jacke Drums
Entertainment, 1616.

"For when they did but happen for to fee
Thee that with Rume a little troubled be
Wear on their faces a round unflinck patch,
Their fondness I perceiv'd sometime to catch
That for a fashion."

Wither's Abysh Strife and Whipt, B. ii, Sat. i, p.
p. 171, ed. 1615.

PAGE 298.

for what golden-winged Bee from Hybla, flies humming, with
Crura thyomo plena.

"At feffie multa referunt se nocte minores,
Crura thyomo plena."—Virgili, Georg. iv. 181.

1b.

break not up the wilde fowl.

To break up was an old term for carving. So in Shakespeare's
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv. sc. 1, "Break up this capon," i.e.
Open this letter.
at the Rhemish wine-houfe iih Stillyard.

"Next to this lane on the East [Cox Lane, Dowgate Ward] is the Stele houfe, or Stile yarde (as they terme it), a place for Marchantes of Almaine," &c. Stow's Survey of London, 1598, p. 184.

"Stillyard is a place in London, where the fraternitie of the Easterling Merchants, otherwise the Merchants of the Haunfe and Almaine, are wont to have their abode. It is io called Stillyard, of a broad place or court wherein fleete was much fould, q. Steleyard, upon which that houfe is now founded." Minshew's Guide into Tongues, 1617.

"They [the Hans Town Merchants] were permitted to fell Rhenish wine by retail."—Malcolm's London, vol. i. p. 48.

Compare with the passage in the text:

"Men when they are idle, and know not what to do, faith one, Let us go to the fullyards and drinks Rhemish wine," &c.—Nash's Pierce Penniless, ed. 1595.

"Who would let a Citt (whose teeth are rotten out with sweet mentes his mother brings him from gothippings) breathe upon her vernish for the promise of a dry neest's tongue and a pottle of Rhemish at the fullyard, when he may command a blade to tofs and tumble her?"—Nabbes's Bride, 1640.

The Steleyard, Stelyard, or Stillyard (in Upper Thames Street, in the ward of Dowgate) appears to have been so called from its being the place where the King's steelyard, or beam, was erected for weighing the tonnage of goods imported into London.—In the present passage the old ed. has "Stillyard," but twice afterwards it has "Stillyard."

PAGE 300.

You must to the pature to buy Lawne.

So in the curious poetical dialogue, 'Tis Merry when Goiggs meet, 1609, the Wife says:—

"In truth (kind couffe) my comming's from the Pature,
But I protest I lost my labour there:
A Gentleman promit to give me lawne,
And did not meet me, which he well shal have."—Stanza 2nd.
The *Pawm* (Bohm, Germ., a path or walk; *Baam*, Dutch, a pathway) was a corridor, which formed a kind of Bazaar, in the Royal Exchange (Gretham's).

*Page 302.*

Searcht the middle Hal in Pisoles, and with three Elizabeth tewele-fixens preft three knowes.

Persons of every description, with a strange want of reverence for the sanctity of the spot, used daily to frequent the body of old St. Paul's. There the young gallant gratified his vanity by scrutinizing about in the moft fashionable attire; there the politician discussed the latest news; there he who could not afford to dine loitered during the dinner hour; there the servant out of place came to be engaged; there the pickpocket found the best opportunities for the exercise of his talents, &c.

*Page 307.*

like old Ieronimo: go by, go by.

An allusion to a passage in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, which has been ridiculed by a host of poets:

"Hieronimo. Justice, O! justice to Hieronimo!
Lorenzo. Back! see't thou not the king is busy?
Hieronimo. O, is he so?
King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hieronimo. Not I.—Hieronimo, beware; go by, go by."

*Page 312.*

being gone Westward for snails.

A proverbial expression. In 1663 appeared a *istory-book* (which suggested to Shakespeare some of the circumstances in *Cymbeline*) entitled *Westward for Swells, or the Waterman's Fart of Mad Merry Western Wenchies*.

1b.

*I see I'm borne still to draw Dun out ath more for you.*

Gifford thus satisfactorily describes a game, the allusion to which in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4, had completely puzzled all Shakespeare's commentators. "*Dun is in the more is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is Dun (the cart-
horfe), and a cry is raised that he is flesh in the mire. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the ruffies to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes."—Note on Ben Jonson's Works, vol. vii. p. 283.

PAGE 312.

Fare not me, for a veny or two.

Venys, or venus, a technical term for a hit or thrust:—

"1 Law. Women, look to't, the fencer gives you a veny.

2 Law. Believe it, he hits home."

Sweetnam, The Woman Hater, 1620.

(See Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, Vol. III, p. 350.)

PAGE 313.

AMB. I hold my life, &c.

The old ed. prefixes to this speech "Amb," which in early plays often stands for "Both:" but here it would seem to be a mistake for "Mab."

PAGE 316.

Implentur, &c.

"Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferina:" Virgil, Æneid. i. 215.

PAGE 318.

Where didst buy this buffe? Let me not live, but Ie gine thee a good suite of durance.

So, in Shakespeare's First Part of Henry IV, act i. sc. 2, the Prince says to Falstaff with a pun, "And is not a buff jerkin a moft sweet robe of durance"—Durance was a strong and lasting kind of stuff: Mr. Halliwell (Shakespeare Society Papers, vol. iii. 35) cites from The Book of Rates, ed. 1675, p. 35—

L s. d.

"Durance or } with thred, the yard ... ... 00 06 08
Duretty. } with filk, the yard ... ... 00 10 00."
you shall have my sword and hangers to passe him.

hangers—i.e., fringed and ornamented loops attached to the girdle in which the small sword or dagger was suspended:—

"Mens swords in hangers hang, fast by their side."

Taylor the Water Poet's Virtue of a Jayte and Necessity of Hanging, Works, 1630, p. 133.

Buy any small Coale.

This was the common cry of colliers: so in one of the rarest of plays, A Knacke to know an honest man, 1596:

"Enter Leo, like a coliar.

Ex. Will you buy any coles, fine small coles?"

Boyar: Colier: how come the goose to be put upon you, ha?

Just. Ile tell thee, the Tourse lying at Winchester, &c.

Respecting the meaning and origin of the expeffion "Winches-

A game on the cards, which appears, from passages in our old
writers, to have been played in more ways than one.

this Sacke taffes of Horse flesh.

So Glaphorn: "This coller fpyes my drinking, or else this sack has horse flesh in't, it rides upon my flomacke."

The Hollander, 1640.

The statute 12 Car. ii. c. 25, sect. 11, which forbids the adulter-
ation of wines, mentions, among other ingredients used for that
purpose, "nor any sort of flesh whatsoever."

Was the performer to conclude this speech with any simile that
he thought proper? Our old dramatists sometimes trusted to the
player's powers of extemporizing: so Greene;
"Faire Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,
Fear not Achilles' over-madding boy;
Pyrhus shall not, &c.
Souns, Orgalio, why sufferest thou this old trot to come so nigh me?"

Orlando Furioso, Dram. Works, i. 43, ed. Dyce.

And Heywood;
"Jockie is led to whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance."
Edward the Fourth, Part Sec. ed. 1619.

PAGE 335.
What's bed I follow, yet I see what's good.
"Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." Ovid, Met. vii. 20.

PAGE 336.
or els take me a lodging in Cole harbour.

Or Cool-harbour—a corruption of Cold-harbour, or Coldharbour, was an old building in Dowgate Ward. Stow (Survey, p. 188, ed. 1598,) tells us, "The last deceased Earle [of Shrewsbury] looke it down, and in place thereof builded a great number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all forts."—Debtors and perfons not of the most respectable character used to take refuge there. Middleton calls it "the devil's sanctuary." A Trick to catch the old one.—Works, ii. 55, ed. Dyce.

PAGE 339.
if all the great Turks Concubins were but like thee, the tempeeny infidel should never, &c.

So Dekker, in Saturemafas,
"Wilt fight, Turke-a-tentence?"

PAGE 345.
Sfoote use ye dance to Norwich.

An allusion to a feat of Kempe, the actor, of which he published an account, called Kempe Nine Daies Wonder, performed in a daunce from London to Norwich, 1600, 4to. It has been reprinted by the Camden Society from the unique copy in the Bodleian library.
as fantasticke and light-headed to the eye, as father-makers, but as
pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Black Fryers.

Blackfriars was famed for the residence of Puritans, some of
whom, most inconsistently with their religious opinions, followed
the trade of feather-making.

I doubt that olde Hag Gillian of Brainford has bewitched me.

Gillian, Julian, or Joan of Brentford was a reputed witch of
some celebrity.

Is of breynforde's testament. Newly compiled, n. d., 410, con-
sisting of eight leaves, is among the rarer of black-letter tracts;
it was written by Robert, and printed by William, Copland. In
this very low and vulgar production no mention is made of Gil-
lian's being addicted to witchcraft: the following are a few lines
from it:—

"At Brentford on the west of London
Nygh to a place vie called is Syon
There dwelt a widow of a honbly fort
Honest in substanze and full of sport
Daily the cowd w^t paslim and Jetes
Among her neyghbours and her geftes
She kept an Inne of ryght good lodgyng
For all eftates that thylde was comyng."

The reader who has any curiosity to know what Gillian be-
queathed to her friends, may gratify it by turning to Nash's Sum-
mers left will and testament, 1600.

It appears from Henlowl's Diary that she was a character in
a play written by Thomas Dowton [or Downton] and Samuel
Redly [Rowley ?], produced in February, 1598-9, and mentioned
there under the title of "Fryer Fox and gyllen of Brainfords."

In the 4th of Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602,
when Mistrefa Page says that Faltstaff

' ' might put on a gowne and a muffler,
And so escape.'

Mistrefa Ford answers,

"Thats wel remembred, my maids aunt,
Gillian of Brainford, hath a gowne above."
An Amazon often alluded to by our old writers. She was the heroine of a play, named after her, and acted first in 1594, as we learn from Henloue's Diary. She also figured in a ballad entered on the Stationers' books in that year. In 1635 appeared a tract entitled The Life of Long Meg of Westminster, containing the mad merry pranks she played in her lifetime, &c.

Mary Ambrae

Was as famous as the lady last mentioned. The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambrae, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly, may be found in Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 240, ed. 1812.

Play mad Hamlet; and cry Revenge!

One of the numerous passages in contemporary writers which attest the popularity of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

See Dekker's Satiromalia (vol. i. page 229), "My name's Hamlet revenge."

The torchmen and whistlers had an Item to receive him.

Respecting the meaning and derivation of this word, see Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 342.

3 meru men, & 3 meru men, &c.

A fragment of an old song. See Dyce's edition of Peele's Works, vol. i. p. 208, fec. ed. 7 and the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, ad ii. sc. 3.

Who my overthwart neighbour:

Generally used for crofs, contradicitious—but here it seems merely to mean opposite, as in the The Merry Devill of Edmonton, 1626: "Body of Saint George, this is mine over-thwart neighbour hath done this."
PAGE 360.

The name of Thomas Cavendish (—who, failing from Plymouth in 1586, with three insignificant vessels, plundered the coast of New Spain and Peru, captured off California, a Spanish admiral of seven hundred tons, and having circumnavigated the globe, returned to England with a very large fortune, in 1588 —) is frequently abbreviated by our old writers: so Brome;

"Cu'djs" and Hawkins, Purtiber, all our voyagers, Went short of Mandevile.

The Antipodes, 1642 (Dramatic Works, vol. iii.)
This contraction is scarcely yet out of use;
"When Chatsworth tastes no Cu'djs bounties,
Let fame forget this costly countern." Epitaph by Horace Walpole, in his Letters to Montagu, p. 207.

PAGE 361.

Fet the Hares-head against the Goose-giblets.

A proverbial expression, signifying to balance things, to set one against another: compare Field's Amends for Ladies, ed. 1639; and Middleton's A Trick to catch the old one,—Works, ii. 78, ed. Dyce. Sometimes it occurs with a flight variation: "fet the Hare Pye against the Goose giblets." Rowley's Match at Midnight, 1633. "Ide fet mine olde debts against my new drilllets, and the hare's foot against the goose giblets." Dekker's Shoemakers Holiday, 1660, supra, vol. i.

PAGE 362.

Looke you, your Schoole-master has bin in France, and left his hayre.

Here we must suppose Joceliniano to pull off the false hair which assisted his disguise: he alludes to the effects of the venereal, or, as it was called, the French disease.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.