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

VOLUME THE THIRD

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873
NORTH-VWARD H O E.

Sundry times Acted by the Children of Paules.

By Thomas Decker, and John Webster.

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NORTH-WARD HOE.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Luke Greene-shield with Fetherstone booted.

Feth. RT sure old Maybery Innes here to night.

Gree. Tis certaine the honest knaue Chamberleine that hath bin my Informer, my baud, euer since I knew Ware affures me of it, and more being a Londoner though altogethuer vnacquainted, I haue requested his company at supper.

Feth. Excellent occasion: how wee shall carry our selues in this busines is onely to be thought vpon.

Gree. Be that my vndertaking: if I do not take a full reuenge of his wiues puritanicall coyneffe.

Feth. Suppose it she should be chaft.

Gree. O hang her: this art of seeminge honest makes many of our young tonnes and heires in the City, looke so like our prentifes,—Chamberlaine.

Cha. Heare Sir. Enter Chamberlaine.
North-ward Hoe.

Gree. This honest knaue is call’d Innocence, ift not a good name for a Chamberlaine? he dwelt at Dunstable not long since, and hath brought me and the two Butchers Daughters there to interview twenty times & not so little I protest: how chance you left Dunstable Sirra?

Cha. Faith Sir the towne droopt euer since the peace in Ireland, your captaines were wont to take their leaues of their London Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at Dunstable: the next morning when they had broke their fast togethuer the wenches brought them to Hockly 'ith hole, & so the one for London the other for Westchester, your onely rode now Sir is Yorke Yorke Sir.

Gree. True, but yet it comes scant of the Prophecy; Lincoln was, London is, and Yorke shal-be.

Cha. Yes, Sir, tis fullfild, Yorke shalbe, that is, it shalbe Yorke still, surely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue some Cray-fish, and a Spitch-cocke.

Enter Maybery with Bellamont.

Feth. And a fat Trout.

Cham. You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of.

Green. Most kindly welcome—I befeech you hold our bouldnelfe excufed Sir.

Bella. Sir it is the health of Trauailers, to inioy good company: will you walke.

Feth. Whether Trauaile you I befeech you.

May. To London Sir we came from Sturbridge.

Bel. I tel you Gentlemen I haue obferued very much with being at Sturbridge; it hath afforded me mirth beyound the length of five lattin Comedies; here should you mette a Nor-folk yeoman ful but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pretty wife that followed him, ready to excufe the ignorant hardnesse of her husbands forhead, in the goole makrt number of frehmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate;
North-ward Hoe.

like cloues with great heads in a gammon of bacon: here two gentlemen making a marriage betwenee their heires ouer a wool-pack; there a Ministers wife that could speake falle lattine very lispingly; here two in one corner of a shop: Londoners selling their wares, & other Gentlemen courting their wiues; where they take vp petticoates you shold finde schollers & townsmens wiues crouding together while their husbands weare in another market busie amongst the Oxen; twas like a campe for in other Countries so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent description of it in a Comedy: but whether are you trauaillnyng Gentlemen?

Feth. Faith Sir we purpoited a dangerous voyaige, but vpon better consideration we altered our course.

May. May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

Green. Tis altogether truial in sooth: but to passe away the time till supper, Ile deliver it to you, with protestation before hand, I seeke not to publish euer gentle-womans dishonor, only by the passage of my discourse to haue you cenfure the state of our quarrel.

Bel. Forth Sir.

Green. Frequenting the company of many merchants wiues in the City, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the fairest but with all the falsest creature that euer affection floopt to.

May. Of what ranck was the I befeech you.

Feth. Vpon your promis of fecrecie.

Bel. You shal clese it vp like treasure of your owne, and your felse shall keepe the key of it.

Green. She was and by report stille was wifu to a most graue and well reputed Citizen.

May. And entertainde your loue.

Green. As Meddowes do Aprill: the violence as it seemed of her affection—but alas it proved her dis-fembling, would at my comming and departing be-dew
her eyes with loue droppes; O she could the art of woman most feelingly.

Bel. Most feelingly.

May. I should not haue lik'd that feelingly had she beene my wife, giue us some sack heare and in faith—we are all friends; & in priuate—what was her husbands name—Ile giue you a caroufe by and by.

Green. O you shall pardon mee his name, it seems you are a Citizen, it would bee discoure inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night shoulde I tell his name.

Bel. Your modesty in this wiues commendation;
on sir.

Green. In the passa(a)ge of our loues, (amongst other fauours of greater valew) she beflowed vpon me this ringe which she protested was her husbands gift.

May. The poesie, the poesie—O my heart, that ring good infaith:

Green. Not many nights comming to her and being familiar with her.

May. Kissing and so forth.

Green. I Sir.

Ma. And talking to her feelingly.

Gre. Pox on't, I lay with her.

May. Good infaith, you are of a good complezion.

Green. Lying with her as I say: and rising some what early from her in the morning, I loft this ring in her bed.

May. In my wiues bed.

Keth. How do you Sir.

May. Nothing: lettes haue a fire chamberlaine; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue such a shudder: ith' bed you say;

Green. Right Sir, in Mifris Maberis sheetes.

May. Was her name Maybery.

Green. Beshrew my tongue for blabbing, I presume vpon your secrety.
North-ward Hoe.

May. O God Sir, but where did you find your loosing.

Green. Where I found her slimness : with this Gentleman; who by his owne confession pertaking the like inoyment; found this ring the same morning on her pilowe, and sham'd not in my sight to weare it.

May. What did thee talke feelingly to him too; I warrant her husband was forth a Towne all this while, and he poore man trauaile with hard Egges in's pocket, to faue the charge of a baite, whilst she was at home with her Plouers, Turkey, Chickens; do you know that Maitheery.

Feth. No more then by name.

May. Hee's a wondrous honest man; let's bee merry; will not your mistrefse—gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

Feth. Gree. Yes.

May. Will not your Mistrefse make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no such legerdemaine had bin aste.

Green. Yes she hath reason for't, for in some countries, where men and women haue good trauailing stomaches, they begin with porridge; then they fall to Capon or so-forth: but if Capon come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe, tis their onely course, fo for our women in England.

May. This wit taking of long journeys: kindred that comes in ore the hatch, and failing to Westminster makes a number of Cuckolds.

Bell. Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring?

Green. Her ring Sir.

May. A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't.

Feth. Gree. Mony Sir.

May. The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

Bell. Trot 'tis of no great valew, and considering the losse, and finding of this ring made breach into
your friendship, Gentlemen, with this trifle purchase his loue, I can tell you he keepes a good Table.

Green. What my Mistris gift?

Feth. Faith you are a merry old Gentleman; Ile giue you my part in't.

Green. Troth and mine, with your promise to conceale it from her husband.

May. Doth he know of it yet?

Green. No Sir.

May. He shall neuer then I protest: looke you this ring doth fitte me passing well.

Feth. I am glad we haue fitted you.

May. This walking is wholesome, I was a cold euen now, now I sweat for't.

Feth. Shalls walke into the Garden Luke. Gentle-

men weele downe and haften supper.

May. Looke you, we must be better acquainted that's all.

Green. Most willingly; Excellent, hee's heat to the prove, lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to raue a little.

May. Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Bell. How now man?

May. I am foolish old Maybery, and yet I can be wife Maybery too; Ile to London presentely, began Sir.

Bell. How, how?

May. Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe mistake mee Maister Bellamont; I am not distempered, for to know a mans wife is a whore, is to be resolu'd of it, and to be resolued of it, is to make no question of it, and when a cafe is out of question; what was I sayeing?

Bell. Why looke you, what a distraction are you falne into?
May. If a man be deuorft, do you see, deuorft forma Iuris, whether may he haue an action or no, gainst thofe that make hornes at him!

Bell. O madnesse! that the frailty of a woman shoule make a wise man thus idle! yet I protest to my vnderstanding, this report seemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

May. Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wife and I lift too: what fayes my wedding ring?

Bell. Indeed that breeds some suspicion: for the rest most grofe and open, for two men, both to loue your wife, both to injoy her bed, and to meete you as if by miracle, and not knowing you, vpon no occasion in the world, to thruft vpon you a discouerse of a quarrell, with circumstance so dishonest, that not any Gentleman but of the countrie blushing, would haue publisht. I and to name you: doe you know them?

May. Faith now I remember, I haue seene them walke muffled by my shop.

Bell. Like enough; pray God they doe not borrow mony of vs twixt Ware and London: come stiue to blow ouer these clowdes.

May. Not a clowd, you shall haue cleane Moone-shine, they haue good smooth lookes the fellowes.

Bell. As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee trusted; will you be merry?

May. Wonderous merry; lets haue some Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him: wonderous merry: one word & no more; I am but a foolish tradesman, and yet Ile be a wise tradesman. Exeunt.

Enter Doll lead betwene Leuer-poole, and Chartley, after them Philip arrested.

Phil. Arrest me! at whose sute? Tom Chartley, Dick Leuerpoole, slay, Ime arrested.

Omn. Arrested!

1. Ser. Gentlemen breake not the head of the
Northward Hoe.

peace; its to no purpose, for hee's in the lawes clutches, you see hee's fanged.

Doll. Vds life, doe you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em! put one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-nofed varlets.

Phil. Hold Doll, thrust not a weapon vpon a mad woman, Officers step back into the Tauerne, you might ha tane mee ith fireete, and not ith' Tauerne entire, you Cannibals.

Ser. Wee did it for your credit Sir.

Chart. How much is the debt! Drawer, some wine.

Enter Drawer.


1. Ser. Foure score pound: can you send for Baile Sir? or what will you doe? wee cannot stay.

Doll. You cannot, you pafty-footed Rascalls, you will stay one day in hell.

Phil. Foure score pounds drawes deepe; farewell Doll, come Sericants, Ile step to mine Vnclle not farre off, here-by in Pudding lane, and he shall baile mee: if not, Chartly you shall finde me playing at Span-counter, and fo farewell. Send mee some Tobacco.

2. Ser. Haue an eye to his hands.


Doll. Ime as melancholy now! Chart. Villanous spitefull luck, Ile hold my life some of these sawtie Drawers betrayd him.

Draw. Wee sir! no by Gad Sir, wee scorne to haue a Judas in our company.

Luer. No, no, hee was dogd in, this is the end of all dycing.

Doll. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. Drawer, tye my shoe prye thee: the new knot as thou feest this: Philip is a good honest Gentleman, I loue him because heele spend, but when I saw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace of
North-ward Hoe.

Punkes following him in a coach, I told him hee would run out, haft done boy!

Draw. Yes forsooth: by my troth you haue a dainty legge.

Doll. How now good-man rogue.

Draw. Nay sweete Mistresse Doll.

Doll. Doll! you reprobate! out you Bawd for feauen yeares by the cuflome of the Citty.

Draw. Good Mistris Dorothy; the pox take mee, if I toucht your legge but to a good intent.

Doll. Prate you: the rotten toothd rafcall, will for fixe pence fetch any whore to his maisters customers: and is everie one that swims in a Taaffatie gowne Lettie for your lippes† vds life, this is rare, that Gentlewomen and Drawers, must suack at one Spiggot: Doe you laugh you vnseasonable punk-fist† doe you grin!

Chart. Away Drawer: hold pry thee good rogue, holde my sweete Doll, a pox a this swaggering.

Doll. Pox a your guts, your kidneys; new: hang yee, rooke: I'me as melancholy now as Fleet-freete in a long vacation.

Leuer. Melancholy† come weele ha some muld Sack.

Doll. When begins the terme†

Chart. Why† haft any suites to be tryed at Westminister†

Doll. My Sutes you base ruffian haue beene tryed at Westminister already: so foone as ever the terme begins, Ile change my lodging, it stands out a the way; Ile lye about Charing-croffe, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall haue 'em: or if some Dutch-man would come from the States! oh! these Fllumnings pay foundly for what they take.

Leuer. If thou't a lodging West-ward Doll, Ile fitte thee.

Doll. At Tyburne will you not† a lodging of your prouiding† to bee cal'd a Lieutenants, or a Captaines wench! oh! I fcorne to bee one of your Low-country commodities, I; is this body made to bee maintained
with Prouant and dead pay: no: the Mercer must bee paide, and Sattin gownes must bee tane vp.

Chart. And gallon pots must be tumbled downe.

Doll. Stay: I haue had a plot a breeding in my braines—Are all the Quest-houses broken vp?

Leuer. Yes, long since: what then?

Doll. What then? mary then is the wind come about, and for those poore wenches that before Chrst-
maffe fled West-ward with bag and baggage, come now failing alongst the lee shore with a Northerly
winde, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by
Owle-light, sneakingly.

Chart. But Doll, what is the plot thou spakst off?

Doll. Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-flinck-
ers, and fuch like are still buzzing where sweete meates
are (like Flyes) but they make any flesh flinke that
they blow vpon: I will leave those fellowes therefore
in the hands of their Landrefes: Siluer is the Kings
flampe, man Gods flampe, and a woman is mans
flampe, wee are not currant till wee paie from one
man to another.

Both. Very good.

Doll. I will therefore take a faire house in the
City: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne
vp his Maifter: it shall be in trade still, for I know
duerfe Tauernes ith Towne, that haue but a Wall be-
weene them and a hotte-houfe. It shall then bee
guen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of fuch a birth,
fuch a wealth, haue had fuch a breeding, and fo
foorth, and of fuch carriage, and fuch qualities, and
fo forth: to fet it of the better, old Jack Hornet shall
take vpon him to bee my Father.

Leuer. Excellent, with a chaine about his neck
and fo forth.

Doll. For that, Saint Martins and wee will talke:
I know we shall haue Gudgions bite prentently: if they
doe boyes, you shall liue like Knights fellowes; as
occasion serues, you shall weare liueries and waite, but
Northward Hoe.

when Gulls are my winde-falls, you shall be Gentle-
men, and keepe them company: seek out Jack Horne
incontinently.

Luer. Wee will: come Charely, weele playe our
partes I warrant.

Dell. Doe so:—
The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we
borrow:
To day we are honest, and ranke knaues to morrow.

Exeunt.

Enter Maybery, Bellamont, and a Prentice.

May. Where is your Mistris, villain? when went
the abroad?

Pren. Abroad Sir, why assoone as she was vp Sir.

May. Vp Sir, dowsne Sir, so fir: Maieter Bellamont,
I will tell you a strange secret in Nature, this boy is
my wines bawd.

Bell. O fie fir, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like
a Bawde, he has no double chin,

Pren. No fir, nor my breath does not stinke, I
smell not of Garlick or Aqua-vita: I vfe not to bee
drunke with Sack and Sugar: I sweare not God dam
me, if I know where the party is, when 'tis a lye and
I doe know: I was neuer Carted (but in haruest)
neuer whipt but at Schoole: neuer had the Grin-
corns: neuer fold one Maiden-head ten feuerrall times,
first to an Englishman, then to a Welshman, then to a
Dutchman, then to a pockie Frenchman, I hope Sir I
am no Bawd then.

May. Thou art a Babonne, and holde me with
trickes, whilst my Wife grafts grafts, away, trudge, run,
search her out by land, and by water.

Pren. Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that
Ile search her by water, for it may be shees gone to
Brainford.

Mayb. Inquire at one of mine Aunts.

Bell. One of your Aunts, are you mad?
Mayb. Yea, as many of the twelue companies are, troubled, troubled.
Bel. Ile chide you: goe to, Ile chide you soundly.
May. Oh maister Bellamont!
Bel. Oh Maister Maybery! before your Servant to daunce a Lancashire Horne-pipe: it shewes worfe to mee, then dancing does to a deafe man that fees not the fiddles: Sfoot you talke like a Player.
Mayb. If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an Asse, and knowes not what hee talkes, then Ime one: you are a Poet Maister Bellamont, I will bestow a piece of Plate vpon you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor pleafe Gentlemen.
Bella. I thinke it would: yours wud make Gentle- men as fatt as fooles: I wud giue two pieces of Plate, to haue you fland by me, when I were to write a jealous mans part: Iealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither: you weare yellow hose without caufe.
May. Without caufe, when my Mare beares double: without caufe!
Bel. And without wit.
May. When two Virginall Jacks skip vp, as the key of my instrument goes downe!
Bel. They are two wicked elders.
May. When my wiu es ring does smoake for't.
Bel. Your wiu es ring may deceive you.
May. O Maister Bellamont! had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it should never haue greeued mee.
Bel. You wrong her vpon my foule.
Mai. No, the wrongs me vpon her body.

Enter a Seruingman.

Bel. Now blew-bottle† what flutter you for Seapye†
Ser. Not to catch fishe Sir, my young Maister, your sonne maister Philip is taken prifoner.
North-ward Hoe.

Bel. By the Dunkirks.
Ser. Worf; by Catch-polls; hee's encountred.
Bel. Shall I neuer see that prodigall come home.
Ser. Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calfe for him.
Bel. For how much lies he?
Ser. The debt is foure score pound, marry he chargde mee to tell you it was foure score and ten, so that he lies onely for the odde ten pound.
Bel. His child's part shal now be paid, this mony shalbe his laft, & this vexation the laft of mine: if you had such a sonne maifter Miserie.
Mai. To such a wife, were an excellent couple.
Bel. Release him, and release me of much sorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more: goe redeeme him.

Enter Prentice and Miserie's wife.

Prent. Here's the party Sir.
Mai. Hence, and lock faft the dores, now is my prize.
Prent. If she beate you not at your owne weapon, wud her Buckler were cleff in two peeces. Exit.
Bel. I will not have you handle her too roughly.
Mai. No, I will like a Iustice of peace, grow to the point: are not you a whore: neuer start: thou art a Cloth-worker, and haft turnd me.
Wife. How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you?
May. Into a Ciull Suite: into a sober beast: a Land-rat, a Cuckold: thou art a common bed-fellow, art not? art not?
Wife. Sir this Language, to me is strange, I vnderstand it not.
May. O! you studie the french now.
Wife. Good Sir, lend me patience.
May. I made a fallade of that herbe: doe st see thefe flesh-hookes, I could teare out thefe fals eyes, thefe Cats eyes, that can see in the night: punck I could.
Northward Hoe.

Bel. Heare her answere for her selfe.

Wife. Good Mafter Bellamont,

Let him not do me violence: deere Sir,
Should any but your selfe shoote out these names,
I would put off all female modesty,
To be renew'd on him.

May. Know'st thou this ring? there has bin old
running at the ring since I went.

Wife. Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,
That stole it from my hand: he was a villayne:
That put it into yours.

May. They were no villaynes,
When they stood stoutly for me: tooke your part:
And fleed of colours fought under my sheetes.

Wife. I know not what you mean.

May. They lay with thee: I meane plaine dealing.

Wife. With me! if euer I had thought uncleane,
In detestation of your nuptiall pillow:
Let Sulpher drop from Heauen, and naile my body
Dead to this earth: that flaue, that damned fury
(Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me)
Casting an eye unlawful on my cheeke,
Haunted your thre-thold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baytes which lust and credulous youth,
Apply to our fraile sex: but those being weake
The second seige he layd was in sweete wordes.

Mai. And then the breach was made.

Bel. Nay, nay, heare all.

Wife. At last he takes me sitting at your dore,
Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes
(Back to restore it straight) he won my hand,
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.
I did demand it, but he mad with rage
And with defires vnbridgeled, fled and vow'd,
That ring should mee vndo: and now belike
His spells have wrought on you. But I beseech you,
To dare him to my face, and in meane time
Deny me bed-roome, drive me from your board,
Disgrace me in the habit of your flaue,
North-ward Hoe.

Lodge me in some discomfortable vault
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my sight,
Till of this flander I my soule acquite.
  Bcl. Guiltleffeapon my foule.
  May. Troth fo thinke I.

I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppos'd they drew in mine: my freame of ielozy,
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horfe
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now spy my error:
Villaines you haue abru'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads: drive in your
  teares
I take your word ya're honest, which good men,
Very good men will scarce do to their wiuues.
I will bring home thefe serpents and allow them,
The heate of mine owne bosome: wife I charge you
Set out your hauiours towards them in such collours,
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it fo,
Ile candy o're my words, and flecke my brow,
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile em-
  brace 'em
And with this—go too.
  Wife. Oh we shall haue murder—you kill my
    heart.
  May. No: I will shed no bloud,
But I will be reueng'd, they that do wrong
Teach others way to right: Ile fetch my blow
Faire and a far off and as Fencers vfe
Tho at the foote I strike, the head Ile bruize.

Enter Philip and servant.

  Bcl. Ile ioyne with you: lets walke: oh I heres
    my Sonne.
Welcome a shore Sir: from whence come you pray.
  Phil. From the house of praier and fasting—the
    Counter.
North-ward Hoe.

Bel. Art not thou ashamed to be seen come out of a prison.

Phil. No God's my Judge, but I was ashamed to go into prison.

Bel. I am told sir, that you spend your credit and your coine upon a light woman.

Phil. I have seen light gold sir, pass away amongst Mercers.

Bel. And that you have laid thirty or forty pounds upon her back in taffety gowns, and likewise petticoats.

Phil. None but Taylors will say so, I were lay'd any thing upon her backe: I confess I took vp a petticoate and a rais'd fore-part for her, but who has to do with that?

May. Mary that has every body Master Philip.

Bel. Leave her company, or leave me, for she's a woman of an ill name.

Phil. Her name is Dorothy sir, I hope that's no ill name.

Bel. What is she? what wilt thou do with her?

Phil. Sbloud sir what does he with her?

Bel. Doest mean to marry her? of what birth is she? what are her comings in, what does she live upon?

Phillip. Rents sir, Rents, she lies upon her Rents, and I can have her.

Bel. You can.

Phil. Nay father, if destiny dogge mee I must have her: you have often told mee the nine Muses are all women, and you deal with them, may not I the better bee allowed one than you so many? looke you Sir, the Northern man loues white-meates, the Southery man Ballades, the Essex man a Calfe, the Kentishman a Wag-taile, the Lancashire man an Egg-pie, the Welshman Leekes and Cheefe, and your Londoners rawe Mutton, so Father god-boy, I was borne in London.

Bella. Stay, looke you Sir, as he that lies upon
North-ward Hot.

Sallades without Mutton, feedes like an Oxe, (for hee eates graffe you knowe) yet rizes as hungry as an Ase, and as hee that makes a dinner of leekes will have leane cheeckes, so, thou foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, looke to liue like a foole and a flaeue, and to die like a begger and a knaue, come Maister Maiherie, farewell boy.

Phil. Farewell father Snot . . . Sir if I haue her, Ile spend more in mustard & vineger in a yeare, then both you in beefe.

Both. More faucy knaue thou. 

Exeunt.

Altus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Hornet, Doll, Leuerpoole and Chartly like sersingmen.

Horn. A M I like a fiddlers base violl (new set vp,) in a good cafe boies! if neate, is it terse! am I hanfome! ha!

Omn. Admirable, excellent.

Dol. An vnder sheriffe cannot cover a knaue more cunningly.

Leuer. Sfoot if he should come before a Church-warden, he wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords stewart at least.

Horn. If I had but a staffe in my hand, foole wud thinke I were one of Simon and Iudas gentlemen vthers, and that my apparell were hir'd: they say three Taylors go to the making vp of a man, but I me sure I had foure Taylors and a halfe went to the making of me thus: this Suite tho' it ha bin canuaft well, yet tis no law-suite, for twas dispatcht sooner than a posset on a wedding night.

Dol. Why I tel thee Jack Hornet, if the Diuel and all the Brokers in long lane had rifled their wardrob, they wud ha beene dambd before they had fitted thee thus.
North-ward Hoe.

Horn. Punck, I shall bee a simple father for you: how does my chaine show now I walke.

Dol. If thou wert hung in chaines, thou couldst not show better.

Chart. But how fit our blew-coates on our backes.

Dol. As they do upon banckrout retainers backes at Saint Georges feast in London: but at Westminister, It makes 'em scorne the badge of their occupation: there the bragging velure-caniond hobbi-horces, prauce vp and downe as if some a the Tilters had ridden 'em.

Hor. Nay Sfoot, if they be banckrouts, tis like some haue ridden 'em: and there-vpon the CITIZENS Prouerbe rifes, when hee layes; he traffs to a broken flaffe.

Doll. Hornet, now you play my Father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted Daughter.

Horn. I will looke grauely Doll, (doe you see boyes) like the fore-man of a Jury: and speake wisely like a Lattin Schoole-master, and be furry and dogged, and proud like the Keeper of a prison.

Lever. You must lie horribly, when you talke of your lands.

Horn. No shop-keeper shall out lye mee, nay, no Fencer: when I hem boyes, you shall duck: when I cough and spit gobbets Doll.

Doll. The pox shall be in your lungs Hornet.

Hor. No Doll, these with their high shoes shall tread me out.

Doll. All the lessons that I ha prickt out for 'em, is when the Wether-cock of my body turns towards them, to land bare.

Horn. And not to be fawcie as Seruing-men are.

Chart. Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take vs for.

Dol. If we haue but good draughts in my peeter-boate, freth Salmon you sweete villaines shall be no meate with vs.
North-ward Hoe.

Horn. Sfoot nothing mooues my choller, but that
my chaime is Copper: but tis no matter, better men
than old Jack Hornet haue rode vp Holburne, with
as bad a thing about their neckes as this: your right
whiffler indeed hangs himselfe in Saint Martins, and
not in Cheape-side.

Doll. Peace, some-body rings: run both, whilst he
has the rope in's hand, if it be a prize, hale him, if a
man a war, blow him vp, or hang him out at the maine
yards end.

Horn. But what ghosts (hold vp my fine Girle)
what ghosts haunts thy house?

Doll. Oh! why diuerie: I haue a Clothiers Factor
or. two; a Grocer that would faine Pepper me, a
Welsh Captaine that laies hard feige, a Dutch Mar-
chant, that would spend al that he's able to make ith'
low countries, but to take measure of my Holland
sheetes when I lye in 'em: I heare trampling: 'tis my
Flemish Hoy.

Enter Leuerpoole, Chartly, and Hans van Belch.

Hans. Dar is bor you, and bor you:
een, twe, drie, vier, and bleue skilling,
 drinke Skellum bpsie treese: nempt, dats
v drinck gelt.

Leuer. Till our crownes crack agen Maister Hans
van Belch.

Hans. How ist met you, how ist bro?
broliek?

Doll. Ick bare well God danke you:
Nay Ime an apt scholler and can take.

Hans. Dat is good, dott is good:
Ick can neet stay long: for Ick heb en
skip come now upon de bater: O min
Schoonen bro, we fall dance lateera, teera, and sing Iek drincke to you min here, ban:—wat man is dat bro.

Hans. Wat honds foote is dat Doro-thy.

Hans. Gotts Sacrament! your bader! why leyghen you niet so to me! mine heart tis mine all great desire, to call you mine bader ta for Iek loue dis schoonen bro your dochterkin.

Hor. Nay pray sir on.


Horn. Whats your name I pray.

Hans. Mun nom bin Hans van Belch.

Horn. Hans Van Belch!

Hans. Pau, pau, tis so, tis so, de dronken man is altee remember me.

Horn. Doe you play the marchant, sonne Belch.

Hans. Pau bader: Iek heb de skip swim now upon de bater if you entdouty, goe up in de little skip dat goe so, and bee pullb up to Wapping, Iek tal beare you on my backe, and hang you about min neck into min groet Skip.

Horn. He Sayes Doll, he would haue thee to Wapping and hang thee.
North-ward Hoe.

Doll. No Father I vnderstand him, but maister Hans, I would not be feene hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his Jewell, for any gold.
Horn. Is your father liuing Maister Hans.

Hans. Pau, pau, min bader heb cho-non hufen in Ausburgh groet mine heart is mine baders brother, mine bader heb land, and bin full of fee, dat is beasts, cattell.
Char. He's lowzy be-like.
Hans. Min bader bin de groest fooker in all Ausbrough.
Dol. The greatest what?
Lour. Fooker he faies.
Dol. Out vpon him.

Hans. Pauw pauw, fooker is en groet min here hees en elderman bane Citty, gots sacrament, wat is de clock? Ick niet stay.

A watch.

Her. Call his watch before you, if you can.
Doll. Her's a pretty thing: do these wheeles spin vp the houres! what's a clock.


Doll. We can heare neither clock, nor Jack going, wee dwell in such a place that I feare I shall never finde the way to Church, because the bells hang so farre; Such a watch as this, would make me go downe with the Lamb, and be vp with the Larke.

Hans. Seghen you so, dor it to.

Doll. O fie: I doe but iet, for in trueth I could neuer abide a watch.
North-ward Hoe.

Hans. Gotts sacrament, ik niet heb it any more.

Exeunt Leuer-poole and Chartly.

Dol. An other peale! good father lanch out this hollander.

Horn. Come Maister Belch, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leave you.

Hans. Ick bedanke you bader. Exit.

Dol. They say Whores and bawdes go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelue houres fo deereely, and then bee begd out of 'em fo easily! heele be out at heeles shortly sure for he's out about the clockes already: O foolish young man how doest thou spend thy time?

Enter Leuer-poole firft, then Allom and Chartly.

Leuer. Your grocer.

Dol. Nay Sfoot, then ile change my tune: I may caufe fuch leaden-heeld rafcalls; out of my sight: a knife, a knife I say: O Maister Allom, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and vndo me, vndo me.

Allo. Sweete mistris Dorothy, what shoulde you do with a knife, its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maisters I knife God bleffe vs.

Les. Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these.

Do. Oh I shal burft, if I cut not my lace: I'me fo vext! my father hee's ridde to Court: one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight; and one of his men (like a roague as he is) is rid another way for rents, I lookt to haue had him vp yesterday, and vp to day, and yet hee showes not his head; sure he's run away, or robde & run thorough; and here was a scruener but euuen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, that wilbe forfit this night if the mony be not payd Maister Allom. Such croffe fortune!
North-ward Hoe. 25

 allo. How much is the bond?
 chart. O rare little villaine.
 dol. My father could take vp, vpon the barenesse of his word fiue hundred pound: and fiue toe.
 alom. What is the debt?
 dol. But hee scornes to bee... and I scorne to bee...
 alom. Pree thee sweete Mistris Dorothy vex not, how much is it?
 dol. Alas Mister Alom, tis but poore fifty pound.
 allo. If that bee all, you shall vpon your worde take vp so much with me: another time ile run as far in your bookes.
 dol. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindnesse: but when my father——
 all. Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking: Iust 50 pound? when is it to be payd.
 dol. Betweene one and two.
 leue. That's wee thre.
 alom. Let one of your men goe along, and ile send fifty pound!
 dol. You so bind mee sir, ... goe sirra: Mister Alom, I ha some quinces brough from our house ith Country to preferue, when shall we haue any good Suger come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Suger at such an exceffuie rate; you pay sweetely now I warrant, sir do you not.
 al. You shal haue a whole cheeft of Suger if you pleafe.
 dol. Nay by my faith foure or fiue loaves wil-be enough, and ile pay you at my first child Mister Alom.
 alom. Content ifaith, your man shall bring all vnnder one, ile borrow a kiffe of you at parting.

Enter Captaine Iynkins.

dol. You shal sir, I borrow more of you.

ex. alom. & leue.
North-ward Hoe.

Chart. Saue you Captaine.

Dol. Welcome good captaine Jynkins.

Captaine. What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that dreft your lippes so.

Dol. A Barber I hee's may Taylor; I bidde him measure how hie, hee would make the standing coller of my new Taffatie Gowne before, and hee as Tailors wilbe sawcie and lickerish, laid mee ore the lippes.

Captaine. Vds bloud ile laie him croffle vpon his coxcomb next daie.

Dol. You know tis not for a Gentlewoman to stond with a knaue, for a small matter, and so I wud not striue with him, onelie to be rid of him.

Capt. If I take Maister prick-loufe ramping so hie againe, by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell) Ile make him know how to kisse your blind cheekes sooner: mistris Dorothy Hornet, I wud not haue you bee a hornet, to lice at Cowherds, but to fling such threds of rascallity: will you sing a Tailor shall haue mee my ioy?

Dol. Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any thing I a Taylor I foh.

Capt. Of what flature or fife haue you a stomach to haue your husband now?

Dol. Of the meaneft flature Captaine, not a size longer than your selfe, nor shorter.

Cap. By god, tis wel saied all your best Captaine in the Low-countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch Mistres Dol?

Dol. Because your smallest Arrowes flie farthest; ah you little hard-fauord villaine, but sweete villaine, I loue thee becaufe thou't draw a my fide, hang the roague that will not fight for a woman.

Cap. Vds blould, and hang him for vre than a roague that will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore.

Dol. Free the good Captaine Jynkins, teach mee
North-ward Hoe.

to speake some welch, mee thinkes a Welchmans tongue is the neatest tongue!—

Cap. As any tongue in the vrdl, vnlesse Cra ma trees, that's vrfe.

Dol. How do you say, I loue you with all my heart.

Cap. Mi cara whee, en hellon.

Dol. Mi cara whee, en hel-hound.

Cap. Hel-hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en hellon.

Dol. O, my cara whee en hellon.

Cap. Oh! and you went to wryting schoole twenty score yeare in Wales, by Sefu, you cannot haue better vterance, for welch.

Dol. Come tit mee, come tat me, come throw a knife at mee, how is that?

Cap. By gad I know not, what your tit mees, and tat mees are, but mee uatha—Sbloud I know what kiffes be, afwel as I know a Welch hooke, if you will goe downe with Shropsheere cariers, you shal haue Welch enough in your pellies forty weekes.

Dol. Say Captaine that I should follow your colours into your Country how should I fare there?

Cap. Fare! by Sefu, O there is the most abominable seere! and wider fluer pots to drinck in, and softer peds to lie vpon & do our necessaruy pufines, and fairer houses and parkes, & holes for Conies, and more money, besides tosted Sees and butter-milke in Northwales diggon: bevides, harpes & Welch Freeze, and Goates, and Cowheelees, and Metheglin, ouh, it may be set in the Kernicles, wil you march thither?

Dol. Not with your Shropsheere cariers, Captaine.

Cap. Will you go with Captaine Jenkin and see his Couzen Maddoc vpon Jenkin there, and ile run hedlongs by and by, & batter away money for a new Coach to iolt you in.

Dol. Beflow you Coach vpon me, & two young white Marces, and you shall see how Ile ride.

Cap. Will you! by all the leckes that are worne
on Saint Davies daie I will buy not only a Coach, with foure wheeles, but also a white Mare and a flone horse too, because they shall draw you, very lustily, as if the diuill were in their arses. Exit.

How now, more Tailors——Meetes Phillip.

*Phi.* How sir; Taylors.

*Dol.* O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

**Enter Leuerpoole at another dore.**

*Caph.* Is he, I will Couzen you then sir too, one day.

*Phil.* I hope sir then to Couzen you too.

*Caph.* By gad I hobbe so, fare-well Sidanien. Exit.

*Leuer.* Her's both money, and suger.

*Dol.* O sweete villain, set it vp.

Exit, and Enter presently.

*Phil.* Sfoot, what tame suaggerer was this I met

*Doll.*

*Phil.* A Captaine, a Captaine: but haft fcap't the Dunkerke's honest Philip? Philip ryalls are not more welcome: did thy father pay the shot?

*Phil.* He paifd that shot, and then shot pistols into my pockets: harke wench: chinch chink, makes the punch wanton and the Baud to winck.

*Capers.*

*Chart.* O rare music.

*Leuer.* Heauenly confort, better than old Moones.

*Phil.* But why? why *Dol*, goe these two like Beadells in blew? ha?

*Doll.* Theres a morrall in that: flea off your skins, you preitious Caniballs: O that the welch Captaine were here againe, and a drum with him, I could march now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan, firra Philip has thy father any plate in's house.

*Phil.* Enough to set vp a Gold-smithes shop.

*Dol.* Canst not borrow some of it? we shall have guests to morrow or next day, and I wud ferue
the hungry rag-a-muffles in plate, tho twere none of mine owne.

**Phl.** I shall hardly borrow it of him but I could get one of mine Aunts, to beate the bush for mee, and she might get the bird.

**Dol.** Why pree the, let me bee one of thine Aunts, and doe it for me then. As I'm vertuous and a Gentlewoman ile restore.

**Phl.** Say no more tis don.

**Dol.** What manner of man is thy father? Sloote ide faine fee the witty Monky because thou sayst he's a Poet: ile tell thee, what ile do: Leuer-poole or Chartly, shall like my Gentleman vther goe to him, and say such a Lady fends for him, about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurfe, or for some deuice about a maske or fo: if he comes you shal stand in a corner, and fee in what State ile beare my selfe: he does not know me, nor my lodging.

**Phl.** No, no.

**Dol.** If a match Sirs! shal be mery with him and his mufe.

**Omn.** Agreed, any scaffold to execute knauery vpon.

**Dol.** Ile send then my vant-currer presently: in the meantime, marche after the Captaine, scoundrels, come hold me vp:

Looke how Sabrina funck ith' river Severne,
So will we foure be drunke ith' ship-wrack Tauerne.

**Exit.**

**Enter Bellamont, Maybery, and Mistrefse Maybery.**

**May.** Come Wife, our two gallants will be here preffently: I haue promisit them the beft of entertain-
ment, with proteftation neuer to reauale to thee their flander: I will haue thee beare thy selfe, as if thou madeft a feaft vpon Simon and Fudes day, to country Gentlewomen, that came to fee the Pageant, bid them extreamly welcome, though thou with their throats cut; 'tis in fashion.
North-ward Hoe.

Wife. O God I shall never indure them.

Bell. Indure them, you are a fool: make it your case, as it may be many womens of the Freedome; that you had a friend in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bofome: and he in requital should lay his wife to his bofome: what treads of the toe, salutations by winckes, discouerse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweete sloe kisles when your husbands backs turnd, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to Greensfield as if you did loue him for affecting you fo intirely, not taking any notice of his journey: theile put more tricks vpon you: you told me Greensfield meanes to bring his Sister to your houfe, to haue her boord here.

May. Right, shees some crackt demy-culuerin, that, hath miscaired in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not.

Wife. Lord was there euer such a husband?

May. Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tongues to run at large, in Ordinaries and Cockpits; though the Knaues doe lye, I tell you Master Bella-mont, lyes that come from sterne lookes, and Sattin out-sides, and guilt Rapiers also, will be put vp and goe for currant.

Bell. Right sir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull womans discredite.

May. I will therefore vfe them like informing knaues, in this kinde, make up their mouthes with filuer, and after bee reuenged vpon them: I was in doubt I should haue growne fat of late: and it were not for law suetes: and feare of our wiuies, we rich men shoule grow out of all compasse: they come, my worthy friends welcome: looke my wiuies colour rifes already.

Green. You haue not made her acquainted with the disouery.

May. O by no meanes: yee see Gentlemen the affection of an old man; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife giue entertainment to our new
acquaintance, your lips wife, any woman may lend her lips without her husbands priuity tis allowable.

Wife. You are very welcome, I thinke it be neere dinner time Gentlemen: Ile will the maide to couer, and returne presentely.

Bell. Gods pretious why doth she leaue them?

Exit.

May. O I know her stomack: shee is but retirde into another chamber, to eafe her heart with crying a little: it hath euer bin her humor, she hath done it 5. or 6. times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene heare, if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet euer returne laught and bin as merry: & how is it Gentlemen, you are well acquainted with this roome, are you not?

Gree. I had a dellicate banquet once on that table.

May. In good time: but you are better acquainted with my bed chamber.

Bell. Were the cloath of gold Cusheins set forth at your entertainement?

Fath. Yes Sir.

May. And the cloath of Tisfiew Valance.

Fath. They are very rich ones.

May. God refuse me, they are lying Rascals, I have no such furniture.

Gree. I protest it was the strangeth, and yet withall the happieth fortune that wee shoulde meete you two at Ware, that euer redeemed such desolate actions: I would not wrong you agen for a million of Londons.

May. No, do you want any money or if you be in debt, I am a hundreth pound ith' Subsidie, command mee.

Fath. Alas good Gentleman; did you euer read of the like pacience in any of your ancient Romans?

Bell. You see what a sweet face in a Veluet cap
can do, your citizens winces are like Partriges, the hens are better then the cocks.

Feth. I beleue it in troth, Sir you did obserue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her selfe, when she saw vs enter.

Bell. Right.

Feth. For thus much I must speake in allowance of her modestie, when I had her most private she would blush extremly.

Bell. I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with another mans wife.

Feth. Introth she would.

Bell. And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitionally giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to husbands though gentlemen gave the firft onfet.

Feth. You are a merry ould gentlemen infaith Sir: much like to this was her langwage.

Bell. And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bofome; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court renels; and inuited you by letter to her lodging.

Feth. Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

May. Ile goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring; and twill quit all suspiration. Exit.

Feth. Doft heare Luke Greensfield wil thy wife be here presently.

Green. I left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I thinke God proides; for if this cititien had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my fifer, I could not haue told what shift to haue made; for the greatest part of my mony is reuolte; weele make more vfe of him, the whorefon rich Inkeeper of Donofler her father shewed himselfe a ranke offter; to send her vp
at this time a yeare; and by the carier to, twas but a
iades trike of him.

Feth. But haue you instructed her to call you
brother.

Gree. Yes and shele do it, I left her at Bosomes
Inne, sheele be here, preffently.

Enter Maybery.

May. Maifter Greeneheild your sister is come;
my wife is entertaining her, by the maffe I haue bin
vpon her lips already. Lady you are welcome, looke
you maifter Greeneheild, because your sister is newly
corne out of the fresh aire, and that to be pent vp in
a narrow lodging here ith' cittie may offend her health
the shall lodge at a garden house of mine in Morefcilds
where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to
beare her company your seuerall lodgings and Ioint
commons (to the poore ability of a citizen) hal be
prouided.

Feth. O God Sir.

May. Nay no complement your loues comand it :
shall to dinner Gentlemen, come maifter Bellamont
Ile be the Gentleman vther to this faire Lady.

Gree. Here is your ring Mistris; a thousand
times,— and would haue willingly loft my best of
maintenance that I might haue found you halfe so
tractable.

Wijf. Sir I am still my selfe, I know not by what
means you haue grown vpon my husband, he is much
deceaued in you I take it: will you go in to dinner—
O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were
not for my husband ide scratch out his eyes preffently.

Ex.

Fet. Welcome to London bonny mistris Kate, thy
husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath paft
betwene thee & I Kate.

Kate. Noe matter if hee did: he ran away from
me like a base flauce as he was, out of Yorke-shire, and

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pretended he would goe the Iland voyage, since I neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condemne me for entertyning a friend, that am vied so like an Infidel?

Fet. I think not, but if your husband knew of this he'd be deuorft.

Kat. Hee were an asse then, no wisemen shoud deale by their wiues as the sale of ordinance passeth in England, if it breake the firt discharge the workman is at the losse of it, if the second the Marchant, & the workman ioynly, if the third the Marchant, so in our cafe, if a woman proue falle the firt yeare, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the second, turne her home to her father but allow her a portion, but if she hould pure mettale two yeare and flie to feueral pceces, in the third, repaire the ruines of her honesty at your charges, for the best pcece of ordinance, may bee crackt in the casting, and for women to haue cracks and flawses, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out foure yeare, doth my husband do any things about London doth he swagger!

Feth. O as tame as a fray in Fleetefreeete, when their are nobody to part them.

Ka. I euer thought so, we haue notable valiant fellowes about Doncafter, theille glue the lie and the stab both in an instant.

Feth. You like such kind of man-hood beft Kate.

Kat. Yes introth for I think any woman that loues her friend, had rather haue him fland by it then lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why must I be quartered at this Citizens garden house, say you.

Fet. The discoure of that wil set thy bloud on fire to be reuengd on thy husbands forhead pcece.


Wif. Wil you go in to dinner fir?
Kat. Wil you lead the way forfoth?
Northward Hoe.

Wif. No sweete forfothe weele follow you.
O Maister Bellamont: as euer you tooke witty vp
the simplicitie of a poore abused gentlewoman: wil you
tell me one thing.
Bell. Any thing sweete Misfris Mayberrie.
Wife. I but will you doe it faithfully?
Bell. As I respeckt your acquittance I shal doe
it.
Wife. Tell me then I befeech you, doe not you
thinke this minx is some noughty packe whome my
husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe
vnder my nofe at his garden house.
Bell. No vpon my life is she not.
Wife. O I cannot beleue it, I know by her eies
she is not honest, why should my husband proffer them
such kindnes? that haue abused him and me; so in-
tollerable: and will not suffer me to speake; thers
the hell ont not to suffer me to speake.
Bell. Fie fie, he doth that like a vferer, that will
vse a man with all kindnes, that he may be careless
of paying his mony, vpon his day, and after-wards
take the extremitie of the forfeature; your jealouse is
Idle: say this were true, it lies in the bosome of a
sweete wife to draw her husband from any loose imper-
fection, from wenching, from jealouse, from coutious
nes from crabbendnes, which is the old mans common
difeafe, by her politicke yealding.
Bell. She maye doe it from crabbendes, for
example I haue knowne as tough blades as any are in
England broke vpon a fetherbed—come to diner.
Wife. Ile be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like
mine uncle.
Bell. Suspition workes more mischiefe grewes more
strong,
To feuer chaft beds then aparant wrongs. Exit.
North-ward Hoe.

ACTVS 3. SÆNA I.

Enter Doll, Charty, Leuerpoole and Phillip.

Phil. Come my little Punke with thy two Com-positors to this vnlawfull printing house, thy pounders a my old poeticall dad wilbe here presently; take vp thy State in this chayre, and beare thy selfe as if thou wert talking to thy pottecury after the receipt of a purgation: looke sicurily vp on him: sometimes be merrie and stand vppon thy pantoffles like a new elected scavinger.

Doll. And by and by melancholicke like a Tilter that hath broake his flaues foule before his Mrtrife.

Phil. Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great count: harke vp on my life hee's come.

Doll. See who knocks: thou shalt see mee make a a foole of a Poet, that hath made five hundred fooles.

Leuer. Please your new Lady-ship hee's come.

Doll. Is hee? I shoulde for the more state let him walke some two houre in an vutter roome: if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of faashion; but come enter him: Stay, when we are in priuate conference fend in my Tayler.

Enter Bellamont brought in by Leuerpoole.

Leuer. Looke you my Ladie's a sleepe, sheele wake presentely.

Bell. I come not to teach a Starling sir God-boy-you.

Leuer. Nay in truth Sir, if my Lady should but dreame you had beene heare.

Doll. Who's that keepes such a prating?

Leuer. 'Tis I Madam.

Doll. Ile haue you prefered to be a Cryer: you
haue an extent throat for't: pox a the Poet is he not come yet!

Leuer. Hee's here Madam.

Doll. Crie you mercy: I ha curst my Monkey for shrewd turnes a hundred times, and yet I loue it nerer the worfe I protest.

Bel. Tis not in fashion deere Lady to call the breaking out of a Gentlewomans lips, fcabs, but the heate of the Liuer.

Doll. So fir: if you haue a sweete breath, and doe not smell of swetty linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

Bel. I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

Doll. You write the sweeter verfe a great deale fir, I haue heard much good of your wit maifter Poet: you do many deuifes for Citizens wiues: I care not greatly because I haue a City Laundrefe already, if I get a Cityt Poet too: I haue such a deuife for you, and this it is.

Enter Tayler.

O welcome Tayler: do but waite till I dispatch my Tayler, and Ile discouer my deuice to you.

Bel. Ile take my leave of your Ladifhip.

Doll. No: I pray thee stay: I must haue you sweate for my deuice Maifter Poet.

Phil. He sweats already beleue it.

Doll. A cup of wine there: what fashion will make a woman haue the best bodie Taylor.

Tay. A short dutch waift with a round cathern-wheele fardingale: a close fleuce with a cartoose col-lour and a pickadell.

Doll. And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maifter Poet.

Bel. Fowle madam is the moft light, delicate, & witty feeding.

Doll. Fowle fayft thou: I know them that feede of it every meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are
in a kingdome of my credit: hast thou don Taylor? now to discouer my deuice: Ile drink to you sir.

Phil. Gods pretious, wee nere thought of her deuice before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

Dol. Ile haue you make 12. poefies for a dozen of cheefe trenchers.

Phil. O horrible!

Bel. In welch madam?

Dol. Why in welch sir.

Bel. Because you will haue them seru'd in with your cheefe Ladie.

Dol. I will beftow them indeede vpon a welch Captaine: one that loues cheefe better than venfon, for if you shoulde but get 3. or 4. Cheshire cheefes and fet them a running down Hiegate-hill, he would make more haft after them than after the best kennell of hounds in England; what think you of my deuice?

Bel. Fore-god a very strange deuice and a cunning one.

Phil. Now he begins to eye the goblet.

Bel. You shoulde be a kin to the Bellamonts, you giue the same Armes madam.

Dol. Faith I paid sweetely for the cup, as it may be you and some other Gentleman haue don for their Armes.

Bel. Ha, the same waiget: the same fathion: I had three neft of them giuen mee, by a Nobleman at the chrifting of my fonne Philip.

Phil. Your fonne is come to full age sir: and hath tane posseffion of the gift of his Godfather.

Bel. Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

Phil. No sir, ile kill no Poet leaff his ghost write satires against mee.

Bel. What's she? a good common welthes woman, shee was borne.

Phil. For her Country, and has borne her Country.

Bel. Heart of vertue? what make I here?
Ph. This was the party you sail’d on: I keepe no worfe company than your selfe father, you were wont to say venery is like vtery that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

Be. Wherefore come I hither.

D. To make a deuice for cheesfe-trenchers.

Ph. Ile tell you why I sent for you, for nothing but to shew you that your gravuity may bee drawne in: white haires may fall into the company of drabs alwell as red beardes into the society of knaues: would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleeeue she only kept her cabbin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in’t.

D. Pree the Poet what doeft thou think of me.

Be. I think thou art a most admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

D. Nay sir, I was told you would raile: but what doe you thinke of my deuice sir, nay: but you are not to depart yet Maister Poet: wut sup with me! Ile cashiere all my yong barnicles, & weele talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wisely.

Be. Sup with thee that art a common vndertaker! thou that doest promife nothing but watchet eyes, bumbaft calues and falfe perywigs.

D. Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I shall affect thee.

Be. O thy vnlucky starre! I must take my leave of your worhippe I cannot fit your deuice at this instant: I must desire to borrow a neft of goblets of you: O villanie! I wud some honest Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith City and cary them into some other Country they’d sell better than Beifes and Calues: what a vertuous City would this bee then! mary I thinke there would bee a fewe people left int, vds foot, guld with Cheefe-trenchers and yolk in entertainment with a Taylor! good, good.

Exit.

Phil. How doest Doll?

Doll. Scuruie, very scruie.
Leuer. Where shal[s suppe wench?

Doll. Ile suppe in my bedde; gette you home to your lodging and come when I sende for you, a filthy rogue that I am.

Phil. How! howe, mistis Dorothy?

Dol. Saint Antonies fire light in your Spanish flops: vds life, Ile make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy, you panderly rogue.

Omm. We observe your Ladiship.

Phi. The punchs in her humer—pax. Exit.

Dol. Ile humor you and you pox mee: vds life have I lien with a Spaniard of late, that I have learnt to mingle such water with my Malago, O ther's some scurrie thing or other breeding: how many feverall loues of Plaiers of Vaulters, of Lieutenants have I entertain'd besides a runner a the ropes, and now to let bloud when the signe is at the heart I should I sende him a letter with some Jewe in't, he would requite it as lawiers do, that returne a woodcock pie to their clients, when they sende them a Bafon and a Eure, I will infantly go and make my selfe drunke, till I have lost my memory, liue a scoffing Poet? Exit.

Enter Lep-frog and Squirill.

Frog. Now Squirill wilt thou make vs acquainted with the left thou promisst to tell vs of?

Squir. I will discouer it, not as a Darby-there women discouers her great teeth, in laughter; but softly as a gentle man courts a wench behind an Arras; and this it is, yong Greensheild thy Maister with Greensheilds sister lie in my maisters garden-houfe here in More-fields.

Frog. Right, what of this?

Squir. Mary sir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he comits incest, for Ime sure he lies with her euery night.

Fro. All this I know, but the refi.
North-ward Ho.

Squir. I will tell thee, the most pollitick trick of a woman, that ere made a man's face looke withered and pale like the tree in Cuckolds Hauen in a great snow: and this it is, my mistris makes her husband believe that shee walkes in her sleepe a nights, and to confirme this beleefe in him, fondry times shee hath rizen out of her bed, vnlockt all the dores, gon from Chamber to Chamber, open'd her chefts, touz'd among her linnen, & when he hath wak'te & miff her, comming to question why the coniur'd thus at midnight, he hath found her fast a sleepe, mary it was Cats sleepe, for you shall heare what prey she watcht for.

Frog. Good; forth.

Squir. I over-heard her last night talking with thy Maister, and she promis'd him that asloane as her husband was a sleepe, she would walke according to her custome, and come to his Chamber, marry she would do it so puritanically, so secretly I meane, that no body should heare of it.

Frog. Is't possible?

Squir. Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witnesse it.

Frog. O intollerable witte, what hold can any man take of a woman's honestly.

Squir. Hold! no more hold then of a Bull n ynted with Sope, and baited with a shoale of Fidlers in Staffordshire: stand close I heare her comming.

Enter Kate.

Kate. What a filthy knawe was the shoo-maker, that made my flippers, what a creaking they keepe: O Lord, if there be any power that can make a woman's husband sleepe foundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in foolish Poetrie that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreame some fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man,
or some-what whilst I go and take but two kifles, but
two kifles from sweete Fetherstone. Exit.

Squir. Soot hee may well dreame hees made a
Knight: for Ille be hangd if she do not dub him.

Green. Was there euer any walking spirit, like to
my wife? what reason should there bee in nature
for this; I will question some Phisition: nor heare
neither: vndlife, I would laugh if she were in Master
Fetherstone's Chamber, shee would fright him, Master
Fetherstone, Master Fetherstone.

Within Feth. Ha, how now who cal's?

Green. Did you leaue your doore open last
night?

Feth. I know not, I thinke my boy did.

Green. Gods light shee's there then, will you know
the iest, my wife hath her old tricks, Ille hold my life,
my wife's in your chamber, rife out of your bed, and
see and you can feel her.

Squir. He will feel her I warrant you!

Squir. Haue you her sir?

Feth. Not yet sir, shee's here sir.

Enter Fetherstone and Kate in his armes.

Green. So I said even now to my selfe before God
la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether
softly, for feare of waking her: I never knew the like
of this before God la, alas poore Kate, looke before
God; shees a sleepe with her eyes open: prettie
little rogue, Ille wake her, and make her ahamd
of it.

Feth. O youle make her ficker then.

Green. I warrant you; would all women thought
no more hurt then thou doost, now sweet villaine, Kate,
Kate.

Kate. I longd for the merry thought of a pheasant.

Green. She talkes in her sleepe.

Kate. And the foule-gutted Tripe-wife had got it,
Northward Hoe.

& eate halfe of it: and my colour went and came, and my stomach wambled: till I was ready to found, but a Mid-wifre perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, 'twas the sweetest meate me thought.

Squi. O pollitick Misstrife.

Green. Why Kate, Kate?

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, I beshrew your hart, Lord where am I?

Green. I pray thee be not frighted.

Kate. O I am sick, I am sick, I am sick, O how my flesh trembles: oh some of the Angelica water, I shall have the Mother presently.

Green. Hold downe her stomach good maister Fetherstone, while I fetch some. Exit.

Feth. Well dissembled Kate.

Kate. Pifh, I am like some of your Ladies that can be sick when they haue no stomack to lie with their husbands.

Feth. What mischious fortune is this: weel haue a journey to Ware Kate, to redeeme this misfortune.

Kate. Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that will entertaine a friend, must as well provide a Closet or Back-doore for him, as a Fetherbed.

Feth. Be my troth I pitty thy husband.

Kate. Pitty him, no man dares call him Cuckold; for he weares Sattin: pitty him, he that will pull downe a mans signe, and fet vp hornes, there's law for him.

Feth. Be sick againe, your husband comes.

Enter Greeneshield with a broken shin.

Green. I haue the worst luck; I thinke I get more bumps and shrewd turnses ith' darke, how do's thee maister Fetherstone.

Feth. Very ill sir, shees troubled with the moother
extreemly, I held downe her belly euen now, and I
might seele it rife.

*Kate.* O lay me in my bed, I beseech you.

*Gre.* I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all
the Docters in towne can fell it; a thousand pound to
a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck,
or catch a cold that she may nere claw off againe,
how doo my wench?

*Kate.* A little recoourd: alas I haue so troubled
that Gentleman.

*Peth.* None in' world *Kate*, may I do you any
farther feruice.

*Kate.* And I were where I would be in your bed:
pray pardon me, waft you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I
should be well then.

*Gqui.* Marke how she wrings him by the fingers.

*Kate.* Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman
thankes for patience.

*Green.* Good night Sir.

*Peth.* You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue
it searceht.

*Green.* A scratch, a scratch. *Exit.*

*Peth.* Let me see what excuse shoule I frame, to
get this wench forto a towne with me: Ie perfwade
her husband to take Phifick, and presently haue
a letter framed, from his father in law, to be delieverd
that morning for his wife, to come and receiue some
small parcell of money in *Enfield* chafe, at a Keepers
that is her Vnkle, then fir he not beeing in cafe to traue-
uell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, weele
lye at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *Lon-
don*, Ie goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter pre-
fently. *Exit.*

*Gqui.* And Ie take the paines to discover all
this to my maister old *Maybery*, there hath gone a
report a good while, my Maister hath vied them
kindly, because they haue beene ouer familiar with
his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* lookes.
floue ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a
North-ward Hoe.

Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee insteed of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

Lep. O God fir, as secret as rufhes in an old Ladyes Chamber. Exit.

ACTVS 4. SCENA I.

Enter Bellamont, in his Night-cap, with leaves in his hand; his man after him with lights, Standish, and Paper.

Bel. Sirrah, Ile speake with none.
Seru. Not a plaier!
Bel. No, tho a sharer ball; I'll speake with none, although it be the mouth Of the big company; I'll speake with none: away. Why should not I bee an excellent statesman? I can in the wryting of a tragedy make Caesar speake better than euere his ambition could; when I write of Pompey, I have Pompey's soul within me: and when I perfonate a worthy Poet, I am then truly myself, a poore vnpreferd scholler.

Enter his Man hastyly.

Seru. Here's a swaggering fellow, fir, that speakes not like a man of gods making, sweares he must speake with you, and wil speake with you.
Bel. Not of gods making! what is he! a Cuckold?
Seru. He's a Gentleman fir, by his clothes.
Bel. Enter him and his clothes: clothes sometimes are better Gentlemen than their Masters.
Enter the Captaine & and the Ser.

Is this he?—Seeke you me, sir.

Cap. I seek, sir, (god pleffe) you for a Sentillman that talkes beides to himself when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam; and he's a Poet.

Bel. So, sir, it may bee you seeke mee, for I me sometimes out a my wits.

Cap. You are a Poet, sir, are you.

Bel. Tme haunted with a Fury, sir.

Cap. Pray, Master Poet, shute off this little pot-gun, and I wil conjure your Fury: 'tis well lay you, sir. My desires are to haue some amiable and amorous somnet or madrigall composed by your Fury, see you.

Bel. Are you a louer sir of the nine Mufes.

Cap. Ow, by gad, out a cry.

Bel. Y'are, then, a scholler, sir.

Cap. I ha pickt vp my cromes in Seffus colledge in Oxford, one day a gad while agoe.

Bel. Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome. Ile borrow your Judgement: looke you, sir, I'me writing a Tragedy, the Tragedy of Young Astianax.

Cap. Styanaex Tragedy! is he liuing, can you tell? was not Styanaex a Monmouth man?

Bel. O, no, sir, you mistake; he was a Troyane great Helen's Son.

Cap. Hellen was grannam to Cadwallowdor: when shee was great with child, God vdge me, there was one young Styanaex of Monmouthsheire was a madder greek as any is in all England.

Bel. This was not he, affure yee. Looke you, sir, I will haue this Tragedy presented in the French court by French Gallants.

Cap. By God, your Frenchmen will doe a Tragedy-enterlude pogy well.

Bel. It shall be, sir, at the marriages of the Duke of Orleans and Chatillon the admiral of France, the flage.
Cap. Ud's blood, does Orleans marry with the
Admirall of France, now.
Bel. O, sir, no, they are two seuerall marriages.
As I was saying, the stage hung all with black velvet,
and while is act is, myself will stand behind the Duke
of Biron, or some other cheefe minion or so, who
shall, I they shall take some occasion, about the mufick
of the fourth Act, to step to the French King, and say,
Sire voyla, il est votre tres humble serviteur, le plus sage
à diuine esprit, monsieur Bellamont, all in French
thus, poynting at me, or, Yon is the learned old
English Gentleman, Master Bellamont, a very wor-
thie man to bee one of your priuy Chamber or Poet
Lawreat.
Cap. But are you sure Duke Pepper-noone wil
gieue you fuch good vrds, behind your back to your
face.
Bel. O I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I
know there: but what do you thinke that I may come
to by this.
Cap. God vdge mee, all France may hap die in
your debt for this.
Bel. I am now wryting the description of his
death.
Cap. Did he die in his ped.
Bel. You shal heare: suftition is the Mynion of
great hearts,
no: I will not begin there: Imagine a great man
were to be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy
morning.
Capt. As it might bee Sampson or fo, or great
Golias that was kild by my Countriman.
Bel. Right sir, thus I expresse it in yong Aftianax.
Now the wilde people greedy of their griefes,
Longing to see, that which their thoughts abhord,
Presuended day, and rod on their owne roofes.
Cap. Could the little horfe that ambled on the
top of Paules, cary all the people; els how could they
ride on the roofes!
Northward Hoe.

Bel. O sir, tis a figure in Poetry, marke how tis followed,
Rod on their owne roofes,
Making all Neighboring houfes tilde with men;
tilde with men I tift not good.
Cap. By Sefu, and it were tilde all with naked
Imen twere better.
Bel. You shall heare no more; pick your eares, they are fowle sir, what are you sir pray?
Cap. A Captaine sir, and a follower of god Mars.
Bel. Mars, Bacchus, and I loue Apollo! a Captaine! then I pardon you sir, and Captaine what wud you preffe me for?
Cap. For a witty ditty, to a Sentill-oman, that I am falne in with all, ouer head and eares in affections,
and naturall defires.
Bel. An Acrostick were good vpon her name me thinks.
Cap. Croffe flicks: I wud not be too croffe
MAilfer Poet: yet if it bee beff to bring her name
in queflion, her name is mistris Dorothy Hornet.
Bel. The very consumption that wafts my Sorne,
and the Ayme that hung lately vpon mee: doe you loue
this Miftris Dorothy?
Cap. Loue her! there is no Captaines wife in
England, can haue more loue put vpon her, and yet 
Ime sure Captaines wines, haue their pellies full of
good mens loues.
Be. And does the loue you? has there past any
great matter betweene you?
Cap. As great a matter, as a whole coach, and
a horfe and his wife are gon too and fro betweene
vs.
Bel. Is thee? ifayth Captaine, bee valiant and tell
truth, is the honest?
Cap. Honest? god vdge me, thee's as honest,
as a Punck, that cannot abide fornication, and
lechery.
Bel. Looke you Captaine, Ile shew you why I
North-ward Hoe.

afke, I hope you thinke my wenching daies are past, yet Sir, here's a letter that her father, brought me from her and inforcd mee to take this very day.

Enter a Servant and Whispers.

Cap. Tis for some loue-fong to send to me, I hold my life.

Bel. This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the party is at my dore, shall she come in Captaine?

Cap. O I, I, put her in, put her in I pray now.

Exit Seru.

Bel. The letter faies here, that she's exceeding sick, and intreates me to visit her: Captaine, lie you in ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall heare the peecce of a Commedy: she comes, she comes, make your selfe away.

Cap. Does the Poet play Torkin and cast my Lucräfties water too in hugger muggers: if he do, Styanax Tragedy was neuer so horrible bloudy-minded, as his Commedy shalbe,—Tawfons Captaine Jenkins.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Now, master Poet, I sent for you.

Bell. And I came once at your Ladiships call.

Doll. My Ladiship and your Lordship lie both in one manner; you have conjur'd up a sweete spirit in mee, haue you not, Rimer?

Bell. Why, Medea! what spirit! wud I were a young man for thy fake.

Doll. So wud I, for then thou couldst doe mee no hurt: now thou doest.

Bell. If I were a yonker, it would be no Imodesty in mee to be seene in thy company; but to have snow in the lap of Iune, vile, vile! yet come; garlick has a white head and a greene falkke, then why should not I? lets bee merry: what faies the deuill to al the world? for Ime fure thou art carnally posleft with him.
50

Northward Hoe.

Doll. Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy carier's foot.

Bell. A filthy shooe, but a fine foote: I stond not upon my foot I.

Cap. What stands he upon then? with a pox, god bless us!

Doll. A legge and a Calfe! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body!—not worth begging by a Barber-surgeon.

Bell. Very good, you draw me and quarter me: fates keepe me from hanging.

Doll. And which most turns up a womans stom-ach, thou art an old hoary man; thou haft gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a grave: what doe I see then in that withered face of thine?

Bell. Wrinkles; grauity.

Doll. Wretchednes, grief: old fellow thou hast bewitch me; I can neither eate for thee, nor sleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

Cap. Why do blood! I did never see a white flea before I will clinge you?

Doll. I was borne sere, in the dog-dayes, Ime so unluky; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanih hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor mony, cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man, am now befotted, doate, am mad, for the carcass of a man; and, as if I were a baud, no ring pleaues me but a deaths head.

Cap. Seju, are Imen so arsy-varsy.

Bell. Mad for me? why, if the worme of luft were wrigling within mee as it does in others, doft thinke Ide crawl upon thee; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer?

Doll. I confesse it.

Cap. Doe you? are you a towne cowe, and confesse you beare calues?
North-ward Hoe.

Doll. I confesse I haue bin an Inne for any guest.

Cap. A pogs a your stable-room; is your Inne a baudy-houfe now?

Doll. I confesse (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Surgeon, and thou art he,) I confesse that old flinking Surgeon like thyselfe whom I call father, that Hornet, neuer sweat for me; Ime none of his making.

Cap. You lie he makes you a punke Hornet minor.

Doll. Hees but a cheater, and I the falfe die hee playes withall, I power all my poison out before thee, because heareafter I will be cleane: shun me not, loath me not, mocke me not. Plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goest thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canst, ile run and ride over the world after thee.

Cap. Cockatrice: You, misfres Salamanders, that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horfe, and my coach come running home agen; and run to an hospitall, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders, and to the tiuell and his tame to.

Doll. Fiend, art thou raied to torment me?

Bell. She loves you, Captain, honestly.

Cap. Ile haue any man, oman, or cilde, by his eares, that faies a common drab can love a Sentillman honestly, I will fell my Coach for a cart to have you to puncks hall, Pridewell.—I farge you in Apollos name, whom you belong to, fee her forthcoming, till I come and tiggle her, by and by, Sbold, I was neuer Cozened with a more raflcall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lawer Countries. Exit.

Bell. My dores are open for thee: be gon:

woman!

Doll. This goates-peezle of thine—

Bell. Away I love no such implements in my house.

Doll. Doeft not I am but an implement? by all
the maidenheads that are lost in London in a yeare
(and thats a great oth), for this trick, other manner of
women than myselfe shall come to this house only to
laugh at thee; and if thou wouldest labour thy heart
out, thou shalt not do withal. Exit.

Enter Servant.

Bell. Is this my poetical fury: how now, sir?
Serv. Master Maybery and his wife sir i'th next
room.
Bell. What are they doing sir?
Serv. Nothing, sir, that I see; but only wud speake
with you.
Bell. Enter 'em: this house will be too hot for
mee, if this wench cauf me into these sweates, I must
shifte myselfe for pure necessity. Haunted with
sprites in my old daies!

Enter Maybery booted, his Wife with him.

May. A Commedy, a Canterbury tale smells not
halfe to sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee, old
Poet: thou shalt write ypon't, Poet.
Bell. Nay, I will write ypon't, ists bee a Commedie,
for I have beene at a most villanous female Tragedie:
com, the plot, the plot.
May. Let your man give you the bootes prestently:
the plot lies in Ware, ny white Poet.—Wife thou and
I this night will have mad sport in Ware; marke me
well, Wife, in Ware.
Wif. At your pleasure, sir.
May. Nay, it shal be at your pleasure, Wife.—
Looke you, sir, looke you: Fetherstones boy, like an
honest crack-halter, layd open all to one of my pren-
tices; (for boys, you know, like women, love to be
doing.)
Bell. Very good: to the plot.
Northward Hoe.

May. Fethersfome, like a crafty mutton-monger, perusades Greensfield to be run through the body.

Bell. Strange! through the body!

May. Ay, man, to take phisick; he does so, he's put to his purgation; then, sir, what does me Fethersfome but counterfits a letter from an inn-keeper of Doncaster, to fetch Greensfield (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfield-chace, a certain vncle, where Greensfield should receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

Bell. His wife! is Greensfield married? I haue heard him sweare he was a bachiler.

Wife. So haue I a hundred times.

May. The knaue has more wiuers than the Turke, he has a wife almoost in every shire in England, this parcel-Gentlewoman is that In-keepers Daughter of Doncaster.

Bell. Hath she the entertainement of her fore-fathers? wil he keepe all commers company?

May. She helps to passe away stale Capons, fower wine, and mutty prouander: but to the purpose, this traine was laid by the baggage herself, and Fethersfome, who it seems makes her husband a vnicorne, and to glie fire to't, Greensfield, like an Arrant wittall intreates his friend to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, becaule taking bitter pills, he should prone but a loofe fellow if he went, and so durft not go.

Bell. And so the poore Stag is to bee hunted in Enfield chace.

May. No sir, Maisler poet there you misse the plot, Fethersfome and my Lady Greensfield are rid to batter away their light commodities in Ware, Enfield-chace is to cold for 'em.

Bell. In Ware!

May. In dury Ware: I forget my selfe wife, on with your ryding suit, and cry Northward hae, as the boy at Powles faies, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to Ware, lodge in the Inne I told thee, fpur cut and away.
Wife. Well sir.

Bell. Stay, staw, what's the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

May. For a thing my little hoary Poet: looke thee, I smelt out my noble stincker Green/child in his Chamber, and as tho my heart fire'des had bin crackt, I wept, and sigh'd, & thump'd, and thump'd, and rau'd and randed, and railed, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that she had hierd her Taylor to ride with her to Ware, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

Bell. Good; and how tooke he this drench done.

May. Like Egs and Mufcadin, at a gulp: hee cries out presently, did not I tell you old man, that sheed win my game when she came to bearing? hee railes upon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white steeet, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully scourd by his Pottecary, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muffer as many as wee can.

Bell. It wilbe excellent fport, to see him and his owne wife meete in Ware, wilt not? I, I, weelee haue a whole Regiment of horfe with vs.

May. I stand vpon thornes, tel I shake him bith hornes: come, bootes boy, we must gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your forces.

Bell. Like a Hollander against a Dunkirke.

May. March then, this curfe is on all letchers throwne,

Enter Captaine Jenkin, and Allom.

Allo. Set the best of your little dimintiue legges before, and ride post I pray.

Allo. Is it possible that mistris Doll should bee so bad?
North-ward Hoe.

Cap. Poffible! Sbloud tis more easie for an oman to be naught, than for a soldiier to beg, and thats hor-rible easie, you know.

Al. I but to connicatch vs all so grosly.

Cap. Your Norfolk tumbler are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

AlIon. Shee gelded my purfe of fifty pounds in ready money.

Cap. I will geld all the horfes in fufe hundred Sheires, but I will ride quier her, and her cheaters, and her Hornets; Shee made a flarke Aife of my Coach-horfe, and there is a putter-box, whome shee spred thick vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I thinke shee has fent the poore fellow to Gelderland, but I will marfe praely in and out, and packe againe vpon all the low countries in Chriftendom, as Holland and Zeland and Netherland, and Cleueland too, and I will be drunke and caft with maifter Hans van Belch, but I will smell him out.

AlIon. Doe fo and weele draw all our arrowes of reuenge vp to the head but weele hit her for her villany.

Cap. I will traw as petter, and as vrfe weapons as arrowes vp to the head, lug you it shall be warrants to glue her the whippe deedle.

AlIon. But now she knowes shees discovered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

Cap. Fle with her pells! ownds I know a parifh that fal tag downe all the pells and fell em to Capten Jenken, to do him good, and if pelle will fly, weele fle too, vnles, the pell-ropes hang vs: will you amble vp and downe to maifter Juftice by my fide, to haue this raicom Hornet in corum, and fo, to make her hold her whoars peace.

AlIon. fle amble or trot with yon Capten: you told me, she threatened her champions shoule cut for her; if fo, wee may haue the peace of her.

Cap. O mon du! u aguin! follow your leader, Jenken shall cut, and Slice, as worie as they: come I


North-ward Hoe.

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score to have any peace of her, or of any onam, but open warres. Exeunt.

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, Greensfeld, Phillp, Leuerpoole, Chartley: all booted.

Bell. What? will these yong Gentlemen to helpe vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha? Phillp! are they thy friends.

Phil. Yes Sir.

Bell. We are beholding to you Gentlemen, that youe fill our confort I ho seene your faces me thinkes before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

Both. May be fo Sir.

Bell. Shall to horse, hear a tickler: heigh: to horse.


Bell. Gentlemen shall I shoote a foolee bolt out among you all, becaufe weele be sure to be merry.

Omn. What if? Bell. For mirth on the high way, will make vs rid ground faster then if theeu were at our tayles, what say yee to this, lets all praetise ietts one against another, and hee that has the best left throwne vpon him, and is most galde, betweene our riding foorth and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole journey.

Omn. Content ifaith.

Bell. Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe at Ware I believe.

May. Peace.

Green. Till a bargen.

Omn. And hands clapt vpon it.

Bell. Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-gate, where our hores are at rack and manger, and wee are going past it: come crosse ouer: and what place is this?

May. Bedlam ift not?
North-ward Hoe.

Bell. Where the mad-men are, I neuer was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

Green. Wee shall stay too long.

Bell. Not a whit, Ware will stay for our comming I warrant you: come a spurt and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes: this is the doore.

Enter Full-moone.

May. Saue you sir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em?

Full. Yes.

Bell. Pray bestow your name fil upon vs.

Full. My name is Full-moone.

Bell. You well deferue this office good maister Full-moone: and what mad-caps haue you in your house.

Enter the Phisition.

Full. Diuerfe.

May. Gods fo, see, see, what hee walkes yonder, is he mad.

Full. Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himself.

Bell. A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake!

Full. For loue of an Italian Dwarf.

Bell. Has he beene in Italy then?

Full. Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages.

Enter the Bawd.

Omn. Gods fo, looke, looke, whathe shee.

Bell. The dancing Beare: a pritty well-fauourd little woman.

Full. They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire.
North-ward Hoe.

Bell. May we talke with 'em maister Ful-moone.
Full. Yes and you will; I must looke about for
I haue vnrule tenants. Exit.
Bell. What haue you in this paper honest friend?
Gree. Is this he has al manner of languages, yet
speakes none.
Baud. How doe you Sir Andrew, will you send for
some aquauite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer
since the last great raine that fell.
Bell. No thats a lie.
Baud. Nay, by gad, then, you lie, for all you're Sir
Andrew. I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage,
not an inch broad at the heele and yet thus high: I
scord, I can tell you, to be druncke with rain-water
then, sir, in thofe golden and siluer dayes; I had sweet
bits then, sir Andrew. How doe you, good brother
Timothy?
Bell. You haue been in much trouble since that
voyage.
Baud. Neuer in bridewell, I protest, as I'm a vir-
gin, for I could neuer abide that bridewell, I protest,
I was once sick, and I took my water in a basket, and
carried it to a doctors.
Phil. In a basket?
Baud. Yes, sir: you arrant foole there was a vrnall
in it.
Phil. I cry you mercy.
Baud. The doctor told me I was with child. How
many Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Citizens, and
others, promisde me to be godfathers to that child!
'twas not God's will: the prentifes made a riot vpon
my glasse windows, the Shrove-tuesday following, and
I mifcarried.
Omn. O do not weep!
Baud. I ha' caufe to weep: I truft gentlewomen
their diet sometimes a fortnight: lend gentlemen hol-
land thirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis; and no
restitution, and no restitution. But I'lle take a new
order: I will haue but six stewed prunes in a dish, and
North-ward Hoe.

some of Mother Wall's cakes; for my best customers are taylors.

Omn. Taylors! ha, ha!

Baud. I taylors: give me your London prentice; your country gentlemen are crowne too politick.

Bell. But what say you to such young gentlemen as these are?

Baud. Foh! they, as soon as they come to their lands, get vp to London, and, like squibs that run uppon lynes, they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha spent all; and when my squib is out, what says his punk? foh, he flinks.

Enter the musition.

Methought, this other night I saw a pretty sight,
Which pleased me much.
A comely country mayd, not squeamish nor afraid,
To let Gentleman touch:
I fold her maidenhead once, and I fold her maidenhead twice,
And I fold it last to an alderman of York:
And then I had fold it thrice.

Mus. You sing scurily.
Baud. Marry, muff, sing thou better, for I go fleepe my old sleepe.

Bell. What are you a-doing, my friend.
Mus. Pricking, pricking.
Bell. What doe you meane by pricking?
Bell. This fellow is some what prouder and fulliner then the other.

May. Oh; so be most of your musitions.
Mus. Are my teeth rotten?
Omn. No, sir.
Mus. Then I am no comfit-maker nor vintner
Northward Hoe.

I do not get wenches in my drinke.—Are you a mustition?

Bell. Yes.

Muf. Wele be sworn brothers, then, looke you, sweet rogue.

Green. Gods so, now I think vponta, a iest is crept into my head: fleale away, if you loue me.

Exeunt: mustition fings.

Muf. Was euer any marchants baud set better I set it: walke lme a cold, this white fattin' is too thin wules it be cut, for then the Sunne enters: can you speake Italian too, Sapete Italiano.

Bell. Vn poco.

Muf. Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out of you; vn poco, come March lie heare with me but till the fall of the leafe, and if you haue but poco Italiano in you, Ile fill you full of more poco March.

Bell. Come on. Exeunt.

Enter Maybery, Greneefhilde, Philip, Full-moone, Leuerpoole, and Chartely.

Gree. Good Maifler Mayberie, Philip, if you be kind Gentlemen vphold the iest: your whole voyaage is payd for.

May. Follow it then.

Ful. The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt euen now as well in his wittes as I do my felfe, and lookt as wiely.

Gree. No matter how he talkes, but his Pericra-nion's perifht.

Ful. Where is he pray?

Phil. Mary with the Mufition, and is madder by this time.

Char. Hee's an excellent Mufition himselfe, you must note that.

May. And hauing met one fit for his one tooth: you fee hee skips from vs.
North-ward Hoe.

Green. The troth is maister Full-moone, divers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effeet till now.

Ful. How fell he mad?

Green. For a woman, looke you sir: here's a crowne to prouide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you convert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shall be sent in, and wood and coale.

Ful. Nay sir, he must ha no fire.

Green. No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole haruest.

Omn. Let his straw be freish and sweet we beseech you sir?

Green. Get a couple of your sturdiest fellowes, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.


Omn. Excellent.

May. But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus.

Omn. Foh, tis but a jest, he comes.

Enter Musition and Bellamont.

Bell. Perdonate mi, si Io dimando del vostro nome: oh, whether shrunke you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

Omn. Wee ha bin with the other mad folkes.

May. And what fayes he and his prick-fong?

Bell. Wee were vp to the eares in Italian ifaith.

Omn. In Italian; O good maister Bellamont lets heare him.

Enter Full-moone, and two Keepers.

Bell. How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

Ful. Away sirra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench sirra, doe you?
Bell. What wench! will you take mine armes from me, being no Heralds! let goe you Dogs.

Ful. Bind him, be quiet: come, come, dogs, fie, & a gentleman.

Bell. Master Maibery, Philip, master Maibery, vsds foot.

Ful. Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench.

Bell. I hold my life my comrades have put this fooles cap upon thy head: to gull me: I smell it now: why doe you heare Full-moone, let me loofe; for Ime not mad; Ime not mad by Iefu.

Ful. Aske the Gentlemen that.

Be. Bith Lord I'me aswell in my wits, as any man ith' hous, & this is a trick put upon thee by thefe gallants in pure knanery.

Ful. Ile trie that, anfwer me to this quef lion: loofe his armes a little, looke you sir, three Geefe nine pence; every Goofe three pence, what's that a Goofe, roundly, roundly one with another.

Bell. Sfoot do you bring your Geefe for me to cut vp.

strike him soundly, and kick him.

Enter all.

Omn. Hold, hold, bind him master Full-moone.

Ful. Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile have none of his bonds not I, vnlesse I could recover them better.

Gre. Haue I gien it you master Poet, did the Lime-buff take.

Ma. It was his warrant fent thee to Bellam, old Jack Bellamont: and, Master Full-i-the moon, our warrant discharges him.—Poet, wele all ride vpon thee to Ware, and backe againe, I feare, to thy coft.

Bell. If you do, I muft bear you,—Thank you, Master Greenfield; I will not die in your debt.— Farewell, you mad rafcells.—To horfe, come.—'Tis well done, 'twas well done. You may laugh, you shall
laugh, gentlemen. If the gudgeon had been swallowed
by one of you, it had been vile; but by Gad, 'tis
nothing, for your best Poets, indeed, are mad for the
most part.—Farewell, good-man Full-moon.

Full. Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in.

Exit.

Bell. Yes, yes, when they are mad.—Horse your
fellies now, if you be men.

May. Hee gallop must that after women rides,
Get our wiuues out of Towne, they take long strides.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA 1.

Enter old Maybery and Bellamont.

May. But why haue you brought vs to the wrong
inn, and withal poesft Greenfield that my wife is not
in towne! when my project was, that I would haue
brought him vp into the chamber where young Fether-
stone and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should
haue recoiled into his own boforme.

Bell. O, it will fall out farre better: you shall see
my revenge will haue a more neate and vnexpeited
conueyance. He hath been all vp and downe the
towne to enquire for a Londoners wife: none such is
to be found, for I haue mewed your wife vp already.
Marry, he hears of a Yorkshire gentlewoman at next
inn, and that's all the commodity Ware affords at this
instant. Now, sir, he very politickly imagines that your
wife is rode to Puckridge, five mile further; for, faith
he, in such a town, where hosts will be familiar, and
tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worse then the eu'es
intelligencers, they'll neuer put foot out of stirrop;
either at Puckridge or Wades-Mill, faith he, you shall
find them; and because our horses are weary, he's
gone to take vp post-horse. My counfel is only this,
—when he comes in, faign your selfe very melancholy,
weare you will ride no further; and this is your part
North-ward Hoe.

of the comedy: the sequel of the jest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and unexpceted.

Enter Greenfield.

May. Enough, I ha't.
Bell. He comes.
Green. Come, gallants, the post-horse are ready; 'tis but a quarter of an hours riding; weele ferret them and firk them, in-faith.
Bell. Are they grown politick? when do you see honestly cout, corners, or a gentleman thats no thief lie in the inn of a carrier?
May. Nothing hath vndone my wife but too much riding.
Bell. She was a pritty piece of a poet indeed, and in her discouer would, as many of your goldsmiths' wiuies do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as redder then your ruby, harder then your diamond, and so from stone to stone in lesse time then a man can draw on a straight boot, as if she had been an excellent lapidary.
Green. Come, will you to horse, sir?
May. No, let her go to the deuil, and she will: Ile not stir a foot further.
Green. Gods precious, ift come to this?—Persuade him, as you are a gentleman: there will be ballads made of him, and the burthen thereof will be,—If you had rode out 5 mile forward, he had found the fatal house of Brainford northward; O hone, hone, hone, o nonero!
Bell. You are merry, sir.
Green. Like your citizen, I neuer thinke of my debts when I am a horfeback.
Bell. You imagin you are riding from your creditors.
Green. Good, in faith.—Will you to horse?
May. Ile ride no further.
North-ward Hoe.

Green. Then Ile discharge the postmaster.—Waft not a pretty wit of mine, maister poet, to haue had him rod into Puckridge with a horn before him? ha, waft not! Bell. Good sooth, excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but come since we must slay: wele be mery, chamberlaine call in the musick, bid the Taplers & maids come vp and dance, what weel make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an excellent ieft to make old Maibery merry, Sfoote weele haue him merry.

Green. Lets make him drunke then, a simple catch- ing wit I. Bell. Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a delight in thee.

Green. Why so he would in his foole. Bell. Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a faying weel haue him mery: his wife is gon to Puckridge, tis a wench makes him melancholy, tis a wench must make him mery: we must help him to a wench. When your citizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping, either the hoftis or one of her maids, warmes his bed, puls on his night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him command ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleetes as quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of Holland, his own linnen I meane sir, we must haue a wench for him.

Green. But wher's this wench to be found, here are al the moueable peticotes of the houfe.

Bell. At the next Inne there lodged to night——

Green. Gods preitious a Yorkshire Gentlewoman; I ha't, Ile angle for her prefently, weele haue him merry.

Bell. Procure some Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

Green. No Ile be Pander my selfe, because weele be merry.
Bell. Will you, will you?

Gree. But how? be a Pander as I am a gentle-
man? that were horrible, Ile thrust my self into the
out-side of a Fawconer in towne heere: & now I
thinke on't there are a company of country plaiers,
that are to come to towne here, shall furnishe mee with
haire and beard: if I do not bring her, . . . wilbe
wondrous merry.

Bell. About it looke you fir, though the beare her
far aloofe, and her body out of distance, so her mind be
comming 'tis no matter.

Green. Get old Maiberry merry: that any man
should take to heart thus the downe fall of a woman,
I think when he comes home poore snailé, heele
not dare to peep forth of doores leaft his hornes
vther him.

Exit.

Bell. Go thy wayes, there be more in England
weare large eares and hornes, then Stagges and
Aifes: excellent hee rides poste with a halter about
his neck.

May. How now wilt take?

Bell. Beyond expectation: I haue perfwaded him
the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe you
to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his owne
wife hether.

May. Why heele know her?

Bell. She hath beene maskt euer since she came
into the Inne, for feare of difcouery.

May. Then sheele know him.

Bell. For that his owne ufortune wit helpt my
lasse invention, for he hath disguifd himselfe like a
Fawkner, in Towne heare, hoping in that procuring
shape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the out-
side of a Gentleman.

May. Young Fetherstone will know him?

Bell. Hee's gone into the towne, and will not re-
turne this halfe houre.

May. Excellent if she would come.

Bell. Nay vpon my life sheele come: when she
enters remember some of your young blood, talke as
some of your gallant commoners will, Dice and
drinke: freely: do not call for Sack, leaft it betray
the coldnesse of your man-hood, but fetch a caper
now & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets:
I fo.

May. Ha old Poet, lets once stand to it for the
credit of Milke-frege. Is my wife acquainted with
this.

Bes. She's perfect, & will come out vpon her qu,
I warrant you.

May. Good wenches infaith: fill some more
Sack here.

Bes. Gods precious, do not call for Sack by any
means.

May. Why then giue vs a whole Lordship for life
in Rhéish, with the reuerion in Sugar.

Bes. Excellent.

May. It were not amisse if we were dancing.

Bes. Owt vpon't, I shall never do it.

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Enter Greensheild disguised, with mistresse Greensheild.

Green. Out of mine nofrills tapster, thou smelt
like Guild-hall two daies after Simon and Jude, of
drinke most horribly, off with thy maïke sweete finner
of the North: these maskes are foile to good faces,
and to bad ones they are like new fatin outides to
loufy linings.

Kate. O, by no means, sir. Your merchant will
not open a whole piece to his best customer: he that
buys a woman must take her as she falls. Ile vmmask
my hand; heres the samble.

Green. Goe to, then, old Poet. I have tane her
vp already as a pinnis bound for the straights; she
knows her burden yonder.

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Bell. Lady, you are welcome. You is the old gentleman; and observe him, he's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in capon, fack, and sincere honesty; but a lean spare bountiful gallant one that hath an old wife and a young performance; whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low-Countries, or a Yorkshire attorney in good contentious practice, some angel,—no, the proportion of your worthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her phìück, her apparel, her painting, her monkey, her pandar, her everything. You say, your young gentleman is your only seruice, that lies before you like a calves head, with his brains some halfe yeard from him: but, I assure you, they must not onely haue variety of foolery, but alo of wenches: whereas your confciency-able greybeard of Farrington-within will keep himselfe to the ruins of one cast waiting-woman an age: and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to wipe out false weight and twenty i the hundred, marry her.

Green. O, well bould Tom ( ) we haue prefe-
dents for't.

Kate. But I haue a husband sir.

Bell. You haue? If the knawe thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be laid vp in the Counter or Lud-
gate; so it shall bee confidence in you old gentleman, when he hath feized all thy goods, to take the home and maintain thee.

Green. O, well bould, Tom ( ) we haue prefe-
dents for't.

Kate. Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentleman by your bearth and the fashion of your beard, and do but thus to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money.

Bell. O, you are a wag.

May. You are very welcome.
North-ward Hoe.

Green. He is tane: excellent, excellent! therses
one will make him merry. Is it any imputation to
help ones friend to a wench?

Bell. No more than at my lords entreaty to help
my lady to a pretty waiting-woman. If he had given
you a gelding, or the reuerion of some monopoly, or
a new suite of satin, to have done this, happily your
satin would have smelt of the pander: but what's
done freely, comes, like a presen to an old lady, with-
out any reward: and what is done without any re-
ward, come like wounds to a soldiour, very honourably
notwithstanding.

May. This is my breeding, gentlewoman: and
whether trauel you?

Kate. To London, sir, as the old tale goes, to seeke
my fortune.

May. Shall I be your fortune, lady?

Kate. O, pardon me, sir; Ile haue some young
landed heir to be my fortune, for they fauour she-
fooles more than citizens.

May. Are you married?

Kate. Yes, but my husband is in garrifon i' the
Low-Countries, is his colonels bawd, and his captain's
iefter: he sent me word ouer that he will thriue, for
though his apparel lie i' the Lombard, he keeps his
conscience i' the mustier-book.

May. He may doe his country good seruice, lady.

Kate. I as many of your captains do, that fight,
as the geese fau ed the Capitol, only with prattling.
Well, well, if I were in some noblemans hands now,
may be he would not take a thousand pounds for
me.

May. No.

Kate. No, sir; and yet may be at years end would
give me a brace of hundredth pounds to marry me to
his baily or the solicitour of his law-suits.—Whose this,
I befeech you?
North-ward Hoe.

Enter Mistress Mayberry, her hair loose, with the Hostess.

Host. I pray you, forsooth, be patient.
Bell. Passion of my heart, Mistress Mayberry.

Exeunt Fiddlers.

Green. Now will she put some notable trick, upon her cuckoldly husband.

May. Why, how now, wife! what means this! ha!

Mist. May. Well, I am very well. O my unfortunate parents would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this misery.

May. O wife, be patient! I have more cause to rail wife.

Mist. May. You have, prove it, prove it: whereas the Courtier, you should have taken in my bose: Ile spit my gall in's face, that can tax me of any dishonour: haue I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweetes of my youth, the wishes of my bloud: and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonord, to be reputed wild in London, whilst my husband prepares common diseases for me at Ware, O God O God.

Be. Pretty well dissembled.

Host. As I am true hostice you are to blame sir, what are you maisters: Ile know what you are afore you depart maisters, doft thou leave thy Chamber in an honest Inne, to come and inueagle my cottomers, and you had sent for me vp, and kild me and vide me like an hostice, twold never haue greeued mee, but to do it to a stranger.

Kate. Ile leave you sir.

May. Stay, why how now sweete gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breath my selfe, but I must be haunted, raile vpone olde Bellamont, that he may discover them, you remember Fetherstone Greensheild.

Mist. May. I remember them, I, they are two as coging, dishonorable dambd forsworne beggerly gentle-
men, as are in al London, and ther's a reverent old gentleman to, your pander in my conscience.

Bel. Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, sweare by the infernall Six; but by all the mingled wine in the feller beneath, and the smoke of Tobacco that hath fumed over the vesuailles, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of fuckket looke you behold the parenthesis.

Hoft. Nay Ile fee your face too.

Kat. My deare vnkind husband; I protest to thee I haue playd this knaunish part only to be witty.

Gree. That I might bee presently turned into a matter more foddlid then horne, into Marble.

Bel. Your husband gentlewoman: why hee neuer was a fouldier.

Kat. I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you, he wil answere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none: like a Lady that wil not think scorne to answere to the name of her first husband; though he weare a Sope-boyler.

Gree. Hange of thou dünill, away.

Kat. No, no, you fled me tother day,
When I was with child you ran away,
But since I haue caught you now.

Gree. A pox of your wit and your fingeering.

Bel. Nay looke you sir, the muiſt finge becaufe weele be merry, what though you rod not fue mile foward, you haue found that fatall houfe at Brainford Northward. O hone, ho ho na ne ro.

Gree. God refue me Gentlemen, you may laugh and bee merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay ith fegges with you to night wild-ducke.

Kat. No body with me, as I shall be fauéd; but Maifter Fetherstone, came to meete me as far as Roi-

Gree. Fetherstone.

May. See the hawke that firl ftoopt, my phefant
North-ward Hoe.

is kild by the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wife.

Bel. Twas a pretty wit of you sir, to have had him rod into Puckeridge with a horne before him; ha: waft not;

Green. Good.

Bel. Or where a Citizen keeps his house, you know tis not as a Gentleman keeps his Chamber for debt, but as you sayd even now very wisely, least his horne should viffer him.

Green. Very good Fetherstone he comes.

Enter Fetherstone.

Feth. Luke Greenshield Maister Maybery, old Poet: Mol and Kate, most happily incountered, vdlif, how came you heather, by my life the man lookes pale.

Green. You are a villain, and Ile mak't good upon you, I am no seruingman, to feede upon your requirion.

Feth. Go to the ordinary then.

Bel. This is his ordinary sir & in this she is like a London ordinary: her best getting comes by the box.

Green. You are a dambd villain.

Feth. O by no means.

Green. No, vdlife, Ile go instantly take a purfe, be apprehended and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

Feth. Best first make your confeission sirra.

Green. 'Tis this thou haft not vied me like a gentleman.

Feth. A gentleman! thou a gentleman! thou art a taylor.

Bell. Ware preaching.

Feth. No, sirrah, if you will confess ought, tell how thou haft wronged that vertuous gentlewoman: how thou laisest at her two yeare together, to make her
North-ward Hoe.

dishonest; how thou wouldst send me thither with letters; how duly thou wouldst watch the citizens' wivues' vacation, which is twice a-day, namely the Exchange-time, twelue at noon, and six at night; and where she refused thy importunity and vowed to tell her husband, thou wouldst fall down upon thy knees, and entreat her for the loue of heauen, if not to eafe thy violent affection, at leaft to conceal it,—to which her pity and simple vertue consented; how thou tookeft her wedding-ring from her; met these two gentlemen at Ware; sained a quarrel; and the refl. is apparent. This only remains,—what wrong the poor gentlewoman hath since receaued by our intolerable lye, I am most heartily sorry for, and to thy bofom will maintain all I haue said to he honest.

May. Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation.

Bell. Sir you are an honest man; I haue known an arrant thief for peaching made an officer; giue me your hand, sir.

Kate. O filthy abominable husband, did you all this?

May. Certainly he is no captain; he blushes.

Mist. May. Speak sir, did you euer know me answer your wishes?

Green. You are honest; very vertuously honest.

Mist. May. I will, then, no longer be a loose woman: I haue at my husbands pleasure tane upon me this habit of jelyf. Ime forry for you; vertue glories not in the spoil, but in the victory.

Bell. How fay you by that goodly sentence! Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens houfes, as the Spaniard first failed to the Indies: you pretend buying of wares or selling of lands; but the end proves 'tis nothing but for discouery and conquift of their wivues for better maintenance. Why, look you, was he aware of thofe broken patience when you met him at Ware and poffefed him of the downfall of his wife! You are a cuckold; you have pander'd your own wife.
to this gentleman; better men have done it, honest Tom ( ), we have presidents for't. Hie you to London. What is more catholicke i' the city than for husbands daily for to forgive the nightly sins of their bedfellows? If you like not that course, but to intend to be rid of her, rife her at a tauern, where you may swallow down some fifty wifeacres, sons and heirs to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yeolkes with muscadine to bedward.

Kate. O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse?

Bell. And no disparagement; for a woman to haue a high forehead, a quicke eare, a full eye, a wide nostril, a fleake skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth, is most comely.

Kate. But is a great belly comely in a horse, sir?

Bell. No, lady.

Kate. And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you?

Bell. Certainly I am put down at my own weapon: I therefore recant the riving. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of peeriwip-making: let your wife set vp i' the Strand; and yet I doubt whither the may or no, for they say the women have got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good vfe of it, for you shall have as good a coming-in by hair (though it be but a falling commodity), and by other foolish tiring, as any between Saint Clements and Charing.

Feth. Now you have run yourself out of breath, hear me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest: and since I have wronged her reputation in meeting her thus privately, Ile maintain her.—Wilt thou hang at my purse, Kate, like a paire of barbarous buttons, to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty?

Kate. I'll be divorced, by this Christian element: and because thou thinkest thou art a Cockold, left I should make thee an infidel in caus'ing thee to believe an untruth, I'll make thee a Cockold.
Bell. Excellent wench.

Feth. Come, lets go, sweet; the Nag I ride upon bears double: weele to London.

May. Do not bite your thumbs, sir.

Kate. Bite his thumb!

I'll make him do a thing worfe than this:
Come loun me where as I lay.

Feth. What, Kate!

Kate. He shall father a child is none of his,

O, the clean contrary way.

Feth. O lufty Kate.

May. Methought he said even now you were a taylor.

Gran. You shall hear more of that hereafter: I'll make Ware and him flink ere he goes: if I be a taylor, the rouges naked weapon shall not fright me; I'll beat him and my wife both out a the towne with a taylors yard.

Exit.

May. O valiant Sir Tristram—Room there!

Enter Philip, Leuerpool, and Chartly.

Phi. News, father, most strange news out of the Low-Countries: your good lady and mistris, that set you to work upon a dozen of chees-trenchers, is new lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentle-mans father with her.

Bell. Let the gates of our inn be locked up closer than a noblemans gates at dinner-time.

Omn. Why, sir, why?

Bell. If the enter here, the house will be infected: the plague is not halfe so dangerous as a she-hornet.—

Phi. This is your shuffling a the cards, to turn up her for the bottom card at Ware.

Phi. No, as Ime vertuous, sir: ask the two gentle-

men.

Leuer. No, in troth, sir. She told vs, that, in-

quiring at London for you or your son, your man chalked out her way to Ware.
Bell. I wud Ware might choke em both.—Maitser Maybery, my horfe and I will take our leaues of you: Ile to Bedlam again rather than fly her.

May. Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, stand to her, though she were greater than Pope Joan. What are thy brains conjuring for, my poetical bay-leaf-eater?

Bell. For a sprite o'the buttery, that shall make us all drink with mirth, if I can raife it. Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched.—hit, I beseech thee! so, come!—Will you be secret, gentlemen, and affisting!

Omn. With brown bills, if you think good.

Bell. What will you say if by some trick we put this little hornet into Fertherstone before, and marry 'em together?

Omn. Fuh! 'tis impossible.

Bell. Most possible. Ile to my trencher-woman; let me alone for dealing with her: Fertherstone, gentlemen, shall be your patient.

Omn. How, how?

Bell. Thus. I will close with this country pedler, Miftirs Dorothy, that travellers up and down to exchange pins for conykins, very louingly; the shall eat of nothing but sweatmeats in my company, good words; whose taste when she likes, as I know she will, then will I play upon her with this artillery,—that a very proper man and a great heir (naming Fertherstone) spied her from a window, when she lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in love with her, vows to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, even in Ware; but being, as most of your young gentlemen are, somewhat bashful, and ashamed to venture upon a woman,—

May. City and suburbs can justify it: so, sir.

Bell. He sends me, being an old friend, to undermine for him. I'll so whet the wenches stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall have an appetite to him, feare it not. Greenfield shall have a hand in it
Northward Hoe.

too; and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon.

Leuer. But is Fetherstone of any means! else you undo him and her.

May. He has land between Foolham and London: he would have made it ouer to me.—To your charge, poet: give you the assault upon her; and send but Fetherstone to me, Ile hang him by the gills.

Bell. He's not yet horsed, sure.—Philip, go thy ways, give fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

Phil. He's blowne vp already. Exit.

Bell. Gentlemen, youle stick to the deuice, and look to your plot! Omn. Most poetically: away to your quarter.

Bell. I march: I will cast my rider, gallants. I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. Exit.

Enter Phillip and Fetherstone.

May. That must hee that comes here: Maister Fetherstone, O Maister Fetherstone, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of Fethers more then ever they did: leape but into the saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for ever.

Leuer. An Aisle Ile be sworne.

Feth. How for Gods sake? how?

May. I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and because you shall be sure to know where my loue dwells, looke you sir, it hangs out at this signe: you shall pray for Ware, when Ware is dead and rotten: looke you sir, there is as pretty a little Finnas, struck faile hereby, and come in lately; she's my kinfe-woman, my fathers youngest Sister, a warde, her portion three thousand; her hopes if her Grannam dye without issue, better.

Feth. Very good sir.

May. Her Gardian goes about to marry her to a
Stone-cutter, and rather than sheele be subiect to such a fellow, sheele dye a martyr, will you haue all out? shee's runne away, is here at an Inne ith' towne, what parts fo euer you haue plaide with mee, I fee good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you shall clap her vp preftently.

_Fath._ Is the young? and a pretty wenche?

_Lever._ Few Citizens wives are like her.

_Phil._ Yong, why I warrant sixteen hath scarce gone ouer her.

_Fath._ Sfoot, where is she? if I like her personage, aswell as I like that which you fay belongs to her personage, Ile fland thrumming of Caps no longer, but board your Pynnis whilft 'tis hotte.

_May._ Away then with these Gentlemen with a French gallop, and to her: _Phillip_ here shall runne for a Prieft, and difpatch you.

_Fath._ Will you gallants goe along: wee may be married in a Chamber for feare of hew and crie after her, and some of the company shall keepe the doore.

_May._ Assure your soule shee will be followed; away therefore. Hees in the Curtain gulf, and swallowed horfe and man: hee will have some body keepe the doore for him, sheele looke to that: I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this philfick.—how now?

_Enter Captaine, Allom, Hans, and others booted._

_Capt._ Good pleffe you; is there not an arrant scuruy trab in your company, that is a Sentill-woman borne sir, and can tawg Welsh, and Dutch, and any tongue in your head?

_May._ How fo! Drabs in my company: doe I looke like a Drab-driuer?

_Capt._ The Trab will drive you (if she put you before her) into a penche hole.
Northward Hoe.

Allow. Is not a Gentleman here one Master Bal-lamont sir of your company.

May. Yes, yes, come you from London, heele be here presently.

Capt. Will he tawfone, this oman, hunts at his taile like your little Goates in Wales follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maister Suffice of this shire, to shew no pitty nor mercie to her, her name is Doll.

May. Why sir, what has she committed? I think she a creature is ith' town.

Capt. What has she committed: ownds shee has committed more then man-slaughters, for shee has committed her selfe God pleasse vs to everlafting prifon: lug you sir, shee is a panke, she shifts her louers (as Captaines and \textit{Welsh} Gentlemen and such) as she does her Trenchers when she has well fed vpon't, and there is left nothing but bare bones, shee calls for a cleane one, and scape away the firft.

Enter Bellamont, and Hornet, with Doll between them, Groenefield, Kate, Mayberies wife, Phillip, Leuerpooke, and Chartley.

May. Gods to Maister Fetherstone, what will you doe? here's three come from London, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

Feth. All the warrants in Europe shall not fetch her now, she's mine sure enough: what haue you to say to her? shee's my wife.

Capt. Ow! Sbould doe you come so farre to fishe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; shee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my moveable goods cald a Coach, and my two wild pears, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

Allow. I must borrow fiftie pound of you Mistris Bride.

Hans. Paw bro, and you make me de
North-ward Hoe.

greck, de groot toole, you heb mine gelt to: war is it?

Doll. Out, you bafe scums! come you to disgrace me in my wedding-shoes?

Feth. Is this your three-thousand-pound ward! ye told me, sir, she was your kinswoman.

May. Right, one of mine aunts.

Bell. Who pays for the northern voyage now, lads!

Green. Why do you not ride before my wife to London now? The woodcocks i'th springe.

Kate. O, forgive me, dear husband! I will neuer loue a man that is worse than hangd, as he is.

May. Now a man may haue a course in your park?

Feth. He may, sir.

Doll. Neuer, I protest: I will be as true to thee as Ware and Wad's-Mill are one to another.

Feth. Well, it's but my fate. Gentlemen, this is my opinion, its better to shoot in a bowe that has been shot in before, and will neuer start, then to draw a fair new one, that for euery arrow will be warping. —Come wench, we are joind, and all the dogs in France shall not part us.—I haue some lands: thosé Ile turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any.— Ile pay all that I can for thee, for Ime sure thou hast paid me.

Omm. God gieue you joy.

May. Come lets be merry, lye you with your owne Wife, to be sure shee shall not walke in her sleepe: a noyse of Mufitians Chamberlaine.

This night lets banquet freely: come, weele dare,
Our wives to combate irth greate bed in Ware.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
THE
FAMOUS
History of Sir Thomas Wyat.

With the Coronation of Queen Mary,
and the coming in of King Philip.

As it was plaied by the Queens Maiesties Servants.

Written by Thomas Dickers,
And John Webster.

LONDON
Printed by E. A. for Thomas Archer, and are to be folde at his shop in the Popes-head Pallace, nere the Royall Exchange.
1607.
[There is a later edition of this play with the following title: *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat &c.* Written by Thomas Dekker, and John Webster. London printed for Thomas Archer &c. 1612. The differences in the text are few and unimportant.]
THE
Famous Historie of
Sir Thomas Wyat.

Enter Northumberland and Suffolke.

Suff. How fares the King, my Lord? He speaks he cheerely?
Nor. Even as a dying man, whose life
Like to quicke lighting, which is
no sooner seene, but is extinct.
Suff. Is the Kings will confirm'd?
Nor. I, that's the point that we leuel at.
But oh, the confirmation of that will, tis all, tis all.
Suff. That will confirme my Daughter Queene.
Nor. Right, & my Sonne is married to your daughter.

My Lord, in an euen plaine way, I will
Derive the Crowne vnto your Daughters head.
What though the King hath left behinde,
Two Sifters, lawfull and immediate heires,
To succeed him in his Throane, Lyes it not
In our powers to contradict it?
Haue we not the King and Counsels hands vnto it?
The famous Historie

Tut, wee stand high in mans opinion,
And the worldes broad eye.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat.

Suff. Heere comes Sir Thomas Wyat.
Nor. Sir Thomas booted and spur'd, whether away
so fast?
Wyat. It bootes me not to stay,
When in this land rebellion beares such sware.
Gods will, a Court! Tis chang'd
Since Noble Henries daies.
You haue set your handes vnto a will.
A will you well may call it:
So wils Northumberland:
So wils?Suffolke,
Against Gods will, to wrong those Princely Maides.
Nor. Will you not subscribe your hand with other
of the Lords?
Not with me, that in my handes,
Surprize the Soueraignty.
Wyat. Ile damb'd my foule for no man, no for no
man,
Who at doomes day must anfwere for my finne:
Not you, nor you my Lordes,
Who nam'de Queene Iane in noble Henries daies,
Which of you all durft once displace his ifue!
My Lords, my Lords, you whet your kniues fo sharp,
To carue your meat,
That they will cut your fingers.
The strengthe is weakenesse that you builde vpon,
The King is ficke, God mend him, I, God mend
him:
But where his foule from his pale body free,
Adieu my Lords, the Court no court for me.

Exit Wyat.

North. Farwell, I feare thee not.
The Fly is angrie, but hee wants a sting,
And all the Counsell: onely this peruerie
of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

And peeuish Lord, hath onely deny’d his hand
To the inuesting of your princely Daughter.
Hee’s idle and wants power.
Our Ocean shall these petty brookes deuoure,
Heere comes his Highnesse Doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Suff. How fares his Highnesse?
Docl. His body is past helpe.
We haue left our practice to the Diuines,
That they may cure his foule.
Arl. Paft phisickes helpe, why then past hope of
life,
Heere comes his Highnesse Preacher:
Life reverent man.

Enter Preacher.

Pre. Life, life, though death his body doe dif-
fene,
Our King liues with the King of heauen for euer.
Nor. Dead! fend for Heralds, call me Purfe-
uants,
Wher’s the King at armes! in euerie market towne
Proclaime Queene Iane.
Suff. Beft to take the opinion of the Counfell,
Nort. You are too timorous. We in our felues
Are power sufficient : the King being dead.
This hand shall place the crowne on Queene Ianes
head.
Trumpets and Drums, with your notes refound,
Her royal name, that muft in flate be crown’d.

Exeunt Om.

Enter Guilford and Jane.

Guil. Our Coufen King is dead.
Jane. Alasfe, how small an Vrne containes a King!
The famous Historie

He that rul'd all, even with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to floupe now to the Stroke of death.
Hear'd you not the proclamation?
   Gui. I heare of it, and I giue credit to it
What great men feare to be,
Their feares grow greater.
Our Fathers grow ambitious
And would force vs faile in mightie tempests,
And are not Lordes of what they doe possesse.
Are not thy thoughts as great?
   Fan. I haue no thoughts so ranke, so grown to head,
As are our Fathers pride.
Trout I doe injoy a Kingdome hauing thee.
And so my paine be prosperous in that,
What care I though a Sheep-cote be my Pallace
Or fairest roofof honour.
   Gui. See how thy blood keepes courfe with mine:
Thou must be a Queene, aye me! a Queene,
The flattering belles that shrilly found
At the Kings funerall with hollow heartes,
Will cowardly call thee Soueraigne:
For indeed thou wouldst prooue but an Vfurper.
   Fan. Who would weare setters though they were all of golde?
Or to be sicke, though his faint browes
For a wearing Night-cap, wore a Crowne.
Thou must assume, a tytle that goes on many feet,
But tis an office, wherein the heartes of Schollers,
And of Souldiers will depend vppon thy Hearfe.
Were this rightly scand,
Wee scarce should finde a King in any Land.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Honor and happy reigne
Attend the new Maiestie of England.
   Fan. To whome my Lord bends this your aue.
Arun. To your grace dread Soueraigne,
of Sir Thomas Wyatt

You are by the Kings will, and the content
Of all the Lords, chosen for our Queene.

Fan. O God! me thinkes you sing my death,
In parts of suickes lowdnes,
Tis not my turne to rise.

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke with the Purfe and the 
Mace, with others.

Nor. The voice of the whole Land speakes in my 
tongue
It is condusced your Maiestie must ride,
From hence vnto the Tower: there to stay 
Vntill your Coronation.

Fan. O God!

Suff. Why fighes your Maiestie?

Fan. My Lord and Father, I pray tell me,
Was your Fathers Father ere a King?

Suff. Neuer, and it like your grace.

Fan. Would I might still continue of his lynne,
Not travell in the cloudes.
It is often seene, the heated blood
That couets to be royall, leaves off ere it be noble,
My learned carefull King, what must we goe!

Gui. We must.

Fan. Then it must be so.

Nor. Set forward then.

A dead march, and passe round the stage, and 
Guiford speakes.

The Towre will be a place of ample state,
Some lodgings in it, will like dead mens sculs,
Remember vs of frailty.

Gui. We are led with pompe to prifon,
O prophetice foule.
Lo we ascend into our chaires of State,
Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall
Pompe descending to their graves. But we must on.
The famous Historie

How can we fare well, to keep our Court:
Where Prisoners keepe their caue?

A flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Queene Mary with a Prayer Booke in her hand,
like a Nun.

Mary. Thus like a Nun, not like a Princesse borne,
Descended from the Royall Henries loynes:
Looke I inuirond in a house of stone,
My Brother Edward liues in pompe and state,
I in a mansion here all ruinate.
Their rich attire, delicious banqueting:
Their feuerall pleasures, all their pride and honour,
I haue forfaken for a rich prayer Booke.
The Golden Mines of wealthy India,
Is all as droffe compared to thy sweetnesse.
Thou art the joy, and comfort of the poore,
The everlasting blisfe in thee we finde.
This little volume inclofed in this hand,
Is richer then the Empire of this land.

Enter Sir Henry Beningfield.

Ben. Pardon me Madam, that so boldly
I presse into your Chamber. I salute your
Highnesse with the high slile of Queene.

Mar. Queene! may it be?
Or lef you at my lowring miferie.

Ben. Your Brother King is dead,
And you the catholike Queene must now succede.

Mar. I see my God at length hath heard my
prayer.
You Sir Harry, for your glad tydings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Wiat. Health to the Lady Mary.
of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Mar. And why not Queene, Sir Thomas?
Wia. Aske that of Suffolke duke, & great Northumberland
Who in your steede hath Crown'd another.

Mar. another Queene, Sir Thomas wee alieue,
The true immediate heires of our dread Father?
Wia. Nothing more true then that:
Nothing more true then you are the true heire,
Come leave this Cloystre and be seeue abroad,
Your verey sight will styrre the peoples hearts,
and make them cheerely, for Queene Marie crye.
One comfort I can tell you: the tenants of the
Dukes Northumberland and Suffolke denide their
ayde,

In these unlawful armes:
To all the Counsell I denide my hand,
And for King Henries Issue still will stond.

Mary. Your Counself, good sir Thomas, is so

pithy
That I am woone so like it.

Wia. Come let vs styrge from hence,
From Framingham:
Cheere your spirits.
Ile to the Dukes at Cambridge, and discharge them
all:
Proper me God in these affaires,
I lou'd the Father wel, I lou'd the Sonne,
And for the Daughter I through death will run.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke, Bret and souldiers.

Nor. wher's Captaine Bret?
Bre. Heere my Lord.
Suff. Are all our numbers full!
Bre. They are my Lord.
Suff. See them arain'd, I will set forward styrge.
Nor. Honorable friends, and natieue peeres,
That haue choisen me to be the leader of these martiall
troopes, to march against the sister
Of our late dead Soueraigne.
Beare witness of my much unwillingness,
In furthering these attempts
I rather joy to thinke upon our ancient victories
Against the French and Spaniard,
Whose high pride we leueid with the waues of Brittish shore
Dying the haune of Brit. with guiltie blood,
Till all the Harbor seem’d a sanguine poole:
Or we desire these armes, we are now to warre
Gainst the perfidious northern enemie,
Who trembling at our first shocke voice and flight,
Like cowards turn’d their backes with shamefull flight
But those rich spoiles are past: we are now to goe,
Being native friends, against a native foe.
In your hands we leave the Queene elected,
She hath seizure of the Tower,
If you be confident, as you haue sworne
Your felues true liege men to her highnesse
She no doubt, with royall favour will remunerate
The leaf of your desertes. Farwell
My tears into your bosomes fall,
With one imbrace I doe include you all.

Ars. My Lord, most lou’d with what a mourning heart.

I take your farwell, let the after signes
Of my employment witness. I protest
Did not the sacred perfon of my Queene;
Whose weale I tender as my soules cheefe blisse,
Vrge my abode, I would not thinke it shame
To traile a pike where you were generall.
But wishes are in vaine, I am bound to stay,
And urgent business calls your grace away.
See, on my knees I humbly take my leave,
And steep my wordes with tears.

Nor. Kinde Arundell, I bind thee to my love.
Once more farewell.

Ars. Heavens giue your grace successe.
of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Commend vs to the Queene and to your Sotime,
Within one weeke, I hope war will be done.

Bre. Come my Lords, shall vs march.

Exit. Northumb.

Nor. I, I, for Gods fake on.
Tis more then time my friendes, that we were gone.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Treasurer and Porter.

Tre. What ho Porter! open the gate.
Por. I beseech your honour to pardon me,
The Counsell hath given strict command
Not any shall passe this way.

Tre. Why you idle fellow, am I not sent vpon
the Queens affaires, commanded by the Lords! and
know you not that I am Treasurer? come open the
Gate, you doe you know not what.

Por. Well my Lord, I doe aduenture on your
word,
The Dukes displeasure: all the Counsell boord
Besides, may be my heauie enemies,
But goe a Gods name, I the worst will proue,
And if I die, I die for him I loue.

Tre. I thanke thee, and will warrant thee from
death.
Is my Horfe ready?

Por. It is my Lord.

Tre. Then will I fie this fearefull Counsell boord.

Exit Tre.

Por. My heart misgives me, I haue done amisse,
Yet being a Counsellor one of the number
Nothing can prooue amisse.
Now shall I know the worst.
Heere comes my Lord of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Porter, Did the Lord Treasurer passe this
way!
The famous Historie

Por. But now my gratious Lord.

Arun. Ungratious Villaine, follow,
Bring him backe againe.
If not, by faire meanes bring him backe by force:
And heare you sirra, as you goe, will the Lord Maior
And some Aldermen of his Bretheren, and some
especiall Cittizens of note, to attend our further
pleaures presently. The Treasurer fled: the Duke is
but newly arrested, some purpose, on my life, to crose
their plots: weele set strong watches, see Gates and
walle well hand:
Tis ten to one but princely innocence,
Is these strange turmoiles wifelt violence.

Enter Winchester, Arundell, and other Lords: the
Lord Treasurer kneeling at the Counsell Table.

Arun. Though your attempt, Lord Treasurer be
fuch,
That hath no colour in these troublous times,
But an appaent purpose of reuolt,
From the deceaft Kings will, and our decree,
Yet, for you are a Counfellor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way presume to judge,
We giue you leaue to speake in your behalfe.

Treasurer. My Lord, the businesse of these troublous
times,
Binding vs al, still to respect the good of common
weale:
Yet doth it not debar private regard of vs & of our
own
The generall weale is treaur'd in your breft,
And all my ablest powers haue bin impioyed
To stir them there, yet haue I borne a part,
Laying the commons troubles next my heart,
My ouerfight in parting without leaue:
Was no contempt, but onely for an houre.
To order home affaires, that none of mine,
In these nice times shoule vs into faction clime.
of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Aru. Nay my good Lord, be plaine with vs, I pray,
Are you not griev'd that we haue giuen consent
To Lady Ianes election?
Tre. My Lords I am not.
Arun. Speake like a Gentleman, vpon your word
Are you not discontent?
Tre. Troth to be plaine, I am not pleas'd,
That two such princely Maides lineally descended
From our royall King, and by his testimonie,
Confirmed heyre, if that their Brother dying Issules,
And one that never dreamt, it never desired
The rule of Soueraignetie,
But with virgins teares hath oft bewaild her miserie,
Should politickly by vs be nam'd a Queene.
Arun. You haue saied nobly, fit and take your place.

Enter Porter.

Por. My Lords, Sir Thomas Wyatt craues access
Vnto your honours.
Arun. Let him come neare.

Enter Wyatt.

Por. Roume for Sir Thomas Wyatt.
Wat. A dione spirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of judgement to beholde
The true Legitimated, Mary your vndoubted soueraigne.
Arun. Arise, Sir Thomas, fit and take your place.
Now to our former businesse:
The obligation wherein we all stood bound
To the deceased late Kings will and our decree,
His couen Iane, and the two absent Dukes
Cannot be conceale'd without great reproach
To vs and to our Issue.
We haue sworn in presence of the sacred hoff of heauen
The famous Historie

Vnto our late young Lord, to both the Dukes,
That no impeachment should diuert our heartes
From the impeachment of the Lady Jane.
To this end we haue ceased her in the tower,
By publike proclamation made her Queene:
To this end we haue armed the Duke, with power
Given them commiision vnder our owne handes
To passe against the Lady. You performe in hostile maner
And no doubt, the spleene of the vndanted spirit
Of Northumbers Earle, will not be called
With writings of repeale.
Advise in this, I holde it better farre
To keepe the course we runne then seeking change,
Hazard our lives, our heires, and the Realmes.

What. In actions roaung from the bent of truth,
We haue no perident thus to perfift
But the bare name of worldly policie.
If others haue ground from Iustice, and the law,
As well diuine as politicke agreeing,
They are for no caufe to be diuinherited.
If you not seauen yeares since to that effect,
Sware to the Father to maintaine his seede,
What dispensation hath acquitted you
From your first sacred vowes!
You ye, the will extorted from a childe.
O! let mine eyes in naming that sweete youth,
Obserue their part.
Poweing downe teares, sert from my swelling heart.
Gods mother, I tearme childe! but ile goe on,
Say that the williwere his, forced by no tricke,
But for religions love his simple act,
Yet note how much you erre.
You were sworne before to a mans will,
and not a will alone,
But strengthened by an act of Parliament.
Besides this sacred proofe. The Princely Maides,
Had they no will nor act to prooue their right!
of Sir Thomas Wyatt. 95

Haue birthrights no privilidge, being a plea so strong,
As cannot be refeld, but by plaine wrong?
Now were you toucht. The Lady in [the] tower alaffe shee's innocent of any claime.
Trust me, shee'd thinke it a most happy life,
To leaue a Queene, and keepe a Ladies name.
And for the Dukes, your warrants sent them forthe,
Let the same warrant call them backe againe.
If they refuse to come, the Realme, not they
Must be regarded. Be strong and bold:
We are the peoples factors. Saue our Sonnes
From killing one another, be affraide,
To tempt both heauen and earth, so I haue said.

Arun. Why then giue order that she shall be Queene,
Send for the Major, her errors wele forget,
Hoping she will forgive.

Wyat. Neuer make doubt,
Setting her ceremonious order by.
She is pure within, and mildly chaft without.

Arun. giue order to keepe fast the Lady Iane,
Diffolue the Counfell. Let vs leaue the Tower,
and in the Citie hold our audience.

Wyat. You haue aduised well honorable Lorde,
So will the Citizens be wholly ours,
and if the Dukes be croffe, weele croffe their powers.

Execute Omnes.

Enter Bret, Clown, and Souldiers.

Br. Lance perfado, quarter, quarter.
Clo. What shall we quarter Captaine?
Bre. Why the Souldiers?
Clo. Why they are not hang'd nor drawne yet?
Bre. Sir I meane quarter them, that the offended multitude, may passe in safetie.

Clo. May we not take tooles of the pies & the ale-women.
The famous Historie

Bre. Not in any sorte, the Dukes pleasure will passe free.

Clo. The Commons shal be vfed with all common curtesie. That goes in rank like beans and cheesecakes on their heads in stead of Cappes.

Bre. Sirra, this is a famous Vniuerstitie, and those schollers, those lofty buildings and goodly houses, Founded by noble Patrons. But no more. Set a strong watch. That be your cheefeft care.

Enter a Countryman and a Maide.

Man. Whatts heere Souldiers ?

Bre. Feare not, good speech, these rude armes I beare.

If not to fight ? Sweet, gentle Peace away,
But to succour your liues, passe peaceably away.

Clo. Crie God faue the Queene as you goe, and God send you a good market.

Man. God faue the Queene, what Queene ? there lies the fense.

When we haue none, it can be no offence.

Clo. What carry you there in your basket ?

Mai. Eggs forfooth.

Clo. Well, crie God faue Queene Iane as you goe, and God send you a good Market.

Mai. Is the right Queene called Iane ? alacke for woe,
at the firt she was not christned fo. . . . Exit.

Br. Thus olde and young, still descant on her name,

Nor lend no eare, when wee her file proclaime.
I feare, I feare. Fear Bret, what shouldeft thou feare ? Thou haft a breft compof'd of adamant.
Fall what ill betide ;
My anchor is cast, and I in Harbor ride.

Enter Northumberland and Wyat.

Wia. My Lord tis true, you sent vnto the Counsell
of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

for fresh supplies, what succour, what supplies!  
Happie is he can draw his necke out of the collar,  
and make his peace with Marie.

Nor. How stands the Treasurer addicted to vs?  
Wyat. I had forgot: when we weare at counsell,  
He stole away, and went home to his house,  
And by much intreatie was won to returne,  
In briefe they all incline to Queene Mary  
My Lord farwell,  
Each hastie houre will coulde tydings tell.  

Exit Wyat.

Nor. Come they in thunder, we will meetes with  
them;  
In the loudest language that their ordination speakes,  
Ours shall answere theirs.  
Call me a Herald, and in the market-place Proclaime  
Queene Iane. The strectes are full,  
The towne is populous, the people gape for noueltie.  
Trumpets speake to them,  
That they may answere with an echoing crie,  
God saue Queene Iane, God saue her Maiestie.

A Trumpet sounds, and no answere.

The Herald sounds a parle, and none answers.

Nor. Ha! a bare report of Trumpets!  
Are the slaves horde, or want they arte to speake?  
O me! This Towne consists on famous Colleges,  
Such as know both bow, and what, and when to  
speake,  
Well, yet wee will proccede,  
and smother what close enuie hath decreed.  
Ambrose my Sonne, what newes?

Enter Ambrose.

Amb. O my thrice honoured Father.

Nor. Boy, speake the worst,
That which foundes deadelyest, let me heare that first.

Amb. The Lords haue all reuolte from your faction.

Nor. Wee in our selues are strong.

Am. In Baynards Castle was a councell held,
Whether the Maior and Sheriyes did refert,
And twas concluded to proclaime Queene Mary.

Nor. Then they reuolte the allegiance from my Daughter,
And giue it to another:

Am. True my thrice honoured Father,
Besides, my brother Guilford and his wife
Where she was proclaime Queene, are now
Close Prifoners, namely in the Tower.

Nor. God take them to his mercie, they had neede,
Of grace and patience, for they both must bleede,
Poore Innocent soules, they both from guilt are free.

Am. O my thrice honoured Father I might I admonife you, flie to your manner, there fluddie for your faltie.

Nor. Boy, thou failest well,
And since the Lords haue all reuolte from me,
My felse will now reuolt against my felse.
Call me a Herald to fill their emptie eares,
Aflift me Sonne, my good Lord Huntingdon,
Euen in this market Towne proclaime Queene Mary.

A trumpet foundes a parley, the Herald proclaimes.

He. Mary by the grace of God, Queene of England, France and Ireland, defendres of the Faith.
Amen.

Within a shoute and a flourishe.

Nor. Amen, I beare a part,
I with my tongue, I doe not with my heart,
Now they can crie, now they can baule and yell,
Safte minded Flaues, fincke may your soules to hell.
Enter Maitler Roos with Letters.

Roo. My honored Lord, the Counsell greetes you with these Letters.

Nor. Stay Maitler Roos, ere you depart receive an answer and reward. He readeth the Letter.

In the Soueraigne name of Mary our Queene
You shall vppon the sight hereof,
Surcease your armes, discharge your Souldiers,
And prefently reipare vnto the Court,
Or else to be held as an Arch-Traitor.

No. Tis short & sharp, Maitler Roos, we do obey your warrant: but I pray tel mee, how doth all our friendes at Court? is there not a great mortalitie amongst them?

Is there not a number of them deade of late since I came thence?

Ro. My gratious Lord not any.

Nor. O maitler Roos, it cannot bee, I will assure you
At my departure thence, I left liuing there at leaft
Fuite hundred friendes, and now I haue not one,
Simply not one: friendes! ha, ha, ha, Commision
Thou must be my friend.

And stand betwixt me and the stroake of death,
Were thy date out, my liues date were but short,
They are colde friends, that kil their friendes in sport.

Am. Heere comes your honoured friend the Earle of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Nor. My honourd friend!

Arum. I am no friend to Traitors:
In my moste high & Princely Soueraignes name,
I doe arrest your honour of high Treason.

Nor. A traitor Arundell! haue I not your hand
in my commission? let me peruse it: as I tak't tis heere, and by your warrant haue so strieht proceeded.
The famous Historie

Is the limits of my warrant broke t answere me.

_Arun._ It may be that it hath pleased her Maiestie
to pardon vs, and for to punish you.
I know no other reason, this I must,
I am commanded, and the act is lawful.

_Nor._ And I obey you : when we parted last
My Lord of Arundel, our farewell was
Better then our greeting now.
Then you crde God speeded,
Now you come on me ere you say take heede :
Then you did owe me your best bloods : nay greevd
You could not spend them in my service.
O then it was a double death to stay behind,
But I am ouertooke and you are kinde,
I am, befhrew you else, but I submit,
My crime is great, and I must answere it.

_Arun._ You must with your three Sons, be guarded safe

_Unto the Tower : with you, those Lords and Knights_
That in this faction did associate you.
For so I am injoyd.
Then peaceably, let vs conduct you thither.

_Nor._ O my children ! my soule weepes endless teares for you.

O at the generall Sessions, when all soules
Stand at the bar of Justice,
And hold vp their new immortalized handes,
O then let the remembrance of their tragick endes
Be racd out of the bed-rowle of my finnes :
When ere the blacke booke of my crime's vnclasp't,
Let not these scarlet Letters be found there :
Of all the rest, onely that page be cleere.
But come to my arraignment, then to death,
The Queene and you have long aimd at this head,
If to my Children, the sweet grace extend,
My soule hath peace, and I imbrace my end. _Exceunt._

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

_Suff._ Three daies are past, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday too
Yet my professing servant is not come.
Himself conducted me to this hard lodging,
A simple Cabin, for so great a Prince,
And then he swore, but oaths you see are vain,
That he would hourly come and visit me:
I that was wont, to surfeit in estate,
And now through hunger almost defoliate.

Enter Homes sweating with bottle and Bag.

Hom. My Lord.
Suff. Ned Homes, speake hast thou brought me meate?
Hom. With much a doe, my Lord, meat, bread & wine,
While you refresh your selfe, I will recorde
The cause of my long stay.
Suff. I prethee doe, neede bids me eate,
Neede bids me heare thee too.
Hom. The night I left you in the hollow tree,
My house was searched.
Suff. Goe on, goe on.
Hom. And I no sooner entred but attached,
Threatned the Rack: and if I did not yeeld
Your gracious selfe into their graceless hands.
Suff. And thou hast don't, thou hast betrayd me.
Hom. Done it! o betraye you! O noe!
First would I see my loued wife and Children
Murdered, and tol'd on speares, before I would
Deliever your grace vnto their handes,
For they intend your death.
Suff. Goe on, goe on.
Hom: and offer'd a thousand Crownes to him that can
Bring newes of your abode, twas offer'd in my hands:
Which I befeech may ftop my Vital breath,
When I am feeede with golde to worke your death.
Enter Sherife and Officers.

Sher. See yonder sits the Duke.
Suff. I kisse thee in requittance of this loue.
Hom. and in requittance of so great a grace,
I kisse your hand that dares to kisse my face.
She. So Judas kist his Master: cease the Duke.
Suff. Ah me! Ned Homes we are undone,
Both thou and I betraide.
She. My Lord, late Duke of Suffolke, in her highnesse name I doe arrest you of high Treason.
Suff. I doe obey, and onely craue this kindness, You would be good into my Servant Homes,
Where in relieving me, hath but perform'd The duetie of a servant to his Lord.
She. You are deceu'd sir in your servant much, Hee is the man that did betray you. Heere Master Homes, towards your thousand pounds, Heere is a hundred markes, Come to the Exchequer, you shall have the rest.
Suff. Haft thou betraide me? yet with such a tongue, 
so smoothly old, flight of my dangers feare,
O break my heart, this griefe's too great to beare.
Ho. Pardon me my Lord.
Suff. God pardon thee, and lay not to thy foule
This greeuous finne: Farwell. And when thou espendest this ill got golde
Remember how thy Masters life was solde. Thy Lord that gaue thee Lordships, made thee great, Yet thou betrayest him as he fat at meate. On to my grave, tis time that I were dead, When he that held my heart betrays my head. Hom. O God, O God, that ever I was borne, This deed hath made me flaw to abiect scorn.

Exit Omnnes.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. O poore shrimpe, how art thou faine away
for want of mouching, O Colen cries out most
tirannically, the little gut hath no mercie, what's heere
vittailles?
O rare! O good!
Feede chops, drinke throate, good victailles makes
good blood.

Enter Homes with a Halter about his necke.

But stay, whose heere! more Sheriffes, more
searchers! O no, this is Homes that betraide his
honest Maister, How with a Halter about his necke?
I hope hee doth not meane to hang himselfe: Ile step
a side.

Ho. This is the place, where I betraide my
Lord,
This is the place where oft I haue releeu'd:
And villaine I, betraide him to the Iawes of death,
But heere before I further will proceede
Heere will I burie this inticing gould,
Lye there damn'd fiend never serue humaine more.

Clo. This is rare, now in this moode if hee would
hang himselfe twere excellent.

Ho. Shall I aske mercie? no it is too late,
Heauen will not heare, and I am desperate.

He strangles himself.

Clo. So, so, a very good ending, would all falce
Servants might drinke of the same sauce.
Gold, you are first mine, you must helpe
To shift my selfe into some counterfeite suite
Of apparell, and then to London:
If my olde Maister be hanged, why so:
If not, why rusticke and rusticke:
Yet before I doe, I doe not care if I throwe this Dog
in a Ditch: come away dissembler: this cannot chuse
but be a hundred pound it wayes so heavy.

Exeunt with him.
Enter Queene Mary, Winchester, Norfolkke, Pembrooke, Wyat, Arundell, Attendants.

Mary. By Gods affittance, and the power of heaven,
After our Troubles we are safely set,
In our inheritance, for which we doe subscribe
The prais and benefit to God, next thankes
To you my Lordes. Now shall the sanctuarie,
And the house of the moste high be newly built.
The ancient honours due vnto the Church,
Buried within the Ruine Monastaries,
Shall lift their stately heads, and rise againe
To astonish the destroyers wandring eyes.
Zeale shall be deckt in golde,
Religion not like a virgin rob'd of all her pompe,
But briefly shinning in her Iemmes of state,
Like a faire bride he offerd to the Lord,
To build large houses, pull no churches downe,
Rather enrich the Temple with our crowne.
Better a poore Queene, then the Subiects poore.

Win. May it please your grace to give release
Vnto such ancient Bishops that haue lost their
Honours in the church affaires.

Ma. We haue giuen order to the Duke of Nor-
folke to releafe them.

Arw. Your sacred Higness shall no doubt be
mendefull
Of the late Oath you tooke at Framingam.

Ma. O my Lord of Arundell, wee remember that,
But shall a Subiect force his Prince to sweare
Contrarie to her conscience and the Law!
Woe heere releafe vnto our faithfull people,
one intire subsidie,
Due vnto the Crowne in our dead Brothers daies:
The Commonaltie shal not be ore-burdned
In our reigne, let them be liberall in Religion,
and wee will spare their treasure to themselves:

The famous Historie
Better a poore Prince then the Nation poore,
The Subiects Treasure, is the Soueraignes store.

Arum. What is your Highnesse pleasure about the Rebels?

Mar. The Queene-like Rebels,
Meane you not Queene Iane?

Arum. Guilford and Iane, with great Northumberland,
And hauty Suffolkes Duke.

Ma. The Duke of Suffolke is not yet apprehended,
Therefore my Lords,
Some of you most deare to vs in love,
Be carefull of that charge:
The rest weele leaue for tryall of the other prisoners.

Wia. The Lady Iane moost mightie Soueraigne,
Alyde to you in blood:
For thes the Daughter of your Fathers Sister.
Mary the Queene of France: Charles Brandon's Wife
Your Neece, your next of blood, except your sister,
Defere no more, some pittie, to doth youthfull Guilford.

Wia. Such pittie as the law alowes to Traitors.

Norf. They were misled by their ambitious Fathers.

Wia. What Sonne to obey his Father proues a Traitor,
Must buy their disobedience with their death.

Wia. My Lord of Winchester still thirts for blood.

Mar. Why no more, the law shall be their Judge,
Mercie to meane offenders weele offend,
Not vnto such that dares vfurpe our Crowne.

Arum. Count Egmond the Embassador from Spaine,
Attends your highnesse anfwere, brought those Letters
Sent from the Emperor in his Sonnes behalfe.

Mar. In the behalf of louely Princely Philip,
Whose perion we haue shrine in our heart?
At the first sight of his delightfull picture
That picture should have power to tingle Loue
In Royall brests: the Dantes of loue are wordes,
Pictures, conceite, heele preuaile by any,
Your counfell Lords about this foraine businesse.

Arum. I say and it like your royall Maestie,
A royall treatie, and to be confirm'd,
And I alowe the match.

Win. Allow it Lordes, we haue cause
To thanke our God, that such a mightie Prince
As Philip is, Sonne to the Emperor,
Heire to wealthie Spaine, and many spacious
Kingdomes, will vouchsafe—

Win. Vouchsafe! my Lord of Wincheater, pray what?

Win. To grace our mightie Soueraigne with his
honourable Title.

Win. To marrie with our Queene: meane you
not so?

Win. I doe, what then?

Win. O God! is shee a beggar, a forfaken Maide,
that she hath neede of grace from forraigne princes!
By Gods deare mother, O God pardon wvere I,
Me thinkes she is a faire and louely Prince,
Her onely beautie (were she of meane birth)
Able to make the greatst Potentate,
I the great Emperor of the mightie Cham,
That hath more Nations vnder his Command,
Then Spaniish Philip's like to inherit townes,
To come and lay his Scepter at her feet,
And to intreate her to vouchsafe the grace
To take him and his Kingdome to her mercy.

Win. Wyat you are too hot.

Win. And you to proude, vouchsafe! O base!
I hope sheele not vouchsafe to take the Emperors
fonne to her deare mercie.

Mar. Proceede my Lord of Wincheater I pray.

Win. Then still I say, we haue cause to thanke our
God,
That such a mightie Prince will looke so lowe,
As to respect this Iland and our Queene.

*Wiat.* Pardon me Madam, hee respect your Iland
more then your person I thinke of that.

*Norf.* Wiat, you wrong the affection of the
Prince,
For he defies no fortresses nor towers,
Nor to beare any office, rule or state,
Either by person or by Substitute,
Nor yet himselfe to be a Counsellor
In our affaires.

*Wiat.* What neede hee (Noble Lords)
To aske the fruit, when he demandes the tree?
No Castle, fortresses, nor Towers of strength,
It bootes not, when the chiefest Tower of all
The key that opens vnto all the Land,
I meane our Gratious Soueraigne must be his,
But he will beare no office in the land,
And yet will mary with the Queene of all.
Nor be of counsell in the Realmes affaires,
And yet the Queene inclosed in his armes:
I doe not like this strange marriage.
The Fox is futter, and his head once in,
The slender body easilie will follow.
I grant, he offers you in name of dowre,
The yearely summe of threescore thousand Duccats.
Besides the feauenteene famous Prouinces,
And that the heire succeding from your loynes,
Shall haue the Souereigne rule of both the Realmes.
What, shall this mooue your Highnesse to the match?
Spaine is too farre for England to inherit,
But England neare enough for Spaine to woe.

*Win.* Has not the Kinges of England (good Sir
Thomas)
Efpouf'd the Daughters of our Neighbour Kinges?

*Wiat.* I graunt, your predecessors oft haue fought
Their Queene from France, and sometimes to from
Spaine.
But neuer could I heare that England yet
Has bin so base, to seeke a King from either:
Tis policie deare Queene, no loue at all.

Win. Tis loue great Queene, no policie at all.

Wiat. Which of you all, dares iustifie this match,
And not be toucht in conscience with an oath?
Remember, O remember I befeech you,
King Henries last will, and his Act at Court,
I meane that royall Court of Parliament,
That does prohibit Spaniards from the Land,
That Will and Act, to which you all are sworne,
And doe not damme your soules with perjuri.

Mory. But that we knowe thee Wyat to be true
Vnto the Crowne of England and to vs,
Thy ouer-boldnesse should bee payde with death.
But cease, for feare your liberall tongue offend,
With one consent my Lordes you lke this match?

Omnes. We doe great Soueraigne.

Mary. Call in Count Egmond Honorable Lords.

Enter Egmond.

Wee haue determined of your Ambassie,
And thus I plight, our loue to Philips heart,
Imbarke you straight, the winde blowes wondrous faire:
Till he shall land in England, I am all care.

Exeunt all but Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wia. And ere hee land in England, I will offer
My loyall breft for him to tresde vpon.
O who so forord Wyat as thy selfe,
To rafhe this troublesome Queene in this her Throane?
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud Nation,
Whome naturally our Countriemen abhorre.
Assift me gratious heauens, and you shall fee
What hate I beare vnto their Slauerie.
Ile into Kent, there mister vp my friends,
To saue this Countrie, and this Realme defend.

Exeit Sir Thomas Wyat.
Enter Guilford, Dudley, Iane, and Leftenant.

Guil. God morrow to the Patron of my woe.
Iane. God morrowe to my Lord, my louely Dudley.

Why doe you looke so sad my dearest Lord?
Guil. Nay why doth Iane, thus with a heauie eye, And a dejected looke, salute the day? Sorrow doth ill become thy siluer brow, Sad griepe eyes dead, so long as thou liues payre, In my Ianes ioy, I doe not care for care.
Iane. My lookes (my loue) is forsett with my heart,
The Sunne himselfe, doth scantly shewe his face Out of this firme grate, you may perceiue the Tower Hill Thronged with floure of people, As if they gap'd for some strange Noueltie.
Guil. Though sleepe doe seldome dwell in men of care,
Yet I did this night sleepe, and this night dream't, My Princely father great Northumberland Was married to a flately Bride:
And then me thought, iust on his Bridall day, A poyned draught did take his life away.
Iane. Let not fond viotions so appale my Loue,
For dreames doe oftentimes contrarie prooue.
Guil. The nights are teadious, and the daies are fad,
And see you how the people fland in heapes, Each man sad, looking on his opposed obiect, As if a generall passion poifesft them! Their eyes doe feeme, as dropping as the Moone, As if prepared for a Tragedie.
For neuer swarmes of people there doe tread, But to rob life, and to inrich the dead And shewe they wept.

Lef. My Lord they did fo, for I was there.
Guil. I praty resolute vs good Maister Lieutenent
The famous Historie

Who was it yonder, that tendered vp his life
To nature's death?

Lief. Pardon mee my Lord, tis felony to acquaint you with death of any Prisoner, yet to resolue your grace, it was your Father, great Northumberland, that this day left his head.

Guil. Peace rest his soule, his sinnes be buried in his graue,
And not remembred in his Epitaph:
But who comes here?

Iane. My Father Prisoner.

Enter Suffolk garded forth.

Suff. O Iane! now naught but feare thy Tytle & thy flate,
Thou now must leave for a small graue.
Had I bin contented to a bin great, I had ftood,
But now my risting is puld downe with blood.
Farwell, point me my house of prayers.

Iane. Is greefe so short! twa's wont to be full of wordes, tis true,
But now Deathes lesson, bids a coulde aude.
Farwell, thus friends on desperate journeys parte,
Breaking of wordes with teares, that fwelles the heart.

Exit Suffolk.

Lief. It is the pleazure of the Queene that you part lodgings.
Till your Arraignment, which must be to morrow.

Iane. Good Master Lieutenent let vs pray together.

Lief. Pardon me Madam I may not, they that owe you, fway me.

Guil. Intreate not Iane, though thee our bodies part,

Our foules shall meete. Farwell my loue.


Enter Wyat with Souldiers.

Wyat. Hold Drumme, stand Gentlemen,
of Sir Thomas Wyatt:

Give the word along: stand, stand:
Maisters, friendes, Souldiers, and therefore Gentle-
men,
I know some of you weare warme purses
Linde with golde, to them I speake not,
But to such leane knaues that cannot put vp
Crosles, thus I say, fight valiantly,
And by the Mary God, you that haue all
Your life time filuer lackt,
Shall now get Crownes, marre they must be crackt.

Sol. No matter, weelee change them for white
money.
Wiat. But it must needs be so, deare Countrie-
men,
For Souldiers are the maisters of wars mint,
Blowes are the flamps, they set vpon with bullets,
And broken pates are when the braines lyes spilt:
These light crownes, that with blood are double
guilt,
But thats not all; that your stout hearts shall earne,
Sticke to this glorious quarrell, and your names
Shall stand in Chronicles ranck'd even with Kings:
You free your Countrie from base spanish thrall,
From Ignominious flauerie,
Who can digests a Spaniard, that's a true Englishman?

Sol. Would he might choake that digests him.
Wiat. Hee that loyues freedome and his Countrie,
crie
A Wiat: he that will not, with my heart
Let him stand forth, shake handes, and weelee depart.

Sol. A Wiat, a Wiat, a Wiat.

Enter Norry sounding a Trumpet.

Har. Forbeare, or with the breath thy Trumpet
spends,
This shall let forth thy soule.
Nor. I am a Herald,
And chalenge safetie by the lawe of armes.
The famous Historie

Her. So shalt thou when thou art lawfully imploide.
Wia. What loude knaues that?
Nor. No knaue Sir Thomas, I am a true man to my Queene, to whome thou art a Traytor.
Wiat. Knock him downe, he no,
Weele handle him, he shall found before he goe.
Har. Hee comes from Norfolke and those lowning Lords,
In Maries name, waying out life to them
That will with basenesse buie it.
Cease on him as a pernicious enemie.
Wia. Sir George be ruld,
Since we professe the Arte of Warre,
Let's not be hitt at for our ignorance,
He shall passe and repasse, juggle the best he can,
Leade him into the Citie. Norry set fourth
Set fourth thy brafen throate, and call all Rochester
About thee: doe thy office, fill their
Light heads with proclamations, doe,
Catch Fooles with Lime-twigs dipt with pardons.
But Sir George and good sir Harry Illey,
If this Gallant open his mouth too wide,
Powder the Varlet, pistoll him, fire the Roose that's ore his mouth.
He craues the law of Armes, and he shall ha't,
Teach him our law, to cut's throate if he prate.
If lowder reach thy Proclamation,
The Lord haue mercie vpon thee.
Nor. Sir Thomas, I must doe my office.
Her. Come, weele doe ours too.
Wia. I, I, doe, blowe thy selfe hence.


Whorfon prou'd Herrald, because he can
gue armes, he thinks to cut vs off by the elbowes
Maisters and fellow Souldiers, say, will you leaue old
Tom Wiat?

Omnes. No, no, no.
of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

_Wia._ A March! tis Norfolkes Drum vpon my life.
I pray see what Drum it is.

Within crie arme.
The word is giuen, arme, arme flies through the camp
As loude, though not so full of dread as thunder:
For no mans cheekes looke pale, but euerie face,
Is lifted vp aboue his foremans head,
And euerie Souldier does on tip-toe stand,
thaking a drawne sword in his threatning hand.

_Wia._ At whome, at whose Drum!

_Rod._ At Norfolke, Norfolkes drum:
With him comes Arundell, you may beholde
The silken faces of their ensignes showe,
Nothing but wrinckles stragling in the winde,
Norfolke rides formosely, his creft well knowne,
Proud, as if all our heads were now his owne.

_Wia._ Soft, he shall pay more for them.
Sir Robert Rodston, bring our Muflcateers,
To flancke our Pikes, let all our archery,
Fall off in wings of shot a both sides of the van,
To gall the first Horse of the enemie
That shall come fiercely on:
Our Canonerers, bid them to charge, charge my harts.

_Omnés._ Charge, charge.

_Wia._ Saint George for England, Wiat for poore Kent,
Blood lost in Countries quarrell, is nobly spent.

_Enter Ifly._

_Ifly._ Bafe flauë, hard hearted fugitive,
He that you sent with Norry, false Sir George
Is fled to Norfolke.

_Rod._ Sir George Harper fled!

_Wia._ I nere thought better of a Counterfeite,
His name was Harper, was it not? let him goe,
Hencefoorth all Harpers for his sake shall stand,
But for plaine nine pence, throughout all the land.
They come, no man giue ground in these hot cases,
Be Englishmen and berd them to their faces.

Exeunt.

Enter Norfolke, Arundell, Bret and Souldiers.

Norf. Yonder the Traitor marcheth with a steele bowe
Bent on his Sowereigne, and his kingdoms peace:
To waue him to vs with a flag of truce,
And tender him soft mercie,
Were to call our right in question,
Therefore put in act, your resolute intendments,
If rebellion be suffered to take head,
She lyes too long, treason doth swarme.
Therefore giue signall to the fight.

Bre. Tis good, tis good, my Lord.

Norf. Where's Captaine Bret ?

Br. Heere my Lord.

Norf. To doe honour to you and those five hundred
Londoners that march after your colours,
You shall charge the Traitor in the Vantgard
Whilst my selfe with noble Arundell
And stout Jarringam, second you in the maine,
God and Saint George, this day fight on our side,
While thus we tame a desperate Rebels pride.

Exit. all but Bret and Souldiers.

Br. Countrimen and friends,
And you the mooste valiant sword and Buckler-Men of London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has promoted you to the Vangard, and why to the Vangard ? but because he knowes you to be eager men, martiall men, men of good stomacks, verie hot shots, verie actious for valour, such as scornes to shrink for a wetting, who wil beare off any thing with head and shoulders.

Omn. Well forwards good commander forwards.

Bre. I am to leade you, and whether to fight, and
of Sir Thomas Wyat.

with whom? with Wyat, and what is Wyat? a most famous and arch traytor to nobody by this hand that I knowe.

Omn. Nay speake out good captaine.

Bret. I say againe, is worthy Norfolke gone?

Omn. I I, gon gon.

Bret. I say againe that Wyat for rising thus in armes, with the Kentish men dangling thus at his taille, is worthy to be hanged like a iewell in the kingdomes care. Say I well my lads?

Omn. Forwards, forwards.

Bret. And whosoeuer cuts off his head shall haue for his labour.


Bret. The poxe, the plague, and all the diseaues the spittle-houes and hophitalls can throw vpon him.

Clo. Ile not do't, thats flat.

Bret. And wherefore is Wyat vp?

Clo. Because he cannot keepe his bed.

Bret. No Wyat is vp to keepe the Spaniards downe, to keepe King Phillip out, who comming in will glue the land such a Phillip twil make it reeale againe.

Clo. A would it were come to that, we would, we would leave off Phillipis and fall to hot cockles.

Bret. Phillip is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

Clo. A Spaniard is no Englishman that I know.

Bret. Right a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Callimanco, nay which is worle a Dondego, and what is a Dondego?

Clo. A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock fish or poore Iohn.

Bret. No, a Dondego is a desperate Viliago, a very Castillian, God bleffe vs. There came but one Dondego into England, and he made all Paules flinke againe, what shall a whole armie of Dondegoses doe my sweete countriemen?

Clo. Mary they wil make vs al smell abhominably, he comes not heere thats flat.
The famous Historie

Bre. A Spaniard is call'd so because he's a Spaniard, his yard is but a span.

Clo. That's the reason our Englishwomen love them not.

Bre. Right, for he carries not the Englishman's yard about him. If you deal with him, looke for hard measure, if you give an inch he'll take an ell; if he give an ell, he'll take an inch, therefore my fine spruce dapper finical fellows, if you are now, as you have always been counted politick Londoners to flie to the stronger side, leave Arundell, leave Norfolk, and love Bret.

Clo. Weele fling our flat-caps at them.

Bre. Weare your owne neate leather shoos, for Spanish leather: cry a figge for the Spaniards. Saide I well bollies!

Omn. I, I, I.

Bre. Why then flat, flat.

And euerie man die at

His foote that cries not a Wyat, a Wyat.

Omn. A Wyat, a Wyat, a Wyat.

Enter Wyat.

Wyat. Sweet musicke, gallant fellow Londoners.

Clo. Y faith we are the madcaps, we are the lick-pennies.

Wyat. You shall be all Lord Maiors at least.

Exeunt Wyat, Bret, and Souldiers.

Alarum sounds, and enter Wyat, Bret, Rodfion, Isely, and Souldiers again.

Wyat. Those eight braue pieces shall do service now
Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundell,
They may thank their heeles
More then their hands for suaging of their liues.
When souldiers turne furueyors, and measure lands,
of Sir Thomas Wyat.

God helpe poore farmers. Soldiers and friends let vs all
Play nimble bloudhounds and hunt them step by step.
We heare
The lawyers plead in armour stead of gownes,
If they fall out about the case they iarde,
Then they may cuffe each other from the barre.
Soft this is Ludgate, stand aloofe, Ile knock.

He knocks: Enter Pembroke upon the walles.

Pem. Who knockes?
Wyat. A Wyat, a true friend,
Open your gates, you louing citizens,
I bring you freedom from a foraine prince,
The queene has heard your suite, and tis her pleasure
The cittie gates stand open to receiue vs.
Pem. Ayuant thou traytor, thinkest thou by forgerie
To enter London with rebellious armes?
Know that these gates are hard against thy entrance,
And it shall cost the liues
Of twenty thousand true subiects to the Queene
Before a traytor enters.
Omn. Shoote him through.
Wyat. Stay, lets know him first.
Clo. Kill him, then lets know him afterwards.
Pem. Looke on my face, and blushing see with shame
Thy treasons charafted.
Bret. Tis the Lord Pembroke.
Wyat. What haue wee to doe with the Lord Pembroke?
Wheres the Queens Lieftenant?
Pem. I am lieftenant of the Citty now.
Wyat. Are you Lord Maior?
Pem. The greatest Lord that breathes enters not heere
Without expresse command from my deare Queene.

*Wyat.* She commandes by vs.

*Pem.* I do command thee in her Highneffe name
To leave the Citty gates, or by my honour,
A peace of ordinance shall be streight dischargd
To be thy deathesman and shoote thee to thy graue.

*Wyat.* Then heres no entrance.


*Bret.* What should we doe following Wyat any longer?*

*Wyat.* O London, London, thou perfidious town,
Why haft thou broke thy promisse to thy friend?
That for thy fake, and for thy generall fake,
Hath thrust my self into the mouth of danger?
March backe to Fleetestreete, if that Wyat dye,
London vnuitly buy thy treacherie.

*Bret.* Would I could steale away from Wyat! it
should be the first thing that I would doe.

*Here they all steale away from Wyat and leave him alone.*

*Wyat.* Wheres all my Souldiers! what all gone,
And left my drum and colours without guard?
O infelicite of carefull men,
Yet will I sell my honor'd bloud as deere
As ere did faithfull subiect to his prince. *Exit Wyat.*

*Enter Norfolke and Ikeley.*

*Ish.* Pembroke reuolts, and flies to Wiats side.

*Norf.* Haes damb'd in hell that speakes it.

*Enter Harper.*

*Ish.* O my good Lord! tis spread
That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled.

*Enter Pembroke and Arundell.*

*Pem.* Sfoot, who said so! what deuill dares stir my patience?
of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Zwounds I was talking with a crew of vagabondes
That laggd at Wiat's taile; and am I thus
Paid for my paines.
Norf. And there being mist
Some villaine, finding you out of sight, hath raif'd
This slander on you, but come my Lord.
Pem. Ile not fight.
Norf. Nay sweete Earle.
Pem. Zounds fight and heare my name dif
honoured!
Arum. Wyat is marcht down Fleetstreete, after
him.
Pem. Why do not you, and you, pursue him?
Norf. If I strike one blowe, may my hand fall off.
Pem. And if I doe, by this—
Norf. Come leaue your swearing, did not countries
care
Urge me to this quarrell, for my part,
I would not strike a blow.
Pem. No more would I;
Ile eate no wrongs, lets all die, and Ile dye.

Enter Messenger.

Meff. Stand on your guard,
For this way Wyatt is perfude amaine.

A great Noife, follow. Enter Wyatt with his sword
drawne, being wounded.

Within. Follow, follow.
Nor. Stand traytor stand, or thou shalt nere stand
more.
Wyat. Lords, I yield:
An easie conquest tis to win the field
After alls loft. I am wounded, let me haue
A surgeon that I may goe found vnto my graue.
Tis not the name of Traytor
Pals me nor pluckes my weapon from my hand.
The famous Historie

Vie me how you can,
Though you say traytor, I am a gentleman.
Your dreadful shaking me, which I defie,
Is a poor losse of life; I wish to die,
Death frights my spirit no more then can my bed,
Nor will I change one hair, losing this head.


Wyat. No matter where,
I hope for nothing, therefore nothing feare.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Winchester, Norfolk, Arundell, Pembroke, with other Lords.

Win. My Lord of Norfolk, will it please you fit
By you the noble Lord of Arundell.
Since it hath pleas'd her sacred Maiestie
To nominate vs here Commissioners,
Let vs without all partiality
Be open-eard to what they can alleadge.
Wheres the Lieutenant of the Tower?

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lea. Heere my good Lord.

Win. Fetch forth the prisoners.
Place them feuerally in chaires of flate.
Clarke of the Crowne, procede as Law requires.

Enter Guilford and Jane.

Cla. Guilford Dudley, hold vp thy hand at the bar.

Guil. Heere at the bar of death I hold it vp,
And would to God this hand heau'd to the lawe,
Might have aduanct itself in better place,
For Englands good and for my soueraigns weale.

Cla. Jane Gray, Lady Jane Gray, hold vp thy hand at the barre.
of Sir Thomas Wyat.

Ian. A hand as pure from Treafons Innocence
As the white liuerie
Worne by the Angels in their Makers sight†

Cla. You are here indited by the names of Guilford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, of capittall and high treafon against our moft Soueraigne Ladie the Queenes Maiestie. That is to fay that you Guilford Dudley and Lady Iane Gray, haue by all possibe meanes, fought to procure vnto yourfelues the roialtie of the Crowne of England, to the disinherting of our now Soueraign Lady the Queenes Maiestie, the true and lawfull ifue to that famous King Henry the Eight, and haue manifeftly adorned yourfelues with the States garland Imperiall, and haue granted warrants, commiffions, and fuch like, for leuying of men and Souldiers to be fent against the faid Maiestie: what anfwere you to this inditement, guiltie or not guiltie†

Guil. Our anfwer shal be feuerall like ourfelfues.
Yet noble Earle we confefse the inditement.
May we not make some apologie unto the court†

Norf. It is againft the order of the law,
Therefore direclty pleade vnto the inditement,
And then you shall be heard.

Guil. Against the law†

Words vter'd then as good vnspoken were,
For whatfoere you fay, you know your form,
And you will follow it vnto our deathes.

Norf. Speake are you guilty of these crimes or no†

Ian. Ile anfwere firt, I am and I am not,
But should we stand vnto the laft vnguiltie,
You haue large-conscience iurons to beftmeare
The faireft browe with fitle of trecherie.

Norf. The Barrons of the land shall be your iurie.

Ian. An honorable and worthy trial,
And God forbid fo many noblemen
Should be made guilty of our timelesse deatthes.
The famous Historie

Arm. Youle ansuer to the inditement will you not?

Guil. My Lord I will, I am——

Nor. What are you guilty or no?

Guil. I say vnguilty still, yet I am guilty.

Ian. Slander not thyself:

If there be any guilty, it was I,
I was proclain'd Queene, I the Crowne should weare.

Guil. Because I was thy husband I stand here.

Ian. Our loues we sought ourselues, but not our pride.

And shall our fathers faults our liues diuide?

Guil. It was my father that made thee distressed.

Ian. O but for mine my Guilford had beene blest.

Guil. My Iane had beene as fortunate as faire.

Ian. My Guilford free from this soul-grieveing care.

Guil. If we be guiltie, tis no fault of ours,

And shall wee dye for whates not in our powres?
We sought no Kingdom, we desir'd no crowne,
It was impof'd vpon vs by constraint,
Like golden fruit hung on a brawne tree,
And will you count such forcement treacherie?
Then make the siluer Thames as blacke as Styx,
Because it was constrain'd to beare the barkes
Whose battering ordnance should haue beene imployde
Against the hinderers of our roialtie.

Win. You talke of fenceleffe things.

Guil. Do trees want fence,

That by the powre of Musicke haue beene drawne
To dance a pleasing measure?
Weele come then neerer vnto liuing things.
Say wee vfurt the English roialtie,
Was't not by your contents?
I tell you Lordes I haue your hands to showe
Subscrib'd to the commissyon of my Father,
By which you did authorize him to wage armes.
of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

If they were rebellious against your Soueraigne,
Who criest so loud as you God saue Queene Iane!
And come you now your Soueraigne to arraigne?
Come downe, come down, heere at a Prifoners barre,
Better do so then judge yourfelues amis:
For looke what sentence on our heads you lay,
Upon your own may light another day.
Win. The Queene hath pardond them.
Guil. And wee must die
For a lesse fault. O partialitie!
Ian. Patience, my Guilford, it was euer knowne,
They that finn'd least the punishment haue borne.
Guil. True, my faire Queene, of sorrowe truely speake,
Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebs breake,
But the thinn'est frame the prifon of the weake.
Nor. Now trust me Arundel, it doth grieue me much
To sit in judgment of these harmlesse—
Arun. I halp to attach the Father, but the Sonne—
O through my bloud I feele compassion
Run my Lords, weele be humble suitors to the Queene,
To saue these innocent creatures from their deaths.
Norf. Let's break vp Court: if Norfolke long should stay,
In teares and passion I should melt away.
Win. Sit full,
What, will you take compassion vpon such?
They are hereticks.
Ian. We are Chriſtians, leue our conſcience to ourfelues,
We stand not heere about religious cauſes,
But are acuſ'd of capitall treaſon.
Win. Then you confesse the indiſtement?
Guil. Euen what you will:
Yet faue my Iane, although my bloud you spill.
Ian. If I must die, faue princely Guilfords life.
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Norf.  Who is not moou'd to see this louing strife?

Arun.  Pray pardon me, do what you will to-day,
And Ile approue it, though it be my death.

Win.  Then heare the speedie sentence of your deaths:
You shall be carried to the place from whence you came,
From thence vnto the place of execution;
Through London to be drawn on hurdles,
Where thou, Jane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,
Thou Guilford Dudley, hang'd and quartered,
So Lord haue mercy vpon you.

Guil.  Why this is well,
Since we must die, that we must die together.

Win.  Stay, and heare the mercie of the Queene,
Because you are of noble parentage,
Although the crime of your offence be great,
Shee is only pleas'd that you shall —

Both.  Will thee pardon vs?

Win.  Only I say that you shall loose your heads

Vpon the Tower Hill.  So conuay them hence,
Liefetenant strictly looke vnto your charge.

Guil.  Our doomes are knowne, our liues haue plaid their part.

Farwell my Iane.

Ian.  My Dudley, mine owne heart.

Guil.  Faine would I take a ceremonious leaue,
But thats to dye a hundred thouand deaths.

Ian.  I cannot speake for teares.

Left.  My Lord, come:

Guil.  Great griefes speake louder
When the least are dumb'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyatt in the Tower.

Wia.  The sad aspeckt this Prison doth affoord
Jumps with the mesure that my heart doth keepe,
And this inclosure heere of nought but stone,
Yieldes far more comfort then the ftony hearts.
of Sir Thomas Wyat.

Of them that wrong’d their country, and their friend:
Heere is no perjur’d Counsellors to sweare
A sacred oath, and then forswære the same,
No innovators heere doth harbor keepe,
A fledfast silence doth possesse the place,
In this the Tower is noble, being base.

Enter Lords to Wyat.

Norf. Sir Thomas Wyat.
Wyat. Thats my nameindeede.
Win. You shou’d say Traitor.
Wyat. Traitor and Wyats name,
Differ as farre as Winchester and honor.
Win. I am a Piller of the Mother Church.
Wyat. And what am I?
Win. One that subuerst the state.
Wyat. Infulnt not too much, ore th.vnfortunate,
I haue no Bishoppes Rochet to declare my inno-
cencie.
This is my crosse,
That causelesse I must suffer my heads losse.
When that houre comes, wherein my blood is spilt,
My crosse will looke as bright as yours twice guilt.
Norf. Here’s for that purpose.
Wyat. Is your grace so short?
Belike you come to make my death a sport.
Win. We come to bring you to your execution,
You must be hang’d and quartered instandy;
At the parke Corner, is a gallous set,
Whither make haft to tender natures debt.
Wyat. Then here’s the end of Wyats rising vp,
I to keepe Spaniards from the Land was sworne,
Right willingly I yeelde my felse to death,
But sorry fuch, shou’d haue my place of birth.
Had London kept his word, Wyat had stood,
But now King Phillip enters through my blood.

Exit Officers with Wyat.
The famous Historie

Enter Lieutenant.

Lie. Heere my Lord.
Win. Fetch forth your other Prisoners.
Lie. My Lord I will, heere lyes young Guilford, here the Lady Iane.
Norfol. Conduct them forth.

Enter Young Guilford and the Lady Iane.

Guil. Good morrowe once more to my louelye Iane.
Iane. The last good morrow my sweete loun to thee.
Guil. What were you reading?
Iane. On a prayer booke.
Guil. Trust me so was I, wee hade neede to pray, For se, the Minifters of death drawe neere.
Iane. To a prepared minde Death is a pleasure, I long in soule, till I haue spente my breath.
Guil. My Lord High Chancellor, you are welcome heather,
What come you to beholde our execution?
And my Lord Arundell thrice welcome, you Helpt to attache our Father, come you now,
To see the blanke conclusion of our Tragedie?
Win. We come to doe our office.
Guil. So doe wee.

Our office is to die, yours to looke on:
We are beholding vnto such beholders,
The time was Lords, when you did flock amaine,
To see her crownd, but now to kill my Iane,
The world like to a sickell, bends it selfe,
Men runne their courfe of liues as in a maze,
Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.
Iane. Patience my Guilford.
Guil. Patience my louely Iane:
Patience has blancht thy foule as white as snow,
But who shall answere for thy death? this know,
of Sir Thomas Wyatt

An innocent to die, what is it leffe,
But to adde Angels to heauens happinesse.
The guilitie dying, doe applаud the law,
But when the innocent creature floopes his neck
To an vnjust doome; vpнon the Judge the checke.
Lies are like soules, requird of their neglectors,
Then ours of you, that should bee our protectors.

Win. Raile not against the law.

Guilfor. No, God fordbide, my Lord of Win-
chester,
It’s made of lawe, and should I raile against it?
Twere against you, if I forget not,
You rejoyc’d to see that fall of Cromwel,
Joy you now at me?
Oft dying men are flid with prophesies,
But iles not be a prophet of your il.
Yet knowe my Lordes, they that behold vs now,
May to the axe of Iustice one day bowe,
And in that plot of ground where we must die,
Sprinkle their bloodes, though I know no cause why.

Norf. Speake you to me Lord Guilford?

Gui. Norfolke no,
I speake to ——

Norf. To whome?

Gui. Alas I doe not knowe which of vs two dies
first.

Win. The better part.

Gui. O rather kill the worse.

Fanе. Tis I sweete loue, that first must kisse the
blocke.

Guilf. I am a man, men better brooke the shocke
Of threatening death, Your sexe are euer weake.
The thoughts of death, a womans heart will breake.

Fanе. But I am armde to die.

Guilf. Likelier to liue:
Death to the vawilling dooth his presence giue;
Hee dares not looke the bolde man in the face,
But on the fearefull layes his killing Mace.

Win. It is the pleasure of the Queene, that the
The famous Historie

Lady Jane must first suffer death.

Jane. I thanke her Highnesse, That I shall first depart this haplesse world, And not furuie to see my deere loue dead.

Gulfo. She dying first, I three times loose my head.

Enter the Headman.

Head'm. Forgive me Lady I pray your death.

Gulif. Ha! hast thou the heart to kill a face so faire.

Win. It is her Headman.

Gul. And demandes a pardon, Onely of her, for taking off her head?

Jane. I gentle Guilford, and I pardon him.

Gul. But ile not pardon him, thou art my wife. And he shall aske me pardon for thy life.

Hea. Pardon me my Lord.

Gui. Rise, doe not kneele.

Though thou submit't, thou hast a lowring steele Whose fatal declination brings our death: Good man of earth, make haste to make vs earth.

Hedf. Pleseth the Lady Jane, ile helpe her off with her night-Gowne.

Jane. Thankes gentle friend,
But I haue other waiting women to attend mee. Good Mis'tris Ellin lend me a helping hand, To strip me of this worldly ornaments Off with these robes, O teare them from my side, Such silken couers are the guilt of pride. Insteede of gownes, my couerature be earth, My worldly death or new Celestiall breath. What is it off?

Lad. Madam almoaste.

Jane. Not yet, O God!

How hardly can we shake off this worldes Pomp, That cleaues vnto vs like our bodies skinne? Yet thus O God shake off thy seruants sinne.

Lady. Here is a scarfe to blinde your eies.
of Sir Thomas Wyatt

Jane. From all the world, but from my Guilfords fight:
Before I fasten this beneath my browe,
Let me behold him with a constant looke.
    Gui. O doe not kill me with that pitious eie:
    Jane. Tis my last farewell, take it patiently,
My dearest Guilford let vs kisse and part.
Now blinde mine eyes, never to see the skie,
Blindefolde thus leade me, to the blocke to die.
    Gui. Oh! He falles in a trance.
    Norf. How fares my Lord?
    Arun. Hee's falne into a trance.
    orf. Wake him not, vntill hee wake himselfe,
O happie Guilford if thou die in this,
Thy foule will be the first in heauenly blisse.

Enter the Heades-man with Janes head.

Win. Heare comes the Heades-man with the head
of Jane.
    Gui. Who spake of Jane? who namde my louely Jane?
    Win. Behold her head.
    Gui. O I shall faint againe!
Yet let me bear this fight vnto my graue.
My sweete Ianes head:
Looke Norfolke, Arundell, Winchester,
Doe malefactors, looke:
Thus when they die,
A ruddy lippe, a cleere reflecting eye,
Cheekes purer then the Maiden orient pearle,
That sprinkles bashfulnes through the cloudes
Her innocence, has gien her this looke:
The like for me to shew so well being dead,
How willingly, would Guilford loose his head.
    Win. My Lord, the time runs on.
    Gui. So does our death.
Heeres one has run so fast she's out of breath,
But the time goes on,
And thy faire Ianes white foule, will be
In heauen before me
If I doe stye: stye gentle wife,
Thy Guilford followes thee,
Though on the earth we part, by aduerse fate,
Our soules shall knock together at heauens gate.
The skie is calme, our deaths haue a faire day,
And we shall passe the smooother on our way.
My Lords farwell, I once farwel to all,
The Fathers pride has causde the Childrens fall.

Exit Guilford to Death.

Nor. Thus haue we seene her Highnesse will per-
form'd,
And now their heads and bodies shall bee ioyn'd
And buried in one graue, as fits their loues.
Thus much ile say in their behalfe now dead,
Their Fathers pride their liues haue feuered.

FINIS.
THE

Roaring Girle.

OR,

*Moll Cut-Purse.*

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-
stage by the Prince his Players.

Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar.

My cause is altered, I must worke for my living.

Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his
shop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall
Exchange. 1611.
Prologus.

A

Play (expected long) makes the Audience looke
For wonders:—that each Scene should be a booke,
Compos'd to all perfection; each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him: up he summes,
What he would of a Roaring Girle have writ;
If that he findes not here, he meues at it.
Ondy we intreate you thinke our Scene
Cannot speake high (the subiect being but meanes)
A Roaring Girle (whose notes till now never were)
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,
That's all which I dare promise: Tragick passion,
And such graue stuffe, is this day out of fashion.
I see attention fets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with couteous listings waites,
To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle should be.
(For of that Tribe are many.) One is shee
That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,
That beates the watch, and Constables controuls;
Another roares i' th' day time, sweares, stabbes, givces
braues,
Yet fells her foule to the lust of foolees and slaues.
Both these are Suburbe-roarers. Then there's (besides)
A civill City Roaring Girle, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husbands state,
And leaues him Roaring through an yron grate.
Prologus.

None of these Roaring Girles is ours: shee flies
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lyes,
Yet what neede characters? when to give a geffe,
Is better then the person to expresse;
But would you know who 'tis? would you heare her name?
Shee is cal'd madde Moll; her life, our alls proclaime.
Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Alexander Wentgrave, and Neat's foot his man.
Sir Adam Appleton.
Sir Davy Dapper.
Sir Beuitchus Ganymed.
Lord Noland.
Yong Wentgrave.
Jacke Dapper, and Gull his page.
Goshawke.
Greenewit.
Laxton.

{Tilt-yard.}
Openworke.  {Ciues & Vxores.
Gallipot.

Mol the Roaring Girle.
Trapdoor.
Sir Guy Fitz-allard.
Mary Fitz-allard his daughter.
Curtiias a Sergiant, and
Hanger his Yeoman.

Ministri.
The Roaring Girle.

Act I. Scæ. I.

Enter Mary Fitz-Allard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.

Neatfoot.

He yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir Alexander sonne, is it into his eares (sweet Damfell) (embleme of fragility) you desire to have a message transported, or to be transcendent.

Mary. A priuate word or two Sir, nothing else.

Neat. You shall fruclifie in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is erected, (that is to say vp) and deliver him to this your most white hand.

Mary. Thankes sir.

Neat. And withall certifie him, that I haue culled
out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome then any lay upon his trencher at dinner —— hath he notion of your name, I befeech your chastity.

Mary. One Sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.

Neat. Falling bands, it shall so be giuen him, —— if you pleafe to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curle-pated company of rude seruingmen, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously, and ingeniously welcome.

Mary. I haue dyned indeed already Sir.

Neat. —— Or will you vouchsafe to kiffe the lip of a cup of rich Orleans in the buttry amongst our waiting women.

Mary. Not now in truth Sir.

Neat. Our yong Maister shall then haue a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be giuen him.

Exit Neatfoote.

Mary. I humbly thanke you Sir, but that my boome

Is full of bitter sorrowes, I could smilke,
To see this formall Ape play Antick tricks:
But in my breast a poysoned arrow stiches,
And smilies cannot become me, Loue wouen sleightly
(Such as thy falfe heart makes) weares out as lightly,
But loue being truely bred ith the soule (like mine)
Bleeds euen to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the leffe it flakes:
O me!

Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.

Seb. A Sempster speake with me, saith thou.

Neat. Yes, Sir, she's there, visus voce, to deliuer her auricular confeffion.

Seb. With me sweet heart. What if? 

Mary. I haue brought home your bands Sir.


Neat. Sir.
The Roaring Girl.

Seb. Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are upon rising.

Next. Yes sir, a most methodical attendance shall be given.

Seb. And doth heare, if my father call for me, say I am busy with a Sempster.

Next. Yes sir, hee shall know it that you are busied with a needle woman.

Seb. In's eare good Next-foote.

Next. It shall be so gien him. Exit Next-foote.

Seb. Bands, y'are mistaken sweete heart, I beaspake none, when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

Mary. Yes sir, a bond fast sealed, with solemne oathes,

Subscribed unto (as I thought) with your soule:
Delivered as your deed in sight of heauen,
Is this bond cancel'd, haue you forgot me.

Seb. Halfe life of my life: Sir Guy Fitis-Allards daughter,
What has transform'd my love to this strange shape?
Stay: make all sure,—so: now speake and be briefe,
Because the woltse's at dore that lyes in waite,
To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes
Are biefl by thine, yet this fo strange disguise
Holds me with feare and wonder.

Mary. Mines a loathed sight,
Why from it are you banieth else so long.

Seb. I must cut short my speech, in broken language,
Thus much sweete Moll, I must thy company shun,
I court another Moll, my thoughts must run,
As a horfe runs, thats blind, round in a Mill,
Out evrey step, yet keeping ope path still.

Mary. Vmh: must you shun my company, in one knot
Haue both our hands by'th hands of heauen bene tyed,
Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride:
Our fathers did agree on the time when,
And must another bed-fellow fill my roome.

    Seb.  Sweete maid, lets loose no time, tis in heauens booke

Set downe, that I must haue thee: an oath we tooke,
To keep our vows, but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, fowmes began to fit
Vpon my couetous fathers brow: which fell
From them on me, he reckond vp what gold
This marriage would draw from him, at which he swore,

To loose so much bloud, could not grieue him more.
He then diswades me from thee, cal'd thee not faire,
And askt what is shee, but a beggars heire?
He scorn'd thy dowry of (5000) Markes.
If such a summe of mony could be found,
And I would match with thee, hee'd not vndoe it,
Prouided his bags might adde nothing to it,

But vow'd, if I tooke thee, pay more, did sweare it,
Saue birth from him I nothing shouold inherit.

    Mary.  What followes then, my ship-wracke.

    Seb.  Dearest no:

Tho wildly in a laborinth I go,
My end is to mete thee: with a fide winde
Muft I now faile, else I no hauen can finde
But both muft sinke for euer.  There's a wench
Cal'd Mol, mad Mol, or merry Mol, a creature
So strange in quality, a whole city takes
Note of her name and person, all that affeccion
I owe to thee, on her in counterfet passion,
I spend to mad my father: he beleuues
I doate vpon this Roaring Girle, and grieues
As it becomes a father for a sonne,
That could be so bewitcht: yet ile go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, faine dreams,
In which ile talke onely of her, these stremes
Shall, I hope, force my father to content
That heere I anchor rather then be rent
Vpon a rocke so dangerous, Art thou pleaft'd,
Because thou see'st we are way-laid, that I take
A path that's safe, tho' it be farre about.
  Mary. My prayers with heauen guide thee.
  Seb. Then I will on,
My father is at hand, kisse and begon;
Howres shall be watcht for meetings; I must now
As men for feare, to a strange Idoll bow.
  Mary. Farewell.
  Seb. Ile guide thee forth, when next we meete,
A story of Moll shall make our mirth more sweet.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Sir Davy Dapper, Sir
Adam Appleton, Goshaue, Laxton, and Gentle-
men.

Osme. Thanks good Sir Alexander for our boun-
teous cheere.
  Alex. Fy, fy, in giuing thankes you pay to deare.
  S. Dap. When bounty spreadyes the table, faith
  'twere finne,
(at going of) if thankes should not feip in.
  Alex. No more of thankes, no more, I mary Sir,
Th' inner roome was too close, how do you like
This Parlour Gentlemen?
  Osme. Oh passage well.
  Adam. What a sweet breath the aire cafts heere,
    so coole.
  Gos. I like the prospect best.
  Lax. See how tis furnisht.
  S. Dap. A very faire sweete roome.
  Alex. Sir Davy Dapper,
The furniture that doth adorne this roome,
Cost many a faire gray groat ere it came here,
But good things are most cheape, when th'are most
deere,
Nay when you looke into my galleries,
How brauely they are trim'd vp, you all shall sweare
Yare highly pleasd to see whats fet downe there:
Stories of men and women (mixt together
Faire ones with foule, like sun-shine in wet wether
Within one square a thousand heads are laid
So close, that all of heads, the roome seemes made,
As many faces there (fill'd with blith lookes)
Shew like the promising titles of new bookes,
(Writ merily) the Readers being their owne eyes,
Which seeme to moue and to glue plaudities,
And here and there (whilst with obsequious eares,
Thrond'd heapes do listen) a cut purfe thurfts and
leeres
With haukes eyes for his prey: I need not shew him,
By a hanging villanous looke, your selues may know
him,
The face is drawne so rarely, Then sir below,
The very flowre (as twere) wavies to and fro,
And like a floating Iland, seemes to moue,
Vpon a sea bound in with shores aboue.

Enter Sebastian and M. Greene-wit.

Omnes. These fights are excellent.
Alex. I'le shew you all,
Since we are met, make our parting Comical.
Seb. This gentleman (my friend) will take his
leave Sir.
Alex. Ha, take his leaue (Sebastian) who ?
Seb. This gentleman.
Alex. Your loue sir, has already given me some
time,
And if you please to trust my age with more,
It shall pay double interest: Good sir flay.
Green. I haue beene too bold.
Alex. Not fo sir. A merry day
Mongst friends being spent, is better then gold sau'd.
Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaues I
keepe.

Enter three or foure Servicingmen, and Neatfoote.

Neat. At your worshipfull elbow, sir.
The Roaring Girle.

*Alex.* You are kissting my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

*Neat.* Your worship has giuen it vs right.

*Alex.* You varlets stirre,

Chaires, flooles and cuthions: pre' thee sir Dawy Dapper,

Make that chaire thine.

*Sir Dap.* Tis but an easie gift,

And yet I thanke you for it sir, I'le take it.

*Alex.* A chaire for old sir Adam Appleton.

*Neat.* A backe friend to your worship.

*Adam.* Mary good Neatfoot,

I thanke thee for it: backe friends sometimes are good.

*Alex.* Pray make that flooole your pearch, good M.

*Goshawke.*

*Gofh.* I stoope to your lure sir.

*Alex.* Sonne Sebastian,

Take Maister Greenswitt to you.

*Seb.* Sit deere friend.

*Alex.* Nay maister Laxton—furnish maister Laxton

With what he wants (a stone) a floole I would say, a flooole.


*Alex.* I know you had (good M. Laxton.) So,

---

Now heres a mease of friends, and (gentlemen)
Because times glasse shall not be running long,
I'le quicken it with a pretty tale.

*Sir Dap.* Good tales do well,

In these bad dayes, where vice does so excell.

*Adam.* Begin sir Alexander.

*Alex.* Last day I met

An aged man uppon whose head was scor'd,

A debt of iust fo many yeares as these,

Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.

*Ommes.* His name I pray you sir.

*Alex.* Nay you shall pardon me,

But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,
The Roaring Girle.

Or seem'd to breake his heart-stringz) thus he spake:
Oh my good knight, saies he, (and then his eies
Were richer euen by that which made them poore,
They had spent so many tears they had no more.)
Oh sir (saies he) you know it, for you ha seene
Blessings to raine vpon mine houfe and me:
Fortune (who slues men) was my slaue: her wheele
Hath ipun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,
I nere had but one caufe to curse my starres,
I ask't him then, what that one caufe might be.

Omnes. So Sir.

Alex. He paues'd, and as we often see,
A sea so much atcalm'd, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waues being drownd
In their owne rage: but when th' imperious wind,
Vf e strange inuible tyranny to shake
Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyfe:
The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
Rife vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they,
Euen to this good old man was by my question
Sir'd vp to roughnesse, you might see his gall
Flow euen in's eies: then grew he fantaftical.

Sir Doa. Fantaftical, ha, ha.

Alex. Yes, and talke odly.

Adam. Pray sir proceed,
How did this old man end?

Alex. Mary sir thus.
He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,
Yet then (though age caft snow on all his haires)
He toy'd becaufe (saies he) the God of gold
Has beeene to me no niggard: that diceafe
(Of which all old men ficken) Auarice
Neuer infecte me.

Lax. He meanes not himselfe i' me sure.

Alex. For like a lamp,
Fed with continuall oyle, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet haue still
Enough to serue my selfe, oh but (quoth he)
The heauens dew fall, thus on this aged tree,
The Roaring Girle.

I haue a fonne thats like a wedge doth cleuare,
My very heart roote.
S. Dap. Had he such a fonne.
Seb. Now I do smell a fox strongly.
Alex. Let see: no Maister Greene-wit is not yet
So mellow in yeares as he; but as like Sebastian,
Iuft like my fonne Sebastian,—such another.
Seb. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his
by-blowes to hit me, but if I beate you not at your
owne weapon of subtily.
Alex. This fonne (faith he) that shoud be
The columne and maine arch vnto my house,
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlewind
Shaking the firme foundation.
Adam. Tis some prodigall.
Seba. Well shot old Adam Bell.
Alex. No city monster neither, no prodigall,
But sparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wiuelijke),
An excellent husband, and such a traueller,
He has more tongues in his head then some haue
teeth.
S. Dap. I haue but two in myne.
Goth. So sparing and so wary.
What then could vex his father fo.
Alex. Oh a woman.
Seb. A flesh fly, that can vex any man.
Alex. A fcuruy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated:
A creature (faith he) nature hath brought forth
To mocke the sex of woman... It is a thing
One knowes not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. Tis woman more then man,
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sunne giues her two shadowes to one shape,
Nay more, let this strange thing, walke, stand or sit,
No blazing starre drawes more eyes after it.
S. Dap. A Monster, tis some Monster.
Alex. Shee's a varlet.
Seb. Now is my cue to bristle.
The Roaring Girle.

Alex. A naughty packe,
Seb. Tis false.
Alex. Ha boy.
Seb. Tis false.
Alex. What false, I say she's nought.
Seb. I say that tongue
That dares speake so (but yours) flickes in the throate
Of a ranke villain, let your selfe aside.
Alex. So sir what then.
Seb. Any here else had lyed.
I thinke I shall fit you——aside.
Alex. Lye.
Seb. Yes.
Sir Dap. Doth this concerne him.
Alex. Ah firra boy.
Is your bloud heated: boyles it: are you flung,
Ile pierce you deeper yet: oh my deere friends,
I am that wretched father, this that sonne,
That fees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.
Adam. Will you loue such a poyson.
S. Dap. Fye, fye.
Seb. Y'are all mad.
Alex. Th'art sicke at heart, yet feels it not: of all
these,
What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his disease
Mortall, would shun the cure: oh Master Greenwit,
Would you to such an Idoll bow.
Green. Not I sir.
Alex. Heer's Master Laxton, has he mind to a
woman
As thou haft.
Lax No not I sir.
Alex. Sir I know it.
Lax. There good parts are so rare, there had so
common,
I will haue nought to do with any woman.
Sir Dap. Tis well done Master Laxton.
Alex. Oh thou cruell boy,
Thou wouldst with luft an old mans life destroy,
The Roaring Girle.

Because thou feest I’me halfe way in my grave,
Thou shouelst duff vpon me: wod thou mightest haue
Thy with, most wicked, most vanaturall.

_Dap._ Why fir, tis thought, fir _Guy Fitz-Allards_ daughter
Shall wed your sonne _Sebastian_.

_Alex._ _Sir Davy Dapper._

I haue vpon my knees, wood this fond boy,
To take that vertuous maiden.

_Seb._ Harke you a word fir.

You on your knees haue curft that vertuous maiden,
And me for loving her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face: were not your knees
In such intreates, give me _Fitz-Allards_ daughter.

_Alex._ Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.

_Seb._ Well then you know
_What dish I meane to feed vpon._

_Alex._ Harke Gentlemen,

_His sweares to haue this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall._

_Omn._ _Master Sebastian_.

_Seb._ I am dease to you all.

itte fo bewitcht, fo bound to my desires,

_Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those_ fires

That burne within me. _Exit Sebastian._

_Alex._ Her bloude shall quench it then,

_Loose him not, oh diswade him Gentlemen._

_Sir Dap._ He shall be weand I warrant you,

_Alex._ Before his eyes

_Lay downe his shame, my griefe, his miseries._

_Omn._ No more, no more, away.

_Exit all but Sir Alexander._

_Alex._ I waish a _Negro_,

_Looing both paines and cost: but take thy flight,
Ile be moat neere thee, when I’me leasf in sight._

_Wild Bucke iie hunt thee breathlesse, thou shalt run on._

But I will turne thee when I’me not thought vpon.

_L 2_
The Roaring Girle.

Enter Ralph Trapdore.

Now sirra what are you, leave your Apes trickes and speake.

Trap. A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.

Alex. Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my seruice.

Trap. To be a shifter vnder your Worthips nose of a clean trencher, when ther's a good bit vp'nt.

Alex. Troth honest fellow . . . humb . . . ha . . . let me see.

This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe
At which I stumble, has a face that promiseth
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge proue fine make vfe of it.
Come hither sirra, canst thou be secret, ha.

Trap. As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of their clentys.

Alex. Didst never, as thou hast walked about this town

Heare of a wench cal'd Moll, mad merry Moll.

Trap. Moll cutpurse sir.

Alex. The same, dost thou know her then.

Trap. Aswell as I know twill raine vpon Simon and Iudes day next, I will sift all the taurernes ith city,
and drinke halfe pots with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will sir Ile find her out.

Alex. That task is easy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.

Whats this, ift burnt !

Trap. No sir no, a little findgd with making fire workes.

Alex. Ther's money, spend it, that being spent fetch more.

Trap. Oh sir that all the poore foundiers in England had such a leader. For fetching no water Spaniell is like me.

Alex. This wench we speake of, straies so from her kind
Nature repents she made her. 'Tis a Mermaid
Has told my fomne to shipwrecke.
Trap. Ile cut her combe for you.
Alex. Ile tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,
Caft out a line hung full of silver hookes
To catch her to thy company: deepe spendings
May draw her thats most chaft to a mans bosome.
Trap. The gingling of Golden bels, and a good
foole with a hobbyhorse, wil draw all the whoores ith
towne to dance in a morris.
Alex. Or rather, for thats best (they say sometimes
Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.
Trap. And when her breeches are off, shee shall
follow me.
Alex. Beate all thy braines to serue her.
Trap. Zounds sir, as country wenches beate creame,
till butter comes.
Alex. Play thou the fettle spidre, weaue fine nets
To infraine her very life.
Trap. Her life.
Alex. Yes fucke
Her heart-bloud if thou canst, twist thou but cords
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.
Trap. Spoke like a Worshipfull bencher.
Alex. Trace all her steps: at this shee-foxes den
Watch what lambs enter: let me play the sheepeheard
To faue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.
Trap. This is the goll shall doot.
Alex. Be firme and gaine me
Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee:
How is thy name.
Trap. My name sir is Raph Trapdore, honest
Raph.
Alex. Trapdore, be like thy name, a dangerous
step
For her to venture on, but vnto me.
Trap. As faft as your foes to your boote or shooe sir.
The Roaring Girls.

Alex. Hence then, be little seene here as thou canst.
Ile still be at thine elbow.

Trap. The trapdores set.

Moll if you budge y'are gon: this me shall crown,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe.

Alex. God a mercy, looke no time.

Exeunt.

The three shops open in a ranke: the first a Poticaries shop, the next a Fether shop: the third a Sempsters shop: Mistresse Gallipot in the first, Mistresse Tiltyard in the next, Mistresse Openworke and his wife in the third, to them enters Laxton, Gofhawke and Greenewit.

Mr. Op. Gentlemen what if you lacke. What if you buy, fee fine bands and ruffes, fine lawnes, fine cambrickes, what if you lacke Gentlemen, what if you buy?

Lax. Yonders the shop.

Gofh. Is that thee.

Lax. Peace.

Green. Shee that minces Tobacco.

Lax. I: shees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell you, tho it be her hard fortune now to thread Indian pot-hearbes.

Gofh. Oh sir tis many a good womans fortune, her husband turns bankrupt, to begin with pipes and set vp againe.

Lax. And indeed the raving of the woman is the lifting vp of the mans head at all times, if one flourish, toother will bud as fast I warrant ye.

Gofh. Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

Lax. And you grope no better ith dark you may chance lye ith ditch when y'are drunke.

Gofh. Go th'art a milificall letcher.
The Roaring Girles.

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce of pure smoake.

Gofh. Make take vp an ell of pure smock; away go, tis the cloest striker. Life I think he commits venery 40 foote deepe, no mans aware on't, I like a palpable smockster go to worke so openly, with the tricks of art, that I'me as apparantly seen as a naked boy in a viall, & were it not for a guift of trechery that I have in me to betray my friend when he puts most trust in me (maffe yonder hee is too——) and by his inuriue to make good my access to her, I should appeare as defectiuie in courting, as a Farmers sonne the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glasse windowes for a month together, and some broken wayting woman for euer after. I find those imperfections in my venerie, that were't not for flatterie and falshood, I should want discouerfe and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women, is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet.——He shall not see me yet.

Green. Troth this is finely shred.

Lax. Oh women are the beft mincers.

Mift. Gal. 'Thad bin a good phrase for a Cookes wife sir.

Lax. But 'twill serue generally, like the front of a newe Almanacke; as thus: Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiuws, but generally for all English-women.

Mift. Gal. Nay you shall ha'te sir, I haue sild it for you.

Shee puts it to the fire.

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wift mine alwaies so.

Green. But not to be vs'd a that fashion.

Lax. O pardon me sir, I vnderstand no french.

I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich smoake.

Gofh. Rich smoake; that's 6. pence a pipe if't?

Green. To me sweet Lady.
The Roaring Girle.

Mist. Gal. Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange; Art and Wit makes a fool of suspicion:—pray be warie.

Lax. Puh, I warrant you:—come, how ist gallants?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were growne so silent; you are like those that loue not to talke at victuals, tho they make a worfe noyse! the nose then a common fiders prentice, and discoure a whole Supper with snuffling;—I must speake a word with you anone.

Mist. Gal. Make your way wisely then.

Gofh. Oh what else sir, hee's perfection it selfe, full of manners, But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. I and full of forme, h'as ne're a good sloole in's chamber.

Gofh. But aboue all religious: hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant aboue measure; h'as runne three streets from a Serieant.

Lax. Puh. Puh. he blowes tobacco in their faces.


Lax. So, lo.

Mist. Gal. What's the matter now sir?

Lax. I protest I'me in extreme want of money if you can supply mee now with any means, you doe mee the greatest pleasure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman tafted.


Lax. Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou knowst; I put her off with opportunitie full: by this light I hate her, but for means to keepe me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend vpon other wenches, beare her in hand full; shee has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to
The Roaring Girle.

consume the money: why how now! what the chinchough?

Goff. Thou hast the cowardliest tricke to come before a mans face and strangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earnest.

Lax. Poxe and thou do'lt, thou know'lt I never vse to fight with my friends, thou'll but loose thy labour in't.

Iacke Dapper!

Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.

Greene. Mounfier Dapper, I diue downe to your anckles.

I. Dap. Saue ye gentlemen all three in a pecuiliar salute.

Goff. He were ill to make a lawyer, hee dispatches three at once.

Lax. So saie I said: but is this of the same Tobacco mistresse Gallipot?

M. Gal. The same you had at first sir.

Lax. I wish it no better: this will serue to drinke at my chamber.

Goff. Shall we tafle a pipe on't?

Lax. Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue fwarne before you.

Goff. What not Iacke dapper.

Lax. Pardon me sweet Iacke, I'me sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oathes must fland: where art going Iacke.

Iac. Dap. Faith to buy one fether.

Lax. One fether, the foole's pecuiliar full.


Gul. Maitfer.

Iac. Dap. Heer's three halpepence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

Gul. How three single halpepence; life, this will scarce serue a man in sauce, a halporth of mufard, a
The Roaring Girls.

halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, what's
left then for the pickle herring: this showes like small
beere i'th morning after a great surfeit of wine ore
night, hee could spend his three pound last night in a
supper amongst girles and braue bauky-houye boyes, I
thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, these are
the eas of there pound, Ile go sup 'em vp prefently.

Exit Gul.

Lax. Eight, nine, ten Angels, good wench isright,
and one that loues darkenesse well, she puts out a can-
dle with the beft tricks of any druggers wife in Eng-
land: but that which mads her I raile upon opportu-
nity still, and take no notice on't. The other night
she would needs lead me into a roome with a candle
in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no
sooner entred but the candle was fent of an arrant:
now I am intending to vnderstand her, but like a
puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light
innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple
miftaking. I know she cofens her husband to keepe
me, and Ile keepe her honest, as long as I can, to
make the poore man some part of amends, an honest
minde of a whooremaster, how thinke you amongst
you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.

Goff. No your a horder, you ingrofe bith ounces.

At the Fether shop now.

Lac. Dap. Puh I like it not.
M. Tilfyard. What fether if you'd haue fir.
These are most worn and most in fashion,
Amongst the Beuer gallants the fome Riders.
The priuate flages audience, the twelue peny ftool
Gentlemen,
I can enforme you tis the generall fether.
Lac. Dap. And therefore I miflike it, tell me of
generall.
Now a continuall Simon and Judes raine
Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.
The Roaring Girle.

Shew me — — a —— spangled fether.

Mist. Till. Oh to go a feasting with,
You'd haue for a hinchboy, you shall.

At the Sempsters shop now.

Majt. Open. Maffe I had quite forgot,
His Honours footeman was here last night wife,
Ha you done with my Lords shirt.

Majt. Open. What's that to you sir,
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,
Ere such a snail as you crept out of your shell.

Majt. Open. Oh 'twas well done good wife.

Mi. Op. I hold it better sir, then if you had don't
your selfe.

Ma. Op. Nay so say I: but is the Countess's
smocke almost donne mouse.

Mi. Op. Here lyes the cambricke sir, but wants I
feare mee.

Mi. Op. Ile resolute you of that presently.

Mi. Op. Haida, oh audacious groome,
Dare you professe to noble womens linnen,
Keepe you your yard to measure sheepheards
holland,
I must confine you I see that.

At the Tobacco shop now.

Gof'. What say you to this geere.

Lax. I dare the arrants criticke in Tobacco
To lay one falt vpon't.

Enter Mol in a frese Ierkin and a biacke saugeard.

Gof'. Life yonders Mol.

Lax. Mol which Mol.

Gof'. Honest Mol.

Lax. Prithee lets call her——Mol.

All. Mol, Mol, pint Mol.
The Roaring Girle.

Mol. How now, what's the matter.

Gofh. A pipe of good tobacco Mol.

Mol. I cannot stay.

Gofh. Nay Mol pub, prethee harke, but one word if faith.

Mol. Well what if.

Green. Prithee come hither sirra.

Lax. Hart I would give but too much money to be nibling with that wench, life, 's as the Spirit of foure great parishes, and a voyce that will drown all the City, methinkes a braue Captaine might get all his fouldiers vpon her, and mere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke fops, if hee could come on, and come off quicke enough: Such a Mol were a maribone before an Italian, hee would cry bona roba till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard siege to her, mony is that Aqua fortis, that eates into many a maidenhead, where the walls are flesh and bloud. Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

Gofh. Now thy judgement Mol, it not good!

Mol. Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you fell an ounce, farewell. God by you Mistresse Gallipot.


Mol. I cannot stay now if faith, I am going to buy a flag ruffe, the shop will be shut in pre-

Gofh. Tis the maddest fantastical girle:— I neuer knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

Lax. Shee flips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmans fingers:— Ile watch my time for her.

Mifl. Gal. Some will not flicke to say shees a man

And some both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent, the might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.
The Roaring Girle.

The Fether shop againe.

Moll. Save you; how does Miftresse Tiltyard?
I. Dap. Mol.
Mol. Jacke Dapper.
Mol. Ile tel the by and by, I go but toth' next shop.
I. Dap. Thou shalt find me here this howre about a fether.
Mol. Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole hour, a goose will last you all the daies of your life. Let me see a good shag ruffe.

The Sempster shop.

Maiist. Open. Miftresse Mary that shalt thou ifaith, and the beft in the shop.
Maiist. Open. How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betwenee you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I fend you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a mischief, I'ne seru'd with good ware byth shift, that makes it lye dead fo long ypon my hands, I were as good shut vp shop, for when I open it I take nothing.
Maiist. Open. Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell cannot stop you, Ile out of the Belfry as fast as I can—Moll.
Maiist. Open. Get you from my shop.
Mol. I come to buy.
Maiist. Open. Ile fell ye nothing, I warne yee my house and shop.
Mol. You goody Openworke, you that prick out a poore liuing
And lowes many a bawdy skin-coate together,
Thou pruate pandreffe betwenee shirte and smock,
I with thee for a minute but a man:
Thou shouldest never se more shapes, but as th'art
I pitty my reuenge, now my spleenes vp,
Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side.

I would not mocke it willingly—ha be thankfull. Now I forgive thee.

Mist. Open. Mary hang thee, I never askt forgive-
neffe in my life.

Mol. You goodman fwnesface.

Fellow. What wil you murder me.

Mol. You remember flapie, how you abusd me t'other night in a Tauerne.

Fed. Not I by this light.

Mol. No, but by candlelight you did, you haue trickes to faue your oaths, referuations haue you, and I haue referred somewhat for you,—as you like that call for more, you know the signe againe.

Fed. Pox ant, had I brought any company along with mee to haue borne witnesse on't, 'twold ne're haue grieu'd me, but to be strucke and nobody by, tis my ill fortune still, why tread vp on a wurme they say twill turne tailie, but indeed a Gentleman shoulde haue more manners.

Exit fellow.

Lax. Gallantly performed isath Mol, and manfully, I loue thee for euer fort, bafe rogue, had he offer'd but the leaft counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for him.

Mol. You prepared for him, why should you be prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

Lax. No nor so much by a yard and a handfull London meafure.

Moll. Why do you speake this then, doe you thinke I cannot ride a flone horfe, vuleffe one lead him bith snaffle.

Lax. Yes and hit him brauely, I know thou canst Mol, twas but an honest mistake through loue, and Ie make amends fort any way, prethee sweete plumpe Mol, when shall thou and I go out a towne togethe.

Mol. Whether to Tyburne prethee.

Lax. Maffe thats out a towne indeed, thou
The Roaring Girl.

hang'd so many iests vpon thy friends füll. I meane honestly to Brainford, Staines, or Ware.

Mol. What to do there.

Lax. Nothing but bee merry and lye together, I'll hire a'coach with foure horses.

Mol. I thought 'twould bee a beastly journey, you may leave out one well, three horses will serve, if I play the iade my selfe.

Lax. Nay push th'art such another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meete.

Mol. Tis hard but we shall meete sir.

Lax. Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold Mol, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou wilt meete me, and I'll have a coach ready for thee.

Mol. Why here's my hand I'll meete you sir.

Lax. Oh good gold,—the place sweete Mol.

Mol. It shal be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat neere Holborne Mol.

Mol. In Graies-Inne fields then.

Lax. A match.

Mol. I'll meete you there.

Lax. The houre.

Mol. Three.

Lax. That will be time enough to sup at Brainford.

Fall from them to the other.

Ma. Op. I am of such a nature sir, I cannot endure the house when thee scolds, th' has a tongue will be hard further in a still morning then Saint Antlings-bell, she railes vpon me for foraine wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore ith fubbars, and seek to impouerish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Gof. No trouble at all, tis a pleasure to mee to ioyne things together.
The Roaring Girle.

Maist. Open. Go thy waies, I doe this but to try thy honesty Goshawke.

The Fether shop.

Jac. Dap. How lik'ft thou this Mol.

Mol. Oh singularity, your fitted now for a bunch, he lookest for all the world with those spangled feathers like a noblemans bedpost: The purity of your wench would I faine try, free seemes like Kent vnconquered, and I beleue as many wiles are in her——oh the gallants of these times are shallow getters, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench, tis impossible to know what woman is throughly honest, because she's nere thorougly try'd. I am of that certaine beleefe there are more queanes in this towne of their owne making, then of any mans prouoking, where lyes the slacknesse then? many a poore foule would downe, and ther's nobody will push em: Women are courted but nere soundly try'd, As many walke in spurs that neuer ride.

The Sempflers shop.

Maist. Open. Oh abominable.

Gosh. Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a whore ith suburbs.

Maist. Open. O spittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman borne. Ile shew you mine armes when you please sir.

Gosh. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

Maist. Openworke. Tis well knowne he tooke me from a Ladiess seruice, where I was well beloued of the fieward. I had my Lattine tongue, and a spice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keepe a subberbian whoore vnder my nostrils.
Gosb. There's waies enough to cry quite with him, harke in thine ear.
Mift. Open. Theres a friend worth a Million.
Mol. I'll try one speare against your chastity.
Mift. Tiltyard
Though it prove too short by the burgh.
Trap. Maffe here the is. Enter Ralph Trapdore.
I'm bound already to serue her, tho' it be but a
flutish tricke. Blesse my hopefull yong Mistresse with
long life and great limbs, send her the upper hand of
al balties, and their hungry adherents.
Mol. How now, what art thou?
Trap. A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would
gladly wait for the yong foule of your seruice.
Mol. My seruice! what should moue you to offer
your seruice to me sir?
Trap. The loue I beare to your heroicke spirit and
masculine womanhood.
Mol. So sir, put cafe we should retaine you to vs,
what parts are there in you for a Gentlewomens
seruice.
Trap. Of two kinds right Worshipfull: moueable,
and immoueable: moueable to runne of arrants, and
immoueable to stand when you haue occasion to
vfe me.
Mol. What strength haue you.
Trap. Strength Mistresse Mol, I haue gon vp into
a steeple, and staid the great bell as 'thas beene
ringing; flopt a windmill going.
Mol trips vp his heels he falls.
Mol. And never strucke downe your felle.
Trap. Stood as vright as I do at this present.
Mol. Come I pardon you for this, it shall be no
disgrace to you: I haue strucke vp the heelles of the
high Germanes size ere now, what not stand.
Trap. I am of that nature where I lione, I'll bee
at my mistresse foot to do her seruice.
Mol. Why well said, but say your Mistresse should
receive injury, have you the spirit of fighting in you, 
durft you seconnd her.

Trap. Life I haue kept a bridge my selfe, and 
droue seuen at a time before me.

Mol. I.

Trap. But they were all Lincolnshire bullockes 
by my troth.

Mol. Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, be-
tween three and foure this afternoone, and vpon 
better consideration weele retaine you.

Trap. I humbly thanke your good Miiftreship,
Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse.

Exit Trapsdor.

Mol meets Laxton.

Lax. Remember three.

Moll. Nay if I faile you hange me.

Lax. Good wench Ifaith.

then Openworke.

Moll. Whole this.

Majfl. Open. Tis I Moll.

Moll. Prithee tend thy shop and preuent baf-
tards.

Majfl. Open. Wele haue a pint of the same wine
ifaith Mol.

The bel rings.

Gosft. Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

Iacke Dapper, where thals all munch.

Iac. Dap. I am for Parkers ordinary.

Lax. Hee's a good guest to'm, hee deserves his
boord,
He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time
thither,
Weele be your followers Iacke, lead the way,
Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his
neft well.

Exeunt Gallants.
The Roaring Girle.

Enter Maftr Gallipot, Maftr Tilyard, and servants with water Spaniels and a ducke.

Maftr Tilt. Come shut vp your shops, where's Maftr Openworke.
Maftr Gal. Nay aske not me Maftr Tilyard.
Maftr Tilt. Wher's his water dog, puh—pif—hur—hur—pif.
Maftr Gal. Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogden.
Maftr Gal. To Hogden husband.
Maftr Gal. I to Hogden pigsny.
Maftr Gal. I'me not ready husband.

Spits in the dogs mouth.

Maftr Gal. Faith thats well—hum—pif—pif
Come Miftrasse Openworke you are so long.
Miftr Open. I haue no joy of my life Maftr Gallipot.
Maftr Gal. Puh, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along, and weeke shew you the brauest sport at parlous pond, he trug, he trug, he trug, heres the best ducke in England, except my wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch,
Come lets away
Of all the yeare this is the sportfulst day.

Enter Sebastian folus.

Seb. If a man haue a free will, where should the vie
More perfect shine then in his will to loue.

Enter Sir Alexander and liftens to him.

All creatures haue their liberty in that,
Tho elfekept under sterile yoke and feare,
The very bondislaue has his freedome there,
Amongst a world of creatures voyd' d and silent.
Muf my desires werea fetters —— yea are you
So neere, then I must breake with my hearts truth;
Meete griefe at a backe way —— well: why supposfe
The two laud tongues of flander or of truth
Pronounce Mol loathfome: if before my loue
Shee appeare faire, what injury haue I,
I haue the thing I like? in all things else
Mine owne eye guides me, and I find ’em prosper,
Life what should aile it now? I know that man
Nere truely loues, if he gainsayt he lyes,
That winkes and marries with his fathers eyes.
Ile keepe myne owne wide open.

Enter Mol and a porter with a viall on his backe.

Alex. Here’s braue wilfulnesse,
A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.
Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber
Mistrefle Mary.
Mol. Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, some of these
porters beare so much for others, they haue no time to
carry wit for themselfes.
Por. To your owne chamber Mistrefle Mary.
Moll. Who’le heare an Asle speake: whither else
goodman pageant-bearer: the’re people of the worst
memories.
Seb. Why ’twere too great a burthen loue, to haue
them carry things in their minds, and a’ ther backes
together.
Mol. Pardon me sir, I thought not you so neere.
Alex. So, so, so.
Seb. I would be neerer to thee, and in that
fashion,
That makes the best part of all creatures honest.
No otherwise I wish it.
Mol. Sir I am so poore to requite you, you must
looke for nothing but thankes of me, I haue no
humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth fides ath bed
my selfe; and againe ath’ other side, a wife you know
ought to be obedient, but I feare me I am too head-
The Roaring Girle. 165

strong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you so well sir for your good will I'de be loath you shound repent your bargaine after, and therefore weele nere come together at first, I haue the head now of my felse, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden looses one head, and has a worse ith place.

_Alex._ The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girle, that ever mine eares drunke in.

_Seab._ This were enough now to affright a foole for ever from thee, when tis the musickte that I loue thee for.

_Alex._ There's a boy spoiles all againe.

_Moll._ Beleeue it sir I am not of that disdainefull temper, but I could loue you faithfully.

_Alex._ A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Y'are a cunning roarer I see that already.

_Moll._ But sleepe vpon this once more sir, you may chance shift a minde to morrow, be not too hasly to wrong your felse, neuer while you liue sir take a wife running, many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you see sir I speake against my felse, and if every woman would deale with their futer so honfly, poore yonger brothers would not bee so often gul'd with old cofoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in truft to some kinsman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a pension, fare you well sir.

_Seab._ Nay prethee one word more.

_Alex._ How do I wrong this girle, the puts him of still.

_Moll._ Thinke vpon this in cold bloud sir, you make as much hast as if you were a going vpon a sturgion voyage, take deliberation sir, neuer chufe a wife as if you were going to Virgina.

_Seab._ And so we parted, my too curfed fate.

_Alex._ She is but cunning, gives him longer time in't.
Enter a Tailor.


Mol. There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

Taylor. I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

Alex. Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a mon- ster with two trinkets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must weare long coates like a foole.

Mol. What fiddlings heere, would not the old pat- terne haue feru'd your turne.

Taylor. You change the fashion, you say you'le haue the great Dutch flop Mistresse Mary.

Mol. Why sir I say so still.

Taylor. Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

Mol. Well pray looke it be put in then.

Taylor. It shall stand round and full I warrant you.

Mol. Pray make em easy enough.

Taylor. I know my fault now, t'other was some- what stiffe betweene the legges, Ile make these open enough I warrant you.

Alex. Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my sonne to marry a Dutch flop, and a French dublet, a copdipe daughter.

Taylor. So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

Mol. Why then farewell.

Taylor. If you go prefently to your chamber Mis- tresse Mary, pray send me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

Mol. Well sir, Ile send it by a Porter prefently.

Exit Mol.

Taylor. So you had neede, it is a lusty one, both of them would make any porters backe ake in Eng- land.

Exit Taylor.
The Roaring Girle.

Seb. I have examined the best part of man,
Reason and judgement, and in love they tell me,
They leave me vncontrould, he that is swayd
By an vnfeeling bloud, past heat of love
His spring time must needes erre, his watch nere goes
right
That sets his dyall by a rusty clocke.
Alex. So, and which is that rusty clocke sir you.
Seb. The clocke at Ludgate sir, it nere goes true.
Alex. But thou goest falter: not thy fathers cares
Can keepe thee right, when that insensible worke,
Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre
And stops againe when time is satisfied,
But thou runst on, and judgement, thy maine wheele,
Beats by all stoppes, as if the worke would breake
Beginne with long paines for a minutes ruine,
Much like a suffering man brought vp with care.
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.
Seb. I taft you bitterer then I can deferue sir.
Alex. Who has bewitch thee sonne, what diuell or
drug,
Hath wrought vpon the weaknesse of thy bloud,
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soule fits with a golden dreame
Flatered and poyfoned, I am old my sone,
Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue weightier busi-
ness of mine owne
Then to chide thee: I must not to my graue,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes
Onely to sleepe, and neuer cares to rife,
Let me dispatch in time, come no more neere her.
Seb. Not honestly, not in the way of marriage.
Alex. What sayst thou marriage, in what place,
the Sessions house, and who shall giue the bride, pre-
the, an inditement.
Seb. Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong
her.
The Roaring Girle.

Alex. Why, wouldft thou faine marry to be pointed at,
Alas the numbers great, do not o're burden't,
Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon
As her thy folly doates on. If thou longft
To haue the story of thy infamous fortunes,
Serue for discouer of ordinaries and tauerne
Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
Keepe on, thou canft not misse it: or to strike
Thy wretched father to vntimely coldnesse,
Keepe the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,
Nor sighes that flye in sparkles, from his forrowes,
Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,
Me thinkes her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.

Seb. Why is the name of Mol so fatall sir.
Alex. Many one sir, where suspet is entred,
For fecke all London from one end to t'other,
More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.

Seb. What's that to her? let thosee blush for them-fulues.
Can any guilt in others condemne her?
The vowd to loue her: let all formes oppoze me,
That euer beate against the brest of man,
Nothing but deaths blacke tempeft shall diuide vs.
Alex. Oh folly that can dote on nought but flame.

Seb. Put case a wanton itch runs through one name
More then another, is that name the worfe,
Where honestly fits posset in't? it should rather
Appeare more excellent, and deferue more praife.
When through soule mists a brightneffe it can raise.
Why there are of the diuels, honest Gentlemen,
And well defended, keepe an open house,
And some ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.
He hates unworthily, that by rote contemnes,
For the name neither faues, nor yet condemnes,
And for her honesty, I haue made such prooue an't,
In feuerall formes, so neerely watcht her waies,
I will maintaine that strie, against an army,
Excepting you my father: here's her worth,
Sh'has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes neere it: and oftentimes
Through her apparell somewhat flames her birth,
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth,
Would all Mals were no worfe.

Alex. This way I toyle in vaine and guie but ayme
To infamy and ruine: he will fall,
My blessing cannot slay him: all my ioyes
Stand at the brink of a deououring fioud
And will be wilfully swallowed: wilfully,
But why so vaine, let all these teares be loft,
Ile pursuе her to flaine, and fo al's croft.

Exit Sir Alexander.

Seb. Hee is gon with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoo't fo wide,
To thinke I loue fo blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.
Wherein my ioy fits with a full wifh crownd,
Onely his moode excepted which must change.
By opposte pollicies, courfes indirec't,
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.
This madde girle I le acquaint with my intent,
Get her asfiance, make my fortunes knowne,
Twixt louses hearts, shees a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their owne,
By her aduise, for in that craft shee's wife,
My loue and I may meete, spite of all spies.

Exit Sebastian.

Enter Laxton in Gracies-Inne fields with the Coachman.

Lax. Coachman.
The Roaring Girle.

Coaeh. Heere sir.
Lax. There's a better more, prethee drieue thy coach to the hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for Mol to get in.
Coaeh. Marybone parke sir.
Lax. I, its in our way thou knowst.
Coaeh. It shall be done sir.
Lax. Coachman.
Coaeh. A non sir.
Lax. Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.
Coaeh. The best in Smithfield I warrant you sir.
Lax. May we safely take the upper hand of any coacht velvet cappe or tuftassety jacket, for they keepe a wilde swaggering in coaches now a daies, the hye waies are flopt with them.
Coaeh. My life for yours and baffle em to sir,—why they are the same iades beleue it sir, that haue drawne all your famous whores to Ware.
Lax. Nay then they know their businesse, they neede no more instructions.
Coaeh. The're so vld to such iourneis sir, I never vse whip to em; for if they catch but the tent of a wenches once, they runne like diuels.

Exit Coachman with his whip.

Lax. Fine Cerberus, that rogue will haue the start of a thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, heele ride prauncing to hell vpon a coach-horfe.
Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I see her not, harke what's this, one, two,

The clocke strikes three.

three by the clock at Sauyo, this is the houre, and Grayes-Inne fields the place, shee swore she'd mee: ha yonders two Innes a Court-men with one wenche, but thats not shee, they walke toward Islington out of my way, I see none yet dreft like her, I must looke for a shag ruffe, a freezierken, a short sward, and a safeguard, or I get none: why Mol
prethee make hast, or the Coachman will curse vs anon.

Enter Mol like a man.

Mol. Oh heeres my Gentleman: if they would keepe their daies as well with their Mercers as their hours with their harlots, no bankrout would give feuen score pound for a seriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deriued, the corruption of a Citizen, is the generation of a seriant, how his eye hawkes for venery. Come are you ready sir.

Lax. Ready, for what sir.

Mol. Do you aske that now sir, why was this meeting pointed.

Lax. I thought you miltooke me sir, You seeme to be some yong barrister, I haue no suite in law—all my land's fold I praife heauen for't: t'has rid me of much trouble.

Mol. Then I must wakke you sir, where standes the coach.

Lax. Whole this, Mol: honest Mol.

Mol. So young, and purblind, your an old wanton in your eyes I see that.

Lax. Th'art admirably suited for the three pigions at Brainford, Ile sweare I knew thee not.

Mol. He sweare you did not: but you shal know me now.

Lax. No not here, we shall be spyde esfaith, the coach is better, come.

Mol. Stay.

Lax. What wilt thou vntrufe a point Mol.

She puts of her cloake and drawes.

Mol. Yes, heere's the point that I vntrufe, 'thas but one tag, 'twill serue tho to tye vp a rogues tongue.

Lax. How.
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The Roaring Girle.

Mol.* There's the gold with which you hir'd your
hackney, here's her pace,
Shee rackes hard, and perhaps your bones will feele
it,
Ten angels of mine own, I'ue put to thine, win em, &
weare em.
Lax. Hold Mol, Mistrefle Mary.
Mol. Draw or Ile ferue an execution on thee
Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.
Lax. Draw vpon a woman, why what doft meane
Mol?  
Mol. To teach thy base thoughts manners: th'art
one of thos
That thinkes each woman thy fond flexible whore,
If she but cast a liberall eye vpon thee,
Turne backe her head, shees thine, or amongst com-
pany,
By chance drinke first to thee: then shee's quite gon,
There's no meanes to help her; nay for a need,
Witt sweare vnto thy credulous fellow letchers,
That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at first
fight
Then her monky all her life time,
How many of our sex, by such as thou
Haue their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
That neuer deferred looily or did trip
In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.
But for the staine of conscience and of soule,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act silent, then a bragging nothing,
There's no mercy in't—what durft moue you sir,
To thinke me whoorish? a name which Ie teare
out
From the hye Germanes throat, if it lay ledger
there
To dispatch priuy flanders against mee.
In thee I defye all men, their worst hates,
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they intangle the poore spirits of fooles,
The Roaring Girle.

Distrested needlewomen and trade-fallne wiues.
Fist that must needs bite, or themselues be bitten,
Such hungry things as thefe may foone be tooke
With a worme fastned on a golden hooke.
Thofe are the lechers food, his prey, he watches
For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore shifting shifters,
Tis the best fist he takes: but why good fisherman,
Am I thought meate for you, that never yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? caufe you’le say
I’me giuen to sport, I’me often mery, iest,
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust! 
O shame take all her friends then: but how ere
Thou and the baser world cenfure my life,
Ile fend ’em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breath, caufe thou shalt bear’t in mind,
Tell them ’twere base to yeeld, where I haue con-
quer’d.
I scorne to prostitute my selfe to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to mee,
And so I greete thee.

\textbf{Lax.} Heare me.
\textbf{Mol.} Would the spirits of all my flanders, were
claspt in thine.
That I might vexe an army at one time.

\textbf{Lax.} I do repent me, hold. \textbf{They fight.}
\textbf{Mol.} You’l die the better Christian then.
\textbf{Lax.} I do confesse I haue wrong’d thee \textbf{Mol.}
\textbf{Mol.} Confession is but poore amends for wrong,
Valeffe a rope would follow.

\textbf{Lax.} I aske thee pardon.
\textbf{Mol.} I’me your bir’d whoore sir.
\textbf{Lax.} I yeeld both purfe and body.
\textbf{Mol.} Both are mine, and now at my disposing.
\textbf{Lax.} Spare my life.
\textbf{Mol.} I scorne to strike thee basely.
\textbf{Lax.} Spoke like a noble girlie i’faith.
Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of
a fencer. Sh’has wounded me gallantly, call you this
a lecherous viage? Here’s bloud would haue seru’d
me this seven year in broken heads and cut fingers, & it now runs all out together, pox athe three pigeons, I would the coach were here now to carry mee to the Chirurgions.  Exit Laxton.

*Mol.* If I could meete my enemies one by one thus,

I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
And make 'em know, shee that has wit, and spirit,
May fororne to live beholding to her body for meate,
Or for apparell like your common dame, That makes shame get her clothes, to couer shame.
Base is that minde, that knees vnto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,
My spirit shall be Mistriffe of this house,
As long as I have time in't. — — oh

Enter Trapdore.

Here comes my man that would be: 'tis his houre. Faith a good well set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his vmbles; he walkes slie, But whether he will stand to't slie, there's the point; Has a good calfe for't, and ye shall have many a woman
Choose him shee meanes to make her head, by his calfe;
I do not know their trickes in't, faith he feemes
A man without; I'l see what he is within.

*Tray.* Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three & foure,
I'l set her Mistreship with a peace of service, I'me hir'd to rid the town of one mad girle.

Shee iustles him.

What a pox ailes you sir?

*Mol.* He beginnes like a Gentleman.

*Tray.* Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-

Life he comes back againe. *She comes towards him.*

*Mol.* Was this spoke to me sir.

*Tray.* I cannot tell sir.
The Roaring Girle.

Mol. Go y'are a coxcombe.
Trap. Coxcombe.
Mol. Y'are a flauce.
Trap. I hope there's law for you sir.
Mol. Ye, do you see sir.  
Trap. Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me
know what house your off.
Mol. One of the Temple sir.  
Trap. Maffle fo me thinkes.
Mol. And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.
Trap. I like you the worfe because you shift your
lodging so often, Ile not meddle with you for that
tricke sir.
Mol. A good shift, but it shall not serue your
turne.
Trap. You'le guie me leaue to pasfe about my
businesse sir.
Mol. Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee
before I ha done, and glad to serue me too.
Trap. How sir, serue you, not if there were no
more men in England.
Moll. But if there no more women in England
I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,
Trap. Mistresse.
Mol. Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push sir,
Trap. What would your Worship haue me do.
Mol. You a fighter.
Trap. No, I praise heauen, I had better grace &
more maners.
Mol. As how I pray sir.
Trap. Life 'thad bene a beastly part of me to haue
drawne my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world
would a cry'd shame of me for that.
Mol. Why but you knew me not.
Trap. Do not say fo Mistresse, I knew you by your
wide siradde, as well as if I had bene in your belly.
Mol. Well, we shall try you further, ith meane time
wee guie you intertainement.
Trap. Thanke your good Miitreship.
Mol. How many suits have you.
Trap. No more suits than backes Mistresse.
Mol. Well if you deferue, I call of this, next weeke,
And you may creepe into't.
Trap. Thanke your good Worship.
Mol. Come follow me to S. Thomas Apostles,
Ile put a liuer cloake vpon your backe, the first thing
I do.

Enter Mistresse Gallipot as from supper, her husband
after her.

Mist Gall. What Pru, Nay sweete Prudence.
Mist Gall. What a pruing keepe you, I thinke the
baby would haue a teate it kyes fo, pray be not so
fond of me, leaue your Citty humours, I'me vext
at you to see how like a calfe you come bleating
after me.

Mist Gall. Nay hony Pru: how does your rising
vp before all the table shew? and flinging from my
friends so vnciuily, fye Pru, fye, come.
Mist Gall. Then vp and ride isfaith.
Mist Gall. Vp and ride, nay my pretty Pru, thats
farre from my thought, ducke: why moufe, thy minde
is nibbling at somethings, what if, what lyes vpon thy
Stomach?
Mist Gall. Such an ass as you: hoyda, y'are beft
turne midwife, or Physition: y'are a Poticary already,
but I'me none of your drugs.
Mist Gall. Thou art a sweete drug, sweete! Pru,
and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.
Mist Gall. Mist you be prying into a womans
secrets: say ye?
Mist Gall. Womans secrets.
Mist Gall. What? I cannot have a qualme come
vpon mee but your teeth waters, till your nofe hang
ouer it.
Mist Gall. It is my loue deere wife.
The Roaring Girle.

Mist. Gal. Your loue? your loue is all words; give mee deeds, I cannot abide a man thats too fond ouer me, so cookish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

Mist. Gal. No Pru? why I hope I haue handled —


Mist. Gal. Ha, ha, tis such a waspe; it does mee good now to haue her sing me, little rogue.

Mist. Gal. Now yee how you vex me, I cannot abide these aperne husbands: such cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things, they become you scuruely.

Mist. Gal. Upon my life she breeds, heauen knowes how I haue straung my selfe to please her, night and day: I wonder why wee Citizens should get children so fretfull and vontoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine: shall I leaue thee my Pru.


Mist. Gal. Thou shalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold sweete Pru.

Exit Mist. Gallipot.

Mist. Gal. As your wit has done: now Mistere Laxton thou thy head, what newes from you? would any husband suspecht that a woman crying, Buy any scurui-grasse, should bring loue letters amongst her herbes to his wife, pretty tricke, fine conueyance! I had iealoufy a thousand eyes, a slyl woman with scuruigrasse blindsight them all;

Laxton with bayes
Crown I thy wit for this, it deserues praise.
This makes me affect thee more, this prooves thee wife,
Lacke what poore shift is loue forc't to deuise?
(Toth' point.)

She reads the letter.

O Sweete Creature——(a sweete beginning) pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possesed with
my presence; though Demophon was false to
Phillis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to
Cref-fida: tho' Eneas made an affe of Dido, I will
dye to thee ere I do so; o sweetest? creature make
much of me, for no man beneath the siluer moone
shall make more of a woman then I do of thee, fur-
nish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must do
it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some
comfort come from thee, protesting not to dye in thy
debt, but rather to live so, as hitherto I have and
will.

Thy true Laxton euer.

Alas poor Gentleman, troth I pity him,
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an o,
I know his three's too well; my childbed linnen
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my marke
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turne?
Laxton, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,
I'me like a needle twixt two adamants.

Enter Maifler Gallipot hastily.

Maifl. Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp,
ha, how, reading a letters? I finel a goole, a couple of
capons, and a gammon of bacon from her mother out
of the country, I hold my life,—fleale,—fleale.


She tears the letter.

Maifl. Gal. Oh would thou had'ft no eyes to see
the downesfall of me and thy selfe: I'me for euer, for
euer I'me vndone.

that thou tear'ft?

Maifl. Gal. Would I could teare
My very heart in peces: for my soule
Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.

Majft. Gall. What means this?

Majft. Had you no other vengeance to throw downe,

But even in height of all my ioyes?

Majft. Gall. Deere woman.

Majft. Gall. When the full sea of pleasure and content

Seem'd to flow ouer me.

Majft. Gall. As thou desirest to keepe mee out of bedlam, tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at nurse false sickle, or dead?

Majft. Gall. Oh no.

Majft. Gall. Heauens bleffe mee, are my barnes and houses

Yonder at Hockly hole conflum'd with fire,

I can build more, sweete Pru.

Majft. Gall. Tis worse, tis worse.

Majft. Gall. My factor broke, or is the Ionas funkke.

Majft. Gall. Would all we had were swallowed in the waues,

Rather then both should be the scorn of flaues.

Majft. Gall. I'me at my wits end.

Majft. Gall. Oh my deere husband,

Where once I thought my selfe a fixed starre,

Pla't onely in the heauen of thine armes,

I feare now I shall prowe a wanderer,

Oh Laxton, Laxton, is it then my fate

To be by thee oerthrowne?

Majft. Gall. Defend me wifedome,

From falling into frenzie, on my knees.

Sweete Pru, speake, what's that Laxton who so heavy

lyes on thy bofome.

Majft. Gall. I shall sure run mad.

Majft. Gall. I shall run mad for company then:

speak to me,

I'me Gallipol thy husband, . . Pru,—why Pru.

Art sicke in conscience for some villanous deed

N 2
Thou wert about to acht, didst mean to rob me,
Tuft I forgie thee, haft thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head!
Ile winke at all faults Pru, las thats no more,
Then what some neighbours neere thee, haue done
before,
Sweete hony Pru, what's that Laxton?
Mist. Gall. Oh.
Majr. Gall. Oh hee's borne to be my vnnder,
This hand which thou calft thine, to him was giuen,
To him was I made sure it's flight of heauen.
Majr. Gall. I never heard this thunder.
Majr. Gall. Yes, yes, before
I was to thee contractd, to him I swore,
Since last I saw him twelve moneth's three times told,
The Moone hath drawne through her light filler
bow,
For ore the seas hee went, and it was said,
(But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead.
But hee's alieue, oh hee's alieue, he fent,
That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
Swearing with oathes most damnable to haue me,
Or teare me from this boftome, oh heauens faue me.
Majr. Gall. My heart will breake,—sham'd and
vndone for euer.
Mist. Gall. So blacke a day (poore wretch) went ore
thee neuer.
Majr. Gall. If thou shouldst wrangle with him at the
law,
Th'art fure to fall, no odde flight, no preuention.
Ile tell him th'art with child.
Mist. Gall. Vmh.
Majr. Gall. Or giue out one of my men was tane
a bed with thee.
Mist. Gall. Vmh, vmh.
Majr. Gall. Before I loose thee my deere Pru,
Ile drue it to that push.
Mist. Gall. Worse, and worse still,
The Roaring Girle.

You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.

Maiſt. Gal. Ile buy thee of him, stop his mouth with Gold,
Think'lt thou twill do.

Maiſt. Gall. Oh me, heauens grant it would,
Yet now my fences are set more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding vp and downe had spent,
(Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, send that,
Stand not on thirty with him.

Maiſt. Gal. Forty Pru,
Say thou the word tis done, wee venture liues
For wealth, but must do more to keepe our wiues,
Thirty or forty Pru,

Maiſt. Gal. Thirty good sweete
Of an ill bargaine lets faue what we can,
Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man
When first I knew him of a meeke spirit,
All goodnede is not yet dryd vp I hope.

Maiſt. Gal. He shall haue thirty pound, let that stop all:
Loues sweetes taft best, when we haue drunke downe Gall.

Enter Maiſter Tiltyard, and his wife, Maiſter Gof-
hawke, and Miſtreffe Openworke.

Gods fo, our friends; come, come, smoth your cheeke;
After a storme the face of heauen looks sleeke.

Maiſt. Tilt. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?


Maiſt. Open. Lord how thee's chang'd?

Goff. Is your wife ill sir?

Maiſt. Gal. Yes indeed la sir, very ill, very ill, neuer worfe.
Miss. Till. How her head burns, see how her pulses work.
Miss. Open. Sister lie down a little, that always does mee good.
Miss. Till. In good sadness I finde best ease in that too,
Has thee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?
Miss. Gal. No, but I will lay something anon.
Miss. Till. Come, come fools, you trouble her, that’s goe Master Gofhawke?
Gofh. Yes sweet Master Tiltyard, sirra Rosamond
I hold my life Gallipot hath vexed his wife.
Miss. Open. Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.
Gofh. Wee shall have your face painted with the same red soone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a false alley; thou wilt not believe me that his bowles run with a wrong byas.
Miss. Open. It cannot sink into mee, that hee feedes upon stale mutten abroad, having better and frether at home.
Gofh. What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand at racke and manger?
Miss. Open. Ilke faddle him in’s kind, and spurre him till hee kicke againe.
Gofh. Shall thou and I ride our journey then.
Miss. Open. Heere’s my hand.
Gofh. No more; come Master Tiltyard, shall we leape into the stirrops with our women, and amble home?
Miss. Till. Yes, yes, come wife.
Miss. Till. Introth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.
Miss. Gal. Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome sir.
Omnes. Thankes sir for our good cheere,

Exit all but Gallipot and his wife.
The Roaring Girle.

Maff. Gal. It shall be so, because a crafty knaue
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore
With my wife arme in arme, as twere his whoore,
I'lle give him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound:
Tuft Pru, what's thirty pound? sweete ducke looke
cheerely.

Maff. Gal. Thou art worthy of my heart thou
bui'llt it dearly.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Vds light the tide's against me, a pox of
your Potticarishep: oh for some glister to set him going;
'tis one of Hercules labours, to tread one of these
Cittie hennes, because their cockes are stil crowing
ouer them; there's no turning tale here, I muft on.

Maff. Gal. Oh, husband see he comes.
Lax. Bleffe you sir.
Maff. Gal. Be you bleft too sir if you come in
peace.

Lax. Have you any good pudding Tobacco sir?
Maff. Gal. Oh picke no quarrels gentle sir, my
husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are,
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concern-
ing you.

Lax. Zounes has she shoune my letters.
Maff. Gal. Suppose my case were yours, what would
you do,
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaulltes,
Of father, mother, kinred, to disfolue
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him?
How could you shift this storme off?

Lax. If I know hang me.

Maff. Gal. Besides a story of your death was
read
Each minute to me.
The Roaring Girle.

Lax. What a pox means this riddling?
Maij. Gal. Be wise sir, let not you and I be tost
On Lawiers pens; they haue sharpe nubs and draw
Mens very heart bloud from them; what need you sir
To beate the drumme of my wifes infamy,
And call your friends together sir to prooue
Your precontract, when sh’has confess’d it?
Lax. Vnh sir, . . . has he confess’d it?
Maij. Gal. Sh’has ’faith to me sir, vpon your letter
fending.
Lax. If I let this yron coole call me flawe,
Do you heare, you dame Prudence? think’st thou vile
woman
I’le take these blowes and winke?
Lax. Out impudence.
Lax. You goatish flaues,
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine?
Maij. Gal. Alas sir,
You make her fleish to tremble, fright her not,
She shall do reaason, and what’s fit.
Lax. I’le haue thee, wert thou more common
Then an hospitall, and more diseased.—
Maij. Gal. But one word good sir.
Lax. So sir.
Maij. Gal. I married her, haue line with her, and
got
Two children on her body, thinke but on that ;
Haue you so beggarly an appetite
When I vpon a dainty dish haue fed
To dine vpon my craps, my leaunings t ha sir?
Do I come neere you now sir?
Lax. Be Lady you touch me.
Maij. Gal. Would not you scorne to weare my
cloathes sir?
Lax. Right sir.


Maj. Gal. Then pray sir weare not her, for shee's a garment
So fitting for my body, I'me loath
Another shoulde put it on, you will vndoe both.
Your letter (as shee saide) complained you had spent
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'lle pay it;
Shall that sir flopp this gap vp twixt you two?
Lax. Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thanke you:
The mony being paid sir, I am gon:
Farewell, oh women happy's hee trufts none.
Maj. Gall. Dispatch him hence sweete husband.
Maj. Gall. Yes deere wife: pray sir come in, ere Majster Laxton part
Thou shalt in wine drinke to him.
Exit Majster Gallipot and his wife.
Maj. Gall. With all my heart; . . . how doft thou like my wit?
Lax. Rarely, that wife
By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did euer since, all womens bofomes fill;
Y'are apple eaters all, deceivers still. Exit Laxton.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave: Sir Dauny Dapper, Sir Adam Appelton, at one doore, and Trap-dore at another doore.

Alex. Out with your tale Sir Dauny, to Sir Adam.
A knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

Sir Da. Nay: if hee be a knaue sir, hold him fast.
Alex. Speake softly, what egge is there hatching now.

Trap. A Ducks egge sir, a ducke that has eaten a frog, I haue crackt the shell, and some villany or other will peep out presently; the ducke that fits is the bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girle my Mytrefle) the drake that muft tread is your sone Sebastian.
Alex. Be quicke.
The Roaring Girle.

Trap. As the tongue of an oister wench.
Alex. And fee thy newes be true.
Trap. As a barbar's euery faterday night . . . mad
Mol.
Alex. Ah.
Trap. Must be let in without knocking at your backe gate.
Alex. So.
Trap. Your chamber will be made baudi.
Alex. Good.
Trap. Shee comes in a shirt of male.
Alex. How shirt of male?
Trap. Yes fir or a male shirt, that's to say in mans apparell.
Alex. To my sonne.
Trap. Clofe to your sonne: your sonne and her Moone will be in conjiunction, if all Alminacks lie not, her blacce faeuguard is turned into a deepe flopp, the holes of her vpper body to button holes, her waftcoate to a dublet, her placket to the ancient feate of a coprice, and you shal take'em both with standing collars.
Alex. Art sure of this?
Trap. As euery throng is sure of a pick-pocket, as sure as a whoore is of the clyents all Michaelmas Tearme, and of the pox after the Tearme.
Alex. The time of their tilting?
Trap. Three.
Alex. The day?
Trap. This.
Alex. Away ply it, watch her.
Trap. As the diuell doth for the death of a baud, I'll watch her, do you catch her.
Alex. Shee's faft: heere weaue thou the nets; harke.
Trap. They are made.
Alex. I told them thou didst owe mee money; hold it vp: maintain't.
Trap. Stify; as a Puritan does contention,
The Roaring Girle.

Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny halter.

Alex. Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
Varlet I'le make thee looke through a grate.

Trap. Ile do't presently, through a Tauerne grate,
drawer: puh.
Exit Trapdore.

Adam. Has the knaue vex't you sir?
Alex. Ask't him my mony,
He sweares my sonne receiu'd it: oh that boy
Will nere leaue heaping sorrowes on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.

Adam. Is he still wild?
Alex. As is a ruffian Beare.

Adam. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage.

Alex. Worse still and worse,
He lacies on me his shame, I on him my curfe.

S. Davey. My sonne Jacke Dopper then shall run
with him,
All in one pasture.

Adam. Proues your sonne bad too sir?

S. Davey. As villany can make him: your Sebastian
Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thousand,
A noyse of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,
Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke: oh,
Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningle,
(Beasts Adam nere gaue name to) these horfe-leeches fucke
My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on
smoake.

Alex. Tobacco?

S. Davey. Right, but I haue in my braine
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my sonne, and make him wife,
Or a flarke foole; pray lend me your aduise.

Both. That shall you good sir Davey.
S. Daun. Heere's the spindge
I ha set to catch this woodcocke in: an action
In a false name (vknowne to him) is entred
I/th Counter to arrest Jacke Dapper.

Both. Ha, ha, he.

S. Daun. Thinne you the Counter cannot breake
him?

Adam. Breake him!

Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.

S. Daun. I'le make him sing a Counter tenor
sure.

Adam. No way to tame him like it, there hee shall
learne
What mony is indeed, and how to spend it.

S. Daun. Hee's bridled there.

Alex. I, yet knowes not how to mend it,
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,
Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere
There for there wit then any where; a Counter
Why 'tis an vnuerstity, who not fees?
As schollers there, so heere men take degrees,
And follow the fame studie (all alike.)
Schollers learen first Logicke and Rhetoricke.
So does a prifoner; with fine honied speech
At's first comming in he doth perfwade, befeech,
He may be lodgd with one that is not itchey;
To lie in a cleane chamber, in sheets not lowly,
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtilte Logicke, and quaint sophiltry,
To make the keepers truft him.

Adam. Say they do.

Alex. Then hee's a graduate.

S. Daun. Say they truft him not.

Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a fôt
And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd
Be expulst from the Maisters side, to th' twopenny
ward,
Or else i/th hole, beg plac't.

Adam. When then I pray proceeds a prifoner.
The Roaring Girl.

Alex. When mony being the theame,
He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,
And get out cleere, hee's then a Master of Arts;
Sir Davey send your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.
S. Davey. There Gallants study hard.
Alex. True: to get mony.
S. Davey. 'lies bith' heeles i'faith, thankes, thankes,
I ha fent for a couple of beares shall paw him.

Enter Seriant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

Adam. Who comes yonder?
S. Davey. They looke like putlocks, these should be they.
Alex. I know 'em, they are officers, sir we'll leave you,
S. Davey. My good knights.
Leave me, you see I'me haunt'd now with spirits.
Both. Fare you well sir. Exeunt Alex and Adam
Curt. This old muzzle chops should be he.
By the fellowes discription: Saue you sir.
S. Davey. Come hither you mad varlets, did not my man tell you I watcht here for you.
Curt. One in a blew coate sir told vs, that in this place an old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a City.
S. Davey. You'll watch then for ten thoufand,
what's thy name honestly?
Curt. Seriant Curtilax I sir.
S. Davey. An excellent name for a Seriant,
Curtilax.
Serians indeed are weapons of the law,
When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,
Should not you cut them; Citizens were o'rethrowne,
Thou dwel'lst hereby in Holborne Curtilax.
Curt. That's my circuit sir, I conjure most in that circle.
The Roaring Girle.

S. Dauy. And what yong toward welp is this?
Hang. Of the same litter, his yeoman sir, my name's Hanger.

S. Dauy. Yeoman Hanger.
One paire of sheeres sure cut out both your coates,
You haue two names most dangerous to mens throates,
You two are villainous loades on Gentlemens backs,
Deere ware, this Hanger and this Curtillax.

Curt. We are as other men are sir, I cannot see
but hee who makes a shew of honesty and religion, if
his clawes can fasten to his liking, he drawes bloud;
all that live in the world, are but great fish and little
fish, and feede vpon one another, some eate vp whole
men, a Serient cares but for the shoulder of a man,
they call vs knaues and curres, but many times hee
that fets vs on, worries more lambes one yeare, then
we do in feuen.

S. Dauy. Spoke like a noble Cerberus, is the
action entred?
Hang. His name is entred in the booke of vn-
beleeuers.

S. Dauy. What booke's that?

Curt. The booke where all prifoners names stand,
and not one amongst forty, when he comes in,
beleeues to come out in haste.

S. Da. Be as dogged to him as your office allowes
you to be.

Both. Oh sir.

S. Dauy. You know the vnthrift Jacke Dapper.

Curt. I, I, sir, that Gull! aswell as I know my
yeoman.

S. Dauy. And you know his father too, Sir Dauy
Dapper?

Curt. As damnd a vfurier as euer was among
Iewes; if hee were sure his fathers skinne would
yeyeld him any money, he would when hee dyes fleas it
off, and fell it to couer drummes for children at Bar-
tholmew faire.

S. Dauy. What toades are these to spit poyfon on
a man to his face! doe you see (my honest rascals!) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tauerne Iacke Dapper will fall ye sa, sa: give the counter, on, set upon him.

Both. Wee'l charge him vppo' th backe fir.
S. Dauy. Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerfe your ground.
Both. Braue fir.
S. Dauy. Cry arme, arme, arme.
Both. Thus fir.
S. Dauy. There boy, there boy, away: looke to your prey my trew English wolves, and so I vanish.

Exit S. Dauy.

Curt. Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow, vpon my life, stand close.
Hang. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?
Curt. No nooke thou yonder.

Enter Mol and Trapdore.

Mol. Ralph.
Trap. What sayes my braue Captaine male and female?
Mol. This Holborne is such a wrangling streete.
Trap. That's because Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.
Mol. Heere's such iuftling, as if every one wee met were drunke and reeled.
Trap. Stand Miitreffe do you not smell carrion?
Mol. Carryon! no, yet I spy rauens.
Trap. Some poore winde-shaken gallant will anon fall into fore labour, and these men-midwies must bring him to bed 't the counter, there all those that are great with child with debts, lie in.
Mol. Stand vp.
Trap. Like your new may poll.
Hang. Whift, whew.
Curt. Hump, no.
Mol. Peeping! it shall go hard huntsmen, but I'le
spoyle your game, they looke for all the world like two infected malf-men comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, Captaine; a beare comes to the stake.

Enter Iache Dapper and Gul.

Mol. It should bee so, for the dogges struggle to bee let loofe.

Hang. Whew.

Curt. Hemp.

Moll. Harke Trapdore, follow your leader.

Iacke Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maifter.

Iacke Dap. Did'ft ever see such an affe as I am boy!

Gul. No by my troth sir, to loose all your mony, yet haue false dice of your owne, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow vfed t'other day, he had a faire sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

Both. Honest Serieant fly, flie Maifter Dapper you'ld be arrested else.

Iacke Dap. Run Gul and draw.

Gul. Run Maifter, Gull followes you.

Exit Dapper and Gull.

Curt. I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

Mol. Whores then are like Serieants, so now hang you, draw rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'ld keepe their beds, and recouer twenty markes damages.

Curt. You shall pay for this rescue, runne downe shoelane and meete him.

Trap. Shu, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no!

Mol. Rescue! a pox on 'em, Trapdore let's away,
I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,
The Roaring Girle.

If any Gentleman be in Scruieners bands,
Send but for Mol, she'll baile him by these hands.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue folus.

Alex. Unhappy in the follies of a fonne,
Led against judgement, fence, obedience,
And all the powers of noblenesse and wit;

Enter Trapdore

Oh wretched father, now Trapdore will she come?  
Trap. In mans apparell sir, I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.
Alex. Peace, peace, peace.
Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in sight,
That I may fee her hang in English for't.
Trap. I warrant you for that now, next Sessions
rids her sir,
This watch will bring her in better then a hundred
constables.
Alex. Good Trapdore saist thou so, thou cheer'st
my heart
After a forme of sorrow,—my gold chaine too,
Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.
Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to
light sir.
And worth a thousand of your Headborowes lan-
thorns.
Alex. Place that a' the Court cubbart, let it lie
Full in the veiw of her theefe-whoorish eie.
Trap. Shee cannot misse it sir, I fee't fo plaine
That I could steale't my selfe.
Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty ; what shee leaues,
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,
And all the weight vpom her backe I'le lay.
Trap. You cannot affure that sir.
Alex. No, what lets it?
The Roaring Girl.

Trap. Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing,
Then all the weight must ly vnpon her belly.
Alex. Belly or backe I care not so I'ue one.
Trap. You're of my minde for that sir.
Alex. Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond at it,
It may be she'll like that best.
Trap. It's well for her, that she must haue her choice, hee thinkes nothing too good for her, if you hold on this minde a little longer, it shall bee the first worke I doe to turne theeфе my felse; would do a man good to be hang'd when he is so wel pro-
vided for.
Alex. So, well sayd; all hangs well, would shee hung so too,
The sight would please me more, then all their gilferings:
Oh that my mysteries to such fiereights should runne,
That I must rob my felse to blesse my fonne. Extunt.

Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitz-Allard like a page, and Mol.

Seb. Thou haft done me a kind office, without touch.
Either of sinne or shame, our loues are honest.
Mol. I'de score to make such shift to bring you together else.
Seb. Now haue I time and opportunity
Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. Kisse.
Mary. Neuer with more desirfe and harder venture.
Mol. How strange this shewes one man to kisse another.
Seb. I'de kisse such men to chuse Moll,
Me thinkes a womans lip tailes well in a dublet.
Mol. Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,
The Roaring Girle.

If that will help 'em, as you thinke 'twill do,
They'll learne in time to plucke on the hole too.

Sed. The older they waxe Moll, troth I speake
seriously,
As some haue a conceit their drinke tast better
In an outlandish cup then in our owne,
So me thinkest every kisse she giues me now
In this strange forme, is worth a pare of two,
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eie
Of all suspicion, this is my fathers chamber,
Vpon which floore he neuer steps till night.
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming,
At mine owne chamber he still pries vnto me,
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,
Still checkt and curb'd, here he shall misse his purpose.

Mol. And what's your businesse now, you haue your
mind sir;
At your great suite I promis'd you to come,
I pittied her for names sake, that a Moll
Should be so crost in loue, when there's so many,
That owes nine layes a pence, and not fo little:
My tailor fitted her, how like you his worke?

Sed. So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpose,
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,
And must liue still beholding.

Mol. Any honest pitty
I'me willing to bestow vpon poore Ring-doues.

Sed. I'le offer no worse play.

Mol. Nay and you should sir,
I should draw first and prooue the quicker man.

Sed. Hold, there shall neede no weapon at this
meeting,
But caufe thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
Heere take this viall, runne vpon the guts,
And end thy quarrell singing.

Mol. Like a swan aboue bridge,
For looke you hear's the bridge, and heere am I.

Sed. Hold on sweete Mol.

Mary. I'ue heard her much commended sir, for
one that was nere taught.

Mol. I'me much beholding to 'em, well since you'l
needes put vs together sir, Ile play my part as wel as
I can: it shall nere be said I came into a Gentleman's
chamber, and let his instrument hang by the walls.

Seb. Why well said Mol i'faith, it had been a shame
for that Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung
still, and nere offred thee it.

Mol. There it should haue bene stil then for Mol,
for though the world judge impudently of mee, I nere
came into that chamber yet, where I tooke downe the
instrument my selfe.

Seb. Pish let 'em prate abroad, th' art heere where
thou art knowne and lou'd, there be a thousand close
dames that wil cal the viall an vnmannerly instrument
for a woman, and therefore talke broadly of thee, when
you shall haue them fit wider to a worfe quality.

Mol. Puf, I euer fall a sleepe and thinke not of
'em sir, and thus I dreame.

Seb. Prithee let's heare thy dreame Mol.

Mol. I dreame there is a Miestreffe,
   And she layes out the money,
Shee goes unto her Systers,
Shee never comes at any.

   Enter Sir Alexander behind them

Shee sayes shee went to th Bursfe for patternes,
   You shall finde her at Saint Katherns,
And comes home with never a penny.

Seb. That's a free Miestreffe i'faith.

Alex. I, I, I, like her that fings it, one of thine
own choosings.

Mol. But shal I dreame againe?

   Here comes a wench will braue ye,
   Her courage was so great,
Shee lay with one o' the Nauey,
   Her husband lying i' the Fleet.
The Roaring Girle. 197

Yet oft with him she caule’d,
I wonder what she ailes,
Her husbands ship lay grauel’d,
When her’s could hoysse vp failes.
Yet shee beganne like all my foes,
To call whoore first: for fo do thowe,
A pox of all faile tayles.

Seb. Marry amen say I.
Alex. So say I too.
Mol. Hang vp the viall now sir: all this while I
was in a dreame, one shall lie rudely then; but being
awake, I keepe my legges together; a watch, what’s
a clocke here.
Alex. Now, now, shee’s trapt.
Moll. Betweene one and two; nay then I care not:
a watch and a musitian are coffen Germanes in one
thing, they must both keepe time well, or there’s no
goodnesse in ‘em, the one else deferues to be daught
against a wall, and tother tohave his braines knockt
out with a fiddle cafe, what? a loose chaine and a
dangling Diamond.
Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now,
There’s many a younger brother would be glad
To looke twice in at a window for’t,
And wriggle in and out like an eele in a sandbag,
Oh if mens secret youthfull faults shoulde judge ‘em,
’Twould be the general’d execution,
That ere was teeene in England; there would bee but
few left to singer the ballots, there would be so much
 worke: most of our brokers would be chosen for hang-
men, a good day for them: they might renew their
wardrops of free cost then.
Seb. This is the roaring wench must do vs good.
Mary. No poyfon sir but serues vs for some vfe,
Which is confirm’d in her.
Seb. Peace, peace,
Foot I did here him fure, where ere he be.
Mol. Who did you heare?
The Roaring Girl.

Seb. My father,
'Twas like a sight of his, I must be wary.

Alex. No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge for't.

Seb. Life, heere he comes,—sir I beseech you
take it,
Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it four pound, here's forty shillings sir.
I thinke I name it right: helpe me good Mol,
Forty in hand.

Mol. Sir you shall pardon me,
I haue more of the meanest scholler I can teach,
This paies me more, then you haue offred yet.

Seb. At the next quarter
When I receiue the meanes my father 'lowes me,
You shall haue tother forty.

Alex. This were well now,
Wert to a man, whose sorrowes had blind eies,
But mine behold his follies and vntruthes,
With two cleere glasse—how now?

Seb. Sir.

Alex. What's he there?

Seb. You'r come in good time sir, I'ue a suite to
you,
I'de craue your present kindnesse.

Alex. What is he there?

Seb. A Gentleman, a musitian sir, one of excellent
fingring.

Alex. I, I thinke so, I wonder how they scapt her.

Seb. Has the moit delicate stroake sir.

Alex. A stroake indeed, I feele it at my heart.

Seb. Puts downe all your famous musitians.

Alex. I, a whore may put downe a hundred
of 'em.

Seb. Forty shillings is the agrement sir betweene vs,
Now sir, my present meanes, mounts but to halfe
on't.

Alex. And he stands vpon the whole.

Seb. I indeed does he sir.
The Roaring Girle.

Alex. And will doe till, hee'll nere be in other taile.

Seb. Therefore I'de stop his mouth sir, and I could.

Alex. Hum true, there is no other way indeed,

His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.

Now sir I vnderstand you professe musique.

Mol. I am a poore seruant to that liberall science sir.

Alex. Where is it you teach ?

Mol. Right against Clifford's Inne.

Alex. Hum that's a fit place for it: you haue many schollers.

Mol. And some of worth, whom I may call my maisters.

Alex. I true, a company of whooremaisters; you teach to sing too ?

Mol. Marry do I sir.

Alex. I thinke you'll finde an apt scholler of my fonne, especially for pricke-fong.

Mol. I haue much hope of him.

Alex. I am fory for't, I haue the leffe for that: you can play any lesfon.

Mol. At first sight sir.

Alex. There's a thing called the witch, can you play that ?

Mol. I would be fory any one shou'd mend me in't.

Alex. I, I beleue thee, thou haft so bewitcht my fonne,

No care will mend the worke that thou haft done,

I haue bethought my selfe since my art failes,

I'll make her pollicy the Art to trap her.

Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them

Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will give her,

Thesel will I make induction to her ruine,

And rid shame from my house, griece from my heart.

Here fonne, in what you take content and pleasure,

Want shall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman

His latter halfe in gold.
The Roaring Girle.

Seb. I thanke you sir.
Alex. Oh may the operation an't, end three,
In her, life: shame, in him; and grieue, in mee.
Exit Alexander.

Seb. Faith thou shalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers guift,
Neuer was man beguild with better shift.
Mol. Hee that can take mee for a male musician,
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,
And play vpon him. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mistresse Gallipot, and Mistresse Openworke.

Mi. Gal. Is then that bird of yours (Maister Gof-
hauke) so wild?
Mist. Open. A Gofhauke, a Puttocke; all for prey,
he angles for fish, but he loues flesh better.
Mist. Gal. Is't possible his smooth face shoule haue
wrinkles in't, and we not see them?
Mist. Open. Possible! why haue not many hand-
some legges in silke stockins villainous splay feete for
all their great roses?
Mist. Op. Didst never see an archer (as thou'st
walkt by Bunhill) looke a sguint when he drew his
bow?
Mist. Gal. Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward
Illington, his eyes haue shot cleane contrary towards
Pimlico.
Mist. Open. For all the world so does Maister
Gofhauke double with me.
Mist. Gal. Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's
not for me.
Mist. Open. Because Gofhauke goes in a shag-ruffe
band, with a face flicking vp in't, which showes like
an agget fet in a crampe ring, he thinkes I'me in loue
with him.
Mist. Gal. 'Las I thinke he takes his marke amisse
in thee.
The Roaring Girle.

Misfl. Open. He has by often beating into me made mee beleue that my husband kept a whore.


Misfl. Open. Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at Brainford, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.

Misfl. Gal. That were wholesome.

Misfl. Open. I beleued it, fell a swearing at him, curfling of harlots, made me ready to howle vp faile, and be there as soone as hee.


Misfl. Open. And for that voyage Gojhowke comes hither incontinently, but irre this water-spaniell dues after no ducke but me, his hope is hauing mee at Brainford to make mee cry quack.

Misfl. Gal. Art fure of it!

Misfl. Open. Sure of it my poore innocent Openworke came in as I was poking my ruffe, prefently hit I him the teeth with the three pidgions: he forswore all, I vp and opened all, and now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit Gojhowke i the eie, when he comes to fetch mee to the boate.

Misfl. Gal. Such another lame Gelding offered to carry mee through thicke and thinne, (Laxton irra) but I am ridd of him now.

Misfl. Open. Happy is the woman can bee ridde of 'em all; 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly man for man.


Misfl. Open. Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let 'em run ouer vs neuer fo faile, we hop-keepers (when all's done) are fure to haue 'em in our purfnets at length, and when they are in, Lord what simple animalls they are.

Misfl. Open. Then they hang the head.

Misfl. Gal. Then they droupe.

Misfl. Open. Then they write letters.

Misfl. Gal. Then they cogge.
The Roaring Girle.

Mist. Open. Then deale they vnder hand with vs, aud wee must ingle with our husbands a bed, and wee must sweare they are our cofens, and able to do vs a pleasure at Court.

Mist. Gal. And yet when wee haue done our beft, al's but put into a riuin difh, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

Mist. Open. Oh if it were the good Lords wil, there were a law made, no Cittizen should truft any of 'em all.

Enter Gofhawke.

Gofh. How now, are you ready?!
Mist. Open. Nay are you ready! a little thing you see makes vs ready.
Gofh. Vs! why, must shee make one i'the voyage?
Mist. Open. Oh by any meanes, doe I know how my husband will handle mee?!
Gofh. 'Foot, how shall I find water, to keepe these two mils going? Well since you'll needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I fayle not with you both till all split, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee; it's but lickering them bothoundly, & then you shall see their corke heelees flie vp high, like two swannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgions: come, come, oares stand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with those falfe faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, caufing out his net to catch freshe Salmon at Brainsford.

Mist. Gal. I beleue you'll eate of a coddens head of your owne dressing, before you reach halfe way thither.

Gofh. So, so, follow clofe, pin as you go.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Do you heare?
The Roaring Girl.

Lax. I myst hau a bout with your Potticariship.
Mift. Gal. At what weapon?
Lax. I myst speake with you.
Lax. No? you shall.
Mift. Gal. Shall I away foult Sturgion, halfe fift, halfe flefh.
Lax. 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'le cut your tayle puf-cat for this.
Mift. Gal. 'Las poore Laxton, I thinke thy tayle's cut already: your worft;
Lax. If I do not, . . . . . . . . Exit Laxton.
Gofh. Come, ha' you done?

Enter Maifter Openworke.

Sfoo te Rofamond, your husband.
Mait. Open. How now? sweete Maift. Gofhawe, none more welcome,
I haue wanted your embracements: when friends meete,
The munique of the sphears founds not more sweete,
Then does their conferenc: who is this? Rofamond:
Wife: how now sifter?
Gofh. Silence if you loue mee,
Mait. Open. Why maift?
Mait. Open. Does a maske grieue you sir?
Mait. Open. It does.
Mait. Open. Then y'are best get you a mummimg.
Gofh. Sfoo te you'le spoyle all.
Mift. Gall. May not wee couer our bare faces with masks
As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?
Ma. Op. No masks, why, th'are theeues to beauty, that rob eies
Of admiration in which true loue lies,
Why are masks worn? why good? or why desired?
Vnleffe by their gay couers wits are fiered
The Roaring Girle.

To read the wild'ft lookes; many bad faces,
(Becaufe rich gemmes are treafured vp in cafes)
Payfe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues
Dambe misers Gold, fo masks are beauties graues,
Men nere meete women with fuch muffled cies,
But they curfe her, that firit did masks deuife,
And fware it was some beldame. Come off with't.

Maift. Open. I will not.
Maift. Opn. Good faces maskt are Jewels kept by
spirits.

Hide none but bad ones, for they poyfon mens fights,
Show then as shop-keepers do their broidred fluffe,
(By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,
Prithee (fweete Rofe) come strike this fayle.

Maift. Opn. Saile †
Maift. Op. Ha † yes wife strike faile, for stormes
are in thine eyes:

Maift. Open. Th'are here fir in my browes if any
rife.

Maift. Open. Ha browes † (what fayes the friend)
pray tel me why

Your two flagges were aduaunfl; the Comedy,
Come what's the Comedy †

Maift. Open. Weftward hoe.
Maift. Open. How †

Maift. Open. 'Tis Weftward hoe fhee faies.

Gofh. Are you both madde †

Maift. Open. Is't Market day at Braineford, and
your ware not fent vp yet †

Maift. Open. What market day † what ware †

Maift. Open. A py with three pidgions in't, 'tis
drawne and faies your cutting vp.

Goft. As you regard my credit.

Maift. Open. Art madde †

Maift. Opn. Yes lecherous goate; Baboone.

Maift. Open. Baboone † then toffe me in a blanc-
ket.

Maift. Open. Do I it well †

Maift. Gall. Rarely.
The Roaring Girl.

Goof. Belike sir she's not well; best leave her.

Maisl. Open. No,

Me stand the storme now how fierce so ere it blow.

Maisl. Open. Did I for this loose all my friends? refuse

Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made

A flake to a common whore?

Maisl. Open. This does amaze mee.

Maisl. Open. Oh God, oh God, feede at reuerion now?

A Strumpets leauing?

Maisl. Open. Rosamond.

Goof. I sweate, wo'd I lay in cold harbour.

Maisl. Open. Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers through my heart.

Maisl. Open. Not I by heauen sweete wife.

Maisl. Open. Go diuel go; that which thou sweare't by, dannes thee.

Goof. 'S heart will you vndo mee?

Maisl. Open. Why slay you heere the slarre, by which you faile,

Shines yonder aboue Chelsey; you loose your shore

If this moone light you: seeke out your light whore.

Maisl. Open. Ha?

Maisl. Gall. Pufh; your Westerne pug.

Goof. Zounds now he'll roares.

Maisl. Open. With whom you tilted in a paire of oares,

This very morning.

Maisl. Open. Oares?

Maisl. Open. At Brainford sir.

Maisl. Open. Racke not my patience; Maisler Goofahawe, some flae has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in Brainford with a woman! 'tis a lie: What old baud tels thee this? S'death 'tis a lie.

Maisl. Open. 'Tis one to thy face shall iustify all that I speake.

Maisl. Open. V'd' soule do but name that rascall.

Maisl. Open. No sir I will not.
Gofh. Keepe thee there girls:—then!
Malf. Open. Sifter know you this varlet?
Malf. Gall. No.
Malf. Open. Swear true,
Is there a rogue so lowe damn'd? a second Judas? a common hangman? cutting a mans throate? does it to his face? bite mee behind my backe? a cur dog?
Sware if you know this hell-hound.
Malf. Gall. In truth I do.
Malf. Open. His name?
Malf. Gall. Not for the world;
To haue you to flab him.
Gofh. Oh braue girlies: worth Gold.
Malf. Open. A word honest maiister Gofshawke.
     Draw out his sword.
Gofh. What do you mean faire sir?
Malf. Open. Keepe off, and if the diuell can give
a name to this newe fury, holla it through my eare, or
wrap it vp in some hid character: I'll ride to Oxford,
and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the brazen
head speak: or else shew me but one haire of his head
or beard, that I may sample it; if the fiend I meet (in
myne owne house) I'll kill him:—the freete.
Or at the Church dore:—there:—(caufe he seekes to
vn ty
The knot God faftens) he deferves moft to dy.
Malf. Open. Maiister Gofshawke, pray sir
Sware to me, that you know him or know him not,
Who makes me at Brainford to take vp a peticote
besides my wifes.
Gofh. By heauen that man I know not.
Gofh. Will you not haue all out?
By heauen I know no man beneath the moone
Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,
I'de print it in text letters.
Malf. Open. Print thine owne then,
Did'th not thou sware to me he kept his whoore?
The Roaring Girle.

Miss. Gal. And that in sinfull Brainford they would commit.

That which our lips did water at sir,—ha?

Miss. Open. Thou spider, that hast woven thy cunning web.

In mine owne house t' infame me: hast not thou
Suck't nourishment euen vnderneath this roofe,
And turned it all to poyson! spitting it,
On thy friends face (my husband?) he as t'were sleeping:

Onely to leave him vgly to mine eies,
That they might glance on thee.

Miss. Gal. Speake, are these lies?

Goth. Mine own shame me confounds:

Miss. Open. No more, hee's flung;
Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell
Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)
Goodnesse I see is but outside, wee all fet,
In rings of Gold, fstones that be counterfet:
I thought you none.

Goth. Pardon mee.

Miss. Open. Truth I doe.

This blemish growes in nature not in you,
For mans creation sticke euen moles in scorne
On fairest cheeks, wife nothing is perfect borne.

Miss. Open. I thought you had bene borne perfect.

Miss. Open. What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?

For at the heart lies the old shore still.
I'le tell you Maister Gofhaweke, I in your eie
I haue feene wanton fire, and then to try
The foundnese of my judgement, I told you
I kept a whoore, made you beleue twas true,
Onely to feele how your pulse beat, but find,
The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.

Come, come, a tricke of youth, and 'tis forgien,
This rub put by, our loue shall runne more even.

Miss. Open. You'l deale vpon mens wiues no more!
No:—you teach me a tricke for that.

Truth do not, they'll o're-reach thee.

Make my house yours sir still.

No.

I say you shall:

Seeing (thus besieg'd) it holds out, 'twill never fall.

Enter Maist Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Somner,
Laxton muffled a loose off.

How now!

With mee sir?

You sir? I have gon snaffling vp and
downe by your dore this houre to watch for you.

What's the matter husband?

— I have caught a cold in my head sir,
by fitting vp late in the real tauerne, but I hope you
understand my speech.

So sir.

I cite you by the name of Hippocrates
Gallipot, and you by the name of Prudence Gallipot,
to appeare vpon Crafito, doe you see, Crafito
Sancti Dunstani (this Easter Tearme) in Bow Church.

Where sir? what saies he?

Bow: Bow Church, to an swere to a libel
of precontract on the part and behalf of the said
Prudence and another; y'are best sir take a copy of
the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

A Citation?

You pocky-nosed rascall, what slaeue
fees you to this?

I ha nothing to do with you, doe
you heare sir?

—what fagary is this?

Tru'ly I thought sir this storme
long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remem-
bred) I paid you the last fiveene pound, besides the
thirty you had first,—for then you sware.

Tush, tush sir, oathes,
The Roaring Girle.

Truth yet I'me loth to vexe you, . . . tell you what; 
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound, 
And take your belly full of her. 

Maiist. Gal. An hundred pound? 
Maiist. Gal. What a 100 pound? he gets none: 
what a 100 pound? 
Maiist. Gal. Sweet Pru be calme, the Gentleman offers thus, 
If I will make the mony's that are past 
A 100 pound, he will discharge all courts, 
And give his bond neuer to vexe us more. 
Maiist. Gal. A 100 pound? 'Las; take sir but three- 
core, 
Do you seeke my vndoing? 
Lax. I'le not bate one sixpence, . . . I'le mall you pufse for spitting. 
Maiist. Gal. Do thy worft, 
Will fourescore stop thy mouth? 
Lax. No. 
Maiist. Gal. Y'are a slaue, 
Thou Cheate, I'le now teare mony from thy throat, 
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate. 
Greene. Nay Gentlemen, seeing your woemen are fo hote, I must loofe my haire in their company 
I see. 

Maiist. Ope. His haire sheds off, and yet he speaks not fo much in the nofe as he did before. 

Gofh. He has had the better Chirurgion, Maiifter 
Greeneuie, is your wit fo raw as to play no better a part then a Sommers? 
Maiist. Gal. I pray who plays a knacke to know an honeft man in this company? 
Maiist. Gall. Deere husband, pardon me, I did dif- 
plese, 
Told thee I was his precontracted wife, 
When letters came from him for thirty pound, 
I had no shift but that. 
Maiist. Gal. A very cleane shift: but able to make 
mee lowly, On.
The Roaring Girls.

Mist. Gal. Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted mee to thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him fie more lofty.

Mist. Gall. A' the top of you wife: on.

Mist. Gal. He hauing wasted them, comes now for more,

Vsing me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whole sinne keepes him in breath: by heauen I vow,
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd, more then he does now.

Mist. Gall. My bed I ha, ha, like enough, a shop-boord will serue to haue a cuckold's coat cut out vpon: of that wee'll talke hereafter: ye'are a villaine:

Lax. Heare mee but speake fir, you shall finde mee none.

Omnes. Pray fir, be patient and heare him.

Mist. Gal. I am mazzled for biting fir, vfe me how you will.

Lax. The first howze that your wife was in my eye,
My selfe with other Gentlemen fitting by,
(In your shop) tastinge smoake, and speche being vsed,
That men who haue fairest wiues are moft abused,
And hardly scapt the horne, your wife maintain'd
That onely such spots in Citty dames were stain'd,
Iustly, but by mens flanders: for her owne part,
Shee vow'd that you had so much of her heart;
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Neuer so fine spunne, should your selfe beguile,
Of what in her was yours.

Mist. Gal. Yet Prs 'tis well:
Play out your game at Irisfir fir: Who winnes?

Mist. Open. The triall is when thee comes to bear-
ing:

Lax. I scorn'd one woman, thus, should braue all men,
And (which more vexed me) a shee-citizzen.
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,
Gaue many a braue repulse, and me compel'd
The Roaring Girls.

With shame to found retreat to my hot lust,
Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,
And that to tempt her modest ears, I swore
Nere to prumne againe: she said, her eie
Would euer give me welcome honestly,
And (since I was a Gentleman) if it runne low,
Shew would my state relieve, not to o'rethrow
Your owne and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
Vpon her meekenesse, mee she fet at nought,
And yet to try if I could turne that tide,
You see what fireame I storwe with, but sir I sweare
By heauen, and by those hopes men lay vp there,
I neither haue, nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment:
Your Gold I pay backe with this interest,
When I had moist power to do't I wrong'd you least.

Maff. Gal. If this no gullery be sir,
Ommes. No, no, on my life.

Maff. Gal. Then sir I am beholden (not to you
wife)

But Maffter Laxton to your want of doing ill,
Which it seemes you haue not Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

Maff. Open. Brother, we haue a ieft,
As good as yours to furnish out a feast.

Maff. Gal. We'll crowne our table with it: wife
brag no more
Of holding out: who moist brags is moist whore.

Execut omnes.

Enter Jacke Dapper, Moll, Sir Beautious Ganymed,
and Sir Thomas Long.

Jacke Dop. But prethee Maffter Captaine Jacke be
plaine and perspicuous with mee; was it your Merge of
Westministers courage, that rescued mee from the Pou-
ltry puttockes indeed.

Mol. The value of my wit I enfore you sir fetcht
you off bruely, when you were i' the forlorne hope among those desperates, Sir Benvious Ganymed here, and Sir Thomas Long heard that cuckoe (my man Trapdore) sing the note of your ransom from captivity.

Sir Bcw. Vds to Mol, where's that Trapdore?

Mol. Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Custice in this towne, (that speakes nothing but make a Miti\-mus a way with him to Newgate) vfed that rogue like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

Omens. how, how!

Mol. Marry to lay trains of villany to blow vp my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what linstocke gaue fire to shoot against the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyft, & away fled I my man, like ahouell-board shilling, hee stroutes vp and downe the suburbs I thinke: and eates vp whores: feedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

T. Long. Sirra Jacke Dapper.

Jac. Dap. What failest Tom Long?

T. Long. Thou hadst a sweet fac't boy haile fellow with thee to your little Gull: how is he spent?

Jack Dap. Troth I whiffled the poore little buzzard of a my fit, becaufe when hee wayted vpone mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still, and said I looke like a painted Aldernans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head. Sirra Jacke,

Mol. What saies my little Dapper?

Sir Bcw. Come, come, walke and talke, walke and talke.

Jack Dap. Mol and I'le be i' the midst.

Mol. These Knights shall haue squiers places belike then: well Dapper what say you?

Jack. Dap. Sirra Captaine mad Mary, the gull my owne father (Dapper) Sir Day) laied thefe London boote-halers the catch poles in ambush to fet vpon mee.

Omens. Your father! away Jacke.
The Roaring Girls.

Jack. Dap. By the tassels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlike stratageme thinke you? hee thought because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowly prifon could make an asie of mee.

Omnns. A nasty plot.

Jack. Dap. I: as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which all the wilde beastes of the Citty run head by head could tame mee.

Enter the Lord Noland.

Mol. Yonder comes my Lord Noland.

Omnns. Saue you my Lord.

L. Nol. Well met Gentlemen all, good Sir Benvi-
tious Ganymed, Sir Thomas Long? and how does Maister Dapper?


Mol. No Tobacco my Lord?

L. Nol. No faith Jacke.

Jack. Dap. My Lord Noland will you goe to Pim-
lico with vs? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes.

L. Nol. Heeres such a merry ging, I could find in my heart to faile to the worlds end with such company, come Gentlemen let's on.

Jack Dap. Here's most amorous weather my Lord.

Omnns. Amorous weather. They walke.

Jac. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

Enter Trapdore like a poore Souldier with, a patch 
'dre one eie, and Teare-Cat with him, all 
tatters.

Trap. Shall we fet vpon the infantry, thefe troopes of foot? Zounds yonder comes Mol my whoorish Maister and Mitreffe, wo'ld I had her kidnesse be-
tweene my teeth.

Tear-Cat. I had rather haue a cow heele.
The Roaring Girls.

Trap. Zounds I am so patcht vp, she cannot discover me: we'll on.

T. Cat. Alla corago then.

Trap. Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the cares of commisseration, and let the sound of a hoarfe military organ-pipe, penetrate your pittiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of silver, as may giue a hard strawbed lodging to a couple of maim'd fouldiers.

Jacke Dap. Where are you maim'd?

T. Cat. In both our neather limbs.

Mol. Come, come, Dapper, lets giue 'em something, las poore men, what mony haue you? by my troth I loue a fouldier with my foule.

Sir Beut. Stay, flay, where haue you feru'd?

T. Long. In any part of the Low countries?

Trap. Not in the Low countries, if it plesse your manhood, but in Hungarie against the Turke at the fledge of Belgrad.

L. Mol. Who feru'd there with you sirra?

Trap. Many Hungarians, Moldauians, Valachians, and Transiluanians, with some Scianonians, and retyring home sir, the Venetian Gallies tooke vs prifoners, yet free'd vs, and suffered vs to beg vp and downe the country.

Jack. Dap. You haue ambled all over Italy then.

Trap. Oh sir, from Venice to Roma, Vecchio, Bona-nia, Romania, Bolonia, Modena, Fiacenza, and Tus-cana, with all her Cities, as Pifioia, Valteria, Mounte-pulchena, Arresso, with the Siennois, and diuerfe others.

Mol. Meere rogues, put spurre to 'em once more.

Jack. Dap. Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speake't English,

What art thou?

T. Cat. Ick mine Here. Ick bin den ruffling Teare-Cat,
The Roaring Girls.

Ben braue Soldado, Ik hü bin dorick all
Dutchland.
Guertlen: Der Shellum das meere Ik
Beata
Ik voert gaab.
Ik naag bin straikes on tom Cop.
Batrick Den hundred touzun Bluell
halle,
Frollick mine Here.

Sir Brut. Here, here, let's be rid of their iob-
bering.

Moll. Not a crofe, Sir Bwttious, you base rogues,
I haue taken measure of you, better then a taylor can,
and I'll fit you, as you (monster with one eie) haue
fitted mee.

Trap. Your Worship will not abuse a soouldier.

Moll. Soouldier! thou deuer't it to bee hang'd vp
by that tongue which dishonours fo noble a profesion,
soouldier you skelderling varlet! hold, stand, there should
be a trapdore here abouts. Pull of his patch.

Trap. The balles of these glaiers of mine (mine
eyes) shall be shot vp and downe in any hot peece of
feruice for my invincible Mistrefse.

Iacke Dap. I did not thynke there had bene such
knaury in blacke patches as now I see.

Mol. Oh sir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of
dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite
like a Maftiue, as hee finds occasion.

L. Nol. What are you fira? a bird of this feather
too.

T. Cat. A man beaten from the wars sir.

T. Long. I thinke fo, for you neuer ftood to fight.

Iac. Dap. What's thy name fellow soouldier?

T. Cat. I am cal'd by thofe that haue feen my
valour, Tear-Cat.
The Roaring Girle.

Ommes. Teare-Cat.

Moll. A meere whip-Jacke, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a flauze, that can talke of sea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, discouer more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English ever found out, yet indeed all his servuice is by land, and that is to rob a Faire, or some fuch venturous exploit; Teare-Cat, foot sirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of horners, hornes for the thumbe, you know how.

T. Cat. No indeed Captaine Moll (for I know you by sight) I am no fuch nipping Christian, but a maulnderer ypon the pad I confesse, and meeting with honest Trapdore here, whom you had cashierd from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I instructed him in the rudements of roguery, and by my map made him faile ouer any Country you can name, so that now he can maulner better then myselfe.

Jack. Dap. So then Trapdore thou art turn'd fouldier now.

Trap. Alas sir, now there's no warres, 'tis the safetfull course of life I could take.

Moll. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you sirra are an vpright man.

Trap. As any walkes the hygh way I affure you.

Moll. And Teare-Cat what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffer?

T. Cat. Brother to this vpright man, fleshe and bloud, ruffling Teare-Cat is my name, and a ruffer is my title, my proffession.

Moll. Sirra where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

Ommes. Doxy Moll, what's that?

Moll. His wench.

Trap. My doxy I haue by the Salomon a doxy, that carries a kitchin mort in her flat at her backe, besides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'le tumble this next darkmans in the strommel,
and drinke ben baufe, and eate a fat gruntling cheate, 
a cackling cheate, and a quackling cheate.


Trap. My doxy stays for me in a bouing ken, 
braue Captaine.

Mol. Hee stays his wenche stays for him in an ale-
houfe: you are no pure rogue.

T. Cat. Pure rogues! no, wee scorne to be pure 
rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling 
ken, you shall finde neither him nor mee, a quire 
cuffin.

Mol. So, sir, no churle of you.

T. Cat. No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry 
cuffin.

L. Nol. Call you this canting?

Jack. Dap. Zounds, I'll giue a schoolemaister halfe 
a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

Trap. Do but strowle sir, halfe a husband with vs 
sir, and you shall gabbage your belly-full.

Mol. Come you rogue cant with me.

T. Long. Well sayd Mol, cant with her sirra, and 
you shall haue mony, else not a penny.

Trap. I'll haue a bout if she pleafe.

Mol. Come on sirra.

Trap. Ben mort, shall you and I haue a booth, 
mill a ken or nip a bung, and then we'll couch a 
hoghead vnder the Ruffemans, and there you shall 
wap with me, & I'll niggle with you.

Mol. Out you damn'd impudent rascall.

Trap. Cut benar whiddles, and hold your fambles 
and your flampes.

was his gibberifh?

Mol. Marry this my Lord sayes hee; Ben mort 
(good wenche) shal you and I haue a booth, mill a 
ken, or nip a bung! shal you and I rob a house, or 
cut a purse?

Onnes. Very Good.
Mol. And then wee'l couch a hoghhead vnder the Ruffemans:
And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.
Trap. That was my desire Captaine, as 'tis fit a fouldier should lie.
Mol. And there you shal wap with mee, and I'll niggle with you, and that's all.
Sir Beut. Nay, nay Mol what's that wap?
Jack Dap. Nay teach mee what nigging is, I'd faine bee nigling.
Mol. Wapping and nigging is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.
Trap. 'Tis faddoling : if it please you.
Sir Beut. This is excellent, one fit more good Mol.
Mol. Come you rogue sing with mee.

A gage of ben Rom-bottle
In a bouing ken of Rom-vile.

T. Cat. Is Benar then a Caster,
Pecke, pennam, lay or popler,
Which we mill in deuds a vile.
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans. The song.
Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,
By the sollamon vnder the Ruffemans.
By the sollamon in the Hartmans.

T. Cat. And scoure the Quire cramp ring,
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,
So my boufy nab might skew rone boufe well
Auast to the pad, let vs bing,
Auast to the pad, let vs bing.

Omnus. Fine knaues i'faith.

Jack Dap. The grating of ten new cart-wheelles,
and the gruntling of fuye hundred hogs comming from Rumford market, cannot make a worfe noyse then this canting language does in my eares; pray my Lord Noland, let's giue these fouldiers their pay.
Sir Beut. Agreed, and let them march.
The Roaring Girls.

L. Nor. Heere Mol.
Mol. Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue, and are not ashamed of your proffessions, looke you: my Lord Noland heere and these Gentlemen, beflowes upon you two, two boordes and a halfe, that's two shillings sixe pence.

Trap. Thankes to your Lordship.
T. Cat. Thankes heroical Captaine.
Mol. Away.

Trap. Wee shall cut ben whiddles of your Maiters and Miftreship, wherefoeuer we come.
Mol. You'll maintaine firra the old Iustices plot to his face.

Trap. Else trine me on the cheats; hang me.

Mol. Be sure you meete mee there.

Trap. Without any more maundring I'll se doo's, follow braue Tear-Cat.

T. Cat. I pra, jeguor, let us go mouse.

Exeunt they two manet the rog.

L. Nol. Mol what was in that canting song?

Mol. Troth my Lord, onely a praiue of good drinke, the onely milke which these wilde beasts lose to fuche, and thus it was:

A rich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,
More wholesome for the head, then meate, drinke, or bread,
To fill my drunken pate, with that, I'de fit vp late,
By the heeles wou'd I lie, vnder a lowly hedge die, Let a slaupe haue a pull at my whore, fo I be full Of that precious liquor; And a parcell of such suffe my Lord

Not worth the opening.

Enter a Cutpurse very gallant, with foure or fiue men after him, one with a wand.

L. Nol. What gallant comes yonder?
T. Long. Maffe I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.
The Roaring Girle.

1. **Cut.** Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst you heap of Gallants, and strike?

2. **Cut.** 'Tis a question whether there bee any sluier shels amongst them, for all their fattin outsides.

**Ommes.** Let's try!

**Mol.** Pox on him, a gallant shaddow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed; if hee swimme neere to the shore of any of your pockets, looke to your purfes.

**Ommes.** Is't possible?

**Mol.** This braue fellow is no better then a foyst.

**Ommes.** Foyst, what's that?

**Mol.** A dier with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purfes and foysting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i' the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and snappes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i' the streetes, whil'st shels are drawne by an other, and then with his blacke conjuring rod in his hand, he by the nimblenesse of his eye and iugling sticke, will in cheaping a pence of plate at a goldsmithes stall, make foure or five ringes mount from the top of his caduceus, and as if it were at leapefrog, they skip into his hand presently.

2. **Cut.** Zounds wee are smoakt.

**Ommes.** Ha?

2. **Cut.** Wee are boyl'd, pox on her; see **Moll** the roaring drabbe.

1. **Cut.** All the diseases of sixteene hospitals boyle her: away.

**Mol.** Bless ye sir.

1. **Cut.** And you good sir.

**Mol.** Do'lt not ken mee man?

1. **Cut.** No truft mee sir.

**Mol.** Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'me bound for many favours, lost his purfe at the last new play
The Roaring Girle.

i' the Swanne, seuen Angels in't, make it good you'r best; do you fee? no more.

1. Cut. A Sinagoge shall be cal'd Mistresse Mary, disgrace mee not. pacus palabros, I will conjure for you, farewell:

Mol. Did not I tell you my Lord?
L. No. I wonder how thou camst to the knowledge of these nasty villains.
T. Long. And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call thee Mol cutpurse? a name, me thinks, damn'd and odious.

Mol. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I haue tane thee doing so Mol? I must confesse,
In younger dayes, when I was apt to siray,
I haue fat amongst such adders; seene their stings,
As any here might, and in full play-houses
Watcht their quicke-dying hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that fireame met an ill name:
When next my Lord you spie any one of those,
So hee bee in his Art a scholler, question him,
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke
Of his close villanies: and you your selfe shall cant
Better then poore Mol can, and know more Lawes
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foystes, puggards, curbers,
Withall the duiels blacke guard, then it is fit
Should be discovered to a noble wit.
I know they haue their orders, offices,
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,
To raise their owne damnation in.

Jack Dap. How do'ft thou know it?
Moll. As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it.
Suppose my Lord you were in Venice.
L. No. Well.
Mol. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the clofe trickes of curtizans; would not you
Hearken to such a fellow?
L. No. Yes.
Mol. And here,
The Roaring Girle.

Being come from Venice, to a friend most deare
That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime
Your knowledge in those villanies, to faue
Your friend from their quicke danger: must you have
A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,
Good troth my Lord, I am made Mol cut-purfe so.
How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes?
How many chaff, whose names fill flanders booke's?
Were all men cuckold, whom gallants in their
scornes

Cal so, we shou'd not walke for going hornes,
Perhaps for my madde going some reprowe mee,
I please my selfe, and care not else who loues me.

Omnes. A braue minde Mol i'faith.

T. Long. Come my Lord, shal's to the Ordinary?


Mol. Good my Lord, let not my name condemne
me to you or to the world: A fencer I hope may be
cal'd a coward, is he so for that? If all that haue ill
names in London, were to be whipt, and to pay but
twelupence a piece to the beadle, I would rather
haue his office, then a Constables.

Jack. Dop. So would I Captaine Mol: 'twere a
sweete tickling office i'faith.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and
Greenewit, and others.

Alex. My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent
girle,
Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes upon?

Greene. How will your care preuent it?

Go'd. 'Tis impossible.

They marry, clofe, thei'r gone, but none knows whe-
ther.

Alex. Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-
frings

Enter a servant.

Held out so long from breaking: now what newes sir?
The Roaring Girls.

Servant. They were met uppo'th the water an houre since, sir.
Putting in towards the Sluice.
Alex. The Sluice! come Gentlemen,
'Tis Lambith workes against us.
Greene. And that Lambith, ioynes more mad matches, then your fixe wet townes, twixt that and Windsor-bridge, where fares lye foaking.
Alex. Delay no time sweete Gentlemen: to Blacke Fryars,
Wee'l take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Your sonne, and that bold masculine rampe my mistrefle,
Are landed now at Tower.
Alex. Hoyda, at Tower!
Trap. I heard it now reported.
Alex. Which way Gentlemen shall I bestowe my care?
I'me drawne in pence betwixt deceit and shame.

Enter Sir Fits-Allard.

Fits-Alls. Sir Alexander.
Your well met, and most rightly serv'd,
My daughter was a scorned to you.
Alex. Say not so sir.
Fits-All. A very abject, shee poore Gentlewoman,
Your house had bene dishonoured. Giue you joy sir,
Of your sons Gaakoyne-Bride, you'll be a Grandfather shortly
To a fine crew of roaring sonnes and daughters,
'Twill helpe to stocke the suburbes passing well sir,
Alex. O play not with the miseries of my heart,
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vex't, or left
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,
And scornefull aire let in: rather let pity
And aduise charitably helpe to refrerth 'em.

Fits-All. Who'd place his charity so vnworthily.
Like one that gues almes to a cursing beggar,
Had I but found one sparde of goodnesse in you
Toward my defruing child, which then grew fond
Of your fonnes vertues, I had eased you now.
But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodnesse,
Are rak'd vp in the ashes of your age,
Elfe no fuch shame should haue come neere your
houfe,
Nor fuch ignoble forrowe touch your heart.

Alex. If not for worth, for pitties fake affisit mee.

Greene. You vrge a thing paft fense, how can he
helpe you?
All his affittance is as fraile as ours,
Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em?
One brings vs water-newes; then comes an other
With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,
And he reports the Tower; whose founds are truest?

Gosh. In vaine you flatter him sir Alexander.

Fits-All. I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee
groffly.

Greene. Hee doe's it well i'faith.

Fits-All. Both newes are falte,
Of Tower or water: they tooke no fuch way yet.

Alex. Oh strange: heare you this Gentlemen, yet
more plundges?

Fits-Alla. Th'are neerer then you thinke for yet
more close, then if they were further off.

Alex. How am I lost in these diftractions?

Fits-Alla. For your speeches Gentlemen,
In taxing me for rashnesse; fore you all,
I will engage my flate to halfe his wealth,
Nay to his fonnes reuenewes, which are leffe,
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him;
That I could (if my will stucke to my power)
Preuent this mariage yet, nay banishe her
For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.
The Roaring Girle.

Alex. Slacke not this goodnesse, though you heap vpon me
Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter:
I'de willingly resigne vp halfe my state to him,
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.
Greene. Hee taltkes impossibilities, and you beleue 'em.

Fits. Alla. I talke no more, then I know how to finish,
My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me,
The poore young Gentleman I loue and pitty:
And to keepe shame from him, (because the spring
Of his affecction was my daughters first,
Till his frowne blasted all,) do but estate him
In those poesessions, which your loue and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may have roome,
To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her:
And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,
Rid him of this disease, that now grows on him,
I'll forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.

Greene. Truth but you shall not undertake such matches,
Weel periwade so much with you.

Alex. Heere's my ring,
He will beleue this token: fore these Gentlemen,
I will confirme it fully: all those lands,
My first loue lotted him, he shall straitly possesse
In that refulall.

Fits. Alla. If I change it not, change mee into a beggar.

Greene. Are you mad sir?
Fits. Alla. 'Tis done.

Gofh. Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,
And thewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies?

Alex. 'Tis a match Gentlemen.
Fits. Alla. I, I, sir I.

I aske no favoure; truut to you for none.
226  The Roaring Girle.

My hope refleth in the goodnesse of your son.
   Exit Fitz-Allard.

_Greene._ Hee holds it vp well yet.
_Gofh._ Of an old knight i'faith.
_Alex._ Curst be the time, I laid his first lone
       barren,
Wilfully barren, that before this houre
Had sprung forth fruiter, of comfort and of honour;
He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman.

_Enter Moll._

_Gofh._ Life, here's _Mol._
_Greene._ Jack.
_Gofh._ How doft thou _Jack?_
_Mol._ How doft thou Gallant?
_Alex._ Impudence, where's my sonne?
_Mol._ Weaknesse, go looke him.
_Alex._ Is this your wedding gowne?
_Mol._ The man talkes monthly:
Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,
I see hee'll be starke mad at our next meeting.
   Exit Moll.

_Gofh._ Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such
       matter,
No Priest will marry her, sir, for a woman,
While that shapen's on, and it was never knowne,
Two men were married and conioun'd in one:
Your sonne hath made some shift to loue another.
_Alex._ What ere she be, she has my blessing with
       her,
May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receive
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,
Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuse amisse.
_Greene._ Glad y'are so penitent, for your former
       finne sir.
_Gofh._ Say he should take a wench with her smocke-
       dowry,
The Roaring Girle.

No portion with her, but her lips and armes!  
Alex. Why! who thrive better sir? they have most  
    blessing.
Though other have more wealth, and least repent,  
Many that want most, know the most content.
Greene. Say he should marry a kind youthfull sinner.
Alex. Age will quench that, any offence but theft  
    and drunkenness,
Nothing but death can wipe away.
There finnes are greene, euen when there heads are  
    gray,
Nay I dispaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentle-  
    men,
No face can come vnfortunately to me,  
Now sir, your newes!

Enter a servant.

Servant. Your somne with his faire Bride is neere  
at hand.
Alex. Faire may their fortunes be.
Greene. Now you'r referu'd sir, it was neuer she.  
Alex. I finde it in the musicke of my heart.

Enter Mol maskt, in Sebastians hand, and Fitz-  
    Allard.

See where they come.
Gof. A proper lofty presence sir.
Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies coun-
    feld him
To choose a goodly personable creature,
Luft of her pitch was my first wife his mother.
Seb. Before I dare discouer my offence,
I kneele for pardon.
Alex. My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue  
could aske it,
Rise, thou haft rais'd my joy to greater height
Then to that feat where griefe dejected it,
Both welcome to my love, and care for ever,
Hide not mine happinesse too long, al's pardoned,
Here are our friends, salute her, Gentlemen.

They unmask her.

Omen. Heart, who this Mol?
Alex. O my reviving flame, is't I must line,
To be strucke blind, be it the worke of sorrow,
Before age take't in hand.
Fitz-All. Darkenesse and death.
Have you deceav'd mee thus I did engage
My whole estate for this.
Alex. You askd no favour,
And you shall finde as little, since my comforts,
Play false with me, I'll be as cruel to thee
As grieue to fathers hearts.
Mol. Why what's the matter with you?
Lesse too much joy, should make your age forgetfull,
Are you too well, too happy?
Alex. With a vengeance.
Mol. Me thinkest you should be proud of such a daughter,
As good a man, as your sonne.
Alex. O monstrous impudence.
Mol. You had no note before, an vnmarkt Knight,
Now all the towne will take regard on you,
And all your enemies feare you for my sake,
You may passe where you list, through crowdes most thicke,
And come of bruely with your pursue vnsickt,
You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,
No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or knife,
While y'haue a roaring girle to your sonnes wife.
Alex. A diuell rampant.
Fits-Alla. Have you so much charity,
The Roaring Girl.

Yet to release mee of my last rash bargaine?
And I'le give in your pledge.

Alex. No sir, I stand to't, I'le worke upon advan-
tage,
As all mischieses do upon mee.

Fitz-All. Content, beare witnesse all then.
His are the lands, and so contention ends.
Here comes your fonnes Bride, twixt two noble
friends.

Enter the Lord Noland, and Sir Bewtious Ganym-
ed, with Mary Fitz-Allard betwene them, the
Citizens and their wives with them.

Mol. Now are you gull'd as you would be, thanke
me for't,
I'de a fore-finger in't.

Seb. Forgive mee father,
Though there before your eyes my sorrow fain'd,
This still was thee, for whom true loue complain'd.

Alex. Blessings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,
Beginne your peace here, to be sign'd in heauen,
How short my sleepe of sorrow seems now to me,
To this eternity of boundlesse comforts,
That finds no want but utterance, and expression.
My Lord your office here appeares so honourably:
So full of ancient goodnesse, grace, and worthinesse,
I never tooke more ioye in sight of man,
Then in your comfortable presence now.

L. Nol. Nor I more delight in doing grace to
virtue,
Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your fonnes Bride,
Noble Fitz-Allard's daughter, to whose honour
And modest fame, I am a servaut vow'd,
So is this Knight.

Alex. Your loues make my ioyes proud,
Bring foorth those deeds of land, my care l eyd ready,
And which, old knight, thy noblenesse may challenge,
Ioyn'd with thy daughters vertues, whom I prife now,
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The Roaring Girle.

As dearly as that flesh, I call myne owne.
Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindnesse.
When I receiued thee, I saw thee not,
Sorrow and wilfull rashnesse grew like filmes
Ouer the eyes of judgement, now so cleere
I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

Mary. Duty and loue may I deferre in those,
And all my wishes have a perfect close.

Alex. That tongue can never erre, the sound's so sweet,
Here honest sonne, receiuie into thy hands,
The keyes of wealth, possession of those lands,
Which my first care provided, thei'r thine owne,
Heauen giue thee a blessing with 'em, the best ioyes,
That can in worldly shapes to man betide,
Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,
Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

Sob. I hope so too sir.

Mol. Father and sonne, I ha' done you simple seruice here.

Sob. For which thou shalt not part Mol vnoquited.

Alex. Thou art a madd girle, and yet I cannot now condemne thee.

Mol. Condemne mee? troth and you should sir,
I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,
I'de giue you the slip at Gallowes, and cozen the people.

Heard you this iest my Lord?

L. Nol. What is it Jacke?

Mol. He was in seare his sonne would marry mee,

But never dreamt that I would nere agree.

L. Nol. Why? thou hadst a suiter once Jacke,
when wilt marry?

Mol. Who I my Lord, I'le tell you when ifaith,
When you shall heare,

Gallants voyd from Serieants feare,
Honesly and truth vnslanded,
The Roaring Girle.

Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,
Cheates booted, but not coacht,
Veisels older e're they'r broacht.
If my minde be then not varied,
Next day following, I'le be married.

L. Nol. This sounds like domef-day.

Mol. Then were marriage best,
For if I should repent, I were soone at rest.

Alex. Introth tho' art a good wench, I'me sorry now,
The opinion was so hard, I conceiued of thee.
Some wrongs I'ue done thee.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Is the winde there now?
'Tis time for mee to kneele and confesse first,
For seare it come too late, and my braines feele it,
Vpon my pawses, I ask ye pardon mitreffe.

Mol. Pardon! for what fir? what ha's your rogue-
ship done now?

Trap. I haue bene from time to time hir'd to con-
found you, by this old Gentleman.

Mol. How?

Trap. Pray forgieue him,
But may I counsell you, you shoulde neuer doo't.
Many a snare to entrapp your Worships life,
Haue I laide priuily, chaines, watches, Jewels,
And when hie saw nothing could mount you vp,
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to saue you.

Alex. To all which shame and grieue in me cry
guilty,
 Forgieue mee now, I cast the worlds eyes from mee,
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne:
I see the moat of many wrongs before thee,
Caft from the iawes of enuy and her people,
And nothing foule but that, If'e neuer more
Condemne by common voyce, for that's the whore,
The Roaring Girle.

That deceives mans opinion; mocks his trust,
Cozens his love, and makes his heart vnust.

Mol. Here be the Angells Gentleman, they were
given me
As a Mutitian, I pursue no pitty,
Follow the law, and you can cacke mee, spare not
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.

Alex. So farre I'me sorry, I'le thrice double 'em
To make thy wrongs amends,
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,
Sir Beatons Ganymed, and Noble Fitz-Allard,
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling pre-
fence,
Are glories set in mariage, beams of society,
For all your loues give lufter to my ioyes,
The happinesse of this day shall be remembred,
At the returne of every smiling spring:
In my time now 'tis borne, and may no sadnesse
Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,
But as I am, so all goe pleas'd away.
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_Epilogus._

A Painter hauing drawne with curious Art
The picture of a woman (every part,
Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to fell:
People (who pass'd along) viewing it well,
Gave severall verdicts on it: some disprais'd
The haire, some sayd the brows too high were
raised,
Some hit her o're the lippes, mislik'd their colour,
Some wish'd her nose were shorter; some, the eyes
fuller,
Others say'd roses on her cheekes should grow,
Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,
The workeman still as fault was found, did mend
it,
In hope to please all; (but this worke being ended)
And hang open at falt, it was so vile,
So monstrous and so vugly all men did smile
At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt
Is this our Comedy. Some perhaps do floute
The plot, saying; 'tis too thinne, too weake, too
meane,
Some for the person will reuile the Scene.
And wonder, that a creature of her being
Should bee the subiect of a Poet, seeing
In the worlds eie, none weighs so light: others
looke
For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,
Epilogus.
(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) of Cut-purse,
Of Nips and Foysts, naftie, obscene discourses,
As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,
For any honest eare or eye vnfit.
And thus,
If we to euer braine (that's humerous)
Should fashio Seanes, we (with the Painter)
shall
In friuing to pleafe all, please none at all.
Yet for fuch faults, as either the writers wit,
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,
Both craue your pardons: if what both hane
done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The Roring Girle her felfe fome few dayes hence,
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence.
Which Mirth that you may fhaire in, her felfe does
woe you,
And craues this signe, your hands to becken her
to you.

FINIS.
Troia-Nova Triumphans.

London Triumphing,

or,

The Solemne, Magnificent, and Memorable Receiving of that worthy Gentleman, Sir John Swinerton Knight, into the City of London, after his Returne from taking the Oath of Maiorality at Westminster, on the Morrow next after Simon and Iudes day, being the 29. of October. 1612.

All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots of Triumph, with other Devices, (both on the Water and Land) here fully expressed.

By Thomas Dekker.

LONDON,
Printed for Nicholas Okes, and are to be sold by John Wright dwelling at Chrift Church-gate. 1612.
To the Deferuer of all those Honors,
Which the Customary Rites of this Day,
And the generall Loue of this City bestow vnpon
him, Sir John Swinerton, Knight, Lord
Maior of the renowned City
of London.

Honour (this day) takes you by the Hand, and
gives you welcomes into your New Office of
Pretorship. A Dignity worthie the Cities
bestowing, and most worthy your Re-
ceiving. You have it with the Harts of many people,
Voices, and Held-vp hands: they know it is a Roabe
fit for you, and therefore have clothed you in it. May
the Last-day of your wearing the fame, yeeld to your
Selfe as much Joy, as to Others does this First-day of
your putting it on. I swimme (for my owne part) not
onely in the Maine Full-sea of the General praise and
Hopes of you. But powre out also (for my particular)
such a freame as my Prayers can render, for a successe
answercable to the On-fet: for it is no Field, unlesse it
be Crowned with victorie.

I present (Sir) unto you, these labours of my Pen, as
the firft and neweste Congratulatory Offerings tendred
into your hands, which albeit I should not (of my selfe)
defcrue to fee accepted, I know notwithstanding you will
THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

give to them a generous and grateful entertainment, in regard of that Noble Fellowship and Society, (of which you Yesterday were a Brother, and This Day a Father) who most freely have bestowed these their Loues upon you. The Colours of this Piece are mine owne; the Cost theirs: to which nothing was wanting, that could be had, and every thing had that was required. To their Lasting memory I set downe This; And to your Noble Disposition, this I Dedicate. My wishes being (as ever they have been) to meete with any Obieci, whose reflection may present to your Eyes, that Loue and Duty, In which

I stand Bounden

To your Lordship.

Thomas Dekker.
Troia Nova Triumphans.

London Triumphing.

Ryumphes, are the most choice and daintiest fruit that spring from Peace and Abundance; Love begets them; and Much Cost brings them forth. Expectation feeds upon them, but seldom to a forfeite, for when she is most full, her longing wants something to be satisfied. So enticing a shape they carry, that Princes themselves take pleasure to behold them; they with delight; common people with admiration. They are now and then the Rich and Glorious Fire of Bounty, State, and Magnificence, giving light and beauty to the Courts of Kings: And now and then, it is but a debt paid to Time and Custom: and out of that dept come These. Ryot having no hand in laying out the Expenses, and yet no hand in plucking backe what is held decent to be bestowed. A sumptuous Thriftinece in these Civil Ceremonies managing All. For it were not laudable, in a City (so rarely governed and tempered) superfluously to exceed; As contrariwise it is much honor to her (when the Day of spending comes) not to be sparing in any thing. For the Chaires of Magistrates ought to be adorned, and to shine like the Chariot which caries the Sunne; And Beames (if it were possible) must be thought to be shot from the One as from the Other: As well to dazzle and amaze the common Eye, as to
make it appear that there is some Excellent, and Extra-
ordinary Arme from heaven thrust down to exalt a
Superior man, that thereby the Gasser may be drawn
more obedience and admiration.

In a happy hour therefore did your Lordship take
upon you this infeable burden (of Honor and Care)
because your selfe being Generous of mind, haue met
with men, and with a Company equall to your selfe in
Spirit. And vpon as fortunate a Tree haue they in-
graffed their Bounty; the fruities whereof shoot forth
and ripen, are gathered, and taste sweetly, in the
mouthes not onely of this City, but also of our bell-
to-be-beloued friends, the Noblest strangers. Vpon
whom, though none but our Soueraigne King can
bestow Royall welcomes; yet shal it be a Memorial
of an Exemplary Loe and Duty (in those who are at the
Cost of these Triumphs) to haue added some Height-
ing more to them then was intended at first, of pur-
pole to do honor to their Prince and Country. And
I make no doubt, but many worthy Companies in this
City could gladly be content to be partners in the
Disbursements, so they might be sharers in the Glory.
For to haue bene leaden-winged now, what infamy
could be greater? When all the streames of Nobility
and Gentry, run with the Tide hither. When all Eares
lye lifting for no newes but of Fees and Tri-
umphs: All Eyes still open to behold them: And
all harts and hands to applaud them: When the
heape of our Soueraignes Kingdoms, are drawne in
Little: and to be scene within the Walle of this City.
Then to haue tied Bounty in too straight a girdle:
Proh salus infandum! No; she hath wore her gar-
ments loose, her lippes haue bene free in Welcome,
her purfe open, and her hands liberall. If you thanke
I set a flattering glasse before you, do but so much as
lanch into the River, and there the Thames it selfe shal
thaw you all the Honors, which this day hath bestowed
pon her: And that done, step againe pon the Land,
and Fame will with her owne Trumpet proclaime
London Triumphant.

what I speake; And her I hope you cannot deny to beleue, having at least twenty thousand eyes about her, to witnesse whether she be a True-long’d Fame or a Lying.

By this time the Lord Maior hath taken his oath, is feated in his barge againe; a lowd thundring peale of Chambers giue him a Fare-well as he passeth by. And see how quickly we are in ken of land, as suddenly therefore let us leap on shore, and there obserue what honor-able entertainement the City affords to their new Pretor, and what joyfull falutations to her noble Visitants.

The first Triumph on the Land.

THE Lord Maior, and Companies being landed, the first Device which is presenter to him on the shore, stands ready to receive him at the end of Pauls-Chayne, (on the south side the Church) and this it is.

A Sea-Chariot artificially made, proper for a God of the sea to sit in; shippes dancing round about it, with Dolphins and other great Fishes playing or lying at the foot of the same, is drawne by two Sea-horses.

Neptune.

In this Chariot sits Neptune, his head circled with a Coronet of siluer Scollup-shels, flucke with branches of Corall, and hung thick with ropes of pearle; becaufe such things as these are the treasures of the Deep, and are found in the Shels of fishes. In his hand he holds a siluer Trident, or Three-forked Mace, by which some Writers will have signified the three Natural qualities proper to Waters; as those of fountaines to bee of a delitious taffe, and Chrifalline colour: those of the Sea to bee faltiff and unplea-sant, and the colour fullen, and greeniff: And lastly, those of standing Lakes, neither sweet nor bitter, nor
cleere, nor cloudy, butal together vnuwholefome for the
taste, and loathfome to the eye. His roabe and mant
tle with other ornaments are correspondent to the
quality of his perfon; Buskins of pearle and cockle-
shels being wore vpon his legges. At the lower
part of this Chariot fit Mermaids, who for their
excellency in beauty, aboue any other creatures
belonging to the sea, are preferred to bee still in the
eye of Neptune.

At Neptunes foot fits Luna (the Moone) who beeing
gouerneffe of the sea, and all petty Flouds, as from
whose influence they receive their ebings and flow-
ings, challenges to herfelfe this honour, to haue rule
and command of thofe Horfes that draw the Chariot,
and therefore she holds their reynes in her hands.

She is atired in light roabes fitting her flate and
condition, with a fluer Crescent on her head, expressing
both her power and property.

The whole Chariot figuring in it selfe that vaft com-
paffe which the sea makes about the body of the earth:
whose Globall Rotundity is Hieroglyphically represented
by the wheele of the Chariot.

Before this Chariot ride foure Tryt ons, who are
seyned by poets to bee Trumpeters to Neptune, and
for that caufe make way before him, holding strange
Trumpets in their hands, which they found as they
passe along, their habits being Antike, and Sea-like,
andfitting vpon foure feuerrall fifies, vis. two Dolphins,
and two Mer-maids, which are not (after the old
procreation), begotten of painted cloath, and browne
paper, but are liuing beasts, so quently disguifed
like the natural fishes, of purpofe to auoyd the trouble
and peftering of Porters, who with much noyfe and
little conlineffe are evere yeare most vnneceffarily
impoyed.

The time being ripe when the scope of this Device is
to be deliuered, Neptunes breath goeth forth in thes
following Speeches.
London Triumphing.

Neptunes Speeches.

Whence breaks this warlike thunder of loud drummes,
(Clarions and Trumpets) whose shrill echo comes
Up to our Watery Court, and calories from thence
Vs and our Trytons! As if violence
Were to our Silver-footed Sister done
(Of Flouds the Queene) bright Thamefis, who does
runne

Twice every day to our bosome, and there hides    Ebbe
*Her wealth, whose Streame in liquid Christall    &
glides    Flow.

Guarded with troopes of Swannes! what does begat
These Thronges! this Confluence! why do voyces
beate

The Ayre with acclamations of applause,
Good wishes, Loue, and Praifes! what is't draws
All Faces this way! This way Rumor flyes,
Clapping her infinite wings, whose noyse the Skyes
From earth receive, with Musickal rebounding,
And strike the Seas with repercussive foundling.
Oh! now I see the cause: vanish vaine feares,
*His no danger feedes: for her head weares  Thamefis.
Crowns of Rich Triumphes, which This day puts on,
And in Thy Honor all these Rites are done.
Whose Name when Neptune heard, twas a strange
Spell,

Thus farre-up into th' Land to make him swell
Beyond his Bownds, and with his Sea-troopes wait
Thy with't arriuall to congratulate.
Goe therefore on, goe boldly: thou must faile
In rough Seas (now) of Rule: and every Gale
Will not perhaps befriend thee: But (how blacke
So ere the Skyes looke) dread not Thou a Wracke,
For when Integrity and Innocence fit
Steering the Helme, no Rocke the Ship can split.
Nor care the Whales (neuer fo great) their lawes
Should fretch to swallowe thee: Euyry good mans
cause

R 2
London Triumphing.

Is in all storms his Pilot: He that's found
To himselfe (in Conscience) here can run a-ground.
Which that thou mayst do, never looke on't still:
For (Spite of Fowle gusts) calmer Winds shall fill
Thy Sayles at last. And see they home have brought
A Ship which Bacchus (God of Wines) hath fraught
With richest Juice of Grapes, which thy Friends shall
Drinke off in Healths to this Great Festiall.
If any at Thy Happinesse repine
They knew but their Owne hearts, and touch not
Thine.

Let Bats and Skreech-Owles murmur at bright Day,
While Prayers of Good-men Guid Thee on the way.
Sound, old Oceanus Trumpeters, and lead on.

The Trytons then sounding, according to his com-
mand, Neptune in his Chariot passeth along before the
Lord Maior. The foure Windes (habilimented to
their quality, and hauing both Faces and Limbes pro-
portionable to their bluftring and boiforous con-
dition) drive forward that Ship of which Neptune
spake. And this concludes this first Triumph on the
Land.

These two Shewes passe on vntill they come into
Pauls-Church-yard, where flandes another Chariot:
the former Chariot of Neptune, with the Ship, beeing
conveyd into Cheap-side, this other then takes the
place; And this is the Device.

The second Land-Triumph.

It is the Throne of Vertue, gloriously adorned &
beautified with all things that are fit to expresse the
Seat of so noble and diuine a Person.

Upon the height, and most eminent place (as
worthieft to be exalted) sits Arde (Vertue) herselfe;
her temples shinning with a Diadem of starres, to shew
that her Deceit is onely from heauen: her roabes are
rich, her mantle white (figuring Innocency) and pow-
dread with starres of gold, as an Emblem that she puts
vpon Men, the garments of eternity.

Beneath Her, in distinct places, sit the Sciences, vis. Grammar, Rhetorike, Logike, Musicke, Arithmetike, Geometry, Astronomy.

Hauing thofe roomes allotted them, as being Mothers to all Trades, Professions, Mysteries and Societies, and the readieft guide to Vertue. Their habits are Light Roables, and Loofe (for Knowledge should be free.) On their heads they weare garlands of Roses, mixt with other flowers, whose sweet Snaes are arguments of their cleere and vnspotted thoughts, not corrupted with uice. Every one carrying in her hand, a Symbol, or Badge of that Learning which she proffeseth.

At the backe of this Chariot sit four Cupids, to signify that vertue is most honored when she is followed by Loue.

This Throne, or Chariot, is drawne by four Horfes, vpon the two formofte ride Time and Mercury: the firft, the Begetter and Bringer forth of all things in the world, the secon, the God of Wisedome and Eloquence. On the other two Horfes ride Desire and Industry; it being intimated hereby, that Tyme gies wings to Wisedome, and sharpenes it, Wisedome fets Desire a burning, to attaine to Vertue, and that Burning Desire begets Industry (earnestly to pursue her.) And all these (together) make men in Loue with Arts, Trades, Sciences, and Knowledge, which are the onely flaires and afcensions to the Throne of Vertue, and the onely glory and vpholdings of Cities. Time hath his wings, Glass, and Sythe, which cuts downe All.

Mercury hath his Caduceus, or Charming Rod, his fethered Hat, his Wings, and other properties fitting his condition, Desire caries a burning heart in her hand.

Industry is in the shape of an old Country-man, bearing on his shoulder a Spade, as the Emblem of Labour.

Before this Chariot, or Throne (as Guardians and
London Triumphing.

Proteflors to Virtue, to Arts, and to the rest; and as Assistants to Him who is Chief within the City for that year are mounted upon horseback twelve Persons (two by two) representing the twelve superior Companies, every one carrying upon his left arm a faire Shield with the arms in it of one of the twelve Companies, and in his right hand a lance with a light streamer or pendant on the top of it, and every horse led and attended by a Footman.

The Lord Mayor being approached to this Throne, Virtue thus salutes him.

The Speech of Arete (Virtue).

Here (worthy Pretor) say, and do Me grace,
(Who still have called thee Patron) In this place
To take from me heap'd welcomes, who combine
These peoples hearts in one, to make them thine.
Bright Virtues name thou know'st and heavenly birth,
And therefore (speying thee) down she leaped to earth
Whence vicious men had driven her: On her throne
The Liberall Arts waite: from whose breasts do runne
The milke of Knowledge: on which, Sciences feed,
Trades and Professions: And by Them, the feed
Of Ciuil, Popular Gouvernment, is sowne;
Which springing vp, toe l to what heigh his groune
In Thee and Thee is seen. And (to mainataine

The Aldermen.

This Greatnesse) Twelue strong Pillars it sustaine;
Upon whose Capitals, *Twelue Societies stand,
The twelue Companies.

Graue and well-ordred) bearing chiefe Command
Within this City, and (with Loue) thus reare
Thy fame, in free election, for this yeare.
All arm'd, to knit their Nerves (in One) with Thine,
To guard this new Troy: And, (that She may shine
In Thee, as Thou in Her) no Mifers say
Has bard the Gold vp; Light flies from the Day
Not of more free gift, than from them their Cost:
For whats now spar'd, that only they count Loof.
London Triumphant.

As then their Ioynd-hands lift Thee to thy Seate.
(Chaning thereby thy Name for one More Great),
Lord Maior.

And as this City, with her Loud, Full Voice,
(Drowning all spite that murmures at the Choice,
If at least such there be) does Thee preferre,
So art thou bound to love, both Them and Her.
For know, thou art not like a Pinnacle, plac'd
Onely to hand aloft, and to be gra'd
With wondering eyes, or to have caps and knees
Heape worhip on thee: for that Man does loose
Himselfe and his Renowne, whose growth being Hye
In the weale publicke like the Cypres tree)
Is neither good to Build-with, nor beare Fruit;
Thou must be now, Stirring, and Refolute.
To be what thou art Sworne, (a waking Eye)
Afarre off (like a Beacon) to defory
What formes are comming, and (being come) must then
Shelter with spread armes, the poorest Citizen.
Sit Plenty at thy Table, at thy Gate
Bounty, and Hospitality: he's most Ingrate
Into whose lap the Publick-weale having powr'd
Her Golden flow'rs, from Her his wealth should owrd.
Be like those Antient Spirits, that (long ago)
Could thinke no Good deed sooner than twas Don;
Others to pleasure. Hold it Thou more Glory,
Than to be pleas'd Thy Selfe. And be not sory
If Any Jirne (in best things) to exceed thee,
But glad, to helpe thy Wrongers, if they need thee.
Nor feare the flings of Enmy, nor the Thrates
Of her invenomd Arrows, which at the Seates
Of those Who Best Rule euermore are shot,
But the Air blows off their fethers, and they hit not,
Come therefore on, nor dread her, nor her Sprites,
The payson she spits up, on her owne Head lights.
On, on, away.

This Chariot or Throne of Vertue is then set for-
ward, and followes that of Neptune, this taking place
London Triumphant.

iust before the Lord Maior: And this concludes the second Triumphant shew.

The third Device.

The Third Device is a Forlorn Castle, built close to the little Conduit in Cheap-side, by which, as the Throne of Virtue comes neerer and neerer, there appeare aboue (on the battlements) Envy, as chiefe Commandresse of that infernal Place, and euery part of it guarded with perfons represtenting all those that are fellowes and followers of Envy: as Ignorance, Sloth, Oppression, Disdain, &c. Envy herselfe being attired like a Fury, her haire full of snakes, her countenance pallid, meagre and lean, her body naked, in her hand a knot of snakes, crawling and writhe about her arm.

The rest of her litter are in as vgly shapes as the dam, euery one of them beeing arm'd with black bowes, & arrows ready to bee shot at Virtue. At the gates of this Fort of Furies, stand Ryot and Calumny, in the shapes of Gyants, with clubs, who offer to keep back the Chariot of Virtue, and to flop her passage. All the rest likewise on the battlements offering to discharge their blacke Artillery at her: but she onely holding vp her bright shield, dazzles them, and confounds them; they all on a sudden shrinking in their heads, vntill the Chariot be past, and then all of them appearing againe: their arrows, which they shooe vp into the aire, breake there out in fire-works, as haung no power to do wrong to so sacred a Deity as Virtue.

This case of Monsters stands fixed to the Conduit, in which Envy onely breathes out her poyfon to this purpose.

The speech of Envy.

Envy. A
DDers shooe, hyffe speckled snakes;
Sloth craule up, see Oppression wakes;
(Baine to learning.) Ignorance,
London Triumphing. 249

Shake thy Aves eares, Disdaine, aduance
Thy head Luciferan: Ryot slit
Thy ribbes with curfes: Callumny spit
Thy rancke-rotten gall vp. See, See, See,
That witch, whose bottomlesse Sorcery
Makes fooles runne mad for her, that Hag
For whom your Dam pines, hangs out her flag
Our Den to ramfacke: Vertue, that whoore;
See, see, how braue shee's, I am poore.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of Vertue are fo bright,
They dazzle Enuy, on: the Hag's put to flight.

Enuy. Snakes, from your virulent spawne ingender
Dragons, that may preece-meale rend her:
Adders, shooe your flings like quilis
Of Porcupines (Stiffe); hot Aetnea hils,
Vomit sulphure to confound her,
Fiends and Furies (that dwell vnnder)
Lift hell gates from their hindges: come
You cloven-footed broode of Barrathrum,
Stop, slay her, fright her with your shreekes,
And put fresh blood in Enues cheekees.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of Vertue are fo bright,
They dazle Enuy: the Hag's put to flight.

Omnes. Shooe, shooe, &c. All that are with Enuy.

Either during this speech, or else when it is done,
certain Rockets flye vp into the aire; the Throne of
Vertue paffing on still, neuer staying, but ppeaking still
thofe her two laft lines, albeit, shee bee out of the
hearing of Enuy: and the other of Enues Faction
crying still, shooe, shooe, but feeing they preuaile not,
all retire in, and are not seene till the Throne comes
backe againe.

And this concludes this Triumphant assault of Enuy:
er conquest is to come.

The fourth Deuise.

His Throne of Vertue pafleth along vntill it comes
to the Croffe in Cheape, where the presentation of
another Triumph attends to welcome the Lord Mayor in his passage; the Chariot of Virtue is drawne then along, this other that followes taking her place, the Deuice bearing this Argument.

Virtue having by helpe of her followers, conducted the Lord Mayor safely, euen, as it were, through the iaways of Envy and all her Monsters: the next, and highest honour thee can bring him to, is to make him arriue at the house of Fame, and that is this Pageant. In the upper seat sits Fame crowned in rich attire, a Trumpet in her hand, &c. In other feuerall places sit Kings, Princes, and Noble persones, who haue bene free of the Merchant-tailors: A particular roome being refereed for one that represents the person of Henry the now Prince of Wales.

The onely speacker here is Fame her self, whose wordes found out these glad welcomes.

The speech of Fame.

Welcome to Fames high Temple: here fix fast
Thy footing; for the ways which thou hast past
Will be forgot and wonne out; and no Traet
Of steps obferu'd, but what thou now shalt Act.
The booke is shut of thy precedent deeds,
And Fame vnclaspes another, where thee reades
(Aloud) the Chronicle of a dangerous yeare,
For Each Eye will looke through thee, and Each Eare
Way-lay thy wordes and workes. Th' haft yet but gon
About a Pyramid's foote; the top's not won,
That's glassie; who slides there, fals, and once falne
downe,
Neuer more rifes: no art cures renowne,
The wound being sent to th' heart. 'Tis kept from thence
By a strong armor, Virtues influence;
She guides thee, follow her. In this Court of Fame
None else but Virtue can enrol thy name.
London Triumphing.

Erect thou then a serious eye, and looke
What worthies fill vp Fames voluminous booke,
That now (thine owne name read there) none may
blot
Thy leafe with foule inke, nor thy margent quoate
With any act of thine, which may disgrace
This Cittie's choice, thy selfe, or this thy place:
Or that which may dishonour the high Merits
Of thy renown'd societie: roiall spirits
Of Princes holding it a grace to weare
That crimon badge, which these about them beare,
Yea, Kings themselues 'mongst you haue fellowes
bene,
Stil'd by the name of a free-citizen:
For inlsance, see, feuen English Kings there plac'd,
Cloth'd in your liuery, the first seat being grac'd
By second Richard: next him *Bullingbrooke:

Henry the 4.

Then that Fift (thundring) Henry, who all France
shook:
By him, his sone (sixth Henry) by his side
Fourth Edward, who the Roses did diuide:
Richard the third next him: and then that King
Who made both Roses in one branch to spring:
A sprig of which branch (higheft now but one)
Is Henry Prince of Wales, followed by none:
Who of this brotherhood, last and beft steps forth,
Honouring your Hall: to heighten more your worth.
I can a register show of feuenteene more
(Princes and Dukes all): entombed long before,
Yet kept alie by Fame; Earles thirty-one,
And Barons fifty-six that path haue gone:
Of Vicounts onely one your order tooke:
Turne ouer one leafe more in our valt booke,
And you may reade the names of prelates there,
Of which one Arch-bishop your cloth did weare.
And Bythops twenty-four: of Abbots feuen
As many Priors, to make the number euen:
Of forty Church-men, I one sub-prior adde,
You from all thee, thee from you honour had.
Women of high blood likewise laid aside
Their greater state so to be dignified:
Of which a Queen the first was, then a pair
Of Duke's wives: and, to leave the roll more faire,
Five Countesses and two Ladies are the last,
Whose birth and beauties have your order graced.
But I too long spin out this thread of gold;
Here breaks it off. Fame hath them all en-rolled
On a large file (with Others), And their glory
The world shall read, to add to thy glory,
Which I am loath to darken: thousand eyes
Yet asking till they enjoy thee: win then that prize
Which Virtue holds vp for thee, And (that done),
Fame shall the end crown, as she hath begun.
Set forward.

Those Princes and Dukes (besides Kings nominated before) are these.
John Duke of Lancaster.
Edmund Duke of York.
The Duke of Gloster.
The Duke of Surrey.
Humfray Duke of Gloster.
George D. of Clarence.
Duke of Suffolk.
John D. of Norfolke.
George D. of Bedford.
Edward D. of Buckingham, In the time of Henry
the 7. with others, whose Rol is too long here to be opened.
The Queen spoken of, was Anne, wife to Richard
the 2. Duke's wives these, viz:
The Duchess of Gloster. In the time of Richard the 2.
Elionor Duchess of Gloster. In the time of H. the 5.
London Triumfing.

Now for Prelates I reckon onely these,
The Prior of Saint Bartholomewes.
And his Sub-Prior.
The Prior of Elsinge-spittle.
Thomas Arundell, Arch-bishop of Canterbury.
Henry Bewfort, Bishop of Winton.
The Abbot of Barmondsey.
The Abbot of Towrhill.
Philip Morgan, Bishop of Worflet.
The Abbot of Tower-hill.
The Prior of Saint Mary Query.
The Prior of Saint Trinity in Cree-Church.
The Abbot and Prior of Westminister.
Kemp Bishop of London.
W. Wainsfete, B. of Winchefer.
George Neuill, Bishop of Winchefer, and Chauncelor
of England.
John May, Abbot of Chertfay.
Laurence, Bishop of Durham.
John Ruffell, Bishop of Rochester.

If I should lengthen this number, it were but to
trouble you with a large index of names onely, which
I am loath to do, knowing your expectation is to be
otherwise feast'd.

The speech of Fame therefore being ended, as 'tis
set downe before, this Temple of her's takes place next
before the Lord Maior, thote of Neptune and Virtue
marching in precedent order. And as this Temple is
carryed along, a song is heard, the musick being
quently conuayed in a priuate roome, and not a per-
son discouered.

THE SONG.

H
Onor, eldest child of Fame,
Thou farre older then thy name,
London Triumphant.

Waken with my song, and see
One of thine, here waiting thee.

Sleepe not now,
But thy brow,

Chant with Oliues, Oke, and Baies
And an age of happy dayes

Upward bring,
Whilst we sing

In a Chorus altogether,
Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Longing round about him stay,
Eyes, to make another day,
Able with their vertuous light,
Utterly to banish night.

All agree,
This is hee,

Full of bounty, honour, store,
And a world of goodness more

Yet to spring
Whilst we sing

In a Chorus altogether,
Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Envy, angry with the dead,
Far from this place hide thy head;
And Opinion, that nere knew
What was either good or true;

Fly, I say,
For this day

Shall faire Justice, Truth, and Right,
And such happy foyres of Light,

To us bring,
Whilst we sing

In a Chorus altogether,
Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.
London Triumphant.

Goe on nobly, may thy name,
Be as old and good as name,
Euer be remembred here,
Whilst a bleffing, or a teare

Is in flore,
With the pore,

So shall Swinerton nere dye,
But his vertues vpward flye,

And still spiring,
Whilft we sing,

In a Chorus ceasing neuer,
He is liuing, liuing euer.

And this concludes this fourth Triumph, till his lordships returne from the Guild-hall.

In returning backe from the Guild-hall, to performe the ceremoniapl customes in Pauls Church, these shewes march in the same order as before; and coming with the Throne of Virtue, Enuy and her crue are as busie again, Enuvie uttering some three or foure lines at the end of her speech onely: As thus:

Enuy.  
F Iends and furies, that dwell vnnder,
Lift hell-gates from their hindges: come,
You clouen-footed brood of Barathrums,
Stop, flony her, fright her with your threekes,
And put fresh blood in Enuye checkes.

Virtue.  
On, on, the beames of Virtue are so bright,
They dazzle Enuy; on, the Hag's put to flight.

This done, or as it is in doing, those twelue that ride armed discharge their pistols, at which Enuy and the rest vanish, and are seene no more.

When the Lord Maior is (with all the rest of their Triumphs), brought home, Fustice (for a fare-well) is mounted on some covenient scaffold close to his entrance at his gate, who thus salutes him:—
London Triumphing.

The speech of Justice.

My this-dayes sworne-protector, welcome home,  
If Justice speake not now, be she euer dumbe :  
The world glues out shee's blinde; but men shall see  
Her light is cleere, by influence drawne from thee.  
For one-yeare therefore, at these gates thee'll fit,  
To guid thee in and out : thou shalt commit  
(If thee stand by thee) not one touch of wrong :  
And though I know thy widsome built up strong,  
Yet men (like great ships) being in storms, moft  
neeere  
To danger, when vp their failes they beare.  
And since all Magistrates tread still on yce,  
From mine owne schoole I read thee this aduice :  
Do good for no mans sake (now) but thine owne,  
Take leaue of friends and foes, both must be knowne  
But by one face : the rich and poore must lye  
In one euen scale : all suiter, in thine eye,  
Welcome alike ; euene hee that seemes moft base,  
Looke not vpon his clothes, but on his cafe.  
Let not Oppression wash his hands i’ th' teares  
Of widowes, or of orphans : widowes prayers  
Can pluck downe thunder, and poore orphans cries  
Are lawrels held in fire ; the violence flyes  
Vp to Heauen-gates, and there the wrong does tell,  
Whilft Innocence leaues behind it a sweet smell.  
Thy Conscience must be like that scarlet dye ;  
One fowle spot flaines it all : and the quick eye  
Of this prying world, will make that spot thy fcorne.  
That Collar (which about thy necke is worn)  
Of Golden Esses, bids thee so to knit  
Mens hearts in loue, and make a chayne of it.  
That sword is feldome drawne, by which is meant,  
It shoulde strike seldom : neuer th' innocent.  
'Tis held before thee by anothers hand,  
But the point vpwards (heauen muft that command)  
Snatch it not then in wrath ; it muft be guien,  
But to cut none, till warranted by Heauen.
London Triumphant. 257

The head, the politicke body must aduance
For which thou haft the cap of maintenance,
And since the most iust magistrat often erres,
Thou guarded art about with officers,
Who knowing the pathes of others that are gone,
Should teach thee what to do, what leaue undone.
Nights candles lighted are, and burne amaine,
Cutt therefore here off thy officious traine,
Which Love and Custome lend thee; all delight
Crowne both this day and Citty: a good night
To thee, and these graue senators, to whom
My last fare-wels in thesee glad wifes come,
That thou and they, (whose strengthe the City beares),
May be as old in goodnesse as in yeares.

The Title-page of this Booke makes promise of all
the shewes by water, as of thesee on the land; but
Apollo hauing no hand in them, I suffer them to dye
by that which fed them; that is to say, powder and
smoake. Their thunder (according to the old gally-
syll-fash:ion), was too lowd for any of the Nine Muses
to be bidden to it. I had deviz'd one altogether musi-
call, but Time's glasse could spare no fand, nor lend
convenient howres for the performance of it. Night
cuts off the glory of this day, and so consequently of
thesee triumphes, whose brightnesse being eclipsed,
my labours can yeeld no longer fliadow. They are
ended, but my loue and duty to your Lordship shall
never.

Non disspicuiisse meretur,
Festinat (Prator) Qui placuisset tibi.

FINIS.
IF

IT BE NOT GOOD,
The Diuel is in it.

A

Newe Play,

AS IT HATH BIN

lately Acted, with great
applause, by the Queenes Maiesties
Seruants: At the Red Bull.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

Fletere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouedo.

LONDON,

Printed for I. T. And are to be sold by Edward Marchant,
at his shop against the Croffe in Pauls
Church-yard. 1612.
TO MY LOVING,
AND LOVED FRIENDS
and fellowes, the Queenes
Maiesties servants.

Knowledge and Reward dwell far a-funder. Greatnes lie once betwene them. But (in his head) Courte-
cousness now. And ill neighbour, a bad Benefactor, no pay maister to Poets. By This Hard-Houskeeping,
(or rather, Shutting vp of Liberalities Door.)

Merit goes a Begging, & Learning starues. Books, had want to have Patrons, and (now.) Patron has Books. The Smiit hat is Lighted, consumes That which Feels it. A Signe, the World hath an ill Eare, when no Musick is good, vnes it Strikes vp for Nothing. I haue Sung so, but wil no more. A Hue-and Cry follow, his Wit, that sleeps, when sweete Tunes are founding. But tis now the Fashion. Lords, look wel: Knights, Thank well; Gentleman, promise well; Citizens, Take well; Gullers, Stewarts well; but None, Give well, I leave therefor All, for You: And All (that This can be) to You. Not in hope to Have; but in Recognition of What I Have (as I think) Already (your Lones.)

Acknowledgement is part of payment sometimes, but it neither is, nor shall be (betwene you and me) a Canceling. I haue cast mine eye vpon many, but find none more fit, none more worthy, to Patronise this, than you, who have Protected it. Your Cost, Counsell, and Labour, had bin ill spen, if a Second shoule by my hand snatch from you This Glory. No: When Fortune (in her blinde pride) fet her foote vpon This imperfect Building, (as scorn-
ing the Foundation and Workmanship:) you, gently rized it vp
The Epistle Dedicatory.

(on the same Columnae,) the Proverie is once only a little more Garnished: To you therefore deferentially, Whole Prame is the consecrated: For I durst swear, if Witches and Curst could have become Witches, the necke of this Harmes Disclad had long ago bin broken.

But I am glad that Ignorance (so insolent for being flattered) is now stript naked, and her deformities discovered: And more glad, that Ensue sits maddingly gnawing her owne Snakes, whose Stings she had armed to strike Others. Fools let her so still. So, still let the Other be laughed at. Whilst I (pitying the One, and not Dreading the Other,) send these my Witches flying into your Belfomes; That the God of Poets, may never pelt your Stage with a Cenchius, nor a Senius, (Males, Eminent in nothing but in Long Ears, in Kicking and in Braging out Columnes,) upon whose Curner may be aptly pind, That Morall of poore Omnis making Ropes in Hll, whilst an Afe stands by, and (as he twits,) bites them in funder. But if His Verifying Deity, sends you Any, I wish they may be such, as are worthy to fit, At the Table of the Sun. None els.

I with a Faire and Fortunate Day to your Next Ne-e Play of the Makers sake and your Owns,) because such Brave Triumphes of Poetie, and Elaborate Industry, which my Worthy Friends Muse hath there set forth, derue a Theater full of very Muses themselves to be Spectators. To that Faire Day I with a Fulk, Free, and Knowing Auditor. And to that Full Audience, One Honest Door-keeper. So, Farewell.

Yours Tho: Dekker.
Prologue.

Would 'twere a Custome that at all New-playes
The Makers sat o’th Stage, either with Bayer
To have their Workes Crown’d, or beate in with
Hissing,

Pied and bold Idoles, durt not then sit Kissing
A Muses cheeke: Shame would bafe Changelings weane,
From Sucking the mellifluous Hypocras:
Who write as blind-men shoote, (by Hap, not Ayme,)
So, Fools by lucky Throwing oft win the Game.
Phaebus has many Baslards, True Sones fewe,
I meane of those, whose quicke cleare eyes can viewe
Poet’s pure Essence, It being to divine
That the Suns Fires, (even when they brightest shine)
Or Lightning, when most subtilly howe does spend it.
May as soone be approchd, weyed, touchd, or comprehended.

But tis with Poets now, as tis with Nations,
Thil-fauourdft Vices, are the braueft Fashions.
A Play whose Rudenes, Indians would abhorre, —
Itt ill a howe with Fifhwise, Rare, They All Roare.
It is not Praife is sought for (Now) but Pence,
The drop, from Grease-apron Audience.
Clapd may he bee with Thunder, that plucks Bayes,
With such Foule Hands, & with Squint-Eyes does gaze

On Pallas Shield; not caring (fo hee Gaines,
A Crand Third-Day, what Filth drops from his Brains.
Let Those that loue Pans pipe, daunce still to Pan,
They shall but get long Eares by it: Give me That Man,
The Prologue.

Who when the Plague of an Impollumd Braynes
(Breaking out) infects a Theater, and hotly raignes,
Killing the Hearers hearts, that the vaft roomes
Stand empty, like so many Dead-men's toombes,
Can call the Banijh'd Auditor home, And tye
His Eare (with golden chaines) to his Melody:
Can draw with Adamantine Pen (even creatures
Forg'de out of th'Hammer, on tiptoe, to Reach vp,
And (from Rare silence) clap their Brawny hands,
T' Applaud, what their charm'd foule scarce vnder-
flands.

That Man giue mee ; whose Brest fill'd by the Mufes,
With Raptures, Into a second, them infuses:
Can giue an Actor, Sorrow, Rage, Ioy, Paffion,
Whilft hee againe (by selfe-fame Agitation)
Commands the Hearers, sometimes drawing out
Tears,

Then smiles, and fills them both with Hopes & Feares.
That Man giue mee: And to bee such-a-One,
Our Poet (this day) fliues, or to bee None:
Lend not (Him) hands for Pittie, but for Merit,
If hee Plead, hee's Crownd, if Not, his Fate must beare
it.
IF THIS BE NOT
A GOOD PLAY, THE
DIVELL IS IN IT.

Enter (at the sound of hellish musick,) Pluto, and
Charon.

Plu. H A!
Cha. So.
Plu. What so.
Cha. Ile be thy flauke no longer.
Plu. What flauke?
Cha. Hels drudge, her Gally-flauke. I ha' wore
My flesh toth' bones, bones marrowles, at the Oare
Tugging to waft to' thy Stygian empire, Soules,
Which (but for Charon) neuer had come in Sholes,
Yet (swarmde they nere so) them on shore I set,
Hell gets by Charon, what does Charon get?
Plu. His Fare.
Cha. Scuruy fare, ile firft cry garlick.
Plu. Doe:
And make hel flinck, as that does hither.
Cha. If I doe
If this be not a good Play,

Some like that smell, my boate to shore ile pull;
Not worke a stroake more.

Plu. How?
Cha. Not touch a Scull.
Plu. Why?
Cha. I ha' no doing. Granes-end-barge has more,
And caries as good as any are in hell;
I feare th' infernall riuers are frozen o're
So few by water come: els the whores that dwell
Next dore to hell, goe about: besides, tis thought,
That men to find hell, now, new waies haue fought,
As Spaniards did to the Indies. Pluto, mend
My wages, or row thy selfe.

Plu. Vgly, grumbling flawe,
Haue I not raiside thy price? yet still do'ft craue?
Such bold braue beggers (heard off ner'e before,
Are thy fares now, they teach thee to beg more.
Thy fare was (first) a halfe-peny, then the soules gaue thee
A peny, then three-halfe-pence, we shall haue thee
(As market-folkes on darth,) fo damned deere,
Men will not come to hell, crying out th'are heere
Worfe racke then th'are in tauernes: why doest howle for mony!

Cha. For mony: Ile haue i.j.d. for each foue
I ferry ouer; I'me old, craz'd, Stiffe, and lam'de,
That foule thats not worth i.j.d. wou'd twere damb'd.

Plu. Thou shalt not.
Cha. I will haue it, or lye still,
If Charon fill hell, hell shall Charon fill:
For Ghosts now come not thronging to my boate,
But drop by one and one in; none of note
Are fares now: I had wont braue fellowes to ply,
Who, (hack't and mangled) did in battailes dye.
But now these gallants which doe walke hells
Rowndes,
Are fuller of diseas, than of wounds.
If wounded any take my boate, they roare,
the Diuell is in it.

Being flabd, either drunke, or slaine about some whores.
Thats all the fight now.

Prod. Charon.  Within.
Plu. Get thee gon:
That call'd for.

Prod: Charon.
Cha. Ball not. Ile come anon.
Haggis of hell gnaw thee with their fowle sord,
gummes.
Plu. Pluto, no wonder if so few hither comes?
Cha. Why:
Gingerly: See See,
One of thine owne profiteers, (with hawkes eyes,)
That shoud for prey be watching) here noring yyes.
Plu. With a mischiefe cabind a fury,
Char. Ile Ferret out more.

Ruffman comes vp, Furie Enters.

Cha. Another: looke: dancing a bawde on's knee.

Enter Shackle-foule comes vp.

Shack. I doe enquire if rich bawdes Carted bee.
On earth as well as poore ones: I sleepe not Pluto.
Plu. Twift stronger-knotted whips, Ile wake you
(flaues !)
Cha. Two of thy Summers dead-drunke here too.
Lur. Thou lyest.
Charon.

Lurchall and another Spirit comes vp.

Cha. I come: If I must worke, let these
Thy Prentices, plye their occupation,
T'vphold hells Kingdome, more must worke then one.
Exit.

Plu. Ha; Are there whipping-posts for such as dwell
If this be not a good Play,

In Idlenes on Earth, and yet shall Hell
(As if wee tooke bribes here too,) let such passe!
Ile haue you tawde: Is not the world as t'was!
Once mother of Rapes, Incests, and Sodomies,
Atheisme, and Blasphemies, plump Boyes indeed.
That fuck'd (our Dams breft) is shee now barren!

Ha!

Is there a dearth of villaines!

Omn. More now then euermore?

Plu. Is there such penurie of man-kinde Hell-houndes?

You can lye skinning.

Ruff. Each Land is full of Rake-hells.

Shac. But sholes of Sharkes eate vp the Fish at Sea.

Lur. Braue pitchy villaines there.

Plu. Yet you playing here.

Omn. No, No; most awefull Pluto.

Plu. Were you good Hell-hounds, euery day should bee

A Symon-and-Jude, to crowne our bord with Feasts
A blacke-eaye soules each minute: were you honest diuels

Each officer in hell shoulde haue at least,
A brace of whores to his break-fast: aboue vs dwell,
Diuells brauer and more subtill then in Hell.

Omn. Weele fill thy pallace with them.

Plu. Ile trye that: goe:

Rufman, take instantly a Courtiers shape
Of any country: chooze thine owne disguize
And returne swiftly.

Ruf. Yes.

Plu. Shackle-soule weare thou

A Friers graue habit.

Shac. Well.

Plu. Grumshall walke thou

In trebble-ruffes like a Merchant.

Lur. So: tis don.

Plu. The barres of our latigious Courts had wont
To crack with thronging pleaders, whose lowde din
Shooke the infernall hell, as if’t had bin
An earth-quake burfting from the deepe Abisfe,
Or els loues thunder, throwne at the head of Dis
(The God of gold,) for hiding it below,
Thereby to tempt chorles hither. Nor did we know
What a Vacation ment: continuall terme
Fattend hels Lawyers, and shall so againe.

Enter Rufman, Shackle-foule and Lurchall.

Ruf. Here.
Shac. Here.
Lur. Command vs.
Plu. Fly into the world:
As y’are in shapes transformde be fo in name,
For men are out-sides onely: be you the fame;
Hye thee to Naples, (Rufman,) thou shalt finde
A Prince there (newly crownde,) aptly inclinde
To any bendings; leaft his youthfull browes
Reach at Stars only, wey down his loftiest boughes
With leaden plomets, poifon his best thoughts with
tafl
Of things most senfual: if the heart once waft
The body feelles consumption; good or bad kings
Breede Sultiecs like them: cleere streames flow from
cleere springs.
Turne therefore Naples to a puddle: with a cuill
Much promising face, and well oylde play the court
duell.

Ruf. He doo’t in brauery: if as deepe ashell,
Thy large eares heare a Land curfe me, my part’s
playd well.
Plu. Fly Shackle-foule.
Shac. Whither?
Plu. To the Frery,
Bell-famde in Naples for striet orders: throw
What nets thou seeft can catch them: Amongst
’em sow
If this be not a good Play

Seedes of contention, or what euer sin
They most abhor, sweate thou to bring that in.
   Shac. A wolfe in lambe skin leapes into the rout,
Bell, booke, or candle cannot curfe me out;
Ile curfe faster than they.
   Plu. Doe: Grumble.
   Lur. Here.
   Plu. Be thou a cittie-duiell, make thy hands
Of Harpyes clawes, which being on courtiers lands
Once faftend, ne're let loose, the Merchant play,
And on the Burf, see thou thy flag difplay.
Of politicke banck-ruptifme: traine vp as many
To fight vnder it, as thou canft, for now's not any
That breake, (theile breake their necks firft) if, beside
Thou canft not through the whole citie meete with pride,
Riot, lechery, enuy, Auarice, and such fuffe,
Bring 'em all in coach'd, the gates are wide enough.
The spirit of gold instruct thee: hence all.
   Omn. Fly.
   Plu. Stay, lest you should want helpers at your calling
Any duiels shall come, (Starch hound, Tobacco spawning,
Vpshotten, Suckland, Glitterbacke, or any
Whom you shall neede to impoy, but call not many,
Theirs but few good in hell. And stay, remember
We all meete to heare how you prosper.
   Omn. Where?
   Plu. The Tree
Blasted with Goblins, that about whose roote
5. Mandrakes growe, i'th Groue by Naples there,
Meete there.
   Omn. Wee shall.
   Plu. Our blessings with you beare.
   Ruff. Dread King of Ghosts, weele plye our thrift so well,
Thou shalt be forced to enlarge thy Iayle of Hell.
   Plu. Be quicke th'at best, let lawcy mortals know,
the Diuell is in it.

How ere they sleepe, there's one wakes here below.

Exit.

¶

Enter Alphonso (King of Naples) Crowne, wearing Robes Imperiall, Swords of State, Maces, &c., being borne before him, by Octavio Aftolfo, (2. vnckles) Narciflo, Iouinelli, Briuco, (Counts with others, Counte Spendola meeting them).

Spen. One of those gallant Troupes went forth to meete
Your admirde Mistresse (Erminthild the faire)
Hath left your Conuoy with her on the way.

K. And brings glad newes of her being here (this day)
Let Canons tell in Thunder her Arriuall,
Flourisht When thee's at hand our selfe will meete her.

Omn. On.

Hoe takes his Seate; All kneele.

K. Praye rise; vntill about our browes were thrown,
These sparkling beames, such adoration
Was not bestowed on vs: whom does the knee
Thus louely worship* this Idol, (Gold) or mee*.
Indeed tis the worlds Saynt, if that you adore,
Goe, praye to vs coffers. None to vs shall bow,
Glue God your knees.

Oft. Whose owne voice does allow
That Subjectes shoule to those who are Supreme,
Bend, as to God, (all Kings being like to him)
Aft. Thou wonder of thy time, Ie pay no more
To thee of dutie than has bene before
And euer shall be payd to those fit Hye.

K. Praye mocke not mee with such Idolatry,
Kings, Gods are, (I confesse) but Gods of clay,
Brittle as you are, you as good as they,
272 If this be not a good Play,

Onely in weight they differ, (this poore dram)
Yet all but fleshe and bloud; And such I am.
If such, pray let mee eate, drinke, speake, and walke,
Not look'd cleane through, with superflitious eyes,
(Not star'de at like a Comet.) As you goe
Or speake, or feede (vn wondered at) let mee so.

Oft. Not Kings of Ceremonie.

K. Vnclce what then!

Still are they Kings.

Oft. But shew like common men.

K. Good vnclce know, no Sunne in this our

Spheare,
Shall rule but Wee, let others shine as cleare,
In goodnes, None in greatnes shall.

Aft. Blest raigne!

The Golden worlde is molding new againe.

K. All that I craue is this, and tis not newe,
Pay ynto Cæsar onely Cæsars due.

Oft. We owe thee loyall hearts, and thosse weele

pay,

Each minute (Mirror of Kings.)

Iou. Marke, the olde Lords promise their hearts,

but no money.

Oft. Here are the names of bold conspirators,
(Yong Catilines, and farre more desperate)
Who in your Fathers dayes kindled the fires
Of hote Rebellion.

K. Which are now burnt out.

Oft. Who knowes that? embers in dead Ashes

lye.

King, Set thy hand to this let Traytors dye.

Aft. Tis fit you should doe fo.

Oft. Sound Pollicie.

K. Men many things hold fit, that are not good,
A yong Beginner and fet vp in blood!
(Butchers can doe no more.) Shall Recordes say
Being Crownde, he playd the Tyran the first day,
How shoulde that Chronicler be curf'd? your paper.
When fuch a fatall booke comes in my fight,
the Diuell is in it.

Ile with Vespasian with I could not write,
Their bond is cancel'd. I forgive the debt,
See that at liberty, they all be set.

Off. If wisely 'tis well done.
Spens. That raigne must bo't, which mercy has
begun.
K. Beare witnes all, what pace the Chariot
wheelers
Of our new guidel Soueraignty shall run.

Ruf. A mayne gallop I hope.
K. And here I vow to end as 'tis begun.
Afr. Heauen fill thee full of dayes, but (being all
told)
Ending no worfe, their summe weele write in gold.
Off. The course youle take deere Lord.
K. This : pray obeerue it.

Iou. Call you this Coronation day! would I were
ith freetes where the conduites run claret wine, there's
some good fellowship.

Off. Peace.
K. Each weeke within the yeere shall be a booke
Which each day ile reade o're : I well may doe't,
The booke being but six leaves (six dayes,) the
feuenth
Be his that owes it; Sacred is that and yhe;
And who prophanes one houre in that, shall dye.

Spens. How manie wilbe left aliue then this day
fortnight?
Off. Firfl, beate all Tauernes downe then, Soules
are lost
(Being drownde in Surfets) on that feuenth day moft.
Stay (best of Kings) mine owne hand shall set downe
What lawes thou mad'ft firfl day thou wor'ft a
Crowne.

Begin, begin thy weeke.
K. Write Monday.
Off. So fo,-Monday.
If this be not a good Play,

Jou. They say Monday's Shoemakers holli-day,
     Ile fall to that trade.
Of?. I haue writ it downe my liege.
Jou. Peace, harken to your lesion.
K. That day, from morne till night, Ile execute
    The office of a Judge, and wey out lawes
    With euen scales.
Jou. Thats more than grocers doe.
K. The poore and rich mans caufe
Ile poize alike: It shall be my chiefe care
That bribes and wrangling be pitch'd o're the barre.
Jou. We shall haue old breaking of neckes then.
K. Downe with that first.
Of?. O for a pen of gold!
Youle haue no bribes.
K. None.
Of?. Yet terme-time all the yeere!
A good strong law-suit cannot now cost deere.
K. Haue you done?
Of?. I'm at bribes, and wrangling done pre-
    fently.
Nar. We must all tume pettifoggers, and in stead
    of gilt rapiers, hang buckram bags at our girdles.
Jou. All my clients, shalbe women.
Sten. Why?
Jou. Because they are easi'est fetched ouer: there's
    something to be gotten out of them.
Of?. Thy monday's taske is done: what's next?
Jou. Sunday if the weeke goes backward.
King. Tuesdays we'le fit to heare the poore-
    man's cryes,
Orphans and widowes: our owne princely eyes
Shall their petitions reade: our progresse then
Shal be to hospitalls which good minded men
Haue built to pious vfe, for lame, sicke, and poore
Weele see what's giuen, what spent, and what flowes
    or e
Churles (with Gods mony) shall not feast, sfil wine,
And fat their rancke gutts whilest poore wretches pine.

Iou. This is a braue world for beggers, if it hold.

Off. Poore wretches pine, So are they left: to'th next.

Kin. Wednesdaiies weele spend—

Iou. In fift dinners.

Kin. In th' affaires

Of farren flates, treate with embassadors,
Heare them and giue them anfweres. Thurday, for warres.

Iou. That's well: better be together by th' eares,
then to goo halting to hospitalls.

Kin. Our Neapolitan youths (that day) shall try
Their skill in armes, poore scorneed Soldiers
Shall not be suffer'd beg here (as in some landes)
Nor floupe flawe-like to Captaines proud commands,
Starue, and lie naftie, when the felfe-fame pay,
The Souldier fights for, keepes the Leaders gay.
Nor shal he through ice and fire make gray his head,
Weare out new Moones, onely to earne his bread,
Wade vp to'th beard in torrentts; and be drownd
All faye the head; march hard to mete a wound
I'th very face, and even his heart-flings cracke,
To win a towne, yet not to cloath his backe:
And the blacke florne of troubles being gon,
Shund like a creditor, not looked vpon,
But as court-pallats (when bright day drawes nye)
Rold vp in some darke corner is throwne by.

Vncle write that.

Off. Fasst as my pen can trot.

Spen. What a number of tottred roagues wilbe turn'd into braue fellowes a this new change of the moone.

Iou. The brauer they are, the sooner are mercers vndon.

Off. Souldiers are downe too.

Kin. Downe with Learning next.
If this be not a good Play,
For friday shalbe spent it’th reuerend Schooles,
Where weele sitt branne from floure, (hisse babling
fooles,
But crowne the deepe-braind disputant) none shall
hold
Three or four Church-liuings (got by Symonious
gold)
In them to fat himselfe as in a flye,
When greater Schollers languish in beggery:
And in thin thred-bare caslacks weare out their age,
And bury their worth in some by vicorage:
This weele see mended.

Enter Iouenella.

Jou. Tyth pigges youl’e smoake for this.

Kin. So set it downe.

Otf. Schollers languish in beggery—So:

Thy fridas law is writ; for Satterday, what?

King. I mary sir, All our cares now for that.
Well to begin, and not end fo were bafe,
The winning of the gole crownes each mans race.

Narcisfo stepping in before in the Scene, Enters here.

Nar. Sir, theres a stranger newly ariu’d your
court,
And much importunes to behold your Highnes.

Kin. What is he?

Nar. Of goodly prefence.

Kin. Let him see vs.

Rufman brought in by all.

Ruff. The powers that guide me, guard thee, I
haue heard thy name
In regions far hence, where it does refound
Lowder than here at home; to touch this ground
I ha pass’d through countries, into which none here
the Diuell is in it.

Would willingly fail I thinke, and with me bring,
My loue and seruice, which to your grace I tender.

**K.** What are you, and whence come you?

**Ruff.** From Helvetia.

**Spen.** What hell says hee?

**Iou.** Peace you shall know hot hell time enough.

**Ruff.** I am an Heluetian borne, the house from
which I am descended, ancient and well knowne to
many princes: Bohor is my name.

**Iou.** Zounds! Bohor! has struck two of my teeth
out with his name;

**Ruff.** A Shalcan Tartar being my grandfather
Men call me Shalkan Bohor. About the world
My travailes make a girdle (perfect round:)
So that, what wonders Kings on earth euer found
I know, and what I know, Is yours.

**K.** Braue Heluetian,
We giue you thankes and welcome: your arriuall
Is faire and to our wifh, of all this dayes.
Which Time sets downe, to number vp a weke,
Every day haue we tasked; safe only one,
How in these courts of Kings (through which you
haue gon,)
Doe Princes waft their howres?

**Ruff.** How but in that,
For which they are borne Kings! (Pleasure:) euer
man's ayme,
Is to hit pleasure: onely tis changde in name,
That's all the difference; Are Kings Tirants? Blood
Is then their pleasure: thirst they after warres!
Ambition tickles them: that for which man most
cares,
Good or bad, tis his pleasure, and to gaine it,
His soule must compass it, tho hell restraine it:
To this marke all mens thoughts, Creation drew,
That all might strue for a thing, thats got by fewe:
Who are those few but Kings? and tis fit they
Should haue it, because true pleasure does foone de-
cay.
If this be not a good Play,

K. How like you his counsell?

Omn. Rarely.

Ofl. What ruffians this!

K. Bohor tha’ft warm’d our yong blood; Al cares
of state,
Shall that day sleepe, to our selfe weele Saterday
haue,

Pleasure (the slaue of Kings shall then be our slaue,
Lords let there be a proclamation drawne,
What man foauer (strange or natie bome),
Can feaft our spleene, and heighthen our delight,
He shall haue gold and be our favorite.
Tilts, turneys, masques, playes, dauncing, drinking
deepe
Tho ere noone all Naples lye dead-drunk a sleepe.

Ofl. How King?

Kin. Weele haue it to vnclle.

Omn. Downe with that too.

Jou. Print Satterday in great text letters.

Ofl. Well, well, it shall.

Our swan turnes crow, poifond with one drop of
gall.

Kin. Ike haue this proclamation forthwith drawne.

Nar. And publifh al the daies.

Priv. And Satterday.

Jou. Esepecially that at large if you can in red, like
a Dominicall letter.

Kin. Goe see it don.


Kin. Why sigh you? Of six dayes wo’d you not
spare me one?

Ofl. Thine owne lawes from thine owne mouth,
weele proclaime,
If thine owne words thou e’atift, bee’t thine owne
flame.

Enter Iouincili haftily.

Jou. Your long expected happines is arriu’d,
the Dinell is in it.

The prince of Calabria.

*Kin.* Thou crown'ft me agen:
Deere vncl, honored Lords, with our whole court
Honor her hither; I am rapd with Ioy,
And loft till I behold her: fetch me my loue.

*OeG.* I feare deepe whirlepoolles tho it run smooth
aboue.

*Ki.* To our worthy friend your welcomes.

*ExeCon.* & Afl.

*Iou.* But pray Sir tell vs, meane you that we
indeed
Shall haue but one playing day through the whole
weeke?

*Kin.* All Iouinelli, weele be Iouiall all.

*Brif.* Till Sattrday came, we liu'de in terrible
fear.

Thanke Boher, who your dead spirits vp did reare.

*Kin.* Had I (as first I did begin) gon on,
I like a Schoole-boy should haue worn my crowne,
As if I had borrowed it.

*Ruff.* Had bin moft vile.

*Kin.* Ile be a Sea, (boundles.)

*Spen.* Thou art a funne,
And let no bafe cloudes muffle thee.

*Kin.* Braue Kings all!

*Crowne,* Scepter, Court, Cittie, Country, are at your
call.

*Iou.* There spake young Ioue indeede.

*Prif.* The tyde now turnes.

*Nar.* And now weelee swim.

*Kin.* And laugh, tho the whole world mournes.

Erminghild brought in.

*Enter Oktavio and Aftolphe, ushering Erminthild,*
*attended by Ladies and others.*

*Nar.* Call vp your luftiefl spirits: the Lady's
come.
If this be not a good Play,

K. O my earthly bliss! embraces! kisses! how sweet!
Are you to parted lovers when they meet?
That entertainment which the Duke your Father,
Lent royally (late to me,) I now can pay
At a King's charge: to our Neapolitan Court,
None (brightest Erminfeld can come longed for
More then your selfe.) You have stolen upon us
(Ladies)

Ern. You have good Law against me, (playing
the thief)
Your Grace may keep me prisoner.

K. In these Armes;
From whence not love shall ransom thee; We
Twaine
Will wed, and bed, and get a Prince shall reign
In Naples brauely, when wee both lie dead:
Till then, Pleasures wings, to their full breadth be
spread.

Exit.

Enter Scumbroth, ringing a Bell; Alphege, a Fryer
& Shackle-foule, in a Friars weed, with cloth to lay.

Scum. A mangier, a mangier, a mangier, I must
needs have a mangie voice, when I doe nothing but
ball for a company of hungry Scabs; a mangier.

Alph. You must be nimble Rush.
Sha. As a drawer in a new Tawern, first day the
bush is hung vp.

Scum. A mangier, a manger, a mangier. Exit. 

Alp. So: the Lord Priors napkin here, there the
Sub-priors: his knife and cake of pick-toothes thus:
as for the count, let them lice their fingers in stead
of wiping, and suck their teeth in steeed of picking.

Sha. What other dutie Sir, must I call mine?

Alp. As you are noice, you are to say grace de-
murely, waite on the Priors Trencher soberly, steele
away a mouthfull cunningly, and munch it vp in a
corner hungerly. Ply your office, Rush. Exit
the Diuell is in it.

Shack. Thankes good Frier Alphege: yes, Shackle-foule will play
The taske hee's fet to: Diuels neuer idle lye:
Frier Rush! ha, ha: y'haue now an excellent quire,
To sing in hell, the Diuell and the Frier.

Enter Prior, Subprior, Alphege, Hillary, Rush, and other Friers. All fit: dishe's brought in before.

Pri. Where's Rush, our Junior Novice?
Ru. Here Lord Prior.
Pri. Stand forth, and render thankes.
Ru. Hum, hum:
For our bread, wine, ale and beere,
For the piping hot meates heere:
For brothes of fundrie tafts and fort,
For beefe, veale, mutton, lamb, and porke.
Greene-fawce with califes head and bacon,
Pig and goofe, and cram-dvp capon.
For past raiz'd stuffe with curious art,
Pye, custard, flourestine and tart.
Bak'd rumpes, fried kidneys, and lam-flones,
Fat sweete-breads, luficious maribones,
Artichoke, and oyster-pyes,
Butterd Crab, prawnes, lobsters thighes,
Thankes be giuen for fleshe and fishe's,
With this choice of tempting dishe's:
To which proface: with blythe looks fit yee,
Rush bids this Couent, much good do't yee.

Pri. How dar'il thou mock vs thou ill nurtur'd slauel.

Sub. Contemn't thou our order and religious fare!

Shac. He has spoken treafton to all our stomaches.
Omn. Downe with the villaine.
Sub. Mischiefe on vs waites
If wee feede fo vile a wretch.

Pri. Thrust him out at gates.
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Shac. I doe conjure you by my hallowed beades
To heare me speake.

Pri. Canst thou excuse thy selfe?

Shac. Alas (my Lord) I thought it had bin here
As in the neighbouring Churches, where the poor’t
Vicar
Is filled vp to the chin with choice of meates,
Yet sekes new wayes to whet dull appetite,
As there with holy spels mens foules they cherish,
So with delitious fare, they themselfes nourish.
Nor want they argument for sweete belly-cheere
To prove it lawfull.

Sub. Most prophan and fearefull.

Shac. But since your order (pious and reuerend)
Tyed to religious faits, spends the sod day
Wholy in meager contemplation,
I abolution beg on both my knees,
For what my tongue offended in : las I poore Ru/h
(See’t by his cheekes) eates little : I can feede
On rootes, and drinke the water of the Spring
Out of mine owne cup : make an Anatomy
Of my moft infull carcias : then pardon mee.

Pri. Thy ignorance is thy pardon, wee beleuee
thee.

Shac. Gratias reuerende domine Prior.

Pri. But do our brethren in parts more remote,
Feeede fo delitious faif thou?’

Shac. Ru/h cannot lye.

Sub. Thou faifely doest accuse those holy men.

Pri. How can it stand with their profession?

Sub. Thou faif (vile yongman) they haue argu-
ments
To prove it lawfull glutostonfully to feeede.

Omn. Ru/h, anfwere the Sub-prior.

Shac. Audite fratres, they do not onely prove it
lawfull, but make it palpable, that hee who eates not
good meate is damde.

Sub. Benedicite.

Sec. What shall become of all vs then’
the Diuell is in it. 283

Pri. Thou art distracted, whence canst thou force argument?

Shac. From silly reason, would you heare me speake?

Pri. Speake freely and be bold, lisfen.

Omn. Hum, hum, hum.

Shac. He that eats not good meate is dambd:

Sic Disputo.

If he that feedes well hath a good foule, then &

Contra.

No, he that feedes ill, hath a bad and a poore foule.

Sce. Thats wee.

Shac. And so consequentely is dambd, for who regards poore foules? and if they be not regarded they are cast forth, and if cast forth, then they are dambde.

Sub. I deny your minor, he that feedes well hath a good foule.

Shac. Sic probo: the foule followes the temperature of the body, hee that feedes well hath a good temperature of body, Ergo, he that feedes well hath a good foule.

Pri. A ful and edifying argument.

Omn. Hum, hum, hum.

Sub. I deny that the foule followes the temperature of the body.

Shac. Anima sequitur temperaturam Corporis, It is a principle, & contra principia non est disputandum.

All wee.

Pri. Its most apparent.

Sce. O most learned Rustie!

Sub. A shallow Sophister, heare me farder.

Pri. Subprior, weelee hear the rest disputed at our leasure: you take too much vpon you.

Sce. Shall I take this vpon me my Lord?

Pri. Hence with this trash, we have too long forborne to tast heauens blessings fully, which to our dutie had more enabled vs, Rusti thart some Angel.

Sub. Rather some diuell sent to bewitch our foules.
If this be not a good Play,

Pri. Sub-prior no more.
Sub. I must speake, heare me brethren,
Shall we (bound by solemne oathes) t' abjure the world,
And all her forgeries: to whom night and day
Are as one hower of prayer: whose temperance makes vs
Endure what ful-fild bellie Gods admire;
Shall we (by zealous patrons) tyde to obferue
Dirges and Requiem for their peacefull soules,
In glotonous riot bury sacred almes;
Turne Sanctimonious zeale and Charitie,
To loathsome surfeit: and those well-got goods
Our benefactors fau'd, by their owne fau'ts
And moderate liuing, shall we feede upon
Ful-gorging vs till we vomit: fore-fend it heauen:
By all the Saints, by him first taught our order
What temperance was, here shall poore Clement feede,
Till his ore-wareied life, takes her last leaue
Of this all tempting world where all finnes breede.
Pri. Howes this: are you become our confessor?
Beft thruft vs out at gates, locke vp the Cloifter,
And cal in whom you like: be you the Prior.
Speake are you agreed, Russ be our maister-cooke?

Sc. You haue my voice.
Alb. And mine.
Pri. Doe you all consent?
Omn. Yes, all.
Sub. First fend this fiend to banishment.
Pri. We haue most voices on our side.
Sub. You may;
Las! most men couet still the broadest way.
Pri. Glue Russ his charge then, Scumb: you must resigne.

Scu. With a good maw, I shal haue a fatter office
to be his fcullion.
Shac. Worthy Lord Prior, heare me yet,
I mus't not my profession let,
To Scumbroath, what I now ile teach,
the Diuell is in it.

To make caudels, Iellies, leach,
Sirrup of violets, and of roses,
Cowlip fallads, and kick choies,
Preferue the apricock, and cherry,
Damfin peare-plom, rafpis berry;
Potates ike if you shalack,
To corroborate the back:
A hundred more shal Ruffe deucie,
And yet to early mattins rise,
Our ladies office, sing at prime,
At euen-fong, and at compline time.
Chant Anthems, Anuiuerfaries, Dirges,
And the dolefull de profundis.

Pri. Thou shalt not change thy order: Sirra,
cooke,
From Ruffe take lessons against night, for fare
Abundance and delitious.

Sec. I shall be greedy to learne of him sir, since
your lordship is turnde, our very Jack and his spits
shall turnde too.

Exit.

Enter 2. Pilgrimes.

Pri. What men are these?
Sub. Welcome good holy father.
Both. Thankes reuerend maister.

1. Pil. Blest sir, according to the Churches rite
We (Pilgrimes, to Jerusalem bound) this night
Defire recope, and pious charitie
In your most holy Counte.

Pri. You are most welcome.

Alphege, goe lead th' em in.

Shac: By no meanes.

Pri. Why.

Shac. Tis mortall sin.

Sub. O black impietie!

Pri: How? sin to feed religious votaries!

Shac: Rather to nourish idle vagabonds:
The Cleargy of other lands, haue with much pietie
If this be not a good Play,

And thrift destroy'd those drones, that lazily
Lieue eating vp the labours of the bee.
A churchman there cares but to feede the foule,
He makes that charge his office. Alsindeeds! alas!
They through the Lawyers hands are fit't to passe.

Sub. Can you heare this Diuell?

Shac. Besides my reuerend Lord,
These manderers here as spies, and soone beare word
To Princes cares of what they heare and see.

Pri. Ha Rue! thou speake'lt right.
Sub. Dambd iniquitie!

Pri. Hence with those runnagates.
Omn. Come, hence.

Pri. Spurne 'em away.
Sub. Oh had mine eyes drop'd out ere feene this day.

Stay comfortles poore soules, my pittyng teares
Shall speake what my tongue dares not, here holy men,
You nere shall say when next we meeete againe,
Frier Clemet to the hunger grutch'd his meate,
Or to the weary pilgrim lodging, this makes you eate,
And when you haue relieu'd your fainting limbes,
Commend me in your prayers, and midst your hymmes
Thus with, that he who did your Iorney forder,
May neuer lieue, to breake his holy order.

Pri. Old superflitious dotard; beate hence these beggers.

1. Pil. Many old mans curfes will on his foule be spent,
Who thus defaces, Charities monument: Exeunt.

Shac. I told you they were curs, that cease to barke, no longer then you feede them.

Pri. Frier, thou speake'lt right:
Make haft with fare delitious, weele crowne the night.

Exeunt. Manet Shackel-foule.

Shac. Ha ha, laugh Lucifer, dance grim fiends of hell,
Of soules thou judge just, but most terrible,
I must exact a double pay from thee,
Nere hadst thou torne man deserude such fee,
Let me call vp my reckonings, what I ha won
In this first voylage: Charity! shees vndon:
Fat gluttony broke her back: next her step'd in
Contention (who shakes Churches) now the sweete sin
(Sallow lechery,) should march after: Avarice,
Murder, and all sinnes els, hell can deuice,
Ile broach: the head's in, draw the body after,
Begin thy feast in full cuppes, end in slaughte.
That damndefl fury: oh, but Frier Clement's free!
True: ha'ft no share t'intrap him? let me fee.
Hees old, choake him with gold; hold on thy
Reuells,
Pluto makes Shackle-soule president of Diuels. Exit.

Enter K. Octavio, Narcisso, Louinelli, Spendola.

K. What pictar's that (Vnclle Octavio?)
OCT. The picture of thy late, (drawne by thy
felse,
This is that booke of statutes, were enacted
In the high Parliament of thy roiall thoughts
Where wisedome was the speake. And because
Thy subiects shall not be abuside by lawes
Wrap'd vp in caracters, crabbed and vnknowne,
Thefe thine owne language speake.
K. Hang 'em vp vnclle.
OCT. What sayes the King?
Lou. You must hang vp the lawes.
OCT. Like cob-webbe in sowe roomes, through
which great flies
Breake through, the leffe being caught bith wing,
there dies.
No no, thy lawes ile fix full in thy fight,
Hangs a table vp.
(Like sea-markes,) that if this great top of sway
And kingly ventures, loose her constant way.
If this be not a good Play.

The bottomles gulph of state, (beaten by the stormes
Of youthfull follie, raging in monstrous forms)
Shee may be sau'de from sinking and from wrack,
(Steerd by this compasse, for the points of it
Shall guide her so, on rockes she cannot split.

Kin. You are our carefull pilat. In this voyage
Of Gouvernment, be you our Admirall.
Wisedome and Age being props, realmes seldom fall.

Enter Brisco.

Oft. Oraculous is thy voice.

Kin. How now count Brisco?

Me thinkes I read a comedy in thy lookes.

Nar. Has met some merry painter, hees drawne
fo liuely.

Omn. Come count your newes.

Bris. I shall bestow them freely:
The phyficke of your proclamation workes:
Your gilded pills (roll'd vp in promifes
Of princely favours to his wit, who highest
Can raffe your pleasures) slip so smoothely downe
Your Subiects throates, that all (vpon a sudden)
Are loofely giuen.

Kin. How ! loofely giuen ! why count?

Br. Name but what fport, your Highnes would
have Acted
I'me prologue toot; your court must haue more gates
To let in rulling Saterday : without (now) waites
Musick in some ten languages : each one sweares
(By Orpheus fiddle-cafe) they will tickle your eares
If they can doo't with scraping.

Bris. Theres seven score Noise at least of english
fidlers.

Fo. 7. score ! they are able to eate vp a citie in
very scraps.

Bris. Very bafe-viall men most of 'em : besides
whole swarmes of welsh harpes, Irish bag-pipes, Iewes
trompes, and french kitts.
the Diuell is in it.

All these made I together play:
But their dambd catter-wralling, frighted me away.

Ofl. Thefe sports to pлеаfe
A Princes eyes?

Brі. How like you then of these?
The cittie-waterbearers (trimly dight)
With yellow oaker-tankerds (pind vpright)
Like brooches in their hatts ; In their fresh loues
A may-game bring, All, wearing dog-skin gloues.
Made not to shrinke it’h wetting.

Kіn. Bid thefe poore men drinke well, and so be
gon.

Brі. What will you haue then?
Will you see the Turners shew, brauely preparde
With colours, drumes, and gunnes (with ruft halfe
mar’d)
Bearing that, of which they long haue bin depriu’d.

Kіn. What it?

Brі. Their daring Giant, (newly reui’d)

Omn. For Ioues fake lets see that.

Of. O fie (Prince) fie !

In thy court painted monsters, they come not here,
Ride forth, thou shalt meete Giants euyr where.
Me thinkes (yong Lords) your soules being new re-
finde
With beames of honor, should not be declin’d
to sports fo low and vulgar : but since the King
Of birds (the Eagle) letts you spred a wing
So neere his owne, you should put vp such game
As fits an Eagle, and pursue the same.
And not like rauens, kites, or painted Iayes
Soare high, yet light on dunghills, for flinking preyes.

Jоu. Old Lord you raue.

Nar. What sports wood you deuise ?

Of. Most fit for Kings. Were I (before his eyes)
To present obiects, they should all be rare,
Of Romane triumphs, laden wth the spoiles of warre :
Or Lions, and wilde-Boares kill’d by actiue force :
Or tea-fights : or land-battailes on foote, or horfe :
If this be not a good Play,

Such fights as these, kindle in Kings braue fire,
And meeting spirits that dare mount, mount 'em higher,
Where a pitiful pastimes lay our soules downe flat,
Groueling on earth, base and effeminate.

_Bri._ I have bowles of this bias too, for your Lordships alley.

_King._ Trundle 'em out before him.

_Bri._ The woodden-leg Souldier,

Waites to present you with his show of warre.

_Off._ I mary my liege.

_Bri._ The Scholler has his deuice, the Mariner his.

_Off._ These are Kings sports indeed.

_Bri._ Will you see these?

_Kin._ Faith be it so; because weeke now rather please

Our uncle than our selfe, pray fetch in these.
The rest cast there.

_Spen._ Send the fidlers merely home.

_Bri._ And yet pa 'em fcuruly! tis impossible.

_Iou._ And bid the water-bearers cleanse the citie

_Ther's many a foule thing in it.

_Off._ Marshall 'em in.

_Bri._ Ile fetch these worthy spirits in my selfe.

No, no, weeke ayde you sir.

_Iou._ March: and glue vs roome. _Exeunt._

_Ki._ Sdeath! if these doting gray-beards might have their wills,

We neuer fhall haue ours: let vs crosse them

As they crosse vs.

_Omn._ How, how! 

_Kin._ Every deuice

Their Ningles bring in, abuse with fcuruie ieft,
Beet nee're fo good.

_Omn._ Agreed.

_Nar:_ If Ninies bring away the Nefl.

_Ki._ Teach Iouinelli and Brifco when to glue fire.

_Dromes and trompets founding._
the Diuell is in it.

Enter Othelloo, Iouinelli, Brisco, Rufman, the Souldier, Scholler, Mariner.

Sol. I am a Souldier.

Iou. We know that by your legges.

Sol. Does my flump grieue you?

Bris. Not if you bettir your flumps nimbly sir.

Nar. What hot shot's this?

Sol. A Souldier sir: thats all:

That's more than sir I thinke you dare be. Zounds!

baffuld for my limbes lost in servicel your noble father

Has clapd this buff-ierkin, when this Stump of wood

Has vp tot'h knee stucke three howres in french blood:

When such as you, with your Spangled roses, that day

Brauely bestir'd their heelees, and ran away:

Ile stand toot, I.

Spen. With one leg.

Sol. Yes: with one.

Oth. Yong Lords, thus to scorn Souldiers, tis ill

don.

Kin. Vncl, heres no man scornes 'em; must we

be brau'de

By a flaring fellow, for a little fighting! goe.

Sol. Fighting! I cannot halt I, but speake plaine,

No King on earth baffalls me, ide baffall againe,

Th' whole race of great turkes, had iem ith field: I ha

brought

With me a hundred Souldiers, (old Seruitors)

Poore as my selfe in clothes; piccute out fufe hundred

Of such silke-stocken men, if they beate vs, hang vs,

S'bloud if we toffe not them, hang's agen: a fort

We ha built without, and mand it, this was the sport

A Souldier wood ha giuen thee: my one hundred

Had taught thee all the rules i'th Schoole of warre.

Kin. All this ile read without mayme, wound or

scarre.

Sold. What say you to an Engine, that at once

Shall spoile some thirtie men?
If this be not a good Play,

Sold. If nothing! haue thou bin beate for this! farewell.
Iou. I can fetch twenty scruieners haue don more
With a bare goose-quill.
Sold. Maist thou but line, to need a Souldiers
arme,
That laught to see him bleed. Exit.
Bri. You haue lost the day sir, for your Souldiers
fly.
Ken. Fly to the diuell let 'em.
Iou. Your leaders before.
Spen. You fight all vnnder one cullors! doe you
not?
Scho. Sir;
These pleasures to the King which I prefer,
Flow from Ioues braine.
Nar. Heyda! heres one has beaten out Ioues
braines.
Spen. Wud I had thee hung vp at our maine kit.
Sch: No Sir Ioues braine, (Minerva queene of
wit)
If all the Muses and the Arts can fit
With their high Tunes, such choice and Princely eares,
Apollo (Father to them all)—appeares—
Iou. Apollo was an Aife; he let a wench whom he
lou'de to be turnd into a Bay-tree, and now shees glad
for a peny to flick Ale-house-windowes, and wynde
dead coaries.
Bri. Let Apollo goe and lye with his owne
Daughters.
K. Are you a Scholler Syr?
Iou. A school-master as I take it, and comes to
present a verie prettie shew of his schollers in broken
Latin.
Oph. Can wee be dumb and see this?
Sch. O haples Learning!
Fliie and complaine, to Heauen (where thou wert
borne)
That thou (whome Kings once nourish,) art now their fcorne.

Nar. How blowes the winde Syr!  
Sea. Wynde! is Noe-Noe West.
Nar. To hoyfe your fayles vp too, I thinke tis best.

Sea. A blacke Guft is comming: vp a-low-there hey: A young-man vp toth Top-maft-head, and looke-out: stend to your Sayles: stend to your Top-sailes: let goo your Harriars, let goo, amaine louere amaine, quicke, quick, Good fellowes.

Omn. Hees mad.

Sea. Whoes at Helme! beare vp hard: and hard vp: and thou beeft a man beare vp; Star-borde, Port agen: off with your Drablers, and your Banners; out with your Courfes: Ho,—I spie two Shippes yonder, that yaw too and agen, they haue both sprung a Leake, I thinke the Diuell is fucking Tabaccho, heeres such a Mift: out with your boate, and you Besmen, cut-downe Maft-e-bith borde; beare vp, Ime a Blunt-fellow you see, All I say is this, You that fcorne Sea-men, shall a Sea-man misse. Exit.

To see rich merit and loue, payde with bafe wrong: 
Learning! and Armes! and Traffique! the triple wall That fortifies a Kingdome, race em downe All! This Seaman, (hee that dearest earnes his bread) Had rigid and mann'd 4. Gallies brauely furnish, 
With Souldiers, Rovers, and Fire-workes for a Sea-fight. 
K. You are full of Squibs too, pray goo fire em all.

Off. Muft I bee then cashierde too! mary and shall. 
To saue thy finking Honour, Ile send hence These men with thankes, with praise, and recompence.

Exit.

Omn. Pray doe.

K: Braue Shalcan-Bohor, all this while Our eye has followed yours, and seene it smile,
If this be not a good Play,

(As twere in scorne) of what these men could doe,
Which made vs flight them off; to ingrosse you
(Our best and richest prize :) ith Courts of Kings
Through which you ha passd, you ha feene wonders,
shew em.

Ruff. I shall at opportune howers. If your Grace
Arride the toyes, they bragd of (Fire-workes,
And such light stuffes) Sit fearelesse without danger
Of murdring shot, which villaines might discharge
In (idle counterfet Sea-fights) you shall fee
At opening of this hand, a thousand Balles
Of wilde-Fire, flying round about the Aire—there.

Fire-workes on Lines.

Omn. Rare, Rare.
K. Tis excellent, Sdeath from whence flew they?
Bri. Hell, I thinke.
Jou. Hell! Nay, if any that are in Hell, skip vp
euer to nye Heauen, as thefe Diuells that fpit fire did,
Ile drinke nothing but Gun-pouder.

Ruff. Ha, ha, a trifle this. Your Scholler there,
Come with his Arts and Muses shal low, leaden braine,
Your swaggering Souldier, lead a tottered traine
Of ruffianly Boore-hallers: I noted all
These seafs for Kings: ith garden of varietie
The vaft world! you are flaru'de midft your fatietie,
Plucke no one Apple from the golden Tree,
But shake the fruite of every pleasure downe.

K. Thanks Bohor; why else weares a King his
Crowne?
Shalun, all Naples shall not buy thee from mee.

Ruff. Nor you and thefe from me.
K. Aske what thou wilt haue
But to stay here.

Ruff. Loe, this is all I craue.
K. Thou haft our faft embraces.

Ruff. Swift as mans thought,
Various delights shall bee each minute borne,
the Diuell is in it.

And dye as fast that fresh may rise; we scorn;
To serve vp one dish twice; bee't nere so rare,
Will you that gainst to morrow I prepare
A Feast of strange Mirth for you?

K. Deare Bohor doe.

Ruff. I shall; Nor doe I thus your loue pursue,
With feruile hopes of Golde, I neede it not:
If out the jawes of Hell Golde may bee got
Blace Artis are mine to doo't; and what delights
Those worke bee yours.

K. Thou art gratious in our sight. Exeunt.

¶ A Table is set out by young fellowes like Merchants men,
Bookes of Accounts upon it, small Deskes to write upon, they fit downe to write Tickets, Lurchall with them.

1. Come fellow Lurchall write.

Lur. Fuh, Stay not for mee,
I shall out-goe you all.

2. I hold 5. Crownes,
We all leaue you behinde vs.

Lur. Don; but I
Muft not leaue you behinde mee; what paines a poore Diuell

Takes to get into a Merchant, hees so ciuill,
One of Hell must not know him, with more eafe
A Diuell may win ten Gallants, then one of thefe,
Yet a Merchants wife, before thefe ten is wonne
To entertaine her Diuell, if Pride be one.
But Lurchall, now th'art in, and for yeares bound,
To play the Merchant, play him right: th'art found
A Master, who more villenie has by hart,
Then thou by rote; See him but play his owne part,
And thou doeft Hell good seruice; Bartertie,
Theres in thy name a Haruest makes mee smile.

Bart. Lurchall:—within.

Omn. My master calls.

Lur. I.
If this be not a good Play,

Enter Barteruile.

Men too and fro bring in Bags, & haue Bills. Exit.

Bart: Oh, art there?
This day twixt one and two a Gallants bound
To pay 400. Crownes to free his Landes
Fast morgag’de to mee, Lurchall, get thee vp hye
Into my Turret, where thou mayest efpie
All commers euerie way; if by thy guesse,
Thou feest the Gull make hither.

Lur. So Syr.

Bart. That, his Hower.
Lye gasping, at the last Minutes; let him beate at
dore,
Within Ile beate his heart out.

Lur. Ile let him stand.

Bart. Do, take my Watch, go faster. All his Land
Is fund with these two Figures, (2. and 1.)
At past one, (his,) strike but two, tis mine owne.

Lur. Ile turne the wheeles: and spin the howers
vp faster.

Bart. The Citie-clockes then strike, and kill thy
Mafter.
Would all the Citie Sextons, at my cost
Were drunke this day 4 howres.

Lur: Troth fo wud I,
And wee their Jackes ath Clocke-houfe.

Bar. Wee’de strike merily.
Fly vp to’th top ath house,

Lur. There fir, Ile fit,
And croake like a Rauen, to dumb thee in hels pit.

Exit.

Barteruile set amongst his men reading a long scroll.

Bar. How goes this moneth?

Omn. Much shorter than the last.

Bar. Weddings this moneth 12. thousand: not
worth the scoring,
the Diuell is in it.

But thinke ther's little maring, we ha so much whoring.
Gryn ding milles so much vidence; about the citie
Such grinding, yet no more mony; suites in law,
Full brought to an end this moneth, no more but ten:
This law will beger vs: had I the bags againe,
I bought this combrous office with, the King
Should make his best of't: hee that did farm't before
Had it for leffe than I, yet receiued more.
How much remains of the salt tribute due?


Bar. Thats well: a favorie summe:
These our Italian tributes, were well deuise,
Me thinkes tis fit a subiect should not eate
But that his Prince from every dish of meate
Should receiue nourishment: for (being the head)
Why should he pine, when all the body is fed?
Besides, it makes vs more to awe a King,
When at each bit we are forc'd to thinke on him.

Enter a Brasso with mony.

1. Ser. What payment's this?

Bar. The pension of the Stewes, you neede not vnty it, I bought it but now from the fealers office:
ther's not a piece there, but has a hole in't, because men may knowe where twas had, and where it will be taken againe: blesse your worship! Stew-monys sir, Stew-Prune saith sir.

Bar. They are sure, tho not the soundest pay-
maisters,
Read what's the summe.


Bar. They are bare crownes indeede sir, and they came from Animals and vermin that are more bare:
wee that are clarke's of these flesh-markets have a great deale of rotten mutton lying vpon our hands, and finde this to bee a fore payment.
If this be not a good Play,

Bar. Well, well, the world will mend.

Bra. So our surgeons tell 'em every day; but the pox of mendment I see.

Bar. Do not your gallants come off roundly then?

Bra. Yes sir, their hair comes off fast enough, we turne away crack't french crownes every day. I haue a suite to your worship in behaife of all our dealers in small wares, our free-whores sir, you know my meaning.

Bar. If your whores are knowne, what's thy suite?

Bra. I should haue brought a petition from 'em, but that this put off sir, till clensing-weeke, that they may all be able to set to their hands, or else a whores marke.

Bar. Well, well, what's their request?

Bra. Marry sir, that all the thee-tobacco-shops, that creepe vp daily in euerie hole about the Citie, may bee put to silence.

Bar. Why pray thee honest fellow?

Bra. I thanke your good worship, I had not fuch a sweete bit giuen me this 7 yeeres, honest fellow; marry sir Ile open to you your suppliants caues: they that had wont to spend a crowne about a smooke, haue now their delight dog-cheape, but for spending one quarter of that mony in smoake: besides sir, they are not contented to robbe vs of our customes only, but when their pipes are fowle with spitting and driueling in those foresaide shops, they haue no place to burne 'em in, but our houses.

Bar. Draw their petition, and weele see all cur'de.

Bra. Let a frost come sir: I thanke your venerable worship; the pox gnaw out so many small guts as haue payde thee crownes.

Exit.

Enter Lurchall running.

Lur. The ty'd against you sir, the crownes are come.
Bar. How goes my watch?
Lur. As most watches vse to goe sir, sleepeily, heauily.
Bar. Not reach'd to one yet; wert thou to be hangd,
The hower had gallop’d.
Lur. I spurd it all that I could.
Bar. S’deth keep his howre, heauen helpe poore Citizens,
If Gentlemen grow thus warie: let him in.

Exit Lurchall.

Barren now, that haft in craft so fruitfull bin.
Your businesse sir to me.

Enter with 2. Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Doe you not know me sir?
Bar. No in good truth sir.
1. Gent. To know you I am bold sir,
You haue lands of mine in morgage, this is my day,
And heres your crownes.
Bar. Signior Innocentio;
My memorie had quite loft you, pray fit both,
A bowle of wine here.
1. Gent. Sir it shall not neede:
Please you to fetch my euidence, whil’st we tell.
Bar. What needes this forward spring sir faith two moneths hence
Had bin to me as welcome.
2. Gent. Your hower drawes on Signior Innocentio,
Bar. Goe beate a drumme i thyt garret, that no tongues
Of clockes be heard but mine.
Lur. Little past one.
Bar. Winde, winde.
Lur. Thus wind’st thou to damnation.
If this be not a good Play,

2. Gent. Ile part with none sir, pardon me, till I see
Your writings: will you fetch the evidence sir.
Bar. What evidence sir, haue I of yours?
1. Gent. My friend sir, whose mony hee lends me to redeeme my morgage.
Bar. Which you would haue for your securitie.
2. Gent. Tis so sir!
Bar. No sir Innocentio,
To morrow on your bare word will I lend you 30: crownes more: I loue you sir, and with you beware whose hands you fall into: the worlds a serpent.
2. Gent. This does but spend the hower sir, will you take your mony?
Bar. With all my heart.
1. Gent. Let me see my writings then.
Bar. Haue you such covenant from mee? I remember none.
1. Gent. Your conscience is sufficient covenant sir.
Bar. Ha! what's that conscience? I know no law-termes I,
Talke to me as to Citizen.
2. Gent. Weele daily no longer;
We knew what snake would finge vs, and therefore brought
Our medicine gainst his venome: youle keepe the writings,
And weele ithe Court of conscience tender your crownes,
Whither this writ does summon you.
Lur. A fox, and ore-taken!
Bar. Serue writs vpon me, yet keepe my mony too!
Dull snake haft thou no braine?
Lur. Braine! trye this.
Bar. Peace.
2. Gent. Will you as fits a Chriitian giue vs in
What is our right, and take your crownes sir yet?
the Diuell is in it.

Bar. Tis good to try mens patience, fetch me downe

Exit Lur.

Those writings on my pillow, there they ha slept

Thow twow howers for you: must not friends ieft! ha!

Both. Yes sir: let your men tell, iu$t 4oo. crownes.

Bar. Besides the vfe.

1. Gent. The vfe is there too.

Bar. Hold:

Ile take it without telling, put it vp.

Both. Not till we see the writings.

Enter Lurchall.

Bar. Dare you touch it?

Both. Dare! yes sir, and dare slab him to the heart,

Offers to take it from vs:

Bar. Who slabs sir?

Flings mony among$ it.

Now touch it if you dare: thor's gold of mine,

And if they lay one finger on't, cry theeues,

They come to rob me, touch it if you dare:


Bar. No sir, the diuell shall fetch me when I goe.

Lur. That all my errand.

2. Gent. We are cheated both.

Bar. Proceede, in your chancery suite, I haue begun your bill.

Humbly complaunting.

1. Gent. Of thee villaine Ile complaine

That fels thy soule for mony, diuels on earth dwell,

And men are no where, all this world is hell. Exeunt.

Bar. I kiffe thy forhead, my wittie Oedipus

That can$t vnfold such riddles:


Lur. Sir, I am bound
If this be not a good Play,

To doe you all seruice, till I you all confound.

1 Ser. Maiifter Siluerpen the proctor sir, sends word, if you come not in to morrow and personally depole your payment of the 100 crownes, youle be non-uited.

Bar. That is a law-draught goes downe coldly.

Lur. Why sir? Tis but your swearing the mony is payde.

Bar. If oathes had back-doors to come in at, without danger of damnation, to catch a mans soule bith back, swearing were braue.

1 Ser. What answere shall I giue the Proctors man?

Lur. Tell him my maiifter shall come in and sware.

Exit and Enters.

Bar. Doe, tell him: on thee ile build: now all my feare Is for apperance at the Chancellors Court.

No trick to faue that?

Lur. I have a braue one fort.

Exit. 1. for wine: bring't in.

Bring in a pottle of wine: will Carlo here my fellow,

Depole a truth if he see it, to helpe his maiifter?

Bar. What thou not honest Carlo?

2 Ser. Yes sir.

1 Ser. Here's the wine. Enter with wine.

Lur. Set this to your head anon sir, when tis there

Away you, and to morrow thou mai't sware
Before the Chancelor, and sware true, if hee
Were in that cafe thou leftt him, twere in vaine
To hope he could liue, till thou camft back againe.

Bar. All Knights a'th Post learne this trick: the fits vpon me now.
the Diuell is in it.

Lur. Take a good draught, twill helpe you sir: It gulpes,
Hees almost breathles Carolo, away.

Car. I am gon. Exit.

Bar. One gulpe more had choaked me;
This wine had washed my feares off, th'aft giuen mee power
To make me doate vpon thee. Carolos gon.

Lur. Yes and will sweare his heart out, to your good.

Sware let him; bee thy selfe and hee dambde too.
Bar. So I may get by it. In my boseme sleepe
(My done, my loue,) prosper but thou and I.
Lur. And let all els finck.
Bar. Let 'em: so I kiffe gold,
The Yongmans whore, the faint of him thats old.

Exit.

Enter Prior, Alphege, Hillary, and Friers with
prunning kniues, spades, &c., met by Subprior,
and Shackle-foule.

Sub. Whither (mad-men) run you?
Omn. To our Vines.

Sub. Your Vines?
(The tree of sin and shame !) this Serpentine here,
Has with that liquorish poifon, fo fet on fire,
The braines of Nicodeme and Siluester,
That they in drunken rage haue flabd each other.
Pri. Stabd !
Shac. Yes, they bleede a little, but haue no harme,
Their yong blood with the grapes Iuice being made warme,
They brawld and struck, but I kept off the blowes,
Yet the Subprior saies from me their quarrell rofe.
Sub. It did.
Shac. In very deede (for I not sweare)
If this be not a good Play,

It did not sir: to me you malice beare,
As if that all such mischife don, were mine,
But cause your selue shall see how I repine
To see vice prosper, pardon me good Lord Prior,
If I a tell-tale be of what mine eyes
Beheld with water in them: sin will rise
In holy circles I see sometimes.
  Pri. What sin?
  Sub. What haft thou seene?  
  Shac. Wud present I had not beene,  
But till I had wter it, my clogd conscience beares
A man upon a woman.
  Omn. Ha!
  Shac. I speake't in teares:
Scymbroth our cooke, and a female I beheld
Kissing in our orchard: on her lippes he dwelld
I thinke some halfe howre.
  Sub. Shame to our reuerend order!
A woman in our couent! Sin black as murder.
  Pri. Our cooke shalbe seuerely punished: a
woman,
A tempter here.
  Omn. Abominable!
Rush, thoul't rebuke sin.
  Shac. Though my Lord I'me bad, I'me not giuen
  that way.
  Pri. Let vs some plagues inuent to lay on this
lecherous knaue.
  Shac. Some light punifhment
(Good my Lord Prior) supposfe twere your owne fault,
Whip as you would be whipt, the beet's naught.
  Sub. He shalbe punifht, and then loofe his place.
  Pri. That sir shall be as we will: to our Vines:
away.
  Sub. For shame giue or'e, dare you prophane this
day
That is to holy vyes confecrate?
  Pri. Why? what day is this?
  Omn. Lambert the marter.
the Diewell is in it.

Pri. No matter,
To vex thee deeper, this whole day weele spend,
Onely about our Vines.
Sub. You vex not me,
But heauen : what warrants you to this?
Pri. Our will.
Sub. Thou haft thy will, thy wish thou ne're shalt haue,
In sight of heauen who fees and punishes
Mens blacke impieties ; And in sight of these
(Sharers in thy full sin :) And in his sight,
'T expresse whole vilenes, there's no epithite.
Pri. No matter what he faies Rush.
Shac. I'me knowne what I am.
Sub. To thee I prophecie, (vitious old man to thee,
Who cr'ft with lift-vp-hands, and downe-bowed knee,
Seemeft to' haue had worke in heauen : now (full of
spite,
Onely to eate a liquorish appetite ;
Digft our religious wales vp, planting there
Luxurious fruits to pamper belly-cheere :
(For all thy paines to dresse it,) of this Vine
Thy luftfull lips shall neuer taft the wine.
Pri. Disfracted foole, in stead of my iuft anger,
Thou onely haft my pittie : thou prophecie ?
Omn. Ha, ha.
Sub. Laugh on, but since nor prayers prevaille nor
teares,
Ile powre my grieue into my Princes eares. Exit.
Shac. Heele goe and complaine to the King.
Pri. Let him complaine,
Kings cannot Subiects of their foode restraine.
Away.

Exeunt: Manet Shackle-foule.

Shac. Ingender fin with fin ; that wines rich
heate
If this be not a good Play,

May bring forth Luft, Luft murder may beget,
But here strike failie, this barke awhile hale in,
And lanch into the deepe, a brighter sin:
Ho, Glitterbacke, ascend, to shackle-soule,
To shackle-soule ascended, ho Glitterbacke;
Thou richeft spirit, thrust vp thy golden head
From hell thus hie: when I art imprisoned
In mifers chestes so fast thou canst not come!
Or fearst thou theeues, or cutpurfes! here be some
Can saue thee from their fingeis: when I Arise;
And dazle th' approching night with thy glistening eyes.
Glitt. Here.

A golden Head ascends.

Shac. How thou sweaft with comming! Saue me those drops
(Golds pure Elixar) stilling from thy lockes:
Shake from thy browes and hayre that golden showre,
So: get home: quicke: (to hell) least hell grow poore,
If Rich mens pawes once fasten thee, and beware
It'he way thou meetst no Lawyer: theile pull thee bare,
Hence: downe.
Glitt. Ime gon.

Defendit.

Shac. Coole night will call Frier Clement forth anon:
Angels, be you his strong temptation:
Wines luftfull fires him warme not: At this spring
(Scornde by the reft for him,) 3pred thy gilt wing,
Full in his eye; As he drinks water downe,
In streames of Asarice, let his weake soule droune.

Exit.
the Drainel is in it.

Enter the King, Narcisco, Brisco, Spendola, Fowinelli, Rufman, followed by Afolso.

Afl. I doe befeech your Highnes, yet turne backe
And comfort the sad Lady, whose faire eyes
Are worn away with weeping.

Iou. If her eyes be worn away, what should a man
doee with a blind wife? kill her with flies?

Kin. I cannot abide a woman thats fond of me.

Spen. Nor I.

Nar. I would love a woman but as I love a walnut,
to cracke it, and peele it, eate the meate, and then
throw away the Shell.

Iou. Or as noble-men vse their great horses, when
they are past seruice: fell 'em to brewers and make
'em drey-horses: So vse a woman.

Afl. So fo.

Ruf. The Indians are warme without clothes, and
a man is best at cafe without a woman: or if your
Highnes mult needs haue one, haue
Factors to buy the fairest, doate not any,
But like the turke, regard none, yet keepe many.

Kin. You heare the Iuries verdit.

Afl. Whose foreman's the diuell?
Theefe counsell thee to thy destruction.

Kin. Destruction? why? the heauen can abide but
one fun,
I hope we on earth may love many mens daughters:
Tell Erminhilda fo: send her home to the duke her
father:
And tell him too, because the diseaue of mariage
Brings the flone with it, I hate a woman; I loue not
To be cut: incloide grounds are too rancke.

Ruf. Best feeding on the Commons then,
Will you not mary this chaste Lady then?

Kin. No sir, and will you now my reason haue?
A womans is an infatiate graue
Wherein hee's dambd that lyes buried.

Omn. On, on, away.
If this be not a good Play,

Ruf. Braue battailes I fight you, but ile win the
day.

Exit.

Manet Afolpho. Enter Oftauiio and Ermynhilda.

Erm. I heard the storie, tell't not or'e againe,
Twere crueltie to wound men, being halfe slaine.

Oft. Tis crueltie too much, and too much shame
That one of your highe birth, youth, beautie, name,
And vertues shinning bright, shold hence be sent
(Like some offender into banishment)
Abuide by a King, and his luxurious traine,
Of parasites, knaues, & fooleis, (a kingdomes bane,)
For them, by him not carde for; you came not fo,
But as his bride, his Queene, and bedfellow.

Erm. And yet am neither, from my fathers court
Came I (being fude by Princes too) for this
To see him, his subiects forne, and my selfe his?
Once thought I that his lone had bin (as fate)
Vnmoueable; and ift now turn'd to hate?
Yes, yes, hees waiering as the running flreame,
And far more ydle than a mad-mans dreame.

Aft. Send to the duke your father, let him inforce
Your plighted mariage.

Erm. Worfe than a diuorce.
No: to his eyes since hatefull I am growne,
Ile leaue his Court and him, and dye vnkowne.

Exit.

Aft. All runnes I fee to ruine.

Oft. If he persue,
These godles courses, best we leaue him too,
That land to it selfe must a quick downesfall bring,
Whole King has loft all, but the name of King.

Exit.

Enter Subprior with an earthen pot, and a lanthorne;
Scumbrath with him with a pece.

Sub. Get thee to bed thou foolish man and sleepe.
How? SLEEPE! no sir no, I am turnd a tyrant and cannot sleepe:
I stand centinell perdu, and somebody dyes if I sleepe,
I am possesst with the diuell and cannot sleepe.

How? diuell possetes thee?

The fencers diuell, a fighting diuell; Rush has committed a murder vpon my body, and his carcas shall anfwere it; the cock of my revenge is vp.

Murder! what murder?

He has taken away my good name, which is flat manslaughter, and halfe hangd me, which is as much as murder, he told the Lord Prior and you that I was killing a wenche: Its a lye, I give him the lye, and he shall fight with me at single pittal against my calicuer, do I looke like a whore-monger? when haue you seene a wencher thus liary as I am: Rush thou dieft for this treason against my members concupiscentialtie.

Thou wut not kill him, wut thou?

No, but Ile make him know what tis to boile a cocke in's owne grease.
I am scalding hot, I am chargd with furie, I carie a heart-burning within me. I kisse a whore? I shall haue boyes cry out to me, now who kist Mary? No Rush, Scumbrath shall guie thee fuger pellets to eate, I will not be dancde vpnon.

Let me perfwade thy peace of minde to night,
Get thee to rest, if Rush haue thee belide,
Rejoyce, by wrongs to haue thy patience triade.
He shall forguenes aske thee.

Let me but haue one blow ats head with my cleauer Ich kitchin, and I freely forgue him, or let me bownce at him.

These bloudie thoughts will dam thee into hell.

Doe you thinke so? what becomes of our roaring boyes then that stab healths one to another, doe you thinke they will be slambd vp too?
310 If this be not a good Play,

Sub. I thinke so, for I know it, deere fonne to prayer,
Two finnes befet thee, murder, and despaire,
I charge thee meeete me at my cell anon,
To faue thee will I spend my orison.
In name of heauen I charge thee to be gon.

Sru. Well fir, the cold water of your counsell has laid the heate of my furie: he had met with his match, but I wil shooe off my anger, I will be gon, and why? Looke you, becaue the moone is vp and makes hornes at one of vs; As the noblemans coach is drawne by foure horses, the knights by two, & the cuckold by three, euen so am I drawne away with none at all. Vale, Bonos Noches: I am possed still: It buzzes, here. Vale. Exit.

Sub. Blest flar of light, ftucke there to illuminate
This world darkned or e with fin: thou watchest late,
To guide mans comming home, shewing thereby
Heauens care of vs, seeing how we tread awry.
We haue two great lights for midnight and for noon,
Because blacke deeds at no time should be don.
All haile to thee (now my best guide) be giuen,
What needs earths candle, hauing the lamp of heauen?
Now Benedicite! where am I?

Enter Ruhl.

Ruhl. O whether am I going! which way came I! Ah wellada, I come to fill my pot,
With water not with thee; thou art mis-begot.
Else wouldst thou not lye there; what Orphans blood
Haft thou fuct out, to make this golden flood!?
None drinke this well but I, how is it than
Thou thus way-lay't me, (theefe to the foule of man!)
Would some poore wretch (by losse of law vndone)
Had thee: goe doe him good: me canst thou none.
My wholesome cup is poyfond, it flowes or e
With mans damnation (gold,) drinke there no more.
the Divell is in it.

Shac. Not taft what all men thirst for! old and
so braue,
When mony assaults, one combat more Ille haue.

Enter Scumbroth.

Secu. So, ho, ho, father, Subprior.
Sub. Whoes there! what art thou callit me?
Secu. One that feedes the hungry, the cooke sir,
Scumbroth.
Sub. Come hither, I haue for thee a golden
prize.
Shac. Ha ha: heele take it.
Villaines and foolees will ha gold, (tho got from hell,)
But they who doe so, (as thou shalt) pay for't well.
Exit.

Secu. But stay, father Subprior, before we goe one
step farther, what doe you thinke I haue done since I
went from you?
Sub. No hurt I hope, say haft thou?
Secu. Hurt? If I did hurt in that, how much
harme doe Almanake makers, whol ye coldly quieruing
at it all the yeare long! I did doe nothing but fland
flaring at the man in the moone.
Sub. And what good thoughts bred that within
thee?
Secu. This: I thought to my selfe, what a happy
fellow that man in the moone was, to see so many
foolees and knaues here below, and yet neuer to be
troubled with 'em, nor meddle with 'em.
Sub. Hees happy that meddles not with this world
indeed.
Secu. If that man in the moone should write a
prognostication, oh he should not neede to tell astro-
nomicall lyes to fill his booke, nor talke in gibribh no
man vnderlands, of Quartiles, Aspects, Stations, Re-
trogradations, Peragrations; Centricall, Ecentricall,
Cosmicall, Acromicall, and such Palquodicall, Solar,
Lunar, Lunaticall vaulting over the railes of heauen,
If this be not a good Play,

that no Christian dare looke upon their tricks, for feare his wit breake his necke.

Sub. Thou putst into a Sea, thou canst not found, Ignorance still is foe to Arts profound. Come hither man, come hither.

Sec. Arts profound, Arts make men as very asses as women doe, I haue no Art, and yet I knowe this Moone that shines to night, sees more than you or I doe, for all your spectacles.

Sub. True, tis the eye of heauen.

Sec. Which of the eyes! tis but the left eye: and the Sun is the right: and yet the left sometimes sees more than the right, and the right as much as the left, there's paxonisme for you father, globall paxonisme.

Sub. I vnderstand thee not.

Sec. No, why heres the oyster open'd, I say the Sun sees much knauery in a yere, & and the Moone more in a quarter: the Moone sees men caried by a quarrelling watch to prison, and the Sun sees the constable and the booke-keeper share fees the next morning.

Sub. Thats not well.

Sec. Yes, but they sweare tis well: the Moone sees bastards come bawling into the world, & the Sun sees 'em shifted and shuffled in doffers, away to nurfe, & thats the caufe we haue so many doffers-heads: the Moone sees old curmudgeons come reeling from Taurerns with sippings of halfe pintes of Sacke, and the Sun sees the fame charles the next day, soberly cutting any mans throate for a pennie.

Sub. Enough of this: come hither: looke what here lyes.

Sec. What here lyes: marie, father Subprior, the diuell and some Vfurers mony haue bin here at their lecherie, and fee what goodly children they haue begot: if you will ile keepe the bastards at nurfe.

Sub. I am content that halfe this gold be thine, (If it bee ask'd for neuer, for tis not mine,) So thou wilt promife tother halfe to glie
the Diuell is in it.

To such as I appoint.

Scro. By this gold I will lay it out brauely, as you appoint me.

Sub. Look not to prosper; if thou dealtst amisse; Good workes are keyes opening the gates of blisse, That golden key, thou in that heape maist find; If with it thou relieue the lame, sick, blind, And hungry.

Scro. I will doe it I protest.

Sub. One halfe bestow'd so, take thy selfe the reft. So far thee well. Exit.

Scro. Farewell good father,—foole: He gie the blinde a dog to lead 'em, the lame shall to the whipping-post, the sick shall dye in a cage, and the hungry leap at a crust: I feede rogues, the pox sholl: the world is change: a begger yeasterday, and full of gold to day: an asse to day, and a prov'd scab to morrow.


Scro. Stand: cannot a Gentleman grow rich, but he must keepe knaues about him?

Gluit. That gold is none of thine.

Scro. But all the craft in that great head of yours cannot get it out of my fangers. Zounds who the diuel art thou?

Gluit. A spirit sent vp from hell to make thee rich.

Scro. Thanke hell for it: hell makes worse fooles rich in a yeere.

Gluit. That gold I laide there for thee.

Scro. When doe you lay againe, that I may have more of these egges?

Gluit. Spend thefe I charge thee firfl.

Scro. Yes, Head.

Gluit. And brauely I charge thee.

Scro. What neede you be at such charges, Ie doe't: but shall the poore be a pennie the better for me, as the old fellow charged me, yea, or no?

Gluit. No.

Shac. No. Within.
If this be not a good Play,

Scu. Whose that?
Glit. Tis thine owne Genius cryes vnto thee no.
Scu. My Genius, I am a cooke, my Genius then belike is a scullion; but when this is spent, can my Genius tell mee whither I shall have more.
Shac. More.
Glit. More.
1. More.
2. More. \{ within.
In a big voice.
Scu. Because my Genius keepes company with a great man, Ile take all their wordes; and his bond.
Glit. When thou haft spent all that: I charge thee come
To the blacke tree, that stands in Naples groue,
Clymbe boldly to the top, and keepe fast hold,
For there Ile rayne on thee a shoure of gold,
If what thou feest there, thou to any tell,
Diuels shall teare thee.

Shac. Away.
Omn. Away.
Scu. Farewell.

Enter Shacklefoule laughing.

Shac. Ha, ha! downe downe bright spirit, thou wut bee mist anon, hell mynt flapds ydle.
Glit. Loosse not that foole.
Shac. Be gon.
Glit. Haue care to meete at next infernall court:
The day drawes nye. \textit{Goes downe.}
Shac. I thanke thee for this spirit. \textit{Exit.}

Enter K. Rufman, Narcisso, Spendola, Brisco, Iouinelli.

K. You that complaine gainst 	extit{Barteruile}, (re-
receipt
Of all our tribute-monies) speak your wrongs;
Nay you haue deafd our eares too much already,
Hee does confesse your crownes (payde and receiude)
But to guise backe your writings ther's no clause,
If them youle win, fight it out by our lawes.

Bar. I humbly thanke your highnes. A gratious doome.

1. Gent. One day to try this plea, to hel thowlt come. Ex. 2.

K. Toth' next, we ha businesse of our owne, toth' next:

O Barteruile ! for these 2oo. crownes.

Bar. I payde 'em to that man.

Bar. Now afore the King
And his Lords here, thou lieft: th'aft payde me none.

K. Your chollers firra too hye.

Far. Tho my collar fland
So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.
Thou layf't thowlt sweare th'aft payd it: vds nailes sweare fo,
And the fowle fecnde goe with't : 2oo. crownes?
I ha loft as much at loggets: sweare but to reuel,
And spend't in hel, gallop thee and that toth' diuel.

Far. Man wherefore doeft not sweare?

K. Reach me a booke.

Bar. Let me before I sweare, on my notes look,
Ile tell you the very day; pray hold my flaffe,
Till I draw out my false eyes.

Far. Draw thy heart out an't wut: thou maist wel
Say thy false eyes.

Bar. The day: August, 14.

Far. Thats now, be dambd, and so away.

Bar. On this day (August, 14.) I sweare I payde
Into these handes, 2oo. crownes in gold.

Far. Zounds nor in siluer: by this booke I had none.

K. One of you two is periuriously forworne.

Far. He, he, as I am true Christian man.
If this be not a good Play,

Iou. He sweares,
To your owne hands he payde them.
Bar. Else let that eye,
Which sees me play false, scourge my perjury
With fearrefull stripes.
Far. O justice! faine downe dead!
Lurchall & Rufman about him.

Wud I had lost all, tho I had bin cozened,
Rather than thou thy soule.
Omn. He bleedes at mouth.
Far. See his staffe (beating the earth, for heauen
loues truth
Is burst in shivers, and that gold he swore
Was pay'd to me, lyes scattred on the flore.
Ruff. He comes againe, the diuell will not receiue
him.
K. Take him away, weele punish him for this
cryme.
Ruff. Beg his office: you a Courtier?
Spn. I have a suite to your highnes.
K. What ift count Spendola?
Lur. Maister, looke vp man,
In this black trance had thy soule flyen away,
I had wrought hard and made a holliday.
Ruff. Loosfe not a minute (pue-fellow) leave him
not yet,
I haue whales here too, lye playing in the net. Exit.
Far. Ile take this gold at venture, (fweete yong
King.)
For all this hel-hound owes me.
K. Doe, and be gone.
Far. I am pay'd: the diuels turn'd puritane I
fear,
He hates (me thinkes) to heare his own child sweare.
Exit.

K. The office of this periurde Barterwile,
I frankly gue away, diuiding it
To the Count Spendola, and our worthy friend
Braue Bohor here; farme it to whom you pleafe.
Both. We thanke your Highnes.
Spen. Who bids most, he buyes it.
K. If to his life, the diuell gieus longer leafe,
To build more worke for hel; goe fee, & from him
Exact a stricte account of what he owes vs.
Ruff. That stricte account ile take. Exit.
K. Show him no fauour.

Enter Octavio with petitions.

Ost. If now thou art a most King, keepe thy word,
With thy poore subiects.
K. How now vnclle? why.
Ost. This is thy day to heare the poore mans
crye:
And yonders crying enough, at thy Court gates;
Fine hundred white heads, and scarce ro. good hats,
Yet haberdashers too, of all trades some,
Crying out they are vn돈.
Omn. Vndon, by whom?
Ost. Mary, looke: by such as you are, who goe
gay,
Weare’t out, booke downe more, set to their hands but
never pay;
Neuer in deare yeares was there such complauning
Of poore flaru’d feruants, or (when plagues are raign-
ing)
Mourne orphans so and widdowes, as those doe
That owe thefe sorrowfull papers.
K. Pray how can I
To their complainings adde a remedy?
Ost. He tell thee how: are any here in debt
To Merchants, Mercers, Taylors? let ’em jet
In their owne fattins, pay for what they ha tane,
And thefe will goe leffe braue, tother leffe complaine.
Omn. Ha ha!
Ost. The mightie wrongs the weake, the rich the
poore,
This man should haue his owne, could he greaze more
If this be not a good Play,

His too-fat lawyer; that wretch for's coat does fue,
But his coat's gon, and his skin fleeing off too,
If his purf bee ore-match'd: these grosse impure
And ranck diseases, long unto thy cure,
Thy word's in pawn for, these are the poore cries,
How wilt thou stop their throates?

K. With halters.
Omn. Hang 'em.

Or. Hang 'em! any halters here! I'll so set down!

This law-book speaks not so, yet is thine own.
K. Still brauing me with this? burn it.

Or. Yes doe.
If you burn all the weeke, burne saterday too:
Doe one good dayes-deed first, read poore mens
plaints.
K. Hels plagues confound 'em: in their heads and
thine.

Vex me no more.

Or. I warrant thee ile saue mine. Meetes the Sub.
Holy Saint pardon me, I saue good father, my braine
So wilde is I forgot thee, but ile to him againe,
Tis but an old mans head off. King take it, ile
speake whilest this stands on my shoulders.
K. But that you are——

Or. An honest man, thou'dst haue this, O I
beseeke
Thy attention to this Reuerend Sub-Prior,
Who plaines against disorders of this House;
Where once Deuotion dwelt and Charitie,
Ther's Drunkenesse now, Gluttonie, and Lecherie,
Tell thou the Tale.
Sub. Bad Storie soone is tolde;
Becaufe tis foule, that Leafe does all infolde,
Their finnes grow hye, and fearefull, and strike at
Heauen,
Punish them THOV, whose power from thence is giuen.

K. Your Friers fo luftie!
the Divell is in it.

Iou. All the Barbers in Naples tell newes of that Priorie.

Brif. I would your Grace would let me purge this house of her infection; bestowe the Livings of it on mee, ile sweeten it in one Moneth.

Iou. Heele lay it in Lauender.

K. The Couent, the Demeanes, Immunities, Rents, Cuftomes, Chartres, what to this house of Baall toener is belonging—Brifco tis thine.

Oft. Wut rob the Church too, (Now th'af nothing left scarce for thy selfe?)

Sub. O heauen fore-fend such theft!

K. Bestowe it at thy pleasure.

Oft. Woe to thofe dayes,
When to raife Vpstartes, the poore CHVRCH decayes.

Sub. Call backe thy gift (o King) and ere thefe eyes
Behold vnhallowed hands to Tyrannize
Where many a good man has his Oriions paid,
And many a Requiem bene fung out for the Dead,
(Till I am thruf out by Death) o let mee haue
My dwelling there, there let me dig my Graue,
With mine owne Nayles, (flut vp from worldly Light,
Betweene two walls,) and dye an Anchoryte.

K. I referre you to your Patron there.

Brif. Thats I:
Shew mee first where your Abbey-gold sleept, then goe
dye.

Sub: I feare RELIGIONS Fall: Alacke I see
This world's a Cittie built by the moft Hie,
But kept by man, (GODS) greatest enemie. Exit.

Oft. Let ill-Newes fluye together, thou art full of
tears,
But I more full of woes, of cares, of feares. Exit.

Enter Asifiphe.

K. S'death shall wee haue yet faire weather?
Iou. Heeres one florme more.
If this be not a good Play,

Aft. Calabrias Duke demands of you a Daughter.
K. Let me but lye with's wife, Ile give him a Sonne.
Aft. Hee sends for Erminghild.
K. Deliuer her.
Aft. Shees not to be found.
K. Ya're an olde Foole,
To aske for that which is not.
Aft. Thus hee sayes,
Denie her and looke for warres.
K. So goe your wayes.
Aft. I'me quickly gone. Exit.

Enter Ruffman and Barteruile.

K. With Sacke ile sweare you are,
This was short and sweete,—Seemes then we shal ha warres,
Bokor, the Drumme must foolde, the Canon thund:  
Fighting about a wench.
Omn. Tufh, that no wonder.
K. Who bayld him out of Hell? dambd periurde  
cyntiffe!
Out of mine eye.
Ruff. I neuer begd before,
Pardon his crime (I intreate) and backe restore  
Both your hye fauour to him, and his place.
Bar. Let me want life, rather then want your  
Grace.
Spen. Doe you thinke Ile loose the Kings gift?
Bar. Ile send you Golde.
Spen. That stops my mouth, pray let him still Sir  
hold,
This Office of Receuer, I resign.
That part which I haue in it.
Ruff. And I all mine.
K. Sirra, thanke these Lords.
Bar. I shal their loues deferue.
K. Barteruile, wee haue warres, Ile haue thee
the Druell is in it.

lend mee some 30000. Chicquines at leaft.
   Bar. Take all my Golde.
   K. Wel, get you home with your bags sir, weele make bold.
   Bart. Your Maiestie shall have what bags you will,
   Bags onely, but Ile keepe my money still.    Exit.

Enter Oflauio and Astolphe.

K. Now Shalcan, some newe Spirit.
   Ruff. A thousand wenches
   Stark-nak'd, to play at Leap-frog.
   Omn. O rare fight !
   Iou. Your vnkle.
   K. Sdeath, still haunted with this gray sprite.
   Of. You need no Taylors now, but Armorers,
   Theres a deere reckoning for you all to pay,
   About a Ladie ; the Calabrian Duke
   Is on a March : the Lightning flashes now,
   Youle heare the cracke anone. Before the starre
   To call whome vp, the wakefull Cocke doth finge
   Bee twice more feene abroad ; At your Citie gates
   The Druells purfeuant will beate (the Canon)
   Will thefe briske leaders (flucke with Esbridge-
   feathers)
   Goe braue your enemie now, and beate him backe ?
   Saue thee, thy Kingdome, and themsfelves from
   wracke !
   K. Dotard, I fcome to take preſcription
   From any breath to which ours is fupreme,
   Stood Druels with fire-works on your battlements,
   A thousand Armed Joues at your proude walls
   Hurling forked Thunder, and the gates rambd vp
   With piles of Citizens heads, our spring-tyde pleasures
   No aduerfe windes, no Torrent shall refiat :
   Midst flames weele dance, and dye a Nerovift. Exit.
   Omn. Fight you, yare good for nothing else.

Exeunt.
322  If this be not a good Play,

Ast. They mocke vs.

Oft. All starke mad: let vs be wise,
And flye from buildings falling to'th furer side,
If wee can his safety, if not, (our owne prouide.)

Exeunt.

Enter Barteruelle like a Turk:—Lurchall.

Bar. Thou hast like t'ha sent mee swearing into
Hell,
Ile weaue my Nettes my selfe, how doest thou like
mee?
Is not this habite Turk-Merchant-like?
Lur. A meere Turke fir, none can take you for
lesse.

Bar. King borrow 30000. Chequines of mee!
ha, ha!

Lur. But pray fir, what ift turnes you into a
Turke?

Bar. That, for which manie their Religion,
Moit men their Faith, all change their honestie,
Profite, (that guilded god) Commodity.
Hee that would grow damnd-Rich, yet liue secure,
Must keepe a cave of Faces, sometimes demure.
Sometimes a grum-furry fir, now play the Iewe,
Then the Precifian; Not a man weele viewe.
But varies so. My selfe, (of bashfull nature)
Am thus supplyed by Arte.

But fir, your Aymes, and endes in this.

Bar. Mary these——
A hundred thousand-Florens fill my Coffers,
Some of it is mine owne, and some the Kings,
Some taken vp at vie of fundry Merchants,
To pay at fix fix monethes, on mine owne hand,)
Sue that, Ile keepe the monies in my hand.

Lur. Youle breake fir.

Bar. Not mine owne necke, but their backes;
To get their monies, Barteruelle must die,
Make will, name an executor, which am I.
the Diuell is in it.

Lur. Rare!
Bar. Giuen out his kinffman, lately imploied him
in Turky,
Lur. What will hence befall?
Bar. Like an executor will I cozen all.
Make creditors Orphans, and widowes spend those
tears
They sau'de from their late husbands burials;
They get not i.j.d. it'h pound.
Lur. Theile tell the King.
Bar. The King! ha ha: the King is going this
way;
He meanes to borrow,
(If the warres holds) my gold: yes: when to morrow.
All debts of mine, on him shal be conferd,
I ha breifes and tickets which from time to time
Shew what large summes his minions ha fetcht from
me,
His tribute mony has payd it, that's no matter,
The world bites these dead, whom aliue they flatter.
And so must I; then give it out I left
A compleate flate, but the Kings death bereft
Me of those summes he owde.
Lur. Say the King preuailles.
Bar. With that wind must I likewise shift my
failes:
And where the fox gets nothing, will turne Ape,
Make legses, crouch, kiffe my paw, prefent some flale
Deuice of vertues triumph to expresse
How much I joy him safe, with nothing leffe.
Lur. But how can you excuse your turning Turke?
Bar. Easyfte of all: Ile swere, this faide my
life,
Purued by kennells of barking creditors:
For my much love to him, and thus being forcode
To walke obscrue, my credit fell to wracke,
Want of returne made all my factors brake,
In parts remote; to recompence which losse,
If this be not a good Play,

And that with safety I may give direction
To my disturb’d state, craue I the King’s protection.

Lur. Protection! what’s that?

Bar. A merchant, and yet know’st not
What a protection is? Ile tell thee.

Lur. Pray sir, for I never broke with any man.

Bar. It is a buckler of a large fayre compass
Quilted within with Fox-skinnes: In the midst
A pike sticks out, (sometimes of two yeeres long,
And sometimes longer,) And this pike keepes off
Serjeants and Bailiffs, Actions, and Arrests:
Tis a strong charmme gainst all the noisome smels
Of Counters, Taylors, garnishes, and such hels;
By this, a debtor craizzle, so lustie growes,
He may walke by, and play with his creditors nose.
Vnder this buckler, here ile lye and fence.

Lur. You have out-reacht me.

Bar. Ile out-reache the diuell:
But I tempt danger: goe thou and fetch some Frier
As if (at point of death,) I did desire,
(No, Barterwise did desire (to make confession:
If any creditors beate, or raile at doe,
Vpstarts this Turke and answeres them.

Lur. Why fetch I a Frier?

Bar. I have a reaching plot in that (boy) hasten,
That we may smile in our securer port:
Seeing others sea-toft: why tis but a sport
For him that’s safe, to see the proud waves swallow
Whole fleetes of wretched soules: it needs must
follow,
Nature sent man into the world, (alone,)
Without all company, but to care for one,
And that ile doe.

Lur. True Citie doctrine sir.

Bar. Away, thy haft, our richest loue shall earne.

Lur. I came to teach, but now (me thinkes) must
learne. Extunt.
the Diuell is in it.

Enter Scumbroth like a begger.

_Scu._ What faies the prodigall child in the painted cloth? when all his mony was spent and gon, they turnd him out vnecessary; then did hee weeppe and wille not what to don, for he was in's hose and doublet verily, the best is, there are but two batches of people moulded in this world, thatts to say Gentlemen and Beggers; or Beggers and Gentlemen, or Gentleman-like Beggers, or Beggerlike Gentle-men; I rancke with one of thefe I am sure, tag and rag one with another: Am I one of those whom Fortune fauours? No, no, if Fortune fauourd me, I should be full, but Fortune fauours no body but Garlicke, nor Garlike neither now, yet she has strong reasone to love it; for tho Garlicke made her smell abominably in the nostrills of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stumcke worse but for garlike: One filthy fent takes away another. She once smilde vpon me like a lambe, when shee gaue me gold, but now shee roares vpon me like a Lion. Stay: what said head! Spend this brauely, and thou shalt haue more: can any prodigall new-come vpstart spend it more brauely? and now to get more, I must goe into the groue of _Naples_ thatts here, and get into a blacke tree, heares a blacke tree too, but art thou he?

_Glitt._ He._—within._

_Scu._ Ha ha, where art thou my sweete great head?

_Glitt._ Head.

_Scu._ O at the head, thatts to say at the top: how shall I get vp? for tis hard when a man is downe in this world to get vp, I shall neuer climbe hie.

_Glitt._ Hye.

_Scu._ I will hie me then, but I am as heauy as a fow of lead.

_Glitt._ Leade.

_Scu._ Yes, I will lead (big Head) whatsoever followes, Many a gallant for gold, has climbe higher on a gallowes.
If this be not a good Play,
The storme even as Head nodded is comming:
Cooke, licke thy fingers, now or neuer.
Glitt. Now or neuer.

Rayne, Thunder and lightning: Enter Lucifer and
Diuels.

Omn. Oooh.
Luc. This is the tree.
Scu. On which would you were all hang'd, so I
were off it; and safe at home.
Luc. And this (I am sure tis this) the horrid
groue
Where witches broodes ingender, (our place of meet-
ing).

Scu. Doe witches ingender here: zounds I shall
bee the diuels bawde whilest he goes to his lecherie.
Luc. And this the hideous black infernal howre:
Ha! no appearance yet! if their least minute
Our vassailles breake, finck shall these trees to hell.
Scu. Alas!
Luc. This groue iche turne into a brimstone lake
Which shall be euer-burning.
Scu. The best is, if I be a match in the diuels
tinderbox, I can flinck no worfe than I doe alreadie.
Luc. Not yet come! Oooh!

Enter Shacklefoul, Rufman and Lurcshall, at feuerall
dores with other diuels.

Omn. Oooh, oooh. embrace.
Scu. Sure these are no Chriftian Diuels, they so
love one another.
Luc. Stand forth.

Sits under the tree all about him.

Scu. Frier Rufh amongst 'em!
Luc. And here vnlaide you of that pretious freight
For which you went, (mens foules;) what voyage is
made?
the Diuell is in it.

Omn. No sauing voyage, but a damning.

Luc. Good.

Scu. I thought the diuell was turnde Merchant, theres fo many Pirates at Sea.

Ruf. Th Court of Naples haue I profred well, And braue foules shall I shortly ship to hell. In sensuall streames, Courtier and King I ha crownde, From whence warre is flowing, whose tyde shall all confound.

Scu. Are there gentlemen diuels too? this is one of thofe, who studyes the black Art, thats to fay, drinkes Tobacco.

Luc. Are all then good ith Citie?

Lur. No Lucifer.

Scu. No nor scarce ith suburbes.

Lur. Great Prince of diuels, Thy hefts I haue obayde,

I am bartring for one foule, able to lade
An Argocy; if Citie-oathes, if periuries,
Cheatings, or gnawing mens foules by vsuries,
If all the villanies (that a City can,)
Are able to get thee a fonne, I ha found that man.

Luc. Serue him vp,—flanfts vp.

Scu. Alas, now now.

Lur. Damnation gies his foule but one turne more,
Caufe he shall be enough.

Scu. Its no meruaile if markets be deere, when the Citie is bound to find the diuell roaf-meat.

Luc. Has Rufh lyen ydle?

Sha. Ydle? no Lucifer.

Scu. All the world is turnd diuell. Rufh is one too.

Sha. Ydle? I haue your nimblest diuell bin,
In twentie shapes begetting fin.

Scu. One was to get me thruf out of the priory.

Sha. I am fishing for a whole schoale of Friers.
Al are gluttoning or muttoning, flabbing or swelling,
If this be not a good Play,
Ther's onely one Lambe scapes my killing,
But I will haue him: then theres a cooke——
Scu. Whole arfe makes buttons.
Sha. Of whom I some reuenge haue tooke.
Scu. The diuell choake you fort.
Sha. He mickle scath has done me,
And the knaue thinkes to out-run me.
Scu. Not too fast.
Luc. Kick his guilty foule hither.
Sha. Ile drive him to despair,
And make him hang himselfe.
Scu. For hanging I stand faire.
Luc. Goe, ply your workes, our Sessions are at hand.
Fir. We fly to execute thy dread command. Exeunt 3.
Scu. Would I could flye into a bench-hole.
Luc. But what haue you don' t nothing.
1. Diu. We haue all like bees
Wrought in that Hyue of foule (the buifie world ;)
Some ha lyen in cheefmongers shops, paring leaden waite.
Scu. Wud I were there but with a paring of cheefe.
1. Diu. For one halfe ounce, we had a chandlers foule.
Scu. If he melted tallow, hee smelt sweetly as I doe.
1. Diu. Walke round hells shambles, thou shalt see there flicks
Some 4. butchers foules, puft quentingly vp with pricks.
Scu. 4. Sweete-breads I hold my life, that diuels an afe.
1. Diu. Taylors ore-reachers, for to this tis growne,
They forme thy hell, hauing better of their owne:
Scu. They fear not fattin nor all his workes.
1. Diu. I haue with this fist beate vpon rich-mens hearts,
To make 'em harder: and these two thumbers thrust,
(In open Churches) into braue dames eares.
Damning vp attention; whilst the loose eye peeres
For fashions of gowne-wings, laces, purles, ruffes,
Fals, calts, tires, wires, caps, hats, and muffes, and puffs.
For fo the face be snug, and carkas gay,
That's all their pride.

Luc. Twill be a festuall day
When those sweete Duckes comes to vs: loose 'em
not: goe:
More foules you pay to hell, the lesse you owe.
This Ewe-tree blast with your hot-scorching breath,
A marke, (toth' witch who next sits here) of death.

Omn. Ooooh.—Fireworkes: Scembroath falls.

Exeunt Omn.

Scu. Call you this, rayning downe of gold? I am
wet toth' skinne in the shower, but tis with sweating
for feare: had I now had the conscience that some
Vintners and Inholders haue? here might I haue
gotten the diuell and all. But two finnes haue vn-done
me, prodigallitie, and couetousnesse: and three Pees
haue pepper'd me,
The Punch, the Pot, and Pipe of smoake
Out of my pocket my gold did foake.
I cannot sweare now, zounds I am gallant: but I can
sweare as many of the ragged Regiment doe, zounds I
haue bin a gallant. But I am now downe, deiected,
and debash'd, and can better drawe out a thindendale
gallant, thats to say, a gallant that wants of his true
measure, than any tapster can draw him out of his
fores: thus he fits vp, and thus hee's pulld downe;
thus is he raifed, and thus decline: Singulariter,
Nominateo, Hic Gallantus, a Gallant.
Genetio, Hugious, braue.

Datius Huic, If he gets once a lick,
Accusatius Hunc, Of a taffaty Punch.
Accusatius Hanc, His cheekes will growe lanck,
Hunc, Hanc, & Hoc, With lifting vp her smock.
If this be not a good Play,

Vocativo, 01 Hees gon if he cryes so.
Ablativo, ab hoc, Away with him, he has the pock.
Pluraliter, Nominativo, Hi. gallanti, If the pox he can
defie.
Genetivo, Horum, Yet hees a beggar in coram.
Dativo, His: His gilt rapier he does misse.
Accusativo Hob, Without his cloake he goes.
Accusativo Has, To the Counter he must passe.
Hos, has, & Hae, With two Catchpols at his back.
Vocativo, 0 A hole he desirde, and to th' hole he
must goe.
Ablativo, ab His, Thus many a Gallant declined is.

Exit.

Enter Erminhild to the Subprior.

Sub. What art thou?
Er. Daughter to the Calabrian Duke.
The haples troth-plight wife to your sad King.
Sub. Alack! what notes are these I heare you
fing?

Pardon me madam:
O Lady! want of you has bred much woe;
Calamitie does euery where ore-flow,
All long of your strange absence.

Drummes afar off marching.

Er. I confesse,
Loaden with your Kings contempt, and loath to beare
Shame to my country, who from thence came
freighted
With many glorious honours, I preferd
An obscure life before a publick shame;
O then (good father) be it not my blame
If my supposide death, on the King haue throwne,
Dangers, which from himselfe are meerely growne.
Sub. What (princely Mayden) would you with me
doe?
Er. I doe conjure you sir, by all the bonds
Tye you to pious Acls, you would make way
To my incendied father; giue him these lines,
This Ring, pledge of that blessing he deliver'd me
At our last parting: add unto these, if euer
His daughters memory to him were deare,
To wound the Prince let his rash hand forbear:
Since through each wound he giv's him, I am flaine,
If the sad king you meete, venture to tell him
That more for him, than he for me, I bide,
And am his subiect child, tho not his bride.

Sub. This shall I doe, how shall we meete againe?

Er. Fears follow me so, I know not where nor
when.

Sub. Hearke how the sound of horror beates the
Ayre,
Your fathers vp in Armes and does prepare
Sharpe vengeance, for this citie, woe is me: trust
you
To me, who nere made much of woman yet,
Reft here sweete maide, till an old Frier beget
What joyes he can to comfort thee? Is Clement
growne
A womans man now? No, I am not mine owne,
Where your command may sway me: Much more in
this,
Where heauen (through vertues triall) makes you his.

Exit.

A table is set out with a candle burning, a deaths head,
a cloke and a croffe; Subprior fits reading:
Enter Shackle-foule, leading in an Italian Zany,
full or 6. Curtissans, every one holding a Jewell.

Shac. Thats he, & ther's your golden hire to
charme him;
Your fees ile treble, let but lufls flame be felt;
The Alpine snow at the sun's beames does melt,
So let your beauties thaw his frozen Age, Mufick.
First t'act an old Lecher, then a diuell on hells black
Stage:
If this be not a good Play,
Strike, strike your silver strings: brave set of whores!
At your striking vp, duells dance, and all hell roares.

Zany and Curtisans fall into a short dance.

Sub. What sound offends mine ear! Soule of
  temptation?
Enchanters I defte yee, get you gon;
Ime blind to your enticements, from this I learne,
At how deere rate the careles world does earne,
That thing call'd pleasure: how many soules doe
  fall?
(Sold for a little guilt to daube this wall!)
Hence with your witchcrafts, the sight of this dries
  hence
All thoughts besieging our voluptuous fence.
  Shac. Another baite, at this he will not bite.

The Zany singes: Subprior holds his head downe
  as fast asleep.

Zany. Will you haue a dainty girl! here tis:
Curall lippes, teeth of pearle: here tis:
Cherry cheekes, foaste flesh; that's thee,
Breath like May, sweete and frehe; thee thee.
Be the white, blacke, or browne,
Pleasure your bed shall crowne,
  Chose her then, vfe her then,
Women are made for men.
  Prettie, prettie waft:
Sweete to be embrace:
Prettie leg, & prettie foot:
To beauties treee the roote,
  This is the shalldoo'te,
Or the shalldoo't, or the shalldoo't, the shalldoo't,
  the shalldoo't.
  Kiffe, kiffe, play, play, come and dally,
Tumble, tumble, tumble, in beauties valley.
the Diuell is in it.

Shac. His soule is chained in pleasures, bind it fast,
If he break your charmes, the strongest spell comes last. Exit.

All wake him.

Sub. Hence diuells incarnate, is not the sorcery
Of your deceitful tunes, Shuts vp mine eye,
Mine eares are likewise flop'd, hence, hence I say.
Omn. Ha ha, a man of yce, a clod of clay.

Exit.

Enter Shackle-soule, or some spirit in a frightfull shape.

Sub. Are all thy incantations spent now? art
come againe?
Bafe workmanship of heaven, what other traine,
Were all hells frightfull horrors flycke in thy looke,
Thou canst not shake me.
Shac. I can.
Sub. Thou liest, thou shalt not.
Shac. I bring thee tydings of thy death this night.
Sub. How doest thou know that hour of my last fight?
False herald, Minister of despair and lies.
Shac. I know to how many minutes thy daies
must rise.
Sub. Who gies thee the number.
Shac. All things to vs are knowne,
What euer haue bin, are or shalbe don.
Sub. He pofe thee presently, what this thou fiend
Which now I haue turnd too, doe but tell me that
And I beleue thee.
Shac. I forne to be thy slave.
Sub. Downe, downe, and smike into thy damned cause:
Looke here, doeft fly thou hell-hound? I dare thee fland,
If this be not a good Play,
Or e thee by these holy spells haue I strong command,
Thy battries are too weake: by good mens prayers,
The continence of saints, (by which as slayres,
They ascend to heauen) by Virgins chastitie;
By Martyrs crown deaths, which recorded lye
In fluer leaues, aboue: I charge thee downe,
Howle where thar bound in flauerie, till the last dome.

Shac. Stormes, thunder, lightning, rip vp the earths wombe.
Sub. Eternall power, thankes on my humbled knee,
Thou still to constant brefts giu'lt victor[y.
Shac. No way to conquer thee! Ile giue thee ore:
Ne're fhnd I fo, (yet loft a foule) before.

Allarums. Enter King, Rufman, Spendola, Brijac,
with drawne weapons. Iouinelli here.

Kin. Blacke horrors, mischiefe, ruine and confusion
affright vs, follow vs.
Ruf. Dare them to the face,
And you fright them.
Spen. No safetie but to fly.
Kin. Whither Spendola, whither! better slay, and die.

Enter Narcisco: King, Allarums afar of.

Omn. What hope! what newes!
Kin. Is my vnclie fled!
Nar. Hee is gon:—And fights against you.
Kin. Follow him damnation,
That leaucs his Prince fo in distresse, in miserie;
O bane of Kings! (thou inchanting flatterie,)
Thy venome now I feele, eating my heart,
More mortall than an Indians poifned dart,
the Dinell is in it. 335

Ruf. Yar'e too deiected, gather head and fight it out.

Kin. The head's here, where are hands to lay about!

Enter Iouinelli.

Iou. Where is the King?

Kin. The man that title mockes Is here, (thou sad-visage man) are any hirde to kill me,

Or betray me? let 'em come:
Griefes growing extreame, death is a gentle doome.

Iou. Prepare then for the worst.

Kin. I am arm'd fort: shew it.

Iou. Thy kingdom is a weake shipp, bruiz'd, split, finking,

Nor haft thou any pilot to waft vs o're
Out of this foule Sea, to some calmer shore.
Thy peoples hearts are turnd to rocks of flint,
The Scholler, Souldier, and the Mariner,
Whom (as themselues say) once thou trodft vpon,
Now ferne as wheeles of thy destruccion.
Flying swiftly backward, the kingly Lions quaild,
What shall the weaker heardes doe, if he fall? —

Spen. Lets fly.
Omn. Zounds whither?

Brif. So we may be safe ——

Iou. But where?

Spen. At Barteruile: the charle's to me beholden,
His house fo flands, we may enter without feare.

Omn. Beet fo, to Barteruile.

Spen. What will your Highnes doe?

Kin. Die Spedola, a miserable King,
None here can hinder vs of that.

Spen. How? die? — ha you any stomach to death first?

Omn. Not I.

Spen. Nor I.
If this be not a good Play,

Troth's, tho you grow desperate, weele grow wife.

Omn. Farewell sir, weele faue one.       Exeunt.

King. Oh my cruelst enemies!

Stabs Brutus at me too!

Ruf. Now mine owne or neuer.

Kin. Why art not thou gon?

Ruf. I, Ile sticke to you euer:

I am no Courtier sir of fortunes making.

Kin. Thou art no wife man to preferre thy loue

To me, before thy life, pray thee leave me.

Ruf. Not I.

K. I shall not hate the world so really

As else I would, O had the ancient race

Of men (who had long leafes of their liues)

Bin wretchen as we are, no recompence

Could the Gods haue giuen them for their being here,

But now more pittifull wife nature growes,

Who cuts of mans yeeres to cut off his woes.

Ruff. True sir, & teaches him a thousand waies

To leade him out this horrid giddy maze.

K. I apprehend thee, a small daggers point,

Opens the vaines to cure our plurizy.

Ruff. Than to be made your foes-slaue, better dye.

K. A hundred thousand deaths, than like a captiue

Be chaind to grace proud Cefars Chariot wheele.

Ruff. Much lesse a pettie Dukes.

K. Fetch me deare friend,

An armed Piftoile, and mouth it at my brest:

Ile make away my selfe, and all my forrowes

Are made away.

Ruff. The best and nobler spirits

Haue done the like.

K. Your brauest men at Armes

Haue done the like.

Ruff. Philosophers haue don it.

K. Great peeres haue don it.

Ruff. Kings haue done the like.

K. And I will doe it.
the Diuell is in it.

Ruff. Nay it shall nere be saied, I liu'd a minute after you: here, here.

K. I embrace thee noblest friend.

Ruff. Lets faile together.

K. Content braue Bohor: oh! but whither!

Ruff. From hell, (this world,) from fiends, (in

K. No: into hel, from men to be dambd black
with fiends.

Me thinkes I see hell iawne to swallow vs.

Ruff. Fuh, this is but the swimming of your

braine,

By looking downe-wards with a timerous eye.

K. My foule was funck too low, to looke more

hye,

Forguences heauen.——

Ruff. The whippes of furies lath mee: the foe

comes on.

K. And we will meete him, dare confusion,

And the worlds mixed poisons, there is a hand

That fights for Kings, and vnder that weele fland.

Allarum full a farre off: Enter a Frier running.

Ruff. Whither runnes this Frier?

Fri. To faue my wretched life,

From th' insolent soldier, threatening the Cities spoile.

K. Of what house art thou?

Fri. Of father Clements Order,
The Capachines Subprior: a quick messenger fetched
me to be rich Barteruiles confessor, who lyes a dying.

K. A dying!

Fri. He does, but I

Haue come thus far, with so much jeopardy,
That could I safelie get the keys shore,
Nor the priory would I see more.

For charitie sake, direct me, and defend me.

K. To helpe deftrefled men, religion bindes me,
If this be not a good Play,

Shouldst thou in this hot broiles, be met abroad,
It will be iudgede you leaue your Priory,
Carying gold and siluer with you.
  *Fri. Las I haue none.
  *K. But Frier if you be thus taken, your life is
gon,
Here, here, cast off thy habit, better that lye
Ith Streetes, than thou poore wretch; weare mine, &
away
Strike downe that lane.
  *Fri. Thankes maister, for your liese ile pray.
  
  *Exit.  
  *K. This *Bohor shall disguise me, whither wilt thou
fly !
  *Ruff. Ile shift I warrant: haft thou toth' Priory.
  *K. If we were meeze againe, (best friend) farewell.
  *Ruff. Not meeze, yes, I hope, you muft not thus
cheate hel.
  *K. I will not truft this fellow: toth' Priory, no :
*Barteruile and Lurchall, with the Courtiers.

  *Lur. Make the doore sere the house is round
befet.
  *Omn. Befet !
  *Bar. Put vp: feare nothing; Armies should they
enter,
Cannot here find you.
  *Omn. How shall we escape !
  *Bar. Send for your truncks and ieweles, ile shiup
you this night meane time, this vnknowne way, leads
to a cellar, where a world cannot fetch you forth: In,
In, if danger pursue you, in a dry-fat ile packe you
hence.
the Diuell is in it.

Omn. Zounds into the dungeon!  
Bar. So to Sardini:  

Exeunt.  

Your cloakes and your gilt rapiers, downe, downe, downe.

K. How soone meetes Babels-pride, confusion?
Lur. What neft of birds are these new-kild with feare?

Bar. Fowle cannot last long sweete, therefore kept there.  

(Serviants.

In my cold cellar; stay, houfe befe? what fees?
Lur. Such as strike dead the heart, yet guie no blowes.

Bar. This ... footra for 'em: proclamations

Lurchall,

6000. Crownes are his, can thefe betray,
Soone earnd, weele share, fetch the Calabrian hither,
They are here fay: dam 'em.

Lur. You fhall be dambd together.  
Exit.

Enter King as a Frier.

K. Wher's that devote ficke man defires to take
Leave off this world? Deus hic to all now here.

Bar. Now Domine Frier; what I to you confefse
You are bound by oath to keepe.

K. I auer no leffe.

Bar. Keepe then this clofe, I am no Turke, not I,
But Barterwile difguide in pollicy.

K. Are you the Sick man?

Bar. Sick of a diseafe,
Bad as a plague to Citizens, I muft breake,
Play a banckrowts part) I haue monie of the kings,
Of merchants, Ile keepe all, thefe are Citie-springs;
Here lyes Serviants Leaguer: about my doores:
My houfe to me is an hoppitall, they the fores
Which run vpon me vily, (peepe I but out,)
To raize this Dunkirkfe feige, thus caft I about.

K. Lets heare, pray how?
340 If this be not a good Play,

Bar. Thus, thus sweete Domine Frier,
Ile be like you, a Capuchine: So, by your Prior,
Sub-prior, and couent, I may be fetcht hence,
Spite of all Sheoulder-clappers violence.
Tho the King should lay hands on me, I wud not
tary.
K. You neede not.
Bar. You are my guard, my Sanctuary.
K. But what your leuel in this, when this is don?
Bar. Alas! what leuell but pure devotion!
K. The Diuell you haue.
Bar. When I dye there, take All:
Will you goe to your prior and tell this?
K. Yes I shall. A March afar.
Bar. Ile send him an earnest peny (a 100. Crownes)
As the first stone my charitie builds vpon.
What drom's this? come, dispatch Frier, and be gon.
Exit.
K. Out of this hell thou meanest: yes ile fly
from thee
As from the Diuels hangman: thowl't else betray
mee.
World! to what creft of villanie art thou growne?
When (of good men) whole kingdomes scarce breede
One.
Lur. Heres the Duke of Calabria fir if you haue
made mee tell a lye, theile send me of a voyage to the
yland of Hogs and Diuels, (the Barmudas,) the Duke
fir.
Bar. His grace is welcome, las! I had more
neeede
To haue Phisitons and Apothecaries,
Than fighters at my gates: Lurchall why come they?
Cal. Deliuer vp those monsters in thy house,
That haue deuoured a Kingdome and the King.
Tis death to thee, and him, if thou detainst 'em.
Bar. I detain 'em, here, here, here.
Aft. Reward if thou deliuerst them.
the Diswell is in it.

Bar. Ime past rewarding in this world, I looke onely for good mens prayers, thers the key Lurchall.

Cal. Unbind him: say why did thy house receive them?

Bar. Full fore against my will: the bed I rife from

Count I my death-bed; for (each minute) I looke
When Angells (heauens good porters) will let me in,
Yet (like my betters) I'me heauy laden with fin.

And being thus sicke, and at laft gaspe, I sent
For my neerit cozen, my executor,
Who seeing braue fellowes beating at my gates,
Tooke 'em for honeft men, let 'em in simply,
And vndertooke this night, to ha shipd 'em hence;
My faithfull Servant telling me this, (In zeale,
To you and my country) I bid him, All reualue.

Cal. That plaide a Subject's part in't.

Bar. Heele lead you to them.

Cal. My Lord, take force and feize 'em, nere stand vpon

More trialls; give 'em speedie execution.

Aft. Come fellow.—

*Execunt Aft : and Lurchall cum Militibus.*

Bar. Your grace has don with me?

Calab. Goe, looke to thy health:

The crownes the proclamation promised,
Shall to thy man be payd.

Bar. Thankes to your Grace:

Las what I did in this, was for no hire.

Cal. Ha ha, the rent of a cellar never was so deere.

On beate the drum.  

*Exit.*

As they goe off; Enter Oclauio with Rufman and a guard.

Oclu. Are the rest tane?

Cal. Yes.

Oclu. The ground-Pyrat's here.
If this be not a good Play,

Heres the Diuells bellowes, kindled all those fires,
Which now are burning: This is the Snake, whose stinging
(Being kept warme in the bosome of a King)
Struck him to' the-heart: This hee, who by the force
Of his damb'd Arguments, was the first-divorce,
Of the Kings Loue, this is Bohor.
Cal. This that Serpent,
Y'haue all (like Traytors) wrought a Princes fall,
And all shall taffe one death.

Ofl. Sirra, wheres the King?!
Ruff. Warrant mee life, ile' bring you to the place
where you shall take him.

Ofl. Wult thou betray him Slawe?!
Ruff: Yes.
Cal. Thou shalt haue life.
Ruff. And you the King shall haue.

Ofl. And the Gallowes shall haue thee, else hang me.
Away.

Enter Scumbroth.

Scum. Alas, wheres the sub-Prior!?
Sub. Here; what ailest thou?!
Scu. Can you picke nothing out of my face?!
Is there not a Deaths-head standing on my shoulders?!
Sub. Why, what's the matter?!
Scu. The Lord Pryor is cauld away.
Sub. Whither, by whome?!
Scu. By the Great-head, I thinke, he couzened mee,
Hee is gone to the blacke-iqubbe-tree, to Judas Okes,
Set by the Diuell, I tolde you then, I saw Frier Rush
spit fire amongst other Hel-cats, and yee woud not belieue me. Now I tell you, that the Pryor is choackt; will his choaking goe downe your throate?!
Sub. How choackt?!

Scum. Yes, choackt: that of which men die orenight, and are well the next morning, wine has kild
the Lorde Pryor: he woud in a brauerie taffe the
the Diuell is in it.

liquor of our Vines, because you threatned he should neuer licke his lippes after. And the Kernels of a grape flopt his winde-pipe, for want of a skowring-flickke.

Sub. Art thou sure hee is dead?

Seam. How dead, because I wud be sure, I cut his throate of purpose, to take out the Kernels.

Sub. Most fearefull and prodigious, whither runst thou?

Seam. To see more throates cut, and Execution certaine Gallants is this morning. And I came running to see them, who like a whore spoyles every good thing that comes into his hand.
The hang-man, I leaue you to the Gallowes.

Enter Barteruile like a Frier, brought in by the Sub-prior, the King, Shack-le-Joule, and Lurshall, with others.

Rufh. Welcome deare brother: now your heede must be
Not to looke backe at this worlds vanitie,
Riches and pleasures; you haue laide aside
That Garment, and must now be mortifide.

Bar. I am mortifide, I warrant you.

K. So is the Diuell.

Pri. Your Gold and filuer, you must see no more.

Bar. O Fye! gie it euery farthing to the poore,
When I haue sent for't hither.

Lur. That will be neuer.

Rufh. Your money shalbe spent in pious fort.

Bart. I know that: Let my foule be the better fort,
Thats all I craue for, after I am dead.

Pri. Many a Requiem for it shall be saide.

Omn. What Drum is this?

Shack. Fryers stand vpon your Guard.
The Priorie is beset with Armed-men,
Of which some Troupes are entred.
If this be not a good Play,

Kin. I am betrayd.
Bar. Lurchall I feele my wezand pipe cut.
Lur. I warrant you.

Enter Calabria, Oflaio, Asiofo, Rusman led by two holding pistalls, Soulidiers, drums, and Cullors.

Cal. Guard the Abbey gates, let not a Frier goe forth:
You haue a King amongst you, which is he!
Omn. A King!
Sub. I know of none here.
Cal. Villaines you lie:
Ofl. This caitiff does delude you, tortur him.
Cal. Hang him, and thefe vp or’e the Abbey walls,
Our wrath shall smite like thunder where it falls.
Bar. I shall like a dog, die without mony, Lurchall.
Lur. I warrant you.
Kin. Tyran, that royall hart thou huntst, is here,
Stand from me all, you haue betrayd me all,
And ile truft none of you, if the Lion must fall,
Fall shall he like a Lion; thinkst thou (sate Lord)
Becaufe the glorious Sun behind blacke cloudes
Has a while hid his beames, hees darkned for euer!
Ecclipsd neuer more to shine, yes, and to throw
Fires from his sparkling eyes, thee to confound,
Touch not that noble friend of mine, (It feemes,
For my fake markd for danger,) let your arrows
(Dipd in rancke poyfon) be shot all at me,
Since all is lost, die nobly, and looke life too:
O vnce I must the first dart fly from you?
Ofl. Into thy boosome fly I.
Kin. To betray me!
Ofl. To fight for thee till I can fight no more:
Hadft thou poffeft this Kingly spirt before,
We ne’re had left thee: what makes Iudas here?
Ast. Heres he that to the Duke thy life betraide.
K. Bohor!
the Diuell is in it.

Ofl. I, Bohor.

Ruff. I told him where you were.

Ofl. I tell thee that a traitor & Ie have

Thy head off, or thou mine.

Ruff. Head?

Ofl. Thart a haue?

Thou feele Duke what to trust too.

Bar. I haue confess, and shall be hangd, the King ?

Cal. Our faire game come to this ? our swordes I see

Muft from your hearts-blood let out al my wronges,

A murdred daughter for iuft vengeance cryes,

Whom to appease, your lines weele sacrifie:

Beate the drom.

K. Thunder mock thunder, beate ours.

Sub. O let these fires be quenchd out with my tears.

If waters cannot, (Duke) I bind thy rage

With this strong charme, and this read ore that spell,

And let thy hard brefl grow more flexible. Exit.

K. Wheres Iouinell, and that bastard crue

Of my false friends ?

Ofl. Beheaded.

K. They have their due.

Cal. The ring I gaue her, and her hand : old man,

Whereas the old Frier deliuerd these ?

Omn. Hees gon.

Cal. Make after him, tis some delusion.

Enter Subprior and Erminhild.

Erm. Tis no delusion (father) am I the ground

Of this your quarrell, which must both confound

If you goe on : your battailes thus ile part,

The first blow gien, shall run cleane through my heart.

K. Oh noble constant maid, forgive my wrongs,

The warmth of heauen to a pyning spring
If this be not a good Play,

Cannot such comfort giue as thy glad presence
Does to my bosome.

Ofta. Will you fight or no?
Cal. Twere madnes to with stormes when faire
windes blow:
Will you your faith yet keepe?

Kin. Inuiolate.
Cal. Then here end all my warres.
King. And all my hate.

Haft all these Friers vp to the Abbey walles,
And with thrill voyces, this our peace proclaime,
Stay holy father: Bohor, See you this don. Exeunt.

Ruf. Vengeance, I haue now loft more than I
have won.

Bar. I shall goe scot-free Lurchall.
Lur. Passing well?
Bar. They doe not smell me, yet my selfe I smell.

Exeunt.

Oft. Why fends your Highnes, thus these Friers to
play
Your heralds parts in publishing this peace?

Kin. There's in't a riddle (uncle) which by
none
But by these Friers onely, can be don.—

Enter Friers above.

So: are you mounted? Sing now.

Omn. Sing.
Kin. Yes sing,

Like Swannes before your deathes: there you all
shall dye.

Giue fire to this most damned priory.

Sub. Alacke for pitty!

Kin. Father, but for thee,

Thunder from heauen had (long ere this) to durt
Grinded thefe hellish buildings: that hand was iust,
Which stooke your vittious Prior, fo is our doome,
That Synagogue of diuells, let fire confume.
the Diuell is in it.

Bar. But meanes the King that I shal burne here too?

Kin. Thou the grand villaine, give him a vil-

laines due.

Bar. I am no Frier, see I me poore Barteruile.

Omn. How Barteruile!

Kin. He lyes the falue's a Turke.

Bar. A Christian by this hand, Your officer.

Kin. The cittie canker, the courts cozener,

A diuell in shape of man.

Bar. Halfe that I haue

I freely giue, so you my life will faue.

Ile lend your Hyghnes 30000. chequines.

K. Ten Kingdomes cannot buy thee; were there

10. hels

Thart damd in all. S'death! fire that house of diuels.

3. Diu. Doe: lets not want light to set forth our

Reuels.

Ruff. King, little doest thou know, whom (all this

while)

Thy court, this Couent, and this Barteruile,

Haue entertaind: of hell, 3. Spirits we are.

Omn. How!

Ruff. Sent to catch soules for Pluto, our Prince

and maister.

Omn. Defend vs heauens.

Ruff. Thy selfe haft burst those bandes

In which I once held thee: these are in our handes.

Bar. If you be right Serieants, for mony youle

let mee goe. 5000. Crownes ile giue but to goe

home.

All. 3. No.

Bar. Ile put in 4. brokers to be my baile: I hope

theile be taken.

Ruff. Yes as thou art, (to hell,) you dog leaue

howling.

This pile of greene young diuels, needes no fire

Of mortals kindling to confume, these frames,
If this be not a good Play,

You shall with vs to hell ride, all in flames.

_Shac._ Catch.

_All._ 3. Come.

_Ru._ Let every spirit his owne prize beare.

_All._ They are so heauy with sin, theile soone be there.

_Ruff._ Away then and be dambd, wud you all were here.

_Omn._ Oooh.—_Sinck downe, aboue flames._

_K._ Immortal thanks for our deliuерance:
Race to the ground those wal's: no stone shall stand,
To tell such place was euer in our land,
What welth can there be found, guie to the poore,
Another house weele build and thee restore,
To former virginitie: weepe not for these ruins,
Thou shalt from vs haue honours. Here we begin
Our reigne anew, which golden threads shall spin,
Justice shall henceforth sit upn our throne,
And vertue be your Kings companion.
Warre here reignes his black and horrid stage
To sportfull Hymen, God of Mariage. (Exeunt.)

The play ending, as they goe off, from under the ground in severall places, rise up spirits, to them enter, leaping in great joy, Rufman, Shackle-soule, and Lurchall, discovering behind a curten, Rauillac, Guy Fauix, Barrayle, a Prodiqall, standing in their torments.

_Omn._  _Spir._ Ha, ha, ha.

_Omn._  _Dam._ Torments in-utterable! oh! dambd for nothing!

_Rauil._ Terrors incomprehensible.

_Fau._ Back: youe blowne vp else.

_Bar._ Whooh: hot, hot, hot,—drinck,—I am heart-burnt.

_Prod._ One drop, a bit.
the Diuell is in it.

Faul. Now, now, now.
Bar. I am perbold, I am stewed, I am sod in a kettle of brimstone pottage . . . it scaldes, . . . it scaldes, . . . it scaldes . . . whooh.
Diu. Ha ha ha.
Prod. But one halfe crom, a little little drop, a bit.
Faul. Towers, towers, towers, towers, pinnacles & towers, battlements and pynacles, steepples, abbeyes, churches and old chimneys.
Bar. Zounds drinke, shall I choake in mine Inne † drinck.
Omn. Drinck, drinck, oh ! one drop, one drop, to coole vs.
Ruff. So many tapsters in hell, and none fill drinck here :
Omn. Ball no more, you shall be liquor'd. Exeunt.

Rau. Why art thou dambd toth' horrors of one hell,
Yet feel'st ten thousand.
Fau. Wherefore is thy soule
Made sensible of tortures which (each minute)
Kill thee ten thousand times, yet canst not dye ?
Bar. Some facte.
Prod. Why for a few finnes that are long hence past,
Must I feel those torments that shall ever last ?
Euer, euer.
Bar. Let the facte be mulld.
Rau. Why is the diuell,
(If man be borne good) suffer'd to make him euill ?
Bar. Man is an asse, if he sit broyling thus 1th glassse house without drinke: two links of my chaine for a threelhalfpeny bottle of mother confidences Ale : drinke.
Omn. One drop of puddle water to coole vs.
If this be not a good Play,

Enter Shacklesoole with a burning torch, and a long knife, Lurchall with a handful of Snakes, A third spirit with a ladle full of molten gold. All three make a laugh, laughing.

Omn. Leaue howling and be dambd.
Shac. Heres drinke for thee royall villaine.

Stabs Rauillac.

Rau. Oh !
Shac. Itt not good !
For bloud th'alt thirsted, and thy drinke is bloud.
Strikes it fo cold to thy heart † heres that shall warme thee. (Agen.

Rau. Damnation, furies, fire-brandes.—Hand burn't off.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha,
Prod. One drop of moisture, but one crum.
Lur. Art hungry, eate this adder: dry † Sucke this Snake.
Prod. Sucke and be dambd thy selfe: Ile starue firft.

Away.
Bar. Is not this all waters? Ruby water, some Ruby water, Or els a bottle of postern water to faue charges, or els a Thimble-full of lymon water, to coole my stomatch.
Spir. The ruby is willd vp all, heres lymon, downe with't.
Bar. Foh, the great diuell or els some Aquauite woman has made water, It scalds me.
Omn. Oooh.
Diu. Ha ha ha——Curtaines are drawne ouer them.

Enter Rufman.

Ruf. Hell grinnes to heare this roaring: wheres this black child of faddomes perdition † rarest diuell
the Diuell is in it.

That euer hould in Barathrum? here, (deere pupill)  
Of a new dammations stamp, Saucer-eye ye Lucifer,  
Has drunke to thee this deepe infernall boule off,  
Wut pledge his vglines?  

_Fau._ Reach it mee.  
_Ruf._ Choake with it.  
_Omn._ Ha ha ha.  
_Fau._ Giue fire, blow all the world vp.  
_Ruf._ Bounce: tis don: Ha ha ha.—

_Fires the barrell-tops._

_Fau._ I shalbe grinded into duft; It falls: I am mad.  
_Omn._ I am mad, I am mad.—  
_All 4._ Ha ha ha.  
_Others._ Ho ho ho.—  

Spirits from below.

_Enter Pluto, attended by Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamant, and 3. Furies._

_Plu._ Fetch whippes of poyfoned Steele, strung  
with glowing wires,  
And lash these faucie hell-hounds: duche their foules,  
Nine times to’th bottome of our brimstone lakes,  
From whence vp pull them by their fildged hayre,  
Then hang’em in ropes of yce nine times frozen o’re:  
Are they scarce hot in hell, and must they roare?  
What hollday’s this? that heres such grinning, ha!  
Is hell a dancing Schoole? yare in extreames,  
Snoring, or els horned-mad? who are let on shore,  
On this vast land of horror, that it resounds,  
With laughter stead of shrikes, who are come to our bounds?  

Ha!

_Ruf._ Dread Lord of this lower tortary, to thy Iayle  
Haue we thy buffe Catch-polls (prifoners) brought  
Soules, for whose comming all hell long hath fought.
If this be not a good Play,

Plu. Their names: Is Ward and Dantsiker then come?

Omn. Yes: Dantsiker is come.

Plu. Wheres the dutch Schellum? wheres hells factor! ha?

Ruf. Charon has bound him for a thousand yeeres,
To tug at oare; he scour the Seas so well,
Charon will make him ferriman of hell.

Plut. Where’s Ward?

Ryh. The Merchants are not pilld nor pulld
enough,
They are yet but shauen, when they are fleade, hee’le
come.
And bring to hell fat booties of rich theeues,
A crew of swearers and drinkers the beft that liues.

Omn. Ward is not ripe for damming yet.

Plu. Who is it then?

Cutlar the Sereiant: ha! he come.

Ruf. Yes Pluto:
Cutlar has bin here long, sent in by a carman,
But his sterne lookes the feinides did so displeafe,
Bound hand and foote, he houles in little eafe,
Hauing onely mace to comfort him: he does yell,
And raue, becaufe he cannot reft in hell.

Shac. Tis not for him, that we this holiday hold.

Plut. The baude of Shorditch, Is that hellcat
come?

Ruf. No: but ha’s bin a long time lanching
forth,
In a Rosa-folis-barke.

Plu. Diuells! who is it then?

Mall Cutpurfe is she come?

Omn. Our cosen come! No.

Shac. Tis not yet fit Mall Cutpurfe here shoule,
Shee has bin too late a fore-tormented soule.

Plu. Where is our daughter? ha? Is shee ydle?

Omn. No.
Shee was beating hemp in bridewell to choke theeues,
the Dinell is in it.

Therefore to spare this she ramp she beseeches,
Till like her felfe all women weare the breeches.

Lur. Mall Cutpurse plyes her taske and cannot
come.

Plu. For whom then is this wilde Shrone-tuesday
kept?

Ruf. See King of gloomie shades what soules
refort,
To this thy moft iuft, and least-lying court.

Plu. Stay, fince our Jyle is with brane fellowes
florde,
Bid Charon that no more yet come aboard.
Seeing our Judges of hell here likewise are
Sit: call a Sessions: set the soules to a barre.

Minos (the iuft :) Rhadamanth (the temperate)
And Aeus (the feuere,) each take his flate.

Min. Not an officer here ?

Omn. A Fury.

3. Iud. Make an Oyes !

Fury. Oyes! All manner of soules, if they loue
their owne quietnes, keepe out of hell, vuleffe they
haue horrible businesse at this infernall Sessions, vpon
paire of being damnably plagude for their luftines.
Back there, let those shackeld rake-hels shew their
faces.

Omn. Roome here, we must come into the court
within.

Plu. What damned fiends are those dare make
this noife ?

Shac. A Jury of Brokers impaneide, and deeply
sworne, to palle on all the villaines in hell.

Rhad. Evill-Confience be their keeper.

Fury. Looke to the Jury: Evill-Confience looke
to the Brokers.

Plu. Now proceede.

Asac. Stay, let the King of Ghosts haue firft a
vew
Of those who are doom'd to paines horrid, but new.
Then produce those who came to your prifon vntryed.

A A
If this be not a good Play,

Fur. Peace there.
Omn. Heres one, hels tortures does deride.—
Raullac.
Rau. Arraigne me, rend me peece-meale, ile confess nothing.
Ruff. Peace, thou shalt ball thy throate out.
Rau. Merciles hangmen! to tiranize ouer fo brane a Roman spirit.
Plu. Ho, ho, what country diuell is this?
Rau. Thine owne.
Ruff. A french.

The eagerly bloodhound that ere came from thence; Is there a King to be murdred, whilst he does stand Colossius-like, supporting a whole land, And when by his fall that Land most feares a wracke, Send forth this diuell; his name is Raullac.

Rau. Raullac: I am Raullac, that laughes at tortures, spurnes at death, defies all mercy: Iybbets, racks, fires, pincers, scalding oyle, wilde-horses, I spit in the face of all.
Fur. Peace.
Rau. No: were my tongue torne out with burning flesh-hookes, Fames 1000. tonges shall thunder out Raullacs name, extoll it, eternifie it, Cronicile it: oh!
Min. Downe with this diuell to'th dungeon, there let him houle.
Rau. Worlds shall applaud my Act, and crowne my foule.
Plu. Another.
Omn. Come, you leane dog.—

Prodigall. Brought in.

Prod. One drop, a bit.
Plu. Whats he? what staruelings this?
Prod. One that lacks a medicine for hunger: I am falne away.
Omn. From heauen.
The Duell is in it.

Judg. To'th common layle with him.

Fur. He must feede on beggeries basket: leaue balling serra.

Prod. Shall I be vndon for a little drinke.

Lur. No, that vndon for drinking.

Plu. Starue him away——Exit Prodigall.

What was he when he liu'de.

Lur. A prodigall:

Who (in one yeare,) spent on whores, fooles and flaues,

An Armies maintenance, now begges for cromes, and raues

To see his sumptuous buildings, pastures, woodes,

That flood in vplands, dround in Rhenish floods.

Plu. Is here all?

Shac. All! no, the Arch-helhound's here.

Faulc Enters.

Plu. What Peter Goner's this?

Fau. Speake softly, within an inch of giuing fire, within an inch.

Shac. Had all thy gray diuells in their highest luft

fat,

T'hauel litterd furies, they could not haue begot
One to match this: ith' darke he groaped damnation.

Fau. Now, now.

Shac. Digd cellars to find where hel flood and has found it

There was but one villainy vnborne, and he crownd it.

Fau. So: all the billets lye close; glorious bon-

fire! pontificall bonfire; braue heads to continue this,
gallant soules to conspire in't, refolute hand to seale
this with my blood, through fire, through flint; ha, ha,
ha, whither fly my selfe to heauen, friends to honour,
none to the halter, enemies to massacre, ha, ha, difmall
tragicall Comedy now?
If this be not a good Play,

Plu. What does he?

Sack. As he thinkes, guing fire to powder;
Nere in any land could dusses have found, such
walkes,
As he was beating out.

Plu. His name.

Omn. Guy Fau.X.


3. Ind. Let it stop thine.

Fau. Am I betray'd? give fire, now, now, give fire.

Exit.

Omn. To burne thine owne soule villain.

Plu. Pay him his hire:

He has a desperate rakehels face.

Sack. Had his plot tane fire,
One realme before any other had doomesday seene,
Kings who in tombea lay at rest had wakened beene,
He was within 12. howers of hewing downe
A whole land at one blow, and at once drowned
In a flood of flames, an Ark roiall with his whole
fleece,

Of nobilitie and clergie: in a leaden sleete
Law and her children had been hotly wrap'd;
Millions ere this had in our iayle bin clap'd,
For damned Arts not known now, which had then
Bin rife, but now lye dead (th' Acts with the men.

Plu. Make much of this our ningle: for the rest
Deliever 'em to our head-hangman.

Omn. When?

Plu. In a twincling.

Min. How applaudes Pluto

Our enginous tortures, and most rigorous doome?

Plu. Minos, thy doome is iuft;—But you all-fac'de
Caitiffs.)

What fish in your infernal Nets, Drew you vp
Ith Naples Court, Citie, and Prierie?

We charg'de you faile thither: Is mischiefs Riuere
there drie?

Ruff. Drie, No: Fat preyes for hell we all did
meete,
In Court, Citie, Countrey, Nay, in euey strette,  
In euey house, within-him, and without-him. 
Hee that wore beft cloathes, had some Diuell about him:  
Courtiers from Naples hither in fholes are come,  
Some for Ambition, for Flattery, and Enuije some:  
Some, who (each meale) eate Subject vp, and wore  
Whole Families in their fho-strings, fuch, and others  
more, 
Being here, haue been examining (euer since  
They came) by Hells-clarke, (spotted-Conscience.)  
Min. Till the next Sessions thefse wee muft deferre.  
Plu. None come fro'th Citie, fo many bad being  
there! 
Lur. Yes, (King of endles horror) fee who's here:  
Barteruile.  
Plu. Rich-men in hel! they are welcom, whats the  
graybeard.  
Bar. One that can buy thee and ten fuch as thou  
art out of thy Sea-coale-pits here. Is not this New-  
caffle?  
Lur. No couetous wretch: tis Hell, thy blacke-  
foules prifon.  
Bar. Soule in prifon! I never had any foule to  
speake on.  
Lur. Now thou shalt finde th'aft one.  
Bar. Can Angells Bayle mee?  
Min. Not all the wealth which the worlds back  
does beare  
Can Bayle thy wretched foule hence, Now tis here.  
Bar. A thoffand Pounds.———  
Fur. Where ift foole?  
Rhod. Thy wealths now gone,  
Thy hands still catch at bags, but they gripe none.  
Bar. What's this?———  
Omn. Ha, ha, ha.  
Aea. Ayre, shadowes, things Imaginary:  
That is thy Torment now, which was thy Glory.  
Bar. If you giue me bags full of Saw-duift, in stead  
of money, my Ghost shall walke.
If this be not a good Play,

3. Ind. To thy grim Father of Hell.
Bar. No, to my olde brother, Syr Achitophell.
Pinch-gut.
Plu. Hence with him, the Churl's mad:
In Lethes-flood drown'd all the wealth hee had.
Bar. My chaine, Let me hang in chaines, so it bee
my Golde chaine; Theeues, theeues, theeues. Exit.
Min. Throwe him head-long into our boylinge-
Lake,
Where molten Golde runnes.
Lur. His thirst it cannot flake,
Seas could not quench his dropie: Golde to get
Hee would hang a Citie, starue a Countrie. Euen
yet
Raues hee for Bonds and incombers: to faue whose
foule,
(Tho hee fed none lying) Saw-fages were his dole.

A confused noyse to come pressinge in.

Omn. What coyle is that? A Noyse.

Enter a Ghost, cole-blacke.

Pur. Tis a burning zeale must confune the
wicked, and therefore I will not bee kept out, but will
chafileze and correct the foule Fiend.
3. Ind. Whate this blacke Incubus? 
Shac. An Arch-great Puritane once.
Omn. Ha! Howl a Puritane?
Min. An Arch-great Puritane! How comes thy
foule so little!
Pur. I did exercize too much with a liuely Spirit.
Plu. Are there any more of his Synagogue?
Ruff. Yes a whole Hoy-full are Landed.
Omn. Ha!
Plu. Are they all so blacke as he is?
Omn. Worfe.
the Diuell is in it.

Min. Syrre, why being a Puritane is your soule so black?

Pur. Wee were all smoakt out of our owne Coun-
trey, and sent to Rotterdam.

Min. How camft thou lame and crooked, why do'ft halt?

Pur. All the brethren and fisters for the better part are crooked, and halt: for my owne part, I never went vpright.

Iudg. And yet a puritane? hence with him.

Pur. Alacke!

How can I choose but halt, goe lame, and crooked? When I pulld a whole church downe vpon my backe.

Min. Hence with him, he will pull all hell downe too.

A noise to come in.

Pur. Let in the brethren, to confound this wicked assembly.

3. Iud. Thrust him out at hell gates.

Plu. Theile confound our kingdome,

If here they get but footing: rife therefore, away;

Keepe the furie of brokers till our next court day.

Min. Adjourne this.

Pur. O yes! Sessions is deferd

Becaufe of Puritanes, Hell cannot be cleerd.

Plu. Set forward to our Hall paued all with brasse,

Judges we thanke you: let our officers drinke,

Ith bottome of hells celler, for their good seruice.

Since to this heigh our Empyre vp you reare,

Hell shall hold triumphes, and (thats don,) prepare,

Agen to walke your circuits o're the earth,

Soules are hells Subiects, and their grones our mirth.

FINIS.
Epilogue.

If't be not good, the Diuell is in't, (they say,)
The Diuell was in't, this then is no good play
By that conclusion, but hereby is meant,
If for so many noes, and midnights spent
To reap three howres of mirth, our harvest-seede
Lyes still and rot. The Diuels in't then indeed:
Much Labour, Art, and Wit, make vp a Play
As it does a Ship, yet both are cast away,
(When brauely they haue past the humorous Seas)
At landing, What black fates curseth both these†
Sayle it, or finck it, now tis forth, and nere
The Hauen at which it longs t'ariue: if there
It sufers wrack, the spitefuller Rockes shoote forth,
Yet non may bring it home laden with much worth.
By wonted gentle gale, (fweete as the Balme,)
Or by extending your faire liberall Palme,
To fan away all flormes, if you see it lowers,
The ayre shall ring thankes, but the glory's yours.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 4.

the other for Weshcheter.

On their way to Ireland: "My refuge is Ireland or Virginia; necessity cries out, and I will presently to Weshcheter." Cook's Green's Tu Quoque, ed. 1622. "Hee came into Ireland, where at Dubblin hee was friecke lame; but recovering new strength and courage, hee ship'd himselfe for England, landed at Woff Cheshet, whence taking poote towards London, hee lodg'd at Hockley in the Hole, in his way," &c. Taylor the water poet's Praife of cleane Linnen,—Works, 1630, p. 170. It may perhaps be necessary to add, that the ancient city of Cheshet is called Woff Cheshet from its relative situation, to distinguish it from several other towns which bear the name of Cheshet with some addition.

PAGE 5.

and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

From Shakespeare:—

"'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."—

Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.

PAGE 10.

you shall finde me playing at Span-counter.

A pun is intended here: span-counter being a common game among boys, counter, the prizon, to which, if he could procure no ball, Philip was to be confined.
PAGE 11.

Do you laugh you unreasonable pack-fist?

This word, often used by our old writers in the sense of an empty, insignificant fellow, meant originally a sort of fungus:
"All the fallets are turn'd to Jewes-ears, mushrooms, and Puckflikes." Heywood and Brome's Lancashire Witches, 1634.

PAGE 12.

Are all the Quest houses broken up?

About Christmas, the aldermen and citizens of each ward in the city used to hold a quest to inquire concerning misdemeanors and annoyances, brothels, &c. Quest-houses were the houses where the quest was held, and which were usually the chief watchhouses. Doll, in her next speech, alludes to the shifts made by the ladies when driven out of the city, and their private return when they no longer feared the quest.

From a passage in one of Middleton's plays it appears that gaming was sometimes carried on there: "Sach a day I loft fifty pound in hagger-nagger at dice, at the quest-house." Anything for a quiet life.—Works, iv. 425, ed. Dyce.

Quest-houses generally adjoined churches: "But you may say, it is like a farthing candle in a great church: I answer, that light will not enlighten the by-chapels of the church, nor the quest-house, nor the belfry; neither doth the light move the church, though it enlightens it."—Philosophical Letters by the Duchess of Newcastle, 1664, p. 189.

II.

with a chaine about his neck . . . . For that, Saint Martins
and we will talk.

So Brathwait:

"By this bee travels to Saint Martins lane,
And to the thops he goes to buy a chaine."
The Honest Ghost, &c., 1658, p. 167.

PAGE 13.

double chin.

The characteristic of a bawd, according to many of our old dramatists:
"The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,  
Their chins will hang like udders, by Easter-eve."
Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*, 
iv. 32.

PAGE 13.

never had the Grincomes:

Or crincomes, a cant term for the venereal diseafe: ""Grinkcomes,"" says Taylor, the water poet, ""is an Utopian word, which is in English a P. at Paris.""—*Werke*, 1630, p. 111.

PAGE 15.

Wife. Good Sir, lend me patience.  
May. I made a ballade of that herbe.

Patience was the name of an herb: ""You may recover it with a fallet of parly and the herbe patience.""—A pleasant commodie called Looke about you, 1600.

PAGE 19.

Farewell, Father Snot.

This elegant valediction (after which, in the old copy, is a short break) was, perhaps, a parody on, or a quotation from, some song. In *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, we find,

""My bush and my pot  
Cares not a groate  
For such a lob-coate,  
Farewell, Senior snot."

PAGE 20.

the bragging velure-canioned hobbi-horset.

Velure is velvet.

""Cannions, of breeches. G. canôns: on les appele ainsi pource qu'ils font aucumenent semblables aux canôns d'artillerie, 
—because they are like cannons of artillery, or cans or pots.""—Minshew's *Guide into the tongue*, p. 61, ed. 1617.

Strutt explains *canions* to be ""ornamental tubes or tags at the ends of the ribbands and laces which were attached to the extremities of the breeches.""—*Driffs and Habits, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 263.
Canon-hose, decorated at the knees with a quantity of ribbons, were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second.

In a MS. copy of a comedy called The Humorous Lovers, by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Harleian MSS., the following song (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677) occurs at the beginning of the 4th act:

"I conjure thee, I conjure thee,
By the Ribands in thy Hatt,
By thy pritty lac'd Cravat,
By the Ribands round thy Barm,
Which is brac'd much like a Drum,
By thy dangling Fantaloons,
And thy ruffling Fort Cannons,
By thy freeseid Perriwige,
Which does make thee look so bigg,
By thy Sword of Silver guilt,
And the Riband at thy Hilt,—
Apeare, apear."

PAGE 26.
by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell)

Compare Dekker, Satiromastix:
"I mark, by this candal, which is none of God's Angels."
(See Notes to Vol. II. p. 368.)

PAGE 27.
Mi cara whore, en hellon.

Qy.? Mi gara chwi yn nghalon.

Th.
there is the most abominable stre.

The captain does not use abominable in a bad sense, quite the reverse: so in Field's A Woman is a Weathercock, 1612:
"Abraham. Does she so love me say you?"
"Pendant. Yes, yes, out of all question the whore does love you abominable."

Is it necessary to add that by "seer" he means cheer, and, a little after, by "hernicles," chronicles?
365

PAGE 28.

fare-well Sidanien.

"Sidanen, s. f. dim. (sidan) that is silken, or made of silk. It is the name of an old tune; also an epithet for a fine woman; and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth."—Owen’s Dictionary of the Welsh Language.

PAGE 33.

I left her at Bofoms Inne.

"Antiquities in this Lane [St. Lawrence Lane] I find none other than that, among many fair Houses, there is one large Inne for recet of Travellers, called Blossoms Inne, but corruptly Bofoms Inne, and hath to sign S. Laurence the Deacon, in a border of Blossoms or Flowers."—Stow’s Survey of London, &c., B. iii. p. 40, ed. 1720.

PAGE 34.

he would goe the Island voyaige.

Undertaken against Hispaniola, in 1585. The fleet, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, consisted of twenty-one ships, carrying above two thousand volunteers. They took possession of St. Domingo.

PAGE 35.

some noughty packe whomse my husband hath fallen in love with, and meanes to keepe under my nose at his garden house.

Garden-houses were used for such purposes: so in the opening of Barry’s Ram-Alley, 1611:

"what makes he here,
In the skirts of Holborne, so near the field,
And at a garden-house? a has some funke,
Upon my life."

PAGE 37.

with a caroofe coloure and a pickadell.

A piccadel is described as an upright collar with stiffened plaits: here it seems to mean a sort of edging to the collar.
PAGE 38.

Ilke hauve you make 12. poesiis for a dozen of cheese trenchers.

Cheese-trenchers, at the time this play was written, used frequently to have posies inscribed on them. In Dekker's Honest Whore, Part First, George quotes six lines, "as one of our cheese-trenchers sayes very learnedly:" (Vol. II. p. 72.) Compare too Middleton's No Witt, no Help, like a Woman's:

"L. Gold. Twelve trenchers, upon every one a month!
January, February, March, April—

Pep. Ay, and their posies under 'em.
L. Gold. Pray, what says May? she's the spring lady.

Pep. [reads]

Now gallant May, in her array,
Doth make the field pleasant and gay," &c.


II.

I had three neff of them given me.

So in the opening of Marston's Dutch Courtesan, 1605; "cogging Coledemoys is runne away with a neff of goblets;" and so in Armin's Two Maides of Monequacke, 1609:

"Place your plate, and pile your vitrall boales
Neff upon neff."

The term neff of goblets is still made use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to describe a large goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up.

PAGE 40.

Pax.

For pax; it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word. So Heywood and Brome in The late Lancashire Witches, 1634, "Pax, I think not on't;" Brome in the Jewell Crow, 1632, "Pax o' your fine thing;" and Middleton, in Your Five Gallants, "Pax on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at university.—Works, ii. 235.

PAGE 41.

the true in Cuckolds Hauen.

A little below Rotherhithe is a spot, close on the river, called
Cuckold's Point, which is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John, a miller who had a handsome wife; that his majesty had an intrigue with the fair dame, and gave the husband, as a compensation, all the land on that side, which he could see from his house, looking down the Thames,—which land, however, he was to possess only on the condition of walking on that day (the 18th of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of buck's horns on his head; and that the miller, having cleared his eyegale, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above-mentioned terms. (In several books which condescend to notice this folly we are told that the miller lived at Charlton and saw as far as Cuckold's Point; but the version of it which is here given is what the watermen on the Thames were wont to repeat.) Horn-fair was long held at Charlton, on the 18th of October, in commemoration of the event.

Page 49.

garlick has a white head and a greene stalk.

So in The Honest Lawyer, 1616: "I'm like a leece, though I have a gray head, I have a greene," &c. And so in various old plays and poems, Chaucer's Ree's Prologue, &c. This piece of wit may be traced to Boccaccio; "E quagli che contro alla mia età parlando vanno, moftra mal che conosciamo che, perche il porro abbia il capo bianco, che la cada fia verde." Decamerone,—Introduction to Giornata quarta.

Page 50.

as if I were a bowd, no ring pleases me but a death's head.

The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, used to wear rings with death's-heads on them, as several passages from old writers might be adduced to show. But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen: "the olde Countesse fying on the finger of Seignior Cosimo a Ring with a Death's head ingraven, circled with this Pofie, Greffus ad vitam, demaunded whether she adorle the Signet for profit or pleasure: Seignior Cosimo speaking in truth as his con-science wild him, told her that it was a favour which a Gentle-
woman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake." Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, ed. 1617.—Underwood the player bequeathed "to his daughter Elizabeth two seal-rings of gold, one with a death's-head." See his will in Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 216, ed. Bofwell.

**Page 52.**

*my white Pod.*

White was employed formerly as an epithet to express fondness: "white boy," "white son," and "white girl," occur frequently in our old writers. Lee uses it in a strange passage of the Dedication of his *Rival Queens* to the Earl of Mulgrave. (Though Mayberry a little after calls Bellamont "my little hoary poet," we are not to conclude that "white" in the present instance means hoary.)

**Page 58.**

*I was a dapper rogue in Portugall voyage.*

The *Portugal voyage* was the expedition in 1589, consisting of one hundred and eighty vessels, and twenty-one thousand men, commanded by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris: it is generally said to have been undertaken for the purpose of seating Antonio on the throne of Portugal; but the brave volunteers who composed it were most probably excited to the enterprise by the wish to revenge themselves on Spain, and by the hopes of gain and glory.

40.

*the prentices made a riot upon my glasse windows, the Shrove-tuesday following.*

Shrovetide was a holiday for apprentices, during which they used to be exceedingly riotous, and attempt to demolish houses of bad fame:

"It was the day of all dayes in the yeare,
That unto Bacchus hath his dedication,
When mad-braynt prentises, that no men feare,
O'rethrow the dens of bacadic recreation."

*Palquils Palinodia*, 1634.
PAGE 59.

Mother Walles cake.

We learn where this dame resideth from the following passage of Haughton’s *English-men for my money*, 1616; “I have the scent of London-stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch-lane of Mother Walles pasties.”

PAGE 59.

like squibs that run upon lynes.

So Marston, in his *Paradiseflor, or the Fawne*, 1606;

“Page. There be squibs, sir, which squibs running upon lines, like some of our gawdick gallants, sir, keepe a smoother, sir, with stifling and flashing, and in the end, sir, they doe, sir——

*Nymphadora.* What, sir?

*Page.* Stink, sir.”

In *A Rich Cabinet with Variety of Inventions*, &c., 1651, by J. White, are instructions “How to make your fireworks to run upon a line backward and forward.”

PAGE 81.

The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

There can be no doubt that *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* consists merely of fragments of two plays,—or rather, a play in Two Parts,—called *Lady Jane*, concerning which we find the following entries in *The Diary of Hem适应*:

“Lent unto John Thare, the 15 of octobr 1602, to
give unto harey chetell, *Thomas Deckers*,
Thomas Hewode, and Mr. Smyth, and Mr.
Webster, in earnest of a play called Ladye Jane,
the same of . . . . . . . . . . 1s

“Lent unto Thomas Hewode, the 21 of octobr 1602,
to pay unto *Mr. Dickers*, chetell, Smythe,
Webster and Hewode, in full payment of their
play of ladye Jane, the same of . . . . . . . . . . 4d x2

“Lent unto John Ducke, the 27 of octobr 1602, to
give unto *Thomas Deckers*, in earnest of the
2 pt of Ladye Jane, the same of . . . . . . . . . . x3

Whether the present abridgment of *Lady Jane* was made by Dekker and Webster (see its title-page), or by some other playwright, cannot be determined; that it has suffered cruelly from the hands of the transcriber or printer, is certain.—DYCE.

This drama is much mutilated, and its text very defective. It is a very inferior production. There is no discrimination of character, no succession of events, and no artful or judicious development of conduct. There is, however, a gentle and penive interest in the forcible scenes and separation of Guildford and Lady Jane, and in that mild resignation to their fate, which arises from their blameless and innocent conduct. [Rev.] J. M(itford) in *Gent. Mag.*, June 1833, p. 491.

Page 87.

GUL. *We are led with pompe to prison.*

Mr. Dyce assigns this speech to Lady Jane.

18.

*Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall Pompe.*

The text of this line is obviously corrupt. Mr. Collier (Preface to Coleridge's Lectures, p. cv.) proposes to read "several coffins," an emendation adopted by Mr. Dyce in his edition of Webster.

Page 90.

*Dying the haven of Brit. with guiltie blood.*

Mr. Dyce reads "Britain." The Rev. J. Mitford (Gent. Mag. for June 1833, p. 491) would read "Brute,"—which helps the metre somewhat, but does not improve the sense.

Page 93.

*If that their Brother dying Iswili, \\ &c.*

Mr. Dyce thinks there is manifestly a line or lines wanting here.

Page 94.

_That no impeachment should divert our hartes\
From the impeachment of the Lady Jane._
In the second line Mr. Dyce has substituted "election" for impeachment. The following is his note on the passage:

"The old copies have,—

'From the impeachment of the Lady Jane,'—

the word 'impeachment' having been repeated from the preceding line by a mistake of the transcriber or printer. That the first 'impeachment'—i.e. hindrance, let, impediment,—is right, there can be no doubt; and that in the second line 'election' is the author's word, seems equally certain; compare what Arundel has said a little before,—

'Are you not grieved that we have given consent
To Lady Jane's election?'

(The reading of this passage proposed by Mr. Mitford (Gent. Mag. for June 1833, p. 492),—

'That no impediment should divert our hearts
From the impeachment of the Lady Jane,—

alters the right word in the first line, and leaves the wrong one in the second.)"

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PAGE 95.

Lance perifado, quarter, quarter.

Written also lanceprisado, lancepefado, lancepefate, or lancepefata; (Ital. lancia pesata,) the lowest officer of foot, one who is under the corporal.

"He is a gentleman of no ancient standing in the militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the wars between Francis I. and his son, Henry II., kings of France, on the one part; and the Emperor Charles V., and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of horse, in any skirmish, battle, or encounter, had broke his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle, he was entertained (under the name of a broken lance) by a captain of a foot company as his comrade, till he was again mounted. But as all good orders fall soon from their primitive institution, so in a short time our Monfieur Lancepefata (for so he was called) was forced to defend from being the captain's comrade, and become the corporal's companion, and assist him in the exercise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by the French, aide corporal. But when the corporal grew weary of the comrade-ship of his lancepefata, he made him officiate under him, and
for that had some allowance of pay more than the common soldier."—Turner's *Pallas Armata*, p. 219—(as quoted by Groce, *Mil. Ant.*, v. i, p. 262.)

**PAGE 115.**

There came but one Don Diego into England, and he made all Paulus stink again.

i.e. Don Diego.—So Heywood;

"But for these Spaniards, now you Don Diegoes, You that made Paulus to stink."


Various other writers allude to the saucy seat of this Don Diego in St. Paul's Cathedral; and it is very plainly told in a letter among the Cottonian MSS. (*Jad. C. iii*.), which must have been written about the beginning of 1597.

**PAGE 123.**

*Guil.* True, my faire Queen, of sorrow truly speaks, Great men like great flies through Lome's cob-web breaks, But the thinnesst frame the prison of the weake.

Mr. Dyce suggests the emendation "oft sorrow truly speaks" in the first line. It is probable that Dekker wrote this scene, as the following passage occurs in one of his plays:—

"'Tis vindicti. You must hang up the lawes. *Octavio.* Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through which great flies Breake through, the lese being caught bi'th wing there dies."

*If this be not a good play the devil is in it*, 1612, (page 287.) But the simile is derived from ancient wisdom:—"One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cob-webs; where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through." Bacon's *Apophthegms*, No. 284.

**PAGE 133.**

*Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater.*

i.e. the Fortune, in Golden or Golding Lane, St. Giles's,
Cripplegate. It was built by Henlowe and Alleyne, in 1599—1600, and was eighty feet square on the outside, and fifty-five feet square within. It was destroyed by fire in 1621.

PAGE 138.

Falling bands.

These bands, which lay flat upon the dress from the neck, succeeded the cumberfome ruff. There is a *jeu de mots* upon the name in Dekker's *If this be not a good Play, the Divil is in it* (page 315):

"Tho my collar [choler] stand
So hye, it scarce bears vp this falling band."

"Band," it should be observed, was formerly synonymous with "bend."

PAGE 145.

Well shot old Adam Bell.

An outlaw, famous for his archery: see the ballad of *Adam Bell, Clyn of the Cloughe and Wylyam of Cloudeke*, in Rition's *Pieces of An. Pop. Poetry."

PAGE 147.

yet do you now

Thus baffle me to my face.

"Baffle" meant formerly to treat with insult, mockery, or contempt. It is used again in this sense in Dekker's *If this be not a good Play*, &c. (page 291): "No King on earth baffles me." Mr. Dyce also cites passages from Nashe and Marmion.

PAGE 155.

a blacke fawegard.

*i.e.* a sort of large petticoat, worn by women over their other clothes, to protect them from soiling.

PAGE 159.

Saint Antholins-bell.

At St. Antholin's church there used to be a lecture early in
the morning, which was much frequented by the puritans of the times.

PAGE 161.

I'd try one spear against your chastity
Though it prove too short by the burgh.

"Burgh," or burse, is "a broad ring of iron behind the handle" of a tilting lance, "which burse is brought into the suffuse or rest, when the tilter is ready to run against his enemy, or prepareth himself to combat or encounter his adverse party." R. Holme's *Acad. of Armoury*.

PAGE 170.

good phrampeil iades.

"Phrampel," which is written also frampold, frampol, &c., here appears to signify fury or mettle some. It generally means vexations, saucy, peevish, &c.

PAGE 173.

quarrelling wedlocks

i.e. wives.

Ib.

al my flanders

So the orig. edition; but there is hardly any doubt that Mr. Dyce's emendation of "flanderers" is the correct reading.

PAGE 174.

if his spirit
Be answerable to his ymbles.

i.e. his inside. Ymbles are the entrails of a deer.

PAGE 176.

I thinks the baby would haue a tate it kyres so.

"Kyes" for cries, in imitation of the jargon talked by nurfes to infants.
There can scarcely be any doubt that Mr. Dyce’s emendation of “fling” is correct.

Now sve how you vexe me, I cannot abide these aperne husbands: such cotqueans, you overdo your things, &c.

“Apron husbands?” i.e. husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their apron-strings. “Cotqueans?” i.e. men who meddle with female affairs. The exclamations of Missrefs Gallipot evidently refer to some action on the part of her husband: this portion of the scene is very adroitly written, requiring to be read entre les lignes like the dialogue in La Nuit et le Moment of Crebillon fils; but how it can have been represented publicly on the stage it is difficult to imagine.

So in the old edition, to mark the difficulty with which such hard names were read by missrefs Gallipot.

In Dekker’s Whore of Babylon (vol. II. p. 192) we find:

“Fine Summers have scarce drawn their glistening nights Through the Moons siluer bowe.”

It seems, therefore, almost certain that the scene in The Roaring Girls containing the above lines was written by him and not by Middleton.

“Ramp!” i.e. ramping, rampant creature: “although the were a luffie bounding ramp’d, somewhat like Gallemalls,” &c. G. Harvey’s Pierces Supererogation, 1593, p. 145.
her placket to the ancient seat of a coifpiece.

"Placket" has been variously explained—the opening of the petticoat—the forepart of the shift or petticoat: Nares, in his Glossary, infers that it meant only a petticoat, generally an under one.

these men-midwives must bring him to bed & the counter.

So in Dekker's Whore of Babylon (vol. II. p. 213.) "Do not you know mitreffle, what Seriants are? . . . why they are certaine men-midwienes, that never bring people to bed, but when they are sore in labour, that no body els can deliver them."

have not many handsome legges in filke stokings villainous flay fets for all their great roses?

Roses anciently were worn in shoes. They were made of ribbons gathered into a knot, and were sometimes of a preposterous size.

an agget fret in a crumpe ring.

i.e. a ring, which having been Solemnly consecrated on Good Friday, was supposed to have the power of preventing the cramp. (See in Waldron's Literary Museum, 1792, a reprint of The Ceremonies of Blessing Cramp-Rings on Good Friday, n/fd by the Catholic Kings of England.

This expression occurs in several old plays; and denotes violence of action.

Fait gib, are you spitting, I'le cut your tailple pur-cat for this.

"Gib" is, properly, a male cat, but is sometimes applied, as
a term of reproach to a woman: "She is a tonnysh gyb" says Skelton, in Elynoour Rummyng, v. 99.

Page 203.

f'res belt get you a mumming.

i.e. a masquing, in which originally the performers used gesticulation only, without speaking; mistres Openwork puns on the different meanings of mask and masque.

Page 205.

to be made

A stake to a common whore?

i.e. a pretence or cover under which he keeps a harlot: the stake, or staking-horse, was the real or artificial horse behind which sportsmen approached their game.

1b.

I sweate, we'd I lay in cold harbour.

Cold-Harbour, or Cold-Harborough was an ancient building, situated in the parish of All-hallows the Less, in Downgate Ward. A good many years before the date of this play, the then Earl of Shrewsbury took it down, and built a number of small tenements in its stead, which were let at great rents and served as a retreat for debtors, &c.; the place being considered a sort of sanctuary, probably because Tunstall, bishop of Durham, had refided there in Henry VIII.'s reign. It appears to have been notorious as a place where marriages were solemnized hastily and without the proper forms; such as the Fleet Prifon and Keith's Chapel were for some time before the passing of the marriage-act.

Nares citing the above passage in his Glossary, says that Cold Harbour "seems to be used as a kind of metaphorical term for the grave."

1b.

Pafk; your Weferne pug.

"I doubt the sand-eyle asse will kicke like a Weferne pugge,
if I rubbe him on the gall." Greene's Theemes falling out. "Euen the Westerne Pugs receiusing mony here, haue tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames," &c. Dekker's Wonderfull Years, 1603.

PAGE 206.

Oh brase girles: worth Gold.

This expression seems to have been proverbial: one of Heywood's plays is entitled The Fair Maid of the Well, or A Girle worth gold (1631).

1b.

I ple ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eies, but I ple haere the brazen head speake.

See Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay (first printed in 1594) in Dyce's edition of Greene's Dramatic Works (vol. i. p. 141), and the extract given (p. 215) from the prose tract on which that play is founded, The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon, "How Fryer Bacon made a Brazen Head to speake, by which hee would haue walled England about with Braffe." The friars left all their labour through the folly of a servant named Miles, who having been set to watch the Head while they retired to rest, neglected to call them when at last it spake.

PAGE 209.

seeing your women are so hot, I must loose my haires in their company I see.

"Alluding," says Reed, "to the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the losse of hair."

1b.

I pray who playes a knacke to know an honest man in this company?

A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, called, A knacke to know an honest Man, As it hath bene sundrie times played about the Citie of London, was printed in 1596. The author's name is unknown.
PAGE 210.
Get fethers from thy wings.

Mr. Dyce substituttes "gelt" for get; but "is by no means confident that he has restored the right reading" (Middleton's Works, ii. 527).

Is.

Play out your game at Irish for: Who winnes?

MIST. OPEN. The triall is when free comes to bearing.

A game which differs very slightly from backgammon. The manner of playing it is described in The Compleat Gamberer. At page 155—6 (of ed. 1674) the following advice is given:—
"Bear as fast as you can . . . . when you come to bearing, have a care," &c.

PAGE 211.

Then seeing all hope dores rok'd vp in dust,
And that to tempt her modest cares, I sware, &c.

An intermediate line seems to have dropped out; probably another is wanting after "And yet to try," &c.

Is.

was it your Megge of Wolmington's courage.

Meg of Westminster, or long Meg of Westminster, was a virago of whom frequent mention is made by our early dramatists, and indeed, like the heroine of the present piece, she had the honour of figuring in a play called after her in 1594. At that period, however, she is supposed to have been dead. She is introduced in an ante-masque in Ben Jonson's Fortunate Isles. A quarto tract entitled The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not only in performing sundry quarrels with divers Ruffians about London; but also how valiantly she behued herself in the warses of Bel-Boingne, was printed (perhaps not for the first time) in 1635.

PAGE 212.

like a fire-worke to run upon a line betwixt him and me.

So Dekker, in his Whore of Babylon:

"Let vs behold these fire-worke, that must run
Upon short lines of life."
away stia I my man, like a shouell-board shilling.

i. e., a shilling used at the game of shovel-board, and which was always smooth, that it might "slide away" easily.

these London boote-halers.

Freebooters, plunderers, halers of boot (profit), or booty. Cotgrave explains picrocour to be a "boot-haler (in a friend's country), a ravening or filching fouldier."

Heeres such a merry ging.

i. e., gang. This substitution of i for a was common with the Elizabethan writers. The word ging or gyng, however, is of great antiquity.

you skeldering varlet.

Skeldring was a cant term for impudent begging, generally applied to vagrants, and often used by our early writers. It appears to have been particularly appropriated to those vagabonds who wander about under the name of soldiers, borrowing or begging money.

The balles of these glasiers of mine (mine eyes).

See Dekker's Lanthorne and Candlelight (1612).

A means whip-Jacke.

In Dekker's Balmes of London (1608), the description of "A WhipJacke" is much the same as that which Moll gives here.

"An upright man," "a wilde rogue," "an angler," "a ruffler," "a kinchin mort," and a "wilde del" are also fully described in the same curious tract.

horses for the thumbe.

Pick-pockets were said to place a cæse, or thimble, of horn on
their thumbs, to support the edge of the knife in the act of cutting purses.

PAGE 219.

Now I see that you are flail'd to the rogue.

"This done, the Grand Signior called for a Gage of Bowle, which belike signified a quart of drinke, for presently a pot of Ale being put into his hand, he made the yong Squire kneele downe, and powring the full pot on his pate, vittered these wordes, I doe flail thee to the Rogue by vertue of this foueraigne English liquor, so that henceforth it shal be lawfull for thee to Cant (that is to say) to be a Vagabond and beg." &c.—Dekker's *Balman of London*, 1609.

PAGE 221.

*Pocas palabras* (Spanish) i.e. few words—an expression found under various corrupted forms in our old writers. It is usually put into the mouths of low people, among whom it seems to have been current:—"With this learned oration the Cobler was tutor'd: laid his finger on his mouth, and cried *pocas palabras.*" —Dekker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603.

PAGE 226.

*The man taltês monthly.*

i.e. madly; as if under the influence of the moon.

PAGE 235.

*Troia Nova Triumphans. London Triumphing, 1612.*

The mayorality pageant here reprinted is one of the rarest of Dekker's works. Nichols, in his *Progresses, &c., of King James the Firſt*, vol. ii. p. 466, says, "the only copy of this pageant that I know to exist, is one which was sold at Mr. Garrick's sale, April 23rd, 1823. It was bound up with the city pageants of 1626, 1631, 1679, and 1691, and other tracts, and the volume was purchased for forty guineas by Mr. Thorpe, who has since parted with it to Mr. Heber." He adds, "I have not yet obtained a transcript, but if I am favour'd with one in time, it shall appear in the appendix to this volume." At the sale of Heber's library, this copy formed lot 1631 of part 4, and proved
to be imperfect, which was no doubt the reason why Nichols was unable to reprint it according to promise. There are, however, copies in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, which are quite perfect, and there is another in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

"Upon this occasion the lord mayor's banquet was honoured by the presence of Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, then lately arrived to marry Elizabeth, the king's only daughter." 'The Palgrave dyed in the Guildhall,' as Howe's Chronicle informs us, 'accompanied with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, and divers earls and barons, and during the whole dinner the Palgrave and the Lord Archbishop entertained the time with sundry discourses in Latin. To this great feast Prince Henry was also invited, and would have bin there, but he was sick and could not come.

"After-dinner, the lord mayor and his brethren, in the behalfe of the citty, and citizens of London, for testimonie of hearty welcome and their love, presented the Palgrave with a very large bason and eure of silver, richly gilded, and curiously wrought; and two great gilded livery pots.' The present is described in the city records as: 'a bason and ewer gilt, weighing 2342 oz. 3 grs.; one pair of dansk potts, chaft and chefseld, weighing 5134 oz. 4 gr., having the armes of the citty, and the wordes, 'Civitas London,' engraved thereon in divers places.'

Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, gives us a still better account of this entertainment, and adds some very intereting particulars of the previous pageantry; his words are: "the Count Palatine and his company, after they had seen the shew in Cheapside, went to Guildhall, and were there feasted and welcomed by Sir John Swinnerton, the new-made lord mayor, and were presented toward the end of the dinner, in the name of the citty, with a fair standing cup, a curious bason and ewer, with two large livery pots, weighing together 1200 ounces, to the value of almost £500. The Merchant Adventurers had sent him a present of wine the Saturday before, to the value of 100 marks. He behaved himself very courteously, and in very good fashion at the feast, and would needs go and salute the lady mayorefs and her train where she sat. The shew was somwhat extraordinary, with four or five peantes, and other devices; and the day was fair enough on land, but great winds
on the water had like to have marred all; for divers of the com-
panies were in great danger and pain to run their barges on
ground, and some to turn back, so that my lord mayor with much
ado came almost alone to Westminister.”—Nicholls’s Progresses of
James I.

Sir John Swinnerton was a man of considerable note in his
day. He was a merchant of great wealth, and when sheriff in
1603, went with the mayor and principal citizens to meet King
James on his journey from Theobalds to London, and was knighted
with the other aldermen at Whitehall, in July following. In
1612 he accused the farmers of the customs of defrauding the
king of more than 70,000 a year, “but upon rippin up the
matter they went away acquitted, and he commended for his
good meaning to the king’s service.” During his mayoralty the
jurisdiction over the Thames and Medway, as enjoyed by the
mayor of London, was finally settled; and on Michaelmas day
1613, he attended with Sir Thomas Middleton, that day elected
mayor for the ensuing year, at the opening of the New River
head, “to see the great cistern, and first issuing of the strange
river thereunto, which was then made free denizen of London.”

PAGE 241.

Peale of Chambers.

In Edward Sharpham’s comedy, The Elfe, 1610, is the fol-
lowing allusion to these noisy salutations:—“He has taught my
lady to make fireworks, they can deal in chambers already, as
well as all the gunnes that make them fly off with a train at
Lambeth, when the Mayor and Alderman land at West-
minifter.”

PAGE 242.

Painted cloath and broome paper.

This rather contemptuous notice of preceding pageants is
curious. Patchboard was used in the construction of the giants
and other figures in continental shows, and the Cheffer giants
that were made on the restoration of Charles the Second
were formed of that material; but it would appear from the
charges for deal-boards and nails in their construction, that a
frame work of wood was used as a superstructure. There is an
entry of one shilling and fourpence “for arsenic to put into the
pate, to save the giants from being eaten by the rats.”
How the "living beasts" who drew this pageant were "quaintly disguised like dolphins and mermaids," we are not told, but in 1598, horses disguised "like luces of the sea," are mentioned in the civic pageant, on the victory over the Scots at Falkirk.

The objection to "the trouble and pesterling of Porters" urged by Dekker, seems to have been pretty generally felt by the City poets: several notices occur in their pamphlets of their attempts to rid themselves of the annoyance. Webster, in his *Monuments of Honor*, 1624, describes the principal pageant, *The Chariot of Honor*, as drawn by four horses, "for porters would have made it more tottering and improperly." The porters, however, stood their ground well, for they are noticed by Jordan in his pageant for 1679, and were hired still later.

Page 243.

*troops of Swannes.*

The Thames was "much beautified" in the early times by myriads of swans, that principally belonged to the city companies; and it was the cuRom to go up the river annually, and mark these swans on the beak with the peculiar sign used by the company who claimed them. This ceremony was called swan-upping, because it was the duty of the official visitors to take up, and mark the birds upon the beak, whence comes the modern name of swan-hopping given to the voyage as still performed. The Vintners' and Dyers' companies are now the chief proprietors of the Thames swans, next to her Majesty. In Yarrell's *History of British Birds* are engraved the ancient swan-marks of these companies during the reign of Elizabeth (from Kempe's *Lady Manuscript*), and the modern marks as still used, along with many others; with some curious information on this head. Hone, in his *Every-day Book* (vol. ii. p. 958) has printed entire the *Order for Swannes*, a rare tract of 1570, which shows how highly they were then esteemed, and how carefully they were protected. Leland, the antiquary, in one of his rarest works, *Cynnea Canticia, a Swan's Song*, imagines a Thames swan falling down the river from Oxford to Greenwich, describing, as the pages along, all the towns, castles, and other places of note within her view.
PAGE 248.

Ryot ana Columny in the shapes of Gyants.

From this passage it appears that other gigantic figures than those of Gogmagog and Corineus appeared in the shows occasionally. The giants exhibited this year were not merely constructed for imposing effect, but were emblematic characters forming an important portion of the poet's invention.

PAGE 249.

Barrathrum.

i.e., abyss, hell, bottomless gulf. See also page 351, "rarest diuell that ever hould in Barathrum."

PAGE 251.

thy margin quoate.

An allusion to the general custom, at this time, of printing in the margins of books a brief note, guiding the reader to the fact written of in the body of the work, or else to the author quoted as an authority. The works of Prynne are remarkable specimens of this custom, and give much point to Milton's saying, "that he had ever his wits beside him in the margin, to be before his wits in the text."

PAGE 255.

Stop, Bay sic.

Probably a misprint for "stay," which is the word given in the speech at p. 249, of which this is a repetition. "Stony" certainly mars the metre, if not the sense; though as regards the latter, it might be an abbreviated form of athonish (startle).

PAGE 354.

Is there a King to be murdered, whilest he does stand
Colossus-like, supporting a whole land,
And when by his fall that Land molt fears a wrache,
Send forth this diuell; his name is Raullac.

The assassination of King Henry IV. of France by Rastillac took place on the 14th May, 1610, the day of the queen's coronation. It was an event therefore quite fresh in the memory of those who witnessed the performance of this play.
Ravaillac is described by Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, in his History of France (III. 378, 379) as "a half crazy schoolmaster of Angoulême, who left his home at one time with the wild idea of persuading the king to abandon his purposes of war and toleration of the Protestants. Driven back by hunger and destitution, the idea of regicide took firm hold of him, and he again left Angoulême at Easter, 1610, with the determination to slay the king if he could not speak with him. The ceremony, as the coronation was called, took place with all due magnificence early in the day. Henry sought some repose on his couch after it, but was uneasy, and could not sleep, tormented by astrologic predictions of ill, and by his own mind giving unusual weight to such forebodings. To relieve the dulness of the hour he resolved to pay a visit to Sully at the arsenal. Even in this he hesitated; but at length set forth in his coach. It was a vehicle without doors or panels, the roof supported on pillars, the intervals filled by curtains, which for the moment had been tied up or removed. The Rue de la Ferronnerie being obstructed by carts, the foot attendants left the carriage, to make their way round by the market; and the guards did nothing but guard it. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent Ravaillac mounting on the wheel and striking his knife into the king’s breast. Henry had scarcely time to exclaim, “I am wounded,” when the assassin struck another blow, which penetrated the heart. Henry the Fourth breathed his last."

PAGE 356.

Guy Fawkes.

The conspiracy of Guy Fawkes was detected, and Fawkes taken in the vaults, Nov. 5, 1605. Guy Fawkes and seven others executed, Jan. 30, 1606.