THE LONDON Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maiesties seruants.

By *William Shakespeare*.

LONDON.

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Enter old Flowerdale *and his brother.*

Fath. Brother from *Venice*, being thus disguisde,
I come to proue the humours of my sonne:
How hath he borne himselfe since my departure,
I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

Vnck. Ifaith brother so, as you will grieue to heare,
And I almost ashamde to report it.

Fath. Why how ist brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Vnck. How! beyond that? and farre more? why, your exibition is nothing, hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed, protested with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from me, by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall vpon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since, his bond, his friend and friends bond, altho I knowe that hee spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wildnes that raines ouer him.

Fath Brother, what is the manner of his life? howe is the name of his offences? if they do not rellish altogether of damdation, his youth may priuiledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe ranne an vnbrideled course till thirtie, nay almost till fortie, well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eies of discretion, and well balanced with the waites of reason, the course past, seemes so abhominable, that the Landlord of himselfe, which is the heart of his body, will rather intombe him-

selfin the earth,or seek a new Tenãt to remaine in him,which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth haue knowne all these vices,and left it, then those that knewe little,and in their age runnes into it?Beleeue me brother,they that dye most vertuous,hath in their youth,liued most vicious, and none knowes the danger of the fire, more then he that falles intoit? But say,how is the course of his life?lets heare his particulars.

Vnck. Why Ile tell you brother, hee is a continual swearer, And a breaker of his oathes,which is bad.

Vnck. *I* grant indeed to sweare is bad, but not in keeping those oathes is better?for who will set by a bad thing?
Nay by my faith,*I* hold this rather a vertue then a vice,
Well,*I* pray proceede. (the worst.

Vnck. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by

Fath. By my faith this is none of the worst neither,for if he Brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him shunne it: For what brings man or child,more to vertue,then correctiõ? What raignes ouer him else? (selfe.

Vnck. He is a great drinker,and one that will forget him

Fath. O best of all, vice should be forgotten:let him drink So he drinke not churches. (on,
Nay and this be the worst,*I* hold it rather a happines in him, Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants ?

Vnck. Brother,he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the sea,it borrowes of all the smal Currents in the world,to encrease himselfe.

Vnck. I,but the sea paies it againe,and so will neuer your son.

Fath. No more would the sea neither,if it were as dry as my sonne.

Vnck. Then brother,*I* see you rather like these vices in your Then any way condemne them. (sonne,

Fath. Nay mistake me not brother, for tho *I* slur them ouer now,
As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde, It would gall my heart,they should euer raigne in him.

Flow. Ho! whoes within he?

Flowerdale knockes within.

Vnck. Thats

Vnck. That's your sonne, hee is come to borrowe more money.

Fath. For Godsake giue it out I am dead, see how hele take it, Say *I* haue brought you newes from his father.
I haue here drawne a formall will, as it were from my selfe, Which *Ile* deliuer him.

Vnck. Goetoq brother, no more: *I* will.

Flow. Vnckle, where are you Vnckle? within,

Vnck. Let my cousen in there.

Fath. *I* am a *Sayler* come from *Venice*, and my name is (*Christopher.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth Vnckle.

Vnck. *In* truth would a seru'd cousen, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leaue Vnckle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth. A couple of rascalles at the gate, set vpon me for my purse.

Vnck. You neuer come, but you bring a brawle in your mouth.

Flow. By my truth Vnckle, you must needes lend me tenne (pound.

Vnck. Giue my cousen some small beere here.

Flow. Nay looke you, you turne it to a iest now, by this light, *I* should ryde to *Croydon* fayre, to meete syr *Lancelot Spurrock*, *I* should haue his daughter *Luce*, and for securty Tenne pound, a man shal loose nine hundred three score and odde pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hande Vnckle tis true.

Vnck. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now: why you shall haue my bond Vnckle, or *Tom Whites*, *Iames Brocks*: or *Nick Halls*, as good rapyer and dagger men, as any be in *England*, lets be dambn'd if wee doe not pay you, the worst of vs all will not damne our selues for ten pound. A poxe of ten pound.

Vnck. Cousen, this is not the first time I haue beleeu'd you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall: *Ione* thing were but true, *I* would not greatly care,

I ſhould not neede ten pound, but when a man cannot be beleeued, ther's it.

Vnck. Why what is it couſen?

Flow. Mary this Vnckle, can you tell me if the Katernhue be come home or no?

Vnck. I mary iſt.

Flow. By God I thanke you for that newes.
What iſt in the poole can you tell?

Vnck. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I haue ſixe peeces of vellet ſent me Ile giue you a peece Vnckle: for thus ſaid the letter,
A peece of Aſhcolour, a three pilde black, a colourde deroy,
A crimſon, a ſad greene, and a purple: yes yfaith.

Vnck. From whom ſhould you receiue this?

Flow. From who? why from my father? with commendations to you Vnckle, and thus he writes: I know ſaith he, thou haſt much troubled thy kinde Vnckle, whom God-willing at my returne *I* will ſee amply ſatisfied: Amply, I remember was the very word; ſo God helpe me.

Vnck. Haue you the letter here?

Flow. Yes *I* haue the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no let me ſee, what breechs wore I a Satterday: let me ſee, a Tueſday, my Calymanka, a Wedneſday, my peach colour Sattin, a Thurſday my Vellure, a Friday my Caſſimanka againe, a Satterday, let me ſee a Satterday, for in thoſe breeches I wore a Satterday is the letter: O my ryding breeches Anckle, thoſe that you thought had bene vellet,
In thoſe very breeches is the letter.

Vnck. When ſhould it be dated?

Flow. Mary *Didicimo terſios ſeptembris*, no no, *trydiſimo terſios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, ſo it is.

Vnck. *Dicditimo terſios Octobris*: and here receiue *I* a letter that your father dyed in *Iune*: how ſay you *Keſter*?

Fath. Yes truly ſyr, your father is dead, theſe hands of mine holpe to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. *I* ſyr dead.

Flow. Sblood, how ſhould my father come dead?

Fath. Yfaith

Fath. Yfaith syr according to the old Proverbe,
The childe was borne: and cryed, became man,
After fell sicke, and dyed.

Vnck. Nay cousen doe not take it so heauily.

Flow. Nay *I* cannon weepe you extempory, mary some two or three dayes hence, *I* shall weep without any stintance. But *I* hope he dyed in good memory.

Fath. Very well syr, and set downe euery thing in good order,
And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, *I* came ouer in:
And *I* saw all the billes of lading, and the vellet
That you talkt of, there is no such aboord.

Flow. By God *I* assure you, then there is knauery abroad.

Fath. Ile be sworne of that: ther's knauery abroad,
Altho there were neuer a peece of vellet in *Venice*.

Flow. *I* hope he dyed in good estate.

Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his will,
Of which *I* am an vnworthy bearer.

Flow. His will, haue you his will?

Fath. Yes syr, and in the presence of your Vnckle,
I was willed to deliuer it.

Vnck. *I* hope cousen, now God hath blessed you with wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me.

Flow. Ile doe reason Vnckle, yet yfaith *I* take the deniall of this tenne pound very hardly.

Vnck. Nay *I* denyde you not.

Flow. By God you denide me directly.

Vnck. Ile be iudge by this good-fellowe.

Fath. Not directly syr.

Flow. Why he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phrase holde:
Well Vnckle, come weele fall to the Legasies,
In the name of God, Amen.

Item, *I* bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred pounds, to pay such triuall debts as *I* owe in *London*.

Item, to my sonne *Mat Flowerdale*, *I* bequeath two bayle of false dyce, *Videlliced*, high men, and loe men, fullomes, stop cater traies, and other bones of function.

Flow. Sblood what doth he meane by this?

Vnck. Procee

Vnck. Proceede couſen.

Flow. Theſe precepts *I* leaue him, let him borrow of his (oath,
For of his word no body will truſt him,
Let him by no meanes marry an honeſt woman,
For the other will keepe her ſelfe.
Let him ſteale as much as he can, that a guilty conſcience
May bring him to his deſtinate repentance,
I thinke he meanes hanging. And this were his laſt will and Teſtament, the Diuell ſtood laughing at his beddes feete while he made it. Sblood, what doth hee thinke to fop of his poſteritie with Paradoxes.

Fath. This he made ſyr with his owne hands.

Flow. *I*, well, nay come good Vnckle, let me haue this ten pound, I imagine you haue loſt it, or robd of it, or miſreckond your ſelfe ſo much: any way to make it come eaſily off, good Vnckle.

Vnck. Not a penny.

Fath. Yfaith lend it him ſyr; I my ſelfe haue an eſtate in the Citie worth twenty pound, all that ile ingage for him, he ſaith it concernes him in a marriage.

Flow. I marry doth it, this is a fellow of ſome ſenſe, this: Come good Vnckle.

Vnck. Will you giue your word for it *Keſtert*

Fath. I will ſyr, willingly.

Vnck. Well couſen, come to me ſome hower hence, you ſhall haue it readie.

Flow. Shall I not faile?

Vnck. You ſhall not, come or ſend.

Flow. Nay ile come my ſelfe.

Fath. By my troath, would I were your worſhips man.

Flow. What wouldſt thou ſerue?

Fath. Very willingly ſyr.

Flow. Why ile tell thee what thou ſhalt doe, thou ſaith thou haſt twentie pound; goe into *Burchin Lane*, put thy ſelfe into cloathes, thou ſhalt ride with me to *Croyden* fayre.

Fath. I thanke you ſyr, *I* will attend you.

Flow. Well Vnckle, you will not faile me an hower hence?

Vnck. I will not couſen.

Flow. Whats

Flow. Whats thy name *Kester*?
Fath. I syr.
Flow. Well, prouide thy selfe: *Vncle* farewell till anon.
Exit Flowerdale.
Vnck. Brother, how does you like your sonne?
Fath. Yfaith brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,
Or as a Hawke, that never stoop'd to lure:
The one must be tamde with an yron byt,
The other must be watched, or still she is wilde,
Such is my sonne, awhile let him be so:
For counsell still is follies deadly foe.
Ile serue his youth, for youth must haue his course,
For being restraind, it makes him ten times worse:
His pride, his ryot; all that may be named,
Time may recall, and all his madnesse tamed.
Enter syr *Launcelot*, Maister *Weathercocke*, *Daffidill*, *Artichoake*, *Luca*, *and Francke*.
Lance. Syrrha *Artichoake*, get you home before,
And as you proued your selfe a calfe in bying,
Driue home your fellow calfes that you haue bought.
Arti. Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow *Daffidill* goe along (with me.
Lance. No syr, no, I must haue one to waite on me.
Arty. *Daffidill*, farewell good fellow *Daffidill*,
You may see mistresse, *I* am set vp by the halues,
In steed of waiting on you, *I* am sent to driue home calues.
Lance. Yfaith *Francke*, I must turne away this *Daffidill*,
Hees growne a very foolish sawcie fellow.
Fran. Indeed law father, he was so since *I* had him:
Before he was wise enough, for a foolish seruing-man.
Wea. But what say you to me syr *Lancelot*?
Lance. O, about my daughters, wel *I* will goe forward,
Heers two of them God saue them but the third,
O shees a stranger in her course of life,
Shee hath refused you Maister *Weathercocke*.
Wea. *I* by the Rood syr *Lancelot* that she hath.
But had she tride me, she should a found a man of me indeed.
Lance. Nay be not angry syr, at her deniall,

Shee hath refus'de seauen of the worshipfulst and worthyest
hous-keepers this day in *Kent*:
Indeed she will not marry I suppose.
Wea. The more foole she.
Lance. What is it folly to loue Charities?
Wea. No mistake me not syr *Lancelot*,
But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,
That women dying maides, lead apes in hell.
Lance. Thats a foolish prouerbe, and a false.
Wea. By the masse *I* thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:
But who shall marry with mistresse *Frances*?
Fran. By my troath they are talking of marrying me sister.
Luce. Peace, let them talke:
Fooles may haue leaue to prattle as they walke.
Daff. Sentesses still sweet mistresse,
You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaster.
Luce. Yfaith and thy tongue trips trench-more.
Lance. No of my knight-hood, not a shuter yet:
Alas God helpe her sillie girle, a foole, a verie foole:
But thers the other black-browes a shroad girle,
Shee hath wit at will, and shuters two or three:
Syr *Arthur Greene-sheld* one, a gallant knight,
A valiant Souldier, but his power but poore.
Then thers yong *Oliuer*, the *Deuen-shyre* lad,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the rood, but thers a third all aire,
Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young *Flowerdale*:
Wea. O hee syr, hees a desperate dick indeed.
Barre him your house.
Lance. Fye not so, hees of good parentage.
Wea. By my faie and so he is, and a proper man.
Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.
Wea. I marrie, thers the point syr *Lancelot*:
For thers an old saying,
Be he rich, or be he poore,
Be he hye, or be he lowe:
Be he borne in barne or hall,
Tis maners makes the man and all.

Lance. You

Lance. You are in the right maiſter *Weathercock.*

Enter Mounſier Ciuet.

Ciuet. Soule, *I* thinke *I* am ſure croſſed,
Or witcht with an owle, *I* haue hanted them: Inne after *Inne*, booth, after booth, yet cannot finde them, ha yonder they are, thats ſhe, *I* hope to God tis ſhee, nay *I* know tis ſhee now, for ſhe treades her ſhooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this *Inne*? we are paſt it *Daffidill.* (before.

Daffidill. The good ſigne is heere ſyr, but the back gate is

Ciuet. Saue you ſyr, I pray may I borrow a peece of a word with you?

Daff. No peeces ſyr.

Ciu. Why then the whole.
I pray ſyr, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

Daff. They may be Ladies ſyr, if the deſtinies and mortalitie

Ciu. Whats her name ſyr. (worke.

Daff. Miſtreſſe *Frances Spurcocke*, ſyr *Lancelots Spurcockes*

Ciu. Is ſhe a maid ſyr? (daughter.

Daff. You may aske *Pluto*, and dame *Proſerpina* that:
I would be loth to be ridelled ſyr.

Ciu. Is ſhe married *I* meane ſyr?

Daff. The Fates knowes not yet what ſhoe-maker ſhall make her wedding ſhooes.

Ciu. *I* pray where Inne you ſyr? I would be very glad to beſtowe the wine of that gentlewoman.

Daff. At the *George* ſyr.

Ciu. God ſaue you ſyr.

Daff. I pray your name ſyr?

Ciu. My name is maiſter *Ciuet* ſyr.

Daff. A ſweet name, God be with you good maiſter *Ciuet.*

Exit Ciuet.

Lance. A, haue we ſpide you ſtout *S. George*?
For all your dragon, you had beſt ſelles good wine?
That needs no y'uie-buſh, well, weele not ſit by it,
As you do on your horſe, this roome ſhall ſerue;
Drawer, let me haue ſacke for vs old men:
For theſe girles and knaues ſmall wines are beſt.

A pinte of sacke, no more.

Draw. A quart of sack in the three Tunnes,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte *Daffidill*,
Call for wine to make your selues drinke.

Fran. And a cup of small beere, and a cake good *Daffidill*.

Enter yong Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fye, sit in the open roome, now good syr *Lancelot*, & my kind friend worshipfull Maister *Weathercock*, What at your pinte, a quart for shame.

Lance. Nay Roysler by your leaue we will away.

Flow. Come, giues some Musicke, weele goe dance,
Begone syr *Lancelot*, what, and fayre day too?

Lance. T were fowly done, to dance within the fayre.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all faires,
Then ile not dance, a poxe vpon my tayler,
He hath spoyled me a peach colour satten shute,
Cut vpon cloath of siluer, but if euer the Rascall serue me such an other tricke, Ile giue him leaue yfaith to put me in the calender of fooles and you, and you, syr *Lancelot*; and Maister *Weathercock*, my gold-smyth too on cother side, I bespoke thee *Luce*, a carkenet of gold, and thought thou shouldst a had it for a sayling, and the Rogue puts me in reuenge for Oryant Pearle: but thou shalt haue it by sunday night wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Syr, here is one hath sent you a pottle of rennish wine, brewed with Rose-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No syr to the knight, and desires his more acquaintance.

Lance. To me? what, he that proues so kind?

Daff. I haue a tricke to know his name syr,
He hath a moneths mind here to mistresse *Frances*, his name is maister *Ciuet*.

Lance. Call him in *Daffidill*.

Flow. O I know him syr, he is a foole,
But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers, these corne-mongers, these money-mongers, but he neuer had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter maister Ciuet.

Lance. I promise you syr, you are at too much charge.

Cynet. The charge is small charge syr,
I thanke God my father left me wherewithall, if it please you syr, I haue a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way (of marriage.

Lance. I thanke you syr: please you come to *Lewsome* to my poore house, you shall be kindly welcome: *I* knewe your father, he was a wary husband: to paie here Drawer.

Draw. All is paid syr: this gentleman hath paid all.

Lance. Yfaith you do vs wrong,
But we shall liue to make amends ere long.
Maister *Flowerdale*, is that your man?

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knaue.

Lance. Nay then *I* thinke you will turne wise,
Now you take such a seruant:
Come, youle ride with vs to *Lewsome*; lets away,
Tis scarce two howres to the end of day. (*Exit Omnes.*

Enter syr Arthur Green-shood, Olyuer, *Lieu-tenant and Souldiers.*

Aur. Lieuftenant, leade your Souldiers to the ships,
There let them haue their coates, at their arrivall
They shall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

Sol. *I*, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speake with our friends.

Oly. No man what ere you vsed a zutch a fashion, thicke you cannot take your leaue of your vreens.

Aur. Fellow no more, Lieuftenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes,
Ile venture a running away tho *I* hang fort.

Aur. Away surrha, charme your tongue,

Exit Souldiers,

Oly. Bin and you a presser syr?

Aur. *I* am a commander syr vnder the King.

Oly. Sfoot man, and you bee nere zutch a commander Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud.

Aur. Content your selfe man, my authority will stretch to presse so good a man as you.

Oly. Presse me? I deuye, presse scoundrells, and thy messels:

Presse me, chee scornes thee yfaith: For seest thee, heres a worshipfull knight knowes, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Enter syr Lancelet Weathercocke, yong Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck,

Lance. Syr *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my troath,
Whats the matter man, why are you vext?

Oly. Why man he would presse me.

Lance. O Fie syr *Arthur*, presse him? he is man of reckoning.

Wea. *I* that he is syr *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,
The golden ruddockes he.

Ar. The fitter for the warres: and were he not in fauour
With your worships, he should see,
That I haue power to presse so good as he.

Oly. Chill stand to the triall, so chill.

Flow. I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie,
White pot and drowsen broath: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oly. Well syr, tho you see vlouten cloath and karsie, chee a zeene zutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken Iacket, as thick a one you weare.

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

Oly. A and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest thincke cham a veard of thy zilken coate, no fer vere thee.

Lance. Nay come no more, be all louers and friends.

VVea. I tis best so, good maister *Olyuer*.

Flow. Is your name maister *Oliuer* I pray you?

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieue you.

Flow. No but Ide gladly know if a man might not haue a foolish plot out of maister *Oliuer* to worke vpon.

Oly. Worke thy plots vpon me, stand a side, worke thy foolish plots vpon me, chil so vse thee, thou weart neuer so vsed since thy dame bound thy head, worke vpon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oly. Zyrrha, zyrrha, if it were not vor shame, chee would a

giuen thee zutch a whiſter poope vnder the eare, chee would a made thee a vanged an other at my feete : ſtand a ſide let me looſe, cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; Stand aſide.

Flow. Well I forbeare you for your friends ſake.

Oly. Avig for all my vreens, doeſt thou tell me of my (vreens?

Lance. No more good maiſter *Oliuer*, no more ſyr *Arthur*, And maiden, here in the ſight of all your ſhuters, euery man of worth, *I*le tell you whom *I* faineſt would preferre to the hard bargine of your marriage bed; ſhall *I* be plaine among you gentlemen?

Arty. *I* ſyr tis beſt.

Lance. Then ſyr, firſt to you, *I* doe confeſſe you a moſt gallant knight, a worthy ſouldier, and an honeſt man: but honeſtie maintaines a french-hood, goes very ſeldome in a chain of gold, keepes a ſmall traine of ſeruants: hath fewe friendes: and for this wilde oates here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not iudge, God can worke myracles, but hee were better make a hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honeſt one.

Wea. Beleeue me he hath byt you there, he hath touched you to the quicke, that hath he.

Flow. Woodcocke a my ſide, why maiſter *Weathercocke*: you know *I* am honeſt, howſoeuer triffles.

Wea. Now by my troath, I knowe no otherwiſe,
O your old mother was a dame indeed:
Heauen hath her ſoule, and my wiues too *I* truſt:
And your good father, honeſt gentleman,
He is gone a Iourney as I heare, far hence.

Flow. *I* God be praiſed, he is far enough,
He is gone a pylgrimage to Paradice,
And left me to cut a caper againſt care,
Luce looke on me that am as light as ayre.

Luce. Yfaith I like not ſhadowes, bubbles, broath,
I hate a light a loue, as I hate death.

Lance. Gyrle hold thee there: looke on this Deuen-ſhyre (lad:
Fat, faire, and louely, both in purſe and perſon.

Oly. Well

Oly. Well ſyr, cham as the Lord hath made me,
You know me well yuine, cha haue three-ſcore packe a kar-
ſay, and blackem hal, and chiefe credit beſide, and my fortunes
may be ſo good as an others, zoe it may.

Lance. Tis you *I* loue, whatſoeuer others ſay?

Ar. Thanks fayreſt.

Flow. What wouldſt thou haue me quarrell with him?

Fath. Doe but ſay he ſhall heare from you.

Lance. Yet gentleman, howſoeuer I preferre this Deuen-
ſhyre ſhuter,
Ile enforce no loue, my daughter ſhall haue liberty to chooſe
whom ſhe likes beſt, in your loue ſhute proceed:
Not all of you, but onely one muſt ſpeed.

Wea. You haue ſed well: indeed right well.

Enter Artychocak.

Arty. Miſtreſſe heeres one would ſpeake with you, my
fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the ſellor already, he knowes him,
he met him at *Creyden* fayre.

Lance. O *I* remember a little man.

Arty. Ia very little man.

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arty. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name? Mounſier *Ciuet.*

Arty. The ſame ſyr.

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other ſhuters come,
My fooliſh daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my ſaint, no man dare moue.

Exit at all but young Flowerdale *and* Olyuer,
and old Flowerdale.

Flow. Harke you ſyr, a word.

Oly. What ha an you to ſay to me now?

Flow. Ye ſhall heare from me, and that very ſhortly.

Oly. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not, a vig.

Exit Olyuer.

Flow. What if ſhould come more? *I* am fairely dreſt.

Fath. I doe not meane that you ſhall meete with him,
But preſently weele goe and draw a will:
Where weele ſet downe land, that we neuer ſawe,

And

And we will haue it of so large a summe,
Syr *Lancelot* shall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, giue it maister *Weathercocke*,
And make syr *Lancelots* daughter heire of all:
And make him sweare, neuer to show the will
To any one, vntil that you be dead.
This done, the foolish changing *Weathercocke*,
Will straight discourse vnto syr *Lancelot*,
The forme and tenor of your Testament,
Nor stand to pause of it, be it de by meet
What will inshue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come lets about it: if that a will sweet *Kyt*,
Can get the wench, I shall renowne thy wit.

Exit omnes.

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Mistresse still froward?
No kind lookes vnto your *Daffidill*, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away you foolish knaue, let my hand goe.

Daff. There is your hand, but this shall goe with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.

Luce. *I*le haue your coate stript ore your eares for this,
You sawcie rascall.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. How now maid, what is the newes with you?

Luce. Your man is something sawcie. *Exit Luce.*

Lance. Goe too syrrha, *I*le talke with you anon.

Daff. Syr I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horse I tro:
I Know my strength, then no more then so.

VVea. A by the matkins, good syr *Lancelot*, I saw him the other day hold vp the bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
Ifaith God a marcie lad, I like thee well.

Lance. *I*, *I*, like him well, go syrrha fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere I part with maister *VVeathercocke*,
We may drinke downe our farewell in French wine.

VVea. I thanke you syr, *I* thanke you friendly knight,
*I*le come and visit you, by the mouse-foot *I* will:
In the meane time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

He is a desperate dyck I warrant you.

Lance. He is, he is: fill *Daffidill*, fill me some wine, ha, what weares he on his arme?

My daughter *Luces* bracelet, I tis the same:
Ha to you maister *Weathercocke*.

VVea. I thanke you syr: Here *Daffidill*, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well, ile take my leaue good knight, and hope to haue you and all your daughters at my poore house, in good (sooth I must.

Lance. Thankes maister *VVeathercocke*, I shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

VVea. And welcome, hartily farewell. (*Exit VVeathercocke.*

Lance. Syrrha I saw my daughters wrong, and withall her bracelet on your arme, off with it: and with it my liuery too, Haue I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe syrrha from my house, or ile whip you hence.

Daff. Ile not be whipped syr, theres your liuery.
(*Exit Daffidill.*

This is a seruiegmans reward, what care I,
I haue meanes to trust too: I scorne seruice I.

Lance. I a lusty knaue, but I must let him goe,
Our seruants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter syr Arthur and Luce.

L. Luce. Syr, as I am a maid, I doe affect you aboue any shuter that I haue, altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

Ar. I am a souldier, and a gentleman,
Knowes what belonges to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loues me, I am her faithfull knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your vallour, nor your loue, but there be some that bares a souldiers forme, that sweares by him they neuer thinke vpon, goes swaggering vp and downe from house to house, crying God payes: and.

Ar. Ifaith Lady ile discry you such a man,
Of them there be many which you haue spoke off,

That

That beare the name and shape of souldiers,
Yet God knowes very seldome saw the war:
That haunt your Tauerns, and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like
To vphold the brutish humour of their minde:
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of dispare:
Their mirth begins in wine, but endes in blood,
Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen souldiers.

Ar. No they are wretched slaues,
Whose desperate liues doth bring them timelesse graues.

Luce. Both for your selfe, and for your forme of life,
If I may choose, ile be a souldiers wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliuer.

Oli. And tyt trust to it so then.

Lance. Ashure your selfe,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One day shall serue for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vaine know the time, for prouiding wedding rayments.

Lance. Why no more but this, first get your assurance made, touching my daughters ioynter, that dispatched, we wil in two daies make prouision.

Oli. Why man chil haue the writings made by to morrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then, lets meet at the kings head in fishstreet.

Oli. No fie man no, lets meet at the Rose at *Temple-bar*, That will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

Lance. At the Rose, be it then the hower nine,
He that comes last, forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no paymēt, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Maister, here is a man would speake with maister *Oliuer*, he comes from young maister *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speake with him, chill speake with him.

Lance. Nay sonne *Oliuer*, ile shurely see,
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrell.

Oly. Why man if he quarrell with me, chill giue him his (hands full.

Fath. God saue you good syr *Lancelot.*

Lance. Welcome honest friend. (*Enter old Flowerdale.*

Fath. To you and yours my maister wisheth health,
But vnto you syr this, and this he sendes:
There is the length syr of his rapier,
And in that paper shall you know his mind.

Oly. Here chill meet him my vreend, chill meet him.

Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin fye.

Oly. And *I* doe not meete him, chill giue you leaue to call *Mr.* cur, where ist syrrha? where ist? where ist?

Fath. The letter showes both the time and place,
And if you be a man, then keepe your word.

Lance. Syr, he shal not keepe his word, he shal not meet.

Fath. Why let him choose, heele be the better knowne
For a base rascall, and reputed so.

Oly. Zyrrha, zyrrha; and tweare not an old fellow, and sent after an arrant, chill giue thee something, but chud be no mony: But hold thee, for *I* see thou art somewhat testorne, holde thee, theres vortie shillings, bring thy maister a veeld, chil giue thee vortie more, looke thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him, he was nere so vsed since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capyring any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seeme a man, stout and resolute,
And *I* will so report, what ere befall.

Lance. And fall out ill, ashure thy maister this,
*I*le make him flye the land, or vse him worse.

Fath. My maister syr, deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde.

Lance. Thy maister is an vnthrift, you a knaue,
And ile attache you first, next clap him vp:
Or haue him bound vnto his good behauiour.

Oly. *I* wood you were a sprite if you do him any harme for this: And you doe, chill nere see you, nor any of yours, while chill haue eyes open: what doe you thinke, chil be abaffelled vp and downe the towne for a messell, and a scoundrel, no chy bor you: zyrrha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fath. Well

Fath. Well sir, my Maister deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde. *Exit.*

Oly. No matter, he's an vnthrift, I defie him.

Lanc. No, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

Oly. Now chy vore you.

Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oly. Nay, chill watch you for zucth a tricke.
But if the meet him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my daughters loue?
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

Oly. Why man, chill not kill him; marry chill veze him too, and againe; and zoe God be with you vather.
What mar, we shall met to morrow. *Exit.*

Lanc. Who would a thought he had bin so desperate.
Come forth my honest seruant *Artichoake.* *Enter Artic.*

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawle toward, I warrant you.

Lanc. Goe get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler mended, O for that knaue, that Vyllaine *Daffidill* would haue done good seruice. But to thee.

Art. I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidil*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a strawe, then out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate ouer his eares. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill.*

Art. Why there tis now: our yeares wages and our vailes will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidil* bee a tother side, that's flat.

Lanc. Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and bee at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging of the Deuon-shire Youth, but be vnseen: and as he goes out, as he will goe out, and that very earely without doubt.

Art. What would you haue me draw vpon him,
As he goes in the streete?

Lanc. Not for a world man: into the fields.

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*,
Take thou the part of *Oliuer* my sonne, for he shal be my son,
And marry *Luce*: Doest vnderstand me knaue?

Arty. I syr I doe vnderstand you, but my young mistresse might be better prouided in matching with my fellowe *Daffaill.*

Lance. No more; *Daffaill* is a knaue: (*Exit.*
That *Daffaill* is a most notorious knaue.

Enter Weathercocke.

Maister *Weathercocke*, you come in happy time, The desperat *Flowerdale* hath writ a challenge: And who thinke you must answere it? but the Deuenshyre man, my sonne *Oliuer.*

Wea. Mary I am sory for it good syr *Lancelot*,
But if you will be ruled by me, weele stay the furie.

Lance. As how *I* pray?

Wea. Marry ile tell you, by promising yong *Flowerdale* the red lipped *Luce*.

Lance. Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

Wea. I syr *Lancelot I* would haue thought so too, but you and I haue bene deceiued in him, come read this will, or deed, or what you call it, *I* know not: Come, come, your spectacles (I pray.

Lance. Nay I thanke God, *I* see very well.

Wea. Marry God blesse your eyes, mine hath bene dim almost this thirtie yeares.

Lance. Ha what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true loue indeede, he gaue it to me but this very morne, and bid me keepe it vnseene from any one, good youth, to see, how men may be deceiued.

Lance. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this louing youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* hee loues so deare, executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All, all good man, he hath giuen you all.

Lance. Three ships now in the straits, & homewardbound,
Two Lordships of two hundred pound a yeare:
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster*-shyre:
Debts and accounts, are thirtie thousand pound,

Plate

Plate, mony, Iewels, 16. thousand more,
Two housen furnished well in *Cole-man* street:
Beside whatsoeuer his Vnckle leaues to him,
Being of great demeanes and wealth at *Peckham*.

Wea. How like you this good knight? how like you this?

Lance. I haue done him wrong, but now ile make amends,
The Deuen-shyre man shall whistle for a wife,
He marrie *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdeies*.

Wea. Why that is friendly said, lets ride to *London* and preuent their match, by promising your daughter to that louely (lad.

Lance. Weele ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
Weele crosse to *Dedfort-strand*, and take a boat:
Where be these knaues? what *Artichoake*, what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Heere be the very knaues, but not the merry knaues.

Lance. Here take my cloake, ile haue a walke to *Dedford*.

Arty. Syr wee haue bin scouring of our swords and bucklers for your defence.

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your swordes rust, ile haue no fighting: I, let blowes alone, bid *Delia* see all things be in readinesse against the wedding, weele haue two at once, and that will saue charges maister *Weathercocke*.

Arty. Well we will doe it syr.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Ciuet, Francke, and Delia.

Ciu. By my truth this is good lucke, I thanke God for this, In good sooth I haue euen my harts desire: sister *Delia*, now I may boldly call you so, for your father hath franck and freely giuen me his daughter *Francke*.

Fran. I by my troth *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for I thanke God I longed for a husband, and would I might neuer stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why sister now you haue your wish.

Ciu. You say very true sister *Delia*, and I prethee call me nothing but *Tom*: and ile call thee sweetheart, and *Franck*: will it not doe well sister *Delia*?

Delia. It

Delia. It will doe very well with both of you. (ed?

Fran. But *Tom*, must I goe as I doe now when I am marri.

Cit. No *Francke*, ile haue thee goe like a Citizen
In a garded gowne, and a French-hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed,

Delia. Brother, maintaine your wife to your estate,
Apparell you your selfe like to your father:
And let her goe like to your ancient mother,
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adue.

Cit. So as my father and my mother went, thats a iest indeed, why she went in a fringed gowne, a single ruffe, and a white cap.
And my father in a mocado coat, a paire of red satten sleeues, and a canuis backe.

Delia. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Cit. My estate, my estate *I* thank God is fortie pound a yere, in good leases and tenements, besides twenty marke a yeare at cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, tis very fitly plyed,
I know not how it comes, but so it falles out
That those whose fathers haue died wonderous rich,
And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leaue behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like minde,
But falles out contrary, forty yeares sparing
Is scarce three seuen yeares spending, neuer caring
What will insue, when all their coyne is gone,
And all too late, then thrift is thought vpon:
Oft haue *I* heard, that pride and ryot kist,
And then repentance crves, for had *I* wist.

Cit. You say well sister *Delia*, you say well: but I meane to liue within my boundes: for looke you, I haue set downe my rest thus farre, but to maintaine my wife in her frenchhood, and her coach, keepe a couple of geldings, and a brace of gray hounds, and this is all ile doe.

Delia. And youle do this with fortie pound a yeare?

Cit. *I*, and a better penny sister.

Fran. Sister

Fran. Sister you forget that at couckolds-hauen.
Cin. By my troath well remembred *Francke*,
Ile giue thee that to buy thee pinnes.
Delia. Keepe you the rest for points, alas the day,
Fooles shall haue wealth, tho all the world say nay:
Come brother will you in, dinner staies for vs.
Cin. I good sister with all my heart.
Fran. I by my troath *Tom*, for *I* haue a good stomacke.
Cin. And I the like sweet *Francke*, no sister
Doe not thinke ile goe beyond my boundes.
Delia. God grant you may not.

(Exit Omnes.

Enter young Flowerdale, and his father, with foyles in their handes.

Flow. Syrrha *Kyt*, tarrie thou there, I haue spied syr *Lancelot*, and old *Weathercocke* comming this way, they are hard at hand, I will by no meanes be spoken withall.
Fath. Ile warrant you, goe get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. Now my honest friend, thou doest belong to mai-
Fath. I doe syr. (ster *Flowerdale*?
Lance. Is he within my good fellowe
Fath. No syr he is not within.
Lance. I prethee if he be within, let me speake with him.
Fath. Syr to tell you true, my maister is within, but indeed would not be spoke withall: there be some tearmes that stands vpon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conference till he hath shooke them off.
Lance. I prethee tell him his verie good friend syr *Lancelot Spurcocke*, intreates to speake with him.
Fath. By my troath syr, if you come to take vp the matter betweene my maister and the Deuen-shyre man, you doe but beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.
Lance. Honest friend, I haue not any such thing to him, I come to speake with him about other matters.
Fath. For my maister syr hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeeme his honour, or leaue his life behind him.
Lance. My friend *I* doe not know any quarrell, touching

Thy maister or any other person, my businesse is of a different nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoeuer the Deuenshire man is, my maisters Mind is bloody: thats a round O,
And therefore syr, intreatie is but vaine:

Lance, I haue no such thing to him, I tell thee once againe.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him. (*Exit Father.*

Lance. A syrrha, I see this matter is hotly carried,
But ile labour to dissuade him from it, (*Enter Flowerdale.*
Good morrow maister *Flowerdale.*

Flow. Good morrow good syr *Lancelot*, good morrowe maister *Weathercocke.*
By my troth gentlemen, I haue bene a reading ouer *Nick Matchinill*, I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed:
A pestilent humane fellow, I haue made
Certaine anatations of him such as they be:
And how ist syr *Lancelot*? ha? how ist?
A mad world, men cannot liue quiet in it. (iarre

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, I doe vnderstand there is some Betweene the Deuen-shyre man and you.

Fath. They syr? they are good friends as can be.

Flow. Who maister *Oliuer* and I? as good friends as can be.

Lance. It is a kind of safetie in you to denie it, and a generous Silence, which too few are indued withall: But syr, such A thing I heare, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing syr *Lancelot*, a my reputation, As I am an honest man.

Lance. Now I doe beleeue you then, if you doe Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I doe not ingage my reputation there is not; You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse: But if there be any thing betweene vs, then there is, If there be not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.

Lance. I doe perceiue by this, that there is something betweene you, and I am very sorie for it.

Flow. You may be deceiued syr *Lancelot*, the *Italian* Hath a pretie saying, *Questo*: I haue forgot it too, Tis out of my head, but in my translation

If hold thus, thou hast a friend, keepe him. (If a foe, trip him.
Lance. Come, I doe see by this there is somewhat betweene
And before God I could wish it other wise. you,
Flow. Well what is betweene vs, can hardly be altered:
Syr Lancelot, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I must ride, no man must denie
Me the Sunne, I would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and generall passage. If any one
Saith *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way:
My answere is, I must either on or returne,
But returne is not my word, I must on:
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the last for me, and thers the fine.
Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, euery man hath one tongue,
And two eares, nature in her building,
Is a most curious worke-maister.
Flow. That is as much to say, a man should heare more
Then he should speake.
Lance. You say true, and indeed I haue heard more,
Then at this time I will speake.
Flow. You say well.
Lance. Slanders are more common then troathes maister
But proofe is the rule for both. (*Flowerdale*:
Flow. You say true, what doe you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?
Lance. I haue heard you haue bin wild: I haue beleeued it.
Flow. Twas fit, twas necessarie.
Lance. But I haue seene somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodnesse toward you.
Flow. Yfaith syr, Iam shure I neuer did you harme:
Some good I haue done, either to you or yours,
I am shure you know not, neither is it my will you should.
Lance. I your will syr.
Flow. I my will syr: sfoot doe you know ought of my will?
Begod and you doe syr, I am abused.
Lance. Goe maister *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know:
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly loue you. For my daughter,

She yours. And if you like a marriage better
Then a brawle, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me presently: And where you should fight a bloodie battle, you shall be married to a louely Ladie.

Flow. Nay but syr *Lancelot*?

Lance. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self thus much, *I* will haue order to hinder your incounter.

Flow. Nay but heare me syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. Nay stand not you vpon imputatiue honour.
Tis meerely vnsound, vnprofitable, and idle:
Inferences your busines is to wedde my daughter, therefore giue me your present word to doe it, ile goe and prouide the maid, therefore giue mee your present resolution, either now (or neuer.

Flow. Will you so put me too it?

Lace. *I* afore *God*, either take me now, or take me neuer,
Else what *I* thought should be our match, shal be our parting,
So fare you well for euer.

Flow. Stay: fall out, what may fall, my loue
Is aboue all: I will come.

Lance. *I* expect you, and so fare you well.
(*Exit syr Lancelot.*

Fath. Now syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparell?

Flow. By the masse thats true: now helpe *Kyt*,
The marriage ended, weele make amendes for all.

Fath. Well no more, prepare you for your bride,
We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I haue my dower,
In mirth weele spend,
Full many a merry hower:
As for ths wench, *I* not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

Fath. *I*st possible, he hath his second liuing,
Forsaking *God*, himselfe to the diuel giuing:
But that *I* knew his mother firme and chast,
My heart would say, my hed she had disgrast:
Else would *I* sweare, he neuer was my sonne,
But her faire mind, so fowle a deed did shun.

Enter

Enter Vncle.

Vnck. How now brother, how doe you find your sonne?
Fath. O brother, heedlesse as a libertine,
Euen growne a maister in the schoole of vice,
One that doth nothing, but intent deseit:
For all the day he humours vp and downe,
How he the next day might deceiue his friend,
He thinkes of nothing but the present time:
For one groat readie down, heele pay a shilling,
But then the lender must needes stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of youth,
Both wild, and wanton, careless and desperate:
But such mad straines, as hee's possest withall,
I thought it wonder for to dreame vpon.
Vnck. I told you so, but you would not beleeue it.
Fath. Well I haue found it, but one thing comforts me
Brother, to morrow hee's to be married
To beautious *Lace*, syr *Lancelots Spurcocks* daughter.
Vnck. Ist possible?
Fath. Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him,
This day brother, I will you shall arrest him:
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is ranck in mischiefe, chained to a life,
That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.
Vnck. What, arrest him on his wedding day?
That were vnchristian, and an vnhumane part:
How many couple euen for that very day,
Hath purchast 7. yeares sorrow afterward?
Forbeare him then to day, doe it to morrow,
And this day mingle not his ioy with sorrow.
Fath. Brother ile haue it done this very day,
And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:
Doe but obserue the course that he will take,
Vpon my life he will forsweare the debt:
And for weele haue the summe shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you neere three thousand pound:
Good brother let be done immediately.

Vnck. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother ile doot, and straite prouide the Sheriffe.
Fath. So brother, by this meanes shall we perceiue
What syr *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected too him,
Her loue will then be tried to the vtternost:
And all the rest of them, Brother what *I* will doo,
Shall harme him much, and much auaile him too.
(*Exit.*

Oly. Cham ashured thick be the place, that the scoundrell
Appointed to meet me, if a come zo: if a come not, zo:
And che war avise, he should make a coystrell an vs,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and giue it him too and againe, zo chud:
Who bin a there syr *Arthur*, chil staie aside.

Ar. *I* haue dogd the Deuen-shyre man into the field,
For feare of any harme that should befall him:
I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:
Tho of my soule, *Oliuer* feares him not,
Yet for ide see faire play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tride.
God morrow to maister *Oliuer*.

Oli. God an good morrow.

Ar. What maister *Oliuer* are you angry?

Oli. Why an it be, tyt and greeuen you?

Ar. Not me at all syr, but *I* imagine
By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withall.

Oli. Why and he doe, che would not dezire you to take his (part.

Ar. No by my troath, I thinke you need it not,
For he you looke for, *I* thinke meanes not to come, (place.

Oli. No & che war ashure a that, ched ayese him in a nother

Daff. O syr *Arthur*, maister *Oliuer* aye me, (*Enter Daffidill.*
Your loue, and yours, and mine, sweet mistresse *Luce*,
This morne is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Ar. Married to *Flowerdale*! tis impossible.

Oli. Married man, che hope thou doest but iest:

To

To make an a volowten meryment of it.

Daf. O tis too true. Here comes his Vncle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriffe, Officers.

Vncle. God morrow sir *Arthur*, good morrow M. *Oliuer*.

Oly. God and good morne M. *Flowerdale*. *I* pray you tellen
Is your scoundrell kinsman married? (vs,

Arth. M. *Oliuer*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed
To sir *Launcelots* daughter here.

Vncle. Sir *Arthur*, vnto her?

Oly. *I*, ha the olde yellow zarued me thick tricke,
Why man he was a promise, chil chud a had her,
Is a zitch a voxe, chill looke to his water che vor him.

Vncle. The musicke playes, they are comming from the Church.

Sheriffe doe your Office: fellowes, stand stoutly too it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oly. God giue you ioy, as the old zaid Prouerbe is, and some zorrow among. You met vs well, did you not?

Lance. Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,
I haue done all the wrong, kept him from comming to the field to you, as *I* might sir, for *I* am a *Iustice*, and sworne to keepe the peace.

Whe. *I* marry is he sir, a very *Iustice*, and sworne to keepe the peace, you must not disturbe the weddings.

Lanc. Nay, neuer frowne nor storme sir, if you doe,
Ile haue an order taken for you.

Oly. Well, Well, chill be quiet.

Whe. M. *Flowerdale*, sir *Lancelot*, looke you who here is?
M. *Flowerdale*.

Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

Flow. Vncle, this is she y faith: Maister Vnder-sheriffe
Arrest me at whose sute? draw *Kit*.

Vnc. At my sute sir.

Lance. Why whats the matter M. *Flowerdale*?

Vnc. This is the matter sir, this vnthrift here,
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
In seuerall summes three thousand pound.

Flow. Why Vncle, Vncle.

Unck. Cousen, cousen, you haue vnckled me,
And if you be not staid, youle proue
A cousoner vnto all that know you.
Lance. Why syr, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appeare,
To be at least three thousand by the yeare.
Vnck. O syr, I was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to cousen you:
And formde a will, and sent it to your good
Friend there maister *Weathercocke*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lyes.
Lance. Ha, hath he not such Lordships, landes, and shippes?
Vnck. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfepenny.
Lance. I pray tell vs true, be plaine young *Flowerdale*.
Flow. My vnckle here mad, and disposed to do me wrong,
But heer's my man, an honest fellow
By the lord, and of good credit, knowes all is true.
Fath. Not I syr, I am too old to lye, I rather know
You forgde a will, where euery line you writ,
You studied where to coate your landes might lye.
Wea. And I prethee, where be thy honest friends?
Fath. Yfaith no where syr, for he hath none at all.
Wea. Benedicitie, we are ore wretched I, beleeue.
Lance. I am cousend, and my hopefull child vndone.
Flow. You are not cousend, nor is she vndone,
They slaunder me, by this light they slander me:
Looke you, my vnckle heres an vsurer, and would vndoe me,
But he stand in law, do you but baile me, you shal do no more:
You brother *Cinet*, and maister *Weathercocke*, doe but
Baile me, and let me haue my marriage mony
Paid me, and weele ride downe, and there your owne
Eyes shall see, how my poore tenants there wil welcome me.
You shall but baile me, you shall doe no more,
And you greedy goat, their baile will serue.
Vnck. I syr, ile aske no better baile.
Lance. No syr you shall not take my baile, nor his,
Nor my sonne *Cinets*, ile not be cheated I;
Shreeue take your prisoner, ile not deale with him:

Lets

Let's Vncle make false dice with his false bones,
I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld, & wrongd.
Come Girle, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou shalt not liue with him in beggers hell.
Luc. He is my husband, & hie heauen doth know,
With what vnwillingnesse I went to Church,
But you inforced me, you compelled me too it:
The holy Church-man pronounced these words but now,
I must not leaue my husband in distresse:
Now I must comfort him, not goe with you.
Lanc. Comfort a cozoner? on my curse forsake him.
Luce. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:
Doe not *I* pray my greiued soule oppresse,
God knowes my heart doth bleed at his distresse. (match,
Lanc. O *M. Weathercock*, *I* must confesse I forced her to this
Led with opinion his false will was true.
Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached me too. | state.
Lanc. She might haue liued like *Delia*, in a happie Virgins
Delia. Father be patient, sorrow comes too late.
Lance. And on her knees she begd & did entreat,
If she must needes taste a sad marriage life,
She craued to be sir *Arthur Greene-sheilds* wife.
Ar. You haue done her & me the greater wrong.
Lanc. O take her yet. *Arthur.* Not I.
Lanc. Or, M. *Oliuer*, except my child, and halfe my wealth is yours. *Oly.* No sir, chil breake no Lawes.
Luce. Neuer feare, she will not trouble you.
Delia. Yet sister in this passion doe not runne headlong to confusion. You may affect him, though not follow him.
Frank. Doe sister, hang him, let him goe.
Wea. Doe faith Mistresse *Luce*, leaue him.
Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me alone,
I sweare ile liue with him in all mone.
Oly. But an he haue his legges at libertie,
Cham averd hee will neuer liue with you.

Art. I but hee is now in huckſters handling for running
Lanc. Huswife, you heare how you and I am wrongd, (away.
And if you will redreſſe it yet you may:
But if you ſtand on tearmes to follow him,
Neuer come neere my ſight nor looke on me,
Call me not father, looke not for a groat,
For all thy portion I wil this day giue
Vnto thy ſyſter *Frances.*
Fran. How ſay you to that *Tom*, I ſhall haue a good deale,
Beſides ile be a good wife: and a good wife
Is a good thing, I can tell.
Cin. Peace *Franck*, I would be ſorry to ſee thy ſiſter
Caſt away, as I am a Gentleman.
Lance. What, are you yet reſolued?
Luc. Yes, I am reſolued.
Lanc. Come then away, or now, or neuer come.
Luc. This way I turne, goe you vnto your feaſt,
And I to weepe, that am with griefe oppreſt.
Lanc. For euer flie my ſight: come gentlemen
Lets in, ile helpe you to far better wiues then her.
Delia vpon my bleſſing talke not too her,
Bace Baggage, in ſuch haſt to beggery?
Vnc. Sheriffe take your priſoner to your charge.
Flo. Vncle, be-god you haue vſd me very hardly,
By my troth, vpon my wedding day.

Exit all: yong Flowerdale, his father, Vncle, Sheriffe, and Officers.

Luc. O *M. Flowerdale*, but heare me ſpeake,
Stay but a little while good M. Sheriffe,
If not for him, for my ſake pittie him:
Good ſyr ſtop not your eares at my complaint,
My voyce growes weake, for womens words are faint.
Flow. Looke you Vncle, ſhe kneeles to you.

Vncle.

Vnc. Faire maid, for you, *I* loue you with my heart,
And greeue sweet soule thy fortune is so bad,
That thou shouldst match with such a graceless (Youth,
Go to thy father, thinke not vpon him,
Whom hell hath marked to be the sonne of shame.
Luc. Impute his wildnesse syr, vnto his youth,
And thinke that now is the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the king doth lose his due,
O pittie him as God shall pittie you.
Vnc. Ladie, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But miserie it selfe to chaine him with.
Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?
Vnc. I virgin, that being answered, *I* haue done,
But to him that is all as impossible,
As *I* to scale the hye Piramydies.
Sheriffe take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.
Luc. O goe not yet, good M. *Flowerdale*:
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.
Flow. *I* by God *Vncle*, and my bond too.
Luc. Alas, *I* n ere ought nothing but *I* paid it,
And I can worke, alas he can doe nothing:
I haue some friends perhaps will pittie me,
His chiefest friends doe seeke his miserie.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receiue,
Shall be for you: O doe not turne away,
Me thinkes within a face so reuerent,
Should haue some feeling of a maidens griefe:
For my sake, his fathers, and your brothers sake,
I for your soules sake that doth hope for ioy,
Pittie my state: do not two soules destroy.
Vnc. Faire maid stand vp, not in regard of him,
But in pittie of thy hapless choise,

I doe releaſe him, M. Sheriffe I thanke you:
And officers there is for you to drinke.
Here maide take this monie, there is a 100. Angels,
And for I will be ſure he ſhall not haue it,
Here *Keſter* take it you, and vſe it ſparingly,
But let not her haue any want at all.
Dry your eyes Neece, doe not too much lament
For him, whoſe life hath beene in royot ſpent:
If well he vſeth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a ſhamefull end on him depends.

Exit Vncle.

Flow. A plague goe with you for an old fornicator:
Come *Kyt* the monie, come honeſt *Kyt*.

Fath. Nay by my faith ſir, you ſhall pardon me.

Flow. And why ſir pardon you? giue me the mony
You old Raſcall, or *I* ſhall make you.

Luc. Pray hold your hands, giue it him honeſt friend.

Fath. If you be ſo content, with all my heart.

Flow. Content ſyr, sblood ſhee ſhall be content
Whether ſhe will or no. A rattle baby come to follow me:
Goe get you gone to the greaſie chuffe your father,
Bring me your dowrie, or neuer looke on me.

Fath. Syr ſhe hath forſooke her father, and all her friends for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with ſomething to prouide her lodging.

Flo. Yes, *I* meane to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a poſte. Ile rather throwe them at a caſt at Dice, as *I* haue done a thouſand of their fellowes.

Fath. Nay then *I* will be plaine degenerate boy,
Thou hadſt a Father would haue beene a ſhamed.

Flow. My father was an Aſſe, an old Aſſe.

Fath. Thy father? proud lycentious villaine:
What are you at your foyles, ile foyle with you.

Luc. Good ſir forbeare him.

Fath.

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me,
Ide teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Goe hang, beg, starue, dice, game, that when all is gone
Thou maist after dispaire and hang thy selfe.
Luce. O doe not curse him.
Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine,
It greeues me that he beares his father name.
Flow. Well you old rascall, I shall meet with you,
Syrrha get you gone, I will not strip the liuery
Ouer your eares, because you paid for it: (not
But do not vse my name, syrrha doe you heare? looke you doe
Vse my name, you were best.
Fath. Pay me the twentie pound then, that I lent you,
Or giue me securitie, when I may haue it. none,
Flow. Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, ile giue thee
Minckins looke you doe not follow me, looke you doe not:
If you doe begger, I shall slit your nose.
Luce. Alas what shall I doe?
Flow. Why turne whore, thats a good trade,
And so perhaps ile see thee now and then.
Exit Flowerdale.
Luce. Alas the day that euer I was borne.
Fath. Sweete mistresse doe not weepe, ile sticke to you.
Luce. Alas my friend, I know not what to do,
My father and my friends, they haue despised me:
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.
Fath. It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares
Thus staine the crimson roses of her cheekes:
Lady take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine,
I haue a little liuing in this towne,
The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose,
Ile straite goe helpe you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a seruice in this towne:

Where you shal know all, yet your selfe vnknowne:
Come greeue no more, where no helpe can be had,
Weepe not for him, that is more worse then bad.
Luce. I thanke you syr.

Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke and them.

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerued many a sluttish tricke,
But such a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a sarued.
Lance. Son *Ciuet*, daughter *Feances*, beare with me,
You see how I am pressed downe with inward griefe,
About that lucklesse gyrle, your sister *Luce*:
But tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,
They are most vnhappie, that are most beloued.
Ciu. Father tis so, tis euen fallen out so,
But what remedie, set hand to your heart, and let it passe:
Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weele not say,
Weele bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie
Children as euer she was: tho she had the pricke
And praise for a prettie wench: But father, done is
The mouse, youle come?
Lance. I sonne *Ciuet*, ile come.
Ciu. And you maister *Oliuer*?
Oli. I, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if agan
Make a better veast there.
Ciu. And you syr *Arthur*?
Ar. I syr, although my heart be full,
Ile be a partner at your wedding feast.
Ciu. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Francke*
(are you readie?
Fran. Ie shue how hastie these husbands are, I pray father,
Pray to God to blesse me.
Lance. God blesse thee, and I doe: God make thee wise,
Send you both ioy, I wish it with wet eyes.

Fran. But

Fran. But Father, shall not my sister *Delia* goe along with
She is excellent good at cookery and such things. (vs?
Lance. Yes mary shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.
Deli. I am ready syr, *I* will first goe to *Greene-witch*,
From thence to my cousen *Chesterfeelds*, and so to *London*.
Cin. It shall suffice good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
But faile vs not good sister, giue order to cookes, and others,
For *I* would not haue my sweet *Francke*
To soyle her fingers.
Fran. No by my troath not I, a gentlewoman, and a married
Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cookes,
And kitchin-boyes, not *I*, y faith: *I* scorne that.
Cin. Why I doe not meane thou shalt sweete heart,
Thou seest I doe not goe about it: well farewell too: (too?
You, Gods pitty *M. Weathercocke*, we shal haue your cōpany
Wea. Withall my heart, for I loue good cheare.
Cin. Well, God be with you all, come *Francke*.
Fran. God be with you father, God be with you syr *Arthur*,
Maister *Oliuer*, and maister *Weathercocke*, sister, God be with
you all: God be with you father, God be with you euery one.
VVea. Why how now syr *Arthur*? all a mort maister *Oliuer*,
(how now man?
Cheerely syr *Lancelot*, and merily say,
Who can hold that will away.
Lance. *I* shee is gone indeed, poore girle vndone,
But when theyle be selfewilled, children must smart.
Ar. But syr, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause,
Therefore tis reason, you redresse her wrong.
Wen. Indeed you must syr *Lancelot*, you must.
Lance. Must? who can compell me maister *VVeathercock*?
I hope I may doe what I list.
VVea. *I* grant you may, you may doe what you list.
Oli. Nay, but and you be well euisen, it were not good
By this vrampolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away
As pretty adowssabell, as am should chance to see

In

In a Sommers day, chil tell you what chall doe,
Chil goe spye vp and downe the towne, and see if I
Can heare any tale or dydings of her,
And take her away from thick a meffell, vor cham
Ashured, heele but bring her to the spoile,
And so var you well, we shall meete at your sonne *Cuets*.
Lance. I thanke you syr, I take it very kindly.
Arty. To find her out, ile spend my dearest blood.
Exit both.
So well I loued her, to affect her good.
Lance. O maister *Weathercocke*, what hap had I, to force (my daughter
From maister *Oliner*, and this good knight?
To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.
Wea. Ill lucke, but what remedie.
Lance. Yes I haue almost deuised a remedy,
Young *Flowerdale*, is shure a prisoner.
Wea. Shure, nothing more shure.
Lance. And yet perhaps his Vnckle hath released him.
Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lance. Well if he be in prison, ile haue warrants
To tache my daughter till the lawe be tried,
For I will shue him vpon couzonage.
Wea. Mary may you, and ouerthrow him tooo
Lance. Nay thats not so, I may chance be scost,
And sentence past with him.
Wea. Beleeue me so he may; therefore take heede.
Lance. Well howsoener, yet I will haue warrants,
In prison, or at libertie, alis one:
You will helpe to serue them maister *Weathercocke*?
Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the diuell, the diuell take the dyce,
The dyce, and the diuell, and his dame goe together:

Of all my hundred golden angels,
I haue not left me one denier:
A poxe of come a fiue, what ſhall *I* doe?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But *I* haue borrowed more or leſſe off:
I would I knewe where to take a good purſe,
And goe cleare away, by this light ile venture for it,
Gods lid my ſiſter *Delia*,
Ile rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.

Deli. *I* prethee *Artichoake* goe not ſo faſt,
The weather is hot, and *I* am ſomething wearie.
Arti. Nay *I* warrant you miſtreſſe *Delia* ile not tire you
With leading, weele goe an extreame moderate pace.
Flow. Stand, deliuer your purſe.
Arti. O lord, theeues, theeues.

Exit Artichoake.

Flow. Come, come, your purſe ladie, your purſe.
Deli. That voice I haue heard often before this time,
What brother *Flowerdale*, become a theefe?
Flow. *I*, a plague out, *I* thanke your father,
But ſiſter, come, your mony, come:
What the world muſt find me, *I* am borne to liue,
Tis not a ſinne to ſteale, when none will giue.
Deli. O God, is all grace baniſht from thy heart,
Thinke of the ſhame that doth attend this fact.
Flow. Shame me no ſhames, come giue me your purſe,
*I*le bind you ſiſter, leaſt *I* faire the worſe.
Deli. No, bind me not, hold there is all I haue,
And would that mony would redeeme thy ſhame.

Enter Oliuer, ſyr Arthur, and Artichoake.

Arti. Theeues, theeues, theeues.
Oli. Theeues, where man? why how now miſtreſſe *Delia*,
Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

 Deli. No

Delia. No maister *Oliuer*, tis maister *Flowerdale*, hee did but iest with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrell? sirrha, you meten vs Well, vang thee that. (charge.

Flow. Well sir, ile not meddle with you, because *I* haue a

Deli. Here brother *Flowerdale*, ile lend you this same mony.

Flow. *I* thanke you sister. (penny.

Oli. *I* wad you were ysplit, and you let the mezell haue a But since you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my selfe.

Ar. T is pittie to releeue him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant life, his daily sport.

Delia. Brother, you see how all men consure you,
Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.

Oly. Come, chill bring you along, and you safe enough
From twentie such scoundrells as thick a one is,
Farewell and be hanged zyrrha, as I thinke so thou
Wilt be shortly, come syr *Arthur*.

Exit all but Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague goe with you for a karsie rascall:
This Deuenshyre man I think is made all of porke,
His hands made onely, for to heaue vp packs:
His hart as fat and big as his face,
As differing far from all braue gallant minds
As I to serue the hogges, and drinke with hindes,
As I am very neere now: well, what remedie,
When mony, meanes, and friends, doe growe so small,
Then farewell life, and ther's an end of all. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Cinet, and his wife mistresse Frances.

Cin. By my troath god a mercie for this good *Christopher*,
I thanke thee for my maide, *I* like her very well,
How doest thou like her *Frances*?

Fran. In good sadnesse *Tom*, very well, excellent well,
She speakes so pretily, I pray whats your name?

Luce. My name forsooth be called *Tankin*.

Fran. By:

Fran. By my troath a fine name, O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing one head a newe fashion.

Luce. Me sall doe euery ting about da head.

Cin. What countriwoman is she *Kester*?

Fath. A dutch woman sir.

Cin. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Fath. *I* Syr she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to helpe mee to cheekes (and eares?

Luce. Yes mistresse verie vell.

Fath. Cheekes and eares, why mistresse *Frances*, want you Cheekes and eares? me thinkes you haue very faire ones.

Fran. Thou art a foole indeed *Tom*, thou knowest what I meane.

Cin. I, I *Kester*, tis such as they weare a their heads. I prethee *Kit* haue her in, and shewe her my house.

Fath. I will sir, come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you haue not bussed me to day *Tom*.

Cin. No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes, God saue me *Francke*.

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.

See yonder my sister *Delia* is come, welcome good sister.

Fran. Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my head?

Delia. Very well sister.

Cin. *I* am glad you're come sister *Delia* to giue order for Supper, they will be here soone.

Arty. *I*, but if good luck had not serued, she had Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like To peppord vs, but for maister *Oliuer*, we had bin robbed.

Del. Peace syrrha, no more.

Fath. Robbed! by whom?

Arty. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned theefe.

Cin. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised For your escape, will you draw neere sister?

Fath. Syrrha come hither, would *Flowerdale*, hee that was my maister, a robbed you, *I* prethee tell me true?

Arty. Yes yfaith, euen that *Flowerdale*, that was thy mai-
(ster.
Fath. Hold thee, there is a French crowne, and speake no
(more of this.
Arty. Not *I*, not a word, now do I smell knauerie:
In euery purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe:
And giues me this to keepe counsell, no not a word *I*.
Fath. Why God a mercy.
Fran. Sister looke here, *I* haue a new Dutch maid,
And she speakes so fine, it would doe your heart good.
Cin. How doe you like her sister?
Deli. I like your maide well.
Cin. Well deare sister, will you draw neere, and giue direc-
tions for supper, guesse will be here presently.
Delia. Yes brother, leade the way ile follow you.

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

Harke you Dutch frowe a word.
Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?
Deli. Sister *Luce*, tis not your broken language,
Nor this same habit, cán disguise your face
From *I* that know you: pray tell me, what meanes this?
Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:
This borrowed shape, that *I* haue tane vpon me,
Is but to keepe my selfe, a space vnknowne,
Both from my father, and my neerest friendes:
Vntill *I* see, how time will bring to passe,
The desperate course, of maister *Flowerdale*.
Deli. O hee is worse then bad, *I* prethee leaue him,
And let not once thy heart to thinke on him.
Luce. Do not perswade me, once to such a thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worse then naught:
Yet one louers time, may all that ill vndo,
That all his former life, did run into.

Therefore

Therefore kind sister doe not disclose my estate,
If ere his heart doth turne, tis nere too late. (mind,
Dely. Well, seeing no counsell can remoue your
Ile not disclose you, that art wilfull blinde. (eies,
Luc. Delia, I thank you, I now must please her
My sister *Frances*, neither faire nor wise.

Exit. Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flo. On goes he that knowes no end of his iourney,
I haue passed the very vtmost bounds of shifting,
I haue no course now but to hang my selfe:
I haue liued since yesterday two a clocke, of a
Spice-cake I had at a burrall: and for drinke,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will beare out a man, if he haue no mony indeed.
I meane out of their companyes, for they are men
Of good carriage. Who comes heere?
The two Conycatchers, that woon all my mony of
Ile trie if thayle lend me any. (me,

Enter Dicke and Rafe.

What M. *Richard* how doe you?
How doest thou *Rafe?* By God gentleme the world
Growes bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel betweene you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.
Rafe. How, an Angel? God damb vs if we lost not euery
Peny, within an houre after thou wert gone.
Flow. I prethy lend me so much as will pay for my supper,
Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.
Rafe. I faith, we haue haue not a farthing, not a myte:
I wonder at it M. *Flowerdale,*
You will so carelesly vndo your selfe,
Why you will loose more mony in an houre,

Then any honest man spend in a yeare,
For shame betake you to some honest Trade,
And liue not thus so like a Vagabond.

Exit both.

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villaines you:
They gaue me counsell that first cozend me:
Those Diuels first brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the first that doe me wrong.
Well, yet I haue one friend left in store,
Not farre from hence, there dwels a Cokatryce,
One that I first put in a satten gowne,
And not a tooth that dwell within her head,
But stands me at the least in 20. pound:
Her will I visite now my coyne is gone,
And as I take it heere dwelles the Gentlewomen.
What ho, is Mistesse *Apricocke* within?

Enter Ruffyn.

Ruff. What sawsie Rascall is that which knocks so bold,
O, is it you? old spend-thrift, are you here?
One that is turned Cozoner about the towne:
My Mistresse saw you, and sends this word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the doore,
Or you shall haue such a greeting sent you strait,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poore,
Thus art thou serued by a vile painted whoore,
Well, since thy damned crew doe so abuse thee,
Ile try of honest men, how they will vse mee.

Enter an auncient Citizen.

Sir I beseech you to take compassion of a man,
One whose Fortunes haue beene better then at this instant they seeme to be: but if I might craue of you so much little portion, as would bring mee to my friends, I should rest thankfull, vntill I had requited so great a curtesie.

Citizen.

Citizen. Fie, fie, yong man, this course is very bad,
Too many such haue woe about this Cittie,
Yet for *I* haue not seene you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common begger:
Hold theres an Angel, to beare your charges,
Downe, goe to your freinds, do not on this depend,
Such bad beginnings oft haue worser ends. *Exit Citi.*

Flow. Worser endes: nay, if it fall out
No worse then in old angels *I* care not,
Nay now *I* haue had such a fortunate beginning,
*I*le not let a sixepennie-purse escape me,
By the Masse, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.

God blesse you faire Mistresse,
Now would it please you gentlewoman to looke into the wants of a poore Gentle-man, a yonger brother, *I* doubt not but God will treble restore it backe againe, one that neuer before this time demanded pennie, halfpenie, nor farthing.

Citiz. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by my troth a very proper man, and tis great pittie: hold my friend, theres all the monie *I* haue about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse thee.

Flow. Now God thanke you sweete Lady: if you haue any friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a poore gentleman as your friend, *I* am yours to command in all secret seruice.

Citiz. *I* thanke you good friend, *I* prethy let me see that againe, I gaue thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, giue me them, and here is halfe a crowne in gold. *He gives it her.* Nowe out vpon thee Rascall, secret seruice: what doest thou make of mee? it were a good deede to haue thee whipt: now I haue my money againe, ile see thee hanged before I giue thee a pennie: secret seruice: on good *Alexander.*

Exit both.

Flow. This

Flow. This is villanous lucke, I perceiue dishonestie
Will not thriue: here comes more, God forgiue mee,

Sir *Arthur*, and M. *Oliuer*, afore God, *I*le speake to them,
God saue you Sir *Arthur*: God saue you M. *Oliuer*.

Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliuer.

Oli. Byn you there zyrrha, come will you ytaken your selfe
To your tooles, Coyttrell?

Flow. Nay, M. *Oliuer*, Ile not fight with you,
Alas sir you know it was not my dooings,
It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelots* daughter:
By God, *I* neuer meant you harme.

Oli. And whore is the Gentle-woman thy wife, Mezell?
Whore is shee, Zyrrha, ha?

Flow. By my troth M. *Oliuer*, sicke, very sicke;
And God is my Iudge, *I* know not what meanes to make for
her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is she sicke? tell me true itch vise thee?

Flow. Yes faith, *I* tell you true: M. *Oliuer*, if you would
doe mee the small kindnesse, but to lend me fortie shillings:
So God helpe me *I* will pay you so soone as my abilitie shall
make me able, as *I* am a gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaist thy wife is zicke: hold, thers vortie
shillings, giued it to thy wife, looke thou giue it her, or *I* shall
zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeuen yeare, looke
too it.

Art. Yfaith M. *Oliuer*, it is in vaine
To giue to him that neuer thinkes of her.

Oli. Well, would che could ynind it. (man.

Flow. *I* tell you true, sir *Arthur*, as I am a gentle-

Oli. Well fare you well zyrrah: come sir *Arthur*.

Exit both.

Flow. By the Lord this is excellent,
Fiue golden Angels compast in an houre,
If this trade hold, ile neuer seeke a new.

Welcome

Welcome sweet gold and beggery adue.

Enter Vnckle and Father.

Vnc. See *Kester* if you can find the house.

Flow. Whose here, my Vnckle, and my man *Kester*?
By the masse tis they.
How doe you Vnckle, how dost thou *Kester*?
By my troath Vnckle, you must needes lend
Me some mony, the poore gentlewoman
My wife, so God helpe me, is verie sicke,
I was robde of the hundred angels
You gaue me, they are gone.

Vnc. *I* they are gone indeed, come *Kester* away.

Flow. Nay Vnckle, do you heare? good Vnckle.

Vnc. Out hypocrite, I will not heare thee speake,
Come leaue him *Kester*.

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

Fath. Syr, I haue nought to say to you,
Open the doore to my kin, thou hadst best
Lockt fast, for theres a false knaue without.

Flow. you are an old lying Rascall,
So you are.

Exit both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you yonker?

Flow. By this light a Dutch Froe, they say they are calde Kind, by this light ile try her.

Luce. Vat bin you yonker, why doe you not speake?

Flow. By my troath sweet heart, a poore gentleman that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bountie of your purse. *Enter father.*

Luce. O here God, so young an armine.

Flow. Armine sweet-heart, I know not what you meane by that, but *I* am almost a begger.

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your vife?
Here is all I haue, take dis.

Flow. What gold young Froe? this is braue.

Fath. If he haue any grace, heele now repent.

Luce. Why speake you not, were be your vife?
Flow. Dead, dead, shees dead, tis she hath vndone me,
Spent me all *I* had, and kept rascalls vnder mine nose to brave (me.
Luce. Did you vse her vell?
Flow. Vse her, theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England* could be better vsed then *I* did her, I could but Coatch her, her diet stood me in fortie pound a moneth, but shee is dead and in her graue, my cares are buried.
Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.
Fath. He is turned more diuell then he was before.
Flow. Thou doest belong to maister *Ciuet* here, doest thou (not?
Luce. Yes me doe.
Flow. Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate
But belongs to me, Gods my Iudge:
If *I* had but such a wench as thou art,
Theres neuer a man in *England* would make more.
Of her, then *I* would doe, so she had any stocke.
They call within:
O why *Tanikin.*
Luce. Stay one doth call, I shall come by and by againe.
Flow. By this hand, this *Dutch* wench is in loue with me,
Were it not admirall to make her steale
All *Ciuets* Plate, and runne away?
Fath. Twere beastly. O maister *Flowerdale*,
Haue you no feare of God, nor conscience:
What doe you meane, by this vilde course you take?
Flow. What doe *I* meane, why to liue, that I meane.
Fath. To liue in this sort, fie vpon the course,
Your life doth show, you are a verie coward.
Flow. A coward, I pray in what?
Fath. Why you will borrow sixpence of a boy.
Flow. Snailes is there such cowardice in that, *I* dare
Borrow it of a man, *I* and of the tallest man
In England, if he will lend it me,
Let me borrowe it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare.

And

And it is well knowne, *I* might a rid out a hundred times
If *I* would: so *I* might.
Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they
And what is that but onely stealth in you, (gaine:
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart
Take pittie of you for her sisters sake.
Goe get you hence, least lingering here you stay,
You fall into their hands you looke not for.
Flow. *I*le tarie here, till the Dutch Froe
Comes, if all the diuels in hell were here.

Exit. Father.

Enter Syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke, and Artichoake.

Luce. Where is the doore, are we not past it *Artichoake*?
Arty. Bith masse heres one, ile aske him, doe you heare sir?
What are you so proud? doe you heare, which is the way
To maister *Ciuets* house? what will you not speake?
O me, this is filching *Flwoerdale*.
Lance. O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here?
O you cheating Roague, you cut-purse conicatcher,
VVhat ditch you villaine, is my daughters grauee?
A cozening rascall, that must make a will,
Take on him that strict habit, very that:
VVhen he should turne to angell, a dying grace,
*I*le father in lawe you syr, ile make a will,
Speake villaine, wheres my daughter?
Poysoned *I* warrant you, or knocked a the head: will,
And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, with his fordged
And maister *Weathercocke*, to make my grounded resolution,
Then to abuse the Deuenshyre gentlemen:
Goe, away with him to prison.
Flow. VVherefore to prison? syr *I* will not goe.

Enter maister Ciuet, his wife, Oliuer, syr Arthur, Father, and Vncle Delia.

 Luce. O

Luce. O heeres his Vnckle, welcome gentlemen, welcome
Such a cozoner gentlemen, a murderer too (all,
For any thing *I* know, my daughter is missing:
Hath bin looked for, cannot be found, a vild vpon thee,
Vnc. He is my kinsman, altho his life be vilde,
Therefore in *Gods* name, doe with him what you will.
Lance. Marrie to prison.
Flow. Wherefore to prison? snick vp, I owe you nothing,
Lance. Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.
Flow. Goe seeke your daughter, what doe you lay to my
Lance. Suspition of murder, goe away with him. (charge.
Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,
Come Vnckle, I know youle baile me.
Vnc. Not *I*, were there no more,
Then I the *Iaylor*, thou the prisoner.
Lance. Goe away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frowe.

Luce. O my life here, where will you ha de mane?
Vat ha de younker done?
Wea. Woman he hath kild his wife.
Luce. His vife, dat is not good, dat is not seene.
Lance. Hang not vpon him huswife, if you doe ile lay you
(by him.
Luce. Haue me no, and or way doe you haue him,
He tell me dat he loue me hartily.
Fran. Lead away my maide to prison, why *Tom* will you
(suffer that?
Cin. No by your leaue father, she is no vagrant:
She is my wiues chamber maid, & as true as the skin between
any mans browes here.
Lance. Goe too, you're both fooles: sonne *Cinet*,
Of my life this is a plot,
Some stragling counterfait preferd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your plate and Iewels,
Ile haue you led away to prison trull.
Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe,
Nor he, nor I shall to the prison goe:
Know you me now? nay neuer stand amazed.

Father,

Father I know I haue offended you,
And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees
To you in dutie and obedience:
Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeeld
My loue, my dutie and my humblenesse.
Lanc. Bastard in nature, kneele to such a slaue?
Luce. O M. *Flowerdale*, if too much griefe
Haue not stopt vp the orgens of your voyce,
Then speake to her that is thy faithfull wife,
Or doth contempt of me, thus tye thy tongue:
Turne not away, I am no Æthyope,
No wanton *Cressed*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy loſſe.
What turnst thou still from me? O then
I gesse thee wofulst among hapleſſe men.
Flow. I am indeed wife, wonder among wiues!
Thy chastitie and vertue hath infused
Another soule in mee, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheekes is seene my shame.
Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.
Luce. Not trust him, by hopes after blisse,
I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.
Lan. Well since thou weart ordain'd to beggery,
Follow thy fortune, I defie thee I.
Oly. Ywood che were so well ydoussed as was euer white cloth in a tocking mill, and chea ha not made me weepe.
Eath. If he hath any grace heele now repent.
Art. It moues my heart.
Wea. By my troth I must weepe, I can not chuse.
Uncle. None but a beast would such a maide misuse.
Flow. Content thy selfe, I hope to win his fauour,
And to redeeme my reputation lost,
And Gentlemen beleeue me, I beseech you,
I hope your eyes shall behold such change,
As shall deceiue your expectation.
Oly. I would che were ysplit now, but che beleeue him.
Lance. How, beleeue him. *Wea.* By the mackins, I doe.
Lance. What doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

Wea. By my faith it will goe hard.

Oly. Well che vorye he is changed: and M. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold theres vortie pound toward your zetting vp: what bee not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, bee a good husband, louen your wife: and you shall not want for vortie more, *I* che vor thee.

Arth. My meanes are little, but if youle follow
I will instruct you in my ablest power: (me,
But to your wife *I* giue this Diamond,
And proue true *Dimond* faire in all your life.

Flow. Thankes good sir *Arthur*, M. *Oliuer*,
You being my enemie, and growne so kind,
Bindes mee in all indeuour to restore.

Oly. What, restore me, no restorings man,
I haue vortie pound more for *Luce*, here vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* els, what do not thinke me
A Mezel or a Scondrell to throw away my money, che haue a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: *I* hope your vnder and your vncle here wil vollow my zamples.

Vncle. You haue gest right of me, if he leaue of this course of life, he shall be mine heire.

Lan. But he shall neuer get a groat of me,
A Cozoner, a deceiuer, one that kild his painefull
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearefull
Danger of the sea, to get him liuing and maintaine

Wea. What hath he kild his father? (him braue.

Lance. *I* sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinformed. (selfe.

Lanc. Why thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy

Fa. *I* wrong'd him then: and toward my M. stock,
Thers 20. Nobles for to make amends.

Flo. No *Kester*, *I* haue troubled thee, and wrong thee
What thou in loue giues, I in loue restore. (more,

Frã. Ha, ha, sister, there you playd bo-peepe with
Tom, What shall *I* giue her toward houshold?
Sister *Delia*, shall I giue her my *Fanne*?

Del. You were best aske your husband. *Fran.* Shal *I Tom*?

Cuet. *I* do *Franck*, ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Franck.

Franck. A russet one *Franke. Cinis.* I with russet feathers.
Fran. Here sister, theres my Fanne toward houshold, to
Luce. I thanke you sister. (keepe you warme.
Wea. Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* stocke, heres
fortie shillings: and fortie good shillings more, *I*le giue her
marrie. Come sir *Lancelot*, *I* must haue you friends.
Lance. Not *I*, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.
Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?
Lance. Had she been married to an honest man,
*I*t had beene better then a thousand pound.
Fath. Pay it him, and ile giue you my bond,
*T*o make her ioynter better worth then three.
Lance. Your bond sir, why what are you?
Fath. One whose word in *London* tho *I* say it,
*W*ill passe there for as much as yours. (man?
Lanc. V Veart not thou late that vnthrifts seruing-
Fath. Looke on me better, now my scarres is off.
Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.
Lance. M. *Flowerdale.*
Flow. My father, *O* I shame to looke on him.
Pardon deare father the follyes that are past.
Fa. Sonne, sonne I doe and ioy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maide,
*W*hom heauen hath sent to thee to saue thy soule,
Luc. This addeth ioy to ioy, hie heauen be prais'd.
Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome frō death, good M. *Flowerdale.*
T was sed so here, twas sed so here good faith.
Fath. *I* caused that rumour to be spred my selfe,
Because ide see the humours of my sonne,
*W*hich to relate the circumstance is needlesse:
And sirra see you runne no more into that same disease,
*F*or he thats once cured of that maladie,
*O*f Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,
And falles againe into the like distresse,
T hat feuor is deadly, doth till death indure:
*S*uch men die mad as of a callenture.
Flow. Heauen helping me, ile hate the course as hell.

Vncle.

Unc. Say it and do it Cozen, all is well. (man,
Lanc. Wel being in hope youle proue an honest
I take you to my fauour brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my heart; *I* see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come lets in and feast.
Oly. Nay zoft you a while, you promised to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest
Daughter, see which ans sheele haue. (here.
Lanc. A Gods name, you haue my good will, get
Oly. How say you then Damsell, tyters hate?
Delia. I sir, am yours.
Oly. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil haue it
Dispatched in a trice so chill.
Delia. Pardon me sir, I meane *I* am yours,
In loue, in duties and affection.
But not to loue as wife, shall neere be said,
Delia was buried married, but a mayd.
Arth. Doe not condemne your selfe for euer
Vertuous faire, you were borne to loue. (it
Oly. Why you say true sir *Arthur* she was ybere to
So well as her mother? but *I* pray you shew vs
Some zamples or reasons why you will not marry?
Deli. Not that *I* doe condemne a married life,
For tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
But for the care and crosses of a wife,
The trouble in this world that children bring,
My vow is in heauen in earth to liue alone,
Husbands howsoeuer good, I will haue none.
Oly. Why then chil will liue Batcheller too,
Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig
By me: Come shalls go to dinner? (*Lanc.*
Fa. To morrow I craue your companies in *Mark*-
To night weele frolike in M. *Cimies* house,
And to each health, drinke downe a full carouse.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM