

THE  
RETVRNE FROM  
PERNASSVS:  
Or  
The Scourge of Simony.

*Publiquely acted by the Students  
in Saint Johns Colledge in  
Cambridge.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by G. Eld, for John Wright, and  
are to bee sold at his shop at  
Christchurch Gate,  
1696.

# The Prologue.

*Boy, Stagekeeper, Monsieur, Delsenfor.*

*Boy.*

**S**pectators we will act a Comedy (*non plus*).

*Stage.* A pox on't this booke hath it not in it, you would be whipt, thou rascall: thou must be sitting vp all night at cardes, when thou should be conning thy part.

*Boy.* Its all long on you, I could not get my part a night or two before that I might sleepe on it.

*Stagekeeper carrieth the boy away under his arme.*

*M.* It's even well done, here is such a stirre about a scuruy English show.

*Delsen.* Scuruy in thy face, thou scuruy iack, if this company were not, you poultry Crittick Gentleman, you that knowe what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that haue beeene student at post and paire, saint and Loadam. You that haue spent all your quarters reuuenues in riding post one night in Christmas, beare with the weake memory of a gamster.

*M.* Gentlemen you that can play at noddy, or rather play vpon noddes: you that can set vp a iest, at priemero insted of a rell, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voyer.

*Delsen.* What we present I must needs confess is but flubbered inuention: if your wisedome obscure the circumstance, your kindnesse will pardon the substance.

*M.* What is presented here, is an old musty show, that hath laine this twelue moneth in the bottome of a ceale-house amongst broomes and old shoores, an inuention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we haue promised the Copies to the Chandler's to wrappe his candles in.

*Delsen.* It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your curties to let it passe,

### The Prologue.

*Actm.* Its a Christmas toy indeede, as good a conceit as  
A songy hotcockles, or blind-man buffe.

*Off.* Some humors you shall see aymed at, if not well refē-  
bied.

*Actm.* Humors indeede: is it not a pretty humor to stand ha-  
mering vpon two *in luctuum v gara* 2. schollers some whole  
yeare. Theſe ſame Phil and Sadio: haue bin follo wed with a  
whip, and a verſe like a Couple of Vagabonds through Eng-  
land and Italy. The Pilgymaz. to *Pernassus*, and the returne  
from *Pernassus* haue stood the honest Stagekeepeſ in many a  
Crownes expence: for linckes and v'zards purchased a So-  
philler a knock: which a cluobe hindred the butlers box, and  
empti'd the Col'edge barrells, and now vntleſſe you know the  
ſubiect well you may returne home as wiſe as you came, for  
this laſt is the leaſt part of the returne from *Pernassus*, that is  
both the firſt and the laſt time that the authours wit will turne  
upon the toe in this vaine, and at this tune the ſcene is not at  
*Pernassus*, that is lookeſ not good inuention in the face .

*Defen.* If the Cataſtrophe please you not, impute it to the  
vnpleaſing fortunes of diſcontented ſchollers.

*Actm.* For Cataſtroſe the ther's neuer a tale iu ſir John Man-  
denill or Benis of Southampton but hath a better turning.

*Stagekeeper.* What you ieering alle, be gon with a pox.

*Actm.* You may do better to buſie your ſelue in prouiding  
beere, for the ſhew will be pittifull dry, pittifull dry.

*Exit.*

*No more of this, I heard the ſpectators aſke for a blanke verſe.*

What we ſhew, is but a Christmas ielſt,  
Conceiue of this and queſſe of all the reſt:  
Full like a ſchollers hapleſſe fortunes pen'd,  
Whose former griefes ſeldome haue happy end,  
Frame aſwell, we might with eaſie ſtraine,  
With far more praiſe, and with as little paine.  
Stories of loue, where ſorne the wondring bench,  
The lisping gallant might inioy his wench.

*Or*

The Prologue.

Or make some Sire acknowledge his knonne,  
Found when the weary act is almost done.  
Now vnto this, nor vnto that our scene is bent,  
We onely shew a schollers discontent.  
In Schollers fortunes twise forlorne and dead  
Twise hath our weary pen earst laboured.  
Making them Pilgrys in *Pernissus* hill,  
Then penning their returne with ruder quill.  
Now we prelent vnto each pittyng eye,  
The schollers progresse in their misery.  
Refined wits your patience is our blisse,  
Too weake our scene: too great our judgement is.  
To you wee seeke to shew a schollers state,  
His scorned fortunes, his vnpittied fate.  
To you: for if you did not schollers blesse,  
Their case(poore case)were too too pittilesse.  
You shade the muses vnder fostering,  
And made them leue to sigh, and learme to sing.



## The names of the Actors.

	Dramatis Personæ.
<i>Ingenioso.</i>	<i>Academico.</i>
<i>Iudicio.</i>	<i>Amoretto.</i>
<i>Danter.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Philomusus.</i>	<i>Signor Immerito.</i>
<i>Studioſo.</i>	<i>Stercutio his father.</i>
<i>Furor Poeticus.</i>	<i>Sir Frederick.</i>
<i>Phantasma.</i>	<i>Recorder.</i>
<i>Patient.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Richardetto.</i>	<i>Prodigo.</i>
<i>Theodore phisition.</i>	<i>Burbage.</i>
<i>Burgesſe patient.</i>	<i>Kempe.</i>
<i>Jaques, studioſo.</i>	<i>Fidlers.</i>
	<i>Patients man.</i>

## Actus I. Scena. I.

*Ingenioso, with Iuuenall in his hand.*

*Ingenioso.*

**D**ifficile est, Satyram non scribere, nam quis iniqua  
Tam patiens urbis, tam furens ut teneat se?  
I, Iuuenall: thy ierking hand is good,  
Not gently laying on, but fetching blood,  
So surgean-like thou dost with cutting heale,  
Where nought but lanching can the wound ausile.  
O suffer me, among so many men,  
To tread aright the traces of thy pen.  
And light my linke at thy eternall flame,  
Till with it I brand everlasting flame.  
On the worlds for head, and with thine owne spirit,  
Pay home the world according to his merit.  
Thy purer soule could not endure to see,  
Even smalles spots of base impurity:  
Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands,  
Then foule faced Vice was in his swadling bands,  
Now like *Anteus* growne a monster is,  
A match for none but mighty *Hercules*.  
Now can the world practise in plainer guise,  
Both sinnes of old and new borne villanies.  
Stale sinnes are stole: now doth the world begin,  
To take sole pleasure in a witty sinne.  
Unpleasant is the lawlesse sinne has bin,  
At midnight rest, when darknesse couers sinne.  
It's Clownish vnbeseeming a young Knight,  
Vnlesse it dare out-face the gloring light.  
Nor can it nought our gallants praises reape,  
Vnlesse it be done in staring Cheape.  
In a sinne-guilty Coach not closely pent,  
Logging along the harder pavement.  
Did not seare check my repining sprit,  
Soone should my angry gholt a story write.

*The returne from Pernassie.*

In which I would new fostred sinnes combine,  
Not knowne easst by truth telling *Aretine*.

*Scen. 2. Enter Iud. Ingenioso. Iudicio.*

*Iud.* What *Ingenioso*, carrying a Vinegar bottle about thee,  
like a great schole-boy giuing the world a bloudy nose?

*Ing.* Faith *Iudicio*, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great rea-  
son I should conferre it vpon the bald pated world: & againe,  
if my kitchen want the vtensilies of viands, it's great reason o-  
ther men shoulde haue the sauce of vinegar, and for the bloudy  
nose, *Iudicio*, I may chance indeed giue the world a bloudy  
nose, but it shall hardly giue me a craikt crowne, though it  
gives other Poets French crownes.

*Iud.* I would wish thee *Ingenioso*, to sheath thy pen, for thou  
canst not be successfull in the fray, considering thy enemies  
haue the aduantage of the ground.

*Ing.* Or rather *Iudicio* they haue the grounds with aduantage,  
and the French crownes with a pox, and I would they had  
them with a plague too: but hang them swadds, the basest  
corner in my thoughts is too gallant a roome to lodge them  
in, but say *Iudicio*, what newes in your presse, did you keepe  
any late corrections vpon any tardy pamphlets?

*Iud.* Veterem iubet renouare dolorem *Ing.* what ere befalls thee,  
keepe thee from the trade of the corrector of the presse.

*Iud.* Mary so I will, I warrin thee, if pouerty presse not too  
much, Ile correct no presse but the presse of the people.

*Iud.* Would it not grieue any good spirits to sit a whole  
moneth nitting out a lousie beggarly Pamphlet, and like a  
needy Phisitian to stand whole yeares, tossing and tumbling,  
the filth that falleth from so many draughty inuentiones as dai-  
ly swarne in our Printing house?

*Ing.* Come (I thinke) we shall haue you put finger in the eye  
and cry, O friends, no friends, say man, what new paper hob-  
by horses, what rattle babies are come out in your late May  
morrice daunce?

*Iud.* Fly my times, as thick as flies in the sunne, I thinke  
there

*The returne from Fornay.*

there be never an Ale-houſe in England neare ſo ſtall as a May-pole on a country greene, but ſet ſouth ſoule poeteſſes peremptions or demiliances to the paper warres in Paules Church-yard.

*Ing.* And well too may the iſle o' a ſtrayng heylearne to hop all ouer England, when as better wittes ſit like lame coblers in their ſtudies. Such barmy heads wil alwaies be working, when as ſad vineger wittes ſit ſouring at the botome of a bartell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moylſt pot, that ſoure vp into the open ayre, when as ſounder wit keepes belowe.

*Ind.* Considering the turies of the times, I could better endure to ſee thoſe young Can quaffing hucklers ſhoot of their pellets ſo they would keepe them from theſe English *flores-poetarum*, but now the world is come to that paſſe; that there ſtarts vp every day an old goole that ſits hatching vp thoſe eggs which haue ben filcht from the neſt of Crowes and Keffrels: here is a booke *Ing.* why to condemne it to cleare the viuall Tiburne of all miſliuing papers, were too faire a death for ſo foule an of-

*Ing.* What's the name of it, I pray thee *Ind.* ? (ſender.

*Ind.* Looke, it's here *Beluedere.*

*Ing.* What a Bel-weather in Paules Church-yeard, ſo cald be-cause it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinckling bel of ſo many Poets about the neck of it, what is the reſt of the title.

*Ind.* The garden of the Mufes.

*Ing.* What haue we here: the Poet garish gayly bedecked like fore horses of the parish ? what follows.

*Ind.* *Quem referent mufe, vinen dum robora cellus.*

*Dum calum ſtellas, dum vobis amnis aquas.*

Who blurres faire paper, with foule baſtard times,

Shall liue full many an age in latter times:

Who makes a baſſet for an ale-houſe doore,

Shall liue in future times for euer more.

Then ( ) thy mufe ſhall liue ſo long,

As drafty ballats to thy praife are ſong.

But what's his deuife, Pernall is with the ſunne and the lawrels I wonder this Owle dares looke on the ſunne, and I maruaile this gole flies not the laurell: his deuife might haue bene bet-

*The returne from Pernissus.*

ter a foole going into the market place to be scene, with this motto, *scribimus indocti*, or a poore beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harnest, with this word, *sua cuig gloriis.*

*Ind.* Turne ouer the leafe *Ing*: and thou shalt see the paines of this worthy gentleman. Sentences gathered out of all kinde of Poets, referred to certaine methodicall heads, profitable for the vse of these times, to rime vpon any occasion at a little warning: Read the names.

*Ing.* So I will, if thou wilt helpe me to censure them.

*Edmund Spenser.* *Michaell Drayton.*

*Henry Corstable.* *John Davis.*

*Thomas Lodge.* *John Marston.*

*Samuel Daniell.* *Kit: Marlowe.*

*Thomas Watson.*

Good men and true; stand together: heare your censure, what's thy judgment of *Spencer*?

*Ing.* A swifter Swan then ever song in *Poe*,  
A shriller Nightingale then ever blest,  
The prouder groves of selfe admiring Rome.  
Elith was each vally, and each shepheard proud,  
While he did chaunt his rurall minstralise,  
Attentive was full many a dainty eare.

Nay hearers hong vpon his melting tong,  
While sweetly of his Fairie Queene he song,  
While to the waters fall he tun'd for fame,  
And in each barke engrau'd *Elizae*s name.  
And yet for all this, ynregarding soile,  
Vnlac't the line of his desired life,  
Denying maintenance for his deare reliefe,  
Carelesse care to prevent his execqy,  
Scarce deigning to shut vp his dying eye.

*Ing.* Pitty it is that gentler witts should breed,  
Where thick-skin clusses laugh at a schollers need.  
But softly may our honours ashes rest,  
That lie by mery *Chaucers* noble chest.

But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy censure, that I may  
be proud of my selfe, as in the first, so in the last, my censure  
may

*The returne from Pernassus.*

may iumpe with thine. *Henry Constable, S. D. Thomas Lodge,  
Thomas Watson.*

*Ind. Sweete Constable doth take the wondring care,  
And layes it vp in willing prisonment :  
Sweete hony dropping D: deeth wage  
Warre with the proudest big 'talian,  
That melts his heart in sugred Sonetting.  
Only let him more sparingly make vs,  
Of others wit and vse his owne the more :  
That well may scorne base imitation.  
For *Lodge* and *Watson* men of some descent,  
Yet subiect to a Criticks marginall.  
*Lodge* for his oare in every paper boate,  
He that turnes ouer *Galere* every day,  
To sit and simper *Euphues* legacie.*

*Ing. Michael Drayton.*

*Draytons sweete muse is like a sanguine dye,  
Able to rauish the rash gazer's eye.*

*Ing. How euer he wants one true note of a Poet of our times,  
and that is this, hee cannot swagger it well in a Tauerne, nor  
dominere in a hot-houſe.*

*Ind. John Davis.*

*Acute John Davis, I affest thy rymes,  
That ierck in hidden charmes these looser times :  
Thy plainer verſe, thy vnaffected vaine,  
Is grac'd with a faire and a sooping traine.*

*Ing. Locke and Hudson.*

*Ind. Locke and Hudson, sleepe you quiet shauers, among the  
shauings of the preſſe, and let your bookeſ lye in ſome old  
nookes amonſt old booteſ and ſhooeſ, ſo you may avoide  
my cencure.*

*Ing. Why then clap a lock on their ſeete, and turne them  
to commonis.*

*John Marſion.*

*Ind. What Monſier Kinsayder, lifting vp your legge and  
piffing againſt the world, put vp man, put vp for ſhame.*

*Mc tuinks he is a Ruffin in his ſtyle,  
Withouten bands or garters ornameſt,*

*The retarne from Pernissus.*

He quaffes a cup of Frenchmans Helicon.  
Then royster doyster in his oyly tearmes,  
Cuts the ist, and toynes at whomesoever he meets,  
An d shewes about Ram ally meditations.  
Tuc what caues he for modest close coucht termes,  
Cleane to gyd our looser libertines.  
Gne him gleine naked words stript from their shirts  
That night besieme plaine dealing *Aretine*:  
I ch. re is one that backes a paper sted  
An d manageth a penknife gallantly,  
Strikes his po nado at a buttons breadth,  
Brings the great battering ram of tearmes to townes  
And at first volly of his Caunon shot,  
Batters the walles of the old tusty world.

*Ing. Christopher Marlowe.*

*Jud. Marlowe* was happy in his buskine muse,  
Alos vn'happy in his lit: and end,  
Pity it is, that wit so ill shoule dwell  
With lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.

*Ing. Our Theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,*

**A** Tragick penman for a diery plot.

*B. I.*

*Iad.* The wittiest fellow of a brick-layer in England.

*Ing.* A meete Eimpyrick, one that gets what he hath by es-  
seruation, and makes only nature priuy to what he indites. So  
flow an inventor, that he were better betake himselfe to his  
old trade of bricklaying, a bold whorson, as confident now in  
making a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a bricke.

*William Shakespeare.*

*Jud.* Who lounes *Alonis* loue, or *Lucre's* rape,  
His sweeter verse containes haire robbing life,  
Could bat a grauer subiect him content,  
Without loues foolish lang ishinent.

*Ing. Churchyard.*

Hath not *Sho's* wife although a light skirts she,  
Given him a chaste long lasting memory?  
*Jud.* No, all light pamphlets once I sinden shall.

*The returne from Pernessus.*

**A** Churchyard and a graue to bury all.

*Ing. Thomis Nash. 30.*

I, here is a fellow *Iudicio* that carried the deadly stocke in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gag tooth, and his pen po-  
sleſt with *Heracles furyes*.

*Jud.* Let all his fau'ts sleepe with his mournefull chest,  
And then for ever with his ashes rest,  
His stile was witty, though he had some gall,  
Something he might haue mended, so may all,  
Yet this I say, that for a mother wit,  
Few men haue euer scene the like of it.

*Ing. Roadeſ therest.*

*Iud.* As for these, they haue some of them bin the old hedge-  
stakes of the presle, and some of them are at this instant the  
bots and glanders of the printing house. Fellowes that stande  
only vpon tearmes to serue the turne, with their blotched pa-  
pers, write as men go to stoole, for needes, & when they write,  
they write as a Beare pilſes, now and then drop a pamphlet.

*Ing. Durum telum necessitas.* Good sayth they do as I do, ex-  
change words for money, I haue ſeme traffike this day with  
Danter, about a little booke which I haue made, the name of  
it is a Catalogue of *Cambridge Cuckolds*, but this Belvedere,  
this method call alle, hath made me almoft forget my time: Ile  
now to Pau's Churchyard, meeete me an houe hence; at the  
ſigne o' the Pegasus in cheap ſide, and ile moyſt thy temples  
with a cup of Claret, as hard as the world goes. *Exu. Iudicio.*

**Act. 1. Scen. 3.**

*Enter Danter the Printer.*

*Ing.* Danter thou art deceived, wit is dearer then thou takeſt  
it to bee, I tell thee this libell of Cambridge has much ſat and  
pepper in the nose: it will ſell ſheerely vnderhand, when all  
these bookeſ of Exhortations and Catechiſmes, lie moulding  
on thy ſhopboard.

*Dan.* It's true, b. good faſh M. *Ingenioſo*, I lost by your  
laſt booke: and you knowe there is many one that paies mee  
largely for the printing of their inuenſions, but for all this you

*The returne from Pernassus.*

shall haue 40. shillings and an odde pottle of wine.

*Ing.* 40. Shillings? a lit reward for one of you remunaticke Poets, that beslauers all the paper he comes by, and furnishe the Chandlers with wast papers to wrap candles in: but as for me, ile be paid deare euen for the dregges of my wit: little knowest the world what belong to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietes, drinke, Tobacco, &c. it is a dainty & costly creature, and therefore I must be paide sweetly: furnish me with money, that I may put my selfe in a new suite of clothes, and ile suite thy shop with a new suite of tearmes: it's the gallantest child my invention was euer deliuered off. The title is, a Chronicle of Cambrige cuckolds: here a man may see, what day of the moneth such a mans commons were inclosed, and when throwne open, and when any entailed some odde crownes, vpon the heires of their bodies vnlawfully begotten: speake quickly ells I am gone.

*Dan.* Oh this will sell gallanily: ile haue it whatsoeuer it cost, will you walk on M. *Ingeniose*, weele sit ouer a cup of wine and agree on it.

*Ing.* A cup of wine is as good a Constable as can be, to take vp the quarell betwixt vs. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 1. Scen. 4.*

*Philomusus in a Philisart habite: Studijs so that is  
Jaques man, And patient.*

*Phil.* Tit tit tit, non poynete, non debet sibi philibet omatio in co-  
iutu me: here is a Recipe.

*Pat.* A Recipe.

*Phil.* Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem syllabarum: Let  
me heare how many strooles you doe make. Adieu Mounseir  
adeiu good Mounseir, what Jaques Iln' a persone apres ey.

*Stud. Non.*

*Phil.* Then let vs steale time for this borrowed shape,  
Recounting our vnequall haps of late.  
Late did the Ocean grapse vs in his armes,  
Late did we liue within a stranger ayre:

*Latt.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

Late did we see the cinders of great Roime.  
We thought that English fugitives there eate  
Gold, for restorative, if gold were meate,  
Yet now we find by bought experience,  
That where so ere we wander vp and downe,  
On the round shoulders of this massy world,  
Or our ill fortunes, or the worlds ill eye,  
Forspeak our good, procures our misery.

*Sind.* So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,  
Hath beate the flowers that in our garden grewe:  
Throwne downe the stalkes of our aspiring youth,  
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rind,  
That now we seeme nought but two bared boughes,  
Scorned by the basest bird that chirps in groaue,  
Nor Roime, nor Rheimes that wanted are to giue,  
A Cardinall cap, to discontented clarke,  
That haue forsooke the home-bred thanked roofes,  
Yeelded vs any equall mainteinance:  
And, 't's as good to starue mongst English swine,  
As in a forraigne land to beg and pine:

*Phil.* Ile scorne the world that scor neth me againe.  
*Stud.* Ile vex the world that workes me so much paine.  
*Phil.* Fly lame revengings power, the world well weenes,  
*Stud.* Flyes haue their spleene, each silly ant his teenes.  
*Phil.* We haue the words; they the possession haue.  
*Stud.* We all are equall in our latest graue.  
*Phil.* Soone then: O soone may we both graued be.  
*Stud.* Who wishes death, doth wrong wise destiny,  
*Phil.* It's wrong to force life, loathing men to bateath.  
*Stud.* It's sinne for doomed day to wish thy death.  
*Phil.* Too late our soules fit to their resting place.  
*Stud.* Why mans whole life is but a breathing space.  
*Phil.* A painfull minute seemes a tedious yeaer.  
*Stud.* A constant minde eternall woes will beare.  
*Phil.* When shall our soules their wearied lodge foregoe?  
*Stud.* When we haue tyred misery and woe.  
*Phil.* Soone may then lates this gale deliuer send vs.

*Small*

*The returne from Pernassis.*

*Small woes, vex long, great woes quickly end vs.*

But letts leue this capping of times *Studys*, and follow our late devise, that wee may maintaine our heads in cappes our bellyes in prouender, and our backs in saddle and bridle: hetherto wee haue fought all the honest meanes wee could to liue, & now let vs dare, *aliqui l'breibus gravis and carcere dignum*: let vs run through all the lewd formes of lime-twig purloyning villanies: let vs prone Cony-catchers, Baudes, or any thing, so we may rub out, and first my plot for playing the French Doctor that shall hold: our lodging stands here filthy in shooelane, for if our commings in be not the better, London may shortly throw an old shoo after vs, and with those shreds of French, that we gathered vp in our hostes house in Paris, weele gull the world, that hath in estimation forraine Phisitians, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxford, or any of those Stigmatick maisters of arte, that abused vs in times past, leue their owne Phisitians, and become our patients, weele alter quite the stile of them, for they shall never hereafter write, your Lordships most bounden: but your Lordships most laxative.

*Stud.* It shall be so, see what a little vermine pouerty altereth a whole milkie disposition.

*Phil.* So then ny selfe streight with reuenge Ile Seate.

*Stud.* Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

*Actus 1. Scena 5.*

*Ester Richardotto, Iaques, Scholler learning French.*

*Iaq.* How now my little knaue, quelle nouvelle mounser.

*Richar.* Ther's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an vrininal in his hand, would faine speake with master Theodore.

*Iaq.* Parle Francoy: ma: un petit' garcon.

*Richard.* Hy a un homme aus le bonnes de  
et un vrinell in la mous, que venu parter.

*Iaq.* For bien.

*Theod.* Iaques a bonus. Exeunt.

*Le teste  
Theodore.*

*Actus.*

The returne from Pernassus.

Actus 1. Scen. 6.

Furor poeticus: and presently after enters Phantasma.

Furor poeticus rapt within contemplation.

Why how now Pedant Phœbus, are you smouching Thalia on her tender lips? There hoie: pesan' avant: come Pretty short-nosed nymph: oh sweet Thalia, I do kisse thy foote. What Cleio? O sweet Cleio, nay pray thee do not weape Melpomene. What Vrania, Polimnia, and Calliope, let me doe reverence to your deities.

Phantasma pulls him

Fur. I am your holy swaine, that night and day, by the  
Sit for your sakes rubbing my wrinkled browe, scene.

Studying a moneth for one epithete.

Nay siluer Cintia, do not trouble me:

Straight will I thy Endimions storie write,  
To which thou haltest me on day and night.

You light skirt starres, this is your wonted guise,  
By glomy light peirke out your doubtfull heads:

But when Don Phœbus shewes his flashing snout,  
You are skie puppies, straight your light is out.

Then. So ho, Furor.

Nay prethee good Furor in sober sadness.

Furor. Odi profanum vulgus & arces.

Phan. Nay sweet Furor, ipsa te Tytire pinus,

Furor. Ipsa fontes, ipsa hac arbusta vocarunt.

Who's that runs headlong on my quills sharpe point.

That wearied of his life and bacer breath,

Offers himselfe to an Iambicke verse.

Phant. Si quoties peccant homines, sua fulmina missat

In ipsa, exigno tempore in rmiss erit.

Fur. What slimie bold presumptious groome is he,

Dares with his rude audacious hardy char,

Thus leuer me from skibbered contemplation?

Phant. Carmina vel celo possunt deducere lnam.

Furor. Oh Phantasma: what my indiuiduall mate?

O mihi post nullos Furor memorande sodales.

Furor. Say whence commest thou? sent from what deytie?

From great Apollo, or slie Mercurie?

C

Phan.

*The returne from Fernesſus.*

*Phan.* I come from the little Mercury, *Ingenioso.* For,  
*Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negavit.*

*Furor.* *Ingenioso?*

He is a pretty Inuenter of flicht prose:  
But there's no spirit in his groaueling speach,  
Hang him whose verſe cannot out-belch the wind:  
That cannot beard and braue *Den Eolus,*  
That when the cloud of his inuention breakes,  
Cannot out-cracke the scar-crow thunderbolt.

*Phan.* Hang him, I say, *Pendo peperi, tendo tetendi, pedo pedi.* Will it please you maister *Furor*, to walke with me, I promised to bring you to a drinking Inne in Cheapside, at the signe of the Nagges head, *For,*

*Tempore lenta pati frena docentur equi.*

*Furor.* Passe thee before, Ile come incontinent.

*Phan.* Nay faith maister *Furor*, lets go togither, *Quoniā  
Conuenimus ambo.*

*Furor.* Lets march on vnto the house of fame:

There quaffing bowles of *Bacchus* bloud ful nimby,  
Endite a Tiptoe, strouting poesy.

*They offer the way one to the other.*

*Phan.* *Quo me Bacche rapit tui plenum.*

*Tu maior: tibi me est equum parere Menalea.*

*Actus 2. Scena 3.*

*Enter Philom. Theod. his patient the Burgesse, and his man  
with his staffe.*

*Theod.* puts on his spectacles.

*Mounſeum* here are atomi *Natantes*, which doe make shew  
your worship to be as leacherous as a Bull.

*Burg.* Truly maister Doctor we are all men.

*Theod.* This vāter is intention of heate, are you not pertur-  
bed with an ake in your race, or in your occipit, I meane your  
head peecce, let me feele the pulse of your little finger.

*Burg.* Ile assure you M. *Theodorus*, the pulse of my head  
beates exceedingly, and I thinkē I haue disturbed my selfe by  
studying the penall Statutes.

*Theod.* Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speeche,  
C, course

*The returne from Perr. Iffus.*

*O, contre lenes loquuntur, ingentes stoupent, it is an Aphorisme in Galen.*

*Burg.* And what is the expostion of that?

*Theod.* That your worship must take a glund, *ut emittatur sanguis*: the signe is for excellent, for excellent.

*Burg.* Good maister Doctor vse mee gently, for marke you Sir, there is a double consideration to be had of me: first as I am a publike magistrate: secondly as I am a private butcher: and but for the worshipfull credit of the place, and office wherein I now stand & live, I would not hazard my worshipfull apparell, with a suppositor or a glister: but for the countenancing of the place, I must go ofterer to stoole, for as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chiefe note of a magistrate, not to go to the stoole without a phisition.

*Theod.* A, vous etes un gentell home vraiment, what ho Jaques, Jaques, done vous? *un fort gentel purgation for mensier Burgesse.*

*Iaq.* Vaste tres humble seruiture a vostre commandemens.

*Theod.* Donnez vous un gentell purge a Monsier Burgesse. I haue considered of the crasis, and syntoma of your disease, and here is *un fort gentel purgation per evacuationem excrementorum*, as we Phisitions vse to parlee.

*Burg.* I hope maister Doctor you haue a care of the countries officer, I tell you I durst not haue trusted my selfe with every phisition, and yet I am not alaide for my selfe, but I would not deprive the towne of so carefull a magistrate.

*Theod.* O monsier, I haue a singular care of your valetudo, it is requisite that the French Phisitions be learned and carefull, your English velvet cap is malignant and envious.

*Burg.* Here is maister Doctor foure pence your due, and eight pence my bountyn, you shall heare from me good maister Doctor farewell farewell good maister Doctor.

*Theod.* Adieu good Mounstier, adieu good Sir mounstier.

Then burst with teares vnhappy graduate:

Thy fortunes still wayward and backward bin:

Nor canst thou thrive by vertue, nor by sinne.

*Sir.* O how it greeves my vexed soule to see,  
Each painted asle in chayre of dignite:

*The returne from Pernasse.*

And yet we growell on the ground alone,  
Running through ecury trade, yet thrive by none.  
More we must act in this liues Tragedy,

*Phi.* Sad is the plot, sad the Catastrophe.

*Stud.* Sighs are the Chorus in our Tragedie.

*Phi.* And rented thoughts continuall actors be.

*Stud.* Woe is the tubiect. *Phi.* earth the loathed stage.

Whereon we act this fained personage.

Mossy barbatians the spectators be, most like.  
(throng,  
That sit and laugh at our calamity.

*Phi.* Band be those houres when mongst the learned  
By Gantaes muddy bancke we whilome song.

*Stud.* band be that hill which learned wits adore,  
Where earst we spent our stock and little store:

*Phi.* Band be those musty mewes, where we haue spent,  
Our youthfull dayes in paled languishment.

*Stud.* Band be those colening arts that wrought our woe,  
Making vs wandring Pilgrimes too and fro.

*Phi.* And Pilgrim:is must wee bee without relieve,  
And where so ere we run there meetes vs grieve.

*Stud.* Where euer we tolle vpon this crabbed stage  
Griefe's our companion, patience be our page.

*Phi.* Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,  
A tyred lackie to our wandring youth.

*Act. 2. Scena. 2.*

*Academico solus.*

*Acad.* Faine would I haue a living, if I could tell how to  
come by it. *Ecco.* Buy it.

*Acad.* By iffond Eccho: why thou dost greatly mistake it.

*Ecco.* Stake it.

*Acad.* Stake it, what shall I stake at this game of Simony?

*Ecco.* Money.

*Ac.* What is the world a game, are liuings gotten by playing?

*Ecco.* Paying.

Paying: but say what's the nearest way to come by a livinge.

*Ecco.* Giwing.

Must his worships fist bee then oyld with Angells?

*Ecco.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Ecc.* Angels.  
Ought his grawty fift then fift with gold to be greased?  
*Ecc.* Eased.  
And is it then such an ease for his asles backe to carry moncy?  
*Ecc.* I.  
Will then this golden asle bestowe a vicarage gilded?  
*Ecc.* Gelded.  
What shall I say to good sir Roderick that haue no gold here?  
*Ecc.* Cold cheare.  
Ile make it my lone request, that he wold be good to a scholler.  
*Ecc.* Choller.  
Yea will he be cholericke, to heare of an art or a science?  
*Ecc.* Hence.  
Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?  
*Ecc.* sell.  
Sell it? and must a simple clarke be faine to compound then?  
*Ecc.* pounds then.  
What if I haue no pounds, must then my sute be proroaged?  
*Ecc.* Roaged.  
Yea? given to a Roague? shall an asse this vicaridge compasse?  
*Ecc.* Asse.  
What is the reason that I should not be as forunate as he?  
*Ecc.* Asse he.  
Yet for all this, with a peniles purse will I trudg to his worship.  
*Ecc.* Words cheape.  
Well, if he giue me good words, its more then I haue from an  
*Ecc.* Go.

*Aet. 2. Scen. 3.*

*Amoretto with an Ouid in his hand. Immerito.*

*Amr.* Take it on the word of a Gentleman thou cannot  
haue it a penny vnder, thinke ont, thinke ont, while I meditate  
on my faire mistres.

*Nunc sequor imperium magne Cupido Iunum.*

What ere bee me of this dull thredbare clarke,  
I must be cost y in my mistresse eye:

*C. 3.*

*Ladys*

*The returne from Perrassus.*

Ladies regard not ragged companie.  
I will with the reuenues of my chaffred church.  
First buy an ambling hobby for my faire:  
Whols measured pace may teach the world to daunce,  
Proud of his burden when he gins to praunce:  
Then must I buy a iewell for her eare.  
A kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:  
With these faire gifts when I accompanied goe,  
Sheele give Iones breakfast: Sidney tearmes it so.  
I am her needle: she is my Adamant,  
She is my faire rose, I her vnworthy prickie.

*Acad.* Is there no body heere will take the paines to gelde  
his mouth?

*Amor.* She's Cleopatra, I Marke Anthony,  
*Acad.* No thou art a mere marke for good wits to shoothe  
at: and in that fute thou wilt make a fine man to dashe poore  
crowes out of countenance.

*Amor.* She is my moone, I her Endimion,  
*Acad.* No she is thy shoullder of mutton thou her onyon:  
or she may be thy Luna, and thou her Lunaticke.

*Amor.* I her Eneas, she my Dido is.  
*Acad.* She is thy Io, and thou her brasen asse,  
Or the Dame Phantasy and thou her gull:  
She thy Pasiphae, and thou her louing bull,

*A&t. 2. Scen. 4.*  
*Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father.*

*Ster.* Sonne, is this the Gentleman that selles vs the living?

*Im.* Fy fat ier thou mist not call it selling, thou must say is  
this the gentleman that must haue the gratuito?

*Acad.* What haue we here, old true-penny com: to towne,  
to fetch away the liuing in his old greasie flops, then ile none:  
the time hath beene when such a fellow medled with nothing  
but his plowhire, his spade, and his hobnailes, and so to a  
peece of bread and cheeze, and went his way: but now these  
fellowes are growne the onely factors for prefertment.

*Stcr.*

*The returne from Pernassis.*

*Ster.* O is this the grating Gentleman, and howe many pounds must I pay?

*Im.* O thou must not call them pounds, but thankes, and halke thou father, thou must tell of nothing that is done: for I must seeme to come cleere to it.

*Acad.* Not poundes but thankes: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholler, but that the draper hath blacke him ouer, hath not gotten the stile of the time.

*Ster.* By my faith sonne looke for no more portion.

*Im.* Well father, I will not, vpon this condition, that when thou haue gotten me the gratuio of the living, thou will likewise disburse a little money to the bishops poiser, for there are certaine questions I make scruple to be posed in.

*Acad.* He meanes any question in Latin, which he counts a scruple, oh this honest man could never abide this popish tongue of Latine, oh he is as true an English man as liues.

*Ster.* Ile take the Gentleman now, he is in a good vaine, for he smiles.

*Amor.* Sweete Ouid, I do honour every page.

*Acad.* Good Ouid that in his life time, liued with the *Geess*, and now after his death conuerseth with a Barbarian.

*Ster.* God be at your worke Sir: my sonne told me you were the grating gentleman, I am *sterentio* his father Sir, simple as I stand here.

*Acad.* Fellow, I had rather givē thee an hundred pounds then thou should haue put me out of my excellent meditation by the faith of a Gentleman I was wrapt in contemplation.

*Im.* Sir you must pardon my father he wants bringing vp.

*Acad.* Marry it seemes he hath good bringing vp, when he brings vp so much money.

*Ster.* Indeed sir, you must pardon me, I did not knowe you were a Gentleman of the Temple before.

*Amor.* Well I am content in a generous disposition to beare with country education, but tellowe whats thy name?

*Ster.* My name Sir, *sterentio* Sir.

*Am.* Why the *sterentio*, I wold be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this liuing might be cōferred vpon your

*The returne from Pernassis.*

your sonne: mary I wold haue you know, that I haue bene  
impruned by two or three severall Lodes, my Kinde zozans,  
in the b:halte of some Cambridge men: and haue almost enga-  
ged my word. Mary if I shall see your disposition to be faire  
thankfull then other men, I shalbe v:ry ready to respect kind  
natur'd men: for as the Italian prouerbe speaketh wel, *Chi  
ha bancha.*

*Acad.* why here is a gallant young drouer of liuings.

*Ster.* I beseech you Sir speake English, for that is nat:ral to  
me & to my sonne, and all our kindred, to vnderstand but one  
language.

*Amor.* Why thus in plaine english: I must be respected with  
thanks.

*Acad.* This is a subtle trachte, when thanks may be felt  
and seene.

*Ster.* And I pray you Sir, what is the lowest thanks that you  
will take?

*Acad.* The verye same Method that he vseth at the buying  
of an oxe.

*Amor.* I must haue some odd sprinckling of an hundred  
pounds, if so, so, I shal think you thankfull, and commend  
your sonne as a man of good gifites to my father.

*Acad.* A sweete w:rd, give an hundred poundes, and this  
is but counted thankfullnesse.

*Ster.* Harke ...ou Sir, you shall haue so. thankles.

*Amor.* I tellthee fellow, I never opened my mouth in this  
kind so cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gentle-  
men are found, that would deale so kindly with thee as I doe.

*Ster.* Well Sir, because I know my sonne to be a toward  
thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne  
head, without sending to the yniuersitye, I am content to  
give you as many thankes as you aske, so you will promise me  
to bring it to passe.

*Amor.* I warrant you for that; if I say it once, repaire you to  
the place, and stay there, for my father, he is wa:lked abroad to  
take the benefit of the ayre. He meete him as he returns, and  
make way for your suite.

*Exeunt, Ster. Im.*

*Act. 3.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

Actus 2. Scen. 5.

Enter *Academico, Amoretto.*

*Amor.* Gallant, I faith.

*Acad.* I see we schollers fish for a living in these shallow foards without a siluer hooke. Why, would it not gal a man to see a spruse gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a broker for a liuing, & an old Baude for a benefice? This sweet Sir proffered me much kindnesse when hee was of our Colledge, and now Ile try what windē remaines in his bladder, God saue you Sir.

*Amor.* By the masse I feare me I saw this Genus and Species in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now: by the faith of a gentleman this is pretty Elegy. Of what age is the day fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a Hare sits.

*Acad.* See a poore old friend *of yours, of S. ( ) Colledge* in Cambridge.

*Am.* Good faith sir you must pardon me, I haue forgotten you.

*Acad.* My name is *Academico* Sir, one that made an oration for you once on the Queenes day, and a shew that you got some credit by.

*Amor.* It may be so, it may bee so, but I haue forgotten it: mary yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficiall vnto in my time. But howsoeuer Sir, I haue the curtesie of the towne for you. I am sory you did not take me at my fathers house: but now I am in exceeding great haste, for I haue vowed the death of a Hare that we found this morning musing on her meaze.

*Acad.* Sir I am imboldned, by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore.

*Amor.* Looke syrrha, if you see my Hobby come hetherward as yet.

D

*Acad.*

*The returne from Bernaffus.*

*Acad.* To make me some premises, I am to request your good meditation to the Worlifull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your selfe in the way of thankes, those daies I haue to liue.

*Amor.* O good sir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already ginen the industion to a Chaplaine of his owne, to a proper man, I know not of what Vniuersitie he is.

*Acad.* Signior *Im-merito*, they say, hath bidden fairest for it.

*Amor.* I know not his name, but he is a graue discreet man I warrant him, indeed he wants vterance in some measure.

*Acad.* Nay, me thinke he hath very good vterance, for his grauitie, for hee came hether very graue, but I thinke he will retorne light enough, when he is ridde of the heauy element he carries about him.

*Amor.* Faith Sir, you must pardon me, it is my ordinary cuſtom: to be too studious, any Miftreſſe hath tolde me of it often, and I find it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say sweete Sir, do yee affect the moſt gentle-man-like game of hunting?

*Acad.* How ſay you to the crafſy gull, hee would faine ge mee abroad to make ſport with mee in their Hunters tearmes, which we ſchollers are not acquainted with: ſir I haue loued this kinde of ſport, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath beene my luck alwayes to beat the buſh, while an- other kild the Hare.

*Amor.* Hunters luck, Hunters luck Sir, but there was a fault in your Hounds that did ſpend well.

*Acad.* Sir, I haue had worse luck alwayes at hunting the Fox.

*Am.* What ſir, do you meane at the vñe kennelling, vntape- zing, or earthing of the Fox?

*Acad.* I meane earthing, if you terme it ſo, for I neuer found yellow earth enouh to couer the old Fox your father.

*Amor.* Good faith ſir, there is an excellent ſkill in blowing for the terriers, it is a word that we hūters vſe when the Fox is earthed, you muſt blow one long, two ſhort, the ſecond winde, one long, two ſhort: now ſir in blowing, every long containeth

*neth*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

neth 7. quauers, one shor, containeth 3. quauers.

*Acad.* Sir might I finde any fauour in my fute, I would winde the horne wherein your bone deserts should bee sounded with so many iuiniis, so many quauers.

*Amor.* Sweet sir, I would I could conferre this or any kindnesse vpon you : I wonder the boy comes not away with my Hobby. Now sir, as I was proceeding : when you blow thy death of your Fox in the field or couert, then must you sound 3. notes, with 3. windes, and recheat: marke you sir, vpon the fame with 3. windes.

*Acad.* I pray you sir.

*Amor.* Now sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the recheat before, so now you must sound the recheat there innes.

*Acad.* Recheat: call you it? it were good euery patron would finde the horne.

*Amor.* O sir, but your recheat is your sweetest note, that is sir, when your hounds hunt after a game vnkowne, and then you must sound one long and six shor, the second wind, two shor and one long, the third wind, one long and two shor.

*Acad.* True sir, it is a very good trade now adayes to be a villaine, I am the hound that hunts after a game vnkowne, & blowes the villaine.

*Amor.* Sir, I will blesse your eares with a very pretty story, my father out of his owne cost and charges keepes an open table for all kinde of dogges.

*Acad.* And he keepes one more by thee.

*Amor.* He hath your Grey-hound, your Mungrell, your Mastife, your Lurier, your Spiniell, your Kennets, Terriers, Butchers dogs, Blond-hounds, Dunghill dogges, trindle tailes, prick eard curtes, small Ladies puppies, Caches and Bastards.

*Acad.* What a bawdy knaue hath he to his father, that keepes his Richell, hath his bastards, and lets his sonnes be plaine Ladies puppets, to beray a Ladies Chamber.

*Amor.* It was my pleasure two dayes ago, to take a gallant leash of Grey-hounds, and into my fathers Parke I went, accompanied with two or three Noble men of my neere acquaintance,

*The returne from Pernassus.*

quaintance, desiring to shew them some of the sport : I caused the Keeper to seuer the rascall Deere , from the Buckes of the first head : now sir, a Bucke the first yeare is a Fawne , the second yeare a Pricker, the third yeare a Sorell, the fourth yeare a Soare, the fift a Bucke of the fift head, the fixt yeare a compleat Buck : as likewise your Hart is the first yeare a Calfe, the second yeare a Brocher, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stag, the fift yeare a great Stag , the fixt yeare a Hart as likewise the Raw bucke is the first yeare a Kid, the second yeare a Gule, the third yeare a Heimuse : and these are your speciall beasts for chace, or as we huntlinen call it, for venery.

*Acad.* If chaste be taken for venery, thou art a more speciall beast then any in thy fathers forrest. Sir I am sorry I haue bin so troublesome to you.

*Am.* I know this was the readiest way to chase away the scholler, by getting him into a subiect he cannot talke of, for his life. Sir I will borowe so much time of you as to finish this my begunne story . Now sir, after much trauaile we singled a Buck, I roade that same time vpon a Roane gelding, and stood to intercept from the thicket : the buck broke gallantly : my great swifte being disaduantaged in his slip was at the first behind, marry presently coted and out stript them, when as the Hart presently descended to the riuier, and being in the water, proferd, and reproferd, and proferd againe: & at last hee vp-started at the other side of the water which we call soyle of the Hart, and there other Huntsmen met him with an adauntrye: we followed in hard chase for the space of eight hours, thrise our hounds were at default, and then we cryed a slaine, streight so ho : through good reclayming, my faulty hounds found their game againe, and so went through the wood with gallant notice of musick, resembling so many Violls Degambo : at last the Hart laid him downe, and the Hounds seized vpon him, he groaned and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weape too, to thinke of Alceons fortune, which my Ouid speakes of. *He reades Ouid.*

*Militat omnis amans, & habet sua castra cupido.*

*Acad.* Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my suite.

*Anno.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Amo.* In good faith Sir, if I did not loue you as my soule, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my art.

*Acad.* Nay, I will not die of a discourse yet, if I can choose.

*Amor.* So sir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the small guites and the lights, and the bloud: the Huntsmen halowed, so ho, *Venue a couplet*, and so coupled the dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of houndes that lay at aduantage, had their couples cast off and we might heare the Huntsmen cry, *horse, decouple, Auant*, but at eight we heard him cry, *le Amord*, and by that I knew that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might see sore and refore prick, and reppick: what is he gone? ha ha ha ha, these schollers are the simplest creatures.

*Actus-2. scen. 6.*

*Enter Amorette and his Page.*

*Pag.* I wonder whats become of that *Ouid de arte amandi*, my maister he that for the practise of his discourse is wonte to court his hobby abroad, and at home in his chamber makes a set speech to his grey hound, desiring that most faire and amiable dog to grace his company in a stately galliard, and if the dog, seeing him practise his lusty pointes, as his crospoynt backcaper, chance to beray the ryme, he presently doffes his Cap most solemnly, makes a low-leg to his ladiship, taking it for the greatest fauour in the world, that she woul'd vouchsafe to leau her Ciuet box, or her sweet gloue behind her.

*Amor.* He opens *Ouid* and readeas it.

*Pag.* Not a word more sir ant please you, your Hobby will meeete you at the lanes end.

*Amo.* What lacke faith I cannot but vent vnto thee a most witty iest of mine.

*Page.* I hope my maister will not breake wind: wilt please you sir to blesse mine eares with the discourse of it.

*Am.* Good faith, the boy begins to haue an elegant swack

*The returne from Pernassus.*

of my stile : why then thus it was *Jack*: a scurif meere Cambridge scholler, I know not how to define him.

*Pag.* Nay Maister, let me define a meere scholler: I heard a courtier once define a meere scholler, to be *anim ill scabiosu*, that is, a huing creature that is troubled with the itch: or a meere scholler is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box, put on a paire of lined slippers, sic revnning till dinner, and then goe to his meate when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gis in a cough, and a licence to spit: or if you will haue him defined by negatiues. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eate a melle of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling: one that cannot salute a weman, & looke on her directly, one that cannot —

*Am.* Inough *locke*, I can stay no longer, I am so great in child-birth with this iest: Sirha, this pradicible, this lawye groome, because when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my tutor, I was content in d. sc. est humilitie, to giue him some place at the Table, and because I invited the hungry slave sometimes to my Chamber, to the canuasing of a Turkey pie, or a piece of Venison, which my Lad y Grandmother sent me, hee thought himlese therefore eternally possest of my loue, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his olde familiarity did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of waight. I could not tell howe to ridde my selfe of the troublesome Barre, then by getting him into the discourse of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our words of Arie, the poore Scorpion became speechleſſe, and suddenly rauished. These Clearkes are ſimple fellowes, ſimple fellowes. *He readeſ Ouid.*

*Pag.* Simple indeede they are, for they want your courtly composition of a foole and of a knaue. Good faith sir a moſt absolute iest, but me thinkes it might haue beene followed a little farther.

*Am.* As how my little knaue?

*Pag.* Why thus fir, had you invited him to dinner at your Table, and haue put the caruing of a capon vpon him, you ſhould

*The returne from Pernassus.*

should haue scene him handle the knite so foolishly, then run through a iury of faces, then wagging his head, and shewing his teeth in familiarity, venter vpon it with the same method that he was wont to vntrusse an apple pye, or tyrannise an Egge & butter; then would I had applyed him all dinner time with cleane trenchers, cleane trenchers, and still when he had a good bit of meate, I would haue taken it from him, by givning him a cleane trencher, and so haue serued him in kindnesse,

*Amo.* Well said subtile *Lacke*, put me in minde when I returne againe, that I may make my lady mother laugh at the Scholler, ile to my game: for you *Lacke*, I would haue you implore your time til my comming: in watching what houre of the day my hawke mutes. *Exit.*

*Page.* Is not this an excellent office to bee Apothecary to his worships hawke, to sit scouting on the wall, how the Phisickes workes, and is not my Maister an absolute villaine that loues his Hawke, his Hobby, and his Grey-hound, more then any mortall creature? do but dispraise a feather of his hawes traing, and he writhes his mouth, and swareas, for hee can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the most shallowie braind fellow that liues: do but say his horse stales with a good presence, and hee's your bondslauie: when he returnes Ile tell twenty admirable lies of his hawke, and then I shall bee his little roague, and his white villaine for a whole weeke after. Well let others complaine, but I thinke there is no felicity to the seruynge of a foole.

*Act. 3. Scen. x.*

*Sir Rad. Record. Page. Sig. Immerito.*

*Sir Rad.* Signior *Immerito*, you remember my caution, for the titheis, & my promise for farining my titheis at such a rate.

*Im.* I, and please your worship Sir.

*Sir Rad.* You must put in security for the performance of it in such sort as I and maister Recorder shall like of.

*Im.* I will an't please your worlship.

*Sir Rad.* And because I will be sure that I haue conferred this kindnesse vpon a sufficient man, I haue desired Maister Recorder to take examination of you.

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Pag.* My maister (it seemes) tak's him for a thifte, but he hath full reason for it, as for learning it's plaine he never stole any, and for the liuing he knowes himselfe how he comes by it, for let him but eate a messe of furmenty this seauen yeare, and yet he shall never be able to recover himselfe: alas poore Sheepe that hath fallen into the hands of such a Fox.

*S. Rad.* Good maister Recorder take your place by me, and make tryall of his gifts, is the clerke there to recorde his examination, oh the Page shall serue the turne.

*Pag.* Tryal of his gifts, never had any gifts a better trial, why *Immerito* his gifts haue appeared in as many colours, as the Rain-bowe, first to maister *Anoretto* in colour of the Sattine suite he weares: to my Lady in the similitude of a loose gowne: to my maister, in the likencesse of a siluer basen, and ewer: to vs Pages in the semblance of new suites and points. So maister *Anoretto* plaies the gull in a piece of a parsonage: my maister adornes his cupboord with a piece of a parsonage, my mistres vpon good dayes, puts on a piece of a parsonage, and we Pages playe at blow point for a piece of a parsonage, I thinke heer's tryall inough for one mans gifts.

*Recor.* For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a hansomely man.

*Pag.* He is a hansomely young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

*Recor.* In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature: for the tryall whereof, at the request of my worshipfull friend, I will in som: sort propound questionis fit to be resolued by one of your profession, say what is a person that was never at the vniuersity?

*Im.* A person that was never in the Vniuersity, is a liuing creature that can eate a tithe pigge.

*Rec.* Very well answer'd, but you shoule haue added, and must be officious to his patron: write downe that answer to shew his learning in Logick.

*Sir Rad:* Yea boy write that done. Very learnedly in good faith, I pray now let me aske you one question that I remeber, whether is the Masculine gender or the feminine more worthie.

*It.* The

*The returne from Perrassus.*

*Im.* The Feminine sir.

*Sir Rad.* The right answer, the right answer: in good faith I haue beeene of that mind alwayes; write boy that, to shew hee is a Grammarian.

*Pag.* No maruell my maister bee against the Grammer, for he hath alwayes made false Latin in the Genders.

*Rec.* What Vniuersity are you off?

*Im.* Of none.

*Sir Rad.* He tells trueth, to tell trueth is an excellent vertue, Boy make two heads, one for his learning, another for his vertues, and referre this to the head of his vertues, not of his learning.

*Pag.* What, halfe a messe of good qualities referred to an Asse head?

*Sir Rad.* Now maister Recorder, if it please you I will examine him in an author, that will sound him to the depth, a booke of Astronomy, otherwise called an Almanacke.

*Rec.* Very good, Sir Raderike, if were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity, then there would not bee such busie state-pryng fellowes as are now a dayes, proceed good sir.

*Sir Rad.* What is the Dominicall letter?

*Im.* C. sir, and please your worship.

*Sir Rad.* A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the booke, write downe that, and referre it to his skill in Philosophy.

*Pag.* C. the Dominicall letter: it is true, craft and cunning do so dominere: yet rather C and D, are dominicall letters, that is crafty Dunfery.

*S. Rad.* How many dayes hath September?

*Im.* Aprill, Iune and Nouember; February hath 28, alone and all the rest hath 30, and one.

*S. Rad.* Very learnedly in good faith, he hath also a smacke in poetry, write downe that boy, to shew his learning in poetry. How many miles from Waltham to London?

*Im.* Twelue Sir.

*S. Rad.* How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Im.* Ten Sir.

*Pag.* Without doubt he hath beene some Carriers horse.

*S.Rad.* How call you him that is cunning in 1.2.3.4.5. and the Cipher?

*Im.* A good Arithmatician.

*S.Rad.* Write downe that answere of his, to shew his learning in Arithmatick.

*Pag.* He must needs be a good Arithmatician that counted money so lately.

*S.Rad.* When is the new Moone?

*Im.* The last quarter the 5. day, at 2. of the clock and 38. minuts in the morning.

*S.Rad.* Write him downe, how call you him, that is weather-wise?

*Recor.* A good Astronomer.

*S.Rad.* Sirrha boy, write him downe for a good Astronomer.

*Pag.* As Colit astra.

*S.Rad.* What day of the month lights the Queenes day on?

*Im.* The 17. of Nouember.

*S.Rad.* Boy, referrer this to his vertues, and write him downe a good subiect.

*Pag.* Faith he were an excellent subiect for 2. or 3. good wits, he would make a fine Asse for an Ape to ride vpon.

*S.Rad.* And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning, now it remaines to try whether you bee a man of good vtterance, that is, whether you can aske for the strayed Heyfer with the white face, as also chide the boyes in the belfrie, and bid the Sexton whippe out the dogges: let me heare your voyce.

*Im.* If any man or woman.

*S.Rad.* Thats too high.

*Im.* If any man or woman.

*S.Rad.* Thats too lowe.

*Im.* If any man or woman, can tell any tidings of a Horse with fourte feete, two eares, that did straye about the seventh hour, three minutes in the forenoone the fift day.

*Pag.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Page.* I tooke of a horse iust as it were the Eclipse of the Moones.

*S. Rad.* Boy write him downe for a good vtterance: Mai-ster Recorder, I thinke he hath beene examined sufficiently.

*Rec.* I, Sir Radericke, tis so, wee haue tride him very throughly.

*Pag.* I, we haue taken an inuentiony of his good parts and prized them accordingly.

*S. Rad.* Signior Immerito, forasmuch as wee haue made a double tryall of thez, the one of your leatning, the other of your erudition: it is expedient also in the next place to giue you a fewe exhortations, considering this, greatest Clearks are not the wised men: this is therefore first to exhort you to abstaine from Controuersies. Secondly not to gird at men of worship, such as my selfe, but to vse your selfe discreetly. Thirdly not to speake when any man or woman coughs: doe so, and in so doing I will perseuer to bee your worshipfull friend and louing patron.

*Im.* I thanke your worship, you haue beeene the deficient cause of my preferment.

*Sir Rad.* Lead Immerito in to my sonne, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to bee reserved, payng twelue pence a yare. I am going to Moore-fields, to speake with an vnthrist I should meete at the middle Temple about a purchase, when you haue done follow vs. *Exeunt Immerito and the Page.*

*Actus 3. Scena 2.*  
*Sir Raderick, and Recorder.*

*Sir Rad.* Harke you Maister Recorder, I haue flesht my prodigall boy notably, notably in letting him deale for this living, that hath done him much, much good I assure you.

*Recor.* You doe well Sir Radericke, to bestowe your living vpon such an one as will be content to share, and on Sunday to say nothing, whereas your proud Vniuersitie princex thinkes he is a man of such merite, the world cannot sufficiently endow

*The returne from Pernassus.*

Endow him with preferment, an vnthankefull Viper, an vnthankefull viper that will sting the man that reviued him.

Why ist not strange to see a ragged clarke,  
Some stamell weauer or soine butchers sonne :  
That scrubd a late within a sleeuelesse gowne,  
When the commencement, like a morice dance,  
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,  
Created him a sweete cleane gentleman:  
How then he gins to follow fashions.  
He whose thin lire dwel in a smoky rouse,  
Must take Tobacco and must weare a locke,  
His thirly Dad drinkes in a wooden bowle,  
But his sweete selfe is scrubd in siluer plate.  
His hungry fire will scrape you twenty legges,  
For one good Christmas meale on New-yeares day.  
But his mawe must be capon crambd each day,  
He must ere long be triple beneficed,  
Els with his tongue hee le thunderbolt the world,  
And shake each peasant by his deafe-mans care.  
But had the world no wiser men then I,  
Weede pen the prating parats in a cage,  
A chaire, a candle and a Tinderbox.  
A thacked chamber and a ragged gowne,  
Should be their lands and whole possessions,  
Knights, Lords, & lawyer's should be log'd & dwell  
Within those over stately heapes of stome.  
Which doting sires in old age did erect.

Well it were to be wished that never a scholler in England  
migh haue aboue forty pound a yere.

S.Rad.Faith maister Recorder, if it went by wishing, there  
should never a one of them all haue aboue twenty a yere :  
a good stipend, a good stipend, maister Recorder. I in the meane  
time, howsoeuer I hate them all deadly, yet I am faine to giue  
them good words. Oh they are peccilent fellowes, they speake  
nothing but badkins, and pisse vineger. Wel, do what I can in  
ourward kindnesse to them, yet they do nothing but beray my  
house : as there was one that made a couple of knauish verfes

*The returne from Pernassus.*

on my country chimney now in the time of my sojourning  
here at London: and it was thus.

*Sir Raderick keepes no chimney Cauelere,*

*That takes Tobacco aboue once a yere.*

And another made a couple of verses on my daughter that  
learnes to play on the violl de gambo.

*Her vyoll de gambo is her best content.*

*For twixt her legges she holds her instrument.*

*Very knauish, very knauish, if you looke vnto it maister Recorder.* Nay they haue plaide many a knauish tricke beside  
with me. Well, tis a shame indeede there shoulde bee any such  
privilege for proud beggars as Cambridge, and Oxford are.  
But let them go, and if euer they light in my hands, if I do not  
plague them, let me never returne home againe to see my wifes  
waiting mayde.

*Recor. This scorne of Knights is two egregious.*

*But how shoulde these young colts proue amblers,*

*When the old heavy galed iades do trot.*

*There shal you see a puny boy starr vp,*

*And make a theame against common lawyers :*

*Then the old vnweldy Camels gin to dance,*

*This fiddling boy paying a fit of mirth:*

*The gray beard scrub, and laugh and cry good, good*

*To them againe, boy scurdge the barbarians:*

*But we may give the loosers leue to talke,*

*We haue the coyne, then tell them laugh for mee.*

*Yet knights and lawyers hope to see the day,*

*When we may share here their possessions,*

*And make indentures of their chaffred skins:*

*Dice of their bones to throw in meriment.*

*Sir Rad. O good faith maister Recorder, if I could see that  
day once.*

*Rec. Well, remember another day what I say: schollers are  
pried into of late, and are found to bee busie fellowes, distur-  
bers of the peace, ile say no more, gesse at my meaning, I smell  
a Rat.*

*Sir Rad. I hope at length England will be wise enough, I*

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*The returne from Pernassus.*

hope so, I faith, then an old knight may haue his wench in a corner with out any Satyres or Epigrams. But the day is farre spent. *M. Recorder*, and I feare by this time the vnhirift is arrived at the place appointed in Moore fields, let vs hasten to him  
*He looks on his watch.*

*Rec.* Indeed this dayes subiect transported vs too late, I thinke we shall not come much too late. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 2.*

*Enter Amoretto, his page, Immerito booted.*

*Amor.* Maister Immerito deliver this letter to the Poser in my fathers name, rary withall some Sprinkling, some sprinkling, *verbum sapienti sat est*, farewell maister Immerito.

*Im.* I thanke your worship most heartily.

*Pag.* Is it not a shame to see this old dunce learning his induction at these yeates: but let him go, I loose nothing by him for ile be swome but for the booyce of selling the personage I should have gone in mine old cloathes this Christmas. A dunce I see is a neighbourlike brute beast, a man may live by him.  
*Amor seems to make verse.*

*Amor.* A pox on it, my muse is not so witty as shee was wonte to be, her nose is like, not yet, plague on these mathematikes, they haue spoyled my braine in making a verse.

*Pag.* Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then wil serue to count the clocke, or tell the meridian houre by rambling of his pance.

*Am.* Her nose is like.

*Pag.* A coblers shooinghorne.

*Am.* Her nose is like a beaunous maribone.

*Pag.* Mary a sweete snotty mistres.

*Amor.* Faith I doe not like it yet: alle as I was to reade a peice of *Aristoile* in grecce yesternight, it hath put me out of my English vaine quite.

*Pag.* O monstorous lye, let me be a point-trusser while I liue if he vnd-erstands any tongre but English.

*Amor.* Sirha boy remembere me when I come in Paules Church.

*The returne from Pernassus.*

Clurkyard to buy a Ronzard, & Dubartas in French & Are-  
tine in Italian, & our hardest writers in Spanish, they wil shar-  
pen my wits gallantly. I do relish these tonges in some sort.  
Oh now I do remeber I heare a report of a Poet newly come  
out in Hebrew, it is a pritty harsh tongue, & relish a Gentle-  
man traueller, but come letts hastle after my father, the fieldes  
are fitter to heauenly meditations. *Exeunt.*

*Pag.* My maisters, I could wish your prelence at an admira-  
table iest, why presently this great linguist my Maister, will  
match through Paules Church-yard. Come to a booke bin-  
ders shop, and with a big Italian looke and Spanish face aske  
for these bookees in Spanish and Italian, then turning through  
his ignorance, the wrong ende of the booke vpward vse action,  
on this vnowne tongue after this sort, first looke on the  
title and wrinkle his brow, next make as though he read the  
first page and bites a lip, then with his naile score the margeant  
as though there were some notable conceit, and lastly when  
he thinkes he hath guld the standers by sufficiently, throwes  
the booke away in a rage, swearing that he could never finde  
bookees of a true printe since he was last in *leadra*, enquire  
after the next marte, and so departs. And so must I, for by  
this time his contemplation is arriued at his mistres nose end,  
he is as glad as if he had taken *Ofend*: by this he beginnes to  
spit, and cry boy, carry my cloake: and now I goe to attend  
on his worship.

*Aet. 2. Scen. 4.*

*Enter Ingenio, Furor, Phantasma.*

*Ing.* Come laddes, this wine whets your resolution in our  
designe: it's a needy world with subtill spirits, and there's a  
gentle manlike kind of beg ging, that may becomme Poets in  
this age.

*Fur.* Now by the wing of nimble Mercury,  
By my Thalias siluer sounding harpe:  
By that celestiall fire within my braine,

*That*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

That gives a living genius to my lines :  
How er my deuine intellectuall,  
Capres leste misery then it did afore,  
Yet will I play a hunte vp to my muse :  
And make her mount from out her sluggish nest,  
As high as is the highest spheere in heauen :  
Awake you pastray trulles of Hylacon,  
Or by this light, Ile Swagger with you streight :  
You grand-sire Phaethon with your louely eye,  
The firmaments eternall vagabond,  
The heauens promotor that doth peepe and pryke,  
Into the aches of mortall tennis balls.  
Inspire me streight with some rare delicies,  
Or Ile dismount thee from thy radiant coach :  
And make thee poore Cutchy here on earth.

*Phan. Currus auriga paterni.*

*Ing.* Nay prethee good Furor, do not roaue in times before  
thy time : thou hast a very terrible roating muse, nothing but  
squibs & fine ierkes, quiet thy selfe a while, & heare thy charge.

*Phan. Huc ades hac, animo concipe dicta tuo.*

*Ingenui.* Let vs onto our devise, our plot, our project. That old  
Sir Raderick, that new printed compendium of all iniquity, that  
hath not aired his countrey Chimney once in 3. winters : he  
that loues to liue in an od corner here at London, & effect an  
odde wench in a nookē, one that loues to liue in a narrow  
roome, that he may with more facilitie in the darke light vpon  
his wifes waiting maide, one that loues alife a short sermon &  
a long play, one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bedde in  
Circle, good for nothing in the world but to sweat night caps,  
and foule faire lawne shirts, feed a few fogge seruing men, and  
preferre dunces to liuings. This old Sir Raderick (Furor) it shall  
be thy taske to cudzell with thy thick thwart termes, and then  
if he will not vny his purse strings, of his liberality, sting him  
with termes laid in *Aqua fortis* and Gunpowder.

*Furor. In noysa fert animus meus atque dicere formus.*

The Seruile current of my sliding verse,  
Gentle shall runne into his thick skind eates :

Where

*The returne from Pernassus.*

Where it shall dwell like a magnifice,  
Command his slixie spright to honour me :  
For my high tiptoe strouting poesie.  
But if his starres hath fauour'd him so ill,  
As to debarre him by his dunghil thoughts,  
Iustly to esteeme my verses lowting pitch :  
If his earth wroting snout shall gin to scorne,  
My verse hat giueth immortality :  
Then, *Bella per Emathios.*

*Phan. Furor arma ministrat.*

*Furor.* Ile shake his heart vpon my verses pointe,  
Rip out his guts with riuing poinard :  
Quarter his credi with a bloody quill.

*Phan.* *Calami, Atramentum, cheria, libelli,*  
*Sunt semper studijs arma parata tuis.*

*Ing.* Inough *Furor*, wee know thou art a nimble swaggerer with a goose quill : now for you *Phanasmus*, leaue truiling your points and listen. *Phan. Omne tulit punctum.*

*Ing.* Marke you *Amorette* Sir *Raderick*: sonne, to him shall thy piping poetry and sugar ends of verses be directed: he is one, that will draw out his pocket glasse thrise in a walke, one that dreames in a night of nothing, but muske and ciuet, and talke of nothing all day long but his hawke, his hound, and his mistresse, one that more admires the good wrinkle of a boote, the curious crinkling of a silke stocking, then all the wit in the world: one that loues no scholler but him whose tyred eares can endure halfe a day togither his fliblow sonettes of his mistresse, and her louing pretty creatures, her munckey and her puppet: it shall be thy taske (*Phanasmus*) to cut this gulles throatte with faire tearmes, and if he hold fast for all thy iugling rhetorick, fall at defiance with him, and the poking sticke he weares.

*Phan.* *Simul extulit ensim.*

*Ing.* Come braue nimphs, gather vp your spirits, and let vs march on like aduenturous knights, and discharge a hundredth poeticall spirits vpon them.

*Phan.* *Eft Deus in nobis, agitante ealeſcimus illo.* *Exemps.*

*The retorne from Perseus.*

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

*Enter Philomusus, Studioſo.*

*Stud.* Well *Philomusus*, we never escaped so faire a scouing :  
why yonder are purfessants out for the French Doctor, and a  
loſing beſpoken for him and his man in Newgate. It was a  
terrible ſcare that made vs cast our haire.

*Phil.* And eanſt thou ſport at our calamities ?

And counteſt vs happy to ſcape priſonment ?

Why the wide world that bleſſeth ſome with weile,  
Is to our chained thoughtes a darkeſorne gale :

*Stud.* Nay prethee friend, thieſe wondeſt termes forgo,

He doables grieve that comments on a wo.

*Phil.* Why do foul men termē it impiety ?

To ſend a wearisome ſad grudging Ghost,

Vaſt his home, his long, long, laſting home ?

Or let them make our lite leſle greeuous be,

Or ſuffer vs to end our miſery.

*Stud.* Oh no, the ſentinel his watch muſt keepe,

Vaſtill his Lord do licence him to ſleepe :

*Phil.* It's time to ſleepe within our hoſlow graue,

And reſt vs in the darkeſome wombe of earth :

Dead things are graued, and bodies are no leſle,

Pined and forlorne, like Ghostly carcaſes.

*Stud.* Not long this tappe of loathed life can runne,

Soone commeth death, and then our woe is done.

Meane time, good *Philomusus* be content,

Lets ſpend our dayes in hopefull merriment.

*Phil.* Curſt be our thoughtes whēere they dreame of hope :

Band be thoſe haps that henceforth flatter vs,

When miſchiefe doggs vs ſtill and ſtill for aye,

From our firſt birth, vaſtill our burying day.

In our firſt gamesome age, our doting ſires,

Carked and cared to haue vs lettered :

Sent vs to Cambridge, where our oyle is ſpent :

Vs our kinde Colledge from the ſate did teare :

And forſt vs walke before we weaned were,

From that time ſince waudred haue we full :

*The returne from Pernaffus.*

In the wide world, urg'd by our forced will,  
Nor ever haue we happy fortune tryed :  
Then why should hope with our tent state abide ?  
Nay let vs run vnto the basett case,  
Right in the hollow ribbes of craggy cliffe,  
Where d<sup>e</sup>ary Owles do smike the liue-long night,  
Chasing away the byrdes of chearefull light :  
Where yawning Ghosts do howle in ghastly wise,  
Where that dull hollow ey'd, that staring syre,  
Yclept *Dispaire* hath his sad mansion.  
Him let vs finde, and by his counsell we,  
Will end our too much yrked misery.

*Sir Rad.* To waille thy hap, argues a dallard minde.

*Phil.* To beare too long, argues an asles kind.

*Sir Rad.* Long since the world chance of the die was cast,

*Phil.* But why should that yerd w<sup>e</sup> so long tyme last ?

*Sir Rad.* Why doſt thou now these sleepie plaints commence ?

*Phil.* Why ſhould i ere be duld with patience ?

*Sir Rad.* Wifſolde do beare with, ſtrugling cannot mend.

*Phil.* Good ſpirits muſt with thwarting fateſ contend.

*Sir Rad.* Some hope is leſt our fortunes to redrefſe,

*Phil.* No hope but this, ere to be comfortleſſe,

*Sir Rad.* Our liues remainder gent'le hearts may finde.

*Phil.* The gentleſt hearts to vs will proue vnkind.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

*Sir Radericke and Prodigy at one corner of the Stage. Recorder*

*and Amoretto at the other. Two Pages ſcouring*

*of Tobacco pipes.*

*Sir Rad. M. Prodigy. M. Recorder* hath told you lawe, your  
land is forfeited : and for me not to take the forſeiture, were to  
breake the Queenes law, for marke you, its law to take the forſe-  
iture: therfore not to breake it is to breake the Queenes law,  
and to breake the Queenes law is not to be a good ſubieſt, and  
I meane to bee a good ſubieſt. Besides, I am a Justice of the  
peace, and being Justice of the peace I muſt do iuſtice, that is

*The returne from Pernassus.*

lave, that is to take the forfeiture, especially having taken notice of it. Marry Maister Prodigio, here are a fewe shillings, ouer and besides the bargaine.

*Prod.* Pox on your shillings, sblood a while ago, before he had me in the lurch, who but my coozen Prodigio, you are welcome my coozen Prodigio, take my coozen Prodigioes horse, a cup of Wine for my coozen Prodigio, good faith you shall sit here good coozen Prodigio, a cleane trencher for my coozen Prodigio, haue a special care of my coozen Prodigioes lodginge: now maister Prodigio with a pox, and a few shillings, for a vantage, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, if it were not for the Sergeant which dogges me at my heeles, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, pox on your selfe & your shillings, pox on your worship, if I catch thee at *Oftend*: I dare not staye for the Sergeant. *Exit*

*S. Rad. pag.* Good faith Maister Prodigio is an excellent fellow, he takes the *Gularebullito* so excellently.

*Amor. Page.* He is a good liberal Gentleman, he hath bestowed an ounce of Tobacco vpon vs, and as long as it lasts, come cut and long-taile, weele spend it as liberally for his sake.

*S. Rad. Page.* Come fill the Pipe quickly, while my maister is in his melancholich humour, it's iust the melancholy of a Colliers horse

*Amor. page* If you cough *Zacke* after your Tobacco, for a punishment you shall kisse the Pantofle.

*S. Rad.* It's a foule over-sight, that a man of worship cannot keepe a wench in his houle, but there must be muttering and surmising: it was the wifeset saying that my father euer vttered, that a wife was the name of necessitie, not of pleasure: for what do men marry for, but to stocke their ground, and to haue one to looke to the linnen, sit at the vpper end of the table, and carde vp a Capon: one that can weare a hood like a Hawke, and couer her soule face with a Fanne: but there's no pleasure alwayes to be tyed to a piece of Mutton, sometimes a messe of stewd broth will do well, and an vnlac'd Rabbet is best of all: well for mine owne part, I haue no great cause to complain, for I am well provided of three bounsing wenches

The returne from Pernassus.

ches, that are mine owne fee-simple: one of them I am presently to visit, if I can rid my selfe cleanly of this company. Let me see how the day goes: (hee pulls his Watch out.) precious coales, the time is at hand, I must meditate on an excuse to be gone.

*Record.* That which I say, is grounded on the Statute I speake of before, enacted in the raigne of Henry the 6.

*Amor.* It is a plaine case, whereon I mooted in our Temple, and that was this: put case there be three bretheren, *John a Nokes*, *John a Nash*, and *John a Stile*: *John a Nokes* the elder, *John a Nash* the younger, *John a Stile* the youngest of all, *John a Nash* the yonger a dyeth without issue of his body lawfully begotten: whether shall his lands ascend to *John a Nokes* the elder, or descend to *John a Stile* the youngest of all? The answer is: The lands do coliaternally descend, not ascend.

*Record.* Very true, and for a prooef hereof I will shew you a place in *Littleton*, which is very pregnant in this point.

Actus.4.Scena.2.

Enter *Ingenioso*, *Furor*, *Phantasma*.

*Ing.* Ile pawne my witts, that is, my reuenues, my land, my money, and whatsoeuer I haue, for I haue nothing but my wit, that they are at hand: why any scensible snout may winge. *M. Amoretto* and his Pommander, *M. Recorder* & his two neates feete that weare no socks, *Sir Raderick* by his rammish complexion. *Olet Gorgonius hyrcum*, *S. Lupus in fabula*. *Furor* fire the Touch-box of your wite: *Phantasma*, let your inventio play trickes like an Ape: begin thou *Furor*, and open like a philaphmouthed Hound: follow thou *Phantasma* like a Ladies Puppy: and as for me, let me alone, Ile come after like a Water-dogge that wil shake them off, when I haue no vse of them. My maisters, the watch-word is given. *Furor* discharge.

*Furor* to *S. Rad.* The great projector of the thunder-bolts, &

*S. Rad.* He that is wont to pisse whole clouds of raine;

Into the earth vast gaping vrinall,

Which that one ey'd subfifer of the skie,

*The returne from Fernessis.*

*Don Phœbus empties by calidry :  
He and his Townesmen Planets bring to thee,  
Most farty iurupes of earth: facility.*

*S. Rad.* Why will this fellowes English breake the Queenes  
peace, I will not seeme to regard him.

*Phan.* *Mecones et anis edite regibus,*  
*et Am. O et præsidum, et dulce decus meum,*  
*Dij faciant votis vela secunda iussi.*

*Inge.* God save you good maister Recorder, and good for-  
tunes follow your deserts : I thinke I haue curst him suffi-  
ciently in few words.

*S. Rad.* Whathau'e we here, threc beg'zing Souldiers, come  
you from O'leand, or from Ireland.

*Pag.* *Cn:um pecus, an Melibes?* I haue vented all the Latin  
one man had.

*Phan.* *Quid dicam amplius & domini similis o:*  
*Amor pag.* Let him alone I pray thee, to him againe, tickle  
him there.

*Phan.* *Quam diffisi domino dominaris!*  
*Rec.* Nay thaths plaine in Littleton, for if that see-simple, and  
the see taile be put together, it is called hotch potch: now this  
word hotch potch in English is a pudding, for in such a pud-  
ding is comonly one thing only, but one thing with another.

*Amor.* I thinke I do remember this also at a meeting in our  
Temple: so then this hotch potch seemes a terme of similitude.

*Furor to Great Capricornus* of the head take keepe,

*S. Rad.* Good Virgo watch, while that thy worship sleepe,  
And when thy swelling vents amaine,  
Then Pisces be thy sporting Chamberlaine.

*S. Rad.* I thinke the diuell hath sent some of his family to  
torment me.

*Amor.* There is taile generall and taile speciall, and Littleton  
is very copious in that theame: for taile generall is, when land  
are giuen to a man, and his heyres of his body begotten: Taile  
speciall, is when lands are giuen to a man, and to his wife, &  
to the heyres of their two bodies lawfully begotten, and that  
is called Taile speciall.

*S. Rad.*

*The returne from Pernissus.*

S. Rad. Very well, and for his oath I will give a distinction: there is a materiall oath, and a formall oath: the formall oath may be broken, the materiall may not be broken: for marke you sir, the law is to take place before the conscience, & therefore you may, vsing me your counseller, cast him in the suit: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place,

*Phant. Nihil hic nisi cervina desunt.*

Ing. An excellent observation in good faith, see how the old Fox teacheth the yong Cub to v.ry a sleepe, or rather sits himselfe like an old Goose, hatching the adle braine of maister Amoresto: there is no foole to the Sattin toole, the Velvet foole, the perfumide foole, and therefore the witty Tailors of this age, put them vnder colour of kindnesse into a paire of cloath-bagges, where a voyder will not serue the turne: & there is no knaue to the barbarous knaue, the mouling kraue, the pleading kraue: what ho M. Recorder Maister Noncricht twynnesper presentes, not a word he, vntesse he feeleit in his fist.

*Phant. Mitto tibi mersulus, canceros imitare legendos.*

S. Rad. to Furor: Fellow what art thou that art so bold?

Fur. I am the balfard of great Mercury,

Goton Thalia when she was a sleepe:

My Candy Grandire great Apollo high,

Borne was I heare, but that my luck was ill,

To all the land vpon the forked hill.

Phant. O crudelit v-lexi mi mea carmina curas?

*Nel nobis miserere mori me deoing, cogere*

S. Rad. Pag. If you vse them thus, my maister is a Iustice of peace, and will lend you all to the Gallowes.

Phant. *Hec mihi quod domine non licet ira tuo.*

Ing. Good maister Recorder, let mee retaine you th is terme for my cause, for my cause good maister Recorder.

Recor. I am retained already on the contrary part, I haue taken my fee, be gon, begon.

Ing. It's his meaning I should come off: why here is the true stile of a villaine, the true faith of a Lawyer: it is vsuall with them to be bribed on the one side, and then to take a fee of

*The returns of our ruffes.*

of the other: to plead weakly and to be bribed and rebristed on the one side, then to be feed and rebred of the other, till at length, *per varis casus*, by putting the case so often, they make their clients so lanke, that they may carre them vp in a combe case, and pack them home from the tearine, as though he had trauelled to London to sell his horte onely, and hauing lost their fleeces, liue afterward like poore shorne sheepe.

*Furor.* The Gods aboue that know great *Furors* fame,

And do adore grand poet *Furors* name:

Granted long lince at heauens high parliament,

That who so *Furor* shal inumortalize,

No yawning goblins shall frequent his graue,

Nor any bold presumptuous curr shall dare

To lift his legge against his sacred dust.

Where ere I haue my rymes, thence vermin fly

All, sauing that foule fac'd vermin pouerty.

This sucks the eggs of my inuention:

Euacuates my witts full pigeon house,

Now may it please thy generous dignitty,

To take this vermin napping as he lyes,

In the true trappe of liberallitie:

Ile cause the Pleiades to giue thee thanks,

Ile write thy name within the sixteenth spheare:

Ile make the Antarticke pole to kisse thy toe,

And Cinthia to do homage to thy tayle.

*Sir Rad.* Precious coles, thou a man of worship and Justice too! It's even so, he is either a madde man or a coniurer: it were, well if his words were examined, to see if they be the Queenes

*Phan.* *Nunc si nos audis ut qui es diuinus Apollo,* (or no.

*Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet unde petat?*

*Amor.* I am stil haunted with these needy Latunist fellowes: the best counsell I can giue, is to be gone.

*Phan.* *Quod peto da Cae, non peto consilium.*

*Am.* Fellow looke to your braines: you are mad, you are mad.

*Phan.* *Semel insanitimus orans,*

*Am.* Maister Recorder, is it not a shame that a gallant can not walke the streete quietly for needy fellowes, and that, after these

*these*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

there is a statute come out against beggynge.

*He strikes his brest.*

*Phant.* *Pecunia percutit, pecunia quoq; rebora fuit.*

*Recor.* I warrant you, they are some needy *graduates*: the  
Vniuersity breakes winde twice a yare, and lets flie such as  
these are.

*Ing.* So ho maister Recorder, you that are one of the Diuels  
fellow commoners, one that sizeth the Devils butties, sinnes  
and periuries very lamly: one that are so deare to Lucifer,  
that he never puts you out of commons for non painement: you  
that liue like a sumner vpon the sinnes of the people: you  
whose vocation serues to enlarge the territories of Hell, that  
(but for you) had beene no bigger then a paire of Stockes or  
a Pillone: you that hate a scholler, becasne he desprieth your  
Ailes eares: you that are a plague stufed Cloake-bagge of  
all iniquite, which the grand Seruyngh-man of Hell will one  
day trusse vp behind him, and carry to his smokie Wardrobe.

*Recor.* What fantick fellow art thou, that art possesst with  
the spirit of malediction?

*Furor.* Vile muddy clad of base vnhalloved clay,

Thou slimie sprighted vnkinde Saracen:

When thou weri borne, dame *Nature* cast her *Cal* (s)

Forrage and tyme had made thee a great Oxe,

And now thy grinding iawes deuoure quite,

The foddur due to vs of heauenly spright.

*Phant.* *Nefas tu te posuit die quicunque primum et sacrilega  
m iuu,*

*Produxit arbos in nepotum perniciem ob propriumque  
pugio.*

*Ingenui.* I pray you *Monsieur Ploidon*, of what Vniuersitie  
was the first Lawyer of, none sorsooth, for your Lawe is  
ruled by reason, and not by Arte: great reason indeed that  
a Ploydener shold bee mounted on a trapt Palfrey, with a  
round Velvet dish on his head, to keepe warme the broth of  
his witte, and a long Gowne, that makes him looke like a  
*Cedant arma toga*, whilst the poore *Aristotelians* walke  
in a shorte cloake and a close *Venetian* hoaſe, hard by the

*The returne from Pernissus.*

Oyster-wife, and the silly Poet goes muffled in his Cloake to escape the Counter. And you Maister Amoretto, that art the chiefe Carpenter of Sorets, a privileged Vicar for the lawlelle marriage of Inlee and Paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a sette speach, to colour the quantitie of your Mistresses stoele, and swaere it is most sweete Cunet: it's fine when that Puppet-player Fortune, mist put such a Birch-en-lane post in so good a suite, such an Aſſe in so good fortune.

*Amor.* Father shall I draw?

*Sir Rad.* No sonne, keepe thy peace, and hold the peace.  
*Page.* Nay do not draw, leſt you chance to beſiſle your  
*Furor.* *Fecit leſſe ſine que ſuperior, Cheronta monobo.* (credit,

Fearefull Negara with her ſnakie twine,  
Was curſed danc unto thy damned ſelfe:  
And Hircan tigers in the deſert Rockes,  
Did forſter vp thy loathed hatefull life,  
Base Ignorance the wicked cradle rocke,  
Vile Barbarisme was wont to dandle thee:  
Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,  
And all the grifly ſprights of griping hell,  
With mūning looke hath dogd theeſe ſince thy birth:  
See how the ſpirits do houer ore thy head,  
As thick as gnattes in ſummer euening tide,  
Balefull Aſſe, preethe ſtay a while,  
Till with my veries I haue rackt his ſoule:  
And when thy foule departs a Cock may be,  
No blanke at all in hells great Lotterie.  
Shame ſirs and howles vpon thy loathed graue,  
And howling vaitit vp in filthy guile,  
The hidden ſtories of thy villainies.

*Sir Rad.* The Deuill my maisters, the deuill in the likenesſe of  
a poet, away my Maisters away. *Exit.*

*Phan.* *Arma virumq; cano, Quem fugis ab demens?*

*Amor.* Base dog, it is not the custome in Italy to draw vpon  
every idle cur that barkeres, and did it ſtand with my reputacion  
oh, well go too, thanke my father for your liues.

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Ing.* Fond gull whom I would vndertake to bastinado quickē  
ly, though there were a musket planted in thy mouth, are not  
you the yong drouer of huings *Academico* told me of, that  
hauisst reple faires. Base worme must thou needes discharge  
thy craboun to batter downe the walls of learning.

*Amor.* I thinke I haue committed some great sinne against  
my Mistris, that I am thus tormented with notable villaines  
bold pesants I scorne, I scorne them.

*Furor* to | Nay pray thee good sweet diuell do not thou parte,  
*Recor.* | I like an honest deuill that will slue

Himselfe in a true hellish smokey he. w.  
How like thy snout is to great Lucifer.  
Such tallants had he, such a gleering eye,  
And such a cunning flight in villany.

*Recor.* Oh the impudency of this age, and if I take you in  
my quarters.

*Furor* Base flauile hang thee on a crostled rime,  
And quarter.

*Ing.* He is gone, *Furo*, stay thy fury.

*S. Kad. Pag.* I pray you gentleme give 3. groats for a shilling  
*Amor. Pag.* What will you give me for a good old suit of  
apparell?

*Phan.* I like: et musca splenem, et formice sua bilis inest.

*Ing.* Gramercy good lads: this is our share in happiness, to  
torment the happy: lets walke a long and laugh at the iest, vs  
no staving here long, least Sir Radericke army of Baylies and  
clownes be sent to apprehend vs,

*Phan.* Procul hunc, procul iste prophani.

He lash Apollon selfe with ierking hand,  
Vnlesse he pawne his wit to buy me lande

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

*Burbage. Kempe.*

*Bur.* Now Will Kempe, if we can intertwine these schollers at  
a low rate, it wil be well, they haue oftentimes a good conceite  
in a part.

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Kemp.* Its true indeede, honest Dick, but the slaves are some-  
what proud, and besides, it is a good sport in a part, to see them  
neuer speake in their walke, but at the end of the stage, just as  
though in walking with a fellow we shoud neuer speake but  
at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can goso further. I  
was once at a Comedic in Cambridge, and there I saw a para-  
site make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

*Bur.* A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may be  
besides they will be able to pen a part.

*Kemp.* Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too  
much of that writer *Ouid*, and that writer *A. tamorphist*, and  
talke too much of *Proserpina* & *Juppiter*, Why heres our fellow  
*Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Jonson* too. O that  
*Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing  
the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath giuen him a  
purge that made him beray his credit:

*Bur.* Its a shrewd fellow indeed: I wonder these schollers  
stay so long, they appointed to be here preſently that we might  
try them:oh heret they came.

*Stud.* Take heart, these lets our clouded thoughts refine,  
The sunshines brightest when it gins decline.

*Bur.* M. *Phil* and M. *Stud*. God sauе you.

*Kemp.* M. *Phil* and M. *Otioſo*, well met,

*Phil.* The same to you good M. *Burbage*. What M. *Kemp*  
how doth the Emperour of Germany?

*Stud.* God sauе you M. *Kemp*: welcome M. *Kemp* from  
dancing the morrice ouer the Alpes,

*Kemp.* Well you merry knaues you may come to the honor  
of it one day, is it not better to make a toole of the world as I  
hau done, then to be fooleed of the world, as you schollers are?  
But be merry my lads, you haue happened vpon the most ex-  
celent vocation in the world for money: they come North and  
South to bring it to our playhouse, and for honours, who of  
more report, then *Dick Burbage* & *Will Kempe*, he is not cou-  
ted a Gentleman, that knowes not *Dick Burbage* & *Will Kempe*,  
theres not a country wench that can dance *Sellengers Round*  
but can talke of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*.

*Phil.*

*The returne from Pernesissus.*

*Phil.* Indeed M. Kempe you are very famous, but that is as well for workes in print as your part in kne.

*Kempe.* You are at Cardibidge still with sice kne, and be lusty humorous poets, you must vntrusle, I read thus my last circuit, purposely because I would be iudge of your act ons.

*Bur. M. Stud.* I pray you take some part in this booke and act it, that I may see what will fit you best, I thinke your voice would serue for Hieronimo, obscrue how I act it and then i-mitate mee.

*Stud.* Who call Hieronimo from his naked bed?

And &c.

*Bur.* You will do well after a while.

*Kemp.* Now for you, me thinkes you should belong to my tuncion, and your face me thinkes would be good for a foolish Mayre or a foolish iustice of peace: marke me. — Forasmuch as there be two states of a common wealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquility: two states of warre, the one of discord, the other of dissencion: two states of an incorporation, the one of the Aldermen, the other of the Brethren: two states of magistrates, the one of gouerning, the other of bearing rule, now, as I said euuen now for a good thing, thing cannot be said too often: Virtue is the shooinghorne of justice, that is, virtue is the shooinghorne of doing well that is, virtue is the shooinghorne of doing justly, it behoveth mee and is my part to commend this shooinghorne vnto you. I hope this word shooinghorne doth not offend any of you my worshipfull brethiren, for you beeing the shippfull headsmen of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth. Now therefore I am determined not onely to teach but also to instruct, not onely the ignorant, but also the simple, not onely what is their duty towards their betters, but also what is their duty towards their superiours: come let me see how you can doe, sit downe in the chaire.

*Phil.* Forasmuch as there be &c.

*Kemp.* thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by my selfe, and such graue Aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Bur.* I like your face, and the proportion of your body for  
*Richard* the 3. I pray M. *Phil.* let me see you a little of it.

*Phil.* Now is the winter of our discouers,

Made glorious summer by the soone of Yorke,

*Bur.* Very well I assure you, well M. *Phil.* and M. *Stud.* we  
see what ability you are of: I pray walke with vs to our fellows,  
and weele agree presently.

*Phil.* We will follow you straight M. *Burbage.*

*Kempe.* Its good manners to follow vs, Maister *Phe.* and  
Maister *Otiso.*

*Phil.* And must the basest trade yeeld vs relief?

Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,  
That nought downe vent but what they do receive,  
Some fatall fire hath scorcht our fortunes wing,  
And still we fall, as we do vpward spring:  
As we striue vpward to the vaulted skie,  
We fall and feele our hateful destiny.

*Stud.* Wonder it is sweet friend thy pleading breath,  
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,  
Melts not those rockes of yce, those mountes of woe,  
Congeald in frozen hearts of men below.

*Phil.* Wonder as well thou maist why mongt the waues,  
Mongt the tempestuous waues on raging sea,  
The wayling Merchant can no pit' y orane.  
Wha' cares the wind and weather for their paines?  
One strikss the sayle, another turnes the same,  
He shakes the maine, an other takes the O're,  
Another laboureth and taketh paine.

To poupe the sea into the sea againe.  
Still they take paines, still the loud windes do blowe  
Till the ships prouder maist be layd belowe:

*Sin.* Fond world that ne're thinkes on that aged man,  
That *Ariosto*es old swift paced man,  
Whose name is *Tyme*, who neuer lust to run,  
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,  
The which in *Lethe's* lake he doth intombe,  
Sauc onely those which syvanlike scholiers take,

And

*The returne from Pernassus.*

And doe deliuer from that greedy lake,  
Inglorious may they live, inglorious die,  
That suffer learning lie in misery.

*Phil.* What caren they, what faine their asbes haue,  
Whan once their coopt vp in silent graue?

*Stud.* If for faire faine they hope not when they dye,  
Yet let them ieare graves stayning Infamy.

*Phil.* Their spendthrift heires wil thole firebrands quench,  
Swaggering full moistly on a taurernes bench.

*Stud.* No framed sire for all his giosing heire,  
Must long be talkt of in the empty ayre.

*Stud.* Beleeue me thou that art my second selfe,  
My vexed soule is not disquieted,  
For that I misle, is gaudy painted state,  
Whereat my fortunes fairely aim'd of late,  
For what am I, the meanest of many mo,  
That earning profit are repaide with wo?  
But this it is that dorth my soule torment,  
To thinke so in my actiue wits,  
That might contend with proudest birds of Po,  
Sits no wimme wuld within their priuate cells,  
Drinking a long lauk watching candles smoake,  
Spending the marrow of their flowing age,  
In fruitelesse posing on some worme eat leafe:  
When their deuers shell scaine of due to claime,  
A cheretull crop of fruithill swelling sheate,  
Cockle their harvest is, and weed their graine,  
Contempt their portion their p. scelion paine.

*Stud.* Schollers must frame to live at a low sayle,

*Phil.* Ill sayling where there blowes not happy gale.

*Stud.* Our ship is twin'd, all her ta. klin' rent,

*Phil.* And all her gaudy furniture is spent.

*Stud.* Teates be the waues whereon her ruines bide;

*Phil.* And sighes the windes that wastes her broken side.

*Stud.* Mischiefe the Pilot is the ship to state.

*Phil.* And wo the pallenger this ship coul' care.

*Stud.* Come *Philomus*, let vs breake this chat,

*Phil.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Phil.* And break my heart, oh would I could break that,

*Stud.* Lets learne to act that Tragick part we haue,

*Phil.* Would I were silent actor in my graue.

*Aetus 5. Scena 1.*

*Phil. & Stud. become Fiddlers with their consorts.*

*Phil.* And tune fellow Fiddlers, Studios & I are ready. (they  
Stud: going aside sayeth, *time*)

Fayre tell good Orpheus, that would rather be

King of a mole hill, then a Keysars slaye;

Better it is to be fiddlers to be chiefe,

Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.

But i't not strange this mimick apes should prize

Vnhappy Schollers at a hireling rate.

Vile world, that lifts them vp to hys degree,

And treades vs downe in groueling misery.

England affordes those glorious vagabonds,

That cartied earst their fardels on their backes,

Courfers to ride on through the gazing streetes,

Sooping it in their glaring Sassen futes,

And Pages to atten their maister shipps:

With mouthing words that better we haue framed,

They purchase lands, and now Esquiers are made.

*Phil.* What ere they seeme being even as the beest,

They are but sparcing fortunes, cornthiastes.

*Stud.* So merry fortune is went from ragges to rike,

Some ragged grome an' humbore gall ne makee.

*Phil.* The world and fortune hath playd on vs too long.

*Stud.* Now to the world we fiddile in a song.

*Phil.* Our lite is a playne song with enyning pend,

Whose highest pitch in lowest base doth end.

But see our fellowes unto play are bent:

If not our mindes, lets tune our instrument.

*Stud.* Lets in a priuate song our canning try,

Before we sing to straunge compaay.

*Phil.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Phil. sings. They tune.*

**H**ow can he sing whose voyce is hoarse with care?  
How can he play whose heart strings broken are?  
How can he keepe his rest that neare found rest?  
How can he keepe his time whome time neare blest?  
Onely he can in sorrow beare a parte,  
With vntaught hand, and with vntuned hart.  
Fond arts farewell, that swallowed haue my youth.  
Adiew vayne muses, that haue wrought my ruth.  
Repent fond syre that traynd' thy happleſſe sonne,  
In learnings loare, ſince bounteouſe almes are done.  
Ceafe, ceafe harsh tongue, vntuned musicke reſt  
Intombe thy ſorrowes in thy hollow breast.

*Stnd.* Thankes *Phil.* for thy pleaſant ſong,  
Oh had this world a tutch of iuſter griefe,  
Hard rockes would weepe for want of our reſcue.

*Phil.* The cold of wo hath quite vntun'd my voyce,  
And made it too too harsh for lifeling care:  
Time was in time of my young fortunes ſpring,  
I was a gameſome boy and learned to ſing.

But ſay fellow muſitians, you know beſt whether we go, at  
what dore muſt we impoueriously beg.

*Jack, fid.* Here dwells Sir Raderick, and his ſonne: it may be  
now at this good time of Newyeare he will be liberall, let vs  
ſtand neare and drawe.

*Phil.* Draw calleſt thou it, indeed it is the moſt deſperate  
kinde of ſeruice that euer I aduentured on.

*Act. 5. Scena. 2.*

*Enter the two Pages.*

*Sir Radpa.* My maiftier bidds me tell you that he is but new-  
ly fallen a ſleepe, and you baſe ſlaves muſt come and diſquiet  
him: what neare a basket of Capons? maſſe, and if he comes,  
heele commit you all.

*Amor. Pag.* Sirra *Jack*, ſhall you and I play Sir Raderick  
and Amoreto, and reward theſe fiddlers. Ile, my maiftier *Amo-*  
*retto*, and giue them as muſh as he vſeth.

**H**

*Sir*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*S. Rad. pag.* And I my old maister Sir Raderick : fiddlers play: Ile reward you, sayth I will.

*Amor pag.* Good tayth this pleaseith my sweete mistres admirably: cannot you play twyty twarty foole, or to be at her, to be at her.

*Rad. pag.* Haue you neuer a song of maister Donlands making?

*Am. pag.* Or *Hos ego versiculos feci &c.* A pox on it, my maister Am. vleth it very often. I haue forgotten the verse.

*Rad. pag.* Sir Theon : here are a couple of fellowes broughte before me, and I know not how to decide the cause, looke in my Christmas booke who brought me a present

*Am. pag.* On New-yeares day goodman Foole brought you a present, but goodman Clowne brought you none.

*Rad. pag.* Then the right is on goodman fooles side.

*Am. pag.* My mistres is so sweete, that al the Phisitions in the towne cannot make her stinck, she never goes to th ecole, oh she is a most sweete little munkey. Please your worship good father yonder are some wold speake with you.

*Rad. pag.* What haue they brought me any thing, if they haue not, say I take Phisick.

For al much fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs loue all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace, among which I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch, marry now finding your fiddles to iarre, and knowing that iarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am by the vertue of my office and place to commit your quarrelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. *They call within.*

Sha ho, Richiard, Jack.

*Am. Page.* The foole within marres our play without. Fiddlers set it on my head, I vse to lise my musicke, or go on the score for it, Ile pay it at the quarters end.

*Rad. Page.* Farewell good Pan, sweete Irenias adieu, Don Orpheus a thousand times farewell.

*Jack Fid.* You swore you would pay vs for our musick.

*Rad. Page.* For that Ile giue Maister Recorders law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formall oath, and a materiall oath: a materiall oath cannot be broken, the formall oath may be broken, I swore formally: farewell Fiddlers.

*Phil.*

*The returne from Peritaſſus.*

*Phil.* Farewell good wags, whose wits prais worth I deeme,  
Though somewhat waggy, so we all haue beeene.

*Stud.* Faith fellow Fidlers, heres no siluer found in this place,  
no not so much as the vſuall Christmas entertainment of Muſicians, a blacke Jack of Beere, and a Christmas Pye.

*They walke aside from their fellowes.*

*Phil.* Where ere we in the wide world playing be,  
Misfortune beares a part and marres our melody,  
Impossible to please with Musickes staine,  
Our hearts strings brokē, are nere to be tun'd againe.

*Stud.* Then let vs leaue this baser fidling trade,  
For though our purse ſhould mend, our credit fades.

*Phil.* Full glad I am to ſee thy mindes free course,  
Declining from this trencher waiting trade,  
Well may I now diſclose in plainer guise,  
What earſt I meant to worke in ſecret wife?  
My busie conſcience checkt my guilty 'oule,  
For ſeeking maintenance by bale vſallage,  
And then luſtigated to my ſearching thought,  
A ſhepheards poore ſecure contented life,  
On which ſince then I doted euerie hour,  
And meant this ſame hour in ladder plight,  
To haue ſolne from thee in ſecrecie of night.

*Stud.* Deare friend thou ſeemſt to wrong my ſoule too  
Thinking that *Studioſo* would account, (much,  
That fortune fowre, which thou accomptell iweete:  
Not any life to me can ſweeter be,  
Then happy ſwaines in plaine of *Areſdy*.

*Phil.* Why then lettis both go ſpend our little ſtore,  
In the prouision of due furniture:

A ſhepards hooke, a tarbox and a ſcrippe,  
And haſt vnto thole ſheepe adorned hills,  
Where if not bleſſe our fortunes we may bleſſe our

*Stud.* True mirth we may enjoy in thacked flall, (wills,)  
Not hoping higher riſe, nor fearing lower fall.

*Phil.* Weele therefore diſcharge theſe fidlers. Fellow muſi-  
cions, wee are ſory that it hath beeene your ill happe to haue  
Ha had

*The returne from Pernissus.*

had vs in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owles, and night Rauens, able to marre the purest melody: & besides, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing, our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bidden you farewell.

Come Stud: let vs haft awaie,  
Returning neare to this accursed place.

Actus 5. Scena.3.

*Enter Ingenioso, Academicus.*

Inge. Faith Academicus, it's the feare of that fellow, I meane the signe of the seargeants head, that makes me to be so hasty to be gone: to be briefe Academicus, writts are out for me, to apprehend mee for my playes, and now I am bound for the Isle of doggs. *Furor & Phantasma* comes after, remouing the campes as fast as they can: farewell, *Mea si quid vota valebunt.*

Acad. Fayle *Ingenioso*: I thinke the Vniuersity is a melancholik life, for there a good fellow cannot sit two houres in his chamber, but he shall bee troubled with the bill of a Drawer, or a Vintner: but the point is, I know not how to better my selfe, and so I am fayne to take it.

Act.5. Scen.4.

*Phil. Stud. Furor. Phant.*

Phil. Who haue we there, *Ingenioso*, and *Academicus*?

Stud. The verye same, who are those, *Furor* & *Phantasma*?

*Furor* takes a louse off his sleeve.

*Furor.* And art thou there six footed Mercury?

*Phant.* Are rymes become such creepers now a dayes? his hand Presumptuous louse, that doth good manners lack, in his bo Daring to creepe vpon Poet *Furors* back: some. *Mantice refert quibuscum vixeris.*

*Non vidimus Mantice quod intergo est.*

Phil. What *Furor* and *Phant.* too, our old colledge fellowes, let vs encounter them all. *ing: Acad. Furor. Phantasma.* God saue you all.

*Stud.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Stnd.* What *Ingen.* *Acad.* *Furor.* *Phantasma*: howe do you  
braue lads.

*Ing.* What our deere friends *Phil.* and *Stnd.*?

*Acad.* What our old friends *Phil.* and *Stnd.*?

*Fur.* What my supernaturall friends?

*Ing.* What newes with you in this quarter of the City?

*Phil.* We haue run through many trades, yet thriue by none

Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,

A sheplizards life thou knowst I wont t'admire,

Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.

To liue in humble dale we now are bent,

Spending our dayes in scarelesse merriment.

*Stnd.* Weel teach each tree eu'en of the hardest kind,

To keepe our wosfull name within their rinde.

Weel watch our flock, and yet weelee sleepe withall.

Weele tune our sorrowes to the waters fall, (blesse.

The woods and rockes with our shrill songes weele.

Let them proue kind, since men proue pitilesse.

But say, whether are you and y'our company iogging: it seemes  
by your apparell you are about to wander.

*Ing.* Faith we are fully bent to be Lords of misrule in the  
worlds wide heath: our voyage is to the Ile of Dogges, there  
where the blattant beast doth rule and raigne Renting the  
credit of whom it please.

Where serpents tongs the pen men are to write,

Where cats do waule by day, dogges by night:

There shall engoared venom be my inke,

My pen a sharper quill of porcupine,

My stayned paper, this sin loaden earth:

There will I write in lines shall never die,

Our feared Lordings crying villany.

*Phil.* A gentle wit thou hadst, nor is it blamie,

To turne so tart, for time hath wronged the same,

*Stnd.* And well thou dost from this fond earth to flit,

Where most mens pens are hired Parasites.

*Acad.* Go happily, I wish thee store of gall,

Sharpely to wound the guilty world withall:

The returne from Pernassus.

Phil. But say, what shall become of *Furor* and *Phantasma*?

Ing. These my companions still with me must wend,

Aca. Fury and Fansie on good wits attend.

Fur. When I arrive within the ile of Doggs,

Don Phoebus I will make thee kisse the putpne.

Thy one eye pries in euery Drapers stall,

Yet neuer thinkes on poet *Furors* neede :

*Furor* is lowsie, great *Furor* lowsie is,

Ile make thee run this lowsie case I wis.

And thou my cluttish landrefle Cinthia,

Nere thinkes on *Furors* linnen, *Furors* shirt:

Thou and thy squirting boy *Endimion*,

Lies slauering still vpon a lawlesse couch,

*Furor* will haue thee carted through the dirt,

That makest great poet *Furor* want his shirt.

Inge. Is not here a trus dogge that dare bark so boldly at the Mooone.

Phil. Exclayming want and needy care and carke,

Would make the mildest spright to bite and bark.

Pham. *Canes timidi vehementius latranti*. There are certaine burrs in the Ile of doggs called in our English tongue, men of worship, certaine briars as the Indians call them, as we say certayne lawyers, certayne great lumps of earth, as the Arbias call them, certayne grolers as wee rearne them, *quos ego sed motos prestas componere fluctus*.

Inge. We three vnto the snarling Iland hast,

And there our vexed breath in snarling wast.

Phil. We will be gone vnto the d'wnes of Kent,

Sure footing we shall find in humble dale:

Our fleecy flocke weel learne to watch and warde,

In Iulyes heate and cold of Januaty:

Weel chant our woes vpon an oaten reede,

Whiles bleating flock vpon their supper seede:

Stnd. So shall we shun the company of men,

That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,

Weel teach the murmering bookees in tears to flow:

And sleepy rocke to wayle our passed wo.

Acad.

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Acad.* A few you gentle spirits, long adew:  
Your witts I loue and your ill fortunes rue:  
Ile hast me to my Cambridge cell againe,  
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.

*Inge.* Adew good sheppards, happy may you hue,  
And it heereafter in some secret shade,  
You shall recount poore schollers miseries,  
Vouchsafe to mention with teares swelling eyes,  
*Ingenioes* thwarting destynes,  
And thou still happy *Academico*,  
That still maist rest vpon the muses bed,  
Injoying there a quiet slumbering,  
When thou repayrest vnto thy Grantaes streaune,  
Wonder at thine owne blisse, pitty our case,  
That still doth tread ill fortunes endlesse maze,  
Wish them that are preferments *Almoners*,  
To cherish gentle wits in their greene bud:  
For had not Cambridge bin to me vnkinde,  
I had not turn'd to gall a milkye minde.

*Phil.* I wish thee of good hap a plentious store,  
Thy wit deserves no lesse, my loue can wish no more.  
Farewell, farewell good *Academico*.  
Neuer maist thou tast of our forepassed woe.  
Wee wish thy fortunes may attaine their due:  
*Furor* and you *Pi'antasma* both adue.

*Acad.* Farewell, farewell, farewell, o long farewell,  
The rest my tongue conceales, let sorrow tell.

*Phan.* *Et longum vale, inquit Iola.*

*Furor.* Farewel my masters, *Furor*'s a musty dogge,  
Nor can with a smooth glozing farewell cog.  
Nought can great *Furor* do, but barke and howle,  
And snarle, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,  
Like a great swine by his long leane eard lugges,  
Farewell musty, dusky, rusty, fusty London,  
Thou art not worthy of great *Furors* wit,  
That cheathest vertue of her due desert,  
And sufferest great *Apolloes* sonne to want.

*Inge.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Iuge.* Nay stay a while and helpe me to content:  
So many gentle witts attention,  
Who kennes the lawes of every comick stage,  
And wonders that our scene endis discontent.  
Ye ayrie witts subtill,  
Since that few schollers fortunes are content.  
Wonder not if our scene end discontent.  
When that our fortunes reach their due content,  
Then shall our scene end here in merriment.

*Phil.* Perhaps some happy wit with seeling hand,  
Hereafter may record the pastorall  
Of the two schollers of Pernassus hill,  
And then our scene may end and haue content,

*Inge.* Meane time if there be any spightfull Ghost,  
That smiles to see poore schollers miseries  
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,  
We scorne his censure, he is a ieering gull,  
But whatsoere refined sprights there be,  
That deeply groane at our calamity :  
Whose breath is turned to sighes, whose eyes are wet,  
To see bright arts bent to their latest set:  
Whence never they againe their heads shall recr,  
To bleste our art disgracing hemisphere.

*Inge.* Let them,

*Favor* Let them.

*Phan.* Let them,

*Acad.* And none but them.

*Phil.* And none but them.

*Stud.* And none but them.

{ All giue vs a  
plaudite.

FINIS.