

THE  
RETURNE FROM  
PERNASSVS:

Or

The Scourge of Simony.

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



AT LONDON

Printed by G. Eld, for John Wright, and  
are to bee sold at his shop &  
Christ church Gate.

1696.

## The Prologue.

*Boy, Stagekeeper, Momus, Defensor.*

*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 rascal: thou must be sitting vp all night at cardes, when thou should be conning thy part.

*Boy.* It's 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.*

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

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

*Mo.* Gentlemen you that can play at noddy, or rather play vpon noddies: you that can set vp a iest, at primero insced of a rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voyder.

*Defen.* What we present I must needs confesse is but slubbered inuention: if your wisdoms obscure the circumstance, your kindnesse will pardon the substance.

*Mo.* What is presented here, is an old musty show, that hath laine this twelue moneth in the bottome of a coale-house amongst broomes and old shooes, an inuention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we haue promised the Copics to the Chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

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

## The Prologue.

*Alm.* Its a Christmas toy indeede, as good a conceit as hanging hotcockles, or blind-man buffe.

*Do. Gr.* Some humors you shall see ayimed at, if not well reſe-bled.

*Alm.* Humors indeede: is it not a pretty humor to ſtand hā-mering vpon two *in luctum vrgam* 2. ſchollers ſome whole yeare. Theſe ſame *Phil* and *Sindio*: haue bin follo-wed with a whip, and a verſe like a Couple of Vagabonds through *Eng-land* and *Italy*. The Pilgrimage to *Pernaſſus*, and the returne from *Pernaſſus* haue ſtood the honeſt *Stagekeepers* in many a Crownes expence: for linckes and vizards purchaſed a Sophiſter a knock: which a cluſbe hindred the butlers box, and emptied the Colledge barrells, and now vnleſſe you know the ſubieſt 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 authors wit will turne vpon the toe in this vaine, and at this time the ſcene is not at *Pernaſſus*, that is lookes not good inuention in the face.

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

*Alm.* For Cataſtrophe ther's neuer a tale in ſir *Iohn Mandenill*, or *Beris* of *Southampton* but hath a better turning.

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

*Alm.* You may do better to buſie your ſelfe in providing 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 ieſt,  
Conceiue of this and gueſſe 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 lost sonne,  
Found when the weary act is almost done.  
Nor 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 Pilgrims in *Pernassus* hill,  
Then penning their returne with ruder quill.  
Now we present vnto each pittying eye,  
The schollers progresse in their misery.  
Refined wits your patience is our blisse,  
Too weake our scene: too great our iudgement is.  
To you wee seeke to shew a schollers state,  
His scorned fortunes, his vn pittied fate.  
To you: for if you did not schollers blisse,  
Their case (poore case) were too too pittilesse.  
You shade the muses vnder fostering,  
And made them leaue to sigh, and learne to sing.



## The names of the Actors.

### *Drametis Persona.*

<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>Studiofo.</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>Burgeffe patient.</i>	<i>Kempe.</i>
<i>Jaques studiofo.</i>	<i>Fidlers.</i>
	<i>Patients man.</i>

## Actus 1. Scena. 1.

*Ingenioso, with Iuuenall in his hand.*

*Ingenioso.*

**D** *Difficile est, Satyram non scribere, nam quis iniqua  
Tam patiens urbs, tam furcus ut teneat se?*  
I, Iuuenall: thy ierking hand is good,  
Not gently laying on, but fetching bloud,  
So surgean-like thou dost with cutting heale,  
Where nought but lanching can the wound auail.  
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 euermlasting shame.  
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,  
Euen smallest 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.  
Vnpleasant is the lawlesse sinne has bin,  
At midnight rest, when darknesse covers sinne.  
It's Clownish vnbecoming a young Knight,  
Vnlesse it dare out-face the gloriing 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 feare check my repining spirit,  
Soone should my angry ghost a story write.

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

In which I would new foſtered ſinnes combine,  
Not knowne eaſt 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 bloody 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 ſhould haue the ſauce of vinegar, and for the bloody  
noſe, *Iudicio*, I may chance indeed giue the world a bloody  
noſe, but it ſhall hardly giue me a crakt crowne, though it  
giues other Poets French crownes.

*Iud.* I would with thee *Ingenioſo*, to ſheath thy pen, for thou  
canſt not be ſucceſſefull 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 correſtions vpon any tardy pamphlets?

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

*Ing.* Mary ſo I will, I warran 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 inuentions as dai-  
ly ſwarme 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.* Flye my times, as thick as flies in the ſunne, I thinke  
there

*The returns from Pernall*

there be neuer an Ale-house in England nor a May-pole on a country greene, but set a fourth fourth poets petticoats or demilances to the paper warres in Paules Church-yard.

*Ing.* And well too may the issue of a string be learne 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 bottome of a barrell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moyst 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 youg Can quaffing hucksters shoot of their pellets so they would keepe them from these English *florae-poetarum*, but now the world is come to that passe; that there starts vp euery day an old goose that sits hatching vp those eggs which haue ben filcht from the nest of Crowes and Kestrells: here is a booke *ing.* why to condemne it to cleare the vsuall 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?* (tender.

*Ind.* Looke, its here *Belvedere.*

*Ing.* What a Bel-wether in Paules Church-yard, so cald because 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 Muses.

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

*Ind.* *Quem referent musa, vinet dum robera tellus,*

*Dum calum stellae, dum vehit amnis aquas.*

Who blurres faire paper, with foule bastard rimes,

Shall liue full many an age in latter times:

Who makes a ballet for an ale-house doore,

Shall liue in future times for euer more.

Then ( ) thy muse shall liue so long.

As draffy ballats to thy praise are song.

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



*The returne from Pernassus.*

ter a foole going into the market place to be seene, with this motto, *scribimus indoliti*, or a poore beggar gleanig of eares in the end of haruest, with this word, *sua cuiq; gloria*.

*Iud.* 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.

*Edward Spencer.*

*Henry Constable.*

*Thomas Lodge.*

*Samuel Daniell.*

*Thomas Watson.*

*Michaell Drayton.*

*Iohn Davis.*

*Iohn Marston.*

*Kit: Marlowe.*

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

*Ing.* A swifter Swan then euer song in Poe,  
A shriller Nightingale then euer blett,  
The prouder groues of selfe admiring Rome.  
Bliis was each vally, and each shepheard proud,  
While he did chaunt his rurall minstrel sic,  
Attentue was full many a dainty care.  
Nay hearers hong vpon his melting tong,  
While sweetly of his Faery 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, vnregarding soile,  
Vnlac't the line of his desired life,  
Denying maintenance for his deare reliefe.  
Carelesse care to prevent his exequy,  
Scarce deigning to shut vp his dying eye.  
*Ing.* Pity it is that gentler wits should breed,  
Where thick-skin cluffes 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, in y 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: doth wage  
Warre with the proudest big Italian,  
That melts his heart in sugred Sonnetting.  
Onely let him more sparingly make vs,  
Of others wit and vs his owne the more :  
That well may scorne base imitation.  
For *Lodge* and *Watson*, men of some desert,  
Yet subiect to a Criticks margmall.  
*Lodge* for his oare in enery paper boate,  
He that turnes ouer *Galen* every day,  
To sit and simper *Euphues* legacie.

*Ing. Michael Drayton.*

*Draytons* sweete muse is like a sanguine dye,  
Able to raiue the rash gazers 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 affect 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 amongst old bootes and shooes, so you may auoide  
my censure.

*Ing.* Why then clap a lock on their feete, and turne them  
to commons.

*John Marston.*

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

Met thinks he is a Ruffin in his stile,  
Wichouten bands or garters ornament,

*The returne from Pernassus.*

He quaffes a cup o' Frenchmans Helicon.  
Then royster doyster in his oylie tearmes,  
Cuts the iusts, and toyne: at whomeſoeuer he meets,  
And ſtrowes about Ram ally meditations.  
Twe what cares he for modeſt cloſe coucht termes,  
Cleanly to good our looſer libertines.  
Gue him plaine naked words ſtrip from their ſhirts  
That might beſeeme plaine dealing *Arctine*:  
I there is one that backes a paper ſteed  
And manageth a penknife gallantly,  
Strikes his poindado 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,  
A'as vnhappy in his liſe: and end,  
Pity it is, that wit ſo ill ſhould dwell  
Wit lent from heauen, but vices ſent from hell.

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

A Tragick penman for a driery plot.

*B I.*

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

*Ing.* A meete Emphyrick, one that gets what he hath by ob-  
ſeruation, and makes only nature priuy to what he indites. So  
ſlow an inuentor, that he were better betake himſelte 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 lones *Antonis* lone, or *Lucres* rape,  
His ſweeter verſe contains haire robbing liſe,  
Could bat a graver ſubiect him content,  
Without lous fooliſh lang niſhment.

*Ing.* Churchyard.

Hath not *Shor's* wife although a light ſkirts ſhe,  
Given him a chaſt long laſting memory?

*And.* No, all light pamphlets once I ſinden ſhall.

*The returne from Peronassus.*

A Churchyard and a graue to bury all.

*Ing. Thomas Nash. so.*

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 posselt with *Hercules furies*.

*Iud.* Let all his fau'ts sleepe with his mournfull chest,  
And then for euer 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. Reads the rest.*

*Iud.* As for these, they haue some of them bin the old hedge-stakes of the presse, 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 blotted papers, write as men go to stoole, for needes, & when they write, they write as a Beare pilles, now and then drop a phamphlet.

*Ing. Durum telum necessitas.* Good sayth they do as I do, exchange words for money, I haue some trafficke this day with *Danter*, about a litle 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 almost forget my time: Ile now to *Pauls Churchyard*, meete me an houre 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. *Exit. 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 fat 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 faith *M. Ingenioso*, I lost by your last booke: and you knowe there is many one that paires mee largely for the printing of their inuentions, but for all this you

B 3

shall

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

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

*Ing.* 40. ſhillings? a fit reward for one of youe reumaticke Poets, that beſlaues all the paper he comes by, and furniſhes the Chandelers with waſt papers to wrap candles in: but as for me, ile be paid deare euen for the dregges of my wit: little knowes the world what belong to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts, drinkes, Tobacco, &c. it is a dainty & coſtly creature, and therefore I muſt be paid ſweetly: furniſh me with money, that I may put my ſelfe in a new ſute of clothes, and ile ſute thy ſhop with a new ſute of reames: it's the gallanteſt child my inuention 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 els I am gone.

*Dan.* Oh this will ſell gallantly: ile haue it whatſoeuer it coſt, will you walk on M. *Ingenioſo*, 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 quarrell betwixt vs.

*Exeunt.*

*Act, 1. Scen. 4.*

*Philomusus in a Phyſician habite: Studiſo that is Iaques man, And patient.*

*Phil.* Tit tit tit, non pynte, non debet ſi: riphlebetomotic in co-  
in lunc: here is a Recēpe.

*Pat.* A Recēpe.

*Phil.* Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem ſyllabarum: Let me heare how many ſtooles you doe make. Adieu Mounſeir  
adeiu good Mounſeir, what *Iaques* Il n'a perſonne apres icy.

*Stud. Non.*

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

*Late*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Late did we ſee the cinders of great Rome.  
We thought that Engliſh fugitiues there eate  
Gold, for reſtoratiue, 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,  
Forſpeake our good, procures our miſery.

*Stud.* So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,  
Hath beate the flowers that in our garden grewe:  
Throwne downe the ſtalckes 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 Rome, nor Rhemes that wonted are to giue,  
A Cardinall cap, to diſcontented clarkes,  
That haue forſooke the home-bred thanked roofes,  
Yielded vs any equall maintenance:  
And, 't's as good to ſtarue amongſt Engliſh ſwine,  
As in a forraine land to beg and pine:

*Phil.* Ile ſcorne the world that ſcorneth me againe.

*Stud.* Ile vex the world that workes me ſo much paine.

*Phil.* Fly ſame reuengings 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 graced be.

*Stud.* Who wiſhes death, doth wrong wiſe deſtiny,

*Phil.* It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.

*Stud.* It's ſinne for doomed day to wiſh thy death.

*Phil.* Too late our ſoules flit to their reſting place.

*Stud.* Why mans whole life is but a breathing ſpace.

*Phil.* A painefull minute ſeemes a tedious yeare.

*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 ſates this gale deluſer ſend vs.

*Small*

*The returne from Parnassus.*

Small woes vex long, great woes quickly end vs.

But lets let us this capping of times *Studioso*, and follow our late devise, that wee may maintaine our heads in cappes our bellies in prouender, and our backs in saddle and bridle: hetherto wee haue taught all the honest meanes wee could to line, & now let vs dare, *aliqui l'breuibus gratis 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 shoole lane, 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*, wee le gull the world, that hath in estimation forraigne Phisitions, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of those Stigmatick maisters of arte, that abused vs in times past, leaue their owne Phisitions, and become our patients, wee le alter quite the stile of them, for they shall neuer hereafter write, your Lordships most bounden: but your Lordships most laxatiue.

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

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

*Stud.* Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

*Actus 1. Scena 5.*

*Enter Richardetto, Iaquet, Scholler learning French.*

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

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

*Iaq.* *Parle Francoys me: un petit' garſoun.*

*Richard.* *Hy a un homme: aus le bonnet de et un urinell in la mens, que vent parler.*

*Iaq.* *For bien.*

*Theod.* *Iaquet a bonus. Excunt.*

*La 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 ſnouching *Thalia* on her tender lips? There hoie: peſan' avant: come Pretty ſhort-noſd nimph: oh ſweet *Thalia*, I do kiſſe thy foote. What *Cleio*? O ſweet *Cleio*, nay pray thee do not weepe *Melpomene*. What *Vrania*, *Polimnia*, and *Calliope*, let me doe reuerence 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 *Cynthia* do not trouble me:

Straight will I thy *Endimions* ſtorie write,

To which thou haſteſt me on day and night.

You light ſkirt ſtarres, this is your wonted guiſe,

By glomy light perke out your doubtfull heads:

But when *Don Phœbus* ſhowes his ſlaſhing ſnout,

You are ſkie puppies, ſtraight your light is out.

*Phan.* So ho, *Furor*.

Nay prethee good *Furor* in ſober ſadneſſe.

*Furor.* *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.*

*Phan.* Nay ſweet *Furor*, iſſe te *Tyſire* pinns,

*Furor.* *Iſſite fontes, iſſa hac arbuſta vocarunt.*

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

That wearied of his life and baſer breath,

Offers himſelfe to an Iambicke verſe.

*Phan.* *Si quoties peccant homines, ſua fulmina miſſas*

*Iupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.*

*Fur.* What ſlimie bold preſumptious groome is he,

Dares with his rude audacious hardy char,

Thus ſeuer me from ſkibbered contemplation?

*Phan.* *Carmina vel celo poſſunt deducere Innam.*

*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 Ferasfus.*

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

*Furor.* Ingenioso?

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

*Phan.* Hang him, I say, *Pendo pependi, tendo tetendi, pedo pependi.* 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 fiena docentur equi.*

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

*Phan.* Nay faith maister *Furor*, lets go together, *Quoniam*  
*Conuenimus ambo.*

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

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

*They offer the way one to the other.*

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

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

*Actus 2. Scena 3.*

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

*Theod. puts on his spectacles.*

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

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

*Theod.* This vater is intention of heate, are you not perturbed with an ake in your face, or in your occipit. I meane your head peece, let me feele the pulse of your little finger.

*Burg.* He assure you *M. Theodour*, the pulse of my head beates exceedingly, and I thinke I haue disturbed my selfe by studying the penall statutes.

*Theod.* Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speech.

*C. contra*

*The returne from Perrissus.*

*O, contra leues loquuntur, ingentes stonpent, it is an Aphorisme in Galen.*

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

*Theod.* That your worship must take a gland, *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 priuate 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 oftener 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 phisitiō.

*Theo.* *A, vous estes un gentell home vraiment, what ho Iaques, Iaques, donc vous? vnfort gentel purgation for monsieur Burgesse.*

*Iaq.* *Vostre humble seruicure a vostre commandement.*

*Theod.* *Donne vous un gentell purge a Monsieur Burgesse.* I haue considered of the crasis, and syntoma of your disease, and here is vnfort gentel purgation per euacuationem extremorum, as we Phisitions vse to parlee.

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

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

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

*Theod.* Adieu good Mounsier, adieu good Sir mounsier.

Then burst with teares vnhappy graduate:

Thy fortunes still wayward and backward bin:

Nor canst thou thrive by vertue, nor by sinne.

*Stud.* O how it greenes my vexed soule to see,  
Each painted asse in chayre of dignitie:

*The returne from Vernassia.*

And yet we grouell on the ground alone,  
Running through euery trade, yet thrine by none.  
More we must act in this lins 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 subiect. *Phi.* earth the loathed stage,  
Whereon we act this fained personage.

Mossy barbarians the spectators be, *most like.*

That sit and laugh at our calamity. *(throng,*

*Phil.* Band be those houres when amongst 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 litle store:

*Phil.* 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 Pilgrims must wee bee without reliefe,  
And where so ere we run there meetes vs grieve.

*Stud.* Where euer we tosse vpon this crabbed stage  
Grie'e'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. 1. Scena. 2.*

*Academico solus.*

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

*Acad.* Buy if thou dost greatly mistake it.  
*Eccho.* Stake it.

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

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

Paying? but say what's the nearest way to come by a liuing?  
*Eccho.* Giuing.

Must his worships fists bee then oyled with Angels?

*Eccho.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Ecch.* Angels.

Ought his growty fiſh then fiſt with gold to be greaſed?

*Ecch.* Eaſed.

And is it then ſuch an eaſe for his aſſes backe to carry money?

*Ecch.* I.

Will then this golden aſſe beſtowe a viccarige guilded?

*Ecch.* Gelded.

What ſhall I ſay to good ſir Roderick that haue no gold here?

*Eccho.* Cold cheare.

He make it my lone request, that he wold be good to a ſcholler

*Eccho.* Choller.

Yea will he be cholericke, to heare of an art or a ſciences?

*Eccho.* Hence.

Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?

*Eccho.* Sell.

Sell it? and muſt a ſimple clarke be ſaine to compound then?

*Eccho.* pounds then.

What if I haue no pounds, muſt then my ſute be proroagued?

*Eccho.* Roagued.

Yea? giuen to a Roague? ſhall an aſſe this vicaridge compaſſe?

*Eccho.* Aſſe.

What is the reaſon that I ſhould not be as forunate as he?

*Eccho.* Aſſe he.

Yet for all this, with a peniles purſe will I trudge to his worſhip

*Eccho.* Words cheape.

Well, if he giue me good words, its more then I haue from an

*Eccho.* *Eccho.* Go.

*Act. 2. Scen. 3.*

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

*Amor.* 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 miſtreſſe.

*Nunc ſequor imperium magne Cupido tuium.*

What ere becom of this dull thredbare clearke,

I muſt be coſtly in my miſtreſſe eye:

C 3.

Ladyes

*The returne from Perrassus.*

Ladies regard not ragged companie.  
I will with the reuenues of my chafred church.  
First buy an ambling hobby for my faire :  
Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,  
Proud of his burden when he gins to prounce:  
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 giue *Iones* breakfast : *Sidney* tearmes it so,  
I am her needle: she is my *Adamant*,  
She is my faire rose, I her vnworthy picke.  
*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 meere marke for good wits to shoote  
at: and in that sute 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 shoulder of mutton thou her onyon:  
or she may be thy Luna, and thou her Lunaticke.

*Amor.* I her *Aeneas*, she my *Dido* is.

*Acad.* She is thy *Io*, and thou her brazen asse,  
Or the Dame *Phantasy* and thou her gull:  
She thy *Pasiphae*, and thou her louing bull,

*Act. 2. Scen. 4.*

*Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father.*

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

*Im.* Ey father thou must not call it selling, thou must say is  
this the gentleman that must haue the gratuito?

*Acad.* What haue we here, old true-penny come to towne,  
to fetch away the living in his old greasie slops, then ile none:  
the time hath beene when such a fellow medled with nothing  
but his plowshare, his spade, and his hobnailes, and so to a  
peece of bread and cheefe, and went his way: but now these  
fello wes are growne the onely factors for preferment.

*Ster.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

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

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

*Acad.* Not poundes but thanks: ſee whether this ſimple fellow that hath nothing of a ſcholler, but that the draper hath blackt 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 gratuito of the living, thou will likewise diſburſe a little money to the biſhops poſer, 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 neuer abide this popiſh tongue of Latine, oh he is as true an Engliſh man as liues.

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

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

*Acad.* Good *Ouid* that in his life time, liued with the *Getes*, 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 *Stercutio* his father Sir, ſimple as I ſtand here.

*Acad.* Fellow, I had rather given 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 ſellowe whats thy name?

*Ster.* My name Sir, *Stercutio* Sir.

*Am.* Why the *Stercutio*, I wold be very willing to be the inſtrument to my father, that this living might be coſferred vpon your  
your

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

your ſonne: mary I would haue you know, that I haue bene importuned by two or three ſeuerall Lo:des, my kinde cozins, in the behalte of ſome Cambridge man and haue almoſt engaged my word. Mary if I ſhall ſee your diſpoſition to be more thankfull then other men, I ſhalbe very ready to reſpect kind natur'd men: for as the Italian prouerbe ſpeaketh wel, *Chi ha hauea*.

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

*Ser.* I beſeech you ſir ſpeake Engliſh, for that is natrall 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 traſtiue, when thanks may be felt and ſcene.

*Ser.* 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 ſhall thinke you thankfull, and commend your ſonne as a man of good giſties to my father.

*Acad.* A ſweete world, giue an hundred poundes, and this is but counted thankfullneſſe.

*Ser.* Marke you Sir, you ſhall haue 30. thanks.

*Amor.* I tell thee fellow, I neuer opened my mouth in this kind ſo cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gentlemen are found, that would deale ſo kindly with thee as I doe.

*Ser.* 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 giue you as many thanks as you aſke, ſo you will promiſe me to bring it to paſſe.

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

*Exeunt. Ser. Im.*

*Act. 3.*



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Actus 2. Scen. 5.

*Enter Academico, Amorette.*

*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 ſpruce gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a  
broker for a living, & an old Baude for a benefice? This ſweet  
Sir proffered me much kindneſſe when hee was of our Col-  
ledge, and now he try what winde remains in his bladder,  
God ſaue you Sir.

*Amor.* By the maſſe I feare me I ſaw this Genus and Species  
in Cambridge before now: he 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 hun-  
ting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a Hare ſits.

*Acad.* See a poore old friend & 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 ora-  
tion for you once on the Queenes day, and a ſhow that you  
got ſome credit by.

*Amor.* It may be ſo, it may bee ſo, but I haue forgotten it:  
may yet I remember there was ſuch a fellow that I was very  
beneficiall vnto in my time. But howſoeuer Sir, I haue the cur-  
teſie 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 hether-  
ward as yet.

D

*Acad.*



*The returne from Perinassus.*

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

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

*Acad.* Signior *Immerito*, 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 thinks he hath very good vtterance, for his grauitie, for hee came hether very graue, but I thinke he will returne 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 custome to be too studious, my Mistresse 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 crasy gull, hee would faine get mee abroad to make sport with mee in their Hunters tearmes, which we schollers are not acquainted with: sir I haue loved this kinde of sporte, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath beene my luck alwayes to beat the bulth, while another 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 vnkenneilling, vntapezing, or earthing of the Fox?

*Acad.* I meane earthing, if you terme it so, for I neuer found yellow earth enough 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 hunters vse when the Fox is earthed, you must blow one long, two short, the second winde, one long, two short: now sir in blowing, euery long containeth

*Thereturne from Pernassus.*

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

*Acad.* Sir might I finde any fauour in my suite, I would winde the horne wherein your bone deserts should bee sounded with so many iumins, 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 same 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 relecte the cetines.

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

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

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

*Amor.* Sir, I will bleffe your eares with a very pretty story, my father out of his owne cost and charges keeps 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 Leurier, your Spaniell, your Kennets, Terriers, Butchers dogs, Bloud-hounds, Dunghill dogges, trindle tailes, prick eard curres, small Ladies puppies, Caches and Bastards.

*Acad.* What a bawdy knaue hath he to his father, that keepes his *Ritchell*, 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 leath of Grey-hounds, and into my fathers Parke I went, accompanied with two or three Noble men of my neere ac-

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

quaintance, deſiring to ſhew them ſome of the ſport : I cauſed the Keeper to ſeuere the rascal Deere, from the Buckes of the firſt head : now ſir, a Bucke the firſt yeare is a Fawne, the ſecond yeare a Pricket, the third yeare a Sorell, the fourth yeare a Soare, the fiſt a Bucke of the firſt head, the fixt yeare a compleat Buck : as likewiſe your Hart is the firſt yeare a Calfe, the ſecond yeare a Brochet, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stag, the fiſt 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 Hemuſe : and theſe are your ſpeciall beaſts for chaſe, or as we huntſinen 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 ſholler, by getting him into a ſubieſt he cannot talke of, for his life. Sir I will borrow ſo much time of you as to finiſh this my begunne ſtory. Now ſir, after much trauaile we ſingled a Buck, I rode that ſame time vpon a Roane gelding, and ſtood to intercept from the thicket : the buck broke gallantly : my great ſwift being diſaduantaged in his ſlip was at the firſt behind, marry preſently coted and out ſtrip them, when as the Hart preſently deſcended to the riuer, and being in the water, proferd, and reproferd, and proferd againe : & at laſt hee vpſtarted at the other ſide of the water which we call ſoyle of the Hart, and there other Huntſmen met him with an adauntreley : we followed in hard chaſe for the ſpace of eight hours, thiſe 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 muſicke, reſembling ſo many Violls Degambo : at laſt the Hart laid him downe, and the Hounds ſeized vpon him, he groined and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weepe too, to thinke of *Alceons* fortune, which my *Ouid* ſpeakes of.

*He reads Ouid.*

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

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

*Armo.*

*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 fir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the ſmall quites and the lights, and the bloud: the Huntſmen hal- lowed, ſo ho, *Venne a coupler*, 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, deconple, Auant*, but ſtraight we heard him cry, *le Amour*, and by that I knew that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might ſee ſore and re- fore prick, and re prick: 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 maſter he that for the praife of his diſcourſe is wonte to court his hobby abroad, and at home in his chamber makes a ſet ſpeech to his greyhound, deſiring that moſt faire and amiable dog to grace his company in a ſtately galliard, and if the dog, ſeeing him praife his luſty pointes, as his croſſpoyn- t backcaper, chance to beray the ryme, he preſently doſſes his Cap moſt ſolemnly, makes a low-leg to his ladyſhip, taking it for the greateſt fauour in the world, that ſhe would vouchſafe to leaue her Ciuet box, or her ſweet gloue behind her.

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

*Pag.* Not a word more fir ant pleaſe you, your Hobby will mee- te you at the lanes end.

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

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

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

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

of my ſtyle: why then thus it was *lucke*: a ſcurvy meere Cambridge ſcholler, I know not how to define him.

*Page.* Nay Maſter, let me define a meere ſcholler: I heard a courtier once define a meere ſcholler, to be *anim ill ſcabioſu*, that is, a living 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, ſie re: vniing till dinner, and then goe to his meate when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to ſpit: or if you will haue him defined by negatives. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eate a maffe of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horſe without ſpur-galling: one that cannot ſalute a woman, & looke on her directly, one that cannot ———

*Am.* Inough *lucke*, I can ſtay no longer, I am ſo great in child-birth with this ieſt: Sirrha, this praedicible, this ſavage groome, becauſe when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my tutor, I was content in deſerect humilitie, to giue him ſome place at the Table, and becauſe I inuited the hungry ſlaue ſometimes to my Chamber, to the canuaſing of a Turkey pie, or a piece of Veniſon, which my Lady Grandmother ſent me, hee thought himſelte 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 Arte, the poore Scorpion became ſpeechleſſe, and ſuddenly raniſhed. Theſe Clearkes are ſimple fellowes, ſimple fellowes. *He reades Ouid.*

*Page.* 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?

*Page.* Why thus ſir, had you inuited 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 knife 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 vntuſle 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 giuing him a cleane trencher, and ſo haue ſerued him in kindneſſe,

*Amo.* Well ſaid ſubtle *Iack*, 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 *Iacke*, I would haue you imploy your time ti I 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 Phiſicke 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 traine, and he writhes his mouth, and ſweares, for hee can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the moſt ſhallowe braind fellow that liues: do but ſay his horſe ſtales with a good preſence, and hee's your bondſlaue: 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 ſeruing of a foole.

*Act. 3: Scen. 1.*

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

*Sir Rad.* Signior *Immerito*, you remember my caution, for the tiſhes, & my promiſe for farining my tiſhes 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 fort as I and muſter Recorder ſhall like of.

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

*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.

*Pag*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Pag.* My maister (it seemes) tak's him for a theife, but he hath small reason for it, as for learning it's plaine he neuer stole any, and for the living he knowes himselfe how he comes by it, for let him but eate a melle of surmenty this seauen yeare, and yet he shall neuer be able to recouer 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, neuer had any gifts a better trial, why *Immerito* his gifts haue appeared in as many colours, as the Rain-bowe, first to maister *Amoretto* in colour of the Sattine suite he weares: to my Lady in the similitude of a loose gowne: to my maister, in the likenesse of a siluer basen, and ewer: to vs Pages in the semblance of new suites and points. So maister *Amoretto* plaies the gull in a piece of a parsonage: my maister adorne 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 handsome likely man.

*Pag.* He is a handsome 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 some sort propound questions fit to be resolued by one of your profession, say what is a person that was neuer at the vniuersity?

*Im.* A person that was neuer in the Vniuersity, is a living creature that can eate a tithe pigge.

*Rec.* Very well answer'd, but you should 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 do vne. Very learnedly in good faith, I pray now let me aske you one question that I remember, whether is the Masculine gender or the feminine more worthe.

*Im.* I he



*The returne from Peruassus.*

*Im.* The Feminine sir.

*Sir Rad.* The right answer, the right answer: in good faith I haue beene 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 Asses 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*, it were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity, then there would not bee such busie llate-prying 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 smack 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 bene 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, reſerre this to his vertues, and write him downe a good ſubieſt.

*Pag.* Faith he were an excellent ſubieſt 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 vnderſtanding, that is, whether you can aſke for the ſtrayed Heyfer with the white face, as alſo chide the boyes in the beſſerie, and bid the Sexton whippe out the dogges: let mee 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 foure ſeete, two eares, that did ſtray about the ſeuenth houre, three minuts in the forenoone the fiſt day.

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Page.* I tooke of a horſe juſt as it were the Eclipse of the Moone,

*S. Rad.* Boy write him downe for a good utterance: Maiſter Récorder, I thinke he hath beene examined ſufficiently.

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

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

*S. Rad.* Signior *Immerito*, forasmuch as wee haue made a double tryall of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition: it is expedient alſo in the next place to giue you a ſewer exhortations, conſidering this, greateſt Clerks are not the wiſeſt 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 uſe 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 iouing patron.

*Im.* I thanke your worſhip, you haue beene 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 reſerued, paying twelue pence a yeare. I am going to Moore-fields, to ſpeake with an vnthrif I ſhould meeete 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 merit, the world cannot ſufficiently

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Endow him with preferment, an vnthankfull Viper, an vn-  
thankfull viper that will sting the man that reuiued him.

Why iſt not ſtrange to ſee a ragged clarke,  
Some ſtamell weauer or ſome 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 ſweet cleane gentleman:  
How then he gins to follow faſhions.  
He whoſe thin ſire dwell in a ſmoky rouſe,  
Muſt take Tobacco and muſt weare a locke,  
His thirly Dad drinckes in a wooden bowle,  
But his ſweete ſelfe is ſeru'd in ſiluer plate.  
His hungry ſire will ſcrape you twenty legges,  
For one good Chriſtmas meale on New-yeares day.  
He muſt ere long be triple benefited,  
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, & lawyers ſhould be log'd & dwell  
Within thoſe over ſtately heapes of ſtone,  
Which doting fires in old age did erect.

Well it were to be wiſhed that neuer a ſcholler in England  
might haue aboute forty pound a yeare.

*S. Rad.* Faith maſter Recorder, if it went by wiſhing, there  
ſhould neuer a one of them all haue aboute twenty a yeare :  
a good ſtipend, a good ſtipend, maſter Recorder. I in the meane  
time, howſoeuer I hate them all deadly, yet I am ſaine to giue  
them good words. Oh they are peſtilent fellowes, they ſpeake  
nothing but bodkins, 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 knauith verſes

on

*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 Cavelere,  
That takes Tobacco about once a yeare.

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

Her *vyöll de gambo* is her beſt content.

For twixt her legges ſhe holds her inſtrument.

Very knauish, very knauish, if you looke vnto it maſter  
*Recorder*. Nay they haue plaide many a knauish tricke beſide  
with me. Well, tis a ſhame indeede there ſhould bee any ſuch  
priuilege 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 neuer returne home againe to ſee my wiſes  
waiting mayde.

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

But how ſhould theſe young colts proue amblers,

When the old heavy galed iades do trot.

There ſhall you ſee a puny boy ſtart vp,

And make a theame againſt common lawyers :

Then the old vnweldy Camels gin to dance,

This ſidling 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 giue the looſers leaue 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 maſter Recorder, if I could ſee that  
day once.

*Rec.* Well, remember another day what I ſay: ſchollers are  
pried into of late, and are ſound 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

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

hope ſo, I ſaith, 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 vntiſt is arrived at the place appointed in Moore fields, let vs haſten to him.

*He lookes 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. 7.*

*Enter Amoretto, his page, Immerito booted.*

*Amor.* Maſter Immerito deliver this letter to the Poſer in my fathers name: pray withall ſome ſprinkling, ſome ſprinkling, *verbum ſapianti ſat eſt*. farewell maſter Immerito.

*Im.* I thanke your worſhip moſt heartily.

*Page.* Is it not a ſhame to ſee this old dunce learning his induction at theſe yeares: but let him go, I looſe nothing by him for ile be ſwome but for the bootye 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 liue by him.

*Amor.* ſeemes to make verſe.

*Amor.* A poxe 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.

*Page.* Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then will ſerue to count the clocke, or tell the meridian houre by rubbing of his panch,

*Am.* Her noſe is like.

*Page.* A coblers ſhooing horne.

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

*Page.* Mary a ſweete ſnotty miſtres.

*Amor.* Faith I doe not like it yet: aſſe as I was to reade a peece of *Ariſtote* in grecke yeſternight, it hath put me out of my Engliſh vaine quite.

*Page.* O noniſtrous lye, let me be a point-truſſer while I liue if he vnderſtands any tongue but Engliſh.

*Amor.* Sir ha boy remember me when I come in Paules Church.

*The returne from Pernassus.*

Churchyard to buy a *Ronzard*, & *Dubartas* in French & *Aretine* in Italian, & our hardest writers in Spanish, they wil sharpen my wits gallantly. I do relish these tongues 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 Gentleman trauellet, but come letts haste after my father, the fieldes are fitter to heavenly meditations. *Exeunt.*

*Pag.* My maisters, I could wish your presence at an admirable iest, why presently this great linguist my Maister, will march through *Paules Church-yard*. Come to a booke binders shop, and with a big Italian looke and Spanish face aske for these bookes in Spanish and Italian, then turning through his ignorance, the wrong ende of the booke vpward vse a citation, on this vnknowne 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 margent as though there were some notable conceit, and lastly when he thinkes hee hath gull'd the standers by sufficiently, throwes the booke away in a rage, swearing that he could neuer finde bookes of a true printe since he was last in *London*, 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 *Offend*: by this he beginnes to spit, and crie boy, carry my cloake. and now I goe to attend on his worship.

*Act, 2. Scen. 4.*

*Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.*

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

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

That



*The returne from Parnassus.*

That gives a living genius to my lines :  
How ere my dulled intellectuall.  
Capres lesse nimby then it did afore,  
Yet will I play a hunt's vp to my muse :  
And make her mount from out her sluggish nest,  
As high as is the highest spheere in heaven :  
Awake you paltry trulles of *Helicon*,  
Or by this light, Ile Swagger with you streight :  
You grand-fire *Phœbus* with your lovely eye,  
The firmaments eternall vagabond,  
The heavens promotor that doth pcepe and pryce,  
Into the actes 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 anriga paterni.*

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

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

*Ingeni.* Let vs on to our deuise, our plot, our proiect. That old  
Sir *Raderick*, that new printed *compendum* of all iniquity, that  
hath not aired his countrey Chimney once in 3. winters : he  
that loues to lue in an od corner here at London, & effect an  
odde wench in a nookè, one that loues to lue in a narrow  
roome, that he may with more facilitie in the darke, light vpon  
his wifes waiting maide, one that loues alive 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 foggie seruing men, and  
preferre dunces to liuings. This old Sir *Raderick* (*Furor*) it shall  
be thy taake to cudgell with thy thick thwart termes, and then  
if he will not vnto his parse strings, of his liberality, sting him  
with termes laid in *Aqua fortis* and Gunpowder.

*Furor. In noua fert animus mutatas dicere formas.*

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

Where

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Where it ſhall dwell like a magnifico,  
Command his ſlieue 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,  
Luſtly to eſteeme my verſes lowling pitch:  
If his earth wroting ſnout ſhall gin to ſcorne,  
My verſe that giueth immortality:  
Then, *Bella per Emathios.*

*Phan. Furor arma miniſtrat.*

*Furor.* Ile ſhake his heart vpon my verſes point,  
Rip out his guts with riuing poinard:  
Quarter his credit with a bloudy quill.

*Phan. Calami, Aramentum, cheri, libelli,  
Sunt ſemper ſtudijs arma parata tuis.*

*Ing.* Inough *Furor*, wee know thou art a nimble ſwaggerer with a goofe quill: now for you *Phaniasma*, leaue truſſing your points and liſten.

*Phan. Omne tulit punctum.*

*Ing.* Marke you *Amoretto* 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 thruſe 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 filke ſtoeking, then all the wit in the world: one that loues no ſcholler but him whoſe tyred eares can endure halfe a day together his ſliblow ſonnettes of his miſtreſſe, and her louing pretty creatures, her munckey and her puppet: it ſhall be thy taſke (*Phaniasma*) to cut this gullies throate with faire tearmes, and if he hold faſt for all thy iugling rhetoricke, fall at defiance with him, and the poking ſticke he weares.

*Phan. Simul extulit enſem.*

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

*Phan. Eſt Deus in nobis, agitante caſciſcimus illo. Exeunt.*



*The returne from Persaffus.*

Act. 3. Scen 5.

*Enter Philomusus, Studios.*

*Stud.* Well *Philomusus*, we neuer escaped so faire a scouring :  
why yonder are pursuants out for the French Doctor, and a  
lodging belpoken for him and his man in Newgate. It was a  
terrible feare that made vs cast our haire.

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

And countest vs happy to scape prisonment?

Why the wide world that blesteth some with waile,

Is to our chained thoughts a darke some gaile:

*Stud.* Nay prethee friend, these wonted termes forgo,

He doubles griefe that comments on a wo.

*Phil.* Why do fould men terme it impiety?

To send a wearisome fast grudging Ghost,

Vnto his home, his long, long, lasting home?

Or let them make our life lesse greivous be,

Or suffer vs to end our misery.

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

Vntill his Lord do licence him to sleepe:

*Phil.* It's time to sleepe within our hoilow granes,

And rest vs in the darke some wombe of earth:

Dead things are graued, and bodies are no lesse,

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 thoughts where ere 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, vntill our burying day.

In our first gamesome age, our doting fires,

Carcked and cared to haue vs lettered:

Sent vs to Cambridge, where our oyle is spent:

Vs our kinde Colledge from the teate did teare:

And for't vs walke before we weaned were,

From that time since waunderd haue we still:

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

In the wide world, vrg'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 baſefull caue,  
Pight in the hollow ribbes of craggy cliffe,  
Where dreary Owles do ſmike the lue-long night;  
Chafing away the byrdes of chearefull light:  
Where yawning Ghoſts do howle in ghafly wiſe,  
Where that dull hollow ey'd, that ſtaring tyre,  
Yclept *Diſpaire* hath his ſad manſion.  
Him let vs finde, and by his counſell we,  
Will end our too much yrked miſery.

*Stud.* To waile thy haps, argues a daſſard minde.

*Phil.* To beare too long, argues an ailles kinde.

*Stud.* Long ſince the worſt chance of the die was caſt,

*Phil.* But why ſhould that word *worſt* ſo long time laſt?

*Stud.* Why doſt thou now theſe ſleepeie plaints commence?

*Phil.* Why ſhould I ere be dull with patience?

*Stud.* Wiſe folke do beare with, ſtrugling cannot mend.

*Phil.* Good ſpirits muſt with thiwaring fates contend,

*Stud.* Some hope is left our fortunes to redreſſe,

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

*Stud.* Our liues remainder gentler hearts may finde.

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

*Act. 4. Scen. 1.*

*Sir Radericke and Prodiſo; at one corner of the Stage Recorder  
and Amoretto at the other. Two Pages ſcouring  
of Tobacco pipes.*

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

*The retorne from Pernaſſus.*

law, that is to take the forfeiture, eſpecially hauing taken notice of it. Marry Maſter *Prodigo*, here are a few 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 *Prodigo*, you are welcome my coozen! *Prodigo*, take my coozen *Prodigos* horſe, a cup of Wine for my coozen *Prodigo*, good faith you ſhall liſt here good coozen *Prodigo*, a cleane trencher for my coozen *Prodigo*, haue a ſpeciall care of my coozen *Prodigos* lodging: now maſter *Prodigo* 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 *Oſſend*: I dare not ſtaye for the Sergeant. *Exit*

*S. Rad. pag.* Good faith Maſter *Prodigo* is an excellent fellow, he takes the *Gulan ebullitio* 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, wee ſpend it as liberally for his ſake.

*S. Rad. Page.* Come ſill the Pipe quickly, while my maſter is in his melancholic humour, it's iuſt the melancholy of a Colic liers horſe

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

*S. Rad.* It's a foule ouer-ſight, that a man of worſhip cannot keepe a wench in his houſe, but there muſt be muttering and ſurmizing: it was the wiſeſt 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 carue vp a Capon: one that can weare a hood like a Hawke, and couer her foule face with a Fanne: but there's no pleaſure alwayes to be tyed to a piece of Mutton, ſometimes a melliſh ſtewd broth will do well, and an vnſlac'd Rabbet is beſt of all: well for mine owne part, I haue no great cauſe to complaine, for I am well provided of three bounding 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 ſpoke 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 youngſt 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 diſcend to *John a Stile* the youngſt of all? The answer is: The lands do colaterally deſcend, not aſcend.

*Recor.* Very true, and for a prooſe 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 ſenſible ſnout may winde *M. Amoretto* and his Pomander, *M. Recorder* & his two neates feete that weare no ſockes, *Sir Raderick* by his rammith compeſſion. *Olet Gorgonius hyrcum*, *Sit Lupus in ſabula.* *Furor* fire the Touch-box of your wite: *Phantaſma*, let your inuentio play trickes like an Ape: begin thou *Furor*, and open like a phlaſpmouthd Hound: follow thou *Phantaſma* like a Ladies Puppy: and as for me, let me alone, Ile come after like a Water-dogge that will ſhake them off, when I haue no uſe of them. My maiſters, the watch-word is given. *Furor* diſcharge.

*Furor* to | The great projector of the thunder-bolts,]

*S. Rad.* | He that is wont to piſſe whole clouds of raine,;  
Into the earth waſt gaping vrinall.

Which that one ey'd ſubſiſer of the ſkie,

*The returne from Parnassus.*

*Don Phœbus* empties by calidity :

He and his Townesmen *Planets* brings to thee,

Most fatty iunipes of earth: facility.

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

*Phan.* *Micenas atavis edite regibus,*

*to Am.* *O et presidium, et dulce decus meum,*

*Dij faciant votis vela secunda iuis.*

*Ingr.* God saue you good maister Recorder, and good fortunes follow your deserts : I thinke I haue curst him sufficiently in few words.

*S. Rad.* What haue we here, three begging Souldiers, come you from *Ostend*, or from *Ireland*.

*Pag.* *Cuius pecus, an Melibei?* I haue vented all the Latin one man had.

*Phan.* *Quid dicam amplius & domini similis or.*

*Amor. pag.* Let him alone I pray thee, to him againe, tickle him there.

*Phan.* *Quam distari domino dominaris!*

*Rec.* Nay thats plaine in *Littleton*, for if that fee-simple, and the fee taile be put together, it is called hotch potch: now this word hotch potch in English is a pudding, for in such a pudding is not 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, & so the heyres of their two bodies lawfully begotten, and that is called Taile speciall.

*S. Rad.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*S. Rad.* Very well, and for his oath I will giue 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 counsellor, cast him in the sute: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place,

*Phan.* *Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.*

*Ing.* An excellent obseruation in good faith. see how the old Fox teacheth the yong Cub to vniury a sleepe, or rather sits him selfe like an old Goose, hatching the adle braine of maister *Amoreto*: there is no foole to the Sattin foole, the Veluet foole, the perfume 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 knaue, the pleading knaue: what ho *M. Recorder* Maister *Noucrint* *crimines per presentat*, not a word he, vnlesse he feel it in his fist.

*Phan.* *Mitto tibi metulus, caneros imitare legendo.*

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

*Fur.* I am the bastard of great *Mercury*,

Goron *Zulia* when she was a sleepe:

My Candy Grandfire great *Apollo* high,

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

To all the land vpon the forked hill.

*Phan.* *O crudelis vili exi nil mea carmina curas?*

*Nil nisi mi miserere mori me deing, coges?*

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

*Phan.* *Hei mihi quod domine non licet ire suo.*

*Ing.* Good maister *Recorder*, let mee retaine you til 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, be gon.

*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 from the office.*

of the other: to plead weakly and to be bribed and rebribed on the one side, then to be feed and refeed of the other, till at length, *per varios casus*, by putting the case so often, they make their client so lank, that they may cate them vp in a combe case, and pack them home from the tearme, 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 since at heauens high parliament,

That who so *Furor* shal immortalize,

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 dignity,

To take this vermin napping as he lyes,

In the true trappe of liberality:

He cause the Pleiades to giue thee thanks,

He write thy name within the sixteenth spheare:

He make the Antarticke pole to kisse thy toa,

And *Cynthia* to do homage to thy tayle.

*Sir Rad.* Pretious coles, thou a man of worship and Iustice too? It's euen so, he is ether a madde man or a coniuurer: 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 Caie, non peto consilium.*

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

*Phan.* *Semel insanimus omnes.*

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



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

where is a ſtatute come out againſt begging :

*He ſtrikes his breaſt.*

*Phant.* *Peciora percuffit, peſtus quoq; robora ſunt.*

*Recor.* I warrant you, they are ſome needy graduates: the Vniuerſity breakes winde twiſe a yeare, and lets ſlie ſuch as theſe are.

*Jug.* So ho maifter Recorder, you that are one of the Diuels fellow commoners, one that ſizeth the Deuils butteries, ſinnes and peruries very launthly : one that are ſo deare to *Lucifer*, that he neuer puts you out of commons for non payment : 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 Pillorie : you that hate a ſcholler, becauſe he deſcries your Aſſes cares : you that are a plague ſtuffed Cloake-bagge of all iniquitie, which the grand Seruing-man of Hell will one day truſſe vp behind him, and carry to his ſmokie Warde-robe.

*Recor.* What ſtiantick fellow art thou, that art poſſeſt with the ſpirit of malediction ?

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

Thou ſlimie ſprighted vnkinde Saracen:

When thou wert borne, dame *Nature* caſt her Calſe

Forrage and time had made thee a great Oxe,

And now thy grinding iawes deuoure quite,

The fodder due to vs of heavenly ſpright.

*Phant.* *Nefas te poſuit die quicunque primum et ſacrilega manu,*

*Produxit arbor in nepotum perniciem ob propriamque pugi.*

*Ingeni.* I pray you *Monſieur Ployden*, 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 Ploydeniſt ſhould bee mounted on a trapt Palfrey, with a round Veluet 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*, whileſt the poore *Ariſtoteliſians* walke in a ſhorte cloake and a cloſe *Venetian* hoſe, hard by the

*The returne from Peruassus.*

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 Sonets, a privileged Vicar for the lawlesse marriage of Inke and Paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a fette speech, to colour the quantitie of your Mistresses stoele, and sweare it is most sweete Couet: it's fine when that Puppet-player *Fortune*, must put such a Birchen-lane post in so good a suite, such an Ase in so good fortune.

*Amor.* Father shall I draw?

*Sir Rad.* No sonne, keepethy peace, and hold the peace.

*Lige.* Nay do not draw, least you chance to be pisse your  
*Furor. Flectere si nequeas superos, Chirona mouebo.* (credit,

Fearfull *Megara* with her snakie twine,  
Was curst dam vnto thy damned selfe;  
And *Hircan tigers* in the desert Rockes,  
Did foster 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 grisly sprights of griping hell,  
With mūning looke hath dogd thee since thy birth:  
See how the spirits do houer ore thy head,  
As thick as gnattes in summer evening tide,  
Balefull *Alcides*, preethe stay a while,  
Till with my vertes I haue rackt his soule:  
And when thy soule departs a Cock may be,  
No blanke at all in hells great Lotterie.  
Shame sits and howles vpon thy loathed graue,  
And howling vomit vp in filthy gulse,  
The hidden itories of thy villanies.

*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 barkes, and did it stand with my reputatiō:  
oh, well go too, thanke my father for your liues.

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Ing.* Fond gull whom I would vndertake to baſtinado quick-  
ly, though there were a muſket planted in thy mouth, are not  
you the yong drouer of linings *Academico* told me of, that  
hauents ſtreple faire. 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 part  
*Recor.* | I like an honeſt deuill that will ſhew  
Himſelfe in a true helliſh ſmokey he.v:  
How like thy ſnout is to great Lucifer?  
Such tallants had he, ſuch a gleering eye,  
And ſuch a cunning ſlight in villany.

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

*Furor* Baſe ſlaue ile hang thee on a croſſed iime,  
And quarter.

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

*S. Rad. Pag.* I pray you gentlemē giue 3. groats for a ſhilling

*Amo. Pag.* What will you giue me for a good old ſute of  
apparell?

*Phan.* *Hahe: et muſca ſplenem, et formica ſua bilis ineſt.*

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

*Phan.* *Procul hinc, procul ſte prophani.*

Ile 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 intertaine theſe ſchollers at  
a low rate, it will be well, they haue oftentimes a good conceite  
in a part.

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Kempe* Its true indeede, honeſt *Dick*, but the ſlaues 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 ſhould neuer ſpeake but at a ſtile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a Comedie in Cambridge, and there I ſaw a parasite make faces and mouths of all ſorts on this faſhion.

*Bur.* A little teaching will mend theſe faults, and it may bee 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 *M. metamorphoſis*, and talke too much of *Proſerpina* & *Iuppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakeſpeare* puts them all downe, I and *E. ionſon* too. O that *Ben ionſon* 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 here they come.

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

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

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

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

*Stud.* God ſaue you *M. Kempe*: welcome *M. Kempe* from dancing the morrice over the Alpes,

*Kemp.* Well you merry knaues you may come to the honor of it one day, is it not better to make a fool of the world as I haue done, then to be fooled of the world, as you ſchollers are? But be merry my lads, you haue happened vpon the moſt excellent 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 counted a Gentleman, that knowes not *Dick Burbage* & *Will Kemp*, there's not a country wench that can dance *Sellengers Round* but can talke of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*.

*Phil,*

*The returne from Perneffus.*

*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 Cambridge still with sixe kne, and be lusty humorous poets, you must vntrusse, 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*, obserue how I act it and then imitate 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 tuition, 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 tranquillity: two states of warre, the one of discord, the other of dissention: 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 euen now for a good thing, thing cannot be said too often: Vertue is the shooinghorne of iustice, that is, vertue is the shooinghorne of doing well that is, vertue is the shooinghorne of doing iustly, it behoueth mee and is my part to commend this shooinghorne vnto you. I hope this word shooinghorne doth not of any of you my worshipfull brethren, for you beeing the shipfull 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 Peruassus.*

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

*Phil.* Now is the winter of our discontent,  
Made glorious summer by the sonne of Yorke,

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

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

*Kempe.* Its good manners to follow vs, *Maister Phil.* and  
*Maister Otise.*

*Phil.* And must the basest trade yeeld vs reliefe?  
Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,  
That nought downe vent but what they do receiue?  
Some fatall fire hath scorcht our fortunes wing,  
And still we fall, as we do vpward spring:  
As we strue vpward to the vaulted skie,  
We fall and feeble our haresfull destiny.

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

*Phil.* Wonder as well thou maist why mongst the waues,  
Mongst the tempestuous waues our raging sea,  
The wayling Marchant can no pity see.  
What cares the wind and weather for their paines?  
One strikks the sayle, another turnes the same,  
He shakes the maine, another takes the Ore,  
Another laboureth and taketh paine,  
To pompe the sea into the sea againe.

Still they take paines, still the loud windes do blowe  
Till the ships prouder mast be layd belowe:

*Stu.* Fond world that nere thinkes on that aged man,  
That *Arisstoes* old swift paced in in,  
Whose name is Tyme, who neuer lins to run,  
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,  
The which in Lethes lake he doth intombe,  
Saue onely those which swanlike scholiers take,

And



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

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

*Phil.* What caren they, what fame their aſhes haue,  
When once their coopt vp in ſilent graue?

*Stud.* If for faire fame they hope not when they dye,  
Yet let them feare graues ſtaining Infamy.

*Phil.* Their ſpendthrift heires will thoſe firebrands quench  
Swaggering full moiſtly on a tauernes bench.

*Stud.* No ſtamed fire for all his gloſſing heire,  
Muſt long be talkt of in the empty ayre.

*Stud.* Beleue me thou that art my ſecond ſelfe,  
My vexed ſoule is not diſquieted,  
For that I miſſe, 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 dorch my ſoule torment,  
To thinke ſo many aſſeable wits,  
That might contend with proudeſt birds of *To*,  
Sits now in ſilence within their priuate cells,  
Drinking a long lank watching candles ſmoake,  
Spending the marrow of their ſlowing age,  
In fruitleſſe poring on ſome worne eate leafe:  
When their deſerts ſhall frame of due to claime,  
A cheriſh crop of fruitfull ſwelling ſheate,  
Cockle their harueſt is, and weeds their graine,  
Contempt their portion their poſſeſſion paines

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

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

*Stud.* Our ſhip is ruin'd, all her tackling rent,

*Phil.* And all her gaudy furniture ſpent.

*Stud.* Teares 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 ſteare.

*Phil.* And Wo the pallenger this ſhip coulde care.

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

*Phil.*



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

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

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

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

*Actus 5. Scena 1.*

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

*Phil.* And tunc fellow Fiddlers, *Studiſo* & I are ready. *(they*  
*Stud: going aſide ſayeth.* *tune*

Fayre tell good *Orpheus*, that would rather be

King of a mole hill, then a Keyſars ſlaue:

Better it is mozt fiddlers to be chiete,

Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.

But iſt not ſtrange this mimick apes ſhould prize

Vnhappy Schollers at a hireling rate.

Vile world, that liſts them vp to hie degree,

And treades vs downe in groueling miſery.

*England* affordes thoſe glorious vagabonds,

That cartied earlt their fardels on their backes,

Courſers to ride on through the gazing ſtreetes,

Sooping it in their glaring Satten ſutes,

And Pages to atien & their maiſter ſhips:

With mouthing words that better wozd haue framed,

They purchaſe lands, and now Eſquiers are made.

*Phil.* What ere they ſeeme being euery the beſt,

They are but ſporting fortunes cornfullieſts.

*Stud.* So merry fortune is wont from ragges to take,

Some ragged growne and ſome ſome gail at make.

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

*Stud.* Now to the world we fiddle till a long.

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

Whoſe higheſt pitch in loweſt baſe doth end.

But ſee our fellowes vnto play are bent:

If not our mindes, lets tune our inſtrument.

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

Before we ſing to ſtranger company.

*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 nere found reſt?  
How can he keepe his time whome time nere 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 trayn'd ſt thy hapleſſe ſonne,  
In learnings loare, ſince bounteous almes are done.  
Ceafe, ceafe harſh tongue, vntuned muſicke reſt  
Intombe thy ſorrowes in thy hollow breſt.

*Stnd.* Thanks *Phil.* for thy pleaſant ſong,

Oh had this world a tutch of iuſter grieve,  
Hard rockes would weepe for want of our releife.

*Phil.* The cold of wo hath quite vntun'd my voyce,  
And made it too too harſh for liſtning 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 imperiouſly beg.

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

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

*Act. 5. Scena. 2.*

*Enter the two Pages.*

*Sir Radpa.* My maiſter bids me tell you that he is but new-  
ly fallen a ſleepe, and you baſe ſlaues muſt come and diſquiet  
him: what neuer a basket of Capons? maſſe, and if he comes,  
hee le commit you all.

*Amor. Pag.* Sirra *Jack*, ſhall you and I play Sir *Raderick*  
and *Amoreſſo*, and reward theſe fiddlers. Ile, my maiſter *Amo-*  
*retto*, and giue them as much as he uſeth.

**H**

*Sir*

*The returne from Parnassus.*

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

*Amor pag.* Good sayth this pleaseth my sweete mistres admirably: cannot you play twytty twarty foole, or to be at her, to be at her.

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

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

*Rad. pag.* Sir *Theon* : here are a couple of fellows broughe 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 cowne cannot make her slinck, she neuer goes to th coole, oh she is a most sweete little munkey. Please your worship good father yonder are some would speake with you.

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

Forasmuch 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 quarelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. *They call within.*

Sha ho, Richard, Iack.

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

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

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

*Rad. Page.* For that He 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 Peruassus.*

*Phil.* Farewell good wags, whose wits praise worth I deeme,  
Though somewhat waggish, so we all haue beene.

*Stud.* Faith fellow Fiddlers, heres no siluer found in this place,  
no not so much as the vsuall Christmas entertainment of Musi-  
sitians, a black Iack 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 straine,  
Our hearts strings broke, are nere to be tun'd againe.

*Stud.* Then let vs leaue this baser fiddling 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 wise:  
My busie conscience checkt my guilty soule,  
For seeking maintenance by bale vassallage,  
And then suggested to my seatching thought,  
A shepherds poore secure contented life,  
On which since then I doted every houre,  
And meant this same houre in sadder plight,  
To haue stolne from thee in secrecie of night.

*Studi.* Deare friend thou seem'st to wrong my soule too  
Thinking that *Studiofo* would account, (much,  
That fortune sowre, which thou accomptest sweete:  
Nor any life to me can sweeter be,  
Then happy swaines in plaine of *Arady*.

*Phil.* Why then lets both go spend our litle store,  
In the provision of due furniture:

A shepard's hooke, a tarbox and a scrippe,  
And halt vnto those sheepe adorned hills,  
Where it not blesse our fortunes we may blesse our

*Stud.* True mirth we may enioy in thacked stall, (wills.)  
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.

*Phil.* Weele therefore discharge thes: fiddlers. Fellow musi-  
tians, wee are tory that it hath beene your ill happe to haue

Ha

had

*The retorne from Pernaſſus.*

had vs in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owles, and night Rauent, 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 bidde you farewell.

Come *Stud*: let vs haſt away,  
Returning neare to this accuſed place.

*Actus 5. Scena. 3.*

*Enter Ingenioſo, & Academico.*

*Inge.* Faith *Academico*, it's the feare of that fellow, I meane the ſigne of the ſergeants head, that makes me to be ſo haſty to be gone: to be briefe *Academico*, writts are out for me, to apprehend mee for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of doggs. *Furor & Phantaſma* comes after, remoouing the campe, as faſt as they can: farewell, *Mea ſiquid uera ualebunt.*

*Acad.* Fayth *Ingenioſo*: I thinke the Vniuerſity is a melancholike life, for there a good fellow cannot ſit two howres 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 *Academico*?

*Stud.* The very ſame, who are thoſe, *Furor* and *Phantaſma*?

*Furor* takes a louſe off his ſleeue.

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

*Phan.* with 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.* *Multum refert quibuscum vixeris.*

*Non videmus Mantice quod in ſergo eſt.*

*Phil.* What *Furor* and *Phan.* too, our old colledge fellowes, let vs incounter them all. *Inge. Acad. Furor. Phantaſma.* God ſaue you all.

*Stud.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

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

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

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

*Fur.* What my supernaturall friends?

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

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

Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,

A ſhepherds 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.

*Stud.* Wee teach each tree cuen of the hardeſt kind,

To keepe our woſull name within their rinde.

Wee watch our flock, and yet weelee ſleepe withall,

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

The woods and rockes with our ſhrill ſongs weelee.

Let them proue kind, ſince men proue pittileſſe.

But ſay, whether are you and your 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 haſt, nor is it blame,

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

*Stu.* And well thou doſt from this ſond earth to flit,

Where moſt mens pens are hired Paraſites.

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

Sharply to wound the guilty world withall:

*The returne from Parnassus.*

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

*Ing.* These my companions still with me must wend,

*Acad.* Fury and Fantasie on good wits attend.

*Fur.* When I arrive within the ile of Doggs,  
Don Phoebus I will make thee kisse the pumpe.  
Thy one eye pries in euery Drapers stall,  
Yet neuer thinkes on poet *Furors* neede:  
*Furor* is lowsie, great *Furor* lowsie is,  
He make thee run this lowsie case I wis.  
And thou my cluttish landresse Cinthia,  
Nere thinkes on *Furors* linnen, *Furors* shirts:  
Thou and thy squirting boy *Endimion*,  
Lies flauering still vpon a lawlesse couch.  
*Furor* will haue thee carted through the dirt,  
That makest great poet *Furor* want his shirt.

*Ing.* Is not here a trus dogge that dare barke so boldly at  
the Moone.

*Phil.* Exclayming want and needy care and carke,  
Would make the mildest spright to bite and barke.

*Phan.* *Canes timidi vehementius latrant.* 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 cer-  
tayne lawyers, certayne great lumps of earth, as the *Arbians*  
call them, certayne grofers as wee tearme them, *quos ego sed  
motos praestat componere fluctus.*

*Ing.* We three vnto the snarling Island hast,  
And there our vexed breath in snarling wast.

*Phil.* We will be gone vnto the d'ownes 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 Ianuary:  
Weel chant our woes vpon an oaten reede,  
Whiles bleating flock vpon their supper feede:

*Stud.* So shall we shun the company of men,  
That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,  
Weel teach the murmuring brookes in tears to flow:  
And sleepey rocke to wayle our palled wo.

*Acad.*



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Acad.* A few you gentle ſpirits, long adew:

Your wits I loue and your ill fortunes rue:  
He haſt me to my Cambridge cell againe,  
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.

*Inge.* Adew good ſheppards, happy may you liue,  
And it heereafter in ſome ſecret ſhade,  
You ſhall recount poore ſchollers miſeries,  
Vouchſafe to mention with teares ſwelling eyes,

*Ingenioſes* thwarting deſtinyes,  
And thou ſtill happy *Academico*,  
That ſtill maiſt reſt vpon the muſes bed,  
Inioying there a quiet ſlumbering,  
When thou repayreſt vnto thy *Grantaes* ſtreaune,  
Wonder at thine owne bliſſe, pittie 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 plentiful ſtore,  
Thy wit deſerues 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 *Phantaſma* both adue.

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

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

*Furor.* Farewel my maſters, *Furor*'s a maſty dogge,  
Nor can with a ſmooth glozing farewel 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, duſty, ruſty, fuſly London,  
Thou art not worthy of great *Furors* wit,  
That cheateſt vertue of her due deſert,  
And ſufferreſt great *Apolloes* ſonne to want.

*Inge.*

*The returne from Parnassus.*

- Inge.* Nay stay a while and helpe me to content:  
So many gentle witts attention,  
Who kennes the lawes of euery comick stage,  
And wonders that our scene ends discontent.  
Ye ayrie witts subtrill,  
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 feeling hand,  
Hereafter may record the pastorall  
Of the two schollers of Parnassus 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 neuer they againe their heads shall reere,  
To blesse our art disgracing hemisphere.
- Inge.* Let them.  
*Furor.* Let them.  
*Phan.* Let them.  
*Acad.* And none but them.  
*Phil.* And none but them.  
*Stud.* And none but them.

§ All giue vs a  
Zplaudite.

FINIS.