

V.E.C.
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FIDELE AND FORTUNIO THE TWO ITALIAN GENTLEMEN

124181
1619112

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [No. 15]
1909

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This reprint of the *Two Italian Gentlemen* has been prepared by Percy Simpson and checked by the General Editor.

Mar. 1910.

W. W. Greg.

IN the Register of the Stationers' Company is found the following entry:

12/ Novembris/ [1584]

Receaved of him for printinge a booke entituled fedele et fortuna. The deceiptes in love Discoursed in a Commedia of ij Italyan gent and translated into Englishe./ vj^d/

Thomas
Hackett/

[Arber's Transcript, II. 437.]

There can be no doubt that this is the play now printed from the unfortunately imperfect quarto at Chatsworth, and very little that it is Hacket's original edition that thus survives. In the absence, however, of the title-page, it is impossible to say how closely the entry followed the wording of the original: evidently the names were Fedele and Fortunio, while the words 'Two Italian Gentlemen' occur both in the head and running titles. The exact extent of the imperfection cannot now be determined, but the extant six sheets signed B to G include the beginning of the text and almost bring the action to a conclusion at the end, so that it is highly probable that not more than two half-sheets A and H are missing. This would give an arrangement similar to that of *Patient Grissell*, a play to which, in spite of a probable difference in date of fifteen years, the present bears a close typographical resemblance. The quarto is printed in an ordinary black letter of a body resembling modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.), interspersed with roman. For reasons already explained in the case of *Patient Grissell* this has been rendered in the reprint by thin-leaded type of a body one size smaller.

In the original is inserted a cutting from a sale catalogue which runs as follows: '4642—The pleasaunt and fine conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen, with the merie devices of Captaine Crack-stone, in black letter, unique, from Mr. Inglis's collection, imperfect,

green morocco.' This is the entry of the play in the second part of the *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, the lot having been sold on 25 June 1834, when it fetched £20. The purchaser was Rodd, and the copy was clearly that acquired by the sixth Duke of Devonshire. As stated, Heber's copy had previously belonged to John Bellingham Inglis, and it is thus entered in his anonymous sale-catalogue of 'Old Plays,' dated 12 April 1826: '140 The pleasaunt and fine conceited Comœdie of Two Italian Gentlemen, with the merie Devices of Captaine Crack-stone (wants title and ending) black letter, unique, circa 1580.' At this sale it was purchased by Thorpe for £9 12s.

There is an allusion to the play by Nashe in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, where Importuno says: 'Yet for all he [i.e. Gabriel Harvey] is such a vaine *Basilisco* and *Captaine Crack-stone* in all his actions & conuersation, & swarmeth in vile Canniball words, there is some good matter in his booke against thee' (1596, sig. Q1^v).

The piece is adapted from an Italian play by Luigi Pasqualigo entitled *Il Fedele*, of which another and closer version is found in Abraham Fraunce's Latin comedy, preserved in manuscript at Penshurst, to which modern scholars have given the title *Victoria*.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 22. wh en | 374. down. |
| 40. haunt (hunt?) | 386. Exeunt |
| 76. prima | 404. be gin. (?) |
| 86. acquaintance, | 405. Porcum. |
| 99. If (¶ If) | -goosorumioftibus (?) |
| 100. longer: | 406. Fede (Fede-) |
| 102. stay: | 447. d'auenire |
| 107. looueyou, | 448. ch'io . . . m'increſce |
| 108. knew, | 450. m'amate, |
| 110. ſmiters: | 452. in (in-) |
| 117. quick: | 457. rob'd |
| 122. other | 473 c.w. were (Were) |
| 131. Schoolmaſter. | 503. harme: |
| 132. Injunctionis (?) | 505. play: |
| 137. a ſleep? | 510. Victoria, |
| 166. verſificantes (verſificantes.) | 542. good. |
| 175. rod, (?) | 563. Tempttor, (Temptator, ? |
| 194. Iflooue (?) | cf. l. 629) |
| 211 c.w. Oh (¶ Oh) | 571. ſighes, (ſighes, |
| 260. again. | i.e. ſighs) |
| 270. prima | 580. haoue hught |
| tertia, | 583 c.w. Haue (¶ Haue) |
| 278. thouſad . . . bee, | 588. dye: |
| 285. Pamphila, | 595. this (s damaged) |
| c.w. Miſtreſ (¶ Miſtreſ) | 596. him come, (an accid- |
| 286. A ttilia. | ental mark between |
| 293. kno we (?) | the words, reſembling |
| 314. what's | a hyphen) |
| 328. place, | 602. ho, ho. ho. |
| 340. deſtreſ: | 632. victoria |
| 360. Batte. (a ſpace before the | 702. Ima (Ima-) |
| ſtop) | 731. Powcounſaile |
| 362. inuiſible, | 735. will |
| c.w. Thou (¶ Thou) | 739. ADio. (?) |
| 363. Victoria, | 755. heer |
| 364. ſif, (?) | 756. ¶ I'e |
| 366. beholdethe | 771. meete, |

785. delitiously,
 786. ye,
 787. loue,
 789. delight,
 790. Attlia.
 795. Ah,
 805. Aedipus,
 808. frame,
 812, 829, 831, 841. Crack-ft
 833. Sit:
 834. Crack-
 842 c.w. How (¶ How)
 846. choose rather (an accidental
 mark between the words,
 resembling a comma)
 861. mee,
 865. tertia,
 876. maid:
 878. pꝛooue
 c.w. We (¶ We)
 887. dwell.
 888. greene.
 911. loue.
 917. iuing (liuing)
 929. T'is . . . praise worthy
 930. I' le (¶ le)
 935. desert. (desart.)
 Verg. (Virg.)
 944. Seena
 955. demonstratiuum,
 958. tongnes
 959. T'is
 967. flores.
 970. forgot,
 976, 980, 983, 985, 987. pedante.
 977. Fedele,
 979. liue,
 982. well,
 983. tell,
986. In deede (?)
 Fedele.
 988. see.
 993. there,
 1013. Sir, If
 1019. rascolly
 1054. diua (dira ?)
 1056, 1062. Crack-ft
 1057. t'is
 1061, 1070. T'is
 1092, 1094. pedante.
 1092. mistresse,
 1093. it,
 1103. pamphila.
 1104. shame.
 1105 c.w. ‡ No (1106. ¶ No)
 1108. moſte.
 1112. remoued.
 1114. Iſput
 1115. ‡ And
 1117. ‡ Whereof
 1124. pamphila.
 1138. free.
 1142. t'is
 1155. creake,
 1159. me,
 1171. hieſte,
 1179. hande,
 c.w. So (¶ So)
 1183. deuſle,
 1185. anon,
 1190. Victoria,
 1191. Fortunio,
 1199. T'is
 1200. a ſleepe.
 1201. ¶ But (But)
 1207. cleare,
 1208. Victoria,
 1223. T'is

1234. hell.
 1247. Mytople
 1255. woꝝdes,
 1256. Fortunio,
 1258. myght
 1259. behinde,
 1268. Calles (Calles,
 i.e. cauls)
 1288. please,
 1301. heer of
 1331. Watchmē
 1334. awoꝝde,
 1340. gr[]tett (small hole in
 paper)
 1393. Crack-ft
 1394. a fleepe,
 1395. T'is
 1399. afrezado,(?)
 1411. vn (vn-)
 1412. Victorla (?) . . . pray,
 1421, 1425, 1431. Crack-ft
 1432. chok'te
 1447, 1451, 1459. Crack-ft
 1468. hers,
 1471. night,
 1497. lik'te
 1505. T'is
 1511. Crack-ftone, (?)
 1520. gane. (?)
 1528. (leauē
 1531. heer.
 1532. appeare.
 1543. Crack-ft
 1562. see,

1563. Victoria
 1570. name,
 1571. Crack-ft
 1588. Crack-ft
 1589. T'is
 1592. to wne (?)
 1593. pourniēs
 1597. Crack-ft,
 1600. Crack-ft
 1624. is,
 1629. flitte,
 1634. ende,
 1635. freende,
 1636. vndone,
 1651. dowē,
 1653. Crack-ft
 1654. ¶ ¶ (¶)
 1663. speede,
 1666. sit? (sit.)
 1693. redeemde.
 1694. a fleepe,
 1705. woꝝldagaine.
 1708. ioy? (ioy.)
 1725. foꝝ giue
 1726. T'is
 1729. Crack-ft,
 1735. Genlewomās
 1738. bleede.
 1747. Myomi'te
 1750, 1756, 1773. Crack-ft
 1755. buttes,
 1757. see.
 1759. iniurie,
 1764. fo? (?)

Speakers' names, printed in the margin as runners, are liable to shift even if originally correct, which was not always so. In the following cases the name appears half a line, more or less, too high: ll. 79, 392-3, 426, 1076-7, 1539. In others the name appears half a line, more or less, too low: ll. 286-9, 292-6 (almost a whole line too low), 308-15,

521-7, 882-900, 918-946, 1103, 1193-9, 1305-1320, 1364-70, 1442-76. To this latter list should be added the cases of the directions at ll. 206 and 452-4, which may be intentional. Minor irregularities are frequent but are not worth recording.

The word 'Actus' is consistently treated as a feminine. The punctuation is often irregular. It has not been noted in the list except where it is seriously misleading or fails to mark the ends of speeches. It should be noticed that in the earlier portion in particular a colon is frequently used where we should expect only a comma. Commas are not infrequent at the ends of speeches in rapid dialogue, but all cases have been noted. A typographical peculiarity, which will be seen in the facsimiles, is the ligatured *xx* and *oo*. In the case of the *xx* ligature the first *x* bears an acute accent. The origin of this peculiar sort, which appears in a good many English black-letter founts, is not known, but as it is without present significance it has been disregarded in the reprint.

The margins of the original quarto have been somewhat closely cropped in binding, with the result that a few of the speakers' names have been cut into. Where sufficient of a letter remains to enable it to be readily identified no notice of the mutilation has been taken, where this is not the case resort has been had to brackets.

N.B.—A small error has crept into the line numbering, where 1319 is misprinted as 1119. Fortunately the misprint is an isolated one.

There are also six cases in which the text of the reprint has been found to be wrong. The correct readings are as follow:

405. iostibus:
619. *Whats*
847. *preld*.

885. Pamphila[
1047. *heggerly*
1428. *graints* (sic)

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of entrance.

FORTUNIO.	PAMPHILA, maid to Virginia.
Captain CRACK-STONE.	MEDUSA, an enchantress.
PEDANTE, tutor to Fedele.	VIRGINIA.
ATTILIA, maid to Victoria.	two Watchmen.
FEDELE.	SBIRRI, captain of the watch.
VICTORIA.	OTTAVIANO, father of Virginia.

The soldiers who enter with Sbirri at l. 1554 have no part, but are presumably the same as the watchmen of ll. 1309 and 1331. The scene is Naples.

The best thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who generously placed the original at the editor's disposal, as also to Mrs. S. A. Strong, till recently Librarian at Chatsworth, who was the first to report the whereabouts of the play, and kindly negotiated its temporary transfer to the British Museum.

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The pleasaunt and fine

*conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen, with the merie deuises of
Captaine Crack-stone.*

Actus prima.

Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio and Captain Crack-stone, Fortunio
shewing very sad countenance.

HE that discloseth to a friend the secrets of his minde:
Doth rob him selfe of libertie, besides we dayly finde,
That others counsels wil by such in euery eare be blowen:
As haue no power when time requires, to smother all their
Heaue and sad thow seest I am, but why my hart is soze: (sowne
Of curtesie content thy selfe and aske me that no more.

Fortunio.

¶ Heaue in deed and as heaue as lead,

Crack-
stone.

Either it is some of these same brenny quauers, or some kinde of
pricklong that runnes in his head. (rye of a Captain)

Heare you Maister Fortunio, by the honor of a Soldier, by the glo-
By all the Poleares and tozmenters, that theise hands haue slain,
Do but scoure your minde to mee, and shut vp your græf:

Either Ile finde you some ease, or you shalbe hangd for a thæf.

You knowe I am a good fellowe, nothing venture nothing haue,
If I had not put my carras to the Tibbet, I had not been thus bzaue.
So now, if you venture not to thewe some trusty body your minde:
It will be very long ere the dresser you finde.

And so peradventure you shall neuer be sped:

(bed.

For wh en the Cooke is out of the way, you must goe supperlesse to

¶ How findeth he redresse, that breakes his minde vnto a sole?

Fortunio.

Or what is learnd, where folly sets the wiser sozte to schole?

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

which Fedele taketh vp, and reades it at the lamp which burneth in the Temple.

What meaneth this? a letter: woe is mee,

Where shall I read it: light within the Temple I doe see.

¶ This græting me thinkes is none of the best:

Pedante.

I see by his countenance he likes not the rest.

¶ Ah cruell Dame that can dissemble so,

Fedele.

Dye poore Fedele, life thou must forgoe.

¶ What newes in your letter Sir, tell mee:

Pedante.

¶ Read it thy selfe and see.

Fedele.

Pedante readeth the Letter

La mia mala fortuna m'ha fatto d'auenire cosa che meglio farebbe ch'io non fusì nata, m'increfce non poter attenderui la promessa, ma più mi duole, che mi sia tolta la commodità del vederui, però se m'amate, non passate mai più di qua, perche sarete causa della mia rouina.

This is strange vpon strange, your dayes are out woone,

My fortune is such, that it had been better for mee

Pedante interprets the Letter.

I had neuer been woone.

My I am soe that I can not stand to my word:

And moe soe, that fortune to mee will not your presence afford.

With I am rob'd of your company whome moste I desire:

If you loue mee come no moe this way,

for breeding my trouble, and kindling of fier.

Here is a steeleles answer with all my hart,

You haue your errand Sir, now when you wil you may departe.

¶ It cannot be, but that Victoria hath an other loue:

Fedele.

Therefore I purpose presently, her priuie sleights to proue.

¶ You are the fearfullest gentleman that euer I knewe:

Pedante.

It is impossible that should be true.

Your owne doubtfulness tangles you still in the briers,

Did I neuer teach you: That a woman denies that in shewe,

which in deed she desires.

Are all those horrible othes which so oft she hath swoone,

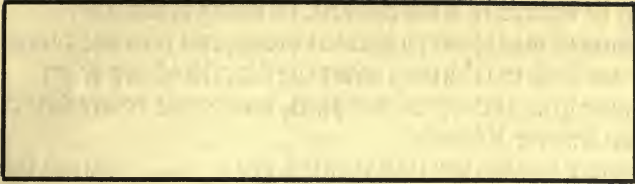
Any likelihood that she would leaue you forloone?

Remember her feares and her pitifull looks:

If she loue you not still, I dare burne my bookes.

¶ Poore, her othes and teares, and all thou canst repeat Fedele.

were



♣ The pleasaunt and fine

*conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gen-
tlemen, vvith the merie deuises of
Captaine Crack-stone.*

Actus prima.

Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio and Captain Crack-stone, Fortunio
shewing very sad countenance.

HE that discloseth to a freend the secrets of his minde: Fortunio.
Dooth rob him selfe of libertie, besides we dayly finde,
That others counceles wil by such in euery eare be blowen:
As haue no power when time requires, to smother all their
Heaue and sad thow seest I am, but why my hart is soze: (owne
Of curtesie content thy selfe and aske me that no moze.

I Heaue in deed and as heaue as lead, 10 Crack-
Either it is some of these same hzempe quauers, oz some kinde of stone.
pycklong that runnes in his head. (rye of a Captain:

Heare you Maister Fortunio, by the honoz of a Soldier, by the glo-
By all the Poleaxes and tormenters, that theise hands haue slain,
Doo but scoure your minde to mee, and shut vp your greef:

Either I le finde you some ease, oz you shalbe hangd for a theef.
You knowe I am a good fellowe, nothing venture nothing haue,
If I had not put my carcass to the Iibbet, I had not been thus hzaue.
So now, if you venture not to shewe some trusty body your minde:
It will be very long ere the dyetter you finde. 20

And so peraduenture you shall neuer be sped: (bed.
For wh en the Cooke is out of the way, you must goe supperlesse to
I How findeth he redyelle, that breakes his minde vnto a foole? Fortunio.
O what is leacnd, where folly sets the wiser sozte to schoole?

Bj.

Pet

Yet ſith he braues it with the beſt, in euery company:
 And knowes where euery gallant loues, and ſees the remedy,
 I will not ſtick to let him knowe the ſecrets of my hart:
 And make him partner of my pain, and priuie to my ſmart. 28
 Doo you knowe Victoria?

Crack- I Doo not I knowe her? what think yee? (tance with mee?
 ſtone. As though ere a proper gentlewoman in Naples were out of quain:

Fortunio. I Her haue I ſeen of late, and often by her windowe paſt:
 From which ſhee let a letter fall, which taking vp in haſt,
 I read, and found within deſcribde the frantique ſirs of looue:
 Whether it were for mee, or any els I cannot proue.
 Whether ſhe ſaine and baiſte her hookes the ſimple to beguile:
 Cannot be found, till wit by line haue meaſured euery wile.
 I knowe the loued Fedeſe once, beſore he went to Spain:
 And meanes perhaps to loue him ſtill, ſith hee's returnd again.
 Doo thou but liſt him for my ſake, and haunt out his deſire: 40
 And doubtles thou ſhalt haue of mee, thy Captains pay for hire.

Crack- I If this be all Sir, let mee alone,
 ſtone. About your buſineſſe you may be gone.
 I will feele Signior Fedeſes minde very cunningly:
 And return you an anſwer of this gear preſently.

Fortunio. I Giamercie, be truſtye.

Crack-ft. I As truſty as ſteele:

I haue no fault but one, I am ſomewhat ſhort in the heele.

Fortunio. I Mi raccomando.

Exit.

Crack-ft. I Baſilus Godpece for an olde Manus,

You ſhall not haue her at rack and maunger I trowe: 51
 Somewhat by this for mine owne proportion I knowe.
 When two bones are at ſtriſe for a dog, it is commonly ſeen:
 That the third comes and takes it, and wipes their mouthes cleen.
 I mean as you ſee mee in this braualitie:
 To be a ſuter to Victoria with all proſigalitie. (while:
 I brought Butter and Cheeſe hether to bittaile the Camp a great
 Many times I would nick them of their meaſure,
 and the Soldiers beguile.

Like a crafty knaue, by this meanes I got ſo much gain: 60
 That I bought this apparell of a Captain that was ſlain.
 And wearing the ſame abroad as you ſee:

The

of two Italian Gentlemen.

The Soldiers all the town ouer, make a Captain of mee.
One calles mee Captain Cheefe, an other Captain Trust:
An other haue Crack-stone, take which name ye lust.
The Gentlemen are euery one glad of my company: (mery.
Because I haue such a wilde woyme in my hed, as makes them all
The women they loue mee, Victoria is cheefe:
But shee hath been somewhat strange of late, therfore to be bryefe,
I thought some strawes were in the pad, that shee lookt so coy: 70
But now haue at her again, with a fresh hed in my toy.
I will first vnderpoyne Sir Fedele his minde to vnderstand:
See good luck, his Schoolmaister and her Maide are at hand.
As bothe of them freendly together doo walke:
I will sneke into a coynere and hearken to their talke. step aside.

Actus prima

Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante the Parasite, attired in a gown and cap
like a Schoolmaister, and with him Attilia.

I pray you maister Schoolmaister let me be gone: Attilia.
I haue haste on my way, Ile be at home again anone. 80
Sweet hart and bag pudding goe you so swiftly?
Haue with you then, doo ye lack any company? Pedante.
In faith Sir no.
I pray you tell me one thing before you parte,
I think you be somewhat wetherwise by your arte.
Doo you knowe me by acquaintance, or gesse you by ayme?
That you hit so right on my office in stead of my name?
I haue seen you before if I am not beguilde: (childe. Attilia.
You haue been Schoolmaister to maister Fedele euer since he was a
True sweet hart, but I pray thee be not angry with mee: Pedante.
But giue me leaue a little while to mooue a question to thee. 91
What is your name, and where doo you dwell?
Soft, there lay a strawe, that will I not tell. Attilia.
Alas poore Attilia, what meanes he by this?
If I stay with him long, my mistres Victoria her seruant wil misse.
About your busines good Sir, I pray you get you away:
I purpose not to tell you my name this day.
Be not so strange faire Lady, I knowe your name very well, Pedante.
And the name of your mistres, and the place where you dwell.

Bis.

If

- Attilia. ¶ If you doo, much good doo it you, I can tary no longer: 100
- Pedante. ¶ Then I perceiue I shall be driuen to try who is the stronger.
I shall tell you one thing if it please you to stay: (stop her.
- Attilia. ¶ Speak your minde quickly, a woord and away,
- Pedante. ¶ Bee not angry I beseech you, to hear that is true,
You are the fairest Creature that euer I did view.
- Attilia. ¶ What followes of this?
- Pedante. ¶ I like you, and looueyou, befoze all the
Creatures that euer I knew,
- Attilia. ¶ What ill luck is this? I see nothing that makes me to loue and
- Pedante. ¶ You might if you tride me, for I come of the smiters: (like you.
- Attilia. ¶ Great barkers are none of the greatest biters.
- Pedante. ¶ Good mistres Attilia, because you haue haste: 112
I will talke with you more, when your busines is past.
If I can be spared from my Maister so long, soon at night:
I will resozte to your house, and lay my meaning wide
open befoze your sight.
- Attilia. ¶ Farwel Sir Pedante, look you be not too quick: Exit.
- Pedante. ¶ What a drunken wooer am I that gaue her neuer a licke,
This falles out pat for my Maister Fedele, and comes in the nick.
By cogging and counterfaising looue, as you see:
If Attilia be so mad, as to like and looue mee, 121
By her all the Jugling of her mistres I shall knowe:
And finde whether any new comers,
haue set my Maister beside the cushin or no.
- Crack-
stone. ¶ This is as excrement for my proposition as can be desirede,
Soon at night like the Schoolmaister will I be attirde.
First come, first seru'd, if the maid be so freendly to let mee in:
Then Sa Sa Sa, the battaile will beginne.
With that Magnanimistrelle and mercy, that in mee dooth doe:
He make a conflict of the Mistres, and let the maid goe.
Farewell seely Schoolmaister. 131
- Pedante. ¶ this Injunction is not found in his Aduerb I trowe. Exit.
- ¶ These tidings wilbe ioyfull to my maister I am sure,
Who for loue of Victoria suffers many a sharp shouer:
Enter Fe-
dele. ¶ Doe where he comes walking by him selfe alone,
With his head full of thoughts, and his hart full of mone.
Rowse vp your wittes Sir, what are you a sleep?

Neuer be so hase minded to a woman to creep.
 See, see, your cap on your head, good manners forgot,
 Now you are come to your owne swinge, you knowe me not. 140
 Doo your dutie to your maister, good nurture is best:
 In via virtutis non progredi, regredi est.

¶ Alas my care so closeth vp my sight: Fedele.
 That all is lost, wherein I should delight.

¶ You knowe that it may be said of me, which was said of Vliesses, Pedante.
 Multorum hominum mores qui vidit et vrbes.

Therefore if you desire mee your cares to releue:

The best counsell I can, to you I will giue.

¶ You knowe Victoria is the cause of all my secret smart: Fedele.
 Victoriaes beautie is the worme, that gnawes me to the hart. 150

What counsaile now?

¶ Did not I teach you long agoe out of tragicall Seneca: Pedante.

His golden saying, duo omnium malorum foemina?

Did I not cause you with your pen in the margent of your book,
 to marke that place:

And yet will you be tooting on a beautifull face?

Which no otherwise banisheth, and away dooth goe:

Then water, that neuer returnes to the spring,
 from whence it did flowe.

Beautie is so tickle a foundation to bear any frame: 160

And looue so vncertain, that it throwes the house on his hed
 that built the same.

Whereupon I gaue you a good lesson of olde:

Euery letter therof would be witten in Golde.

Quod iuuat exiguum est, plus est quod laedit amantes:

They knowe what I mean that are versificautes

¶ If this colde comfort in my need, be all that I shall haue: Fedele.

Out of my sight. No succour at thy handes I mean to craue.

¶ Adultus Iuuenis tandem custode remoto: Pedante.

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper. 170

The right course of the world, now he runnes vpon wheelles:

Had I knowen this when you were a boy,

I would haue hamperd your heeles.

It were a good deed to set all your fortune at euen and od:

And let you alone till you are beaten with your owne rod.

Bisj.

But

A Pleasant Comœdie

But the looue that I bear to you euery day:
Will not suffer me to see this good witte cast away.
Some tidings I haue for you, therefore be not afraid:
I am growen in acquaintance with Victoriaes maid.
By whome I trust in the end to knowe:

180

What Suters to her Mistres resorte too and fro.

If nobody els do followe the game:

The spark that you left in her brest, will break out in a flame.

Fedeles. ¶ Thankes good Pedante, get thee home and leaue me heer a space:

To trye if I may meet with faire Victoria in this place.

Pedante. ¶ I knowe where to pick that the vaine may bleed:

See how faire he dooth speak, when his humour I feed.

This passeth Profodia, Sintaxis and all,

This the way to my profit to stoop to his call.

Exit.

Fedeles. ¶ Heer was I wunt to meet with her, and heer I mean to walke:

And sound her meaning if I may, by moouing her to talke.

191

Victoria setteth open the Casement of her windowe and with
her Lute in her hand playeth, and singeth this dittie.

Victoria.

If looue be like the flower that in the night,

When darknes drownes the glory of the Skyes:

Smelles sweet, and glitters in the gazers sight,

But when the gladsome Sun beginnes to rise,

And he that viewes it, would the same imbrace:

It withereth, and loofeth all his grace.

Why doo I looue and like the cursed Tree,

200

Whose buddes appeer, but fruite will not be seen:

Why doo I languish for the flower I see?

Whose root is rot, when all the leaues be green.

In such a case it is a point of skill:

To followe chaunce, and looue against my will.

Speake. Ah poore Victoria, heer it was thy guise,

To stand and see Fortunio passing by:

Whose loouely shape hath caught me by mine eyes,

And meanes to make me prisoner while I dye.

To gaze on him was life to mee before:

210

His absence death, because I see no more.

Oh

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Oh greedy looue that neuer seeleth glut,
How haue I boasted of Victoriaes grace?
With feare at last from fauour to be shut,
And lose the light of such a shining face?

Fedeles.

Shall neither teares, nor toyle, nor broken sleep:

Haue force enough a Ladies looue to keep?

And hath Fortunio now forgot the way.

Victoria.

Which by my windowe learnd of late to walke:

See the disturber of my peace this day,

220

Fedeles comes to proffer mee some talke.

Sith hee is heer, his patience I will proue:

Whome for Fortunios sake I cannot looue.

I serue a Mistres whiter then the snowe,
Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the Glasse:

Fedeles.

Finer in trip and swifter then the Roe,

More pleasant then the feeld of flowing Grasse.

More gladcome to my withering Ioyes that fade:

Then Winters Sun, or Sommers cooling shade,

Sweeter then swelling grape of ripest wine,

230

Softer then feathers of the fairest Swan:

Smoother then Jet, more stately then the Pine,

Fresher then Poplar, smaller then my span.

Clearer then Beauties fiery pointed beam:

Or the cruoke of Christalles frozen stream.

Yet is shee curster then the Beare by kinde,

And harder harted then the aged Oke:

More glib then Oyle, more sickle then the winde,

Stiffer then Steele, no sooner bent but broke.

Loe thus my seruice is a lasting loze:

240

Yet will I serue although I dye therfore.

Enter Victoria.

Now must I either fode him off with fained curtelle:

Victoria.

Or els be coy in talke, to rid mee of his company.

Shee offreth

Sir Fedeles well met, and so farwell, I must away:

to departe

My busines is such as will not suffer me to staye.

& he stay-

Mistres Victoria: let vs haue one woozd befoze yee goe,

Fedeles.

Oh looue, oh death, between you bothe, vouchsafe to rid my woe.

A wunder sure it is to see, how gentlemen complain:

Victoria.

What

What cark, what care, what hell on earth, for women they sustain.
 Your peace is war, your sleep is watching, and your ease is toyle:
 Your life is death, your mirth is mone, and your successe a foyle.
 These wooddes are vldē for ornaments to beautifie your stile: 253
 And these I think you followe, pooze Victoria to beguile.

Fedeles. ¶ If for your sake alone, more then for any other dame:
 I were not thus tormented, then, I graunt I were too blame.
 But sith your golden graces are the cause of all my greefe:
 Giue eare and credit to my plaint, and yeeld me some releefe.

Victoria. ¶ If this be true, why did you part? and stay so long in Spain:
 Delay breeds losse, either I thought you would not come again.
 Or els that change of company would alter your delight,
 And ablsnce put me out of minde, that shut me out of sight. 262
 Did not I say, that your departure would my death procure?

Fedeles. ¶ You did.

Victoria. ¶ And could you make me then to feele so sharp a shewe?

Fedeles. ¶ Speed hathē no lawe, the matter toucht my land and life so neer:
 That I was forste against my will, to stay no longer heer.
 But sith I haue dispatcht, according to mine owne desire:
 Loe heer I am to serue you still, in bitter frost, or fier.

Actus prima

Scena tertia,

270

Enter Attilia, Maid to Mistresse Victoria, with Pamphila,
 Maid to Mistres Virginia, and Medusa the Enchantresse
 with her box of enchantments vnder her arme.

Victoria. **D**Eparte Fedeles for this time, come to me soon at night,
 I will consider better of your plaint and heauie plight.
 My maid and other company dooth please into this place:

It were not good to make them all, acquainted with your case.

Fedeles. ¶ A thousand thanks, this in your ear, let that the token bee, Exit.

Victoria. ¶ I knowe your meaning Sir, farwell, referre the rest to mee.
 Alas pooze soule, he little knowes, how colde a lute he hathē,
 He must be dallied with a while, for fear of after scarthe. 281

Attilia. ¶ And must you seek Fedeles out?

Pamphila. ¶ I must.

Attilia. ¶ But to what end?

Pamphila, ¶ To craue of curtesie, that he would stand my Mistres freend.

Mistres

¶ Mistres Virginia:

¶ The same.

¶ In what matter I pray.

¶ That's counsaile vnto you, I must not euery thing betray.
And yet by her, so bitter is the taste of looue, I finde:

That gall were sweeter to the mouth, and better to the minde.

¶ I haue the Hare on foot.

¶ But knowe you where Fedele is?

¶ Him at his house, or walking in the street you shall not misse.

¶ Farewell, I will goe seek him straight.

¶ Yet finde him not too soon:

Alas poore soule, her sute is colde before it be begun.

Loe heer the common fault of looue, to followe her that flies:

And flye from her that makes pursuite, with loud lamenting cryes.

Fedele looues Victoria, and shee hath him forgot:

Virginia likes Fedele best, and hee regardes her not.

¶ A foolish looue, and loouers that look not to theire state,

But swimme against the tide, and then repent when tis too late.

If wee could learne to seek to them, that vnto vs doo sue:

The match were made, and wee should haue no cause at all to rue.

When wee be coy, and holde our freendes aloofe at cap and knee:

The Hart is marde, and euery eye our folly then dooth see.

¶ What talke you there Attilia?

¶ No hurt at all to you.

¶ What newes?

¶ Good, sweet, and ioyfull newes, Mistres I hyng you now.

¶ Hast thou met with Fortunio?

¶ Not so.

¶ Then what's the newes?

¶ As I was walking through the streets alone:

Deuising how to finde a remedie to cure your mone,

I met Medusa with her box and trinckets as you see:

Whose cunning shortly shall deuise, the way to set you free.

¶ No way without Fortunio.

¶ Fortunio you shall haue:

Be not afraid therfore in this: this womans aide to craue.

Shee can enchant, and wooke wonders, by Magicks learned art:

Shee can with woodes, with charmes and hearbes, giue you Fortu-
nioes hart.

Attilia.

Pamphila[

Attilia.

Pamphila[

290

Attilia.

Pamphila[

Attilia.

Exit. Pamphila[

Attilia.

301

Medusa.

310

Victoria.

Attilia.

Victoria.

Attilia.

Victoria.

Attilia.

Victoria.

Attilia.

Victoria.

320 Attilia.

Make much of her.

Victoria. ¶ Ah foole, I knowe that looue is such a passion of the minde:
As neither Ayre Sprites can rule, nor force of Magick binde.

Attilia. ¶ Yet trye her cunning, sith that I haue brought her into place,

Victoria. ¶ Medusa, will thy drugges procure a pining loouer grace?

Medusa. ¶ Mistres, they will.

330

Victoria. ¶ Open thy box and let me see thy store:

Let me haue that shall pleasure me, Ile pay thee well therfore.

Medusa. ¶ Heer is an Egge of a black Hen, a quill pluckt from a Crowe,
Who with this pen wrytes on this Egge, a charme þ I doo knowe
And names the party whome they like: the same shall looue again,
What think you of this remedye?

Attilia. ¶ This remedye is vaine.

Look farther yet into your box, some other medicin prooue:
Because my Mistres cares not for the single iuice of looue.
She craueth more, shee must enioy the party shee desires:

340

Victoria. ¶ fye, holde thy peace.

Attilia. ¶ Els hath shee not the thing that shee requires.

Medusa. ¶ Loe heer a Spoonfull of a Virgins milke,
Incorporated with a peece of dowe:
Powdred with cinders of fine Spanish Silke,
And steeped in the licquor of a Slowe.

On thone side wryte Venus and Cupids name:

On thother his that loou'd, then take the same
And boyle it on the coales vnto a crust,
Basting it well with hony dropes and oyle:
Giue it to him you looue, to kindle lust,
And then your lute shall neuer suffer foyle.

350

This will so binde the gallant whome you choose:

That he shall nere him selfe heerafter loose.

Attilia. ¶ All this is to no purpose, yet me thinks you are too wide:
What pleasure can my Mistres haue so long as he is tied?

Victoria. ¶ Shee meanes not tied in hand or foot, but bound to be my slaue:
In all the seruices and duties that I mean to craue.

Medusa. ¶ Heere are two hartes, the one was taken out of a black Cat:
The other from a Pigion: heer is the blood of a Batte.
Heere is a peece of Virgin ware, heers an inchaunted Bean,
To make you goe inuisible,

360

of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ You knowe not what I mean.

Victoria,
Attilia.

¶ These thinges are pretty, but they are not for my Mistres fit,
For if she be inuisible, I pray what profits it?

She shall beholder the man, whome she delighteth moste to see:

But beeing hid: she neuer can enioye his compaignie.

Yet she we vs moze.

¶ Heer's thinges will make men melt in fittes of looue,
A wanton Goates braine, and the Luer of a purple Dooue. 370

A Cockes eye, and a Capons spurre, the left legge of a Quasle:

A Goose bill, and a Ganders tung, a mounting Eagles tayle.

But sith they must be taken in thincreasing of the Moone:

Before the rising of the Sun, or when the same is down.

And closely wrapt in Virgin parchment on a Fryday night:

I will not trouble you with these.

Medusa.

¶ Of moze lets haue a sight.

Victoria.
Medusa.

¶ Heer is the Image of a man, made out in Virgin ware,
Which beeing pickt, or toasted in the flame of burning Flaxe.

Hee that you looue shall come and throwe him selfe before your feet:

More humble then a Lambe, to doo what you shall think is meet.

¶ That is it.

382 Victoria.

¶ This is it must doo my Mistres good:

Attilia.

By Images it must be wrought, Looue is a holy Rood.

¶ Wee must withdraue our selues aside, and woork it out of sight: Medusa.

¶ Enter my house, the Sun is set, & now begins the night. Exeunt Victoria.

The first Act beeing ended, the Consorte of Musique
soundeth a pleasant Galliard.

Actus secunda.

Scena prima.

Enter Captain Crack-stone, disguised like a Schoolmaister, in
the apparell of Pedante, with a book in his hand.

SOfte, for it is night, I must not make any noyse I trowe: 392 Crack-
stone.
He thinks this apparell makes me learnd,
which of all these Starres doo I knowe.

Wonder is the green Dog, and the blew Beare,
Harry Hoxners Birdle, and the Lyons eare.

He thinkes I should spowt Lattin before I beware,
C is.

Argus

A Pleasant Comœdie

Argus mecum inputare?

Cur Canis tollit poplitem,

Cum mingit in parietem?

400

Alice tittle tattle Mistres Victoriaes Maid:

If I speake like the Schoolmaister, thee will neuer be afraid.

As soon as she opens the doore to let mee in:

With my Ropericall aliquanci I will begin.

Swinum, Velum, Porcum. Graye-gosorum iostibus

Enter Fede Rentibus dentibus, losadishibus, come after vs.

le and Pe- I haue berayed my selfe I think with speaking so high:

dante. This is Sir Fedele that is so nigh.

Till he be past it were not good for mee to appeere:

Therefore Ile slip into the Temple,

410

and hide me in the Tombe that standeth heere.

Fedele. ¶ Too straunge it is, that when I should reioyce,

A chilling feare dooth sit through euery vaine:

And when I hope to heare Victoriaes voice,

Doubt throwes me downe into dispaire again.

The comfort that she gaue me, was so colde:

That for my life I dare not be too bolde.

Pedante. ¶ Degeneres animos timor arguit,

faint hart neuer wun faire Lady they say:

And Amor odit inertes, take that by the way.

420

Seeing thee appointed this time, forward with a courage,
neuer stand you in doubt:

Imagination many times fetcheth wunders about.

Not because it changeth the course of the thing you would finde:

But because it dooth rule and gouern the minde.

Fedele. ¶ I shuer still, come beare me company,

Untill thou seest mee nearer to the doore:

Thy speech dooth giue me comfort mightily,

And egges me on vnto it more and more.

Pedante. ¶ Andate allegramente, you are right vnder her windowe now:

What shall I doo, will you haue me to leaue you?

431

Fedele. ¶ Not so, but stay vntill thou seest me in:

To giue the signe I purpose to begin.

Heer let him either taste a Flute or whistle, at the sound wher-
of: Victoria comes to the windowe, and throwes out a letter,
which

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

which Fedele taketh vp, and reades it at the lamp which burneth in the Temple.

What meaneth this? a letter: woe is mee,
Where shall I read it? light within the Temple I doo see.

¶ This greeting me thinkes is none of the best:

Pedante.

I see by his countenance he likes not the rest.

441

¶ Ah cruell Dame that can dissemble so,

Fedele.

Dye poore Fedele, life thou must forgoe.

¶ What newes in your letter Sir, tell mee?

Pedante.

¶ Read it thy selfe and see.

Fedele.

Pedante readeth the Letter

La mia mala fortuna m'ha fatto d'auenire cosa che meglio farebbe ch'io non fusse nata, m'incresce non poter attenderui la promessa, ma più mi duole, che mi sia tolta la commodita del vederui, però se m'amate, non passate mai più di qua, perche sarete causa della mia rouina.

451

This is strange vpon strange, your dayes are out woyn,

Pedante interprets the Letter.

,, My fortune is such, that it had been better for mee

I had neuer been hoyn.

,, I am sorry that I can not stand to my woord:

,, And more sorry, that fortune to mee will not your presence affoord.

,, Sith I am rob'd of your company whome moste I desire:

,, If you looue mee come no more this way,

for breeding my trouble, and kindling of fier.

Heer is a sleeueles answer with all my hart,

460

You haue your errand Sir, now when you wil you may departe.

¶ It cannot bee, but that Victoria hath an other looue:

Fedele.

Therefore I purpose presently, her p'suie sleights to p'proue.

¶ You are the fearfullest gentleman that euer I knewe:

Pedante.

It is impossible that should be true.

Your owne doubtfullnes tangles you still in the byers,

Did I neuer teach you: That a woman denies that in shewe,
which in deed shee desires.

Are all those horrible othes which so oft shee hath swoyn,

Any likelihode that shee would leaue you forloyn?

470

Remember her teares and her pitifull lookes:

If shee looue you not still, I dare burne my bookes.

¶ No no, her othes and teares, and lookes, and all thou canst repeat Fedele.

were

A Pleasant Comoedie

Were but as shadowes finely cast, to couer her deceit.
But sith I finde her as shee is, I will reuenge the wrong:
Or dye the death in this attempt, because I liue too long.

Pedante. ¶ You are to hasty a Soldier, too the battaile to goe,
If you will be reuenged ere your enemy you knowe.

Fedele. ¶ Mine enemies I purpose straight to try,
Hide thee within some priuie corner heer: 480
Be dilligent to mark who passeth by,
And if that any other man appeere
Either to enter, or to issue out,
Hark what he is, and put mee out of doubt. Exit.

Pedante. ¶ Farwell Sir, commit the care to my hande,
As close as I can, in this place I wil stand.
Vnseen vnto any, yet bewing of all:
A pretty scowte let to take a knaue in a pit-fall.
Wonder come some, whatsoeuer they bee,
Stand close Pedante, that no body see. 490

Actus secunda.

Scena secunda.

Enter Medusa, Victoria, and Attilia, disguised like Nunnes,
with lighted Tapers in their handes.

Crack-stone listes vp his head out of the Tombe, and ducks
downe againe, speaking this as followeth.

Crack-st. ¶ A rope on these passengers, I am in a miserable plight,
I think I shall not get out of this place this night.

Medusa. ¶ 'Tis almoste one a clock, the fittest houre to binde the Sprites:
And compas euery thing, that best may further your delights.

Victoria. ¶ Then let vs goe. 500

Pedante. ¶ O che cricca di vacche? what cattell haue we heare?
Be they women, or deuils in the likenes of women that appeare?

Attilia. ¶ Mistres take heed we be not spide, for that may breed vs harme:

Victoria. ¶ No, no, but like a sorte of Nunnes vnto the Church we swarme.

Medusa. ¶ Enter the Chappell, we will make as though we ment to pray:

Victoria. ¶ Read good Medusa.

Pedante. ¶ Ah miserable Pedante, would I were away,

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

I quier so fast, that I feele no ground:

This a company of witches I hould forty pound.

¶ When begin you sweet hart?

510 Victoria,
Attilia.

¶ Make haste you had need,

The day will appoche, and the night gon with speed.

¶ A rope on them all, they goe a catter-walling I throw,

Pedante.

Whome they meane to torment I would gladly knowe.

¶ This water and this oyle I haue, is conured as you see,

Medusa.

In the name of those Sprites that written on this Image bee.

Now must I write the name of him whom you so much doo loue:

Then binde these Sprites, him to the like affection for to moue.

I charge you as you meane to purchase fauour in his sight:

And by the vertue of mine art, tell me his name aright.

520

¶ Fortunio.

Victoria.

¶ That's he that dooth my maister Fedele disgrace,

Pedante.

And this is Victoria disguised in place.

¶ Pour name vpon the brest, his on the forehead must I write,

Medusa.

Then coniure, now it is the stillest time of all the night.

¶ Doe so.

Victoria.

¶ I coniure thee thou wahren Image heere,

Medusa.

By Venus fruitfull wombe that Cupid bare:

That in Fortunios name thy force appeare,

To comfort saye Victoria ful of care.

530

That by the vertue of mine Art thou be:

In this her greef a present remedy:

I coniure thee Fortunio at the length,

By head, eyes, eares, thy liuer and thy hart:

Thy Guttes, thy baines, flesh, blood, bones, sinewes, strength,

Thy lights, thy lungs, feet, hands, and euery parte.

That presently thy brest be set on fier:

And all thy bowels boyle with hot desire.

Look that by night thou take no quiet rest,

By day thou lothe thy comfortable food:

540

Let euery ioy be daggers to thy brest,

See, heare, and touch naught that may doo thee good.

Till fancy make thee for a loue meet,

And throw thee down before Victoriaes feet.

Look that the neuer passe out of thy minde,

But

But paint her heavenly face in euery thought:
 Loue her aboue all Creatures of her kinde,
 Prosper not, till by thee her ioyes be wrought.

But waste as this melts at the candles flame:

Amen, fiat, fiat, in Cupidoes name.

550

Victoria. ¶ What haue you doon? and is the Spirit come by that you do call?

Pedante. ¶ The greatest feend of hell come and take you all.

Medusa. ¶ With oyle of Virgin ware I thee annointe,
 And signe, and marke thee with the holy Crosse:
 In Venus name, I water euery soynt.
 That loouie by thee may neuer suffer losse.

Victoria. ¶ Now haue you doon?

Medusa. ¶ It must be prickt, and set in greater heat:
 Then the Spirits bound, before it doo the feat.

Attilia. ¶ Make haste.

(writ:

Medusa. ¶ I Coniure you yee Sprites, whose names are on this Image
 And now rehearse you one by one, in order as you sit.

562

Nettabor, Temapttor, Vigilator, Somniator, Astarot, Berliche,
 Buffon, Amachon, Suchon, Sustani, Asmodeus.

Pedante. ¶ Ottomanus, Sophye, Turke, and the great Cham:
 Robin goodfellowe, Hobgoblin, the deuill and his dam.
 O vi possono portar in precipitio.

Medusa. ¶ I coniure you, you foule infernall knot of baser Sprites,
 By the mosse Mighty power and force of that great God of looue:
 Bothe by the Bowe and dreadfull dint of all his feathered Flights,
 And by his wingges, and by the smoake of loouers scalding sighes.
 And by the smart and sorowe, that this troubled dame dooth proue:
 By all the Planets that our hartes, to hate or liking moue.

By the desires of her that hath Victoria vnto name:

574

By Venus fillet, and the goulden pleasures of her game.

Breake loose I say, and trudge with hasty foot out of your denne,
 Hunt and pursue, besturre your selues to seek Fortunio out:
 Forsake with speed the stincking fogge of that your ugly senne,
 Possesse, and chace him, see that you returne no more again,
 Till you haoue bught him down and humbled him, if he be stout,
 Driue him with your tormenting gnawe, the Citie round about.
 Goe make his bed of Thistles, and his seat of picking thorne:

Untill you bying him hether vnto her that is forloyned.

583

Haue

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Haue you doon Medusa? Victoria.
 ¶ Now must I stick a needle in his hart, Medusa.
 And prick him with the point, befoze we parte.
 ¶ I pray you prick him well. Attilia.
 ¶ If that I strike the needle through, the gentleman will dye: Medusa.
 ¶ Then spare him good Medusa, touch him tenderly. 589 Victoria.

Heer they throw their candles into the Tombe where Crack-
 stone lyeth.

¶ Now haue I doon, follow and throw your Tapers out of hand, Medusa.
 Into this Tombe that as you see, hard by vs heer dboth stand:
 Set her vnto their feet, and toast the coxles of the dead,
 That long haue slept within this place since they were buried.
 ¶ But will this make him come, and then submit him selfe to mee? Victoria.
 ¶ Distres it wil, and you theuent therof shall shortly see: Medusa.

Crack-stone riseth out of the Tombe with one candel in his
 mouth, and in eche hand one. The women and Pedante fly,
 crying the deuil the deuil. The women let fall the Image, and
 Crack-stone taketh it vp. 601

¶ All is mine, ho, ho. ho. All is mine, Crack-
 Devils were smocks, in this latter time. (seen: stone.
 Such sights, as among the bones of the dead in this Tombe I haue
 Would haue made any man but my selfe,
 out of his wittes to haue been.
 Good Lord: once me thought I saw my Grandam trot round about
 me in her gray peticote and her red cap,
 Neuer since I was borne, was I taken in such a trap.
 Another time me thought I saw the soules, 610
 of all them that died for loue,
 Cry out vpon Lady Vengeance, one that was such a fair
 woman as nothing could moue.
 Little Cuprit him selfe in the bottome of hell:
 Curst fayer Lady Pilcher, for burning his skin with a Lamprell.
 This coniugation put me in a terrible feare,
 If it had continued longer, Termagant, Rawhead, Roste-meat, and
 Eatbread, and all the armies of Devils had been heer.
 What this? Somewhat I perceauie they haue let fall for haste,
 An

An Image in waxe very pretely caste.
 Fortunio is witten in the forehead of the same,
 And sumpe vpon his belly Victoriaes name.
 This fallerth out very well for me,
 I'll sende this to Fedele that he and Fortunio the same may se.
 This will make them to hate her wonderfully,
 Then shall I haue her in spight of the pye.
 What haue we here? a needle in his heart,
 And names of Augrem wytte round about it with Margaris arte.
 Nettabor, Temptator, Viglator, and Buffon.
 They come, they come, they come, tis time to be gone. Run away.

Actus secunda.

Sena tertia.

631

Enter victoria and Attilia.

Victoria. ¶ In such a feare at rising of the spirites wee all were cast,
 That being scarde, we lost our way and Image too at last.
 I maruell where Medusa is?
 Attilia. ¶ Shee tooke her to her heeles, — 636
 And time I trowe, for all þ world me thought did rüne on wheelles.
 Victoria. ¶ Sith this enchanting takes no place, go seeke Fortunio streighte,
 And tell him that to speake with him his pleasure I do wayte.
 A worde or two will serue my turne, goe seeke him out of hand,
 Attilia. ¶ Where shall I seeke him? for I knowe not where his house doth
 Victoria. ¶ By þ Piazza, there I am sure þ thou shalt see him walke, (stand.
 Spending the time with one or other of his friends in talke.
 Attilia. ¶ I goe. Exit.

Actus secunda.

Sena quarta.

645

Enter Fedele whispering with Pedante.

Victoria. ¶ I was so troubled in my minde, with fright of sudden feare,
 That yet I feele my sinewes shake, and tremble euery where.
 Alas looke where Fedele comes, I cannot scape vnseene,
 He is importunate, I knowe not how to ridde me of him cleene.
 Fedele. ¶ Ah cursed dames, their loue is like a flame,
 Quiuering in th'Appe betweene too blastes of wynde, 652
 Bozne here and there, by either of the same.

¶ Et

Yet properly to none of both enclinde.

Hate and disdaine is painted in their eyes,

Deceit and treason in their bosome lies.

Their promises are made of brittle glasse,

Grounde with a fillop to the finest dust,

Their thoughtes as streaming riuers swiftly passe.

Their wordes are oyle, and yet they gather rust.

660

Their vertues mount like billowes to the skyes,

And vanish straight out of the gazers eyes.

True are they neuer founde but in vntrueth,

Constant in naught, but in inconstancie,

The common foes of weale, and fluddes of rueth.

Deuouring cankers of mans libertie.

Here doth the staine of modestie abide:

And throwdingly desires her selfe to hide.

But get thee streight to Sir Fortunio.

Will him to come and speake a word with me,

670

Haste and poste haste with speede see that thou goe,

That he this treacherie may quickly see.

Meane while on her whole face beginses to glow:

The burden of my brest I meane to throw.

¶ Then take you this Image of ware that you see,

Pedante.

Crackstone the Captaine deliuered it to mee.

Being his turne as he said for to watch this night,

And breaking vp sentinel when it began to be light.

This Image he tould me in the streete he founde,

Lying harde by the chappell vpon the grounde.

680

This is the same that was made to inchante Fortunio,

Beholde it and see whether I say trueth or no.

¶ He plowghes the seas, and fishes in the lande,

Fedeles.

And loseth all the labour of them both,

He fondly reares his fortrell on the lande.

That buildes his trust vpon a womans troth.

But get thee hence about thy businesse,

That I may talke with this my good mistresse.

¶ A Dio.

Exit. Pedante.

¶ Well met good Sir Fedeles, whats the cause

690 Victoria.

Of these your troubled lookes that I beholde,

D.ii.

What

What rain is threathed by these stormy flawes:
Which by your gate, and gesture you vnfolde?
Is loue the spark that kindels all this fier:
Or doo you lack the fruit of your desire?

F]edeles. ¶ The cause that lets my gestures out of frame,
Is in your selfe if you doo search the same.

V]ictoria. ¶ And why good Sir?

698

F]edeles. ¶ What make you heer so early in the street?

V]ictoria. ¶ My longing thoughts did prophesie, that heer I should you meet.

F]edeles. ¶ Not mee but Sir Fortunio: you know this I am suer: Shew her
And what by magick you haue doon, his fauour to procure. the Ima
I neuer thought so fayze a dame, had been so soule within, ge.
But sith continued seruice, had no force thy grace to win:
Be suer vnthankful wretch, perjur'd and moste disloyall dame:
I will not rest, befoze I bee reuenged of the same.

This to Fortunio presently I purpose shall be shewn:

And open hute of thy reproche, throughout the Citie blown. 708

All that in Naples dwell this day, shall wonder at this deed,
And euery wounding tung shall make thine honoꝝ now to bleed.

My selfe will help to teare the hart, out of thy body quick,

And giue thy crimson coulered blood, vnto the dogs to lick.

So liuely wil I blaze thee out, to euery gazers eye:

That though thy carcas rot and waste, thy shame shall neuer dye.

As busy will I bee to plague thee moze then is exprest:

As thou wast cunning to deceiue the man that lou'd thee best.

Victoria. ¶ I think you are disposed to iest, and make some triall heere,

How trimly you can tread aloft to thunder in mine eare.

For when I slide into my selfe, and there examine well,

What I haue doon, I finde I neuer from Fedele fell. 720

And yet I see your hart still workes, by which I doo suspect,

Some Sicophants would make you, your Victoria to reiect.

But pacience is a vertue, as the woorthiest wits doo say,

My loue to you, deserues not that you vttered heer this day.

F]edeles. ¶ Yes that, and moze, in thee's no trueth, loue, faith, noꝝ loyaltie,

But lies, dissembling, falshood, hate, sin, shame, and sorcery.

Bestur thy selfe, enchaunt, and confure now and doo thy woork,

The day thow knewst vs both, shall shortly be by thee accurst.

Victoria. ¶ I am not priuy vnto this, noꝝ know Fortunio.

Ah poore Victoria thou art caught, alas what shall I doo?

730

Now counsaile me Attilia, Attilia, is not heer:

Where be my gallants now, will not Crack-stone appeare?

Now is the time for thee Crack-stone my hart to gaine,

Oh saue my life, and him dispatch that dooth mine hono^r staine.

Doo this and then I will be thine, and listen to thy sute,

But til that I may speak with him, tis best that I be mute.

Farwell Sir, be not rash, but Iudge, I cannot answere much:

More you shall know when time hath tried,

my truth by perfect tuch. A Dio.

Exit.

¶ A diauolo.

740 Fedele.

As I haue known thee, so shall Sir Fortunio know thee straight,
For whome I sent, and heer he comes, whose comming I doo wait.

Actus secunda.

Scena quinta.

Enter Fortunio with Pedante.

¶ Est mora damnosa, pray let vs away,

Pedante.

For yonder my Maister your comming dooth stay.

¶ Sir Fedele God saue you.

Fortunio.

¶ And you Sir Fortunio,

Fedele.

I was so bolde to charge my man, vnto your house to goe.

Matters of waight I haue to you, of freendship to imparte:

750

¶ My leasure serues, and I will stand, to heer withall my hart.

Fortunio.

¶ Not so, but sith it asketh time, if you will take the pain,

Fedele.

To walke with mee vnto my house, there wil I tell you plain.

Both what I saw and heard of late, which toucheth you so neer:

That you will giue mee thanks I know, when you the matter heer

¶ Goe when you please I'll beare you company,

Exeunt Fedele Fortunio.

¶ Pedante you may walke abroad,

le & Fortunio Fedele.

till Dinner draweth ny.

arme in arme.

¶ With a good wil Sir, thats the thing I desire,

Pedante.

But if I meet not Attillia, the fat is in the fier.

760

For my Maisters sake, I began to loue her in self,

And may chaunce to swallow a Bugdion in earnest.

For loue is a Fox, he beginneth at first by dalliance and play:

Then encreaseth his gettings euery day.

Enter Attilia.

Oh deus adiunxit nostris sua numina votis.

Beholde I beseech you my delicate Mistris.

D. iij.

Some:

Somewhat hanges in the winde, that makes her to lower,
What ayle you sweete hearte why looke you so lower?

Attilia. ¶ My mistresse weepes.

769

Pedante. ¶ Heighe ho, whats the cause?

Attilia. ¶ She bade me seeke a friend of hers, with whom I can not meete,

Pedante. ¶ Apply warme clothes to her stomacke, and looke that she take no

Attilia. ¶ Are you a Philition? (colde of her feete.

Pedante. ¶ I forsooth for a woman.

Attilia. ¶ So me thought by the talke, that before you did moue,

I pray Sir, what was it you sayde of loue.

Pedante. ¶ Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimus illo.

I dare not tell you the meaning, lest I make your cheekes gloe.

But if it be true that the Poet doeth sing,

He is not a man that feeles not loues sting.

780

I will be in loue as soone as I can,

Because I would haue euery body count me a man.

Attilia. ¶ I heard a tale of Florio, not scarce thre or foure dayes passe,

And Biancosiore whose sweete loue was hony to my taste.

Pedante. ¶ Is loue so delitious,

Attilia. ¶ It is, I assure ye,

Pedante. ¶ Then I am in loue,

Attilia. ¶ With whome I pray thee.

Pedante. ¶ With thee my delight,

Attilia. ¶ I am soze, you take not your marke aright.

790

Stande backe Pedante thou presume, I am not as you deeme,

So quickly wonne, my name and honour lightly to esteeme.

Pedante. ¶ Discourtesie killes me. ¶ Proffer to embrace her.

Attilia. ¶ Away when I bid pee.

Pedante. ¶ Ah, Here let him counterfaite the passion of loue by
lookes and iecture.

Attilia. ¶ Shewe all the passions that you can, yet will not I be wonne,

To serue you as a friend of mine to one of late hath done.

For louing one, as might be you, order to him the gaue,

799

In beggers weede to come to the doore, an almes of her to craue.

And so he did, she let him in, but what was his rewarde,

I cannot tell, hearing the tale I did not it regarde.

I gesse they dyunke a posset when her mistresse was a sleepe,

Come not you so to me, our doozes I purpose fast to keepe.

¶ Dauus

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Daurus sum non Aedipus, in parables now she begins to flow, Pedante.
 I may chance to trye whether I shalbe welcome or no.
 Farewell mistresse Attilia, I am to proude my selfe vnto begging to
 ¶ So continue lesse at laste you repent the same. (frame, Exit. Attilia.
 Now he is gone, Crackstone the captaine I must finde,
 And to bying him to my mistresse straight to vnderstand her minde.
 Long hath he sued to be her slaue, now must he shew the same, Enter
 And set himselfe against Fedele to remoue her shame. Crack-ft
 Good lucke, he comes. 813
 ¶ Nay looke for no more Latine now my gowne is gone,
 My learning with my reparrell goes off and on. Crack-ft.
 I would I could meete with master Pedayntrye,
 To knowe what his maister saith to the chauntrye.
 I beleue it is as heauy as lead to relesse,
 And therefore while time serues me to take the same I were best.
 Powe will I to winne mistresse Victoria take some payne,
 While she is quite out of fauour with them twayne. 821
 Wonders her mayde, I'le salute her by and bye,
 Mistresse alice tittle tattle, well met of mine honestie.
 How doeth your mistresse.
 ¶ As well as she may,
 And very desirous to speake with you to day. Attilia.
 ¶ What would she?
 Crack-ft.
 ¶ I knowe not. Attilia.
 ¶ Doe you speake as you thinke?
 Crack-ft.
 ¶ I haue no cause Sir from the trueth to shrinke. 830 Attilia.
 ¶ I knowe not what I should say, for she doeth me iniurie,
 Crack-ft
 That regardeth no more my seruice and brauerie.
 ¶ Oh say not so Sir: Attilia.
 ¶ Why am I not braue?
 Crack-
 ¶ Yes indeed, and a properer man she can neuer haue. Attilia.
 ¶ I will not sticke for her sake to pull Iuniper and all the gods fro Crack-ft.
 If I may see that my portnance doth please hereye. (the skye,
 Every woman that on earth at this day doth liue,
 Is more beholding to me, then to her parents that life vnto her did
 ¶ Why Sir? (giue. Attilia.
 ¶ They gaue them life that passeth away, Crack-ft
 And I giue them ioyes that neuer decay. 842
 Now

Attilia. ¶ How prove you that?

Crack-ft. ¶ I am so terrebinthinall and play such reakes
when I come to the feeld:
That mine enemies choole rather to murder them
selues then to yield.

Wherby their Damned soules haue so pestered all hell:

That ther's no roome left for women to dwell.

Thus being thrust out of the place that is theirs by right: 850

They are constraind into heauen to take their flight.

Attilia. ¶ I confess that this benefit is so great,

That my tung is not able your praise to repeat.

Crack-ft. ¶ Besides that, I haue as good luck as any man of my life,

To finde fauour and freendship in Gentlewomens eyes.

I thank them they flout me to my face, when no other they mock,

This was my fathers craft, for he euer made my Mother
to wrap mee in her smocke.

Give me good luck and throw mee into the Seas,

Where women take a pitch, it is easy to please.

Attilia. ¶ Truth Sir, but will you goe too my Mistres with mee,

Crack-ft. ¶ With an almond hart my girle I wil follow thee. Exeunt.

The second Act beeing ended, the Conforte
foundeth again.

Actus tertia,

Scena prima.

Enter Mistress Virginia, with Pamphila her maid.

Pamphila. **M**istresse I may, and will once moze goe
seek him if you please:

Although I feare his answere wil retorne you little ease.

What though he loou'd you first? you see his lute

falls to the ground,

And by this small purchase, thinks you are as good lost as found.

Hee stoopeth to Victoriaes lure, but she hath cast him of,

Hee bowes, and creepes to her, she turnes his labour too a scoffe.

Virginia. ¶ How canst thou tell?

Pamphila. ¶ Euen yester day I heard it of her maid:

Virginia. ¶ If it bee so, then is hee justly plagued from above,

And feeles that hell of minde, which all forlake Ghostes doo prooue
He

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Yet can I not beleue it Pamphila, before I see,
And gather by his answere, that he hath forsaken mee.
Therefore goe seeke him out againe.

880

¶ Mistresse it shall not neede,
Noe where he walkes as sad as though his heart within did bleed.

Ent. Fedele. Pamphil[

¶ Steppe to him straighthe.

Virginia.

¶ Master Fedele, if you knew as well

Pamphila

To loue: and her that loues you, to releue,
As you are skilfull in deceite to dwell.

And to torment whome you should neuer greeue.

Happy were she that beares you in her breste,

Happy were you of such a pearle possesse.

890

¶ What meaneth this?

Fedele.

¶ Talke with my mistresse Sir, and you shall knowe,

Pamphila[

¶ Then to thy mistresse Pamphila, I goe.

Fedele.

Mistresse Virginia, what's the cause I pray,

That you did sende of late to seekeme out?

If you haue any thing to me to say,

Speake, that I may resolute you of the doubt.

¶ Fedele, now beholde thy crueltie,

Pamphila.

Her voyce is stopt, and doth for sorowe die.

¶ I neuer thought Fedele to haue founde,

900 Virginia.

Pour she we of faith in promises forgot:

Pour lyking dead, and buried in the grounde,

My selfe cast off as though you knew me not.

To loue in ieste and turne it to a scoyne,

Is not the nature of a Gentle boyne.

¶ Mistresse, I loue you as I did before,

Fedele.

As dearely as the dearest friend you haue,

Or as a brother, would you any more?

Commande of me what curtesie may craue.

If fancies lurking poyson you remoue,

910

And be not shipt in Seas of raging loue.

Whose great companions are discorde and wrath,

Flattery, Deceit, Treason and Crueltie:

Heuynesse of minde, greeke, penurie, and scathe:

Unrest, suspicion, feare, and Ielousie,

Consuming hunger, and an endlesse thirste,

A iuing death, life dying with the firste.

E.j.

¶ Ah

Virginia. ¶ Ah Pamphila, I finde thy wordes are true,
The more in liking I did thinke him bound:
The looser he, and hunteth after newe,
His talke was nothing but an empty sound.

920

Those vertues nowe, I see he doth despise:
That once did paine my picture in his eyes.

If Iustice Pallace stande aboue the skyes,
And angrie gods doe looke into our life:

Some plague no doubt, for him they will deuise,
And scourge him with some stozme of bitter strife.

Although he baunt of conquest here a while,
Tis not praise worthy a woman to beguile.

Come Pamphila I le learne to set him light,
That so dissembles with a double tongue,
Helpe to conueighe me streight out of his sight,
Whose wandring choyse hath done me double wrong.

930

Farewell Sir, as we met, we meane to parte.

Pamphila. ¶ This greeting answers vnto his desert. Exeunt Verg. & Pam.

Fedele. ¶ So quickly gone? farewell, all women for Victoriaes sake,
And on them all for her, reuenge I meane to take.
Busie they are with pen to write our bices in our face,
But negligent to knowe the blemish of their owne disgrace. 939
Gestures and lookes in readinesse, at their command they haue,
Mirth, sorowe, feare, hope, and what other passion you can craue.
Hence riseth euery cloude in loue, this breedeth all the strife,
Snarcs to our feete, deuouring cankers, these are vnto life.

Actus tertia.

Seena secunda.

Enter Pedante with the robe on his arme.

Pedante. ¶ Ridetur chorda qui semper aberrat eadem.

I cannot abide Sir, to harpe still vpon one string,
It is too Cuckolike they say, one song continually to sing.
It were good for you to learne quickly in what cleese you
Should take your part, 950
And be speedely reuenged on her that strikes such a dagger
to your heart.

Oh they are full of deceit, cogging, flattery, foisting,
twittle-twatle, and I know not what,

This

of two Italian Gentlemen.

This Genus demonstratiuum, is such a bottomlesse sea,
you will neuer haue done if you enter into that.

The dispraise of women is so great, that without doubt,
All the tongues in the world are not able to set it out.

958

'Tis one of my precepts, to be short and sharpe in word and bloe,
When they anger you, bid the deuill take them all, and make no

'Waste thou so neare Pedante?

(more adoe. Fedele.

Pedante.

'I heard you well ynough.

I thinke I must bring you to Copia rerū againe for chāge of stuffe,
Leaue these exclamations, and crying out vpon women now,
If you looke well to your selfe, the faulte is in you.

You would needes loue, though in your last lecture among your
sententiæ, similitudines and dicendi flores.

I made you write this in your paper booke, Littore quot conchæ,
tot sunt in amore dolores.

'Thou didst in deede Pedante, and I haue not it forgot,

970 Fedele.

'Now you finde it by prooffe, I beleue you will not.

Pedante.

But let this matter passe, and tell me Sir, how with Fortunio you
Did you touch him so neere that his heart did bleede?

(speede,

'Oh no, for in Victoria he hath such confidence,

Fedele.

That he excuseth her, and now mistrusteth my pretence.

'What remedy then?

pedante.

'I knowe not, for he saith, except that I can plainly proue,

Fedele,

That other men besides him selfe Victoria doeth loue.

978

He was, and is, and will be hers, so long as he doth liue,

'Accidit in puncto, quod non contingit in anno, very good counsell for pedante.

Doe you see this haue robe?

(this I can giue.

'I doe, very well,

Fedele.

'But why I haue brought it, you cannot tell,

pedante.

'Do trust me.

(Victoriaes mayde? Fedele.

'Did not I tel you that for your sake I begā to curry fauour with

pedante.

'Indeede Pedante, I remember such a thing you saide.

Fedele.

'She tooke order this very day with mee,

Put on the pedante.

That disguised on this maner, as by and by you shall see. Robe.

Euen thus Sir beholde, I should come this night,

Disguised that no man might know me by sight.

990

And begge an almes at the doore, she would let me in straighte,

And make me a posset for my labour, that so well can waight.

E.ij.

We

We shall be as merry as cup and can, when I am once there,
e]dele. ¶ What's this to me?

Jedante. ¶ Tush take you no care:

Look that some pretty corner, by you may be espied,
Where you and Fortunio your selues may hide.
Be both of you heere about the mid'st of the night,
That when I come out, both of you of me may haue a sight.
I at departure wil bid Victoria farwell,
Commend my entertainment, and say it dooth excell.
This will make him to think as soon as I am gone,
That Victoria loueth not him alone.

1000

Jedele. ¶ Excellent.

Jedante. ¶ See what an olde Fox these rotten raggs shewds,
I can play the knaue and conuay it in the clowdes.
But heare you Sir?

Jedele. ¶ What saist thou?

Jedante. ¶ Would fast Master Fortunio, til I be out of his reach,
Least he cut me in peeces when he heares me preach.

1010

Jedele. ¶ Fear not, be suer he shall not stirre before I see thee gon,
Farwel, and thankes to finish this, I wil to him anon.

Exit.

Jedante. ¶ Adieu Sir, If Appollo the very brother of Diana and Iupiters
For the loue of a Lady that was hard to be won.
(Conne,
Thought it no shame in a Shepheards weed,
Him selfe to debase, the sooner to speed.

Should I that am not worthy to beare out Apollos
chamberpot, think any scozne,

That these rascolly ragges by me should be wozne.

So long as I doo it my lute for to moue:

1020

And further my Master with my slaueing loue.

Quod exemplo fit, iure fieri putant, Tully dooth say,

Whose authoritie is a puiuedge to follow this way.

Therefore god Appollo whose example I take,

Vouchsafe to stay the course of thy Charriot a while for my sake.

Suffer not thy horses to hasten the day,

But prolong y night, as when Iupiter thy father with Alcmena lay.

Peraduenture I may get a young Hercules as wel as he,

But for very sinne and shame too, so it should be.

If I speed wel this day, I will shut bp my schoole dooz every peer,

It

It shall be festiuall to my Schollers, to make good cheere. 1031

They shall play if they will, from morning to night,
During that time, they shall not be constrained to come in my sight.
This will be cake and pudding to them that are truantly,
And care not how little they take for their mony.

A begging Pedante, I a begging I goe, Beg at Virginiaes gate.
Tic, toc, fate vna limosina, á vn pouerino.

What holde begger haue we at the gate, Pamphila comes Pamphila.
Art thou not ashamed to goe a begging so late? to the doore.

No good mistresse, it is no shame at all, 1040 Pedante.
But the greatest honour that vnto a man may fall.

For an Almes is a gift, and a giste is a token of reuerence I trow,
And reuerence is, when our superiours we know.

Thus I being presented of all men with almes as you see,
Reuerenced of all men of force I must bee.

For reasoning so deepely, no Almes shall you haue, Pamphila.
Because I will not honour such a beggerley knaue. Exit.

Farewell and be hangde, there I was ouer-reacht with a crookte Pedante.
Mitte bought at this rate is an excellent treasure. (measure,

Beginnings are harde, this prouerbe is olde, 1050
Therefore at some other bodies doore I meane to be holde.

Tic, toc, fate limosina: popoli mei benedetti, Beg at Victoriaes gate.
Che iddio v' aiuterá, nelle vostre tribulationi.

Tic, toc, chi la diua ouer la fara dire, Enter Crackstone out
Di buona morte non potrà morire. of Victoriaes house.

What sturdy knaue haue we heer in the streete, Crack-st
To begge at this time of the night? Sirra 'tis not meete.

Packe hence Sirra I aduise you, least I giue you a lowce, 1058
Or take thee by the heeles and throw thee ouer the howse.

Good maister beate not the pooze, when they make their mone, Pedante.
'Tis not long since your courrage was as colde as a stone.

What lawcy knaue, me thinkes he doeth prate, Crack-st
Doeest thou know to whome thou speakest, or at whose gate?

No good maister, be good to me, I beseeche you, for I haue done, Pedante.
I were best to be quiet till he be gone.

We haue many good startoppes made heer in the cittie, Crack-st.
For publishing these bargery knaues that goe vp and down idley

See how he is scapte, and shynkerth aside,

My lookes are to bigge for him too abide.

'Tis a wonder to see how they crouch where soeuer I come, 1070

If I stande they stoupe, if I speake they are dumbe.

Mistresse Victarrogantie hath sent for me,

Her Chaplen against Fedele to be.

If I kill him for her sake, and put him to shame,

She hath promisse me her loue, to rewarde the same.

Pedante. ¶ Oh, Traditora.

(driven to lay out my heart in my hose,

Crack-ft. ¶ How am I bound to Mars, & when my stomack so swelles & I am
He lowes bp my gorget with the slaughter of my foes.

I'le goe put on my Hoſtittoz, & the rest of mine Armoz straight,
And here about her house for him I will waight. 1080

Euery night she saith, he comes sneaking heer by,

But if he come now, I will handle him trimly.

Exit.

Pedante. ¶ Goe goodman Goose, prouide you, & arme you as well as you can,
Lay about you, and play the proper man.

In tempore veni, I came hether in the nicke,

My master shall speedely heare of this trick.

Yet will I goe foreward with my businesse as I decreede,

And trye how well of my purpose I am like to speede.

Tic toc, vna limosina al poueretto,

Date Signora per l'amour di Dio.

1090

Attilia. ¶ Who is there?

pedante. ¶ Your charitie good mistresse,

Attilia. ¶ Enter and take it,

pedante. ¶ God rewarde you good mistresse, I will not forsake it.

Exit.

The third Act being doone, the Consort sounds
a sollemne Dump.

Actus quarta.

Scena prima.

1097

Enter Medusa and Pamphila.

O happie is I trust that Doctoꝝ soule by whom I learnde,
This famous Arte, and easely by it my liuing earnde.

¶ That he knew how deere his life and learning was to me,

¶ & he could but for his death my grieſe and ſorrowe see.

pamphila. ¶ Medusa, if I did not feare my honour and my name,

Would ſoone be loſt hereby, and turne my credite into ſhame.

I would become thy Scholler, but I bluſh to ſpeake of it,

1120

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

- ¶ Po Pamphila, for such a mistress thou art farre vnfit.
 What talkst thou of thy name, and honour likely to be lost,
 By learning of myne Arte? which should be honord of the moste.
 And moze esteemde then Physike.
- ¶ Why?
 1110 Pamphila[
 Medusa.
 ¶ That's easy to be proued,
 For, as by Physikes learned skill, diseases be remoued.
 So by my cunning, euery smarte that doth afflict the minde,
 Is put to chace, for euery grieke, a remedy I finde.
 ¶ And haue you any salue for loue?
 ¶ I haue.
 ¶ Whereof is it made?
 ¶ Of diuers things, simple, and mixte, according to my trade.
 ¶ Then if for loue, or mony, you will graunt me my requeste,
 Let me once by your cunning see, my mistress haue some rest.
 ¶ Whome serue you then?
 ¶ Forsooth, I serue mistress Virginia.
 1122 Pamphila.
 ¶ Yet farther, let me craue your name.
 Medusa.
 ¶ My name is pamphila.
 Pamphila.
 ¶ What's her disease?
 Medusa.
 ¶ Nothing but loue.
 Pamphila.
 ¶ How fareth she with it?
 Medusa.
 ¶ Sad, sicke, and sore, with sorrow pinde, and dispossesse of wit.
 Pamphila.
 ¶ Whome loueth she?
 Medusa.
 ¶ Fedele.
 1130 Pamphila.
 ¶ And how long hath she bin so?
 Medusa.
 ¶ I know not, yet I gesse, that she sickned a yeere agoe.
 Pamphila.
 ¶ What if I helpe her? tell me who shall please me for my paine?
 Medusa.
 ¶ My selfe, because vknownen to her, I seeke her health to gaine.
 Pamphila.
 ¶ A louing seruant, goe thy wayes and leaue it all to me.
 Medusa.
 But hearken thee.
 ¶ What?
 Pamphila.
 ¶ Let me haue passage to her lodging free.
 Medusa.
 That when she little thinks thereof, my Medcins I may make,
 By vertue of the which, her wounded heart may comfort take.
 The lesse she looks for remedy,
 1141
 the moze is her delight, when t'is obtaynde.
 ¶ Then let's be gon.
 Pamphila.

¶ Content,

A Pleasant Comœdie

Medusa. ¶ Content, for it is night.
And ponder comes Fedele with Fortunio hand in hande,
To thinne suspect, they shal not see vs talking here to stāde. Exit.

Actus quarta.

Scena secunda.

Enter Fedele and Fortunio together.

Fedele. ¶ Come Sir Fortunio, now is the time to put you out of doubt, 1149
Whether Victoria loue you, or your dealings doe but floute.

Here let vs shrowde our selues a while, that standing out of sight,
We may perceiue what louers haunt Victoriaes house by night.

Fortunio. ¶ Agreede, this is the fittest time to passe the streete,
And giue her musike at her windowe, for a gallant meete.

Fedele. ¶ Whiske, for her doore beginnes to creake,

Fortunio. ¶ It doeth in deede. Enter Pedante disguised, comming forth

Fedele. ¶ I see. of Victoriaes house.

Fortunio. ¶ A man me thinks, let me goe.

Fedele. ¶ Stay Sir, he ruled by me,

Pedante. ¶ Delicate Victoria so long as I liue, 1160

For this entertainment, great thanks will I giue.

The remembrance of the sweetenesse of this night so well past,

Will feede me with hony whyle my life doeth last. Exit.

Fortunio. ¶ A villane, let me goe Fedele, let me goe I say:

I will reuenge this iniurie before he get away.

Fedele. ¶ Not so, for raising of a tumult in the streete so late,

And troubling of the watche that stande armed at euery gate.

Fortunio. ¶ Out strumpet, I will make thee now a mirrour to this towne,

A pointing stocke to euery one that passeth bp and downe.

Fedele. ¶ How will you be reuenged? 1170

Fortunio. ¶ By sword, and sheathe it in her breste,

Fedele. ¶ Be not too swift to serue her so, I thinke it were not beste.

Fortunio. ¶ And why?

Fedele. ¶ Because that if you kill her, then your selfe you doe defame,

Discredite her, and put her house, and kindred vnto shame.

Thus you shall euer walke in feare of those you neuer sawe,

Besides, her friends will trippe at you, by danger of the lawe.

Fortunio. ¶ How shall I be reuenged then?

Fedele. ¶ Giue her a Fico out of hande,

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ So should I scape, but the reuenge in little speede would stande. Fortunio.
 For she should die, and none should know the villainie she did,
 But euery tong ere long shall talke of that, that I haue spide. 1182
 Some other way I will deuise,

¶ Doe so, for I'll be gone.

Exit. Fedele.

¶ And I will see what this Victoria saith to me anon,

Fortunio.

Who is there with in?

Knocke at her doore.

Actus quarta.

Scena tertia.

Enter Victoria and Attilia to Fortunio.

¶ Mistresse, beholde Fortunio.

Attilia.

¶ I come to him, welcome good Sir.

1190 Victoria,

¶ Out Hypocrite, no, no,

Fortunio,

How do you like your other loue?

¶ I like of none, but you.

Victoria.

¶ Tush, holde your peace, I had as liue you tolde me that it knew.

Fortunio.

Euen now came one out of thy house, who bidding thee farewell,

Triumphed of thy courtesie, and said it did excell.

¶ Come hither mayde, what haue you done? tell me,

Victoria.

why doe you weepe?

¶ 'Tis no matter mistresse, you thinke I let in my companions

Attilia.

when you are a sleepe.

1200

¶ But seeing you haue no better confidence in me,

Pay me my wages, I'll be gone, your seruant no longer will I be.

Seeing you goe about, me so much to disgrace,

Provide for your selfe, I can haue more wages in another place.

Victoria.

¶ Peace preuious foole, I thinke not so, yet let me aske I pray,

Because to slander me, you heare what Fortunio doeth say.

¶ I force not what he saith, I know my conscience to be cleare,

Attilia.

¶ And so is mine, although so stoutly he reproue me heer.

1208 Victoria,

¶ Then had I neither listening eares to heare, nor eyes to see,

Fortunio.

Si the they faile not, I'll credite them, and giue no heede to thee.

But trust to it, and looke for it, thou shalt repent at last,

That ere thou bleard't Fortunioes sight with such a iugling cast.

Victoria.

¶ It booteth not to speake to him, he is in such a heate,

But I durst lay my life Fedele wrought this seate.

¶ It may be so.

Attilia.

¶ Thy falshood and thy Sorcerie, at length I haue percei'de,

Fortunio.

f.f.

But

A Pleasant Comœdie

- But by thy subtille traine, no longer will I be deceiu'de.
- Victoria. I I said, it was Fedeles deede, but Crack-stone is too slow,
To cut him off, befoze this rumors roote beginne to grow.
- Attilia. Mistressse, I'le seeke Crack-stone, and haste him to the deede, 1220
Els I perceiue that very ill, your selfe is like to speede.
- Victoria. Doe so, and till I see Fortunioes angry moode be past,
T'is best out of his presence to conueighe my selfe in haste.
Farewell Sir Fortunio, thinke as you finde me. Exeunt Victo.
- Fortunio. I I will, and will reuenge it as farre as you binde me. & Attilia.
Fye hartlesse wretche, slowthfull, and that that's more,
Yet vnreuenged, why did I stay my hand?
Why did I not her faithlesse body goze?
Whiles in my power befoze me she did stand.
Why did I not for to fulfill my bowe: 1230
Doe that, which none would couer nor allowe?
Her treason makes my raging thoughts to swell,
Beyond the boundes of all humanitie,
Her falshoode dysues the furies out of hell.
To practisestraunge and extreame crueltye.
Yet neither rancoures force, nor ougly fiende,
Hath scourge ynough for such a double friende.
But yet befoze reuenge my furie take,
I'le offer seruice to Virginia.
Least euery dame here after me forsake, 1240
When it is known how I bled Victoria.
Good lucke, Medusa heer me thinke I see,
A cunning broker, very fit for mee.

Actus quarta.

Scena quarta.

Enter Medusa, with a Pedlers Basket vnder her arme,
to Fortunio.

- Medusa. Mytoyle so great, rewarde so small,
that euery man dooth giue,
Hath made me weary of my trade, vncertaine how to liue. 1249
- Fortunio. Well met Medusa, whether goest thou with thy Packe so late?
- Medusa. I I was abroade to sell my wares, at euery Ladies gate.
But being ouertaken thus by night, I hie me home,

Till

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Till Fortune send a better marker, for the worlde is done.

¶ What hast thou solde?

Fortunio.

¶ Nothing but wordes,

Medusa.

¶ What hast thou got?

Fortunio,

Nothing but winde:

Medusa.

¶ That market thou mightst well haue kept,
and yet haue left thy Packe behind,

Fortunio.

¶ Not so, for by the carriage that within my
prettie Packe I haue,

1260 Medusa.

I enter in those Ladies chambers,
that I finde both fine and braue.

And vnder colour of the trifles I beare about to sell,

I pleade for such as you good Syr,
that feele by loue the force of hell.

¶ What hast thou there?

Fortunio.

¶ Calles Gorgets, Heares, Powders to make a Ball,
Vallentia Gloues, and Venice Rolles,
to rubbe the teeth withall.

Medusa.

1270

Laces, Purles, Rings, Buskes, Wipers, and Glasses fine,
Braceletttes, Perfumes, Stilled waters, Sops in wine.
Pinnes, Bodkins, Staies, and other kinde of stuffe,
No more but tell me what you lacke,
and you shall haue ynough.

A thousand knackes I haue,
to vtter, which I must be slow,

Because they are so secret, as becomes not you to knowe.

¶ Neither am I importunate, to wryng it out of thee,

Fortunio.

¶ Yet must I craue thee now, to shewe thy selfe a friend to mee.

1280

¶ Wherein?

Medusa.

¶ Euen in the loue that I to faire Virginia beare.

Fortunio.

¶ I doubt it is too harde a taske, the loues Fedele so,

Medusa.

That he by no meanes can be wonne, Fedele to forgo.

¶ Yet doe thy best, to moue my sute.

Fortunio.

¶ The best I can I will,

Medusa.

And ransacke euery corner of my wittes to shewe my skill.

Either it must be done by craft, or Magicke, which you please,

¶ By Craft, or Magicke, which you liste,
so I may purchase ease.

Fortunio.

1290

A Pleasant Comœdie

- Medusa. ¶ Sir, first by deceit I'll trie how I can bring the same about,
If shiftes doe faile, Enchaunted herbes shall put you out of doubt.
I will vnto her lodging straight, and stay your comming there,
Within an houre or halfe, to followe, see you doe not feare.
I'll tell her that I meane to bring Fedele to her bed,
When lightes are out, and sleepe is crept into her fathers head.
When you are in and halfe vnbraste, a tumult will I make,
And call her father vp, you in her chamber there to take.
You know age will suspect the worst, and when he sees you so,
Will force you then to marrie her, whether shee will or no. 1300
Besides, when that the hute heer of is blowen in euery place,
Fedele and all other suiters, will forsake the chace.
Loe, thus by subtiltie you shall possesse the dame you crau'de,
And yet by me when all is tolde, her honour shall be sau'de.
- Fortunio. ¶ This is as well as can be wisht, depart I pray thee straight.
- Medusa. ¶ I goe, forget not you to come. Exit.

Actus quarta.

Scena quinta.

Enter Fedele with Pedante, and with them, two
Watch-men with Billes.

- Fortunio. ¶ Upon thee will I waighte. 1310
See where Fedele comes, because he shall not me suspecte,
I will auoyde the streetes a while, that nothing me detecte. Exit.
- Fedele. ¶ And is it so Pedante?
- Pedante. ¶ It is as I tell ye.
Attilia tolde me, that her mistresse had made a request,
To Crack-stone, to sheathe his sword in your brest. (tent,
Besides I goe as you knowe, disguised to the house for an other in-
I sawe him come thence, bragging what he would doe,
in the streetes as he went. 1119
- Fedele. ¶ Alas poore soule, I know he dare scarce looke a fye in the face,
But seest thou this? I will prouide my Captaine to disgrace.
Come on my friends, goe you and set this net at the Lanes end,
For when he comes, my sword vpon this Gallant will I bend.
And crye aloude arme, arme, as though our enemies had the wall,
He hearing this, will take his heeles and let his anger fall.
We will pursue him so, that we will dīue him to the net,

When

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

When he is in, pull you the cordes, for that same purpose set.
And make him fast, then will we leade him hampred in the same,
With mirth and glee about the towne, to put him to the shame.
Goe set it vp.

1330

We will.

Watchmē

Ah, Sirra, I perceiue we shall goe a barfowling this night,
I would y^e Capitaine would come, that of this pretie sport I might
Whiste, not awoorde, for he is at hande, (haue a sight.
Come let vs both priuily in ambush stande.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Actus quarta.

Scena sexta.

Enter Capitaine Crack-stone, armed like a Champion.

Now shall my valerositie appeare vnto all,
How I can kill men, and serue a woman at her call.

Crack-ft.

My gr^t I tell grieffe is, that in dooing this feate,
I am sure my honour will not be so greate.

1340

As when I giue a charger to my foes in the open feelde,
Or put Citties into sackes, and make thousandes to yeelde.
To bring Fedele to the Counter, is but to fight with a lie,
There is neither praise, pride, nor prouidence in the victorie.
Therefore take heede Crack-stone what you doe,

You hazarde your good name, your honour standes on tip toe.
To kill a Gentlemā y^e neuer ought me malice, is more thē crueltie,
And to kill him for a woman, will bring me vtterly to infancie.
Shall I kill him then? peradventure yea: shall I let him go?
Peradventure I may, peradventure no.

1350

Oh single deuise, here is a braine I beleue,
Able to shoote birdboltes of inuentiōs, from my head into my sleue.
I will make a great noyle before Victoriaes dooze in the streete,
As though at this present with Fedele I did meete.

Then will I runne to her house amayne,
And make her beleue that Fedele is slayne.

Then before that she heare any newes of his life,
I'll haue her to the Priest, and make her my wife.

Haue euen at it as well as I can,

Fight with the Ayre.

Ah Villaines, thus many of you set vpon a naked man.

Draue on my good fellowes and spare not, strike home,

1362

Ah cowardly Dastardes, so sone he you gone?

F. liij.

We arme,

F]ede. ¶ Arme, Arme, Arme.

P]edante. ¶ Kill, kill, kill.

F]ede. ¶ Downe with Crack-stone.

P]edante. ¶ Giue me a Bill. Heere Crack-stone runnes into the net, Fedele

F]ede. ¶ Followe, followe. after him, leauing Pedante on the stage.

C]rack-st. ¶ Out alas where am I now? 1369

P]edante. ¶ Faste ynough by this time I trow.

Is this my lusty kill Cow, that will eate vp so many men at a bit,
And when he deales with a shadowe will not stand to it?

Enter Fedele and two or three other, leading Crack-stone
in the net, singing.

BE still my mates, that keepe the gates,

When euery watch is set:

Your lucke is naught, your freendes haue caught,

Your Captaine in a net.

Heigh ho Crack-stone, heigh ho Crack-stone.

A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue,

1380

Heigh hoe, Crack-stone, lustie and braue.

‡ Now souldiers all, forsake the wall,

Your foes haue got the towne,

Manhood is fled, God Mars is dead,

Your Captaine is a clowne.

Heigh ho Crack-stone, Heigh ho Crack-stone,

A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue,

Victoria Heigh ho Crack-stone, lusty and braue.

1388

out at her Attilia, come hither streight, some scurre is in the streete,
windowe. He thinks I heare the noise of men, and trampling of their feete.

Fedele. ¶ Ah Sir, you meant to kill me you, to please Victoria,
But now I trust to make of thee a poore Crack-stone, if I may.

Crack-st. ¶ If that victorious Prince of battaile god Marche-beere, had not
I had made you euery one into corners to creepe. (bene a sleepe,
Tis the Fortune of warre, lucke runnes not euer to one side,
Therefore I am content the prickatorie to abide.

I am not strong Sampier to breake out of your hands,
But oh y some little hogry Mousle, would gnaw a sunder my bads.

I would giue you such a frezado, or canazado, take which you please
As should be small to your comfort, and little to your ease. 1400

Pedante. ¶ Oh what this Captaine would do, if he were out of his skin,

Till

Till his courage be cooler, I pray you holde him in.

¶ Mistresse, I can not tell what is best to be saide,

Attilia.

Once more I perceiue you are betraide.

I see that Fedele and his friendes haue your Champion beset,
And now both to his shame and yours, he is caught in a net.

¶ Art thou sure that it is so?

1407 Victoria.

¶ Haue an eye to the ende.

Attilia.

¶ Now let vs shew him to Victoria, his dearest friend.

Here they Fedele.

¶ Then let him be led through euery streete in þ̄ towne,

bring him Pedante.

That euery crackrope, may throw rottē eggs at þ̄ clown.

singing vn

¶ Hoer, Victoria if þ̄ be awake, rise & looke out I pray,

to Victor. Fedele.

¶ The hunt is vp,

windowe. Crack-ft.

And fooles be ledg'de before the perfect day.

Shrinke in & looke

¶ Who calles?

out againe.

Victoria.

¶ Fedele: See the Champion, whome you set to murder me,
This deed throughout the Cittie, shortly shall dishonour thee.

Fedele.

¶ Out, I desie him.

Victoria.

¶ What sayest thou Attilia?

1419 Fedele.

¶ He is a knaue, I denie him.

Attilia.

¶ Thou art a Diabbe and a Queane, if my name be Crack-stone,

Crack-ft

I was requested to this, both by thee and Victoria. (you say?)

¶ By my mistresse and me good man Toward, doe you know what Attilia.

Take þ̄ Sir, your face was not washte yester day. Emptie a cha-

¶ A rope on all whores, will you drinke any Ale, ber pot on his Crack-ft

I thinke the crownde me with a pottle of stale. head.

This drinke was ill brewed, and might haue bene sparde,

1427

The very graines of the Malte, sticke fast to my hearde.

¶ You will tell me more anon, when euery maide in this towne, Pedante.

Hath emptied her almes box on the top of your crowne. (me go,

¶ Alas good maister Fedele, as you are a Gentleman, no farther let Crack-ft

I shall be chok'te with this dole, if you handle me so. (other mē are,

Consider I am a man, subject to þ̄ same pressing-yrone of þ̄ minde þ̄

For the loue of a woman, ouerwhelmed with care.

I confesse I am as you are, flesh & blood, and loued Victoria so well,

That I could haue bin content for her sake, to haue gone quicke to

Therefore forgiue me, and if I take not your part, (hell.

and be reuenged vpon her, before I doe rest,

Set the gun-shot of tyrannie to the bulwarkes of my breste.

Cut

Cut off my Hammes hoynes, and breake into the belfrie, 1440
And blesse the cursed dayes of my virginitie.

PJedante. ¶ He rowles in his Retozike as an Ape in his tayle,
Wynde and tide at commaundement, he flies with full sayle.

FJedele. ¶ So that thou seeke all meanes thou canst, Victoria to deface,
And blaze her in eache company, and strike her in disgrace.

I let thee goe. Let him out of the net.

Crack-ft ¶ Unhoode me I pray,
I am as wearie of my cariage as a Dogge of his day.

Pedante. ¶ Slacke the cordes there my masters, giue him sea-roome in haste,
Close ayre is not holtsome for Gallants to taste. 1450

Crack-ft ¶ Now I beginne to feele my heart by little & little rise out of my
Pet the sente of this water, is still in my nose. (hole,

I thinke I am the perplexionablest man that liues at this day,
For I would faine be reuenged of Victoria, and I know not which

Pedante. ¶ Follow my counsell, and be ruled by mee, (way.
Then shalt thou see Captaine, what I'll doe for thee.

I'll teache thee a way, to crye quittance with her before it be long,
And make her recant her chatering at window with an other song.

Crack-ft ¶ Gramercy Pediculus, thou art the comfortablest fellowe
that euer I did see, 1460

I thinke thou wast bozne vnder some merry Planet,
in the time of diuerstie.

Fedele. ¶ Now sith Victoriaes name is like for euer to be lost,
Further reuenge I will not seeke, as I to her did holde.

Because that as my selfe vnjustly seru'd Virginia.

So am I now iustly requited by Victoria.

Therefore Pedante goe, and pardon of Virginia craue,

And tell her that I will be hers,

Pedante. ¶ That's it she would haue.

But I beseech you Sir, tarry till the day be light, 1470

I am loth to goe stumbling in the streetes this night,

Fedele. ¶ Then till the morning let it rest, but early see thou rise,

And doe my message in the meekest sort thou canst deuise.

Meanewhyle wee'll home and take a sleepe, Exit with them that

for I am ouer-watcht. helde the net.

Pedante. ¶ Very well Sir, heare you the net after,

I haue some businesse with the Captaine to be dispatcht.

Now

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Now maister Captaine come with me,

for as soone as my maister to bed I haue brought,
You shall see what a thing for you I haue wrought. 1480

And because you haue determined on Victoria to reuenge your
It must be done this night or neuer, time doe not prolong. (wīg,
As her flatterie this night, hīng did you in bandes,
So this night I shall deliuer her into your handes.

Then let vs away and our selues prouide, Crack-ft.
Thou knowest the paruerbe, no body taries for the tide. Exeunt.

The fourth Act being ended, the Consort soundeth
a pleasant Allemaigne.

Actus quinta.

Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio alone.

1490

I knowe Virginia loues Fedele best,
Medusa likewise may be sent to flōwte:

My selfe her fauour neuer yet possesse,
If none of these, yet all may make me doubt.

How seruice should with bright triumphing face,
Disperse the cloudes, that put my loyes to chace.

Yet if Fedele be not lik'te alone,

Or if Medusa of true promise be:

Or faire Virginia will be mou'de by mone. 1499

If not all these, yet one may pleasure me.

Therefore, to giue the watch woord I'll beginne, Whistle.

Good lucke, the doore opens, I'll enter in. Exit.

Enter Atilia.

Take heede Attilia, was not that Fortunio thou did'st see?

Attilia.

'Tis now midnight, so late abroade s'th streete what maketh he?

I see Pedante is not heer, I muse he meetes me not,

A litle thought he could so soone his promise haue forgot.

If he be maister of his woord, and loue me as his life,

The time is come to shewe the same, and take me for his wife.

Actus quinta.

Scena secunda.

1510

Enter Pedante and Crack-stone with the Beggars weede.

Come on Sir apace, what makes you so slacke?

Presently put me this Robe on your backe.

G.s.

Now

Now get you vp along the streete, and be not afrayde,
There shall you meete Victoria, in the apparell of her mayde.

Thinking you thus disguised, to be Fortunio,
Very ready you shall finde her with you to go.

When you haue her, hold fast, for she will not resist,

1518

Woe her, wed her, bedde her, and vse her as you list.

Either now or neuer, your desire you shall haue, (you she gaue.

Or be reuenged on the entertainment that out of her window to

Crack-ft. ¶ See the force of loue, how it is able for a neede,

To shrowde a braue minde in a base kinde of weede. (name,

Maister Pediculus, or Pedantonie, I am not very prospect in your

If this geare fall out, I shall be bound while I liue,

to thanke you for the same.

Pedante. ¶ I would not be he that should so couragious a Captaine,

and valiant Gentleman deceiue.

(leau

Therefore trie me, & trust me, for this time I purpose to take my

Crack-ft. ¶ Farewell little Pastrie,

Exit.

If I may meete with Mistresse Victoriarie heer.

Thinking that Fortunio in this place, to her will appeare.

1532

Either I will make her incant the former words that she spake,

When she desired me, & denied that she wold me to kil Fedele for her

Or I will backe beate her, & belly beate her too too pitifully, (take.

You know loue is a fire, and they say fire and water hath no mercy.

But first I will speake her faire, because to be plaine,

Commonly faire fooles make wordes and perswasions to be faire.

Attilia. ¶ Alas how long in the streete shall I for my Pedante stay?

He promised to meete me heer, and steale me quite away.

1540

Some body in the streete I heare, I trust the same is hee,

And so I doe perswade me, by the beggers weede I see.

Crack-ft ¶ I'll beleue Pediculus againe another day,

For yonder in Alice tittle tattles parrell the Mistresse dooth stay,

Or I had some of Pediculus Schoole-butter to make me a lip salue,

Or could but wet my tonge in his inkhoine,

for women will herken when we speake braue.

Or thou that carriest a ball of wilde fire in thine eye,

to burne vp my heart,

What shall I say moze, to set out my smarte.

1550

The time will not suffer to shew my prosperitie,

Therefore

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Therefore I committe you to the Gods for lacke of heuinitie.

Actus quinta.

Scena tertia.

Enter Sbirri the Captaine of the watche, with some Soldiers, and with him Mistresse Victoria.

¶ See how Pedante counterfeites Crack-stone in talke,	Attilia.
Thereby we shall escape, and through the watch in safetie walke.	
¶ Captaine Sbirri, this night my maide Attilia ran away,	Victoria.
Her I beseeche you, if she be not past the watch, to stay.	
Some thing I doubt that she hath stolne, and carried to her mates,	
Therefore I pray beset the streetes, and all the citie gates.	
¶ Mistresse Victoria I will, but some bodie I see,	1562 Sbirri.
¶ Steppe to them bothe and take them streight,	Victoria
for sure the same is shee.	
¶ Come mine own Parragon,	Crack-ft.
I know thou hast tarried for me all this while,	
Therefore follow me streight,	
least the lickerish Souldiers meete vs, and me beguile.	
¶ Softe not to fast,	Sbirri.
but stay I charge you in the Princes name,	1570
¶ God saue the Princes grace,	Crack-ft.
and put his enemies to shame.	
Wee are the Kings friends,	
I would you should well knowe,	
Therefore trouble vs no farther, but let vs goe.	
The kings head is occupied with matters of great importunitie,	
I know he is not conswapted,	
at this time to speake with me.	
We are peace-able people,	
we haue no weapons heere,	1580
We are neither drunke nor sober,	
nor make any steere.	
Get you to your places, keepe the watch as you should,	
And wee'le to our lodging you may be bould.	
¶ Pay Sir, we will know your name,	Sbirri.
and eke the place where you haue beene,	
¶ G.ij.	Whether

- Whether you goe, night-walkers heer are very seldom scene.
 Crack-ft. ¶ Then I pray you, what make you abroad so late? 1588
 ¶ 'Tis longing to your office to keepe the gate.
 As for our names, I know of no such commencement you haue,
 Why you should be so pearchant the same to craue.
 Attilia. ¶ We haue bin forth at supper Sir, i'the towne with a good friend,
 And now we are returning home, nigh at ourournies end.
 Victoria. ¶ What Minion, are you there indeede?
 Attilia. ¶ My Mistresse, out alas,
 Beholde Pedante we are tane, how shall we doe to passe?
 Crack-ft. ¶ I hold fourty pound I am Unckled, I would Pediculus were heer,
 I would meete with the scalde Squitterbe-booke for this geare.
 Sbirri. ¶ Is this your mayde?
 Crack-ft. ¶ It is. 1600
 Sbirri. ¶ Lay hold on her with speede,
 Let vs see what Magabonde is hid within this weede.
 Crack-ft. ¶ And howe too then, did you neuer see man before?
 I am not taken in deuotrie, therefore wonder no more.
 Attilia. ¶ A halter come to him, is it hee?
 Sbirri. ¶ Soorie I am good Captaine, you in such a case to see.
 Heer you are taken with this mayde, which is like to be tachte
 Of fellonie, and accessarie you with her are tachte.
 Crack-ft. ¶ I steale nothing from women but their honestie: 1610
 Which is as good, as he that robbes the Winter of a Bible,
 because he would studie Diuinitie.

Actus quinta.

Scena quarta.

Enter Fortunio running halfe vnreadie, after him Ottauiano the
 father to mistresse Virginia, and Medusa with a spitte in her
 hande, and to them Fedele and Pedante, with weapons in their
 handes.

- Ottaiui. ¶ Stoppe, stoppe.
 Sbirri. ¶ What meaneth this? come bend your weapons at them all,
 Whome shall we stoppe? 1620
 and what's the cause that makes you thus to call?
 Fedele. ¶ Pedante, take thy sword, Fedele and Pedante speake out at
 arise let's goe into the streete, a windowe within.

Some

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Some wondrous boye I doubt there is,

I am so fast wapt in the upper sheete.

Pedante.

That I can not get out, I pray you make not such haste,

Till you thinke that the hottest of the boye be paste.

I Stay Captaine, lay no handes on me, a Gentleman I am,

Fortunio[

And will not sitte,

Woe worth the time that to my house he came.

1630 Ottaui.

Ottauiano, what's the cause of your lamenting crye?

Sbirri.

Let's knowe, hath Sir Fortunio done you any iniurie?

Enter Fedele and Pedante with weapons.

Come quickly man, let's see this Pageant ere it take an ende,

Fedele.

He that breaks me of my sleepe, is none of my freende,

Pedante.

Ah wretche that am I alas, and halfe vndone,

Virginia.

What strange kinde of boye is this that is begonne?

Pedante.

Is it Fortunio in deede? This is thy treacherie, Medusa.

Ottaui.

Mine, alas good Sir, you doe me iniurie,

Medusa.

I graunt that after I had brought my young mistresse to bed,

1640

Feeling the sleepe shut vp mine eyes,

and drouping with my head,

I laide me downe to take my rest, and so with haste forgot,

To locke the doores about the house, and how it comes God wot,

I can not tell, but when I fet a nap and wooke againe,

I heard a bussling in the darke, and then did I complaine.

And cryed aloud to you for helpe, whereat immediatly,

This Gentleman withdrew him selfe, and soorth began to flye.

Master.

Pedante.

What sayst thou?

1650 Fedele.

Your cake is dowe,

Pedante.

It killes me to thinke on it: the greater my woe.

Fedele.

This is lucke nidget with all my heart,

Crack-ft

I am glad, that I haue some body to take my part.

But oh that my handes were at liberalitie now to strike,

I would set my Gramariner a lesson to pike.

Ah Sir Fortunio, vse you thus the man that lou'de you best,

Ottaui.

Take him, this villainie shall not be turned to a iest.

Quiet your selfe Ottauiano, sith it is so past,

Sbirri.

The hute will not be called backe so long as life dooth last.

1660

His punishment makes not your daughter as she was befoze,

G. iij.

But

But giue her vnto him to wife, and talke of it no more.
His liuing is as good as yours, make vp the match with speede,

O]ttaui. ¶ Peede hath no lawe, I am content, if they be bothe agreeede.

V]irginia. ¶ Alas I neuer knew the man, he neuer toucht me yet,

I loue Fedele, and he alone is for Virginia sit?

F]edele. ¶ I'll take no wife at second hande, thanks for your curtesie,

Let him that hath possesse your honoꝝ, weare the same for me.

P]edante. ¶ In euery Tennis Court in the world, false play it is found,

To take vp the Ball at the second rebound.

1670

F]ortunio. ¶ Virginia, if that you can be content,

To like of him that loues you in his heart:

Giue me your hand, and if your minde be bent,

To marrie me, I neuer meane to parte.

My life, and liuing, more you can not craue,

Remaineth yours, doe now but aske and haue.

Virginia. ¶ I thanke you Sir, in that it pleaseth you to vse me so,

My promise was nigh graunted to Fedele long ago.

Fortunio. ¶ But he hath now forsaken you.

Fedele. ¶ Virginia, you are free,

1680

Assure your selfe, your marriage neuer shall be staide by me.

Virginia. ¶ Then if you loue I will be yours.

Fortunio. ¶ Shall I haue your good will?

Ottaui. ¶ You haue.

Fortunio. ¶ I loue you then, and meane to loue you still.

Medusa. ¶ Now man and wife, Ottauiano hearken vnto me,

Although this Gallant in Virginiaes chamber you did see.

Yet is her honour as it was, vnspotted by the same,

And kept by me, which euer had regarde vnto her name.

Fortunio made his mone and said, he lou'de Virginia best,

1690

Virginia for Fedeles sake could neuer take her rest.

His minde was on Victoria, Virginia light esteemde,

Now that Virginiaes life and libertie might be redeemde.

I brought Fortunio to the house when she was fast a sleepe,

And close this night into her chamber both of vs did creepe.

I made him to vnbrace him selfe, and presently did call

For you to come, as though some greater matter did befall.

You came, he fled, and now is taken in Fedeles sight,

As though Virginia had dishonoured beene by him this night.

Which

Which is not so, but this was done to bleare the gazers eyes, 1700
To pleasure him, and saue her life, this thing did I deuise.

¶ A mischieuous head, maister did you heare this geare, Pedante.
Such a gille is worth golde in a deare peere.

¶ I Iple tiple, tittle, tittle este amen, Crack-ft.
Such a wench is not be found in the worldagain.

I haue heard it often, and nowe I do proue,
That women are luttle woymes for the conuariance of loue.

¶ If this be true I soy? Ottauio.

¶ Els take my head, Fortunio.

I came not nigh Virginia, although she were in bed. 1710

¶ Fortunio you are quitte with me, for when we lay in scowte, Fedele.

To watch by faire Victoriaes house, who passed in and out.

It was my mandisguilde, that issued forthout of the same,

That for the nonce by me was set, to call Victoria by her name.

He went vnto Attilia, with counterfeited loue,

That by his meanes, from saye Victoria I might you remoue.

You seeing him, and hearing when he came soorth, what he said,

Thought he had bene with her,

when he had bene but with the maide.

Whereat you stormde, and lest the chace 1720
of her that lou'de you deere,

Which is no grieffe at all to me, that hopes to winne her heere.

Therefore Victoria now forget Fortunio which is losse,

And loue Fedele, who for you, yet neuer spared cosse.

Let fall thy wrath, for giue me too, that meanes to be thine owne,

¶ 'Tis seldome seen but warres haue end, whē foes are ouerthrowne.

¶ Sith you haue so preuented me, and perfect loue proteste, Victoria.

I will put bp the insurie, and yours for euer rest.

¶ My nose is soynted, I may goe shoe the Golling now if I will, Crack-ft,

He that eats with þe deuil without a long spoone, his fare wil be ill.

What spirits of the Buttry were abroad this night,

I haue bene so hard harted to mine enemies, 1732

that I thinke all the Gods of loue ought me a spite.

I graunt I am none of these fine Criminadoes,

that can tumble in a Gentlewomā's lap, and rumble in her eare,

But without hauntage be it spoken,

I am as good as the best at the push of a speare.

I can

- I can cut and slash to make mine enemies to bleed. (steede.
And picke it proudly I tell you, when I am surmounted upon my
- S]birri. ¶ Mistresse Victoria, now I see this onely rests to knowe, 1740
What shall be done vnto your mayde, or shall we let her goe?
- V]ictoria. ¶ Sith with Crack-stone this night, you tooke my maide so shorze,
To prison with her if you please, to cut off her resozte.
- A]ttilia. ¶ Good mistresse beare with me, I tooke no hurt by him at all,
But meane to tell you iustly how the matter did befall.
The Schoolemaister that on Fedele euer dooth attende,
Promis'te to marrie me this night, my seruile life to ende.
Upon whose woozd, from you I fled, and staide for him in the streete
Where I against my will, with this Crack-stone did meete.
- Crack-st. ¶ Bowle to thy bias, master Pediculus, I pray you take your wife,
You and I for this matter will not stande at strife. 1751
Are you brememberde what you said when you consulted with me,
To come hether in this parrell secretly.
- Pedante. ¶ What maister Crack-stone, and mistresse Attilia,
you are welcome to the buttes,
- Crack-st. ¶ Welcome with a Knaues name, I beshumpe your guttes.
- Pedante. ¶ Why so Sir? (should see.
- Crack-st. ¶ Didst not thou tell me, that in this parrell mistresse Victoria I
This night in the streete to be compensed of my iniurie,
- Pedante. ¶ So you may if you please, take your eyes in your hande, 1760
Turne about Sir, and see where Victoria doth stande.
And as for Attilia, as you hzew, so bake,
I am not so bale minded your leauings to take.
- Attilia. ¶ Why maister Pedante, will you serue me so?
- Pedante. ¶ I must I perceiue whither I will or no.
- Crack-st. ¶ Dwaue Villaine.
- S]birri. ¶ Soft there Crack-stone, be not too rash to proffer fight,
You and this mayde together in the darke were tane this night.
The matter is suspitious, sith he forsaketh her,
To take her to your wife no time you should deferre. 1770
We cannot force her vpon him, sith she was tane with you.
And howsoeuer you cloke it, none your meeting can allowe.
- Crack-st. ¶ Well sith there is no remoze of conscience to be founde,
How laist thou Alice tittle tattle,
art thou content by loue to be bounde?

FEDELE AND FORTUNIO THE TWO ITALIAN GENTLEMEN



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THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1909 [*SUPPLEMENT* 1933]

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Editor.

Dec. 1933.

W. W. Greg.

Printed in Great Britain

WHEN *The Two Italian Gentlemen* was included among the Malone Society's publications for 1909, the only copy of the play that could be traced was that in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. This was, therefore, used for the reprint in spite of its imperfect condition: it contained sheets B to G only, and lacked, as it later proved, two leaves at the beginning and two at the end (the last being a blank). Since then two other copies have appeared, or reappeared: one again imperfect, but containing the dedication-leaf (A₂); the other perfect, including the final blank.

The Devonshire copy, after passing through the Huntington collection, is now in the Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington: the second imperfect copy (wanting A₁ and H_{1,2}), which had been seen and described by Collier (*History of Dramatic Poetry*, 1831, iii. 241-3), is now in the Henry E. Huntington Library in California: the perfect copy, which first came to notice in the Mostyn sale in 1919, is now also in the Folger collection.

The Collier and Mostyn copies, as they may for distinction be called, show important differences in the dedication. While the body of the epistle is the same in each, and is printed from one setting of the type, the heading and subscription vary: the Collier copy giving the writer's initials as 'A. M.' and the name of the dedicatee as 'Iohn Heardson, Esquier', while the Mostyn copy gives the writer's initials as 'M. A.' and the dedicatee's initials (only) as 'M. R.' It should be added that in the Mostyn copy the initials 'M. A.' are also found subscribed to the epilogue (on H₁^v). Now, it is probable that the half-sheets at the beginning and the end (A² and H²) were in fact printed together as one sheet (especially as A is not signed), and we may presume that the initials

below the epilogue were varied in accordance with the signature to the epistle, though no copy of the 'A. M.' variant of H1 has survived.

Thanks to the kindness of the authorities in charge of the Folger and Huntington collections, it is now possible to complete the Society's edition of the play by issuing reprints of A1, A2, and H1 (H2 being blank) from the Mostyn copy, together with collotype reproductions of the Mostyn title-page and the Collier dedication.

IRREGULAR READINGS

Title, line 3 *Loue :*
Prologue, line 12 *haue.*
Text, line 1783 *cræue.*

FEDELE and FORTVNIO.

na The deceites in

*Loue: excellently discoursed in a
very pleasaunt and fine conceited
Comœdie, of two Italian
Gentlemen.*

*Translated out of Italian, and set
downe according as it hath beene pre-
sented before the Queenes moste
excellent Maiestie.*



At London

Printed for Tho-

mas Hacket, and are to be solde at
his shop in Lumberd streete, vnder the
Popes head. Anno. 1585.



To the vvorshipfull,

and very courteous Gentleman, Maister

John Heardson, Esquier, A. M. commen-
deth this pleasaunt and fine con-
ceited Comœdie.



Oorshipfull Sir, my acquaintaunce with you is very little, which may impeach me of presumption in this mine attempt: but the good report of your affable nature to euery one, giueth me hope to be entertained amongst them. I commend to your freendly viewe this prettie Conceit, as well for the inuention, as the delicate conuiciance thereof: not doubting but you will so esteeme thereof, as it dooth very well deserue, and I hartely desire. As for my selfe, your good construction will gather (I hope) the summe of my good will: which is more towards you then I will heere speake of, and therefore is left to your wonted fauour to iudge of.

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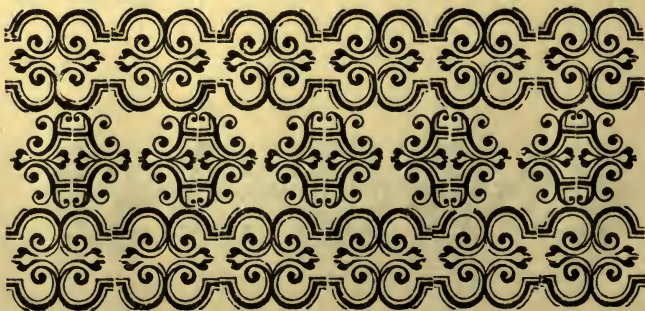
The Prologue before *the Queene.*

ON euery fyde where I this instant gaze,
The glimse of honour dimmes my dazeled eye:
Which sight may set a flouter in a maze,
And cheefely him that pende this Comœdie.
In whiche he vsde no thundering wordes of state:
But clipt his winges, to keepe a meaner gate.

He shootes at mirth, yet if he misse that white,
Your Highnesse pardon he dooth humbly craue:
Will wanted not to send his Arrowe right,
But sith you please to see what mirth we haue.
With Phœbus cast your fierie blaze asyde:
That meaner men your presence may abyde.

10

FINIS.



Of two Italian Gentlemen.

For euer and euer to be my wyfe.

To disobey me and dishonour me, all the daies of thy life?

I am.

Attilia.

Then giue me thy hand, thou shalt neither take any right,
nor doe any wrong,

Crack-ft.

1780

We will haue a litter of young Captaines ere it be long.

Fedele, sith that by Medusaes subtle sleight you haue,

Ottaiui.

Obtaine Victoria, whome befoze all creatures you did craue.

Please her with recompence, & then your loue shall most appeare.

Looke what she did, was done for Sir Fortunio, not for mee,

Fedele.

Yet sith she chaunste to pleasure me, she shall receiue a fee.

I giue to her my Schoole-maister.

Like vnto like, and learning to skill,

Pedante.

I pray thee speake, wilt thou haue me?

Yea Sir, if you will.

1790 Medusa.

I doe not thinke that thou canst be in loue with my lookes,

Pedante.

And all the riches I haue consistes in my bookes.

Therefore I pray thee to tell me Medusa,

Canst thou be contented with Lillie, Linaker, and Cornucopia?

I will be contented, whatsoeuer it be,

Medusa.

If I may finde you contented with me.

Giue me thy hand, I'll set vp a great Grammer schoole by & by, Pedante.

We shall thrive well ynough, it will tumble in roundly.

I'll teach boyes the Latin tongue, to write and to reade,

And thou little wenches, their needle and thred.

1800

Wee'll be as merry as Crickets, and loue out of measure,

Oh loue I can tell you is an excellent treasure.

But now good maister, this request by the way,

I beseech you let vs all be married vpon one day.

And let him be made maister of the Cock-pit in Lent,

That hath the first childe ere the yeere be spent.

The fift Act being done, let the Confort sound a cheerefull
Galliard, and euery one taking handes together, departe
singing.

FINIS.

H.J.



☞ The Epilogue at *the Court.*

*Least long delay your Highnesse might offend,
Our Writer heere thought good his pen to stay:
Desiring pardon if he did offend,
In shooting wyde, short, o're, or any way.
And for our selues like courtesie we craue:
If that his Arrowes we misse-placed haue.*

FINIS.

M. A.

