

THE
LAMENTA-
BLE AND TRUE TRA-
GEDIE OF M. AR-
DEN OF FEVERSHAM
IN KENT.

*Who was most wickedlye murdered, by
the meanes of his disloyall and wanton
myfe, who for the loue she bare to one
Mosbie, hyred two desperat ruf-
fins Blackwill and Shakbag,
to kill him.*

Wherin is shewed the great mal-
lice and discimulation of a wicked wo-
man, the vnsatiabie desire of filthie lust
and the shamefull end of all
murderers.

*Imprinted at London for Edward
White, dwelling at the lyttle North
dore of Paules Church at
the signe of the
Gun, 1592,*

*



The Tragedy of M. Arden of Feuershame.

(Enter Arden, and Francklin)

Franklin **A** Rden there by thy spirits and do you no more
By gracious Lord by Duke of Sommerfet;
Hath freely given to thee and to thy heires,
By letters patents from his Majesty:
All the lands of the Abby of Feuershame. (kings,
Here are the Deedes sealed & subscribed in his name and the
Read them, and leaue this melancholy mode

Arden. Francklin thy loue prolongs my weary lyfe,
And but for thee, how odious were this lyfe:
That shewes me nothing but torments my soule.
And those foule objects that offend myne eyes,
Which makes me wish that for this vale of Heauen,
The earth hung ouer my hede and couerd me.
Loue letters past twixt Mosbie and my Wyfe,
And they haue pryncie matings in the Towne:
Pay on his finger did I spy the Ring,
Which at our Marriage day the Priest put on,
Can any graefe be halfe so great as this?

Fran. Comfort thy selfe swete frænd it is not strange,
That women will be false and wauering.

Arden. I but to doat on such a one as hee
Is monstrous Francklin, and intollerable.

Francklin. Why, what is he?

Arden. A Botcher and no better at the first,
Who by base brocage, getting some small stock:
Crept into seruice of a noble man:
And by his seruite flattery and fawning,
Is now become the Steward of his house,
And brauely lets it in his silken gowne.

Fran. No noble man will countenance such a peasant,

Arden. Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loues not nice,
But through his fauour let not him grow proude,
For were he by the Lord Protector backt,
He should not make me to be pointed at,
I am by birth a gentle man of blode,

The Tragedy of M. Arden

And that infamous riball that attempts,
 To violate my deare wyues chastitie,
 (For deare I holde hir loue, as deare as heauen)
 Shall on the bed which he thinks to defile,
 See his dismembered ioints and sinewes tozne,
 Whylst on the planchers, pants his weary body,
 Smeard in the channels of his lustfull blode.

Fran. Be patient gentle friend and learne of me,
 To ease thy griefe, and saue her chastitye:
 Intreat her faire, swete words are fittest engines
 To race the fient walles of a womans breast:
 In any case be not too felyouse,
 For make no question of her loue to thee,
 But as securely, presently take hourse,
 And ly with me at London all this tearme
 For women when they may, will not,
 But being kept back, straight grow outrageous.

Arden. Though this abhorres from reason yet Ile try it
 And call her forth, and presently take leaue: How Ales,
 Heere comes ales.

Ales. Husband what meane you to get vp so earely.
 Sommer nights are thort, and yet you rise ere day,
 Had I bene wake you had not rise so sone.

Arden. Sweet loue thou knowst that we two Ouid like
 Hate often chid the morning, when it gan to peepe,
 And often wisht that darke nights purblind Aedes,
 Would pull her by the purple mantle back:
 And cast her in the Ocean to her loue.
 But this night swete Ales thou hast kild my hart,
 I heard thee tal on Mosbie in thy sleepe.

Ales. It is lyke I was a slepe when I nam'd him,
 For being awake he comes not in my thoughts:

Arden. I but you started vp, and suddenly
 In sleepe of him: caught me about the necke.

Ales. In sleepe of him: why, who was there but you,
 And where but one is, how can I mistake.

Fran.

Fran. Arden leaue to vjdge her ouer farre.

Arden. Nay loue there is no credit in a dycame,
Let it suffice I know thou louest me well.

Ales. Now I remember where vpon it came,
Had we no talke of Mosbie yesternight.

Fra. Mistres Ales I hard you name him once or twice,

Ales. And thereof came it, ~~the~~ theretoze blame not me.

Arden. I know it did, and therefore let it passe,
I must to London swæte Ales presently.

Ales. But tell me do you meane to stay there long?

Arden. No longer there till my affaires be done.

Fran. He will not stay about a month at most.

Ales. A moneth aye me, swæte Arden come againe
Within a day or two, or els I die.

Arden. I cannot long be from the gentle Ales,
Whilist, Michel fetch our horses from the field,
Franklin and I will down vnto the key:
For I haue certaine goods there to vnlod,
Meanewhile prepare our breakfast gentle Ales,
For yet ere none wele take horse and away,

Excunt Arden, & Francklin.

Ales. Ere none he meanes to take horse and away:
Swæte newes is this, Oh that some ayyle spirit,
Would in the shape and liknes of a horse
Galloye with Arden crosse the Ocean,
And throw him from his backe into the waues.
Swæte Mosbie is the man that hath my hart:
And he vsurpes it, hauing nought but this,
That I am tyed to him by marriage.

Loue is a God and marriage is but words,
And therefore Mosbies title is the best,
Tuthe whether it be or no, he shall be mine,
In spight of him, of Hymen and of rytes.

Here enters Adam of the Flourdeluce.

And here comes Adam of the flourdeluce,
I hope he byings me tydings of my loue.

4

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Now now Adam, what is the newes with you?
Be not affraid my husband is now from home.

Adam. He whome you wot of Mosbie & Iures Ales,
Is come to towne, and sends you word by me,
In any case you may not visit him.

Ales. Not visit him?

Adam. No no: take no knowledge of his being here

Ales. But tell me is he angry or displeased.

Adam. Should same so, for he is wondrous sad.

Ales. Were he as mad as raging Hercules,

Ile sa him, I and were thy house of force.

These hands of mine should race it to the ground:

Unless that thou wouldest bring me to my loue.

Adam. Nay and you be so impatient Ile be gone

Ales. Stay Adam, ~~say~~, thou wert wont to be my friend

Aske Mosbie how I haue incurred his wrath,

Beare him from me these paire of siluer dice: x

With which we plaid for kisses many a tyme,

And when I lost, I wan, and so did hee:

Such winning and such losing, Ioue send me,

And bid him if his loue do not decline,

to Come this morning but along my doze:

And as a stranger, but salute me there,

This may he do without suspect or feare.

Adam. Ile tell him what you say, and so farewell.

Exit Adam.

Ales. Do, and one day Ile make amends for all:

I know he loues me well, but dares not come,

Because my husband is so Ielious:

And these my marrow prying neighbours blab,

Under our matings when we would conferre:

But if I liue that block shall be remoued,

And Mosbie, thou that comes to me by selfe

Shalt neither feare the biting speech of men,

For Ardens looks, as surely shall he die,

as I abhorre him, and loue onely thee.

Here

of Fewershame.

Here enters Michael.

How now Michael, whether are you going?

Michael. To fetch my masters nagge,
I hope youle thinke on mee.

Ales. I But Michael see you keepe your oath,
And be as secret, as you are resolute.

Michael. He see he shall not live above a weeke.

Ales. On that condition Michael here is my hand
Done shall haue Possies sifter but thy selfe.

Michael. I vnderstand the Painter here hard by,
Hath made repozte that he and Sue is sure.

Ales. There's no such matter Michaeli belaeue it not,

Michael. But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a hart;
With a verse or two stollen from a painted cloath:
The which I heere the wench keepes in her chest,
Well let her kepe it, I shall finde a fellow
That can both write and read, and make rime too,
And if I do, well, I say no moze:

He send from London such a taunting letter,
As shall eat the hart he sent with salt.

And sling the dagger at the Painters head.

Ales. What needes all this, I say that Susan's thine

Michael. Why then I say that I will kill my master
Or any thing that you will haue me do.

Ales. But Michael see you do it cunningly.

Michael. Why say I should be toke, ile nere confesse,
That you know any thing, and Susan being a Maide,
May begge me from the gallons of the Shyiefe.

Ales. Truste not to that Michael.

Michael. You can not tell me, I haue sene it I,
But mistres tell her whether I lue or die.
He make her moze woozth then twenty Painters can,
For I will rid myne elder brother away:
And then the farme of Bolton is mine owne.
Who would not venture vpon house and land?
When he may haue it for a right downe blowe.

Exit Ales.

A. 4.

Here

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Here enters Mosbie.

Ales. Ponder comes Mosbie. Michaell get thee gone,
And let not him nor any knowe thy drifts.

Exit Michaell.

Mosbie my loue,

Mosbie. Away I say, and talke not to me now.

Ales. A word or two swete hart, and then I will,
Tis yet but early daies, thou needest not feare.

Mosbie. Where is your husband?

Ales. Tis now high water, and he is at the key.

Mos. Where let him be, hence forthward know me not.

Ales. Is this the end of all thy solemne oathes?

Is this the frute thy reconcilement buds?

Haue I for this given thee so many fauours,

Incurd my husbands hate, and out alas,

Made shipwreck of myne honour for thy sake,

And dost thou say hence forthward know me not?

Remember when I lockt the in my closet,

What were thy wordes and mine, did we not both

Decree, to murder Arden in the night.

The heauens can witnes, and the world can tell,

Befoze I saw that falshode loke of thine,

Foze I was tangled with thy tyling speech,

Arden to me was dearer then my soule,

And shall be still, bafe peasant get thee gone.

And boast not of thy conquest ouer me,

Gotten by witch-craft, and more sorcery.

For what hast thou to countenance my loue,

being descended of a noble house,

And matcht already with a gentleman,

Whose seruant thou maist be, and so farewell.

Mos. Ungentle and unkinde Ales, now I see

That which I euer feard, and finde too true;

A womans loue is as the lightning flame,

Which euen in bursting forth consumes it selfe,

To frye thy constancie haue I bene strange,

would

of Feuerjame.

Would I had neuer tryed, but liued in hope.

Ales. What needs thou try me, whom thou neuer found

Mos. Yet pardon me for loue is Felious, (false,

Ales. So list the Sailer to the Parmads song,

So lokes the trauellour to the Basillike, *Basillike*

I am content for to be reconcilde,

And that I know will be mine ouerthrow.

Mos. Whine ouerthrow: first let the world dissolue,

Ales. Nay Posbie let me still inioye thy loue,

And happen what will, I am resolute,

My sauing husband howdes by bagges of Gould,

To make our thidzen rich, and now is he

Gone to vnload the goods that shall be thine,

And he and francklin will to London straight.

Mos. To London Ales, if thoult be ruide by me,

Woele make him sure enough for comming there.

Ales. Ah, would we could.

Mos. I happend on a Painter yesternight,

The onely cunning man of Christendome:

For he can temper poyson with his oyle,

That who so lokes vpon the worke he drawes,

Shall with the beames that issue from his sight,

Suck venom to his bzeast and slay him selfe,

Swete Ales he shall draw thy counterfet,

That Arden may by gaizing on it perishe.

Ales. I but Posbie that is dangcrous,

For thou or I, or any other els,

Commig into the Chamber where it hangs, may die.

Mos. I but woele haue it couered with a cloath,

And hang vp in the Studie for him selfe.

Ales. It may not be, for when the pictur's drawne,

Arden I know will come and view it me.

Mos. Feare not woele haue that shall serue the turne,

This is the painters house Ile call him forth.

Ales. But Posbie Ile haue no such picture I:

Mos. I pray the leane it to my discretion. Now, Clarke

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Here enters Clarke.

C You are an honest man of your word, you serud me wel,

Clark. Why sir, ile do it for you at any time,

provided as you haue giuen your worde,

I may haue Susan Posbie to my wife:

For as sharpe witted Poets, whose swete verse

Make heavenly gods break of their pector draughts,

And lay their eares down to the lowly earth:

Use humble promise to their sacred Muse,

So we that are the Poets fauorits,

Must haue a loue, I, Loue is the Painters Muse.

That makes him frame a speaking countenance.

A weping eye that witnesses hartes griefe.

Then tell me Master Posbie shall I haue hir?

Ales. 'Tis pittie but he should, heele vse her well.

Mosbie Clarke hears my hand my siller shall be thine,

Cl. When brother to requite this curtesie,

You shall command my lyfe my skill and all.

Ales. Ah that thou couldst be secret,

Mosbie. Feare him not, leaue, I haue talkt sufficient,

Cl. You know not me, that ask such questions.

Let it suffice, I know you loue him well,

And faine would haue your husband made a way:

Wherein trust me you shew a noble minde,

What rather then youle lue with him you hate,

Youle venture lyfe, and die with him you loue,

The like will I do for my Susans sake.

Ales. Yet nothing could inforce me to the deed,

But Posbies loue, might I without controll,

Inioy the still, then Arden should not die:

But seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.

Mos. Enough sweete Ales, thy kinde words makes me

Your tricke of poysoned pictures we dislike, (melt,

Some other poyson would do better farre.

Ales. I such as might be put into his bryoth,

And yet in taste not to be found at all.

Clarke.

of Feuershame.

9

Clarke. I know your minde, and here I haue it for you,
But but a dram of this into his drinke,
Or any kinde of broth that he shall eat:
And he shall die within an houre after.

Ales. As I am a gentle woman Clarke, next day
Thou and Susan shall be married.

Mos. And Ile mak her dowry moze the ile talk of Clark,

Clarke. Ponder's your husband, Mosbie ile be gone.

Here enters Arden and Francklin.

Ales. In god time, for where my husband comes,
Maister Mosbie aske him the question your selfe.

Exit Clarke.

Mos. Maister Arden, being at London yester night,
The Abby lands wherof you are now posses,
Were offred me on some occasion,
By Greens one of sir Antony Agers men:
I pray you sir tell me, are not the lands yours?
Hath any other interest herein?

Arden. Mosby that question wele decyde anon,
Also make ready my breakfast, I must hence.

Exit Ales.

As for the lands mosbie they are mine,
By letters patents from his Maiesy:
But I must haue a Mandat for my wyfe.
They say you seek to robbe me of her lone.
Willaine what makes thou in her company,
Hast no companion for so base a grome.

Mosbie Arden I thought not on her, I came to the,
But rather then I pocket vp this wrong.

Francklin. What will you do sir?

Mos. Reuenge it on the proudest of you both:

Then Arden drawes forth Mosbies sword.

Arden. So sirbs, you may not weare a sword,
The statute makes against artificers,
I warrand that I doo, now vse your bodkin,
Your spanish needle, and your presting Iron.

B. 2

F02

The Tragedy of M. Arden

For this shall go with me, and marke my words,
 You Goodman botcher, tis to you I speake,
 The next time that I take thee neare my house,
 In steade of Legs Ile make thee crall on stumps.

Mos. Ah maister Arden you haue iniurde me,
 I doe appeale to God, and to the world.

Fran. Why canst thou deny, thou wert a botcher once,

Mos. Pleasure me what I am, not what I was.

Ar. Why what art thou now, but a Meluct Dudge,
 A cheating felward, and base minded peasant.

Mos. Arden now thou hast belcht and vomited,
 The rancozous benome of thy mis-swolne hart,
 Heare me but speake, as I intend to liue
 With God, and his elected saints in heauen,
 I neuer meant moze to solicit her,
 And that she knowes, and all the world shall see,
 I loued her once, swete Arden pardon me.
 I could not chuse, her beauty fyrde my hearte,
 But time hath quencht these ouerraging coles,
 And Arden though I now frequent thy house,
 Tis for my sisters sake, her waiting maid
 And not for hers, maiest thou enjoy her long:
 Hell fyre and wyathfull vengeance light on me,
 If I dishonour her or iniure thee.

Ar. Wosbie with these thy protestations,

The deadly hatred of my hart is appeased,

And thou and Ie be freends, if this pzoone trew.

As for the base tearmes I gaue thee lately

Forget them Wosbie, I had cause to speake:

When ail the knights and gentlemen of Bent,

Make common table talke of her and thee. tongues,

Mos. Who liues that is not toucht with slaunders

Fra. When Wosbie, to eschew the speache of men,

Upon whose generall bzute all honoꝝ hangs,

Forbeare his house.

Ar. Forbeare it, nay rather frequent it moze.

The

of Feuershame.

11

The woꝛlde shall ſee that I diſtruſt her not,
To warne him on the ſudden from my houſe,
Where to confirme the rumour that is growne.

Mof. By ſaith my ſir you ſay trew,
And therefore will I ſojourne here a while,
Untill our enemies haue talkt their fill.
And then I hope theile ceaſe, and at laſt confeſſe,
How cauſeles they haue iniurde her and me.

Ard. And I will ly at London all this tearme,
To let them ſee how light I wey their woꝛds.

Here enters Ales.

Ales. Huſband ſit down, your bzekfaſt will be could,

Ard. Come M. Moſbie will you ſit with vs,

Mof. I can not eat, but ile ſit for company.

Ard. Sirra Michaele ſee our hoſe be ready.

Ales. Huſband why pauſe ye, why eat you not,

Ard. I am not well, thers ſomething in this bzoth
That is not holeſome, didſt thou make it Ales?

Ales. I did, and thats the cauſe it likes not you,
Then ſhe throwes down the broth
on the ground.

Thers nothing that I do can pleaſe your taſte.
You were beſt to ſay I would haue poiſoned you,
I cannot ſpeak or caſt aſide my eye:
But he imagines, I haue ſtept awy.
Heres he that you caſt in my teeth ſo oft,
How will I be conuincd, or purge my ſelfe,
I charge thee ſpeake to this miſtruſtfull man,
Thou that wouldſt ſee me hange, thou M of bye thou,
What ſauour haſt thou had more then a kiſſe.
At comming or departing from the Towne?

Mof. You wzong your ſelfe and me, to caſt theſe douts
Your louing huſband is not Ielious.

Ard. Why gentle miſtres Ales, cannot I be ill,
But youle accuſe your ſelfe.
Franchline thou haſte a hore of Pethydate,

The Tragedy of M. Arden

He take a litle to pzeuent the woꝝt.

Fran. Do so, and let vs pzeisntly take hoꝝe,
My lyfe foꝝ yours ye shall do well enough.

Ales. Giue me a spoone, He eat of it my selfe,
Would it were full of payson to the hꝝim.
Then should my cares and troubles haue an end,
Was euer silly woman so toꝝmented?

Arden. Be patient swaete lone, I mistrust not the,

Ales. God will reuenge it Arden if thou doest.

foꝝ neuer woman lou'd her husband better, the I do the,

Ard. I know it swaete Ales, cease to complaine:

Least that in teares I answer the againe.

Fran. Come leaue this dallying, and let vs a way.

Ales. foꝝbeare to wound me with that bitter woꝝd,
Arden shall go to London in my armes.

Arden. Loth am I to depart, yet I must go,

Ales. Willt thou to London then, and leaue me here?

Ah if thou loue me gentle Arden stay,

Pet if thy busines be of great Impoꝝt

So if thou wilt He beare it as I may:

But wꝝite from London to me euery wáke,

Pay euery day, and stay no longer there

When thou must nedes, least that I die foꝝ soꝝrow.

Arden. He wꝝite vnto thee euery other tide,
And so farewell sweete Ales till we meete next.

Ales. Farewell Husband seing youle haue it so.

And M. Francklin, seing you take him hence,

In hope youle haſten him home He giue you this

and then she kisseth him.

Fran. And if he stay the fault shall not be mine,
Holbie farewell. and see you keepe your oath.

Mosbie I hope he is not Felious of me now.

Arden. No Holbie no, hereafter thinke of me,
As of your dearest friend, and so farewell.

Excunt Arden, Franklin, & Michaell.

Ales. I am glad he is gone, he was about to stay.

But

of Feuershame.

13

But did you marke me then how I brake of:

Mosbie I Ales, and it was cunningly perfozmed,
But what a villaine is this painter Clarke?

Ales. Was it not a godly popson that he gaue?
Why he's as well now, as he was befoze.

It should haue bene some fine confection,
What might haue giuen the bzoth some daintie taste,
This powder was to grosse and populos.

Mosbie But had he eaten but thre spoonefulles more,
Then had he died, and our loue continued.

Ales. Why so it shall Mosbie, albeit he liue,

Mosbie. It is vnpossible, for I haue swozne,
Peur hereafter to solcite the,

Whylest he liues, once more impoztune the.

Ales. Thou shalt not neede I will impoztune the.

What shall an oath make thee forsake my loue?

As if I haue not swozne as much my selfe,

And giuen my hand vnto him in the church,

With Mosbie oathes are wordes, and wordes is winde, are

And winde is mutable: then I conclude,

His childishnes to stand vpon an oath.

Mos. Well proued Mistres Ales, yet by your leave,
He keepe mine vnbzoken, whilest he liues.

Ales. I doo, and spare not: his time is but thort,

For if thou beest as resolute as I,

Wele haue him murdered, as he walkes the straits:

In London many alehouse Ruffins keepe.

Which as I heare will murther men for gould,

They shall be soundly fed, to pay him home:

Here enters Greene.

Mos. Ales whats he that comes ponder, knowest thou

Ales. Mosbie he gone, I hope tis one that comes him
To put in practise our intended bzifts.

Exit Mosbie.

Gre. Mistres Arden you are well met,
I am sorry that your husband is from home,

15. 4.

When

The Tragedy of M. Arden

When as my purposed iourney was to him,
 Yet all my labour is not spent in vaine:
 For I suppose that you can full discourse,
 And flat resolue me of the thing I seeke.

Ales. What is it maister Greene? If that I may
 Can, with safety, I will answer you.

Greene. I heard your husband hath the grant of late,
 Confirmed by letters patents from the king,
 Of all the lands of the Abby of Heuerthame,
 Generally intituled, so that all former grants,
 Are cut of, whereof I my selfe had one,
 But now my interest by that is void,
 This is all mistres Arden, is it trew no? no?

Ales. Trew maister Greene, the lands are his in state,
 And whatsoever leases were befoze,
 Are void for tearme of Maister Ardens lyfe:
 He hath the grant vnder the Chancery seale.

Gre. Pardon me mistres Arden, I must speake,
 For I am toucht, your husband doth me wrong:
 Dooing me from the little land I haue.

By liuing is my lyfe, onely that
 Resteth remainder of my portion.
 Desyre of welth is endles in his minde,
 And he is greedy gaping still for gaine,
 For cares he though young gentlemen do begge,
 So he may scrape and hwyde vp in his poutche,
 But seeing he hath taken my lands, Healue lyfe:
 As careles as he is carefull for to get,
 And tell him this from me, He be reuenged,
 And so, as he shall wishe the Abby lands
 Had rested still, within their former state.

Ales. Alas poore gentleman, I pittie you,
 And too is me that any man should want,
 God knowes tis not my fault, but wonder not
 Though he be harde to others, when to me,
 Ah maister Greene, God knowes how I am vsde.

Greene.

Gre. Why mistress Arden can the crabbed churle,
Use you unkindely, respects he not your birth?
Your honorable friends, no? what you brought:
Why? all Kent knowes your parentage, and what you are

Ales. Ah P. Graue be it spoken in secret heere,
I neuer live good day with him alone:
When he is at home, then haue I froward lokes,
Hard words and blowes, to mend the match withall:
And though I might content as good a man,
Yet doth he keepe in euerie cozner trulles,
And weary with his trugges at home,
Then rydes he straight to London, there sozsoth
He reuelles it among such filthie ones,
As counsel him to make away his wyfe:
Thus liue I dayly in continuall feare:
In sorrow, so despairing of redres
As euer day I with with hartie prayer,
That he or I were taken sozth the wo:ld be.

Gre. Now trust me mistress Ales, it graueth me,
So faire a creature should be so abused.
Why who would haue thought the ciuill sir, so fallen,
He lookes so smothly ~~and~~ fye bpon him Churle,
And if he liue a day he liues too long,
But frolick woman, I shall be the man,
Shall set you free from all this discontent:
And if the Churle deny my interestte,
And will not yelde my lease into my hand,
He paye him home, what euer hap to me,

Ales. But speake you as you thinke?

Gre. I Gods my witnes, I meane plaine dealing,
For I had rather die then lose my land.

Ales. When maister Greene be counsailed by me
Indaunger not your selfe, soz such a Churle,
But hyze some Cutter soz to cut him thort.
And her's ten pound, to wager them with all.
When he is dead you shall haue twenty moze.

C

And

The Tragedy of M. Arden

And the lands whereof my husband is possessor,
Shall be intitled as they were before.

Gre. Will you keepe promise with me?

Ales. O; count me false and perjur'd, whilst I live,

Gre. When heares my hand Ile haue him so dispatcht,
Ile be to London draught, Ile theaer post,
And neuer rest, til I haue compass't it,
I'll then farewell.

Ales. Good fortune follow all your so;ward thoughts

Exit Grene.

And whosoever doth attempt the daide,

A happie hand I wish. and so farewell.

All this goes well, Mosbie I long to; the
To let thee know all that I haue contriued.

Here enters Mosbie & Clarke.

Mos. How now Ales what's the newes,

Ales. Such as will content thee well swate hart,

Mos. Well let them passe a while, and tell me Ales,
How haue you dealt, and temper'd with my sister
What will she haue my neighbour Clarke, or no?

Ales. What? Mosbie let him wooe him self,
Thinke you that maides loke not so; faire wordes,
Go to her Clarke has all alone within,
Michaell my man is cleane out of her booke.

Clarke I thanke you mistres Arden, I will in;
And if faire Susan, and I can ~~make~~ a gree,
You shall command me to the vttermost.
As farre as either gods or life may stretch. Exit Clark.

Mos. Now Ales lets heare thy newes?

Ales. They be so good, that I must laugh so; for,
Before I can begin to tell my tale,

Mos. Lets heare them, that I may laugh so; company

Ales. This moyning P. Grene, dick grene I means,
From whome my husband had the Abby land,
Came hether railing so; to know the trueth,
Whether my husband had the lands by grant,

I could

I tould him all, where at he stozmd a maine,
And swoze he would cry quittance with the Churle,
And if he did denye his entereſt
ſtabbe him, whatſoener did befall him ſelfe,
When as I ſawe his choller thus to riſe,
I whetted on the gentleman with words
And to conclude, Poſſie, at laſt we grew
To compoſition for my husbands death,
I gane him ten pound to hire knaues,
By ſome deuſe to make away the Churle:
When he is dead, he ſhould haue twenty more,
And repoſſeſſe his former lands againe,
On this we grabd, and he is ridden ſtraight
To London, to bzing his death about.

Mos. But call you this good newes?

Ales. I ſweete hart, be they not?

Mos. Were cherefull newes, to hear the churle ſwer
But truſt me Ales. I take it paſſing ill, (dead,
You would be ſo forgetfull of our ſtate,
To make recount of it to euery grone,
What? to acquaint each ſtranger with our bzifts,
Chafely in caſe of murder, why tis the way,
To make it open vnto Ardens ſelfe.
And bzing thy ſelfe and me to ruine both,
For ſwearnde, ſo ſwearnde. who thzeats his enemye
Lends him a ſwozd to guarde himſelfe with all.

Ales. I did it for the beſt.

Mos. Well, ſeing tis don, chereſy let it paſ.
You know this Cræne, is he not religioſus?
A man I geſſe of great deuotion.

Ales. He is.

Mos. When ſweete Ales let it paſ, I haue a bzift
Will quyet all, what euer is amis.

Here enters Clarke and Suſan.

Ales. How now Clarke, haue you found me falſe?
Did I not plead the matter hard for you?

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Clarke. You did.

Mos. And what, wilt be a match,

Clarke. A match, I saith sir I, the day is mine,
The Painter, lages his cullours to the life,
His pensel draws no shadowes in his loue,
Susan is mine.

Ales. You make her blushe.

Mos. What sister is it Clarke must be the man?

Su. It resteth in your graunt, some words are past,
And happely we be growne vnto a match,
If you be willing that it shall be so?

Mos. Ah maister Clarke, it resteth at my grant,
You see my sister's yet at my dispose,
But so youle graunt me one thing I shall aske,
I am content my sister shall be yours.

Clark. What is it M. Mosbie?

Mos. I do remember once in secret talke,
You told me how you could compound by Arte,
A crucifix impoysoned:

That who so ~~take~~ ^{take} upon it should ware blinde,
And with the sent be ^{infected} ~~infected~~, that ere long,
We should dye poysond, that did biew it wel.
I would haue you make me such a crucifx,
And then Ile grant my sister shall be yours.

Cla. Though I am loath, because it toucheth life,
Yet rather o: Ile leaue swate Susans loue,
Ile do it, and with all the haste I may.
But so: whome is it?

Ales. Leaueth that to vs, why Clarke is it possible,
That you should paint and draw it out your selfe,
The cullours being balefull and impoysoned,
And no waies preiudice your selfe with all?

Mos. Well questioned Ales,
Clarke how answer you that?

Cla. Very easly, Ile tell you straight,
How I do worke of these Impoysoned drugs,

of Feuershame.

14

I fasten on my spectacles so close,
As nothing can any way offend my sight,
When as I put a leafe within my nose,
So put I rubarbe to auoid the smell,
And softly as another worke I paint,

Mos. Tis very well, but against when shall I haue it,

Clā. Within this ten dayes,

Mos. It will serue the turne.

Now Ales lets in, and see what chāre you keepe,
I hope now M. Arden is from home,
Youle giue me leaue to play your husbands part.

Ales. Howbie you know whose maister of my hart,
He well may be the master of the house.

Ecunt, Exeunt.

Here enter Greene and Bradshaw,

Brad. See you them that come yonder M. Grāne?

Gren. I very well, doe you know them?

Here enters Blacke Will and Shakebagge.

Brad. The one I knowe not, but he seemes a knaue,
Chastly for bearing the other company:

For such a slaue, so vile a roge as he,
Lyes not againe vpon the earth,
Black-will is his name I tell you M. Grāne,

At Bulloine he and I were fellow souldiers,

Where he plaid such pranks,

As all the Campe feard him for his villany:

I warrant you he beares so bad a minde,

That for a crowne heele murder any man.

Gre. The fitter is he for my purpose mary.

Will. How now fellow Bradshaw,

Whether away so earely?

Brad. O Will times are changed, no fellows now,
Though we were once together in the field,
Yet thy friend to doe thee any good I can.

Will. Why Bradshawe was not thou and I,
Fellow souldiers at Bulloine:

(growne)

Where I was a cozpozall, and thou but a base mercenarye

Will. What apparell had he,

Brad. A watchet sattin doublet all to fozne,
The inner side did beare the greater show,
A paire of thred bare Weluet hose seame rent.
A woisted stockin rent aboue the shoe,
A livery cloake, but all the lace was off,
It was bad, but yet it serued to hide the plate,

Will. Sirra Shakebagge, canst thou remember
Since we trouled the boule at Sittingburgh,
Whether Iooke the Tapsters head of the Lyon
With a Cubgill sticke?

Shak. I very well Will.

Will. Why it was with the money that the plate was
Sirra Bradshaw, what wilt thou giue him (couldst fo:
What can tell thee who should be thy plate?

Brad. Who I pray thee good Will,

Will. Why it was one Jacke Fitten,
He's now in Newgate, for stealing a horse,
And shall be arraigned the next sise.

Brad. Why then let Lord Cheiny seek Jack Fittē for thee
For Ile backe and tell him, who robbed him of his plate,
This chāres my hart D. Greene, Ile leaue you,
For I must to the Ile of Sheppes with spade,

Greene Besoꝛe you go let me intreat you
To carry this letter to mistres Arden of Feuerhame,
And humbly recommend me to her selfe.

Brad. What wilt I D. Greene, and so fare well.
Here Will, theres a Crowne for thy good newes.

Exit Bradshawe.

Will. Farewell Bradshaw,

Ile drinke no water for thy sake, whilst this lasts:
Now gentleman, shall we haue your company to London.

Gre. Nay say sirs, a litle moꝛe I needs must vse your
And in a matter of great consequence, (helpe,
Wherein if youle be secret and profound,
Ile giue you twenty Angels for your pames.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Will. How? twenty Angells? giue my fellow
George Hatbag and me, twenty Angels,
And if thoult haue thy owne father slaine,
That thou mayst inherit his land, wæle kill him,

Shak. I thy Mother, thy sister, thy brother, or all thy

Gre. Tell this it is, Arden of Feuerthame. (kin.

Hath highly wrongd me about the Abby land,
That no reuendge but death will serue the turne:
Will you two kill him, heares the Angels dolune,
And I will lay the platfoyme of his death:

Will. Plat me no platfoymes giue me the money,
And ile stab him as he stands pissing against a wall,
but Ile kill him.

Sha. Where is he?

Greene. He is now at London, in Aldersgate stræte,

Shak. He's dead, as if he had bene condemned
By an act of parliament, if once Black Will and I
Sweare his death,

Gre. Here is ten pound, and when he is dead,
He shall haue twenty more:

Will. My fingers itches to be at the pesant,
Ah that I might be set a worke thus through the yere,
And that murther would grow to an occupation:
That a man might without daunger of law,
Zounds I warrant, I should be warden of the company,
Come let vs be going, and wele bate at Rochester,
Where Ile giue thee a gallon of Sack,
So hansell the match with all. Exeunt,

Here enters Michael.

Mich. I haue gotten suche a letter,
As will touche the Painter, And thus it is.

Here enters Arden and Francklin, and heares

Michaell read this letter.

*My duetye remembred Mistres Susan, hoping in God you be in
good health, as I Michaell was at the making heereof. This is to
certifie you, that as the Turtle true, when she hath lost her mate,
sitteth*

Reth alone, so I mourning for your absence, do walk up and down
 Poules, til one day I fell a sleepe and lost my maisters Pantophelles.
 Ah mistres Susan abbolishe that paltry Painter, cut him off by the
 shinnes, with a frowning looke of your crabed countenance. & think
 upon Michael, who druncke with the dregges of your fauour, wil
 cleane as fast to your loue, as a plaster of Pitch to a gald horse back
 Thus hoping you will let my passions penetrate, or rather impetrate
 mercy of your meeke hands. I end.

Tours Michael, or els not Michael.

Ar. Why you paltrie knaue,
 Stand you here loytering, knowing my affaires,
 What haste my busines craues to send to Bent?

Fran. Faith frend Michael, this is very ill,
 Knowing your maister hath no more but you,
 And do ye slacke his busines for your owne?

Ar. Where is the letter sirra, let me see it,

Then he giues him the letter,

Se maister Franklin, heres proper stuffe.
 Susan my maid, the Painter, and my man,
 A trne of harlots all in loue forsooth,
 Sirra let me heare no more of this.

Now for thy lyfe, once write to her a worde.

Here enter Greene, Will, and Shakebag,
 Wilt thou be married to so base a troll.
 This Posbies sister, come I once at home,
 Ile rouse her from remaining in my house:
 Now M. Franklin let vs go walke in Paules,
 Come, but a turne or two and then away, Exeunt,

Gre. The first is Arden, and thats his man,
 The other is Franklin Ardens dearest friend.

Will. Zounds Ile kill them all three,

Gre. Nay Sirs, touch not his man in any case,
 But stand close, and take you fittest standing,
 And at his coming forth speede him:

To the Pages head, ther is this towards haunt,
 But now Ile leaue you till the deed be don: Exit Greene

D.

Shake,

Sha. If he be not paid his owne nere trust Shakebagge.

Wil. Sirra Shakbag, at his comming forth
He runne him through, and then to the blackfrers,
And there take water and a way.

Sha. Why thats the best, but see thou misse him not.

Wil. How can I misse him, when I thinke on the fortye
Angels I must haue moze.

Here enters a Prentise,

Prentise. 'Tis very late, I were best shute vp my stall,
For here will be ould filching when the presse comes forth
of Paules. Then lettes he downe his window, and it
breaks Black Wils head.

Wil. Zounds draw Shakbag draw, I am almost kild.

Pren. Mele tame you I warrant.

Wil. Zounds I am tame enough already.

Here enters Arden, Fran. & Michael.

Arden. What troublesome fray or mutany is this?

Fran. 'Tis nothing but some bzabbling paltry fray.
Deuised to pick mens pockets in the thzong.

Arden. If nothing els: come Franklin let vs away. Exeunt.

Wil. What mends shal I haue for my bzoken head?

Pren. Hary this mends, that if you get you not away
All the sower, you shal be well beaten and sent to the coun-
ter.

Exit prentise.

Wil. Well He be gone, but loke to your signes,
For He pull them down all.

Shakbag my bzoken head graues me not so much,
As by this meanes Arden hath escaped.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. I had a glimpse of him and his companion.

Gre. Why sirs, Arden's as wel as I,
I met him and Franklyn going merrilly to the ordinary,
What dare you not do it? (again,

Wil. Yes sir we dare do it, but were my consent to giue
We would not do it vnder ten pound moze.
I value euery drop of my blood at a French Crowne.

I haue

I haue had ten pound to steale a dogge,
And we haue no moze heere to kill a man,
But that a bargane is a bargane, and so foz;th,
You should do it your selfe.

Gre. I pray the how came thy head broke,
Will. Why thou seest it is broke, dost thou not?

Sha. Stāding against a staule, watching Ardens coming,
A boy let down his shop window, and broke his head.
Wherebpon arose a bzaul, and in the tumult
Arden escapt vs, and past by vntthought on.
But fozberance is no acquittance,
Anothertime wele do it I warrant the.

Gre. I pray the will make cleane thy bloodie brow,
And let vs bethink vs on some other place,
Where Arden may be met with handsonly.
Remember how deuoutly thou hast swozne,
To kill the villaine thinke vpon thyne oath.

Will. Tush, I haue broken fise hundred oathes,
But wouldst thou charme me to effect this dede?
Tell me of gould my resolutions fee,
Say thou seest Posbie knēling at my knēs,
Offering me seruice foz my high attempt:
And swāte Ales Arden with a lap of crownes.
Come f with a lowly curly to the earth,
Saying take this, but foz thy quarterige,
Such yērely tribute will I answer the.
Why this would steale soft metled cowardice,
With which black Will was neuer tainted with yet,
I tell the Grēne the fozlozne trauailer,
Whose lips are glewed with sommers parching heat,
Here longd so much to se a running broke,
As I to finish Ardens Tragedy.
Dost thou this goare that cleaueth to my face?
From hence nere will I wash this bloody staine,
Til Ardens hart be panting in my hand.

Gre. Why thats wel said, but what saith Shabbag?
D. 2 I cannot

25

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Shak. I cannot paint my valour out with words,
But giue me place and opportunitie,
Such mercy as the staruen Lynxes
When she is by suckt of her eager young:
Sho wes to the pray that next encounters her,
On Arden so much pittie would I take.

Gre. So should it faire with men of firme resolute,
And now sirs seeing this accident,
Of meeting him in Daules hath no successe:
Let vs bethinke vs on some other place,
Whose earth may swallow vp this Ardens blode.

Here enters Michaell.

He ponder comes his man, and wat you wat,
The foolish knave is in loue with Posbies sister;
And for her sake whose loue he cannot get,
Vnlesse Posbie solicit his sute.
The villaine hath sworne the slaughter of his maister,
Wale question him, for he may stead vs muche:
How now Michaell whether are you going?

Mic. My maister hath new sapt,
And I am going to prepare his chamber.

Gre. Where sapt M. Arden?

Mic. At the Pages head at the 18 pence ordinarie,
How now M. Shabbag, what Blacke Tull,
Gods deere lady, how chaunce your face is so bloody?

Wil. Go to sirra, there is a chaunce in it.

This saluines in you wil make you be knockt.

Mic. Nay and you be offended ile be gone.

Gre. Stay michael you may not scape vs so.

Michaell I knowe you loue your M. wel.

Mic. Why so I do, but wherefore vudge you that?

Gre. Because I thinke you loue your mistres better,

Mic. So think not I, but say, yfaith what if I should?

Shak. Come to the purpose Michaell, we heare

You haue a pretty loue in Feuerhame,

Mic. Why haue I two or thre, whats that to the?

Wil.

of Feuerhame.

27.

Wil. You deale so mildely, with the peasant, thus it is,
His kowne to vs you loue most vnsister.
We know besides that you haue tane your oath,
To further Posbie to your mistres bed,
And kill your M. for his sisters sake.
Now sir, a pox to coward then your selfe,
Was neuer fostered in the coast of Kent.
How comes it then, that such a knaue as you
Dare sweare a matter of such consequence?

Gre. Ah will.

Will. I will giue me leaue, there is no more but this,
With thou hast swoorne, we dare discouer all.
And hadst thou or shouldst thou utter it,
We haue deuised a complat vnder hand
What euer shall betide to any of vs:
To send thee soundly to the diuell of hell.
And therefore thus, I am the very man,
Markt in my birth howe by the destinyes,
To giue an end to Ardens lyfe on earth,
Thou but a member, but to whet the knife,
Whose edge must sear the closet of his breast.
Thy office is but to appoint the place,
And traine thy M. to his tragedy.
Pyne to perforce it, when occasion serues.
Then be not nice, but here deuise with vs,
How and what way, we may conclude his death.

Sha. So shalt thou purchase, Posbie for thy fren.
And by his friendship gaine his sisters loue.

Gre. So shall thy mistres be thy fauorier,
And thou disburnd of the oath thou made.

Mic. Well gentlemen I cannot but confesse,
With you haue vjged me so aparantly,
That I haue vowed my M. Ardens death,
And he whose kindly loue and liberall hand,
Doth challenge naught but god delerts of me.
I will delquer ouer to your hands.

D.

This

The Tragedye of M. Arden

This night come to his house at Aldersgate,
 The doores he leaue vnlockt againſt you come.
 No ſooner ſhall ye enter through the latch,
 Duer the threſholde to the inner court.
 But on your left hand ſhall you ſee the ſtaires.
 That leads directly to my D. chamber.
 There take him and diſpoſe him as ye pleaſe,
 Now it were good we parted company,
 What I haue promiſed, I will perſorme.

Wil. Should you deceiue vs, twould go wzong w you,

Mic. I will accompliſh al I haue reuealde, (a dog

Wil. Come let's go dzinke, choller makes me as dze as

Excunt Will, Gre. and Shak.

Manet Michael.

Mic. Thus ſædes the Lambe ſecurely on the downe,
 Whilſt through the thicket of an arber bzake,
 The hunger bitten Woulfe ozepzves his hant,
 And takes aduantage to eat him vp.

Ah harmeles Arden how, how haſt thou miſdone,

That thus thy gentle lyfe is leueld at,

The many good turnes that thou haſt don to me,

Now muſt I quitance with betraying thee.

I that ſhould take the weapon in my hand,

And buckler thee from ill intending foes.

Do lead thee with a wicked fraudfull ſmile,

As vnſuſpected, to the ſlaughterhouſe:

So haue I ſwozne to Polby and my miſtreſ.

So haue I promiſed to the ſlaughtermen.

And ſhould I not deale currently with them,

Their lawles rage would take reuenge on me,

But I will ſpur ne at mercy for this once.

Let pittie lodge where ſæble women ly.

I am reſolued, and Arden needs muſt die. Exit Michael.

Here enters Arden & Fran.

Arden. No franklin no, if feare oz ſtozmy thzets,
 If loue of me, oz care of womanhode,

of Feuershame.

29

If feare of God, or common speech of men,
Who mangle credit with their wounding words,
And cooche dishonor, as dishonor buds.
Might ioyne repentance in her wanton thoughts,
No question then but she would turne the lease,
And sorrow for her dissolution.

But she is rooted in her wickednes.

Peruerse and Stobburne, not to be reclaimde;

God counsell is to her as raine to wades
And reprehension makes her vice to grow,
As Hydraes head that perisht by decay.

Her faults me think are painted in my face.

For every searching eye to ouer rate.

And Posbies name, a scandale vnto myne.

Is deeply trenched in my blushing brow.

Ah Franklin Franklin, when I think on this,

My harts græfe rends my other powers,

Whose then the conflict at the houre of death.

Farn. Gentle Arden leave this sad lament,

She will amend, and so your græfes will cease.

Or els shee die, and so your sorrows end.

If neither of these two do happely fall,

Yet let your comfort be, that others beare.

Your woes twice doubled all with patience.

Arden. My house is irksome, there I cannot rest.

Fra. When stay with me in London, go not home.

Arden. When that base Posbie doth vsurpe my come,

And makes his triumphe of my basing thence.

At home, or not at home, where ere I be.

Heere heere it lyes, ah Franklin here it lyes,

That wil not out till wretched Arden dies.

Here enters Michaell.

Fra. Forget your græfes a while, heere comes your man,

Arden. What a Clock itt is?

Mic. Almost ten.

Arden. See how runnes away the weary time,

D. 4.

Come

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Come M. Franklin, what we go to bed.

Exeunt Arden & Michael.

Manet Francklin.

Fran. I pray you go before, He follow you,

• Ah what a brill is fretfull Ielousie?

moving What pittie moning words, what deepe sette sighes?What gracious grones? and overlading woes,
Accompanied this gentle gentleman.

How will he shake his care oppressed head,

When fir his sadels on the fallen earth,

Ashamed to gaze vpon the open world.

How will he cast his eyes vp towarde the heauens,

Looking that waies for redress of wrong,

Some times he seeketh to beguile his grieke,

lets And tels a story with his carefull tongue.

When comes his wifes dishonour in his thoughts,

if And in the middle cuteth of his tale.

Potwring fresh sorrow on his wearp lims.

So woe begone, so inly charged with woe,

Was neuer any lpyed and bare it so.

Here enters Michael.

Mic. My M. would desire you come to bed.

Fra. Is he himselfe already in his bed?

Exit Fran. Manet Mic.

Mic. He is and saine would haue the light away,

Conkiding thoughts incamped in my brest

Awake me with the Echo of their strokes:

And I a iudge to censure either side,

Can giue to neither wished victorie.

My masters kinde does pleads to me for lyfe,

With iust demand, and I must grant it him.

My mistres she hath forced me with an oath,

For Susan sake the which I may not breake,

For that is nearer the a masters loue,

This grim faced fellow, pittiles black Will,

And shakebag thearne in bloody Ortageme.

Two

Two Kuffer Kuffins neuer lined in Bent,
 Haue sworne my death: if I infringe my vow,
 A dreadfull thing to be considered of,
 We thinks I see them with their bolstered haire,
 Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
 And in their ruthles hands, their daggers drawne,
 Insulting oze there with a peck of oathes. *three*
 Whilest thou submitstine pleading for relæse,
 Art mangled by their irefull instruments.
 We thinks I heare them aske where Michaell is
 And pittiles black Will, cryes stab the slane.
 The Desant will detect the Trageby.
 The wyndles in his fowle death thzeatning face,
 Gapes open wide, lyke graues to swallow men.
 My death to him is but a merrymment,
 And he will murther me to make him sport.
 He comes, he comes, ah *W*. Franklin helpe,
 Call by the neighbors oze we are but dead
 Here enters Fran. & Arden.

Eran. What dismall outcry cals me from my rest:

Ard. What hath occasiond such a fearefull crye:

Speake Michaell, hath any inturbe thee:

Mic. Nothing sir, but as I fell a sleape,
 Upon the thzeholde leaning to the staires.
 I had a fearefull dreame that troubled me,
 And in my slumber thought I was beset,
 With murtherer theeues that came to risse me.
 My trembling ioints witnes my inward feare.
 I craue your pardons for disturbing you.

Ard. So great a cry for nothing, I nere heard.

What, are the dozes fast lockt: and all things safe:

Mic. I cannot tel, I think I lockt the dozes.

Ard. I like not this, but Ile go see my selfe.

Perere trust me, but the dozes were all vnlockt.

This negligence not halfe contenteth me.

Get you to bed, and if you loue my fauour,

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Let me haue no moze such pranches as these
Come B. Franklin, let vs go to bed.

Fran. Exit. I be my faith, the aire is very colde, *Exeunt.*

Michaell farewell, I pray the dreame no moze.

Sha. Black night hath hid the pleasures of y day.

Here enter Will, Gre. and Shak.

And shet ing darknesse ouerhangs the earth,
And with the black folde of her cloudy robe,
Obscures vs from the sight of the worlde,
In which sweete silence such as we triumph.
The layie minuts linger on their time,

as Loth to giue due audit to the howze:

Til in the watch our purpose be complete,

And Arden sent to euerlasting night.

Greene get you gone, and linger here about,

And at some houre hence, come to vs againe,

Where we will giue you instance of his death.

Gre. Spede to my with whose wil so ere sayes no,

And so ile leaue you for an howze or two. *Exit Gre.*

Will. I tel the Shakesbag, would this thing wer don,

I am so heauy that I can scarce go:

This drowsines in me bods little good.

Shake. How now Will, become a pfectionian.

Pay then lets go sleepe, when buges and seares,

Shall kill our courages with their fancies worke,

Will. Why Shakesbagge thou mistakes me much,

And wrongs me so in telling me of seare,

Wert not a serious thing we go about,

It should be slept, til I had fought with the:

To let the know I am no coward I,

I tel thee Shakesbag thou abusest me.

Sha. Why thy speech betwyled an indge kind of seare.

And sauourd of a weak relenting spirit.

Go so ward now in that we haue begonne.

And after wards attempt me when thou darest.

Wil. And if I do not heauen cut me of,

But let that passe, and show me to this house.

Where

of Feuershame.

33

Where thou shalt see I le do as much as Shakkbag.

Sha. This is the dore, but soft, me thinks tis shut.
The villaine Michaell hath deceiued vs,

Wil. Soft let me see, Shakkbag tis shut indeed.

Knock with thy sword, perhaps the slave will heare,

Sha. It wil not be, the white liuerd peasant is gon to bed
And laughs vs both to scozne.

Wil. And he shall by his mirriment as deare,

truy

As euer coistrell bought so little sport,

Here let this sword assist me when I neede,

But rust and canker after I haue swozne:

If I the next time that I mete the hind,

Loppe not away his leg, his arme or both,

Sha. And let me neuer see a sword againe,

For prosper in the twilight, cockshut light,

When I would seece the welthe passenger,

But ly and languish in a loathsome den:

Hated and spit at by the goers by.

And in that death may die, unpittied.

If I the next time that I mete the slave,

Cut not the nose from of the cowards face,

And trample on it, for this villany.

Wil. Come lets go seeke out Cræen I know he le swear

Sha. He were a villane and he would not sweare,

I would make a peasant sweare amongst his boyes.

That nere durst say befoze but yea and no.

To be thus flouted of a coysterel.

Will. Shakkbag lets seeke out Cræen & in the morning

At the Alehouse battning Ardens house,

Watch the outcomming of that prick eard cur,

And then let me alone to handle him.

Excunt.

Here enters Ard. Fra. & Michaell.

Ard. Sirra get you back to billensgate,

And learne what time the tide will serue our turne,

Come to vs in Daules, first go make the bed,

And afterwards go harken for the floude. Exit Michaell.

Come D. Franklin, you shall go with me,
 This night I dreamed that being in a park,
 A toyle was pitcht to overthrow the deare.
 And I vpon a little rising hill,
 Stood whittely watching for the herds approach.
 Euen there my thoughts a gentle slumber took me,
 And sommond all my parts to swete repose.
 But in the pleasure of this golden rest,
 An ill thewd foster had remoued the toyle,
 And rounded me with that beguiling home,
 Which late me thought was pitcht to cast the deare,
 With that he blew an euill sounding horne,
 And at the noise an other heard man came:
 With fauchon drawn, and bent it at my brest.
 Crying aloud thou art the game we seeke,
 With this I wakt, and trembled euerie ioynt,
 Like one obscured in a lytle bushe,
 That sees a lyon foraging about,
 And when the dreadfull forest king is gone,
 He pypes about, with timorous suspect,
 Throughtout the thorny clements of the brake,
 And will not think his person daungerles.
 But quakes and shewers though the cause be gone.
 So trust me Franklin when I did awake,
 I stood in doubt whether I waked or no:
 Such great impression took this sond surprize:
 God graunt this vision bedeeine me any good.

Fran. This fantasie doeth rise from Michaels feare;
 Who being awaked with the noyle he made,
 His troubled senses, yet could take no rest.
 And this I warant you procured your dreame.

Ard. It may be so God fraine it to the best,
 But often times my dreames presage to trew.

Fran. To such as note their nightly fantasies,
 Some one in twenty may incurre beliefe,
 But vse it not, tis but a mockery.

Ard.

of Feuerhame.

35

Ard. Come M. Franklin wele now walke in Pau'es
And dyne togeather at the ozbinary,
And by my mans direction draw to the key,
And with the tyde go down to Feuerhame,
Say M. Franklin shall it not be so?

Franklin. At your good pleasure sir,
He beare you compagne. Exeunt.

Here enters Michael at one doore.

Here enters Grene, Will, and Shakebag,
at another doore.

Wil. Draw Shakebag, for hars that villaine Michael,

Gre. First Will lets heare what he can say,

Wil. Speak milkesope stawe, & neuer after speake.

Mic. For Gods sake sirs let me excuse my selfe.

For heare I sweare by heauen and earth and all,

I did perforce the outmost of my task,

And left the dozes unbolted and unlockt,

But for the chaunce Franklin and my master,

Were very late conferring in the porch,

And Franklin left his napkin where he sat,

With certain gould knit in it, as he said

Being in bed, he did bethinke him selfe,

And coming down, he found the dozes unshut.

He lockt the gates, and brought away the keyes.

For which offence my master rated me,

But now I am going to see what stowe it is,

For with the tyde my M. will away.

Where you may frowne him well on Raynum downe,

A place well fitting such a stratageme.

Wil. Your excuse hath somewhat mollified my choller,

Why now Grene tis better now noz ere it was,

Gre. But Michael is this trew?

Mic. As trew as I report it to be trew.

Shak. When Michael this shall be your pennance,

To feast vs all at the Salutation,

Where we wil plat our purpose throughly.

Grene

The Tragedy of M. Arden

30

Gre. And Michael, you shal hear no newes of this tide
Because they two may be in Kaynū downe before your de.

Mic. Why Ile agree to any thing pable hane me.
So you will except of my company. Exeunt.

Here enters Mosby.

Mos. Disturbed thoughts dzyue me from company,
And dzyes my marrow with their watchfulnes,
Continuall trouble of my moody braine.

Feebles my body by excesse of dzyinke,
And nipps me, as the bitter North-east wind,
Doeth check the tender blossoms in the spring.
Well fares the man how ere his cates do taste
That eates not with foule suspicion:
And he but pines amongst his delicats,
Whose troubled minde is stult with discontent.

My goulden time was when I had no gould,
I thought then I wanted, yet I slept secure,
My dayly toyle, begat me nights repose:

My nights repose made daylight fresh to me.
But since I climbd the toppe bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds.
Each gentle starry gaile doth shake my bed:
And makes me dzyead my ddion fall to the earth,
But whether doeth contemplation carry me.
The way I seake to finde where pleasure dwels,
Is hedged behinde me that I cannot back,
But needs must on, although to dangers gate:
When Arden perissh thou by that degre.

For Greene doth erre the land and weede thā vp,
To make my haruett nothing but pure cozne.
And for his paines Ile heaue him vp a while,
And after smother him to haue his ware.

Such vases as Greene, must neuer live to sing.
When is there Michael and the Painter to,
Cheefe actors to Ardens ouerthrow:

Who when they shall see me sit in Ardens seat,

Act

of Feuershame.

37

They wil insult vpon me for my mede,
O; fright me by defecting of his end.
He none of that, for I can cast a bone,
To make these cures pluck out each others throat,
And then am I sole ruler of mine owne:
Yet mistres Arden liues, but she's my selfe,
And holy Churchrites makes vs two, but one,
But what for that I may not trust you Ales,
You haue supplanted Arden for my sake,
And will extirpen me to plant another:
Tis feareful sleeping in a serpents bed.
And I wil cleanly rid my hands of her.

Here enters Aes, Ales

But here she comes and I must flatter her.
How now Ales? what sad, and passionat?
Make me partaker of thy pensiuenes:
Fyre deuided burnes with lesser force.

Ales But I will damne that fire in my bzeast.
Till by the force therof, my part consume, as possible.

Mos. Such depe pathaires lyke to a canons burst,
Dischargde against a ruinated wall;
Breakes my relenting hart in thousand pieces,
Gentle Ales thy sorow is my soze,
Thou knowst it wel, and tis thy pollicy,
To forge distressefull looks, to wound a bzeast,
Where lyes a hart, that dies where thou art sad,
It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.

when

Ales. It is not loue, that loues to murther loue.

Mos. How meane you that?

Ales. Thou knowest how dearly Arden loued me.

Mos. And then.

Ales. And then conceale the rest, for tis too bad,
Least that my words be carried with the wind.
And publiht in the world to both our shames,
I pray thee Goodbye let our springtime wither,
Our haruest els will yeald but lothsome weeds.

30

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Forget I pray thee what hath past betwix vs,
For now I bluie and tremble at the thoughts,

Mos. What are you changed?

Ales I to my former happy lyle againe.

From tytle of an odious Trumpets name,
To honest Ardens wife, not Ardens honest wife,
Ha Holbye tis thou hast ridde me of that,
And made me sayndrous to all my kin:

Euene in my forehead is thy name ingrauen, *n*

Artificer Ameane ~~Artificer~~, that lowe bozne name,
I was bewitched, woe worth the haples holwe,
And all the causes that inchaunted me:

Mos. Say if thou can, let me breath curses forth,
And if you stand so nicely at your fame:

Let me repent the credit I haue lost;

I haue neglected matters of import,

What would haue stated me about thy state:

For slowde aduantages, and spurnd at time.

I fortunes right hand Holbie hath forsoke,

To take a wanton giglote by the left.

I lest the Mariage of an honest maid,

Whose dowry would haue weped down all thy wealth,

Whose beauty and demiano: farre excaded thee.

Whis certaine good I lost for changing bad,

And wraopt my credit in thy company.

I was bewicht, that is no theame of thine,

And thou vnhalloved hast enchaunted me:

But I will breake thy spels, and exorcismes,

And put another sight vpon these eyes.

What shewed my hart. a rauen for a holwe.

Thou art not faire, I biewd thee not till now,

Thou art not kinde, till now I knew the not. *thee*

And now the raine hath beaten of thy gilt, *off*

Thy worthles copper shoues thee counterfet.

It grieues me not to see how foull thou art,

But maddes me that euer I thought thee faire,

of Feuershame.

89

Go get thæ gone, a coplemate foꝝ thy hyndes.
I am to good to be thy fauozite.

Ales. I now I se, and to soone find it frew,
Which often hath bene toold me by my frænds:
That Posbie loues me not but foꝝ my wealth,
Which to incredulus I nere belæued.
Pay heare me speake Posbie a woꝝd oꝝ two,
Ile byte my tongue, if it speake bitterly:
Loke on me Posby, oꝝ Ile kill my selfe,
Nothng shall hide me from thy Noꝝmy loke:
If thou cry warre, there is no peace foꝝ me,
I will do pennance foꝝ offending thæ,
And burne this prayer booke, where I here vse,
The holy woꝝd that had conuerted me,
Se Posbie I will teare away the leaues.
And al the leaues, and in this golden couer,
Shall thy swæte phꝛases, and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiesly meditate,
And hould no other sect, but such deuotion,
Wilt thou not loke: is all thy loue ouerwhelmde?
Wilt thou not heare: what malice stopes thine eares?
Why speakes thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast bene sighted, as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearefull hare:
And spoke as smothly as an oꝝatoꝝ.
When I haue bid thee heare, oꝝ se, oꝝ speak.
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Waigh all thy god turns, with this little fault,
And I deserue not Posbies muddy lokes.
A sence of trouble is not thicken'd still,
Be cleare againe, Ile nere moze trouble thæ.

Mos. No, I am a base artificer,
My winges are feathꝛed foꝝ a lowly flight,
Posby se no, not foꝝ a thousand pound,
Take loue to you, why tis unpardonable,
We beggers must not bzeath where gentiles are.

¶

Ales

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ales. Sweete Posbie is as gentle as a lilyng,
 And I to blinde, to iudge him other wise,
 Flowres ha some times spring in fallow lands,
 Weedes in gardens, Roses grow on thornes.
 So what so ere my Posbies father was,
 Him selfe valued gentle by his trooth.

Mos. Ah how you women can insinuate,
 And cleare a trespassse with your swete set tongue,
 I will forget this quarrel gentle Ales,
 Provided he be tempted so no more.

Here enters Bradshaw,

Al. When with thy lips seale vp this new made match

Mos. Soft Ales for here comes some body.

Ales. How now Bradshaw, whats the news with you

Brad. I haue little news but heres a letter.

That W. Greene importuned me to giue you:

Ales. Go in Bradshaw call for a cuppe of beere. *Exit*

It is almost suppertime, thou shalt stay with vs. *Exit*

Then she reades the Letter.

We haue mist of our purpose at London, but shall perform
 it by the waye, We thanke our neighbour Bradshaw.

Yours Richard Greene.

Posbie lyes my loue the tennoz of this letter?

Mos. Well, were his date compleat and expired.

Ales. Ah would it were,

Then comes my happy howre.

Till then my blisse is mixt with bitter gall.

Enter. Come let vs in to thun suspition.

Enter. ~~And~~ I to the gates of death to follow thee. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Greene Will & Shalbag.

Shak. Come Will, see thy toles be in a redynes?

Is not thy Powder dancke,

Or will thy flint stroke fyre

Will. Then aske me if my nose be on my face.

Or whether my toung be frosen in my mouth.

Zounds

of Feuerſhame.

Zounds heres a coyle, you were beſt ſwear mee on the
intergatories. how many Piſtols I haue toke in hand.

O whether I loue the ſmell of gunne powder,

O dare abide the noiſe the dagge will make.

O will not wincke at flaſhing of the fire.

I pray thee ſhackbag let this anſwer thee.

That I haue toke moze purſes in this town,

Then ere thou handledſt piſtols in thy life.

Sha. Happely thou haſt pickt moze in a thong,

But ſhould I bragge what booties I haue toke,

I think the ouerplas that is moze then thine,

Would mount to a greater ſomme of money,

Then either thou, or all thy kinne are worth.

Zounds I hate them as I hate a toade,

That cary a muſcado in their tongue.

And ſcarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

Wil. O Greene, intollerable,

It is not for mine honoꝝ to beare this.

Why ſhackbag I did ſerue the King at Bulloigne,

And thou canſt bragge of nothing that thou haſt done.

Shak. Why ſo can Iack of Feuerſhame,

That ſounded for a phillope on the noſe:

When he that gaue it him hollowed in his eare.

And he ſuppoſed a Cannou bullet hit him.

Then they fight.

Greene. I pray you ſirs liſt to Clops talk,

Whileſt two ſtout dogs were ſtriving for a bone,

There comes a cur, and ſtole it from them both,

So while you ſtand ſtriving on theſe termes of manhode,

Arden eſcapes vs and deceaue vs al.

Shake. Why he began.

Will. And thou ſhalt finde Iſc end.

I doe but ſlip it vntil better time.

But if I do forget.

Then hee kneecies downe and houldes vp
his hands to heauen.

¶

Gre.

72

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Greene. We take your fittest standings, & once more
 Line your twigs to catch this weary bird,
 Ile leave you, and at your dags discharge
 Make towards lyke the longing water dog,
 That coucheth til the fowling peece be of:
 Then crazeeth on the pray with eager mode,
 Ah might I see him Dretching sooth his limmes,
 As I haue sene them beat their wings ere now.
 Shak. Why that thou shalt see if he come this way.
 Gre. Yes that he doth Shakbag I warrant thee:
 But braul not when I am gone in any case,
 But sirs be sure to spade him; when he comes.
 And in that hope Ile leave you for an houre. Exit Gre.
 Here enters Arden Fran. & Mic.

Mic. Twere best that I went back to Rochester,
 The horse halts down right, it were not good
 He trauailed in such paine to seuer shame:
 Remouing of a Hen may happely help it.

Ard. Well get you back to Rochester, but sirra see ye
 ouertake vs ere we come to Raynum down,
 For it will be very late ere we get home:

Mic. I God he knowes, & so doth Will and Shakebagge,
 That thou shalt neuer go further then that downe,
 And therfore haue I pyckit the horse on purpose,
 Because I would not be in the massacar. Exit Michael.

Arden. Come D. Franklin onwards with your tale,

Fran. I assure you sir, you taske me much,
 A heauy blode is gathered at my hart,
 And on the sudden is my winde so short:
 As hindereth the passage of my speach.
 So ferse a qualme yet neere assayled me:

Ard. Come D. Franklin let vs go on softly,
 The anoyance of the dust, or els some meat,
 you eat at dinner, cannot brooke you:
 I haue bene often so, and soone amended.

Fra. Do you remember where my tale did leaue?

Ard.

Ard. I, where the gentleman did chek his wife.

Fran. She being repzehended for the fact,
 Witnes produced that took her with the deed,
 Her gloue brough in, which there she left behind,
 And many other assured Arguments:
 Her Husband askt her whether it were not so.

Ard. her answer then, I wonder how she tokt,
 Having forsworne it with such beheiment oathes,
 And at the instant so approued vpon her,

Fra. First did she cast her eyes down to the earth,
 Watching the drops that fell amaine from thence,
 Then softly drawes she forth her handkercher,
 And modestly she wppes her teare stand face:
 Then hemd she out to cleare her voice should seme,
 And with a maiesty addrest her selfe,
 To encounter all their accusations.

Pardon me *D.* Arden I can no moze:
 This fighting at my hart, makes shorke my wynde.

Ard. Come we are almost now at Raynnum downe,
 Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way:
 I would you were in state to tell it out.

Shak. Stand close Will I heare them cumming.

Here enters Lord Cheiny with his men,

Wil. Stand to it Shakbag, and be resolute,

Lord Che. Is it sonere night as it seemes,

Or wil this black faced cueuing haue a showze?

What *D.* Arden, you are well met,

I haue longd this fortnights day to speake with you,

You are a stranger man in the ile of Sheppey,

Ard. Your honours alwayes bound to do you seruice,

Lord Che. Come you from London & nere a man with

Ard. My man's comming after, (you?

But her's my honest friend that came along with me.

Lord Che. My Loyd protectours man I take you to bee

Fra. I my god Loyd, and highly bound to you,

Lord Che. You & your friend come home & sup with me.

44

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ard. I beseech your honoꝝ pardon me,
I haue made a promise to a gentle man,
My honest friend to make him at my house,
The occasion is great, oꝝ els would I wait on you.

Lord C. Will you come to morrow & dyne with me.
And bring your honest friend along with you:
I haue dyuers matters to talke with you about.

Arden. To morrow wele waite vpon your honoꝝ,

Lord C. Doe of you staye my horse at the top of the hill
What black Will, foꝝ whose purse wait you?
Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when all is done.

Wil. Not hanged, God saue your honoꝝ.
I am your bedesman, bound to pray foꝝ you,

Lord C. I think thou nere saidest prayer in all thy lyfe,
One of you giue him a crowne,
And serra leaue this kinde of lyfe.

If thou beest tainted foꝝ a penny matter,
And come in question surely thou wilt trusse.

Come M. Arden let vs be going,
Your way and mine lyes foure myle togeather. Exeunt
Manet Black Wil & Shakbag.

Wil The Deuill break all your necks, at 4 myles end,
Zounds I could kill my selfe foꝝ very anger.
His Lordship chops me in, euen when
My dagge was leaued at his hart.

I would his crowne were molten down his throat,

Sha. Arden thou hast wondrous holpe luck,
Did euer man escape as thou hast done.
Well Ile discharge my pistoll at the skye,
Foꝝ by this bullet Arden might not die.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. What is he down, is he dispatcht?

Sha. I in health towards feuerhame, to shame vs all

Gre. The Deuill be ts, why sirs how escapt he?

Shak. When we were ready to shote,

Comes my Lord Cheing to preuent his death.

Gre

of Feuershame.

45

Grene. The Lord of heauen hath preferred him.

Will. Preferred, a figge, the L. Cheiny hath preferred
And bids him to a feast, to his house at Shozlow: (him
But by the way, once moze Ile make with him,
And if all the Cheinies in the world say no,
He haue a bullet in his breast to morrow,
Therefore come Grene and let vs to Feuerhame.

Gre. I and excuse our selues to mistres Arden,
Whow shele chafe when she heares of this.
Iha. Why ile warrant you shet think we dare not do it
Wil. Why then let vs go, & tell her all the matter.
And plat the netues to cut him of to morrow. Exeunt.

Here enters Arden and his wife, Franklin
and Michael.

Arden. See how the howys ~~the~~ gardeant of heauens gate
Haue by their toyle remoued the darksome cloudes.
That soll may wel deserue the trampled pace,
Wherein he wount to guide his golden car,
The season fits, come Franklin, let's away.

Ales. I thought you did pretend some speciall hunt.
That made you thus cut shorte the time of rest.

Arden. It was no chafe that made me rise so early,
But as I tould the yesternight to go to the Ile of Sheppy:
Where to dine with my Lord Cheiny.
For so his hono^r late commanded me.

Ales. I such kinde husbands seldeome want excuses,
Home is a wilde Cat, to a wandring wit,
The time hath bene, would God it were not past,
That hono^rs tytle no^t a Lords command,
Could once haue draloue you from these armes of mine,
But my deserts, o^r your deserues decay,
O^r both, yet if trew loue may saue desert,
I merite stil to haue thy company.

Fran. Why I pray you sir, let her go along with vs,
I am sure his hono^r will welcome her,
And vs the moze, for bying her along.

1. 6

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ard. Content, sirra saddle your mistress nagge.

Ales. No, begde fauor, merits little thanks,
If I should go, our house would runne away,
Or els be stolne, therefore Ile stay behind.

Ard. Nay see how mistaking you are,
I pray thee goe.

Ales. No no, not now.

Ard. Then let me leaue thee satisfied in this,
That time nor place, nor persons alter me,
But that I should be dearer then my life.

Ales. That will be done by your quick returne.

Ard. And that shall be ere night and if I liue.
Farewell swete Ales, we mind to sup with thee Exit Al.

Fra. Come Michaell are our horses ready?

Mic. Your horse are ready, but I am not ready,
For I haue lost my purse,
With six and thirtie shillings in it,
With taking vp of my M. Pagge.

Fra. Why I pray you let vs go before,
Whilist he staves behind to seeke his purse.

Ard. Go to sirra, see you follow vs to the ile of Shepppe,
To my Lord Cheynyes where we meane to dine.

Exeunt Arden & Francklin.

Manet Michaell.

Mic. So faire weather after you;
For before you, lyes black Will and Shakebag,
In the brome close, too close for you,
Theyle be your ferrymen to long home,

Here enters the Painter.

But who is this the Painter, my cozriual,
That would nedes winne M. Susan.

Clark. How now Michael how doth my Mistresse,
And all at home?

Mic. Who Susan? Of by? she is your Mistresse too

Cl. I how doth she, and all the rest?

Mic. As well but Susan she is sicke,

Clark,

of Feuershame.

47

Cla. Sick, of what disease?

Mic. Of a great feare.

Cla. A feare, of what?

Mic. A great fever.

Cla. A fever God forbidde.

Mic. Yes faith, and of a lo; dame too,
As bigge as your selfe.

Cla. O Michael the spleane prickles you.

Go too, you carry an eye ouer mistres susan.

Mic. I faith, to keape her from the Painter.

Cla. Why moze from a Painter, then from a seruing
creature like your selfe.

Mic. Because you Painters make but a painting ta-
ble of a pretty wench, and spoile her beauty with
blotting.

Cla. What meane you by that?

Mic. Why that you Painters, paint lambes, in the
lyning of wenches petticoats

And we seruingmen put hoznes to them, to make them be-
come shepe.

Cla. Such another word wil cost you a cuffe or a knock

Mic. What with a dagger made of a pensell?

Faith tis too weake.

And therefore thou too weak to winne susan.

Cla. Would susans loue lay vppon this stroke.

Then he breakes Michaels head.

Here enters Mosby Greene & Ales.

Ales. He lay my lyfe, this is for susans loue,

Stayd you behinde your sh. to this end?

Haue you no other time to bzable in

But now when serious matters are in hand?

Say Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou promised?

Cla. I heare it is, the very touch is death.

Ales. Then this I hope, if all the rest do faile,

Will catch sh. Arden,

And make him wise in death, that lined a fole.

C.

Why

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Why should he thrust his sickle in our coine,
 What hath he to do with thee my loue?
 What governe me that am to rule my selfe,
 Forsooth for credit sake I must leaue thee.
 Nay he must leaue to liue, that we may loue,
 Nay liue, may loue, for what is lyfe but loue?
 And loue shall last as long as lyfe remaines,
 And lyfe shall end, befoze my loue depart.

what is

Mos. Why whats loue, without true constancy:
 Lyke to a pillar built of many stones.
 Yet neither with good moztar, well compact,
 Nor semell, to fasten it in the ioynts.
 But that it shakes with curry blast of winde,
 And being toucht, straight fallēs vnto the earth,
 And buries all his haughty pryde in dust.
 So let our loue be rockes of Addamant,
 Which time nor place, nor tempest can a sunder.

Gre. Possie leaue protestations now.
 And let vs bethinke vs what we haue to doe:
 Black Will and Makebag I haue placed,
 In the bosome close watching Ardens comming.
 Lets to them, and see what they haue done. Exeunt.

Here enters Ard & Fra.

Ard. Oh ferry man, where art thou?

Here enters the Ferriman.

Fer. Were here, goe befoze to the boat:
 And I will follow you.

Ard. We haue great haste, I pray thee come away.

Fer. Hy what a mist is here.

Ard. This mist my frend, is misticall,
 Lyke to a good companions smoaky bzaine,
 That was halfe bound with new ale ouer night.

Fer. Were pittie but his scoll were opened,
 To make moze Chimny roome.

Fran. Friend whats thy opinion of this mist.

Fer. I think tis lyke to a curst wife in a lytle house.

That

of Feuershame.

That neuer leaues her husband till she haue bzauen him
out at doores, with a wet paire of eyes,
Then lookes he as if his house were a fire,
O, some of his frænds dead.

Ard. speaks thou this of thine owne experience,

Fer. Perhaps I, perhaps no: for my wyfe is as other
women are, that is to say, gouerned by the Mone.

Fran. By the Mone, how I pray thee?

Fer. As thereby lyes a bargane.

And you shall not haue it fresh and lasting.

Ard. Yes I pray thee good ferryman.

Fer. When so; this once, let it be midsummer Mone,
But yet my wyfe as another mone.

Fran. Another Mone.

Fer. I, and it hath influences, and Celipses.

Ard. Why then by this reconing, you sometimes
play the man in the Mone.

Fer. I but you had not best to meddle with that mone
Least I scratch you by the face, with my bramble bush,

Ard. I am almost filled with this fog, come lets away

Fran. And Arra as we go, let vs haue som moze of your
bolde yeomanry.

Fer. Pay by my troth sir, but flat knauery. Excunt.

Here enters Will at one doore, and

Shakbag at another.

Sha. Oh Will where art thou?

Wil. Here Shakbag, almost in hels mouth,
Where I can not see my way for smoake.

Sha. I pray thee speake still, that we may mete
by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditche or
other, vnles my feete see better then my eyes.

Wil. Didst thou ever see better weather to runne a-
way with another mans wife, or play with a wenche
at pottinger.

Shak. As this were a fine wo:ld for chandlers,
If this weather would last, for then a man

The Tragedy of M. Arden

50

Should neuer dyne nor sup without candle light,
But sirra Will, what hozses are those that pass?

Wil. Why, didst thou heare any?

Sha. I that I did.

Will. My life for thine, 'twas Arden and his companio

And then all our labour's lost,

Sha. Nay say not so, for if it be they, they may happely
lose their way as we haue done

And then we may chaunce meete with them.

Wil. Come let vs go on lyke a couple of blind pilgrims

Then Shakebag falles into a ditch.

Sha. Helpe Will help, I am almost drownd.

Here enters the ferryman.

Fer. Whose that, that calles for help?

Wil. 'Twas none here, 'twas thou thy selfe.

Fer. I came to help him that cald for help.

Why how now? who is this that's in the ditch?

Don are well enough serued, to goe without a guyde,
such weather as this. (morning)

Wil. Sirra what companyes hath pass your ferry ths

Fer. Done but a cupple of gentlemien, that went to
dyne at my Lozd chepneis.

Wil. Shakebag did not I tell thee as much?

Fer. Why sir, will you haue any letters caried to them?

Wil. No sir, get you gone.

Fer. Did you euer see such a mist as this?

Wil. No, nor such a foole as will rather be bought
then get his way.

Fer. Why sir, this is no hough munday, you ar deceiud
Whats his name I pray you sir?

Sha. His name is black will.

Fer. I hope to see him one day hangd vpon a bill.

Exit Ferryman.

Sha. See how the Sunne hath cleard the foggy mist,
Now we haue mist the marke of our intent.

Here

Of. *Reuersname.*

Here enters Grene Mosbye and Ales.

Mos. Black Will and Shabbag, what make you heer
What is the deed don? is Arden dead.

Wil. What could a blendred man perforce in armes?
Saw you not how till now, the sky was darke,
What neither horse nor man could be discerned,
Yet did we heare their horses as they past.

Gre. Haue they escapt you then, and past the ferry?

Sha. For a while, but here we two will stay.

And at their coming back, mate with them once more,
Zounds I was nere so toylde in all my lyfe,
In following so slight a taske as this.

Mos. How camst thou so beraide?

Wil. With making false footing in the dark,
Or neds would follow them without a guide.

Ales. Here's to pay for a fire and good chare
Get you to scurrillame to the stowze deluce,
And rest your selues until some other time.

Gre. Let me alone, it most concerns my state.

Will. I murther Arden, this wil serue the turne,
In case we fall into a second fog.

Exeunt. Grene Will and Shak.

Mos. These knaues wil neuer do it, let vs giue it ouer

Ales. First tell me how you like my new deuice?

Some when my husband is returning back,
You and I both marching arme in arme,
Like louting friends, wile mate him on the way.
And boldly beard and braue him to his face:
When words grow hot, and blowes beginne to ryse,
Ile call those cutters forth your tenement,
Who in a manner to take vp the fray,
Shall wound my husband hoznesbie to the death.

Mos. Ah fine deuise, why this deserues a kisse. Exeunt.

Here enters Dicke Reede and a Sailer.

Sayler. Faith Dick Reede it is to lytle end.
His conscience is too liberall, and he too nigardly.

Lo

52

To parte from any thing may do the god.

Rede He is comming from Shozlow as I vnderstand,
 Here ile intercept him, for at his house
 He neuer will bouchafe to speake with me:
 If pꝑayers and faire intreaties will not serue,
 I make no battay in his stinte bꝑeast.

Here enters Fra. Ard. and Michail.

He curse the carle and se what that wil do.
 Se where he comes, to further my intent,
 Arden I am now bound to the sea,
 My comming to you was about the plat of ground,
 Which wrongfully you detaine from me.
 Although the rent of it be very small,
 Yet will it helpe my wife and childꝑen:
 Which here I leane in fꝑenerthame God knowes,
 Pꝑedy and bare, for Chꝑists sake let them haue it.

Ard. Franklin hearest thou this fellow speake:
 What which he craues I dearely bought of him,
 Although the rent of it was euer mine.
 Sirra you, that aske these questions,
 If with thy clamarous impeaching tongue
 Thou raile on me, as I haue heard thou dost,
 Ile lay theꝑ vp so close a twelue months day,
 As thou shalt neither se the Sonne nor Mone,
 Loke to it, for as surely as I liue,
 Ile banish pittie if thou vse me thus.

Rede. What wilt thou do me wrong, & threat me to?
 Nay then Ile tempt theꝑ, Arden do thy worst,
 God I beseech theꝑ show some miracle,
 On theꝑ or thine, in planging theꝑ for this.
 What plot of ground, which thou detainest from me,
 I speake it in an agony of spirite,
 Be ruinous and satall vnto theꝑ:
 Either there be butcherd by thy dearest friends,
 Or els be brought for men to wonder at.
 Or then or thine miscary in that place.

Or

of Feuershame.

53

Do there runne mad, and end thy curled dayes,
Fra. If bitter knave byde thine enuious tongue,
For curses are like arrowes shot vpight,
Which falling down light on the sutors head.

Rede Light where they will, were I vpon the sea,
As oft I haue many a bitter storme,
And saw a dreadfull suthern flaw at hand,
The Plate quaking at the doubtfull storme,
And all the saylers praying on their knees,
Euen in that fearefull time would I fall downe,
And aske of God, what ere betide of me,
Vengeance on Arden, or some misseuent,
To shewe the world, what wrong the carle hath done,
This charge he leane with my distressed wife.
My children shall be taught such praiers as these,
And thus I go but leane my curse with thee.

my

Exeunt Rede & Sayler.

Arden. It is the raplingest knave in christendome,
And oftentimes the villaine will be mad,
It greatly matters not what he sayes,
But I assure you, I nere did him wrong.

Fra. I think so Arden.

Arden. Now that our haples are gone home before,
My wife may hapely mete me on the way,
For God knowes she is growne passing kinde of late,
And greatly changed from the oulde humour
Of her wounted sorrowdnes.

And takes by faire meanes to redeeme oult faults.

Fra. Happy the change, that alters for the best,
But see in any case you make no speache,
Of the cheare we had at my Lord Cheineis,
Although most bounteous and liberall,
For that will make her think her selfe moze wrongd,
In that we did not carry her a long,
For sure she graued that she was left behinde.

Arden

57
The Tragedye of M. Arden

Arden. Come francklin, let vs strain to mend our pace,
And take her vnawares playing the coke.

Here enters Ales and Mosbie.

For I beleue this Cryue to mend our chere.

Fran. Why there no better creatures in the world
Then women are, when they are in good humors.

Arden. Who is that? Mosbie, what so familiare?
Iniurious Trumpet, and thou ribald knaue,
Untwyne those armes.

Ales I with a sagred kisse, let them bnt wyne.

Arden. Ah Mosbie, periorde beaft, beare this and all.

Mos. And yet no hoyned beaft.

The hoynes are thine.

Fran. Monstrous, say then tis time to draw.

Ales Helpe helpe. they murther my husband.

Here enters Will, and Shak.

Sha. Zounds who iniures M. Mosbie.

Help Will I am hurt.

Mos. I may thank you Mistris arden for this wound,
Exeunt Mosby Will & Shakbag.

Ales. Ah Arden what folly blinded thee?

Ah Zelious harebraine man what hast thou don,

When we to welcome thy intended sport.

Came louingly to mete thee on thy way.

Whoudst thou thy sword intraged with Zelousy,

And hurte thy frende,

Whose thoughts were frō from harme.

All for a worthles kisse, and ioyning armes.

Both don but mirrely. to try thy patience.

And me unhappy that deuyled the Jest,

Which though begonne in sport, yet ends in blode.

Fran. Oary God defend me from such a Jeast.

Ales Couldst thou not see vs frendly smyle on thee?

When we ioynd armes, and when I kiss his chake.

Hast thou not lately found me ouer kinde?

Didst thou not heare me cry they murther thee.

Calde

of Feuers hame.

55
Calde I not helpe to let my husband free:
Po, eares and all were witcht, ah me accurst,
To lincke in yking with a frantick man,
Hence forth Ile be thy slaue, no moze thy wife:
For with that name I neuer shall content thee.
If I be merry thou straight waies thinks me light.
If sad thou saiest the sullens trouble me.
If well attyred thou thinks I will be gadding,
If homely, I seeme sluttish in thine eye.
Thus am I still, and shall be whill I die,
Poze wench abused by thy misgouernment,

Arde But is it for trueth, that neither thou nor he,
Entendedst malice in your misdeineanoz.

Ales. The heauens can witnes of our harmles thoughts

Arde. Then pardon me swate Ales,
And forgive this fault:

Forget but this, and neuer see the lyke.
Impose me pennance, and I will perforce it:
For in thy discontent I finde a death,
A death tormenting more then death it selfe.

Ales. May hadst thou loued me as thou doest pretend,
Thou wouldst haue markt the speeches of thy friend,
Who going wounded from the place, he said
His skinne was peir'd only through my deuise.
And if sad sorow taint thee for this fault,
Thou wouldst haue followed him, and sene him dyest,
And cryde him mercy whome thou hast misdone,
Here shall my hart be cased till this be done.

Arden Content thee sweet Ales thou shalt haue thy wil
What ere it be, for that I iniurde thee
And wrongd my friend, shame scourgeth my offence,
Come thou thy selfe and go along with me,
And be a mediatoz twixt vs two.

Fran. Why O. Arden, know you what you do,
Will you follow him that hath dishonourd you,

Ales. Why canst thou proue I haue bene disloyall.

Fran.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Fran. Why should he traunt you husband with the horn,
 Ales. I after he had reupled him,
 By the inturpous name of periurde beast,
 He knew no wrong could spyte an felious man,
 More then the hatefull naming of the horne.
 Fran. Suppose tis trew, yet is it dangerous.
 To follow him whome he hath lately hurt,
 Ales. A fault confessed is more then halfe a mends,
 But men of such ill spirite as your selfe.
 Worke crossees and debates twirt man and wife.
 Ard. I pray the gentle francklin holde thy peace,
 I know my wife counsels me for the best,
 Ard. He seke out moche, where his wound is deest,
 And salve his haples quarrell if I may.

Exeunt Arden & Ales.

Fran. He whome the diuel dyues must go perforce,
 More gentleman how sone he is bewicht,
 And yet because his wife is the instrument,
 His frends must not be laith in their speach, Exit Fran.

Here enters Will shakabage & Greene

Wil. Sirra Greene when was I so long
 in killing a man.

Gre. I think we shall never do it.

Let vs giue it ouer.

Sha. Nay Zounds wele kill him.

Though we be hangd at his doze for our labour.

Wil. Thou knowest Greene that I haue liued in
 London this twelue yers.

Where I haue made some go-ppon wooden legges,

For taking the wall on me,

Deuers with siluer noses, for saying,

There goes blackwill.

I haue crackt as many blades,

As thou hast done Rutes.

Gre. Monstrous lye.

Will. Faith in a maner I haue.

The

of Feuershame.

The balddie houses haue paid me tribute,
 There durst not a whoze set vp, vnlesse she haue agreed
 with me first, for opening her shoppe windowes.

For a crosse worde of a Tapster,
 I haue pearced one barrell after another, with my dager,
 And held him be the eares till all his beare hath run out,
 In Temes Strete a byewers cart was lyke to haue runne
 ouer me, I made no moze ado, but went to the clark
 and cut all the natches of his tales,
 and beat them about his head. (watch,

I and my compayne haue taken the Constable from his
 And carried him about the fields on a colt staffe.

I haue broken a Bariants head with his owne mace,
 And baid whome I list with my sword and buckler.
 All the tenpenny alchouses would stand euery moztning,
 With a quart pot in his hand

Saying will it please your worship drinke:
 He that had not done so had bene sure to haue had his
 Singne puld down, & his latice bozne away the next night
 To conclude, what haue I not done? yet cannot do this,
 Doubtles he is preserved by Miracle.

Here enter Ales and Michaell.

Gre. Vence will, here comes M. Arden.

Ales Ah gentle michaell art thou sure thei'r friends

Mic. Why I saw them when they both shoke hands,
 When Polbie bled, he euen wept for sorrow:
 And raild on franklin that was cause of all.

So soner came the Surgen in at dozes,
 But my P. toke to his purse, and gaue him money.

And to conclude, sent me to bring you word,
 That Polbie, franklin, Wadlow, Adam sole,
 With diuers of his neighbors, and his friends,
 Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

Ales. Ah gentle Michaell, runne thou bak againe,
 And when my husband walkes into the faire,
 Bid Polbie steale from him, and come to me.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

57

And this night shal thou and Susan be made sure,

Mic. He go tell him.

Ales. And as thou goest, tell John cooke of our guests,
And bid him lay it on, spare for no coast. Exit Michael.

Wil. Pay and there be such chere, we wil bid our selues
Mistres Arden, Dick Greene & I do meane to sup w you.

Ales. And welcome shall you be, ah gentlemen,
How mist you of your purpose yesternight?

Gre. I was long of that bag that balucke villaine.

Sha. Thou doest me wrong, I did as much as any.

Wil. Pay then M. Ales, He tell you how it was,
When he should haue lockt with both his hilts,

He in a brauery flozht ouer his head

With that comes Franklin at him lustely

And hurts the slaue; with that he sinks away,

Now his way had bene to haue come hand and safe,
one and two round at his colles.

He lyke a fool beares his sword point halfe a yarde out
of danger; I lye here for my lyfe.

If the deuill come, and he haue no more strength then sence.

He shall neuer beat me from this warde,

He stand to it, a buckler in a skilfull hand,

Is as good as a castell.

Pay tis better then a sconce, for I haue tryde it.

Mosbie perceiuing this, began to faint.

With that comes Arden with his arming str ord,

And thrust him through the shoulder in a tryce.

Ales. I but I wonder why you both stode still.

Wil. Faith I waa so amazed I could not strike.

Ales. Ah sirs had he yesternight bene slaue,

For euery drop of his detested blode.

I would cramme in Angels in thy fist.

And kist thee so, and hugd thee in my armes.

Wil. Patient your selfe, we can not help it now,

Greene and we two, will dogge him through the faire,

And stab him in the croud, and seale away,

Here

of Feuerhame.

Here enters Mosbye:

Ales. It is vnpossible, but here comes he,
That will I hope inuent some surer meanes.
Swete Mosbie hide thy arme, it kills my hart.

Mos. I mistres Arden, this is your fauour,

Ales. Ah say not so for when I sawe thã hurt,
I could haue toke the weapon thou letst fall,
And runne at Arden, for I haue sworne,
That these mine eyes offerided with his sight,
Shall neuer close, til Ardens be shut vp,
This night I rose and walkt about the chamber.
And twise or thise, I thought to haue murthred him,

Mos. What in the night, then had we bene vndone.

Ales. Why, how long shall he liue?

Mos. Faith Ales no longer then this night.

Black Will and Shakebag, will you two
Performe the complot that I haue laid.

Will. For els think me as a villaine.

Gre. And rather then you shall want,
He help my selfe.

Mos. You M. Greene shal singe franklin forth,
And bould him with a long tale of strange newes:
That he may not come home till suppertime.
He fetch M. Arden home, & we like frends.
Will play a game or two at tables here,

Ales. But what of all this?

How shall he be slaine?

Mosbie. Why black Will and Shakebag lockt within
the countinghouse,

Shall at a certaine watchword giuen, rush forth,

Will. What shall the watch word be?

Mos. (Now I take you) that shall be the word.
But come not forth befoze in any case.

Will. I warrant you, but who shall lock me in?

Ales. That will I do, thoult kepe the key thy selfe.

Mos. Come M. Greene, go yon along with me.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

60

See all things ready Ales against we come.

Ales. Take no care for that, send you him home.

Exeunt Mosbie and Greene.

And if he ere go forth againe, blame me,
Come blacke Will that in mine eyes art faire,
Pert vnto Mosbie doe I honour thee,
Instead of faire wordes and large promises,
My hands shall play you goulden harmonie,
How like you this? say, will you doe it first?

Will. I and that brauely too, make my deuice.
Place Mosbie being a stranger in a chaire,
And let your husband sit vpon a stole,
That I may come behind him cunninglie,
And with a towell pull him to the ground,
Then stab him till his flesh be as a sine, *five*
That done beare him behind the Abby,
That those that finde him murdered, may suppose
Some slaue or other kild him for his golde.

Ales. A fine deuice, you shall haue twenty pound,
And when he is dead, you shall haue forty more.
And least you might be suspected staying here,
Pitchack shall saddle you two lusty geldings.
Hyde whether you will to Scotland or to Wales.
Hee see you shall not lacke, where ere you be.

Will. Such wordes would make one kill 1000. men.
Gue me the key, which is the counting house?

Ales. Here would I stay, and still encourage you,
But that I know how resolute you are.

Sha. Wuth you are too faint harted, we must do it.

Ales. But Mosbie will be there, whose very looks,
Will ad vnwounded courage to my thought,
And make me the first that shall aduenture on him,

Will. Wuth get you gone, tis we must do the deed.

When this daye oppens next. loke for his death

Ales. Ah, would he now were here, that it might open
I shall no more be closed in Ardens armes,

that

of Feuerhame.

61
That lyke the snakes of blacke Eliphone,
Sting me with their enbraceings, mosbies armes
Shal compasse me, and were I made a starre,
I would haue none other spheres but those.
There is no negoz, but in Hosbies lypes,
Had chaste Diana kist him, the like me
Would grow loue sicke, and from her watric botter,
Fling down Endimion and snath him by:
Then blame not me, that say a silly man,
Not halfe so louely as Endimion.

Here enters Michael.

Mic. Mistres my maister is comming hard by,
Ales. Who comes with him.
Mic. Nobody but mosbye.
Ales. Whats well michael, fetch in the tables,
And when thou hast done, stand befoze the
countinghouse doze.
Mic. Why so?
Ales. Black will is lockt within, to do the dede.
Mic. What shall he die to night?
Ales. I michael.
Mic. But shall not susan know it?
Ales. Yes so, shele be as scræte as our selues.
Mic. Whats byane, Ile go fetch the tables.
Ales. But michael hearken to me a word or two,
When my husband is come in lock the strate doze:
He shall be murthred or the guests come in. Exit mic.

Here enters Arden & Mosbie.

Husband what meane you to bying mosby home?
Although I wisht you to be reconciled,
I was moze for feare of you, then loue of him,
Black Will and Greene, are his companions,
And they are cutters, and may cut you throte,
Therefore I thought it good to make you friends.

19. 4.

But

But wherefoze do you bzing him hether now,
 You haue giuen me my supper with his sight, (gone.

Mos. *M.* Arden me thinks your wife would haue me

Arden. No good *M.* *Mosbie*, women will be prating.
Ales bid him welcōme, he and I are frends.

Ales You may inforce me to it, if you will.

But I had rather die then bid him welcōme,

His company hath purchest me ill frends.

And therfore wil I nere frequent it more.

Mos. Oh how cunningly she can dissemble.

Ard. Now he is here you wil not serue me so.

Ales. I pray you be not angrie or displeased

Ile bid him welcōme scing youle haue it so,

You are welcōme *M.* *Mosbie*. Will you sit down.

Mos. I know I am welcōme to your louing husband,

But for your selfe, you speake not from your hart.

Ales. And if I do not, sir think I haue cause.

Mos. Pardon me *M.* Arden, Ile away.

Ard. No good *M.* *Mosbie*.

Ales. We shal haue guests enough, thogh you go hence

Mos. I pray you *M.* Arden let me go.

Ard. I pray thee *Mosbie* let her prate her fill.

Ale. The doores are open sir, you may be gone.

Mic. Nay thats a lye, for I haue lockt the doores.

Ard. Sirra fetch me a cup of Wine.

Ile make them frends.

And gentle *M.* *Ales*, scing you are so stout,

You shal beginne, frowne not, Ile haue it so.

Ales I pray you meddle with that you haue to do.

Ard. Why *Ales*? how can I do to much for him,
 Whose lyfe I haue endaugered without cause.

Ale. 'Tis true, & scing t'was partly through my means
 I am content to drinke to him for this once.

Here *M.* *Mosbie*, and I pray you hence forth,

Be you as straunge to me, as I to you

Your company hath purchased me ill frends.

And

And I for you God knowes, haue vnderferued
 Borne ill spoken of in euery place.
 Therefore henceforth frequent my house no more.

Mos. Ile see your husband in dispight of you,
 Yet Arden I protest to thee by heauen,
 Thou nere shalt see me more, after this night.
 Ile go to Rome rather then be forsworne.

Ar. Tush Ile haue no such bolwes made in my house.

Ales. Yes I pray you husband let him sweare,
 And on that condition Dofbie pledge me here.

Mos. I as willingly as I meane to liue.

Ar. Come Ales, is our supper ready yet?

Ales. It wil by then you haue plaid a game at tables,

Ar. Come D Dofbie, what shall we play for?

Mos. Whæ games for a french crowne sir,
 And please you.

Ar. Content.

Then they play at the Tables.

Wil. Can he not take him yet? what a spight is that?

Ales. Not yet Will, take hede he see thea not?

Wil. I feare he wil spy me, as I am coming,

Mic. To preuent that, crepe betwixt my legs

Mos. One ace, or els I lose the game.

Ar. Hary sir theres two for sayling.

Mos. Ah D. Arden (now I can take you)

Then Will pulles him down with a cowell

Ar. Dofbie, Michaell, Ales, what will you do?

Will. Nothing but take you by sir, nothing els.

Mos. Thers for the pressing Iron you tould me of.

Sha. And ther's for the ten pound in my secue,

Ales. What, grones thou? nay then giue me y weapō,
 Take this for hindring Dofbies loue and mine.

Michael. D Dofbie.

Will. Ah that villaine wil betray vs all.

Mos. Tush feare him not, he will be secrete,

Mic. Why dost thou think I will betray my selfe?

I

Sha.

64

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Sha. In Southwarke dwells a bonnie northerne lass,
The widow Chambley ile to her house now,
And if she will not giue me harborough,
Ile make bootie of the queane euen to her smocke.

Will. Shift for your selues we two will leaue you now

Ales. First lay the bodie in the countinghouse.

Then they lay the body in the Countinghouse.

Will. We haue our gould mistris Ales, adew,
Mosbie fareweil, and Michaell fareweil too. Excunt

Enter Susan.

Susan. Mistres, the guests are at the doores.

Hearken they knocke, what shall I let them in?

Ales. Mosbie go thou & beare them companie. Exit. M.

And Susan fetch water and wash away this blode,

Susan. The blode cleaueth to the ground & will not out

Ales. But with my nailes ile scrape away the blood,

The more I strue the more the blood appears:

Susan. Whats the reason M. can you telk

Ales. Because I blush not at my husbands death.

Here enters Mosbie.

Mos. How now, whats the matter: is all well?

Ale. I wel, if Arden were alieue againe.

In vaine we strue, for here his blood remains,

Mos. Why strew rushes on it, can you not,

This wench doth nothing fall vnto the worke.

Ales. It was thou that made me murder him,

Mos. What of that?

Ales. Say nothing Mosbie so it be not known:

Mos. Keep thou it close, and tis vnpossible,

Ales. Ah but I can not, was he not slaine by me,

My husbands death torments me at the hart.

Mos. It shall not long torment thee gentle Ales,
I am thy husband, thinke no more of him.

Here enters Adam fowle and Brad,

Brad. How now M. Arden: what ayle you weepe?

Mos.

Mos. Because her husband is abroad so late,
A couple of Ruffins threatned him yesternight,
And the poore soule is affraid he should be hurt.

Adam I'll nothing els? tush hele be here anone.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. Solo. Arden lacke you any guests.

Ales. Ah. Crane, did you se my husband lately,

Gre. I saw him walking behinde the Abby even now,

Here enters Francklin.

Ales. I do not like this being out so late,

Fr. Francklin where did you leaue my husband.

Fra. Beloue me I saw him not since Morning,

Feare you not hele come anone, meane time

You may do well to bid his guests sit down.

Ales. I so they shall, Fr. What shall sit you here,

I pray you be content, I'll haue my will.

Fr. What sit you in my husbands seat.

Michael Susan shall thou and I wait on them,

And thou wilt the word let vs sit down so.

Su. Peace we haue other matters now in hand.

I feare me Michael al wil be bewaied.

Mic. Tush so it be knowne that I shall marry thx in the
Morning, I care not though I be hangde ere night.

But to prevent the worst, I'll by some rats bane.

Su. Why Michael wilt thou poison thy selfe?

Mic. No, but my mistres, for I feare shele tell.

Su. Tush Michell feare not her, she's wise enough.

Mos. Hurra Michell giues a cup of beere.

Arden, heere to your husband.

Ales. My husband?

Fra. What ailes you woman, to crie so suddenly.

Ales. Ah neighbors a sudden qualm came ouer my hart

My husbands being so; th toiments my mynde.

I know some thing's amisse, he is not well.

Or els I should haue heard of him ere now.

Mo. She will bade vs, though her sicknesses.

Gre. Feare not M. Arden, he's well enough.

Ales. Tell not me, I know he is not well,
He was not wound for to stay thus late.

God M. Franchlin go and seeke him forth,

And if you finde him send him home to me.

And tell him what a feare he hath put me in.

Fra. I like not this, I pray God all be well

Exeunt Fra Mos. & Gre.

Ile seeke him out, and find him if I can.

Ales. Michaell how shall I do to rid the rest away?

Mic. Beane that to my charge, let me alone.

It is very late, Bradshaw,

And there are many false knaues abroad,

And you haue many narrow lanes to pas.

Brad. Faith friend Michaell and thou saiest true,

Therefore I pray thee lights forth, and lends a linck.

Exeunt Brad, Adam, & Michael.

Ales. Michaell bying them to the doores, but doe not stay,
You know I do not loue to be alone.

Go Susan and bid thy brother come,

But wherefore should he come? There is nought but feare.

Stay Susan stay, and helpe to counsell me.

Susan. Alas I counsell, feare frights away my wit's,

Then they open the countinghouse doore,
and looke vppon Arden.

Ales. See Susan where thy quondam Maister lyes,
Swarte Arden snicard in blode and filthy goze.

Susan. My brother, you, and I, shall rue this daide.

Ales. Come Susan help to lift his body forth,
And let our salt teares be his obsequies.

Here enters Mosbie and Greene.

Mos. How now Ales whether will you beare him?

Ales. Swarte Mosbie art thou come?
Then wepe that will.

I haue my withe in that I loy thy sight.

Gre. Well it hoves vs to be circumspect.

Mos.

of Fenersdame.

Mos. I for Franklin thinks that we haue murthred

Ales. I but he can not proue it for his lyfe, (him.

Whe spend this night in daliance and in spoyle.

Here enters Michael

Mic. O misdeeds the Maioz and all the watch,
Are coming towards our house with glaues & billes.

Ales. Make the doze fall, let them not come in,

Mos. Tell me swete Ales how shal I escape?

Ales. Out at the back doze, ouer the pylc of wodes,
And for one night ly at the floure deluce,

Mos. What is the next way to betray my selfe,

Gre. Alas D. Arden the watch will take me here,
And cause suspicion, where els would be none.

Ales. Why take that way that D. Mosbie doeth,
But first conuey the body to the fields.

Then they beare the body into the fields

Mos. Until to morrow, swete Ales now farewel,
And see you confesse nothing in any case.

Gre. Be resolute D. Ales, betray vs not,
But cleaue to vs as we wil stick to you.

Exeunt Mosbie & Grene.

Ales. Now let the iudge and iuries do their worst,
My house is cleare, and now I feare them not.

Susan. As we went it snowed al the way,
Which makes me feare, our footesteps will be spied.

Ales. Peace soe, the snow wil couer them againe.

Susan. But it had done befoze we came back againe.

Ales. Hearke hearke, they knocke,
go Michaele let them in.

Here enters the Maior and the Watch.

How now D. Maioz, haue you brought my husband home

Maior. I sawe him come into your house an hour agoe

Ales. You are deceived, it was a Londoner,

Maior. O Ires Arden know you not one
that is called blacke Will.

Ales. I know none such, what meane these questions,

Maior

I he Tragedye of M. Arden

60

master

Maior. I haue the counsels warrand to apprehend him
Ales. I am glad it is no worse.

Why M. maioz thinke you I harbour any such?

Ma. We are infozmd that here he is.

And therfoze pardon vs, for we must search.

Ales I search and spare you not, though every rone,
Where my husband at home, you would not offer this,

Here enters Francklin.

master

M. Francklin what meane you come so sad.

Fra. Arden thy husband, and my friend, is slaine,

master

Ales. Ah, by whome? M. Francklin can you tell?

Fra. I know not, but behind the abbey,

master

Where he lyes murthzed in most pittious case,

Mai. But M. Francklin are you sure tis he,

Fra. I am to sure, would God I were deceived.

Ales. finde out the Murthzers let them be knowne,

Fra. I so they shall, come you along with vs.

Ales Wherefoze?

Fra. know you this hand to wel and this knyfe?

Su. Ah michael through this thy negligence.

Thou hast betrayed and vndone vs all.

Mic. I was so affraide, I knew not what I did,
I thought I had throwne them both into the well.

Ales. It is the pigs blode we had to supper.

But wherfoze say you? finde out the murthzers.

Ma. I feare me youle proue one of them your selfe.

Ale. I one of them, what meane such questions.

Fra. I feare me he was murthzed in this house.

And carried to the fields, for from that place,

Backwards and so, wards may you see,

The print of many fete within the snow,

And loke about this chamber where we are,

And you shall finde part of his gittles blode,

For in his slipshoe did I finde some rushes.

Which argueth he was murthzed in this rone.

Ma. Loke in the place where he was wont to sit.

The Tragedye of M. Arden

And would my death saue thine, thou shouldst not dye,
Kylle by swete Arden and enioy thy loue.

And frowne not on me when we mete in heauen,
In heauen I loue thee, though on earth I did not,

Maior Say Gosby what made the murder him,

Fra. Study not for an answer. looke not down
His purse and girdle found at thy beds head,

Witness sufficiently thou didst the deede.

It bootles is to sweare thou didst it not.

Mos. I hyed black Will and Shakebagge,

Kuffynes both,

And they and I haue done this murtherous deed,

But wherefoze stay we?

Come and beare me hence.

Fran. Whose Kuffins shall not escape.

I will by to London, and get the counsels warrand
to apprehend them.

Exeunt.

Here enters Will.

Will. Shakebag I heare hath taken sanctuary,

But I am so pursued with hues and cryes,

For petty robberies that I haue done,

What I can come vnto no Sanctuary.

Wherefoze must I in some Wylder bote,

At last, be faine to go a boord some Hoie.

And so to Flushing there is no staying here,

At Sittinburgh the watch was like to take me.

And had I not with my buckler couerd my head,

And run full blanch, at all aduentures,

I am sure I had nere gone further then that place,

For the Constable had 20 warrands to apprehend me,

Besides that, I robbed him and his Man once

at Gades hill,

Farewell England, Ile to Flushing now. Exit Will.

Here enters the Maior, Mosby, Ales, Michaell,

Susan, and Bradshaw.

Maior. Come make haste & bying away the prisoners.
Bradshaw

of Feuerhame.

Brad. M. Arden you are now going to God,
And I am by the law condemned to die.
About a letter I brought from M. Græne,
I pray you M. Arden speak the truth,
Was I euer pricke to your intent or no?

Ales What should I say?

You brought me such a letter.

But I dare sweare thou knewest not the contents.
Leaue now to trouble me with worldly things.
And let me meditate vpon my saviour Christ,
Whose blode must saue me for the blode I shed,

Mos. How long shall I liue in this hell of griefe?
Conuey me from the presence of that strumpet.

Ales. Ah but for thee I had neuer bene strumpet
What can not oathes and prote stations doe?
When men haue opportunity to woe.

I was too young to sound thy villanies.
But now I finde it, and repent too late.

Su. Ah gentle brother, wherefore should I die.
I knew not of it, till the deed was don.

Mos. For thee I mourne moze then for my selfe,
But let it suffice, I can not saue thee now,

Mic. And if your brother and my Mistres.
Had not promised me you in marriage,
I had nere giuen consent to this soule deede.

Maioe Leaue to accuse each other now,
And listen to the sentence I shall giue.

Beare Polbie and his sister to London straight,
Where they in Smithfield must be executed.

Beare M. Arden vnto Canterburie,
Where her sentence is she must be burnt.

Michaell and Bradshate in Feuerhame
must suffer death.

Ales Let my death make a mends for all my sinnes,

Mos. Fly vpon women, this shall be my song.
But beare me hence, for I haue liued so long.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Susan **Being no hope on earth, in heauen is my hope.**

Mic. **Faith I care not. So long I die with Susan.**

Brad. **My blode be on his head that gaue the sentence,**

Maio**r To speedy execution with them all. Exeunt**

Heere enters Francklin.

Fran. Thus haue you seene the truth of Ardens death
As fo**r** the Ruffins, Shakkbag and blacke Will,
The one tooke Sanctuary, and being sent fo**r** out.
Was murthzed in Southwark, as he past
To Greene witch, where the Lord Protector lay.
Black Will was burnt in flushing on a stage.
Greene was hanged at Wsbridge in Kent.
The Painter fled, & how he dyed we know not.
But this aboue the rest is to be noted.
Arden lay murthzed in that plot of ground,
Which he by force and violence held from Kede.
And in the grasse his bodyes print was seene,
Two yeeres and moze after the daede was done
Gentlemen we hope youle pardon this naked Tragedy,
Wherin no filed points are soiled in,
To make it grattious to the eare o**r** eye.
Fo**r** simple truth is grattious enough:
And needes no other points of glosing flusse.

FINIS.

